Ten Million Apples

by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN, TRAVELLING

A raggedy OLD BUM in tattered clothes, most of his teeth missing, sits at the center of an empty row of seats.

Subway tunnel lights whiz by through the window behind him as he jingles a cup full of change and sings “New York, New York”, horribly off key.

OLD BUM
(sings off key)
Dum dum dah-duh dum, dum dum dah-duh dum, dum...start spreadin’ the news, I’m leavin’ today, I want to be a part of it, New York, New York!!!

He takes a breather.

Meanwhile, the train slowly screeches to a halt.

OLD BUM
(sings off key)
Start spreadin’ the news, dum dum, duh-dah dum, I’m leavin’ today--

The old bum momentarily disappears as a swarm of PASSENGERS walk past him through center aisle, en route to the sliding doors.

The train stops.

The singing stops as passengers empty out.

The old bum comes back into view and is revealed clutching his chest. He drops the cup of change to the floor - change and dollar bills pour out.

He drops his hands and reveals a torn, blood-soaked shirt.

A short struggle, he eventually slumps over and becomes motionless.

Passengers board and the train eventually moves again.

A PASSENGER sits down next to the deceased old bum and opens a newspaper.
INT. APT. BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Narrow and dimly lit with paint peeling off the walls, cracks and water stains on the ceiling.

STEVE tries to lock the door to apartment 3A, but struggles to fit the key in.

STEVE
Goddamn thing always gives me trouble...

Steve (24) exudes brashness in a swanky suit and tie. He tries even harder to get the key in.

JIMMY (22) fresh-faced and wide-eyed, dressed casually with a back pack on, reads a newspaper.

JIMMY
With all the people who ride the subway, I can’t believe nobody sees a guy getting stabbed to death...during rush hour!

STEVE
Shit happens.

JIMMY
It’s like nobody gives a shit. People are so wrapped up in their own lives, they don’t even notice a guy getting killed.

Steve continues to struggle with the key.

STEVE
Do me a favor, Jimmy, and stop talking for a sec?

Steve becomes frustrated and stops.

He looks at the key, among many others on the key ring, and it dawns on him.

JIMMY
You break it?

STEVE
(mockingly)
No, I didn’t break it.
JIMMY
Well, it’d be nice to get drunk sometime before the bars close.

Steve switches to a different key that resembles the one he tried using.

STEVE
Keep your panties on, fuck-o, this ain’t Delaware. Bars stay open til four.

He continues to fidget around with the key.

STEVE
(to himself)
Mailbox key looks exactly like the apartment key...over a year now and I still can’t tell the difference.

Steve finally gets the door locked. He heads downstairs and Jimmy follows with newspaper in hand.

STEVE
Remind me to pick up a new key chain before we hit the subway.

Jimmy focuses on the paper.

JIMMY
The closest thing to a witness was some off duty cop who found one of the bodies.

Steve rolls his eyes as they get to the bottom of the steps.

STEVE
You know that paper’s two days old, right?

FIRST FLOOR

They walk through a swinging door, where all the tenant mailboxes are.

Jimmy opens the front door to the building and looks back to see Steve using his reflection in the swinging door’s window to adjust his tie.

JIMMY
You ready?
Steve turns around, satisfied.

STEVE
Let’s paint the town red.

EXT. W. 116 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL, ENTRANCE - LATER
Steve and Jimmy descend into the subway station.

INT. W. 116 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL
Steve and Jimmy walk down the stairs. Jimmy continues to read the newspaper.

JIMMY
The off duty cop said he saw a suspicious looking African American male just before he found the body.

Steve swipes his Metrocard and walks through the turnstile. He hands Jimmy the card, and Jimmy swipes through.

JIMMY (CONT’D)
Don’t you think that’s a bit racist?

Steve snatches the newspaper away from him and tosses it into a nearby trash bin.

JIMMY
Hey!

STEVE
People get killed here all the time, okay? After you live here for a while, you’ll get used to it.

JIMMY
You didn’t have to throw it away.

STEVE
It was old anyway. Now, you gotta get your head right and focus on our mission. And what’s our mission?

Jimmy rolls his eyes.

JIMMY
To get laid.
STEVE
Exactly! But if you keep on blabbing about serial killers, it ain’t gonna happen.

Steve walks to the edge of the platform and leans over to see the train approach.

A sign above them reads DOWNTOWN, B AND C TRAINS, A TRAIN LATE NIGHTS.

INT. A TRAIN, TRAVELLING - LATER

In a crowded subway car, Steve sits down and takes a few keys off his key chain and latches them on to a rabbit’s foot key chain.

Jimmy stands and holds onto the safety pole. He struggles to keep his balance due to the turbulence as he reads all the advertisements above the windows with slight fascination.

STEVE
Shit, I should’ve checked the mail before we left.

JIMMY
Expecting a check from your mom or something?

STEVE
Well, yeah, but I’m also waiting for this sweet fucking stiletto knife I won on E bay. You should see this thing, ivory handle, retractable blade--

JIMMY
What do you need a stiletto knife for?

STEVE
If you haven’t noticed, this is Harlem.

JIMMY
I thought you said it was a community in transition?

STEVE
That’s just a nice way of saying that it’s not as much of a shithole as it used to be.

(MORE)
There’s still people around here without a pot to piss in, so they try to piss in your pot.

JIMMY
That why the subway smells like urine?

Steve doesn’t laugh. He puts both key rings into his jacket pocket.

STEVE
If, by some chance, we get separated tonight, remember two things – mind your own business and don’t draw any attention to yourself. And absolutely, positively, don’t trust nobody.

JIMMY
That’s three.

STEVE
Just watch your ass, okay? I don’t wanna have to hold your hand the whole night.

JIMMY
I’ll try not to let anyone pee in my pot.

INT. W. 81 ST. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY TERMINAL - LATER

Steve and Jimmy, among many other PASSENGERS, get off the train, onto the platform.

Nearby, a MIME performs his trapped-in-a-glass-box act as PEOPLE toss money into his hat.

Jimmy smiles as he walks past the mime and tosses money into the hat.

Steve looks at the mime, shudders, and hurries past him.

Jimmy looks at Steve as they continue to walk. Steve notices.

STEVE
I hate mimes.

FURTHER INTO THE TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy and Steve approach the turnstiles.
STEVE
Now, I’ve been trying to bang this bartender chick for a while now, so please refrain from cock-blocking.

JIMMY
What happened to showing me a good time? First night out in the city--

STEVE
I accomplish this mission, I’m sure she’s got friends who’ll show you a good time in ways I’m not capable of.

They exit through the turnstiles and make their way up a ramp.

Nearby, a HUSTLER in raggedy clothes stands against the tiled wall.

Steve and Jimmy walk past him.

HUSTLER
Hey, fellas, lookin’ good, lookin’ good. Doin’ up the town, huh? Say, let me get a minute of your time...

Steve taps on his watch and keeps on. Jimmy follows.

HUSTLER
Hey, fella, those is some nice shoes...

Jimmy continues to walk, but turns his head and smiles.

JIMMY
Thanks, they’re brand new.

HUSTLER
Say, I bet I know where you got ‘em.

JIMMY
How would you know that?

HUSTLER
I’m psychic.

Jimmy stops.

JIMMY
You’re psychic?
Steve keeps on.

He glances back and sees Jimmy far behind. He rolls his eyes.

STEVE
Jimmy, he’s a hustler, let’s go.

Steve walks back to get Jimmy.

HUSTLER
You know where you got your shoes, right?

JIMMY
Of course, I got them--

HUSTLER
Don’t tell me, don’t tell me...I’ll tell you where you got ’em.

JIMMY
I seriously doubt that.

HUSTLER
Don’t underestimate me, man, don’t underestimate my psychic powers.

JIMMY
So, you’re gonna tell me exactly where I got my shoes, the exact location?

HUSTLER
The exact location--

JIMMY
City, state?

HUSTLER
City-and-state. But there’s a catch.

JIMMY
And what’s that?

HUSTLER
To see my powers at work, you gotta pay me ten bucks, but...only if I’m right.

JIMMY
Ten dollars?
HUSTLER
Ten bucks.

Jimmy thinks about it.

JIMMY
Okay, Nostrodamus, tell me where I got my shoes.

HUSTLER
Ready?

JIMMY
Work your magic.

HUSTLER
Right now, you got your shoes--

STEVE
At eighty-first street, Museum of Natural History Subway Terminal, New York, New York.

Jimmy raises an eyebrow at Steve.

The hustler gives Steve a dirty look.

HUSTLER
Why you gotta ruin it?

JIMMY
(confused)
Ruin what?

STEVE
That’s where you got your shoes, Jimmy. Get it? It’s a hustle.

HUSTLER
This is how I make my living, man--

STEVE
Listen, jerk off, you won’t need psychic powers to tell me where I got my shoes, because they’re seconds away from being stuck in your fucking rectum. Leave my friend alone.

Steve grabs Jimmy by his backpack and pulls him away. Steve continues ahead, but Jimmy turns back to the hustler.

He tosses him ten dollars.
JIMMY
Fair and square.
The hustler thanks him with a head nod.

Steve stands at the bottom of the steps at the end of the tunnel and waits for Jimmy.

As Jimmy catches up, Steve shakes his head, disappointed.

Jimmy shrugs his shoulders.

JIMMY
What?

STEVE
He’s a bum! You got hustled by a guy who isn’t even smart enough to get a job!

HUSTLER
(from down the hall)
I heard that ass hole!!!

STEVE
(yelling down the hall)
Hey, eat me! Get a real fucking job!

Jimmy follows Steve up the stairs.

EXT. THE MOON SHINE TAVERN, W. 79 ST. AND BROADWAY - LATER

A classic red-neck bar with a wooden statue of a cowboy out front. A neon MOON SHINE TAVERN sign glows in the window, among many beer advertisements.

Steve and Jimmy stand out front and smoke cigarettes.

Jimmy stares Steve down. Steve notices.

STEVE
What?

JIMMY
A little overdressed, don’t you think? You had me thinking we were going somewhere classy.

Steve looks Jimmy up and down.
STEVE
Yeah, nothing says classy like a backpack and running shoes. You packing a lunch in there?

JIMMY
That guy back at the subway liked my shoes...

STEVE
Here’s the story. Peaches thinks I just got off work.

JIMMY
Peaches?

STEVE
The bartender chick I’m trying to fuck.

JIMMY
What’s that have to do with anything?

STEVE
She doesn’t know I’m a security guard. She’s under the impression that I’m into stocks and bonds and shit.

JIMMY
Stocks and bonds?

STEVE
Yeah, on Wall Street. So just go with the flow, okay? Play along.

Jimmy rolls his eyes as he exhales a cloud of smoke.

Steve tosses his butt to the ground and steps on it. He pats Jimmy’s back.

STEVE
Don’t worry. It’s gonna be a night to remember. Just don’t fuck my shit up.

He enters the bar. Jimmy tosses his butt and follows.

INT. THE MOON SHINE TAVERN - LATER

A dingy red-neck dive with a depressing ambience.
Country music plays loudly as a bunch of DEPRESSED DRUNKS, probably regulars, sit at the bar and sip their drinks.

Steve sits at the bar and flirts with the sexy bartender, PEACHES (late twenties, early thirties) who stands behind the bar, scantily clad.

Jimmy sits two seats over. He appears bored as he sips his cocktail.

He glances down the bar at Steve and rolls his eyes.

He sets his half-empty glass on the bar, looks at it and sighs.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Can I ask you a question?

Jimmy turns to his left.

A YUPPIE (late twenties) in a blazer and scarf, sits next to Jimmy and awaits his approval.

JIMMY
(disinterested)
Sure.

YUPPIE
Say your girlfriend left you for another woman. And after that, you got fired from your job cause you got caught smoking PCP in the bathroom...while jerking off to the Sears catalogue.

The two stare at each other.

JIMMY
What are you asking me?

YUPPIE
What do you think would be the best way to kill yourself?

Jimmy stares at the Yuppie, then turns away.

YUPPIE
I was thinking about jumping off a building.

Jimmy stares at his drink.
JIMMY
Good luck with that.

YUPPIE
What’s your name?

JIMMY
Why?

YUPPIE
I was just wondering if you wanted to come back to my place, smoke some pot, flip through the Sears catalogue with me.

Jimmy stands up and walks over to

STEVE’S SEAT

Steve continues to flirt with Peaches.

Jimmy taps his shoulder.

JIMMY
I wanna go home.

STEVE
What?

JIMMY
We gotta leave.

STEVE
Why, we just got here a few hours ago?

JIMMY
It’s one big fucking sausage-fest in here, and it smells like piss--

STEVE
Good things happen to those who wait, my friend. It’s still early--

JIMMY
It’s two thirty! I doubt things are gonna pick up.

STEVE
All right, fine...
Steve digs into his pocket and pulls out his rabbit's foot key chain, a few keys attached.

He pulls on the bigger key.

STEVE
This is the door to the building...

He pulls on the other key.

STEVE (CONT’D)
This is for the door to the apartment.

Jimmy looks at the keys.

JIMMY
You’re making me go home by myself?

STEVE
Hey, I told you what the objective was, and if you wanna bail, then bail. But me, I got other things on my mind, and going home is not one of those things.

Jimmy rolls his eyes.

STEVE
Oh, what, you want me to hold your hand on the way to the subway--

JIMMY
Gimme the keys.

Steve gives him the keys.

STEVE
When are you gonna get your own set, cause I can’t keep doing this--

JIMMY
I’ll go to a locksmith tomorrow and get them copied.

STEVE
You know which way to go, right?

JIMMY
Yeah, yeah, I got it.

Jimmy turns around to leave.
STEVE
Oh, Jimmy, remember what I told you.

Jimmy turns back around.

JIMMY
Mind my own business, don’t draw attention to my self, I get it.

STEVE
Any problems, you got your cell phone, right?

Jimmy raises his phone in the air as he exits the bar.

STEVE
Don’t wait up!

Steve turns his attention back to Peaches.

INT. W. 81 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL - LATER

Jimmy goes to the Metrocard machine.

He taps on the touch screen and taps on the SINGLE RIDE option, then taps on the CASH option.

On the touch screen, it reads MAXIMUM CHANGE: SIX DOLLARS.

He opens his wallet and sees only a twenty dollar bill.

JIMMY
Damn it.

He goes over to the

INFORMATION BOOTH

where a uniformed MTA WORKER sits behind the glass.

The MTA worker reads the newspaper and doesn’t notice Jimmy.

JIMMY
Excuse me?

He takes his eyes away from the paper.

JIMMY
I just need a ticket for a single ride, and all I have is a twenty.

(MORE)
JIMMY (cont'd)
I was wondering if I’d be able to get one from you.

MTA WORKER
I don’t have change.

He goes back to his paper.

Jimmy stands there and stares at him.

JIMMY
Excuse me, sir?

The MTA worker sighs and looks at Jimmy again.

MTA WORKER
What?

JIMMY
I just wanna get home, and--

MTA WORKER
How is that my problem?

JIMMY
It’s not your problem, but--

The MTA worker holds the paper in front of his face.

Jimmy puts his hands up in frustration. He goes back to the METROCARD MACHINE

and taps on the screen again. He buys a $14 Metrocard and inserts a $20 bill.

A Metrocard comes out of a slot and change CLANKS at the bottom. Jimmy takes his six dollars in coins and goes to the TURNSTILES

and swipes his card through. He gives the MTA worker a mean look and walks through.

INT. UPTOWN A TRAIN, TRAVELLING - LATER

Jimmy sits in his seat and watches a BAREFOOT BUM eat a can of sardines with his fingers. His crusty toes hang off the edge of the seat.

Jimmy grimaces and looks away.
The train’s brakes screech loudly as it comes to a complete stop.

The sliding doors open.

W. 116 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy exits through the turnstiles and makes his way to the SW exit.

At the bottom of the stairs sits a BALD GUY in raggedy clothes.

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BALD GUY

Young buck, you got any change?

JIMMY

(irritated)

I don’t really have anything, I’m sorry.

He walks around the bald guy and heads up the stairs.

BALD GUY

I hear something jingling and jangling in them pockets.

Jimmy stops halfway up the stairs.

Annoyed, he impatiently digs into his pockets, then throws a bunch of change on the ground.

He storms the rest of the way up.

BALD GUY

There’s a nice way to do that!

The bald guy shrugs it off, gets on his knees and picks up the change.

EXT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS BLVD. BETWEEN 116 AND 115 - NIGHT

The block is still busy with PEOPLE of all sorts hanging out on corners, standing in front of corner stores and pizza shops.

Jimmy takes a left onto his block of
W. 115 ST.

The noise from all the people fades away, the neighborhood eerily quiet.

He reaches his

APT. BUILDING

and stands in front of the door for a bit. He shuts his eyes and savors the moment.

He takes a deep breath and gets his keys.

He sticks the key into the lock and opens the front door.

INT. APT. BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy sluggishly gets to the top of the stairs and reaches apartment 3A.

He drops his backpack to the ground and takes a deep breath.

JIMMY

Home sweet home.

He shuts his eyes and tries to stick the key into the lock. It doesn’t go in.

He opens his eyes.

JIMMY

(doomed)

No.

He continues to struggle with the key, the same result.

JIMMY

Come on!

He looks at the key and it dawns on him.

JIMMY

You son of a bitch.

He leaves his backpack at the door and scampers down the stairs.
BOTTOM FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

He bursts through the swinging door to the tenant mailboxes. He catches his breath as he looks at all the mailboxes and sees one marked 3A.

He quickly sticks the key in and turns it. The mailbox opens.

JIMMY
You gotta be fucking-kidding-me!!!

He shuts the mailbox and sighs. He pulls the key out and leaves the building.

EXT. APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Jimmy paces back and forth with his cell phone as he dials. He puts the phone to his ear and listens.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)
You have one minute left on your prepaid cellular phone. To refill your account, dial one-eight-hundred, nine--

He takes the phone away from his ear, frustrated.

JIMMY
What?

He hits a button and puts the phone back to his ear. The phone rings once, but no answer. It rings again, but no answer. Finally, on the third ring...

STEVE (V.O.)
Hello?

JIMMY
Steve?

STEVE (V.O)
Yeah, who’s this?

JIMMY
Who the fuck do you think?
STEVE (V.O.)
Sup.

JIMMY
Were you using my phone earlier?

STEVE (V.O.)
Yeah, I had to call my mom. Why?

JIMMY
You can’t use your own cell phone?

STEVE (V.O.)
She doesn’t pick up when she sees my number on the caller I.D.--

JIMMY
Cause you know my phone’s prepaid, right? I only have like a minute left now--

STEVE (V.O.)
Well, is it my fault you have bad credit and can’t get a phone plan like everybody else?

Jimmy takes a deep breath.

JIMMY
Never mind that right now. I’m stranded out here because you gave me the wrong--

CELL PHONE (V.O.)
You have zero minutes left on your prepaid cellular phone. To refill your account, dial one-eight-hundred--

Jimmy takes the phone away from his ear and looks at it in disbelief.

JIMMY
You have to be shitting me!

He paces back and forth in front of the building.

He stops, takes a deep breath and decides to walk around the block.
FURTHER DOWN THE BLOCK

Jimmy walks past a stoop where a DRUG DEALER with two gold teeth and a tilted cap sits.

    DRUG DEALER
    I got that purple haze, man, make you float 'n shit...

Jimmy shrugs his shoulders and quickly walks past him.

    DRUG DEALER
    Get the fuck off my block then...

Jimmy walks to the corner of W. 115 ST. AND ST. NICHOLAS where he sees a pay phone.

As he approaches the pay phone and digs into his pockets, he sees a few PEDESTRIANS walk past.

    JIMMY (digging in pockets)
    Do any of you guys have change for a--

He can’t seem to find any of the dollar coins as the pedestrians walk past.

    JIMMY
    Dollar?

He realizes he had given the coins away.

    JIMMY
    Shit.

Jimmy’s eyes light up as a GOOD SAMARITAN in a denim outfit walks past.

    JIMMY
    Excuse me, sir, can you spare a quarter? I desperately need to make a phone call.

The Good Samaritan stops and pats down his pockets.
GOOD SAMARITAN
I don’t really have anything for ya...

Jimmy nods his head, disappointed.

JIMMY
That’s all right, thanks anyway.

GOOD SAMARITAN
I got a few phone cards if you wanna try them out.

Jimmy’s eyes light up.

JIMMY
Yeah, thanks, that would be great.

The Good Samaritan gives him a few phone cards.

Jimmy goes to the pay phone. He pulls his cell phone out and scrolls through the contacts menu until he gets to Steve’s name.

He looks at his cell phone as he dials on the pay phone.

The Good Samaritan waits nearby and watches.

GOOD SAMARITAN
Hey, my man, why don’t you just call from your cell phone?

JIMMY
I don’t have any minutes left.

The Good Samaritan continues to watch.

After a few moments, Jimmy hangs up.

JIMMY
These phone cards don’t work.

GOOD SAMARITAN
Say, man, you don’t got no money?

JIMMY
Do I have money? No, I wouldn’t have asked you for change if I did.

The Good Samaritan scans the area suspiciously.

GOOD SAMARITAN
Cause I need some money, man.
Jimmy stares at him.

    JIMMY
    Well, good luck with that.

    GOOD SAMARITAN
    How much did you pay for the phone?

Jimmy looks at his cell phone, then back at him.

    JIMMY
    Why?

    GOOD SAMARITAN
    I’m saying, man, we could sell the phone, split it fifty-fifty.

Jimmy looks confused.

    JIMMY
    My phone’s not for sale.

The Good Samaritan scans the area again.

Out of nowhere, he draws a gun.

Jimmy, off guard, throws his hands in the air.

    JIMMY
    Whoa, take it easy, man!

    GOOD SAMARITAN
    Gimme the fucking phone, right now, mother fucker!!! I’ll blow your God damn, mother fucking head off!!!

Jimmy immediately hands him the phone.

    JIMMY
    (frightened)
    There you go, man, it’s yours!

The Good Samaritan holds his aim as he looks the cell phone over.

    GOOD SAMARITAN
    This shit’s got text messaging?

    JIMMY
    Yeah, it’s got text messaging.

    GOOD SAMARITAN
    A camera?
JIMMY
No, there’s no camera, it’s cheap--

The Good Samaritan steps forward and holds his aim.

GOOD SAMARITAN
Open your mouth.

JIMMY
Oh, c’mon, man, you have the phone, just please, don’t do this--

GOOD SAMARITAN
I said open your fucking mouth!!!

Jimmy, his hands in the air, opens his mouth.
The Good Samaritan sticks the gun in.

GOOD SAMARITAN
This is materialistic bullshit, my man, forget about it.

He takes the gun out of his mouth and looks into Jimmy’s eyes.

Suddenly, he gun butts him in the face.

Jimmy lets out a loud YELP and collapses to the ground.

Blood pours from a gash on the bridge of Jimmy’s nose. He MOANS in pain as he covers the gash with his hand.

The Good Samaritan quickly walks away.

GOOD SAMARITAN
It’s business, my man, forget about it...

He disappears further into Jimmy’s block.

Jimmy continues to hold his nose as he gets back to his feet.

A FEW TEENAGERS sit on a stoop nearby.

TEENAGER #1
You just get jacked?

Jimmy has tears in his eyes.

JIMMY
He took my fucking phone!
TEENAGER #2
That’s fucked up.

Jimmy looks at the teenagers, angry.

JIMMY
You saw the whole thing?

TEENAGER #2
Yeah, man, it’s fucked up. He pistol whipped the shit outta you.

JIMMY
Thanks for the help.

Jimmy caresses the bridge of his nose and walks away, back towards his apartment building.

CLOSER TO THE APT. BUILDING

Jimmy walks past the stoop where the drug dealer with the gold teeth continues to sit.

The good samaritan shows the drug dealer Jimmy’s phone.

DRUG DEALER
How much?

GOOD SAMARITAN
This is top of the line electronics, my man. It’s got text messaging, voice mail and what not. This shit goes for, like, sixty dollars normally, I’ll give it to you for thirty...

The drug dealer and the good samaritan pay Jimmy no mind as he walks past them.

INT. APT. BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR - LATER

Jimmy, his eyes black and blue, blood covering the bridge of his nose, desperately tries to jimmy the apartment door open with a library card.

The library card breaks in half.

JIMMY
(desperate)
Piece of shit!!!
He tosses the broken card to the ground and paces back and forth in front of the door.

He stops. He looks at the door and brainstorms.

Suddenly, he kicks the door hard. The door doesn’t budge.

He kicks it again. Nothing. He grunts loudly and kicks it again, followed by a weak kick.

He takes a breather.

He pounds on the door with both fists, but nothing.

JIMMY
Open!!!

The Neighbor at 3B, a physically imposing obese woman, opens the door. She peaks her head out as gospel music plays from inside.

NEIGHBOR
Damn, muthafucka, you know what time it is!?

Jimmy huffs and puffs, his hands on his knees.

JIMMY
Sorry, I’m just trying to--

NEIGHBOR
You got a problem with the guy who lives there?

JIMMY
Who, Steve? You see, I’m his--

NEIGHBOR
We look out for each other in this building, and if you got a problem with Steve, you got a problem with me.

JIMMY
No, no, you got the wrong idea. I just moved in, I’m Steve’s--

NEIGHBOR
I’ve never seen you before. You got a key?
JIMMY
I got a key to the building, but not the apartment. Steve gave me the wrong--

NEIGHBOR
You got till the count of ten to get your no-key-having-ass outta this building, understand? You ain’t gone when I get to ten, I’m gonna have to take some action.

JIMMY
What are you gonna do, call the cops--

NEIGHBOR
You calling me a snitch?

Jimmy stares at the neighbor, confused.

JIMMY
What?

NEIGHBOR
You think I’m gonna go running to the cops like a bitch? I don’t need no cops to handle a problem I can handle my damn self.

Jimmy laughs ironically.

JIMMY
Listen, I live here, okay? Steve gave me the wrong key, and all I want to do is--

NEIGHBOR
Don’t get loud with me!

JIMMY
What? I’m not getting loud--

NEIGHBOR
Oh, no you did not just back-talk me!

JIMMY
Can you just let me explain--

NEIGHBOR
Awww shit, you just fucked up!
She brings her head back into her apartment.

Jimmy stands there baffled.

A gun COCKS from inside her apartment.

    JIMMY
    That’s not good...

Jimmy picks his backpack off the ground and rushes down the stairs.

    NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
    Your ten seconds are up,
    muthafucka!!!

Jimmy rushes down to the

BOTTOM FLOOR

and looks up the stairway.

She leans over the rail on the third floor and waves her gun like a maniac.

    NEIGHBOR
    I see you again, you won’t have
till the count of ten! You hear me!

Jimmy, exhausted, rushes through the swinging door where the tenant mailboxes are.

He bends over with his hands on his knees and catches his breath.

    JIMMY
    What the hell was that about?!

As he catches his breath, he glances at the mailbox for 3A.

He looks at his keys, shakes his head, and opens the mailbox.

He sees a box with an E bay logo on it along with a few envelopes. He takes the mail out and stuffs it into his backpack.

EXT. FREDERICK DOUGLASS BLVD. AND W. 115 ST. - NIGHT

Jimmy crosses the street.

He gets to the
W. 116 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL, ENTRANCE

He opens his pack of cigarettes only to find it empty. He tosses it into a nearby trash can.

At the top of the stairs going down into the subway, Jimmy runs into the BALD GUY in raggedy clothes again.

The bald guy sticks out his cup of change.

BALD GUY
Excuse me, young buck, you got any spare change?

Jimmy stares at him for a bit.

JIMMY
(it dawns on him)
Hey, it’s you!

BALD GUY
We know each other?

JIMMY
I gave you change about a half hour ago, in the subway.

BALD GUY
I’m sorry, young buck, you must have me mistaken for someone else--

JIMMY
No, definitely not.

BALD GUY
I don’t remember you.

JIMMY
All right, whatever, I know that you know that you’re you.

BALD GUY
Huh?

JIMMY
I gave you dollar coins, six dollars, thinking that they were quarters. The point I’m getting at is...I need that money back.

The two stare at each other for a moment.
BALD GUY
Are you serious?

JIMMY
Yeah.

The bald guy hides the cup of change behind his back.

BALD GUY
My cup’s empty, young buck, you got me mistaken.

JIMMY
Don’t play dumb with me, I heard jingling and jangling in that cup.

BALD GUY
You’re hearing shit, young buck--

JIMMY
Let me see the cup.

BALD GUY
I beg your pardon?

JIMMY
Let me see what’s in the cup. You don’t have to give it to me, just show me.

The bald guy cradles the cup with both hands and pulls it against his chest.

BALD GUY
No.

The two stare at each other.

Suddenly, Jimmy goes for the cup.

JIMMY
(struggles with bald guy)
Let me see that cup, you bastard...

BALD GUY
(resists)
Get off me! I earned this money fair and square!

Jimmy pries the cup out of the bald guy’s hands.

JIMMY
Ha!!!
BALD GUY
Give it back!

The bald guy makes a swipe at the cup, but Jimmy stiff-arms him.

As he holds the bald guy back with one arm, he looks inside the cup.

JIMMY
(stiff-arming bald guy)
I knew it!

He shoves the bald guy back, empties the change into his hand and runs down into

INT. W. 116 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL

He runs down the steps.

As he hurries to the turnstiles, he stuffs the change into his pocket.

He quickly scans his Metrocard and rushes through the turnstiles.

Jimmy runs over to the edge of the platform and sees the A train approaching.

He looks back and sees the bald guy at the other side of the turnstiles.

BALD GUY
You God damn thief! I want my money back!

The A train comes to a complete stop.

The sliding doors open and Jimmy quickly boards the

A TRAIN

He immediately sits down and looks through the window.

He sees the bald guy jump over the turnstile as the sliding doors close.

Jimmy watches as the bald guy pounds on the window.

A POLICE OFFICER walks through the turnstiles and grabs the bald guy from behind.
As the police officer drags the bald guy away, the train starts to move.

The bald guy continues to pump his fist at Jimmy.

Jimmy grins and waves goodbye as the train rumbles away.

As the bald guy disappears from his sight, Jimmy leans back in his seat and takes a deep breath.

He glances to the other end of the row and he sees the DRUG DEALER with the gold teeth and tilted cap.

The drug dealer returns the look, but looks away, no familiarity.

    MALE VOICE (O.S.)
    Rough night?

Jimmy glances across the aisle.

FRANK (late forties, early fifties) sits across from him with a cane on his lap. Strong-jawed and a face of stone, he grins at Jimmy.

    JIMMY
    Excuse me?

    FRANK
    Rough night?

Jimmy leans back in his seat and stares at the ceiling.

    JIMMY
    You don’t know the half.

    FRANK
    You get mugged?

    JIMMY
    Good guess.

    FRANK
    You don’t look like a scrapper, so I could only assume ya got mugged. A tourist, are ya?

    JIMMY
    No.

    FRANK
    College student?
JIMMY

Nope.

FRANK

Well, what are ya?

JIMMY

I moved here a few days ago.

FRANK

Well, either way, you’re not familiar with the area, right?

JIMMY

I guess not.

FRANK

I can tell. And if I can tell, these yeggs around here definitely can tell. They can smell a tourist from a mile away. Where’d ya get mugged?

JIMMY

One-fifteen.

FRANK

A fresh-faced white kid like yourself, I’m sure ya stuck out like a sore thumb.

Jimmy straightens his posture.

JIMMY

What is it about me that makes me look like a tourist?

FRANK

Where do I start? First and foremost, you got a backpack on at three-thirty in the morning.

JIMMY

So what?

FRANK

That’s like a bulls-eye strapped to your back. They see you with a backpack on, they get to thinking that there’s something in it.
JIMMY
Well, he didn’t seem to care much about the backpack. And if he did, there was nothing in it anyway.

FRANK
Why wear it then?

Jimmy looks at the backpack on his lap.

JIMMY
Just in case.

FRANK
Of what?

Jimmy thinks about it.

JIMMY
My parents gave it to me.

FRANK
What is it, like your security blanket, reminds you of home?

Jimmy thinks it over.

JIMMY
I don’t know about all that, I just like to have it on me, just in case...you know?

Frank tries to understand as he looks at Jimmy.

FRANK
What’s your name?

Jimmy hesitates at first.

JIMMY
Jimmy.

FRANK
My name’s Frank.
(beat)
This is one of the few good things about New York, ya get to meet folks of all sorts, ya know?

Jimmy does a half-nod.

FRANK
So, how much did they take?
Jimmy glances at the drug dealer with the gold teeth.

    JIMMY
    They took my cell phone.

    FRANK
    No money.

    JIMMY
    Didn’t have any.

    FRANK
    Probably some crack head. He look anything like the heap ‘a shit sitting over there?

Frank points with his cane towards the end of the subway car.

Jimmy glances over and sees a BUM sound asleep at an end seat.

He looks back at Frank.

    JIMMY
    Not quite.

    FRANK
    They all look the same to me. After ya get used to seeing ‘em all the time, that’s what happens. And in my line of work, I’ve seen my share.

    JIMMY
    What line of work is that?

    FRANK
    Law enforcement.

    JIMMY
    You’re a cop?

    FRANK
    Retired. Not by choice.

Frank taps on his cane.

    FRANK (CONT’D)
    An off-duty incident.

    JIMMY
    NYPD?
FRANK
Jersey City.

JIMMY
So what are you doing here?

FRANK
My wife passed and I decided to move back to the old neighborhood. Relive the days when things weren’t so complicated, ya know?

JIMMY
How long has it been?

FRANK
Twelve years.

JIMMY
It’s probably a lot different, huh?

FRANK
Everyone talks about how much they cleaned up this city, but I don’t see much of a difference. They can ban cigarettes and shut down all the smut shops they want, I still see the same deadbeats I saw twelve years ago.

Jimmy nods.

FRANK
Let me ask you a question.

JIMMY
Shoot.

FRANK
Was it a nigger?

Jimmy stares at Frank with his mouth open, then glances over at the drug dealer with the gold teeth.

The drug dealer glares at Frank.

FRANK
So, was it? I doubt a white guy in Harlem robbed you for a cell phone.

JIMMY
I don’t think skin color has anything to do with it.
FRANK
You’re broke, and you haven’t
robbed anybody, have ya?

Jimmy doesn’t answer.

FRANK
See what I mean?

Jimmy glances over at the drug dealer again, then back at
Frank.

FRANK
Was it a nigger or not?

DRUG DEALER
One more nigga outta you, I’ll show
you nigga.

Frank glances over at the drug dealer.

FRANK
Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t see you
there.
(to Jimmy)
Was it a colored man?

DRUG DEALER
Maybe you should just shut the fuck
up all together.

The drug dealer and Frank share a tense, prolonged stare.
Frank cracks.

FRANK
You’re right. Sometimes, I just
don’t know when to keep my mouth
shut. I’m an old man, I’m from an
era when things didn’t have to be
so politically correct. My
sincerest apologies.

The drug dealer continues to stare him down as the train
comes to a halt.

The sliding doors open.

Frank looks at Jimmy and WINKS, then leaves the train.

After Frank leaves, the drug dealer quickly stands up.

The sliding doors start to close, but the drug dealer holds
them open and gets off the train.
The sliding doors close.

Jimmy looks through the window and sees the drug dealer follow Frank with a knife hidden behind his back.

The train starts to move again.

Jimmy keeps his face to the window, but the train moves too far away and all Jimmy can see is the darkness of the tunnel.

He maintains concern as he sits straight in his seat.

LATER

The train comes to another stop.

Jimmy glances out the window and sees a sign that reads 81ST STREET MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

He stands up and uses the guard rail above the seats to get to the sliding doors.

As the train continues to slow down, he glances down at the bum, sound asleep nearby.

Jimmy goes into his pocket as the train comes to a complete stop.

The sliding doors open.

Jimmy flips a dollar coin onto the bum’s lap and leaves.

The sliding doors close.

The train moves again.

Through the window, the train slowly passes Jimmy until no longer in sight.

The bum continues to lie motionless.

As the train rumbles on, the turbulence forces the bum’s body to shift. As his body shifts, a stream of blood pours out from under him.

Blood slowly drips off the edge of the seat.

All that can be seen through the window now is the darkness of the tunnel.
W. 81 ST. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY TERMINAL - LATER

Jimmy walks through the turnstiles.

The HUSTLER from earlier and an OLD LADY play tug of war with a purse as Jimmy walks by.

HUSTLER
(struggles with old lady)
I told you where you got your shoes, bitch, I want my money!

OLD LADY
(struggles with hustler)
Somebody, help!

Jimmy glances at the information booth.

The MTA EMPLOYEE sits in his booth and quietly reads the newspaper.

Jimmy walks around the scuffle, but continues to watch.

The hustler pries the purse away from the old lady.

She grabs for it, but he toys with her and holds the purse high in the air where she can’t reach.

The hustler looks at Jimmy and GRINS.

HUSTLER
Fair and square, right?

Jimmy shakes his head and walks away.

INT. THE MOON SHINE TAVERN - LATER

Jimmy enters the bar.

The place is empty as country music plays over the juke box.

Jimmy looks around, confused.

Peaches, the bartender, stands behind the bar and wipes it down with a rag.

PEACHES
We’re getting ready to close up, sweetie.

Jimmy approaches the bar in a state of confusion.
JIMMY
What time is it?

Peaches looks at her watch.

PEACHES
Quarter to four.

Jimmy sighs and slumps his shoulders.

JIMMY
Do you remember what time my roommate left?

PEACHES
Who’s your roommate?

JIMMY
Steve.

Peaches gives him a blank look.

JIMMY
You know...Steve? He was talking to you when I left.

PEACHES
A lot of guys talk to me, sweetie. What did he look like?

JIMMY
Suit and tie?

She gives him another blank look.

PEACHES
No, doesn’t ring a bell, sorry.

JIMMY
Shit.

He turns around and walks back to the door.

PEACHES
Would you like a drink before I lock up?

Jimmy stops and turns his head around.

JIMMY
That’s nice of you, but no thanks.
PEACHES
On the house. You look like you can use it.

Something dawns on him. He goes back to the bar.

JIMMY
Actually, can I use your phone?
It’s a local call.

PEACHES
Not for customers.

JIMMY
Just for a minute?

She shakes her head, “No”, reluctantly.

PEACHES
If my boss were to walk in...

JIMMY
Where’s the nearest pay phone?

PEACHES
Right at the corner.

JIMMY
Do you have change for a dollar?

Peaches pops open the register.
She sets four quarters on the bar.
He sets a dollar coin on the bar and grabs the quarters.

JIMMY
Thanks.

Jimmy goes back to the door. As he pushes it open, he glances back.

Peaches does a cute little wave and winks.

EXT. A NEARBY STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy stands at a pay phone with the phone to his ear. He fidgets around as he waits.

The phone rings a few times with no answer.

Finally...
STEVE (V.O.)
Hello?

Jimmy’s eyes light up.

JIMMY
Oh, thank fucking God, Steve, I’ve been trying to get a hold of you all night--

STEVE (V.O.)
Uh, yeah, I’m unable to receive your phone call right now, so please leave a message after the beep. And if you’re from collections, I got something for you to collect...

Something rubs against the recorder and causes a muffled sound.

STEVE (V.O.)
In case you’re wondering what that noise is, that’s me rubbing my cock against the phone...

A SLAPPING sound followed by a long BEEP.

Jimmy slumps his shoulders and hangs his head.

JIMMY
Jesus Christ, Steve, where the fuck are you?

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The YUPPIE from the bar tiptoes along the edge of the roof of a building overlooking Central Park. He walks back and forth along the edge and laughs gleefully.

Steve sits Indian-style nearby and takes a hit from a glass pipe and exhales smoke while flipping through the Sears catalogue.

STEVE
Wow, look at all this ass!

He flips through the underwear and bra section where female models pose in lingerie.
STEVE
Who would've ever thought that Sears would have such a great selection of lingerie? You, my friend, are a fucking genius!

The Yuppie grins proudly and takes a bow. He loses his balance for a moment, but quickly recovers.

INT. THE MOON SHINE TAVERN

Jimmy walks back into the bar.

Peaches looks at him as she continues to clean up.

JIMMY
(sheepish)
You think I can get that drink?

LATER

Jimmy sits at the bar and sips on a cocktail.

Peaches stands behind the bar, across from Jimmy.

PEACHES
And all of this happened because your roommate gave you the wrong key?

Jimmy sips his drink again and mulls it over.

JIMMY
That’s pretty much what it all boils down to.

PEACHES
You should kick his ass. That’s definitely an ass-kickable offense.

JIMMY
I’m too tired.

PEACHES
Why don’t you get a hotel room?

Jimmy rubs his fingers together.

PEACHES
Oh, right.
JIMMY
I guess I’ll just go to Central Park, find a nice, comfortable bench to nap on.

Jimmy looks down at his half empty glass.

Peaches looks him over.

PEACHES
I remember when I first moved to New York, I was just a kid, younger than you. I just packed my bags and left, no plan, no place to sleep, no job. I slept on many a bench.

She snickers ironically.

PEACHES (CONT’D)
Not exactly what I imagined when I was packing my bags. It’s funny how lonely it can be in a city with so many people.

Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY
Yeah.

The two share a short silence.

PEACHES
You know, if you want, you can crash at my place.

Jimmy raises his eyebrow.

He looks at her and, at that moment, realizes how ridiculously hot she is.

JIMMY
Crash at your place?

PEACHES
Unless you wanna crash in the park on some bench caked with pigeon shit. And this time of night, you might have to bunk up with somebody you don’t wanna bunk up with.

Jimmy stares at her, nervous.
JIMMY
I don’t wanna impose.

PEACHES
Offer’s on the table.

Jimmy looks into her big, beautiful eyes as she waits for a response.

EXT. W. 81 ST. - NIGHT - LATER

An occupied taxi cab goes about 40 miles per hour through a narrow street.

The cab weaves around cars as they parallel park, then takes a sharp left through a yellow light, onto

CENTRAL PARK WEST

and dodges a truck as it backs up.

INT. TAXI CAB, TRAVELLING

The driver, TRAVIS, sticks his head out the window and waves his fist at the driver of the truck.

    TRAVIS
    Learn how to fuckin’ drive, retard!!!

Jimmy, in the back with Peaches, grips the edge of his seat with both hands, his knuckles white.

He observes Travis’ photo identification up front, right under the CB radio.

The photo looks like a mug shot. Jimmy reads his name, TRAVIS ARBUCKLE.

At the wheel, Travis has a dreary appearance, clad in an old military jacket. He looks to be in his early forties.

Jimmy grips his backpack in his lap tightly.

Peaches leans forward, her face near the open window separating the back seat from the front.

She sees his photo identification.
PEACHES
Travis, is it?

TRAVIS
That’s what my mother named me.

PEACHES
From here, you just go straight until you reach ninety-first. The big building on the corner’s my stop.

TRAVIS
Got it.

She leans back into her seat and looks at Jimmy.

PEACHES
You know, Kevin Bacon used to live in my building.

JIMMY
Cool. You ever talk to him?

PEACHES
Once.

JIMMY
What did he say?

PEACHES
He said, hi.

Jimmy humors her and nods.

JIMMY
Neat.
(beat)
So you must pull in some decent green there, at the bar.

PEACHES
So-so. It’s only part time. I make most of my money acting.

JIMMY
A thespian, huh? On stage or--

PEACHES
Film.

JIMMY
Anything I’ve seen?
PEACHES
Wow, there’s been so many...you ever see Cum Guzzlers, Volume Six?

Jimmy, uncomfortable at first, thinks about it.

JIMMY
Actually, I think I own it.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST AND W. 91 ST. - MOMENTS LATER
The cab pulls over, right along the edge of Central Park.

INT. TAXI CAB, PARKED
Peaches pays the driver through the window.

PEACHES
Thank you, Travis, keep the change.

TRAVIS
Thanks.

Peaches steps out of the cab.

Jimmy puts his backpack around his shoulder and looks at Travis.

JIMMY
Have a good one.

Travis looks back at him and WINKS.

TRAVIS
Go get her, tiger.

Jimmy raises an eyebrow and steps out of the cab.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST AND W. 91 ST.
The cab drives off.

Jimmy and Peaches cross the street, over to

PEACHES’ BUILDING
Jimmy looks up at the tall building in awe. It looks more like a five-star hotel.
As they get to the entrance, MITCH, the doorman, holds the door open for them.

PEACHES
Hey, Mitch, working hard?

MITCH
Hardly working, Peaches.

PEACHES
Renaldo stop by at all?

MITCH
Haven’t seen him.

