

PASSENGER 58

Screenplay

by

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Story

by

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Story: Julian Adege and Alex Ranarivelo

FADE IN:

1	EXT. UKRAINIAN SKY - DAY	1
	Radiant, cloudless, silent.	
	At 35,000 feet, a Boeing 777 gradually makes its way across the wide and blue expanse.	
	Con-trails plume, spin and twirl behind two powerful Rolls-Royce Trent 892 engines.	
	From nose to tail, nearly within reach, the aircraft's gray fuselage glides just above our outstretched fingertips.	
	Insignia reads: Malaysian Airlines.	
2	OMITTED	2*
3	OMITTED	3*
4	INT. FLIGHT 17 - DAY	4
	Inside flight 17's cabin, rested, quieted passengers settle in for their first meal.	* *
5	EXT. UKRAINE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY	5
	From a cluster of roadside trees, a fiery burst ignites and launches from a Russian made, "BUK" self-propelled, medium-range, surface-to-air (SAM) missile launcher.	
6	EXT. SKY - 35,000 FEET - DAY	6
	At Mach 3, the Buk missile goes hypersonic towards the cruising airliner - seconds away.	*
	Strafing past the nose of the Boeing 777, the Buk's warhead DETONATES!	* *
	All that we see and hear - suddenly goes BLACK.	*
	Silence, then...	
	Ukrainian and Russian air channels begin to blister with terse, flight-tower, radio communications.	*
	UKRAINE CONTROLLER (V.O.) Malaysian Flight 17 on primary radar seems to be descending - possibly hit by unknown object.	

RUSSIAN CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Flight 17, over? Flight 17 on the  
frequency, hold, do you hear me?

\*

UKRAINE CONTROLLER

Malaysian 17 from Amsterdam  
to Kuala Lumpur come in.  
Come in, 17!

RUSSIAN CONTROLLER

All air-traffic clear the  
area of Donetsk Oblast, 10  
kilometers Northeast of  
Shakhtarsk Raion.

\*

The radio traffic then fades, giving way to the awful  
titanic creaking of SHEERING METAL which now plunges from  
the sky to the earth.

\*

\*

\*

## 7 MONTAGE - TV NEWS FOOTAGE

7

Over news anchor commentary, we see footage from the  
crash site; burning wings, tattered fuselage.

\*

Ukrainian townsfolk rush from surrounding sunflower  
fields to the field of debris and the black hole in the  
charred earth.

\*

\*

\*

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

... Multiple witnesses confirm  
hearing an explosion before the  
crash...

More TV images: Nation's Capital. SENATOR JOHN MCCAIN  
(75) inside the congressional rotunda.

\*

SENATOR MCCAIN (TV)

If it is the result of the  
Russians mistakenly believing this  
was a Ukrainian war plane, I think  
there's going to be hell to pay.

\*

\*

## 8 OMITTED

8\*

## 9 EXT. SUBURBS - QUANTICO VIRGINIA - NIGHT

9\*

Wide and watery snow flakes drip blissfully from the  
wintery, night sky.

\*

\*

Connecting the downfall from above is a modest two-story  
home below.

\*

\*

Smoke comes from its chimney, piano keys lead the  
instruction of a young, ten-year old girl's voice who  
sings, Austria's Franz Gruber's, SILENT NIGHT.

\*

\*

\*

10 INT. FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 10\*

FRANK WILEY (40'S), content and at peace, wears a warm red-holiday sweater. He's bent at the knee before a glowing fireplace. \*

Embers crackle, Frank pokes the logs. The holiday setting just doesn't get better. \*

We see a piano. To its left standing upright and focused straight ahead is Frank's daughter, ZOE BELLE WILEY (10). \*

Sitting and playing the piano in front of Zoe, leading her through the Silent Night carol is Frank's beloved wife and mother to their only child, BRIE WILEY (38). \*

Brie is beautiful. She is surrounded by the people she loves - yet very, very sick. \*

BRIENNE  
(encouraging)  
Sing the lyric slowly... Breathe  
between the words. \*

ZOE  
All is calm... (breath) All is  
bright. \*

BRIENNE  
Just like that. Good. \*

Snow falls outside, a warm fire burns inside. \*

ZOE/BRIENNE  
Sleep in heavenly peace... \*

Brie then stops playing. The room falls quiet. Zoe's face, dreadful concern. \*

ZOE  
Mom? \*

Blood begins to run from Brie's nose. \*

SAM (40'S), a caregiver stands atop a step-stool and places the North Star on top of a fully decorated tree. \*

BRIENNE  
(whispers)  
Sam? \*

Sam steps down from the step-stool and quickly moves to Brie. \*

ZOE  
Dad? \*

Sam lifts up Brie's festive Christmas top. We see she is connected to a stomach catheter. He checks on Brie's pain meds and condition. \*

Frank holds at the hearth looking on - helplessly. \*

Sam slowly turns his head to Frank. Frank is held in an eternity of loss. \*

Brie's inevitable last moments - at hand. \*

SAM  
(turns)  
Mr. Wiley, we should take her now. \*

11 INT. ST. PETERSBURG HOTEL ROOM - DAY 11\*

Frank's eyes suddenly open - a cold morning greets him once more with a recurring nightmare with no escape. \*

The young widower greets the empty morning - alone. \*

**SCREEN READS: ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA** \*

Frank looks over to the desktop to see a traveling framed photo of his parted wife Brienne and their daughter, Zoe.

FRANK  
(quietly)  
Morning, Brie... \*

MOMENTS LATER - CONTINUOUS \*

Frank gets up, opens up the curtains - below, St. Petersburg Square. \*

Frank turns on the TV. Russian Morning News - Christmas stories of St. Isaac bringing in the holiday season. \*

On the bed, Frank tosses his passport, flight tickets, wallet, a wad of Russian rubles, his passport, Federal Air Aviation Marshal Identification, and lastly his SIG Sauer P-229 service-revolver into his travel bag with a RED STRAP. \*

A clunky Russian Burl Ives' version of "Holly Jolly Christmas" carries us through. \*

12 EXT. PULKOVO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DUSK 12\*

A darkening sky. Peaceful, quiet snow falls over the large, modern Pulkovo airport. \*

13 INT. PULKOVO INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT 13\*

The place is bustling with festive, holiday travelers. \*

A crew of KLN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS \*

from Turkey walk together through the center terminal. \*

They wear very distinctive flight cabin uniforms, red and \*

gray, gloves, scarfs, with the flowing designer-flow \*

caps. \*

An elegant and intelligent SERAN AVCI (30'S) gets a cell \*

call. She momentarily tracks away from her fellow flight- \*

crew. \*

SERAN \*

(Turkish) \*

My baba ve. I'll meet you in the \*

flight lounge. \*

Her crew continues on, pulling their roller luggage \*

behind them. \*

SERAN \*

(Turkish) \*

Hello? \*

Seran stops at a charging station. (Seran's mom is on the \*

call). \*

SERAN \*

(Turkish) \*

Ah, baba ve. \*

Behind Seran and out of her view, a YOUNG RUSSIAN MAN \*

(20'S). \*

Casually and without notice, the man tracks the flight \*

attendant while she begins her phone conversation. \*

SERAN \*

(Turkish) \*

Yes, the last leg. 12 AM take-off. \*

Seran places her purse down close to her feet. She pulls \*

out a charging cord. \*

She turns her back away from the terminal flow of \*

travelers for just a second. \*

SERAN \*

(Turkish) \*

The midnight red-eye back to \*

Istanbul. \*

Without hesitation, the young man briskly walks towards \*

Seran's blind-spot and snatches her purse with one fluid \*

movement. \*

He gallops towards the sliding glass doors of terminal exit. \*

Before he's made it ten feet, a firm hand grabs the man's right arm. \*

FRANK  
Hey! \*

The thief turns and finds himself face-to-face with Frank Wiley. \*

FRANK  
No segodna, comrade.

The tense, nervous young man drops the purse, breaks Frank's grip and sprints for the exits. \*

Seran turns, nearly victimized. \*

SERAN  
(Turkish)  
Baba ve... I'll call you back. \*

Frank picks up the purse and walks it back over to a shocked Seran. \*

FRANK  
Um, ben konus-muyo-rum... I don't speak much Turkish. \*

Seran - British accent. \*

SERAN  
Ah, an American. I just turned away for a second. \*

Frank steps forward. He hands the attractive Seran back her purse. \*

FRANK  
He didn't get anything out of it.

She finds her credentials - relieved. \*

SERAN  
My passport, flight I.D. Thank you. \*

An attraction between the two possibly at any other time - a slight departing hesitation, then Frank turns his eyes towards the check-in terminal. \*

FRANK  
(beat)  
Well, be safe up there. \*

Frank turns and walks. Seran juggles her belongings,  
keeping her eye on him. \*

SERAN \*

You, too. \*

Frank turns. One last look between the two, then... \*

13A INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER - NIGHT 13A\*

Frank waits in line. \*

Far away from home, he looks up to see a flight board  
reading a number of vast, unfamiliar, exotic destinations  
i.e., Lavnaca, Mineralnye, Sochi, Minsk. \*

A female KLN Airlines CHECK-IN ATTENDANT (30's) signals  
Frank to step forward from a long line. \*

CHECK-IN ATTENDANT \*

Ticket and passport please. \*

He places his ticket, passport and U.S. Federal Air  
Marshal's Badge on the counter before her. \*

FRANK \*

I'm Frank Wiley. U.S. Air Marshal  
but non-op on this flight. I'm  
going to stow my firearm in its  
locked traveling case today. \*

CHECK-IN ATTENDANT \*

Oh, okay, very well. \*

Frank opens up his bag, retrieves his smaller Kevlar  
weapons case, places it on the counter. \*

He opens it. We see his Sauer P-229 service weapon. Frank  
turns the pistol over from right to left. \*

CHECK-IN ATTENDANT \*

You sure you don't want to carry  
it onboard? \*

Frank looks over to the long-line of Russian TSA agents  
and another long-line of backed-up passengers. \*

FRANK \*

I think I'm just going to be a  
traveler today. \*

He puts his gun case back into his bag and hands it over  
to the attendant. \*

CHECK-IN ATTENDANT \*

I don't blame you. Nice to put  
work away once in a while. \*



She puts a tag on the case and places it onto the conveyor belt behind her with the rest of the checked luggage.

The attendant places Frank's tickets on the counter.

CHECK-IN ATTENDANT  
You're all set, Mr. Wiley. Once  
you go through security, Gate 17-A  
is just down the concourse to the  
left.

13B INT. SECURITY - NIGHT

13B\*

Frank empties his pockets, removes his shoes and coat. A dozen people stand and wait before him.

He then looks to his right and notices a young, smartly dressed, regal woman with a sense of elegance and privilege.

Her name SOPHIA ALDAINE (27). She carries with her a tightly-held, black designer carry-on which has a "TSA" type lock which secures it.

Miss Aldaine is escorted by two muscular BODYGUARDS (40s) on either side of her.

The small entourage approaches an adjacent customs, side-area outside of the rope line.

Miss Aldaine graciously introduces herself to Pulkovo's awaiting CUSTOMS SECURITY PERSONNEL and presents her passport and those of her escorts.

Her credentials are perused - an inspection of her carry on appears unnecessary.

She and her travel companions are led through security checkpoint.

Frank then turns, stepping forward and entering the ProVision2 full body scanner.

14 INT. CUTTER FAMILY RESIDENCE - QUANTICO VIRGINIA - DAY

14\*

The FaceTime app rings on the Cutter family computer.

JOHN CUTTER, (50's) family man, best friend of Frank and temporary guardian of Frank's daughter, Zoe - takes a seat at the desk and connects-in.

Behind John, a beautifully full and adorned Christmas tree - shiny ornaments, plentiful tinsel, gifts and all the trimmings.

Frank's image comes through. \*

JOHN CUTTER  
Hey, Frank! Lookin' like a chilly  
December in St. Petersburg? \*

15 INT. PULKOVO INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT 15\*

In front of a large terminal window overlooking parked  
jets and falling snow, Frank Facetimes with friend John. \*

FRANK  
"Chilly" has nothin' on this  
place. 500 miles south of the  
Antarctic with only five-hours of  
sunlight a day. Woke up at the  
"crack of 11" this morning and it  
was still dark out. It's got me  
all turned around, but I'm through  
security - catching the red-eye,  
so there's no turning back now. \*

JOHN CUTTER (F.T.)  
Won't believe it until we're  
pulling up in my driveway. \*

16 INT. CUTTER FAMILY RESIDENCE - QUANTICO VIRGINIA - DAY 16\*

John reaches for an official-looking folder filled with  
legal, corporate filings. \*

FRANK (F.T.)  
I won't believe it until we're  
pulling up in your driveway. \*

John opens the folder. \*

JOHN CUTTER  
Hey, so, while you've been gone,  
I've been getting our paperwork  
ready for "Cutter-Wiley Aviation  
Security". \*

FRANK (F.T.)  
What happened Wiley-Cutter? \*

JOHN CUTTER  
Yeah, well, I slept on it. \*

FRANK (F.T.)  
Ha, yeah, I bet you did. Just as  
well, retirement couldn't come  
soon enough. My last demonstration  
in the module - little  
embarrassing. Missed a kill shot  
by about a foot and half. \*

JOHN CUTTER  
 So, listen... Your timing's good.  
 Last rehearsal is tonight before  
 Zoe and Baylor's recital. She's  
 been antsy whether you were going  
 to make it back in time.

FRANK (F.T.)  
 I, yeah. Brie used to, you know,  
 get her ready for it. I appreciate  
 you and Jody pinch-hitting while  
 I'm figuring out the "single -  
 parent" playbook.

John makes sure Zoe isn't within earshot.

JOHN CUTTER  
 Frank, straight up? You don't have  
 to be so afraid of it. She's a  
 great kid, and the playbook will  
 write itself.

FRANK  
 (beat)  
 She there?

17 INT. PULKOVO INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT 17\*  
 Behind Frank, planes taxi about in the dark, winter  
 weather.

JOHN CUTTER (F.T.)  
 Speaking of...

18 INT. CUTTER FAMILY RESIDENCE - QUANTICO VIRGINIA - NIGHT 18\*  
 Zoe approaches over John's shoulder.

JOHN CUTTER  
 Okay, I'll see you tomorrow at  
 Dulles.

FRANK (F.T.)  
 Copy.

John stands up and Zoe climbs in the over-sized, leather  
 chair.

19 INT. PULKOVO INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT 19\*  
 Daughter and dad, face to face. Frank just melts - it's  
 his kid. Her resemblance to Brie is unmistakable.

FRANK  
 Hi, Zoe.

Zoe - cautious in nature but it doesn't take too much for her face to light up.

ZOE (F.T)

(beat)  
Hi, dad!

FRANK

I just wanted to call before I boarded.

\*

ZOE (F.T)

Okay.

FRANK

I hear you're in final rehearsal tonight?

\*

\*

ZOE (F.T.)

Baylor and I are playing two of the Magi.

\*

\*

FRANK

Magi? They were the ones that saw the star in the sky and followed it to the manger.

