

MOLEPEOPLE

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INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - MORNING

A YOUNG MAN, early 20s, sleeps on a bench at a downtown station, disturbingly still.

He's curled in a blanket, facing the wall. He's dirty. Unhoused. Just his scrawny ankles and bare feet sticking out.

MAIN CREDITS roll as a stream of New York COMMUTERS crush by; trains come and go. Just an average morning.

A CORPORATE WOMAN, 30's, sits on the bench next to him, a few seats away, waiting for the next train. She's doing her best to ignore him.

Gradually, something starts to feel off. After all this time, the homeless teen still hasn't moved. Not even slightly.

That's when a stream of BLOOD that's been slowly dripping down the wall behind begins to pool beneath the bench. It seems impossible to ignore, yet no one notices.

The SCREECHING BRAKES of the next arriving train drown everything out as the woman gets up and more people flood past.

INT. BATHROOM, SUB-DIVIDED TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The sink faucet pours over a pair of ROUGH HANDS, covered in grease and dirt, feeling the temperature of the water slowly rise. Steam starts to appear, near scalding, yet the hands don't move.

The dirtied water circles the drain.

He dries his hands on the towel and leaves a stain. He finishes drying them on his shirt instead.

INT. SUB-DIVIDED TOWNHOUSE - DAY

JACK, broad shouldered, late 20's, sweat-stained work clothes and boots, rejoins his co-worker LARRY, 40's, holding a clipboard with an invoice in a dingy basement unit.

JACK

Water's hot. Seems good.

Larry's hassling the building's owner, DORELDA, 50's, sharp eyes and full of fire.

They argue over each other.

LARRY

You see? I don't know what you want from me. The job's done. It's in.

DORELDA

Three thousand dollars? Now you say that? No.

LARRY

It took longer than expected. I don't know what you want from me.

DORELDA

You quoted fifteen hundred.

LARRY

As an estimate. You know how shitty your pipes are?

DORELDA

I know what you're doing.

LARRY

What I'm doing? How many people you got crammed in this basement? Everything up to code? Huh?

DORELDA

Excuse me?

LARRY

Sign the papers. Figure out the money.

DORELDA

No, take it out. Go ahead. I'm not paying you.

LARRY

One fucking call. That's all I have to make.

JACK

Hey, hey. Let me talk to her. Relax.

A little good cop, bad cop, but Jack's not as enthusiastic.

DORELDA

This is illegal. I see what you're doing.

JACK

Dorelda? We should have made it clearer. With the hours. You didn't ask. It took the time it took. That is the cheapest unit we got. You needed hot water. You got it. The job's done.

DORELDA

I can not pay three thousand dollars. I will not.

JACK

We've got payment plans. I'll get the papers for you. It's easy. It's a little interest over the year -

DORELDA

I can't. No.

LARRY

Fuck it. Leave it. A lawyer's a lot more expensive than a water heater. Good luck, lady.

Jack notices her young CHILDREN watching. He hates this.

JACK

We can figure this out without all that, right? You let us get out of here, maybe we didn't see anything. I don't know.

Jack holds out the paperwork for Dorelda. She understands the threat.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Outside the building, Larry and Jack load up the van to head out. Jack is quiet, frustrated. He's got a bad taste in his mouth still.

LARRY

What?

JACK

Nothing.

LARRY

Did something offend you in there?

JACK

I didn't say anything.

LARRY

There's a line of guys behind you that'd shove their mother in front of the F-train for your hours. You don't want them?

JACK

No. I need them.

LARRY

Then keep it to yourself.

JACK

You got it.

LARRY

She's probably charging three thousand a month for that shit-hole. Don't cry for her.

JACK

You're right. Let's go.

But Jack's just telling him what he wants to hear.

They drive off.

EXT. CONTRACTING OFFICE - EVENING

Jack heads home from the company's temporary office trailer in Brooklyn.

A few of the construction vans are parked out front where a couple of GUYS share a beer. They're LAUGHING, caught up in their conversation as Jack passes.

He gives a nod and walks off alone.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Jack rides on the subway now, the same commute, just another leg of it.

He's surrounded by a new crowd; nice suits, college students, families.

Jack's hands are still dirty as he hangs onto the bar, noticing all the cleaner hands nearby, softer hands.

A MAN PULLING A COOLER wearing latex gloves is positioned in the middle of the train.

MAN WITH COOLER

Ladies and Gentlemen, if you pardon the interruption for just a moment. I hope you're doing well this evening. I'm with City Hearts, an initiative to help the millions of New Yorkers who are hungry and in need of a meal. I'm giving away free sandwiches, chips and juice boxes or water bottles for anyone on this train that's hungry. I've got ham, turkey, or cheese. This is completely for free. We do operate on your generosity today, so if you're not hungry, please consider donating. Thank you. Anyone here hungry or willing to donate? Anyone hungry?

He looks around the train to find nothing but blank stares.

As the man passes with his donation cup, Jack averts his eyes, unable to give.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AVE D - NIGHT

Jack walks home from the subway.

A group of FAMILIES on folding chairs in the sidewalk as MUSIC blares from parked cars, enjoying themselves.

He passes without a wave or nod from any of them. They glance at him, familiar but cold.

Jack approaches his building with his keys. He's going to check the mail in the building's box outside.

There's a MISSING POSTER taped to the side of it.

It's homemade, put up by friends or loved ones. 'DANIELLE MERLO', a young woman from the neighborhood smiles in her picture.

He doesn't give it a second thought as he heads inside.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jack trudges up the stairs to his apartment to find a NOTICE OF LEASE ADJUSTMENT taped to his door.

He rips the semi-official looking paper off and reads it with a grimace.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack's father's tiny apartment. He paces, phone to his ear while his FATHER, 60's, suffering from dementia, watches TV. He's feeble, very unhealthy.

JACK

(on phone)

Yeah, hello? I'm trying to reach Michael? -- It's about the piece of paper someone left taped to the door for 3-B? -- Fine.

Jack is also trying to get his dad's medications in the correct dosages out of their containers. Pours a glass of water.

He finds another dose of pills in a cup nearby.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, dad. Look at me. Were these from this morning?

FATHER

What?

JACK

Your meds. Here. Take these.

Jack's getting another call from a PRIVATE NUMBER. Silences it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where's your cane? What'd I tell you?

(on phone)

-- No, my dad lives here. He's on a rent stabilized lease. So this notice someone left is bullshit -- You can't raise it more than a certain percent on him.

Jack sees he's getting another call from the same PRIVATE NUMBER.

JACK (CONT'D)

Take the pills, dad.

His dad just holds them in his hand, annoyed and confused.

JACK (CONT'D)

Put them in your mouth, and drink the water.

FATHER

I did!

JACK

Then what are these?

(on phone)

He's been here twenty years. --
Because it's illegal. -- No. He
can't pay that. -- I don't care.
He's not signing it. Fuck your
fees. Stop leaving bullshit on our
door. -- Yeah, you do that.

Jack hangs up.

He stares at his dad, who's within earshot, but hasn't reacted at all to what he's heard, staring at the TV.

Call ended, Jack now notices he's got a NEW VOICEMAIL notification from the PRIVATE NUMBER.

Jack listens to it. We hear a MUFFLED VOICE through the phone.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)

-- this is Detective Linde with the
NYPD.

His face sinks as it plays on his ear.

INT. LINDE'S CUBICLE, N.Y.P.D. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Jack sits across from DETECTIVE LINDE at his unorganized desk. The detective exudes stress and disinterest.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Hey there. Jack? Sorry for the
wait. I'm Detective Linde. You want
a coke? Coffee?

JACK

No thanks.

DETECTIVE LINDE

This isn't - I've got some bad
news. I didn't want to do it over
the phone.

JACK

Okay?

Linde looks like he hasn't done this a lot.

DETECTIVE LINDE
Your brother's Patrick, right?
Everyone calls him 'Patch'?

A look from Jack like, 'what'd he do?'

JACK
Is he here?

DETECTIVE LINDE
I'm sorry to tell you, Jack.
Patrick's been killed.

Jack is hit with a wave of emotion, a complicated relationship with his brother, but still a shock.

JACK
You're sure? Like - ? In an accident? Or - ?

DETECTIVE LINDE
No. It wasn't an accident. He was attacked. Someone killed him.

Jack processes.

JACK
And do you know - ? What happened?

DETECTIVE LINDE
When's the last time you talked to him?

JACK
I don't know. Last summer, I guess.

DETECTIVE LINDE
What about your dad? He's had some run-ins back in the day. A little jail time?

JACK
My dad? No. They uhh - no. He wouldn't have talked to him. What happened?

DETECTIVE LINDE
It's difficult to say -

JACK
I'm fine.

Detective Linde doesn't see the point in sugar-coating.

DETECTIVE LINDE

He was found staged on a bench in the subway. Pear Street station. Multiple stab wounds. Other uhh - extensive injuries to his person. His face. And mouth.

Jack's awash with guilt and pain, but bottling it up, not giving much away.

JACK

You got the guy?

DETECTIVE LINDE

(No)

These ones are tough.

Jack knows what that means.

JACK

Can I see him?

DETECTIVE LINDE

I wouldn't recommend it. Do you know any friends of his from the shelter? Guys he might have hung around with there? Or maybe not-friends?

JACK

Shelter? No. I didn't - What shelter?

DETECTIVE LINDE

Men's overnight, lower east side. Yeah. Kind of a rough one. Where'd you think he was staying?

JACK

I don't know. Crashing on couches. I thought he was fine - I didn't know.

Maybe a lie? Jack wants to believe it.

DETECTIVE LINDE

You two got into it a lot, right? Fights at home?

JACK

No. Not really.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Oh? I heard Patch was kind of unpredictable. You never had to knock a little sense into him? Tough love? Something like that?

JACK

No.

DETECTIVE LINDE

I've got this police report saying you put him in the hospital last year?

JACK

No. That was - He and my dad were getting into it. I stopped it. It got physical. The cops made him go. It wasn't like that.

DETECTIVE LINDE

It's like what the report says.

JACK

What are you asking me? Do I need a lawyer?

DETECTIVE LINDE

No.

JACK

Then can I see him now?

Linde can see he won't take no for an answer.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Let me talk to some people. Hang tight.

The detective walks off to another desk area to make a call.

Alone now, Jack puts his head down into his hands.

Wipes them down his face, exhausted, emotionally drained.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack stands behind a viewing window looking in on a row of freezer drawers.

DETECTIVE LINDE

He's not been - you know? He looks rough.

JACK

Go ahead.

The detective nods. The drawer opens. It's PATCH.

Cleaned up, we can now see how young he really was. Giant wounds line his abdomen and chest. Burns, bruises, scratches up and down his body.

But what is most disturbing is that his EYES are missing. As is his TONGUE. They've been gouged out, now just dark coagulated pits.

Jack deflates, but stays standing. Devastated.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where are his uh - ? What happened to him?

DETECTIVE LINDE

Eyes are missing. Same with his tongue. Hands and feet were smashed with a rock. Or a brick. Marks around his neck indicate he was hung post-mortem. Multiple attackers. Over time.

JACK

Jesus Christ.

Jack stares. Linde examines his reaction. Tries his clunky best to console.

DETECTIVE LINDE

They're easy targets for this kind of thing. I'm sorry.

Jack just stares at Patch's body. Linde nods again.

DETECTIVE LINDE (CONT'D)

One of the guys out there will walk you through the next steps. Some of his stuff you can have.

But Jack's not listening. He's watching them zip Patch back up and slide him away.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Jack rides the subway on his way home later that night in a daze, awash with guilt and confusion.

He watches a WOMAN, 40's, surrounded by several large suitcases and shopping bags. Unhoused. She's riding quietly with her TWO CHILDREN, 6 and 8, sleeping in her lap.

Jack's got a small PLASTIC BAG of PATCH'S THINGS from the police.

Nothing much really: a lighter, a tattered phone charger, and a MINI COMPOSITION NOTEBOOK, the kind that can easily fit in your pocket.

He unzips the baggie and takes out Patch's notebook.

He flips through the pages. Drawings, maybe tattoos or graffiti ideas. Tags in different street fonts.

There is a MAN IN A VEST on his cell phone sitting nearby, playing a game that DINGS and CHIMES incessantly.

Jack stews, annoyed, until-

JACK

Hey sir, could you mute that, please?

He notices Jack is talking to him, but ignores him.

JACK (CONT'D)

You mind turning your volume down?

He looks right at Jack, but says and does nothing. He goes back to his phone.

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't have any fucking headphones?

MAN IN SUIT

Yeah. Sorry.

He doesn't want a problem with Jack. He turns the phone, decides to move seats.

JACK

We don't want to hear your shit.

MAN IN SUIT

My bad. All good.

Everyone is staring.

JACK

There's other people here.

Jack looks ahead, a little embarrassed of himself.

He goes back to flipping through the notebook pages, one drawing sticks out from the rest. He pauses on it.

It's a PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN, drawn in pencil by Patch. It's not a masterpiece, but competently done, talented but unrefined.

Jack stares at the PORTRAIT. Where has he seen this face before? It feels familiar.

INT. FUNERAL HOME FOYER - DAY

A cheap, stuffy waiting area where Jack sits in a pair of dusty wing-backed chairs with a FUNERAL DIRECTOR. Jack looks like he hasn't slept much.

JACK

I don't want to sound, I don't know
- but, that's the most affordable?
Right? 'Direct Cremation'?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Correct.

JACK

I love my brother. It's just a hard
time. Right now.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Of course.

JACK

So that's the number I'd need to
pay right now?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

You may decide to use one of our
deferment plans, with very low
rates. Should you need. I've got
that right here.

Jack can barely stand being sold-to like this. He's distracted, frustrated.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Jack sits alone at a grimy drinker's bar towards the back. He's nursing a beer.

Jack glances at a few WOMEN. No one really notices him, but his eyes are looking for something that's not there.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack's cleaning up the kitchen after a simple dinner.

His father sits in front of the TV, vacant. Jack walks over, turns the volume down, tries to make a connection.

JACK
Dad, I gotta tell you something.

FATHER
Mmmm.

JACK
Something happened to Patch.

But he isn't following.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey? Listen. Patch, your son, you remember him?

FATHER
What?

JACK
He died.

FATHER
Oh.

JACK
You heard me? Patch.

FATHER
He's not welcome.

JACK
No, Dad. Listen to me. Patch. He's dead. He's gone.

FATHER
I don't give a fuck where he's gone.

JACK
No. He's dead, dad. He's fucking dead - Forget it. Fuck it.

FATHER

It's because I was tough on you.

His dad gets up from his chair, creaky, unsteady, heading for the bathroom.

His dad ignores him and leaves the CANE leaning against the wall.

JACK

You weren't anything on us, dad.

FATHER

Mmm.

Jack is left alone, angry.

INT. BEDROOM, JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack lies awake in bed later that night.

He can hear the TV BLARING in the other room still, his father asleep in front of it.

Jack rolls over -

PATCH is lying as if in the bed next to him, on the slab, eyes missing.

But Jack doesn't react. He takes it as matter of fact, a dark vision, or memory. But it's gruesome.

Patch stares Jack in the face, unnervingly still, blank.

Jack sits up and Patch is gone. The sound of the STREETS outside his window drones on.

EXT. OVERNIGHT SHELTER, STREET - NIGHT

Jack hangs around the corner of the Men's Shelter downtown that same night.

It looks like an inexpensive motel or dormitory with a little awning above the entrance.

Jack's watching a group of MEN smoking cigarettes outside. He can tell he's been noticed as an outsider as he walks past them, inside.

INT. OVERNIGHT SHELTER - NIGHT

The lobby of the shelter is sparse, authoritarian.

Signage all over the walls read: "NO ROOMS AFTER 8:00PM, NO EXCEPTIONS" in multiple languages.

There's a cork board of LOCAL MISSING POSTERS. The familiar poster from outside Jack's building, 'DANIELLE MERLO', is one of them.

Seated behind reinforced glass, the ADMINISTRATOR, 40's, just as unfriendly as the surroundings, eyes Jack. There's a SECURITY GUARD against the wall on a stool.

ADMINISTRATOR

No rooms.

JACK

Hi. I'm not here to stay - Do I need a visitor pass or something if I go inside for just a few minutes?

ADMINISTRATOR

That's not happening.

JACK

My brother used to stay here.

Jack presses his phone with the picture of PATCH up against the window.

JACK (CONT'D)

Someone killed him.

The administrator ignores the photo.

JACK (CONT'D)

You recognize him? Patch?

ADMINISTRATOR

You're a cop?

JACK

(No)
It's a police matter. Yeah.

That's what the administrator thought.

ADMINISTRATOR

Time to go.

JACK

Two minutes. Who cares?

A glance from the administrator and the SECURITY GUARD nearby makes himself a little more present.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fine. Fine.

Jack heads out, but not defeated.

EXT. OVERNIGHT SHELTER - NIGHT

Jack exits and looks to the group of men smoking by the entrance.

Jack crosses the street and goes into a DELI. He buys a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

Jack returns, unwrapping the fresh cigarettes and lights one up. Makes eye contact with the group.

The men eye him suspiciously, a palpable anxiety amongst them as they quiet down.

One of the men, LAMONT, 30's, tall and thin, invites Jack to meet him halfway.

LAMONT
What's up?

Jack approaches cautiously, holds out the open pack.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
Appreciate you.

JACK
Hey, real quick -

Jack shows him the picture of Patch on his phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
You know him? From around here?
Patch?

LAMONT
Hmmm. Nope.

But something in his answer feels like there's more.

JACK
He's the dead kid they found in the
subway the other night.

LAMONT
Fucked up.

JACK

Yeah?

LAMONT

Nah. I mean, I heard about it.
That's all.

JACK

What'd you hear?

Lamont's anxious now.

LAMONT

Nothing I shouldn't have. Good try,
tho. Good try.

JACK

What about them?

He looks to the group, they're all staring.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm his brother.

LAMONT

Can't help you. Sorry.

Jack watches a little confused as Lamont turns his shoulder and closes off the group.

Jack walks away, unsure what's next. Over his shoulder, Jack notices ANOTHER MAN from the group break off and follow him.

Jack doesn't react or turn to look, he just casually walks to the end of the block. But the man is definitely following Jack. Intent on him.

Jack's hand goes into his pocket and wraps around his keys like claws as he stops at the next intersection.

He turns to face the man, coming up fast behind him.

Approaching is EDWIN, 30's, small in stature, eyes always scanning, but instead of confronting Jack, he walks swiftly past.

EDWIN

(low)
Follow me.

Did he hear that correctly? Edwin doesn't look back. Jack follows after him.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Edwin walks casually through a small park as Jack trails him.

JACK
Hey! Stop for a sec.

Edwin keeps looking around, paranoid.

JACK (CONT'D)
What's your name?

Jack tries to get him to stop but Edwin keeps walking.

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Edwin stops next to a fence leading behind a half-demolished apartment building.

The lot inside is littered with debris. It's difficult to see how far back it goes in the dark.

Edwin slips through a section of fence and disappears.

JACK
Shit.

Jack doesn't want to lose him, climbs in after him -

But is blind-sided and knocked to the ground.

He crashes, stunned, but conscious. He can make out Edwin standing above him with another SHADOWY FIGURE.

EDWIN
New face. He was asking about
Patch. Just like you said.

A dull murmur of a RADIO is playing from the back where a makeshift CAMP is set up. It's a few tarps and blankets in a hidden corner.

SHADOWY FIGURE
Get him comfortable.

INT. JIMMY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Jack's dragged inside tent, groggy, thrown on his stomach.

Jack winds up face to face with a stuffed-animal PUPPY HEAD with a little blanket body. It's a toy for a newborn to cuddle, but it's old and worn.

Edwin zip-ties Jack's wrists behind his back before he can fight back.

EDWIN

I knew the second I saw him.

The other man kneels on Jack's chest and presents a large knife.

This is JIMMY, 40s, tall, intense, but with a disarming smile when he chooses to use it.

JACK

(desperately)

Hey, hey, listen -

JIMMY

No squirming.

Jimmy rummages through Jack's pockets and grabs his wallet.

EDWIN

Why were you following me?

JACK

You told me to - I'm Patch's brother. That's all. I'm sorry.

JIMMY

Sure you are.

He pulls out Jack's ID. Reads it. Satisfied.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You can sit up.

Jimmy and Edwin let him free.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Following strange men down dark alleys. I thought you were the smart brother?

Jimmy and Edwin study Jack as he absorbs his surroundings.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It wasn't us. For the record. We liked Patch. Funny kid. Here.

Jimmy tosses Jack a rag for his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Jimmy. That's Edwin. Sorry about your head. Can't be too careful.

JACK
You knew him from the shelter?

JIMMY
No, same water polo team.

JACK
Right.

EDWIN
He hung around.

JACK
Do you know who did it?

JIMMY
Oh, I get it now. You're here to to
crack the case. No. Sorry. No idea.

JACK
You know what they did to him?

JIMMY
Yeah. I heard.

JACK
And you've got no idea why?

JIMMY
'Why?' You don't even know what
you're asking. You mean 'What'd he
do to deserve it?'

JACK
No. That's not -

JIMMY
Because if you wanted to help him,
you're a little fucking late.

JACK
The cops aren't going to do shit. I
want to know what happened.

JIMMY
Well, Jack, lucky for you, it's
pretty simple. Patch was a thief.
And he got caught stealing from the
wrong people.

This explanation doesn't sit well with Edwin.

EDWIN
Nah, Jimmy -

JACK
Who? Which people?

JIMMY
Fucking - *Robocop*. There's no name.
That's not how this shit goes. He
fucked up. He's gone. Time to head
home. You can tell yourself you
tried.

JACK
Fuck you.

JIMMY
Yeah, I get it. Sorry for your
loss. Get the fuck out.

Jack can see he's smart to leave it.

JACK
Can I have my shit?

Jimmy tosses him his wallet.

JACK (CONT'D)
I find out you had something to do
with it, I won't need the cops.

JIMMY
Ooo. Wow. That's - chills.

Jack exits, Jimmy watches him go, suspicious.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
We're not worth the trouble, Jack.
Trust me.

Edwin doesn't like how that ended. Goes after Jack.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Don't, Edwin - Ah fuck it.

But Jimmy knows Edwin's up to something.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack's half way down the street, frustrated.

EDWIN
Hey.

Jack turns to see Edwin coming up behind him.

JACK
Nope. No. I see you.

Edwin catches up.

EDWIN
Jimmy's lying about Patch.

JACK
No shit.

EDWIN
No, I mean, it wasn't like that.
Not like Jimmy's saying. I don't
know why.

JACK
Okay?

EDWIN
I wanted to say. Patch wasn't some
asshole. He wasn't a thief.

JACK
Good to know.

EDWIN
He just wanted to be left alone.

Jack's not sure what Edwin means.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
He hadn't been up here for a while.
He was somewhere else.

JACK
Around here? Can you show me?

EDWIN
No. No - I just wanted to say about
Patch. I don't want to get into
anything.

JACK
Twenty bucks?

EDWIN
Twenty bucks? No. You don't get it.
It's not safe to go there.

JACK
Fifty?

EDWIN
Come on, man. Stop.

JACK
Here. I have it on me.
(then)
We'll be quick.

Edwin looks earnestly scared, but needs the money.

EDWIN
A hundred.

JACK
Fifty's all I got.

Jack won't let up. Edwin gives in.

EDWIN
Fine. For Patch.

Jack hands him some cash.

JACK
The other half when we get there.

EDWIN
Whatever. No fucking around. Okay?
Seriously. I show you, and we go.

JACK
Yeah fine. How far is it?

EDWIN
Come on.

Edwin's in a hurry. Jack keeps close behind him.

They head into the SUBWAY STATION on the corner.

INT. PEAR STREET SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Edwin and Jack descend into the empty platform. Edwin effortlessly jumps the turn-style.

JACK
We're going to Brooklyn?

Jack reaches for his wallet and swipes through.

EDWIN
Hurry up.

They weave through the large station, and descend the stairs onto the PLATFORM.

There's a familiar bench against the wall. Edwin points it out.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
That's the bench.

Jack stares at it, not sure how to feel. There's a faint hint of a scrubbed away blood stain beneath it.

A train RUMBLES as it arrives down the tunnel. The doors open, a few RIDERS coming out.

Jack looks to Edwin like, 'get on?'. But Edwin doesn't move.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Just chill.

The subway departs. Edwin waits for the few people to exit up the stairs. They're alone.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Edwin jogs over to the very end of the platform where it meets the mouth of the tunnel.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Late night. Twenty minutes 'til the next train.

JACK
Wait - ? No. No. I'm not -

Edwin JUMPS down onto the TRACKS, unafraid.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yep. Fuck. Are you serious?

Jack looks down at Edwin, the short jump feels like a chasm.

EDWIN
Gotta be quick.

JACK
Shit. Hang on. Fine. Yeah. Fine.

With a deep breath, Jack hops down.

EDWIN
Stay close.

He follows Edwin into the darkness of the TUNNEL.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

They move quickly, carefully, hushed whispers:

EDWIN

That fat one's the third rail.
Seven hundred and fifty volts. Fry
your fucking nuggets.

The ominous SCREECH of another train ECHOES off the concave walls behind him.

JACK

He lived down here?

EDWIN

Not *here*, but - Yeah. Last couple months.

Jack looks distraught thinking about it.

JACK

Why?

EDWIN

I don't know. Streets are tough.
Shelters are tough. Hospitals turn
you away no matter what you're
saying. No one wants us to exist.
But not in like - a good way.

The tunnel widens up ahead; local and express lines diverging.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

Guys used to come down here. Not as
much anymore. You could find
electricity. Water. There were
like, communities at one point. But
the city cleaned them out. Sealed
it off, all the old tracks and
shit.

They pass several forks in the tunnels. He leads them deeper into the dark, it's disorienting.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

But there's ways in. If you know
what to look for. Yeah, here it is -

Edwin points out a GRAFFITI MARKING on the wall. It looks like a circle with an arrow pointing downward.

JACK
What about you?

EDWIN
Live down here? No way. I work.
Yeah. Food apps when I got my
phone. Trying to save. First, last
and security.
(then)
No. The guys that come down here
have to be committed.

JACK
Why's that?

EDWIN
Because they don't come back up.

Another TRAIN HORN and RUMBLE somewhere in the dark.

Suddenly, a TRAIN appears on the opposite track, RUSHING by.
It's terrifying.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Duck down.

Jack and Edwin duck down and let the train pass.

JACK
How far is it?

EDWIN
Not far.

They continue up the track until a rush of warm, stagnant air whips their hair.

JACK
That sounded close.

EDWIN
We're good.

They go faster now, maybe a jog.

JACK
What are we looking for?

EDWIN
Little square hatch thing.

A HORN BLARES behind them.

JACK
That's behind us.

EDWIN
We're good. Unless we see the track
change -

The track behind them CLICKS with electricity and SHIFTS
beneath their feet. CLAMPING, diverting to their tunnel.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Yep. Fuck. It's the express running
local. Run, run!-

They SPRINT, frantically searching the ground for the hatch.

JACK
Where is it??

EDWIN
It should be here. Unless, fuck!
Was it Uptown?

A LIGHT hits the wall behind them, casting long shadows.

Edwin's foot clips the track. He TUMBLES over, hitting the
rails hard. Jack runs past him. Edwin struggles-

A SUBWAY TRAIN rounds the corner.

But Jack can't leave him behind. He helps Edwin to his feet.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
There!

He spots another GRAFFITI SIGN pointing the way down. There
is a METAL HATCH in the ground beneath it.

The TRAIN HORN BLARES again, barreling towards them, closer
and closer -

Edwin grabs the handle, but can't manage it up.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Yeah! Yeah! This is it! Open it!!

He summons all of his strength, ripping it open. A METAL
LADDER descends inside.

The train is about to be right on top of them; HORN and
SCREECHING BRAKES -

Edwin jumps in. The bright white headlight is blinding Jack -
Just as the train is about to crush him, Jack drops in,
inches from taking off his head, and TEARING away the lid in
a spray of sparks.

INT. CONCRETE SHAFT, PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

The TRAIN RUSHES PAST OVERHEAD.

Edwin looks terrified yet exhilarated, maybe even CHUCKLES
out the adrenaline.

JACK
What the fuck?

EDWIN
Your brother was crazy.

Jack uses his phone as a light. The concrete tunnel leads
downward at a gradual grade.

They continue along, Edwin looking at his steps carefully.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Yeah. Here it is -

He spots another MARKING on the tunnel wall.

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Down to the abandoned lines.

Edwin clears some debris from around a HOLE in the floor,
impossibly small. It's terrifying.

Jack gives a look like, 'really? In there?'

EDWIN (CONT'D)
Hope you're not claustrophobic.
Gets a little tight.

Edwin squeezes his way into the hole, boots first, and
shimmies down.

JACK
Wait, how far down does it go - ?

But Edwin disappears into the floor.

Jack looks around anxiously. Is he really going to climb down
into this hole?

He peers down with his cell phone light, can't see or hear Edwin anymore.

He reluctantly follows, feet first.

INT. HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Jack shimmies down, squeezing his chest, compressing his breathing, dust everywhere.

He slides several feet down, it's getting tighter and tighter. It squeezes him until he's fully stuck.

He doesn't panic at first. He tries to climb back out, but he can't go up, he's wedged in too tight.

JACK

Shit.

He tries again, harder. His skin grinds against the rocks, scraping him raw, but he can't budge himself free.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, Edwin!

Dust is falling into his eyes. There's no room to get his hands up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Arghhhh! Edwin! I'm stuck!

No response. He's breathing in dust now, COUGHING, CHOKING.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He can't see beneath him, but sucks in his gut and forces himself downward with all his strength.

His shirt RIPS as the jagged bits of rock tear him up. But he manages an inch, another. The stones are compressing his chest so tightly, it feels like he's going to crack open.

He grinds down another few inches, until -

He slips and tumbles the rest of the way down the hole, scratching and scraping against the rock.

INT. ABANDONED TRACK - NIGHT

Jack lands hard onto an empty tunnel below.

BOTTLES hanging from string like a rudimentary alarm JANGLE loudly from Jack's fall.

Jack watches the bottles, confused, and checks his surroundings.

This track is clearly older, narrower, covered in graffiti and garbage.

Jack notices a familiar graffiti tag spray painted on the wall. It's one of Patch's DESIGNS from his sketchbook.

JACK

Edwin?

Jack is GRABBED from the darkness, a HAND covers his mouth.

EDWIN

Shhhh.

Edwin is more on edge than before, eyes scanning. Jack is still a little skeptical.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Those bottles weren't here before.

They stare into the darkness, as if waiting for someone to emerge that never does. Jack isn't sure if this is a trick or what.

They continue ahead into the darkness.

INT. JUNCTION POINT, ABANDONED TUNNELS - NIGHT

After a stretch of twists and turns down the dark tunnel, they arrive at a wider area.

Jack scans what looks like an abandoned JUNCTION POINT with his light.

The space is taller and more industrial. Support columns stretch into darkness. Derelict tunnels feed into the old junction from all directions.

EDWIN

Over here.

There's a modest SHELTER in the corner constructed out of debris and tarps.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

Patch's spot.

There are a few other collapsed shelters around.

Jack peers over the eerie camps, everything is covered in a thick undisturbed dust like an archeological site.

Patch's spot is clearly more recent. He walks over to it. Edwin seems anxious.

JACK

Where'd everyone go?

Jack looks inside it.

EDWIN

I don't know.

INT. PATCH'S SPOT - CONTINUOUS

It's oddly cozy inside.

He spots a string of Christmas lights and a power-strip. It's plugged into an even longer extension cord that runs out the back of the shelter and along the wall.

Jack clicks the strip 'on', and sure enough, there is electricity. The rainbow lights illuminate the space.

It looks like a typical teenager's bedroom; an odd oasis of comfort relative to the surroundings.

The bed is a pile of blankets and sleeping bags; there's an old kettle and frying pan; plastic bags of scavenged toiletries. Spray paint and art supplies.

A lot of art supplies and books. Pictures on the wall. Drawings and sketches similar to the ones in his notebook.

EDWIN

Come on. You seen it.

Jack sits on Patch's bed, putting himself in his brother's shoes. He's solemn, a lump in his throat, taking a moment to imagine.

He notices some bugs crawling out from behind some cardboard. There's a little shelf hidden behind it, carved into the wall for precious items.

Inside, there's a WALKIE-TALKIE. The kind you'd find in a hardware store, cheap plastic.

But there's only one.

JACK

Yeah, yeah.

He tests the battery, clicks it on. It's still got some left.
A RED LIGHT. STATIC (NO SIGNAL).

He listens for a beat before he clicks the talk button -

JACK (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello?

No response, just more STATIC.

Weird. He puts it in his pocket, leaving it on, confused and frustrated.

He goes back to searching the area outside.

EXT. JUNCTION POINT, ABANDONED TUNNELS - NIGHT

Jack shines the flashlight around the junction looking at the other shelters and debris.

There was average life here once.

EDWIN

There. Let's go.

JACK

Hang on.

Edwin is on edge, constantly scanning their surroundings. Did he see something?

EDWIN

Fuck your money, man. For real.

Edwin storms off. Jack chases after him.

JACK

Wait, wait. A few more minutes -

He tries to grab Edwin's shoulders to stop him, but Edwin spins around with a KNIFE in his hands.

EDWIN

Don't touch me!

JACK

Woah. It's all good. How much more do you want - ?

Jack goes to take out some more cash from his WALLET, but in a moment of panic and desperation, Edwin SNATCHES it and SPRINTS away.

Jack CHASES after him with his cell phone light, but TRIPS on some debris and tumbles onto the ground.

Jack's phone cracks as it goes skidding into the darkness. He scrambles for it.

He can hear EDWIN RUNNING away down the tunnel in the distance as he picks himself back up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wait!! How do I get out?!

He runs after him a little further, but Edwin is out of sight.

JACK (CONT'D)
Edwin?!

Jack slows. No sign of him. Considers turning back.

Jack inspects his broken phone. The screen is shattered and the light is barely working.

EXT. JUNCTION POINT, THE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jack wanders back through the columns towards Patch's spot and discovers an abandoned tunnel distinct from the rest.

He shines his broken light and steps back to take in the full view:

The area around this tunnel ENTRANCE has been painted to look like the pupil of an enormous EYE.

The abandoned track heads down even deeper and curves into darkness forebodingly.

Jack hears faint MUSIC from below; the sound of muffled BASS wafting up through a grate behind him.

He freezes. Is he hearing things?

He approaches the grate and squats down next to it. He shines his light, but there's nothing down there, just the distant MUSIC.

He lowers his ear to the ground to listen closer. Where is it coming from? It's TECHNO.

Then suddenly, it's gone.

That's when a faint CRUNCHING of gravel is heard from another adjoining tunnel, something heavy being dragged.

Jack is quick with his light -

A pair of BOOTS disappear out of sight.

As Jack peers ahead, we notice he has BLOOD all over the side of his face that was against the ground.

JACK
What the fuck - ?

Jack notices too, wiping the blood away confusedly, disgusted.

There's a BLOOD TRAIL on the floor, leading into the other tunnel.

He follows it a little further, boots crunching. He spots something on the ground.

It looks like Edwin's SHIRT. It's torn and bloodied.

JACK (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Edwin?

He walks ahead silently, holding his breath, approaching the curve he can't see around.

As he rounds it, there's subtle MOVEMENT ahead. It looks like a person? Someone huddled over? Odd wet noises. HEAVY BREATHING.

Jack puts the beam of his light on the form, it's EDWIN, still alive - but he's eviscerated, lying on his back while SOMEONE covered in blood is crouched over him, cutting out his eyes and tongue.

He's wearing a crude mask. He turns in the light and looks at Jack -

It's a TALL MAN, he stands straight up, gangly, holding a knife, his hands dripping in blood.

Then, the sound of RUNNING towards Jack -

Jack's light shifts and catches ANOTHER MASKED MAN with a knife sprinting at him, full speed, no time to react -

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Jack's TACKLED to the ground and STABBED in a frenzy. He's sliced and nicked, but Jack is bigger and protects his body.

Jack fights his way free. He scrambles to his feet and escapes back into the wider JUNCTION area, being CHASED.

He can hear LAUGHING behind him. They're enjoying it.

There's METAL TAPPING, back and forth, from the darkness all around him, as if communicating.

Jack spots an old METAL DOOR with a rusted EMERGENCY EXIT sign at the back of the junction.

EXT. EXIT DOOR - SAME

He runs and tugs at the handle, prying the door open with a loud SCREECH. It's dark inside, leading to an abandoned service section.

He slams the door shut behind him.

INT. CREAKY METAL STAIRWELL - SAME

Inside a decrepit metal access stair with Jack. The stairs leads down into the DARK. Jack tries to lock the door behind him, but there's no way to.

He tests the first flimsy step. It creaks and groans under his weight, but now's not the time to be cautious.

He starts down the stairs until it lurches drastically to the side.

Jack hangs on, turns to climb back to the door to save himself -

One of the ATTACKERS bursts through the door and tackles Jack onto the stairs -

JACK

Don't!

The whole staircase collapses beneath them in a jagged pile of metal. Jack and the man CRASH to the floor below.

Jack lands and rolls to relative safety, narrowly avoiding being CRUSHED by the metal wreckage.

His attacker isn't as lucky. The metal debris has crushed and partially impaled him, buried.

Jack pulls himself to his feet, taking a moment to recover.

But to his horror, the man begins to pry himself free. Almost inhumanly, as if feeling no pain, he slides himself free from the shrapnel that's penetrating his body.

The man tries to stand, hyperventilating, but his ARM BREAKS under his own weight. But it still doesn't stop him.

It gives Jack enough time to escape down the CORRIDOR ahead.

INT. ABANDONED TRACK - NIGHT

Jack emerges onto another section of abandoned track. He runs until he finds a little bit of cover in an alcove, out of sight. He ducks and hides.

He's got no light, no idea where to go, bleeding and battered.

That's when the walkie-talkie in his pocket SQUELCHES to life.

Jack fumbles to quiet it, but as he does, a faint VOICE of a YOUNG WOMAN comes through. She's WHISPERING.

 YOUNG WOMAN (ON WALKIE)
 Is that you up there? Can you hear
 me?

Jack freezes, dumbfounded. Into the walkie:

 JACK
 Hello - ?

 YOUNG WOMAN (ON WALKIE)
 Patch?

 JACK
 What?

 YOUNG WOMAN (ON WALKIE)
 I was worried when you didn't come
 back. Did you get help?

 JACK
 Who is this?

She realizes she's talking to a stranger.

YOUNG WOMAN (ON WALKIE)
Please. Listen. My name is Danielle
Merlo. I'm down here - Look down.

Jack spots a small EXHAUST GRATE near his feet.

Jack gets down onto his hands and knees and peers down into
the small vent below -

JACK
(hushed)
Hey! Hey! I see you!

THE WHITES OF HER EYES, deep down at the bottom of the tiny
air shaft. They're pleading to be seen.

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE)
Please. Don't leave me down here.

JACK
How do I get to you?

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE)
I don't know.

MUSIC starts to play from Danielle's side of the walkie. Jack
can hear the BASS through the grate.

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
They know you're there.

Jack checks around in a panic.

JACK
Where are they coming from - ?

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE)
Just run. Get help.

His blood freezes when he sees a group of MEN crawl out of
the floor at the far end of the tunnel.

He looks down at her through the grate one last time. Her
pleading eyes recede into the darkness.

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Don't let them catch you.

JACK
Wait - Patch? You said 'Patch'?

Jack flees the only direction he can, further down the
tunnel.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hello? Hey?

The SOLID GREEN SIGNAL on the WALKIE starts blipping red as he gets further from Danielle.

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE)
I ca-- talk-- anym--.

He's losing her. Eventually it stays RED with just a dull STATIC coming through.

But it doesn't matter now. Jack's sprinting full speed in the near pitch black, his eyes barely adjusted.

He can feel the men gaining on him.

Something glimmers up ahead -

He sees it too late: A TRIPWIRE of hand-made barbed wire wraps his ankles.

He hits the trap and topples.

JACK
Arghhh!

Jack desperately tries to free himself, but he's just cutting his hands worse the more he pulls at it.

The sound of chasing footsteps turns into a living nightmare as he sees the GROUP OF MEN with a better view.

They're wearing crude MASKS fashioned out of scavenged materials: cardboard, metal, cloth. They're nearly invisible when standing still.

But now they're just casually walking towards him, knowing he's trapped like a rat.

His hands are pouring blood, he can't get to his feet. They CHUCKLE at him as they stand over him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Stop! Wait - !

But it's no use, they overpower him with a terrifying efficiency as they CUT him free and pin him on his back.

ATTACKER
Shhhh. Shhhh.

ATTACKER 2
You came too deep.

They turn his pockets, pulling at his clothes, tearing his shirt.

Their voices are muffled GRUNTS and LAUGHS.

ATTACKER
He looks brand new.

He's CHOKED and HIT. There's an anger behind their attacks. A frenzied frustration. They're fighting over him.

ATTACKER 2
Do him here.

FILTHY HANDS dig into his mouth, pull at his eyelids, forcing them open violently.

ATTACKER
Pop them out -

Fingers dig into his eye-sockets, trying to rip out Jack's eyes with their bare hands.

Jack SCREAMS, but his head is immobilized.

JACK
Stop! Stop!!

They dig deeper, about to pluck them out -

GUNSHOTS ring out like holy thunder. Saving him.

The tunnel is illuminated from muzzle flashes -

We catch brightened glimpses of the ATTACKERS with wide, manic eyes behind their MASKS, retreating. They're fast, camouflaged, one of them is HIT, abandoned by the others to die.

It buys Jack enough time to escape.

Jack sees who's saved him. It's JIMMY.

JIMMY
Where's Edwin?!

JACK
They - I couldn't -

Jimmy's face sinks.

JIMMY
Fuck!

Jimmy leads Jack through a long CORRIDOR, knocking any debris he can behind them to slow down their pursuit.

JACK

There's someone else down here -

They bound up a small set of stairs and CRASH through an abandoned service gate.

INT. CONCRETE SHAFT - NIGHT

Jimmy releases a heavy metal ROLL GATE over the doorway to block their pursuit.

As it slams down, a pair of HANDS just barely make it beneath in time to be crushed.

Another set of HANDS squeeze under. Then another. More and more hands appear and start to LIFT the heavy roll gate.

JIMMY

Move!

Jimmy takes aim and BLASTS some fingers off with the gun.

He pulls Jack through a corridor into a tall shaft-way leading high up. There's an old RUNG LADDER in the wall.

Jimmy scrambles up it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Can you climb?

JACK

Yeah.

Jack struggles up. He can't climb. Jimmy helps him.

JIMMY

Fucking tough guy.

Jimmy grabs Jack by the arms and YANKS him up the rest of the way. They reach the top.

As Jimmy removes a grate to slip through in the ceiling, Jack looks back and spots the MASKED MEN finally getting through below.

Jimmy and Jack are too far ahead to catch now as one of the men peers up at them.

He waves at Jack, 'bye bye'. There are horrible BURN SCARS all over his visible body.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Come on!

Jimmy pulls Jack up through the grate to continue their escape.

EXT. BROOKLYN QUEENS EXPRESSWAY - DAWN

An orange sun rises just above the highway at dawn.

TRAFFIC rolls by as commuters pile into the city.

A metal door in the roadway's barrier wall rumbles. BANG.
BANG -

Jimmy bursts out, Jack is right behind him, both covered in the most vile grime imaginable.

Jack looks to be in shock, he gets some space from Jimmy.

He paces, his bloody hands searching for something they can't find in the dirt or on his body, holding back tears. Choking them back, shaken.

Jimmy is trying to hold it together for the both of them.

JIMMY

Hey! Not yet. Not here. We gotta get indoors.

Jack isn't listening. Jimmy doesn't really have the time.

JACK

I didn't know! I couldn't - I saw them cutting him -

JIMMY

You're good. You're good. Let's get breakfast.

INT. RACERS FAST FOOD - DAWN

Jack and Jimmy in a fast food joint, near empty, Open 24 hours. A good place to lay low.

Jimmy sifts through the trash and finds a discarded receipt. He hands it to Jack.

JIMMY

Bathroom code's at the bottom.

Jack looks dazed, unresponsive.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Go get cleaned up.

Jimmy pulls out some crinkled dollar bills and approaches the skeptical CASHIER at the counter.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Morning. Coffee smells good.

INT. RACERS FAST FOOD - BATHROOM - MORNING

Jack cleans himself up in the sink. There's bloody water and dirt smears all over.

He runs his HANDS under the sink. They have little slices all over them. It looks excruciating but manageable.

He cleans and wraps his leg wounds in paper towels, pumping the dispenser on and on.

The trash can is full of bloody paper towel.

INT. RACERS FAST FOOD - MORNING

Jack limps through the restaurant back to Jimmy, boots squishing, finds a coffee's waiting for him at their booth.

JIMMY
Here -

Jimmy offers a handful of painkillers. Jack refuses.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Come on.

JACK
No.

JIMMY
Fine. Suffer.

Jack stares for a long moment. Changes his mind. Takes the pills.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Let's just sit.

JACK
What the fuck? No. I'm not - We have to go do something.

JIMMY

Chill.

JACK

They just fucking - (killed Edwin).
We should go to the cops. Right
now.

JIMMY

Shhh. Seriously.

JACK

Who the fuck are they?

That's too loud. A look from Jimmy checks that behavior.

JIMMY

You need to stop drawing attention
to yourself. Have a hash brown.

Jack is quieter, but no calmer. His mind is racing.

Jimmy's eyes rove the restaurant constantly as he sips his
coffee.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't know who they are. Alright?
You push enough people to the edge,
a few are gonna go over.

JACK

And no one knows?

JIMMY

"Knows"? What does that mean? It's
not a secret you can get down
there.

JACK

No. The cops. That stuff - it's
evidence. Edwin's body is probably
still fucking warm.

JIMMY

Go ahead. They won't do shit. You
said it yourself.

JACK

You don't know that.

JIMMY

The whole fucking point of this
city is to put people under your
feet. As many possible.

JACK
People are dying.

JIMMY
Which people?

Jack wants to argue, but he knows Jimmy's not wrong.

JACK
What about the MTA? The city?

JIMMY
It's 'sealed off'.

Does a 'jerk off' motion with his hand.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
We're talking hundreds of miles of
abandoned tracks. Sub stations.
Sewers. It's an endless amount of
places to hide. What's the point?

JACK
I heard someone else down there. I
talked to her. A woman they took.
'Danielle'.

JIMMY
I highly doubt that.

Jack pulls out the WALKIE-TALKIE and puts it on the table.

JACK
I looked her in the fucking eyes.

Jimmy is visibly disappointed. He recognizes the walkie-talkie.

JACK (CONT'D)
She said 'Patch'.

JIMMY
You don't know what you heard.

JACK
Did he tell you about her?

JIMMY
I told him what would happen.
Eventually, self-preservation
either kicks in, or it doesn't.

JACK
Jesus Christ.

Jack studies Jimmy's cold demeanor, judging him.

JIMMY

He was your family. Where were you?
I'm the one that dragged his ass
out.

JACK

You what?

Jimmy maybe didn't want to let that slip.

JIMMY

Fine. Yeah. Patch. It was me. After
he - you know. I got him out. It
sucked. You're welcome.

JACK

You left him on a subway bench.

JIMMY

Yeah. And I really regret it now.

Jack's mind is swirling. Jimmy wants to be this cold, but something tells us it's only a defense.

JACK

We can't do nothing.

JIMMY

It's so easy. Watch, watch -

Jimmy sits back and sips his coffee. Motions like, 'see?'

JACK

She's somebody's daughter.

Jack pressed a button he didn't know Jimmy had.

JIMMY

She's not mine. Or yours. And she's
fuck-sure not your brother. In case
you had that confused for some
reason.

(then)

She'd walk right by you, if it were
the other way around. Believe that.

JACK

So you're fine letting her die?

JIMMY

You're a tourist. Fucking, banana boat motherfucker. You have no idea.

JACK

And Edwin? Doesn't matter?

JIMMY

(with venom)

How much? Hmm? What'd you pay to get him down there? You get your money back, I hope?

Jack doesn't have a response.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter what we do now. We crossed a line.

Jimmy stands from the table, ready to leave.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's just a matter of time.

A confused look from Jack.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. They don't let you get away. They'll find us. Even up here. We're fucked.

Finishing his coffee and pulling up his hood:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How about some of that cash?

JACK

For what?

JIMMY

The coffee. Saving your life.

Jack reaches for his wallet, but it's not there.

JACK

Edwin took my wallet.

Jimmy LAUGHS to himself.

JIMMY

Nothing important in there. Just your name. Address. Are you an organ donor?

JACK
Where are you going?

JIMMY
As far as I can get. I'm leaving
the city. You stay here, you're
dead. Good luck, Jack.

Jack watches Jimmy dissolve into the sidewalk as he exits.

Jack looks around, noticing how alone he is, feeling
vulnerable, lost.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AVE D - DAY

Jack walks through his neighborhood on his way back to his
apartment.

He's drawing some looks from people on the sidewalk as he
staggers by in shambles, feeling their stares.

As he's crossing the street, he notices something we've seen
before but perhaps not noticed: DANIELLE MERLO'S MISSING
POSTER taped to the light pole.

He recognizes the name immediately now. And the face.

He digs into his pocket and takes out the folded portrait of
the girl from Patch's drawings. It's the exact same picture.

INT. HALLWAY / JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jack climbs the stairs up to his apartment door to find it
slightly AJAR. It shouldn't be. His hair sticks up.

He can hear the faint MURMUR of TELEVISION inside as he
approaches cautiously.

Jack creeps up to the doorway, heart pounding, and peers
inside -

His DAD is watching TV in his chair, staring vacantly.
Everything seems normal. He doesn't react to Jack entering.

Jack locks the door behind him. Then the windows. Closes the
curtains.

Jack checks around the apartment for hidden danger.

JACK
Why's the door open? Someone come
by?

His dad murmurs.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't answer it. Alright? Doesn't
matter who it is.

But Jack looks unsettled.

A SHOWER RUNNING.

INT. BEDROOM, JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jack sits naked on his bed bandaging his battered body with a simple first aid kit.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His dad is asleep in the chair with some dirty dishes nearby. Jack shuts the TV off. Tosses a blanket over him.

INT. BEDROOM, JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jack on the bed with Danielle's missing poster and his cell phone.

The WALKIE-TALKIE sits on the bedside table. It hangs like a dark cloud over Jack as he scrolls her SOCIAL MEDIA.

A typical teen. Not a lot of followers. A bit nerdy. A photo of Danielle and a friend after running a marathon. A few fun nights out. Her with a nephew.

He finds her latest POST. It's a VIDEO of her in the city.

DANIELLE
To those of you wondering about the scholarship, yes, I heard back, but no I didn't get it. Which - It sucks. I'm not going to lie. I really wanted to go. I don't know how the fuck I'm supposed to afford it now. But I'll figure something out. I always do.

End video. Jack stares at her frozen on his screen.

INT. LINDE'S CUBICLE, N.Y.P.D. 1ST PRECINCT - DAY

Jack sits alone at a desk with a subway map laid out in front of him.

Detective Linde enters with two coffees.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Jack, I want be straight with you.
I went to get these coffees,
because I didn't know what to say
to you. It's a lot to process.

JACK

Look, look -

Jack holds out his hands, exemplifies his injuries.

JACK (CONT'D)

It happened.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Yeah, you look like shit. I filed
the report.

JACK

You and me. Let's go right now.
Pear street, downtown. Maybe a
quarter mile down the track,
there's a hatch.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Okay. Okay.

JACK

Danielle Merlo. I talked to her.
You called the detective, or
whoever? On her case? You told
them?

DETECTIVE LINDE

Yeah. There isn't, like that - But
yeah. It got passed along.

Jack doesn't seem satisfied. Detective Linde looks over the
interview notes.

DETECTIVE LINDE (CONT'D)

Can we talk about this other guy
for a sec? Jimmy? You know his full
name?

JACK

No.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Where to find him?

JACK

No. These guys are killers. They're not just guys down there. You understand? They're fucking serious. They killed Patch. And they got this girl Danielle.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Okay, so, Danielle Merlo? Here -

Detective Linde retrieves another paper from his stack.

DETECTIVE LINDE (CONT'D)

She ran out after a fight with her mom. Neighbors say not the first time. Dad's out of the picture. No college. Lives at home. A couple boyfriends. I mean? Mom files the missing persons report. Fine. Good. But she's an adult. Danielle left the house that night on her own. There's nothing to say otherwise. Right now, it is what it is.

(then)

Just wait - a couple months, Christmas. 'Look who's home'. I'm not trying to be - whatever. But I've seen it before. That's all I'm saying.

JACK

But that's not what her friends are saying online.

DETECTIVE LINDE

Thanks to extensive training, I do know how to use a hashtag.

(then)

Sorry. I'm not saying you didn't hear - whatever. Or see, maybe - I don't know. Someone. But it wasn't Danielle Merlo. And your brother wasn't involved. I'm pretty confident in that.

JACK

I fucking saw her.

DETECTIVE LINDE

And we got it from here.

JACK

Holy shit. And we just gave you guys another raise?

DETECTIVE LINDE
That's it for tonight. Okay?

JACK
No. Fuck that. I'm not leaving. Let
me talk to someone else. Your boss.
I don't care.

Linde's demeanor hardens.

DETECTIVE LINDE
I can do more. But then you're
looking at thousands of dollars in
fines, probably jail time for what
you just admitted to me. You care
about your brother. So do I. Go
home. Get some fucking sleep. Look
after yourself.

He slides the WALKIE-TALKIE back to Jack.

Jack glares at Detective Linde, he's hit a dead end.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack marches through the city. He's walking over a SUBWAY
GRATE.

We hear the SCREECHING of brakes beneath his feet. We
continue down, leaving Jack behind for the time being -

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

In the subway tunnels now, a train's just gone by.

Still going further down -

INT. ABANDONED TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Dusty abandoned rails, covered in graffiti and garbage.

We start to hear the faint THUMPING BASS of music somewhere
even deeper -

INT. DEEPER TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Moving through tight, crumbling passageways, as if dug by
hand.

We're nearer the muffled BASS. Thumping. TECHNO rising.

Still moving down, and deeper inwards -

INT. STONE TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

It's dimly lit and very old. No more graffiti, no more trash. WIRES and EXTENSION cords cover the floor and walls.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside a cold, stone cell with a METAL DOOR.

Then, finally, we see her:

DANIELLE MERLO, crouched on a stained mattress in the dark. She's dirty, weakened, but determined, working with her hands on something.

A LONG CHAIN is pad-locked around her waist and attached to the wall.

CLOSE UP: Danielle grinds the chain against a stone corner of the wall, trying to eventually break one of the links.

Then, someone's SCREAMING beyond the cell cuts above the muffled music outside the door.

It's a man in horrible agony, BEGGING for his life.

BEGGING MAN (O.S.)
No! Arghhhh! No! Please!!
ARGHHHH!!!

The screaming ends abruptly, as if snuffed out. A hint of horrendous violence, like meat ripping. Then LAUGHTER.

She can see a sliver of STONE TUNNELS outside the crack in her door.

There are more electrical WIRES and cords running all over outside, powering lights and the MUSIC.

She sees a LANKY MAN through a crack in the door dragging a DEAD BODY towards a CHAMBER at the end of the long hall.

The body is rolled into a hole in the floor with a SPLASH out of view.

The man's FOOTSTEPS then come to her door. Danielle curls into a ball and pretends to be asleep.

The metal door opens -

Though we don't see his face, we sense the lanky man enter and cross the room. He sounds wet.

Focused on Danielle, he sits in the shadows.

LANKY MAN
I did it again. Please sit up.

She doesn't move, curled with her back to him.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
He was rude. He thought I couldn't touch him.

He's places two HUMAN EYES, freshly removed, on the pillow next to her.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
He sees me now.

She tries not to react.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
Why won't you look at me?

Danielle sits up and stares at him defiantly.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
Could you hear?

DANIELLE
Yes.

LANKY MAN
He didn't make it very hard.

DANIELLE
I think I should go home now.
People are going to be looking for me.

He lets out a condescending CHUCKLE.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
I won't tell anyone. Please.

LANKY MAN
You're happy here.

By his voice, she can tell she needs to back off.

DANIELLE
I know.

LANKY MAN

I want you to feel comfortable.

He moves closer to her. She recoils. We get a glimpse of his stilted frame and stringy hair.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)

You were so lonely. I watched you for so long. Until you finally saw me. One smile. That's all it took. I knew you wanted me to save you.

DANIELLE

No, please -

LANKY MAN

You told me.

He puts his hand on her face, getting a smear of blood on her cheek.

As he leans in, we see he wears a collection of NECKLACES dangling around his neck. Amongst them, Danielle focuses a small KEY on a string.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)

Shh. It's okay to be scared. You're like me. You're so bored. And angry. But I can help you now. If you let me.

She stays frozen, blocking it out.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)

I think you are a really special person. I want you to be.

DANIELLE

I am. I'm special.

LANKY MAN

I'm not like the others.

Curious EYES from THE OTHERS, the men from the tunnels, peer into the cell through the cracks in the door, leering at her.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)

They want horrible things from you. I won't let them.

DANIELLE

Thank you.

He leaves her a sealed bottle of water and takes back the eyes.

He exits, slamming the metal door behind him and latching it shut. He shoos the others away.

LANKY MAN (O.S.)
Get the fuck out of here!

Danielle crawls out of sight and waits to hear him leave before she reaches into her mattress for the OTHER WALKIE-TALKIE.

She clicks it ON and listens to the silent static with the red light.

On the little LED SCREEN, another bar of the BATTERY LIFE disappears. There's only one bar left.

She clicks it OFF to save what remains, staring up at the small vent in the ceiling.

She grabs her chain and starts GRINDING it against the rocks like before.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - PREP SCHOOL - DAY

Jimmy, hood up, head on a swivel, waits on a corner opposite an expensive prep school.

A line of luxury SUVs wait out front with DRIVERS and NANNIES standing-by for the privileged children.

Jimmy sees SHERYL, 50's, one of the nannies, approaching the school from down the block.

He heads towards her, cutting her off. She sees him coming, tries to avoid him. Jimmy's unusually reserved.

JIMMY
Sheryl? It's uh - it's Jimmy.

She recognizes him, but pretends not to.

SHERYL
No, sorry.

JIMMY
Sheryl.

She tries to silently pass by him. He stands in her way.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna - Please. We're family. Sort of.

She looks as if she might slap him, but restrains herself. Venom in her voice:

SHERYL

Don't you ever use that word with me.

JIMMY

I'm sorry.

SHERYL

My sister was never - that little girl - There is not a reason on this Earth I would help you. Get out of my sight, right now. You shouldn't be here.

She walks by, but he keeps after her.

JIMMY

I'm trying to. Please. I don't need much. Just enough to get out of the city.

SHERYL

Someone's going to call the cops.

JIMMY

Save my life. Seriously. You can save my life, right now.

SHERYL

I'm going to call the cops.

JIMMY

Stop, please, Sheryl.

STAFF from the school are starting to notice their conversation as the uniformed CHILDREN emerge from inside.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

A bus ticket. A few nights somewhere. That's it. I'm gone for good.

Sheryl feels the strange looks and whispers.

SHERYL

(softly)
Please. I need this job.

She shoves past Jimmy and finds the CHILDREN she's responsible for.

Sheryl ushers the children into one of the luxury SUVs and jumps in with them.

As the cars take off in procession, the children's feet barely touching the sidewalk, Jimmy's left alone.

INT. FUNERAL HOME FOYER - MORNING

Jack signs some paperwork at the somber reception desk in a daze.

He's got a BOX with a barcode on it. Patch's ASHES are inside.

EXT. PEAR STREET SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Jack stares at the Pear street subway station he was at with Edwin. The way in.

Was it even real? It feels oddly normal in the daylight now. Like it should.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Jack's waiting for a train on the platform. Only a handful of other RIDERS are there quietly in their own worlds.

A high pitched WAILING echoes up the tunnel. It's faint, maybe just his imagination. He listens closer.

It gradually gets LOUDER. It's A WOMAN SCREAMING. No one else hears it?

The SCREAM gets LOUDER, and LOUDER. It crescendoes -

And transforms into the SCREECHING brakes of a fast arriving SUBWAY TRAIN.

A few passengers get off. Jack's shaken. He doesn't get on.

Instead, he let's the train depart as he watches everyone exit.

That's when we notice Jack's slipped the walkie-talkie out of his pocket.

He walks to the yellow platform edge and leans over, peering down the tunnel, watching the train leave. He's all alone now.

Could he do it? A jump and a sprint, and he's gone. He steps even further, his toes hanging off the edge -

MTA WORKER (O.C.)

You okay, man? Drop something?

An MTA WORKER looks concerned for Jack. It breaks his trance.

Jack puts the walkie back in his pocket and heads for the stairs with the box of ashes.

INT/EXT. PORT AUTHORITY, LOADING AREA - NIGHT

A dreary garage area with a few COACH BUSES idling while sleepy PASSENGERS line-up to board.

Jimmy is amongst them with his hood up, head on a swivel. With a glance, we notice he's got his GUN at the ready hidden in his jacket pocket.

Jimmy's nearing the front of the line when he notices a STRANGER across the way has been staring at him for too long.

An ATTENDANT walks up to Jimmy, suspicious of him.

ATTENDANT

Where you headed?

JIMMY

Taking this one. Thanks.

ATTENDANT

Going to Philly?

JIMMY

Uhh, yeah.

ATTENDANT

It's that one over there.

The attendant gestures to another nearby bus.

JIMMY

Thanks.

The stranger is still looking at Jimmy. The man abandons his line and starts walking his way.

ATTENDANT

Got your ticket?

JIMMY

Yeah, somewhere. Sorry.

Jimmy drops out of line and walks back to the entrance of the loading area. The stranger is headed his way, following him.

The man is perfectly nondescript. Mid 40's white guy, a little rough around the edges, stained jacket. He looks anxious.

Jimmy slips the gun out of his pocket and lowers his sleeve over it in his hand.

Jimmy stops and squats down, as if to tie his shoe, watching the man approach.

Jimmy's heart is pounding, waiting for the inevitable as the man approaches. Jimmy's ready to kill him if he makes a move -

Only, the stranger walks right by without the slightest care. He goes into the BATHROOM.

Jimmy's hand relaxes on the gun.

He lets out a tense breath, shaken. Jimmy watches as the other buses load up. But Jimmy turns back, decides to slip away instead.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

KNOCKING on the front door wakes Jack up from a troubled sleep on the couch.

He can see his dad is asleep in his room. Jack closes his door.

The KNOCKING continues.

Jack's clearly not expecting anyone. He listens without a word. Someone is outside:

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Hello?

Through the peephole, Jack eyes his unknown NEIGHBOR, 30's, balding in a tee-shirt, a nervous energy to him.

JACK

Yeah?

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Hi! Sorry to bother you. I live upstairs. I locked myself out.

(MORE)

NEIGHBOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Could I use your phone to call my
 wife before she gets to the subway?
 She just left for work.

JACK
 My phone's broken. Sorry.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 I'm really sorry to bother you.
 I'll stand right here.

JACK
 I don't think so.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 Please. The locksmith was like two
 hundred bucks last time.

JACK
 You live upstairs?

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 Yeah, 4-F. I'm Will. She just left.

Jack eyes him, isn't quite sure.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We moved-in last July. I have a
 cat? Please.

Another look through the peep hole; he seems normal. Is Jack
 just being paranoid?

Jack's hand hovers over the lock.

JACK
 All right. Just - stand right
 there. I'll pass you a phone.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 Thank you! Yes. Life saver.

Jack unlocks the door and cracks it to reveal his NEIGHBOR
 standing with a grateful smile.

That's when Jack notices BURN SCARS under the man's collar
 and on his hands.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
 You don't know your neighbors very
 well, do you, Jack?

The man KICKS the DOOR and bursts inside with a STEAK KNIFE,
 lunging for Jack's chest.

Jack deflects and tosses the man to the side, sending him CRASHING, but he's inside the apartment now, and Jack's been sliced.

JACK
Get the fuck out!

The man stares at Jack silently as he closes in with the knife, eyes wide.

Jack's looking around for a weapon.

NEIGHBOR
All you had to do was walk away.

JACK
I already told the cops. You're too late. You can't hide.

The man's hand is shaking as he presses closer with the knife. Jack sidestepping.

NEIGHBOR
(amused)
We're not hiding.

He LUNGES again at Jack in a fury, going for the kill.

Jack is barely able to fight him off, CRASHING through the apartment in an visceral, ugly struggle.

Jack is SLASHED on the arms, cutting Jack's grip on the man loose.

Jack's DAD opens as his bedroom door to investigate the commotion.

JACK
No, Dad! Close the door!

FATHER
The fuck are you doing?

The man spots Jack's father and BURSTS towards him with the knife.

Jack SHOVES his father out of the way, taking a STAB to the shoulder in the process.

JACK
Ahhh! Fuck!

He STABS again and again. It's a small knife, but he plunges it deep.

Jack wrestles the smaller man off of him and tosses him into a MIRROR on the wall, shattering it to pieces.

Jack falls to his knees, crawling for his phone, his bloody fingers trying to unlock the broken screen to call for help.

The man is back on his feet within seconds, headed towards Jack, ready to finish him off.

He jumps on top of Jack, knife raised. Jack holds him at bay, his bloody hands slipping as they fight to keep the knife from his throat.

Jack reaches out and grabs his dad's CANE from against the wall. He BASHES the man in the face, saving himself.

He KICKS the knife across the room while the man GROANS, dazed on the floor. Jack HITS him again to keep him down.

Jack frantically grabs some duct tape from a junk drawer and tapes the man's hands together.

NEIGHBOR

I'm just the first. We're not going to stop.

JACK

Shut up!

Jack doesn't know what to do next. He's panicked. Bolts the front door.

Jack has taken his eyes off of the man for these few moments. The man wriggles across the floor towards a SHARD of broken mirror.

Jack looks around the wreckage of the room with his cell phone, ready to call for help. What will the cops think?

He spots the WALKIE-TALKIE on the counter. The phone in his hand. A decision to make.

He puts the phone down. Instead, he finds a HAMMER.

JACK (CONT'D)

You and me are going to have a chat.

He turns to see the man has positioned his neck over a jagged edge of the broken mirror.

JACK (CONT'D)

No, don't!!

NEIGHBOR

You see us now?!

Without hesitation, the man drives his throat onto the glass, again and again, squirting blood all over. It's horrifying. The cuts are deep, fatal.

Jack rushes over, but the blood is gushing out all over.

JACK

What the fuck - why would you do that - oh fuck! No! No!

He's not sure what to do. Pressure? Wrap it?

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey - ? Look at me. What's your name?

Then a last GURGLE and exhale. The man looks scared. Then he's DEAD.

Jack stares, face pale, a wave of nausea, adrenaline. A thousand decisions flying through his head.

Jack clambers over to the body and sifts through his pockets, looking for evidence of his identity.

All Jack finds is his own driver's license.

The blood is getting everywhere now. Jack can't take his eyes off of the dad man's face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Dad?!

He heads over to the door to check on his father.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jack's father is sitting in his chair in the living room watching TV and eating some food. He's completely oblivious to the DEAD BODY covered in a sheet behind him.

Meanwhile, Jack has cleaned himself and changed.

He's gathered all of his father's medications and arranged them on the table.

Jack goes to his father with a pill and glass of water.

JACK

Here.

His dad takes the medicine.

JACK (CONT'D)
I gotta to go.

FATHER
Mmm.

JACK
I might not be back.

Nothing from his dad. Jack can tell he's talking to himself, watching TV with his dad.

JACK (CONT'D)
I was only here so you'd know you
were wrong about me.

He puts his hand on the back of his dad's chair. It's as close as he can get to a touch.

JACK (CONT'D)
Alright. I love you.

Jack readies to go. He grabs up his backpack. And the box of Patch's ashes.

He closes the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY / STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Before he goes, Jack tapes a sheet of hand-written INSTRUCTIONS about his father on the door.

We follow Jack through the hall and down the stairs, a numb, vacant look on his face. He doesn't look back.

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

It's RAINING as Jack creeps through the vacant lot where he first followed Edwin to Jimmy's camp.

JACK
(hushed)
Jimmy? You in there?

He pulls back the tarp, leans inside -

It's empty. Jimmy's cleared out.

INT. JIMMY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Jack is huddled out of the rain with his bag trying to keep his stuff dry.

He looks cold. Running out of options. He pulls his coat tighter as he listens to the sounds of the wet city beyond the tarps.

He notices a tattered post-card from ROCKAWAY BEACH left behind amongst Jimmy's belongings. It's ragged, and looks as if it's been partially burned. There's a handwritten note from a WOMAN on the back addressed to Jimmy.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAWN

Jimmy rides on the subway with his few belongings, barricaded behind them. He's wary of the other RIDERS, but doesn't see any threats.

Oddly, Jimmy's got the baby's STUFFED PUPPY in his hands Jack saw earlier.

He runs his fingers along it, almost religiously, as he looks out the window at the dark tunnels and his own reflection.

The subway has been traveling underground, but now ascends onto an above ground track.

DAY LIGHT pours through the windows onto Jimmy's face.

EXT. ROCKAWAY BEACH - BOARDWALK - MORNING

Jimmy combs the boardwalk and dunes for bottles and cans.

It's cold and windy, empty.

It feels like the edge of the world.

EXT. ROCKAWAY BEACH - DAY

Jimmy sits in the sand looking out at the ocean.

He's holding the gun in his hands. The stuffed animal next to him.

Jimmy's got his bags and some Chinese food containers he's given up on. A near empty flask of whiskey.

He watches the waves come in and out in silence. Until -

JACK (O.S.)
Jimmy? Hey!

Jimmy turns to see Jack approaching, looking haggard, exhausted. Jack's face says he's been searching for Jimmy for a while.

JIMMY
Nope. No. Turn around.

JACK
You went to the beach.

Jack arrives and sees Jimmy's gun, nods towards it, as if asking for an explanation.

JIMMY
Maybe for them? Maybe for me. I don't know.

Jimmy shrugs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You're still here.

JACK
They found my apartment. One of them. I had to - I don't know. I couldn't stay.

Jack stares.

JIMMY
Didn't think you had it in you.

JACK
He did it to himself.

Jimmy offers out some food. Jack accepts.

JACK (CONT'D)
You were right about the cops.

They sit quietly for a moment.

JACK (CONT'D)
I brought these. Patch. Whatever.

He holds out the box with Patch's ashes.

Jimmy's not sure how to react to it. It's an odd thing. A cold box. But somehow a presence.

JACK (CONT'D)

I didn't want to leave them.

JIMMY

I mean - Did he like the ocean or something?

JACK

No idea.

Jack looks out at the water.

JIMMY

Good as place as any.

JACK

Sure.

Jack opens the bag and discreetly pours the ashes into the tide.

JIMMY

Patch was a good one. He'd give you the shirt off his back. You wouldn't want it. But he'd give it to you.

JACK

He called me. A week or two before he died. I didn't pick it up. Didn't call him back.

JIMMY

You didn't know.

JACK

I could have.

JIMMY

Yeah, maybe, but - you didn't.

The ash is swept away in streaks. Jimmy can see how hollow Jack feels.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're thinking of doing something stupid. For that girl.

JACK

Danielle.

JIMMY

Danielle.

JACK

They'll be watching the way Edwin took me. I need another route down. Then I won't bother you again.

JIMMY

That's for fucking sure. You know who you sound like, right?

Jack's not sure what Jimmy means.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I told Patch the same thing. You care, you die. That's the rule.

JACK

Maybe, but - I don't know what else to do. I can't unsee her.

Jimmy looks off, frustrated, confused.

The ocean has washed away all of Patch's ashes. It's just the two of them with no where else to run.

JIMMY

I used to live around here.

JACK

Yeah?

JIMMY

Yeah. With my step-brother. I did promoting. Parties in the city. Nightlife. That sort of shit.

JACK

I could see it.

JIMMY

It was bullshit. Didn't last. Obviously. I had a baby girl too. Olivia.

JACK

Really?

JIMMY

Her mom, Kyra, she lived couple blocks that way. Saw her out a few times. Got together. You know. We weren't, like - I wasn't going to raise a kid with her. With anyone. That was her problem. So I was gone.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There was like a cartoon Jimmy-cloud left there.

(then)

And then a couple months after the baby was born, I got a call that Kyra killed her. And herself.

Jack's not sure how to respond. Jimmy shows a real pain and shame from deep within.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I never got to hold - I never even met her. I bought this thing one time I was supposed to, but never actually - it just sat in my fucking car.

He's holding the soft toy.

JACK

I'm sorry.

JIMMY

Nah. Not to me.

Jimmy is vulnerable, the guilt eating away at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What the fuck was she supposed to do? I get it. No money. No sleep. No help. She swallowed the medicine cabinet after. Took a nap. Her sister Sheryl found them. Dealt with all of it. And when she finally got a hold of me, and told me, I felt -

(then)

I was relieved they were gone. That I didn't have to think about them anymore.

Jack just watches the WAVES coming in and out with Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I wasn't a father. I wasn't even fucking human. I've made a lot of mistakes. A lot. But that one - I fell out. And once you do, you don't get back up. They make it that way. You lose an inch, and you're just - gone.

(then)

I used to tell myself it's because I was young.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That there's nothing I could have done. That I've changed? But it's a fucking lie, man. I still tell it to myself. I find guys like your brother, or Edwin, to feel like I'm - I don't know. I want it back. But it's bullshit. I know who I am. And that's it.

Jimmy pushes his emotions back down, trying to get back on track.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Just the luck of the draw.

JACK

Feels like it.

JIMMY

Maybe next time.

JACK

You still came for me and Edwin.

JIMMY

Yeah, well. Give it time. Rule still applies.

Jimmy pockets the stuffed animal.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck it. I'll show you. Bored of being here anyway.

Jack isn't sure if Jimmy means the beach, or greater, but he'll take the help.

EXT. CONTRACTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack and Jimmy outside the locked TRAILER door where Jack works.

JIMMY

Keys - ?

Jack KICKS it open.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That works too.

INT. CONTRACTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack and Jimmy are pilfering anything useful from around the trailer and filling a backpack each: headlamps, work gloves, road flares, first aid.

JIMMY

Old graffiti days. It's through a city substation. It's got workers basically 24/7. They wouldn't use it. But it'll get us down.

JACK

How do we get in?

He sees some high-vis, neon orange construction vests nearby. Jimmy's got an idea.

EXT. MTA BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Outside a nondescript brownstone on a quiet downtown block.

Jimmy uses a HAMMER and BASHES the door knob in. He kicks the door open.

JACK

You're sure this is it?

JIMMY

Yeah. It's a shell. Watch my back.

Jack spots two silent, pulsing security lights above the them as they rush inside.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

INT. MTA BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

They pass through the doorway into a long, concrete hallway. The brownstone facade revealed as a false-front to conceal the substation within.

There's a heavy electrical WHIRRING of fans exhausting hot air from the subway below.

JIMMY

Watch for crew.

They hurry down a cement stairwell with yellow handrails.

INT. SUBSTATION - TRACK - NIGHT

Jimmy leads Jack out onto the live track. Jimmy removes his orange vest. Jack follows suit.

POV: FLASHLIGHTS down the tunnel.

JIMMY

Shit - Headed our way.

Jimmy points out a section of the tunnel floor up ahead. An access hatch is open and the top of a LADDER pokes out.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Right there.

The TRACK CREW spots them. Flashlights land on Jimmy.

TRACK WORKER

Hey! You can't be in here! Don't move.

They're caught.

JIMMY

Sorry! We don't really have time right now.

Jack hesitates, Jimmy doesn't. He lifts his GUN and BLASTS in the air above their heads, warning shots that scatter the track workers.

TRACK WORKER

Gun! Gun!

Jack looks to Jimmy like 'what the hell?'. Jimmy shrugs.

JIMMY

They're fine.

Jimmy rushes over to the HATCH in the floor and climbs in. Jack follows quickly behind and they disappear into the ground.

INT. DRAINAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jimmy drops down from the ladder, boots first, into a wet, drainage tunnel. They crouch-walk to the end.

Jimmy wipes some mud off of the wall.

There is a graffiti marker beneath it pointing the way.

JIMMY

Yeah, hear it is.

Jimmy removes a grate in the floor covering a small SHAFT.

It's claustrophobic, not much larger than a coffin, dried up, leading downward into pitch black.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I didn't say 'fun way down'.

Jimmy puts on a headlamp. Jack does the same.

They squeeze into the pipe and carefully crawl down.

INT. DRAIN PIPE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the pipe, it's unimaginably tight as Jack and Jimmy inch along on their stomach's through the filth.

INT. JUNCTION POINT, ABANDONED TUNNELS - NIGHT

A somewhat familiar abandoned track with walls of cobbled-stone, long and narrow.

Jack and Jimmy emerge from a crumbling opening in the ceiling to scamper down a pile of rubble. It's nearly pitch black.

JACK

Is this it?

JIMMY

I think so.

They fumble through the dark, searching for landmarks. Something could burst out from any direction.

JACK

I'm gonna light it up.

Jack reaches into his backpack and SNAPS a ROAD FLARE to life. He tosses it ahead.

The red light illuminates the space to reveal they're at the TUNNEL WITH THE PAINTED EYE connected to the abandoned junction.

Jack puts a back up flare into jacket pocket for later.

It's still terrifying, but at least they can see their surroundings in the flickering red light.

Jimmy looks uneasy about this tunnel entrance.

JIMMY
This is where I found Patch.

A solemn silence.

JACK
You know where it goes?

JIMMY
I've got an idea.

Jack takes out the walkie-talkie and CLICKS it on. STATIC.
(NO SIGNAL).

He SNAPS another ROAD FLARE to life and hurls it into the tunnel. The way ahead curves and descends deeper into the bowels of the abandoned lines.

They enter into the EYE, towards the flare.

INT. THE ENTRANCE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Jimmy are completely silent as they creep down the tightening tunnel.

The sound of SCURRYING up ahead stops them in their tracks.

JIMMY
Up there. Shh. Stop. Stop.

Jack ducks behind some debris, Jimmy alongside him. They turn their LIGHTS OUT to hide.

Jimmy inches his eyes over the debris to peek at whatever that noise was.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Someone's right there. You see him?

Jack peeks over the debris -

POV: Jack searches the darkness ahead, but he can't make out what Jimmy sees.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You see? He's looking right at you.

Suddenly, a pair of unblinking EYES in a gangly silhouette, watching them from a few yards down the tunnel.

Jack ducks down.

JACK

Shit.

But Jimmy's not so sure. Something feels off after a while.

JIMMY

It's not moving.

Jimmy stands straight up.

JACK

Don't -

Jimmy shines his LIGHT on the figure as he cautiously approaches it.

JIMMY

It's alright. What the fuck is this thing?

He finds cloudy DISEMBODIED EYEBALLS placed within a putrid dog's skull atop a frame of other bones. It's a gruesome tunnel-version of a SCARECROW; it's disturbing and a convincing trick.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I think some of this is human.

Jack joins him and inspects the scarecrow.

JACK

Look -

There's more of them lining the rest of the way, nearly a dozen.

They weave carefully through the scarecrows, investigating as they pass.

Each is slightly different, but equally disturbing, decorated with what appears to be human remains.

IDs dangle on shoelaces like a necklace from the scarecrows.

Jack gently examines one. It's a New York State Driver's License. The FACE and name of the victim have been SCRATCHED AWAY.

JACK (CONT'D)

They're IDs.

As Jack and Jimmy pass, we notice A MASKED MAN STANDING TO HIS FEET behind them amongst the scarecrows. Neither Jack or Jimmy saw it.

Jimmy's light tracks along GRAFFITI on the wall.

Amongst the psychotic phrases and grotesque imagery, we might pick out:

"Take their tongues if they won't speak!"

"Take their eyes if they won't see!"

Jimmy lingers on that last one.

He's lost track of Jack. He finds him at the end of the tunnel, looking at a specific scarecrow. He's staring at the ID on it.

JIMMY

What is it?

JACK

It's our address. Patch's ID.

Jimmy joins him for the somber discovery. They both consider the rotting human eyes and tongue of the scarecrow.

Jack YANKS the ID off and pockets it. Then another off the next one. He takes as many as he can.

JIMMY

We should go.

JACK

Grab them.

Jack's trying to take them all. But there are so many. He stuffs them into his pockets. Jimmy isn't helping him.

JIMMY

Jack -

JACK

Help me.

JIMMY

You got enough.

Jack won't stop.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey -

Jimmy tries to stop him.

JACK

We can't leave them here -

As he turns to him, Jack's head-lamp exposes a SCRAWNY MOLEPERSON right behind Jimmy -

Jimmy tries to get his gun up, but isn't quick enough. He's violently BASHED over the head with a PIPE, sending him straight to the ground.

Jimmy puts his hands up to protect himself from the next blow. The lead pipe BREAKS his fingers.

JIMMY

Arghhhh!

Jack muscles in to save Jimmy, but the SCRAWNY ONE fights free and decides to run.

He's light and fast, taking off into the darkness back towards the JUNCTION.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He's going to tell the others!

Jack CHASES after him.

The scrawny one swerves and KNOCKS away some plywood that's been hiding another CARVED TUNNEL. He disappears inside.

INT. CARVED TUNNEL - SAME

Without hesitation, Jack's right behind him, chasing him through the carved tunnel into -

INT. TILED HALLWAY - SAME

An old passageway with huge pipes running along the floor.

Jack spots him up ahead, rounding a blind corner, out of sight.

Jack sprints after him, doesn't want to lose him. As he rounds the corner, he's HIT with the pipe.

The scrawny one tries to run, but not before Jack can grab the back of his ankle and hang on.

They struggle as the much stronger Jack yanks him to the ground and rips the pipe from his hands. Pouncing on him -

SCRAWNY MAN

No, no! Wait! -

Jack HITS him right in the face with the pipe; blood squirts out the sides of his MASK with a sickening CRUNCH.

The man goes quiet, twitching slightly as he crumples.

Jack jumps off of him, maybe didn't mean to hit him that hard. He felt possessed, but it's draining now.

Jimmy catches up.

JIMMY

You get him - ?

Jack takes the man's mask off. His eyes are rolled back into his head.

He's just a YOUNG MAN, 18 or 19. His forehead is cracked and swelling, not dead, but not there anymore either.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck's sake.

JACK

I just hit him.

Jimmy takes out his knife.

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JIMMY

You want to bring him with us? Look at him.

JACK

He's a kid.

JIMMY

Yeah.

Jimmy MERCY KILLS the scrawny man with a clean stab to the neck. It costs Jimmy something.

Jack's shaken. Jimmy compartmentalizes, wants to moves on, trudges ahead. It takes Jack a little longer.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Let's see where he was going.

They continue down the grimy tiled hallway, on high-alert.

JACK

There.

A HUGE CARVED HOLE in the floor, ominous and menacing.

A faint glow is visible in the deep but they can't see the bottom. The point of no return.

There is an old ROPE tied up nearby that hangs into it. It's a steep and treacherous climb down.

Jack stares at the gaping mouth of the opening.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's them.

Jack makes a move like he's going to climb down the rope, Jimmy stops him.

JIMMY

Hold up -

He gives Jack the gun.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Take it. I can't -

Jimmy's hand is broken and SHAKING wildly. Jack notices.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I can climb.

JACK

Alright, tough guy.

A smirk from Jimmy. Jack climbs down the hole, Jimmy behind him.

INT. MOLEPEOPLE'S DOMAIN - ENTRY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jack slides out of a hole in the ceiling and lands in an abandoned tunnel from decades, if not centuries ago.

The smell is wretched, rotten. They cover their noses.

It looks foundational, wide and concave, huge weathered bricks.

It's eerily silent down here. No sound of any trains or city above them.

Sporadic electric lights hang chaotically along the walls, connected by a mess of wires running all over the tunnel.

JIMMY

Stop -

Jimmy puts a hand out and stops Jack from taking another step.

CLOSE UP: There's a taut tripwire in front of them. It's hand woven out of human hair.

It would trip an alarm of glass bottles and rattling bones. They step over carefully.

EXT. RUSTED SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

They round the corner to see the way ahead is blocked by an abandoned subway car.

The only way past is through it via the back doorway. A dingy blanket hangs in it like a curtain.

It looks like someone is living inside. There are low lights on, garbage piled out front.

It's guarded by barbed wire fence and intentional obstacles to slow intruders. Jimmy takes out a CROW BAR from his backpack for a weapon.

JACK

(hushed)

I'm gonna take a look.

Jack creeps up to the back door for a look inside with the gun. He peels back the curtain breathlessly -

POV: JACK PEERS into the subway car. It's surprisingly normal, and comfortable. A sleeping area. A small eating area. The exit at the far end of the car is too dark to see.

He carefully climbs inside -

INT. RUSTED SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack crouches in the doorway, anxiously scanning the darkness.

The sound of a CHAIN dragging towards him -

A NAKED MAN runs at him from out of the darkness. He has NO EYES or TONGUE, MOANING with his hands stretched out. He pulls a chain leash along the top bar of the subway car, locked around his neck.

Just as he's about to reach Jack, he hits the end of his slack. He's YANKED to a halt.

The STRAPHANGER can't see Jack, but he knows he's there.

The ghastly man reaches for Jack's face, MOANING, fingers clawing. It sounds like he's crying for 'help'.

He's a prisoner. His body looks like a high-school desk, scarred and wounded. Jack scrambles back, tumbling out of the car onto Jimmy outside.

The straphanger is YANKED back into the darkness from the far end of the chain.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What are you after?!

EXT. RUSTED SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

They hear someone approaching, like a guard alerted by his dog.

Jack and Jimmy dive beneath the subway car to hide.

A MAN WITH LONG HAIR opens the curtain and appears in the door above them. He's imposing, shirtless. He's not wearing his mask at first, but holds one in his hand and a hatchet in the other.

He scans the darkness where Jack and Jimmy just were, listening intently. They hold their breath, out of sight mere inches beneath him.

Satisfied, he returns back inside.

LONG HAIRE

Come here - I said lay down!

The man with long hair drags his prisoner away to the darkness at the far end of the car.

Jack and Jimmy communicate with body language and basic hand gestures.

JIMMY

(Shoot him.)

JACK

(No. They'll hear.)

JIMMY

(I'll hit him.)

Jimmy readies his crow-bar.

Jimmy peers behind the curtain: the man with long hair is dealing with the straphanger at the other end of the car, his back is turned.

Jimmy slithers up into the subway car, Jack right behind him.

INT. RUSTED SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Jimmy sneak through the subway car, trying not to alert the the man with long hair.

LONG HAIRE
Get in the hole! Go to fucking
sleep!

Jack BUMPS into a hanging collection of PET LEASHES, some with JANGLY bells, others blood-stained SPIKE COLLARS.

They duck just in time as the man with long hair shoots a look, alerted.

Jack and Jimmy crawl under the old subway benches, concealed on the side by the man's storage bins and crates.

The freeze, breathless, as his feet approach, searching for them. His hand on the leashes stops them swaying.

Alerted, he puts on his MASK.

Jimmy's been able to sneak around him without being seen. He slowly emerges from his hiding spot behind the man, ready for the ambush -

But the man with long hair notices Jimmy's shape behind him in a reflection on a COFFEE POT at the last second.

He whips around, almost amused to see Jimmy.

LONG HAIRE (CONT'D)
How'd you get down here?

He HACKS at him, swinging wildly inside the car, chopping into his belongings and CLANGING off the bars. It's sloppy and ugly in the confined space.

Jimmy is desperately dodging, but running out of subway car.

Jack HURLS the nearby coffee-pot at him. It shatters in his mask, but he HACKS Jack's shoulder in the process, sending him to the ground.

Jimmy HITS him in the back with the crowbar, but the long-haired man is able to absorb the blow and GRAPPLE Jimmy.

He raises the hatchet to kill Jimmy -

But Jack HOLDS HIS ARM back. He holds it against the vertical bar in the center with all his strength.

Jimmy jumps in and grabs the man's wrist and TORQUES in the opposite direction, using the bar as a fulcrum -

LONG HAIRE (CONT'D)

Arghhh!!

The man's arm SNAPS gruesomely. But it still doesn't stop him. He SHOVES Jimmy into the pots and pans violently.

JIMMY

Shoot him!

Jack tries to get the GUN aimed in time to kill him.

But then, a CHAIN is wrapped around the long-haired man's neck -

It's the STRAPHANGER STRANGLING him with all his strength.

He's on the man's back, enraged, SQUEEZING tighter and tighter.

Jack helps Jimmy to his feet and out of the far end of the subway car.

They escape deeper down the tunnel as the long-haired man is strangled to death behind them.

INT. MOLEPEOPLE'S DOMAIN - VILLAGE - NIGHT

Ahead, the tunnel opens up into a larger, cavernous space, much like the junction we've seen, but much older feeling with rounded columns of weathered brick.

More than a dozen tents and shacks have been built from scavenged materials.

They're plotted around a TOWN SQUARE with an odd looking stockade device. It's a disparate community, like a nightmare fair grounds. But a community nonetheless. There are makeshift streets and paths, things arranged as if recreating a suburb.

There are electric lights and signs of life everywhere. Wires and extension cords hang and split like vines from the ceiling, siphoning from the city above to power their own.

It's oddly quiet, as if asleep. Hushed sounds of laughing or crying hang in the air, but nothing to discern.

Jack and Jimmy crawl behind cover on the outskirts of the 'village', scanning the shelters ahead.

JIMMY
(hushed)
Holy shit.

JACK
She's here somewhere.

Jack takes out the WALKIE-TALKIE. He clicks it on.

Instead of the usual static, there's now a GREEN LIGHT and SILENCE for a moment. But it's not steady.

JACK (CONT'D)
Danielle?

It goes back to a RED LIGHT and STATIC intermittently.

No reply.

JACK (CONT'D)
It needs to be closer.

There's hints of movement everywhere in the darkness, but they can't outright see anyone about.

JACK (CONT'D)
This way.

They sneak around the structures silently. Jack monitors the light on the walkie-talkie, searching for a solid green.

They pass a clothe's line and bloody wash basin as they hide behind the columns.

There's a homestead nearby with movement inside. Jack wants to take a closer look inside between the tarps and scavenged wooden walls.

POV: A MAN IN A TATTERED BUSINESS SUIT is inside boiling some water and HUMMING to himself. He's making some instant noodles.

He's got a little cooktop, a few jugs of water, and a cot. It's comfortable.

He looks disturbingly normal, except for the dried bloodstains all over his clothes and a machete nearby.

Jack and Jimmy back away like they've just encountered a bear in it's den.

Jack holds the walkie out, searching for a steady green signal, Jimmy has to keep him down and hidden.

As they pass, the walkie-talkie goes off. Jack keeps it quiet to his ear.

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE)

I heard -- Can -- hear me? --
Hello? --lease, be there.

Jimmy and Jack retreat to the shadows, crawling behind a tattered couch.

JACK

(into walkie)
Can you hear me? Danielle?

JIMMY

Stay down.

Jimmy spots FLASHES of movement all around them. People sneaking about. WHISPERING. The impending sense of being discovered looms.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - SAME

Danielle has the WALKIE-TALKIE to her ear, the volume is down to a whimper. The BATTERY is nearly dead.

She can hear FOOTSTEPS running outside of her door.

JACK (ON WALKIE)

Are --ou there? --anielle?

DANIELLE

(hushed)
Yes. I'm here. I'm still here.

JACK (ON WALKIE)

We're nearby. How do we find you?
What do you see?

DANIELLE

It's uhh - I'm in a cement room. In
a tunnel. Big gray bricks. With -
wires all over it.

The Lanky Man's TECHNO MUSIC is turned up outside her room.

INT. MOLEPEOPLE'S DOMAIN - VILLAGE - SAME

Jack and Jimmy can hear the same MUSIC on the walkie-talkie and coming faintly from a distant STONE TUNNEL.

JIMMY

In there.

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE)

Hurry.

Then, somewhere else amongst the village, FOLK MUSIC plays from another tinny speaker.

Then another SONG starts from a separate direction. Hints of creeping movement, shadows swiping across the walls.

MORE RADIOS turn on amongst the encampment, blasting all types of music: death metal, hip hop, weird jazz, creepy old country.

All of the songs rise out from the dark one by one, creating a horrible cacophony, like a hive coming alive; it's an alarm system.

JIMMY

That doesn't seem good.

They spot two groups of MASKED MEN prowling the shelters for them. Jack and Jimmy stay low, out of sight.

They don't notice FOUR MOLEPEOPLE emerging out of grates in the floor behind them.

JACK

Around that way?

We're following the four men sneaking up behind Jack and Jimmy now.

Their breathing is heavy and muffled as they fan out, two by two, stalking Jack and Jimmy like prey, anxiously waiting to make their move.

We can sense their anticipation, but the way they work together shows organized discipline.

ROPES appear in their hands. They silently create two loops to slip around Jack and Jimmy's necks.

They camouflage in the shadows as Jack turns around, maybe having heard one of their footsteps. But he doesn't spot them nearly right next to him.

JIMMY

What's up?

JACK

I thought I heard -

The MASKED MEN BURST out and overtake Jack and Jimmy with brute force.

Jack raises the gun, but his arm is grabbed from behind. He FIRES uselessly as they rip the gun from his hand.

ATTACKER

Don't kill them. Put them on The Block.

A ROPE is wrapped around Jack's neck as he's wrestled to the ground.

Jimmy tries to fight them off, but he's also knocked off his feet and roped.

Dazed, Jack and Jimmy are DRAGGED by their throats across the ground towards the grisly STOCKADE in the center of the village.

The masked men LAUGH and CELEBRATE, with more joining to gawk from the shadows.

Jack catches upside-down glimpses into a few more of the shelters: ONE MAN watches a small TV, ambivalent to what's happening outside.

Another shelter is full of books and magazines and junk. It looks like a hoarder's home.

The walkie-talkie is still hidden in Jack's pocket. We hear faintly:

DANIELLE (ON WALKIE)

Were those gun shots? Was that you?

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT

Danielle knows something is wrong.

DANIELLE

Are you there?

No response.

BEEP BEEP. The walkie alerts her to LOW BATTERY. The screen goes blank and the light shuts off.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Oh shit. No. No.

She fumbles the back panel open to where two double-A batteries power it. She switches the battery's positions.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Please.

She clicks the walkie on, hoping, and to her relief, it turns back on. But not for much longer.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Where are you?

Nothing. She leaves it on, but moves to plan B.

She frantically GRINDS her chain against the stone.

The LOCK on her door is opening. In a flash, Danielle hides the walkie-talkie under her bedding.

The door slides open and the Lanky Man enters. He's nervous, as if hiding himself.

He clings to a wood handled FIRE AXE for protection.

LANKY MAN
Stay quiet.

DANIELLE
What's happening?

LANKY MAN
It's nothing. They'll be gone soon.

She doesn't respond.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
We'll wait it out together.

He looks her in the eyes and we see his gaunt face clearly for the first time.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
No one's going to take you from me.

BEEP BEEP. The walkie-talkie chirps LOW BATTERY from inside her bedding.

They both heard it. He looks disappointed, genuinely hurt.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
What was that?

The Lanky Man drops the head of the axe on the ground and drags it as he approaches her.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
Where is it?!

DANIELLE
Please, don't -

He throws her aside.

He tosses the bedding and finds the walkie.

LANKY MAN
Why would you do this?

He's angry, betrayed.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
Did you bring them here?

DANIELLE
No. I have no idea. I swear.

LANKY MAN
You're nothing to them. Don't you see that?

He SMASHES the walkie-talkie to pieces against the floor.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
I didn't want to start over!

He stares at her, seething. He's distraught.

DANIELLE
I'm sorry. You don't have to start over. I understand now.

LANKY MAN
You don't.

The Lanky Man puts in a rubber MOUTH, biting down on it a few times to adjust it.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
I'll turn you into something beautiful -

The lanky man PULLS on her chain, dragging her towards him.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)
Don't fight it.

DANIELLE

No! Stop!

Danielle spots the broken walkie-talkie pieces within reach on the floor.

She crawls against the pulling, stretching her fingers to grab a SHARD of the shattered plastic casing. She has it -

He YANKS her towards him. He grabs her by the throat and pulls her close to his face, STRANGLING her.

LANKY MAN

I would have loved you.

She DRIVES A PLASTIC SHARD sideways into his eye. It pokes through to the other socket, pouring blood.

He SHRIEKS in pain, dropping her.

He throws himself around the room, spasming blindly, searching for her.

She ducks away and grabs his FIRE AXE. Knowing her chain is close to breaking, she CHOPS herself free.

LANKY MAN (CONT'D)

I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

She's free from the wall, but left with a length of CHAIN still locked around her waist.

She's exhilarated to be free, but she can't enjoy it.

She brings the axe as she RUNS OUT THE DOOR while the Lanky Man screams in pain.

DANIELLE

See me now, motherfucker?

She SLAMS the door shut and locks him inside.

INT. STONE TUNNELS - SAME

Outside her cell, Danielle moves carefully through the corridor. She throws the excess chain she drags over her shoulder as she escapes.

The way forward is lined with similar CELLS like hers; grisly old machine rooms and storage areas.

The doors are open as she creeps by - bloody mattresses, chains and hooks, empty cages.

She doesn't stop. Her legs are weak, but finding strength with each step out of this nightmare.

INT. MOLEPEOPLE'S DOMAIN - TOWN SQUARE - SAME

Jack and Jimmy are being dragged into the center clearing of the village by ropes around their necks.

They try to fight free, but they're overpowered. Their backpacks are ripped off and searched.

They're released at the foot of a menacing cement slab with a kneeling DEAD MAN strapped already strapped into position.

The dead man's TONGUE is nailed to the slab and his eyes are gone.

Everything around the slaughtering device is covered in dried blood.

There's a FIGHT amongst the attackers for who gets to do the killing as the angry mob positions Jack and Jimmy.

One of the larger men viciously beats another to the ground.

LARGER MAN

He's mine.

JIMMY is grabbed first and dragged into position.

They extricate the dead man from the slab, undoing his straps and ripping his tongue from the nail. They toss him aside.

They drag Jimmy to kneel on the slab.

JACK

No!

JIMMY

It's okay.

JACK

Jimmy!

JIMMY

Get out if you can.

Jimmy fights back and won't kneel. The larger man KICKS Jimmy's knees in. He kneels.

LARGER MAN

(To Jimmy)

Why would you come here?

JIMMY

We were hoping you could tell us
how to get to the M&M Store.

Jimmy's chin is slammed onto the concrete and his head
wrenched back, forcing his mouth open.

LARGER MAN

Muzzle.

A mask of belts and buckles is pulled down over Jimmy's face.

Two metal prongs from the sides pull his CHEEKS BACK as a
strap across his chin holds his jaw open.

LARGER MAN (CONT'D)

If they won't speak -

The larger man is handed a hammer and rusty nail.

All Jack can do is struggle against the rope around his neck
and watch in horror as Jimmy is immobilized, one buckle at a
time.

LARGER MAN (CONT'D)

I think I'll keep you.

Jimmy fights against the straps. Jack is held on his knees by
TWO of them.

That's when the DEAD MAN tossed aside GASPS for air, somehow
still alive.

The group FINISHES him off like squishing a bug.

But they don't notice that Jack has slipped a ROAD FLARE from
out of his pocket and into his hand.

Jimmy's tongue is pulled from his mouth and laid bare against
the cement.

The tip of the nail holds it in place -

INT. STONE TUNNELS - TRANSFORMER ROOM - NIGHT

Danielle creeps up the tunnel towards the village.

She can see the outskirts of the shelters beyond the mouth of
the tunnel, but the way out is blocked by a MAN WITH A
HUNTING KNIFE.

She ducks out of sight into an electrical room, hoping for
another way out, but it's a dead end.

All of the shoddy wires and extension cords lining the ceiling feed into a RUSTED TRANSFORMER like a central nervous system. It HUMS, dangerously overloaded.

As a last resort, Danielle two-hands her axe as she approaches the mess of wires. She takes a SWING and HACKS them away -

The wires POP and cascade SPARKS everywhere, zapping the axe from her hands and knocking her back. It SHORTS the dozens of wires, electricity SIZZLING and ARCING.

Most of the LIGHTS go out -

Danielle scrambles out of the room but is GRABBED by the hair. It's the man with the hunting knife.

A FIRE has caught beneath the transformer.

She kicks and fights, trying to get free from his grasp -

The transformer overheats, before finally -

INT. MOLEPEOPLE'S DOMAIN - TOWN SQUARE - SAME

Back with Jack watching Jimmy muzzled on the slab. Jimmy's tongue about to get hammered -

The LIGHTS and MUSIC suddenly go out.

The larger man stands over Jimmy, confused by what's just happened -

When a blue EXPLOSION blasts out of the transformer room in a ball of fire.

INT. STONE TUNNELS - TRANSFORMER ROOM - SAME

Danielle and the man with the hunting knife are propelled into the wall. She's partially shielded from the flames by him as he is engulfed.

He SCREAMS as he burns alive, dropping his knife. She grabs it up as she kicks free.

INT. MOLEPEOPLE'S DOMAIN - TOWN SQUARE - SAME

Back with Jack, just after the explosion -

The ensuing confusion creates enough of a distraction for Jack to BURST out of the masked men's grip while SNAPPING his hidden FLARE alive.

He JAMS the fiery red flare up and under the larger man's mask, turning his face into the Fourth of July.

Jack rips Jimmy's straps loose enough for him to free himself the rest of the way.

A ball of thick SMOKE pours out from the stone tunnels, covering the entire village in a shroud.

Jack and Jimmy escape into the village amongst the chaos as the FIRE spreads to the shelters. Distorted silhouettes and shadows fill the haze.

INT. MOLEPEOPLE'S DOMAIN - VILLAGE - NIGHT

Danielle scrambles away from the flames, looking for the way out, hidden in the darkness and smoke on the other side of the village.

She's camouflaged by the grime she's covered in, unnoticed for now.

Because of the power-outage, nearly all of the lights are flickering or gone, save for a few floodlights and the orange glow of the flames.

FLASHLIGHTS click on and cut through the smoke, scanning in all directions like spotlights.

Some of the PANICKED MEN try to contain the FLAMES, but it's a losing battle. They desperately try to save their belongings, splashing buckets of water to little result.

She rushes past as a LOOTER overpowers and stabs one of his NEIGHBORS. He tosses the man's shelter, stealing a collection of WOMEN'S JEWELRY hidden inside.

There's a COMMOTION near the stone tunnel where she was being kept.

Some of the other masked men have discovered the LANKY MAN and drag him out into the open.

He's still alive, but blinded and losing a lot of blood.

LANKY MAN

It's alright - I'll be alright.

The men are ignoring the Lanky Man who sits dazed on the ground.

The man in the tattered suit seems to have control of the situation.

MAN IN SUIT
Where's his girl?

MOLEPERSON 2
She's gone.

LANKY MAN
I'll handle it - Give me a minute.

A nod and A MAN WITH A MALLET nearest the Lanky Man steps forward and BASHES him in the head with a wet THUD, flattening him.

One more WHACK finishes the job.

MAN IN SUIT
Whoever finds her, keeps her.

They spread out searching for her.

Danielle crawls away as they head her way, slipping behind a column for cover -

But there's a BEARDED MAN waiting on the other side, back turned, searching with a sledgehammer, out for blood.

Danielle backs away silently, but CLANGS into some GLASS BEER BOTTLES as she ducks behind another shelter.

The bearded man turns her way.

BEARDED MAN
I heard you.

She doesn't stop, scrambles behind a nearby tower of packaged bottled waters, holding completely still.

But he passes over her. Mercifully, he didn't spot her.

VOICE (O.S.)
(hushed)
Danielle.

A hand reaches out from the darkness and touches her -

She STABS him in the stomach with a SCREAM, wrenching free from his reach -

It's JACK. She doesn't know his face.

He can't speak, his breath is gone as she pulls the knife out and crawls away from him.

She stumbles to her feet, about to run.

JACK
(grunted)
Wait - Danielle.

She looks back. Jack's holding up the bloody WALKIE-TALKIE.

She recognizes it, puts it all together, but isn't sure what to do.

DANIELLE
It's you? No, no -

She goes to his side, afraid to touch him, her head on a swivel. Should she run? She can't just leave him.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't know - Oh my God. I didn't know it was you.

Jimmy appears, keeping low, rushing up behind Jack. Danielle's ready to defend them both.

JACK
Don't - it's okay.

JIMMY
They're coming - Fuck. Jack.

Jimmy sees Danielle for the first time, holding the knife. They lock eyes.

DANIELLE
(To Jimmy)
Are you Patch?

Jimmy's taken aback for a moment. He shares a look with Jack. Something of an understanding.

JIMMY
No, he - he told me about you. I'm Jimmy.

Jimmy helps Jack to his feet.

DANIELLE
Wait? Where is everyone? Where are the cops?

They're not sure what to say.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
It's just the two of you?

The SMOKE is overpowering, they're COUGHING for air, keeping low. The visibility is getting worse and worse.

Everything is disoriented as shapes and SHOUTING punctuate the fiery chaos.

JACK
Don't stop.

They move through fencing and junk piled so high it creates walls. Everything is confused, like a horrible maze as they move deeper.

JIMMY
They've got everything blocked off.

Eventually they emerge into a clearing down near Danielle's stone tunnel.

JACK
There's no where to go.

Danielle remembers something.

DANIELLE
I think I know a way. There's a sewer, maybe -

A GLASS BOTTLE sails through the air and SHATTERS right next to her face. Blood trickles down from her temple.

A ROCK comes flying next, CRASHING into the debris beside them with force.

They turn to look in the direction of the attacks -

A GROUP of MASKED MEN emerge from the smoke sprinting straight for them.

Danielle leads Jimmy and Jack away, towards the stone tunnels, as the PURSUERS bear down on them.

Just outside of the entrance, Danielle stops short at the LANKY MAN'S discarded BODY on the ground. She crouches next to him.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Hang on -

JACK
What are you doing?

She rips the KEY from his neck before being back on the run.

INT. STONE TUNNELS - NIGHT

Danielle sprints ahead, delving even further into the stone tunnels, through the transformer debris and past her cell.

DANIELLE
Over here! I think this is it. I
could hear water from my room.

There's a massive MANHOLE in a sunken chamber at the end of the stone tunnel.

INT. MANHOLE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Danielle pulls the cover aside, but it's too heavy.

DANIELLE
It might lead somewhere. Right?
Help me.

Jimmy helps with his good hand, and they're able to pry it open. A horrible stench wafts out.

The LADDER down is broken and unusable.

JIMMY
Fuck. No ladder.

The drop is too far to the shallow water below to attempt. A jump would surely break their legs.

Danielle uses the key to UNLOCK the length of chain from her waist.

DANIELLE
Maybe we can climb down on this. If
we could hook it to something -

She motions to the length of chain, but there's nothing to attach it to.

JACK
I'll lower you both.

DANIELLE
How do you get down?

JIMMY
I'll do it.

JACK
You can't. Look at your hand.

JIMMY
Look at your fucking - guts. No.
Let me.

JACK
Danielle, grab on first.

JIMMY
Bullshit. Jack. It's me. Please.

JACK
Find a way out. Keep going.

The molepeople appear at the end of the long stone tunnels.

DANIELLE
They're coming!

JACK
I'll get you as low as I can!

Jack picks up the long-end of the chain and drops it down the hole.

Jimmy and Danielle sit on the edge as Jack secures his grip. He's looking pale, soaked in blood. Indifferent to the men SPRINTING towards him.

One last look to Danielle.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ready.

DANIELLE
Thank you.

Jimmy and Danielle hang over the edge and grab onto the chain as Jack musters all of his remaining strength.

Danielle goes first, hanging over the treacherous drop. She climbs down and splashes to the bottom.

Jimmy hangs out over the edge next. Fighting through the pain, Jack starts to lower him.

JIMMY
I knew you weren't the smart brother.

The POUNDING FOOTSTEPS are getting closer and closer to Jack, but he doesn't look back.

Jimmy will be safe to drop in a few more moments, if Jack can just hang on.

But the group is right behind Jack -

Jimmy and Danielle watch the attackers crash into Jack like a wave and engulf him.

Even though Jack's being overwhelmed, his HANDS still hang on for the crucial final moments as he SCREAMS -

Until finally, he's overtaken and the chain SLIPS out -

Jack is killed by the mob as Jimmy FALLS TO THE BOTTOM.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jimmy CRASHES next to Danielle into the waist-deep waste water.

Jimmy's knee twists to the side unnaturally as he lands in the concrete tube.

They pick themselves up and hear JACK BEING MURDERED echo above them. Jimmy can hardly listen. He's furious.

JIMMY

Jack! God damnit! God damnit!!

Danielle has only one focus: escape.

They're in sloppy grey sewage. The air is thick, nauseating. There are scummy stalactites dripping from the ceiling.

DANIELLE

Oh my God. Oh my God.

DECOMPOSING CORPSES float up next to Jimmy and Danielle.

The sewer is filled with BODIES bobbing at and under the surface. Men and women, all naked and missing their eyes, in various stages of decay.

RATS feast and scurry along them, in and out of the water.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

We can't stop! Jimmy? Right?

JIMMY

Okay. Okay.

DANIELLE
Come on. We have to go.

JIMMY
Yeah. I'm with you.

DANIELLE
Please.

She touches his shoulder with her filthy hands. Jimmy notices. It's foreign to him.

Suddenly, JACK'S lifeless body comes CRASHING down through the manhole, into the water with a THUD.

Danielle SCREAMS as a RECKLESS MOLEPERSON jumps down after Jack. He SPLASHES in the shallow water and BREAKS his legs with a sickening CRACK.

ANOTHER ONE tries to climb down, but slips and lands on top of the first one to a similar fate.

JIMMY
Go! Go!

They escape through the bodies as more MOLEPEOPLE work out a way down into the sewer.

Jimmy pushes a BODY out of his way. It ROLLS horribly in the water, DISINTEGRATING into pieces.

DANIELLE
Down at the end!

There's a LADDER up at the very far end of the tube above their heads.

She splashes towards it with renewed energy up to a large basin clogged with bodies.

The water is flushing downward, creating a slow suction amongst the submerged corpses like quicksand.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
I'll help pull you on -

Danielle reaches up for the ladder over the drain, but as soon as she grabs it, the ladder unexpectedly EXTENDS downward like a fire escape.

It slams to a stop, her grip slips and she's sucked into the water.

JIMMY

Danielle!

DANIELLE

Help!

She's neck deep and going deeper. Her arms flail for help, getting sucked under.

The first wave of the ATTACKERS to make it down safely are headed their way through the bodies.

Danielle's head goes under. Her fingers reach from the murk, water pulling her into the depths with the dead -

Jimmy grabs the bottom rungs of the ladder with his good hand while his broken hand reaches out for her.

Finally, her fingers find Jimmy's and she grabs a hold. He winces in pain as he pulls her up.

She has a hold on the base of the ladder with him now, COUGHING and spitting, but okay. It's an intimidating climb up to a hatch above.

JIMMY

You good?

She nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We get out together.

Danielle is first up the ladder. Jimmy follows behind her, climbing with one hand.

They struggle to the top as they're chased. Danielle muscles a HATCH at the top open.

DANIELLE

It goes under a track.

JIMMY

Can you fit?

She crawls up.

INT. CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT

Danielle helps Jimmy climb up into a tight storm drain beneath a track. Metal grates line the way above their heads.

They LATCH the hatch closed behind them, but it won't hold for long.

JIMMY

One of these should open.

They belly-crawl through trash and mud, looking for a way up onto the track above them, testing the grates.

Danielle finds one she can pop open.

DANIELLE

Here.

She lifts it up, but suddenly, senses movement headed her way. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

She lowers the grate back into place just in time.

A group of HUNTERS run right over top of them, their boots CLANGING on the grates inches overhead. She slowly releases her fingers from the grate as they rush by.

They don't notice Jimmy and Danielle frozen beneath them in the mud.

The men disappear down another abandoned corridor.

INT. ABANDONED TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Danielle and Jimmy climb up onto a familiar looking abandoned track. It's SMOKEY, seeping up from below, eerie.

They hear sounds of TRAINS RUMBLING above them, somewhere not too far off.

They run the opposite direction of the hunters, looking for another way up. Jimmy is limping badly.

DANIELLE

How do we get up?

Eventually, Jimmy spots a familiar Graffiti MARKER on the wall pointing ahead.

JIMMY

Here. This way.

They jog along the track.

They make it to an abandoned SERVICE PLATFORM surrounded by ghostly old construction equipment.

INT. CEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

They find a towering cement stairway winding up several flights into complete darkness. Each flight is covered in trash and graffiti.

Jimmy and Danielle limp their way up.

DANIELLE

Is my mom - ? Are people looking for me?

JIMMY

Yeah. Yeah. We're going to them. We're almost there.

DANIELLE

How long has it been?

JIMMY

I don't know. Three weeks? I think the poster said.

DANIELLE

It was just a stupid fight. I was going to come back.

JIMMY

I'm sorry.

DANIELLE

No one stopped him. No one did anything.

JIMMY

We're getting out.

They reach the very top where they find a rusted METAL DOOR.

Jimmy unlatches the lock and pulls it open, but it's heavy. It SCREECHES and DRAGS loudly.

On the other side of the door, there's a wide tunnel with four active tracks.

Jimmy pops his head out to take a look -

A SUBWAY SPEEDS RIGHT PAST HIM. He pulls his head back in just in time.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Jesus -

The train passes by.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now! Now!

They leap out onto the track following behind it. Danielle's foot gets caught. She trips, falling towards the electrified THIRD RAIL.

Jimmy catches her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't touch that one -

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jimmy and Danielle run down the tracks, watching their backs.

Danielle still has the energy to sprint. Jimmy is limping badly, having trouble keeping up. She turns to let him catch up.

She sees FOUR HUNTERS emerge on their tail, each from a different outlet to eventually rejoin as a group, gaining ground.

DANIELLE

Please, Jimmy! Run!

The MAN IN THE SUIT is at the front of the pack, pissed off, exhausted.

The sound of a TRAIN approaching on the opposite track. The blinding HEADLIGHTS land on Danielle and Jimmy.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Help! Help!

The TRAIN CARS RUSH BY, strobing them with light, but don't see her desperate waving for help.

The train flies past, returning them to darkness.

They see the back of a TRASH TRAIN paused on the local track a few hundred feet ahead.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Oh my God - Help!! Help me!

It's carrying loads of dumpsters from subway stations around the city.

The rear LIGHTS of the train flash. It's about to pull away. She's so close.

Danielle doesn't want to leave him.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
You can make it!

JIMMY
Go!

Danielle makes it to the back of the train just in time. The rear cab of the engine car is empty. She throws herself onto back of it, grabbing hold of the railings and narrow platform.

DANIELLE
Come on!

She holds out her hand. Jimmy limps forward, reaches out. She grabs hold, pulling him on.

The fastest of the masked HUNTERS arrives right behind them, but the train is pulling away. He dives for the railing and grabs on.

The train picks up speed.

Danielle tries to scratch the man's grip, but he hacks at her with his machete. She dives out of the way and scrambles forward.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Help! Please! Back here!

The front of the train might as well be miles away. A long row of dumpsters make up the body of the train.

Jimmy intercepts the man, grabbing for his machete. They struggle against the railings.

The train brakes SCREECH, then BUMP and ROCK, nearly toppling them off the side.

He HACKS at Jimmy and gains the upper hand, but drops his machete.

It lands on the edge near Danielle.

With two hands, he slowly muscles Jimmy over the railing.

JIMMY
I'm sorry.

DANIELLE
No!

Jimmy is THROWN off the back of the train and HITS the TRACK at high speeds, rolling to a stop in a cloud of dust. The last Danielle sees of him is a heap in the tail lights.

The hunter turns to face Danielle next -

She WHACKS him in the face with the MACHETE, leaving his jaw and face split in two.

The train SCREECHES as it rounds a curve. It ROCKS back and forth violently.

They fall into each other, he's bleeding all over her as he knocks the machete away. He wraps his hands around her throat.

Eyes wide, she's running out of hope. Lights are flashing past, her veins are bulging.

She gasps and HITS back, but it's not stopping him.

The brakes SCREECH for another curve ahead.

The train hits the curve and LURCHES to the side, destabilizing them both -

She shoves with all of her remaining strength as the train bucks, using the extra momentum to throw her attacker off of her.

He HITS the tunnel wall and falls between the track -

CLOSE UP: The train bumps and CRUNCHES his body in a mangled mess.

She sits triumphantly, out of breath, finally feeling a sense of safety, but not out yet, as the piles of garbage jostle behind her.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jimmy is still alive on the tracks, but possibly beyond repair. He GROANS as he drags himself onto his hands and knees.

He hears BOOTS CRUNCHING towards him.

It's the MAN IN THE SUIT. He's caught up to him. He's got a bloody butcher's knife in his hands. He's not in a rush.

MAN IN SUIT
Run! Go ahead!

But Jimmy ignores him, struggling back on his feet. He hasn't given up yet.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)
They don't care what happens to
anyone.

The track is deep and bumpy, Jimmy stumbles and HITS the hard track.

He looks down as Jimmy pathetically crawls on his hands and knees again.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)
As long as they don't have to see
it.

Jimmy's STABBED in the back. It takes the air out of him.

He tries to crawl a few more inches, trembling.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)
Look at me.

It's useless. Jimmy stops, rolls over.

JIMMY
(strained)
Fine. Fine. Do it.

The moleperson GRABS Jimmy's head and is about to dig the blade into his face -

But Jimmy dodges at the last second and SLAMS THE MAN'S FACE DOWN ONTO THE THIRD RAIL with a POP of light and horrifying sizzle.

Jimmy's blown back as the moleperson's face melts.

Jimmy crawls away, dripping in blood and barely alive, but victorious.

He leaves the body strewn along the track in a pool of splattered blood.

Jimmy struggles to his feet, using the wall to help get upright, leaving a long blood smear.

There's LIGHT up ahead from the platform, it's far. But he's not giving up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(weakly)
Help...

He stumbles forward, the light getting closer with each dragging step.

Jimmy makes it to the mouth of the tunnel. His ears are ringing, things get quiet.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(weakly)
Anyone.

His eyes are shutting. Darkness creeps in as he pulls himself up onto the PLATFORM.

INT. PEAR STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The station is empty as Jimmy drags himself over to a bench.

It's the same one Patch was on.

Jimmy leans his head back to rest. Close. But not close enough.

He closes his eyes.

But SOMEONE is there and grabs him.

It's Danielle.

DANIELLE
Jimmy! Hey! Look at me!

He lifts his head to see her. She came back.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
We get out together.

Jimmy finds a little more to give. She shoulders him to his feet.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
It's just a little farther.

INT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAWN

Danielle helps Jimmy up through the station where they finally find the stairs to the street.

The sun is rising as they ascend to the top and disappear onto the sidewalk, out of view.

TRAFFIC rolls by as we stay on the empty stairs.

After while, a COMMUTER comes by and heads in, as if nothing has happened. Eventually ANOTHER.

END CREDITS as the morning commute goes on like normal.

THE END