PEACHES
You remember what I said?

MITCH
Don’t worry about it, I’m here to protect you.

Peaches smiles and enters the building.

Jimmy follows her. He catches Mitch ogling Peaches’ firm rump. Mitch then smiles at Jimmy and winks at him.

JIMMY
(to Peaches)
Renaldo?

ELEVATOR, TRAVELLING - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy and Peaches stand side by side.

Peaches glances at Jimmy’s face.

PEACHES
Maybe I have some peroxide for that raspberry.

Jimmy feels the bridge of his nose.

JIMMY
I think I’ll be okay.

PEACHES
You sure?

JIMMY
Yeah, I’ll take care of it tomorrow.
PEACHES
If you wanna take a shower, you’re more than welcome.

JIMMY
(nervous)
Shower? You mean like with water?

Peaches laughs.

PEACHES
Or a bath. I have bubbles.

Jimmy gulps.

JIMMY
Bubbles are good, I mean, I like bubble baths...

They share an uncomfortable silence.

JIMMY
You know, I can’t thank you enough for this. It’s been such a weird night--

PEACHES
Don’t mention it, sweetie. I got a nice comfortable spot for you.

She smiles at him.

Jimmy smiles back uncomfortably.

The elevator gets to the tenth floor and stops.

TENTH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy follows Peaches off the elevator to a room down the hall.

She pulls her keys from her purse as Jimmy watches her open the door in envy.

They enter

PEACHES’ APARTMENT

She holds the door open for Jimmy and shuts the door behind him.
Jimmy stands at the door, a bit nervous, and looks around the apartment.

The living room is very neatly put together. The carpet is white and all of the furniture is black leather. Abstract art pieces are set up all around the room.

Peaches sets her purse on the coffee table, right next to a ceramic vase.

She looks back at Jimmy.

PEACHES
Well, make yourself at home.

Jimmy nods and walks further into the apartment.

PEACHES
Just take your shoes off. I just had the carpeting done yesterday.

Jimmy stops and takes his shoes off.

She points to a big, black leather couch next to the coffee table.

PEACHES
There you go.

Jimmy looks at the couch and tries to hide his disappointment.

JIMMY
Oh. Okay.

PEACHES
Is there a problem?

JIMMY
No, of course not. Problem?

Jimmy laughs nervously as he shakes his head, “No”.

PEACHES
I know, leather’s hard to sleep on, I’ll grab some blankets for you, okay?

JIMMY
Oh, no, right now, I can pass out on a bed of nails.
PEACHES
Actually, I prefer you sleep on blankets. Unless you wanna take a shower first and sleep naked. I don’t wanna dirty up the leather.

JIMMY
Okay, um, I think I’ll take the blankets.

She walks into another room.

She returns with blankets and a pillow. She sets them on the couch.

PEACHES
I don’t wanna seem like a bad host, but I literally had to bend over backwards to pay for this thing.

JIMMY
I understand.

PEACHES
Now I’m gonna jump in the shower if you don’t mind. A girl can work up a sweat running back and forth behind that bar.

JIMMY
Cool.

She smiles and he forces a smile back.

She disappears into the bathroom.

Jimmy arranges the blankets over the couch and sets the pillow by the arm rest.

He plops down and sprawls himself out. He takes a deep breath as he hears water run from the bathroom.

JIMMY
Thank God this night is over.

He buries his head into the pillow and shuts his eyes.

Suddenly, there’s a KNOCK at the door.

Jimmy opens one eye.

He looks at the door for a few moments.
He shakes his head then shuts his eye as he lies on his side.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Jimmy opens both eyes and looks at the door. He sits up and watches the door, suspicious.

Silence.

He shakes his head and lies down again.

Suddenly, the door bursts open as splinters fly onto the carpet.

Jimmy quickly sits up in his seat.

A MIME, in a black and white striped shirt, black tights and white make-up on his face, charges into the room. His forward momentum carries him far into the apartment.

Jimmy sits there with his mouth wide open.

The mime catches his breath as he stares at Jimmy.

MIME

Jesus cock-sucking Christ, who the hell are you?! And what the hell are you doing here?!

JIMMY

(stutters)

I’m, I’m Jimmy, I was just sitting here--

MIME

Comfortable?

Jimmy stares at the mime, scared.

JIMMY

Not really.

Peaches comes out of the bathroom with a towel around her.

PEACHES

Hey, Jimmy, what’s with all the noise?

She sees the mime, GASPS, and drops her towel and exposes her naked body.
PEACHES
(surprised)
Renaldo?! What are you doing here?

RENALDO (MIME)
Well, honey, last I remember, I live here.

He glances at Jimmy, then back at Peaches.

Peaches notices.

PEACHES
Renaldo, it’s not what it looks like.

Renaldo laughs.

RENALDO
Oh, it’s not what it looks like, huh? Well, gee whiz, what a relief, cause for a second there it looked like you were ass-naked with some fucking retard! So sorry to interrupt!

PEACHES
Honey, just calm down!

Renaldo walks further into the room.

RENALDO
Don’t honey me. We have one tiny, little fight, and this is what you do for payback?

PEACHES
One tiny little fight? You threatened to kill me!

RENALDO
I was joking! Where’s your sense of humor?!

He looks at Jimmy.

RENALDO
(to Jimmy)
Jesus Christ, do you even have pubic hair? How old are you, sixteen?
JIMMY
(stutters)
Twenty, twenty two--

RENALDO
Shut up!!! It was a rhetorical question! Don’t you know what rhetorical means?

JIMMY
Yeah, it means--

RENALDO
Shut up!!! That was also rhetorical - jack ass!!!

Jimmy cautiously leans back in his seat.

Renaldo turns back to Peaches.

RENALDO
(to Peaches)
Then you go and change the locks and tell Mitch the doorman not to let me in? This is my home just as much as it is yours!

PEACHES
The lease is in my name and you don’t pay any rent!

RENALDO
Hey, I chip in--

PEACHES
For what, toilet paper? Toilet paper you use up after an hour?

RENALDO
I have digestive problems! For fuck sake, I’m a Goddamn street mime, I do the best I can! You know how obsolete my profession has become in this city?! We used to be the cornerstone to this fucking town! Now look at me! People see me and all I am to them is a sad, pathetic fucking clown! You have no idea--
PEACHES
Well, maybe if you weren’t a repeat offender, you’d be able to pass a background check and get a real job!

RENALDO
I had a rough day at work, and all I want is support from my wife!

PEACHES
Oh, is it that hard to act like you’re trapped in a glass case?

RENALDO
You have no idea what I go through, Peaches! No idea! Today, I had some little brat throw a half-eaten hot dog at me! And you know what I did?

PEACHES
What?

Renaldo sits down on a recliner and starts to CRY.

RENALDO
(cries)
I ate the other half.

Renaldo breaks down and WEEPS like a baby.

RENALDO
(cries)
I was so hungry...

Jimmy slowly stands up.

JIMMY
Maybe I should leave.

Renaldo jumps out of his seat and points his finger.

RENALDO
You keep your ass glued to that couch, cock wad!!

Jimmy sits back down.

PEACHES
How did you get Mitch to let you in the building?

Renaldo looks at Peaches and CHUCKLES.
RENALDO
Well, it turns out Mitch has a bit of phobia, cause when I showed him this...

Renaldo pulls out a 45 caliber pistol from the back of his waist. Peaches GASPS and covers her mouth while Jimmy’s eyes widen with shock.

RENALDO (CONT’D)
...I thought he was gonna shit his pants. I oughtta refer him to my therapist.

JIMMY
This has to be a joke!

Renaldo approaches Jimmy and stares at him, inches away from his face.

RENALDO
Do I look like the joking type?

Renaldo holds a haunting stare.

Jimmy stares back at his make-up covered mime face.

RENALDO
What do you do? For a living?

JIMMY
I’m, I’m a writer, an aspiring writer--

RENALDO
You make a lot of money, Mister aspiring writer?

PEACHES
It’s not even about that, Renaldo. You were a fuck-up long before our relationship began.

RENALDO
Well, what’s it about then, huh?

Peaches glances down at the gun.

PEACHES
You should be in a strait-jacket.

RENALDO
Are you saying I’m crazy?
PEACHES
(adamant)
Uh, yeah!

RENALDO
What have I done to make you think something like that...besides this?!

JIMMY
(desperate)
Listen, I have nothing to do with this, maybe it’d be best if I--

RENALDO
Shut up!!! One more word outta you, and I’m gonna shove this fucking forty-five right up your anal cavity! Got it!?

Renaldo stares him down.

RENALDO
You wanna steal my girl away from me? You think you’re more of a man than me? Well, let’s see just how much of a man you are, big shot.

PEACHES
Renaldo, we weren’t doing anything! He needed a place to crash--

Renaldo points his gun at Peaches.

RENALDO
Peaches, unless you wanna give a round of blowjobs, keep your fucking mouth shut!

He looks Jimmy dead in the eye.

He clears the coffee table off with his forearm and knocks the purse and the ceramic vase off the table.

The vase shatters somewhere across the room.

He cocks the gun, gets on one knee across from Jimmy, and sets the gun on the table.

RENALDO
I challenge you to a good, old-fashioned game of Russian Roulette. You man enough for that, Johnny?
JIMMY
Jimmy--

RENALDO
Shut up!!!

Jimmy puts his hands in the air.
Renaldo spins the gun around on the table.
The gun stops spinning. The barrel stops at Renaldo.

RENALDO
Looks like I’m first, say Jeffrey?

PEACHES
Renaldo, don’t do this!

RENALDO
(warns)
I got a gun and you don’t, so you
might wanna zip it shut! Zip it!

He gives her a prolonged stare, then picks up the 45.
He looks at Jimmy and grins.
Jimmy sits cautiously still.
Renaldo puts the gun to the side of his own head.

JIMMY
Hey, man, I don’t think you can
play Russian Roulette with a forty-five--

RENALDO
What’s wrong, can’t handle the
pressure?! Not man enough?! Write
about this, cock sucker!!!

Renaldo lets out a loud war cry and pulls the trigger.
BLAM!!! A mix of blood and brain fragments explode into the
air from the side of his head, onto the white carpet.

Renaldo’s eyes roll to the back of his head as blood spurts
from his temple.

Jimmy jumps out of his seat in shock.

Peaches GASPS.
Renaldo wobbles on his knees, then collapses. His body thuds hard against the floor.

Jimmy continues to stand there in shock.

Peaches walks over to Renaldo’s body and looks down. She covers her mouth.

PEACHES
Oh my God.

She looks at Jimmy.

PEACHES
Oh my God.

She drops to her knees and cries hysterically as she looks down at Renaldo’s body.

PEACHES
(screams)
Jerk! Look what you did!

She touches the blood on the carpet and looks at her fingers.

PEACHES
And I just had the carpeting done yesterday, you bastard!!!

Peaches continues to cry hysterically.

Jimmy stares at Peaches on the floor.

JIMMY
On that note, uh, I think it’s time I head out now.

Peaches looks up at Jimmy desperately.

PEACHES
You can’t leave, not yet.

Jimmy gives her a look as if she were crazy.

JIMMY
Why?

PEACHES
You have to help me.

He wrinkles his brow.
JIMMY
What?

PEACHES
We have to get rid of the body. I have knives in the cupboard, we have to chop him up and bury the remains.

