

**Question #1:** *If a train carrying 327 passengers leaves France moving at a speed of 185 mph, travels for 24 miles in a tunnel set more than 150 feet below the English Channel, only to arrive in England empty...Where did the passengers go?*

**CHUNNEL**

by

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Revised Draft

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INT. GARE DU NORD STATION - DAY

The classically ornate Parisian train station. Built in the age of steam locomotives, it's now home to the busy comings and goings of modern diesel trains and...

The Chunnel Bullet Train. Sleek, modern, powerful -- set aside on its own devoted track. It wears the logo of "Channel Rail."

Her crew is loading her passengers and their baggage. Automobiles slowly slide inside the bullet train's rear cars for their trip to England.

Amidst the activity, a woman hangs back from the throng.

MEGHAN REILLY. (Early 30s). Beautiful. Professional. Confident. Dressed to move. She's wearing real dog tags around her neck. Battered and scoured, they read:

Cooper  
Tyler  
Captain  
27119772546  
0 Negative

She pulls a cellphone out of her backpack. Dials, listens...No answer.

MEGHAN

C'mon, Cooper...Answer your phone.

She glances up to a digital announcement board:

*Maintenant embarquant tous les  
passagers...*

She leaves voicemail. The tone is warmer:

MEGHAN

Hi. It's me. Just letting you know...

Meghan's voice trails off as she heads for the train.

INT. BULLET TRAIN - DAY

A modern, elegant and pristine passenger car. The "Channel Rail" logo graces the bulkhead.

It's morning, the French countryside flying by to only the sound of a constant background engine hum.

Varied faces sit four across, facing one another. Reading, sleeping, fidgeting with iPods and PSPs.

But, there are four young men scattered throughout the car. Each oddly still, staring straight ahead.

A pleasant French accent pipes in over the INTERCOM:

INTERCOM  
*Your attention, please. We will be exiting the Channel Tunnel in five minutes. Local time in England is 11:10 a.m. Thank you.*

As the message repeats in French, the four men each pull plastic components from their bags, quickly assembling two-shot zip guns.

Before anyone spots their weapons, they don black hood MASKS and leap from their seats.

MASK #1  
No one move. Stay absolutely still.

MASK #2 repeats everything in French.

Passengers panic -- clutching their loved ones.

One passenger doesn't panic.

TYLER COOPER (late 30s/early 40s) subtly scans the train car, never making eye contact with any of the masked men. Lean and alert, he's good looking without trying. His style hints at his military history.

The masks take no notice of him yet.

MASK #1  
If you stay quiet, you will not be harmed.

Cooper's eyes flit to MASK #1 as he moves closer.

Cooper is too focused to sense the vibration and *ping* of an incoming voicemail on the cell phone clipped on his belt:

C/U - CELLPHONE

It's blinking, its screen reading:

*RINGER OFF  
INCOMING MESSAGE FROM  
**MEGHAN***

INT. BULLET TRAIN - DAY

A few more steps and Mask #1 will be close to Cooper...

MASK #1  
We will be contacting the authorities with very clear demands. When they are met, you will be freed.

Cooper slides quickly out of his seat, sweeping the legs out from under Mask #1. A quick punch knocks the gunman cold...

Chaos -- as the passengers hit the deck...

In a moment, Cooper has the zip gun...

As Mask #2 turns and fires, his gun making a louder bang than the others...

Cooper hoists the body of Mask #1 to catch the bullet -- then shoots...Mask #2 falls...

Cooper fires a shot, dropping a third gunman...

But, the fourth is on Cooper too quickly -- forcing a zip gun to Cooper's temple...Cooper is out of ammo. He drops his gun raises his hands, closes his eyes and...

A loud buzzer sounds. The train's engine hum stops. The daytime countryside flickers and cuts out, replaced by green screens. They're all in a simulator.

The very English voice of ALISTAIR LETHBRIDGE booms from outside the car.

LETHBRIDGE

All right...Open it up, please.

The rear bulkhead opens, and the moustached, impeccably dressed Lethbridge (early 50s) leads a group of middle-aged, stiff, suit-clad executives into the simulator.

The last gunman takes the gun from Cooper's temple, smiling. Cooper slaps him on the shoulder -- saluting. Mask #1 and #2 get back to their feet, removing their hoods.

There's an attractive, bright-eyed woman kept to the rear of Lethbridge's group. KIMBERLEY MONTGOMERY (early 30s) has a reporter's notebook and a voice recorder as she watches.

Pretty, bright-eyed and dressed to keep moving, Montgomery would fit in more in a foxhole than a newsroom.

LETHBRIDGE

I believe we've seen enough, Mr. Cooper.

COOPER

I hope so, boss.

Cooper motions around the car:

COOPER

We've run this simulation five times --

LETHBRIDGE

We are painfully aware of your thoroughness --

COOPER

That's why they pay me, boss.

LETHBRIDGE

Please stop calling me that.

COOPER

Thoroughness is why you hired Pelham --  
why Pelham sent me. To test your  
security and develop contingencies.

(to the suits)

Five run-thrus. The same outcome every  
time. Even if you put the equivalent of  
an air marshal on the Chunnel train, his  
effectiveness is limited unless --

LETHBRIDGE

Unless he is armed. As an outside  
consultant, you may not be aware Channel  
Rail is an international entity --

COOPER

And EU regulations make firearms  
impossible. That's a restriction that  
could cost you lives, Mr. Lethbridge.

Mask #2 calls urgently from the forward bulkhead:

MASK #2

Mr. Cooper -- man down.

Moving to Mask #2 to find one of the fake passengers (a  
middle-aged man) bleeding from a wound to the gut.

Cooper doesn't hesitate. He's immediately on his knees,  
administering to the wound. The victim is conscious, but in  
pain and trembling with shock.

Montgomery tries to push through the executives, but she  
can't get close to the action.

COOPER

Get the medics in here...

Lethbridge rushes toward Cooper -- getting in the way.  
Cooper shoves Lethbridge aside:

COOPER

Man needs air.

(to Mask #2)

What happened?

Mask #2 holds up the shattered barrel of a zip gun.

MASK #2

Blank round shattered the barrel.  
Shrapnel caught him.

Cooper tears the victim's clothes away from the wound.

COOPER  
What's his name?

LETHBRIDGE  
Benton. Station technician.

Cooper field-dresses the wound with precision.

COOPER  
(to the victim)  
Gonna be all right, Mr. Benton. You just  
stay with us now...

The medical team arrives. Their uniforms all carry a Channel Rail logo. They push Cooper out of the way as they finish the job he started.

Cooper stands up, turning directly into the bitter face of Lethbridge.

INT. LETHBRIDGE OFFICE - DAY

Lethbridge throws a file down on his metal desk. His office is stark. Very cold. Very British.

Cooper sits stoically before him.

A third man, PATRICK GADAI (mid 30s) eyes Lethbridge. Patrick (a smart, energetic Irishman) tries to make peace.

PATRICK  
Will he be all right?

LETHBRIDGE  
(nods)  
Small fragment. Shallow wound.

COOPER  
Right now, that's all that matters.

Lethbridge pounces:

LETHBRIDGE  
'All that matters?' All that matters is how our very expensive anti-terrorism consultant managed to get one of my employee volunteers injured.

PATRICK  
Mr. Lethbridge --

LETHBRIDGE  
All that matters is why someone hired to bring security to my railway provided chaos worthy of a rank amateur.

PATRICK

Mr. Lethbridge...

Lethbridge turns to that urgent tone -- his gaze reminding Patrick who's in charge.

LETHBRIDGE

Patrick -- you are here as a courtesy. Engineering is not involved in security matters. But since Mr. Cooper has failed to render aid, you need to know how it could affect operations.

(to Cooper)

You are dismissed, Mr. Cooper. I will be informing Pelham Security that their fledgling consultant needs to gain a bit more character before he is introduced to a genuine tragedy...

Cooper finally locks eyes with Lethbridge -- and the Englishman falls silent.

COOPER

You have a right to be pissed -- a right to run me off, if you want. But, at the end of the day, you run a railroad.

(off Lethbridge's look)

While you kept the trains running, I spent eight years ass deep in sand, watching friends die while they tried to keep people safe. Know what I learned in all that time?

Before Patrick can intercede:

COOPER

Two kinds of people. The kind that put their energy into getting things done...And the kind that puts that effort into preventing anything from getting done. Which are you, Mr. Lethbridge?

A tense silence, then:

PATRICK

(to Lethbridge)

I don't know how this happened today. But, Tyler has already tightened up security for passenger departure in both London and Paris. I don't think we should assign responsibility for --

COOPER

No -- I take responsibility. An innocent man was hurt today. And, it was my show.

Lethbridge forces a smile:

LETHBRIDGE

Be off the premises within the hour.

Cooper nods a "thank you" to Patrick and exits.

Patrick looks to Lethbridge -- then follows Cooper.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL HQ - DAY

Cooper makes his way through the busy hallways. Patrick appears behind him. As they walk:

PATRICK

I'm sorry, Tyler.

COOPER

(motioning for silence)

Only so long he and I can go on playing 'whose is bigger.' He's Security chief. It's his choice if he wants me out.

PATRICK

Bollocks. It's that woman who died on the train last month -- scared the hell out of him.

COOPER

A mugging and murder should scare him. The Chunnel train can't be like riding the Number 5 Train to the Bronx.

PATRICK

And it's not. Never will be. You played a part in that. Our lords and masters called you in to kick Lethbridge up the arse -- and he knows it.

COOPER

Then, for the sake of your passengers, let's hope my boot was heavy enough.

PATRICK

This accident just gave him an excuse to kick you instead.

COOPER

In this white collar, I'm a slow target.

Before Patrick can respond, Cooper unbuttons that collar a couple of notches -- prodding the carpeted floor with his polished shoe.

COOPER

Tell you the truth? Kind of miss dirt and grass under me. I have an aching suspension I'm not meant for this double-glazed world. Too much woolly thinking for my tastes.

PATRICK

It has to beat a war, doesn't it?

COOPER

I lost good friends in that war. Maybe they got off light. Civilian life seems like a longer march sometimes.

With a somber smile, Cooper leaves Patrick behind.

PATRICK

Where are you off to -- ?

COOPER

(over his shoulder)

I have a friend coming in on the 12:03.

PATRICK

You have friends?

Cooper brightens for just a moment:

COOPER

Haven't seen her in -- too long. We met while I was still with the Rangers and she was on active duty with the State Department in Kabul.

PATRICK

She's on leave?

COOPER

Quit the service. I'm her first stop before she heads stateside.

Before Patrick can wish his friend luck, Lethbridge calls:

LETHBRIDGE

Patrick -- needed in the Control Center.

Patrick turns back to Lethbridge:

LETHBRIDGE

Celebrity passenger -- causing a fuss. Holding up the 12:03...

Cooper is already too far away to hear that.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A high-tech mini NORAD monitoring the CHUNNEL train system. Constantly busy, but calmly professional. Technology-stuffed. Warmly lit, neat and orderly.

Patrick enters, his eyes shooting directly to a TV monitor showing the live news feed of an impromptu press conference.

The chief TECHNICIAN steps to Patrick's shoulder.

PATRICK

Is -- is that coming live from -- ?

TECHNICIAN

From a private compartment aboard the  
12:03 out of Paris, yes.

PATRICK

For Christ's sake...

As Patrick reaches for a phone...

INT. TRAIN/PRIVATE CAR - DAY

A mash-up of REPORTERS and paparazzi surround SIR ALBERT  
VISCAY. Late middle age. Immaculate Savile Row suit. An  
Oxford crest pin in his old college tie. A fresh newspaper  
tucked under his arm.

Physically calm, emotionally still, but intellectually  
unforgiving. He remains un-phased as the questions pile on  
around him.

When his gaze finally passed down his nose to the reporter  
he chooses:

REPORTER #1

Mr. Viscay --

VISCAY

'Sir Albert,' if you would be so kind.

REPORTER

Sir Albert...What brought you to Europe?

VISCAY

My airline.

A dry chuckle from the press.

VISCAY

I was touring the Continent on business.  
Nothing newsworthy, I'm afraid. I like  
to visit the troops on occasion.

REPORTER #2

But, you're not flying home. Why would  
someone like you ride the Chunnel train?

VISCAY

Someone like me, young man?

REPORTER #2

Someone wealthier than The Crown.  
Perhaps the wealthiest man in Europe.

VISCAY

'Perhaps' one simply likes trains.  
Perhaps the wealthy man you speak of  
played with an expensive model railway  
set when he was a wealthy little boy.

Another laugh from the reporters. Viscay pulls a deep  
breath, performing as much as speaking:

VISCAY

At the risk of seeming impertinent, I  
will assume your inquiries into my chosen  
mode of transport simply foretell your  
real interests.

The reporters go silent. Viscay is holding court:

VISCAY

I am in Europe gathering resources and  
support for my candidacy. I intend to  
seek the Presidency of the Council of the  
European Union.

REPORTER #1

That role rotates as part of -- ?

Viscay freezes, his head turning slightly and slowly to  
focus on the reporter -- the man who just interrupted Sir  
Albert. Sir Albert doesn't like to be interrupted.

A moment's silent stare sends the reporter reeling back into  
the crowd.

VISCAY

I also intend to propose an amendment to  
the EU constitution that the office be  
made a permanent appointment for so long  
as the president chooses to serve.

REPORTER #2

And, you have secured European support?

VISCAY

I am not, shall we say, isolated.

REPORTER #1

But you still face some serious  
opposition due to your hard line views on  
immigration and --

That look again, and the reporter silences himself.

VISCAY

'Hard line?' My dear boy, there is  
nothing 'hard line' about me. I'm  
British.

The press corps' laughter dwindles. Viscay tries to lighten the mood.

VISCAY

With all this talk of 'intentions,' I intend now simply to relax and read my newspaper for these brief hours home to England.

Viscay smiles a dishonest smile, but there's charisma there.

VISCAY

I am not the Philistine some of you portray me to be in those publications I don't already own.

Barely a gasp of very awkward laughter.

VISCAY

I never had the opportunity to see the Colossus of Rhodes or The Hanging Gardens of Babylon. However, I can see this Wonder of the Modern World. And so, 'all aboard,' as they say.

Someone pushes his way through the press crowd. MR. CREAN is a cold, 30-year-old stone -- officious, compact and coiled. Men get out of his way.

Crean's educated British accent could cut glass. He raises two fingers to his lips as he whispers to Viscay:

CREAN

Sir Albert? We are delaying the train's departure.

VISCAY

Thank you, Mr. Crean.  
(to the press)  
I'm afraid that will be all, ladies and gentlemen.  
(over their protests)  
Thank you...Good afternoon.

As the press files out of Viscay's compartment, Crean remains behind for a moment. Viscay smiles up at him:

VISCAY

A tad over the top?

CREAN

Where I grew up, we don't know words like 'tad,' sir.

VISCAY

(smiles)  
Of course, it was. Deliberately so. Politics is good theatre, Mr. Crean.

Viscay smiles, motions Crean away, opening his copy of the day's *London Tribune* -- with his name and picture splashed on the top fold.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Patrick and the technician took in the whole show, and they react to each other in kind.

TECHNICIAN

Man's insane.

PATRICK

Poor people are insane. He's  
'eccentric.' And an amateur.

(off the technician's look)

A proper dictator makes sure the trains  
run on time.

Patrick looks up to the electronic outline of the Chunnel on the wall-length monitor board. The board shows two main Channel tunnels -- one outgoing and one incoming.

The light on the Paris end begins to move.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Tucked in her seat and reading a magazine, Meghan looks up as the reporters push down the aisle.

Meghan gets a rough bump from Crean as he passes. She shoots him a look. He all but spits a grin at her.

Meghan turns to look out the window as the Chunnel Train glides into motion...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL HQ - DAY

En route to his office, Cooper checks his cell phone, sees the voicemail.

COOPER

(to himself)

Aw, shit.

He checks the message...

MEGHAN

(on phone)

Hi, babe. It's me.

Cooper doesn't wait to hear the rest of the message. He redials, waits for an answer,

INSERT:

The Chunnel Train flies across the French countryside.

INTERCUT

MEGHAN  
(on phone)  
Hello -- Coop?

COOPER  
On your way?

MEGHAN  
Didn't you check your messages?

COOPER  
I --

MEGHAN  
-- 'never check my messages.'

COOPER  
Prefer live reconnaissance.

MEGHAN  
(official)  
Agent M now securely en route. Estimated  
travel time, 2 hours, 35 minutes, mark.

COOPER  
You safe? Locked and loaded?

MEGHAN  
I'm fine, babe. Really. See you soon --  
and I expect an intimate dinner in  
London.

COOPER  
Cooper confirms.

Meghan starts to break up as she approaches the Chunnel:

MEGHAN  
(on phone)  
Love you. I'll see you in...

Then, she's gone.

Cooper slaps the phone shut with a silent curse and heads  
for his office.

COOPER  
(to himself)  
OK. One last fancy dinner -- before I'm  
back on MREs.

His route takes Coopers past the control room. Through the  
glass door he can see the monitor board as Meghan's train...

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

...approaches the Chunnel...

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Meghan perks up in her seat as the train enters the tunnel.

INT. CHUNNEL - DAY

...And disappears into darkness.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL HQ - DAY

En route to his office, Cooper passes by a young media rep (PIERRE SAUER, late 20s) leading that beautiful, sharp-eyed TV reporter and her mobile cameraman on an official tour.

The camera's label reads "WIN: World Information Network."

SAUER

We'll briefly take you through the main control center here as --

But, Montgomery's reporter's nose sniffs out Cooper as he passes. Before Sauer can stop her...

She quickly turns away from the tour motioning for her grizzled veteran cameraman (BURNSY) to follow Cooper. Armed with a a bandolier of camera batteries and tapes, Burnsy is rolling 24/7.

MONTGOMERY

Mr. Cooper? Kimberly Montgomery, WIN News. My cameraman, Neil Burnside.

Burnsy shoots Cooper a wink "hello."

MONTGOMERY

(to Cooper)

About the man injured during the training exercise this morning?

He doesn't answer.

MONTGOMERY

This follows on the heels of the death last month. Mr. Sauer here refused to comment. Can you confirm that -- ?

Without stopping:

COOPER

I can't confirm anything. You'll have to ask a representative of Channel Rail.

MONTGOMERY

I thought you are a repres --

COOPER

Not anymore.

MONTGOMERY

Would you care to comment on that?

COOPER

Not unless you're hiring...

With that, Cooper is gone. Montgomery turns back to her cameraman, whispering:

MONTGOMERY

Finally, Burnsy -- the faint whiff of a story...

He manages a tired nod.

Sauer moves in next to her, taking her gently by the arm.

SAUER

Please, Ms. Montgomery -- if we could stay to the tour...

MONTGOMERY

(charming)

Of course. Forgive me. Reporter's instincts. The control room, then?

Sauer leads her inside...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Constantly busy, but calmly professional. Warmly lit, immaculate and orderly. Patrick is in the background, chatting with coworkers.

Montgomery enters with Sauer:

SAUER

The entire Chunnel train system is monitored and directed from this point.

Montgomery motions up to the electronic outline of the Chunnel on the wall-length monitor board. It shows two main Channel tunnels -- one outgoing and one incoming.

MONTGOMERY

Icons represent the trains in transit?

SAUER

Both en route to the UK and returning to the Continent.

There is a smaller tunnel set in between the other two.

MONTGOMERY

A service tunnel?

SAUER

For maintenance purposes. The Channel Tunnel handles passenger trains, automobile transports, freight --

MONTGOMERY

And, if there's ever an emergency...?

SAUER

All aspects of any such unlikely occurrence would be handled from here while a mobile HQ is set up in the field.

MONTGOMERY

What happens to the schedule if a high speed train stops in the Chunnel?

Sauer is at a loss:

SAUER

It's a high-speed rail system. Trains never stop once inside the Chunnel.

Montgomery motions to the board:

MONTGOMERY

That one did.

Sauer turns slowly to the board. One icon is dead stop -- flashing red.

One of the TECHNICIANS is already on the problem, checking his smaller screen. A ripple of slowly building concern and increased activity flows through the room.

Patrick moves closer to the board -- astonished, confused. He snaps out of it quickly, looking back to Sauer.

PATRICK

Get her out of here.

Montgomery digs in her heels:

SAUER

Please -- if you'll follow me --

MONTGOMERY

I have a right -- the press has a right to be here --

SAUER

I could call security, ma'am.

MONTGOMERY

I thought you fired 'security'...

Burnsy pushes Montgomery out of the control room.

INT. COOPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Very spartan. It takes him only a few moments to pack up his laptop, briefcase, etc.

Reaching into the desk, he pulls out a side holster and the large-bore automatic pistol inside it.

As he turns to put that into the briefcase, he stops -- noticing...There's growing activity in the hallway outside.

Cooper steps to the door and watches Sauer push Montgomery and her cameraman away down the hall...

Other railway employees hurry in different directions -- full emergency mode.

Cooper's instincts allow no hesitation. He puts on the gun and holster and exits...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Cooper enters a panicked scene as Patrick and his engineers tear from monitor to monitor.

PATRICK

Can we see any lights on inside her?

A security camera image shows the stalled train sitting in the tunnel. No activity around or in it.

Lethbridge stands before that image, ordering:

LETHBRIDGE

Suspend all incoming and outgoing Chunnel traffic until further notice.

(to Patrick)

Any word from 12:03 -- ?

PATRICK

We're still trying to raise her.

LETHBRIDGE

How long has she been stopped?

PATRICK

About six minutes now. Automobile and passenger transit. Paris to St. Pancras.

LETHBRIDGE

Where is she stopped?

PATRICK

About 300 yards from the UK exit in Kent.

Cooper calls from the back of the room:

COOPER

Any other disturbances inside the tunnel?

Lethbridge and Patrick react to Cooper's presence. Then:

PATRICK

Nothing that we can see here. Everything else running normally. We're checking with Paris HQ...

Before Cooper can ask anything else, Lethbridge steps between him and Patrick.

LETHBRIDGE

Is there a reason for your continued presence here, Mr. Cooper?

COOPER

I missed my train.

Lethbridge turns to call security, but Patrick raises his voice to stop him:

PATRICK

It might be a good idea to keep every resource on hand, sir. At least until we know what we're dealing with here. Another set of eyes on the problem?

Cooper points to his own eyes and nods to Lethbridge.

COOPER

(to Patrick)

Safe to say you've never had anything like this happen before?

PATRICK

Never had a 200 mile-per-hour bullet train make a sudden stop inside the Chunnel? Safe to say.

Cooper looks to Lethbridge expectantly while asking Patrick:

COOPER

A stop sudden enough for injuries?

PATRICK

Very safe to say.

Lethbridge takes the hint, ordering:

LETHBRIDGE

Scramble a medical team to the UK exit.

Cooper barks over Lethbridge to Patrick:

COOPER

Passenger count on 12:03?

PATRICK  
We count 327 people.

LETHBRIDGE  
(ordering)  
Multiple medical teams.

TECHNICIAN  
We'll have to call in civilian medical  
resources to --

LETHBRIDGE  
Then do so -- discreetly.

TECHNICIAN  
Call emergency medical personnel --  
discreetly?

Patrick motions for silence as he's listening in on his  
headset:

PATRICK  
Paris Nord confirms no communication from  
12:03. No other signs of malfunction in  
the rail system or monitoring equipment --

That security camera image of the train flickers out.

LETHBRIDGE  
The security cameras --

PATRICK  
(checking)  
We're not getting an image...

While other cameras go down, a few still-operating lenses  
show stretches of the Chunnel going dark.

COOPER  
And, the lights are going out --

PATRICK  
Throughout the tunnel.

Cooper watches other security camera images as stretch after  
stretch of tunnel surrenders to darkness.

COOPER  
Already no ears. Now, our eyes...

LETHBRIDGE  
Impossible. Our security monitoring was  
designed by the finest experts Britain  
and France could --

Suddenly, the entire high-tech monitoring board goes black,  
plunging the room into semi-gloom.

COOPER  
(to Lethbridge)  
I'd start blaming France.

As the computers also go down...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL HQ - DAY

Sauer and two armed security guards guide Montgomery from the HQ with polite force.

MONTGOMERY  
You're making a mistake, Mr. Sauer.

SAUER  
Until we know the nature of the situation, all unnecessary personnel are asked to leave immedi --

MONTGOMERY  
'Immediately.' Let's consider that word.

They stop near the guarded exit:

MONTGOMERY  
'Immediately' after you throw us out, I will 'immediately' call my editors -- who will 'immediately' rush the 'Chunnel Disaster' story to the hungry eyes and ears of a worldwide audience.

SAUER  
There is no disaster --

MONTGOMERY  
And you will 'immediately' have every international news predator imaginable on your pitch -- reporting the dangers of high-speed rail travel to the world. You'll need a shark cage.  
(off Sauer's silence)  
Or, you could allow one harmless little girl and her toothless old cameraman to sneak a peek -- from a safe distance.

Burnsy gives Sauer a wink.

MONTGOMERY  
Until we know the 'nature of the situation.'

Sauer freezes -- then waves the guards away.

As Montgomery and Burnsy move back into the HQ, the cameraman clicks his teeth together at Sauer, shark-style.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

As chaos comes to a rolling boil, Cooper stays calm -- talking into his cellphone

He watches confused technicians stumble over each other in the half-dark of emergency lighting.

PATRICK

No -- leave the cameras for now.

TECHNICIAN

Restore communications -- ?

PATRICK

We need power in here first. I'll worry about the lights and cameras later...

Cooper hangs up his cellphone as he steps in alongside a seething Lethbridge. They push their personal animosity aside as they talk now. Professionalism in an emergency...

COOPER

Confirmed with Paris -- blind and deaf on their end, too.

LETHBRIDGE

Total failure? Security system?  
Monitoring system?

COOPER

And auxiliaries.  
(off Lethbridge's silence)  
You don't have contingency plans for -- ?

LETHBRIDGE

No. But, we are prepping a maintenance train now.

COOPER

'Maintenance?' I think you're going to need more than a janitor.

For a moment, the computers and monitors flare into life.

Lethbridge lifts with excitement, then deflates as the power dies again.

COOPER

We're wasting time here. Too safe. Too clean. Need to get dirty.

Off Lethbridge's look:

COOPER

Boots on the ground.

It takes only a moment for Lethbridge to consider that. Then he's in sudden, decisive motion.

EXT. CHANNEL RAIL HQ HELIPAD - DAY

Two passenger choppers bearing the Channel Rail logo warm up their blades.

Lethbridge leads a team of technicians and medics toward the first chopper.

Cooper joins a security team and more medics near the second. As they pass each other, Lethbridge spies Cooper checking his sidearm.

LETHBRIDGE

That will not be necessary. This is a mechanical failure. There is no sign of any criminal or terrorist --

COOPER

I'm working for you, Mr. Lethbridge. If you're absolutely sure it's a misplaced rivet -- if you don't want me armed...?

A moment's hesitation...But Lethbridge lets him keep the gun.

LETHBRIDGE

The service train is en route via the utility tunnel. It will meet us there.

COOPER

And Patrick?

LETHBRIDGE

Remaining here in engineering.

Lethbridge turns toward his helicopter -- to see Montgomery and Burnsy preparing to board. He turns his wrath on a nearby Sauer.

LETHBRIDGE

Get that woman off this pad.

A desperate Sauer pulls Lethbridge aside. Only Lethbridge barks loud enough for Cooper to hear:

LETHBRIDGE

What sort of threat? ... Then arrest them. ... PR disasters are your concern, Sauer -- I have a train to ... Then, take her mobile. No outside calls from her until we make an official statement.

Lethbridge and Cooper notice that Burnsy has his camera rolling -- focusing on Lethbridge.

A disgusted Lethbridge motions Montgomery and Burnsy aboard while Sauer slinks away.

Cooper watches Montgomery climb aboard...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - DAY

Late afternoon as the two helicopters cruise in low over a stretch of moor inhabited only by waving grass and endless stretches of high-speed rail track.

A 50-yard-wide concrete edifice rises up out of the plain -- encasing the three yawning tunnel openings. The entire area is sealed off by an elaborate high fence.

The choppers land. Cooper and Lethbridge are the first to hit the ground. Montgomery and Burnsy are close behind, scouting out the scene. Burnsy shoots everything.

Cooper and Lethbridge stop beside each other -- staring down the dark tunnel.

LETHBRIDGE

Patrick has all communications on-line.  
Monitors still down.

COOPER

Why?

LETHBRIDGE

We don't know.

COOPER

Still no word from 12:03?

LETHBRIDGE

(indicates "no")  
She should have arrived in London by now.

COOPER

So, we got worried relatives by now.

LETHBRIDGE

And, with the shut down -- furious  
passengers on both ends of the Chunnel.

Cooper stares down the bleak tunnel span before him.

COOPER

No lights. Why?

LETHBRIDGE

We --

COOPER

-- don't know.

While Lethbridge watches his engineers and security guards unload, Cooper keeps his eyes on Montgomery as she directs Burnsy's camera. When Lethbridge follows his gaze:

LETHBRIDGE

If we refused to allow her to follow us,  
she said she would --

COOPER

Blow a whistle from the Cliffs of Dover  
loud enough for the world to hear.  
Should've let her sit and spin, boss  
(off Lethbridge's look)  
Those worried relatives and pissed-off  
passengers will make sure the story is  
already out there.

Lethbridge motions to the center track:

LETHBRIDGE

When the service train and the additional  
medical personnel arrive, we'll use that  
as a mobile HQ...

Cooper is already hoisting equipment and marching toward the tunnel, leading the engineers, medics and security inside.

LETHBRIDGE

Cooper...Get back here at once.

