

# DEAD LINE

by

Dena McKinnon

GirlByTheShore@hotmail.com  
904. 370. 9563

**FADE IN:**

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A tidy kitchen. Everything in place. Fresh bowl of fruit.  
Nice ceramic knife set.

A window pane RATTLES at a side door.

A LATEX COVERED hand slides the window aside. Fingers reach  
past freshly painted shutters. Twist a bolt, unlock the door.

An INTRUDER, identity concealed under ski mask, steps inside.

A sprinkle of snow drifts to the tile as BOOTS walk across  
the perfect floor.

Intruder stops at a refrigerator plastered in finger  
paintings, homemade cards and kid photos.

Intruder opens the refrigerator, grabs a bottle of wine from  
the top shelf.

Sets the wine on the counter and pulls a full syringe from  
his jacket.

He plunges the needle into the cork, drains it dry.

Intruder takes an apple from a bowl and takes a bite CRUNCH.

Intruder sets the apple down, tucks the syringe away, walks  
to the refrigerator where he sets the bottle of wine back in  
place.

Intruder closes the refrigerator, plucks a school photo of a  
young girl from the collage and pockets it.

The Intruder heads for the exit. As he passes the knives  
along the way, he runs a gloved finger across them.

The door closes behind him. The gloved hands slide the window  
pane back in place.

The half-eaten apple remains on the pristine counter top.

**EXT. RAILWAY - DAY**

A train snakes its way through beautiful countryside.

Up close it rattles over the track like an unstoppable monster. A blur as it speeds past and then we see the name on the back of the caboose: RED LINE.

CLOSE IN on the wheels hugging the rail. Over the sound of the wheels --

-- a gavel striking a mahogany desk.

BAM. BAM. BAM.

**INT. COURT ROOM - DAY**

DEFENDANT (O.S.)

I am not her killer! I loved her!

The rap of a gavel striking again.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Order. Defense, control your defendant.

Full house, everyone on the edge of their seat, either fear or hope on their faces.

Prosecutor JADE THOMPSON, 32, as pressed as her attire, dark hair cinched in a tight bun, waits for a nod from the JUDGE then continues.

She paces in front of JURORS. Holds up a photo of a happy baby girl.

JADE

An innocent child is dead because of the conduct and actions of this man...

Never taking her eyes off the jury, she points while walking towards the DEFENDANT.

JADE

Now you might think the accused is deserving of some sympathy. Once upon a time maybe I would have too. But our job is to ask one simple question: is he guilty or not.

She looks to the defendant.

JADE

A child is dead because he  
intentionally put them at risk.

She paces back towards the jury. Working the emotions.

JADE

Lie after lie. Excuse after excuse.  
He puts a gun to his head and says  
he's suicidal. But ladies and  
gentlemen, Mark Busby is not  
suicidal.

She places her hands on the gallery ledge.

JADE

He's guilty. Guilty of leaving  
little Maria in that SUV while he  
went in to score a hit. And while  
his own daughter was roasting to  
death, he was getting high.

Tears run down the Defendant's face. Regret.

Jade recollects, steps back to deliver her final words.

JADE

Ladies and gentlemen, you've heard  
the proof in this case, and I ask  
that each one of you do what truth  
dictates and find Mark Busby guilty  
of murder. Thank you for your time.

#### **INT. COURT HOUSE HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade accepts congratulations and handshakes for the win. An  
ANXIOUS WOMAN waits her turn.

Jade extends her hand but the woman does not.

ANXIOUS WOMAN

You don't even know him. You don't  
know the whole story.

JADE

A child is dead and more children  
will die if I don't do my job.

ANXIOUS WOMAN

He needs help, not prison. You  
should put yourself in his shoes.

JADE

I'm sorry. That's not my job.

Jade goes back to the felicitations. The woman storms away.

**EXT. COURT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Coming down the steps, Jade pulls a blue-tooth from her  
briefcase, adjusts it on her head.

It blinks at her ear:

JADE

(into phone)

She did what? Are you positive?  
Lucy would never do anything like  
that.

HUBERT ROBINSON approaches. A hefty 50; silver and stout. He  
pushes papers at Jade.

ROBINSON

Jade, a moment of your time?

Jade holds a finger out to him 'wait'.

JADE

(agitated, into the phone)

No, you don't need to call her  
father. I was in court when you  
called, but I'll be right there.

Robinson looks at Jade expectantly. Pushes papers towards her  
again. She motions to her phone 'can't he see?'.

JADE

(into the phone)

Fifteen minutes. I'll be there.

She hangs up.

ROBINSON

Everything okay?

She recollects herself. He tucks the papers under his arm.

JADE

Lucy's been dealing with a bully at school and that was her guidance counselor.

ROBINSON

You have your work cut out. Career in one hand, kid in the other, are you sure you're going to be able to juggle without Lance in the picture?

JADE

I'm fine, Hubert.

ROBINSON

I could take some stress off of you, the rookie needs to get her heels wet.

Robinson motions to MARCIA REDDISH, 35, femme fatale gliding, undulating towards them.

MARCIA

He's got me in the batter's box, and I'm ready to hit a homer like you did back there. Good work.

JADE

Winning the inning doesn't get you the game.

MARCIA

Just let me in the game. I'm going crazy on the bench.

Marcia grins at Robinson.

MARCIA

No kids. No husband holding this girl down. And I got game, wouldn't you say, Hubert?

Flustered by a woman he's probably been to bed with.

ROBINSON

Yes, sure, I think you have game.

He turns to Jade.

ROBINSON

Let me introduce you two. Jade,  
this is-

MARCIA

Marsha Reddish. Nice to meet you.

Marcia extends her hand to Jade. A quick shake.

ROBINSON

Jade has been dealing with some  
personal issues, but you girls  
could pair up, be a good tag team.

Jade laughs it off.

JADE

You have my next case?

Jade takes the envelope from under Robinson's arm.

Jade walks away, her heir of confidence a bit like an act.

Marcia shrugs.

ROBINSON

Single mom syndrome. But she's  
surviving and thriving. The woman  
deserves a damn cape.

MARCIA

Yeah, but any ship that takes on  
too much water.

Robinson shrugs.

ROBINSON

Yeah, I know.

Robinson watches Jade get into a Bimmer and shut the door.  
The car pulls away from the curb.

**INT. BMW - LATER**

Jade pushes in a number on her cell. Touches her blue-tooth.

JADE

Lance. It's me, Jade.

**INT. RESTAURANT - SAME TIME**

LANCE, 42, handsome looker of a guy, sits across from a pretty woman with FAKE TITS.

**INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION**

LANCE

Thought you had court today.

JADE

I did but I'm on the way to the school now. Just wondered if you could watch Lucy tonight. They are really piling it on me at work.

LANCE

It's my poker night, Jade, you know that.

JADE

Well, maybe you should cancel. For your daughter's sake.

There is an awkward pause.

JADE

Lucy is having problems at school. I'm on the way to the guidance office now.

LANCE

We have talked about this. That job takes all your time. You really ought to consider joint custody. You aren't superwoman, Jade.

JADE

I can handle everything just fine. It's the divorce she's having problems with. Maybe you could talk to her tonight?

LANCE

I told you, I can't.

JADE

I have to go.

LANCE

Jade. Don't get mad. Just listen to me.

JADE

I'm hanging up now.

LANCE

You could climb the career ladder. Bring home the bacon, all that women's lib crap.

JADE

Goodbye, Lance.

Jade ends the call and takes off her headset. Throws it in the passenger seat.

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALL - DAY**

Jade's heels echo down a hallway lined with framed kid art.

She stops by a door marked: Guidance Counselor.

Jade straightens her collar, steps inside.

**INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

LUCY (7), hair pulled back in pigtails, works on a puzzle while MS. KEMP (45), an aging hippy, taps a pencil.

They both peer up as Jade walks in.

Jade extends her hand. Ms. Kemp glances at her watch.

JADE

Sorry I'm late. The traffic was a nightmare.

MS. KEMP

So was the food fight. Lucy, why don't you enlighten your mother this time?

Lucy hesitates.

JADE

Luce? What did you do?

LUCY  
I just threw a little broccoli.

Jade glances towards Ms. Kemp.

JADE  
That doesn't sound so bad.

MS. KEMP  
That was just the first salvo.  
Mister Sweeney's janitorial team is  
still scraping goulash off the  
walls.

**INT. JADE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jade tidies up. Lucy eats at the table.

Jade spots the half-eaten apple on the counter. Glares at Lucy, then tosses it in the garbage.

Jade moves towards the refrigerator.

JADE  
We shouldn't waste our food.

Jade opens the refrigerator, the spiked wine in plain sight.

LUCY  
Veggies are better for launching  
than eating.

Jade starts for the wine...

JADE  
Are you feeling ok, your eyes are  
doing that sleepy thing.

Lucy pulls a small pouch from her bookbag. Takes out a glucose meter and stick.

She sticks her own finger. Looks over at her mom.

LUCY  
It's really low.

JADE  
How low?

LUCY  
Forty-five.

Jade takes her hand off the wine. Quickly grabs a jug of orange juice and a bottle of sprite.

JADE  
Lucy Limon Sunrise time.

Jade walks over and pours half a glass full of orange juice, tops it off with bubbly Sprite.

Lucy smiles at her mom 'thanks'.

JADE  
Drink it all so you'll feel better.  
Then you have to recheck.

Lucy finishes the drink. Sets the glass down on the table.

JADE  
I'm proud of you for being such a  
big girl.

Jade pushes Lucy's bangs from her eyes.

JADE  
Finish your homework?

LUCY  
Why do I have to study so much?

JADE  
So you can do well in school. And  
later, in your career.

LUCY  
Boys don't like smart girls.

JADE  
Ignore those boys. They'll go away.

LUCY  
You mean, like Dad?

Jade gets up from the table, walks to the refrigerator where she reaches in and gets the bottle of wine.

She pulls the cork out. Pours a big glass.

Jade is about to take a sip of the wine when glass shatters in the sink.

Lucy looks up with 'I'm sorry' eyes.

JADE

It's O. K. Let's get you to bed so  
I can clean this up.

Jade sets the untouched wine down on the counter. Leads Lucy away hand in hand.

We STAY on the glass of red as Jade and Lucy blur away in the background until they are out of site.

**INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Unicorn posters. Pink walls. Fairy night light.

Lucy rests in bed, buried under an avalanche of stuffed animals. It's difficult to find her face.

Jade peeks inside, tiptoes over. Lucy opens her eyes.

LUCY

Sorry. For what I said about Dad.

JADE

Oh honey, I keep forgetting how  
hard things are for you. But it's  
tough being a mom, too. You have to  
help me out a bit. No broccoli  
throwing anymore?

LUCY

Brussel Sprouts? They're small and  
soft.

Lucy smiles.

JADE

Counsel will consider your offer  
and get back to you. For now, cease  
fire and get some rest.

Jade traces the number eight onto her daughter's palm.

JADE

Remember, I love you until infinity  
runs out. And infinity -

LUCY  
Never runs out!

She kisses Lucy on the forehead.

**INT. JADE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Elegantly decorated. Photos of Lucy on the dresser.

Jade uses a small knife to cut an apple into slices.

She enjoys one slice then sets the apple down on the stand next to the full glass of wine.

She plops down on the mattress, still dressed in suit and heels. She kicks her heels off one at a time they drop to the floor beside the bed.

Jade brings up Facebook on her cell phone.

She flips through photos.

INSERT: Lucy on a pony. Lucy as a baby in a bubble bath. Lucy catching her first fish, Lance smiling beside her.

Jade frowns. Sets her cell phone down. Picks up the glass of wine. She brings it towards her lips.

But stops.

A dog barks outside.

At first Jade is alerted by this, but she discounts it quickly putting her ear buds in.

Taps Pandora on her cell.

*Stevie Nick's "Landslide"* drowns out the dog barking.

At peace, she takes a long sip of her wine.

**INT. FOYER - SAME TIME**

A FIGURE enters through the front door.

**INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Familiar boots travel up the stairs, past family photos.

**INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Lucy's sound asleep.

Intruder opens the door, walks over - stops at the side of her bed.

Lucy wakes. Eyes wide.

She opens her mouth to scream but a gloved hand covers her mouth silencing her.

**INT. JADE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

Jade removes her ear buds as if she's heard something.

Listens - hears only silence.

Then puts her ear buds back in.

Downs the rest of her wine.

**INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Lucy struggles.

A gloved hand mashes a cloth against her face. She screams through it best she can.

Her eyes flutter. Then close...

**INT. JADE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room blurs out of control.

Jade rubs her eyes.

Ceiling spinning. Fish-eye walls closing in.

She reaches to put the wine glass down missing the bedside table. The glass CRASHES to the floor. Shattering.

The whole room swims now.

An Intruder appears in the doorway. Distorted. Long neck. Spaghetti arms. Like something out of a Lovecraftian nightmare.

Jade attempts to stand but the mattress sucks her down like a vortex. Time moves at glacial speed...

Except for the Intruder. He darts toward her, lightning fast.

Jade tries to scream. No sound escapes her lips.

She reaches for the knife on the night stand. Her arm flops helplessly.

The distorted figure looms over her.

He picks up the small blade she's struggling to find.

JADE'S POV: Knife in hand, the Intruder stands over Jade.

As he moves closer.

And closer.

Her vision closing in on him until he is gone and all--

**FADES TO BLACK.**

OVER THE BLACKNESS WE HEAR THE SOUND OF METAL ON METAL.

SCREECHING.            RATTLING.

AND THE ROARING OF ENGINES.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS - DAY**

A train races through forest.

**INT. TRAIN - JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

A small space. A single bunk-type bed along one wall. The bed is empty.

Landscape RACES by the window. Dark shapes passing by.

The walls move fast like the shapes in the window. Spinning around and around until we realize we are looking up from the floor through Jade's POV.

CLOSE ON JADE: She blinks her eyes. Stunned or dazed or both.

As the ceiling comes into focus, Jade turns her head to the left to see the small bed neatly made.

The window catches her eye next. She gasps.

Gathers the energy to pull herself up.

She walks like a drunkard toward the window. The landscape flying by: tall towering trees.

She puts both hands on the window. Her bloody fingers streak the pane.

Mouth drops open. Eyes wide with confusion. She peers down at her hands covered in blood. WTF?!

She stumbles backwards. Trips --

-- falling over a BODY lying prone.

A puddle of blood blooms crimson under its hidden face. A small knife buried deep in its back.

Jade hyperventilates. Gasping for air.

Something familiar?

She crawls around the other side of the body, glances down with fear in her eyes. Her scream is covered by her hand.

JADE

Lance? Oh my God!

She panics even more. It's her husband!

She rocks back and forth. What to do?

Jade tugs at his arm. Please don't be...

JADE

Lance! No...Lance.

She pulls at the knife but it's buried hard causing more blood to bubble up.

Trembling in fear. Staring at his blood drain out --

-- RING. RING. RING RING.

A cell phone vibrates across the floor. Congealed blood shivers around it like gelatin.

Ring Ring. Frozen. Unsure what to do.

Ring Ring.

Jade scrambles for it.

She grabs it. Flips it open.

JADE

Hello. (no response) Hello!?

She pulls the phone away from her face. Glowers.

INSERT PHONE WALLPAPER: a picture of Lucy but not like any other pictures we've seen of Lucy, her face red and streaked with tears.

In a shaky voice.

JADE

Oh God no.

Jade touches the phone. Tears stream down her cheeks.

She holds the phone up against her heart.

JADE

Oh Lucy.

She begins to sob. Gags at the thought of what could've happened to her daughter.

RING RING.

She frantically opens it nearly hanging up on the caller (damn flip phone). Puts to her ear.

JADE

Lucy!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Listen carefully, your daughter's life depends on it.

JADE

Lucy!! Who is this?!

MALE VOICE

You will follow each of my instructions to the letter. At this moment, the conductor is making his way to your room. You have perhaps one minute to hide that body. If you fail your daughter's life is over. I'd get busy if I were you.

JADE

Wait!

Click. Call ends.

Jade hurries around the body to the door.

She opens it. Peeks out.

**INT. TRAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A CONDUCTOR walks down the hall, stops at a door and knocks. He trades tickets with a guest. The door closes.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jade closes the door. Locks it. Rushes over to the body.

She grabs his arms.

Drags the body, which is bigger and heavier than her, towards a door. She pushes it open with her foot.

**JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jade backs into the tiny room, shimmies, wedging the body best she can.

She pulls her shirt off, drops it and grabs a towel.

She climbs over the corpse. Attempts to shut the door. Lance's legs prevent it from closing.

A knock at the door. She panics.

Jade lifts his legs enough to shut the door.

**JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)  
It's your conductor, madam.

Jade wraps the towel around her body.

The door opens slightly. Jade on one side. The Conductor, a short squatty man with a curled up mustache, on the other.

There is awkward hesitation at first.

JADE  
Sorry. I was about to get in the shower.

CONDUCTOR  
I only need your ticket.

JADE  
Just a minute, ok?

He nods. Jade closes the door.

Frantic, she paces the room looking for her train ticket.

She pulls out a drawer by the bedside. Nothing there.

She opens a closet. Several of her own clothes hang there, but no train ticket.

Only one last place to look.

Jade rushes over, opens the bathroom door.

Lance's shoes slap the floor loud.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)  
Are you ok in there?

JADE  
Yes! Just a minute please.

The tickets are perched in the corpse's shirt pocket!

**JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - BATHROOM**

She pulls the ticket out. A small smear of blood soaks the corner. She rips off that corner.

**JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jade pushes Lance's feet up to shut the bathroom. Walks briskly to the door and opens it.

JADE  
Sorry. Clutter.

CONDUCTOR  
You know what they say about clutter? Cluttered house...

Jade points to her head.

JADE  
Cluttered mind. Hence, why I'm on this little getaway.

She smiles best she can and as fake as she can.

He smiles back. Hands her two tickets.

Jade looks confused.

CONDUCTOR  
Good for two drinks in our infamous bar car.

She smiles.

JADE  
Thank you. I should get back...

CONDUCTOR  
Yes ma'am, if you need anything. Anything at all, my name is Charlie, and I'm your conductor.

JADE  
Thank you, Charlie. I'm

CONDUCTOR  
Jade.

She's taken aback.

CONDUCTOR  
It is my job to know each and every guest aboard The Red Line. I take great pride in it.  
(MORE)

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)  
May you enjoy your rail travel  
experience, Mrs. Jade.

He tips his hat. She closes the door.

She stands in shock.

Ring. Ring.

Jade answers the cell.

JADE  
Hello.

Heavy breathing. No response.

JADE  
Who is this, and what have you done  
with my daughter!?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
The question is, what have you  
done, Jade? I don't have a dead  
body in *my* room.

A whimper can be heard behind his voice.

JADE  
Lucy? Is that you? Mommy's here!  
Lucy!?

Heavy breathing.

JADE  
Please! Don't hurt her! If you want  
money, I can pay-

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Nasty, filthy money. Hawty tawty  
rich people. Make me fucking ill. I  
don't want your stinking money.

JADE  
What do you want then!?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
What I want, money cannot buy.

Jade paces with the phone. Courage growing.

JADE  
I'm calling the police.

Heavy breathing on the phone.

JADE  
I'm serious. Right now! I'm hanging  
up, and I'm calling the police!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Jade's finger hovers over the END button.

A loud scream erupts from the phone and then...

LUCY (V.O.)  
Mommy!

JADE  
Luce? I'm here. Are you ok? Has he  
hurt you? Lucy?

Heavy breathing on the phone.

JADE  
Don't you hurt her!

The phone trembles in Jade's grip.

JADE  
Please.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Then do as your told. Or she will  
end up like that carcass on your  
floor.

JADE  
I'll do anything, just please don't  
hurt her.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
But it's perfectly fine for you to  
hurt people. Look at that guy on  
the floor.

JADE  
I didn't do that. I would **never**  
kill anyone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I'm sure you can explain your way out of it. Let's see. Finger prints on the knife, *your* knife from *your* kitchen I might add. And you have motive. Turn over the phone Jade.

Jade flips it over. The charging dock is sealed off.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I've taken the liberty of sealing the charging dock. Every call you make will use up battery. Consider *that* your hard deadline. The battery dies... So does Lucy. Get it - dead line?

JADE

Deadline for what!?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Four simple tasks after you get rid of your victim there.

JADE

You know I didn't have anything to do with this!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

**Your** fingerprints all over *your* knife. Your husband. Or ex. Or whatever he is. Was.

JADE

What do you want me to do?!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Get rid of that lump of a man before he starts smelling and then you'll get your first task. Ready? It'll be fun. Maybe.

JADE

I have to know she's alright first, and then I'll do anything you ask.

Silence on the phone. And then --

-- Lucy whimpering.

LUCY (O.S.)

Momma.

JADE

(screams into phone)

Lucy! Be good! Do what he says!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

That's enough. No texting. No talking. They all use up battery. Your nine one one feature's been disabled. And if you contact the police some other way? You will never see your daughter again. Do you understand?

JADE

Yes, but -

MALE VOICE

Tick tock, Jade. Time is running out.

Click. The phone goes dead.

JADE

Shit.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS - DAY**

The train roars and crackles along the track.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - BATHROOM**

Jade pushes the body on its side, she looks at the knife covered in blood.

She takes a deep breath.

Puts her hand on the knife. Wedges the body with her right foot and pulls hard. It comes out making a squish sound.

Holding it away from her like it's a snake, she turns and drops it into the sink.

She turns the water on.

Water mixes with blood, runs down the drain.

Jade stands above the sink, wipes the knife clean then scrubs her arms/hands like crazy.

Below her, Lance lies dead on the floor.

**JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade, in a different blouse, stands by the small window. She tries to open the window but can't - locked.

She flips the phone open. Battery life shows four out of five bars still remaining.

She runs a finger across Lucy's photo on the phone.

**TRAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Long and narrow. A claustrophobe's nightmare.

Jade inches along in heels. She spots a blood stain on her shirt. Pulls her blazer over it.

An OLD COUPLE step into the hall. Jade slinks past them moves to the adjoining car.

She passes a window. Blurry landscape streaks by the pane.

Jade spots the Conductor ahead.

She ducks against a wall and hides her face with her hair.

He spots Jade, and tips his hat her way.

CONDUCTOR

Ma'am.

She shrinks against the wall.

The conductor passes by. Jade thinks fast; grabs his arm.

JADE

(whispers)

Is there security on this train?

CONDUCTOR

(offended)

I assure you, we take great pride in protecting our guests and their belongings. Do you feel unsafe?

Jade looks down the long hallway. Leans in close to his ear.

JADE  
Someone has my -

The cell phone BLARES. Jade jumps in the air.

She holds a finger to her lips: shhh. Flips the phone open and turns away.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
There you go breaking the rules.  
You of all people, Jade, should  
know about rules. They're similar  
to laws, you know. The only  
difference is the consequences.

Jade looks around. The coast seems clear. The conductor smiles cordially.

Jade turns and whispers into the phone.

JADE  
How'd you know?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Hold on someone wants to talk to  
you.

LUCY (O.S.)  
Momma? I'm scared.

JADE  
Lucy? Are you okay?

No answer. Jade on edge.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
For now, she's fine. But your  
minutes are wasting away.

Conductor touches Jade on the shoulder alarming her.

CONDUCTOR  
Ma'am, is there a problem?

CLICK. The phone HANGS UP.

CONDUCTOR  
You had a concern?

Jade hides her anxiety.

JADE

It's... it's nothing. I seem to  
have misplaced my cocktail tickets.

The conductor's eyes light up. This is a problem he can deal with! He produces coupons from his jacket, like some fancy magic trick.

CONDUCTOR

On the house.

Jade snatches them, and hurries off. The conductor tips his hat once more as she leaves.

Jade passes through the door in the distance between cars.

**VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Instead of a platform as Jade expected, there is an enclosed vestibule. No where to toss a body over.

She enters the next...

**PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jade's heels click clack as she walks down the long, narrow passage lined with doors. Out of that car into another...

**VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Does this train have any access to the outside? Jade stands in the vestibule confused.

A neon sign over the next car: Welcome to Bailey's.

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Long and narrow, like the other cars. Multiple shelves packed with liquor.

Cocktail booths line each wall. A wheelchair and broom rest in one corner.

Nearly every table's taken. Clearly a popular place.

Jade scans the room. Her view moves in slow motion. An LSD tripper's worst nightmare...

A OLD JEWISH COUPLE (80s) LAUGH over drinks, flirt shamelessly like newlyweds.

PEOPLE chat on cell phones. Jade scrutinizes faces, one by one. Lingers longer over the men.

A SKINNY MAN with beady eyes sits alone. Everyone else is dressed for success. This one doesn't belong.

Jade peeks at her cell phone. Still four bars.

A TECH NERD takes a panoramic shot of the bar with his iPhone. Jade ducks down, out of sight.

She sits at the bar, far from the other PATRONS.

DARREN (O.S.)

What will it be?

DARREN (28) smiles at her. Perfect teeth and bright blue eyes. Bartending rag in pocket. Empty tray.

JADE

Sorry. I'm a bit claustrophobic.  
Never road on a train before.

DARREN

Glass of red, take the edge off?

JADE

I was thinking more a breath of  
fresh air. Is there not a platform?

DARREN

Only the caboose. This is the Red  
Line you're talking about. Air-  
conditioned floating vestibules.  
Rooms like hotels. Only one Red  
Line and you're on it.

Jade nods 'thank you'. Starts away.

DARREN

Wouldn't you like to stay for a  
drink?

Jade doesn't even hear him.

JADE  
The caboose is -

Darren points.

DARREN  
Two cars down.

MONTAGE

- Jade walks fast down an empty hallway.
- Jade's walk turns.
- Through a vestibule.
- Jade dodges two LOVERS sharing a kiss. They stare at her racing down the passage.
- Out of the door.
- Through another vestibule.

**EXT. CABOOSE - DAY**

Jade stops. Catches her breath. Towering trees zip by.

She looks down at the terrain.

The train roars and cackles along the rail over a rocky landscape. Dense forest on both sides of the tracks.

She breathes relief. *This is where she'll ditch the body.*

**INT. TRAIN - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade rushes past the conductor. Her room swings into view.

The conductor waves.

Jade stops in her tracks. A CONCIERGE (23) with the looks of an 80's flight attendant, knocks on Jade's cabin door.

The conductor approaches from behind.

CONDUCTOR  
Mrs. Thompson!

Jade darts into the room, and SLAMS the door. SNAPS the lock into place.

The conductor rolls his eyes at the Concierge. Jiggles the handle gingerly.

**INT. Jade'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

KNOCKS at the door.

Jade reaches for the knob. Hesitates.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

We were told to pick up a shirt for laundry.

Jade opens the door a crack. The conductor forces a smile.

CONDUCTOR

Ah. There you are. If you could hand your apparel through the door -

JADE

No, no. That's okay.

CONDUCTOR

It's our job, Mrs. Thompson. Let us help. This nice lady, your own personal concierge, is waiting out here to help you.

The bastard won't leave! Jade stares at his cheerful face.

JADE

Okay. Let me get out of it, ok?

Jade hurriedly peels her shirt off.

She opens the door a crack, shoves the garment through.

The phone RINGS.

Jade takes it from her pant's pocket but drops it on the floor... right at the conductor's feet.

The conductor scoops it up. Jade's eyes bug out of her head.

CONDUCTOR

You should tend to that.

Jade takes the phone.

CONDUCTOR

We'll have the stain out in a  
jiffy.

Jade closes the door in his face. Flips the phone open.  
Missed Call written across the caller ID screen. She gasps.

**INT/EXT. CLOSET - SAME TIME**

Lucy huddles in the corner, hands tied. A bandana over her  
eyes, duct tape covers her mouth.

Outside the closet, a Figure (we can't see his face) turns  
over a toy train in his palm.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jade holds the phone in her hand. She paces.

JADE

Please ring. Come on.

And it does. Like clockwork.

JADE

Hello.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I'd be more careful with that piece  
of technology if I were you. It's  
much more fragile than, say, a  
child's skull.

JADE

Fuck you!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Now that's not a way to talk to  
someone who carries your daughter's  
life in his hands. Is it?

JADE

You can have me! I'm who you want!  
Just let Lucy go!

**INT/EXT. CLOSET - SAME TIME**

A hand opens the closet door. Moves the bandana off Lucy's eyes. Takes the tape off her mouth. Unties her hands.

He gives Lucy the toy train. She turns it in her hands.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Open the drawer beside the bed.  
There you will find your first  
instruction.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Phone by her ear, Jade walks over, opens a drawer containing an envelope and a book of matches.

Jade opens the envelope and pulls out a card that reads:

**ARSON**

JADE  
No way. I can't!

LUCY (O.S.)  
Don't close the door! No! No!!!

JADE  
Lucy!? Lucy!! I'm here!

The sound of a door slamming shut. Muffled screams.

JADE  
Don't you hurt her!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
You will set a fire. And walk away.

JADE  
But it could kill everyone on this  
train.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
You will do it or Lucy will die.

JADE  
Please.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Your wasting batteries. Set the  
fire and walk away. I'll be  
watching, Jade.

The call is ended.

JADE  
Fuck.

She paces. Filled with anxiety. Fear. But determined to save her daughter.

She walks to the drawer and pulls out the book of matches.

She stares at them in her palm, then closes her hand.

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - DAY**

A double shot of tequila is set before Jade at the bar. She passes Darren her free drink tickets.

DARREN  
A woman drinking tequila is either  
out for a crazy time or to forever  
bury the thoughts of an ex.

JADE  
Neither. Just using my coupons.

She looks away trying to get rid of him.

After he moves away, she grabs a handful of bar napkins.

She grabs a sharpie pen behind the counter as well.

Alone at the bar, she pulls out the book of matches.

She uncaps the pen, writes on the napkin: **H E L P.**

Her eyes drift towards the car entrance.

A FAT MAN ambles in, wearing a Boston Red Sox cap.

Darren heads back Jade's way. Stops to pour another drink.

She stares down at the napkin sitting right next to the cell phone that has four out of five bars left.

A moment of indecision.

Then she crumples up the napkin in a ball, dunks it in the double shot of liquor.

She strikes a match. Doesn't light.

Darren looks over. She hides the matchbook.

He turns and talks with another Patron.

She lights the tequila soaked napkin ball.

Tosses it across the bar into a trash can.

She gets up and walks toward the door. Waves 'thanks' at Darren as she passes him to draw his attention.

As she disappears through the door under the EXIT sign, the burning napkin ignites a larger fire.

Everyone in the bar car: happy and drinking and *unaware*.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade's walk speeds up faster. And faster.

She exits at the end of the long passage.

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR**

A WHITE HAIREW WOMAN points screaming.

WHITE HAIREW WOMAN

Fire!

PATRONS rush for the exit door. A small place to get a group of people OUT. They push and panic.

Darren drops his tray and races over behind the bar.

He beats at the fire with his bar towel that also catches ablaze.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade runs down the next hallway. Nearly plows over two FOREIGN KIDS coming out of their door.

She hits the exit.

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Darren grapples to get a fire extinguisher off the wall.

**EXT. CABOOSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jade bursts through the last door into open air.

She doubles over, hyperventilating. Her face washed out.

She lays over the railing and pukes.

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME**

Patrons still push and pull getting as far away as they can.

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR**

Darren sprays the extinguisher coating everything like a layer of fresh snow. Bottles. Glasses.

But it kills the fire.

**EXT. CABOOSE - CONTINUOUS**

The ground passes by in a blur as Jade hangs over the railing as if seasick.

Her world spins out of control.

Ring. Ring.

She pulls herself up, retrieves the phone from her pocket.

She wipes her mouth with her sleeve.

JADE

I did it. Happy?

A sickening chuckle through the phone.

JADE

(angry)

How can you laugh you sick fuck!?  
All those innocent people.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 We're all innocent to an extent.  
 Even, say, an arsonist.

JADE  
 Three to five. That's the minimum  
 for second degree arson.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 You lawyers just slap a God Damn  
 number on everything. And as long  
 as someone ends up behind bars, you  
 think you did your job.

There is an awkward pause.

JADE  
 If I put you in prison, I'm sorry,  
 I was just doing my job. Please. I  
 did what you asked, now let her go.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 You lawyers are good at talking.  
 But are you as good at listening?

Awkward silence.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Because I said four, and you've  
 only done one. We're just getting  
 started, Jade. You may want to  
 check your battery.

She does. Three bars now out of the five.

MALE VOICE  
 Under the bench there.

Jade turns to a small bench where an envelope is taped up  
 under the slats.

She opens the envelope and pulls out a card:

**DRUG TRAFFICKING**

JADE

Seriously? Are you talking drugs?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hee. Haw. You're going to be a mule, Jade. May want to skip lunch, leave room in that tiny tummy. You will find fifty balloons filled with coke. Swallow them all and do not pass them or else she dies. Chop, chop now.

The call ENDS.

Jade flip the phone closed. She panics, pacing the small caboose platform.

Tears run out of her eyes. She sobs quietly to herself.

She starts for the door, but sees a distorted figure through the frosted glass moving towards her.

Jade quickly tucks the envelope/card into her pocket.

She turns just as the Conductor breaches the door.

CONDUCTOR

We need to have a word with you.

She composes herself, wipes her face nonchalantly and turns to the Conductor.

JADE

Do you sell Dramamine on this thing?

He stares as if that was the last thing he expected.

JADE

I thought the fresh air would help.

CONDUCTOR

And the drink?

JADE

Didn't help so I came out here. It's nice. Out here.

She smiles.

CONDUCTOR

Seems there was a fire behind the bar just after you left.

JADE

Really? I guess I left just in time then.

He looks up over his glasses.

JADE

Wait. You're not insinuating that I had something to do with it, are you? I'm an attorney, not an arsonist.

CONDUCTOR

As I said before, we take the safety of our guests utmost and, well, you may be questioned when we return to the station. Just saying.

She bumps him on the shoulder. Smiles.

JADE

Innocent until proven guilty. Besides, I'm one of the good people.

She heads for the door.

JADE

I'm going to go lie down. Maybe sleep this queasiness off.

CONDUCTOR

I'll walk you back to your room.

JADE

What? Don't trust me?

CONDUCTOR

Just want to make sure you are safe.

JADE

Why wouldn't I be?

They disappear through the vestibule.

Forest zips by as the train clatters along.

**INT/EXT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

The door opens. The dark figure passes a sandwich in to Lucy.

Closes the door.

Lucy pounds on the door from inside.

The dark figure leans up against the door.

LUCY

Let me outa here!

He ignores her pleas.

She beats on the door.

His hands twiddle with a toy train.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Your Mommy thinks she can push  
people around. She thinks she's  
smart, but life is hard. Full of  
tough decisions. Let's see what she  
does with this one.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - SAME TIME**

Jade stares at a drawer full of small balloons packed tight  
with cocaine.

She pulls the first one out. Looks bigger than any vitamin  
she's ever seen.

She tilts her head back and puts it in her mouth. As she  
swallows it down, a tear rolls down her cheek.

She takes another and does the same.

She swallows hard. Then gags as if she is going to puke it  
up, but she doesn't.

Ring. Ring.

Jade is quick to answer the phone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Taking it all in?

JADE  
I can't do this.

She gags but checks her reflex. Stringy saliva oozes out of her mouth.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Yes. You. Can. Bad girls spit. Good girls swallow.

JADE  
It's not funny. I'm going to puke. There's no way I can take all these into my stomach.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Most amateur mules carry fifty to a hundred balloons.

JADE  
Well, I'm not most mules.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
How does it feel to be on the other side, Jade?

JADE  
Other side?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Of the law.

Jade closes the drawer.

JADE  
I can't do this.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Sure you can. Just need some encouragement. A finger. A toe.

LUCY (O.S.)  
Mommy?!!

Jade perks up. Stands up.

JADE  
Lucy!? Mommy's right here.

LUCY (O.S.)  
I wanna go home.

JADE  
We'll be home soon, Lucy. You be  
good. Do what the man tells you.

Lucy starts sobbing.

JADE  
Don't cry. Be a big girl now. Suck  
it up.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
And swallow the other balloons.  
Tick tock.

Lucy screams.

JADE  
Please!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Do it!

Jade takes a balloon of drugs in her hand. Tilts her head  
back.

JADE  
Couldn't these erupt inside of me.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
If that happens, I'll release the  
kid for good measure. How they say  
it down south, get 'er done, Jade.

The call ENDS.

She drops the balloon in her mouth. Closes her eyes and  
swallows it down.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

BEARDED WAITER (V.O.)  
Room service.

A door opens.

**INT. SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Two TWIN GIRLS stand next to their GRANDFATHER.

BEARDED WAITER (O.S.)  
Dinner is served.

A BEARDED WAITER hands a covered tray to the Grandfather, then pulls out something from his coat pocket.

BEARDED WAITER  
And I have something for you girls.

He hands them both a small toy train.

BEARDED WAITER  
An exact replica of this exquisite  
Red Line Express.

The girls smile with their new presents.

Grandfather tips Bearded Waiter who nods and backs out of their doorway.

The twins play with their toy trains.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The Bearded Waiter walks down the narrow passage, the Tech Nerd from the Bar Car at his side.

Tech Nerd hands Bearded Waiter a digital memory card.

TECH NERD  
So, what's with you and that chick?

BEARDED WAITER  
Don't worry 'bout it. No big thing.

TECH NERD  
Well, you got me taking pictures.  
You wankin' to her, or something?  
(grins)  
'Cause from behind, I sure see why.

BEARDED WAITER  
I told you, don't worry about it. I  
only want pics of her with that  
bartender. I'll make it worth your  
while.

TECH NERD  
Her and that guy?  
(shudders)  
Whatever gets your freak on.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - DAY**

Jade sits on the corner of the bed holding her stomach.  
The drawer is still pulled out but *empty* now.  
The sound of laughter outside catches Jade's attention.  
She perks. Stands and heads for the door.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade peers out of her door.  
Jade exits her room - makes extra sure to lock the door. She hangs a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the knob as well.  
She glances over her shoulder. No other passengers in sight.  
She hears FOOTSTEPS ahead.  
And then that laughter.  
A LITTLE GIRL appears at the far end of the car. A teddy bear hangs from her hand.

From the back, it looks like -

JADE  
Lucy!

The girl walks away. Jade takes off running.

JADE  
Stop!

The train RATTLES on the tracks. The girl passes between cars. Jade runs after her, into -

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jade catches up, grabs the girl's arm and swings her around.

The girl screams.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy!

It's not Lucy.

A MOTHER yanks the girl away, maternal fury in her eyes.

HARRIED MOTHER

Is this lady hurting you?

A horrified Jade stares at the floor.

JADE

I saw her in the hall. Thought she was lost.

HARRIED MOTHER

It didn't look like that to me!

CAR PATRONS gather. Jade stands before them, frozen.

Darren waves her through the crowd.

She steps over, takes a seat at the bar counter where a shot of tequila is waiting.

She pushes it away.

DARREN

Good for the nerves.

She doesn't respond.

DARREN

Did our guy handle that stain for you earlier?

JADE

Stain?

DARREN

Noticed a spot first time you came in. On your shirt.

She's curious about this.

DARREN

I've always been persnickety. And we get extra points if we really watch after our guests. So did they take care of it?

JADE

Yes. It's all good.

Jade peers towards the cocktail booths.

The old couple huddles together, GIGGLING.

The harried mother shares a sundae with her girl. She looks up at Jade and glares.

Bearded Waiter clears his table. He glances at Jade.

JADE

That waiter's staring...

DARREN

First time taking the train?

JADE

And last.

DARREN

Ah. Business. Not pleasure. What are you? A lawyer or something?

JADE

Something like that.

He smiles. Washes glasses picking up on the cold shoulder.

JADE

Look around. Is anyone watching me right now?

He scans the room. Then looks at Jade.

DARREN

Like, checking you out? I wouldn't be surprised.

Jade picks at her finger nails nervously.

JADE

No, I mean, there's a man.

Darren grins. Goes back to washing glasses.

DARREN  
There usually is.

The Tech Nerd with the iPhone sits down, a magazine in his hand. He peeks over a page at Jade who gets up and hurries away from the bar.

DARREN  
Hey! You forgot...

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

While hurrying down the hall, Jade pulls out the cell.

No missed calls.

The Conductor is approaching. Jade is unaware of anything but the phone that has only -

TWO cell battery bars left out of the five.

A near collision when Jade stops just in time of crashing into the Conductor.

CONDUCTOR  
You must have a great career.

JADE  
Why do you say?

CONDUCTOR  
Career women are always in a hurry.  
Racing around. Phones ringing off  
the hook.

JADE  
If you'll excuse me.

She steps around the Conductor. He grabs her arm.

Jade turns around taken aback by his gesture.

CONDUCTOR  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Thompson.

JADE

If it's about the mistaken identity  
in the bar car, I honestly just  
thought it was someone

The Conductor extends an envelope.

CONDUCTOR

Special delivery.

She stands in hesitation.

CONDUCTOR

Aren't you going to take it?

JADE

Who's it from?

He smiles. Holds his hand about waist high out to the side.

CONDUCTOR

From one of our smallest but cutest  
passengers about waist high.

Jade jerks the envelope from his hand.

CONDUCTOR

Easy now. It's probably just a  
color page or something.

Jade holds the envelope close to her heart.

JADE

What did she look like?

CONDUCTOR

Brown hair. A pony tail. No two. I  
think. I never had kids. Something  
I do regret. Do you have any, Mrs.  
Thompson?

Jade looks at him confused.

CONDUCTOR

Kids?

Ring. Ring. Jade pulls out the cell phone.

She dodges quickly around the Conductor who shrugs.

CONDUCTOR

Racing around. Phones ringing.

He rolls his eyes and carries on down the hallway.

Jade unlocks her door and dips inside, phone to her ear.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Nerves or either the 50 bags of coke cause Jade to buckle over grabbing her stomach.

JADE

Hel-lo.

**INT. SOMEWHERE - SAME TIME**

A toy train car turns in the hand belonging to the voice. We watch it turn over and over in his hands during this call.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

They already suspect you for arson,  
then you go'n grab a child. We're  
not so different, you and I?

JADE (O.S.)

She looked like...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

The eyes, Jade. Tricks.

JADE (O.S.)

Put her on the phone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Quite demanding aren't we?

JADE (O.S.)

I have to know she's ok.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Can't you trust me? I trusted you.

JADE (O.S.)

I haven't wavered. You put her on  
the phone. Prove you can be  
trusted.

The train tumbles around in the Figure's hands.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Did you ever think, if your  
daughter died, how you would want  
her to go? A bullet perhaps. Or  
maybe a blade. The quickest way.

Jade hits the end button. Buckles over with stomach pain.  
She staggers toward the bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade sits on the toilet. Vulnerable.  
She holds her breath trying NOT to strain.  
She lets the breath out.

JADE  
No. No. Nooo. Fuck.

She wipes and stands up turning towards the toilet.  
She fishes for a balloon out of the toilet bowl.  
She gags as she takes it over the sink and turns the water on  
washing the balloon best she can.  
She looks at herself in the mirror. What am I becoming?  
She tilts her head back, holds the ballooned coke over her  
open mouth.  
She can't do it.  
She holds her nose with one hand, puts the balloon in her  
mouth with the other and downs the balloon of coke.  
Her face contorts like a child's 'yuk' face.  
She gags.  
But recovers. Tougher somehow.  
She takes the envelope off the back of the commode. Opens it.  
Jade takes a deep breath in as she -

Pulls the card out of the envelope:

## **AGGRAVATED ASSAULT**

Behind the card is a photo of a normal guy (approx 28), taller and probably stronger than Jade. Written on photo: LARRY DAVIS, 43.

JADE

Why you?

Jade stares at the photograph trying to recognize the man.

Ring. Ring.

Jade reaches for the phone on the sink. Notices a small toy train beside it.

She hesitates, answers and storms out of the bathroom.

### **INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

JADE

In most cases of aggravated assault, there is use of a weapon.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Then your college softball skills should come in handy. Check the closet.

She walks to the closet, opens the door to find a Louisville Slugger baseball bat.

She picks it up. Tries the grip. Walks over and drops the bat on the bed, picks up the photo again.

JADE

Why him?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Just a face.

JADE

I need to hear her voice.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
You have progressed nicely, Jade.

JADE  
I want my life back. My daughter.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Ever heard of cognitive dissonance?  
Your last two tasks, you whined, I  
can't. I couldn't. Oh Jade the good  
girl. This time you are like,  
where's the weapon. I'd say we're  
making a man out of you.

Jade remains quiet. In deep thought over this?

LUCY (O.S.)  
Mom!

JADE  
Lucy! Lucy, are you ok?!

LUCY (O.S.)  
I'm scared! Mom! MO-OM!

Jade drops the photo, picks up the bat.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
That's enough, you got some ass to  
kick. Try not to kill him though.  
Wouldn't want you to have to stand  
trial for murder. They don't care  
about anything but pinning someone,  
anyone. All about winning. And  
money. Filthy fucking attorneys.

The call ends.

Jade heads for the door.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade stands in front of a door marked: CONDUCTOR'S CABIN.

She looks left and right. Coast is clear.

She uses a bobby pin from her hair to pick at the lock.

The door opens.

**INT. CONDUCTOR'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Jade clicks on the light. Scans the room. An antique radio in the corner. Dusty books on the shelves.

She heads for a binder laid out on the conductor's desk.

The spine of the binder marked: GUEST ROSTER.

She flips it open. Names of people fill the page.

Jade pulls out the photo of the target, and compares the name to the names on the list.

Larry Davis, K Car, Room 7.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Jade walks down the hall using her right arm against her body to conceal the Louisville Slugger under her blouse.

She stops by room K7. Lifts her hand to knock when the Tech Nerd steps out of the next door to the left, FUCK.

He walks past Jade who moves in the opposite direction.

As she walks away from him, she fights turning to see if he's gone so she can turn back.

Near the end of the hall, she gets the nerve up and turns on her heels. Tech Nerd is gone.

She hurries back to K7 and knocks on the door.

She anxiously waits.

She knocks again. Anybody in there?

JADE  
(through the door)  
Hello. Room service.

She waits impatiently.

She turns to leave when the door opens up.

She turns back. Steps close.

LARRY DAVIS  
Did you say room service?

Jade steps in closer.

LARRY DAVIS  
Because I didn't order anything.

JADE  
Larry Davis?

LARRY DAVIS  
In the flesh.

**INT. SLEEPER CAR K7 - CONTINUOUS**

She pushes him in the doorway.

LARRY DAVIS  
Whoa. Whoa. I *know* I didn't order  
*this*.

JADE  
I know this is going to sound weird  
but you have to let me rough you  
up.

LARRY DAVIS  
What the fuck you talkin' about?

JADE  
Please. I don't want to hurt you.

Larry moves back a step, his arm extended towards the phone.

JADE  
Please forgive me for what I'm  
about to do.

He grabs his cell phone.

LARRY DAVIS  
Listen bitch, stay back. I'm  
calling security.

He starts to dial.

Jade pushes him back with force. The bat drops down into her right hand grip as her left hand slams the door shut.

She swings the bat back letting it rip.

Nails him across the temple.

He staggers back.

Phone flies from his grip, slides across the floor.

He grabs the side of his head. Blood seeps into his hand.

LARRY DAVIS

Oh my God!

He puts up his fists. Takes this fight seriously.

She swings the bat. Misses.

He gets in a left hook. WHAM.

Jade wobbles. No time for weakness. She pulls the bat back again and swings with determination.

WHACK. Another blow to the skull of Larry Davis who's only losing this battle because Jade has the weapon.

He springs forward tackling Jade. They roll like yin and yang across the floor.

Jade's cell phone clatters across the floor as they tumble. Jade ends up on top straddled across him.

She struggles to hold him down as he writhes in pain.

He grabs her wrist and arm attempting to stop her from swinging that damn bat.

LARRY DAVIS

What the fuck!? Bitch!

She looks into his eyes.

JADE

Do you have any kids?

LARRY DAVIS

No, why no, you are one crazy bitch! Get out of my room!

She rips her right arm free and bludgeons him with the bat.

**One time - he slurs words.**

**Whack. Again - his eyes close. Lights out.**

**Again. And again. It's almost hard to stop now.**

She pulverizes the guy's face with the wooden weapon.

Straddling him still, the bat hangs in her grip.

She stares straight ahead - emotionless.

Time stands still.

The room spins.

Pain sets in...that pain that is hidden by the adrenaline during a fight.

Jade climbs to her feet. Stands over her helpless victim. The bat hands down from her grip.

She drops the Louisville Slugger.

SLOW MOTION: The bat drops, clanging on the floor, until it finally stops and sits still, as still as Larry Davis.

Jade's hair tussled. A fresh shiner under her right eye. And a smear of blood from her busted lip.

Jade stands in a daze for seconds.

Ring. Ring. The cell vibrates across the floor.

Jade calmly walks over, picks up the phone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I'd make sure you jimmy that door  
when you leave just in case he saw  
your face. Buy you some time  
because time is precious.

Jade heads for the door.

Stops and turns back one last time, then exits.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade jams the bobby pin in the lock mechanism.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You make a good bad girl, Jade.

JADE

I want my daughter back.

She turns and walks down the narrow passage.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Tisk tisk, one more task and then you can have her even though your life may be just a bit different after all of this. Don't you think?

JADE

I am going to kill you before this is all over.

He chuckles through the phone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

There! That's the spirit! Consider me your mentor, trying to help birth the new Jade. The bad ass Jade. And if you complete the course, I might just let you have little Lucy back.

She flips the phone shut. *First time she's been the one to end the call.*

The Conductor approaches with his painted on smile.

He tips his hat as he nears.

CONDUCTOR

Mrs. Thompson.

Jade ignores, even bumps shoulders with him on her way. He stops and glares back at Jade.

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - DAY**

Jade takes a seat at the bar. Sets the cell phone on the counter. She watches the bartender restocking.

An ELDERLY WOMAN waddles up to the bar.

ELDERLY WOMAN

How's my favorite barkeep?

DARREN

Always better when I see you, Mrs. Zimmerman. A strawberry black pepper gin and tonic for you, dear.

Jade watches Darren with the woman until she shuffles away.

DARREN

What happened to you?

He motions under his right eye.

JADE

I fell down the steps.

Darren ignores this(knows its not what happened).

He fills a ziploc bag with ice, twirls it in a towel and hands it to Jade.

DARREN

Keeps the swelling down.

She takes it.

JADE

Thank you.

Tears fill her eyes. Darren moves in closer and whispers.

DARREN

Is everything alright?

He offers a tissue.

She shakes her head.

Takes a tissue and wipes her eyes.

DARREN

Is there anything I can do?

She looks around then leans forward. Talks quick and quietly.

JADE

Someone has my daughter. And they are blackmailing me.

DARREN

The conductor can have the police at the station. Only an hour left.

Jade does not say anything as thoughts spin in her head.

DARREN

Here he comes. Charlie...

She grabs his arm. Shakes her head 'don't tell'.

The Conductor waddles up to the counter.

DARREN

We're going to need more rum.

Jade opens the cell phone. No missed calls. One bar left.

CONDUCTOR

I will get it for you shortly but first I have a special request.

DARREN

Sure, whadda you need?

CONDUCTOR

Orange juice mixed with sprite.  
Half and half.

DARREN

Now that's a first.

Jade spins around to the Conductor.

JADE

Did you say OJ and Sprite?

CONDUCTOR

By special request.

Darren mixes the drink.

Jade jumps off her bar stool. She's all over the Conductor.

JADE

Who ordered it? You have to tell me. Who asked for it?

CONDUCTOR

Well, I'm not sure if

JADE

What room is he in? I have to know!

CONDUCTOR

We respect the privacy of every guest, Mrs. Thompson, I am veru sorry.

She gets almost violent, shaking Conductor's arm. A button is ripped from his shirt in the skirmish.

CONDUCTOR

Mrs. Thompson!

JADE

You have to tell me! It means life or death! Please!!

CONDUCTOR

Mrs. Thompson! You are going to have to get it together.

She continues pressing. Backing Conductor up.

Darren slides the drink over noticing Jade on the attack.

JADE

You better tell me right this minute or else!

Darren hops over the bar, restrains Jade carefully, moving her away from the Conductor who straightens his shirt best he can without all the buttons.

With furrowed brows, he stares at Jade over his glasses.

DARREN

She's going through something. Traumatic. Go on. I got this.

Not by his better judgement, Conductor saunters off with his orange juice cocktail in hand.

DARREN

You are going to have to get it together. Sit down. Calm down and

JADE

My daughter.

DARREN

Ok. That's better. What is your daughter's name?

Jade's breath pounding. She bites her bottom lip nervously.

JADE

Lucy.

DARREN

Deep breaths, get it under control.  
Now tell me what's going on with  
Lucy. Maybe I can help somehow.

Ring. Ring. The cell vibrates against the bar counter.

Jade jerks it up frantically.

JADE

Hello.

She turns away from Darren for privacy. He respects her space by cleaning the bar down the way.

JADE

Where is Lucy? Is she ok? Please!  
Let me talk to her!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Patience is a virtue.

JADE

I've done as you asked! Now give me  
my daughter, and I'll walk away  
from this no questions asked! You  
have my word.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

It's not that easy, Jade.

JADE

There's something you don't  
understand. Lucy is sick. Ever  
heard of type one? She could go  
into a coma if her sugar drops too  
low. You could kill her!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Oh thank you. That reminds me, you  
have one more task to do. Then  
she's all yours.

He ends the call.

JADE

(under breath)

She's already mine, mother fucker.

Darren walks back over.

DARREN  
Seriously if you need a shoulder or  
an ear, I'm your man.

He slides an envelope in front of her.

JADE  
What's this?

DARREN  
The guy down the bar there...

He turns and points but there is no one at the bar.

DARREN  
There really was someone there  
unless my eyes are playing tricks.  
He told me to give this to you,  
seeing as you were on the phone  
guess he didn't want to interrupt.

She picks up the envelope.

JADE  
You seem like a nice guy, but I am  
warning you, if you have some part  
in all this, I will kill you.

He holds up his hands like a stick-up.

DARREN  
Easy now, don't shoot the  
messenger.

She pulls the final card out and a photo of Darren.

## **MURDER**

He curiously tries to see what it is, but she tucks the card  
and photo back in the envelope.

Her eyes tear up. She avoids eye contact.

DARREN  
Well? What was it?

She looks back up. Wipes her eyes.

JADE  
It's nothing. I have to go.

Jade gets up to race off, but he grabs her arm.

DARREN  
The OJ and sprite went to K3.

JADE  
Are you sure!?

DARREN  
That's who the charge went to.

She smiles through teary eyes.

JADE  
Thank you.

Then pulls away, hurrying out of the bar car.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade's heels click down the hall.

Her steps speed up. Faster.

**INT. VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Through the connector.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade walks as fast as her legs will go.

Her walk turns into a jog.

Right past the Conductor who spins around in his shoes.

CONDUCTOR  
Mrs. Thompson! Stop right there!  
Where do you think you're going in  
such a hurry?!

He marches after her.

**INT. VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Through another connector faster this time.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

She bursts in, runs full blast down the passage. Skids on brakes at a door marked: K3.

She bangs on the door.

JADE

Open up! I know you're in there!

She bangs on the door some more.

A GUEST peers out next door over.

JADE

What are you looking at?!

The guest skulks back, but Jade races over.

JADE

Wait! Have you seen a man with a child coming and going in this room next to you?

The guest shakes his head, doesn't want to get involved, and closes his door.

Jade steps back over and beats on K3 again.

JADE

She needs me! Please! Open up!

The Conductor stomps down the hallway closing in on Jade.

CONDUCTOR

Mrs. Thompson, I'm not sure what you have going on, but you have got to get yourself under control.

She beats on the door.

JADE

I'll calm down after you let me inside this room!

CONDUCTOR

But you have no business in that room. Your room is that way.

He points.

JADE

The man in there took my daughter!  
She has diabetes and needs medical  
attention!

CONDUCTOR

How do you know this?

JADE

I just do! Trust me! Just open up  
the god damned door would you,  
unless you want her blood on your  
hands!

Another GUEST peers out into the hallway. Conductor notices  
this and pulls out his master key.

He steps in front of Jade. Knocks on the door.

CONDUCTOR

Your conductor here. Just checking  
on the little one. Could you open  
the door?

He knocks again. Looks over at Jade.

CONDUCTOR

Sir. I'm coming in.

He puts the master key in the slot.

Jade bursts past him almost knocking him over.

**EXT. CABOOSE - SAME TIME**

Fresh air.

Wide open sky passes by at record speed.

Lucy and a tall FIGURE (we cannot see his face) in a hoody  
step onto the platform.

Lucy walks to the side, amazed at the caboose.

She takes a big gulp of her orange juice cocktail.

MALE VOICE

Nothing a little sugar and fresh  
air can't fix, huh?

He nudges her.

MALE VOICE

I used to love sitting out here  
with my brother. Loved it so much,  
I bought it.

LUCY

You really like trains.

MALE VOICE

He'd always say, you'll never be  
like the little engine that could  
if you sit around on your caboose.

He chuckles to himself.

MALE VOICE

He used to tell me to cut my hair.  
Be somebody. He'd be proud. I made  
a fortune, but it was too late to  
save him. I miss him.

LUCY

Like I miss my mom?

MALE VOICE

Something like that.

They stand by the railing. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

Tall trees zip by.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

With a hand around her back, the Conductor walks side by side  
with Jade down the passage until they stop at her door.

CONDUCTOR

Just stay in your room. Can you do  
that? Only twenty more minutes and  
we'll be at the station. This whole  
thing will be over.

Jade nods.

CONDUCTOR

I can call someone to meet you.

JADE

No, I'm alright. Just going through a tough time right now. Work. A divorce. I'll be fine.

CONDUCTOR

Promise me you will not go back to K3. Our guests are very important to us. We owe them respect.

He waits for her word.

JADE

Sure. I promise.

She pushes the door open. Turns and looks at him as she closed the door.

The Conductor marches down the hallway.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jade stands at the door. She turns the lock.

She walks to the bed. A nine millimeter sits on the night stand along with a laptop computer.

She opens the laptop and a video starts playing.

ON SCREEN: Your Second Amendment Rights.

She pushes play.

It's a tutorial video showing how to use the gun.

She tries to turn it off but it continues playing.

She tries to open a browser but it's been blocked as well.

INTSRUCTION VIDEO (V.O.)

Press the button on the side of the hand grip to eject the magazine. Insert ammunition one at a time into the top of the magazine, with the rounded side forward, until the magazine is full.

She picks up the handgun. Wraps her fingers around the hand grip. Nice fit.

She pays close attention to the video.

Ejects the magazine.

She loads bullets into the clip. This is all first time for her so she's slow.

**INT. SLEEPER CAR K7 - CONTINUOUS**

Larry Davis begins to stir on the floor. His face beaten to a bloody pulp. Blood spatter across the floor. On the bed.

He grunts. Opens his eyes. The bat lying next to him slowly comes into focus.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade pulls the drawer. Opens the most recent envelope.

She pulls the card, stares at it then tosses it back into the drawer. All four cards scattered about.

She studies Darren's photograph.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade opens the door. Her face cringes. She pinches her nose with one hand.

She steps over Lance's body.

When she takes her finger off her nose, she fights gagging.

With a match, Jade lights the corner of Darren's picture on fire, watches as the flame consumes the photo, then drops it in the sink.

She watches until there is nothing but ash, then turns the water on washing it away.

Upon turning the water off, she grabs the toy train off of the small shelf over the sink.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade studies the toy train. It's red. Black shiny letters: BARTON EXPRESS.

She furrows her brow in thought.

JADE

Barton Express. Why does that sound familiar?

Jade drops the train in the drawer, goes to close it, but something catches her eye.

All the cards in there now, the four of them, each have a red letter as the first letter of the task.

She takes them out and arranges them on the bed.

From first to last, the crimes escalate in seriousness and the red letters spell out a name: A D A M.

She racks her brain. Face deep in thought.

JADE

Adam.

She places the toy train beside them. Another clue.

## **FLASHBACK**

### **INT. COURT ROOM - DAY**

The defendant, ADAM BARTON(25) sits on the stand.

Jade paces in front of the stand.

JADE

Thank you, your Honor. Mr. Barton, did you know that it was against regulations to have a gun in your possession on the Red Line Express?

BARTON

It was in the employee handbook.

JADE

Yet you still carried it, with intention to murder Jack Wharton.

BARTON

He was beating his girlfriend.

JADE

But instead of calling security,  
you took it upon yourself to murder  
him in cold blood.

BARTON

In her defense. I killed him.

JADE

No further questions, your Honor.

A BAILIFF escorts Barton from witness chair.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Do you have any other witnesses?

DEFENSE (O.S.)

No your Honor, the Defense rests  
its case.

The face of the accused ADAM BARTON close up as we hear.

JUDGE (V.O.)

If you find beyond a reasonable  
doubt that Mr. Barton did indeed  
kill Jack Wharton on the Red Line  
commuter train, then you must find  
him guilty of murder.

Mumbling in the court room.

JUDGE (O.S.)

You may proceed with closing  
arguments.

JADE

Thank you, your Honor. At the  
beginning of the trial, I told  
you that you would hear a story of  
heroism and murder today. Mr.  
Barton admits that he knew he was  
not allowed to possess a firearm on  
the job. He also admits to killing  
Jack Wharton in cold blood. This is  
murder, and you should hold him  
accountable for taking another  
man's life. Thank you for your  
time.

And then the words the accused does not want to hear.

JURY (O.S.)  
We the jury find Adam Barton guilty  
of five counts of theft.

BAM. The sound of the gavel.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - DAY**

Jade checks the cell phone.

One bar left. And it's blinking!

She pockets it, then picks up the nine mil.

She pulls the slide back. A bullet slips into the chamber.

She lets the slide go with a click.

Locked and loaded.

She tucks the gun in the side of her slacks and walks out of the sleeper car.

**INT. SLEEPER CAR K7 - SAME TIME**

Grunting and groaning, Larry struggles trying to pull himself up from the floor.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade trails down the long narrow passage, a certain seriousness on her face now. A tougher Jade.

**INT. VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Continues through the connector.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Down another long passage.

She passes right by K7--

**INT. SLEEPER CAR K7 - CONTINUOUS**

--where Larry Davis staggers over towards the door.

He grabs the door knob but it won't open.

He beats on the door from the inside.

**INT. DOOR JAM - SAME TIME**

The bobby pin is wedged inside the key cylinder. Every time Larry pushes the door, the pin bends a bit more.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade stops at K3 four doors down.

She pulls out the nine mil and points it at the door.

She knocks on the door ever so lightly.

JADE  
Housekeeping.

**INT. SLEEPER CAR K3 - SAME TIME**

Hands pull little Lucy out of the closet, set her on the bed. Her mouth is taped shut.

Knock from outside.

JADE  
Mr. Barton. Housekeeping.

RICHARD BARTON, 40, pulls his hood off. Long hair pulled back. Gold chain. Rings. Lots of jewelry. Like someone that never had anything and struck it rich.

He pulls a gun out of his body holster.

Lucy sits trembling, hyperventilates when she sees the gun.

He puts a finger over his own lips 'shh'.

Pushes her back into the closet, closing the closet door softly.

He makes his way to the cabin door.

Points the gun dead at the door.

Reaches for the knob.

**EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade kicks the door in!

**INT. SLEEPER CAR K3 - CONTINUOUS**

Barton stumbles back but recovers quickly.

Butts his gun barrel up against the closet door.

JADE  
Ready to die?

BARTON  
Ever played chess, Jade?

JADE  
Drop the gun, let her go.

Lucy sobs within the closet.

JADE  
Lucy. It's alright. Momma's here.

Barton cracks a smile.

BARTON  
What we have here is a stalemate.  
If you shoot me, you think I won't  
pull the trigger same time. You  
kill me but you kill Lucy too. And  
you don't want that do you, Jade?

JADE  
Let her go, mother fucker. You  
promised!

BARTON  
After you did your four tasks and  
you haven't finished yet. That cell  
phone will be dead any minute. If  
you kill me, it really doesn't  
matter.

(MORE)

BARTON (CONT'D)

But if I kill her, you will have to live with yourself for killing your own daughter. Can you do that, Jade?

She squeezes the trigger. Wants to kill this mother fucker once and for all. But she can't or Lucy dies.

BARTON

I couldn't live with that on my conscious. My twin brother couldn't either.

She lowers the gun.

JADE

I knew you couldn't be Adam. He would still be in prison.

BARTON

If he hadn't took his own life. You lawyers screw everything up. Did you know this is the very train he killed crazy Jack on?

Lucy cries under the tape.

BARTON

He's was defending a woman's honor, Jade, yet you put him away. Ruined his life. Ruined mine. This job. This train was everything to him.

JADE

Please, don't hurt her.

BARTON

Then go now! You have about thirty seconds before the Conductor will arrive. And he IS armed. I made it a new rule, since I own the train.

She backs out of the door, tears stream down her face.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade looks at the cell phone. WARNING LOW BATTERY FLASHES.

She tucks the gun back in her waist.

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade runs hurriedly into the bar car.

Darren hurries over.

DARREN

What's going on, Jade? The Conductor is looking for you. He's called the police. They've even rerouted the train to Seattle Station.

She paces.

JADE

You have to believe me. I have proof. In my room.

DARREN

Ok. But...

JADE

Come to my room, I'll show you everything. A man has my daughter on this train right now. He's blackmailing me for revenge.

Darren doesn't look like he is believing this.

JADE

Just follow me to my room. Help me save my daughter. Please.

She looks at him with begging eyes.

He walks from around the bar, follows her across the car. She passes by the noisy Tech Nerd and grabs his phone.

TECH NERD

Hey!

She smashes the phone to the floor.

DARREN

Jade! Why the hell did you do that?

Jade continues walking, Darren on her heels.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade stops at her door. Darren behind her.  
She opens the door, they go inside.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

DARREN  
Whoa. What's that smell?

Darren looks around as does Jade.  
The bathroom door is closed. Darren walks towards it.

DARREN  
What is going on in here, Jade?

He reaches for the door to the bathroom.

JADE  
Wait!!

She pulls the gun.  
He turns to her.  
She points it dead at him.  
She motions for him to move away from the door.  
She points at the cards and the toy train on the bed.

DARREN  
What is all that?

JADE  
Proof.

She pulls out her cell. On screen: WARNING LOW BATTERY.

DARREN  
Let me go get help.

JADE  
You can't.

He holds out a hand as he inches towards the cabin door.

JADE

Don't make me do it.

He steps closer and closer to the door.

DARREN

You need help, Mrs. Thompson. I'm  
just going to go get some help.  
That's all.

He reaches for the door.

DARREN

Come on, I'm your friend, remember?

BAM! A shot rings out.

Darren's eyes freeze.

Like a falling timber, he goes down.

Jade, eyes wide, stares at a man **she just killed**.

She runs for the door, leaves Darren on the floor, bleeding.

**EXT. CABOOSE - DAY**

Not the joyful fresh air this time. Richard Barton wraps the remaining duct tape around little Lucy's legs securing her tightly to a bench.

He makes one last check then leaves her there on the caboose all alone.

DRONE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON LUCY TAPED TO THE BENCH. THE TRAIN SNAKES THROUGH BEAUTIFUL COUNTRYSIDE.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jade races down the hallway. Nearly runs over Larry Davis who can barely see through his bludgeoned eyes.

LARRY DAVIS

Hey! That's her!! Hey!! Stop!!

**INT. VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

She flies through the vestibule.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Races down the long corridor.

Skids on brakes in front of room K3. Pushes the door open with the barrel of the gun.

**INT. SLEEPER CAR K3 - CONTINUOUS**

The room is empty!

She comes out of that room down a few doors and dips into an open door.

**INT. SLEEPER CAR K7 - CONTINUOUS**

Jade picks up the blood-stained Louisville Slugger.

Walks out.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade marches down the passage.

The gun hangs from her right hand. The bat drags on the floor dangling from her left hand.

Tears stream her face that is otherwise emotionless.

PASSENGERS gawk at her, dip in their rooms, close doors.

**INT. BAILEY'S BAR CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade skulks in. The passengers all stare. Some leave.

The Conductor enters approaching Jade.

CONDUCTOR

Mrs. Thompson. You need to put down  
the gun. Please.

Jade does no such thing.

CONDUCTOR

You have forced me to take matters  
into my own hands here. I've called  
the police.

He walks towards her carefully, hand extended.

CONDUCTOR

Please. It's ok now.

She points the gun to the ceiling and fires...BAM!

Now everyone that was remaining scatters.

There is a dead silence until Larry staggers in.

LARRY DAVIS

That's her! That's the bitch! Beat  
me half to death!

She points the gun at Larry.

Conductor motions for Larry to get down.

She points the gun back at Conductor.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

Jade drops the bat. Fishes for her cell phone, but it's not  
her phone that was ringing.

Conductor holds his phone up overhead then answers it.

CONDUCTOR

Darren? Is that...you? I can't hear  
you, speak up.

Conductor looks back for Jade but Jade is gone.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jade jogs down the passage.

A distant gun shot rings out. She stops in her tracks.

She puts the gun out in front of her. Makes her way down the  
hall on 'ready' alert now.

She stops before her cabin door.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The barrel of the gun enters first, followed by Jade.

His back to Jade, Richard Barton stands over Darren.

He senses her presence.

Spins around.

Barrel to barrel. Six feet apart, it's a face off.

JADE

Where is Lucy?

BARTON

You failed your last task.

JADE

I did everything you asked of me.

BARTON

Yet I had to finish the job.  
Sloppy.

Jade fights a glance toward Darren.

JADE

Is he dead?

BARTON

Quite. You should thank me.

JADE

I'm going to thank you alright,  
when you hand over my daughter. If  
not, this bullet moving through  
your brain will be my thank you.

He chuckles under breath.

JADE

Fuck you.

BARTON

What, you didn't laugh and  
celebrate when you put Adam away?  
My brother started your career.  
That day I vowed to avenge him  
somehow.

JADE

It's a job. Someone has to put away the bad guys.

BARTON

But he wasn't one of the bad guys. He may have saved that girl's life by killing that man. He was like a hero to me. He barely knew her. Yet he stood up for her.

JADE

A jury found him guilty. He confessed in his own words.

BARTON

He was my twin brother. Do you have any idea what kind of bond twins share?

He grimaces. His finger squeezed the trigger.

BARTON

And you took it away.

JADE

The Conductor has the police waiting.

Barton laughs. Drops his gun on the floor.

BARTON

I'm not worried about the police. I own this train. I own the conductor. Hell, the waiter is my cousin. But you, Jade, you should be worried. Beating that poor guy to a pulp. Killing your soon to be ex, then icing the nice little bartender. Looks like you're one of the bad guys now.

The train slows. The sound it makes on the track is different. Like it's changing tracks.

Holding the gun out steady, in front, Jade walks towards Richard Barton.

He stands his ground.

She gets so close the barrel of her gun touches his forehead. Presses into his flesh.

BARTON

Go ahead, pull the trigger, Jade.

Her trigger finger trembles.

Jade's face twitches. Her nerves running wild.

JADE

Not until you tell me where she is.

BARTON

Adam didn't want me to do this.

Barton laughs.

BARTON

But revenge is a strange thing.

JADE

What did you do with her? Where is Lucy!?!??

BARTON

I didn't have any beef with the kid. But you, I've wanted you dead for a real long time.

JADE

You better say your grace because I'm about to pull this trigger.

BARTON

You can't do it. Can you, Jade?

He presses his weight even more into the barrel of the gun.

Beads of sweat on her face.

Her right cheek muscle twitches.

The gun trembles in her grip.

He reaches out. Both hands around her neck. Choking the life out of her.

Jade gasps for air. Face turns a blueish purple.

She can barely hold the gun up ...it slips downward.

Out of her grip.

CLATTERS onto the floor below.

BAM! A gun shot rings out.

Barton's eyes grow wide. Frozen.

He slumps down and hits the floor with a loud thud.

Jade grabs her neck sucking in air as her color returns.

She looks down to see Darren holding Barton's gun.

DARREN

I heard it all.

His eyes roll back in his head.

JADE

Hang on! We're pulling into the station now!

He starts to fade.

JADE

You stay with me!

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY**

The Red Line Express pulls into the docking port.

OFFICERS, wearing vests, guns out, board the train.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Officers make their way down the hall.

Passengers scatter to get off the train.

**INT. JADE'S SLEEPER CAR - SAME TIME**

Jade rushes over to Barton.

She feels for a pulse.

He opens his eyes. Coughs. Blood oozes from the corner of his lips.

She grabs his collar, pulls him up. If there's one last word, she's going to get it.

JADE

Where is she?! Where's Lucy!!

He mumbles. Blood runs out of his nostrils.

JADE

Please! Tell me what you've done with my Lucy!!

He coughs up blood again. Closes his eyes.

He gasps. His eyes open slowly.

JADE

If twins have that bond you speak of and Adam was a good man, then you are like him! You should tell me where my Lucy is!

She shakes him back and forth by the collar.

JADE

Please!!

BARTON

Adam's favorite spot. The Caboose.

She drops Barton.

Goes to Darren once more. His eyes woozy. Blood blossoming through his shirt.

JADE

Hang on! You have to stay with me!  
They're coming to get you ok? I  
have to --

He nods.

DARREN

Go. Go get her.

Jade takes off in a sprint.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Down the hall she flies faster than ever this time.

**INT. VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Through the connector she races.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The door bursts open. Jade runs like her life depends on it.

**INT. VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Through the last connector. She tears through the final door.

**EXT. CABOOSE - CONTINUOUS**

Onto the final train car where she sees Lucy, bound on the little bench.

Jade rushes over, untapes Lucy's mouth.

LUCY

Mommy!

JADE

Oh Lucy!

Jade wraps her arms around Lucy.

JADE

Let's get you out of here!

Jade unbinds the tape from her little arms and legs.

**EXT. STATION - DAY**

Lucy and Jade stand in the comfort of Officers. Both covered in blankets.

Jade catches up with the stretcher as Darren is wheeled by.

JADE

You hang on.

DARREN

Why? You need a witness?

JADE  
No, well, yes. I could use that  
indeed.

She grabs his hand. Squeezes it.

They wheel the stretcher to the ambulance where Darren is  
picked up and hoisted in.

An ER TECH closes the door and slaps the back of the  
ambulance.

Jade holds Lucy.

They watch as the ambulance pulls away.

A second stretcher is wheeled out next. A body bag covers a  
dead Richard Barton.

Jade turns Lucy away from the action.

An unmarked CRUISER pulls up.

An officer opens the back door. Ushers Jade and Lucy inside.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

Super: *Two months later.*

**INT. LEGAL AID - DAY**

A busy office. Every desk covered in a mountain of paperwork.

SECRETARY (O.S.)  
Jade, a Mr. Robinson is here to see  
you.

JADE (O.S.)  
Send him back.

Robinson walks back to a desk where Jade sits behind a  
mountain of work.

JADE  
Well, what do I owe this visit?

ROBINSON

I thought I would make one final offer. You were one of our best.

Jade clears off some of the rubble.

JADE

I'm happy here.

ROBINSON

Working like a dog and hardly getting paid for it? The firm. They want to offer you a big raise, Jade.

She smiles big.

JADE

Wow.

ROBINSON

The big office over the river. Hell, I'd take a bullet if they made me the same offer.

She laughs.

JADE

Really, I appreciate the gesture, but it's time I put my talent to good use. Give it to the rookie.

ROBINSON

Seriously?

JADE

It's more rewarding, and the people are people, not dollar signs anymore.

Robinson stands up. Extends his hand. They shake.

JADE

Thank you for the offer though.

ROBINSON

You know you are always welcome back if you decide this isn't your ball of wax.

JADE

I think I like the wax over here.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Jade your nine o'clock is here.

As Robinson leaves, he passes a meek, granola HOUSEWIFE, who takes a seat in front of Jade.

**FADE OUT.**