

"11:22 to Victoria"

by

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FADE IN:

EAST CROYDON TRAIN STATION. PLATFORM 6. LATE EVENING.

An express train pulls alongside the platform, passing the digital message board whose red letters inform us this is the 11:22 service to London Victoria.

A dishevelled man shuffles to the edge of the platform, crossing the red safety line. As the train reaches him he looks up at the bright yellow stars twinkling in the polluted sky, stretches his arms out skywards and falls forward into the path of the slowing train.

In the train cabin the driver slams on the emergency breaks with a look of absolute fear.

The train grinds to a halt in a spray of yellow molten metal sparks that shoot up skywards, mixing with the stars.

There is an eerie silence. The few people who are standing near to where the man jumped are motionless, looking at the front of the train for signs of life. Further back down the platform, everyone else is unaware of what has just occurred.

INT. SECOND CARRIAGE OF THE TRAIN.

We travel through the carriage in a steadycam sweep to see the six occupants - two in couples and the remaining two by themselves. The first couple are TIM and CHRISSIE, 21 year old students at Imperial College London.

BARBARA and JACKS, A couple in their fifties returning from an internet inspired blind date.

AGNIEZKA, a Polish nanny in her early 30's who has just received a telephone call that her father is ill in Gdansk. She wears a yellow scarf and figits nervously with her phone, fearing another call.

PETE. An outrageously drunk Advertising Executive who has just come from meeting an old friend in Brighton which went badly. He wears a red jumper.

All six people sit in an unnatural silence, contemplating in their own way why the train stopped so suddenly.

PETE (RUBBING THE BACK OF HIS NECK)
Prick! Easy on them brakes brother.

CUT TO PLATFORM.

Two station supervisors, Iqbal,24 and Thomas,53, hurry out of their cabin and towards the head of the train.

Both are speaking frantically into their walkie-talkies, both wear the luminous yellow tabards of Network Rail, but Iqbal keeps out the cold with a red scarf.

Thomas' fat frame cannot keep up with the agile Iqbal who reaches the driver's window first and tentatively knocks.

The driver doesn't respond, staring ahead with a frozen expression, his hands locked in a living rigamortis on the control wheel.

Thomas, puffing, catches up with Iqbal and pushes him aside. He bangs more violently on the window but to no affect.

IQBAL

Shouldn't we check the...innit?

He points to where the jumper must be.

THOMAS

Look son, they don't pay me enough for that shit. We've called Transport, let them have the bad dreams.

Iqbal is drawn to where he knows the body must be. He is trying not to look but morbid fascination draws him down. He crouches down from the driver's window to look into the black depths. His red scarf trails down to join a trail of red fluid and brain matter. With a sudden pallid realization he leaps back, frantically wiping the tassled end of the scarf.

IQBAL

Ah, that's some rank shit man, you get me?

CUT TO OTHER END OF THE PLATFORM.

A group of post-pub revellers are not aware of what has happened and are punching the electronic door release button, trying to board.

In a long tracking shot the camera moves back up the red Virgin train to the driver's cabin, taking in all the people inside, pressing against the train doors waiting to get off, as well as those outside trying to get on.

A drunken businessman standing within earshot of Iqbal shouts aggressively.

BARRY BUSINESS

What's the hold up, pal? Come on, open the bloody doors,

IQBAL
Hold on, Sir, we have a situation
here...

BARRY BUSINESS
So do I. I need a piss and I'm
freezing my tits off.

Iqbal turns to Thomas.

IQBAL
Should we open the doors?

THOMAS
This is one of them new Pendolinios.
Only the driver has access to the
doors, they're all connected.

The driver continues to stare ahead like a mannequin.

IQBAL
You kidding me? We can't open the
doors from the outside?

Thomas bangs once more on the driver's window.

The Red numerals on the digital message board above the
platform clicks over to 11:40.

A look of worry crosses Iqbal's face as he begins to hear
the sound of passengers trapped on the train start kicking
the doors.

The driver's eyes have glazed over as if he's had a
psychotic breakdown.