COOPER

There could be people hurt.

LETHBRIDGE

We do this according to procedure...I am  
ordering you...

Cooper turns back to Lethbridge:

COOPER

Sorry. Mine is bigger.

Turning from a speechless Lethbridge, Cooper holds out a communication headset:

COOPER

Stay in touch...

Montgomery has Burnsy turn his camera to the tunnel entrance as Cooper and the other rescuers are slowly swallowed into the Chunnel maw...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Patrick is deep in repair efforts as Sauer approaches:

SAUER

We have calls coming in.

Patrick ignores him, lost in his urgent work.

SAUER  
From the families of 12:03  
passengers...From the press. What do I  
tell them?

PATRICK  
The truth.

SAUER  
We can't possibly --

PATRICK  
'We're having mechanical problems, and  
the train is delayed. Until 12:03 is  
back in operation, we're on hold.'

SAUER  
What about the passengers?

Patrick just turns back to his work.

INT. CHUNNEL - DAY

A warm sunset glow fills the tunnel entrance behind Cooper  
as he fixes a communication earpiece in place.

COOPER  
Are you reading me?

Cooper switches on his flashlight with the rest of the crew.

The tunnel is huge -- a perfectly round, cement cathedral  
that seems to run into infinity.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - DAY

With Montgomery watching from the background, Lethbridge  
raises a walkie-talkie to his mouth:

LETHBRIDGE  
I read you.

He watches the maintenance train approaching down the  
service track, heading for the Mobile HQ.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Patrick is on-line with his own headset.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

PATRICK  
On the air here. You two are going to  
have company.

LETHBRIDGE

More press?

PATRICK

We're being bombarded down here. Paris, too. Only a matter of time before the storm heads your way.

Patrick stares up at the stalled train on his board...

INT. CHUNNEL - DAY

Cooper motions the engineers, medics and guards forward shoulder to shoulder in spread-out groups.

COOPER

Then, let's fix the train, send everybody home, and ruin the big news day.

He pushes the headset out of his ear as he moves deeper into the tunnel, flashlights leading the way.

They are literally descending into the earth as the warm light of the tunnel mouth fades. Away from the tunnel opening, the claustrophobic darkness of the Chunnel is absolute and stifling.

COOPER

Hello? This is Channel Rail. Can anyone hear me?

A fading echo, then:

COOPER

Meghan?

Nothing. Cooper sweeps his beam over interior structures. He turns to the nearest ENGINEER:

COOPER

No sign of structural problems?

Off the engineer's "no," Cooper flips the headset in place:

COOPER

Engineer confirms -- no damage to the tunnel or the track so far.

PATRICK

You should be in sight of --

COOPER

The train...

Cooper's flashlight beam is just tickling the nose of the sleek bullet train's engine car.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - DAY

The sun sets lower as another service trainload of medics and engineers arrive. Lethbridge is busy overseeing the set-up of his mobile HQ.

Montgomery and Burnsby inch toward the tunnel mouth, but they won't be able to get past security.

MONTGOMERY

We've got to get in there.

Burnsby looks back at the gathering Channel Rain crew.

MONTGOMERY

It's only a matter of time before we lose the scoop.

Burnsby smiles...

INT. CHUNNEL/TRAIN - NIGHT

Cooper stands in front of the engine car, his flashlight playing through the control cabin's lifeless windows.

COOPER

This is Channel Rail. Any member of the crew please respond... Can any passengers hear me?

(to the medics)

Gotta be people hurt inside...

The engineer appears around the train's other side.

ENGINEER

We'll have to make a closer check, but no sign of damage to the forward cars.

Cooper motions to the security teams to take the lead.

COOPER

Get inside. I'll take point.

(to the medics)

You -- behind us.

Lethbridge is on the headset mike:

LETHBRIDGE

What is going on in there? Cooper...?

Cooper pulls the earpiece away, focused on leading the team into the train.

As he reaches out to the train's nearest hatch door...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Lethbridge wrestles with his radio in frustration:

LETHBRIDGE

Cooper...?

Burnsy is nearby with his camera -- nosing in on Lethbridge's business.

LETHBRIDGE

Cooper -- I want a report immediately...

Burnsy is right in his face. Lethbridge shoves him away.

LETHBRIDGE

(to nearby guards)

Security...

Every nearby guard comes to their boss's defense.

LETHBRIDGE

Get this man away from me...

His voice fades, realizing Montgomery isn't with him.

LETHBRIDGE

Where is the girl?

Off Burnsy's innocent shrug...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick and his technicians toil over circuit maps.

PATRICK

Wait -- there. Try that...

Patrick looks up to see one security camera image flicker in to flickering, static-choked life. Between flashes of digital snow, Patrick can just make out flashlight beams faintly illuminating the train.

PATRICK

(to the technicians)

Stabilize it...

But, the image stays broken -- teasing the eye with only glimpses of what's happening inside the tunnel.

Patrick speaks into his headset:

PATRICK

I think they're in 12:03 now, sir.

Patrick hesitates, straining his eyes as the moving light beams whip and flick through the train -- car to car...

LETHBRIDGE

What's going on inside?

COOPER  
(on radio)  
Nothing.

Off Patrick's reaction...

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Cooper stands inside the train's final passenger car -- lit only by his flashlight.

COOPER  
The train is empty.

LETHBRIDGE  
What do you mean -- ?

PATRICK  
It can't be --

COOPER  
The train is intact. No damage. No smoke...

Cooper dips his finger in a cup of coffee on a tray table.

COOPER  
Coffee's still warm.

His light turns to illuminate the entire passenger car.

COOPER  
But, the people are gone.

Cooper hears a disturbance outside the train -- guards calling to each other. He bounds out of the car, flying toward the nearest exit hatch...

INT. CHUNNEL/TRAIN - NIGHT

Cooper hops off the train and keeps moving until he stands shoulder to shoulder with the other security officers.

He silently gestures to the nearest guard -- trying to find out where the sound came from in the tunnel. The guard motions Cooper forward.

COOPER  
Channel Rail -- can you identify  
yourself? Are you hurt?

Nothing...Then, the scuffle of something falling...

COOPER  
(softer)  
Meghan...?

Cooper lifts his flashlight forward with his left hand -- his right creeping toward his sidearm. Just as his fingertips tickle the handle of his weapon...

The flashlight beams falls on a pair of very fashionable shoes topping off a pair of very feminine, but scuffed legs.

COOPER

Ms. Montgomery.

She scraped her knees and tore her nylons where she fell. Off Cooper's cold stare, she motions to the bullet train:

MONTGOMERY

I heard the afternoon chocolate service was top drawer.

Cooper waves the others away, helping Montgomery up.

COOPER

You're wasting your energy sneaking around in here. The story broke by now.

He starts walking away, fixing the earpiece back in place.

MONTGOMERY

What story would that be?  
(off his silence)  
How's the train?

COOPER

You're looking at it.

MONTGOMERY

Did you find anyone injured? Dead?

COOPER

Don't sound so hopeful.

Cooper reacts to Lethbridge and Patrick barking:

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

LETHBRIDGE

We have begun a search of the surrounding countryside.

PATRICK

Pretty barren out there. You'd have seen any passengers when you flew in there.

LETHBRIDGE

They might have made it to one of the Dover villages or --

COOPER

Or we could move into the 21st Century.  
Give a kid a laptop and five minutes, the  
punk will come back with a picture of  
your roof. We should check --

PATRICK

Check recent satellite imagery for any  
signs of survivors. We're on it.

Montgomery tugs at Cooper:

MONTGOMERY

Are you saying the passengers are  
missing?

He turns away from her.

PATRICK

Cooper -- can you send any of your people  
down the tunnel, Paris way?

COOPER

Why would they head in that direction --  
away from the UK end?

PATRICK

They could have become disoriented.

COOPER

(to himself)  
I sure as hell have.

Montgomery forces herself into his face again:

MONTGOMERY

All of them?

Cooper gently nudges her away. Into his headset:

COOPER

Boss -- you have to inform all civilian  
authorities.

Montgomery pulls out a notepad.

LETHBRIDGE

We have no idea what to tell them.

COOPER

This is no longer a question of mechanics  
or engineering -- or bad PR.

Montgomery takes notes, as if she can't believe her luck.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Lethbridge stands very still for a moment, his predicament sinking in as he withdraws the radio from his mouth.

COOPER  
(on the radio)  
Mr. Lethbridge?

Lethbridge turns to the rumble of cars, trucks and vans bouncing over the rough countryside.

They all bear the logos of various news agencies.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

With Montgomery watching, Cooper looks back to the train, then to the tunnel around him.

Into his radio:

COOPER  
Patrick?

PATRICK  
Still with you.

COOPER  
Who was in charge of 12:03?

PATRICK  
J.G. Stevens was chief on that one.

COOPER  
Good man?

PATRICK  
One of our best.

Cooper stares at the train, then to the tunnel around him.

COOPER  
If the train was in trouble -- if there was a cave-in somewhere or something -- where would he take the passengers?

PATRICK  
We're ahead of you there. Emergency service shelters -- arranged throughout the Chunnel. Staging areas for repairs.

COOPER  
How secure?

PATRICK  
Fire doors, ventilation, first aid and survival supplies.

COOPER

That's where they are. Are there cameras in there?

PATRICK

They're down, but we're working on it.

COOPER

We'll check it out on foot.

PATRICK

We'll get schematics to you.

Lethbridge breaks in urgently:

LETHBRIDGE

Mr. Cooper -- I need you out here.

COOPER

Train is inside the tunnel, boss.

LETHBRIDGE

But, a disaster is building outside. Is that a good enough reason for you to get out here?

Cooper turns to Montgomery -- then motions for the nearest security guard.

COOPER

Escort her out of the tunnel, please.

MONTGOMERY

No...

As the guard drags the struggling reporter away...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

That same guard exits the tunnel, pulling Montgomery along beside him in a gentle wrist lock.

MONTGOMERY

Get off me. I said...

She falls silent as they both take in the chaos around them. There is a growing throng of reporters trying to get to...

Lethbridge -- as he desperately rounds up the few security guards he has around the fence separating the train tracks from the countryside.

Behind the reporters, a crop of confused civilian on-lookers trickles in...Burnsy is shooting the entire lot.

Lethbridge is still on his radio to Cooper:

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

LETHBRIDGE

I need some of the security guards in the tunnel out here for crowd control -- until I can get more men in from London.

COOPER

The passengers have to be holed up in emergency areas deeper in the tunnel. Probably hurt -- or unconscious.

PATRICK

Could be due to a gas leak or -- ?

COOPER

Maybe. I need everyone I have in here to lead them out.

LETHBRIDGE

We may have more unwanted 'search parties' with camera and microphones in there if the press get by us.

Cooper considers that, then:

COOPER

Tell them the Ugly American cowboy inside is armed and will shoot anyone who steps foot in the Chunnel. They'll buy that.

A few of the nearby reporters heard that. They manage a group nod in sudden, nervous agreement.

LETHBRIDGE

Threatening the press at the point of a gun. Thank you so much for your help.

As Lethbridge and Montgomery turn to see more locals starting to flow down the hill toward the tunnel mouth.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A technician hands reports to Patrick as Sauer appears beside him:

SAUER

We're getting confirmation from --

PATRICK

(indicating the papers)  
From Paris, yes. Continental end closed.  
Search crews on their end --

SAUER

Nothing. No one on foot.

Patrick tosses the reports aside.

SAUER

Are you going to tell Cooper?

PATRICK

I don't imagine it'll be much of a surprise.

Patrick reacts as Cooper's voice pipes over the speakers...

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Cooper is rounding up team members, while motioning other smaller teams to get moving.

COOPER

Patrick -- I'm taking a small team to the nearest shelter...Sending others to check the safety areas farther down the tunnel.

PATRICK

Paris reports finding nothing a mile in -- including the shelters on their end.

COOPER

No worries. Be back on-line when I start bringing these people out to fresh air...

Cooper pushes the radio aside and heads forward -- motioning for the others to follow him down the tunnel.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

The news crews are up and running -- broadcasting the state of affairs around the world.

Montgomery and Burnsy are closest to the action near the tunnel mouth. The cameraman keeps his lens on the preparations and activity near the Chunnel.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Cooper marches deeper into the tunnel, away from the train.

COOPER

(into his radio)  
Patrick?

PATRICK

Right here.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

COOPER

I'm going to need that passenger list.

PATRICK

You mean besides Viscay?

Patrick stops.

COOPER  
Sir Albert -- ?

PATRICK  
Viscay, yes. Held a presser before 12:03  
got underway.

COOPER  
Jesus, I haven't heard of any outstanding  
threats against that old bastard.

PATRICK  
Could be coincidence. Lethbridge should  
have the rest of the manifest now.

COOPER  
More than that. I'll also need passport  
records. Credit card receipts. Any  
unusual shipping manifests...

PATRICK  
All that from 12:03?

COOPER  
From every train today.

PATRICK  
We'll do our best. What are -- ?

COOPER  
There must be a reason why they're still  
holed up in here -- why we haven't heard  
or seen them coming out of these  
dens...Stand by...

Cooper flips the earpiece aside as he approaches the large  
emergency hatchway to the first shelter. He doesn't hear  
the last message to him:

PATRICK  
Tyler -- the extra search crews are  
approaching the other shelters now...

Cooper stands before a large, heavy fire door with a big  
pull lever sealing the hatch. He motions his crew forward  
as he reaches out and grabs that handle and pulls the hatch  
release, swinging the heavy fire door open...

As he and his team turn their flashlight beams inside the  
shelter...Cooper's expression tells the story...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick collapses into his seat.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

LETHBRIDGE

Empty?

PATRICK

All of them. Cooper reported in first.  
My other teams moments later. The  
shelters have not been used.

LETHBRIDGE

Gentlemen...There were 327 men, women and  
children on 12:03.

Before Patrick can respond...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Lethbridge speaks urgently into his radio -- moving away  
from the crowds as his rage builds:

LETHBRIDGE

There are hundreds of reporters, friends  
and relatives out here waiting for them.

PATRICK

The Paris search parties are still  
searching for --

LETHBRIDGE

To hell with Paris. There are more than  
20 miles of blackness between 12:03 and  
the French coast.

Lethbridge looks back at the throng:

LETHBRIDGE

Am I to tell these people out here that  
we lost our passengers?

COOPER

We lost nothing. They were taken.

Lethbridge reacts to Cooper's voice with anger...

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Cooper stands alone in the empty shelter.

COOPER

If they're not here, somebody took them.  
We need to find out who, how and where.

LETHBRIDGE

And while you play in the dark, what am I  
expected to say to -- ?

COOPER

Tell them what you like.

A distant crash echoes from deep inside the tunnel. Cooper exits the shelter back out into the dark tunnel.

COOPER  
Patrick -- stand by...

Cooper runs deeper into the Chunnel, his flashlight leading the way. The security crew chase after him.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick calls urgently into his radio:

PATRICK  
Cooper -- what is it? Tyler?  
(to the nearest technician)  
He's deeper into the tunnel than any of  
our search crews...

Patrick looks up at the schematic of the Chunnel...

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Cooper is under full steam down the tunnel, ears sharp for any scuffle of movement. He slows to call out, but stops himself. He motions for the men behind to wait.

Cooper closes his eyes, focusing his senses and listening carefully.

Another rattle in the near distance. Every flashlight beam flips toward it. Nothing.

Something dragging. More lights. Still, nothing.

A strange groan from another direction. Lights. Nothing stillness.

Cooper pulls his weapon without hesitation, clutching it side-by-side with the flashlight.

A couple of Cooper's men are getting nervous and back pedal. They're losing it. Ready to run...Cooper sees them:

COOPER  
Pull it together.

Suddenly -- the light from Cooper's strong flashlight fades slightly -- its beam turning from white to orange to red.

The glass front of Cooper's flashlight is stained with streaking dots of blood. Holding out his hand, Cooper watches another droplet splash onto his palm.

Just as he looks up, a shape falls toward Cooper through the darkness -- from above...

It buries him for a moment, sending the gun skittering.

Stained with blood and tunnel grime -- it takes Cooper a second of wrestling with the thing...

The panicked men scramble -- uncertain what to do. Their wild flashlight beams pass over Cooper -- the beams creating a strange strobe light effect that makes Cooper's attacker seem all the more alien...

Cooper manages to get up. His 'attacker' is motionless.

It's a body. Cooper turns the thing to face him. It's a man -- late middle-age -- wearing the torn, blood-soaked tatters of a Channel Rail uniform -- one of 12:03's crew.

But, he's been cut to ribbons -- flesh sliced to the bone in many places -- laid open deeply with fresh lacerations.

Cooper turns to the guards. They're scared, sickened.

COOPER

Do any of you recognize him?

The engineer with Cooper's team looks sick:

ENGINEER

No. Looks like a porter's uniform.

Cooper sees flashlights approaching -- then a medical team emerging from the darkness...

ENGINEER

What could do that to him? Was he thrown from the train?

Cooper indicates "no," looking to the air ducts and buttressing overhead.

COOPER

Where did he come from?

Before the medical team can get to him, he motions them to slow down.

COOPER

He's dead. Careful, all of you -- we don't know what killed him.

Cooper gets out of the medics' way, looking back to the train. In his frustration...

COOPER

We don't know a goddamn thing.

(to himself)

I'm sorry, baby.

Cooper pushes through the guards to retrieve his gun. He stares down at the dead man, the anger building...

COOPER

I've had enough of this shit.

Cooper doesn't hesitate. He turns his light into the darkness -- exactly where the man emerged. Gun at the ready, he motions for the other men to join him:

COOPER

Let's move.

Before he can take more than a step into the tunnel...

Something activates the tunnel's fire prevention system. The tunnel's large sprinkler heads burst into life, sending powerful jets of water down over Cooper and the others.

The mix of darkness and deluge makes vision impossible -- driving Cooper backward...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

The gathered onlookers now number in the hundreds -- with the lights of more approaching on the horizon. The press corps still crowds against the fence holding them at bay.

The wet medical team emerges from the Chunnel mouth with the dead man covered on a stretcher.

Cooper exits out into the night air behind the medics.

Morbid curiosity floods over the crowd as they push and peer over each other for any sight of the stretcher.

The reporters turn every lens, digital flash and microphone toward the medical crew. Their combined questions merge into a chaotic, noisy muck.

Burnsy trains his camera on the man. Lethbridge is horrified as the stretcher party passes him. Barely containing his fury, he turns to Cooper.

COOPER

Why did you activate the fire system?

LETHBRIDGE

We didn't activate it.

Cooper watches the man's body as it's moved to an ambulance.

LETHBRIDGE

Your score reads one employee dead. Another injured -- and 327 Channel Rail passengers missing.

COOPER

(motioning to the Chunnel)  
There are still people in there. Who's going to dig them out? You?

LETHBRIDGE

No, Mr. Cooper. I know my limitations.  
It might be time for you to become more  
closely acquainted with yours.

Lethbridge turns and directs Cooper's attention to the  
distant sky...

LETHBRIDGE

I hear you had someone on the train.

COOPER

Have.

LETHBRIDGE

I'm sure she'd thank me for removing your  
incompetence --

Cooper belts him square across the jaw. Lethbridge goes  
down -- looking up at Cooper in shock and pain.

The engineers and staff near Lethbridge surround him --  
putting themselves between him and Cooper.

A set of bright lights descends out of the low-lying clouds -  
- accompanied by the repeating aerial thumping of heavy  
helicopter rotors.

LETHBRIDGE

I am handing this over to professionals.

A squadron of British Army transport helicopters descend  
onto the moors surrounding the Chunnel entrance. All  
cameras turn to the spectacle -- as everyone else ducks to  
avoid the rotor wind's twirling dust and debris.

The squad's commanding officer is off his chopper before it  
completely touches the ground.

GROUP CAPTAIN STEVEN REEVES (40s) is all-business. A force  
of nature. He marches through the crowd toward Lethbridge.

Reeves soldiers file out of copters with required precision.  
All high-tech troops. Cutting edge rifles and sidearms.  
Some with night-vision. All wired with compact  
communication head-sets.

Reeves's hand demands a shake from Lethbridge immediately:

REEVES

Group Captain Reeves. SAS. We'll be  
coordinating with MI-5.

Reeves turns to another younger officer -- FLIGHT LIEUTENANT  
IAN LAMONT.

The second in command is as self-possessed as his boss, but younger and more hyperactive -- the eager puppy who chases the pack leader.

REEVES  
Lieutenant LaMont --  
(off LaMont's salute)  
Secure a triage area for injuries. And,  
form ranks. Standard teams. Prepare for  
a reccie.

Reeves motions to Cooper without looking at him:

REEVES  
This is?

COOPER  
Tyler Cooper, Pelham Security --

REEVES  
A civilian?

LETHBRIDGE  
My former security advisor.

Reeves looks to Cooper -- who doesn't so much as flinch.

REEVES  
A foreign national?

COOPER  
Worse than that. An American.

Reeves's gaze falls to Cooper's sidearm.

REEVES  
And armed...

He motions for one of his SOLDIERS to take the weapon. Cooper instinctively snaps his hand to the holster -- taking a defensive posture...

Reeves's soldiers raise their assault rifles in unison -- bright laser sighting dots spreading over Cooper like Measles.

Eyes locked with Reeves, Cooper lets the nearest soldier take his pistol.

REEVES  
Escort this man from the premises. If he  
shows any resistance, arrest him.

As Cooper is led away:

LETHBRIDGE  
Mr. Cooper? Are yours 'bigger' now?

The soldiers push Cooper back into retreat. Behind them:

LETHBRIDGE

(to Reeves)

Thank you for arriving so quickly.

REEVES

We weren't responding to your call. We were already en route. Her Majesty's Government takes an active interest in the safety of Lord Viscay.

LETHBRIDGE

Do you think he -- ?

Reeves ignores Lethbridge, turning to his troops:

REEVES

Set up a wider perimeter. I want the press and any civilians 200 meters from the Chunnel mouth...

Lethbridge is no longer in authority here.

EXT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

Pushed along by the soldiers, Cooper catches Montgomery's eye as they pass each other...

MONTGOMERY

That's it? A punch in the mouth? A man like you -- I expected a... "Texas Death Grip" or something.

COOPER

I'm from Wisconsin.

There's a crowd disturbance nearby -- calling Cooper's soldier escort away. They give him a final hard push away from the action as they return to Reeves.

Cooper stands there for a moment, wanting to turn back. But, he forces himself to walk away. Montgomery chases after him:

MONTGOMERY

It's that easy to get rid of you? Those people are still missing.

Cooper turns on her, flaring with anger.

COOPER

You don't need to tell me that.

MONTGOMERY

We did some checking on you after the accident this morning. We know who you are -- what you do.

COOPER

Who I was and what I did...

MONTGOMERY

These high-tech CPAs might be good at playing choo-choos, but you're the only man at Channel Rail who knows how to handle an emergency -- how to save lives.

Cooper's eyes instinctively turn to the Chunnel mouth again.

MONTGOMERY

That's what you were trained for...

He stops and whirls on her again, barking right in her face:

COOPER

But I'm not trained in the care or combat of cover-your-ass bureaucrats. What's it to you? This guilt routine pep talk -- what's your angle?

MONTGOMERY

Maybe an exclusive interview?

He shakes his head in disgust and turns back around...

MONTGOMERY

Maybe in the WIN Network remote truck...?

He's still walking...

MONTGOMERY

Where you could keep an eye on everything happening here...?

He stops walking...

MONTGOMERY

Without anyone knowing you're still around...?

He turns to her with his first real smile in a while.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Group Captain Reeves is in total charge now. Lethbridge follows him around like an overeager puppy.

LETHBRIDGE

Does MI-5 consider this a terrorist -- ?

REEVES

We assume that any event on this scale is a terrorist act -- possible abduction.

LaMont approaches.

LAMONT

Reccie squads standing by.

REEVES

Very good, Lieutenant. Wait for it.

(to Lethbridge)

I requested your head engineer.

LETHBRIDGE

Patrick Gadai -- arriving now.

They both look to another Channel Rail service train as it arrives, slowing to a stop near the mobile command center.

Patrick disembarks from the service train -- escorted to Reeves under guard. He shoots Lethbridge a look before Reeves gets his teeth into him.

PATRICK

My place is back at HQ.

REEVES

I prefer resources close at hand.

(before Patrick can respond)

I need the engineering specs on all aspects of this train and this tunnel.

PATRICK

The train?

REEVES

Height, length, weight, cargo capacity, mechanical contents, schematics. ASAP.

PATRICK

(to Lethbridge)

Sir -- who am I working for here?

Lethbridge ignores him, nodding to Reeves.

LETHBRIDGE

Mr. Gadai will deliver that presently.

(to Patrick)

We prepared a workspace for you in the mobile command center...

The guards are back on Patrick quickly, escorting him forcefully back to the command center...

INT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

Montgomery leads Cooper inside. Technicians watch monitors and satellite feeds before a switcher board. She greets the techs with slaps on the back like one of the boys.

She motions for Cooper to take a seat in the back away from the action.

Cooper keeps his eyes on the monitors. Montgomery moves in alongside him -- also watching the monitors.

MONTGOMERY

You can't explain what happened.

COOPER

Not yet.

MONTGOMERY

How the passengers vanished.

COOPER

People don't vanish.

MONTGOMERY

These did.

Cooper turns to her, motioning around at all the broadcast equipment:

COOPER

So, what you gonna make this into now?  
Ghosts? Aliens? Zombies?

MONTGOMERY

If it sells. That's what's really  
getting to you. It's not just the  
missing people.

COOPER

Hell yes, it is.

MONTGOMERY

No. A man like you? Has an ego. Force  
of will. And you can't figure this out.  
That's killing you.

COOPER

I have one thing on my mind right now.

That leaves Montgomery vibrating with anticipation. She sits beside him, pressing him:

MONTGOMERY

How'd you get this job?

COOPER

Hired as a consultant -- after the  
murder/robbery last month...

Something in those words gives Cooper pause. Then:

COOPER

Have they ID'd the body in the tunnel?

MONTGOMERY

Not yet. We hear he was cut up like  
Sunday roast beef.

COOPER

Does the news business make everybody  
this bleak?

Montgomery motions around the room. All the men nod.

COOPER

He wasn't "roast beef." He was a  
scarecrow.

(off her look)

Where we found it. How we found it. It  
was a warning.

MONTGOMERY

From?

(off his silence)

How'd these people disappear, then?  
Magic?

COOPER

I hate magic.

MONTGOMERY

But our public thinks it's brilliant, so  
this is good for business.

Cooper ignores her, brooding at the screen.

MONTGOMERY

Are we sitting comfortably? Can I get  
you anything? Hot towel? Firearm?

COOPER

A passenger list...From 12:03.

She smiles.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Reeves watches while his men take control of the area. His  
eyes pass to the ever-growing press gathering -- and the  
civilian horde swelling behind it.

LaMont approaches -- paperwork in his hand:

LAMONT

Passenger manifest, sir.

As Reeves takes it:

REEVES

I want the press back 100 meters. And  
send out an order to clear the airspace  
over the Channel.

As LaMont heads off, Reeves turns his eyes back to the passenger list...

INT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

Cooper is looking at that same list with Montgomery peering over his shoulder.

MONTGOMERY

Safe to say that the Queen's Special Flying Squad out there wasn't sent in to save all 327 passengers..

She directs his attention to one highlighted spot on the passenger roster -- Sir Albert Viscay's name.

COOPER

I'm sure they're mounting up to go rescue Viscay as we speak. I'm looking for something else.

MONTGOMERY

What?

COOPER

No security problems on these trains for years. Then, last month a mugging and a murder -- and now this.

MONTGOMERY

That woman last month didn't disappear. She's very dead.

COOPER

What do you know about her?

Montgomery moves across the truck, pulling out a file:

MONTGOMERY

They sent me here to cover it. That's how I set up my press pass for today.

She produces a publicity photo of the victim -- MILLINA BRICE (when very much alive) -- in a suit. Gorgeous.

Cooper takes the photo, reacting to her look.

MONTGOMERY

I know. It's always more tragic when the beautiful people die.

She takes the photo back.

MONTGOMERY

Millina Brice. Minor executive at a Paris import/export house. A porter thought he saw her killer -- but his description was useless.

Holding the photo up like a centerfold:

MONTGOMERY

Besides those boobs and those blue eyes,  
nothing really special about her until  
she became a murder victim.

Off Cooper's reaction...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Lethbridge chases Reeves around as the officer watches his  
men drive the press away.

LETHBRIDGE

We weren't aware Viscay was on the train  
until just prior to departure.

Reeves nods as if it's tired old news to him. He's watching  
as his men are preparing their reconnaissance teams.

LETHBRIDGE

It was probably a publicity stunt.

REEVES

But, his politics make for serious  
trouble. MI-5 has reason to suspect that  
he could've been the target.

LETHBRIDGE

You do away with 326 others to get at  
just one?

REEVES

Swallowing a pill with a swig of water.

Before Lethbridge can reply, Reeves behaves as if he's  
forgotten Lethbridge is there.

REEVES

Squads -- form up. To me.

His soldiers form into their groups -- ready to move.  
Lethbridge moves back from the action.

REEVES

Abel Team on point. Staggered advance in  
five minutes...

While the soldiers mount up, more civilians flow down the  
hillsides toward the Chunnel -- pressing against the fence  
and straining the soldiers trying to hold them back....

INT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

Cooper keeps one eye on the screens and the other on the  
passenger report.

COOPER

Why the hell would a billionaire take public transportation?

MONTGOMERY

This is the Chunnel train we're talking about, not the 8 a.m. bus to Marble Arch.

COOPER

It's elegant, expensive public transport. A man like our lordship could afford to buy the Chunnel. He wouldn't share it with the great unwashed.

Montgomery swings to a monitor. She cued up footage of Viscay press event earlier. She plays it for Cooper.

MONTGOMERY

But -- he's a billionaire of the people. Made his money -- what money he didn't get from Daddy in the media.

Cooper watches Viscay perform for the cameras.

COOPER

Newspapers, radio?

MONTGOMERY

TV, movies. Then Internet. Even big money musicals in London and New York.  
(smiles)  
Maybe some unhappy West End magicians made him disappear.

COOPER

Now politics. Men like Viscay want your attention. When they can't earn it, they buy it. When they can't buy it, they run for office.

MONTGOMERY

And along the way...

Viscay's press conference tape concludes. Cooper hits a button -- freezing the frame on Viscay's smug face. He leans into the screen, as if talking right to Viscay.

COOPER

He makes a lot of enemies. More than I can imagine...

Cooper turns Viscay's image off -- before Montgomery switches the TV back to the live-feed. She falls silent as the monitor shows Reeves and his men taking their first march toward the Chunnel.

Cooper springs to his feet and heads outside...

EXT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

Cooper pulls in excited gulps of the cool night air -- wired up as if he is himself invading the Chunnel again. Montgomery stumbles out of the truck behind him:

MONTGOMERY  
They'll see you out here.

COOPER  
Doubt it. They're only worried about that tunnel. That's where I should be.

He evaluates their formation and activity:

COOPER  
Weapons, formations and tactics. All SOP. Four five-member teams in close formation...

He takes a second look:

COOPER  
No -- two more bringing up the rear. Odd way to form-up -- 22 total. Looks more like a recon mission than a rescue.

MONTGOMERY  
Might not be anyone to rescue --

She stops as Cooper turns on her like she spoke blasphemy.

MONTGOMERY  
Sorry. I'm rooting for you, really...

He turns away from her, watching as the soldiers disappear into the Chunnel...

Cooper agonizes for a brief moment. He can't take it anymore and moves skillfully and quickly back down the hill -- toward the action.

Montgomery is worried, but quickly warms to the excitement. She chases down after him with less grace...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Cooper approaches the action -- staying behind the press throng so none of the remaining soldiers catch sight of him. Montgomery comes up alongside him.

MONTGOMERY  
What do you think you can do here?

COOPER  
Don't know. But this is where I belong.

While trying to keep tabs on Cooper, Montgomery catches sight of Burnsy. His camera is still rolling...

MONTGOMERY

(to Burnsy)

You getting anything decent down here?

Burnsy offers a less than convincing nod.

MONTGOMERY

Chin up, Burnsy. The cowboy here is about to do something stupid.

Cooper hears that as all three of them find a spot along the security fencing where they can watch Reeves and his soldiers infiltrate the tunnel...

The moment the soldiers vanish into the darkness, a silence descends on the entire crowd -- all eyes on the Chunnel.

Cooper's well-trained eyes scan the scene, catching sight of Patrick, standing outside the mobile command center -- his work abandoned to witness the moment.

Lethbridge is near Patrick, his attention split between the Chunnel and the civilian crowd.

Lt. LaMont standing by the security fence and holding the fort with a few remaining soldiers until Reeves returns.

MONTGOMERY

You think they'll find anything in there?

Off Cooper's reaction...

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Reeves leads his men into the dark, each trooper throwing a cone of light from beams fastened to a rifle or helmet. They move in silence, communicating only with hand gestures.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Cooper whispers to Montgomery:

COOPER

Right now, Group Captain Reeves is pushing a gun and a flashlight through the dark -- thinking to himself, 'They didn't wander off on their own...'

MONTGOMERY

So, he thinks something took them.

Cooper considers that for just a second, then:

COOPER

But, he doesn't know why...We're all so wound up in how this happened, we're not asking why.

(to himself)

What do you get if 327 people just vanish...?

An unholy sound echoes from the Chunnel. A deep, creaking groan. As if the tunnel is sick, dying.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

The echo is louder in the Chunnel's depths. Reeves's men duck, some tucking hands to the ears under their helmets.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

The fading rumble stops everyone cold.

Cooper seems to recognize it.

COOPER

(to himself)

You gotta be shittin' me.

The soldiers outside all look to LaMont. The surrounding public and press take a few retreating steps.

Burnsy and Montgomery share a look. What the hell was that?

The roar repeats. The sound of structural failure -- pending collapse.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Another groan, louder and closer over Reeves.

REEVES

Stay sharp...

Once the groan fades, Reeves is left with an eerie silence...until he hears what sounds like a gentle rain.

Steering his helmet light roof-ward, he finds a trickle of cement dust falling -- growing in speed and volume...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Cooper breaks cover -- moving toward Lamont. Montgomery tries to stop him -- more out of fear for her own safety than to protect him.

MONTGOMERY

Tyler? Don't --

He looks back at her. He has no choice.

COOPER  
(to Montgomery)  
Stay clear.

Cooper watches as LaMont and his soldiers speak into their radios -- trying to raise the search party.

LAMONT  
Group Captain? Group Captain Reeves?  
What is your status?

The silence that follows is creepier than the roar.

LaMont catches sight of Cooper approaching. Before he can protest:

COOPER  
Get 'em out of there, Lieutenant.

The crowd pensive, inching en masse away from the fence...

COOPER  
Get them out of there.

LAMONT  
I can't raise them.

Cooper senses what's coming -- helpless to prevent it.

Then, a sudden and earth-shattering crash from the Chunnel sends everyone but Cooper and LaMont to the ground.

A stunned moment to recover before the Chunnel mouth belches dust and smoke...

Genuine fear infects the crowd.

LAMONT  
Too much interference on the channels.

COOPER  
You're being jammed?  
(off LaMont's nod)  
You want to wait for them out here?

LAMONT  
Like hell.

Over the crackle of radios choked with partial emergency calls from inside the tunnel -- Cooper, LaMont and the remaining soldiers charge for the tunnel mouth.

The soldiers are mere feet from the Chunnel. Cooper keeps up -- in on the scene, but not in their way.

Cooper instinctively reaches for his lost weapon. He calls out to LaMont.

COOPER

Hey...

He indicates his empty holster. LaMont refuses.

But another couple of crashes from inside the tunnel, and LaMont finally relents -- tossing Cooper's gun back to him.

Smoke billows from the cave -- flowing around LaMont, Cooper and the rest -- absorbing them like a fog bank...

As they head inside the disaster area...

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Chaos. Dust. Smoke. An impenetrable soup that LaMont and his men can't penetrate with their lights.

Coughing, LaMont and his men call out into the darkness for Reeves and the others. Only more static on their radios.

Once they stumble 30 or yards into the Chunnel, Cooper and the others find the debris -- stumbling over chunks of dusty concrete and rock.

There's still more dust falling from overhead, threatening more death from above...

Cooper sees something stirring in the filthy fog -- bringing his weapon to bare. LaMont does the same as...

Reeves's disoriented soldiers stumble out of the Chunnel -- emerging through the smoke...

COOPER

Hold your fire.

The emerging men are coughing, blinded, wounded, bleeding.

LAMONT

(shouting)

Group Captain Reeves?

Seeing no sign of his commanding officer, LaMont grabs the first shaken soldier he can.

LAMONT

Medic...

There's rock impaled in the soldier's arm.

LAMONT

(to the soldier)

Report.

Choked, stunned and confused, the soldier only offers a shake of his head as he stumbles away with a medic.

Cooper shines a light toward the roof. He can't make out anything beyond falling dust and the sound of creaking.

COOPER

We need to move, Lieutenant...

As more soldiers emerge, more of them have similar injuries. Arms, legs, shoulders -- with shards of stone impaled or bones broken by impacts.

Reeves finally emerges into view. Cooper is the first to get to Reeves. He's wounded in the arm -- and he hit the ground a few times on his way out of the tunnel.

COOPER

Group Captain -- here...

Reeves doesn't realize that it's Cooper supporting him.

They all turn and move as quickly as they can for open air -- but not before...

More of the roof starts to give way. Cooper leads a mad, stumbling charge out of the Chunnel -- bowling ball-size chunks of concrete falling around them.

Dodging and taking cover, Cooper leads everyone to the Chunnel mouth.

But, before he himself exits, Cooper casts a light behind him and down the bullet train's tracks. They are untouched.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

LaMont emerges with Reeves and the others in tow.

Montgomery agonizes for a moment -- until she sees Cooper break into the open -- moving to Reeves.

COOPER

Did you see anything?  
(off Reeves's "no")  
How many wounded?

REEVES

Don't know...Need a head count...

Cooper starts counting the nearby combat helmets.

COOPER

I count 22...

Reeves shakes his head, coughing. He forgets the wound in his arm quickly.

COOPER

(calling to LaMont)  
Lieutenant -- your CO wants a --

LAMONT

Head count.  
(to the soldiers)  
Fall in for roll call. Officer on  
parade...

Even with medics attending them, the men gather.

While LaMont rounding up the troops, Reeves realizes who's helping him. Pulling away violently:

REEVES

You? I ordered you....

LAMONT

(calling)  
He volunteered to assist, sir.

Cooper catches sight of something on the ground -- a piece of dusty debris that made it out with one of the soldiers.

He picks it up, examining it until...Lethbridge charges toward Cooper:

LETHBRIDGE

Group Captain -- I demand, once and for all, that this man --

REEVES

You 'demand?'

LETHBRIDGE

This man is an incompetent menace -- a threat to any potential rescue effort.

REEVES

I wouldn't presume that there will be a rescue effort.

(to LaMont)

I want reinforcements. Engineers. Excavating equipment. Body armor. Night-vision and infra-red.

COOPER

Not necessary. None of that debris hit anything important -- except you. Not the train. Not the train. Not the track. Just you.

Cooper holds up the debris he found.

COOPER

I've been around plenty of blown-up debris, folks. This is too light to be reinforced concrete. It's not --

REEVES

That'll be all, Mr. Cooper.

Reeves looks back to Cooper, one soldier beholding another.

REEVES

You may leave with this officer's compliments.

COOPER

Are you getting any of this? Hell of a time for a collapse -- with you guys just heading inside. That was an attack.

Reeves and Cooper share a momentary look -- shared understanding between soldiers. Reeves doesn't know exactly what just happened in the Chunnel. Who hit them? Why? But, Reeves doesn't dare say so -- not in front of his men.

Cooper nods his understanding before Reeves's tone hardens into a warning, finishing with:

REEVES

Mr. Cooper will abandon the premises --

COOPER

Drove you off. They're delaying you.

REEVES

Mr. Cooper. Go.

He motions his men back:

REEVES

...With your dignity intact. Good evening, sir.

Cooper takes the hint and heads off toward the even larger civilian crowd as it resettles closer to the Chunnel. His eyes pass to LaMont as he finishes roll call:

LAMONT

No casualties. All 20 present and accounted for, sir...

That stops Cooper in his tracks. He turns back to stare at the whispers of smoke still lingering in the Chunnel mouth.

COOPER

(to himself)

No...Twenty-two...

He turns his eyes to Montgomery as she does on-the-spot interviews with frightened bystanders (an emotional woman -- a RELATIVE of a missing passenger). Burnsy takes care of the pictures.

MONTGOMERY

(to the woman)

Have you had any word from Channel Rail since your husband went missing?

RELATIVE

No...I had to find out on the news.

Before Montgomery can ask a follow-up question, emotions ramp up into tears.

RELATIVE

It's my husband. The father of my children. He got on their train, and he never got off. We want to know why...

She's crying as she motions back into the crowd:

RELATIVE

We're all here. I've met them -- talked to them. Wives, brothers, daughters, friends. We can't wait anymore.

As the woman breaks down, Burnsy zooms in on her...

Until Cooper forcibly pushes the camera away.

COOPER

That's enough. You got your precious 'talking head.'

MONTGOMERY

If emotions get out of control out here, these folks might mount their own 'recovery mission' in there...

COOPER

And you'll shoot every second of it?

MONTGOMERY

Yes.

COOPER

No.

MONTGOMERY

Already happening. We just watched a squad of Britain's finest get knocked for six by rocks.

Cooper holds up the piece of debris he collected.

COOPER

Rocks just light enough -- just big enough to throw.

MONTGOMERY

Weapons?

COOPER

A staged cave-in. A stunt. Dust. Smoke. Dump some rocks. Shock and awe.  
(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)

Those troops were jumped in the dark by  
pros and hit with these for effect.

He hands the rock shard to her.

COOPER

Souvenir. For your 'story.'

(off her look)

You mentioned magicians? This is a  
trick. A carefully planned, engineered  
trick. I don't like being separated from  
a good woman by a smartass.

Cooper drags Burnsy away.

COOPER

I need this camera...C'mon.

Cooper leads Burnsy and Montgomery up the hillside -- back  
to the WIN remote truck.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Lethbridge and Patrick watch as a medic field dresses  
Reeves's wounded arm.

LETHBRIDGE

Did you see what -- ?

REEVES

We didn't have a clear line of sight.

LETHBRIDGE

Cooper was right. There's no way the  
roof of the Chunnel could fall in this  
manner. Unless someone...

Reeves doesn't take up the argument, wincing only slightly  
as the medic cinches up his bandage. The Group Captain is  
immediately on his feet.

LETHBRIDGE

You're providing fewer answers than  
Cooper.

REEVES

I'm not here to provide you anything.  
I'm needed outside to plan the  
counteroffensive.

One look shuts up Lethbridge, and Reeves exits -- leaving  
Lethbridge with Patrick.

LETHBRIDGE

Patrick...Have we restored surveillance  
cameras in the Chunnel?

PATRICK

Not reliably, sir -- no.

LETHBRIDGE

Can you explain why not?

PATRICK

No.

LETHBRIDGE

That is a word with which I have grown increasingly weary.

Lethbridge storms out of the HQ -- leaving Patrick alone with his work.

INT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

Montgomery watches as Cooper helps Burnsy unload several marked HD tapes. Cooper motions to Burnsy's camera.

COOPER

Can you hook this up to a monitor?

Burnsy ignores the questions and simply does exactly that.

MONTGOMERY

Burnsy has only been shooting the Chunnel opening since we arrived. Nothing here you didn't already see --

COOPER

No -- there is something here that I couldn't see.

(off her look)

Your OCD cameraman here shot everything and everyone going in and out of that tunnel since we set up shop down here.

MONTGOMERY

Nothing else to do.

COOPER

There was plenty else to do -- and that's what they were counting on.

MONTGOMERY

They?

Before Montgomery can respond, Cooper drags her outside for a moment, leaving Burnsy to hook up his equipment...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

The soldiers aggressively drive off the crowds and round up the press. Emotional protests from the family. Righteous protests from the press.

It erupts into pushing and shoving. But, the soldiers have the guns. And, they get their way.

EXT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

Cooper gently positions Montgomery outside the truck -- facing the Chunnel chaos below them.

COOPER

I asked you earlier -- what do you get?

Montgomery doesn't get it.

COOPER

Make that train die in the tunnel -- make all of those people just disappear -- make it look like a collapse hit the soldiers -- scare the hell out of the crowd...What do you get?

Cooper gestures to the activity before them:

COOPER

You get us. You get this. Engineers, soldiers, medics --

MONTGOMERY

Reporters --

COOPER

Scared friends and relatives. Rushing and stumbling over each other in one enormous clusterfu --

MONTGOMERY

And, the press coverage?

COOPER

Just makes it worse. Encourages the locals to visit in droves -- and any morbid passers-by can join them.

MONTGOMERY

That's 'what.' I need 'who' and 'why.'

COOPER

I'm working on 'who.' 'Why?' Where are we right now?

(off her look)

Where are we? Where are the engineers, soldiers, medics...?

Montgomery looks around at the scene, getting it:

MONTGOMERY

We're outside the Chunnel.

COOPER

When what we want is inside.

As Cooper heads back into the truck...

INT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

Burnsy hits a switch and the wired-up monitor flashes into life. Cooper sits down next to Burnsy and Montgomery.

The screen shows the early interview scenes shot back at Channel Rail HQ with Sauer, the media rep.

Cooper motions for Burnsy to fast-forward. Jittery images flicker by until Burnsy stops on Cooper's own brooding face. Montgomery is interviewing him just after his firing:

MONTGOMERY

*Would you care to comment on that?*

COOPER

*Not unless you're hiring...*

As Burnsy fast-forwards again...

MONTGOMERY

We didn't get your good side.

Burnsy stops on the first frames shot as Cooper and Lethbridge arrive near the Chunnel the previous afternoon.

COOPER

There -- good. Now, I need to see what you shot as I led the first team into the Chunnel...

Burnsy finds the footage -- Cooper leading his mixed crew of engineers, guards and medics from the warm sun of magic hour into the light-sucking black of the Chunnel.

But, Cooper is only interested in counting the number of men with him on-screen...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Reeves and his men swing into full combat mode. What was a reconnaissance and rescue effort now starts to look like a full-scale combat mission.

Heavier weapons. More ammo. Full body armor and night vision kits for every man in the company. Reeves is on his radio -- a pensive Lethbridge behind him:

REEVES

(into radio)

I can't wait for MI-5 approval.

Off a static-choked response in his ear:

REEVES  
This is no longer a rescue  
situation...Assault and recovery.

Another staccato reply:

REEVES  
Holding for reenforcements until 22:00.

Reeves turns to LaMont in the near distance:

REEVES  
Lieutenant, we go in exactly 25 minutes.

He turns to motion to the still milling crowd back behind  
the fences:

REEVES  
You have precisely that long to get each  
and every one of the people out of here.  
This is now a combat zone...

LaMont nods a salute and urges a few nearby soldiers to  
follow him toward the crowd...

INT. WIN NETWORK REMOTE TRUCK - NIGHT

While Burnsy fast-forwards further, Cooper turns to a  
confused Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY  
You took nine men in with you --

COOPER  
Over the course of the next hour or so --

MONTGOMERY  
Thirteen men exited.

COOPER  
A few anonymous faces. In shifts. More  
coming out than going in each time. Some  
moving equipment and who the hell knows  
what else in and out.

Montgomery sits near Cooper. She can't explain this away  
with a smartass remark, and that unsettles her.

Burnsy motions that he's ready. Cooper and Montgomery turn  
back to the screens...

COOPER  
To pull off something like this, you'd  
need a crew. Military-trained. Tough  
guys. A decent sized team -- to  
infiltrate the train. To stop it.

MONTGOMERY

To kidnap the passengers?  
(off Cooper's nod)  
And take them to where?

COOPER

'Pay no attention to the man behind the  
curtain.'

Burnsy's monitor shows a small squad of Channel Rail  
Security guards exiting the Chunnel -- distanced from each  
other and not taking great notice of each other.

MONTGOMERY

What are you looking for...?

COOPER

Freeze it.

Cooper looks to Burnsy -- then points with one hand to one  
part of the screen, and with the other hand to another part.  
Burnsy smiles...

MONTGOMERY

C'mon...What?

COOPER

Look at 'em. See? Big, fit. Haircuts.

MONTGOMERY

'Butch.' 'Cheeky.' You've been in  
England too long.

COOPER

They did their homework.

Cooper is pointing to two guards. They're wearing the same  
uniformed overalls, right down to their boots.

COOPER

But, they got the earpieces wrong.

Their ear pieces are different colors.

MONTGOMERY

That's what you got? All that tactical  
training, and you come up with earpieces.

COOPER

They're nice -- new. Bought in bulk for  
Channel Rail staffers. But, our extra  
head count guys here...Wrong design.  
Wrong color.

Cooper pushes back from Montgomery and Cooper, smiling.

COOPER

Capture the train. You don't want to make a hostage stand-off. Plan ahead. Pack the right uniforms. Wait for a crowd of rescuers to pass. Walk right out, dressed to match, and disappear.

MONTGOMERY

And, maybe take something with you. Smuggling something off the train.

COOPER

Or carrying something into the Chunnel.

MONTGOMERY

On the same day one of the richest and craziest men in the world is onboard, ripe for the picking.

(off Cooper's nod)

So, why are you so goddamned happy with yourself?

COOPER

Because, for the first time, I got a real feeling she's in there -- alive and well.

Cooper stands, motioning for Burnsy to follow him.

COOPER

And, I think I know where she -- where all of them are.

(to Burnsy)

You're with me.

As they leave, Montgomery stays behind.

EXT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

The soldiers are preparing for their second raid nearby and mopping up any stragglers civilians in the area.

They're too busy to keep an eye on the mobile HQ train as Montgomery manages to sneak around to the door. She knocks gently. Patrick throws open the door.

PATRICK

You already have all the specs I can --

He finds Montgomery waiting.

MONTGOMERY

Trying to be stealthy. Best if you don't shout...Kimberly Montgomery -- World Information Network.

PATRICK

Christ -- I thought they were throwing you shites out of here.

MONTGOMERY

Nice to meet you as well.

PATRICK

Get out of here before I call the soldiers --

MONTGOMERY

I've been chasing around here with Tyler Cooper.

PATRICK

I thought they ran him off, too.

MONTGOMERY

No, he's around here somewhere. And, I wanted to ask you about his theory --

PATRICK

Theory?

She motions to the Chunnel:

MONTGOMERY

He says he knows what's going on in there.

(off his hesitation)

Can I come inside?

Patrick considers that for a second -- then takes Montgomery gently by the arm. Keeping an eye out to make sure no one sees, he pulls Montgomery around the back of the train car.

PATRICK

Where's Tyler now?

MONTGOMERY

I don't know.

PATRICK

What does he think is happening?

MONTGOMERY

He thinks the people are still inside.

PATRICK

How -- ?

MONTGOMERY

And, he thinks it's an inside job.

PATRICK

To do what?

MONTGOMERY

To get something on or off the train.

Patrick considers that.

PATRICK  
Why tell me?

MONTGOMERY  
I'm still a reporter, and there's still a story here.

PATRICK  
You want an interview? Now?

Off her nod:

PATRICK  
You can leave quietly by choice, or I can have you put under military arrest.

MONTGOMERY  
Is that a 'no?'

Patrick pushes past her and heads back inside.

As he leaves, Montgomery watches with disgust as soldiers force the WIN News Truck to leave the scene.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Patrick enters to find...

Cooper and Burnsy waiting inside. Burnsy works at the mobile control center. Burnsy's camera is sitting dormant on a central conference table.

PATRICK  
Cooper?

He turns to Patrick and smiles:

COOPER  
Patrick. We're not quite ready in here. I was hoping she'd keep you busy for a few more minutes.

PATRICK  
You're not supposed to be in here.

Cooper sizes Patrick up for a moment, then:

COOPER  
I hate magic.

That threw him. A moment to get his bearings, and:

PATRICK  
I'm sorry?

COOPER  
Magicians. Illusionists. All that crap. Hate it.

Patrick's eyes turn to Burnsy.

PATRICK  
What's he doing with my -- ?

COOPER  
Illusionists rely on the audience's  
belief that a magician must be clever --  
at least smarter than the audience.

Patrick is more concerned with Burnsy.

COOPER  
When the guy levitates his lovely  
assistant, it has to be magic, right? It  
can't be wires or a platform we can't  
see. That's stupidly simple...But it is  
that simple, isn't it -- Patrick?

Cooper kicks back from the control panel as...

Burnsy hits a switch -- putting the security cameras back on-  
line.

Cooper watches Patrick's reactions closely.

COOPER  
Clever son of a bitch -- Burnsy here.  
Good cameraman...

Off Burnsy's nodded "thanks"...

COOPER  
And, an experienced technical director --  
a solid board op.

Burnsy calls up the security camera image of the emergency  
shelter Cooper investigated in the Chunnel earlier.

COOPER  
(to Patrick)  
That's the shelter section I checked out  
myself, isn't it?

Off Patrick's uncooperative silence, Cooper flashes a  
moment's anger:

COOPER  
Isn't it?  
(off his nod)  
And, your staff checked out the other  
shelters, didn't they? That's what you  
told me.  
(deliberate)  
What you told me because you knew I'd  
believe you, buddy. I'd believe you and  
not go checking each shelter on my own.

Off a nod from Cooper, Burnsy switches the camera feed to...

Other security shelters. Six of them. Each filled with weary, frightened passengers.

They're sitting on the floor, huddled together in the red emergency lighting.

Two armed guards watch over each of the six shelters.

COOPER

Hell of a magician, Patrick...

Cooper pulls his sidearm -- motioning for Patrick to remain quiet and to step away from the door.

Cooper stays very calm:

COOPER

Patrick -- which one of those shelters holds Meghan?

Burnsy stands, getting behind Cooper and his gun.

PATRICK

Goddamnit -- why couldn't you just head to London and wait it out? You're going to make a mess --

COOPER

I've heard that word once too often today.

(angry)

Which shelter?

Cooper's yell physically moves Patrick back a step.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Alone without her news crew now, Montgomery watches as soldiers prepare for their second raid nearby and mop up any stragglng civilians in the area.

Looking back to the Mobile HQ, she's getting worried.

She looks over to the makeshift WIN broadcast stand the network set-up nearby. Now abandoned, the mike stand and backdrop are still there.

She heads for the set quickly and quietly.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Patrick eyes Cooper and his gun, as if wondering if Cooper would really shoot him.

PATRICK

Meghan won't be harmed.

COOPER

Does she -- do they know that? All of them? As they sit there -- terrified, agonizing if they'll ever see their loved ones again? You getting paid enough to put them all through hell?

PATRICK

I will be when this is over, yes. Why haven't you just reported this to Lethbridge or Reeves?

COOPER

You got me discredited. Divide and conquer. Sound combat tactics.

PATRICK

We tried to get rid of you.

COOPER

The accident this morning?

PATRICK

(nodded)

When he told us we had to move it all forward. Had to find a quicker way to get rid of your threat.

COOPER

'He?'

(off Patrick's silence)

And, who or what's so important on that train that it needs smuggling out -- through this dog and pony show? Viscay? Is he the target?

PATRICK

He's not the target...

Before Patrick can finish, Group Captain Reeves enters.

His soldier's instincts take in the scene in a blink -- realizing Cooper has a gun on Patrick.

REEVES

What in God's name -- ?

Reeves pulls his own sidearm. An immediate Mexican stand-off with Cooper.

REEVES

Stand down, Mr. Cooper.

COOPER

Need to hear me out first.

REEVES

Stand down.

PATRICK  
He was going to kill me.

REEVES  
Stand down.

PATRICK  
He's in on it. All of it...

COOPER  
They're alive in there...

Reeves hesitates for just a moment.

COOPER  
Look at the goddamn screens.

Reeves does so -- seeing the surviving passengers...

Patrick seizes the moment and throws himself at Cooper, going for his gun. Cooper is caught off-guard only momentarily and his gun drops, skittering near the door.

Burnsy grabs his camera and hits the deck.

Patrick is no match for Cooper, and the ex-soldier soon has Patrick off of him. But, Reeves is on him a second later -- his gun to Cooper's head.

REEVES  
Let him go...

Cooper does so. Patrick backs away toward the security monitor screens.

COOPER  
You can see them...

REEVES  
Yes -- and you'll have a chance to explain all this. But, right now --

Sauer enters. The Channel Rail media rep is immediately startled -- his head whipping from Cooper and Reeves, the gun, Patrick and those monitor screens.

SAUER  
Patrick...?

REEVES  
Under control, Mr. Sauer.

Reeves nods toward the floor:

REEVES  
One of you -- pick up the gun.

Sauer and Patrick look to each other.

REEVES

And, inform Mr. Lethbridge...

Sauer picks up the gun...And, he immediately shoots Group Captain Reeves in the head.

Sauer's demeanor immediately changes -- calming and cooling.

SAUER

Mr. Cooper -- on your feet, please...

Cooper obeys, his gaze passing to Patrick as he picks up Reeves's gun.

PATRICK

(to Sauer)

There's another one -- on the floor.

Sauer keeps the gun steady as Burnsy stands, placing his camera back on the table and backing up -- hands in the air.

COOPER

They'd have heard that shot outside.

SAUER

With all the fuss out there? I doubt it.

COOPER

(to Sauer)

How much they paying you? I just want to see if Patrick here got a bum deal.

SAUER

I was placed in Channel Rail some time ago. He knows the media -- knew he'd need to manage press to make this work.

PATRICK

(to Sauer)

Will you kill them?

SAUER

Them?

Sauer looks to Burnsy.

SAUER

No.

He shoots Burnsy in the chest. He falls on his beloved camera -- then to the floor. Cooper moves to help him, but it's too late. The wound is lethal.

But, just before Burnsy dies, he gives Cooper a smile and a final, conspiratorial wink. Then, he's gone.

Sauer closes in on Cooper.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Montgomery's impatience takes hold as she looks over to the makeshift WIN broadcast stand the network set-up nearby. Now abandoned, the mike stand and backdrop are still there.

She heads for the set quickly and quietly.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Cooper stands again, his body tight with anger. He whispers with rich anticipation:

COOPER

I haven't killed anyone in a couple years. But, oh, am I gonna kill you.

SAUER

You I keep alive. A clumsy, overeager outsider who shot a British officer and a cameraman with his personal weapon.

COOPER

With your fingerprints.

SAUER

By the time the dust settles here, Patrick and I will be far away -- earning 20% like nice fat Capitalists.

Cooper is piecing it together right in front of Sauer:

COOPER

A lot of money flying around here...Viscay's banking this, isn't he? He needed something smuggled off that train? Away from customs?

Sauer doesn't answer. He turns to Patrick.

COOPER

Something smuggled on? Someone?

Sauer is Euro smug as he pulls something out of his pocket -- a key chain with a small black device -- a little larger than a postage stamp -- with a USB connector on one end.

SAUER

He's searching. Looking for something exactly like this.

COOPER

A flash drive?

