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# Down

By Ken Nolan

Ok, showtime.  
It's my quarter. Come on, I...  
Oh boy, this is really something.  
-Well, let me see.  
Gimme another quarter. Thank the Lord  
for making babies like this.  
Is she nude?  
-She's taking her bra off.  
Ah, boy,  
I'm gonna need a bigger telescope.  
Come on, gimme another quarter.  
-This is my last one.  
She's taking her panties off.  
Whoa, there's two of 'em.  
What, two panties?  
-Two women, you dumbhead.  
They're getting down on him  
both of them.  
Oh, let me look, let me look.  
-Ok, ok. Hurry up, it's gonna rain.  
Where are they? Fuck!  
-You moved the telescope.  
To the left, to the left. Oh, oh,  
I got 'em. I got 'em! Oh, fuck!  
Oh look, gimme a quarter.  
-I don't have any quarters.  
Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck!  
-That's right, use your imagination.  
Six five, come in, please.  
-Yeah? Six five, Andy, here. What's up?  
What's your position, six five?  
-On the observatory deck on the 86th.  
We can't see you on the monitor.  
Check the camera, will you?  
Ah, oh yeah, I see what's wrong.  
Some joker put a plastic bag over it.  
Damn tourists.  
Can you see me now?  
-Yes, we can, thanks.  
They were watching those hookers again.  
-Must be Thursday then. How time flies.  
God.  
Next time bring more quarters.  
-Next time I want to see that ass, too.

Whoa, that was a big one. Any damage?  
-No, everything seems fine.  
I hope you're right.  
Next stop the sixty-sixth.  
They've got a very interesting  
collection of Swedish videos down there.  
I'm not talking Ingmar Bergman either.  
Well, who's Ingmar Bergman?  
-An actor. Hey, wait here a minute.  
I gotta take a piss.  
-Yeah, he was in... ''Casablanca''.  
Oh yeah, that's right.  
Hey.  
Stop it!  
Oh. Fucking doors.  
Ah, hey, if I tell you to stay open,  
stay open!  
What the fuck did you do?  
-I don't know, I...  
Look at your flashlight.  
-It was the elevator.  
Oh no. Watch out.  
-You watch out. You know,  
one of these days I'm gonna poison  
your donut. Are you coming or what?  
Yeah, sure.  
-Your mother sure ate a lot of red meat  
when she was pregnant. The elevator  
did it, how dumb can you get?  
Hello?  
Hey, Jeff.  
-What the fuck are you doing there?  
You couldn't make it to the front door?  
-They stole my keys.  
Couldn't find them anywhere.  
-Those with the Porsche key-ring?  
Yeah, those.  
-Here.  
Now hurry up. We're late as it is.  
-Where d'you find them? Oh my God,  
you have no idea how long I was looking.  
-I'm sure, I'm sure, Mark,  
at least 2 minutes. Come on, move your  
ass. The bus is leaving in 2 more.

I'm going,  
I'll break the speed limit, man.  
Hey, I'll be faster than lightning  
on steroids, ok? Ok, be right there.  
You look like shit. Smell it, too.  
Must be my aftershave.  
-So, the 2 of you have a fight again?  
Who says, we're fighting all the time?  
-Ah, just a hunch.  
Where are we going?  
-Village. Just routine check-ups today.  
Exciting.  
-Just be grateful I found you this job.  
Hey, I am grateful. The first few months  
aren't all that exciting, that's all.  
I wouldn't complain if I were you.

**-He says to me:**

in the world, kid, you know, I'm gonna  
help you out.' ' I just didn't think  
that meant riding elevators all days.  
-If you don't like it, then quit. Ok?  
All right.  
-Go back to fixing Coke machines.  
Ok, all right, my head is killing me.  
I like this job. What makes you think I,  
for real, don't like this job?  
-My ass is on the line. Don't fuck up.  
I won't. I solemnly swear.  
In fact, I'm gonna become elevator  
mechanic of the year for you.  
It's eight forty-five on WNYC.  
Time for a news and weather update.  
Flooding, caused by heavy rain showers,  
was reported in the Brooklyn area.  
Air traffic at Kennedy Airport  
was delayed for more than one hour,  
due to a failure in the radar system.  
The cause has yet to be established.  
An investigation is under way.  
Meteorologists say that last night  
a record number of lightning strikes  
were counted.  
Here you are, sweetie.

...otherwise, I've gotta go on  
to meet these people.  
Come on, man. Careful.  
Thank you, ma'am.  
Hit it. Hit the button. Going up.  
Morning, guys.  
Thanks for taking over for me.  
There was a traffic jam.  
-No problem, I had to wait anyway.  
The wife's upstairs taking her class.  
-Right. A little Freddie coming up.  
Yeah, 32nd week.  
Breathe in, breathe out.  
Up nice and slowly.  
Ok, that's it for today.  
See you ladies next week.  
Bye. He's been kicking  
like hell all week now.  
Sounds like his father.  
-I'm sure glad he's not around any more.  
Well, this is the easiest pregnancy  
I've ever had. He's asleep all day.  
Are you sure you're pregnant?  
-Yeah, or this must be a tumor.  
Listen to you. You are so bad.  
I can't believe you.  
Well, I'm not looking forward  
to delivery day, I can tell you that.  
Think of all women on the country.  
-Yeah, we are the lucky ones.  
My we are going fast, aren't we?  
-Yeah, is this normal?  
Oops, we got a problem.  
-One of the express elevators again.  
What do you mean, again?  
-Something wrong with those lights.  
nothing wrong. It'll stop flashing.  
Are you sure? My wife always uses them.  
-Mark my words.  
Let me call maintenance.  
See, what did I tell ya?  
They spend millions on those elevators.  
They can't even buy a decent lamp.  
What the hell happened?

-We're stuck.  
We were going too fast. -Everybody, ok?  
-I think I've sprained my ankle.  
Push the alarm.  
-Hello? It's dead. It's dead!  
Strange, no network.  
-What are we gonna do?  
Let's just take it easy now. I'm sure  
they know by now that we're stuck.  
Yeah, your husband works here, right?  
-Yeah, he'll have us out in no time.  
Don't worry.  
They play like wimps. Guys like that  
give basketball a bad name.  
They'll beat the Knicks with their eyes  
closed and hand tied behind their back.  
Duane here. What?  
Which one?  
No. Nothing here.  
Between twenty-one and twenty-two?  
Ok.  
-What?  
They must've fixed that light.  
It's getting hot in here.  
-Yeah, well there's no air.  
Help. Someone out there, we're stuck.  
-Are you sure they know we're in here?  
Yeah, of course. Don't worry.  
We're on 22. Did you cut the power?  
-Doing it now.  
Cut. Safety system's taking over.  
-We're going to open the doors now.  
My wife took that elevator.  
-Don't worry. They get them out now.  
Are you sure this is the right key?  
-Well, it fits, doesn't it?  
Yeah, but it doesn't work. Don't tell me  
that's what your wife said last night.  
It's like a sauna in here.  
-This can't be right. -Get us out.  
Someone out there, let me out.  
-It's no use, they can't hear us.  
I want out, let me out. -Oh, great.  
-If that doesn't get their attention.

Turn that damned alarm off! Shut it off!

-I can't!

Oh my God.

-Oh my God.

Eh?

-No.

Duane. We have a problem with the doors.

-What kind of problem?

The doors are stuck. I dunno,  
we have to think of something else.

You got the right key?

-Course!

Fuck.

Are you crazy?

-My wife's pregnant!

We do that. There's no need to panic.

-I'm not panicking. Get out the way.

Give me that axe. Fuck.

-What the fuck?

Tim, it's going down!

Excuse me!

Duane, it's Tim, the elevator's  
going down. I thought  
you cut the power.

-I did. I don't know what's happening.

I'll alert lobby security.

-Copy that. The express elevator.

We'll buy them all a cup of coffee.

Mitch. Excuse me.

Two over easy, comin' up.

-Lou, give me a poke in a boat  
and float it, Joe. -Here you go.

-Ah, thanks, Peggy. -Hey, you.

Something wrong, sir?

-Yeah, you can say that again.

What's the problem?

-3 hamburgers, 24 dollars. What,  
you think I am too dumb to notice?

-Sorry. We need to fix the register.

Register my ass. Now, you're trying  
to pull a fast one on me, ain't you?

Hey! She said she was sorry.

You shouldn't talking to her like that.

-What? -You're out of line, man.

-It's all right, Mark.  
Shut your fucking mouth, you moron.  
-What?  
What? Must be a deaf moron.  
-You got a big mouth.  
Mark, your pastrami's getting cold.  
-Yeah. Fuck off, dickhead.  
Come on, come on.  
-Your bill. The coffee's on the house.  
Why d'you stop me? I could take him.  
-The guy's bigger than you are.  
He needed to be taught a lesson.  
-We're not in the Marines any more.  
Oh, and what did we do at Desert Storm?  
-We fought small guys wearing big shoes.  
Next time just stay out of my affairs.  
I can handle myself. -All right.  
Hey. Next time, I want your opinion,  
I'll rattle your cage.  
All right, that's it.  
You better have insurance, pal.  
I don't need insurance. You do.  
-Damn right.  
Why didn't you help me, man?  
-Well, I figured you're a grown man.  
Are you ok? -There's a ringing.  
-My phone.  
I'll get you an aspirin.  
-Jeff here. Right.  
Hey, we got an emergency.  
-It's ok, she's getting me an aspirin.  
No, I'm not talking about you, I mean  
the Millennium Building. -Oh, what?  
You know that big building. You know,  
New York's most famous landmark.  
Right, I know, and it's very high.  
-Yeah, most skyscrapers are.  
Now, come on get on your feet.  
I hope you didn't forget how to walk.  
Chip.  
-What?  
My computer's acting weird.  
You mean like me when I asked you out?  
-Worse.



Impossible. Looks like a virus.  
Oh shit, not now.  
Nail the bastard, will ya?  
-Yeah, let me see what I can do.  
Nice warm seat.  
-It's the closest you'll get.  
Yeah... ok...  
You want some coffee?  
-No. I feel like a cappuccino machine.  
Well, I'm gonna have some.  
Miss Evans. Get your pretty ass  
over to the Millennium Building.  
Why?  
-An elevator got stuck with sick women.  
I'm working on that piece for women's  
voting rights. -When was that?  
Bit after the fact, isn't it?  
Yeah, but I think it's import...  
-No buts, I want 400 words by 6.  
And make it juicy.  
-I'll pee on them.  
Hey, Barney, what happened here?  
-Many women got stuck in an elevator  
or something. That must be the last one  
now. Poor woman. -Freddy?  
I'm right here, honey.  
-Where's my baby?  
There were babies?  
-Not when they got in. Where you going?  
What's your name, ma'am? No you can  
talk to me, I'm a nurse.  
Was it a boy or a girl?  
-I'm not gonna do you any favors.  
Hey, relax. I'm just doing my job.  
They gave birth?  
-Two of them. There was also something  
about the air-conditioning.  
It got so hot, they almost suffocated.  
Well, they sure looked pale to me.  
This is your man.  
Hi.  
-I'm Dunkins. Maintenance chief.  
Terrible thing that happened here.  
-Don't blame us for this birth wave.

No. It was the choice of God to give life in a stuck elevator. Who knows? All I know, it's to get these elevators up and run again as soon as possible. Where did it get stuck?

-Between 21 and 22. Doors were locked. Just came down by itself?

-Yeah. After we cut the power. Normally we don't call you people in for stuck elevator. We're trained for this. Getting the people out, getting the cars running again. Most of the time it's little things like a fuse or something.

-The air-conditioner seems to be ok. Yeah, that's what I noticed.

-We need a good explanation for this. It's expensive, even if they sue us.

-They are from the elevator company. Milligan, I'm the manager. Well, what's the verdict? How soon can we get this elevator back in action?

-Within the hour, I'd say. Quick. I want a full report.

-No problem, sir. Nice guy.

-These express elevators carry over money when they're out of order. Let's get started before he deducts it from our pay cheque. Tim take you up to the engine room.

-Fine, let's go. Mark, are you coming? Yeah.

Jeez, this is high.

-You're afraid of heights, are ya? I am. I... just left that off the application.

Oh, falcons.

-The city has brought them in to keep the pigeon population down. They love it here. Something to do with the thermals. Here we are.

Hey, terrible thing what happened to your colleague, that Polish guy... Kowalski.

-Yeah, couldn't believe it.  
He was such a cheerful fellow, then  
committing suicide the way he did...  
You never really know someone.  
-Yeah, I guess that's true.  
I don't know much about computers, but  
there was a lot of lightning last night.  
We counted 4 strikes.  
-Lightning struck the control unit?  
It's a possibility, ain't it?  
-We have here the latest technology,  
electrostatic fields or radiation  
fucking up no more computers today.  
Well, you're the experts.  
-Yeah, that's right.  
I'll leave you. If you need anything  
call 9-0-0. -Yeah, we will, thanks.  
You pissed him off.  
-Of course I did.  
No-one tells me to do or to look for.  
-What if he was right?  
About the lightning?  
-If, we ain't gonna admit it.  
We're the experts, right? All right,  
express elevators, G-bank,  
here it is. Ok, you go over the car,  
the air-co, the alarm system  
the door-locking mechanism, the wiring.  
-Why don't I check his police record?  
I'll check this boxes and this baby.  
-See you down there.  
I hope you're not planning on spending  
the rest of afternoon on that air-co.  
I can't find a thing.  
Ah, they'll be happy to hear that.  
What is that?  
-It's just a draught.  
A draught?  
-This baby here is over 1.000 feet high.  
You can get a temperature difference  
of more than 30 degrees. Believe me,  
it can storm up there.  
-Well, next time I'll bring my umbrella.  
Let's go. Tell them they can turn it on.

