

FRIENDLY FIRE

Written by

Clayton Harp

Harpscripts@gmail.com

Copyright © 2018 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

News clips regarding global terrorism saturate televisions across the nation...

On a television in a retro diner, CNN's Wolf Blitzer reports on the devastating aftermath of an attack in turkey.

WOLF

I'm Wolf Blitzer, and your in the situation room. Last night's attack in Istanbul has left the country in utter devastation. The President of Turkey announced earlier today that the death toll is estimated to be around 300 individuals. It is speculated ISIS will soon confirm responsibility...

CUT TO:

A television at a busy airport, MSNBC's Brian Williams reports on heightened security at Charles De Gaulle Airport.

BRIAN

French officials have heightened security at Paris's Charles De Gaulle airport on speculation of a potential attack. Over the last week, threats have been made toward the country's largest city via ISIS networks. The government is taking every precaution to keep France's largest city safe...

CUT TO:

A television in an undisclosed living room, CNN's Anderson Cooper reports on a truck attack in Munich.

MEGYN

It is an emotional night here for the citizens of Berlin. As reported earlier today, a large semi-truck drove through one of the country's largest festivals. Information is still rises, but as of now it is estimated over a hundred people have been injured, while 20 have been confirmed dead. The numbers continue to grow by the hour...

CUT TO:

On the screens in time square, ABC News's David Muir reporting on activity in Brussels.

DAVID

Two individuals are still on the run after the bombings in Brussels yesterday morning. We have learned three men have already been killed after a six hour standoff in the streets of the city. The President commented on the horrific attack saying "We have taken every security measure to keep the American people safe. Our hearts go out to all the people in Brussels and the many other countries dealing with similar situations. We live in the safest country in the world, and no terrorist will dare attempt an attack on the United States."

The last words are emphasized through visuals... the screen goes black.

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY

A beautiful spring day... the vibrant morning light reflects off the jungle of skyscrapers.

The sounds of the city bellow as people partake in their methodical mid-morning routines.

A RADIO HOST is heard.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)
Good morning New York City. Today
is Wednesday, April 25th...

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

The sunlight illuminates modern decor. Multiple pieces of contemporary art hang perfectly symmetric on three of its walls. The fourth, completely transparent, displays a breathtaking view of the New York Skyline.

A lonely picture frame sits on a night stand... four energetic individuals are captured in mid laughter. The rest of the room is immaculate, not a single object is out of place.

RADIO HOST

Today's forecast shows clear skies with a high of 75 degrees. A perfect day to enjoy the outdoors.

A cell phone rings... CHASE CALDWELL, 26, exceptional physique, jumps out of his large California King bed to catch the call.

CHASE

Hello.

His facial expression says it all.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I am stuck in traffic, I will be there in about 15 minutes.

He ends the call.

CHASE (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Shit! How could I have overslept three times in the same week?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Chase bolts out of the revolving door still dressing himself... a bagel hangs from his mouth as he juggles to hold onto his coffee and briefcase... he looks for his car.

He spots it... he runs like a maniac and climbs in to the back.

INT. SUV - MORNING

GREG PETERS, 50, well aged Englishman, sits patiently in the drivers seat.

GREG

Overslept again I presume?

Chase, breathing deeply, gives greg a smirk.

CHASE

Did McAlister's assistant call you?

Greg nods... regards Chase through the rear view mirror...

GREG
She sure did.

CHASE
What did you say?

GREG
I said Park Ave and E 34th had construction, so we detoured to Broadway, which is a madhouse this time of morning.

CHASE
Do you think she bought it?

GREG
I'm quite sure she didn't listen to a word I was saying.

Chase is relieved.

CHASE
I really appreciate you covering for me.

GREG
I am happy to do so sir.

EXT. BERKENSTEIN BUILDING

A beautiful modern building stands above the other typically constructed skyscrapers.

INT. BERKENSTEIN BUILDING - 88TH FLOOR

Chase exits the elevator on the 88th floor.

The office is filled with high fashioned individuals casually chatting.

Chase strides quickly into a large corner office overlooking northern manhattan. There is a familiar atmosphere... not a single item is out of place.

BLAKE STEVENS, 24, lean, overenthusiastic, greets Chase.

BLAKE
Good morning! I see that you overslept again.

CHASE

Shhhhhh! The world doesn't need to
know my personal business.

BLAKE

Sorry, my bad.

CHASE

I see that our long discussion
about using your inside voice has
proven to be successful.

Blake is oblivious to Chase's sarcasm.

BLAKE

(whispering)

Mr. McAlister's assistant has been
calling for the last hour; he is
really wanting to speak with you.

CHASE

Is he in his office?

BLAKE

No. He insisted that you meet him
on the roof in 15 minutes. He is
catching a helicopter to Teterboro.

Chase gives Blake a look of annoyance.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I know. I told them about your...
well, fear of helicopters.

Chase is livid.

CHASE

What!! Why the hell would you tell
them that!? Now he is going to
think I am the world's biggest
pussy.

BLAKE

Yeah... probably, but hey, look at
the bright side, he must have
something really important to tell
you.

(beat)

This could be the big promotion!

Chase pauses... looks to Blake... a sudden realization...

CHASE

Holy shit! He has never asked someone to join him on his helicopter.

(beat)

I am going to get the promotion!

Chase jumps out of his chair and gives Blake a bear hug. Blake awkwardly accepts.

BLAKE

Does this mean I get a raise?

He pulls away...

CHASE

Don't push it.

Chase takes a seat... he smiles uncontrollably.

EXT. BERKENSTEIN BUILDING - ROOFTOP

A helicopter idles...

CHARLES McAlister, 52, Tom Selek look-a-like, strides up to the helicopter. Chase waits impatiently...

INT. HELICOPTER

The chopper ascends in a quick manner once the door closes. The shrinking city can be seen below.

Silence fills the cabin; only the rotor can be heard.

Minutes pass... Chase becomes more impatient, no longer being able to withstand the silence.

CHASE

Sir. What can I do for you?

McAlister looks through the top of his glasses, noticing Chase's presence for the first time... he returns his attention back to a piece of paper in his hand.

MCALISTER

I have heard good things about you Caldwell.

(beat)

You have made this company a sizeable amount of money.

Chase flashes a smirk.

CHASE
Thank you sir!

MCALISTER
Unfortunately, your position at the company is no longer needed.

His smirk quickly disappears.

MCALISTER (CONT'D)
The company has to make some cuts and there is no need for you. You will receive a generous severance package, which will also include a recommendation from me personally.

CHASE
Thank you sir?

The helicopter slowly lowers toward Teterboro... Chase sits quietly in a state of shock.

MCALISTER
There is a car waiting to take you back to the office. Your things are being packed up and will be ready for you when you arrive back.
(beat)
It's just business.

The door flies open... they both disembark... Chase walks zombie-ish toward the waiting SUV.

INT. BERKENSTEIN BUILDING - LATER

Chase exits the elevator on the 88th floor... he walks sluggishly toward his office... Blake walks briskly behind.

BLAKE
What the hell is going on? A strange woman packed up all of your things.

Continues to walk...

CHASE
My position is no longer needed.

BLAKE
They let you go?

CHASE

I wouldn't say let go.
(beat)
It was more... blunt.

BLAKE

That bad?

CHASE

Lets just say slashing my throat,
and throwing my limp body into the
Hudson would have been a better
scenario.

Chase arrives to his office to find a single cardboard box
sitting lonely on his large modern desk.

He takes a seat in his former chair. Blake enters...

BLAKE

What are you going to do now?

CHASE

I haven't thought about it yet. I
am still trying to comprehend what
is currently happening.

(beat)

What are you going to do?

Blake hesitates for a moment.

BLAKE

Well, I was offered an assistant
position for the VP of Marketing. I
was confused to why they were
asking, but now it makes sense.

Chase stares blankly.

CHASE

You should definitely take it. I
know you really need the job.

Blake flashes a smile.

BLAKE

I knew you would understand! You
are the best boss I have ever had.
I am really going to miss you.

Chase rises from his former desk... buttons his suit
jacket... takes one last look at the majestic view of the
city... grabs the lonely box... exits toward the elevator.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

The city continues to operate as usual... tenants exit the building and climb into their luxury sedans.

SUPER: One Week Later

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT

The apartment appears much different from the last time... take-out boxes litter the tables and counters... unwashed dishes are strewed across the kitchen... clothes rest on all surfaces.

INT. BEDROOM

Chase lies half uncovered atop his massive bed. Numerous candy rappers lay across the duvet. A documentary about terrorism plays on the television.

As we close in, we notice the change in his appearance... once a clean cut man, now appears disheveled and unkept.

He stares out the large windows. The beauty of the city no longer interest him... he flips a switch... large window shades begin to descend from the ceiling.

A buzzer slightly startles him.

INT. FOYER

He taps on a large screen next to the front door... MARK, 30's, a well-dressed Wall Street looking guy, stands idly... he hesitates a moment before buzzing him in.

Moments later Mark knocks... Chase unlocks the door...

MARK
Hey buddy!

CHASE
(unenthused)
Hey...

Chase moves aside allowing Mark to enter.

CHASE (CONT'D)
We can talk in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mark is taken aback by the state of the once immaculate apartment.

Chase takes a seat on-top of a cluttered accent chair... Mark hesitantly pushes a pile of items off a sofa cushion before taking a seat.

MARK

I called your office this morning
and they told me you were no longer
employed.

CHASE

Yeah... I decided I needed to move
on. I was beginning to plateau.

MARK

Oh... so you were fired?

He is caught...

CHASE

Oh yeah.

Mark doesn't know how to respond.

MARK

So... how have you been?
(beat)
I assume you let the maid go.

Chase pulls a half eaten candy bar from underneath him... he inspects it for a moment before taking a bite... Mark's face curls in disgust.

CHASE

Yeah, figured I had the time to
clean it myself. It hasn't been too
bad.

Mark discretely disagrees.

MARK

Have you left the apartment?

CHASE

(sarcasm)
How could I leave this tranquil
utopia?

Mark smirks.

MARK

You should consider attending some events or explore New York.

CHASE

I was born and raised in New York, what else could I possibly see?

MARK

I recommend Hamilton. I took my wife and daughter last week and they loved it.

CHASE

Eh...

Mark quickly changes subjects before he loses him...

MARK

Have you sent your résumé out to other companies?

CHASE

Yeah. No one is hiring because of the economy; everyone is laying off their employee's.

MARK

I know what you mean. Goldman just cut 500 this week. Luckily I'm not expendable.

(beat)

No offense.

CHASE

None taken. I'm not one to get offended much anymore.

Mark hesitates to ask his next question... he knows it is going to upset Chase.

MARK

Have you thought about asking your father for a job?

Chase's look confirms Mark's prediction.

CHASE

NO! I wouldn't ask him for a damn thing! I would rather die before I had to face him again. He made his feelings about me very clear.

Mark regrets asking.

MARK

Well, sorry I asked. I didn't mean
to upset you.

CHASE

It's alright. The situation just...
makes me so angry.

Mark adjusts his position.

MARK

I did come over to see how you were
doing; however, I also came to tell
you about a job opportunity. It is
with a high profile financial
company, and I think you would be
perfect for it.

Chase is intrigued...

CHASE

What is the catch?

MARK

It's in London.

CHASE

Ah... New York is my city, I can't
imagine myself anywhere else.

Mark pulls a business card out of his pocket.

MARK

I'm going to leave this business
card, if you change your mind, this
guy Jason is expecting your call.

He places the card on the table.

MARK (CONT'D)

We have worked with each other for
a long time now. Even though we do
not know much about each others
personal lives, I do know that you
are the hardest working person I
know. They would be lucky to have
you.

Mark looks at his watch...

MARK (CONT'D)

Well, I better get back to the
office. My lunch break ends in
about fifteen minutes.

Chase stands to let Mark out... Mark turns to him...

MARK (CONT'D)
Call Jason.

Chase smirks.

CHASE
I'll think about it.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - MORNING

Taxis fill the streets with their fluorescent yellow... business professionals enter and exit large office buildings... tourists take pictures with the charging bull.

Chase walks leisurely down Wall Street... he observes hundreds of people as they tend to their day... he stops in front of a large skyscraper.

As he looks up... a huge moniker displays "CALDWELL."

He holds his gaze for a moment... turns and pulls his cell phone from his right pocket... a business card with it.

He dials the number on the card...

CHASE
Hi Jason, my name is Chase
Caldwell...

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The space is once again unrecognizable. Only remnants of furniture are left behind.

A large wall of neatly stacked boxes fill a small corner... each labeled with the respective area to which the items originated.

MICHELLE, late 20's, enters from the bedroom...

MICHELLE
I can't believe you are moving to London. You know I am going to miss you like crazy.

Chase emerges from the kitchen...

CHASE
I know. You might actually have to make friends.

Chase begins to laugh... Michelle is not amused...

MICHELLE
I have friends!

CHASE
I wouldn't call them friends. They
are just narcissistic celebrities
who want to hang out with you
because of your name.

MICHELLE
Our name.

CHASE
No, I said that correctly. I no
longer associate myself with that
name. It died when mom did.

Michelle deflates...

MICHELLE
Have you spoken to him at all since
then?

Chase becomes irritated...

CHASE
Why do people keep asking me if I
talked to William? I haven't and I
don't plan too. I know how he feels
about me.

MICHELLE
His disappointment is with your
choices, not you.
(beat)
When did you start calling him
William?

CHASE
It's the same thing! When I told
him I didn't want anything to do
with the company, he made it very
clear he didn't want me around.
(beat)
Oh, and it is something new I'm
trying out.

Michelle continues packing a box with clothes...

MICHELLE

Well, it sounds unnatural, and I think both of you misunderstood one another. Now two valuable years have past. One of you has to be the bigger man.

Chase is visibly finished with the discussion...

CHASE

I don't want to talk about it any longer. What's done is done.

MICHELLE

Mom would be disappointed in both of you.

This hits Chase hard... he doesn't let Michelle notice... he looks down at his watch...

CHASE

My plane leaves soon, I better get going.

Chase puts the last box on-top of the neatly stacked pile.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT

Chase and Michelle watch as MOVERS finish loading boxes into a large moving truck... moments later a man closes the doors... the truck is off.

Michelle turns to Chase.

MICHELLE

Do you have your passport?

He rolls his eyes...

CHASE

Yes mother.

She hits him on the shoulder...

MICHELLE

Shut up!

A black SUV pulls up near them...

CHASE

This is me.

Chase begins to turn away from Michelle... she latches to his neck and begins to sob.

MICHELLE

I don't know what I am going to do without you!

Chase fights back tears.

CHASE

You are much stronger than you think. It is going to be just fine. I am only a six hour flight away if you feel the urge to visit.

He kisses her on the forehead.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I love you.

MICHELLE

I love you too.

He climbs into the back of the SUV. As the car departs, they both hold eye contact until the car disappears into the stampede of New York traffic.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT

Planes land and takeoff... aprons are full of taxiing jets... the departure area is full of honking taxis.

INT. SECURITY CHECK-IN - JFK

A long line is wrapped in a zigzag as far as we can see. Chase approaches the front. A young TSA AGENT summons him over...

TSA AGENT

Good morning. I need to see your ticket and a form of identification please.

Chase hands the woman his passport and boarding pass.

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)

What is the nature of your travel?

CHASE

I'm moving for a job.

The woman runs the passport under a UV light.

TSA AGENT

Okay Mr. Caldwell, you are good to go.

Chase continues toward an empty security lane. The TSA agent summons the next individual; a large built man steps up to the podium...

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)

Good morning. I need to see your ticket and a form of identification please.

The man hands the TSA agent a passport. "Reed" can be seen under the name section.

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)

What is the nature of your travel?

REED

Business.

She looks him over...

TSA AGENT

Okay sir, you can proceed.

EXT. JFK EMPLOYEE PARKING GARAGE

A black sedan whips into a parking spot... a burly man exits the vehicle... "JEFF" is displayed on his right shirt pocket.

He presses a button on his key-fob... the trunk flips open. He reaches into the dark space and fetches a large jet black briefcase.

Once locking the sedan, he enters a door labeled "Maintenance Only," located near an elevator.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM

The room is occupied by large machines... a storage cabinet sits lonely on the back wall.

Jeff places the briefcase on the floor in front of the shelf... with little effort, he shifts the shelf to his right, revealing a large hole... he takes the briefcase... climbs in...

INT. GATE

People sit glued to their devices. Chase looks for an available seat in the over-crowded area. He spots one and quickly takes it.

Once seated, he notices a woman across from him, visibly anxious. He quickly initiates a conversation.

CHASE
Is this your first time flying?

REBECCA, mid 30s, doesn't acknowledge. CHARLIE, pre-teens, nudges her.

CHARLIE
Mom!

She jerks her head toward Charlie...

REBECCA
Yes, sweetie.

CHARLIE
This man is speaking to you.

Rebecca pulls her gaze toward Chase.

REBECCA
I'm so sorry. What did you say?

Chase smiles.

CHASE
Is this your first time flying?

REBECCA
Not by far. I just really hate it.

Chase reaches out his hand...

CHASE
My name is Chase.

REBECCA
I'm Rebecca, and this is Charlie,
my little bundle of joy.

Charlie rolls her eyes...

CHASE
It is nice to meet you both. What will you be doing in London?

Rebecca begins to relax...

REBECCA

My husband received a free trip
from a client. He was supposed to
be with us, but had a meeting come
up, so he will be meeting us there.

(beat)

I have never been.

CHASE

You will love it. The city is
beautiful.

REBECCA

I hope. I just have to get past the
flight.

CHASE

Well, the risk of flying is very
low now-a-days.

She smiles.

REBECCA

You sound like my husband. He is a
Wall Street guy, so risk is his
specialty. Unfortunately, it still
doesn't comfort me.

CHASE

I can assure you everything will be
just fine.

Charlie leans over to Rebecca and whispers something into her
ear...

REBECCA

Excuse us... someone has to use the
ladies room.

Charlie becomes annoyed.

CHARLIE

The whole point of whispering was
to keep it discrete.

Rebecca giggles...

REBECCA

Thank you for calming my nerves.

CHASE

No problem.

Rebecca and Charlie rise from their seats.

INT. RESTROOM AREA

ALEX, dressed in black jeans and a dark leather jacket, stands against a large column. He observes Jeff as he rounds a corner in his direction. Jeff still possesses a large briefcase.

Jeff enters into the men's restroom... Alex follows behind. As Alex crosses the walkway, Charlie slams into his right side.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry sir.

He scowls...

ALEX
Watch where you're going!

Charlie cowers back and quickly runs to catch up to Rebecca... he continues to the men's room.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

Urinals and stalls line two long walls. The room is crowded with all types of men. They all seem to be off in their own world.

Alex enters... walks midway through before passing Jeff, who no longer holds a briefcase. Jeff exits. Stopping in front of the fourth stall, Alex quickly enters... grabs the briefcase wedged between the toilet and wall... exits quickly before anyone notices.

INT. GATE

Chase remains in the same seat. He scrolls through pictures on his phone. Landing on a photo of his family, he stares for a few moments. Michelle, William, his mother KARA, and himself, stand on a balcony overlooking a breathtaking view of a crystal blue ocean.

It brings him back to a time when everything was perfect. He zooms in on his mother's face... flawlessly beautiful. Chase is entranced.

A GATE AGENT breaks his focus...

GATE AGENT

Good morning ladies and gentleman,
flight 18 to London is currently
calling all first class passengers
to begin boarding.

Chase locks his phone and puts it into his coat pocket.
Standing, he grabs his suitcase. He approaches the gate
agent... she scans his boarding pass.

GATE AGENT (CONT'D)
Have a great flight!

CHASE

Thank you.

Chase disappears down the jet bridge.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING

Tourist are scattered among the steps leading to the
Capitol's entrance.

SUPER: Washington D.C.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING ROTUNDA

Visitors crowd the area... large paintings line the round
walls... everyone fights to read the small plaques...

Kids run in circles as their parents yell to settle them... a
group of high school teens plod behind a teacher in
boredom... elders stand admiring the beauty... all seems
well...

Suddenly, three silhouettes dressed head-to-toe in black,
come running through the north entrance... some tourist
immediately run toward the south entrance, but it's too late,
two other silhouettes emerge with guns in hand.

Screams pierce the calm air... children run to their
guardian's. The room is split by two large velvet ropes.
People hug closely against the walls... some curl up
shielding themselves.

A large BODY GUARD slowly emerges from one of the crowds. He
inches slowly toward the masked figures... hands above his
head.

BODY GUARD

Hey, I don't want any trouble.
These people did nothing wrong.
(MORE)

BODY GUARD (CONT'D)
Please don't do anything stupid.
There are children.

All five figures stare silently...

BODY GUARD (CONT'D)
We can talk this out. What do you want? We can give it to you without anyone getting hurt.

One of the figures lowers their gun.

BODY GUARD (CONT'D)
That's it... we can give you whatever you want. Can one of you tell me what that may be?

One of them steps closer and then stops.

MALE VOICE
(sinister)
Revenge.

In unison they all lower their guns and pull out detonators tethered to their torso's... screaming begins...

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A large fire ball engulfs the entire rotunda. The right portion completely caves into itself. Everyone around halts in disbelief.

INT. PLANE

A long line of passengers waddle down the aisle past Chase. He discretely stares at the foreign faces, wondering about their motives for traveling to London.

A soft voice alerts him...

WOMAN'S VOICE
Excuse me... I think that's my seat.

Chase swiftly jerks his head to his right. His eye's meet LAURA, late 20's, redhead with soft kind eyes. He stares in awe of her beauty.

LAURA
May I get by you?

Chase snaps back into reality...

CHASE

Oh. I'm sorry.

He quickly stands and allows her to squeeze by him. As Chase positions himself to sit, a phone falls on top of his foot. He picks it up and hands it back to Reed. Reed grabs the phone, darting quickly to his seat.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM

A long table is surrounded by individuals wearing FBI labeled jackets. They each stare intently at... AGENT RICK CARLSON, 50, well kept, balding.

Carlson stands at the head of the table. A large screen behind him displays a slide titled "Counter Terrorism Division."

AGENT CARLSON

Good morning everyone. It is great to have you all here today. My name is Rick Carlson, I am the director of the Counter Terrorism Division. You were all picked based on your score's from Quantico, so I want to first congratulate you for graduating from one of the most difficult training programs in the world.

All of the new recruits begin to smile.

AGENT CARLSON (CONT'D)

I am here to welcome you to one of the most important divisions of the FBI.

He begins to pace...

AGENT CARLSON (CONT'D)

As analyst, you all will be the fore front of every investigation. With this comes a lot of responsibility. When providing our field team with pertinent information, it is important to verify it's authenticity and communicate it effectively. If one small detail is corrupt or misunderstood, it can be the difference between life or death.

He gazes at all the recruits... some are visibly terrified... others just stare blankly. ABBY, one of the recruits, slowly raises her hand.

Carlson points to her.

AGENT CARLSON (CONT'D)

Yes.

ABBY

Mr. Carlson. This may be off topic, but I thought orientation began next week.

Carlson smirks...

AGENT CARLSON

Ah. Already busy analyzing. That is what I like to hear. Abby is right... orientation is supposed to start next week, but there has been an elevation in terroristic activity over the last week, so we are throwing you right in. Each one of you will be paired with a seasoned analyst. They will show you the ropes over the next week. Starting next Monday, you will all be working on individual assignments...

A YOUNG WOMAN burst through the door... she walks quickly over to Carlson and whispers into his ear... his eyes widen... he looks to the woman as to confirm what she had told him. He immediately runs out the door.

INT. PLANE

The plane taxis as the flight attendants finish securing the cabin. Chase types away on his phone.

INSERT - Phone Screen

Dad,

I talked to Michelle this morning. She said something to me that I can't stop thinking about. She mentioned how disappointed mom would be with us. I was devastated the day we lost her. I don't want to lose my father too. I wanted to reach out and tell you that I love you. What ever disagreements we had, to me, they are in the past. I hope you feel the same.

BACK TO SCENE

Chase rereads the message multiple times. He can't make himself press send. His finger just hovers.

Suddenly, he is distracted by the CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Flight crew, please be seated for
departure.

All of the flight attendants walk briskly toward their assigned jump seats. One of them stops directly next to Chase.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I'm sorry sir. All mobile devices
must be switched off during this
portion of the flight.

He looks down at his phone... locking it, he stows it away. The plane idles on the runway for a moment before the engines begin to rev at a loud roar. They are off.

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

A room full of strategically placed rows... analyst sit at computers in their respective areas... they all face a wall covered in monitors... the largest monitor is centrally placed.

Carlson burst through the door... everyone's eyes narrow toward him. DEBRA WEAVER, 30's, a natural beauty, walks right up to him.

CARLSON
What do we know?

She takes a deep breathe.

WEAVER
Five unidentified individuals evaded Capitol security, taking hostage a room full of tourist. Less than five minutes later, the entire building is in smoke.

CARLSON
Jesus. How many casualties?

WEAVER

They are still searching, but as of now, the toll is 75 fatalities and 25 injured.

CARLSON

Is that all the information we have?

WEAVER

Yes sir.

He begins pacing erratically... after taking a few moments to compose his thoughts, he narrows his focus on the analyst... they all fall silent.

CARLSON

Okay everyone. This is not a drill. Your training has prepared you for moments like these. It is important to remain calm and utilize the skills that brought you here. The country is now depending on us to determine the cause and reasoning for this injustice.

He gestures to the left side of the room.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

I need all of you to focus on the crime scene. Retrieve security footage and analyze every moment leading up to the attack, including the days before. It is likely they cased out the location. I need to know if they entered the perimeter masked or unmasked. The top priority is to identify these individuals.

He begins gesturing to the right side of the room.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

All of you will be in charge of the outer perimeter. Gather as much footage as possible from stores, restaurants, intersections, etc. Try to identify any abnormal behavior or anything that seems to be out of the ordinary. If the footage is not on a network, contact them and request it.

(MORE)

CARLSON (CONT'D)
The recruits will work in unison
with the D.C. Office to gather the
solicited footage.

He begins speaking to the entire room.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
If we can identify these
individuals, we can track them back
to their origin. So, it is
pertinent to work together. The
most important rule here at the
counterterrorism division, is to
never assume. Factual evidence is
our only ally. This attack could be
only the first.

(beat)
So get to work.

The room begins to scramble... inaudible conversations begin.

INT. PLANE - FIRST CLASS

Chase sits quietly reading a book... a strange noise draws his attention... a couple across the aisle suck face... breaking to giggle... Chase is sickened.

Laura catches Chase's reaction...

LAURA
Ah. The excessively annoying
newlywed couple.

He gives her a questioning look.

CHASE
How do you know they are newlyweds?

She smirks.

LAURA
The obvious sign is their inability to keep their tongues to themselves. No couple is that affectionate, unless they have just wed. Also, the man keeps fidgeting with his ring suggesting its foreign nature. I bet they are spending their honeymoon in London. Personally, I would have chosen Paris.

He laughs...

CHASE

Wow, consider me amazed.

LAURA

My dad is an FBI agent. He has spent the majority of his life profiling. I picked up a few things.

CHASE

I would say more than a few.

(beat)

My name is Chase.

He reaches out his hand...

LAURA

I'm Laura.

She takes it and gives a firm shake...

LAURA (CONT'D)

So, why are you traveling to London?

CHASE

I was offered a job opportunity, and I thought I would escape New York for a while.

LAURA

Does this much needed escape have something to do with the message to your father?

Chase is taken off guard...

CHASE

Oh... I have underestimated your profiling abilities.

LAURA

I'm sorry. I tend to be very blunt.
(beat)
And curious.

It becomes a bit awkward...

CHASE

Uh... no, it's fine. Umm... I sort of had a fallen out with my father. Since I was young, he has been grooming me to take over his company.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

However, before my mother passed, she told me to follow my dreams, that my father would understand. I guess she knew I didn't want to fill my father's shoes. It's crazy how mothers can read you like a book.

(beat)

Anyway, she was wrong. He became extremely angry and we both said things we shouldn't have. My sister mentioned to me this morning, about how my mother would have been disappointed in the both of us. At first I became defensive, but the longer I thought about it, I realized the importance my father is in my life. I can't lose him too.

Laura, listening intently, strokes his shoulder...

LAURA

I bet you feel better letting that all out.

Chase immediately regrets spilling his guts to a complete stranger...

CHASE

So, enough about me, why are you traveling to London?

Without a beat she begins...

LAURA

I am on my way home. I moved there a couple of years ago. My husband is British, and since I didn't have a career when we married, it was more convenient for me to move. I come to visit my family every couple of months.

CHASE

I bet they really enjoy your visits. You seem like a fun person to be around.

She flashes her pearly whites...

LAURA

That's very sweet of you. You're not so bad yourself.

The seat belt sign deactivates...

CHASE

Well, I think I am going to excuse myself to the bathroom.

LAURA

Wow. Such a gentleman.

Chase stands... he walks a few steps but stops... sees the newlywed couple sucking face... turns back...

CHASE

Oh. By the way, I would have chosen Paris as well... much more romantic.

Laura smiles... he's gone...

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Screens populate the floor in circular setups... hundreds of traders stand shoulder-to-shoulder, all barking toward an unidentifiable entity... everything seems normal... until...

Gun shots alert the room... all seem to be directed toward the ceiling. Five masked individuals approach in all directions... most of the people fall to the floor... others stand petrified.

Yelling ensues from the masked silhouettes... we cannot comprehend what is being said... all in unison, they each reveal a detonator.

From the view of a security camera, we see a bright flash... the screen goes black.

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

Carlson stands in the middle aisle that separates the room... his focus directed to the large screen, which displays footage of the Capitol Building.

He looks to an analyst on his left.

CARLSON

Pause.

Carlson analyzes two men from the attack. They are covered in black clothing. They each have large bullet proof vest strapped around their bodies.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

They took major precautions to make sure they succeeded. The movements they make suggest as if they rehearsed the whole thing.

(beat)

Definitely not natural.

Unable to identify specific characteristics, he taps the analyst on the shoulder.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

You can continue.

The analyst obliges.

INT. PLANE - ECONOMY

People are encompassed in their television screens... others hold novel's... some hold newspapers.

Reed suspiciously looks around at the other passengers... Alex nudges him in attempt to prevent drawing unwanted attention... Reed looks at his watch... looks to Alex, who nods in affirmation.

He calmly stands trying to camouflage his inadvertent nervousness... he takes the briefcase from an overhead bin... he then disappears into a bathroom.

INT. PLANE BATHROOM

Reed immediately locks the door behind him... he sets the briefcase on top of the unnaturally sized toilet... he begins entering a combination to the lock.

The briefcase flings open... inside lays three perfectly positioned guns... the entire top is lined with nine fairly sized bars of explosives... a compartment lies underneath the guns... wires, tape, and detonators fill the space.

Reed begins taping three bars of explosives to his torso. After connecting wires to each bar, he begins masking it with his clothing.

He lifts a tile from the ceiling... examining the space, he slowly places the briefcase... replaces the tile... exits without drawing attention.

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

The entire room hums with chatter... some sit staring at computer screens... others try to piece together the already collected evidence.

The left half of the room analyze the Capitol building footage... the right sort through newly gathered security footage from the New York Stock Exchange.

Carlson and Weaver sit in a large glass framed office overlooking the room... they hover over an electronic table looking at footage...

WEAVER

So, we have been able to track the perps entering through the back of the Capitol. Unfortunately, they had already covered themselves in their tactical gear.

CARLSON

Were there any witnesses?

WEAVER

I have two D.C. Agents currently canvassing the area around the Capitol. The only possible witnesses caught on camera were shot dead by the perps.

He sighs... rubs his face as if to get rid of the visible stress...

CARLSON

So you're telling me we have nothing.

WEAVER

Yes sir.

CARLSON

That is fucking perfect.

A ring directs their attention... a bright red phone in the corner... Carlson's eyes widen... he makes eye contact with Weaver...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

Weaver is slightly puzzled...

WEAVER

What is the purpose of that phone?

Carlson becomes visibly nervous...

CARLSON

It is a direct line to the White House.

Carlson slowly approaches the phone... lifts it off the hook...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - SAME TIME

A long table is occupied by many professionally dressed men and women... at the head of the table sits the PRESIDENT...

PRESIDENT

Hello. With whom am I speaking too?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

CARLSON

This is Rick Carlson, Director of the Counterterrorism division.

PRESIDENT

Mr. Carlson, this is the President. I am currently sitting in the White House situation room with all of my people. We are wanting to know any information that you have been able to collect.

CARLSON

Well Mr. President, at the moment, we do not know much. These individuals were very careful. However, I have my trained analyst working on it. We are currently sifting through a copious amount of security footage from both attacks, and have analyst and agents canvassing for witnesses. We expect to have something very soon.

PRESIDENT

I would be lying if I said I wasn't disappointed, but I trust your ability to do your job.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

I'm sure they appointed you Director for a reason. I would like an update soon, preferably with some kind of useful information. In order to protect our country, we must know whether another attack is imminent.

CARLSON

Yes sir. I promise I will have something for you very soon.

PRESIDENT

Perfect. We are currently speaking with contacts around the world. As time stands, we cannot confirm these attacks to be associated with ISIS or any other radical group. If we determine they belong to a terrorist group, you will be the first to know.

CARLSON

Thank you Mr. President.

The President is gone...

Carlson directs his attention back toward Weaver... she stands looking at him with curiosity... BRIAN, an experienced analyst, runs into the room...

BRIAN

Director Carlson, we found a witness who claims to have seen the vehicle the perps exited.

He becomes irritated...

CARLSON

Perfect god damn timing. I just told the President we had nothing. I just made myself look like a fucking idiot.

Brian just stares...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Pardon my rudeness, I am just under a lot of pressure. Have you found the vehicle on camera?

Brian is alive again...

BRIAN

Yes.

Carlson bolts out of the office... he demands the footage of the vehicle... it immediately displays onto the large screen... the attackers exit...

BRIAN (CONT'D)

They exited the red sedan a block south of the New York Stock Exchange. We are currently sifting through camera feeds to determine where it originated.

Carlson whips around to Brian standing behind him...

CARLSON

How long will that take?

BRIAN

It could take hours. There are hundreds of cameras all over the city. Only half of them are on a network.

He takes a moment to think... Weaver cuts in...

WEAVER

What about the witness? Is this individual still at the scene?

BRIAN

Well, yes. She is still speaking with one of the recruits.

Without a word, Carlson and Weaver briskly walk... grab their coats... they're gone.

INT. PLANE

Ryan exits the familiar bathroom. Before he turns back toward first class, he nods to Reed and Alex... they reciprocate discretely... Ryan takes his seat.

INT. COCKPIT

CAPTAIN BOB intently reads the plane's instruments, analyzing for any discrepancies. The radio comes to life delivering orders. A male voice belonging to a NEW YORK CONTROLLER can be heard throughout the cockpit.

NY CONTROLLER
World 18, contact Boston center on
126.225.

CAPTAIN
Contact Boston center 26.225, have
a great day.

He switches a couple knobs on a lower panel to his right...

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Boston center, World 18 with you at
35 thousand.

A BOSTON CONTROLLER responds...

BOS CONTROLLER
World 18 radar contact, good
afternoon.

The captain takes off his headphones... JACK, copilot, sits
in the right seat filling out paper work...

CAPTAIN
I am going to the lou. Do you have
control?

Jack nods in affirmation...

JACK
I have control.

The captain slides his seat back... stretches his torso...
exits the cockpit.

Jack waits a moment before confirming the captains absence.
When he realizes the coast is clear, he reaches to his
left... flips a switch on the panel... the door locks.

Without hesitation he reaches toward the overhead panel... he
locates the seat belt switch... toggles it three times...

INT. CABIN - PLANE - SAME TIME

Ryan is alerted by the three consecutive dings. Through a
crack in the galley curtain, he locks visual on the
captain... with absolutely no hesitation, he quickly jumps
from his seat.

He bursts through the curtain grabbing the Captain from
behind... the Captain struggles... Alex slits his throat with
a large bowie knife... he falls, blood dispersing in all
directions... a FLIGHT ATTENDANT screams in horror...

The entire plane is now alert, unaware of the rising situation. Before the passengers can react, Alex and Reed bounce out of their seats into the aisle... they both wield guns...

ALEX
EVERYONE SHUT UP AND STAY IN YOUR SEATS!

The cabin fills with passengers screams...

REED
SHUT UP!!!

Still unsuccessful, Alex unzips his jacket, revealing a bomb strapped to his torso. Reed follows his lead...

ALEX
SHUT THE FUCK UP OR I WILL BLOW EVERY FUCKING ONE OF YOU TO PIECES!!

This gets their attention.

ALEX (CONT'D)
If any of you try something stupid, I will pull this fucking trigger.

He holds the hand-sized detonator up for everyone to see.

Laura grasp tightly to Chase in complete fear... he looks toward her... indicates everything will be okay.

EXT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

The block is in complete disarray... people sit in shock on soot covered sidewalks... EMT's scatter, helping survivors... other professionally-dressed individuals walk in circles, trying to comprehend what happened.

Carlson and Weaver approach their WITNESS. Recovering from her previous state of hysteria, she takes a few more hits of oxygen from the tank next to her. Carlson allows Weaver to take lead.

WEAVER
Hello, my name is agent Weaver...

She gestures to Carlson...

WEAVER (CONT'D)

And this is agent Carlson, we work
for the FBI, and we would like to
ask you a few questions. Is that
okay with you?

She removes the oxygen mask...

WITNESS

Yes, of course.

WEAVER

Can you tell me what you remember,
starting from the beginning?

The woman places the mask... takes a deep breathe... hands
the mask to a paramedic passing by.

WITNESS

I was crossing William Street,
heading south on Wall Street to
meet my husband for lunch. The
light was about to change, but I
knew I could make it across. When I
stepped off the sidewalk, a red
sedan swerves nearly hitting me and
another car. It blew through the
red light and stopped on the other
side. Five individuals dressed in
hoodies exited the car with large
duffle bags...

Weaver, writing in her note pad, cuts in...

WEAVER

Did you happen to see what they
looked like?

WITNESS

I couldn't see their faces. They
were covered well with the hoods.

WEAVER

Which direction did they head
toward?

WITNESS

They headed north on Wall Street,
toward here.

WEAVER

What caused you to come back?

WITNESS

I had a strange feeling about the men, so when I heard about the explosions, I wanted to help in any way that I could.

WEAVER

Did you happen to see the license plate on the car?

