

MEDALLION

by
David Guggenheim

Lisa Santos
Mgmt.
2129 Prosser Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90025
310-273-0577

NEW YORK CITY TAXICAB FACT SHEET

Number of yellow medallion cabs operating in Manhattan: **12,779.**

Number of licensed taxi drivers: **42,900.**

Number of passengers every year: About **240 million.**

Number of taxi trips per day: **470,000.**

Focusing on Manhattan, which accounts for over 90% of taxi trip origins, there are **8.5** yellow medallion taxis per **1,000** Manhattan residents. This figure is greater in New York City than in any other major U.S. City except Washington DC.

Taxicab ridership is comprised of about **660,000** passengers per day. 71% of them transporting Manhattan residents.

72% of the taxicabs are model year 2003 or later cars. The Ford Crown Victoria accounts for **92%** of them.

Manhattan adults hail a cab an average of **100** times a year.

New York City taxicabs travel a total of **811** million miles, or an average of 64,600 miles per cab.

The chances of finding one particular cab in all of New York City:
.0000782%

Source: *The New York City Taxicab Fast Book*, Schaller Consulting, Brooklyn, New York.

FADE IN:

A WORN, FADED PHOTOGRAPH

of a LITTLE GIRL drops in and out of frame, her adorable four year-old face and bright green eyes playing peek-a-boo with the audience.

GUARD o.s.

Open up on twenty-two.

An alarm SOUNDS. Rusty wheels TURN.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

WILL MONTGOMERY, 43, does chin-ups against an overturned metal cot, eyeline meeting the picture every time he pulls himself up. At 6'2, he's an absolute tank of a man with a full beard and ragged shoulder length hair.

PANNING AROUND:

Concrete walls papered with old photos. The same little girl prominently pictured in each of them. Stacks of LETTERS unopened on the dresser. All addressed to an Alison Montgomery, New York City. All returned to sender.

Scattered elsewhere: literature from the MANHATTAN SAVINGS BANK. Brochures. Documents. Blueprints. Schematics.

A GUARD, leathery, bullish face, walks up to the now open cell door.

GUARD

Time's up, Montgomery. Let's go.

Montgomery drops to the floor, turns around and nods, more than ready.

INT. PRISON SHOWERS - DAY

Montgomery alone, head turned into a jet of water. His hair is now trimmed and his beard has become a well-manicured goatee.

He looks human again.

INT. CHECK-OUT STATION - DAY

Montgomery, now dressed in civilian garb, retrieves his possessions from the CHECK OUT GUARD.

CHECK OUT GUARD
One watch, gold. One wallet, leather.

Montgomery slips on the watch. Pockets the wallet.

CHECK OUT GUARD
And one letter.

The guard pulls out an envelope and before he hands it over, catches sight of the sender's address.

CHECK OUT GUARD
Manhattan Savings, New York City? Kinda strange -- a bank be sending you fan mail. Restraining order?

Montgomery grabs the letter.

MONTGOMERY
Job offer.

The guard regards him curiously. Montgomery signs the proper forms certifying his release and walks away.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Razor wire. Stone walls. Gun towers. Sweeping sentries. A sign reads: HUNTSVILLE UNIT - HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS.

A heavy steel door BANGS open. Wind whistles as Montgomery steps through it, smiling slightly as a light breeze kisses his face.

An EXIT GUARD closes the gate behind him -- CLANG!

Will Montgomery is now a free man.

He takes a moment to let that sink in before stepping to the curb and into an awaiting PRISON SHUTTLE BUS which promptly pulls away.

CUT TO:

A TAXI MEDALLION

bolted to the roof of a yellow V8 Ford Crown Victoria, the numbers 5K65 lit up like a scoreboard.

EXT. MANHATTAN - PRE-DAWN

The clock says it's morning but the night isn't ready to surrender the sky just yet.

Neon lights melt over a New York City taxicab as it drives down Ninth Avenue somewhere in Midtown. The streets are quiet. Deserted. A light rain drizzles.

On a street corner, a hand flags down the taxi and yanks open the back door.

A PASSENGER

slips into the back, clothes wet with rainwater.

PASSENGER

118 Mott Street.

The driver, an Arab, hits the meter. Red numbers light up \$2.50.

The medallion sign atop the cab shuts off and the taxi pulls away from the curb.

In the back, the passenger glances at the driver's TLC LICENCE framed in a small Lexan holder.

PASSENGER

Tarik Fayad. That Pakistani?

FAYAD, weary face after a long night, shakes his head.

FAYAD

Egyptian.

PASSENGER

(in Arabic; subtitled)

How long have you been in America?

Fayad perks up, surprised to hear his native tongue.

FAYAD

Ten months.

PASSENGER

Any family here?

FAYAD

No. They're still in Cairo. But hopefully they'll join me soon.

PASSENGER

May Allah watch over them.

Fayad smiles, nodding his appreciation.

EXT. CITY STREET - EARLY MORNING

The cab makes a left, heading east. Rounding Bleecker, raindrops assault the windows as it turns onto:

EXT. MOTT STREET - CONTINUOUS

A small cobblestone street shrouded in shadow. Lamp posts but no lamps. The cab parks.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Fayad stops the meter and --

FAYAD

\$8.50

-- a GARROTTE slips around his neck through the plexi-glass divider. The passenger pulls it taut. Fayad struggles wildly.

EXT. MOTT STREET - SAME

Only when the windshield wipers brush away the rain can we make out Fayad behind the wheel, body convulsing, legs kicking. The passenger tightens the wire and -- CRACK! -- Fayad goes limp.

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: FAYAD'S HACK LICENCE

as the passenger removes it from its slot and replaces it with another one bearing his face and name.

Cab 5K65 now has a new driver: KIEFER, EVAN.

EXT. MOTT STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Kiefer (formerly "passenger") SLAMS the trunk shut with Fayad inside, eyes and mouth open, face frozen in agony.

He gets behind the wheel and starts up the engine. The cab peels away, medallion number lighting back up as it drives down the street and vanishes from view.

CUT TO:

PUFFY CLOUDS

which clear away to reveal the NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE from a vantage point of 25,000 feet above ground.

AN AMERICAN AIRLINES 747 cuts through the sky, beginning it's descent into JFK Airport.

INT. 747 - MORNING

Montgomery peers out the window, looking down at the city stretched out before him. Hears:

VOICE o.s.
Coming or going?

Montgomery turns to the aisle seat next to him. The BLABBERMOUTH IN SEAT 7-C smiles back at him.

MONTGOMERY
Going.

7-C
City so nice they had to name it twice.
You ever been?

Montgomery shakes his head.

7-C
No? Wow. You're in for a treat.
You an art fan?

Everything about Montgomery screams no.

MONTGOMERY
Yes.

7-C
You're in luck then. The museums in New York are fucking amazing.

MONTGOMERY
Good to know.

Montgomery stares back at the Manhattan Savings folder resting in his lap. Flips through pages. Studying up.

7-C
So the reason you're in town: business or personal?

MONTGOMERY
Both.

7-C
Oh that's great. A little work, little play. Important to balance.
(MORE)

7-C (CONT'D)
(seeing the Manhattan Savings
book)

So is that what you do? Work for a bank
or something?

MONTGOMERY
That's right.

7-C
Clerk?

MONTGOMERY
No.

7-C
Manager?

MONTGOMERY
Robber.

7-C blanches.

MONTGOMERY
But don't worry. This time they're paying
me.

7-C doesn't know what to make of that. Montgomery just
smiles, reassuringly.

CUT TO:

AIRPLANE WHEELS

touching down.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - MORNING

Montgomery makes his way to the terminal exit, passing a
line of TAXI, TOWN CAR and LIMOUSINE DRIVERS all waiting
for their charges.

Montgomery stops, surprised when he sees a man, KEVIN
JACOBS, late-twenties but still gets carded, holding up a
card with the name "W. MONTGOMERY" written on it in magic
marker.

Montgomery walks up to him, confused.

MONTGOMERY
I'm Will Montgomery.

Jacobs lowers the card to reveal a gold and shiny BADGE.

JACOBS

Agent Jacobs, FBI Limo's. Please follow me.

Montgomery follows him out the terminal.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Jacobs escorts Montgomery to a black, government-issued sedan parked at the curb where SPECIAL AGENT HARLAN FOX stands, waiting. 55. African-American. Seasoned vet.

HARLAN

Welcome to New York, Will. Long time.

MONTGOMERY

What the hell are you doing here, Harlan?

HARLAN

Got transferred here after 9-11. Anti-terrorism unit. But when I heard the parole board let you come to our fair city, I just had to say hello. It's been, what? Nine years since we last saw each other?

MONTGOMERY

Ten.

HARLAN

Ten. Wow. You look good. Healthy.

MONTGOMERY

Not too bad yourself. Old age seems to be agreeing with you.

HARLAN

Still young enough to kick your ass.

Montgomery shoots him a look. *Really?*

HARLAN

Or at the very least, shoot you from a distance.

Montgomery smirks. He respects the man, if not the badge. Harlan opens up the back door.

HARLAN

Come on. I'll give you a lift into town.

Montgomery hesitates.

HARLAN
I ain't asking, Will.

Montgomery pauses, relents and slides in the back. Harlan shuts the door. The locks POP DOWN instantly. A second later and the sedan pulls away from the airport.

CUT TO:

CAB 5K65

in a WAREHOUSE somewhere.

The trunk is open. A pair of HANDCUFFS inside, unlocked, beside a roll of DUCT TAPE.

Dual speakers hooked up to the radio BLAST heavy metal. Kiefer finishes lining up the walls with SOUNDPROOFING material before SLAMMING the trunk shut.

Music DIES instantly.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY - MORNING

The sedan driving. Coming up against slow-moving morning traffic.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - SAME

Harlan offers Montgomery an American Spirit. He declines.

HARLAN
Since when did you quit?

MONTGOMERY
Ten years ago.

HARLAN
I bet.

MONTGOMERY
You don't believe me?

HARLAN
Bad habits die hard.

MONTGOMERY
You'd be surprised.

HARLAN
Thirty odd years at the Bureau, very little surprises me anymore.

MONTGOMERY

Maybe it's time to consider a new profession.

HARLAN

Is that what you're thinking of doing?

MONTGOMERY

If I said yes, what would it matter?

HARLAN

It wouldn't.

MONTGOMERY

So why the VIP treatment if your mind's already made up about me?

HARLAN

Actually this is more for my wet behind the ears partner's benefit than mine. I wanted him to meet the living legend I've told him so much about.

JACOBS

So this is him, huh?

HARLAN

Yup. Will Montgomery. The man who never walked in a bank he couldn't walk out of millions of dollars richer. Dallas Savings and Loan in '89. Huntsville Trust in '91. Deutsche Bank six months later. Citibank, Austin branch, June of '92. Federal Reserve Bank of Houston. 6.8 million.

JACOBS

So how is it he just flew in from prison?

HARLAN

Cause eventually every thief, no matter how great, comes across a safe that cracks them. An anonymous call put him inside the American Bank of Texas just as he was robbing it.

JACOBS

Oh yeah, I remember now. Didn't some movie studio want to make a film about it?

(to Montgomery)

What happened? Didn't want to sell the life rights?

MONTGOMERY

(dead-pan)

There were casting concerns.

HARLAN

Or maybe it's because the story's still missing an ending.

Montgomery knows where this is headed. Jacobs does not.

HARLAN

How about it, Will? Wanna tell us how it ends?

MONTGOMERY

I don't know what you're talking about.

JACOBS

What's this?

HARLAN

See when Will here finally went down there was still a significant amount of cash that was never recovered. Legend has it that's because sometime before he went in, Will flew up here and hid a secret stash somewhere in the New York-area. A treasure chest with ten million dollars in it just waiting for him once he got out. Like a squirrel going back to its hoard of nuts after a long winter.

JACOBS

No shit? That why you're in New York? To collect?

Montgomery shakes his head.

MONTGOMERY

Sorry to disappoint but I've never been to New York before.

HARLAN

Oh, that's right. He's just here to start his cushy new job at Manhattan Savings.

JACOBS

Wait, a bank wants you to work for them?

MONTGOMERY

They want me to test their security. Make sure no one can break in.

HARLAN

So they pulled some strings with the Texas parole board to allow you to come here and be their own Butch Cassidy.

MONTGOMERY

They wanted the best.

HARLAN

And I'm sure it's only a coincidence that you petitioned them for a job. That you want to trade Texas for New York. Why the sudden interest in the Empire State, Will?

MONTGOMERY

I hear the museums are fucking awesome.

HARLAN

I bet.

Translation: I don't believe your convict ass for a fucking second.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

A lightbulb sizzles to life, illuminating the medallion sign.

Twin doors slide open. Sunshine floods inside. Kiefer steers the taxi forward and it disappears into the blinding white light of day.

EXT. QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - MORNING

The towering skyscrapers of Manhattan loom in the distance, silhouetted against the urban sky. As the sedan comes driving up, Montgomery stares out the window, soaking in the view.

EXT. 55 CENTRAL PARK WEST - MORNING

The sedan slows to a stop outside an affluent apartment building overlooking the park. Uniformed doorman. Red carpet. You need millions just to look at it.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - MORNING

Montgomery peers out. Prison didn't scare him but something about this building does.

HARLAN

Nice digs. Whose are they?

No response.

HARLAN

You do realize the conditions of your release forbid you from interacting with any known criminals?

MONTGOMERY

I do.

HARLAN

Then who lives here?

Pregnant pause.

MONTGOMERY

My daughter.

HARLAN

She know you're coming?

Montgomery shakes his head.

HARLAN

Does she wanna see you?

MONTGOMERY

I'm about to find out.

EXT. 55 CENTRAL PARK WEST - SAME

Montgomery steps out. Harlan lowers his window, extending out his business card.

HARLAN

Here. Don't be a stranger.

MONTGOMERY

Thanks for the ride. Sure I'll hear from you before you hear from me.

HARLAN

Time will tell.

Montgomery disappears inside. Harlan watches him go, suspicious.

JACOBS

You think the ten million is really in New York?

