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# Red Line

By Robert Kirbyson

I am home  
Look, I...  
yeah, you're right.  
I don't know.  
But this is me  
trying to figure it out.  
Um, dad, I'm about  
to get on the subway,  
so you're going to lose me.  
- We're not wasting time.  
We're just kind of...  
we have a plan.  
- We're just sitting around  
doing nothing...  
- this is the plan.  
I know.  
We just got to get  
back on the train.  
- Okay, let's go.  
- Well, you want to ask someone?  
- I don't want to ask anyone.  
I just want to get going.  
Let's just...  
Can you please talk to me?  
Not here.  
- Now arriving  
at Hollywood/highland.  
Please stand clear.  
- The next stop  
is Hollywood/vine station.  
Rubina, please.  
Ah!  
Sir?  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Thud!  
Adam.  
Adam!  
Oh!  
Adam.  
Oh, babe.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
- No. No.

No, no.  
Somebody help me!  
Somebody help me!  
Dillon.  
Oh, no, baby.  
Oh, no.  
No, no, no, no, no.  
Come on.  
Kristine.  
Oh!  
Kristine!  
You're going to be okay.  
- Hey.  
You hurt?  
No, I'm okay.  
Are you guys okay?  
Yeah.  
Anyone alive back there?  
No.  
Is he?  
He's gone.  
Look out.  
Hey, what are you doing?  
I'm looking for his radio.  
Don't bother.  
There's no signal down here.  
- Okay, if I can find his radio,  
it might still work.  
I'll check back here.  
- Come on.  
People need our help.  
Come on.  
Oh, baby.  
Hey, Kristine.  
Stay back, Dillon.  
Stay back.  
Oh.  
Baby.  
Jared, I'm hurt.  
What?  
My God.  
Dad, what's going on?  
Dillon, stay back!  
Okay, baby.

Honey, it looks like  
it's still attached to the wall.  
I'm gonna get you out of here.  
Breathe.  
Look at me. Look at me.  
- I'm sorry.  
- No, no, I'm gonna  
get you out of here.  
Oh, baby.  
Oh, baby, listen.  
She's hurt,  
but she's gonna be fine.  
Look at me.  
Look at me.  
Be a big girl for mommy, okay?  
Okay.  
What can I do?  
I don't...  
hey, buddy.  
You okay?  
I can't find my script.  
- Well, maybe we can find that  
later.  
Are you fine?  
- What was that?  
- Shh.  
I hear voices.  
I hear voices.  
I just need to... sweetie,  
you stay here with mommy.  
I'm gonna get us out of here,  
okay?  
Someone's gonna  
get us out of here.  
- This whole tunnel  
could come down.  
Oh, thank God.  
Are any of you a doctor?  
- She might be,  
but she only speaks Spanish.  
- Hey, that's fine.  
My wife and kid can translate.  
Come on.  
Hurry.

Wait, are you a doctor?  
- She'll be back.  
- No, no, he can't wait.  
- My wife's injuries are worse.  
She'll be right back.  
He can't wait!  
Please! Please!  
He can't wait.  
Please.  
Thank you.  
- We don't even know  
if she's a doctor.  
She can't even speak English.  
You have to listen to me.  
My wife can translate,  
but she needs help first!  
PERO NO PUEDO AYUDARTE.  
I don't understand.  
He'll be okay, right?  
He's fine.  
- I'm sorry.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
Hurry, hurry.  
Oh!  
Sir?  
He's alive.  
- Oh, shit.  
- No, no, no, it's okay.  
Don't move.  
- Hang on.  
We'll get you out of there.  
Here.  
Help me move this.  
Help me move this.  
What happened?  
- Honey, I'm gonna be okay,  
all right?  
This lady's gonna help me, okay?  
YO PUEDO AYUDAR A TU MAMA.  
What did she say, baby?  
She says she can help.  
Doctor pronto.  
I thought you were a doctor.

What do you mean?  
You're not a doct...  
hey, hey, hey.  
- Oh, she's a nurse, okay?  
She's a nurse.  
SHE WAS A NURSE.  
- Hey.  
What do you do now?  
How do you say that?  
Baby, how do you say that?  
What do you do?  
What do you do now?  
AMA DE LLAVES.  
What?  
She cleans houses.  
Thank you.  
It's okay.  
There was an accident.  
We were on the red line.  
All right?  
- That accident  
was an earthquake.  
You guys didn't feel that?  
- These tunnels should withstand  
a 7.5.  
If there was an earthquake,  
it was a big one.  
- Here.  
Let me try.  
One, two, three.  
Push.  
- It wasn't an earthquake.  
- How do you know?  
- The smell.  
It's like fireworks.  
Unless these trains  
run on gunpowder,  
I'd say a bomb went off.  
What?  
Like a terrorist bomb?  
- No, no, no.  
We can't say that for sure.  
Stop freaking everybody out.  
- Three tours in Iraq.

I know that smell.

- Okay, whatever.

Just get him out.

- Shit.

This isn't gonna work.

We need to find  
something stronger.

- We're gonna get you out, okay?

- Thank you.

It's okay, Adam.

I'm right here.

- You'll be all right,  
babe.

Say it.

You're gonna be all right.

I'm gonna be fine.

I'll be fine.

If we had some kind of wrench,  
we could take out  
the whole seat.

- I say

we just break the damn thing.

Oh, and break his spine too?

If it's all the same to you,  
I'd prefer

you not break my spine, thanks.

- Hey, we need some more help  
back here.

Is everything okay?

- She needs more supplies  
to clean her wounds.

We need rags, anything.

- I have alcohol.

- Great.

Listen, could you take them  
to her?

I'm gonna go get help.

- Oh, dude,  
it's raining concrete out there.  
Hey, I'm coming with you.

- Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait,  
please.

Get me out of here first.

- My wife can't wait!

- Look, just keep working  
on getting him out,  
and I'll be right back.

- You coming?

- Yeah, yeah.

Gonna need some light.  
It's jammed.  
On three.  
One, two...

We were in the middle car.  
What happened  
to the rest of the train?

- Hold on.  
Hold on.  
All right, follow me.  
Oh, my God.

- Looks like  
the train nose-dived.  
All right.  
We're not getting out this way.  
Hey.  
Hey.  
This way.  
Come on.  
Hey.  
Um, your dad sent me over  
with these supplies.  
He's looking for help right now,  
okay?

Hey, I'm Tori.  
Thank you.  
I'm Kristine.  
This is my daughter, Dillon.  
You know... Yolanda, is it?

YOLANDA, SI.

- Whoa!  
Look at the floor!  
It's coming from outside.

- In here!  
- Hey!  
Help us!  
- Dillon?  
We need a doctor!  
Dillon.



Dad?

- It's us, sweetie.

Can you see this light?

Dillon!

Dillon, can you hear me?

Yeah.

There we go.

- Thank you.

That's good.

That's... that's good.

The pressure's

beginning to ease.

Oh.

Hey.

So the guys outside

May have found a way out,

but they need you.

Me?

- Yeah.

Come on.

- Wait.

You're going out there?

We have to.

- I'll be right back, man.

I swear.

- No way.

They can't need all of ya.

All right, this way.

- No.

- Guys, come on.

- Come on.

Come on.

Hey, watch your step.

Over here.

What are you guys doing?

All we need's the little guy.

How is this a way out?

Down here.

There's no way to tell

if it goes all the way through,

though.

I mean, it's too tight for us.

But, um, maybe...

You want me to go in there?

- Wait, what makes you think  
it goes anywhere?

Look.

- A light  
at the end of the tunnel.

Hey, look, it moved.

- Yeah.

I tried crawling in  
as far as I could  
and calling out,  
but no one answered.

Hey, listen, um...

I don't know; Maybe you can  
get in a little bit further.

I wouldn't ask, except...

- I can try it.

- No, no, no.

No.

No, I'll go.

I should go.

- No, neither of you should go.

It's a death trap.

More than out here?

- No, I can... I can do it.

It's fine.

I mean, they're probably  
going to make a movie  
about this someday.

Right?

I've always wanted  
to play the hero.

Good luck.

Hey, you should take this.

- Okay, watch your step.

Watch your step.

Hey, so what's your name?

Boyd.

Boyd Milligan.

You're an actor, right?

Yeah.

You... you recognize me?

I saw you reading a script.

- Oh.

Right.

- But I... I'm pretty sure  
I recognize you from somewhere,  
like, a... like, a commercial  
or something?

- Yeah, is it  
the one with the guys  
dressed up  
like the solar system?  
Uh, yeah, yeah.  
You were one of the planets,  
right?  
Right, I was.  
I can't believe  
they're still running that one.

- So which planet were you,  
Boyd?  
Uranus.  
You know, it...  
it's getting pretty tight here.  
This is not good.  
We have to get him out of there.

- Shh.  
Ow.  
Boyd?  
I think I saw a spider.  
Ah!  
Ah!  
Boyd, you all right?  
No, it's okay.  
I just... I just got  
a little cut.

- Come on.  
Keep going, Boyd.  
Just a little bit further.  
I think I found a way through.  
Stay in character.  
Be the hero.  
Pretend like you're not  
shitting your pants right now.  
It's getting brighter.  
Good, good.  
I must be close.  
Hello?  
You got to be kidding me.