WITNESS

I was distracted. I didn't get a chance to write it down. As soon as the individuals exited, the car took off.

Weaver deflates... She turns toward Carlson.

WEAVER

Well, we didn't get a damn thing. I thought for sure she would have something. I just had a feeling.

Carlson watches the woman... a thought crosses his mind...

CARLSON

Didn't you receive a Master's in Psychology.

WEAVER

Yeah. Why?

CARLSON

Did you study hypnosis?

Weaver is confused... just stares...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

I watched a program on hypnosis. It suggested that hypnotizing individuals allowed them to enhance their memory. They are able to remember details they might have missed.

WEAVER

Well, I did study hypnotherapy, but I'm not sure it will work.

CARLSON

I know it sounds ridiculous, but it's worth a try.

She looks around...

WEAVER

We will need to find a quiet place,
so that she can concentrate.

EXT. BOSTON TRACON

SUPER: BOSTON TRACON, MERRIMACK, NH

A simplistic building located 70 miles northwest of Boston Logan International.

INT. BOSTON TRACON

A large room is occupied with individuals sitting in front of screens. BEN, a young controller, stares at little blimps scattered across his. We recognize the voice...

BEN

World 18, climb and maintain 37 thousand due to conflicting traffic.

INT. COCKPIT

Jack watches his instruments... we can hear the radio in the background.

BEN (O.S.)

World 18, do you copy?

Jack reaches down to his left. He switches the radio controls to the off position... then the transponder.

INT. BOSTON TRACON

The controller continues attempting contact with the plane...

BEN

World 18, if you can hear me,
please respond.

He notices the blimp of World 18 has disappeared. He contacts another plane...

BEN (CONT'D)

Air America 21, please descend and maintain 33 thousand, conflicting traffic 8 miles at your 12 o' clock.

AIR AMERICA 21 (V.O.)
Descend and maintain 33 thousand,
Air America 21.

The controller is relieved to have averted a collision, but he now has another problem.

BEN
Air America 21, please confirm sight on World 18 now 4 miles to your 12 o' clock.

He waits nervously...

AIR AMERICA 21
We have visual of World 18. He is still maintaining 35 thousand.

BEN
Okay. Thanks

The controller quickly jumps from his seat to alert his SUPERVISOR. In seconds a older male approaches.

SUPERVISOR
Ben, What is the problem?

BEN
World 18 is not responding to any transmissions. After a few attempts, the transponder was turned off. Air America 21, just confirmed they are still on course.

The supervisor begins barking orders to the room...

SUPERVISOR
Okay everyone, listen up. We have a non responder. I need one of you to take over the north east sector while we work on communicating with World 18.

Someone immediately takes on the responsibility. He rejoins the controller.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Okay. Keep trying to contact them. I am going to contact the company to see if they can provide any information.

He walks away...

INT. AMBULANCE

Carlson, Weaver, and the witness sit inside a vacant ambulance. The witness sits on top of a stretcher. Weaver attempts a hypnotic technique.

WEAVER

Okay... I'm sorry, I never got your name.

WITNESS

It's Allison.

WEAVER

Okay Allison, I am going to need you to lay back and get comfortable.

She lays back onto the slightly inclined stretcher and closes her eyes.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

Now, take three deep breath's.
Exhale in and breathe out. Feel the air entering and exiting your body.
Let the calmness of my voice relax you.

She is visibly relaxed.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

Are you with me?

She responds very relaxed...

ALLISON

Yes.

WEAVER

Okay. Now tell me what you remember about the incident that happened earlier today.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. WILLIAMS STREET

Allison approaches the corner of William Street and Wall Street... a group of individuals are almost across the street... the crosswalk signal notifies her 5 seconds remain.

ALLISON (V.O.)

I approach William Street. The crosswalk signal has five seconds remaining.

She hesitates a moment before stepping out onto the street... a red sedan swerves and zooms by, nearly hitting her.

ALLISON (V.O.)

The red sedan swerves, only missing me by a couple inches.

The sedan comes to a halt on the other side of the intersection... Allison watches from the same position.

ALLISON

It ran the red light, then stopped on the other side of the intersection.

Five silhouettes emerge...

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Five individuals exit the sedan with large duffle bags.

Weaver cuts in...

WEAVER (V.O.)

Can you see the license plate?

The silhouette of the license plate can be seen, but the plate is covered by something.

END FLASHBACK

INT. AMBULANCE

ALLISON

I can see the shape, but it seems to be covered with paper or something.

WEAVER

Okay. Just take a moment, really focus on the license plate.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. WILLIAMS STREET

Allison runs through the situation again. This time around, she focuses the entire time on the license plate.

Walks out on street... sedan nearly hits her... it blows through the red light... stops on other side of intersection... the individuals exit...

ALLISON (V.O.)
I still can't see the plate number.

The individuals walk north on Wall Street. The car pulls away. It is almost out of sight when...

ALLISON (V.O.)
Wait! I can see something.

As the car drives away a breeze lifts the object covering the plate. The plate number is visible.

ALLISON (V.O.)
I have it! SDK-184.

END FLASHBACK

INT. AMBULANCE

Weaver writes down the information. Allison jolts out of her hypnotic state.

WEAVER
Thank you so much for your help.

Allison smiles.

ALLISON
No problem.

Weaver pulls out her phone... exits the ambulance... dials a number...

WEAVER
Hey. We have a plate number...

INT. PLANE

Ryan drags the Captain's body into one of the bathrooms... tosses him in like an inanimate object... shoves the door closed.

Reed watches first class passengers... Alex keeps watch in economy... Ryan appears from behind the curtain of the first class galley... he stares at the faces looking at him... some cry... others appear terrified.

RYAN

Everyone listen up. If you do not follow my orders, you will end up like the Captain.

Chase watches irately from his seat... movement next to him catches his attention... an AIR MARSHALL unholsters a gun from his side... he meets Chase's eyes.

CHASE

(Mouthing)

Don't!

The Air Marshall doesn't listen... he rises from his seat... gun pointed...

AIR MARSHALL

Drop the knife and no one gets hurt!

Ryan nonchalantly gives his attention to the Air Marshall.

RYAN

Well, well. Looks like we have us a little hero. What are you going to do, shoot me?

The Air Marshall is a little thrown off by his demeanor. He expected Ryan to comply.

AIR MARSHALL

If I have too.

Ryan bellows a grim laugh...

RYAN

Guys like you are the stupidest fucking dip-shits in existence. You wait and wait for the moment to be a big hero. For what? So that you can have fifteen minutes of fame?

Ryan steps toward the Air Marshall...

AIR MARSHALL

Don't take another fucking step or I'll shoot!

Ryan takes another...

RYAN

You see, the problem with the world today stems from the desire for people to have fame, money, and power. Greed runs this country.

(beat)

But, not for much longer.

He takes another step... Air Marshall takes one backward...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Everyone is too caught up in themselves to actually think things through. Take you for example. You thought you would pull your precious little gun on me, and then what? I would immediately cower down in fear?

If you would have taken time to analyze the situation, then you would have realized your odds are not in your favor.

The Air Marshall breaks a sweat... Ryan turns back toward the galley... the Air Marshall slightly relaxes... Ryan looks back...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh. You are wrong by the way.

Ryan grimly smirks...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Someone always has to get hurt.

A shot is fired... the Air Marshall falls to the floor... Reed walks up... takes his gun... quickly helps Ryan drag the body to the unoccupied bathroom.

Ryan re-emerges. He once again gazes at the passengers. They are all in shock.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Now, Where was I? Ah, yes. If you do not obey, you will be joining our friends.

(beat)

So, I need everyone to slowly make your way toward the back of this lovely plane.

No one moves...

RYAN (CONT'D)
I SAID MOVE THE FUCK TO THE BACK OF
THE PLANE!!

This gets everyone moving...

Chase stands to move, but catches sight of an object... a knife lays underneath the Air Marshall's seat... he trips himself, landing inches away from it... On his way back up, he discretely stashes it into his shoe.

INT. CARLSON'S CAR

Carlson speeds, weaving in and out of traffic. Weaver notices he is a little distracted.

WEAVER
Everything okay?

Carlson doesn't catch it...

CARLSON
Huh?

WEAVER
You seem a little distracted.

CARLSON
I... I don't know. I have this
strange feeling.

Weaver is curious...

WEAVER
What kind of feeling?

CARLSON
I don't know... just that something
is off.

WEAVER
With the case?

He gives Weaver a quick look...

CARLSON
No.

He leaves it at that. Weaver's phone rings... it's pushed through to the car's blue-tooth... RODGER MANGRAM is on the other end...

WEAVER

Hey Mangram, did you get an address?

His voice fills the car...

MANGRAM (V.O.)

Yeah, but that is the least of our worries. We have confirmed that a plane is not responding to radio transmissions...

Carlson and Weaver look at each other...

WEAVER

Is it hi-jacked?

MANGRAM (V.O.)

Well... it is still unknown, but it is highly speculated.

Carlson becomes more uneasy...

CARLSON

What is the flight number?

A moment of silence... then the sound of papers shuffling...

MANGRAM (V.O.)

It is... World flight 18... New York to London.

Carlson falls silent...

WEAVER

Is everything okay.

He flips a switch... a siren bellows... then a sudden rev of the engine... Weaver becomes worried...

MANGRAM (V.O.)

Guys?

WEAVER

Carlson, what is going on?

He looks toward Weaver in complete distress...

CARLSON

My daughter is on the plane.

INT. PLANE

The three assailants stand in the galley speaking inaudibly. Chase sits in an aisle seat along with Laura and BETH, late 20's.

BETH

What do you think they're talking about? Do you think they are going to crash the plane? Do you think those bombs are real?

Chase jumps in...

CHASE

Hey... it's going to be fine. What is your name?

Beth visibly shakes...

BETH

My name is Beth.

CHASE

I'm Chase. Listen, as long as we comply, we will be just fine.

LAURA

Yeah. Everything will be okay.

Laura looks to Chase...

LAURA (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on? Why haven't they tried to enter the cockpit?

CHASE

I don't know, I am still trying to figure that out.

Chase glances around... lands on the Flight Attendant across from him.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Hey.

The distraught woman acknowledges... doesn't respond...

CHASE (CONT'D)

Do you know what is happening?

She shakes her head.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I have no clue. I was just doing my normal service. Then Bob, the Captain, began speaking to me and before I knew it, he was dead.

Chase takes a moment...

CHASE

Wait. You know the Captain?

She nods.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes. We all know each other. The airline has a specific group of people that fly the international routes. I have flown with Bob a countless number of times.

CHASE

Is it the same for the Captain and First Officers?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes.

CHASE

Do you know the First Officer?

She comes to a realization...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Now that you mention it, no. I have never seen him before.

CHASE

Do you get new pilots entering these routes?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Occasionally a pilot will call in sick, but they are always replaced with pilots that we know.

(beat)

Do you think he is a terrorist?

He thinks a minute...

CHASE

I'm not quite sure, but they have not tried to enter the cockpit. Usually in these situations, that is the first thing they do.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)
Of course my information comes from
films, so I'm not jumping to
conclusions quite yet.

The Flight Attendant hesitates...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
What do you think they are
planning?

He slowly shakes his head...

CHASE
I have no idea.

A voice speaks up from behind Chase... It belongs to LANCE,
30's...

LANCE
What should we do? Sorry, I was
eavesdropping.

Chase turns to look through the slit in-between the seats.
Lance ducks and pulls his face closer.

CHASE
I have no idea what to do. It's
nearly impossible to do anything
with guns and bombs involved.

LANCE
What if we gather some men?

Chase thinks... turns and looks at the assailants... still
chatting... he looks back to Lance...

CHASE
If we gather enough, it might be
possible. We would have to wait for
the perfect moment. We can't just
attack, we must wait until they are
at their most vulnerable.

LANCE
I can sneak to the back and try to
round up some men.

CHASE
Yeah, that would be great. Just see
if anyone is willing. When you come
back we will come up with a plan
based on the amount of help we
have.

LANCE
You got it.

Lance observes the men... Alex is the only one facing them... he turns to grab a beverage... Lance quietly sprints to an empty seat near the rear.

Chase turns back toward Laura...

LAURA
Do you think it will work?

He is unsure...

CHASE
I have no idea, but we have to try something. Lets just hope the First Officer is not part of this.

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

Carlson bursts through the door in slight desperation... Mangram approaches...

CARLSON
What do we know about the flight?

Mangram now tries to keep up with Carlson, who walks briskly toward the analyst.

MANGRAM
The only information as of now, is that the flight hasn't responded to multiple transmissions. Homeland security is speculating a possible hi-jacking, but it has not been confirmed...

CARLSON
How do we "confirm" if it is a hi-jacking?

MANGRAM
We have analyst scanning through footage of the JFK terminal to seek any suspicious behavior. They should have something soon.

Two men catch Carlson's attention... they are visibly out of place.

CARLSON
Who are they?