\*

\*

ZOE (F.T)

Yeah. That's what happened. That's who we're playing.

\*

\*

FRANK

Ever tell you about my very first recital?

\*

ZOE

No.

FRANK

I played one of the Seven Dwarfs.

ZOE (F.T.)

No, you didn't.

\*

FRANK

My one line was, "Hurry up boys, before the pancakes get petrified".

Zoe rolls her eyes, fights back a grin.

ZOE

Funny, dad, not a true story.

\*

There's a bit of a smile. Frank turns, sees a reflection of himself. Snowfall gets heavier.

\*

\*

FRANK

Can I hear some of it? \*

(beat)

Something for the long flight? \*

Just a little bit?

20 INT. CUTTER FAMILY RESIDENCE - QUANTICO VIRGINIA - NIGHT 20

Zoe looks around - no one in sight.

ZOE

(relents)

Alright. Silent night, holy  
 night... All is calm, all is  
 bright...

She stops, but with a little more of a smile than she  
 began.

FRANK (F.T.)

You sound just like your mom when  
 she used to sing. \*

ZOE

That's all you get, dad. You have  
 to come home to hear the rest.

FRANK (F.T.)

Deal. Say your prayers okay?

ZOE

Okay. \*

FRANK (F.T.) \*

I love you, Zoe-Belle. On my way. \*

21 INT. PULKOVO INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT 21\*

Frank turns back toward the terminal and looks out to the  
 busy holiday travelers - crowds walk by - families,  
 kids... \*

ZOE (F.T.) \*

I love you too, dad. \*

Zoe's image is gone. Frank taps his phone - off. He tucks  
 it in his overcoat pocket. Stepping towards Gate 17-A... \*

FRANK \*

Time to get home. \*

22 OMITTED 22\*

23	<p>INT. FLIGHT LOUNGE BATHROOM - NIGHT</p> <p>In a busy international employee bathroom, pilots and cabin crew come and go.</p> <p>There are two men dressed in KLN AIRLINES Flight uniforms, CAPTAIN NICOLA KHEBA (40'S) and FIRST OFFICER ERDEN DEMIRCI (30's).</p> <p>In the mirror, both men make methodical and final adjustments to uniforms and flight wings.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CAPTAIN KHEBA (Ukrainian) To gardens under which rivers flow.</p> <p>Both men continuously wash their hands - eyes fixed, purpose, unwavering.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">FIRST OFFICER DEMIRCI (Ukrainian) Inshallah.</p>	<p>23*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p>
24	OMITTED	24*
25	OMITTED	25*
25A	<p>EXT. KLN AIRLINES BOEING 747 - NIGHT</p> <p>Ground crew below empty the airliner's luggage into transport vehicles.</p>	<p>25A*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p>
26	<p>INT. BOEING 747 - FLIGHT 1107 - NIGHT</p> <p>While the last few passengers exit the widebody, the crew begins working throughout the aircraft picking up magazines and checking overhead storage bins.</p> <p>A UTILITY WORKER (40s) pushes his garbage cart down the aisle.</p> <p>He arrives to the rear of the plane and unloads the contents of the trash receptacles into his garbage cart.</p> <p>Cautious - looks to see if he may be alone.</p> <p>He then reaches inside his garbage trolley and retrieves a bundled wrapping-cloth.</p> <p>He stows its contents inside the food service cabinet - casually moves on.</p>	<p>26*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p>

27 INT. GATE 17-A - NIGHT 27\*

Frank sits and charges his iPhone in the waiting area. \*

KLN pilots, Captain Kheba and First Officer Demirci arrive at the gate. \*

A third man, the FLIGHT ENGINEER (30s) meets the two pilots and introduces himself. \*

The three men then enter the jetway. \*

BOARDING ATTENDANT (PA) \*

Ladies and gentlemen, now at this  
time those traveling in First  
Class and Business Class may step  
forward to begin boarding. \*

Frank unplugs his cord and places it in his pants pocket. \*

28 INT. 747 MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 28\*

Boarding passengers filter to their seats and stow their luggage. \*

Three sets of seats on each side of the plane, and four across in the middle - overhead storage bins snap open. \*

Frank approaches his row and seat number - takes off his coat, moves to the window seat. He looks throughout the cabin - only partially full. \*

29 INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - NIGHT 29\*

Sophia leads the way clutching her locked designer carry-on from the lower-cabin stairwell along with her two bodyguards. \*

SOPHIA ALDAINE \*

...let's connect with the hotel's  
concierge tonight for an early  
morning pick-up. \*

The three arrive to their seating assignments. \*

BODYGUARD 1 \*

I'm on it. \*

Bodyguard 1 gets Sophia settled into her window seat directly to his right. She keeps the locked carry on with her. \*

Bodyguard 2 scans the cabin, takes inventory of the people in it. Other men and women find their seating assignments and settle in. \*

Bodyguard 2 then sits protectively behind Miss Aldaine. \*

SOPHIA ALDAINE  
I'd like to be at the charity  
first thing when the doors open.

\*  
\*  
\*

He pulls out his cell phone.

\*

BODYGUARD 1  
I'll see to it.

\*  
\*

A friendly Ukrainian Flight Attendant, ODESSA (30),  
reviews the passenger manifest.

\*  
\*

She comes to the name of Miss Aldaine and circles it.  
Odessa approaches Sophia.

\*

ODESSA  
Miss Aldaine?

SOPHIA ALDAINE  
Yes.

\*

ODESSA  
I'm Odessa, your cabin's purser  
today. I'm here to make your  
flight as comfortable as possible.

\*  
\*

SOPHIA ALDAINE  
Thank you. These are my traveling  
companions.

\*  
\*

ODESSA  
Hello.

\*  
\*

The protective men nod.

\*

ODESSA  
We'll have to store your carry-on.

\*  
\*

SOPHIA ALDAINE  
Yes. I'd like to place it in the  
cabin's secured storage if  
possible?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Odessa takes the bag.

\*

ODESSA  
Certainly.

\*  
\*

SOPHIA ALDAINE  
Thank you.

\*  
\*

ODESSA  
Welcome to flight 1107.

\*



30 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 30\*

Frank settles comfortably into his window seat for the first leg of the long-haul flight back home. \*

Flight attendant EZRA (20'S) guides the last few passengers to their seats, stowing luggage, securing overhead bins. \*

Seran, takes a headcount while escorting a young Turkish girl named ASUMAN SERACEN (10). \*

The young girl wears a plastic identification placard around her neck signifying "minor traveling alone". \*

SERAN

54, 55, 56... \*

Seran arrives to Frank's row. He looks up. \*

SERAN

Oh. \*

FRANK

Oh, hi. \*

Seran, pleasantly surprised to see her terminal defender on her flight. \*

SERAN

I didn't know you were flying with KLN today? \*

FRANK

Yes, connecting through Istanbul, then back home. \*

Asuman, attentive - all ears. \*

SERAN

I really appreciate what you did earlier. Now, I'll be the one looking after you. My name is Seran. \*

FRANK

I'm Frank Wiley. \*

SERAN

This name is Asuman. She's traveling alone. Would you consider keeping an eye on her? \*

FRANK

Uh... \*

ASUMAN

Can I sit near the window? \*

FRANK \*  
(relents) \*  
Sure. She can have A, I'll take B. \*

Frank gets up and stands in the aisle. Asuman slides \*  
across to the window seat. \*

FRANK \*  
Night flight anyway. Not much to \*  
see. \*

SERAN \*  
Thank you. I appreciate it. \*

FRANK \*  
It's fine. \*

Frank sits in his new aisle seat. Asuman belts up. \*

SERAN \*  
I'll be back to check on you, \*  
Asuman. Press this button, here if \*  
you need anything. \*

ASUMAN \*  
Okay. \*

Pointing at Asuman, then Frank... \*

SERAN \*  
57, 58... \*

Seran continues down the aisle. \*

ASUMAN \*  
She likes you. \*

FRANK \*  
Hmm? \*

ASUMAN \*  
She likes you. The way her body \*  
moved when she turned and saw you. \*

FRANK \*  
How old are you? \*

ASUMAN \*  
Ten and a half. \*

Asuman opens a book and begins to read. In its pages, \*  
pictures of Turkish archers on horseback. \*

Frank takes notice of the pictures on the pages. Asuman \*  
looks up to him. \*

	ASUMAN	*
	(deadpan)	*
	Seljuk mounted archers. Lethal.	*
	Flight attendants take up their positions on the aircraft.	*
	WOMAN'S VOICE (PA)	*
	Our safety briefing is important	*
	which is why we've created one	*
	with a touch of magic...	*
	FRANK	
	(beat)	*
	Ah. Hmm. Ten and a half, huh?	*
31	INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT	31*
	Captain Kheba looks down the runway and signals to his second in command.	*
	CAPTAIN KHEBA                      FIRST OFFICER DEMIRCI	
	Flight crew. Prepare for              Auto throttle?	
	take-off.	*
	CAPTAIN KHEBA	*
	Armed, and transponder, code set.	*
32	EXT. PULKVOVO RUNWAY - NIGHT	32*
	From the underbelly of the 747 wide-body, Pulkovo's runway rushes past - the landing gear recedes into the plane's undercarriage.	
	CAPTAIN KHEBA (V.O.)              FIRST OFFICER DEMIRCI	
	Gear lever?                              (V.O.)	
	Up and off.	*
	CAPTAIN KHEBA (V.O.)              FIRST OFFICER DEMIRCI	
	Exterior lights?                              (V.O.)	
	Landing off.	*
33	EXT. RUSSIAN SKIES - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT	33*
	The wide-body 747 ascends to its climbing altitude of 33,000 feet and banks south towards the Black Sea and Istanbul Turkey.	*
	FIRST OFFICER DEMIRCI (V.O.)	*
	22,000 and climbing.	*
	CAPTAIN KHEBA (V.O.)	*
	Copy that. Bring her to 35,000 and	*
	level her off.	*

34 INT. FLIGHT 1107 - NIGHT 34\*

Seran reaches for the cabin PA handset and welcomes her passengers. \*

SERAN (PA) \*

KLN Airlines Flight 1107 from St. \*

Petersburg to Istanbul - we would \*

like to thank you for trusting KLN \*

with your flight travel this \*

evening... \*

Frank takes out his wallet.

We see both his Federal Badge and an intimate photo of himself along with Zoe and Brienne.

FRANK

(whispers)

Coming home, Zoe.

35 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 35\*

PAULO BULA (20's), handsome, powerfully built German man, wears a business suit, moves with a state of precision towards the rear bathrooms. \*

He monitors the aircraft's attendants in the forward area of the plane.

Bula then bends at the knees and opens up the bottom service cabinet. He reaches inside and finds the cloth-bound package left behind by the utility crew technician. \*

He closes the cabinet, turns, takes the contents into the bathroom and locks the door behind him. \*

36 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 36\*

Bula methodically unwinds the tie-strings of the cloth. We reveal six razor sharp 14 inch, military attack-knives. \*

Bula rests two knives on the sink. \*

He then opens up the towel dispenser and places the remaining four knives inside. \*

He closes the dispenser, tucks one knife in his belt, places the last knife inside a magazine and flushes the toilet. \*

37 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 37\*

Bula's female counterpart, the square-jawed, the very \*  
capable, Serbian, DARNYA SHEV (20'S), waits for her turn. \*

Bula steps out of the bathroom.

BULA \*

(German) \*

Everything will be okay in the \*  
end. \*

Darnya steps in, closing the door behind her.

38 INT. UPPER-DECK CABIN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 38\*

Odessa preps the pantry for the in-flight, first-class \*

meal.

39 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 39\*

All passengers on the plane settle in for a nice,  
comfortable flight.

Bula makes his way casually up the aisle towards the \*  
stairwell - just past Frank, he slightly rubs up against \*  
him as he passes. \*

Frank turns. \*

BULA \*

(German accent) \*

Forgive me. \*

Frank nods. \*

FRANK \*

No worries. \*

39A INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT 39A\*

South African, MARKSYM SKYLAR (30'S), calm, nondescript, \*  
physically capable, affable enough, sits directly behind \*  
the 2nd Bodyguard. \*

Bula passes Marksym and casually hands him the magazine \*  
with a knife in it. \*

Bula sits aisle-left of Miss Aldaine's first bodyguard. \*  
Odessa approaches. \*

BULA \*

May I have a lemon tea? \*

40 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 40\*

Captain Kheba and Second Officer Demirci check flight logs and cross-reference the precise time. \*

The Flight Engineer sits behind the other men monitoring all flight systems. \*

The Captain leans back to the Flight Engineer. \*

CAPTAIN KHEBA \*

What do you have for time? \*

FLIGHT ENGINEER \*

Ah, let's see. 12:27 AM, St. Petersburg/Moscow standard time. \*

SECOND OFFICER DEMIRCI \*

Copy that.

CAPTAIN KHEBA

Syncing.

Second Officer Demirci casually gets up from his seat. \*

SECOND OFFICER DEMIRCI \*

Excuse me, just need an aspirin out of my flight-coat from behind you. \*

FLIGHT ENGINEER \*

Here, let me get out of your way.

41 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 41\*

Twenty rows up from Frank, a Greek man, TARAS CHUMAK (40'S), athletically built wearing dress slacks and a cardigan argues with a second lean and fit Hungarian named, PETRUSO SOROS (37). \*

Tempers escalate. Both men speak English but with their respective accents. \*

PETRUSO \*

(Hungarian accent) \*

You're a fucking' NAZI! \*

Frank looks to the forward cabin, instinctively undoes his seat belt. \*

MORE - CONTINUOUS \*

Taras and Petruso suddenly stand up, begin pushing and shoving each other. \*

TARAS \*

(Greek accent) \*

You rob graves for a living! \*

Voices of concern rise throughout the cabin. Flight Attendants rush to the confrontation.

PETRUSO

What did you say, you Arian prick!

\*

Taras slaps Petruso.

\*

A physical fight/wrestling match breaks out between the two men.

\*

\*

FRANK

(calmly)

Asuman. Keep reading.

\*

Suddenly, a RUGGED MAN IN A SUIT (40'S) rushes in from business class and brandishes an Air Marshal badge.

\*

This is Turkish AIR MARSHAL ASKER.

\*

AIR MARSHAL ASKER

Stand down! Break it up!! I'm an Air Marshal. I said, step back!!

Asker steps in the middle of the two fighting men and pushes them apart.

TARAS

You hear what this Slovic shit-pile called me?!

\*

\*

Suddenly Petruso throws a jacket over the Air Marshal's face and Taras pulls out his 14 inch knife!

\*

\*

Taras plunges, cuts and stabs while Petruso keeps his coat over the man's head and face. Passengers scream.

\*

Frank bursts forward down the aisle. Others get up and follow!

\*

\*

Taras grabs the Marshal's SERVICE REVOLVER and tosses it to a third, handsome and calm man in a nearby seat.

\*

\*

This is IVAN KAZBEK (40's).

\*

KAZBEK

Get his second clip.

\*

\*

Frank reaches impulsively reaching for his gun - but not there.

\*

FRANK

Shit!

Kazbek points his weapon at the passengers to contain them. Frank dives into the center aisle and scrambles through it.

\*

\*

\*

The three men behind Frank are exposed. \*

KAZBEK \*

SIT DOWN!! \*

42 INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - NIGHT 42\*

Marksym opens the magazine, grabs the knife, stands, reaches over the head of bodyguard 2 and plunges it into his heart and lungs. \*

Bula, then snaps a scalding hot-cup of scalding tea into bodyguard 1's face. \*

BODYGUARD 1 \*

Argghh! \*

Bula overpowers bodyguard 1 and stabs him in the chest. \*

Sophia SCREAMS. Others in the cabin SCREAM. \*

She tries to unfasten her belt but is quickly met with a knife to the throat by Darnya Shev. \*

DARNYA

Sit down, Miss Aldaine!

First-class passengers panic and try to get out. Darnya threatens with her knife. \*

DARNYA

All of you! SIT!

The passengers sit back in their ring side seats to the horror and terror before them. \*

Odessa frantically reaches for the onboard flight phone.

ODESSA

There's been a stabbing!! Probable hijacking in progress!!

43 INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 43\*

Demirci cinches a black hood over the flight engineer's head. He then plunges the airman's neck and throat with a long, sharpened pencil, killing him. \*

Captain Kheba casually reaches and turns off all infotainment screens and Wifi. \*

44 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 44\*

All screens go black.

Kazbek stands and takes center stage at the front of the main cabin, just behind business class.



He's flanked by the knife-wielding Taras and Petruso.

KAZBEK

Quiet!

Cries and commotion continue.

Kazbek cocks the pistol and points it around at the passengers before him.

KAZBEK

I said quiet!

Frank carefully retreats back to his seat near the terrified Asuman - all ears to what is said.

Bula herds the first-class passengers at knifepoint down the stairwell.

BULA

Find yourself an empty seat and sit.

Panic-stricken passengers find empty seats throughout the cabin.

KAZBEK

(center stage)

Good morning, everyone, and welcome to Flight 1107. If our instructions are followed, there's no reason for anymore loss of life. We are here for one reason, and one person only.

A distraught, bloody, hysterical Sophia Aldaine is pushed down the upper cabin stairwell by Marksym.

MARKSYM

Keep the skinner down, lady. Shut up! I said SHUT UP!

Sophia is shoved to the ground before Kazbek.

KAZBEK

There she is.

Marksym wrestles Sophia up to her feet right before Kazbek and the passengers.

KAZBEK

And, she has arrived! Thank you for joining us this evening.

Frank locks in.

Kazbek reaches for the inflight announcement phone.

KAZBEK (PHONE)

Miss Aldaine. *She is all we're after!* Stay calm. The cockpit is ours'. The plane will be diverted into friendly airspace.

Frank reaches for the in-flight magazine and turns it over.

KAZBEK

An undisclosed location in Ukraine is waiting for us. A mere delay to your travels.

Frank intensely reviews a map of the world with lines connecting regional destinations and flight-times; Belarus, The Black Sea, Istanbul, the Ukraine to the west.

KAZBEK

If you need to go to the rest room, we're not unreasonable. An attendant will escort you there and back to your seat.

Bula turns and quickly climbs the upper-class stairwell.

Darnya and Taras take up their positions at the head of opposite aisles.

KAZBEK

If instructions are followed, no more troubles. Or, if not...

Kazbek motions to the dead Air Marshal on the floor.

KAZBEK

Get all the I.D.'s and phones, then put the dead Marshal in a business-class bathroom.

44A INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - NIGHT

44A\*

Rear, curtained service area, Bula muscles the second dead bodyguard over the body of the first.

Kazbek enters the deck, aggressively escorting Sophia Aldaine by the arm.

SOPHIA ALDAINE

You've got the wrong person! What are you doing?

He pushes her down into her seat.

KAZBEK

Get your belt on and shut up!

	Kazbek crosses and approaches the cockpit door. Knocks on it twice.	*
		*
	Flight Officer Demirci opens it.	*
	KAZBEK	*
	Main cabin is ours.	*
	CAPTAIN KHEBA	*
	(looks to the Flight	*
	Engineer)	*
	Get him out.	*
	Kazbek and Demirci work together to extract the Flight Engineer out of his seat.	*
		*
44B	INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT	44B*
	Black garbage bags snap-open by Taras and Darnya - then given to the surrounding attendants.	*
		*
	Marksym, aisle right, Darnya oversees aisle left. Cell-phones and I.D.'s are collected.	*
		*
	Frank discreetly places his Air Marshall badge inside the pages of the in-flight magazine - Asuman, terrorized, takes notice.	*
		*
		*
	ASUMAN	
	Are we going to die?	
	Frank tucks the magazine below the arm-rest.	*
	FRANK	
	No. Just do what they say if you're asked.	*
	Pulling out a pair of reading glasses, he puts them on the bridge of his nose, untucks his shirt, down-plays his appearance.	*
		*
		*
	Frank looks down through the cabin trying his best to take a head count of the hijackers.	
	FRANK	
	(sotto)	
	Four, five...	
	ASUMAN	
	There's six. There were six of them.	*
	Seran approaches. She turns to the over-lording Marksym.	*

SERAN

Please. The girl near the window  
is traveling alone. I'd like to  
give her some attention.

MARKSYM

Phones and passports first.

Frank takes his and Asuman's passport and places them  
into the black garbage bag, as directed, along with his  
phone.

FRANK

I do need to go to the bathroom,  
if that's possible? The man said,  
up front, if we had to go?

Seran turns for permission from Marksym. He takes the bag  
of phones and I.D.'s.

MARKSYM

Take him there, stand outside the  
door and bring him back when he's  
finished. Then, the girl if need  
be.

Frank turns to Asuman.

FRANK

You going to be okay?

She bravely nods. Frank stands.

FRANK

I'll be back.

45 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

45\*

Frank and Seran reach the bathrooms. Frank opens the  
bathroom door.

FRANK

(whispers)  
When it's clear, knock lightly and  
I'll speak to you from the other  
side.

Frank closes the door behind him.

A frightened Seran bravely scans the forward bow of the  
plane and places her back up against the bathroom door.

She keeps her eyes on Marksym. Clear - she taps.

FRANK (O.C.)

I'm an off-duty, U.S. Air Marshal.

Seran keeps her eyes on Petruso. Clear - she taps.

FRANK

I need you to keep an eye open in case there are any sleepers on the plane. We can't assume they're telling us the truth. Do you know the crew well? One for yes, two for no.

\*

Seran taps twice.

FRANK (O.C.)

Okay. Does this aircraft have a crew phone?

\*

Seran taps once.

FRANK

Is it separate from the Wi-fi?

Seran taps once.

FRANK (O.C.)

Good. Okay. When I step out, signal with your eyes where the crew quarters is. Then, walk me back to my seat.

\*

We hear a flush of the toilet. Frank opens up the bathroom door.

\*

\*

Seran signals to what looks like a closet-door in the back corner. Frank nods.

\*

Marksym waits for them, standing next to Asuman.

\*

FRANK

(quiet)

I'm going to need you to distract them for me later. Let's get back.

\*

\*

\*

MORE - CONTINUOUS

\*

Seran leads Frank back to his seat.

\*

FRANK

Thank you, sir.

He takes a good look at Frank and his seat number.

MARKSYM

I'd suggest you stay seated if you get the urge again.

\*

Captain Kheba converses with the Ukrainian POLTAVA airport tower.

POLTAVA TOWER (RADIO)  
KLN Air 1107, go ahead.

\*

CAPTAIN KHEBA  
Poltava, we have an issue with a  
passenger. We're declaring on  
onboard emergency.

POLTAVA TOWER (RADIO)  
State the nature of the emergency.

CAPTAIN KHEBA  
Male - 60's, possible massive  
stroke. Requesting rerouting to  
Poltava. Also requesting medical  
personnel upon arrival.

\*

POLTAVA TOWER (RADIO)  
One minute, 1107. Permission  
formally being requested. Wait  
momentarily for new coordinates.

\*

\*

CAPTAIN KHEBA  
Copy that. Thank you, Pultava.

46A EXT. KLN FLIGHT 1107 - NIGHT

46A\*

The 747 breaks a bit to the east.

\*

47 INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT

47\*

Traumatized, Sophia Aldaine shakes in her seat.

\*

Captain Kheba, sleeves rolled up, open collar, comes out  
of the cockpit. Kazbek guards the door.

\*

The Captain makes his way to Sophia Aldaine - sits next  
to her.

\*

\*

CAPTAIN KHEBA  
Good evening.

\*

Darnya approaches.

\*

She hands Kheba a folder, then goes and stands guard at  
the top of the stairs.

\*

\*

SOPHIA  
(terrified)  
What do you want with me?

\*

\*

CAPTAIN KHEBA  
That's a rather large question,  
actually.

\*

\*

\*

Kheba pulls out a number of photos of Sophia's father,  
JONATHAN ALDAINE (50'S).

CAPTAIN KHEBA

It appears your father, likes to  
play both sides of the fight.

The Captain then produces a number of newspaper headlines  
from his folder. He places them down in front of her.

CAPTAIN KHEBA

The United States Ambassador to  
Ukraine.

**N.Y TIMES HEADLINE: "U.S. ADMINISTRATION DELAYS MILITARY  
AIDE TO UKRAINE."**

CAPTAIN KHEBA

The one responsible for diplomatic  
relations.

**LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH: "LETHAL AIDE DELAYED"... UKRAINE  
KORRESPONDENT: "RUSSIA BENEFACTOR OF U.S. JAVELIN SLOW  
WALK!"**

CAPTAIN KHEBA

And the one who would be obligated  
to oversee incoming military aide  
to fight Russian aggression in  
Luhansk, Donetsk.

Miss Aldaine's veins flood with dread.

48

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

48\*

Frank makes eye contact with Seran. She nods her head.

Seran approaches Bula, Petruso and Taras distracting  
them. She gets them to turn to her - away from the  
passengers.

SERAN

I'd like to offer some food  
service to the passengers. It will  
keep them calm like you want.

FRANK AND ASUMAN - CONTINUOUS

Frank whispers Asuman.

FRANK

Asuman? Can I count on you for  
something?

ASUMAN

I think so.

Frank reaches for the air sickness bag.

FRANK

If I'm not back by the time they  
come through again, and they ask  
you about me, you tell them I was  
getting sick - went to the  
bathroom. You think you could do  
that?

ASUMAN

I'm pretty sure.

FRANK

Okay.

Frank quietly ducks down the aisle and makes his way to  
the back of the plane, to the dismay of many passengers.

49 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

49\*

Frank makes it to the rear bathroom area.

He opens the bathroom door and leaves the sickness bag  
inside.

He then moves to the "closet door" in the corner of the  
rear cabin.

He opens it. We reveal a ladder going up. He enters the  
small space and closes the door behind him.

50 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

50\*

Asuman keeps her eyes riveted onto the hijackers in the  
front cabin before her.

51 INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

51\*

Frank comes up the ladder into a small room with a low  
ceiling. Inside are 8 bunks.

Frank looks around and spots - the phone. He grabs it and  
dials a number. His hand trembles.

FRANK

Son-of-a-bitch.

52 INT. JOHN AND JODY CUTTER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

52\*

Homemade painted signs of Frank returning back home cover  
the fireplace. WELCOME HOME - CONGRATULATIONS - WILEY-  
CUTTER AVIATION SECURITY.

With paint brush in hand, John jokingly crosses out...  
~~WILEY-CUTTER~~ AVIATION SECURITY.

JOHN CUTTER

He'll like that.



Zoe and best-friend BAYLOR CUTTER (10) blow up their 20th balloon. Wife to John, JODY CUTTER (45) traces in and out of the kitchen, preparing food for the welcome home party.

Suddenly the phone rings. Once, twice. John reaches for the phone.

JOHN CUTTER  
(whispers)  
Yeah... Hello?

FRANK (V.O.)  
John, it's me - Frank.

JOHN CUTTER  
Oh, hey buddy boy. You have a change of flight?

FRANK (V.O.)  
Just a little bit.

JOHN CUTTER  
Let me get a pen.

FRANK (V.O.)  
Listen, my plane's been commandeered out of St. Petersburg. I'm calling from the crew quarters in the back of the plane.

JOHN CUTTER  
Frank, what?

FRANK (V.O.)  
Mixed group of hijackers. One with a South African accent. Maybe out of Ukraine. Hard to tell.

Jody puts out dishes at the family room table.

FRANK (V.O.)  
There was a Turkish Air Marshall on board. They outed him, slit his throat in front of all the passengers, took his weapon.

JOHN CUTTER  
You carrying?

FRANK (V.O.)  
I checked it in. Fifteen years flying these things and the day I need it, it's not with me.

JOHN CUTTER  
What do they want?

53 INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT 53\*

Frank looks down the stairwell - empty. He makes a fist  
out of a shaking hand to calm himself. \*

FRANK \*

They didn't say much, but it's  
something to do with a young  
woman, last name, "Aldaine". She  
boarded in St. Petersburg with me  
with a couple of bodyguards. She  
blew through customs with a nod  
and wink. They put her on display -  
said they have what they came for  
and they're diverting the flight  
to "someplace friendly in  
Ukraine", whatever that means. \*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.) \*

Jonathan Aldaine. U.S. Ambassador  
to Ukraine-- He's got a daughter  
named Sophia. \*

FRANK \*

Well, then we can anticipate some  
sort of demand will be made with  
her as collateral. \*

54 INT. JOHN AND JODY CUTTER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT 54\*

Jody enters from the kitchen. She reads the concern on  
John's face from across the room. \*

JOHN CUTTER \*

They overtake the cockpit? \*

FRANK (V.O.) \*

I don't think they had to. \*

John sits at his computer. He pulls up a FLIGHT TRACKER  
APP. He plugs in the flight information. \*

JOHN CUTTER \*

KLN, flight 1107. \*

JODY \*

(whispers) \*

Overtake the cockpit? \*

John nods to Jody in the affirmative. \*

JOHN CUTTER \*

KLN doesn't have flight tracker  
info. I don't see anything. \*

FRANK (V.O.) \*

That's comforting. \*

	JOHN CUTTER	*
	But they must be talking to the	*
	tower otherwise you'd be seeing	*
	scrambled jets.	*
	FRANK (V.O.)	*
	None yet, anyway.	*
55	INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT	55*
	Frank checks the time - been gone a while from his seat.	*
	JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)	*
	Frank, we can't rule out a suicide	*
	flight.	*
	FRANK	*
	I know.	*
56	INT. JOHN AND JODY CUTTER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT	56*
	Jody moves to the kids - busies them with table and	*
	kitchen duties, keeping them out of earshot.	*
	JOHN CUTTER	*
	Look, if they're still on their	*
	flight path and the transponder is	*
	still on, we've got some time to	*
	work!	*
57	INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT	57*
	Frank takes a deep breath, thinks...	
	FRANK	*
	I'm going to get to the luggage	*
	containers - get back my 229.	*
	JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)	*
	Alright, I'll get to my station	*
	and track the flight -	*
	<i>unofficially</i> . I'll check the	*
	chatter, see if any flight	*
	agencies have been notified.	*
	Hopefully not, otherwise It'll get	*
	complicated real quick. I'm going	*
	to dig into this ambassador's	*
	closet, find out more. And, Frank?	*
	FRANK	
	Yeah?	
	JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)	
	Remember, be polite, and?	
	FRANK	
	Have a plan to kill	
	everyone I meet?	*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)  
You're back in the game, Frank.

