

# UNDERPASSERS

BY

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

NATALIE, 26, smartly dressed, petite and determined is walking quickly along a badly lit park pathway with her boyfriend John, tall and imposing in his dark business suit. John's angular face is obscured by shadow. Natalie looks nervously up at him.

Day is quickly turning into night. Natalie sees other couples walking past, holding hands. When she tries to hold onto John's arm he pushes her hand away.

Natalie frowns. They pause at the entrance to a long, dingy-looking subway underpass, going underneath a road. The tunnel is just barely lit. The thin lights look grimy and yellow.

NATALIE

You're sure this is the quickest way?

JOHN

Yes.

Natalie just nods and looks away. John sighs.

This wasn't my fault.

NATALIE

It's not my fault you feel bad about it.

JOHN

I don't.

NATALIE

Maybe you should.

JOHN

I'll see you in the morning.

Natalie slings her hand bag round her shoulder and stomps off into the underpass, her heels clacking on the paving tiles. She does not look back. John stands and watches her for a while.

JOHN

(offscreen)

Call me!

Natalie walks on into the tunnel as John's last words echo and die around her.

INT. UNDERPASS TUNNEL - NIGHT

The lights are dim, flickering and buzzing in the gloom. Natalie is suddenly aware that she is alone. The tunnel seems deathly silent. She stops for a moment and looks back.

Natalie can just see the entrance in the distance. She sees the vague shape of John walking out of sight.

She takes out her mobile and looks at it, then sighs again and keeps on walking in the original direction.

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Natalie finally reaches the end of the tunnel and comes to a T-junction. These two murky tunnels reach out on either side, seemingly forever.

She decides and walks quickly up the left tunnel.

This tunnel is different, even less well lit, and grimier with yellowing cracked tiles.

She still has only the echo of her own footsteps for company. No other commuters.

Natalie looks more and more worried. Suddenly she hears what sounds like a distant shout.

NATALIE

John? Is that you?

Her own shouts echo back down the tunnel. No answer.

Exasperated, she stops, then turns and quickly walks back the way she has just come.

She reaches yet another different T-junction. Her eyes widen.

Another distant shout reaches her again. This time it sounds more like a scream, not entirely human.

She takes out her mobile and sees one pending message from 'John'.

She tries to call John back on her phone. It rings, though all she can hear is white noise and occasionally a male voice trying to break through.

NATALIE

Hello?

There is something else too, perhaps another voice speaking a strange garbled language. Natalie looks around, desperate for a clue as to how to escape.

NATALIE

Can anyone hear me?!

Just more echoes. There is a sound just on the edge of hearing, the sound of something shuffling, or being dragged.

As she has no other options Natalie makes for the source of the sound.

She reaches yet another junction, with tunnels stretching away at angles. This time the underpass tunnel is littered with rubbish and old ripped and stained mattresses.

She notes that one of them is covered in dark stains. The stains reach out from the mattress through the tunnel on her right. It looks like something has been dragged back down the tunnel.

She picks the other tunnel to walk down.

Natalie is becoming desperate. It is getting colder and rubs her arms.

At the very end of the tunnel she sees a glimpse of something moving.

Natalie takes off her heels and runs. At the end of the tunnel she catches a glimpse of a black shape, a man dragging his leg behind him.

When she reaches the end of the tunnel nothing there.

Natalie collapses on the floor and slides down the tiled wall. She takes out her phone again, and there is no signal. She screams!

Her scream echoes again, down through the endless empty tunnels. The echoes are answered by another distant scream, very far off but distinct.

Natalie holds her head in her hands. Something drips on her hands. A dark substance, almost black in the gloom. She wipes it off and it smears across her hand.

She looks up. She can see a figure at the bottom of the next tunnel, dragging itself slowly along. It looks like a commuter in a dusty, ripped dark suit, carrying a briefcase.

NATALIE

Hello? Hello?!

This time she is determined to catch up.

Please, I'm lost!

When she turns the corner again he is nowhere to be seen. Just another tunnel. She notices bloodstains again on the slabs on the floor. They make for a corner and then go up the wall!

She looks up again and something drips on her face. A dead face, obscured and bleeding, stares down at her. Its eyes bulge and a bloody hand reaches out towards her.

This creature's body seems to be fused to and hanging from the grimy underground tiles above. It blinks at her, and screams!

Natalie covers her mouth and runs back up the tunnel. She crouches in a corner, and can be heard vomiting.

Then she hears the dragging again. It is coming closer. She looks around.

The man in the suit, dragging his leg and holding a battered briefcase is behind her. He has no face.

Natalie is almost too afraid to look round. Her eyes widen.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The underpass tunnels. Quick footsteps echo. Someone unseen is shouting.

(OFFSCREEN)

Hello? Hello?!

A YOUNG MAN stands in the tunnel, looking confused. He wears jeans and a loose hoodie. He still has his earphones on but now he looks seriously worried.

Two tunnels reach out on both sides from a T-Junction. He sighs long and hard and looks at his phone. No signal. He hears a sound and looks up.

Then the sound of something dragging across the tiles. At the end of the tunnel is what looks like a woman in a stained, ripped grey business suit, hunched over.

She is shuffling along the tunnel dragging her bare, bleeding feet painfully behind her. The young man is alarmed.

YOUNG MAN

Can you help me? I think I'm...

The woman stops and slowly starts to turn around to look at him. The young man's eyes widen.

A scream echoes and dies in the underpass.

FADE OUT:

THE END.