

11A EXT. INT.
CAB

11A

The woman, ANNIE FARRELL, enters the cab. Everything about her says "serious professional" from her suit to her briefcase and purse. Still on her cell, her attention is focused on the call.

ANNIE

...no, the transcriptions need to be
done by seven a.m.. Period. Okay?

*
*

MAX

How ya' doin'? Where to?

ANNIE

Downtown. 312 North Spring Street. Take
Sepulveda to Slauson to La Brea. La Brea
north to 6th into downtown.

Max pulls away from the curb, starts the meter and turns left.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(into cell phone) So you'll be up
late. I'm pulling an all-nighter, too.
Save the tears.

*

She ends the call, starts to check her voicemail on her phone.
Max's eyes in the rearview mirror...

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED (2)

MAX

I'll take 105 east and up the 110.
It's faster.

ANNIE

(doesn't look at him)
What?

MAX

(louder)
105 to the 110 is faster.

ANNIE

110 turns into a parking lot around
USC.

MAX

This late, the 110 is moving, but La
Brea north of the Santa Monica *is*
jammed.

*
*
*

ANNIE

110 north of the 10 you get people going
to Pasadena and they drive slow.

*
*

MAX

That's why I jump off at Grand.

(looks at her)

But, hey, surface streets *is* cool.
That's what you want, that's what we
do...

*

*

Annie looks up for the first time. Skeptically...

ANNIE

Are we taking bets? What if you're
wrong?

MAX

Your ride is free.

ANNIE

You got yourself a deal.

12 EXT. OLYMPIC BLVD. - DUSK TO NIGHT

12

Max's cab maneuvers easily through light traffic past golf
driving ranges.

13 INT. CAB - DUSK TO NIGHT

13

Annie glances up from a legal brief, noticing the lack of
traffic.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

Go ahead, say it. Go ahead.

MAX

...lucky with the lights.

ANNIE

You weren't "lucky with the lights."
What you were was right. I was wrong. .

*

.
(glances at his license)
. . . Max.

She sets the brief aside, eyes tired anyway. She notices the
MUSIC playing faintly up front. Bach's "Air on a G String."

ANNIE (CONT'D) You
mind turning this up?

Max doesn't mind at all. He tweaks the volume up. heAnnie leans
head back to listen, closes her eyes.

MAX

You like Bach?

ANNIE

(nods) I used
to play school. this piece in high

MAX

Let me guess. Woodwinds?

ANNIE

(smiles)
Viola. I never had the lungs for wind
instruments.

MAX

Could'a fooled me, the way you were
unloading into that cell phone.

ANNIE

(laughs)
Different instrument...
(beat)
You know, if you'd only listened to me,
we'd be all bogged down in traffic right
now, and you would have made an extra five
bucks.

MAX

Yeah? Keep it. Buy yourself
something. Go wild.

(CONTINUED)

13 INT. CAB - DUSK TO NIGHT

13

Annie glances up from a legal brief, noticing the lack of traffic.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

(off his silence)

A gentleman. I thought chivalry was a
necessary casualty of gender
politics...

MAX

Not a big thing, you know...?

ANNIE

How many cabbies get you into an
argument to save you money?

MAX

There were two of us. I killed the
other guy. I don't like
competition...

She's charmed by his deadpan.

ANNIE

You take pride in...being the best at
what you do...? *

MAX

This?

(hesitates)

This is temporary. You know. Pays the
bills. I fill in with this. I WILL be
the best at what I do, but that's
something else. *

ANNIE

What else?

MAX

I'm setting up something... *

ANNIE

Like tell me...?

MAX

...limo company I'm putting together.
Island Limousines. An island on
wheels. So I'm part-timing until I get
delivery, Benzes off leases, work up my
client lists, staff up, all that... *

An uncomfortable beat. He turns the conversation back to her:

MAX (CONT'D)

You like being a lawyer?

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE
You psychic?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

I'm starting an 800 hotline.

(off her look)

Caught your phone call. And even if I hadn't, there's the dark pinstripe. Elegant, not too hip, which rules out advertising, plus a top drawer briefcase, that you live out of, purse looks like a Bodega...

*
*
*

ANNIE

(laughs)

Bottega.

MAX

~

...Bottega. Guy gets in my cab with a machete? I figure he's a sushi chef. You? Clarence Darrow.

Annie can't help laughing.

ANNIE

Not quite. He worked defense. I'm a prosecutor...

MAX

Big case?

ANNIE

Yeah.

14 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING (NOT 312 SPRING STREET) - DOWNTOWN - 14 DUSK

Max's cab slides in to the curb. Beat. Still a lot of pedestrian and car traffic, people heading home for the night.

15 INT. CAB - ANNIE'S 15

smile fades as she gazes up at her building, some anxiety comes back.

ANNIE

You got us here fast...

She digs in her purse for the fare.

MAX

You never answered my question. You like what you do?

ANNIE

(hedging)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

But not right now. . . ?

ANNIE

(nods) No, I do...like I can't wait.
...I love standing up in that courtroom.

(hesitates)

At the same time...I always get this
clenched-up thing the night before the
first day...

MAX

Clenched-up how...?

ANNIE

(beat)

I think I'm gonna lose. I think I suck. I
think my case sucks. I haven't prepared
enough. My exhibits aren't in order.
People are gonna figure out that I don't
know what I'm doin'. And I've had this
charade going for years. I represent the
Department of Justice of the United
States government and my opening
statement is gonna fall flat at the
really important point and the jury's
gonna laugh at me.

(beat)

Then I cry... I don't throw-up. A lot of
people throw-up. I have a strong stomach.

(beat)

Then I get it together. And rewrite my
opening statement. Work the exhibits. For
the rest of the night. That's my routine.

(looks up with a smile)

In the morning, it starts. I'm fine.

Max is focused on her eyes.

MAX

You need a vacation.

ANNIE

(faint smile)

I just had...a vacation. On tt the
the Harbor Freeway.

She takes money out of her purse.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

No. Not in a cab. You need your head straight, gotta get your unified self up, get harmonic...you know...

ANNIE

When was the last time you took a break?

MAX

I take little ones all the time.

ANNIE

How often?

MAX Dozen

times a day.

He flips the visor down, revealing the postcard of white beaches, clear green water. It's the first time he's shared this with anybody:

MAX (CONT'D)

Maldives Islands. It gets heavy, I take five. Go there.

(CONTINUED)

On impulse, he slips the postcard free and offers it to her.

*

ANNIE

No, I couldn't take that...I couldn't.

MAX

Yes, you could. You need it more than I do.
(off her hesitation)
It helps. I promise.

She accepts the postcard, surprised and touched. lingers on his for a moment. She holds it. Her gaze

ANNIE

Wow. Thanks for everything, Max...

MAX

Sure thing.

She gets out of the cab, starts to walk away...

...but turns back, ducking into the cab's window. Looking a bit flustered, she pulls a business card and offers it to him.

ANNIE

In case you ever...I don't know...wanna start an investigation of a Fortune 500 company or argue cab routes or something...

d with that, she goes towards the three assistants waiting for h~outside the revolving door. Max is left somewhat stunned, hold-er card. He glances down at it:

~~ASSISTANT ANNIE FARRELL
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
CENTRAL ATTORNEY GENERAL DIVISION
DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA~~

Meanwhile... BUILDING, GARAGE - DOOR

15A INT. FEDERAL

15A

*

A hand punches a seq e of numbers into keypad. The garage is visible. BUILDING - VINCENT he DUSH unlocks. We see is 16 vincent who walks into the el interior staircase* from the age.

16

*

em7~ from the interior staircase into the lobby in his go su~with the expensive briefcase. Casually, he glances to his ght. We don't know why...

(CONTINUED)