

FADE IN:

EXT. NYC - PEAK HOUR - MORNING

Moving over DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN... Thin strands of humanity course between its towers... Suddenly -- we drop into a free-fall... Rocketing straight down into the middle of --

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - SAME

Chaotic, hectic, yet orderly. A balletic convergence of commuters and traffic... We begin to sink below street-level... Past the hordes of pedestrians... Through the concrete... Over pipes and cabling... Right down into --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - SAME

Dark, grotty, caked with soot. Lit by stark tunnel lights. We're way below Manhattan now, deep within it's bowels...

And in the middle of the tracks -- TWO MTA MAINTENANCE WORKERS walk towards us. Head-lamps, grimy safety vests...

MTA WORKER #1

Man, I ain't ever heard of Chilli Con Carne without chilli. That's just wrong. Know what I'm saying?

MTA WORKER #2

Yeah, but I'm tellin' ya. It was the best Mexican I ever had.

MTA WORKER #1

She use garlic?

MTA WORKER #2

'Bout seven cloves.

MTA WORKER #1

There you go then. Solved. Everything tastes better with garlic. You could coat a turd with garlic, and it would taste good.

MTA WORKER #2

I'll take your word on that.

MTA worker #1 stops to survey his surroundings... He pans his helmet-lamp through the inky darkness... Then refers to his crumpled MAP.

MTA WORKER #1 (CONT'D)
The hell is this power box? One hundred meters past the signal marker. I don't see shit.

MTA WORKER #2
Sure we're in the right tunnel?

MTA WORKER #1
Cuz we're in the right fuckin' tunnel. But look around, there ain't shit down here, man.

MTA worker #2 clips his WALKIE-TALKIE off of his belt.

MTA WORKER #2
I'll call it in.

Suddenly -- A GUST OF WIND -- followed by a faint ROAR...

MTA WORKER #1
Train!

Both men hop across the tracks... Down into a shallow gutter... They wedge themselves inside a small CLEFT, specifically built for tunnel workers. The ROAR grows...

On the opposite side of the tunnel, MTA worker #2 spots --

Something moving along the tracks... A HUMAN FORM. Engulfed in shadow, it slithers through a CRACK in the tunnel wall --

The TRAIN HORN BLARES, as it --

-- rockets past in a deafening SCREECH of tortured steel and metal. Internal car lights eerily strobe the tunnel walls... The train suddenly disappears into the darkness...

The two men edge out from their cleft. MTA worker #2 hops back across the tracks, towards the crack in the wall...

MTA WORKER #1
What are you doing?

MTA WORKER #2
I just saw someone jump through that hole.

MTA WORKER #1
Forget about it. Probably a bum or something.

MTA worker #2 ignores his colleague and continues on...

MTA WORKER #1 (O.S.)
Come on, man. Leave it already. Lipinski's gonna have our asses in a sling.

ON MTA WORKER #2

As he cautiously approaches the crack... Adjusts his head-lamp, and nervously peers in --

MTA WORKER #2
Just wait a sec --

HIS POV: complete darkness. So dark it almost glows...

MTA WORKER #2 (O.S.)
Anyone in there?
(off silence)
You know, it's illegal to be down here. You should go up top and find a shelter. It's dangerous sleeping in tunnels like this.

He leans in closer...

MTA WORKER #2
(under his breath)
Goddamn junkies... Hey! You hear me in there?!

SSSLITCH!

A PALE, TALONED HAND FLASHES ACROSS MTA #2'S THROAT --

He staggers back... BLOOD streams heavily down his safety vest -- he trips over the track -- lands flat on his back --

MTA worker #1 races towards him...

MTA WORKER #1
Hey! Hey! Oh, shit--!

MTA worker #1 desperately clamps his throat -- gargled gasps -- blood gushing through his fingers...

Suddenly -- SOMETHING LUNGES AT HIS LEGS, AND RIPS HIM THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE WALL -- in a flash, he's gone!

Pale faced, slack-jawed, eyes wide with disbelief, MTA worker #1 attempts to process what he's just witnessed. A HARSH, GUTTURAL GROWL echoes throughout the tunnel...

MTA WORKER #1
What the--?

Scared shitless, he backs away from the crack... Breathing heavy, he pivots and takes off... Running for his life...

We pace with him as he bolts down the tunnel...

MTA WORKER #1
Please... No!