

Dead Cell
by
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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stainless steel appliances. Marble countertops display ceramic knives, next to bowls of fresh fruit.

Child artwork covers the refrigerator.

A pane RATTLES at a side door.

A LATEX COVERED hand slides the window aside. Fingers reach past freshly painted french shutters.

Twist a bolt, unlock the door.

A DARK FIGURE steps inside. BOOTS walk across the floor.

The intruder removes a filled syringe from his pocket, and opens the refrigerator.

A bottle of red wine lies on the top shelf. He plunges the needle into the cork, drains the syringe dry.

Grabbing an apple from the bowl, he takes a bite -

A RUSTLE upstairs. A young child's VOICE.

The figure heads for the exit. He passes the knives along the way; runs a gloved finger across one blade.

INT. MONTECORE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - DAY

Chaotic SCREAMS fill the air. An average night at Montecore.

DR. GRACE THOMPSON (31) bursts through swinging doors, black hair cinched in a bun. She's petite. Efficient. Latina. Elegant, even in wrinkled scrubs.

A blue-tooth blinks at her ear:

GRACE

Leah did *what*? That doesn't sound
like my daughter.

She snatches a FEMALE PATIENT'S chart. The woman's blotchy. Grace glares at an INTERN.

GRACE

Definitely P.O.D. Look for a rash
on the thigh -
(into the phone)
No. I don't mean Leah.

DR. HUBERT ROBINSON approaches. A hefty 50; silver and stout.

ADAM DUMPHY, ESQ. (30s) trails at Hubert's side. Angular and spectacled, manilla folders bristle in his arms.

DR. ROBINSON
Dr. Thompson. A moment of your
time?

GRACE
(agitated, into the phone)
I can't pick her up. I'm at work.
No, I can't make arrangements with
her father!

Dr. Robinson looks at Grace expectantly.

GRACE
(into the phone)
Fine. Thirty minutes. She can wait,
right?

Grace hangs up. Sighs.

DR. ROBINSON
Everything okay?

GRACE
Sure. My daughter had... an
unexpected "event" at school.

Dr. Robinson hands Grace an envelope. She stares at the
package blankly.

DR. ROBINSON
Your train tickets. The conference
we've been prepping for?

GRACE
Oh. Yes, of course.

The elevator CHIMES at the far end of the corridor.

DR. ERIC THOMPSON (30s) steps out; dark and handsome, even
with his scowl. Spotting Grace, he frowns more.

Across the room, the two lock eyes. Grace stiffens.

DR. ROBINSON
About the seating arrangements:
I've made sure you and your husband-

GRACE
(glares at Eric)
"Ex".

DR. ROBINSON
Are far apart. For all our sakes.

Adam Dumphy coughs, impatient.

DR. ROBINSON
Grace, I think you know Adam
Dumphy? Monte's liability counsel?

ADAM
The hearing's next week. I need
your written disposition. I've left
you voice mails about it. You don't
call back.

GRACE
I've, uh, been busy. Our Managing
Director quit last month. I've been
filling in.

DR. ROBINSON
More like auditioning.
(to Adam)
Enough with the worrying. You can
catch up with Grace on the train.

Adam extends a folder to her.

ADAM
If you could at least review these
tonight -

A HOWL of anguish. Grace swings towards the noise.

Knocking Adam's open brief aside. Color coordinated post-it
notes and paperclips fly through the air!

NURSES wrestle with a SMALL PATIENT. Grace runs towards them.

Adam stares after her. Sighs at papers on the floor.

DR. ROBINSON
(proud)
Grace is amazing. Don't you agree?

MOMENTS LATER

A LITTLE GIRL (5) convulses on a gurney, gasps for air.

DR. CRAIG BURSON (29) blocks her tiny fists. Perfect hair flies in his preppy face.

The child looks developmentally disabled. Slanted eyes. Malformed cheekbones. Craig grabs a NURSE.

CRAIG
Hold her down!

He stabs at the girl with an epi-pen - misses by a mile.

CRAIG
Where the hell's the parents?

NURSE
The school brought her in. They're on their way!

The girl claws Craig's face. He aims the syringe again. Grace grabs his arm.

GRACE
Wait!

CRAIG
She's in anaphylactic shock. We don't stop the swelling, she'll die!

Grace grabs a scalpel, lays a hand over the girl's eyes.

GRACE
Sweetie, hold on. Everything's going to be okay.

A well-placed JAB. A hole opens in the girl's throat. Impromptu tracheotomy.

GRACE
(to the nurse)
Get her a sedative. Now!

The nurse jumps in. Grace caresses the girl's face.

GRACE
Shhh. Honey. Go to sleep.

CRAIG
I'll have you written up for this!

The girl's breathing relaxes.

GRACE
Anaphylactic shock, my ass. Did you
even look at her, Craig?

CRAIG
She's Downs Syndrome. So?

A COUPLE race through the door. The mother yelps in alarm.

BUSINESS WOMAN
Sarah!

GRACE
(to Craig)
It's Treacher's Syndrome, not
Downs. Weakened throat muscles are
a risk. She doesn't have an
allergy.

The couple race towards the gurney. Grace tosses Craig the
unused epi-pen.

GRACE
Confirm your diagnosis next time.

She turns on her heel.

GRACE
Now, excuse me. I have to pick up
my daughter at school.

She heads towards the exit. Adam waves across the room.

ADAM
You forgot the paperwork.

GRACE
Give it to me on the train!

Eric barrels forward; stops Grace at the door.

ERIC
Nice performance, "Honey."

GRACE
Eric. You never give me
compliments. What do you want?

ERIC
You're picking up Leah at school?
It's one pm.

GRACE
She - had an incident.

ERIC
Again? You can't control her,
Grace.

Eric towers over her. Grace walks around. He bars her way.

ERIC
Who's watching her while we're at
the conference?

GRACE
Sunny. Who else?

ERIC
Your dippy friend? Think of Leah's
welfare.

GRACE
I always do.

ERIC
By dumping her off on others? You
still feeding her that crazy diet,
too?

Grace storms out the door. Eric stares after her.

ERIC
I'll take that as a "yes". See you
on the train.

NURSES roll the Treacher girl towards a recovery room. Adam
watches with Robinson. Craig approaches; fury in his eyes.

ADAM
That woman's an accident waiting to
happen.

CRAIG
You see that? Dr. Thompson risked
that girl's life!

DR. ROBINSON
Looks like she saved it to me.

Craig scowls - even more disgruntled than before.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

A blue BMW parks outside. Grace stares at the entrance door.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALL - DAY

Grace hurries along, dressed in blazer and high heels. A flowery sign brightens the doorway:

"Guidance Counselor at Work. Here to Help With Your Rainbow Dreams!"

Grace straightens her collar, steps inside.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LEAH (7) scribbles in a coloring book, hair pulled back in pigtailed braids.

MS. WEBB (65), an aging hippy, peers up from her desk. Grace extends her hand. The counselor glances at her watch.

GRACE

Sorry I'm late. The traffic was a nightmare.

MS. WEBB

So was the food fight. Leah, why don't you enlighten your mother. Or shall I?

GRACE

Leah. What did you do?

LEAH

I only threw broccoli.

Grace glances towards Webb.

GRACE

That doesn't sound so bad.

WEBB

That was just the first salvo. Ms. Sweeney's janitorial team is still scraping Goulash off the walls.

Grace glares at Leah. The little girl shrinks in her seat.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grace tidies up. The same upscale kitchen as before. Leah picks at veggies on her plate, textbooks piled at her side.

Grace spots the half eaten apple on the counter. Giving Leah the side-eye, she throws it in the trash.

And opens the refrigerator. The doctored wine in plain sight.

LEAH

I'm tired of veggies. That's what got me in trouble today.

GRACE

(snorts)

Veggies got you in trouble?

LEAH

The boys started it. Keith called me a vegetan. Doug said I was an alien from Planet Weird.

GRACE

The term is "vegan." And there's nothing weird about not wanting to hurt living things.

Grace pulls cranberry juice from the fridge, her hand inches from the wine. She leans over Leah, peeks.

GRACE

You finish your homework?

LEAH

No. It's hard!

GRACE

Look: math is fun. Two plus four-

Grace flips a page. Leah pulls the book away.

LEAH

Why do I have to study?

GRACE

So you can do well in school. And later, in your career. Whatever you choose to do.

She brushes back a lock of Leah's hair.

GRACE

Getting what you want in life?
That's hard. You have to be tough.
Flexible. Smart.

LEAH

But...

GRACE

Ignore the boys. They'll go away.

LEAH
You mean, like Dad?

Grace stares at Leah. "Here we go."

She grabs the bottle of wine, and sets it on the counter.
Pours a stiff cranberry juice - for now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

A giant flat screen above a fireplace. Grace slugs Cranberry juice on the couch.

Leah stomps in, and grabs an X-Box controller.

GRACE
Not tonight. You're on video game restriction. For the food fight.

LEAH
All I did was throw broccoli!

GRACE
Finish your homework. Then we'll talk.

LEAH
Dad gave me this for Christmas!
That's why you won't let me play-

GRACE
Don't pull that card. No means no.

LEAH
I hate you!

Leah tosses the controller, and rushes from the room. Grace runs her hand through frazzled hair. She walks back into the -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pours a wine glass. She's earned this now.

INT. LEAH'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Unicorn posters. Stars glitter over brightly painted walls.

Leah sleeps in bed. Buried under an avalanche of stuffed animals, it's difficult to spot her face.

Grace peeks inside. The sight's too cute to stay mad. She tiptoes over. Leah opens her eyes.

LEAH

Mom, I'm sorry 'bout what I said -

GRACE

Shhhh. I know, honey. I keep forgetting how hard things are for you these days. But it's tough being a mom, too. So maybe you can help me out? Behave for "Aunt" Sunny this weekend. And no more broccoli throwing sports.

LEAH

How 'bout Brussel Sprouts? They're soft.

Grace thinks it over. Grins.

GRACE

You know I love you, right?

LEAH

How much?

Grace traces the number eight into her daughter's palm.

GRACE

I love you until infinity runs out.
And infinity -

LEAH

Never ends!

GRACE

See? Math isn't so hard!

She kisses Leah on the forehead, slips from the room.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Elegantly decorated. Photos of Leah decorate the walls; pictures of Eric removed discretely from a few frames.

Grace places a ceramic knife on the nightstand, an apple at its side. She carves the fruit into slices.

Arranged next to that glass of wine.

Still dressed in suit and heels, Grace reclines on the king-sized mattress. It seems oversized for just one.

She eyes Leah's pictures:

- Leah on a pony.
- A photo of Leah as a baby.
- A drawing of two stick people holding hands. Next to a child's blue handprint.

Grace reaches for her iPhone. CLASSICAL MUSIC envelopes her world. She sighs, sips the wine.

INT. FOYER - SAME TIME

The front door opens. Quiet. The lock disengaged with the softest CLICK.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Familiar boots travel up the stairs, past framed photos of Leah and Grace.

INT. LEAH'S BEDROOM

Leah's sound asleep. A DARK FIGURE opens the door - stops at the side of her bed.

Leah's eyes open; widen. She tries to scream.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM

Grace removes her ear buds. Listens. To just... silence.

INT. LEAH'S BEDROOM

Leah struggles. A gloved hand mashes a cloth against her face. Her eyes flutter. Roll and close.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM

Grace reinserts the earbuds, sips her wine.

The room seems oddly blurry. Grace rubs her eyes. Which makes it worse.

She puts the glass down, but misses the table. Glass and liquid CRASH to the floor.

The room swims.

The figure appears in the doorway. Distorted. Like something out of a nightmare.

Grace attempts to stand. The mattress sucks her down like a vortex. Time moves at glacial speed.

Except for the figure, who darts toward her. Grace tries to scream. Can't even muster a peep.

She fumbles for the knife on the nightstand. Her arm flops helplessly. The figure looms over her.

He picks up the blade. Grace's world fades into darkness as it glints.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS - AFTERNOON

A train races through forest. Rusty wheels RATTLE and ROAR.

INT. TRAIN - GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

A single bed along one wall. A table with a micro fridge. Napkins and pitcher of water on top.

Landscape zips by a window. Dark shapes pass in the night.

Grace moans on the floor.

She sits up, disoriented. Dressed in the same clothes as before.

She staggers to her feet, and touches her hand to the window. Her bloody fingers streak the pane! Grace recoils.

GRACE

What the -

She stumbles backwards. Trips.

Over a mangled arm on the floor. Her eyes follow the sleeve, up to...

The body lies on its stomach. A puddle of blood blooms under its hidden face.

Grace fumbles for a pulse. She rolls the body over to start CPR. Skin pulls loose with a RIPPPP.

Grace gasps. The ceramic knife's buried in the man's throat. His face slashed to bits!

GRACE

Ahhhhh!

She jumps back; falls on her butt.

Terror and confusion overwhelm Grace: how the hell did *she* get here?

RING.

A cell phone vibrates on the floor. Congealed blood shivers around it like jello.

RING RING. It falls silent.

Grace grabs the cell. Flips it open.

The wallpaper inside is Leah. Tears streak the girl's reddened face. Grace gasps, and...

...hits re-dial. A machine picks up right away:

GRACE AND LEAH (O.S.)

This is Grace. This is Leah. Leave a message.

(giggle)

We'll call!

Grace re-dials. Dead silence.

GRACE

Leah, are you there? Pick up now!

A synthesized distorted VOICE slithers from the phone:

MALE VOICE

Hello, Grace. Good of you to answer.

Grace stares at the screen. "Caller unknown".

GRACE

Who is this? What have you done?
Why's my daughter's photo on this phone?

MALE VOICE

The question is, what have you done, Grace? The dead body's in your room.

WHIMPERS in the background.

GRACE

Leah? Is that you? Mommy's here!

HEAVY BREATHING. Leah SCREAMS.

GRACE

I'll do anything you ask. What do you want? I can pay!

MALE VOICE

I don't want your money. Go to the bedside table. Open the drawer.

Grace hesitates. More SCREAMING.

LEAH (V.O.)

Mommy!

GRACE

Don't hurt her!

MALE VOICE

Then do as you are told.

Grace rushes to the table, and jerks out the drawer. A REVOLVER lies inside, next to a leather BILLFOLD.

MALE VOICE

You're going to kill someone for me, Grace.

GRACE

What? You're crazy!

MALE VOICE

If I am - I have your daughter. There's no telling what I could do. Pick up the wallet. Look inside.

Grace opens it. No money. No ID. Just a photograph of a fat balding MAN.

She flips the picture over: "Derek Rhenner" is scrawled on the other side.

MALE VOICE

That's your target. He's on the train.

GRACE

You want me to *shoot him*? Why? And How? I've never even held a gun!

MALE VOICE

It's not rocket science. Find the man. Point and shoot.

GRACE

Fuck you. I'll call the cops!

MALE VOICE

Turn over the phone.

Grace flips it over. The charging dock is sealed.

MALE VOICE

You don't even know where we are. I've taken the liberty of sealing the charging dock. Every call you make will eat up battery. Consider that your "dead" line. The battery dies... Leah does, too.

GRACE

I'm not a killer!

MALE VOICE

Are you sure? See that corpse on the floor? Your fingerprints are on the knife.

Grace's face crumples.

GRACE

Can I please talk to her? I have to know she's OK.

MALE VOICE

Pick up the gun.

Grace picks the weapon up with two fingers, like a snake which could wake up and bite. The cell HISSES like one, too.

LEAH (V.O.)

Mommy?

GRACE

Leah! Where are you?

Leah SCREAMS. The sound cuts off instantly.

MALE VOICE

Oh, Grace. Asking questions isn't wise.

GRACE

Leah! Be good! Do what he says!

(beat)

Let me talk to my daughter!

MALE VOICE

That's enough. No texting. No talking. They all use up battery. Your 911 feature's been disabled. And if you contact the police some other way? They'll be picking your daughter off the tracks for miles.

GRACE

Wait -

MALE FIGURE

Tick tock. Time's running out.

CLICK. The phone cuts off.

GRACE

Hello?

Dead silence. The connection's gone.

GRACE

No!

She dials 911. It disconnects. She tries again, snaps a nail. A flat dial tone HUMS in her ear.

A KNOCK at the door. Grace cringes.

She crawls on hands and knees towards the door, leaves bloody smears across the floor.

The knob jiggles. Looks like it's locked.

Two COUPONS slide under the door. Grace picks them up.

INSERT: VIP Tickets. "Good for Two Free Cocktails!"

Grace drops the tickets. Hugs herself and shivers.

MOMENTS LATER

Grace paces the room, keeps a safe distance from the corpse.

She squints at the dead man. So butchered, he's nearly faceless. No way to tell who he was.

She reaches for the knife. Can't bring herself to touch the blade.

FOOTSTEPS echo outside the room. LAUGHTER in the hallway.

Grace panics. She drags the body towards the bed. It leaves a smear of blood across the floor.

She stuffs the corpse underneath. It jams half-way.

Grace pushes. Hard. The body makes WET CRUNCHING sounds - eventually slides all the way.

KEYS tumble from its pockets, unseen. JINGLE as they hit the floor.

Grace's eyes fall on the water pitcher, by the mini-fridge.

Dipping a napkin in with trembling hands, she scrubs her bloody palms and knees clean.

Then searches *her* pockets. Inside, she finds: a torn ticket and KEY CARD.

She stares at the picture of her "target."

GRACE

Why you? Why me?

A RUSTLE at the door.

A CLEANING MAID approaches the frosted window. A key card slides into the lock.

Grace rushes to the door, stops inches from the maid's startled face.

GRACE

I. Uh. Don't want housekeeping.
It's too messy in here.

MAID

Ma'am, that's what we're here for.

The woman takes a step. Grace blocks her way.

GRACE

No! I mean, it's embarrassing. I'd really rather clean up myself.

The maid blinks, confused.

GRACE

I've got privacy issues, okay?

MAID

Uh, sure. Whatever you want. We'll
check in on next shift.

The maid backs off.

Grace flashes a tight smile, re-locks the door. She waits
until the woman leaves, then steps outside...

...hangs a 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the knob.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Long and narrow. A claustrophobe's nightmare.

Eyes darting, Grace inches along in heels. She spots a blood
stain on her shirt. Pulls her blazer over the spot.

An OLD COUPLE step into the hall. Grace pivots past them -
slips to the adjoining car.

She passes a window. Blurry landscape streaks by the pane.

Grace spots a CONDUCTOR ahead. A short man (50s) - old-style
class personified - poured into an antique, proper uniform.

Lawyer Adam Dumphy's at his side!

Grace ducks against a wall, quickly hides her face with hair.

ADAM

(to the Conductor)

I'd like to register a complaint.
The maid left a rag in my room.
That's very unsanitary. Especially
in confined spaces such as these.

CONDUCTOR

Yes, sir. I'll inform management.

ADAM

And she touched my private things.

CONDUCTOR

Your... private things?

ADAM

She moved my iPad three feet.

CONDUCTOR

Oh. My deepest apologies, sir. I
promise it won't occur again.

ADAM
See it doesn't! My company paid
first class.

Adam trots down the hall, away from Grace.

The conductor sighs. Spotting Grace, he tips his hat her way.

CONDUCTOR
Ma'am.

She shrinks against the wall.

The conductor passes by. Grace thinks fast; grabs his arm.

GRACE
Is there security on this train?

CONDUCTOR
(offended)
I assure you, we take great pride
in protecting our guests and their
belongings. What you overheard is
the rarest exception to the rule.

Grace peers down the long hallway. Leans close to his ear.

GRACE
Someone has my -

The cell phone BLARES. Grace jumps!

She holds a finger to her lips: Wait. Flipping the phone
open, Grace turns away from the conductor and hears...

MALE VOICE
What are you going to do? Admit
there's a dead man in your room?

Grace gasps and looks around. The coast *seems* clear. The
conductor smiles cordially.

Grace whispers - panicked - into the phone.

GRACE
How'd you know?

MALE VOICE
I know everything. Every breath you
take. Every move you make. I'll be
watching you, Grace.
(chuckles)
Just think of me as Sting.

LEAH (O.S.)
Momma? Please do what he says. I'm
scared!!

GRACE
Leah? Are you okay?

MALE VOICE
Your daughter's fine. But your
minutes are wasting away.

CONDUCTOR
Ma'am, is there a problem?

CLICK. The phone hangs up. Grace hides her anxiety.

CONDUCTOR
You had a concern?

GRACE
It's... it's nothing. I seem to
have misplaced my cocktail tickets?

The conductor's eyes light up. This is a problem he can deal
with! He produces coupons from his jacket, like some fancy
magic trick.

CONDUCTOR
Please. Have two. On the house.

Grace snatches them, and hurries off. The conductor tips his
hat once more as she departs.

She passes through the door. A neon sign flashes overhead:

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Long and narrow, like the hallway. Multiple shelves stocked
with liquor - in first class, no expense spared.

Cocktail booths line each wall. A WHEELCHAIR and BROOM tucked
into one corner.

Nearly every table's taken. For a train, this place is
popular!

Grace scans the room. Her view seems to flow in slo-motion.
An LSD tripper's worst nightmare.

AN OLD COUPLE (80s) LAUGH over drinks, flirt shamelessly like
newlyweds.

PASSENGERS CHAT on cell phones. Grace scrutinizes faces, one by one. Lingers longer over men.

A HIPPIE with beady eyes sits alone. Everyone else is dressed for success. This one just... doesn't belong.

Grace peeks at her cell phone. The battery seems a *bit* lower.

A HIPSTER takes a panoramic shot of the bar with his cell.

Grace ducks down, out of sight.

She sits at the bar, isolates from other PATRONS.

Pulling out the photo of her "target", Grace studies Rhenner's face - intent to memorize every line.

DARWIN (O.S.)
Looks too old to be your boyfriend.

Grace jumps, startled.

Over the counter, DARWIN (28) flashes a charming smile. Perfect teeth, bright blue eyes. Bartending rag and Red Bull in hand.

DARWIN
Show me yours, I'll show you mine.

GRACE
He's not my boyfriend.

She hides the picture in her lap.

Darwin slides his phone across the counter. A BLONDE WOMAN smiles up from the screen.

DARWIN
Dunno why I haven't deleted this.
Rachael's been gone for two years.

GRACE
I, uh. I'm sorry?

DARWIN
(laughs)
She's not dead, we broke up. It was, um, a long distance relationship. She took everything I had. Except this picture, of course.

He tucks the phone away.

DARWIN

I know: TMI. Occupational hazard,
in my line of work.

GRACE

I don't mean to be rude, But I'm
not in the mood to talk right now.

DARWIN

Lemme guess. You got VIP cocktails
to burn?

He pours a glass of red wine. Grace winces, shoves it away.

DARWIN

(Dracula accent)

The lady doesn't drink wine?

GRACE

I've - had enough for awhile.

She stares around the room, paranoid.

DARWIN

You OK? Travel sickness got you
down?

GRACE

I need to tell you something. Can I
trust you?

DARWIN

I'm a bartender. That's my line.

GRACE

This may sound crazy -

A HAND shoots across the counter, grabs her glass. Grace
jumps to her feet. It's the Hippie.

HIPPIE

Sorry, lady. You weren't gonna
drink it. So, why let it go to
waste?

Grace stares at the man. He backs off.

HIPPIE

Guess I'll leave you two alone?

DARWIN

(chuckles to Grace)

He's been bumming drinks all night.
Mooch. Can I get you anything?

DARWIN (MORE)
If you want a different kinda buzz,
would coffee do?

GRACE
Do you have cranberry juice?

She glances down at the target's photo. Then around the car.

GRACE
Have you seen this man? It's
really... important.

DARWIN
Nope. You expecting company?

He fills a glass with juice.

DARWIN
The name's Darwin, since you asked.
Or not.

GRACE
Darwin?

DARWIN
Yeah. Believe it or not. Sounds
smart, doesn't it?

He wipes the counter energetically.

DARWIN
My parents wanted another brainy
kid, like my brother. Not a
bartender on the Red Eye. But what
I do's got value, no matter what
they bitch about. Pouring drinks.
Proving an ear to listen.
(flirts)
Meeting pretty customers...

PATRONS walk by Grace's chair, close enough to overhear.

GRACE
Do you have a pen?

DARWIN
Ah - the old "phone number" gambit.

He slides a pen to Grace. TWO OLD LADIES in hats wave to him
from the other end of the bar.

DARWIN
Excuse me a moment.

He winks at Grace, walks away.

Grace watches Darwin serve his guests. Smiling. Joking. A real charmer.

She grabs a napkin and writes in bold letters: HELP!!!

At the car entrance: A FAT MAN ambles in, wearing a Boston Red Sox cap.

Darwin heads back Grace's way. Stops to pour another drink.

The fat man takes off his cap. It's DEREK RHENNER. The target.

Rhenner glances towards Grace. Their eyes connect. Confusion blooms on his face. Just as...

JANIE RHENNER (6) darts into the room, hugs her father's massive leg.

JANIE

Daddy! Look what the conductor gave me!

She holds up a stuffed TOY.

Darwin finishes pouring, smiles at Grace. Grace nudges the HELP napkin towards him. Her eyes glued to Rhenner.

DR. ROBINSON (O.S.)

Dr. Thompson! We've been looking for you everywhere! Where have you been hiding?

Grace jumps. And tucks the napkin under her glass, quick.

Dr. Robinson and Craig sit down at the bar, flanking Grace on either side. She's "trapped".

DR. ROBINSON

Adam stopped by your room to give you the court papers.

Grace gasps.

CRAIG

He couldn't find you. And the door was locked.

Grace sags, relieved. Darwin smiles at both men. Though more stiffly at Craig than Robinson.

DARWIN
Friends of yours?

GRACE
Colleagues.

DARWIN
What can I get you gentlemen?

Robinson holds up two fingers.

DR. ROBINSON
Maker's Mark. If you please.

He points at Grace's glass. The napkin peeks out underneath.

DR. ROBINSON
Let me refresh your drink. What's
that? Sex on the beach?

DARWIN
(to Craig)
And what's your pleasure?

CRAIG
Seltzer. I don't drink on business
trips.

Craig shoots a disapproving look at Grace.

DR. ROBINSON
Good for you. And more for me!

Darwin browses the shelves for whiskey. Grace sips juice and
stares helplessly.

Rhenner settles in besides Craig, bouncy Janie at his heels.

