



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

UNDERGROUND

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INT. JOSH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

SNIP.

A clump of mahogany hair lands in the porcelain sink.

SNIP.

Another hairy chunk falls onto the pile. The process continues and the sink fills with curly brown locks.

A finger swipes a smartphone screen to reveal a Tinder profile.

A baby-faced, odd but not ugly boy flashes a pleasant smile. The name *Josh*, 27 sits beneath the photo.

JOSH WILLIAMSON (27) looks from the screen to his semi-bearded reflection in the bathroom mirror. He swaps the phone for a razor and attacks the remaining stubble.

With a warm rinse and a towel pat, Josh checks himself again. There's that baby face.

He steps back to take in his outfit - a black tuxedo with matching bowtie and white collared shirt.

He flips a black hood up over his head, frowns, then unzips the tuxedo from neck to crotch. He flips the hood back to let the onesie fall to the floor.

Josh, now in Batman boxer briefs and socks, swipes the phone again to reveal another profile. *Becca*, 27, long purple hair and chic black glasses, owns him with a confident smile.

INT. BECCA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

BECCA MCFADDEN (27), with shorter, brunette hair, tosses a crusty towel over her faded *Fraggle Rock* tee. She pulls on a pair of latex gloves and reaches for a bowl of purple paste.

A moment's hesitation.

She snatches her phone and attempts to swipe but the latex doesn't work. She tugs off the glove with her teeth, spits the nasty latex taste from her mouth, and swipes.

There she is, purple hair shining like a beacon.

BECCA

Ummm nope.

She whips off the other glove and shrugs the towel off her shoulders.

A message pops up on screen. Josh: *Southbank in 40?*

Becca types a hasty reply: *Can't wait!*

BECCA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She sniffs her armpits, shrugs, and steps into the adjacent bedroom.

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She fights her way into a pair of tight black jeans, kicks on some sensible sneakers, then kicks them off again.

She finds her lucky boots in the bottom of a chaotic cupboard and zips them up.

With a lick of lipstick, a smudge of eye shadow, and denim jacket in hand, she's out the door with a--

INT. CORRIDOR 1 - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

CRUNCH!

Ancient concrete showers onto the corridor floor as RALPH (50s), a "ripped for an older man" labourer in sleeveless overalls, pulls his sledgehammer away from the wall.

A spotlight slides across his back and onto the newly formed hole. PAUL (50s), Ralph's balder, flabbier, yet equally pale supervisor, holds a portable construction light.

PAUL

You missed.

RALPH

Piss off.

WHOOSH-CRUNCH!

Ralph throws his weight behind another heavy blow, which hits the edge of the first impact. A vertical crack splits a couple of feet either side of the deepened hole.

PAUL

Looks like you can keep your job.

RALPH

You're welcome to give it a crack.

Paul steps closer to the wall and runs the light up and down the crack.

PAUL

You already did.

He runs a gloved finger down the crack and into the hole. As he does, more loose concrete falls away and his finger pushes through to the other side of the wall.

He peeks through the small hole but it's completely dark.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Couple more shots and we'll call it a day, yeah?

RALPH

Your round.

PAUL

Only if you get the second.

They bump fists and Paul shuffles back to give Ralph room. As the light passes over the hole, something moves on the other side of the wall.

Ralph swings the sledgehammer at the wall.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE 1 - LONDON UNDERGROUND, LONDON - NIGHT

Outside the window, the dark walls of the underground tunnel race by in a blur.

Inside, Josh clings to the overhead rail in a heavily crowded carriage. He's now wearing an aqua-colored shirt and skinny black jeans.

He turns from the window locks eyes with a BALDING MAN right behind him. He gives Josh a sex offender smile.

Josh shuffles forward but is met with an angry grunt from a tattooed BODY BUILDER. With zero personal space, Josh stares out the window again.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE 2 - LONDON UNDERGROUND, LONDON - NIGHT

Becca sits cross-legged, listening to *The Who* as a pair of LADS crack cans of Fosters in the seats opposite. White foam spills onto their polo shirts as they chug.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER

The next station is... Bermondsey.

The train stutters to a stop and a couple of passengers shuffle on, including a PREGNANT WOMAN. Becca stands and offers her seat. The drunk lads know nothing of chivalry.

The pregnant woman nods her thanks as the train rumbles on.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - WATERLOO STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

The station writhes with London's masses, bodies on a mission with little regard for others.

SID (22), a scruffy Middle-Eastern busker, stands to one side of a long corridor. He plays an acoustic guitar, his fingers strumming and slapping out a heartfelt folk tune.

He finishes the song as Josh approaches. A woman drops a pound into his hat. Josh meets his gaze, but doesn't pay.

SID

This one goes out to the boy with
the brown eyes.

He finger-picks a new song as Josh melds with the crowd.

Josh jogs up a few steps and into the upper courtyard of the always-busy station. He checks his phone. It's 18:25. No messages.

He pockets it and looks past a Burger King to spot a toilet sign. Priorities.

INT. MENS TOILETS - WATERLOO STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Josh squeezes between a BUSINESSMAN and a FUCKBOY and steps up to the urinal. He unzips and relieves himself, fishing his phone with his free hand.

There's a message from Becca!

He unlocks the phone and opens the message as--

The fuckboy shakes off, his elbow knocking Josh's phone into the urinal.

JOSH

Dude!

Josh accidentally pisses all over Becca's message.

The fuckboy disappears, oblivious. Josh makes eyes with the businessman, who smirks and zips.

Josh stops his flow and snatches his sodden phone from the golden pool.

He rushes to the sinks, but they're all in use. Piss drips off the phone as he reads Becca's message: *At Waterloo now, where should I meet you?*

A sink becomes free and Josh tosses his phone into it. He pumps soap into his palm and holds his hands under the faucet to engage the water.

He gives his hands and phone a good wash then waves the phone beneath the nearest hand dryer until it's semi-dry.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Come on, come on.

He unlocks the screen - Becca's message is still there. Thank God.

He types a prompt response: *The eye?*

The message starts to send, but his phone dies.

Josh pushes past the businessman and leaves in a blur.

EXT. THE QUEEN'S WALK - SOUTH BANK, LONDON - NIGHT

The LONDON EYE looms large on the horizon, the River Thames behind it. The sun is setting. It's romantic as hell.

Becca stares up at the monumental creation. After a pause, she shakes her head and searches the promenade where FOOD STALLS and STREET PERFORMERS draw middling crowds.

A pop-up GRILL STALL offers 2-for-1 pints of beer or cider. Becca steps toward it, hesitates.

BECCA

No. Give him a shot. He'll be perfectly normal.

EXT. CHICELEY STREET - SOUTH BANK, LONDON - NIGHT

As Josh waits to cross the street, he gives his phone a quick sniff and tries to turn it on. Not gonna happen.

The green crossing man blinks on and a wave of foot traffic drives him in the direction of the London Eye.

He sniffs the phone again then slips it into his pocket, skipping to his right as a CYCLIST almost bowls him over.

JOSH

Wanker!

WHACK!

A handbag collects Josh across the ear. He clutches his face as an OBESE WOMAN guts him with a stare.

OBESE WOMAN

Language!

She waddles her three not-so-little pigs - two GIRLS, one BOY - over to a BURGER STALL.

Josh shakes the ringing from his ear and marches on, coming to a stop at the base of the Eye.

He scans the crowd, hopeful. A flash of purple hair whips between the bobbing heads and Josh is on the move.

JOSH

Becca!

He pivots his way between bodies big and small, a fleck of purple keeping him focused. He cuts the gap down to a couple of feet.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Becca!

He has a clear view of the purple ponytail now, and nudges past a pair of photo-happy TOURISTS to see--

A stout DWARF riding a unicycle. Josh stops short. He stands at the edge of a circle of people.

The dwarf, MICHAEL (40s), makes a loop around the crowd, waves, then begins juggling half a dozen BALLS. Josh nods his approval then turns to leave, but is bumped into the circle.

MICHAEL

I need a- Ah! A most generous volunteer!

Michael stops juggling and tosses a ball to Josh, who fumbles and drops it. He kneels to pick it up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Give the brave lad a round of applause!

Josh looks up in horror as the crowd cheers.

JOSH
No, wait. I didn't--

MICHAEL
He's getting stage-fright folks,
let's give him some encouragement!

The crowd claps and yells even louder.

Josh is trapped, and he knows it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What's your name, son?

JOSH
I'm not really--

Michael loops around Josh and leaps off the unicycle.

MICHAEL
Well "not really", have you ridden
one of these before?

He wiggles the unicycle. Josh shakes his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I just need you to
sit. Can you manage that?

He offers the unicycle's seat to Josh.

JOSH
Sure. Yeah I think so.

MICHAEL
Completely still, okay?

Josh sits cautiously. The unicycle shifts beneath his weight, threatens to roll from beneath him. Josh grips the sides of the seat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Our lives depend on this. If you
fall, I fall. And if I fall, my
ladies fall.

He flashes four SWORDS in Josh's face and drops them on Josh's lap.

JOSH
Sorry, but how will you fall?

Michael jumps up onto Josh's quads. Michael wraps his arms around Josh's neck and flips his legs up over Josh's shoulders.

With his groin in Josh's face, he leans back then flips himself around so he sits correctly on Josh's shoulders.

The crowd cheers. Michael leans close to Josh's ear.

MICHAEL
Completely. Still.

EXT. THE QUEEN'S WALK - SOUTH BANK, LONDON - NIGHT

Becca leans against the bar of the grill stand, half a pint of cider in hand. She takes another big gulp as she checks her phone. No messages.

BECCA
Welcome to the never again pile,
"Josh."

She finishes the cider and orders another. The BAR GIRL swaps her empty for a full glass.

Becca steps away from the stall and sips from the new glass, eyes on the crowd.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Alright London. Woo me.

The loud WOOOO of a happy crowd echoes in the distance. Becca nods and pushes toward the noise.

She fights into the mass of people, poking her head into the open circle to see Michael juggle three of the knives.

Josh's face is hidden by Michael's thigh.

MICHAEL
Another!

Michael taps Josh's shoulder and Josh wobbles as he lifts the final sword. Michael keeps the three swords tumbling with one hand as he collects the fourth. He tosses it into the fray.

As Josh settles and Michael readjusts, Becca catches a glimpse of Josh's face. She squints, *really* looks at him.

BECCA
Oh fuck off.

She takes out her phone and taps her way onto Tinder. Another swipe and there is baby-faced Josh. A look from phone to the real thing confirms it.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Oi! Josh!

Josh looks for the voice. He wobbles again, thrown by the sound of his name. Michael rocks back, barely catching and tossing one of the swords.

MICHAEL

What'd I say about keeping still!?

Becca pushes all the way into the circle. She meets Josh's eye.

BECCA

We're done, asshole.

She waves her phone at him and turns her back.

JOSH

Becca! Wait!

Josh stands in a rush.

The unicycle topples sideways.

Michael and the swords are airborne.

Josh crashes onto his back.

The swords fall. One. Two. Three-four. They all miss Josh, the last one landing just below his junk.

Michael's face doesn't miss, his chin crushing Josh's jive sausage into the ground.

