

# Fedex Flight 705

by  
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Based on a true story

EXT. MEMPHIS - SKYLINE - DAWN

The sun slowly begins to emerge on the city of Memphis.

INT. MEMPHIS - HOUSING PROJECT - DAWN

A small, cramped room where bed, fridge and TV share the same sunlight from a cracked window. Light Jazz music lightly plays from an old cassette player as we notice AUBURN CALLOWAY (42), a muscular black man, hunched over his bed. Calloway places hammers and a spear-gun into a guitar case.

INT. MEMPHIS - AIRPORT - TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - DAWN

The sun on the rise. Coffee is consumed and yawns are expressed by air traffic controllers. It's early, maybe a little to early for any deep conversation. Dressed impeccably is CAPTAIN DAVID SANDERS (49), who goes through *FedEx's* reports and weather layouts.

INT. MEMPHIS - HOUSING PROJECT - DAWN

Calloway clips his guitar case shut before tossing an envelop on the made bed. The words '*Last will and testament*' hand written on the front.

INT. MEMPHIS - DAVIS RESIDENCE - DAWN

A dark room, curtains blocking any hope of intruding sun. Lying in bed is ANDREW DAVIS (28), a handsome man who's stiff eyes are locked onto a bedside alarm clock - 4:29am.

*BZZZ!* Andrews' hovering hand drops on the clock, silencing the alarm. He wipes the crusted sleep from his eyes and rolls over to see wife, JANE (25), who breast-feeds their new BORN BABY. Davis tickles the infants ear with his index finger.

DAVIS

Wanna trade places with daddy,  
little man?

Jane smiles, kissing Andrew's messy bed hair.

JANE

How you feeling?

DAVIS

Like it's my first day of school.

JANE  
You'll be fine. Just two more years  
and you'll be fully qualified.

Davis moans, nuzzling his head into Janes armpit. She giggles from the sensation...

JANE  
(chuckles)  
Stop it. I ironed your uniform.

Davis withdraws from her armpit, turning to see his uniform hung over a chair. He releases a long moan at the sight.

EXT. MEMPHIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Stepping out from a cab, Davis approaches the terminal. Freshly shaven and in a *FedEx* uniform, he looks sharp, confident and ready.

We follow Davis through the terminal and into a corridor where he swipes his ID card for clearance. There, he notices Captain Sanders heading down the corridor.

DAVIS  
Captain Sanders?

Sanders turns, accepting Davis's hand.

DAVIS  
I'm Andrew Davis, Sir. We spoke on  
the phone last week. The FedEx guy?

Sanders continues to walk, Davis follows.

CAPT. SANDERS  
Oh yeah. Your first day of  
training. How do you feel?

DAVIS  
More nervous than anything.

CAPT. SANDERS  
You'll be fine. Who else have you  
flown under?

DAVIS  
Done a few commercial fights, but  
mainly with the simulator.

CAPT. SANDERS  
The cargo flight is just like a  
commercial one. Just replace the  
passengers with packages.

Davis laughs. It's fake but sincere.

CAPT. SANDERS  
So why you wanna be a FedEx pilot?

DAVIS  
Pays better than a FedEx postal  
worker.

Sanders laughs as the two continue down the corridor which  
opens out onto...

EXT. AIRPORT - RUNAWAY - CONTINUOUS

The open runaway where trucks and forklifts load freight  
containers into planes. Davis looks around in amazement while  
following the captain toward a large DC-10 CARGO PLANE. *FedEx*  
labeled across the plane's side.

CAPT. SANDERS  
Rule number one. Never be late for  
a flight. All these containers are  
extremely valuable, otherwise  
they'd just be in regular postal.  
People pay extra for our speed and  
commitment. I've been working cargo  
14 years and only been late once.

DAVIS  
What happened?

CAPT. SANDERS  
A woman.

DAVIS  
Was it worth it?

CAPT. SANDERS  
She became my wife.

Davis shows a boyish smile - this is kinda cool. The two  
progress up toward the loading bay. Davis following his  
captain's every step.

INT. DC-10 - LOADING BAY - FIGHT 705 - CONTINUOUS

Sanders leads Davis past huge freight containers that stack meters high, *FedEx* branded on each container.

CAPT. SANDERS

Rule number two, never eat the same preflight meal as the copilot. If both of you get severe food poisoning, no one can fly the plane.

They approach the galley where Auburn Calloway is seated in a jump seat situated behind the cockpit. He stands to address the captain, his demeanor passive.

CALLOWAY

Captain Sanders. I'm Auburn Calloway, how are you?

CAPT. SANDERS

Very well, thank you. And you are?

CALLOWAY

The flight engineer for FedEx. Mind if hitch a ride to California today?

Calloway shows the captain his *FedEx* ID tag.

CAPT. SANDERS

It's fine by me. Did you go through the proper channels?

CALLOWAY

Yes, sir. All the paper work is in your pigeon hole.

CAPT. SANDERS

Well then, welcome aboard. This is my copilot, Andrew Davis.

Davis smiles at the compliment while shaking Calloway's hand.

DAVIS

Nice to meet you.

Davis follows Sanders into the cockpit when a guitar case catches his attention.

DAVIS

You play guitar?

CALLOWAY

I try too. Not very I'll admit.

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Both Captain Sanders and Davis, seat themselves in the cockpit. Davis looks at the panels with a boyish smile.

SANDERS

Okay, let's commence the cockpit checklist, shall we? Switch gears.

Davis switches the landing gear to the neutral position.

DAVIS

Gear switch is set too neutral.

Sanders focuses on a circuit breaker among the control panel.

CAPT. SANDERS

Mmmm.. that's weird. In my twenty three years, I've never seen the CVR switched off.

Davis tries frantically to remember what CVR is...

DAVIS

...The central voice recorder?

CAPT. SANDERS

(resets the CVR)

That's right. You never fly if the CVR is down. It records all in-flight communication.

INT. DC-10 - GALLEY

Calloway sits in his seat. A glazed coat of sweat soaks his face. He looks wired and edgy. He takes out his cell phone, dials a number. Waits.

CALLOWAY

Dennis are you there? Pick up baby, please? Listen I know you don't wanna talk but I just called to say I love you and I'm sorry.

With his free hand, Calloway takes out a picture of himself a woman and two children. Happy times.

CALLOWAY

You tell Mike and Alex that I love them too, okay.

The sound of the engines start up as Calloway turns off his cell phone and turns to his guitar case.

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT

Sanders and Davis are now both strapped into their seats. The captain flicks switches and adjusts frequency settings.

CAPT. SANDERS  
(radio)  
Express 705 is clear for take off.

The large cargo plane begins to slowly move along the runway. Davis smiles an excited grin.

DAVIS  
This sure beats working at the post office, Captain.

Sanders chuckles as the plane speeds along the tarmac, elevating into the air at incredible speeds.

CAPT. SANDERS  
Proximeters?

DAVIS  
(checks panel)  
Eerr... Nines and twos.

CAPT. SANDERS  
You wanna level her off?

Davis looks at the Captain, smile etched in his face from the hand over of responsibility.

DAVIS  
Sure.

Davis grabs hold of the wheel and proceeds to level the plane.

CAPT. SANDERS  
That's it. Nice and slow. Keep it at a smooth rate.

Davis levels the plane.

CAPT. SANDERS  
Good job.  
(flicks switch)  
Activate the auto pilot and whola.  
You just successfully took off.

DAVIS  
That was intense.

CAPT. SANDERS

After twenty three years, I still know that feeling.

DAVIS

Where did you earn your wings?

CAPT. SANDERS

Was a fighter pilot in the late eighties. Transferred to *FedEx* in 94'. I'd rather fight a deadline than in some war.

DAVIS

Ever shoot anybody?

CAPT. SANDERS

Once. Was intercepted by two bogies in Iran. Shot down the first before the other withdrew.

INT. DC-10 - GALLEY

Calloway looks out a side window. Everything looks so small from that altitude. He un-clips his belt and stands, heading to the old guitar case.

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT

Sanders and Davis look through the window - nothing but blue sky and white clouds, the way heaven should look.

CAPT. SANDERS

You have any children, Andrew?

DAVIS

Just the one, Captain. Her name is Jack. He's two months.

CAPT. SANDERS

I have three myself and four grandchildren. At Christmas we all -

Suddenly Calloway storms the cockpit - SMACK! He sinks a hammer into Sanders head before quickly striking Davis. It's so quick they can't possibly defend themselves.

Calloway disappears back into the galley. Davis goes in and out of consciousness, blood everywhere. His blurry vision looks at Sanders who is motionless, hunched over the controls.

CALLOWAY

Don't move! Don't fuckin move!

Calloway re-enters the cockpit, spear-gun loaded and aimed.

CALLOWAY

Move and I'll kill you!

Davis quickly grips hold of the spear and wrestles Calloway in the bloodied cockpit. During the struggle the control lever is forced back and the plane elevates sharply, forcing Davis and Calloway back out the cockpit.

INT. DC-10 - GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Calloway and Davis both grip the spear-gun, wrestling savagely. The blood from Davis's head wound covers his entire face. Calloway manages to kick Davis in the groin, freeing himself with the spear-gun.

CALLOWAY

(breathing heavily)

Die!

Calloway pulls the trigger just as Davis grips the spear head from propelling out. The fight continues...

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT

Captain Sanders blinks, regaining consciousness. He grips the lever and stabilizers the plane as grunts and moans reverberate from the galley. Sanders grips a radio.

CAPT. SANDERS

(radio)

Come in center, center emergency!

INT. GLOBAL OPERATIONS TOWER

A dark place, glowing with monitors and mainframes. Air traffic controller, KENT FLESHMEN (32), operates his workstation. His SUPERVISOR stands behind him, sipping coffee. The mood is eerily silent and calm.

CAPT. SANDERS (O.S.)

Come in center emergency!

FLESHMEN

Air craft emergency, say again?

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The brutal struggle between Davis and Calloway are heard from the cockpit. Sanders wipes the thick blood from his eyes.

CAPT. SANDERS

Express 705. I've been wounded.  
We've got an attempted take over on  
the aeroplane. Need a request back  
to Memphis immediately!

INT. GLOBAL OPERATIONS TOWER

By now, the entire staff have surrounded Fleshmen's workstation. The sense of urgency fills the tower.

FLESHMEN

Express 705. Fly heading 0.9,  
direct to Memphis.

CAPT. SANDERS (O.S.)

I need an ambulance, alert the  
airport facility! We also need  
armed intervention! Repeat, request  
arm intervention!

FLESHMEN

Understood, 705. Stay on the line  
with me.

The supervisor behind Fleshmen whispers to a nearby employee.

SUPIVISOR

(whispers)

Notify the SWAT team for armed  
intervention now.

INT. DC-10 - GALLEY

Meanwhile, Davis and Calloway continue to wrestle for the spear-gun. It's brutal, messy and savage. Calloway delivers deadly head strikes into Davis's face.

On the third strike, Davis times the impact and bites down on Calloway's nose, teeth sinking in. Calloway knees Davis in the groin, freeing the spear-gun from Davis's grip. Now in control Calloway stabs the spear head into Davis's arm.

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Sanders is in bad shape, bleeding getting worse. He listens as Davis releases scream after scream in the galley.

CAPT. SANDERS  
Hang on kid!

Sanders grips the controls and turns the plane sharply.

INT. DC-10 - GALLEY

Davis and Calloway are thrown to the side of the plane. Calloway drops the spear-gun. The plane continues it's turn until the G force pins Calloway and Davis to the ceiling.

EXT. DC-10 - CONTINUOUS

The entire plane is now belly up and at supersonic speeds as it speed through white clouds!

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

With his remaining strength, Sanders continues the freakish maneuver. Face tense, veins bulging, the captain struggles to complete the roll.

INT. DC-10 - GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Davis and Calloway now find themselves back on the floor. *BAM!* Davis punches Calloway in the mouth, teeth shattering. Calloway counter attacks, jamming a finger in Davis's eye.

Davis collapses in agony as Calloway stumbles for the spear-gun, reloading it, he aims it at Davis. Death a certainty.

*OOMPH!* Sanders tackles Calloway to the floor. Spear-gun firing into Calloway's foot. Sanders lay motionless, moments from death. He's lost too much blood, especially at his age.

Davis stumbles to his feet, grabs Sanders and drags him into the cockpit, locking the door behind him.

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The cockpit resembles a bloodbath as Davis props the unconscious captain in his seat.

DAVIS  
 Captain!... CAPTAIN!

Nothing, Sanders does not respond.

DAVIS  
 Captain, I need you! Your daughters  
 need you! Please get -

FLESHMEN (O.S.)  
 Express 705, do you copy?

Davis looks at the control panels and takes the radio.

DAVIS  
 This is express 705, over.

FLESHMEN (O.S.)  
 Express 705, you are presently  
 16000 kilos over the recommended  
 landing weight. Advise to drop some  
 fuel. Repeat drop some fuel.

DAVIS  
 I can't! The captain's down and  
 there is a terrorist on board!

FLESHMEN (O.S.)  
 Identify yourself.

DAVIS  
 Trainee Andrew Davis. It's my first  
 fucking day!

INT. GLOBAL OPERATIONS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The supervisor lowers his head in frustration. He is handed a  
 profile sheet of Davis. He reads it, quickly.

SUPVISOR  
 Jesus, he's a god damn postal  
 worker.

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT

Davis notices the approaching runaway ahead, emergency,  
 police and SWAT team on standby.

FLESHMEN (O.S.)  
 Stay calm, Mr. Davis. Do you know  
 how to land the aircraft?

DAVIS  
Yeah, I think so.

Davis straps on his seatbelt, breathes in - it's all up to him now. He grips the controls. Knuckles white.

FLESHMEN (O.S.)  
I need you to reduce your speed to  
800 miles. Your going too fast.

Davis slowly pulls a lever...

DAVIS  
Reducing speed.

*OOOMPH! OOOMPH!* Davis spins around to see the cockpit door buckling from heavy pounding.

CALLOWAY (O.S.)  
Open the fucking door!

Davis swallows his fear and remains focused on the controls.

CALLOWAY (O.S.)  
Now! Open the fucking door!

EXT. MEMPHIS - AIRPORT - RUNAWAY

Emergency crew watch and wait as the cargo plane approaches the runaway. SWAT prepare their weapons and gear.

INT. DC-10 - COCKPIT

A bloodied Davis lowers the aircraft. A heavy jolt. Tyres meet tarmac. The spear head jabs through the cockpit door.

CALLOWAY (O.S.)  
Open the door!

The plane sways from left to right at incredible speeds. Davis grips the controls. He looks to his side window and sees trees and buildings flashing past.

CALLOWAY (O.S.)  
Nooo!

Calloway frantically, pounds the cockpit door with heavy jolts. However, Davis remains focused, slowing the plane.

FLESHMEN (O.S.)  
Good job, now open the door and  
remain in the cockpit.

The spear-head disappears back through the door as the plane comes to a stop. Davis opens the plane's doors from the control panel as we hear SWAT rush in.

SWAT (O.S.)

Drop the weapon! I repeat drop the weapon!

CALLOWAY (O.S.)

Fuck you!

We hear a scream followed by a mass of automatic gunfire. Davis's attention is drawn to the cabin's door where blood flows from underneath.

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER.

INT. MEMPHIS - HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT

It's still. Quite. The sound of crickets heard outside as DENISE (36), a slim, black woman enters. She places her keys on a table before noticing an envelope on the bed.

She picks it up, shocked by the hand written cover - '*Last will and Testament*'. Hands trembling, Denise opens the envelope and begins to read...

*Dear Denise,  
Upon reading this, please burn it. Please never speak of the following words you read. And please forgive me...*

*With my death brings a life insurance policy of 2 million dollars. Money for you, money for the kids. I'm sorry I couldn't provide as a father should, but this is the only way. My job is under review, my career fading. I would much rather go on a date, time, place and a method of my own choosing. I resolved sometime ago that the next time my security and future is threatened or seriously jeopardized... It's time. My time to go.*

*I love you,  
Auburn.  
XOXOXO*

INT. MEMPHIS - THE HILTON - FUNCTION ROOM

The function room is alive with people as a graduation is in progress. Among the graduates we notice Davis, fitted in a robe and mortarboard. The pilots and their families focus on the stage where CAPTAIN CONNOR (44) addresses the crowd.

CAPT. CONNOR  
- and it is with great pride, that  
I officially announce you all  
qualified pilots!

Davis and his pilots throw their mortarboards into the sky with great celebration. Jane watches her husband with their two year old son, Jack.

We see the spokes of a wheelchair spinning, an elderly WOMAN (78) pushing from behind. We cannot see the person seated in the wheelchair, only his grey hair.

Davis waves to his wife and child from the stage area. From his view he overlooks his surroundings where he notices the man in the wheelchair. Davis squints, focusing on the man...

Until he identifies him...

Captain Sanders. Compensating for his physical limitations, the captain is fitted in an expensive suit, and neatly combed hair, parted to one side. He waves to Davis.

Davis waves back, tears forming in his eyes. We pan up skyward to see a commercial plane flying overhead.

THE END