RHENNER
Barkeep! White wine for me. And a
Shirley Temple for Janie here!

Grace chokes. Darwin wiggles fingers at Janie, plays peek-a-
boo. The bashful girl hides her face in Rhenner's side.

RHENNER
(to Darwin)
I always get her Shirley Temples on
business trips. It's her special
little treat.

He glances at Grace and her companions.

RHENNER
You folks traveling to the medical
conference, too?

DR. ROBINSON
Montecore Hospital. Trauma
Department.

RHENNER
Montecore? I work with them. Solid
crew.

Rhenner holds out a hand to Robinson, extends his arm past
Grace's face. A panicked Grace leans away.

RHENNER
I'm sorry. My elbow often ends up
where it shouldn't be. Do I know
you? You look familiar.

GRACE
No, I'm sure -

Avoiding eye contact, Grace glances down at her lap.

The cell phone lights up. She blinks, horrified.

CRAIG
Aren't you gonna pick that up?

The phone RINGS again. Dr. Robinson squints at Grace,
confused. She clamps the phone to her ear.

MALE VOICE
This is the perfect opportunity.
Shoot him, for your daughter.

GRACE
There are people here!

MALE VOICE
So? Be creative. Show some leg.
Lure him to the hallway, alone.

Darwin refreshes Grace's drink. Adds a dash of rum, winks.

MALE VOICE
Who's more important? Leah, or some
fat stranger?

DR. ROBINSON
Is everything okay, Dr. Thompson?

GRACE
Just issues with Leah's... baby-sitter.

MALE VOICE
(chuckles)
I'm a "babysitter"? Well, you have a point.

She jumps to her feet and stares around the room.

GRACE
Where are you?

PEOPLE CHATTER on phones. Texting. Talking. The Hipster shoots a selfie, complete with goatee Duck Lips.

MALE VOICE
Sit down, Grace. You're making a scene!

GRACE
Why are you doing this to me?

MALE VOICE
To you, or Leah? What's more important? Her - or your career?

GRACE
I -

MALE VOICE
I'm watching. Make your choice.

CLICK. At the bar, all the men stare at Grace. She picks up her drink with shaking hands.

RHENNER
I swear I've seen you before.

Grace jumps. The drink sloshes across her shirt.

CRAIG
Damn, Grace. What's gotten into you?

Juice rolls across the bar, dissolves Grace's HELP napkin in its wake. Darwin sweeps the soggy note into the trash.

His eyes critique Grace's now ruined look.

DARWIN

Cranberry? That's the worst! Better you change clothes before that sets. Steaming'll help. I can have our cleaning service pick it up at your room.

GRACE

Don't!

Grace stares at her phone. Three bars left. Time - and power's - running out.

DR. ROBINSON

Dr. Thompson?

Darwin dabs at Grace's shirt.

GRACE

I have to go. Excuse me!

She dashes towards the exit, and nearly collides with Janie.

Rhenner jumps from his seat. The others watch Grace beat a hasty retreat.

DARWIN

You work with her? She's kinda cute.

Dr. Robinson nods in agreement.

CRAIG

Guess she had too much to drink.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grace races through corridors. Long bounding steps.

She passes a sleeper car. Zips through an exit. The revolver BANGS against her hip.

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Robinson and Craig sit in silence. Darwin flashes them a genteel smile.

CRAIG

(to Dr. Robinson)

Grace seems flighty these days.
Probably due to the divorce.

DR. ROBINSON
Yes. A sad thing to happen to such
a fine, upstanding girl.

CRAIG
Girl?

DR. ROBINSON
I mean woman. Er, Doctor.

CRAIG
Dr. Thompson's got a lot on her
plate. Maybe too much
responsibility to handle?

Dr. Robinson swivels in his seat.

DR. ROBINSON
What are you saying?

CRAIG
That's just something to factor in
when you fill that Director slot.
You need a candidate who can focus.
Someone... more like me?

DR. ROBINSON
You're a sneaky bastard, Craig.
Focus on your damned seltzer.

Sudden movement. The Hippie slides onto Grace's abandoned
seat. And waves VIP Cocktail tickets at Craig and Robinson.

HIPPIE
You two look thirsty! Anyone wanna
buy one off me?

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace rushes past the conductor. Her room swings into view. A
CLEANING CART parked nearby! The conductor waves.

Grace's door opens. A MAID steps out.

Grace freezes in her tracks. The maid glances at her, serene.
The conductor approaches from behind.

CONDUCTOR
Dr. Thompson!

Grace darts into the room, and slams the door. Snaps the lock
into place. CLICK.

The conductor rolls his eyes, jiggles the handle.

INT. GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Grace looks around. There's no blood. Anywhere.

The conductor KNOCKS. Grace reaches for the knob. Hesitates.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
We were told to pick up a shirt?
We're informed it's... unclean.

Grace opens the door a crack. The conductor forces a smile.

CONDUCTOR
Ah, there you are. Again.

GRACE
I'm - not in the shape for company.

CONDUCTOR
If you could hand your apparel
through the door -

GRACE
No, no. I'm fine!

CONDUCTOR
It's our *job*, Dr. Thompson. Let us
help.

The bastard won't leave! Grace stares at his cheerful face.

GRACE
Okay. Let me get out of it, first?

She shuts the door and runs to the window. The handprint's disappeared, too.

What about the body?!? Grace pokes under the bed. A dust bunny tumbles out. The corpse is gone!

The conductor's shadow looms large against the window pane.

Grace peels off her shirt.

She opens the door a crack, and stuffs the garment through; cell phone still in her hand.

The phone RINGS. Startled, Grace drops it on the floor... at the conductor's feet.

The conductor scoops it up. Grace's eyes bug.

He hands the cell to her through the door.

CONDUCTOR
You should attend to that.

Grace clutches the phone to her chest.

CONDUCTOR
We'll have this stain out in a
jiffy. When ready, we'll stop by.

Grace nods. Slams the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The conductor primly folds the shirt over his arm.

CONDUCTOR
Buck up, Preston. Five years to
retirement.

He shuffles away; a long-suffering expression on his face.

INT. ANONYMOUS SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

A small desk. An unused bed.

Leah huddles in the corner, hands tied. A Duct taped WASH
CLOTH over her eyes.

A dark figure paces, holding Grace's knife and a TOY TRAIN. A
Bluetooth flashes on his ear.

INT. GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Grace flips the phone open.

MALE VOICE
What the fuck happened back there?
You let a golden opportunity slip
right by!

INTERCUT BETWEEN SLEEPER CARS

Grace slumps against the door.

GRACE
Golden? Not from where *I* was
sitting. Among witnesses!

MALE VOICE

All you had to do was lead him to a different car. Are you committed to our deal, or not?

GRACE

(mutters)

Someone should be committed.

The figure stops. His icy silence chills Grace to the bone.

GRACE

I'll do it, ok? But it's not easy.
You *have* to give me time!

Leah whimpers. The man tosses the train in her lap, annoyed.

DARK FIGURE/MALE VOICE

Shut up. Play with this.

GRACE

(into the phone)

And answers. Where's the body?

MALE VOICE

Don't worry about a dead man. Your concern should be Leah, first.

Leah pricks her finger on the train. Inspiration lights her face. Quiet as a church mouse, she lays her wrists across the toy and rubs rope against metal.

The man's back is turned. He doesn't see.

GRACE

(into the phone)

That man has a daughter, too!

MALE VOICE

So? He's nobody to you.

GRACE

The question is, who's he to you?

More silence.

GRACE

I'm a doctor. I *save* lives.

MALE VOICE

Doctors deal with death every day.
You should be used to it by now.

The rope unravels.

Leah rips the duct tape free, studies the man's back warily. She pries a SCREW loose from the toy. Rises to her feet.

MALE VOICE
(cold, to Grace)
Have you checked your battery?

Grace looks down. Two and a half bars remain.

MALE VOICE
Chop chop. Or should I say slice
slice? When's the last time you saw
your knife?

Leah lunges at her captor, holding the screw like a shiv. He catches her easily. The girl screams.

The man hangs up. CLICK.

Grace stares at the phone - redials. A busy signal buzzes in her ear.

INT. ANONYMOUS SLEEPER CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Leah struggles.

DARK FIGURE
You think I didn't hear you?

He grabs rope from the desk, and loops it around her wrists. Slaps a cloth and fresh duct tape across her eyes.

Seeing the girl shiver, he drapes a DARK JACKET over her shoulders. An *almost* tender gesture.

DARK FIGURE
You're a tricky girl, aren't you?
Just like your Mommy. If she could
see you, she'd be so proud.

He leads Leah towards a closet. She resists, terrified.

DARK FIGURE
Shhhh. Be good. Forget what you
saw, and you'll be fine. I wouldn't
want to hurt you.

He pushes Leah inside. She flattens against the back wall.

LEAH
Why are you so mean?

The figure brushes back a lock of her hair.

DARK FIGURE

I'm not, but your Mommy is. She thinks she can push people around. Tough talk doesn't matter, decisions do. Let's see what she values now.

He steps out of the closet. Locks the door.

INT. GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Grace paces the sleeper car. Cradling the phone, she stares at its dark screen. Her reflection frowns back, grim.

GRACE

Don't be manipulated, Grace. *Think!* If he moved the body that means he's here, on this train. There's only so many places he can hide! If I alert security-

A grin blossoms on her face. Quickly dies.

GRACE

But what if Leah's somewhere else?

A blaze of grisly images race through Grace's mind.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

- Grace wakes up next to the corpse. The face and arm hacked to bits.
- She cries into the hissing phone.

GRACE

Leah! Where are you?

Leah screams. The Male Voice replies: an ominous tone.

MALE VOICE

If you contact the police some other way? They'll be picking your daughter off the tracks for miles...

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Grace freezes as those words hit home.

GRACE

She's here, too!

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace bolts from the room. Makes extra sure to lock the door. She swings to the left. No passengers in the corridor.

FOOTSTEPS echo to Grace's right. Grace turns to see...

A LITTLE GIRL, standing at the far end of the car. A tattered TEDDY BEAR hangs from her fist.

She wears a DARK JACKET. From the back, it looks like -

GRACE

Leah!

The girl walks away. Grace takes off running. Full sprint, even in high heels.

GRACE

Wait, I'm here!

The girl steps between cars. Grace runs after her, into -

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Grace swings the girl around.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy!

It's not Leah. And it's not Grace she's yelling for. A MOTHER (30s) yanks the girl away, a study in maternal rage.

HARRIED MOTHER

Is this lady hurting you?

A horrified Grace stares at the floor.

GRACE

I... saw her in the hall. And thought... she was lost?

HARRIED MOTHER

It didn't look like that to me!

PATRONS gather. Grace stands before them, frozen. Darwin pushes through the crowd, and extends a hand to Grace:

DARWIN

Follow me.

Grace trails Darwin - meek and drained.

Quickly losing interest, the crowd returns to eating, drinking and Tik Tok videos on their phones.

Darwin pulls up a seat at the bar. He fills a glass with brandy, and slides it across to Grace.

DARWIN

Good for the nerves. Did our guy handle that stain for you?

GRACE

Uh, yeah. He took it away.

He eyes her buttoned blazer. There's no shirt underneath.

DARWIN

Daring look. On you, it works.

Grace peers towards the cocktail booths.

The old couple huddles together, giggling.

The harried mother shares a sundae with her girl. She looks up at Grace and glares.

Adam Dumphy huddles alone with papers.

A BEARDED WAITER (30s) clears his table. He glances at Grace. She shrinks in her chair.

GRACE

That waiter's staring.

DARWIN

You look pretty rattled. First time taking the train?

GRACE

No. I'm on - a business trip.

Grace's eyes scan the room. How much can she safely say?

DARWIN

Ah. Business. Not pleasure. What are you? A lawyer or something?

GRACE

A trauma surgeon. At Montecore.

DARWIN

That must be exciting. Having control over life and death!

GRACE

I wouldn't put it that way.

She leans in.

GRACE

Is anyone watching me right now?

DARWIN

Checking you out? I wouldn't be surprised.

Grace twirls her hair nervously.

GRACE

No. I mean - there's a man.

DARWIN

There often is.

GRACE

(panic rising)

He wants me to do something terrible!

DARWIN

Hey, different strokes for different folks.

GRACE

Damn it, he's kidnapped my daughter!

DARWIN

What? Some guy on the train? Here?

GRACE

He's got to be. Though I don't even know how I got on board. I think someone drugged me...

The Hipster with the iPhone sits down, MAGAZINE in hand. He peeks over a page at Grace's blazer. Spots a clear outline of the gun.

Grace catches him looking, and tucks the gun farther down. Then glances up, with guilty eyes.

She scribbles on a napkin, and shoves it over to Darwin.

INSERT: Meet me in the woman's bathroom!

DARWIN

I don't know what game you're playing. But this is one wild pickup line.

Grace rolls eyes at Darwin, flashes him a peek of the gun.

Darwin stiffens. Shit just got real. He pulls Grace towards the rest room.

INT. WOMENS' BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grace locks the door, and swings around. Darwin grabs her in a heated kiss. Grace shoves him off, surprised.

GRACE

What the hell are you doing?

Darwin steps back, confused.

DARWIN

You don't wanna hook up?

GRACE

This is an emergency! I told you, my daughter Leah -

DARWIN

(nods)

Yeah. Role playing. Right.

Darwin steps towards her. Grace gauges distance to the door. She'd never make it. He's too close.

She backs away, hits a sink. Porcelain pokes into her spine.

GRACE

I showed you the gun. That proves I'm telling you the truth!

DARWIN

That proves you're a crazy bitch. Which is kinda hot, you ask me.

He shoves Grace into a wall, and runs excited hands down her waist. Grace whips out the gun, points the weapon at Darwin.

GRACE

Do you believe me now? It's loaded!

DARWIN

Fine.

He raises his hands in the air. A cynical eyebrow, too.

DARWIN

The safety's on. "Cute and mysterious"; you've got that down. But you're crap at playing spy.

Grace snaps off the safety. Darwin reaches for the door.

DARWIN

They *said* fraternizing with guests was a bad idea. I knew it could get me fired, but shot? Think I'll just leave you alone now. With your thoughts. And that gun -

Grace collapses. The gun clatters into the sink.

GRACE

Oh God. I need help!

DARWIN

You're telling me.

Grace pulls the cell out of her pocket, and shows Darwin the picture of Leah.

GRACE

This is my daughter. Help me. Please.

Darwin looks into her eyes: sees desperation. And honesty.

MOMENTS LATER

Darwin pokes the charging port on the phone.

GRACE

Could we dig it out?

DARWIN

That could rip out what's inside. Whoever sealed it did an epic job.

The screen glows - two bars. Darwin looks past it, into Grace's worried eyes.

DARWIN

Someone's got a real hard-on for you. Any idea who it could be?

GRACE

No!

DARWIN
You don't have enemies?

GRACE
Why would I? I'm a Doctor. And a Mom. I don't have time for other things!

Darwin meditates on those words.

DARWIN
Okay. Well, we've got to start someplace. Anything interesting go down at work?

GRACE
Define "interesting." People get sick. I fix them. Case closed.

DARWIN
At least until you send the bill, Ms. Fancy-Trauma Surgeon. Anything out of *your* ordinary, I mean?

GRACE
Well, there was this case yesterday. A girl came in with Treacher's Syndrome. I performed emergency surgery.

DARWIN
Did she live?

GRACE
Thanks to me! But the attending MD - a doctor named Craig - I really stepped on his toes. Right in front of our boss. And hospital legal council, too.

Darwin smirks, amused.

DARWIN
"No enemies"? Yeah, sure. Bookmark that; moving on. If not work, maybe there's something about your *family* that attracts real bad dudes?

His eyes drift toward Grace's hand. No wedding ring.

DARWIN
Leah's father. What's he do?

Grace's face crumples. Darwin suspects the worst.

DARWIN

Oh. You're widowed?

GRACE

No! We're getting divorced. And he can't find out about this!

DARWIN

Why? He has the right to know.

GRACE

The situation's... complicated.

DARWIN

How so?

GRACE

Eric wants full custody.

DARWIN

So, he wants to kidnap your daughter permanently? Ironical parallel. Where's he now?

GRACE

On the train.

Her voice trails off.

GRACE

With "Dr. Craig", too.

DARWIN

Okay. Let's summarize: you got a disappearing stiff in your room. People you've pissed off in other sleeping cars. Sweetheart, you may be cute and mysterious. But you're also well and truly fucked.

Grace snatches the phone back from Darwin.

GRACE

(sarcastic)

Thanks for the help, "Detective Bartender."

DARWIN

You want my help? Honestly? Then how's about we search your room?

GRACE

I already did. Though I rushed.

DARWIN
Think you might have missed a clue?

GRACE
What if we just send security
guards to search *all* the rooms?

DARWIN
That'd take more time. And when
whoever has your daughter finds out-

GRACE
There's no telling what he'd do.

DARWIN
So we gotta figure out who and
where he is, first.

Darwin gently takes her hand.

DARWIN
"Detective Bartender" to the
rescue. You came to me. Let's go.

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Darwin leads an anxious Grace from the bathroom. Eric stares
at both of them from the bar. Stunned.

ERIC
You've got to be shitting me!

GRACE
Eric?

ERIC
I tried your room. Craig said you
were at the bar.

He stares at Darwin.

ERIC
"Flirting with the waiter".

DARWIN
I'm the bartender.

GRACE
And we weren't flirting!

She glances at Darwin.

GRACE

I wasn't. Though he read it wrong.

Eric looks towards the bathroom, repulsed.

ERIC

Wow. That's a new low for you.

GRACE

We weren't. I didn't!

She takes a step. Eric backs off.

ERIC

Don't touch me. You can fuck
whoever you want. We're not married
anymore.

GRACE

So what did you want me for?

ERIC

Where's Leah?

Darwin watches them like it's a tennis match. Grace chokes.

GRACE

How did you - ? What do you mean?

ERIC

I called her, several times. Leah
won't pick up her phone!

Grace gulps down relief. Eric doesn't know.

GRACE

She's probably Facebooking with
friends. Or playing X-Box?

ERIC

This long? Don't you restrict her
net time?

He shoots Grace an accusatory look.

ERIC

Fine. Give me Sunny's number.

GRACE

No!

Darwin glances at Grace; curious how she'll follow *that* up.

GRACE
Sunny - doesn't like you?

ERIC
I have a right to talk to my
daughter!

GRACE
I'll call Sunny, and relay the
message.

Eric scrutinizes Grace's face.

ERIC
If anything's wrong-

GRACE
It's all... fine.

Eric points at Grace. Then Darwin.

ERIC
I'll see both of you in court!

DARWIN
What'd I do?

Eric stalks off. A bemused Darwin turns to Grace.

DARWIN
Real nice ex you've got. I can see
why you're getting divorced.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eric storms down the hall. Fumbles with his phone, about to dial. Until he spots the Hippie.

He quickly pulls the man aside.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace and Darwin march past sleeper cars. PATRONS pass by on both sides. Grace peeks at male passengers; recoils.

GRACE
I don't know what he looks like! He
could be walking next to us. I'd
never know!

Sudden concern darkens her face.

GRACE

Sunny!

She flips the phone open, starts to dial.

DARWIN

What are you doing?

GRACE

Leah never showed. Sunny'll get worried, and call Eric!

The phone SPUTTERS. Two bars left.

DARWIN

So?

GRACE

Eric's... unpredictable. If he interferes, who knows what this guy will do? I have to handle this: single parent mode.

Darwin digs in a pocket and pulls out his phone.

DARWIN

Use this. An Android, but it works.

Grace dials. Sunny picks up - almost instantly.

INT. SUNNY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SUNNY (30s) whips up a drink at the counter, spunky and stout with tight red curls. The radio BLARES behind her. Iconic big-haired 80s tunes.

She splashes rum in a glass, phone clamped to her ear.

SUNNY

Dr. Delinquent! Que "pasta",
Fearless Traveler?

INTERCUT BETWEEN SUNNY AND GRACE/HALLWAY

Grace doesn't break stride.

GRACE

Thank God you're there! I'm on the train.

SUNNY

You said you'd call after boarding.
Fess up. You flaked out on me.

Sunny adds orange juice. Takes a sip.

SUNNY

I almost called the cops.

Grace gasps.

SUNNY

I figured you fell overboard.

GRACE

Real funny, Sunny. That's for boats.

SUNNY

What about Leah? She holding up?

GRACE

(beat)

Why *wouldn't* she be?

Sunny adds vodka, swirls the glass. Be-bops to tunes.

SUNNY

When you emailed and said she was going with you, I gotta admit I was surprised. You know she gets travel sick. Remember when she barfed in Rhonda's SUV?

GRACE

Leah's fine. Never better.

Grace glances at Darwin; a heart-sick expression on her face.

GRACE

Sunny - do me a favor. If Eric calls, don't tell him Leah's with me. He doesn't know.

SUNNY

What - did he go blind?

GRACE

No, he's in a separate car.

SUNNY

Seriously?

GRACE

We wanted... no, *needed* time alone. You know how it is. Just us girls.

SUNNY

I hear ya, G. My lips are sealed.

Sunny tosses parsley in the drink. Admires her masterpiece.

SUNNY

I gotta go. Tinder-time. Wish me well!

Sunny makes KISSY sounds. Hangs up. Grace glances at Darwin.

GRACE

She says I emailed about Leah.

INT. GRACES' BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A drugged Grace lolls on the bed. The intruder plucks her iPad off a desk.

Engineer boots tramp across the floor. The figure sits down next to Grace. Gloved hands type clumsily.

INSERT E-MAIL - To SunnyD: "Hey Sweetie. Change of planks."

The hand deletes. Retypes. "Change of plans."

Grace's arm flops off the mattress. The intruder bends it gently back across her chest.

INT. HALLWAY - PRESENT DAY

Darwin stares at Grace, confused.

DARWIN

You emailed her?

GRACE

I didn't!

DARWIN

Then who -

FOOTSTEPS nearby. Darwin shoves Grace into a wall and fakes a kiss. Grace struggles against his chest.

GRACE

I *told* you, I'm not interested!

DARWIN

Shhh. Don't move an inch.

The footsteps pass. Grace peeks over Darwin's shoulder.

It's Eric with Craig. They don't see the couple; pass on by.

CRAIG

(to Eric)

You're shittin' me. She fucked a
guy in the *bathroom*?

ERIC

Yeah. I think she's losing it.

A shadow crosses Eric's face. Anger and sincere concern.

ERIC

Or just acting out. Grace has never
been subtle. She's got just two
modes: on and off. That works great
with doctors. And when we first
hooked up, sure. But as a parent?
Not so much. I know kids need their
mom... But Leah's better off with
me in charge.

He and Craig share a look.

CRAIG

So what are you gonna do in court?

ERIC

I've been collecting information on
Grace's parenting "mistakes". Small
stuff, but it adds up. I'd have her
declared unfit, if I could. The
courts favor women. I need every
edge I've got!

CRAIG

(chuckles)

You want dirt on Grace? Wait 'til
you got a load of *this*-

Grace opens her mouth. Darwin clamps a hand over her face.

DARWIN

Bad idea.

He points towards the sleeper cars.

DARWIN

We've got a room to search.

He takes a step.

And almost collides with the Hipster from before. The bearded
waiter's at the man's side.

Darwin grabs Grace, and pulls her away.

DARWIN

Let's go!

The two men watch the couple leave.

HIPSTER

(to the waiter)

So, what's with you and that chick?

WAITER

Don't worry 'bout it. No big deal.

HIPSTER

Well, you got me taking pictures.
You wankin' to her, or something?
'Cause from behind, I sure see why.

WAITER

I only want shots of her with that
bald guy. You bring me those, I'll
make it worth your while.

HIPSTER

Whatever gets your freak on. Fine.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Darwin and Grace walk on. Her room swings into view.

DARWIN

Room 7A - we've arrived! Here's the
plan: we tag team with the search.
Leave no stone or mattress
untouched. Ten minutes for the whole
thing, tops.

GRACE

And if we find nothing?

DARWIN

Then time to reassess. No harm, no
foul.

Adam Dumphy's at the door.

ADAM

Dr. Thompson - there you are!

Adam waves disposition papers at Grace. No way to slip past
unnoticed now.

ADAM
We need to review these.

GRACE
Now's... a bad time.

Grace fumbles with her card at the door.

ADAM
There's *no* good time with you, is there, Dr. Thompson?

Darwin chuckles at the innuendo.

ADAM
Who are you?

DARWIN
Uh, no one important. So I'm told.

Darwin suppresses a smile, and extends a hand towards Grace.

DARWIN
Dr. Thompson, I believe this is your room. Pleasure to be of service. Pleaes let us know if you require anything more.

He backs away. Grace rolls her eyes: Get back here! Darwin shakes his head, and takes off down the hallway.

The key card engages. CLICK. Adam looks at Grace expectantly.

INT. GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Adam bustles into the room.

ADAM
I won't take much of your time.

Grace looks around for areas to search. The dresser. The closet. The clean, scrubbed floor.

She opens the micro fridge. A RED BULL CAN sits inside. Nothing grisly, though.

GRACE
You want something to drink?
Apparently, there isn't much.

ADAM
Oh, no. I'm fine.

Grace peeks in the dresser. Adam watches closely.

GRACE

I - uh, lost a brush somewhere.

She closes the drawer. Another location crossed off the list.

Grace casually sweeps a foot under the bed. Something CLINKS. Freezing, she glances down. The dead man's keys! Speckled with dried gore...

Adam plops down on the bed, cradling the legal folder like a prized possession. His foot inches from the keys.

He extends a photo to Grace.

INSERT: A MAN (30s) with hazel eyes, dressed in scrubs. His shirt bears the Montecore logo.

ADAM

You recognize this individual?

Grace glances towards the door, and spots Darwin's shadow through the pane. He hasn't left after all!

GRACE

Um...

ADAM

Dr. Thompson, it only gets more complex from here.

GRACE

That's - Scott Oster. The intern.

ADAM

Good. We got that much right.

He reads from the folder:

ADAM

Scott Oster. Worked at Montecore
from May 2018 through March 2019.
Now employed at County Morgue.
(chuckles)
Probably more suited for him.

Grace takes a step towards the door and Darwin. Rethinks the move; backs off.

ADAM

You remember the incident?

GRACE

Yes. But it was long ago. Is this really necessary now?

She paces the floor. Adam watches, annoyed.

Grace's eyes skip around the room. Searching - for anything. She heads for the closet.

GRACE

I'm cold. I need my sweater.

She reaches for the knob. Looks through wooden slats inside:

The dead body hangs from the bar by a belt! Glazed eyes stare back at her; its mangled face puffy from bloat.

Grace swings around. Adam stares at her intently.

ADAM

It *is* necessary, Dr. Thompson. My job is to identify doctors who pose a liability risk to Montecore. And remove them. Before they do harm.

Grace shuffles in front of the closet, blocks his view.

ADAM

What about your sweater?

GRACE

Oops? Guess it's at home.

ADAM

Then let's get started.

Adam taps his foot. Brushes the keys on the floor.

The phone BLARES in Grace's hand. She stares at the screen, unsure what to do.

ADAM

Aren't you going to get that?

Grace raises the phone. Her eyes locked on Dumphy.

GRACE

Hello?

MALE VOICE

Hello, Grace. Did you find what you're looking for?

Grace shudders, trapped between Adam and the phone.

MALE VOICE

Your friend seems the curious type.
Why don't you open the door?

GRACE

(whispers)

I'll call back later. Please.

MALE VOICE

Don't wait too long. Unless you
want to find Leah in there.

CLICK. Grace lowers the phone. Adam picks up his pen.

ADAM

Now. Tell me what you recall.

GRACE

Recall?

ADAM

About the incident. From memory.

He pats the bed.

ADAM

Why don't you come over here?

GRACE

No thanks. Think I'll stand.

Adam shrugs. He reads again from his notes:

ADAM

The patient was in a car accident.
You and Mr. Oster were on the late
shift.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Darwin listens at the door.

INT. GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Grace hugs herself nervously.

GRACE

The ambulance arrived at two AM.
Multiple fractures and burns.

ADAM

You had the patient stabilized?

GRACE
Until he went into cardiac arrest -

INT. MONTECORE HOSPITAL ER - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Nurses swarm the gurney; the PATIENT a burned and bloody mess. Grace presses an AED to his chest.

She swings on an intern. It's Scott - from the photo.

GRACE
He's shocking. Administer
anesthetic!

SCOTT
Which one?

GRACE
Morphine!

SCOTT
How much?

The patient bucks under Grace's hands. It takes all her weight to hold him down.

GRACE
I don't have time for this. You're
a Doctor. You tell me.

SCOTT
I - I don't know!

GRACE
Use your training. Do it now!

Scott plunges a syringe into a blackened arm. The man convulses. Flat lines.

Grace stares at Scott. She starts chest compressions. But it's too late.

INT. GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - PRESENT DAY

Grace stares at Adam across the room.

GRACE
The patient died two fifteen AM.

ADAM
You refused to assist Mr. Oster in
an emergency situation?

GRACE

I was assisting, and had my hands full. He should have known what to do.

Adam shakes his head. No comment.

GRACE

I'm not the one on trial!

ADAM

Hmmmmmm, that's true.

Adam scribbles in his book. Grace swallows her anger, stares down at her feet.

And sees a tiny speck of red. A trickle of blood runs from the corpse in the closet. DRIPS slow motion to the floor.

Grace freaks. She covers the stain with her foot. Her high heel slips. She twists her ankle. Yelps.

Adam jumps up.

ADAM

Are you okay?

GRACE

I'm fine. Stay there!

Adam closes the distance. Grace hops on one foot, maneuvers to block the closet door.

BANG. Darwin bursts inside, cuts between Adam and Grace.

DARWIN

Dr. Thompson! This came back. You said you needed it tonight.

He holds out her laundered shirt. Turning his back on Adam, Darwin winks at Grace.

GRACE

Oh, yes. That's right. I did.

Darwin notices Adam for the "first time"; feigns surprise at seeing him still there.

DARWIN

Have I interrupted something?

ADAM

Well, we were -

GRACE

Mr. Dumphy, could we continue this in the morning? It's late. And I've told you everything I know.

Adam sighs, and grabs his things.

ADAM

I guess I could type this up. But I need it signed tomorrow!

Grace guides him towards the exit...

GRACE

I'll meet you at the breakfast car.

...and shoves poor Adam outside.

GRACE

Eight AM. I promise!

She slams the door and turns to Darwin.

DARWIN

What'd I miss?

Grace opens the closet, and shows him the corpse. Darwin's jaw drops to his chest.

MOMENTS LATER

The corpse dangles in the closet, surrounded by coats. Darwin's eyes bug, extra wide.

DARWIN

There's a dead body in your room.

GRACE

Now you believe me?

DARWIN

You said it was gone.

GRACE

Well, it returned!

DARWIN

How?

GRACE

You think *I* know?

Darwin peers at the dead man's face.

DARWIN

Damn. This dude's mincemeat.

His eyes slide down the body, towards the pants.

DARWIN

Can barely even tell he's male.
Maybe it *is* time to call the cops?

GRACE

No!

Darwin shoots a look at Grace, assessing.

GRACE

If I get arrested... who will save
Leah?

DARWIN

You swear you had nothing to do
with this?

GRACE

You think I could do *that*? To him?

Darwin reaches for the corpse.

GRACE

Don't touch him. You'll leave
fingerprints!

DARWIN

If you wanna get it out of here,
I'll pinch hit for room service.

Darwin grabs a coat, and hangs it off the corpses' shoulders.
He finds a scarf and winds it around the dead man's face.

GRACE

What are you doing?

DARWIN

Gotta soak up the blood. You think
Cranberry's a wicked stain?

The corpse dangles like a bloated piñata. Darwin places
Grace's hands on the man's waist.

DARWIN

Hold him still.

He pulls out a wicked looking knife. Grace stares.

GRACE
You carry knives?

DARWIN
A bartending necessity. Great for
lemons, limes. Stuck wine corks.

He saws at the belt around the corpses' neck. Just inches
from its covered face.

DARWIN
Damn, this leather's thick.

He takes a sniff. The corpse is far past its prime.

DARWIN
Good thing your friend didn't smell
this.

The belt snaps. The corpse slams against Darwin and CRASHES
with him to the floor.

The body lands on Darwin's chest. Face to scarf-wrapped face.
Blood spatters Darwin's cheek. Grace grimaces.

GRACE
What are we going to do? Stuff him
back under the bed?

DARWIN
So your "mystery man" can play more
hide and seek? I've got a better
idea. There's a wheelchair in the
bar car.

MOMENTS LATER

Grace wriggles back into her shirt. Darwin turns away,
doesn't look.

GRACE
Don't you have somewhere to go?

DARWIN
Oh. Yeah, sure.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace and Darwin push a wheelchair through narrow halls.

The body slumps in the chair, covered with a hat and coat. A
fresh scarf wrapped around its face.

The old ladies from the bar pass by, wave to Darwin coyly.

OLD LADY #1
(to her companion)
That poor man in the chair. He
looks sick.

OLD LADY #2
I get that bad, just shoot me.

Grace and Darwin approach the juncture between cars.

EXT. CAR INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The landscape whistles by. Darwin pushes the wheelchair
towards the edge.

DARWIN
Okay. Watch out for passengers.
I'll dump him overboard.

Grace grabs Darwin's arm.

GRACE
Wait!

DARWIN
What, is someone coming?

GRACE
No. You can't throw him overboard!
He's a human being. At least he was
before.

DARWIN
Now he's evidence. He's gotta go.

Darwin pushes the wheelchair forward. Grace stops him again.

GRACE
Evidence for me. We can't toss him
away like garbage!

She searches Darwin's face with desperate eyes.

GRACE
You said you'd help me. Please.

DARWIN
Okay. What's your idea?

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The two pass more PATRONS. The corpse still in the chair.

DARWIN

There's a freezer behind the bar car, we'll stash him there. Temporarily. But before ice cream's served, he'd best be moved.

They roll along in silence.

DARWIN

I heard you through the door. Discussing some bad mojo incident?

GRACE

Um, yes. An intern screwed up at work. They're ruling on his license. Dumphy wants me to testify.

DARWIN

The *intern* screwed up? From what I heard, sounds like you bear responsibility.

Grace swings on Darwin, surprised.

GRACE

I didn't overdose the man on morphine!

DARWIN

Weren't you the senior doc in charge?

GRACE

Don't judge me! I did what I had to do. Oster didn't. That's why the patient died.

She stops in her tracks.

GRACE

Why do you care?

DARWIN

Dunno. Just sounds interesting.

The old couple from the bar pass by, and glance at the corpse. Darwin pushes the wheelchair forward, gulps.

INT. KITCHEN CAR - LATER

Narrow shelves, filled with food. A chain lock secures the entrance door.

A horizontal freezer lies open. Large enough for one body. If you fold it enough.

Darwin and Grace lug the corpse towards the chest. Grace holds the feet. Darwin maintains a death grip on the arms.

GRACE

He's heavy!

DARWIN

Let's step together. One, two...

Someone RATTLES the door.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

Who's in there?

DARWIN

(jumps)

Who's that?

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

Shawna. Just finished my shift.

DARWIN

Oh. Shawna. Yeah. It's Darwin.

Gimme a sec. I'm doing inventory.

SHAWNA/FEMALE EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

With the fuckin' door locked?

DARWIN

(laughs)

Okay. You got me. I was taking a nap. Don't tell the boss, OK?

SHAWNA (O.S.)

Hurry up. I wanna eat!

Grace stares at Darwin. "What the hell do we do now?"

They shuffle to the freezer, and drop the corpse inside.

Grace brushes frozen ICE CREAM BARS over the body, makeshift camouflage. Doesn't notice when her key-card falls in.

Darwin locks the freezer with a padlock. He heads to the door and opens it.

SHAWNA (50s, plump) peeks inside. Spotting Grace, she smiles.

SHAWNA
Yeah. Sleeping. Right.

She slaps Darwin on the back, and grabs a candy bar.

SHAWNA
I'll leave you love birds to your
fun.

Darwin mouths "Fun?" at Grace, who groans.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CABIN - LATER

An antique radio in the corner. Dusty books on shelves. Grace and Darwin sweep flashlights across the room.

GRACE
Hurry. Someone might come in!

DARWIN
I know Preston's schedule. He won't
be back 'til ten.

Darwin beelines for a binder, laid out on a desk.

DARWIN
Here we go. The passenger roster!

He flips it open. Names of people and companies fill the page
- inked in elegant calligraphy.

DARWIN
The guy's old fashioned. Which
gives us an edge: no password.

Grace pulls out the photo of the target, and compares the
name to the list.

GRACE
O. P. R... Here he is. Derek
Rhenner, Esq! Works for Morie,
Delouette and Wexler.

DARWIN
He boarded yesterday. Same time as
you. Checked into Room 15A.

GRACE
Esquire? A lawyer.

DARWIN

No wonder someone wants him dead.

Grace reads further.

GRACE

Hey - there's my name! But that's not my handwriting.

DARWIN

Wanna search the fat guy's room?

Darwin grabs a UNIVERSAL KEY CARD off a hook, dangles it in Grace's face.

GRACE

No! I mean, I'm not sure!

DARWIN

You decide. There's not much time.

Grace glances at the phone. The battery's yellow. She traces a finger across Leah's picture.

GRACE

Baby - hold on. I'll find a way to fix this.

Darwin grabs the cell.

DARWIN

I *think* I know a way to unplug this port. But first, let's trace this damned phone.

Grace tucks the passenger roster under her arm, and follows Darwin out the door.

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Beer trinkets on walls. Brand-name liquor on shelves.

Darwin types on a LAPTOP at a mini desk; a phone look-up site glows on-screen. Grace sits on the bed.

GRACE

What's your number?

DARWIN

555-1212.

She dials.

Darwin's phone lights up. He types her number into the search engine. The site flashes: RESTRICTED.

DARWIN

Shit. So much for that bright idea.

GRACE

Screw bright ideas. We need results!

Shoving Darwin aside, Grace commandeers the laptop, types. Tries other sites. Nothing works.

Eying a Facebook tab on Darwin's browser, she logs on.

And composes a Private Message to Sunny:

INSERT: "Leah's kidnapped. She's hidden somewhere on the train. This isn't a joke... you need to call - "

Darwin grabs Grace's hand before she "Sends."

DARWIN

Don't.

Grace swings towards him, furious.

GRACE

Why not?

DARWIN

We don't know what "mystery man" is monitoring. Even *if* your friend believes you, she can't protect your daughter. Nor can cops.

Painful words. Grace crumples onto Darwin's bed. Clutching the laptop, she logs onto videos of Leah via her feed:

INT. SWIMMING POOL - VIDEO FLASHBACK - DAY

Leah splashes in a pool, giggling. Balanced on the edge with Sunny, Grace points to her daughter - proud:

GRACE

Leah's a future Olympian! Look!

Leah flounders: one imperfect moment. A freaked out Eric scoops her up.

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - PRESENT

Grace freezes the frame, stares at Eric's frozen features. Darwin reaches out, touches her cheek. She recoils.

GRACE

What are you doing?

DARWIN

There was blood. From the dead guy.

GRACE

Oh.

DARWIN

About what your ex said before, when he was talking to that guy? I don't doubt you've made a *few* parental mistakes. Who doesn't? But nothing major.

Grace's eyes darken.

GRACE

You mean like letting my daughter get kidnapped from her bed?

DARWIN

Give me - and yourself - a break! I've only known you a few hours. But as a Mom, it's obvious you care.

Grace glances back at the video.

GRACE

Eric's so protective. If he knew-

DARWIN

What if... he already does?

GRACE

Eric has no reason to kill Rhenner!

DARWIN

Maybe that isn't the point. You heard him: he'd love to have you declared unfit. You try to shoot a guy? *Any* guy?
(chuckles)
I guarantee, that'd work.

Grace slams the laptop closed. She and Darwin circle - a battle of tense words.

GRACE
You're crazy!

DARWIN
Can you blame me? This situation's
pushing *both* of us towards the
loony bin.

GRACE
Eric would never hurt Leah!

DARWIN
Who says he'd follow through?

GRACE
Leah would know her father's voice.
I would, too.

DARWIN
Not with distortion gadget. And
who's even to say that's him? Both
of you are doctors. Loaded. With
what he probably stands to save
from child support, I bet your ex's
got enough stashed away to contract
this whole "kidnapping" gig out!

GRACE
If that were true-

DARWIN
Then Leah's safe. And researching
Rhenner's a waste of time. "Mystery
Man" could've picked him randomly.
Eeny, meeny, miny, moe. You've
heard of plausible deniability?
Even now, Eric might not even know!

GRACE
There's only one way to find out.

Grace flips through the passenger roster, finds Eric's name.
Room 9B. She grabs the conductor's universal key card.
Snatches a jacket off Darwin's chair.

DARWIN
Hey, that's mine!

GRACE
You "borrowed". Why can't I?

She heads for the exit. Turns to Darwin.

GRACE

About that cross examination: if
being a Bartender doesn't work out,
maybe a lawyer's more your style?

Darwin watches Grace go. Despite himself, he *almost* smiles.

DARWIN

And make myself a target for
"mystery men"? Thanks, but that's a
heavy no.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace approaches the threshold between cars. She moves
briskly; efficient like in Montecore.

GRACE

You were married to Eric eight
years. He's difficult, but not dumb
- or criminal! And what will
confronting him accomplish? That
never worked. Not then, not now.

She stares down at the universal pass key.

GRACE

And what do you expect to find in
his room? A ransom note? Leah -
safe and sound?

She reaches out to push the door. Through the glass window,
Room 9B's not too far away.

From the other end, the Hippie approaches!

Grace gasps, steps to the side. She raises the collar of
Darwin's jacket to hide her face.

Through the window: Eric's door opens.

Grace watches as her ex steps out - and greets the Hippie
like a long-lost friend!

The two men turn and walk away from Grace. They're an odd
duo: Eric in a suit. The Hippie, t-shirt and jeans.

Assessing the risks, Grace steps forward - shoots a wistful
look at Eric's now closed door.

Passing that, she trails the men - unseen.

And strains to hear as Eric whispers *something* to the Hippie.
Eric's face lights up.

Car-lengths pass. Grace whispers as she follows.

GRACE

Leah, Mommy's on her way!

The two men *aren't* headed for a room. Nearby VOICES indicate their destination: the dining car.

INT. OUTSIDE THE DINING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Grace hangs back, like before.

And watches Eric hand the Hippie money. Stepping into the dining car, the two part ways.

The Hippie beelines towards a booth.

Eric approaches a table, where Dr. Robinson and Craig wait.

What did she just witness? Grace processes the information.
Turns tail!

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK. Grace swipes the universal pass key. Smooth as any pro B&E, she takes one look - gets to work.

Opens the closet. Finds nothing.

GRACE

No dead body. That's a start.

Eric's jacket hangs from a hook. Grace rifles the pockets.
Pulls out... a ticket stub.

GRACE

He'd keep his phone on him. Duh.

Her eyes slip to a LAPTOP. Should she? Of course!

MOMENTS LATER

Grace types a password: "Dr. Kildare". Frowns when it fails.

GRACE

You changed it, Eric? Wonder why?

Another try: "Grace." No luck.

GRACE

Figures.

On impulse, Grace types "Leah". The screen flashes. That works! Breathless, she scrolls through files. Eric's emails.

GRACE

God, I'm turning into such a snoop.

A familiar video of Leah surfaces, but nothing suspicious. Grace groans. But then notices:

A BURNER FLIP PHONE on the mini-fridge. Tossing the laptop aside, she pops it open to find...

TEXTS. Grace holds her breath, reads:

INCOMING TEXT: "R U Bringing Leah?"

ERIC'S REPLY: "She Would B a Problem..."

ERIC (O.S.)

What the *fuck* do you think you're doing?

Grace shrieks. Spins around.

Eric glares from the doorway. Clutching the flip phone, Grace tries to back away. There's nowhere to go.

ERIC

How did you get in here?

GRACE

I... Your door was open?

She fingers the passkey in her coat.

ERIC

No. It locks automatically.

Grace holds up the torn ticket stub, lies.

GRACE

This fell out of your pocket and blocked the sensor. I just knocked. When it opened, boy, was I surprised!

ERIC

Then you "accidentally" typed my password?

Eric stares at his open laptop. At the Burner Phone.

ERIC
Give me that!

Grace dodges. Holds on tight.

GRACE
Eric, we have to talk.

ERIC
No kidding.

GRACE
It's about this phone. Where'd you
get this, and why?

ERIC
(sighs)
Fine. No more games.

Eric's eyes drop. Grace holds her breath: Here it comes.

ERIC
I'm seeing someone.

GRACE
What?!? This isn't about Leah?

ERIC
About Leah? What? No!

Grace flips open the phone, and stabs a finger at the texts.
She scrolls down to a third one.

ANOTHER ERIC REPLY: "Grace says BFF will babysit. We'll have
the night alone."

GRACE
Oh.

ERIC
If it matters, I didn't start
seeing Rachel until *after* we
separated. You can't blame me for
wanting... companionship.

He looks up. Notices Graces' jacket, bearing Darwin's name.

ERIC
At least we're meeting at a
restaurant after the conference.
Not some frikkin' bathroom! Why'd
you come here anyway?

GRACE

I - um - Eric, did you get a hold
of Leah?

Grace gauges Eric's reaction, weighs her words.

ERIC

You're the one who wouldn't give me
Sunny's number.

GRACE

Well, if she calls back - tell her
Rhenner can't make the party.

If the name means anything, Eric doesn't let on.

ERIC

Who's that?

GRACE

Someone... who doesn't have to be
involved?

Grace circles Eric, backs towards the door.

GRACE

I'm sorry to bother you. And we
should keep meetings like this
short. Just one last question.

Stepping into the hallway, Grace hesitates.

GRACE

That guy you gave money to: what
was *that* for?

Anger flares in Eric's eyes. He slams the door.

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - LATER

Darwin holds out both hands. Grace dumps key card and jacket
into his arms.

DARWIN

So what was the money for? Drugs?

GRACE

Eric's a doctor. If he wanted
drugs, he could find a better
supply than some stoner on a cross
country train.

DARWIN
That's still suspicious.

GRACE
He didn't react when I mentioned Rhenner. That's got to mean he's not involved! And his password was "Leah". For all our... issues, Eric cares. If I tell him, he can help!

DARWIN
No!

Startled by that reaction, Grace stares.

DARWIN
I mean, I've *met* the guy. He's a hot head, I know the type. If someone else has your daughter, the last thing we want is Eric pissing him off. Snap judgements could be fatal. We've gotta play this strategically. Like chess.

Almost melodramatic, Darwin cups a hand to his chest.

DARWIN
Maybe you should shoot Rhenner after all?

GRACE
You're kidding?

DARWIN
I'm not saying *kill* the guy. Just wing him. Enough to establish good faith?

GRACE
"Good faith"? And when he lives?

DARWIN
You can always claim you missed. You're a surgeon, not an assassin. What matters is you stall!

GRACE
(sarcastic)
And if that *doesn't* work, reload?

The phone BLARES unexpectedly. Both scramble for the cell. Grace wins.

GRACE
(into the phone)
H-hello?

MALE VOICE
That bartender shouldn't be
involved. Do you want to see him
get hurt, too?

GRACE
You have to give us... me... time!

MALE VOICE
Time is something you *don't* have.
The train arrives tomorrow
afternoon. You wait that long,
Leah's gone. Come on, Grace. You're
an ER doctor. You should be used to
time constraints. *Don't miss*. You
know where Rhenner is.

Leah cries in the background. CLICK.

GRACE
Come back!
(under her breath)
You bastard.

She starts to dial. Darwin restrains her.

DARWIN
Stop.

Grabbing the phone, he pulls out a knife.

DARWIN
Fuck playing around. Let's get this
juiced!

He digs at the charging port with the blade. The cell case
CRACKS. The screen flickers. Grace snatches the phone back.

GRACE
What have you done?

Darwin stares weakly at the cell. It's draining faster now!

DARWIN
Maybe a Wireless Charger would've
been smarter?

GRACE
There's one on board?

DARWIN

In the kitchen supply closet.
Maybe. Or behind the bar? I saw one
in the lost and found before.

GRACE

Then, go get it! This is the only
connection I've got left!

Darwin darts for the door.

DARWIN

Remember - chess moves. Don't leave
this room! I'll be back!

Grace stares after him. It takes all she has not to cry.

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Darwin races behind the bar, and digs through a drawer. Finds
tangled adapters. But a wireless charger? No dice.

DARWIN

Fuck me. One down. Next?!?

Vaulting over the counter, he runs from the car.

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace stares at the clock: 10PM. Seeking distraction, she
opens Darwin's laptop - turns to Facebook for solace again.

INT. SUBURBAN HALLWAY - VIDEO FLASHBACK - DAY

A nostalgic clip of Leah's first steps. Helicoptering Eric
guides TODDLER LEAH (3) down a corridor.

ERIC

Keep walking!

Thrilled Grace beckons at the far end of the hall. Leah
stumbles. Eric catches his daughter in his arms.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The dark figure guides a pale Leah along. He wears a bulky
coat, his arm draped over her shoulder.

Rhenner and Janie pass by. Leah turns towards the girl. Her
captor snaps her back in line.

DARK FIGURE
Keep walking.

LEAH
I want my Mom!

He presses a hidden gun to her side.

DARK FIGURE
I promise. You'll see her - or
Daddy - soon.

INT. KITCHEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wires and surge guards spill from an open closet. Inside, Darwin roots around. But no matter how deep he digs...

No wireless charger here.

Darwin storms to the freezer, a nervous wreck.

On impulse, he unlocks and swings it open. Stares down through now-pink ice at the corpses' frozen face.

DARWIN
Ah. No more hide and seek? You're
staying put.

No response from the dead man. Darwin chuckles, grim.

DARWIN
While I'm here, I figured... maybe
we could compare notes. You look
pretty "chill". Why not?
(chuckles)
What would you do if you were me? I
mean, not dead and in my shoes?

Darwin grips the edge of the freezer, knuckles white.

DARWIN
What do you think of "Dr. Grace"?
Is she worth all this, or nah?

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - PRESENT

Onscreen, other family videos flicker. Unable to stomach more, Grace turns towards the clock. 10:15PM.

"Where's Darwin?" Grace fumbles with the phone, tempted to dial.

Thinking better of it, she peers out the window. Her eyes droop. In reflecting glass, a dark twisted landscape zips by.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A drugged Grace MOANS. Everything's distorted from her point of view.

The intruder emails Sunny, returns to Grace. Who drools and stares at the floor.

Mitosis. The intruder's engineer boots split in two. Two sets of feet cross the tile.

A shadow leans over her. The head bifurcates, as well.

DARK FIGURE
I'll get her feet.

Grace dangles/levitates in the air, carried by unseen hands.

INT. GRACE'S DRIVEWAY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The intruder loads a limp Grace and Leah into a VAN.

Grace catches a glimpse of a wheelchair. A trash bag covers a large LUMP in back.

The van's engine roars. Grace reaches for Leah. The world blurs.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Wheels RATTLE. Grace slumps in the wheelchair - catches the glimpse of a ticket line.

A male hand signs Grace's name to the roster, waves.

DARK FIGURE
We'll take them in this way.

INT. GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The dead body THUNKS to the floor. Grace lies next to it - stares at the mangled face.

The gloved hand stabs the corpse with Grace's knife. Grace opens her mouth to protest. A cell phone BLARES.

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - PRESENT

Grace wakes with a start.

Thanks to Darwin's "tweaking", the screen's a flickering mess. The cell keeps BLEATING.

Not a call. A text:

INSERT: A photo of a terrified Leah. Duct tape over her eyes. A GUN inches from her cheek!

Choking, Grace jumps up. Checks the clock: 10:30. No Darwin.

GRACE
No more waiting!

On the way out, she grabs the gun.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace slinks along. The Hippie walks by, smiles.

Grace ducks into a doorway. She peeks out - Room 15A's straight ahead: Derek Rhenner's sleeper car.

She pulls out the revolver, points it at the door. The cell phone in her other hand.

GRACE
You're kidding yourself. As if
you'd ever -

CLICK. The door opens.

POV: ALONG THE GUN

Rhenner steps into view. Grace's aim wavers wildly. The phone lights up. She answers:

GRACE
I'm doing it. You win.

She hangs up. Rhenner waves to someone in his room.

GRACE
Admit it, girl. It's him or Leah.

Her finger tightens on the trigger.

Janie runs from the room - right into Grace's line of sight!

Grace almost drops the gun. She catches it, ducks into a doorway.

Rhenner bear-hugs Janie. Locks his room.

The two head in the opposite direction. Janie skips along, at her father's side.

JANIE
I get another Shirley Temple?

RHENNER
Of course you do, sweetheart!

Grace's HEARTBEAT pounds. She glances at Leah's terrified photo. Ice forms on her face.

GRACE
This changes nothing.

She pockets the gun, and beelines towards the Bailey Bar.

Movement at the far end of the corridor. The Hipster steps from the shadows. Trails leisurely after Grace.

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - LATER

Grace peeks inside. The room's dark. Almost empty.

Rhenner rummages through bottles at the bar, back turned.

Grace glances at the clock. 10:45. Janie's nowhere to be found. She reaches for the gun...

The little girl darts out of nowhere - ricochets off Grace's leg. Grace's injured ankle buckles. She yelps.

Rhenner swings around. Splashes ginger ale.

RHENNER
Oh my stars!

He helps a limping Grace to a booth.

RHENNER
Are you okay? My daughter's -
rambunctious. Ah, youth.

Rhenner forces Grace into a seat. Cherries, grenadine and glasses already in wait.

RHENNER
No-one was here to take the order.
I swear, I planned to leave a note.

GRACE
(gasps)
Darwin's not...?

Rhenner whips up two Shirley Temples like a pro; slides one across to Grace.

RHENNER
I was going to have one. But since
we've got company -

He pats his stomach.

RHENNER
I should cut back anyway.

GRACE
And I should go.

Grace places weight on her ankle, screams. Drops back to the chair.

RHENNER
It's probably sprained. Don't walk
on it for awhile.

GRACE
(through gritted teeth)
I'm a doctor. Leave that to me.

Rhenner scrutinizes her face.

RHENNER
A doctor? You *do* look familiar.
Have we worked together before?

GRACE
Of course not. You're a lawyer.

The man stares at her, surprised.

RHENNER
Did I tell you that?

GRACE
It's a small train. People talk?

Jamie drains her drink, and inserts a straw in Grace's glass.

RHENNER

Janie, don't do that. It's rude!

JANIE

It's okay. I can share!

GRACE

"Janie". That's a pretty name.

Janie smiles bashfully, and twirls a finger in her hair.

GRACE

I do that sometimes, too.

She twirls her hair. The little girl giggles.

RHENNER

You're good with her. You have children?

GRACE

A daughter. Her name's Leah.

RHENNER

Just from your voice, I can tell how much you love her.

GRACE

More than anything in this world.

Involuntarily, Grace touches the gun under her blazer.

Just as Janie grabs for a glass, smacks it accidentally with her arm. Liquid SPLASHES. The little girl wails.

Rhenner jumps up, wipes the worst of the monsoon away.

RHENNER

It would've been better down the hatch, but I guess you'll have to wear it now.

GRACE

(weakly)

The train has a cleaning service-

RHENNER

(to Janie)

Honey, go to the bathroom. Wash that out before it stains.

Janie scampers off - leaving Grace and Rhenner alone.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Hipster hovers in the doorway, iPhone raised. He takes pictures, no flash.

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rhenner shrugs at Grace.

RHENNER
Gotta love raising kids.

GRACE
Where's her mom?

RHENNER
Divorced, but I have custody.

The phone vibrates in Grace's lap. She glances down. A new text glows.

INSERT: Silver opportunity. Don't wait for Bronze. Shoot him now.

Grace glances towards the bathroom. Janie's still inside.

She slides the revolver out of her pocket and points it under the table at Rhenner's waist. An easy, concealed shot.

RHENNER
Janie's mother wasn't a fit parent -

Grace's finger tightens on the trigger.

Recognition flashes on Rhenner's face.

RHENNER
I know where I've seen you; photos
from the Oster case! You're Dr.
Grace Thompson - the senior
physician in charge.

Grace turns white. The gun muzzle sags to the floor.

GRACE
You're on the Oster case?

RHENNER
I'm one of the judges for this
week's hearing! Cut and dried
malpractice by that intern, you ask
me.

RHENNER (MORE)
Though I shouldn't really discuss
it. Conflict of interest, and all.

Grace jumps up, wincing through the pain.

GRACE
It's been educational, but I should
go.

RHENNER
Why don't you wait for Janie?

GRACE
Get her a Shirley Temple on me.

She hobbles towards the exit.

Bumps into Darwin at the door!

The Hipster shies away, unnoticed.

Darwin stares at the concealed gun in Grace's hand. Looks at
Rhenner. Back to...

DARWIN
Grace, I need you.

He pulls her away. Rhenner waves to Darwin.

RHENNER
Bartender, charge this to my tab!

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - LATER

Darwin paces the room. Grace sits on the bed. Cradles the gun
like a life vest. Which - in a sense - it is.

DARWIN
I said to stay here!

GRACE
I didn't want to involve you! If I
shot him, best you didn't know.

DARWIN
You almost killed a man. On *my*
train!

GRACE
But I didn't. And I found a clue. I
know why he's the target!

Darwin stops.

DARWIN
Excuse me - what?

GRACE
Rhenner's a judge in the
malpractice suit. He's going to
take away the intern's license.
Says it's an open and shut case.
That's what this is all about! It
must be Oster on the phone!

DARWIN
Nah. Then why not kill Rhenner
himself? Why drag you into this?

GRACE
Beats me. Because he's nuts?

DARWIN
This is crazy! My money's on
someone else!

GRACE
Who?

DARWIN
Your creepy coworker, Craig? I
overheard he wants your job. He
tricks you into killing Rhenner,
that's his problem - and the
hospital's - solved!

Grace falls silent. Darwin's voice trails off.

DARWIN
Or I could be wrong. I'm just
riffing. And trying to help.

GRACE
It's not your daughter at stake.

DARWIN
I'm in this, too. I helped you hide
a dead body, for Christ's sake!

GRACE
You didn't have to!

DARWIN
You think one person could've moved
him themselves?

Grace stops. The words hit home.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

- Two intruders lift Grace from the bed.
- The van door slams. Plunges Grace and Leah into darkness.

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Grace blinks.

GRACE
You're right. No-one could.

Darwin retrieves the knife and his jacket.

DARWIN
Don't move.

GRACE
Where are you going?

DARWIN
To the conductor's cabin, to get
the passenger roster.

GRACE
But -

DARWIN
I'll check if Oster boarded.
Promise you'll wait this time!?

He runs out the door. Grace waves, too late.

GRACE
The passenger roster. It's here.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Darwin marches down the hall - fumes with every step.

DARWIN
Did she even check if it was
loaded?

He passes Shawna, who waves. Darwin storms between cars.

DARWIN
And if she kills him, what next?
How'd she think she'd get away?
We're on a fucking moving train!

He strides past Eric. The men exchange glares, keep going.

DARWIN
(hisses to himself)
Tool!

Darwin blows past the Conductor's cabin - heads towards Room 30C. Clutching the knife, he bursts inside.

INT. SLEEPER CAR 30C - CONTINUOUS

The bearded waiter reclines at a mini-desk, a toy train at his side.

DARWIN
We have to talk!

WAITER
Took you long enough to get here.
You BFF's with Thompson now? What
can you possibly chat about?
Surgical technique, or Mai Tais?

Darwin stabs the knife into the desk. The man looks up, blinks hazel eyes.

DARWIN
Cut the crap, Scott. This has gone
too far!

SCOTT (WAITER)
From where I sit, it's going fine.

DARWIN
The plan was to dump the body
overboard. You hung it in the
fucking closet!

SCOTT
Nice touch, wasn't it? How about
that fresh blood I added? Man, that
really wiggled her out!

DARWIN
Freaked me out, too. I don't even
want to know where *that* came from.
He was rotting. You couldn't find a
fresher body at the morgue? Think
we'll ever get that clean?

SCOTT
That's your problem? Housekeeping?

DARWIN

No. Weren't you listening? Grace -
she almost killed that guy!

SCOTT

Wasn't that the idea?

DARWIN

Yeah. But I'm -

SCOTT

Having second thoughts? Oh God.
You're *sweet* on Dr. Stuck Up!

Scott scowls, disgusted.

SCOTT

You were always too romantic, bro.
You're just the *help* to her,
Darwin. Drunk old ladies think
you're cute. But if Thompson didn't
need you, what makes you think
she'd tip you. Let alone look your
way?

DARWIN

Grace isn't a bad person. Not like
you made her out to be.

SCOTT

That bitch couldn't take the time
to do her job. She ruined my
career! Who you gonna side with?
That cunt or your family? I lose my
license, it'd kill Mom. Not to
mention me. Rhenner's the deciding
vote. She shoots him, I walk free.

DARWIN

What if she *doesn't* kill him?
You're gonna take that out on a
little girl?

Darwin rips open the closet. Leah huddles inside. Rags and
tape over her ears, duct tape across her eyes.

DARWIN

Look at her! You're not a murderer,
Scott. You're the *good* one. Don't
pretend you're not!

Scott squints at Leah.

SCOTT

Fine. You got me. Truth is, no-one has to die. Just let Thompson *try* to kill Rhenner. That'll fuck up the hearing. After that, they'll probably let my license slide.

DARWIN

But Grace still goes to jail. And - she knows why Rhenner's the target. She's onto you.

SCOTT

You told her?!?

DARWIN

You *said* she was smart. She figured it out. We gotta call this off!

SCOTT

We're kidnappers now. Wishing doesn't make that disappear.

DARWIN

Confessing might.

Darwin reaches into the closet, grabs Leah's hand. The girl whimpers, holds on tight.

Scott eyes the toy train. Picking it up, he eyes Darwin's head, prepares to strike.

But thinks better of it last second. He grabs Darwin and slams him hard into the wall.

SCOTT

The girl stays. And you keep your mouth shut. If we back out now, we're the ones who get arrested. You're on probation. You go to jail again, it's for *good* this time.

Darwin's face confirms Scott's right. He backs away, towards the door.

DARWIN

Just don't hurt the kid. I'll talk to Grace. Please?

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace sits on the bed. Darwin's laptop wobbles on her knees.

She types "Scott Oster" into the White Pages. One hundred results populate the screen.

Grace switches to a local directory. Types in: "Police, Emergency." Her finger hovers over "ENTER". Shakes.

INT. GRACE'S SLEEPER CAR - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON

The distorted voice slithers from the phone.

MALE VOICE

I know everything. Every breath you
take. Every move you make. I'll be
watching you, Grace.

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT

Grace slams the laptop closed, almost in tears.

GRACE

Baby, what else can I do!?!

She reaches for a tissue on the nightstand.

Her hand grazes the passenger roster. She picks it up,
browses. No "Scott" there.

But on the last page - a list of employee names, separated by
department.

Kitchen car: Shawna, G. and Carl A.

Bailey Bar: Darwin O.

Grace blinks. What? Her eyes travel across the room...

Darwin's employee blazer hangs on a chair. Engineer boots on
the floor.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A sedated Grace lolls on the bed. *Boots* tramp across tile.

INT. TRAIN HALLWAY - PRESENT DAY

Storming along, Darwin steps out between two cars.

EXT. BETWEEN THE CARS - NIGHT

Cold air blasts Darwin's face. He gulps a ragged breath.

DARWIN

It was never personal. I just gotta
make Grace see.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS:

- Darwin trails Grace in a grocery store. Watches her select a bottle of wine.
- Darwin and Scott lug a drugged Grace to the van.
- Using the universal key card, Scott enters Grace's sleeper car. Scrubs blood stains off the floor.
- Darwin stares into Grace's eyes; attracted, even though she's not.

END OF FLASHBACKS**EXT. BETWEEN THE CARS - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT**

Darwin shakes his head.

DARWIN

Who am I kidding?

He turns and beelines back towards Scott's room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

And almost collides with the Hippie.

HIPPIE

Hey, where's your girlfriend?

DARWIN

She's *not* my girlfriend.

HIPPIE

Well, her husband thinks you are!

Flipping the guy off, Darwin keeps moving. The Hippie calls after him.

HIPPIE

It's nothing personal. He's paying
for info.

HIPPIE (MORE)
I'll give you a commission. You see
her, let me know!

INT. SLEEPER CAR 30C - MOMENTS LATER

Darwin bursts inside. Scott's gone. So's Leah.

A note waits for Darwin on the bed: "I knew you'd chicken out, bro. Gonna handle this one myself."

DARWIN
Fuck!!

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - PRESENT - MORNING

Grace rifles through Darwin's blazer, pulls out his wallet.

She holds the jacket by the collar; feels a *lump* in the lining. She rips the seam and extracts a wire. It's connected to a MICRO-CAM!

She digs Darwin's license out.

His handsome face beams back at her. Dark hair. Bright blue eyes. Next to his name: Darwin Oster.

GRACE
(whispers)
I didn't tell you, but you knew my
room.

Grace drops the card. Darwin bursts in.

DARWIN
Thank God, you're here!

Grace throws the book at his head. She jumps on Darwin, claws his face.

DARWIN
What the hell. Get off!

GRACE
You sick fucking bastard! Give me
back my daughter!

Darwin tosses her on the bed. Grace rebounds, lunges. He grabs her wrists.

DARWIN
I don't have her.

GRACE
I know who you are!

Darwin holds a thrashing Grace at arm's length.

DARWIN
I'm on your side!

GRACE
Bullshit. You helped him!

DARWIN
I helped you, too. Doesn't that count?

Grace stomps his foot. Darwin yelps and lets go.

She dives for the revolver. Darwin swings her around. Grace spits in his face. And struggles. Darwin holds on tight.

DARWIN
Yeah, Scott's my brother. But I didn't know how far he'd go. He's got her on this train. We'll get her back, trust me Grace! I wouldn't be here if I didn't care.

He stares into her eyes, desperate.

GRACE
Why should I believe you?

DARWIN
Because you've got no choice.

INT. KITCHEN CAR - LATER

Shawna wanders in. Her hungry eyes scan the shelves. Cans of veggies. Shawna shudders. No way she's going there.

She notices the unlocked freezer. Grins.

SHAWNA
Bingo. Ice cream.

She flips open the lid. The mangled corpse stares up at her. "Coldly" indifferent to Shawna's screams.

Grace's key card lies inside unnoticed; wedged between the frozen body and wall.

INT. DARWIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace stops struggling. Assesses Darwin warily.

GRACE

Fine. What do you suggest we do?

Darwin whips out his phone and dials.

DARWIN

I'm gonna call Scott, tell him to
get his ass over here.

GRACE

(sarcastic)

An order, or "pretty please"?

DARWIN

I'll tell him we've reached a deal:
he gives you Leah. Then you forget
this all happened. Everyone wins.
No harm, no foul.

Scott's answering machine picks up:

SCOTT (V.O.)

You've reached Scott at 555-1234.
If this is Darwin, blow it out your
ass. I'm done playing, bro.

BEEEEEEEP. Darwin hangs up, expression grim.

GRACE

Well?

DARWIN

Time for Plan B.

GRACE

How about we trace his phone?

DARWIN

What do you think I am, CIA?

GRACE

I'm not sure *what* you are anymore.

She grabs Darwin's phone, punches keys.

DARWIN

I know I've screwed up -

His phone lights up. GPS activated.

DARWIN

What the -

GRACE

(grins)

You're on the family plan. What a
loving brother you are!

A red dot glows on-screen. Grace grabs the gun and dashes
towards the door.

GRACE

Come on. Before he gets away!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sunshine peeks through windows. Grace and Darwin dash through
cars.

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shawna and the Conductor huddle together.

A group of doctors pow-wow at a booth. A bowl of fruit
decorates the table, papers spread out everywhere.

Grace and Darwin dart in. Everyone turns and stares.

Craig elbows Eric in the ribs. Adam Dumphy waves to Grace.

ADAM

Those papers. You can sign them
now!

GRACE

I can't. We're busy.

CRAIG

Yeah, no doubt.

Grace pulls Darwin along, sticks close to the wall. They pass
the Conductor and Shawna, leave the car.

Shawna whispers to the Conductor frantically.

SHAWNA

There's a *dead body*. In the
freezer!

CONDUCTOR

(drily)

I know, I was there.

CONDUCTOR (MORE)
I've called security. In the
meantime, please calm down.
Alarming the passengers... is never
good.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace and Darwin run like hell.

The GPS arrow swivels right, then left. Grace points a
frantic finger towards a door.

GRACE
Over there!

Darwin twists the handle. Locked. He kicks it: hard.

DARWIN
Ow!

Then rushes it with his shoulder. The door SPLINTERS. Darwin
and Grace rush inside. The room's empty.

GRACE
But-

She stares at the screen. The arrow pivots 180.

GRACE
This way!

They run across the hall. The GPS points at the Men's
Bathroom. Darwin and Grace rush inside.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Small and cramped. Somewhat clean. Something soft peeks from
behind the tank. Darwin pulls it out, horrified.

It's a scrap of Leah's dress. Flecked with blood stains.

GRACE
No!

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Darwin guides Grace out. She shivers uncontrollably.

DARWIN
We'll call the cops, ok?

They collide with Derek Rhenner. Janie bounces at the fat man's side, as bubbly as ever.

RHENNER
Dr. Thompson, are you okay?

GRACE
No. I-

JANIE
Daddy, I want one. Now!

RHENNER
Shhh, baby. Daddy's talking to grown-ups.

He turns apologetically to Grace.

RHENNER
I'm sorry. She's obsessed with a new toy.

JANIE
I wanna Choo-choo train!

RHENNER
(to Darwin)
You see, we saw a man with his daughter earlier. She had a toy train. Now Janie wants one, too.

Grace turns three shades of pale.

GRACE
You saw a man? With a little girl?

RHENNER
Yes. About Janie's age.

GRACE
Where was he?

RHENNER
At the other end, near the engine room.

GRACE
I. Uh, we have to go!

She stumbles towards the exit. Rhenner peers after her.

RHENNER
Dr. Thompson, do you need help?

DARWIN
Trust me. You'd best stay here.

They take off. A confused Rhenner watches them go.

INT. OUTSIDE THE ENGINE ROOM - LATER

Grace and Darwin stop at the entrance. The sign reads:
"Employees Only". A key-ring dangles from the lock.

DARWIN
Motherfucker stole my keys!

He pulls out a flashlight and opens the door. THUMPING MOTORS
fill the air.

DARWIN
Scott, I know you're here!

No answer.

DARWIN
There's no other exit, bro.
(to Grace)
Rhenner could be wrong. Whoever he
saw could've been someone else.

A child SCREAMS. Galvanized, Grace races inside.

INT. KITCHEN CAR - LATER

The conductor stands over the freezer, solemn.

Two SECURITY GUARDS reach inside; one's as thin as a rail.
The other built like a football star.

A freaked-out Shawna watches from the sidelines.

SHAWNA
Was he a passenger?

THIN GUARD
Hard to tell. There's no face.

SHAWNA
Ew. Gross.

The guards lay the corpse on the floor.

CONDUCTOR
Careful. Whoever he was, he
deserves respect.

Grace's key-card clatters to the floor. Shawna picks it up.

BULKY GUARD
Watch it - that's evidence!

Shawna snatches an iPad off a table, enters numbers from the card.

SHAWNA
No shit. It's registered to room
7A. Dr. Grace Thompson.

The conductor glances at the corpse.

CONDUCTOR
Doesn't look like "Grace" to me.

SHAWNA
Wait a minute. 7A? I know that
chick. She was hanging with Darwin.

The conductor exchanges looks with the guards.

CONDUCTOR
Detain Mr. Oster and the woman
immediately. Do not disturb other
guests.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - LATER

The roar of motors; louder here. Rusty machines and consoles.
Plenty of dark nooks to hide.

Grace pulls out the gun. Darwin reaches for it.

DARWIN
Gimme that.

GRACE
No!

She peeks around a machine. Sees a FLASH of white.

GRACE
Leah!

Grace runs around the corner. No-one there. Darwin angles his flashlight at a wall.

DARWIN
Scott, come out! Stop playing hide
and seek. We're not kids anymore.

A rustle of movement. Grace runs towards it. Dead end. She toggles the phone's flashlight app, scans the room.

GRACE

Leah, tell me where you are!

BEEEEEP. The phone flashes. Battery dead. She glances at Darwin. Leah SCREAMS.

Grace throws the phone, and races around the corner.

Seeing Scott, she stops in her tracks.

Leah stands frozen, the toy train clutched to her small chest. Scott's arm constricts around her throat, gun pointed at her head.

GRACE

Baby!

DARWIN

Let her go!

SCOTT

You can't give orders this time, Doctor. If you want your daughter to live, walk away!

DARWIN

She didn't do anything to you!

SCOTT

Bad time to grow a conscience.
(to Grace)
You think you can trust him? Did Darwin tell you about his year in jail? Petty burglary, to buy drugs. Why do you think he's just a bartender? That's the best a guy like him could get.

DARWIN

You're not helping *your* career options now.

He steps forward.

DARWIN

Scott, give me the gun. There's no way you'd ever kill a kid.

SCOTT

Yeah. But shoot the bitch that
killed my career? You think I got
qualms there?

He fires at Grace.

Leah screams. The toy train clangs to the floor.

The bullet misses Grace, ricochets.

Darwin ducks. Scott grabs Leah and runs. Before Grace or
Darwin can react, he's out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Scott pulls Leah along, Grace and Darwin on his heels.

They pass the Hipster. The man veers towards Scott.

HIPSTER

Hey man, I got those pictures -

Scott shoves him out of the way. And drags Leah into -

INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scott stumbles in with Leah, gun drawn. The doctors look up,
shocked. Eric's face turns white.

ERIC

Leah!?!

Grace and Darwin dart in the door.

Scott yanks Leah against a wall; swings his gun about wildly.

Dr. Robinson and Craig cower in their seats.

Grace whips out her gun.

GRACE

Get away from her, you bastard!

Eric's confused eyes dart between Scott, Leah... and Grace.

ERIC

What are you doing with my
daughter?

(beat)

Jesus, Grace. You have a gun?

GRACE
Stay out of this, Eric!
(beat)
And stay back!

She aims at Scott.

GRACE
You wanted to see if I could kill?

A flash of uniform.

The small security guard tackles Grace. The two crash to the floor. Shawna screams from... somewhere.

Darwin tears the man off Grace, punches him.

DARWIN
Ow!

The big guard grabs Darwin's waist, lifts him off the floor.
Scott inches Leah towards the exit.

DARWIN
(to the guard)
Not me, go after *him*!

He head butts the guard. The man staggers back, dazed.

Grace retrieves the gun, aims at Scott. But can't bring herself to shoot; Leah's in the way.

Eric lunges at Scott.

ERIC
Get the fuck away from my daughter!

Scott shoots Eric in leg. Screaming in rage and pain, Eric goes down.

LEAH
Daddy!

Leah grabs the fruit bowl off the table, and slams it into Scott's head.

She bites his hand, runs for Grace. Scott yanks Leah back by her hair.

Grace rushes towards her daughter. Scott levels his gun.

SCOTT
Don't follow me. Us.

He pulls Leah out of the car. Darwin catches up to Grace.

DARWIN

He's trapped. There's nowhere else
to go.

The guards stagger to their feet.

GRACE

What about them?

Darwin grabs a broom and pulls Grace outside. Jams the handle
through the door.

DARWIN

Forget the charger. I just bought
us some *real* time.

EXT. END CAR - BALCONY AREA - CONTINUOUS

A small alcove with a guardrail.

Scott bursts through the door with Leah. They've reached the
end of the line.

The landscape WHIZZES by. A mountain to the left, cliff to
the right. Scott glances down: it's a deadly drop to a river.

SCOTT

Fuck.

Leah whimpers.

SCOTT

Pretty, though.

He looks forward several hundred feet. A ledge sprouts from
the cliff.

Grace and Darwin rush through the door. Grace aims her gun at
Scott. He levels his at Leah's head.

SCOTT

Who has more to lose?

DARWIN

We all do.

SCOTT

I can always jump.

He flashes a sick smile, and bends Leah over the guardrail.

SCOTT

Though I doubt she'd survive the fall.

Grace lowers her gun.

GRACE

Let her go. I'm the one you want.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BAILEY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Something slams against the door. Once. Twice. Three times. The broom SPLINTERS. The large guard barrels through.

Doctors and guards race down the hall.

EXT. BALCONY AREA

Darwin eyes the approaching ledge.

DARWIN

Jump off the train? That's nuts!

SCOTT

You just gotta time these things.
(beat)

I was always the smart one in the family. You don't have the brains to bug a freakin' phone! I figured out how to move the body, and stash it in Grace's room. You aren't capable of planning shit! It's my idea. Just like always.

He points the gun at his brother. Others gather behind Darwin, listening.

DARWIN

(to the guard)

You heard it here. I'm not the guy.

Scott lowers his gun... almost imperceptibly. Grace raises hers. The train SHUDDERS. She drops the weapon to the floor.

Darwin lunges at his brother with the knife. The men struggle.

Leah wriggles, breaks free! The train sways. Leah falls, slips under the guard rail.

Screaming, the girl dangles off the edge. Tracks spark under her feet. She twists like paper in the wind.

Grace and Eric grab Leah's arms, and haul her to safety.
Grace hugs her daughter, glances at a bleeding Eric.

GRACE

You caught her again. Thank you.

A HOWL from Darwin. Scott twists the knife, breaks Darwin's wrist. Kicks out his brother's knee with a LOUD CRUNCH.

The cliff approaches. Scott looks down at Darwin. No mercy.

DARWIN

We'll go to the police and explain.
I'll be with you. We're still
brothers-

SCOTT

You shoulda had my back, bro.

He stabs downward. BANG! Scott stumbles against the rail - a huge hole blooms on his chest.

SCOTT

What?

The conductor stands at the door with Grace's gun. The others turn and stare.

CONDUCTOR

No, you don't. Not on my train.

Scott topples over the edge, into swirling waters below.

Darwin glances at Leah. The girl's terrified... but safe.
Grace rushes with her to Darwin's side.

GRACE

You okay?

DARWIN

(weak)

That a trick question?

The train WHISTLES. The station approaches in the distance.
Darwin staggers to his feet.

GRACE

Where do we go from here?

DARWIN

No clue. But we've arrived.

FINAL FADE OUT: