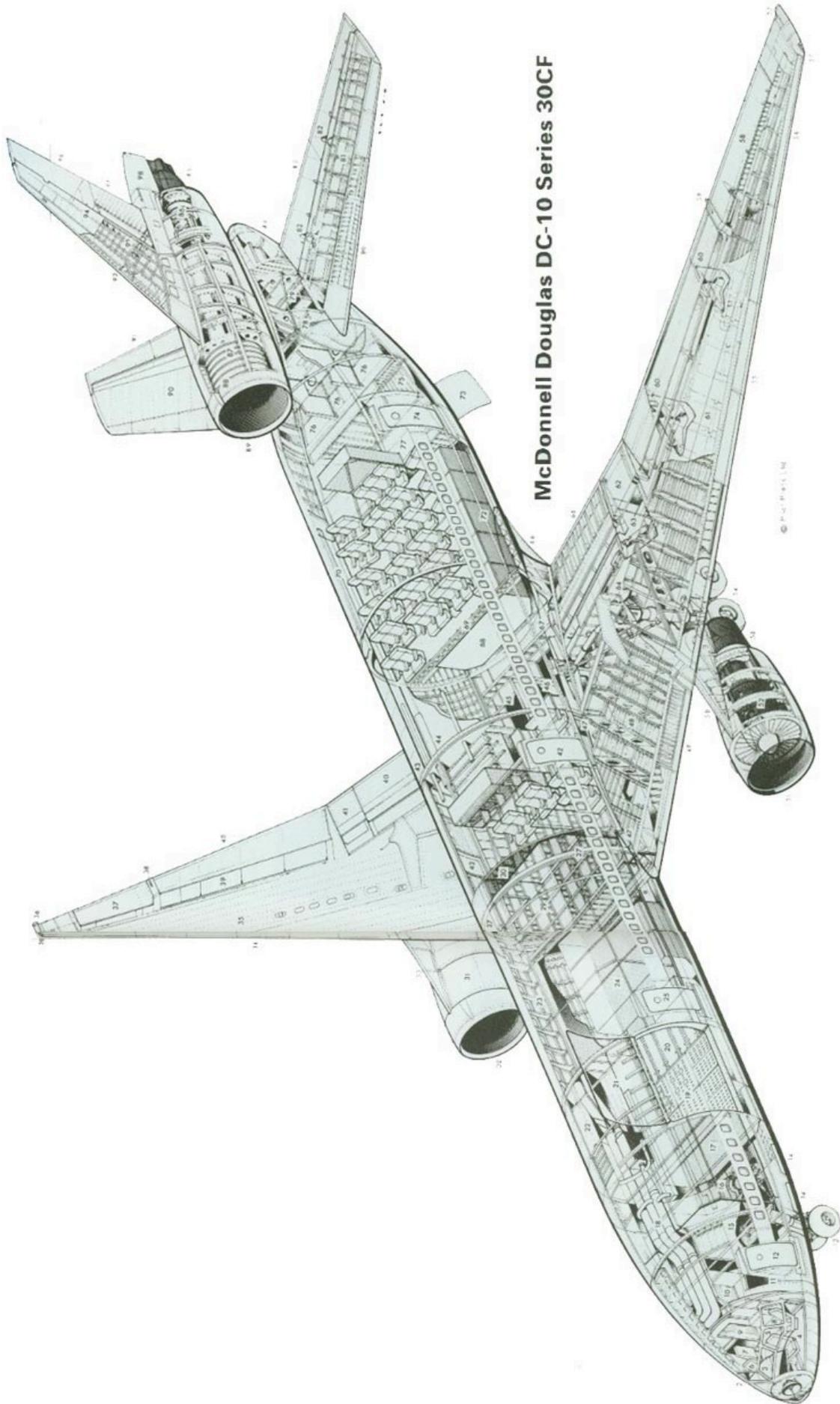


# Souls On Board

by

Ari B. Rubin

First Draft



**McDonnell Douglas DC-10 Series 30CF**

© P-O P-T-1, INC

**TITLE CARD**

White letters on a black screen.

SOMEONE ONCE ASKED WHAT IT TAKES FOR ME  
TO TURN MY CAMERA OFF.

I HAD NO ANSWER... I NEVER TURN IT OFF.

**EXT. GREEN RICE PATTIES - SUNSET**

Tall rice reeds blow in the wind below. We track overhead, crossing a road, over a Taco Bell, and past an interstate. Rice patties are replaced with black tarmac. We cross over a runway as a McDonald Douglas DC-10 takes off below.

The sun dips below the tall volcanic mountains of Honolulu.

**A BLACK SCREEN**

A green line sweeps in an arc from top to bottom leaving a faint glow behind. It sweeps again, this time leaving a triangle beside two lines of information:

ATA 349

030 240

TRACK OUT to reveal a radar screen -- aircraft everywhere. An AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (ATC) calls over the radio.

ATC (O.S.)  
Atlas flight three-four-niner is  
radar contact, good evening.  
Honolulu altimeter, niner-two.  
Proceed to AMTIN intersection.  
Climb and maintain 39,000 feet.

The PILOT of Atlas Airlines flight 349 responds -- an older man, with a steady voice.

PILOT (O.S.)  
Roger, niner-two on the altimeter,  
AMTIN intersection, and leaving  
eight-thousand for flight level  
three-niner-zero. Atlas three-four-  
niner heavy. Thank you.

A new voice joins us -- the NARRATOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On August 21st, 2009, an Atlas Airlines DC-10 departed Honolulu international airport for a nine-hour flight to New York City. It lifted off at 11:30 PM and climbed eight miles into the sky.

**AN ANIMATED IMAGE OF A DENUDED JET ENGINE**

An ANIMATED IMAGE demonstrating the working engine with individual fan blades and fuel injectors in motion.

Engine ROTATES to present a front view of the fan section.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The fan of a jet engine at full power, spins at nearly the speed of sound. For expressly this reason the blades are manufactured to exacting standards and subjected to constant inspection.

**A VIDEO IMAGE OF A SPINNING JET ENGINE FAN**

We see a static test of a jet engine in SLOW MOTION.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But no matter how many precautions are taken, one time out of every eighteen million flight hours, a fan blade will break.

One of the thirty-six blades separate -- the result is catastrophic, the engine disintegrates in an instant.

**AN NTSB COMPUTER-ANIMATED RECREATION OF ATLAS FLIGHT 349**

An image of the DC-10 takes up the majority of the screen. Animation of its flight instruments and aircraft controls are represented on the bottom and side.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Atlas flight 349 was one hour into its journey. The flight attendants were serving a light snack.

A poor-man's CGI animation of a fireball erupts from the plane's number 2 engine, located at the base of the tail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOOM in on the engine, then rotate around to reveal metal shrapnel piercing the fuselage. We visit the bottom of the plane as shrapnel tears a 10-foot section off below.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Engine fragments punctured the rear of the coach cabin and opened a three meter hole in the floor of the plane. The cabin lost pressure immediately. Anyone without an oxygen mask would have fallen unconscious within 45 seconds. The aircrew executed an emergency descent down to 12,000 feet. Flight 349 dove for 6 minutes.

Aircraft image dives as the altimeter spins down.

#### **THE RADAR SCREEN**

The bottom left number by the triangle counts down from '350' to '120.' Above the two lines of text appears a flashing number -- '7700.' A siren alarm whoops.

PILOT (O.S.)

Mayday, mayday, mayday. Atlas 349 heavy, 12,000 feet, 10 miles east of JORDI. We lost number two engine... we have very little control of the aircraft. There is... very little elevator control. We cannot turn the airplane.

ATC (O.S.)

Atlas 349 understand you are declaring an emergency. Say fuel and souls onboard, and confirm you cannot turn the aircraft.

PILOT (O.S.)

We've lost... we have lost all three hydraulic systems. Fuel 22,500. Counting passengers now.

#### **AN ANIMATED IMAGE OF A DC-10**

We see the underbelly of a DC-10. Overlaid is a rough schematic of the plane's hydraulic lines.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The true emergency was not the loss of an engine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When the fuselage tore apart, so too did the aircraft's hydraulic lines -- the pilots' means of steering. Flight 349 had minimal pitch controls. It could only turn by increasing the thrust of one engine while decreasing the other.

A DEMO of asymmetrical thrust. An arrow pointing from the rear of the right engine increases and the airplane pivots to the left.

**A MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN**

The DC-10 is half-way between Hawaii and California. One curved line tracks from the current position to New York, and another from its position to Los Angeles.

PILOT (O.S.)

Okay, we have a company pilot up here now just operating the throttles. We're not so confident about the maneuverability of the plane. I'm looking at the numbers. Pretty much decided on Los Angeles as our best option.

**INT/EXT. COAST GUARD FRIGATE - NIGHT**

Home video from the bridge of a Coast Guard ship at night. CREW MEMBERS wait in dim light, peering through binoculars out the windows. One sailor points and men run outside.

The DC-10 can be seen passing low overhead, identifiable by its red and green nav lights and its flashing strobes.

ATC (O.S.)

OK, sir. Understood. And you are cleared direct to the LAX airport, altitude at your discretion. Recommend 0-8-0 on the heading. We've notified the Coast Guard. If you need to ditch, they have seven ships between your location and the coast.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It would take four hours for flight 349 to reach the California coast.

**THE RADAR SCREEN**

Suddenly, the text box next to the triangle disappears.

ATC (O.S.)  
 Atlas 349, over. (beat) Atlas 349,  
 we have just lost your transponder,  
 over. (beat) Atlas 349 do you copy?

PILOT (O.S.)  
 Pacific control, Atlas 349 heavy.  
 We just lost electrical. We are  
 operating on the ADG.

**A DEMONSTRATION OF THE ADG**

This is archival footage of a small windmill-like device as it pops out beneath the DC-10 cockpit. Text explains-

- Air-Driven Generators (ADG)
- Produces 60 amps of auxiliary power
- Increased drag creates 1% range loss
- Cannot be retracted once deployed

**THE RADAR SCREEN**

The text box finally reappears by the airplane symbol.

ATC (O.S.)  
 Atlas 349, copy that. Um... what  
 can we do for you, sir?

A moment of static.

PILOT (O.S.)  
 We appreciate that, control. (beat)  
 At this time... there does not seem  
 to be further assistance possible.

**INT. LAX CONTROL TOWER - MORNING**

New footage, NBC logo on bottom, filmed from inside the LAX control tower. We watch the Western horizon, empty but for a sparkling speck in the distance, approaching.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 At 6:00 AM, flight 349 re-entered  
 United States airspace over the  
 coast of California.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATC (O.S.)  
Atlas 349, heading 1-1-0, recommend  
you descend to 2,000 feet.

PILOT (O.S.)  
Alright, we are between 2,000 and  
4,000. Doing the best we can here.

ATC (O.S.)  
Atlas 349 recommend heading 1-2-0  
to keep you South of the city.

PILOT (O.S.)  
Christ, whatever you do keep us  
away from the city.

Silhouettes of controllers pass in front of the camera.

ATC (O.S.)  
Atlas 349, the Century freeway will  
be on your right in seven miles.  
It is an eight lane freeway if you  
can't make the field.

PILOT (O.S.)  
SoCal we have the field in sight.  
Lining up now. (beat) Thanks for  
all your help. See you soon.

ATC (O.S.)  
OK, Atlas 349. Emergency equipment  
standing by and all aircraft are at  
their gates. Cleared to land, any  
runway.

PILOT (O.S.)  
(joking)  
If you got an aircraft at every  
gate where are we supposed to go?

The speck, now clearly a DC-10, grows large in the frame.

ATC (O.S.)  
Winds 1-2-0 at ten.

PILOT (O.S.)  
Sorry, no one has got a hand to  
write that down, say again.

ATC (O.S.)  
Winds now 1-2-0 at eleven. (beat)  
Good luck to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The DC-10 approaches. It yaws back and forth, wavering. Someone stands in front of the camera for a moment. The plane crosses the threshold of the runway. We PAN as it moves down the field.

Amazing -- it seems like this might be a perfect landing.

Suddenly, the plane to banks, right wing drops. A 'whooping' sound plays beside a mechanical voice

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (O.S.)  
Pull up. Pull up

Right wing strikes -- the plane noses forward.

Flight 349 cartwheels down the runway, aluminum shards hurled a half-mile through the air as the plane unravels, trail of flames scouring the sky and the airport taxiways. Smoke billows. Fire trucks race out from every side of the field.

**INT. NTSB LAB - CONTINUOUS**

Inside a sterile lab, an INVESTIGATOR opens up a yellow PELICAN CAMERA CASE. We see a series of video tapes in different formats. Investigator lifts a video flash card.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Recovered item number 2904 was discovered the afternoon of the accident. Its contents were fully retrievable. (beat) Atlas Airlines flight 349 crashed on the morning of August 22nd, 2009. There were 268 passengers onboard. 110 died. This survived.

**TITLE CARD**

White letters on a black screen.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE RESTORED VIDEO  
RECOVERED ON AUGUST 22ND, 2009.

FOOTAGE HAS BEEN REASSEMBLED FROM VARIOUS  
SOURCES UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF  
PARTICIPANTS OF THE INCIDENT.

THIS STUDIO IS FULLY COGNIZANT THAT SOME  
SURVIVORS AND THEIR FAMILIES DISAGREE  
WITH THE THEATRICAL RELEASE OF THIS FILM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEN REQUESTED, MEASURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN  
TO EDIT OUT THESE INDIVIDUALS FROM THE  
FINISHED PRODUCT.

BUT WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE GREAT  
MAJORITY OF CONCERNED PARTIES, IT HAS  
BEEN DECIDED TO SCREEN THE FOLLOWING AS  
AN HISTORICAL DOCUMENT. THANK YOU.

FADE TO BLACK.

(All of the following is filmed by participants in the  
respective events. The name of the camera operator, as  
specified in the slug line, might appear on screen.)

**INT. HONOLULU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT - KERRY FILMING**

A video image. 1.33:1 ratio. ANTHONY GLOUSMAN, 28, stares  
into the lens, waiting in line at airport check-in. Top  
button on his white shirt is undone, his tie is loose, his  
glasses hang halfway down his nose. He is solemn, worried.

Subtitle:

AUGUST 21, 1999. 10:11 PM.

ANTHONY

I have nothing else to say, Kerry.  
I trust you. (beat) Show me how the  
camera works.

The camera turns so Anthony can see its monitor. It ZOOMS  
in and out. KERRY, 28, instructs with a noted sensitivity.

KERRY (O.S.)

Zoom. It'll go digital if you zoom  
too close. Keep the focus on auto.  
Keep everything on auto. Push here  
once to shoot, and once again to  
stop. Don't break it or tech guys  
at the law firm will kill me.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

It has more buttons than my car. I  
wouldn't know if it were broken.

The camera zooms in on a woman in a tight, charcoal skirt and  
heels carrying a YELLOW PELICAN CASE through security. This  
is -- NEVE PURDUE, 27, our heroine.

KERRY (O.S.)

Hey, I know her-  
(strange sense of concern)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, Anthony. No way. Look. Is  
that who I think it is?

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
Who are you talking about?

Kerry zooms out. His arm points in the corner of the screen. Anthony, opposite side of the screen, becomes very guarded when he sees her.

