

CONTINUED:

30

THE BROKEN WINDOW

Glass missing. He leans out. A dizzying drop. A halo of broken glass on the alley below...in the center of which is a big blank spot.

FANNING

Fuck.

And he produces his police radio and we realize he's a cop.

INT. CAB, TRAVELING - MAX - NIGHT

31

Max winds his way through surface-street traffic, in shock, sneaking anxious glances at Vincent in back. Vincent's got the tablet PC from his briefcase, studying it. The silence is thick.

Max's hand is shaking. He lifts it off the wheel, tries to steady his fingers. Vincent diverts some attention to Max...

VINCENT (O.S.)

Try deep breathing.

MAX

What?

VINCENT

Adrenaline's wearing off. You get shaky after. Some people slip into shock. It's not uncommon. Deep breathing helps.

Max starts drawing in breaths, letting them out slowly.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Is that better?

MAX

I think so.

They stop at a RED LIGHT. Max glances at the passenger seat. Dressing and stray pieces of lettuce and mortadella. He parks the gearshift and goes for the paper towels, cleaning up.

Vincent over the tablet PC, taking in Max. Softly:

*

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT
What are you doing?

MAX
It's a mess.

VINCENT
So?

Max keeps wiping, as if getting the seats clean might put everything right again.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Lady Macbeth. Leave the seats. The light's green. We're sitting here.

A CAR HORN HONKS behind Max. The car whips around them to get through the intersection.

DRIVER
Asshole!

VINCENT
You no longer have the cleanest cab in La-La Land. You gotta live with that. Focus on the job. Drive. *

Right. Max puts the car in gear and proceeds.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
(checks the PC)
7565 Fountain. You know it?

MAX
West Hollywood.

VINCENT
(checks his watch)
How long, you figure?

Max has to force himself to concentrate:

MAX
Seventeen minutes. Why?

Silence from the back. Max into the rearview, realizing:

MAX (CONT'D)
Oh. Oh, no. You're kidding. We...

VINCENT
I told you we had other stops to make tonight.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

You said you were visiting friends!

VINCENT

They're somebody's friends...

(changes display)

You drive a cab. I make my rounds.
We both do our jobs, you might make it
through the night and come out seven
hundred bucks ahead.

MAX

I...I'm not trying to piss you off,
see? Okay? But I can't drive you
around so you can murder people...
Man, that's not my job...

VINCENT

Tonight it is.

MAX

You don't get it. I mean it. Really.
I'm not up for this...

Vincent realizes Max is on the verge of panic.

VINCENT

You are stressed. I understand that.
Keep breathing. Stay calm.

Max starts deep-breathing again, exhaling slowly. Vincent stows
the PC.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Are you breathing?

MAX

Yes.

VINCENT

Good. What else calms you down?
Candy? Cigarettes? Breathe.

MAX

Music.

VINCENT

Play music.

Max turns on the CD. SOFT CLASSICAL.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Chopin prelude. Stodgy.

(Max nods)

Here's the deal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You were gonna drive me around and never be the wiser. But because of El Gordo's high dive, we're into Plan B. Still breathing?

(beat)

Now. We have to make the best of it. Improvise. Adapt to the environment. Darwin. "Shit happens." The I Ching...whatever. Roll with it...

*

MAX

I Ching? You threw a man out a window!

VINCENT

I didn't throw him, he fell.

MAX

What'd he do to you?

VINCENT

Nothing. I only met him one time.

MAX

Then how can you kill him like that?

VINCENT

I should only kill people after I get to know 'em?

(off Max's look)

Six billion people on the planet and you get bent out of shape 'cause of one fat guy?

MAX

Who, who was he?

VINCENT

What do you care? Ever hear of Rwanda?

MAX

Rwanda. Yeah.

*

VINCENT

Tens of thousands killed before sundown. Nobody's killed people that fast since Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Did you bat an eye, Max? Did you join Amnesty International, Oxfam or something? No.

(off Max's silence)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I off one Angeleno, you throw a hissy fit...

Max stops at another RED LIGHT.

MAX

I don't know Rwandans.

VINCENT

You don't know the guy in the trunk, either.

(beat)

If it makes you feel any better, he was a criminal involved in a Continuing Criminal Enterprise.

MAX

Oh, that makes it okay, then. 'Cause all you're doing is taking out the garbage...

*
*

VINCENT

Something like that...

(distracted)

What you need to remember is that nobody gets out of this alive. Even if we quit smoking. Cut out red meat. Everybody dies...

Suddenly -- A BRILLIANT GLARE OF FLASHING LIGHTS stabs at the cab. Max sees --

-- an LAPD CRUISER behind the cab. The ROOFTOP LIGHTS FLASHING...

COP #1 (P.A.)

Please pull the vehicle over to the curb.

Max complies. A second bright beam lights up the interior. TWO UNIFORMED COPS emerge from the patrol car. Faceless silhouettes, approaching cautiously.

VINCENT

(low)

Get rid of 'em.

MAX

How?

VINCENT

You're a cabby. Talk yourself out of a ticket.

The cops are now circling to either side of the cab, using Maglite FLASHLIGHTS.

(CONTINUED)