

NIGHT TRAIN

Written by

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EXT. DERELICT STREET - NIGHT

JASON, 16, waves his phone-torch along the wall. The wall is plastered with posters for bands, concerts, parties and other youthful ephemera.

EMMA, 15, watches his progress, bites her nails.

EMMA
C'mon, it's freezing.

JASON
You wanted to come.

Emma shudders.

EMMA
No, I just needed to chill ya out.

JASON
I was all kinds of chill.

EMMA
Horny sex pest, more like.

JASON
Potato.

Emma shoots him a withering look.

EMMA
You sure it's even here?

Jason nods enthusiastically.

JASON
Yeah, it's --

He stops.

EMMA
It's what?

He waves her over.

There's a sunken section of wall, nothing is readily visible due to the many layers of posters. He traces his hands along the edges of the depression.

EMMA
Sure?

JASON
Let's find out.

He takes a knife from his pocket and sets to cutting through the many layers of posters.

He creates a flap with the knife, wiggles his fingers beneath and pulls hard.

A large strip comes off in his hand, reveals a section of wooden board.

JASON
See, this is the way down.

He pulls more of the paper away.

JASON
Gimme a hand.

Emma joins him and yanks the posters away from the entrance, Jason cuts some more away from the edges of the sunken section.

Soon they've cleared a rough, door shape.

JASON
Wow!

EMMA
It's real.

JASON
Let's move that board.

He pulls the wood, the board groans, moves a little.

Emma grabs the other side, pulls hard too.

Inch by inch the board shifts, peels back, revealing the dark confines of a stairwell.

JASON
It's all true.

EMMA
You said you knew it was here.

JASON
Yeah, well, Dad saying it was here,
and this... it's really... er,
real.

He shines his light into the dark stairwell.

EMMA
You really going down?

Jason nods.

JASON
(under breath)
Unlike you.

EMMA
What?

He squeezes past the board, into the stairwell.

JASON (O.S.)
Coming?

EMMA
(under breath)
Unlike you.

She follows.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jason and Emma play the light from their torch apps over the walls, stairs and down into the gloom.

The room is neglected, cobwebs cover every surface and water pools in shallow puddles.

Something SCURRIES away into the deeper darkness where the stairs lead down.

EMMA
What was that?

JASON
Mouse... probably.

Emma shivers.

They advance.

EMMA
We're in now, we could just get some great selfies and leg it.

JASON
Nah, we're going down.

EMMA
Why?

JASON
Boards are off now, everyone will
see the entrance.

EMMA
So?

Jason sighs, mild exasperation on his face.

JASON
So I'm gonna get to do something
first tonight.

He steps forward, shines his light onto the step down.

JASON
Coming, or you got cold feet -
again?

Emma reluctantly joins him.

They step down.

INT. DISUSED TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Jason helps Emma down the last couple of steps, they stand
and survey the small platform.

EMMA
Wow.

JASON
It's all true.

He walks to the platform edge, looks down to the rusty
tracks.

JASON
Nothing comes along here any --

A slight RUMBLE interrupts him.

EMMA
You were saying.

The RUMBLE increases in volume then fades... to silence.

JASON
Another track, near though.

Emma joins him at the platform edge.

EMMA
What's it here for?

She indicates the surroundings with a sweep of her hand.

EMMA
It's tiny, couldn't fit many
passengers.

Jason shakes his head.

JASON
Weren't for passengers, least not
normal ones.

Emma looks confused.

EMMA
What was it for then?

JASON
Bodies.

EMMA
What?

JASON
It only runs to Bradstock Cemetery.

EMMA
Why, that's miles away?

JASON
Dad said the local ones were full,
already burying em on top of each
other.

EMMA
Urgh.

JASON
Exactly. So they put this here,
transport the dead nice n' quiet
like.

EMMA
Jeez, you coulda told me before,
that is so mega creepy.

Jason laughs, a hard edge to it.

JASON
Don't run now, not for years, well
except...

EMMA

What? Except what?

JASON

Well, there's meant to be a ghost train... collects lost souls.

EMMA

Bullshit.

JASON

Probably, know soon enough.

EMMA

Now what you on about?

Jason checks his phone, holds it up.

JASON

Nearly midnight.

EMMA

You are so full of shit.

Jason shrugs and looks at his phone again, taps the screen.

EMMA

This just cos I wouldn't put out?

Jason shrugs, sullen.

EMMA

I told ya, it ain't you. I'm just not ready.

JASON

I know, you said... repeatedly.

A WHISTLE, muffled and distant, but clearly an old train.

EMMA

Fuck.

Jason grins.

JASON

See.

The WHISTLE comes again.

Emma grabs his arm.

EMMA
Train's in another tunnel
somewhere, right?

WHISTLE. Sounds closer.

JASON
Don't have whistles these days.

RUMBLING.

EMMA
What the...

RUMBLING.

JASON
Sounds like it's coming.

Double WHISTLE.

Out of the gloom comes a faint light, still far down the tunnel.

RUMBLING, WHISTLE, closer and closer.

EMMA
No, fuck this and fuck you, Jason
Gardner.

Emma turns on her heels and disappears up the stairs, footsteps quick and panicked.

Jason laughs.

JASON
Wish you woulda.

Jason waves his phone down the empty tunnel, the light from his torch app plays in the shadows, not a bad imitation of a train light.

INSERT: Jason's phone.

A grubby finger switches off the Sound Effects app.

JASON
That'll learn ya.

He turns to leave.

Quiet RUMBLE, sound of BRAKES, HISS of steam.

Jason checks his phone, all the apps are closed.

Light bathes Jason from behind, fills the platform with a soft glow.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
Will Sir be joining us tonight?

Jason turns back to the voice.

The spectral apparition of a Victorian train CONDUCTOR, ancient, stands before him.

The spectre holds open the door to a shimmering carriage, one of many on the ghostly steam train.

CONDUCTOR
Always room for one more lonely
soul.

Each carriage is full of the dead from ages gone by. They squash against the windows, phantom arms penetrate the glass windows and reach out to Jason.

They beckon him as one, skeletal fingers curling, beseeching him to come forward.

CONDUCTOR
All aboard.

FADE OUT.

THE END