

MARKED

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BIG GOLDEN LIGHT.

It plays across the concrete ground of an urban area.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY BLOCK - DAY

The sun's fury beats down on the city. Trees sway lightly in the breeze. There's a train station at the end of the block.

MATT, an unruly boy of sixteen, treads to the station while smoking a blunt.

A kind eyed PASTOR (40) hands Bibles to pedestrians up ahead. Matt shakes his head in annoyance and walks on the far end of the sidewalk to avoid the Pastor.

Something SLAMS into his chest.

PASTOR

The word of God, my son.

He holds one Bible to Matt's chest, wields the other like a sword. Startled, Matt shakes his head.

MATT

How the hell did you-

He decides to forget it, pushes the Bible away and steps forward. The Pastor steps in his way. Matt advances. The Pastor blocks him again.

He pierces Matt with an intense glare, offers him the Bible one more time.

Matt takes the book, but shoves it right back into the Pastor's hand as he forces his way past him.

The Pastor watches a bewildered Matt toss the smoked blunt and disappear into the subway.

INT. TRAIN CAR - UNDERGROUND

Matt sits alone. The train starts to move.

A SEXY LADY walks by, seizing Matt's attention. He rises from his seat, on the hunt. Catches up to her.

MATT

Hey. Gotta seat for you right here.

She stops walking - but doesn't respond. Matt grabs her shoulder and she swings around to face him.

A HUGE CROSS MADE OF ASHES marks her forehead.

MATT (CONT'D)

Whoa, what's that about?

The woman shoots him a blank stare.

MATT (CONT'D)

Kind of freaky. Name's Matt by the way.

Silence...

As she runs her finger over the cross. Matt scowls. Weirdest rejection move ever.

MATT (CONT'D)

Whatever...

That's when, without warning, she shoots a right hook. Matt ducks. Left cross comes at him next. Matt steps back. She charges him like a bull.

Matt falls backwards into a seat. She's on top of him now, scratching and clawing like a feral beast.

MATT (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK - GET OFF ME!

He shoves and KICKS her off of him.

She falls into the seats across the aisle and, upon impact, turns into SMOKE and ASH. She's completely gone.

Matt is frozen in confusion and shock.

MATT (CONT'D)

...I seriously gotta stop smoking.

On the floor, a newspaper headline reads: *"More People Seek God In Wake of Global Disasters!"*

MATT

God my ass.

Matt rips the paper and tosses it.

Turning around, he sees people occupying the seats now.

A BUSINESS MAN sits opposite Matt. He looks up. The same strange ash cross is marked on his forehead.

An OLD MAN has his face buried into a newspaper a few feet away. He looks up at Matt, revealing a cross branded on his forehead too. And runs his finger through it.

A jolt of fear flows through Matt's body.

MATT
(to Business Man)
Dude, what's with all the crosses?

He is met with a cold, hard gaze. Matt looks around.

No one in the train talks or interacts in any way. The eerie silence is accompanied only by the smooth movement of the train.

The Business Man and the Old Man both stare at Matt with an eerie emptiness. They trace their crosses together.

Matt is struck with anxiety.

The train stops. The doors open and Matt LEAPS UP to exit.

BODIES POUR into the train, colliding with Matt as he struggles to the doors.

MATT (CONT'D)
Fuck! Let me through!

Finally, he reaches the door - it shuts in his face!

Matt RAMS his fists into the door. Facing his reflection, he notes that his forehead is not marked.

Matt blinks several times and smacks his face as if this were a dream he could wake up from.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - UNDERGROUND

The train roars through the tunnel now.

INT. TRAIN CAR - UNDERGROUND

Reluctantly, Matt turns around.

The car is overcrowded.

A MAN - marked and blank-faced, stands so close to Matt that their noses are nearly touching. Matt waves his hand in front of The Man's eyes. He doesn't even blink.

Matt looks everywhere.

A YOUNG COUPLE - marked. A WOMAN and her NEWBORN BABY, marked. An innocent-looking OBESE KID - marked.

MATT

Freaking out.

THE PASSENGERS

All of them marked, turn to stare at Matt.

With dozens and dozens of dead eyes fixated upon him Matt cringes and his eyes get watery. He tries to move but he's pinned. No way out.

MATT

What the hell is wrong with you
freaks?! Let me through!

As if he were in complete control of them, the bodies part out of his way. In sync. An aisle is cleared.

Slowly, and very aware of the stares, Matt starts to move down to the next car.

The dead eyes follow him. Their bodies follow next, closing the gap behind Matt as he walks.

The passengers raise their fingers together and trace their crosses. Again. And again. Faster and harder with each stroke, drawing blood with their fingernails.

Matt makes it to the end of the car. He sees the next car is completely empty and tries to open the dividing door. It's stuck. Matt tries over and again, using all of his strength. But the door will not open.

MATT (CONT'D)

No, no, no! Let me out! Let me out!

And this is when the commuters attack Matt, pinning him to the door, scratching at his skin.

He swings around and shoves and blocks and punches. With each connecting hit someone vanishes into SMOKE and ASH. Matt blocks. Kicks. More SMOKE and ASH.

Everyone on the train vanishes as Matt fights back. It's chaos. And then --

Stillness. SURREAL SILENCE. Smoke billows throughout the car.

Tired and terrified, Matt balls up in a corner. He closes his eyes for a long time, groaning like a child.

Matt finally opens his eyes. Sees a WOMAN through the smoke. She looks familiar.

MATT (CONT'D)
Mom?! Oh, mom!

He rushes to hug her. Pulls back. Sees it on her too. The ash-cross.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The train zooms down the track at dangerous speed.

INT. TRAIN CAR - UNDERGROUND

Matt's mother bends down to kiss his empty forehead. She looks utterly devastated.

MATT'S MOM
I'm sorry it had to be this way.

She gracefully traces her cross. And disappears.

Matt is totally alone now.

The train comes to a swift stop. Doors open.

Matt dashes out of the car SCREAMING.

EXT. TRAIN STATION/CITY BLOCK - NIGHT

Wind HOWLS as a violent thunderstorm rages. This urban neighborhood is completely vacant. No lights anywhere.

The station doors BLAST open.

Matt barges out. Rounds the corner. Searching. Crying uncontrollably, he wipes his eyes and sees a FIGURE in the distance. Matt shambles to the figure...

It's the Pastor! Matt runs over and falls into his arms.

MATT
Help me father, PLEASE!

The Pastor looks at him in sadness and disbelief. A single tear rolls down his cheek.

PASTOR
Behold, I stand at the door, and
knock: If any man hear my voice,
and open the door, I will come in
to him.

FADE TO BLACK.