FRANK  
I think Wiley-Cutter is gonna  
need a new motto.

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)  
You mean, "Cutter-Wiley?"

58	INT. JOHN AND JODY CUTTER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT	58*
	Jody looks over to see Zoe putting on the last touches of a painted sign that reads, "Love you Dad!!".	*
	JODY You better figure this out, John.	*
	Zoe puts down her paint brush - turns. Looks at her, from across the room...	*
59	INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT	59*
	Frank opens the stairwell door and exits. He peeks out and sees Marksym down the aisle with his back turned.	
	Frank crosses over to the center area where we see a door that reads "Authorized Personnel Only".	
	Frank opens it and enters.	*
60	INT. REAR CARGO HOLD - NIGHT	60*
	Frank stands in a narrow pathway facing tall stacks of shipping crates. Along either wall are pathways going down towards the tail.	*
	Frank heads left.	*
60A	EXT. BALTIMORE WASHINGTON PARKWAY - NIGHT	60A*
	John's car shoots down the interstate.	*
61	INT. JOHN CUTTER'S CAR - DAY	61*
	John drives, tense.	*
61A	INT. REAR CARGO HOLD - NIGHT	61A*
	Frank walks down the narrow pathway along the tall freight, checking each pallet.	*
		*

61B INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 61B\*

Asuman carefully reaches over to the magazine Frank had left behind. She opens it up. \*

Frank's FEDERAL I.D. and MARSHAL'S BADGE drop onto her lap. Calmly, she clasps them together and tucks them both under her pant-leg. \*

She places the magazine back on Frank's empty seat - opens up her book on Turkish archers. \*

62 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - DAY 62\*

John sits at his work station, an international flight tracking map on his monitor. \*

**SCREEN READS: NSA HEADQUARTERS** \*

He navigates his security access towards Ukrainian airspace. He uploads Frank's flight information i.e., St. Petersburg, KLN Airlines - Flight 1107. \*

He sees flight 1107 over Western Ukraine. \*

JOHN CUTTER \*

Flights on track... but where are they diverting you, Frank? \*

John turns to work on a second terminal. He uploads his security clearances. \*

He types in keywords: **SOPHIA ALDAINE/UKRAINE/DAUGHTER.** \*

JOHN CUTTER \*

And, why? \*

Images of Sophia emerge.

JOHN CUTTER \*

Now we're getting somewhere. \*

John begins to type in: **U.S. / UKRAINE AMBASSADOR JONATHAN ALDAINE.**

The Ambassador's photo and file i.e., **ACCESS DENIED - U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT - TOP SECRET - OFFICE OF THE INSPECTORS GENERAL.** \*

JOHN CUTTER \*

What does the Inspectors General want with Ambassador Aldaine? \*

63 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 63\*

Startled, Asuman looks up to see Marksym towering over her. \*

	MARKSYM	*
	Where'd the man go?	*
	ASUMAN	*
	He was getting sick in the bag. He	*
	went to the bathroom.	*
	Marksym sees the sick-bag missing from the pocket.	*
	He looks to see no attendant outside of the bathroom	*
	door.	*
64	OMITTED	64*
65	INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT	65*
	Marksym approaches the rear of the plane, pushes the	*
	bathroom door open with the tip of his knife. It's empty.	*
	On the ground, an unused airbag. He smells it - clean.	*
	Marksym steps back, looks around. Frank is nowhere to be	*
	seen. He eyes the door to the rear cargo-hold.	*
66	INT. CARGO - LUGGAGE HOLD - NIGHT	66*
	Frank reaches the tail of the plane, no suitcases to be	*
	found - frustrated.	*
	FRANK	*
	Damn it.	*
	He turns back to exit and is met with a punishing, short	*
	right-hand directly into his nose. Frank goes down hard.	*
	MARKSYM	
	You want to be hero?!	
	The powerful Marksym picks Frank up, and shoves him	*
	violently against the container. He holds Frank with one	*
	hand, and begins choking him the other.	*
	Realizing for the first time he's in a fight for his	*
	actual life, Frank peels back Marksym's grip from his	*
	throat, and headbutts the bigger man. POW!	*
	Marksym steps back but is now only more invigorated. He	*
	reaches for Frank but Frank is able to push him off and	*
	get away.	*
	Frank pushes through a drop-down tarp near the last	*
	container only to find himself in the very last part of	*
	an empty 15-foot, cargo-bay.	*
	Marksym too pushes his way through the drop-down tarp.	*
	There's nowhere to go for Frank.	*

Marksym produces his long knife. Frank looks to navigate the pleated floor. It's lined with long tracks of rubber and steel rollers, sharp mooring pleats, and vertical gaps in the flooring.

Marksym moves closer. SWINGS his blade at Frank and overreaches. Woosh! Frank evades, gets behind Marksym and viciously elbows the man in his kidneys.

Marksym, quickly turns back, navigates the uneven floor and rushes Frank, swinging his knife with precision.

The two men exchange a series of near-lethal blows but it's Frank's quick hands, and dormant skillset which comes to life in the face of his attacker.

Frank lands a blow. Marksym's foot catches a steel roller-wheel and stretches out his stride. Frank sees his opening, lunges in and kicks Marksym brutally in the balls.

Marksym drops down hard to his knees - out of breath.

Frank grabs Marksym's wrist, bends the knife out of his grip, shreds a two-foot piece of plastic wrapping off the nearby crate and wraps Marksym's head and begins suffocating him.

Marksym gasps for air. Cellophane ebbs and flows from Marksym's mouth.

FRANK

Where are you landing this plane?

Marksym continues to resist.

FRANK

I said where?!

Nearly blue, Frank gives Marksym just a bit of air.

MARKSYM

(finally)  
Kiravahrad.

FRANK

Why there?

Marksym brings his own hands to his face and penetrates the wrapped cellophane near his mouth.

A gush of air blasts out of marksym's lungs.

The South African drops down, spins away from Frank and kicks him, sending him backwards.

Marksym gets to his feet. He makes for an escape toward the tarp.

Frank leg-whips him, driving Marksym up and into the air. He's sent directly forehead-first into a sharpened, floor pleat.

\*  
\*  
\*

Marksym lays motionless.

\*

Frank catches his breath. He turns the body over, sees the lethal puncture. He's caught off guard by the man's dead staring gaze.

\*  
\*  
\*

Frank secures the knife and drags the heavy body to the furthest corner of the cargo hold.

He then inspects Marksym's clothes, finds Marksym's passport and cell-phone.

Frank goes to the phone's camera and begins snapping pictures of the dead man and his passport.

He then notices below the collar on Marksym's neck a curious TATTOO OF A KNIFE WITH LAUREL LEAVES.

Frank snaps another picture.

He then fishes around for a cell signal, barely a bar.

Frank tries texting the photos of Marksym to John's 609 area code phone number but the bar disappears. No signal.

FRANK

Damn it.

67 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

67\*

Frank exits the cargo hold and sneaks back to the crew sleeping quarters.

\*

68 INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

68\*

Frank dials once more. John picks up right away.

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

I'm here. Go!

FRANK

Just killed a man in the cargo hold. They're gonna figure it out real quick when he doesn't come back.

\*  
\*

69 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - DAY

69\*

John tracks the flight as he speaks to Frank.

\*

JOHN CUTTER

He talk?



FRANK (V.O.)

Not much of a conversationalist  
but he did say they were landing  
in a place called, Kiravahrad. \*

John runs "Kiravahrad" through his data base. We see maps  
of the city, buildings, airports. \*

John checks his screen, confirms the plane's direction. \*

JOHN CUTTER

Yeah, lines up with your flight  
path. You got a while to go. \*  
There's a river below you're going  
to see on your left. The Dnipro. \*  
Like the Ukraine Amazon. From  
there, you're 40 out from wheels  
down. \*

FRANK (V.O.)

Copy. I got his phone, took  
pictures of him and his passport, -  
tried sending them to you. I'll  
work to get the Wi-fi back on. If  
they come, you can run'em through  
facial recognition. He had a  
tattoo on his neck. A knife with  
laurel leaves. \*

JOHN CUTTER

Laurel leaves? That's South  
African Special Forces.

FRANK (V.O.)

That's about right. He spoke with  
the accent, but on a hijack  
mission to Ukraine? \*

JOHN CUTTER

I looked up the Ambassador's file.  
Aldaine is under investigation  
through the Inspector General's  
Office. \*

70 INT. CREW CABIN - NIGHT

70\*

Frank quickly scrolls through Marksym's cell photos.

FRANK

Keep focused on him. They're going  
to know I'm gone. I gotta' get  
back. Call when I can. \*

Frank spots a flight attendant's demonstration seat belt.  
He takes it. \*

71 INT. REAR OF PLANE - NIGHT 71\*

Frank descends from the crew quarters. No hijackers in sight down the cabin. Frank makes his way down the aisle. \*

72 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 72\*

Frank arrives back to his seat, again unnerving other passengers. \*

FRANK \*

You okay? \*

Asuman hands Frank a tissue as he sits. \*

ASUMAN \*

Your nose is bleeding. \*

Frank wipes the blood away and opens up the magazine. \*

His BADGE and FEDERAL I.D. are gone - concerned. \*

ASUMAN \*

The man came. I told him you were sick. \*

Asuman lifts up her thigh and retrieves Frank's badge and I.D.

ASUMAN \*

I saw you put these in the magazine before they collected the phones. \*

Asuman lifts up her leg slightly and retrieves Frank's I.D. and badge. He takes a breath. \*

FRANK \*

You're officially deputized. \*

ASUMAN \*

(whispers)

Are you really an Air Marshal? \*

FRANK \*

I am.

The man sitting across the aisle to Frank is a wiry, nervous Russian man, named MIKHAIL (50'S). \*

MIKHAIL \*

What are you doing with all this getting up, back and forth? If we sit and do as they say, we won't be hurt. \*

Petruso casually passes by making his rounds, continues forward. \*

Frank brings his finger to his lips. \*

FRANK

Please, sir. Shhhhh. \*

73 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - NIGHT 73

John scours the world's top headlines - searching -  
Jonathan Aldaine - U.S. Ambassador to Ukraine.

Endless files run vertically across the reflection of his  
glasses. \*

He picks up the phone.

JOHN CUTTER

Dave Brown. John Cutter. Yes, I  
know it's late. Yes, as pleasant  
for me as it is for you. I need  
access to IG files. That's right.  
On U.S. Ambassador to Ukraine -  
Jonathan Aldaine. \*

74 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 74\*

Taras walks by Frank and Asuman, headed towards the rear  
of the plane. \*

75 INT. REAR CARGO HOLD - NIGHT 75\*

Taras cautiously enters the cargo hold. He makes his way  
down the narrow aisle.

He arrives at the tail, startled to find-- a beaten and  
disheveled Marksym slumped and stuffed between a  
container and the mainframe.

TARAS

Maty-ebat'...

76 INT. MAIN CABIN - MOMENTS LATER 76

Taras hurries past Frank on his way back. Frank spots  
Seran in the galley. \*

Taras speaks rapidly with Petruso at the foot of the  
upper cabin stairwell. \*

Both hijackers then ascend the stairs. Frank jumps to his  
feet, heads towards Seran. \*

MIKHAIL

Sir. Sir. Please sit down! You're  
bringing attention to us.

FRANK

Listen, I'm working to get us out  
of this. \*

77 INT. MAIN CABIN - SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS 77  
Frank approaches. Seran goes pale. \*

SERAN  
(discreet)  
You should be in your seat. Please  
go back. Odessa told me there are  
two dead man upstairs. \*

FRANK  
And there's a third in the cargo-  
hold. One of *them*. \*

78 INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - CONTINUOUS 78  
Kazbek stretches his legs in the seat by Sophia,  
Champagne glass in hand. \*

KAZBEK  
People have paid a lot of money to  
get you to Kirahavrad, Miss  
Aldaine. \*

Taras and Petruso bound up from the stairs below,  
approach Kazbek. \*

TARAS  
Kazbek, it's Marksym... \*

79 INT. MAIN CABIN SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS 79  
Frank pulls Seran into the service area. \*

FRANK  
Take a breath, Seran. I need you  
to hear me. Can I count on that? \*

SERAN  
I... Yes.

FRANK  
You have to turn the Wifi back on.  
Keep the monitors off, but the Wi-  
fi, on. It's our lifeline. \*

SERAN  
Okay. \*

FRANK  
Then, I need you to go to the  
lower luggage hold and find my  
suitcase. It has a distinct red  
strap on the handle. \*

SERAN  
There's over 200 cases in there. \*

FRANK

My service weapon is in there. The  
combination of the case is five-  
four-five-two. Say it to yourself.

\*

Seran stares ahead - scared to death, nods...

SERAN

Five-four-five-two. You look  
scared. What do you know?

\*

Frank sees Kazbek coming down the stairs with Bula,  
Darnya and Petruso.

\*

FRANK

Pick your moment when it's clear,  
and get down there.

Seran turns.

MORE - CONTINUOUS

\*

Frank quickly goes back, taking his seat across the aisle  
from the nervous Mikhail.

\*

\*

MIKHAIL

What are you doing?

\*

Frank places the long knife inside the pages of a  
magazine before him.

MIKHAIL

They're going to kill us all if we  
fight back!

FRANK

(finger to lips)  
Shhhhh...

\*

\*

CONTINUOUS - FULL SCENE

\*

Kazbek stands front-and-center of the main cabin.

\*

He reaches for the cabin phone.

\*

KAZBEK (PA)

\*

I must tell you. I'm disappointed.  
There's someone onboard who's not  
playing by the rules. These were  
simple requests!

\*

\*

Kazbek throws the phone down.

\*

He randomly waves his weapon over the heads and faces of  
unlucky nearby passengers.

\*

\*

KAZBEK

And today, who will it be?

\*

A young Asian MARRIED COUPLE (30's) sits terrified 7  
seats away from Kazbek. Kazbek approaches them wielding  
his weapon. \*

KAZBEK  
Stand up. I said, STAND UP! \*

The Asian man does, and is strong-armed up to the front  
with Kazbek. \*

Without warning, Kazbek SHOOTS THE ASIAN MAN in the head.  
SCREAMS AND CRIES throughout the cabin. \*

KAZBEK  
NOW! I AM ASKING FOR YOUR  
UNDIVIDED ATTENTION!! \*

Kazbek now grabs his sobbing wife, wrestles her to her  
feet. \*

KAZBEK  
Come here... Get on your feet! \*

He holds his gun to shaking woman's head. \*

KAZBEK  
Who is the "hero" on this plane?

Frank reaches for the hidden knife. Mikhail tries to stop  
him from getting it.

MIKHAIL  
Please don't! He'll shoot us like  
he did that man. \*

A struggle ensues.

MIKHAIL  
Please, sir.

FRANK  
Let go of my arm! \*

The knife falls out of the magazine pages and between the  
two passenger seats. There's no time.

Frank stands up and declares himself.

FRANK  
IT'S ME! I'm right here. Leave her  
alone. \*

Kazbek pushes the woman down back into her seat. \*

The hijackers begin to circle and position.

KAZBEK

(then)  
Kill him!

\*

Kazbek returns up the stairs as Bula, Darnya, and Petruso move on Frank.

MORE - FULL SCENE - CONTINUOUS

\*

Frank readies himself.

Bula and Darnya come straight for him and Petruso gallops down the other aisle, to attack Frank from behind.

\*

The narrow space gives Frank one advantage, they can only attack him one at a time.

Bula charges Frank. Without his own knife, Frank pulls out the demonstration seat-belt and swings the buckle like a gladiator's flail.

\*

Bula is WHACKED in the face, sending him stumbling backwards.

Within the chaos, Seran hurries to the business class galley.

\*

80 INT. BUSINESS CLASS GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

80

Seran opens a control cabinet, revealing a touch screen. She cycles through the menu, fingers trembling.

\*

Finally she lands on "Wi-fi controls".

She turns the system back "ON".

\*

81 INT. MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

81

Darnya swiftly pushes past Bula and brandishes her knife. She twirls it masterfully, threatening Frank.

\*

Frank reaches for a nearby magazine, quickly rolls it up tight, and wields it with his left hand - flail with his right.

\*

\*

\*

Darnya SLASHES at Frank, who continuously deflects her attacks with his makeshift baton.

\*

\*

Frank whips the flail towards her head, but Darnya counters, catches the flail with the blade of the knife, and whips it away from Frank rendering him weaponless.

\*

\*

\*

Frank lunges for her eyes with the magazine, but misses.

\*

Darnya, counters - slashes a penetrating blow cutting deeply into Frank's shoulder.

\*

\*

FRANK

Arrrgghh!

\*  
\*

From behind, Petruso circles and rushes Frank, knife raised.

Frank snatches a tray from a passenger and BLOCKS the attack, the blade stabbing right through it.

Petruso pulls it out. TRIES AGAIN AND AGAIN.

\*

With growing fury, Frank finds an opening, then JABS Petruso in the throat with the tray's edge.

\*  
\*

Petruso drops his knife, struggles to breathe.

PETRUSO

Arrrgghh...

\*

Frank then turns and wildly crawls over the seats of the center aisle, scrambling for his life to get away.

\*  
\*

BULA

Get him!

The three hijackers take flight after him.

82 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

82

Frank reaches the rear of the plane and rushes to the crew sleeping quarters entrance.

\*  
\*

83 INT. CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

83

Frank enters the stairwell, closes the door and jams a small fire extinguisher between the door and the wall, blocking the door from opening inward.

\*  
\*

As Frank climbs up, he hears the hijackers arrive outside, working to force the door open.

\*  
\*

PETRUSO (O.S.)

\*

You have nowhere to go, American!

84 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

84

Petruso pounds on the small door entrance.

PETRUSO

There is no safety vest for you!!  
NOWHERE!

\*  
\*

Bula tries RAMMING INTO THE DOOR with his shoulder.

85 INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

85\*

Frank checks his phone, sees a SOLID WI-FI SIGNAL.



FRANK

(sotto)

Good, Seran. Good!

\*

Frank reaches for the crew phone and dials. John picks up right away.

\*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

Hey! Where the hell have you been?

FRANK

Oh, just taking a little refreshing nap up here in first-class. The martinis are incredible.

\*

\*

\*

\*

The hijackers keep pounding on the stairwell door.

\*

BULA (O.S.)

My friend?! There is nowhere to run! Nowhere to hide!

\*

\*

\*

86

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - DAY

86\*

John sits at his terminal, talks on a headset.

\*

JOHN CUTTER

See you haven't lost your sense of humor.

\*

\*

\*

FRANK

Yeah... really yuckin' it up, up here.

\*

\*

\*

JOHN CUTTER

Your pictures just came through, I'm running him through the system.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Faces flash across his screen and suddenly stop on the name: Marksym Skylar.

\*

\*

JOHN CUTTER

I got a hit on the South African.

\*

John opens his file. We see various photos of Marksym.

\*

JOHN CUTTER

Kepler Blyds, Graeme Kallis, Divan Gobinds. He's got a number of aliases, depending on who's paying for his services.

\*

\*

\*

\*

FRANK (V.O.)

Mercenary?!

JOHN CUTTER

Straight gun-for-hire. Known to  
work out of the Congo, Syria, and  
Chechnya. Pick one.

\*  
\*

87 INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

87\*

Frank keeps an eye on the door below. We hear Bula and  
Darnya continuing to POUND ON IT together.

\*  
\*

FRANK

There were two more. One woman,  
nasty, a real piece of work.  
Eastern Bloc accent - Serbian  
maybe. Another guy, also Eastern  
Bloc accent - but different,  
possible Hungarian.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

Okay. Sounds like they're all  
hired guns. Hard to think they all  
have the same political alliance.  
Sounds like a simple payday  
operation, so somebody outsourced  
the hijacking.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Frank sees the stairwell door is giving way. He looks  
around the room, his mind races.

FRANK

At least mercenaries wouldn't sign  
up for a suicide flight - Nowhere  
to spend the money.

\*  
\*  
\*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

(laughs)  
Yeah...

\*  
\*  
\*

88 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

88

Bula and Darnya finally bend the door open.

Bula reaches in, whacks the fire extinguisher out of the  
way, and they both RUSH UP THE LADDER while Petruso stays  
below, keeping an eye on the passengers.

89 INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

89\*

With knives tightly clinched, Bula and Darnya enter an  
empty, dark crew quarters. All the bunk curtains are  
closed.

They approach each cautiously. Darnya snaps back a  
curtain - nothing.

Bula snaps back another - zero.

Frustrated, Bula opens them all with rage. Open! Open!  
Frank is nowhere to be seen.

BULA  
(yells down the  
stairwell)  
Petruso! He's not here!

90 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

90\*

Petruso yells back, dumbfounded.

\*

PETRUSO  
Impossible!

Suddenly, he hears something, turns, finds Frank somehow  
downstairs and rushing towards him!

\*

Frank POUNDS Petruso sending him flying into the rear  
bulkhead. SMASH!!

\*

PETRUSO  
Arrggh!

\*

\*

Frank is quickly on him - holding a knife to Petruso's  
throat.

FRANK  
Why have mercenaries taken over  
the flight? Who hired you?!

Frank pushes Petruso's face against the bulkhead. He says  
nothing, tries to resist.

FRANK  
Have it your way.

Frank covers his mouth and slashes the man's ear. Blood  
gushes.

PETRUSO  
(screaming)  
Ahhhh!

Frank goes to cut him again but this time under the eyes.

\*

FRANK  
I'll cut your fucking eyes out you  
piece of shit. What do they want  
with the girl?!

\*

\*

\*

PETRUSO  
I don't know! They paid us, a lot!  
To take the plane - to land it.

\*

\*

FRANK

Who? Who are they?

\*  
\*

Petruso discreetly pulls a smaller knife from his front left leg pocket and STABS at Frank.

\*

The knife catches Frank in a glancing cutting blow.

\*

FRANK

Arggh!

Frank JAMS HIS KNIFE into Petruso's throat, killing him.

91 INT. CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

91

Bula and Darnya yank a mattress out of their way to see an EMERGENCY ESCAPE HATCH which opens to the main cabin below.

They open it just in time to see Frank below, pulling his knife out of their friend's body.

\*

DARNYA

Petruso!

Frank looks up, sees them, sprints off down the aisle.

92 INT. REAR OF MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

92\*

Darnya jumps down the escape hatch and Bula rushes out of the stairwell.

\*

DARNYA

Get him!

\*  
\*

Leaping over Petruso's body, the two hijackers give chase to Frank through the coach section of the cabin.

93 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

93\*

Passengers yell and scream at Frank.

VARIOUS PASSENGERS (O.C.)

Stop! Stop it, you're going to get us all killed!

Frank races through the service area, grabbing a full pot of hot coffee. He swiftly continues out the other side...

\*  
\*

94 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - CONTINUOUS

94

Standing ready at the base of the upper deck stairwell is Taras.

\*

He sees Frank Wiley running directly towards him.

\*

Taras readies his knife but it's Frank who cocks, loads and lets fly his pot of coffee directly at Taras.

\*  
\*

The scalding hot water hits Taras directly in the face. \*

TARAS \*

Arrghh...! \*

Frank then leaves his feet with a FLYING KICK to the \*

man's chest. \*

Taras is sent back hard into the bulkhead wall. Frank \*

turns and sees Bula and Darnya closing in. \*

He runs into business class, turns and waves his bloody \*

knife toward all the passengers. \*

FRANK

Get up! All of you! Get to the

back of the plane!! NOW!

Panicked, passengers flood the aisles - momentarily

blocking Frank's aggressors.

Frank races through the business class service area. \*

He frantically rummages for a first-aid kit and tucks it \*

in his shirt. \*

Frank bounds cabin forward. \*

95 INT. MAIN CABIN SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS 95

Flight attendants Ezra and Odessa sidestep the flurry.

Seran takes the opportunity to duck inside the mid-galley \*

elevator. \*

She brings her index finger to her lips for the other \*

attendants. Shhhhhhh. \*

The door closes.

95A INT. LOWER LUGGAGE HOLD - NIGHT 95A\*

Seran exits the elevator into a lower storage galley with \*

a canvas partition at one end. \*

She pulls back the partition revealing a large luggage \*

hold. Inside are SIX CARGO BINS, each packed with \*

suitcases and bags. \*

Seran takes a deep breath and begins with the first bin. \*

96 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - CONTINUOUS 96

Bula and Darnya fight and push aside the cluster of

passengers before them, coming out on the other side.

Darnya whips open the curtain into the nose area of the plane, ready to strike. \*

Once again, Frank is nowhere to be found.

DARNYA

Where is he?

97 INT. NOSE CARGO HOLD - NIGHT 97\*

Frank takes off his coat, inspects the gash. It's deep. \*  
He opens up a disinfectant bottle. He dabs it in. It \*  
stings. \*

Frank checks the cell phone - 1 solid bar of reception. \*  
He begins to dial. \*

FRANK

Come on... Give me a signal.

He navigates the crate-filled, dimly lit, smaller, lower \*  
cargo-hold in the nose of the plane. \*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

I'm here. You okay? \*

FRANK

Sort of... Little Miss Serbia went \*  
Edward Scissorhands on me. What do \*  
you got? \*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

Ambassador Jonathan Aldaine, \*  
father of the target. Got a photo \*  
of him sitting with Isaac Broda, a \*  
Russian FSB counter-intelligence \*  
Officer. Looks like a cash-payment \*  
is being made. \*

98 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - NIGHT 98

John's terminal, we see a photo of U.S. Ambassador Jonathan Aldaine.

Below photo it reads: **ACCESS GRANTED.**

JOHN CUTTER

And, being paid handsomely I \*  
imagine. \*

Cutter scrolls. Below Aldaine's photo: \*

**"OFFICIALS SLOW-WALK MILITARY AIDE TO UKRAINE", "REVIEW** \*  
**ORDERED BY AMBASSADOR STALLS KEY AIDE" "U.S. DEFENSIVE** \*  
**JAVELINS IN LIMBO."**

FRANK (V.O.)

Aldaine's a Russian asset? \*

JOHN CUTTER

It would explain why he's under investigation. It's suggested here he's working to hold-up Congressionally-allocated defensive weapons for Ukraine - the Javelin shoulder-launched, tank busters. This guy is working out of Kiev for the Russians.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRANK (V.O.)

And how far dos that go up? This is what this is isn't it? And, that's why they got the girl upstairs.

\*  
\*

99

INT. NOSE CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

99\*

Frank sits and rests by a freight container with plastic air-holes.

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

There's something else, Frank.

\*

FRANK

What?

\*  
\*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

Kiravahrad's landing strip is too short to land a 747.

\*  
\*  
\*

A moment of realization for Frank.

\*

FRANK

But it sounds like these guys don't know it, do they?

\*  
\*  
\*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

No, it doesn't.

\*  
\*

FRANK

That's the rub isn't it?

\*  
\*

Another possibility begins. John stays quiet.

\*

FRANK

I know that silence, J-Cutter. You get that way when something's really messed up.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The men both fall silent. Frank's real fate begins to dawn on him. He leans against the freight behind him.

\*  
\*

Without warning, a wide-open gaping mouth of a wild, RUSSIAN TIMBERWOLF viciously lunges toward Frank.

\*  
\*

The wild animal smacks hard up against a 1/4 inch, clear plate of Plexi-glass. \*

FRANK

Arrrgghhh!

Frank roils backwards against the mainframe, drops the phone. \*

He turns to the crate. A dash of light shines on the animal - cornered, agitated, white, sharp teeth peeled wide-open, ready to attack once more. \*

Frank brings his small penlight to the crates markings. They read: Rosomakha - Leningradskiy zoopark. (Russian Wolf - Leningrad Zoo). \*

Frank finds his phone only to have lost his signal bar. \*

100 OMITTED 100\*

101 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 101\*

Kazbek comes down the stairs. Taras cleans himself up. Bula and Darnya approach - panting, out of breath. \*

DARNYA

He's got a knife. He killed Petruso!

KAZBEK

Taras, get upstairs and watch the girl.

Taras makes his way up. \*

Kazbek sees some passengers, now on their feet, speaking in small groups. He pulls a FEMALE PASSENGER (40s) to her feet and brings his gun to her head. \*

KAZBEK

Sit down!! All of you!! SIT DOWN!!

Passengers nervously settle back into their seats. Kazbek keeps the barrel of his weapon against the face of the woman.

He yells out to all the passengers.

KAZBEK

Any of you seen helping, or abetting this "hero", you will die!

Kazbek aggressively slams the woman back into her seat. \*

KAZBEK

Is that understood?!



Kazbek then looks down to aisle right at Frank's empty seat. \*

KAZBEK \*

(to Bula and Darnya) \*

He's one man. He has nowhere to go. Find him and finish him! \*

Kazbek locks on to Asuman. \*

102 OMITTED 102\*

103 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 103\*

Bula and Darnya open every bathroom door and aircraft closet. Frank is nowhere to be seen.

104 OMITTED 104\*

105 INT. LOWER LUGGAGE HOLD - NIGHT 105\*

Seran frantically digs through the third container. From behind her, a figure enters the luggage hold area. \*

Seran works to identify one case in the sea of thrown-about suitcases. \*

The figure approaches...

VOICE (O.C.)

Seran!

Seran jumps, sees Odessa behind her.

SERAN

Ah! Oh, you scared me to death.

ODESSA

They asked where you were. I told them you were getting aspirin for a sick passenger. We need to get back upstairs.

SERAN

That man. The one they're after. He's an off-duty Air Marshal.

ODESSA

Air Marshal?

SERAN

He stored his service weapon in his luggage. Help me find it!

Seran turns and keeps searching.

SERAN

It's got a red strap. The name on  
it is Frank Wiley.

ODESSA

They'll kill us if they see us  
here. We should go.

SERAN

Just a little longer.

106 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 106\*

Bula suddenly notices an access panel in the floor. He  
motions to Darnya. \*

BULA

Hey!

She sees it. They share a look - *"They fell for the same  
thing twice"*.

Bula pulls it open, knives ready. It reveals the  
aircraft's avionics room below. \*

Both shine their penlights in the small room. It's empty  
aside from panels of electronics.

Bula spots an access door, leading towards the nose. \*

DARNYA

I'll go. \*

Darnya begins climbing down the drop-ladder. \*

107 INT. NOSE CARGO HOLD - NIGHT 107\*

Frank bandages his open cut from his earlier fight and is  
wrapping his forearm with a magazine to protect for any  
further knife-blows. \*

Darnya enters through the access door, knife clutched.  
It's dark. She shines forward her tactical penlight. \*

She makes her way along the narrow cat-walk along the  
freight toward the nose.

Darnya hears a slight noise in the bay before her. She  
grips her knife, rounds the corner and sees Frank. \*

Frank sees her and gets to his feet. In one hand he holds  
his knife, in the other, a forearm covered by the  
magazine. \*

Darnya twirls her knife and holds her ground. She then  
begins with a series of arcing wand-attacks. \*

	Frank uses his magazine, forearm-shield to defend as best he can, but to little use.	* *
	The forearm magazine shreds to Frank's bone. The Serb expertly positions her knife, and with a short whip, flings Frank's knife out of his hands and over the crate near the door.	* * * *
	Frantically, Frank looks only to find a series of stowed, portable, fishing rod containers.	* *
	He grabs the hardened plastic carrier to defend himself.	*
	Both square off in the narrow area.	*
	Frank, redirects the slicing blows, using the portable fishing-rod carrier. He then reaches for the bottle of disinfectant, plunges it in the Serb's eyes.	* * *
	Darnya repels backwards. Frank throws his rod carrier on top of the crate and climbs on top of it.	* *
	Darnya clears her eyes, and steps forward to attack.	*
	FRANK	*
	Up here!	*
	Frank then reaches down, and opens the latch on the Zoo crate with the blunt-end of a deep sea fishing pole.	* *
	The Russian Wolf launches out and into a frenzied, rabid attack into Darnya.	* *
	Frank jumps down from the other side and makes for the cargo door as helpless, muffled cries recede.	* *
108	INT. AVIONICS ROOM - NIGHT	108*
	Frank tosses aside the fishing rod and looks towards the access panel.	* *
	He quickly runs to it, and pulls himself up.	
109	INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT	109*
	Frank climbs out from below. It appears eerily quiet.	*
	Suddenly from behind, Frank is kicked in the back by the powerful German, Paulo Bula. Frank is thrown helpless near the front-cabin service area.	* * *
	Frank's knife is tossed to the ground.	*
	Bula is quickly on Frank from behind throwing punishing and unrelenting power blows to Frank's kidneys.	* *

Frank reaches for an empty coffee pot and smashes it over the head of the German - much to no effect. \*

Bula and Frank square off. Bula delivers a series of direct, devastating blows. Frank fights back but is outmatched. \*

He's punched down to the ground. \*

Bula approaches to finish him off, but Frank leg whips the German, sending him to his back. \*

Frank gets up and looks for any useable weapon in the galley. Bula rushes in, bearhugging the life out of Frank! \*

110 INT. LOWER LUGGAGE HOLD - NIGHT 110\*

Digging through yet another bin, Seran finally sees the bag with the red strap. \*

SERAN  
There it is!

ODESSA  
We need to get back upstairs,  
Seran.

Seran pulls Frank's suitcase from the pile of luggage.

SERAN  
I have it!

Seran places Frank's suitcase on the floor and opens it. Inside we see Frank's locked Kevlar gun case.

SERAN  
We need to get this to him.

Seran looks up, only to find Odessa standing with a raised fire extinguisher in her hands.

Odessa swings the extinguisher-- WHACK! Seran goes down! \*

111 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 111\*

Frank, pushed up against the service bulkhead reaches for the only thing he can get his hands on - a nearby plastic fork.

He begins stabbing at the eyes of the formidable German. \*

BULA  
Arrgg!!

The plastic fork snaps with Frank's relentless stabbing. \*  
 Bula wrestles Frank once more in a crushing bearhug - \*  
 lifting Frank off his feet and literally choking the life \*  
 out of him. \*

Frank, nearly at life's end, manages to reach his pocket \*  
 and pulls out his iPhone cord. With only a breath left, \*  
 Frank headbutts Bula - blood and tears smash everywhere. \*

Bula lets go of his grip - just enough time for Frank to \*  
 whip his iPhone cord around the German's thick neck, then \*  
 tighten. \*

Frank moves throws Bula down to the ground and plants his \*  
 knee on Bula's neck - choking, squeezing, tightening. \*

Bula's face turns blue. Frank pulls even tighter, moves \*  
 closer to Bula's face - it's personal. \*

Bula's lifeless head takes its last breath. Gasps... \*

Frank leans back, panting heavily, fully out of breath \*  
 himself. \*

The plane then begins to make a noticeable turn to the \*  
 left. \*

Frank gets up and looks out the window below. The wide, \*  
 black, Dnipro River begins tracking below to the right \*  
side of the aircraft. \*

FRANK \*

(sotto) \*

We're not going to Kiravahrad, \*  
 John. \*

111A INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - DAY

111A\*

John Cutter tracks Flight 1107. \*

We see on his monitor how the plane is diverting due east \*  
 over Ukraine's Dnipro River. (Heading towards lethal \*  
 Russian Airspace). \*

JOHN CUTTER \*

(sotto) \*

You're not going to Kiravahrad, \*  
 Frank. \*

112 INT. LOWER CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

112\*

Odessa heads to the elevator with Frank's gun case.

Seran gets to her feet and rushes Odessa pushing her up  
 against the elevator. BAM!

SERAN

No!

The fight for the case continues.

Odessa viciously elbows Seran in her stomach and doubles her over. She lifts up her leg and kicks her colleague in the head and face.

Seran, drops but quickly gets up, rushes in to hold Odessa from getting in the elevator.

The women fight with a vengeance.

SERAN

No!!!!!!

Wildly, Odessa swings the case across and catches Seran squarely across the head, knocking her unconscious.

113 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT

113\*

Frank, hurt, bloody, tired...

KAZBEK (O.S.)

Bula?

Frank goes over to the upper-cabin stairwell.

FRANK

Bula's not here.

Kazbek appears at the top of the stairs, sees Frank, fires two shots - POW! POW!

Frank dives back into business class. Nearby passengers cower in their seats.

Frank makes his way to the business class galley, grabs the handset for the cabin PA system.

FRANK (PA)

The main cabin is now ours, my friend. My name is Frank Wiley, United States Federal Air Marshal. You should also know, three of your men and a woman are now dead. You have no one left down here.

Beat.

KAZBEK (O.C.)

But I do have someone you may know up here. Say hello to your little friend.

Over the cabin P.A., it's Asuman whose voice trembles.

	ASUMAN (V.O.)	*
Mr. Wiley?		*
	FRANK	*
Asuman?		*
Frank's eyes instantly land to where she was sitting.		*
Asuman is gone.		*
113A	INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT	113A*
Kazbek takes the phone back from the girl's ear.		*
	KAZBEK (V.O.)	*
So, I have complicated your		*
efforts, like you've complicated		*
mine.		*
113B	INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT	113B*
Both men speak over their respective cabin phones where		*
the entire plane is made privy to the conversation.		*
Frank shuts off the business class lights in the galley		*
and grips the combat knife.		*
	FRANK	*
If you want the main cabin back,		*
Kazbek, why don't you come down		*
and get it? I'm waiting right here		*
for you! Love to meet you!		*
	KAZBEK (PA)	*
You can have the main cabin, Mr.		*
Wiley! My compliments. We have the		*
cockpit, the Marshal's gun, and we		*
have your friend. <i>We have control.</i>		*
	FRANK	*
Not as much as you might think.		*
You see, we have a little bit of a		*
"shared" problem.		*
	KAZBEK (PA)	*
And what might that be?		*
	FRANK	*
This plane isn't heading to		*
Kiravahrad.		*

113C INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT 113C\*

Kazbek looks out the window and sees lights ahead in the distance as the Dnipro River recedes to the right of the aircraft. \*

KAZBEK (PA) \*

And where would it be heading? \*

114 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 114\*

Captain Kheba and Demirci plot coordinates for a city in the distance. \*

POLTAVA CONTROLLER (RADIO)

KLN flight 1107, 90 nautical miles out, you can begin your transition descent at 250 knots. \*

Captain Kheba brings the 747 to reduced speeds. The two men look at each other. \*

CAPTAIN KHEBA

On my signal...

SECOND OFFICER DEMIRCI \*

Inshallah. (God Willing). \*

115 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - NIGHT 115

John sees Flight 1107 slowing and approaching Poltava Airport. Encouraged.

JOHN CUTTER

Descending?

116 EXT. UNDERCARRIAGE OF AIRCRAFT - NIGHT 116\*

Landing gear goes down.

POLTAVA CONTROLLER (RADIO)

Runway, 9, 1107.

117 INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - NIGHT 117\*

Taras hurries to a window to see Poltava airport in the distance. He yells back to Kazbek...

TARAS

(smiles)

I see an airport. We're approaching!

Kazbek comes back up the stairs, goes to the service area, grabs a handset for the cabin PA. \*



KAZBEK (PA) \*

As you can see, Mr. Wiley. Once \*

more, your calculations were \*

incorrect. \*

118 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 118\*

Frank senses the aircraft slowing to descent speeds.

FRANK

He's only buying time, Kazbek!

119 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - CONTINUOUS 119

Frank looks out the window, then gets back on the PA. \*

FRANK (PA) \*

It's not Kiravahrad!

Kazbek's voice - PA system.

KAZBEK (PA) \*

Regardless, when we land, and \*

unfortunately for you Mr. Wiley... \*

my awaiting colleagues will be \*

executing you. \*

120 EXT. POLTAVA AIRTOWER - NIGHT 120\*

KLN Flight 1107 is seen approaching with flaps down. \*

121 OMITTED 121\*

122 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 122\*

With the runway in sight, Captain Kheba suddenly pulls \*

back on the yolk. \*

He gives the aircraft FULL THRUST taking the aircraft to \*

45 degrees pushing the edges of the flight envelope. \*

The engines roar! \*

123 INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - NIGHT 123\*

Both Kazbek and Taras eat G-Forces and are thrown against \*

the cabin walls, pinned. \*

Sophia and Asuman, belted in and pinned down. \*

- 124 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 124\*
- Frank is thrown to the ground. Passenger screams flood the cabin.
- 125 EXT. POLTAVA AIRTOWER - NIGHT 125\*
- Flight 1107, with four full howling jet engines blows by the tower above at 400 knots!
- POLTAVA CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
Flight 1107! State emergency!  
1107, state your emergency.
- 126 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 126\*
- Captain Kheba and Second officer Demirci share a look.  
*There's no going back.*
- CAPTAIN KHEBA  
Landing gear up. Climbing to  
25,000.
- They remove their radio head gear - now waiting for what is to come.
- 127 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - NIGHT 127
- On John's terminal, Flight 1107 blows past Poltava.
- JOHN CUTTER  
Ah, no... Frank. \*
- 128 INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - NIGHT 128\*
- Both Taras and Kazbek look out of their respective windows as the airport recedes in the distance.
- Kazbek rushes to the cockpit door, POUNDS ON IT.
- KAZBEK  
Kheba! Kheba! What are you doing?!
- He kicks the door - impenetrable.
- KAZBEK  
Kheba!!
- Taras looks at him, pale as a ghost.
- TARAS  
So it's true?
- Sophia takes notice of her shaken captors.

SOPHIA  
Looks like "the hijackers have  
been hijacked." \*

A realization on Kazbek's face. \*

129 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - CONTINUOUS 129

Frank appears out of the galley, grabs the handset. \*

FRANK (PA) \*

You've just got the attention of  
every aviation authority, every  
security agency, and soon, the  
Russian military, if not already! \*

This is what our pilot wanted. He \*

has no intention of landing this \*

plane! \*

130 INT. MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS 130

Passengers panic and sob.

FRANK (PA) \*

They hired you to keep control of \*

the cabin so they could get this

far, undetected, and now they're \*

getting off their last ride, \*

Kazbek. With you and rest of us on \*

it. \*

131 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - CONTINUOUS 131

Frank now tries to reason...

FRANK (PA) \*

Let me come up! \*

KAZBEK (PA) \*

The first one who tries, will be \*

shot.

MORE - CONTINUOUS \*

Mikhail approaches. Frank whirls on him with surprise and  
fight in his eyes.

MIKHAIL

Whoa... Just me. Mikhail.

Mikhail sees the dead Bula. \*

MIKHAIL

If what you say is true, we don't  
have much time to live. What do we  
do?

FRANK

(beat)

The only thing we can do. Find a  
third man and take the cockpit  
before we get shot down.

\*  
\*  
\*

132 INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT

132\*

Kazbek approaches Sophia.

\*

KAZBEK

You want to live?

\*  
\*

He tosses her his cell-phone.

KAZBEK

Call your father.

\*

133 INT. US EMBASSY OF UKRAINE, ALDAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

133\*

U.S. AMBASSADOR JONATHAN ALDAINE (59) is fast asleep in  
his Ambassador quarter's bedroom.

\*  
\*

An aggressive, loud knock on the door is followed by  
Aldaine's SECRETARY (30'S) who pushes her way in to the  
bedroom.

\*  
\*  
\*

134 INT. EMBASSY STUDY - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

134\*

Ambassador Aldaine grabs the landline from the  
Secretary's desk.

\*

AMBASSADOR ALDAINE

Sophia?

\*

He listens - turns ashen White.

\*

135 INT. LOWER LUGGAGE HOLD - DAY

135

The elevator door opens.

Frank steps forward toward the wide number of thrown  
about cases.

\*  
\*

He sees Seran. She lies against the mainframe in pretty  
bad shape. Her face, beaten, black and blue.

\*

Frank moves close to her - intimate.

\*

FRANK

(whispers)

Seran? Seran?

\*

Frank goes to her, propping up her head and neck.

FRANK

What happened?

SERAN

It's the first-class flight attendant, Odessa. She's working with them.

FRANK

She did this to you?

SERAN

She's got the gun case, but not the combination.

Frank repositions himself around her, placing her arm over his shoulder, lifting her up.

FRANK

Hold on to me.

136 EXT. FEOFANIA PARK - UKRAINE - NIGHT

136\*

In a clandestine meeting, Ambassador Aldaine speaks intensely with Russian FSB agent, ISAAC BRODA (50'S).

