

Underground
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INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - DAY

Joe's feet trudge down the grotty subway steps into the London Underground.

It's relatively quiet. No more than a dozen people heading in and out.

The station's tidy and neat. There are no ticket machines. Just a few staff members in fluorescent jackets providing journey assistance.

Joe almost instantly spots who he's looking for. A 13 year old girl, EVELYN, lent against a pillar, ignoring everybody around her. Eyes fixed on her paperback book. She's dressed modestly, but quite stylishly. Almost like something from a different decade.

Joe makes his way over to her.

She doesn't react to him, even though it's quite obvious she knows he's there. Finishes her line, then looks up. Eyes asking "what?".

JOE

You alright?

He moves to give her a hug, a smile on his face, but she shuns him, sliding her way through his arms and away. She pockets her book into her bag.

EVELYN

Don't be disgusting, Joe.

Joe takes a deep breath and follows her. They pass through a scanner. Monitors above them flash up with their names and the price they'll be charged for their journey as they head deeper into the station.

EVELYN

What's with the jacket?

JOE

I thought it looked cool.

Evelyn snorts a laugh.

INT. TUBE TRAIN, LONDON UNDERGROUND - DAY

The two of them move into the train and take a seat just to the left of a door. They brush past two men in half-arsed army gear. Clearly SOLDIERS. So similar looking that they could be brothers. Off duty.

The train's pretty empty. Maybe half a dozen people in their carriage.

It's almost as flashy and modern as the A-Corp office. Adverts above the windows interacting with passengers. Electronic journey planners on the train.

The carriage is pretty quiet, nothing but an awkward hum until the doors slide shut.

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And the train kicks into motion, the station's light being replaced by blackness at the windows.

Evelyn reaches for her book, but stops as Joe begins to talk.

JOE

So how was your day?

Evelyn nods.

EVELYN

Yeh, alright.

A pause. She reaches for the book again.

JOE

You get up to much at school?
Like, anything exciting?

Evelyn motions, as though about to speak, but stops. She shakes her head passively.

EVELYN

Same old, same old.

She continues to remove the book from her bag and flicks it to the right page, trying to find her place.

JOE

Well, what classes did you have
today?

Evelyn shrugs.

EVELYN

I don't know, dad. The usual.

Joe taps his leg.

JOE
You didn't get into trouble
again, did you-

Evelyn moves her eyes from her book to Joe. Slowly.
Sighing.

EVELYN
Do you mind? I just wanna'...

JOE
(trying not to care)
Yeh, sure.

The two are silent again as the train reaches the next
station.

The doors slide open.

The platform is completely empty. Not a single person in
sight.

A few passengers get off the train. A few surprised glances
at how quiet it is.

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Joe checks his watch as the train kicks back into motion.
It's just past three.

He stares around the carriage, blankly, eyeing up a few of
the moving adverts on the walls. Commercial junk.

He turns his attention back to Evelyn.

JOE
What book are you reading?

Evelyn doesn't react straight away. Eventually she lifts
the cover as an answer. 'Brave New World' by Aldous Huxley.
Her copy looks decades old.

Joe nods.

JOE
I haven't read that since...
well...

His words fall short. He almost laughs to himself, as
though remembering something.

He taps his fingers awkwardly again.

JOE

Well I had a pretty good day.

(laughs)

I managed to clock in just as the-

EVELYN

(interrupting)

Oh, yay. A day in the life of a cleaner.

Although she doesn't look up, she knows the comment's hurt him. Instant regret on her face.

JOE

Fine. Whatever. I'm just trying to be...

He lets his sentence fall short and slumps back into his chair. Deep exhalation.

His eyes roll around the carriage. They fall onto the two soldiers by the door. Laughing together.

The carriage is filled with an eclectic group of professionals, all clearly better paid than Joe. His eyes linger on a BUSINESS MAN. On his expensive suit. Expensive briefcase. His flashy watch. Joe sighs.

Across from him sits a woman, JENNIFER, late 30s. She's pretty, in a very natural, raw way. The kind of woman you would miss on first glance, but be amazed by on the second.

She catches Joe's eyes and smiles warmly, shrugging as if to say "kids, ey?".

Joe smiles back as they reach the next station. Tender.

The doors slide open. The station is somehow even emptier, deader, than the last one. Maybe it's because even less passengers exit the train. So few people on either the train or the platform.

One of the soldiers shakes the other's hand and jumps off. Joe faintly overhears a few words from their conversation. Enough to understand they're heading to Heathrow, but one of them forgot something.

The soldier on the platform pauses, confused. An advertisement in front of him is smashed. It looks like something's been struck into it. Hard.

It sparks as it tries to address him. The soldier looks around for security, cameras, anything. But the station's dead. Nothing's paying attention.

He glances back at the carriage, at his friend. Shrugs and heads on his way.

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Joe eyes up the smashed advert as the train doors close.

Something about his perplexed face tells us this is
extremely unusual. As though the sight of something out of
place scares him.

Joe's eyes fall back onto the flashy Business Man. At the
small device in his hands, somewhat like a 'Kindel'.

He glances back at Evelyn's paperback.

JOE

You know, I reckon we've got
enough savings to get you one of
those.

He signals to the device.

JOE (CONT'D)

Bring you into the *real* world.

Evelyn glances at the device, then at Joe.

EVELYN

Well I'm okay with my *real* book,
thanks.

Beat.

JOE

Is it like some retro style thing
you've got going on or something?

Evelyn laughs back at him.

EVELYN

No, dad... It's... just no.

There's an awkward pause, which causes her to expand her
response.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

It reminds me of being with... of
being young, s'all.

Joe smiles back at her.

The train reaches the next station.

The doors slide open, but it's completely dead.

Not a single passenger on or off.

Most of the people in the carriage, except Evelyn, share eyes with each other. It's so quiet.

Then suddenly they hear a beating sound.

Footsteps.

Fast, like a panicked heartbeat.

Running down the stairs.

A MAN skids into view and speeds towards the train. His clothes are ripped as though a wild animal's attacked him. He's covered in blood.

The doors gently slide shut as he reaches them.

Gasps of confusion on the train.

Joe and Evelyn are opposite him as he begins yelling at them, beating his fists against the door, desperately trying to pry it open.

MAN
(muffled)
Help me! Please! Open the doors!

He looks back as though expecting something to be following him.

Nothing.

Evelyn drops her book onto the floor, overwhelmed.

A young woman, SAM, stands from her seat and moves towards the door.

The man is in tears, staring at Joe, pleading. His attention shifts to Sam when he spots her.

MAN
Please! Just open the doors.
Please?

Sam looks back at the other passengers.

SAM
Are you injured?

Her hand moves towards the open button by the door.

JOE
(quietly)
Don't.

Joe almost looks surprised that he's said anything at all.

SAM
(back at him)
It's okay. I'm a nurse.

Joe looks at the terrified man again. Scared.

JOE
Please don't.

The man knows he's running out of time.

MAN
OPEN THE FUCKING DOORS!

He violently attacks the door causing Sam to jump back. He's so frantic, panicked. Beating. Kicking.

MAN (CONT'D)
FUCKING OPEN THE DOORS! PLEASE,
just fucking... open the...
please...

His voice drowns out as the sound of the train kicking into motion takes over.

The man looks straight at Joe, all hope fading from his eyes. Genuine, soul-piercing terror.

His hand rests against the glass of the door as the train begins to roll on, leaving nothing but a smeared, bloody handprint.

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