Neve gets to the security check point. She argues with the GUARD, not wanting to let them X-ray her camera case.

KERRY (O.S.)  
Neve... your Neve.

ANTHONY  
Looks just like her.

KERRY (O.S.)  
Are you kidding? Bud, that's her.

Neve passes through security and disappears. Anthony never made a move. He faces the camera, drags his finger across his neck.

ANTHONY  
Kerry, I need to go. I need to get  
to New York. You need to go to the  
hotel, rest up, and fucking reason  
with these guys tomorrow.

KERRY (O.S.)  
Of course. I do. Give your dad my  
love, man.

**INT. ATLAS-AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT - NEVE PURDUE FILMING**

Meet Neve. In the departure terminal, she turns the camera on herself. Her green eyes are weary. She verbally slates.

NEVE  
Honolulu International, 11 PM.

Neve turns the camera to capture eye-catching moments. She has an obvious knack for this -- her camera movements are fluid and her framing is dynamic and inspired. She films-

An AIRLINE REP standing alone at a gate computer.

Two young LOVERS. The woman licks her thumb and wipes a smudge on the man's chin. The man jokingly licks his palm and rubs the woman's whole face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A robust Germanic woman, THERESE RENSTCHAL, 50s, translates for an Asian woman frantically gesturing to cops.

**EXT. AIRPORT FOOD COURT - NIGHT - COOT FILMING**

COOT LEROY, 19, films a CLOSE UP of NOAH GROSS, 21, six-foot-six, black, watching the basketball game on the airport bar's flatscreen TV. Coot has a young voice.

COOT (O.S.)  
How much'd you bet on New York?

NOAH  
(distracted)  
I ain't watching no game.

Coot PANS from the TV to -- the perfectly rounded rear-end of an ASIAN BAR TENDER.

COOT (O.S.)  
Oh. Sweet.

'Clank,' as camera is yanked form Coot's hands by GEOFF, 21.

COOT (CONT'D)  
Stop, that was my money shot!

We see Coot reaching for the camera -- he is an obese and youthful black boy, tight tee-shirt that reads 'BIG DADDY.' Another friend, BISHOP, 22, grabs a chair beside Noah.

NOAH  
Where you two been?

Geoff, behind the camera, holds up TWO AIRLINE TICKETS.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
Cha-ching. Getting rich.

BISHOP  
The Lord works in mysterious ways.  
Airline was overbooked. So they  
give Geoff and me free flight  
vouchers and hotel. Cha-ching.

Noah glances at Coot -- pushes camera operator Geoff aside.

NOAH  
Bullshit. You aren't makin' me  
travel alone with Coot.

GEOFF  
Better go talk to the airline lady.

**INT. ATLAS AIR FLIGHT 349 DC-10 - HOLLY ROWE**

We hear an AUDIO TAPE, poor fidelity, over images of the empty Atlas Airlines DC-10, and then company photos of each of the nine flight attendants. Including-

NANCY GRAFF, 58, chief flight attendant, HOLLY ROWE, 25, SANDRA LAWES, 49, BRIAN NEELESS, 29, and NASSER AHABAR, 30.

Subtitle:

HANDHELD VOICE RECORDER -- FLIGHT  
ATTENDANT HOLLY ROWE RECORDING.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (V.O.)  
Do you always record the briefing?

ATTENDANT HOLLY (V.O.)  
Helps me remember the vitals.

ATTENDANT SANDRA (V.O.)  
How many flights is this for you?

ATTENDANT HOLLY (V.O.)  
Um... this will be number two.

ATTENDANT NASSER (V.O.)  
Serious? Well, you're lucky on one front. We only haze on your first.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (V.O.)  
Alright, come on, everybody. It's good to have you Holly. (beat) Any other questions?

ATTENDANT BRIAN (V.O.)  
(distant)  
Do we have an AED on board yet?

CHIEF ATTENDANT (V.O.)  
No, we do not, they haven't upgraded this aircraft. Standard medical kits only. (beat) Okay, very good. Thank you guys. Remember, a great attitude equals a great flight. Let's get to work.

**INT. EXECUTIVE LOUNGE - NIGHT - JIM IRVING FILMING**

JIM IRVING, 45, films a crystal, pyramidal award, with an etching that reads-

ACHIEVEMENT IN A WEB APPLICATION, 2009

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM (O.S.)

Please God, don't let this be the high point in my life.

Jim films business partner, CORD HUME, 48, reclined in a leather chair, mumbling to himself.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And this is Cord. Whose lack of a \$1 billion net worth by age 40 has helped degrade him into a state of premature dementia. (beat) Cord, what're you doing over there?

Cord, lifts his GLASSES, rubs his eyes, shakes his head.

CORD

An old prayer my uncle used to have us say before car trips. I don't know. I've been doing it on any excursion since last fall.

JIM (O.S.)

And... there goes the laugh track. Thanks for killing the mood, Cord!

Cord waves, not a party to Jim's sarcasm.

**INT. DC-10 FLIGHT 349 - ANTHONY'S SEAT - ANTHONY FILMING**

Seat back, out of focus. The camera shakes.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Damn, has this thing been shooting?

Anthony PANS up, films the cabin. (He is in the middle, rear.) A couple, BERNARD and TERRI CANTOR, 30s, arrive with their bags. Bernard is on his cell phone. Terri steps towards the center seat, but Bernard grabs her and places her on the aisle, himself in the middle.

Anthony pans forward, freezes on-

Neve. Mid-cabin, a CAMERA strapped over her shoulder, she puts her pelican case in the bin. Her seat neighbor, a black woman, ROBBIE, gets up to let Neve squeeze by.

When -- Neve's eyes fall on Anthony. She stops.

ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No...

With seeming hesitance she approaches.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

NOAH

Yo, Coot, let me ask you somethin'.  
Are you Brad Pitt?

COOT

*What?*

NOAH

Am I sitting next to Brad Pitt, the  
billionaire who puts his wang in  
Angelina Jolie every night? Cause  
if not -- stop fuckin' filmin' me.  
(beat) Dip shit, you ain't the  
first asshole with a video on You  
Tube. Your camera pisses us all  
off. And the only reason we keep  
you around is for your medical  
marijuana card. Don't you realize  
that?! *Brad Pitt*. Heck -- you're  
our Harold & Kumar.

(puts his headphones on)

About time one of us told you.  
Bother me again before we land, and  
I'll freakin' slug you.

**INT. TERMINAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONDIE MARTIN FILMING**

CONDIE MARTIN, 51, films as he hurries through the terminal.  
His son GRANT, 17, carries two 'GATORADE' branded duffles.

CONDIE (O.S.)

Just go ahead.

GRANT

Dad, turn off the camera. We're  
gonna miss the plane.

Grant starts jogging, looks back at his father. Condie  
takes off running, the camera bouncing, quickly passing his  
overloaded son.

GRANT (CONT'D)

No fair. You're not carrying  
anything! (beat) Ow, shit!

Grant doubles over, holds his calf. Condie stops.

CONDIE (O.S.)

Grant, damn it, your leg. You  
shouldn't be running.

Condie pauses. Grant jumps up and sprints past him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Sucker! I just shouldn't be  
losing!

A MOMENT LATER --

Condie arrives, panting, as the GATE ATTENDANT closes the jetway door. Grant, already there, gestures at Condie.

GRANT (CONT'D)

No, hold on. My father is company.  
Look, the jetway is still in place.

Another woman arrives late, a uniformed flight attendant, HELENA KOHL, 31, professional and annoyed with herself.

ATTENDANT HELENA

I'm sorry, sorry. Tell me they  
haven't shut the door yet.

The gate attendant looks at all three... grabs an intercom, opens the door and waves everyone through.

Condie films Helena as they hurry down the air bridge.

CONDIE (O.S.)

It was the Hyatt's shuttle, right?

ATTENDANT HELENA (O.S.)

Third time. The airline needs to  
pick a better crash pad.

They round the bend. Chief attendant waves them on board.

GRANT

I won.

CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. ANTHONY AND NEVE'S SEAT - NEVE FILMING**

(Neve and anthony are in the front-left of the coach cabin, over the wing. Seats in the aircraft run two on each side, five in the middle. The coach section takes up half of the plane, while first and business class fill the other half.)

Neve films Anthony as he stretches to look rearward. The engines whir mildly up and down as the plane taxis.

ANTHONY

(looking rearward)  
I upset her. She didn't want to  
trade seats. Don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEVE (O.S.)

I think she volunteered. Anthony, please, finish what you were saying about your father.

Anthony faces Neve -- he freezes, disturbed.

ANTHONY

You're filming.

NEVE (O.S.)

I am. (beat) It's what I do.

ANTHONY

No, I know, I just... haven't had to perform for a camera in a while. Weird. Really, been four solid years since I've even touched one. Not since you.

NEVE (O.S.)

This camera is newer than that.

ANTHONY

Not mine -- it's Kerry's. Was his idea for getting my dad to talk.

NEVE

Shoving a camera in Herman's face will make him talk -- well that's a dumb idea. (beat) Kerry Ryan -- from college? Crazy. Memories.

ANTHONY TAKES THE CAMERA. It spins. We see Anthony's lap.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Look, you can give some pointers on how to interview Herman without us filming it.

Suddenly, the image stabilizes.

NEVE

(to passenger ahead)

Sorry. Can I put this here?

Neve WEDGES THE CAMERA BETWEEN THE SEATS in front of them.

TWO-SHOT of Anthony and Neve, side by side. Anthony, suddenly uncomfortable without the camera between them.

Anthony fishes an Altoid tin from his pocket. Seems timid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEVE (CONT'D)

How long has your father been sick?

ANTHONY

We're just diving straight back in,  
aren't we?

(changes the subject)

You've been doing shows, I hear.  
Read about you in the Times.

NEVE

Yeah. Coming home from an exhibit  
in Tokyo now, actually. (beat) Ben  
told me you never made it to the  
show at the Whitney. I thought  
you'd be curious.

ANTHONY

I was definitely *curious*.

NEVE (O.S.)

(knowing)

You were upset.

ANTHONY

('hmpfs', then)

It was years ago. I got over it.

NEVE

I wanted you involved. You know I  
was talking to your mother the  
whole time trying to find you.

ANTHONY

I was aware. Listen. The Whitney  
show... had broad reach. I never  
expected that. It reached me out  
in London. I don't know if you had  
the same experience. The most  
random people knew things all of a  
sudden. It was just *odd*. Complete  
strangers thinking it was  
acceptable to discuss every  
personal detail about me, about us.

(pauses, looks outside)

Look, I'm sorry, I don't want to do  
this. It's been too long. I'm too  
exhausted.

NEVE

Want my advice how to make your dad  
open up?

(Anthony glances)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NEVE (CONT'D)

Put the camera on a tripod, sit down beside him, and ask what color the kitchen cabinets were in the house he was born in.

ANTHONY

What the heck? *Kitchen cabinets?*

NEVE

It's a cold war between you. If your dad hasn't changed since I knew him, I can't imagine why you thought a video interview would work. He'll react like you did just now. But put the camera in the corner and ask something completely inane, he'll respond with something else disinteresting, and then something else, and then... and that's how you get to a person. Anyway. The camera doesn't probe well. It's good at listening.

Anthony looks Neve over, hints of a buried crush reemerging.

ANTHONY

Where are you living?

NEVE

Why? Where are *you*?

ANTHONY

Tribeca. Sort of. I'm sort of on leave from work.

NEVE

Did you get your law degree at LSE?

ANTHONY

Yes. And never used it. Been an editor at Conde Nast.

NEVE

Sorry, what? Anthony, congratulations on the degree. But are you an editor or a lawyer?

ANTHONY

Not sure what I am. I'm busy. (beat) You want to know? When my dad first got sick he ran into a problem with Amgen. Know them? Pharmaceuticals. I dug around.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Had to do with a drug they owned but wouldn't release -- a big corporate fraud level issue. Okay? And two months later I'm somehow organizing a lawsuit and a TV documentary. And then... then my old life ended and this took over. I've been working with Kerry and some of his DC friends to establish a lobbying fund. He and I touring the country to win support -- Magic Johnson and Al Gore are backing us. All is well, right? And then yesterday Kerry and I get to Hawaii -- that's why we're here -- to meet with an industrial billionaire who is ready to literally double our haul. And this old withered man pulls me aside and says his support comes with the caveat... that we direct the committee to push for Parkinson's research. Which completely defeats the purpose of an unbiased oversight committee in the first place. And so our money is running dry, our bill is about to hit Congress's floor, and I'm on a plane going in completely the wrong direction to see a man who has only brought misery my entire life while Kerry is alone trying to salvage everything I've cared about for two years. So anyway...

(Anthony taps his fingers)

I keep buying my Dad's books, you know. Every time sort of praying I'll find his *mea culpa* buried inside. Make this two-year effort feel worth it. Don't know why. No one else in the family even talks to him. (beat) *Making amends*. One of those weird opportunities you always hope for... but never really want.

ATTENDANT HOLLY (O.S.)

Sir, you'll have to turn the camera off for take off.

Anthony looks off to the aisle at flight attendant Holly. Neve's eyes are open wide.

**INT. ANTHONY AND NEVE'S SEAT - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Anthony. Flight 349 is airborne. Anthony has cranberry juice and pretzels on his tray. Recognition lights flash on the wing outside. Neve is reluctant with Anthony's line of questioning.

ANTHONY

And the camera is back out. (beat)  
Who is he? And why does discussing  
him make you uncomfortable?

NEVE (O.S.)

His name is Caleb.

ANTHONY

Who is he?

NEVE (O.S.)

We met on a photo shoot while I was  
at Cosmo. The reporter had an  
emergency so I went back to Caleb's  
loft to take pictures alone, and...

ANTHONY

You know, I tried going out with a  
woman last year.

NEVE (O.S.)

You must be seeing lots of girls.

ANTHONY

Sure! I just rarely get them to  
leave the bar with me.

Neve laughs quietly.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Neve, you can tell me more. He's a  
TV producer? Anything I'd know-

Neve hands the camera to Anthony and holds up her finger,  
'wait.' She reaches into her purse beneath the seat.

ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is he rich?

Neve glances up -- that question annoys her.

NEVE

He *is* rich. And I have my own  
money, Anthony.

Neve takes back the camera as she hands Anthony her WALLET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY  
(joking, re: the wallet)  
Are you giving me a loan-

Neve opens the wallet. First picture is of a BABY GIRL.

Neve quickly flips to a photo of CALEB, 40s, masculine features, a shaved, balding head, and a bright smile.

Anthony holds it up for the camera with a fake grin.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
(to the camera)  
That's who I lost out to.

Neve takes her wallet back. Wedges the camera between the seats again.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Who was the baby?

Neve pretends not to hear. Anthony reaches for the wallet.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Who is this?

NEVE  
My daughter.

Everything stops.

It takes a moment for Anthony to turn his brain on again.

ANTHONY  
I don't understand.

NEVE  
Her name is Amy.

Anthony stares at her, puzzled.

ANTHONY  
Neve...  
(head spins into overdrive)  
How old is she?

Neve, suddenly distressed, leans down to put her wallet back. Anthony frowns at the camera as though it were a human voyeur. He rubs Neve's back.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
That came out wrong. I wasn't-

Neve sits up, shifts away from his hand. Mood has soured.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEVE

(interrupting)

She's not yours.

(Anthony, defensive)

There was a while, you know, in which I really stopped thinking about you. You were gone and that was fine. And then, as soon as I found out that Caleb and I were having a child, all I could think of was whether when I finally saw you again... whether you would be excited for me. Or an asshole.

ANTHONY

(feeling ambushed)

I am just shocked. I didn't even know you were married.

NEVE

Caleb and I aren't married. Caleb and I... have our own problems.

Anthony, exasperated. He reaches for the camera-

NEVE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ANTHONY

This is getting too personal.

NEVE

So you're turning off the camera? Anthony, you're out of practice, you used to always let me film you.

ANTHONY

(lets go of the camera)

I need to ask this. The letter I sent, what, two years ago... did you get it?

NEVE

Yes. A month after I got pregnant.

ANTHONY

Right. So that's why you never responded. I should've called-

NEVE

(interrupting, exasperated)

You should've come back on your hands on knees. What was I supposed to do, Anthony?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NEVE (CONT'D)

You disappeared from my life. I mean, disappeared -- your mother didn't know where you were. And the best you could must was a letter-

(interrupting herself, calms)

I have a life. A daughter who means more to me than this entire world. I'm glad to see you again, Anthony, but...

Anthony, fed up, reaches for the camera-

Neve takes it instead and stands. She unintentionally films Grant Martin, upside down, across the aisle watching her from behind a Runners Magazine. He looks away.

NEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Forget it. We're somehow managing to push every one of each other's buttons. I'll stop, I'm sorry.

PAN to Anthony again as he crumbles the foil pretzel bag.

ANTHONY

Look... I can sit elsewhere.

No response. Anthony sorrowfully gets his bag and stands. He looks into the back of the plane, and Neve PANS rearward.

Passengers either sleep or work on their snacks. The Daily Show plays. Flight attendants PUSH THEIR CARTS TO THE BACK OF THE CABIN.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I'll find the woman I traded with.

NEVE (O.S.)

Anthony.

(Anthony waits)

That would be dumb. Stay.

ANTHONY

Will you... turn the camera off?  
Do me that favor at least.

No response. So Anthony heads down the aisle.

NEVE (O.S.)

Okay, I'm turning it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANTHONY  
(looks back)  
I wasn't doubting it. Going to  
throw some water on my face.

NEVE (O.S.)  
(as Anthony smiles, walks)  
Anthony... I'm glad you're here.

Anthony glances back. The tension eases a bit.

BRIGHT FLASH outside, visible through every window. The sound of the engines changes dramatically to an agonizing, over-speed, grind. Anthony's eyes widen...

BOOM. Shrapnel tears through the rear of the coach cabin.

EIGHT PASSENGERS in the third and fourth rows from the rear are sliced in half -- blood instantly everywhere.

A second explosion. This time the floor buckles, fourth row from the back catapults into the baggage compartment.

Cabin depressurizes, oxygen masks eject out. Food and debris lift up at hurricane speeds. As pressure falls, a THICK FOG instantaneously fills the cabin. WHITE OUT.

Anthony grabs a seat, Neve falls to her knees, still filming. Over the deafening roar of the engine and the air, the passengers scream.

Plane noses over. Barely visible through the fog, anyone and everything not buckled in, including Neve and Anthony, float gently into the air. They rotate in space, weightless.

Plane regains control -- suddenly, everything slams to the ground. Cabin speakers flip on -- an audience laughs at Jon Stewart's joke.

The plane dives at a 30° angle. Neve and Anthony both slide towards the nose.

Anthony arrests himself, latches onto Neve, holds her in place in the aisle. Someone hands them oxygen masks. Anthony puts the first one on Neve.

Fog begins to thin. The plane decelerates so quickly that the brakes on a galley cart up the aisle cannot hold -- it barrels towards Anthony and Neve. Anthony looks back, nothing he can do-

Wham. Cart collides into a seat one row up, breaking a passenger's elbow. Man screams. Cart holds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Someone yells at Anthony and Neve. WHIP-PAN to Condie Martin.

CONDIE

Get in your seats! Put your seatbelts on! We are in an emergency descent! Five minutes before we level out!

**INT. NOAH AND COOT'S SEAT - COOT FILMING**

The fog is gone. The plane shakes violently, heading down. A PASSENGER one row up screams curses.

Coot (front, starboard) films towards the center. Next to him, Noah holds his oxygen mask tight to his face, hyperventilating, reaches out and wraps his arms tight around the seat in front of him, holding on for dear life.

Behind Noah, a passenger in the center row stands weakly. Other passengers in his row are slumped forward, unconscious. The passenger grabs the top of his oxygen mask hose, Coot ZOOMS in. Ceiling is torn open and MANGLED OXYGEN TANK hangs in the debris. No oxygen going to their masks.

Flight attendant Brian struggles up the aisle next to Coot, grabs an unused oxygen mask, inhales deeply.

Huge bump -- Brian and the standing passenger are vaulted against the ceiling. Black out.

**INT. ANTHONY AND NEVE'S SEAT - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films. She and Anthony are seated with oxygen masks on. The airplane is level but shaking. The engines rev up and spool down. There are screams from the back of the plane.

ANTHONY

(yelling)

We're leveling off. We're not going down. Are you okay?!

Neve films towards the aisle. Condie Martin is arguing with his son, hugs Grant tightly, and then heads towards the cockpit. The pilot comes on the P.A.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD (O.S.)

Everyone. This is your captain. We are alright. Stay seated. We are assessing this situation-  
(long pause)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 The cabin crew will give you  
 instructions shortly. Do exactly  
 what they say. I'll... talk to you-

P.A. cuts out.

Holly hurries down the aisle and we PAN as she gets to-

The rear -- utter carnage. Neve stands up because hanging  
 oxygen masks obstruct her view. Debris rains from the  
 ceiling in back, the damage concentrated in the center.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
 Neve, sit down!

**INT. NOAH AND COOT'S SEAT - COOT FILMING**

Coot films himself, hunched over in his seat, staring into  
 the lens. He PANS to Noah, staring up, scared shitless.

NOAH  
 This isn't my time, ain't my time-

COOT (O.S.)  
 (voice weak)  
 We're in the ocean. Did we land?  
 (louder)  
 Noah. What happened?!

NOAH  
 Get out of my face!

He smacks the camera, 'bang,' camera lands on the ground.

**INT. REAR COACH CABIN - NEVE FILMING**

Neve follows Holly to the cabin's rear.

A WOMAN crosses her chest, reciting hail Mary's.

A MAN pulls his seatbelt so tight, his veins distend.

A GIRL wraps a blanket over her head, hides in her dad's lap.

A MAN crawls through his row's foot-space picking up pieces  
 of his shattered laptop.

PASSENGERS near the rear hold themselves tight, shivering,  
 braced against the cold air rushing in.

Holly stops and Neve gets a clear view of the damage-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT HOLLY

Oh my God.

Third, fourth, and fifth rows from the back, center section only, hang through the floor in a V-shape. Neve PANS down to the gaping hole. We can see the sky outside -- exterior beacon light flashing. Wind blows violently.

A male passenger, BIRCH, 27, pushes past Neve. A WOMAN in the first damaged row wrestles with her seatbelt -- Birch braces his foot and yanks her free.

PAN to -- 15 PASSENGERS caught in the debris, only some can even reach out for help.

PAN to other side of the plane as chief attendant arrives.

CHIEF ATTENDANT

Get up and move forward! Anyone from this row back, if you can walk, get up and move forward!

Flight attendant Sandra, behind chief attendant, shuts overhead bins that fell open. A PASSENGER not near the damaged row stands.

ATTENDANT SANDRA

You, sit down!

Chief attendant starts sending passengers forward and Sandra pushes them into an empty seats.

PASSENGER (O.S.)

Doctor! Somebody find a doctor!

Neve is pushed aside by flight attendant Helena.

ATTENDANT HELENA

(to Neve)

Lose the camera, get in your seat!

Neve backs away -- trips. Into a man's lap. We see him as Neve scrambles up -- a muscular brute. He looks at Neve for a moment, than bursts into tears.

ATTENDANT HELENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Holly, get him up front.

Neve PANS to attendant Holly, still frozen in place by the hole. At Holly's feet is flight attendant CASEY CHIN, lying in a pool of his own blood.

ATTENDANT HOLLY

He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ATTENDANT HELENA

Holly, look at me! Move him front!

Rescuer Birch, braced in the middle of the first damaged row, waves for attendant Helena. Together they lift a passenger. This man is dead and HIS BODY FROM THE WAIST DOWN IS MISSING.

Helena points at Neve.

ATTENDANT HELENA (CONT'D)

If you're not gonna sit, help!

**INT. BUSINESS CLASS CABIN - CORD FILMING**

Businessman Cord is still fumbling with the camera as he starts to film the business class cabin. Attendants reorganize passengers, moving most back to coach, to make room for the injured. Cord narrates.

CORD (O.S.)

Okay, no one knows what happened. Everyone was yelling there's a man with a gun. I haven't seen-

HAWAIIAN PASSANGER

There's a bomb! A second bomb!

A beefy HAWAIIAN MAN, 40s, in the aisle seat, waves for help.

JIM (O.S.)

What -- what'd you hear?!

Cord pans down to Jim. Jim holds an AIRPHONE, desperately trying to get it to work, now distracted by the Hawaiian.

HAWAIIAN PASSANGER

It was suicide bomb! There's another Haji back there!

JIM

Who told you that?!

HAWAIIAN PASSANGER

(points off-screen)

That's the fucker. That's him!

Cord WHIP-PANS up the aisle. AMIR INASI, 40s, a balding Arab with a soft face, races rearward from first class.

HAWAIIAN PASSANGER (CONT'D)

Jihadi son of a bitch! Help!

Jim vaults from his seat, tackles Amir. Hawaiian piles on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWAIIAN PASSANGER (CONT'D)  
People, help us! Tell the pilot!

Amir struggles like a pinned octopus. Jim, with rage in his eyes, captures Amir in a choke hold.

JIM  
(to Amir)  
What'd you do to us?

HAWAIIAN PASSANGER  
We got the Jihadi! Tell the pilot!

Flight attendant Helena races over, grabs the Hawaiian.

ATTENDANT HELENA  
You two, stop! Let him go.  
(pulls off the Hawaiian)  
There are no terrorists -- stop!

Helena tries to get Jim off, but he tightens his choke-hold, taking all of his fear and rage out on Amir.

ATTENDANT HELENA (CONT'D)  
Sir! There was no bomb. Let this  
man go, you're gonna kill him-

Jim releases, he and Helena topple -- Amir 'gasps' for air.

Helena glares scornfully at Jim. Races Amir into coach.

Jim faces the camera, overwhelmed. He looks at the Hawaiian, who in turn throws his hands up defensively.

**INT. COACH CABIN - NEVE FILMING**

Neve (port aisle) films Amir and Helena hurrying past.

Therese Renstchal, the German woman we originally saw in the airport, drags an injured woman by her torso. The injured woman stares at Neve, blood dripping down her face.

HELENA  
I found help. Watch out.

THERESE  
(to Amir)  
Are you a doctor?

Amir opens the woman's blouse -- metal juts out of her chest.

AMIR  
Are you a doctor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERESE

I am asking if you are.

AMIR

This woman has a sucking chest wound, deviated trachea, possible pneumothorax-

THERESE

(interrupting)

I don't understand. I'm an herbalist.

(Amir, confused)

Homeopathic remedies.

Amir grabs a pillow, directs Therese to hold it against the woman's bleeding torso.

AMIR

I don't care what you are. Hold pressure. Do what I say.

(to Helena)

We need your med kits. We'll move all the injured to business class.

Do you have an AED?

Helena shakes her head, no. Amir looks around anxiously. He grabs Therese and signals her to help lift the patient.

**INT. BUSINESS CLASS CABIN - CORD FILMING**

Cord films attendant Sandra guiding a limping PASSENGER. The injured man struggles pointlessly to make a call on his CELLPHONE.

Flight attendants seat the injured, wrap them in blankets.

Amir and Therese rush between victims, overwhelmed.

Nervous attendant Holly stops Sandra in front of Cord.

ATTENDANT HOLLY

How many more are coming up?

Sandra, how many more are coming up-

ATTENDANT SANDRA

(interrupting)

Holly, I don't know.

Attendant Brian approaches with an injured Bernard Cantor, of the couple seated next to Anthony, and lies him between Jim's feet and the bulkhead. Bernard's gut is soaked in blood. His wife, Terri, cries. Jim draws in his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRI  
(near hysteria)  
The ceiling fell. It just fell.

BERNARD  
(preternatural calm)  
Terri, it's okay, I feel fine.

Therese arrives, lifts Bernard's shirt and pushes away his arms -- his intestines fall out. Terri is hysteric. Bernard lifts his head to see, but Therese pushes him down.

THERESE  
(to Cord)  
Your name? You, with the camera.

CORD  
It's Cord.  
(louder)  
Cord!

THERESE  
Cord, there is a man to your left  
who's fractured both legs. Find  
blankets and hold them against his  
thighs until I get there. Got it?

PAN across the aisle to a thick MUSCLED MAN on the ground.

THERESE (CONT'D)  
Cord. He's going to scream.

**INT. REAR COACH CABIN - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Anthony as he carries an injured GIRL from the damaged zone. Girl reaches towards the rear, crying.

GIRL  
Daddy. Daddy!

Anthony, upset, squeezes the girl's extended hand. Flight attendant Sandra takes the girl from Anthony's arms.

Neve ZOOMS in on Anthony -- his HANDS SHAKE.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
She wasn't back there.

PAN to Anthony's face, rubbing his forehead.

NEVE (O.S.)  
They probably brought her up front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY

I looked up front. Shit, shit.  
 (faces the damaged zone)  
 Neve, I shouldn't have traded  
 seats. The whole row is gone.  
 There was an empty seat behind us.  
 I could've asked her to move there.

NEVE (O.S.)

You could've stayed in your seat  
 and I could have joined you. Would  
 that have been better?

Anthony closes his eyes, shaken.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Listen to me! Stop!

WHIP-PAN to -- other side of the plane, chief attendant  
 yells at passengers on Neve's side BEHIND the damaged zone.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Come around the rear bulkhead.  
 Don't go that way!

All passengers from behind the damaged zone are emptying  
 out. The aisle on chief attendant's side is mostly intact.

But the aisle on Neve's side is caved in. And rescuer  
 Birch has his hand out to help a WOMAN across the hole.

The woman carries an eleven-month old infant, BRIANNE.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stop! The aisle won't support you!

The woman looks between the chief attendant and Birch.  
 Birch's hand is too close not to reach for it. Attendant  
 Helena hurries around the rear bulkhead to intercede.

Too late. The woman, crying, steps perilously over the hole.

HELENA (O.S.)

Stop! Don't let her across!

Helena arrives just in time to reach for the woman, and-

Snap -- floor beneath the woman caves in. Helena and Birch  
 lunge -- Helena catches the baby, Brienne.

But the woman slides through the hole, towards the breached  
 hull, disappears screaming into the night sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEVE (O.S.)

Oh my God.

The beacon flashes. Anthony is frozen. Helena holds baby Brianne. Birch crouches on the aisle floor in horror.

Chief attendant arrives, grabs the last two passengers in the rear from Helena's side, and urges them forward. Helena and the chief attendant face each other, troubled.

The CAPTAIN comes on the PA. Anthony stares into the camera.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain Shellfield. I beg you, everyone, I can't stress it enough, you must remain calm. Whatever happens from this moment on, if you stay calm and follow instructions, we will get through this.

Flight attendant Brian approaches Neve.

ATTENDANT BRIAN

Let's get you back to your seat.

CUT TO:

**COOT FILMING - CONTINUOUS**

Coot films Noah. Noah looks at the speaker over his seat.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

What has occurred, is that one of our engines has failed. It damaged the fuselage. We have lost cabin pressure. The descent was not accidental, we are controlling the aircraft. We still have two fully operational engines and there is no reason to suspect that they'd fail

NOAH

Geoff and Bishop -- our boys are probably takin' a sauna right now.

Amir rushes up the aisle and Coot PANS with him.

Amir joins Birch, braced over the last passenger in the damaged zone yet to be freed -- a bearded man, TOM CLOUD, 40.

With the damaged zone and two rows behind it empty, we see that every other seat in the plane is now filled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

As of now, this is what will happen. We need to land, but we are over the ocean, and there are no facilities immediately near. We cannot return to Honolulu... that means, chances are, we're going all the way to California.

(some passengers curse)

We have slowed down with one less engine. Cruising now at roughly 230 knots. We are at 12,000 feet with a slight tailwind, but if we do the math, this works out to just over four hours before we arrive.

NOAH (O.S.)

Four hours? What the fuck?

Coot ZOOMS past Amir at trapped passenger Tom Cloud, pinned to his seat by an aluminum beam, his row hanging partway into the hole. Tom gasps for air.

CUT TO:

**NEVE FILMING - CONTINUOUS**

Neve films as she retrieves her yellow pelican case from the overhead bin. A MOTHER and DAUGHTER now sit in what had been her and Anthony's seats.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

There have been some serious injuries onboard. The cabin crew is going to need your assistance in shuffling seat assignments to assist the doctors. I trust you'll comply. We'll do our best to keep this as comfortable as possible. Attendants are going to pass out extra blankets. The inflight-music should still be functioning.

Neve films the girl in her seat as she looks back at the damaged zone. Mother physically turns her daughter away.

ATTENDANT HELENA

(to Neve)

Thank you two for this. We're clear out of seats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY

Probably better to be up and helping anyway. Keep focused.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Stay in your seats. Do not take off your seatbelts. The flight attendants will provide you with emergency procedures shortly. I'll speak with you again after that. Until then, we'll proceed as normally as possible. Godspeed.

Anthony glances at the God-like speaker, then at Neve.

ATTENDANT HELENA

I'll keep you two in the flight attendant jump seats for now.

A distant passenger throws his arms up triumphantly.

PASSENGER

We're going to live!

**INT. COACH CABIN - COOT FILMING**

Coot films pinned passenger, Tom Cloud. Amir tests a deployed oxygen mask, but tosses it away -- useless.

Birch grabs Tom from beneath the arms and lifts -- Tom lets out a shattering 'yell,' veins bulging.

BIRCH

Fight it! Fucking fight it!

Amir forces Birch to give up, and Birch kicks a seat. Tom Cloud cries. Other passengers watch in shock.

**INT. BUSINESS CLASS CABIN - JIM FILMING**

In business class, Jim stares into space, troubled. He notices Cord filming him.

JIM

Cord... I'm not a racist.

CORD (O.S.)

I know.

JIM

I thought that man was a murderer. I was emotional. I wasn't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A yank on Jim's blanket. PAN down to Terri and Bernard at Jim's feet. Terri needs more warmth. So Jim gives up the blanket, buttons his suit jacket. Terri wraps the blanket around Bernard.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He's looking better. Pink.

Terri massages Bernard's hands.

Jim PANS across business class. Triage. Splinted limbs stand in the air. Blood stained bandages.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
Helena, come here.

ZOOM in on Helena and chief attendant. Helena holds the orphaned baby, Brianne.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? This infant can't be your responsibility.

ATTENDANT HELENA  
I know that. I'm trying to find someone. (beat) Whoever I give her to, I'll have to tell what happened to her mother. That's a lot to-

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
(interrupting)  
Helena, what are you doing -- you cannot be responsible for this baby, we need you.

ATTENDANT HELENA  
Nancy, I'm in control. I'm fine.

**INT. NOAH AND COOT'S SEAT - NOAH FILMING**

Camera shakes as Noah takes it from Coot. Coot reaches.

NOAH (O.S.)  
Relax. I'll give it back.

A row up, attendants Nasser and Holly are cornered by the Arab-bashing Hawaiian passenger. Holly looks awful.

ATTENDANT NASSER  
Sir, I'm not about to interrupt the flight crew to find out. I don't think you need to second guess the captain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWAIIAN PASSENGER

There are people up front who need hospitals. I've done this trip enough to know Honolulu is still closer than the mainland. You've got a bunch of us who don't get why we haven't turned around.

ATTENDANT NASSER

I'll see what I can do. There is obviously a reason.

HAWAIIAN PASSENGER

(grabs Andrea's arm)

And whatever it is, no one has told us. That scares me.

ATTENDANT NASSER

Sir, I'll find out. Let me go.

**INT. MID-GALLEY - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Anthony. They are now in jump seats beside the mid-galley (a kitchen area between business and coach).

Inside the galley, chief attendant speaks on the P.A.

CHIEF ATTENDANT

-only two lavatories are available. The lavatories in the rear cannot be used. Do not go back there. Two is insufficient, as you can probably imagine. So, if you're a man, if you can do this... use the airsickness bags. We'll take them afterwards. We need to control the number of us out of our seats at any one time.

The distant yell of a passenger.

PASSENGER (O.S.)

What about food? We were supposed to get a meal. We have four hours.

Anthony faces Neve, waves at her to turn the camera away.

NANCY (O.S.)

Question was about food. (beat) We cannot serve a meal. Meal storage is in the rear of the aircraft. We cannot reach the rear.

**INT. MID-GALLEY - A MOMENT LATER - NEVE FILMING**

Neve puts the camera on a galley shelf, both her and Anthony in frame. The dam holding back Anthony's emotion has broke.

ANTHONY

(sobbing)

I'm sorry. I... I traded seats with that woman. I put her there.

NEVE

There is no message behind this. You traded your seat, that's all. If you had never traded seats, if she were fine... this would still be as bad.

Neve tries to console him, puts his head on her shoulder. Anthony settles into her embrace. Neve rubs his back.

ANTHONY

(sniffles)

Are you okay?

NEVE

I think so. I don't know, Anthony.

The hug pulls tighter, very much need, and almost sensual.

Anthony looks up. A breath. A thought.

Their lips touch. They kiss, pressing tight.

Neve puts her hands to his face. Anthony leans in again.

NEVE (CONT'D)

Anthony. Anthony.

(pulls away)

I don't know what just happened.

ANTHONY

(backs up as well)

It was me, I'm sorry. Weird reflex.

NEVE

I can't believe I just did that.

(beat) I have a daughter.

ANTHONY

I know. You got a daughter, this is... not the right place. Bad timing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEVE

*Bad timing?* It didn't mean anything. It was a mistake.

Anthony swallows, holding back his words.

ANTHONY

(difficult to say)

You... think about another person for so long. About all the things you want to do and say if you ever see each other again.

NEVE

But it can't work like that here. Not here, not now.

Neve takes the camera. If films the ground.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

That was filming, wasn't it?

Neve films Anthony. He looks past the camera at her.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Can we turn it off? Just for a few minutes... can we talk?

NEVE (O.S.)

I don't want to talk... not about what we were four years ago.