What is it?  
It's a fricking computer.  
There's no...  
there's nowhere to go.  
I don't even think  
I can turn around.  
Ah!  
- Boyd!  
Boyd, come back!  
- Stay back!  
- Boyd!  
Boyd, can you hear me?  
- Come on, buddy!  
Are you there?  
Answer me!  
Come on!  
Boyd!  
He's gone.  
Did you find a way out?  
No, I didn't.  
The tunnel collapsed,  
the actor is dead,  
and it looks like  
we're stuck here  
till they dig us out.  
That's my pack.  
It's my fault;  
I asked her to gather  
all the bags and purses.  
If we're going to be here  
for a while,  
we might need to ration  
whatever supplies we find.  
I hope you don't mind.  
It's a good call.  
Your boyfriend?  
I'm sorry.  
I'm gonna go check on my wife.  
Dad?  
Did you find a way out yet?  
Not yet, baby, but...  
Daddy's gonna get us  
out of here.  
I promise.

That's it.  
That's it.  
That's it.  
- Faster.  
Wind faster.  
Oh, thank you.  
Oh, th...  
she with you?  
Yeah.  
That's my wife.  
I didn't remember  
that she was even on the train.  
She's...  
she's claustrophobic.  
She never comes on the train.  
Please hurry.  
Hurry.  
- Come on.  
Come on.  
- Thank you.  
Baby?  
Baby.  
Oh, God.  
Dad, push harder.  
It's okay.  
Hey, hey, I got something.  
Come here.  
Oh, my God.  
It's like a whole hospital  
in there.  
- Why would you lock  
a first aid kit?  
That's not a problem.  
I'm good at locks.  
What is it?  
Another bomb.  
It's an I.E.D.  
A big one.  
We got 12 minutes to figure out  
how to disarm it.  
- That's a really bad  
first aid kit.  
Oh!  
Hey!

Mister!

Now is not a good time.

We need you back here.

I said now is not a good time!

- I know,

but it's life and death.

Hurry.

Dad.

I got it.

- What if there are more?

- No.

When there's more than one bomb,  
there's usually only two.

I teach history.

It's not an uncommon tactic.

The first bomb, perversely,  
draws a crowd,  
and the second...

Let's make sure.

Check everything.

Carefully.

What's going on?

Oh, my God.

- PLEASE TELL ME YOU HAVE  
SOME HURT LOCKER SKILLS.

- I know enough to know that we  
shouldn't mess with this thing.

- Well, we're gonna have to  
mess with it at some point.

All right?

So what if we, um...

Push the stop button  
on the phone?

- What if the stop button's  
a false trigger?

- What if we pulled both wires  
at the exact same time?

- No, no,

I say we clear the train,  
get out of here.

And let it go off?

This tunnel can't take  
another blast.

I wouldn't pop a balloon

in here.

- Wait, what about putting it  
in that little tunnel?

Where Boyd is?

- Yeah, yeah.

No, that's good.

If we get it far enough,  
it could absorb  
most of the shock.

- Hell, no. My wife is  
right beside that tunnel.

- Then we move her.

- That would kill her too.

- Besides,  
it's still an enclosed space.  
Pressure wave

won't have anywhere to go.

- I vote

that we attempt to disarm it.

Now, we're intelligent people.

We can figure this out.

No.

Why is it in a first aid kit?

'Cause it's perfect camo.

You could mount it  
right on the wall.

- Yeah, but it wasn't  
on a wall.

It was in a bag.

What if the person who did it  
is still here?

- What do you mean?

Like a suicide bomber?

That doesn't make any sense.

Look, there's a timer, right?

That shows the bomber intended  
to be Miles away

before this thing went up.

Yeah, intended.

But what if the first bomb  
went off early?

Yeah.

Yeah, a synched blast,  
that makes a lot more sense.

What about the whole thing  
about a first bomb  
draws a crowd?

- Yeah, but how do you draw  
a crowd in a collapsed tunnel?

- Wait, wait, wait.

Did you...

you're saying that the bomber  
could still be on this train.

Which means he's dead...

Or one of us.

So what happens now?

- If he's alive  
and wants to stay that way,  
he better speak up.

Oh, that's great.

Would the mass murderer  
just please step forward, huh?

- What if he already told us  
how to disarm the bomb?

What, me?

You just said,  
pull the wires at the same time.

You are shitting me.

- He was offering suggestions,  
okay?

And so were you.

Yeah.

But I don't look like  
a terrorist.

- You think I'm Muslim?

Dude, you are way off.

- Listen, let's just not  
get carried away, guys.

Nine minutes.

- Look, if I'm wrong,  
I'm sorry.

But most terrorists  
do look like you.

I'm Muslim.

And my fianc is... was too.

- I am not saying  
it is definitely him.

I don't know who it is.



We're all suspects here,  
including me.  
But we are running out of time,  
and we better start  
playing the odds.  
And the fact is, most terrorists  
are young men  
of middle eastern descent.  
- Or pasty-faced  
military psychos.  
Oh, we have any of those here?  
That's your name?  
Dude, you are wasting time.  
- Then tell me your name.  
Quickly!  
- Al.  
- Al what?  
Qaeda.  
Hernandez.  
It's Brazilian.  
But you don't speak Spanish?  
- Brazilians speak Portuguese,  
dumb-ass.  
And my name is from Brazil.  
I'm from Michigan.  
Here.  
You don't believe me?  
Here.  
Alberto Hernandez.  
Born in grand rapids.  
I own a snowblower,  
and I root for the pistons.  
Can we disarm the bomb now?  
- Come... this is not getting us  
anywhere. Come on.  
We have eight minutes.  
I found something.  
Engineering books,  
mostly on subways, trains.  
- Oh, hey, maybe there's  
an I.D., all right?  
All right, look.  
There's pictures.  
There's tunnels and stations,

okay?

It's all of L.A. Metro.

This... this has got to be  
the bomber's, okay?

Is it yours?

No.

- What?

What is it?

It's you.

- I'm not the bomber.

I swear I'm not, okay?

I'm not the bomber.

Whoa! Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

Whoa!

- Where did you get that?

- From the cop.

No, no, no, please.

I'm... I'm not the guy, okay?

I'm doing my master's  
at usc, okay?

Okay, transportation  
engineering.

My thesis

is on the new Wilshire line.

I swear. I practically live  
on these trains.

- Before, you said pull  
the wires at the same time.

Is that true?

- It was a guess!

- Tell me!

- I don't know!

Is that the truth?

- Look, I'm not the...

look, stop him, all right?

I'm not the one holding a gun!

- Just stop it!

- Tell me how to disarm...

stop it!

- AH!

thud!

- Scumbag,

I'm gonna kill you myself!

- Dad!

What are you...

- Dillon.

Dillon, Dillon.

Hey, sweetheart.

Sweetheart, are you okay?

Hey.

Hey, hey.

- What are you doing to him?

- Shh, shh, shh.

You gotta go back  
and see mom, okay?

No, no, no, no,  
look at me, baby.

Listen, go back to mom, okay?

Go now.

Go.

61/2 minutes!

- Wait.

What are you doing?

- Pull his bad arm  
out to the side.

No.

- Pull his bad arm  
out to the side!

- Please don't!

This isn't right.

Uh! Uh!

No, please!

No!

It's just pain.

It'll be over  
as soon as you tell us.

I don't know anything.

Please, no.

- No.

Just stop.

- Please, just stop!

- Stop!

- Do you want to guess  
how to disarm it?

If I tell you,  
it'll only be because  
I want you to stop,  
because I made it up.

I'm not the bomber.

I'm not the bomber.

I'm not the bomber.

Stop! Stop!

Stop!

All right, enough.

I'm not the bomber.

- Enough!

Now, listen to me.

Even if he spoke the truth,  
how would we know what it is?  
How would we know what it is  
after this?

We wouldn't.

Now, we have to rely  
on the information he gave us  
when he thought he was safe.

Huh?

- So pull both wires  
at the same time?

Yes!

Because I believe  
that you want to live.

You want to live, don't you?  
I'm going to take that bomb  
outside.

I'm going to pull those wires  
unless you tell me not to  
right now.

- Fine.

Do it.

Do anything.

Just do it.

That's good enough for me.

No, no, no!

Wait, wait, wait, wait!

Just wait.

What if he wasn't the bomber?

Why would you say that?

- Because I just remembered  
something.

If that's his bag,  
then the other one  
couldn't have been his.

Why not?

He wasn't carrying two bags.

How do you know?

What, you have

a photographic memory?

- No.

- What was I carrying?

I was right across from you.

He wasn't... Carrying...

Two bags, okay?

I would have noticed.

- I'm going to take it  
to the tunnel and disarm it  
in case we're wrong.

- No, no, no, no,  
you can't do that.

My wife is still in that tunnel.

- It's the best chance  
for the most people.

You got four minutes.

Somebody else should do it.

You got a problem with me?

- No, I don't have a problem  
with you,

but you are the person  
who has the experience necessary  
if this bomb blows up.

It's got to be  
one of the rest of us.

We decide right now.

Right now!

Which one?

- I... I'm the smallest,  
and I can get...

- no!

I am gonna do it.

Conversation over.

- No.

I'm doing it.

I'm the oldest,

I've lived a life,  
and my wife is dead.

I'm doing it.

Conversation over.

All right.

I'll take you to the tunnel.

I'll be back in four minutes.

- Oh, stop!

No, stop!

No more.

- Now, we have to.

- I said no more.

I can't.

- Hey! Hey!

Stop!

- Dad!

We have to do this.

Okay.

Oh, God.

We did it.

- Tell Yolanda that she's...

she's needed in the back.

She needs to hurry.

EMERGENCIA.

What's going on?

We found a bomb.

It's okay;

We know how to disarm it.

But now they want to take it...

To where it might cause  
the least amount of damage.

Go with your dad.

- No, I'm staying.

- Go with your father.

- It's not safe here, baby.

Come on.

But what about mom?

Hey, you kidding me?

Did you see what your mom  
went through today?

Huh?

Your mom can survive anything.

Do exactly what he said.

I know.

A light?

Thank you.

- No, you need... look, you need  
to go to the back.

There's another bomb.  
- Bomb?  
- Yes, come on. Come on.  
Get her to the back.  
- Okay, come on.  
I'll be right back, okay?  
No, stay there, okay?  
What are you doing?  
I'm getting the key.  
Forget about the key.  
Just stay there, all right?  
I'll... I'll figure this out.  
I'll be fine.  
What are you doing?  
I'm gonna help you get out.  
Listen.  
I need you to go back there,  
okay?  
There are only  
a couple minutes left.  
I'll be fine, all right?  
- We're wasting time arguing.  
Just help me.  
All right.  
- Yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Come on.  
So you really don't think  
I'm a mass murderer?  
90% sure.  
What's your name?  
Tori.  
- Don't forget to give me  
your number after this.  
What?  
I clean up nice.  
How much time do we have?  
55. 54.  
- All right, it's as far in  
as I'm gonna get it.  
- No, see if you can  
push it farther.  
- It's as far in  
as I'm gonna get it!

Leave the flashlight.  
Go back.  
Leave the flashlight!  
Go back.  
If this bomb goes off,  
you're gonna be needed in there.  
Go!  
- Come on, baby.  
Let's go.  
Go.  
Stay here.  
I love you.  
Please tell me to stay.  
You gotta go.  
I love you.  
Go.  
- Come, come.  
Come on.  
Tori, come on!  
We have to help him!  
- Just go.  
Go, go, go, go.  
Tori, come on!  
I love you.  
And your mommy loves you.  
Beep!  
What happened?  
- I don't know.  
It should have gone off.  
You did what he said?  
- I pulled both wires,  
just like he said.  
Go, go.  
GRACIAS.  
She'd be really proud of you.  
Kathy.  
Her name was Kathy.  
Mom.  
Hi, baby.  
Hey.  
- Hey.  
How you doing?  
I could use a vacation.  
Seriously.



Better.

Much better.

See?

- Can't even feel anything anymore.

- Well, did you find anything in the bags?

- Just a few water bottles and snacks.

Nothing much.

And...

well...

I don't even know your names.

I'm Tori.

Rubina.

I'm Sam.

Al.

Oh, right.

You charmed that out of me.

I'm Mason.

So listen.

That bomb

still makes me nervous.

I'm going to see

if I can set it deeper

and then barricade the tunnel.

- I could get it in

the furthest.

I am the smallest.

- No, that's not necessary.

It's as deep as it's gonna get.

I... I buried it in there.

- Okay, I still need

to barricade the tunnel, though.

No.

What is the problem?

We know who the bomber is,

don't we?

- I just don't think

anyone should be left alone

with the bomb, okay?

Fine.

You come with me.

It's a two-man job anyways.

He was good luck last time,  
right?  
Come on.  
Let's get to work.  
All right.  
What are you doing?  
- Look, I know  
you didn't do this, okay?  
So I'm going to try  
and find something  
on the bodies to prove it.  
No, no, no, no, stop.  
Stop.  
It's no use.  
He's probably long gone.  
- Or he's one of the people  
that died  
and we should find out.  
It's me.  
I'm the bomber.  
What are you talking about?  
- It's what everyone else  
thinks,  
and it's probably the best thing  
for all of us.  
- So we should  
just let him get away.  
- If he's alive,  
the only thing keeping us safe  
is if he thinks  
he got away with it.  
So let me take the rap.  
I'm fine with being guilty  
until rescue arrives.  
The cops will sort it out...  
As long as we're still here.  
Tori?  
Just let it go.  
What are you doing?  
Uh, I just want to see  
if I can push it in  
a little further.  
- It's in as far  
as it's going to go, Mason.

What's the matter, Sam?  
You think I'm the terrorist now?  
- No, I don't think  
you're the terrorist.  
I think Al is the terrorist.  
We have the subway books.  
He knew how to disarm the bomb.  
I just think  
we're wasting our time!  
- He would have chewed off  
his arm to get cover.  
I don't think he had any clue  
if it was going to go off  
or not.  
You didn't detach the wires.  
What?  
Uh, I can't reach it.  
See... see if you can find  
a pole,  
'cause I want to try  
to push it further in.  
Yeah.  
Okay.  
Sam?  
Sam?  
You get that pole?  
Sam.  
Bastard.  
Still looking for clues?  
- Don't worry;  
I didn't find anything.  
He's probably long gone.  
Sorry.  
Hey.  
Why were you crying before?  
- Huh!  
Which time?  
When you got on the train.  
You were crying over some guy,  
right?  
Yeah.  
My dad.  
Dad?  
What is he?

Doctor?

Lawyer.

Preacher.

So you're really screwed up.

- Yeah.

You couldn't tell?

No, he's, um...

He really is a great dad.

This morning, I, um...

I never wanted to see him again.

Now I'm terrified I never will,  
so...

Is everyone okay?

- Yeah!

Yeah, we're fine.

I think it came from outside.

You stay with mommy, okay?

These guys are hurt!

Are you okay?

Hurry!

Where are you?

- Over here. Over here.

Over here.

Hey, Sam, Sam, Sam.

You okay?

Come on, stay with me, buddy.

- Mason.

- Let's get up.

I'm going to get Yolanda.

- I've got him.

You get Mason.

- Okay, okay.

- Come on.

Mason.

- Come on.

Sit over here.

Mason.

No, no, no, no, no.

Mason.

ESTA MUERTO.

- I heard a... a crack,  
and I looked up,  
and the next thing I knew,  
I was...

I was flying through the air,  
and he pushed me out of the way.

Dad.

He saved my life.

He sacrificed his life for me.

He sacrificed his life  
for me.

We have to make sure  
that his story gets told.

Mason's dead.

Rubina?

- Circuit on this side  
has a short.

It's going to drain  
the batteries.

It's darker,  
but the bottom lights'll last  
twice as long.

Adam was an electrician.

I'm sorry.

- We were fighting  
when it happened.

He gave me this engagement ring,  
and I wanted to return it.

This ring isn't our custom.

We needed money.

Adam said I needed...

I needed the ring more.

No, please.

Please.

She's really losing it.

She just lost her fianc.

I'd be more worried  
if she wasn't this upset.

Like Sam.

- What?

There's something off.

The way that he...

- everybody grieves  
in their own way, Tori.

Or maybe he just didn't love her  
that much.

I don't know, but that doesn't  
make him a killer, so...

she's not wearing a ring.

He was looking at the bag  
with the bomb.

It was underneath her.

- Tori, I'm telling you,  
let it go.

No, Al.

Mason was being rough with it.

- How do you know

Mason wasn't going for the bomb?

He was the one

who took the gun.

Al, who has the gun?

- Thank you.

- Yeah.

- I hope you don't mind.

I covered Karen.

No, that was very thoughtful.

Thank you.

Kathy.

Her name was Kathy.

Oh, right.

Kathy.

I'm sorry.

I should check on her.

Where you going?

- She's really upset.

We're going outside to talk.

- All right.

Be careful.

Thanks.

What is it?

Stop that.

What are you doing?

Stop that.

- The gun's not here anymore.

I think someone took it.

Rubina, listen to me.

I think I know who did this.

And I really need your help.

Please.

- What were you two  
talking about?

Rubina.

- I'm sorry they did this  
to you.

I can't really blame them.

Who do you blame?

It's an interesting question,  
isn't it?

Hey, um,

can I talk to you for...

it's kind of about your wife.

Um...

You're kind of going through  
a similar situation as Rubina,  
and I just don't know how much  
more of it she can take.

Oh.

I was wondering if you could...

maybe you could help her out  
or talk to her or something.

- I'll, uh...

I'll do what I can.

Thank you.

- Hey.

How you doing?

You okay?

Yeah.

I'm fine, really.

I just... I was noticing  
how beautiful  
your wife's ring is.

I, um... it looks like  
it's coming off.

I thought

you might want to keep it.

It's beautiful.

Thank you.

Yeah.

- Dillon, honey,

what are you doing here?

Mom needed water.

- Okay.

Um, here.

Why'd you give him your ring?

That's...

- no.

- No!  
Okay, Dillon.  
All right, girl!  
Get over there!  
Get over there!  
Go.  
Go!  
Okay, okay, okay.  
- Baby, we need the water  
back here for mom...  
daddy?  
What are you doing?  
Sam, why do you have a gun?  
Don't...  
- do not move,  
or I will kill her.  
Now, listen to me.  
I'm taking her outside.  
We're going to wait  
until we're rescued,  
and then  
I'm going to let her go,  
and she's gonna be fine,  
all right?  
Do not move.  
Do not talk.  
Let's go.  
- Sam.  
Please.  
Please just take me instead.  
Please.  
I can't do that.  
I can't do that,  
because you would sacrifice her.  
Now, let's go very slowly.  
- Please.  
It's okay.  
- All right, go through there  
very, very slowly.  
- No, Jared.  
Jared. Jared.  
That's my baby.  
Oh, God.  
- She'll be okay.



- Oh, my God,  
I just let him take her.  
Oh, God!  
Oh, my God.  
Oh, my God.  
Oh. Oh.  
What am I going to tell  
Kristine?  
It's okay.  
Dillon?  
Is your name Dillon?  
All right, Dillon.  
I know this is really scary.  
But I'm scared too.  
Do you know why?  
Because your dad  
is so mad at me.  
Did you see what he did  
to that man in there?  
I know you saw that.  
He hurt that man  
really badly.  
And I don't want him  
to do that to me.  
What can we do?  
I have an idea.  
Inside that cave,  
there's a doctor's kit,  
and it's full of good medicine  
that'll fix your mom up.  
Now, if I went and got that,  
I could bring it in,  
fix your mom up,  
and your dad would like me.  
But that cave is too small.  
I can't fit.  
You could fit.  
I can't do it.  
- Yes, you can, because  
think what would happen then.  
Your dad wouldn't be mad,  
would he?  
If I fixed your mom?  
Right?

Yeah, okay.

So you're going to do that;  
You're gonna go in there  
and get that doctor's kit  
with all that good medicine.  
And you bring it out here.  
Go on.

I'll be right behind you.  
I'm gonna go get a light  
so you can see,  
and you bring  
that doctor's kit out.

Go on, Dillon.

Go on. Get in there.

Okay, I'm getting a light.

DONDE ESTA DILLON?

DONDE ESTA DILLON?

Sam.

Sam took Dillon.

We have to get her back.

We have to do something  
right now.

- Al, we have to do  
exactly what he says.

- Oh, now you want to do  
nothing?

You've been fighting  
this entire time.

And look at what happened!

Al was right, and we  
should have listened to him.

This is all of my fault.

- What... what do you mean,  
this is your fault?

I thought it was Sam.

We figured out that he was lying  
about his wife,  
and we trapped him,  
and, Jared, I am so sorry.

- Look, that lie would have  
come out sooner or later,  
no matter what you guys did.  
At least we have a chance  
to fight back now.

- No, we are not gonna  
fight back!  
If something happens  
to my little girl...  
Hey!  
You're not exactly a Saint  
yourself.  
Now, I don't trust a single word  
that comes  
out of that man's mouth,  
and I don't want to give him  
any more time to plot...  
time to do what?  
He can't go anywhere.  
He had a chance to kill  
all of us, and he didn't.  
Yeah?  
Well, he killed my fianc.  
And I will be damned  
if I stand around here  
and do nothing.  
Come on, Dillon.  
Good girl.  
All the way.  
Come on, Dillon.  
Dillon, there is medicine  
in that case  
that your mommy needs.  
Now, hurry up.  
Good girl.  
Go on.  
All right, you got it?  
Now, bring it back.  
Don't open the...  
Dillon?  
Bad girl. Lights out.  
Now, Dillon, it's pretty scary  
in there, isn't it? Huh?  
I'm turning the lights back on  
but only if you bring  
that case out.  
And if you don't,  
you're dying in there, Dillon,  
and I'm going to go back

into that subway car  
and I'm going to start  
shooting people,  
starting with your mommy  
and then your dad.  
All right, Dillon?  
Lights on.  
Good girl.  
Come on.  
Dillon?  
Thud!  
I'm coming!  
Stop!  
Dillon.  
Slowly.  
You're going to open the case.  
You're going to put it down.  
All right,  
shine the light inside.  
Shine it.  
Did you break that?  
Did you break that?  
- No, no.  
The cop's radio.  
- Shh. Listen, listen.  
Wait, where's it at?  
It's over here.  
It's under here.  
I can't reach it.  
- I see it.  
Okay.  
All you got  
to do is let me know, okay?  
Push that button.  
- I got it!  
I got it.  
I got it.  
- Push the button.  
Push the button.  
Don't.  
...you push that button.  
- Open palm.  
Bring it here.  
Bring it here!

Come on.  
Toss it through.  
Beep!  
- Is that you, tom?  
We didn't copy.  
Do you want that?  
Then you stay on this train  
and you do not do a damn thing!  
All right?  
Come on.  
He smashed it.  
He smashed the radio.  
Why would he smash it?  
Doesn't he want to be rescued?  
- I told you.  
Don't trust him.  
This isn't about rescue.  
I don't understand.  
Why... why didn't he  
just shoot us?  
The bullets.  
He doesn't want the bullets  
in the body.  
He thinks he can still  
get away with this.  
How's he gonna do that?  
He has bomb.  
What?  
The bomb.  
If he rearms the bomb,  
he can make us look like  
we all died in the crash.  
- No, how does he do that  
without blowing himself up?  
- I don't know,  
and I don't want to find out.  
Oh, my God.  
Why are you doing this?  
You have a dog, Dillon?  
What's its name?  
Daisy.  
- Daisy.  
All right.  
Daisy misbehaves sometimes,

doesn't she?  
Maybe she runs  
across the street.  
And she could get hit by a car,  
and she could die, right?  
So you have to punish Daisy.  
You have to smack her.  
"Bad girl!"  
Right?  
'Cause she's an animal,  
and she operates on instinct.  
We're animals too...  
you and I,  
all the people in the world.  
And our instincts,  
they're not good.  
Our instinct  
is for self-preservation.  
That means we care  
about ourselves  
more than we care  
about other people.  
We need to understand what it is  
to suffer ourselves.  
Then we can stop  
and we can ask,  
"why is this happening?  
What do I learn from it?"  
We are perfectly willing  
to see other people die  
as long as we have  
comfortable lives.  
Now, we have to do better  
than that.  
We have to do better than that,  
or we won't have a world  
anymore.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry, Dillon.  
You seem like a very nice girl.  
Shine the light.  
Hi.  
- Dillon?  
- She's not far.

Kris, rescue's coming.  
You gotta stay with me.  
Dillon needs you, honey.  
- Yeah.  
- Okay.  
Let's get in position.  
We gotta draw this guy  
back here, make some noise.  
Maybe I could climb up on top.  
- Okay.  
What are we doing?  
Why don't you help up there?  
He's never gonna expect you.  
I got a better idea.  
But I need a head start.  
Okay.  
What's that sound?  
All right, boost me up.  
- Okay, on three.  
- Okay.  
One, two, three.  
Hey, I see a light.  
Hand me the flashlight.  
Hey, someone's coming.  
- Daddy.  
- Dillon.  
Oh, baby.  
- I ran away.  
Did you find out anything?  
Did you hear him  
say anything at all?  
- Oh, he's making it  
into two bombs.  
- What?  
- A big one and a little one.  
He could use that small bomb  
to take us out;  
Not the whole frickin' tunnel.  
- Hey, he just set this  
underneath the train.  
There's 66 seconds.  
- Hit stop.  
- No, don't be ridiculous.  
- All right,

it's a different phone.  
He's only using it as a timer.  
No, I'm not buying it.  
I say we Chuck it out  
and everyone stays on the train.  
No.  
Kristine's back there.  
She could die.  
Please.  
- Okay, okay.  
We disarm it.  
No!  
Oh, thank God.  
Okay, okay.  
When this thing doesn't go off,  
he's gonna know,  
and there's a second bomb.  
I'll stop him.  
How?  
I'll charge him.  
- No, no, no, there's a gun.  
- I don't care. I...  
there's only one way in.  
He'll know where to aim.  
- Please, I have to do this.  
- No, daddy.  
- Sweetie, listen to me.  
You have to trust me.  
Jared, I'll go with you.  
I'll go too.  
- Me too.  
I go.  
- We'll all be charging him  
single file.  
He'll just take us out  
one at a time.  
- Then I guess  
I'm going in first.  
No.  
What if there's another way?  
Get down!  
Ah!  
Go.  
- Dad!



- No.

- All right.

That's very brave of you.

It's very commendable.

But I am going to pick you off

one by one by one

if you do not get back

on the train right now!

First your wife

and then your daughter

if you don't get back

on that train right now.

Go!

- He's wasted too many bullets,  
and he knows it.

Hey, you can't shoot us all.

- You gonna gamble

that I have one bullet?

Huh?

You gamble that I don't have  
one bullet left?

- Get back on that train  
right now.

You won't do it.

Otherwise, you would have  
done it already.

You're a coward.

No.

Detroit, Atlanta, Los Angeles...

I've done something  
very meaningful.

My work is done,

and I'm ready to go.

So don't you push me.

Now, last time.

You get back on the train  
right now.

No.

Don't...

I'm sorry.

Dillon!

No!

Dillon.

No, don't.

Dillon.

- Stay back.

Put the gun down.

Come on, baby.

Don't do this.

I have to.

- Please, baby,

put the gun down.

Dillon?

Listen to your father.

Dill, put the gun down.

Please put the gun down.

- Come on.

Listen to your dad.

- No.

- No, don't.

- Move.

- No!

He deserves to die.

Yeah.

He does.

But it's still wrong.

Just give me the gun.

Don't do this.

It's okay.

Hey, it's okay.

It's okay.

It's okay.

It's okay.

We're gonna be okay, daddy.

And after all that happened

to you today,

you choose virtue.

The more virtuous,

the harder the choice.

Good girl.

Oh.

I'm a good teacher.

Who I am

has nothing to do with you.

It does now.