

# Les Jours in Journey

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

PILOT

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FADE IN:

KENNINGTON STATION

A few stars twinkle in the night sky whilst the full moon illuminates the surrounding areas. People are making their ways into the train station. As the camera zooms in...

MALE V.O

We're all victims of life,swept up by the currents and extravagances it harbors.While seeking greener pastures on the other side, the quest stems from what we could be as opposed to who we should be.The common denominator that surpasses all subordinates of discrimination is humanity.There are no stories to grand or to small to be told.There are only insecurities loud enough to go unheard. Every man commences their journey the sameway.It begins and ends and begins again, with a new day.

KENNINGTON STATION

The clock in the busy train station strikes midnight.A loud horn parades through out the station.There is a fierce hustle and bustle as all the passengers begin to make their way onto the railway platform.

CHILD#1

(excited)

Momma,it's here!

WOMAN#1

Yes,yes darling.Come along now.

A voice blairs out of the station loud speakers.

ANNOUNCER

All passengers departing Londn to Paris,kindly make your way onto the departing platform to board The Midnight Express.I repeat all passengers....

The camera focuses on a mini Audrey Hepburn,Jessrelle Jameson. 24 yrs old,aspiring actress. She is racing through the stations doors, her chauffer straggles behind whilst juggling her louis vuitton travelling bags..

Alfred Wickham.19 yrs old.Under- grad student, Business management.A dapper,young lad,dressed in a well-tailored suitcase,he is holding a black suitcase and is walking along side an older and taller version of himself.They are

leaving the ticket booth.

Bastien Simon. 26 yrs old. A journalist. He is already on the platform, leaning against a wall, his face buried in a newspaper. On occasion he stubs at his glasses to ensure they are properly placed. His rucksack is planted closely beside him.

Wynter Snow. 15yrs old. Orphan. Her bob cut is masked under a beanie and she is spotting a baggy t-shirt. She closes the golden diary she is holding, gets off the bench on the platform, takes a deep breath as the train rolls in and halts at a stop. The doors open automatically.

STEWARDESS

Welcome aboard The Midnight  
Express.

Off the girl's delighted face.

GO TO BLACK

FADE IN:

KENNINGTON STATION

There is a hushed feel of excitement building among the passengers.

ANNOUNCER

All passengers boarding The  
Midnight Express, make your way onto  
the platform. The train will be  
departing in two minutes. I  
repeat..

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-FIRST CLASS

A pleasant train stewardess stands in every door entry of the train.

STEWARDESS#1

Welcome to the Midnight Express.  
All aboard first class!

Jessrelle Jameson puts the photograph of a girl in her breast jacket pocket, tips her chauffer.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

(stern)

If one word of this gets out..

TINTIN (THE CHAUFFEUR)

My loyalties lie with the Jameson  
family.

Jessrelle studies Tintin for a bit and then haughtily makes her way into the train. Tintin rolls his eyes and exits.

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

Would you like some help with your hand luggage miss?

JESSRELLE JAMESON

Since you asked.

Jessrelle shoves her luggage in the train attendant's face, puts her handbag on her seat and walks onwards, surveilling the area. The camera follows behind and captures the state of the art decor for first class occupants. The seats are single, each seat on one side of the train. In another room, there is a restaurant and further along a bar. The next room consists of a mini bookstore in which the young girl purchases a few magazines and makes her way back to her seat. In between each transition there are sensoried sliding doors that automatically open and close as the passengers make their way from room to another.

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-BUSINESS CLASS

STEWARDESS#2

Welcome to the Midnight Express. All aboard business class!

Alfred Wickham gives his male companion a firm hand shake and climbs on board.

MR GEORGE WICKHAM

Work hard my boy. I expect nothing less than the best.

ALFRED WICKHAM

(sighs)

Yes father.

Alfred makes his way to his seat, a single seater. He opens his suitcase, pulls out a mini flask, he takes a sip and then places the suitcase in the hand luggage compartment.

As the other passengers fill up in the business class, Mr Alfred Wickham decides to wander, the camera follows him into the next room, the lengthy room contains a snack bar, a mini Patisserie with a few tables and chairs and at one small end, a bookstore.

Alfred taps a passing man on the shoulder.

ALFRED WICKHAM

(dry)

Where can I get a proper meal and  
some bloody alcohol?

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

(smiles)

That would be the next room sir.  
The restaurant and bar in first  
class is open to all business class  
passengers.

Alfred grabs the Mars bar from the box on display. Smacks  
the the cash onto the surface and walks away. The rude  
awakening startles the man working the counter. He shakes  
his head in disparagement and begins to to lodge the cash  
into the till.

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-PREMIUM ECONOMY

STEWARDESS#3

Welcome to the Midnight Express. All  
aboard premium economy.

Bastien Simon tucks his newspaper under his arm and stubs at  
his glasses one last time before he hops into the train. He  
throws his rucksack onto one of the two seats that are next  
to each other. There are two seats on each side of the train.

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

Excuse me sir, that bag should is  
too big to be carried as hand  
luggage. I suggest you give it to me  
and I would pack it away safely.

A woman in her mid seventies comes up behind them.

OLD LADY

B47, your bag is on my seat.

Bastien's smile begs for pardon and he obediently allows the  
male attendant to relieve him of his rucksack. The camera  
follows the male attendant going through the diferent  
sliding doors in search of an empty rack for the  
rucksack. The next room contains a mini snack bar and beside  
it a newspaper stand.

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-ECONOMY

STEWARDESS#4

Welcome to Midnight Express. All  
aboard economy.

The girl still hasn't moved. She is still taking in the enormity and beauty of the train.

MAN#1

Are you hopping on or what lady?

The girl is knocked out of her trance. She gets a tighter grip around the golden diary and hops on.

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

Any luggage?

WYNTER SNOW

Just me.

The male attendant offers an apologetic smile which is received with a swift nod and excited smile. Wynter nods and finds her seat among the fifth row of three seats on the right. Wynter does a silent hurra because her ticket suggests she is by the window. She falls into her seat and looks out the window.

KENNINGTON STATION

The platform is almost deserted, only station workers are parading about now.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Midnight Express will be departing now. All doors are closed. We wish you all a pleasant journey.

With that said, the horn of the train blasts and it takes off.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-PREMIUM ECONOMY

A voice blairs out of the intercom in the midnight express.

INTERCOM

Welcome to the Midnight Express Premium Economy, feel free to use the snack bar during opening hours, meals and beverages will be served shortly.

Bastien Simon has already engaged in a light dispute with the old lady beside him, Marie Lourdes.

BASTIEN SIMON

(annoyed)

I am a writer.

MARIE LOURDES

(sarcasm)

A tabloid writer, that doesn't count.

BASTIEN SIMON

I'm afraid I don't share your sentiments.

MARIE LOURDES

Of course you don't, you're a tabloid writer, you're allergic to the truth.

BASTIEN SIMON

I wouldn't say that.

MARIE LOURDES

(scoffs)

Shocker..And what magazine do you write for?

BASTIEN SIMON

(cautious)

The blast.

MARIE LOURDES

Once again, you've just proved my point! You're doing what everyone else does, only we could care less about putting it down on paper, gossip! You don't hear me calling myself a writer.

BASTIEN SIMON

(slightly annoyed)

You don't write about it.

MARIE LOURDES

Console yourself deary. I must say, the last Battle Of The Sexes column The Blast put out the other day, I was very upset about it.

BASTIEN SIMON

(disinterested)

Which one?

MARIE LOURDES

Who Gossips more! The conclusion was ludicrous, sounded like a man wrote it, some pig head called Bastien Simon.

BASTIEN SIMON

I wrote it.

MARIE LOURDES

Oh,..your face looks more like a  
pine nut though..

BASTIEN SIMON

Aren't you full of compliments  
today.

MARIE LOURDES

Here's another, not only do men  
gossip more than women, they get  
paid to write about it!

(unconsolable laughter)

And then call themselves writers!

Before Bastien can react, stewardess#3 rolls in with a tray  
of drinks on top and food on the bottom.

MARIA CRUZ

Good morning mam,sir! My name is  
Maria Cruz. Would you care to have  
the chicken or vegetarian dinner?

Marie Lourdes is still laughing hysterically, the stewardess  
looks confused. Bastien gives her the "she's crazy" look.  
Marie finally calms down,squints her eyes to read the  
stewardess' name tag.

MARIE LOURDES

Ma-ria..Cruz.Lovely name, though I  
prefer Marie,I'm Marie.It has a  
certain finesse about it,

Bastien can't stop himself from rolling his eyes.

MARIE LOURDES

Rolls off ones tongue better.It  
portrays class,intelligence-

BASTIEN SIMON

(under his breath)

Evolution certainly skipped you on  
that latter.

The stewardess heard Bastien's remark.She went from feeling  
offended by Marie Lourdes to supressing a laugh.

MARIE LOURDES

(turns to Bastien)

Did you say something Bastien?The  
tabloid writer?

Marie's starts to laugh at her own joke again.

BASTIEN SIMON

(ignoring her)

Uhh..yeah!No meal for me.

MARIE LOURDES

What happened to ladies first? A gossip with no manners, the perfect suitor for a parrot.

(beat)

I won't be having anything.

MARIA CRUZ

A beverage for you sir?

BASTIEN SIMON

Sex on the beach.

The old lady looks at Bastien appalled.

MARIA CRUZ

Unfortunately sir, that is only served at the bar. If you are in possession of The Midnight Express premium card, you are most welcome to the bar.

Bastien pays no attention to Marie who is horrified by the "inuendos", he begins to search his pockets for a card.

BASTIEN SIMON

I put it somewhere...

MARIE LOURDES

(disturbrd)

Sex on the beach, served at the bar, my mother always said a stewardess is code for easy, I finally understand why and why you weren't deemed Marie. Mother's know best.

The stewardess is livid.

MARIA CRUZ

(clears throat)

It's a bevearge mam..

MARIE LOURDES

Oh...Forget I said anything then, and I wouldn't have said anything had you asked me first?

BASTIEN SIMON

You said you won't be having anything.

MARIE LOURDES

(to Maria)

That's the thing about gossipers, they alter stories, next thing they're tabloid writers.

Bastien makes a face.

MARIE LOURDES

I would like cranberry tea.

MARIA CRUZ

I'm afraid we only have green and plain tea. Any other flavored tea is served at the restaurant which is reserved for first & business class passengers, as well as premium card holders.

Maria Cruz moves on to the next pair of passengers. Bastien finally locates his premium card and tries to excuse himself. The old lady tugs on Bastien's shirt and that pulls him to a halt.

MARIE LOURDES

Be a doll, and get me a cup of hot cranberry tea. I'll pay you back on the next stop.

BASTIEN SIMON

I'm not getting off the next stop, I'm going all the way to Paris.

MARIE LOURDES

Then I'll pay you back at the Paris stop, once I get off at the next stop.

Bastien seems keen on the idea when the realisation hits him. It's too late, the old lady's eyes are closed. Bastien plays an act that he is about to wring her neck, the lady opens one eye and he quickly averts to his normal self and walks away.

CUT TO:

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT

The restaurant is packed. Jessrelle Jameson is seated around a single table in the restaurant. She is sipping on a glass of sparkling water and reading a tabloid magazine, The Blast! The second she lifts her eyes off the magazine, she notices a stunning man at the bar.

Bastien Simon sweeps past Jessrelle holding a container. He takes note of the magazine and makes his way to the bar.

Alfred Wickham is on his fourth round of drinks. He is taking sips of his whiskey and admiring the females around him. He stops when Bastien comes and stands beside him.

BASTIEN SIMON

Sex on the beach.

ALFRED WICKHAM  
Are you an alcoholic?

BASTIEN SIMON  
(surprised)  
Why would you say that?

ALFRED WICKHAM  
(points at container)  
Avoiding the question...What are you doing with a latte in a bar?

BASTIEN SIMON  
(a little bit bitter)  
It's tea, cranberry tea. It's not mine, the lady I'm seated next to wants hot cranberry tea.

ALFRED WICKHAM  
Must be some lady huh.

BASTIEN SIMON  
She is.. something.

ALFRED WICKHAM  
See my thing is, unless you are phased with some sort of leg paralysis, I'm not getting anything you can't get yourself.

BASTIEN SIMON  
There must be an exception somewhere?

ALFRED WICKHAM  
You must be bloody exceptional. So, what is she? An eight? Nine? Nine and a half?

BASTIEN SIMON  
You shouldn't rate women like that. They aren't objects, they deserve-

ALFRED WICKHAM  
(pretends)  
She's a ten isn't she?

BASTIEN SIMON  
With a minus in front.

Alfred throws his head backwards and laugh.

ALFRED WICKHAM  
How old is she?

BASTIEN SIMON  
I'd say close to eighty.

ALFRED WICKHAM  
Are her legs paralysed?

BASTIEN SIMON  
(mutters)  
If only her mouth was.

Alfred giggles. When he turns his face to the side he notices Jessrelle, watching him from the restaurant. Alfred smiles.

ALFRED WICKHAM  
(to himself)  
To open season!

He downs what's left of his whiskey and leaves a tip for the bar tender.

ALFRED WICKHAM  
She was strong enough to walk onto  
to the train, she's strong enough  
to make her way around it, it works  
all the time.

Alfred gets up, pats Bastien on the back and makes his way to the restaurant. Bastien watches as Alfred makes his way to Jessrelle and starts up a conversation. He laughs, takes his drink and makes his way back.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

#### THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-ECONOMY

It's very quiet in economy. Most people are sound asleep. Wynter Snow is wide awake and so is the lady on her far right. Whilst the lady is listening to music and reading a newspaper, Wynter is intently reading the golden diary, the most expensive thing of her entire getup. Between the two females is a man who proceeds to dose off.

As if in a slow motion picture frame, the man's head begins to fall sideways and rests on Wynter's shoulder. Wynter carefully raises his head back to its original position. Just when she thinks the man's head is laying upright as opposed to on her, it quickly falls back onto her shoulder. Wynter does this twice more and nothing changes. The lady on her far right pays no attention to her or the male.

On the forth try, as soon as Wynter lifts the head up and sees it coming back down, she shifts her body forward. The man's eyes shoot wide open when he feels the safety net (the shoulder) is no longer there for him to lean against.

The man gives Wynter a deathly look, Wynter pays him no mind and starts to read again. The male doses off again. This

time his head begins to fall onto the shoulder of the female on his right. The look on the woman's face is less than thrilled.

Off Wynter's smile..

CUT TO:

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-BROOM CLOSET

In the captain's broom closet, Jessrelle and Alfred are passionately making out. He unzips the back of her dress, unveiling the pink of her bra, and as she begins to unbutton his shirt his I.D card falls out.

Jessrelle bends to pick it up and while he continues kissing her, she is reading the text on the card and then pushes him away. Alfred is stunned.

ALFRED WICKHAM

Ow!

JESSRELLE JAMESON

You're nineteen!

ALFRED WICKHAM

Yeah, so?

He proceeds to pull her close, but she pushes him back again, harder this time.

ALFRED WICKHAM

(slightly annoyed)

Ow!

JESSRELLE JAMESON

I told you, I don't do anything with anyone with an age that has teen after it. I don't date anyone under the age of 25, and who starts off by lying to me! You said you were 26!

ALFRED WICKHAM

After you said, you were 24 and an actress, Think of this as role play.

Jessrelle is unimpressed. She smacks the smirk off Alfred's face with the ID card and starts to dress herself.

ALFRED WICKHAM

(touches his lip )

Ow!

Jessrelle storms out of the small space. She nearly knocks the male attendant in the face with the door as she comes out.

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

(stunned)

What the?How on earth did you get  
in here?

JESSRELLE JAMESON

Same way I'm getting out.

Jessrelle realises she still has the ID card in her hand.  
She hits Alfred again with it.

ALFRED WICKHAM

(livid)

Owww!

JESSRELLE JAMESON

(mocking)

Ow!Ow!Ow!, Take it like a man you  
cry baby.

Whilst making the latter remark she pushes him one last  
time,this time into the arms of the male attendant.Jessrelle  
storms off.

ALFRED WICKHAM

Ow-???

Alfred stops himself in midsentence once he feels the eyes  
of the male attendant on him.

Alfred stands up ,clears his throat.Then, he pushes the male  
attendant against the door.The male attendant,stunned has  
his mouth wide open.

ALFRED WICKHAM

See,you also said ow!

He puts a 100 pound note into the male attendants opened  
mouth. He pats him on the chest.

ALFRED WICKHAM

For the damages.

Alfred walks away.

The camera follows Alfred Wickham to the bar. The customers  
have died down.Alfred spots a single lady at the end of the  
bar. She throws him a flirtatious smile whilst taking a sip  
of her dirty martini.

ALFRED WICKHAM

(whispers to himself)

Five's ,always promising.

Alfred smiles in triumph and makes his way to the female.

FEMALE

(flirtatiously)

I'm Jo.Jo West.

ALFRED WICKHAM

Alfred.

JO WEST

Interesting name.

ALFRED WICKHAM

(big smile)

I'm an interesting man.

Off Jo West's look.

CUT TO:

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-ECONOMY

Wynter Snow's seat is empty. She comes back just in time to catch the not so sleepy old man paging through her diary.

Far from impressed she rips the diary from his grasp and is about to smack him on the head when the male attendant comes up behind.

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

Whoa, whoa whoa, hold on there young lady... You don't want a law suit on your hands now do you.

WYNTER SNOW

(angry)

Not when I know he can't afford one!

Wynter removes her hand from the male attendant's hold.

WYNTER SNOW

This is an invasion of privacy!

OLD MAN.

(remonstrating)

I thought it was mine.

WYNTER SNOW

Did you now?

OLD MAN.

How else would I have found out had I not opened it? I had to read-

WYNTER SNOW

(hisses)

So you skipped the first page?

Wynter slams her finger on the statement "Property of Wynter Snow", it's written in bold font on the first page of her diary.

OLD MAN.

(stutters)

It got stuck between pages "i" and two. Besides, how can a girl like you own a thing like that? You probably stole it from some rich bloke? The entries don't even sound like you.

WYNTER SNOW

You pinhead, I'll show you..

Wynter is about to lunge at him again, but the male attendant stops her just in time.

OLD MAN.

What a hooligan! Are you going to condone her violence?

The outburst is starting to wake the other passengers from their slumber.

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

Sir, calm down.

The man grumbles, turns his face away and pretends to go back into a slumber. Wynter's fingers are curved in a fist, her face is a mask of fury.

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

Let's take a walk missy.

Wynter is first hesitant.

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1

Or you could spend the rest of the night seething in fury next to that fella, it's up to you kid.

After a moment's hesitation Wynter follows after with her diary in tow.

CHATEAU LAUREIL SURBURBS-JESSRELLE JAMESON HOUSEHOLD.

A young, beautiful woman, sashays into the living parlour in a sheer nightdress. She plants a firm kiss on the older lad, covered with a red robe, studying the newspaper while laying in the chair.

Nicollete Henry. 30. a power driven woman. easy on the eyes, cunning and impetuous.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(heavy french accent)

Bonsoir mon cheri! Ca va? Vie aren't you sleeping.

LORENCE JAMESON, 60, soft spoken, kindred spirit. Noble, loyal and somewhat gullible.

He removes his glasses, sits up straight and creates room for his fiancée. Lorence reaches for Nicollette's delicate fingers, kisses them and admires the rock on her ring finger.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Il n'ya pas de probleme, non?

LORENCE JAMESON

(smiles)

It's Jessrelle. She's been ignoring my calls all day. Tintin tells me he dropped her off at a train station, something about a surprise and he is sworn to secrecy.., I have a feeling she is coming to visit.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Who? Us?

LORENCE JAMESON

Mais oui! C'est magnifique!.. I'm yet to tell her about the new wedding arrangements-

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(unhappy)

That it's sooner than she think, elle sais Lorence! why else will she be coming, if not to ruin it! Je sais Tintin parler avec elle, hat man can't keep a secret to save his life! You must fire im!

LORENCE JAMESON

Nicollette, calm down. Jessrelle just wants the best for me and as for Tintin, he's an honest man. Thirty years and the old geezer's never changed..,

(beat)

Je pense que-

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Non, non non

LORENCE JAMESON

Quoi?

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Je savais que tu voulais dit! We are not postponing this wedding.

LORENCE JAMESON

We did it before-

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Non Lorence! I've waited long enough!

(kinder)

I want to marry you, I can't wait a second longer to be Mrs Jameson, si'il vous plait Lorence! Je t'aime beaucoup!

LORENCE JAMESON

Moi aussi Nicolette, mais..Jessrelle est ma seulement enfant,..marrying someone who isn't Marcella,..it's not something you just spring on a child.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(defensive)

Ow are we springing this on her! We've been engaged long enuf! And she is not a child!

LORENCE JAMESON

I know, but you know Jessrelle,..Maybe we should slow down a bit , allocate enough time to ease her into the idea

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(defiant)

Jessrelle a vingt-six ans! Elle sera tres bien, C'est la vie. If not that day, she will be happy for us someday. Nous marions cette weekend! C'est la finale.

LORENCE JAMESON

Je ne sais pas Nicolette.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(unhappy)

Di dong!..Alors, je vais telephoner elle ce matin..et je vais lui dire, D'accord?

LORENCE JAMESON

...Merci Nicolette.

Lorence pecks Nicolette on the cheek, Nicolette fakes a smile. Lorence takes out his cellphone...

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(surprised)

Maintenant!

Lorence pleads. Nicollette does very little to hide her irritation.

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-FIRST CLASS

A miffed Jessrelle throws her magazines to the side, puts on her nightcap, and adjusts her seat. Her attempt to fall asleep is thwarted by the shrill ring of her cellphone.

Jessrelle references the caller ID and moans. She answers.

JESSRELLE JAMESON  
(cold)  
Nicole.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT

The train is quiet. Most of the passengers are asleep. As they move through the sliding doors, Wynter admires the transition between each class. They stop at the restaurant in first class. It is empty except for the few people at the bar.

WYNTER SNOW  
(in awe)  
Wow! This is..wow..

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1  
It's often busy, everyone's probably clocked in for the night.

They move to an empty table. Wynter sits down obediently while her companion goes up to the counter. She is admiring the decor of the room. Her companion comes back with two grilled cheese sandwiches.

WYNTER SNOW  
(on the defense)  
What's this?

MALE TRAIN ATTENDANT#1  
What else?

Paying her no attention, he bites into the sandwich and begins to read the tabloid magazine, The Blast!

Wynter's sandwich remains untouched.

WYNTER SNOW  
Why am I here?

MALE ATTENDANT#1  
(beat)  
You tell me. You followed me.

WYNTER SNOW

Because you asked me to.

MALE ATTENDANT#1

You simply do what strangers ask?

WYNTER SNOW

No! I wanted to get out of there. That rat hole was pissing me off.

MALE ATTENDANT#1

I guess that answers your question.

Wynter dwelled on what just transpired for a bit, she smiles to her self then bites into her sandwich. It's first a few bites and then she begins to ferociously dig into it. She's extremely hungry.

Wynter is about to wipe her mouth with her hand until the male attendant gives her a paper towel,

WYNTER SNOW

(embarassed)

Thanks..., didn't realise how hungry I was.

MALE ATTENDANT#1

Two days without food can do that to a person.

WYNTER SNOW

(suddenly self concious)

How would you know that?

MALE ATTENDANT#1

I guess that answers your question.  
(beat)

My name is Rudolph, been working here twenty good years. Nothing surprises me about the station, this train, its passengers. What haven't I seen?

WYNTER SNOW

A stalker, good job on decorating it.

RODOLPH

(chuckles)

I saw a girl, young, sad eyes, she looked like the weight of the world was on her shoulders. For two days the station became her niche. She didn't see me, she made sure no else saw her, then one day, she got up and entered a train. I wonder what her story is?

WYNTER SNOW  
 (feeling exposed)  
 You should know,..I mean "what  
 haven't you seen?"

RODOLPH  
 I'm an observer, not so much an  
 assumer.

WYNTER SNOW  
 (pause)  
 I'm looking for a friend.

Wynter's fingers linger on the diary.

RODOLPH  
 Does this friend know?

WYNTER SNOW  
 The train comes once a week.I  
 missed my shot last week,and then  
 the universe gave me a second  
 chance. I wasn't going to mess it  
 up again.

RODOLPH  
 I see.

WYNTER SNOW  
 (defensive)  
 Why are you looking at me like  
 that? If you're thinking I just go  
 off with strangers, you're wrong! I  
 have a good acumen when it comes to  
 people,you have to where I'm  
 from.So you think what you want  
 you, I don't care.

RODOLPH  
 I'm not judging..,I'm a mere  
 obeserver remember.

WYNTER SNOW  
 Yeah whatever.Thanks for the  
 sandwich.

Wynter gets up to leave,she is about to forget her diary.

RODOLPH  
 "Where you're from," which is  
 where?

Wynter chooses not to say anything.Rudolph hands her her  
 diary.

RODOLPH  
 (beat)  
 You don't want to lose this,  
 wherever you're going.

Wynter on the verge of breaking down regains control, she nods a thank you and heads back.

CHATEAU LAUREIL SURBURBS-JESSRELLE JAMESON HOUSEHOLD.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(pleasant)

Jessrelle! Bonjour! I've been trying to call you all day. Tintin said e dropped you off at a station. Ou es tu ?

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(feigning compassion)

Ahhh! Je comprends , mais le metro? It's a transport sewage system Jessrelle. You know how I feel about germs. I will not let you enter your father's house without a medical clearance from a qualified specialist.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

The operative words being my father's house. Good, you know your place Nicole.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(thin smile)

I can only imagine the seating arrangements. Poor dear, make it two medical clearances! Is there a particular reason you're coming? I vought you had a musical or something

Nicollette pretends to listen intently into the receiver as Jessrelle bashes her, She mouths "she's fine", to Lorence and signals him off to bed, she'll handle it.

Lorence yawns and exits.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(pause)

I know vat you're doing, you will not ruin this vedding.

BACK TO:

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-FIRST CLASS

JESSRELLE JAMESON

I'm guessing my father is no longer within hearing range.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Your father has a vedding to  
prepare for, as for you, you can  
either show up or not show up, Ce  
n'est pas ma probleme.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

(coy)

True, but then again, you called. Why  
are you really marrying my father  
Nicole? Is it cos your thirty? Old  
enough for sixty, but not young  
enough for thirty? It helps a lot if  
their rich too doesn't it?

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Like the rest of the casting  
directors that rejected you, I too  
pay no mind to half-arse actresses,  
they're just not  
convincing. Whatever it is you are  
playing, I would quit while I'm  
still ahead. You are no longer the  
only woman in his life. As of next  
week, I will be Mrs Jameson.

(beat)

Allo?

JESSRELLE JAMESON

(on the phone)

Sorry, I'm doing a cross word  
puzzle. I think I'm stuck. You're  
good at these Nicole-

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

I could care less of your dumb  
cross wor-

JESSRELLE JAMESON

A two letter word that describes  
someone who is ignorant,  
concieted, and a golddigger, it  
starts with m and ends with e...

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Me.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

(feigning surprise)

Jee, I never would have guessed!

Colette connects the dots.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

You think you're so clever don't  
you?

JESSRELLE JAMESON

No, you're just not. It says a lot about you don't you think? Gosh, there I go again, you don't. Je suis tres desolee.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(angry)

The rehearsal dinner is tomorrow, don't show up. Lorence might be gutted but when has he never been? You my dear, ave always just been a spoiled little rich girl oose talent is to have no talent. You're leaving was the best thing that ever happened to us.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

(smiles)

Do you really think I'd just leave to leave? My father only believes in hard core evidence. I'm coming back, and I spy with my little eye, a fraudster being left at the alter one night. I can smell the victory already,

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

(slighlty panicked)

The only thing you can smell is a orse load of cow dung and that's because you're sitting on it.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

Slow down there tiger, your descriptions are killing me! I think I touched a nerve. You're a terrible actress.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Non cherie. That's just your reflection. Bon huit.

CHATEAU LAUREIL SURBURBS-JESSRELLE JAMESON HOUSEHOLD.

Nicollettte hangs up. She takes in two deep breaths. She gets up.

NICOLLETTE HENRY.

Aujourd hui, tu es Nicollette Jameson.

She smiles reassuringly.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

## THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-PREMIUM ECONOMY

Bastien Simon's face is a mixture of irritation and boredom. He is sitting, holding onto the yarn, whilst Mardie Lourdes is knitting a scarf and chatting away.

BASTIEN SIMON

Aren't you tired of talking, I know I am.

MARIE LOURDES

For a person who gossips a lot, you've barely said a word. Well that is the build of a good gossip, they hardly say a word about themselves, but have more than a few for the rest of us.

BASTIEN SIMON

(murmurs)

You must be talking about yourself again.

MARIE LOURDES

You must speak up, there's no use sounding like a moose every five seconds.

(beat)

Enough from me, tell me about you. Don't hold back, one thing I don't do is judge.

Bastien gives Marie a quizzical look.

BASTIEN SIMON

Uh huh.

MARIE LOURDES

When you judge someone you invariably consider yourself better and that deary is arrogant. I'm not like that, in fact, I'm a slave to honesty, the best policy.

BASTIEN SIMON

(skeptical)

Right.

MARIE LOURDES

So being the notorious writer that you are,

BASTIEN SIMON

"Notorious writer", I've never been called that before.

MARIE LOURDES

You didn't seem to like the fact I emphasised you were a Tabloid writer, notorious is the closet thing to that. If you are looking to get married to a honourable woman, I'd do with out the lack of profession and find an honourable job. My best friend Charlotte's husband was a tabloid writer, pathologocial liar and adulterous nut..

Bastien sinks into his chair as Marie goes into her stories again,

BASTIEN SIMON

God give me patience.

MARIE LOURDES

(laughs)

That's what she said.

Off Bastien's look ..

CUT TO:

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-FIRST CLASS

Jessrelle stands up to fetch her coat. She pulls out the photograph and makes her way to her seat. A stewardess is passing by,

JESSRELLE JAMESON

Excuse me,

STEWARDESS#1

Yes.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

Have you seen this girl?

Jessrell shows the photograph of a woman who likes Nicolette Henry, with a toddler who looks like Wynter Snow.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

This was taken a few years back, she should be much older, a teenager.

STEWARDESS#1

I'm afraid I have not.

Just then another stewardess has approachs.

STEWARDESS#1

Jenn, have you seen this girl?

STEWARDESS#4

(pause)

Yeah..she's the girl in economy  
with the ragged clothes yet writes  
in an expensive looking diary.

Jessrelle takes back the photograph.

JESSRELLE JAMESON

Thank you.

GO TO BLACK

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS-FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT

Rudolph goes up to a wasted Alfred Wilkins who looks worse  
for wear.

RODOLPH

Sir, you best be leaving, they are  
closing up the bar.

ALFRED WICKHAM

(drunk)

I remember you. You're that  
man...Do you need more money for a  
medical?Did my father send you. Am  
I in trouble again..Where's Jo?Or  
is it Jess something..

RODOLPH

No one sent me sir, if you would  
kindly allow me to help you up,

Alfred leans on Rudolph for support as they make their way  
through the restuarant to his seat.

RODOLPH

Would you share your seat number?

ALFRED WICKHAM

Business class. Somewhere in  
business class, I'm the business  
man, the man. Yeap, that's me.

One of the stewardess' are passing by.

RODOLPH

Maria, please help this man to his  
seat.

ALFRED WICKHAM

Maria!Are you still playing hide  
and seek?Admit it, you find me  
irresistable!I'm the man!

Maria shoots Rodolph a disconcerted look.

MARIA CRUZ  
Come along Mr Wickham.

ALFRED WICKHAM  
Don't be shy, call me Alfie.

Maria sighs. Rodolph mouths a thank you.

Rodolph walks through every room on the train. The camera focuses on Jesselle in first class, Alfred in Business class, Bastien in Premium Economy and Wynter in Economy.

RODOLPH V.O  
We've all seen it all, similar things in more ways than one. When I see these things, the one thing I don't see is class. We are all the same, we are all human. We end each day the same way we start it, with an introduction and a conclusion. The day makes the journey, the story, the life story, your back story.

Rodolph walks back to the restaurant. The head chef is about to lock up the kitchen.

CHEF  
What a night! You still up Rodolph?

The bar man has locked up the bar.

BAR MAN  
Man hardly sleeps.

They both pat him on the back and leave him to his thoughts.

THE END