MANGRAM

Oh. Yeah. Sorry, completely forgot.
They are with Homeland Security,
they were sent by the President to
help out with the investigation.

CARLSON

For fucks sake. Do they not think
we are competent enough to do our
jobs.

He walks toward the men... extends his hand...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Hello, gentleman. How can I assist
you?

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT #1 shakes Carlson's hand.

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT #1

We were sent to work in unison with
your department. If this turns out
to be a hi-jacking, we need to make
sure it's primary target is not the
White House. The main goal is to
make sure that plane lands on the
ground safely. We have come to an
understanding that your daughter is
on this flight. Are you going to be
able to handle this case?

Carlson becomes slightly enraged at the last question...

CARLSON

Oh don't worry gentleman, I will be
just fine. Our number one priority
is to make sure everyone remains
safe.

He turns and gestures toward Mangram.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

I understand you have already met
Agent Mangram. He will fill you in
on any information we have
gathered. If at any time you have
any questions, don't hesitate to
ask one of our analyst. If you will
excuse me, I must get to work.

Both men adlib goodbyes... Carlson pulls Mangram to the
side...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Once you fill them in, I want you and Weaver to continue the New York Stock Exchange investigation. We need to determine who was driving the car.

Mangram holds back his excitement.

MANGRAM

Absolutely sir. I will get right on it.

Mangram returns to the men... Weaver enters... she's putting a phone in her pocket.

CARLSON

Where did you go?

WEAVER

I was talking with the D.C. Office. They have identified the bodies.
(beat)
Four males and a women.

Carlson is disappointed.

CARLSON

No names?

WEAVER

Nope, not yet. The bodies were completely obliterated. They tested the blood from flesh found on the bomb vest. None of their DNA was in the system.

She looks at Mangram talking to the two men.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

Who are they?

He follows her gaze...

CARLSON

I'll tell you later.

Back to Weaver.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

I assigned Mangram to work with you on the New York Stock Exchange case.

(MORE)

CARLSON (CONT'D)
He will go with you to the address
the car is registered. Let me know
what you find.

She nods...

WEAVER
You got it.

INT. PLANE

Lance discretely returns to his seat... Chase watches as Ryan approaches the cockpit... Ryan knocks... seconds later it opens... he enters...

CHASE
Fuck!

This grabs Laura, Beth, and Lance's attention...

LAURA
What is it?

Chase rubs his face.

CHASE
The Copilot is in on it.

BETH
What. How do you know?

CHASE
One of the men just entered the cockpit.

LAURA
What are we going to do now?

Lance leans in closer to them...

LANCE
I was able to round up some men.
One of them happens to be a pilot.

Chase thinks...

CHASE
If we can take down the men, we might be able to force one of them to get the Copilot to open the door...

Alex notices the conversation taking place... He grabs the gun from Reed... steps heavy toward them... gun pointed on Chase...

ALEX
Did I say you could speak?!

Chase remains calm.

CHASE
Actually you didn't.

Alex becomes extremely enraged... he pistol whips Chase on the side of his head... turns to the passengers...

ALEX
No one is allowed to talk!! If I catch another person talking, I will put a bullet in your fucking head. Does any one have anything to say?

Silence...

ALEX (CONT'D)
That's what I fucking thought.

He returns to the galley... hands Reed the pistol.

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

Carlson stands next to HANNAH, a young female analyst. They speak on the phone with Ben.

CARLSON
(Into Phone)
My name is Agent Carlson, I work for the FBI. I just wanted to call and ask a few questions.

BEN (V.O.)
I will provide you with everything I know, sir.

It is a familiar voice.

CARLSON
What was the last transmission received from flight 18?

BEN (V.O.)
They checked in after being transferred to my frequency.
(MORE)

BEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That was the last transmission received. A few minutes later I informed them to climb due to oncoming traffic, but they did not respond.

CARLSON
How many times did you try to contact them?

BEN (V.O.)
I would say at least 10 times, but there was no response. After about the fifth time, the transponder was turned off. I had a passing aircraft confirm the position of the plane. They were still flying normal.

Carlson writes this all down...

CARLSON
Is it a common occurrence for a transponder to be turned off.

BEN (V.O.)
No, not at all, and it is extremely rare for them to fail. In my opinion, it was turned off deliberately by one of the pilots.

He finishes... closes his notebook...

CARLSON
I appreciate all of your help.
Please call if anything changes.

BEN(V.O.)
I definitely will. Goodbye.

He's gone...

Carlson looks to Hannah.

CARLSON
Hannah, look up the flight manifest and run all the names through our database, and get me background checks on both of the pilots.

HANNAH
Yes sir.

She turns toward her computer and begins typing away.
Carlson's phone rings.

CARLSON
Hey Weaver, what do you have?

INT. WEAVER'S CAR

Weaver drives tactfully through New York streets... Mangram sits idly beside her.

WEAVER
Nothing yet. I need you to give me the address the car is registered too. Mr. Genius forgot to write it down.

MANGRAM
In my defense, I did. I just forgot to grab it when we left.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CALL

CARLSON
Okay, give me a sec.

Carlson walks to Mangram's desk... grabs a sticky note off his computer screen.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
It is 2434 Caton Ave.

WEAVER
Thanks boss. We will call you as soon as we leave.

She ends the call.

EXT. BROOKLYN

Weaver's car pulls up to a brownstone. The Brooklyn neighborhood is quiet this time of day.

They both exit.

Weaver takes a moment to observe the surrounding area for anything suspicious... nothing.

They walk up to the brownstone... she knocks on the door. A beautiful blonde answers... this is ANNA.

ANNA

Hi, how can I help you?

Weaver pulls her badge...

WEAVER

My name is Agent Weaver...

She gestures toward Mangram...

WEAVER (CONT'D)

And this is Agent Mangram. We are with the FBI investigating the attack at the New York Stock Exchange. We needed to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind.

Anna is confused...

ANNA

Sure?

She lets them in...

INT. ANNA'S LIVING ROOM

Contemporary chic decor fills the room... a little cluttered.

Anna gestures toward a large plush couch. Weaver and Mangram take a seat. She sits across from them in a matching accent chair.

ANNA

So, why am I being questioned about the attack?

WEAVER

Well, we have narrowed down a vehicle possibly belonging to the attackers. We were able to track it back to this address.

(beat)

Do you know anything?

Her face comes to life...

ANNA

Actually, my husband's car was stolen. We discovered it wasn't in the driveway earlier this morning. My husband said he would report it, but he was running late for his flight to Miami for business.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

He told me he would call once he landed and was settled.

WEAVER

Has there been any other carjackings in your area?

She thinks...

ANNA

Not that I know of, why do you ask?

WEAVER

It is possible who ever stole your car has been staking out your home. Have you lent it to anyone recently?

ANNA

No. My husband drives it everyday to work.

Mangram slides to the edge of the couch cushion...

MANGRAM

If you don't mind my asking, where does your husband work?

ANNA

Not at all. He works for a company in the Financial District, Howard Technologies.

He writes it down...

ANNA (CONT'D)

So you think the person who stole my husbands car attacked the New York Stock Exchange?

WEAVER

Yes.

Anna stares blankly into space...

ANNA

Wow.

Weaver stands... reaches her hand toward Anna.

WEAVER

Thank you for all of your help. We must be going. We still have a lot to investigate.

Anna takes her hand...

ANNA

It is not a problem. Good luck with
the investigation. I hope you catch
who ever did it.

Mangram puts away his notebook... joins Weaver as she exits.

INT. FOYER

Mangram exits the front door taking a call. Weaver stops...
the area is cluttered... photos fill the walls and a small
table... a specific photo catches Weaver's eye.

She walks to it... a red sedan with a man standing next to
it...

WEAVER

(To Anna)
Is this the vehicle?

Anna is out of scene... close up on Weaver and the picture.

ANNA (O.S.)
Yes. That is my brother-in-law...

Weaver ignores Anna as she begins telling a story... Anna's
voice can be heard slightly, but we cannot make out what she
is saying.

Weaver's focus increases on the vehicle in the photo... she
cuts Anna off.

WEAVER

Do you mind if I take this with me?
I will bring it back to you.

She hesitates...

ANNA

Uh. Yeah, sure.

Weaver turns... gives her a smile goodbye... exits...

EXT. BROOKLYN

Mangram ends his call as Weaver descends the stairs.

WEAVER

Who was on the phone?

MANGRAM

My sister.
(beat)
Boyfriend problems.

She nods. Mangram notices the photo in her hand...

MANGRAM (CONT'D)

Where did you get the photo?

She looks down at her hand...

WEAVER

It was on the table in the foyer.
It is a photo of the car.

She places it in front of his face...

MANGRAM

Who's the guy?

She takes another look... sees his face for the first time...

WEAVER

I think she said it was her brother-in-law.

MANGRAM

Why did you take it? We already
know what it looks like.

WEAVER

It was time stamped two days ago.

She points to the front left fender...

WEAVER (CONT'D)

If you look closely, what do you
see?

Mangram is stumped...

MANGRAM

I don't see anything.

WEAVER

Exactly. In the security footage,
the front left fender wore a large
dent.

He doesn't follow...

WEAVER (CONT'D)

That means between the time this was taken, and the time it showed up on camera, it had been in an accident.

He gets it...

MANGRAM

Why didn't you just ask her if it had been dented in their possession?

She looks toward the brown stone...

WEAVER

I don't know if I trust her. I didn't want to tip her off if she has something to do with this.

Back to Mangram...

WEAVER (CONT'D)

If the dent happened after the car was stolen, we might be able to track down who they hit. We could have a possible witness.

Mangram pulls out his phone... dials...

MANGRAM

I will call Hannah and have her start scanning through police reports for fender-benders.

WEAVER

While you're at it, have her check the husbands alibi.

They both pace to the car....

INT. PLANE

Alex and Ryan remain in the galley... Alex is becoming anxious...

ALEX

Why don't we just do it already?

Ryan sighs.

RYAN

When it's time my friend.

Reed approaches from a first class seat where a screen displays news footage.

REED

Our friends have completed their assignments.

Ryan looks from Reed to Alex...

ALEX

Now can we do it?

Ryan looks irately to Alex...

RYAN

No. We need to give them ample time to identify us. We want them to discover our intentions.

REED

Why?

RYAN

God, you are suck a fucking idiot. If we follow through with the plan, then it would just be another attack. We want them to know before it happens, so that they will watch in agony, knowing there is nothing they can do. Don't forget why we are doing this.

They all look to one another...

FLASH BACK:

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

A rusted metal infrastructure... two over-head lights provide sparse lighting... a large table sits center in an empty room... papers cover every inch of its surface...

Ryan stands in front of a large wall lined with... newspaper clippings... photographs of the Capitol and New York Stock Exchange... blue prints of JFK... plane tickets from New York to London...

Ryan speaks aloud...

RYAN

Tomorrow is the day my friends. I know some of you are eager, while others are... nervous.

The rest of the room is revealed. Alex, Reed, and a group of other unfamiliar faces sit intently listening. Some seen, some masked by shadows. One of the two WOMEN trembles.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We cannot forget why we are here.
Each one of us lost somebody on
that flight...

Articles line the wall... "World United flight 27 crash kills all 167 souls onboard."... then... "World United flight victims families sue airline."... then... "World Airlines had cut maintenance crew in half just a month prior to crash of flight 27."... then... "World United Airline pays families 10 million."... then... "World United Airline CEO under scrutiny after confidant, Judge Henry Mark, gives leniency on settlement payout."... back to Ryan

RYAN (CONT'D)

Wives, husbands, brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers.... We must avenge their deaths.

They all nod in agreement...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Corporations like World United get away with murder. They put their greed over the safety and needs of their consumers. The bottom line is all that matters to them. Did they get served justice for their actions? No. Our corrupt government just gives them a slap on the wrist. Then they vacation on their luxury islands, while we are left to mourn for our loved ones, who died from their poor decisions.

The visible individuals become angry... the woman's trembling stops... her fist are now clenched...

RYAN (CONT'D)

So, in return, we will attack what is precious to them. First and foremost, the Capitol.

He points to the Capitol's blue prints...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Tomorrow the heart of the government will beat no longer. Team 1, this is where we say our good-byes. The last train to D.C. leaves in 45 minutes. We have gone over this numerous times, keep your focus on your own duties. Everything will go to plan.

He moves toward the New York Stock Exchange blue prints...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Second, we hit corporations were it hurts the most... the New York Stock Exchange. Team 2. We will meet back here in the morning. I will provide you with the proper badges for tomorrow's job.

He takes a moment...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Team 3. We will take from World United CEO, Gerald Goldberg, what he took from us. Our flight is at 10:15 a.m. So don't be late.

He walks to the table... grabs some of his belongings...the others begin to disperse.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Get a great night's sleep. We seek our revenge tomorrow.

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

Carlson reads a report... Weaver and Mangram enter...

WEAVER

Hey. Anything new on flight 18.

Looks up from report...

CARLSON

We have been in contact with other planes. It seems the flight hasn't deviated an inch from its projected path. However, we found two suspects from the JFK footage. Only one got on the plane.

She is intrigued...

WEAVER

What do you mean?

He walks to a nearby computer... Weaver follows... he clicks to the footage... Jeff enters bathroom with briefcase... exits without it...

CARLSON

Did you see?

WEAVER

Yeah. He entered with a briefcase,
but left without one.

CARLSON

Exactly now watch.

He rewinds the footage... draws her attention to Alex... plays footage... Alex enters bathroom... moments later exits with briefcase...

WEAVER

He got on the plane?

Carlson nods...

WEAVER (CONT'D)

Do you have their names?

Carlson flops down the paper he was reading...

CARLSON

Alex Johnson. 34 years old. The other suspect is unknown. He is completely clean, doesn't connect to anyone else on the flight. We are once again at a dead end.

Weaver deflates...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

What about you?

WEAVER

The owners of the red sedan claim it was stolen last night or early this morning. I didn't have a good feeling, so Mangram had Hannah corroborate their alibi's. We also might have a lead on the vehicle. The dent on the left front fender was not there two days ago.

(MORE)

WEAVER (CONT'D)

We are scanning police reports to
see if anyone filed one for a
fender bender in the last 48 hours.

CARLSON

I am glad you are having luck.

Carlson deflates... looks extremely stressed... Weaver pats
him on the back...

WEAVER

She is going to be okay.

He tears up a little...

CARLSON

What if she isn't.

WEAVER

You can't think that way. You must
have faith that she will be. If she
is anything like you, she knows how
to protect herself.

Silence... Mangram paces toward them...

MANGRAM

The husband's alibi checks out. He
is in Miami at a tech conference.

Weaver is slightly disappointed...

MANGRAM (CONT'D)

However, we got a hit on a police
report. We found a witness who
claims two men rear ended him last
night.

WEAVER

Did he see their faces?

MANGRAM

I don't know. He didn't say.

Carlson hands Weaver a still snap shot of the Alex footage...

CARLSON

Go find out.

Weaver takes the photo... they grab their coats... exit...

INT. PLANE

Chase observes Alex as he cleans his knife... Ryan snoops through the carts...

LAURA

Where is the other guy?

Chase leans into the aisle toward first class. He notices Reed intently watching a news channel.

CHASE

It looks like he is watching some sort of news channel.

Chase taps the TV screen in front of him... it comes to life... he changes the channel to the news...

Carlson stands at a podium speaking to the press... Laura jolts...

LAURA

Oh my god! That is my dad.

Chase reaches into his seat pocket... finds a set of head phones... plugs them into the monitor... he places one ear bud into his ear... gives the other to Laura.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

Carlson stands behind a bouquet of microphones... he clears his throat...

CARLSON

This morning both Washington D.C. and New York City were both attacked by unidentified individuals. We are working closely with the D.C. office to identify everyone involved. We are still combing through the debris, but as of right now there have been 185 fatalities and nearly 80 injured.

Chase and Laura are in shock... other passengers begin to listen to their monitors...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

I am now open to except questions?

REPORTER #1 blurts out...

REPORTER #1

Is it true that a flight has been
hi-jacked?

The room falls silent...

CARLSON

We have not confirmed whether it was hi-jacked, but it is highly speculated. We lost contact with World United Airways flight 18 shortly after takeoff. We have not been able to get a response; however, the plane has not deviated off course.

Everyone begins yelling questions... Carlson points to REPORTER #2...

REPORTER #2

Have you been able to track down any suspects on the possible hi-jacked flight? Is it connected to the other attacks?

CARLSON

We do have a suspect. His name is Alex Johnson...

A photo of Alex displays in the upper right...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

He is the only suspect at this time. We have not been able to connect him with anyone else on the flight, and until we identify the assailants of the other attacks, we cannot determine if they are related.

Another wave of yelling... he chooses REPORTER #3...

REPORTER #3

Is it true your daughter is on the plane?

This catches Carlson off guard... He goes to speak... nothing... a PRESS SECRETARY takes charge...

PRESS SECRETARY

That will be all the questions for now. A update will be given as soon as more information is collected.
Thank You.

She ushers Carlson off the stage...

INT. PLANE - SAME TIME

Laura removes her ear bud... looks to Chase...

LAURA

Do you think they are involved with
the other attackers?

Chase stays calm...

CHASE

I don't know, but if they are, we
aren't going to make it out of this
alive.

(beat)

We have to do something, soon.

He observes the other passengers... they meet his gaze...
concern fills their faces... he turns to lance...

CHASE (CONT'D)

We are going to have to do
something soon.

LANCE

I agree. If they are connected to
the other attacks, they are not
planning on keeping us alive.

CHASE

Exactly.

LANCE

So what is the official plan.

Chase thinks... looks at the men...

CHASE

They seem to do their own thing.
They are not coordinated at all. I
say we wait until they are
vulnerable. At the right moment we
will sneak up on them, that way we
catch them off guard. They won't
have the time to shoot or trigger
the detonator.

Lance nods in affirmation...

LANCE

I agree. We need to have a signal
for when it is time. How about you
rub your hand across your face?

CHASE

I will just give a head nod, that
way it won't be confusing.

LANCE

Do you want me to go back and tell
the others.

He nods...

CHASE

Yes. Tell them to speak amongst
themselves about what duty each man
will have. One has to go after the
weapons, another the detonator, and
the last will focus on detaining
the individual. We need at least
three men for each. Tell the pilot
to stay back until we take down the
men. We cannot have him getting
hurt.

LANCE

You got it.

Lance sits back erect in his seat... waiting for the perfect
moment to dash to the back...

INT. NEW YORK CAR PARK

Rows of stacked cars fill a medium sized lot. Weaver and
Mangram follow behind BERRY, a large fellow, owner of the
lot. He seems bothered by their presence.

WEAVER

Were you involved in a fender
bender sometime yesterday?

He sifts through papers on his clip board...

BERRY

(Long Island Accent)

Yeah. What's it to ya?

WEAVER

Well, the individuals that hit you
are suspects in our investigation.

He looks up from his clip board...

BERRY

Look, I gotta lot of work to do.
Just ask me what you need.

WEAVER

Did you happen to see the
individuals?

BERRY

Yeah. I can't forget them. The one
guy got out trying to hit me. I
don't know what the fuck he was
thinking. It was all his fault.

Weaver pulls a photo from her folder... it is Alex...

WEAVER

Do you recognize this man.

Berry nods...

BERRY

Ya. That's the asshole.

Mangram holds out a snap shot of the JFK airport footage...

MANGRAM

Is this the other man?

He points to Jeff...

BERRY

Nah. That ain't him.

He looks closer... points to a different male...

BERRY (CONT'D)

That's him right there.

Weaver looks at the identified man... it is Jack in his pilot uniform...

WEAVER

Are you sure?

BERRY

Like I said lady, I'd never forget
their faces.

WEAVER

Thank you for all of your help.

BERRY

No problem.

Weaver and Mangram walk toward their vehicle...

WEAVER

The Copilot was in on it.

MANGRAM

Looks like we finally can confirm a
hi-jacking.

Weaver reaches for her phone...

WEAVER

Carlson will be happy to hear the
news.

Before she can dial...

BERRY

Hey!

He is approaching...

WEAVER

Yeah.

BERRY

I just remembered something.

He holds his wallet in his hand... opens it... grabs a
business card... gives it to Weaver...

BERRY (CONT'D)

This fell out of one of their
pockets. I kept it to try and
contact them son-of-a-bitches. It
is no longer a working number.

Close up on business card... "Jacob's Mechanic Shop."...

BERRY (CONT'D)

I hope that will help ya.

WEAVER

You have no idea. Thank you again.

Berry reaches out his hand... She shakes it.

INT. PLANE

Chase holds his phone... the message to his father displays...

LAURA
You should send it.

He looks to her...

CHASE
I can't make myself.

LAURA
What is holding you back.

He thinks...

CHASE
I am afraid he won't respond the way I want him too.

Laura strokes his arm...

LAURA
I promise he will. Take it from someone who has daddy issues.
(beat)
Besides, what if we don't make it off this plane.

CHASE
Yeah...

Chase locks his screen... puts it away...

LAURA
What are you doing?

CHASE
I will speak to him personally once we get off this goddamn plane.

She smirks... Lance is heard from behind... back in his seat...

LANCE
Okay. We are all set, but there is one issue.

Chase turns to Lance...

CHASE
What?

LANCE

We only have six total, including us.

Chase sighs... thinks...

CHASE

Okay, here is what we will do. Three of you will attack the guy with the bomb. You and another guy will attack the Alex dude. I will take on the bomb-less guy.

Lance thinks...

LANCE

Are you sure?

CHASE

Yeah. The priority is getting the men with the bombs.

LANCE

Okay. I will tell the others.

Lance takes a look... coast is clear... he jets to the back of the plane...

Chase observes the rest of the passengers... most stare into oblivion... others pray to themselves.

He hears a soft whisper in front of him... its Charlie... he moves his head toward them...

CHASE

Hey. Are the two of you okay?

Rebecca's face appears in the seat gap in front of him...

REBECCA

The best we can be in this situation.

He nods...

CHASE

We are going to try and take over the plane. Me and five other men have been conjuring up a plan.

She becomes more nervous...

REBECCA

Are you sure that is a good idea?
What if it doesn't work.

Chase hesitates...

CHASE

Look... if we don't try, we will
likely end up in the same position.
We have to at least fight. I can't
sit by knowing all of these
innocent people will die.

She affirms...

REBECCA

You're right...

She stares into his eyes...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You are the most courageous person
I've ever met. Without an ounce of
hesitation you're willing to risk
your life to save others. That is
very rare in the world today. I
wish I knew more people like you.

He is taken back.

CHASE

I really appreciate that.

She smiles...

REBECCA

Just speaking the truth.

Switches focus...

CHASE

Okay. So, when we make our move,
you and Charlie move as close to
the window as you can and duck
down. I don't know what is going to
happen, but if shots are fired, I
don't want either of you to be in
the path.

He turns to Laura and Beth...

CHASE (CONT'D)
That goes for the both of you as
well. Stay down under all
circumstances.

They all nod in affirmation. He sits back...

CHASE (CONT'D)
Now we continue waiting.

INT. OLD MECHANIC SHOP

The space is familiar... rusted infrastructure... two lights provide sparse lighting... Jeff sits lonely at the document covered table.

A large bang disturbs the silence... S.W.A.T burst in through the door way... Jeff bolts from his chair toward the back exit... he is met by the other half of the team... slammed to the floor, he is cuffed.

Weaver and Mangram enter through the kicked in door... holster their guns. Mangram navigates toward Jeff, while Weaver observes the materials that litter the table and wall.

WEAVER
(To Self)
Got you motherfuckers!

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM

Five faces fill the large screens... Ryan, Alex, Reed, Jack, and Jeff. Carlson observes them as Weaver communicates via speaker phone.

WEAVER (V.O.)
We have discovered the body of a Jeff Harris. He was placed into the trunk of his sedan. We believe the unknown male used Jeff's I.D. and car to get into the JFK parking garage...

CARLSON
How did he get through security with the briefcase?

INT. OLD MECHANIC SHOP

Weaver stands over the paper filled table... she analyzes each piece.

WEAVER

We found blue prints that show him tunneling his way into the airport.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CALL

Carlson shakes his head... doesn't understand...

CARLSON

How did he tunnel into the airport from the garage?

WEAVER

The parking garage was recently built right next to an exterior wall of one of the terminals. From what we can gather, he basically knocked out part of the wall into a supply closet within the terminal. Completely avoiding security.

CARLSON

Okay... Did this "Jeff" guy say what was in the briefcase?

She hesitates...

WEAVER

Yeah. Nine bricks of explosives, two guns, and a hunting knife.

He takes a moment to compose himself...

CARLSON

Have you identified the reasoning behind the attacks?

WEAVER

Yes. They left behind plenty of evidence. It seems they all lost someone in a plane crash two years ago. World United Airways 27, went down killing 167 people...

CARLSON

I remember hearing about this crash. World United was blamed, due to poor maintenance of their planes.

WEAVER

Right. A leaked source claimed the airline secretly cut half of their maintenance crew to make it appear as if they were more profitable.

Carlson shakes his head in shame...

CARLSON

What companies do for their bottom line.

WEAVER

They blamed the airline for the loss of their family members. The government backed the airline, only forcing them to pay a settlement of 10 million.

CARLSON

For 167 lives?

WEAVER

Yeah. Their motive is revenge.

Carlson thinks... paces...

CARLSON

Okay. They attacked the Capitol, which I assume is revenge on the government. Then they attacked the New York Stock Exchange to seek revenge on corporations. So the hijacking must be revenge on the airline... but what is their target?

WEAVER

I haven't found any information to determine their purpose for taking over this specific flight.

CARLSON

(to himself)

The airline is responsible for their loved ones deaths. Seeking revenge, they hi-jack a plane full of innocent people?

Back to Weaver...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Who is the CEO of World United Airways?

WEAVER

Uh... It is Gerald Goldberg.

CARLSON

Is he on the flight.

WEAVER

No sir. We called his office, he is
on a flight back from Japan. Not
reachable for another hour.

He is stumped... he paces in a small circle... stops
abruptly...

CARLSON

Wait!

WEAVER

What?

Carlson shuffles through a stack of papers... finds the
flight manifest... scans the sheet...

CARLSON

It's his daughter! Beth Goldberg is
on the flight manifest. Their
target is not a place. It's a
person.

INT. PLANE

Hold on Beth gripping Laura's hand... dabbing tears.

Meanwhile, Chase sits anxiously. Diligently waiting for a
perfect moment to attack.

Ryan and Alex have their backs turned. They surround a first
class seat watching a news channel... Reed stands in the
galley... he watches the passengers.

Chase leans his head back, closing his eyes. Takes deep
breaths, calming his nerves.

Shuffling draws his attention... Reed rummages through
beverage carts... Oblivious to his own actions, he sets down
his gun and detonator.

Chase looks to Ryan and Alex, who still watch the small
monitor... He turns around toward Lance.

CHASE

This is it.

Lance takes a look for himself.

Chase hovers over his seat, looking toward the back of the plane. FOUR MEN immediately look to him. He nods, signaling to them.

Standing, he motions to three of the men on the opposite aisle... hand gestures instruct them to go after Reed in the galley... he turns to Lance and the fourth man.

CHASE (CONT'D)

The two of you will get that guy Alex. I will go after Ryan.

LANCE

Are you sure?

CHASE

Yeah. All he has is a knife. We can't risk the chance of the others setting off the bombs.

They both affirm...

Everyone now looks to Chase as he counts down silently with his fingers... Three... Two... One...

They all rush silently toward the hijackers.

Three of the men rush the center galley... Reed is sluggish to notice.... He reaches for the gun and detonator, but is intercepted... MAN #1 tackles him.

MAN #2 grabs his wrist, preventing Reed from manually setting off the bomb.... Reed kicks wildly, knocking MAN #3 into a stray beverage cart... he's out.

The commotion alerts Ryan and Alex... as Alex whips around... Lance punches him to the ground, knocking him unconscious... Alex's gun flies out of his hand toward the first class galley.

MAN #4 attempts to grab the detonator from Alex's lifeless hand, but Ryan kicks him straight in the stomach. Man #4 flies backward hitting his head on an arm rest... he's out.

Chase blind sides Ryan... knocks the detonator straight out of his hands.... Chase punches Ryan in the face, but like a steel wall, nothing happens... Ryan smirks.

RYAN

Is that all you got?

Hesitating...

CHASE
Actually... yeah.

Ryan cracks his neck... positions himself in a fighting stance...

RYAN
This should be fun.

Off that, Ryan punches Chase in the right jaw... he falls on his back.

On the floor, Chase looks above his head toward the center galley. He sees Lance tying Alex's hands together with a broken seat belt... they meet eyes.

CHASE
Get into the cockpit!

Ryan looks to Lance... pulls out his knife... before he can move towards Lance, Chase kicks Ryan off his feet... Lance runs to Chase.

LANCE
Are you sure you can handle him?

Chase looks to Ryan then to the occupied center galley... Man #1 and Man #2 struggle to keep Reed under control.

CHASE
Probably not, but I will be fine.
They are going to need your help
getting into the cockpit. If I need
you, I'll let you know.

Lance pats Chase on the shoulder.

LANCE
You got this.

Ryan slowly regains his footing... Lance bolts to help the others.

Chase observes Ryan... looking for the knife... nothing. They both get back into their originally choreographed fighting stances.

RYAN
You should have told your friend to stay. You are going to need all the help you can get.

CHASE
I think I can handle it myself.

Ryan chuckles...

RYAN

You have pussy written all over
your face. I tell you what, I'll
give you a little break and go
easy...

Chase punches him in the throat... then a right sock to the face... Ryan falls back to the ground... Lance and the other men force Reed toward the first class galley on the parallel aisle.

FIRST CLASS GALLEY

They push Reed to the cockpit door. A torn curtain is wrapped around his mouth, silencing his screams.

LANCE

Get us in there!

Reed continues to fight.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Get him to open the fucking door!

Lance has had enough... he pulls out Reed's gun from his pants... points the gun against Reed's head... he falls silent... stops struggling.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Do it or I swear to god I will
shoot you in the fucking head.

Reed nods... the curtain muffles his voice... Lance pulls down the curtain from around Reed's mouth...

REED

If you do shoot me, how will you
get in?

LANCE

If you haven't noticed, there is
more than one of you.

Reed doesn't like the response... Lance begins...

LANCE (CONT'D)

You have three seconds. ONE...
TWO...

REED

Okay! Okay. There is a special knock, but I can't verbally tell you. I can only do it physically.

Lance is irritated...

LANCE

Fine! If you try anything, I will shoot you, no warnings.

One of the men begins to untie Reed's hands... Lance steps back, a precaution if Reed tries to grab the gun... Once free he stands in front of the door hesitating.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Do it!

Reed performs a series of rhythmic knocks... Jack's voice can be heard.

JACK

Who is it?

Reed is silent...

Lance steps closer... presses the gun harder...

REED

It's Reed. Ryan sent me to check up on things.

FIRST CLASS

Ryan performs a kip up catching Chase off guard... he swings his body in a circular motion, kicking Chase directly in the chest... Chase stumbles a few steps... Ryan takes advantage, punching him in the jaw.

Chase falls against the center galley wall... Ryan comes in for another punch... Chase shifts to the right... Ryan's hand blast through the thin wall.

Chase slams his fore arm onto Ryan's... it cracks... without a wince Ryan pulls it out of the wall. Chase goes for a punch to the face... Ryan block it and knees him in the gut.

Hunched over, Chase gets a knee to the face... he is down. While he lies on the ground moaning, Ryan walks up the aisle adjusting himself.

Chase, defeated, looks into economy. Laura and Rebecca stare, concerned... he lays there... then... Charlie catches his eye... a sudden realization overtakes him.

CHASE
(To Himself)

I have to protect them.

A spurt of energy overcomes him... he quickly stands... Ryan still walks toward his knife. Chase takes a moment, catches his balance. As Ryan bends down to grab the knife, Chase runs and tackles him...

They both roll around on the floor... each taking turns throwing punches... Chase rolls on top, strangling Ryan. With at least 50 pounds on him, he easily flips Chase over the top of him... quickly rolling onto his feet, Chase kicks Ryan in the gut multiple times.

Ryan remains motionless. Chase takes a moment to catch his breath, back turned facing toward Lance. Ryan notices a gun underneath the seat beside him... he grabs it.

Ryan silently rises... knocks Chase across the head with the butt of the pistol... he falls to the ground. Rolling over, Chase stares up at Ryan... he points the gun directly at him.

RYAN
Looks like this is where it ends.

Chase drags himself up to a sitting position.

CHASE
I guess so.

FIRST CLASS GALLEY

A clunk... the door is unlocked... The two men grab Reed, tying his hands back together.

Lance rushes the cockpit... gun pointed. Jack, startled, reaches down beside him...

LANCE
Put your hands up, or I will shoot.

Jack raises his hands.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Now. I need you to slowly get up,
and come out into the galley.

Jack doesn't comply...

LANCE (CONT'D)
Did you hear me!?

JACK

Oh, I heard you. I just can't do
that.

Jack abruptly reaches for the yoke... Lance shoots, hitting Jack in the head... Jack slumps forward onto the yoke... the plane nose dives, sending everyone flying forward.

FIRST CLASS

Ryan flies backward... Chase slides in the same direction... he grabs onto a seat... Pulls himself up. Ryan struggles to do the same... Chase gets to Ryan before he can get into a standing position.

Chase kicks Ryan's hand, sending the gun flying... Ryan reacts quickly... Pulls Chase by the leg toward him... socks him in the eye. With Chase on the floor, Ryan climbs on top of him... he begins strangling him... Chase fights... not as easy as it was for Ryan... he turns purple.

COCKPIT

Lance climbs up the back of the Copilot's seat... bracing himself against it, he reaches for Jack... tugging as hard as he can, he gets Jack off the yoke... with only one pair of hands, he turns to the door.

LANCE

Hey! I need one of you to help me.

Man #1 appears at the door... he struggles to keep his balance... he sits and slides toward Lance... Using the Copilot seat, he is able to stand.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Grab the yoke and pull as hard as
you can.

The man maneuvers, barely reaching the yoke... he pulls as hard as he can... the plane over corrects, sending everyone in the opposite direction.

FIRST CLASS

The change in direction causes Ryan to roll over Chase. On the floor he finds his knife wedged between a seat bracket and the floor... he grabs it.

Chase remains on the floor, catching his breath... Ryan uses the seats to climb toward him... hovering, Ryan lifts his knife... as he begins to thrust the knife down, he is thrown backward, hitting the arm of a seat... he is out. Laura stands in the aisle struggling to grasp onto a seat.

COCKPIT

Holding on for dear life, Lance doesn't let go of Jack.

Jacks body slips out of the seat from the right side, sending Lance crashing into the rear cockpit wall... quickly finding his balance, he reaches for the seat... pulls himself into it. Grabbing the yoke, he begins pushing it gently forward... the plane levels.

Man #1 still occupies the cockpit.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Take him to the back. Tell our pilot friend he is needed in the cockpit.

Man #1 leaves without a word...

FIRST CLASS

The knife lays in the back of the aisle... Chase grabs it... cuts a strap from a bag in the overhead bin... kneels next to Ryan... straps Ryan's hand behind his back. Laura stands idly by.

LAURA

Are you okay?

Battered and bruised...

CHASE

I am fine.

Looks to her.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Thank you. I owe you one.

She smirks.

LAURA

Are you kidding. I should be thanking you. If I'm not mistaking, you just saved our lives.

They both look deeply into each others eyes... Laura grabs Chase by the back of his head... pulls him close. She gives him a big wet one.

Chase is surprised... pulls her away.

CHASE

Aren't you married.

She sighs...

LAURA

Yeah, about that... I am actually going through a divorce. I was headed to London to pack up my life and ship it back to New York.

CHASE

Why didn't you just tell me?

LAURA

Unlike someone I know. I don't share my life with complete strangers.

He laughs... grabs Laura... kisses her.

Two men carry Reed down the opposite aisle. Chase looks to them.

CHASE

Everything under control?

MAN #1 stops...

MAN #1

Yeah.

Chase is relieved...

CHASE

What about the Copilot?

MAN #1

He's dead. Lance shot him. We are on our way to get the pilot from the back.

Chase nods in affirmation...

CHASE

Okay. Great.

The two men continue toward the economy cabin.

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

Analyst still buzz around like bees... many speak to one another... others independently type frantically on their computers.

CARLSON'S OFFICE

Carlson sits in silence. He holds a framed photo of Laura and himself. He rubs his finger over her beautiful smiling face.

CARLSON
(to himself)
We almost have this figured out. I
don't know how we are going to get
you home, but I am going to try
everything in my power.

A SECRETARY knocks... Walks in...

SECRETARY
Sir. Gerald Goldberg is here.

Carlson places the photo in it's designated spot. He adjusts the surrounding items into a symmetrical state... looks to the Secretary.

CARLSON
Send him in.

INT. PLANE

Lance sits at the controls... nervously waits to be relieved from the complex duty.

ERIN, pilot, enters into the cockpit.

LANCE
Are you the pilot?

ERIN
Yeah. What is the situation?

Lance is relieved.

LANCE
Thank god. I have no idea what the
fuck I am doing.

Erin rushes to the Captain's seat... analyzes all of the instruments... flips a switch.

ERIN
I have control.

Lance's body relaxes.

LANCE
Are we good?

Erin analyzes a moment longer... then...

ERIN

Uh. Yeah, we are actually very good. Doesn't look like they deviated off course.

LANCE

What do we do now?

ERIN

Contact Air Traffic Control, request a return to New York.

Lance likes the sound of this...

LANCE

Awesome.

He turns to MAN #2 standing in the door way.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I am going to lock the door. Stay in the back and help Chase with the attackers. We can't let them take back control.

The man nods...

MAN #2

You got it.

Man #2 shuts the door... Lance searches... flips the door lock switch.

Erin flips his own switches... grabs a sheet of paper... then...

ERIN

Boston Center, World 18 requests a return to New York JFK.

Nothing...

INT. BOSTON TRACON

Ben handles multiple transmissions...

ERIN (V.O.)

Boston Center, World 18 here. Do you read?

The controller catches it... flags down his SUPERVISOR.

BEN

World 18, I read you. Identify your current situation.

INT. PLANE COCKPIT

INTERCUT -- RADIO TRANSMISSION

ERIN

I am a commercial pilot. We were hijacked, but the passengers have taken back the plane.

The controller smiles...

BEN

That is great to hear. What is your request?

ERIN

We request a reroute back to New York JFK.

He begins typing...

BEN

You got it World 18. Do you need assistance?

ERIN

No. I fly the same aircraft type. I have everything under control.

BEN

No problem. We will have someone standing by, just in case.

ERIN

Roger.

END -- RADIO TRANSMISSION

INT. BOSTON TRACON

Ben turns to his Supervisor.

BEN

The passengers of World 18 have taken back the previously hijacked plane. We need to contact the FBI and let them know.

The Supervisor pats Ben on the shoulder...

SUPERVISOR
Keep up the good work. Get them
back safe.

The Supervisor walks to a desk... picks up a phone...
dials...

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Yes, hello. I need to speak with
Agent Carlson. Tell him it is about
World United 18.

INT. CARLSON'S OFFICE

Gerald Goldberg sits across from Carlson, visibly distraught.

GERALD
When did this happen?

CARLSON
A few hours ago. We tried to
contact you, but you were in the
air.

Gerald sits thinking...

GERALD
Why did they target my daughter?

Carlson hesitates...

CARLSON
Well... the suspects we have
identified are all connected. They
all lost family on World United
flight 27.

Gerald darts his attention to Carlson...

CARLSON (CONT'D)
We have determined, this is their
way of seeking revenge.

Confused...

GERALD
I still don't understand why they
are targeting my daughter.

CARLSON
Well, sir. They blame you.

Shocked...

GERALD

Me!? I didn't take down the plane.

Off this, Carlson becomes angry.

CARLSON

You're right! You physically didn't take down the plane. However, your unethical practices did.

This angers Gerald...

GERALD

How dare you speak to me this way!
I want to know why you are pointing fingers instead of trying to get my daughter off that plane. I don't expect you to understand how it feels to know your child is in danger.

Carlson is on the verge of hitting Gerald... he contains himself...

CARLSON

Actually, I do know how it feels.
My daughter is on that flight too.

This shuts Gerald up...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

I strongly disagree with this revenge plan these individuals conjured up. However, I agree that you are responsible for all of this, all because of your goddamn bottom line.

Gerald deflates... taking it all in...

Hannah burst into the room.

HANNAH

Sir. Boston Tracon is on the line.
They say they have made contact
with the plane.

Carlson quickly exits the office... Gerald follows...

INT. PLANE

Chase and the other two men place Reed, Ryan, and Alex into seats. They tie them to the seats with stray luggage straps.

The atmosphere has changed... people move around conversing with one another.

The plane veers abruptly to the right... everyone falls silent.

A phone rings... Chase walks into the galley... picks it up.

CHASE

Hello.

Lance is on the other end.

LANCE (V.O.)

Hey. We are headed back to New York. Should be there in about an hour and a half.

Chase smiles.

CHASE

Great!

(beat)

Lance....

LANCE (V.O.)

Yeah?

CHASE

Thanks. I couldn't have done this without you.

LANCE (V.O.)

No problem.

Chase hangs up.

Walks back to economy cabin...

CHASE

Everyone. Please listen up. I have just received news from the cockpit.

He has their undivided attention...

CHASE (CONT'D)

I have just learned we are headed back toward New York. We should be back in about an hour and a half.

Everyone celebrates with ad-lib cheers.

Chase walks over to Laura. She smiles in admiration.

LAURA

Mr. Hero, what is the first thing you are going to do once we land in New York?

He laughs...

CHASE

I don't know. You tell me. You're the profiling expert.

She jokingly analyzes him...

LAURA

How about taking me to dinner.

CHASE

That can be arranged.

Beth leans over Laura grabbing Chase's arm.

BETH

I wanted to thank you for saving my life. You are a very brave man.

He sincerely replies...

CHASE

It was my pleasure.

He kisses her on the hand.

Laura cuts in...

LAURA

I ask you on a date, and you're already kissing another woman.

They all laugh...

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

Carlson stands near a small table... a speaker sits lonely...

CARLSON

The passengers have taken back control of the plane. They are expected to be back in New York in about an hour.

INT. OLD MECHANIC SHOP

Weaver stands observing... Agents gradually place materials into boxes.

WEAVER

That is fantastic news! Are the suspects still alive?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CALL

CARLSON

All but one. The Copilot was shot and killed. We will have them interrogated when they arrive. How is everything going there?

She looks to an almost empty room...

WEAVER

Good. The shop is almost cleared out. Once they finish up, I will be back.

CARLSON

Weaver?

WEAVER

Yes.

CARLSON

Phenomenal job. You are one of my best agents.

She blushes...

WEAVER

Thank you, sir. That means a lot coming from you.

Carlson is gone...

END -- PHONE CALL

Weaver places the phone in her jacket pocket... she watches as the last box is carried out... Mangram approaches.

MANGRAM

That's everything. Ready to go?

Weaver glances the room one last time.

WEAVER

Yeah..

As she turns something catches her eye... a metal object lays next to the leg of the table... she crouches down... picks it up.

MANGRAM

What is it?

Close up on a ring. It possesses a cross in the middle of its silver band.

WEAVER

It's a ring.

She shrugs... pulls out a small evidence bag... puts it in... places it into her pocket... they exit.

INT. MANGRAM'S CAR

The car sits idling in New York City traffic. Mangram, impatient, bangs on the steering wheel... Weaver tries to distract him.

WEAVER

Did you hear the plane is headed back?

He looks to her.

MANGRAM

Yeah. Hannah told me.

WEAVER

It's crazy, huh?

Confused...

MANGRAM

What?

Weaver looks to individuals walking along the streets. Some walk independently, while others laugh with friends and family.

WEAVER

How in a time of complete mayhem,
people continue on like nothing
happened.

MANGRAM

Maybe they're afraid, and their
natural response is to act like
nothing happened.

WEAVER

Yeah. Maybe.

She looks to the bright blue cloudless sky.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

At least god was looking over some
of them today.

She continues staring, as if in a daze.

MANGRAM (O.S.)

I just don't understand why there
were five terrorist in the first
two attacks, and only four in the
hi-jacking.

Weaver only catches the last part.

WEAVER

Wait. What did you say?

She listens to him intently...

MANGRAM

I was just saying that there were
five terrorist in the first two
attacks. But only four in the hi-
jacking.

She thinks... then... pulls out the evidence bag with the
ring... to mangram...

WEAVER

Where did you put the photo I got
from Anna?

He gestures to the glove box.

MANGRAM

It's in the glove box.

She rips it open... grabs the photo... analyzes the man...
then the ring...

WEAVER

Holy shit!

Mangram is worried...

MANGRAM (O.S.

What!?

FLASH BACK

INT. ANNA'S HOME - FOYER

Weaver stands looking at the photo... this time we can hear Anna.

ANNA (O.S.)

That is my brother-in-law Max. He is our personal maintenance man. He has been staying with us for the past few months. Poor thing, he lost his girlfriend in a horrible accident. Hasn't been the same since. We took him in after he lost everything.

Close up on photo... MAX is wearing the ring...

So it goes...

END FLASH BACK

She jerks out her phone... dials...

INT. FBI CONTROL CENTER

Carlson makes himself a cup of coffee. The room has calmed since the last time.

In the background a phone rings... Carlson turns looking... no one attempts to answer. He leisurely walks to it... picks it up.

CARLSON

Carlson.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CALL

WEAVER

There is a sleeper on the plane!

CARLSON

What!?

WEAVER

The other attacks involved five individuals. The hi-jacking only had four, which is not too strange, but then I found a ring at the mechanic shop. I knew it looked familiar, then it hit me, I remembered the photo of the car, the one Anna let me have. Her brother-in-law was in the photo wearing the same ring.

(beat)

There is another attacker on that plane!

Carlson's eyes widen.

CARLSON

Holy shit.

INT. PLANE

Chase pushes a beverage cart back into the galley. The passengers sit drinking beverages and eating snacks. Securing all loose objects, he begins to return to his seat.

Ryan is now awake... he stops.

CHASE

Well miss sunshine. How was your nap.

Ryan scowls...

RYAN

You're lucky your little girlfriend saved you. I was only a second away from ending you.

CHASE

Yeah. I have already thanked her.

Ryan is not amused...

CHASE (CONT'D)

Well it looks like your plan didn't work to well.

Ryan laughs...

RYAN

You didn't think we planned for this? We always have a plan B.

Chase stares to Ryan with confusion...

Gasps from passengers... Chase looks up... Max stands in the aisle, pointing a gun directly at Chase.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Meet Plan B.

Chase reaches for his gun.

MAX
Don't even think about it!

He freezes...

MAX (CONT'D)
Now, you are going to step back,
while I let my friends here go. If
you move one fucking muscle I will
shoot you.

Max begins to move toward them... Chase looks to Laura, then Rebecca and Charlie.

Almost to him, Chase goes for it... he reaches for his gun... pulls it... two bangs...

Max falls to the floor... Lance stands behind him gun pointed.

Chase stands stiff. Laura runs toward him.

LAURA
Oh my god!

Close up on Chase's chest... he looks down... A small circle of blood begins spreading... Laura grabs the wound... he collapses.

Rebecca, Beth, and the Flight Attendant rush over... Laura applies pressure.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Chase can you hear me?

He nods...

LAURA (CONT'D)
It's going to be okay. Stay with me.

She begins to cry... other passengers watch in horror.

We zoom out with a bird's eye view of Chase's body. More people start to join.

EXT. NEW YORK CEMETARY

A beautiful blue sky is seen through thin tree branches. We pan down overhead to see a funeral procession.

Over a hundred individuals stand together dressed in black. We recognize many faces from the flight... Laura stands beside Carlson and Weaver... Beth stands next to Gerald... Rebecca and Charlie stand with Mark.

A casket sits surrounded by multiple flower bouquets. A large lively photo of Chase is positioned on an easel.

William sits stoic... Michelle stands speaking to the crowd.

MICHELLE

Chase was more than a brother. He was my best friend. I know that might sound cheesy, but it's true. If he were here he would punch me in the arm and say "Sis, I am your only friend."

She smiles... so do others.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He had a hard time trusting people, but when he opened up, he would always surprise them. He was a very caring man. Every opportunity he had to help someone, he did. I would always ask him why he was so generous. He never would tell me, but I knew why.

(beat)

I just liked to see him squirm.

Laughs...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He helped people because he valued their lives as if they were his own. He believed everyone should have equal opportunities. He never understood why he was born privileged and wealthy, while others struggle through poverty.

This hits everyone...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

People keep saying he is a hero, but I disagree. In society today a "hero" is someone who is courageous in a specific moment in time. As long as I can remember he has always been courageous. Whether it be threatening a man twenty years older than him, or 100 pounds heavier. He never feared anything when it came to what was right.

William fights back tears...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I am not a very religious person, but I do believe we are all put here on Earth for a purpose. I believe this was his. I expected to be extremely sad today, but I can't help but feel proud. As I stare out to all of you, I can't find many recognizable faces. I see you here with your families, and I see the love between you. I just keep thinking how Chase was a factor in it. Beyond the sadness I can visualize the happiness. I know that is exactly what Chase would have wanted. I miss him dearly.

She turns to his photo...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I love you.

Michelle steps down from the small podium. A PRIEST takes her place.

PRIEST

Thank you everyone for coming, this will conclude the procession.
Please drive home safely.

Everyone disperses toward their vehicles... William stands... walks toward the casket.

Laura approaches him.

LAURA

Mr. Caldwell?

He turns...

WILLIAM

Yes.

LAURA

My name is Laura. I was on the flight with your son. I wanted to offer my condolences and give you something.

She takes a phone out of her purse.

LAURA (CONT'D)

It's Chase's. He left something on there I think you should read.

William takes it.

WILLIAM

Thank you.

She turns to walk... stops for a last word.

LAURA

He was an extraordinary man. You should be very proud.

She walks away.

William watches... then unlocks the phone. A letter displays on the screen... he reads.

CHASE (V.O.)

Dad. I talked to Michelle this morning. She said something to me that I can't stop thinking about. She mentioned how disappointed mom would be with us. I was devastated the day we lost her. I don't want to lose my father too. I wanted to reach out and tell you that I love you. What ever disagreements we had, to me, they are in the past. I hope you feel the same.

Tears stream down his face. Michelle walks up and embraces him.

MICHELLE

Everything will be okay.

WILLIAM

I know it will.

She looks him in the face.

MICHELLE
Are you ready to go?

WILLIAM
Go ahead. I will meet you at the
car. I just need a moment.

She kisses him on the cheek. Walks toward the car.

He walks up to the casket... puts his hand on top of it.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Two great minds think alike.

He pulls out a slightly worn envelope. On it reads "My Beloved Son." He kisses it and puts it on top of the casket.

William turns taking in the beautiful day. A dove flies majestically past him. He stares, bringing a smile to his face.

We watch from above as he walks away.

FADE OUT.

Still on black. The sounds of the city bellow.

RADIO HOST
Good morning New York City. Today is Monday, April 25th. The forecast shows clear skies with a high of 75 degrees. A perfect day to enjoy the outdoors.

CUT TO:

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM

Close up on Chase's face. He jolts awake.

THE END