HARLAN

Oh, yeah. But he's lying about something else too.

JACOBS

What?

HARLAN

About it being just ten million.

INT. LOBBY - SAME

Marble floors. Walls panelled in oak. Crystal chandelier. Montgomery crosses up to the elevator but is stopped by an OLD DESKMAN sitting at reception.

DESKMAN

May I help you?

MONTGOMERY

I'm here to see Alison Montgomery.

DESKMAN

We don't have anyone by that name here.

MONTGOMERY

Sorry. Loeb. Alison Loeb.

INT. PRIVATE HALLWAY - MORNING

Which means the walls are adorned with rich tapestries and priceless artwork.

DING! An elevator door opens. Montgomery walks up to the penthouse, the only apartment on the floor, and knocks.

INT. LOEB RESIDENCE - MORNING

Massive foyer. Tiled floors. Art chiseled from stone. PILAR, the uniformed maid, answers the door. Stares down a man she doesn't recognize.

PILAR

Yes?

MONTGOMERY

Es Alison casero, por favor? Soy su padre.

Her face clouds. A teenage girl's VOICE from the other room echoes out:

ALISON o.s.
Who is it, Pilar?

PILAR
A man. He says he's your father.

At this, ALISON MONTGOMERY, aka Loeb, walks into the hallway. 14. Pretty like her mother. Smart like her dad. Moody like her friends. She freezes when she sees him.

ALISON
When did you get out?

MONTGOMERY
Yesterday.

Pause.

MONTGOMERY
Can I come in?

Alison takes a moment, considering his request.

ALISON
No. Pilar, call security.

PILAR
This is not your father, Miss Alison?

ALISON
Definitely not.

She storms off.

MONTGOMERY
Alison, wait --

ALISON
Can't help you, guy.

MONTGOMERY
I made a promise I would check in on you.

ALISON
First I've heard of it.

MONTGOMERY
I made it to your mother.

That stops her. Turning back:

MONTGOMERY
Please. Just a few minutes.

Off Alison, considering:

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH

Alison's mom in CLOSE-UP. Stunning beauty. Effortlessly pretty. RACK FOCUS and we see Montgomery's face reflected in the frame.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Typical teenage haunt. Picture collages. TV, Blu Ray, Wii, Mac equipped. Pink everywhere.

Alison sits on her bed, guarded, with her eyes zeroed in on this stranger in her room running his hand over her mother's picture.

MONTGOMERY

You look just like her. Just as beautiful.

He returns the frame.

MONTGOMERY

I like your necklace.

He points out the gold chain around her neck with her initials: A.M. which she promptly tucks underneath her shirt.

MONTGOMERY

I see your aunt and uncle are doing well for themselves. They around?

ALISON

They're skiing in Telluride this weekend.

He nods.

MONTGOMERY

You know, I wrote you. Every day while I was inside. I'm not sure if you knew cause the letters kept getting sent back but --

ALISON

I knew.

It crushes him to hear that.

MONTGOMERY

Look, Alison --

ALISON

What do you want, Will?

His own name never sounded so foreign.

ALISON

Why are you here? Shouldn't you be at a rodeo or somethin'?

MONTGOMERY

I told you. I made a promise to your mom. A promise I intend to keep.

ALISON

Was that before or after you disappeared?

MONTGOMERY

I didn't disappear.

ALISON

No. You were just in prison.

MONTGOMERY

I know this is hard but --

ALISON

No. Hard is coming up with an answer to "what does your father do for a living?" Hard is remembering *exactly* what you were wearing the day you got arrested. Hard is growing up without parents.

MONTGOMERY

You got every right to feel this way.

ALISON

Thanks for the permission.

Tomblake silence where the seconds tick by like minutes.

ALISON

(beat)

I gotta go meet some friends now.

She rises. Leaves.

EXT. 55 CENTRAL PARK WEST - MORNING

Alison moves to the curb, Montgomery a few steps behind her. She sticks out her hand, trying to hail a cab but several shoot by, not seeing her.

MONTGOMERY

Let me help.

He throws out his arm. Cabs continue to pass by. He hasn't gotten the wave down yet.

ALISON

Wow. You really suck.

Fed up, Montgomery moves out into the middle of the street, sticks two fingers in his mouth and lets out a loud WHISTLE. A cab down the street veers over.

Montgomery smiles, impressed. Alison frowns, not so much. Approaching the taxi:

ALISON

So what are you gonna do with yourself now that you're a free man, Will?

MONTGOMERY

Not sure. Any suggestions?

She points out a green and white BUMPER STICKER on the back bumper of the cab: DRIVER'S WANTED. 718-555-TAXI.

MONTGOMERY

I'll mull it over.

Alison hops inside. Montgomery holds the door and hands her an address scribbled down onto a piece of paper.

ALISON

What's this?

MONTGOMERY

It's where you can reach me. Just in case.

ALISON

In case of what?

He says nothing.

ALISON

Let me be clear about this, Will. Your promise to my mother aside, I don't really see the need to be around you ever again. But feel free to look me up in another ten years. Just make sure you call first so I know where not to be.

Door SLAMS. To the unseen driver:

ALISON

Union Square.

Driver nods. We recognize him instantly.

Kiefer.

He hits the meter. The medallion light shuts off and the taxi peels away.

Montgomery watches as Alison gets smaller and smaller in the rear window as the cab drives down the street and finally out of view.

CUT TO:

RILEY SIMMS

Thirtyish. Any man's dream. There's a tiny flashlight in between her teeth which shines straight ahead, blinding us to our location.

EARL o.s.

So what do you think?

RILEY

I don't know yet.

EARL o.s.

We're running out of time. Can you crack it?

RILEY

Maybe, if you shut up.

WIDEN to see that Riley is kneeling before something. Over her shoulder, EARL, 40's, pot-bellied, paces nervously. Checks his watch.

EARL

Two minutes.

RILEY

Hand me those.

He tosses her a small black leather bag. She zips it open to reveal a set of serious-looking lock-picking tools.

EARL

Minute forty-five.

RILEY

Come on, come on.

EARL

Minute thirty.

Riley cranks something. We hear a small POP.

RILEY

Got it.

Riley reaches inside the something we don't know what yet and withdraws her hand, now covered in slime and guck, holding something in between her fingers.

Earl's eyes light up as he sees what it is.

EARL

Oh, man. Ain't it just a thing of beauty?

Reveal it's:

A CHEAP, PINK EMERALD RING

A notch above something you would find inside a Cracker Jack box.

RILEY

Yeah. It's something alright.

Reveal we're:

INT. BATHROOM STALL - MORNING

And the "we don't know what" is actually the toilet Riley just cranked open the pipes of to get the ring out.

EARL

I can't begin to thank you enough, Riley. My Doris is gonna be here in about thirty seconds and if that ring's not on my finger --

RILEY
Just don't lose it again, alright?

EARL
I don't know what happened. It just
slipped off.

Riley packs up her things and rises.

EARL
Where'd you learn to do that anyway?

RILEY
First Bank of Chicago.

With that, she moves past him and out the door.

INT. CODE 7 - MORNING

A dive pub/local cop hangout. Walls lined with police
paraphernalia. Badges. Patches. Photos.

Riley is cleaning up some of last night's dirty beer
glasses when the front door opens and someone walks in.
Not turning around:

RILEY
Bar's closed. Come back in three hours.

MONTGOMERY o.s.
I'm looking for Riley Simms. Know where I
can find him?

RILEY
You're looking at (him) --

She stops short when she turns around and sees the
someone is Montgomery, smiling wide. She explodes,
hugging him.

RILEY
Oh my God, when did you get out?

MONTGOMERY
Yesterday.

RILEY
You should have let me know you were
coming in. I would have picked you up.

MONTGOMERY
That's alright. Agent Fox was kind enough
to give me a lift.

RILEY
Are you kidding me?

MONTGOMERY
He wants to see if I'll lead him to my
pot of gold.

RILEY
That guy seriously needed to get laid
yesterday.

MONTGOMERY
No argument here.

They cross back over to the bar. Riley moves behind the
counter.

MONTGOMERY
So this is yours, huh?

RILEY
All mine.

MONTGOMERY
(confused)
It's a cop bar.

RILEY
What can I say? I get a kick out of
overcharging them for watered down
drinks. Speaking of which, what can I get
you.

MONTGOMERY
Water's fine.

RILEY
(pouring)
So am I your first stop? I'm honored.

MONTGOMERY
Second actually. I went to see Alison.

RILEY
Really? How is she?

MONTGOMERY
Not as honored.

RILEY
She'll come around. This is a lot for
anyone to absorb, let alone a fourteen
year old girl.

MONTGOMERY

I know.

Translation: I hope.

MONTGOMERY

Speak to anyone lately?

RILEY

Not really. Mercer's been MIA last couple of years but his name gets mentioned every time someone opens up an empty safe that's supposedly impossible to open.

MONTGOMERY

What about Jonah?

RILEY

Not since the American Bank.

MONTGOMERY

Good.

RILEY

So, what are your plans now?

MONTGOMERY

Settle in. Try to figure this city out.

RILEY

When you do, fill me in, huh?

MONTGOMERY

My pleasure. Think I can crash at your place until I do though?

RILEY

I thought convicts and criminals weren't allowed to associate with each other let alone sleep under the same roof.

MONTGOMERY

Good thing you've never been charged.

RILEY

Even better. I don't plan on sleeping.

Montgomery smiles.

EXT. CODE 7 - MORNING

And a car parked across from it. A sedan like Harlan's with the government plates to match.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CAR - SAME

Two agents inside. The driver, PATTERSON, is stocky with thinning hair while his partner, BRODERICK, riding shotgun, is younger and more clean-cut.

Together they watch as Montgomery converses with Riley inside the bar.

AGENT BRODERICK

You know, Montgomery was my case study at the academy. 23 bank robberies they could unofficially connect him to. Still a record. He's good.

AGENT PATTERSON

Yeah, a decade ago. Guy's a fossil now.

AGENT BRODERICK

Then why did Fox put us on him?

AGENT PATTERSON

Cause Fox has had a hard on for Montgomery ever since they crossed paths fifteen years ago. He's James Bond and Montgomery's the guy James Bond hates.

AGENT BRODERICK

Blofeld.

AGENT PATTERSON

Whatever. Point is this is a shit detail. Montgomery's yesterday's news. He's been out of the game so long, we could flash a siren up his ass and he still wouldn't realize he's been made.

Broderick nods and turns to see Montgomery exiting the bar.

AGENT BRODERICK

He's on the move.

Montgomery waits for cars to pass before crossing the street.

Broderick and Patterson exchange red-faced looks as Montgomery walks directly up to them, opens the back door and sits inside.

MONTGOMERY

If all you guys are gonna do is keep following me wherever I go, least you could do is help me get where I'm going. I can't find anything in this city.

Fuming, Patterson starts the car.

EXT. SOHO LOFT - MORNING

Rustic. Turn of the century cast iron. Steep fire escapes. The surveillance car lets Montgomery out in front.

MONTGOMERY

Much appreciated, fellas.

The agents scowl and pull away from the curb but quickly U-TURN back to park across the street.

Shaking his head -- whatever -- Montgomery heads inside the building.

INT. RILEY'S LOFT - MORNING

Floor to ceiling windows. Filled bookcases. Artwork. Montgomery lets himself in. He shuts the door and drops his coat onto a chair.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Montgomery opens the fridge. Looks around. Nothing interests him.

INT. RILEY'S LOFT - LATER

Montgomery examines a picture on the bookshelf: Riley laughing while holding hands with him on a ranch in Texas.

The phone RINGS. Montgomery lets the machine pick it up.

RILEY v.o.

This is Riley. I'm not in. Leave a message.

BEEP!

MALE VOICE v.o.

Hello, Will.

Montgomery stops cold, recognizing the caller immediately. He turns to the phone, completely thrown.

The voice over the machine is clipped, professional.

MALE VOICE v.o.

I know you're there. You should really pick this up.

Slowly, Montgomery walks over and grabs the phone.

MONTGOMERY

Jonah?

JONAH v.o.

Long time, no speak. It's good to hear your voice again. How's free America treating you so far?

MONTGOMERY

What do you want?

JONAH v.o.

It's the same but different, isn't it? Everything's exactly how you remembered it but at the same time, not. For instance, I remember you, me, Mercer, Riley and all those jobs we pulled. All the money we stole. We were a tight crew back then. But now, all I can remember is the feeling that you were holding out on us.

MONTGOMERY

I don't know what you're talking about.

JONAH v.o.

I don't believe that. I think you know I'm talking about the ten million you stashed for when you got out. The ten million you cheated me out of.

MONTGOMERY

Hate to disappoint you Jonah, but I couldn't have cheated you out of anything cause we're talking about money that doesn't exist.

JONAH v.o.

That's a problem then.

MONTGOMERY

Why's that?

JONAH v.o.

Because I know just how much it's gonna hurt Alison to hear that.

A chill instantly runs through him. He's dead still.

MONTGOMERY

What?

JONAH v.o.

Alison. Your daughter. Pretty little girl. 14 years-old. About 5'1". Brown hair. Blue eyes. Gets that cute little crinkle in her forehead when she's screaming.

Montgomery's a mix of emotions. Fear. Confusion. Rage.

ALISON v.o.

Will...?

Montgomery's eyes light up at the sound of her voice. She's completely TERRIFIED.

MONTGOMERY

Alison!

No answer. He goes ghost white.

MONTGOMERY

Alison!?!

JONAH v.o.

You think you hailed that cab, Will? You didn't. The cab hailed you. Right now she's in the trunk, somewhere in the city, just driving around. There are over 12,000 taxis in Manhattan so the only way to find the right one is through me. With me so far?

Montgomery's jaw tightens, boiling.

JONAH v.o.

You have one hour to get me the ten million you hid. If you do that, I'll give you the medallion number.

Montgomery's head spins at this. He swallows.

MONTGOMERY

That's impossible.

JONAH v.o.
Don't tell her that, Will.

In the background, we can HEAR Alison SCREAMING. It's chilling. If he could, Montgomery would reach through the phone to kill Jonah with a single shot.