Michael scrambles back, taking a seat on Josh's chest. He's pissed.

Silence fills the crowd, before a lone clap causes a thunderous round of applause. Michael's mood changes and he throws his arms into the air.

Josh groans and he tries to roll sideways. Michael hops off and snatches Josh's right hand. He raises it triumphantly.

The crowd loves it.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Becca!

Josh yanks his hand free and runs out of the circle. Michael regathers the unicycle and pedals around the crowd, hat in hand to collect their charity.

Becca is almost at the London Eye when a hand grips her arm. She spins and chops Josh straight in the Adam's apple.

Down.

He.

Goes.

Her anger shifts to mild sympathy and back again as she recognizes him.

BECCA
Don't message me again.

Josh, on his knees with a hand to his throat, croaks out a pathetic rebuttal as she turns away.

He coughs, swallows, then--

JOSH
Your hair.

BECCA
Of course I'm bloody here. I keep my appointments, unlike some.

JOSH
No--

He half-coughs again.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Your hair.

He tugs at his own curls.

JOSH (CONT'D)
It's not purple.

BECCA
And?

Josh points back toward the crowd, which has now parted to give a clear view of Michael and his purple ponytail.

JOSH
I thought--

BECCA

Oh.

She's got it.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Ohhh.

She stifles a giggle, but it bursts into a full-blown laughing fit.

Josh, despite the pained throat, joins her.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Well shit... Sorry about the throat.

He takes her offered hand and rises to meet her, both of them dying in throes of laughter.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I just thought- Well that was an old photo, didn't want to pretend I'm still that same person. People change, y'know?

JOSH

Sure, of course.

Josh rubs his clean-shaven chin.

BECCA

Start again?

She shakes the hand she's still holding.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Good to finally meet you.

JOSH

And you, milady.

Becca makes a face.

BECCA

Becca, please.

JOSH

Right. You can call me Josh too.

BECCA

Where's Josh one?

JOSH

Waiting for us up there. Shall we?

He points to the top of the London Eye.

BECCA

Can I say no?

JOSH

Oh, you're afraid of heights. No problem, we can--

BECCA

No, it's just, well this is the first time I've met you. Face to face I mean. And locking myself in a confined space with a semi-stranger for half an hour seems like a poor life choice.

JOSH

Fair call. You hungry?

EXT. WATERLOO BRIDGE, LONDON - NIGHT

Becca and Josh lean against the railing, eyes on the night ferries cruising the Thames, takeaway burritos in hand.

Josh has only taken a couple of bites, while Becca's is half-gone. She takes another bite, guacamole and refried beans dripping to the dark water below.

BECCA

I thought you were hungry?

JOSH

Oh I am.

He takes a baby bite, careful to avoid any spillage.

BECCA

So... eat.

JOSH

Burritos aren't exactly date food, are they?

BECCA

Are burritos not delicious?

She munches some more, a little juice dribbles down her chin but she catches it with her tongue.

JOSH

Yeah.

BECCA

And are they less delicious on a date?

He laughs.

JOSH

Never.

BECCA

We're adults, Josh. We can eat what we damn well want, when we damn well like. And who wouldn't enjoy a burrito on the Thames with a cute guy?

She finishes her burrito, mess-free this time.

JOSH

Oh I'm cute now?

BECCA

Only if you finish the rest of that in thirty seconds.

Josh pauses mid-bite.

JOSH

You're not serious.

She searches the mass of bodies behind them.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You are serious.

BECCA

No, you're right. Wait here while I find a proper cute guy who eats like a normal person.

JOSH

Fine.

She beams as he stuffs far too much Mexican food into far too small a space. In his eagerness to impress, he fails to maintain burrito integrity.

Beans and pulled pork spew onto the front of his shirt, leaving a sticky orange mess.

But he's on a mission, and devours the saucy morsel until there's nothing but a sloppy bundle of foil remaining.

He dabs the sauce from his mouth and smiles.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Am I still cute?

BECCA

In that "baby's first meal" kind of way.

Josh follows her gaze and sees the utter state he's in. It 100% looks like he vomited down his front.

JOSH

Fuck me. Why didn't you say anything?

He looks up as her phone flashes. She shows him the photo.

BECCA

That's one for the grandkids.

Becca giggles as he lunges for the phone. She pulls her arm back just in time and steps forward into--

The perfect burrito-scented first kiss.

Josh kisses her back and pulls her close. But suddenly he pulls back as--

He burps, tries to hold it, ultimately fails as--

He showers Becca's shoes with vomit.

Becca staggers back, mortified at the warm, semi-chewed burrito that coats her lucky boots.

Josh is sheepish, but can't hide a smile.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I--

JOSH

I did warn you.

Becca laughs.

BECCA

That you did. You owe me though.

She flicks the chunks from her boots and takes Josh's hand.

JOSH

Sorry.

BECCA

We need to get cleaned up. Then,
drinks?

JOSH

Deal.

She takes his hand and they merge with the bridge crowd.

INT. TOPOLSKI BAR - NIGHT

The BARMAN pushes a pair of shots forward and Becca and Josh claim one each. The front of Josh's short is a little damp, but clear of burrito bits.

They clink their glasses together and shoot, chasing them with contorted faces and laughter.

BECCA

Another!

Josh slaps a twenty on the bar and the barman pours two more shots. They knock them back and Becca spins onto the dance floor, dragging Josh with her.

They dance sloppily and it seems this evening might just blossom into another Tinder success story.

Josh's confidence increases and he starts to get handsy, but Becca deflects him, this is no one night stand.

Becca pushes him away a bit, still flirting, but gives herself space. A bit drunk, Josh spins and ends up groping a BLONDE in a bodycon dress.

The blonde shoves him and he stumbles back into Becca, arms flailing, and locks on to the front of her shirt.

RIP!

He strips a chunk of fabric off Becca's shirt as he goes down.

Becca grabs at her shirt as Josh hits the floor. He props himself up and laughs, waving the ripped piece like a flag above his head.

Becca holds out her hand and helps Josh up. As soon as he's standing--

SLAP!

Her palm connects with his face and he crashes back into the writhing bodies.

Becca pushes her way out of the crowd to the exit, leaving Josh still holding part of her shirt.

JOSH
Welcome back to the dating pool,
Joshie.

He stands there awkwardly, surrounded by dancers and random hookups. Finally he pockets the shred of Becca's shirt and heads back to the bar.

He signals the barman, but is totally ignored. The blonde from before slides in and gets the barman's attention straight away.

She orders a Becks, takes it with a smile. Josh meets her gaze but she looks through him. He eyes the beer label. Becks.

Becca.

He pushes off the bar and he's away.

INT. WATERLOO STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Becca stands on the right side of the escalator, avoiding any human contact. She reaches the bottom and surveys the North and Southbound destinations on the wall.

She takes a right - Northbound it is. She reaches the platform as the train departs. She'll have to wait a whole two minutes for the next one.

EXT. WATERLOO STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Josh blitzes between bodies and into the glowing station entrance. He races across the upper courtyard, down a short set of steps, and reaches the card scanners.

He smacks his travel card on the scanner. BE-BE-BEEP. Red light.

He removes his card, tries again. Same shit. No access.

There's another scanner free on his left, but--

A TALL HIPSTER, pretentious hat and scraggly beard steps in his way. The hipster scans through on his first try. Of course he fucking does.

Josh slams his card on the scanner. BEEP. Green light. GO!

He sprints to the escalator and bounds down the left, but there's trouble ahead--

An absolute MORON in a sequined dress breaks the Underground's cardinal sin - she's standing on the left, babbling to her PINK-LIPPED FRIEND.

Being a mild-mannered Brit, Josh stops behind the moron.

JOSH

Excuse me.

The moron's oblivious.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Miss?

Pink-lips notices Josh and points at him. Moron turns.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

MORON

Awrigh'.

She plants a drunken kiss on Josh. He stumbles onto the side of the escalator as moron and pink-lips bust up.

They reach the bottom of the escalator, both still laughing.

MORON (CONT'D)

See ya la'er!

She blows Josh a kiss and the two girls stumble down the left-side tunnel. Josh goes right.

He steps onto the platform as the gathered crowd surges onto the current train. The doors begin to beep, but Josh is determined.

He forces himself into the jam-packed cabin as the doors slam shut behind him. The train trundles away from the platform.

Josh gives the carriage a quick scan. If Becca's on this train, he doesn't see her. He deflates, his eyes drifting back to the dark tunnels outside.

The train screeches to a stop at the next station - WESTMINSTER. Josh is forced to step onto the platform to allow the horde to disembark.

As he does, he catches a glimpse of Becca, also forced off the train by the crowd.

Josh smiles and pushes his way toward her, but the passengers are boarding now. He rides the wave back onto the train.

With the doors closed and the train moving, Josh pushes between disgruntled bodies toward the front of his carriage.

He makes surprisingly good progress, but a misplaced foot crunches the toes of a portly INDIAN MAN and Josh cops an elbow, followed by--

INDIAN MAN

What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?

JOSH

Sorry, I just--

INDIAN MAN

This is no bloody place to be stomping about with your bloody clown feet you bloody idiot!

Josh steps back, and onto another passenger's foot - a sweat-soaked, STOCKY GIRL in action wear. She shoves Josh toward the Indian man, dubstep blaring from her earphones.

Josh snatches the overhead rail, his face an inch from the man's scowl. The Indian man pokes him in the chest.

INDIAN MAN (CONT'D)

Don't you bloody touch me.

JOSH

Wouldn't dream of it.

Josh swings himself back into the tiny space between him and the stocky girl. He looks past a couple more bodies to see Becca in the next carriage.

The train screeches again, jolting all the passengers forward. Including Josh.

He tries to stop himself, but the momentum is too much and he falls forward. His lips connect with the Indian man's.

INT. PLATFORM - GREEN PARK STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Becca steps off the train and moves to her left but a commotion draws her attention back down the platform.

The portly Indian man shouts in Hindi as he wails on Josh, whose arms cover his face in a defensive manoeuver.

Josh twists to his right and the Indian man stumbles into some other passengers. Becca finally sees his face.

BECCA
Unbelievable.

Josh scrambles away from the man and spots Becca.

JOSH
Hey!

She spins away and swerves around some boarding passengers, ducking right down the next tunnel.

Josh follows her path, chased by Hindi curses.

Becca scans the signs on the wall before heading down a tunnel for the Westbound Piccadilly line. She reaches the platform, where only a couple of people wait.

Josh arrives a moment later, right as the train pulls in.

Becca and Josh enter the nearest carriage. To their left sits a short-haired Asian girl, SANDRA (24). She reads a Kindle, her ruby red lips matching the ribbon on her head.

At the other end of the carriage, a wispy-haired man, WILBUR (60s), clings to the overhead bar with his spindly left hand. His dusty trench coat flaps open to reveal a faded Korn tee.

Wilbur's eyes latch onto Becca, and remain on her long after the train departs. Becca holds his gaze until Josh crosses between them.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Hi.

BECCA
You stalking me now?

JOSH
No, I just- We were having fun, right?

BECCA
Were being the operative word.

JOSH
I'll replace the shirt.

BECCA
This night was a mistake, leave it
alone already.

JOSH
But--

BECCA
I'm getting off at the next stop. I
suggest you don't.

Josh considers a response, but Becca's expression cuts him short. He shuffles back but a sudden jolt throws them close together.

Is there still a spark? They linger in the moment, maybe there's still hope--

Another jolt smashes Becca's cheek into Josh's nose. She pulls back as the train shudders and screams to a final stop.

Josh nurses his nose. A dribble of blood seeps through his fingers.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Fuck. Sorry.

JOSH
I'm fine.

BECCA
It's not broken, is it?

JOSH
It was just a bump.

She pulls his hand away gently to find his right nostril and upper lip slick with blood.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Is it... bad?

BECCA
You could use a tampon.

Becca smiles and turns to Sandra.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Hey Matilda, you got a Queen T?
He's flowing like the Thames here.

Without batting an eye, Sandra reaches into her handbag and removes a tampon. She tosses it to Becca, who catches it and removes the plastic wrap.

Before he can protest, she sticks it in Josh's bloodied nostril. Satisfied, she leans back and--

BECCA (CONT'D)
Where'd he go?

JOSH
Who?

BECCA
My other stalker. You didn't see
the Jack-the-Ripper looking
motherfucker?

Josh shakes his head, they're alone in the carriage with Sandra. Up ahead, the doors between this and the next carriage are slightly open.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Must've gone looking for a new
victim.

She touches the tip of the tampon gingerly, producing a squelch noise. Josh shivers.

JOSH
Wait, where's the announcement?

BECCA
I doubt he's going to proclaim his
crimes before he commits them.

JOSH
We haven't moved for a few minutes
now. The driver should've given us
an excuse - waiting for the train
ahead or something.

BECCA
Some bell end probably stumbled
onto the tracks.

JOSH
What was that you said about being
in confined spaces with strangers?

Becca leans close to him, a Cheshire smile crosses her face.

BECCA

I've always depended on the strangeness of strangers.

She starts off down the carriage, toward the open door. Josh shuffles after her.

JOSH

We should wait.

She stops at the door, looks back.

BECCA

You scared?

JOSH

The train'll move any minute now.

BECCA

No announcement. You said it yourself. What if the driver's had a heart attack? Shouldn't we help them?

Josh concedes and follows her into the next carriage. He glances back as he crosses the threshold. Sandra is buried in her Kindle.

Becca stops and leans on the back of a chair, eyes on the tunnel outside.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Check it out. That's the old Down Street station.

Josh joins her and peers out the window. The train's interior lights illuminate a dark brick wall.

JOSH

How can you tell?

BECCA

There.

She points at a hole in the wall where bricks have fallen away, revealing a black abyss beyond.

BECCA (CONT'D)

They bricked off the platform when it was closed, but that was 80 odd years ago. Winston Churchill actually had a secret bunker down here in WWII. Pretty sweet, right?

The sudden BAM of a slamming door makes them jump.

JOSH

Jack?

Becca runs toward the sound, through more open doors into the next carriage where--

RENEE (40s), a fierce, dark-skinned French woman, wrestles with the handle of the next door.

On the other side, Wilbur fights to turn the handle. The carriage lights flicker behind him.

WILBUR

Let me through, bitch!

Renee bends her knees forward and shakes her head. Wilbur slams a hand on the window. He spots Becca and Josh.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

You! Get her away from the door!

Renee doesn't look back, her eyes fixed on Wilbur.

RENEE

He killed the driver. If this door opens, we're next.

Josh eyes Wilbur through the window. Sure enough, there's blood spatter on his cheek and the sleeve of his coat.

WILBUR

I didn't kill him! It was a monster!

BECCA

Did he just say *monster*?

RENEE

He marched through here right to the front, didn't think much of it.

Wilbur looks over his shoulder as the lights flicker again.

WILBUR

Open the fucking door!

RENEE

But next I look up, he's looking this way. All blood and wild eyes, crying monster.

She leans close to the window.

RENEE (CONT'D)

You are the monster!

Wilbur's expression softens, his hand loose on the window.

WILBUR

Please. You ain't seen what I seen.
It was 'fraid of the light, but
when that goes--

The light cuts out, right on cue. Wilbur presses his face against the window, eyes wide.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Don't let me die!

JOSH

Let him in.

RENEE

He's a murderer!

BECCA

Josh is right. Even if he's out of
his mind, there's three of us. We
can overpower him, try make sense
of this.

SCRATCHES echo from the shadows behind the closed carriage door.

WILBUR

It's coming!

Renee loosens her grip, and Wilbur takes his chance. He slams the handle down and pushes into their lit carriage.

The other three step out of his range, but he turns immediately and slams the door shut.

He stares through the window into the dark room, but there's nothing to be seen. The SCRATCHES have stopped too.

Wilbur slumps to the floor, back against the door.

Now in the full light, the extent of Wilbur's condition is on display - a crimson gash runs the length of his shin, the bottom of his coat shredded into strips.

BECCA

What kind of animal could do this?

Wilbur shrugs out of his coat and fishes in one of the pockets.

WILBUR
 Monster. I said *monster*. Not
 animal. This was... something else.

The SCRATCHES continue, but go unheard by the group.

RENEE
 Sorry, I still don't think--

THUMP!

Something solid hits the other side of the door. Wilbur gives
 Renee a "told ya so" look.

RENEE (CONT'D)
 Could be the driver, maybe he
 crawled here after your attack.

The SCRATCHES continue, loud enough for all to hear.

WILBUR
 Not unless he's got claws.

Wilbur plants a pre-rolled cigarette in his chapped lips.

BECCA
 There's one way to be sure.

RENEE
 How?

BECCA
 We open the door, get a better look
 at this thing.
 (off Renee's look)
 Or the driver.

WILBUR
 No.

Wilbur whips out an ancient zippo lighter and lights his
 cigarette.

JOSH
 You said it's afraid of the light,
 right?

WILBUR
 Well, yeah. But--

BECCA
 So one of us throws the door open
 while everyone else hangs back.

She points further down the carriage. Wilbur takes a puff, visibly relaxes.

WILBUR

I ain't takin' door duties.

He shuffles and stands, scooping his coat as he hobbles past them toward the far end of the carriage.

Becca gives Josh a nudge but Renee steps forward.

RENEE

I'll do it.

Josh shuffles further back as Renee strides further forward, eyeing the door. Becca meets Josh's gaze.

BECCA

Our hero.

Renee marches up to the door and peers through the window. It's too dark to see anything.

RENEE

We want this night to end, no?

Josh and Becca watch Wilbur stagger past, then follow him, keeping their distance.

Renee steps up to the door, hand on the handle. She looks back at the group - they're halfway down the carriage, all eyes on her.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Monster...

She shakes her head, throws the door open, and leaps back a good meter. The carriage is empty.

She laughs nervously, regathers herself.

RENEE (CONT'D)

There's nothing here!

BECCA

Nothing?

Renee looks back at her.

RENEE

Well, there's another carriage, seats, windows, all of that. But no m--

A flurry of SCRATCHES.

Renee twists back around, eyes on the dark carriage. Unseen objects scurry in the void.

Renee removes her phone, taps the screen.

RENEE (CONT'D)

We shall see now. There is no
monster but the one that wears the
coat.

More SCRATCHES.

Renee swipes up and taps the flashlight icon. White light spills from the back of the phone.

She steps forward and directs the light into the next carriage.

A small, furry SOMETHING scurries out of sight.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Oh! There is... something.

Renee tries to follow it with the light but it's gone. The phone illuminates the otherwise empty carriage.

JOSH

What is it?

RENEE

I saw only a glimpse. It had fur,
perhaps a rat?

WILBUR

Or a monster!

Renee sweeps the phone to the left.

Another blur of fur.

RENEE

It is too quick.

BECCA

Try getting closer. Light the whole
carriage.

Renee moves up to the doorway. She looks down and shines the light into the gap between the two carriages.

There's a viscous smear on the track.

Renee crouches to inspect.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Found it?

RENEE

No, but there is something on the track, oil maybe? Could be why we stopped.

BECCA

These trains are electric.

RENEE

Of course. But it's still weird. It almost looks like--

The carriage lights cut out.

Renee scrambles back, dropping her phone into the gap. It lands at a tilted angle against the track, casting a beam at an angle up and out onto the tunnel wall.

BECCA

You good?

RENEE

Perfect.

She looks back to see the others retreating into the next, still-lit carriage.

BECCA

Where'd your phone go?

RENEE

I dropped it.

WILBUR

So pick it up.

RENEE

Oh is that what I should do, monster? Maybe it is you who should be here now?

Wilbur shrugs and takes a puff.

Renee crawls along the carriage floor toward the light. She takes a breath and looks over the edge.

The phone hasn't moved.

BECCA
Hey.

RENEE
Yes?

BECCA
It's just a rat.

RENEE
I know.

Renee lowers her chest onto the edge and stretches her arms out. The phone is just out of reach.

SCRATCHES. Somewhere in front of her. Or are they below?

She shuffles further forward and stretches. Her fingers touch the phone, bump it. It slips off the track and onto the space below.

The phone's light now points straight up into her face. She blinks to adjust.

BECCA
Got it?

Renee shuffles back and props up onto her elbows, turning to face Becca.

RENEE
Would you like to try?

BECCA
Sorry.

Renee shakes her head and turns away as--

A shadow passes through the light.

BECCA (CONT'D)
That darn rat.

Renee stares at the phone. All is calm. No SCRATCHES, no movement. She shakes away her nerves and swings her feet over the edge.

With a final push, she drops between the carriages. Her feet slap the ground either side of the phone.

The gap is tight, awkward. Renee shimmies down into a squat, knees tucked to her chest. She reaches between her legs and snatches the phone.

RENEE

Got it!

She's about to stand, but as she lifts the phone its light shines onto the track, revealing--

A smear of congealed blood.

Renee gags and points the light away, catching dark movement along the side of the carriage. She doesn't see it.

She takes a breath and points the light back at the track, tilting it to shine along the track hidden by the next carriage.

Sure enough, the blood smear continues for a few more feet and ends in a dark, ragged lump.

Renee wretches harder and struggles to stand in the gap. She twists and bends until she reaches full height.

She places the phone into the carriage she dropped from, the silhouette of the group stares back at her.

With the carriage at chest height, she grips the edge and attempts to jump inside. But the gap makes it difficult, and she collects her calf on the carriage behind her.

She drops back onto the ground.

SCRATCHES, louder than before.

Renee shivers and tries to jump again. And fails. Her right foot lands on the congealed blood and slides back.

Renee smashes her face on the carriage edge, chipping her front teeth and breaking her nose. Blood pours out of both nostrils.

BECCA

Shit!

Becca runs through the dark and catches Renee's hand just before she falls completely.

RENEE

Thangs.

Becca props her up and collects her phone, turning it over to give them a halo of light.

BECCA

Can you jump again?

Renee's dizzy. She squints at Becca, not quite steady.

RENEE
Ish hard. Can you liff me?

BECCA
You jump, I lift. Deal?

She nods, blood covering her chin like a tribal face tattoo.

RENEE
On free?

BECCA
Or you could just jump.

Becca grips both Renee's hands and she jumps. Her momentum and Becca's arm strength pull her halfway into the carriage.

As Becca adjusts her grip and footing she hears more SCRATCHES, followed by--

A haunting GARGLING sound.

BECCA (CONT'D)
You hear that?

RENEE
Ish jush the rad, no?

Becca lets one hand go and snatches the phone. She turns the light to face the following carriage as--

A CREATURE with a strong resemblance to a STAR-NOSED MOLE, launches through the air, claws extended.

It HISSSES as the light hits its tiny eyeholes, then buries its claws several inches into Renee's back.

Renee screams. Naturally.

Worm-like tentacles slither out of the mole's twisted nose and wrap around Renee's face. Two of them find her nostrils and bury themselves inside.

Becca screams. Naturally.

Renee and the mole fall backwards and down into the gap.

Becca just watches, in a state of shock.

Another gurgled scream breaks her out of it. She crawls to the edge and shines light into the gap, but all she sees is the bloody smear.

She shudders and gathers her feet, running back into the light of the other carriage, where the others wait, including Sandra.

Wilbur lights another cigarette from the embers of his first.

BECCA

It--

She shuts her eyes, tries to shake what she just saw. Her hand shakes. She squeezes it into a fist.

BECCA (CONT'D)

It got her.

SANDRA

Jesus.

WILBUR

Monster?

Becca unclenches her fist, shakes her hand. Josh steps up and places an arm around her.

BECCA

It looked like, like some kind of mole.

JOSH

Are you sure?

SANDRA

Moles aren't violent creatures.

BECCA

Try telling her...

She falls into a seat, eyes on the place she lost Renee.

JOSH

Let's say it is a violent mole monster. What the hell do we do now?

WILBUR

Start making peace with the big guy.

He takes a long pull on his cigarette, crosses himself, and exhales.

SANDRA

We can't stay here.

WILBUR

Long walk back to Green Park.

SANDRA

We're losing power, these last four cars won't stay lit forever.

JOSH

There's no other choice.

BECCA

There might be one.

WILBUR

I may be able to hold my own, but we can't fight this fucker.

Becca shakes her head and points out the window at the hole in the wall.

BECCA

This is Down Street station. Or it was. If we can get through that gap, we might be able to seal them in this tunnel and make our way to the surface.

JOSH

That's a big if.

Becca shrugs out of Josh's embrace.

BECCA

Or we could stay in this steel coffin and wait for it to pick us off.

WILBUR

Don't know where it is, or if it's alone. How we know it ain't lurkin' right in front of the gap? Watchin' us, ready to strike when we ain't lookin'?

Becca considers this, then eyeballs the overhead carriage lights.

BECCA

We need more light.

She steps up onto one of the seats and examines the light fixture - a long plastic cover, held in place by screws on either side.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Anybody have a screwdriver?

Josh shakes his head, Wilbur takes a couple of noncommittal puffs. But Sandra, she fishes in her bag of tricks. Out comes a large Swiss Army Knife, attached to an immense key bundle.

She tosses the lot to Becca.

BECCA (CONT'D)
What else you got in there?

Sandra removes a half roll of mint Mentos. She pops one in her mouth and smiles, the Mentos held between her teeth.

Becca opens the blade of the army knife and plants it into the head of a screw. With a forced twist, the screw drops to the carriage floor.

A handful of screws later and the plastic case is removed, revealing the long bright bulbs. The unfiltered light stretches another foot or so further outside the train.

WILBUR
Well done, Edison.

JOSH
Hate to admit it, but the old man's right.

WILBUR
Wilbur.

JOSH
Wasn't asking. We can't take those bulbs with us, and we're still screwed when the train's power inevitably drops out.

Becca ignores them, and instead focuses on the plastic casing. She stabs the extended blade into the center of the plastic and carves a jagged line down its length.

BECCA
Foot.

She points to one end of the split casing. Josh plants his foot on it as Becca stomps the other end, splitting the last couple of uncut inches.

She grabs the two sides and bends them lengthwise, snapping them off into meter-length plastic sticks.

She dumps them on the floor and removes her jacket. Wilbur eyes her ripped shirt.

With just a hint of sadness, she hacks off a sleeve along the seam, then cuts along its length to form two denim strips.

Collecting one of the plastic sticks, she wraps one of the strips around one end and ties it off, pointing it at Wilbur.

He takes the hint and lights the material with his lighter before slipping it back into his pants pocket.

It's slow at first, but starts to catch more and grows into a decent flame.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Questions?

Becca sweeps the makeshift torch between the trio of bystanders.

JOSH

It's not much, is it?

SANDRA

Better than nothing.

Sandra grabs the other free stick and Becca hands her the other strip. Sandra follows Becca's lead and creates her own torch, lighting it off Becca's.

JOSH

Wait. We're not seriously going out there, are we?

Wilbur shrugs.

WILBUR

Death by mole is a pretty good gravestone.

He yanks the rest of the plastic casing out from Josh's foot and stomps the joint at the end, splitting it into two more roughly identical plastic sticks.

JOSH

This is London! The authorities will come, they have to.

Josh runs a hand through his hair, shakes his head. Becca hands the knife and her jacket to Wilbur. She meets Josh's gaze.

BECCA

I mean this in the nicest way,
Josh, but stupidity during
adversity is a pretty much a deal
breaker.

Becca steps up to the nearest door, the gap in the wall is about a meter to the left outside. She looks back to see Wilbur tear the second sleeve into strips.

He ties off his own torch and lights it using Sandra's.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Stay close.

Using her free hand, Becca slips her fingers between the doors. She wraps them around the lip of one door and grips it tight.

Sandra and Wilbur, cigarette stuck to his lip, grip the other door. With a group effort, they force it open a couple of feet.

Becca sweeps her flaming torch into the tunnel outside. No sign of the mole. Yet.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Ready?

Silent nods from Sandra and Wilbur.

JOSH

Wait!

Josh leaps out of his seat. He grabs the remaining plastic stick and steps toward Wilbur as--

The lights cut out in this carriage.

Josh YELPS.

The other three bunch together, torches held low.

BECCA

Nobody panic. Wilbur - go to Josh,
help him tie off a torch. And bring
the jacket, we'll need to add to
these soon.

WILBUR

Aw hell. Knew we weren't gettin'
outta here.

He breaks away from the other two and finds Josh, who is frozen in the same place, one foot hovering above the floor. He lets it fall as Wilbur's torch lights the nearby area.

BECCA

We've got enough light, it won't try anything as long as we keep together.

Wilbur offers Josh the knife. He fidgets and grabs it, but drops it in his panic. Wilbur crouches to snatch it off the ground, but it bounces.

He wraps his hand around the open blade, slicing two of his fingers.

WILBUR

Sonofabitch!

He drops the knife as his blood stains the carriage floor. With the cut fingers in his mouth, he hands the torch to Josh and looks for the knife by the light.

Finally he sees it, further along the carriage under a seat.

SCRATCHES.

JOSH

They're coming!

He sweeps the torch around his feet, inadvertently throwing Wilbur into complete darkness.

The SCRATCHES grow.

Louder.

Closer.

A shadow rumbles from the next carriage down.

SCRATCHES and now GARGLES converge on Wilbur, chased by loud THUMPS.

Wilbur swings his torch back round to reveal--

An airborne mole, claws extended and tentacled mouth slick with saliva.

TWAAAANG!! THUD!

A solid object crashes into the mole, sending it into the side of the nearest seat. It collapses onto the ground and--

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

The object pulverizes the rabid beastly into the carriage floor, over and over.

Finally the onslaught ends. Heavy breaths and the echo of an out-of-tune instrument fill the otherwise quiet carriage.

Josh lifts his torch, throwing an orange glow over--

Sid the busker, a demolished acoustic guitar held limp by his side. He flashes his teeth and offers a hand.

SID

Sid.

They shake hands.

JOSH

Josh. We've kind of already met.

Sid squints through the flickering flame at Josh's face.

SID

The brown-eyed boy! Bet you wish you'd tipped me now, am I right?

He gives Josh a playful nudge.

SID (CONT'D)

I'm just *Joshing* ya.

He chuckles at his joke as Josh lowers his torch.

WILBUR

Where'd you come from?

SID

Last carriage. Heard some strangeness coming from your way, figured I'd check it out.

BECCA

Thanks. For that.

She points her own torch at the defeated mole, its head caved in. Half a dozen slick tentacles stretch from its fleshy, star-shaped nose.

In full light, the mole is roughly two feet long, its claws 5-6 inches.

JOSH

No need to leave the train anymore,
right? I'm sure TFL will send an
engineer to sort this out.

Wilbur gathers the knife and pulls himself up off the floor
using a nearby seat.

BECCA

Maybe.

JOSH

Why only maybe? It's dead, end of
story.

BECCA

Sure, except--

WILBUR

No blood.

JOSH

No blood? He bashed its brain in!

Josh aims the torch light at the mole's collapsed skull,
gagging at the sight of the dark blood that has pooled in the
cavity.

Becca steps closer and points her torch at the creature's
claws. They're covered in dusty dirt, but no blood.

BECCA

The one that got that lady, it
stuck its claws deep into her back.
Like all the way in. And her face
was busted, there's no way that
thing didn't get covered in blood.

SANDRA

There's more than one.

WILBUR

Exactly.

SID

A lot more.

The group turn back to Sid, torches casting an orange glow
over him.

BECCA

You've seen them?

SID

Well no, only this one. But I heard them. Outside the train. Surely you heard the scratches too?

BECCA

Guess we figured it was all the same one.

SID

They were on both sides of the train.

WILBUR

So we're surrounded then? Tha's jus' brill.

Sid hefts his shattered guitar onto his shoulder.

SID

You've got an escape plan though, yeah? You wouldn't be playing Indiana Jones just for a giggle.

Becca nods toward the open carriage door and the closed off platform beyond.

BECCA

Down Street. If we can get through this wall, we can get out of here.

Sid pushes the tip of his guitar into Becca's flame, setting it ablaze. He strums the tattered strings, sending an out-of-tune twang through the carriage and echoing into the tunnel.

SID

Rock and roll.

The lights in the next carriage cut out, bringing a deeper darkness outside their torch light.

The group instinctively forms a tight circle, torches pointed out.

BECCA

Stay together, they won't come into the light.

She steps up to the open carriage door, the others keeping close. She swings her torch - left, right, left again.

Was that movement?

SCRATCHES echo along the tunnel toward her.

That was movement.

Becca steps onto the platform and looks over her shoulder.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Mind the gap.

The group gives her a knowing half-chuckle.

Becca moves further onto the platform, followed by Sandra and Sid.

The SCRATCHES grow, but remain at a distance outside the torch perimeter.

Josh shuffles into the doorway, cautious. He holds his torch to the right and peers through the flame into the black tunnel.

WILBUR
Move along, sweetheart. We're running out of light.

Josh glares at him and swings his torch to the left. As he does, it slips from his hand and drops into the gap between train and platform.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
And now we've got less.

The torch stops part way into the gap, stuck on a strut against the platform.

The SCRATCHES draw closer.

JOSH
I think--

He straddles the gap, one foot in the train and one on the platform.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I think I can reach it.

He squats down toward the torch. Wilbur steps onto the platform beside him, giving more light with his own flaming torch.

A GARGLE spills out from the shadows. Too close for comfort.

SANDRA
We need to move.

SID
Leave it bruv, we can keep you
inside our circle.

JOSH
No!

Josh is losing his shit. He twitches with each new SCRATCH.

WILBUR
Here.

He pulls Josh back and shoves his torch into his hand. Josh
stumbles onto the platform as Wilbur crouches low.

WILBUR (CONT'D)
Honestly, this generation will be
the death of me.

He stretches for the end of the torch with his cut hand.
Blood drops into the gap. Finally he grips the plastic, but
as he lifts it the torch goes out.

Wilbur yanks the plastic out of the gap and drops it onto the
platform. He pushes up from his crouching position as--

A trio of tentacles burst from the gap. They wrap around his
wrist as a fourth tentacle shoots into his open wound. It
wiggles beneath his skin, up his arm.

Wilbur yells out as--

His arm is pulled into the gap. His head smashes against the
platform and his yell dies.

Sid drops his guitar and snatches Wilbur's free arm before he
rolls off the platform. He tries to wrestle Wilbur's
unconscious body out of the gap.

SCRATCHES and GARGLES swell beneath his feet, but still he
pulls. With a muffled YELL, he rips Wilbur free.

They roll across the platform toward the others.

Sid kicks his flaming guitar toward the gap, illuminating two
more moles, larger than the one he killed. They HISS as the
light stings their eyes.

One of them catches alight, causing the other to retreat back
beneath the train. Sid smiles as the fire engulfs the other
mole.

SID
Yeeeeeah boy! How ya like me now?

He flips two birds in the burning mole's direction and shuffles back toward the others. He stands and turns to see the horror that is Wilbur--

He lies still on the platform, one sleeve of his trenchcoat is now empty, blood seeping through at his shoulder.

Becca rolls Wilbur onto his side and removes his trenchcoat, revealing--

A bloodied pulp where his right arm once was.

BECCA

Josh, get that torch over here. If we don't cauterise this he'll bleed out.

Sandra holds Wilbur's legs, with Becca cradling his head. She holds a bundle of denim in Wilbur's mouth.

Josh lingers over Wilbur, his torch hovering above the blood stump that was his arm.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Do it.

Josh shuts his eyes and thrusts his torch into Wilbur's shoulder, burning the bloody flesh. Wilbur wakes long enough to offer a muffled SCREAM before passing out.

SANDRA

You two-
(points at Josh & Sid)
He'll need to be carried, at least until he regains consciousness.

With her torch dwindling, Becca wraps more denim around the flame. It eventually catches and she swings it around loosely.

JOSH

This is a lost cause. He's good as dead.

BECCA

I thought the same when I first met you. Yet here you stand.

Josh drops his gaze and gathers Wilbur's feet. Together, he and Sid lift Wilbur off the ground.

Becca turns her back and leads the group to the hole in the wall. It's roughly the width of a human.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here.

She pokes the torch through the hole and leans in. On the other side is the rest of the platform, largely coated in dust except for--

Claw marks, leading to the hole from dark places on both sides.

BECCA (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Shit.

She looks back at the others, gives them a thumbs up, and steps through.

Sid goes through next, his arms wrapped beneath Wilbur's shoulders. Josh follow with the feet, with Sandra standing guard behind them, waving her and Wilbur's torches.

SCRATCHES creep out from beneath the train as Sandra steps backwards through the hole.

SANDRA
How do we seal this?

BECCA
Wait here.

SANDRA
Solid advice.

Becca strides down a short corridor to the right. As she does, Josh drops Wilbur, Sandra just managing to grab him before his feet hit the floor.

SID
Dude!

JOSH
Sorry. Good luck.

He disappears into a short corridor on the left, his footsteps echo as he marches up a dark stairwell.

BECCA (O.S.)
Josh!

SID
He's a little occupied right now.

BECCA
You then, I need a hand!

Sid lowers Wilbur's feet to the ground and helps Sandra prop him against the wall. They share a look.

SID

Don't worry, we'll come back.

SANDRA

I'll bring the horde down on you if you don't.

Sid smirks and runs down Becca's corridor. There's a set of stairs to the right, but Becca's torch lights the room straight ahead.

Sid follows it and finds himself on another platform, the floor and walls equally coated with grime.

SID

The other lad took off.

BECCA

Of course he did. That's my love life in a nutshell.

Becca is crouched next to a pile of plywood sheets, careful to keep her torch at a distance from the dried wood.

BECCA (CONT'D)

This should work, right?

Sid stops behind her.

SID

We have a problem.

BECCA

You just noticed?

SID

The London Underground is a network of tunnels. And those things are in the Piccadilly tunnel. Even if we seal that hole, they'll reach Green Park or Hyde Park Corner before long.

BECCA

Oh. Oh fuck.

SID

Pretty much.

Sid squats and lifts the first board off the pile.

BECCA

New plan. We get above ground and alert the people more equipped to deal with this shit.

SID

Brilliant.

INT. CORRIDOR 1 - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON

Josh turns a corner and continues straight ahead, torch held at arms length.

JOSH

Stay calm, Josh. One foot at a time. Find the exit, get an Uber, sleep it off. Maybe lay off Tinder for a while. You weren't ready. And that's normal. You're normal.

SCRATCH.

He spins, the swift motion blowing out his torch.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Not funny, guys.

He pulls out his phone, tries to turn it on. It blinks for a moment, then goes black.

SCRATCH.

He spins again.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I mean it. You can find your way out, I'll find mine.

He tries the phone again. Blink. Black.

He tosses the phone down the corridor in frustration. Instant regret. He marches after it, and--

CRASH! His leg connects with a steel construction light. He pivots away from it and steps on broken concrete.

Down he goes. He lands heavy on another concrete chunk, tearing a hole in his trousers. And his shin.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Aaaagh!

SCRATCH. SCRATCH. GARGLE.

Josh's panic levels reach melting point. He half-crawls along the ground, navigating the broken concrete in search of his phone.

His right hand finds a chunk of concrete, which he lifts and tosses toward the latest SCRATCH.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Stay back, you bastard!

He crawls backwards now, picking up and tossing concrete at the approaching beast.

His back reaches another construction light. Recognizing its form, he fumbles along the steel frame until he finds a cable and--

A switch. He flicks it, sending blinding light down the corridor.

A pair of horrendous moles are caught in the blast. They hiss their discomfort and recoil back around a corner into darkness.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Ha ha! Eat it, fuckers!

He shuts his eyes and takes a long breath, exhales utter relief.

SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH.

Josh looks up.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Oh you like being blind, do ya?

He pivots the construction light to target them and--

His jaw drops. A hideous mole crawls into the light, three times the size of the other two.

It GARGLES, tentacles flailing a good couple of feet out from its nose.

Unlike the others, this one is covered in blood. Its fur is matted in crimson splotches, its claws stained red-brown. It also has zero issue with the bright light.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

Josh shuffles until his back hits the wall. He pushes into it and struggles to stand.

The larger mole stalks toward its prey, closing the gap one foot at a time.

With this monster blocking the right, Josh's only option is to run left. With ample light he's able to dodge the broken concrete and make some distance between him and the mole.

He ducks to his right, out of the lit corridor and--

CRUNCH.

His foot smashes into the bottom step of another stairway. He falls face-first onto the steps, smashing his gashed leg again.

He wails as SCRATCHES approach. Leg throbbing and blind in the dark, Josh drags himself up, one agonising step at a time.

It's slow progress, but he's getting away. Until--

A tentacle catches his ankle.

And another.

And two more.

They wrench him down three steps, his jaw bouncing on the last one. Four more tentacles take his other, damaged leg.

He SCREAMS as two tentacles penetrate his leg through the bloody gash. They wriggle through his tissue matter, up past his knee.

He trembles now, hands grasping for a hold that never comes.

He bounces down a few more steps and comes to a stop on the floor below.

Suddenly the tentacles withdraw.

Josh looks down his body to see the two smaller moles scuttle off to his left, away from the lit corridor.

Sweat soaked and pain-riddled, Josh tries to sit up.

The larger mole appears in the entrance to the lit corridor. Its tentacles emit a low GARGLE as they creep out of its nose and across Josh's shredded and swollen leg.

His fate sealed, Josh whimpers. He presses his hands together and squeezes his eyes shut.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Dear Lord. I know it's been a while. And I'm sorry. Please just--
No! Fuck!

Josh's mouth is frozen open in shock as a thick tentacle burrows into his leg. They weave like earthworms, visible beneath his skin.

Blood spurts from Josh's mouth. Another tentacle dives down his throat. His eyes flicker and finally close as--

Josh is torn in two.

INT. SOUTHBOUND PLATFORM - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON
- NIGHT

Becca and Sid return to the platform to see Sandra walk a perimeter around a now awake Wilbur, who sits upright, lit cigarette dangling from his chapped lips.

Sandra's jeans are now cut off at the knee.

BECCA

How's he doing?

SANDRA

In a word? Catatonic. But he's not completely 'armless.

She smirks, but nobody bites.

SID

Can he walk?

Sandra tugs Wilbur's good arm and he stands with a wobble.

SANDRA

We leaving paradise, then?

BECCA

We'll try.

SANDRA

That's the spirit. Optimism's overrated.

Somewhere in the distance, SCRATCHES echo through the station.

SID

That's our cue.

Becca nods and leads them to the right corridor again. This time she turns left and heads up the stairs.

SCRATCHES chase them from somewhere below.

They turn right at the top of the stairs, onto another long, wide corridor. As they do, they see the light from corridor 1 shining into theirs.

SANDRA

Of course we chose the one without light.

They shuffle toward it, maintaining a slow pace so Wilbur can keep up. Becca reaches the side corridor first and freezes.

She lifts a finger to her lips. The others slow to a creep and join her.

The two small and one large mole occupy the side corridor, devouring Josh's chunky remains. As they do, each of them visibly grows.

The group are all wide-eyed, taking in the bloodbath before them. Sandra opens her mouth to scream, but Becca firmly plants her hand on Sandra's face.

Becca hold a finger to her lips then points to the right.

Slowly, quietly, she steps past the munching monsters.

The others follow, but as Wilbur passes the side corridor, a tentacle from the larger mole rises. He stops, mesmerized.

Sid reaches back and takes his hand, trying to tug him into action. But it's too late.

The tentacle lingers, suspended in the air for a beat, then darts toward him.

SID

Run!

He yanks Wilbur to the right as the tentacle jabs at his stumped shoulder.

They charge down the long corridor, chased by the three moles.

SANDRA

I could've sworn they were smaller!

Becca follows the corridor as it curves to the left.

BECCA

And aren't they meant to be afraid
of light?

SID

That one could smell his blood!
That must be how they grow!

Becca skids into a new room, wider than the corridor. On the opposite side is the circular shaft of a former lift.

She bounds across the room and--

CRASHES into a large steel air vent. She flips over it, landing on her back. Hard.

Her torch crashes somewhere across the room and goes out. The wind knocked from her lungs, she struggles to breathe.

Sandra side steps the vent and offers a hand to Becca. She takes it and stands, still fighting for air.

SANDRA

Breathe later. Now we run.

SID

Hold up.

SANDRA

What part of being pursued by blood
thirsty monsters don't you
understand?

Sid and Wilbur join the girls. Wilbur hacks a lung before lighting another cigarette and puffing away.

SID

Oh we get it. But maybe we can
stall them. Look around, I'm sure
we can block that doorway with
enough of the crap in here.

Sandra's light bounces off the steel vent, as well as a few more discarded building supplies and broken sections of the station from decades ago.

Sid grips the side of the vent and drags it across the floor. Bending at the knees, he hefts it up into the doorway.

Becca and Sandra each grab debris - a wooden beam, a pair of paint tins. Onto the pile they go.

With assistance from Wilbur's good arm, Sid drags a sheet of metal and leans it against the heap, all but blocking the door.

The girls place a couple more wooden beams against it, weighing it down.

SID (CONT'D)

Good. That might buy us a little time.

BANG!

Their makeshift barrier rattles, but just holds against the first mole attack.

SANDRA

Little indeed.

The group rushes to the other side of the room as--

BANG!

The rubbish barrier collapses into a pile and the moles burst into the room.

Becca and Sandra race down a short set of steps and into--

INT. LIFT SHAFT - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Sandra waves her torch above her head, illuminating the wide, circular shaft that stretches up toward the surface, three levels above them.

SANDRA

Do we climb?

BECCA

They probably can too. There must be stairs somewhere.

Sid and Wilbur bring up the rear, but the crash of debris caused them to stop.

The minor delay gives the moles a chance to catch up, and as Sid tries to help Wilbur out of the room--

A tentacle plunges into Wilbur's singed stump. The impact yanks him free from Sid.

In the darkness, Sid fails to find Wilbur's hand.

SCRATCHES and GARGLES fill the new room.

SID

No!

Sid scrambles in the dark as the moles swarm on Wilbur.

It's a hopeless situation. Sid backs away as the sound of Wilbur's death echoes in front of him.

In the chaos, something small and metallic hits Sid in the chest. He sticks his hands out and catches it - Wilbur's lighter.

WILBUR

Always thought smoking would kill me.

Wilbur cackles then gasps, silenced once and for all.

Sid pockets the lighter and runs out of the room, down the steps, and into the lift shaft.

SANDRA

Before you ask, we're not climbing.

SID

Okay?

Holding their last, dwindling torch, Sandra disappears up some steps and through another door on the opposite side of the shaft.

Becca lingers in the middle of the room. She presses the point on her abdomen where she hit the vent. Her hand comes away damp with blood.

Sid notices.

SID (CONT'D)

Is it bad?

BECCA

Bad enough. But not terminal.

Sid follows her out of the shaft.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

To their left, wide steel steps wind up to the world above.

SANDRA

Really wish I'd skipped leg day.

She runs up the steps as Becca and Sid reach the bottom. Behind them, the GARGLES have gone quiet.

SID
Guess they're done with him.

BECCA
Which means they'll be bigger.

SID
And stronger.

Becca can't help but look down at her bloodied abdomen.

SID (CONT'D)
They won't catch you.

She looks up, offers a false smile.

SID (CONT'D)
I won't let them.

BECCA
You might not get a choice.

They start up the stairs, each footstep sending a loud, booming echo throughout the chamber.

SANDRA
Hurry up down there! I won't wait
for you at the top!

Becca and Sid maintain a steady pace, eyes fixed to the flaming torch carried by Sandra.

SID
Friend of yours?

BECCA
Never met her.

SID
Won't soon forget her.

They share a breathless laugh, but it's cut short as--

A pair of steel steps break away and crash in front of them. A scream echoes from above.

Followed by Sandra.

She slams onto the steps before them, shattering her right leg below the knee. Her torch hits the steps above her and goes out.

True to form, Sandra breaks into hysterical laughter. Sid fishes his phone from his pocket and activates its flashlight.

He shines the light onto their broken companion.

SANDRA
The stairs are out.

Sid leans forward to help her but she waves him off.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Go, while you still can.

She points past him down the stairs, to another door on the ground level.

SID
We're not leaving you.

SANDRA
Then we'll all die here. One big,
happy, mutilated family.

She laughs again, but tears roll down her cheeks.

BECCA
We can carry you. We'll get you out
of here.

SANDRA
Go already. I've got something more
exciting planned.

She holds up the Swiss Army knife, its blade glinting in the light.

SCRATCHES emerge from the lift shaft.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Seriously, piss off.

Becca and Sid linger, but Sandra's smile and middle finger send them back down the stairs. They reach the bottom quickly and rush through the door.

Once they're gone, Sandra finds her own phone and engages the flashlight. With the knife in one hand and phone in the other, she waits.

The moles don't take long, fresh blood drawing them to Sandra like flies to shit. She bangs a fist on the steel stairs, not that they need encouragement.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
That's it, come at me.

With the flashlight pointed directly at it, Sandra doesn't miss the first mole as it scrambles up the stairs, tentacles flailing.

It crawls toward her, SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCHING with its filthy claws.

Sandra smiles again, her hand tight on the knife's handle. She counts down the distance in her head.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Just...

Three steps.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
A little...

Two steps.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Closer...

One step.

Three of the mole's tentacles wriggle toward her shattered tibia and--

Sandra cuts through them like butter with one swift slice. The mole HISSES and recoils, its own blood spilling from the severed tentacles.

Sandra laughs like a maniac and boots the beast back down the stairwell.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Suck on that, biiiitch!

She watches as it bounces off the wall and lands with a thud at the bottom of the stairs.

The second mole bursts into the room, and descends on its brother. Its tentacles lash out at the blood that oozes from the first, and they wrestle below her.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Et tu, Brute?

She laughs louder as the two moles turn on each other, their claws slashing deep wounds which tentacles dive into.

In a matter of minutes, both moles are writhing, bloody heaps, barely able to fight anymore.

SCRATCH. SCRATCH. SCRATCH.

Sandra looks past them to see the largest mole climb the steps into the room. Its tentacles writhe in the air above the other two, but don't engage.

Now over six feet long, the mole hulks past the mess and heads straight for Sandra.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Their blood not good enough, huh?
Want some of my premium unleaded?

It climbs the steps, in no apparent rush.

With only a handful of steps between her and the creature, the mole's tentacles wriggle, inches from her leg.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You'll have to come closer than
that, darling.

The mole stops. Its tentacles remain just out of reach of Sandra's strike zone.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Cat got your...
tongues?

The mole's front right paw slashes through the air. A sharp claw tears through Sandra's neck, while two more cut into her chest.

Sandra drops the knife and clutches her opened throat. All she can do is watch as the mole's tentacles creep out toward her.

INT. CORRIDOR 1 - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Becca and Sid run along the well-lit corridor. Far behind them, the final sounds of Sandra's death can be heard.

As they approach the construction light, Becca grabs Sid's wrist. He turns back and she nods to the left, down the side corridor where Josh died.

SID

How you holding up?

They step out of the light and Becca pulls her hand from her stomach. She holds it in the light, revealing a hand coated in congealed blood.

BECCA

Doctors say I'll make a full recovery, but I'll never pee standing up.

SID

Never say never.

He takes the lead and together they start up the dark steps. Sid uses his phone light to negotiate the damaged path.

SID (CONT'D)

Two questions.

BECCA

I'll allow it.

SID

What's your name? In all this excitement I forgot my manners.

BECCA

How rude. It's Rebecca, but most people drop the re.

The station is pretty quiet now, their conversation, footsteps and breathing the only sound they can hear.

SID

Becca. Comin' at you like a double decker, she's essential like a spell checker, and if you do her wrong she's gonna wreck... ya.

BECCA

You're a singer.

SID

Performer, technically. But sans guitar, I guess my voice is my instrument.

They continue up the steps, Sid's light reveals they're about halfway up. Still, the station is quiet.

SID (CONT'D)

Second question.

BECCA

Shoot.

SID

What brings a girl like you to a place like this?

BECCA

You mean, besides that wonderful train we were all on?

SID

Besides that. Were you coming or going?

BECCA

Tinder date. With Josh.

She winces as a pinch of pain hits her wound.

SID

That bad?

BECCA

Surprisingly, I've had worse.

SID

Something tells me he hasn't. Still, the dating pool is a cesspit. Present company excluded.

BECCA

That might be the nicest thing I've heard all week.

Sid chuckles, but stops as--

SCRATCHES ring out from the base of the stairs.

SID

These things are bloody relentless. Can you run?

BECCA

Beats dying.

They take off up the remaining stairs, the unseen mole in hot pursuit.

At the top, they turn left and race down another dark corridor which leads them to--

The spiral staircase. They're above the point where Sandra fell. Sid hesitates, but Becca charges onto the steps.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Onwards and upwards. If the steps
fall, grab the rail.

Sid follows, and together they wind their way to the top. Metallic SCRATCHES echo below as the large mole stalks up the steps.

Breathless, and with her stomach wound still causing trouble, Becca doubles over on the top platform. Sid joins her and helps her stand upright.

He takes a few deep breaths of his own.

SID
We're... almost... free.

He points to a door at the end of a short corridor. Becca nods and regathers herself as they press on.

The door is made of solid steel, with a green EMERGENCY EXIT sign stuck in the middle.

Sid slams the handle down and--

It's locked.

He tries again. No dice.

SID (CONT'D)
Fuck. It's locked.

He bangs on the door several times, as does Becca.

EXT. STREET - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

A mop-haired TEENAGER with massive headphones on strolls past the steel door, his phone screen lighting his face in the darkness.

Naturally, he hears nothing.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Sid and Becca give up their knocking.

BECCA
It's an emergency exit! How the
hell can it be locked?

SID

This station was abandoned. They probably keep it locked for safety reasons, so nobody can stumble inside.

BECCA

Safety first.

Those ever-present SCRATCHES draw nearer.

BECCA (CONT'D)

So we're trapped.

SID

We could take a run at it. Maybe we'll take it by surprise?

BECCA

No. That thing is massive now, there's no way we'll both get by.

SID

I'll distract it then.

He steps past her and marches up to a steel cage that runs down the length of the stairwell. He finds a sharp piece of metal sticking out and jams his palm onto it.

It slices into his hand, but the impact also causes the mesh panel to come loose. It tumbles into the shaft and crashes far below.

BECCA

You're a genius!

Sid looks at his bloodied hand.

SID

Glad my death excites you.

Becca ignores him and leans her head into the newly exposed hole in the cage. She reaches back and pulls his phone hand into the shaft, pointing the flashlight down.

All up, the shaft is roughly 6 feet in diameter. Big enough for both of them.

BECCA

I hope you can still climb with that.

Sid presses a thumb into the small pool on his palm.

SID
That's a long way down.

BECCA
And that creature's getting closer
by the second.

Becca pulls herself into the shaft. Her hands find a thick pipe that runs all the way down. She grips it tight and wraps her legs around it, much like a fireman.

BECCA (CONT'D)
See you at the bottom.

She starts to shimmy her way down into the dark pit below. Sid keeps his light on her for a few more beats, but those SCRATCHES trigger him to move.

Holding his phone in his mouth, he climbs into the shaft.

The semi-obscured light casts strange shadows out around him, but there's enough light for him to see his footing, and Becca's outline.

Down they go, a couple of foot and hand slides at a time.

Outside, the SCRATCHES are almost upon them. As Sid slides down another foot, a GARGLE forces him to stop.

Becca whimpers below. Outside, tentacles press against the steel cage. They're exploratory, searching for the scent of Becca's blood.

As they pull away, Becca exhales.

BAM!

Two tentacles hammer the cage, rattling the entire shaft with a massive blow.

Becca's feet loosen and she slides several feet down, almost losing control. She just manages to clamp her knees shut against the pipe and comes to a painful stop.

BECCA (CONT'D)
It's here!

Mouth full of phone, Sid can only give her a muffled reply. He continues down as the mole's tentacles hammer the cage.

He slides right past it, the phone light giving him glimpses of terror as he turns his face to look.

Becca carries on. Everything hurts.

As Sid draws face to face with the monster, he sees the tentacles withdraw again, replaced by--

Two sets of claws. They slice at the steel, unable to quite cut it but bending the mesh holes slightly wider.

They withdraw, then repeat, hitting the same holes and widening them a fraction.

Sid recognizes its game plan and slides further down. The claws hit again, do their thing, retreat.

A GARGLE spews out above Sid's head and suddenly there's a pair of tentacles lashing at his face.

He bites down on the phone and sways his head out of the way, but they extend further. One of them wraps around his right arm and tugs it from the pipe.

Sid fights to hold on as the other tentacle reaches his removed hand, and his small, bloody wound. From the tip of the tentacle, a much smaller one protrudes.

It punctures Sid's hand.

With his chance of survival fading, Sid let's go of the pipe. He uses the tentacles like a vine and swings to the shaft wall.

With a solid kick, he pushes across to the other side. Up above, the mole's face slams against the outside of the cage.

It hisses, dazed by the impact.

Sid swings back to the same wall and kicks again. The mole retracts its tentacles before Sid's momentum can smash its face again.

Free from the monster's binds, Sid falls. Just out of reach of the pipe, there's not much to do but wait for the floor.

Something stops him mid air. A well-timed hand from Becca catches Sid's wrist and he crashes against the pipe.

She strains to keep them both from falling.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You know what hands are for, right?

Sid takes the hint and clings to the pipe. He smiles up at her, phone still in mouth.

SID

Thangsh.

High above them, the mole has removed its tentacles from the cage. SCRATCHES descend the steel steps outside.

Becca and Sid scramble down the pipe again, as fast as is recklessly safe.

Finally Becca's feet hit the concrete below. Sid lets go and drops beside her. He spits the phone out and scans their surroundings.

In their haste they went past the bottom of the spiral staircase, down into--

INT. BASEMENT - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON

The room is full of random steel boxes, fittings, and other maintenance supplies.

SID
Trapped again.

He pushes his fingers through the mesh, rattles the cage.

BECCA
But alive.

SID
Barely.

As Sid stares out at the room, Becca run her hand around the rest of the shaft wall. Her hand finds a cool metal handle. With a twist and a thrust, she falls out of the shaft.

She rolls onto her back and looks up at Sid.

BECCA
You were saying?

Sid follows her out and shuts the door behind him.

SID
That thing's still coming.

Becca sits up, looks closer at the contents of the room.

BECCA
True, but now we have time. Time to think. Time to plan.

She stands and signals for Sid to follow her to the boxes.

SID

Our planning hasn't worked so far.
There's no way to outrun it, and
our exits are pretty horrible.

Becca flips open a box. Rusted pliers sit atop moldy site plans. She snatches the pliers, points them at Sid.

BECCA

I'll admit, this station is a death trap. But if we're trapped, so is that monster.

SID

I thought we decided it could use the subway tunnels to escape.

BECCA

Not if we don't let it.

She opens a few more boxes, shifting them to the side.

SID

We'd need to kill it. We can just bunker down and wait for someone to save us.

BECCA

Oh yes!

Becca drops the box she was holding and marches into Sid's personal space.

She plants her hands on his shoulders, leans in, almost kisses him. But she thinks better of it.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Winston fucking Churchill.

SID

Pretty sure it was Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill.

BECCA

No! Well yes, but no, that's not the point.

She scans the room again, eyes wide and alert.

BECCA (CONT'D)

In World War 2, Churchill spent a lot of time in this exact station, in a secret bunker, in case London was bombed.

SID

It was.

BECCA

Exactly. And the bulldog stayed safe underground.

Becca gives up looking around the room and makes for the only other doorway.

SID

I'm sure we'll find your point somewhere down here.

Becca turns around, smiling, and jabs Sid in the chest with the pliers.

BECCA

My point, you poor uneducated cretin, is that WC's bunker is still down here somewhere. And it stands to reason that it would still hold armaments, wouldn't you agree?

SID

I would. So how do we find it?

BECCA

Out of intense complexities, intense simplicities emerge.

Becca whips out her own phone to light the way, and leads Sid up yet another stairwell.

SID

You lost me.

BECCA

Prepare to be found.

At the top of the stairs, the duo find themselves in a narrow passageway. Doors appear on their right and left.

Somewhere in the distance, a loud CRASH rings out from the basement. Becca ignores it.

She keeps her light low, eyes fixed on the floor at the base of the doors. After reaching a second door on the right, Becca freezes.

SID

Found something?

BECCA

Do you know what Churchill called
his establishment at Down Street?

SID

Educate me.

BECCA

The Barn. And do you know what
barns have?

SID

Livestock?

Becca lowers her phone, shining the light onto a lone brick
at the base of the door. A small pig is carved into the
brick.

BECCA

Bingo.

Becca turns the long-forgotten handle and pushes into the
room.

INT. BUNKER - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Inside, it's not much to look at.

To the right is a hammock and a small desk. To the left, just
inside the door, is a steel floor-to-ceiling cabinet.

An old power generator sits against the wall in front of
them, and on the left wall is a rust and scum covered
bathtub.

Sid opens the cabinet, but Becca is drawn to two letters
etched into the grime in the bathtub: W.C.

BECCA

Give me a hand.

She grabs one side of the tub, and Sid grabs the other.
Together they pull it away from the wall, revealing a hole in
the wall, roughly a foot high and two feet wide.

Becca steps into the bath and leans over. She reaches into
the hole and slides out a solid steel box.

With a bit of force, she lifts the box up off the ground and
sits it in the tub.

SID

Armaments?

Becca flips the box's lid open. Half a dozen WWII-era grenades sit before them.

BECCA
Armaments.

Sid takes a few steps back.

SID
Why on earth would Winston Churchill need grenades?

BECCA
Why not? If Nazis had breached Britain, and Double You See wanted to make a final stand, don't you think he'd collapse these tunnels on top of them?

SID
Maybe. But we can't do that. People are above us, trains go right through here.

Becca plucks a grenade from the box and tosses it to Sid. He freaks, juggles it, barely holds on.

BECCA
If we don't stop this thing now, delayed trains will be the last of London's problems.

Sid examines the grenade.

SID
How do we know these still work?

Becca grabs another one.

BECCA
Only one way to find out.

She pretends to throw one and--

BANG!

The mole hits the caged door in the basement.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Come on.

Becca snatches the rest of the grenades, and an old jerry can from beside the generator and gives it a shake. It's still full.

SID
Can't we just blow it up here?

BECCA
These rooms are too small, we'd
never get away in time.

She and Sid flee the room and shimmy along the narrow passageway.

BANG! The mole hits the door again.

Becca tugs Sid to the right and through another door. They charge up more stairs which bring them back into--

INT. CORRIDOR 1 - FORMER DOWN STREET STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Becca turns right and runs in the direction of the platforms.

SID
Why not here?

BECCA
Too much space. There's no
guarantee the collapse will kill
it.

SID
Then where?

BECCA
Try keep up!

As she runs, Becca presses her hand on her wound and smears blood on the wall. Sid tries the same, but his small hand wound is all but dried up.

They reach the stairs at the end of the corridor. Becca pushes of the wall, leaving another bloody stain as she runs down the steps.

Behind them, the door to the corridor bursts open.

Sid spins round the corner after Becca, but steals a glance back at the monster.

The mole charges like a rhino now, barreling down the corridor.

Sid and Becca stomp down the stairs and pivot right, back onto the first platform.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Can you drive a train?

She runs up to the hole in the wall, smears blood, steps through.

SID
That's your master plan? What part of me being a musician tells you I can drive a train?

BECCA
We only just met! I don't know all your wondrous talents.

She's through to the other side. Sid steps through as--

The mole crashes into the wall opposite the stairs. It hisses and turns toward their platform.

SID
I can't even drive a car!

Sid joins her as she steps through the open door, back onto the carriage.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - LONDON UNDERGROUND, LONDON - NIGHT

Becca wipes more blood on the door and seats.

BECCA
I'll do it then, but you better have a good arm or we're both screwed.

Becca uncaps the jerry can and pours it over every surface - the seats, the floor, even the windows.

She and Sid back their way toward the next carriage. Becca splashes the last of the fuel onto the floor and tosses the can into the carriage.

They step into the next carriage and Sid goes to shut the doors, but Becca stops him.

BECCA (CONT'D)
You'll want to keep that open.

She mimes throwing a grenade through the door.

On the platform, the mole hits the hole. Fortunately, it's now too wide to get through. For now.

Its sharp claws tear at the concrete blocks on either side. Inside the carriage, Becca places the box of grenades on a nearby seat.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Right. You're going to need some space before you throw one of these. And I'm going to give it to you.

SID

How much space?

BECCA

These are ancient, so it's difficult to know for sure. Fifty, sixty feet maybe? Basically, once you throw it you're gonna want to take cover.

SID

So I should throw it from back there?

He points to the far end of this carriage.

BECCA

Only if you have a death wish.

She starts down the carriage.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I'm going to disconnect us from that carriage. All going well, you'll have your space. I just need you to throw long and straight.

Sid looks down at the grenade.

SID

No pressure then.

Becca disappears into the darkness of the next carriage, but pops her head back.

BECCA

This might go without saying, but you'll need to wait until that thing is inside the train. Otherwise this whole shit-show is pointless.

Sid gives her a sarcastic thumbs up and she disappears again. He looks out the train window. He can't see it, but the sound of claws on brick tells him how little time they have.

In the next carriage, Becca walks ahead in almost total darkness. She finds the open door at the end and hops the gap into the next one.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You should try Tinder, Becca. I met my husband on Tinder, it's amazing. If you don't want a permanent man, you can at least get laid. You really need to get laid, Becca.

She moves slowly through the next two carriages, using the seats on either side for support, making sure each foot is placed carefully.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Should've swiped left.

Becca takes another step and her foot slides on something wet. She just manages to stay upright, but now both feet are in the liquid.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You must be the driver.

She fumbles and slides her way up to the next door. Feeling her way inside, she finds the driver's seat.

Back in the first carriage, Sid is fixated by the mole's violent sounds. A brick drops to the platform floor. Sid flinches.

He focuses on the grenade instead, twisting its pin but still keeping it in place.

SID

What'd you get up to this weekend, Sid? Oh y'know, did a little busking, met a girl, killed an alien mole monster with one of Churchill's prize hand grenades. You?

Another brick clatters onto the platform. Sid fumbles the grenade and it drops between his feet. He yelps, but nothing happens.

INT. TRAIN ENGINE ROOM, LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Becca touches different parts of the control panel, praying more than knowing. After a quick feel, she finds a flashlight in a small storage space. She flicks it on.

The light reveals an utter bloodbath.

The front window of the train is smashed open, and the driver's remains are spattered across almost every surface.

Becca shudders as she takes it all in. Trying to avoid the gore, she sweeps the light across the panel before her.

There are surprisingly few controls, with a handle on the left being the main control. She presses some blood-stained buttons but nothing happens.

A couple of switches appear to be what the train needs to start, but a flick of each results in sweet fuck all.

She points the flashlight lower and spots a series of cables. One in particular has been sliced through, metallic fibres hanging loose.

BECCA

Jackpot.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - LONDON UNDERGROUND, LONDON - NIGHT

Sid is on edge now. He paces up and down the carriage. He stops.

He fakes a throw. Second guesses it. Fakes another.

One more brick falls from the wall. The mole's tentacles twist through the hole, unseen but always heard.

SID

I'm dead. We're dead. Maybe I should pull the pin now? No. No that'd be pointless. Well not pointless. Unhelpful.

CRASH!

Several bricks tumble onto the platform.

The mole.

Is almost.

Through.

INT. TRAIN ENGINE ROOM, LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Becca holds the torch in her mouth, pointed down at the wires beneath the train's control panel. Her hands fidget with the wires, trying to get them to spark.

She touches them together and a faint spark appears. Another spark, larger now, shoots between the fibers and the lights come on in the engine room.

BECCA

Yaaaaassh!

Using the rusty pliers, she clamps the wires together and twists them into a knotted bundle. It's not perfect, but it works.

With the train's noises filling the room, Becca doesn't hear the SCRATCHES from the adjacent carriage.

She pockets the pliers and slips into the driver's seat, ignoring the gore. She presses a button and flips some switches again and the train hums to life.

Becca searches the panel again, eventually opening a cabinet door to find a coupler switch. Using the pliers again, she rotates the mechanism until the word UNCOUPLED is visible.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Ok Sid, let's give you some space.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Sid shuffles slightly as the carriage shudders, following Becca's uncoupling. Overhead, a microphone crackles.

BECCA (O.S.)

Attention all passengers. This is the Westbound train from Down Street station to anywhere but Down station. Please be prepared to blow this mother and get the fuck out of here.

Sid smiles, but it fades fast as--

The mole crashes onto the platform. It hisses, claws driving it straight for the open carriage.

In a few strides it is at the open door.

The train jolts, forcing Sid to steady himself again. After a tense beat the train starts to roll forward.

But something's wrong. The open carriage is still connected to the rest of the train.

The mole, already half way onto the train, scrambles inside as they leave the station.

SID

This is less than ideal.

The jerking motion coupled with the mole's sharp claws make it difficult for the creature to walk, and it slides backwards across the carriage floor, away from Sid.

With a hand gripping the overhead rail, Sid walks backwards to create extra distance, and readies himself to throw the grenade.

The mole hits the closed door at the far end of the carriage and rolls sideways.

INT. TRAIN ENGINE ROOM, LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Becca eases the control handle forward, giving the train more speed. Finally she lets go, and visibly relaxes.

She shuts her eyes, the night's events fading until--

GARGLE.

Her eyes snap open and she turns to see a small mole in the doorway. Its tentacles shoot toward her.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Sid pulls the pin from the grenade using his teeth. He spits it onto the floor and stares down the monster.

SID

Say hello to my little--

The train jerks and Sid loses his grip on the rail. He falls on his ass, dropping the grenade.

SID (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He crawls forward as it rolls out of the door and down between the carriages.

Sid throws his arms over his head as--

The train chugs on, no damage done.

INT. TRAIN ENGINE ROOM, LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Becca is pressed against the side door of the engine room.

One hand squeezes a tentacle as it fights to enter her wound, the other stretches for the pliers on the control panel but--

Another tentacle wraps around her wrist and yanks her back toward the adjacent carriage. As she is pulled, her elbow hits the control handle back and the train's brakes engage.

Becca drops to her knees as the mole flies forward.

She flicks her wrists and the monster sails out the broken front window.

The tentacles slice on the shards of glass and the monster disappears in front of the slowing train.

Outside, the HYDE PARK CORNER STATION flashes by. A couple of passengers linger on the platform, mildly perplexed by the train's failure to stop.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

The sudden jolt sends the large mole sliding across the carriage, straight at Sid.

Fortunately for Sid, the jolt caused him to slide as well.

Unfortunately for Sid, the grenades were flung from the seat and now roll across the dark carriage floor.

With the large mole shaken, Sid gathers himself and fumbles around for one of the grenades.

The train's brakes disengage again, and everything slides back the other way. Sid grabs the base of a seat and is hit in the face by two grenades.

He manages to grab one and spins to see the mole monster back at the other end of the carriage.

With what little strength and composure remains, Sid pulls himself up into a seat, then onto his feet.

He grips the grenade tight and looks back to see--

The mole is upright. Its tentacles stretch up and onto the overhead rail. It's learning.

Though its claws are fairly useless on the floor, the tentacles continue to shoot out and cling to the rail, pulling it closer.

Sid takes a step back, but then he notices something. The carriage has shaken loose from the rest of the train.

With each passing second the distance grows between the two.

SID
Second time's the charm.

He tugs the pin out of the new grenade and steadies himself. The mole is almost at the doorway of the lagging carriage.

Sid kisses the grenade, winds up, throws, and runs. He dives as the grenade--

Flies across the gap, dips, and bounces off the mole's head.

Another dud.

The mole hisses again as Sid looks back to see his second failure. Desperation bears down on him, and he searches the carriage for one more grenade.

There!

It rattles beside the open doorway, threatening to roll out of reach. Sid runs and dives, fingers outstretched, and--

The train bounces.

The grenade hops over his hand, out the door. Sid is defeated. Half out the open door, he looks up to see the mole's tentacles stretch onto the door frame.

The rabid beast pulls itself forward and prepares to jump. As Sid prepares to stand, something hard slides across the carriage floor and hits his elbow.

He reaches back to find--

Wilbur's zippo. Could it work? Sid pulls himself to his feet and flicks the lighter. A bright flame bursts from its tip.

Sid locks eyes with the mole monster, its long tentacles straining to reach Sid's carriage.

With no better options, Sid pulls back his arm and pitches the lighter straight at the mole.

The flame rotates in the darkness, looping over and over as it hurtles toward the creature.

Tentacles whip around it, but none of them quite reach. Sid braces himself, but can't look away.

Three.

Two.

One.

The lighter hits the very edge of the carriage, igniting the fuel. The carriage erupts in a ball of flame, which engulfs the mole completely.

It cries out as its tentacles melt off and it rolls further back into the carriage, where it lands on a grenade.

BOOM!

The monster and a significant portion of the carriage explode, sending shrapnel and viscera into the surrounding tunnel.

Despite the decent distance between them, the explosion knocks Sid off his feet.

He slides face first across the carriage and out the open door at the other end, but catches the door frame before he drops beneath the train.

He lies there for a moment, ears ringing, heart pounding, out of breath. Finally he rolls over and looks back.

The flaming husk disappears as the train takes a slight bend. Sid lies back and shuts his eyes.

INT. TRAIN ENGINE ROOM, LONDON UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

The whole train shudders with the force of the explosion from behind. Becca can't help but smile.

Out the broken front window, she spots a London Underground roundel on the wall. She pulls back the control handle and slows the train, much smoother this time.

Up ahead, the beginning of the KNIGHTSBRIDGE STATION platform is lit by the train's headlights.

She eases the handle back again and the train slows to a crawl. With the platform in full view, she applies the brakes completely. The train comes to a perfect stop.

Becca stands, collects the pliers, and hits a button to open all the train doors. She steps out of the engine room.

The platform's lights shine into the train, revealing the utter state the train is in.

Becca walks through the driver's blood, straight for Sid, who now sits upright, his back to her.

She cups her hands to her mouth.

BECCA

All change please. This train will
now terminate here. All change
please.

Sid looks back. He's still shell-shocked, but he greets her with a smile as he stands.

Both of them step off the train, onto the clean, well-lit platform. They carry on ahead, meeting up as they take a corridor that leads them to the escalators.

The station is quiet, but it's late. Their footsteps echo off the tiles as they cross the floor.

They board one of the escalators and ride it up, happy to just stand there and let it do its thing.

Finally Sid looks up, runs a hand through his filthy hair.

SID

Plans for the weekend?

BECCA

Might do laundry tomorrow, walk the
dog, brunch on Sunday. You?

SID

Probably hit the gym in the
morning, grab a smoothie bowl, then
smash a run in the afternoon. The
usual.

BECCA

Nice. Gotta live that routine,
right?

SID

Amen.

They share a look. The moment stretches out. There's no emotion on either of their faces. Just pure, unadulterated exhaustion.

BECCA

I need a drink.

SID
Make that three or four.

They step off the top of the escalator and touch out at the card readers. Again, the station is empty up here. There's not even a staff member in sight.

SID (CONT'D)
Know any good bars round here?

BECCA
If by good you mean close, there're probably a couple on Brompton Road.

SID
Brompton it is.

They take the nearest stairs and emerge into the cool night air. Finally they see a person - a lone RUNNER races past them, eyes straight ahead.

He disappears down a dark alleyway.

Becca and Sid take a left onto Brompton Road. There aren't any visible bars, but as they continue along they spot a PUB down a side alley.

They cross the road and head for the door of the TATTERSALLS TAVERN.

The night is eerily quiet, an overhead CHOPPER the only noticeable sound.

SID (CONT'D)
You wanna talk about what just happened?

They push open the door and enter the dimly lit tavern as a stray police siren cuts the air.

INT. TATTERSALLS TAVERN - LONDON - NIGHT

Becca holds the door for Sid and he tips an imaginary hat.

BECCA
Drinks first.

SID
Cool. Cool.

They step up to the bar, finally look around. The bar is empty.

SID (CONT'D)

Hello?

Becca rings a bell on the counter. No response.

BECCA

Self service?

Sid smiles and leans over the bar. He collects a couple of pint glasses and slides one to Becca. They each fill one at the tap of their choosing - Sid a lager, Becca a cider.

SID

Couch?

He nods at a plush leather couch beside the window. Becca leaves a tenner on the counter and they drop onto the couch with a sigh, bumping shoulders.

BECCA

To never riding the underground again.

SID

Or the overground.

They raise their glasses and each scull back a third of their pints. Sid spills some down his chin and Becca laughs.

SID (CONT'D)

Bit quiet for a Friday.

BECCA

Quiet is good.

SID

Quiet is great. It's just--

Another MAN runs past the pub. Then two WOMEN. Then a CROWD of people, several of them screaming.

Becca spits cider as one of the people is snatched from the ground by a giant tentacle.

She and Sid scramble off the couch and press against the window. Outside, the world is in utter chaos as--

Giant claws crash into the asphalt.

The duo share a look then back away from the window, very slowly. Both of them scull the rest of their pints and take a seat at the bar.

BECCA

Round two?

Sid nods and they fill their glasses.

THE END