

Last Stop  
by  
J. E. Clarke

Janetgoodman@yahoo.com  
917-328-5253

FADE IN:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Christmas decorations sparkle in storefronts. Snow flakes drift in the air.

The Billboard flashes a CNN ticker: "Terrorist Alert in All Major Cities - Authorities Urged to Take Precautions."

The newscast ends - followed by a Christmas commercial. The time stamp below reads "10 pm."

JAMES CULLEN, 34, weaves through the crowd, tall and expensively dressed in a Burberry trench. He holds a jewelry box in his hand. Adjusts the Bluetooth on his ear.

JAMES  
(on the phone)  
I know I said six. Last minute  
investment for a client. No, Sandy.  
It's not *all* the time...

James opens the box. A silver necklace shines in velvet, reflects a thousand neon lights.

A WOMAN wanders in front, texting. James cuts around with New York skill.

JAMES  
I'll be there in an hour.

Bryant Park looms ahead. Fairy lights in the park, the D train in view. James SNAPS the box shut and squeezes between TOURISTS moving slow.

JAMES  
No, I'm not having an affair!  
(mutters)  
Though it's starting to sound like  
a good idea...

James pulls the Bluetooth off his ear. SCREAMS filter through the phone.

JAMES  
Honey, I'm losing the signal...

He hangs up the phone. It RINGS again. James sends the call to voicemail and ducks down the steps.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

A narrow passageway. Art deco tiles on the walls. KIDS blast rap, and do back flips for change. A MIDGET plays an accordion, an open case at his feet.

The voicemail blinks. James stares at his phone, his expression sour.

He tosses the necklace in the musician's case. Then walks away and doesn't look back.

EXT. THE BOILER ROOM - 4TH STREET - NIGHT

CANDI KAYNE, 27, wobbles on stilettos, and hangs on a HISPANIC BOUNCER at the entrance.

Long legs, flawless makeup. An Adam's Apple at her neck.

A dog carrier's slung over her shoulder. A tiny BLACK PUG barks inside.

CANDI

Magda likes you. I like you, too.

BOUNCER

We've been through this, Stu. I just work here for the cash.

CANDI

Call me Candi. How do you know you don't like it, if you don't even try?

The bouncer adjusts Candi's coat, and spins her around. She COUGHS into a delicate hand.

BOUNCER

The V's that way. Keep that on. It's getting cold.

Candi kisses the embarrassed bouncer on the cheek, and staggers towards the subway station.

EXT. 14TH STREET SUBWAY STATION, UNION SQUARE - NIGHT

KELLY AGARD, 23, leans against the steps, sleazy-cute and far past drunk. She's clad in a peek-a-boo coat, Belgian fries in her hand.

A COLLEGE BOY, 20s, nibbles on her neck. The fries topple to the ground, forgotten.

KELLY

Fuck!

She raises her eyes to the boy - likes what she sees.

KELLY

Wanna come to my place?

COLLEGE BOY

Where do you live?

KELLY

Brooklyn.

COLLEGE BOY

I gotta study. And I live uptown.

KELLY

I'll make it worth your while.

(flirtatious)

They say there's a terrorist alert.

You can stay at my place and keep  
me safe...

The boy shakes his head. Kelly grabs his hand and writes down  
a number.

KELLY

Just in case you change your mind.

She adjusts a purse on her shoulder, and waves the boy a coy  
goodbye. Her smile fades as she heads down the stairs.

KELLY

Vagitor. I wasted a bag on his  
sorry ass.

INT. BOWERY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scriptures hang on a wall, right next to a poster of Adele.

BISHAN SINGH, 18, packs a suitcase on the bed. Skinny and  
bearded with a dusky complexion - a faded turban on his head.

A dark MALE FIGURE appears in the doorway.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE

(translated from Punjabi)

Ready, Bishan? You can't stay all  
night.

Bishan stares at the contents of the suitcase. He mumbles a  
prayer, and closes the lid.

INT. 14TH STREET TURNSTILE - NIGHT

A bored MTA EMPLOYEE guards the entrance.

Two boys loiter nearby: MALIK WILLIAMS, 23, and RAMON CARBIA, 18. Low slung jeans, urban style. Malik's the brain to Ramon's brawn. A blue coat hides his thin frame.

He grins at a WOMAN with a Whole Foods bag.

MALIK

Hey Momma, got something there for me?

She hurries through the turnstile and doesn't look back.

RAMON

Don't get us in trouble.

MALIK

We ain't doin' nothin'. Just talkin' to people.

RAMON

I gotta get home. I told mom I'd baby-sit Jose.

MALIK

How old's he now?

RAMON

Almost seven.

MALIK

That old, he should baby-sit himself.

RAMON

If you had a little brother, you'd understand.

MALIK

Dude, you are my little bro.

Malik looks around for someone new to harass.

MALIK

So, when you gonna get me a date with your sis?

His attention's diverted by the sight of Kelly, walking unsteadily towards the entrance.

MALIK  
'Course, if she's not available...

He jumps in front, and grabs Kelly around the waist.

MALIK  
Baby, you sweet. Got a date  
tonight?

KELLY  
Hey, Asshole! What the fuck?!?

Malik shoots a look at the MTA guard.

MALIK  
No big, we just having a fight.  
(conspiratorial)  
It's her time of month, you know...

KELLY  
Don't. Fucking. Touch. Me.

Approaching RIDERS steer clear. Ramon grabs Malik's arm.

RAMON  
Hey man, lay off. I can't spend the  
night in jail.

Malik steps away. Kelly flips him off and speeds through the  
entrance. Malik blows a kiss at her back.

He jumps the turnstile and waves to Ramon.

The MTA employee's watching closely. Ramon glances nervously  
in her direction.

MALIK  
She's not a cop. You don't like it,  
get a whip.

Ramon hesitates.

MALIK  
(sing-song)  
Jose's waiting...

Ramon jumps the turnstile. The MTA employee chews her gum,  
and doesn't budge.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

James strides up the escalator. Commuters clog the left lane.

Signs roll by on the walls. STD prevention. Museum exhibits. "Wi-fi coming to Grand Central - 2014!"

James reaches the top out of breath, and heads for a sign which reads "Downtown 4."

EXT. CANAL STREET STATION - NIGHT

James waits patiently for the "J."

A billboard hangs from the ceiling - a shot of the World Trade Center in flames. "Truth About the Quran" and a web address are listed below.

Bishan stands under the sign. The turban's on his head, the suitcase in his hand. He looks nervous. Out of place.

James glances from the sign, back to the turban.

Bishan catches James' look. He stuffs the turban in his pocket, and moves several feet away.

A Hispanic woman waits on James' other side, plastic bags in her hands. MARIA CASTILLO, 32. Short. Attractive. Nine month's pregnant, if she's a day.

A large HOMELESS BUM, 50s, loiters nearby. He totters towards the platform's edge. Trips over trash bags at his feet.

Maria looks at him, concerned.

The bum unzips his fly, and urinates onto the tracks.

Maria inches closer to James.

The train pulls in. Subway riders line up at the door, and wait as passengers pour from the car.

Malik and Ramon push like spawning salmon through the crowd.

INT. LAST CAR - NIGHT

Three handicapped seats are open, at the end of the car.

James grabs one in the corner. Maria heads for a seat across the aisle.

Malik and Ramon cut ahead, and sit down first.

James stands up, and waves to Maria.

JAMES

Ma'am, you can have my spot...

Malik licks his lips at Maria. She shakes her head and moves to the opposite end of the car.

The bum shuffles in with his bags, and sets up camp next to Maria. He hikes up his pants, and starts picking scabs. She slides over a seat, and buries her nose in an iPad list.

JAMES

(glares at Malik)

Those seats are for people with disabilities.

Malik points to a "Reserved for the Disabled" sign over James' head.

MALIK

You don't look handicapped, bro.  
Retarded, maybe.

An Arab BUSINESSMAN exits the train. Malik leans out the door and watches him go.

MALIK

Yo, you forgot your bomb!  
(to Ramon)  
You know what they say. If you see  
sumptin', say sumptin'.

Ramon GIGGLES and hi-fives Malik.

RAMON

Any terrorists come down here, I'll  
kick their ass.

The train pulls away from the station. James hides his face behind a book.

INT. SECOND TO LAST CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kelly and Candi hang on either side of the center pole. Kelly steps on Candi's foot.

KELLY

Shit. Sorry.

CANDI

No problem, hon. You don't weigh  
much.

The crowd surges, and pushes them chest to chest.



CANDI  
Nice makeup.

KELLY  
You too. Since we're so close... My  
name's Kelly.

CANDI  
Candi. Candi Kayne.

KELLY  
(smiles)  
Stage name?

CANDI  
Yeah. Something like that.

Bishan watches from a nearby bench and holds onto his  
suitcase like a life preserver. A GIRL SNORES next to him,  
fast asleep.

A CONDUCTOR, 20s, stands near the door. African American,  
really built. He grins flirtatiously at Kelly and Candi.

CONDUCTOR  
Whatcha girls doing, so late at  
night?

Candi sidles closer. Bishan stares at her skirt. There's a  
prominent bulge.

The female passenger slumps over, and rests her head on  
Bishan's shoulder. He's frozen in place - not sure which  
horror to escape from first.

Magda the pug BARKS in her carrier.

CANDI  
(to the conductor)  
I think she likes you. I like you,  
too.

Kelly rolls her eyes - her gaydar in perfect working order.  
Candi puts a finger to her lips: Shhhhhh.

CANDI  
There's this bar I go to. If you've  
got time after work...

The conductor rests his hands on Candi's waist. Feels the  
press of her boner against his thigh.

CONDUCTOR  
What the fuck?!?!

INT. LAST CAR

James sits alone on his bench. The train stops at a station - the ESSEX sign visible through the window.

A college STUDENT stands in front of him - crotch pointed at his face. James reads his book and tries not to notice.

A number of STRAPHANGERS exit the train.

The student turns to leave and smacks James in the head with an overstuffed bag. Malik and Ramon SNICKER across the aisle.

Candi and Kelly run in the door, and GIGGLE like sisters.

CANDI  
Did you see his face?

KELLY  
Yeah. Some other stuff, too!

They stop in the entrance.

KELLY  
(points to James)  
How about him? He's kinda cute.

CANDI  
Too vanilla. I need spice in my  
curry, if you know what I mean.

She turns toward Ramon. Kelly sees him, too. She pulls Candi toward the center of the car.

CANDI  
Come on, girl. Cute AND exotic?

KELLY  
Trust me. You don't want either of  
those.

CANDI  
Hey, Latino boys *like* this bod.

She glances at the homeless man in the corner.

CANDI  
(loudly)  
I guess THAT explains the smell....

A THIN MAN shuffles into the car. "Jesus Christ Saves" is written in Dayglo paint all over his coat.

The overhead speaker CRACKLES to life.

MTA ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Next stop, Marcy Avenue. And  
 remember folks - safety first, and  
 Merry X-mas!

The doors close. The train starts to roll. The thin man pulls  
 a bible and pamphlets out of a bag.

THIN MAN  
 And the Lord God said, let him be  
 saved!

The thin man paces down the car and throws pamphlets on the  
 seats. Maria picks up one. The man tosses another in the  
 homeless man's lap.

THIN MAN  
 Christmas is more than greed and  
 presents... The people have lost  
 their spiritual way.

HOMELESS BUM  
 (mumbles)  
 You say my penis ain't clean enough  
 for you.

The thin man walks past Candi and shoots a look of disgust.

THIN MAN  
 Abominations in our Savior's  
 eyes...

Malik rolls *his* eyes.

MALIK  
 Fuck this.

Ramon BLASTS music on his phone. James looks up with  
 irritation from his book.

JAMES  
 You wanna turn that down?

RAMON  
 (smiles)  
 No.

MALIK  
 I'm fuckin' bored. I'm gonna ride  
 this sled outside.

Malik jumps up, and plays with the door connecting the cars.  
 It's locked.

He pulls out a knife, and slides it under the handle. James sees the weapon and shuts up real fast.

The lock CLICKS open.

RAMON  
How'd you do that?

MALIK  
Dag, man. I showed you before. You just gotta practice, is all.

He slips outside, and rides between trains.

Ramon pulls Gatorade out of his jacket, and turns up his phone even more.

JAMES  
Turn it down. There are other people on this train.

Ramon flips him the bird.

RAMON  
Why don't you come over here and make me? Or how's about I come over to you? Put a hurtin' on you like you neva seen...

Malik mugs at Ramon through the window. His blue jacket flaps in the breeze.

RAMON  
You wouldn't be saying no shit if my friend was here.

JAMES  
You need your friend to back you up?

James and Ramon stand up, face to face. Candi and Kelly watch the fight from the center of the car.

The thin man walks between the men.

The train jerks on the tracks. Everyone stumbles. The thin man recovers his footing first.

RAMON  
(snickers)  
Didn't your God warn you about that?

THIN MAN  
Repent your sins. The end is near!

MTA ANNOUNCER  
What the fuck?!?

Ramon smirks at the comment.

A sudden jolt. Everyone's thrown. The lights blow out...  
Metal SCREAMS.

James' end of the train tilts up several inches. Rock rips through the ceiling like tissue paper.

INT. LAST CAR - J TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

James opens his eyes, his face pressed against a filthy floor. Gatorade pools against his cheek.

There's a mound of cement where the thin man used to be. Rocks jammed against the door.

James peeks around debris. Ramon stares back in shock. Blood seeps from a cut in his right arm.

The door between the trains hangs from its hinges.

A sticker flaps on shattered glass: "This door is locked for your safety."

Someone MOANS from the adjoining car.

RAMON  
Malik!

He runs towards the sound. Emergency lights flicker on.

A ribbon of blood leaks from under the wreckage, and mixes with Gatorade on the floor.

James' eyes follow its slow-motion path...

The bum thrashes in a sea of aluminum cans.

Discarded newspapers float through the air. The Village Voice. AM News. Empty coffee cups roll down the aisle.

Maria's on the floor, Candi at her side. Kelly hovers over them, helpless.

MARIA  
Que paso?

Magda squirms in her carrier. Candi helps Maria to her feet.

A SCREAM breaks the silence, close to James.

...the world abruptly speeds up again...

Ramon tears at rock between the trains.

The thin man's arm peeks through rubble. Ramon turns away, and digs in a different spot.

The trickle of blood runs between Kelly's feet. She jumps aside and bangs on an intercom.

KELLY

Help! Someone! We're in the last car!

Silence.

CANDI

(drily)

That worked well.

Kelly pulls the emergency cord.

CANDI

That's the emergency brake. We're already stopped.

RAMON (O.S.)

Fuck!

James whips around. Ramon tunnels through rubble at the door.

JAMES

Stop digging. That's not stable.

RAMON

Fuck you!

The trickle of blood reaches the bum. He lifts a foot, and lets it pass by.

Candi dabs a cut on Maria's face.

Maria jumps to her feet, and throws herself against an entrance door. Fights like a wildcat to pry it open.

CANDI

Honey, sit down... Uh, sentado?

MARIA

Deje ne!

Maria SCREAMS. The door won't budge.

Ramon clears a path between the trains, and squeezes through.

EXT. BETWEEN CARS - CONTINUOUS

A wall of rocks wobble on either side. A scrap of blue fabric peeks between stones, surrounded by reddish smears.

Ramon hears a MOAN from the adjoining car.

James squeezes in behind Ramon. Ramon rips debris out of his way. Pebbles and dirt pelt James in the face.

James and Ramon peek into the second car. Panicked eyes meet their gaze from the other side.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)

Help!

James throws himself at the remaining rocks. They clear a path and shoulder through.

INT. SECOND TO LAST CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car's crushed. Only a few feet on the end left intact.

Bishan leans over the conductor, and holds a blood-soaked turban near his face.

RAMON

Holy shit...

The conductor GURGLES. Blood pumps from a hole in his neck.

James and Ramon push Bishan out of the way. Candi and Kelly appear behind them.

JAMES

Anyone know first aid?

CANDI

Does Boy Scouts count?

Ramon mouths "Boy Scouts" beneath his breath. Kelly stares at the injured man.

The conductor grabs James, and coughs blood in his face.

CONDUCTOR

Help me...

James grabs Bishan's turban, and presses the fabric against his neck. The man spasms. His breathing stops.

Ramon stares accusingly at Bishan.

BISHAN

I tried. I didn't know what to do!

INT. SECOND TO LAST CAR - J TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

A pool of blood spreads across the floor. James and Ramon step back several feet.

KELLY

Isn't anyone going to help him?

JAMES

He's dead. There's nothing left to do.

Candi peers at the corpse over Ramon's shoulder.

CANDI

You might wanna search him, hon.  
For a radio. That kinda stuff.

Ramon blinks at Candi, suddenly aware of her Adam's apple. He backs away, closer to James.

James stares at Candi. Realizes she's right.

JAMES

Yeah. Short wave radio. All  
conductors have them...

He bends over the corpse and rifles his pockets. Kelly wrinkles her nose.

KELLY

What's that smell?

CANDI

Uh, dead body? Right over there?

KELLY

He hasn't had time to decompose.

CANDI

(softly)  
Muscles relax when people die.

Kelly's eyes flick to the stain on the conductor's pants.



KELLY

Ew!!!

James finds a radio, and turns it on.

JAMES

(into the radio)

Can you hear me? Someone, please!

The radio CRACKLES - there's a faint VOICE on the other end.

RADIO (V.O.)

...massive explosions... dangerous  
smoke conditions. Passengers urged  
to stay where they are...

JAMES

We're on the M Train! Between Essex  
and Marcy!

The signal dissolves in static. James twists the dial, and  
tries other channels.

BISHAN

Anything?

JAMES

No. Lost the signal.

James gets a whiff, and backs away from the corpse.

JAMES

Let's continue this in the other  
car.

EXT. BETWEEN CARS - CONTINUOUS

They squeeze single file through the hole in the door. Ramon  
touches blue fabric as they pass by.

RAMON

Maybe Malik jumped off last second.

JAMES

(pre-occupied)

Your friend? If he did, he got  
crushed under the wheels.

Ramon stares at James in disbelief.

RAMON

What am I gonna tell his mom?

INT. LAST CAR - J TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

A SCREAM of frustration. Followed by a THUD.

Maria throws herself against a window.

Thick smoke clogs the view. She wedges a hand between the doors. HOWLS when she breaks a nail.

The bum sits in a corner and watches the show.

HOMELESS BUM

She's been at it since you left.  
Pretty spunky little lady.

James grabs Maria before she can leap again.

JAMES

Stop!

MARIA

No me toque pendejo!

JAMES

You'll hurt yourself!

Maria stomps his foot. James holds on.

JAMES

Someone wanna help me, here?

RAMON

Shhh, Momma.  
(in Spanish)  
The gringo's right. Rest awhile.  
You don't wanna hurt the baby.

He leads Maria to a seat. Lays her grocery bags at her feet.

RAMON

(to James)

See? Easy, when you got some style.

James hears a COUGH, and looks around. Candi walks through the train and checks the doors.

CANDI

It's no good. They're all locked.

JAMES

What about the windows?

Candi presses a manicured hand against the glass. She wiggles the latch. It's locked, too.

CANDI

It's too narrow to crawl through.  
And I'm not sure we could breathe  
out there, anyway. You heard what  
they said about smoke conditions.

BISHAN

I can deal with smoke. We can't  
stay here.

KELLY

What if it's not smoke?

They turn around. Kelly stares back with nervous eyes.

KELLY

Hello, explosions? Anthrax? What if  
this is some sort of attack?  
There's a terrorist alert going on  
right now.

RAMON

Fucking Arabs.

Ramon glances at the blood soaked turban in James' hand. His  
eyes slide toward Bishan.

BISHAN

I'm Indian.

RAMON

With a turban?

BISHAN

I'm a Sikh. Ignorant fuck.

JAMES

You two - knock it off. We've got  
bigger things to worry about...

Ramon glares at Bishan.

RAMON

Where were you when this shit went  
down?

BISHAN

In the next car!

RAMON

And you're the *only* one who  
survived..?

Kelly jumps between the two.

KELLY

Candi and I saw him before. He wasn't doing anything wrong.

RAMON

His name is Candi? Seriously?!?

CANDI

She's right. He was sitting alone, with a suitcase.

JAMES

You had a suitcase?

BISHAN

I didn't -

KELLY

You did. I saw it, too.

RAMON

Where is it *now*, motherfucker?

BISHAN

Buried in the rocks, okay? If it was a bomb, don't you think I would've blown up, too?

RAMON

Not if you tried to get away, and got caught. Maybe you killed that dude...

James pulls Ramon away from Bishan.

JAMES

Back off. This isn't Guantanamo!

Ramon stares at James.

RAMON

(mutters)

I gotta get away from this shit...

He whips a six inch knife out of his pocket.

KELLY

He's got a knife!

JAMES

Put that away!

Ramon runs to the end of the train and attempts to jimmy the lock, like Malik.

CANDI  
Don't do that! You'll let in smoke.

JAMES  
He - she's right. We should get more information. Before we do something we regret.

RAMON  
Don't tell me what the fuck to do!

JAMES  
That's illegal. You're not supposed to carry knives on trains!

Ramon rolls his eyes in disbelief. He tries the lock again. No success.

Magda BARKS.

RAMON  
Shut that poodle up!

CANDI  
It's a pug.

JAMES  
Maybe we could get a cell phone signal...

RAMON  
What? In here?

Maria shuffles over to Ramon, and pushes her iPad in his face. There's a list of connections on the screen. Some of them have a few bars.

Ramon glares at James. He puts the knife away and rubs his wounded arm in irritation.

INT. LAST CAR - J TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Boxes of light dance in the darkness of the car. People sit throughout the train, focused on various electric devices.

James fiddles with his Android phone.

JAMES  
Got anything?

KELLY  
No.

CANDI  
Wait. Never mind. False alarm.

Candi punches buttons on her iPhone. Her hands shake wildly.  
James eyes her, concerned.

JAMES  
It's okay. We're safe. At least, as long as we stay inside.

CANDI  
(hesitant smile)  
It's not that. It's a blood sugar thing. I didn't eat anything at the bar...

Ramon sits with Maria, and swipes through iPad settings.

RAMON  
Operating system don't make no sense.

JAMES  
They said they'd be putting Wi-fi in the subway.

KELLY  
Sure. Spring of 2014.

James puts down his phone.

JAMES  
Look on the bright side. At least the emergency lights are on.

The lights blink out in half the car, and plunge the back end into darkness.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A crack forms in the dirt along the tracks. The train sits in shadow, a few feet away.

Other cracks open along the ceiling...

INT. LAST CAR - CONTINUOUS

The group sits in darkness - the tension as thick as the smoke outside.

RAMON  
(to James)  
You still think this is a good  
idea?

JAMES  
It's better than risking our necks  
outside.

RAMON  
What the fuck do you think's gonna  
happen?

A RUMBLE from above. Ramon looks up, surprised.

A chunk of cement SLAMS into the roof, and makes a huge dent  
above Ramon's head. Rocks slide down the windows.

James looks at Ramon, and tries not to smile.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

An electrical cord swings from a hole in the ceiling, and  
spits sparks in the air.

A wire SNAPS. The cable drops down several feet.

INT. LAST CAR - J TRAIN - LATER

The group's seated in a circle, James in front. The only one  
missing is the bum - barricaded in the corner alone.

Candi's curled into a ball. Her hands shake worse than  
before. James glances in the bum's direction.

Maria sneaks a nail file out of her purse, and messes with a  
ventilation grate at her feet.

James turns back. Maria hides the file in her lap.

RAMON  
It's been three hours. What the  
hell we waiting for?

JAMES  
There's smoke outside. And unstable  
rock conditions.

RAMON  
That's better than waiting here to  
die.

CANDI

Let me know when you find an exit.  
And if you do... It's pitch black  
outside. You'll get lost. Or step  
on the third rail.

Kelly rocks in fetal position, and looks strung-out.

KELLY

You think it's still electrified?

CANDI

If it is, Lover Boy over here'll  
turn himself into BBQ...

Her words trail off at the thought of food.

RAMON

Bullshit. There ain't nothin' live  
out there.

JAMES

You wanna take that chance? We'll  
stay here. Like they told us to do.

RAMON

Who made you the fuckin' leader?

James ignores the comment, and nods in Candi's direction.

JAMES

In the meantime, we're gonna need  
food. Let's take everything out,  
and see what we've got.

He tosses a protein bar on the floor.

RAMON

(sarcastic)

That'll feed us for at least three  
weeks.

JAMES

Just being pro-active. We're not  
starving yet.

RAMON

Sure, Miho. Give it time.

Ramon leans over to Maria.

RAMON

(in Spanish)

Momma?



RAMON (MORE)  
You got anything in your bag? Don't  
give everything. You need to save  
some for the baby.

Maria digs through Pampers and Christmas presents. She pulls  
out a can of Similac, and places it gently in the pile.

JAMES  
Similac?

RAMON  
It's got protein.

CANDI  
Sure. If you have a can opener.

Kelly fishes in her purse. She breezes by a bottle of pills  
and a Kit Kat bar.

KELLY  
Nothing. Sorry.

RAMON  
She don't contribute, but she's  
gonna eat?

JAMES  
We're all sharing equally. No  
matter what we put in.

Kelly smiles at him, grateful.

CANDI  
From each according to his ability.  
To each according to his need.

She looks around at puzzled faces.

CANDI  
Um, Karl Marx?

She searches her purse, and pulls out a bag of doggie treats.

CANDI  
I don't think you'll wanna eat  
these.

HOMELESS BUM (O.S.)  
Yet. Like the kid said, give it  
time.

They look over.

The bum's removed his shoes. He clips yellowed nails, and brushes the shards onto the floor.

Everyone shudders. Ramon sneers in Candi's direction.

RAMON

We stay any longer, we'll eat the dog.

CANDI

Touch Magda, and I'll clip part of you that *don't* grow back.

Bishan throws in a granola bar. Candi COUGHS.

RAMON

You coughed on the food?

CANDI

What do you care? It's wrapped.

Bishan points toward the bum.

BISHAN

What about him?

KELLY

You wanna take food from him? He smells like pee.

CANDI

(giggles)

Yeah, Old Spice ain't gonna do the job this time...

JAMES

Okay, folks. Let's see what we got.

James glances at the food. There's not even enough for a single meal.

JAMES

I guess we're gonna have to ration.

A shadow falls across his face.

The bum stands over James with two wrapped sandwiches, and several pieces of unspoiled fruit. He puts one sandwich in front of Maria and lays the rest in the circle.

HOMELESS BUM

It won't hurt me none to lose a few pounds.

He turns to Candi.

HOMELESS BUM

That bible man - he was right. You  
ain't nothin' but a freak of  
nature.

He bends over to Kelly, and whispers in her ear.

HOMELESS BUM

You'd smell like pee, too. If'n you  
didn't have no place to go.

Kelly watches him shuffle away. Guilt on her face - followed  
by a realization.

KELLY

I kinda gotta go right now.

Maria pulls out her nail file, and tries to unscrew the grate  
again. The file SNAPS in half.

She muffles a SCREAM of frustration behind her hand.

Magda the pug runs across the train, and sniffs at the pile  
of rock. The thin man's arm is turning green.

Sluggish flies crawl over bloated skin.

INT. LAST CAR - J TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

James looks around at a sea of frustrated faces.

JAMES

Who's got to go? Show of hands.

Everyone's hand goes up. The only hold-out is the bum.

HOMELESS BUM

I went before I got on the train.

JAMES

Okay. Here's what we're gonna do...

James points to the darkened end of the car.

JAMES

We go over there. One by one.  
Ladies first.

KELLY

I'm not gonna go in an open car!

RAMON

It's dark. You can only see a little.

KELLY

What about *between* the trains?

Metal GROANS, somewhere outside.

JAMES

If anything shifts while you're out there...

CANDI

(giggles)

I'm with Vanilla Boy. I don't wanna die with my pants around my ankles. At least not in that way.

Kelly shoots her a look.

CANDI

Haven't you ever crapped in the woods? I'll stand in front and block the view.

James hands Kelly the empty Gatorade bottle. She looks it over with disgust.

KELLY

It's easy for you. All you gotta do is whip it out.

The bum ambles over, and snatches James' jacket off a seat.

JAMES

Hey!

The bum holds the coat up to Kelly, and ties the arms around her waist.

HOMELESS BUM

Trick of the trade, Girlie. Works wonders in alleys. And subway trains.

KELLY

What if I have to - you know - do something else?

Maria pulls Pampers out of her bag. Kelly winces, unsure.

The pregnant woman grabs the coat and Gatorade bottle, and stomps toward the dark end of the car.

James watches the coat drag on the floor.

JAMES  
You know, that was a birthday  
present.

INT. LAST CAR - J TRAIN - LATER

James heads for the second car - baggie and filled Gatorade bottle held at arm's length. Ramon watches him, amused.

RAMON  
Ain't it great to be the leader?

JAMES  
We're takin' turns, pal. You've got  
bathroom duty next.

Ramon shakes his head "no." He knocks out a pull-up on an overhead bar. His right arm trembles from the strain.

INT. BETWEEN CARS - CONTINUOUS

James squeezes through the opening.

He pours the bottle through the grid in the floor and studies the wall of rocks on either side.

He aims high and tosses the baggie. It bounces off rubble, and lands with a *PLOP* at his feet.

James SIGHS. He picks it up and enters the second car.

INT. SECOND TO LAST CAR - CONTINUOUS

The conductor's the first thing he sees.

James keeps his distance and lays the baggie in a corner. Can't bring himself to look at the corpse.

He walks away. A trickle of smoke seeps in between the cars.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The electrical cable dangles from frayed wires, still live and lethal.

A metal girder below. One end is buried in the mud. The other's propped against the train.

Ramon's face is visible through the window, his brow furrowed in concentration.

INT. LAST CAR - CONTINUOUS

James squeezes back inside, the Gatorade bottle in his hand.

Ramon and Maria huddle at an intercom. The conductor's radio sits on the seat before them, on top of a Village Voice.

The others watch curiously from a distance. Ramon unscrews the faceplate and pops it off.

JAMES

What do you think you're doing?

RAMON

You don't want us to leave. So we're making a call from inside the train.

He nods towards the radio.

RAMON

We tried that again. It don't work worth shit.

He pokes through wires with his knife.

JAMES

You're gonna get yourself electrocuted!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The cracks near the train tracks widen; branch out like mud in a dried river bed.

The ceiling cable swings...

It drops a few feet, and brushes against the top of the girder. Blue sparks dance up the metal beam.

INT. LAST CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ramon cuts wires and splices them together.

RAMON

Some of the lights still got juice. So we just gotta re-route the speaker system.

James heads for Ramon. Maria blocks his path with her pregnant belly.

Candi stands behind her in a show of support.

CANDI  
(to James)  
Ramon's right. Let him try.

RAMON  
Chill out, man. I did this in shop  
all the time.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SUBWAY TUNNEL AND THE LAST CAR

The current reaches the train.

The intercom panel EXPLODES in a shower of sparks. Ramon jumps back and shields his face.

JAMES  
I told you!

Fire shoots upward, and ignites a poster on the wall.

The radio SPUTTERS. A VOICE floats above the static.

RADIO  
Can anyone hear me?

James grabs for the handset. The newspaper below it bursts into flame.

RADIO  
Train 274, can you read?

James tosses the Gatorade bottle's contents at the fire. It's already empty. He stares at it in dismay.

Ramon snatches his coat and smothers the seat. HOWLS as fire sears his hands.

Kelly sees a FLASH outside.

KELLY  
Look over there!

Candi and Bishan rush to the window.

The cable twists wildly in the air.

Fire licks up Bishan's sleeve. James stomps burning paper at his feet.

The ground caves in, near the track. The car pitches to one side. Candi, Bishan and Kelly are thrown forward...

...and watch as the cable arcs again towards the beam.

The girder slides to the ground. The cable skims overhead, and doesn't touch.

Kelly SIGHS in relief. Candi points - her eyes extra wide.

CANDI

Oh no.

The cable swings back towards the train, trailing sparks.

The three BANG on windows. Kelly SCREAMS.

Another wire SNAPS.

The cable falls to the ground and SIZZLES in mud. The three stare out the window, frozen in shock.

Smoke curls from under Ramon's jacket. The flames snuff out.

The radio CRACKLES again, and then falls silent. James pokes it with a finger. It's dead now - a lifeless lump.

JAMES

Great job, Genius.

He walks to the window, and points to exposed wires in the tunnel's ceiling.

JAMES

Do you *still* want to go outside?

Ramon punches his fist into the wall.

INT. LAST CAR - LATE NIGHT

SUPER: NIGHT #1

The car's quiet. Everyone's broken up into groups. Beads of sweat shine on worried faces.

Bishan sits alone, a scripture card in his hand.

Candi cuddles in the corner with Magda, and shares crust from a tiny wedge of sandwich.

Ramon sits next to Maria.



She flips through pictures on the iPad. Shots of family and children. Close-ups of a Hispanic MAN with a brilliant smile.

RAMON  
(in English)  
Ipad 3? Pretty cool.

Maria looks up. She doesn't understand.

RAMON  
(in Spanish)  
You kinda remind me of my sis.

He looks at her swollen belly beneath the Pad.

RAMON  
(in Spanish)  
Not that she's pregnant or  
anything. I mean, there was that  
one time, but she got an abortion.  
But if she'd gone through with it,  
she woulda looked a lot like you.

He hesitates, embarrassed.

RAMON  
(in Spanish)  
I like you. You're tough. Even  
though you're pregnant.

Maria smiles and pats his knee.

MARIA  
(in Spanish)  
We'll be fine. We just have to wait  
some more.

She turns back to the screen, and types a letter:

In Spanish: "Vic. If I don't make it out of here, I want you  
to know how much I care. About you. And the baby..."

INT. LAST CAR - J TRAIN - LATER

James sits on the floor and watches the bum twitch in his  
sleep. The man GRUNTS and makes spastic animal NOISES.

James pulls out the jewelry case, and stares blankly at its  
missing contents.

A pair of heels appear in his line of sight. James hides the  
box behind his back.

KELLY (O.S.)  
I wanted to return this, before it  
got too dirty.

Kelly's holding his trench. She sits down - looks a little twitchy herself.

The bum MUMBLES in his sleep. Kelly nods in his direction.

KELLY  
He was acting so normal. What  
happened?

JAMES  
He's probably off his meds.

KELLY  
(sly smile)  
Sucks for him.

Kelly sits down, close to James.

KELLY  
Thanks, by the way.

JAMES  
For what?

KELLY  
For vouching for me. With the food.

JAMES  
(smiles)  
Hey, we're all in this together.

KELLY  
Do you think we're gonna get out of  
here?

JAMES  
You got to stay positive.

KELLY  
(snorts)  
I'm usually better with  
"realistic."

Kelly glances around. Most of the others are fast asleep.

KELLY  
I wonder how many of them have  
families? People wondering where  
they are? That pregnant woman. I  
bet her boyfriend's worried sick.

James looks Kelly over. Young. Vulnerable. Surprisingly appealing in this light.

JAMES

You got anyone waiting at home?

KELLY

Strictly freelance. How 'bout you?

James squirms against the jewelry box, and pushes it against the wall.

JAMES

You know the story. Business guy  
spending every night in the office.  
No time for a relationship.

KELLY

Sounds like we're perfect for each  
other...

She shivers. James puts his trench around her shoulders.

JAMES

Keep it. Considering where it's  
been, I don't think I want it  
anymore.

KELLY

(smiles)

So you give it to me. Really sweet.

Kelly plants a peck on his cheek. She closes her eyes, and instantly begins to SNORE.

Kelly cuddles up to him in her sleep. James stares at her head on his shoulder.

Ramon watches from his spot near Maria. Hatred gleams from his eyes.

He rolls up his sleeve, and pokes his wound. Pus oozes out from inflamed edges.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - OUTSIDE THE LAST CAR

The train sits in silence. Emergency lights flicker at the windows - the only sign of life for miles.

A HISS in the darkness. Smoke rolls across the top of the car, and wraps it in a misty shroud.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

Bishan toys with the radio. He flips it over and opens the battery case. The plastic and metal's fused together.

Bishan looks around. Everyone's asleep.

He gets up, and sneaks towards the second car.

INT. BETWEEN CARS - CONTINUOUS

Bishan eases through the hole. Water trickles unnoticed down the rocks.

INT. LAST CAR - MORNING

The bum paces the aisle - looks noticeably worse for wear.

James parcels out food to the rest of the group. The rations look considerably lower. Bishan rubs tired eyes.

BISHAN

This won't last another day.

RAMON

(aimed at James)

Sit and wait. Brilliant plan.

KELLY

He's just trying to keep us safe.

Jealousy flits across Ramon's face.

RAMON

He's just tryin' to get time with you. I saw you two last night. You wanna hook up, get yourself a single car!

KELLY

I can fuck whoever I want. And I wouldn't touch you in ten million years.

RAMON

What makes you so high and mighty?  
I saved your ass with Malik,  
remember?

Magda the Pug does a dance of anxiety in Candi's carrier.

CANDI  
You gotta go, sweetie?

Magda WHINES and licks the bars.

JAMES  
We didn't fuck.

RAMON  
Why not? Your dick broke?  
(to Kelly)  
You should get with someone your  
own age. He's old enough to be your  
fuckin' father!

JAMES  
Fuck you back. I'm not that old.

Candi grabs her rations.

CANDI  
You're all acting like two year  
olds.

She stops suddenly, racked by COUGHS.

RAMON  
Shit. You got AIDS or something?

CANDI  
Like you'd know what AIDS sounds  
like. I just got over the flu.

RAMON  
(in Spanish)  
Whatever, faggot.

CANDI  
I know *some* Spanish. Watch your  
mouth.  
(mutters)  
AIDS. That's so 1980. You weren't  
even *born* yet, bro.

Ramon glares back.

RAMON  
Neither were you.

Candi grabs James' coat, and stalks toward the darkened end  
of the train.

RAMON  
Yeah. Go over there. Stop  
contaminating our food.

Candi "potties" Magda in the corner. She holds up the coat  
for privacy.

RAMON  
Don't let your dog do that here!

CANDI  
(yells back)  
What do you want me to do? Hold her  
out the window and squeeze?

Candi SLAPS a window.

The pane drops down and open - three whole inches. Candi  
stares at her hand.

JAMES  
I thought you checked the windows?

CANDI  
I guess I missed one...?

Smoke bellows into the car.

Candi falls to her knees, and starts to choke.

KELLY  
Oh my God, poison gas!

James races towards the window.

Kelly takes a gulp of fresh air, and backs away. Terror  
shines in her eyes.

Ramon grabs the bum's jacket and uses it to cover the  
opening. The jacket falls through, and tumbles into the  
tunnel outside.

The bum launches himself at Ramon.

HOMELESS BUM  
You dirty punk! Takin' my things!

Ramon wrestles with the man. The bum pops him in the jaw.

Maria retreats as smoke floods the train.

Candi staggers to her feet and digs at glass. The lower pane  
doesn't budge.

CANDI  
It's stuck!

James holds his trench coat to the window. Smoke pours through like it's not even there.

He looks for something else to cover the hole, blinded by a wall of smoke.

Ramon RIPS the burned poster from the wall and hits the bum with its steel frame.

The bum backs away. Blood streams from a cut above his eye.

Kelly points towards a door.

KELLY  
Look over there!

Curls of smoke puff underneath. Bishan grabs Maria's pampers, and stuffs them in every crack.

BISHAN  
(panicked)  
This car isn't air tight. We can't block every hole...

JAMES  
Where the hell's this coming from??

He presses the trench against the window, and catches a glimpse of the tunnel outside.

A pipe hangs loose on a wall, a few feet away. Smoke pours through a hole in its side - aimed directly at the train.

Ramon leans out.

RAMON  
Shit, man...

James grabs the steel bar from Ramon and sticks it out the window. Swings it *hard* against the pipe.

The first blow opens the hole even further. Smoke spews into James' face.

Another SMACK. The pipe CLATTERS to the ground - still smoking, but no longer aimed at the car.

James falls back and surveys the scene:

Kelly shivers in a ball on the floor.

Candi's COUGHING up a lung.

The bum's curled in a corner - more concerned with his face than the smoke in the air.

The smoke dissipates, just a bit.

JAMES

Is... everyone okay?

CANDI

(weakly)

I'm alive.

Maria waves from across the aisle, her shirt pulled over her face and mouth.

Magda HOWLS from her carrier. Bishan stands up.

BISHAN

I'm okay, too. I think that was just steam.

Ramon waves smoke towards the open window.

RAMON

Unless the effects take awhile.

JAMES

No. Bishan's right. False alarm.

James rubs reddened eyes and beams with relief.

JAMES

It's harmless! We're all gonna be okay!

RAMON

(slowly)

So - you had us wait here... For no reason at all?

James' smile fades away.

He eyes the window. And looks suddenly inspired...

MATCH CUT:

Ramon eyes the opening, unimpressed.

RAMON

My kid brother couldn't squeeze through there.



JAMES  
It'd have to be someone pretty  
thin.

CANDI  
Don't look at me. I just started a  
diet last week.

James glances around. Not many options. Everyone's eyes drift  
toward Kelly.

KELLY  
Oh, come on. Please say you're  
kidding.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

Kelly's head and one shoulder stick out of the car.

JAMES (O.S.)  
See anything?

KELLY  
No. It's really dark...

Candi pushes hard on Kelly's butt.

KELLY  
Stop trying to cop a feel!

CANDI  
It's just me, hon. Boy hands  
strictly off limits.

Candi pushes again. Kelly doesn't even budge.

CANDI  
Those breasts of yours are blocking  
the way.

KELLY  
I wanna keep them, okay? Stop  
pushing so hard.

Kelly slides back into the car.

KELLY  
Screw this. I'm taking a break.

She stomps over to a seat, and pulls out a cigarette out of  
her purse.

INT. LAST CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly glares defiantly through a cloud of smoke. Maria COUGHS and waves a hand in the air.

RAMON  
Hey, this is a no-smoking car!

KELLY  
Give it a rest with the second hand smoke. We just sucked down a shit-load worse.

RAMON  
Maria's baby don't need no cancer stick.

Kelly stomps to the window, and exhales outside.

KELLY  
Better?

RAMON  
No.

Ramon rips the cigarette from her hand.

KELLY  
Fuck you.

She digs for another cigarette. Ramon grabs her purse. Kelly yanks back.

Maria starts breathing heavy. It sounds like Lamaze. Candi races to her side.

The bum jumps to his feet. His eyes dart between Maria and the two combatants. Grizzled hands flutter in the air.

HOMELESS BUM  
I didn't do nothin'! You can't blame me for those spots on the floor...

Kelly pulls on her purse again.

The handle RIPS. Contents spill like a pinata all over the floor. Condoms. Makeup. The chocolate Kit Kat Bar.

Shock flashes across Candi's face. Ramon stares.

RAMON  
You're holding out?

James races over. Kelly falls to her knees and tries to sweep the evidence back into the purse.

KELLY

I - wanted to save something. Just  
in case....

She looks up at James.

KELLY

(tearful)

I'm scared, ok? I don't wanna die  
here alone.

JAMES

You're not alone.

He holds Kelly for a moment. Then starts to help her clean up the mess.

Maria seems to have settled down. Candi holds her hand, and waves from the other end of the train.

CANDI

Everything's okay over here. Just  
in case anyone else was  
concerned...

The bum paces feverishly down the aisle.

HOMELESS BUM

The big one did it. All by himself.

He stops suddenly and stares at the mess on the floor.

HOMELESS BUM

Wait a minute. Ain't that weed?

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

The group huddles in a circle, and passes around a tattered joint. Maria abstains. Bishan does as well - discomfort on his face.

The bum smokes a bone of his own. Looks considerably calmer than before.

JAMES

(to Kelly)

It was a good idea, to give him his  
own.

KELLY

You think I wanna share anything  
that touches those lips?

Candi waves smoke towards the dog carrier. Kelly GIGGLES and  
points at Magda.

KELLY

The doggie's getting stoned!

CANDI

(irritated)

Nothing she hasn't done before.

James takes a drag.

JAMES

So. Who does everyone miss at home?

KELLY

Kind of a personal question, don't  
you think?

CANDI

You peed in front of everyone,  
remember? I don't think we're  
strangers anymore.

Kelly throws a condom at Candi's face.

KELLY

Okay. Good point.

She thinks it over.

KELLY

My roommate probably doesn't know  
I'm gone. That's if she even came  
home.

JAMES

You share a place?

KELLY

Yeah. None of that dorm shit for  
me.

CANDI

You're in college, girlfriend?

KELLY

(proud)

NYU. I'm an art student.

KELLY (MORE)  
Most of the time. Though I haven't  
hit class much this semester.

She glares at the group.

KELLY  
Anyone tells my parents, I'll kick  
their ass!  
(pouts)  
My brother graduated last year. I  
flunk out of art school, they're  
gonna get extra pissed at me.

RAMON  
I got a brother. His name's Jose.

He pulls a picture of Jose out his pocket, and passes it  
around. A little BOY with the sweetest face.

RAMON  
I baby-sit him every night, when  
ma's at work. We eat Mac N' Cheese  
and watch TV. I bet he's missing me  
a lot.

CANDI  
Mac and Cheese. Don't make me  
hungry.

Ramon flips Candi the bird. Maria elbows him in the ribs.

MARIA  
(in Spanish)  
What are they saying?

RAMON  
(in Spanish)  
They're talking about families. I  
was telling them about my little  
bro.

Maria smiles, and puts her hand on her belly.

MARIA  
(in Spanish)  
I have my little one here. And my  
husband Vic, waiting at home.  
(frowns)  
He didn't want me to travel on the  
train alone. If I hadn't insisted  
on getting presents...

KELLY  
Okay. Spill it. What'd she say?

RAMON

That she misses her husband. And she thinks we should break outta here. Instead of waiting for her kid to pop.

The group falls silent. Candi waves smoke toward the window. Much of it lingers in the air.

RAMON

What about you, Miss Universe?

Candi strokes Magda - a wistful expression on her face.

CANDI

I don't talk to my family anymore.

KELLY

(sympathetic)

Since you came out?

CANDI

Nah. They were fine with that. But they bailed when I went trans.

RAMON

You chopped off your jewels?!?

CANDI

I'm saving up for the operation. It's kinda hard to afford on my salary.

RAMON

(sarcastic)

Whatcha do, sell makeup in the East Village?

Candi looks honestly offended.

CANDI

I'm an accountant, thank you very much.

(pause)

For a small art store in the East Village.

Everyone GIGGLES.

JAMES

What's your real name?

CANDI

I told you. Candi.

KELLY

No. The one you were born with,  
before you decided to switch teams?

CANDI

That's in the past. Unimportant.

She points a manicured finger at James.

CANDI

What about you, Mr. Big Business?

JAMES

Private Wealth Management. Finance -  
same as you. Just with slightly  
bigger clients.

CANDI

How big?

JAMES

\$10-20 million.

Ramon's jaw drops to his chest.

RAMON

Shit! Have one of them pay to dig  
us out!

JAMES

It's not like *I* get to keep the  
money.

RAMON

Sure. Look at them shoes. You got  
more than I got, bro.

He turns to Maria.

RAMON

(in Spanish)

Assholes like him move into the  
neighborhood. Push working people  
like you and me out.

CANDI

(to James)

What about family? Anyone special?

James looks nervously at Kelly.

JAMES

No-one. At the moment.

James glances towards the bum, but thinks better of asking him anything. His eyes slide towards Bishan.

JAMES  
You're quiet over there.

BISHAN  
I don't have anything to say.

KELLY  
That's not fair! We're all sharing.

RAMON  
Fuckin' Arab doesn't wanna share a bone. Too afraid he'll confess the truth.

BISHAN  
I'm a Sikh, asshole. We don't drink. Or do drugs.

James regards Bishan's cropped hair and beard.

JAMES  
I thought they didn't cut their hair.

BISHAN  
Fuck you, man.

JAMES  
Or swear.

RAMON  
He looks like a dirty Arab to me.

HOMELESS BUM (O.S.)  
He's not an Arab.

Everyone else stops and stares.

HOMELESS BUM  
I did two tours of Iraq. Dealt with rag-heads all the time. He don't look a thing like them.

KELLY  
You were in the Army?

The bum unbuttons his pants, and puffs on his joint.

HOMELESS BUM  
Yeah. Who wants ta know?



BISHAN

(quiet)

I, uh, have a family in Brooklyn. I live with my family, and my Uncle. We moved here when I was six.

KELLY

Wow. That must of been a shock.

BISHAN

Yeah. Sometimes, they don't get it. They don't know what it's like, growing up in the US.

He looks around the room at strange faces.

BISHAN

I wear American clothes, 'cause of school. When I was sixteen, I cut my hair. My Uncle almost threw me out.

KELLY

(grins)

I can so relate. When I was fourteen, I shaved my hair off on one side and dyed the rest purple...

Ramon counts aloud on his fingers.

RAMON

You came over - what, ten years ago?

BISHAN

Twelve.

RAMON

Kinda close to 9-11.

BISHAN

I'm not Islamic! You know, a Sikh got killed after 9-11. Some ass-wipe thought he was Arab and beat him to death!

He glares at Ramon.

BISHAN

Hispanics get profiled all the time. That's what you're doing. Hypocrite.

The group falls silent.

The tension's interrupted by DRIP DRIP DRIP, coming from the torn-up end of the train.

Water trickles down the pile of rock, and forms a puddle on the floor.

MOMENTS LATER

James looks up.

Water runs down in a steady stream. There's a ragged hole in the roof - spikes of metal on all sides.

JAMES

Maybe a pipe burst in the ceiling?

Ramon traces his finger along a subway map on the wall.

RAMON

No, man. We're stuck between Essex  
and Marcy. Right underneath the  
East Fuckin' River.

He runs to an entrance door, and pounds on it with his fist.

RAMON

Why the Fuck. Won't. This. Open up!

Ramon bull-rushes the door...

JAMES

Don't!

...and hits with all his body weight.

His shoulder CRUNCHES. Fresh blood leaks through Ramon's shirt, from his half-healed wound.

The door vibrates. Metal SCREECHES on the roof.

Rubble slides down from above and crashes against the door. Blocks them in, even more.

INT. LAST CAR - LATE NIGHT

SUPER: NIGHT TWO

The Gatorade bottle sits strategically under the drip, two thirds full. Half the car is fast asleep.

- Candi cuddles with Magda. The little pug licks her face.

- The bum counts cans and bottles in the corner. Bishan stares at him, preoccupied.

Ramon sits with Maria on a two seater bench.

RAMON  
(in Spanish)  
Look at them sleep. Like  
everything's okay. They're not  
coming for us, Momma. They probably  
don't even know we're here.

Maria studies an MTA map on her iPad and measures the distance between subway stops.

RAMON  
(in Spanish)  
We have to get out before it's too  
late. I'll go with you. Make sure  
you're safe.

Maria pats Ramon's hand.

MARIA  
(in Spanish)  
I know you will. You're a good boy.

Ramon looks nervously down at his hand. His fingers aren't moving right.

INT. AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

James sits with Kelly on the floor. She plays a game on her phone, and stares intently at the screen.

JAMES  
You should conserve the battery...

Kelly ignores him. The level quickens... Kelly panics, and makes a mistake.

KELLY  
Fuck!

She throws the phone across the room. It SMASHES to pieces on the floor. Kelly stares at it for a long, long time.

JAMES  
(softly)  
It's okay to be scared. I am, too.  
But we're all gonna get through  
this together.

He puts an arm around her shoulder and points towards Maria.

JAMES

See? She's pregnant. And she's  
doing fine.

Kelly smiles faintly at James. Unconvinced.

LATER

Kelly SNORES, curled on James' chest. Ramon and Maria are unconscious as well.

Bishan tiptoes past sleeping companions. And heads again towards the second car.

INT. SECOND TO LAST CAR - MOMENTS LATER

A flashlight app on his smartphone lights the way. Bishan plays the beam across what's left of the room.

The dark shape of the conductor lies in shadow.

Bishan grimaces. He sets the phone on the floor, and digs through piles of rock.

He grabs onto something and pulls. The suitcase emerges. Filthy, and dented. But intact.

Bishan grins with delight and unlocks the case...

HOMELESS BUM (O.S.)

Hey partner. What's going on?

Bishan spins around.

BISHAN

Nothing. I just had to... take a  
leak.

HOMELESS BUM

Yeah, me too. I don't sleep most  
nights. It's too dangerous on the  
streets.

(drops his voice)

Those Spanish people steal your  
stuff.

He stares at the suitcase.

HOMELESS BUM  
Hey man, where'd you find that  
case? I been lookin' for it  
everywhere!

He grabs the suitcase. Bishan yanks back.

HOMELESS BUM  
It's mine!

BISHAN  
Let go!

He kicks the bum in the stomach. The man SLAMS against the wall. Rock between the cars hits the platform with a CRASH.

Bishan looks up in horror. James and the rest of the group line up at the door.

RAMON  
I fucking knew it.

INT. LAST CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The bum hugs himself, and rocks back and forth.

HOMELESS BUM  
Did you see what he did? The little  
bastard kicked me in the nuts!

Ramon pulls the knife out of his pocket and shoves Bishan against a wall.

JAMES  
That's it!

James lunges forward. Ramon holds a hand up to his face, and presses the knife against Bishan's throat.

RAMON  
Back off, man. I got this.

Bishan stares around at a sea of angry faces. Maria pushes through the crowd.

MARIA  
Que pasa?

RAMON  
We caught this little bitch  
sneaking around.  
(to Bishan)  
Show us what's in there, man.

Bishan clutches the suitcase to his chest.

RAMON

What you got in there, weapons? You tryin' to kill us in our sleep?

JAMES

Everyone, let's just calm down.

(to Bishan)

Relax. No-one's going to take anything away. We just want to have a look.

He reaches for the suitcase.

Ramon turns towards James, distracted.

Bishan darts under the knife and swipes the suitcase at Ramon's hand. The knife skitters across the floor.

James grabs the suitcase.

BISHAN

No!

Bishan dives on James' back. Ramon pulls him off, and locks a choke-hold around his neck.

The bum dances around, and watches the struggle from every angle. Bishan flails. Ramon holds him back. Pain flashes across his face.

RAMON

(sarcastic)

Thanks, Ramon, for helping out. No problem, man. You're so very welcome...

James tosses the suitcase on a seat, and pops the latch. A baggie of diamonds shine inside.

KELLY

Holy shit.

Candi peeks inside.

CANDI

If that's what it looks like...

KELLY

How much is that worth?

JAMES  
(slowly)  
Way more than I make in a year.

RAMON  
Diamonds, huh? Isn't that like -  
whaddya call it?

JAMES  
Money laundering. Probably.

Ramon swings on James in triumph.

RAMON  
I told you he was a terrorist!

BISHAN  
Let go. They're mine!

He struggles to break free. Ramon punches him in the ribs.

RAMON  
You earn that working at the deli?

Maria stares at the diamonds, and suddenly doubles over in pain. A gush of liquid stains her pants.

MARIA  
(in Spanish)  
Not now!

Ramon lets go of Bishan, and rushes over to help.

MOMENTS LATER

Maria lies on the floor, her pants removed. James' trench is draped across her waist. Kelly tucks her coat under Maria's neck. Candi and Ramon each hold a hand.

The bum is freaking out. More than before.

Bishan holds tight to the suitcase, and backs away from the chaotic scene.

RAMON  
You go anywhere, I'm gonna stuff  
that suitcase up your ass.

James stands back and watches - utterly helpless.

JAMES  
Anyone here know what to do?

CANDI  
We gotta let nature take its  
course.

CRASH. James looks up.

The bum pulls bottles from his bag, and hurls them at the door. Shards of glass fly through the air.

JAMES  
Stop that!

HOMELESS BUM  
Don't you boss me around! My daddy  
did that alla the time. Fuckin'  
doctors. Order you around twenty-  
four seven...

RAMON  
Shut him up!

James looks at the bum. He's huge.

JAMES  
I'm trying. Did you see his size?

KELLY  
You better just let him calm down  
on his own.

Maria squeezes Ramon's hand in an iron grip.

RAMON  
(to Candi)  
How long does this take?

CANDI  
Sixteen hours. Maybe more?

Maria SCREAMS. Ramon turns white.

He looks across the train and spots his knife on the floor.

Ramon darts for the emergency door. He scoops up the knife and jams the blade between rubber panels.

James shoves him aside.

JAMES  
I told you before. Put that away!

RAMON  
Get offa me. We got to get her to a  
doctor!



JAMES

Are you gonna carry her through the  
tunnel in labor?

RAMON

Better than fuckin' staying here!

James wedges himself against the door, and shoves a hand in  
Ramon's face. Ramon swings. The knife slices James' finger.

James grabs Ramon's wrist.

Ramon yanks as James lunges forward. Ramon's fingers go  
slack. His arm twists...

...the knife plunges into Ramon's chest.

Red liquid gushes, and mingles with blood on James' hand.

JAMES

Oh my God.

Candi pulls James away.

JAMES

Let me go. I have to do something.

CANDI

You've already done enough.

Ramon slides down the subway door. Candi puts her hand to his  
chest and tries to staunch the flow of blood.

Maria PUFFS with a contraction. Ramon GASPS, in perfect  
synch. He GULPS air. Then breathes his last.

Maria looks over at Ramon and SCREAMS. This time, it's not  
from pain.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

SUPER: THREE HOURS LATER

James sits in shock. Ramon's body lies across the aisle -  
covered with the bum's garbage bags.

The others gather around Maria, excited and horrified at the  
same time. Candi crouches between Maria's legs. She looks  
like an umpire at a game.

KELLY

Oh my God. I think this is it.

CANDI  
(to Maria)  
Come on, Sweetie. Breathe some  
more.

Bishan stares down at Maria in shock.

KELLY  
Holy shit. I am NEVER doing that.

CANDI  
Well, normally they cut it with a  
knife...

KELLY  
Would YOU do that?

CANDI  
I'm not having that kind of  
plumbing put in.

She turns back to Maria.

CANDI  
Push real hard. How do you say,  
Empujar duro?

KELLY  
Ewwwwwwwwww.

The baby crowns. Maria HOWLS.

CANDI  
Yes! Honey, it's a boy!

James sits in his seat and watches as the others CHEER.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

The baby rests in Maria's arms, wrapped in Kelly's coat.  
Maria lies across plastic seats. Tired. Filthy. Satisfied.

Candi dabs at the baby's face with a napkin.

CANDI  
Not bad. For a group with no  
medical training.

KELLY  
He's kinda cute. In a wrinkled sort  
of way.

The bum drifts over.

HOMELESS BUM  
It's a boy? Where's his thing?

Candi pushes him away.

CANDI  
Don't touch. Let Momma rest.  
(whispers to Maria)  
Keep him away from the baby. People  
like him go loco sometimes.

She reaches out and takes Maria's hand.

CANDI  
Lord, please bless this child. May  
he know only peace. And someplace  
better than the MTA.

Kelly smiles. James shuffles over from across the room.

JAMES  
Can I...?

The others move aside. James looks at the baby. Then Maria.

JAMES  
(whispers)  
He's beautiful.

Maria smiles angelically. And spits in his face.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

James sits at the dark end, isolated from everyone else.

Walls close in on all sides - resembling a metal coffin more than a train.

Bishan and the bum lug Ramon's body between them in a garbage bag. James sneaks a look as they pass by.

HOMELESS BUM  
(cheerful)  
We carried lots o' these after the  
Surge. You just gotta learn how to  
fold the limbs. That's if they had  
arms and legs anymore.

Bishan stares at the bum, speechless.

They reach the entrance to the second car, and struggle to fit the corpse between the rocks.

Time runs in slow motion. Water DRIPS into the Gatorade bottle like a ticking clock.

The only thing that doesn't move is James.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Maria rocks the baby. The others drift over to take a peek.
- Candi portions out remaining food. The pile diminishes, bit by bit.
- The bum opens a can of Similac with Ramon's knife, and chokes it down.
- Maria stabs at a window with her keys. They twist in her hand, scrape the skin. She SCREAMS in anger. Baby Jose CRIES.

END MONTAGE.

The bum walks by James and notices the look on his face.

HOMELESS BUM

Now you know what it's like. To  
have people hate you, and talk shit  
about you behind your back.

He walks away, dragging his other garbage bag behind him.

James spots Ramon's knife on the floor. He picks it up and lays it experimentally across his wrist.

Then shakes his head, and puts it down.

Water bubbles up from a crack in the floor. James' back is turned. He doesn't see.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

SUPER: DAY THREE

Maria breast-feeds the baby. It looks almost like a nativity scene. Candi stands at her side, fascinated. Kelly watches from a few feet away.

CANDI

I wish I had a pair of those.  
(in broken Spanish)  
What will you call him?

MARIA

(in Spanish)  
I think, Jose.

Kelly grabs the bag of Pampers and heads in their direction. Maria frowns at her approach.

Kelly stares at James across the train. He hasn't budged from his seat.

KELLY

He's not eating. I should bring him something.

CANDI

He'll be fine. Leave him alone.

KELLY

(hesitant)

It's not like he did it on purpose.

The baby CRIES loudly. Candi plucks Jose from Maria's arms, and juggles the infant up and down.

CANDI

(disgusted)

What do you see in him, anyway? A sugar daddy, who thinks his preppy-ass shit don't stink?

She gets a whiff of Jose's bottom.

CANDI

Speaking of shit. Someone needs to be changed.

Kelly hands a diaper to Maria. Maria throws it to the floor, and pulls an identical one out of her bag.

MARIA

(to Candi in Spanish)

She's his girlfriend. I don't want that bitch's help.

KELLY

What'd she say?

CANDI

I only caught every third word. But I don't think she approves of your choice of men.

Kelly pops a pill from her purse.

KELLY

(mutters)

Not that it's anyone's fuckin' business.

Maria shoots a dirty look in her direction. Candi follows up with one of her own.

CANDI

(to Kelly)

Listen, Sweetie - that spoiled brat routine's getting old. Get your shit together, and stop relying on pills and men. SOME of us don't have parents to wipe our ass, and send us to a fancy college.

Kelly stares at Candi. She spins on her heel and stomps over to James.

INT. LAST CAR - DARK END OF THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

James stares at the floor.

Familiar heels come into view. Kelly stands over him - his dirty trench coat in her hands.

KELLY

I thought I'd try to return this again.

JAMES

(smiles)

Sorry. I still don't want it back.

Kelly plops down next to James and pulls the coat over their knees like a blanket.

JAMES

Thanks for coming over, though.

KELLY

Yeah, well, the people over there are seriously boring. You okay?

JAMES

I've been better.

KELLY

I told them, it's not your fault. Ramon was an asshole.

JAMES

(shakes his head)

It doesn't matter now.

KELLY

I know something that'll help your mood.

Kelly nudges James with a secretive smile and slides a pill to him, underneath the trench.

JAMES

Uh, no thanks.

Kelly looks slightly annoyed.

Bishan gathers with Candi at a window. They remove a diamond from the case.

Kelly watches, curious. Bishan scratches the gem across the pane. It barely even makes a mark.

Kelly cuddles closer and nibbles on James' neck. He melts - then pushes her away.

KELLY

(whispers)

Come on! They can't see over here.  
This could be our only chance.

JAMES

I should tell you something...

Bishan pushes harder against the window. YELPS as the diamond scrapes his hand.

James watches in irritation as Candi fusses over the wound.

Kelly reaches a hand under James' trench. Her fingers touch something long and hard in his pocket.

KELLY

Wow.

(pause)

Wait a minute...

She pulls out the jewelry box. Opens it, and finds it empty.

KELLY

What's this?

JAMES

That's kind of what I had to discuss. It was... a gift for my girlfriend.

(sighs)

I tossed it before I got on the train.

KELLY  
You have a girlfriend?

JAMES  
It's more complicated than you think.

KELLY  
(incensed)  
Sounds pretty simple to me. How long have you been together?

JAMES  
(beat)  
Five years. It's not going well.

KELLY  
Five years? You engaged?

JAMES  
We've gotten kind of boring lately...

Kelly stands up. SCREAMS at James at the top of her lungs. Waves the jewelry case for dramatic effect.

KELLY  
I trusted you! They did, too!

JAMES  
(sighs)  
Give it a rest. Grow up, okay?

KELLY  
You sound just like my father.

JAMES  
I told you. I'm not THAT old!

KELLY  
I should've listened to Candi. You're a lying, gutless fuck!

JAMES  
(grumbles)  
Great. Now you sound like Sandy.

KELLY  
Sandy?!? That's her name?

She runs to the opposite end of the train and SOBS in her seat. James stands up. Everyone stares in his direction.



JAMES

Fine, I'm the resident asshole.  
Anyone else wanna take a shot?

His audience stares back. James has the train's full attention now.

JAMES

You're all such fine upstanding citizens.

He points to Candi.

JAMES

We got To Wong Foo over here.

To the bum:

JAMES

You haven't bathed in God knows how many months.

HOMELESS BUM

(mutters)

You don't smell so sweet, yourself.  
When's the last time you got that suit cleaned?

JAMES

It's hot in here. What's your excuse?

James singles out Bishan.

JAMES

And who the fuck knows who *he* really is! He sneaks around behind everyone's back. Now, suddenly, no-one cares. You've accepted him as one of your own. Definitely more than me!

Bishan stands frozen in the spotlight, the bag of diamonds in his hand. James sees an opportunity, and barrels through.

JAMES

Has he even explained where he got those diamonds? He could be Al Qaeda for all you know.

BISHAN

It's not like that!

JAMES

How's it like, then? Wanna explain  
it to your adoring fans?

BISHAN

It's a family thing. Okay?

Everyone stares. Bishan opens his mouth, and realizes he  
can't take back the words.

BISHAN

My Uncle has deals with traders  
outside the country. We sell them  
to jewelry shops in Queens.

JAMES

(sneers)

Sure. And what are they funding?

BISHAN

(quietly)

They got us out of Mumbai, and give  
us money for family in Dharavi.  
That's all *I* give a shit about.

JAMES

So how's about we discuss it with  
the cops, when we finally get out  
of this mess?

BISHAN

They're not... exactly legal.

Magda the pug tears across the aisle - clearly on the hunt  
for something.

James watches her go, a comical expression on his face.

The dog skids to a stop near the rock pile, and barks at a  
crevice near the floor. Rodent eyes peer from the hole.

KELLY

Grosssssss!

CANDI

(disgusted)

Don't be a drama queen. It's just a  
rat.

Her words trail off.

CANDI

How did it get in here?

Water spills over the edge of the Gatorade bottle. Large drops from the ceiling spatter the floor.

Everyone looks up. And regard the hole in the roof with renewed interest.

INT. LAST CAR - TOP OF ROCK PILE - LATER

James stands at the top of the pile, the sleeve of his trench wrapped around his hand. The others watch from below.

KELLY

It looks pointy up there.

CANDI

This is insane.

JAMES

You got any better ideas?

CANDI

You'll slip and fall. Die on the tracks.

KELLY

What if the tunnel collapses, while you're outside?

JAMES

It's not like any of you would care.

James turns on a flashlight app on his phone. The stack shifts under James' weight like a lethal game of human Jenga.

Kelly steps away - can't bear to watch anymore.

James bends back a spike of metal. The hole's barely big enough to climb through.

He sticks his head out, and looks around. It's too dark to see more than a few inches.

CANDI

Whaddya see?

JAMES

Nothing. I gotta go out and investigate.

He grabs more metal and bends it back. The bum regards the hole and James.

HOMELESS BUM  
You're gonna need help getting back  
in. I slept a few nights  
underground. Might know my way  
round better'n you.

CANDI  
He's got a point...

She leans over to Maria and points to the bum.

CANDI  
(whispers in English)  
That gets *his* smelly ass out of  
here.

Maria nods - has no idea what Candi's said.

JAMES  
Fine. The more the merrier.

Bishan steps forward.

BISHAN  
I'm going, too.

HOMELESS BUM  
Your skinny ass? What good would  
that do?

BISHAN  
I can crawl into smaller places  
than you.

JAMES  
(to Bishan)  
What if you try to sneak away and  
escape?

BISHAN  
We're *all* trying to get out. Aren't  
we?

HOMELESS BUM  
(to James)  
If you so suspicious, then you  
don't wanna leave him alone with  
the girls...

James hesitates.

JAMES  
Good point. Bishan comes, too.

CANDI  
(mutters)  
The testosterone in here could  
choke a horse...

James wedges an arm and shoulder through the hole.

JAMES  
The rest of you stay here and take  
care of the baby.

Candi waves sarcastically.

CANDI  
We'll just knit some dresses, and  
wait for you brave boys to come  
back.

James wiggles through the hole.

Metal rips through his shirt, and carves into his side. He  
ignores the pain and pushes through.

INT. LAST CAR - BOTTOM OF PILE

The bum steps onto the rock pile next. Bishan crosses the car  
and opens his suitcase on a seat.

HOMELESS BUM  
Where you goin'?

BISHAN  
I'm bringing these with me. Since  
everyone trusts everyone else so  
much.

He stuffs the baggie of diamonds in his pants. Slides Ramon's  
knife in there, too.

EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - LATER

The light from James' phone bobs in darkness. The men huddle  
on the roof like rats.

HOMELESS BUM  
That wasn't so bad. I slipped  
through that hole real good.

JAMES  
I broke it in for you, remember?

James winces. Blood from his wounds soak his shirt.

JAMES

I'll go first. Hold my hands, and  
ease me down. It'll give me less  
distance to fall.

James puts his phone into one of Kelly's baggies, and stuffs  
it in a jacket pocket.

He looks over the roof's edge. It's a long slide into a dark  
abyss. He grabs the bum's hands.

JAMES

What'd you figure? Six feet?

HOMELESS BUM

(chuckles)

Dunno. I never climbed up here  
before. I may be crazy. But I ain't  
stupid.

James rolls onto his stomach and lowers himself off the edge.

JAMES

So far, so good.

James slips...

...and drops several feet.

His fingers slip through the bum's left hand.

James' side SLAMS against the train. He clings to the bum  
with his other hand.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JAMES AND INSIDE THE LAST CAR

Kelly and Maria sit in stony silence. Candi plays with Magda -  
the only spark of life in the car.

THUD. Kelly looks up.

KELLY

What was that?

James dangles in darkness, and tries to get purchase with his  
feet. Leather soles skid against wet metal.

BISHAN

Just let go! It can't be far.

JAMES

(to the bum)

I can't see bottom! Don't let go!

James' legs KICK against the car. The girls run over for a closer look.

James gets a toe-hold on the window's edge.

JAMES

Yes! Okay!

HOMELESS BUM

Okay?

The bum nods. And lets go of James' other hand.

James plummets down - five more feet.

The girls watch as his body streaks by the window, and quickly disappears from view.

James hits the ground with a SPLAT. Followed by silence - both inside and outside the train.

KELLY

James!!

Kelly BANGS on the glass. Her reflection stares back. It's too dark to see anything more.

James sits sprawled on the ground. Three inches of water soak his pants.

He fishes his phone out of the zip-lock baggie. The flashlight turns on. Everything works.

HOMELESS BUM

You okay down there, pal?

James looks to his left. A section of rebar juts from the ground. Only inches from his face.

JAMES

(sarcastic)

I'm having a ball. Never been better...

The bum turns to Bishan on the roof.

HOMELESS BUM

Okay, Slim. You be next.

MOMENTS LATER

James and Bishan watch from the ground.

The bum hangs off the edge of the car by his arms, his stomach exposed by his too-short shirt.

His hairy belly squishes against the window. The girls inside make disgusted SOUNDS.

MOMENTS LATER

James reaches up and pats the window. His hand's the only visible part of him inside the train.

JAMES  
We made it down!

CANDI  
Can you see anything?

JAMES  
Just a few inches. We're gonna check out the next car, and try to find other survivors.

KELLY  
Don't go too far...

Kelly presses her face to the window and watches James' smartphone glow move further away.

Maria studies the younger girl's face. There's a spark of empathy in her eyes.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LAST CAR - LATER

Three sets of shoes splash through muck. James feels along the wall.

HOMELESS BUM  
(grins)  
I bet you wish you brought your boots.

Bishan looks up towards the hole in the roof. Live wires spark at the edge. He looks down. Water covers his feet.

JAMES  
Try not to think about it.

They ease around obstacles. The piles of rock get denser as they go.



BISHAN

There were at least ten people in  
the car with me.

The second car looms before them. Emergency lights flicker  
inside. The roof's crushed like an aluminum can.

BISHAN

Could anyone have survived?

JAMES

We're gonna find out.

James' submerged foot snags on rock. He stumbles, and grabs  
Bishan for balance.

They hit the window of the second car, face first.

There's a bloody handprint inside the pane. James raises his  
phone and peers through glass.

INT. SECOND TO LAST CAR

Bodies everywhere, crushed under rock. Unidentified body  
parts litter the floor. Flies BUZZ around as they decay.

Bishan glances at James, guilt and relief on his face.

A heavy hand lands on James' shoulder.

HOMELESS BUM

Can't go no further in this  
direction. We gotta see if there's  
another way out.

INT. LAST CAR - CONTINUOUS

Everyone does their best to ignore each other.

Kelly's in a funk. Maria SINGS to Jose in Spanish. Candi  
fiddles with Maria's iPad and looks completely bored.

CANDI

Anyone know any parlor tricks?

Dead silence. Kelly perks up...

KELLY

It wasn't fair, what you said  
before. I'm not a spoiled brat.

CANDI

Yes, you are. You sit in the corner  
and have temper tantrums.

KELLY

Like I've got anything better to  
do?

Candi looks Kelly over.

CANDI

Okay. Maybe I was a bit harsh. But  
I used to be a lot like you. Drugs.  
Parties. I tore through money and  
nearly burned myself out. So I  
dialed it back. And it didn't take  
a subway crash to do it.

KELLY

Dialed it back? I saw you with that  
conductor.

CANDI

(grins)

It's the weekend. That doesn't  
count.

Candi points to Maria.

CANDI

Look at her. She's staying  
positive. And she's got a hell of a  
lot more to lose than us.

Kelly cranes her neck to look at Jose. Maria sees her and  
slides further away.

KELLY

She hates me. She won't even let me  
help with the baby.

She turns to Candi, fear in her eyes.

KELLY

What do we do if they don't come  
back?

Jose WAILS. And starts to COUGH.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - LATER

The men follow the tracks. The water runs ankle-deep. The  
smoke's thicker, too. James tries not to breathe it in.

JAMES  
 (to the bum)  
 You slept underground? The J line?

HOMELESS BUM  
 I think it was the D. But they  
 gotta be the same. Exit doors for  
 workers. Stuff like that.

He looks around at grimy walls.

HOMELESS BUM  
 It's kinda exciting. Like when we  
 was exploring caves, back in 'Nam.

JAMES  
 Vietnam? You're not that old.

BISHAN  
 I thought he was stationed in Iraq?

A wave of rats swim by in a black, furry tide. James jumps  
 back several feet.

JAMES  
 How far do these tunnels run?

HOMELESS BUM  
 Get used to the scenery. It ain't  
 gonna change for at least a mile.

They step toward a pile of large rocks.

As the group approaches, GRAFFITI on the walls grow clear; a  
 mishmash of all shapes, colors and size.

Some are gang names, sexual cartoons. Over those, words  
 painted in drippeing red:

"Abandon All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here."

KELLY  
 I've seen that somewhere before...

JAMES  
 It's from Dante. You should.

CANDI  
 The R&B Singer? Ooh, he's fab.

JAMES  
 No, from *Dante's Inferno*.

KELLY

The Video Game? I don't play.

JAMES

No, the book. Didn't you ever take English Literature in school?

HOMELESS BUM

(nods and quotes)

"Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate."

BISHAN

What the heck is that? Witchcraft?

HOMELESS BUM

No, it's Italian.

KELLY

I knew that!

James side-eyes Kelly. Knows she's lying - yet again.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - THE OTHER SIDE OF "THE ROCKS"

A GREASY WHITE MAN, 30s, bends over a duffel bag. Strings of black hair fall in his face.

A HISPANIC MAN and heavy BLACK WOMAN, 20s, stand impatiently on either side. Dried mud cakes their clothes.

GREASY MAN

I got plenty for each a' you.

James turns the corner. Their heads snap up.

Everyone freezes. The strangers' eyes reflect James' smartphone's glow.

The greasy man swings the duffel over his shoulder. Sharp objects appear in his companions' hands.

They rush James and the others before they can react.

The woman shoves a broken bottle in Bishan's face. The Latino man presses a knife to James' throat.

The leader stands toe-to-toe with the bum.

JAMES

Let us go!

The Latino nicks his neck. James freezes in place.

HOMELESS BUM  
(to the leader)  
Let 'em go. We ain't hurtin' no-one  
here.

GREASY MAN  
I don't think so. You got  
explaining to do.

The woman pokes Bishan.

HEAVY WOMAN  
What you doin'? Spyin' on us?

BISHAN  
I don't know what you're talking  
about! There were explosions. There  
are people behind us, trapped in a  
train. We're just trying to find  
some way out!

The leader takes a step. The bum moves to block his way.

GREASY MAN  
(quiet)  
You can take me. But they'll gut  
your friends when you do.

The bum lets him go. The man strolls over to Bishan.

GREASY MAN  
Yeah, explosions. I hear they could  
be terrorist related. You look like  
someone who might know about  
that...

BISHAN  
(frightened)  
I swear I'm not a terrorist!

GREASY MAN  
Your friends gonna vouch for you?

JAMES  
We don't know him. We met on the  
train.

Bishan's eyes bug out of their sockets.

JAMES  
But we've been with him two days.  
(desperate)  
Look at him. Do you think he could  
pull off a terrorist attack?

The man looks Bishan over.

GREASY MAN

You're right. He don't have the guts.

The Latino frisks James' coat.

LATINO MAN

This one's dressed slick. You a narc, pretty boy?

JAMES

Just a commuter. Same as you...

His illogical words trail off in the air.

LATINO MAN

He got no gun. Guess he's clean.

GREASY MAN

Then we kill 'em quick, and leave 'em here.

JAMES

No! We just want to go home. Please?

LATINO MAN

(hesitant)

He ain't a cop. Maybe we should let him go.

The woman fidgets with the bottle.

HEAVY WOMAN

I ain't no killer.

GREASY MAN

(holds up the duffel)

You want some of this, or not?

The bum locks eyes with the leader.

HOMELESS BUM

Let 'em go, and I'll make it worth your while.

He hands over a bottle of pills. The woman darts to the leader's side, and reads the label.

HEAVY WOMAN

Shit! That's worth at least five bills!

HOMELESS BUM  
It's yours. All of it.

Bishan edges away. James tries to follow. The Latino man pushes him back.

HOMELESS BUM  
(to the leader)  
Call off your boy.

GREASY MAN  
You know where we live. You could call the cops.

HOMELESS BUM  
Pretty Boy's right. We just wanna go home. Once we gone, we'll forget we ever seen your face.

GREASY MAN  
You'll forget if you're dead, too.

HOMELESS BUM  
Ain't no call for killin'. We just tryin' to survive - same as you.

The Latino man stares at the leader.

LATINO MAN  
I don't want no trouble, man.

The greasy man SIGHS.

GREASY MAN  
Let 'em go.  
(sneers)  
He's gonna die in the tunnel, anyway. No reason to get blood on our hands.

The Latino man lowers the knife. James darts away. He stops near the leader. Hesitates.

JAMES  
Do you know a way out?

GREASY MAN  
This is our home. We stay here.

The leader turns to his companions.

GREASY MAN  
Let's go. Before the water gets too high.

The three walk away, and don't look back.

The bum grabs James, and drags him in the other direction.

HOMELESS BUM

Let's go. Before any o' them  
changes their mind.

JAMES

Where'd you get those drugs?

HOMELESS BUM

(grins)

I took 'em from the Girlie's purse.  
Figured I might need 'em later.

MOMENTS LATER

The bum walks ahead. Bishan falls in next to James.

BISHAN

You told them you don't know me?!

JAMES

Well, I don't.

BISHAN

(glares)

How'd that knife feel at your neck?  
Not so nice on that end, is it?

He walks for a moment in sullen silence.

BISHAN

You weren't serious, were you?  
About talking to the police, I  
mean?

JAMES

What if I was?

BISHAN

They could deport my family. Throw  
us in jail!

JAMES

That's not my concern.

BISHAN

And none of your business.

JAMES

It is, if you're lying. And had  
something to do with the crash.



BISHAN

You still think I'm a terrorist?

JAMES

I don't know. I'll leave it to the  
cops. Let them sort it out.

Bishan touches Ramon's knife in his pocket, and doesn't say  
another word.

The bum trudges ahead and SINGS.

HOMELESS BUM

Do your balls hang low? Do they  
swing to and fro? Can you tie 'em  
in a knot? Can you tie 'em in a  
bow?

JAMES

We should head back. We've gone too  
far.

They reach a bend in the tunnel. James is interrupted by the  
sound of RUSHING WATER.

A cliff of rocks extends to the ceiling, blocking the tunnel -  
thirty feet above the floor.

Water pours through a hole in the roof. With enough room left  
over to fit a human body.

JAMES

I guess we just found our leak.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - AT "THE PILE" - LATER

The group circle the pile. Rocks wobble on top of each other -  
it looks unsafe from every angle.

BISHAN

We can't climb that!

HOMELESS BUM

Shit, I handled worse than this  
back in Basic...

He starts up. James pulls him down. He holds up his phone and  
runs the flashlight over the rocks.

JAMES

It's not safe.

He stares at the phone. One bar glows on display. He holds it up higher: almost 2G.

James pushes the bum aside and starts up himself. Eyes glued to the changing signal.

BISHAN

I thought you said this was a bad idea.

JAMES

If we can get a call through, that changes everything.

Bishan follows close behind. The bum tackles the pile from the opposite side.

BISHAN

We can't leave the others behind!

JAMES

There could be cops up there. They can help them better than us...

Water pours from the ceiling. James shields the phone and continues to climb.

Blood from his wounds drip onto the rocks. Bishan looks down, and sees the trail. The bum climbs out of view.

HOMELESS BUM

(singing)

Can you throw them o'er your  
shoulder like a continental  
soldier? Do your balls hang low?

Bishan pulls out Ramon's knife.

James is preoccupied by the smartphone's screen. Two full bars. Two thirds of the way up the pile.

JAMES

Folks, I think we've got a signal.

He dials 911.

Bishan raises the knife.

The phone RINGS...

Rocks shower down, in a mini-avalanche. The bum SCREAMS from the other side.

James looks down. Bishan hides the knife behind his back.

The bum lies at the bottom of the pile - his leg crushed under a slab of cement. Water laps over his body. His head's dangerously close to being submerged.

James and Bishan race down and try to move the rock. It's too heavy. Water pours down on their heads.

BISHAN  
(sputters)  
We can't leave him!

JAMES  
We can't stay! The water's rising!

Bishan pulls out Ramon's knife and chops at the ground around the bum. James stares at the weapon in surprise.

HOMELESS BUM  
(dazed)  
You won't leave me?

BISHAN  
You're the only one that hasn't  
called me a traitor. I gotta have  
*someone* on my side.

JAMES  
(to Bishan)  
Push!

Bishan throws himself against the rock. James grabs the bum under the arms, and pulls.

The bum SCREAMS in pain. His leg slides free.

James SCREAMS too, as his wounds re-open. He drops his phone. It sinks from view.

BISHAN  
We have to go. Now!

James and Bishan balance the bum on their shoulders. James stares at the rock pile with bitter regret. Then turns back, towards the tracks.

The water's rising - almost thigh-high.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NEAR THE LAST CAR

GROANS echo through the tunnel. The train sits in shadow, a few feet away.

Kelly stalks by a window - an anxious expression on her face.

A crack forms along the tunnel's wall.

Tiles pop off. Water pours in.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

Candi pages through iPad pictures with Maria.

Kelly paces the car. Sympathy flashes on Maria's face. The emotion's clear - no Spanish required.

KELLY  
Where are they?

CANDI  
Relax. It's only been an hour.

Maria pulls up the picture of her husband. Kelly walks over.

KELLY  
Who's that?

CANDI  
(in Spanish)  
Your husband?

MARIA  
(nods)  
Si. Vic.

Kelly looks jealous.

KELLY  
I wish I knew Spanish, like you.

CANDI  
(shrugs)  
I don't know much. Just stuff like  
'what's your name? Do you have a  
boyfriend?' 'When do you get off  
work?'

KELLY  
How about, 'I wanna get the fuck  
out of this train?'

CANDI  
I didn't get that far in college,  
hon.

Kelly leans over the iPad and stares at the screen.

KELLY  
I think this album needs something  
new...

She gestures to the pad. Maria frowns, but hands it over.

Kelly shoots pictures of Jose. She flips the pad over and shows them to Maria.

KELLY  
For later.

Maria smiles with sudden affection.

The iPad flickers. The screen SNAPS to black. Maria tries to reboot, but the battery's dead.

Maria WAILS in frustration. Jose joins in. Candi looks desperately around for her purse.

CANDI  
I got an iPhone. Maybe I can steal  
some juice...

Her eyes slide to the end of the train. Water bubbles in, under the door.

MOMENTS LATER

The girls stuff Pampers along the floor. Water seeps in, through other cracks.

Something THUDS against the door -

BISHAN (O.S.)  
Let us in! He - the guy - one of  
us is hurt!

INTERCUT ON EITHER SIDE OF THE TRAIN DOOR

James and Bishan pound on the door. The bum hangs between them, limp from shock.

JAMES  
Let us in!

Relief floods Kelly's face.

KELLY  
You're okay?

BISHAN  
Open the door!

CANDI  
How? It's locked!

James looks around. And spots the re-bar from before. He drops the bum into Bishan's arms.

JAMES  
Stand back!

He yanks the bar from the ground, and SWINGS like an ax against the window. It bounces off harmlessly. The impact nearly knocks him off his feet.

James rams the stake between the doors. He pushes against it. HOWLS in pain.

The doors slide open. The girls back up as water flows into the car.

James and Bishan push the bum into the train, and climb up behind him.

KELLY  
What happened?

JAMES  
We found a way out.

Candi stares at the water, now level with the door.

CANDI  
I hope so. 'Cause we can't stay here.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

Kelly hugs James tight. He winces in quiet pain.

Bishan staggers to Candi. The bum's on his shoulder. The man looks awful; barely conscious.

BISHAN  
His leg got crushed. You're the one who knows first aid.

CANDI  
I'm no doctor...

BISHAN  
Please?

Candi sits the bum in a corner and examines his wounds. Kelly fusses over James like a puppy.

KELLY

You sure you're not hurt?

JAMES

Relax. I'm fine.

KELLY

Listen, about what I said before.  
You know - calling you a gutless,  
lying bastard?

JAMES

(winces)

I think the phrase was gutless,  
lying fuck...

KELLY

Yeah. That. I'm so, so sorry. Candi  
called me a brat, and she's right.

JAMES

No. I should've told you about my  
girlfriend. I just - needed a  
friend, and you were there. I  
didn't want you to go away....

Kelly stares at the mud on his clothes.

KELLY

You're a mess. Lemme take this off.

She grabs his coat, and exposes the blood-soaked shirt  
underneath.

KELLY

You said you weren't hurt. You  
lying fuck!

She pulls off James' shirt. The wounds are inflamed. All the  
others stop and stare.

JAMES

It's just some scratches, from when  
I went through the ceiling...

Kelly touches a cut. James jumps back.

JAMES

Ow!

He grabs his trench coat and throws it on, shirtless.

KELLY  
(smiles)  
I gotta admit, that looks pretty  
boss.

INT. LAST CAR - CORNER OF THE TRAIN

Candi rips a pant leg off the bum. The skin below his knee is  
a mangled mess.

HOMELESS BUM  
(giggles in shock)  
Hey sexy Nursie, am I gonna make  
it?

CANDI  
Shut up. Let me do my job.

She grabs his garbage bag, and rifles through cans.

CANDI  
You got anything you can tie in  
here?

Bishan hands over James' bloodied shirt. Candi pulls a bottle  
out of the bag.

CANDI  
Red Stag? It'll have to do...

HOMELESS BUM  
Gimme that.

He grabs the bottle and gulps some down.

Candi snatches it back. She thinks it over and downs some,  
too. She offers Bishan a sip.

BISHAN  
I'm a Sikh, remember? We don't  
drink.

CANDI  
You don't cut your hair, either.  
Since when are you one for  
tradition?

Bishan shakes his head and backs away. Candi turns back to  
the bum.

CANDI  
Have a few more. 'Cause this next  
part's gonna really hurt.



She pours half the bottle on his leg.

The bum SCREAMS. Candi hands him what's left of the booze, and wipes blood from his wounds.

LATER

Candi ties James' shirt around the bum's thigh, and takes a gulp from the bottle. Neither of them look sober.

CANDI

That should keep you from bleeding to death. You feel any pain?

HOMELESS BUM

Not anymore.

CANDI

(giggles)

Me either.

Candi stifles a COUGH. Shoots an apologetic look at the bum.

CANDI

Sorry. I promise I don't have any cooties.

HOMELESS BUM

You been sharin' mine for the last half hour.

CANDI

I just realized. I don't even know your name.

HOMELESS BUM

I don't know yours, neither. I doubt your Daddy calls you Candi.

CANDI

(snorts)

He doesn't call me at all.

HOMELESS BUM

Family problems? Tell me about it. Come home a war hero, they love your ass. Have a few nightmares, they disappear. Won't even admit you're family anymore.

CANDI

Yeah. Try to cut off your junk, they disown you, too...

She stops to reflect.

CANDI

You know, I was homeless once. For two weeks, when I first moved to NYC. I lived in Alphabet City out of my car.

HOMELESS BUM

That makes us blood brothers. Far as I'm concerned.

CANDI

(smiles)

Blood brother and sister, you mean.

Candi takes a sip from the bottle and passes it over.

CANDI

Just in case we don't make it. My real name's Stuart. Stu for short.

HOMELESS BUM

Stuart Little? Good ta meetcha. My name's Carl. But keep it on the down-low. The docs are lookin' for me, these days.

Candi shakes Carl's hand. Bishan wanders over.

BISHAN

They're talking about leaving. Can you stand?

HOMELESS BUM

In a minute. We're bondin' here...

He leans over to Candi, and points to Bishan.

HOMELESS BUM

You know, he saved me. Refused to leave me there to die.

The bum stands up on wobbly legs and breathes whiskey vapors in Bishan's face.

HOMELESS BUM

Kid, you ain't no terrorist. 'Cause I know crazy. And there ain't no crazy in those eyes.

LATER

The group spreads out, gathering essential items.

Candi and Kelly remove high heels and toss them out the door. Candi watches her Gucci stilettos sink into a watery grave.

CANDI  
(to Kelly)  
You have no idea how much those  
cost...

Bishan tucks the baggie of diamonds in his jeans. He rifles his pockets. Something's missing.

A shadow falls across his face.

It's James, holding Ramon's knife.

JAMES  
Missing something?

Guilt flashes in Bishan's eyes.

James clips the knife to his belt. He smiles darkly at Bishan and walks away.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

Jose cries weakly in Maria's arms. Yellow froth bubbles from his nose.

KELLY  
We can't carry him out there like  
that!

Kelly runs to a seat, and grabs her jacket.

KELLY  
Take this. It'll keep him warm.

Candi slings Magda's carrier over her shoulder. James and the others turn toward the door.

JAMES  
Ready?

Maria hesitates.

MARIA  
No podemos irnos ahora.

Candi stops. The others stare.

JAMES  
What's wrong?

CANDI  
She says we can't go.  
(to Maria)  
Por que?

MARIA  
Tenemos que enterrar Ramon.

CANDI  
I don't think she wants to leave  
Ramon.

JAMES  
We can't bring him out there!

KELLY  
We can't bury him. He'd float away.

Maria juggles Jose, and stares at James.

INT. LAST CAR - LATER

The group huddle around a garbage bag on the floor. Rocks weigh down the edges in a decorative pattern.

Maria stands over Ramon's covered body.

MARIA  
Dios te salve Maria. Llena eres, de  
gracia. El Señor, es contigo;  
bendita eres entre todas las  
mujeres; bendito es el fruto de tu  
vientre Jesus. Santa Maria Madre de  
Dios ruega por nosotros los  
pecadores ahora y en la hora de  
nuestra muerte. Amen.

The others listen in silence. Understanding the feeling, if not the words.

Maria bends over Ramon and lays his brother's photo on his chest. Then walks with baby Jose towards the door.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - LATER

The group trudges through chest-high waters. Maria's the shortest - more submerged than most.

Water laps at the edges of Kelly's jacket, disturbingly close to the baby's head.

James holds out his hands. Maria regards James' six foot frame and lays Jose in his arms.

Magda fidgets in her carrier, and scrapes a paw against the zipper. Candi takes a step.

Her bare foot stomps down on rock.

CANDI

Ow!

She hops backward. The carrier flops to one side. The zipper slides open. Magda plummets into the water below.

CANDI

Oh God, no!

Candi whirls around. Can't see the black pug anywhere.

CANDI

She can't swim!

BISHAN

What are you talking about? All dogs can swim...

Kelly joins in the search. Candi grabs panicked handfuls of water. Some of it splashes in Bishan's face. He stares nervously at the rising tide.

BISHAN

We have to keep going. It's just a dog.

CANDI

No, I won't! Magda's my baby!

Maria points a few feet away.

MARIA

Veo el perro ahí!

Magda treads water, her nose barely held above the waves. Candi fishes her out, and hugs her tight.

Shoots a look of death in Bishan's direction.

LATER

They reach the bend in the tunnel. The sound of RUSHING WATER grows with every step.

Bishan wades over to James.

BISHAN  
About that knife...

JAMES  
(sarcastic)  
You really wanna discuss that now?

BISHAN  
I was just trying to protect  
myself.

JAMES  
For someone so concerned with  
gaining other people's trust,  
you're doing a really shitty job.

They turn the corner. The cliff of rocks looms before them  
like a monolith.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - AT "THE PILE" - CONTINUOUS

Water pours out the hole in the ceiling like it's shot  
through a cannon. Candi looks up doubtfully.

CANDI  
Okay...

KELLY  
What if we get up there, and  
there's nowhere to go?

James cradles Jose and takes a step.

His shoes slip on rock. He digs fingers into a crevice.  
Pebbles slide into swirling water.

JAMES  
We don't have any other options.

He points out one side of the pile.

JAMES  
That side's drier. We'll climb over  
there.

Maria starts to climb. Kelly pushes from behind, both hands  
on her butt.

James points to a flat area, 2/3rds of the way up the pile.  
It looks like a safe place to rest.

JAMES  
(to Candi)  
See that ledge? Get up there. I'll  
hand you Jose.

Candi's long legs and bare feet scrabble up rock. Magda's carrier bounces on her back.

Kelly grabs Maria. They start up slowly, hand-in-hand.

Candi reaches the ledge and waves to James.

He climbs with care, testing every rock. Shields Jose with his body.

Six feet. Ten.

A rock crumbles under James' foot. He grabs the ledge with his free hand.

Candi plucks Jose from his arms and steps back from the edge.

She cranes her neck toward the hole in the ceiling. It's only a few more feet away.

CANDI  
I can't see much. But it looks like  
it leads to another level...

James hugs the cliff and looks down.

Maria and Kelly make progress on one side.

Bishan struggles with the bum. The man's dead weight and twice his size.

JAMES  
Hold on. I'll be right back.

He takes a step. A GUSH of water slams into his face. The force knocks him off his feet.

James slides down the slope on his stomach. Jagged rocks tear into his wounds.

He lands at the bottom, in a foot of water. He lies on his back and GROANS in pain.

KELLY (O.S.)  
James!!

James looks up in a daze. Both of the girls have reached the ledge. Maria holds Jose and stares down in horror.

MARIA

Ayudalo!

Bishan pushes the bum forward. Maria and Kelly haul the burly man up to their level.

Rock crumbles from the platform - stressed by the man's extra weight. Candi and Bishan lock eyes at the edge.

BISHAN

(quietly)

You've got enough people up there,  
already.

He heads down the cliff - straight for James.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - BOTTOM OF PILE - MOMENTS LATER

James HOWLS as Bishan pulls him into a seated position.

BISHAN

Come on. Get up.

JAMES

I think I broke a rib.

James tries to stand, then crumbles into a heap.

JAMES

And an ankle...

Bishan tries to drag him. The water rises faster than they can move.

JAMES

(to Bishan)

Get out of here.

BISHAN

I'm not leaving you.

JAMES

(grimaces)

That's a stupid way to gain  
someone's trust.

BISHAN

But it's working.

(pause)

Isn't it?

James grins through the pain. He looks up at the rest of the group. Worried eyes stare back down.



JAMES

Keep going! You're almost there!

His vision of Candi starts to blur. There's a flash of light behind her head.

JAMES

Since when the fuck do YOU have a halo?

Candi hears a NOISE and looks up towards the hole. RADIO STATIC. FOOTSTEPS and VOICES.

A flashlight flares nova-bright in her eyes.

A helmeted HEAD peeks around the dry side of the hole.

RESCUE WORKER

Shit! We got survivors here!

EXT. EAST RIVER PARK - ANCHOR MONUMENT - NIGHT

Fog fills the air. The river's iced over. Ambulances and news vans clog the road.

A NEWSWOMAN preens in front of an over-sized anchor.

NEWSWOMAN

We're reporting from the East River Park, close to the scene of this weekend's MTA disaster...

James, Kelly and the others sit at a table. James' chest is bandaged. A pressure cuff's velcroed to his foot.

The bum squirms as PARAMEDICS swarm over his injuries, and check his pupils for dilation.

HOMELESS BUM

Get that flashlight outta my face!  
I'm fine!

Candi hovers over a technician's shoulder.

CANDI

He's not fine. Check his leg.

The bum pulls his leg from the paramedic's grip.

CANDI

Honey, let him see. They gotta do it sooner or later.

PARAMEDIC

You got any family we should  
contact?

HOMELESS BUM

Well, I...

CANDI

I'm family. He's staying with me.

She looks at the paramedic - realizes he's cute.

CANDI

Hey, Sweetie. You live in Brooklyn?

The reporter continues:

NEWSWOMAN

Several cars were crushed Friday in  
an explosion near the Essex Street  
stop, due to unexplained structural  
failure. Multiple fatalities have  
been reported. But it appears  
there's been a Christmas miracle  
for several lucky straphangers...

Other PARAMEDICS look over a CRYING Jose - buried in inches  
of thermal blankets.

Maria fusses over her baby and scans the crowd. Her face  
lights up suddenly - brighter than any emergency flare.

VIC from the pictures shoves through the crowd, and makes a  
beeline towards his wife.

He sees Jose. His eyes open wide. Maria talks a mile a minute  
at his side.

James, Kelly and Bishan watch as Maria pantomimes the crash,  
the water and the climb. She doesn't stop to take a breath.

JAMES

She never said that much to me.

KELLY

She didn't like you, remember?

Vic smothers Maria with kisses, Jose held in his arms. James  
looks back. Kelly and Bishan search the crowd.

KELLY

Looking for parents?

BISHAN

Yeah.

KELLY

Me too.

Bishan glances nervously at James.

BISHAN

Listen. I wanted to thank you. For not saying anything to the cops.

JAMES

It's none of my business, remember? And I'm the one who should be thanking you.

BISHAN

Yeah, well. By the way...

Bishan pulls out the jewelry box and hands it to James.

BISHAN

You left this in the car. I picked it up.

JAMES

You shouldn't have bothered. It's empty.

Something rattles in the case. James opens it up: there's a single diamond nestled inside.

BISHAN

Keep it. You risked your life for us, too.

Bishan spots his UNCLE, 50s, a few feet away. A bear of a man in traditional garb. His face looks like it's set in stone.

BISHAN

I got to go...

James raises an eyebrow.

JAMES

And you're gonna explain this how?

BISHAN

(shrugs)

I lost one. In the explosion.

He walks away, but looks back at James several times.

Bishan's uncle sees his nephew. A huge smile splits his craggy face.

Kelly smiles - then catches a glimpse of her parents.

MONIQUE and MARK AGARD, 40s, search the crowd, with worried expressions on their faces.

They spot Kelly and run in her direction.

KELLY

It looks like my ride is here.

JAMES

Sorry again. About everything.

KELLY

(grins)

Don't be. Ramon was right. You were waaaaay too old for me.

She pats him on the chest. James winces in pain.

KELLY

What happens on the MTA stays on the MTA. Tell your Sandy she's got a good guy...

James grins awkwardly as Kelly's parents arrive.

JAMES

See you around?

KELLY

I kinda doubt it.

She's pulled away. Waves a shy goodbye in James' direction.

James looks around. Snow drifts down from the sky. For the first time in days, he's completely alone.

He spots a flash of blonde hair in the crowd.

SANDY, 30s, rushes towards James. Relief and excitement flood her face.

James smiles and looks down at the diamond. He holds it out as Sandy arrives...

EXT. EAST RIVER PARK - ANCHOR MONUMENT - LATER

The news vans are gone. So is most of the crowd - chased away by the winter air.

A bum sits on a bench near the anchor. Greasy black hair dusts his shoulders. A duffel bag lies at his feet.

He pulls a smartphone out of his pocket.

GREASY MAN

It's me. Yeah, I got out. Got lost for awhile, but found some locals who knew the tracks. I took care of them. They won't be a problem.

He stands up and walks towards the street. The duffel bag swings in his hand.

GREASY MAN

I saved most of the package. I'll meet you at the D Train. Bryant Park. Bring fuses...

FINAL FADE OUT: