

RAIL

written by

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INT./EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

FADE IN

HANNAH, mid 20s, average looking, walking alongside the train, heels clicking. It's a foggy spring morning. She reaches the door to board, and SAM, early 30s, movie star good looks, bursts to the door at the same time, nearly running into her, not sparing a glance her way. She huffs. He looks to her, grunts, and lets her board first.

The two enter the train car, sitting at the furthest ends from one another. With a loud whistle, the train embarks.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Hannah pulls out a journal and jots something for a few minutes, then stops to glare at Sam, burning with indignation.

The only other person in the car besides HANNAH and SAM is a very small elderly woman, ANGIE, sitting pensively, across the row adjacent to Hannah.

ANGIE
(gently)
Your trouble?

HANNAH
Huh?

Angie props herself up to glance over the seats at Sam, then returning her gaze back to Hannah.

ANGIE
You seem disgruntled...

HANNAH
It's nothing.

Hannah taps her finger. Angie nods respectfully, looks to the floor, and then turns her head to look out the window. An owl outside flies to the window and perches itself on the sill.

Inside, there's a click heard from across the train car. Sam lights a cigarette in his seat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Put it out.

Sam exhales heavily and turns, craning his neck back to Hannah.

SAM
What's the problem, girl?

HANNAH
No smoking, dipshit. Read the sign.

Hannah gestures toward a sign at the end of the aisle.

SAM
Who cares? There's no one here.

HANNAH
So I'm no one? So she's no one?

Hannah gestures to Angie. Sam looks over.

SAM
(To Angie)
I'm sorry, ma'am. I didn't see you.

Sam puts out the cigarette. Hannah watches and scoffs, turning her head away from him.

SAM (CONT'D)
What? That's what you wanted,
right?

HANNAH
Typical.

SAM
Typical?

HANNAH
Typical of people like you. To show
complete disdain, save just for
people like me.

SAM
You called me a dipshit, and now
I'm supposed to respect you? What's
wrong with you?

HANNAH
You don't give a fuck either way.

SAM
You're right! Now I definitely
don't.

Sam faces forward in his seat at the front of the car. Hannah
stews in the back. Angie folds her hands in her lap.

DISSOLVE TO:

The train car again, hours later. Sam is asleep, Angie reads, and Hannah flips through photographs of her and friends in a pub in Brighton.

Suddenly there's a huge THUD and the train car leaps abruptly. Hannah and Angie look confused and concerned, and Sam jolts awake, disoriented. The train car BUMPS up and down aggressively.

HANNAH
We're off the track.

SAM
Yeah, no shit!

The train car flips on its side, sending the three flying from their seats to the right. The car skids for a few seconds and then stops. The lights flicker for a moment and then go out. The only light in the car now is the light pouring in from the left-side windows. Steam pours outside from the train.

SAM (CONT'D)
What the fuck.
(To Hannah)
Girl, is the old woman okay?

HANNAH
(To Angie)
Are you ok?

ANGIE
I may have broken my wrist in the fall. I'm okay. I can handle it.

Hannah places a hand on Angie's shoulder.

HANNAH
(To Sam)
She's hurt. (pauses) And my name is Hannah.

Sam makes his way over to them.

SAM
(To Angie)
What's your name ma'am?

ANGIE
Angie.

SAM
We're gonna get you help.

ANGIE

Thank you, dear.

Sam stands, looking around. He finds the only door to the car. Sam strains to open it but it's jarred shut.

HANNAH

That's not gonna work.

SAM

You have a better idea, kiddo?

HANNAH

Quit that shit. I already told you my name.

SAM

Whatever. Mine's Sam by the way, thanks for asking.

Sam winks. Hannah sneers.

HANNAH

Get me out of here.

SAM

I'm trying!

HANNAH

(proudly)

I don't need your help.

SAM

(sarcastically)

You're just so intelligent. I'm waiting...

Hannah takes some debris and swings with all her might at one of the windows. It's no good. The glass doesn't even crack.

Angie sits and watches patiently. Sam poorly stifles a chuckle.

SAM (CONT'D)

(To Hannah, sarcastically)

My mistake. You're not a brainiac. Apparently you're a jock, too.

HANNAH

You're not helping! At least I'm doing something.

SAM

I thought you didn't need my help.

HANNAH

I don't.

DISSOLVE TO:

An hour later. The smoke from outside heats up the train car, all three of them are pouring sweat. Hannah has given up trying to break the window. Sam, at the other end of the car, checks for signs of an exit.

ANGIE

(To Hannah)

Can I share something with you?

HANNAH

(Looking up and over to her)

Sure.

ANGIE

I'm 91 years old. Much older than you, dear.

Hannah nods slightly, listening. The clanking train boiler can be heard in the distance. Angie's face is illuminated by a sliver of light.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

When you live that long, you learn a lot about people. You and Sam— You're both quick to assume, quick to start a fight—there's resentment there. That's not something people are born with.

HANNAH

I really don't—

ANGIE

—I know what it does to a person over time. Whoever's bitterness bit you, you have to let it go. You're only hurting yourself to allow it to haunt you. Pride should fuel people, not hinder them.

Hannah glances away, biting her tongue. Sam then runs down the aisle back to them, out of breath.

SAM

We gotta go. Now. Look.

Sam points out the window. There's a large cloud of thick, black smoke coming from the direction of the boiler.

HANNAH
Did you find anything? How can I help?

SAM
(Surprised)
W-well, yeah, there's an overhead hatch. But I can't pry it open without more leverage.

HANNAH
(To Angie)
We'll be back.

Hannah and Sam leave Angie, moving to the other end of the car. They look to the hatch. The clanging of the boiler grows louder and faster.

SAM
Here, stand here like this.

Sam shows Hannah how to stand and takes a long metal bar left from the fallout debris. He jams the bar in the slight opening he'd made and puts his weight onto the bar. The hatch budges somewhat. Hannah takes the bar with him. Sam grins.

HANNAH
On three... one, two-

Sam and Hannah lean on the bar together with all their combined force. The hatch releases from its hinge and opens.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Hurry! Get Angie.

Sam runs to where they'd left Angie.

SAM
Where is she?

HANNAH
What?!

SAM
She's not here!

Sam and Hannah check every row of the train car. There's no sign of the old woman or any way she could have gotten out.

HANNAH
What do we do?

SAM
Hannah, we've gotta go.

Sam takes Hannah's hand and they hold each other's gaze for a second. He brings her back to the hatch and guides her through. He exits too, and then run up the hillside, away from the metal death-trap. There's a loud BOOM.

CUT TO: BLACK

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. BRIGHTON STREET/PUB IN SUMMER - DAY

Sam walks beside Hannah, arm around her, as they enter the same Brighton pub from Hannah's photos. The antique doorbell jingles as they enter. They look to each other. As they sit at the bar, they happily greet the bartender, an old friend. There's laughter and commotion around as the camera pans away to the other end of the pub, to a bright window. Outside, an owl perches itself on the sill. Angie is sitting in a pub booth beside the window, sees the owl, unfolds her hands from her lap, and exits the pub quietly.

FADE OUT