107702

# Source Code

by

Ben Ripley

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SOURCE CODE

Darkness.

A SOUND slowly builds: the rhythmic rocking of a TRAIN'S WHEELS over RAILROAD TRACKS...

INT. HIGH SPEED TRAIN - MORNING

COLTER jolts awake. Sunlight hits his face.

He blinks. A stunned beat. He's disoriented.

Slowly he turns his head to one side...

PASSENGERS. Filling most of the seats. Office workers on their morning commute into a city.

Turning the other way, he's confronted with a window. Trees flash by, splitting the rising sunlight into a hypnotic strobe pattern.

Colter looks to be thirty years old. A military buzz cut. A disciplined physique, lean and spare, almost gaunt. Skin burnished by years of desert sandstorms and equatorial sun. His expression, prematurely aged by combat, is perpetually wary, sometimes predatory, accustomed to trouble.

Despite his military bearing, Colter wears a button down shirt and navy sports coat. On his wrist is a digital watch. It reads 7:40 a.m.

He swallows. A strange, creeping panic.

He has no idea where he is.

EXT. NEW JERSEY COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

The train hurls straight at us.

NEW ANGLE -- Skimming alongside as the train twists and turns, sucking up track -- feet, yards, miles of it.

Beneath it, the curving rails, which the rushing train barely seems to touch. They vibrate with an eerie, dulcimer HUM.

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INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Colter hasn't moved. By his side he sees a canvas MESSENGER BAG. Is that his?

Tentatively, he lifts the edge of the bag to look inside. A red APPLE rolls against two LIBRARY BOOKS. The bag's leather NAME TAG reads: "SEAN FENTRESS."

It's not coming back to him. This whole experience is starting to freak him out.

He catches the scent of something. A passenger walks by with a STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE.

CHK-THOCK! Two rows back, an OVERWEIGHT MAN opens a can of soda.

Sitting opposite Colter, facing him, is a WOMAN in her late twenties (CHRISTINA). In contrast to the corporate suits around her, her appearance is thrift store funky: black nail polish, dark lipstick, black hair with blue streaks, a button-down blouse edged in black funeral lace with silver skull-and-bones cufflinks. She's busy writing in a journal.

COLTER
Ma'am?

Nothing.

COLTER
Excuse me... ma'am?

She looks up. Blank stare.

COLTER
What is this?

CHRISTINA
What's what?

COLTER
Where am I?

CHRISTINA
(looks out the window)
Almost at Newark.

Goes back to her journal.

COLTER
What's Newark? A city?

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CHRISTINA
It's more of a hell hole.

But Colter still doesn't understand. He gets up. Nausea slams into him. He hangs on to the seat.

COLTER
Woah.
(beat)
I think I'm going to puke.

CHRISTINA
(gestures, alarmed)
Okay, bathroom's that way.

Colter looks down the aisle, hesitating.

CHRISTINA
Go. Seriously.

Colter eases himself into the aisle. Totters down the length of the car until he finds the RESTROOM.

The door is LOCKED. The latch reads "OCCUPIED."

Bracing himself, he lurches forward into...

INT. TRAIN - SECOND CAR - MORNING

He freezes. It's a mirror image of the first car. But no, the passengers are different.

Beside him there's a small door. Thinking it's the bathroom, he instead opens it to find a CONDUCTOR'S COMPARTMENT. A cramped office with chairs and surveillance monitors.

CONDUCTOR
Ticket?

A heavy-set CONDUCTOR stands in the aisle. A jangling of keys. Colter just stares at him. Dazed.

CONDUCTOR
May I see your ticket?

The last thing on his mind. Bewildered, he searches his pockets.

COLTER
I don't think I...

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CONDUCTOR
Have to write you up then.

He pulls out a citation pad.

COLTER
Is this...?

From inside his sports coat he pulls out a TRAIN TICKET. The conductor snips his ticket and brushes past.

COLTER
Wait a sec. I'm a little out of it here. Where's this train headed?

CONDUCTOR
New York. Penn Station.

COLTER
New York?

Why would he be going to New York? How can this be happening? Fear starts to grip him as the hallucination simply continues.

COLTER
Do you know where I got on?

The conductor examines his ticket again.

CONDUCTOR
Princeton Junction.

COLTER
Where's that?

CONDUCTOR
'Bout ten minutes back.

COLTER
But I've never been to Princeton Junction. See... I don't remember waking up or buying a ticket or getting on the train or anything else. It's just a blank.

CONDUCTOR
Lucky you.

The jaded conductor moves on. Colter is alone with his confusion. Takes a deep breath. The nausea has eased slightly.

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COLTER
Okay. You're gonna figure this out.

INT. TRAIN - FIRST CAR - MORNING

Entering the first car again. The rows of passengers. Must be at least forty people.

As he walks back up the aisle, he looks from face to face:

A pale COMPUTER ENGINEER reviews some documents.

A forty-something SECRETARY does a crossword puzzle.

DEREK, a stock broker type, talks on his cell phone:

DEREK
Trust me, by one o'clock, the bridge is going to be jammed...

A COLLEGE STUDENT, slumped against a window, eyes shut, listens to an MP-3 player.

An OLD MAN with a faded wool suit clutches a cane.

A BACKPACKER, female, European, 20s, hiking boots, examines a guidebook.

A dowdy OFFICER MANAGER type sorts supermarket coupons into a tabbed file box.

An African American EXECUTIVE reads a newspaper.

None of them pays any attention to Colter.

A WHOOSH of AIR -- he turns to

An AIR-CONDITIONING VENT. The HISS of AIR sound sinister. Like the exhalations of a creature.

A SCRAPE. He looks to see

A woman FILING HER NAILS.

Colter cringes. Every detail, every sensory impression seems heightened, near the point of overload.

He reaches Christina again. Eases back in the seat across from her. She writes in her journal, ignoring him.

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There's something else in his sports coat. A WALLET. He turns it over a few times, inspecting it. Pulls out a DRIVER'S LICENSE. Another man's face is in the photo. The name on the license reads: "SEAN FENTRESS." The same name as on the messenger bag. The street address on the license reads: "58 Alexander Road, Princeton Junction, New Jersey."

COLTER
Sean Fentress? Who the hell's that?

And why does he have this guy's wallet? He leans forward to speak with Christina again.

COLTER
Ma'am?

She lowers her journal, annoyed. We see she hasn't been writing but DRAWING. A well-executed sketch of a face.

CHRISTINA
Why do you keep calling me ma'am? How old do you think I am, anyway?

COLTER
I'm having a little problem here. I'm trying not to freak out, but I think something's happened to me.

CHRISTINA
Like what?

COLTER
Like, total memory loss. Complete. I don't know how I got here.

CHRISTINA
So you drank too much last night. So did I. Unfortunately, I remember the whole thing.

COLTER
That's not it. See... I'm a pilot. I fly helicopters in Iraq. I'm in the army.

She waits for more. As if he's telling a joke.

COLTER
I was on a mission. Right before I woke up here I was in the middle of a mission...

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Wavering. Unsure of himself. His memories.

CHRISTINA
Boy, you really did drink a lot last night.

COLTER
I'm telling you the truth.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now approaching Newark Station. Newark Station, next stop.

The train begins to SLOW DOWN. A few people begin to get up. The platform of Newark Station slides into view.

COLTER
These aren't my clothes. And this wallet here...

He holds up the driver's license. One final attempt to convince her.

COLTER
You see this? This isn't me.

CHRISTINA
Of course it is.

COLTER
What?

CHRISTINA
Take a look in the mirror, good sir.

The mirror? She goes back to her sketchbook. Determined not to be interrupted again. Anxiety ripples through Colter.

COLTER
This can't be happening.

The train lurches to a stop.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Newark Station.

Colter gets up. Through the windows, a few passengers disembark onto the platform: Derek, the Old Man, the College Kid and GUZMAN, a Middle Eastern man, who HURRIES past all of them towards the station building.

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Colter only half notices all this. He's intent on reaching the train's BATHROOM, the door of which is now OPEN.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
All aboard. Doors are closing.

Christina watches Colter go. Curious.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This is a New York bound train.
Next stop, New York - Penn Station.

The train begins MOVING. Colter reaches the bathroom.

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - MORNING

A fluorescent light flutters on as Colter shuts the door. He's in a tiny space with prefab restroom fixtures in stainless steel.

He SHOUTS in surprise. Recoils backwards. Eyes locked on

THE MIRROR

Staring back is SEAN FENTRESS'S FACE. Not his own.

He's frozen there. Heart pounding. Seized by cosmic panic. He SLAPS himself in the face. Hard.

COLTER
Wake up!

The restroom rattles and tilts with the motions of the train, obliging him to hang on.

This isn't a dream. At least not one he can wake up from. The other guy's face stares back at him. Blinks when he blinks.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Warehouses go by in a blur. The train is entering New Jersey's industrial zones on the outskirts of New York City.

From her seat, Christina stares at the messenger bag which Colter left behind. Then up at the closed restroom door.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM DOOR

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Her hand knocks.

CHRISTINA
Hey. You okay in there?

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colter sits on the closed toilet seat. Head buried in his hands. Scared. Desperate for it all to end.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Christina's holding Colter's messenger bag. She talks through the closed door.

CHRISTINA
You left your bag on the seat. Which is a flagrant violation of rail security, leaving a suspicious package behind and all that. I probably saved you a huge fine.

No answer.

CHRISTINA
I'll just leave it right out here for you.

She places the bag beside the door. She hesitates at the door. The oddness of this situation.

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colter stares into the mirror at the stranger's face. Practically catatonic at this point. And then her voice --

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
If it'll help you remember, you've been riding this train every morning for three months.

Her words rouse him.

COLTER
(whispers)
Three months?!

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INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Christina's walking back down the aisle.

The car rocks to one side as an EXPRESS TRAIN flashes by on the opposite tracks, going the other way. A blur and a whoosh, and it's gone.

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - MORNING

On the verge of opening the door, Colter hears a METALLIC RATTLING. Two SCREWS are rattling around in the sink.

Colter picks up a screw. Turns it over and over in his hand. What are they doing in the sink?

He looks UP.

An overhead VENTILATION PANEL has been PRIED OPEN. Above it is the darkness of a CRAWL SPACE.

Something is sitting up there.

From outside comes a TRAIN HORN.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Through the windows, a FREIGHT TRAIN is passing the other way. A moving wall of metal boxcars and liquid tankers.

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - MORNING

Colter looks up into the crawl space. Can't quite see the object up there.

Moving carefully in the tiny space, he stands up on the toilet. Grabbing onto the ventilation panel, he WRENCHES IT all the way open. Then PULLS himself uncomfortably upward. On tip-toes, he looks into crawl space and discovers

A MASSIVE BOMB

It's an enormous device. Several large CANNISTERS tied together, full of sloshing liquid. Barely discernible behind wires and gaffing tape is CELL PHONE -- the bomb's detonator.

COLTER
Jesus.

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Running footsteps from outside. Commotion. An ALARM sounds.

THE BOMB'S CELL PHONE RINGS -- THE DEVICE'S CIRCUIT CLOSES --

THE BOMB EXPLODES IN COLTER'S FACE WITH A HUGE AND DEAFENING FORCE, INSTANTLY KILLING HIM.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

THE FIREBALL RIPS THROUGH THE CAR -- KILLING CHRISTINA AND ALL THE OTHERS.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MORNING

Fuel lines explode in the other cars in a horrendous chain reaction. The fire is spectacularly bright, lighting up the windows of the rowhouse apartments facing the tracks.

Nearby TREES INCINERATE, mere matchsticks amid sheets of flames.

On the rowhouses, a ALUMINUM DOOR MOLDINGS begin to MELT in the intense heat.

One of the FREIGHT CARS, loaded down with coal, shuddering from the blast, wobbles a few yards then PITCHES OVER -- ROLLING off the rails, tipping right off the elevated tracks...

It FALLS through the air and SMASHES into the middle of an traffic intersection below with a shattering force.

The cascade of EXPLOSIONS continues. Large portions of BOTH TRAINS are ANNIHILATED, while the heat reduces the heavy-gauge steel rails back to elemental, molten ore.

And then...

An odd sound, like a BALLOON loosing air or MACHINERY winding down as we

DISSOLVE TO:

BRILLIANT WHITE. All sounds cease.

For exactly 1/3 OF A SECOND, a mysterious PATTERN OF LINES appears. Like METAL RODS, maybe. RADIATING OUTWARDS. It makes no sense. An abstract pattern.

Then it's gone. Many will not even see it.

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Now there is only darkness. Nothingness. Seconds pass.

The CLICK of an INTERCOM switching on.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
This is Beleaguered Castle.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

We're VERY CLOSE on Colter's UPSIDE DOWN face. His eyes flutter open. He's surprised to find himself alive.

Consternation flashes through him as he discovers that he's tightly strapped in. He now wears a military flight suit.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Captain Colter Stevens, this is Beleaguered Castle. Acknowledge transmission.

The measured calm of a mission controller's voice comes over Colter's headset.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Captain Stevens, do you copy?

COLTER
Where am I?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
You're with Beleaguered Castle.

PULL BACK, fractionally, to reveal Colter in a tight and confined CAPSULE. It bristles with sophisticated electronics and ghostly glowing diodes. He's like an astronaut in an orbiter craft.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Are you functional?

He tries to clear his head. He's still upside down.

COLTER
I'm dizzy.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Adjusting your rotation.

Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, Colter's upside-down face begins to turn and right itself.

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GOODWIN (V.O.)
Can you report at this time?

COLTER
What is this? Who am I talking to?

More confusion. No idea how to react. Just as on the train.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Report what you saw.

COLTER
When?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Just now.

COLTER
I was on a train.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
And?

COLTER
And... There was a bomb.
(panicking)
What the hell is going on?!

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Just relax, Captain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

Later. We're still in the tiny chamber. It's stabilized. As has Colter, but in the manner of a dangerous wild animal given a sedative.

Embedded into the controls is a two inch-square VIDEO MONITOR. It shows the face of GOODWIN. He's a middle-aged communications officer. Although we know him as Goodwin, his military name badge and rank insignia have been covered up. He wears a headset and sits surrounded by banks of electronic equipment and keyboards. He peers in at Colter, exuding the blandness of a military flight controller.

GOODWIN
Standby for thread one of alpha memory pattern.

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COLTER
Who are you?

GOODWIN
You already have that information, Captain. Now think. Recall my name.

A long moment. A name floats into his head.

COLTER
Goodwin?

GOODWIN
Correct.

COLTER
How do I know that? I have no idea how I know your name's Goodwin.

GOODWIN
Commencing memory pattern.

COLTER
Listen to me. Something's wrong. I was flying a mission. I was in a chopper. Then I woke up on a train. Now I'm here. Can you explain that? What unit is this?

GOODWIN
You're with Beleaguered Castle.

COLTER
Who?

GOODWIN
You're with friends.
(patiently)
The exercises will assist you. Are you ready?

Just like with the train, he seems to have no choice but to go along with it.

GOODWIN
Memory Thread One. Listen to the following passage: "When Lily woke, she had the bed to herself. She sat up, bewildered by the strangeness of her surroundings; then memory returned, and she looked about her with a shiver.
(MORE)

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GOODWIN (cont'd)
In the cold slant of light reflected from the back wall of a neighboring building, she saw her evening dress and opera cloak lying on a tawdry heap on a chair." End of thread one.

Silence. Is it Colter's turn to speak?

COLTER
I don't get it. Is this a Red Flag exercise?

GOODWIN
Thread Two. Listen. I am holding the following hand of cards: Queen of spades. Four of clubs. Nine of clubs. Three of hearts. Nine of hearts.
(beat)
I repeat: Queen of spades. Four of clubs. Nine of clubs. Three of hearts. Nine of hearts. End of thread two.

Beads of sweat on Colter's forehead. What the hell?

GOODWIN
Thread Three. The following is a recording of a Western Screech-Owl:

A rather spooky BIRD CALL plays -- a short whistle, followed by a long trill. The call is repeated twice more.

GOODWIN
End of Thread Three. End of pattern. Acknowledge.

Unexpectedly, in the back of his mind, a reply is there.

COLTER
A... Acknowledge. End of pattern.

How did he know to say that? A conditioned response?

GOODWIN
Stand by to initiate pattern recall.

COLTER
Go for pattern recall.

The response comes to him more quickly. Like lines from an old script. Even if it still baffles him.

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GOODWIN (V.O.)
The five playing cards. Arrange them in order of descending values, irrespective of suit.

He thinks for a moment. Focus. Play along. Maybe it will all be okay.

COLTER
Queen, two nines, four and a three.

GOODWIN
That is correct. The passage I read contained mention of a woman's name. What was that name?

COLTER
Laurie.
(then)
No. Lily. Her name was Lily.

At each answer, Goodwin makes notations and adjusts gauges.

GOODWIN
That is correct. End of pattern.

Goodwin leans forward to flip a switch and EVERYTHING GOES DARK.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

Over DARKNESS, the SOUND of BACKGROUND CONVERSATION. Engineers speaking in technical jargon.

Click. The unit's VIDEO MONITOR comes on again, illuminating Colter in its glow. He's still strapped into the capsule.

The tiny monitor shows an out of focus view of a LAB. Like a movie camera inadvertently left on between takes.

ENGINEERS wander past, oblivious. Their disjointed conversations continue at low volume.

Abruptly, a MAN SMOKING A PIPE sits down in front of the camera. His graying hair is windblown and unkempt. His eyes are piercing blue. He wears a track and field warm-up jacket. He looks in at us with an unsettling Cheshire-cat grin. He puffs on his pipe. Winks. Pressing a button he --

Click -- shuts the whole thing off again. Sound and picture vanish. Leaving us suspended.

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INT. ISOLATION UNIT

An indeterminate amount of time has passed. Goodwin is back on the monitor.

GOODWIN
Please list the primary specifications of the aerial platform you've been trained to operate.

Colter mulls his options. Should he talk? Keep silent? He tugs against the steel harness holding him in. A HATCH, like the kind used on submarines, seals the capsule.

Goodwin's voice grows slightly louder over his headset.

GOODWIN
Please list the primary specifications of the aerial platform you've been trained to operate.

COLTER
Is someone going to tell me what's going on here?

GOODWIN
Please list the primary --

COLTER
The UH-60 Blackhawk Helicopter weighs 20,250 pounds with a maximum exterior load capacity of 8,000 pounds. It has a range of 320 nautical miles and is armed with two 7.62 millimeter machine guns.

GOODWIN
That is correct.
(suddenly redirects)
Who bombed the train?

COLTER
The train.

GOODWIN
Who bombed the train, Captain?

COLTER
I have no idea.

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GOODWIN
Whom do you suspect bombed the train?

COLTER
I don't know!

GOODWIN
You didn't see?

COLTER
Will you tell me what the hell is going on here?

GOODWIN
The Screech-Owl song can be seen as a progression of musical notes. Did the notes go up, down or remain at the same pitch?

COLTER
I don't know. Just tell me --

GOODWIN
How many times was the bird call repeated?

COLTER
What does this have to do with the train?

GOODWIN
How many times was the bird call repeated?

COLTER
Twice.

GOODWIN
Incorrect. Who bombed the train, Captain?

COLTER
I don't know who bombed the train!

Colter is seething now. Had it with these games.

GOODWIN
You have seventeen minutes. Use them. Find the bomber.

ON SCREEN -- Goodwin leans forward to press a button and --

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Click. Everything goes dark. We HEAR Colter's nervous BREATHING.

COLTER (V.O.)
Hey. What's happening?

The HUM of machinery starting up.

COLTER (V.O.)
Goddamn it, Goodwin, what is all this?

The machinery HUM changes modulation. Then gives way to a GENTLE ROCKING SENSATION. Tha-thunk. Tha-thunk. Tha-thunk.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Colter opens his eyes...

SUNLIGHT hits his face. In flickering patterns. He turns to look out

A TRAIN WINDOW

At the passing woodland scenery.

He's back on the train. Back in the same navy sports coat. Across from him, Christina is at work on her sketch pad. Just like before. Other commuters all around him.

Everything is exactly the same as before.

*Note: The remaining story will follow this "binary pattern." Scenes will take place either on the train or in the capsule.*

Compared to tomb-like isolation chamber he just came from, the train is exploding with sensory input -- the smell of steaming coffee, the cramped proximity of other passengers, the crinkle of an freshly-ironed dress shirt, the glint of a buckle on a purse, the slanting sunlight, the trees out the window, bursting with summer leaves.

Almost unintentionally, Colter finds himself repeating the same opening actions as last time -- checking his watch (7:40 a.m.)... turning at the scent of passing coffee... peeking in the canvas messenger bag beside him...

This time, however, he takes the books out of the messenger bag. The books are stamped "NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY."

He also takes out the APPLE. Sniffs it. Takes a bit. It's good. No, it's awesome. Crisp and delicious.

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Is Goodwin watching him from somewhere?

Not knowing what else to do, he takes a few more bites. Enjoying this small pleasure.

He reaches in his sports jacket pocket and pulls out his TRAIN TICKET.

CLOSE ON -- THE TICKET. It hasn't been punched yet.

CHK-THOCK! The Overweight Man opens his can of soda. Just as before.

COLTER
It's a goddamn simulation.

Christina's pen stops sketching. She glances up.

COLTER
A three dimensional, completely immersive scenario. Touch, taste, sound, sight and smell.

A measure of relief. A way to think about all this.

CHRISTINA
Are you talking to me?

COLTER
Complete with pretty girl.

CHRISTINA
Pretty girl.

COLTER
Every combat simulator has one. In the middle of a fire fight a pop-up window starts playing a porno.
(confident now)
You're an unusual choice for a distraction.

CHRISTINA
And you're a moron.

Disregarding her, Colter gets up. Pursuing a new line of action. The only way he can make sense of this. He starts walking up the rows.

COLTER
Find the bomber. Find the bomber.

The conductor approaches him.

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CONDUCTOR
Ticket?

Expecting this now, Colter hands over his ticket to be punched.

COLTER
Everything okay today, chief?

CONDUCTOR
Say what?

COLTER
Anything out of the ordinary?

The conductor frowns at him. Who is this guy?

CONDUCTOR
Please take a seat, sir.

Colter moves on. He looks for suspects. We've seen the faces before -- the Computer Engineer, the Secretary, the Stock Broker, the Backpacker and so on.

All seems normal. He finds himself focusing on a jumble of unfiltered details -- Suits. Ties. Shoes. Skirts. Watches. Newspapers. Coffee cups. Litter.

Sudden dizziness. He grabs a seatback for support. Sensory details slam into him. We go EXTREMELY CLOSE ON:

The STITCHING on a leather purse.

A FOUNTAIN PEN rattling in a fold-out tray.

AIR CONDITIONING hissing from a vent.

A CRUMPLING SOUND as the Overweight Man crushes an empty soda can.

TAP, TAP, TAP -- the Computer Engineer tapping his foot on the floor. Faster and faster.

Derek, the Wall Street Type, talks on his phone:

DEREK
Trust me, by one o'clock, the bridge is going to be jammed...

Then... the CLICK of a LOCK UNLATCHING.

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The restroom door swings open. GUZMAN, the Middle Eastern man, emerges. After a furtive glance around, he quickly takes a seat.

Now Colter makes the connection. The bomb in the restroom. The Middle Eastern man emerging from the same restroom.

Colter starts down the long aisle.

In his seat, Guzman slips on dark glasses. He looks forbidding with his mustache and olive-colored skin.

COLTER
How's it going?

Colter stands in front of him, arms crossed. Behind his dark glasses, Guzman ignores him, but he's visibly uncomfortable.

COLTER
What's your name?

Guzman is stock still. Beads of sweat on his forehead. The conductor appears, accosting Colter.

CONDUCTOR
Didn't I tell you to take a seat?

COLTER
Goodwin? Where are you? It's over. I found him.

Appealing to Goodwin's invisible presence. But nothing happens.

CONDUCTOR
Who are you talking to?

An edgy silence. Other passengers looking over. Colter's about to retort, about to accuse Guzman, when he stops.

It's too easy.

Colter senses the uproar he's about to create. Which just might be a mistake. He reconsiders.

COLTER
Sorry. This guy seemed a little... anxious. I was worried about him.

GUZMAN
(thick accent)
I am minding my business. Tell him to mind his.

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The conductor has noticed Guzman's white-knuckle uneasiness.

CONDUCTOR
You feeling all right, sir?

With a pained smile, Guzman loosens his collar.

GUZMAN
Motion sickness, I'm afraid. I believe I will get off at the next stop.

CONDUCTOR
Very well.

The conductor turns back to Colter.

COLTER
Okay. I'm sitting down.

Turning away, he finds a seat. He studies Guzman out of the corner of his eye.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now approaching Newark Station. Newark Station, next stop.

The train begins to slow down.

Several rows up, he sees Christina. She looks back at him with distaste.

A small number of passengers get up, among them the College Student. He catches Colter's attention as he picks up a WALLET from a seat and catches up with Derek, the Stock Broker, who's about to get off the train.

COLLEGE STUDENT
Hey, you dropped this.

DEREK
(relieved, takes back the wallet)
Wow. Thanks.

The College Student waits to get off. Colter now eyes him closely.

As the train pulls to a stop, Guzman forcefully pushes forward towards the doors, moving with a barely contained urgency.

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GUZMAN
Excuse me... Please let me through...

COLTER
(to himself)
Jesus, he's running away.

EXT. NEWARK PLATFORM - MORNING

The doors slide open.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Newark Station.

The Old Man, Derek and the College Kid get off. Guzman hurries past them towards the station house.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
All aboard. Doors are closing.

Just before the doors close, Colter steps out onto the platform. Eyes locked on Guzman -- who disappears inside the station house.

The train PULLS OFF, leaving Colter behind. Did he make the right move?

As he goes to pursue Guzman, Colter is struck by more sensory impressions:

The STATION CLOCK. Its digital numerals flash 7:50 a.m., hurting Colter's eyes with their brightness.

The dying HISS of the rails as the train recedes down the track.

The super-sharp glint of a PENNY embedded down in the gravel of the tracks.

The melancholy SIGH of trees in the wind.

Pushing it all aside, he hurries after Guzman.

INT. NEWARK STATION HOUSE - MORNING

Entering, Colter stops. There's no sign of Guzman. Just an empty marble lobby. A lone CLERK restocks timetable brochures at a display.

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COLTER
A guy just came through here. Did you see where he went?

CLERK
(not looking up)
Lots of guys come through here.

Windows look out over the station's parking lot. There's no sign of Guzman out there.

COLTER
He was just here. A Middle Eastern-looking guy.

Through the platform doors comes Derek, followed by the College Kid. Derek heads for the parking lot, while the College Kid mills around the newspaper stand.

A muffled COUGH.

Colter spins. Sees a door marked "MEN'S ROOM."

INT. NEWARK STATION - MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

Pushing open the door, Colter discovers a row of 1930's-era sinks and stalls. An intercom crackles to life:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The train to Philadelphia will be four minutes late... The train to Philadelphia will be four minutes late...

Colter's footsteps echo down the length of the deserted men's room. The last stall door is SHUT.

From within the closed stall, comes the sound of VOMITING. Colter edges closer.

A toilet FLUSHES. Guzman emerges from the stall. Looks awful. Freezes when he sees Colter.

COLTER
All better now?

Guzman's face hardens. He goes to the sink to wash his hands.

COLTER
Don't much care for trains myself.

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The bathroom mirror, of course, reflects back Sean Fentress's face, not Colter's. Guzman does not seem to notice this disparity. He picks up his briefcase and briskly walks out.

Colter takes an uneasy look at Fentress looking back at him in the mirror, then follows Guzman out.

INT. NEWARK STATION - MORNING

Colter emerges in the lobby. Guzman is nearby. A bit indecisive. Colter wanders over to the newspaper stand.

The STATION CLOCK reads 7:54 a.m.

Colter looks down at HIS WATCH: THREE MINUTES remaining. What will Guzman do?

Guzman glances over at Colter, then heads through the doors and back out on the train platform.

EXT. NEWARK STATION - MORNING

Guzman sits on a bench. Colter stops nearby him.

GUZMAN
I resent this. This is harassment. You obviously work for someone. FBI. CIA.
(bitter)
I expected this reception in your country.

COLTER
How are you going to pull this off? That bomb has a cell phone detonator. And I don't see a pay phone around here. So I'm betting you got a phone on you with the number already programmed in.

GUZMAN
I have no idea what you're talking about. I am an international business man. An executive.

The tracks begin to VIBRATE. In the distance comes the HORN of an EXPRESS TRAIN approaching.

COLTER
Open your briefcase. Prove to me there's no phone in there.

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GUZMAN
(stands up)
I will prove nothing to you. Leave me alone.

WHAM! Colter PUNCHES Guzman with tremendous force, sending Guzman sprawling to the ground.

Colter's hand throbs from the force of the punch. The simulation's reality stuns Colter all over again.

Crouching down, Colter pops open Guzman's briefcase. Inside is a corporate IDENTIFICATION BADGE with Guzman's name and photograph on it. The company is Shell Oil.

COLTER
(reading)
"Hasnan Guzman, Vice President, Shell Oil." Must be a cover.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Philadelphia train now approaching.

Guzman groans in pain. Colter rifles through his briefcase.

COLTER
Where the hell's your phone?

Another look at HIS WATCH -- 20 SECONDS.

Grabbing Guzman, Colter goes through his suit pockets. He triumphantly pulls out GUZMAN'S CELL PHONE and steps back. Guzman looks up at him, eyes moist with humiliation and malice.

COLTER
I thought so. Now let's see you try to --

A distant THUD rattles the station windows. Colter pivots, looks down the tracks. The first thing he sees is

THE EXPRESS TRAIN

Closing in on the station.

The second thing he sees, far beyond it, miles further down the tracks, is the RISING PLUME of a HUGE EXPLOSION.

Colter looks back at Guzman in shock. Then down at Guzman's cell phone. Which has remained off.

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COLTER
You didn't do it.

Disbelief. As the din of the distant explosion is drowned out by the ROAR of

THE ARRIVING EXPRESS TRAIN

With a cry of rage Guzman SPRINGS UP and PUSHES COLTER INTO THE PATH OF THE ON-COMING EXPRESS TRAIN -- with a blast of its horn, THE TRAIN RUNS HIM OVER.

Everything stops.

Like film celluloid catching fire in a projector, the world itself BLISTERS AND BURNS INTO SEARING WHITE... into smothering, forgetful SILENCE...

For exactly 2/3 of a second (1/3 of a second longer than before), the same flickering after-image appears:

THIN LINES -- RADIATING OUTWARD --

This time they all connect into

THE SPOKES OF A WHEEL. A BICYCLE WHEEL.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

The SOUND of MACHINERY STRAINING. Colter is SLAMMED back into his seat -- back in the capsule. All he can do is hang on and gasp for air.

COLTER
Holy fuck!

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Stabilize. Lower your pulse.

Colter opens his eyes. He's back in his military flight suit.

The craft goes still. Cautiously, he releases his hands from their grip on the seat restraints. He looks like he's sweated off five pounds.

GOODWIN
Do you need to urinate?

COLTER
A fucking train just ran over me.

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GOODWIN
Do you need to urinate?

COLTER
How are you doing this? Am I on some kind of drug?

GOODWIN
Did you find the bomber?

COLTER
I didn't find the bomber. You fooled me with the Middle Eastern guy. I went for the diversion. What kind of freaky simulation is this? Let me out of here!

GOODWIN
Which Middle Eastern guy? Be specific.

COLTER
Guzman. Shell Oil. Look, I don't have intel experience. Why do you have me doing this?

GOODWIN
You've already been told what you need to know. Discipline your memory. Limit your operational awareness to the tasks we assign you. Everything else is irrelevant.

COLTER
Irrelevant? Killing me each time is irrelevant?

GOODWIN
You do not die. As you can see, you simply return to us.

COLTER
How? How can you do that?

Silence.

COLTER
Who's the man with the pipe?

GOODWIN
Say again?

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COLTER
There was a man smoking a pipe. I saw him on the monitor. Who's he? How does he fit into this?

GOODWIN
The man with the pipe isn't here right now.

COLTER
Let me talk to him. This isn't right. I'm not your prisoner.

Goodwin makes technical adjustments to dials and gauges.

GOODWIN
You feel unsatisfied with our relationship?

COLTER
What is this? Why are you talking like that? Is this some kind of script?

GOODWIN
If Guzman, the Middle Eastern man, is innocent, as you maintain, who might be the guilty party?

COLTER
Who cares? I'm tired of this.

GOODWIN
This isn't a game, Captain.

COLTER
Then what is it? Don't you already know who the bomber is? Don't you have all the answers?

GOODWIN
We have no answers. Only corpses.

A weird beat.

COLTER
Corpses? Whose corpses? The passengers?

GOODWIN
Some were too badly burned to be identified.
(MORE)

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GOODWIN (cont'd)
The heat from the explosion fused many of them completely into the wreckage.

Is this the truth? Or another evasive answer? His mind pulled in all kinds of unpleasant directions.

COLTER
These were real people?

GOODWIN
Yes.

COLTER
This really happened?

GOODWIN
Yes.

COLTER
When?

GOODWIN
Today.

COLTER
Today?! The train blew up today?

GOODWIN
It was attacked this morning, at 7:57 a.m., Eastern Standard Time. Six miles outside of New York City.

Colter's head is spinning.

COLTER
You're lying. I don't believe it.

GOODWIN
What do your senses tell you?

His senses tell him it's true. But how can he accept it?

COLTER
Where am I, right now, as we speak?

GOODWIN
With Beleaguered Castle.

COLTER
My unit's still in Iraq. I'm flying missions <u>in Iraq</u>. I flew one yesterday!

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GOODWIN
Your unit was rotated Stateside three weeks ago.

The news comes like a slap in the face. Colter clearly has no memory of this.

COLTER
Then why do I still have Iraqi dirt underneath my fingernails?

Goodwin simply makes another adjustment on the controls.

COLTER
Talk to me! Three weeks? I've been back three weeks? How'd I get in here? Have I seen my family? Does my father know I'm home? 'Cause I'd kinda like to tell him if that's the case.

GOODWIN
Listen up, soldier.

Goodwin hunches forward, putting his elbows on his desk. As he does so, he inadvertently reveals a glimpse of his military unit SHOULDER PATCH. The insignia contains wings and a lightning bolt against a background of stars. Underneath it is written "CAOC-N."

GOODWIN
The train is just the beginning. Our intel says there are more attacks are coming today. And they're linked with the train. Time is of the essence. Do you understand?

Colter barely hears. He's fixated on that shoulder patch.

GOODWIN
Captain?

COLTER
I'm listening.

GOODWIN
D.N.I. Counterterrorism has come up with the five most likely follow-up targets in the New York area.
(MORE)

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GOODWIN (cont'd)
They are, in no order of importance, the Holland Tunnel, Newark International Airport, the Brooklyn Bridge, Penn Station and the Empire State Building. It could be any of them, it could be none of them. Whatever it is, if you find the bomber and learn his plan, the next one we might be in a position to prevent. Those are your orders.

It's too much information to process. Colter's head spins with questions.

COLTER
Wait. If I'm somehow on that train before it blows up, why don't I just dismantle the bomb?

GOODWIN
Those are not your orders.

COLTER
But all those people dying...

GOODWIN
Those are not your orders. You are not to influence events any more than you need to in order to accomplish your mission.

Military priorities. Defying comprehension.

COLTER
I didn't volunteer for this shit.

GOODWIN
Would you like to see the release form you signed?

COLTER
(exasperated)
How do I know it's real? How do I know you didn't force me to sign it? And how the hell can I be put on a train over and over again -- a train I never was really on?!

He might as well be talking to a wall.

COLTER
I don't believe in time travel, Goodwin. There's no such thing.

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Machinery begins to RUN. Like the WHINE of a JET ENGINE firing up.

GOODWIN
Only one way forward, Captain. Seventeen minutes. Find the truth.

COLTER
Why seventeen? Why me? Why anything?

The capsule begins to SHAKE.

COLTER
Let me out! Don't send me back there!

SFX: UP ON a HUGE ROAR as --

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MORNING

THE TRAIN hurls down the tracks.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Landscape flies by. Colter's forehead rests against the glass window. Piercing sunlight.

COLTER
Shit. This is not happening.

He leans back in his seat, as if just another beaten down office worker on the train.

CHRISTINA
Ain't life grand?

Across from him, Christina sketching. A gentle smirk. He focuses in on her. Not knowing where else to begin.

COLTER
You an artist?

CHRISTINA
I went to art school. Doesn't make me an artist.

COLTER
Can I see what you're working on?

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Her pencil pauses. She eyes Colter.

CHRISTINA
I'd rather not.

He looks down at his watch. 7:41 a.m. He's been back for one minute. Adjusting the settings, he changes the digital display to COUNT DOWN the remaining SIXTEEN MINUTES.

He tries again for human contact.

COLTER
You don't look like you belong here. The way you're dressed.

CHRISTINA
You certainly do.

COLTER
I'd really like to see what you're working on. Unless you're worried I won't like it.

CHRISTINA
It's private. And your opinion doesn't interest me.

COLTER
So you scribble away on that thing so as not to deal with people.

She scowls. Tosses the sketch pad onto his lap. Surprised, Colter opens it. It's full of faces -- thumbnail portraits of other passengers riding the train. They're exquisitely observed, darkly stylized into expressions of loneliness.

COLTER
They're amazing.

CHRISTINA
I wouldn't go that far.

COLTER
Seriously, they're really good, Miss...?

CHRISTINA
Christina.

COLTER
My name's Colter. How many of these passengers have you drawn?

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CHRISTINA
All of them, practically.

She leans forward, eyes glinting conspiratorially.

CHRISTINA
I know all about them.

COLTER
You know all about them?

CHRISTINA
I'm a collector of moments.
(discreetly gesturing)
That woman over there? She's a patent attorney with three kids and a summer place on Long Island. More important, however, she colors her hair herself and wears the same houndstooth check suit every third Wednesday. The nebbishy fellow behind her always calls into his office three minutes before we go into the tunnel. And the guy with the shaved head and leather jacket eating a scone has a profile identical to that of Julius Caesar.

A click of the restroom door opening. Guzman emerges from the bathroom and returns to his seat.

COLTER
(re: Guzman)
What about that guy?

Christina looks over Guzman.

CHRISTINA
I haven't seen him before today.
(looking closer)
He's cranky. Thinks the worst of people.

COLTER
Dangerous?

CHRISTINA
Everyone's dangerous.

COLTER
You see anything unusual happen this morning? Anything out of the ordinary?

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CHRISTINA
I'm not sure I know what you mean.

COLTER
Has anyone else come out of that bathroom that you remember?

She takes a closer look at him. A puzzled smile.

CHRISTINA
Who are you?

Colter hesitates. Debating.

COLTER
Don't you know? Haven't you seen me here every day for, what, three months?

CHRISTINA
Something's different about you today.

COLTER
If I told you that there's a terrorist on this train, that I was sent here to catch him, would you believe me?

CHRISTINA
Most fervently.

COLTER
Then tell me which one you'd arrest.

Christina pages through her sketch pad again. Considering different faces.

CHRISTINA
They're all so utterly normal. That's what's terrifying about them. Perhaps there's more than one. A team at work. The patent attorney in cahoots with Julius Caesar and the nebbishy guy. And don't forget the sullen college kid. He's the expendable one. But they're all controlled by this good-looking stock broker.

She shows him her sketch of Derek, the Stock Broker.

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CHRISTINA
Blond, blue eyed, hyper alert. The perfect Machiavellian operative. Out for himself. He'll betray them all in the end.

She's not taking him seriously.

COLTER
Never mind.

He gets up. Foolish of him to confide in her. His watch now reads THIRTEEN MINUTES.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now approaching Newark Station. Newark Station, next stop.

The train begins to slow. Derek, Guzman, the Old Man and the College Kid head towards the exit doors.

CHRISTINA
(stage whisper)
He's getting away...!

Colter moves aside to let them walk past.

COLTER
(curt dismissal)
Thanks for your help, ma'am.

CHRISTINA
Ma'am? How old do you think I am?

COLTER
I don't know. Thirty two?

Her icy glare tells him he's guessed too high.

EXT. NEWARK STATION - MORNING

The disembarking passengers exit the platform.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

The train is moving again. In the exit area, Colter watches the station disappear. He's doing this all wrong.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Next stop New York Penn Station.

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INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - MORNING

The two screws rattle in the sink. Colter gazes up at the half-opened ventilation shaft -- and at the edge of the sinister bomb planted there.

Back down to the mirror. Sean Fentress's face. The most baffling mystery of all.

COLTER
What happened, Fentress? Who are you? How can I be you?

FLASHCUT -- Back in the isolation unit. On the monitor, the glimpse of Goodwin's SHOULDER PATCH INSIGNIA. The unit initials "CAOC-N."

Back to scene. Colter churning over the thought.

COLTER
"CAOC-N." What unit is that?

A KNOCK on the door.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Through the windows comes the blur of the EXPRESS TRAIN whizzing past (the same train which previously ran over Colter).

Emerging from the bathroom, Colter discovers Christina there.

CHRISTINA
Who were you talking to?

COLTER
Leave me alone.

Colter walks off. Irked at his change in tone, she follows him, carrying his messenger bag.

CHRISTINA
My pleasure, okay? It's just that you left your bag on your seat.
(trying to be cute)
It's a flagrant violation of rail security, leaving a suspicious package behind and all that. Maybe you're the terrorist.

This is too much. Colter turns on her. Paranoid.

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COLTER
Terrorist? Why did you say that?

CHRISTINA
I was joking.

COLTER
Stop joking. Who are you? Are you an operative?

CHRISTINA
I had no idea you were so thoroughly weird. I'm not entirely sure I like it.

COLTER
Why do you have sketches of everybody on board? Are you part of this?

CHRISTINA
Part of what?

COLTER
I can have you arrested. Maybe that's the only way you'll drop the bullshit and talk. Stay put. I'm getting help.

She sees he's serious and drops her arch playfulness. Speaks in a flat, sober voice.

CHRISTINA
Who am I? I'll tell you. I'm twenty seven years old. I have no savings and no health insurance.

He turns back. Waits. The more she speaks, the angrier she gets.

CHRISTINA
Six months ago I moved back in with my parents because I ran out of money. I got A's in line drawing and advanced oil painting but no one's buying my stuff. Two weeks ago I put away all my paints. My little sketch book is the last thing left. You see, I'm not a artist. I'm a receptionist in a law firm. The only thing I operate is a phone switchboard.

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The stark reality of her life.

The HORN of the FREIGHT TRAIN yanks his attention to the windows. Up ahead are the row houses opposite which the train exploded. Time is running down.

CHRISTINA
Now let me tell you about you. You work at the New York Public Library. You've been eyeing me for months on this train but haven't said a word to me. You're bland and colorless and predictable. And now I see you're delusional, too.

Colter doesn't hear her. He's still looking out the window.

COLTER'S POV

Above the row houses, a COMMERCIAL AIRLINER is climbing serenely into the blue after take-off out of Newark Airport.

The view is wiped away as the FREIGHT TRAIN comes surging past the windows. But the sight of the plane has already caused something to click in Colter's head.

COLTER
Son of a bitch. "CAOC-N." That's not army. That's Air Force. Combined Air and Space Operations Center. Nellis Air Force Base!

CHRISTINA
Are you mocking me?

COLTER
They're running this whole thing out of Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada. Fucking Nevada!

Tears in Christina's eyes. That Colter would persist in this delusion after what she's confessed about herself.

COLTER
(racking his brain)
What's there? What's on that base? B-52s. KC tankers. Air Combat Command. Predator Drones. Remote operations.
(something to this)
This a remote operation.
(finally)
What if it is time travel?

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A worried CONDUCTOR runs past them, talking rapidly into his radio. We catch the words "bomb threat."

COLTER
What did he say?

A WARNING ALARM begins beeping. Passengers look around uneasily. Christina, however, focuses her anger on Colter.

CHRISTINA
Do me a favor. Don't ever talk to me again.

She drops his messenger bag at his feet and walks away.

Colter looks down at his watch. THE LAST SECONDS TICK AWAY -- 5... 4... 3...

COLTER
Christina!

He grabs her -- she struggles against him --

CHRISTINA
Get off me!

But he HOLDS HER TIGHT, shielding her with his body and squeezing his eyes shut as --

THE EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE TRAIN -- EVERYTHING VAPORIZES.

Blinding light. Painful to look at.

Like a star exploding.

A dull, hollow sound of WIND rattling through an abyss.

And then the ghostly still life. Details flicker into view:

A bicycle. A stone wall. And next to it...

A woman.

It's Christina. Turning to look at us. A gentle, reassuring smile.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

Click -- click. Click -- click. The video monitor is malfunctioning. It flickers on and off, revealing Colter's face in and out of darkness.

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The capsule is nearly shut down. The controls appear non-functional. Ice crystals have formed over the circuitry.

Colter hugs himself, shivering. His breath is visible in the capsule's tomb-like cold.

COLTER
Goodwin? What's happening? Come in. Can you read me? It's goddamn cold in here.

He hits a few buttons. Almost at random. The VENTS which had been blowing in air FALL SILENT.

COLTER
Goodwin, I'm losing oxygen.

The monitor fizzles out. The light from the controls FADES.

COLTER
Goodwin!

It's now COMPLETELY DARK.

He BANGS on the side of the capsule. Just a muffled thump.

A terrifying silence.

The SNAP of a harness releasing. A THUD as Colter falls to the floor of the capsule. Cursing. Some sounds of thrashing around. Then...

The SPARK of a BLUE FLARE illuminates Colter's face. He's activated a miniature signal light on his flight suit. It begins to BLINK. Like a beacon for downed pilots afloat in the sea. It is the only light in the otherwise dead capsule.

Up on his knees, he grasps the release handles of the EXIT HATCH. Using all his strength he TURNS...

But the handles don't budge. The hatch remains sealed.

He gets to his feet. Can't stand up fully. The capsule is incredibly cramped.

Rifling through a cabinet, he discovers OPERATIONAL MANUALS in small, almost illegible type. And a small set of TOOLS.

He spreads them out on the tiny ledge. Taking a wrench, he BANGS on the escape hatch. A deep, clanging ECHO in the hull.

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So, like any pilot would, he sets about repairing his craft. At first he puzzles over the electronics and circuitry. Daunted by the complexity.

There's no time to lose. Using a miniature screw driver, he begins unscrewing the monitor panel. His fingers are slow and clumsy in the frigid cold and the screw driver slips out of his hands.

LATER

Icicles have appeared over dormant air vents. Colter, ice crystals in his hair, is shivering more violently. Much of the capsule's electronics lay open and exposed.

Using copper wires, he's attempting to revive a row of BATTERIES. They spark once... twice... Nothing.

COLTER
Come on!

Another SPARK. It shocks him. There's a puff of blue smoke. He's burned his fingers.

But the battery now has a tiny BLINKING GREEN LIGHT.

Working fast, Colter attaches the copper wires to the leads on the battery. From inside the engines comes a faint electric HUM.

FFFT. The monitor awakens. Like a film projector it throws the image of a PLAYING CARD onto the opposite side of the craft.

Colter begins replacing the monitor components. As he does, a pre-recorded AUDIO FILE comes on:

GOODWIN (V.O.)
-- four principle dialects of Arabic: Egyptian, Gulf, Syrian-Lebanese and North African. We will now play you portions of each, discussing the audible differences between them.

CLIPS of SPOKEN ARABIC begin to play.

Colter continues reconstituting the computer. The monitor fills with scrolling lines of COMPUTER CODE.

With an oddly low-tech CLANG, the heart of the machine reawakens. The air vents come back to life. Heat starts to return. The icicles begin to DRIP.

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Colter sits back in his seat, exhausted from the work.

The monitor switches to a real-time view of the LAB. Goodwin's chair is there, but Goodwin is not in sight. In a background distorted by the FISH-EYE LENS, various technicians wander by.

COLTER
Hello? Anyone out there? It's me.

He toggles an audio jack. Then a MAN comes walking up. Frowns into the camera, as if through the foggy lens of another world.

It's the MAN WITH THE PIPE. The elusive Bohemian scientist whom Colter glimpsed once before. He will be known as RUTLEDGE.

COLTER
Can you hear me?

Rutledge is tinkering with the camera. The image shakes for a moment as he adjusts it. Then puts on a headset.

RUTLEDGE
Project designer initiating sequence and drives check.

COLTER
I'm here! I'm okay!

Rutledge checks his headset. Not sure he heard right.

RUTLEDGE
Is someone there?

COLTER
Yeah. It's me. Colter.

Rutledge blinks in surprise. The blue eyes sparkling.

RUTLEDGE
Wow! It's you.

COLTER
The capsule lost power. It's still pretty cold in here.

RUTLEDGE
We've been working towards you from the other side. Nice to have you with us again. You feeling all right?

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COLTER
I think so. Who are you?

RUTLEDGE
The name's Rutledge.

COLTER
They wouldn't let me talk to you before.

RUTLEDGE
No, I guess not. They're pretty anal around here.
(lights his pipe)
Don't tell them you saw me smoking in here, okay?

His genial eccentricity is completely at odds with the military environment. And then it occurs to Colter:

COLTER
You're the inventor of this thing.

RUTLEDGE
(shrugs)
I prefer the term project designer. And sorry for all the secrecy. Goodwin will be thrilled you re-established contact.

COLTER
I don't want to deal with Goodwin anymore.

RUTLEDGE
What?

COLTER
Don't you understand? He's torturing me. I'm helpless. Can't you get me out of here?

Rutledge looks uneasy. As a scientist, he's ill-equipped to deal with personnel issues.

RUTLEDGE
Why would Goodwin have it in for you?

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COLTER
He's a remote operator. And remote operators are risk averse pussies who sit at control screens in the rear while actual pilots like me put their asses on the line in the field.

RUTLEDGE
He seems pretty devoted to the mission.

COLTER
And just what kind of mission is this? Talk to me, man. Why won't he let me save those people on the train?

RUTLEDGE
Because they can't be saved.

COLTER
Why not? I know what's going to happen. I could take apart the bomb. Stop the train.

RUTLEDGE
Yeah but you'd be doing it in the Source Code, not here. Not in our own past.

Mystery upon mystery.

COLTER
What's the difference?

RUTLEDGE
I'm not sure I should be telling you this.

COLTER
Telling me what?

Coaxing the scientist in him.

RUTLEDGE
It's quantum physics. Linear algebra. Parabolic calculus. It would take weeks to explain.

COLTER
Is Source Code time travel?

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Rutledge sighs. Looks at his pipe.

RUTLEDGE
It's gone out again.

COLTER
Why can't I save those people on the train?

RUTLEDGE
Think of it like this: events in our past can never be undone. Einstein proved that.

COLTER
So...

RUTLEDGE
So Source Code opens up another past for you. A parallel past. It looks the same but it has no intersection with our own world. In essence, by sending you back, an entirely new but utterly parallel world is created. It looks identical to ours, but nothing you do there has any effect on this reality.

At last some useful information. Colter races to process it.

COLTER
What happens to the Source Code world after I leave it?

RUTLEDGE
I don't know. You can never know that because you're not there to observe it. Maybe it vanishes. Maybe not.
(uneasy)
I should tell them you're okay.

COLTER
What about the bicycle?

RUTLEDGE
What bicycle?

COLTER
I see it each time. Right after the bomb goes off. Like an after image.
(MORE)

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COLTER (cont'd)
There's a bicycle and a stone wall and a girl. It's a girl from the train. I don't know where any of it is supposed to be, but --

Rutledge removes the pipe from his mouth.

RUTLEDGE
Wait. You see all this <u>after</u> you leave the train?

COLTER
Yeah. Just for a split second.

Rutledge is stunned. Like he's discovered some strange new property to his invention.

RUTLEDGE
Please tell me you're not making this up.

COLTER
No. It's there. What do you think it means?

RUTLEDGE
I don't know.

Rutledge looks off camera for a moment.

RUTLEDGE
They're here. There's no more time to talk.
(quickly)
Make sure he sends you back in. Find out about the after images.

Goodwin appears. Rutledge reluctantly takes off his headset.

COLTER
Rutledge, wait. Don't leave me.

Rutledge steps away. A pointed look at Colter. Goodwin settles back into his seat, donning the headset.

GOODWIN
Welcome back. How are you feeling?

COLTER
I'm alive. No thanks to you.

GOODWIN
You find the bomber?

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COLTER
You're a brick wall, Goodwin. A fucking brick wall.

GOODWIN
Lower your pulse. The situation has worsened. The fire on the tracks caused one of the freight cars to blow up and release some kind of gas. As a precaution they're having to evacuate all of lower Manhattan.

Evacuate lower Manhattan? The enormity of this. Having to take it on faith.

GOODWIN
We may have lost the initiative.

COLTER
What do you mean? Let's keep going.

GOODWIN
We were expecting more from you.

COLTER
I can give you more. Let me think for a second.

But Goodwin ignores him. Absorbed in paperwork.

COLTER
The freight car blows up from the fire. It spews gas, or what <u>could</u> be gas -- it might be chlorine, so they can't take any chances.

Anxious now. Trying to make up lost ground. Whatever it takes to get sent back in.

COLTER
So they decide to play it safe and evacuate parts of New York City. And maybe that's part of the terrorists' plan, right?
(thinking)
So... so who benefits from that? What's vulnerable? What's down there in lower Manhattan?
(beat)
Wall Street.

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Surprising himself with this insight.

And now Goodwin is paying attention again. Waiting for more.

COLTER
Wall Street. That's what they're going to hit next. The financial markets.

Goodwin considers this. For the first time, slightly impressed.

GOODWIN
I want to show you something.

CUT TO:

DRIVERS LICENSE PHOTOS

The video monitor shows CHRISTINA's DMV shot. Her wry, secretive smile.

COLTER
Did she die, too?

GOODWIN
Yes. This drivers license photo was found with her body. We're creating a database of recovered identifications as they come in from the site.

A pang of sorrow. Moving among ghosts.

COLTER
You sure she's dead?

GOODWIN
Would you like to see her morgue photos?

COLTER
(quietly)
She was sitting across from me.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
We know.

CUT TO:

THE VIDEO MONITOR

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Playing a GRAINY, HAND-HELD VIDEO of the TRAIN WRECKAGE. Rescue workers in protective gear picking their way carefully through the twisted, charred remains of the two trains.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
This was taken shortly after the rescue crews arrived on scene.

The TIME CODE on the image reads 8:26 a.m.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
We noted the location of each corpse when we pulled it out.

On screen, rescue workers pull a CHARRED CORPSE out of the wreckage.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Prepare yourself. This is unedited footage.

COLTER
I told you I didn't want to see her!

The camera ZOOMS IN on a corpse. Its burned face, like a piece of rotted fruit, fills the screen. Nevertheless, we recognize it. And it's not Christina. It's someone else.

COLTER
That's...

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Sean Fentress.

The man in the mirror. Himself, at least on the train.

COLTER
He died on the train.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
As a host identity, Sean Fentress had to have certain basic similarities to you. Gender. Blood type. Approximate age. His head was still intact. We need the head, you see. To link the two of you remotely.

They carry the corpse towards a MORGUE TRUCK with a vast array of SATELLITE COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT attached to it.

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The image freezes, then DISSOLVES back to Christina's DMV photo.

Silence. Pondering.

GOODWIN
Would you like to see the other passenger photos? Perhaps that would help you.

COLTER
You still have Christina's body? The other things she was carrying?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Why?

COLTER
I want to know about her. Everything I can. She's not just another victim. She's connected to all this.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

The rich smell of steaming coffee. The glint of a polished leather shoe. The crisp click of someone uncapping a fountain pen. The scenery rushing by -- the blur of trees, the soft lavender of the morning sky. The swell and pull of the mighty machine coursing over the rails.

If a train ride could ever be a sensory delight, this is it. To Colter, every sensation has become even more pronounced, more intensely real than ever.

CLOSE ON - HIS WATCH - A beep as he sets it to countdown again from seventeen minutes. The duration of his freedom.

Across from him is Christina. Absorbed with her sketching.

COLTER
Thirty six dollars and eleven cents.

She looks up at him.

COLTER
In your wallet. Right now. Thirty six dollars and eleven cents.

CHRISTINA
Is this a magic trick or something?

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COLTER
Yes. In five seconds, a guy's going to open a can of soda.

4... 3.. 2... 1...

CHK-THOCK!

The Overweight Man opens his soda can. She gives Colter a quizzical look. He points out the window. They're passing a neighborhood of modest homes.

COLTER
We're about to pass a street with willow trees. Two girls will be jumping rope. A white dog's going to run out behind them. A Dalmatian mix.

In a moment, they pass a scene exactly as Colter described. Christina's befuddled smile.

CHRISTINA
You want to tell me how you're doing this?

COLTER
Close observation. You could say I'm a collector of moments.

CHRISTINA
A collector of moments?

COLTER
Yes.

CHRISTINA
That's the cheesiest line I've ever heard.

She resumes her drawing.

COLTER
You trained to be an artist.

No response.

COLTER
You got A's in line drawing and oil painting. But your work didn't sell. You took a job answering phones in a law firm.
(MORE)

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COLTER (cont'd)
Six months ago you moved back in with your parents. Two weeks ago you put your paints away for good. The sketch book is all you have left.

CHRISTINA
Who the hell are you? Who have you been talking to?

COLTER
You.

CHRISTINA
Me? No. I haven't ever talked to you.

COLTER
But we have, Christina. You've drawn all these people here. You know their routines. At one point you thought you were different from all of them. But now you're not so sure.

Christina has gone white. Utterly incredulous.

INT. TRAIN DINING CAR - MORNING

A small bar area. Coffee sloshing in styrofoam cups Colter hands one to Christina and sits down opposite her. A glance at his watch shows TWELVE MINUTES left.

CHRISTINA
Okay, you've got my attention. Now tell me what this is all about.

COLTER
I need your help.

CHRISTINA
Are you selling something?

COLTER
Listen to me. I can't use up any more time trying to convince you. I just need you to believe everything I'm about to tell you.

CHRISTINA
This better be good.

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COLTER
Bear with me.
(beat, where to begin?)
Your sketch book. Is there a drawing of me in there?

CHRISTINA
I'm not sure.

COLTER
Please, Christina.

CHRISTINA
Yes, fine! Here.

She flips through it. Shows him a sketch of SEAN FENTRESS.

CHRISTINA
I did it last week.

COLTER
The thing is, that's not me.

CHRISTINA
Give me a little credit.

COLTER
No. You drew what you saw, but the person you're seeing now is someone else. I'm not Sean Fentress. I'm not really on this train.

CHRISTINA
(incomprehension)
You're not really on this train.

COLTER
I'm taking someone's place. Borrowing it. My name is Colter. I'm a soldier. And I'm being held prisoner. And this is the only way -- the only time and place I have -- to figure out how to escape.

She gives him a blank look.

CHRISTINA
After three months of riding the train, this is how you introduce yourself to me?

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COLTER
I'm serious. Elements in the American military are using me for an experiment. I'm not sure exactly how it all happened, but I'm at a facility on Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada. Right now. As we speak. It's a project called Source Code.

CHRISTINA
Source Code.

COLTER
It's a program. It shifts identities. It also performs small amounts of time travel. Or "time engineering." I don't know the jargon.

He's not getting through to her. It's too bizarre.

COLTER
I've been put on this train to look for someone. A criminal. And I need to find out just enough about him to keep them putting me back on this train. Because right here's only place I can figure out what's really happening. But I have very little time. And each time I come back, you won't remember me and I'll have to go through this all over again.

CHRISTINA
You are, I think, deliciously mad.

COLTER
Then how do I know all those things about you if we've never spoken before?

She doesn't have an answer. Can't easily dismiss him.

CHRISTINA
Why tell all this to me? There's lots of people around for you to talk to.

COLTER
Because I think you have the answer to this whole thing.

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CHRISTINA
Believe me, I don't have the answer for anything.

COLTER
There's a vision. I keep having it. It's very powerful. And you're in it. And there's a bicycle. And this... old stone wall. And it's very peaceful. Does this sound familiar? Like where you live, maybe?

CHRISTINA
Stone walls? My parents live in a house with aluminum siding and an American eagle over the door. The only bike is a Harley which the guy down the street revs at three in the morning.

COLTER
The vision must mean something. It's the only time when I'm not on the train or in the capsule. Why else would Rutledge be so interested?

CHRISTINA
Who's Rutledge?

COLTER
Someone who was trying to help me understand something. Until they got to him.

He lowers his head. A dead end. No answer. The train begins to slow down.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now approaching Newark Station. Newark Station, next stop.

Colter looks at HIS WATCH. Ten minutes left.

CHRISTINA
I saw a program on TV. It was about psychics. They say psychics have a lot of paranoia.

COLTER
I don't believe in that shit.

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ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Newark Station.

Through the window, the Old Man, Derek and the College Kid disembark. Guzman hurries past them to the station house.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
All aboard. Doors are closing.

CHRISTINA
Don't you have people you can go to for help? Friends, family?

The train begins to move again.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This is a New York bound train. Next stop, New York - Penn Station.

COLTER
Most of my friends are in the military. My dad runs a melon farm in Alabama.

CHRISTINA
Maybe now's the time to reach out to him.

She hands him her cell phone. Colter just holds it in his hand.

COLTER
Me and my dad, we don't see eye to eye. We're just two different people.

CHRISTINA
As opposed to being the exact same person?

COLTER
Are you always this sarcastic?

CHRISTINA
This is so not about me.

Colter reluctantly dials. As it rings --

COLTER
What day is it?

CHRISTINA
June 11th.

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COLTER
June?

One more thing to puzzle him.

The call connects. An OLDER MAN, DONALD STEVENS, answers. The gravelly voice of a Midwestern farmer.

DONALD (V.O.)
Hello?

COLTER
Dad?

Donald doesn't respond.

COLTER
Dad, it's me. It's Colter.

Again, silence.

COLTER
Been a while, huh? I'd been meaning to call you, but --

Click. The line goes dead. Colter looks at Christina.

COLTER
He wanted me to stay on and take over the farm but... I had other ideas.

CHRISTINA
You're intimidated by him.

COLTER
What?

CHRISTINA
You're scared of him. I can see it.

COLTER
The hell I am.

Challenged, he redials. Braced for conflict. The call connects.

COLTER
Dad, don't hang up. We're going to talk. I need your help.

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DONALD
(controlled anger)
Now you listen to me. Whoever you are, never call here again.

Donald hangs up.

CHRISTINA
He's still mad at you, huh?

COLTER
No... it was like he didn't even know who I was.

Troubled, he hands back her phone. Outside, the EXPRESS TRAIN flashes by.

CHRISTINA
I don't know how to help you.

She feels bad for him. And something inside Colter closes. Retreating inside himself.

COLTER
Sorry to have bothered you.

He gets up to go. Christina stays where she is.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Back in his seat. Lost in the view out the window. The neighborhoods have given way to Newark's industrial fringe. Bringing him closer to the inevitable end.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
I have a friend.

Surprised, he turns to find her there.

CHRISTINA
She works at the New York Times. Her name's Stephanie. She's just a proofreader, but she wants to be made a reporter. She's always saying she needs a good story to bring in so she gets noticed. Something like this, with a crazy paranoid angle could really interest her.

COLTER
Forget it.

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CHRISTINA
She could do some poking around. She's already quite suspicious of the government.

Christina's dialing her phone. Colter turns back to the window.

CHRISTINA
I'm getting voice mail.
(into the phone)
Steph, it's Christina. You know that story you're always looking to write? I might just have something for you. I met a guy. His name is Colter Stevens. He says he's in the army. He flies helicopters in Iraq, but now they've put him into a secret project called Source Code. Maybe you can look into it a bit, okay? Call me.

She hangs up. Pleased with herself.

CHRISTINA
She'll call back. Just wait.

None of it will do Colter any good, but he manages a smile.

COLTER
Thank you, ma'am.

CHRISTINA
(laughs)
Ma'am? How old do you think I am?

He gives her a wary look. Considers.

COLTER
Twenty five?

She smiles, pleased.

CHRISTINA
No, but thanks.
(beat)
What did you mean, there's a criminal on the train? How do you know that?

Colter looks away. Careful.

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COLTER
I just do.

CHRISTINA
How can I help you if you don't tell me everything about this?

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - MORNING

Colter enters the tiny space. Christina is reluctant to follow him into the bathroom.

COLTER
You said you wanted to know.

CHRISTINA
Can't you just tell me?

He gives her an imploring look. She sighs and squeezes in next to him.

CHRISTINA
Try anything and I'll kill you.

COLTER
Shut the door.

As she shuts the door, Colter gets up on the sink.

CHRISTINA
What are you doing?

He wrenches back the ventilation panel, then steps aside.

COLTER
It's up here.

He holds out his hand. She grabs hold and steps up on the sink. She's not quite tall enough to see into the crawlspace, so he steps up behind her and lifts her the rest of the way.

CHRISTINA
(startled, feels his hands on her)
What are you --

COLTER
Just look.

Her blouse brushes his face as he holds her up. A long beat as she looks inside the overhead space at the bomb.

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CHRISTINA
Is that...?

COLTER
Acetone Peroxide. It's a liquid explosive. There's fourteen cannisters of it. Simple detonator. Cell phone signal closes the circuit and boom.

He lowers her. An incredulous beat.

CHRISTINA
Did you put this here?

COLTER
No. It was someone else. They don't know who. That's why I'm here. To find out.

Watching her. Will she believe him?

CHRISTINA
We have to tell someone. We have to stop this.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

The bathroom door opens and Christina walks quickly away. Mounting fear. Colter falls into step behind her.

COLTER
It won't matter. The train's already...

CHRISTINA
Already what?

COLTER
I've been sent here. It sounds crazy, but it's true. I've been sent from the future -- from five hours in the future. This train's already been blown up.

She backs up. Scared of him. Every right to be.

COLTER
You wanted to know. Now you know.

She turns and hurries for the exit doors.

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CHRISTINA
This isn't happening. I've got to get off.

Colter catches up with her inside the exit vestibule. She's stabbing at the door release button.

CHRISTINA
Why won't it open?!

Her phone is RINGS. They both stop. She looks at the number.

CHRISTINA
It's Steph.
(hollow)
I told you she'd be interested.
(answers)
Hi.

Her eyes are fixed suspiciously on Colter as she listens.

Colter looks outside. Recognizes the terrain. Looks down at HIS WATCH --

50 SECONDS.

It's awful. Unbearable. He dashes towards the bathroom --

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - MORNING

Tears open the door. Jumps up on the sink.

THE BOMB

Sits in the semi-darkness, faintly illuminated by the bathroom's fluorescent light. As he grabs hold of the bomb, he hears --

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
Colter...?

Working fast, he unhooks the leads on the detonator, rips away gaffing tape -- jostling the cannisters of explosives --

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
Colter, I have to tell you something.

-- and pulls off the detonator cell phone. Ducking back down, he see Christina standing in the doorway.

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COLTER
Look. Now the fucking thing can't go off.

HIS WATCH

Reads 20 SECONDS.

CHRISTINA
Stephanie did a computer search.

Something in her expression worries him.

CHRISTINA
She's got a database of all newspaper articles going back to forever.

COLTER
Source Code's classified. It wouldn't be in a newspaper.

CHRISTINA
No. But you were. She found you.

COLTER
She found me? What does that mean?

She stops. Not wanting to go on.

From outside comes the HORN from the approaching freight train.

COLTER
Jesus Christ, Christina, are you going to spit it out?

In his hand, the CELL PHONE RINGS. Colter's eyes light up in amazement -- the DISPLAY SCREEN is showing the name and number of the bomber. But before he can read what's there, Christina's voice finds its way to the back of his brain:

CHRISTINA
According to the notice, you were killed in action two months ago.

The world stops.

A SEARING PAIN SLAMS INTO him. He drops the phone and doubles over. She runs to him --

COLTER'S POV

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Everything around him PIXELATES into a hundred thousand POINTS on an array. Christina's cries become bursts of static. Flying behind the array come LINES OF COMPUTER CODE -- the Source Code architecture laid bare.

And then the screen itself seems to melt, giving way to a frightening series of HALLUCINATORY FRAGMENTS:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A PILOT'S P.O.V. -- desert sand, searingly bright -- flight deck instrumentation -- a windshield pockmarked with bullet holes -- the horizon tilting as the helicopter PLUNGES towards earth amid a chaos of RADIO TRANSMISSIONS:

*"...taking a lot of RPG fire... be advised A61 is going down... A61 is going down hard..."*

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Black smoke. Boots crunching on sand as we are borne, P.O.V., a victim on a jostling stretcher.

INT. MEDIVAC HELICOPTER - DAY

Airborne again. The thud of rotors. Through blurred vision we see medics working furiously to save a life.

INT. C5 TRANSPORT JET - DAY

The smooth, glassy calm of 30,000 feet. The regular pulsations of a VENTILATOR. Fluids drip down through an IV bag. Tubes and monitors stacked all around us. Gurneys of other wounded packed together. The grumble of another, unseen wounded soldier:

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Never any damn leg room on a plane.

An ALARM begins beeping.

FLIGHT MEDIC (O.S.)
Hey, this guy's crashing...

FADE TO BLACK.

Silence and darkness. Nothingness.

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Then, a PLAYING CARD appears, as if through a slide projector. The Jack of Clubs.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Captain...?

The playing card flickers, separates into pixels, then dissolves.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Captain, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Goodwin. You're with Beleaguered Castle. You are safe. All your needs will be met here.

Lines of computer code flit across the screen. A blinking cursor.

FADE TO BLACK.

A tiny APERTURE opens... revealing CHRISTINA. And the bicycle. And the stone wall. The strange, recurring vision.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Captain?

The sound drives away the image, replacing it with

THE JACK OF CLUBS

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Captain, just tell me what you see. Just look and speak.

Groggy breathing. A ragged voice:

COLTER (V.O.)
I see a card.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Very good. Very, very good.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

On Colter's face. A deep, cold knot in his stomach. Shuddering in fear. The truth before him now. Crouching there, a nightmare, ruling over him.

On the MONITOR, Goodwin looks into the camera. Assessing the situation.

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GOODWIN
Are you comfortable? Are you warm?

Colter clings to his harness as if to keep from vanishing entirely from existence.

GOODWIN
Do you need to urinate?

Colter swallows. Too terrorized to speak.

GOODWIN
Beleaguered Castle is waiting for your report.

Goodwin taps his pen on his clipboard. Impatient. He flips a switch. A blocky COMPUTER VOICE, something out of the 1970s, comes on:

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Hearing Test. First sequence. Left ear.

A short SERIES of ELECTRONIC TONES.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Hearing Test. First sequence. Right ear.

The tones cease. Colter remains impassive and inert.

GOODWIN
Captain, I know you can hear me. Did you find the bomber?

Goodwin keys in some commands. Forever adjusting.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Memory Thread One: "When Lily woke, she had the bed to herself. She sat up, bewildered by the strangeness of her surroundings; then memory returned, and she looked about her with a shiver."

Goodwin stops the audio.

GOODWIN
As you're collecting your thoughts, I should tell you there's been another development. A terrorist group has taken responsibility for bombing the train.
(MORE)

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GOODWIN (cont'd)
This began broadcasting over the Internet a half hour. We've traced it to central Asia.

ON THE MONITOR

A grainy VIDEO shows an arid, wind-swept plateau of a far-away desert. It is twilight. A MUJAHIDEEN FIGHTER, his face hidden by a hooded cloak, sits cross legged before a flickering camp fire and a tea service.

The fighter rises, picks up a rocket-propelled grenade launcher, and approaches the camera. The wind whips his black robes. The figure looks slight. Almost spectral. It begins speaking to the camera.

MUJAHIDEEN FIGHTER
(on camera, in accented English)
By now you have suffered a taste of divine vengeance. God willing, you will soon suffer another.

Colter does not raise his head. No idea whether he's even listening.

MUJAHIDEEN FIGHTER
These attacks will show you that you will never be safe. You can secure your borders. But what can you do against one of your own citizens? One who looks like you, who is blameless, living already among you, who takes eighty million of our dollars, a trifle, and carries out our bidding? You cannot stop this. Time has run out.

The image freezes. Then switches back to the live feed of Goodwin.

COLTER
Let me talk to Rutledge.

GOODWIN
So you've decided to speak.

COLTER
Rutledge. Get him.

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GOODWIN
We appreciate your desire for further discussion. Perhaps at a later date.

COLTER
Will you let me out of here?

Goodwin ignore the question. Continues making notations.

GOODWIN
Frankly, Captain, we're disappointed.

COLTER
Find Rutledge! Now!

GOODWIN
I have to say that we expected more from you.

COLTER
Stop! Stop reading from your goddamn script!

GOODWIN
Perhaps we overestimated your abilities.

COLTER
I swear to fucking Christ!

GOODWIN
Please accept the criticism in the spirit it was given. Perhaps a few memory exercises would help.

COLTER
I don't need your criticism and I don't need your memory exercises, you gutless freak. And by the way, that bomb is detonated by a cell phone. When activated, the phone's display screen displays caller ID information. Caller ID. I wonder if that information would be useful to Beleaguered Castle.

For a split second, Goodwin looks thrown. But the mask of the cold clinician goes back up.

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GOODWIN
Very well. We're ready for that information.

COLTER
You'll have to send me back. I didn't get a good look at it. But I will next time.

Goodwin hesitates. Skeptical.

GOODWIN
What assurance do we have you'll be able to read the screen before the device detonates?

COLTER
Goodwin, there's no time left. Send... me... back.

Goodwin's pale, inscrutable face fills the monitor. His eyes are unblinking. Unfeeling. Nothing behind them.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Colter prowls the aisle feverishly. He scans the overhead luggage rack. Peeks inside a bag. Doesn't see what he wants. He looks all around... up the rows of passengers... intently scanning...

There. The Computer Engineer. He's asleep. But clutched in his hand is what Colter wants -- a CELL PHONE.

CLOSE ON - THE COMPUTER ENGINEER - MOMENTS LATER

The train jolts slightly, waking him up. Looking down, the Computer Engineer notices that his cell phone has vanished.

Across the aisle, a LATINA OFFICE MANAGER taps him on the arm. She gestures down the aisle to

COLTER

Who's walking off with the guy's cell phone. Behind him, the Computer Engineer gets up.

COMPUTER ENGINEER
Hey, do you have my phone?

People turn to look. Among them is Christina. Colter just starts walking faster.

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COMPUTER ENGINEER
(upset)
Dude, give me back my phone!

INT. SECOND CAR - MORNING

The Computer Engineer hurries in. Colter is nowhere in sight. He RUNS down the aisle and towards the next car.

PAN OVER to the DOOR of the CONDUCTOR'S COMPARTMENT as it CLICKS SHUT.

INT. TRAIN CONDUCTOR'S COMPARTMENT - MORNING

Breathless, Colter has just finished shutting the door and is about to use the cell phone when sees

THE CONDUCTOR and a TRAIN OFFICIAL

Looking over at him in surprise.

COLTER
Sorry. Wrong turn.

Reversing gears, Colter backs out of the compartment.

INT. SECOND CAR - MORNING

Just as the befuddled Computer Engineer disappears into the third car, Colter steps back into the aisle and walks the other way.

INT. FIRST CAR - MORNING

Sweating a bit now, Colter is keying in a number on the cell phone as he walks.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Operator. City and listing.

COLTER
Las Vegas, Nevada. Nellis Air Force Base.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Connecting you.

A tingle up his spine. The call connects.

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POST OPERATOR (V.O.)
Post Operator.

COLTER
Is this... Nellis Air Force Base?

POST OPERATOR (V.O.)
Yes, sir. How may I direct your call?

He takes a deep breath.

COLTER
I'm trying to reach... Captain Colter Stevens.

Calling himself. Strange. No idea where this is going.

POST OPERATOR (V.O.)
I have no listing for a Captain Colter Stevens.

COLTER
Then give me the Combined Air and Space Ops Center.

POST OPERATOR (V.O.)
One moment, sir.

The call seems to take forever to connect. Then a terse military VOICE comes on the phone.

VOICE (V.O.)
C Deck.

COLTER
Who is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
C Deck.

COLTER
I'm calling for Rutledge. It's urgent.

VOICE (V.O.)
You have the wrong number.

COLTER
This is Captain Colter Stevens.

An eerie pause.

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VOICE (V.O.)
Would you repeat that?

COLTER
Colter Stevens. Captain Colter Stevens.

VOICE (V.O.)
Hold the line.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now approaching Newark Station. Newark Station, next stop.

The train slows at it pulls into Newark Station.

Another voice comes over the phone.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Captain? This is Goodwin.

Colter's heart sinks.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Where are you, Captain?

COLTER
Let me talk to Rutledge.

GOODWIN
Where are you? How did you find us?

COLTER
I'm on the train.

The train pulls to a stop.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Newark Station.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
What train?

COLTER
(realizes)
You don't know. It hasn't happened yet.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
What hasn't happened?

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COLTER
The explosion.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
What explosion?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
All aboard. Doors are closing.

COLTER
Don't you understand? I'm in it, Goodwin. I'm calling you from <u>inside the mission</u>. Inside the Source Code.

A beat of stunned silence. The train begins moving.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Next stop New York Penn Station.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
This contact is ill-advised. I must ask you to hang up.

COLTER
Goodwin, I'm trapped in this and I can't get out.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
You have no authorization to be making this call. Goodbye.

COLTER
No! Wait! Don't hang up! Forget authorization. There's no time. Soon you're going to find out what happened on this train. And then your own day is going to start. But not until then. Right now it's just you and me talking. And you're a different Goodwin than the one I'm going to go back to in a few minutes. You're separate from him. Separate worlds. Do you understand?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
I think so.

COLTER
Good. Now there's a lot of secrecy in all of this, and you have your reasons for that.
(MORE)

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COLTER (cont'd)
But here and now, just this once, I need to ask you something. And you need to tell me the truth.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
I'd rather you not ask me anything, Captain.

COLTER
I'm going to ask it.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
I should terminate this call.

COLTER
Jesus, Goodwin, how can I get through to you? You're not just a soldier. Somewhere inside you're a human being, too. Somewhere inside you've got to know that this is wrong. Source Code is wrong. And if you can't grasp that, if you just follow orders, then you're just as much a prisoner as I am.

The car SHUDDERS as the EXPRESS TRAIN FLASHES BY. Quiet returns as it recedes.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
What's your question?

Surprised, Colter raises his head. Draws a breath.

COLTER
Did I survive that helicopter crash in Iraq?

Silence. Colter shuts his eyes.

COLTER
Answer me. Did I survive that crash?

Another pause. This is crushing Colter.

COLTER
Goodwin.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Not physically.

COLTER
What?

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GOODWIN
You did not physically survive the crash.

A terrible chill comes over Colter. He swallows. Trying to stay brave.

COLTER
Not physically? Fuck. At least give me an answer I can understand.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
We've kept alive certain areas of your brain.

COLTER
But... the capsule I'm in...

GOODWIN (V.O.)
A manifestation. Your way of making sense of it.

This is crushing. Colter fights back terror.

COLTER
You had no right.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
As a soldier...

COLTER
I was a soldier. Then. But now?
(whispers)
*After death*?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
It was the only way. You couldn't have a body and be sent back into the Source Code.
(beat)
What is the status of your mission? Is it a success?

COLTER
You really want to know?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
I suppose not. You're right to keep it from me.

COLTER
That's what we do. Keep stuff from each other. Will this ever end?

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GOODWIN (V.O.)
End?

COLTER
How can I get out of this?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
You must realizes the army's made an investment in you. You'll be used again.

COLTER
How?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Imagine a turntable. With a record spinning on it. All we do is lift up the needle. The music stops.

COLTER
And then what?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Then we wait. Until another mission. And the needle comes down again. You won't remember any of this. We'll start with the playing cards. Electronic tones. Simple memory exercises. Bit by bit, we'll revive your cerebral capacities once more.

The barbarism of it. Digital slavery.

COLTER
How many times have I done this?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Does it matter?

COLTER
No one knows I'm here. No one can help me.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
In stimulating your cortex, they're prolonging your life. Many soldiers would find that preferable to death.

COLTER
You can't do this. I served my country. I already gave my life.

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GOODWIN (V.O.)
The courts.

COLTER
What?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
The courts know you're here.

COLTER
Military court or civilian court?

GOODWIN (V.O.)
Military.

Colter finds no comfort in this.

GOODWIN (V.O.)
I'm sorry you found out about all of this. That wasn't our intention.

COLTER
Does that make it any less wrong?

No answer. Colter looks down at his watch. Time is running out. And there's absolutely nothing he can do.

DISSOLVE TO:

COLTER'S FACE

Ashen. Almost lifeless. Around him is the darkened steel cocoon of the

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

Its appearance has altered slightly, given Colter's new awareness of what this really is. The capsule is even more claustrophobic. There are fewer controls. Even less light. A shadow world.

The monitor is blank. He shouts from the void --

COLTER
Goodwin?!

Rutledge appears. Drops into the seat and puts on the headset. Fiddles with his pipe as a way to avoid looking at the camera.

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RUTLEDGE
How's it going? Any breakthroughs?

COLTER
I finally get it, Rutledge. You're the good guy, Goodwin's the bad guy. Working together, you get what you want out of me. Why didn't I see it before?

RUTLEDGE
Believe me, Captain, I'm on your side.

COLTER
Drop it. I know about the helicopter crash. I know what they've done with me.

RUTLEDGE
(struggling)
Look, it's been a long day. For all of us. But now we've got to bring this home and catch a killer.

COLTER
What's in it for me?

RUTLEDGE
Come on. These guys are serious. Help me out. My ass is on the line, too, you know.

COLTER
You can do better than that. They sent you here to offer me a deal.

RUTLEDGE
If you think I'm enjoying this, you're wrong.

COLTER
What's their offer? What can they possibly threaten me with after so colossally fucking me? Spit it out, you spineless turd.

Rutledge's face goes red. Quite possibly no one has ever spoken to him like this before. After a sputtering pause, Rutledge's mouth hardens.

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RUTLEDGE
The government can decide to take an interest in people. People like your father with his struggling farm. It can discover things like unpaid property taxes. It can call in his equipment loans or tie him down for years in environmental litigation. On the other hand, it can pay him handsomely for mineral deposits he never knew were there. As distant and problematic as your relationship was, surely you'd like the chance to do something for him.

A beat of silent outrage from Colter.

COLTER
Those after images I saw. You never knew about them. They weren't part of Source Code architecture, were they?

RUTLEDGE
(hastily)
They're meaningless. Nerves firing. Brain chemistry.

COLTER
You don't believe that. I've been to places you haven't. I've crossed and recrossed that line between living and dying. And when I do, that veil gets lifted for just a second. And what's there is real. Maybe it's a vision of the next world, but I can see it.

RUTLEDGE
You can see it. But you can never get there without our help.

COLTER
Get there? What do you mean?

RUTLEDGE
Our offer. Maybe we can get you there. In return for your completing the mission.
(beat)
They'll let you die. I'll shut off your life support and you'll simply slip away.
(MORE)

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RUTLEDGE (cont'd)
Just like the good Lord intended you to do a few months back.

A fearful beat. Negotiating over his own soul.

COLTER
You'd never do it. You wouldn't have to. You could just flip the switch and start me back up again unaware. For all I know, you've made this deal with me before.

RUTLEDGE
Actually, we haven't. Your operational awareness has become too great. If you found out the truth about yourself once, you might do so again. As for Source Code, I'm sure we can find other servicemen coming back from overseas with wounds just like yours.
(patronizing)
Do you have the courage to serve your country one final time?

Colter's eyes bore into Rutledge.

COLTER
I'm going to find you, Rutledge. Someday. Somewhere.

RUTLEDGE
(retreating from the confrontation)
The display screen on the detonator was a useful and exciting insight you made. This time, make it pay off. Get the information on the screen. But let the bomb explode. We need the force of the explosion to help integrate you quickly back into the present.

The Source Code machinery is already beginning to HUM. Rutledge excitedly keying in system commands.

COLTER
You hear me? Somehow, I'm going to find you.

RUTLEDGE
I doubt that.

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There's barely time for Colter to grab onto the harness restraints before the machinery goes into a deafening HOWL.

THUNK.

Colter's body convulses and goes limp. Unconscious, he sags in his seat, held in by the harness. Everything SWITCHES OFF AND GOES DARK.

A split second later, the capsule comes back to life again. As if the plug were simply put back in.

RUTLEDGE
Captain?

Colter JOLTS AWAKE. Disoriented. Thrashing to get free.

RUTLEDGE
It's okay. Calm yourself. You're back.

Colter exhales. Shuddering. He's just completed another Source Code.

RUTLEDGE
What happened?

The tentacles of the nightmare slowly releasing. Replaced by the oppression of being back in the capsule. Back in Rutledge's power.

RUTLEDGE
Was the bomber's identity on the cell phone?

COLTER
I think so. But there wasn't time to read the screen. As soon as it rang the bomb went off.

RUTLEDGE
(impatient)
What about the phone itself? Make, model, product identification number.

COLTER
I was unable examine the phone without separating it from the detonator -- which I was instructed not to do.

His delivery is different now. Impersonal. Distant.

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RUTLEDGE
Did you make any other progress? What in heck's name did you do for those seventeen minutes?

Colter does not answer.

The machinery again STARTS UP. Colter tenses, bewildered. Eyes dart accusingly to the screen.

COLTER
Wait. What are you --

THUNK.

Again, he convulses and goes limp.

Click. Darkness. Everything POWERS DOWN...

... And BACK UP again -- controls, monitor, machinery.

Colter GROANS and opens his eyes. Gripped by another terror. Returning from yet another trip on the train. Another bomb blast. Death and resurrection. Rutledge looks in on him with impatience.

RUTLEDGE
We can do this all day. Until you get it right.

COLTER
Please... I don't feel good...

RUTLEDGE
I don't doubt it. Who's the bomber?

COLTER
I don't know... I honestly... I can't keep...

The HUMMING again. He's helpless. An insect on a pin. Colter tears at his restraints, ready to bash his brains out against the controls. He SCREAMS...

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

... and, in sudden freedom, surges up out of his seat with a cry. Around him startled passengers look over in confusion.

CHRISTINA
Hey!

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Colter, back in his navy jacket, slacks and shirt, has pitched forward into Christina.

CHRISTINA
You want to get off me?

The Overweight Man, wide eyed in surprise, has his finger poised to open his can of soda.

COLTER
Go ahead! Open your fucking soda!

CHK-THOCK! The Overweight Man complies. Some half-muttered reproaches, then most people go back to what they were doing.

CHRISTINA
What's wrong with you, anyway?

She glares at him at he stands up. He can't respond. Despair surges through him. He stumbles off down the aisle.

But where can he go? There is no freedom. No escape. Imprisoned in both worlds.

From her seat, Christina watches him go. Sensing the torment in him.

EXIT AREA

Colter is slumped in a corner. Christina appears. Taps him on the shoulder.

CHRISTINA
You okay?

He eyes her furtively. Like a cave man who's never seen another human being before.

CHRISTINA
You're not okay.

He's ghastly pale. He's sweating profusely.

COLTER
Ma'am, please... return to your seat.

Footsteps. The sound of jangling KEYS.

CONDUCTOR
Ticket.

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The conductor takes up position in front of him. As implacable as Rutledge, in his way.

CONDUCTOR
Ticket, please.

CHRISTINA
He's not feeling well.

CONDUCTOR
He still needs a ticket.

Colter makes no move to respond. No more concern for anything.

CONDUCTOR
Have it your way, pal.

He takes out his book to write Colter up.

CHRISTINA
Wait. I'll pay it.

CONDUCTOR
I have no idea where he got on. Full fare's $22.50.

CHRISTINA
All right, all right.

Getting out her wallet, she pays the conductor. He eyes her with disapproval, then shambles off.

CHRISTINA
I see customer service is alive and well on New Jersey Transit.

COLTER
Why did you just do that?

CHRISTINA
The ticket? I don't know. You looked a little lost.

The gratitude in his look makes her self conscious. She turns to go.

COLTER
Will you do me a favor?

CHRISTINA
What's that?

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COLTER
Get off the train.

CHRISTINA
What?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now approaching Newark Station.
Newark Station, next stop.

COLTER
Please. Just get off the train.

Her puzzled look. The train begins to SLOW DOWN.

CHRISTINA
This isn't my stop.

COLTER
You shouldn't have been on this train, Christina. You should be living another life. Not spending it answering phones for lawyers.

CHRISTINA
How do you...?

A group of passengers approaches the exit area. We've seen them all before: Derek, the Old Man, the College Kid. And the small encounters: shuffling around, positioning at the doors, and the College Kid tapping Derek on the arm, holding out Derek's wallet.

COLLEGE STUDENT
Hey, you dropped this.

DEREK
(relieved, takes it back)
Wow. Thanks.

The train stops. The doors OPEN.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Newark Station.

Derek, the Old Man and the College Kid get off. A second later, Guzman bursts past them, making his nauseated run for the station.

Leaving just Colter and Christina there. The doors stand open, invitingly.

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COLTER
Everyone has a destiny. And this isn't yours.

He steps out onto the platform. Holds out his hand for her to join him. A coaxing look.

She's incredulous. This guy. His words. This whole moment.

CHRISTINA
Who in the world are you?

COLTER
Just do it. Stop being afraid. Believe in yourself.

He waits for her. Only two steps away.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
All aboard. Doors are closing.

She blinks. The spell breaks. Those two steps prove to be two much.

CHRISTINA
Leave me alone.

She retreats back into the car. Colter is heartbroken. About to pursue her, he happens to look over and see

DEREK

Instead of going directly to the station house, Derek continues walking down the platform alongside the train, as if intending to reboard further down.

And then it happens.

With a quick motion Derek TOSSES SOMETHING through an open door of another car, then heads quickly away towards the station house.

With no time to think, Colter slips back on board just as the doors slide shut.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

The train begins moving. Christina is nowhere in sight.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This is a New York bound train. Next stop New York - Penn Station.

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Intrigued, Colter leaves the exit door area...

INT. SECOND CAR - MORNING

... Strides down the aisle of the second car... and reaches the next set of

EXIT DOORS

There's nothing there. Whatever Derek tossed inside is gone.

Did someone pick it up? Colter looks up the aisle and then the other way into the next car. No one there.

Once more he examines the exit area. Gets down on his knees. Then he spots it -- an OPENING between the floor and one of the wall panels, only a few inches high.

And there something lies. Colter slides it out.

Derek's WALLET. Intentionally left here. The same wallet the College Kid gave back to Derek earlier.

Opening it, Colter pulls out Derek's DRIVER'S LICENSE.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

The Source Code has finished. The monitor shows just the empty chair. Finally Rutledge returns to his seat.

RUTLEDGE
They've searched the wreckage and found the wallet. It was under the wall panel. Just as you said.

An awkward dynamic between them. They despise each other but have to work together.

COLTER
Believe me, he's our guy. He tossed his own wallet back on the train. Only reason he'd do that...

RUTLEDGE
(finishing his thought)
...is if he wanted us to think he died in the explosion. I know.
(beat)
We looked into his profile.
(MORE)

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RUTLEDGE (cont'd)
Derek Frost is a commodities trader, with a wife, two children and a promotion one month old. He's an emergency preparedness volunteer on his office floor, for God's sake.

COLTER
You saw that terrorist video -- they said it was one of us. One of our own.

RUTLEDGE
If he's really the one, you can find out the rest of his plan.

COLTER
How?

RUTLEDGE
By any means necessary. There is no Geneva Convention in the Source Code.

COLTER
Torture him, you mean.

RUTLEDGE
(shrugs)
Find out the plan, before it happens here. And then I'll let you die.

Their grisly bargain.

RUTLEDGE
In the conductor's compartment there's a fully loaded 9 millimeter handgun locked in a safe. Think you can remember the combination?

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Christina is absorbed in her sketch book. Across from her, Colter watches. A stranger to her again. It hurts too much.

She feels his eyes on her. When she looks up, he's gone.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

As Guzman exits the bathroom, he almost crashes into Colter, who's waiting right there.

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GUZMAN
Excuse me.

COLTER
*Assalam'alaikoom.*

Squeezing past, Guzman does a double take to hear the standard Arabic reply.

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - MORNING

Reaching into the overhead crawl space, Colter once again unhooks the cell phone detonator from the bomb.

Sitting down on the toilet seat, he dials 4-1-1 on the cell phone.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
What listing?

COLTER
The New York Times.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Christina's CELL PHONE RINGS. She gets it out.

CHRISTINA
Hello?

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
Christina? It's Stephanie. Where are you right now?

CHRISTINA
Going to work. Why?

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
The strangest thing. The phone rang at my desk and some guy I don't know said the train you're on isn't safe and that you should get off at the next stop. Then he hung up.

CHRISTINA
What?

The train begins to SLOW DOWN.

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ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now approaching Newark Station. Newark Station, next stop.

CHRISTINA
I don't understand.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
Maybe you should get off. Are you okay?

The station platform slides into view.

CHRISTINA
I'm fine. Everything's normal. Is there something on the news? Some kind of alert?

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
Nothing that I've heard.

EXT. NEWARK PLATFORM - MORNING

The train pulls to a stop. Passengers begin to get off.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Newark Station.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Christina is out of her seat, debating.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
I think you should get off.

CHRISTINA
I'll be late for work.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
The hell with work, Christina! You hate that job anyway.

CHRISTINA
It's probably a joke. A weirdo guy from somewhere.

She sees Colter down in the exit area. They lock eyes.

And somehow she knows. He made the call. Colter quickly disappears into the other car.

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INT. SECOND CAR - MORNING

The doors stand open to the platform. Just then Derek's WALLET goes skidding back on board, disappearing under the wall panel. A second later, Colter reaches the exit area.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
All aboard. Doors are closing.

EXT. NEWARK PLATFORM - MORNING

The train doors shut. Colter is now out on the platform. Christina is not there. Concerned, walking quickly forward, Colter looks through the windows...

And finds her staring back at him. Still on the train. A strange moment between the two of them.

Once again he's failed to save her.

They watch each other for as long as possible, until the train pulls away.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

As the train SPEEDS UP, Christina sits down again, lowering her phone.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
Did you get off...?

CHRISTINA
No. I'll call you back.

She hangs up. Disturbed. As if she's failed some test.

But what test? Why this weird feeling?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This is a New York bound train.
Next stop New York - Penn Station.

The train SPEEDS UP. Anxiety creeps into her face. Looking around, the tranquility of the passengers begins to seem ominous, hinting that she's made the wrong choice.

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INT. TRAIN CONDUCTOR'S COMPARTMENT - MORNING

The conductor enters. About to pour himself a cup of coffee when --

CONDUCTOR
Huh?

The metal door to THE SAFE has been OPENED.

INT. NEWARK STATION - MORNING

Inside the quiet lobby, Derek is heading for the outer doors to the parking lot, when:

COLTER (O.S.)
Derek Frost.

Colter is walking towards him, holding up Derek's WALLET.

COLTER
You forget something?

DEREK
Gosh. Is that my wallet?

As he goes to take it, Colter GRABS HIM.

INT. NEWARK STATION - MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

Behind the closed door at the end stall comes the sound of GUZMAN VOMITING.

BANG - The men's room DOOR flies open -- Colter DRAGS Derek inside.

DEREK
What the hell, man? What the hell???

COLTER
You see this?

Colter pulls out the DETONATOR CELL PHONE -- the one he took off the bomb. Holds it inches from Derek's face.

COLTER
Now you can't blow it up.

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DEREK
What is this? Get away from me!

The BARREL of a 9 MM PISTOL. Aimed right at him.

COLTER
Believe me, I'm very accurate with one of these things.

DEREK
Jesus.

Derek raises his hands. Sweating. All fright. Like a decent man, terrorized.

It gives Colter pause. Does he have the right guy?

A toilet FLUSHES. The last stall door opens and Guzman emerges. Stops cold as Colter swings the pistol at him.

COLTER
Stay there, my man.

DEREK
Don't hurt me.

COLTER
Stop acting, for Chrissakes.

DEREK
Keep my wallet. Take my watch. Take anything you want.

Unprompted, Guzman takes out his own wallet and sets it on the counter. Calmer than Derek. Accustomed to trouble.

GUZMAN
There. Now you have two wallets. Take them and go.

COLTER
Shut up!

Tensing. This isn't supposed to happen like this.

DEREK
Please. I have a family.

COLTER
What about those other passengers? Don't you think they had families?

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GUZMAN
Just what is this about?

COLTER
This man's a terrorist. He planted a bomb on the train.

DEREK
(half laughs)
What?

Click. Colter pulls back the hammer and savagely JAMS the barrel of the pistol into Derek's cheek.

COLTER
What's the next attack? Who else are you going to kill today, huh?

DEREK
(in tears)
Oh God... Oh God...

Guzman takes a step towards Colter.

COLTER
One more step, asshole.

GUZMAN
Don't treat him like this. He's not an animal. Neither are you.

DEREK
Listen to him. For God's sake I'm not a terrorist...!

A URINE STAIN spreads on Derek's pants. He looks down, ashamed. Colter keeps the gun on him.

COLTER
Piss all you want. You took eighty million dollars to kill hundreds of people today.

DEREK
Eighty million dollars? I swear to you...

COLTER
Then what about the wallet, huh? Why the fuck did you twice try to leave your wallet on board?

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DEREK
I... I...

COLTER
Time's up! What is it?! What is the next attack! So help me, I'll put this bullet through your brain.

DEREK
I don't know what you're talking about!

COLTER
I'm going to do it.

Tightening his finger around the trigger. Tears are streaming down Derek's face. But he's not going to talk.

DEREK
I would never hurt anyone. I have a family. I guess you'll have to kill me.

But Colter can't. He can't shoot him. He lowers the gun. Disgusted with himself. Why can't he do it?

GUZMAN
You see? You are a human being.

Speaking gently. Trying to calm him. Even as Colter feels like he's failed.

GUZMAN
This can be worked out. We can listen to each other.

The temperature cooling. Derek's nodding with him.

DEREK
Anything you want... Please...

The detonator CELL PHONE RINGS, startling all of them. Confused, he answers the phone.

COLTER
Hello.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
Who is this?

COLTER
(stunned)
Christina?

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CHRISTINA (V.O.)
Are you the guy who was sitting across me on the train?

Colter looks at his watch. The countdown passes THREE MINUTES. 2:59... 2:58...

COLTER
How can you be calling this number?

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
My friend had it. From when you called her -- to try and get me off the train. Who are you? What do you want?

Derek and Guzman cautiously lower their hands. Watching in confusion.

COLTER
I was trying to warn you.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
About what?

COLTER
I'm not sure that it matters now.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
Talk to me. I feel that something terrible's going to happen. Do I need to get off the train? Am I going to die?

He can hear the b.g. noise of the train on the other end.

COLTER
I'm right here, okay? Don't be afraid.

CHRISTINA
(anguish)
Why didn't I get off the train?
(sighs)
I knew I should have driven in today. But then there's the bridges, right? You never know when they'll be jammed.

That stirs something in the back of Colter's mind.

COLTER
What did you say?

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CHRISTINA
The bridges. You just never know when they'll be jammed.

His heart starts racing.

FLASHBACK

On the train. Earlier. Derek in his seat, on his cell phone. Colter nearby, overhearing him:

DEREK
Trust me, by one o'clock, the bridge is going to be jammed...

BACK TO SCENE

Colter looks to Derek. His stomach sinks.

COLTER
"By one o'clock, the bridge is going to be jammed." That's what you said. You knew. You knew there was going to be an evacuation. You knew before it happened. All those people walking across the...

The realization hits.

COLTER
They're going to bomb the bridges. While they're full of people.

ON DEREK

A slight flicker travels across Derek's face. Like a disturbance on a surface of deep water.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
What are you talking about. Who's going to --

Over the phone comes the HORN from the passing FREIGHT TRAIN. Colter presses the phone to his ear, trying to hear her.

COLTER
Christina? Just hang in there. You'll be okay.

A HAND closes over his gun. Before Colter can react, Derek TURNS THE GUN BACK INTO HIM --

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BLAM! BLAM!

DEREK SHOOTS COLTER TWICE IN THE CHEST.

Colter staggers back -- slumps to his knees. Guzman cries out -- makes a run at Derek -- who spins and --

BLAM!

SHOOTS GUZMAN DEAD.

Spent shell casings roll to a stop on the tile floor. A terrible silence.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
What's happening? Are you okay? Are you there?

Derek picks up the phone and terminates the call. He coldly evaluates the two men dying in pools of blood. Then calmly walks out.

As the life slips from Colter's eyes, he manages to focus on his beeping WATCH --

Where the seventeen minutes have RUN OUT. And the world BLEACHES WHITE...

In the haze comes the mystical vision again -- but deeper in:

THE STONE WALL now curves over our heads, becoming a TUNNEL.

CHRISTINA walks away from us -- down into the tunnel. The far end is ablaze in WHITE LIGHT.

We try calling to her. But our voice is weak and faint. She continues towards the light... and we do not follow.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

The monitor is dark. Everything is still. Colter in his seat. For long seconds we watch his face.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

A jarring transition. We are now away from Colter's P.O.V. and in the real, physical environment of the Source Code operations center. Military and civilian personnel work amid mysterious scientific equipment.

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Rutledge talks on a wall phone. Like a team player serving his country.

RUTLEDGE
(into phone)
Yes... We appreciate that... I just hope the information has come in time to clear the bridges... Thank you, sir.

When he hangs up, he turns to Goodwin and a few other TECHNICIANS. Naked ambition courses through him.

RUTLEDGE
Whether or not they can stop the bridge attack, we came up with the intelligence. And that virtually assures all of our futures. This is just the beginning, guys.
(to Goodwin)
You did a great job, Goodwin. You operated our captain with skill and professionalism. What's that you have?

Goodwin opens an envelope and slides out a CITATION.

GOODWIN
The Army investigated Colter's helicopter crash in Iraq. Apparently he stayed behind to fly protective cover for a disabled convoy until he ran out of fuel.

RUTLEDGE
What's this, then? Some kind of posthumous reprimand for reckless flying?

GOODWIN
No. It's the Silver Star.

Something in Goodwin's voice momentarily checks Rutledge's breezy good humor.

RUTLEDGE
Send it on to his father. It'll ease the pain of his son's death.

GOODWIN
I thought I might inform the captain of the citation.

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RUTLEDGE
Better not. We can't risk acquainting him with the citation in case the memory wipe isn't entirely clean.

GOODWIN
The memory wipe?

TECHNICIAN
I thought we were going to let him die.

RUTLEDGE
I know, I know. But now the Director of National Intelligence is sure to want a closer look at our program, and until we train up another candidate, we'll need to keep Colter around to demonstrate it.

TECHNICIAN
Oh.

RUTLEDGE
This thing is much bigger than any one of us. Goodwin, please clear Colter's memories and re-initialize Source Code.

Rutledge walks away. The technician gives Goodwin a look of disgust. Goodwin carefully replaces the citation into the envelope.

INT. CONTROL CONSOLE - DAY

Mission Control. Panels, consoles and screens. Goodwin takes a seat at his workstation. He swings a microphone up and goes to flip a switch.

Then stops. Unsure how to proceed. Looks down at the envelope with the citation in it.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

Inside the capsule, the silence continues. Colter thinks to himself. The MONITOR then comes on.

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GOODWIN
Captain, this is Beleaguered Castle. Acknowledge transmission.

INT. CORRIDOR - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Rutledge walks by himself. Reflecting. Pleased with himself. Under his breath, he acknowledges the praises he's imagining in his head:

RUTLEDGE
Thank you, sir... I appreciate your faith in me... It's a great day for our country.

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

Colter looks out at Goodwin. A beat of difficult silence.

GOODWIN
How are you feeling? Are you comfortable?

COLTER
Just do it.

GOODWIN
Come again?

COLTER
Just do it. I knew they wouldn't let me die. At least you can make me forget all of this. I hope.

Goodwin stares at his hands. Unmoving.

COLTER
What are you waiting for? You're just doing your job. I'd do the same thing if I was you. At least you've got a shot at saving those people on the bridges.

GOODWIN
I doubt it.

COLTER
You don't think they'll save them?

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GOODWIN
No. I meant, I doubt you'd be doing this, if you were me.

An unusually personal statement, coming from Goodwin.

COLTER
Look, someone had to be where you're sitting, and someone had to be in here. Turned out it was you and me.
(then)
Just do it. I'm tired.

GOODWIN
Would you like to see Christina again? One last time?

Colter's not sure he heard him right.

COLTER
I don't understand.

GOODWIN
Seventeen minutes. That's all I could give you. No mission to fulfill. Just... the two of you.

COLTER
(stunned)
Why would you do that?

GOODWIN
As a favor. One prisoner to another.

COLTER
Prisoner?

GOODWIN
You were right. About me. And about Source Code. We've kept too much from each other.

An odd sensation comes over Colter.

GOODWIN
I usually report in at 0600. Today I was there early. I was there when the call came in. Your call.

His call? They share a long look.

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COLTER
No... There's no way... There's no way you could have...

Goodwin just smiles.

COLTER
(protesting)
How? The Source Code was a parallel world! You told me so! It's hermetically sealed. Nothing I did on that train would have any effect on this reality!

GOODWIN
You were on the train. I was not.

COLTER
But...

GOODWIN
We didn't know if any bleed-throughs could occur. The implications would be staggering. That's why you were told to avoid unduly influencing events.

COLTER
You're saying I could have saved those people?!

GOODWIN
No. Not in our world. The time currents are too strong. But minor alterations, here and there, a phone call, say, those might slip through. We didn't know for sure. But you proved it.

Colter is thunderstruck. Unable to grasp it.

GOODWIN
I've been thinking about the things you said on that call. As the day passed, the more I understood them. And now, I guess we've caught up to each other.

COLTER
Man. Just when I think I understand this...

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GOODWIN
(nervous)
There's not much time. They think I'm re-initializing the system. One last look at her. That's all I can give you. If that.

COLTER
They'll nail your ass for this.

GOODWIN
If I had any feelings, I'd worry about that. But, as you've maintained, I do not.

The strange path of their relationship. Ending at last at simple, grudging respect.

COLTER
Roger that.

MACHINERY BEGINS TO HUM.

GOODWIN
This is Beleaguered Castle signing off. Acknowledge final transmission.

COLTER
Final transmission acknowledged.
(beat)
Thank you, Goodwin.

Goodwin interrupts his preparation for a last look at Colter.

The noise gets louder. The capsule begins to shake.

Colter touches the monitor. His fingers imparting to the last image of his world a quiet benediction.

INT. CORRIDOR - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Sipping a cup of coffee, Rutledge lingers at a window, contemplating his future.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Dr. Rutledge, extension 16.

Blinking out of reverie, he goes over to a wall phone and punches an extension.

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RUTLEDGE
This is Rutledge.

He listens. His face darkens.

RUTLEDGE
Shit.

He SLAMS down the phone and starts RUNNING.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Colter is back on the train. It is morning again, seventeen minutes before the destruction. He's back in the navy blazer. The slacks. The commuters, caught up in their individual concerns, ignore Colter. But he looks on them with an appreciation approaching joy.

For a moment he just sits there. Simply being alive in this world. Attuned to the motion of the train. The sun on his face. And across from him, oblivious, working away on her sketch pad, is Christina.

The best sight of all.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Banks of MACHINERY are RUNNING. Rutledge comes charging in. Flustered. Barking questions.

RUTLEDGE
What is this? Who authorized this?

TECHNICIAN
We don't know, sir. But Source Code is up and running again.

RUTLEDGE
Where's Goodwin?

The chair at the console is EMPTY.

TECHNICIAN
No idea, sir.

A DIGITAL CLOCK ticks down from 17 minutes: 15:28... 15:27... 15:26...

RUTLEDGE
What the hell is he doing?

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INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Colter drinks in the sight of Christina. Finally he gets up and walks off down the aisle.

As soon as he's gone, Christina looks up. She's observed his interest in her. Doesn't quite know what to make of it.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Colter is by himself in the exit door area. From his jacket he takes out a CELL PHONE.

CLOSE ON -- THE CELL PHONE SCREEN

As he dials 9-1-1. The call connecting...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1. What is the nature of your emergency?

INT. CONTROL CONSOLE - DAY

Rutledge watches the computers churn.

RUTLEDGE
Shut it down.

TECHNICIAN
Sir?

RUTLEDGE
Shut down the Source Code. Right now.

The technician hesitates.

RUTLEDGE (CONT'D)
Fine. I'll do it myself.

Rutledge sits down at the controls.

TECHNICIAN
I wouldn't do that.

Rutledge gives a dismissive snort. And yet he pauses.

RUTLEDGE
And why not?

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TECHNICIAN
We've never interrupted Source Code in mid run. We'd have to literally pull the plug. It could damage the processors.

RUTLEDGE
Let it finish, then. No harm in that, I guess.
(ominous)
All of you are in deep shit, I promise you. As for Goodwin, he'll never make it off this base.

Rutledge picks up a phone.

TECHNICIAN
I don't think that's where he's headed.

Rutledge considers. And then catches on.

RUTLEDGE
He wouldn't.

Looks up at the technician. Grows more and more uneasy. Snapping his attention back to

THE COUNTDOWN CLOCK

Which reads: 12:42. Before it hits 12:41, Rutledge is already out of his chair and RUNNING for the door.

RUTLEDGE
Seal the ICU. I want a detachment of MPs meeting me on the way there.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Colter walks down the aisle. Looks at HIS WATCH -- 12 minutes, 40 seconds. The train begins to SLOW DOWN.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now approaching Newark Station. Newark Station, next stop.

The Computer Engineer begins to wake up. As he does, Colter passes by, deftly slipping the borrowed cell phone back into the engineer's hand without being noticed.

Derek packs up his things. We see him hide his wallet into a gap in the seat cushions and get up.

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The College Kid, also getting up, notices Derek's wallet, picks it up and hurries after him.

COLLEGE STUDENT
Hey, you dropped this.

DEREK
Wow. Thanks.

Keeping his composure, Derek accepts the wallet.

Colter steps aside, allowing them to pass. Allowing it all to happen.

The station slides into view. No one on the platform.

INT. STAIRWELL - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Rutledge furiously descends, shoving people out of his way.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Rutledge runs up to a locked door and swipes his access card through the scanner. It comes up RED.

RUTLEDGE
What?!

He tries again. Red. The door stays LOCKED.

EXT. NEWARK PLATFORM - MORNING

The train comes to a halt. Unlike before, the doors stay shut for SEVERAL SECONDS LONGER than usual. Derek waits quietly at the doors.

Finally they open. Derek steps out onto the platform, together with the Old Man, the College Kid and Guzman.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Newark Station.

Colter remains on board, standing in the exit area, watching.

As usual, Derek quickly flips his wallet onto the next car and starts toward the station house. Guzman is ahead of him, already pushing open the doors to the station.

All is quiet. Perhaps too quiet. Derek approaches the station and sees

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THROUGH THE OPEN DOORS

In station lobby are POLICE OFFICERS.

Derek's jaw tightens. He changes course, heading instead for an outdoor stairwell.

Coming UP the stairs, however, are more POLICE OFFICERS.

Wheeling around, Derek heads the other way. Walking faster, but keeping his head. Not running, not panicking.

The train, oddly, is still sitting there.

As he nears the other end of the platform, MORE OFFICERS appear from behind columns, cutting off his escape. The police are coming from all sides, converging on the platform. Yet no one panics. No one runs. Finally --

POLICE COMMANDER
(calling out)
Derek Frost.

Derek goes to get back on the train. The doors, however, SLIDE SHUT in his face. Through the closed doors, Derek looks in at Colter, still on the train. They stare at one another through the window.

POLICE COMMANDER
Mr. Frost. Please turn to face us.

An entire PHALANX OF POLICE OFFICERS is on the platform.

DEREK
Of course. What's this about?

Unseen by the officers, Derek has taken out his CELL PHONE and is DIALING IT as he turns around.

The police approach, cautiously.

POLICE COMMANDER
Place your hands in the air.

DEREK
My pleasure.

Raising his hands, he pushes SEND on his phone.

On board the train there's a RINGING.

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INT. TRAIN - MORNING

The DETONATOR PHONE has been removed from the bomb and now rings harmlessly in the hand of the train's SECURITY OFFICER.

The restroom door is open and swarming with conductors examining the bomb.

On the platform, the officers tackle Derek, subduing him.

Passengers watch at the windows, mesmerized.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Once again, please return to your seats, ladies and gentlemen.

No way. No one's moving from the windows.

Except for Colter, who stands off by himself. The first look of satisfaction we've ever seen on his face.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

An ALARM is going off. At a locked door, an Air Force LOCKSMITH is in the process of disabling the key pad. Rutledge paces, livid.

RUTLEDGE
I want to know who reprogrammed this lock. And if you don't get this open in ten seconds I'll see that you're busted back down to private.

LOCKSMITH
I'm already a private, sir.

RUTLEDGE
Just open it! A man's life is at stake.

The key pad goes GREEN and the pressure lock releases. Rutledge tears open the door.

INT. STAIRWELL - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Armed MILITARY POLICE clatter down the steps.

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INT. BUNKER MEDICAL FACILITY - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Goodwin enters. He locks another door behind him. He is shaken but nevertheless going forward. In the chamber, three MEDICS monitor gauges and screens. One of them stands up to block his way.

MEDIC #1
Sorry, I can't let you pass.

Goodwin removes the patch on his uniform to reveal the insignia of a major.

GOODWIN
Step aside. That's an order.

MEDIC #1
We all know your rank, Goodwin, but I have explicit orders from Rutledge not to --

BAM! Goodwin drops the Medic with a splintering HEADBUTT.

GOODWIN
I'm glad you know my rank. Were you also aware I'm in the Special Forces?

EXT. NEWARK PLATFORM - MORNING

The train has been evacuated as police investigators search the rest of the cars. Hoards of passengers fill the platform as conductors try to herd them towards the station.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, rail service has been cancelled. Please clear the platform and proceed into the station. New Jersey Transit apologizes for the inconvenience.

EXT. NEWARK STATION - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Police cars parked everywhere. Two DETECTIVES are questioning the Computer Engineer.

DETECTIVE
So you have no idea how your cell phone was used to call in the tip?

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COMPUTER ENGINEER
No!

People mill about waiting for the buses, groaning and complaining. Christina accosts a passing transit employee.

CHRISTINA
What now? How do we get to work? You guys have some busses or something?

The transit employee ignores her and walks away.

CHRISTINA
Hey! I'm talking to you!

She stands there in exasperation. This whole thing has been designed to thwart her. Nearby, Colter sits on a bench.

COLTER
Ain't life grand?

Looking over, she notices him.

CHRISTINA
Yeah. Now I'm going get fired for being late.

COLTER
Maybe that's a good thing.

She gives him a sharp look.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Rutledge runs, now leading the detachment of MPs.

RUTLEDGE
Shoot him if you have to, you hear me?

The MPs exchange a look of annoyance at being ordered around by this guy.

INT. BUNKER MEDICAL FACILITY - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

A heavy INNER DOOR has been opened.

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INT. BUNKER ICU - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

The BEEPING of life support systems. The compressions of a ventilator. Goodwin approaches a GURNEY. A jungle of tubes and lines lead from the gurney into advanced machinery. A somber look on his face.

GOODWIN
Hello, Captain.

As Goodwin edges forward, we reveal the bare foot of someone lying there.

A DIGITAL TIMER reads 1 MINUTE.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

At the facility's outer door, the locksmith goes to work on another panel as Rutledge and the MPs stand by.

LOCKSMITH
Give me twenty seconds.

RUTLEDGE
Make it ten.

Rutledge looks at HIS WATCH. It reads 52 SECONDS.

EXT. NEWARK STATION - PARKING LOT - MORNING

CLOSE ON - COLTER'S WATCH

It also reads 52 seconds.

His work is done. He's saved her. Saved them all. At least this one time.

Only she doesn't know that. Christina stands there, arms crossed, scowling at the parking lot.

CHRISTINA
Could this day get any worse?

COLTER
That train was taking you to a place you didn't want to be. But then you got off. And maybe that's a sign.

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CHRISTINA
Yeah. If only.

She takes out her cell phone. The stress of her day.

CHRISTINA
I'm calling a cab. Maybe I'll only be somewhat late for work.

Colter watches her, a quiet ache inside. Maybe some people don't want to be saved.

INT. BUNKER ICU - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

The noise from the outer door grows louder. The MPs are only seconds from getting inside. Goodman moves towards the life support equipment.

As he does, we glimpse a horrifying sight: the upper half of Colter's body -- his real body -- inside a sterile tent of transparent plastic. His skull has been removed. A massive apparatus has been infused directly onto his brain.

Goodwin takes a long, last look.

GOODWIN
Thank you for your service. Time to go home.

Goodwin's hand goes to the switch to shut off life support. His eyes on the clock. It reads 30 SECONDS.

EXT. NEWARK STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Christina on the phone, waiting as it dials.

COLTER
Hey.

She turns. Colter gets up.

COLTER
You can do anything you want with your life. Starting right now.

She's taken aback. He starts walking off.

CAB DISPATCH (V.O.)
Metro Cab Dispatch.

A long beat as she watches him.

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CAB DISPATCH (V.O.)
Hello...?

Click. She shuts her phone.

Beat. Is she crazy? She's baffled by her own action. And by this unusual guy here.

CHRISTINA
Wait.

Colter turns. She crosses her arms archly.

CHRISTINA
You can't just expect someone to change her life just like that. At the very least... you'd have to buy that person coffee and explain your reasons.

She waits for his response. Uneasy at putting herself out there.

Colter's watch ticks down to the final seconds. His last moments in this world. He has only time enough for a final look of reassurance.

COLTER
Maybe some other time.

Disappointment flickers on her face. She turns to go. Behind her is a STONE WALL. A BICYCLE is parked against it.

Colter's breath catches in his throat. This is it! This is the mysterious scene he's been seeing!

HIS WATCH - Hits ZERO.

INT. BUNKER ICU - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

THE DIGITAL TIMER - Also hits ZERO.

The outer door OPENS. Rutledge RUSHES in, accompanied by MPs.

RUTLEDGE
Arrest him!

Goodwin backs away from the gurney, hands in the air.

The BEEPING has given way to a MONOTONE. All of Colter's vital signs have FLATLINED.

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RUTLEDGE
He's dying...!

Rutledge frantically goes to reconnect the machines -- but Goodwin has turned off too many of them.

RUTLEDGE
Get a medical team in here! Move!

But the MPs just stare at the appalling sight of Colter's exposed brain.

RUTLEDGE
(shrieking)
What are you standing there for?!
Do it! We can save him!!!

No one moves. Rutledge rashly grabs for one of the MP's rifles.

RUTLEDGE
I guess force is the only thing you people understa --

MP
Back away, sir, now!

The MP has leveled his rifle at Rutledge. Who steps back, aghast. His authority has vanished with Colter's life.

Goodwin shuts off the monitors. Silence fills the room.

Colter is dead.

Rutledge stares sorrowfully at Colter's body. Then at Goodwin with burning hatred.

RUTLEDGE
You're a murderer.

Goodwin offers his hands to the MP.

GOODWIN
Go ahead and arrest me.

But the MP does nothing.

GOODWIN
I'll be around. Whenever you want me.

They part as he walks out of the room. A look of grim satisfaction on his face.

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EXT. NEWARK STATION - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Christina walks past the bicycle parked against the stone wall. She's about to enter a TUNNEL that goes under the tracks. The same tunnel from Colter's vision.

She stops. Something tells her to turn around.

The bench where Colter sat is empty.

But three feet away... Colter is standing there. Still here. Dumbfounded, he looks at his watch -- it remains at ZERO.

He looks all around. Trees stirring in the breeze. A bird flies overhead. The crowd of passengers outside the station.

CHRISTINA
You okay?

Colter turns to her. How can this be? He's afraid to even speak. As if that alone could break the enchantment.

But the world is here. It goes on. That's all he knows.

Finally he swallows. Finding his voice.

COLTER
You're right. The least I can do is buy you coffee.

This pleases Christina, although she tries not to show it.

CHRISTINA
Okay, well, come on then.

Walking forward, he joins her. The two of them disappear down the tunnel.

A beautiful morning.

FADE OUT.

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