

A Moment of Madness

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FADE IN:

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

High above the wonder wheel, the amusement park is packed with family's and tourist.

The sound of the roller coasters is mere in comparison to the screams of its riders.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND STILLWELL STATION - DAY

An elevated rail station, one of the largest in the world, hosting four subway lines. This is the begin and end point of the new york city transit subway system.

Beach goers and shoppers scurry around with purpose.

KATE(29) an attractive young women, long flowing auburn hair. Short jeans and sporting a prissy little black Tee that says " I deserve it" -- chats it up on her cellphone, while headed toward the D line.

INT. D TRAIN

MICHAEL(23) a tall, physically fit young adult. Dressed in a white Tee with green army fatigue cargo pants, sits back comfortably in his seat, talking on his cellphone.

MICHAEL

What! Ya' fuckin' kiddin' me right?
So where d' he get it
from?....Black? I thought black was
locked up? Damn man, you know that
motha' fucka' uses household shit.
C'mon now. Why would you even hook
me up with this dude? It's alright
though, Imma' see the both of
them....Yea I'm on the train
now....I don't know, an hour, hour
an half. I'm in Coney island right
now. You know how far you are from
Brooklyn?....Yea I'll hit you up
after...Aight' Lata.

All the doors open.

Kate runs up the stairs, cellphone in hand, as she hears the conductor announcing the next stop.

KATE

Shit.

The doors begin to close.

She reaches her hand in as the door closes, causing each door on the train to re-open momentarily.

She pops herself inside.

Out of breathe -- She breathes a sigh of relief.

KATE

That was close.

Michael locks eyes with Kate. She smiles nervously, then sits in the seat across from him.

The doors close.

The train begins its journey. Gaining speed as it surges forward across the tracks.

Kate continues her conversation.

KATE

I'm sorry. I almost missed my train. Ok, so where was I...oh yea, The creepy guy. OK so, my shift is almost over. I had like 10 minutes left. I was the middle of counting up my tips and then, in comes this guy. Tall, had this rough grainy looking face.(Laughing) Crater face yea. Exactly like him. And he reeked of something awful. So I'm thinking, ugly homeless guy, probably drunk,whatever. So he walks in, doesn't say a word. Just stands there, right by the door. So I don't pay it no mind. I'm still counting up...Then I hear the door lock. No I hear the door shut, then lock. That's when I look around, and realize...There's nobody else here. Just us. Now I'm starting to get nervous. So I say..."Sir were closing now, you're gonna' have to leave". Still nothing, he says nothing. Then I hear this plate brake behind me. Scared the shit out of me. I turn and see it's Peter. You know Peter, you met him.... The bar back yea. Anyway, I see Peter, I turn back. Creepy man is gone. Just like that....that's what I thought, that was playing out like a rape scenario. Yea Peter

(MORE)

KATE (cont'd)
probably scared him
off....Ok....Alright call me later.

Michael's eyes drift up at the train's advertisements. A collection of faces. From Fitness ads to ads for retirement packages. An eclectic array of individuals.

His eyes pan across, before eventually centering it back on Kate.

Instead of a smile he's met with an uneasy look back.

Michael can feel something running down his nose. Blood drips from his right nostril. He throws his head back and wipes it his nose with a napkin from his pocket.

Kate looks on with disgust.

INSIDE CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH

The train conductor(52) a weathered looking, beaten down old man, who could easily pass for 60, mundanely performs the task before him.

He speaks into the mic.

CONDUCTOR
This is 18 ave, next stop seventy
ninth street.

He shuts the mic off as he pushes a button for the doors to close.

The doors close.

The conductor pushes forward on the throttle. Accelerating the train forward.

LATER --

Michael's eye lids are gently closing. He opens em' up wide, before the cradle like movement of the subway train, rocks him back to sleep.

LATER --

Michael's eyes shoot open.

He now see's a sardine can of subway riders, jammed into a metal box, that seems to be moving unusually fast.

A look of concern strikes Michael's face. While the rest of riders appear to be content and oblivious to the rapidly accelerating train. Michael however, is noticeably aware.

The train jerks violently around a turn, tossing riders off their feet and on top of one another.

A middle aged women face plants into a pole. Breaking her nose. Blood streams down her face.

Panic sets in.

A tall man in a dark suit, wall street type, comes to the aid of the women.

TALL MAN

You OK?

WOMEN

It's broke, My nose...

TALL MAN

Hey somebody tell conductor! We got a women injured over here!

Another violent jerk, throws the riders who are standing, back to the floor.

The concerned wall street guy is knocked out cold. His head resting underneath one of the seats, touching the side wall.

Then suddenly..

Every door fly's open.

Dozens and dozens of riders spill out the train doors into the dark abyss of the subway tunnel.

Michael watches in horror.

Kate grips her bag tight, balling herself up in her seat.

A rider desperately yells out -

RIDER

Stop the train! Stop the train!

Another rider spots the emergency brake hanging down. He lunges over and pulls down.

Nothing happens.

RIDER#2

Shit.

Instead, the train is gaining more speed. Faster and faster.

The woman who broke her nose is barely hanging on to a metal bar, attached to a seat. Her legs are dangling outside the open door. Her grip is beginning to slip.

BROKEN NOSE WOMEN

Somebody help me. I'm slipping.

Kate reaches her hand down to pull the woman up.

The train's excessive speed causes it to bounce off the tracks.

Inches away from pulling her up, the train bounces off the tracks and throws the woman with the broken nose out the open door and into a wall.

Kate is in utter shock. Still frozen with her arm extended.

MICHAEL

Just hold on. Everyone just hold on to something.

The doors close.

The thunderous train hits its brakes and screeches to a stop.

Over the intercom, a voice is heard. One of a malevolent tone.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR

Attention all remaining riders.
This is your last stop.

The entire train is dead silent.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR(CONT)

Tonight you will be part of something much greater than yourself. There is a little over sixty passengers still aboard this train. Only half will come out alive. You have ten minutes to choose thirty passengers. You decide which half. Failure to comply will result in the death of every one of you. The clock starts now.

Michael looks around to a worried and frightened bunch of riders.

He musters up the courage to speak.

MICHAEL
Is this guy foreal'?

Across from him, a HEAVY SET MAN in his thirties, responds.

HEAVY MAN
You seen those people fall out
those doors, what do you think...

MICHAEL
I think were dealing with a very
twisted fuck.

A PANICKED STRICKEN WOMEN pulls out her phone.

PANICKED WOMEN
Does anyone have any service?

MICHAEL
No, I'm getting nothing.

A MUSCLE MAN, a mammoth of a man takes action.

MUSCLE MAN
This is bullshit. What's wrong with
you people. He said it himself.
There's sixty of us. Your telling
me one crazed train conductor is
gonna' take on all of us. I say we
head to the front, and put an end
to this shit.

MICHAEL
We cant. Each train door is locked.
This is the D train remember. If
this was the N, then maybe you can
do it.

MUSCLE MAN
Then we brake the windows.

The Muscle man grabs the hand bars up top, positions himself, then kicks the window. Over and over he stomps the glass.

The glass doesn't even crack.

The Muscle man tires and stops.

MUSCLE MAN

I don't get it. No way that window didn't crack.

An OLDER MAN in his sixties, stands up.

OLDER MAN

So how we choosing this thirty?

MUSCLE MAN

No one is choosing shit old man. Just sit down. We just wait here till the cops show up. They gotta' know this train is missing or something. They got dispatchers and shit for that.

OLDER MAN

And what happens after ten minutes?

MUSCLE MAN

What happens! Nothing. That's what happens. The moment he gets close to that door, I start swinging. And I know I aint' the only one.

OLDER MAN

And say if he's got a gun. What then?

That remark stumps Muscle man. His eyes wonder, trying to find the answer.

MICHAEL

You think he's gotta' gun?

OLDER MAN

If he's looking to go out with a bang. Something to distinguish himself from other mass killings. Then yea maybe. I mean look what he did already, with all those people who fell out. Now he's got over sixty hostages broken up into ten cars. Each locked in, with no way out. I'd say he's pretty much got all us trapped, right where he wants us. Only question is, what happens after ten minutes.

KATE

Stop it.

OLDER MAN

What?

KATE

I'm not dying here. Were not dying here. This isn't happening. This is just a dream or something.

MUSCLE MAN

Sweetheart...WAKE UP. You didn't see those people fall out the train. You didn't just hear what that sick fuck said. This is happening.

MICHAEL

Does anybody have any weapons us?

HEAVY SET MEN

Weapons? I'm sorry I left my shotgun at home.

MICHAEL

Knives, anything sharp.

HEAVY SET MEN

I got my keys.

MICHAEL

Keys?...Yea I guess that's something.

MUSCLE MAN

I got these two fists. Been in plenty of battles. They haven't let me down yet.

Michael pulls out a switchblade.

MICHAEL

Alright so...If this is real', Than at least we're little prepared. He's not just gonna mow through us.

MUSCLE MAN

Damn right.

KATE

You people are crazy, you know that. This was just some freak accident or something. What do you really expect to do?

MICHAEL

Prey for the best, prepare for the worst.

The passengers nod their heads in agreement. They all sit and anxiously wait for the next ten minutes to roll by.

Out of the silence, screams echo from the front the train.

Michael grips his knife harder.

HEAVY SET MEN

What's going on?

MUSCLE MAN

I don't know, I cant see. There's too many people moving around in there.

KATE

How far back are we?

OLDER MAN

This is the fifth car back.

Kate swallows in fear.

Passengers from the next car over are bunched up by the connecting doors, trying desperately to switch to the fifth car.

MUSCLE MAN

Get ready. He's coming.

HEAVY SET MEN

Shouldn't we try and help them?

MUSCLE MAN

How, the door's locked remember. Only the conductor can open it. So, well just wait for him.

MICHAEL

We should get close to the door as possible. The moment he uses his hand to slide that door open, that's when we attack.

MUSCLE MAN

You're right, that's a good idea.

Michael, the muscle man and several other riders are ganged up by the door.

Each of the men are pumped with adrenaline, until the screams shatter their ego.

Through the window, the men can see bodies of the bunched up riders, chests pressed up against the door, being butchered one by one.

Until the last body slowly slides his hand down the window. Leaving behind streaks of a bloody hand print.

Michael and the men take a step back.

The door of car four slides open. The shadow of a large man comes forward. Hard to make out his features from the poorly lit space between the two cars.

MUSCLE MAN

Help me hold this door shut.

The men group up and use all their strength to hold the door shut.

MICHAEL

Where d' he go?

The Conductor is gone.

MUSCLE MAN

He was right there. He was standing right outside this door.

The sound of a single door is heard opening behind them.

Michael and the men are hesitant to look.

A tall man wearing a type of homemade fencing mask, enters the train. He's a towering figure, covered in blood. His height however is not what is catching the riders attention.

Two long blades are protruding out his arms. Attached to makeshift steel sleeves.

MICHAEL

What the -

Muscle man tries to rip the door open.

MUSCLE MAN

- Fuck this, we gotta' get the fuck out of here.

As the conductor begins to make his way toward the riders gathered in the back, he stops and notices a rider completely asleep. Curious, he pauses...

Then swings his long blade across the rider's neck.
Decapitating him with one swift stroke.

His head rolls off his shoulders and onto the floor.

HEAVY SET MEN

Holy shit.

The crazed conductor hacks his way forward. Severing arms
and limbs as he goes.

He drives the long blade right through the abdomen of the
OLDER MAN.

Through the mask, Michael feels as if he's staring right at
him. As if he was chopping his way, just to get to him.

MUSCLE MAN

This is it! You want a piece of me!
C'MON! I'm right here! I'm gonna'
cave your fucking face in!

Muscle man tries to bull rush the conductor.

He leads in with a close fist, closes his eyes, and when he
opens them up, his fist is still closed. Only it's detached
from his arm.

Another swing by the conductor's blade, splits the Muscle
man's shoulders in half.

The conductor steps over the bodies and continues on.
Slicing and killing with absolute precision.

Michael holds Kate behind her. Along with the heavysset man,
they are the last remaining riders alive in car four.

Fear has completely engulfed the heavy set man. He grovels
and begs for mercy.

HEAVY SET MEN

Please, don't do this. Please. I
got a family. My daughters waiting
for-

Splitting his sentence along with his head, one of the razor
sharp blades, evenly parts his face.

The end of the blade inches from Michael's face.

The heavy set man falls back onto Michael. Burying him
underneath.

The Conductor kicks over bodies trying to get to Michael.

The moment he moves the fat man off Michael, Michael leaps up with his switchblade and sticks it deep into the conductor's neck, underneath his chin.

The conductor falls back, spitting up blood, as Michael gets on top of him.

Michael stabs the conductor repeatedly over and over.

He rolls off the conductor, breathing heavy.

He stares up at the ceiling.

When he rolls back over...

The train is in motion. As he looks around confused and disoriented, he notices the body of the conductor is gone. And what lays there instead, is the body of Kate. Stabbed violently by the now bloody hands of Michael.

Riders in the train are cautiously keeping that distance from the deranged man with the switchblade.

MICHAEL

I didn't. That's not what just.
What's goin' on?

The truth of what he just did is now sinking in, as Michael's eyes pan frighteningly around.

MICHAEL(CONT)

No, god no. No! This isn't real.
THIS isn't real. I'm hallucinating,
this is uh...fuck.....Fuck it.

Michael rams the blade into his neck and pulls it across. He opens a gash in his neck, as blood comes pouring out.

Flat on his back, at the brink of death. Michael's cold dead eyes lock on to the advertisements above.

The faces. Each of the faces in the ads were riders that were killed. The Muscle man and Fat man were before and after shots of a fitness ad. The Older man, smiling on a lawn for a retirement ad. Even the Wall street guy is posted up in a Chase banking ad.

A stunned and violently shaken up group of subway riders look on helplessly. Shocked to what had just transpired in a short moment of time.

FADE OUT: