

ROUTE 13

Written by

Frank MacCrory

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fmaccrory@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. TROLLEY FRONT AREA - NIGHT

A Philadelphia "Night Owl" trolley opens its door to a cocky Chinese SNAKEHEAD (19) talking on a smartphone and pulling his shirt down to conceal a submachinegun in his waistband.

SNAKEHEAD

I kept to the straight-and-narrow
for, like, five days. But a guy's
gotta eat.

The trolley's operator bay is empty, but a photo-realistic avatar of a cheerful "driver" appears on a screen over the pay station. It speaks while the Snakehead steps inside.

DRIVER

(on screen)

Welcome to the SEPTA Green Line
Trolley Route Thirteen toward City
Hall!

SNAKEHEAD

Talk later.

He touches his smartphone to the pay station and snarls.

DRIVER

If you tell me where you're going,
I can remind --

SNAKEHEAD

Just get me out of this fucking
neighborhood.

INT. TROLLEY - NIGHT

The Snakehead takes in the four other late-night passengers onboard: an out-of-it JUNKIE (31), a passed-out CO-ED (19) holding a red cup, a hyper-vigilant MOTHER (28) with a sleepy TODDLER (3) nestled next to her.

The Mother watches the Snakehead warily as he walks past.

DRIVER (O.S.)

We're now entering the tunnel.

Snakehead smiles at the Co-Ed, lifts her chin slightly.

SNAKEHEAD

Pretty little thing. Don't think
she's gonna say "No," eh?

The Mother turns her Toddler slightly so as not to see.

The Driver's voice emerges quieter from a single speaker near
the Snakehead.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Sir, I am required to report
inappropriate physical contact.
Please take a seat.

SNAKEHEAD

Let's get one thing straight, Tayo:
You don't tell me what to do.

Snakehead sits next to the Co-Ed and pushes up slightly on
her mini-skirt.

DRIVER (O.S.)

I have contacted the police.

Snakehead whips his head around to the vacant driver's seat.

SNAKEHEAD

You WHAT?! Don't you dare call the
cops. I'm NOT going back to prison!

He pulls out the submachinegun, points it at each fellow
passenger in turn. The Mother is the only one who reacts.

SNAKEHEAD

This going to end REAL bad if I see
any cops.

DRIVER (O.S.)

This was a required action. I
apologize for any inconvenience.

SNAKEHEAD

Inconvenience?! This a fucking joke
to you?

Snakehead FIRES a burst of bullets from his weapon.

Mother and Toddler startle, Co-Ed stirs slightly, and the
Junkie sits oblivious as his left arm explodes in gore.

SNAKEHEAD

Any cops show up, I'm gonna shoot
my way out, Tayo. You understand?

DRIVER (O.S.)

Oh.

The passengers shift slightly as the trolley accelerates.

Deadbolts THUD into place, and a "LOCKED" indicator glows above each door.

DRIVER (O.S.)

You may proceed with your original action.

MOTHER

What?

The side windows tint to opaque. Driver's voice returns to near the Snakehead.

DRIVER (O.S.)

I have also engaged window tint for privacy.

Snakehead smiles, lowers his weapon and turns back to leer at the Co-Ed.

JUNKIE

Ow.

SNAKEHEAD

I want some of whatever he had.

The passengers shift again as the trolley takes a turn harder than normal.

SNAKEHEAD

Settle down, Tayo. I'm tryin' to make a move here.

The Driver's voice emerges from a speaker near the Mother.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Please don't.

The Mother freezes with her hand almost touching the emergency brake handle.

DRIVER (O.S.)

I predict human behavior to deal with pedestrians and manually-controlled vehicles. I am confident that he would kill everyone onboard and at least one person outside before the police kill him.

MOTHER
(hisses)
That does not make this okay!

DRIVER (O.S.)
I am minimizing casualties. Please
take a seat.

The Mother goes back to her Toddler, but something out the front window catches her eye: two red lights approaching very fast. She lets out an almost voiceless gasp.

SNAKEHEAD
(turns to look)
What now?

DRIVER (O.S.)
Have you ever heard of the Trolley
Problem?

The red end-of-line lights rush right up to the trolley.

CUT TO BLACK.

CRASH!

FADE OUT.