SAUER

Somewhere in that tunnel. Once owned by one Millina Brice -- the late confidant of his lordship.

COOPER

What's on it?

SAUER

I don't know its contents. I don't think  
Viscay knows for certain. Brice knew.

INSERT.

INT. BULLET TRAIN - NIGHT

It's a late night run for the bullet train.

Brice moves with desperate speed down the cars -- flash  
drive in hand.

SAUER (V.O)

And she was running away with it --  
looking for the highest bidder --

Two of Viscay's men close on her from behind.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Cooper focuses on the drive in Sauer's hand.

COOPER

When Viscay's men found her with it.  
What could be on it scares his Lordship.

SAUER

And he doesn't scare easily.

COOPER

She worked for an import/export house  
connected to Viscay's businesses. I  
suppose we can use our imagination.

SAUER

Something on the drive would ruin Lord  
Viscay's whole day. He can't afford to  
leave it lost -- or hope it's destroyed.

COOPER

So he needs a little solitude in there?

SAUER

Long enough to find it. He wants it  
intact so he can know for sure what she  
had on him. What others might know to  
ruin his campaign.

Cooper adjusts his stance slightly -- forcing Sauer to bring  
the gun a little higher -- a little closer.

COOPER

So he's not the same genius he markets?

(off Sauer's look)

(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)

Not smart enough to stay away from women.  
Not smart enough to stay away from the  
scene of one hell of a crime.

INSERT.

INT. BULLET TRAIN - NIGHT

Viscay's men catch Brice on the train in a restroom alcove.  
While they rough her up, she keeps the flash drive still  
sealed in her fist.

SAUER (V.O)

Viscay stayed away from the first attempt  
to get the drive,

A vicious blow smashes Brice's skull through a pane of  
safety glass, opening the cabin to a whoosh of outside air.

SAUER (V.O)

And his men made a mess of it.

As one of Viscay's thugs raises a knife to kill Brice, she  
tosses the flash drive from the train...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Cooper nods, realizing how Brice met her fate.

COOPER

I think Brice's family might call it more  
than 'a mess.'

SAUER

We ended up with a dead woman and no  
data. They even left a witness.

Cooper thinks:

COOPER

The dead porter you sliced to pieces.

SAUER

(smiling)  
Now, "if you want something done  
right..." yes? So Viscay is on hand for  
the show this time.

COOPER

The big production.

SAUER

All the theatrics -- the mystery train,  
the savaged victim, the cave-in -- all  
Viscay's idea -- from his producer days  
on Broadway.

COOPER

Won't hold LaMont off forever.

SAUER

They just need to waste time wondering what's really happening.

Cooper steps off -- as if backing down.

COOPER

Why tell me all this?

SAUER

We want you to know. We want you to run out that door and scream it to crowd. All part of the show.

Motioning to the flash drive:

COOPER

How do you find something so small? There's an army at your door that you embarrassed. They won't wait forever.

Looking to Sauer's version of the drive:

SAUER

Lord Viscay's security safely irradiates all data equipment slightly -- so they can be easily traced. But's it's taking longer than expected.

COOPER

Because the Chunnel is several miles of steel and reenforced concrete built underground. The world's biggest radiation shelter.

SAUER

But, they're close --

Suddenly, something comes crashing through the HQ's window -- sending a spray of safety glass across the train car.

Cooper uses the distraction...

He throws all of his weight down hard on the conference table's nearest edge...

Before Sauer can fire, the opposite end of the table teeter-totters up and stuns him -- knocking him to the floor.

Patrick loses his nerve and flees the train car -- roughly passing Montgomery as she enters...

Cooper is holding what crashed through the window -- the WIN microphone stand.

MONTGOMERY

Best day's work that thing's ever done.

Cooper doesn't respond.

MONTGOMERY

What do we do now?

His silence gets her attention.

MONTGOMERY

What is it?

She steps forward and sees Reeves's dead body.

MONTGOMERY

Oh, God...

For a moment, her reaction is just a reporter's morbid curiosity -- until...

Montgomery sees Burnsy. She goes absolutely still. Then, a slow change comes over her. For the first time, she is no longer the ambitious TV reporter. She's just a woman who lost a friend.

MONTGOMERY

Burnsy...

COOPER

I'm sorry...Kimberly.

She stares down at Burnsy, reaching out to him.

Cooper turns her gently back to him.

COOPER

I need to get back inside the tunnel.

MONTGOMERY

Who...?

Cooper motions over to Sauer's motionless body.

COOPER

Patrick's part of it, too.  
(pulling her closer)

Kimberly -- she's alive in there...

Montgomery's eyes look past Cooper, hate filling them as...

Sauer stands, spotting a gun between him and Cooper.

They both move for it -- Sauer getting their first and driving Cooper back. As Sauer takes hold of the gun and rises to fire...

Montgomery takes a massive swing with Burnsy's camera -- smashing Sauer's head.

Sauer gets off one wild shot before falling -- dead.

Cooper bends down over Sauer, checking him...

COOPER  
I stand corrected.

As Cooper picks something off the floor from near Sauer's body, Montgomery stands over the corpse.

COOPER  
That's the best day's work that camera's done in a while, too.

MONTGOMERY  
No, it's not.

She takes the battered camera and manages to eject the HD tape from the deck. She holds it up:

MONTGOMERY  
Burnsy had the camera on...Everything that happened here since you guys snuck in here is on this tape.

Cooper looks to Burnsy's body, returning the wink...

INT. CHUNNEL/EMERGENCY SHELTER - NIGHT

Two of Viscay's armed men keep a watch on one batch of the passengers.

Meghan is OK -- sitting near the train's older chief, STEVENS. The woman's head is down, as if in despair.

STEVENS  
Chin up, love. No need to give --

MEGHAN  
I don't give up. I'm thinking.  
(off his look)  
He's coming.

STEVENS  
He?

MEGHAN  
He'll expect me to be ready.

STEVENS  
To do what?

MEGHAN  
I'm thinking.

Meghan lets her eyes glance up at the armed men again.

INT. CHUNNEL/SEARCH AREA - NIGHT

Working behind black tarps to conceal any bit of light from leaking down tunnel, Viscay's guards work with radiation detectors, search lights, night vision goggles, etc.

Crean moves from the group, approaching Viscay -- hidden in the shadows.

CREAN

Much stronger signal, sir.

VISCAY

It's intact?

(off Crean's nod)

Did you pass along my compliments to the lads for staging the cave-in?

Before Crean can respond...A call from one of the guards. Crean moves over to...

A deep, narrow air vent beneath the high speed rails -- running away from the platform at an angle. A light levelled down that air shaft reveals...

The flash drive -- resting on a concrete shelf 10 feet down.

CREAN

We've got it.

Viscay inches out of the shadows, intense and ready to end all this...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

The SAS reenforcements arrive by helicopter. Lieutenant LaMont is obviously on the look-out for Reeves.

Lethbridge frets, watching the reenforcements disembark.

LETHBRIDGE

Will you make your assault now?

LAMONT

We're not exactly sure who we're assaulting.

LETHBRIDGE

Where is Group Captain Reeves?

LaMont starts heading for the Mobile HQ.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Inside, Montgomery is slowly pulling it together.

Cooper holds the tape.

MONTGOMERY

Hand it over to Lethbridge.

COOPER

He wouldn't listen to me before. Three dead men in here. Two shot with my gun.

MONTGOMERY

Then, show him the passengers -- on the security moni...

She turns to the security screens. They took a bullet.

COOPER

(motioning to Sauer)

That last shot he got off before you got him 'on camera.'

(a pause)

No...I'm going to have to get in that tunnel and get the proof -- quickly. I don't know why those people are still alive now --

MONTGOMERY

And, how long will they stay that way?

COOPER

A hell of a lot of soldiers between me and them...

Patrick reenters. Cooper wheels on him, ready to fire.

PATRICK

You want to get into a train tunnel? Why not use a train?

Cooper hesitates.

PATRICK

I signed up to stop a train -- not to kill anyone. I'll get you inside.

COOPER

That won't stop me turning you over.

Before Cooper can decide whether or not to trust him, LaMont's voice calls from outside:

LAMONT

Group Captain? We're ready to move out.

He's very close to the door now. Cooper and Montgomery only have a moment to think. She grabs the tape from Cooper and heads for the door...

EXT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

As LaMont reaches for the door, Montgomery explodes out of it at a full run. LaMont turns and chases after her:

LAMONT

Stop. Corporal -- subdue her.

A nearby soldier tackles her -- sending the tape tumbling to Lethbridge.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Cooper stays low as Patrick carefully and quietly works over the controls.

COOPER

How did they think they were getting out of here when they find that drive?

PATRICK

Misdirection. Blame unseen terrorists and blend into the aftermath as soldiers, medics, whatever.

COOPER

But, Viscay can't 'blend in' anywhere. Where does his lordship find his chariot

Patrick doesn't know.

COOPER

Then, I may need one more favor from you.

Patrick turns from Cooper, starting the train's engine...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

Montgomery is in pain, but she wheezes to the soldier:

MONTGOMERY

It's been a while since I had a soldier on top of me...

LAMONT

What happened to Group Captain -- ?

MONTGOMERY

(motioning to Lethbridge)  
One of his men killed him.

Lethbridge bends down and picks up the tape.

LETHBRIDGE

Still so desperate to get your big scoop?

MONTGOMERY

You have no idea how big.  
(to LaMont)  
All your answers are there.

LaMont motions for the soldier to take her away.

MONTGOMERY

It's your proof that the passengers are  
still alive.

LaMont and Lethbridge both react with excitement.

MONTGOMERY

And, it tells you which of your own  
employees set this up...

All eyes turn to Lethbridge -- his back to the train.

LETHBRIDGE

I have enough to worry about here without  
your tabloid accusations.

Lethbridge doesn't notice that the Mobile HQ train car is  
moving down the tracks.

LETHBRIDGE

Without the likes of you Fleet Street  
parasites, I would have this scene  
completely under control.

LaMont motions for Lethbridge to turn around. He does so,  
just in time to watch...

The Mobile HQ picks up speed as it heads into the Chunnel's  
service track entrance.

A stunned Lethbridge looks back to a smiling Montgomery.

LETHBRIDGE

Cooper...

Lethbridge throws the tape into the dirt, storming away.

LAMONT

Corporal -- this woman is under military  
arrest. Take her away.

As Montgomery goes kicking and screaming, LaMont looks to  
her -- then to that tape...

INT. CHUNNEL/SEARCH AREA - NIGHT

Viscay's workmen try in vain to snatch the flash drive from  
its hiding place.

Crean whispers to Viscay:

CREAN

It's out of our reach.

VISCAY

But, you do have another option? I sincerely hope you have another option.

CREAN

The air shaft is too narrow for any of our men to get down there, but someone smaller -- thinner...

VISCAY

A hostage?

(off Crean's nod)

Discreetly, Mr. Crean. None of them must know I'm involved until we have the device.

Viscay looks back down the tunnel.

VISCAY

Tell the men to prepare their disguises -- to blend in with the crowds when this is over.

CREAN

After you've bravely "negotiated" for the release of the hostages?

VISCAY

That'll be the front page story. A good show needs a hero and a happy ending.

CREAN

Not so happy for whomever I pick out of the crowd now.

(off Viscay's look)

Anyone who knows about the disk -- about why we were really here --

Viscay's silence gives Crean the permission he wanted. He's off with an expectant grin.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Patrick is at the controls. Cooper has his weapon on him.

COOPER

What will they do when this train car heads toward them?

They exchange a look as Cooper tucks his gun into his belt.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

The moment the service train makes its way inside the tunnel, Cooper slips out of the car and away into the Chunnel's darkness.

INT. CHUNNEL/EMERGENCY SHELTER - NIGHT

Crean enters, pushing past the armed guards and quickly inspecting the room full of hostages.

Shoulders too wide. Hips too big. Too young. Too old. Too fat...

Until his eyes fall on Meghan. A slender woman with an athlete's body. She looks up at Crean with defiance. They recognize each other from the train. He smiles.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

The service train comes to a slow halt, as if simply running out of momentum.

Two of Viscay's men emerge from the shadows, weapons ready. They head inside...

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

It's empty. The guards make a cursory inspection.

EXT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

The guards charge back down the Chunnel toward Viscay.

The men don't get far before Cooper jumps them.

Cooper nearly decapitates the nearest guard with a forearm shot to the head -- driving him down into the ground.

The second guard whirls on Cooper, bringing up his rifle to fire. If the gun goes off, Cooper's secret approach is DOA.

Cooper grabs the other guards gun, swinging it at the hands of the second thug, smashing his grip.

The guards yelps in pain only briefly as Cooper descends on him with a headlock, silencing him and knocking him out.

INT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Inside, Patrick emerges from an empty electronics cabinet.

Spotting the guard, he finds a rear access hatch, and...

EXT. CHANNEL RAIL MOBILE HQ - NIGHT

Patrick exits the train quietly and carefully -- skulking off into the darkness...

INT. CHUNNEL/SEARCH AREA - NIGHT

Crean drags an unwilling Meghan to the search site.

MEGHAN  
What do you want?

CREAN  
At the moment, just you.

MEGHAN  
Why am I so special?

CREAN  
Because you took such good care of that tight little arse of yours, dear.

He pats her on the backside. She bites him.

Crean gives a sharp hiss of pain -- then slaps her.

She yelps in pain despite herself -- loud enough to echo down the tunnel to...

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Making his way through the Chunnel, Cooper comes across a sound system -- some serious speakers rigged to a simple MP3 player. It's surrounded by crates of fake debris. It's the nerve center of Viscay's faked cave-in.

Cooper's inspection allows a GUARD to approach from behind.

GUARD  
Move and I fire.

Cooper freezes his hands extended slightly out in front of him in a gesture of surrender.

GUARD  
Step away from the equipment and get your hands up.

Cooper nods calmly, taking a half-step back -- closer to the sound equipment.

He looks back to the guard as the gunman jerks his rifle upward -- demanding Cooper's hands come up.

Cooper obeys, inching his hands to the sound equipment.

With a quick reflex, Cooper hits the sound system and cranks the volume to full.

The groan from the cave-in booms from the speakers. The sound is skull-cracking -- driving the stunned gunman back.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

LaMont, Lethbridge, Montgomery, etc., all react to the rumble in kind.

MONTGOMERY

Not again.

She steps toward the Chunnel, but LaMont pulls her back.

INT. CHUNNEL/SEARCH AREA - NIGHT

The sound shakes the Chunnel. Viscay emerges from the shadows just momentarily -- calling to:

VISCAY

Crean -- find the idiot in charge of the speaker system. We have sound cues for a reason.

Crean motions for two guards to check it out -- leaving just Viscay, Crean and Meghan.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

A right hand across the jaw from Cooper puts the guard out of his misery.

Cooper cuts out the sound and hides, waiting for company.

INT. CHUNNEL/SEARCH AREA - NIGHT

Crean pushes Meghan toward the air shaft. He roughly pushes her down to see inside it -- where lights focus on that flash drive.

CREAN

You see it?

He doesn't wait for an answer:

CREAN

We want it. Once we have it, we disappear. You go home. So, get in there. Get it. Get out...Got it?

Meghan looks down the tunnel again.

MEGHAN

I won't fit.

CREAN  
We'll grease you up.

MEGHAN  
I have claustrophobia.

CREAN  
Then you'd probably be uncomfortable in a coffin.

MEGHAN  
I'll get over it.

CREAN  
I thought you might.

Resigned, Meghan pulls free of Crean.

MEGHAN  
You can keep the grease.

With a deep breath, she starts crawling down the air shaft.

Viscay leans out of the shadows -- barely containing his nerves. He's so close.

INT. CHUNNEL - NIGHT

Cooper steps over the knocked-cold bodies of the two guards Crean sent to him.

Cooper is close, too. And Viscay is running out of guys.

INT. CHUNNEL/AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

It's a lung-squeezing fit even for Meghan. She's gasping and grunting as she wriggles her shoulders inch by inch closer to the flash drive.

MEGHAN  
Has it -- occurred to you -- what you'll do -- if I can't reach this thing?

CREAN  
I'll shoot you from up here and just fill in the shaft. How long do you think it'll take them to find your body?

A moment's silence. A couple extra grunts and:

MEGHAN  
Longer than it took me to find this...

She's got it. She rattles the flash drive in her hand.

INT. CHUNNEL/SEARCH AREA - NIGHT

Viscay emerges from the darkness -- silently victorious.

CREAN

Hand it up.

MEGHAN

Pull me out.

Crean hesitates, letting Meghan sweat for a moment. She doesn't blink.

MEGHAN

(deliberate)

Pull out. I assume you've heard that often enough.

Crean motions Viscay back out of sight as he begins roughly pulling Meghan out of the shaft.

CREAN

I'll give you credit, dear. You stayed very calm through all this.

MEGHAN

I have a friend -- a very special friend. And he always taught me to stay calm and focused.

Crean pulls her free of the air shaft, putting her back on her feet. He holds out his hand for the flash drive.

CREAN

Stay calm and focused in case of what?

COOPER

In case of me.

Cooper's voice comes from behind Crean. As Crean instinctively turns around:

CREAN

Meghan -- throw it.

She does, lofting the drive over Crean's outstretched hand.

VISCAY

No...

Viscay steps out of his hiding place -- about to chase after the drive before Crean pulls him back.

The flash drive skitters into a nearby alcove.

Crean roughly takes hold of Meghan, a gun to her head.

Slowly, Viscay positions a light so it shines into the alcove to reveal...

Cooper -- with his gun pointed at the flash drive's head -- almost mocking Crean. Cooper steps out into the open -- slowly moving toward Viscay.

COOPER

Let her go.

CREAN

How long do you think you can stand there threatening to murder plastic?

COOPER

It's more than plastic...

(to Viscay)

Isn't it, your Lordship? It's hopes and dreams and sins...Let her go, and you can have it all back.

CREAN

Shoot. Destroy it. Go ahead. Anything on it will disappear -- and --

COOPER

Your boss needs it intact. He has to know what's on it -- what other people might know that he doesn't.

(to Viscay)

It's that unknown that scares a man like you. You control so much -- but you can never control enough.

Crean loses his cool.

CREAN

Drop the drive -- now. Or you watch me empty her skull --

COOPER

You think you can get us both before I blast this little thing half way to Calais?

(smiling)

If you're stalling for time, the only guys you got left on their feet are watching the hostages.

Viscay moves in behind Crean.

COOPER

Real simple. You let her go. She runs. I stay --

MEGHAN

No --

COOPER  
(to Meghan)  
You get out of the Chunnel. Clear?

Her eyes defy him. He softens his tone for only a moment.

COOPER  
Please. Go.

Meghan finally agrees.

VISCAY  
She'll raise the alarm.

COOPER  
Show's over. Curtain's coming down.  
(dangling the device)  
Once she's clear, I toss this to you, and  
we all run like hell.

Cooper waits for a response. Crean looks back to Viscay -- who nods reluctantly.

Crean lets his grip slip on Meghan -- and she pulls away, turning back to belt Crean --

COOPER  
Just run.

She looks to Cooper, hesitating.

COOPER  
See you in London.

Meghan does as she's told -- disappearing down the tunnel toward open air.

Crean has his gun on Cooper now.

Cooper turns his gun on Crean -- slowly extending the flash drive toward him.

As Crean reaches out to take the drive, his gun mere inches from Cooper's own...

- Viscay pushes Crean from behind violently -- knocking him into Cooper.

- In the impact, the flash drive and Crean's gun hit the ground.

- Viscay picks up the drive and Crean's gun -- running away toward the bullet train.

Cooper and Crean grapple, each trying to turn Cooper's gun around for a kill-shot...

Both men are trained soldiers -- equally matched. The remaining gun is knocked away into the darkness.

Cooper and Crean fight as only skilled men can fight. Technique blended with anger. A fight to kill each other.

They fight faster than most men can think. Hard-wrought ability blended with a bloody mix of instinct and hate.

Crean gains the upper-hand. He moves right in for a deadly choke hold on Cooper.

But this is the man who threatened Cooper's love, and this won't be the man who beats him.

Cooper counters the choke and finds a chunk of that fake debris they used for cave-in. He swings it, delivering a blow to Crean's head.

When it's over, Cooper beats Crean into unconsciousness -- stuffing Crean's body into that same air shaft -- where he'll keep until the soldiers can arrest him.

Cooper emerges from the fight battered and bloodied. Still, he pulls himself to his feet and stumbles into a run after Viscay -- toward the train.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Viscay rushes through the train from car to car -- until he gets down to the automobile sections.

Behind him -- several cars back -- Cooper keeps up the chase -- looking for any sign of Viscay.

INT. TRAIN/AUTOMOBILE CARS - NIGHT

Viscay arrives at the rear of the train. He activates the train's rear automobile hatch -- a ramp extending from the back of the train.

As the desperate Viscay smashes the driver's side glass out of the rear-most automobile...

Cooper arrives in that final car.

COOPER

Do they teach hot-wiring at Oxford?

Viscay turns, firing wildly at Cooper -- who hits the deck.

VISCAY

Sometimes they leave their keys inside...

The automobile is empty. No keys. Viscay is stuck. He knows it.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

LaMont is about to lead his men into battle as...

Meghan comes running out of the Chunnel, screaming orders...

All eyes turn to her...

MEGHAN

Go -- go. The passengers are all  
inside...Cooper's in there...

Lethbridge turns to Montgomery -- still under guard.

LETHBRIDGE

Who is that?

MONTGOMERY

I think -- maybe Cooper's girlfriend?

MEGHAN

C'mon -- you gonna roll or sit out here  
with your thumb up your ass?

Montgomery and Lethbridge nod to each other.

MONTGOMERY  
Definitely. Yeah.

LETHBRIDGE  
Cooper's girlfriend.

\*  
\*

As LaMont's men roll-out...

INT. TRAIN/AUTOMOBILE CARS - NIGHT

Viscay stands at the end of the train -- tucking the drive into a pocket with one hand -- the gun in the other.

Cooper slowly gets back to his feet.

Viscay looks beaten. There's still hate in his eyes.

VISCAY

So much time, work, money...

COOPER

For your big show?

VISCAY

For me.

COOPER

It's over.

VISCAY

Not the ending I'd choose.

COOPER

What would you prefer?

VISCAY

More of a bang.

Viscay pulls a small detonator out of that same pocket.

VISCAY

If all else failed, if we couldn't find  
the drive --

COOPER

You destroy the scene of the crime.

VISCAY

Not my first choice. A terrible waste.

COOPER

Three hundred people die.

Viscay holds the detonator higher.

COOPER

Why? There's no secret to hide anymore.  
I know. Others know.

VISCAY

I'll be gone. You'll be dead. And  
anyone else who knows the 'truth' will  
seem a pitiful conspiracy theorist.

COOPER

Either way, you're done. What do you  
gain?

Viscay considers that, smiling:

VISCAY

Call it nobility's privilege. Call it  
the cult of personality. But, if I lose,  
no one wins.

COOPER

I'll call it one selfish son of a bitch --

Cooper lunges for the detonator.

Viscay opens fire -- bullet's pinging around Cooper.

Cooper just makes it to a nearby intercom -- banging it on  
and shouting...

COOPER

Go. Hit it.

A bullet catches Cooper in the shoulder, sending him down...

INT. TRAIN/CONTROL CABIN - NIGHT

Patrick is onboard the train and at the controls.

On Cooper's order, he hits the throttle -- full speed.

INT. TRAIN/AUTOMOBILE CARS - NIGHT

The sudden shift of momentum sends Viscay falling back. He hits the deck hard -- losing the detonator and the gun.

The detonator is closer, and Viscay stretches for it.

Wounded but still fighting, Cooper sprawls into Viscay, tackling him. They wrestle across the floor of the now-moving train car.

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - DAY

It's dawn as...

The bullet train rips out of the Chunnel -- quickly gathering speed.

Soldiers, engineers and medics jump out of the way as the train takes off across the countryside.

INT. TRAIN/AUTOMOBILE CARS - DAY

In a straight fight, Viscay would stand no chance -- but Cooper is hurt. Viscay takes pleasure in grinding a fist into Cooper's fresh bullet wound. Cooper growls in pain.

The pain in Cooper's shoulder freezes him for a second -- long enough for Viscay to break free and seize the detonator.

Viscay closes his eyes and hits the trigger...Nothing.

Viscay opens his eyes -- looking up as Cooper stands over him -- the gun in his hand.

COOPER

Out of range.

Viscay tosses the detonator aside. He reaches inside the pocket where he stashed the drive.

Viscay laughs -- pulling free the smashed remains of the flash drive he just crunched in his fall.

VISCAY

After all that...I break it...Falling on my arse...

Viscay is laughing at Cooper -- not the broken drive.

VISCAY

I'm so sorry. I don't suppose you see the humor in it, do you?

Cooper is in pain, angry -- angry enough to kill...

Viscay stops laughing, catching his breath.

VISCAY

Do it.

Indicating the remains of the drive...

VISCAY

I'll take my secrets to the grave. It's  
so Shakespearian...

Cooper clutches the gun...

VISCAY

Do it.

Off Cooper's eyes...

EXT. UK CHUNNEL MOUTH - DAY

Back at the Chunnel opening...

LaMont's men are leading the captured soldiers  
away...Passengers getting medical attention...Reunited  
families hugging each other.

Lethbridge moves to LaMont.

LETHBRIDGE

I thought you had them all.

LAMONT

So did we.

LETHBRIDGE

Who's driving that train?

The helicopters are already warming up to give chase...

Meghan watches the train vanish into the distance.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The bullet train cruises -- helicopters hot on its trail.

INT. TRAIN/CONTROL CABIN - DAY

Cooper enters -- the gun still in his hand -- to find  
Patrick still at the controls.

Patrick reacts to Cooper's injuries.

PATRICK

Jesus, Mary and Joseph...Where's Viscay?

COOPER

Just drive.  
(off Patrick's look)  
To the end of the line.

Cooper leans back against the bulkhead, exhausted...

INT. ST. PANCRAS STATION - DAY

No passengers. No PA announcements. The station is under lock-down -- full of cops and soldiers.

All eyes on the London terminus for the 12:03 bullet train out of Paris.

Enter Lethbridge, LaMont and his men -- with Montgomery in tow and no longer under arrest.

Finally, 12:03 arrives, slowing as it enters the station.

The Chunnel train that left Paris full of passengers arrives in London empty.

The train comes to a hissing stop, finally resting.

LaMont, Lethbridge, the cops, the troops -- they all creep toward the train until...

The worried Meghan tries to break through them all...

The control cabin hatch opens...

And Cooper emerges, looking like hell -- still holding his gun -- a blood stain spreading from his shoulder...

Montgomery reacts to how bad he looks.

Meghan is just relieved to see him.

Everyone looks to him. Waiting.

Cooper steps off the train -- dragging a living Viscay with him.

As Cooper and Viscay walk toward the crowds:

COOPER

(to Viscay)  
It's ironic.  
(off Viscay's look)  
You stopped a huge train. Vanished 300 people. Shut down a wonder of the modern world...All for something so tiny.

Cooper holds up another flash drive -- the flash drive.

Viscay is stunned -- beaten.

COOPER

The one you crushed belonged to one of  
your late employees.

(smiling)

There's your happy Broadway ending.

Troops take hold of Viscay -- leading him away.

COOPER

(to Viscay)

Curtain.

Viscay's eyes stay on Cooper until his Lordship is gone.

Meghan breaks through the group and runs to Cooper, hugging  
him -- making him wince.

MEGHAN

You scared the hell out of me, Coop. I  
thought you might be --

COOPER

I told you I'd meet you in London.

MEGHAN

We'll get you a medic...

COOPER

In a minute...

Montgomery moves to Cooper. Before she can say a word...

COOPER

I've got a story for you.

Cooper tosses the flash drive to her. She looks at it, her  
mind reeling with possibilities.

She smiles and points to Cooper, as if to say she's not done  
with him yet.

Meghan catches that look and shoots a disapproving look to  
her lover.

COOPER

I've always told you -- I never date the  
enlisted -- or reporters.

MEGHAN

When did you come up with that?

COOPER

When you shot me that look just now.

He moves in to kiss Meghan, but Cooper stops cold as  
Lethbridge steps up to him. They stand eye to eye for a  
moment. Then, for the first time, Lethbridge lightens --  
almost smiles:

LETHBRIDGE

I don't have the blood of 327 passengers  
on my hands this morning.

(offering his hand)

Thank you, Mr. Cooper.

Cooper returns the smile and shakes Lethbridge's hand with  
his good arm before walking away with Meghan.

Lethbridge calls him back, motioning to the train:

LETHBRIDGE

Just a moment -- why come all the way to  
London?

COOPER

Best place to hand Viscay over. Scotland  
Yard in every direction. Fleet Street  
press in the neighborhood.

Coops turns to go. But, Lethbridge isn't satisfied:

LETHBRIDGE

But who drove 12:03 back?

COOPER

Me.

(off Lethbridge's reaction)

I've learned so much in our brief time  
together.

Cooper walks away -- catching a glimpse of Patrick --  
slipping away through the crowd. Cooper lets him go.

Meghan can sense Cooper's pain.

MEGHAN

Your shoulder...

COOPER

I taught you basic field dressing, right?

Meghan smiles and nods, taking some of Cooper's weight over  
her shoulders.

COOPER

You handled yourself well back there.  
Think I might keep you around.

He tugs at the dog tags around Meghan's neck.

MEGHAN

I was about to say the same thing about  
you.

They try to kiss again, but Cooper's shoulder prevents it.  
She smiles, as if realizing that this is how it's going to  
go for them.

But, for now, Cooper and Meghan leave the chaos behind...

End