AMBASSADOR ALDAINE

My daughter's on that flight, Isaac. You've got to find a way.

ISAAC BRODA

I think you overestimate even my influence, Ambassador. You know as well as I, with the Kremlin, it's just business.

137 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

137\*

Frank lays Seran carefully, gently across a row of seats. He moves closer to her.

SERAN

(beat)

I guess I didn't keep my eyes looking straight ahead like you told me to in St. Petersburg. And, to think, I joined the airlines because I just wanted a little adventure. (A little laugh).

Seran reaches for Frank's hand. She squeezes it and closes her eyes.

FRANK

(beat)

Get some rest.

MORE - MIDCABIN

Frank steps back. He catches his breath and takes a quick  
inventory of his weary passengers - frightened, scared,  
emotionally exhausted. \*

Frank walks down the aisle and arrives to Asuman's empty  
seat. On it, her book on the Ottoman Empire's Turkish  
Archers. \*

138 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - NIGHT 138\*

John's office is now bustling with people.

John tracks Flight 1101 and impatiently awaits to hear  
from Frank.

We see the airliner approaching the Russian border. \*

Altitude, 35,000.

Phone rings. The room falls silent. \*

JOHN CUTTER

I'm here. \*

FRANK (V.O.)

Where are we?

JOHN CUTTER

15 away.

FRANK (V.O.)

Okay. Listen, there's something  
else.

JOHN CUTTER

What is it?

139 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 139\*

Frank sits in a window seat of the darkened section,  
looking out at the ground, far below.

FRANK

I'm thinking, they'll be killing  
the transponder in a few minutes.

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

Yeah. \*

FRANK

So... Next up... It's Zoe. \*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

Zoe? \*

FRANK

You know.

(silence)

You there?

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

Yeah, I'm here. \*

FRANK

There's an insurance policy that  
would cover everything, even  
college, plenty for Baylor too,  
John. They could go anywhere  
together, like we did, you know?

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

We're not having this conversation  
today, Frank. \*

FRANK

We both know, "it is what it is".  
You know I'd never ask if I didn't  
have to but I think I'm at the  
time, where... I have to. I  
couldn't think of better people  
than you and Jody. I just need to  
know going in - that she's going  
to be okay. \*

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

...yeah... of course. Jody and I  
will do everything for her. \*

FRANK

Means everything.

JOHN CUTTER (V.O.)

Let's get that plane down, Frank.

FRANK

Copy that.

140 EXT. UKRAINIAN SKY - NIGHT

140\*

Radiant, cloudless, silent.

At 35,000 feet, the Boeing 747 gradually makes its way  
across the wide and blue expanse.

Con-trails plume, spin and twirl behind two powerful  
Rolls-Royce Trent 892 engines.

From nose to tail, nearly within reach, the aircraft's  
gray fuselage glides just over our outstretched  
fingertips while carrying 216 passengers and 15 crew  
members.

Insignia reads: *KLN Airlines. (Flight 1107).* \*

141 EXT. CUTTER FAMILY RESIDENCE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT 141\*

Zoe stands alone staring at the heavens. A contrail crosses the sky above. Behind her, painted signs, and awaiting balloons welcoming Frank back home. \*

Jody approaches. \*

JODY

Zoe? \*

The young girl continues to stare at the contrail above. \*

ZOE

Dad said the Magi were the ones who saw the North Star in the sky and followed it. \*

Zoe then turns to Jody. \*

ZOE

(beat) \*

Is there something wrong, Aunt Jody? \*

142 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 142\*

Mikhail approaches Frank with an unassuming man, TOM (40's). \*

MIKHAIL

Tom from Canada. \*

Frank extends his hand to shake Tom's. \*

FRANK

Enlisting, huh? \*

TOM

Didn't feel like dying in my seat today. \*

FRANK

Happy to have, ya'. \*

Frank unfurls Bula's left-behind knife cloth. We see two knives which have blood stains in the corrugated edges. \*

FRANK

We don't have much time. Let's get ourselves ready.



143 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 143\*

Frank leads Mikhail and Tom through the cabin to  
commandeer thick jackets, magazines, leather satchels,  
leather gloves - opening up bins, finding what could be  
other types of weapons, protection. \*

Supportive passengers stand and offer what they have and  
give what they can to Frank's three-man militia. \*

143A INT. AVIONICS ROOM - NIGHT 143A\*

Frank climbs down the ladder. He finds the fishing pole  
he had tossed aside earlier. He then finds a long, thin  
metal tubing which covers a bank of wires. \*

He rips away a 4 foot piece of the metal tubing. \*

143B INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 143B\*

Bits and pieces: Frank works with the rod, pulling thick,  
ocean grade line taut - he works to remove a bathroom  
door from its hinges. \*

The men pad themselves with thick clothing. \*

144 INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT 144\*

Taras - hair trigger nerves. Kazbek - mind racing. Asuman  
- terrified. \*

Kazbek rushes to the cockpit door, pounds on the door.

KAZBEK

Open it! Kheba! \*

145 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 145\*

Captain Kheba and Demirci prepare their finals stages.

CAPTAIN KHEBA

Russian airspace in 3, 2, 1.  
Disengage the transponder.

Second Officer Demirci pulls a lever, then reaches over  
and flips a switch - digital display reads "Transponder  
Inactive". \*

SECOND OFFICER DEMIRCI

Tracking disengaged. \*

146 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 146\*

Frank tapes a thick magazine around Mikhail and Tom's  
forearms. \*

FRANK  
To block knife attacks.

MIKHAIL  
How are we going to get past them?

FRANK  
Kazbek has an Air Marshal's gun.  
What he doesn't know is that it  
has *frangible bullets*, designed to  
break up on impact.

Frank points to the ripped off bathroom door that stands nearby.

147 INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT 147\*

Kazbek paces, gun in hand.

Sophia sits stoic in her chair, make-up smeared, bloody,  
dried tears on her cheeks.

Taras stands guard at the top of the stairs.

148 INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT 148\*

Near the upper-cabin stairwell, Frank readies his cadre.

FRANK  
Just remember, there's a little  
girl up there. Whoever can get to  
her, get her out of the way.

Frank then positions himself behind Mikhail who holds the  
bathroom door. Tom gets behind Mikhail.

Frank brings his finger to his lips- Ssssshhhh.

FRANK  
GO!

149 INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT 149\*

Taras stands guard at the top of the stairwell. The push  
up from the men below begins.

TARAS  
Kazbek! They're rushing up!!

Kazbek leaps to the stairwell, aims and shoots down  
below. POW! POW! POW! The rounds dent, and only splatter  
against Mikhail's shield; the bathroom door.

All three men breach the upper-cabin landing.

FRANK  
NOW!!

Tom steps out from behind Frank and fires his  
extinguisher in the face of Taras!

\*  
\*

TARAS

Arrrrgggghhh!

White retardant plumes in the cabin making it nearly  
impossible to see. Taras is pushed back.

Tom then lunges at Taras with his knife and catches him  
across the chest.

\*

Taras, fights back with wild knife-wielding arcs. Woosh -  
woosh!

\*  
\*

Kazbek keeps FIRING. Shells bend and splatter over across  
the thick, plastic shield.

\*  
\*

Mikhail keeps driving him back towards the cockpit door.

\*

FRANK

Now, Mikhail!

\*  
\*

Mikhail drops to his knee, to reveal Frank with A DRAWN  
BACK BOW.

\*  
\*

He lets the arrow fly at point-blank range from his  
improvised fishing rod bow.

\*  
\*

Kazbek is punctured with a non-lethal hit but in his neck  
none-the-less. The arrow protrudes from below his chin.

\*  
\*

It slams him up against the cabin - He drops the gun.

\*

Tom secures Taras from behind, choking him, taking him  
down, but Taras is tough. Mikhail joins in, Taras kicks  
him off!

\*  
\*  
\*

It's unconventional fighting, messy and ugly.

Frank finds Asuman and grabs her hand leading her through  
the melee.

\*  
\*

The knife is pushed out from Taras's hand. Sophia sees  
it, kicks it out of reach.

\*

Taras reaches for it but Tom plunges his own knife into  
Taras's hand.

\*  
\*

TARAS

Arrrrgggghhh!

Mikhail, jumps on Taras with the fire extinguisher -  
shoves it in his mouth and pushes the retardant in his  
lungs - choking, gagging, dying!

\*  
\*  
\*

MIKHAIL

Arrggg...

\*  
\*

BACK SERVICE AREA - MORE

Frank leads Asuman to the service area. The bodies of Sophia's bodyguards lie grimly in a shroud floating fire retardant.

FRANK

Don't look their way. Stay here.

Kazbek, while wounded, scrambles wildly for the gun, goes to reload. Frank sprints from the rear of the upper-cabin and SMASHES KAZBEK up against the cockpit door.

Frank bends Kazbek's grip and makes him drop the gun and clip.

Through the retardant clouds, Odessa appears from the upper cabin service elevator carrying Frank's unopened, locked, Kevlar case.

She spots Kazbek's weapon and clip in the melee before her. She tosses the case, goes for Kazbek's gun.

Frank gets Kazbek turned around and in a tight-locking, and choking full-nelson.

FRANK

Listen to me!! Stop! The pilots are going to kill us all!! Stop!

POW! POW!

Frank and Kazbek look to see Odessa, holding the gun, having just shot Tom and Mikhail, who both lay there, wounded, in agony.

150 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY - DAY

150

John Cutter, riveted at his terminal, sees the plane now deep into Russian air space.

JOHN CUTTER

(whispers)  
Get in the cabin, Frank. Get in the cabin.

151 EXT. SOVIET AIR BASE - NIGHT

151\*

**SCREEN READS: KRASHODAR/KRAI RUSSIAN AIRBASE**

**0 MINUS 10 MINUTES.**

Soviet Mig Fighters scramble skyward.

152 INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - NIGHT

152\*

The white floating retardant subsides. All fighting comes to a standstill.

Odessa stands alone with the remnants of the cabin battle before her. She's oddly calm, still, unflinching - like a woman who is at peace moments from her own death.

Gun pointed, she moves to the storage locker. She retrieves Sophia's black travel case.

Odessa then slowly walks over to Sophia. She points the barrel of the Canik 9mm Luger directly in Sophia's face, leans in, more closely to her forehead.

She tosses the case onto Sophia's lap.

ODESSA

Open it. Open it, Sophia.

Sophia's trembling fingers work the combination lock. The case opens - we see money, lots and lots of money.

ODESSA

All for your "charity" Sophia?  
Striding through custom  
checkpoints with your Diplomatic  
Immunity to make your dirty  
deposits, money paid to your  
dirty, father?

Odessa presses her weapon against her temple.

ODESSA

Say it. Say it, Sophia.

SOPHIA ALDAINE

It-- It's true.

Odessa reaches in and grabs a hand-full of cash. Odessa shoves an open-hand of cash in Sophia's face.

ODESSA

You know how many people have died  
because of you? Because of your  
father? Defensive weapons to  
protect ourselves, never somehow  
get delivered because of the both  
of you. Two people, indifferent,  
opportunistic, trafficking in  
human misery and suffering. Bought  
and paid for Russian assets. My  
family was murdered in Maidan by  
the Russians. My husband tortured,  
my children taken from me.  
Everyone and everything, taken.  
And, you, with your bribes, work  
to take away our fighting chance.

Seeing into Odessa's eyes... it all finally hits Sophia.

ODESSA

So, what better way to bring light  
and shame to our aggressors and  
their abettors for their wholesale  
murder then to have the Russians  
shoot down a defenseless passenger-  
airliner, carrying 243 blameless  
victims and... the daughter of a  
U.S. Ambassador? The world will  
know why Flight 1107 was taken.  
The cost of your aggression - has  
come due.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Kazbek rushes Odessa, but she quickly turns her weapon on  
him and FIRES.

\*

Kazbek falls. She watches as he takes his last breath,  
then... Odessa levels her weapon at Frank.

\*

ODESSA

I'm sorry, Mr. Wiley. You've  
fought admirably.

Odessa's fingers tightens around the trigger--

BANG! BANG!

Shots are fired but not by Odessa. She drops to her  
knees, then falls forward.

From behind, a bruised and battered Seran steps forward  
holding Frank's service pistol, still smoking - at her  
feet, Frank's unlocked Kevlar case.

Frank looks at her-- *grateful, relieved.*

FRANK

Seran, the cabin code!

They both rush to the cockpit door.

Seran hands Frank his pistol and punches the entry code  
into the panel.

153 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

153\*

Second Officer Demirci sees her on a security camera  
monitor and hits the "override" button.

154 INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT

154\*

Seran tries the door - still locked. She punches the code  
again - same thing.

SERAN

They're overriding from inside.

Frank kicks at the door again and again! Nothing.

Mikhail, not lethally wounded, tends to his bleeding friend. He then looks out the window to see - two Russian Migs appear alongside them. \*

MIKHAIL

We have company. Russian fighters! \*

Frank goes over, looks out the window. \*

FRANK

We have to get in the cockpit, let them know we're not hostile!

Mikhail and Frank rush to the cockpit door. Both begin kicking, kicking, more kicking. \*

155 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 155\*

Thump, thump, thump from the outside. \*

Russian fighters now on either side of the aircraft - they attempt to reach Flight 1107 by radio. \*

MIG FIGHTER PILOT (RADIO)

(Russian accent)

Flight 1107, come in. You are entering Russian airspace. Turn the aircraft around, now! \*

Captain Kheba doesn't respond - his eyes fixated straight ahead.

156 INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT 156\*

Frank and Mikhail step back from the door, defeated, exhausted.

FRANK

It's reinforced steel... there's just no way.

Frank drops to the floor and sits - closes his eyes - nearly beaten. "Is this it?" \*

157 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 157\*

Everyone looks out at the Migs. Some passengers cry. \*

**ON SCREEN CLOCK READS: 0 MINUS 7 MINUTES.**

158 INT. UPPER DECK CABIN - NIGHT 158\*

Frank sits against the wall. His wounded team looks to him for what to do. \*

FRANK

Think, Frank... Think.

The cabin is silent - all resigned to their own deaths. \*

Frank pulls the photo of Zoe and Brie out his pocket -  
last looks. \*

He looks up to see Asuman standing before him. \*

FRANK \*

Hey there, Deputy. \*

Asuman sits quietly - head down. \*

FRANK \*

You know, it's okay to be scared.  
Being afraid just means you're  
awake, keeps you from making  
mistakes. \*

Frank stays quiet. \*

FRANK \*

You know, like what you did  
earlier with my badge and I.D. You  
must have been scared but you did  
it anyway. See? \*

ASUMAN \*

Yeah. \*

FRANK \*

I have a daughter your age,  
Asuman. Her name is Zoe. She's  
brave, and direct just like you.  
You remind me a lot of her. \*

ASUMAN \*

Has she ever been in a plane like  
this one? \*

FRANK \*

No. But, ah... she's been through  
other things that have scared her. \*

ASUMAN \*

She has? \*

FRANK \*

Yeah. Last year, her mom went to  
heaven. And, that scared her. \*

ASUMAN \*

Was she sick? \*

FRANK \*

Uh, huh. \*



ASUMAN

That'd be scary. But she's in  
heaven!