JONAH v.o.
Your daughter's counting on you.

MONTGOMERY
I mean, I can't get it that soon. Not in an hour.

JONAH v.o.
Why not?

Montgomery pauses, thinking.

JONAH v.o.
Why not, Will?

Montgomery catches sight of a music concert poster framed on the wall.

MONTGOMERY
It's not in the city.

JONAH v.o.
Where then?

Montgomery looks closer at the poster: a vintage WOODSTOCK '69 one-sheet advertizement. He focuses in on the concert address: ROME, NEW YORK.

MONTGOMERY
Upstate. I need at least six hours to get up there, get the money and get back.

JONAH v.o.
Why should I believe you?

MONTGOMERY
Cause if you wanna see a single dollar of the twenty million, you're gonna have to.

JONAH v.o.
Twenty million?

Jonah thinks. Dead air over the line.

MONTGOMERY

Come on, Jonah! You want the money or not?

JONAH v.o.

(beat)

Alright. You got your six hours. Go to the door. I left you something.

Montgomery opens the door to find a sealed medium-sized MANILA ENVELOPE at his feet.

Montgomery looks up and down the hallway. Sees no one.

JONAH v.o.

Open it.

Montgomery rips open the envelope. A CELL PHONE drops out.

JONAH v.o.

This phone stays with you at all times. It's locked with a security code so you can't call out but I'll be calling you at 6:30 to make the exchange. It's also equipped with GPS so if God forbid you're lying or even worse, you're not back in time, I'll know and Alison will die weeping. And Will?

Beat.

JONAH v.o.

It's good to be working with you again.

CLICK. He's hung up.

Montgomery pauses, frozen for a moment before his fearful eyes finally start to move and he SLAMS the door.

Flipping the phone over, he BREAKS apart the casing and YANKS OUT the GPS CHIP inside.

He then goes to the window and looks out at the FBI car parked across from him.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CAR - SAME

Patterson and Broderick stare up at the loft and watch as Montgomery retreats back from the window.

INT. RILEY'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Montgomery racing now. He swings open closet doors and rifles through clothes. Hidden in one of the drawers, inside a cigar box, he finds a WAD OF CASH -- a couple hundred, at least -- which he pockets.

CUT TO:

Montgomery tears through Riley's desk. Finds a check book, stationary, business cards and a SUBWAY MAP which he consults. Traces the 6 line from SoHo to GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

CUT TO:

Montgomery on Riley's phone, waiting. A female VOICE answers:

911 OPERATOR

911, what's your emergency?

MONTGOMERY

Yeah, there's smoke or something coming from the building across the street from me. I think an apartment's on fire.

911 OPERATOR

What's your address, sir?

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

A FIRE ENGINE appears in the rearview, sirens WAILING. The agents react curiously. Patterson looks to the curb and sees he's parked next to a HYDRANT.

AGENT PATTERSON

Shit.

INT. RILEY'S LOFT - SAME

Montgomery watches as a fire truck comes riding up behind the FBI car, BLASTING its horn.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CAR - SAME

Barking:

AGENT PATTERSON

Get out, get out!

Broderick bolts. A FIREMAN inside the rig SCREAMS:

FIREMAN
Move your fucking car!

EXT. LOFT - SAME

The car peers away as Broderick runs inside the building.
A beat later, the front door re-opens and:

MONTGOMERY

comes walking out. He turns down the street and, looking
around furiously, locates and disappears into a SUBWAY
ENTRANCE.

INT. RILEY'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Door KICKS OPEN, WHAM! Wood splinters. Lock shatters.

Broderick charges in, gun drawn. His eyes search the room
but Montgomery is nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

HARLAN'S LIVID FACE

as he SNAPS into his phone from inside his OFFICE.

HARLAN
What do you mean you lost him!?! Where
the hell is he!?!

CUT TO:

A METRO-NORTH EXPRESS TRAIN

bound for upstate New York.

PULL BACK TO FIND:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - GATE 7 - DAY

And the line of PASSENGERS standing on the platform,
slowly making their way on board.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - DAY

Montgomery EXPLODES through the main entrance and runs
like hell, straight into a log jam of COMMUTERS running
for trains, knocking in them like a pinball.

He fights his way to the center of the room where he looks around to locate:

THE INFORMATION BOOTH

And the bored out of her mind, under-paid, under-appreciated CLERK doing the crossword inside it.

MONTGOMERY

I need a train.

CLERK

You've come to the right place.

MONTGOMERY

No. I need a train that leaves right now.

CLERK

Going where?

MONTGOMERY

At least three hours away.

The clerk turns a single eye to the giant DEPARTURE BOARD behind Montgomery's head and sees the 1:00 to Ulster County departing from Gate 7 FLASHING, about to leave.

CLERK

Gate 7. Right over there.

She points with her pen. Montgomery SPRINTS away.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - GATE 7 - SAME

An electronic clock switches to 1:00 and an ALARM SOUNDS, signaling the train doors are about to shut.

MONTGOMERY

comes racing up to the train. The rear doors are already closed so he has to run away to the front cars.

As he arrives, THOSE DOORS ALSO START TO SHUT. Montgomery THRUSTS his hand inside one and DROPS the GPS chip inside, nearly losing his arm in the process.

Montgomery backs away and the train picks up speed, rocketing down the tunnel.

Off Montgomery, breathing heavy, we:

CUT TO:

BLACK

and the deafening HEAVY METAL MUSIC that consumes it.
BOOMING. VIBRATING.

IN THE DARKNESS:

Someone's SHUFFLING around, BANGING walls. A RED LIGHT shines, illuminating ALISON'S TERRIFIED FACE, eyes like saucers, filled with fear.

We're:

INT. TRUNK - DAY

For description, see slugline.

The red light across her face emanates from the break lights which -- before they shut back off and plunge us back into darkness -- allow us to see that Alison's mouth is DUCT TAPED as are her WRISTS which are behind her back. She STRUGGLES but her feet are CUFFED and BOLTED to the floor.

Music ASSAULTS her. Ear-splitting, pulse-pounding noise, which when we --

CUT TO:

THE BACK OF THE CAB

-- *we no longer hear.*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Heavy traffic. Bumper to bumper. Car HORNS and CURSING. Kiefer's cab is sandwiched between two identical color and model taxis, all waiting for a TRACTOR TRAILER TRUCK to clear the street.

As the cars just sit there, PEOPLE walk in between the cabs, passing the trunk, completely oblivious to what's inside.

AERIAL ANGLE:

And we count at least ten more cabs. Go higher and there's ten more.

Either way, it's now impossible to tell which one Alison's in.

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Establishing. 26 Federal Plaza in downtown Manhattan.

INT. HARLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Where Harlan stares down Patterson and Broderick.

HARLAN

So let me get this straight.

(beat)

A fire truck.

The agents nod, shameful.

HARLAN

And you two had to abandon your post
because you were parked in front of --

AGENT PATTERSON

A hydrant, sir.

Phone RINGS. Harlan eyes them a moment before picking up.

HARLAN

Fox.

(listens)

Really

(listens again)

Okay. Send him up.

He hangs up.

AGENT BRODERICK

Please, sir. Give us one more shot.

AGENT PATTERSON

Yeah. Let us bring him in.

HARLAN

Not necessary.

Harlan rises, swinging on his jacket.

AGENT BRODERICK

How come?

HARLAN

He's in the elevator.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Montgomery steps out onto the 23rd floor. Harlan is there to meet him at the elevator.

HARLAN

Will.

Montgomery glances at Patterson and Broderick a few feet away, shooting him back a look to freeze fire.

MONTGOMERY

Somewhere we can talk?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Montgomery across from Harlan at a table, frayed and frustrated from having to go over the same story again and again.

HARLAN

So what you're saying is Jonah Cross kidnapped your daughter?

MONTGOMERY

Yes.

HARLAN

And is ransoming her off for ten million dollars.

He nods.

HARLAN

The same ten million you're still claiming doesn't exist.

MONTGOMERY

It doesn't.

HARLAN

Says you.

MONTGOMERY

Look, are you gonna help me or not?

HARLAN

Sure. Once you give me a reason to.

MONTGOMERY

This is a mistake. I'm wasting my time here.

HARLAN

No, the mistake was wasting mine.

MONTGOMERY

Look, you won, okay? Whatever problem you have with me, have it with me. But my daughter deserves your help. I can't search every cab in the city on my own.

HARLAN

Well you could. It would just take a really, really, really long time.

MONTGOMERY

I don't have a long time. I got until 6:30 which is when Jonah's expecting his twenty million which --

HARLAN

(cutting him off)

Wait. Twenty?

(beat)

I thought you said ten?

Montgomery's caught now. Choosing his words carefully:

MONTGOMERY

I only told Jonah it was more to buy myself some time cause if he finds out I don't have the money, he's gonna kill Alison.

HARLAN

See this is where you lose me.

He leans in.

HARLAN

You know the part about Jonah and the money not existing?

(beat)

Jonah doesn't exist either.

Montgomery's face is awash with confusion.

HARLAN

He died in a car crash outside Pittsburgh two years ago. So exactly what type of game are you trying to play here, Will? Have me go *right* while you go *left* to pick up your money by keeping me distracted with this story about your kid and a phantom taxicab?

Montgomery is at a loss what to say.

HARLAN

Cry wolf another time. I'm not listening.

The door opens and two new agents, WHITAKER and SHAW, appear. Dead-pan demeanors, both of them.

HARLAN

Please escort Mr. Montgomery to 314 West 52nd. I believe he's got a meeting with his parole officer in twenty minutes.

Montgomery eyes Harlan with scorn before reluctantly following the agents out, door shutting behind them.

INT. HARLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Harlan goes to the window and peers down at three tiny specs exiting the building: Montgomery, Whitaker and Shaw.

JACOBS

Any chance he could be telling the truth?

Harlan shakes his head.

HARLAN

This leopard doesn't change his spots. He just steals new one's.

JACOBS

So what do you wanna do?

HARLAN

Get Judge Arnold on the phone. I want a tape on Riley Simms's home and that dive bar she runs. This guy's plotting something and we gotta find out what it is.

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Whitaker and Shaw escort Montgomery to their awaiting car. He looks to the street where:

YELLOW CABS

are shooting past, one after another after another. Montgomery watches them go, overwhelmed. Needle in a haystack mean anything?

INT. TRUNK - DAY

Pitch black. The SOUND of Alison SQUIRMING around before she discovers and switches on a portable HAZARD LIGHT. Orange lights flicker on and off.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - DAY

Cab 5K65 comes driving up.

INSIDE:

Heavy metal booms out of the radio. Behind the wheel, Kiefer is dressed down in a hooded sweatshirt, jeans and a wool cap. You wouldn't think anything other than cabbie if you saw him.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison feels about. Nearly cuts her hand on a tiny METAL SHARD protruding out of the carpeting of the floor.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Stopped at a light, the back door opens and closes. Kiefer turns around.

A snooty LAWYER is now sitting behind him.

LAWYER
One Battery Park Plaza.

KIEFER
Cab's off duty.

LAWYER
Not according to your light. So either
take me where I'm going or I'll call in
your medallion number. Your choice...
(reading his license)
...Evan.

Kiefer bores at him and with no other recourse punches the meter.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Where Alison works hard to cut off the tape by feverishly slicing it against the metal shard.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Kiefer driving around, unhappy, while in the back, the Lawyer is blabbing loudly on his cell phone.

LAWYER

Tell Gillings he's got twelve hours to either file the damn brief or shut the fuck up. I'm not jumping through any more hoops for a guy whose best suit still costs less than my worst three combined. Hold on a sec.

(dropping the phone)

Hey, Evan.

Kiefer glares back at him.

LAWYER

Taxi Rider's Bill of Rights, huh? A *silent* trip. Cut off the damn music.

Kiefer unwillingly turns the radio knob, lowering the volume which --

INT. TRUNK - SAME

-- allows Alison to faintly HEAR the Lawyer continuing his conversation. She picks up the pace and finally manages to CUT the tape in half, breaking free.

She instantly RIPS the gag from her mouth and SLAMS her fist, SCREAMING at the top of her lungs:

ALISON

HEY!

INT. TAXI - SAME

But her cries for help are SILENCED by the TRAFFIC outside the windows and the Lawyer's increasingly heated phone call.

LAWYER

No! No way in hell. You tell him we're not gonna sit on our hands while he scrambles to save his own ass. And if he's got a problem with that --

He pauses suddenly. Something he heard, perhaps?

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison continues to POUND the roof then stops. Listens.

Silence. Did he hear her?

Nope.

The Lawyer's conversation RESUMES, picking up exactly where it left off.

Alison's face falls. Wiggling around, she turns to face the back seat and starts DIGGING her way through the lining of the trunk.

PULLING away material, her nails CHIP and her tiny fingers BLEED, but she refuses to relent.

INT. TAXI - SAME

CLOSE ON: ALISON'S FINGERTIPS

which are beginning to CLAW their way into the backseat, only --

--- the Lawyer is too engrossed in his own phone call to notice.

The cab then slows to a stop outside One Battery Park Plaza in downtown NYC.

Kiefer stops the meter and the Lawyer hands him a Hamilton. He steps out just as:

ALISON'S HAND

appears, GRASPING for him.

But the door CLOSES behind him. He never saw it.

EXT. BATTERY PARK PLAZA - SAME

Cab 5K65 switches its lights to "off duty" and drives away.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

The heavy metal returns to its original, pulsating volume and Alison lowers her hand, defeated.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Establishing. Midtown.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

Montgomery stares ahead, better places to be on his mind than watching his parole officer, NICHOLAS DEVOE, 30's, typing on his computer.

DEVOE

Pursuant to release procedure 2678, you are required to provide us with a current address. Now this SoHo apartment you're occupying, a girlfriend's?

MONTGOMERY

No.

DEVOE

Boyfriend's?

MONTGOMERY

Just a friend.

Devoe nods. Montgomery eyes his file which is visible on the computer screen, thinks, then looks to the hot mug of coffee Devoe just took a sip from.

DEVOE

Now I have you scheduled to meet with me every Tuesday afternoon at 1:30. Whether that works for you or not isn't my concern. What does concern me is that you show up promptly at 1:30. Not 1:31. Not 1:29. 1:30 on the dot or else I bounce you back to C-block. Are we clear on that?

MONTGOMERY

20/20.

DEVOE

Good. Let's talk employment. As you --

Montgomery tips the mug over. The smoldering coffee spills across the desk and showers Devoe's lap. He JUMPS.

DEVOE

Jesus!

Pants soaked, seething:

DEVOE

Fuck. Wait right there.

The second he's gone, Montgomery rushes over to the computer and accesses the Federal Parole Office database.

A search engine appears. Montgomery types in the name "Cross, Jonah" which yields no results.

He deletes the name and tries "Mercer, Donald." Hits enter and Mercer's MUG SHOT pops up along with corresponding biographical information logged underneath.

Montgomery highlights his current address: an apartment building uptown.

His eyes shift when something else catches it. A word in red: INFORMANT.

Montgomery's eyes narrow.

TIME LAPSE TO:

The door re-opening. Devoe enters but finds only a swiveling chair.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LATER

Montgomery exits. Across from him, Whitaker and Shaw look on from inside their car and pull away in pursuit as Montgomery picks up speed down the street.

EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Just around the corner. Newly-renovated twin glass buildings separated by a sculpture garden complete with reflecting pools and paintings.

Montgomery is about to pass right by it when he stops, thinking. Coming to a decision, he heads inside as Whitaker and Shaw pull up.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - LOBBY - DAY

Montgomery sidesteps fellow TOURISTS still consulting maps and quickly makes his way to:

INT. DAVID AND PEGGY ROCKEFELLER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Where the main exhibitions and collections are housed.

Montgomery enters the PHOTOGRAPHY WING. A group of NYU STUDENTS are present, examining black and white prints.

He then sees A MAN on a date with his GIRLFRIEND, obviously bored out of his mind.

The girlfriend steps away, moving to the restroom.
Montgomery looks the guy up and down. Sees he's the same size and build. Approaching:

MONTGOMERY

Hey.

Flashing a hundred dollar bill:

MONTGOMERY

Nice jacket.

EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Whitaker checks his watch and nods to Shaw who exits the car and walks up to the museum entrance.

INT. DAVID AND PEGGY ROCKEFELLER BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Shaw looks around, eyes scanning the room. At first there's no sign of Montgomery but then he spots him at the far end of the exhibit.

He taps him on the shoulder, spinning him around. Only it's NOT Montgomery but --

-- *the MAN ON THE DATE wearing his clothes.*

MAN ON THE DATE

Hey, what's your problem, buddy?

AGENT SHAW

Shit.

He whips around and moves away. Into his radio:

AGENT SHAW

I've lost Montgomery. Repeat: I've lost Montgomery.

Suddenly:

A HAND

wraps around his mouth and YANKS back his head.

MONTGOMERY

now dressed in the Man on a Date's jacket locks Shaw in a sleeper hold until he passes out.

Once he's succumbed, Montgomery lays him gently down on the floor behind a pillar and removes his radio.

EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - SAME

Whitaker charges up the front steps when his radio crackles to life.

MONTGOMERY v.o.
(in his best Shaw)
Montgomery is reacquired. Repeat: I've reacquired Montgomery. He's in the sculpture garden.

INT. DAVID AND PEGGY ROCKEFELLER BUILDING - SAME

Montgomery, on the radio, peers out the window:

MONTGOMERY
He must have changed clothes. He's wearing a black long sleeve coat and pants. Repeat: black coat, black pants.

MONTGOMERY'S POV:

The sculpture garden. And a MAN sitting outside, minding his own self, wearing the exact same clothes Montgomery just described.

Montgomery kills the radio and pats down Shaw, locating his GUN and CAR KEYS.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Whitaker bolts through the doors, passing a band of tourists exiting.

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Whitaker rushes the man Montgomery just related and GRABS him from behind. He looks at him, dumbstruck.

EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - SAME

The tourists scatter, revealing Montgomery hiding among them. He cuts down the street.

SECONDS LATER

Whitaker comes RUSHING out of the museum. He looks up and down the block. Sees nothing.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Through the rear window, Whitaker can be seen looking frantically around.

MONTGOMERY

turns around in his seat and faces the driver.

DRIVER

Where to?

MONTGOMERY

115th Street.

The driver weaves around the car in front of him.
Montgomery checks his watch. Tick, tock. Tick, tock.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Jacobs, a file folder in hand, crosses the bullpen to enter:

INT. HARLAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where he finds Harlan on the phone and on his final nerve.

HARLAN

I don't give a shit what you have to do,
JUST FIND HIM!

SLAMS phone down.

HARLAN

Well, this is a red letter day for the
bureau.

JACOBS

I think I may have something boss.

HARLAN

Impress me quickly.

JACOBS

I just got off the phone with
Montgomery's P.O.. Guess whose address he
happened to access while he was in his
office?

HARLAN

Tell me.

JACOBS

(handing him the file)
Donald Mercer.

Harlan's face is aglow.

HARLAN

Get Patterson and Broderick over to his place right now.

Jacobs is out the door. Into the phone:

HARLAN

This is Agent Fox. I need an assault team immediately.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT BUILDING - HARLEM - DAY

Somehow still standing. Walls scarred by electrical burns. More graffiti than paint. Exposed wires dangle from the ceiling like snakes.

DONALD MERCER

comes walking up the staircase. 39. Mousy. Duffel bag way too big for his gaunt frame thrown over one shoulder.

He walks up to a door. It takes three separate keys to unlock it.

INT. MERCER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Large but unfurnished. Mercer enters and crosses over to a second door which he unlocks to arrive at:

ANOTHER HALLWAY

which bleeds into the adjacent apartment.

At the far end, there's a curtain. He pulls it open to reveal a HEAVY STEEL DOOR which is locked with a keypad.

Mercer enters in the code. Air escape as the thick metal door opens.

INT. WORKSPACE - CONTINUOUS

A thief's den. A locked titanium safe in the corner. Safe-cracking materials scattered everywhere else. Drills. C-4 bricks. Charges. Schematics.

Mercer steps inside but before he can shut the door -- CLICK! -- there's a GUN at his temple.

MONTGOMERY o.s.

Don't move.

(he doesn't)

Drop the bag.

(MORE)

MONTGOMERY o.s.(CONT'D)
(he does)
Sit down.

Mercer takes a seat. He has yet to see Montgomery's face.

MERCER
Now what?

Montgomery KICKS the chair so it spins around to face him.

MONTGOMERY
Now we talk.

MERCER
Jesus -- Will...?

MONTGOMERY
Ten years ago you called in the anonymous tip to Fox telling him about the American Bank of Texas, yes or no?

MERCER
No.

Montgomery COCKS the gun.

MONTGOMERY
I'll ask one last time. Did you turn me in or not?

MERCER
Fuck, Will --

Montgomery BURIES the barrel into his forehead and squeezes the trigger.

MERCER
Alright, alright!

Montgomery draws the gun back.

MERCER
I called him but you gotta know, I didn't have a choice. I got busted doing a freelance gig in Atlanta two weeks earlier. It was either you or me and Fox wanted you so I cut a deal.

MONTGOMERY
To sell me out.

Mercer nods, abashed.

MONTGOMERY

And rob me of ten years of my life!?!

MERCER

Will, you gotta believe me, I --

He doesn't finish. That's because he's on the floor.
Montgomery has kicked the chair out from under him.

He levels the gun again.

MERCER

So what, you've come to kill me now, is
that it?

MONTGOMERY

No.

MERCER

Then what's this about?

MONTGOMERY

I want Jonah. Where can I find him?

MERCER

How should I know?

Montgomery KICKS his ribs in. Mercer strains to breath.

MONTGOMERY

Where!?!

MONTGOMERY

I'm telling you the truth! I haven't seen
him for ten years! After you went inside,
we all parted ways just like you told us
to. I even moved here to get away from
him.

Montgomery backs away, frustrated.

MERCER

What's so important you need to see him
now anyways?

No response. Montgomery too busy thinking about what to
do next to answer.

MERCER

Is this about the ten mil you stashed?

MONTGOMERY

What do you know about that?

MERCER

I know you've got it hidden somewhere,
waiting for you for when you got out of
prison. Is Jonah after it? Is that what
this is about?

Beat. Something about this bothers Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

What do you care?

Pause.

MONTGOMERY

You don't, do you?

(beat; realizing)

You're stalling.

Mercer's eyes shift, betraying him. Montgomery follows
his gaze to:

A BANK OF VIDEO MONITORS

on a shelf, each displaying a different feed from a
different surveillance camera inside and outside the
apartment.

On one of the screens:

THREE FBI CARS and an ASSAULT VAN

pull up to the front of the building. Montgomery reacts.
He whips around and -- WHAM! -- Mercer CLOCKS him with
the duffel bag.

Montgomery DROPS the gun. It SLIDES across the floor.

EXT. SLUM APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

A FBI ASSAULT TEAM, in full attack gear, EXPLODES out of
the van and RUSHES military-style inside.

INT. WORKSPACE - SAME

Mercer picks up a chair and SLAMS it across Montgomery's
chest. He goes FLYING back up against a shelf. Video
screens CRASH to the floor. Shatter on impact.

Mercer makes a quick DASH for the free gun. GRABS it.
Starts SHOOTING.

Montgomery DIVES. Bullets WHIZ past. He lands behind the
safe. Shots ricochet off. Sparks FLY.

Mercer HOPS up. RUNS out the door, FIRING wildly behind him.

Montgomery is pinned. Looks to see Mercer CLOSING the steel door behind him.

He RUSHES over as -- CLANG! -- the door SEALS SHUT.

LOCKS.

Montgomery tries the handle. It won't budge.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

The assault team charges toward Mercer's door. They heave a BATTERING RAM and -- SMACK! -- the door CRACKS OPEN. Hinges soar, wood fragments!

INT. WORKSPACE - SAME

CLOSE ON: ONE OF THE VIDEO MONITORS

showing the assault team advancing inside.

Montgomery scans the room, hunting for options. Spies:

A C-4 BRICK

He grabs and smashes it into the lock. PLANTS a charger and runs the wire behind the safe which he uses for cover.

INT. MERCER'S APARTMENT - SAME

Assault team moves in, guns leveled, sweeping.

INT. WORKSPACE - SAME

Montgomery, ducked behind the safe, ignites the charge and -- BLAM! -- the brick EXPLODES!

The BLAST sends the door FLYING right off its frame. A piece of shrapnel SHOOTs out and IMBEDS itself in the safe, barely an inch from Montgomery's head.

Hallway outside the newly formed CRATER fills up with black smoke.

INT. MERCER'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Smoke alarm WAILS. Montgomery, coughing, steps out, turning to find:

THE ASSAULT TEAM

pushing its way forward through the haze.

Montgomery SPRINTS in the opposite direction, heads down the hallway and BARRELS his way through a closed door to arrive at:

INT. MERCER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where he RUSHES over to the window and KICKS out the glass.

THE ASSAULT TEAM

reaches the door and BURSTS inside as Montgomery LEAPS OUT onto:

THE FIRE ESCAPE

and steps onto the railing. The assault team rushes over and he JUMPS across the eighteen story drop to the fire escape of the ADJOINING BUILDING.

Montgomery grabs hold of the metal staircase and HOISTS himself up.

He races down the side of the building, taking two steps at a time while the assault team OPENS FIRE!

Bullets POCKMARK around Montgomery who DIVES OFF and SOARS the remaining fifteen feet down to the pavement.

AT STREET LEVEL:

Montgomery hits the ground HARD. Knees buckle into a roll and he RISES back up and DASHES away from the building just as:

THE FBI SURVEILLANCE CAR

with Patterson and Broderick inside, SCREECHES to a stop, just shy of hitting him.

The agents, not missing a beat, step out and draw their guns.

AGENT BRODERICK

HOLD IT!

Montgomery stops, raising his hands in defeat. Patterson walks over and roughly SLAMS him down onto the hood.

AGENT PATTERSON

Remember us?

He KICKS his legs apart and pats him down, finding Jonah's cell phone tucked into his pocket which he tosses over to Broderick.

AGENT PATTERSON

Will Montgomery, you've hereby violated your parole. You're under arrest.

Patterson then TWISTS Montgomery's arms behind his back, HANDCUFFS him and THROWS him into the back of the sedan, SLAMMING the door behind him.

EXT. AMSTERDAM AVENUE - DAY

The surveillance car shoots past, Patterson behind the wheel.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CAR - SAME

Montgomery eyes Jonah's cell phone resting on the dashboard.

AGENT PATTERSON

You must have really liked prison to want to go back so badly after only a day. What happened? You miss your boyfriend that much?

He chuckles. Montgomery doesn't. Just then, the cell phone BUZZES. Montgomery sits up, nervous.

AGENT PATTERSON

Expecting someone?

He grabs the phone.

MONTGOMERY

Don't.

Answering:

AGENT PATTERSON

Hello.

(listens)

I'm sorry. He can't answer the phone right now but if you wanna leave your name and a brief --

Click. Patterson shrugs.

AGENT PATTERSON

He hung up.

Montgomery sags.

AGENT PATTERSON

I'm sorry. Were you expecting a call?

Montgomery ignores him and unbeknownst to the two agents, takes hold of his left thumb with his right wrist.

With a quick JERK, he -- POP! -- YANKS it from its socket.

He WINCES but when Broderick turns around, Montgomery's face reveals nothing.

The phone RINGS again.

AGENT PATTERSON

Jesus, you're popular today.

CLOSE ON: MONTGOMERY'S RIGHT HAND

which, thanks to its now dislocated digit, is able to SQUEEZE out of the handcuffs.

Up front, Patterson goes to turn the phone off when:

MONTGOMERY

SHOOTS forward and SLAMS his head against the side window, KNOCKING him out.

EXT. AMSTERDAM AVENUE - SAME

The sedan SKIDS out of control, HOPS a curb and CATAPULTS into the air.

