

TRACKDOWN

by

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Female Draft 4.0
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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 ragged edge of a sudden gale lashes across the water. Purple clouds jostle and lower, crowd down on the driving seas threatening rain as...

The big Calais Ferryboat bound for Folkestone, England struggles forward against the foul weather.

EXT. FERRYBOAT - NIGHT

The decks are barren as the setting sun breaks through the cloud cover creating a spellbinding sunset. Most of the passengers huddle below decks in their cars or the ship's lounge waiting for the one hour crossing to end.

INT. FERRYBOAT LOUNGE - NIGHT

A diverse group of Britons and continental Europeans chat among themselves. Although built to hold hundreds, the ferry is only a quarter full.

Two boisterous female AMERICAN STUDENTS fumble with a camera near the bar.

STUDENT #1

Okay, okay, it's in, it's in.

STUDENT #2

Let's get one with the sun setting behind us.

The girls scan the lounge. The first student approaches MICHAEL SINCLAIR. Silhouetted against the light of the setting sun he cuts a statuesque figure. Late thirties, early forties, distinctively handsome, his face is alight with an almost ironic smile and an all-knowing twinkle in his eye.

STUDENT #1

(loud and slow)

Excuse me. Could you take our picture?

Sinclair takes in the girl and smiles.

SINCLAIR

(loud and slow)

Yes, I could.

STUDENT #1

Oh, you're American. Sorry. Where're you from?

SINCLAIR

Georgia. Atlanta.

STUDENT #2

We're from Northwestern. Well, actually we go to school there.

SINCLAIR

Oh, I love Chicago.

STUDENT #1

We're heading back tomorrow and my first call is gonna be to Dominoes.

Sinclair laughs as the girl hands him the camera and steps back.

STUDENT #1 (CONT'D)

It's all automatic. You just need to focus.

SINCLAIR

I think I can figure it out.

STUDENT #2

Are you here on vacation?

ANGLE THROUGH THE LENS OF THE CAMERA

Sinclair adjusts the focus beyond the girls bringing a MAN with weathered features and chiseled jaw into focus.

SINCLAIR(VO)

Business. I'm an engineering consultant.

The man notices Sinclair is looking at him. He grabs his drink and hustles out of the lounge. The girls come back into focus--CLICK.

ANGLE ON SINCLAIR

Sinclair hands the camera to the girls as his smile fades.

STUDENT #2

Thanks.

SINCLAIR

(distracted)
Glad I could help.

Sinclair follows the man outside with a singleness of purpose.

EXT. FERRY DECK - NIGHT

Wind and water spray across the ferry's deck. As Sinclair moves through the shadows his hand slips into his pocket. He comes to the stern deck and walks to the railing, his eyes searching.

Continuing down the deck, he makes his way toward the bow hugging the metal rail. As he walks past a darkened doorway, A strong arm yanks him into the shadows.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair struggles against the powerful grip of the mysterious man from the lounge. Slipping a garrote around Sinclair's neck, the man pulls the noose tight and whispers in a thick Brazilian accent

MAN

Can you see their faces? You'll never know what they believed in. They were martyrs, but your life is nothing...

The man pulls tighter and Sinclair struggles for his life. His hand falls to his pocket. He produces a gleaming stiletto and with a quick jerk, brings it up into the man's chest cavity. The man heaves a bit and loosens the hold around Sinclair's neck.

The man clutches his chest as Sinclair grabs him by his coat, shoves the man through the door and...

EXT. FERRY DECK - CONTINUOUS

...ushers him across decks and overboard into the white-capped waves of the Channel. Sinclair turns and walks away.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

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

The dead man 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 unknown until darkness overpowers us. 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 the crossover gallery, 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. There are two massive openings at each end of the cavernous gallery. 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. Through a chalky haze and into the light walks MAGGIE SANGER, American, early thirties, with wholesome good looks and a cut-through-the-bullshit attitude.

Maggie walks over to a two-foot-tall 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 her side. He is followed by RADAKRISHNA, a sturdy Pakistani with an agile build.

MAGGIE

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

FLYNN

You heard the lady. Hop to.

The three man welding crew diligently steps over to the device and resume 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 concrete channel that runs below the tracks. Knee-high water rushes past him toward the center of the tunnel.

BEECH

Christ, these waders are leaking. Why do I have to stand in the water?

RONEY

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

Flynn and Maggie stand off to the side.

FLYNN

I can't believe you got Margraves to sign off on these flood sensors. He's a real tosser when it comes to...

MAGGIE

Well...he didn't exactly okay it. I'm going to tell him after there in place.

FLYNN

He's gonna go right through the roof, Maggie.

MAGGIE

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?

(checks her watch)

Damn, look at the time.

FLYNN

In a rush today, huh?

MAGGIE

My daughter's coming in from the states. Andrew's picking her up.

FLYNN

(affectionate)

So the princess returns?

MAGGIE

...And she's none too happy about it. She wanted to stay with my mother for the next year, but I decided against that. Besides the tunnel's up and running and I'll have more time to spend with her.

Maggie is cut off by three gentle chimes followed by a soft-voiced recorded announcement.

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.

The same announcement is then repeated in French and German. Maggie scans her crew finishing up the project.

MAGGIE

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

RADAKRISHNA

Right-o, Maggie.

Beech climbs out of the cement water channel and replaces the metal grate between the tracks.

MAGGIE

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

He continues preoccupied. Maggie begins walking toward him.

The chimes ring followed by a second announcement which places the ETA at three minutes. Maggie taps on Roney's helmet.

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)

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

RONEY

Relax, sweetness. I'm just finishing up.

Maggie rolls her eyes at Roney's response.

As Roney stands to leave, his tool belt catches on the metal switch box. He pulls it free only to have the wide leather belt tug 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. The burly Welshman howls in pain.

RONEY (*CONT'D*)

Me foot! Open the fucking switch. It's got me foot.

RADAKRISHNA

(frantic)

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 in front of Maggie, pushing her aside.

BEECH

Find a rod. We'll pry him loose.

RONEY

Hurry! It's slicing up me foot.

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

MAGGIE

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 tunnel entries. 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. An LED 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 on the totem pole, 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.

MAGGIE

Bushnell, this is Maggie Sanger. We've got a man down on the tracks at gallery one. You've got to stop the train.

BUSHNELL(VO)

I'm sorry. Could you repeat that?

MAGGIE

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 is the resident bureaucrat specializing in red tape. He snatches the headset from Bushnell.

MARGRAVES

And just who is this?

MAGGIE (V.O.)

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

MARGRAVES

Sanger? I didn't authorize a work crew to be down there.

INT. TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY ONE - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

Listen to me. You've gotta stop the train. It's heading straight toward Roney. He's trapped on the tracks.

Realizing the futility of dealing with Margraves, Maggie 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, like cables being stretched to their maximum, pierces the air. Maggie looks up.

FLYNN

It's almost here.

The rod SNAPS sending Beech and Radakrishna 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, Sean.

Beech and Radakrishna are up and sprinting to the exit.

FLYNN

(grave)

Maggie, there's no more time.

Roney's eyes plead with Maggie as she helplessly watches the trapped man.

RONEY

Jesus Christ, missy. Cut off me fucking foot. Cut it off!

Maggie searches the tunnel in desperation. Her eyes stop on the acetylene torch. She picks up it up, sparks it and turns to Flynn.

Flynn shoots her a horrified glance.

MAGGIE

Get out.

Flynn bolts to the exit. The track SQUEAL intensifies and a faint breeze begins to blow. Tears stream down Roney's face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(coldly)

Hold still.

Maggie, 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 Maggie 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 Maggie's face as she pries the back off the switch box and reaches inside. Her hand is burned by the sparking wires as she 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 Maggie and Roney.

A BLAST of the train's horn is followed by the high pressure SQUEAL of metal on metal. A sparked cloud of black and gray envelopes the steel wheels.

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

The train bears down at over fifty miles per hour. It's streamline design fills the tunnel like a piston. Maggie lifts the injured man, managing to pull him to the curved wall of the tunnel. Pressing her body to his, she keeps him flat to the wall as the train hurtles past.

Maggie's chest heaves from the effort as Roney slips into unconsciousness.

The train passes and Maggie turns to see a jubilant crew running toward her.

FLYNN

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

As the men help Roney out of the tunnel and into the service way, Maggie stares down the tunnel, numb. She glances down at her hands and sees they are shaking uncontrollably. A wave of uneasiness washes over her as she regains her composure and turns to follow her crew.

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. The town itself is a blue-collar dot on the map with a future as bleak as its past. Tourist dollars shoot out of the tunnel bypassing Folkestone on there way to anywhere but here.

INT. BOARS HEAD PUB - NIGHT

JESSICA SANGER, an eleven-year-old with an angelic face and a mischievous streak sits in an old wooden booth. Across from her sits ANDREW FARRELL, 35. Irish and handsome with a relaxed masculine authority, his fine features and wistful smile, give him an genteel, almost poetic edge.

The low MURMUR of dinner conversations permeates the air. Jessica animatedly points to small scar on her elbow.

JESSICA

...and this one I got roller blading at Venice beach. Soon as I get back, I'm gonna learn how to surf.

ANDREW

Let's hope there's an angel on your shoulder.

There's a short lull.

JESSICA

So, Andrew. Now that we're back, what's the status on you and mom?

Andrew is caught off guard.

ANDREW

Well, you know, she's only been back a month. We're kinda taking it one step at a time.

JESSICA

Are you gonna ask her to marry you this time?

ANDREW

Direct as usual.

JESSICA

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

ANDREW

You're preaching to the choir. It's your ma you need to sell.

Andrew smiles as his eyes catch Maggie. Maggie comes over and bends down to hug Jessica.

MAGGIE

Oh, kiddo, did I miss you. I'm sorry I couldn't be there. Was the trip okay? Did you have a good flight? Did Andrew get there on time?

Maggie moves to sit next to Jessica, but the young girl does not yield any space. Maggie smoothly slides in next to Andrew.

JESSICA

Maggie. Maggie. MAGGIE, everything was fine. Quit worrying.

MAGGIE

Sorry. Can't a mother worry about her daughter? Even a little?

JESSICA

Aw, Maggie. I'm practically twelve. I'm old enough to watch out from myself.

Jessica gives her a puppy-dog look. Maggie relaxes and smiles.

MAGGIE

Well, now that you're here, I'm watching out for you. And by the way, the name's still Mom to you. So, what've you two been talking about.

JESSICA

Just stuff. Personal stuff.

ANDREW

You know us. Conspiring to take over the world.

MAGGIE

Is that good or bad?

Andrew shoots her a sly grin and slides out of the booth.

ANDREW

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

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

JESSICA

(acerbic)

So, am I signed up at Edgehill?

MAGGIE

The semester starts in two weeks.

JESSICA

I'm not wearing a uniform.

MAGGIE

(smiling)

Then I guess you'll go naked.

Jessica doesn't crack a smile and Maggie searches for a way out.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey, I thought we could have some fun before that. What do you think of going to Paris?

JESSICA
 (brightening)
 Paris! Now, that sounds all right.

MAGGIE
 We're taking the Eurostar through
 the tunnel and on to the Arc de
 Triomphe. What do you think?

JESSICA
 Is Andrew coming too?

Maggie hesitates then nods.

MAGGIE
 (hurt)
 Sure, I mean I thought it would be
 just the two of us, but I guess I
 could ask if he wants to come along.

JESSICA
 That'd be great, mom.

Maggie fixes her gaze on Andrew who stands near the bar locked
 in a heated discussion with a husky MAN in a weathered wool
 jacket.

JESSICA (*CONT'D*)
 So, how long are we in for this time?

MAGGIE
 My contract runs for a year.

JESSICA
 A year? Why couldn't I have stayed
 with Gram in LA? I'm sick of moving
 around. I wanna stay in one place. I
 want permanent friends.

Jessica begins piling her mashed potatoes up and scooping
 out a hole with her spoon.

MAGGIE
 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 butt.

MAGGIE
 I know this is really hard on you,
 but I wasn't planning on coming back.

JESSICA

Yeah, but somehow we ended up back here. Looks like someone got their way.

MAGGIE

They promised that at the end of this year I'll be heading the LA office. That'll be the last move.

JESSICA

I'm done with my dinner now.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

ANDREW

I'm making coffee. Maggie?

MAGGIE

Black.

JESSICA

Just a little milk in mine.

Maggie smirks at Jessica.

MAGGIE

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

ANDREW

Right. One black and one very white.

Andrew disappears into the kitchen and Maggie leans into Jessica.

MAGGIE

What's with you. You've been moping around all night. I thought you'd be a little happier about being here.

JESSICA

I thought I was going to see you at the airport.

MAGGIE

I told you I was sorry.

JESSICA

Don't apologize. You're always apologizing.

MAGGIE

You're not making this easy for me.

Jessica It's like three in the morning my time. I'm going to go to bed.

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)

Sure, honey. There are towels under the sink and I put clean sheets on your bed.

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

ANDREW

Where are we off to?

JESSICA

Bed. Good night, guys.

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

MAGGIE

I'll be in to say good night in a minute, Coconut.

ANDREW

What do you mean by that, Coconut?

MAGGIE

It's a song I used to sing to her when she was a baby.

(singing)

SHE PUT THE LIME IN THE COCONUT, SHE DRANK IT ALL UP. SHE PUT THE LIME IN THE COCONUT, SHE CALLED THE DOC, WOKE HIM UP...You know.

ANDREW

That's a song?

MAGGIE

I know it's weird, but it's kind of our song. She used to call me "the lime" and I'd call her "coconut".

(thoughtful)

I guess she's getting too old for nicknames.

ANDREW

She's her mother's daughter.

(MORE)

ANDREW (*CONT'D*)

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

MAGGIE

Tripping is one thing, but we're falling on our faces. I guess it's my fault. I've dragged her from Cairo to Johannesburg to Honduras, always for work. She's never really had a real home. Nothing's ever been regular...normal.

ANDREW

Have you tried just sitting down and talking to her?

MAGGIE

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

ANDREW

If you want me to step out tomorrow and let you two be alone...

MAGGIE

No, no, no. Jessica's counting on it...and I am too. It's going to be fun. Who knows, maybe you'll be good for us.

Maggie picks up the tray and heads for the kitchen. Andrew stands, clutches her arm and pulls her into a kiss.

ANDREW

I'll miss you tonight.

MAGGIE

It's just for a night or two. Until Jessica gets settled.

Andrew grabs a jacket and heads for the door.

ANDREW

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

MAGGIE

Yeah, great.

ANDREW

Slainte.

Andrew 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, TELLER, a tall lanky American, signals two men, LORCAN and AIDAN. Aidan stamps out a cigarette and begins helping Lorcan load crates onto the train. COLLEEN, an attractive redheaded woman, climbs aboard.

INT. BULLET TRAIN, BAGGAGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lorcan and Colleen tear open the crates revealing a cache of weapons and high-tech equipment.

TELLER

Aidan, get to the telecommunications box.

Teller moves to a panel, connects a small laptop and begins typing.

Outside the window Maggie and Jessica walk past.

EXT. BULLET TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Maggie, looking very comfortable in a white shirt and jeans, is followed by Jessica wearing a yellow baseball cap, blue jeans and unlaced high-top Nikes.

MAGGIE

Come on. We need to get to the Exhibition Center by eight.

JESSICA

So, how come Andrew didn't spend the night?

MAGGIE

I just wanted to take it a little slower this time.

JESSICA

Take it any slower and Andrew's gonna spend his nights somewhere else.

MAGGIE

Where did you learn to talk like that?

JESSICA

I was reading Cosmo on the plane. You only scored a 27 on the "How to keep your man" test.

Maggie and Jessica approach the Eurotunnel Exhibition Center and enter through automatic sliding glass doors.

INT. LIGHTBOX DISPLAY - CONTINUOUS

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

JESSICA

Cool! This is great.

MAGGIE

Yeah, come over here. Here's where it starts.

Maggie 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 the Star Trek guy.

PATRICK STEWART

...Since the time of Napoleon, men have dreamed of connecting England and France via a tunnel under the English Channel. In that time the dream has lingered in various guises, but not until our time has it finally taken concrete shape when English

(MORE)

PATRICK STEWART (*CONT'D*)
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 and 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 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 another section of tunnel, Maggie 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.

(MORE)

PATRICK STEWART (*CONT'D*)

If it did not leak the external pressure would crush the tunnel like an egg...

Patrick Stewart continues to talk as Maggie checks her watch.

MAGGIE

Come on, Jessi. We need to meet Andrew in a few minutes.

Maggie hustles Jessica past numerous images of Patrick Stewart talking about other aspects of the tunnel. They emerge into a brightly lit pavilion at the end of the tunnel mock-up.

INT. EXHIBITION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The pavilion 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.

Curious tourists, uniformed school groups and passengers with time to kill study the exhibits with fascination. As Maggie and Jessica walk through the facility, periodic announcements report arriving and departing trains.

MAGGIE

I told him to meet us under the clock.

MAXWELL(VO)

Maggie. Maggie.

Maggie turns to see DOYLE MAXWELL the deputy security chief for Eurotunnel. Lean and handsome with a hint of an Irish accent, he strolls to Maggie's side like he owns the place.

MAXWELL (*CONT'D*)

Maggie. Good to see you. I'm happy to see you're back on the job. This place doesn't run the same without you.

MAGGIE

Thanks, Doyle.

Maxwell notices Jessica standing at her mother's side.

MAXWELL

And it's...Jessica, right?

Jessica smiles and nods.

MAGGIE

Hey, did they work out the problems with the heat pump in your offices?

MAXWELL

Oh, no. They can spend millions of pounds on bomb sniffing dogs, x-ray sensors and electronic molecular detectors, but won't pay £10 to hire a plumber.

MAGGIE

I'll send Flynn down next week. He's good with those things.

MAXWELL

You're a sweetheart.

A gentle voice comes over the PA.

ANNOUNCER(VO)

Maggie Sanger please report to systems operation. Maggie Sanger to systems operation.

MAGGIE

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

MAXWELL

(mock German accent)

You see, Fraulein, we know everything about you.

Maxwell laughs.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Stick it to 'em, Maggs. I'll fill you in on my battles later.

Maxwell moves on and Maggie turns to Jessica.

MAGGIE

You heard 'em, Jessi. This should only take a few minutes. Wait here for Andrew and we'll be on our way.

JESSICA

Sure.

Maggie hustles off through the crowd and disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Maggie pushes open the glass door to the plush reception area of the Eurotunnel executive offices.

A young moon-faced SECRETARY sits behind a small computer and looks up as Maggie enters. The secretary points to a set of large oak doors.

SECRETARY

He's waiting for you.

Maggie rolls her eyes and slips through the doors into...

INT. MARGRAVES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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.

Maggie enters the room and walks purposefully toward Margraves.

MAGGIE

You wanted to see me, Mr. Margraves?

He barely regards her as he motions her closer.

MARGRAVES

Last month a red fox made it halfway through the tunnel before being electrocuted by the animal control fences. From the write-up in the papers you might have gotten the impression that it was Hitler's second coming.

MAGGIE

Mr. Margraves, I think I know what you're driving at, but...

Margraves holds up a hand to stop her and continues on.

MARGRAVES

Some woman twists her ankle boarding a shuttle and the papers say our trains are unsafe. A man gets his pocket picked and the press claims that crime runs rampant in our stations. 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.

MAGGIE

Have you looked at any of the proposals or schematics I sent you? Are you aware that a 10,000 gallon breach anywhere in the tunnel could lead to a catastrophic derailment.

MARGRAVES

Are you aware that 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. If you seriously think that this company is going to jeopardize public perception for fear of disturbing the exquisite balance of that willful, woolly-headed, everlastingly boring paranoia you insist on wearing like a hair-shirt, why you're dreaming, darling. So be a love, get a crew and get those flood sensors out of the tunnel before word leaks out that we've put them in.

MAGGIE

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

MARGRAVES

I want them out today.

The oak doors open and UPTON NEWBY, a skinny middle-aged ex-army official pushes through. Dull and very British he is stolidly impervious to Margraves acrid teasing.

MARGRAVES (*CONT'D*)

Stand to, Maggie and let a titan pass. Lawrence of Arabia? Arthur of the Britons? No, 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 and Margraves looks to Maggie.

MARGRAVES

Sanger? Are you still here? You've got a lot of work to do. Toddle along, love.

Maggie gives him a hard stare and pushes out through the door. Newby moves to Margraves desk and places the folder in front of him.

MARGRAVES (CONT'D)

Good, God. Don't tell me you've really got something, Newby. 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? I would've thought they were too dull for even you.

NEWBY

The cease-fire notwithstanding we have long suspected that the IRA might have planted a man on a tunnel crew.

MARGRAVES

Really? Well, duller and duller.

NEWBY

Our suspicions were confirmed this morning when a tip came in giving us a name.

MARGRAVES

Please tell me about it. In excruciating detail.

NEWBY

It's in the folder. We've dispatched a security team and should have the man 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 him. I'm bristling with anticipation. Call me when you've got him and meanwhile it's business as usual.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAINTENANCE YARD - DAY

Maggie walks through the yard carrying a blueprint tube. She spots Flynn sitting inside a pick-up truck eating breakfast.

MAGGIE

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

FLYNN

Isn't this your day off?

MAGGIE

It was, but Margraves called me out on the flood sensors. He wants them all taken out yesterday. Could you give me a hand?

FLYNN

Sure.

MAGGIE

Pick up a wiring kit and a precision wrench set and meet me behind the Exhibition Center.

FLYNN

Right-o, Maggie.

CUT TO:

INT. EXHIBITION CENTER - DAY

Jessica stands under the clock tower as Maggie approaches. Maggie can't hide her serious face.

JESSICA

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

MAGGIE

Just delayed. An emergency came up and I'm needed in the tunnel.

JESSICA

What about me? What am I supposed to do?

MAGGIE

I'll put you on the train with Tom Spinney. When you get to France he'll take you to the crew lounge and I'll meet you there. Okay?

JESSICA

Do I have a choice?

MAGGIE

Have you seen Andrew?

JESSICA

No, not yet.

MAGGIE

He'll just have to catch up.

She leads Jessica away through the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. EUROTUNNEL PASSENGER STATION - DAY

Jessica spots the sleek bullet train. Eight cars in length, with long bullet-nosed engines bookending the passenger cars, the train looks more like a double-ended missile than transportation. Maggie checks her watch, then a schedule board.

MAGGIE

You'll be riding on the 10:30 run. Once the train enters the tunnel, you won't see the daylight until you hit France thirty minutes later.

JESSICA

If it's only like 30 miles why can't we get there faster?

MAGGIE

Much faster. This train can go about 200 miles per hour, but the tracks haven't been set for that kind of speed. I think sixty should be fast enough for you.

As Maggie and Jessica approach the bullet train, Jessica runs up to the engine. Its brilliant colors glisten in the bright sun. The huge train seems to dwarf the young girl as she runs her hands across the smooth surface.

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)

Come on, let's go in.

INT. PASSENGER LOUNGE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

This is a well appointed parlor car with comfortable seats and a bar along one side. Bright lighting punctuates the car's modern features. A small crowd of well dressed, well heeled BUSINESSMEN, TOURISTS, and COMMUTERS mill about the car drinking coffee and chatting among themselves.

Maggie and Jessica enter from the rear of the car and begin walking through.

Jessica leads the way as a bathroom door swings open and a man begins to emerge.

Jessica throws her arm out to deflect the door pushing it back on the man and squeezing him between the door and the jamb.

Maggie steps in front of Jessica as the door swings open to reveal Michael Sinclair, the gentleman from the ferryboat.

MAGGIE

Oh, I'm really sorry. My daughter doesn't always pay attention.

(admonishing)

Jessica.

SINCLAIR

My fault entirely. Are you both okay?

MAGGIE

We're fine, really.

SINCLAIR

(to Maggie)

Oh! Americans. Just visiting?

JESSICA

I just came from LA! This is my mom, Maggie. We're going to Paris.

SINCLAIR

Michael Sinclair, pleased to meet you.

A little embarrassed, Maggie begins to usher Jessica down the aisle.

MAGGIE

Nice to meet you, too. This is Jessica.

SINCLAIR

The pleasure is mine.

MAGGIE

If you'll excuse us we really have to get going.

Sinclair watches as the two walk to the front of the train.

Sinclair Enjoy the trip.

INT. PILOT'S COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

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.

Maggie enters with Jessica in tow and begins to show her around.

DAUGHERTY

Hey, Maggie. So, this must be Jessica.

MAGGIE

It sure is, but I need to ask a favor.

SPINNEY, a small, squat engineer, enters.

SPINNEY

Jessi, it's good to see you back.

MAGGIE

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. Maybe escort her to the employee lounge when you get to Calais?

SPINNEY

It'd be my pleasure.

(to Jessica)

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

MAGGIE

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

JESSICA

All right already, mom.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SERVICE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Maggie, annoyed, walks to a Flynn sitting in a small Cushman cart.

FLYNN

Maggie, me girl. You look like the dog done bit ya.

MAGGIE

I'm not in the mood, Sean.

FLYNN

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

EXT. TUNNEL OPENING - DAY

The 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. Fahey CLICKS on a small radio.

FAHEY

I'm in. I'll have the main system
bypassed in fifteen minutes.

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

CUT TO:

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 train tunnels.

MAGGIE

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

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

INT. TUNNEL KILOMETER 17 - CONTINUOUS

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

MAGGIE

We can get by using the angled
precision set.

Flynn reaches into a tool pouch, pulls out a precision tool and begins working on the sensor.

FLYNN

You know he was really broken up when you left.

MAGGIE

We talked about my leaving for a long time. He knew I wasn't going to be here forever.

FLYNN

That's for the past anyhow. He'd kill me if I told you, Maggs, but when he heard you was coming back it brought him to tears.

MAGGIE

I missed him more than I thought I would. I missed this whole damn place.

FLYNN

It's your blood, Maggie. 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 Maggie yells over the din. A pleasant-voiced announcer cuts through the noise in several different languages.

ANNOUNCER(VO)

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

MAGGIE

Christ! Could something else happen?

FLYNN

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

MAGGIE

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 begins to walk toward a small yellow object just off the main line.

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

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

She settles into the Cushman and starts the engine. Maggie glances around and sees Flynn is missing.

MAGGIE

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, Maggie. 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. They're not ours.

As Flynn continues to examine the device as 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

Touch-up work.

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. The detonator slips from his hand and begins to fall. Maxwell reaches out and catches it inches from the ground.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL/CUSHMAN - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. TUNNEL KILOMETER 17 - CONTINUOUS

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

MAGGIE

Sean!

Maxwell spins to face the her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Doyle? What have you done?

He raises the gun and squeezes off two quick shots. The bullets whiz past Maggie, ricocheting madly off the smooth walls. She darts into the darkened passageway.

Maxwell carefully places the detonator back on the track, reattaches the wires, then runs into the passageway.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL/CUSHMAN - CONTINUOUS

Maggie 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 wildly fires several rounds, but the distance is too great. Maxwell watches as the Cushman fades into the darkness. He picks up a portable radio from his bag and speaks.

MAXWELL

It's Maxwell. We have a party crasher.
Fahey, come down the service tunnel.
Garrett, take the English tunnel.

CUT TO:

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 computer set off the gas leak alarm, but tunnel sensors aren't picking anything up.

Annoyed, Margraves moves to a panel of switches a few terminals down. He presses several buttons and the lights and alarm stop.

MARGRAVES

Did you check the methane reference gauges?

TECHNICIAN #2

They all read zero.

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. Run an analysis of the computer logs.

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

MARGRAVES (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN/LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car is filled with the sounds of conversation. Sinclair stands off to one side chatting with ADRIAN SPAULDING, a white-haired English executive.

SPAULDING

...And I'll tell you this. The British economy doesn't need the EC. The pound is the cornerstone of our rock solid economy.

SINCLAIR

I guess I'm just not as confident as you. One disaster could send the entire economy into chaos.

SPAULDING

Perhaps across the pond, but here you're looking at an insulated economy. There is no storm Great Britain can not weather.

As Spaulding talks, Teller, Lorcan, Aidan and Colleen enter from the rear of the car and begin cutting through the crowd. Sinclair's gaze looks past the executive and locks on the four impostors.

Spaulding is well into a longwinded speech as Sinclair's gaze moves to the black steel handle of a pistol barely visible in Teller's jumpsuit. Sinclair's eyes stay with the four as they weave through the crowd and exit the car. A look of concern comes over his face.

INT. BULLET TRAIN/CAR ONE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica and Spinney come through the accordion walkway connecting car two 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 gray box on the wall.

SPINNEY

Hey, Jessica. Pop on that headset
and tell Meyer we'll be up top in a
moment.

Jessica goes behind the bar, opens a panel and pulls an oversized headset out. She takes her cap off and tosses it on a table while placing the headset on her head.

JESSICA

Hey, guys. This is Jessica. Spinney
says we'll be back in a minute.
(she listens)
Right.
(to Spinney)
They want coffee.

SPINNEY

What am I, the errand boy?

Jessica disconnects and comes back around.

JESSICA

I've gotta use the bathroom.

Spinney motions to the far corner of the car. Jessica finds the bathroom and enters as Spinney begins pouring coffee. He fills styro cups, then rummages through the drawers for sugar.

SPINNEY

(to Jessica)
You want something to drink?

INT. CAR ONE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica turns to leave, putting her hand on the knob, then stops, thinks, and moves to the sink to wash.

INT. CAR ONE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Teller and his three cronies march in, guns drawn.

SPINNEY

(oblivious)
Is it too much to ask for some sugar?

TELLER

(Bugs Bunny impression)
One lump or two, doc?

Spinney turns at the voice, but is grabbed by Teller who pumps two silenced bullets into his heart -- instant death.

ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOOR - OPEN

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

TELLER (CONT'D)

The pilot's compartment. Now!

Jessica ducks back into the bathroom.

INT. PILOT'S COMPARTMENT DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lorcan and Aidan stand on either side of the door. Teller arrives followed by Colleen.

TELLER

(whispering)

On my call.

The four men produce high tech automatic guns.

INT. PILOT'S COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

MEYER

What's the hydraulic pressure level...

The compartment door flies open and the four gunmen burst inside. Two high and two low.

DAUGHERTY

What's this? Who are you?

TELLER

The replacement crew.

Teller's men open fire. The barrage is quick with each man receiving two shots, one to the heart, one to the head.

TELLER (CONT'D)

You're replaced. Toss them.

Lorcan and Aidan pull the two corpses from the cockpit.

Teller and Colleen sit in the pilot and co-pilots chairs and begin punching buttons. Their movements are decided and predetermined. They know what they're doing.

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, the 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.

The tower staff slowly stop their duties, interested in Bushnell's communication with the train.

BUSHNELL (CONT'D)
Eurostar one-five, please respond.
(to Kreiger)
Perhaps their radio is out.

Just then the radio crackles to life and Teller's voice echoes off the control room walls.

TELLER(VO)
Clear the tracks.

BUSHNELL
That's not Meyer.
(into the mic)
See here, whoever you are. Get Mr.
Meyer on the line.

There is no response.

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 power 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 SECURITY GUARDS push their way through the crowds of passengers on the platform. The bodies of the three 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. Security guards pull their weapons, but are cut down with several short bursts.

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

CUT TO:

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 just off the center service tunnel. 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.

KREIGER

The flood doors in the French tunnel are closing. I can't stop them.

MARGRAVES

(yelling)

Bushnell, call Newby in security and Commander Brady at the garrison and tell them that we have a possible terrorist situation. Kreiger, get me some power to the flood doors. Reroute a terminal if you have to. I want those flood doors opened now!

Margraves leans against the windows surveying the carnage on the platform and the smoke near the tunnel opening.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL AT KILOMETER 14 - CONTINUOUS

The Cushman speeds through the service tunnel. Her breathing labored, Maggie is visibly shaken as she slows the Cushman to a stop. She stumbles out off the cart and steadies herself against the tunnel wall. She begins to hyperventilate.

Regaining her composure she moves to a black phone box listens for a moment, tries to raise a dial tone, and slams the receiver.

MAGGIE

Shit!

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

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

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Over here.

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

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

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

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

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(calling)

Whose crew are you on?

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

The man pulls an automatic from behind his back and begins firing. Maggie breaks to her right, falling 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 Maggie and sees that it leads to the French train tunnel. He slips into the shaft and...

INT. FRENCH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

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

A short section of the tunnel is lined with stepped scaffolding along the walls and ceiling obscuring Fahey's view. He slowly begins to walk down the tracks looking up and around for signs of movement.

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

Slowly he climbs the steps leading to the first level of the scaffolding. He sees Maggie about to disappear over the side.

Fahey stands over her, smiling.

FAHEY

Go with God.

Suddenly, from below, a metal rod is violently thrust up between Fahey's legs and twisted.

The force of the rod throws him backward and he falls off the scaffold. 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 scaffolding.

Andrew, rod in hand, walks over to the dangling body. Maggie climbs down and moves next to her.

MAGGIE

Andrew, Thank God. I think I'm gonna be sick.

ANDREW

Maggie, we don't have time.

MAGGIE

I've never seen that man before. He was gonna kill me...What are you doing here?

ANDREW

You've got to get out of here.

MAGGIE

You didn't answer me. What are you doing here?

ANDREW

They called me in to do a circuit adjustment on one of the crossover switches. Now, We've got to move.

MAGGIE

(still in shock)
Doyle Maxwell killed Sean. I don't know why. He was just standing there looking at me. Maxwell was his friend.

ANDREW

Was he alone? Was there anyone else with him? Did you see anyone?

Andrew grabs Maggie's arm roughly. Maggie snaps out of her shock and looks up at Andrew.

MAGGIE

Who cares if he was alone. Sean is dead! He has a family. A wife, four kids. Doesn't that mean anything to you. Don't you care?

ANDREW

Of course I care. But right now we need to get back to the terminal.

MAGGIE
 (realizing)
 The terminal. Jessica. I've got to
 find Jessica.

Andrew's hands move across Fahey's body. He reaches in the
 dead man's pocket and a pulls out the gun and a small yellow
 device.

ANDREW
 Detonator.

Maggie wheels around to face Andrew.

MAGGIE
 A detonator? Are you sure?

ANDREW
 I know what a detonator looks like.
 It doesn't make sense though. This
 isn't enough to crack a headstone.

MAGGIE
 The phone lines are dead. We'll have
 to walk out and warn the tower.

ANDREW
 My rail-truck is in the crossover
 gallery.

Maggie begins walking down the emergency exit to the English
 tunnel toward England.

INT. LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pandemonium reigns in the car as the panicked passengers
 look around in shock. A PORTER lifts a wall phone receiver
 from its cradle and is about to speak when...

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

Teller and Lorcan stand in the doorway, their automatics
 cocked at the crowd.

The porter 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
 (singing)
 DING, DING, DING, WENT THE TROLLEY.
 CLANG, CLANG, CLANG, WENT THE BELL.
 Thank you. I just can't resist an
 open microphone.

Everyone turns to look at Sinclair.

Sinclair stands in the center of the isle. He gestures like an airline stewardess.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Do I have everyone's attention?
Welcome aboard. Before we begin the festivities, I'd like to announce a slight change in our itinerary. My associates and I will be your hijackers for the next forty minutes. As you can see the emergency exits are safely blocked and the no smoking light is on. Today's in-transit crime will be hostage taking and extortion!

AS SINCLAIR SPEAKS WE SEE:

INT. FREIGHT CAR

Colleen 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 a 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

For those of you collecting frequent victim points, the value of today's crime will be upwards of 150 million American dollars.

SPAULDING

Now, see here Mr. Sinclair. I demand you return to the station and end this silly charade.

SINCLAIR

Charades? Okay, one word, one syllable, rhymes with bread.

SPAULDING

What is this?

Sinclair raises his gun and pumps two slugs into Spaulding's head. The passengers all scream in a panicked fear. Sinclair opens a large briefcase revealing a sophisticated computer. He begins typing.

SINCLAIR

He sucked at charades. He wasn't even close.

Sinclair signals to Teller who fires into the ceiling several times. The crowd quiets immediately. Sinclair stands before the terrified group.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Hey, people, people. Don't think of me as a ruthless, blood-thirsty killer...think of me as your...pal. Now, we have just two rules on this train. Rule number one: Remain quiet and in your seats at all times. Rule number two: Always obey rule number one.

Sinclair scans the group, then turns to Teller.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Teller, are the cars all clear?

Sinclair loosens his collar revealing a thin red burn mark around his neck.

TELLER

All clear. I count 67. What happened to your neck?

Sinclair rubs his hand across his neck.

SINCLAIR

One of our Brazilian associates from the Tapigos Dam found me on the Ferry. It seems he was very unhappy with our methods.

TELLER

Is this going to create a problem?

SINCLAIR

We negotiated a settlement. Any problems with our Irish colleagues?

TELLER

Political fanatics always make me nervous. They all want to die for their cause. We should watch ourselves with this bunch.

SINCLAIR

For this payday I'll buy into anyone's politics.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie and Andrew walk along the quiet track of the English tunnel. Ahead and behind them the tracks drift into complete darkness. Maggie struggles to say something.

MAGGIE

Andrew...You killed a man back there...

ANDREW

I didn't want to.

MAGGIE

Doesn't it bother you? Even a little.

ANDREW

He would have killed you, Maggie.

MAGGIE

You seem so removed...so casual. Like you were buying a shirt.

ANDREW

(sharp)

I'm sure it'll catch up to me later. Right now my biggest concern is getting us out of here.

Maggie is taken aback by his tone and follows him in silence. They enter to a widened area of the tunnel.

INT. 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.

With a puzzled look Maggie scans the tunnel walls. She's concerned and confused.

MAGGIE

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

ANDREW

Well what?

MAGGIE

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

ANDREW

I don't hear anything.

MAGGIE

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

Maggie goes to the center to the tracks and lifts the grating. The sluice below is illuminated by the overhead lighting.

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)

It's dry. Bone dry.

ANDREW

So?

MAGGIE

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

Andrew eyes the ceilings uneasily. He looks to the rail-truck and heads for it. Maggie climbs into the cab.

ANDREW

I found the keys...

MAGGIE

...And a radio. 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.

Andrew walks back behind the truck and down toward the tracks. Maggie picks up the truck's phone and punches a two button code.

INTERCUT MAGGIE WITH THE TOWER.

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

BUSHNELL

Bushnell.

MAGGIE

Bushnell. This is Maggie Sanger.

BUSHNELL

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

Maggie has a heart-stopping moment.

BUSHNELL (*CONT'D*)

This place is bedlam. We've called
in the SAS They'll be here...

MAGGIE

Which train? The number? Which train?

BUSHNELL

The one-five. Where are you?

MAGGIE

I'm in the tunnel. Near gallery one.
Andrew Farrell is with me.

BUSHNELL

Hold for a second.

Bushnell waves to Margraves who hustles over.

BUSHNELL (*CONT'D*)

I've got Sanger on the line. Farrell's
with her. They're in the tunnel.

Margraves snatches the phone away.

MARGRAVES

Maggie. This is serious business...

MAGGIE

My daughter is on the one-five

MARGRAVES

Don't worry about that. The SAS is
on it. I'm going to tell you
something, but do not react to it.

MAGGIE

What are you talking...

MARGRAVES

Maggie, the IRA has planted a man in
our midst. A bomber. It looks like
they're targeting the tunnel.

MAGGIE

It's Doyle Maxwell. I saw him kill
Sean Flynn.

MARGRAVES

Maxwell? No, no, no. It's Farrell.
Andrew Farrell.

The color drains from Maggie's face.

MARGRAVES (*CONT'D*)

Flynn must have been in on it with
him.

MAGGIE

This is a mistake, You can't be right.

Margraves picks up a folder and looks down at a set of bruised, wild-eyed mug shots of Andrew.

MARGRAVES

I assure you it's true. His real name is Jimmy Phalen, he's a Unit Commander with Crosmaglen active service unit. No doubt about this one. He's wanted for at least 25 bombings and murders. Those are the ones they know about.

MAGGIE

Are you sending help?

GARRETT(VO)

Help has arrived.

The phone suddenly goes dead Maggie looks up to see GARRETT, a hard-eyed decrepit man, standing on the track a few feet away, his automatic in one hand and a broken radio antenna in his other.

GARRETT (*CONT'D*)

Get out.

Garrett pulls Maggie out of the vehicle and shoves her down the line.

ANDREW

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

Andrew turns to see Garrett holding a gun to Maggie's head.

ANDREW (*CONT'D*)

Garrett?

Garrett shoves Maggie over to Andrew and walks to the main track.

GARRETT

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

Confusion and anger wash over Maggie's face as Garrett 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. Maggie looks up and shoots a glance left. Garrett is oblivious.

GARRETT (*CONT'D*)
(into a radio)
Maxwell, this is Garrett. I'm at
kilometer 10 with...

MAGGIE
You tell Maxwell he's a fucking...

With a powerful sweep of his hand, Garrett slaps Maggie who lands hard on the tracks near the switch box. He cocks his gun.

The SQUEAL increases. Louder. Closer. Garrett steps forward placing his foot on the rails by the switch. Maxwell's voice echoes from the radio.

MAXWELL(VO)
Maggie, delicate as always.

Maggie staggers to her knees steadying herself on the silver switch box.

MAXWELL(VO) (*CONT'D*)
(to Garrett)
Kill them both.

Maggie throws all her 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, the pain causing him to drop his automatic and radio to the side of the tracks.

The SQUEALING intensifies, building 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.

With the train nearly upon them Andrew leaps off the tracks to the far side. Maggie pulls herself flush to the near wall.

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.

Maggie clings to the wall while the landborn missile brushes inches from her 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. Maggie stands with Garrett's gun trained on Andrew. He stares in disbelief.

ANDREW

Maggie?

MAGGIE

Who are you? Where's my daughter?
Where the fuck is Jessi?

ANDREW

Maggie...

MAGGIE

WHERE IS SHE?

ANDREW

I DON'T KNOW.

Maggie holds the gun up and cocks the hammer.

MAGGIE

Where is she?

Andrew raises his hands.

ANDREW

Just listen. That's all I ask.

MAGGIE

Why? Why did you do this to me?

ANDREW

Because...I'm obligated.

MAGGIE

To what? Politics? Some cause? It makes me sick.

ANDREW

I'm everything you think I am and probably more. None of that matters now.

MAGGIE

Where's Jessi?

ANDREW

If she was on the one-five then they've got her.

MAGGIE

What do you mean they've got her? You're in it together, your thing, whatever...

ANDREW

No. They're not IRA. Not regular IRA anyway. They're Caidé Sin. Fanatics. They went rogue years ago. They'd rather see Ireland destroyed than to have a peace with England. I was contacted yesterday...

MAGGIE

The man at the bar.

ANDREW

Yeah, him. He came from the top. They're frantic. Word came down that Caidé Sin had already infiltrated the tunnel. 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 messy, so awful. It'd ruin everything, overnight make 800 years as if nothing...

MAGGIE

Then tell me why you're here.

ANDREW

Four years ago I was stationed at the tunnel. The electrician job came easy. Nobody asked any questions. If the IRA decided to do the tunnel I was to be the man. Now things are different...

I'm going to stop them. I need you to let me go, Maggie.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Teller is a study in resolve. Aidan chain-smokes cigarettes over Colleen's shoulder as he watches her work the train's controls. Flashing lights illuminate the console as Colleen pulls back on the throttle. As the train slows, Teller stands.

TELLER

(to Aidan)

Bring it to a stop in two kilometers. Look for Maxwell's signal. I'm heading to the back.

With that he stands and leaves.

INT. SECOND CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica peers out of the bathroom and seeing it's safe, enters the car. She moves to the rear of the car and through the glass door can see the passengers huddled in the next car. As she opens the door to the accordion walkway, the bloodied body of Spaulding slumps into the car. Jessica jumps back.

JESSICA

Oh, shit!

A bit more cautious, Jessica creeps forward and sees Sinclair sitting at a portable computer while the passengers sit quietly. She's about to enter when she sees Lorcan, puffing a cigarette, holding an M-16.

She turns and runs back into her car, spots the headset on the wall and slips it on. She begins pressing the intercom buttons looking for a response. Jessica is about to speak when she hears footsteps and drops the headset.

Teller walks through the car. His eye catches on the red light of the intercom and he stops. He hears a CLICK coming from a corner of the car. Seeing the bathroom door, he pulls his silenced automatic and cautiously steps toward it.

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

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

Teller looks around. Nothing. He leaves.

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

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, prepares to speak while her CAMERAMAN lines up his shot. On the monitor, BERNARD SHAW leads into the story.

SHAW
 (on the monitor)
 ...let's go to Diane Kent at the
 English Channel Tunnel.

The cameraman cues her.

DIANE KENT
 Thank you, Bernie. What we know so far is that a group of apparent terrorists have hijacked a train from the Eurotunnel station in Folkestone and escaped into the tunnel. 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. 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
 ...of the 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?

Margraves paces the room while Newby and the anxious staff watch the tunnel mock-up. The green blip representing the speeding train begins to slow down.

KREIGER
 I still can't get power to the French Tunnel flood doors. Looks like two hours until the we're on line.

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 celebrated 2% showed up. At least Maxwell is in the mix and not just sitting on his bum. Kreiger, get me Corbeau at the Calais station.

Newby slinks away and picks up a phone.

TECHNICIAN #1

It's slowing down! The train is slowing down!

Margraves spins around to look at the LED tracking board. The green blip slows then stops.

MARGRAVES

Where did it stop?

KREIGER

Just beyond signal twenty-two. About eight kilometers before the third 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.

BRADY

Margraves!

Margraves walks toward him and stands off to his left.

MARGRAVES

Group Captain Brady. The cavalry has arrived. Someone better warn the reprobates.

BRADY

No time for your acerbity. What have we got?

Margraves turns and gestures to the huge mock-up of the tunnel on the back wall.

MARGRAVES

One of our trains was hijacked and stopped about mid-tunnel. We have no idea how many passengers were aboard. They knocked out our control systems, but we should be on line in an hour.

BRADY

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

MARGRAVES

We don't know. They were yelling some rubbish, what in was it?

NEWBY

Na deora go bronacha. The sorrow of our tears

BRADY

They're Caidé Sin, IRA breakaway faction. That's their maxim. Stinking Paddies. We had a go round with them at Kensington Gardens last year. Nasty bunch.

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 (V.O.)

Attention K-mart shoppers. We've got a blue light special going on 67 hostages in the tunnel. This special won't last very long so take advantage while you can.

BRADY

Who is this? Identify yourself.

SINCLAIR (V.O.)

Fellas. Why so shrill? We're all friends here. Practically brothers. We're into a male bonding thing, a guys thing, that beating the drum thing.

Everyone in the tower looks at each other in disbelief. Brady struts while he speaks.

BRADY

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

SINCLAIR (V.O.)

Hey. Slow down, sport. I rehearsed this speech, but I only know it from the beginning. Let's see; yadda, yadda, yadda, -- yadda, yadda. Oh, okay. Here I am. We, the collective members of Caidé Sin, 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 of course there's the cash. There's always room for cash. Now get your pencils ready. £100 million to be transferred into Gruen Stlag treasury account #872006. You have 53 minutes to complete this transaction.

MARGRAVES

But it's not possible.

SINCLAIR (V.O.)

(Singing)

TO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM...

Sinclair cuts out and the room is silent. 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

Is there any way for them to get out?

Brady traces his finger along the map.

MARGRAVES

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

BRADY

What are these tunnels 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. We'll be ready to go in ten minutes. I'll see those pads dead before I pay them anything.

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

BRADY (CONT'D)

I don't know what these wonks were thinking. French troops are standing by in Calais. My lads will move in and flush these bastards out.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MID-TUNNEL/KILOMETER 25- CONTINUOUS

Maxwell stands alone off to the side of the tracks. He glances down the tunnel and sees a rail-truck heading toward him from the French side. The rail-truck, which is an everyday pick-up truck with steel rail wheels for tires, pulls alongside. MCCARTAN, a blond Irishman with ruddy cheeks, hops out of the cab.

MCCARTAN

Kilometers 40 to 50 are completed.

MAXWELL

Good.

MCCARTAN

This American they've hired, Sinclair, he's a bit cracked. We should watch him.

Maxwell checks his gun as the two men look down the track to see the mammoth bullet train stopped.

MAXWELL

I'll keep him in line.

Three cars back, a door rattles open, revealing Teller and Sinclair.

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

SINCLAIR
 (impressed)
 Right on time. McCartan, Are the
 explosives all in place?

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica hears VOICES and perks up. She moves to a solid frosted window and tries to look out. No luck. She then sees light leaking through a vent. Hunching down to peer through the heavy slats, she can see Sinclair and McCartan talking.

MCCARTAN(VO)
 The trip beam's set at kilometer 43.
 When we send the train across it
 this place goes up in three minutes.
 Boom!

Jessica slides back against the wall.

INT. MID-TUNNEL/OUTSIDE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Teller calls out from in front of the engine.

TELLER
 Garrett made it back.

Everyone hurries over to Teller.

SINCLAIR
 What does he have to say?

TELLER
 Make way for the train.

Teller points to the lower portion of the train's nose where Garrett's body is splattered like a bug on a windshield.

Maxwell closes his eyes and says a silent prayer over the body. Sinclair stares hard at the shapeless body. McCartan comes up behind him, sees the carnage, then winces in disgust.

SINCLAIR
 Show's over, folks. We're expecting
 company. Maxwell, let's get started
 on the explosives.

MAXWELL
 I'm saying a prayer for the dead,
 but then you wouldn't understand.
 You're not Caidé Sin.

SINCLAIR

McCartan, get the body off the train.
 (to Maxwell)
 Why was he out of position?

McCartan looks around with a 'why me' face, then gingerly begins peeling the body away from the train.

MAXWELL

I sent him to kill Maggie Sanger.

SINCLAIR

And who is Maggie Sanger?

MAXWELL

She's the tunnel systems engineer.
 She and one of her crew uncovered a
 detonator. I killed him, but she got
 away. Garrett was looking for her.

SINCLAIR

And so Garrett is now road-kill.
 That does not compromise the job.
 But this tunnel systems engineer, is
 she going to be a problem?

MAXWELL

You just worry about what you've
 been hired for. I'll attend to Maggie
 Sanger.

McCartan finishes and shoves Garrett's body to the side.
 Maxwell watches with a bitter look as Sinclair ushers the
 men back along the train away from the dead man.

CUT TO:

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

Maggie, gun still aimed at Andrew, examines an LED track
 monitor near an emergency phone. She watches the motionless
 red blip.

MAGGIE

The train's stopped and they've closed
 the flood doors in the French Tunnel.

ANDREW

This is how it begins. There's no
 time to waste, Maggie. You've got to
 let me go.

MAGGIE

Why should I believe anything you're
 saying?

ANDREW

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

Maggie ponders her position. She slowly lowers the gun.

MAGGIE

Okay, but only for Jessi. And after we catch up to them all bets are off. I won't lift a finger to help you and if I find out you're lying...I'll kill you.

ANDREW

Fair enough...about your daughter...

MAGGIE

You just worry about the tunnel. My daughter's my business.

ANDREW

That's just it, she'll have to be your business. The tunnel's the thing. If it comes to a choice, it'll be the only thing. Don't let it come to that.

MAGGIE

It won't come to that. Get this through your head--all business and nothing but--no talking, no crying, no telling me the story of your fucking life. You put my daughter's life in danger and I hate you for that.

He seems about to say something, but can't find the words.

Maggie pockets the gun and begins walking toward the train. Andrew runs after her past a wall monitor showing the train's stopped position.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

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

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. 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 his headset.

KREIGER

Brady is 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 at about mid-tunnel. Chances are they'll be making an escape on foot. Our mission is to flush these buggers out like turds from a toilet. 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. Behind me now, British army anti-terrorist squadrons are rolling inside. Passengers on the scene heard the assailants yell "Na deora go bronacha", well known in this area as a Caidé Sin battle cry. Officials speculate that the IRA break-away group may be holding hostages in an attempt to gain recognition for their cause.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLET TRAIN/LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maxwell watches CNN on the monitor of Sinclair's laptop computer.

MAXWELL

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

SINCLAIR

Predictable, tedious limeys. And I thought we were so simpatico.

The passengers react with fear and anticipation.

EXT. BULLET TRAIN/TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair and Maxwell step off the train.

SINCLAIR

Time to kill a few more anal retentive British.

Sinclair points to one of three rail-trucks on the siding then walks on.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Too bad we can't kill some French, too.

MAXWELL

We don't need to be wasting time with who's behind us. It's ahead that concerns me most. I don't want to see another one of my men end up like Garrett.

SINCLAIR

Your own people hired me to do this. Apparently they think I have the competence to execute the job. Can they say the same about you?

Maxwell sulks as Teller runs over.

TELLER

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

SINCLAIR

Send it.

Teller signals McCartan who places a metal tool case on the accelerator pedal of the 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 KILOMETER 22 - CONTINUOUS

Walking down the passageway in silence, Maggie seems lost in thought her color drained.

ANDREW

Maggie, are you okay?

Andrew touches her arm, but she pulls away snapping at him.

MAGGIE

Don't touch me. Don't even breathe on me.

Andrew pulls his hand away.

ANDREW

You don't look well.

MAGGIE

I...I feel...sick. And empty. About as bad as I've ever felt.

ANDREW

Now you know what I know.

MAGGIE

What happens? Do you get over it? You did it 20 times.

ANDREW

23. You learn to accept it. Killing's just part of the day's work.

MAGGIE

What gets a person angry enough to do that?

ANDREW

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

MAGGIE

Jesus...

ANDREW

That wasn't the worst of it...I had a daughter once. Still do, far as I know. Wife too for that matter. First time I went into the 'Kesh she was pregnant. Had the kid while I was in. Few years went by, my wife sent me a picture of our daughter, a group shot with some other little girls only she neglected to tell me which was mine. Just let me guess. Forever.

MAGGIE

I couldn't stand not knowing.

ANDREW

It doesn't matter now. She took the kid and moved away. I've never heard from either of them since.

MAGGIE

I could never do what you do.

ANDREW

I'm not sure I can anymore.

Maggie quickly turns her attention down the darkened tunnel.

MAGGIE

Shhh. Hear that?

ANDREW

(listens)

I don't hear anything.

MAGGIE

No, listen. Something's coming on the tracks.

Far off in the distance, the sound of a HIGH REVVING engine breaks the silence. Maggie crosses the tracks and stands next to Andrew. The sound is getting louder. Off in the distance, something appears. The orange rail-truck, getting closer. Maggie's eyes light up.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
That's one of our rail-trucks!

ANDREW
I'll flag it down.

Andrew steps to the rails and begins waving his arms wildly. The rail-truck gets closer, but never slows down. Andrew jumps out of the way moments before impact and the truck zips past.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
That truck had no driver.

MAGGIE
Then where's it going?

CUT TO:

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
Red squadron, tighten up the rear.
All right, lads, keep your eyes
peeled. Them buggers are due a big
surprise.

A small flash of orange 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 storm 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 - 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.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL/KILOMETER 22 - CONTINUOUS

The explosion's echo reverberates off the tunnel walls and is followed almost immediately by a pulse of hot air. Maggie and Andrew are knocked off their feet.

Pipes and ducts rattle while chips of cement and dust rain down from the ceiling.

The two stand while brushing themselves off.

ANDREW

You all right?

MAGGIE

Jesus, what the hell was that?

A yellow chunk of plastic tubing drops from the ceiling and bounces off her head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Ow! What the hell was that?

Andrew picks up the yellow tubing and examines it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Where did that come from?

Andrew peers at the ceiling.

ANDREW
(pointing)
Up there. Looks like a detonator.

Andrew runs along the track looking up at the tunnel's ceiling.

MAGGIE
More detonators?

ANDREW
They've rigged the tunnel with explosives. Looks like they all lead off to a central timer somewhere down there.

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

ANDREW
The charges are rigged near the top of tunnel, just off to the left side about every 100 yards.

MAGGIE
The keystones.

Andrew regards Maggie with a puzzled look. She goes to the tunnel wall.

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)
The tunnel walls are cement panels held in place by the keystones. They're like a lock. Take out the keystones and walls come down like puzzle pieces.
(gravely)
We need to get to that train.

ANDREW
Slow down, you just said explosives alone couldn't destroy the tunnel.

MAGGIE
Not explosives alone. If they've sealed off the seepage controls then the arch pressure on the tunnel is building up to over 10,000 pounds per square inch.

ANDREW
And that means?

MAGGIE

It means all the weight of the English channel is pushing down on this tunnel. When the keystones go, the tunnel will collapse in on itself.

Andrew turns pale and slumps down the wall. Maggie looks down the line. She lifts the metal grate in the center of the tracks to reveal the six foot deep cement sluiceway beneath the tracks.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This sluiceway runs the length of the tunnel. We can use it to come up under the train.

Andrew looks ahead into the darkness of the sluiceway. Maggie hops down and starts walking. Andrew follows, hugging the walls for support as he goes.

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

This negative exposure is killing 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.

MARGRAVES

I refuse to take the blame for something I had absolutely no control over. I'd like to say...

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

CUT TO:

INT. SLUICeway - CONTINUOUS

Maggie and Andrew trudge through the cramped concrete sluiceway.

MAGGIE

Have you ever tried to find your daughter?

ANDREW

I've thought about it. I think about it all the time. The only thing I can't think of are the words I'd say to her.

MAGGIE

I couldn't imagine not being with Jessica. She's everything. Her father disappeared when I got pregnant and from the second she was born it has always been the two of us. In college, I took her to class with me, right with my books in my backpack. We went to graduate school together. Anytime I was up against it, I'd look over at her and she'd stare back at me as if she understood.

ANDREW

I envy you, Maggie.

MAGGIE

She's not a baby anymore. I can't keep dragging her around the world for every new project that comes along. She's growing up. She needs a place to call home...

They hear VOICES and Maggie lifts a finger to her mouth. Quietly raising the metal grating overhead, she peaks down the line.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The hijacked Eurostar shuttle train is parked 100 yards down the line. Two men stand near the back talking.

INT. SLUICeway - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

It's about 100 yards away. I saw a couple of men, but it's hard to make anything else out.

ANDREW

When we get on the train, find the radio and let the tower know what's going on. I'll see how many we're up against.

MAGGIE

What about Jessica?

ANDREW

I'll do my best, Maggie.

The two quietly begin crawling toward the train.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair and Maxwell stand near the front of the train speaking in hushed tones.

MAXWELL

Did the transactions all go through?

SINCLAIR

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

MAXWELL

Where's your man?

SINCLAIR

Teller's on his way down to make sure the water holding tank is empty. Timing is critical now. He must have those tanks clear in 20 minutes if we're going to escape.

MAXWELL

Before you worry about saving your hide, Sinclair, let's not forget what we came here to do.

SINCLAIR

(mock indignation)

Are you trying to make me cry? Is that what you're trying to do? Because believe me, this place will go and you won't want to be here when it happens.

MAXWELL

You just see that it does.

Maxwell moves off and Sinclair follows.

ANGLE ON

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

Maggie's head pokes up through the opening. She surveys her surroundings, pulls herself up and climbs into the front engine compartment. Andrew follows close behind.

INT. EUROSTAR FRONT ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Crawling through the engine door, Maggie stays low as Andrew pulls his gun. The compartment is empty and Maggie pulls Andrew aside.

MAGGIE

That man who was talking to Maxwell. I saw him on the train this morning. He was a passenger. He said his name was Sinclair.

ANDREW

That makes sense.

MAGGIE

What makes sense?

ANDREW

A dam in Brazil blew up last year, killed 2,000 people. That was Sinclair's work. He's a hired gun.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Pay his price and this is what he does; demolitions, deconstruction. Human life is inconsequential.

Maggie swallows hard realizing the gravity of the situation.

MAGGIE

No one's getting out of here alive, are they?

ANDREW

Get on the radio and fill them in on where we are. I'm going to take a head count.

MAGGIE

Look for Jessica. Make sure you look for Jessica.

ANDREW

I know, Maggie, I know.

Andrew slips down the narrow hallway that leads to the rear of the engine. Maggie goes to the front instrument panel and CLICKS on the radio.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is still alive with activity as Bushnell bursts in.

BUSHNELL

I have Maggie Sanger.

MARGRAVES

Send her in. She'll tell us what she's seen.

BUSHNELL

She's on the phone...she's on the one-five.

Margraves face reddens with anger. Everyone pauses to look at him. He punches the button on the intercom box.

MARGRAVES

Sanger! What in bloody hell are you doing on that train?

INTERCUT MAGGIE AND MARGRAVES

MAGGIE

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

The tunnel is in no danger. We've already paid them, Maggie. They've promised to let everyone go so don't become the fly in the ointment.

MAGGIE

This guy, Michael Sinclair, he's going to kill everybody. My daughter's on this train.

MARGRAVES

I don't care if the queen mum is onboard you get off that train and stay out of the way.

MAGGIE

I'll get back to you on that.

Maggie CLICKS off the radio as she hears footsteps coming down the passageway. She turns just in time to see Aidan, cigarette hanging from his mouth, appear around the corner. She sprints for the open doorway as Aidan fumbles for his gun.

EXT. TRAIN ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Sliding down the stairway ladder she hits the ground ready to sprint, but Aidan is there. CLICK. He pulls back the hammer of his gun and Maggie freezes halfway between the engine and a fuel tank rail-truck. The rail-truck has two large metal tanks strapped to its bed with "flammable" warning signs affixed to the sides.

AIDAN

Turn around.

Maggie complies.

MAGGIE

Please, My daughter...

AIDAN

I don't care.

Aidan laughs, but his smile fades as Andrew steps into view. In a quick move, Andrew throws open the fuel valve. Aidan's cigarette ignites the pressurized gas and a wall of flames shoots up toward the ceiling, engulfing Aidan.

The explosion slams Maggie and Andrew against the 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.

With Aidan's flaming body slumped against the truck's door, Andrew grabs Maggie and pushes her toward the hood.

MAGGIE

No! I'm not leaving. I've got to get Jessi. She's back on the...

ANDREW

We're going!

He jumps on the hood and kicks out the remains of the windshield. He pulls Maggie onto the hood and into the cab of the orange rail-truck.

THUD! Andrew's eye's open wide in pain and fear. He looks down at his chest to see a gaping hole gushing crimson blood. He falls into the car.

Maxwell runs to the scene. His bullets rain down as Andrew grabs the keys and cranks the engine. He yanks the shifter and 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.

Sinclair and the rest of the squad arrive on the scene, guns drawn. All but Sinclair begin firing.

SINCLAIR

(above the noise)

Enough!

MAXWELL

THAT was Maggie Sanger.

SINCLAIR

Colleen, to the cockpit, everyone else assemble in the back engine.

The men scramble.

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 back 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. REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair is barely aboard before the train lurches forward to begin its journey toward France.

McCartan and Maxwell huddle near Sinclair as he stands near a window and watches the tunnel slowly move by.

SINCLAIR

We'll be up to speed in three minutes and should overtake her by then. This car will be disconnected when we approach the cross-over gallery. That will give us four minutes to get ourselves and the equipment into the water holding tanks.

EXT. RAIL-TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

The rail-truck is speeding along at almost eighty miles an hour, its heavy steel frame fighting to stay on the rails.

BRIGHT LIGHT.

Maggie and Andrew are bathed in the all-too-familiar beam of the bullet train. She 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. When the speeding train is ten yards from the truck, Colleen throttles up ever so slightly.

INT. RAIL-TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

The engine comes up on the truck and RAMS it then backs off.

Andrew is propped up behind the useless wheel, holding his bleeding chest.

MAGGIE

Oh, God. You've been shot.

ANDREW

(suffering)

We...have to stop the...train. I've got to try to get back...

MAGGIE

There's a switch up ahead at the cross-over gallery leading to the other tunnel. If we throw it, the train will be forced to stop.

ANDREW

How do you know that'll work?

MAGGIE

Because I'm leveling the playing field.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

They've closed the flood doors in the French tunnel. If we switch the tracks, they'll have to stop.

ANDREW

How far to the switch?

The train RAMS the rear of the rail-truck.

MAGGIE

Four kilometers, but we're too heavy. I've got to lighten the load.

With that she crawls through the blown-out windshield and out on the hood. She steadies herself 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. Maggie is thrown against the back of the cab with a jolt. She sits with her back against the cab wall and uses her legs to push the large propane tank.

SLAM the train butts the truck. BAM it does it again.

Maggie strains against the incredible weight of the tanks but they don't budge.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(yelling to Andrew)

They won't move. I need to loosen the rear brackets.

She 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 Maggie off balance. She loses her grip and slides to the back of the truck. The tailgate and rear of the truck crumbles, leaving Maggie hanging off the edge.

The train closes the gap and Maggie's grip begins to weaken. With nowhere to go she jumps to the low bumper of the bullet train now only inches away.

Maggie's outstretched arms hug the smooth steel body of the train. She begins inching her way around to the right toward the cockpit ladder.

INT. BULLET TRAIN PILOTS COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Colleen sees Maggie, 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

Maggie strains to maintain a hold on the train. She looks down, sees the speeding rails, and loses her balance. Slipping down the side of the sleek engine, her feet scramble looking for a toe-hold. Maggie's foot catches on a piece of torn metal as the engine again SLAMS into the small rail-truck.

The impact nearly shakes Maggie loose, but she holds on. She 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 Maggie tumbles into the compartment. She rushes Colleen, throwing herself full fury at her.

MAGGIE

Where's my daughter? What have you done with Jessica?

Colleen is bowled over by the angry woman and is staggered back for a moment. She regains her footing and swings wildly, catching Maggie on the right side of the head.

Maggie yanks a fire extinguisher off the wall, swings and connects with Colleen's head. The redhead goes down in a heap. Maggie reaches for the controls, when Colleen grabs her automatic and stands.

COLLEEN

Get away from there.

Maggie, still holding the extinguisher, holds her ground. Colleen raises the automatic.

Colleen's finger tenses on the automatic. Maggie 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...

...RATATATATATATAT, 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

The train rams the back of the rail-truck with tremendous force nearly pushing it from the tracks. The propane tank's metal supports crumble from the 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.

The now lightened rail-truck surges forward opening up a steady gap. Two yards...ten yards...twenty yards...

INT. PILOTS COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A wall of flames explodes through the blown out windows.

Maggie jumps back from the flaming panel, points the extinguisher and squeezes...

...nothing. Flames and sparks burn on, fanned by the rushing wind. Maggie tries to reach through the flames but can't.

INT. RAIL-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The orange rail-truck increases its distance from the train. Andrew clutches his wounded chest and watches for the switch. Ahead on the right, a green signal light appears in front of the switch.

As soon as he passes the switch, he slams the brakes hard. The damaged truck grinds to a halt with a SQUEAL and a shower of sparks. Andrew stumbles to the switch.

INT. TUNNEL CROSS-OVER GALLERY TWO- CONTINUOUS

The locomotive races toward his position. Andrew grabs the manual switch. The train bears down. He pulls.

Nothing. He throws his weight against the mechanical lever. The train is almost upon him as...

...the tracks shift moments before the train clips the rails. The engine slams to its left and heads down the crossover spur.

INT. REAR ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Maxwell, McCartan 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. PILOT'S COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The control panel is ablaze in flames. Thick smoke quickly fills the cab. A yellow collision warning light strobes the cab as Maggie stumbles down the narrow hallway to the back.

She reaches the back of the engine, finds a control panel, hits the button and the door slides open. Coughing and rubbing her eyes, Maggie staggers through the first car. Outside, the concrete walls of the English tunnel race by.

Maggie reaches the back door of car one and enters the accordion walkway.

INT. ACCORDION WALKWAY BETWEEN CARS 1 AND 2 - CONTINUOUS

Maggie slides open a gray panel revealing a series of buttons. She punches several buttons and waits for a response -- nothing.

MAGGIE

Shit.

She pounds the panel in frustration.

Reaching down she struggles with a wide steel plate in the floor. Sitting against the wall, Maggie uses her legs to push the panel halfway open, revealing a massive coupling surrounded by cables.

Maggie lies flat on the floor and reaches down, groping blindly until she grips a small grease-covered handcrank. She turns it. Immediately, the couplings begin to separate and the accordion canopy splits in the center.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

There's nothing like the romance of train travel...

Maggie looks up to see Sinclair in the doorway with a gun then stands.

MAGGIE

You fucking bastard...

SINCLAIR

Back. Stand back!

Sinclair bends down and pulls the final pin

MAGGIE

Please, let me have...

With a shudder, the cars slowly begin to pull apart. Maggie's words are lost in the sound of the separating the cars.

SINCLAIR

Don't forget to write.

Maggie watches breathless as the section of train carrying her daughter and Sinclair begin a rapid fade into the darkness.

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

We've got trouble in River City.
Start the rear engine.

With that, Sinclair runs through the door.

INT. MAGGIE'S HALF OF THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Maggie races through car number one while it sways viciously on the tracks. Reaching the door to the engine she opens it, only to be pushed back by a wall of smoke and flame.

She drops to the floor and feels around for the coupling release panel. In seconds, she'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

Maggie has the floor panel open and is halfway in the opening, fighting with the crank and pin. Above the engine noise, she can hear the collision ALARM.

Maggie gets herself entirely on the side of the first car, turns, then pulls. The iron pin holds fast, then finally slides out. 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.

The emergency air brakes in Maggie's car kick in and the engine bullets ahead. As Maggie's car begins to slow from 100 miles an hour, she dashes down the aisle to the last row of seats.

Maggie 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.

ANGLE ON

The engine, all aflame, looks like a demon's eyes as it plows forward...

...HEADLONG 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 tremendous explosion, which hurls a fireball down the tunnel.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maggie fights tears as she holds on for dear life.

EXT. MAGGIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The wheels of Maggie'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.

Maggie's 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. MAGGIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The train SCRAPES against the walls, then flips and rolls. Maggie is tossed from the bucket seat and lands violently on what was the ceiling.

EXT. MAGGIE'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. MAGGIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Seats, equipment and garbage cover the ceiling/floor of the crunched train. Movement underneath the chairs reveals a badly banged up Maggie. Her left eye is swelling and a small gash on her arm drips blood. She staggers to a jagged fissure in the car's wall and climbs down to the tracks.

INT. TUNNEL/OUTSIDE WRECKED TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The crumpled engine burns wildly as Maggie staggers away in the opposite direction. When she is about 70 yards away, the engine's transformer explodes, creating a third fireball. Maggie 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 tunnel seemingly collapses in on itself.

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, then a sudden inverted fountain of water erupts.

The high-pressure liquid erupts from a large crack in the tunnel ceiling and explodes against the wreckage below. The burning train begins to smother and a thick gray cloud of steam and ash fills the air.

Maggie stands motionless, transfixed.

The dropping blocks make their way toward her like a domino chain. She scrambles to her feet and runs for her life.

The brackish water accepts gravity's invitation and begins cascading down the tunnel.

Maggie runs all out as the blocks continue to fall. At first 50 feet behind her, then 40, now 30...

Ahead, she sees an enormous steel reinforcement beam where the cement tiles end. She puts on a tremendous burst of speed with the ceiling tiles now only 15 feet, now 10, now 5 and she...

...dives over the threshold as the last ceiling tile falls only five feet away, pelting her with concrete debris and dust. The cool salt water rushes over her body, temporarily soothing her burns and lacerations.

CUT TO:

INT. CROSSOVER GALLERY TWO - CONTINUOUS

A strong light illuminates the area. The train is backing out of the French tunnel across the switch and back onto the English line.

When it completely passes the switch the train comes to a complete stop.

CUT TO:

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 McCartan)
Switch the track.

Sinclair CLICKS on his radio.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
Teller...

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.

Teller stands in the tank's center.

SINCLAIRO (O.S.)
...we'll be moving toward you on
foot. Is the pipe clear?

Teller shines a flashlight into the large black pipe in the wall.

TELLER
All the way to France.

Teller's voice echoes of the walls. As the echo dies a new sound takes over. A gentle sloshing.

TELLER (CONT'D)
I hear something. Hang on...

Teller 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 Teller turns to see...

RATS. Hundreds of them. The rodents jump over each other looking for refuge. Teller 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.

TELLER (CONT'D)
Aww shit. Rats.

SINCLAIRO (O.S.)
Rats...do you see any water?

TELLER
Just a trickle...

A gentle rumble grows louder. Teller looks around to find the source. The rumble increases until the whole tank shakes.

Teller climbs a few rungs when...

Untold millions of gallons of water explode from every pipe and grating. Teller fights to keep a grip but cannot. He's pushed to the tank's floor as the brackish water pummels him mercilessly. Teller 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 Teller's anguished cries fade away.

SINCLAIR
Teller...Teller.

Sinclair, visibly upset at losing his right-hand man, slams down the radio. Maxwell bursts into the compartment, his pants soaking wet.

MAXWELL
There's water everywhere and the switch is damaged.

SINCLAIR
How bad?

MAXWELL
The rail which allows the train to move forward is jammed.

SINCLAIR
You've got five minutes.

MAXWELL
Fuck you, Sinclair! Getting out of here doesn't matter any more.

SINCLAIR
The only way to destroy this place is at the tripwire down the line. Fix the switch and we'll get there.

MAXWELL

You've lost it. It's all gone wrong.
I will see this through.

Maxwell storms out of the cab.

INT. TUNNEL OUTSIDE WRECKED TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Maggie gets off the ground and looks at the wreckage behind her. Blood from her forehead drips over her eye but she barely notices it. She runs to a familiar small panel in the wall and peers at the small water pressure gauge. The needle is pinned to the top of the red zone.

MAGGIE

Shit!

Realizing the battle is not finished, she begins wading fast, then running through the deepening water and down the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL CROSSOVER CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

McCartan works an improvised lever attempting to correct the switch. As he strains against the tracks weight we go...

CLOSE ON one of Maggie's flood sensors a few feet away. Water rushes around the sensor slowly rising until...

A small LED on the sensor turns bright red.

ANGLE ON

McCartan as a loud rumbling attracts his attention. He runs to the end of the gallery and peers down the line.

About a mile away he sees the flood doors rumbling slowly across the tracks. The doors cross the tracks and seal in fifteen seconds. McCartan turns and runs back to the train.

INT. TUNNEL/NEAR CROSSOVER GALLERY TWO - CONTINUOUS

As Maggie runs down the tracks, she can see the opening to the crossover chamber ahead. There, on the tracks, sits the halved bullet train. She puts on an extra burst of speed, when a figure grabs her by the shirt, yanking her back.

A hand covers her mouth, but Maggie bites down hard. The hand comes off and Andrew reels back in pain. His breathing is labored and his shirt is covered in blood.

ANDREW

Christ!

Maggie gets a good look at him. He slumps to the ground attempting to catch a breath, but cannot.

MAGGIE

Andrew, oh God. Look at you.

The water rushes around Andrew's body as Maggie pulls him by the arms into the service tunnel. She lays him down and rips away a bit of her shirt. Pressing it against his wound she wipes his perspiring face with her hand.

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)

Take it slow. Breath in. Slow now.

ANDREW

No, Maggie...I don't think I'm going to make it...

MAGGIE

Shhh, don't talk like that. You'll be fine.

Andrew attempts to reach over to his front pocket.

ANDREW

My pocket...front pocket.

Maggie feels around his pockets until she fishes out a photo of several young girls in school uniforms.

MAGGIE

Your daughter?

ANDREW

Which one...which is mine?

Maggie studies the photo uncertain then points to a young girl on the right.

MAGGIE

This is her. I'm positive.

She holds the photo for him to see. The girl Maggie has chosen looks a lot like him.

ANDREW

I'll be damned...

MAGGIE

It's in her eyes. She has your spark, your passion.

ANDREW

I dreamed every one of them, but never her.

(looking at the photo)

Intense, isn't she?

Maggie starts to cry, but tries not to show it.

ANDREW (*CONT'D*)

Maggie...you're crying. For me?

MAGGIE

Who else?

ANDREW

Then do you think you'd have forgiven me?

MAGGIE

I already have.

Andrew sighs, a look of unutterable peacefulness comes across his face. His eyes roll back, his head sags to one side and then he just dies. Maggie's tears flow freely and gives a sigh of grief, low and soft like a song, then whispers:

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)

Would've loved you, too.

Maggie lays Andrew's limp body softly on the ground and closes her eyes in silent vigil.

INT. TUNNEL CROSSOVER CHAMBER - FLOOD DOOR

Sinclair stands at the huge flood doors, pensive. Maxwell runs a hand over the metal skin of the barrier.

MAXWELL

Let's blow it open.

SINCLAIR

We risk sealing the doors shut.

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

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

This was not part of the plan. This door should be open. They couldn't close it from the outside, no one closed it manually from the inside, there's no automated sensor...

MAXWELL

Then we'll open it manually.

SINCLAIR

If it's a four digit access code, that gives us 10,000 possible combinations. We don't have the time to figure it out.

MCCARTAN

Sinclair. You're wanted on the radio.

SINCLAIR

I didn't authorize any outside communications.

MCCARTAN

This is coming from the inside. It's Maggie Sanger.

Sinclair thinks for a moment and hustles to the train.

INT. TRAIN/FIRST CAR - CONTINUOUS

Walking into the car, Maxwell and Sinclair move to McCartan who hands off the radio.

SINCLAIR

Ms Sanger. You're embarrassing me in front of my men. I told them I killed you. How does this make me look?

MAGGIE

I'll make you a deal, Sinclair. You're stuck with no way out. You give me the passengers and I'll open the flood doors.

Sinclair begins pacing the car searching for a way to stall.

SINCLAIR

How do I know you can do that?

MAGGIE

Because I have the access code that opens the doors.

SINCLAIR

(off the radio)

Is she telling the truth?

MAXWELL

If anyone down here would know the code to open those doors, it's her.

Stopping at a table, Sinclair's hand comes to rest on a yellow baseball cap. Absentmindedly, he picks it up and runs the material through his fingers. Sinclair examines the hat. Inside "JS" is written in marker.

MAGGIE

This isn't open to negotiation. The access code for the passengers.

Sinclair studies the hat long and hard.

SINCLAIR
 (off the radio)
 Maxwell. Where was Garrett when he
 was killed?

MAXWELL
 In crossover gallery one.

SINCLAIR
 If she was at gallery one, why is
 this woman heading toward us rather
 than escaping? What is so important
 down here?

He looks at the hat once more then slams it on the table.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
 We have a stowaway. Search the train.

The men give Sinclair a questioning look.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
 There's a young girl hiding on this
 train.

MAXWELL
 Jessica!

SINCLAIR
 Find her.

The two men scramble to attention with Maxwell and McCartan
 going aft. Sinclair talks into his radio.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
 You've made a very generous offer,
 Maggie. I guess I can't help but
 wonder why you're so concerned.

MAGGIE
 That's my business. Do we have a
 deal or don't we?

SINCLAIR
 Give me five minutes to get the
 passengers together.

Sinclair CLICKS off the radio and he moves into the...

INT. PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Making his way through the tangle of cowering people, Sinclair
 looks for the little girl. The far doorway opens and McCartan
 enters dragging Jessica, kicking and struggling.

MCCARTAN
 Here's the little bitch.

SINCLAIR
Bring her forward.

The passengers watch in horror as the terrorists yank the little girl through the club car and out. A burly PASSENGER stands as if to come to Jessica's aide. Lorcan swings his weapon into place and the man backs down.

INT. TRAIN/FIRST CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair CLICKS on the radio and picks up the handset.

INTERCUT WITH MAGGIE IN THE TUNNEL.

SINCLAIR
Maggie?

MAGGIE
Are you ready?

SINCLAIR
Almost. Just a slight change in plans.
I still want you to open the flood
doors, but you can't have any
passengers.

MAGGIE
No deal.

SINCLAIR
That's a shame. I guess I'll have to
kill your daughter.

Dead silence. Maggie slumps against the wall, devastated.

MAGGIE
What do you want from me?

SINCLAIR
You have three minutes to get here
or I'll begin to kill your daughter.

MAGGIE
Please, she's just a kid.

SINCLAIR
Three minutes. Tempus fugit.

Sinclair CLICKS off and turns to Jessica

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)
I love when things go my way.

JESSICA
Fuck you.

SINCLAIR

What a clever retort. Your mother
would be proud.

The three men and Jessica climb out of the train.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie searches the tunnel in desperation. She moves to an electrified animal control fence and grabs the thick insulated cable leading into the unit.

Pulling with everything she's got, the cable breaks free, exposing the frayed end. Wires hiss and pop as though they were alive.

Maggie wades through the ankle deep water with the cable elevated in her hand. She drops the frayed end of the power line on the left rail. Blue wisps of electricity dart along the iron ribbon. She disappears into the darkness.

INT. TUNNEL/CROSSOVER GALLERY TWO - CONTINUOUS

Standing next to the rail truck, McCartan holds Jessica and Maxwell glares at Sinclair.

MAXWELL

Shouldn't we just kill the girl?

SINCLAIR

Right now, this is the only ace we're holding.

Sinclair's answer is cut short when Maggie steps out of the darkness of the train tunnel.

JESSICA

Mom! I'm here.

All eyes turn to Maggie. As she moves toward the men she seems different; cold, hard, a warrior hardened by battle.

SINCLAIR

Ms. Sanger. Maggie. Long time no see. Much love. Hugs and kisses.

(cold)

Give me the access code or I kill your daughter.

MAGGIE

(to Maxwell)

How can you live with yourself? These are innocent people.

MAXWELL

Nobody's innocent, Maggie. Not even you. Now give us the code.

MAGGIE

All right, I'll give you the code.
Just don't hurt my daughter. Don't
hurt anyone.

Sinclair considers Maggie's plight with deranged elation.

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)

I want my daughter first.

SINCLAIR

You want your daughter I want the
code.

(points to Maxwell)

This guy here, he wants a holy war.
Everybody wants something.

Maggie walks boldly toward him.

MAGGIE

You son-of-a-bitch.

SINCLAIR

Character issues aside, I don't have
time for tearful family reunions. Do
you have the code for me or not?

Maggie looks at him long and hard. She's out of ammo and up
against a monster.

MAGGIE

Two two three zero.

Sinclair smiles.

SINCLAIR

Would you believe that was going to
be my next guess? You know, Maggie,
we're practically the same person.

Maggie glares at Sinclair in disbelief.

SINCLAIR (*CONT'D*)

It's that moment of completion. That
moment it's finished, beautiful,
pristine, for the world to see. The
tunnels, the bridges, the dams, these
are the Gods we create and worship.

MAGGIE

Then why destroy them?

SINCLAIR

You see them as eternal monuments. I
see them as challenges.

(MORE)

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

If I can destroy the world's greatest engineering feats, what does that make me?

MAGGIE

It makes you insane.

SINCLAIR

I guess you don't get it. McCartan, put the girl in the rail-truck.

McCartan grabs Jessica, shoves her inside the rail-truck and slams the door shut. She sits on the seat, hugging her legs and crying.

Maggie begins to panic.

MAGGIE

But my daughter...

SINCLAIR

If the code works I'll put her on the train with you. If it doesn't...well we won't even think those thoughts.

Maxwell holds up a nasty looking automatic and charges toward Jessica.

MAXWELL

Kill them now!

SINCLAIR

(cutting him off)
Wait, Maxwell! Not-just-yet.

Maxwell lowers his gun and sulks. Sinclair enters an access path that will take him into the service tunnel.

MAXWELL

(pointing to Maggie)
Take her to the switch. She'll help you fix it.

McCartan roughly shoves Maggie away as her piercing glare cuts through Maxwell.

INT. RAIL-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Jessica is screaming as she sees her mother being taken away forcibly.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Maggie locks eyes with her daughter as McCartan continues to push her backwards.

Maggie looks at the damaged rail switch.

MCCARTAN
The rail's stuck.

MAGGIE
That switch is out of alignment. The train can't move forward until it's properly seated.

Maggie motions to the switch box next to the spur.

MAGGIE (*CONT'D*)
You just pull the black lever until the tracks connect completely.

MCCARTAN
Well, then you do it for me.

Maggie gives him a "yeah, right" look.

MAGGIE
I'm not strong enough.

McCartan gives her a hard look then motions her away.

MCCARTAN
Step back.

A deep RUMBLE down the line and the flood doors slowly begin to open. As the two steel doors creep backwards.

McCartan reaches down to the silver switch box. He pulls at the lever, but it holds tight.

MAGGIE
Remove the grating between the tracks and you can get better leverage.

McCartan sneers at her and removes the metal grating over the drainage sluiceway. Dark water rushes violently by on its way to the pumping station. The Irishman braces his body on the against the sluiceway wall and pushes the lever.

ANGLE ON

Sinclair steps out of the darkness of the service tunnel and walks over to Maxwell.

SINCLAIR
See, Maxwell. You've got to learn to trust people.

Maxwell turns and takes a step toward the rail-truck.

MAXWELL

Help me get the rail-truck off the tracks.

SINCLAIR

Change in plans...

Maxwell turns to see Sinclair pointing a gun to the Irishman's head.

MAXWELL

For fuck's sake. What's this?

SINCLAIR

We both know there's no longer a way to blow up this tunnel and get out alive. I'm taking the rail-truck and disarming the bombs.

MAXWELL

That's not the deal. That's a fucking a double-cross.

SINCLAIR

Call it what you like. I have no intention of being buried down here for your pathetic cause. The little girl is all I need to get out of this hole.

MAXWELL

I promise you this, Sinclair. I will hunt you down and I will kill you.

SINCLAIR

You'll be lucky if you live beyond today. If the French don't kill you down here the SAS will.

His gun trained on Maxwell, Sinclair backs into the rail-truck.

Jessica claws at him as she attempts to get out. Sinclair puts his gun to her face, hits the gas and rolls forward.

ANGLE ON

An oblivious McCartan working the switch. Maggie twitches a bit. Her eyes seem to push him to get better position.

Again he can't budge the rail. Then...

...it starts to move.

MCCARTAN

There we are, chippy.

The rails shift and click. What follows is instantaneous.

A fiery blue bolt seems to explode from the left rail and the switch box. It travels both directions of the rail looking for a ground. It finds McCartan.

McCartan's body convulses as he stands frozen to the rail then is thrown into the electrically charged stream of water where he sputters and flips about as if being eaten alive by piranha.

The switch box bursts into a charged electrical fire. Thick black smoke fills the area. Maggie bolts toward the rail-truck as it starts to pull away.

Maxwell pulls a gun and fires several quick shots at Sinclair then turns to see Maggie running toward him.

MAGGIE

(yelling)

Jessica.

Sinclair looks back and jams the rail-truck into gear. Jessica struggles, but Sinclair pulls her closer. The rail-truck speeds away fading into the darkness.

Maggie chases a few yards on foot as Maxwell begins firing at her. She freezes for a moment then runs back toward the train.

Maxwell's bullets whiz by her.

Maggie searches for a place to hide. As she comes to the switch with McCartan's dead body lying alongside, she fluidly dives though the opening between the tracks into the rushing water of the sluiceway.

The swift dark water instantly swallows her.

Maxwell runs up to sluiceway and fires several shots into the water. He looks to see if anything surfaces. Nothing.

He moves to the train, climbs in the open end and races though the cars.

INT. TRAIN CARS - CONTINUOUS

Lorcan looks down the car straining to see what's happening. The hostages nervously strain to look out the windows whispering to each other.

Maxwell bursts through the doorway.

LORCAN

What's happening down there? I heard guns?

MAXWELL

McCartan's dead and Sinclair's double-crossed us.

LORCAN

(nervous)

Sinclair was our way out. What do we do now?

MAXWELL

We do what we came here to do. I'll start the train. You stay here.

Maxwell sprints out the door toward the rear engine.

INT. SLUICEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pitching and hurling, Maggie is whisked along by the roiling water. She struggles against the torrent fighting for a breath.

Still moving along, she gropes blindly for something to slow her down. With the last of her energy, she thrusts her right arm upward. Her fingers hit the metal bars of the sluiceway grating then grab hold. She brings up her left arm and struggles to get a grip.

Parallel to the grating, her body still under water, she braces her 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 Maggie's head breaks the water and she gasps for a breath.

She pulls herself out of the sluiceway carefully avoiding the train. Almost hyperventilating, she watches the heavy wheels as they roll inches away. Looking behind, she sees the low-ended engine as it approaches.

Realizing she'll be carried away by the locomotive, she looks to the wheels, bobs her head as she counts off the time between sets, then...

...rolls over the right rail. The wheels miss her by centimeters. She's quickly on her feet and running alongside the train.

The train is leaving the gallery as she dives aboard.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Margraves paces the floor as nearly every technician is turned toward the tracking board.

BUSHNELL

The flood doors in the English tunnel are open and the train's moving again.

MARGRAVES

Open, close, open, close...What in bloody hell is going on? This is not part of the deal. 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:

EXT. RAIL-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The rail-truck, topping out at eighty miles per hour, struggles to stay on the tracks as it accelerates toward the French side.

INT. RAIL-TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Sinclair smiles to himself as he looks over at Jessica.

SINCLAIR

Another mile or so and we'll be at the trip beam.

Jessica sits silently looking over her shoulder out the blown-out back window.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Expecting someone?

As he speaks, the train's outer lights reflect off the cab of the rail-truck.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Damn. Can't those guys take no for an answer?

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Maggie appears at the end of the open car and stops at the edge. Looking ahead she see the rail-truck far ahead.

MAGGIE

Jessica....Jessica.

She calls to her daughter, but her voice is lost in the rush of wind.

A flashing red light on a small LED near the exit catches her attention.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Shit. The emergency brakes are engaged.

She leans out the end of the train and holds fast as she looks around the corner. The walls of the tunnel race by inches away.

ANGLE ON

The wheels of Maggie's car are locked, enveloped in sparks and acrid smoke. Far behind the engine struggles to push the train forward.

ANGLE ON

Maggie as she crawls back inside and removes the floor panel by the opening.

Clearing wires and tubes, she finds a black hose and tugs it. The hose snaps sending a jet of hydraulic fluid on her clothes, Maggie grabs the hose and points it away. A maze of wire, tubes, hoses and circuitry greet her.

She stretches in for a red hand lever, but it's too far to reach.

LORCAN (V.O.)

Get up from there.

Maggie looks over her shoulder, surprised. The muzzle of Lorcan's gun is pointed to her head.

Maggie rises slowly, then, in a quick motion, spins around with the severed hydraulic fluid hose in her hands.

The caustic liquid sprays into Lorcan's face. As he clutches his eyes in pain, Maggie kicks at his legs causing him to stumble forward, and tumble out the open ended train. His gun CLATTERS along the floor and follows him out.

Maggie looks out to see Lorcan holding himself inches off the track on the U-shaped coupler, his strength waning.

He looks up at her and their eyes lock for a moment. Maggie is torn. Lorcan's hold slips slightly and he inches closer to the tracks.

Maggie bends down and extends an arm.

MAGGIE

Grab my arm!

Lorcan fearfully reaches his left arm toward Maggie, supporting his entire weight with his right. He strains to make the connection.

Maggie leans off the platform and almost touches his hand when...

...Lorcan's grip slips and he's sucked under the train's wheels. Maggie jumps back, sickened at the sight.

Not wasting a moment, Maggie climbs out on the coupler. Bracing herself carefully she lowers herself on narrow foot holds until she's only inches above the tracks.

Looking under the train she sees the red lever illuminated by light entering from the opened panel above.

Clinging to the coupler she extends her left leg out to the lever. She holds the coupler while pushing hard. The lever gives...

...the brakes disengage and the train THRUSTS ahead with a leap.

INT. LOUNGE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The passengers are thrown around as the train accelerates. Several jump to the floor while others cling to their seats. Screams and panic fill the air.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

After an arduous climb back inside she straightens up to see Sinclair's rail-truck being tracked down.

INT. RAIL-TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Jessica sees her mother in the opening and scrambles out of her seat. Climbing through the smashed rear window, she's almost out of the cab when Sinclair grabs her foot. Jessica kicks wildly, landing one square on Sinclair's nose. He reels back as blood gushes.

Sliding a fire extinguisher up to the gas pedal, Sinclair props it tight against the seat.

EXT. TRAIN/RAIL-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The bullet train is almost on the rail-truck. Sinclair tumbles after Jessica, grabbing the young girl moments before she reaches the train and puts her in a headlock.

Impasse.

Maggie watches Sinclair standing defiantly in the back of the rail-truck holding Jessica tightly by her hair.

SINCLAIR

Kids today. This is an example of what's wrong with American youth. It's obvious she gets her manners from you.

MAGGIE

Please, just 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 for a second time squarely in the nose. Sinclair screams in pain and cups his face. A river of blood covers his mouth and jaw.

Jessica scrambles to the end of the rail-truck. Maggie grabs the edge of the dangling accordion walkway and reaches out.

MAGGIE

Jump, Jessica. Now!

The girl hesitates for a moment, then leaps to her mother when...

...a bloodied hand grabs her ankle.

Jessica begins falling to the speeding tracks below when she connects with her mother's outstretched arm. A high speed tug-of-war begins as Maggie and Sinclair pull Jessica violently in opposite directions.

Jessica begins to slip through Sinclair's hands.

Sinclair strains to hold on. Jessica slowly slips though Sinclair's grip until he only holds the young girl by her shoes.

The unlaced sneakers slip off in Sinclair's hands and Jessica sails into her mother's arms while Sinclair falls back toward the cab.

Jessica clinches her mother in an airtight hug as she kisses her repeatedly.

Sinclair scrambles back into the cab of the rail-truck.

CUT TO:

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 timer and detonator. A cable extends from the timer to the explosives daisy-chaining down the tunnel.

The rails vibrate slightly, then begin their high-pitched SQUEAL.

INT. FRONT TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

The train jolts ahead -- BANG. The impact scoops the rail-truck up, leaving the vehicle with only its two front wheels biting the track.

Sinclair is thrown against the hood of the cab and hugs the seat-back for life.

Unable to hold the track, the rail-truck flips to its right and careens across the rails, ties and gravel. The rail-truck wedges between the 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 Maggie's face.

The train's collision brakes lock in, sending a shock wave shuddering through the train. The SCREECHING AND SQUEALING increase tenfold. Maggie and Jessica brace themselves against a seat.

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. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Decelerating quickly, the train is enveloped in a smoke cloud as the noise begins to diminish. The cloud thickens until all we see is blackness.

SILENCE.

The cloud slowly dissipates, revealing a thick, crisp red beam cutting across the tracks. The crumpled remains of the truck rests inches away.

Maggie appears in the accordion opening, spots the beam and breathes a sigh of relief. The young girl points to the red beam of light crossing the tracks.

JESSICA

That's the trip beam thing. He said
if we crossed it, the bombs along
the ceiling would have exploded...

She pulls Jessica close and smiles down at her.

SINCLAIR (O.S.)

You think you've won...

Maggie's attention is riveted on Sinclair. His face is
bloodied and battered. Almost unrecognizable. His words are
garbled by the blood.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I never lose.

With that, he dies where he stands. His body seems to fall
in slow motion as it drops to the ground.

As he hits the ground his head cuts the beam. The red pinpoint
dot of light hits Sinclair between his two open, glazed eyes.

Maggie's attention is diverted overhead to the black box.
The box CLICKS to life and red numbers rapidly begin counting
backwards from 180.

JESSICA

He broke the beam. The timer's
started.

MAGGIE

I want you to get out of here. Keep
running and don't look back.

Maggie jumps to a set of built-in footsteps on the outside
of the train and begins climbing.

Jessica stands, watching her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I said get out of here.

JESSICA

I'm not going. I'm staying with you.
I want to be with you, mom. The Lime
and the Coconut.

Maggie hesitates for a second -- looks at her daughter
thoughtfully.

MAGGIE

The Lime and the Coconut.

She turns and disappears over the top of the train.

ANGLE ON

The top of the train as Maggie scrambles to her feet.

Maggie steps across the top of the train, being careful to avoid the electrical high-tension wire that runs the length of the tunnel. She 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. Maggie traces the other end to a smooth steel box four feet beyond the end of the train.

Maggie steps out onto the remains of the rubber canopy of the accordion walkway. She extends an arm to grab the box, but comes up short by inches.

The soft canopy begins to give way and Maggie is forced to retreat back to the metal rooftop.

She hesitates for a moment, searching for an answer. She grabs the thick black cable that emanates from the black box and pulls.

Nothing.

She pulls a second time with more force. Wires begin to snap and pop as the cable yanks loose. Maggie reels backwards landing hard at a bloody pair of boots.

Maxwell.

He stands over Maggie with rage burning in his eyes. Looking beyond Maxwell at the timer, Maggie is amazed to see it clicking away at double speed.

60 seconds and counting down.

MAXWELL

You don't understand. It has to be this way.

MAGGIE

But you'll die too.

MAXWELL

Then I'll be a martyr like them that went before me.

MAGGIE

Killing those people...blowing up this tunnel...It's not going to change anything.

MAXWELL

England wears this fucking tunnel like a Victoria cross. Meanwhile the sons and daughters of Ireland are crushed under the Parliament's jackboot.

MAGGIE

You're no better than them. In fact you're worse. With people like you the killing will never stop.

Out of options, Maggie springs forward rushing the Irish madman.

Maxwell reacts. He kicks Maggie with a bloody boot, knocking her to the edge of the train. She holds fast to the black insulated cable and catches herself before going over the tattered edge of the canopy.

40 seconds.

Maxwell casually walks to the edge of the train.

He reaches a mangled hand into his waistband and fingers a small caliber handgun.

MAXWELL

Na deora go bronacha.

Maggie attempts to climb the black cable and reaches for the Maxwell's leg.

30 seconds.

With an incredible rush of strength, Maggie yanks Maxwell's leg, pulling him forward. Flailing wildly, Maxwell 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.

Maggie scrambles up the side of the train and glances up at the timer.

15 seconds.

Maxwell drops his hand to his still-holstered gun as Maggie pulls herself onto the metal roof of the train.

She turns to see Maxwell's hand coming up with his gun.

Maggie swings the black timer cable like a bull whip. The cable whistles as it cuts through the air then...

CONTACT.

The cable hits Maxwell broadside, creating an instant circuit. The bare overhead wire he hangs from supplies the positive, the timer cable supplies the negative, and Maxwell 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 blows. Then the third...The fourth...and the chain reaction continues into the darkness.

Maggie cowers against the roof of the train as a streak of blue lightning dances over her head.

ANGLE ON

Jessica as she runs out of the open-ended train. She looks up to see Maxwell's body pitching and rolling in violent electrical spasms.

Jessica jumps away as Maxwell's smoking body plummets to the tracks. 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

Mom!

She waits breathlessly for a reply.

A beat passes. Then...

...Maggie's face appears over the edge of the train and looks down on her daughter. Elated, Jessica runs to the ladder as the battered woman slowly lowers herself to the ground.

She kneels down to Jessica, who hesitates for a moment. She throws her arms around her neck and begins to cry.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I love you, Mom.

MAGGIE

Me too, sweetie. Me too.

The two embrace again.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Let's go home.

JESSICA

Folkestone?

MAGGIE

No. I mean really go home...Los Angeles.

Jessica's face brightens. She hugs her mother. 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 loaded with men are poised to enter the tunnel when...

...Maggie 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.

French troops rush to their aid as THE CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY bringing the English Channel into view and we...

FADE OUT: