

# SNOWPIERCER

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Based on the Graphic Novel

Le Transperceneige

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PROLOGUE - TOP CREDITS

FADE IN:

SMALL TV FRAME OVER BLACK SCREEN: at an air force base somewhere, a news REPORTER in short sleeves and ear phones, holding a microphone, stands under the burning sun.

He is breathless, excited, on the verge of hyperventilating - this is the biggest story of his young life!

REPORTER

Good morning. On this day, July 1st, 2014, at this hour - 0600 - 78 countries have begun...

\*

ROOOAAAAR - a Military Jet takes off in b.g. Reporter holds a hand to one ear over his ear phone and shouts to be heard:

REPORTER (CONT'D)

78 countries have begun to disperse CW-7. CW-7 has been the subject of much controversy as environmental groups have protested its development and deployment.

ROOOAAAAR - another jet takes off as Reporter takes up a soccer ball size plastic MODEL in his hand.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

CW-7. This is a core molecular model of CW-7. CW-7 is the answer to global warming...it has been claimed.

ROOOOAAAAR - this one goes right over Reporter's head - he ducks as if the jet will hit him; scared and exhilarated.

\*

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Today, as we speak and as you can see - here and around the world...

CUT TO: IMAGE of military aircraft, against the sky, dispersing CW-7, leaving streaks of white behind them.

\*

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

CW-7 is being deployed into the upper layers of the atmosphere where it will bring down average global temperatures to the optimum levels of the last century. And we are witnessing it!

REPORTER grows ever more flush with giddy excitement over the roughly shaking image with an explosive noise of a succession of jets taking off...

REPORTER (CONT'D)

We are witnessing the very, the very, the very avalanche of a new dawn. Today will forever be known as the beginning of the end - the end of our long crisis; the end of our suffering and our fear; the end of the, the, the tyranny of global warming! Good bye global warming.

ROOOOAAAAR - the image has become so shaky, we can barely see the REPORTER as he drops the CW-7 model and shouts:

REPORTER (CONT'D)

This is the end!

MAIN TITLE: **SNOWPIERCER / LE TRANSPERCENEIGE**

DISSOLVE TO:

1 EXT. THE OLD WORLD

THROUGH TELEPHOTO LENS: a foggy, dreamy image of white takes shape into a white blizzard that blows ever more violently.

An AFRICAN ELEPHANT walks with difficulty, staggering and growing faint. As the strengthening storm covers it in a blanket of white, the elephant falters. Its massive body tumbles solemnly to the ground...

2 INT. TRAIN - SOMEWHERE

At the sound of a heavy clang, a GIRL's eyes pop open.

**TITLE: 17 years later, A.D. 2031**

In the heavy darkness, her two eyes blink soundlessly. In a cramped space, the girl's body undulates to a regular rhythm.

GIRL (V.O.)

From the day I was born, there has always been this rattling. Because I was born on a moving train.

Over the sound of a train's wheels RATTLING:

GIRL (V.O.)

I'm seventeen. The train has been rattling for the past 17 years. Outside the train, I hear the sound of snowflakes falling onto the frozen earth. No one is out there. Everyone is inside, the Train...

\*

3 INT. TAIL SECTION - ENTRANCE

A massive, iron Gate fills the screen. A SOLDIER holding a rifle, pulls a lever. The Gate slides open to reveal:

Endless freight cars, dark and filthy, like alleys in a poor village. TAIL SECTION PASSENGERS, shabbily-dressed, looking like vagrants, stand in cramped, packed rows of five across.

SOLDIER 1

Head check!

Passengers sound off their Numbers - "One" "Two" - and crouch into a sitting position, each in turn, row after row, further and further into the next car, like a cave...

Soldier 1 clicks furiously at the counter in his hand: 251-252-253...

CURTIS (34) does not count and he does not sit. With a sharp glare of concentration, Curtis remains stiffly upright as the waves of obedient Passengers count and crouch. Curtis - a lone standing figure.

SOLDIER 2

Sit down!

Curtis shows no concern. He stares past the iron Gate to the gate beyond and the one beyond and the next...

SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)

(aiming his gun)

I said sit down!

**Curtis does not budge an inch.** Passengers flinch in surprise at the sight of the leveled gun inches from Curtis. His fingers count on his thigh - 2-3-4 - as gates close one by one.

EDGAR (20), anxious, sitting, pulls Curtis' pant leg.

EDGAR

Curtis - sit down. Sit down...

Curtis sits suddenly - ignoring Soldier 2 and his gun.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

CURTIS

Counting.

EDGAR

Can't you sit and count? You wanna get shot? You're crazy...

CURTIS

Shut up, Edgar. I'm thinking.

Passengers in the far-off last row finish their count. Hundreds of Passengers crouch in neat, silent rows, their heads bob gently up and down with the movements of the train.

SOLDIER 3 steps forward and lifts a megaphone:

SOLDIER 3  
Are there any experienced  
violinists here? Raise your hands!

PEOPLE

...

SOLDIER 3  
Violinist!  
(mimics playing a violin)  
Violinist!

The Passengers just look around nervously at each other.

EDGAR  
Violinists? Fuck that. Bastards  
in the Front Section listening to  
string quartets, getting massages,  
eating fucking steaks...

CURTIS  
We will be different, Edgar. When  
we get there. When we get there.

EDGAR  
(beat)  
I want steak.

As the soldiers continue to shout, an elderly couple (GERALD and DORIS) hesitantly raise their hands.

SOLDIER 3  
Tell us your background.

GERALD  
My wife and I played Violin in the  
Boston Symphony Orchestra. I was  
first chair...

SOLDIER 2 grabs Gerald's hands - startling him. He examines the hands.

SOLDIER 3  
Can you still play?

GERALD  
Of course. You never forget.

The soldiers mutter amongst themselves - "Boston?" - and, after smirking, call out to Gerald.

SOLDIER 3

Follow me. Leave your belongings,  
we just need your hands.

GERALD

Not both?

SOLDIER 3

Yes. Both hands.

GERALD

(taking DORIS' hand)  
My wife, Doris, plays  
beautifully...

SOLDIER 3

They just need one person.

GERALD

Then I won't go.

SOLDIER 2

(approaching)

Who the hell do you think you are?

Soldier 2 pulls Gerald away from Doris. She shrieks and clutches Soldier 2's arm who whacks her in the face with the butt of his rifle. Bleeding, Doris falls and lies, unmoving, on the floor. Gerald yells out. Passengers gasp!

In the grim, shocked silence, Soldier 2 brutally stomps on Doris' left hand with his military boot. DORIS screams.

GERALD

Dory!

\*

SOLDIER 2

Now she can't play anyway.

Edgar, temper flashing, stands up. Now it is Curtis' turn to grab Edgar's pant leg and pull him back down.

CURTIS

Sit down, Edgar.

EDGAR

They can't...we can't just...

CURTIS

(steely)

No. This isn't the time.

Gerald struggles as he is dragged away by Soldiers 1 and 2.

GERALD

Dory! I'll come back for you...  
I'll write to you!

Gerald is dragged through the iron Gate. He calms as soon as he is through the gate - a small smile of hope and expectation crosses his face. CLANK - the Gate shuts.

EDGAR  
Fucking bastards...

Curtis stares at the gates opening as Gerald is dragged through - he counts on his thigh as Edgar prattles - 1-2-3-4...

EDGAR (CONT'D)  
...always treat us like this and  
always we just sit here in rows...

CURTIS  
Shut up. I'm trying to count.

EDGAR  
We don't count.

SOLDIERS push a cart, with large wheels, filled with pitch black '**protein blocks**' that look like chocolate bars. In a familiar procession, Passengers line up in front of the cart and receive their protein blocks.

Doris, bleeding, holding her mangled hand, rises and moves to take a protein block. With bloodied lips she eagerly gulps it down...her flushed, swollen red cheeks twitching.

4 INT. TAIL SECTION - MIDDLE

Curtis moves past squatting Passengers chomping protein blocks. One after another, Passengers shake their heads - "No, not me" - as Curtis passes. Edgar hurries to catch up.

EDGAR  
Curtis...  
(stares at his protein  
block)  
What does steak look like? I was  
real young when I got on the train.  
I don't remember it at all.

Curtis: "..."

EDGAR (CONT'D)  
Is it square like this? I bet it's  
damn fucking good, right?

LATIN MAN suddenly stands and holds up his hand. Curtis grabs Latin Man's protein block and finds a hole on the side, like on a block of cheese.

LATIN MAN  
The hole!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CURTIS  
(Hands it back) \*  
Not it. \*

EDGAR  
Not it.

Curtis continues on, Edgar on his heels. TANYA, a large \*  
African-American woman, jumps up and down and waves. \*

CURTIS \*  
Tanya! \*

TANYA \*  
Curtis! Look! \*

Tanya points at TIM, her five year old son who holds up his \*  
protein block. Curtis moves to Tim, looking at the block \*  
carefully. There is a deep hole at the bottom of the block. \*

CURTIS  
Tim-bo - did you find it?

TIM  
I did. I got it.  
(Curtis reaches for it)  
And I'm keeping it!

Tim takes off running. Curtis runs after him. Tanya runs  
after Tim. Edgar runs after Tim.

TANYA  
Tim!

Tim leads us on a merry chase through the Tail Section - a \*  
slum crowded with multi-ethnic residents - giggling and \*  
holding his protein block aloft, through the cubbyholes, hung  
blankets, passageways, pipes...

Tim barely evades Curtis' grasp as he darts away. Passengers \*  
shout and yell as Tim knocks into them - they jump out of the  
way of the rampaging Curtis, Edgar and Tanya in hot pursuit.

Edgar and Tanya corner Tim only to lose him when he climbs \*  
the wall and swings from the pipes over their heads. Tim \*  
drops and runs - he looks back and laughs and shouts...

TIM  
It's mine. All mine...

...and runs smack into Curtis, lying in wait. \*

CURTIS  
Got ya!

Curtis snatches up the boy and lifts him in the air, and \*  
tickles him. Tim screams in delight and wriggles like a fish  
on a hook.

TIM  
No! No, Curtis...

CURTIS  
Gimme, gimme - come on, Tim-bo,  
give it up...

Tanya, winded, arrives, huffing and puffing and laughing.  
Only Edgar does not think this is funny.

EDGAR  
Give it up, kid.

CURTIS  
What will it take? What do you  
want?

TIM  
In the whole wide train?

CURTIS  
In the whole wide train.

TIM  
(face lighting up)  
The ball!

CURTIS  
The ball? Oh, no. Not that.

TIM  
Yes. Yes. I get the ball for a  
whole hour.

CURTIS  
Done.

Tim ceremoniously hands Curtis the protein block. To Edgar:

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Edgar! Get Tim the ball.

Edgar rolls his eyes and walks away muttering.

EDGAR  
What am I - your fucking slave?

Tim hurries after Edgar jumping up and down in excitement.  
Curtis shouts after Edgar:

CURTIS  
You're my trusted number two!

EDGAR  
Number two. Great, you know what  
that is - number two...?

Tim holds up two fingers.

TIM

It's two. I'm four hundred and thirty three. You know how long I have to wait to get the ball if I...

EDGAR

Shut up.

Curtis examines the protein block: at the bottom, a thin, deep hole. Curtis nods, satisfied. He smiles.

CURTIS

Thanks, Tanya.

5 INT. TAIL SECTION - TENT AT THE REAR

A sharp knife cuts the protein block, slicing through the hole. \*

WIDER - Curtis cuts carefully and removes a **small capsule made of metal** and opens it: a **rolled up RED PAPER** inside. Curtis unrolls the Red Letter and reads the silver lettering.

GILLIAM (O.S.)

Red letter? \*

ANGLE - GILLIAM (70's), sits against the back wall of the train, wrapped entirely in rag-like clothes with only his face protruding. \*

CURTIS

Yes. According to our informant, he's in the Prison Section now. \*

GILLIAM

So his name is...  
(reading)  
N, A, M, K, U ... \*

CURTIS

Nam Kung Min Soo.

GILLIAM

Strange name. Nam Koo Soo what?

CURTIS

We'll just call him Nam. Like Vietnam.

The tent flap opens and Edgar appears. Through the open flap we get a glimpse of Tim kicking a makeshift ball made of old rags tightly wound. \*

EDGAR

(grabbing the Red Letter)  
What's it say? \*

CURTIS  
(grabbing it back)  
Edgar!

Curtis takes the Red Letter to a metal wall where dozens of others are posted. He puts the new one in the final position. \*

EDGAR  
(reading over Curtis'  
shoulder)  
The hell... he's in prison? \*

CURTIS  
Shut up.

EDGAR  
If he's such a great security expert why can't he just break himself...?

CURTIS  
(sharp)  
Edgar!

Curtis motions with his head for Edgar to leave. EDGAR opens his mouth to speak but CURTIS' look is steely. EDGAR turns a pleading face to GILLIAM.

GILLIAM  
Out. \*

Edgar, pissed, hurt, reluctantly leaves the tent - he gets struck in the head by the ball as he exits. The flap closes.

EDGAR (O.S.)  
Tim! \*

Tim speeds off as Edgar gives chase, their clamoring quickly subsiding. \*

CURTIS  
(bitterly)  
I'm sorry. He's an idiot. But he's our idiot.

GILLIAM  
Young. These train babies.

Again, calm silence hangs between them. Curtis takes a deep breath then puts protein blocks onto a small table to represent train cars: \*

CURTIS  
OK. We're here, Tail Section,  
Quarantine section, Prison Section.  
Gate, gate, gate.  
(MORE) \*

CURTIS (CONT'D)

According to what I saw today,  
there were 4 seconds when all three  
gates were open at the same time.  
We have four seconds to go through  
three gates and we'll be in the  
Prison Section to get Nam out.

GILLIAM

Our fate depends on this Nam guy? \*

CURTIS

That's right. \*

(draws in a deep breath)

If we can get him to cooperate, we  
can seize control right up to the  
front of the train. \*

GILLIAM

To the very front section...

CURTIS

Yes. Everything in one stroke. We  
liberate the whole train. We  
control the engine, we control the  
world. If we don't, we get  
nothing. Past revolutions all  
failed because they failed to take  
the engine. \*

GILLIAM

So... what are you saying? \*

CURTIS

This time, we take the engine. \*

GILLIAM

Then what...? \*

CURTIS

(in a low voice) \*

We waste him. \*

A heavy silence falls between Curtis and Gilliam. They look  
at each other calmly. \*

GILLIAM

... Wilford? \*

Curtis nods. Gilliam's gaze fixes on a metal plate on the  
train floor: *Property of Wilford Enterprises*. \*

CURTIS' POV: carved in relief on an impressive iron metal  
plate on the wall: *Wilford Enterprises* \*

CURTIS

You should govern the train now,  
not Wilford. \*

GILLIAM

I'm a shrunken old man. My day was  
decades ago...

6

INT. TAIL SECTION

ANGLE: On Curtis' face deep in thought, as he lies  
uncomfortably in a cramped sleeping quarter, constructed out  
of wooden freight boxes. Edgar lies right below him wide  
awake, looking up at Curtis.

EDGAR

Sleeping?

CURTIS

...yeah...

EDGAR

Good night then...

CURTIS

...

Edgar's eyes stay on the compartment above. All of a sudden,  
they hear the sound of a couple breathing heavily, then the  
moaning sounds get louder...

EDGAR

...thinking about Alice, aren't  
you?

CURTIS

No.

EDGAR

Bullshit.

CURTIS

(sighs) Edgar...

EDGAR

I guess it's possible you don't  
remember her so well anymore. It's  
been what... 4 years since they  
dragged her off? She was one fine  
lady.

The ever more agitated movements of the couple cause the  
boards to creak. Suddenly, scores of strange bugs crawl out  
from the boards.

CURTIS

What would it be like?

EDGAR

Damn fucking good.

CURTIS

No. I mean the baby. What if nine months later, the baby is born... and the first thing he sees is this... this place. How would he feel?

Curtis squashes a bug. Splat.

EDGAR

...cold.

Edgar pulls a dirty rag up to his neck and lets out an icy breath.

CURTIS

That baby is going to grow up eating tasty soup and potatoes, steak too, in a clean, warm room at the front of the train. And he will go to school.

EDGAR

School? What was that again?

The ear-splitting sound of clanking metal! Curtis, with lightening speed, pokes his head into the hallway.

A SHORT SPOTTER runs the hall clanking a metal pan loudly with a stick. Here and there, anxious heads look out from their cubbyholes to check out the commotion.

CURTIS

Shit!

7 INT. TAIL SECTION - ENTRANCE

FLASHING RED LIGHTS signal an inspection. Curtis and Edgar run full out toward the Tail Section Entrance, jumping over people as they go.

At the entrance area, where the protein blocks are rationed out, Soldiers shove Passengers into line. Curtis pretends to join the rows while he keeps his eyes on the Gate.

CLOSE-UP of a woman's high heels as she walks through the sliding gate. The camera moves up and we see CLAUDE (early 30's), pale face and bobbed hair. Behind, following OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and armed POLICE.

FUYU, a Japanese Officer, carrying an enormous Atlas and a briefcase, stands just behind Claude's right shoulder.

FUYU

Quiet, everyone!

Fuyu gives a signal and the Soldiers seize children at random. Parents scream and clutch onto their children, but they are ripped away. Several dozen children are lined up in front of Claude: CHAN, a Chinese boy, a white toddler...

SNAP - Claude snaps her fingers and Fuyu unsnaps and opens the briefcase. Claude pulls a tape measure from the case without acknowledging Fuyu.

**Claude steps forward and precisely, wordlessly, quickly measures the children.** Each time she finishes measuring a child, the tape retracts with a loud "THWAK!" before she pulls it out again.

Parents cry. Curtis is angry - but he puts a restraining hand on Edgar's arm to keep him in check.

Claude measures the arm of ANDY, six years old. His father, ANDREW, cringes in fear and shouts...

ANDREW

No!

Claude's piercing, fierce look shuts him up. Claude looks at the children - displeased. Then her eye catches something on the periphery: in the front row stands Tanya. A round shape bulges from her skirt. \*

CLACK CLACK - Claude walks straight to Tanya, right up to her face. They stare at each other, the dark Tanya and the snow-white Claude. Curtis stands a few rows behind, observing. \*

Claude pulls out the tape and uses it as a pointer - she gently lifts the skirt with it. Tanya looks down nervously to reveal: **the makeshift ball.** \*

Claude glances at Tanya before she lets go of her skirt and turns to walk away. Tanya breathes a quiet sigh of relief. Instantly, Claude signals to Fuyu. Two Soldiers run to Tanya on Fuyu's order. \*

TANYA \*

(tapping her skirt) \*

Run, Timmy! \*

Tim guns out from under Tanya's skirt and runs to the end of the train. Tanya blocks Soldier 1 but misses Soldier 2 rushing after Tim. Tanya and Soldier 1 wrestle as nearby Passengers also get tangled up in the scuffle. \*

AHHHH! A scream breaks out as Soldier 2 drags Tim forward. \*

TANYA (CONT'D) \*

NO!!! TIM!!! \*

Tanya's eyes go wide in fear but she is paralyzed. Curtis tenses as Tim is dragged to Claude who quickly measures him. \*

CLAUDE  
(points with her tape)  
These two.

\*  
\*  
\*

Tim and Andy are dragged off by the departing Soldiers. Claude turns heel to follow. Tanya breaks her paralysis and, in a wild frenzy, breaks through the line of shields with Herculean strength. She chases after her son.

TANYA  
Timmy! Mommy's coming...

Combat Police surround her and begin to club her mercilessly.

CURTIS  
NO!!!

DANCING CLUBS fill the screen - Tanya lies on the floor, cut down like firewood. While Police focus on Tanya, Andrew breaks through the line like an arrow. Taken by surprise, the Police stare dumbly at him for a second.

ANDREW  
(throwing his shoe)  
Give me back my son, you fucking  
bitch!!

Claude, at the Gate, turns back to the insulting voice as the old shoe sails through the air and the heel smacks her directly in the forehead. Her steely expression does not change. Fuyu cries out in shock.

Soldiers grab Andrew and throw him to the ground. Soldiers' boots kick and kick and kick the bloodied Andrew.

\*

Claude touches a pinky to the trickle of blood on her forehead. She looks at it, sucks the blood off and clicks away on her heels.

Curtis' mouth hangs open in a shocked stupor. His eyes narrow as he watches the back of the departing Claude.

\*

8 INT. TAIL SECTION - PORTHOLE

\*

Andrew, bruised and bleeding, kneels with his old shoe in his mouth. He looks ridiculous. And weak.

Soldiers, armed Policemen and high-ranking Officers surround Andrew to watch two gigantic men snip off his shirt with scissors. They are - the FRANCO BROTHERS - that appear to be a strange, well-oiled machine.

The Franco Brothers work on Andrew like a couple of butchers dressing a dead cow, greasing his arm with a blue liquid gel.

Fuyu consults his thick "Atlas:" maps show the intertwining rail lines. He speaks to himself.

FUYU

...Longitude 10 degrees 45...

Fuyu closes his Atlas with a smack and writes calculations as the Franco Brothers place a METAL RING around Andrew's arm just below his armpit. On the wall, above Andrew's kneeling form, is an identical metal ring. \*

FUYU (CONT'D)

At this high elevation, we need only 7 minutes.

Tail Section passengers grimace in anger, pain and sympathy. A few turn around to regard Curtis whose face also registers pain and rage. Gilliam is glimpsed behind him.

Fuyu suffers a pang of remorse looking at Andrew, before putting a hefty clock on Andrew's neck. It's a timer clock being used for measuring cooking time. He pushes the button to activate the clock. \*

Fuyu turns around and bows politely to a well-dressed, well-groomed middle-aged man who comes forward. He is MINISTER MASON who appears rather mild and cultured.

FUYU (CONT'D)

Seven minutes allotted for your speech, sir.

Mason nods and picks up a wireless microphone, standing in front of Andrew, whose face is distorted in great pain.

MASON

This is so disappointing.

Behind Mason, Fuyu and a FEMALE OFFICER repeat his statement.

FUYU

(in Japanese)

This is so disappointing.

FEMALE OFFICER

(in Spanish)

This is so disappointing.

FUYU

(in French)

This is so disappointing.

FEMALE OFFICER

(in Chinese)

This is so disappoint...

MASON

Cut that out - I only have seven minutes.

(he lifts the shoe)

Passengers, this is not a shoe.

FUYU  
(sullenly silent)

MASON  
This is disorder. This is size ten  
chaos. This - see this - this is  
death.

No one pays attention to Mason, all are focused on Andrew's  
agony.

MASON (CONT'D)  
In this locomotive we call home, we  
have but one barrier between our  
warm hearts and the bitter cold.  
(waves the shoe)  
Clothing? Shields? No! Order!

INSERT - the train races down the dark mountain side. \*  
Andrew's arm exposed outside the train freezes in a raging  
snowstorm.

MASON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Order is the barrier that holds  
back the frozen death. Order. We -  
all of us Passengers on the Train  
of Life - must remain in our  
allotted stations.

ON MASON:

MASON (CONT'D)  
We must each of us occupy...  
(waves his hand in a  
peculiar motion)  
...our par-tic-u-lar, pre-ordained  
position!

Mason places Andrew's shoe on his head.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Would you wear a shoe on your head?  
Of course you would not wear a shoe  
on your head.

The Tail Section PAINTER flips to a blank sheet in his  
sketchbook and draws.

MASON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
A shoe does not belong on your  
head. A shoe belongs on your foot.  
A hat belongs on a head. I am a  
hat and you are a shoe. I belong  
on the head - you belong on the  
foot. Yes? So it is.

ON ANDREW in agony. MASON checks the ticking clock. He is  
warming to his task - his speech growing more florid:

MASON (CONT'D)

Why am I a hat, you ask? What prescribes order, you ask?

ANDREW

Aahhh!!!

MASON (CONT'D)

In the beginning, order was prescribed by your ticket. First class, economy, you get my drift. Eternal order is prescribed by the Sacred Engine. All life flows from the Sacred Engine and all things in their place, all Passengers in their Section, all water flowing, all heat rising pays homage to the Sacred Engine...

MASON (CONT'D)

...in its own par-ti-cu-lar pre-ordained position. Yes? So it is.

ON CLOCK ticking. ON DRAWING in Painter's hand - Minister Mason with a shoe on his head. Mason, intoxicated with his own speech, gets louder with excitement...

MASON (CONT'D)

Now, as in the beginning, I belong to the front, you belong to the tail. When the FOOT seeks the place of the HEAD, a sacred line is crossed. Know your place! Keep your place! Be a shoe!

Mason dramatically finishes - he expects applause but does not get it. He checks the clock - oops...

MASON (CONT'D)

Mmmm... We have some time left. Let us go to a special comment from Mr. Wilford, the Divine Keeper of the Sacred Engine...

Fuyu gives an order to the Soldier at the back who turns on a speaker-type device - but its crackling noise fills the train.

MASON (CONT'D)

Sir? Mr. Wilford?

SPEAKER

BZZZZZZZ....CRACKLE...BZZZ

Curtis looks at the Speaker with curiosity.

MASON

He's busy. So it is!

DING - clock chimes, indicating that seven minutes have passed. Franco the Younger unfastens the metal ring and pulls in Andrew's arm.

Andrew screams with pain and stares at his arm: **frozen solid from metal ring to fingertips**. Franco the Elder taps the arm with a spoon. It produces a clear sound, like ice. He nods to Mason who raises his arm straight up.

Andrew's frozen arm is laid on a chair. Franco the Younger holds up a huge hammer.

All eyes - awash with fear and rage - focus on Mason's raised arm. The front row men, the Tail Section's 'Army,' look to Curtis for the word to attack. Edgar shows Curtis a sharp blade he has hidden. He whispers:

EDGAR

Are we just going to watch?

CURTIS

Not now.

EDGAR

(furious whisper)

Not now? Why not now!?

CURTIS

Timing is everything.

Edgar seethes. Curtis looks at Andrew in fear and agony. Curtis closes his eyes.

Mason drops his arm. Franco the Younger's hammer swooshes through the air and crashes down on Andrew's arm, which breaks apart with a sickening noise of something hard yet squishy. Fuyu cringes and looks away. \*

Gilliam stands up, letting his rags drop. **His entire body is revealed for the first time. He has one arm and one leg each.** But he has no trouble balancing himself.

A lean, muscular YOUNG MAN gently squeezes a crutch underneath Gilliam's armpit. \*

Gilliam walks out towards Mason. Like the subjects of an elderly king, the Tail Section Passengers noiselessly move to open a path for Gilliam. The Young Man stays on Gilliam's heels - his eyes darting about to locate danger. \*

Other Passengers follow behind Gilliam, each of them missing an arm or a leg. Soldier 1 suddenly points his gun at Gilliam. \*

SOLDIER 1

What are you doing? Sit down!

Gilliam walks forward as if not hearing him. The Young Man positions himself between the GUN and Gilliam. Mason puts his hand up to Soldier 1. \*

MASON  
Lower that useless gun, stupid.  
(to Gilliam)  
It's a pleasure to see you again,  
Mr. Gilliam.

GILLIAM

...

MASON  
You look healthy.

Ignoring Mason, Gilliam walks to Andrew, unconscious, propped up by the Franco Brothers. He touches Andrew's face gently.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Release him.

Andrew is released and collapses. Gilliam catches and supports Andrew and passes him off to the Passengers missing limbs, who bear him away. \*

GILLIAM  
Minister Mason. Please deliver a message to Mr. Wilford.

MASON  
Of course. What shall I...?

GILLIAM  
Tell him, he and I need to talk. \*

Mason is taken aback and cannot come up with a response. \*

MASON  
(chuckles)  
Well... you can talk to me. Mr. Wilford has no reason to visit here... \*

Gilliam moves away, not listening to Mason.

CURTIS  
(to himself)  
Not here... at the front. \*

Curtis, standing in the middle of the row and eyes glittering coldly, stares at Mason who huffs and moves away. Music starts like a low heart beat. A montage sequence commences. \*

9 INT. TAIL SECTION - SOMEWHERE

SCRAPE - SCRAPE - the sound of heavy iron scraping against a metal floor is heard. One by one, men remove sections of the pitch black sewer pipes left in the old freight box...

RUMBLE - RUMBLE - the sewer pipes are rolled forward.

10 INT. TAIL SECTION - ELSEWHERE

A MARRIED COUPLE lifts the wooden board that serves as their table to reveal a base of sewer pipes standing on their sides. A HEAVYSET MAN from the Army hoists up the pipes.

11 INT. TAIL SECTION - OLD THAI MAN'S DWELLING

Sewer pipes are neatly stacked for use as a display case. In each round hole can be found crude household utensils. OLD THAI MAN waves his walking stick at Edgar.

OLD MAN  
(in Thai)  
You can't have this! You rude  
ingrates!

EDGAR  
Thanks for your cooperation! We  
really appreciate it.

Edgar signals the Army to carry off the sewer pipes. Hitting the men's backs haphazardly with his walking stick, the Old Man continues to shout in Thai.

12 INT. TAIL SECTION - MIDDLE

RUMBLE - RUMBLE - A group of BURLY MEN roll a line of sewer pipes forward creating a heavy roar, making the whole Tail Section reverberate. Edgar, counting, doesn't see a pipe rolling towards his foot...

EDGAR  
Thirty one, thirty two...  
(after a shocked pause)  
AAAAAAHHHHHH!!

13 INT. TAIL SECTION - DARK PLACE

Curtis, in dim light, steps over a pipe to join a BLACK MAN and ARABIC MAN trying to screw one sewer pipe into another.

CURTIS  
Turn it around - you have it  
backwards.

The men lift the pipe to turn it around - Curtis dodges out of the way of a small object whizzing by his head.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Hey!

Curtis looks into the shadows - DARK FIGURES scurry away into the shadows and hide.

DARK VOICE (O.S.)

You're going to get us killed.

Curtis peers into shadows - a blinking, broken light flashes to reveal several big, greasy barrels marked: "**Danger - Industrial Waste - Flammable - CHRONOLE.**"

DARK VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're no Gilliam...

CURTIS

You want to live in this filth for the rest...?

DARK VOICE 2 (O.S.)

Better that than die for your stupid scheme...

Curtis takes a protein block out of a cloth bag tied to his belt. He holds it up and the Dark Voices go silent. In the darkness, their eyes blink with longing. Curtis throws the protein block and Dark Figures shriek and run after it.

We see now they are near naked, emaciated men streaked black with filth. In a corner, they fight over the protein block.

Curtis reaches into a Chronole barrel and scoops out a handful of small lumps. He places them in the cloth bag and ties it to his belt. \*

14 INT. TAIL SECTION - MIDDLE \*

Music and heavy booming sounds echo through the Tail Section as the Army assembles the pipes in a row. At 80cm (2 1/2 feet) wide, the lengthening shaft becomes a giant battering ram.

15 INT. TAIL SECTION - ENTRANCE \*

ANGLE - WE FLOAT along with the gun held by Soldier 1. The focus moves from the **gun's magazine** to close-ups of Curtis and Gilliam. \*

Curtis' POV: Soldier 1 moves farther away beyond the steel gate. \*

CURTIS  
(quietly)  
They don't have any bullets.

\*

GILLIAM  
Why do you say that?

CURTIS  
Did you hear Mason? He said - put  
down that "useless" gun.

GILLIAM  
He meant he would not give the  
order to shoot me.

CURTIS  
No - I think the guns are literally  
useless. They used up all their  
bullets four years ago, in the last  
revolt. Bullets are extinct.

\*  
\*  
\*

GILLIAM  
If you're wrong, we could be  
finished before we start.

\*  
\*

CURTIS  
It's a revolution. We have to be  
willing to pay the price. I'll die  
first if I have to.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

16 INT. TAIL SECTION - VARIOUS

STEADICAM SHOT: On the walls of this dwelling are countless  
drawings like illustrations in a history book:

\*

People Climbing Aboard the Train; Stampede of Passengers;  
Hungry Vacant Eyes; Gilliam Speaking to the Passengers...

Painter flips through old sketch pads. He finds what he is  
looking for, jumps up and heads out through the crowd,  
clutching the sketchbook, ignoring the loud conversations of  
the milling crowds.

The Army grapples with leather straps tied to the gigantic  
sewer pipe, rhythmically trying to lift it.

EDGAR  
One, two, one, two...

\*

PAINTER  
(mumbling as he passes)  
One, two, one, two...

Painter turns and approaches a small cargo box, marked with a  
red cross.

Painter enters an impromptu hospital: a couple of bunk-beds, make-shift medical tools and medicines are visible. Andrew, now one-armed, lies on a lower bunk.

ANDREW

Andy!

\*  
\*

PAINTER

This...

(opening the sketchbook)

Is this your...son?

\*

Andrew's eyes open wide. He takes the picture in his remaining hand. NURSES also look at the picture with interest - a portrait of Andy.

\*

PAINTER (CONT'D)

The picture's no good, I...

(mumbling)

It's just...something to make you  
feel better...

\*  
\*

Tanya's huge head suddenly enters the frame, suspended upside down. Tanya, eyes swollen and bruised, drops from the upper bunk to the ground with a loud boom, like a grizzly bear.

TANYA

How about MY son? Do you have one  
of Timmy?

Before Painter can respond, Tanya snatches the sketchbook and frantically flips through looking for Tim. She finds it!

TANYA (CONT'D)

Timmy! My boy, my baby.

Tanya's face contorts with sorrow and despair. She rips the page with her son's portrait out of the book.

PAINTER

Ah! Gentle! Tanya...

But Tanya is gone - the sketchbook dropped to the floor.

STEADICAM tracks Tanya's bulldozing walk. She talks to the  
drawing:

\*

TANYA

Look at your silly smile - I know  
that look - you just got caught  
doin' something you're not supposed  
to do, didn't you? Oh baby...Mommy  
forgives you.

She passes through the Army and approaches Curtis. She places Tim's portrait in Curtis' face with a look of appeal.

CURTIS

No Tanya, I'm sorry.

TANYA

Oh, yes I am, Curtis, or you will be sorry. I am going to the front and make that bitch sorry she ever set her hands on my baby.

Curtis shakes his head but Tanya is determined - she points at the Army.

TANYA (CONT'D)

You know I'm stronger than all your skinny ass soldiers put together.

Curtis looks at Tanya for a while then sighs with resignation. He holds Tanya's hand and walks to the front. \*  
Curtis replaces a big man at the front of the sewer pipe with Tanya. She grabs the grip and joins:

ARMY

One, two, one, two...

Curtis moves to the front of his Army. The excitement and smell of revolt spreads over the crowd. He shouts:

CURTIS

OK, OK - huddle up.

Army sets the pipe down with a loud boom. We see the pipe runs from here all the way up to the gate along one wall. At the gate, Edgar, his chin on a cross bar, keeps watch.

Curtis stands above his Army - seated on the pipe. He speaks low but with force:

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Check your weapons. Make sure they are small enough to hide in your clothes.

ON METAL ROD as ARABIC MAN slips it inside his belt and puts his shirt over the top.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Keep enough distance between the second and the third teams! At the rear... \*

BLARE - BLARE - the alarm, the March tune and blinking lights erupt surprisingly. Edgar comes running from the Gate.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

What...?

EDGAR

Schedule change! They moved it  
up...they're coming...they're  
coming!

In confusion, the Army lifts and drops the pipe with a boom.  
Lifts and...

CURTIS

Stop! Don't panic!

...drops - BOOM. Curtis climbs on the pipe and shouts:

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Stick to the plan! This is it.

The Passengers turn into a chaotic mass, running back and forth and slamming into one another. Curtis moves to his place - mid-line - while Edgar and Tanya hurry to the front.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Four seconds, three doors...

CUT TO:

RUMBLE - RUMBLE - the train rumbles on.

The screen is filled with the image of the steel Gate as in the introduction. A Soldier's Hand pushes open the heavy Gate. \*

Passengers stand in lines of five as usual, as if nothing was amiss. Soldiers, likewise, push the carts of protein blocks per the routine. Curtis eyes the cart's wheels.

Edgar takes up position 'five' to obscure the pipe, Tanya takes 'six' directly behind him. Edgar is agitated. If he sits, the pipe will be revealed.

SOLDIER 1

Head check!

"One" "Two" - call out and crouch. Edgar is agitated. If he shouts "Five" and sits, the sewer pipe will be exposed to the Soldiers. "Three!" "Four!:" the man in front of Edgar shouts and crouches.

EDGAR

Five, six, pick up sticks!

TANYA

Seven, eight, open the gate!

Soldier 1 steps forward towards Edgar.

SOLDIER 1

You're five.

Tanya and Edgar joyfully, loudly play the counting game:

EDGAR AND TANYA  
Nine, ten - say it again!

SOLDIER 1  
No, you're five - you're six...

EDGAR  
You're Seven!

TANYA  
(to approaching Soldier 2)  
You're Eight!

CLICK - CLICK - Soldiers 2 and 3 step forward and point rifles at the heads of Edgar and Tanya. Their eyes go wide with fright - this wasn't supposed to happen...

PAINTER  
Let's eat! Come on!

PASSENGERS  
Let's eat!! We want to eat!! Eat!  
Eat! Eat! Eat!

Passengers shout and jump up and down - there is pandemonium.

Soldier 1 summons the other Soldiers for a huddle as the shouting and stomping continues. We catch snippets of the Soldiers' argument: \*

SOLDIERS  
...head check...waste of  
time...just give the shit...

SOLDIER 1  
OK, OK.  
(steps forward with arms  
raised)  
Quiet down! You will count off as  
you get your protein blocks. Go.

Passengers move forward to take protein blocks, count off and retreat to the rear. As Edgar moves to Curtis, Tanya takes his space to obscure the pipe. The Army remains in place to hide the pipe. All eyes turn to the nervous Curtis and Gilliam. \*

GILLIAM  
(in a low voice)  
Still going for it, are we?

EDGAR  
Now? Finally now?

Curtis observes the Soldiers, the Carts, the Gates - the rifles. Edgar flushes with excitement and bloodlust.

CURTIS

The rifles.

EDGAR

Fuck 'em. We outnumber their  
bullets. Curtis.

Curtis weighs his decision - this is the moment of truth.

A LATIN WOMAN, chewing her protein block, suddenly clamps  
onto something. She pulls out a metal capsule. The capsule  
is passed hand to hand until it reaches Curtis.

GILLIAM

Red Letter?

Curtis stares at it in his palm without opening it.

EDGAR

What the fuck? Open it!

SCREECH - the gate begins to open...

Edgar, impatient, grabs the capsule away to open it but  
fumbles it and it falls to the floor.

Curtis watches a Soldier's back walking towards the prison  
section opening the gates one by one.

Edgar kneels to retrieve the capsule rolling away from him.

**At the moment when the three gates open at the same time,  
Curtis, with lightening speed, bolts for the First Gate.**

Edgar grabs the rolling capsule and tries to open it.

Gilliam and all others stare at him in shock.

Curtis charges at Soldier 1 who aims his gun:

\*

SOLDIER 1

Stop! Stop!

**Curtis grabs the barrel of the rifle, puts it to his own  
forehead and reaches for the trigger with his other hand.  
Soldier 1 is so taken aback that he turns into a blue-faced  
statue. Everyone, paralyzed in shock, stares at Curtis.  
With a roar, Curtis pulls the trigger.**

\*

CURTIS

Ahhhhhhh!

**CLICK - nothing.**

EDGAR

(shouting)

THEY'VE GOT NO BULLETS!

EDGAR drops the Red Letter: "No Bullets."

Passengers overwhelm the Soldiers like a vast human tsunami. Curtis viciously kicks Soldier 1 in the gut. The Soldiers fall like leaves under a hail of fists, steel rods and confiscated rifles used as clubs. \*

CURTIS

Go! Forward!

EDGAR

Go! Forward!

Tanya and Army lift up the sewer pipe-battering ram.

BANG - the ram smashes into the protein block cart. The cart, stuck into the pipe, is propelled forward. Curtis jumps on the cart as it passes through the first gate, propelled by the awesome power of the Army. \*

BLARE - BLARE - alarms sound.

SOLDIER 1

Close the gates!

Curtis' POV: the second meshed-steel gate rapidly approaches.

The cart wheels spin intensely. Curtis and the battering ram pass through the second iron gate. \*

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)

Close the gates now!

Soldier 5 runs like hell to push a button to shut the gates.

One of the cart wheels bounces off into the air! SCREECH - the cart's metal bottom sprays bright sparks from the friction with the metal floor. Undaunted, the Army shouts in defiance, letting out a deafening roar, and keeps pushing.

Soldier 5 jumps up to push the button but Curtis is faster. He pushes Soldier 5 down and the ram goes through the Gate.

**BOOM - the battering ram is abandoned.** The sliding Gate bites the pipe to no avail. The "mob" rushes through the Gate, beating and subduing any remaining Soldiers with primitive, makeshift weapons.

17

INT. PRISON SECTION

Curtis, atop the Cart, Edgar and Tanya survey the fallen Soldiers with the bright sheen of the temporarily insane.

Heavily armed Prison Guards, equipped with shields, helmets and dully threatening clubs flow out to meet the rabble.

CURTIS  
(shouting)  
Team 1 retreat!

EDGAR  
Team 1 retreat!

CURTIS  
Team 2 forward!

EDGAR  
Team 2 forward!

Team 1, breathing heavily, falls back while Team 2, the biggest men, move forward imposingly from the rear. Prison Guards, unlike the scurrilous Soldiers, move in a tight, streamlined manner to dominate the small Prison Section.

BANG - the two groups clash; the blows from Team 2's steel rods fall on the shields like rain.

KIIIIII - the train takes a curve, the open Gate grates on the battering ram. The screeching noise is soon lost in the battle roars as Team 2 forces the Guards back in retreat.

PRISONERS confined in oddly designed chambers scream their heads off, encouraging the Team 2 Rebels.

CURTIS  
PUSH!

EDGAR  
PUSH!

A MONGOLIAN GIANT appears from behind the Guards, as if swimming against the tide of Team 2. He is a head and a half taller than the Guards and carries a gargantuan spanner.

GIANT  
(in Mongolian)  
Ma ne kiris yava!!!

The Giant swings the spanner like a baseball bat, hitting Team 2 Rebels left and right. The tide changes - Team 2 is pushed back. Edgar, without intending to, comes up face to face with the Giant. \*

EDGAR  
(in a small voice)  
Um... Curtis?

Curtis withdraws a steel rod and walks forward.

Gilliam, at the rear, observing coolly, turns to the YOUNG MAN behind him. \*

GILLIAM  
Grey... You go. \*

He drops his battered coat to reveal a body lean as a whip, strong as taut steel and covered with scars and tattoos - all words. He holds a peculiar steel rod. The Giant, breathing hard, swings the spanner as he stares at Grey. \*

GILLIAM (CONT'D) \*

... Now! \*

Grey jumps into the air, kicking the walls, and LEVITATES gracefully above the Giant's head who barely has time to look up before Grey's steel rod SLAMS into the crown of his bald head.

The Giant goes down without a peep. CLANK - the prison keys on Giant's belt hit the metal train floor as he lands.

The tide changes for the final time as Team 2 goes berserk, pushing the Guards forward into the next Train Section. When the last Guard is kicked beyond the threshold, Edgar locks the steel gate - CLUNK.

The Army, Teams 1 and 2, and Tanya jump up and down, roaring with joy and triumph. Victory!

Grey picks up the bundle of keys from the Mongolian's waistband and presents it to Gilliam, bypassing Curtis.

CURTIS  
(slightly stumped)

...

GILLIAM  
(searching through keys)  
So which one of these lead us to  
our security expert?

TIME CUT - Curtis walks past the chambers looking at and checking each prisoner, who scream their heads off, asking Curtis to get them out of the Prison Section. \*

At the very end of the Prison Section is the "Punishment Ward" composed of a series of drawers, each big enough to fit an adult body, in a design similar to a morgue.

Curtis reads the labels on the drawers.

ON LABEL: "Nam Koong Min Soo" with smaller writing beneath.

CURTIS  
(reading)  
"Nam Koong Min Soo...Chronole  
Addict."

EDGAR  
Chronole? Fuck that - we don't  
want a Chronohead.

Gilliam passes the bundle of keys to Curtis who respectfully takes it and then tosses it to grumbling Edgar.

CURTIS  
Edgar, hurry up and open it.

EDGAR  
(fingering the key bundle)  
Why do you always give me the  
shittiest jobs?

CURTIS  
Because I trust you.

Edgar rolls his eyes - "how do I argue with that?"

Edgar, annoyed, tries each key on the keyhole this way and that way. He inserts a small key and - CLICK. With an expectant smile, he pulls open the drawer. \*

NAMGOONG MINSOO, a big-bodied, unruly-haired Asian man lies inside, his face covered with an unshaven beard. Edgar pokes him with the tip of the key, but Namgoong is as unmoving as a log. Curtis shakes Namgoong who does not respond. \*

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Hey, wake up!

Curtis holds up the cloth bag. He extracts a lump of Chronole. Gilliam standing next to him, pensively takes a sniff. \*

GILLIAM  
Is this Chronole?

CURTIS  
Yes. It's an industrial resource they used in the Cargo Section - highly flammable. If you inhale the stuff, you start to hallucinate. Sort of like opiates. I hear it's big in the front sections. \*

GILLIAM  
Mmmm...

CURTIS  
(to himself)  
The best way to control a druggie is - drugs.

Curtis places a lump of Chronole under Namgoong's nostrils. Namgoong suddenly wakes up, sniffing.

NAMGOONG  
(waking)  
Uhhh...

CURTIS

Are you Nam Koong Min Soo?

(no response)

Kyungnam Corporation, security specialist?

Namgoong looks at the faces hovering over him like a sleepy-eyed, hibernating bear suddenly awakened. He projects a weird \*  
vibe: goofy and mysterious at the same time.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Are you the guy who designed and installed the door-locks and security provisions on this train?

No response.

EDGAR

What's wrong with you - you fry your fucking brain with that shit?

CURTIS

Nam! Are you listening? Nam? \*

Namgoong, tired, regards Edgar, then reaches on the wall to snatch up a small machine labelled "Simultaneous Interpretation Service."

Namgoong pushes a button and the readout declares "Language Code 27 = Korean."

NAMGOONG

(sighs, in Korean:)

Yes, I am listening... fuck...

INTERPRETER

Yes, I am listening, fuck.

The interpreter's voice is that of a bright, clean young woman. The bizarre contrast between the kind, polite voice and "fuck" stops everyone in their tracks.

NAMGOONG

(Korean)

And my name is not Naem! Nahm!  
And it's Nahm-Goong! That's my last name! Min-Soo is my first name. Got that? Fucking idiots!

The interpreter beeps frantically: "Please repeat slowly." Everyone simply stares at Namgoong, utterly befuddled. Curtis holds another interpreter unit in his hand.

CURTIS

Anyway, we want your cooperation.

NAMGOONG

For what?

CURTIS

You can open all the gates in this train.

Namgoong is silent.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

We're going to the front and we need you to open all the gates.

NAMGOONG

What if I say no?

Curtis stares at him intently and then shows him the lump of Chronole. Namgoong tries to remain stoic but cannot hide minute ripples of desire in his expression.

CURTIS

For every gate you open, one lump of Chronole.

NAMGOONG

...

CURTIS

It's the best shit. Uncut. Straight from the barrel.

Curtis flips the lump to Namgoong. Namgoong lets it drop to the floor and stares at Curtis. Beat. He bends down, seemingly to pick it up but instead removes a piece of **cigarette** and a **MATCHBOOK** from his shoe.

"Wow!" - everyone looks with eyes rounded like saucers.

TANYA

Marlboro Lights?!

PAINTER

Holy shit - cigarettes have been extinct for a decade now...

ON MATCHBOOK: a bright sun blazes over a beautiful sandy beach, advertising "FIJI"

Everyone pushes forward to watch Namgoong open the matchbook - FOUR MATCHES. He plucks one, strikes it, lights the cigarette and sucks on it for a long stretch. Everyone is dizzy in shock. Even Curtis' eyes flutter as the smell hits him. \*

NAMGOONG

(to Curtis)

You want some, asshole?

Namgoong blows smoke in the air. Several people breathe in the scattered wisps of smoke, their eyelids fluttering. \*

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

I bet you fuckheads never smoked  
one before, huh?

\*

CURTIS

You're a fucking Chronohead so let  
me make this real simple for you.  
Help us, you get your drug. Don't,  
we put you back where we found you.  
What'll it be, asshole?

\*

NAMGOONG

...

The People tense up. A Chinese boy suddenly runs to Nam and  
snatches the matchbook from his hand. People shocked, stare  
at Chan running off.

\*

\*

Namgoong stares at him and then throws the cigarette butt  
aside.

"Yikes!" - all at once, the crowd dives toward the butt. The  
space between Namgoong and Curtis fills with milling bodies.

POW - Namgoong's fist lands squarely in the center of Edgar's  
face - blood erupts. He kneels on Edgar's abdomen and  
snatches the keys from Edgar's hands. He rises...

KAPOW! Namgoong knocks out each man who tries to stop him  
from "escaping." Curtis grabs Namgoong's shirt. But  
Namgoong stops before another drawer and locates a key.

Namgoong opens the lock and pulls the drawer out to reveal  
YONA (17), an Asian girl, dead asleep despite all the  
commotion in the section. He pokes at the girl's head.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

Get up.

YONA

Shit...

Yona reluctantly sits up - dirty and clad in short pants and  
a T-shirt. She drapes herself in rags she used as a blanket.

NAMGOONG

My daughter, Yona. If I go, she  
goes too.

CURTIS

So you're coming with us?

NAMGOONG

One gate, two lumps of Chronole.  
Two people - two lumps.

Yona completely ignores the curious stares from the crowd and concentrates on dressing. She seems totally out of it; carelessly yawns, then burps. Curtis considers her.

CURTIS  
She's an addict, too?

18 INT. PRISON SECTION - GATE

CLOSE UP of Yona's strange, dreamy eyes.

YONA'S POV: Namgoong manipulates complicated machinery inside a wall panel with spider-dancing fingers. The Steel Gate is flanked by the Rebel Army, ready to jump as soon as it opens.

Yona suddenly grins a little and mumbles:

YONA  
Nobody there.

CURTIS  
Nobody...?

Yona puts her hand out and shouts clearly in English:

YONA  
No Chronole, no opening!

Curtis hands Yona two lumps of Chronole, while keeping his eyes on Namgoong.

SWOOSH - the hydraulic gate opens. Edgar and the Army, weapons out, flood into the next Section to find it **totally empty**. Deflated, they move gingerly into the forward section. Curtis regards Yona suspiciously... \*

CURTIS  
How did you know...?

Yona rushes to Namgoong with her prizes - Chronole. Namgoong, holding a lump in each hand, claps and rubs them together with furious speed. The Chronole crumbles to dust which Namgoong continuously and eagerly sniffs. \*

Yona, next to him, stamps her feet repeatedly waiting for her turn until Nam passes the chronole to her. Sniffing, sniffing... \*

Druggies. Curtis shakes his head and turns back to his Army.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Forward! Move!

EDGAR  
Forward! Move!

19

INT. GUARD SECTION

Edgar and the Army advance, repeating after Curtis. Gilliam and Grey bring up the rear. Namgoong and Yona, playfully kicking each other, move into a corner to sniff Chronole. Edgar breaks the silence: \*

EDGAR

Where the fuck is everybody?

EDGAR's POV: the Prison Guards have left in a rush. The floor is strewn with shields and clubs.

PAINTER (O.S.)

This can't be a window, can it?

At that moment, the train moves out of a tunnel, and the walls on the sides are revealed to be windows. Dazzling sunlight pours into the section through the wide windows.

The Rebel Army is regaled with a sight that **none of them has witnessed for seventeen years:** a mind-blowing vista of **frozen snowscape**, that seems to stretch to eternity.

Everyone is frozen in place, mouths open, eyes wide open in amazement.

EDGAR

Fuck me.

PAINTER

Oh my God, it's so... so... beautiful.

TANYA

So huge...

Gilliam is the only one who does not look like a deer caught in the headlights.

GILLIAM

...and still cold.

The train races through the frozen snow plain. Then, a long abandoned train station in a small town can be seen - on a platform are piles of corpses, frozen to death in the middle of a fierce struggle to get on the train to survive. \*

GILLIAM (CONT'D)

Dead. All dead.

The long-frozen landscape of the small town rushes past - overturned cars frozen in place, helicopters suspended where they crashed. A doomsday landscape preserved in the exact state of their final moments, flickers past without end... \*

Curtis is mesmerized but he pulls himself back from his trance - he shakes his head violently to re-focus. He looks away. He pokes, prods and pulls at his Army.

CURTIS

Enough! We didn't come for this.  
Everyone focus! Keep moving!

EDGAR

Keep moving!

Everyone tears themselves away from the endlessly unfolding snowscape to look forward once again. Painter pulls out his sketchbook and furiously captures what he has seen.

Namgoong opens a small panel on the floor by the next Gate. Yona once again opens her palm to Curtis. \*

YONA

No Chronole, no opening!

CURTIS

(handing out the lumps)  
How did you know there wasn't  
anybody in here?

Yona does not acknowledge Curtis. Like a zoo monkey with a banana, she snatches away the lumps of Chronole and hastily retreats. Namgoong's efforts produce a bright spark.

Yona suddenly straightens up - her head cocked to one side as she looks at the Gate.

YONA

Coming this way... He's  
running...??

CURTIS

(not understanding)  
?!

SWOOOOSH - a heavier sound this time as the steel Gate opens. Everyone waits anxiously as Curtis steps into:

20 INT. PROTEIN BLOCK MANUFACTURING SECTION

HIGH-SPEED CAM: a slow motion image of PAUL, a man in a white chef's uniform, running toward the bewildered Army. \*

CURTIS

Paul?

Paul jumps up and grabs a ceiling pipe. Hanging down, he grunts and swings, turning one of the valves in a weird way.

EDGAR

Paul!

Paul, barely acknowledging and bowing his head carelessly, jumps down with a boom and breathlessly runs off to tend a big machine resembling a fertilizer manufacturing device.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Paul, man! I don't believe it!  
How many years has it been since  
they dragged you...?

\*

PAUL

Give me a second. It used to work  
automatically...

Paul runs and jumps up onto another pipe. Grunting, he turns a valve, twitching like a pig in a butcher shop. Curtis and Edgar move to him as he drops to the floor.

\*

CURTIS

What are you doing?

PAUL

(embarrassed)  
The parts went extinct so I have to  
do this manually...

EDGAR

Do what?

Paul hurries away to another valve which he turns once and - WHOOSH - the machine kicks in and begins spitting out **protein blocks** from its mouth. The Army gathers around the machine watching with curiosity and affection.

TANYA

Ah ha - so that's how it's made...

Painter flips the sketchbook page from Frozen Landscape to a blank page to draw the machine as he circles it. Behind, he discovers a **black powdery substance** - the raw material for the protein blocks - passing through a thick glass tube.

Curtis pulls Paul aside from the machine and the others.

CURTIS

So you're the informant?

PAUL

What? Hey!!

Paul sees Painter climbing to a platform to look inside the tank feeding the glass tube. He runs after him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

No! No - get away from there.

Painter pulls back a hatch on top of the tank and looks inside just as Paul arrives to shove him aside!

PAINTER

Yecch!

Painter bends over, ready to throw up. Curtis looks inside the tank.

CURTIS

...!!

CURTIS' POV: the tank is full of **millions of cockroaches, interlocked in a hellish vision of crawling, squirming movement.** They seem to be cannibalizing one another. Crushed body parts are visible. The cockroaches are fed into a grinder that turns them to black powder.

PAINTER

All this time, we've been eating...?

PAUL

I eat them, too, you know...every single day...

CURTIS

(to painter)

You can't draw this.

Painter nods, still gagging, as he rips the page from his sketchbook and tears it up.

ANGLE - the Army eats fresh protein blocks spewing from the machine's output belt. Tanya, her mouth full, shoves blocks into her pockets.

TANYA

Oh my God, oh my God, they're still hot. Mmmm - fresh, yummy...

Painter, watching this, now vomits.

CURTIS

(looking at Tanya)

This is the last time. We'll never have to eat that shit again.

PAUL

What else would they...?

CURTIS

We're going to the front - come with us Paul. Join us.

PAUL

The front? No - my place is here.

CURTIS

Here - making that? Fuck that.  
Come with us - we'll change  
everything.

(Paul shakes his head)

Isn't that why you've been sending  
us the Red Letters?

PAUL

Oh - these?

(he takes a metal capsule  
from his pocket)

I don't write them. I just send  
them on.

CURTIS

You don't...?

Curtis snatches the capsule and opens it as he comes back  
down the ladder. Gilliam moves to join Curtis.

GILLIAM

Red letter, lad?

ON RED LETTER: "W A T E R"

CURTIS

...Water?

GILLIAM

The Water Supply Section?

PAUL

It's only a few cars away. That's  
where the water is cleansed and  
recycled.

\*

GILLIAM

It's one of the most crucial  
sections in the train...

CURTIS

If we seize it - we'll have the  
upper hand, yes?

GILLIAM

We won't even have to get all the  
way to the front. We control the  
water, we control the negotiation.

\*

Gilliam shrugs. Curtis' eyes are ablaze as he looks ahead at  
the next Gate. \*

21 INT. GATE - PROTEIN BLOCK MANUFACTURING SECTION/ABANDONED SECTION

Namgoong works on a complicated panel, his eyes vaguely unfocused. He frowns - things are not going his way. He switches wires around but nothing happens.

EDGAR  
(frustrated)  
Come on already! You're keeping us waiting?

Namgoong looks around, not a bit flustered, pushing the sensor portion of the translator against his lower neck.

NAMGOONG  
Am I?

EDGAR  
That's right. You've been sucking on Chronole so much, your brain is probably protein gruel by now!

\*

NAMGOONG  
Hey, Chronole is the only reason I'm doing this shit.

EDGAR  
That stuff's the reason you're such a head case, man!

NAMGOONG  
You're the one who gives me the stuff every time I open the gate.

EDGAR  
That's the condition for opening the gate!

NAMGOONG  
So that's what I'm doing, trying to open the gate.

While this surreal verbal sparring through the electronic sound of the translator machine is going on, everyone with weapons in their hands is getting tired, waiting in front of the door.

CURTIS  
Yona?

Yona: "what do you want?"

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
How old are you?

YONA  
Seventeen.

CURTIS  
You're a train baby, then?

YONA  
Hee hee. It's been rattling like  
this all my life. 'Bout you?

CURTIS  
I lived in New York for seventeen  
years. Then the Tail Section  
seventeen years. \*

YONA  
34. You're old. What was New York  
like? \*

CURTIS  
Not that different from the tail  
section. Crowded and dirty. \*

YONA  
So your whole life has been crowded  
and dirty.

CURTIS  
Yeah, pretty much. In New York, I  
was drifting around like a lost  
turd. \*

YONA  
And now? \*

CURTIS  
I'm different now.

YONA  
How?

CURTIS  
Now I know where I'm going. \*

YONA  
Where?

CURTIS  
To the front.

YONA  
Mmm..

CURTIS  
Hey, Yona. Were you born  
clairvoyant? \*

YONA  
Clair... What's that? \*

CUT TO:

Curtis and Yona standing in front of the gate.

CURTIS

Can you see what's beyond this gate? Do you see anything?

YONA

I see sounds.  
(he doesn't understand)  
I can even see the sound of snow falling outside...

Yona lapses into silence - listening. She suddenly contorts her face in fear.

CURTIS

What is it?

YONA

(quietly)  
Don't open it...

Yona, deathly pale, jumps up and screams shrilly at Namgoong.

YONA (CONT'D)

LOCK THE GATE!!!

Everyone is stunned by her unexpected scream which comes too late:

**WHOOSH - the Steel Gate opens and heavily armored Soldiers carrying hand-axes flow in.**

CURTIS

(rising and shouting)  
Teams 1 and 2 Forward!

EDGAR

Teams 1...!

Edgar's command is drowned out as the Army rises up with a roar and steel rods.

**CLASH - axe blades clash against steel rods - sparks fly! Bodies and blades clash and slice. The axe blades cut swaths of silver in the air and push back the Army.**

Grey stands protectively in front of Gilliam. Curtis moves Yona back, handing her to the retreating Namgoong. He joins the battle swinging a big metal bat down on a Soldier. He snatches the Soldier's falling hand-axe and kills him.

SPLASH - blood is showered on Curtis' face. He does not hesitate: eyes burning with savage bloodlust, he swings and swings his newfound weapon.

Sunlight pours through the windows. The sweat and blood on the galvanized bodies shine like jewels.

The screams, shouts and grunts gradually dwindle replaced by the cold metallic clanging of axe-blades striking steel and the rattling of the train.

Arabic Man fights a Soldier with one hand while stuffing his face with a hoarded protein block with the other.

Fuyu enters with his Atlas and a Bullhorn. He consults his Atlas, then his wristwatch and nods to an ATTENDANT who sounds an enormous HORN - WAAAAA. Fuyu lifts the bullhorn.

FUYU  
(beep from the bullhorn)  
Passing Yekaterina Bridge!

Curtis and the Soldier he is fighting stop and peek outside the window. It dawns on everybody what is happening. Soldiers and Army alike, breathing hard, stop fighting and drop their weapons to look out the window.

EDGAR  
Yekaterina Bridge? It's been a  
year, already?

FUYU  
Ten seconds to Yekaterina Bridge!  
Ten, nine...

Everyone joins in the countdown in a babel of languages:

ALL  
Eight, seven, six, five, four,  
three, two, one!

FUYU  
(loudly, through bullhorn)  
Happy New Year!

SOLDIERS  
Happy New Year!

EDGAR  
(abruptly shouting)  
Fuck it, I hate getting old...

Fuyu leads the Officers chanting Buddhist-like prayers.

FUYU  
Youkiguni dai zohachinen,  
engine yo aei en ni.  
(The 18th year of the snow piercer,  
Engine be forever!)

OFFICERS  
(like chorus)  
Engine yo aei en ni! Wilford Ban  
zai!

Curtis and Army stare at this ceremony, uncomprehending.

FUYU  
Everybody down!

Edgar drops face down on the floor. Everybody follows suit.  
A Soldier with a peculiar helmet prays. \*

FUYU (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
Everybody down!  
(in Japanese)  
Everybody down!

CURTIS  
Get down! Watch your tongues!  
Clamp your teeth!

Everyone gets down except Fuyu who walks to the window and Curtis who, kneeling, glues his face to the window-pane.

CURTIS' POV: as the train makes a stiff turn, the ENGINE CAR \*  
can be seen - ridiculously far away. It's silver, sleek rounded, bullet-shape nose races along the frozen landscape.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Wilford...

The nose transforms into a sharp arrow-headed lance to pierce the unseen snow and ice ahead.

The front section races onto a precarious-looking bridge over a vast valley of frozen ice fields. It is God-knows-how many hundreds of feet down to the valley floor in a descent almost totally vertical.

FUYU'S POV: massive white boulders of snow and ice block the path of the rapidly approaching engine - closer and closer...

FUYU  
IMPACT!

Curtis flattens beside Edgar. The train shakes like a submarine hit directly by a torpedo. Everybody screams and tries to grab something to keep them from flying away.

The wheels jump into thin air for a half-second then smash down on the rails amidst a rain of sparks. The train slowly regains its stable rhythm. People sigh in relief.

FUYU (CONT'D)  
Not yet! A second one!

CURTIS  
Hold on!

Once again, the train crashes into a large block of snow, shaking violently from the impact.

ANGLE - Soldiers and Rebel Army crouch low on the floor. Beyond them - Yona and Namgoong stand straight up with Chronole held to their noses. Edgar sees them and shouts:

EDGAR

Hey! Get down on the floor!

Namgoong crouches down as if to follow Edgar's advice but, instead, hoists Yona up on his shoulders. High on Chronole, he walks unsteadily towards the window as Yona laughs.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

That guy doesn't follow the rules...

CURTIS

He's crazy - we have to watch out for him.

Namgoong and Yona press their noses to the glass, they look down at the dizzying depths below.

YONA

Wow!

NAMGOONG

Sure enough, a thrill that comes once a year...

NAMGOONG'S POV: a dizzying glimpse of a gorge down below.

Yona, either from the drugs or the view, squeals in delight.

FUYU

Yukino katamarida~!

The train smashes through snow boulders - white, crystalline fragments slide off into the valley, so far down they get lost in the white. Lurching wildly, the train shakes left and right, up and down...

Tumbling, the people roll and crash into each other. With Yona on Namgoong's shoulders, the two become even more excited and shout loudly.

NAMGOONG/YONA

Aaaaaaaahhhhhh!

The wheels of the train shake so wildly that it seems it is about to derail, but finally they take a precarious hold on the tracks and become stable.

Fuyu pulls himself upright and, carefully looking out towards the front of the train, pronounces:

FUYU

Safe passage!

The train moves off the perilous bridge onto solid ground. Everyone - Soldiers and Army alike - rise and cheer; people cross themselves, others embrace, some resume chanting:

OFFICERS

Engine yo aei en ni! Wilford Ban  
zai!

EDGAR

We made it!

Curtis brandishes his axe in a fearsome gesture. Edgar and Arabic Man, flanking Curtis, raise their weapons.

CLASH - the two sides form up and the battle resumes!

Suddenly, a spear flies in from out of nowhere and pierces Arabic Man's chest. As he falls, another heavy spear flies through the air towards Curtis. At the last moment, Curtis deflects the spear with his axe blade.

Everyone turns and looks in the direction from which the spears came: the Franco Brothers.

With expressionless faces, the brothers advance. Directly behind, Mason appears. In this strange lull in the fighting, Mason walks forward with a hard expression and a microphone. His cold voice issues from the speakers:

MASON

Happy Yekaterina Bridge, you filthy  
ingrates!

The blood-spattered faces of Curtis and Edgar, and behind them Gilliam, turn towards Mason.

MASON (CONT'D)

You people, who if not for the  
benevolent Wilford, would have  
frozen solid 18 years ago today!  
You people, who have sucked on the  
generous tit of Wilford for food  
and shelter! And now... You  
pathetic stowaways, you repay his  
kindness with violent hooliganism?

\*  
\*

CURTIS

...

MASON

You people...  
(checks memo)  
...precisely 74% of you shall die!

CURTIS

Fuck you! It is you who is going  
to die!

Curtis' hand-axe, whistling through the air, somersaults toward Mason's head but is intercepted by Franco the Elder's iron club with a loud clang. Mason regards Curtis, half-insane with rage, with a preternatural calm.

MASON

My friend - you suffer the  
misplaced optimism of the doomed.

Mason nods to Fuyu who comes forward opening a large canvas bag: inside are weird-looking glasses.

CLOSE-UP reveals them to be **infrared goggles**.

CURTIS

...?

The Franco Brothers and the Soldiers fit themselves with the goggles. Mason follows suit.

MASON

I'll watch from here.

Edgar and the Army stare uncomprehendingly.

NAMGOONG

(in Korean)

You guys are fucked.

CURTIS

(putting the interpreter  
earphone in)

What did you say?

Curtis turns to see: Namgoong, holding a pulled off panel, squeezing Yona into the gap in the wall. \*

\*

NAMGOONG

You Tail Section hicks. There's no way you could know there's a tunnel right after Yekaterina Bridge.

CURTIS

A tunnel?

NAMGOONG

That's right. A fucking long one.

Namgoong swiftly puts the panel back on the wall over Yona's confused face. \*

\*

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

(after taking a deep  
breath)

Run, idiots! \*

\*

The lights go off one by one until the Train enters the tunnel. We are plunged into darkness. Soldiers, in frog-like goggles, flash as green after-images, then are gone.

HMMMMM - a low hum is heard. \*

A SOLDIER'S POV: everything is awash in sickly green: the Rebels move frantically about, running into walls and each other. The Franco Brothers and Soldiers charge at them. \*

Screams and shouts emanate from every corner. A Soldier creeps up next to an Army fighter entangled with another Soldier and lifts his hand-axe slowly above the fighter's head, grinning. \*

Franco the Younger aims his spear at another warrior who swings his steel pipe blindly and desperately, without aim. Franco the Younger pushes and pulls the tip of his spear close to the latter's face, having sadistic fun with it.

CURTIS

Light! We need light!

EDGAR

(feeling his way along the wall)

Light!

CURTIS

Nam! Can you turn the lights back on!?

NAMGOONG

No... \*

Namgoong is already running as fast as he can to the back, pushing and stepping over people. Horrible sounds of bones breaking, veins bursting, flesh tearing and the skin-crawling sound of metal on metal fill the place. \*

Fuyu follows close on the heels of the Franco brothers, clicking a counter as each man falls down dead. He seems to be smiling but, incongruously, his eyes behind the goggles are full of tears. \*

FUYU

Nana, Hachi...

Mason, like a school principal inspecting a children's exercise, watches calmly.

Curtis' face shows despair for the first time, as the bodies of his Army pile up. Then, suddenly remembering:

INSERT - (from Scene # 17) image of Namgoong dropping the matchbook on the floor and Chan snatching it up. \*

CURTIS

Chan! CHAN! We need fire!

EDGAR

Chan?

CURTIS

To the rear! Chan! We need fire!

EDGAR

Chan! FIRE! Pass it on!!

The call is taken up and relays back through the Sections.  
Some do not even know what it means: "Chan!" "Fire!"

\*  
\*

22 INT. TAIL SECTION - TENT

Chan, crouching by Gilliam's tent, hears his name echo back to him. He gets up, wondering; then he hears, "FIRE!" He frantically reaches into his pockets to find the matchbook. He opens it - three matches remain - and plucks a match.

\*

PFFFT - a tiny flame lights up the consuming darkness, reflecting on his face. He tears a piece of fabric of the tent and ignites it with the burning match. He wraps the burning cloth on a stick to make a torch.

Curtis, far away, closes his eyes and speaks calmly:

CURTIS

...Run!

Chan runs!

23 INT. TRAIN SECTIONS - CONTINUOUS

Chan runs faster and faster, shaking and twisting, panting and swinging the torch, getting faster and faster.

An adult hand grabs the torch from Chan. It's Andrew. Naked to the waist, he flies like a bat out of hell, holding the flame aloft like an Olympic torch. The stump of the severed arm shakes violently, drawing small half-circles in the air.

The screams and shouts from the bloody battle grow louder as the torch moves forward. Suddenly, Andrew's feet - only one with a shoe - get tangled and he falls down!

Someone with the grace and speed of a tiger shark snatches the torch from Andrew's hand - and illuminates his inscrutable face: Grey.

## INT. ABANDONED SECTION

SOLDIER'S INFRARED POV: a bright white spot grows larger as it gets closer. Grey, Andrew, Chan and dozens following them, bear torches. In an instant, the field of vision is awash with an exploding nova, blinding the Soldier. \*

The Soldier, with a yelp, throws off the goggles. Grey's fist, like a supersonic piston, hits his face. He staggers back and Curtis' hand-axe buries itself deeply in his shoulder. \*

SOLDIER

Aaaaah!

The surviving Rebels remove their shirts to use as impromptu torches. Burning with bloodlust, they attack. Curtis swings his hand-axe, dropping Soldiers left and right. He sees Fuyu and Mason far away over the Soldiers: \*

Grey, jumping from head to head of Soldiers, lands on Fuyu's back. He puts the dagger on Fuyu's throat and sticks his forearm in Fuyu's face - "Surrender." Grey quickly shows Fuyu his other forearm: "Die." Fuyu, frightened, shouts with absurdly clear diction: \*

FUYU

Surrender!

Everyone stops and turns their attention to Grey and Fuyu.

FUYU (CONT'D)

Surrender! He will kill me if we don't surrender! \*

Fuyu's desperate eyes plead with Mason. Mason shrugs: "So what?" Fuyu, disappointed, mumbles: \*

FUYU (CONT'D)

Anatawa hontoni ganbekki desune...

Grey slashes his throat in an instant and leaps towards Mason. Franco the Elder blocks his path. Franco and Grey engage in a spectacular fight-to-the-death battle.

Mason slinks towards the forward Section. Grey, while fighting off Franco the Elder, finds a split-second to throw his dagger at Mason, hitting him in the thigh.

MASON

Aaaaah.

Mason stumbles. His short AIDE-DE-CAMP helps Mason up as Curtis charges shaking off Soldiers who try to block him like raindrops on a wet dog. Franco the Elder is unable to break away from Grey and stop Curtis.

**Curtis is just about to capture Mason alive...**

EDGAR (O.S.)

Curtis!!

Curtis comes to a full stop and turns to Edgar's voice:  
**Edgar, pale and trembling, is held by Franco the Younger from behind, with a knife blade a millimeter from his throat.**

Curtis' POV: time slows down. The flame on the nearby torch dances languidly. Mason slowly seeps out of his vision, like sloshing liquid. Franco the Younger's ugly mouth pronounces "S-U-R-R-E-N-D-E-R" in slow motion. \*

**Curtis hesitates one microsecond before turning his back to Edgar.** Edgar has a microsecond to register despair in his face, and then Franco's blade punctures a hole in his neck. \*

Curtis, hearing Edgar's final scream, cannot look back. Instead, kicks the Aide-de-Camp aside and captures Mason - **his hand-axe blade touching Mason's pale throat.**

CURTIS  
EVERYBODY STOP!

MASON  
Stop! Please, everyone...

CURTIS  
(drags Mason to the front)  
I SAID STOP!

Soldiers, realizing the situation, come to a stop. Franco the Elder is the last to stop swinging his iron club.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Drop your weapons!

Curtis looks briefly at Edgar - expecting to have his command repeated. A flash of anguish crosses his face but this is not the time. His anguish is replaced by a savage look.

At that instant, the train exits the tunnel. Everyone instinctively shields their eyes, squinting.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Drop your weapons, I said!

Curtis pushes the axe-blade into the skin of Mason's throat. Beads of blood are drawn.

MASON  
Do it! For crying out loud - do what he says!

Soldiers drop their weapons one by one. Finally, the Franco Brothers dump their clubs reluctantly on the floor.

The Rebels snap into action. With no cheers of triumph this time, they silently make sure these monsters are bound tight.

CURTIS

Make sure they are tied together!

There is no one to repeat his words: Edgar is gone. The soldiers are tied together like bulbs on a Christmas tree and strung along a pipe. \*

Curtis holds Mason firmly making sure he does not gaze at Edgar's body. He subtly twists his stance so that it lies outside his field of vision.

Franco the Younger stares at Curtis' back as two Rebels tie his hands in the back. \*

CLANK - the PANEL right behind Curtis opens. Yona pokes her head out of her hiding place. Still not following what's been happening, Yona steps out, stretching her body. \*

**All of a sudden, Franco the Younger explodes in a blur** - snatching a hand-axe from a Rebel and lunging at Curtis' head. Everyone catches this moment google-eyed, unable to move... \*

**Except Yona who stomps on a spear lying across a dead body.** The spear leaps up, levered by the body, and plunges through Franco the Younger's side belly like a knife through butter.

FRANCO THE YOUNGER \*

Aahhh!

Yona fall backwards on her butt. He is skewered straight through - two feet of spear sticking out each side. He falls and - THUD - lands face up, his eyes still open, at Yona's side. \*

FRANCO THE ELDER  
(pupils dilate)

...

Franco the Younger, face contorted with pain, juts out a bloody hand and grabs Yona's face. Yona looks down on him with a surprisingly calm gaze.

Far from the rear, Namgoong runs toward Yona, pushing people away. He violently kicks Franco's bloody hand off Yona's face. \*

YONA'S POV: over Namgoong's shoulder wiping blood off her face, on Franco the Elder's eyes. **His cold, vacant eyes hold Yona's eyes for a long time.** \*

Curtis finally allows himself to move to Edgar's body. He kneels and comes face-to-face with Edgar - eyes and mouth open in a silent scream. Curtis' wet eyes shake uncontrollably.

Gilliam appears out of nowhere and shuts Edgar's eyes. Everyone watches the scene in silence. Gilliam straightens. \*

GILLIAM  
(quietly)  
Survivors clean yourselves.

CURTIS

...

GILLIAM  
(pointing)  
The Water Supply Section. Wash  
your blood away...

No one moves until Grey breaks the line first and enters.

On the ceiling are hundreds of pipelines. Grey follows a pipeline into a large tiled room. He turns on a faucet allowing the water from a shower head to wash away the grime and blood from his body.

The half-naked Rebel bodies appear fragile, amidst tall metal columns, illuminated by golden sunlight peeking through the grid-works of pipes above.

25

INT. WATER SUPPLY SECTION - MIDDLE

\*

Curtis walks through the gigantic water tanks and busy networks of water pipes and machinery. He walks past Namgoong trying to get the matchbook back from Chan. Curtis keeps walking and gets to a corner that looks like a separated place from the section.

\*

\*

ANGLE - in a far corner, Mason is bound to a chair, his infrared goggles still hanging around his neck. Tanya shoves the portraits of Tim and Andy in his face.

TANYA  
Have you seen these kids?

MASON

...

TANYA  
Where did you take them?

MASON  
I don't know anything about...

Tanya glances sideways to catch a glimpse of a hand-axe swinging towards her - Andrew, enraged, swings at Mason as Tanya jumps out of the way.

MASON (CONT'D)  
No!

Andrew deliberately buries the axe in the wall, an inch away from Mason's arm. Tanya grabs hold of Mason.

TANYA

Where are they!? Tell us!

Andrew shoves his axe in Mason's face and shows him his severed arm. Mason shakes with fear.

ANDREW

Tell us or I'll cut your fucking arm off! Even shorter than mine, you bastard!

MASON

Wilford... Wilford knows.

Curtis and Gilliam move to observe Mason.

MASON (CONT'D)

Wilford likes kids. That's why Claude brings him...well... It's Wilford you want, not me.

\*

Tanya and Andrew look at one another, not sure how to continue. Breaking the silence, Gilliam steps between them.

GILLIAM

Wilford, that sad man. Is he still married to his God-forsaken engine?

MASON

The Engine is Sacred and Wilford Divine...

CURTIS

(stepping forward)

Sent you to die for him, did he?

Mason flinches.

MASON

No. Wilford is merciful...

CURTIS

Call him - see if he will come and save you.

Mason looks to Gilliam to stop this nonsense. Gilliam shakes his head:

GILLIAM

Call Wilford.

Mason dismisses Gilliam as the leader and turns to Curtis.

MASON

He won't come here. He won't leave his Engine...

CURTIS

We're going to rip you into little pieces... He still won't come?

\*

Mason struggles to maintain his composure.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

We control the water. He'll have to come here if we turn it off.

MASON

Turn it off? You'd only be condemning your own people. The water comes from the front. The nose breaks up the snow and ice and converts it to water.

CURTIS

...

MASON

Like an elephant trunk, the water comes in the mouth not the asshole, Curtis.

Curtis flinches as Mason mentions his name.

MASON (CONT'D)

You look rather confused, Mr. Curtis Everett.

Curtis, confused, stares at Mason sharply.

MASON (CONT'D)

Yes, Wilford knows you well. He has been watching you. And we know you won't harm your own people, Curtis. Too bad you couldn't save your own second in command. What was his name - Edgar?

CURTIS

Shut the fuck up!

Curtis draws his hand-axe and puts it to Mason's throat with a murderous look in his eyes.

MASON

Curtis! Curtis! I can help you.

CURTIS

You can fucking die is what you can do.

MASON

I can help, I swear I can. Wilford won't come to you. You'll have to go to him and I can take you there.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

I know the train. I can guarantee  
you safe passage...

CURTIS

Why the fuck would I trust you?

MASON

Because I want to live.

CURTIS

You'd sell out Wilford the  
Benevolent?

MASON

If I take you to the front, you  
have to kill him. I'll get you  
close enough. Kill him and let me  
live.

In stark silence, Curtis observes the pathetic Mason -  
reduced to near tears. Beat. Curtis withdraws the hand-axe.

26

INT. WATER SUPPLY SECTION - ELSEWHERE

Low singing is heard from the neighboring Section, a dirge  
for the fallen Rebels. Gilliam and Curtis sit together.

GILLIAM

You're still determined to push  
ahead?

CURTIS

Of course. We're only half way.

GILLIAM

You've made it farther than anyone  
else. Farther than MacGregor four  
years ago...

CURTIS

Ten cars, twenty cars, it's all the  
same thing. It makes no difference  
unless we make it all the way to  
the front, to the engine. They'll  
just regroup and attack us again.  
We have to pull them out by the  
roots.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GILLIAM

But, so many have been killed.  
We've lost so many, and so have  
they.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CURTIS

Yes, many have died... Our Edgar,  
too.

\*  
\*

(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)

That's why we have to move forward.  
Or else he died for nothing.

\*  
\*

GILLIAM

What about the rest of us? Have  
you seen our men? They are  
exhausted. I told them to wash up  
so I could check the damage.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Curtis nods - sad but unshaken. Beat. Then, without looking  
at Gilliam:

CURTIS

Let me go ahead.

GILLIAM

(sighs)

...

\*  
\*  
\*

CURTIS

Let me take the strong ones. I've  
got Mason now - I can move more  
quickly. You stay here with the  
wounded. Guard our prisoners.  
When we have won - I'll bring you  
forward to lead us.

\*  
\*

GILLIAM

(in a low voice)

Do you want to kill Wilford that  
badly?

CURTIS

I want to liberate the Tail  
Section. And I want to see the  
whole train, the whole world run by  
you...

\*  
\*  
\*

GILLIAM

(cuts him off)

Stop it, Curtis. Why are you doing  
this? You know very well that  
you're already our leader. You  
have to accept that now.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CURTIS

No... I don't have what it takes,  
not yet... How can I lead when I  
still have two good arms and two  
good legs?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Gilliam looks at Curtis gently, reaches out to Curtis' left  
arm and rolls up the sleeve to see: an old but deep scar.

\*  
\*

GILLIAM

Hasn't faded much...

\*  
\*

Curtis, shameful, avoids Gilliam's hand and pulls his sleeve down. \*

GILLIAM (CONT'D) \*

It's better to have both arms. You can't do much with one, you know. \*

Especially when you hold a woman, it's much better with two arms. \*

Wouldn't you agree? \*

CURTIS \*

...

GILLIAM \*

When you reach the Front, then there's Alice, too. \*

CURTIS \*

What...?

GILLIAM \*

She must be in the Front somewhere. Aren't you going to look for her?

CURTIS \*

It's been too long. I don't think about her anymore. \*

GILLIAM \*

But, it'll be different when you see her. And two arms will be very useful when you hold Alice again. \*

ANGLE - on Curtis' conflicted face. Gilliam reaches out, Curtis instinctively avoiding him; but then remains still as Gilliam pats Curtis on the cheek. \*

GILLIAM (CONT'D) \*

When you get there - don't let Wilford talk. Cut out his tongue. \*

Curtis opens his mouth to form the question that has been eluding him but Gilliam turns away to Grey.

GILLIAM (CONT'D)

Grey - you will go with Curtis.

Grey looks at Gilliam - "no, please don't make me" in his eyes. Grey cannot bear this. \*

GILLIAM (CONT'D)

Grey, my loyal boy. Now you must help Curtis.

Beat. Grey nods, reluctant but obedient. He holds up his other hand - "Goodbye."

27 INT. WATER SUPPLY SECTION - GATE

The music takes on the variation of the funeral dirge.

Mason, hands bound in back and missing a shoe, is led forward by Curtis with Grey at his side. Andrew, with mismatching shoes, Tanya, Namgoong, and Yona follow.

Painter and the wounded Rebels, solemnly watch Curtis pass as they stand guard over the captured, bound Soldiers.

Curtis, reaching the Gate, stops to look back at Gilliam. Gilliam holds out his hand - palm up - in a gesture that says "Go forward." Curtis nods - goodbye. **The other limbless passengers (from Scene 8), stand behind Gilliam and wave.**

\*  
\*

YONA

No Chronole! No opening!

Curtis jumps a little, turning to Yona with her hand held out; Namgoong stands by a wall panel ready to open the Gate.

28 INT. GREENHOUSE SECTION

WHOOSH - the Gate opens to reveal bright sunlight. Even the ceiling is made of a special kind of glass. Full of vegetation and plants, this Section is ludicrously clean; everything is a pleasant, mind-cleansing green.

Curtis and his rag-tag Army enter slack-jawed at the vision. TENDERS in white lab coats, are equally surprised to see Mason bound and pushed forward.

TENDER 1

Mr. Minister!?

MASON

(feigning normalcy)

Don't mind me. Back to work,  
everyone, back to work.

Curtis rapidly passes the Tenders to pluck a ripe tomato from the overgrown shrubbery. He bites into it, sloppily tasting the red juice and pulp. Turning around, he sees Tanya and Andrew eating tomatoes as well.

Tenders become agitated but Mason assures them:

MASON (CONT'D)

No - no - they're friendly. They  
won't bite. Well, they'll bite the  
tomatoes...ha!

Namgoong reaches into the tomato plants but pulls out a fistful of black soil. He pushes it in front of Yona's face.

YONA  
You eat this too?

NAMGOONG  
Touch it. You've never felt it  
before? \*

Namgoong hands the soil to Yona who is unimpressed and displeased. She looks carefully into the clump and notices something tiny moving in it: a small worm.

YONA  
Yeah, well, it's gross.

NAMGOONG  
You grew up in this train so you  
don't know. Dad used to tread on  
real soil all the time.

YONA  
Why would you walk on this gross  
stuff?

NAMGOONG  
C'mon, it's good stuff. The earth  
is covered with soil. \*

YONA  
(not paying attention)  
Like hell. It's all snow and ice.

NAMGOONG  
(looking outside the  
window) \*  
Below snow and ice is soil. \*  
Everywhere you go.

FLASH - Namgoong is distracted by something outside through the window. He presses his face to the window and stares at - nothing. He looks and looks... He turns back to Yona.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
Did you see...?

YONA  
Wow! Look! \*

Yona runs to the opened gate. Through the gate we see: \*

29 INT. AQUARIUM SECTION

A huge aquarium with large fishes, a turtle and a rayfish swimming in blue water with bubbles. Yona runs, excited, into the section with joy.

Mason is shoved forward - like a shield. Curtis and the others enter, flabbergasted to see the aquarium.

FRONT SECTION PASSENGERS do a double take, seeing the armed and ragged Curtis and his entourage, and move quickly away. Mason, to diffuse awkwardness, turns to speak to Curtis.

MASON

Do any of you feel like sushi?

CURTIS

...

TANYA

Sushi? Hell, yea. Line that shit up.

30

INT. AQUARIUM SECTION - SUSHI BAR

At the small sushi bar attached to the aquarium, a pitch black AFRICAN CHEF makes sushi out of the fresh fish. Mason, his hands tied to the front, sits at the bar with Curtis, Andrew, Grey, Namgoong, Yona and Tanya, salivating.

MASON

You people are very lucky. This is served only twice in a year, in March and September.

TANYA

Why? Not enough fish?

MASON

"Enough" is the wrong criteria. Balance. You see, this aquarium is a closed ecological system. The number of individual units must be controlled very precisely to maintain the proper sustainable balance.

While Mason gives his lecture, sushi plates are laid:

Tanya and Andrew eat with gusto; Grey gingerly peels the fish from the rice before eating; Namgoong uses chopsticks skillfully; Yona, puzzled seeing sushi for the first time, sniffs hers and makes a face.

Rachmaninoff's piano prelude plays in b.g. Everyone silently eats while watching the white snowy vista of a frozen port city unfold outside: no one seems too surprised by the peculiar sight of large vessels toppled in the frozen sea. \*

Mason attempts to eat sushi with tied hands. Curtis shoves a **protein block** under Mason's nose. \*

CURTIS

No - you eat this. You know what this is made of?

MASON

...

CURTIS

Just crap. Eat it - every last  
scrap.

Mason, frozen, stares at the protein block with a blank face. Suddenly, Tanya reaches over and snares Mason's sushi and gobbles it up.

31 INT. ABATTOIR SECTION

Curtis pushes Mason forward - he looks green, ready to vomit - into this Section awash in red: rows and rows of scarlet, skinned animals - curiously indistinct in terms of shape - are suspended from the hooks.

Bizarrely, a MOTHER and BOY are sightseeing, the Mother explaining what meat is. As Curtis and his Army pass, the Boy recoils, wrinkles his nose. Mother hustles Boy away as the Army proceeds in awe-struck silence to the next Gate.

MASON

Curtis, my friend, can we do  
without the restraints? Just for  
this next Section? \*

CURTIS

I am not your friend and why would  
I...?

MASON

For the sake of education.

Curtis: "?"

32 INT. SCHOOL SECTION

WHOOSH - the shouts and clamor of children playing pour out. The CHILDREN are revealed disguised in colorful arts and crafts masks. Above the cacophony, we hear the near-hysterical shouts of TEACHER, a young adult woman.

TEACHER

Quiet! Children! Oh!  
(noticing the arrival of  
Mason and the Army)  
Minister Mason?!

The CHILDREN fall quiet, turning their masked faces to the Tail Section Rebels. Mason, concealing his bound hands behind his back, pretends to be in charge.

MASON

Good morning children. I am  
pleased to present guests from the  
Tail Section...

Mason exchanges a look with Teacher - "I'm fucked but please  
play along..."

TEACHER

Yes. Yes! Guests! What do we say  
to Tail Section Guests, children?

CHILDREN

(sing-songy)  
Good Morning Tail Section Guests...

Before the children can finish, Tanya and Andrew fall upon  
them, rushing from child to child unmasking them to find  
their sons. Tanya zeroes in on a child with black arms and  
rips the mask off to reveal a small black girl.

TANYA

(showing the portrait)  
Have you seen this boy? His name  
is Timmy.

The shocked Black Girl, frightened, shakes her head and  
bursts into tears.

ANDREW

This is my son. Take a good look  
at the picture!

The children are unfocused, lost in their own excitements,  
shouting and making noise. A white KID jumps up with a hand \*  
raised.

KID

I saw them!

The Children fall silent as Tanya rushes to the Kid.

TANYA

When? Where?

The Kid regards Tanya and Andrew with interest, then speaks  
slowly, pointing to the rear Gate:

KID

Came through there...  
(then the Front Gate)  
went through there.

Tanya and Andrew wait: "Is that all?"

TANYA

Were they crying?

KID

No...but they looked like they  
wanted to.

Tanya bursts into tears and suddenly hugs the Kid. Kid is overwhelmed by her body odor and holds his nose, rolling his eyes. The other kids break out in laughter. Andrew, weeping, gently pats Tanya's back.

YLFA (8) a sweet little girl with blond pigtails waves her hand at Teacher. She jumps up without being acknowledged...

YLFA

I heard all Tail Sectioners were  
lazy dogs who slept all day in  
their own shit.

TEACHER

(embarrassed)  
Ylfa!

MASON

No - they're very nice and they're  
very just and merciful. So it is.  
(to Teacher:)  
Please don't let us interrupt...

TEACHER

We were just about to show a video.

Teacher herds the children back to their seats as Curtis rounds up the bereft Tanya and Andrew to move on.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Great Pioneer!

Curtis turns to the sound - a large TV Monitor comes to life with a burst of theme music and a big splash of logo: WILFORD ENTERPRISES. Wilford's face comes up - curiously, it is digitally blurred. \*

CURTIS

Wilford?

VIDEO NARRATOR

The Wilford Story - the First 82  
Years.

The Rebels are transfixed by the images. The Children squirm - they have seen this before and are bored.

VIDEO NARRATOR (CONT'D)

From a very young age, Mr.  
Wilford's love of locomotives was  
apparent...

ON MONITOR: 8mm home-movie footage of Wilford (6) playing with a bright Red Toy Engine. He makes "choo choo" noises, then holds the Engine up and shouts in a cute voice.

WILFORD

When I grow up, I want to live in a train. Forever!

VIDEO NARRATOR

His early dreams were realized when he founded his own transportation empire - the Wilford Enterprises.

\*

Wilford (about 40), face blurred, stands in front of a massive building bearing his name.

VIDEO NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But his greatest dream was to construct a luxury locomotive 'cruise' line connecting the railways of the entire world into one!

A world map shows railway lines snaking across and connecting into one tremendous circle, like an Ouroboros worm eating its own tail.

VIDEO NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A circular railway that extends for 438,000 kilometers and completes one circle every year. Impervious to the extreme cold of the Arctic and the scorching heat of the African desert...

The train runs through various landscapes, from a desert to a snow-bound plain to a jungle, shown in rapid montage.

VIDEO NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Wilford's Miracle Train is self-sustaining and possesses the most sophisticated designs and advanced technology known to man.

Wilford (60), face blurred, shakes hands with engineers and corporate heads. Namgoong Minsoo, 20 years younger in a "Kyungnam Engineering" uniform, is glimpsed briefly. Namgoong pokes Yona but she misses the moment, yawning.

Curtis stares intently at the screen trying to decipher the digital blur of Wilford's image as Teacher stops the video with a remote. The screen is covered with a PAUSE sign.

TEACHER

As hard as it is to believe, people in the Old World made fun of Mr. Wilford.

(MORE)

TEACHER (CONT'D)

They criticized him for over-engineering and over-equipping this wonderful train. But Wilford knew something they did not. And what was that?

Several Children raise their hands. Teacher is about to acknowledge one when Ylfa jumps up.

YLFA

Old World people were frigging morons who got turned into popsicles!

TEACHER

Well, sort of. Mr. Wilford knew that CW-7 would freeze the world. So what did the prophetic Mr. Wilford invent to protect the chosen from that calamity?

CHILDREN

(in a chorus)

THE ENGINE!

Curtis and the others watch, bewildered, as Teacher strikes a chord on a small organ. The Children suddenly jump to their feet startling Rebels who, thinking they are under attack, pull their weapons.

GIRLS

(singing)

*Rumble Rumble*

BOYS

(singing)

*Rattle Rattle*

CHILDREN (CONT'D)

*It will never die!*

Curtis gestures for the Rebels to lower their weapons. Mason smiles broadly, his foot tapping away. Teacher plays along though some keys no longer work.

TEACHER

(singing)

*What happens if the engine stops?*

CHILDREN

*We all freeze and die.*

GIRLS

*But will it stop?*

*No!*

BOYS

GIRLS

*Oh will it stop?*

*No!*

BOYS

TEACHER

*Can you tell us why?*



MAGDALENA

The Revolt of the Seven.

TEACHER

Very good - long before you were born. But of course, they failed to stop the train. Instead, they jumped out of the running train. Here they come now.

\*  
\*

NAMGOONG

You look too.

YONA

Why?

A huge hill comes into view. And on the back of the hill, **seven snowman-shaped white lumps are clearly visible.**

\*

TEACHER

There they are. That's how far they made it. What happened to them, Sergio?

SERGIO

They froze and died.

TEACHER

(excited)

So, everyone! If we ever go outside the train?

\*

CHILDREN

We'd freeze and die!

TEACHER

If the engine stops running?

CHILDREN

We'd all die!

TEACHER

Who takes care of the Sacred Engine?

CHILDREN

Sir Wilford!

TEACHER

Because all life is here - aboard the train, within the great embrace of Sir Wilford. And nothing can live outside the train.

Yona regards the Frozen Seven with curiosity. The white sun-rays reflecting on the hill illuminate her and Namgoong's faces.

NAMGOONG

See the person at the very front...  
She was the leader of the seven...

YONA

She?

NAMGOONG

Yeah... She was a maid in the  
Front Guest Section...

YONA

You knew her?

NAMGOONG

Gana. She was Inuit. An Eskimo.  
She taught me about different kinds  
of snow, ice, constellations and  
aurora. Her name meant falling  
snow. Gana.

YONA

Gana.

NAMGOONG

She believed she could survive  
outside the train. I didn't  
believe her. So I stayed in the  
train.

Yona looks at the lead frozen figure... Namgoong transfixed \*  
by the sight of the Frozen Seven receding into the distance.  
Yona's ears perk up at approaching sounds - too late...

WHOOSH - the front gate opens. The Rebels whirl around,  
drawing their weapons only to find a single, bald Asian man  
enter. EGG-HEAD, his head shaped like an egg, pushes a cart  
full of baskets of **white eggs**.

Teacher herds the children towards Egg-Head's cart.

TEACHER

Look children! It's the New Year  
Eggs from Mr. Wilford!

The Children cheer and surround Egg-Head and his full basket  
of hard boiled eggs colorfully decorated with the Number 18  
in various alphabets: Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, etc.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

New beginnings! New Life!

Egg-Head hands out a big basket full of boiled eggs to  
Teacher who hands them out to the Children. Tanya pushes her  
way to the front of the line.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

These eggs are boiled in water  
heated by the Sacred Engine itself.  
See? They're still warm.

\*

Egg-Head gives an egg to Curtis and pushes his cart out the Back Gate.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

As a special treat, playing for us  
today is world-renowned first chair  
violinist of the Boston Symphony  
Orchestra, Mr. Gerald McInster!

Gerald, in old formal attire, enters (he was the one dragged off in Scene # 3). He plays a violin with only one string: Bach's "Aria in G String."

ON TV MONITOR: "Pause" gives way to CCTV video footage of Egg-Head passing out eggs in the Abattoir and Aquarium Sections.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

...join live coverage of the 18th  
Annual Egg Festival...

As Children listen to the beautiful (if incomplete) violin, Curtis holds his egg as if he were making contact with Wilford. Tanya smacks the egg onto Ylfa's head to crack it open.

TANYA

(peeling the egg)  
Let's go, Curtis. To the Front.

CURTIS cuts her off. His attention is riveted on his egg.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I'll eat that if you aren't.

Curtis locates a **pinhole at the bottom of the egg**. He pulls the egg apart and a **small metal capsule** falls out.

33 INT. WATER SUPPLY SECTION

EGG-HEAD'S POV: as the gate opens with a rumble, he comes face-to-face with Painter and the Tail Section Guards. They look at Egg-Head's smiling face suspiciously.

34 INT. SCHOOL SECTION

Curtis unrolls the Red Letter: "B L O O D"

SNAP - the last remaining violin string breaks and the music stops. The snapped string cuts Gerald's cheek, drawing blood. Curtis, overcome with dread, looks at the Monitor:

ON MONITOR: Egg-Head steps through the Gate bearing an egg.

35 INT. WATER SUPPLY SECTION - ENTRANCE

Painter looks at the egg in his hand and mumbles:

PAINTER

I thought the chicken was extinct.

EGG-HEAD

Rumors. You know, there are many things on board that are rumored to be extinct.

PAINTER

Such as?

Egg-Head reaches beneath the eggs and pulls out a **sub-machine gun!**

EGG-HEAD

This.

Painter raises his sketch pad like a shield.

ON SKETCH PAD: Drawing of Curtis standing atop the protein block cart heroically leading the charge; in the drawing, Painter himself is seen by the side, sketching... \*

BLAM - BLAM - BLAM - the sub-machine gun blasts fire tearing apart the drawing and, as it drops, we see Painter, riddled with bullet holes. He falls.

36 INT. SCHOOL SECTION

Curtis watches the Monitor in horror as Rebel Guards are cut down by the machine gun fire.

CURTIS

No!!

Teacher pulls a handgun and a magazine from her basket.

TEACHER

Duck!

Mason dives for cover as Teacher opens fire.

BLAM - **Andrew, just behind Curtis, is shot through the head.** The children scream and run to find cover.

BLAM - BLAM - Teacher swings the gun to aim at Curtis.

Grey, pushing Tanya out of the way, pitches the dagger at Teacher burying it in her throat. She drops the gun and it skitters away. The children's shrill screams continue.

Teacher, stunned, reaches for her throat and yanks the dagger out. Blood runs crimson down her neck from the dagger's hole. As Curtis approaches her, she snatches up Ylfa and holds her as a human shield - placing the dagger against Ylfa's throat...

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
(rasping through a  
punctured larynx)  
Stay back. Don't make me...

But she runs out of breath and faints. Teacher falls to the floor; the dagger in her hand pierces her heart.

Mason quickly lunges for the fallen gun but Curtis kicks him down. Curtis takes up the gun and smashes him with it on the head. Blood gushes out from Mason's head.

Tanya cries out, holding Andrew's dead body in her arms.

37 INT. WATER SUPPLY SECTION

Egg-Head easily dodges flying hand-axes as he moves forward firing. Rebel Guards fall in his wake, covered in blood. In his non-shooting hand, Egg-Head clicks a counter.

Egg-Head aims at the ropes binding the Soldiers. Freed Soldiers run to their comrades and untie them. A Soldier kicks over the cart. Eggs roll everywhere. Under the cart are more sub-machine guns and magazines. \*

Soldiers quickly pick up weapons and fire: flames jump from the guns, staccato ear-splitting sound of gunshots, screams of the Guards as they are punched full of red holes! \*

**Painter lies on the floor bleeding. An egg rolls in front of him and he softly picks it up. CRUNCH - he barely takes a bite as his breath runs out.** \*

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK - Egg-head's thumb on the counter.

Guards run wildly in retreat towards the back of the Section.

38 INT. SCHOOL SECTION

Curtis' attention is riveted on the huge Monitor. Grey slides up beside him, his eyes on the screen.

*ON MONITOR: in grimy, low-resolution the Water Supply Section appears as a wasteland. An old man is dragged out from the back of the Section by two Soldiers. It is Gilliam.*

Curtis and Grey turn deathly pale. Curtis holds his breath.

*ON MONITOR: Soldiers, aware of the camera's position, force Gilliam to kneel facing it. One pulls his head up.*

*Gilliam looks into the camera - calm, composed, resigned - he reaches out his one arm.*

Curtis is about to run toward the rear gate but cannot take his eyes off Gilliam. Grey moves to the Monitor as if he could climb into it. \*

*ON MONITOR: Arm extended, Gilliam turns his palm up - he mouths "I am sorry." Franco the Elder enters the frame. He aims a pistol at the back of Gilliam's head and pulls the trigger.* \*

CURTIS

NO!!!

Grey screams silently. He reaches out to touch the Monitor.

*ON MONITOR: Gilliam gently tumbles to the ground. Franco the Elder looks up at the camera.*

Yona looks back at Franco's empty gaze. Her face turns pale in fear and outrage.

Grey slumps to the floor. He pulls out the stolen child's mask and puts it on his face to hide his tears. The mask is incongruously, a sunny, happy face.

Curtis' face goes blank - he is frozen, staring at the Monitor that now fizzles out to snowy static. Tanya releases Andrew and stands before Curtis. Beat. She slaps him. \*

TANYA

Curtis! Come on! You have to lead us.

Curtis snaps out of it. He pulls the handgun from his belt and strides towards the fallen, bleeding Mason.

MASON

It wasn't me! I didn't give the order! I swear...

Curtis places the barrel of the gun to Mason's forehead and pulls the trigger.

BLAM - Curtis strides to the desk and snatches up a magazine from the basket. He reloads the handgun.

CURTIS

We go forward!

Gilliam lies in a pool of blood.

Egg-Head leads the majority of Soldiers back towards the Tail Section. But Franco the Elder and two Soldiers run the opposite way - towards the front.

40 INT. PRISON SECTION - ENTRANCE

Tail Section Passengers, panicking, run from the sound of approaching gunfire. In the stampede, Chan quickly moves up to the higher spot.

CHAN'S POV: the flashing light of gunfire is seen behind the rush of Passengers. Egg-Head and Soldiers appear pushing the Passengers ahead with gunfire coming closer...

41 INT. GUEST ROOM SECTION

Curtis, with a fierce rage now, leads Tanya and Grey, wearing his mask, down a corridor of extravagant guestrooms. FRONT SECTION GUARDS approaching from the opposite side shrink away with fear. One Guard, at the Gate, holds his ground.

NAMGOONG  
(in Korean)  
OPEN!

YONA  
(in English)  
OPEN!

Guard, trembling, places his palm on a small panel which opens the Gate. Curtis, violently pushes the Guard away and leads the others through. Namgoong reaches into Curtis' pocket to take two lumps of Chronole.

Curtis stares at him with disbelief: "This guy still wants that shit at this time?"

Curtis strides past rows of guest rooms containing milky-white elderly people: a dentist cleans someone's teeth, a Man eats steak, a Woman gets a manicure, a couple plays cards...

Through their windows or open doors, GUESTS stare with disbelief at Curtis passing through their luxurious, carefree lives. Curtis, disgusted, hurries past without comment.

42 INT. SCHOOL SECTION

Franco and the two Soldiers herd the crying Children into the next section as the train makes a wide turn toward the right.

**FRANCO'S POV: through the window, Front Sections are visible as the train bends widely, almost forming a big circle. Curtis' small team is visible in the Front Section.**

**Franco aims the rifle at Yona's head and fires.**

43 INT. SWIMMING POOL SECTION

BANG - CRACK - the bullet breaks through the two panes of Plexiglass window but, its trajectory is altered and it barely misses Yona's head. Strands of her hair, sliced by the bullet, flutter in the air.

YONA

!!

CURTIS

Everybody down!

The floor-to-ceiling windows, however, provide little protection. Front Section Passengers, who were enjoying their swimming, scream and come out of the pool, running this way and that. \*

44 INT. SCHOOL SECTION

Franco sets his rifle across a chair placed on a desk before the window - in full sniper mode. Soldier A runs from bullet hole to bullet hole trying to plug them with Children's paste. Soldier B stands by - shocked:

SOLDIER B

Hey! Don't you know the firearm regulations? To minimize damage to...

Franco smashes Soldier B in the face with the rifle butt. Soldier B drops like road-kill.

BLAM - BLAM - Franco fires through the window. Soldier A jumps aside and runs...

The train now swirls in a big circle, shaking intensely.

45 INT. SCHOOL SECTION/SWIMMING POOL SECTION - INTERCUT

BLAM - BLAM - shots hit the glass - most bouncing off and leaving ugly pock marks surrounded by spider web cracks above the heads of Yona, Namgoong and the others flat on the floor.

Curtis rises and shoots at the faraway School Section. Curtis and Franco square off like gunslingers in a Western, firing at each other as the curvature of the train becomes more acute. \*

BLAM - Curtis' bullet penetrates the window and hits Franco in the arm. Franco stops shooting. He looks at the blood on his arm and then across at Curtis. Curtis reloads and fires. Franco comes out of his trance and returns fire.

**A snowflake gently flies into the train through a bullet hole. It flutters in the air softly in slow motion.**

The gunfire and all sound fades away. Namgoong's eyes follow the falling snowflake as it lands on Yona's shoulder.

**NAMGOONG'S POV: the exquisite hexagon shape of the snow crystal in extreme close up, as if through a microscope. Then it melts away...**

NAMGOONG

Gana.

BLAM - BLAM - the firing resumes, breaking the stillness. Tanya's earsplitting screams overlap the gunshots.

A BULLET breaks through the first pane of Plexiglass coming straight at Curtis' face. Curtis' eyes widen - the BULLET gets stopped by the second pane but remains embedded in the window just inches in front of Curtis' face.

\*

\*

The train finally straightens out from its sharp turn. Franco and Curtis grow further and further apart until the train runs on a straight track once again.

Curtis, breathing hard, drops the gun that has run out of bullets. Yona rises to her knees.

YONA

Coming! Three of them!

Curtis snaps to attention. Namgoong joins Curtis running to the back Gate to jam it shut. Namgoong hastily attacks the electronic controls of the Gate.

\*

46 INT. GUEST ROOM SECTION

Soldiers A and B try to open the jammed Gate. Franco, without human expression, comes up behind and opens fire on the locked Gate. The Soldiers dive out of the way and roll.

SOLDIER B

What the fuck...?!

Franco fires until the Gate begins to teeter...

47 INT. SAUNA SECTION

WHOOSH - the front Gate opens just as Franco kicks the back Gate inward. Curtis and his last Rebels rush through the Gate and Namgoong closes it behind them.

The Rebels hurry past steam-bath units as the sound of Franco firing on the Gate behind is heard. Namgoong sets to work on the next Gate but becomes agitated as he is having trouble. Namgoong sees a **crowbar** on the wall above the panel. He grabs it and attacks the controls.

CURTIS

Hurry!

NAMGOONG

Shit, what's wrong with this?

Fuck...

\*

Steam Bath CLIENTELE glance at the Rebels through opaque glass doors.

CUT TO:

FRANCO'S POV: as he kicks down the Gate and enters. **In the thick steam, the Section appears empty.**

Franco and the two Soldiers move cautiously forward. A face flashes behind one of the steam-bath units.

BLAM - BLAM - Franco fires instinctively. The door swings open and a ROTUND WHITE MAN rolls out, with his naked lower body hidden by a white towel, bleeding profusely.

SOLDIER B

You just killed a Front Section Passenger! I'm reporting you to...

BLAM - Franco blows Soldier B away. Soldier A, astonished, lifts up his hands in the air.

SOLDIER A

I didn't see a thing.

CLICK - Franco pulls the trigger but he is out of bullets.

Grey, masked, jumps out of a steam-bath unit, knocking Soldier A away, and stabs at Franco's neck with the dagger. Franco's animal-like reflexes are too fast and the dagger only catches his shoulder. He drops his rifle.

Curtis jumps out of another steam-bath unit, stomps on fallen Soldier A and takes his gun. He aims at Franco but his target is intertwined with Grey in a deadly struggle. \*

Franco roars as he lifts Grey and spins him in a complete circle, like a human windmill, so his mask goes flying away. He throws Grey to the metal floor. GREY is knocked out.

BLAM - BLAM - Curtis fires and Franco drops to the ground where he retrieves the fallen rifle of Soldier B.

Curtis and Franco fire at one another. Curtis' hand is nicked by a bullet and he loses the gun. Franco aims his rifle at Curtis' head.

Tanya comes roaring out of a steam-bath unit behind Franco.

TANYA

Ahhhhhh! You son of a bitch!

Franco swings the rifle around but is too late as Tanya uses her heft to drive both the rifle and Franco backwards.

BLAM - Franco fires right into Tanya's gut as she pushes him against the wall.

CURTIS

Tanya!

Tanya, face to face with Franco, is surprised she is shot - they are stuck together like dancers with the rifle between.

TANYA

Timmy.

Tanya collapses to the floor at Franco's feet. Franco swings the rifle to shoot Curtis. Curtis, face contorted with rage, charges straight at Franco.

CLICK - the rifle is empty. Curtis dives at Franco who catches his leg mid-air and throws him down like a rag doll.

CRUNCH - Curtis' head bangs on a metal ornament on the wall and he instantly passes out next to Grey, blood coming from the side of his head.

Franco pulls the dagger from his shoulder. He grabs Curtis' shirt and pulls him up. He rears back to stab Curtis when Grey suddenly comes awake and blocks Franco's thrust.

The dagger goes straight through Grey's hand - it's tip stopping just inches from Curtis' neck. The dagger has pierced Grey's tattoo: "Goodbye" \*

Grey, snake quick, puts his legs around Franco's neck. He performs a Judo maneuver spinning Franco around to the floor. They struggle but Grey, with his hand stabbed, cannot fight Franco off.

Franco twists Grey's wrist so the dagger presses into his chest. Grey emits an animal-like moan:

GREY

Ugggggh!

As Grey clutches at his chest, the dagger pierces on the tattoo over his heart: "Gilliam." Franco looks down into Grey's pale eyes. Franco presses down on the dagger and shoves it into Grey's heart. \*

Franco hears a girl coughing. His eyes widen - he turns to survey the carnage - Soldier B, Grey, Curtis, Tanya - all down. Franco removes a knife from a sheath on Soldier B's belt. He opens each steam-bath unit. \*

On the second try, he finds the unit occupied by a very heavysset ITALIAN WOMAN, draped with an equally humongous towel. She looks back at him with fear-stricken eyes. \*

Franco moves to the next unit, but suddenly stops. He comes back and looks the Italian Woman up and down - something unnatural about her sitting posture.

Franco flattens the knife's blade on Italian Woman's cheek and pushes it to the side to reveal one of Yona's doe-eyes, below wet hair and sweat-drenched brow. And poking out behind her is Namgoong's right eye. \*

Franco stares at Yona for a moment with a cold and murderous look in his eyes. He lifts the knife and brings it down with heaven-cleaving force.

CLANG - sparks fill the air as Namgoong's crowbar stops the descent of Franco's knife.

NAMGOONG

AAAAAHHHH!

Namgoong impossibly pushes both the Italian Woman and Franco out of the unit. He brings down the crowbar down on Franco's head. The Italian Woman waddles away as fast as she can. \*

Franco swings his knife but Namgoong dodges it. With a rhino's strength, Namgoong head-butts Franco. Both men lose their weapons. They struggle and thrash on the floor.

Franco gets his hands around Namgoong's neck and strangles. Namgoong's face turns beet-red but, not giving up, he gets his hands on Franco's neck and strangles.

Yona approaches silently and takes up the fallen knife. Yona swings the knife. THUMP - Namgoong removes one hand from Franco's neck and grabs Yona's wrist. He holds on tight - intent on keeping Yona from committing violence. Franco chokes harder - Namgoong is about to pass out. \*

The knife wavers in the air - Namgoong holding Yona's wrist immobile. The knife is suddenly yanked from Yona's hand - by Curtis, bleeding, weak, pale - but awake and determined.

Curtis, in a swift motion, strikes - plunging the knife into Franco's side.

FRANCO THE ELDER

Aaaaah!

Franco releases Namgoong's neck who falls back choking as he tries to get his breath back. Yona runs to help him.

Franco turns to look into Curtis' eyes. Curtis twists the knife in his side. Franco blinks, then collapses. Curtis falls back, exhausted.

A moist silence envelopes the Sauna Section broken by Tanya, still alive, holding the blood and guts in her stomach. With great difficulty:

TANYA

Where's...my...Timmy?

\*

CURTIS

We'll find him when we get...

TANYA

No, no...my...picture...

Curtis looks around at the bloody mess - no portrait. He stands and looks in the unit Tanya was hiding in and finds the portrait on the floor. He snatches it up.

Yona strokes Tanya's head - comforting her as Curtis returns.

CURTIS

I found it.

Tanya's eyes overflow with tears. Curtis kneels and holds out the portrait. But Tanya does not take it. Instead she pushes it back to Curtis.

TANYA

You... Curtis...

Tanya exhales - she dies. Curtis closes his eyes - feeling the pain of losing too many friends. He opens his eyes and looks down at the portrait of Timmy.

CUT TO:

48 INT. PASSAGE

Curtis moves along a dark and narrow passage filled with the loud noise of a nearby machine. Blood from his hand wound rolls down and drips to the metal floor.

49 INT. CLUB SECTION

CLUBBERS in bizarre make-up dance under colorful blinking lights to loud throbbing music, rowdy shouting and laughter...

WHOOSH - Namgoong and Yona enter carrying empty rifles with bloodied Curtis on their side. Clubbers find them odd, but keep dancing. Curtis has no interest in anything but the next Gate.

A LADY spots Curtis and stops dancing. Her eyes track Curtis.

LADY

(surprised)

Curtis? CURTIS!!

The Lady yells in vain as her voice is drowned out by the loud thumps of the club music.

LADY'S POV: the back of the Curtis' head as he moves far away to the front of the club.

Yona has fun aiming her rifle at Clubbers and making threatening gestures. She grabs a bottle of alcohol on a table and gulps it as she walks.

YONA'S POV: naked couples, kissing, hugging, and making love to each other are seen here and there in the shadows.

Namgoong sees a WOMAN sniffing Chronole, pierced at the end of luxurious silver knife. He grabs her chin:

NAMGOONG  
(in Korean)  
Where did you get this from?

YONA  
Where did you get this?

50 INT. OPIUM DEN SECTION

Yona, drunk and shouting gibberish, follows Namgoong through the unhealthy smoke of this garish den of marble floors, sculptures and littered with lumps of Chronole and ADDICTS.

Many Addicts are "fashionably" dressed in Inuit fur coats over bare skin. Namgoong swings his rifle, smashing the Addicts down and taking all their Chronole.

Namgoong beats an Addict and takes his Inuit fur coat. The Addict's skinny, naked body falls to the floor with a thump. Namgoong shakes the coat and lumps of Chronole fall to the floor like nuts.

Namgoong drapes the coat over his shoulder. He picks up every lump of Chronole. The Addict, behind, tries to grab Namgoong but Yona conks him with her rifle butt.

Namgoong pulls the coat off another addict. The Naked Woman Addict grabs the coat and they engage in a tug-of-war.

Curtis keeps moving forward straight through the murky smoke drawn to a plate above the next Gate: Wilford Enterprises. \*

51 INT. PASSAGE

We hear laboured breathing in the dark and narrow passage. The camera slowly moves to the side to reveal Franco walking straight ahead, expressionless with grotesque fish eyes.

He gets snagged on something on the wall. He looks numbly down at the knife sticking out his side. He grasps it with both hands and pulls it out, his face still expressionless.

CUT TO:

52 INT. MACHINERY SECTION

CLANG - a Gate opens and Curtis enters to find a narrow bridge stretching above a mass of unmanned machinery. \*  
Namgoong enters bearing a stack of Inuit fur coats. Yona, in a coat, follows - they laugh and stumble.

Curtis crosses the bridge. Namgoong and Yona follow but, upon reaching the other side, drop down on the steel platform below the next Gate. Yona, drunk as a skunk, flops over and snores hard clutching her bottle and rifle.

Namgoong shakes the coats to release all the Chronole and tosses the coats away into a heap. He sits and gathers all the Chronole on the floor.

NAMGOONG  
Isn't this crazy?

Namgoong sticks the lumps together into one big piece. He takes out the Interpretive Unit and pushes the button.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
CURRIS... Just gimme all of your Chronole now.

CURTIS  
...

NAMGOONG  
Aren't you sick of it? Every \*  
fucking door it's two more stinking  
pieces...

Curtis, disgusted, throws all the Chronole lumps at Namgoong. \*  
The lumps hit Namgoong's face and body and roll on the floor.

CURTIS  
Chronole!? There. That's all of  
it. Now open the gate.

NAMGOONG  
(giggles)  
Son of a bitch, keep your temper  
down.

Namgoong picks up all the Chronole pieces and then glances up at the Gate - it is the most intimidating yet.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

So I open this door and your **sacred engine** will sit on the other side, waiting for you, is that it? Your heart is beating hard imagining Wilford rubbing it and feeding oil to it, right?

Curtis murderously stares at Namgoong being sarcastic.

CURTIS

What do you know? All you care about is your Chronole supply.

\*

NAMGOONG

...

CURTIS

Trash like you would never understand what it means for us, coming all the way from the Tail Section to the front, to be standing at this gate... After 18 fucking years, I'm finally face to face with Wilford... You have no idea how long I've wanted this.

\*

NAMGOONG

...

CURTIS

You ever been to the Tail Section? Do you even know what went on back there?

Amidst the sound of machinery, Namgoong loses his sarcasm and stares directly at Curtis.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

No? Chaos. Total fucking chaos when we boarded. Fine - we didn't freeze to death but we didn't even have time to be thankful before the Soldiers - Wilford's Soldiers - came and took everything edible from the storage crates. Left us with nothing.

NAMGOONG

...

CURTIS

More than a thousand people in an empty iron box with no water, no bread, nothing. Can you imagine? No, you can't.

Eventually becoming absorbed in the story, Namgoong's face begins to take on a similar expression to Curtis'.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

After three weeks, we began to eat the weak.

NAMGOONG

...

CURTIS

We were hungry. We stopped being humans. We became animals. Do you know what I hate the most about myself? I fucking hate that I know what part of a human tastes good. I know that young babies taste the best.

As Curtis' voice begins to shake, Namgoong's gaze intensifies.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

There was a woman in the Tail Section who had a little baby. One day, some men with knives, pulled the baby out of his mother's arms. Put a fucking knife to his skull. And then. And then an old man stepped forward. No relation - just an old man...

\*  
\*

NAMGOONG

...

Curtis puts his hand out, palm up, like Gilliam.

CURTIS

"Give me the knife," he said. Everyone thought he'd kill the baby himself. The man with the knife gave it up. Then, the old man cut off his own arm. "Here." Held it up. His arm.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NAMGOONG

...!

Curtis holds out his palm - open.

CURTIS

"Here. Eat this! You are so hungry. Eat this. Leave the boy. Eat this."

NAMGOONG

...!

CURTIS

I couldn't believe what I saw, it  
was the most shocking thing I've  
ever witnessed. Two days later, he  
cut off his own leg. Same thing.  
"Eat this. Here. Take it."

\*  
\*  
\*

Again - the open palm.

NAMGOONG

...

CURTIS

You've probably guessed who that  
old man was.

NAMGOONG

Gilliam...

\*  
\*

CURTIS

The little baby was Edgar.  
(face hardens)  
And I was the man with the knife.  
I would have killed that baby boy.  
My Edgar. My number two. Gilliam  
saved him. That was the most  
important day of my life. After  
that, everything changed. I  
followed him. We all did. All of a  
sudden, we became human again. One  
by one, people began to follow his  
example, offering their arm or  
their leg. It was some kind of a  
miracle Gilliam created.

\*  
\*  
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NAMGOONG

...

CURTIS

Those who gave their arm or leg  
became legends in the Tail Section.  
I wanted to be one of them but...  
I...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Curtis pauses. He looks down at his arm with anguish:

\*

CURTIS (CONT'D)

\*

A couple weeks later, the gate  
opened. Wilford's Soldiers brought  
us protein blocks... We've been  
eating that shit ever since. But,  
because of Gilliam we were able to  
endure the last 18 years. And now  
I am right in front of Wilford's  
door. This is what I've been  
waiting for. This day. This  
moment.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
(a plea)  
Open the gate.

Namgoong stares at Curtis. He takes the cigarette and matchbook out of his shoes. He throws them to Curtis.

NAMGOONG  
Here, have a smoke.

CURTIS  
...

NAMGOONG  
It's the last of its kind. Once  
you smoke it, it goes extinct. You  
better appreciate it. \*

Curtis smiles in spite of himself. He sits across from Namgoong and opens the matchbook - two matches. He takes one and lights the cigarette. He inhales deeply.

CURTIS  
...open the gate.

NAMGOONG  
I don't want to open the gate.  
(dead serious) \*  
You know what I really want to do? \*

Curtis does not answer - he looks at the smoke as he blows it out. Namgoong suddenly sits up straighter.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
I want to open the gate!

Curtis shakes his head - he doesn't understand and he is tired of Namgoong. Namgoong points.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
Not this one.

Namgoong turns to his left and points to the **exit door on the side of the train:**

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
But, that one.

ANGLE - **AN EXIT DOOR on the side of the train.**

This is the first time anyone even mentioned that there is A SIDE EXIT to every section of the train. Namgoong moves slowly to the door as if being pulled on a rope.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

We treat this like a wall because  
it's been frozen shut for 18 years.  
But it's a door. A fucking door!

Namgoong's eyes become dreamy, almost hallucinatory.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

Let's open it and go outside.

CURTIS

And freeze to death? You're  
fucking crazy.

Staring at Curtis, Namgoong reaches down to pick up a thrown  
coat. He begins to put it on.

NAMGOONG

Yea? But what if we don't freeze  
to death?

CURTIS

You freak.

NAMGOONG

What if we can live outside the  
train?

Curtis, lost for words, stares at Namgoong putting on the  
coat.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

Heehee...you remember the  
Yekaterina Bridge? Each year when  
we pass over the Yekaterina Bridge,  
I do the same thing. I look  
down...

CURTIS

You were fucking high as a kite...

*INSERT - Scene # 21. Namgoong carrying Yona on his  
shoulders, walking towards the window.*

\*

NAMGOONG (V.O.)

Way down at the bottom of the  
gorge...

Namgoong and Yona press their cheeks to the glass window and  
look into the dark gorge.

\*

ANGLE - from outside we see the determined, fevered face of  
Namgoong pressed against the glass looking down, believing.

NAMGOONG (V.O.)

A jetliner stuck upside down in the  
gorge.

(MORE)

NAMGOONG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A decade ago, you could only see a  
part of the tail fin above the ice.  
But now...

*INSERT - Scene # 21: a blurry image of the tail and fuselage  
stuck in a snow drift at the bottom of the gorge - but lost  
in a swirl of white blizzard.* \*

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

Each year, you can see more and  
more of the plane's body...

ON NAMGOONG, excited, eyes sparkling, touches the  
disbelieving Curtis. Curtis pulls back, shaking his head.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

It's melting. The snow and ice are  
melting.

CURTIS

No fucking way, you're a lunatic. \*

*INSERT - Scene # 45: a single snowflake flutters onto Yona's  
shoulder. An extreme close-up, as if seen through a  
microscope, of the beautiful crystallized hexagon.*

NAMGOONG (V.O.)

Eskimos talk about "qanika", the  
prototypical shape of spring snow.  
Snow that's about to melt! All  
this snow could come crashing down  
any day! \*

ON YONA - snoring, her mouth hanging open.

ON NAMGOONG whose dreamy trance is suddenly broken. He jumps  
up and shouts.

NAMGOONG

Today! Today, do you know what I  
saw?!

*INSERT - Scene # 28: Namgoong is distracted by something  
outside the window. He looks and looks...* \*

NAMGOONG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(voice rising, excited)

I saw something out there. I don't  
know what. Something moving.

NAMGOONG'S POV: between hills far away, something quickly  
passes by - too fast, too blurry to have true shape...

ON NAMGOONG's, eyes crazed, as he pulls on yet another coat.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

Something alive.

CURTIS

You know what you saw? Wishes.  
Frozen fucking phantom wishes.

NAMGOONG

...

CURTIS

You should go easy on the Chronole.  
Look what it's done to you!

Namgoong looks blankly at the brick-size lump of Chronole in his hands.

NAMGOONG

(vaguely)

It's been two years now that I've  
been storing up this Chronole...

CURTIS

Great. Open my gate and you can  
snort that fucking brick of  
flammable waste up into your  
skull...

NAMGOONG

(grinning like an idiot)

Yes! Flammable. It is flammable  
industrial waste...

CURTIS

Fine. Whatever. Open...

Namgoong pulls a WICK out of his pocket. Curtis is flabbergasted.

NAMGOONG

It is a BOMB, you fuckhead!

Curtis' mouth drops open in shock. He drops the cigarette and stomps on it afraid of its fire.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

(dreamily)

There's no door?... I'll make one. \*

Namgoong drifts towards the door as he sticks the wick in the Chronole brick. Curtis jumps up - alarmed - and stuffs the matchbook in his pocket.

CURTIS

No! You crazy fuck! If you wanna  
freeze to death, be my guest, but  
don't fuck up my revolution! \*

NAMGOONG

Look at this guy... Shut up and  
give me the matches. \*

CURTIS  
No way. No fucking way...

NAMGOONG  
FIRE! I NEED FIRE!

**WHOOSH - the steel gate suddenly opens...**

**BLAM - and a gunshot echoes.** Namgoong is shot in the stomach \* and drops to the floor with a yell. Claude enters in her high heels and severe attire. She descends steps to Curtis - putting her gun away.

CLAUDE  
Curtis Everett. I have been asked to extend...

Namgoong tries to rise, moaning.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)  
Stay where you are. We'll deal with you later.

Namgoong is too shocked to move. Claude sees the Chronole brick. She uses her ruler to measure it. THWAK. She puts the bomb in her overcoat. She takes the rifle.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)  
(to Curtis)  
... a formal invitation from Mr. Wilford to join him for dinner. Follow me.

Claude clicks up the stairs. A shocked Curtis follows. He shoots a look back at Nam just before...

WHOOOSH - the Gate closes. Namgoong, moaning, checks his wound. Yona snores - she has slept through everything.

53 INT. ENGINE SECTION

Curtis looks around in awe at the jungle of metal parts: twisted pipes intertwined with machines like vines on a trellis. The heat generated from these machines is oppressive. The percolating sound is booming.

A massive boulder of metal dominates the Section: the Engine.

WILFORD (O.S.)  
Curtis? Is that you?

Curtis searches for the source of the voice: his back to Curtis and Claude, an old man cooks on a plate heated by the hot boulder of metal. He turns to Curtis. WILFORD.

WILFORD (CONT'D)  
(kindly smile, warm)  
Curtis, dear boy, there you are.  
Come in. Let's have a look at you.

Claude leads him to Wilford. She points to a chair at a table by the Stove, elegantly set for dinner for two. Wilford sautes potatoes on a skillet.

WILFORD (CONT'D)  
Hungry?  
(Curtis is silent)  
You did a man's work coming all this way.

Curtis glances at Wilford. He is just an old white man. Claude takes up a high stool separate from the table. \*

WILFORD (CONT'D)  
You are the first human to have walked the total length of this train. Tail to Engine. Did you know that, Curtis? Well done. Bravo. Gilliam has never been here - to the Engine. I've never been to the Tail Section.

CURTIS  
Why not? Too dirty for you? Don't want to rub against the vermin of the Tail Section? What?

Wilford expertly flips a steak and potatoes and adds a handful of mushrooms. He uses his spatula to point to his "station" - his Engine.

WILFORD  
Do you think my station is without it's own drawbacks?  
(Curtis smirks)  
It's hot. It's noisy.  
(beat)  
And it's lonely.

Claude doesn't like that statement.

CURTIS  
Right. Poor fucking Wilford. Steaks, plenty of room, this whore to bring you whatever you want.

At this, Wilford raises an eyebrow.

WILFORD  
Curtis, every one has their own pre-ordained position...

Wilford does that peculiar gesture Mason did previously with his one hand, the other hand flipping the ingredients on the skillet this way and that.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

...and everyone is in it. Except you.

CURTIS

That's what people in the best place say to the people in the worst place. There's not a soul on this train who wouldn't trade places with you.

WILFORD

Would you trade places with me?

CURTIS

Fuck you, you son of a bitch.

WILFORD

I see you have fight left in you.

(beat)

Curtis, dear boy, the fact is we are all stuck inside this blasted train. We are all prisoners in this hunk of metal.

(suddenly)

Medium rare? And this train is a closed eco-system. We must always strive for balance. The water, the air, the food supply, the population - all must be kept in balance.

Curtis remembers Mason's speech about fish population.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

For optimum balance, however, there have been times when more radical solutions were required. When the population needed to be reduced rather...drastically.

54 INT. TAIL SECTION - ENTRANCE

Tail Section Passengers run to the end of the section like a herd of sheep being chased by a pack of wolves. They pile everything they own to block the Gate. Chan throws a chair, as big as himself, up onto the barricade. The sound of gun fire comes from the other side.

\*

55 INT. MACHINERY SECTION

BLAM - The distant echo of gunfire wakes Yona. Namgoong, crouching painfully on the stairs, makes a bandage from his torn trousers for his wounded belly. He doesn't look good.

YONA  
Huh? What happened?

NAMGOONG  
(mumbles)  
Brainless girl, NOW she wakes up.

Yona, concerned, runs to Namgoong, trips and falls awkwardly. Reaching out to balance herself, her hand lands squarely on Namgoong's belly.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
YEEYYAHHH!

Yona tilts her head - she hears something - she looks at the back Gate as it begins to be battered from the other side.

Namgoong points to where the stair rails meet the corridor.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
Yona, open that panel. Right below your left foot.

Yona lifts a heavy iron lid with a grunt, exposing a circuitry panel as the Gate hinges begin to creak and break.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
Okay, pay attention. There's one each of red, yellow and blue wires.  
(Yona nods)  
On the other side should be sockets numbered one to twelve. See them? \*

Namgoong dismantles the stair rail into two long metal pipes, keeping one and rolling one to Yona. The gate is nearly broken apart.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)  
Three wires, twelve sockets. So how many combinations can we make out of them, Yona? \*

Perhaps still drunk, Yona looks totally confused.

The Gate breaks down with a BANG. Brain-addled "ZOMBIES" - addicts out of their minds - rush in from the Brothel/Opium Den. Seeing Namgoong and Yona who beat them and stole from them - they scream for joy!

ZOMBIES  
KILL! KILL!

They blast the air with, of all things, vuvuzelas! Namgoong moves into the narrow corridor, meeting the rush of Zombies head on, swinging his pipe.

WILFORD (V.O.)

We don't have time for true natural selection - we would all starve waiting for that. The next best solution is to have individual units kill off other individual units. This is what I call man-made natural selection.

56

INT. ENGINE SECTION - WILFORD'S ROOM

\*

Wilford sits at the table, chewing his steak. Curtis has not touched his food but it is so very, very tempting.

WILFORD

From time to time, we need to stir the pot. Historically, my pot stirrings have taken the form of uprisings. The Revolt of the Seven. The MacGregor Riots.

(points his bloody knife at Curtis)

The Great Curtis Revolution!

CURTIS

...!

WILFORD

A blockbuster production with a devilishly unpredictable plot! The shelf-life of this narrative should surely be more than a decade.

Curtis' face hardens.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

Who could have predicted your counterattack with the torch in the Yekaterina Tunnel! Pure genius! That wasn't what we had in our plan.

CURTIS

We? Our plan?

Curtis' face loses its color as Wilford observes coolly.

WILFORD

Don't tell me you didn't know. We, Gilliam and I. Our plan.

Mentioning "Gilliam" pricks up the hair on Curtis' neck.

CURTIS

Gilliam?

WILFORD

Yes, my dear boy. Gilliam. The Tail and the Front are supposed to work together. We are all connected. Gilliam was more than a partner, really. A friend.

CURTIS

Bullshit. I don't believe you.

WILFORD

Our original agreement was for this insurgency to end at the Yekaterina Tunnel and then the survivors would go back to the Tail Section to enjoy much more space...but...

CURTIS

You're a fucking liar. Gilliam would never...

WILFORD

(cuts off)

Calm down. Calm down. It's all worked out fine. Your counterattack actually made the insurgency ten times more exciting. Unfortunately, the front suffered greater losses than anticipated, for which Gilliam paid the price.

(slashes his throat with one hand)

He let you go on and broke our bargain. Isn't it ironic? How people dramatically cross the thin barrier between life and death? Now, there is just one last thing left to do - tally up the numbers.

57

INT. TAIL SECTION

The section has been totally seized by the Soldiers. Tail section Passengers, face down on the floor with their hands bound behind their backs, sound off for Egg-Head and Soldiers. \*

Egg-Head goes to a plate that reads "Wilford Enterprises" (the one behind Gilliam's shoulder in Scene # 5) and slides open a panel to reveal an old-fashioned phone. \*

Close up of Egg-Head on the phone. \*

EGG-HEAD

Finished here. We await your instructions.

58 INT. ENGINE SECTION

Wilford holds an identical phone, standing beside a "Wilford Enterprises" plate that has been opened. \*

WILFORD

Stand by.  
(looking at Claude)  
Is it still the same number?

Claude, still aiming her gun at Curtis, counts the numbers with the fingers of her other hand on her thigh.

CLAUDE

(nods)  
Yes, it still stands at 74 percent.

WILFORD

(to Egg-Head)  
OK. Carry on. Shhh. Wait.  
Spare 18 to celebrate our 18th year.

CLAUDE

(adoringly)  
Wise decision.

Claude yells out in the direction of Wilford's phone, confident her message reaches Egg-head. \*

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

(back to business)  
Spare 18 per Wilford the Merciful. \*

59 INT. TAIL SECTION

EGG-HEAD

Yes sir.

Egg-head, still holding the phone, nods to the Soldiers.

RA-TA-TAT-TAT - Soldiers open fire on the immobile prisoners. Screams pierce the air.

60 INT. ENGINE SECTION

Curtis shrivels as he listens to the sound of gun blasts and screams through the phone. Enraged, his face reddens as he grabs the fork instinctively. Claude swiftly draws her handgun directly at Curtis' temple. \*

WILFORD

(holding the phone)

I'll miss Gilliam. I'll miss our late night chats. Oh he could go on for hours, all with only one arm! Quite remarkable, don't you think?

Overcome with shock and rage, Curtis rises to lunge at Wilford with his fork.

CURTIS

Shut up!

BLAM - Claude shoots the fork right out of his hand. PING - the bullet ricochets off the engine.

WILFORD

(continues his eating)

Mind the Engine - she's getting sensitive, you know.

CLAUDE

(smiles)

Sorry...

(stern)

Sit down and mind your table manners.

WILFORD

Please, try to keep your sense of humor.

Curtis reluctantly sits down, his eyes burning with hatred.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

Well, now I see what Gilliam meant. He told me you're smart and brilliant, but always so tense. He worried about you, you know.

And... what was her name... Alice?

(exaggerated voice)

Alice, where are you? Maybe you should go meet her and loosen up a little.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Curtis is ready to collapse, his world crumbling in the shock and confusion.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

(looking at Curtis)

What's with that face? What's the matter? You look like a crazy person. As if we need more crazies on this train!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

61 INT. MACHINERY SECTION

Insane Zombies keep coming at Namgoong. He crushes one but another takes its place. They blast vuvuzelas and do not retreat. Franco appears at the gate but stops to watch the battle, waiting for Namgoong to tire himself out.

NAMGOONG

(fighting)

Yona, don't rush! Try one at a time! One color first and the next!

Yona plugs nodules to multi-colored wires creating sparks but the gate does not move. Namgoong half-crouches due to the pain in his abdomen.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

Enough - you insane freaks - stop coming out already!

The Zombies respond with slurred commotion and vuvuzelas. Franco, flanked by the insanely joyful horde, is devoid of expression, looking towards Yona.

WILFORD (V.O.)

You know, I believe it is easier for someone to survive on this train if they have some level of insanity.

62 INT. ENGINE SECTION

WILFORD

As Gilliam well understood, we need to maintain a proper balance of anxiety and fear, chaos and horror in order to keep life going. If we don't have them, we need to invent them. In that sense, the Great Curtis Revolution you invented was truly a masterpiece.

Dazed and confused, Curtis' eyes are empty as if each of Wilford's words is sucking the life out of him. \*

WILFORD (CONT'D)

Come here, Curtis. I have something to show you. You deserve it.

Wilford directs Curtis to follow him into a circular gate where stands the Engine Core. Claude nudges Curtis' back with her handgun, pushing him towards the Core. Curtis follows Wilford and slowly walks into the Core.

**It is perfectly quiet - no engine noise, rumble of the wheels, nothing.** It is sound proof. Curtis takes it in: he is awed by the mysterious and seductive isolation.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

Cozy, yes? Peaceful.

CURTIS

(nods)

...

WILFORD

You are now in the heart of the Engine. I've devoted my entire life to this - the eternal engine. It is eternity itself.

Curtis' eyes can't lie as he takes in the stillness, which he hadn't felt for a long time. \*

WILFORD (CONT'D)

Have you ever been alone on this train? When was the last time you were alone? Can't remember, can you. So please do take your time.

Wilford offers a gentle, fatherly smile to Curtis and, together with Claude, retreats out of Curtis' vision. \*

**Curtis, finally, stands alone in the silent Core: for the very first time in the entire film, we see Curtis all alone by himself.**

Quiet. Desolate but cozy as if time has stopped. Curtis breaks down. He drops to his knees, shoulders trembling, warm tears pouring down endlessly. \*

Curtis' POV: Tears drain on the floor as Wilford's foot frames in. \*

Curtis raises his head to see Wilford holding up a metal capsule.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

I just wrote it. For you. Here. Take it.

Wilford holds out the capsule in his upturned palm. Curtis takes it and, his hands shaking wildly, opens it to read the Red Letter: "T-R-A-I-N." Curtis lets it sink in. \*

WILFORD (CONT'D)

I am old. I want you to take my station. It's what you wanted all along.

CURTIS

No...I...

WILFORD

You must tend the Engine, keep her humming.

Wilford helps Curtis up. As Curtis stands to look towards **the back of the train for the very first time**, Wilford stands behind Curtis and whispers in his ear.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

Look, Curtis. Look back. Beyond that gate - section after section precisely where they've always been and where they'll always be all adding up to what? The train. And now, once again, the perfectly correct number of human beings all in their proper places all adding up to what? Humanity. The train is the world, we the humanity.

Curtis, just as Wilford has been doing all these years, looks to the back of the train. Curtis isn't sure anymore, Wilford has gotten into his head.

WILFORD (CONT'D)

And now you have the sacred responsibility to lead all of humanity. Without you, Curtis, humanity will cease to exist. You've seen what human beings do without leadership. They devour one another. You, Curtis, you are humanity. You, Curtis, you are eternity. You, Curtis, you.

63

INT. MACHINERY SECTION/ENGINE SECTION

Yona takes a deep breath, trying to focus. Beyond, out of focus, Namgoong fights Zombies. Yona connects Red into No. 5, yellow into No. 1, blue into No. 4. The sparks are huge this time; the gate rumbles and opens.

YONA

Ahhh!!

NAMGOONG

Yona, Chronole!

Yona grabs her steel pipe and rushes up the steps. She spots \*  
the Chronole Bomb peeking out of Claude's pocket. Claude, \*  
keeping her handgun aimed at Curtis, aims her rifle at Yona.  
Yona, knowing the rifle is empty, heads straight for Claude.

Claude pulls the trigger. CLICK - the rifle is empty. CLUNK \*  
- Yona strikes Claude in the back of the head with the steel  
pipe. Claude arches back to fall flat on the floor.

**Wilford and Curtis watch the spectacle from inside the Engine Core, looking down on the people with condescending faces.**

Yona grabs the Chronole Bomb and handgun from Claude. She opens fire on the Zombies who fall right and left. The Zombies, under fire, run away screaming wildly, their vuvuzelas finally silenced.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

Yona! Give me the gun!

YONA

No!

Franco does not move. Yona coolly lifts the gun at Franco's face and REALLY aims carefully.

BLAM - Franco's left cheekbone is shattered but he hardly even blinks.

FRANCO

Got more ammo?

YONA

...

Yona throws the pistol away. Namgoong groans at her action as Franco now saunters forward raising his knife.

FRANCO

Let's end this.

Namgoong and Franco engage in a mano-a-mano duel. Namgoong screams at Yona while trying to evade Franco's blade. \*

NAMGOONG

There! Above that handle!

Yona pastes the Chronole brick into the cracks near the exit door handle. Namgoong, meanwhile, fights like a mad dog.

**CURTIS' AND WILFORD'S POV: within the Engine Core, the noise from the outside is muted as we watch Namgoong, Franco and Yona fight to the death.**

Wilford is still right on Curtis' ear:

WILFORD

Look at them. That's how people are. You know - you've seen this - you've been this.

CURTIS

...

WILFORD

But no more. Look at them - ridiculous, pathetic, aren't they?  
(MORE)

WILFORD (CONT'D)

You can save them from themselves.  
This is what Gilliam saved you for.  
Curtis, this is your destiny.

Curtis stands in front of the circular Engine Core. His eyes, as he looks down on the *humans*, have turned into exact replicas of Wilford's. Curtis' bleak and cold eyes blink. \*

NAMGOONG

Yona! Curtis has the last match!

Yona finishes pasting the Chronole bomb to the door and runs up the stairs to Curtis who returns a cold stare.

YONA

Curtis! The Match!

Curtis coldly extends his arm to Yona's neck and shoves her down to the Engine Core's entrance. She is shocked to see his transformed face. She is frozen. Curtis reaches out to slap her face with the back of his hand.

YONA (CONT'D)

...?

CURTIS

Get back! How dare you come here!

Yona can't understand. She stops in her tracks. She looks down to see what she is standing on.

YONA'S POV: her feet stand on top of the "WILFORD ENTERPRISES" iron plate. \*

YONA

KYAAAA!

Yona's sudden shrill scream catches Wilford and Curtis' attention though they look at her with indifference. Namgoong and Franco stop fighting to look at Yona. \*

YONA (CONT'D)

(looking down)

Cough...coughing!

Coughing?! Suddenly, a thought flashes through Curtis' mind; something he has forgotten. He blinks as if to clear Wilford out of his head. \*

Curtis runs to Yona and pushes her aside. He lifts the small but thick iron hatch to unveil a horrible, inhuman sight:

Within the complex, intricate moving parts of the engine is Tim - head shaved and ribs showing emaciation - coughing gently. He has been completely **inserted into the Engine, repeating the same movement over and over** - the exact gesture that Mason and Wilford made before.

CURTIS

...TIMMY!

Curtis and Yona stand in shock without a word but Wilford quietly mutters.

WILFORD

Ingenious, yes? That piece of equipment went extinct five years ago. We needed a - replacement.

Curtis has trouble breathing. He trembles. Yona hides her eyes and weeps helplessly. Wilford, standing next to Curtis and Yona, looks down the hole and continues casually. \*

WILFORD (CONT'D)

The space only allows for a very small person. Young Children - six and under - have difficulty learning the concentration and patience required for such an important station but Claude spent a long time training these parts.

CURTIS

You...

WILFORD

The engine lasts forever but not so all of its parts. Thank goodness the Tail Section has manufactured a steady supply of kids. \*

CURTIS

You fucking bastard!

Curtis hits Wilford's face hard. Wilford falls to the floor but wipes the blood away with ease. \*

WILFORD

Curtis, don't disappoint me - I've come to have such faith in you. By now, you must realize that everyone has their own pre-ordained position...

Wilford makes that gesture yet again - EXACTLY THE SAME as Tim makes now. Curtis watches Wilford finish and then kicks him. Wilford is knocked out. Curtis is back to his normal self, his eyes focused with determination and rage.

Curtis bends down to reach out to Tim stuck inside the hole. CLACK - Curtis' arm gets jammed by the Engine parts. Curtis bites back excruciating pain to stop the machine's movement for a brief second. \*

Yona, crying out of control, comes to help Curtis but he holds out his other hand.

Curtis grabs Yona's hand, *palm up*, just like Gilliam. **She feels something and opens her hand: the matchbook.** \*

YONA

...!

CURTIS

Go!

Yona runs to the Chronole Bomb, tears still streaming down her face.

Curtis reaches out with all his might to grab Tim's weak shoulder. Tim looks up at Curtis but doesn't recognize him and keeps up his movement.

On top of the Machinery Section's viaduct, Namgoong and Franco are intertwined in a mortal, wrestling rumble to gain control of the knife that lies far from the two. Namgoong, the weaker of the two, suddenly grabs Franco's BALLS.

FRANCO

AWWW!

NAMGOONG

Yona! Fire!

Yona stands by the Chronole Bomb pasted on the Side Exit. She opens the matchbook to reveal - one single match left inside. She closes her eyes and breathes out in her unique way.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?!  
Fire! Now!

Yona strikes the match. Nothing happens. She tries again but the match refuses to ignite.

NAMGOONG (CONT'D)

(shouting in desperation)  
Hold it near the tip!

Yona closes her eyes and breathes rhythmically.

Curtis, suppressing excruciating pain, extends his left arm under Tim's armpit and pulls him out. Curtis' face is completely contorted in pain as he holds Tim tight with his good, right arm.

WANK WANK - an alarm sounds and red lamps around the Engine Core lights up.

A pale, ghostly presence drops to the Engine Section floor from cracks in the machinery. Another small child, emaciated to the bones: Andrew's son, Andy.

CURTIS

Andy!

Andy immediately repeats the same hand gesture. He walks eyes blank, and opens another lid on the floor.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

No! Don't go in there!

Andy, eyes empty, crawls into the hole and finds his place, where Tim was inside moments ago. Wilford slowly pulls himself up.

WILFORD

Don't be so melodramatic. It's not as if they work 24/7. See, we do change shifts. Right on time.

Claude - still bleeding, showing no emotion - wakes up and stands up like a machine and holds up a long stick. She shoves the stick inside the horizontal crack where Andy appeared to scoop out a CAUCASIAN GIRL (6).

The Girl is still asleep, rubbing her eyes, as she automatically walks toward the Core.

Alarms blare louder as the Engine Core protrudes like a piston to reveal a LATINO GIRL (6) inside who walks out. As the Caucasian Girl takes LATINO GIRL's position, the piston slowly retracts to its original position.

CURTIS

No...no!

Yona, opens her eyes, stops her rhythmic breathing and WOOSH - fires the match. Yona puts the burning match to the fuse. The fire wildly chases towards the Chronole Bomb.

NAMGOONG

GO UP YONA!

YONA

What about you Dad?

NAMGOONG

I'll go after you. You go up now!

Yona goes up the stairs to Curtis who passes Tim carefully into her arms. Curtis, his arm nearly torn off and gushing blood, looks at Yona as he holds off his pain.

CURTIS

Go!

Curtis makes up his mind to give up his arm. He bites his tongue as he prepares for the moment.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
AAAAAAHHHHHH!

Namgoong and Franco pant hard almost running out of steam.

NAMGOONG  
(to Franco)  
Not that you understand me...

FRANCO  
(moans)

NAMGOONG  
You smell like shit!

Namgoong, with his final reserves of strength, breaks Franco's neck with a CRACK.

Namgoong runs for the stairs as the wick burns down. He pulls down the lever to close the Gate to the Engine. The Gate moves five inches but gets stuck - sparks erupt - and stops in its tracks.

Namgoong is aghast: "Shit, now the blast will blow off the entire engine section." But it is too late.

Namgoong, out of instinct, runs to Yona who holds Tim tight in her arms. The big mass of Namgoong holds the two of them from behind.

**Curtis, from the opposite side, walks toward them bleeding from many wounds. With one arm gone, he resembles Gilliam or perhaps a saint.**

**Namgoong and Curtis face each other to embrace Yona who holds Tim in her arms. Namgoong, Yona, Tim, and Curtis together form a single lump of human-beings.**

B-O-O-M! The Chronole bomb goes off.

The flame swallows them all in a microsecond: Wilford and Claude sit at the table slicing the steak oblivious to the disruption only to be engulfed in flame. Namgoong, Yona, Tim, and Curtis fly out as one great ball of flame.

Curtis' back and head crash with force into the iron mass at the front of the engine.

64

EXT. EARTH

BOOM! The train shakes insanely, belching out of fire.

The mountain range beside the railroad trembles and the snow on the top of the mountain starts to flow down in a great avalanche, waves of snow cascading.

The train, running the tracks below, seems like a helpless earthworm before this giant advancing tsunami of snow producing an earthshaking rumble.

65 INT. TAIL SECTION

Chan, spared, looks up at the sound. Surviving Passengers, Egg-Head and the occupying Soldiers look around wondering what is happening.

B-O-O-M! - everyone flies up into the air.

66 EXT. TUNNEL - ENTRANCE

Just as the tsunami of snow is about to swallow the train, it enters a tunnel - three sections only - before the rest of the train is swept away down a sharp mountain slope. The third and the fourth sections separate in a shower of sparks.

67 EXT. BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN

The avalanche spreads out to cover the entire mountain slope; train Sections roll down to the very bottom under gigantic masses of snow.

68 EXT. TUNNEL - EXIT

The first three Sections pop out the other side of the tunnel and hit the heavily fallen snow. The train rises up in the air and slides down before finally stopping.

Silence. Desolation.

69 INT. ENGINE SECTION

The Engine Section lies on its side. The burnt bodies are strewn everywhere. Namgoong Minsoo and Curtis Everett, released from their final embrace, lie side by side, burnt, bloody and riddled with glass fragments and metal shrapnel.

Tim's eyes are seen. They blink.

Yona's hand pokes out.

YONA

Dad! Dad!

Yona shakes Namgoong's body hopelessly, weeping. Tim stares at Curtis' body. Beat. He starts the hand gesture again.

Yona looks through the blasted Exit Door at the blue sky above. Snowflakes flutter riding a beam of sunlight.

70 EXT. TRAIN

Yona's head pokes through the Exit Door. She inhales the bright, icy air. The snowflakes and cold wind tussle her black hair. She pulls Tim, clad in an Inuit fur coat, out behind her.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. SNOWFIELD

Yona's feet softly crush the snow as she walks. She puts Tim down. He continues his hand movement. Yona surveys the vast, white landscape; tears running down her cheeks.

Yona tilts her head - listening. She looks up a snow covered hill where a figure comes into view: **a polar bear.** \*

**The bear stands majestic and proud, regarding the humans.** His grunting breath rhythmically pounds Yona's psychic eardrums.

Yona breathes in and out, riding the rhythm. As Tim's attention is drawn to the bear, he finally stops the hand gesture. Superimposed over his young face is his future adult voice:

TIM (V.O.)

I've been cold since the day I was born.

Tim's mouth breathes white vapor.

TIM

Because I was born on the snow.

The rhythmic breathing turns into musical notes resembling heart beats. Young Tim's black face and white eyes fill the screen.

FADE TO WHITE:

THE END