BYSTANDERS scatter out of the way as the sedan SMASHES up against some cars. Windows spiderweb as it FLIPS over in mid-air before CRASHING DOWN onto its roof.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CAR - SAME

Now upside down. Patterson and Broderick are both out cold. Montgomery is dazed but alert. The cell phone continues to buzz.

Montgomery KICKS out the window and slides out, staggering to his feet.

A GROUP OF NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS look on, curious.

MONTGOMERY

Call 911! Tell them two federal agents
need an ambulance right away.

The kids run off. Montgomery bends down beside
Broderick's window. He spots the ringing phone on the
floor and reaches inside. Without warning:

BRODERICK

BOLTS AWAKE and GRABS Montgomery's arm. Holds him
tightly. The two lock eyes. Broderick's too disoriented
to speak.

And yes, the phone is STILL RINGING.

Montgomery pulls his arm free as Broderick goes limp,
passing back out. Montgomery swipes the phone and runs
away, answering:

MONTGOMERY

Yeah.

JONAH v.o.

Who was that on the phone?

MONTGOMERY

It was nothing.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

A stark building isolated on the Hudson River with a
large, empty parking lot.

JONAH v.o.

Don't tell me that, Will. I don't want to
kill Alison before I get my money but I
will if I'm provoked.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Completely barren save a MAN sitting at a desk, phone to
ear, face bathed in the blue glow of a computer monitor.

This is JONAH CROSS. 40's. Serious. Professional.

JONAH

Are you provoking me?

MONTGOMERY v.o.

No.

JONAH

Then who was that on the phone?

EXT. 114th STREET - DAY

Montgomery rounds a corner. Residential buildings -- brownstones and townhouses -- on both sides.

MONTGOMERY

No one.

INTERCUT:

JONAH

Don't fuck me, Will.

MONTGOMERY

I had to pass the phone off a minute,
what do you want me to say?

JONAH

Let me explain something: the man driving
your daughter around? He'll make a woman
out of your little girl on my say so.

MONTGOMERY

I'm doing what you're asking, what more --

The SOUND OF SIRENS can be HEARD fast approaching in the distance. POLICE CRUISERS roaring in Montgomery's direction.

Hearing this, Jonah's eyes narrow, suspicious.

JONAH

Where are you now?

Montgomery cups the receiver, silencing the noise.

He rushes up to an apartment building and hits every buzzer until someone BUZZES him in.

Montgomery opens the door and stands in the building's foyer where the outside noise is drowned out.

MONTGOMERY

I'm here. Just on my way to get the money now.

JONAH

Just so you know you have just under four hours left. I hope you make it in time.

MONTGOMERY

Wait, I wanna speak to Alison.

JONAH

Sure thing, Will. I'll just have my associate pull the cab over, pop the trunk and hand the phone to the little girl he's got kidnapped inside. Stay on point, please. Clock's ticking.

CLICK.

END INTERCUT.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Jonah hangs up and consults the computer. A GPS tracking program is running. A red DOT representing Montgomery blinks.

Two other men walk up. One we'll call CLARKE, big, brawny, ex-con. The other, we've seen before.

It's THE BLABBERMOUTH FROM SEAT 7-A!

Call him BIRCH, ex-Army, intense, strong. Nothing like the guy we saw chewing Montgomery's ear off on the plane save the same face.

BIRCH

Think he'll come through?

JONAH

I think he doesn't have a choice.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Montgomery walks outside and crosses into the street. A car horn SHRIEKS and a:

TAXICAB

SWERVES out of the way, just missing him. Tires SCREECH as the taxi VEERS to a stop a few feet away.

Montgomery spins around. The cab driver, a middle-aged Indian named RAJESH, storms over, furious.

RAJESH

What the hell are you doin'!?! You almost hit me!

Montgomery's about to say something when he notices a green and white bumper sticker on the back of the taxi.

It's the same sticker that was on cab 5K65: DRIVER'S WANTED. 718-555-TAXI.

RAJESH

Are you listening, shithead!?!

Montgomery isn't. He brushes past him and hops into the driver's seat, closing the door in the cabbie's face.

INSIDE:

Montgomery grabs Rajesh's TRIP SHEET and pulls out the pages to expose the clipboard where he finds a company address emblazoned at the bottom:

BRODSKY'S GARAGE
326 JEFFERSON AVENUE
QUEENS, NY 11101

Montgomery looks to the sun visor. Flips it down. A MAP is rubber-banded to it. Montgomery slips it out. Finds where he's going.

He throws the cab into forward. Outside, Rajesh curses at him in both English and Hindu to stop.

EXT. 114th STREET - SAME

Montgomery SPINS the taxi. It ROARS away, leaving rubber and a SCREAMING Rajesh in its wake.

EXT. MANHATTAN - MOMENTS LATER

GOD'S POV:

Rajesh's cab weaving in and out of traffic, heading toward Queens, pushing 80.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

In another part of the city, in the opposite direction:

KIEFER'S CAB

comes driving up, back tire SINKING into a pot hole.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

As the cab DIPS, Alison's head SLAMS up against the trunk roof, SMACKING hard against it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Kiefer's cab stops to allow a group of SCHOOL CHILDREN to pass in front of it.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Red brake light spotlights Alison. She pauses, forming a plan.

Rotating around, she locates the WIRES feeding into the back of the brake light and with a hard tug PULLS them out.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME

CLOSE ON: THE BACK OF THE CAB

And the left rear light which goes DARK.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Where Alison repeatedly taps the wires against the brake light striking it Morse Code-style.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

The children clear aside and Kiefer drives ahead, completely oblivious to the left break light which is now blinking on and off.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison, silently praying for someone to notice, continues connecting and disconnecting the wires, in and out, in and out.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - SAME

The taxi makes a turn and a nearby POLICE CRUISER catches sight of the broken brake light and sounds its siren.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Kiefer sees the cop car in the rearview and pulls the cab over.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - SAME

The cruiser stops behind the taxi and a COP exits.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Kiefer lowers the volume on the radio and tucks a SILENCED TECH-9 HANDGUN underneath a *New York Post* on the passenger seat just before the cop appears at the window.

COP

Licence and registration, please.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison, realizing they've been pulled over, tries kicking for help but her legs are still immobilized.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Where the cop is looking over Kiefer's papers.

COP

Reason I pulled you over was your rear break light's out. You know that?

INT. TRUNK - SAME

SCREAMING with everything she has:

ALISON

HEY! I'M IN HERE!

INT. TAXI - SAME

Just then, the cop's walkie-talkie SCREECHES to life, drowning Alison out. The cop lowers the radio chatter.

KIEFER

Yeah, I was just on the way back to the garage to get it fixed.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison POUNDS her fist against the roof again and again -- BANG! BANG! BANG!

INT. TAXI - SAME

The cop, not hearing her at all, hands back Kiefer's documents.

COP

Okay, I'll let you go but only if you promise to get this light taken care of today.

KIEFER

You got it.

COP

Drive carefully.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Cop passes the trunk on the way back to his cruiser, failing to hear:

INT. TRUNK - SAME

ALISON

HELP!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The cruiser pulls ahead of the taxi and continues down the street, leaving Alison behind.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison's arms drop, dead tired. Her head perks up when she HEARS something. She looks to the trunk lid when suddenly:

KIEFER'S HAND REACHES OUT FROM BEHIND HER

through the back-seat and CLAMPS a cloth soaked with chloroform over her mouth.

Alison tries her best to fight Kiefer off but ultimately her eyes roll up into her head and she passes out.

INT. TAXI GARAGE - QUEENS, NY - DAY

Busy. Mid-shift change. Cabs pull in and out, all with identical green and white bumper stickers on the back.

LOOKING AROUND:

MECHANICS change tires, replace air cleaners, pop open and close hoods. DRIVERS, mostly Indian, Arab, African and Russian, smoke cigarettes, swap stories and count money. Numerous, over-lapping languages.

YURI BRODSKY

the ill-tempered Russian dispatcher, 50's, watches a cheap porno on a cheap TV inside his office when:

MONTGOMERY

approaches and slams his fist on the counter just outside the window.

MONTGOMERY

Hey!

Brotsky reluctantly turns away from the girl on girl action and walks over.

BRODSKY

Yeah?

MONTGOMERY

I'm looking for a cab.

BRODSKY

I got five hundred. Take your pick.

MONTGOMERY

No. It's a specific one.

BRODSKY

Do you know what number?

MONTGOMERY

No, but it came from this garage.

BRODSKY

How do you know this?

MONTGOMERY

Your bumper sticker.

BRODSKY

I don't understand. Was there an accident? My drivers are no responsible --

MONTGOMERY

No. Nothing like that.

BRODSKY

Then why you look for one of my cabs?

MONTGOMERY

Something important to me is in the trunk. I just need to get it back.

BRODSKY

Valuable?

MONTGOMERY

Very.

BRODSKY

Maybe it's in the lost and found.

MONTGOMERY

No, it's not in the lost and found.

BRODSKY

Are you saying one of my drivers took from you?

MONTGOMERY

I just want to find the cab.

BRODSKY

Well, what did the driver look like?
White, brown, black, Arab, Russian?

Montgomery has no answer.

BRODSKY

So no number and no driver. Can you tell me where he took you at least?

He really can't.

MONTGOMERY

No.

BRODSKY

Then I can not help you.

MONTGOMERY

Just answer me this: did you get any complaints about any of your drivers, either last night or early this morning?

BRODSKY

That's every morning.

MONTGOMERY

What about weird calls over the radio?

BRODSKY

Who uses radio anymore?

Montgomery pauses, frustrated.

BRODSKY

There was one car though, didn't return for the 8 am shift.

MONTGOMERY

Which one was that?

BRODSKY
I'm not sure I remember.

Montgomery flashes twin hundred dollar bills and slides them across the counter top.

MONTGOMERY
Be sure.

Brodsky slips the money into his pocket and consults his log.

BRODSKY
5K65. Driver is Tarik Fayad.

MONTGOMERY
And you haven't heard from him at all?

Brodsky shakes his head.

MONTGOMERY
Where's his car now?

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Jacobs on the phone, at his desk.

JACOBS
When...?
(listens)
You sure?

Beat. He hangs up. Immediately runs into:

INT. HARLAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harlan looks up as Jacobs arrives.

JACOBS
Just got a report from NYPD. A man matching Montgomery's exact description just carjacked some cabbie five blocks from where he escaped.

Harlan's out behind the desk at this.

HARLAN
Please tell me cabs have GPS.

JACOBS
Most do. TLC began installing them six months ago.

HARLAN
We got a position?

EXT. TAXI GARAGE - DAY

Located on Jackson Avenue with the Queensboro Bridge visible in the backdrop, Manhattan skyline just beyond it and:

RAJESH'S CAB

parked right out front.

INT. TAXI GARAGE - SAME

Brotsky sits at his computer inside his office while outside, Montgomery waits patiently.

He notices a sign posted to a bulletin board: GOT A TAXI PROBLEM? DIAL 3-1-1.

Montgomery then checks his watch: three hours remaining. Then sees his THUMB which hangs loosely to the side.

With another quick TUG, Montgomery POPS it back into place. Flinches slightly.

Behind him, a cab comes driving into the garage. The passenger door opens and:

RAJESH

steps out, SLAMMING the door, frenzied.

Montgomery is oblivious to this. He just continues to stare ahead at Brotsky as Rajesh storms over to his fellow drivers and starts telling them his story. Gets loud.

Montgomery turns. His eyes go wide when he sees the man he cabjacked.

He immediately whips back around and prays he's not spotted before Brotsky tells him what he needs to know.

Time drags on before Brotsky finally emerges from his office. He re-joins Montgomery when Rajesh SHOUTS at him from across the garage.

RAJESH
Yuri!

He starts over to him. Montgomery freezes.

RAJESH

I need to speak to you!

Montgomery's now a second away from being spotted.

BRODSKY

One minute, one minute.

RAJESH

No, now!

Brodsky barks something at him in Russian that stops him. Rajesh retreats back and Montgomery can breathe again.

BRODSKY

Sorry about that.

Brodsky places a city map down in front of him.

BRODSKY

Damn Taxi Commission made me put GPS in all my cabs. Civil rights violation, I say! It so they can watch us all the time.

MONTGOMERY

Where's the cab now?

He points.

BRODSKY

Here. Chinatown.

MONTGOMERY

Is it moving?

BRODSKY

Not I can tell.

Montgomery turns and speed-walks away.

BRODSKY

Hey, you find him, you tell him I want my cab back!

Montgomery reaches the exit and is about to step out when Rajesh turns back around and sees him exiting. After a quick double-take:

RAJESH

HEY!

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Montgomery jumps behind the wheel and starts the car up.

EXT. TAXI GARAGE - SAME

Rajesh rushes out, flanked by several cabbies who HURL glass bottles and tire irons at Montgomery.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

The bottles SMASH and SHATTER against the taxi as Montgomery throws it into drive. The car BOLTS forward. He throws the steering wheel and --

EXT. TAXI GARAGE - SAME

-- the cab fishtails into a U-TURN and ROARS away, leaving Rajesh and the other drivers behind.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The stolen cab swerves around cars on the lower level of the bridge, coming dangerously close to a few of them. Horns BLARE.

In the distance, Manhattan gets closer and closer.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - SAME

A FLEET OF FBI SEDANS backed by NYPD CRUISERS floor it up the street. Red lights FLASH. Sirens WAIL.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - SAME

Jacobs at the wheel, driving fast. Harlan beside him, on the radio.

HARLAN

Dispatch, this is unit one, do we have a fix on the suspect?

DISPATCHER v.o.

Roger, unit one. Suspect is on the Queensboro Bridge, heading east into Manhattan.

JACOBS

We're three minutes out.

HARLAN
Air Ops, do you have a visual yet?

CUT TO:

THE SKIES OVER MANHATTAN

A FBI HELICOPTER banks down in front of us and circles the Queensboro Bridge, surveying Montgomery's cab.

PILOT v.o.
This is Air 11. Roger that. We have a visual.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - SAME

HARLAN
Stay with him, Air 11.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - SAME

The stolen cab tears up the bridge. On the Manhattan side, the FBI sedans come driving up and prepare to block him.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery sees this and hits the gas, gunning it.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - SAME

The cab powers ahead, reaches the FBI sedans and SHOOTs between their bumpers, just SQUEEZING PAST. Metal SCRAPES, sending up SPARKS.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - SAME

Harlan screams to Jacobs:

HARLAN
Move it, move it!

Jacobs jerks the wheel and whirls the car around.

EXT. 59th STREET - SAME

The cab HOPS the curb. ROARS ahead. Cruisers, not too far back, stay in pursuit.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery twists the wheel and turns the cab --

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - SAME

-- straight into ONCOMING TRAFFIC. Cars veer off to the side, tires SCREECHING.

A CEMENT MIXING TRUCK

comes driving up, approaching fast.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery cranks the wheel.

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - SAME

The cab fishtails around the truck and turns left down a side street and then a right to arrive at:

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - SAME

Where it careens around cars. Montgomery drops the hammer. 40 miles per hour. 50. 60. Block after block flies by.

AT AN INTERSECTION UP AHEAD:

The light turns red. BYSTANDERS leap aside as the cab BLASTS through the light, nearly clipping a baby carriage and a few passing pedestrians.

TWO NYPD CRUISERS

try the same maneuver but without the same results. They COLLIDE with crossing traffic -- SMASH!

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Through the windshield: gridlock approaching the distance. Montgomery grips the wheel. Twists.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - SAME

The cab SKIDS ONTO THE SIDEWALK, one wheel on, one wheel off and drives underneath a CONSTRUCTION WALKWAY. Runs down WOOD BEAMS. SNAPS them apart like breadsticks.

Up ahead, SCAFFOLDING. Heavy steel rods.

The cab pulls back onto the street, just nicking a beam. It FALLS off, creating a DOMINO EFFECT which PILES beams atop beams onto the street, BLOCKING:

TWO FBI CARS

which CRASH into them, taking them out of the chase.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

A third FBI SEDAN appears in the windshield. Montgomery cuts the wheel again.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - SAME

The cab veers down another side street to avoid the FBI car and rockets west.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - SAME

Over the radio:

PILOT v.o.

Cab is now heading west, about to turn
onto Park.

Jacobs swings the wheel again.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

The cab flies down. The sedan in pursuit is SMASHED IN by an approaching SUV -- CRASH!

THREE BLOCKS BACK:

Harlan's car speeds its way forward, trying to pull level.

Just in front of Montgomery, AN EMPTY SCHOOL BUS passes through an intersection, about to collide with him.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery punches the accelerator.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

The cab performs a hairpin turn, narrowly escaping a clash. However, a trailing police car doesn't. It SLAMS into the side of the bus. Spray of metal and glass.

AT ANOTHER INTERSECTION:

There's another red light and a steady stream of cars cutting across Park.

The cab roars forward, weaving in and out to avoid getting clipped. Scrapes bumpers. Horns BLARE. Floors it toward:

THE UNDERPASS

beneath the Helmsley Building just outside Grand Central Station.

THE GOVERNMENT SEDAN

accelerates up. Jacobs has to slam the breaks to dodge the cars. Meanwhile:

THE CAB

clears itself a path and disappears under the building.

HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE:

The chopper loses sight of him.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - SAME

Stuck in gridlock, Harlan watches helplessly as Montgomery vanishes into the underpass.

Jacobs throws the car in reverse and hits the gas, heading toward parallel Madison Avenue.

EXT. UNDERPASS - SAME

A sea of cars, Rajesh's cab among them, moving at a snail's pace.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery grabs Rajesh's cell phone charging on the passenger seat beside him. Punches in 311.

OPERATOR v.o.

Thank you for calling the city of New York. Alternate side of the street parking is in effect citywide today. Please hold for the next available operator.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

Other side of the underpass, the chopper buzzes overhead, waiting for Montgomery to show himself.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - SAME

The government sedan hastens forward and continues past Grand Central.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery is still on hold, listening to blow your brains out waiting music.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

Chopper hovers above. Inside, the Pilot's eyes widen as cars start moving out of the underpass and:

EIGHT YELLOW TAXICABS

emerge, each identical to Rajesh's, impossible to tell which one Montgomery's at the wheel of.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - SAME

PILOT v.o.

Unit one, this is Air 11. We have lost visual on the suspect. Repeat: we have lost visual.

Harlan SLAMS his fists against the dashboard.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

FOLLOWING the cabs as they pull ahead, Montgomery sandwiched somewhere in the middle.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

On the phone, the music is replaced by the operator returning:

OPERATOR v.o.

Taxi and Limousine Commission --

MONTGOMERY

Yes, I'm looking for a cab --

OPERATOR v.o.

-- please hold.

In the rearview, TWO MORE COP CRUISERS appear and sound sirens.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

Neighboring cabs veer off, exposing Montgomery. Cruisers pursue. Montgomery speeds in front of them.

One car rides up alongside him. Montgomery jerks the wheel and SLAMS the cruiser into a DIVIDER. Metal shaves off into the air.

The second cruiser ROARS up and PUNCHES the cab from behind.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

The impact JOLTS Montgomery, causing him to DROP the phone which lands on the floor.

Montgomery twists the wheel and --

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

-- the cab pulls away from the cruisers and disappears down the PARK AVENUE TUNNEL.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery reaches down to the floor and grabs the phone. He looks back up to find:

A GARBAGE TRUCK

bearing down on him. He swerves out of the way just in time. The truck FLASHES past -- WHOOSH!

He glances back at the phone, now blinking "NO SERVICE" on the display.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

The taxi ROCKETS out of the tunnel and lands HARD. Montgomery SCREAMS forward as:

HARLAN'S GOVERNMENT SEDAN

cuts over from the adjoining avenue and pulls up behind him.

ABOVE:

The chopper swoops down while back at STREET LEVEL:

THE TWO CRUISERS

rejoin the chase.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery re-dials 311 and holds the phone to his ear while simultaneously spinning the wheel again.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - SAME

The taxi makes a quick turn down 30th and sprints through another intersection, threading the traffic.

The sedan follows. One of the cruisers makes it but the other gets SIDESWIPE by passing cars -- CRASH!

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Resume elevator music. Something classical. Montgomery makes a quick left when he reaches:

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - SAME

The cab floors it through an intersection. Continues downtown.

THE POLICE CRUISER

gains on him. Rides up behind.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery sees the cruiser approaching and SLAMS the breaks while CRANKING the wheel, causing --

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - SAME

-- the cab to SPIN into a crazy U-TURN before STOPPING short, tires SQUEALING.

The cruiser SHOOT PAST.

Once it's clear, Montgomery throws the cab in REVERSE and hits the GAS.

The cab is now DRIVING BACKWARDS, Harlan's sedan DIRECTLY AHEAD, the cruiser DIRECTLY BEHIND.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery peers over his shoulder, trying to maneuver around traffic while --

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - SAME

-- the sedan inches closer, bumpers practically making out with each other.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Without warning, Montgomery JERKS the wheel again and --

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - SAME

-- the cab REVERSES ITSELF and BACKS UP against the sidewalk where it SMASHES into a parked car.

Harlan's sedan, however, DOESN'T STOP and flies straight into:

THE POLICE CRUISER

which SPINS wildly out of control and goes CRASHING into a storefront window while:

THE SEDAN

rolls straight into an:

INTERSECTION

just as the yellow light turns RED and an oncoming truck comes ROARING across. It CLIPS the back of the sedan and TWIRLS it around, BUSTING the engine.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery throws the cab into forward and he's off again.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - SAME

The cab blasts through the intersection where it passes the now-totalled sedan.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - SAME

Harlan and Jacobs moan as they rub their necks, alive but wishing they weren't.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

The operator returns.

OPERATOR v.o.
Sorry to keep you waiting, sir. How may I help you?

MONTGOMERY
I'm looking for a cab. It just dropped me off. I need to find it right away.

OPERATOR v.o.
Where was this, sir?

MONTGOMERY
Chinatown.

OPERATOR v.o.
Do you know the taxi's medallion number?

MONTGOMERY
5K65.

OPERATOR v.o.
Looking it up now.

Beat.

OPERATOR v.o.
Yes, sir. That cab is currently still in the Chinatown area. Would you like me to connect you with the garage --

MONTGOMERY
No, no. I'm in a different cab right now. Just tell me where it is.

OPERATOR v.o.
Corner of Canal and Bowery.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SAME

Taxi 5K65 drives through frame, Kiefer at the wheel.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Darkness. So back in fact we can't make out Alison inside.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SAME

As Kiefer turns the cab down another street.

INT. RAJESH'S CAB - SAME

Montgomery cranks the wheel when he hears:

OPERATOR v.o.

The taxi just made a right onto Worth.

Montgomery consults the map again.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Kiefer plows to a stop when his ride gets cut off by another cab.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

The brake light illuminates Alison: mouth re-gagged, hands re-tied and eyes shut, unconscious.

EXT. CHINATOWN - SAME

Distinguished by the dead chickens hanging in the storefront windows, the numerous herbal-medicine shops, acupuncturists and various noodle and dim sum bars.

Montgomery drives the cab down a narrow street and makes a quick right, turning straight into:

A CHINESE STREET FAIR

accessorized by paper dragons, beating drums and exploding firecrackers.

Montgomery skids to a stop. He jumps out of the cab, grabs the map and takes off on foot, phone to ear.

OPERATOR v.o.

It's now at the corner of Mulberry and Broome.

Montgomery looks down at the map, figures out where to go and RACES into the fair, KNOCKING people aside, FIGHTING his way through.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME

Kiefer's cab makes a left and drives through another intersection.

EXT. MULBERRY STREET - SAME

Montgomery rounds the corner and gazes up at the street signs. He looks around but there are no cabs in sight.

MONTGOMERY

Where the hell is it!?!

OPERATOR v.o.
Just moved onto Delancey Street.

Montgomery dashes right toward Delancey.

EXT. DELANCEY STREET - SAME

Cab 5K65 stops behind three cabs and two cars, all waiting for the light to change.

AT THE FAR END OF THE STREET

Montgomery comes racing up. His mouth goes agape.

MONTGOMERY'S POV

At least SEVEN MEDALLION CABS are stopped at the light. He focuses in on the medallion numbers, trying to find the right one.

The light changes. Cars start to move. Montgomery's eyes scan them all and -- *there!* -- 5K65.

Montgomery LEAPS onto the back of the car in front of him. LANDS on the roof. HOPS to the next.

5K65 is about to turn. Montgomery JUMPS to the next car. Nearly falls. The cab inches forward, making a right turn.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison inside, still out cold.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Kiefer driving, oblivious.

EXT. DELANCEY STREET - SAME

Montgomery VAULTS atop another car. As Kiefer's taxi rounds the corner, Montgomery makes a final jump and --

-- SLAMS onto the hood. The cab SHEERS, trying to throw him off. Montgomery HUGS the medallion sign. HOLDS ON.

The cab veers off to the side and SCREECHES to a stop.

Montgomery rolls off. He swings open the door and PULLS the driver out, SLAMMING him up against the side. Only --

-- *it's NOT Kiefer.*

But rather some TEENAGER. Punk hair. Pierced. Terrified.

TEENAGER

Don't hurt me, man! You can have the cab
just please don't hurt me!

Off Montgomery, thunderstruck:

CUT TO:

A TAXI MEDALLION

Number J7S2.

PULL BACK TO FIND:

Kiefer behind the wheel of the taxi. He *switched* cabs.

EXT. DELANCEY STREET - DAY

Montgomery pops the trunk and peers inside. It's EMPTY.

TEENAGER

Some guy paid me two hundred bucks to
drive the cab around for the rest of the
day.

Montgomery reaches into the trunk and pulls something
out.

It's Alison's NECKLACE.

Montgomery, ready to explode, SLAMS the trunk and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - DAY

Sight of the government sedan meets oncoming traffic
collision. Harlan is shooing away a PARAMEDIC trying to
bandage a GASH across his forehead when Jacobs
approaches.

HARLAN

Anything?

JACOBS

Air Ops lost him somewhere in Chinatown.
NYPD is canvassing.

HARLAN

We find out what Montgomery was doing at
that garage in the first place?

JACOBS

Yeah. Owner said he was looking for one of his cabs. Had something important in it.

That makes Harlan pause.

JACOBS

What?

HARLAN

This tracking with you?

JACOBS

Which part?

HARLAN

All of it. First Montgomery tells us this tall tale about his daughter being in the trunk of a cab somewhere and now Montgomery's somewhere looking for one.

Beat.

HARLAN

Where was that apartment building we dropped him off earlier?

KNOCK, KNOCK.

INT. LOEB RESIDENCE - DAY

Pilar, the maid, opens the door to find Harlan and Jacobs in the private hallway outside.

PILAR

May I help you?

Badges are flashed.

HARLAN

Harlan Fox, this is Agent Jacobs. We're with the FBI. Can we have a moment?

INT. LOEB RESIDENCE - STUDY - LATER

Spacious. Warmly-colored. Plush furniture. Floor to ceiling bookcases. Jacobs questions Pilar as Harlan takes the room in.

JACOBS

And this is the man you saw Alison leave with this morning, correct?

He shows her Montgomery's mug shot.

PILAR

Yes. He said he was her father.

JACOBS

And you haven't seen or spoken to Alison since?

PILAR

No.

JACOBS

And Mr. and Mrs. Loeb? Where are they?

PILAR

They're out of town until Thursday. I can get you their number.

Under all of this, Harlan eyes a:

FRAMED PHOTO

on the mantle: Alison's aunt and uncle, PETER and LENORE LOEB, smiling. Look closely and you'll see someone else's arm draped around Peter's shoulder.

Harlan looks closely.

He removes the photo from its frame. Part of it has been folded under. Harlan flattens the picture, revealing:

MONTGOMERY

to be that third person.

Turning back to Pilar and Jacobs.

HARLAN

How long have the Loeb's lived here, Ms. Alvarez?

PILAR

Oh, nine or ten years maybe.

HARLAN

And what exactly does Mr. Loeb do to afford such a beautiful home?

PILAR

Oh, he works in business.

HARLAN

Business?

Harlan looks around and soaks in the panoramic views of Central Park just outside the windows, the priceless art hanging off the walls and the various costly antiques which are prominently displayed around the room.

HARLAN

Business must be good.

INT. PRIVATE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Pilar closes the door behind Harlan and Jacobs. Making their way back to the elevator:

HARLAN

I want you to look into their finances.
Find out exactly how the Loeb's got their money.

JACOBS

What are you thinking?

HARLAN

I'm thinking you're not gonna be able to find anything.

JACOBS

Then why am I looking?

HARLAN

To *prove* you're not gonna be able to find anything.

JACOBS

Maybe it's the slight concussion but what are you --

HARLAN

Montgomery wasn't lying to us about not having the ten million. But it's not that it doesn't exist.

The elevator arrives. They march inside.

JACOBS

Then where is it?

HARLAN

You just walked out of it.

Jacobs looks back to the penthouse apartment. The elevator door closes as we:

CUT TO:

INT. CODE 7 - DAY

Happy hour. Packed with off-duty COPS drinking, smoking and laughing. The house phone RINGS. Riley, behind the bar, answering:

RILEY
Code 7.

MONTGOMERY v.o.
It's me.

RILEY
Will?

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

Parked down the street. A video monitor displays a hidden camera feed of Riley inside the bar talking on the phone. Agents Shaw and Whitaker listen in over headsets.

MONTGOMERY v.o.
I gotta talk to you.

RILEY v.o.
What is it?

MONTGOMERY v.o.
Je dois vous renoutrer maintenant.

RILEY v.o.
Naturellement. Ou?

Shaw and Whitaker exchange puzzled looks.

AGENT WHITAKER
What are they saying?

Shaw shrugs.

RILEY v.o.
Etes-vous bien? Les feds vous recherchent.

MONTGOMERY v.o.
J'expliquerai tout. Juste rencontrez-moi au vieil endroit dans cinq.

INT. CODE 7 - SAME

Riley on the phone, in French:

RILEY
Je serai la.

She hangs up.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME

CLICK. The line goes dead. The agents throw off the headphones.

EXT. CODE 7 - SAME

Van doors slide open. Whitaker and Shaw explode out and race over to the bar.

INT. CODE 7 - CONTINUOUS

The agents rush inside and look around. No sign of Riley.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Whitaker steps inside and opens the door to one of the stalls to discover a tiny window which is slightly AJAR.

EXT. CODE 7 - MOMENTS LATER

Riley drives by the bar in a SUV as Whitaker and Shaw rush out. She gives them the finger from behind the wheel.

Fuming, the agents race over to their van but stop short when they notice --

-- their tires have been SLASHED.

AGENT SHAW
Fuck!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MAGIC

Couples picnicking. Joggers running the path. Artists drawing portraits. Dog walkers.

Underneath the rock tunnel in the 79th Street transverse, Riley waits. She checks her watch, about to leave when:

MONTGOMERY o.s.
Riley.

She turns. From the shadows, Montgomery approaches.

MONTGOMERY

Thanks for coming.

RILEY

What's going on? Why are the feds --

MONTGOMERY

Jonah's got Alison.

RILEY

What?

MONTGOMERY

He wants twenty million or else she's dead.

RILEY

My God, Will.

MONTGOMERY

I need your help.

RILEY

Of course. What can I do?

MONTGOMERY

Any old contacts of yours still owe you any favors?

RILEY

One or two.

MONTGOMERY

Time to call them in.

RILEY

What for?

Pause. Montgomery doesn't even have to say.

RILEY

You're crazy.

MONTGOMERY

There's no other way.

RILEY

Are you sure about that?

MONTGOMERY

I wouldn't have called you if it wasn't.
This is the only play I got.

RILEY

Manhattan Savings?

MONTGOMERY

I know the building top to bottom, Riley.
For the last year, all I've done is study
every schematic. Every blueprint. I know
every door. Every alarm. Every code.
Memorized every guard's name. I even know
the type of polish they use on the marble
floors.

RILEY

Yeah, but if you get caught, it's not
just your life. It's Alison's.

MONTGOMERY

Then I can't get caught.

Steps toward her.

MONTGOMERY

I know it's asking a lot. But I can't do
this alone.

RILEY

It's not my life anymore, Will.

MONTGOMERY

I know.

RILEY

It's not yours either.

MONTGOMERY

Today it is.

Pause. Nothing left to say.

RILEY

Alright. How much time do we have?

INT. HARLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacob enters. Harlan looks up from his desk.

JACOBS

Okay, so I did some digging. Turns out
you're right.

(MORE)

JACOBS(CONT'D)

I can't find out where their money came from. It's like the Loeb's won the lottery without buying a ticket.

HARLAN

Then if what Montgomery said is true, he doesn't have the ransom to pay off Jonah.

JACOBS

Well, you know Montgomery. What's he gonna do?

As Harlan contemplates that very question:

CUT TO:

A CLOCK

reading 6:05.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. MANHATTAN SAVINGS - NIGHT

Handsome lobby. Marble floors, a toothbrush shine. TWO SECURITY GUARDS standing post. Both arthritic.

At this hour, there's just a handful of CUSTOMERS, most of whom are waiting in line for the next available teller.

The manager, GORDON LANDAU, 50's, professional, straightens his tie when he clocks:

MONTGOMERY

dressed in an Italian suit, crosses into the lobby through the revolving doors, briefcase in hand. Riley, also smartly attired, follows.

He approaches them, hand outstretched.

GORDON LANDAU

Mr. Allman, Gordon Landau, branch manager.

Montgomery extends his hand. They shake, palms pressing tightly against each other.

MONTGOMERY

Happy you could fit me in on such short notice.

GORDON LANDAU
Anything for the NDIC.

MONTGOMERY
Glad to hear it. This is my associate,
Gwen Carter.

GORDON LANDAU
Pleasure.

RILEY
Likewise.

GORDON LANDAU
Please follow me.

They disappear into:

INT. GORDON LANDAU'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Landau closes the door behind them and --

GORDON LANDAU
So what can I do for you, Mr. Allman?

-- turns around to find Riley sticking a TASER in his
side.

ZZZZzzzz! He COLLAPSES to the ground.

Montgomery bends down and reaches into his pocket.
Withdraws his monogrammed wallet and removes his ACCESS
CARD.

CUT TO:

MONTGOMERY

inserting Landau's card through a slot in the wall
outside a closed ENTRY DOOR.

He places a tiny TAPE RECORDER beside a microphone. Hits
play. Landau's recorded voice from when he met Montgomery
in the lobby is heard.

LANDAU v.o.
(on tape recorder)
Gordon Landau.

Red light turns green and Montgomery opens the door to
enter:

INT. CIRCUITRY ROOM - NIGHT

Full of plugs, lights and cameras. Montgomery pops open a UTILITY BOX and starts cutting and connecting various wires.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SAME

Where TWO GUARDS sitting at a console don't even notice:

MONTGOMERY and RILEY

on one of the VIDEO MONITORS inside the circuitry room. Suddenly -- BLIP! -- the images CHANGE and they VANISH from picture.

INT. CIRCUITRY ROOM - SAME

As Montgomery slices through another set of wires and closes the box back up.

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE VAULT - SAME

A long white hallway. Montgomery and Riley step out of the circuitry room and start down the corridor.

At the far end of the hall lies:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SAME

Where the TWO SECURITY GUARDS inside occupy themselves with a newspaper and nondescript banter. Both fail to spot:

MONTGOMERY

walking right up to their door. He pulls out a KEY CARD -- similar to Landau's but all white -- and REMOVES a small piece of TAPE across the side.

He then SWIPES it through the door lock. A thin plume of smoke coils out and the red light switches to green and back to red before SHORT-CIRCUITING.

The guards JUMP UP and try to open the door but it's now LOCKED.

With no other recourse, they POUND their fists against the glass, forgetting it's bullet-proof and therefore, unbreakable.

The guards rush back to the phone. They pick them up but there's NO SIGNAL.

Montgomery and Riley saunter past them. The guards SHOUT but their screams are MUFFLED by the thick glass.

INT. VAULT AREA - MOMENTS LATER

A BIOMETRIC PALM PRINT SCANNER awaits Montgomery and Riley before they can pass through the STAINLESS STEEL BARS which seal off the rest of the hallway from the vault door.

Montgomery walks up and presses his hand down onto the pad. A wave of bright white light pass over it, scanning.

A nearby monitor flashes: PLEASE SCAN AGAIN.

Montgomery retracts his hand and READJUSTS the flesh on his palm to reveal a THIN LAYER OF FAKE SKIN.

He presses his hand down again. Scanner reads it.

MONTGOMERY

Come on, come on.

Green lights confirm his identity. Landau's photo appears on the nearby monitor. Flashes: GOOD EVENING, MR. LANDAU.

The steel bars rise up into the ceiling. Montgomery and Riley continue on to arrive at:

THE VAULT

Polished. Colossal. Impregnable. Even Riley's floored.

RILEY

Jesus.

INT. MANHATTAN SAVINGS - NIGHT

Closing time. One of the elderly SECURITY GUARDS ushers the remaining customers out of the lobby. He's about to lock up when:

HARLAN

pushes through the revolving doors along with Jacobs.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry sir, we're closed.

Harlan flashes a badge.

HARLAN

Not to us.

SECURITY GUARD
What's this about?

HARLAN
I need to talk to your manager, please.

SECURITY GUARD
Well, I think he's still in a meeting.

HARLAN
We'll wait.

INT. OUTSIDE THE VAULT - SAME

Montgomery slips Landau's access card into a slot in the wall. A diagnostic screen beside the vault door comes to life.

Riley removes a small PDA and takes out an electronic stethoscope. She plugs one end into the computer and attaches the other end to the vault's combination.

Starts to turn.

One by one, numbers appears on the diagnostic screen until the vault starts to UNLOCK itself. A large BOOMING SOUND can be HEARD as the inner mechanisms start to UNLOCK.

Riley takes off the scope and Montgomery pulls open the vault door.

INSIDE:

Money. Lots of it. Piled high.

MONTGOMERY
Alright, let's get what we came for and get out.

Montgomery and Riley step inside. He pops open a metal grate and pulls out a file cabinet, opening it up to reveal:

U.S. TREASURY BEARER BONDS

Stacks of them. Each individual certificate worth one million dollars each.

Montgomery shoves a handful into a bag when his phone RINGS. Answering:

MONTGOMERY

Yeah.

JONAH v.o.

How are we progressing?

MONTGOMERY

I got the money.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - SAME

Jonah, at a desk, on the phone.

JONAH

That's good news. I was worried you wouldn't be able to pull it off in time.

He turns back to his computer.

JONAH

How far out of the city are you now?

MONTGOMERY v.o.

Still awhile's away.

CLOSE ON: THE COMPUTER MONITOR

The GPS is still running but the dot representing Montgomery doesn't appear to be moving at all.

JONAH

Really? Well, I hate to wait. Let's see if we can speed things up. Why don't you hand Riley the phone now.

INT. VAULT - SAME

Montgomery freezes at this.

What

The

Fuck

?

Slowly, he turns. Finds:

RILEY

aiming a .9mm at his heart.

RILEY

Told you nothing but bad happens here.
Give me the phone.

Montgomery is boiling. He slowly hands off the phone.

RILEY

I'm here.

JONAH v.o.

You got the money?

RILEY

Oh yeah baby, we got it and then some.

JONAH v.o.

Good. Kill him. I'll tell Kiefer to do
the same with his kid.

Riley hangs up.

RILEY

Damn, Will and I really thought you had
the money too.

Off Montgomery, still reeling from the betrayal:

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN SAVINGS - NIGHT

Harlan and Jacobs wait in chairs outside Landau's closed
office door.

JACOBS

Tell me again why this isn't just a wild
goose chase?

HARLAN

Because I'm your boss and I'm telling you
it's not.

Beat.

JACOBS

And if you weren't my boss...?

Harlan shoots him a look. Jacobs backs off. Harlan eyes
Landau's door. Tired of waiting, he rises and walks up to
it. Knocking:

HARLAN

Mr. Landau?

No response. He tries the door. Locked.

HARLAN

Mr. Landau, open the door please.

Harlan turns to Jacobs. He joins him at the door and together they draw their guns and KICK it open to discover:

LANDAU

sprawled on the floor, hog-tied with cables and gagged with tape, squirming.

INT. VAULT - SAME

Back with Montgomery, Riley and the gun. She presses back on the trigger, about to fire when --

-- a DEAFENING ALARM SOUNDS! Lights FLASH!

Riley is distracted. Montgomery grabs the bag of certificates and SMASHES her in the side of the head with it.

The bonds go SOARING. Drop like confetti.

Just outside the vault, the steel bars start COMING DOWN from the ceiling.

Montgomery SPINS Riley around and SLAMS her up against the vault door.

She raises the gun back up. Montgomery CHARGES and TWISTS her arm around. BANG! A gunshot RINGS OUT.

Beat. We don't know who got hit at first. The two just stare at each other, wide-eyed. Then --

-- she *kisses* him. A small, sweet little peck before Montgomery CRASHES to the floor, BLOOD smeared all over his clothes.

Only it's not *his*.

RILEY

looks down, aghast as she regards the blood oozing out of the bullet hole in her chest before falling to the floor.

Montgomery grabs the gun, swipes her phone and DASHES out of the vault just as --

-- THE STEEL BARS are about to close.

Montgomery DIVES and ROLLS underneath them just as they lock themselves in place, sealing off the vault.

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Alarms continue to WAIL.

Montgomery RACES down the hallway, passes the security office and ducks into the circuitry room. The door closes behind him as:

HARLAN

makes his way down the corridor, gun raised. He moves past the circuitry room when he stops and turns back.

INT. CIRCUITRY ROOM - SAME

Harlan steps inside, failing to see --

-- the AIR CONDITIONING GRATE which Montgomery is closing behind him from inside the ventilation system.

INT. CORRIDOR TO THE VAULT - SAME

Jacobs and the two guards from the lobby pass the security office and round the corner to the open vault door where they peer through the metal bars to see Riley swimming in a pool of her own blood.

INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - SAME

An empty, rear stairwell. The air shaft vent comes off with a loud CLANG!

Montgomery DROPS out the opening, hits the floor and moves swiftly to the EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR.

He SMASHES open the fire alarm beside it and pulls the switch down.

INT. VAULT - SAME

Harlan, joining Jacobs, reacts as the FIRE ALARM goes off and --

INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL - SAME

-- electronic deadbolts automatically release the fire door. Montgomery pulls it open and escapes out of the bank.

EXT. MANHATTAN SAVINGS - NIGHT

Montgomery hurries out, stepping into an ALLEY behind the emergency door to the sounds of approaching POLICE SIRENS.

INT. RILEY'S SUV - SECONDS LATER

Montgomery ELBOWS the window, SHATTERING the glass. He reaches inside and lets himself in.

Getting behind the wheel, he RIPS UP the dashboard, PULLS OUT the ignition circuit wires and strikes them together until the engine starts RUNNING.

EXT. MANHATTAN SAVINGS - SECONDS LATER

The SUV PEELS AWAY and rounds the corner at the end of the block. A beat later, POLICE CRUISERS come squealing up, flashers turning.

INT. RILEY'S SUV - SAME

Driving quickly now, Montgomery pops open the glove compartment and starts rifling through it until he finds something:

A PARKING PASS

to a WAREHOUSE just off the Hudson River.

EXT. WALL STREET - SAME

Montgomery turns the SUV up a new street, RACING AWAY.

INT. VAULT - NIGHT

Now a crime scene. CSU TECHS snap photos of Riley's body. Dust for prints. Interview the guards.

Harlan looks around. Focuses on Riley.

JACOBS
Just got the final tally.

HARLAN
And...?

JACOBS
And nothing's missing. Not one cent.

HARLAN
He didn't take anything...?

JACOBS
Too busy murdering, I guess.

Harlan pauses, not so sure. His phone RINGS. Answering:

HARLAN
Yeah?
(listens)
Put him through now.
(beat)
Montgomery?

INT. RILEY'S SUV - SAME

Driving with purpose, Riley's phone to his ear:

MONTGOMERY
Warehouse 18 just off the Hudson River.
You want me? That's where I'll be.

CLICK.

INT. VAULT - SAME

Harlan hangs up the phone. Quickly to Jacobs:

HARLAN
I want a chopper on the roof ready to fly
in five minutes.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The air quiet and still. A pair of headlights pierce the night. Kiefer drives taxi J7S2 up to the front doors, just sliding open.

A FEW YARDS AWAY:

Montgomery looks on from inside Riley's SUV. He checks the bullet count of her gun and SLAMS the magazine home.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Doors shut behind Kiefer pulling the cab inside and shutting off the engine, killing the lights.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison's eyes start to blink open and she slowly stirs awake.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Jonah exits the office and crosses up to Kiefer, just stepping out of the cab.

JONAH
Any problems?

KIEFER
I had to switch taxis but that's about it. What do we hear from Riley?

JONAH
Nothing since the bank.

KIEFER
Think something happened?

JONAH
I'm not taking the chance. Torch the cab.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Where Montgomery climbs up a metal ladder running up the side of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 7th FLOOR - SECONDS LATER

A window pops open and Montgomery snakes his way through it. He peers around. No sign of anyone.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Kiefer crosses up to the taxi and DOUSES the hood with GASOLINE, pouring it over the trunk and emptying the rest of the can across the windshield.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 7th FLOOR - SAME

Montgomery starts down in one direction but freezes when he sees a shadow fall across the floor. He ducks behind a SUPPORT BEAM as:

BIRCH

rounds the corner. He stops, lighting up a smoke.

Montgomery pokes his head around but quickly whips it back when Birch looks his way.

Montgomery holds his breath. Pauses.

Sensing something, Birch draws a gun and throws the cigarette down, stomping it into the floor. He moves over to the beam but:

MONTGOMERY

comes out first, SWINGING Riley's gun down, PISTOL WHIPPING him across the face.

Birch CRASHES to the floor, out cold. Montgomery reaches down and picks up his gun, tucking it behind his back.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 5th FLOOR - NIGHT

TRACKING Clarke, in the middle of a sweep, walking around, looking for anything out of the ordinary. He rounds a corner to find --

-- a GUN BARREL in his face. Montgomery cocks the trigger.

MONTGOMERY

Make a sound and you die. Nod if you understand.

(he nods)

Is my daughter alive?

Clarke's face betrays nothing.

MONTGOMERY

Is she alive?

CLARKE

No.

Montgomery is floored.

CLARKE

She's as dead as you.

In one quick move, Clarke KNOCKS the gun away. It falls through a large HOLE in the rotted wooden floor.

Clarke GRABS Montgomery. HURLS him against the wall.

Montgomery CASTS a punch. Clarke BLOCKS. Counters with a right hook -- SLAM -- BUSTING his nose.

Clarke steps back. Allows a dazed Montgomery to throw a punch.

He ducks. Returns an uppercut. NAILS Montgomery in the face.

Clarke then KNEES him in the stomach and SLAMS his head to the ground. Montgomery, disoriented, looks up as:

CLARKE

takes him by the face and DRAGS him across the room before DROPPING him down the hole in the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 4th FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Montgomery FALLS down from the ceiling. SLAMS against the ground. CRACKS ribs. FIGHTS to breathe.

Clarke steps down via the staircase. Crosses up to him.

MONTGOMERY

feels around and manages to find a RUSTY NAIL under his back.

CLARKE

steps over. He bends down and HOISTS Montgomery up.

As he rises, Montgomery STABS the nail into Clarke's eye, LODGING it there. Clarke starts to SCREAM in extreme pain but --

-- Montgomery COVERS his mouth, takes his head and SLAMS it up against the wall, BURYING the nail even further into his retina.

Clarke SAGS to his knees, dropping like a stone, GUSHING blood.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Jonah shuts his computer down and slips the laptop into a case. He takes a swig from a bottle of vodka and pours the rest across the desk.

MONTGOMERY o.s.

Hey!

Jonah turns just as --

-- Montgomery SLAMS his fist into his face. Jonah CRASHES to the floor and blinks his eyes open to see Montgomery standing over him.

He levels Riley's gun, about to shoot when:

A GARROTTE

Slips over his neck.

Montgomery raises his hand up, catching the wire before it catches his throat.

KIEFER

behind him, PULLS the garrotte taut. The wire CUTS into Montgomery's hand. Blood POURS out and he DROPS the gun in agony.

JONAH

moves to grab it and Montgomery PUSHES his body back, RAMMING Kiefer up against the wall.

Kiefer loosens his grip just long enough for Montgomery to KICK Jonah before he can pick up the gun.

KIEFER

balances himself and draws back the wire tighter. Montgomery GASPS for breath. He SPINS him around TOSSES him back out into:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Where Montgomery goes SAILING across the room before SLIDING to a stop.

Kiefer charges over. Montgomery tries to get to his feet but Jonah is there with his gun, pressing the barrel deep into his temple.

JONAH

You son of a bitch.

WHACK! He STRIKES Montgomery with the gun, returning the favor. He spits blood onto the floor.

JONAH

You got the best of her, huh?

He KICKS Montgomery in the side, rolling him onto his back.

JONAH

You know what happens now? First I'm gonna watch you watch your daughter burn and then I'm gonna take so much time killing you, it'll feel like years before it's finally over.

(MORE)

JONAH(CONT'D)
 You think you had it bad in prison, Will?
 You haven't seen suffering yet.

BANG! Jonah FIRES a bullet directly into Montgomery's leg. He SQUEALS in misery, face contorting in pain.

JONAH
 (to Kiefer)
 Burn the bitch.

Montgomery's eyes fill with dread as he watches Kiefer pull out a ZIPPO. He walks over to the cab and flicks the flame on when:

A BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT FILLS THE ROOM

accompanied by the roaring sound of HELICOPTER BLADES RATCHETING.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

A FBI CHOPPER descends down from the clouds, shining its spotlight through the windows.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone's blinded. Montgomery seizes the opportunity and draws BIRCH'S GUN tucked inside the belt.

He FIRES OFF a series of shots -- BANG! BANG! BANG! -- which RIP through Kiefer's chest and out his back.

JONAH

dashing for cover, starts SHOOTING back at him. Bullets FLY!

Rising, Montgomery DIVES behind an exposed wall. Shots POCKMARK all around him, raining down wooden shards.

He returns fire and a bullet --

-- RICOCHETS off the wall, STRIKES the ground and creates a SPARK which IGNITES the:

TAXICAB

which instantly becomes ABLAZE.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison SCREAMS as smoke starts filling up around her. She STRUGGLES like mad, COUGHING like crazy.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The inferno rages across the floor and works its way up to the ceiling support beams. Soon everything is burning. The ROAR of the fire is deafening but not loud enough to drown out:

MONTGOMERY AND JONAH

trading bullets with each other from opposite ends of the room until -- CLICK! -- Montgomery's clip EMPTIES and he tosses the spent gun aside.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison is barely visible behind the thick haze of smoke, trying not to touch the walls which are now SCORCHING HOT.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Flames SHOOT out the windows. Fireballs EXPLODE glass. Smoke spirals upward, wrapping itself around the chopper which has to turn away to avoid the out of control fire.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Jonah unleashes more and more rounds while:

MONTGOMERY

surrounded by flames, looks to the cab. He's out of options and has no choice but to make a suicide DASH toward it, bullet impeded in his leg or not.

LEAD WHIZZES PAST as Montgomery BARRELS through a wall of fire, opens the cab door and HOPS inside.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Also engulfed with smoke, Montgomery knows the cab could blow at any moment. In the windshield:

JONAH

appears, unleashing a FURY OF SHOTS.

Montgomery DUCKS down in his seat as bullets PIERCE the windshield, showering him with glass.

As Jonah fires away, Montgomery revs the engine and HITS the gas.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The torched cab ROARS forward. Jonah tries to dodge it but --

-- the taxi CLIPS him in the side, SPINNING him around 360 degrees and TOSSING him into the air.

He CRASHES to the floor just as BURNING DEBRIS from the ceiling gives way and comes CRASHING DOWN, HEAPING barbecued wood on top of him. Meanwhile:

THE CAB

GUNS ahead, refusing to stop as it speeds straight toward the closed warehouse doors.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The side of the burning building EXPLODES OPEN and the taxi SHOOTs OUT and FLINGS itself down hard onto the parking lot outside, CHARGING ahead, tires melting.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Blinded by heavy smoke and roaring flames, Montgomery jerks the wheel and manages to turn the car in the direction of:

THE HUDSON RIVER

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The helicopter touches down. Harlan steps out, watching as the taxi, completely engulfed in flames, escapes the firestorm and drives straight through a divider and --

-- GOES FLYING OFF THE ROAD, vomiting metal and IMPACTING the Hudson, SPLASHING DOWN!

INT. TAXI - SAME

Montgomery is JERKED forward, air SLAMMED out of him.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - SAME

The taxi gets swallowed up in an eruption of bubbles which douses the fire.

UNDERWATER:

The cab sinks, headlights dimming in murkier depths.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Dashboard lights glow eerie as they submerge. River water floods inside. Montgomery swims out through the broken windshield.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Where there was once smoke, there's now water.

Filling up.

Rising fast.

Alison cocks back her head, breathing in whatever air she has left before --

-- the water level rises and she's completely submerged.

UNDERWATER:

Montgomery swims around to the trunk and tries PULLING it open but it won't budge.

INT. TRUNK - SAME

Alison, holding her breath, closes her eyes, barely hanging on.

UNDERWATER:

Montgomery continues to try to pry the trunk loose when:

HARLAN

PLUNGES into the river and SWIMS down to Montgomery.

He draws his .38, aims it at the trunk and FIRES. There's a muffled BANG and the lid POPS OPEN, revealing Alison.

Montgomery tries to pull her out but sees her legs are still CHAINED to the floor.

Harlan directs the gun at the cuff. He FIRES AGAIN and the bullet SPARKS the chain, BREAKING IT!

She floats free. Montgomery grabs her and everyone swims up.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Montgomery, Alison and Harlan BURST to the surface. Montgomery rips the tape off her mouth and she draws in much needed air. A spotlight shines down on them.

ANOTHER CHOPPER

circles over them, surveying as they bob up and down in the water, catching their breaths.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Organized chaos. FOUR FIRE ENGINES work to put out the dying blaze while POLICE and FBI OFFICIALS try to sort everything out.

A PARAMEDIC tends to Alison, body wrapped tightly in a police-issued blanket, visibly shaken by her ordeal.

She looks around through the sea of emergency workers and bystanders, searching desperately for:

HER FATHER

who she finds on a stretcher being loaded onto an ambulance, face blackened with soot.

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME

Montgomery looks up to see Harlan walking over as a paramedic bandages his leg wound and prepares him for transport.

HARLAN

First time getting shot?

Montgomery nods, not exactly sure how Harlan's gonna treat him here.

HARLAN

Itches a bit, doesn't it?

MONTGOMERY

Kinda, yeah.

Pause.

HARLAN

Good.

With that, Harlan smiles, turns and walks away.

PARAMEDIC

We're good to go here.

The paramedic shuts the doors and a beat later -- KNOCK, KNOCK -- someone HITS their fist up against it. The doors open and we see it's:

ALISON

standing outside.

ALISON

Can I come with you?

Montgomery nods -- no problem at all -- and she climbs on board, taking a seat beside her dad.

The paramedic locks the doors behind her and the ambulance drives off.

Alison looks over at Montgomery, flashing a heart warming smile as she takes his hand. He stares back, grinning.

This is the moment he's been waiting ten years for.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The ambulance pulls away, father and daughter reunited inside, as smoke coils up into the starlit sky.

FADE OUT.

THE END