FRANK

She is in heaven.

ASUMAN

(beat)  
Are we going to heaven today, Mr.  
Wiley?

Frank - loss.

Frank sits for a beat. Then looks down the short, dark  
hallway to the cockpit door.

There's one glimmer of light, like a star in the dark,  
the cabin door peephole.

Frank focuses in on it.

FRANK

I might have an idea.  
(to Asuman)  
I want you to get blucked in. It  
might get a little bit bumpy.

Frank suddenly snaps to his feet and takes a closer look  
at the peephole.

Frank reaches for Kazbek's empty pistol. He disassembles  
it and takes out the long thin slide bar on top.

FRANK

Mikhail, grab the extinguisher.

Frank checks the amount of ammo in his own gun. He then  
places the slide bar up against the peephole.

FRANK

There. I want you to hit it with  
the extinguisher.

Frank gets the piece positioned.

FRANK

Go.

Mikhail pounds, then pounds and pounds again, like a  
hammer to a nail.

Kheba and Demirci don't even flinch at the pounding  
sounds.

Mig fighters continue to reach out to the Captain of Flight 1107...

MIG FIGHTER PILOT (RADIO)  
If you do not obey, we will shoot  
you down!

**ON SCREEN CLOCK READS: 0 MINUS 4 MINUTES.**

160 INT. UPPER CABIN / INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 160\*

Finally, Mikhail PUNCHES THE PEEPHOLE THROUGH, leaving a 2-inch opening in the door. \*

FRANK  
Seran, get ready to punch in the  
codes.

Frank looks through. Kheba looks back, sees him... \*

Frank levels the nozzle of his weapon inside the small hole in the cabin door.

Frank FIRES! The round strikes Kheba in the side of the neck. He spins wildly back into his seat.

Frank FIRES a second round, right through the back of Demirci's head. He slumps forward on the controls. \*

The aircraft begins a dangerous nosedive.

161 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 161\*

Passengers, screaming.

162 INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT 162\*

Frank and Seran brace themselves. She makes her way to the door.

Seran punches in the door code. It works. \*

Frank OPENS IT!

163 INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS 163

Frank rushes in.

Mig Fighters pinch closer on either side.

While blood pumps from Kheba's neck, he reaches for the red rotary FUEL JETTISON knob. \*

164 EXT. PLANE'S UNDERBELLY - NIGHT 164\*

Fuel streams freely away from the aircraft. \*

165 INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS 165

Frank reaches for Kheba's hand on the fuel switch and bends the man's fingers back off it!

FRANK

No!

He struggles with Kheba to pull the man away from the yolk and out of the chair.

Frank then just FIRES a round into the pilot's chest at point blank range. \*

He reaches for the fuel rotary knob and stops the dump. \*

166 EXT. PLANE'S UNDERBELLY - NIGHT 166\*

Fuel spray stops.

167 INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS 167

Frank tears the man's headset off and yells into the head-mic.

FRANK

May-day! May-day!

Mikhail enters behind them.

FRANK

Get'em out. Both of them, get 'em OUT! \*

Mikhail grabs Kheba, pulls him out of the cockpit.

Frank sits in the pilot's seat, pulls up on the yolk, gradually steadying the plane.

Fuel gauge - fumes.

Mikhail works to get out the slumped Demirci. \*

Seran takes the co-pilot seat - the maze of the 747 dashboard, overwhelming.

Frank puts on headgear. Out the window, the two Russian Migs pull up again on either side of them.

He hears intense RUSSIAN CHATTER over the headsets.

FRANK

Mikhail! Get in here! Put on a headset. Talk to these guys!

Mikhail runs in, takes the engineer seat, puts on the headset. He listens...

\*  
\*

**ON SCREEN CLOCK READS: 0 MINUS 0 MINUTES.**

MIKHAIL

He says we've entered Russian airspace. If we don't turn around, standing orders are to "blow us out of the sky".

\*

They see the two Migs fall back. More Russian radio chatter over the headsets.

FRANK

Tell them we were hijacked! That we don't know how to fly the plane! We're not hostile!

\*

MIKHAIL

(into headset)

Etot samolet byl zakhvachen nayemnikami. My zabrali eto obratno.

\*

Frank steadies his hands on the yolk of the aircraft. Mikhail listens to more Russian chatter.

\*

MIKHAIL

They are asking how can they know we are not hostile if we will not obey?

FRANK

Shit! I don't know! Convince them!

Mikhail thinks. Sweat runs down his brow.

MIKHAIL

(Russian, into mic)

Listen, I'm Russian, like you! From St. Petersburg. My brother is in the Army, 3rd battalion under Yukevich!

A pause, then more chatter.

MIKHAIL

He says he has to have proof!

\*

FRANK

What's he want, a notary?

\*  
\*

They look out the window. The two Migs on either side, ready to strike... \*

Mikhail gets an idea.

Mikhail SAYS SOMETHING in Russian that we don't quite hear.

Then... Frank and Seran both overhear A REPLY and what sounds like... LAUGHTER coming from the Mig pilots on the headset. \*

MIKHAIL

(shrugs)

I told them my brother always say "Russian pilots have courage of a scared goat." He said tell my brother "Army boys have alcohol tolerance of English grandmother." \*

FRANK

Well that's a rib splitter... \*

The two Migs make their way back up, next to the cockpit. \*

Mikhail listens as they exchange chatter between themselves. \*

MIKHAIL

They're talking about an airport where you could land the plane. \*

Frank shakes his head up and down to the pilots, gives them a thumbs up. \*

FRANK

Yes! Yes! Land!! \*

168 OMITTED 168\*

169 INT. MIG FIGHTER - NIGHT 169\*

The Russian pilot speaks to them in his broken English. \*

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1

Okay, get prepared for attempt to landing.

170 OMITTED 170\*

171 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 171\*

Suddenly, a WARNING SOUND rings out in the cockpit. \*

Frank quickly scans the sea of instruments, sees a light flashing next to the fuel gauge - near empty. \*

FRANK \*  
(into his headset)  
Uh... how much further? \*

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO) \*  
80 kilometers.

FRANK \*  
I've got a low fuel warning.

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO) \*  
How much fuel?

FRANK \*  
It reads... 900 gallons.

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO) \*  
Not enough. That thing is pig. \*  
(beat) \*  
Only thing you can do is descend! \*  
Bring down! \*

Frank, Seran and Mikhail can't believe what they're hearing.

FRANK  
What?

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO) \*  
Aim for fields! Flat area. \*

FRANK \*  
There's gotta be another way! \*

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 \*  
No other way! You will not make \*  
airport. \*

Frank takes a deep breath, keeps his cool. \*

He looks at his hands - no shaking. \*

FRANK \*  
Everybody, get strapped in. \*

Seran motions for Asuman to come to the cockpit. She sits \*  
in the jump-seat, takes Asuman in her lap and buckles in. \*

She grabs the cabin P.A. handset. \*

171A INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 171A\*

Seran's voice comes over through the cabin. \*

SERAN (P.A.)  
 Prepare for an emergency landing.  
 Flight Attendants, take your  
 positions.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Ezra and the other Flight Attendants exchange looks, then  
 quickly prepare the passengers for an emergency landing.

\*  
 \*

Seat belts are strapped tight. Open bins are closed.

\*

171B INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

171B\*

The Mig Fighter on the right then thrusts his engines and  
 takes up a lead position in front of Frank's view.

\*  
 \*

FRANK  
 (into his headset)  
 Okay, tell me what to do.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO)  
 To your right is a thrust lever,  
 the speed brakes, the flaps lever  
 and the fuel cut-off lever.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

FRANK  
 Okay!

\*  
 \*

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO)  
 Put hand carefully on thrust  
 lever.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

Frank places his hand on the thrust lever.

\*

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO)  
 Pull backward - little bit. Air  
 speed should be 200. Slowly.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

Frank pulls back, watches the airspeed drop from 400  
 knots to 300.

\*  
 \*

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO)  
 Push yolk down! You don't wish to  
 stall - drop like piano.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

FRANK  
 What?

\*  
 \*

Frank looks for the flattest land in sight, then pushes  
 the yolk forward. The plane starts descending at a  
 dangerous clip.

Frank keeps eyes fixed, navigation display, descent.

MIG FIGHTER PILOT # 1 (RADIO)  
 Now, drop what fuel you have, so  
 you don't explode. On your right,  
 rotary knob and red switches.

\*

FRANK

Mikhail! Do it. There!

Mikhail sees the knob and two switches labeled "FUEL JETTISON".

MIKHAIL

Dah! I have it.

MIG FIGHTER PILOT #1 (RADIO)

Turn knob to M-L-W and flip switches.

\*

Mikhail turns the knobs, flips the switches.

Seran grabs the cabin P.A. handset once more.

SERAN (P.A.)

Everyone! Assume crash positions!

\*

172 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

172\*

SCREAMS and GASPS through the cabin, everyone starts crouching forward and covering their heads.

\*

173 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

173\*

Frank holds the yolk tight.

FRANK

Coming in HOT!

174 INT. CUTTER FAMILY ROOM - 4 AM - NIGHT

174

Zoe, alone before the lighted Christmas tree. Tears fill her eyes. The second loss of a parent, her dad, all too real.

The North Star on top. Ear-buds, "Silent Night". She casts her tear-filled eyes to the star above.

ZOE

(prays)

Please...

175 EXT. RUSSIAN FIELD - NIGHT

175\*

The 747, coming down fast.

\*

176 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

176\*

Frank and company braces for impact - patches of fields rush up to greet them at great speeds!

\*

\*

It's a long, terrifying stretch of anticipation, agony.

MIG PILOT #1

Decrease speed! Decrease speed!



FRANK

HANG ON!

Frank pulls back on the thrust, hits the air brakes, \*  
decelerates to 200 KNOTS. \*

176A EXT. FIELD - NIGHT 176A\*

The second before, the ground is right there... all is \*  
quiet, then, THE AIRCRAFT HITS THE FIELD! \*

177 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 177\*

THE CABIN SHAKES VIOLENTLY! \*

Bins drop open, luggage is thrown about! \*

Passengers SCREAM, pulled by indiscriminate G-forces. \*

Debris flies. \*

Out the window... AN ENGINE IS RIPPED FROM THE WING.

178 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT 178\*

At 150 knots Frank's aircraft continues helpless through \*  
the grinding ride, snapping a wing and propelling forward \*

Earth flies in every direction! \*

178A INT. UPPER CABIN - NIGHT 178A\*

Sophia is pinned to her chair. Tens of thousands in \*  
RUSSIAN MONEY flies from her carry on about the cabin. \*

179 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 179\*

Frank and the others are thrown about as they try their  
best to hold on!

The punishing ride never seems to end.

180 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT 180\*

A second engine catches the ground and spins the plane to \*  
its side, GRINDING TO A HALT. \*

As the giant dust cloud settles... KLN Flight 1107's \*  
fuselage lies sideways miraculously in one piece. \*

181 INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT 181\*

Inside the main cabin. People look around, in shock that they're alive. \*

CRIES OF JOY. APPLAUSE FILLS THE CABIN. \*

Ezra and others quickly get to their feet to open the nearest doors. \*

182 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 182\*

Frank gets up, he turns to see Seran and Asuman clutching each other for dear life. \*

FRANK \*

You two, okay? \*

Asuman shakes her head as Frank helps them up. \*

FRANK \*

(smiles) \*

Heaven's going to have to wait today. \*

Asuman nods - smiles. \*

Seran goes to an emergency escape hatch - turns the handle, opens it. \*

183 EXT. RUSSIAN FIELD - NIGHT 183\*

Yellow slides spill out. Passengers jump and slide down to the ground.

The two Russian Migs scream by just overhead at Mach II. \*

DISSOLVE TO:

184 INT. US EMBASSY OF UKRAINE - DAY 184\*

A U.S. State Department OFFICIAL (40's) is flanked by two U.S. MILITARY POLICE OFFICERS.

RADIO NEWS (V.O.) \*

U.S. Ukrainian Ambassador Jonathan Aldaine... \*

They walk with intent towards a door whose nameplate reads: U.S. AMBASSADOR JONATHAN ALDAINE. \*

RADIO NEWS (V.O. CONT'D) \*

...and daughter Sophia. \*

185 INT. ALDAINE'S OFFICE - DAY 185

Aldaine paces, watching coverage of the KLN crash. \*

The doors burst open. The State Department Official and his men enter, all business.

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL  
Mr. Aldaine, you need to come with us.

RADIO NEWS (V.O.) \*

Were arrested this morning... \*

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL  
Bring your passport, sir.

RADIO NEWS (V.O.) \*

Under charges of espionage and treason. \*

186 EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY 186

A passenger jet lands at the vast airport. \*

RADIO NEWS (V.O.) \*

... The ambassador is suspected of interfering with the flow of U.S. Congressional allocated military aid to the Ukraine. \*

187 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL DOORS - DAY 187\*

A crowd of people wait for loved ones as they filter out of the terminal.

Frank appears with a bag slung over his shoulder. He spots John and Jody Cutter in the crowd. \*

At a short distance. Frank and John make eye contact. So much is said, without a word. \*

Then... with Baylor in tow, Zoe emerges from between John and Jody. \*

ZOE \*

Dad... \*

Between worlds of believing her dad is home or not trusting her own eyes, she begins running to her dad, to his arms, and Frank to hers. \*

FRANK \*

Zoe! \*

Frank bends to his knee to receive the embrace of his daughter. The two clench one another and hold on for dear life.

FRANK

I'm here, Zoe. I'm here. Never leaving you again.

Frank wipes Zoe's tears.

FRANK

I'm not going anywhere. I'm home.

John and Jody approach. The full reunion complete.

JOHN CUTTER

Nice to have you back, Frank.

FRANK

Good to be home.

Zoe digs out of her pocket a small recital ornament and gives it to her dad... The North Star.

ZOE

You said the Magi were the ones who saw it and followed it - so I did.

FRANK

So did I, Zoe-Belle. So did I...

Frank hugs her once more.

FRANK

Let's go home.

188 INT. FRANK'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

188\*

The Northern Star shines atop of the Wiley Family Tree.

Ornaments and open gifts sprawl about. A picture of Brie on the mantle. Snow falls outside.

John and Jody look on from the warm crackling fireplace.

JOHN CUTTER

I see a few new gray hairs up there.

Frank sits in the familiar place where Brie would sit - the piano.

FRANK

Just a few?

He plays "Silent Night" mostly on key.

Zoe and Baylor, both wearing Magi clothing and pasted  
Magi beards, sing...

\*  
\*

ZOE/BAYLOR  
Silent Night... Holy Night...

\*  
\*

FRANK  
So, Cutter-Wiley, huh?

\*  
\*

JOHN CUTTER  
Well, I was kind of rethinking  
that one.

\*  
\*  
\*

ZOE/BAYLOR  
(singing)  
Son of God, love's pure light.  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
with the dawn of redeeming  
grace...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

We begin to fade to black...

\*

\*

*The End*

\*