

TRACKDOWN

By

Ron Mita & Jim McClain

Male Draft 4.0
June 9, 1995

FADE IN

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - NIGHT

The English Channel separating Great Britain from the European continent, a narrow strip of ocean on the gray North Sea whose rushing violence and brutal chaos lay ever in wait, ready to bite without warning.

The monstrous ocean liner Queen Elizabeth II, bound for London, sails forward against foul weather.

INT. STATE ROOM - NIGHT

The lush suite is filled with several packed or near packed bags and trunks. DANIEL HUTTON stands next to his luggage fiddling with his tie. There is a KNOCK at the door and he steps over to open it.

A ship's porter, MICHAEL SINCLAIR, fills the doorway with his push cart. Sinclair, American, late 30s-early 40s, distinctively handsome, his face alight with an almost ironic smile and an all-knowing twinkle in his eye, steps into the room.

SINCLAIR

Mr. Hutton?

HUTTON

Incredible, you must be a mind reader.

Hutton motions to his luggage around the room.

HUTTON (*CONT'D*)

I haven't quite finished packing yet. I was hoping to catch one more drink before we docked.

SINCLAIR

I could come back if you want?

HUTTON

No that's okay. Hey, you're an American. You must be the only one on the crew.

SINCLAIR

There's a few of us on board. This isn't my real job, anyway. I'm just doing it for the free passage.

HUTTON

What's your real job?

Sinclair puts a suitcase down on his cart and faces Hutton.

SINCLAIR

I'm a terrorist. I was hired by a radical offshoot group of the IRA, sent here to kill you and assume your identity in order to strike at the very heart of England.

Hutton blanches in spite of himself. Sinclair grins.

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

I'm kidding. Actually it was this or be a waiter. I'm working my way through the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I'm studying to be an actor.

HUTTON

Ohhhh...Hey, you're pretty good.

SINCLAIR

You think? Thanks. I had you goin' there, didn't I?

HUTTON

Well for a second, yeah, I was like, whoa, wait a minute. So what want do you want to do, movies or television...

SINCLAIR

Yeah, well theater is my first love, but I really want to get into TV. That's where all the money is.

HUTTON

I don't watch much of the telly.

SINCLAIR

You should give it a chance. I mean I know it's full of violence. Don't get me wrong, I'm not against the violence, just the way they do it. So fake, so staged.

Hutton turns to a mirror and straightens his tie.

HUTTON

I know what you mean. On television it's always so simple. You know how hard it must be to kill a person in real life?

SINCLAIR

It's not as hard as you think.

From nowhere Sinclair loops a thin wire garrote around the businessman's neck. He pulls the fine wire tight, twisting it until his knuckles turn white.

A bead of blood appears on Hutton's neck. He struggles to free himself, but Sinclair pulls him tighter into a death grip. With his last gasp of life he looks to Sinclair with a wondering look on his face.

HUTTON

Why...

Hutton slips into death and slumps to the floor of the state room.

SINCLAIR

It's personal.

Hutton lays dead on the floor, his eyes rolled back in their sockets. Slipping a razor sharp knife from his pocket, Sinclair cuts off Hutton's right forefinger. He drops the finger into a plastic bag, drags Hutton to a large steamer trunk, empties its contents and stuffs the dead man's body inside. Sinclair snaps open Hutton's briefcase, pockets a passport, several documents and the severed finger.

EXT. SHIPS DECK - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair ushers the trunk across the vacant deck. Pausing by the railing, he makes sure no one is watching then dumps the trunk overboard into the white-capped waves of the Channel.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Freefalling we plunge with the trunk through the icy water. Instantly all goes deep green, another reality taking us deeper and deeper as the trunk drifts silently bottomward.

The trunk hits the channel floor sending up a plume of silt, but we keep descending through green murk, sludge and white chalk marl. We continue downward into the darkness. Then...

...a brilliant light hits our eyes momentarily blinding us.

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY ONE - CONTINUOUS

The light belongs to a sleek, snub-nosed bullet train which thunders down steel rails at and over us. As quickly as it appeared, it's gone.

Deep under the channel, a wide concrete-lined corridor stretches for miles in either direction, fading into darkness. This tunnel is one of three that make up the channel crossing. The north tunnel(the French tunnel) runs the France-to-England route, while the south tunnel(the English tunnel) runs the opposite direction. Between the two massive train tunnels lies a smaller paved tunnel used by service and emergency vehicles.

We are standing in crossover gallery one, a man-made cavern two football fields in length, 13 kilometers into the tunnel.

The ceiling is 30 feet high and the walls are 40 feet across. Silver tracks criss-cross the tunnel floor, allowing the train to switch from tunnel to tunnel.

From the dark recesses of the wall step five figures. Into the light walks CHARLIE SANGER, a handsome American with a relaxed masculine authority. His powerful rugged features and wistful smile, give him an almost poetic edge.

Charlie walks over to a two-foot-tall orange mechanical device placed near a track switch that leads to the crossover.

Tunnelman, SEAN FLYNN, a red-nosed old Irishman with shocking white hair ambles to his side. He is followed by RADAKRISHNA, a sturdy Pakistani with an agile build.

CHARLIE

Let's go, guys. We've got about ten minutes 'til the next southbound.

FLYNN

You heard the man. Hop to.

The three man welding crew diligently steps over to the device and resumes their installation. Radakrishna lifts a metal grating from the center of the tracks and puts it aside.

RONEY, the burly lead welder, straddles the track as his acetylene torch throws hot sparks. BEECH, a thin and irritable man in rubber hip-waders steps into the sluiceway, a four foot deep concrete drainage channel that runs the length of the tunnel below the tracks. Knee-high water rushes past him toward the center of the tunnel.

BEECH

Christ, these waders are stretched out worse than a Yorkshire whore. I'm soaked in here. Why do I have to stand in the water?

RONEY

We drew, you lost. Now hold the center cross steady.

CHARLIE

(checks his watch)
Damn, look at the time.

FLYNN

In a rush today, huh?

CHARLIE

My vacation starts tomorrow. I'm taking Jessica to Paris.

FLYNN
 (affectionate)
 Ah, the princess goes to the
 continent?

CHARLIE
 We need to do something together. We
 haven't gone on a real vacation since
 her mom died six years ago.

FLYNN
 What about Bridget?

CHARLIE
 It's just Jessi and me. We need some
 quality time.

BRIDGET(VO)
 If you spent an evening with Charlie
 and his daughter, you'd know they
 need quality time together.

Charlie and Flynn turn to see tunnel electrician BRIDGET
 RIORDAN, Irish, early thirties, with wholesome good looks
 and a cut-through-the-bullshit attitude, appear out of the
 service tunnel.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 I disconnected the double conduit
 circuitry. I can't believe you and
 Margraves got Lord Morton to sign
 off on these flood sensors.

CHARLIE
 Well...Morton didn't exactly okay
 it. Margraves is going to tell him
 after they're in place.

FLYNN
 He's gonna go right through the roof.

CHARLIE
 Let him. It's a safety issue. If
 there's a breach anywhere in the
 tunnel these sensors will
 automatically seal the flood doors.
 Since I'm the safety systems engineer,
 it's my call. Right? Besides, Morton's
 not my problem, he's Margraves'.

BRIDGET
 You're putting your ass on the line,
 Charlie. Just make sure it comes
 back to me in one piece.

Beech, still chest-deep in the sluiceway, snickers to Casperly.

BEECH

(to Caspery)

She's a piece of ass I wouldn't mind tunneling into.

Bridget spins around and pins Beech's head between the rails with her right foot to his neck. Beech struggles to free himself gasping for air.

BRIDGET

Right now you should be worrying less about my ass and more about my foot.

Three gentle chimes followed by a soft-voiced recorded announcement echo off the walls.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Your attention please. The Eurostar Shuttle is entering the tunnel. All work crews are to stand away from the tracks. ETA at this section five minutes.

Bridget looks at the helpless man, then shoves him down into the water. Beech pops up soaking wet as all the men laugh.

CHARLIE

They're early. Grab your tools and step back.

RADAKRISHNA

Right-o, Charlie.

Beech, muttering to himself, climbs out of the cement water channel and replaces the metal grate between the tracks.

CHARLIE

Hey, Roney. The train's in the tunnel. Get a move on.

He continues preoccupied. Charlie begins walking toward him. The chimes ring followed by a second announcement which places the ETA at three minutes. Charlie taps on Roney's helmet.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I appreciate the enthusiasm, but I don't need you plastered on the front of a bullet train. Let's go.

RONEY

I'm just finished.

As Roney stands to leave, his tool belt catches on the metal switch box. He pulls it free, but the wide leather belt tugs on a small electronic relay.

The box activates and with a swift click, the switch throws left, clamping Roney's right foot between the rails.

RONEY (CONT'D)

My foot! Open the fucking switch.
It's got my foot.

RADAKRISHNA

Grab the switch! Hurry!

Beech grabs the manual switch and pulls, but to no avail. The track mechanism tightens sending Roney into even greater spasms of pain. The three chimes ring and green signal lights running the length of the tunnel turn red.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Your attention please. The Eurostar Shuttle is in the tunnel. All work crews please stand away from the tracks. ETA at this section two minutes.

Radakrishna and Beech step forward to help.

CHARLIE

Find a rod. We'll pry him loose.

RONEY

Hurry! It's slicing into my foot.

CHARLIE

Bridget, get on the line and stop the train.

Bridget races to a black box on the wall, yanks it open and yells into the phone.

BRIDGET

Get me the tower. This is an emergency.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

High to the side of the English opening, the tower monitors the train yard and all three tunnels. The interior of the tower resembles NASA's mission control with one huge wall of windows. Dozens of technicians monitor video and computer displays.

The entire back wall is an electronic mock-up of the two train tunnels and the central service way. A liquid crystal display(LCD) readout of bright colors lights up at various intervals. A swift green blip representing the speeding train moves eastward at a quick clip.

The phone RINGS and the low man, BUSHNELL, answers.

BUSHNELL

Control.

INT. TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY ONE - CONTINUOUS

Roney's anguished cries reverberate off the cement walls. In the background the English announcement telling us the train will pass in two minutes is finishing.

BRIDGET

Bushnell, this is Bridget Riordan.
I've got a man down on the tracks at
gallery one. You've got to stop the
train.

BUSHNELL (O.S.)

I'm sorry. Could you repeat that?

BRIDGET

Stop the Goddamned train!

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Bushnell has called the Eurotunnel head supervisor THOMAS MARGRAVES over to the phone. Tall and balding, Margraves snatches the headset from Bushnell.

MARGRAVES

Who is this?

BRIDGET (O.S.)

The tracks aren't clear. I've got a
man on the tracks.

MARGRAVES

Are you aware there's a train in the
tunnel?

INT. TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY ONE - CONTINUOUS

BRIDGET

Listen. You've gotta stop it. It's
heading straight for Roney. He's
trapped on the tracks...

The SQUEAL of the train permeates the air. Bridget drops the phone and races back to the switch.

CUT TO:

INT. DIFFERENT PART OF THE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The polished bullet train careens through the inky blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY ONE - CONTINUOUS

Radakrishna and Beech have improvised a lever, but the track refuses to budge. Roney is sitting across the tracks madly pulling at his foot. He attempts to unlace the boot and slip his foot out, but no luck. Blood seeps through the eyeholes as pressure from the rail increases.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Your attention please. The Eurostar Shuttle is in the tunnel. All work crews are to stand away from the tracks. ETA at this section is one minute.

An eerie metal on metal sound pierces the air. Charlie looks up, grabs the pry rod and pulls.

FLYNN

It's almost here.

The rod SNAPS sending Beech, Radakrishna and Charlie to the ground.

RONEY

I don't want to die. Don't let me die down here.

BEECH

He's locked in too tight. We gotta leave him.

BRIDGET

Charlie, there's no more time.

Beech and Radakrishna are up and sprinting away. Roney's eyes plead with Charlie as he helplessly watches the trapped man.

RONEY

Jesus Christ, Charlie. Cut off my fucking foot. Cut it off!

Charlie searches the tunnel in desperation. His eyes stop on the acetylene torch. He picks up it up, sparks it and turns to Flynn and Bridget.

CHARLIE

Get out.

They shoot him a horrified glance, then bolt to the exit. The track SQUEAL intensifies and a faint breeze begins to blow. Tears stream down Roney's face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(coldly)
Hold still.

Charlie, working over Roney's ankle, adjusts the flame to a sharp blue point...

...then turns and begins cutting into the steel switch box. Molten steel pops and fizzes as Charlie haphazardly slices the silver panel open.

RONEY

I don't want to die. Christ, I don't want to die like this.

The track SQUEAL has been joined by the train's ROAR and a strong headwind. A light appears on Charlie's face as he pries the back off the switch box and reaches inside. His hand is burned by the sparking wires as he blindly gropes for the lever that will free the trapped man.

RONEY (CONT'D)

Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name...

The prayer continues as the crisp white beam of the train's halogen headlight casts a ghostly pall over Charlie and Roney.

A BLAST of the train's horn is followed by a sparked cloud of black and gray which envelopes the steel wheels.

Roney screams in fear as Charlie reaches deep into the switch box and finds the lever. With a rush of adrenaline, he gives it an almost superhuman pull. Wires spark, gears click and the track begins to shift. Charlie grabs Roney and pulls.

The train bears down at over fifty miles per hour. It's streamline design fills the tunnel like a piston. Charlie presses Roney's body flat to the wall as the train hurtles past.

Charlie's chest heaves from the effort as Roney slips into unconsciousness. The train passes and Charlie turns to see a jubilant crew running toward him.

FLYNN

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. It's enough to make me heart stop.

The men help Roney out of the tunnel and into the service way.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAR'S HEAD PUB - NIGHT

Located in the center of Folkestone, The Boar's Head is a classic English pub with a shingle roof and an ancient wooden exterior.

INT. BOARS HEAD PUB - NIGHT

JESSICA SANGER, an eleven-year-old with an angelic face and a mischievous streak, sits across from Bridget in an old wooden booth. The low MURMUR of dinner conversations permeates the air. Jessica animatedly points to a small scar on her elbow.

JESSICA

...and this one I got rollerblading. When we move to Los Angeles, I'm gonna learn how to surf. That ought to flip dad out.

BRIDGET

If you want to get your dad's attention, why not just talk to him?

JESSICA

I talk to him all the time.

BRIDGET

You know what I mean. The way you and I talk.

JESSICA

That's different. You listen to me. You're not always telling me what to do.

BRIDGET

I'm not your mother...

JESSICA

But you could be. I can't believe dad hasn't asked you to marry him.

BRIDGET

It's complicated. It's not just your father...

JESSICA

Look, you spend all your time together, you get along great and you like me, right? Soooo?

BRIDGET

I'd like nothing more than to be your ma, but let's the three of us take it slow.

Bridget smiles as Charlie comes back to the table with two pints and a coke.

CHARLIE

So, what're you two talking about?

JESSICA
Just stuff. Personal stuff.

BRIDGET
You know us. Conspiring to take over
the world.

CHARLIE
Is that good or bad?

Bridget shoots him a sly grin and slides out of the booth.

BRIDGET
If you'll excuse me, I need to place
a call.

They both watch her disappear into the bar's crowd.

JESSICA
(acerbic)
So, did you talk to Miss Pruett at
Edgehill?

CHARLIE
I had a tough time getting them to
take you back after the exploding
toilet incident.

JESSICA
I was only showing Ainsley what you
taught me. Flashlight batteries,
ammonia and bleach don't mix.

CHARLIE
I didn't show you that to destroy
school property. It was a science
project.

JESSICA
Fine, I'll never do anything
scientific the rest of my life. Does
that make you happy?

Frustrated, Charlie sighs.

CHARLIE
Listen, we'll put all that behind
us. I've got a surprise for you. I'm
taking a week off and tomorrow we're
going to take the train to Paris.

JESSICA
(brightening)
Paris! Now, that sounds all right.
Is Bridget coming, too?

Charlie hesitates then nods.

CHARLIE

Sure, I mean I thought it would be just the two of us, but I guess I could ask if she wants to come along.

JESSICA

That'd be great, Dad.

Charlie fixes his gaze on Bridget who stands near the bar locked in a heated discussion with a husky MAN in a weathered wool jacket.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)

When are we gonna move back to LA?

CHARLIE

My contract runs for another year here. After that I thought we might go to Brazil. There's a dam project...

JESSICA

Brazil? Why can't we just go back to America? I'm sick of moving around. I wanna live in one place. I want permanent friends.

CHARLIE

Jessica, we've discussed this a million times and I'm sorry you don't like it, but for now this is just how it has to be.

JESSICA

I hate England. It's got crappy weather and every kid at that school has a stick up his ass.

CHARLIE

I know this is hard on you, but one of these days we'll find a place and settle down. I promise.

JESSICA

Don't make promises you won't keep.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The small nondescript apartment is tastefully, but dryly furnished. It's the epitome of a corporate two-bedroom. Charlie and Jessica sit on a small loveseat while Bridget sticks her head out of the kitchen.

BRIDGET

I'm making coffee. Charlie?

CHARLIE

Black.

JESSICA

Just a little milk in mine.

Charlie smirks at Jessica.

CHARLIE

She'll have her coffee and milk
without the coffee.

BRIDGET

Right. One black and one very white.

Bridget disappears into the kitchen and Charlie leans into Jessica.

CHARLIE

What's with you? You've been moping
around all night.

Jessica Yeah, well, I'm going to go to bed.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

Sure, but we're going to talk about
this in the morning.

As Bridget walks back into the room carrying a tray of cups, she passes by Jessica.

BRIDGET

Where are we off to?

JESSICA

Bed. Goodnight.

Jessica walks into the bedroom as Bridget puts the tray in front of Charlie. She picks up the coffee and takes a sip.

BRIDGET

She's her father's daughter. You've
got so many loose ends tangled up
inside it's only natural you'd trip
over them when you're together.

CHARLIE

Tripping's one thing, but lately
we've been falling on our faces.
She's been harassing me about moving
back to the States for the last two
years.

BRIDGET

Maybe she's just tired of traveling.

CHARLIE

In the Navy we lived in at least a dozen different places and she never complained. Then when her mother died I left the service and dragged Jessica from Cairo to Johannesburg to Honduras, always for work...and to forget.

BRIDGET

She's never had a real home. Nothing's ever been regular...normal. Have you tried just sitting down and talking to her?

CHARLIE

I'm not sure she'll give me the chance.

Bridget picks up the tray and heads for the kitchen. Charlie stands, clutches her arm and pulls her into a deep kiss.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

Are you going to stay tonight?

BRIDGET

Sorry, but I've got to run an errand tomorrow. I'll meet you at the Exhibition Center. 8 o'clock?

Bridget grabs her jacket and heads for the door.

CHARLIE

Yeah, great.

BRIDGET

She love's you, Charlie. She doesn't know how to show it. Slainte.

Bridget flashes a charming smile and eases out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL PASSENGER CENTER/TRAIN YARD - DAY

The Eurotunnel Center at Folkestone is a monstrous complex of railway platforms, trains, switch yards and buildings sprawling over hundreds of acres. A congested roadway deposits cars and trucks onto ramps leading directly to rail cars. The passenger complex is a hub of activity with trains arriving and departing every fifteen minutes. Sleek Eurostar shuttle trains gleam in the English sun.

All this activity surrounds two immense portals opening out of a grassy hillside like the menacing eyes of a buried giant. Silver tracks disappear into the tunnels' darkness.

ANGLE ON

A flatbed truck as it wheels through a sea of people and comes to a stop next to a polished bullet train. A CREW OF FOUR quietly step off. Without a word, the leader, COLEMAN, a tall stern Irishman, signals two of his countrymen, LORCAN and AIDAN. Aidan stamps out a cigarette and begins helping Lorcan load crates onto the train. COLLEEN, an attractive redheaded woman, slides open an electrical control panel and clips wires to a relay box.

As Colleen finishes she turns and passes...

Charlie, looking comfortable in a white shirt and jeans, is followed by Jessica.

CHARLIE

Are you going to give me the silent treatment all day?

JESSICA

How come Bridget didn't spend the night?

Charlie looks at his straight-to-the-point daughter.

CHARLIE

I should've taken the silent treatment. We just want to take it a little slow.

JESSICA

Take it any slower and Bridget's gonna spend her nights somewhere else.

CHARLIE

Where did you learn to talk like that?

JESSICA

I read it in Cosmo. You only scored a 27 on the "How to Land a Spouse" test.

Charlie and Jessica approach the Eurotunnel Exhibition Center.

INT. LIGHTBOX DISPLAY - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Jessica find themselves walking through a life-size facsimile of the English Channel tunnel. Essentially a walk-through lightbox, the walls and floors are backlit to show every tunnel intricacy. Tracks and gratings are painted on the floors.

Charlie and Jessica stand in front of a 4 X 6 section of wall.

The gray wall shimmers a bit and disappears into blackness. A fanfare sounds and the image of PATRICK STEWART walks out of the darkness toward them until his life-size image fills the wall screen.

PATRICK STEWART
Welcome to the Eurotunnel
Transcontinental railway...

JESSICA
Hey! It's Captain Picard.

PATRICK STEWART
...Since the time of Napoleon, men have dreamed of connecting England and France via a tunnel under the English Channel. The dream has lingered in various guises, but not until our time has it finally taken concrete shape when English and French tunnelers finally met beneath the sea and shook hands on December 1, 1990. 52 kilometers in length, 40 of which are under water, the Eurotunnel is actually three tunnels...

As he speaks his image fades and a 3-D computer animated rendering of the three tunnels materializes. The image starts with a view from above, slowly rotates to the side and then around to the ends.

PATRICK STEWART (*CONT'D*)
...One northbound, one southbound and a service tunnel in between, the Eurotunnel stretches from Folkestone, England to Calais, France. Come with me as our tour takes us deep below the English Channel to the very heart of Eurotunnel.

Patrick Stewart walks off to the right and the screen fades from black to the original gray cement wall.

JESSICA
I want to see the next one.

Stopping in front of another section of tunnel, Charlie and Jessica watch the wall shimmer away revealing Patrick Stewart. The sound of WATER RUNNING is audible in the background.

PATRICK STEWART
We're standing in the very center of the Eurotunnel. 120 meters underwater and another 20 meters below the chalk marl floor of the English Channel. Shhh, listen...

Patrick Stewart puts a finger to his lips and cocks his head as if listening.

PATRICK STEWART (CONT'D)

...Running water. Not the sound you'd expect to hear in an underwater tunnel, but I assure you this is a sound you want to hear. The outer surface of the tunnel is extremely porous; in fact it leaks. It's designed to. Being so far beneath the English Channel the pressure is tremendous, but allowing the tunnel to leak at a rate we control, neutralizes the pressure and eliminates the strain on the structure. If it did not leak the external pressure would crush the tunnel like an egg...

Patrick Stewart continues to talk as Charlie checks his watch. He turns to see DOYLE MAXWELL, a tunnel crew chief for Eurotunnel. Lean and handsome the Irishman seems distracted as Charlie waves him over.

CHARLIE

(calling)

Maxwell.

MAXWELL

Charlie. I don't really have time...

Maxwell notices Jessica standing at her father's side.

CHARLIE

Have you met my daughter?

MAXWELL

Yes, it's...Jessica, right? Charlie I'd love to chat, but I've got to...I'm late for my shift.

A gentle voice comes over the PA.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Charlie Sanger please report to systems operation. Charlie Sanger to systems operation.

CHARLIE

I can't believe this. How do they know I'm even here?

Maxwell moves on and Charlie turns to Jessica.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You heard 'em, Jessi. This shouldn't take long. Meet me in the pavilion in 15 minutes.

JESSICA

Yeah, whatever.

Charlie turns to Maxwell.

CHARLIE

Maxwell, wait. I ran into a couple of your guys in the tunnel yesterday without their ID badges. You know the regulations on that.

MAXWELL

(distracted)

I know, I know. I reported it to security, but we're changing ID badges day after tomorrow. It's not that big a deal.

Maxwell hustles off through the crowd and disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL - DAY

CLOSE ON red ID badges clipped to the chest pocket of two men.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL DEZ and CULLEN MCCARTAN, two blond Irish brothers with ruddy complexions, standing on the platform of a scissors-lift rail-truck. Dez molds a clay-like plastic explosive into a narrow rope and presses it into the crack of a ceiling tile.

Cullen attaches two yellow wires and rigs them to a detonator. Using a small hammer to tap the detonator into place he misses the device and strikes a plastic cooling pipe rupturing it. Red freon trickles out.

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL/MONITORING STATION - CONTINUOUS

A TECHNICIAN sits in front of a series of controls monitoring the three water seepage tanks. He reads a magazine while eating a sandwich.

The door behind the man opens and he turns around...

...In a flash of steel, a six inch blade is thrust into the man's heart by LEARY, a hardened Irishman. The Technician slumps to the floor and Leary steps over to the monitoring station.

He types in a string of commands and a wall of LCD readouts change color from green to red. On the main monitor we see: SEEPAGE SHUTDOWN INITIATED. A digital reference clock begins counting down from 3 minutes.

INT. TUNNEL WALL/SEEPAGE SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a narrow channel between the chalk marl ceiling and the heavy cement ceiling tiles. Several 5 inch diameter seepage vents are inset into the top of the shaft allowing water to pass from the marl into the seepage shaft and down into the sluiceway. The gentle water flow is interrupted as the seepage vents seal shut. The sound of WATER drains away.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGRAVES OFFICE - DAY

The office is expansive with paneled walls and two large windows flanking an ornately carved oak desk. A scale model of the tunnel sits off to the right side of the room.

Charlie enters the room and walks toward Margraves who talks on the telephone.

MARGRAVES

...but that wasn't our intention
Lord Morton...Yes of course...When
you put it like that I
understand...Right. Right away, sir.
We'll get on it today.

Margraves hangs up the phone and waves Charlie in.

CHARLIE

Lord Morton on the warpath again?

MARGRAVES

You don't even want to know. Word
got back to him about the flood
sensors and he went ballistic.

CHARLIE

I don't see how that's an issue.

MARGRAVES

(mimicking Morton)
"I don't want the tabloid's to assume
that there is even a remote
possibility of a flood or cave-in
inside the tunnel. And that's exactly
the impression the flood sensors you
installed give". The man's a raging
tosser, but what can we do, Charlie?
He runs the show.

CHARLIE

I want to go on record as saying his decision is a mistake.

MARGRAVES

Noted, but he wants them out today.

CHARLIE

But my vacation starts today. Jessi and I...

MARGRAVES

I'm sorry, but with Lord Morton, today means yesterday.

CHARLIE

I'll figure something out.

Frustrated Charlie walks to the oak office door. As he pulls it open UPTON NEWBY, a skinny, middle-aged ex-army official pushes through. Dull and very British he is impervious to Margraves' teasing. Charlie passes Newby on his way out of the office.

MARGRAVES

Stand to and let a titan pass. It's Newby of security. Sniffed out any old ladies stealing from the snack bar, old boy?

NEWBY

Not funny, you know. Here's damn serious business.

Newby holds up a file folder, moves to Margrave's desk and places it in front of him.

MARGRAVES

Good, God. Don't tell me you've really got something? Is it another of your conspiring terrorist plots?

NEWBY

Well, in point of fact yes. I've been talking to Hathaway in pure intelligence.

MARGRAVES

You mean those think tank jobs at MI5?

NEWBY

The cease-fire notwithstanding we have suspected that an IRA splinter faction, Ghlas Domhain, Bealach Fada or perhaps Caidé Sin, might have planted a man on a tunnel crew.

MARGRAVES

We've been over this before, but please tell me about it again. In excruciating detail.

NEWBY

Our suspicions were confirmed this morning when a tip came in giving us a name. It's in the folder. We've dispatched a security team and should have the shiner in custody by tea.

Margraves glances at the folder and a look of surprise comes across his face.

MARGRAVES

Well, I wouldn't have expected this. I'm bristling with anticipation. Call me when it's done and meanwhile it's business as usual.

CUT TO:

INT. EXHIBITION CENTER - DAY

The center is a showplace for the most expensive and ambitious project in human history. A huge scale cut-away model of the English Channel Tunnel is the centerpiece of the impressive chrome and glass facility. The floors and walls are adorned with oversized photos and numerous interactive exhibits documenting the various phases of the tunnel's construction.

Jessica waits under a clock tower as Charlie approaches. Charlie can't hide his serious face.

JESSICA

Oh, no. I can see it. I know that face. The trip's off, right?

CHARLIE

Just delayed. An emergency came up and I'm needed in the tunnel. What do you say we try again tomorrow?

JESSICA

Where have I heard that? "We'll try again tomorrow", and then tomorrow something else comes up. Why can't I just go with Bridget? You can catch up with us.

CHARLIE

I don't know. I'll be a couple of hours in the tunnel and I don't even know where Bridget is...

JESSICA

You drag me round the world, you
send me to "prison" school, you
promise to take me to Paris and now
you bag on me. Thanks a lot.

Jessica pleads with her eyes as she lays on the guilt.

CHARLIE

All right. Okay. Here's what we'll
do. I'll put you on the train with
Tom Spinney. Bridget can meet you
there and I'll catch up with the two
of you at the Calais station.

JESSICA

(surprised)

That was way too easy. You're
slipping, Dad.

Charlie laughs lightly as he leads Jessica away.

CUT TO:

INT. FRENCH TUNNEL FLOOD DOOR - DAY

GARRETT, a hard-eyed decrepit man, kneels along the tracks near the recessed flood door. He pulls a round flat contact mine out of a backpack and places it on the ground. Pulling a pin from each mine causes a red button to pop up and arm the mine.

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL/KILOMETER 43 - CONTINUOUS

Dez leans over a black box on one side of the tracks. He attaches a small antenna and adjusts it to point to a receiver on the ceiling next to the first trigger and detonator.

Cullen, near the ceiling, attaches a cable from the trigger to the explosives.

Dez pushes a button on the black box and a thin red beam of laser light cuts across the tracks to the other side where it hits a small reflector.

INT. TRANSMACHE OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A long hallway. Several PEOPLE move from office to office. At the far end of the hall an elevator door slides open and Sinclair walks out with a security badge clipped to his pocket.

Strolling down the hallway, Sinclair looks at each doorway coming to a stop in front of the Operations Personnel Office.

Taking the badge from his pocket he slides it through a card scanner. A saucer-sized disc on the wall flashes.

Sinclair places his hand on the scanner and we notice his forefinger is a bit deformed. Closer examination reveals Hutton's finger, hollowed out and slipped over Sinclair's like a condom.

The green light scans the forefinger and a few seconds later a small monitor reads out: DANIEL HUTTON ID #3633-A CLEARANCE LEVEL 5. The door pops open automatically and Sinclair enters.

INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Two COMPUTER TECHNICIANS sit across the room entering data.

SINCLAIR

(British accent)

Hello. I'm Kelly from CIS. I was told to take a look a work station three.

COMPUTER TECH #1

(without looking)

Next row over.

Sinclair moves to the workstation and adjusts the glowing computer screen. He types in a few commands and a list of trains comes up. He selects train one-five departing at 10:30 A.M. and a list of 8 names comes up. Scanning down the list of job titles he stops at the security officer. Highlighting the name, a photo and personnel file for Clark Kellogg comes up on the screen.

Hitting the print button, a laser printer quickly feeds out a hard copy. Sinclair stands, picks up the copy, and heads to the door.

SINCLAIR

Nothing wrong with that workstation.
Guess I heard wrong.

EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

The checkpoint is the high-tech entrance to the train boarding area. Armed SOLDIERS stand behind TECHNICIANS who usher the passengers through molecular scanning devices and metal detectors. Each piece of carry-on luggage passes through two x-ray machines.

A small crowd of well dressed, well heeled BUSINESSMEN, TOURISTS, and COMMUTERS stand in line chatting.

Jessica darts ahead and takes a position at the rear of the line. As she beckons to her father, Sinclair steps in behind her.

JESSICA

(to Sinclair)

Hey, my Dad's standing there.

SINCLAIR

I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

You need to be more careful.

(to Sinclair)

I'm really sorry. My daughter doesn't always have the best manners.

SINCLAIR

My fault entirely.

As they talk they come upon the first security station. Sinclair hands his passport to the GUARD on duty. The guard looks at the document and holds the photo up to Sinclair's face for comparison. The guard nods and hands it back to Sinclair who walks on with a wry smile.

GUARD

Thank you, sir. Next.

Charlie hands over his and Jessica's passports as we move to the next station.

SINCLAIR

Goodness, you would think the President was riding this train.

JESSICA

They're scared about someone blowing this place up. It's like that all over Europe.

SINCLAIR

Well, you seem to know a lot about everything...

JESSICA

Jessica. I'm Jessica. This is my dad, Charlie.

SINCLAIR

Daniel Hutton.

Although genial, Sinclair doesn't offer a hand.

The next security station is a DIGIT REFERENCE SCANNER. An elaborate computer array which quickly scans a passenger's right hand forefingerprint then instantly cross-references it against Interpol and Scotland Yard files.

The PASSENGER ahead of Sinclair places his right forefinger against the narrow, green fluorescent scanner. A bright green light scans the finger and an instant later on a computer monitor nearby, an enlarged version of the fingerprint appears. The computer screen flashes while running the check and a second later reads out: NO MATCHES.

JESSICA

What's that?

CHARLIE

Fingerprint scanner. They scan your fingerprint and check it against Interpol's most wanted list. So, if you're hiding anything, you better tell me now.

The passenger continues on. As Sinclair takes the man's place he surreptitiously slips off Hutton's hollowed out finger and places his hand on the scanner. The green light scans it while the computer runs the check in a moment that seems like forever. Then...the monitor reads out: NO MATCHES. Charlie places his hand on the scanner.

SINCLAIR

Technology. It's frightening.

Jessica and Charlie watch as Sinclair walks to the front of the train.

EXT. BULLET TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Coleman and Aidan finish loading several crates aboard the train.

INT. BULLET TRAIN, BAGGAGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lorcan and Colleen tear open the crates revealing a cache of weapons and high-tech equipment. Coleman and Aidan enter from the rear.

COLEMAN

Aidan, get to the telecommunications box.

Coleman begins unpacking a case of wiring and explosives.

INT. PILOTS COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DAUGHERTY and MEYER, the co-pilots, are seated in two high-backed captain's seats. The high-tech console is crammed with futuristic gages and computerized readouts.

Charlie enters with Jessica in tow.

DAUGHERTY

Morning, Charlie. So, this must be Jessica.

CHARLIE

It sure is.

SPINNEY, a small, squat maintenance technician, enters.

SPINNEY

Jessi, good to see you.

CHARLIE

I need to ask a favor. We were going to take the 10:30, but Margraves stuck me with a project. Jessica's still going to make the run and I was hoping you would look after her until Bridget gets here.

SPINNEY

It'd be my pleasure.

(to Jessica)

Why don't you come with me to do a systems check?

CHARLIE

Now, stay with Spinney and don't get off the train and stay out of the way and...

JESSICA

All right already, Dad.

Charlie goes to the hatch and begins climbing down the outside ladder.

CUT TO:

EXT. SERVICE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Annoyed, Charlie walks to Sean Flynn sitting in a small Cushman cart eating breakfast.

FLYNN

Charlie, me boy. You look like the dogs done bit ya.

CHARLIE

It did, Sean. Listen, I don't want to start your day wrong, but I need to borrow you for a couple of hours.

FLYNN

On your day off?

CHARLIE

Lord Morton called us out on the flood sensors. He wants them all taken out yesterday.

FLYNN

If it were me, I'd tell Morton to piss off.

CHARLIE

Could you give me a hand?

FLYNN

Sure.

CHARLIE

I'll pick up a wiring kit and a precision wrench set and we can go.

FLYNN

Right-o, Charlie.

EXT. TUNNEL OPENING - DAY

Charlie and Flynn's Cushman glides to the massive opening.

The cart slips into the darkness of the tunnel opening. As it passes, we HOLD on a man, FAHEY, in an orange jumpsuit standing just off the center tunnel.

He quickly slips a red plastic key card into a large electronic lock on a metal door. A small flashing red light turns green and the door CLICKS open.

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The man walks in, places a metal case on the floor and pops it open. The room is cramped with wires, panels, and junction boxes.

He produces a diagram, examines it, then locates several circuit boards. Popping the faceplates, he begins to snip and rewire circuitry with deft precision. Fahey CLICKS on a small radio.

FAHEY

Coleman. I'm in. I'll have the main system bypassed in five minutes. I'm closing the French flood doors now.

Fahey types the command into a computer keyboard and "FLOOD DOOR CLOSING SEQUENCE -- INITIATED" comes up on the monitor.

FAHEY (CONT'D)

Leary has already shut down the pumping stations and seepage controls. I'll be initiating the systems override in two minutes.

Fahey steps to a bank of computer monitors and sits at a terminal. He types in a string of commands and a wall of LCD readouts change color from green to red.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN/BETWEEN TRAIN CARS - CONTINUOUS

Coleman stands in the doorway holding a small radio.

COLEMAN

Double check the pumping stations
before heading to the rendezvous.
They've got to be completely shut
down. Not one drop of water.

INT. BULLET TRAIN/LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car is filled with the sounds of conversation. A middle-aged porter, REGINALD DWIGHT, moves through the car with an armload of pillows. He passes by undercover security officer, CLARK KELLOGG.

REGINALD

Good morning, Mr. Kellogg. How many
runs for you today?

KELLOGG

This is the first of six.

REGINALD

Enjoy the trip.

KELLOGG

Again.

Reginald moves on stopping at an elderly couple FRED and ROSEMARY ROMANO, seated near the front of the train.

REGINALD

Your pillow, ma'am. I borrowed it
from first class.

ROSEMARY

Oh, thank you. I want to catch a nap
before we arrive in France.

FRED

Rose. You're only going to have a
half an hour once we get going.

(to Reginald)

We're on a second honeymoon. 50 years.
Married her at the end of the war,
took her back to St. Louis and been
with her ever since.

REGINALD

How nice. Well, I'm off to get a
blanket.

Moving on through the car Reginald comes across an American student, JIM SCARBOURGH, loaded down with a heavy backpack.

JIM

Excuse me. Are they going to be serving a meal or something?

REGINALD

No, sir, but there is a club car three cars back. You can get a sandwich there.

JIM

Oh, right.

Jim slips off his backpack and sits as Reginald walks to Sinclair who stands off to one side chatting with ADRIAN SPAULDING, a white-haired English executive. The Porter picks up Sinclair's briefcase and lifts it to stow it in an overhead compartment.

SINCLAIR

I'll hold on to that. I have some work to do before we get to France.

REGINALD

Yes, sir.

Reginald moves on and Sinclair turns back to Spaulding.

SPAULDING

So as I was saying, three plane crashes in one year. They just fell from the sky. Statistics be damned. There is only one way to travel and that's by train.

SINCLAIR

I've never thought of it that way. But the train is hardly perfect. Accidents do happen.

SPAULDING

I'll take my chances derailing at 80 kilometers-per-hour over hitting the ground at 700.

Spaulding is well into a longwinded speech as Sinclair's gaze moves Coleman, Colleen, Aidan and Lorcan. Sinclair's eyes stay with the four as they weave through the crowd and exit the car.

INT. BULLET TRAIN/ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica stands next to Spinney at the cockpit controls. He points out several dials and gauges.

SPINNEY

...This one monitors electrical current, this one does air pressure in the braking system and that little one over there is torque power in the drive plant...

JESSICA

What's this red one?

Jessica reaches to a red button recessed into the control panel. The heavy gauge Plexiglas window which covers the button is open.

SPINNEY

Don't touch that. That's the systems shutdown switch. Hit that and the entire train goes dead.

MEYER

Hey, Spinney. If you're done playing tour guide it's your turn to get the coffee.

Spinney looks at Jessica.

SPINNEY

Come on, Jessica. You can give me a hand.

They exit the engine and...

INT. BULLET TRAIN/FIRST CAR - CONTINUOUS

...come through the accordion walkway connecting the engine and car one. Car one is an empty well appointed parlor car with a long bar and dozens of bolted-down tables and booths.

Spinney motions to a kitchenette ahead of them.

SPINNEY

Go in the pantry and get some sugar packets.

Jessica disappears behind the kitchenette door as Spinney pours coffee from a pot on a warming table.

SPINNEY (*CONT'D*)

If you want a drink, pull something from the fridge.

Coleman and his three cronies march in, guns drawn.

SPINNEY (*CONT'D*)

Excuse me, but no passengers are allowed up here.

Spinney is grabbed by Coleman who pumps two silenced bullets into his heart -- instant death.

ANGLE ON KITCHENETTE DOOR - OPEN

Jessica's eyes widen in horror as she witnesses the mayhem just ten feet from her face. Spinney's limp body slumps to the floor.

COLEMAN

The pilot's compartment. Now!

Terrified, Jessica crawls back into the kitchenette, her pulse pounding.

Coleman hears a CLICK coming from the kitchenette. Seeing the door, he pulls his silenced automatic and cautiously steps toward it.

He pauses just a beat, then bursts into the room, handgun blazing.

INT. KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS

ZIP, ZIP, ZIP, three silenced slugs burst from the gun making neat holes in the far wall.

Coleman looks around. Nothing. He leaves.

For a moment, the room is still. Then the panel to the inset trash bin opens and Jessica peeks from her tight confines.

INT. PILOT'S COMPARTMENT DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lorcan and Aidan stand on either side of the door. Coleman arrives followed by Colleen. The four produce high-tech automatic guns.

INT. PILOT'S COMPARTMENT/FRONT ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Meyer is seated with Daugherty standing behind him reading a panel.

MEYER

How's the hydraulic pressure level...

The compartment door flies open and the four gunmen burst inside.

DAUGHERTY

What's this? Who are you?

COLEMAN

The replacement crew.

The barrage is quick with each man receiving two shots, one to the heart, one to the head.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)

You're replaced. Toss them.

Aidan pulls the corpses from the cockpit as Colleen sits in the pilot's chair.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)

How's it look to you?

COLLEEN

(pointing)

Accelerator, brake lever, electrical system. Nothing I can't handle.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL - DAY

Leary walks along the tunnel and stops near a cone-shaped electronic sensor. He reaches into a canvas bag and pulls out a small breathing device attached to an oxygen tank. Slipping it over his face he next pulls out a long green cylinder.

Twisting the valve a HISSING is heard as the gas begins escaping. Leary sets the cylinder down near the sensor and walks away. As he moves away he pulls off his breathing device and tosses it aside.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - DAY

The Cushman cart buzzes along the two-lane central service tunnel. Every two hundred yards, they pass a series of large ventways on either side. Every four hundred yards, they pass large emergency exits leading from the central service tunnel to the train tunnels.

CHARLIE

This is it. Let's make it quick.
I've got a train to catch.

The cart slows at two mammoth three-foot-thick steel doors recessed into the walls of the tunnel. Charlie and Flynn step off and walk into the train tunnel.

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL KILOMETER 17 - CONTINUOUS

Stepping from the service tunnel entrance, Charlie and Flynn walk to the flood sensor.

CHARLIE

We can get by using the angled precision set.

Flynn reaches into a tool pouch, pulls out a tool and begins working on the sensor. Charlie leans down to help.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I tell you, Sean. I'm this close to telling Lord Morton what I think of him. They hired me to do this job and then they second guess me all along the way. One of these times, I swear, I'm just going to pack up and leave.

FLYNN

Who are you kidding? It's in your blood, Charlie. You spent four years digging this hole. It might as well be your child.

As they work a piercing alarm SOUNDS and a yellow strobe light flares. The noise is deafening as Charlie yells over the din. A pleasant-voiced announcer cuts through the noise in several different languages.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Warning. Level three alert. All work crews please report to the service tunnel for immediate evacuation.

CHARLIE

Christ! Could something else happen?

FLYNN

The methane gas alarm. It's probably just a drill. We can ignore it.

CHARLIE

I can't take that chance. I'm in enough trouble already.

As they move across the tracks, Flynn lags a few yards behind. His eye catches something on the tracks. He walks toward a small yellow object just off the main line.

Charlie disappears into the blackness of the exit to the service tunnel.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The room is alive with chaotic activity. A yellow light strobos the room as SEVERAL TECHNICIANS huddle near a computer monitor. A KLAXON can be heard in the distance. Margraves pushes open a glass door and walks to the technicians.

MARGRAVES

What in bloody hell is going on in here?

TECHNICIAN #1

The tunnel sensors set off the methane gas leak alarm, but the computer isn't picking anything up. We've started an evacuation.

Annoyed, Margraves moves to a panel of switches and presses several buttons. The lights and alarm stop.

MARGRAVES

Did you check the methane reference gauges?

TECHNICIAN #1

They all read zero.

BUSHNELL

Pumping stations one, two and three have all shut down! The seepage controls aren't responding!

TECHNICIAN #2

The flood doors in the French tunnel are closing!

Everyone turns to the tunnel wall map and sees three sets of orange blips crossing the tracks in the French tunnel.

Margraves glances down at the hundreds of passengers and several trains poised to enter the tunnel.

MARGRAVES

All this technology will be the death of the rail. Send someone down to level three and have them run a systems check on the methane sensors. Get an electrical crew on the pumping stations and for God's sake get those flood doors open.

The technician picks up a phone and dials several quick numbers.

MARGRAVES (*CONT'D*)

Tell them I want a report in 15 minutes. I've got six trains holding.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Charlie settles into the Cushman and starts the engine. He glances around and sees Flynn is missing.

CHARLIE

Sean? Where the hell did he go?

INT. TUNNEL KILOMETER 17 - CONTINUOUS

Flynn is crouched over the rails carefully inspecting a small device with a blinking red light. A shadowed figure comes out of the darkness and stands just behind him.

FLYNN
Looky here, Charlie. This is a
detonator. Someone's wired this place
to blow.

Flynn picks up the detonator and inspects it.

FLYNN (*CONT'D*)
(looks down the line)
There's more down there along the
ceiling.

As Flynn continues to examine the device he turns to see the figure. A glint of light reveals it to be Maxwell.

MAXWELL
I know.

FLYNN
(surprised)
Maxwell! What are you doing here?

MAXWELL
Like you don't already know.

Maxwell pulls a gun from his bag and pumps three slugs into Flynn's chest. The Irishman's shirt turns crimson as he slumps forward.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL/CUSHMAN - CONTINUOUS

Charlie's head snaps to attention as the three BLASTS echo loudly off the concrete walls. In an instant, he's on his feet and into the exit.

INT. TUNNEL KILOMETER 17 - CONTINUOUS

Charlie bursts through the exit to see Maxwell standing over Flynn's bloodied body -- a detonator in one hand, smoking pistol in the other.

CHARLIE
Sean!

Maxwell turns to face him.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)
Maxwell...

Maxwell raises the gun. Charlie looks at Maxwell with disbelief.

Maxwell's finger squeezes back the trigger and Charlie's instincts take over. He dives headlong across the tracks then rolls into the serviceway as Maxwell squeezes off several quick shots.

The bullets whiz past Charlie, ricocheting wildly off the smooth walls.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL/CUSHMAN - CONTINUOUS

Charlie explodes from the darkness of the passageway, dives across the seats of the Cushman, hits the gas and rolls away.

Maxwell appears out of the darkness and fires several rounds as the Cushman fades into the darkness. He picks up a portable radio from his bag.

MAXWELL

It's Maxwell. We have unexpected company. Fahey, come down the service tunnel. Garrett, I'll meet you in crossover gallery one.

CUT TO:

INT. PILOT'S COMPARTMENT/FRONT ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Colleen sits in the pilot's chair and punches buttons. Her movements are decided and predetermined.

Coleman listens to Maxwell on his radio then CLICKS in.

COLEMAN

What's going on, Maxwell?

MAXWELL (O.S.)

It's nothing. An engineer was down here. We'll take care of him. This doesn't change anything.

The cabin shudders as the immense turbine engines fire to life.

COLLEEN

Fifty seconds till the turbines are warm enough.

A yellow light on the engine's readout screen begins flashing.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Bushnell notices a blinking light on his terminal screen and reaches up to adjust his monitor.

BUSHNELL

(curious)

Looks like Meyer on the one-five
just fired up his engines.

KREIGER, a nervous woman in charge of traffic control, looks
at a digital clock.

KREIGER

The all clear hasn't been given.
Tell him to power down.

BUSHNELL

Eurostar one-five, please power down.
We're still on hold.

He waits for a response.

BUSHNELL (*CONT'D*)

Eurostar one-five. I repeat. Please
power down.

(to Kreiger)

Perhaps their radio is out.

KREIGER

It's moving! The bloody train is
moving.

MARGRAVES

Well, tell him to stop.

Margraves watches as the train slowly begins to pull out of
the station.

MARGRAVES (*CONT'D*)

Try the emergency override and cut
their power. We've got a security
code red on the platform.

BUSHNELL

Override isn't responding. We can't
cut power to the tracks. Something's
wrong with the circuits.

MARGRAVES

Call down to Austin and have him
check out the substation.

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

TWO ARMED GUARDS push their way through the crowds of
passengers on the platform. The bodies of the two dead
engineers are pushed out of the train.

AIDAN/LORCAN

(yelling)

Na deora go bronacha!

They blast the station with automatic weapons' fire. The crowd erupts in panic. Several tourists fall with gaping wounds. The guards pull their guns, but are cut down with several short bursts.

The train pulls away from the station, quickly building speed.

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

AUSTIN, a thin wiry man, races down a narrow set of stairs attached to the wall on the outside of the tunnel.

The train races toward the tunnel opening.

Austin makes it to the bottom and sprints to the tracks. He scrambles across seconds before the train's sleek engine rockets past him.

Pulling out a red key card, he stops at the door to the substation electrical room. The train roars past him as he slides the key card through the electronic lock. The small indicator light turns from red to green as the door CLICKS open...

...a tremendous explosion rips through the substation entrance. Smoke and flames pour from the electrical room leaving massive chunks of concrete and twisted steel partially blocking the tunnel's entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The tower is rocked by the explosion. The lights flicker and several of the monitors go blank. The tower swarms with activity.

MARGRAVES

Bloody hell! What was that?

BUSHNELL

The substation just blew. The terminals are down.

MARGRAVES

Scramble a fire brigade out there and try to raise Austin on the radio. What's the situation with the seepage controls and the pumping stations?

The monitors start flashing.

BUSHNELL

Still off line.

MARGRAVES

This just can't be a coincidence.
The pumps shut down 20 minutes ago.
That leaves just under four hours
until arch pressure reaches 4,000
kilograms per square meter.

BUSHNELL

What then?

MARGRAVES

The weight will begin collapsing the
tunnel in pieces. Can we get a
pressure reading?

TECHNICIAN #1

1293. It's up ten kilograms in the
last five minutes.

MARGRAVES

(yelling)

Keep me posted. Kreiger, call Newby
in security and Commander Brady at
the garrison and tell them that we
have a possible terrorist situation!

Margraves looks out the windows surveying the carnage on the
platform.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CAR/KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS

Timidly, Jessica pokes her head out of the kitchenette doorway
checking to make sure everything is clear. The car is empty
and she tentatively begins walking back toward the lounge
car disappearing into the accordion walkway.

INT. WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica peers into the lounge car and sees all the passengers
in panic mode.

INT. LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pandemonium reigns in the car as the panicked passengers
look around in shock. Fred clutches Rosemary tightly and Jim
grabs for his oversize backpack. Reginald lifts a wall phone
receiver from its cradle and is about to speak when...

...A burst of gunfire rivets everyone's attention.

Coleman stands in the doorway, his automatic cocked at the
crowd. Kellogg tightens up and slowly inches his hand toward
his blazer.

Reginald remains frozen as a hand reaches in removing the phone from his grip. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Sinclair as he hits the intercom button.

SINCLAIR

Do I have everyone's attention?

Everyone turns to look at Sinclair as he stands in the center of the aisle.

Sinclair I'll be direct and to the point. This train has been seized by members of Caidé Sin. Their issue is not with you, but with the imperialistic government of Great Britain. I am determined to see this through so do not attempt to oppose me.

AS SINCLAIR SPEAKS WE SEE:

INT. FREIGHT CAR

Lorcan shoves several FREIGHT HANDLERS past wooden crates and into the accordion walkway.

INT. CAR CARRIER CAR

PASSENGERS sitting in their cars are hustled out by Aidan and herded toward the lounge car.

INT. PASSENGER CAR

Passengers cower in fear as Lorcan pulls them out of their seats and moves them forward.

BACK ON SINCLAIR IN THE LOUNGE CAR

Sinclair opens up the printout from the personnel office, studies the photo and glances at the passengers as he speaks.

SINCLAIR

We have one simple rule on this train:
Remain quiet and in your seats at
all times. Any attempts to be heroic
or interfere with my objective will
be met with force.

SPAULDING

Mr. Sinclair. You can't be serious...

Sinclair raises his gun, points it at Spaulding, then quickly pans right and pumps two slugs into Kellogg's head. The passengers all scream in a panicked fear. Coleman walks to the dead man, opens his jacket and takes out a security badge and handgun. Sinclair opens his briefcase revealing a sophisticated computer.

SINCLAIR

Dead serious.

Spaulding sits where he stands white-faced.

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

(to Coleman)

Are the cars all clear?

COLEMAN

Done. I count 67, but there's one small hitch. An engineer was down here doing some work. Maxwell sent a couple of the boys to take care of him.

Sinclair registers the information, then brushes it aside.

SINCLAIR

Tell him not to waste too much time on that. We're on a tight schedule. Every second is important.

INT. WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Reeling back, Jessica trembles at the sight of Kellogg's murder. Fear overcomes her as tears well up in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL AT KILOMETER 14 - CONTINUOUS

Charlie's Cushman speeds through the service tunnel. Realizing he has lost Maxwell, he stops the Cushman and runs to an emergency phone. Picking it up, he listens for a moment, tries to raise a dial tone and slams the receiver.

CHARLIE

Shit!

Charlie begins to walk toward the Cushman and sees...

...a man in an orange jumpsuit walking toward him one hundred yards down the line.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

Hey! Over here.

Charlie waves to the man. As he approaches, we see it's Fahey, the man from the substation.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

I'm glad to see you. We've got to get out of here.

Now 50 yards away, Fahey doesn't respond to Charlie's calls.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

(calling)

Whose crew are you on?

Fahey says nothing. Charlie takes a step back sensing something is wrong.

The man pulls an automatic from behind his back and begins firing. Charlie breaks to his right, diving into a narrow maintenance shaft.

Automatic gunfire fills the service tunnel and the Cushman is destroyed in a hail of bullets. Fahey runs to the shaft and peers around the corner. Carefully he steps in after Charlie and sees that it leads to a track spur. He slips into the shaft and...

INT. TRACK SPUR/TUNNEL BORING MACHINE - CONTINUOUS

...cautiously steps into the boring machine tunnel firing several quick bursts.

The greenish fluorescence of the overhead lights casts an ominous glow on the imposing 800 yard long tunnel boring machine(TBM). The serrated edges of the drill fill the tunnel from floor to ceiling.

Too large to be removed from the tunnel, the TBM is one of four drilling machines permanently entombed on spur tracks near the crossover galleries.

Fahey walks next to the tracks alongside the TBM's steel frame looking up and around for signs of movement.

Several yards away a plank CREAKS slightly. Fahey immediately fires into the plank shattering it to splinters.

Slowly he climbs the steps leading to the first level of the TBM. Scanning the distance he sees nothing. Fahey relaxes his stance then...CLANK.

An air conditioning vent above Fahey swings open and Charlie drops on the armed man. Fahey's gun clatters across the metal deck as the men exchange furious blows. Fahey breaks Charlie's grip and lunges for the gun. Charlie brings a knee into Fahey's rib cage and the man goes down.

Charlie moves for the gun when Fahey sweeps his legs from underneath him. As Charlie goes down he grabs Fahey and the two wrestle on the precarious planks. Charlie gets the upper hand and holds Fahey down.

CHARLIE

Who are you? What are you doing down here?

Fahey's hand darts up with a small knife and stabs it into Charlie's forearm. Charlie reels in pain. Fahey takes the chance, leaps to the gun and points it at Charlie.

Fahey stands over him, smiling.

FAHEY

Go with God.

BLAM! A gunshot echoes through the chamber as a bullet whizzes past Fahey's head. He spins around to see who's firing at him.

In icy look comes across Charlie's face. We see the soulless eyes of a killing machine reawakened.

Intuitively, his hand reaches out and picks up a heavy iron pole. Muscles tightening, he clenches his teeth and viciously thrusts the steel between Fahey's legs, violently twisting it.

The force throws Fahey backward and he falls off the TBM. As he plummets back to the ground, his head wedges between two braces snapping his neck with a loud CRACK.

His body hangs crucified against the TBM.

Looking over the edge of the machine Charlie sees Bridget, gun in hand. He climbs down and paces anxiously.

CHARLIE

What the hell is going on down here?

BRIDGET

We need to get moving.

CHARLIE

Two people just tried to kill me, methane leaks, the phones are down...

BRIDGET

We've gotta move, Charlie.

CHARLIE

What're you doing here? Where's Jessica? Why aren't you with her?

BRIDGET

You've got to get out of here.

Charlie grabs her arm roughly.

CHARLIE

You didn't answer me. Jessica was supposed to meet you on the train. What are you doing here?

BRIDGET

(pulling away)

I never got there. They called me in to do a circuit adjustment on one of the crossover switches.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

I heard shots so I came over. Come on, we've got to move.

CHARLIE

What are you doing with a gun?

BRIDGET

(pointing)

He dropped it.

CHARLIE

He still has his gun.

BRIDGET

Then he must've had two. Now we need to get back to the terminal.

CHARLIE

The terminal...I've got to get to Jessica.

Bridget reaches in the dead man's pocket and pulls a yellow device.

BRIDGET

Detonator.

A worried look comes over Charlie's face.

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

Don't worry. It isn't enough to crack a headstone.

CHARLIE

What's this guy doing down here with a detonator?

BRIDGET

We need to find a way to contact the tower.

Charlie picks up Fahey's radio and turns it on. Through the STATIC a faint voice is heard.

CHARLIE

This portable radio isn't powerful enough to get out, but I can hear someone on the line.

BRIDGET

Can you boost the signal?

Charlie walks to several pipes that run along the tunnel wall. He pops off a faceplate revealing several exposed wires. Pulling out two lengths of copper wire, Charlie attaches them to the open back of the radio.

Using them as makeshift antenna Bridget and Charlie listen to the broken voice of Sinclair.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The room is buzzing. Margraves and Newby study the giant LCD light board that fills the room's back wall. A green blip representing the train closes on the first crossover gallery.

MARGRAVES

They're coming up on the first crossover gallery.

Bushnell steps to Margraves' side, handing him a phone.

BUSHNELL

I have them on the line! The hijackers.

MARGRAVES

Put them on intercom.

The radio CRACKLES to life and a voice booms over the intercom.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

Listen to me closely. You are no longer in control of the English Channel tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. FRENCH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A look of alarm comes across Charlie's face as he moves the radio to improve the signal.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT SINCLAIR AND THE TOWER

NEWBY

Who is this? Identify yourself.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

The collective members of the Caidé Sin Army of the Irish Republic, demand the following: the immediate withdrawal of the British presence from Northern Ireland, the recognition of Caidé Sin as the true voice of the Irish and £100 million to be transferred into Gruen Stlag treasury account #872006. You have 60 minutes to complete this transaction.

Everyone in the tower looks at each other in disbelief.

MARGRAVES

But it's not possible.

NEWBY

There's no point to any of this. You can't possibly escape.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

We've accounted for every scenario so don't fuck with us. That includes officer Kellogg whose wife will be calling your benefits office soon.

Sinclair cuts out and the room is silent.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair sits at the radio smiling to himself. Charlie's voice comes over the radio and Sinclair cocks his head with concern.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Control tower. Margraves, can you hear me. This is Ch...

INT. FRENCH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Bridget cuts Charlie off and takes the radio out of his hand.

BRIDGET

Whoever that was on the radio has a better chance of hearing you than the tower.

Charlie stands very agitated.

CHARLIE

We'll have to walk out.

BRIDGET

My rail-truck's in the crossover gallery. We can use the cellular phone in the cab to call for help.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gunmen stroll down the car's aisle while the hostage passengers crowd together near the windows. Many people sob, others pray, but no one makes eye contact with the captors for fear of the repercussions. Rosemary and Fred talk in hushed tones.

ROSEMARY

Oh, Freddie. Why are they doing this?
What's going to happen to us?

FRED

I'm sure everything will be fine.
They don't want to hurt us. This
kind of thing happens a lot over
here.

Jim leans over his seat.

JIM

This happened to a couple of friends
of mine last year. They just want
your cash.

FRED

Exactly.

ROSEMARY

(off Kellogg)
What about him?

JIM

I guess they don't like troublemakers.

ANGLE ON

Sinclair who pulls Coleman over to a table.

SINCLAIR

I just heard someone on the radio.

COLEMAN

Someone on the outside?

SINCLAIR

No. Someone on the inside.

COLEMAN

Maybe the engineer Maxwell was talking
about?

SINCLAIR

Maxwell better have the English tunnel
secured by the time we make our stop.
After that, timing is critical.

COLEMAN

Have you decided on a rendezvous
point?

Sinclair unrolls a tunnel blueprint. He points to the area
past the second of three pumping stations.

SINCLAIR

Stop the train just past the second pumping station at kilometer 21.

COLEMAN

I'll radio the boys in the tunnel.

SINCLAIR

Once the ransom has been paid and we send the train forward on autopilot to the tripwire, we'll only have three minutes before the tunnel goes. While I'm waiting for confirmations on the demands you go ahead to the third pumping station and make sure it's drained for our escape. Once we're safely in the outflow pipes to France and the tunnel blows, they won't know where to look for us. Is the tower blind?

COLEMAN

All tunnel systems are in our control. The flood doors on the French side of the tunnel have been completely sealed. No way in; no way out.

Sinclair draws a thick black "X" on the schematic through the French tunnel. Coleman walks away toward the engine.

INT. ACCORDION WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Through the doorway glass, Jessica sees Coleman heading for her. Unable to go back without being seen, she panics looking for a way out. She steps down into the stairwell near the door leading outside the train, unlatches it and slides it open.

Outside, the tunnel walls race by in a blur.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Jessica steps out onto a narrow platform and clings to an exterior railing. She presses her body flat against the train as she slides the door closed.

INT. ACCORDION WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coleman opens the door between the train cars. He pauses as he hears the outside door RATTLE. Stepping down into the stairwell he reaches for the slightly ajar door. Pulling it closed, he locks it in place.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

A terrified Jessica wraps her arms and legs around the metal rung ladder holding fast to the exterior railing.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY ONE - CONTINUOUS

We've been here before. The tunnel crossover gallery where Roney nearly bought the farm. Ahead on the short siding track are several odd-looking pieces of construction equipment and a yellow rail-truck. The rail-truck is an everyday pickup truck with steel rail wheels for tires.

Charlie and Bridget walk into the gallery. With a puzzled look Charlie scans the tunnel walls. He's concerned and confused.

CHARLIE

There's something not right here...I'm not quite sure...

BRIDGET

Well what?

CHARLIE

I don't...shhhh, just listen.

BRIDGET

I don't hear anything.

CHARLIE

That's just it. You don't, but you should. I don't hear...water!

Charlie goes to the center of the tracks and lifts the grating. The sluiceway below is illuminated by the overhead lighting.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

It's dry. Bone dry.

BRIDGET

So?

CHARLIE

The tunnel leaks by design. If there's no water down here then the water seepage controls must be malfunctioning. It's usually three or four feet deep. No seepage means enormous arch pressure is building up outside the tunnel walls.

Charlie goes to a sliding wall panel and opens it revealing an arch pressure gauge.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Jesus. The seepage has been shut down at least an hour. The arch pressure is already over 2,000.

Bridget eyes the ceiling uneasily. They look to the rail-truck and head for it. Charlie climbs into the cab.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'll call the tower and tell them what's going on down here. Go back and throw the switch so we can roll onto the main line.

Bridget walks back behind the truck and down the tracks. Charlie picks up the truck's phone and punches a two button code.

INTERCUT CHARLIE WITH THE TOWER.

In the tower phones are RINGING and the room is a flurry of activity.

BUSHNELL

Bushnell.

CHARLIE

Bushnell. This is Charlie Sanger.

BUSHNELL

Charlie, I don't have time. One of our trains was just hijacked.

CHARLIE

Which train? The number? Which train?

BUSHNELL

The one-five. Where are you?

Charlie has a heart stopping moment.

CHARLIE

I'm in the tunnel. Near gallery one. Bridget Riordan is with me.

BUSHNELL

Hold for a second.

Bushnell waves to Margraves who hustles over.

BUSHNELL (CONT'D)

I've got Charlie Sanger on the line. Riordan's with him. They're in the tunnel.

Margraves snatches the phone away.

MARGRAVES

Charlie, thank God. Listen, this is serious business...

CHARLIE

My daughter is on the one-five.

MARGRAVES

Don't worry about that. The SAS is on it. I have to tell you something.

CHARLIE

What are you talking...

MARGRAVES

Charlie, it looks like they're targeting the tunnel. The IRA has planted someone in our midst. A bomber. It's Bridget...

CHARLIE

(shocked)

No. Bridget...Who told you this...

GARRETT (O.S.)

Get out.

The phone suddenly goes dead and Charlie looks up to see Garrett standing on the track a few feet away, his automatic in one hand and a broken radio antenna in his other.

Garrett pulls Charlie out of the vehicle and shoves him down the line toward Maxwell.

MAXWELL

Charlie, you shouldn't have been down here. You shouldn't have seen what you did.

BRIDGET

This switch still isn't working right. Sometimes you wonder if anyone's even...

Bridget walks up to see Garrett holding a gun to Charlie's head.

GARRETT

Maired Phalen. Now there's a small world. I heard you to be dead.

Charlie looks at Bridget with confusion.

MAXWELL

(to Garrett)

Phalen? Her name's Bridget Riordan.

GARRETT

Maybe that's what she's calling herself now, but her real name's Mairead Phalen. She's an IRA Commander with Crosmaglen active service unit. She's wanted for at least 25 bombings and murders.

The color drains from Charlie's face.

CHARLIE

This is a mistake. You can't be right.
(looking to Bridget)
Tell them.

From Bridget's expression Charlie realizes that Garrett is speaking the truth.

MAXWELL

Take them down to the main line.

Garrett shoves Charlie over to Bridget and walks to the main track.

MAXWELL (*CONT'D*)

(to Bridget)
I always knew the IRA had someone planted here. I was so sure it was Sean Flynn, I never suspected it was you.

Confusion and anger wash over Charlie as Maxwell pulls out a small radio. Far off in the distance a faint SQUEAL begins. Faint, but growing louder. The sound of steel stretching under tremendous weight. Friction. Charlie looks up and shoots a glance left. Garrett and Maxwell are oblivious.

CHARLIE

You're a fucking asshole, Maxwell.

With a powerful sweep of his gun, Garrett smashes Charlie's jaw sending him to the tracks near the switch box.

The SQUEAL increases. Louder. Closer. Garrett steps forward placing his foot on the rails by the switch.

Charlie staggers to his knees steadying himself on the silver switch box.

MAXWELL

(to Garrett)
Kill them. Kill them both.

Charlie throws all his weight against the switch box. The electronics take over and the steel rails shift trapping Garrett's foot in the rail. He SCREAMS in agony, dropping his automatic and radio to the side of the tracks.

The SQUEALING builds to a roar. The light wind intensifies into a gale.

Garrett grabs at his ankle unable to free it. He reaches for the switch box, but it's too far away.

Charlie makes a move toward Maxwell, but is blown back by the rush of hurricane-like wind from the approaching train.

With the train nearly upon them, Bridget leaps to Maxwell, tackling him. Maxwell drops his gun as she roundhouse kicks him in the chest. The man staggers back against a wall and Bridget goes for the gun.

Charlie pulls himself flush to the near wall. Bridget comes up with the gun and spins around, but Maxwell dashes to a service tunnel exit and disappears into the darkness.

Garrett's face is illuminated by the halogen beam of the rushing locomotive. He turns and stares dead on.

GARRETT

Son of a...

WHAM.

Five hundred feet of screaming iron covers the ground where Garrett once stood.

Charlie's eyes are riveted to the train as it blurs by. He spots a small form hanging to the outside of the train.

JESSICA.

His eyes lock on his daughter as he clings to the wall. The landborn missile brushes inches from his body.

In a flash, it's gone.

As the wind, SQUEALING and ROAR recede in the distance, the glow of the rails returns to its eerie luminescence. A single boot is still lodged in the rails. Charlie glances around and sees that Maxwell is gone. He leaps to Bridget, his strong forearm pinning her against the tunnel wall. She struggles in disbelief dropping Maxwell's gun.

BRIDGET

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Who are you? What's going on down here? Jessi is on that train.

BRIDGET

Charlie...

CHARLIE
WHO ARE YOU?

BRIDGET
MAIRED PHALEN.

Charlie presses tighter.

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)
Just listen. That's all I ask.

CHARLIE
Why? Why are you doing this?

BRIDGET
Because...I'm obligated.

CHARLIE
To what? Politics? Some cause? You
make me sick.

BRIDGET
I'm everything you think I am and
probably more. None of that matters
now. If you want to see your daughter
again, I have to stop that train.

CHARLIE
What do you mean stop it? You're in
it together.

BRIDGET
No. They're not IRA. Not regular IRA
anyway. They're Caidé Sin. Fanatics.
Went rogue years ago; they'd rather
see Ireland destroyed than to have a
peace with England. I was contacted
yesterday. They're frantic. Word was
that Caidé Sin was ready to make a
move.

Charlie relaxes his grip, but stays close to her.

CHARLIE
So killing my daughter will help
your cause?

BRIDGET
I won't try to convince you that the
IRA is a benevolent organization,
but neither are we stupid. Right now
we are in the final stages of the
Irish struggle. It's coming to an
end, but this, so huge, so awful.
It'd ruin everything, overnight make
800 years as if nothing.

CHARLIE

Then tell me why you're here?

BRIDGET

Four years ago I was stationed at the tunnel. The electrician job came easy. Smile a lot and you can get past any suspicious minds. If the IRA decided to blow up the tunnel, I was to be the one on the inside. Now things are different...I have to save the tunnel.

CHARLIE

I'm supposed to believe anything you say? I don't even know who you are. Bridget, Maird, whoever...

BRIDGET

I need you to let me go, Charlie. If you care about me, about Jessi, you've got to let me go. I've got to stop that train. Look, as long as it's in the tunnel nothing will happen.

Charlie's face reveals his conflict. He quickly moves to the rail-truck, backs it down to the flood sensor and pops the hood.

Bridget looks at him with confusion.

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

Charlie...? What are you doing?

Bridget follows him to the flood sensor as he pulls the radiator hose off the engine block and lets the liquid pour onto the sensor.

CHARLIE

The sensors react to water. Enough moisture on the sensor pad will activate the system and close the flood doors. That'll trap the train in the tunnel.

The light on the wet sensor changes from green to red and a metallic RUMBLE is heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Coleman and Colleen sit quietly in the pilot chairs.

A long rectangular video screen on the console acts something like radar, showing the track clearance in front and behind the train.

On the screen, orange images representing the flood doors begin inching closed. A pleasant-sounding female recording plays.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Warning. Flood doors have been activated. Please power down. Warning. Flood doors have been activated.

COLEMAN

What the fuck is this?

COLLEEN

Two kilometers to the flood doors. We're steady at 60 kilometers per hour.

Coleman CLICKS on a radio.

COLEMAN

Get Sinclair up to the pilot's compartment.

The tunnel lights now whistle by like tracer bullets.

INT. MID-TUNNEL AT FLOOD DOORS - CONTINUOUS

The huge, thick steel doors slowly lumber from their recessed resting places on either side of the tunnel. Tediously, they cross the open space heading for the tracks. The RUMBLE of the slowly shifting steel is deafening.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Maxwell breathes hard as he CLICKS on his radio.

MAXWELL

Cullen. Dez. I want you to meet me down near the first crossover gallery.

CULLEN (O.S.)

The fucking flood doors are closing!

MAXWELL

Closing?

INT. BULLET TRAIN COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Coleman and Colleen study the monitors as Sinclair bursts into the cockpit.

SINCLAIR

What's going on up here?

Coleman raises a hand and points to the radio.

MAXWELL (O.S.)
 (on the radio)
 Shit. I'll meet you at the flood
 doors. If they close, we're fucked.

The radio goes out and Colleen turns to Sinclair.

COLLEEN
 The flood doors are closing in front
 of us.

SINCLAIR
 (sotto)
 Maxwell...

Coleman squints as he peers out the windshield looking for the doors.

COLEMAN
 There!

Ahead in the brilliance of the train's headlight, the steel flood doors come into view. Although off in the distance, their steady progression is visible.

COLLEEN
 We can't make it.

Sinclair studies the monitors and the closing doors. He reaches out and grabs a heavy airbrake lever and yanks it hard. Instantly the train convulses sending everyone slamming against the front of the cab.

EXT. BULLET TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The steel wheels lock on the tracks spewing a plume of thick black smoke and sparks.

INT. PARLOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

People, plates, chairs, bottles. Everything flies across the car slamming into the front wall.

EXT. BULLET TRAIN/JESSICA - CONTINUOUS

The young girl closes her eyes tightly as she hugs the ladder.

EXT. BULLET TRAIN/ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

The speeding train strains to stay on the track as it rockets closer to the nearly closed steel wall in front of it. The SQUEAL of grinding metal is ear shattering as yards turn to feet and feet turn to inches.

The snub nose of the engine and the closed steel doors race up to each other in clouds of sparks and smoke then...

Nothing.

The smoke quickly dissipates revealing the lower bumper of the train just inches from the flood doors.

INT. TRAIN COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Flashing lights illuminate the console as Sinclair paces angrily.

SINCLAIR

Goddamnit. Not in the plan. Not in the plan. Contact Maxwell and find out what the hell is going on down here.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY ONE/TRACK MONITOR - CONTINUOUS

Charlie examines the LCD track monitor near an emergency phone. He watches the motionless red blip in the center of the tunnel.

CHARLIE

The doors stopped the train.

Charlie pulls the radio from his pocket and turns it on.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

Maxwell. Come in you asshole. I know you can hear me.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Maxwell stops and pulls out his radio. Before he can turn it on, Sinclair's voice is heard.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

Who's on the line? Everyone was instructed to maintain radio silence...

INT. TRAIN COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair stands at the radio with Coleman and Colleen at his side.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I guess nobody told me.

SINCLAIR

Who is this?

INTERCUT CHARLIE AND SINCLAIR

CHARLIE

I'm the guy who closed the flood doors.

SINCLAIR

The engineer?

CHARLIE

And you must be the head asshole.

SINCLAIR

I prefer Sinclair. That was a clever move, Mr. Engineer.

CHARLIE

Whatever your plan is, Sinclair, it's over. Just leave the train and walk out.

SINCLAIR

There's nothing you can do to stop us. Do us all a favor and open the flood doors before I'm forced to kill you.

CHARLIE

If you can find me.

INT. TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY ONE/TRACK MONITOR - CONTINUOUS

Charlie CLICKS off his radio and turns to Bridget.

BRIDGET

They're out of your league, Charlie. We got lucky twice, but luck runs out. I know how these guys work. Let me take care of them.

CHARLIE

How the fuck do you know what my league is?

BRIDGET

I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, but come on. Look where we are. Look what's going on.

Charlie lunges at Bridget and presses his thumbs to her eye sockets.

CHARLIE

I press any harder, you'll be dead before you realize you're blind.

Bridget remains motionless feeling the power of his grip. Charlie slowly releases her.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

You think you know all about this stuff? I could show you 15 ways to kill you never dreamed of.

BRIDGET

Don't tell me you learned that in the Navy?

CHARLIE

I was in the SEALs.

BRIDGET

You never told me you were a SEAL.

CHARLIE

And you never told me you were in the IRA. Besides it was a long time ago. A different life. I don't even think about it.

BRIDGET

Think about this. It's beginning here, now. There's no time to waste. They're going to be looking for us.

CHARLIE

Why should I believe anything you're saying?

BRIDGET

If I'm telling the truth, there's a chance we can save Jessica. If I'm lying, then she's lost anyway.

Charlie seems hesitant.

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

I know these people. I know how they're trained; what's inside their heads. We should work together.

Charlie ponders his position.

CHARLIE

Okay, but only for Jessi. If I find out you're lying...I'll kill you.

BRIDGET

Fair enough...about Jessica...

CHARLIE

My daughter's my business.

BRIDGET

That's just it, she'll have to be.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

The tunnel's the thing. If it comes to a choice, it'll be the only thing.

CHARLIE

It won't come to that.

Bridget seems about to say something, but can't find the words. Charlie begins walking toward the train. Bridget runs after him past a wall monitor showing the train's stopped position.

CUT TO:

EXT. BULLET TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Hanging tightly to the metal ladder outside the car, Jessica slowly climbs down the motionless train and makes her way along the locomotive toward the rear engine.

Behind her, she hears an exterior door slide open and turns to see Aidan stepping out of the train. She grabs the handle to the nearest train car, slips it open and rolls inside.

INT. AUTO CARRIER TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car has a steel deck running down the center with cars and trucks above and below.

Jessica glances around for signs of movement. Seeing nothing she creeps past the row of lower cars careful not to make any noise.

Comfortable that she is alone she leans back against a Saab.

CLANK.

Jessica jumps in fear. She turns to see the trunk of the Saab open. When she realizes she scared herself, she stifles a nervous laugh. A blanket ripples inside the car catching her attention. She stiffens in fear.

Creeping closer to the car Jessica pulls open the door and yanks the blanket out revealing...

...TINO, a delicate 7-year-old Italian boy who doesn't speak a word of English. Jessica's eyes widen in surprise.

JESSICA

Who are you?

Tino, terrified, huddles against the far door. Jessica relaxes and smiles at the boy.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)

It's okay. It's okay. Don't be scared.
I'm Jessica.

Tino makes a tentative move toward Jessica.

TINO

Quegli uomini hanno preso I miei genitori e sono spariti.

JESSICA

I don't understand. Can you speak English?

TINO

Non so dove sono I miei genitori.

JESSICA

I'll take that as a no. Okay, listen.
(tapping herself)
I'm Jessica. Jessica. Me. I'm Jessica.

Tino pauses looking at the girl.

TINO

(pointing to himself)
Tino. Mi chiamo Tino e non so dove sono I miei genitori.

JESSICA

Tino. Great. Tino. Gotcha.

A slight RUMBLE is heard outside the train car.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)

Someone's coming.

TINO

Dove mi port?

The young girl grabs Tino's hand and leads him away.

The sliding door opens and Aidan jumps inside, his gun at the ready. He strolls down the lower level of the car swinging his weapon from side to side.

AIDAN

Hey. Come out, kid. I saw you sneak in here. I won't hurt you.

Aidan moves down the aisle glancing in car windows searching for the girl.

AIDAN (*CONT'D*)

Come on, make it easy. Don't make me have to find you.

He waits for a response stopping at the Saab. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it. Aidan moves off down the car and exits through the sliding doorway.

The Saab's trunk quietly opens and Jessica and Tino peer out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL STATION FACADE - DAY

Ambulances line the curb and MEDICAL ATTENDANTS ferry the wounded out of the tunnel station's modern facade of glass and steel.

Ten military HumVees GROWL to a halt at one of the few empty spaces left at the curb. DOZENS OF MEN dressed in combat fatigues double-time it out of the back of each truck.

ANGLE ON

A CNN news truck parked near the building's entrance. DIANE KENT, world-weary American reporter, speaks while her CAMERAMAN lines up his shot.

DIANE KENT

...Unconfirmed sources report there may be as many as 60 to 150 hostages on board the train. At this time, there is no official word on whether this is an Irish Republican Army attack or an unrelated terrorist incident. A spokesman for Sinn Fein, the political arm of the IRA, has denied responsibility. The gunmen opened fire on the platform, killing several...

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A TV monitor showing the video image of the CNN reporter against a backdrop of the station's facade.

DIANE KENT

...tourists and wounding scores of others. This all coming on the cusp of Parliament's decision to relinquish control over Northern Ireland. If we can get a shot behind me...

Her voice fades as we PULL BACK TO REVEAL Margraves, watching a monitor.

MARGRAVES

How in hell did CNN find out about this?

BUSHNELL

I still can't get power to the French Tunnel flood doors.

MARGRAVES

Arch pressure?

KREIGER

2300. It's up 30 in the last quarter hour.

MARGRAVES

Goddamnit! Newby! You told me no one could get past our security.

NEWBY

I said there was a 98% guarantee we could defend against such an attack.

MARGRAVES

Well, unfortunately for you the unanticipated 2% showed up.

Margraves spins around to look at the LCD tracking board. The green blip at the center of the tunnel is motionless.

MARGRAVES (*CONT'D*)

Where's the train?

KREIGER

Just in front of the mid-tunnel flood door.

GROUP CAPTAIN BRADY and TWO AIDES push through the glass doors into the control room. Tall and imposing with a wicked scar above his left eye, Brady strides to the center of the room. Margraves walks toward him and stands off to his left.

BRADY

Margraves!

MARGRAVES

Group Captain Brady.

BRADY

Get me a tunnel schematic. I'll need blueprints for electrical and ductwork and I want three clear comm lines. Who are they? Where do they plan on taking a 2,000-ton train?

MARGRAVES

They're IRA; yelling some rubbish, what was it?

NEWBY

Na deora go bronacha. The sorrow of
our tears.

BRADY

That's Caidé Sin not the IRA. They're
a breakaway faction, stinking Paddies.
They make the IRA look like
schoolgirls.

A TECHNICIAN bursts in carrying an armload of blue prints
and lays them across a large table.

Brady and Margraves walk to the table and begin scanning the
prints.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Is there any way for them to get
out?

Margraves traces his finger along the map.

MARGRAVES

Three entrances here and three in
France. The flood doors have sealed
off in the French tunnel. There are
no vents going to the surface.

Shuffling the schematics, Brady points to what appears to be
four short track spurs.

BRADY

Where do these lead?

MARGRAVES

Nowhere. They're dead ends. When we
finished digging the tunnel we had
to leave the boring machines down
there. They're nearly a kilometer
long; too big to get out.

BRADY

What are these markings here?

Brady points to several green colored lines going under the
tracks.

MARGRAVES

Sluiceways under the tracks. They
lead to holding tanks which pump
excess water out. But it's
impossible to escape that way...the
tanks are full of water and the pumps
would shred a man to pieces.

BRADY

Then they're looking for a fight. My men are moving into position and will be ready to go in twenty minutes. Contact me the moment Lord Morton arrives.

Margraves glances out the window where Brady's military units take positions among the wounded on the platform.

BRADY (CONT'D)

French troops are standing by in Calais. My lads will move in and flush these bastards out. I'll see those pads dead before I pay them pound one.

Brady does a quick turn and pushes out of the room with his aides.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Maxwell drives up in a Cushman cart toward the mid-point of the tunnel. Another cart heads toward him from the French side. Leary, Dez and Cullen hop out of the cab.

LEARY

I shut down the pumping stations.

MAXWELL

Any word from Sinclair?

CULLEN

The train's trapped before the mid-tunnel flood door.

Dez shifts uneasily.

DEZ

Maybe we should call it off. We could still walk out.

Maxwell pulls a gun and jams it up to Dez's head. The brothers react with fear.

MAXWELL

No! We're not throwing away three years of planning and 800 years of domination.

(pulling back the
gun's hammer)

You wanna go...you go with God.

Cullen steps to Maxwell trying to diffuse the situation.

CULLEN

Come on, Doyle. He's just nervous.
We all are. It's this American,
Sinclair, he's a bit cracked. We
should watch him.

Maxwell checks his gun.

MAXWELL

I'll keep him in line.

INT. PARLOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair studies the schematics as Lorcan walks up with
Reginald. Lorcan clears his throat and Sinclair looks up.

SINCLAIR

What?

REGINALD

Excuse me, sir. Some of the passengers
need to use the bathroom and I was
hoping to perhaps serve some
refreshments.

Sinclair studies Reginald and nods.

SINCLAIR

Yeah, go ahead. No alcohol. Lorcan
take them in one at a time.

REGINALD

Thank you.

Reginald returns and several of the passengers stand to use
the bathroom.

INT. MID-TUNNEL FLOOD DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The solid flood doors stand fast in front the of the train.
Maxwell, Leary and the McCartan brothers emerge from the
darkness of the service tunnel.

Three cars back along the train, a door rattles open revealing
Coleman and Sinclair.

Dez walks down to Sinclair as he steps off. Coleman begins a
physical inspection of the outside of the train.

SINCLAIR

Are the explosives in place?

INT. AUTO CARRIER TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jessica hears VOICES and perks up. Tino follows close behind
as she moves to a solid frosted window and tries to look
out. No luck. She then sees light leaking through a vent.

Hunching down, she can see Sinclair and Dez talking.

DEZ (O.S.)

The trip beam's set at kilometer 43.
When we send the train across, this
place goes up in three minutes.

CULLEN (O.S.)

Three minutes doesn't seem like enough
time to get out.

MAXWELL (O.S.)

By the time the train hits the beam
we'll be so far along the outflow
pipe you won't even feel the blast.

Jessica slides back against the wall next to Tino.

JESSICA

Shit. Did you hear that? We've gotta
find a way to keep this train from
getting to that trip beam.

TINO

Voglio la mamma. Voglio andare a
casa.

JESSICA

You have no idea what I'm saying, do
you? Do you speak any English? You
know, American?

Tino looks at her blankly.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)

Mickey Mouse, MTV, Nintendo,
McDonalds...

Tino's eyes light up at the word "McDonalds".

TINO

Big Mac! Big Mac!

INT. MID-TUNNEL/OUTSIDE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

SINCLAIR

Maxwell, come with me.

A bit confused, Maxwell follows Sinclair as he walks to a
two-foot-tall orange mechanical device near the track.

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

That is a flood sensor.

Maxwell isn't putting it together.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

(getting angry)

It wasn't on the schematics you gave me.

MAXWELL

(belligerent)

I gave you the latest drafts.

SINCLAIR

You were given one task and that was delivering a secure tunnel. We've taken the tower off-line, so either the tunnel is flooding, or someone inside tripped one of these sensors...and I don't see any water...

Coleman calls out from the front of the engine.

COLEMAN

Garrett made it back.

Everyone hurries over to Coleman.

SINCLAIR

What does he have to say?

COLEMAN

(flat)

Make way for the train.

Coleman points to the lower portion of the train's nose where Garrett's body is impaled.

Maxwell closes his eyes and says a silent prayer over Garrett. Sinclair stares hard at the body. Leary, Dez and Cullen come up behind him and see the carnage.

DEZ

My God. It's all coming apart.

SINCLAIR

Hold your people together, Maxwell. We're expecting company.

Sinclair points to one of three rail-trucks parked on a siding next to the train.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Coleman, rig three kilos of Semtex to the front of that rail-truck.

MAXWELL

There are two stragglers down in the tunnel.

SINCLAIR
The engineer.

MAXWELL
Charlie Sanger.

SINCLAIR
Who's the other?

MAXWELL
Bridget Riordan. She's an IRA soldier.
She's the one we should be worried
about.

SINCLAIR
He is the problem. For some reason
he's decide to slow us down by closing
the flood doors. Right now our only
contingency is to walk down and set
of the explosives manually. But that
means dying down here.

Maxwell takes an aggressive step toward Sinclair.

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)
What's the matter, Maxwell? You're
not willing to die for your beliefs?

MAXWELL
I can't serve my cause from a pine
box.

SINCLAIR
Then if you want to walk out of here
alive, you better find the engineer.

Maxwell watches with a bitter look as Sinclair ushers the
men back along the train away from the dead man.

CUT TO:

INT. NEAR MID-TUNNEL - DAY

Charlie and Bridget walk along the English Tunnel tracks.

CHARLIE
I've been thinking about this guy
Sinclair. There was an engineer
who designed an earlier version of
this tunnel. He got fired off the
project. I'm pretty sure his name
was Sinclair.

BRIDGET
That doesn't sound like a coincidence.

CHARLIE

His designs where brilliant, he was way ahead of his time. He was using theories and concepts that hadn't even been tested. The company didn't understand it, they wanted something more conventional so they replaced him.

BRIDGET

What happened after they fired him?

CHARLIE

He went berserk. He claimed the British government was spying on him, trying to steal his designs. He was paranoid. Then he just dropped out of sight. I heard he had a nervous breakdown or something.

BRIDGET

That explains why Caidé Sin hired him...

CHARLIE

...Or why he hired Caidé Sin.

Bridget swallows hard realizing the gravity of the situation.

BRIDGET

So no one's getting out of here alive.

Charlie steps in a puddle of thick red liquid next to the tracks.

CHARLIE

What...

Pausing, he kneels down and runs a finger through the liquid.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

It's freon.

Looking up, Charlie notices the source of the liquid is a plastic pipe along the ceiling.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

Help me up.

Charlie climbs up a series of pipes that run along the walls of the tunnel. When he reaches the apex, he rests precariously across two parallel pipes that run along the ceiling. He runs his hand over a yellow plastic detonator. A small amount of plastic explosive is carefully tucked into the gap between two ceiling tiles.

Charlie traces a thin copper wire that runs along the ceiling, connects to the detonator, comes out the other side and disappears in the distance.

BRIDGET

What is it?

CHARLIE

It looks like they've rigged a small charge to the keystones at the top of tunnel. I'm going to disarm it.

BRIDGET

(adamant)

No, Charlie, don't. I know something about this kind of thing and the first rule is you never mess with someone else's work. We need to get a look at the big picture.

Charlie climbs down reacting with a mixture of excitement and alarm. He runs twenty yards down the tunnel and slides open a readout panel. The arch pressure gauge reads 3400.

CHARLIE

3400. Jesus Christ. It's fucking brilliant. That sonofabitch figured it out.

BRIDGET

What? Figured what out?

CHARLIE

The tunnel walls are cement panels held in place by the keystones. They're like a lock. Blow out the keystones and the walls come down like puzzle pieces.

Bridget That's crazy. Even with ten tons of TNT they couldn't dent the tunnel.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Don't think about it like a stick of dynamite. He's using the explosive pressure of the English Channel. With the water seepage stopped, the external water pressure on the tunnel's arch is building up to over 10,000 pounds per square inch.

BRIDGET

And that means?

CHARLIE

It means all the weight of the English Channel is pushing down on this tunnel. He doesn't need high explosives. Just enough to take out the keystones. When they go, the tunnel collapses in on itself.

CUT TO:

INT. MID-TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair stands at the rail-truck staring at the huge flood doors down the line, pensive. Leary and Maxwell lean against the rail-truck.

LEARY

Listen, why not just blow it open?

MAXWELL

We're standing in the middle of 23 miles of explosives. Blowing this door open might set off a chain reaction of explosions and kill us all.

Walking to a control panel beside the door, Sinclair studies the readouts.

LEARY

Then open it manually?

SINCLAIR

It opens off a key pad. Even the simplest four digit access code gives us 10,000 possible combinations and we don't have the time to figure it out. What we need is the engineer.

Sinclair walks away leaving Maxwell.

INT. AUTO CARRIER TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jessica leans against the wall and Tino sits next to her.

JESSICA

We need to think of a way to keep this train from going anywhere.

TINO

Ho fame. Mi dai un panino?

JESSICA

(facetious)

Then I guess we agree on something.

Tino stands and moves to a vending machine at the rear of the car filled with plastic wrapped sandwiches. He begins pressing the red buttons that dispense the food.

TINO
Mi dai un panino?

Jessica moves next to Tino and watches him push the red buttons on the machine.

JESSICA
Food? Is that what you want? I don't
have any money.
(loud and slow)
No money. No moola.

Tino pounds on the machine not understanding Jessica. As she watches him hit the red button a look of realization comes across her face.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)
The systems shutdown switch.

Tino stares at her blankly. Jessica punches the red button trying to make the boy understand.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)
Spinney said pressing that button
will shut the train down completely.
It'll take them hours to get it going
again.

Jessica grabs Tino by the hand and pulls him toward the next car.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)
Come on kid. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Margraves watches the huge tunnel wall monitor with concern as the tower technicians run in a frenzy. The green blips of the train remain motionless.

MARGRAVES
What's going on in the tunnel? Why
can't I find out a Goddamn thing?

KREIGER
The arch pressure is over 3500. At
this rate we have maybe an hour.

MARGRAVES
Is someone working on relieving that
pressure?

KREIGER

The only way is with the seepage controls.

The tower's glass doors push open and LORD MALCOLM MORTON, late 60's, tall and stiff with an air of dignity, strides into the room. Margraves spots the graying CEO of the Transmache/Eurotunnel operation and hurries to his side.

MARGRAVES

Lord Morton.

MORTON

One answer Margraves. How did this happen?

MARGRAVES

(fumbling)

Well...I...We have several theories...

MORTON

We spent £45 million on impenetrable security and here I am standing on the bridge of the Titanic.

MARGRAVES

Have you considered the terrorist's demands?

MORTON

Considered and rejected.

MARGRAVES

But people's lives are at stake.

MORTON

More money has been spent on building this tunnel than was spent on the whole of World War I. This project represents Great Britain's gateway to the European community and the 21st century. We don't deal with this sort, we crush them. I've been assured by the SAS that they will have the tunnel cleared and hostages free within the hour.

Kreiger calls back from her headset.

KREIGER

Brady's ready to go in.

MORTON

Godspeed. Now, we'll see some action.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Several commando units have assembled in HumVees outside the English tunnel. Brady struts in the bed of a rail-truck. The fire brigade douses the last of the sub-station fire, just as Commander Brady raises a bullhorn.

BRADY

The terrorists have come to a stop with their asses against a wall at mid-tunnel. Chances are they'll be making an escape on foot. Our mission is to flush these buggers out like crap from a can. Green squadron will follow me, then red. Move out.

With a loud ROAR the ten HumVees, each loaded with eight heavily armed men, fire to life and begin the slow trek into the hole behind Brady's rail-truck.

ANGLE ON

CNN Reporter Diane Kent on the station platform watching the troops roll into the tunnel's mouth.

DIANE KENT

...of what may prove to be a long and deadly standoff. Officials speculate the IRA break-away faction may be holding hostages in an attempt to gain recognition for their cause. Behind me now, British army anti-terrorist squadrons are massing at the tunnel entrance...

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN/LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maxwell watches CNN on the monitor of the laptop computer as Sinclair bolts through the door.

MAXWELL

They're not going to meet our demands. They're sending in the SAS.

Sinclair picks up the radio and CLICKS it on.

INTERCUT THE TOWER AND SINCLAIR

SINCLAIR

Lord Morton. I know you're there. I know you can hear me.

MORTON

Who is this?

SINCLAIR

Don't tell me you've forgotten.
Because believe me, I haven't
forgotten you. Not for one fucking
second in the last twelve years.

MORTON

(realizing)
Michael Sinclair...

SINCLAIR

Nice tunnel you have down here Morton.
Not exactly as I envisioned it. It's
functional, efficient, very
British...and very vulnerable.

MORTON

Sinclair...what do you want?

SINCLAIR

What I WANTED was respect. Respect
for my vision, my dream. But then
why should I have ever anticipated
respect from a bureaucrat like you?

MORTON

My God man...that was twelve years
ago. Water under the bridge.

SINCLAIR

And I'm blowing that bridge up.

Sinclair drops the radio and motions Maxwell to follow him
out of the train.

EXT. BULLET TRAIN/TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair and Maxwell step off the train.

SINCLAIR

(hard)
It's time to kill a few more
Englishman. Maybe then they'll realize
who's in control.

MAXWELL

We don't need to be wasting time
with what's behind us. It's ahead
that concerns me most. If those
flood doors remain closed we can't
blow the tunnel.

COLEMAN

Explosives are set. Smallest contact
and they'll blow.

SINCLAIR

Send it.

Coleman signals Dez who places a metal tool case on the accelerator pedal of a rail-truck. He throws it in gear and the yellow truck lurches forward, whisks down the line and is quickly sucked into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The silver tracks extend into darkness in both directions. The eerie silence is broken as the rail-truck streaks by and is gone.

INT. BULLET TRAIN/PARLOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair moves to the radio and turns it on.

SINCLAIR

Charlie? Listen up. I'll make this brief.

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Bridget stop as Charlie pulls out his radio.

INTERCUT CHARLIE AND SINCLAIR

SINCLAIR

The SAS is sending in 35 men to rescue you and the people on the train.

CHARLIE

Then it's over for you.

SINCLAIR

On the contrary. It's an expected move. They are testing me, fucking with me. It's unfortunate so many people will have to die because of that.

CHARLIE

What're you going to do?

SINCLAIR

This isn't your fight. Save yourself, Charlie. Open the flood doors and walk away.

Sinclair turns off his radio smiling to himself.

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Bridget looks at Charlie.

BRIDGET
Can we warn the soldiers?

CHARLIE
(into the radio)
Hello? Can anyone hear me? Listen
closely. Do not come into the tunnel.
I repeat. If you can hear me do not
enter the tunnel.

BRADY (O.S.)
(breaking up)
Who is this? Stay off the line.

INT. JUST INSIDE TUNNEL OPENING - CONTINUOUS

Brady's rail-truck leads the onslaught of HumVees.
Searchlights on the tops of the vehicles cast white light
for a half mile ahead of the troops.

BRADY
....You're interfering with government
operations.

Brady turns off the radio and faces his LIEUTENANT.

BRADY (CONT'D)
They're scared. Them buggers are due
a big surprise.

A small flash of yellow reflects in the searchlight's beam.
Brady spots it first.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Something's coming! Moving fast. To
the ready, lads.

Sinclair's rail-truck continues unabated, clipping along at
over 70 miles an hour.

BRADY (CONT'D)
It's a rail-truck. Take out the driver
first. On my call.

The rail-truck is now a hundred yards away and closing.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Fire!

The four squadrons begin an all-out barrage of gun fire,
shattering the windshield and shredding the cab into metallic
confetti. The truck continues on to Brady's amazement.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Keep firing. Blow those bastards out
of the tunnel.

Infamous last words.

Sinclair's missile on wheels plows headlong into Brady's rail-truck. The explosion is massive. A fire-storm engulfs Brady's rail-truck and the first several rows of HumVees. The vehicles explode like fireworks as unspent ammunition is ignited by the heat and flames. The ensuing fireball races along the smooth walls of the tunnel.

EXT. TUNNEL OPENING - CONTINUOUS

The opening stands dark and quiet then...

The tunnel erupts. A tempest of fire, smoke, men and machinery are torpedoed out of the opening like a shell out of cannon.

Five ton HumVees flip around engulfed in flames. Charred body parts are strewn haphazardly. Emergency crews jump into action.

INT. TUNNEL JUST INSIDE OPENING - CONTINUOUS

The ceiling vibrates from the shock and several of the enormous concrete tiles that line the ceiling and walls begin collapsing in on the flaming wreckage.

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Bridget listen to the portable radio as the feedback of the explosion plays through then cuts to static.

CHARLIE

Stupid British...Goddamnit!

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The scene is mass pandemonium. Outside the remains of Brady's troops and vehicles burns out of control, inside the technicians are in a state of shock.

KREGIER

Oh, God! That was Thirty-five men.

MORTON

Heaven help us.

MARGRAVES

I don't want anyone else going in the tunnel. Call the French, have them pull back. Lord Morton...what now?

Morton stares down at the carnage, speechless.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL/STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Bridget walk through the storage yard. The area is used for storing construction equipment, forklifts, scissors lifts, and stacks of disassembled scaffolding.

CHARLIE

There's got to be something we can use in here as a weapon.

Charlie hears footsteps and puts his finger to his lips when...

...Tracer BULLETS FIRE out of the darkness.

Cullen and Lorcan emerge from a passageway as Charlie and Bridget race to one of the fork-lifts. She leaps into the driver's seat as Charlie clings to vehicle's steel canopy. Bridget CLICKS on the starter and the engine FIRES to life.

Throwing it into gear, she lurches away and heads down the tunnel.

Cullen fires off several quick shots which bounce off the vehicle's metal skin. Lorcan grabs Cullen's gun.

LORCAN

We want him alive.

Jumping into another forklift, Cullen pursues.

ANGLE ON

Bridget and Charlie as they moves down the tunnel. She glances back only to see Cullen gaining on her. She crunches the accelerator down trying to get more speed.

Ahead, several loaded pallets partially block their escape. Cullen is gaining ground as Bridget lowers the front forks and attempts to push the pallets out of her way. They begin to move, but Cullen closes in on a collision course. Bridget slams the fork-lift into reverse and spins around off to the side. Nearly torn loose, Charlie is thrown forward. Cullen smashes into the pallets with a jolt.

Bridget rams his vehicle into gear and takes off. Cullen wheels around and follows.

Pulling parallel, Cullen bulldozes them into the side of the wall. Charlie reaches behind the driver's seat and pulls out several flares from a tool box as Bridget tries to regain control.

Cullen closes and again drives them into the wall.

Climbing out onto the front fork, Charlie cracks open a flare, lines up a shot and throws it at Cullen.

The molten flare burns into the Irishman's arm and Cullen reels in pain. He swerves off to the left and Bridget pulls away from the wall.

Cullen swerves toward Charlie and Bridget. Moments before impact, Bridget slams her brakes and Cullen crashes into the wall, sliding along in a torrent of sparks. Cullen finally stops and turns back to face them.

They both floor it. Playing a deadly game of chicken, the two fork-lifts accelerate toward each other.

Cullen's fork-lift bears down.

CHARLIE

Raise the forks.

Charlie climbs back into the cab. Bridget raises the forks to eye level and in one fluid motion they slide out of the cab. Cullen attempts to maneuver out of the way, but it's too late.

Contact.

The fork-lift's left fork slices into the front of Cullen's neck, brutally detaching his head from his body. The fork-lifts grind together before spinning wildly out of control and smashing into the wall.

Suddenly, SHOTS ricochet off the walls. Bridget and Charlie drop to the ground. They see Lorcan running toward them, punching a new clip into his automatic.

Charlie and Bridget Grope along the wall searching for an exit into the train tunnel.

Lorcan fires wildly into the dark.

Slipping into the darkness of an exitway, Charlie and Bridget make their way into the train tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Several MEN in suits and military uniforms are seated around a large circular conference table arguing. Lord Morton sits at the head of the table and Margraves stands to his side. Newby sits at the other end.

SUIT #1

Parliament is in emergency session
and the Home Secretary is on his way
here now.

NEWBY

I think we should wait until the regulars arrive. General Fancher's men are well equipped to go in and handle...

UNIFORM #1

Brady's entire platoon was destroyed. And you want to risk more?

SUIT #1

Ridership is only at 50%. This negative exposure will kill us. CNN is going worldwide. One more misstep and we may as well fill this tunnel with cement.

SUIT #2

Considering this whole fiasco was deemed an impossibility I'd like to know what Mr. Margraves has to say for himself.

Bushnell rushes into the room and hands Margraves a note.

MARGRAVES

(scanning the note)

I refuse to take the blame for something I had absolutely no control over.

(gravely)

The arch pressure in the tunnel is now over 4,000. That's the critical line. The ceiling tiles could start to go at any time.

Everyone begins to talk at once. Lord Morton hits the table with his fist and the room becomes silent.

MORTON

Enough, enough. We'll deal with the blame later. Right now I've got a £25 billion tunnel and a public relations nightmare to consider. We will pay the ransom. We will not interfere with Sinclair. We will deal with him on the outside.

SUIT #1

But, but Sir that is completely against...

MORTON

That is my decision. It is final. It is not open to debate.

(MORE)

MORTON (CONT'D)

Now get word to treasury. We don't
have very much time left.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPRESSION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is cramped with heavy pipes and machinery used to refrigerate the tunnel. Bridget and Charlie enter panting from their narrow escape.

Sitting on a small metal desk, Charlie wipes blood from his shoulder. His shirt's ripped, he's dirty and he's in a lot of pain. He pulls out his radio.

INTERCUT CHARLIE AND SINCLAIR

CHARLIE

Sinclair. You listening? You're down
another man. Keep this up and it'll
just be you and me.

SINCLAIR

About that...We need to come to some
sort of arrangement soon.

CHARLIE

What makes you think that we could
come to any kind of arrangement?

SINCLAIR

I know who you are, Charlie. We're
practically the same person. We share
a common interest, goal. An interest
in that moment of completion. When
you were a kid and your friends talked
about constructing a tree fort, you
actually built one. The erector set
you got when you were 7, you used it
until the parts were worn out. We
were obsessed with taking apart our
parents' appliances just to see how
they worked.

CHARLIE

So now you want to take apart the
tunnel to see how it works?

SINCLAIR

Oh, I know how it works. It could
have worked better. I wanted to
believe they would build what I
designed. It was my blood, my life.
But they were too stupid to see that.
All they saw were dollar signs.

(MORE)

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

No vision, no imagination. When I destroy this tunnel, then what will they think of me?

CHARLIE

They'll think you're insane.

ON CHARLIE

He CLICKS off the radio and looks at Bridget.

CHARLIE

I'm going to take this asshole out.

BRIDGET

With what? Your thumbs? He has an army.

CHARLIE

(hard)

That just about evens the odds.

BRIDGET

Killing Sinclair isn't going to save the tunnel.

CHARLIE

But it may save the people on the train.

BRIDGET

...Every battle has casualties. Some losses you just have to live with.

CHARLIE

You've got a fucked up way of looking at it.

BRIDGET

Maybe it is, but you didn't grow up where I did. It's seeing your home occupied by soldiers. Tanks, guns, barbed wire. Everywhere you go, it's like a prison.

CHARLIE

You attack and run away, but you never see the consequences...

BRIDGET

(angry)

I LIVE THE CONSEQUENCES EVERYDAY!

(reflective)

I had a daughter once.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

First time I went into the 'Kesh she was a year old. When I got out my husband was gone and so was she.

CHARLIE

What happened to her?

BRIDGET

That was years ago. He sent me a picture of her. A group shot with some other little girls only he neglected to tell me which was mine. Just let me guess. Forever.

CHARLIE

I couldn't stand not knowing.

BRIDGET

It doesn't matter now. He took the kid and moved away. The photo was the last I heard of them. I stopped caring a long time ago.

CHARLIE

What I know about you won't let me believe that.

BRIDGET

Remember, Charlie. You don't really know me.

Charlie gives Bridget a flat look and stands to leave.

CHARLIE

Are you coming with me?

BRIDGET

Not if it's to hunt down one man. I have to disarm the explosives.

Charlie paces the room.

CHARLIE

Maybe there's a way we can work together on this. I'll use the sluiceway to sneak onboard the train. Once I'm inside I'll shut it down. When the train is dead I'm going to open the flood doors. That's when you go forward, find the central trigger and disarm it.

BRIDGET

What about Sinclair and his men?

CHARLIE
Leave them to me.

CUT TO:

INT. PARLOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

The passengers look on as Sinclair studies a series of tunnel blueprints. Spaulding shift uncomfortably in his seat as Reginald hands him a glass of water.

REGINALD
Your water, sir.

SPAULDING
How much longer is this going to go on? What are they doing?

REGINALD
I'm sure it won't be too much longer.

Rosemary clutches her purse and Fred takes her hand.

FRED
Don't worry.

ROSEMARY
They seem so upset. Do you think there's a problem.

Jim leans over to them.

JIM
I'm sure they don't want to hurt us.

FRED
Every time I come to France something happens.

JIM
What happened last time?

FRED
The Nazi's put a bullet in my rear.
It was D-Day.

Dez approaches the trio as Fred pulls out a wallet with a well worn army photo.

FRED (CONT'D)
This is my unit. That's me. That's Dave DeSalvia, Tommy Muraski. Great bunch of guys.

Swatting the wallet out of Fred's hands, Dez towers over the three.

DEZ

You were told to shut up.

Fred stands to make a move, but Dez punches him in the stomach with the gun butt.

JIM

Take it easy. He's an old man.

DEZ

This time I thump you, next time I kill you.

Dez walks away and moves over to Maxwell.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Did the transactions all go through?
Is the money going to be there?

MAXWELL

£100 million is already being transferred out of the Swiss account on its way to the Cayman Islands. Two transfers later and the paper trail disappears.

SINCLAIR

Don't let the money distract you. We're still boxed in 20 kilometers from the tripwire.

MAXWELL

My men are still looking for Sanger. He can't be far.

SINCLAIR

Get your man out of the water holding tank and have him start looking as well.

MAXWELL

We need to have those tanks drained if we're going to escape.

SINCLAIR

Before you worry about saving your hide, Maxwell, don't forget what we came here to do.

MAXWELL

I haven't forgotten. You've made sure of that. When this place goes I just want to make sure we get out of here. Do you?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACKS BENEATH THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The metal grate in the center of the tracks shifts silently and slides open.

Charlie's head pokes up through the opening. He surveys the surroundings and pulls himself up. He rolls out into the tunnel and disappears into the train.

INT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Moving through the doorway between the tenth and eleventh train cars, Charlie steps into the empty first class passenger car. The car has several rows of oversized leather seats, a small communications console with computer and phone hook-ups and elegant lace curtains adorning the windows.

He glances around and sees a phone. He CLICKS the console on and is about to speak when he hears a noise.

He steps behind a plush leather seat. Sinclair strolls into the car from the front of the train. He notices the phone askew when...

...Charlie steps out and grabs him from behind. Sinclair's hand goes into his pocket and he comes up with a flashing steel blade. He attempts to swing it, but Charlie grabs his hand and smashes it onto a table. The knife goes flying, Charlie snatches the blade in mid-air and presses the point to Sinclair's jugular.

CHARLIE

Not another step.

Sinclair is caught. He stands frozen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This thing ends...here...now.

Charlie shoves him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Stand by the console.

Sinclair complies. As he does, he turns to get his first good look at Charlie. A bit puzzled, Sinclair studies his face.

SINCLAIR

Wait...I know...don't tell me...it's Charlie right. The man from this morning. Now how did you get back here...

CHARLIE

(feeling for the radio)
Shut up.

SINCLAIR

(slowly realizing)

...Unless you weren't on the train...but in the tunnel. Charlie...Sanger. Tunnel systems engineer. Small world...small tunnel.

CHARLIE

This train is going back to England.

SINCLAIR

You've caused a lot of problems in a short amount of time. I can't help but wonder why you've made this your personal crusade...

INT. CAR NINE/REAR LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica and Tino cautiously enter the empty lounge car filled with a row of booths on either side along the windows. They walk down the aisle and Jessica stops.

JESSICA

All right, Tino. Please just stay here. I want you to sit in the booth and wait for me.

Jessica takes a few steps and Tino follows her. She sighs, gently grabs both his arms and plops him into a booth.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

No. You're just a kid. You're too young to come with me. I want you to stay here and wait until I come back.

Jessica holds her hands up in a stay motion.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Stay. Stay here.

She backs a few steps down the aisle holding up her hands waiting to see if Tino moves. He doesn't.

Turning, she goes to the doorway between the train cars and stops in her tracks.

JESSICA'S POV

Charlie stands over Sinclair in the next car.

ON JESSICA

Smiling broadly at seeing her father, Jessica tries the door, but it's jammed. She pulls at the handle and tries to signal to her father with no luck.

(MORE)

ON JESSICA (CONT'D)

She turns to Tino and looking down the car at the boy, her focus shifts to the glass doorway and the car behind him.

Two cars down, she sees an armed Aidan heading in her direction. She panics, tries the door once more, then turns and waves at Tino.

JESSICA

(yelling whisper)

Tino. Get down. Hide. Someone's coming.

Tino sits up tall in his seat as Jessica continues to wave. Tino begins to slide out of the booth.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Tino. No. Get down. Hide, Tino.

TINO

Possiamo andare a casa?

Jessica looks at her dad and then back at Tino. Aidan moves closer. Decision time.

As Tino walks toward her, Jessica leaps to the boy, tackles him and they roll under one of the booth tables. Aidan enters the car and walks down the aisle past them.

INT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Oblivious to events in the next car, Charlie motions to Sinclair.

CHARLIE

Sit in that chair with your hands where I can see them.

Sinclair takes a step toward Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Don't...I will kill you.

GLASS SHATTERS as a bullet PINGS off the metal control panel beside Charlie's head. He spins around to see Aidan firing through the shattered glass of the sliding doorway. Aidan reaches in and opens the door making his way down the narrow hallway lining up a second shot.

Charlie reacts by throwing the knife at Aidan, but it misses. Aidan raises the gun to shoot Charlie, but Sinclair intervenes.

SINCLAIR

Not yet. He owes me the access code to the flood door. Don't you, Charlie?

INT. CAR NINE/REAR LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica and Tino press close under the booth table as Sinclair pushes Charlie through the accordion walkway and down the aisle.

SINCLAIR

The clock's ticking, Charlie. You have no longer have a choice. You have to open the flood doors.

CHARLIE

What's the matter, Sinclair? The idea of prison doesn't suit you.

SINCLAIR

Prison isn't really a factor here. It's a matter of how many people I have to kill until you comply.

Sinclair and Charlie continue on down the next car and exit the train. Jessica pokes her head out from under the table.

JESSICA

This is all my fault. I wish I hadn't pushed so hard to go to France.

INT. TUNNEL/OUTSIDE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is being held at gun-point by Sinclair. Leary and Maxwell hurriedly climb out of the train.

As Charlie stands before the men he seems different; cold, severe, a warrior hardened by battle.

CHARLIE

Just don't hurt any more people.

SINCLAIR

This isn't about people. It's about this tunnel. Don't you realize none of this had to happen? In fact in my tunnel none of this would've been possible.

CHARLIE

What makes you think blowing the keystones'll work?

SINCLAIR

You're a quick study, but we both know it will work.

(MORE)

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

The keystones are one of a dozen ways I could've destroyed this place. This tribute to the British ego is rife with possibilities.

CHARLIE

You have no chance of getting out of here alive. It's a fight you can't win.

SINCLAIR

(smiling)

Come on, Charlie. In or out, I never lose.

CHARLIE

Look around, Sinclair. Does any of this resemble your work; your dream? This tunnel is a monument to your loss.

Sinclair lashes out connecting with Charlie's jaw.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

Rationalize it any way you like, Sinclair, but when this good-bye party is over you won't be remembered as anything more than a psychotic ex-employee with an ax to grind.

Sinclair hesitates for a moment as Charlie's words hit him.

SINCLAIR

(cold)

Give me the access code.

CHARLIE

You're a fucking asshole.

SINCLAIR

Character issues aside, I want the code.

Charlie looks at him long and hard. He's out of ammo and up against a monster.

CHARLIE

Two two three zero.

SINCLAIR

If the code works I'll put you on the train. If it doesn't...well we won't even think those thoughts.

Sinclair and Maxwell enter an access path that will take them into the service tunnel.

INT. BULLET TRAIN/REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

The doorway to the rear engine slides open. Jessica and Tino slip through entrance and move down the long narrow hallway leading to the pilot's compartment.

JESSICA

Stay behind me.

TINO

Dove andiamo?

Inching slowly along the wall Jessica sees the pilot's compartment is empty and motions the boy to the control panel. She pulls Tino to the red systems shutdown button. Recessed and encased in Plexiglas the button is sealed and locked.

JESSICA

It's locked. I can't believe it.

Jessica searches the compartment until she spots a fire extinguisher on the wall. She grabs the extinguisher and smashes it on the Plexiglas cover. CRACK. The plastic breaks open and the pieces fall away.

With a loud CLANK the doorway behind them slides open. Jessica sees Colleen enter the rear engine, quickly shoves Tino into a utility closet and slams the door shut.

She turns and dives to the control panel in an attempt to hit the red button. Colleen grabs her arm an instant before it touches the button.

COLLEEN

Play time's over.

She pulls the girl close, throws her over her shoulder and marches away. Jessica kicks and screams as she is taken away.

CUT TO:

INT. MID-TUNNEL AT FLOOD DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Aidan stands over Charlie inhaling the last drag from his cigarette and tossing it away. He pulls a new pack from his pocket and lights up a fresh one.

He offers a smoke to Leary who waves it off and wanders off by the flood door.

Charlie sits near the tracks as the flood doors lock into their recessed cavities in the wall. Two rail-trucks are parked just off the tracks. One of them is a propane refueling truck with two large metal tanks bolted into the rear bed.

Looking across the tracks to the service tunnel, Charlie sees Bridget hiding in the shadows of the exitway.

Maxwell walks over to Charlie smiling.

CHARLIE

This guy doesn't give a shit about you, your cause, Ireland, anything. He's going to screw you over.

Maxwell pulls out his gun, pulls back the hammer and fingers the trigger.

MAXWELL

There's a fleeting moment between the time the trigger's pulled and the bullet flies -- the soldiers call it hangfire. That's where we are, Charlie. The trigger's been pulled and there's no stopping the bullet.

CHARLIE

What makes you think you can trust Sinclair? How much do you really know about him? Sinclair isn't going to let anyone walk out of here alive.

MAXWELL

It's already over. God could strike me down where I stand, but this place is gone.

INT. PARLOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Colleen pushes Jessica into the parlor car past Dez.

COLLEEN

I found this kid hiding in the back of the train.

Looking up, Dez waves his hand toward the passengers.

DEZ

Put her with the rest of the passengers.

Colleen shoves Jessica into a seat next to Jim and walks away.

Jessica looks out the train window and sees her father standing near the rail-trucks parked along the siding.

She looks desperately around the train and her eyes land on a flashlight clipped to Jim's backpack. Jessica reaches down and pulls the flashlight off the pack and slips it under her shirt.

JIM

Hey, that's mine...

Jessica gives him a hard kick to the knee and raises a finger to her lips as Dez's glances back at her.

JESSICA

I have to use the bathroom.

Dez ignores the request.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)

Come on. I'm gonna pee my pants.

Dez looks at her, then walks to the bathroom opening the door. He quickly glances around and motions to Jessica.

DEZ

Hurry up.

Jessica jumps up and goes into...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica closes the door and slides open a panel under the sink. She rifles through several bottles of cleanser looking for something. Then she finds it...

...A tall brown bottle marked "bleach". She unscrews the cap and pours it into the toilet. She next pulls out a bottle of toilet cleaner and pours it in as well. Gray vapors rise from the mixture.

Grabbing the flashlight, she taps the glass lens against the faucet until it shatters. She CLICKS the light on and holds it over the toilet while shielding her face.

EXT. TRAIN/RAIL-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The tunnel's silence is broken by a gentle baritone TREMBLE.

Charlie's eyes lock on Bridget.

The entire locomotive begins to shake as if an earthquake were occurring inside. Suddenly, the frosted window in the back corner of the parlor car is shattered by a stainless steel toilet that smashes into the ceiling and hits the ground.

CHARLIE

(sotto)

Jessica.

The commode rattles around while a geyser of blue water shoots through the shattered bathroom window. Maxwell dashes toward the train as Aidan anxiously looks toward the activity down the line.

In a quick move, Charlie rolls toward Aidan sweeping the gunman's legs out from under him.

Leary races to the scene, aims his automatic and prepares to fire.

Bridget comes sailing across the hood of the rail-truck tackling Leary whose shots go wild. She begins pummeling the big man with her fists.

Charlie stands and takes a step toward Bridget when Aidan springs to his feet and smashes Charlie with his gunstock. Charlie goes down and Aidan kicks him in the gut.

Leary belts Bridget with a large fist sending her down. He leaps atop her and, straddling her body, begins to choke her. Aidan draws a bead on Charlie's head when...

Charlie sees the red propane valve on the rail-truck and throws it open. Aidan's cigarette ignites the pressurized gas and a wall of flames shoots up toward the ceiling, engulfing Aidan. The explosion slams Charlie into the side of the rail-truck.

Aidan's hand contracts on the trigger involuntarily squeezing off hundreds of rounds, shattering the truck's windows and ricocheting wildly off the propane tanks.

Bridget's hands claw at Leary's face. The big man laughs as Bridget struggles helplessly. Her thumbs near his eyes, she pushes them deep into his sockets. His body seizes up and he dies instantly. With a strong shove Bridget pushes the dead man off her.

BRIDGET

What are you looking at?

Bridget sprints to the rail-truck.

ANGLE ON

Sinclair as he races out of the exitway. Maxwell, gun drawn, begins firing.

Charlie makes a move toward the train, but a hail of gunfire pushes him back. Bridget grabs Charlie and pulls him toward the rail-truck.

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

You'll never make it into the train.

CHARLIE

No! I'm not leaving. I've got to get Jessi. She's back on the...

BRIDGET

We've got to go!

She pulls him onto the hood, kicks out the remains of the windshield and they slip into the cab of the orange rail-truck.

Maxwell runs to the scene. His bullets rain down as Bridget grabs the keys, cranks the engine and yanks the shifter. The steel wheels spin madly, sending sparks and smoke into the air. The rail-truck blasts forward, dragging Aidan for several yards.

Maxwell sprays bullets at the receding taillights. Colleen arrives on the scene, gun drawn.

COLLEEN

They're heading toward the tripwire.
If they get there first they'll set
off the explosives.

SINCLAIR

See that we get there first.

Heading to the center of the train, Sinclair climbs aboard while Colleen climbs the ladder to the pilot's compartment. The engine ROARS to life and the massive train begins to move.

INT. PARLOR CAR- CONTINUOUS

Pushing through the doorway, Sinclair and Maxwell go to Dez who pulls a kicking Jessica out of the bathroom.

SINCLAIR

Is this our little saboteur?

Dez swings Jessica around so Sinclair can see her.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I know you...you're...

MAXWELL

...Jessica Sanger.

SINCLAIR

Now it makes perfect sense. It wasn't
the train or the tunnel, it was you.

Maxwell pulls out his gun and as he moves toward the girl, Sinclair pushes him away.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Is that your answer to everything?
Let's neutralize "daddy" first. Then
you can kill anyone you like.

EXT. RAIL-TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

The rail-truck speeds along, its heavy steel frame fighting to stay on the rails.

BRIGHT LIGHT.

Charlie and Bridget are bathed in the all-too-familiar beam of the bullet train. He looks back to see the locomotive chewing up the rails.

INT. BULLET TRAIN PILOT'S COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Colleen watches the steady track-down of the rail-truck. The radio cackles to life and Sinclair speaks.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

There's a track switch at the cross-over gallery ahead. Throw it and we'll send them into the French tunnel.

Colleen picks up her radio.

COLLEEN

What good will that do?

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

With the French tunnel flood doors closed beyond the cross-over gallery, switching them over will run them into a dead-end. Once they cross over, reset the track and we'll continue down the English tunnel to the tripwire.

Colleen reaches to the control panel and pushes a black lever up.

INT. CROSSOVER GALLERY SWITCH - CONTINUOUS

The tracks grind as the rails CLICK into place.

INT. RAIL-TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

The rail-truck races along as Bridget, wiping her bloodied hands on her shirt, fights to hold it on the tracks.

CHARLIE

You sure picked that move up fast.

BRIDGET

I'm a quick study. Now all you have to do is teach me the other 14 ways to kill somebody.

CHARLIE

Then I won't have any secrets left.

The engine comes up on the truck and RAMS it then backs off.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Shit. They're right on us. Watch for the trigger.

BRIDGET

A central trigger doesn't explain how they're going to escape. They can't swim out.

CHARLIE

(realizing)

They've shut off the seepage controls so there's no water in the tunnel. That means the three pumping stations and the three collection tanks are empty. They're going to use the outflow water pipes to walk right into the French countryside.

BRIDGET

What about the passengers?

CHARLIE

He doesn't care about the passengers. He's after the tunnel.

BRIDGET

If they're using the water pipes they'll have to stop the train in the next gallery. We can take them out there.

CHARLIE

The first thing we need to take out is their escape route. I know how we can flood those tanks. Before the tunnel was started, we drilled several bore holes into the channel floor to take core samples. The TBM buried near crossover gallery two is only about ten feet away from one of those holes. If we can drill through the wall and hit the mark, a wall of water will fill the tanks and keep Sinclair in the tunnel.

The engine comes up again and RAMS the truck then backs off.

BRIDGET

We aren't doing anything if we don't put some distance on them and disarm the trigger.

The train RAMS the rear of the rail-truck.

CHARLIE

We're too heavy. I've got to lighten the load.

With that he crawls through the blown-out windshield and out on the hood.

He steadies himself and then crawls over the top of the cab and slides into the truck bed.

The bullet train SLAMS into the rail-truck momentarily lifting it from the tracks. Charlie is thrown against the back of the cab with a jolt. He sits with his back against the cab wall and uses his legs to push the large propane tank.

Charlie strains against the incredible weight of the tanks but they don't budge.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(yelling to Bridget)

They won't move. I need to loosen
the rear brackets.

He clutches the metal framework holding the massive tanks in place and slips beneath them, crawling to the back of the speeding truck.

Colleen guns the throttle and the train RAMS the truck. The impact throws Charlie off balance. He loses his grip and slides to the back of the truck. The tailgate and rear of the truck crumbles, leaving Charlie hanging off the edge.

The train closes the gap and Charlie's grip begins to weaken. With nowhere to go he jumps to the low bumper of the bullet train now only inches away.

Charlie's outstretched arms hug the smooth steel body of the train. He begins inching his way around to the cockpit ladder.

INT. BULLET TRAIN PILOTS COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Colleen sees Charlie, grabs an automatic and fires. The windshield blows out then reverses itself against the rushing wind and blows in. Colleen gets a face full of high-tempered glass and is thrown across the cabin.

EXT. BULLET TRAIN NOSE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie strains to maintain a hold on the train. He looks down, sees the speeding rails and loses his balance. Slipping down the side of the sleek engine, his feet scramble looking for a toe-hold. Charlie's foot catches on a piece of torn metal as the engine again SLAMS into the small rail-truck.

The impact nearly shakes Charlie loose, but he holds on. He strains to reach the built-in ladder to the pilot's compartment.

INT. PILOTS COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The pilot's cabin door is thrown open and Charlie tumbles into the compartment. He rushes Colleen, throwing his full fury at her.

CHARLIE

Where's my daughter? What have you
done with Jessica?

Colleen is bowled over by the angry man and is staggered back for a moment. She regains her footing and swings wildly, catching Charlie on the right side of the head.

Charlie yanks a fire extinguisher off the wall, swings and connects with Colleen's shoulder. The redhead goes down. Charlie reaches for the controls, when Colleen grabs her gun and stands.

COLLEEN

Get away from there.

Charlie, still holding the extinguisher, stands his ground. Colleen raises the weapon.

Colleen's finger tenses on the automatic. Charlie dives at the gun, places the nozzle of the extinguisher over the gun's barrel and squeezes. A freezing white stream of carbon dioxide blasts forth, flooding Colleen's gun. She pulls the trigger...

...RATATATATATATATAT, the ammunition explodes in its casing, shredding the weapon to pieces. Ignited bullets scatter wildly, finding a home in Colleen's skull and the control panel, sparking an electrical fire.

EXT. RAIL-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Bridget climbs out on the truck's hood and sees smoke coming from the blown out windshield of the train. She scrambles over the roof of the cab and climbs past the propane tanks in the bed of the rail-truck.

The train rams the back of the rail-truck with tremendous force nearly pushing it from the tracks. The tanks teeter.

Wildly leaping, Bridget slides on her stomach along the blunt hood of the train and toward the jagged edges of the windshield. As she grabs the shattered glass, she attempts to claw her way inside. Charlie reaches for her and pulls her across the burning control panels when...

...The propane tank's metal supports crumble from the train's impact and roll off the rear of the truck. They cartwheel toward the bullet train...

...Where they SLAM against the sleek silver nose and ignite. The entire face of the train is engulfed in a huge fireball.

INT. PILOTS COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A wall of flames explodes through the blown out windows. Charlie jumps back from the flaming panel, points the extinguisher and squeezes...

...nothing. Flames and sparks burn on, fanned by the rushing wind. Charlie tries to reach through the flames but can't.

CHARLIE

The fire's out of control.

INT. TUNNEL CROSS-OVER GALLERY TWO - CONTINUOUS

The rail-truck and locomotive race toward the switch.

The rail-truck hits the switch and is catapulted off the tracks derailing along a wall.

The train slams to its left and heads over the crossover switch to the French tunnel.

INT. REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Maxwell and Sinclair are thrown to the floor.

SINCLAIR

We've changed track. Get Colleen on the line.

Maxwell picks up the headset.

MAXWELL

Colleen...Colleen...Colleen.
(to Sinclair)
She doesn't answer.

INT. PILOTS COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The control panel is ablaze in flames. Thick smoke quickly fills the cab. A yellow collision warning light strobes the cab as Charlie and Bridget stumble down the narrow hallway to the back.

He reaches the back of the engine, finds a control panel, hits the button and the door slides open. Coughing and rubbing his eyes, Charlie staggers through the first car. Outside, the concrete walls of the English tunnel race by.

Charlie and Bridget reach the back door of car one and enter the accordion walkway.

INT. ACCORDION WALKWAY BETWEEN CARS 1 AND 2 - CONTINUOUS

Charlie slides open a gray panel revealing a series of buttons.

CHARLIE

The French flood doors are closed.
We're heading for an impact. I need to disconnect the engine from the train.

He punches several buttons and waits for a response -- nothing.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

Shit.

Reaching down Charlie and Bridget struggle with a wide steel plate in the floor. They sit against the wall, using their legs to push the panel halfway open, revealing a massive coupling surrounded by cables.

Charlie lies flat on the floor and reaches down, groping blindly until he grips a small grease-covered handcrank. He turns it. Immediately, the couplings begin to separate and the accordion canopy splits in the center.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

Why am I not surprised to find you here?

Charlie and Bridget look up to see Sinclair in the doorway with a stiletto to Jessica's throat. Charlie stands.

Charlie Jessi, are you all right? Has he hurt you?

Charlie moves to grab her. Sinclair pulls Jessica tight.

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

Back. Stand back! You've made this so much more complicated than it had to be. With you gone things can finally get back on track.

Charlie looks hard at Sinclair.

CHARLIE

Let me have my daughter.

Sinclair bends down and pulls the final pin separating the two cars. With a shudder, the cars slowly begin to pull apart.

SINCLAIR

Take a last look at her, Charlie. You killed her.

Charlie watches as the section of train carrying his daughter and Sinclair begins a rapid fade into the darkness. Jessica screams for her father.

INT. SINCLAIR'S HALF OF THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Emergency air brakes kick on and Sinclair's half-train begins to rapidly decelerate. The madman grabs a railing for support.

The door behind opens and Maxwell comes out.

MAXWELL

What's happening?

SINCLAIR

Start the rear engine. We need to pull back into the English Tunnel.

INT. CHARLIES HALF OF THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Bridget race through car number one while it sways viciously on the tracks. Reaching the door to the engine he opens it, only to be pushed back by a wall of smoke.

Charlie drops to the floor and feels around for the coupling release panel. In seconds, he's located the coupling panel and is busy prying it open.

INT. TUNNEL AT CLOSED FLOOD DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The greenish fluorescence of the overhead lights casts an ominous glow. The rails run uninterrupted right up to the thick steel door.

The walls rumble slightly and the rails begin to sing, warning of the approaching train.

INT. TRAIN BETWEEN THE ENGINE AND 1ST CAR - CONTINUOUS

Charlie opens the floor panel and reels back as flames shoot out of coupling. Above the engine noise, he can hear the collision ALARM.

BRIDGET

We can do it from the engine, can't we Charlie?

CHARLIE

The cockpit's on fire...It may not even work.

BRIDGET

There's no other way.

Bridget dashes into the cab, closes the sliding door and latches it locked behind her. Charlie jumps up and begins pounding on the door.

CHARLIE

Bridget! Bridget, stop.

Bridget pauses and turns to look back at him through the thick tempered glass window. They both stand and a moment passes between them. He looks longingly at her unsure what to say.

BRIDGET

You find her, Charlie. Get her out.

Bridget turns, covers her mouth and disappears into the smoke pouring from the engine.

Charlie waits.

For a moment nothing happens, then the accordion canopy rips in the middle and the floor begins to separate. Several hoses and electrical lines sever, releasing sparks and steam.

Bridget crawls to the doorway as the engine pulls away. Charlie's eyes lock with Bridget's in an unspoken moment.

The emergency airbrakes in Charlie's car kick in and the engine bullets ahead. As Charlie's car begins to slow from 100 miles an hour, he dashes down the aisle to the last row of seats.

Charlie takes a backward-facing seat, clenches the armrests and braces for the worst.

INT. TUNNEL AT FLOOD DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The flood door is suddenly lit by a beam of light growing wider and brighter. The round contact mines littered around the tracks in front of the flood doors reflect the halogen beam.

ANGLE ON

The engine, all aflame, looks like a demon's eyes as it plows forward...

...HEADLONG across the mines and into the closed flood doors. Its steel and alloy frame crumbles and shreds like tinfoil as it seems to pass through the steel monoliths. The tremendous impact is followed by a colossal explosion, which hurls a fireball down the tunnel.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Charlie holds on for dear life.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The wheels of Charlie's train car spark and smoke madly, then burst in white hot flames. The bowed tracks cause the melting wheels to buck up and down. His car still moves at 60 miles per hour as it bears down on the burning wreckage of the engine...200 yards, 175, 150...

SLAM.

...the iron wheels burn off and the car skews off the track, cutting into the cement walls.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The train SCRAPES against the walls, then flips and rolls. Charlie is tossed from the bucket seat and lands violently on what was the ceiling.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The derailed train digs up the tracks and earth as it plows into the flaming engine at about thirty miles an hour. The impact creates a second explosion, and the wrecked train car is swallowed in flames.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Seats, equipment and garbage cover the ceiling/floor of the crunched train. Movement underneath the chairs reveals a badly banged up Charlie. He staggers to a jagged fissure in the car's wall and climbs down to the tracks.

INT. TUNNEL/OUTSIDE WRECKED TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Struggling to the demolished engine, still burning from the impact, Charlie claws and pulls at several heavy metal panels.

Small fissures of water jet from the cracked tunnel walls and form thin streams through the debris.

Charlie sees Bridget half crushed under a steel brace. She is bloodied as he wipes her perspiring face. She attempts to catch a breath, but cannot.

CHARLIE

Bridget.

He rips away a bit of his shirt, pressing it against her wounds.

CHARLIE (*CONT'D*)

Take it slow. Breath in. Slow now.

BRIDGET

No, Charlie...I don't think I'm going to make it...This should have happened ten times before. I just never imagined it would be down here.

CHARLIE

Shhh, don't talk like that. You'll be fine.

BRIDGET

I can't stop Sinclair now. It's gonna happen. You've got to get to the TBM.

Charlie pulls her close.

She convulses a bit and a trickle of blood rolls over her lips. Bridget attempts to reach over to her front pocket.

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

My pocket...front pocket.

Feeling around her pockets, Charlie fishes out a photo of several young girls in school uniforms.

CHARLIE

Your daughter?

BRIDGET

You were right, Charlie. I never stopped caring about her. Which one...which is mine?

Charlie studies the photo uncertain then points to a young girl on the right.

CHARLIE

This is her. I'm positive.

He holds the photo for her to see. The girl Charlie has chosen looks a lot like her.

BRIDGET

I'll be damned...

CHARLIE

It's in her eyes. She has your spark, your passion.

BRIDGET

I dreamed every one of them, but never her.

(looking at the photo)

Intense, isn't she?

Charlie's eyes well up, but he tries not to show it.

BRIDGET (*CONT'D*)

Charlie...you're crying. For me?

CHARLIE

Who else?

BRIDGET

Do you think you'd have forgiven me?

CHARLIE

I already have.

Bridget sighs, a look of unutterable peacefulness comes across her face. Her eyes roll back, her head sags to one side and then she just dies. Charlie gives a sigh of grief, then whispers:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Would've loved you, too.

Charlie pulls Bridget's limp body close as he wipes away tears with the back of his hand.

As he lays her softly on the ground his despair gives way to anger. A fierce look of determination burns in his eyes.

The eerie glow of the engulfed engine casts a ghostly pall across Charlie's face. He stands and staggers away in the opposite direction.

When he's about 70 yards away, the engine's transformer explodes, creating a third fireball. Charlie is thrown to the ground. Waves of smoke and flames roll across the ceiling.

The rumble of the explosion seems to roll on and on. The walls begins to shake then...

...the immense four-ton concrete ceiling keystone tiles, begin to fall. First the tile at the point of impact, which directly supports the next tile. Tile two shudders and drops...then the third...then the fourth.

The concrete blocks fall the twenty-five feet to the ground and explode in a mushroom cloud of dust and rock. Large chunks of chalk and concrete rain from above.

Charlie stands motionless, transfixed. The dropping blocks make their way toward him like a domino chain. He scrambles to his feet and runs.

Charlie runs all out as the blocks continue to fall. At first 50 feet behind him, then 40, now 30...

Ahead, he sees an enormous steel reinforcement beam where the cement tiles end. He puts on a tremendous burst of speed with the ceiling tiles now only 15 feet, now 10, now 5 and he...

...dives over the threshold as the last ceiling tile falls only five feet away, pelting him with concrete debris and dust.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Margraves paces the floor as nearly every technician is turned toward the tracking board.

BUSHNELL

It looks like the train's separated!
There's been a collision at the French
flood doors beyond gallery two.

MORTON

What about the tunnel? Is it damaged?

MARGRAVES

What about the passengers? Can you tell if anyone was on the train? Try to raise the one-five on the radio. Call Calais station and update them.

Bushnell punches several numbers into his terminal and begins speaking into his headset.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACK SPUR/TUNNEL BORING MACHINE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie comes on the imposing 800 yard long TBM. The serrated edges of the drill fill the tunnel from floor to ceiling.

INT. TBM OPERATIONS SECTION - CONTINUOUS

The operations section is multi-tiered with control and monitoring stations on each level. Climbing to the top level, Charlie sits in the driver's chair and begins flipping switches to warm the TBM up.

The boring machine fires to life with a shudder and the steel teeth of the drill begin spinning loudly.

INT. BORING MACHINE FACE - CONTINUOUS

With 5 feet between the machine and the rock wall, the drill face, comprised of thousands of razor sharp diamond teeth, slowly rotates. Openings in the drill face allow the slag to be pulled through the drill, deposited on conveyor belts on the bottom level and loaded onto ore carts at the far end.

The spinning drill wheel reaches peak speed as the ROAR echoes off the white chalk marl walls. Thick white dust whips up as the gargantuan drill fans the air.

INT. TBM COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Charlie has to work four stations at once rushing up and down metal walkways between levels adjusting controls.

He pushes a large red lever, then runs to a laser guided sight and checks a fine red beam guiding the way. An ear piercing SCREECH is followed by the sound of rock being grated. The TBM has hit the wall.

Rock, chalk and slag are chewed into dust, pulled though the huge drill face then deposited in a slag room behind the spinning drill. The debris is then pulled onto the conveyor belt and whisked away. A thick cloud of white dust fogs the area.

Charlie wipes his eyes when a strong arm YANKS him from the control chair.

Lorcan SLAMS him against the metal grated floor. Charlie attempts to rise, but Lorcan kicks him hard knocking the wind from him.

LORCAN

I've been looking for you.

Rolling over to his hands and knees, Charlie attempts to pick himself up.

Lorcan strides across the grated floor and brings a leg forward to kick Charlie. He grabs Lorcan's foot and twists it hard to the right. Lorcan is thrown off his feet and lands hard on the floor. Lorcan climbs back to his feet as Charlie rushes him low and fast.

Locked in combat they crash to the conveyor belt fifteen feet below.

Landing on the moving belt of dirt and broken rock, the two men wrestle for control. They are swallowed down the throat of the boring machine.

INT. TBM CONVEYOR BELT - CONTINUOUS

Flipping Charlie off him, Lorcan ducks his head as low beams sweep past him.

Ahead, the conveyor belt ends by dumping the debris into a pulverizing hopper where heavy rollers crush the rocks to fine particles.

Lorcan looms over Charlie, pulls a knife and prepares to ram it into Charlie's heart when...

...Charlie's leg shoots out and kicks a large lever next to the conveyor belt.

The belt reverses with a SCREECH. Lorcan is thrown down on his face. Enraged, Charlie scrambles to Lorcan and begins pummeling him.

The two men roll toward the slag room and the spinning drill face with no way off. As they reach end of the conveyor belt they are catapulted into the slag room. The two men continue their battle in several feet of icy water and muck.

Holding Charlie's head under the freezing water, Lorcan tightens his grip. Pumped on adrenaline, Charlie's hands shoot out of the water grabbing Lorcan's torso. In an instant Charlie is on his feet and with intense power he throws the Irishman's body to the whirring drill face. Lorcan seems to pass through the sharp steel bits and is chewed to a pulp.

