

PLATFORM 22
screenplay by
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FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY -- EARLY MORNING

A man is seated on a bench looking at his watch, waiting on a train, James, 29. He is wearing a black zip-up jacket over a white t-shirt, and jeans. A typical guy from Boston. The station is alienated.

He constantly peers at his watch. 3:03 AM

Trains are passing every so often with a deafening noise that would give anyone a headache. A man sits down next to James. He pulls out a newspaper and starts to read. He is wearing a bowler hat and a trench coat.

James peers at him in a weird way. There is a million other benches he could have chosen.

There is a brief silence.

MAN
(turning newspaper
page)
Do you believe in religion?

James turns around.

JAMES
Sorry, are you talkin to me?

MAN
Does it look like there's anybody
else around here? Answer my
question. Do you believe in
religion?

James looks around as if baffled.

JAMES
In what sense?

MAN
How many fuckin senses is there?
It is a simple question. Do you,
or don't you believe in religion?

There is a short silence.

JAMES
Yeah, sure.

MAN
And do you care to justify your
point?

JAMES
Um what the-

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Answer the god damn question.

JAMES

Um..Well I am Christian so therefor I must believe in religion.

MAN

You look like a smart guy James, now answer me this question. What religion do you think I am?

James is alert.

JAMES

How do you know my name?

MAN

James, I haven't got all day, or all morning for that matter. Now what religion do you think I am?

JAMES

I wouldn't say you were religious, I would take you as more of a humanist kinda guy.

MAN

Correct James, I'm proud of you.

JAMES

Now can you tell me who you are, and how-

MAN

-You see James, I am a humanist because I believe that I am in control of my actions and what I do in my life. Not like some pricks who believe

(nodding upwards)

This guy controls everything. Now James. If I was to take out my Baretta and shoot you in your nuts right now, I think you wouldn't like that too much. Am I correct?

JAMES

..Yeah.

MAN

And nobody would help you.

(signals around the empty station)

Especially not God.

There is a silence where the Man takes out a handkerchief to wipe his nose. He possesses an impossible coolness.

(CONTINUED)

MAN (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to tell me where
the briefcase is.

There is alert in James's eyes.

JAMES

What briefcase?

MAN

James. I can stay calm for a
certain amount of time but after I
lose my patience I wouldn't want
to jerk on my chain. Now I am
going to ask you one more time and
if I detect so much as a lie from
you, I think you can assume what's
gonna happen. Now, James, where-
is-the-briefcase?

JAMES

I'm sorry, I don't know.

The Man pulls out his gun and points it at James's head.

MAN

Do you think I'm a stupid James?
Do I look like some rent-a-fuck
who will let you get away with
thieving something of valuable
importance?

James is in a panic at the fact a gun is pointed at his
head. He is unable to speak.

The Man hits him across the head with the gun. Blood drips
from his head.

JAMES

I thought the question was
hypothetical! I'm sorry man, please
don't hurt me. I didn't mean to
do anything!

MAN

Stop whining like a bitch. Fucking
tell me where it is, now!

All that is heard is James's whimpering. The Man pulls
back the hammer.

JAMES

Ok, ok! Don't shoot.

MAN

Now are you ready to cooperate?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
Yeah yeah, please don't shoot.

MAN
Tell me from the start.

There is another brief silence.

JAMES
Ok.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK -- DAYS BEFORE

A bustling bank is the result of a busy weekday. The line is packed.

JAMES (O.S.)
I'm waiting at the bank cause this guys been hassling me for months about money I don't have, and as you can guess it's crowded to fuck, and I wait there for say 10 minutes.

This takes place.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And the line doesn't budge one bit.

MAN (O.S.)
Then what happens?

JAMES (O.S.)
Ok, I think fuck it so I walk out-

-He exits the bank. There is sidewalk filled with people carrying cell phones, hand bags, in power suits.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm now thinking that I've got a a half hour to spare cause my auditions at 2.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY

MAN
Hold on, hold on. You're an actor?

JAMES
Yeah..

(CONTINUED)

MAN

(sighs)

Like the world can't do with any
more fuckin failed actors.

CUT TO:

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT

JAMES (O.S.)

So I catch a burger.

The place is quite busy, and there sits James himself eating
his burger.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So I'm eating my burger, and you
know what all that shit in burgers
does to your system. So I go to
the little boy's room.

MAN (O.S.)

I don't want to hear about you
goin to the bathroom.

JAMES (O.S.)

It gets relevant man.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

James is in the bathroom with his pants down taking a dump,
reading a magazine.

JAMES (O.S.)

So I'm takin a shit and suddenly
this guy kicks the fuckin door
open and points a gun in my face.

This happens.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And he's wearing this white mask.

The MAN WITH MASK is wearing a bone white mask and possesses
a huge lanky frame. He is also armed with a pistol.

MAN WITH MASK

Get your god dam hands up or I'll
shoot your mother fuckin balls
off!

James puts his hands up, still sitting on the John.

JAMES

Common man don't shoot!, I was
just taking a shit.

(CONTINUED)

MAN WITH MASK
Shut the fuck up and pull your
pants up!

He does this. And now the Man With Mask - with a briefcase
in his hands - grabs James and takes him outside.

MAN WITH MASK (CONT'D)
You got a car?

JAMES
Um, yeah
(pointing to his
black Benz)
Take it man, it's all yours.
(offers him the
keys)

MAN WITH MASK
Get the fuck in.
(throws him into
the back seat.)

JAMES (O.S.)
Now at this point I'm peeing my
pants.

Man With Mask puts the briefcase in the passengers seat in
which James spots.

He starts the engine and pulls the car away from the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY

JAMES
So I'm thinking what's goin on?
This guy's just robbed somewhere,
and I'm gonna die because I'm in
the back seat and he looks like a
fuckin maniac.

MAN
Ok, then what?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

James is seated in the back of the car petrified and the
Man With Mask is repeatedly muttering under his breath.

MAN WITH MASK
Oh God, oh God, oh God!

JAMES
What do you want with me man?

(CONTINUED)

MAN WITH MASK
 Shut the fuck up, or I'll blow
 your brains out! I mean it! Not
 one fuckin peep!!

James shuts up.

MAN WITH MASK (CONT'D)
 Oh God, oh God.

The Man With Mask hits a pothole in which causes him to swerve a little and hit a nearby pole at the side of the road, which leaves a dent in the car, but the car continues to move

James realizes he is wrecking his car.

JAMES
 Fuck.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 So I have an idea, cause I'm
 figuring if I don't die of being
 shot, I'll die in the casualties
 ward from god damn whiplash.

MAN (O.S.)
 Ok, next?

James looks around the car for means of escape whilst the Man With Mask is freaking out, but suddenly by chance, a police siren is heard, and starts to pull up behind the Mercedes.

MAN WITH MASK
 Shit! Shit!!

The Man With Mask points an odd looking gun at James.

MAN WITH MASK (CONT'D)
 Now if you say anything you're
 gonna get a bullet in your nuts.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY

JAMES
 What's with you guys and nuts?

MAN
 Never question a man's motives.

JAMES
 But that's nothin to do with-

(CONTINUED)

MAN
(pointing gun again)
Story James.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

JAMES (O.S.)
So this cop turns up, and pulls us
over.

The Man With Mask pulls over to the side walk, takes his mask off and stuffs it in the glove compartment.

He has skeletal white skin, but looks younger than James, about 22. He rubs his shaved head.

A cop gets out of his car and approaches.

Man With Mask rolls down his window.

COP
Good day gentleman.

MAN WITH MASK
Good day.

JAMES
Good day officer.

COP
Now are you aware that fuel is
leaking from your car?

MAN WITH MASK
No officer. I'm not far away from
where I'm going, can I not just
fix it when I get there?

COP
I'm sorry but because this is a
hazard I'm going to have to write
you up.

JAMES (O.S.)
And at this point I'm thinking
this stupid fuck is getting a ticket
when driving my car. So I have an
idea.

James is peering at the briefcase, curious. Almost tempting him to look at it. It has a gleaming silver exterior. In this time Man With Mask has given his name.

(CONTINUED)

COP
 (writing ticket)
 Now you're going to have to take
 this car of the road sir. And
 That is a George Randal?

JAMES
 Officer I was just getting out
 here anyway so if you don't mind
 I'll just walk..

COP
 If you just sit tight sir. If
 you've seen the kinda things I've
 seen you'll know what I'm talkin
 about.

JAMES
 (muttering)
 I can only imagine.

COP
 So you need to get that exhaust
 fixed, but other than that, you
 gentlemen have a nice day.

The Cop walks away, and at that James grabs the gun from
 the glove compartment.

JAMES
 (pointing at Randal)
 Now see how u fuckin like it you
 little prick! Put your hands on
 the wheel!

Randal hesitates.

RANDAL
 That's not what it looks like!

JAMES
 Shut the fuck up!
 (he hits him in the
 back of the head)

RANDAL
 Ok, ok!

He puts his hands on the wheel.

JAMES
 Now what's in that briefcase huh?

RANDAL
 I dunno man, it's locked. Take
 it!

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Why thank you George I'll be doin
that.

He grabs the suitcase.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This was...fun.

James now gets out the car and walks away from the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY

MAN

And you expect me to believe that's
how you got it? That's the biggest
pile of shit I've heard in my god
damn life.

JAMES

Well that's how I got it.

MAN

And where is it now?

JAMES

I don't know.

MAN

You just fuckin told me you ran
away with it, and you've wasted 5
minutes of my life. I've had enough
of your games.

(points gun again,
and pulls hammer
back)

JAMES

Ok ok I put it in a locker.

MAN

Where?

JAMES

If you catch the next train you'll
get it. It's at that station.

MAN

Number?

JAMES

Number 22.

MAN

Key?

(CONTINUED)

James delays. Man then bitch slaps him.

MAN (CONT'D)

Key.

James searches through his pockets. He finds the key and hands it over.

JAMES

If you don't mind me askin, why do you want the briefcase anyway?

MAN

It was stolen from an associate of mine, and the stupid fuck who did it left a paper trail Stevie Wonder could have followed.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- MORNING

Man is in a store buying cigarettes.

MAN (O.S.)

I go into a convenience store and buy a pack of cigarettes, and then suddenly this guy in the mask holds the store up.

This takes place.

RANDAL

(pulling out gun)

Everybody put your hands up! Now!

ASIAN COUNTER GUY

No! That is a toy gun.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY

JAMES

Wait a second, he held the store up with a toy gun?

MAN

Yeah a spud gun and it looked like he had spray painted it black or some shit.

JAMES

Meaning the gun he pointed at me was a fuckin toy gun?

There is a humorous silence.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

MAN (O.S.)

So he's trying to rob the store.

RANDAL

Hands up now or I'll kill you, I mean it. Empty the register!

The Asian guy pulls out a shot gun, and in this space of time George makes a run for it. Cutting his loses he grabs anything he can find, which turns out to be a gleaming briefcase.

MAN (O.S.)

So because this prick has a toy gun and the Asian guy's about to kill him, he grabs anything he can find, and out of all the things that turd of a man could have taken it just so happens to be my briefcase.

This takes place and George runs across the street past a black Benz.

JAMES (O.S.)

And you didn't chase him?

MAN (O.S.)

I got a heart condition, okay.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY

MAN

So I see you being dragged out of a fast food joint and thrown into the car, and I followed.

JAMES

What's in the briefcase anyway? Seeing as you went through all that shit to get it. I couldn't even get it opened, it was locked.

MAN

Well the contents are of imperative value, and if I were to tell you that, I would have to kill you.

James has lightened up now and starts to laugh. All of a sudden the Man raises his baretta - with silencer - and fires a bullet into James's forehead.

The Man grabs James before he falls off the bench and puts his head back.

(CONTINUED)

There is a smile on James's face from the mid laughter he was in.

The Man wipes the blood off his hands with a handkerchief, and puts his bowler hat on James, to reveal streaks of grey through his hair.

James now looks like a guy taking a nap.

The next train arrives. This will lead the Man to the locker.

MAN (CONT'D)

(staring at James)

Now that'll get you an Oscar.

He walks away from James and gets on the train, and then the train moves off to the next stop.

We are now left with a dead James. As the camera pans across him, a sign above him reads platform 22.

THE END