-Second. What are we gonna report?  
Report that everything's fine.  
-And if they wanna know, what it was?  
So I'll make 'em happy and I'll say, one  
of the switches needed a drop of oil.  
Ah, fuck shit. I dropped my wallet.  
-Would you hurry up.  
Did it? Did one of the switches  
need a drop of oil?  
No. So we give 'em something minor,  
so they can sleep at night.  
Man, you got a lot to learn.  
Come on, let's go. You got everything?  
Keys, your credit cards, your rubbers?  
-Yeah, I'm all set.  
Hey, you still got time to buy flowers.  
-Flowers? What flowers?  
Thanks, Tracy. I'm sure  
you did a nice job again.  
I hope your wife likes it, Mr. Faith.  
-I think she'll be too busy to notice,  
with all those guests.  
-Don't blame her. You don't celebrate  
your 25th wedding anniversary every day.  
With the wash it totals 66,50. Thanks.  
It's a pity this is your last day here.  
I always enjoyed your company.  
I'll miss you.  
-I'll miss you too, Mr. Faith.  
Can I look at you one last time?  
-Of course.  
I've think you've seen enough.  
-You're so beautiful, Tracy.  
Here is your credit card  
and your receipt.  
Thanks, Tracy.  
Good luck with the new job.  
For you a pleasant wedding anniversary.  
-I will, thanks.  
Come on, Buster.  
Green hair? Are you nuts?  
-The dirty prick deserves it.  
Ah, that's quick. Come on, Buster.  
I'm sure I pressed the right button.

I guess we get company, Buster.  
Is there anybody there?  
Hello?  
I guess not.  
Is this gonna happen or what?  
Damn elevator. Come on, Buster,  
let's take one of the others.  
I'll be damned.  
Yeah, that's what I think.  
At last.  
Come on Buster.  
Don't you get difficult now.  
Hey, it's me, Mark.  
-Mark.  
Yeah, how are you doing?  
-Ok. Why are you calling?  
I just wanted to apologize, you know,  
I last night I said some things  
I didn't mean and...  
-Look, I'm really busy right now.  
Well, I just wanted to say I was sorry.  
-Can't you call back later?  
I bought you flowers.  
-Why did you do that?  
I wanna make up.  
-Mark...  
Hey, open up.  
-Open up?  
I'm outside. I'm...  
-You're what?  
Surprise.  
-Oh, Jesus, Mark, I...  
Are you gonna keep me waiting out here  
all day? Come on, I said I was sorry.  
Here you go.  
-Mark, you shouldn't have come.  
I know, well your clothes. You're  
sleeping. I mean, were you asleep?  
Oops. I'm sorry.  
-I...  
I'm sorry, Mark.  
-No, it's cool. I'm sure you are.  
I didn't all, all that stuff  
I just said, I was just joking,

I'll talk to ya.  
I mean, what did I do wrong? Look at me.  
Basically, I'm a very nice guy.  
Mark, this bitch isn't it worth, ok?  
-That's your sister.  
Half-sister. The cheating half.  
-This obviously wasn't your lucky day.  
No. And I'm not even gonna go into that,  
what happened at the Millennium Building  
because, you're pregnant and all.  
-Ah, Jeff told me. What a horror story.  
You're complaining how dull this job is.  
-I take it back.  
Waitress, the same, please.  
-Mark, haven't you had enough?  
So what? Come on, I'm fine.  
-Getting drunk's not gonna help you.  
You're just gonna feel sick tomorrow.  
-So what? It's our day off tomorrow.  
No, we're on standby tomorrow.  
-That's what I call a day off.  
If there's an emergency, they call us.  
And I don't want you drunk on the job.  
Thank you. Hey. Cheers. To the exciting  
life of an elevator repair man.  
Damn. I tripped.  
-What?  
Why can't you watch where you're going?  
-Well, why can't we put on the lights?  
'cause we're not supposed to be here,  
jerk. Here. Better check it.  
It may be poisoned.  
-Poisoned?  
Yes. We don't want Directors dropping  
dead in their chairs tomorrow now, yes?  
Well, why would someone poison it?  
-They wouldn't, you asshole, I'm joking.  
You are?  
-Six five, come in, please.  
Six five, Andy here. What's up?  
-Yeah, what's your position, six five?  
We're on the forty-fourth.  
-An express elevators is moving up.  
Yeah, well, maybe the cleaners?

-We don't got cleaners in that part.  
And, all the offices should be closed.  
-What floor is it going to?  
It's just passed 24th still going up.  
-We'll have a look.  
Come on.  
What do you think, burglars or...  
-Probably just some asshole  
forgot to check in.  
-Wait. It's stopped at your floor.  
Yeah, yeah, we're almost there.  
-Doors are opening. No-one's coming out.  
Careful. We didn't see anyone come out.  
Fuck, fuck. Why can't you watch  
where you're going?  
I'm sorry, I just...  
-It's stopped at forty.  
Roger. Come on, we'll take the stairs.  
Is it still on forty?  
-Yes. Doors open. Subjects still inside.  
Do you guys want back-up?  
-No. We can handle this. Ok, ok.  
Now watch where you're going.  
Don't alarm him again.  
I didn't do anything. I...  
-It's going up again.  
Yeah, I can see that. You guys aren't  
fucking with us down there? Not funny.  
We're not!  
It's stopped again on forty-four.  
I'm not running up and down.  
-Hey, my flashlight.  
Whoa.  
I'll be damned.  
-Look, careful.  
Don't go too far.  
Hey, Andy, I don't like this.  
Jesus fucking Christ...  
-What?  
There's a dog down there.  
-Dog? What kind of dog?  
I don't know what kind of dog.  
What kind of dumb question...  
Fuck.

Help me, god dammit. Get me out!  
Turn your head and wrench it out.  
-I ain't fucking Houdini!  
Who's Houdini?  
-Six five, what are you doing?  
He's stuck between the doors!  
-He's stuck between the doors?  
Come on, shouldn't we get them back-up?  
Oh damn the elevator.  
Jesus. The elevator. It's coming!  
-What? Andy...  
Gary, it's stopped.  
Should I... Do you want me to...  
-Where are you?  
Gary?  
God, help me. Do something!  
The 3 express elevators have been closed  
down since this morning leaving hundreds  
of tourists stranded outside building.  
Only people employed here can enter.  
The police have not disclosed anything  
about the cause of these accidents  
which have killed one visitor and one  
security guard. Unconfirmed rumors also  
mention a dog among the victims.  
We'll back soon with more information.  
This is Tina reporting live  
from the Millennium Building.  
I don't like elevators.  
Fact is, I hate them.  
Anything below ten floors I walk.  
-This city must really wear you out.  
Do you have any idea how many people  
get stuck in elevators every year? Hm?  
I don't know. 100? 200? 1,000?  
in this country. That's a fact.  
It's too early to say that we're  
dealing with a mechanical malfunction.  
We have never had a problem before.  
-You're very, very lucky.  
People fall down empty shafts all time.  
Or they get their limbs caught between  
the cars. Doesn't make the headlines.  
That's why you never read about it.



Tell that all to those journalists.  
-This one is much more spectacular.  
Decapitations don't happen that much.  
They capture people's imagination.  
Security reported someone in here.  
Did you find any evidence for that?  
The security guard, that witnessed the  
accident, but he fellow's in shock.  
Is barely coherent, doctors don't know,  
when he'll be able to make a statement.  
So, it's very possible there was some  
unauthorized person in the building.  
An invisible man? The video doesn't show  
anybody ever entering or leaving.  
Elevators can't operate by themselves.  
-That's a fair assumption.  
I'm no expert, but couldn't somebody  
be playing with the controls?  
You mean one of our employees?  
-Forensics hasn't found a trace.  
Bullshit. The guards can be fully  
trusted. They've been with us for years.  
If you say so.  
-Those elevator mechanics,  
when can we expect a report from them?  
-Well, I figure any minute now.  
Finished?  
-Yeah, for now.  
I got you a coffee.  
-Thank you.  
Is it true what they say?  
-About what?  
More people die in elevator accidents  
than in plane crashes. -I wouldn't know.  
Uncle of mine got stuck last week for  
nine hours. Him and eight others.  
Had to pee and shit in the corner. Fella  
got sick, threw up all over the place.  
My uncle said he'd have died of the  
smell long before he'd have starved.  
Something wrong with the coffee?  
Are you ok?  
-Yeah, I'm all right.  
It's like my stomach's not though.

-So, what's the problem?  
Just a wild night.  
-Like that elevator?  
Who's your tailor?  
-It'll shrink in the wash.  
You're a reporter, aren't you?  
-Yeah. Jennifer Evans, 'Morning Post'.  
You guys'll do anything for a sleazy  
story. -I'm not a guy.  
Shit. Fuck off.  
Tell me what's wrong with the elevator?  
-Nothing is wrong with the elevator.  
A guy fell down the shaft another one  
was decapitated. That's nothing?  
Hey, we all have our bad days.  
-And the pregnant women yesterday, too?  
Elevators like to kill people.  
It's common knowledge,  
-Oh, come on, be serious.  
I don't say anything. Not allowed.  
-Just give me some facts, will ya?  
You want money?  
-Just clean the toilet, will ya?  
-Hey, you there. -That's her?  
-I'm with him. -I don't know her.  
We were just in the toilet together.  
-Sure you were, now you're going back.  
But he raped me. No,  
officer arrest that man!  
Get off!  
-Well, you got taste.  
You find anything?  
-Doors work smooth as a baby.  
I don't understand.  
-Yeah. Nothing wrong with the computer,  
I checked everything twice.  
-Maybe I overlooked something.  
Sometimes you don't see the obvious.  
-Nah. You didn't overlook anything.  
It's just one of those things.  
It's like aeroplanes going down  
and no-one ever finds out why.  
-That's another thing that worries me.  
Stop it, it's bad for your heart. Come,

let's tell them what they want to hear.  
Yeah.

You're saying there's nothing wrong with those elevators and that it's perfectly safe for the public to ride them?

-Yes. We checked everything thoroughly. We didn't encounter any problems.

-Lieutenant?

I won't argue with experts. Let's hope when we finish our investigation, we'll know more about these accidents.

-We're open the elevators again?

Well, if I thought there was any hazard to the public, I wouldn't allow it.

I'm glad to hear that. These gents have convinced me they're perfectly safe.

That's right. That's our conclusion.

-For the moment.

We did do the best we could consider...

-My colleague means, there's always the option of a major overhaul.

That means checking every nut and bolt. Like you guys did 3 months ago?

-Right.

Oh, no, no, we had to shut those elevators down for a whole week!

Yeah. Things like that take time. But we just did a major check 3 months ago, I don't think there's any need.

-Closing down express elevators for one week would be a financial disaster. There are 15.000 people employed here. I'm not talking about all the tourists.

-Like I said, it's not an option.

Get those elevators running again.

Are you crazy? You know, Mr. Alcohol sure put you in a talkative mood today. Major overhaul, check the whole shaft, do you have any idea what that costs?

People have been killed, Jeff. I'd like to know what's going on with all this. Let the police find out what happened.

-I just don't buy it that a blind guy forces the elevator doors open

and commits suicide with his dog.

Why not, Mark?

I would, if I had green hair.

And the security guy. How did he end up with his head stuck between the doors?

There are all kinds of safety devices to prevent that from happening man.

That's right, Mark. And they all worked perfectly when I checked them today.

What about the women yesterday?

-What?

Ok, you're arranging all this ,because I said, how dull this job was gonna be.

I don't know why all these things are happening, ok? Maybe it's a coincidence.

There's nothing wrong on our side.

And if they're gonna try to put the blame on us, I'm not gonna let them.

We want to raise the issue of safety.

Today's technology can be a blessing or a curse. We have guests in our studio and you at home can call the number on your screen with questions.

Marcia, you had a terrible experience with an elevator, didn't you?

-Yes, I did.

After the break you can tell us all and also why you still miss your father.

Everything is wrong since me and my baby parted. All day long

I'm walking 'cause I couldn't get my car started. Laid off from my job

and I can't afford to check it. I wish somebody'd come along and run into it and wreck it. Come on...

Since my baby parted. Come on...

I can't get started. Come on...

I can't afford to check it...

Hey, Mickey, look who's here.

-How does it feel to be famous?

Can I have your autograph? -What's up?

-Didn't you see the paper?

What paper?

-Mark, come to Mitchell's office. Now.

'The elevator just had a bad day'  
said one of the mechanics  
with a pale scared face.  
One out of every ten passengers  
doesn't get out of an elevator alive!  
Are those your words?  
-I... d... maybe.  
Are you fucking crazy? What kind of  
an idiot thing is that to say?  
I was joking, I didn't mean it.  
-I didn't hear anybody laughing.  
Especially on my phone. Now, we've spent  
years establishing the fact that  
elevators are one of the safest means  
of transportation. I mean, hell,  
we have to. We live in a vertical world.  
If you can't trust elevators, what the  
fuck can you trust? Now, I don't need  
stories like this. And I don't need  
the cops, inquiring about you.  
-About me?  
They read the papers too, you know.  
Wouldn't be the first time some lunatic  
pulled some spectacular stunt to get  
his ugly mug in the papers.  
This is ridiculous. I'm a suspect?  
-They wanted to know all about you.  
But, hey, what do I know?  
You've been here, what, six months?  
Nobody complained before till today.  
-I'm sorry.  
The police following every lead.  
-They think I had to do with those?  
They're wasting their time.  
-Mark, I'm not gonna fire you although  
the thought did cross my mind this  
morning, but I gotta trust Jeff on this.  
He's putting his ass on the line.  
I don't wanna get Jeff into trouble.  
-He's right, you're a good mechanic.  
But just do your fucking job, all right?  
Like, Jeff, I mean,  
he's been here two years, he works his  
ass off, he's loyal to the company,

and he believes in what he's doing.  
Now a guy like that, he can move up.  
You catch my drift?  
-I'll do my best.  
I hope you do. So, let's consider  
this just a bad mistake.  
One that'll never happen again.  
-It won't. I'll promise you that.  
Murphy? I'm not working with Jeff today?  
-Well, you can read, can't you?  
Well, yeah, but why?  
-Another job. Murphy can use some help.  
Just do as you're told.  
-Right.  
Yo, my man. I hear we partners today.  
-That's what I hear.  
I'm real glad you didn't get fired.  
-I almost got promoted.  
Holmes, you did get promoted.  
You're working for me now.  
Did Jeff grab his parking space again?  
-Who's that guy?  
Don't you know? Man, that's Steinberg,  
that German prick from research.  
Why is he a prick?  
-They feel superior to us, 'cause we out  
there doing all the work while they  
enjoying themselves in their clean labs.  
Somebody made a bad career move.  
-Well, they do get bigger  
pay cheques than us.  
-But we get to have all the fun. Right?  
Damn right.  
Kowalski, how'd he kill himself?  
-He drive his car near the East River.  
Set himself and the car on fire. Why?  
-Didn't he work on the elevators  
in the Millennium Building?  
-Yeah, right, together with Jeff.  
Come on, you don't think he had anything  
to do with those accidents now, do you?  
No, no.  
-We gotta go. We got a busy, busy day.  
Hey, where are we going?

Harlem.

-You hip, bro.

Go on, get out of the way.

Hey, what the hell are you doing?

-I don't need no ticket.

Screw you, man!

Shit!

Beat ya.

Even the smallest coin can make  
a two-inch hole in the pavement.

So please be careful.

Took a wrong turn or what?

Jesus! Oh shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

Yo, Janet. Girl,

you looking as sweet as ever.

Hello, Murphy. Who's your friend?

-This is Mark, my partner for today.

Now, what you got for today's special?

-Pork chops.

What's special about 'em?

-I sat on 'em for two hours.

Can't resist that. You want some?

According to eye-witnesses, the victim  
raced out of the elevator at high speed  
smashed through a window and fell  
eighty-six floors to his death.

Traffic was jammed for half an hour.

Police sources have told TMC

that this suicide was in no way related  
to last week's accidents.

Gimme the car keys. Now, come on.

-You left something in the car? Janet,  
listen, man, I'm missing you already.

Yo. Mark.

Damn. Come on, Mark,

we ain't got no business here.

No-one is allowed into the building.

-I'm from the elevator repair company.

Please wait outside, sir.

-What's going on?

I cannot tell you that. They're giving  
a statement to the press. -Where?

Outside, sir.

Come on, man, I'm starving.

We're determine how it was possible for the victim to break through 12 mm of glass. If we find any trace of an negligence regarding safety procedures they will be reported to the Building Safety Commission. Lieutenant, Lieutenant.

Was there any evidence of foul play? No, nothing. But as I said this is an on-going investigation.

Hey. Hey!

I'm sorry. I don't make the headlines. They fucked up, it's not my fault. You did write the story, though.

-Yeah, but sometimes computers fuck up, strange things happen...

-And I have the police on my ass now.

The police?

-I became a suspect because of you.

Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen. But, I just wrote down what you told me.

-Don't do it again, ok?

I mean...

-Ok.

So, what happened here?

-A guy jumped from the 86th floor.

Suicide?

-That's what the police think.

You're turn that into a horror story?

-Well, I'm just after the truth.

You don't believe me?

-No.

Oh. I'm just trying to make a living here. Life's hard enough as it is. You know what? Just leave me out of it.

-What, my life?

Your story.

-Hey, come on, man, can we go now?

I do not want to get into trouble here.

-Yeah I'm done here. Here you go.

Your Japanese guests have arrived.

-Japanese, Japanese...

Oh, yeah, send them right up.



All right, Benson, what's the damage?  
-We can forget about opening the 86th.  
Tomorrow will be the soonest.  
-Great. What else is there?  
A call from Parker, Miles and Baker  
about that office space on the 91st.  
Who was doing the calling?  
-Miles.  
They're signing the leases today.  
-That was the plan but they  
cancelled it.  
-Cancelled it? Why?  
Oh, no, no, no,  
those god-damn elevators.  
Quiet! Little bastards  
don't fuck with me.  
Bunch of losers you are all of you.  
What's the use? Most of you won't  
make it anyway. If you don't get knocked  
down by a car, or drink a bottle of  
Drain-O or set fire to your bedroom in  
a few years' time you'll all be on drugs  
or selling your bodies in cheap hotels.  
Whatever the future is,  
you little creeps it is not yours,  
believe me.  
Twinkle, twinkle little star.  
How I wonder what you are.  
Up above the clouds so high.  
Like a diamond in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle little star.  
How I wonder what you are...  
One of you bastards seen Mary-Jane?  
Bunch of braindeads!  
Mary Jane? Mary-Jane?  
Hello, Mr. Milligan. How are you today?  
-Are you looking for someone, Ilsa?  
One child.  
We're playing hide-and-seek.  
What is the matter  
with you screaming like that?  
What have you done?  
-My God, is she all right?  
Yes. She was just playing,

you know how kids are.  
Shall we go back to your friends now?  
Come along, Mary-Jane.  
Stupid little girl.  
Ah, children.  
Well, I am now going  
to show you the exercise room.  
It's equipped with everything  
you'll need. Right?  
No, why don't we take the stairs?  
It's just two floors up.  
Might as well start exercising  
right now. Follow me.  
Whoa, shit.  
Wow, big bat.  
-What the fuck?  
Bell doesn't work, light's out, no name  
on the door. Are you hiding yourself?  
I protect me against young sleazy  
female reporters, but false work.  
What do you want?  
-I wanna come in.  
I'm not interrupting anything, am I?  
-No.  
The neighborhood?  
-Yeah, something like that.  
You like music?  
-I like jukeboxes.  
But what's a jukebox without music?  
-Let me guess,  
a life without love?  
-I knew you were the romantic type.  
What's that?  
-You like movies?  
Only X-rated, baby.  
-Don't worry, I cut out the dull parts.  
Can we use your VCR?  
-Yeah.  
You stole the tape?  
-I borrowed it. Look familiar?  
Millennium Building, parking garage.  
-Right.  
Guy's suicide, on tape. I'm not into,  
like, the whole kinky thing, you know.

