

Destination Unknown

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Rush hour as hordes of people crowd the subway. The crush of humanity is frightening. JOHN NESS, 40's, briefcase in hand, weaves in and out as he instinctively dodges the crowd of people approaching him from all angles.

His agitation is apparent, like that of the whole crowd and the rest of New York City.

John eventually makes his way to the platform. He leans out, checks the tunnel... Nothing but darkness.

JOHN  
C'mon. Places to be.

The sound of the train can be heard in the distance.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Finally.

He notices as a train barrels down the tunnel. Wrong platform, wrong train. He watches on as the subway train approaches its stop across the platform. The cars are empty except for one PALE-FACED GIRL, 13. She stares intently at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

The train takes off as nobody gets on. Another train approaches... The right one.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I need a drink.

As the train pulls into John's platform, he sees only blurs of the passenger's faces, with the exception of one. The young girl stands clearly amongst the others. Her eyes fixed on John.

The train comes to a complete stop. John waits by the doors.

Suddenly, the lights flicker on the platform. Followed by complete darkness.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You've gotta be kidding me.

The only lights to appear are inside the subway cars. John notices an absence of people inside and out. The doors open.

He hesitates, then steps in. The doors close behind him. The train jolts, starts to move, as John takes a seat.

He scans up and down the car... empty. A loud thump can be heard from his briefcase.

He places it on his lap. Pops the latches, with much hesitation opens it slowly.

A human heart beats with great intensity... bloods spews from the chambers.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This can't be happening.

John picks up the heart. The heartbeat gets more intense. He looks up, notices a rider at the other end of the car. She faces the other direction. She slowly turns her head a full 180 degrees. It's the pale-faced girl.

Her mouth is stitched together. Her hair is thin and lackluster. She stands up, rotates the rest of her body, starts to walk towards him. Her feet tap the floor slow and methodical.

John stands up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon, It can't be you.

John puts one hand outstretched as if to defend himself. As she approaches, she does not stop, but passes right through him. She turns to face him, opens her shirt to reveal her hollowed out torso.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I didn't kill you.

With unexpected power, the girl grabs hold of him and slams him into the subway door. John's head plows right through it. The girl holds his head outside the subway car.

He screams as another train hurdles towards him. She pulls him back just in time. She holds him to the ceiling by his neck. His feet kick out to no avail.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You were dead when they brought me to you.

The briefcase falls on the floor, scalpels, scissors and saws drop out of a hidden pocket.

John watches as foam protrudes from her stitches. Each stitch pops one at a time until her jaw unhinges, unleashing an angry whirlwind of hundred dollar bills into John's face.

John swats the bills away. The girl lowers him and lets go.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm not a murderer. Yeah I removed your organs. Your body was still warm too. Do you have any idea how much money I made off you?

John smiled.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yeah you were quite a cache... Can I go now?

John dusts himself off.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Whether this is real or not. It'll make a hell of story.

The girl cocks her head. The train comes to complete stop.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's better.

John picks up his now empty briefcase, stands at the door. The girl watches on.

The doors open, John hears a ding. He turns around glances at a neon sign in the Car.

IT READS : NINE GATES : ARRIVED FOURTH CIRCLE - GREED

JOHN (CONT'D)

Wait.

The girl shoves John out the door. The doors close immediately. Loud screams can be heard in the distance as we

FADE OUT: