

Ten Million Apples  
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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 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)

STEVE (cont'd)  
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.

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 brain storms.

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)

TRAVIS (cont'd)

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 car 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)

JIMMY (cont'd)  
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)

CELL PHONE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 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.)

Awwwww!!! 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

Awwwwwwwww!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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