Seeing people being killed on tape.  
-Just watch, will ya?  
Look, here they come.  
They're racing each other.  
Ok, this is another camera. I made a  
compilation of several different tapes.  
And this car almost wipes him out.  
The elevator doors open.  
-He gets in. -Almost jumps in.  
And this is one of the cameras on  
the observation deck. There he goes.  
You got a tape of a suicide, you can  
sell to the networks, make a few bucks.  
You didn't see it.  
-What?  
It took me a while to notice, too.  
-What did I miss?  
Just watch the time codes. Ok?  
See the time code?  
Thirty-six twelve. Now, this is  
the camera on the eighty-sixth floor.  
Look at the time code.  
-That's not possible.  
Between the time the doors close and the  
time they open on the 86th floor...  
Two seconds.  
-1.8, to be exact.  
Something wrong with the time codes.  
-They all receive the same pulse.  
It's just not possible. That elevator  
takes at least 40 seconds to go up.  
Forty-two. I did it this afternoon.  
It took more time to come down  
than go up.  
-You can say that again. Fucking shit.  
So, you still think there's nothing  
wrong with those elevators?  
Wait here.  
-Why?  
He hates journalists.  
-So did you and look at us now.  
We're working together.  
-I still think you should wait.  
Is that your friend?

-That's him. -Let's go.

Jeff.

What's up?

-You don't answer your phone.

We were out. Who's that?

-Jennifer from the ''Morning Post''.

I'm a journalist.

-Jesus. That article this morning,  
you're really fucking things up, man!

-Jeff, you gotta see this tape.

What tape? No time for this bullshit!

-Jeff, you gotta look at the tape.

It has to do with the elevators.

-This is turning you into an obsession.

What are you doing? What's it to you?

-No, fuck it, Jeff! You know damn well  
what's going on with the elevators  
so fucking tell me! I'm your friend.

I'm trying to help.

-Stop trying. All right, Mark?

Get outta here, get the 2 of you

I don't wanna get you into any trouble.

What trouble? -Just go.

-Come on, Jeff, be reasonable.

Jeff...

Is he always like that?

-No.

It's not like him at all.

-Mildred what's happening?

He took me to an

expensive restaurant tonight.

We've only been there once before

when he proposed to me the night

before you guys went off

to Desert Storm.

I think that elevator's haunted.

-Sure, why not? Make a great headline.

Manhattan was an Indian settlement in  
the 17th century. It's quite feasible  
that the Millennium Building

was built on ancient burial ground.

And Indian forefathers are haunting us.

-Ok, maybe there was some kind of  
radiation leakage from some secret

nuclear plants here in New York?  
Stephen King's got a lot to answer for.  
-So far you've come up with nothing.  
What am I supposed to write about?  
-You would write nothing for the moment.  
No, we agreed to help each other.  
But, your little Army buddy  
hasn't been very helpful.  
-Marines, we were Marines.  
Whatever. Is he a good friend of yours?  
I owe him a lot. I don't know  
what's the matter with him.  
I got a really bad feeling though.  
-Me, too. In my stomach.  
I could really use some food.  
-Well, that's something we can solve.  
So let's see if I got this straight.  
Elevators have a mechanical part  
and an electronic part.  
The electronics control the elevators,  
making sure they don't all go to the  
same floor at the same time. They also  
regulate the doors, the air-co,  
the speed, and so on.  
The brain of the elevator installation.  
-And Steinberg? Where does he fit in?  
He designs the electronics.  
-Did he fuck up?  
I dunno.  
-What kinda guy is he?  
I never met him. No, don't turn this  
into, like, this mad scientist thing.  
It's like, way too easy.  
-We gotta keep all our options open.  
Ok, what about this one? Max Steinberg.  
No. Crashed his car into a tree in 1986.  
-We're wasting our time.  
Well, it would've helped  
if you'd known his first name.  
Even then we came across 11 Johns.  
-I don't think his name is John.  
Well, what is it then?  
-Gunther.  
Gunther?

-Former Harvard graduate,  
joins research team of Professor  
Malcolm Mackenzie at Kodelt Industries.  
Would that be him?  
-Maybe. No photo?  
No. Let's, let's try Harvard.  
That's him. Twenty years younger.  
-Studied computer science, biomedical  
sciences and engineering. Graduated  
Best boy in his class, huh?  
-Sure sounds like it.  
So what's Kodelt Industries?  
-I dunno, let's check.  
Bribery, illegal use of Gov. money...  
-Not a pretty company.  
No mention of Steinberg.  
They went bankrupt in 1994.  
What was that? Go back.  
-What?  
That's him, isn't it?  
-I don't know, you tell me.  
Christmas... Fort Benning, Georgia.  
He worked for the Army?  
Doesn't look like a fancy-dress party.  
-Hey, Jennifer. -Hey, Chip.  
Russ liked your story on that suicide.  
Especially the ''Tower of Death'' bit.  
I left you out. This is Mark.  
-Yeah, Chip.  
Kodelt Industries?  
You're into guided missiles now?  
You know them? Chip knows all about PC.  
-Oh, that figures.  
They make computer systems for the Army.  
-Right, they went bankrupt.  
Doesn't surprise me. They really  
fucked up with those bio-chips.  
Computer chips based on live tissue.  
They were making a computer based on  
dolphin brains or something like that.  
-Did it work?  
The whole thing went totally out of  
control. This computer developed  
a mind of its own. And the strangest

thing of all was, that these chips,  
they were able to reproduce themselves.  
The whole computer was growing and  
behaving like a living organism.

-You're kidding.

No, it should be in there somewhere.

-So what happened to it?

It must have committed suicide or had  
a heart attack. -Poor thing.

You know of a guy named Steinberg?

-Don't think so. Who is he?

He worked for them. We can't find much.

-I'll give it a try if you want.

Does it have to do with this elevator?

-Maybe.

Chip, I'm off in a minute.

-Yeah. I'll do it later.

To me it's a clearcut case. Steinberg  
fucked up with those bio-chips.

They kicked him out. He got a job in  
the Army, fucked up again, was sacked  
and ended up in that elevator company.

-Yeah, a real loser, hm?

But he wouldn't give up. He experimented  
with that elevator and it went wrong.

The machine got a mind of its own and  
now it's taking revenge on humanity.

A machine cannot get a mind of its own.  
It's a dead thing.

We can easily find out who's right.

-All right, tell me how.

He's located in the engine room, right?

-No way. No, forget it.

We are not breaking into the building.

-You're just afraid. I'm right, yes?

Machines, computers, do not reproduce.

Ok? Have you ever seen

-Turn right here.

There's a first for everything.

Why should we be the only ones who fuck?

We're not. We're not fucking.

-No, but we can if we want to.

We have a choice.

-Not tonight. I'm a little tired.

