

42.2

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OVER BLACK:

Heavy, panicked panting.

MAN
(frantic)
Stop it, stop it, STOP IT!
Please... I don't want to see it
no more.

Heavy breaths.

MAN
Okay, I'll do it!

A squelching sound, followed by an almighty pained CRY.

Something TEARS, Then THUDS on the ground.

The man CRIES in agony-- stops, abruptly.

MAN
(demonic)
I'm in.

SMASH IN:

EXT. GRAVITY TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

Lightning constantly forks across a blood red sky. A perpetual electrical storm.

On the large, marble platform stands BENEDICT (60s) his glutinous belly bursting from his fine cotton shirt.

Behind him, a substantial steel and brick terminal building. It's pointed arch entrance, stained glass windows and flying buttresses show heavy gothic influences.

BENEDICT
Where is it!?

Next to him stands ABADDON (40's) unshaven and in an ordinary black suit.

ABADDON
Ten seconds

A RUMBLE from underground. Benedict grins broadly.

There are no train tracks at the side of the platform. Instead, large metal rings stand upright, ten feet apart.

The rings lead to a large dark hole at the end, and continue into it.

Lights appear from the hole, feint at first but quickly grow in intensity.

The metal rings react, emanate a magnetic buzz.

A large TRAIN bursts from the hole and into the first ring. The rings move with the train as it passes through them, seemingly dragging it out of the hole.

It's monstrous machine, twice the size of a normal train. No engine, only carriages.

They are a mix of deep black and dark purple. Ornate Carvings run their length underneath wheel and glass stained windows.

A tall A-frame roof with crested ridge tiles leads to a different finial on each carriage. A dragon, a gargoyle, a coiled snake.

The rings pull the train along the platform until it stops in the middle. Hovering in place.

Benedict lets out a deep belly laugh.

Abaddon lowers his watch.

ABADDON

Forty-two point two minutes exactly.

Benedict rubs his belly.

BENEDICT

Lovely-fucking-jubbly. Where others saw an environmental disaster.

Benedict looks up to the electrical storm raging overhead.

BENEDICT

I saw opportunity.

ABADDON

(sarcastic)

Your a credit to humanity, sir.

Benedict obliviously chuckles. He slaps a large palm on Abaddon's back which rocks him forward.

BENEDICT

Check on our test passenger. Tell him he has made history, the first human to pass through the Earth's core and come out the other side. Bloody brilliant.

Abaddon heads for the lead carriage. It's door pops out with a HISS, and slides to the side. Abaddon walks into...

INT. GRAVITY TRAIN - BAR CARRIAGE

Wood and Iron chandeliers hang from a rib vaulted ceiling that runs the length of the carriage.

Chesterfield chairs and mahogany tables line the sides, along with a chaise lounge.

At the front of the carriage is a mahogany bar. Stocked with all kinds of vintage liquor. BARMAN (30's) polishes a crystal glass. His metal skin making it clear he is an android.

ABADDON

Philip?

Barman stares at Abaddon, expressionless. Abaddon heads over.

ABADDON

Where is Philip?

Barman stares blankly at him. Abaddon waves his hand in front of his face.

Finally, he kicks into action. A huge, artificial smile spreads across Barman's face.

BARMAN

Good evening, Sir. Welcome to the Gravity Train. May I offer you a beverage?

ABADDON

Philip, where is he?

Macabre beat.

BARMAN

Behind you, Sir.

Abaddon wheels around, jolts backwards into the bar.

PHILIP, stands inches from him. He stares at Abaddon with empty , deep black eye sockets.

Phillip giggles.

PHILIP
See no evil.

Phillip lunges towards Abaddon.

INT. JET PLANE - STATIONARY - MORNING

Converted into a studio apartment. A kitchen at one end, bed at the other, rag-tag furniture in between.

CECILIA (30's) lies under the covers, wide-eyed and anticipating the inevitable--

--BRRRRINGGG! of her alarm. She slams it off.

She whips the covers off (already dressed in jeans and hoodie) and swings her legs out of bed.

JET PLANE/KITCHEN

Cecilia opens a small makeshift cupboard, removes one of many packets- "Ration Pack: Breakfast"

She tears it open, squeezes out the mushy contents into a bowl.

One hand grabs a fork, the other pinches her nose. She grabs a piece and puts it in her mouth.

Reluctantly, she swallows, "yummy"

EXT. JET PLANE PARK - MORNING

A cross between a caravan park and a jet plane graveyard.

Rows of Hundreds of old planes, wings removed, converted into accommodation.

Perpetual lightning streaks across a light red sky.

Cecilia steps from her plane, descends the steps down to a gravel path.

She dodges CHILDREN playing, as she power walks out of the park and towards- in the distance- a large high-rise city.

STANLEY (7) runs on the path, falls, hits his knees hard. He clasps a bleeding scrape, cries.

Cecilia rushes to him, gets down on her knees.

CECILIA
Oh Stanley, let me see.

Stanley removes his hands from his knee.

Cecilia removes a tissue from her pocket, wipes the blood away. More appears.

She pushes the tissue onto it, takes Stanley's hand and presses it onto the tissue.

CECILIA
I don't think they will have to amputate it, hold the tissue on until the bleeding stops. You'll live.

Cecilia smiles, wipes away Stanley's tears and kisses his head.

STANLEY
(smiling)
Thanks!

He gets to his feet and runs to a WOMAN nearby, she hugs him.

Cecilia and the woman exchange "Good Morning" waves before Cecilia continues down the gravel path.

EXT. HIGH-RISE - MORNING

The streets are immaculate.

CIVILIANS march the streets. The women wear abounding skirts held up by crinolines, long sleeves or long gloves.

Men wear white shirts under vests and frock and tailcoats, bowler or gambler hats and skin tight trousers.

It seems a gothic Victorian style is the height of fashion.

Cecilia stands at the foot of a towering high-rise, she cranes her neck to see the top.

Behind her, a 1960s Rolls Royce Phantom pulls up.

From the back steps JEFFREY (60's) short, wearing a deep red tailcoat and black bowler hat.

He leans into the drivers window - there's no driver.

JEFFREY
Come back in an hour.

A light on the dash flashes.

CAR
(Soft)
Of course, Mister Hebcok.

The car pulls away.

Jeffrey stands behind Cecilia, watches her.

Beat.

He taps her on the shoulder, she jumps out of her skin.

CECILIA
Mister Hebcok...

She holds out her hand, Jeffrey shakes it.

JEFFREY
Rachel, What are you doing?

CECILIA
(nervous)
My names actually Cecilia, but you know, Rachel is fine, whatever you want.

Jeffrey smiles.

JEFFREY
My mistake.

Jeffrey walks towards the office building.

Cecilia speed walks to keep up.

CECILIA
I've heard that you want someone--

They reach the front door, DOORMAN (30's) a robot identical to Barman opens the door for them.

DOORMAN
 Good Morning
 (robotic)
 Jeffrey Heacock
 (normal)
 Have a nice day.

Jeffrey enters. The robot quickly closes the door, Cecilia almost runs into it.

CECILIA
 Woah! Jesus, open the door!

Doorman opens the door.

DOORMAN
 Good Morning
 (robotic)
 Cecilia Cook
 (normal)
 Have a nice day

Cecilia rushes into--

INT. HIGH-RISE - LOBBY

With it's star patterned marble floor and black leather furniture.

at the far end Jeffrey enters a gated elevator.

Cecilia rushes through the vast lobby, reaches the elevator.

Jeffrey closes the gate as Cecilia approaches. He points to a nearby sign for the stairs as the lift ascends.

Cecilia sighs, heads for the stairs.

INT. HIGH-RISE - OPEN PLAN OFFICE

Sleek computers rest on exquisitely carved antique desks sporadically around the space. An odd mix of advanced technology and vintage style.

Jeffrey stands in the center of the room as OFFICE WORKERS give him their undivided attention.

A shattered Cecilia bursts into the office, all eyes on her.

Jeffrey gestures for her to take a seat.

She does.

JEFFREY

As you are well aware, the Gravity Train sets off on it's maiden voyage tomorrow. You may also be aware that as a superior member of society, I have a ticket.

Jeffrey holds up the vintage looking paper ticket.

JEFFREY

I most certainly will not be embarking on that journey. I would like a volunteer to go in my stead.

Cecilia immediately shoots her hand in the air.

Confusion befalls her as she looks around at the other journalists, none of whom have their hand up. In fact they are staring at the floor trying not to be noticed.

Jeffrey looks around at them all, takes a few steps towards Cecilia and extends the ticket.

JEFFREY

Congratulations.

Cecilia takes it, now unsure of herself.

CECILIA

Thanks.

Jeffrey quickly walks off to his private office.

The other journalists look at Cecilia as if shes just been handed a death sentence.

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE

Jeffrey sits behind a large mahogany desk, glass of scotch in hand.

A gentle knock on the door.

JEFFREY

Come in.

Cecilia enters, closes the door behind her.

JEFFREY

Yes?

CECILIA

I, er, Just wanted to say thank you for trusting me with this assignment. The Gravity Train is a marvel of our time and--

JEFFREY

You were the only one with their hand up.

Jeffrey takes a drink.

CECILIA

Yes, I noticed... Why is that? I thought everyone would be chomping at the bit for this.

JEFFREY

They believe the rumours.

CECILIA

Rumours? What rumours?

Jeffrey moves to the window, stares up at the electrical storm high above them.

JEFFREY

You will be rubbing shoulders with English elite on the finest mode of transport in modern times. You will need to dress more appropriately.

Cecilia eyes her clothes, offended but... yeah, okay.

JEFFREY

You can charge it to the paper.

Jeffrey smiles to Cecilia before heading for the door.

CECILIA

Wait, Mr Hebcok. This is your ticket, and it's a historic moment, don't you want it?

Jeffrey stops in his tracks.

JEFFREY

No.

CECILIA

Why not?

Hesitating Beat.

JEFFREY

I too, believe the rumors. Good
luck, Cecilia.

EXT. FINE CLOTHES SHOP - DAY

Cecilia steps out from the quaint store in a fine lace dress and jeweled headpiece.

A huge smile on her face.

She twirls, sending the skirt into a mesmerizing spin. She's not known luxury like it.

Cecilia struts down the pavement, a new skip in her step.

She passes an interactive cinema - "Now Showing 42.2 - Can you survive the journey?"

In her own fantasy bubble, Cecilia dances by, constantly caressing the fine lace dress.

So caught up in her bubble she doesn't notice the HOMELESS MAN in her way- the two COLLIDE.

CECILIA

I'm so sorry!

The man grunts. Holds up a cardboard sign, scribbled in black ink:

"Seeing is NOT believing"

Uneasy, she steps around him- a safe distance, she continues her gleeful catwalk.

She checks for traffic, looks left, looks right. Takes a step forward onto--

EXT. GRAVITY TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

--The platform.

A smile from ear to ear, Cecilia looks around.

The platform is HUGE, marble tiled.

The electrical storm thunders across the blood red sky.

PASSENGERS mull around, chat, take champagne and Canapés from obedient WAITERS.

These people are in a different class. Heavily embroidered and extravagant clothes. Elegant headpieces and top hats. The upper echelon of society.

A giggle escapes Cecilia's mouth - Cinderella has made it to the ball.

Cecilia skips around the other waiting passengers towards the platform edge when she suddenly stops.

She loses her breath, rooted to the floor, her eyes widen as she stares at the Gravity Train.

Her awe stare is interrupted when next to her steps ARTHUR (70's) a mountainous 6ft7. His muscular frame evident even under the layers of fine linen and silk.

A WHITE FOX fur scarf draped around his neck. The head of which rests right next to Cecilia. It's eyes, replaced with black marbles, stares at her.

Uncomfortable, Cecilia take a step away.

Arthur SLAMS his gold-tipped cane into the ground.

A porter runs from behind him and straightens Arthur's cravat.

Arthur admires the gravity train.

ARTHUR

It currently takes thirty-two days
to get from Blighty to Australia.
Before the storms...

Arthur looks up to the electric storm spreading across the sky.

ARTHUR

Eighteen hours. Today, forty-two
minutes. Bloody marvelous!

The porter feigns a smile, Arthur's no fool - he pushes him away with his cane in disgust.

CECILIA

Excuse me, hi. I'm Cecilia.

She stretches out a welcoming hand.

Arthur does not.

Cecilia retracts hers.

CECILIA
 Okay, well, I'm reporting on the
 maiden voyage of--

ARTHUR
 --You can try to migrate through
 the classes...

Arthur looks at her fine clothes.

ARTHUR
 ...put on the wolves clothes...

Arthur gets close, SNIFFS her essence. Cecilia recoils.

ARTHUR
 But you can never really rid
 yourself of the smell of sheep.

Arthur marches through the crowd towards the train.

Nearby, onlookers chuckle at Cecilia. She waits for the
 ground to swallow her whole.

When it doesn't, she storms inside the--

TERMINAL BUILDING

A gothic version of New York's central station. High
 ceilings with wrought iron girders, gothic patterns around
 the edges.

Cecilia marches across the cavernous marble floor towards
 the toilets.

She slows, attention grabbed by a nearby window into an
 office.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Benedict and Abaddon appear to be having
 a heated argument.

Abaddon spots Cecilia, caught in each others gaze. He
 marches to the window, slides down the blinds.

TERMINAL BUILDING - OFFICE

Abaddon turns his attention to Benedict. He has two gnarly
 cuts across his face, recent.

ABADDON
 You cannot let that train leave!

Benedict slams his fist on a desk in front of him.

BENEDICT

Enough, Abaddon! you know the consequences of doing that! The money that has been plied into this project, what our benefactors would do to us.

ABADDON

Do you know the consequences of letting that train leave?

Benedict scoffs.

ABADDON

He tore out his own eyes, Ben. Why am I the only one concerned about this.

BENEDICT

Underlying psychological--

ABADDON

--conditions caused psychoactive self mutilation blah blah blah. Yes I read the report.

Benedict gets aggressively close to Abaddon.

BENEDICT

I'm not letting a fucking satanic nut job derail a project that has taken twenty years to get off the ground.

Abaddon laughs in disbelief.

ABADDON

Thirty Years ago, Phillip was extending a gold mine when the tunnel partly collapsed. Thirty days later they managed to dig through to him and he waltzed out of there like it had been thirty minutes.

Benedict listens intently.

ABADDON

Yet forty-two minutes on our train and he claims to be a Demon with tales of Hell and a coming uprising--

BENEDICT
 --What's your point?

ABADDON
 My point is we at least need to
 look into it!

Benedict sits back in his chair, rubs his stubble.

BENEDICT
 How's your daughter doing?

Abaddon is taken aback.

ABADDON
 What's going on?

BENEDICT
 I'm just asking how she is doing?

ABADDON
 In the seven years she's been on
 the planet, you've never once
 asked me how she is doing, so what
 is going on.

Benedict abruptly stands, leans forward within an inch of
 Abaddon's face.

BENEDICT
 I'll cut to the fucking chase,
 private medical care is fucking
 expensive and should you lose your
 medical benefit for reasons like,
 Oh I don't know, refusing to get
 on the fucking train, then what
 will happen to your poor girl?

Abaddon steps back, physically shakes with anger. He picks
 up his chair and SLAMS it against the wall sending wood
 splinters flying in all directions.

TERMINAL BUILDING - TOILET

Mosaic tiled floor. An elaborately painted dome above
 supported on pendentives.

Cecilia heads for a bank of marble sinks opposite a row of
 dark wood cubicles.

She struggles to breath, puts her purse down on the sink,
 rummages through- she pulls out an inhaler.

She rushes the inhaler into her mouth and takes a long, measured breath. Calm befalls her.

She stares at herself in the large Hollywood mirrors above the sinks.

CECILIA
What are you doing here?

SLAM. Cecilia wheels around, see's a cubicle door inch closed.

Faint sound of a woman crying.

CECILIA
Hello?

No response.

Cecilia steps towards the cubicles, each step echoes through the cavernous room.

She reaches the cubicle door, the crying stops.

She places a hand on the wooden door, pushes it open.

Nothing.

Cecilia turns-- HILDA (40's) stands directly in front of her. More plastic than flesh, Hilda smiles the best she can.

HILDA
Sweetie, are you okay?

Cecilia takes a second to recover from the shock.

CECILIA
Me? Yes, I thought I heard someone crying.

Hilda walks to the sinks. Applies some makeup.

HILDA
Well, don't dilly-dally too much,
the trip of a lifetime is about to
begin.

Hilda squeezes Cecilia's cheek.

HILDA
You're cute.

Hilda blows a kiss, pops her lipstick back in her bag and exits the toilets.

Cecilia takes another look into the cubicle, still nothing there.

TERMINAL BUILDING

Cecilia exits the toilets and heads for the platform.

Abaddon exits the office, slams the door behind him - the noise stops Cecilia in her tracks.

She stares at him. He marches over.

ABADDON
I don't recognize you.

CECILIA
Erm, okay?

ABADDON
I mention it, because I know everyone who is booked to be on this trip.

Abaddon waits for an answer.

CECILIA
Oh right! Yes, sorry...

She extends a hand.

CECILIA
I'm Cecilia, Mister Hebcok gave me his ticket--

ABADDON
--I'm sorry, no journalist are authorized for this trip.

Abaddon doffs his hat, heads towards the platform.

CECILIA
Wait, what? I have a ticket! Mister Hebcok told me to report on the--

--Abaddon turns around. Storms to Cecilia.

ABADDON
Oh, I see. May I see your ticket.

CECILIA
Of course.

She roots through her purse, hands over the ticket.

Abaddon stares at it, then tears it to pieces.

ABADDON

Now you don't. The tickets are non-transferable. Mister HebcocK cannot do as he pleases and Mister HebcocK was aware of the no journalists rule.

Cecilia looks like a hurt puppy.

ABADDON

(softer)

Trust me, I'm doing you a favor. Don't get on the train.

Abaddon walks off, now safely out of ear-shot.

CECILIA

Mister HebcocK is a journalist, fucking idiot.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

Benedict stands on a small podium, the passengers gathered around him.

BENEDICT

Ladies and Gentlemen. You have all been hand selected for this most historic of journeys.

Cecilia steps onto the platform from the terminal building.

BENEDICT

A privileged few whose names will go into the annals of time along other great pioneering explorers. Columbus, Magellan, Amundsen, Gagarin... You.

The crowd applaud.

At the far end of the train, staff load the cargo holds under the carriages with luggage and supplies.

With them, Abaddon talks to ARCHBISHOP (70's).

Cecilia sneaks down the platform as best she can. She sees Abaddon thrust a small crate of water in front of a confused Archbishop.

The Archbishop waves his hand over the water, muttering something.

Pleased, Abaddon climbs aboard the train.

Cecilia looks back to the rest of the passengers. They hand their tickets to staff before boarding the carriages.

Cecilia walks up to a member of STAFF loading luggage from a large pile

CECILIA

Excuse me. That red suitcase is mine, silly me I left my ticket in it, could you get it for me please?

STAFF

Of course, madam.

The member of staff takes suitcases of the pile to get to the red one at the bottom.

He heaves it up, turns around to pass to Cecilia but, she's gone.

Confused he looks up and down the platform.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

All passengers are on board, only Benedict and the staff stand on the platform, watching the train.

The large metal rings around the train BUZZ to life. The train moves up into their center, hovers in the magnetic field.

The rings begin to clunk as they move towards the tunnel, dragging the train with it.

The front of the train dips into the tunnel. It falls through, dragging the rest of the train with it as gravity takes over.

Before long, the train vanishes into the abyss.

Benedict looks sorrowful, he walks to the terminal building.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING - OFFICE

Benedict walks around his office desk, wheels his office chair to the center of the room

He moves to a large cabinet, pulls out a large rope, climbs on the chair and ties a noose to a steel girder.

He slides his head through the noose, pulls it tight around his neck.

BENEDICT

May God have mercy on their souls.

Benedict kicks the chair away, the rope tightens, his legs flail.

From out of a dark corner of the room, steps Phillip, his eye sockets empty but dark like a black hole.

PHILLIP

They are out of God's reach now.

Phillip grins. Benedict stares at him, eyes bulging, until finally, the flailing stops.

INT. TRAIN - LUGGAGE HOLD

From behind a pile of luggage steps Cecilia. She straightens up her expensive dress, brushes her hair behind her ear.

The lighting is dim, but Cecilia spots a hatch up to the carriage, she heads for it.

INT. TRAIN - BAR CARRIAGE

Passengers sit in the chairs, admire the decor, converse.

Abaddon sits at the end of the bar, sipping a whiskey.

Arthur sits on a sofa. Hilda walks to the bar, Barman smiles as she approaches.

BARMAN

Good morning
(robotic)

Hilda
(normal)

Welcome to the gravity train. May
I offer you a drink?

HILDA

Yes please, may I have a--

--SLAM

Hilda jumps as a hatch on the floor next to her jolts.

--SLAM

It jolts again. Someone trying to get out.

Abaddon walks up to it, slides across a hidden panel in the floor to reveal a metal hand print. He presses his hand into it and the hatch CLUNKS, then flies open.

Everyone stares as Cecilia clammers out of it.

She shuts the hatch. Abaddon stares at her annoyed, she smiles, moves around him to the bar.

CECILIA
Something strong please.

Barman stares blankly.

CECILIA
Hello?

Finally, Barman kicks in. Broad smile towards Cecilia.

BARMAN
Good Morning
(robotic)
unauthorized passenger
(normal)
Welcome to the gravity train. You
are currently number
(robotic)
Two
(normal)
In the queue.

Barman turns to Hilda, smiles.

HILDA
I'll take a Blue Blazer, and
please, get her something strong.

Barman grabs two mixing tins, adds the cocktail ingredients.

HILDA
That was quite the entrance.

CECILIA
It was more subtle in my head.

Hilda laughs.

Barman clicks his fingers, a flame appears at the end of one, he uses it to set the ingredients of one mixing tin on fire.

Cecilia and Hilda watch in awe as he pours the flaming ingredients from one tin to another. Then, covered in blue flames, pours the drink into a glass.

He places the tin on top of the glass to extinguish the flames.

He places the Blue Blazer in front of Hilda, and a shot of something in front of Cecilia.

CECILIA
That's a fancy drink!

Cecilia takes the shot, places the glass back down.

CECILIA
Another, please.

Arthur pounds his stick on the floor sharply, twice. Hilda turns.

Arthur stares at her, cold.

HILDA
His lordship calls.

Hilda walks over to Arthur who snatches the drink from her hands and takes a sip.

Barman places another drink in front of Cecilia

CECILIA
What is your name?

BARMAN
I am Barman.

CECILIA
Barman? I'll call you Jack.

BARMAN
Very good, Madam.

Cecilia takes a sip of her drink.

CECILIA
Jack, you see the pompous rich git behind me?

Barman looks across the carriage.

BARMAN
To which one do you refer?

CECILIA
The one-- did you just make a
joke?

Barman stares at her, doesn't change his broad smile.

CECILIA
Never mind, the man with the dead
fox around his neck. Do you know
who he is?

BARMAN
Yes, madam. I have been pre-loaded
with the biographies of all guests
to provide optimal service.

Barman stares at Cecilia. She stares back, still waiting for
the answer.

CECILIA
So... who is he?

A hand SLAMS the bar. Its Abaddon.

Barman stands up straight. Smiles broadly at him.

ABADDON
Another Whiskey.

Barman goes to his duties.

ABADDON
I thought I said no journalists.

CECILIA
Well, you can kick me off at the
next stop.

Abaddon lets slip a chuckle, stifles it. Serious face again.

CECILIA
So, how about an interview?

Barman places a whiskey in front of Abaddon. He slams it
back.

ABADDON
No.

CECILIA
You looked like you were having a
heated discussion back at the
terminal, what was it about?

ABADDON

I suggest you find somewhere to
hide and don't come out. Good
luck, Cecilia.

Abaddon quickly exits the carriage.

VOICE (SPEAKER)

Now entering the asthenosphere.

The windows show the train in sort of transparent tunnel,
dark red magma on the other side.

The passengers stare out at it in amazement.

VOICE (SPEAKER)

The temperature outside is one
thousand four hundred degrees
Celsius.

BOY (V.O.)

(distant)

Mummy!

Cecilia looks around for the source of the voice.

BOY (V.O.)

Mummy! Wake up!

No other guests react to the calls.

CECILIA

You hear that, Jack?

BARMAN

Hear what, Madam?

Cecilia listens. Nothing.

CECILIA

Are there children on this train?

BARMAN

There are no children on the
train, Madam.

Cecilia leans on the bar.

CECILIA

Do you know what the rumors about
this train are?--

BOY (V.O.)

--Mummy! Please!

Seems to be coming from the other side of the carriage door.
 Cecilia walks over, the door slides open automatically.
 Cecilia steps through into

BAR CARRIAGE GANGWAY

A space between the carriages. With a third door leading to a toilet.

CECILIA
 Hello?

Sound of CRYING from inside the toilet.

Cecilia leans in close to the door, listening.

CECILIA
 Excuse me, is everything okay in there?

The door automatically slides open, making Cecilia jump.

CECILIA
 Oh, sorry! I didn't...

The rest room is empty. Confused, Cecilia steps into

RESTROOM

As eloquently decorated as the rest of the train. A single toilet and sink.

The door slides shut.

Cecilia tries to open it, it won't budge.

The panic builds, she takes a deep breath trying to control it.

She tries the door again. Nothing.

CECILIA
 Hello? Anyone there, the door is stuck!

The lights turn off.

BOY (O.S.)
 Mummy?

This time, the voice is right behind Cecilia.

She turns as the lights come back on.

No one there.

She stares at her reflection, her frow burrows. The reflection is heavily pregnant.

She stares, feels her own belly, the reflection does the same.

Cecilia rubs her flat tummy, her reflection rubs her large bump.

Cecilia takes a step forward, as does her reflection.

She reaches the mirror. She locks eyes with her reflection - identical except the bump.

Cecilia leans towards the mirror, looking down at the pregnant reflection, as if trying to see it from her reflections point of view.

She's almost bumping heads with her reflection--

SLAM. The reflection slams both palms onto the mirror, SCREAMS.

Cecilia launches backwards into the door, she pushes as if trying to go through it until...

It opens. Cecilia flops back onto her back.

Hilda stands above her, looking down.

HILDA

Are you okay, darling?

Cecilia scrambles to her feet, instinctively positions herself behind Hilda, looks into the restroom.

Her normal reflection stares back, as panicked as she is.

Cecilia grabs her inhaler, takes a deep long drag. She calms slightly.

HILDA

I think you need another drink.

Hilda puts an arm around her.

INT. TRAIN - BAR CARRIAGE

Cecilia sits alone at a table.

Hilda places two drinks on the table, slides one over to Cecilia and takes a seat opposite.

HILDA

Are you sure there's nothing else
in that inhaler of yours?

CECILIA

It's not the inhaler. I don't
know, maybe it's just stress.

HILDA

I've been stressed, darling, and I
didn't see myself pregnant in the
mirror.

Cecilia takes a sip of her drink.

HILDA

Do you have children?

CECILIA

No, I...

She fidgets, looks down

CECILIA

Doctors say I can't have kids. I
was pregnant though, once, but it
wasn't to be.

Cecilia takes a deep breath, tears well, she shakes it off.

CECILIA

What am I saying, sorry, I've only
just met you.

Hilda takes her hand.

Arthur watches them, face screwed in anger.

ARTHUR POV

Hilda leans in to Cecilia, whispers something into her ear.

She glances sideways at Arthur, like shes talking about him.

Cecilia bursts out laughing, looks to Arthur, quickly looks
away.

Arthur grips his cane tight.

BACK TO SCENE

Hilda and Cecilia sit apart from each other, Hilda's hand on Cecilia's.

Cecilia pulls her hand away, clears her throat.

CECILIA
Anyway. Can I ask you something?

HILDA
Fire away.

CECILIA
Have you heard any *rumors* about
this train?

Hilda bursts out laughing.

HILDA
Oh dear, you don't mean those
religious nut jobs, do you?

Cecilia waits for the answer, Hilda leans in closer.

HILDA
(serious)
Well, the tunnel for the train
passes through Earth's core, and
inadvertently, Hell.

Cecilia looks shocked.

CECILIA
Hell?

HILDA
Yes, Hell. Fire and brimstone,
Hell. The journey through hell
will drive you mad with pain and
sorrow.

Hilda stares at Cecilia, cold. Cecilia's eyes wide with
fright.

Hilda bursts out laughing.

HILDA
Complete nonsense, of course.

Cecilia feigns a smile.

CECILIA
Do you know how these rumors
started?

ARTHUR POV

Hilda leans in close to Cecilia, caresses her face. She locks eyes with Arthur, sinister grin.

They lock lips, a passionate snog.

Cecilia raises one arm, then her middle finger, directed straight at Arthur.

His knuckles turn white from the grip on his cane.

BACK TO SCENE

Cecilia and Hilda sitting normally.

HILDA
Yes, but first, my glass is
terribly empty.

Cecilia smiles, picks it up and heads to the--

BAR

She places it on the bar.

CECILIA
Another, please.

HILDA

Watches as Arthur bounds over to her.

HILDA
Hello, Darling--

His massive hands clamp around her neck. Squeezes tight.

BAR

Cecilia leans on the bar, her back to Arthur/Hilda.

Barman pushes the glass into an optic.

ARTHUR/HILDA

Hilda's eyes bulge, her face goes red.

She wheezes, tries to shout out but Arthur's grip is too tight.

She claws at Arthur's hands and arms in a vain attempt to get him to let go.

BAR

The optic runs dry before the glass is filled.

Barman leans down to grab another bottle from the shelf, begins the process of swapping the bottles over.

ARTHUR/HILDA

Arthur lowers Hilda's body to the floor, her face bulging.

The other passengers pay them no attention, even though they can clearly see.

Hilda's body begins to shake violently.

BAR

Cecilia impatiently taps the bar

CECILIA
Can you bring those over to our
table?

Barman doesn't turn around.

BARMAN
Of course, Madam.

Cecilia is about to turn around--

VOICE (SPEAKER)
--Ladies and Gentlemen we are now
entering...

Cecilia stops to listen.

VOICE (SPEAKER)
The upper mantle. Temperature here
is...

ARTHUR/HILDA

Hilda's body stops shaking. Perfectly still, her eyes open and blank.

Arthur drags her towards the gangway.

VOICE (SPEAKER)

Three-thousand degrees celsius. We are currently four-hundred and ten miles underground...

The doors automatically open, he drags her body through the door.

INT. TRAIN - BAR CARRIAGE

Barman places the drinks in front of Cecilia, behind her, Arthur returns, takes his seat and opens a newspaper.

Cecilia grabs both drinks and turns, surprised to not see Hilda at the table.

She looks around, can't see her.

Cecilia walks to the table, places the drinks down and takes a seat.

She spots Hilda's bag on the floor, contents spilled. She gets down, pops the items back in and places them on the table.

She eyes up Arthur.

CECILIA

Excuse me.

Arthur ignores

CECILIA

Sorry, do you know where Hilda went?

Arthur doesn't take his eyes off his paper.

ARTHUR

Who's Hilda?

That takes her back, she laughs nervously.

Beat.

Her face hardens, he's being serious.

CECILIA
Hilda, your wife.

Arthur holds up his hand, no ring, but a mark where a ring used to be.

ARTHUR
I'm not married, now if you don't mind, I'm reading my paper.

Cecilia takes a step back, turns to another nearby PASSENGER smoking an electronic pipe.

CECILIA
You remember Hilda, she was sitting just there, talking to me.

The passenger shakes her head.

CECILIA
How can you not remember? Look, this is her bag!

Cecilia holds up Hilda's bag.

PASSENGER
That is your bag, dear.

Other passengers begin to stare at Cecilia.

CECILIA
Anyone? Hilda? The woman I was just talking to!

They look back with a mix of fear and confusion.

Cecilia quickly moves to the bar, gets the Barman's attention.

CECILIA
You have everyone's biographies, is there a Hilda on board.

BARMAN
Yes. Hilda Berrycloth.

Barman stares at her with a broad smile.

BARMAN
Can I get you a drink, madam?

Cecilia wheels around. Everyone is staring at her.

CECILIA

See! I'm not going crazy, Hilda
Berrycloth, where did she go?

Nobody responds.

Cecilia sees something glisten on the floor, she bends down,
it's one of Hilda's earrings.

Arthur stares right through her. She looks at him, notices
his hands and forearms are full of fresh scratches, some
deep enough to draw blood.

Cecilia struggles for breath. She quickly grabs her bag from
the table and exits into

BAR CARRIAGE/CARRIAGE 1 GANGWAY

straight through and into...

PASSENGER CARRIAGE 1

Full of elegant chairs, tables and sofas. A bookcase brimmed
with leather-bound books.

But no passengers at all.

Cecilia rushes down the carriage, looking behind furniture
as she goes.

CECILIA

Hilda?

Her breath quickens, panic is taking over.

She tries to control it, to no avail. She rummages in her
bag.

She stops. Rummages harder, shoves her face inside. "*where
is it!*"

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Cecilia.

Cecilia freezes. Slowly turns.

Arthur at the far end of the carriage. He dangles the
inhaler in his hand.

Cecilia stares. Doesn't want to move, she tries to hold back
the hyperventilation.

Arthur grins. Holds the inhaler out for her.

Cecilia takes a wavering step forward, then another. Slow and unsure.

Cecilia swallows hard in between labored breaths.

She inches closer and closer, Within arms reach of the inhaler, she reaches for it--

CLAMP. Arthur makes an impenetrable fist, inhaler at its center.

Cecilia lowers her arm. Her Breaths harder and harder to control.

Arthur unfurls his hand. Holds the inhaler close to his chest, mouthpiece towards Cecilia, his finger on the button.

No choice, can't breath, Cecilia steps forward.

She places her lips around the inhaler, Arthur presses the button.

She takes it in-- then another. Breathes easier.

Arthur clamps his other hand around her neck. Squeezes.

He lifts her entire body up, feet swing for a ground just out of reach. Her hands clamp around his, tries to pry him off.

Her eyes roll-- THWACK.

Cecilia plops to the floor as Arthur releases his grip. He thumps to the floor.

Behind him, Abaddon, glass bottle in hand.

He holds out a hand--

ABADDON

Come on.

A moment of hesitation.

She takes it. Abaddon pulls her up.

BOY (V.O.)

(loud)

Mummy!

Cecilia looks Abaddon in the eye.

CECILIA
Did you hear--

Her eyes roll, she faints to the floor.

INT. DARK ROOM

A lonely cinema style seat. Some kind of computer attached to the back. Wires connect the computer to a large headpiece at the top of the seat.

Everything else around is lost to the darkness.

Wearing the headpiece and sitting in the seat is Cecilia, eyes closed. Large pregnant belly.

They shoot open. Her breath quickens.

She tries to move, can't - her arms and legs in restraints.

CECILIA
(panicked)
Hello!

JANET (40's) mumsy clothes appears right in front of her face.

JANET
Rachel! You're awake!

Cecilia struggles against the restraints. The helmet locks her head in place. She can only move her eyes and face.

CECILIA
Where am I?

JANET
Rachel, listen, we're trying to get you out.

CECILIA
Whose Rachel?

Cecilia's eyes droop.

JANET
She's slipping!

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CARRIAGE 1

Cecilia jolts up from the floor, Abaddon hovers above her pouring water over her face.

She coughs water out of her mouth.

ABADDON
Are you okay?

CECILIA
What happened?

ABADDON
You fainted.

Cecilia gets to her feet. rubs her belly.

CECILIA
I was in a room--

ABADDON
You were hallucinating, everyone
is hallucinating.

CECILIA
What are you talking about?

ABADDON
I'll explain, but not here.

Abaddon checks on Arthur, he's stirring.

CECILIA
I need to find Hilda, I think--

Abaddon shakes his head.

ABADDON
I've seen her, trust me, you don't
want to. Come on.

Abaddon grabs Cecilia's arm, she pulls it away.

CECILIA
Where is she?

ABADDON
He's going to get up, we need to
move.

CECILIA
(shouting)
Where is she!

Abaddon sighs, rubs his temples.

ABADDON
She's in the toilet.

Cecilia rushes to the--

GANGWAY BAR CARRIAGE/CARRIAGE 1

Abaddon quickly follows in her wake. He presses a button next to the door, it slides closed.

Cecilia stares at the closed toilet door with trepidation.

Abaddon places a calm hand on her shoulder.

ABADDON

I don't recommend it.

Cecilia takes one deep breath. Steps forward.

The toilet door slides open.

Cecilia CRIES out, covers her mouth, crunches her eyes and falls into Abaddon's shoulder.

Uncomfortable, Abaddon awkwardly puts his arms around her as he looks into the--

TOILET

Where Hilda's lifeless body slumps against the wall. Her bloodied and empty eye sockets stare back at him.

BACK TO SCENE

BANG.

The pair jump. Arthur stares at them through the window in the door.

He tries to open the door, locked.

Cecilia goes for the Bar door, Abaddon stops her.

ABADDON

We can't go in there.

Cecilia looks through the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

Passengers attack each other with bottles. One sits in a corner about to poke a knife into his eye. utter carnage.

Barman stands behind the bar watching it all.

BACK TO SCENE

ABADDON
Quick, down here.

Abaddon slides a hidden panel to reveal the metal hand print, he pushes his hand onto it. The hatch opens.

ABADDON
You first.

She shuffles backwards through the gap, feet first. Her fingers grip the rim as she lowers herself down.

She looks down. SCREAMS.

There is no luggage hold, just the swirling red mass of Earth's mantle.

Cecilia grips tighter, flails.

ABADDON
What's wrong?

CECILIA
Pull me up!

ABADDON
Why?

CECILIA
Pull me up!!

Abaddon gets down low to Cecilia.

ABADDON
Listen, whatever you are seeing,
it's an hallucination.

Cecilia is frantic now.

ABADDON
Just let go, Trust me.

CECILIA
Pull me up!

CREAK-- Arthur manages to slide the door open enough to reach his fingers through. He GROANS as he inches it open.

ABADDON

You've got to drop down, now!

Cecilia flails, panicked.

Arthur opens the door wide enough to stick an arm through, he reaches for Abaddon, too far.

He pushes the door open wider.

ABADDON

Shit!

Abaddon grabs Cecilia's fingers, pries them off the edge.

CECILIA

Stop it!

Arthur squeezes his head through the gap, reaches further. Manages to get a grip on Abaddon's trousers, pulls him closer.

Abaddon spins, unleashes a barrage of kicks on Arthur's face. He let's go.

Abaddon scrambles to his feet. STOMPS on Cecilia's fingers.

She SQUEALS in pain, loses her grip and drops into--

LUGGAGE HOLD 1

She THUDS onto the floor

Abaddon quickly drops down after her, tries to close the hatch but Arthur's hand gets in the way.

Arthur's hand CRUNCHES as Abaddon slams the hatch on it. But he doesn't flinch, instead his other hand grabs a hold of the hatch and rips it from Abaddon's grip.

Abandoning the hatch, Abaddon grabs Cecilia and bundles towards a door, knocking stacks of luggage down behind him.

THUMP. Arthur lands in the hold.

The pair reach the door, Abaddon places his hand on the metal hand reader, the door clunks open.

Arthur scrambles over luggage, gets ever close.

The pair fling themselves through the door into--

LUGGAGE HOLD 2

Abaddon slams the door closed just as Arthur SLAMS into it from the other side.

The handle jiggles as Arthur tries to get in. Locked.

Cecilia holds her fingers close to her chest.

CECILIA
Are you fucking crazy?

ABADDON
Are you?! He was about to kill us!

Abaddon takes hold of her hands, she pulls them away.

ABADDON
Let me see your fingers.

Cecilia gives him the middle finger.

ABADDON
Classy. You're welcome, by the way, for saving your life.

Cecilia hyperventilates.

Abaddon pulls her inhaler from his pocket, hands it to her.

She takes it, inhales from it.

CECILIA
Thanks.

Abaddon pulls a bottle of water out of his other pocket.

ABADDON
Here, drink this.

He holds it out for Cecilia.

ABADDON
It's holy water.

Cecilia snickers.

CECILIA
Holy water? Why have you got holy water?

ABADDON
Just drink it.

Cecilia takes the bottle, has a swig, hands it back to him.

A child, BECKY (7) appears behind Cecilia. She wears a hospital gown and is attached to an I.V.

Abaddon takes a big swig of water. Becky disappears.

ABADDON
It helps, trust me.

CECILIA
Helps with what?

ABADDON
The hallucinations.

Cecilia thinks back.

CECILIA
That's what you were talking to
the Archbishop about on the
platform, you asked him to bless
your water?

ABADDON
I tried to warn you not to get on
the train.

CECILIA
Warn me!? You tore up my ticket.

ABADDON
So you wouldn't get on the--

Cecilia abruptly stands.

CECILIA
--how about next time you go with
*"hey! Don't get on the train since
it passes through Hell and turns
everyone into psychotic killers"*
tried to warn me, Jesus Christ!

ABADDON
We just have to wait it out,
survive until we get to the other
side. Keep drinking--

Abaddon looks at the water bottle, nearly empty.

ABADDON
Damn.

Abaddon sits on a trunk, defeated.

CECILIA

Whats wrong? I saw you get a whole
case of water blessed.

Abaddon looks at the door they came through.

ABADDON

It's back there.

BANG. Arthur thumps the door from the other side.

Cecilia paces, panics. She fumble for her inhaler, takes a
deep breath.

She takes a seat on a suitcase, takes deep measured
breathes.

CECILIA

Let's get him to bless some more.
He's still on the train.

ABADDON

He's probably dead already.

CECILIA

Well fuck me if your not glass of
holy water half empty. We can at
least try!

He gets up, heads to a box in the corner, starts tearing it
open.

JANET (V.O.)

Rachel!

CECILIA

You hear that?

Abaddon carries on rummaging, pulls out bar supplies.

JANET (V.O.)

She moved, I think she can hear
me. Rachel can you hear me?

Cecilia follows the voice to a door at the end of the hold.

Abaddon pulls a pack of spring water from the box.

The door opens by itself. Cecilia steps into--

INT. DARK ROOM

Cecilia, back in the seat. Her eyes shoot open.

Janet kneels directly in front of her. Behind Janet a boy cowers - Stanley from the Jet Plane park - he looks terrified, his eyes are puffy and red.

JANET

Rachel! Listen carefully, we might not have long.

CECILIA

My names Cecilia.

JANET

No, your name is Rachel--

Cecilia's eyes begin to close.

JANET

Shit! Listen, don't trust Abaddon.
You hear me? Do not trust Abaddon!

INT. TRAIN - LUGGAGE HOLD 2

Cecilia, slumped against the closed door. Chokes and spits out a mouthful of water.

Abaddon hovers above her, water bottle in hand.

ABADDON

That was the last of it, we should hurry.

Abaddon places his hand on the door reader, it opens. Cecilia flops back into the doorway.

ABADDON

Come on.

Abaddon steps over her as she slowly gets to her feet.

INT. TRAIN - LUGGAGE HOLD 6

Abaddon and Cecilia stand in another luggage hold, look up at a hatch.

ABADDON

This is the carriage he was in.
You ready?

CECILIA

No.

Abaddon places a box under the hatch, reaches up and unlocks it.

He pushes open the hatch and climbs up and into--

INT. STONE CHURCH - NIGHT

Small, elongated. The pews are misaligned.

A red glow comes through the stained glass windows in all 4 stone walls.

Abaddon sticks his arms through an open hatch, pulls Cecilia up and into the church. Closes the hatch.

The pair scan the room, horror on their face.

Cecilia looks to two stone statues of Jesus on the cross, each on opposite sides of the room. She stares at them with disgust, almost bringing her to puke--

The eyes of the stone Jesus's have been crudely carved out.

ARCHBISHOP (O.S.)

(a whisper)

Christ be with me, Christ within
me, Christ behind me, Christ
before me, Christ beside me,
Christ to win me...

Cecilia and Abaddon creep towards a small altar at the front of the Church.

The Archbishop's voice whispers from behind it.

ARCHBISHOP (O.S.)

I bind unto myself the name,
The strong name of the trinity. By
invocation of the same. The three
in one, and one in three, of whom
all nature hath creation...

Cecilia a few steps from the altar.

CECILIA

Father?

Archbishop stands. His hair is scruffy and there's blood on his clothes, but in the circumstances, he looks normal.

ARCHBISHOP
 Eternal Father, Spirit, word.
 Praise to the Lord of my
 salvation, salvation is of Christ
 the lord.

He smiles at Cecilia. Spots Abaddon behind her, squeals out
 in fright.

CECILIA
 Father, what's wrong?

Archbishop picks up a bible from the altar, launches it at
 Abaddon's head, who dodges it.

ABADDON
 Jesus Christ!

ARCHBISHOP
 Blasphemy!

Archbishop hides behind the altar. Knees in chest, like a
 terrified child.

Cecilia cautiously approaches, gets down to his level.

CECILIA
 Father, we need your help.

ARCHBISHOP
 (whispers)
 Destroyer! Angel of the abyss, we
 must kill him.

He peers around the altar, Abaddon sees him, Archbishop
 quickly retreats back with a squeal.

CECILIA
 Why do you say that?

Archbishop lifts his hands to his head, makes horn shapes.
 Nods to Cecilia to take a look.

She does. Abaddon stands nervously, two large demon horns
 protrude from his head.

Cecilia stares at him, controls her breathing.

CECILIA
 Father, listen. We need you to
 bless some more water, it helps
 keep the hallucinations at bay.

Archbishop thinks, taps his chin. Eventually, he smiles.

He leans in close and whispers into Cecilia's ear.

ARCHBISHOP
Keep your eyes.

Archbishop giggles like a child.

CECILIA
What?

ARCHBISHOP
The eyes--

The Archbishop laughs, a tint of manic.

ARCHBISHOP
The eyes are not the window to the
soul...

The Archbishop caresses around Cecilia's eyes, pulls the lower lids down slightly revealing more of the whites.

ARCHBISHOP
They are the doorway. The lock and
key.

CECILIA
Father, the water.

Archbishop massages his own eyes.

ARCHBISHOP
Don't let them take your eyes.
They didn't listen.

The Archbishop points to the Jesus statues.

Cecilia marches to Abaddon, snatches the water out of his hands and shoves it under the Archbishop's nose.

CECILIA
Bless it!

ARCHBISHOP
We're almost there, I can feel it.

CECILIA
Bless it!

The Archbishop takes the water from her. Closes his eyes.

ARCHBISHOP

God our lord, today I come to you
do that you hear my prayer and
manifest your glory and power by
blessing this water. Water that
will be used to drive away evil
spirits, and to cleanse us of our
sins.

Archbishop opens his eyes.

Cecilia rips open the packaging and pulls out a bottle,
unscrews the top.

She grabs Archbishops cheeks and squeezes, his jaw opens,
she forcibly tilts his head upward and pours the water in
his mouth.

Archbishop coughs and splutters as the water pours down his
gullet.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CARRIAGE 6

In the carriage the whole time. The two Jesus statues are
actually two PASSENGERS, strung up to the wall to look like
they are on a cross - their eyes torn out.

The chairs and sofas in the same skewed positions as the
pews.

The altar now a pile of side tables.

Abaddon's horns have disappeared.

The Archbishop sits up, composes himself.

CECILIA

Are you ok?

The Archbishop nods.

VOICE (P.A SYSTEM)

Now entering Hell. Best of luck.

Cecilia moves towards a window. The red glow of the Earth's
magma disappears - replaced with a swirl of a gray, smoke-
like substance.

Cecilia moves her face closer to the window, searching
through the gray.

Beat.

A ghostly figure SLAMS into the window, Cecilia jolts back in fright.

The figure appears deformed, tortured. A deep black void where eyes should be. It flies off

Cecilia takes a closer look out of the window. Thousands upon thousands of these ghostly gray figures swirl around like a sea of evil.

Cecilia rubs her temple. feints.

INT. DARK ROOM

Cecilia awakens in the seat, strapped and trapped.

She squints her eyes, adjusting them. This time, the room is lighter,

She can make out other seats, in rows. She's actually in a--

CINEMA

Janet appears in front of her. Stanley, cowers behind Janet's legs.

JANET
Rachel? Can you hear me.

CECILIA
Yes. Please--

Cecilia struggles against the restraints.

CECILIA
Who are you?

JANET
I'm Janet, your sister.

CECILIA
I don't have a--

JANET
I know you must be confused. But please listen. You are inside a virtual movie.

CECILIA
A movie?

JANET

Unfortunately, a horror movie. The program corrupted and has locked you in, we are trying to get you out.

Cecilia struggles against the restraints even harder.

CECILIA

No, no! Your an hallucination!

JANET

Your brain has assumed the identity of the character. You are not Cecilia, she doesn't exist!

CECILIA

You don't exist.

Janet sighs in frustration.

JANET

You have to remember who you are if you are to get out of this!

Cecilia's eyes begin to close.

JANET

Shit, she's slipping! Rachel, Abaddon is the corruption! stay away from him!

Her eyes close.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CARRIAGE 6

Archbishop hovers above Cecilia, pours water in her mouth.

She coughs and splutters, as she regains consciousness.

Nearby, Abaddon- prone on the floor- also coughs and splutters.

CECILIA

Did you hallucinate as well?

Abaddon seems to eye her with an err of suspicion.

ABADDON

Yeah...

CECILIA

What about?

Abaddon stares at her for longer than is normal.

ABADDON
Doesn't matter.

BANG. One of the spirits dives for train, ricochets off the side.

BANG. Another.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

They dive bomb for the train like trained kamikaze pilots.

Cecilia and Abaddon get to their feet, instinctively cower close together, but, almost simultaneously step away from each other, like they each carry a disease.

BANG. A spirit slams into the train- this one makes it halfway through!

His head, shoulders and arms jut into the carriage. He lets out a loud raspy GASP.

Archbishop looks terrified, he closes his eyes.

ARCHBISHOP
Saint Michael, illustrious leader
of the heavenly army, defend us in
the battle against principalities
and powers...

The spirit grabs the edges of the wall and pulls himself through, struggles.

BANG. Another spirit, halfway through the wall.

BANG BANG BANG. Half a dozen spirits are now making their way into the carriage.

ARCHBISHOP
...against the rulers of the world
of darkness and the spirit of
wickedness in high places...

Cecilia and Abaddon retreat to the far end of the carriage as the first spirit finally pulls himself all the way in.

The spirit grins at Cecilia before turning into gray mist. The mist flies through the air and through the empty eye sockets of one of the strung up passengers.

The passenger reanimates. Eyes are now a deep dark black.

The passenger CRIES out in anger, struggles against the restraints which begin to buckle.

Another spirit breaks though, occupies the other crucified passenger - they too, reanimate.

Abaddon grabs a frozen Cecilia and drags her away,

CECILIA
Father! Come on.

The Archbishop doesn't move.

ARCHBISHOP
Carry our prayers up to God's throne, that the mercy of the Lord may quickly come and lay hold of the beast.

He pulls a wooden cross from his robes.

Abaddon drags Cecilia through the door and into--

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CARRIAGE 5

Abaddon throws a shocked Cecilia into a nearby chair.

He grabs a sofa, blocks the door.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CARRIAGE 6

Both passengers have broken free of their restraints. Stand in the middle of the carriage staring at Archbishop.

Archbishop holds the cross tightly in his hands. His eyes go wide.

He flees for the door, tries to burst through but it doesn't budge.

PASSENGER CARRIAGE 5

The door BANGS. Archbishop's face appears at the window.

ARCHBISHOP
Let me in!

Abaddon doesn't move.

ARCHBISHOP
Please!

CECILIA

Abaddon!

Abaddon turns to her with no emotion.

CECILIA

For Christ sakes, Abaddon.

Cecilia rushes over to the door, pulls at the sofa, but can barely move it.

ARCHBISHOP

Hurry! Please!

Cecilia looks at Abaddon, he stares back. She pulls on the sofa with all her might.

Abaddon finally joins, together they slide the sofa over enough for Archbishop to squeeze into the room.

They replace the sofa just in time as the two possessed passengers BANG on the door to get in.

Archbishop drops to his knees, closes his eyes, mutters a prayer.

Cecilia stares at Abaddon, incredulous. he takes a seat on a nearby chair.

Cecilia grabs the holy water and hands a bottle to Archbishop.

CECILIA

Help me with this.

She unscrews the top, pours some onto her head and splashes it onto the sides and windows of the carriage.

Archbishop does the same.

Cecilia looks out the windows at the swirling gray mass. Archbishop notices.

ARCHBISHOP

They're the souls of the damned.

Cecilia titters.

CECILIA

Who would have thought Hell was real!

Archbishop stares at her.

Cecilia catches him in her peripherals.

CECILIA
Right, of course.

Archbishop shakes his head.

ARCHBISHOP
Never thought I would see it for
myself.

He turns and stares at Abaddon.

ARCHBISHOP
Strange how you didn't know about
this, though. Were there no test
runs of this train?

Abaddon doesn't make eye contact. Instead loads another
chair into the barricade.

ABADDON
We're halfway there, we just need
to keep drinking the water and
hold up in the cabin until we
arrive.

A thought hits Cecilia.

CECILIA
The rumours were true, weren't
they?

Abaddon sighs, rubs his temples.

ARCHBISHOP
Which rumours?

CECILIA
A test passenger went crazy during
testing and self-harmed.

Abaddon stares at his shoes.

CECILIA
Rumours are he gauged out his own
eyes, and began rambling about
Hell and demons.

Abaddon shuffles uncomfortably.

CECILIA
It's true, isn't it.

Abaddon doesn't respond.

CECILIA
Isn't it!

ABADDON
His name is Phillip.

Cecilia scoffs.

CECILIA
And you still let people on the
train? Your despicable!

ABADDON
I didn't have a--

CECILIA
Anything for profits, eh?

ABADDON
I'm on this train too!

Cecilia is taken aback.

Becky appears behind Cecilia, Abaddon stares at her, the only one to react to her presence.

ABADDON
I didn't have a choice.

Abaddon takes a swig of water. Becky disappears.

Archbishop steps in between them.

ARCHBISHOP
Not to add to the animosity. But I
can't accept your plan of waiting
it out until we get to the
surface.

ABADDON
I'm not about to listen to a man
who killed two people and strung
them up.

ARCHBISHOP
I didn't kill them, they killed
themselves.

Archbishops head drops.

ARCHBISHOP

But yes I did string them up, but you feel it as well as I do, this place is pure evil, it causes evil acts-- this illustrates my next point. We can't let this train get to the surface.

Abaddon and Cecilia stare at him.

ARCHBISHOP

It's safe to assume that most of the Gravity Trains passengers are now possessed. Allowing them to reach the surface would be, catastrophic.

Cecilia Walks to him.

CECILIA

Why?

ARCHBISHOP

Do I really need to explain why demons walking around on the surface would be catastrophic?

CECILIA

No, I suppose not.

ARCHBISHOP

We need to stop the train.

CECILIA

Here? In hell? But we are on the train!

Archbishop puts a reassuring hand on Cecilia's shoulder. Smiles weakly.

Abaddon looks deep in thought.

CECILIA

It's not even possible is it? Gravity is what is driving the train, how would we stop gravity?

ABADDON

There is a way to do it--

All three grab their heads in agony, fall to their knees.

INT. CINEMA

Back in the seat.

Janet inches from Cecilia's face as she opens her eyes.

JANET

Rachel! Listen carefully. You cannot let Abaddon destroy the train!

CECILIA

(weary)
Why?

JANET

That's not how the movie ends. If he does it, the movie will loop back to the beginning, and I don't think your brain will survive another run-through.

CECILIA

You're not real.

JANET

Damn it, Rachel. Stop him by any means necessary. He's corrupted A.I and he is trying to kill you!

CECILIA

Get out of my head.

Janet reaches behind her, pulls Stanley around and plops him in front of Cecilia, he's crying.

JANET

Stanley needs you! He needs his mommy!

Tears stream down Stanley's face.

STANLEY

Mommy! I'm scared.

Janet points at Cecilia's belly.

JANET

This one hasn't even had a chance yet!

Cecilia rubs her bump, tears fall from her eyes.

She looks at Stanley, extends her arm.

Stanley reaches out and squeezes her hand tight.

Cecilia's eyes begin to roll. Her hand falls from Stanley's grasp.

JANET

Rachel! Abaddon is evil, don't let
him kill your baby!

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CARRIAGE 5

Cecilia jolts awake on the floor. Panicked breaths, she reaches for her inhaler, takes a deep inhale of it.

She surveys, Abaddon has gone. Archbishop stares out of the window.

CECILIA

Where's Abaddon?

Archbishop doesn't move. Cecilia gets to her feet, takes a step towards Archbishop.

ARCHBISHOP

(demonic)

He went to get a drink.

Cecilia stops in her tracks.

The gray mass out of the windows turns to the red glow of the mantel.

ARCHBISHOP

finally, after two hundred
years...

Archbishop turns around, a deep black where his eyes once were.

ARCHBISHOP

I'm free!

Archbishop opens his palm and drops two eyeballs on the ground.

Cecilia is frozen in fear.

ARCHBISHOP

Are you going to stop the train?

Cecilia remains frozen.

ARCHBISHOP

I can't let you do that.

Archbishop charges for Cecilia, tackles her to the ground.

The pair roll, no one gaining the advantage.

They separate and get to their feet. Archbishop charges again, grabbing Cecilia and slamming her into the side of the carriage.

Cecilia gets a hand on his face, slams it against the carriage wall.

Archbishop's face SIZZLES as it touches the wall. He steps back in agony.

The penny drops, Cecilia spots the holy water on the floor, she lunges for it.

But Archbishop is quicker, he pounces on top of Cecilia, pins her arms down.

His cross dangles from his neck.

Cecilia head butts him, grabs the wooden cross and plunges it into his eye. Archbishop SQUEELS and falls to the floor.

Quickly, Cecilia grabs the holy water and flees into--

PASSENGER CARRIAGE 4

Where several POSSESSED PASSENGERS sit in chairs, waiting. Their posture is unnaturally stiff and straight.

They stare at the new arrival.

Cecilia begins to walk through.

The closest passenger stands, Cecilia quickly throws a handful of holy water at them, their skin sizzles. They sit back down.

The others stare in anger but don't dare approach Cecilia.

Cecilia hastens through the carriage, through the doors and into--

PASSENGER CARRIAGE 3

Where a huddle of possessed PASSENGERS bash and pull at the hatch leading to the cargo holds.

They turn in unison at the new arrival.

As one they POUNCE, Cecilia falls back, swings the water at them wildly.

The passengers retreat as their skin burns.

Seeing her chance, Cecilia flees for the door and bursts into--

INT. JET PLANE - STATIONARY - DAY

Her home.

But not as she left it.

Cecilia looks around, tentatively walks up to pictures on the wall, they are of her and Stanley, both happy.

Something catches her eye. It's a crib, beautifully laid out next to her bed.

In the crib is a pretty flowery romper and tiny knitted socks.

Cecilia picks them up, rubs the soft fabric on her cheek. She takes a seat on her bed, holds the socks tightly.

She stands abruptly, shakes it off, takes a swig of water--

INT. GRAVITY TRAIN - PASSENGER CARRIAGE 2

Cecilia looks around, no one passengers visible.

She takes steps towards the other end.

HILDA (O.S.)
Hello sweetie

Cecilia wheels around. Hilda sits in a high backed velvet chair. A deep black where he eyes once were.

Cecilia goes to throw the water at her, bottle empty.

Hilda laughs. Stands. Takes a step towards her.

Cecilia turns and flees, bursts into--

PASSENGER CARRIAGE 1

Where seven POSSESSED PASSENGERS form a wall.

Cecilia doesn't break her momentum and ploughs into the middle passenger, both fall to the ground.

She tries to crawl away but the others pounce on top of her.

One rolls her onto her back, as others pin down her arms.

The possessed passenger on top extends his thumbs. Moves them towards Cecilia's eyes.

She squirms but they are too strong.

The thumbs reach her face-- THWACK.

The passenger crumples. Barman stands above them, glass bottle in hand.

The others attack Barman but he hits them with the bottle with lightning speed.

Cecilia gets to her feet and dashes for the door, Barman follows.

BAR CARRIAGE GANGWAY

Barman places a hand on the pad, the door to the carriage locks, just as possessed passengers slam into the door.

BAR CARRIAGE

Barman moves behind the bar, begins to polish glasses.

BARMAN

Hello
 (robotic)
 Cecilia
 (normal)
 May I get you a drink?

CECILIA

Abaddon, where is he?

Cecilia doubles over in AGONY. Grabs her head.

Beat.

It passes.

Barman takes a glass and places it under one of the optics.

BARMAN

Sorry, madam. I do not know of anyone by that name.

Barman fills the glass, places a napkin on the bar, puts the glass on top.

CECILIA

Yes, you do. Abaddon, you got him his "usual" drink.

Barman flashes his irritating smile.

CECILIA

He's a passenger on the damn train!

BARMAN

Sorry, madam. There is no passenger by that name on the train.

Cecilia takes the drink, knocks it back.

CECILIA

If this is another joke, Jack, I don't have time for it.

COMMOTION from the gangway, Cecilia rushes over and into--

BAR CARRIAGE GANGWAY

Abaddon, back to Cecilia, messes with the external door.

CECILIA

Abaddon!

He abruptly turns, holds a knife out to her.

ABADDON

Stay back!

She holds her hands up.

CECILIA

What are you doing?

Abaddon doesn't flinch, he sweats profusely.

ABADDON

The train must be stopped.

Cecilia leans around Abaddon, a device on the door.

Abaddon reaches for it. Cecilia dives towards it. Abaddon gets to the device first--

BOOM. The blast sends Abaddon and Cecilia flying into the opposite wall.

Cecilia crumples to the floor, Abaddon's burnt and dead body falls on top of her.

INT. TUNNEL

The gravity train jolts to one side, hits the force field tunnel in a flurry of SPARKS.

The friction slows the train, until it stops, lingers motionless for a second before plummeting back into the black abyss below.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

PASSENGERS mull around, chat, take champagne and Canapés from obedient WAITERS.

A giggle escapes Cecilia's mouth - Cinderella has made it to the ball.

Realization hits. Her eyes widen as she stares at the dominating gravity train in front of her.

Arthur steps next to her, the black marble eyes of the white fox scarf stare at her.

Cecilia jumps as Arthur slams his gold-tipped cane into the ground.

Cecilia Rushes into the--

TERMINAL BUILDING

And straight to the office in the corner.

Inside, Abaddon and Benedict in the throws of an argument.

Abaddon spots her, walks over to the window. He flashes her a menacing grin as he closes the blind.

At the end of the building, the exit, door wide open. She removes her shoes and sprints through--

SMACK.

Cecilia crumples to the floor, cries out in agony.

She struggles back to her feet, tries to push her hand through the open door, it crumples against an invisible wall.

Cecilia feels her way around it like a mime.

No way through.

She bangs her fists on it, it doesn't make a sound and it doesn't budge.

Frantic, she looks around the vast terminal building. no other exits, she runs back onto the--

PLATFORM

The passengers happily converse and stuff their faces with canapes.

Nearby, Hilda. Cecilia runs to her, grabs her arms.

CECILIA

Hilda!

HILDA

Sorry dear, have we met?

CECILIA

Please don't get on the train!

Hilda takes Cecilia by the hands.

HILDA

It's OK Sweetie. Take a breath.

Cecilia pulls from Cecilia's grip.

CECILIA

I'm being serious!

Arthur steps next to Hilda, Cecilia a step back.

She points a finger at him.

CECILIA

And you can fuck off!

HILDA

Honey, please--

Other passengers begin to stare at the commotion.

Arthur chuckles.

ARTHUR
 You can put on the wolf's
 clothes--

CECILIA
 --He kills you, you know. Tears
 out your eyeballs.

More passengers stare.

CECILIA
 You all die! Every last one of
 you.

Abaddon appears on the platform, nods to members of staff
 who rush in and grab Cecilia.

CECILIA
 Get off me.

She fights back, but more members of staff grab her, drag he
 across the platform.

CECILIA
 The rumours are true! You will all
 die, don't get on the train!

Cecilia fights hard causing them all to fall to the ground.
 Cecilia hits her head hard on the floor.

INT. CINEMA

Cecilia jolts awake, groans in pain.

CECILIA
 My head hurts.

Stanley stands in front of Cecilia

STANLEY
 Mommy?

Cecilia stares at him, he's crying.

STANLEY
 Mommy, I'm scared.

Cecilia smiles, faux reassuring.

CECILIA
 It's okay, don't cry. There's no
 need to cry.

Stanley rushes over, hugs Cecilia's pregnant belly. Sobs on her.

Janet watches from a distance.

Cecilia stares at Stanley, a tear falls down her cheek.

JANET

Stanley, give us a moment please.

Stanley doesn't move.

Janet walks over, calmly places a hand on his shoulder. He finally releases the embrace.

Janet gently leads him away.

Janet sits opposite Cecilia. Looks her in the eye.

JANET

Remember who you are now?

Cecilia looks down, can't keep that eye contact.

Janet reaches over and pulls up Cecilia's top, revealing the her stretch-marked belly.

JANET

Look at it.

Cecilia obliges.

Small movements under the skin, the baby is moving.

JANET

I know you can feel her, your
daughter. You can't get more real
than that.

Cecilia stares at it, smiles, the biggest ever.

She looks to Janet, the pair smile at each other. Pure happiness.

Cecilia looks at Stanley, who sits on a nearby chair playing with a toy.

CECILIA

Seven years ago, I miscarried.

Janet squeezes her hand.

JANET
 No, you didn't, Cecilia did. You
 had a happy healthy little boy.

Cecilia struggles with the emotion.

CECILIA
 I can't... I can't remember
 anything.

JANET
 You will! But first we need to get
 you out of this--

--Cecilia YELPS in agony.

JANET
 The connection is destroying your
 brain. We need to get you out,
 now. The movie restarted, but we
 think we are able to jump you
 ahead to where you were. And
 then--

Janet chokes on the words, struggles to say them.

CECILIA
 And then, what?

JANET
 You have to kill Abaddon.

Cecilia's eyes widen, she manages to micro shake her head.

JANET
 Only then will you--

CECILIA
 --I can't--

JANET
 --It's the only way! It's the way
 the movie is supposed to end, it's
 the only way to get out.

CECILIA
 I can't kill someone!

Janet squeezes Cecilia's hand.

JANET
 He's not real. Remember that. He's
 a computer program.

Cecilia's eyes begin to droop.

JANET
You have to kill him, Rachel. For
your children!

Cecilia's eyes begin to close.

JANET
Do it for your baby!

INT. BAR CARRIAGE

Cecilia jolts awake. Barman stares at her, menacing grin.

BARMAN
Abaddon, head engineer of the
Gravity Train--

Cecilia rubs her head.

CECILIA
What?

BARMAN
Madam has forgotten her request.
(Cecilia's voice recording)
Abaddon, where is he?
(normal)
Abaddon, head engineer of the
Gravity Train, location, behind
you.

Cecilia wheels around, Abaddon stares at her.

Cecilia takes a step back.

CECILIA
Where did you go?

ABADDON
To figure out how to stop the
train.

Abaddon takes a step forward, Cecilia a step back.

CECILIA
So you just left me there?

ABADDON
That was the safest carriage on
the train.

Abaddon, a step forward. Cecilia, a step back.

ABADDON
Have you been drinking your holy
water, you seem on edge?

CECILIA
On edge? Of course I'm on edge!
have you seen this place!

Becky appears on the bar, staring straight at Abaddon.

BECKY
Daddy! Please don't let me die.

Abaddon tries to shake it off, twitchy.

Cecilia watches him.

CECILIA
Have you been drinking the water?

JANET (V.O.)
Rachel! You have to kill him, now!

Cecilia shakes it off.

Abaddon holds out two bottles.

ABADDON
Together?

Cecilia nods, Abaddon goes to throw her a bottle--

CECILIA
--wait wait wait. The other one.

Abaddon looks insulted. He throws the other bottle of water
at Cecilia's feet.

She slowly bends down to pick it up, never taking her eyes
off of Abaddon.

They both unscrew the tops.

BECKY
I'm scared, Daddy!

They bring the bottles to their lips.

JANET (V.O.)
Kill him now!

BECKY
I'm going to die!

The pair down their drinks. Becky disappears. Cecilia listens for Janet's voice. Silence.

ABADDON
What are your hallucinations?

Cecilia looks at the floor, fiddles with the bottle.

CECILIA
That I'm stuck in one of them
virtual movies, that this isn't
real... you're not real.

Abaddon nods.

ABADDON
That's a good one. You know they
are not real, don't you?

Cecilia hesitates, nods. Abaddon doesn't buy it.

ABADDON
Something is still drawing you to
it, what is it?

BARMAN
May I get either of you a drink?

Cecilia nods, takes a seat at the bar.

Abaddon takes a seat at the bar, the furthest from Cecilia.

Barman places a drink in front of them both.

ABADDON
The water isn't working as well as
it was. The lines are blurred.

Cecilia takes a drink.

ABADDON
If you can't keep your grasp of
reality I can't trust you anymore.

CECILIA
I'm pregnant.

Abaddon's eyebrows lift.

BARMAN
Congratulations, madam!

CECILIA
 In the hallucination, I'm
 pregnant.

Barman's face falls.

BARMAN
 Apologies for my premature
 congratulatory sentiment.

CECILIA
 And my son, my miscarriage, he's
 there too.

Abaddon eyes her up.

Cecilia hangs her head.

CECILIA
 I even have a sister.

Abaddon, on the sly, lowers his empty glass under the bar.

ABADDON
 They are clever, showing you your
 desires. They're not real.

CECILIA
 And what are they showing you?
 What are your desires?

Abaddon swigs down the drink.

ABADDON
 They're not showing me my desires,
 they're playing on my fears. We
 have to stay strong.

Cecilia rubs her belly. she smiles manically.

CECILIA
 I can feel the baby moving.

ABADDON
 Cecilia--

CECILIA
 --It's a girl--

ABADDON
 (desperate)
 --Cecilia!

CECILIA

I won't let you kill her!

Cecilia stands, flings her bar stool towards Abaddon.

He dives to the ground, it smashes against the side of the carriage.

He gets back up, can't see her, he steps forward as Cecilia leaps over the bar with an anguished cry.

She lands on top of Abaddon, both crash to the floor.

She puts her thumbs on his eyes, but he manages to push her arms away.

They roll on the ground, each trying to get the upper hand.

Cecilia reaches for a piece of broken stool, she drives the splintered end towards Abaddon's eyes.

He holds out a defensive hand, the wood STABS through. He yell's out in pain.

Cecelia pushes the stake down towards his face, closer, closer, inches from his face.

SMASH

Cecilia keels over in a hail of glass and booze.

Barman stands over her.

ABADDON

What did you do?

BARMAN

Saved your life. You programmed me to save the lives of the passengers.

ABADDON

I also programmed you not to hurt the passengers!

BARMAN

She was not an authorized passenger.

Abaddon gets to his feet, feels for a pulse.

ABADDON
 Shes still alive. As head engineer
 I courtly invite her to be a guest
 on this train, is that clear?

BARMAN
 Yes, sir.

ABADDON
 Keep her safe.

BARMAN
 Yes, sir.

ABADDON
 This train must not reach the
 surface. Do you understand?

Barman's eye dart, like he is trying to compute.

ABADDON
 Any passengers with black eyes,
 are dead, you don't have to
 protect them, in fact you should
 kill them.

Barman's eyes dart from side to side.

BARMAN
 Understood.

Abaddon breaths a sigh of relief.

ABADDON
 If I come back, with black eyes.
 You kill me too.

BARMAN
 Understood.

INT. LUGGAGE HOLD

Abaddon walks through a luggage hold, bottles of water in
 his waste band.

He looks up to a hatch, unlocks it, climbs through into--

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

As sterile as you would expect. No people, no noise.

Abaddon sticks his head through the hatch, looks left, looks right.

He climbs up. Sighs.

He takes a water bottle from his waistband, unscrews the top, brings it to his lips--

BECKY (O.S.)

Daddy!

Abaddon hesitates, walks towards a door, he enters into--

WARD

Becky occupies the only bed. She sits up.

BECKY

You said I wouldn't die.

Abaddon takes tentative steps forward.

BECKY

You promised me.

Tears stream down her face.

ABADDON

You're not real.

BECKY

Mama is gone, if you don't come back they treat me anymore. I'll die, Daddy.

Abaddon begins to well up, he crouches down, scrunches his eyes.

Becky crawls down the bed, menacing, towards Abaddon.

She stretches out a pale hand, caresses Abaddon's face. Abaddon puts his hand on hers, kisses it.

ABADDON

I'm so sorry.

Becky moves her hand towards Abaddon's eyes, presses her little thumb into them.

Abaddon bats her off, scrambles to his feet.

He quickly unscrews the water bottle and goes to take a swig--

A big hand bats it away. Its Arthur.

Abaddon throws a punch but Arthur catches it, kicks Abaddon in the gut sending him flying backwards.

Abaddon quickly crawls for the water bottle, but Arthur catches him, lifts him by his clothes and throws him into the wall.

Arthur chuckles.

ARTHUR

You won't stop this train.

INT. BAR CARRIAGE

Heavy bangs on the door to the carriage. Barman places another item of furniture in front of it.

He looks through the window, several possessed passengers kick and punch the door, trying to break in.

Cecilia is tied to a chair. She GASPS as she comes round, panicked she looks around, spots Barman.

CECILIA

What happened?

Silence.

CECILIA

Where's Abaddon?

BARMAN

I believe he is attempting to source some material in order to stop the train from reaching it's destination.

She struggles against her restraints.

CECILIA

Untie me now!

The bangs on the door get louder.

BARMAN

I cannot do that. It is for your own protection.

Cecilia struggles harder.

CECILIA
Let me fucking go!

BARMAN
As a registered passenger, I am
programmed to protect you.

Cecilia stops struggling.

CECILIA
Registered?

BARMAN
Congratulations! Abaddon has
cordially invited you to be his
guest on the debut journey of the
Gravity Train.

CECILIA
Abaddon is going to destroy the
train, which will kill me.

BARMAN
You will not be harmed. If you are
not restrained, I predict that you
will hurt Mr Abaddon.

CECILIA
If he destroys the train he will
kill himself.

Barman looks puzzled. His head jolts unnaturally.

BARMAN
Mr Abaddon moves to destroy the
train, which will hurt him. You
can stop him but your actions will
also hurt him.

Barman jolts, like he is short circuiting.

BARMAN
Either action results in passenger
harm-- passenger harm-- passenger
harm.

Barman freezes.

CECILIA
Hello?

A mighty BANG on the door knocks some of the furniture
barricade down.

Cecilia looks at the window. Hilda's black eyes stare back.

INT. WARD - DAY

Abaddon is slammed hard onto the ground then circles, observing his prey.

Abaddon spits out blood. A spoon lands next to him.

ARTHUR

If you do it yourself, we promise
to spare Becky, when we get to the
surface.

Arthur smiles.

Abaddon grabs the spoon, struggles to his feet.

He looks to the bed where Becky sobs.

BECKY

Please, Daddy.

With shaky hand, Abaddon brings the spoon towards his eyes.

He turns his back to Arthur, bends over, lets out a mighty
CRY.

He moves his hand over to his other eye, lets out another
CRY.

He stumbles forward, falls onto a tray on a table. One hand
clenched, like he is holding something.

Arthur smiles, walks towards him.

ARTHUR

Good!

A spirit SMASHES through the side of the carriage.

Arthur puts a hand on the back of a whimpering Abaddon.

The spirit FLIES towards Abaddon, dives for his head, but
with a SQUEAL, he bounces off.

Arthur's face drops, he opens Abaddon's clenched hand,
empty.

Abaddon grabs the tray, swings it around as hard as he can,
smacks it into Arthur's face, he drops onto his back.

INT. DINING CARRIAGE

As they were, but back on the train.

The carriage is full of opulently laid tables and half eaten food.

Abaddon opens the bottle of holy water, pours into into the dark eyes of Arthur.

Sizzling steam erupts from his eye sockets until the spirit flies out from them.

The spirit SQUEALS and smokes as it flies around the cabin in agony.

Eventually it melts away into a dusty liquid material.

The other spirit looks terrified, it bombs for the side of the carriage, bounces off.

It tries to push his way through.

Abaddon fills a tall glass with the holy water, throws it against the carriage wall next to the spirit.

The glass SHATTERS, showering the spirit with water.

It too, begins to SQUEAL and smoke, darting around the carriage to get away before melting into the dusty liquid.

Abaddon enters the--

KITCHEN

and opens the storage cupboard. He removes two large bottles of goose fat.

INT. BAR CARRIAGE

Cecilia struggles against her restraints.

Barman stands still, lifeless.

Almighty BANGS from the bar carriage door, it begins to bend and buckle.

CECILIA

Barman! Wake up, wake the fuck up!

The edge of the carriage door buckles, enough for Hilda to stick an arm through, trying to prize the door open.

Barman jolts to life, smiles broadly at Cecilia

BARMAN
Welcome to the gravity train. May
I offer you a drink?

CECILIA
Untie me, now!

Barman moves toward her.

BARMAN
Certainly, Madam.

Hilda squeezes through a gap in the door. Possessed
passengers behind her try to get through, they are too big.

Barman undoes her restraints.

CECILIA
Hurry up!

Hilda runs toward Cecilia, just as her restraints come
loose.

Cecilia rugby tackles Hilda to the ground.

The pair roll around the floor, Hilda gets the better of
Cecilia, sits on top of her, thumbs positioned over her
eyes.

HILDA
It will be over soon.

Hilda begins to press down, Cecilia SCREAMS.

Barman yanks Hilda off of Cecilia, grabs her arm and puts it
behind her back, restrained.

Cecilia grabs two bottles of holy water, unscrews the tops
and shoves the ends into each one of Hilda's eyes.

Hilda drops to the ground, a dusty liquid oozes from every
orifice.

The other possessed passengers attempt to break through the
door.

BARMAN
Do not fear, Madam.

Barman walks to the door. With mighty strength he pushes the buckled part of the door back in place, stands there holding the door firmly in place as the possessed passengers attempt to break through.

INT. LUGGAGE HOLD

Abaddon, wounded opens the top hatch, climbs into--

BAR CARRIAGE

Cecilia sits slumped in a chair, arms behind her back.

Barman braces the door against a cacophony of bangs from the other side.

Abaddon places the goose fat on the bar then steps over Hilda's body as he moves to Barman.

BARMAN

I'm afraid the integrity of the door has been compromised.

ABADDON

Shit. I need to get to the magnet on the other side. It's not long until we reach the surface. Any ideas?

BARMAN

I am afraid I will be a disappointment, I have no ideas to offer.

Abaddon slaps him on the back.

ABADDON

You are anything but a disappointment.

Barman nods.

ABADDON

(gestures to Hilda)
You even took this one down.

BARMAN

That was not me, sir.

Abaddon looks at Barman, perplexed.

BARMAN

That was her.

Abaddon wheels to Cecilia. She storms towards him.

Tackles him to the ground.

The pair struggle, back and forth but Abaddon uses his strength to get the upper hand.

He sits on top of Cecilia, pins her arms down.

ABADDON

Stop it!

Barman stares at the pair, doesn't move.

Cecilia screams a wild warcry. Tries to push back against Abaddon, but he's too strong.

Cecilia stops struggling, lies exhausted, panting.

Abaddon stares at her.

ABADDON

Stop it!

Cecilia nods.

Abaddon softens his grip, gets to his feet--

--Cecilia flat foots him in the groin, Abaddon doubles over. She grabs a bottle from the bar, swings it full pelt down onto Abaddon's head. THUD.

He crashes to the floor.

Cecilia reaches behind the bar, grabs the lime knife.

Barman watches.

She rolls Abaddon onto his back, he stares at her, dazed.

She holds the knife out, brings it down to his eyes.

Groggily he brings up his arms in defense, she bats them away.

With a SQUELCH, she plunges the knife into his eye. SCREAMS of pain.

Barman looks away. No change in facial expression, but he can't watch.

Cecilia pulls the knife out of his twitching body, plunges it into his other eye. No screams this time.

Cecilia pants, gets to her feet. Waits.

Beat.

She CRIES in agony, clutches her head, drops to the ground next to Abaddon.

INT. CINEMA

Cecilia jolts awake, SCREAMING.

The device on her head HISSES. Janet quickly removes it.

Cecilia looks at her clean hands, cries out as if they were still drenched in blood.

Janet grabs her face.

JANET
Rachel, Rachel! It's OK, you're
out, you're safe.

Cecilia breaths heavy, stares at Janet with heavy eyes.

Janet smiles broadly.

JANET
You did it! You did it!

Stanley appears behind Janet.

STANLEY
Mommy!

Stanley hugs Cecilia, she squeezes him tight, kisses his head as tears fall.

CECILIA
I need to get out of here.

Cecilia goes to stand up, Janet pushes her back down.

JANET
Not so fast! You've been through
something, you need to sit still
until the doctor can check you
out.

Cecilia looks around at the empty cinema.

CECILIA
Where are they?

JANET
He will be about ten minutes. Just
hang tight, cuddle Stanley.

Cecilia shakes her head.

CECILIA
No, please, I can't be in here, I
need air, fresh air.

Cecilia goes to stand.

Janet pushes her down, a bit too forceful.

CECILIA
Janet!

JANET
Sit. Still. It's for your own
good.

STANLEY
Mommy?

Cecilia looks at him.

STANLEY
(barman's voice)
Cecilia! Wake up. Cecilia! Wake
up. Cecilia! Wake up.

Cecilia looks horrified.

JANET
What is it?

CECILIA
I can still hear him, Barman, I
can hear him. Why can I still hear
him?

JANET
It must have damaged your brain
more than we thought, it's OK the
Doctor is on his way.

STANLEY
(barman's voice)
Cecilia! Wake up. Cecilia! Wake
up. Cecilia! Wake up.

Cecilia squeezes her eyes shut.

CECILIA
Make him stop, please make him
stop.

JANET
You are fine, you are safe.

STANLEY
(barman's voice)
Cecilia! Wake up. Cecilia! Wake
up. Cecilia! Wake up.

Cecilia opens her eyes, panicked, she tries to get up.

Janet holds her down.

CECILIA
You're hurting me! I need to
get out.

STANLEY
(barman's voice)
Cecilia! Wake up. Cecilia!
Wake up. Cecilia! Wake up.

STANLEY
(barman's voice)
Cecilia! Wake up. Cecilia!
Wake up. Cecilia! Wake up.

JANET
Stay still you might hurt
the baby!

Cecilia struggles harder to get up.

STANLEY
(barman's voice)
Cecilia! You are hallucinating!

JANET
(to Stanley)
Shut the fuck up!

Cecilia gasps, stares at Janet

CECILIA
You hear him too!

JANET
No, I--

CECILIA
I am hallucinating!

The doors at the back of the cinema swing open, the Bar
carriage on the other side.

Janet stares at it, Cecilia headbutts her, knocking her back.

Cecilia dashes for the door, Janet in pursuit. She tackles her to the ground.

Cecilia plants a flat foot into Janet's face, once, twice. Janet lets go.

Cecilia bolts for the door, dives through it, the door SLAMS behind her.

INT. BAR CARRIAGE

Cecilia snaps back to reality, prone on the floor.

Next to her, Abaddon "Stares" back at her with bloody mangled eye sockets.

Cecilia SCREAMS. Writhes in despair, scratches at her own skin.

Uncontrollable sobbing, she looks to barman who stares at Abaddon's body.

Cecilia reaches into her pocket, pulls out her inhaler. Takes large breaths from it.

Eventually she gets to her feet.

She walks up to Barman.

CECILIA

I need to stop the train.

BARMAN

I was privy to Abaddon's plan. I can assist you. Please, bring that sofa to me.

Cecilia walks over to a large leather sofa, pushes it along the ground towards the door. Her and Barman jam it into the barricade.

CECILIA

Whats the plan.

BARMAN

(points to bar)
Please, stand here.

Cecilia does as she is told

Barman takes the decorate rope from around the bar, RIPS it from its fixings. He ties one end around a pole on the bar.

BARMAN

I will open the door, repel the
attackers with holy water into the
next carriage, lock them in.

Items from the barricade fall as the possessed passengers fight their way in.

BARMAN

I will access the magnets at the
carriage edge, create a fire that
will cause demagnetization.

Barman ties the other end of the rope into a large loop.

BARMAN

After which, I will cause a small
explosion, knocking the train into
the tunnel edge which will provide
sufficient friction to counteract
gravity and stop the train from
reaching its destination.

Barman smiles broadly. Cecilia looks at the rope.

CECILIA

And what is that for?

Barman flings the loop around Cecilia, pulls it tight, it knots around her waist.

CECILIA

What are you doing?

Barman steps away from her towards the blockade.

BARMAN

The bar carriage will be
disconnected from the rest of the
train. It's magnets still in tact
it should reach it's destination
safely. With you on board.

CECILIA

Don't be ridiculous!

Cecilia storms towards Barman, the rope yanks her back.

CECILIA

Untie me now!

BARMAN

I'm afraid not.

Barman looks at Abaddon's body. He takes a cloth from the bar and places it over Abaddon's face.

BARMAN

This was Mr Abaddon's plan to save your life. I must see it through.
Good Luck, Miss Cecilia.

Barman grabs the bottles of animal fat, places them next to the barricade.

He maneuvers back to the bar, grabs a bottle of vodka and takes a load into his mouth.

Back to the barricade, barman removes the items from the barricade.

Possessed passengers squeeze through the gap in the door.

Barman lights his finger lighter, blows the vodka onto it, engulfing the passengers in a fireball, they retreat backwards.

CECILIA

Let me go! I can help!

Barman flings the goose fat through the gap and climbs into the--

BAR CARRIAGE GANGWAY

Barman takes another gulp of Vodka, spits another fireball at the possessed passengers, they retreat back into Carriage 1.

Barman closes and locks the door.

He opens a compartment next to the bathroom door. Underneath, a large "pull" handle. Above it reads "DO NOT PULL: CARRIAGE RELEASE"

Barman pulls it to the sound of clunks.

Next he opens a long compartment in the floor. More signs read "WARNING: STRONG MAGNETIC FIELD"

Barman opens the two bottles of goose fat--

--Possessed Archbishop (wooden cross still stuck in his eye) launches himself from the bathroom into Barman, slamming his head hard into the wall.

Barman's trailing leg knocks over one of the bottles, Goose fat pours into the newly opened hatch.

Barman tries to get up, falls back down. A part of his metal skull has caved in, his head twitches.

Archbishop spots Cecilia. He heads toward her--

--Barman sticks out a leg, knocks Archbishop down.

Managing to get to his feet, Barman pulls Archbishop up, throws him onto the small compartment.

He grabs the second goose fat bottle and pours it over Archbishop.

Archbishop manages to get to his feet, attacks Barman but is instead clamped into a bear hug.

Barman looks at Cecilia.

BAR CARRIAGE

She stares back with wet eyes.

CECILIA
Please, Jack. Don't do it.

Barman lights his finger, presses it into Archbishop, igniting the Goose fat.

Soon the pair of them catch fire.

Barman flings a SQUEELING Archbishop into the hatch.

The fire RAGES, intensifies, fills the whole gangway in an orange glow. Flames lap at Barman, who stares at Cecilia.

BARMAN
I like the name Jack, thank you,
Cecilia.

The gangway begins to rock side to side as the magnetic field collapses under the heat.

The rocking knocks Barman over.

The carriage slams into the tunnel edge, SCRAPES and SPARKS. It catches on the wall, turns sideways, splits in half as the carriage behind it pokes through.

Bar Carriage continues its journey as the crumpled sparking mess that is the rest of the train disappears from view.

EXT. AUSTRALIAN PLATFORM

A tunnel and platform identical to the one the train departed.

WAITERS in whites stand in a line across the platform. Trays of champagne and canapes in hand.

Behind them stands BERNARD (40's) he pulls a pocket watch from his waistcoat, checks it.

BERNARD
Alright, get ready.

A low rumbling sound from the tunnel.

BERNARD
Five, four--

The waiters stand to attention, ready.

BERNARD
--Three--

The rumbling sound gets louder.

BERNARD
--Two--

Bernard looks to the tunnel.

BERNARD
--One.

A large GUST of air erupts from the tunnel, followed by the bar carriage.

Large ring magnets grab it from the tunnel. Slowly lead it along the platform.

The waiters and Bernard stare, confused.

The bar carriage comes to a stop.

The waiters look around at each other, begin to murmur, shuffle.

BERNARD
Silence. Stand still.

Bernard approaches the carriage.

With a press of the button, the external door opens with a HISS.

Bernard takes a step--

BAR CARRIAGE

--inside.

Cecilia, motionless, lies on top of Abaddon.

BERNARD
I need help in here!

a few waiters rush in.

They try to grab Cecilia, pull her away.

CECILIA
No! Get off me!

Cecilia fights their grip. Lies back on top of Abaddon.

She CRIES, caresses his face under the cloth.

One of the waiters hacks at the rope, it breaks. They grab her again, pull her away.

BERNARD
It's alright, you're safe now.
(to waiters)
Get her out of here.

The waiters pull a flailing Cecilia out of the carriage.

CECILIA
I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!

Bernard gestures to the other waiters to leave, they oblige.

Alone, Bernard kneels next to Abaddon.

BERNARD
What happened, my friend.

A big sigh. Bernard reaches out and removes the cloth from Abaddon's face.

His eyes now a deep black.

with supernatural speed, Abaddon sits up, plunges his thumbs into the eyes of Bernard.

He CRIES out in agony.

SMASH TO BLACK

THE END