The drill keeps spinning.

Charlie breathes deeply, wiping the muck from his face when a low disconcerting RUMBLE then...CRUNCH is heard.

The TBM breaks through to the bore hole and it's as if God's wrath has returned to Earth. Water shoots through the spinning blade SLAMMING into Charlie and pushing him along the metal walkway.

ANGLE ON

The front of the TBM. A wall of rock and chalk simply crumble as the high pressure water shoots out of the bore hole.

ON CHARLIE

Inside the TBM. Charlie fights against the deepening water. The torrent pushes him further back. Ripped from the railing, he fights for a breath while looking for higher ground.

INT. TUNNEL/REAR OF THE TBM - CONTINUOUS

From this angle we can see the TBM fills the entire circumference of its burial site. The rear section is quiet, then erupts in a deluge. White water explodes from the TBM flowing out the opening and into...

INT. FRENCH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

...The French tunnel. Charlie pops up out of the water half swimming, half drowning, desperately trying to find a grip.

As he whisks by a narrow passage to the service tunnel he manages to grab some piping and pull himself from the rush. He crawls out of the water and up the wall of the tunnel gasping for air.

INT. CROSSOVER GALLERY TWO - CONTINUOUS

A strong light illuminates the area. The train is stopped in the crossover gallery across the switch on the English line.

INT. BULLET TRAIN REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

The pilot's compartment of the rear engine is identical to the now-destroyed front, except that it points toward England.

SINCLAIR

(to Dez)

Switch the track.

Maxwell bursts into the compartment.

MAXWELL

The switch is damaged.

SINCLAIR

How bad?

MAXWELL

It's jammed. We can't get to the tripwire.

SINCLAIR

Either we walk down there, trip the explosives and all die or we send this train across at the tripwire and escape in the outflow pipes. Fix the switch and we'll get out of here.

Maxwell storms out of the cab and Dez follows. Sinclair turns on his radio.

INT. WATER HOLDING TANK - CONTINUOUS

The water holding tank is a cavernous room made of concrete. Sporadic worklights reveal a six foot opening in the south wall.

Iron rungs embedded in the cement walls lead to several gratings in the fifty foot ceiling. Pipes of several sizes, normally gushing with water, but now silent, enter the bone dry tank.

Coleman stands in the tank's center assembling several creeper carts; flat boards with wheels and small two cycle engines mounted on the rear used for quick escapes.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

...We'll be moving toward you in a few minutes. Is the pipe clear?

Coleman shines a flashlight into the large black pipe inset into the wall.

COLEMAN

All the way to France.

Coleman's voice echoes off the walls. As the echo dies a new sound takes over. A gentle sloshing.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)

I hear something. Hang on...

Coleman climbs several rungs until he finds the source. A slow trickle of water coming from above and splattering on the tank's floor.

A quick scampering noise and Coleman turns to see...

RATS. Hundreds of them. The rodents jump over each other looking for refuge. Coleman winces at the site and loses his grip from the rungs.

He drops twenty feet to the floor, but is unhurt. The rats keep coming.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)

Aww shit. Rats.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

Rats...do you see any water?

COLEMAN

Just a trickle...

A gentle rumble grows louder. Coleman looks around to find the source. The rumble increases until the whole tank shakes.

Coleman climbs a few rungs when...

Untold millions of gallons of water explode from every pipe and grating. Coleman fights to keep a grip but cannot. He's pushed to the tank's floor as the brackish water pummels him mercilessly. Coleman screams as he's swept across the tank's floor and sucked into the huge black opening.

INT. BULLET TRAIN, REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair holds his radio up as the sounds of rushing water and Coleman's anguished cries fade away.

SINCLAIR

Coleman...Coleman.

Slamming down the radio, Sinclair checks his gun and races out of the rear engine. As he steps out he sees...

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

...A wall of water pushing down the French tunnel, across the crossover gallery and toward the bullet train.

The water slams into the side of the train, rocking it on the tracks, and exploding into different directions.

Sinclair dives back into the engine and disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

On the huge tunnel monitor along the back wall of the control room, a red light flashes near the center of the French tunnel.

BUSHNELL

There's a breach in the French tunnel.
It's coming from the TBM site.

Margraves and Morton turn to see the red light flashing on the big LCD board.

MARGRAVES

Are the pumping stations back on line? We need to get rid of that water.

MORTON

What happens now?

Margraves points to the green blip where the train is stopped in the English tunnel.

MARGRAVES

If the pumps aren't working, it'll start spilling into the English Tunnel here...

MORTON

My God. The passengers.

CUT TO:

INT. PARLOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

Fred's eyes go wide as he sees the wall of water pushing toward the train. He turns to Rosemary and envelopes her in his arms as broken glass and water shoot through the car.

Passengers panic and scream. Everyone struggles for cover to protect themselves.

Jim fights against the water to help several other passengers who have become pinned to the floor.

WOMAN

The tunnel's collapsing. We're going to drown.

Another passenger tries the train doors, but they are locked. Several people pound on the doors yelling for help.

INT. TUNNEL CROSSOVER CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Dez works an improvised lever attempting to correct the switch. As he strains against the water and track's weight we go...

INT. TUNNEL/NEAR CROSSOVER GALLERY TWO - CONTINUOUS

...To Charlie pushed along the tracks by the water. He can see the opening to the crossover chamber ahead. There, on the English tracks, sits the halved bullet train buffeted by the water.

ANGLE ON

Jessica, being held by Sinclair who stands on the opened ended train.

SINCLAIR

We've got to go NOW.

MAXWELL

We're almost done.

The rails shift and click. Maxwell hurries to the rear engine of the train as Dez climbs in the open front.

Jessica claws at Sinclair as she attempts to get away. Sinclair puts his gun to her face and pushes her back in the train.

ANGLE ON

Charlie as water rushes around him. He pulls up the metal grate in the center of the crossover track, slides through the opening and into the rushing water of the sluiceway. The swift dark water instantly swallows him.

INT. SLUICEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pitching and hurling, Charlie is whisked along by the roiling water. He struggles against the torrent fighting for a breath.

Still moving along, he gropes for something to slow him down. With the last of his energy, he thrusts his right arm upward. His fingers hit the metal bars of the sluiceway grating then grab hold. He brings up his left arm and struggles to get a grip.

Parallel to the grating, his body still under water, he braces his feet against the walls and pushes upward. The grating slides, then tips up creating an opening.

INT. TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY 2, UNDER TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Freezing water races along the steel wheels of the train flowing toward the pumping station. The metal grating pops up and is carried away by the deluge.

The train's wheels are slowly rolling as Charlie's head breaks the water and he gasps for a breath.

He pulls himself out of the sluiceway carefully avoiding the moving train. Almost hyperventilating, he watches the heavy wheels as they roll inches away. Looking behind, he sees the underside of the low-ended engine as it approaches.

Realizing he'll be carried away by the locomotive, he looks to the wheels, bobs his head as he counts off the time between sets, then...

...rolls over the right rail. The wheels miss him by centimeters. He's quickly on his feet and running alongside the train.

The train is leaving the gallery as he dives aboard.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair smiles to himself as he looks over at Jessica.

SINCLAIR

In a few miles we'll be at the trip beam.

Jessica sits silently.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The room is still alive with activity as Bushnell bursts in.

BUSHNELL

I have Charlie Sanger.

MArgaves Send him in. He'll tell us what he's seen.

BUSHNELL (CONT'D)

He's on the phone...he's on the one-five.

Margraves' punches the button on the intercom box.

MARGRAVES

Charlie! What in bloody hell are you doing on that train?

INTERCUT CHARLIE ON THE TRAIN AND MARGRAVES

CHARLIE

I don't have a lot of time to talk. The tunnel's been laced with explosives and they plan to blow it up.

MARGRAVES

We've already paid them. They've promised to let everyone go.

CHARLIE

Sinclair doesn't care about the people or money. He's going to take the tunnel out and everyone in it. My daughter's down here. I'm going to stop him.

Lord Morton pushes his way to the intercom.

MORTON

Sanger, this is Lord Morton. I don't care if the queen mum is down there, you get off that train and stay out of the way.

Margraves grabs the intercom back.

MARGRAVES

Sit your pompous ass down, Morton. Just consider yourself damn lucky that Charlie Sanger is on that train.

A red-faced Morton drops into a chair as the technicians all snicker.

MARGRAVES (CONT'D)

Charlie, we're prayin' for you.

CHARLIE

Say one for Sinclair.

Charlie CLICKS off the phone and hustles toward the open front of the train.

EXT. OPEN END OF THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Charlie appears at the end of the open car and stops at the edge. A flashing red light on a small LCD near the exit catches his attention.

He leans out the end of the train and holds fast as he looks around the corner. The walls of the tunnel race by inches away.

ANGLE ON

Charlie as he crawls back inside and removes the floor panel by the opening.

Clearing wires and tubes, he finds a black hose and tugs it. The hose snaps sending a jet of hydraulic fluid on his clothes, Charlie grabs the hose and points it away. A maze of wire, tubes, hoses and circuitry greet him.

He stretches in for a red hand lever marked EMERGENCY BRAKING SYSTEM, but it's too far to reach.

MAXWELL (O.S.)

Get up from there.

Charlie looks over his shoulder, surprised. The muzzle of Maxwell's gun is pointed to his head.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

There's no stopping us now, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You don't have to do this. There are other ways to be heard.

MAXWELL

You can yell as loud as you want, but when tanks are rolling down your streets no one can hear you. When you can make a noise louder than the tanks then they start to listen.

CHARLIE

Believe me, Ireland will be a better place if you just walk away.

MAXWELL

Where did you get that? From Bridget -- Mairead, whoever she is. I was raised on the IRA and it sickens me to see what they've become.

Charlie rises slowly, then, in a quick motion, spins around with the severed hydraulic fluid hose in his hands.

The caustic liquid sprays into Maxwell's face. Charlie kicks at his legs causing him to stumble forward and tumble out the open ended train.

Charlie looks out to see Maxwell holding himself inches off the track on the U-shaped coupler, his strength waning.

Maxwell looks up at Charlie and their eyes lock for a moment. Charlie is torn. Maxwell's hold slips slightly and he inches closer to the tracks.

Charlie bends down and extends an arm.

CHARLIE

Grab my arm!

Maxwell reaches his left arm toward Charlie, supporting his entire weight with his right. He strains to make the connection.

Charlie leans off the platform and grabs Maxwell's hand. The injured terrorist yanks hard on Charlie's hand and attempts to pull him out of the train when...

...Maxwell's grip, lubricated by the hydraulic fluid, slips and he's sucked under the train's wheels. Charlie jumps back, sickened at the sight.

Not wasting a moment, Charlie climbs out on the coupler. Bracing himself carefully, he lowers himself on narrow foot holds until he's only inches above the tracks.

Looking under the train he sees the red lever illuminated by light entering from the opened panel above.

Clinging to the coupler he extends his left leg out to the lever. He holds the coupler while pushing hard. The lever gives...

...the brakes on the first car engage. The wheels of Charlie's car lock sending a shudder through out the train. The wheels are enveloped in flames and acrid smoke. Far behind the engine struggles to push the train forward.

INT. LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The passengers are thrown around as the train decelerates. Several jump to the floor while others cling to their seats. Screams and panic fill the air. Dez is knocked off balance and his gun drops to the floor.

Jim and Dez's eyes lock on the weapon and they go for it. They wrestle for the upper hand when...

WHACK!

Dez collapses in a heap after being struck in the head with his own gun by Fred.

FRED

...Next time I kill you.

INT. REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair is thrown off balance as the train shakes.

SINCLAIR

What the fuck?

He staggers down the hall pulling Jessica and exits the car.

Tino cracks open the door to his hiding place and looks to see the pilot's compartment is empty. He takes a tentative step out.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

After an arduous climb back inside Charlie straightens up to see the tunnel still rushing past him. He turns and heads for the rear engine.

INT. PARLOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

The door busts open and Charlie rushes through.

CHARLIE

There's a girl. Jessica. She's eleven...

JIM
(pointing)
Sinclair's got her. That way.

Jim points to the back of the train and Charlie hustles away.

REGINALD
Who are you?

CHARLIE
I'm the engineer.

REGINALD
Then you can drive the train.

CHARLIE
Wrong kind of engineer.

Charlie disappears through the doorway.

INT. CLUB CAR - CONTINUOUS

Charlie burst in to see Sinclair standing defiantly in the back of the car holding Jessica tightly.

Impasse.

CHARLIE
Let her go. She's got nothing to do with this.

SINCLAIR
But you do.

Jessica squirms and Sinclair loses his grip. The girl's hand shoots up and hits Sinclair squarely in the nose. Sinclair screams in pain and cups his face. A river of blood covers his mouth and jaw.

Jessica scrambles to her father and clinches him in an airtight hug as he kisses her repeatedly.

Sinclair scrambles out of the car and disappears.

CHARLIE
Go to the passenger car and tell them to get ready for a hard stop. When I hit the kill switch the train is going to stop short. They've gotta be ready for it.

Jessica hugs her father and Charlie takes off for the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Tino stands near the control panel. He picks a few pieces of plastic off the red systems shutdown button. His hand hovers over the button.

INT. TUNNEL AT THE TRIPWIRE - CONTINUOUS

A thin red beam of laser light emanates from a black box on one side of the tracks and cuts across to the other side where it hits a small reflector.

A small antenna points to a receiver on the ceiling next to the first trigger and detonator. A cable extends from the trigger to the explosives daisy-chaining down the tunnel.

The rails vibrate slightly, then begin their high-pitched SQUEAL.

INT. AUTO CARRIER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sliding open the door, Charlie steps inside onto the lower level and races toward the rear engine. He stops when the headlights of a Jaguar catch him in mid-step.

Frozen in his tracks, Charlie seems unable to move as the car guns toward him down the metal track of the car carrier. Diving off to the side, Charlie pulls the loading ramp lever and drops the upper ramp down.

Sinclair's Jaguar hits the ramp and shoots up and over Charlie. Panicking, Sinclair veers right and impacts the side of the train car and crashes through.

The car flips to its right, careens along the rails, then wedges between the speeding train and wall as if being slowly sucked into a straw.

The sickening SCREECH of steel on steel combined with the roar of the train deafens the ears. A thick plume of black, spark-filled smoke rushes back into Charlie's face.

INT. REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

With his hand on the red button, Tino pushes it down. A red light flashes and...

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The train's brakes lock in, sending a shock wave shuddering through the train. The SCREECHING AND SQUEALING increase tenfold.

INT. LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The passengers are tossed around the cabin like toys. Several people are knocked off their feet while others hold onto seats or tables for support.

EXT. OPEN ENDED TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

It's power gone and decelerating quickly, the train is enveloped in a smoke cloud as the noise begins to diminish. The cloud thickens obscuring the view.

SILENCE.

Though the cloud a thick, crisp, red beam cuts across the tracks.

Charlie appears in the accordion opening and spots the beam as the train rolls to a stop. Jessica appears behind him and points to the red beam of light crossing the tracks. The train rolls to a slow stop as the beam grows closer then...

...The long shaft of car coupler slices the beam neatly in half.

JESSICA

That's the trip beam thing. We crossed it.

Instantly, the beam shuts off. Charlie's attention is diverted overhead to the black box. The box CLICKS to life and red numbers rapidly begin counting backwards from 180.

CHARLIE

I want you to get out of here. Keep running and don't look back.

Charlie jumps to a set of built-in footsteps on the outside of the train and begins climbing.

Jessica stands, watching him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I said get out of here.

JESSICA

I'm not going. I'm staying with you. I want to be with you, dad.

Charlie hesitates for a second -- looks at his daughter thoughtfully. He turns and disappears over the top of the train.

ANGLE ON

The top of the train as Charlie scrambles to his feet. He looks down to see a thin stream of water roll past the stopped train.

Charlie steps across the top of the train, being careful to avoid the electrical high-tension wire that runs the length of the tunnel. He wastes no time and heads directly for the shoebox-sized timer attached to the ceiling above the train.

The timer reads 130 seconds and counting down.

Overhead, a thick black cable daisy-chains from either end of the timer with one end disappearing into the darkness down the tunnel. Charlie traces the other end to a smooth steel box four feet beyond the end of the train.

Charlie steps out onto the remains of the rubber canopy of the accordion walkway. He extends an arm to grab the box, but comes up short by inches.

The soft canopy begins to give way and Charlie is forced to retreat back to the metal rooftop.

He hesitates for a moment, searching for an answer. He grabs the thick black cable that emanates from the black box and pulls.

Nothing.

He pulls a second time with more force. Wires begin to snap and pop as the cable yanks loose. Charlie reels backwards landing hard at a pair of boots.

Sinclair.

He stands over Charlie with rage burning in his eyes. Looking beyond Sinclair at the timer, Charlie is amazed to see it clicking away at double speed.

60 seconds and counting down.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

You think you've won...

Charlie's attention is riveted on Sinclair. His face is bloodied and battered. Almost unrecognizable. His words are garbled by the blood.

Out of options, Charlie springs forward, rushing Sinclair.

Sinclair reacts. He kicks Charlie with a hard boot, knocking him to the edge of the train. He holds fast to the black insulated cable and catches himself before going over the tattered edge of the canopy.

40 seconds.

Sinclair casually walks to the edge of the train.

He reaches a hand into his waistband and fingers a small caliber handgun.

Charlie attempts to climb the black cable and reaches for the Sinclair's leg.

30 seconds.

With an incredible rush of strength, Charlie yanks Sinclair's leg, pulling him forward. Flailing wildly, Sinclair is momentarily airborne as he stumbles over the edge of the train. Reaching out, he grabs the bare high tension wire with both hands and...

Nothing.

He hangs in space holding only the bare copper line.

20 seconds.

For a moment, nothing seems to move. The rhythmic BEEPING of the timers echo throughout the tunnel.

Charlie scrambles up the side of the train and glances up at the timer.

15 seconds.

Sinclair drops his hand to his still-holstered gun as Charlie pulls himself onto the metal roof of the train. He turns to see Sinclair's hand coming up with a gun.

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

I never lose.

Charlie swings the black timer cable like a bull whip. The cable whistles as it cuts through the air then...

CONTACT.

The cable hits Sinclair broadside, creating an instant circuit. The bare overhead wire he hangs from supplies the positive, the timer cable supplies the negative, and Sinclair supplies the connection.

Blue lightning and flames dance across the madman's body and rocket up the black cable to impact the first detonator. The small timer is harmlessly blown to bits as the blue surge races down the wire. In the distance, the second detonator harmlessly blows. Then the third...The fourth...and the chain reaction continues into the darkness.

Charlie cowers against the roof of the train as a streak of blue lightning dances over his head.

CHARLIE
First time for everything.

ANGLE ON

Jessica as she runs out of the open-ended train. She looks up to see Sinclair's body pitching and rolling in violent electrical spasms.

Jessica jumps away as Sinclair's smoking body plummets to the water and tracks below. The body lands inches from the young girl as a few last wisps of electricity dance across his fried carcass.

As quickly as it began, the madness ends.

JESSICA
Dad!

She waits breathlessly for a reply.

A beat passes. Then...

...Charlie's face appears over the edge of the train and looks down on his daughter. Elated, Jessica runs to the ladder as the thrashed man slowly lowers himself to the ground.

He kneels down to Jessica, who hesitates for a moment. He throws her arms around her neck and pulls her close.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I love you, Dad.

CHARLIE
Me too, Kiddo. Me too.

The two embrace again.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Let's go home.

JESSICA
Folkestone?

CHARLIE
No. I mean a real home. How does Los Angeles sound?

Jessica's face brightens. She hugs her father. They release, stand, hold hands and begin walk out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE, FRANCE - DAY

Hundreds of French troops stand at the ready. Armored personal carriers are poised to enter the tunnel when...

...Charlie and Jessica emerge from the darkness. Shielding their eyes from the bright sunlight, they breath in the fresh air. Behind them, shadows of figures slowly step into the light revealing the tired and terrorized passengers.

Tino, held by his parents, beams excitedly while babbling away in Italian. Fred escorts Rosemary with Jim and Spaulding following close behind.

French troops rush to their aid as THE CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY bringing the English Channel into view and we...

FADE OUT