

A dark, industrial interior, possibly a subway car or a confined space. The walls and ceiling are metallic and show signs of wear, with scratches and scuffs. A central door is visible, with a window and a handle. To the right of the door, there is a sign with the number '11'. The floor is dark and has a large, irregular red stain. The overall atmosphere is grimy and claustrophobic.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE...

THE ELEVEN

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LOG LINE

Deep in the New York City underground, eleven strangers trapped in an abandoned subway car struggle to uncover the truth behind an incident connecting their past.

SYNOPSIS

The sound of explosions, gunfire and the screams of panicked soldiers opens us into a world where nothing is what it seems and everything is at risk...

An unidentified male sits in the bathtub of his downtown Manhattan apartment, a single drop of blood cast against white porcelain tiles.

Two silhouettes, bloody and exhausted, shuffle quickly away from an abandoned subway car that sits eerily still on its tracks.

Hours earlier, eleven strangers ride in a subway car as it mysteriously becomes detached from the rest of the train, leaving them abandoned and alone in the unforgiving darkness of the subway tunnels. As time passes without any sign of help, the anxiety inside the carriage grows. Before they have a chance to assess the situation, one of the passengers suffers a severe heart attack. With limited supplies and no assistance available, her fellow passengers can do nothing but watch in terror as she dies. Unsettled by her sudden demise, the remaining passengers decide to leave the train, but when the first one out releases a blood-curdling scream, they realize something is horribly wrong. They scramble back into the train, slamming the doors closed moments before a mutilated body seems to explode against the windows. Realizing a predator is now stalking them in the darkness outside, a panicked frenzy ensues! Slowly, the predator closes in on them, picking them off one by one until they realize that uncovering the mystery behind who they are and why they're in the train carriage may be the only path to their escape.

As they move closer to uncovering the truth, their fellow passengers continue to suffer untimely deaths until only three remain. The three come to understand that the number eleven may be the key to unlocking the mystery and that only one of them is meant to escape. The question is which one?

With nothing left to lose, two decide to leave the carriage, leaving the third behind, begging them not to go. As they walk away, they are shocked to witness the third passenger, still in the carriage, brutally murdered without another being ever touching him. Confused, alone and desperate to find sanctuary, they race into the darkness of the subway tunnels and are mortified when, after walking in a straight line, they somehow loop back to the very same train car. With no hope left, and no apparent escape, they risk falling into a fit of anguish and despair until one of them, an eighteen year old girl, realizes what "eleven" represents. She takes the other passenger's face in her hands and asks him to think deep. To remember her. The male passenger searches her eyes for the answer and when he lets himself go, closing his eyes as she kisses him gently and tells him she loves him, he finds himself becoming the last remaining passenger in the subway tunnel.

As the last passenger is left staring into the darkness, a worried female voice begs her husband not to do anything stupid - assures him that what happened to the eleven soldiers in his troop in Iraq was not his fault - that he can't blame himself. But, as we arrive back in the blood stained bathroom of the Manhattan apartment we find the last passenger dead in the bathtub and realize it's too late - he has already sacrificed himself to the pain of his past.