

SOURCE CODE

Darkness.

A SOUND slowly builds: the rhythmic rocking of a TRAIN'S WHEELS over RAILROAD TRACKS...

INT. HIGH SPEED TRAIN - MORNING

COLTER jolts awake. Sunlight hits his face.

He blinks. A stunned beat. He's disoriented.

Slowly he turns his head to one side...

PASSENGERS. Filling most of the seats. Office workers on their morning commute into a city.

Turning the other way, he's confronted with a window. Trees flash by, splitting the rising sunlight into a hypnotic strobe pattern.

Colter looks to be thirty years old. A military buzz cut. A disciplined physique, lean and spare, almost gaunt. Skin burnished by years of desert sandstorms and equatorial sun. His expression, prematurely aged by combat, is perpetually wary, sometimes predatory, accustomed to trouble.

Despite his military bearing, Colter wears a button down shirt and navy sports coat. On his wrist is a digital watch. It reads 7:40 a.m.

He swallows. A strange, creeping panic.

He has no idea where he is.

EXT. NEW JERSEY COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

The train hurls straight at us.

NEW ANGLE -- Skimming alongside as the train twists and turns, sucking up track -- feet, yards, miles of it.

Beneath it, the curving rails, which the rushing train barely seems to touch. They vibrate with an eerie, dulcimer HUM.