No, no, no, I, I wasn't inviting you.  
I was making a point.  
Course. Course you were.  
It's right here.  
-All right.  
Bye.  
-Bye.  
What...  
Morning, Mr. Milligan.  
Hello?  
Hey, how was your night last night?  
What?  
When?  
I'll be right over.  
Thank you, Sergeant Mallory,  
for this update on events.  
Now Lieutenant McBain will continue  
his statement. Lieutenant.  
The suspect was found in one of the  
express elevators. We're convinced  
that he was involved in one or more of  
accidents at the Millennium Building.  
While we're pretty sure we've got  
our man, I want to reiterate this is  
an ongoing investigation  
and future arrests are possible.  
We're gonna take some questions now.  
-Jerry Seltzer, Washington Reporter.  
That's Steinberg.  
-Yeah, I know.  
Just how safe are elevators?  
-I'm gonna let Mr. Mitchell handle that.  
As I explained before, elevators are one  
of the safest means of transportation.  
Security is, and has always been, our  
top priority. I would definitely rule  
out incidents like this in the future.  
Susan Whittaker, BCT.  
What was the killer's motive?  
That's under investigation right now.  
But building management received  
a note that I can only characterize  
as extortionist in nature.  
Fucking kidding me.



-It might've been a matter of money.  
On the other hand, we may have a lunatic  
on our hands. As I told you earlier,  
we're in possession of an Army  
psychiatric report that describes  
the deceased as a mentally  
deranged person. A wacko.  
Bullshit. They're making this stuff up.  
-Jennifer Evans, Morning Post.  
Ah, Morning Post. Undoubtedly one of the  
more scintillating questions of the day.  
I've a question for Mr. Steinberg.  
-Don't, please.  
I wanna ask him about those bio-chips.  
-Your question, Miss Evans.  
I wanna ask Mr. Steinberg...  
What's your favorite newspaper?  
I can definitely say it's not yours.  
I think we all agree with that.  
-Come on.  
Any other questions of substance?  
Marie-Anne Holland from Animal World.  
Which dog was it, that was killed?  
Ah, finally a serious question.  
-Thank you.  
Hey. You embarrassed me.  
-What d'you think the guy was say, hm?  
' 'Yeah, Miss Evans, I put those chips in  
there, that's why he fucked up.' '  
Be real already.  
-Jeff's now the Millennium killer.  
He's just a fall guy. They ain't getting  
away with that. Jeff is not a murderer.  
What was he doing near that elevator in  
the night? That is suspicious, isn't it?  
He had his reasons.  
-And the letter?  
That's real convenient. That's like that  
psychiatric report. It's all lies.  
A cover-up?  
-He's not the first. Kowalski died also.  
What, who's Kowalski?  
-Jeff's old partner. They worked on  
that elevator together. He was all burnt

up in his car near East-River  
and the police said it was suicide.  
-Was it?  
Maybe he knew too much.  
-Why didn't you tell me that?  
Just didn't seem important.  
But now it's all too coincidental.  
You were afraid I'd write about it.  
You still don't trust me.  
There's a lot of people you can't trust.  
May as well trust you though, hm?  
It's a start.  
They tore our whole house apart.  
-What were they looking for?  
Evidence, they said.  
To prove his guilt.  
They took all kinds of personal stuff  
even the letters he wrote me  
when we were dating.  
-Crazy.  
They won't prove anything  
'cause there's nothing to prove.  
I don't know what was wrong with him.  
He was acting so strange last few weeks.  
Where was he going yesterday?  
-He didn't tell me. Someone called,  
he got all nervous.  
-Who called?  
I dunno. The German guy.  
-Steinberg.  
He didn't do it. You know that, right?  
-Yeah, I know. I know, I'm sorry.  
When Gerry died, he snapped inside.  
-Who's Gerry?  
Kowalski. They worked together  
for more than two years.  
That's him. Who would've known  
they'd both die the same way?  
Wait, Kowalski died in his car.  
-No, he didn't.  
This must be it. Number sixty-six.  
This one?  
-Yeah.  
That's it.

She's not home. You wanna wait?  
Maybe she's on vacation.  
She didn't answer the phone.  
What are you doing?  
-What's it look like?  
It's called breaking and entering.  
-Well,  
I call it investigative journalism.  
Hello, Mrs. Kowalski?  
Are you there?  
Hey. We can't do this, Jennifer.  
Hello? Somebody home?  
Look at that.  
-Whoa.  
That's Kowalski.  
Look at all this stuff.  
It's creepy.  
Hi, Mrs. Kowalski?  
We rang your bell, the door was open.  
Yeah, you should be careful.  
-Are you a friend of my husband?  
Colleague, I didn't know Gerry himself.  
He was a good man.  
He didn't deserve to die.  
How did he die, Mrs. Kowalski?  
-They killed him.  
Who killed him?  
-They said it was an accident.  
What happened?  
-For three days they let him bleed  
inside the belly of that building.  
But he's still there.  
His spirit didn't leave us.  
He will only find peace  
when he's had his revenge.  
-Did he tell you about this elevators?  
Everyone who knows is gonna die.  
You don't mess  
with the devil himself!  
We're gonna get much out of her now.  
Can we ask you one more question?  
-Let's go.  
Don't you wanna know who killed him?  
-I got a pretty good idea.

It's not over yet.  
It's gonna get worse. Much worse!  
Ok, coming through here, coming through.  
-Hot food. Hot food here.  
Can I get in, please? Please.  
-Hey, hey, hold the door, please.  
Sorry.  
Hey. It didn't stop on my floor.  
-Did you push the button?  
Of course I did.  
-What's on? I have to get off here.  
We're going faster. Is this normal?  
-You pushed the button too hard.  
Make it stop. Please, make it stop!  
-Oh my God!  
I'm gonna be sick.  
Hello?  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
the President of the United States.  
Fellow Americans, this afternoon  
one of this nation's most famous  
and prestigious landmarks,  
the Millennium Building was the scene  
of a vile and malevolent act of terror.  
I assure the American people that we  
will not rest until those responsible  
for this cruel act are tracked down  
apprehended and convicted.  
We have already taken decisive measures  
to prevent a recurrence of these events.  
FBI investigators are on the scene,  
working closely with the police.  
During their investigation  
the building and surrounding area  
will be sealed off to the public.  
Our sympathy goes to the families  
of those deceased. It is events of  
this sort that test the mettle  
of the American people.  
Is this what you were  
trying to achieve? Chaos?  
The whole city,  
the whole country in total turmoil?  
What's wrong? The slightest setback...

-Slightest setback?

Slightest setback? Two of my best fucking men are dead! Now, let's face the music, you can't control this thing.

-I can.

I can solve it.

I just need time. Trust me.

Look, every major step forward in the history of mankind has not been without sacrifice. Think what this invention could do for humanity. I'm talking about changing the way they work the way they think. Could be, like, a complete new renaissance for the human race. Mitch, you knew what you were getting yourself into.

-You lied to me every step of the way. Jesus Christ, all the secrecy, all the boasting about your upper echelon Army connections. Well, I did some checking, Mr. Steinberg. Yeah, right.

They threw your ass out after you failed disastrously. The project was declared officially dead. God...

what a fool I was to believe you. This could make you a rich man.

-Fuck the money.

If I go down, I'm not going down alone. I want you to end this thing right now. I don't know if I can.

Listen to me, you twisted motherfucker, now you created this monster, you kill it.

Move in.

Can you see it?

There you go. Hurry up. Come on.

-Get this shot, ok? -I got it.

Straight through. Ok, keep it moving, please. Come on in. Keep it moving.

You wanna go through with this?

-Afraid?

You don't see what I'm seeing.

-Just keep your cool.  
Why don't we tell them what we know?  
-If they're willing to falsify Jeff's psychiatric report they're willing to try to sweep this thing under the rug.  
Get down.  
Evening. What's your business here?  
-Deliver material for the investigation.  
Well, just go through and report to the checkpoint.  
Thanks. Whoa! Piece of cake.  
-Told ya.  
Oh shit! We're never gonna make it.  
-Relax, we're as good as in.  
In deep shit, you mean.  
Let's see some ID.  
-That elevator's really fucked up.  
What does the 'M' stand for?  
-Martha.  
Yeah, I'm from the elevator company.  
I've been with them for years now...  
Run a check on that.  
-Yes, sir.  
What's in the back?  
-Stuff for elevators.  
Get out of the car, please.  
-You're kidding, it's raining.  
It'll ruin my hair.  
-Get out of the car and open the back!  
Fuck.  
Can't find the right key?  
-I'm sure it's gotta be one of 'em.  
Just a second. Yeah?  
Chip. Am I interrupting anything?  
No, well... It's the elevator company.  
I did some more checking.  
-Yeah, go ahead.  
Those computers... based on chips made from live tissue...  
Yeah, the fucking chips.  
-They're still experimenting with them.  
I hear ya.  
-They're not using dolphins any more.  
You're kidding.

-You gotta be careful,  
this is some pretty weird stuff.  
-The machine's not a machine any more.  
What was that? Where are you anyway?  
-Ma'am.  
Are you still there?  
-The company says everything's cool.  
Not with us ma'am. Take her inside.  
Check the van. -What?  
Clear. The van's clear.  
One, two three and four.  
Stingers?  
-Terrorists have airplanes, too.  
You don't believe that shit now, do ya?  
-The President does.  
This thing has blown out of proportion.  
-These go to the roof?  
On the eighty-observation deck.  
-You sure this elevator's safe?  
I hope for you it is.  
I'm not riding it.  
These are the last ones?  
-Yeah, up you go.  
If you see Bin Laden, say hello.  
-I will.  
Who is this?  
-She want enter without identification.  
Who are you?  
-Elevator mechanic.  
And I'm Winnie the fucking Pooh.  
-Looks like. You can call my boss.  
I can do better things with my night.  
-I'm sure you can.  
Everything ok?  
-Yeah.  
These two go to the roof.  
-Only two?  
Need more?  
-No. It's enough.  
See you brought enough ammo.  
-Yeah, are they expecting a whole army?  
Put 'em there. We'll pick 'em up later.  
-Let's go.  
You got some coffee up there?

-Coffee, beer, whiskey. 2 strippers.  
Ah, at least we've got  
something to defend.  
One more...  
There's no way to override it.  
-So leave it.  
Ok, chief, it's your building.  
-Go! Come on.  
One elevator has been activated.  
-Impossible. The system's been shut.  
Echo one is in position right now.  
Copy. Over.  
Come on, this way.  
Elevator.  
I told you they're all out of order.  
It's going down. What the....  
-61, come.  
Contacted the elevator company. The van  
was stolen. They didn't send us anyone.  
Who are you?  
-I told you. Look...  
Express elevator is coming down.  
-Lock her up.  
What? Get off!  
Bravo 6, come in, please.  
-Bravo 6.  
Movement on the 99th. Someone's riding.  
-Move out.  
Come on, guys, give me a break.  
Look out, Libyans!  
-Fuck! Ah, Jesus.  
Relax, I was joking.  
No, come on! No, what are you doing?  
Come on, sir, please. Just...  
Damn!  
Who's riding that elevator?  
We don't know.  
-It's going up again.  
I thought all power was cut?  
-It was.  
Fuck.  
-Someone turned the power on.  
What? Who turned on the power?  
-Probably the same in the shaft.



Don't tell me we've got terrorists here.  
-It's stopped on the sixty-second floor.  
Get a unit up there. On the double.  
Come on, guys, move it.  
Hey, hey, what...  
-Oh. Jeez!  
Let's get the fuck outta here!  
Set. Clear.  
Fire in the hole.  
Clear.  
-Let's get up there  
and have a look at the situation.  
Oh my God!  
-What is it? What's going on?  
It's alive!  
What the hell!  
-Get out now!  
Come on!  
Hey. What's happening?  
What the hell? This is crazy.  
-What is this, a fucking light show?  
Whoa!  
ID, hand it over.  
All right. Sorry, sir. Let him through.  
Bravo 10. Negative. I can't see  
a thing because of the smoke.  
Secure.  
-Roger.  
Well, they got in, that's clear.  
Whoa, 'scuse me, 'scuse me, sir.  
Can I see some ID, please?  
Well, I'll be damned.  
-Bravo One, come in, please.  
Bravo One.  
-Who was that you just checked?  
Subject's name is Steinberg. He had  
a Federal authorization code red.  
Code red?  
-Yes, sir. Something wrong?  
No, you did the right thing. Maybe  
we're not dealing with terrorists.  
I hope to hell we are.  
-Bravo 9 here. -What is it?  
Captain, we got a situation here.

One of our stingers is missing.  
The freight elevator stopped on 65.  
-I'm going up there. Come on!  
Who is that?  
Please put it down.  
I said, put it down!  
Stop it!  
Put your hands up.  
-Don't be crazy.  
You're such a little girl.  
You're not gonna shoot me.  
Give me the gun.  
-I mean it!  
You ok?  
-Yeah. Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
What are you doing?  
I got him covered.  
-It's not for him.  
You can't. It's everything  
I've ever worked for.  
It's my life. It's the future.  
Stay where you are.  
Get on your face now!  
Stay back! I'll kill her!  
-Don't be stupid. Drop the gun!  
I said, I'll kill her, I swear!  
-Enough people have died.  
Who are you? I don't know you.  
-It's over, Gunther. Just drop the gun.  
Mark!  
Stand down. Give 'em some space.  
Smile. Nice one.  
Thank you, guys, for everything.  
-Take it easy, ok?  
Yeah, I will.  
-I'll send you both a print.  
Great, thanks.  
-And I want the negative.  
Sounds like your way of life.  
-Ah, just a cautious man.  
You still don't trust me, and I never  
once mentioned the fucking chips.  
They wouldn't believe that story.

-Terrorists make a good read too.  
Oh yeah, really? Like,  
'Tower of Death', the great headline?  
That's what Russell thought. He

**promoted me to:**

You must be real happy about that?

-I am.

So what are you gonna do now?

-Find a real job. This elevator thing  
is definitely not my style. I'm not too  
keep on heights either, doesn't help.

What ha... what happened?

-Oh my...

You pressed the emergency button.

What, what are you doing?

This has been on my mind for a while.

Are you sure you wanna do this?

-You can trust me, I won't let you down.