

"The Commuter"

by

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3/28/08

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## "The Commuter"

Darkness. At first the very faint SOUND of a train rhythmically droning over tracks.

EVER SO SLOWLY fade up on the

GHOST-WHITE FACE OF A COMMUTER

Staring weakly out the window of a Metro North Commuter Train. Forehead covered in sweat. Heavy dark bags under his eyes.

ANNOUNCER

Cold Spring. Last stop... Cold Spring.

The announcement causes his eyes to dart around the car... *the eyes of a crazed man.*

He is MICHAEL WOOLRICH. An everyday guy who looks like he hasn't slept in days.

We finally PULL BACK from him to REVEAL...

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

Packed full of COMMUTERS. The end of a long day. Everyone completely unaware of this man about to snap.

ANNOUNCER

Cold Spring. ALL must exit. End of the line.

The train slows.

Michael's HANDS are shivering.

The train HORN blows loud. He grimaces.

MICHAEL CAN'T TAKE THE SOUND.

He gets up, staggering to the front of the car.

*His fingers itch to his jacket.*

Another TRAIN HORN sounds LONG AND LOUD and this is the final moment...

Michael YELLS at the top of his voice -- spinning around to face the passengers... in a blur a GUN in his hands -- PEOPLE SCREAMING --

MICHAEL TAKES AIM AT A PASSENGER.

The train brakes SCREECH TO A DEAFENING CACOPHONOUS ROAR AS WE:

HARD CUT TO BLACK. Title over total silence.

THE COMMUTER

EXT. HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON METRO NORTH TRAIN STATION - DAWN

A TITLE reads...

THAT MORNING, June 24, 7:12 AM

The sun breaks over the Hudson River.

FAR BELOW US

Train tracks stretch endlessly along the river. In the far distance, the MANHATTAN SKYLINE small on the horizon.

An SUV pulls up to the station.

INT. SUV - DAY

Michael sits in the passenger seat next to his wife, KAREN. Karen wears a tiredness that goes with the job of being a mom, but if we look deeper, we see a stunningly beautiful woman.

Eight year old DANIELLE, precocious, impatiently stares out the window in back.

DANIELLE

Mom, Dad's gonna miss his train!

KAREN

(to Michael)

You're not going to forget about tonight?

MICHAEL

I know, I know. I'll take the early train. No matter what.

DANIELLE

Mom can't we get a new sitter? I hate that Lizzie!

KAREN

(to Michael)

Better get going. You know what happens when you're last on the train.

MICHAEL

I get stuck riding backwards.

KAREN

I still don't get why you hate it.

MICHAEL

It's unnatural.

He opens the door.

MICHAEL

Okay. See you tonight. Table for two at Georgio's.

KAREN

Knock 'em dead.

He grabs his briefcase. They kiss briefly but with meaning.

MICHAEL

Love you.

KAREN

Love you, too.

DANIELLE

Oh yuck.

EXT. SUV - DAY

Michael shuts the door and heads to the train station. Karen doesn't drive away until he passes out of view.

EXT. HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

COMMUTERS stand at the edge of the long platform.

The train pulls in. The people enter. Michael begins to make a run for it down the platform.

The doors close as he just squeezes in.

INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

The train crowded. People fan themselves, the men removing jackets.

An affable old timer in his 60's, CRANSTON, nods to Michael.

CRANSTON

Boy it's gonna be a hot one. They say a new record.

MICHAEL

Just what we need, right Cranston?

Cranston stands in the doorway section, accepting there is no seating.

With an experienced, easy flick of his wrist, Cranston flips open his newspaper into a double page spread.

CRANSTON

You see the game last night?  
Rivera, what a cutter. All the  
bats he breaks, Louisville Slugger  
should have him on their payroll.

Cranston peeks through the top of his newspaper, eyeing a HOT BUSINESSWOMAN, 30's.

CRANSTON  
(with a whistle)

Look at the legs on that one.

MICHAEL'S POV MOVING DOWN AISLE

No seats are available, except for IN THE BACK: one seat boxed in against the window, blocked by a SNORING COMMUTER.

MICHAEL

Great.

Michael moves past an older JAPANESE COMMUTER in a too tight business suit.

MICHAEL

Oh no not this guy...

The Japanese Commuter makes a deep guttural "getting rid of a massive lugie" sound, clearing his throat so the entire car can hear.

Michael passes a group of FOUR GAMBLING COMMUTERS. TONY (40's), looks up to Michael.

TONY

Michael, when you gonna get into a game?

MICHAEL

Not a gambler. You know that, Tony.

Michael brushes by a LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER. He is so damn loud it's a wonder the Snoring Commuter can sleep.

Michael squeezes past the sleeping Commuter into a seat.

The only thing wrong about this seat: it's FACING BACKWARDS.

MICHAEL

Wonderful.

BILL the conductor ambles by collecting tickets.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Morning Michael... 'nother day on the daily grind. Got the backwards seat again, huh?

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Karen drives her SUV to the line of cars dropping children off.

INT. SUV - DAY

Danielle gathers her things.

KAREN

You got your report?

DANIELLE

Yes, mother.

KAREN

Lunch money.

DANIELLE

Yes, mother.

KAREN

Oh and don't forget I'm picking you up for your ballet lesson --

DANIELLE

I know, mother.

KAREN

Danielle, would you please stop calling me that? Just call me mom.

DANIELLE

Yes, mom.

She opens door.

KAREN

Alright, sweetie. Have fun. One day you may grow up to be President.

DANIELLE

Mom, I don't want to be President. I want to be an American Idol!

KAREN

Okay. An American Idol then. Get going, sweetie.

She kisses her mom. Danielle is dignified but can't help showing her love for her mother.

DANIELLE

Bye, mommy!

And she's off, joining a group of friends that welcome her.

Karen watches.

WHAT SHE DOESN'T SEE

There is a BLUE VAN sitting back in the line of cars.  
Someone inside is watching Karen.

INT. BLUE VAN - DAY

Behind the wheel we discover a MR. STONE (late 40's).  
Weathered face. Humorless.

He reaches for his glove compartment. There is a GUN inside.  
But he doesn't take it, instead going for a CELL PHONE.

He holds the phone up, and begins snapping PHOTOS of Karen.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Karen drives away. The Blue Van follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN TUNNEL - DAY

The train roars into the FINAL TUNNEL that goes underground  
into Manhattan. Sudden darkness.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Doors open. Hundreds of COMMUTERS pour out the doors quickly  
marching down the platform.

Michael anonymously one of them.

INT. BARRINGTON ACCOUNTING - DAY

Michael walks into a long cold floor of offices and cubicles.  
A SIGN reads BARRINGTON ACCOUNTANTS. A bustling atmosphere.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Michael gives a presentation before the room of CO-WORKERS.  
A slide projector displays various figures. His audience  
rapt -- Michael's good at this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

That gold burnished look of a late summer's day. Offices  
already cleared out.

Michael working an accounting calculator like a pro, looking  
over endless numbers and ledgers.

His desk totally disorganized. A picture of Michael and  
family on the desk.

He starts looking through a pile of documents.

MICHAEL

The T-4's, where are they?

He opens a drawer: a stack of loose forms. He starts flipping through the papers when suddenly he stops.

Michael's look goes cold. In the pile of papers, HE SEES:

*AN OLD FADED NEW YORK TIMES METRO SECTION.*

A PICTURE of Michael -- younger, dressed in a formal POLICEMAN'S UNIFORM receiving a medal at a ceremony.

A headline reads: DETECTIVE RECEIVES POLICE DEPARTMENT'S HIGHEST MEDAL FOR SOLVING BOERUM HILL MURDERS.

*The type of article that should be framed, not lost.*

Michael looks at it a long moment, clearly somewhere else.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Michael exits the building into the swarm of pedestrians, looking for a taxi. The city is louder, hotter, and more chaotic on this hot summer's day.

His cell phone rings.

MICHAEL

Murph, what's up?

(listens)

Yeah I know it's the last Friday.  
You're gonna have to do guys'  
night without me.

A TAXI blares its horn.

MICHAEL

What? Yeah. Promised Karen that  
I'd get home on time. We're going  
out to dinner.

In the background, Michael notices two COPS arresting a YELLING MAN. Somewhere a broken fire hydrant shoots a stream of water in the air. Everybody's clothes sticking from the humidity. The type of day where tempers flare.

MICHAEL

No, I'm not busting your balls.

He looks to his watch.

MICHAEL

Alright, alright! But if I miss  
that train I'll kill you.

INT. O'LUNNEY'S BAR - DAY

Classic New York Irish Cop bar. Framed PICTURES of FALLEN POLICE OFFICERS.

FIVE GUYS in suits already drunk, paling around. At the head, MURPH (40's), large, affable, boisterous. A born COP. The life of the party. He opens his arms to Michael.

MURPH

Last friday of the month! Welcome to the party!

MICHAEL

One. Just one.

Putting an arm around Michael.

MURPH

(to the guys)

You know how hard it is to get a good sitter? If this guy doesn't get home tonight on time, he doesn't get laid for another month!

INT. O'LUNNEY'S BAR - DAY

The guys playing at darts. Good times. A table covered with empties. Singing songs -- friendships that go way back.

INT. O'LUNNEY'S BAR - DAY

A quiet moment with Michael and Murph sitting alone.

Michael nurses a MILK in a glass.

MURPH

Milk, huh? Still keeping the demons at bay?

MICHAEL

I do what I can.

MURPH

(with sincerity)

Karen and Danielle good?

Michael nods.

MURPH

Good, good to hear.

(beat)

You know Valerie wants to do the Poconos again this winter. You guys up for it?

MICHAEL

Can't afford the Bahamas. Why not? Murph... I hate to do this but I really gotta run --

Michael starts to get up.

MURPH

Wait, wait. I want to talk to you about somethin'.

(beat)

I want you back on the force.

Michael looks away, completely uncomfortable.

MICHAEL

Murph... I've moved on.

MURPH

Listen to me... just for a second. I know you. You're not one of those guys who runs the rat race. That's not you.

(leaning in)

I'm running tactical now.

MICHAEL

Really?

MURPH

Yeah. You know what that means. I can hire you to run whatever division you want.

MICHAEL

Thanks, but...

MURPH

But what.

MICHAEL

That's just not me anymore.

Murph pulls Michael closer. Murph looks at him as only a longtime friend can.

MURPH

Tell me some part of you doesn't regret leaving the force. Just tell me, and I promise not to ask you again.

Michael looks at him a long moment.

MURPH

Think about it?

Pause.

MICHAEL

Okay. I'll think about it.

MURPH

Didn't you have a train to catch my friend?

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

The huge, cavernous interior of Grand Central. Michael fights through the herds of commuters, into the MAIN CONCOURSE.

He sees the board for his train: TRACK 23. One of the stops: HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON.

CONDUCTOR

LAST CALL! LAST CALL!

He wades through the crowd which block his forward progress. He spots an opening.

Michael steps it into high gear when...

WHAM! Out of nowhere he collides right into a generic BUSINESS MAN with glasses.

BUSINESS MAN

I'm so sorry.

The Business Man assists Michael in gathering his papers.

Michael looks up to see...

THE DOORS ON THE TRAIN CLOSE. It leaves the platform.

Michael looks back to the Business Man. He is gone. Strange.

INT. KITCHEN, WOOLRICH HOME - DAY

Karen on the other end of the phone, wearing her disappointment.

KAREN

I'll cancel the reservations. See if we can book the babysitter for next month.

INTERCUTTING

MICHAEL

I'm really sorry. I really wanted to be with you tonight.

KAREN

Me too.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
I'll be on the 7:51.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

Michael buys a bouquet of flowers from a booth. He walks towards TRACK 17.

INT. TRACK 17 - DAY

Michael walks on the platform along side the train.  
COMMUTERS enter the many cars.

We drift over to the THE ADJACENT TRACK where THREE hard hat TRACK WORKERS loudly talk and laugh.

A large TRACK WORKER with grease on his face climbs the rail to the platform. His friend, TRACK WORKER 2, looks up.

TRACK WORKER 2  
Thought we were going to Sin City  
tonight? Two for one lap dances.

TRACK WORKER  
Keep dreaming, bro.

He turns almost bumping into Michael.

MICHAEL  
Excuse me.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

MOVING THROUGH VARIOUS CARS WITH MICHAEL.

They're packed. A tableaux of many of the same characters we saw in the morning commute doing their routines.

A loud radio plays. A TEEN bounces a basketball. Different voices and LANGUAGES competing to be heard. People are hot and tired.

A SNOBBY LADY who has that obvious too much plastic surgery look blocks Michael's path. She struggles to put a bag above.

MICHAEL  
Let me help you with that.

She rips her bag from him, annoyed.

SNOBBY LADY  
I'm fine. Thank you.

MICHAEL  
Hey, just trying to help.

Cranston -- the old timer -- looking at a newspaper.

CRANSTON  
Humid as hell.

Cranston notices the New York Post folded under Michael's arm.

CRANSTON  
You got the sports section?

MICHAEL  
What's that you're reading?

CRANSTON  
The News. You have the Post. I like to get all perspectives.

Cranston notices over his paper a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. He makes a little whistle to himself.

INT. OVERHEATED CAR - NIGHT

Empty. The lights flicker on and off. Michael lets open his collar a little.

Bill the Conductor is kneeling down on the floor next to an OPEN HATCH in the floor.

MICHAEL  
Working the extra shift, huh?

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
Don't you know it. The AC's out. There's some empty seats in the front cars.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Michael finally spots an empty seat!

He plops down.

Looking out, he realizes -- HE IS AGAIN FACING THE REAR CARS, SITTING BACKWARDS. He shakes his head.

A moment of silence. Peace. Then...

LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER  
(laughing)  
They fuck with me... they get fucked by me!

The same loud, obnoxious guy from the morning.

An attractive Puerto Rican female NURSE (30's) covers the ears of her eight year old DAUGHTER.

NURSE  
The language they use these days.

MICHAEL

You should have heard him on the morning commute.

Michael gazes out the window to notice on the platform...

A sexy young SORORITY GIRL wearing a Barnard t-shirt arguing loudly with a male PREPPIE (20's). She rips a purple backpack from him.

She enters the train. She's been crying.

She takes a seat.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

TICKETS. Time to show your tickets.

EXT. TRAIN, MOVING - NIGHT

The train lurches away from the platform.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Michael flips through the New York Post, various articles. "HEAT WAVE hits 7th DAY," "Window Washer Falls 47 Stories....," "Man Kills Lover in Bowery Motel..."

Michael TURNS the page -- a big DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD feature article:

"Councilwoman's Tragic Accident on Subway Raises New Questions."

He rubs his eyes... this isn't what he wants to read. He closes the paper.

Loud Cell Phone talker laughs and curses.

NURSE

Excuse me, sir. You mind? I have an eight year old daughter here.

LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER

(into phone)

Sorry, that was nothing. What were you saying?

NURSE

Fine. That's the way it's going to be.

She grabs her daughter and exits the car, walking past...

The gambling game with Tony and friends. Track Worker approaches.

## TRACK WORKER

You guys have room for another?

## MICHAEL LOOKS OUTSIDE

Gothic tunnels twisting underground... long cavernous stretches of darkness dimly illuminated by bare light bulbs.

## BACK IN THE TRAIN

Moving up the aisle is a man in an unkempt suit, NATHAN (40's) -- socially awkward. He sits down where the Nurse was sitting. He opens his briefcase. Papers spill everywhere.

He makes eye contact with Michael. Michael smiles to him. Nathan looks away uncomfortably.

WE DRIFT OVER to OLIVER, an older black man with vulnerable eyes (60's). He is sweating more than everyone else. He talks on a cell phone with the weight of someone who has just experienced a life changing event.

## OLIVER

Look, just please pick up. I have to talk to you. *Something's happened.*

Blue ELECTRICAL SPARKS suddenly flare outside like lightning... the inside going dark.

## EXT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

The train roars through the long tunnel.

## INT. TRAIN, LEAD CAR, MOVING - DAY

Michael sound asleep.

The train BUILDING SPEED. Lights flickering faster.

## EXT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - DAY

The train exits the tunnel, now travelling the elevated tracks over Harlem.

## INT. TRAIN, LEAD CAR, MOVING - DAY

## SUDDENLY

Michael wakes with a start. Totally disoriented -- sweaty.

The sound of a distinctive CELL PHONE RINGTONE -- NOT HIS CELL PHONE.

Michael looks over at his jacket, confused. He reaches in and pulls out a CELL PHONE. He stares at the phone a moment.

MICHAEL

Hello?

Silence. Finally a jovial VOICE speaks.

THE VOICE

Michael? Michael Woolrich?

Michael taken aback a moment.

MICHAEL

Who is this?

THE VOICE

A friend. How're you doing?

MICHAEL

Could you be a little more specific? How'd you get me on this phone?

THE VOICE

This isn't your phone?

MICHAEL

Look, I have no idea whose phone it is. I've never seen it before.

THE VOICE

No. It's your phone, Michael.

Michael looks around with a smile on his face.

MICHAEL

My phone, huh? All right, this is some sort of weird joke. I don't know which of you guys are behind it --

THE VOICE

-- Do you know Devlin?

MICHAEL

Devlin?

(beat)

No. Never heard of him. What is this?

THE VOICE

There's a guy on the train. Name's Devlin. You sure you never heard of him?

MICHAEL

No. Pretty sure I never heard of a Devlin.

THE VOICE

That's too bad. Things would have been easier.

MICHAEL

Easier? Okay, guy. I don't know who you are. I don't know what this is about but I'm about to hang up.

THE VOICE

Michael, whoa... hold on a second. That's rude. Just want to talk.

Michael doesn't hang up.

THE VOICE

How long have you been doing this commute?

MICHAEL

What is this twenty questions?

THE VOICE

Come on. Just play along. I promise. It'll be worth it. How long?

MICHAEL

Seven years.

THE VOICE

You know most of the people on this train right?

MICHAEL

In passing.

THE VOICE

Pretty mundane commute, huh?

Michael doesn't respond.

THE VOICE

I'd say most of the people on this train see you as a familiar face. A guy they could trust.

MICHAEL

Maybe. I don't know. Where's this going?

THE VOICE

In all those years on this train, in all those tired conversations, you never heard anyone mention someone by the name of Devlin?

MICHAEL

Look I told you already. No.

(beat)

Who is he anyway?

THE VOICE

You see therein lies the problem.  
I don't know.

MICHAEL

Alright. Joke's over. Goodbye.

About to hang up. Suddenly the voice changes tone.

THE VOICE

Devlin's a threat, Michael.

The Voice has Michael's attention.

MICHAEL

Excuse me?

THE VOICE

Listen to me closely. This is  
very important for you. Devlin is  
a very dangerous threat.

MICHAEL

To who?

THE VOICE

To you, Michael.

Michael now taking this seriously.

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

THE VOICE

Because if you don't find him  
Karen and Danielle are going to  
die.

MICHAEL

What did you just say?

THE VOICE

Oh you heard what I said, Michael.

MICHAEL

Who the hell is this?

THE VOICE

Look at the screen.

ON THE CELL PHONE SCREEN. A slide show of pictures cycling  
over and over.

*Karen dropping Danielle off at school.... Karen shopping in a store... Karen eating lunch with a friend... Karen pushing Danielle on a swing set... Karen picking Danielle up at ballet school.*

Michael's face goes white. He puts the phone back to his ear.

MICHAEL

What do you want from me?

THE VOICE

The left coat pocket of your jacket. You'll find a Bluetooth. It only calls one number. Put it on. Do not take it off.

Michael discovers the Bluetooth phone. He puts it in his ear.

Michael gets out of his seat. He frantically pulls down his briefcase and opens it.

THE VOICE

You're not going to find them there. We already removed your cell and blackberry.

Michael now knows HE'S BEING WATCHED. Michael throws down his bag in frustration.

MICHAEL

How can you see me? Where are you?

Michael scans the faces of the many COMMUTERS. It's impossible to tell who is watching.

THE VOICE

Maybe I'm in your head. That's where I need to be. From now on we work together. You try to contact ANYONE and your family is dead.

MICHAEL

Don't hurt them. Just don't --

THE VOICE

There are 378 people on this train. There's exactly sixty one minutes until the last stop, Cold Spring. Devlin poses a great threat to me... to the people I work for... and now to you. Before this train arrives at the end of the line you are going to figure out who Devlin is.

Michael paces a moment.

MICHAEL  
How? There's no way.

THE VOICE  
-- Calm down --

MICHAEL  
-- Not enough time --

THE VOICE  
You need to get control of  
yourself.

Michael sits back in the seat.

THE VOICE  
How you do it is not my problem.  
You just need to get it done.  
Before Cold Spring. Find Devlin.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING - DAY

A SIGN READS "Welcome to Cold Spring."

A CHEVY IMPALA drives down the hillside toward the train  
station.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - DAY

The Chevy pulls in front.

Exiting the car, AGENT DENYS, older and wise, and AGENT  
MORRISON, youthful and out to prove himself.

Agent Morrison looks at his watch.

AGENT MORRISON  
We're an hour early. What the  
hell are we gonna do for an hour?

AGENT DENYS  
How'd I know 84 would have no  
traffic.

He looks out at the beautiful Hudson River.

AGENT DENYS  
Enjoy the view.

INT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - DAY

A lone TICKET SALESMAN mans a booth. Agent Denys approaches  
him.

AGENT DENYS  
The seven fifty-one from Grand  
Central. What track is it coming  
in on?

TICKET SALESMAN  
Track four.

The Ticket Salesman starts to close.

Agent Denys flashes an FBI IDENTITY BADGE.

FEDERAL AGENT DENYS  
You mind keeping it open a little longer? It's burning up out here.

EXT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - DAY

The train crosses the 125th street bridge over the East River. Manhattan receding behind it.

The city ramparts now become dirty: lots, dumps, and refuse.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - DAY

Michael sweats.

CRANSTON  
Michael, my boy. You got the Post? You promised me the Post.

He sits next to him.

CRANSTON  
What you threw it away without telling me? Just my luck.  
(beat)  
Anyway, you believe it, I have to get off at Morris Heights. My sister. Always a problem. That husband of hers... typical. Was hoping to get home in time to catch the Yanks. They're on the West Coast tonight... down at the big A. What kind of team has rally monkeys?

Cranston continues to ramble. His voice fading into the b.g.

MICHAEL'S POV

The EMERGENCY EXIT WINDOW staring back at him. His breathing becomes labored. The emergency exit window looms larger and larger in his tunnel vision POV.

SUDDENLY ANOTHER TRAIN RACES BY IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.  
Michael jolted.

The SOUND of Cranston's words leaps back in.

CRANSTON

-- If a guy can go one hundred and seventy five innings, why can't he go two hundred? Could you imagine me putting a limit on days I can work? I'll tell you in a heart beat my boss would --

Michael SNAPS.

MICHAEL

CAN YOU JUST SHUT UP!

Cranston stops dead sentence. An awkward pause.

CRANSTON

Sorry, Michael. I uh didn't know I was bothering you.

Cranston gets up.

MICHAEL

Look. I'm sorry.  
(beat)

Hey... you ever know of a guy on the train by the name of Devlin?

Cranston thinks a moment.

CRANSTON

Never heard of him.

He walks on, grabbing an empty seat at the end of the car.

Michael sits alone in agonized silence -- not sure what to do.

Michael incapable of action. The phone makes a SOUND.

Michael pulls it out.

A FUZZY PICTURE OPENS -- CLOSE ON A NEW PICTURE OF KAREN AND DANIELLE.

Michael looks at the photo a long moment. He rubs his eyes.

An announcement comes over the P.A.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR (ON PA)

Jim could you come up to the second car. We got a stuck door up here.

Michael clutches at an idea. He springs up.

INT. CAR FOUR - DAY

The train stopped. Michael ambles up to Bill. Bill is leaning into the conductor's booth removing a key.

MICHAEL

Bill... I need a favor.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

What's up, Michael?

Bill sticks the key into the bottom of the door and manually opens it.

MICHAEL

Can I make an announcement on the PA? Thought I saw an old college friend.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Really? What's his name?

MICHAEL

Devlin.

INT. VARIOUS CARS - MOVING - DAY

A PA ANNOUNCEMENT booms over VARIOUS PASSENGERS through the cars, over the Nurse who listens to music on earphones, over Snobby Lady who applies lipstick, Nathan who writes furiously in his notes....

BILL THE CONDUCTOR (ON PA)

Will a Devlin please come to the exit area of the lead car. Again: will a Devlin please come to the exit area of the lead car.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Michael stands at the exit area. He watches the connecting door waiting... hoping.

Finally... Nathan, the strange, disheveled man moves out of his seat and walks over next to Michael.

Nathan starts looking over at a METRO NORTH WALL MAP.

MICHAEL

Are you... Devlin?

NATHAN

(to himself)

Three lines. No connecting line to the other side of the river. A commute from Grand Central to --

MICHAEL

Excuse me.

Nathan looks to him.

MICHAEL  
Are you Devlin?

NATHAN  
(thinking)  
Devlin... Devlin. Is that a first  
name or a last name? It's not  
familiar. I'm Nathan.

Nathan looks back to the map.

NATHAN  
Do you realize there are only  
three lines servicing the Metro  
North system?

With a heavy breath.

NATHAN  
Bureaucratic waste. Average  
delays of seven minutes per  
train --

Nathan rambles on in the b.g., studying the map. Michael  
turns away from Nathan.

The Bluetooth buzzes and Michael taps it on: from here on  
this will be the action whenever Michael and The Voice  
communicate.

THE VOICE  
You're not going to find Devlin  
that way Michael. You're already  
running out of time.

MICHAEL  
I have no information! A name and  
a stop. Short of going up to  
every person on this train and  
asking them if they're Devlin, how  
am I supposed to find them?

THE VOICE  
Talk to the people on this train.  
One of them has to know Devlin.

MICHAEL  
Why are you after this person?

A pause.

THE VOICE  
Information is a terrible sin in  
the mind of the wrong people.

Silence.

## THE VOICE

Michael. Look around. Look at  
all those faces riding this train.

DRIFTING OVER COUNTLESS FACES -- ALL DIFFERENT ETHNIC  
BACKGROUNDS AND FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE.

## THE VOICE

How hard it must be for you to try  
fit in... to be one of the many  
faceless riders riding their  
uneventful lives into oblivion.

(beat)

You are more than this, Michael.  
You see things differently than  
most people. The smallest  
details. The make or break  
minutiae that only YOU pick up on.

(beat)

Devlin's scared, Michael. Not  
going to talk.

(beat)

Devlin will never admit to being  
Devlin. Find the person who's  
scared.

Click.

Michael stands there a moment.

Outside the window Michael notices YANKEE STADIUM.

## BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Morris Heights. Morris Heights  
followed by University Heights...  
and Marble Hill.

Suddenly in the b.g., a TEEN starts blasting a boombox.  
Passengers turn to the Teen annoyed.

Bill the Conductor walks towards the Teen.

## BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Look, you gotta turn that down.

The Teen turns it up. An altercation ensues.

ON MICHAEL...

As he sees everyone staring at the altercation. NO ONE  
WATCHING HIM.

*He has an idea.*

Michael sits in his seat.

He thumbs through the sports section of the NY POST.

He looks around -- EVERYONE'S ATTENTION STILL ON THE ARGUMENT.

Slyly, he removes a pen from his shirt pocket. He looks around him one more time. Still no one looking his way.

He's about to write on the FRONT PAGE, but thinks better of it. Turns a few pages in. Baseball scores and rankings. Another page -- the NEW YORK YANKEES PAGE.

He now writes: "Cranston -- CALL THE POLICE. Karen and Danielle are in immediate danger. Send them to 72 Maple Avenue, Hastings-on-Hudson. Don't talk to me, just do it. Michael."

He nonchalantly closes the sports section.

In the b.g Bill pulls the boombox away from the Teen. Everyone goes back to their own business. Things return to normal.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR (O.S.)  
Morris Heights! Morris  
Heights!

Michael stands and leaves the Post abandoned on the edge of the seat.

INT. CAR TWO, MOVING - DAY

He stands at the glass doors watching as Cranston now gets up in preparation to exit at Morris Heights.

The train slowing. Cranston is still standing in the exit area in center. He hasn't spotted the abandoned paper.

MICHAEL  
You wanted the goddamn Post now  
pick it up...

Cranston still doesn't see the paper on the seat.

Casually he looks down. *Finally he's seen it.*

MICHAEL  
There we go.

Cranston picks up the paper and returns to the exit area, *flipping through the pages.*

MICHAEL  
That's it, Cranston. Knew you  
couldn't resist.

The train's horn sounding. Brakes screeching. Cranston is flipping the pages too slow.

MICHAEL  
Come on.

Cranston perusing the paper. He laughs.

MICHAEL

The Yankees page. Come on.

Cranston holding on this page. Too long.

MICHAEL

One more...

Nothing. He's about to turn the page when --

ANOTHER COMMUTER walks up to him saying "hello." Cranston lowers the paper.

The train grinds to a stop.

Cranston talks jovially with the Commuter as they exit out onto the platform.

Cranston outside stops at the recycling bin. A couple of newspapers tucked under his arm. He looks through the newspaper, about to throw the POST in the garbage. He stops himself then tosses the Daily News in instead.

He starts reading the Post as he walks towards the steps.

The train starts to pull away from the station when...

Suddenly Cranston stops in his tracks. He looks back up at the train with great concern -- he's read Michael's note.

MICHAEL

That's it Cranston.

EXT. WOOLRICH HOME - DAY

A well-off suburban home. A view of the Hudson River in the distance. Through the kitchen window are Karen and Danielle.

INT. KITCHEN, WOOLRICH HOME - DAY

Karen goes through the cupboard as Danielle watches on from the dining table.

DANIELLE

What time's Daddy coming home?

KAREN

He'll be late tonight, honey.

(not finding an  
ingredient)

We're out of tomatoes. If we want pasta we're gonna have to make a quick trip to the grocery store. I guess I need to do some shopping anyway.

DANIELLE  
Can I drive?

KAREN  
Danielle.

DANIELLE  
Daddy lets me!

KAREN  
Since when!

DANIELLE  
After the snow storm last year.  
Daddy let me steer.  
(with bravado)  
I did ten miles per hour. Ten.

KAREN  
Then you'll have to wait until the  
next snow storm, sweetie.

EXT. WOOLRICH HOME - DAY

The garage door opens up and the SUV pulls out. Danielle  
speaking in the b.g.

ACROSS THE STREET

Mr. Stone watches from his van.

The SUV pulls out. He follows.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

A sudden onslaught of noise and speed as the train goes by.

INT. LEAD CAR - DAY

Michael exits the bathroom. He pushes his way up the aisle.

We drift off of Michael a moment to see the Sorority Girl  
covertly watching him.

Bill, walking by her, notices that she has her purple  
backpack on the seat next to her.

He grabs the backpack.

SORORITY GIRL  
Hey! What're you doing! Don't  
touch my bag!

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
I've told you a million times,  
bags in the overhead bin. No  
exceptions.

He places it in the bin. He walks away. Sorority Girl waits until he leaves then rips the bag back down to her seat.

She protectively holds her bag tighter. She checks her cell phone messages. It reads NO NEW MESSAGES. She closes her eyes, tense.

Bill moves down the aisle. We come off him to see once again Oliver, the older black man, on his phone.

OLIVER

(into phone,  
desperate)

Look, I've left five messages. I need to talk to you. It's serious. I don't want to leave it on the machine.

We move away from him back to...

MICHAEL

As he walks by.

Suddenly a HAND grabs him. It's Tony, pulling him into the card game.

TONY

Michael! We're out a man.

MICHAEL

I don't think --

TONY

Come on. One hand. Five card stud.

Michael, unsteady, takes a seat. He's dealt a hand.

He looks around anxiously. The construction Track Worker in the middle of speaking.

TRACK WORKER

And that's when I told him, I ain't stealing no light bulbs from Grand Central. That ain't gonna happen. Those are custom designed to prevent you fucks from stealing them. The city's full of thieves.

TONY

Custom designed light bulbs?

TRACK WORKER

Yeah. There must be ten thousand light bulbs lighting the tunnels of Grand Central. But they have a secret.

TRACK WORKER

(beat)

They all screw in counter-clockwise.

TONY

Just like my wife.

They all share a laugh.

The PA comes on.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

University Heights.

The train comes to a stop at a station.

TRACK WORKER

I fold. Next round's on me boys.

He gets up and leaves.

TONY

Michael.

Michael looks to Tony.

TONY

(re: cards)

You betting?

MICHAEL

No. I'm out.

TONY

Come on, Michael. You can't fold so easily.

The others play at cards.

The train starts to pull out of the station when suddenly it LURCHES to a quick stop.

Tony's red cocktail spills on Michael's pants.

TONY

Oh shit sorry man.

MICHAEL

(to Bill)

What's happening?

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Some bozo pulled the emergency stop. What are you gonna do.

Michael hears The Voice.

THE VOICE  
Get off the train.

MICHAEL  
Excuse me?

THE VOICE  
Move. Now.

EXT. 185TH STREET - DAY

Michael walks away from the train station.

THE VOICE  
One eighty-fifth street. Nice  
place, huh Michael?

MICHAEL  
Just tell me where I'm going.

THE VOICE  
You have to move quick. It'll  
take them exactly ten minutes to  
reset the emergency brake. Go  
across the street.

EXT. BRONX STREET - DAY

A place far different from the comfort of the train:  
Abandoned cars stripped of their parts, rotted out buildings,  
heaps of garbage. Urban decay.

A DOG BARKS somewhere off.

POLICE SIRENS wail far down the blocks.

MICHAEL  
I really don't think I need to be  
here. You wanted me to find  
Devlin on the train and I --

THE VOICE  
No. Here is exactly where you  
need to be. Take a good look.  
Hardly a view you get from the  
train, Michael. In twenty feet  
there's an alley. Turn right.

Michael stops. He looks around -- *how are they watching him?*  
A few silhouetted faces, SQUATTERS and LOCALS peer out of  
darkened windows above.

He continues towards a barbed wire fence.

THE VOICE  
Go through.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUING

Michael treads through a deep alley.

THE VOICE

You know what bothers me, Michael?  
Every day people like you ride the  
train, leaving your cozy suburbs,  
your cookie cutter homes to your  
high rises in Manhattan and your  
blackberries and your endless  
pursuit of money... *completely*  
*insulated*. Oblivious to the third  
world nation right in your own  
backyard.

MICHAEL

Where am I going?

THE VOICE

You see they can at least claim  
ignorance. You? You *know* this  
world... but now you choose to  
bury your head in the sand. You  
ran from it to live in your  
protected bubble.

Michael stops, realizing.

MICHAEL

You know I was a cop.

THE VOICE

Score one for the detective.  
You're being modest, Michael,  
really. You were more than a cop.  
Youngest officer to make detective  
in the history of the NYPD.

Michael hikes past a chain link fence. On the other side a  
heavy set GHETTO MAN leans over the frame of a stripped car,  
eyeing him.

MICHAEL

How do you know this?

THE VOICE

It doesn't take a detective to  
read the New York Times. Right on  
the cover. The Boerum Hill  
Murders --

MICHAEL

-- No. You don't understand --

THE VOICE

-- Brilliant work. That case MADE  
you, Michael.

THE VOICE

No one thought it would ever be solved --

MICHAEL

-- That's not me --

THE VOICE

After the Boerum Hill case they called you "The Prodigy." You were a real hero.

MICHAEL

Look. I'm not that guy anymore. That was a long time ago.

THE VOICE

Not that guy, huh? Tell that to the associates of mine who spend their nights just dreaming on how to make you and your family suffer. Men who you put behind bars. People who haven't forgotten about you, Michael.

MICHAEL

I'm just an accountant.

Michael arrives at a boarded up building.

THE VOICE

Keep telling yourself that. Pull the board away. Go in. We only have seven minutes.

Michael pulls back the board to the building.

Michael enters into...

INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Dark. A place where it is always night. Through a dirty window, the TRAIN sitting on the elevated tracks ONLY A BLOCK AWAY.

CRACK HEADS strewn about, gazing back at Michael with empty eyes, prisoners of their own addictions.

THE VOICE

Seventy-two hours ago, Michael... Devlin didn't exist. Now he's a big headache.

Michael comes to a set of stairs.

THE VOICE

Up the stairs.

Michael doesn't move.

The Addicts peer at Michael through the hazy darkness.

THE VOICE

Here you are, Michael, someone capable of solving our little riddle. A wolf in sheep's clothing. But we have this nasty deadline, you see. Devlin has to be found before the last stop today.

A HEROIN ADDICT looks to him from the floor.

HEROIN ADDICT

Demons up there. Don't want to go there.

MICHAEL

Look, just let me go back to the train. I'll do whatever I can to help you.

THE VOICE

Top floor.

Michael looks up: a disorienting staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE, CRACK HOUSE - DAY

He arrives at a dark door on the top floor.

THE VOICE

Inside.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

He slowly pushes through the door. The room is full of shadow. No one here.

Michael walks further, eyes adjusting.

Suddenly a BANGING to his left. A pigeon flapping its wings against the boarded up window. Michael flinches.

MICHAEL

There's no one here.

THE VOICE

Closer, detective.

He creeps further into darkness.

Suddenly a SKI MASKED FIGURE punches him in the gut. Michael collapses to the ground.

SKI MASKED FIGURE  
YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

A SECOND MASKED FIGURE comes out of the darkness and begins KICKING Michael in the ribs. He throws a punch at his face.

SKI MASKED FIGURE  
Not the face.

He's pushed to his knees.

A light flicks on. At the end of the room sits Cranston, tied to a chair.

The Ski Masked Figure thrusts a gun into his mouth.

THE VOICE  
You see, Michael. If you just DID WHAT YOU WERE TOLD we wouldn't be in this situation.

MICHAEL  
Please! Please don't kill him!  
He has nothing to do with this.  
I'll find your Devlin.

THE VOICE  
I have your word?

MICHAEL  
Yes. Let him go. Please.

A long pause. The gun rammed into Cranston's throat.

THE VOICE  
Okay, Michael. Okay. I'll take you at your word. After all, you were a cop.

The Ski Masked Figure pulls the gun away.

He begins to walk away when suddenly he spins and shoots Cranston in the face. Blood arcs across the room.

MICHAEL  
NO!

Cranston's head jerks back with the gunshot. He is dead.

THE VOICE  
Run, Michael. Get back on that train.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Michael sprints back through the shanty-like poverty of the alleyways and streets.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Michael spots the train up ahead.

He dashes into the train.

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - DAY

Michael tries to scrub the blood off his hands.

Michael doubles over and vomits.

INT. A&P GROCERY STORE - DAY

A massive modern grocery store with extremely bright lights.  
Muzak plays.

Karen and Danielle walk through, pushing a shopping cart.  
Danielle spots a brightly colored cereal box way up high in  
the back.

DANIELLE

Hold on, mom.

KAREN

Honey, that's too much sugar.

DANIELLE

It's not like I have diabetes.

KAREN

Where'd you learn about that?

DANIELLE

In school. Where they TEACH  
things.

KAREN

Well... that's not the point!

Karen continues to walk down the aisle. Danielle stops. She  
tries to pull the box off the shelf.

Karen turns to see an avalanche of boxes come down on  
Danielle.

KAREN

Danielle!

Karen kneels down and starts to clean up the huge pile.

MR. STONE (O.S.)

I've had sugar cravings before,  
but this is ridiculous.

Karen looks up to see Mr. Stone. A huge charismatic smile --  
too friendly. Unsettling.

KAREN

They always want the worst stuff.

MR. STONE

Who could blame them.

He bends down to help her.

MR. STONE

Let me help you with that.

KAREN

It's okay.

MR. STONE

(helping her)

No trouble at all.

They finish replacing the boxes.

KAREN

Thank you.

She begins to wheel away her shopping cart.

MR. STONE CAN SEE

Karen's handbag in the top folding area of the cart. In her handbag: HER CELLPHONE.

He eyes it, mind working.

EXT. OVERHEATED CAR - MOVING - DAY

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

At Michael. Alone. Staring straight ahead as the train rattles along.

INT. OVERHEATED CAR - MOVING - DAY

Michael sits in the center. His face ashen.

MICHAEL

You're going to kill this Devlin.

THE VOICE

I'm not going to lie to you, Michael. Once they get off the train... they'll be protected.

(beat)

This is our only chance. Devlin has to die.

MICHAEL

And I'm helping you do this.

THE VOICE  
Either Devlin dies or your  
family. Your choice.

Michael now sees... one stubborn blood stain from Cranston  
remains on the back of his hand.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - DAY

The Agents stand by the wharf. Lightning flashes on the  
southern horizon. The sky going black.

AGENT DENYS  
Storm comin.'

Agent Morrison opens up an envelope of a CASE FILE.

AGENT MORRISON  
I don't get it. This was a closed  
case. They found alcohol in the  
Councilwoman's blood. All the  
evidence proves this was an  
accident. She simply fell on the  
tracks. End of story.

He flips to crime scene photos -- quick, grisly glimpses.  
Another picture shows a STOCK PUBLICITY PHOTO of an  
attractive middle-aged COUNCILWOMAN (as seen in the NY Post  
earlier).

AGENT DENYS  
That's never the end of any story.

Denys grimaces and holds his stomach. He removes a packet of  
Alka-Seltzer and puts one, two, three... four tablets in his  
coffee.

AGENT MORRISON  
Alka-Seltzer and coffee. That's  
a new one.

AGENT DENYS  
Eh. When you got a wife who cooks  
like mine.

(beat)  
Look, whoever this Devlin is, he  
witnessed something.

AGENT MORRISON  
I think we're wasting our time.

AGENT DENYS  
In forty-two minutes, we'll find  
out.

INT. BAR CAR, MOVING - DAY

The Hudson River glides by outside the window. Oliver, the older African American man, stands at the bar. He looks down at something in his shaky hand.

An Alcoholics Anonymous chip -- a reminder of sobriety.

A MINI SCOTCH bottle unopened sitting before him.

Oliver opens the bottle and pour it into a glass. Lifts it to his mouth about to drink. A long moment.

OLIVER  
Fifteen years.

He holds it at his lips. Finally he stops himself. He lowers the glass and slides it away. He clutches onto his AA chip.

INT. CAR TWO, MOVING - DAY

Michael walks through the aisle. He happens to look up. He sees something.

A small SECURITY CAMERA high up in the corner. He turns. Another camera. He's putting it together now.

He shuffles up to one of the cameras, gazing into it.

BLACK AND WHITE SECURITY CAMERA ANGLE.

The Bluetooth BUZZES.

THE VOICE  
Hello, Michael.

ON MICHAEL as he stares back at the camera.

From now on, we have the liberty to show the security camera angles whenever The Voice talks.

INT. CAR TWO, MOVING - CONTINUING

The Nurse talks to her eight year old daughter.

DAUGHTER  
Mommy, my stomach hurts.

NURSE  
No more of those sweets. The things they sell in school.

The Nurse sees Michael, sweat dotting his brow and shirt, weakly walking through the aisle.

NURSE  
Hey, honey, you okay?

He nods weakly.

NURSE  
You don't look so good. Have a seat.

MICHAEL  
I'm fine.

NURSE  
I insist.

Michael sits.

NURSE  
I don't envy you Wall Street types. Too much stress. You ask me, it's easier making less money. Who needs the pressure? You know how many patients come in to work with stress attacks? Papi, you're not the only one...

Michael can barely concentrate as she rambles.

In the b.g, Bill the Conductor walking through the cars, collecting and punching holes through tickets with his clipper.

NURSE  
Boy, you really are pale. How about I go get you something from the bar car? A soda.

MICHAEL  
No thanks...

NURSE  
Reading relaxes me. I'm always reading something.

The Nurse holds up a NOVEL -- "THE DROWNING MAN."

NURSE  
This is one good book. About sin and Catholic guilt and all that good stuff.

DAUGHTER  
Mommy, maybe he just wants to be left alone?

NURSE  
(to Michael)  
You should bring a book wherever you go. Lets you see a different perspective, you know?

Michael thinking.

MICHAEL  
A different perspective.

NURSE  
That's what I'm talking about...

Nurse continues talking.

MICHAEL  
(to himself, under  
her words)  
I need a different perspective.  
Narrow it down. He's getting off  
at the last stop --

Nurse continues talking.

He looks up to see Bill move through...

MICHAEL'S POV

Focusing in now... the little details. After Bill takes a  
commuter's ticket, he removes from his own pocket a PAPER  
STUB. Bill then punches a hole through the stub.

He then places the stub on the back of each seat.

LOOKING CLOSER

The BACK of the STUBS...

NUMBERS. Coded in squares. *Different numbers punched for  
different people.*

Michael on to something? Suddenly the Nurse's words come  
back in.

NURSE  
You agree?

Michael taken off guard.

MICHAEL  
I'm sorry. Will you excuse me?

He gets up.

DAUGHTER  
Mommy, told you he wanted to be  
left alone.

Michael sees Bill crossing.

MICHAEL

I must've seen it a thousand times, but what exactly do those numbers mean on the back of those stubs you put over the seats?

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Oh the stubs? Well that's easy. Zoning numbers.

MICHAEL

Zoning numbers?

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Different numbers for different stops. Every stop has its own number.

(beat)

That way I can catch those bastards who think they're gonna ride the whole line without paying for it.

MICHAEL

So for example, if someone was riding to Cold Spring... what number is that?

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Cold Spring. Number seven. People are sneaky... trying to ride every which way.

Michael has an idea.

INT. REAR CAR - MOVING - DAY

Michael has a pad. He walks through the aisle slowly. He INSPECTS the zone numbers of the STUBS on the back of each seat. He writes down the numbers of people in each car getting off at Cold Spring.

FAST IMAGES

MOVING THROUGH THE DIFFERENT CARS. Numbered stubs over the seats. A few scattered "7's."

INTO THE LEAD CAR... The majority of the car have NUMBER 7's.

He turns to one of the COMMUTERS with a zone 7.

MICHAEL

Excuse me. Do all the doors open for Cold Spring?

COMMUTER

Just this car. Everybody moves up right before.

Michael now looks at the tally on his pad.

MICHAEL  
Twenty-three people getting off at  
Cold Spring.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - DAY

Heavy clouds turn day into night. Getting dark outside.

The LIGHTS go OUT as electricity flares.

Michael sits in the darkness in his original seat -- facing backwards. Michael taps the Bluetooth.

THE VOICE  
What is it you want?

MICHAEL  
You said Devlin's going to be  
protected. Tell me who Devlin's  
meeting.

THE VOICE  
Can't do that.

MICHAEL  
It's one of twenty-three people.  
I can narrow it down further, but  
I need your help.

THE VOICE  
You know enough.

Michael pushes his way out of his seat. He walks through the shadows towards the rear.

MICHAEL  
You said we'd work together.

A pause.

MICHAEL  
Look. You picked me for a reason.  
I know how to find people. To  
find Devlin I NEED more  
information.

THE VOICE  
No, Michael.

Michael struggles to control his anger.

MICHAEL  
I WANT TO FIND DEVLIN. I WANT TO  
SAVE MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER.  
(beat, more quietly)  
You just have to trust me.

A long pause. Finally...

THE VOICE

Two Federal Agents. They're waiting at the Cold Spring train station.

MICHAEL

How do you know this?

Michael exits the lead car, walking in darkness through...

INT. CAR TWO, MOVING - NIGHT

The lights still out. Michael gazes at the many faces as he passes them, continuing through the train.

THE VOICE

We have a source in the FBI. All our information comes from him. He told us about Devlin... about the train, where they were meeting. Unfortunately he doesn't have access to get us more details.

Michael walks past another bathroom door. The door opens as he almost bumps right into...

Snobby Lady. She has been crying. She wipes her running mascara.

SNOBBY LADY

Excuse me.

He brushes past.

INT. CAR 3, MOVING - NIGHT

Still in darkness. Michael has a thought.

MICHAEL

Who arranged the location of the meeting?

THE VOICE

Where is this going?

MICHAEL

Who? The Feds or Devlin?

Silence.

He takes a seat FACING FORWARDS. Outside, heavy storm clouds gather in the humid air.

The hushed darkness permeates the train.

## THE VOICE

The FBI chose the location of the meeting. Devlin was scared. He didn't want to meet in Manhattan.

Michael realizes something.

## MICHAEL

The FBI chose? That means Devlin's riding the train on this day only.

## THE VOICE

So?

## MICHAEL

Commuters have monthly passes. People who ride the train for the day have individual tickets. I have something to work from.

## THE VOICE

Good, Michael. Very good.

## MICHAEL

The lead car. I don't recognize the faces of the people getting off at Cold Spring. I start there.

## THE VOICE

I knew there was a detective in there somewhere.

(beat)

Riding backwards, but at least you're moving forward.

Click.

Michael looks around in the darkened car.

Silhouetted figures motionless in the darkness.

## MICHAEL

Backwards...

The car shaded in blackness.

## MICHAEL

He still thinks I'm riding backwards.

Michael looks up at one of the security cameras. The camera light is out.

## MICHAEL

He doesn't see me.

Michael sees various Commuters.

One COMMUTER sleeping. At his side -- A CELL PHONE dimly lit.

A moment then --

Michael grabs the phone.

INT. CAR THREE, MOVING - NIGHT

He whips down the aisle to the bathroom.

INT. TRAIN, BATHROOM, MOVING - NIGHT

Michael locks the door. The lock jammed -- rickety and half-broken. A greenish emergency light dimly illuminates his strained face. He places Bluetooth on sink counter.

Dials cell. He listens a moment then hangs up.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

You're not home. Where are you,  
Karen?

He dials another number.

VOICE MAIL

(Karen)

You've reached the cell phone of  
Karen Woolrich. Leave a message.

MICHAEL

Come on, Karen!

INT. A&P GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Muzak continues to waft through the now relatively empty store. Karen waits on a check out line with a full cart. She places items in the conveyor.

Mr. Stone stands directly behind her.

INT. TRAIN, BATHROOM, MOVING - CONTINUING

Michael listens to the ring.

MICHAEL

Pick up the cell phone, Karen!

INT. A&P GROCERY STORE - CONTINUING

Karen's cell phone RINGS. She looks to her purse. She starts to open it when...

She sees Mr. Stone looking down at a ringing cellphone in his hands. What she clearly doesn't realize -- it's her cell phone.

Mr. Stone smiles to her. She turns back to the CASHIER none the wiser.

FINALLY HE TURNS THE PHONE OFF.

INTERCUTTING

Michael listens as Karen's voice mail cuts in.

Michael exasperated.

MICHAEL  
(thinking aloud)  
Where'd you go, Karen?

SOMEONE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR. Michael ignores the intrusion.

He pulls out the cell with the pictures of Karen.

THE LAST PICTURE SENT TO HIM.

Blurry in parts. Karen clearly with Danielle exiting her SUV. A brown building in the background.

CLOSER:

The faint piece of the "P" in the A&P sign.

MICHAEL  
A&P.

He dials 411 on the phone.

MICHAEL  
(into phone)  
Yes I need the number for the A&P  
in Hastings. Can you connect me  
through?

INT. A&P GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A STORE PHONE RINGS at an empty customer service desk.

A FEW CASH REGISTERS DOWN:

One of the CASHIERS (1), a pimply faced kid, joking around with another teen girl, CASHIER (2), hears the phone RINGING. The Cashier looks up to see the MANAGER dealing with a CUSTOMER at the other end.

CASHIER 1  
You going to get that?

TEEN GIRL CASHIER  
Why do I always have to get it?

ON KAREN

Her grocery items being bagged.

Finally Cashier 1 moves over to the phone and picks it up.

CASHIER 1

A and P. How can I help you?

INT. TRAIN, BATHROOM, MOVING - CONTINUING

MICHAEL

Hello! My wife's there... Karen Woolrich. I need to talk to her. It's a family emergency.

THE PERSON OUTSIDE STARTS TO KNOCK AGAIN, ONLY LOUDER.

OUTSIDE VOICE

Anybody in there? Hello!

MICHAEL

Can you make an announcement?

CASHIER 1

Sure. No problem. Name?

MICHAEL

Karen Woolrich. Her name is Karen Woolrich.

INT. A&P GROCERY STORE - CONTINUING

The Cashier walks over to his register and picks up another phone about to dial.

TEEN GIRL CASHIER

(sarcastic)

Who was that, your girrrrrrlfriend?

CASHIER 1

Funny. Just some guy.

ON KAREN as she takes her receipt.

TEEN GIRL CASHIER

I didn't know you swing that way.

CASHIER 1

Shut up.

Karen walks out the door.

CASHIER 1

(into intercom)

Will a Karen Woolrich please come to the house phone.

The announcement plays over the PA system.

EXT. A&P GROCERY STORE, PARKING LOT - CONTINUING

Karen pushes her cart of groceries with Danielle at her side. The store in the background. *She just missed the announcement.*

Following her across the lot -- Mr. Stone.

INT. TRAIN, BATHROOM, MOVING - CONTINUING

The KNOCKING continues.

OUTSIDE VOICE

Hey anyone in there! The door's jammed.

(muttering to someone else)

Hell, I don't think anybody's in there.

The bathroom latch begins to rattle -- becoming loose.

Suddenly the BLUETOOTH sitting on the sink starts to flash.

CASHIER 1

She's not here. Your wife should really get a cell.

CLICK.

All the lights of the train harshly sizzle back on again.

Finally the latch breaks off and the Loud Cell Phone Talker bursts into the small space.

LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER

Why didn't you answer, asshole!  
I thought this was empty!

With pure rage, Michael pushes him back. The man falls to the ground, hitting his head against the edge of a seat.

INT. CAR THREE - MOVING - NIGHT

The Loud Cell Phone Talker pulls his hand from the back of his head to reveal blood.

LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER

What did you do? I'm fucking bleeding.

The Track Worker walks up.

TRACK WORKER

Hey. Everything okay over here?

Michael briskly exits into the next car.

INT. BAR CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Adrenaline flowing, Michael pushes up to the bar.

MICHAEL

Water.

He puts the Bluetooth on the bar top. It starts to BUZZ.

Michael looks at it a moment, then shuts it off.

The bartender gives him a glass of water. He takes a drink.  
The adrenaline rush subsiding.

MICHAEL

Just have to narrow it down.

EXT. A&P GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Karen finishes putting Danielle in the rear car seat. She closes the door and turns around into --

Mr. Stone.

MR. STONE

I think we need to have a little talk, Mrs. Woolrich.

INT. BAR CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The interior lights come on and off as the train changes rails.

Michael walks over to a window, looking out at the rails.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

Approaching Yonkers.

He runs his palm through his hair.

MICHAEL

Before Yonkers... we switch tracks... we switch tracks. The lights will go back out... they always go out...

Suddenly an EXPRESS TRAIN bullets by outside.

EXT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - NIGHT

The train thunders closer to a crisscross section of tracks.

INT. CAR 3 - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael walks up the aisle. A few people have gathered around Loud Cell Phone Talker.

LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER (O.S.)  
 I don't know who it was. Some  
 asshole. He just attacked me.

Michael ducks his head low and continues. They don't see him.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Michael steps into the lead car. He gazes out at the many ticket stubs marked 7 for Cold Spring.

Through the window, he sees a TRAFFIC SIGNAL TOWER in the distance as the train bend around a long turn.

MICHAEL  
 That's it.

EXT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - NIGHT

The train now switches tracks at the traffic signal tower. The crackling hum of electricity sparks along the wheels.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Electricity flares and the lights once again flare out.

Darkness.

Desperate, Michael works quickly now -- SWIPING ticket stubs with ZONE 7 off the back of seats. Working very fast -- ripping them from the seats behind faces we've seen.

The lights cut back on. Michael looks back at his work -- all ZONE 7 tickets have been removed.

Michael casually looks at a POSTER AD in the exit area.

Bill strolls past the seats with the missing stubs. *He isn't noticing that they are missing.*

MICHAEL  
 (under his breath)  
 Come on.

Bill now exits the car.

Michael closes his eyes.

Bill comes back into the car... walking back up the aisle. He stops a moment.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
 Well something's not right.  
 (to everyone)  
 FOLKS, SORRY BUT SOME OF YOU ARE  
 GONNA HAVE TO RESHOW YOUR TICKETS.

Complaints and moans.

BILL THE CONDUCTER  
RULES ARE RULES.

People flash their MONTHLY PASSES.

SNOBBY LADY  
Are you serious? I GAVE YOU MY  
ticket already.

BILL THE CONDUCTER  
Don't give me an attitude, miss.  
I'm just doing my job. You have  
a monthly?

SNOBBY LADY  
NO, I don't have a monthly.

BILL THE CONDUCTER  
Where'd you get on?

SNOBBY LADY  
Grand Central. Look if you think  
I'm paying for another --

Oliver stands up.

OLIVER  
What's this about paying twice?  
You took my ticket too. And I saw  
you take hers.

Nathan looks over.

NATHAN  
This is inefficiency! I don't  
have a monthly.

BILL THE CONDUCTER  
Okay, sir.

NATHAN  
Would you happen to have another  
pen? Mine ran out of ink.

Bill goes to hand him a blue ink pen.

NATHAN  
No, no. Black ink. I only work  
in black ink. Blue no good. Blue  
is terrible.

Bill rolls his eyes.

BILL THE CONDUCTER  
ANYONE ELSE GETTING OFF AT COLD  
SPRING THAT PURCHASED INDIVIDUAL  
TICKETS?

The Sorority Girl and the Track Worker both stand up.

SORORITY GIRL  
I got mine at one of those  
machines in Grand Central.

TRACK WORKER  
This is bullshit. I'm not paying  
for another ticket.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
That's it? No one else?

No one else stands.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
There must have been some sort of  
mix up.

Michael stares out at the five people standing there.

THE SNOBBY LADY. OLIVER, the older African American.  
NATHAN, the slightly autistic savant. The SORORITY GIRL and  
her purple backpack. AND the TRACK WORKER. Five suspects.

One of them must be Devlin.

INT. OVERHEATED CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Michael sits, brow dotted in sweat. He looks at his watch.

MICHAEL  
Thirty minutes to Cold Spring.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR (OVER PA)  
Yonkers. Yonkers Station.

EXT. YONKERS TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

The train comes to a stop.

A crack of THUNDER overhead. Rain begins to drum down on the  
frozen train.

INT. OVERHEATED CAR - NIGHT

Something catches Michael's eye.

OUTSIDE POLICEMAN are entering the train.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR (PA)  
Hey Johnny lock the doors shut for  
a moment, will ya? Police are  
coming aboard.

Suddenly ALL of the doors on the train CLOSE shut. A heavy  
BOOM. Michael exits the overheated car towards car 3.

INT. CAR 3 - NIGHT

Complaints and comments from the PASSENGERS.

SNOBBY LADY  
What the hell is this?

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
The police have to search the train.

SNOBBY LADY  
How long is this going to take?  
Some of us have places we need to be!

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
As long as it takes, ma'am. The police have a job to do.

Sorority Girl comes from the opposite direction.

SORORITY GIRL  
(nervously)  
What are the police looking for?  
Why are they on the train?

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
Apparently some chump assaulted a guy in the bathroom. They gotta investigate.

(to passengers)  
SORRY FOR THE DELAY FOLKS! PLEASE  
BE PATIENT! JUST A LITTLE WHILE  
LONGER AND WE'LL BE MOVING ALONG!

MICHAEL CAN SEE the Loud Cell Phone Talker leading the police search, looking for him.

Michael grasping the situation.

The Voice pierces his ears.

THE VOICE  
Boy did you FUCK UP. Listen to me because I am NOT bullshitting you right now. If those police take you into custody, if you can't finish what you started -- KAREN AND DANIELLE ARE FUCKING DEAD.

The police edge closer.

INT. CAR 2 - NIGHT

Loud Cell Phone Talker, holding an ice pack behind his head, leads a STATE TROOPER through the car.

LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER  
He went this way. I'm pressing  
charges then I'm going to sue that  
jerk off.

STATE TROOPER  
(into walkie)  
Hey Frank you got the description?  
Good. You in the rear? Alright  
meet you half-way.

INT. OVERHEATED CAR - NIGHT

Michael pushes into the empty car.

MICHAEL NOW SEES through the doors towards the rear...

The Police coming in the opposite direction as well.

Michael caught in the middle -- no exit. No escape.

INT. BAR CAR - NIGHT

TWO POLICE OFFICERS pushing towards the overheated car.

INT. OVERHEATED CAR - NIGHT

Michael trapped.

The POLICE in both adjacent cars, moments away from entering.

Michael looks around. The exit doors shut.

The CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH. The door closed. A desperate hope  
and he rips open the door...

Keys sticking in the small control panel.

VOICES of the Police closer.

Michael grabs the key... sprinting to the LOCKING MECHANISM  
that opens the door manually.

Police almost there. Michael drops the keys -- fumbling --  
gets it in -- turns the lock--

It doesn't open. The police closer.

Michael wedges his HANDS in between the double doors.

With every bit of strength he tries to FORCE the sliding  
doors open.

Finally he just is able to squeeze through. The doors slam  
behind him as he dashes out into the pouring rain.

THE POLICE ENTER THE CAR meeting up in the middle.

STATE TROOPER  
There's nobody here.

INT. YONKERS TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Michael scurries down the dark empty platform into the rain.

POLICE in raincoats exit train and search with flashlights.

EXT. PLATFORM STAIRCASE - NIGHT

He springs down the stairs, hiding behind an industrial pylon.

HIS POV

The giant WHEELS of the train sitting on the tracks. He discerns police searching the long platform, heading in the opposite direction. The last call BELL begins to ring.

Michael races back onto the platform... the train a hundred feet away.

The FINAL BELL once again RINGING.

Michael sprints to the train.

Almost at the doors when --

ALL THE DOORS CLOSE.

Michael hits the doors. The train pulling away.

MICHAEL  
No. No.

He watches in disbelief as it goes... clattering down the tracks... soon its red TAIL LIGHT glimmering back at him.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The Ticket Salesman approaches the two Feds.

TICKET SALESMAN  
Excuse me, officer.

Denys looks up.

TICKET SALESMAN  
Just found out that the 7:51 is running another five minutes late.

AGENT DENYS  
Any reason?

TICKET SALESMAN  
There was some sort of altercation down the line.

Morrison looks over with concern to Denys a moment.

EXT. YONKERS TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Michael stands paralyzed in the pouring rain. The last SOUND of the train fades down the track.

THE VOICE

Michael, I want you to look at the video screen on your phone.

Michael pulls out the phone. A VIDEO IMAGE PLAYING...

CELL PHONE VIDEO... Karen tied and gagged in a dark nondescript location. She thrashes around, trying to scream.

MICHAEL

You sonofabitch. You listen to me --

THE VOICE

NO. YOU LISTEN TO ME. You made us take them! You tried to contact her. I warned you!

MICHAEL

Look -- please just --

THE VOICE

You're off the train. There's nothing you can do for us. We don't need you anymore.

MICHAEL

Please God no.

THE VOICE

Watch the screen, Michael, because Karen is about to take her last breath.

Michael looks at the screen. Mr. Stone, masked, holds a gun to Karen's head, about to pull the trigger. Karen crying.

MICHAEL

DON'T DO THIS!

THE VOICE

Have a nice life, Michael.

FINALLY...

MICHAEL

I CAN FIND DEVLIN! Devlin's one of five people. One of FIVE. You hear me? I can figure it out.

A pause.

On the CELL PHONE SCREEN an agonizingly long moment as Mr. Stone holds the gun to Karen. Finally he lowers the gun.

THE VOICE

By the next stop... you better be on this fucking train.

He looks to a TAXI.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael pulls the door shut.

MICHAEL

The 7:51 that just came through.  
Get me to the next station...  
Hastings. I need to get back on.

The Driver looks to his watch.

TAXI DRIVER

That train pulls into Hastings in seven minutes. Then it goes express. You're not going to make it.

MICHAEL

Two hundred dollars says I do.

The driver floors the gas pedal.

INT. TAXI, MOVING - NIGHT

The Hudson River far down below. Michael scans for the train -- no sign.

MICHAEL

Where is it?

FINALLY UP AHEAD -- the LIGHTS of the train moving northbound.

TAXI DRIVER

There.

MICHAEL

Faster!

The driver floors the gas pedal.

INT. TAXI, MOVING - NIGHT

The Taxi cuts into the town of Hastings, congested with cars. Traffic at a stop.

Michael hands a wand of cash. He jumps out and starts sprinting down the street.

EXT. STEPS, ALLEY - NIGHT

Michael hurtles down a long flight of stairs through an alley way.

EXT. HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON METRO NORTH TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The train rattles closer to the platform.

EXT. HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON METRO NORTH TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The train rolls in on the far side platform. A FOOTBRIDGE leads over the four train tracks.

WITH MICHAEL

As he runs to the bridge, only to stop short. The bridge is sealed off with CONSTRUCTION TAPE and EQUIPMENT -- no way through.

A bridge some 100 meters in the distance that arches over the tracks -- Michael will never make it in time.

HIS POV

As his train is entering the far platform area.

MICHAEL DASHES OFF to the close platform.

EXT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

Michael arrives at the edge of the platform -- the train just thirty feet away but *on the opposite side*.

Suddenly he LEAPS DOWN into the pit of the tracks.

EXT. TRACKS - NIGHT

Michael springs over the tracks, racing against the train -- just avoiding a slip on the ELECTRICAL THIRD RAILS.

Almost at the other side in front of the train when -- an EXPRESS TRAIN roars down from the opposite direction HORN BLARING -- Michael just has time to look up and dashes forward falling hard onto the last track.

The Express Train whizzes by with a deafening roar.

Michael leaps up to the side railing and climbs up to the platform.

His train pulls to a stop. DOORS open.

EXT. HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

The train BELL RINGING.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
Last call.. train to Cold Spring!

INT. HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON METRO NORTH TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Michael races. LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER leaves the train.

LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER  
HEY! THAT'S THE GUY WHO --

Michael bumps past him.

EXT. HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

The train doors close when...

MICHAEL STICKS HIS ARM IN AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND.

THE SAFETY RELEASE ON THE DOOR OPENS and...

MICHAEL IS BACK ON THE TRAIN. It begins to pull away as he sees Loud Cell Phone Talker outside fuming, spewing foul words, running alongside the train until he is outpaced.

INT. LEAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

MICHAEL'S POV

The last sign for HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON flits by under a lamp -- Michael's stop retreating further and further into the distance.

THE VOICE  
Michael.

MICHAEL  
Are Karen and Danielle okay?

THE VOICE  
For now, they're fine. You have eighteen minutes until Cold Spring. Go to work.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The train careens by with a deafening roar.

INT. LEAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael glances at the five suspects going about their business, trying to get a read on each of them. Finally he notices a small detail:

The Snobby Lady is popping pills. The bottle reads Xanax -- anti-anxiety.

She suddenly bolts out of her seat and exits the car.

INT. BAR CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael enters the bar car to find it relatively empty. The Snobby Lady at the bar on her blackberry.

SNOBBY LADY

(into phone)

No... no. You could have arranged this before. No I am NOT being difficult. I won't discuss this here.

Abruptly she hangs up. Applies make-up.

Michael sits down next to her.

MICHAEL

(to bartender)

Milk, please.

Michael looks down at his watch.

MICHAEL

(to her)

These commutes. Getting longer and longer everyday.

SNOBBY LADY

(indifferent)

I wouldn't know.

MICHAEL

Business or pleasure?

SNOBBY LADY

Do you mind?

The Snobby Lady turns away from him.

Another glance at his watch. Suddenly he turns back to her, SPILLING his drink onto her lap.

SNOBBY LADY

Shit! Christ what the hell is wrong with you!

MICHAEL

I'm really sorry.

Michael hands her some napkins. As she looks down wiping her clothes, Michael reaches down and SWIPES her blackberry from the counter.

She takes her pocketbook and heads to the bathroom. Michael waits for a moment and sees her close the door.

He looks down at the blackberry.

ON THE BLACKBERRY SCREEN Michael types under search "DEVLIN."  
A moment and... "NO RESULTS FOUND."

He scrolls down at her call log. Call after call says  
"JOHN." "LAST CALL JOHN."

Michael scrolls over JOHN. Back to bathroom. Door still  
closed.

Back at the Blackberry. He clicks open the most recent e-  
mail.

The e-mail READS -- "Susan, don't try to put your lawyer on  
me again. You know this was a part of the divorce agreement.  
If you want to see the children this weekend you have to pick  
them up."

Michael looks up to see the Snobby Lady emerging from  
bathroom.

Back on the e-mail -- "We already agreed on this. You pick  
the children up in *Cold Spring*. I'll have them at the train  
station after 9. DATE RECEIVED 6/24.

MICHAEL  
(realizing)  
This is today.

THE SNOBBY LADY moves up to the bar to find...

Her blackberry on the bar counter. Michael gone.

INT. CAR 2 - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael opens the door to the car when he spots:

One of the STATE TROOPERS down aisle. Bill hustles past.

MICHAEL  
(to Bill)  
What's the problem?

He looks over at the STATE TROOPER flirting with a PRETTY  
LADY.

BILL THE CONDUCTER  
They're still looking for that guy  
from before.  
(indicating trooper)  
He'll stay on until the end of the  
line.

Michael sneaks past the State Trooper, who never looks up  
from his small talk.

STATE TROOPER  
(to Pretty Lady)  
Yeah we'll be hitting the Croton  
music festival. Never been?

INT. LEAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael takes his seat. He gazes from suspect to suspect. Nathan fumbling with papers. The Track Worker laughing in the middle of the card game. Oliver, looking at his phone waiting for a call. The Sorority Girl, the closest to him, in mid-conversation on cell phone.

Michael leans forward, trying to eavesdrop on her.

The Sorority Girl speaking in a hushed tense tone.

SORORITY GIRL  
Yes, I have it. It's all they'll  
need.

Michael sees her unconsciously clutching her backpack.

SORORITY GIRL  
I'll be in Cold Spring in fifteen  
minutes. Meeting them at the  
station. No one knows. Yeah, I'm  
sure. I --

She catches Michael stealing a glimpse.

SORORITY GIRL  
Look can you hold on a second? I  
don't want to talk here.

She bolts up and heads down the line of cars. Michael watches.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

The Sorority Student presses on further and further into the sparsely populated rear cars.

She gives a nervous look backwards.

HER POV

She sees Michael strolling in behind her.

She ducks into one of the bathrooms.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

On the phone.

SORORITY GIRL  
Okay. But I think there's this  
guy following me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

She looks out of the bathroom and exits. Suddenly from  
behind her Michael GRABS her backpack.

SORORITY GIRL  
Hey!

He rifles through her bag.

MICHAEL  
What do you have? Evidence?

SORORITY GIRL  
Stop that! That's my bag!

Dumping contents.

MICHAEL  
You're Devlin, aren't you?

SORORITY GIRL  
Please!

She spots State Trooper in a distant car.

SORORITY GIRL  
I don't know what you're talking  
about!

She wrestles at the bag. Finally falling out of the bag...

A BIG ZIP LOCK BAG FILLED WITH MARIJUANA. She is in tears.

SORORITY GIRL  
That's not mine. It's my  
boyfriend's. Please, don't arrest  
me. I can't go to jail.

MICHAEL  
This is why you're going to Cold  
Spring?

SORORITY GIRL  
I'm just delivering it. You have  
to believe me, this was a one time  
thing. Please don't arrest me!

MICHAEL  
I'm not a cop.

She looks at him confused a moment.

SORORITY GIRL

You're not going to tell them, are you?

She gazes over at the State Trooper a car away still chatting up the Pretty Lady.

Michael closes the bag and hands it back to her.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to tell anybody.  
Just go.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

Moments later.

THE VOICE

You have eleven minutes until the train arrives. Where are we?

MICHAEL

I have three more suspects. You just have to give me more.

THE VOICE

What more do you want, Michael?

MICHAEL

What did this Devlin see?

(beat)

Look. This is the last thing I need from you.

A disconcerting pause. Finally --

THE VOICE

Pick up a newspaper.

Michael scans the newspapers left behind on the empty seats.

MICHAEL

I have a Post.

THE VOICE

Page 3.

A picture: the double page spread of the COUNCILWOMAN dead on the subway tracks.

MICHAEL

The Councilwoman. That was a murder. And your Devlin saw who did it.

(pause)

She died on the tracks.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

The Track Worker plays at cards.

Michael about to approach him when --

Stepping into his view is the State Trooper.

Michael can't avoid him. The State Trooper steps up closer, scrutinizing Michael's face.

An agonizing moment. Michael gives a slight nod. The State Trooper nods back... continuing on his way. He didn't recognize Michael as the suspect in the altercation. He leaves the car.

Michael walks up to the card game.

TONY

Everything okay, Michael?

MICHAEL

Fine.

(to Track Worker)

You look very familiar to me.

TRACK WORKER

(shrugging it off)

I got one of those faces.

MICHAEL

Your name wouldn't be Devlin, would it?

The Track Worker looks up a moment. The name registers with him.

TRACK WORKER

Guys, you'll excuse me.

The Track Worker stands up.

TRACK WORKER

How about we get a drink?

INT. CAR 2, MOVING - CONTINUING

Michael follows the Track Worker past the scattered passengers.

They walk by the Nurse and her Daughter. The Daughter listens to headphones, zoning out. Her mother reads "The Drowning Man."

INT. OVERHEATED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Track Worker opens the door into the empty overheated car. Michael follows.

The green flickering light casts wild shadows on their faces.

TRACK WORKER

You have something to say to me?

MICHAEL

You're Devlin.

TRACK WORKER

Yeah. So?

MICHAEL

Listen to me.

(pause)

You're in danger.

TRACK WORKER

Danger?

MICHAEL

There are people who want to kill you. They have my wife.

Track Worker looks taken aback. He turns from Michael a second.

TRACK WORKER

How should I handle this?

He runs his hand over his head, digesting what he's just been told.

Suddenly he punches Michael in the gut. Michael doubles over. The man thrusts Michael back against the wall, choking him with his collar.

TRACK WORKER

You were gonna warn him? Huh? Is that what you were gonna do?

(beat)

You're wasting our time! You gotta be better than this!

Suddenly he thrusts open the door of the interconnecting doors. He rips Michael from the wall and drags him into the outdoor space.

INT/EXT. CONNECTING VESTIBULE - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael pushed to the edge of the outdoor space between the train cars. The noise of the train very loud. Wind and rain whip at his face.

Track Worker hangs Michael's face out over the edge.

TRACK WORKER

I am here to keep you in line.  
You understand?

TRACK WORKER  
YOU ARE HERE TO FIND DEVLIN!

Michael fighting to regain his balance.

He now HEARS: another train thundering down the adjacent track. The lights plowing down at an incredible speed.

Track Worker holds Michael's head out right in its path. He punches Michael in the face, splitting his lip.

TRACK WORKER  
I could kill you right now!

Michael sees the train coming closer and closer... almost upon him... the lights BLINDING HIM when --

Track Worker pulls him back in. Track Worker throws him back into the Overheated Car.

INT. OVERHEATED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael collapses, wiping blood from his lip.

The Track Worker nods as we now see an earpiece in his ear.

TRACK WORKER  
(into earpiece)  
Yeah. I think he's been convinced.

Michael hears the Bluetooth as he looks up at Track Worker.

THE VOICE  
Temper, temper. That man has a temper. But he's there for a very good reason. You now have eight minutes.

EXT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

Old TRAIN YARDS with husks of broken trains and equipment sit under the rain -- a veritable graveyard. The train rumbles through the ghostly buildings.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Michael stares at the last two possible suspects:

NATHAN, cleaning his glasses, looking over figures.

OLIVER, sitting hunched over like a beaten man.

Michael focuses in on one small detail -- Oliver's hands are slightly shaking.

INT. LEAD CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Oliver looks up to see Michael standing before him.

MICHAEL  
Mind if I sit here?

Oliver nods weakly. Michael sits.

MICHAEL  
You okay?

Oliver catches Michael's bleeding lip.

OLIVER  
Looks like I should be asking you  
that same question.

MICHAEL  
I've had better days.

OLIVER  
Haven't we all.

Oliver offers him a handkerchief. Michael takes it.

Michael wipes his lip.

Oliver sweating from the heat.

MICHAEL  
Hot in here, huh?

Oliver nods.

Oliver opens the top two buttons of his shirt and fans himself.

Michael spots something on the skin of his chest -- radiation burn marks. Iodine markings.

Oliver catches him looking.

MICHAEL  
I'm sorry.

OLIVER  
The dreaded C word.

MICHAEL  
What stage?

OLIVER  
I'm well beyond stages.

MICHAEL  
I'm so sorry.

Oliver turns to Michael with a heavy burden in his eyes.

OLIVER

Yeah... so am I. The doctors told me today I'd be wasting money on anymore treatments.

Oliver runs his hand over his face -- tired.

Rain drizzles down the window.

Michael secretly glances down at his watch. Looks up anxiously.

MICHAEL

Look, I hate to pry. But do you have someone meeting you? You look like a man who shouldn't be alone right now.

OLIVER

Got a son. He doesn't really want to talk to me. Can't say I blame him. Been trying to reach him all day.

MICHAEL

He live in Cold Spring?

Oliver looks at Michael a moment. Finally he nods "yes."

OLIVER

Yeah. He lives in Cold Spring.

Beat.

OLIVER

I just want to see my boy. We haven't spoken in so long. Funny the stupid things people fight over. And then you stop talking.

Tears in his eyes.

OLIVER

I don't know if he's going to show.

Michael doesn't know what to say.

Oliver looks at him... taking in Michael's worn face and cracked lip.

MICHAEL

He'll show.

OLIVER

I don't think --

MICHAEL

He will.

A small smile. Michael pats Oliver's shoulder and gets up. Oliver nods.

Bill walks by.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

GARRISON! GARRISON! LAST STOP  
BEFORE COLD SPRING!

Michael now turns and sees one last suspect remaining: NATHAN.

EXT. TRAIN, MOVING - NIGHT

The train clears the old train depot.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Into the Bluetooth.

MICHAEL

I found your man. Now just let my family go. I did what you want.

THE VOICE

What's your proof?

MICHAEL

(keeping an eye on  
Nathan)

He's the only guy left with a daily ticket getting off at Cold Spring. There's no one else.

EXT. GARRISON PLATFORM - NIGHT

The train pulls into Garrison station. Doors open.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Train stops. People lined up to exit.

The Track Worker watches.

Nathan starts to gather *his things*. His briefcase. Umbrella. Puts on his coat.

MICHAEL

Wait.

A look of worry crosses Michael's face.

Michael runs to the exit doors just as NATHAN STEPS OFF -- doors close.

The Bluetooth buzzes.

THE VOICE

That man just got off the train.  
What the fuck just happened,  
Michael?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

THE VOICE

WHO IS DEVLIN?

MICHAEL

It was him... it had to be him --

THE VOICE

No, Michael. It wasn't --

MICHAEL

-- There's no one else. Your  
Devlin doesn't exist!

EXT. GARRISON PLATFORM - NIGHT

The train pulls away.

INT. LEAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Bill enters car and walks by.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

Next stop COLD SPRING... COLD  
SPRING. END OF THE LINE!

THE VOICE

Michael we have a serious problem.  
This train gets into Cold Spring  
in five minutes.

MICHAEL

THERE'S NO DEVLIN.

THE VOICE

Listen to me, Michael! Two  
Federal Agents are waiting on that  
platform right now. They are  
waiting for someone who's going to  
talk. They're waiting for Devlin.  
You fucked up!

MICHAEL

I've done all I can. Just let my  
family go.

He collapses into a seat.

THE VOICE

This is NOT what we expected of  
you. Most decorated detective.

THE VOICE  
Solved the Boerum Hills murders --

MICHAEL  
-- For God's sake let them go --

THE VOICE  
Youngest cop to be awarded the  
medal of valor --

MICHAEL  
-- we did nothing to you --

THE VOICE  
The boy wunderkind. The Prodigy.  
And this is the best you can do?  
You're not worth shit! You're  
pathetic, you're --

MICHAEL  
I DIDN'T CLOSE THE BOERUM HILL  
MURDERS! I DIDN'T FIGURE OUT THE  
IMPOSSIBLE CASE. YOU PICKED THE  
WRONG GUY!

The Voice falls silent. Michael a broken man, shaking --  
buried emotion rising from the pit of his stomach -- eyes  
full of tears.

MICHAEL  
I was just the goddamn poster boy.  
I was just the face they needed.

Utter silence.

THE VOICE  
What are you saying, Michael?

MICHAEL  
The guy who solved that case was  
on the take... corrupt. The  
department was about to go through  
another scandal.

His head buried in his hands.

MICHAEL  
They came up with a brilliant  
solution. They use me and I use  
them. I made a deal. Okay? I  
made a goddamn deal!  
(pause)  
They gave me credit for something  
I didn't do... made it seem like  
I saw action... that I was in the  
line of fire. They made me into  
some sort of hero.

Pause. The SOUND of the train speeding over tracks.

THE VOICE  
So you really are a nobody.  
Goodbye, Michael.

MICHAEL  
WHAT ABOUT MY FAMILY?

THE VOICE  
These conversations can no longer  
serve any useful purpose. It's  
over.

MICHAEL  
No! Let them go! Let them --

Click.

EXT/INT. VAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Mr. Stone driving the windowless van down an empty rural road. He pulls the van in between some trees and shuts it off.

He pulls out a GUN -- snaps a magazine into place.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

He slides open the side door to reveal Karen and Danielle tied and gagged.

MR. STONE  
Come on.

He rips them out.

MR. STONE  
(into headset)  
Just waiting for your word.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Agents Denys and Morrison walk down the length of the platform.

AGENT MORRISON  
This witness know where to meet us?

Agent Denys points to a large clock in the center.

AGENT DENYS  
Right under the old clock.

Agent Denys looks up at the clock.

AGENT DENYS  
Three minutes.

INT. LEAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael seated, face drained of color.

Bill walks down the aisle swiping the Zone Ticket Stubs from the back of the seats.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR  
Cold Spring. Last and final stop.

Michael looks out the window. Towns and villages pass by. He is sweating more profusely.

MICHAEL  
(desperate, broken)  
Where'd I go wrong? I missed something...

He closes his eyes.

INTERCUT WITH FAST, FRAGMENTED FLASHBACKS:

INT. TRAIN - FLASHBACK

Arriving on the train at Grand Central.

MICHAEL  
Start at the beginning... start at the beginning...

Bumping into the Business Man... his original train leaving.

WE NOW SEE the Business Man quickly switching cell phones and stealing the blackberry in the confusion of the moment.

MICHAEL  
They needed me on this train.

The large TRACK WORKER with grease on his face climbs the rail to the platform. He bumps into Michael.

MICHAEL'S POV searching for a seat. Crowded faces dabbed with sweat.

Cranston.

CRANSTON  
You got the sports section?

Another flashback: Loud Cell Phone Talker.

LOUD CELL PHONE TALKER  
They fuck with me... they get fucked by me!

The Nurse grabbing her Daughter and GETTING UP from their seat, heading into the other car.

ANOTHER IMAGE: Nathan wandering up the aisle... taking the Nurse's seat.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. LEAD CAR - PRESENT - NIGHT

ON MICHAEL

As he opens his eyes with a realization.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

That wasn't his seat. That's why  
he got off at Garrison. That zone  
seven belonged to...

He bolts up and looks into the next car.

HIS POV

The car near empty. A couple of passengers.

WITH MICHAEL as he walks into the second car.

INT. CAR 2 - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael slowly creeps down the aisle. No sight of the Nurse  
and Daughter.

He stands at their empty seat.

The Nurse's bag and novel left on the seat.

MICHAEL

(under breath)

They switched seats...

Michael looks around a moment. He opens the bag, not exactly  
sure what he's looking for.

MICHAEL

She can't be Devlin.

He sifts through its contents.

Accidently the NOVEL drops to the floor -- The Drowning Man  
by TOM STRATTON.

The novel spread open on the floor. He hastily picks it up  
to place it back in the bag.

Turning it over in his hands, he NOW SEES SOMETHING.

ON A PAGE

A name in one of the sentences:

DEVLIN.

FLIPPING THROUGH THE PAGES

The name again -- *DEVLIN*.

YET ANOTHER PAGE

*Devlin is the main character of the Tom Stratton novel.*

Michael closes his eyes in disbelief.

MICHAEL

It was an alias.

Suddenly the sound of a door opening.

He looks up to see the Nurse and Daughter exiting the bathroom. He quickly tucks the book into the bag before the Nurse sees him.

Michael turns around right into...

Track Worker.

The Nurse takes her seat next to her Daughter.

Michael gives Track Worker a subtle nod.

TRACK WORKER

Now's the time. Follow me.

The two walk to the center of the car.

Bill enters and speaks in the background to the Nurse.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

You're gonna have to move to the lead car, miss. Only the lead car opens for Cold Spring.

She gathers her things and moves up to the lead car.

ON MICHAEL AND TRACK WORKER

TRACK WORKER

The bathroom. There's a panel below the sink. Open it.

MICHAEL

I'm done. I did what you asked.

TRACK WORKER

Go.

INT. CAR 2, MOVING - NIGHT

Michael walks up to the bathroom and opens the door.

INT. BATHROOM, MOVING - NIGHT

Below the sink, a panel slightly ajar. He pulls it back and sticks his hand in. He pulls out...

A GUN.

THE VOICE

This is almost over, Michael. You just have to finish it.

MICHAEL

You said nothing about me doing this. I did what you wanted --

THE VOICE

-- Michael --

MICHAEL

-- I found Devlin --

THE VOICE

-- Listen to me --

MICHAEL

-- Let go of my family --

THE VOICE

-- Michael --

MICHAEL

-- I can't kill her --

THE VOICE

-- STOP.

(beat)

We can't risk getting caught. There's cameras everywhere. Too many witnesses.

(beat)

You have to do this.

MICHAEL

I want to hear Karen. I'll do this but I have to talk to her first.

THE VOICE

Can't do that, Michael. You're gonna have to do this on blind faith.

MICHAEL

Just let me talk to her!

THE VOICE

I'm afraid that's just not possible.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Mr. Stone pushes Karen and Danielle deeper into the forest.  
Karen stumbles.

He drags her to her feet.

EXT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

The train hurtles past.

INT. CAR 2, MOVING - NIGHT

Michael exits the bathroom. The gun tucked under his shirt.

INT. LEAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

He takes an empty seat facing forwards toward the rear. The sound of the train growing ever louder.

TIGHT ON MICHAEL'S GHOST-WHITE FACE

As he stares weakly out the window. Forehead covered in sweat. Heavy dark bags under his eyes. Outside street lamps flicker over his face with a cold glint -- WE ARE BACK AT THE BEGINNING.

ANNOUNCER

Cold Spring. Last stop... Cold Spring. All must exit for Cold Spring.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION, PLATFORM - NIGHT

The SOUND of the rails rattling from the oncoming train.

AGENT MORRISON

Here she comes.

The light from the distant train starts to illuminate around a bend.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

Some commuters are asleep, others still work at their laptops.

ANNOUNCER

Cold Spring. Last stop. End of the line.

The train begins to slow.

MICHAEL'S HANDS

Shivering. His eyes closing.

The train HORN blows loud... he grimaces... grating on him.

MOVING PAST the tired faces of the other Commuters.

The train barrels its way over the rails in a monotonous drone.

MICHAEL'S POV

The EMERGENCY EXIT WINDOW staring back at him. His breathing becomes labored. The emergency exit window looms larger and larger in his tunnel vision POV.

He turns away.

No one looking at him. He pushes himself up out of his seat. He staggers to the front of the car.

*His fingers itching to his jacket.*

His jaw biting down... his face full of strain.

THIS TIME MOVING IN MICHAEL'S POV...

Going down the aisle... towards the Nurse...

THE VOICE

Now, Michael. The train's coming in. Do it now!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Mr. Stone throws Karen and Danielle into a crevice. He puts the gun to Karen's head. She shuts her eyes in anticipation.

INT. LEAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Michael staggers slowly on. Closer to his victim.

ANNOUNCER

END OF THE LINE!

COLD SPRING signs sail by.

Another TRAIN HORN sounds LONG AND LOUD.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION, PLATFORM - CONTINUING

Agents Denys and Morrison watch as the lead car glides past them. The train comes to a stop, brakes screeching.

INT. LEAD CAR - CONTINUING

The DOORS about to open.

THE VOICE

NOW!

Michael's eyes closed. The gun in his hand. This is the final moment...

WITH MICHAEL

As he YELLS at the top of his voice -- spinning around to face the passengers... in a blur the GUN in his hands -- aiming at the NURSE -- PEOPLE SCREAMING --

MICHAEL  
DON'T OPEN THE DOORS! KEEP THE  
GOD DAMN DOORS CLOSED!

Michael fires the GUN twice into the ceiling.

The State Trooper goes to draw his gun. Michael turns to him.

MICHAEL  
DROP IT!

The State Trooper drops his gun.

MICHAEL  
ON THE GROUND.

Michael cuffs him.

He walks over to the Track Worker.

TRACK WORKER  
You really screwed up.

Michael slams him with the butt of the gun, dropping him. He rips the EARPIECE PHONE from the Track Worker's ear and smashes it under his feet.

EXT. COLD SPRING TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUING

Agent Morrison and Agent Denys run down the platform.

AGENT DENYS  
We got a situation!

Denys pulls his gun. Morrison talking into his walkie talkie.

AGENT MORRISON  
Shots fired at Cold Spring, on the  
commuter train... requesting  
police back-up.

INT. LEAD CAR - CONTINUING

Michael holds the gun in the air. The Federal Agents reach the outside of the car.

MICHAEL'S POV

The Federal Agents outside the window.

WITH MICHAEL

MICHAEL  
STAY BACK! NOBODY COMES ON THIS  
TRAIN!

EXT. PLATFORM - CONTINUING

Agent Denys looks to Morrison.

AGENT DENYS  
PULL BACK!

INT. LEAD CAR - CONTINUING

Michael watches the two agents back away down the platform.

MICHAEL  
(to himself)  
Come on, come on. Westchester  
doesn't have a Tactical. Bring in  
SWAT. Bring Murph.

THE VOICE  
What the hell do you think you are  
doing?

Michael looks to the Nurse holding her daughter.

MICHAEL  
As long as she stays away from the  
Feds, you keep Karen and Danielle  
alive.

THE VOICE  
You're buying time, Michael.  
That's all you're doing.

MICHAEL  
Bring Karen and Danielle here! I  
want to see them!

THE VOICE  
You're in no position to make  
demands!

MICHAEL  
You don't bring them here, I open  
these doors and it's all over.  
Now bring me my family!

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A circus of POLICE CARS, ONLOOKERS, news vans, etc. Agents  
Denys and Morrison behind a make-shift barricade of police  
cars.

Agent Denys on a BULLHORN.

AGENT DENYS

You need to talk to us! We cannot  
help you unless you tell us what  
it is you want.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

The lights out. Dark sweat stains on all the commuters.

Michael approaches the Nurse, holding her Daughter.

MICHAEL

How did you see the murder?

NURSE

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

MICHAEL

There are people who want me to  
kill you.

NURSE

(cowering)

Please don't hurt me!

The Nurse crying.

NURSE

I don't know what you want with me.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to hurt you. I just  
want to know how you saw the  
murder.

The Daughter begins to sob.

DAUGHTER

Please don't hurt my mommy!

NURSE

Look -- I don't know what you're  
talking about. Please just leave  
us alone --

She grasps her daughter closer.

MICHAEL

-- I'm not going to --

NURSE

-- PLEASE ! --

Suddenly the Daughter blurts out.

DAUGHTER

I saw them! Okay. It's all my fault! Please don't hurt my mommy!

The Daughter in tears. Michael looks at her in shocked silence.

DAUGHTER

I jumped the turnstile. I saw them push that woman onto the tracks.

A beat.

MICHAEL

You're Devlin.

The Nurse pulls her Daughter in tighter.

MICHAEL

(gently)

I have a daughter about your age. What's your name?

DAUGHTER/SOFIA

Sofia.

MICHAEL

Hi, Sofia. I'm Michael. And I'm not going to let anything happen to you.

Michael turns back to the window to see the NYPD SWAT TRUCK pulling to a stop.

MICHAEL

(with a relieved smile)

Murph.

To the mother and daughter.

MICHAEL

It's okay now.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - CONTINUING

Murph exits the truck with the rest of the SWAT TEAM.

AGENT DENYS

NYPD SWAT. It's protocol for them to reinforce local.

Murph approaches Agent Denys.

MURPH

Jack Murphy. NYPD. What are we dealing with?

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Michael looks out the window at the Police build-up.

MICHAEL

Bill. The air conditioning.

BILL THE CONDUCTOR

The power. You had me shut down  
the power.

Michael paces, thinking. He looks back out the window. He  
sees the SWAT team taking positions.

MICHAEL

Come on, Murph. Come to me. I  
need your damn help.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - CONTINUING

VARIOUS ROOFTOPS... SNIPERS take up positions.

NEWS REPORTERS on CAMERA. Helicopters flit overhead.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Michael sees a SILHOUETTE walking down the platform holding  
a bullhorn.

MURPH (O.S.)

This is the New York Police  
Department. My name is Jack  
Murphy. Whoever is in there we  
need to talk. I am unarmed.

The silhouette walks into the light with arms up to reveal  
MURPH wearing a bullet proof vest.

EXT. PLATFORM - CONTINUING

Murph looks up to see the door crack open.

MURPH

(into walkie)  
I'm going in.

Murph slowly enters the train.

INT. LEAD CAR - CONTINUING

Murph turns to see Michael. He is completely shocked.

MURPH

Michael? Jesus.

MICHAEL

Murph. Thank God you're here.

MURPH

What the hell is going on?

Michael walks with Murph to the end of the car away from the Passengers, who crowd against the windows.

MICHAEL

They have Karen and Danielle. I'm taking a huge chance talking to you right now.

MURPH

Wait a second. Who has Karen and Danielle? What are you talking about?

MICHAEL

I don't know who they are...

Michael points to the unconscious Track Worker.

MICHAEL

That guy is with them.

(beat)

Take him off the train. Question him. Find out where they're holding them.

MURPH

Hold on. What do they want from you?

Michael gestures to Sofia in the arms of her mother.

MICHAEL

The little girl. She saw the Councilwoman murdered in the subway. She was going to meet two federal agents. Why the Feds I don't know.

MURPH

Which girl?

MICHAEL

Over there.

Murph locks eyes with Sofia.

MICHAEL

If I don't kill her, Karen and Danielle are dead.

Murph looks visibly sickened.

MURPH

A little girl. God.

MICHAEL

I need your help. If they see you  
take her off the train...

(breaking off)

They already murdered my friend  
Cranston.

Murph trying to digest this all.

MURPH

Okay. This is what we're going to  
do. We take the track worker off.  
We get him to talk. We find your  
family.

Michael stares at him.

MICHAEL

What did you say?

MURPH

We get him to talk, he can lead us  
to --

MICHAEL

The track worker. You said track  
worker.

(beat)

How did you know he worked on the  
tracks?

MURPH

I don't know, Michael. The  
uniform. Does it make a  
difference?

MICHAEL

He looks like any other  
construction worker...

Michael's face struck with a growing realization. He looks  
to the Nurse.

MICHAEL

Why would she meet the Feds unless  
she was scared of... the cops?

Suddenly he pulls the gun on his friend.

MICHAEL

Tell me you don't have anything to  
do with this!

People screaming in the background. Murph raises his hands,  
talking quietly to calm Michael.

MURPH

Michael, you're not thinking clearly.

MICHAEL

Bullshit! She was scared of the cops. Why? Because the police threw that woman onto the tracks! Don't tell me you don't know that -- !

MURPH

Michael, I swear I don't know --

MICHAEL

(nodding to Track Worker)

DO YOU know that man? Do you?

MURPH

-- of course not I --

MICHAEL

Tell me the truth or I'll shoot you right now!

(beat)

DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS?

MURPH

Stand down! I swear I don't know about any of this!

Michael holds the gun tighter, aiming it at Murph's face.

MICHAEL

You needed me on this train! That's why you insisted on that drink. You made me late. YOU GOT ME ON THIS TRAIN. NOW TELL ME THE TRUTH!

Murph utterly silent. A moment.

MURPH

The Councilwoman was going to bring us all down. She was investigating into our affairs. She had to be taken care of.

He looks over at Sofia.

MURPH

This is all just collateral damage.

MICHAEL

How could you?

Murph speaks in a harsh whisper.

MURPH

God damn it. Do you think it's that easy? I put my ass on the line everyday. So what if compromises had to be made.

Murph leans in close to him.

MURPH

Do you think we can just hand your family over? Michael. You had a JOB to do, and you fucked it up.

Shocked silence.

MICHAEL

You altered your voice. It was you on the phone.

MURPH

You were our best option.

Michael still trying to digest this.

MURPH

If we got caught taking down Devlin, we'd all fall.

MICHAEL

You son of a bitch!

Michael suddenly throws him back against the wall. Punches him hard in the face.

A Commuter sees a moment and charges Michael from behind.

Michael whips out the gun.

MICHAEL

BACK! On the ground!

The Commuter backs off.

COMMUTER

Okay, man. Okay.

Michael turns the gun back on Murph. Murph bleeding. Wipes the blood from his mouth.

Michael presses the gun up against Murph's head.

MURPH

If I don't walk out of here you're a dead man. Now stand down!

Michael backs off, lowering the gun.

Murph peers out a window, in the distance a BLUE VAN sits on top of a bridge over the train tracks.

He turns back to Michael, talking quietly and out of earshot from the other commuters.

MURPH

Karen and Danielle are in that van. You finish this. You have my word they will not be harmed.

MICHAEL

And I'm going to live knowing what I know?

MURPH

A gamble we'll both have to take.

(pause)

You talk, there are still many ways to get to you and your family.

Michael looks down, a man at a crossroads.

MURPH

I'm just doing what I'm told. Cops stick together. Or don't you remember?

Murph begins to head out.

MURPH

Oh and Michael, don't try to be some sort of hero. Now we both know you don't have that in you.

Murph pushes open the door and leaves.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Agent Denys turns to Agent Morrison.

AGENT DENYS

He's leaving now.

EXT. VAN, BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mr. Stone sits at the wheel of the van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUING

He turns to Karen.

MR. STONE

This is going to be over very soon.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Murph approaches other SWAT members who look over a diagram of the train.

MURPH

We're going in. I want team A to come through the side. Team B through the rear.

Agent Denys in the background speaks up.

AGENT DENYS

Whoa whoa, officer. We need to open negotiations!

MURPH

And why are you here?

(beat)

This isn't a federal situation!

(to SWAT member)

Officer Jenkins, escort these men behind police lines.

Two SWAT members block off the two Federal Agents.

Murph walks over to his second in command, TEAM A COMMANDER, a gruff man with cold eyes. They are out of earshot.

MURPH

Carl.

TEAM A COMMANDER

What do we got?

MURPH

(quietly but harsh)

We go in hard. The girl and the mother are going to die.

(beat)

But not by our hands. By *his*.

Murph removes a HANDGUN. He hands it to the SWAT commander.

MURPH

When the smoke clears, that's the way it's going to look. Understand?

Team A Commander looks at the gun a moment. A conflicted pause. Then he nods, clasping the gun beneath his vest.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Michael looks down at his gun. He watches Murph in the distance.

MICHAEL  
They're coming in.

He turns and sees the Nurse. Her face is wracked with guilt.

NURSE  
This is all my fault.

MICHAEL  
No, it's --

NURSE  
My baby saw those men kill that poor woman. She said she saw a police badge. Damn dirty cops. We got out of that subway, but I thought they saw us leaving.

MICHAEL  
No one's blaming you.

The Nurse needs to tell someone.

NURSE  
I didn't want them to hurt my baby. She's all I got. I... I didn't feel safe. I was scared. Cops everywhere in my neighborhood. Just wanted to get the hell out of the city. You have to understand, I thought I was doing what was best for her.

Michael puts his arm on her. He nods.

Michael paces, surveying the train, mind racing. He looks at the faces of the scared passengers.

MICHAEL  
(to all)  
Everybody! Listen to me! They're going to be coming in soon. When they do, I want you to hit the ground, hands behind your heads.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, PLATFORM - NIGHT

A TEAM (B) of THREE SWAT use a prying device on a door in one of the rear cars, opens it.

The Team enters into the car.

SWAT OFFICER  
We're in the train.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Murph talks into his headset.

MURPH  
Proceed forward.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, PLATFORM - NIGHT

SWAT TEAM (A) move low to the the ground on the outside of the train towards the lead car.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A SNIPER on the rooftop. Across from him on an adjacent roof another SNIPER. Rain coming down hard.

SNIPER SCOPE POV

The faces of the Passengers. Through a small gap between the Passengers he can see just a glimpse of Michael.

SNIPER  
Target acquired. I don't have a clear shot.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Michael holding the gun close to him, eyes searching out the window. He looks back to the Nurse and Sofia.

EXT. PLATFORM - CONTINUING

THREE SWAT members move to the outside of the door into the lead car lead by TEAM A COMMANDER.

SWAT OFFICER  
Team A in place.

The SWAT members put on gas masks.

INT. CAR 2 - CONTINUING

SWAT TEAM B, led by TEAM B COMMANDER, scurries through the train. The laser sites of their guns zigzag with their movement.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

The Nurse looks to Michael, tears in her eyes.

NURSE  
They're going to kill us, aren't they?

MICHAEL  
Listen to me. Whatever happens, I'm not going to let them hurt you or your daughter.

He looks around the train -- mind working.

He turns back to her.

MICHAEL

There's more than one way off this train.

INT. CAR 2 - CONTINUING

TEAM B moves into place outside the connecting doors to the lead car.

SWAT OFFICER

Team B in place.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - CONTINUING

Agent Denys and Morrison behind police lines watching. The public view of the train obstructed.

AGENT DENYS

This isn't right. They're moving in too soon.

AGENT MORRISON

You think this has something to do with Devlin?

AGENT DENYS

What do you think?

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - CONTINUING

MURPH

All teams shoot on sight. I repeat shoot target on sight.

EXT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Team A breaks the window and fires a GAS CANISTER into the train. SCREAMS of panic from inside.

TEAM A COMMANDER

Go... go... go!

Team A pries the door and pours in.

INT. CAR 2 - NIGHT

Team B charges in to the lead car in a mad rush.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Passengers huddled on the floor crying out. The blinding SMOKE instantly filling the entire car.

Red lasers break through the smoke as the two teams meet in a sudden violent onrush of blurred movement.

People coughing and gagging on the ground in the haze.

Team A Commander pulls the gun Murph gave him.

He shines his light on a few scared faces, people cowering in fear.

He reaches the last person.

TEAM A COMMANDER  
I got nothing.

The smoke beginning to clear.

He gets on his walkie.

TEAM A COMMANDER  
They're gone.

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING - NIGHT

MURPH  
That's impossible!

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Team A Commander looks around as the smoke dissipates.

TEAM A COMMANDER  
The target is not on this train.

He sees something.

TEAM A COMMANDER  
Wait a second...

He moves slowly to the center of the floor.

HIS POV

The faint outlines of an emergency HATCH in the floor. The door slightly ajar.

TEAM A COMMANDER  
Sonofabitch...

EXT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING - NIGHT

Murph scanning the platforms and the tracks with binoculars.

MURPH  
Sniper positions. Target has left the train! Find him!

MULTIPLE SNIPER POVS searching the area along the train. Rain drumming down in a blur... no signs of them.

SNIPER  
I do not have target.

SNIPER 2  
Negative.

MURPH  
DAMN IT!

EXT. TRACK - CONTINUING

Michael holds Sofia in his arms. The Nurse at his side.  
They are huddled away from the train, at the end of and under  
the platform.

Michael looks down the tracks to see the blue VAN holding his  
family.

*He spots on the rooftops the two Snipers.*

MICHAEL  
I try to get to my family those  
snipers are going to take us out.

Michael sees where the TRACKS END: straight into a train  
WAREHOUSE of some sort. Mobile scaffolding and other  
mechanical debris litter the end of the tracks.

His eyes scan along the warehouse to the crowds of onlookers.

He then SEES AGENTS DENYS AND MORRISON.

MICHAEL  
We have to get to those Federal  
Agents. You understand?

The Nurse nods.

MICHAEL  
That building will be our cover.  
We just have to get there.

The rain drums down.

The Nurse shivers.

MICHAEL  
You can do this. On the count of  
three.

She nods hesitantly. Michael cradles Sofia.

NURSE  
(blurting it out)  
I'm Mercedes. I... guess I just  
wanted you to know.

Michael smiles, the rain on his face.

Michael looks out through the haze.

MICHAEL

Okay. One. Two. Three!

They leap up and dash through the downpour, racing to the protective cover of the warehouse, Mercedes in the lead.

Sofia clings to Michael's neck, crying.

SNIPER POV

Catching Michael's image... hand on trigger... SQUEEZING IT SUDDENLY --

WITH MERCEDES AND MICHAEL

Mercedes ducks behind the warehouse corner just as --

A sniper bullet whizzes into Michael's shoulder.

Michael drops, crying out in pain. He sprawls and his gun clatters away out of reach and into a puddle.

He grips Sofia tighter... he's not letting her go.

WITH MURPH

MURPH

Finish it.

THE SNIPER

As he lines up his scope to finish Michael and the girl.

FOLLOWING MICHAEL

As he scrambles with the little girl to the covering of the train scaffold.

SNIPER

They're behind the scaffold.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Michael, covered in his own blood, on his side with Sofia. He cowers behind the scaffold. Sofia dimly sees her mother.

SOFIA

Mommy!

Mercedes looks out across the ten foot space, emotion overwhelming her.

MICHAEL'S POV

He needs to make a run across the short space. Searchlights beam over the tracks. A SWAT helicopter circles.

Mercedes beckons him on. Michael is weak. Blood staining his shirt.

MURPH WAITS.

MURPH  
Take. Them. Out.

Michael looks to Sofia. She is shivering.

MICHAEL  
I'm not gonna let you go. Okay?

She finally nods... somehow believing he can do this.

He struggles to stand, crouching low.

THE SNIPERS waiting to shoot.

MURPH awaiting the outcome.

MICHAEL suddenly sprints across the short space -- bullets ricocheting around him, missing by inches.

Michael leaps to the side of the warehouse -- safe.

SOFIA  
Mommy!

MERCEDES  
Baby. It's okay, baby.

MULTIPLE SNIPER POV'S scanning the tracks. No sign of them.

SNIPER  
WE LOST THEM.

INT. TRAIN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. Decrepit. Old gutted TRAIN CARS. A labyrinth of INDUSTRIAL EQUIPMENT.

Michael, holding the girl, hunched low. The Nurse at his side. The three moving between the TRAINS.

A SPOTLIGHT from a helicopter blasts high up through the dirty, cracked windows. The copter flies by.

A large door up ahead.

MURPH (O.S.)  
MICHAEL! COME OUT, MICHAEL!

The GIRL crying. Michael puts his hand over her mouth, muffling her.

MURPH (O.S.)

All these years. Thought you were the big hero. I looked up to you. Boerum Hill Detective. Looks like we both told lies.

No response in the darkness.

MURPH (O.S.)

You're nothing, Michael! Hear me? NOTHING.

Murph stalks his prey, coming into view.

MURPH

You may have fooled me once, Michael. But not this time.

Michael looks through a train undercarriage to see...

Murph holding a machine gun.

MURPH

I have them, Michael!

Murph pulls from out of view KAREN and DANIELLE, gagged, crying.

Murph quickly handcuffs Danielle to a pole. He pulls Karen with him.

MURPH

There's no way out. Just give me the girl and her mom. I'm not going to hurt you. Do the smart thing, Michael.

Murph walks between the cars with Karen.

He turns a corner. Pigeons fly up into the rafters.

ON MICHAEL....

His shirt soaked in blood. A trail of blood behind him. He is very weak.

ON MURPH

He peers into the darkness, looking.

SUDDENLY A SOUND BEHIND THE TRAIN.

Murph turns back to the old train -- their hiding spot. He walks forward and turns the corner.

MICHAEL GONE.

Murph looks down to see a trail of Michael's blood leading between the trains.

Slowly he follows through the darkness.

He turns another corner, the trail of blood on the floor leading into the darkness. Tall cartons and crates line the side of the narrow passage.

Suddenly Murph fires his gun into the corner. Karen screams behind her gag.

Murph drags Karen up to the dark corner.

Following the trail of blood...

HE NOW SEES

A part of Michael's shirt, torn, sitting on the ground. Murph turns, confused.

Suddenly leaping out from the side is Michael. The two men fall to the ground. The gun knocked away. Karen retreats back where Mercedes and Sofia stand.

The two men take out their rage on one another. Striking and clawing at each other. Michael pushes Murph over a crate as Murph holds onto him. They both fall over --

INTO A GUTTED OLD TRAIN CAR THAT HAS NO ROOF.

The brutal life and death fight continues. Murph kicks Michael back into the train seats. Michael recovers and grapples with Murph.

Michael on top of Murph, beating him to a pulp.

Murph has lost.

MICHAEL

Don't ever come near my family again!

From off in the darkness... the sound of a gun CLICK. Murph subtly smiles.

OFF-SCREEN VOICE

Freeze!

A FLASHLIGHT blinds both of them.

The flashlight lowers to reveal Agents Denys and Morrison, guns drawn, moving into the car. The women watch from the higher level.

Michael raises his hands.

MICHAEL  
Devlin! I have Devlin.

INT. TOWN OF COLD SPRING, TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Michael hugs Karen and Danielle in an emotional reunion. A MEDIC finishes bandaging his side.

MEDIC  
You're lucky. It went right through.

Assorted cops and Federal Agents taking statements from Passengers in the b.g.

Agent Denys leafs through an ID BOOK OF POLICE OFFICERS with Sofia.

OFF TO THE SIDE, the Snobby Lady with her two KIDS. She is smiling and laughing, thankful to be alive. This is the first time we have seen any joy in the woman. She hugs her children tight.

IN THE BACKGROUND, the Sorority Girl. She picks up her cell.

SORORITY GIRL  
Hey. It's me. Listen...  
(beat)  
It's over between us. You want your stuff, it's up here in Cold Spring.

She drops the purple backpack in the garbage. She wipes a tear... then allows herself a victorious smile.

BACK WITH MICHAEL

Agent Denys walks over from Sofia.

AGENT DENYS  
She made positive ID's on the officers involved in the murder. This is big stuff.

Mercedes and Sofia approach the family.

MERCEDES  
I wanted to thank you. For everything.

Michael, Mercedes, and Sofia share a look.

AGENT DENYS  
Good work, son. This is gonna cut to the bone for the NYPD. Front page news. Hell, you're a damn hero.

MICHAEL  
I'm just a commuter.

Michael takes his daughter into his arms and holds her tight.

Michael looks to Karen.

MICHAEL  
What do you say we go home?

KAREN  
Sounds good to me.

He kisses his daughter. They exit the train station together.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Michael leads his family out of the train station past the remaining Police Officers and News Reporters.

In the background Murph and a couple of his men, handcuffed, being put in the back of police cars.

Michael now sees Oliver hugging a young man, his SON. A smile on Oliver's face.

Oliver catches Michael's eye. He nods, heavy with emotion.

Michael nods back. He continues to leave the station with his family.

PULL BACK TO HIGH ANGLE OF THE TRAIN STATION

The train tracks extend along the Hudson river. The buzz of activity continues.

FADE TO BLACK:

The End