

GHOST TRAIN

By

Martin Cox

)9 Jan 2011

assatiates@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Mike Posner, 20's, strolls arrogantly through the carriage.

A hardcore skinhead. Shaved head, twisted face, Fred Perry shirt, short-sleeves showcasing a montage of tattoos, Levi jeans rolled precisely twice to meet the top of his Doc Marten's Cherry Reds.

In his left hand a can of beer, his right shields a cigarette. White braces (suspenders) are down, ready for the fight as he searches.

The great white personified. Stalking his unsuspecting, defenceless prey.

He reaches the end of the carriage and stops. Empty. He shrugs, pulls up his braces and catches his reflection in the window.

MIKE

Smooth bastard.

He looks around furtively, assumes the position, then launches into his best De Nero.

MIKE

You talkin' to me?

He takes a draw on the cigarette and chugs on the can. Changes stance slightly.

MIKE

You talkin' to me?

He falls onto the seat laughing at himself.

MIKE

Dumb prick!

Bored, he gazes around, hitting on the beer and nic stick alternately. Gradually he dozes off.

LATER:

Mike still sleeps.

David Morse, 20's, neat black hair, jacquard cardigan, light blue button down, skinny jeans resting gently on Louis Vuitton patents, slips into the seat opposite.

He looks across, produces a note pad and pencil.

DAVID

Mike! Mike! You awake? You okay?

Mike stirs. He raises his head. Squints.

MIKE

Who the fuck are you?

David rises and thrusts out his hand. Mike ignores it.

DAVID

Hi, I'm David.

He sits back down. Rejected, embarrassed.

MIKE

What the fuck do you want asshole?

David points at Mike's lap where the beer can has fallen and soaked his sacred Levi's. He jumps up, throwing the can across the carriage.

MIKE

Shit! Shit! Fuck! Just washed these fuckers! Looks like I pissed myself!

As Mike remonstrates David looks on trying to hide his amusement. Mike notices the smirk. Stops.

MIKE

Somethin' funny cunt?

David immediately changes his expression, sits up straight and nervously addresses Mike.

DAVID

No...no way man. Just wanted to let you know s'all.

Mike calms down, retreats to his seat still wiping his sodden crotch. He glares at David.

MIKE

How'd you know my name?

David waves his note pad excitedly.

DAVID

Mike Posner? Shit man, you're famous! Seen you in 'Blood and

DAVID  
Honor'. Keep goin' like you are and  
you'll be right up there with 'The  
Metz'.

Mike proudly puffs out his chest. Treats himself to another  
cigarette, self-adulating. He draws heavily, inhales, blows  
the smoke directly at David.

MIKE  
Is that right?

David gushes.

DAVID  
I'm so stoked! This is the chance  
of a lifetime for me...See, I work  
for a very large outfit, well  
probably the biggest ever.

Mike sits back cockily, sensing 'respect'.

MIKE  
So?

David is now animated.

DAVID  
So, the big boss, the very top guy,  
has asked a few of us to talk to  
people such as yourself, to see  
what makes you guys tick.

He catches his breath.

DAVID  
And tonite? Shit man. Mike Posner  
on my train. Shit!...You mind if I  
take some notes?

Mike looks away nonchalantly, breathing smoke through his  
nostrils.

MIKE  
Note away.

David gets himself comfortable.

DAVID  
Okay. So, you're a self confessed  
racist, yeah?

MIKE  
S'right. Hate niggers. Hate Jews.

DAVID  
Why?

Mike leans forward, agitated.

MIKE  
You ask why?...You'd better get  
clued in son. Look around you.  
Those bastards are ruining our  
country. They take our jobs, our  
women....our power. And that's what  
we're gonna get back. The power!

DAVID  
How?

MIKE  
S'gonna be a race war soon. We're  
ready. We're always ready. Then  
we'll kick those fuckin' retards  
outta our country.

David scribbles furiously.

DAVID  
Using violence?

Mike shakes his head in disbelief. Purses his lips.

MIKE  
No you shit-for-brains, we're gonna  
send 'em an invitation....of course  
using violence. You'd better decide  
which side you're on, coz when it  
goes down, if you ain't with us,  
you'll get yours. We ain't takin'  
no prisoners.

David flips a page.

DAVID  
Not sure I'm the right material...  
but it must be a blast...the  
violence I mean.

He now leans forward, seeking the buzz of reflected  
blood-lust.

DAVID  
You've seen some action right?

MIKE  
Get my share.

He points to his red laces.

MIKE  
See these...You have to earn these.  
He points to a spider web tatoo on his elbow.

MIKE  
Got this the same time. Kerbed a  
coon, done him. Best time of my  
life.

David stops scribbling.

DAVID  
"Kerbed"?

Mike shakes his head again, in dismay.

MIKE  
Jeez. Yeah, it's when you force  
some prick's face onto the kerb and  
stamp on the back of his head. You  
either break his jaw or his neck. I  
got lucky.

DAVID  
Jaw?

MIKE  
Neck! Off'd him. Instant total  
fuckin' respect, know what I mean?  
Got my own crew...sweet!

DAVID  
What about the police?

MIKE  
Morons pal. Every single one of  
'em. You gotta be one dumb mother  
if they catch ya.

David sits back in his seat, now very wary, defensive. He  
points the pencil at Mike's arms.

DAVID  
So, tell me about the other tatoos.

Once again Mike's ego kicks in. He points to the number '666' on the inside of his left arm.

MIKE  
Know what that is?

DAVID  
The devils number?

Mike nods, impressed.

MIKE  
Sure is. Took it as the number for my crew. Cool right?

He stops for approval but David is busy writing. Mike continues.

MIKE  
But you know what's even more cool?...What's six add six add six?

DAVID  
Eighteen.

Mike points at the number '18' etched into his right arm.

MIKE  
Yup. Eighteen. Now think of the alphabet. Letter one is what?

David takes a moment to answer not really understanding the question.

DAVID  
Um... 'A'?

MIKE  
And the eighth?

This time David runs through the alphabet, counting simultaneously on his fingers.

DAVID  
'H'....so you got 'AH'....wait, that's for Adolf Hitler right?

MIKE  
See. You ain't as dumb as you look.

David points to an inked '88' on the back of Mike's hand alongside two lightning bolts.

DAVID

That one... 'HH'?

MIKE

Heil Hitler! He was 'The Man'...the Godfather of it all...

His voice trails off as GABRIEL JOHNSON, early 30's, African American sits next to David.

Gabriel has a kind, pleasant face, wears a well-tailored tan suit, open necked crisp white shirt and tan loafers. He fist bumps David.

GABRIEL

Hey bro. 'Sup?

Mike sits momentarily speechless. He reasserts himself quickly and glares at David.

MIKE

What the fuck is this? You know this monkey?

Gabriel leans forward offering his hand.

GABRIEL

Hey Mike. You good? Gabriel Johnson. Friends call me Gabe.

Mike remains staring at David. Gabriel withdraws his hand slowly. Sits back. Smiles, mutters to himself.

GABRIEL

Guess not.

David's eyes are still locked onto Mike's. Without moving he speaks to Gabriel.

DAVID

You hear all of it?

GABRIEL

Sure did. Every word.

Mike slowly turns his attention to Gabriel.

MIKE

So what is this toad? A fuckin' set up?



His eyes dart back to David.

MIKE

If you've set me up you cunt, I  
swear I'll---

Gabriel interrupts.

GABRIEL

This ain't no set up. We're here to  
help you gain some 'understanding'.  
We do this a lot. Ride trains, meet  
certain people---

This time Mike screams over Gabriel, spitting, venomous.

MIKE

Shut the fuck up! You make me feel  
sick and you fuckin' stink. I hate  
you bastards! Every one of ya!

Gabriel stays calm.

GABRIEL

Keep it together man. You hate me?  
You don't even know me.

Mike looks away, evil intent in his eyes.

MIKE

All's I know is you're a fuckin'  
nigger and you're screwin' with my  
day.

Gabriel crosses his legs.

GABRIEL

So, all of this hate...this  
vitriol, is because I'm black.

Mike stares into Gabriel's eyes. Raises both hands in the  
air, fists clenched.

MIKE

Fuckin' 'A'. The monkey scores a  
home run!

Gabriel uncrosses his legs and leans toward David. He  
punches him lightly on his shoulder.

GABRIEL

So,..our Dave's okay coz he's  
white, right?

Mike looks at David, face distorted with disgust.

MIKE

He was, but he's looking more like  
a shitty wigger every second.

Gabriel touches David's arm.

GABRIEL

Dave, why don't you introduce  
yourself properly to Mike.

David leans forward, changed, now confident, bordering on  
menacing.

DAVID

Mike, I'm David Simons.

Mike looks confused. Shrugs his shoulders.

DAVID

I'm Jewish. I'm a Jew...and proud  
of it.

Mike's mouth drops open.

MIKE

Jesus Christ! A kike and a coon.  
Fuck, the crew are gonna think I'm  
shittin' 'em.

He laughs and lights another cigarette.

GABRIEL

Look Mike. We don't got long. We  
need to at least give you a chance  
to understand---

MIKE

Underfuckin'stand what?

GABRIEL

Why don't you just enjoy your smoke  
and listen for a few minutes, then  
you'll find out.

Mike sits back takes a drag and stares out of the window.

GABRIEL

Okay Mike, what do you know about  
The skinhead movement? It's roots?

Mike shrugs his shoulders not caring.

GABRIEL

Started in England, late sixties.  
Buncha kids making a fashion  
statement. Then it became  
territorial and leaked into soccer.

Gabriel looks at David who urges him on.

GABRIEL

Some violence but nothin' racial.  
Nothin' like that in the beginning.  
Their music was reggae, ska, soul.  
All black!... Now you're gonna tell  
me you've never listened to that  
shit? I bet you got some 'Two  
Tones' somewhere, huh?

Mike flicks his ash at Gabriel.

MIKE

What's that goota do with anythin'?  
S'just music s'all.

GABRIEL

Okay, so you got some. That's one.  
Two, the uniform....you got any Ben  
Shermans?

Silence.

GABRIEL

I guess that's another "yes". Tell  
him Dave.

DAVID

Ben Sherman was founded by Arthur  
Bernard Sugarman. His Father was a  
Jew, which would make him a Jew in  
the eyes of Hitler, you know, "The  
Man", "The Godfather of it all",  
right?

GABRIEL

(to Mike)

Strike two. How you feelin' son?

Mike doesn't answer. Sucks hard on his smoke. He moves in  
his seat, slightly uncomfortable.

GABRIEL

Now, the beloved jeans...Dave?

DAVID  
 Founder, Levi Strauss, a Jew...hey  
 that's strike three buddy.

David and Gabriel 'high five' each other.

Mike throws the cigarette at Gabriel. Stands aggressively,  
 drops his braces.

MIKE  
 You wanna piece of me? Come on,  
 let's do it!

GABRIEL  
 (coolly)  
 There's that temper again. Gonna  
 get you into trouble one day.

MIKE  
 You fuckin' coward. You assholes  
 come over here, take our jobs, take  
 our women, fuck our country up---

Gabriel holds up his hand and butts in. Starts to lose it.

GABRIEL  
 Yeah that was another point I  
 wanted you to understand. Y'see, it  
 was you guys who brought us here in  
 the first place. Took our women and  
 fucked our country up. I must admit  
 though, back then those boys always  
 had work, you got me there...only  
 'coz none of your cock-sucking  
 people would pick cotton and shit!

David reaches over to calm his friend. He takes over.

DAVID  
 Mike, I think I'm really gonna piss  
 on your parade right now.

MIKE  
 (still standing))  
 Like you haven't already?

DAVID  
 Look, all this hate crap that's  
 being rammed into your head is  
 bullshit. We both had it and found  
 'understanding'. That's why we do  
 this. We want you to join us.

MIKE

Fuck both of you. Fuck you.

Dave looks at Gabriel.

GABRIEL

Hit him with it.

David sighs.

DAVID

Listen up Mike. Your name Posner means your family came from Posen, Poland...and it's very likely they were Jewish---

MIKE

Don't do this you fuckin' asshole!

He grabs David. Gabriel jumps up and wrestles him off. David barely catches his breath.

DAVID

Don't you now understand? The crazies that are manipulating you have no idea of either your background or the history of your movement. They don't care. You're fighting their cause, not yours.

GABRIEL

They're just taking advantage of you and the situation. But take a look round you son. Whites, blacks, yellows, we're all sufferin'. We're all in the same boat man.

David blurts.

DAVID

Nobody hates when they're born. It's taught to 'em. It was taught to Gabe and me. But now we understand. Come, do what we do and change this whole thing.

GABRIEL

You were right earlier. Something is coming, but it ain't no race war...it's retribution! And you'd better decide if you're with us or agin us, 'coz we'll make sure you get yours if you ain't!

Mike squares up to the two again.

MIKE

Just fuck off outta here or I'll  
get my crew to deal with you...do  
you know what we do with you  
cunts?...First we hang you, then we  
burn you, then we laugh.

Gabriel looks at David.

GABRIEL

I think it's time for us to make  
our move.

David looks at the wild-eyed Mike.

DAVID

Sure. Let's do it.

He rises and walks past Mike.

DAVID

Later man.

As Gabriel goes to leave he leans down to Mike, faces almost touching. For the first time Mike has fear in his eyes.

GABRIEL

Now listen to me you little prick.  
We had a class of three here tonite  
and in terms of being hard, being  
tough...you didn't even make  
fourth....I ran with the Crips from  
the age of fourteen and Davey's  
personally cut more throats than  
you could count.

He roughly shoves Mike back into his seat.

GABRIEL

Now little man, enjoy your sleep  
and wake up with 'the  
understanding'. We'll be seein'  
you, believe me.

DAVID (O.S.)

Gabe!

Gabriel rushes out.

GABRIEL  
Coming pal.

Mike shakes his head. Regains his self confidence.

MIKE  
Unreal. Fuckin' unreal!

He looks after Gabriel.

MIKE  
Uncle Tom shithead!

He drops his head exhausted and slips into sleep.

LATER:

The motion of the train stirs Mike. His chin is on his chest. He lifts his head and rubs the back of his stiff neck.

His hand moves to the side of his neck and he feels the roughness and sting of the rope burn.

He removes his hand and looks at the faint smear of blood on it.

MIKE  
What the fuck?

As he looks, he notices his right arm. All tattoos have been burned from his skin. He quickly checks his left. The same.

His own voice resonates in his head.

MIKE (V.O.)  
"First we hang you, then we burn  
you, then we laugh.

He looks towards the window to check out his reflection.

Scrawled in the condensation is a message.

'Understanding is knowledge. Knowledge is the real power.

Ha! Ha! Later man'.

At first Mike sits back shocked. He then looks upward.

MIKE  
Those sonsa....

He smiles to himself.

MIKE

You got done Mikey. They're good.

He rises and walks towards the window.

MIKE

Well, I understand it all now...  
and if you can't beat 'em.....

He runs at the window, jumps and phases through, leaving the message gradually fading.

The train rolls on.

MIKE (V.O.)

Hi. I'm Mike. I work for a very  
large outfit...well probably the  
biggest ever....

FADE OUT:

THE END