

Sleepers

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

HARRY BELMONT (40's) a bespectacled, thin, balding guy is seated at the table sipping coffee, reading his morning paper. The headline blazes "SUICIDE BOMBER KILLS TEN IN TIMES SQUARE".

HARRY

Mmmm.

Harry's wife SYLVIE (40's), gray hair pulled back, sharp featured with a facial tic, approaches from behind, placing a hand on his shoulder. Harry glances at her quickly.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Seen this dear?

SYLVIA

Yes I did. Could've been more.
People were lucky.

Harry checks his watch.

HARRY

Time to go. Don't want to be late.
Got a big day ahead.

SYLVIA

I'll get your case.

As Sylvia leaves the kitchen Harry jumps up, gulps down the last of his coffee, swings his suit jacket from the back of his chair, and follows.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia has the front door open and is holding a pristine aluminum attache case. Harry struggling with putting his jacket on eventually succeeds, takes the case, kisses Sylvia and skips out of the door.

HARRY

'Bye dear. Love you.

SYLVIA

Love you too. Think of me.

HARRY (O/S)
Always do.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

FIZAL TAIB (late teens) dressed in black and carrying a back pack, is running. He is sweating and wears a very concerned look on his face.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - MINUTES LATER

A small number of people await the arrival of the 6:10 train. Three men, all suited and carrying brief cases, JIM and FRANK (40's) both tall and well built, STU (50's) short fat and bald, are grouped together reading Stu's newspaper bearing the same headline as Harry's

STU
Bastards! No one's safe nowadays.

FRANK
These whackos are everywhere, and it's getting worse. I mean, look at this place. See any security?

The three men all automatically scope up and down the platform. Jim spots Harry approaching.

JIM
Ah here he is. Morning Harry. Thought you might be sick or something.

Harry nods to the men. He catches a glimpse of Stu's newspaper.

HARRY
Nah. Just got a bit caught up reading *that* story.

Once again Harry nods, this time towards the paper.

STU
Shocking right? But what'll they do to 'em if they catch 'em. Diddley squat, that's what!

Jim changes the subject addressing Harry.

JIM

But take a look at Mr. Wall Street here. That's some fancy case Harry boy!

HARRY

Like it? Thought I'd treat myself.

The men's attention turns to the track as they feel the rush of wind preceeding the arrival of their train. They ready themselves to board.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

Fizal, still running, sweating profusely, breathless, enters the subway.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Harry and the other three are strap-hanging, waiting for the train to depart. As the doors begin to close, Fizal rushes in. Stu turns to look at the newcomer. Fizal swings his backpack from his shoulder, takes a seat and places the pack on the seat next to him. He notices Stu staring at him and drops his head. Stu turns back to the others.

STU

(speaking in a hushed tone)
See that? That kid?

Frank glances over at Firaz.

FRANK

Just a kid Stu.

STU

(agitated)
No, no. Look at him. The way he's dressed. Got a back pack. That's what they use!

JIM

Who use?

Stu waves his newspaper in Jim's face.

STU

These bombers. And look at him. Sweating, nervous as hell.

(beat)

I think we've got a problem.

HARRY

Calm down Stu. As Frank said. Just a kid.

The men all take a quick look at Fizal who is now biting his nails. He suddenly stops and undoes his back pack, checking the contents.

JIM

Y'know. I think Stu might have a point. He's acting mighty strange.

FRANK

So, what do you suggest Stu? Stop the train?

Before Stu can reply, Harry butts in.

HARRY

Not a good idea. That only locks the doors, and I don't want to be stuck in here with some maniac.

STU

Then what? We mightn't have long. We should confront him.

FRANK

What if you're wrong?

STU

I'll apologize. But what if I'm right and we don't do anything?

The men take a moment to consider Stu's words. Harry is the first to respond.

HARRY

Let's say Stu's right. That means this guy has two options. This car will fill up at the next stop, so he could stay on or get onto the platform. Either way, he does a lot of damage, if....

Harry's voice trails off as he raises his eyebrows questioningly.

JIM

Frank, you and I can take him down. Keep him in his seat until we get help.

HARRY

If you're serious you've gotta grab his hands. Stop him pressing any buttons.

STU

Harry's right. Get him down and hold him down.

(beat)

Ready?

Frank and Jim prepare themselves.

HARRY

Not yet guys. Wait 'til the doors open and take him then. Stu you pull the emergency cord and I'll go get help.

STU

Makes sense.

(beat)

Right. All ready. We're just coming in.

Harry turns to Stu and presses his attache case onto his chest. Stu automatically clutches it.

HARRY

Take good care of this Stu. I'll be right back.

As the train stops Jim and Frank jump Fizal. He struggles with the two men knocking his back pack on the floor.

FRANK

Grab his hands! Hands!

FIZAL

What the fuck?

As the doors slide open Stu pulls the emergency cord, the alarm screams and Harry pushes his way through the crowd surging onto the car.

STU

(shouting)

Don't panic! Everything's under control.

As the crowd swarms on, Stu still clutching Harry's case, is pushed to where Jim and Frank are struggling with Fizal. He slips on something. When he looks at the floor, he sees he has stepped on the contents of Fizal's back pack. A sandwich and some text books. He screams.

STU

Frank! Jim! Stop. Guys, stop!

Frank, still struggling looks back at Stu who is staring at the floor. Frank follows his gaze and immediately releases Fizal.

FRANK

Shit! Jim hold it, Jim. Look.

Jim stops struggling and peers down. A confused look crosses his face.

JIM

Stu?

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - SECONDS LATER

Harry is away from the platform standing behind a wall. He punches a number into his cell phone and hits send. The sound of an explosion rips through the air. Harry smiles.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME MORNING

Sylvia is sitting at the kitchen table. She is putting the final touches to an explosive device in an aluminum attache case. A small radio on the table plays Frank Sinatra's "Strangers in the night". Sylvia hums along.

RADIO ANNOUNCER.

We interrupt this program to bring you breaking news. There has been an explosion this morning at a downtown subway station. Police report there are many casualties including fatalities. We will bring you more news as we receive it. Now, back to the music.

Sylvia switches off the radio.

SYLVIA

Way to go Harry.

She closes the case and gently places it on the floor alongside a number of others, identical.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Now my little ones. Where shall we
take you next?

Sylvia looks into the camera and smiles an evil smile.

FADE OUT:

THE END.