He stares at her as she has a look of madness on her face.

JIMMY
That seems awfully unnecessary.

PEACHES
You’re right, burying him’s not a good idea. We can weigh him down, throw him in the East River! Or should we throw him in the Harlem River?

He stares at her in disbelief.

PEACHES (CONT’D)
C’mon, I have garbage bags under the sink--

JIMMY
To be honest with you, I don’t think that’s the best option.

PEACHES
Well, what should I do?

JIMMY
Well, you should let me leave--

PEACHES
What do we do about the body?

He crouches down and awkwardly sets his hand on her shoulder.

JIMMY
Peaches? You did nothing wrong. You didn’t kill him, he killed himself. If you call the police, tell them exactly what happened, I’m sure Mitch the doorman will back your story up.

Peaches wipes her tears.
PEACHES
Maybe you're right.

Jimmy slowly stands up. He looks down at Peaches, then down at Renaldo’s dead body, a large puddle of blood on the carpet.

Jimmy grimaces and slowly walks to the door.

JIMMY
Well, it was nice meeting you.
Thanks for...everything.

PEACHES
Wait.

Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY
What?

PEACHES
You promise everything’s gonna be okay?

Jimmy nods his head, “Yes”.

JIMMY
Cross my heart and hope to die.

She wipes her nose, thinks about it, then looks at Jimmy.

PEACHES
Okay.

Jimmy nods and walks out the door.

LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy enters the lobby and looks around to find it empty.

JIMMY
Mitch?

No response.

He looks behind the reception desk, but nobody. He walks to the front doors of the building and leaves.
EXT. PEACHES’ BUILDING – NIGHT

Jimmy sees a taxi cab speed uptown just as he exits. Just as the cab passes, Jimmy runs to the corner and waves it down.

The brakes screech loudly as the cab pulls a sharp U-turn through a red light and pulls up to the corner.

The passenger’s side window rolls down.

Jimmy approaches the cab and looks in to see Travis behind the wheel.

    TRAVIS
    Where ya headed?

Travis cocks his eye at Jimmy and smiles.

    TRAVIS
    Hey, I dropped you off here.

    JIMMY
    Travis, right?

    TRAVIS
    That’s what my mother named me. So, where to?

    JIMMY
    Well, I live at 115th and Frederick Douglass, and--

    TRAVIS
    I’ve seen worse neighborhoods.

    JIMMY
    But I only have four dollars on me. Now, if that doesn’t take me all the way up, I’ll walk the rest of the way--

    TRAVIS
    Say no more. Get in.

    JIMMY
    Really?

    TRAVIS
    Yeah, get in. Your lady friend gave me a nice tip. I’ll take ya to one-fifteen. This’ll be my good deed of the day.
Jimmy sighs with relief.

    JIMMY
        Thank you so much, you’re a life saver.

Jimmy gets into the back of the cab.

INT. TAXI CAB, TRAVELLING - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy stares out the window as Travis drives him uptown.

He narrows his eyes as he sees Mitch, the doorman sprint along Central Park as he desperately tries to wave down a cab.

Travis sees Mitch and slows down a bit.

    MITCH
        Help me! There’s an evil clown trying to kill me and he’s got a gun!

Travis chuckles, shakes his head and drives past Mitch.

    TRAVIS
        The freaks come out at night, don’t they?

Jimmy laughs ironically.

    JIMMY
        They sure do.

Travis looks at Jimmy through his mirror.

    TRAVIS
        Rough night?

    JIMMY
        A little bit.

    TRAVIS
        What happened?

    JIMMY
        You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.

    TRAVIS
        I take it things didn’t go well with your lady friend?
Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY
To say the least.

Travis nods and continues to stare at Jimmy through his mirror.

TRAVIS
Little guy didn’t wanna come out and play, huh?

JIMMY
What?

TRAVIS
Impotence is nothing to be ashamed of. It’s all upstairs, you just gotta focus. You gotta take charge of your cock, control--

JIMMY
Everything down there works fine, okay? It was just an awkward experience.

TRAVIS
Into that freaky shit, huh? Whips, chains and leashes? She looked like the type.

Jimmy shakes his head and doesn’t respond.

TRAVIS
What happened to your face?

JIMMY
I got mugged.

TRAVIS
You made it out alive. Some people aren’t so lucky.

JIMMY
I guess.

TRAVIS
When ya got a lotta apples, it’s only a matter ‘a time before ya find a few bad ones.

Jimmy shakes his head in disgust.
JIMMY
People were just standing there and watching me like it was entertaining. If someone - anyone would’ve helped me, maybe this whole night would’ve been different.

TRAVIS
If it meant risking your life, would ya stick your neck out for somebody ya didn’t even know?

Jimmy thinks about it, but doesn’t respond.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Ya see, it’s all part of the ten-million theory.

JIMMY
I never heard of that.

TRAVIS
Eight-point-two million people in New York. After ya take into account all the tourists, students and commuters who work here, ya figure there’s about ten-million people here each day, right?

JIMMY
Give or take--

TRAVIS
Ten-million people, ten-million ways to die.

They share a silence as Jimmy tries to understand.

JIMMY
I, I don’t follow.

TRAVIS
When you got that many people in one area, people’s lives, their agendas are bound to bump elbows. It’s like a chain reaction. Each person indirectly does something that affects another person. Ya understand?

Jimmy thinks about it.
JIMMY
Sort of, but I don’t really get the point of what--

TRAVIS
In New York, you only have so much control over what happens to you. There’s so many things happening at once here, it’s hard to avoid. But if somebody has a choice to avoid trouble, most of the time, they’ll choose to avoid it. Nobody wants to be a hero. That’s what the FDNY and NYPD are for.

Silence.

TRAVIS
Ten-million people, ten-million ways to die. The chances of shit happening to ya are high enough. Ya don’t wanna increase those chances.

JIMMY
That theory’s a bit one-sided, don’t you think?

TRAVIS
How so?

JIMMY
You just told me that when you have a lotta apples, it’s only a matter of time before you find a few bad ones. So wouldn’t that mean there’s more good than bad?

TRAVIS
I suppose.

JIMMY
Well, if there’s more good than bad, wouldn’t the chances of something good happening be more likely?

Travis thinks it over.

TRAVIS
Maybe. But doing what I do, being around the amount of people I’m around, I can’t think like that.

(MORE)
The worst case scenarios outweigh the best case scenarios. I mean, what’s the best thing that can happen to me, a nice tip?

They share a silence.

TRAVIS
Anything can happen in New York at any time. You never know what to expect, but ya gotta expect something...

A car in front of Travis’ cab stops at a red light.

The light turns green, but the car doesn’t go.

Travis HONKS his horn and sticks his head out the window.

TRAVIS
Hey, asshole, green means go!!!

The DRIVER of the car sticks his arm out the window and gives Travis the finger.

At that moment, a large OBJECT flies down from the sky and SMASHES down onto the car.

BOOM!!! A loud thud followed by shattering glass echoes throughout as the car’s roof caves in and causes each window to break.

Travis and Jimmy each jump back in their seats, completely caught off guard.

TRAVIS
What the fuck just happened?
(turns to Jimmy)
You see what that was?

Jimmy, in shock, shakes his head, “No”.

Travis puts the cab in park, quickly opens his door and gets out.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST AND W. 98 STREET - NIGHT

The car in front of the cab is completely totaled. The driver’s arm flaccidly hangs out from the driver’s side window.

Travis looks up at the sky as he approaches the car. Jimmy gets out of the cab and stares at the wreckage.
TRAVIS
Jesus Christ, I think it’s terrorists!

JIMMY
Terrorists?

TRAVIS
It was a God damn suicide mission!
(looks up at sky)
Fucking Al Queda!!! You’ll pay for this!!!

Jimmy gets closer to the wreckage and sees a motionless body sprawled out across the crushed roof of the car.

He then sees the driver’s arm sticking out the window, his middle finger still up.

He looks up at the sky.

JIMMY
Suicide mission?

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Steve sits Indian-style near the edge of the roof with the Sears catalogue on his lap.

He holds a pipe to his mouth and lights it. He takes a hit, coughs and makes a sour face.

STEVE
Hey, pal, I meant to say something earlier, but this weed tastes just like angel dust. Not that I’m complaining, it’s just that...

He looks to the ledge of the rooftop but doesn’t see the Yuppie there anymore.

He looks around the empty rooftop puzzled.

STEVE
Hello?

EXT. W. 96 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL, ENTRANCE - LATER

Jimmy, exhausted, slowly walks down the steps.
INT. W. 96 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL

Empty.

He looks at an empty information booth as he swipes his metro card and walks through the turnstiles.

SUBWAY PLATFORM

A DRUNKEN COLLEGE KID sits half asleep on a bench with a beer helmet on.

Jimmy sits down two seats over and spots a newspaper on the seat between them. He picks it up and looks at the drunken college kid.

JIMMY
You done with this?

The college kid opens his eyes a bit and looks at Jimmy.

COLLEGE KID
Huh?

JIMMY
You done reading this?

The college kid glances at the paper.

COLLEGE KID
Not mine.

Jimmy nods and flips through the paper to the local section. He gets to a headline that reads, SUBWAY KILLER STILL LOOSE. As Jimmy reads the article, a few things stand out.

He reads RETIRED NEW JERSEY POLICE OFFICER FRANK HOLLIS DISCOVERED THE VICTIM’S BODY...

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
(deep Bronx accent)
Excuse me?

Jimmy takes his eyes off the paper and looks up at a FEMALE OFFICER in uniform.

FEMALE OFFICER
The A won’t be running for at least another half hour.
The college kid rolls his eyes.

COLLEGE KID
I wish someone would’ve told me
this an hour ago.

FEMALE OFFICER
Sorry for the inconvenience.

The female officer walks away.

JIMMY
Excuse me, officer?

The female officer turns around.

JIMMY
Why isn’t it running?

FEMALE OFFICER
Someone was stabbed at the eighty-sixth street terminal last night.

JIMMY
And the train still isn’t running?

FEMALE OFFICER
There was a separate incident on
the train a few hours ago.

She walks away.

JIMMY
What was the incident?

She turns around as she continues to walk.

FEMALE OFFICER
All I was told is that someone was
found.

Jimmy thinks about it.

JIMMY
Someone was found? What’s that
mean?

She turns around, shrugs her shoulders and continues on.

Jimmy mulls over the information, then looks at the college kid.
JIMMY
Do you know what that means?

The college kid gives him a blank look.

Jimmy thinks to himself.

JIMMY
Eighty-sixth street?

EXT. COLUMBUS AVE. - NIGHT

Jimmy walks in front of a series of stores, all closed.
He gets to a corner bodega called

COLUMBUS MARKET

Jimmy sees an OPEN sign in the window and walks in.

INT. COLUMBUS MARKET

He approaches the counter.

The CASHIER behind the counter looks at Jimmy and immediately
notices his tattered face and dry blood at the bridge of his
nose.

Jimmy leans forward against the counter, exhausted.

JIMMY
Can I get a pack of Marlboro Reds?

The cashier looks him over.

CASHIER
You got I.D.?

Jimmy, lackadaisical, takes his wallet out and sets it on the
counter.

The cashier picks up the wallet, looks at Jimmy, then looks
at his I.D.

He reads it and looks at Jimmy suspiciously.

CASHIER
You’re twenty-two?
JIMMY
Yeah.

CASHIER
You don’t look a day over eighteen.

JIMMY
I have good genes.

He looks at the I.D. and then back at Jimmy again.

CASHIER
What’s in Delaware?

Jimmy thinks about it.

JIMMY
Wilmington.

The cashier gives Jimmy a blank look, then sets the wallet on the counter.

CASHIER
That’s seven, twenty-five.

Jimmy raises his eyebrow.

JIMMY
Seven, twenty-five?

CASHIER
What, you don’t believe me?

He points to the advertisement that lists the price.

Jimmy sighs and thinks for a moment.

He goes into his pocket, then sets four dollar coins and two quarters on the counter.

The cashier looks at the money, then at Jimmy.

CASHIER
That don’t cover it.

JIMMY
It’s been a long night. I saw a mime shoot himself in the head, and not too long ago, I saw a human being drop out of the sky. I won’t lie to you, I’m pretty fucked up from that.

(MORE)
I just need a cigarette, and that’s all I got. Please, help me out?

The cashier stares at him.

CASHIER
Listen, pal, you’re not the only one who’s had a long night. Right now, you’re making my night longer.

Jimmy laughs ironically.

JIMMY
The feeling’s mutual.

CASHIER
I don’t know what you want me to do, but I can’t give you a three dollar discount cause you had a rough night.

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
I got it.

Jimmy turns around.

It’s Frank, from the subway. His cane leans against the floor.

FRANK
(to cashier)
What’s the damage?

CASHIER
Seven twenty-five.

Jimmy stares at Frank, stunned.

Frank pays the cashier, grabs the cigarettes off the counter and hands them to Jimmy.

Jimmy remains speechless.

FRANK
Jimmy, right?

Jimmy nods his head, “Yes”.

JIMMY
Frank?

FRANK
Small town, ain’t it?
EXT. COLUMBUS MARKET - DAWN

The sun slowly rises.

Frank and Jimmy smoke cigarettes out front.

FRANK
That’s pretty crazy. You sure it wasn’t a large rock or something?

JIMMY
Large rocks don’t have arms and legs.

FRANK
Right outta the sky, huh?

JIMMY
Like a meteor.

Frank laughs.

FRANK
I’m sure I’ll read about it in the paper tomorrow.

JIMMY
I’m just glad the night’s almost over.

FRANK
What was the deal with the train?

Jimmy tosses his butt to the ground.

JIMMY
You hear about them subway murders?

Frank doesn’t answer right away.

FRANK
Yeah, in the papers.

JIMMY
I don’t know if it had anything to do with it, but the cop told me they found someone.

Frank exhales a large cloud of smoke.

FRANK
Maybe they found the killer.
JIMMY
But why would they keep the trains from running if they found the guy?

Frank shrugs his shoulders.

JIMMY (O.S.)
See, I think they found another dead body.

Frank doesn’t respond.

JIMMY
Speaking of the subway, I heard someone was stabbed at eighty-sixth street, and for a second, I thought it was you.

Frank stares at Jimmy for a moment.

FRANK
Why would you think that?

JIMMY
I saw that guy follow you off the train with a knife.

Frank shrugs his shoulders.

JIMMY
You did get off at eighty-sixth street, right?

FRANK
Did I?

Jimmy thinks about it.

JIMMY
So much shit has happened since then, I don’t remember. So you’re okay?

Frank stares at Jimmy for a moment.

FRANK
Well, here I stand.

They share a short silence. Jimmy looks up at the sky.

JIMMY
I guess I should start trucking it.
FRANK
I’m about to catch a cab, how about
I give a lift?

Jimmy’s eyes light up.

JIMMY
Really?

FRANK
Yeah, sure, you’re a nice enough
kid, and it’s not too far out of my
way.

He looks at Jimmy closely.

FRANK (CONT’D)
You remind me of my son a little.

JIMMY
(self-deprecating)
How old is he, fifteen?

Frank throws his butt to the ground and steps on it.

FRANK
He would’ve been nineteen last
week.

Jimmy bites his tongue.

JIMMY
I’m sorry.

FRANK
Don’t be. You didn’t do it.

A taxi cab makes its way down the street.

Frank holds his cane in the air.

The taxi pulls over. Jimmy and Frank get into the back of the

TAXI CAB, PARKED

A FAT GUY sits behind the wheel.

FAT GUY
Where to?

Frank gets in after Jimmy, but leaves the door open.
FRANK
(to fat guy)
Hold on a minute.

He looks at Jimmy and laughs.

FRANK
You know what? I forgot my change at the counter. I need it to cover the fare.

Jimmy spots a pay phone nearby.

JIMMY
You mind if I make a phone call real quick while you’re in there?

Frank stares at Jimmy for a moment.

FRANK
What do you need to make a phone call for?

JIMMY
I just wanna make sure my roommate’s home.

Frank stares at Jimmy for a few moments.

He digs into his pocket, then tosses a cell phone onto Jimmy’s lap.

FRANK
Didn’t think an old fart like me would be up to par with today’s technology, huh?

Jimmy laughs as Frank winks at him and shuts the door.

Frank uses the aid of his cane to walk back into Columbus Market.

Jimmy looks at the phone.

JIMMY
Huh, I had one just like this.

He flips it open and dials a number. He puts the phone to his ear.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)
You have zero minutes left on your prepaid cellular phone.

(MORE)
If you would like to refill your account, dial one, eight-hundred--

Jimmy takes the phone away from his ear and looks at it, suspicious.

He goes to the menu on the cell phone and scrolls through the contacts and finds STEVE'S name.

He shuts the phone and thinks to himself.

He looks into the bodega and sees Frank at the counter.

He leans towards the fat guy in the driver's seat.

JIMMY
Excuse me.

The fat guy turns around.

JIMMY
(urgent)
We need to contact the police immediately!

The fat guy gives Jimmy a blank look.

FAT GUY
What for?

JIMMY
(urgent)
Listen to me...that guy with the cane is a murderer. He killed--

FAT GUY
(skeptical)
What, the cripple?

JIMMY
I swear to God, you gotta believe me. The past couple days, have you been reading the paper?

FAT GUY
I read the paper everyday--

JIMMY
You read about the dead bodies they’ve been finding on the trains?

FAT GUY
Yeah, and?
JIMMY
He’s the guy, okay? He’s the killer!

The fat guy gives him a condescending look.

FAT GUY
The guy with the cane?

JIMMY
Yes!

The fat guy stares at him, then laughs hysterically. Jimmy can’t believe it.

JIMMY
(urgent)
Listen to me, they found someone on the A train, I think it was a dead body, and I saw him on the train earlier--

FAT GUY
I was on the train last night, too. Does that make me the killer?

JIMMY
His name’s Frank! He was the one who found the body on the train two days ago! He found the body because he was the one who killed him!

The door opens.

Frank enters the cab and sits down. He shuts the door and sets the cane on his lap.

He grins and shows Jimmy the change he left.

Jimmy nervously grins back.

The fat guy continues to laugh hysterically.

Frank smiles.

FRANK
I miss something?

The fat guy continues to laugh as Jimmy remains on the edge of his seat.

He stops laughing and catches his breath.
FAT GUY
I’m sorry, this kid’s got me in stitches right now.

Frank GRINS and looks at Jimmy.

FRANK
You tell a funny joke or something?

Jimmy shrugs his shoulders.

Frank senses something.

FAT GUY
So, you’re the subway killer, huh?

Frank forces a chuckle.

FRANK
Come again?

The fat guy bursts into uncontrollable laughter for a prolonged period. Frank repeatedly glances at Jimmy suspiciously as the laughter continues.

FAT GUY
(laughing)
He claims you’re the guy who’s been leaving a trail of dead bodies on the train! I mean, you can barely walk without using a cane...no offense.

Frank smiles and looks at Jimmy.

FRANK
That true, Jimmy?

JIMMY
I have no idea what he’s talking about.

Frank looks back at the fat guy in the driver’s seat.

FAT GUY
So, is it true? Are you the subway killer?

The fat guy smiles at Frank as he waits for a quip.

Frank gives the fat guy a cold stare as he plays with the end of his cane.
The fat guy’s smile fades.

Suddenly, Frank breaks out into laughter.

The fat guy laughs along with him as they look at each other through the small window.

As the two break out into hysterics, Jimmy forces a smile.

Frank pulls the rubber off of the end of the cane and presses down on a button at the hook of the cane.

A sharp blade extracts from the end of the cane as he and the fat guy continue to laugh.

Jimmy’s eyes widen as he sees the blade extract.

Suddenly, Frank stabs the fat guy in the face. The laughing stops abruptly.

Frank shoves the blade further into the fat guy’s face. Blood squirts onto the window.

Jimmy jolts out of the cab.

Frank pulls the blade out of the fat guy’s face. The fat guy falls onto the steering wheel. The horn HONKS continuously.

Frank wipes the blood off of the blade.

EXT. COLUMBUS AVE. - MOMENTS LATER - DAWN

Jimmy sprints and makes a quick left at the corner onto

W. 96 ST.

He sprints down the street towards Central Park West.

    JIMMY
    (runs)
    Help! Somebody help!

As he continues to run, he glances back and sees Frank turn the corner onto W. 96 Street, about a block behind.

Frank quickly limps after Jimmy, his cane hanging from his grip.

Jimmy sees street lights about a block in front of him. He looks back again, looks forward at the street lights and speeds up a notch.
He reaches the corner of

CENTRAL PARK WEST AND W. 96 ST.

He runs into the middle of the street and waves his arms frantically in an effort to stop traffic.

A taxi cab speeds towards him and shows no signs of slowing down.

Jimmy frantically waves his arms and jumps up and down to stop the cab.

The cab continues to accelerate towards Jimmy.

Jimmy glances to his left and sees Frank gaining ground.

He looks forward again and sees the taxi cab only a few car lengths away.

JIMMY
Stop!!!

The cab driver blares his HORN and keeps accelerating.

At the last second, Jimmy moves aside.

The cab blows past Jimmy, only a few inches from touching his body.

Jimmy’s hair blows back a bit as the cab speeds by.

Jimmy glances to his left again and sees Frank, almost at the corner.

Jimmy looks to the right of the corner and sees the entrance to the W. 96 Street Subway Terminal.

Horns blare loudly as oncoming traffic quickly accelerates towards Jimmy.

Jimmy sprints to the terminal.

INT. W. 96 ST. SUBWAY TERMINAL

He quickly descends into the terminal, two steps at a time.

Halfway down, he misses a step and loses his footing and tumbles down the rest of the way.

He lies face down at the bottom of the stairs.
A LADY in the information booth bursts into LAUGHTER, but shows some concern.

BOOTH LADY
(laughs)
Oh, my God, are you okay?

Jimmy gets into push-up position and glances towards the top of the stairs.

No sign of Frank.

He pushes himself up and gets to his feet.

He runs over to the turnstile and quickly swipes his card.

It doesn’t read. The digital reader reads PLEASE SWIPE AGAIN.

Jimmy looks back, still no sign of Frank, and swipes again.

The digital reader reads PLEASE SWIPE AGAIN.

JIMMY
Swipe, you stupid fuck!!!

He desperately swipes his card again, but gets the same result.

JIMMY
Shit!!!

BOOTH LADY
Excuse me, sir, do you need assistance?

Jimmy hops the turnstile.

BOOTH LADY
Sir, you can’t do that!

He races towards the subway platform, now in the PLATFORM HALLWAY.

He sees the female officer from earlier.

His eyes light up with a desperate relief and he immediately runs over to her.

JIMMY
Officer!!! You gotta do something--
FEMALE OFFICER
The trains are running now, so--

JIMMY
(urgent)
I know who the subway killer is! He killed a cab driver, and I think he’s responsible for that dead body they found on the train!

FEMALE OFFICER
Sir, I need you to slow down for me. Just calm down--

JIMMY
(on a tangent)
Calm down?! He’s got a fucking cane with a knife on it! He’s the one who stabbed the guy at eighty-sixth street--

FEMALE OFFICER
Sir, I can’t understand anything you’re saying right now--

JIMMY
He’s got a fucking cane with a fucking blade on it!! He just killed a cab driver, now he’s after me!

Suddenly, Jimmy sees the expression on the female officer’s face change from calm to surprised.

Frank, out of nowhere, quickly limps towards the two with his cane hanging from his grip.

He clicks on the button at the hook of the cane and the sharp blade extracts from the bottom of it.

At that moment, Jimmy turns around just enough to see Frank, behind him.

Frank shoves the end of the cane into Jimmy’s back.

JIMMY
Shit!!

Jimmy pulls away from Frank and runs as fast as he can down the platform hallway.

Frank limps after him with his cane in hand.
The female officer points her gun at Frank.

**FEMALE OFFICER**
Freeze!!!

Frank turns around and looks at her. He gives her a cocky smirk.

**FRANK**
You gotta be kidding me.

**FEMALE OFFICER**
Drop your weapon!!! Right now!!!

**FRANK**
All right, all right, take it easy, toots...

Frank, one hand raised in the air, cautiously lowers the cane towards the ground.

The female officer slightly lets her guard down.

Frank quickly swings the cane at her and slices her arm. She immediately drops her pistol.

He turns around and sees Jimmy halfway down the platform hallway. He starts after him again.

Suddenly, the female officer tackles him to the ground from behind.

The two wrestle each other on the ground.

Frank gains leverage and gets back to his feet. The female officer hangs on his back, her arms around his neck.

He jerks his head back and hits her in the nose with the back of his head.

She falls to the ground as her nose gushes blood.

He stands above her with his cane and swings it at her.

She inches further and further back while on her back side to avoid being sliced. Her forearms are severely lacerated as she holds up her arms to protect her face.

Blood drips down her elbows as Frank continues to swing his cane at her.

Meanwhile, at the
OTHER END OF THE SUBWAY PLATFORM

Jimmy runs into a dead end.

He pounds his fists against the tiled wall.

    JIMMY
    Shit!

The female officer SCREAMS desperately for help.

        FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)
        Awwww!!! Help!!!

Her cries for help echo throughout the terminal.

Tears come from Jimmy’s eyes as he leans his head against the tiled wall.

He feels his back for the stab wound, but realizes he has his backpack on.

He takes his backpack off.

The backpack has a big tear in it from Frank’s blade.

He opens up the tear and sees a box with an E bay logo on it. The box has a hole in it from the blade.

Jimmy realizes something.

He sticks his hands into the hole in the box and pulls it apart.

The female officer continues to SCREAM at the other end of the platform.

He quickly pulls the protective bubble wrap out of the box through the hole.

Jimmy’s eyes light up.

He pulls the contents out of the box. In his hand he looks at a STILETTO KNIFE with an ivory handle.

He presses a button on the handle and a sharp blade extracts from it. Light glimmers off the silver blade.

The female officer continues to SCREAM frantically.

Jimmy goes back to the other end of the platform. First, he walks quickly, then he quickens his pace.
He sprints to the female officer’s aid.

OTHER END OF THE SUBWAY PLATFORM

The female officer’s arms are severely lacerated as she continues to lie on her backside.

Frank swings the cane at her and slices her face.

She lets out a horrific SHRIEK.

Frank stands above her, looks down at her and smirks.

  FRANK
  Back in my day, they didn’t let women in the force.

He raises his cane in the air and comes down with it in a downward stabbing motion.

Jimmy comes out of nowhere and shoves the knife into Frank’s ass cheek.

  FRANK
  Awwwwwwwwww!!!!!!!!!!!!

Frank’s shriek echoes throughout the terminal.

He drops his cane to the ground.

Jimmy backs up a bit and looks at Frank, wide-eyed.

Frank turns around and grimaces. He touches his rear end delicately and grimaces again.

He looks at Jimmy, furious.

  FRANK
  What the fuck was that?!

Jimmy stands there speechless and slowly backs away.

  FRANK
  Of all the fucking places on the human body, you had to shove a knife in my ass?!!!

Frank quickly pulls the knife out of his ass, grimaces, and throws it hard to the ground.

He picks up his cane and slowly approaches Jimmy.
With each step he takes forward, Jimmy takes a step backwards.

FRANK
You ungrateful little prick! I tried to help you, Jimmy. For Christ sake, I bought you cigarettes! You know how much cigarettes go for these days?

JIMMY
(scared)
You’re him.

FRANK
Who’s him, Jimmy?

JIMMY
You killed all those people. It is you, isn’t it?

Frank continues to move forward, Jimmy backwards.

FRANK
People get killed all the time, Jimmy, you need to be more specific.

JIMMY
On the subway.

Frank smiles and takes another step forward, Jimmy backwards.

FRANK
If it’s any consolation, Jimmy, they all deserved it. I mean, if you’re not serving your community, what purpose do you serve? If anything, they were taking away from it! Drug dealers, crack heads, beggars--

JIMMY
What about the cab driver?

FRANK
Hey, his blood’s on your hands, Jimmy. You just had to think out loud.

Frank continues to move forward, Jimmy backwards.
JIMMY

Why?

Frank stares at Jimmy, but doesn’t answer the question.

FRANK

I wasn’t gonna kill you, Jimmy. I wanted to help you. Now you leave me no choice.

JIMMY

I wanna go home!

The sound of a train in the distance rumbles throughout the terminal.

FRANK

Well, Jimmy, you were this close.
It’s a shame, ain’t it?

Frank takes another step forward.

Jimmy takes another step back, but his back hits the tiled wall. He reaches a dead end.

Frank moves aggressively forward.

He raises his cane and charges at Jimmy.

Jimmy leans against the wall.

JIMMY

I just wanna go home!!!

Jimmy lunges forward and catches Frank by surprise as he tackles him and sends him backwards, a loud thud as they both hit the ground.

Frank loses his grip on the cane as Jimmy sits on his chest and pummels him.

He throws haymaker after haymaker into Frank’s face, however, Frank is somehow able to wrap both hands around Jimmy’s neck.

Jimmy freezes for a moment, but he looks into Frank’s eyes and continues to fight back.

He throws a hard punch into Frank’s face – blood squirts from the bridge of his nose.

Frank’s grip around Jimmy’s neck loosens.

Jimmy hits him again.
Frank’s grip loosens more.

Jimmy puts everything he has into another, bone-crushing punch to the face.

Frank’s arms drop to the ground, his face a bloody mess.

Jimmy looks at his fists in disbelief, then back down at Frank.

Frank coughs up blood as he lies beaten on the ground.

Jimmy rises to his feet as the A train’s brakes screech loudly.

He continues to look down at Frank as the train comes to a complete stop.

Jimmy cautiously walks around Frank and steps over his cane.

The sliding doors open and Jimmy enters.

A TRAIN

Jimmy glances back as he gets on the train. As the doors start to close, he sees that Frank is no longer on the ground.

Suddenly, Frank’s cane pokes through just before the doors shut completely - the blade extracts, just inches away from Jimmy’s leg.

Jimmy jumps backwards as he looks through the window of the sliding door.

Frank stands up and glares at Jimmy through the window.

The doors slide back open.

Frank starts to move forward, cane by his side, onto the train, when...

Six simultaneous booming GUNSHOTS echo throughout the subway terminal.

Frank drops his cane onto the floor of the train.

He turns around and sees the female officer halfway down the platform hallway, her pistol aimed.

Frank feels his shoulder, looks at his hand and sees blood.
He and Jimmy stare at each other.

FRANK
Can you believe it? A woman cop?

Frank laughs ironically.

FRANK
Took the bitch six shots to hit me once.

Jimmy quickly picks up the cane and shoves the blade into Frank’s chest, driving him backwards, off the train.

The sliding doors close.

Frank twists the blade from his chest and bangs the cane against the window of the train’s sliding doors.

Frank smacks the window with his hand and leaves a bloody imprint, but eventually gives up.

He breathes heavily as he feels his chest in disbelief.

The two stare at each other through the window.

Suddenly, another booming GUNSHOT goes off.

Frank’s head explodes. Jimmy jumps back as blood and brains splatter onto the window.

Frank collapses to the ground.

The train starts to move.

Jimmy continues to look out the window as the train slowly builds momentum.

The female officer approaches Frank’s dead body with her pistol still aimed.

Soon, all Jimmy can see through the window is the darkness of the tunnel.

MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy sits down and catches his breath. He wipes the sweat from his brow and glances around the train.

He sees SOMEONE in a wrinkled suit, sound asleep across the aisle.
It’s his roommate, STEVE.
Jimmy stands up and walks over to him.
He stands above Steve and watches him SNORE loudly.

JIMMY
Steve.

Steve continues to snore.

JIMMY
Hey, asshole, rise and shine.

Steve continues to snore.
Jimmy SMACKS the side of Steve’s head.
Steve wakes up, alarmed.

STEVE
(eyes half closed)
Huh, what?

Jimmy stares him down.
Steve stares back before he realizes who it is.

STEVE
Jimmy?
Steve looks around the subway car.

STEVE (CONT’D)
Shit, I thought I was in bed.

Jimmy gives him a cold stare.

JIMMY
It’s seven in the morning.

Steve clears his throat and straightens his posture.

STEVE
Long night.

JIMMY
Tell me about it.

Steve scratches his head.

Jimmy glares down at Steve, but loosens up. He sits down across the aisle as Steve rubs his eyes.
STEVE
What are you doing here, I thought you went home?

JIMMY
You gave me the wrong key, dip shit.

Steve stares at Jimmy as he tries to think back.

STEVE
Shit.

JIMMY
Shit is an understatement. You have any idea what I’ve been through?

STEVE
No, that’s not it.

Steve pats down his pockets, then looks at Jimmy with wide eyes.

JIMMY
What?

STEVE
I left my keys at the bar.

Jimmy sighs, puts his head down and covers his face.

STEVE
Talk about hard luck. Now we’re gonna have to go all the way up the fire escape.

Jimmy quickly picks his head up.

JIMMY
Fire escape?

STEVE
Yeah. I always keep the window unlocked just in case a situation like this should come up. Believe me, it ain’t the first time.

Jimmy continues to stare at Steve in disbelief.

STEVE
I know it’s risky, but my next door neighbor does a good job looking out for burglars.

(MORE)
STEVE (cont'd)
The place hasn't been robbed once.
You should meet her.

JIMMY
(disbelief)
The fire escape? We have a fire escape?

Steve laughs.

STEVE
Well, yeah, this is New York,
Jimmy.

Jimmy leans the back of his head against the window and
stares at the ceiling.

He shuts his eyes.

FADE OUT.

THE END