ANTHONY

We had a rule about the camera, Neve, don't you remember? The camera went off when the act of filming began to hurt.

NEVE (O.S.)

That was your rule. That was your rule, Anthony, it was never mine. Don't make this about the camera.

(upset)

I'm sorry. I can't do this.

**INT. CORD AND JIM'S SEATS - JIM FILMING**

Jim ZOOMS in on the chief attendant, Nasser, and Holly by the first class curtain. Holly cries uncontrollably.

ATTENDANT HOLLY

Take me out. I can't do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF ATTENDANT

Holly, we need you. No one expects this their entire career let alone their second time out.

ATTENDANT HOLLY

I wanted to travel! I was trained to make announcements.

CHIEF ATTENDANT

You were trained for this too, it's fresh in your mind, pull it out.

ATTENDANT HOLLY

(near hysterical)

I can't! I'm scared.

Chief attendant grabs Holly's face -- Holly's eyes shoot open. But Holly cannot stop crying.

Chief attendant yanks away, heads past Jim towards coach.

Nasser points Holly towards first class, deeply angered.

ATTENDANT NASSER

Find yourself a seat.

**INT. MID-GALLEY JUMP SEATS - NEVE FILMING**

Neve (mid-galley aisle) films attendant Brian just beside her, calling out to coach as he and another attendant head rearward. They carry large gray trash bags.

ATTENDANT BRIAN

We need any object that could cause injury flying loose in the cabin. If you have any bottles, books, trash, pass it in.

PAN to Anthony, in the jump seat, facing away from Neve.

Suddenly, Anthony stands, curses, anxious, hurries up the aisle to Helena in the front of business class. They TALK. She hands Anthony blankets and points rearward.

Anthony looks at Neve.

**INT. REAR COACH CABIN - NOAH FILMING**

Noah (in the aisle, near the damaged zone) ZOOMS in on Tom Cloud, still in his seat, as Birch ties blankets to the ceiling to hide him. Noah turns the camera on himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH

Alright, so now I'm in the way back of the plane. Gettin' real cold in here. They got most blankets with 'dem injured up front. About 2:00 AM in Hawaii. Shit if I know the time back in Jersey.

PAN to Amir by Tom, talking to the chief attendant. Chief attendant seems concerned.

NOAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Some guy is still stuck in his seat. No idea what they're doing.

The passengers near Amir whisper. Gossip spreads towards Noah. Noah faces a BLUE-COLLAR MALE.

NOAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, you. What'd the doc' say?

The blue-collar looks up, he seems nauseous.

BLUE COLLAR

The guy in the back, his legs are pinned, they can't get him out. Doc said... he's going to amputate.

Silence.

COOT (O.S.)

(assertive)

Noah.

Noah PANS to Coot in the aisle behind him.

COOT (CONT'D)

Give me the camera.

NOAH (O.S.)

Coot, I got it. No one wants to see the crap you're filming.

COOT

It's not for anyone to see.

NOAH (O.S.)

That's the problem. Don't you realize what this tape is worth?

**INT. REAR COACH CABIN - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Anthony handing out blankets and coats to the passengers shivering in the rear.

ANTHONY  
Neve, make sure the stoic warrior types take blankets too or they'll freeze-

Anthony pauses, looking up the aisle.

PAN to first officer (co-pilot) GARRET ROCHE, 35, a bearded, black man. He enters the mid-galley along with flight attendant Brian, closing the curtain behind them.

ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That was weird.

PAN back to Anthony.

Then, Neve ZOOMS in on Grant Martin, the athletic teen. He is writing a cryptic note on a cocktail napkin-

127.05... 128.9... 132.15... 132.55

ZOOM out to reveal Grant looking at Neve. He has an earpiece in one ear with a wire RUNNING INTO HIS BAG.

**INT. GRANT MARTIN'S SEAT - NEVE FILMING**

Neve crouches in the aisle with Anthony, filming Grant as he scoots down in his seat, reaches into this bag, and pulls out his headset plug. Grant raises a finger -- wait.

Suddenly, a muffled radio transmission, hard to hear.

ATC (O.S.)  
Atlas three-four-niner, say altitude.

PILOT (O.S.)  
Doing our best here. We're between one zero and one two thousand.

ATC (O.S.)  
Alright, just want to keep you aware that we now have a surface report of moderate thunderstorm cells about 200 miles to your east with tops at 35,000 feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILOT (O.S.)

Yeah, just got tem on radar, level three and four. Um... we're going to steer around. That seems like all we can do.

ATC (O.S.)

Roger that, try to keep us informed of major heading changes.

A bit of static.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Jesus. Was that our plane?

GRANT

(nods yes)

It's my father's radio. He's a pilot.

NEVE (O.S.)

Where is your dad, where'd he go?

GRANT

To the cockpit.

Grant looks at the camera. The camera shakes as Anthony takes hold, films Neve.

PILOT (O.S.)

Pacific Tracon, three-four-niner beginning turn, zero-three-zero.

The airplane begins to bank. The engines whine. Shaking.

GRANT

It's bad. It's really bad.

NEVE

Worse than they're saying?

(Grant nods, paranoid)

Why aren't they telling us, Grant?

Grant, uncomfortable. A redhead Slavic woman next to him tries to listen in. Then, Anthony PANS up the aisle to the chief attendant, watching them. Neve grips Grant's forearm, understanding, signals that they should get up and go.

GRANT (O.S.)

Why would you ever not tell someone bad news?

PAN back to Grant. Neve looks at Anthony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Because... there's nothing they can do.

Anthony's heavy breathing crackles against the camera's mic.

GRANT

It's the steering. The plane now... it's like trying to drive a car down a freeway at 90 MPH without the steering wheel, just using your emergency brake.

Neve and Anthony process.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

I don't get it. That's impossible.

NEVE

No, we're fine. We're flying.

GRANT

And we can keep flying probably, they obviously have that much control. But... imagine trying to put that car in a parking space at 90 MPH with just the brake. I don't know if we can land.

Neve, stunned.

PILOT (O.S.)

Alright, Pacific control, we're on zero-three-zero.

ATC (O.S.)

That course looks good. Will advise on any recommended changes.

GRANT

They're saying that they need to turn a little bit north to avoid some thunderstorms.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

We literally can't turn back to Honolulu, can we?

Neve is still sifting through the information.

NEVE

Grant, are you a pilot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRANT

Me? No.

NEVE

How old are you?

GRANT

Seventeen.

NEVE

Still in high school.

GRANT

Kinda'. I've taken, like, time off. Training. I'm a triathlon racer. That's why I was in Hawaii.

Neve feels helpless, looks back at Anthony. Back to Grant.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Could you be wrong about this?  
Maybe you misheard something.

GRANT

I -- what do you want me to say?

NEVE

You're so calm.

Grant looks at the horrified Slavic woman beside him.

GRANT

I hope I'm wrong.

**INT. STARBOARD AISLE - NOAH FILMING**

Noah stands in the aisle, filming EGAN, a big-biceped man in an NYPD tee-shirt. Noah films Egan's hands, squeezing both armrests. He turns to the passenger next to him, the Hawaiian passenger.

EGAN

Who said that?

HAWAIIAN PASSENGER

Some kid has got a radio.

Egan looks at the Hawaiian with a suspicious scowl.

**INT. PORT AISLE WAY - NEVE FILMING**

Neve (mid-cabin, port-side) films Anthony -- apoplectic.  
Neve PANS around the cabin.

A passenger raises a camera above his head taking pictures.

A girl and her mother play a travel-size Connect Four game.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Now what?

Neve PANS to Anthony, facing her.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

This is ridiculous. All of this.  
I had plans for tomorrow.

NEVE (O.S.)

Who doesn't? I have a dentist  
appointment.

Anthony, weighs his next move.

He pushes Neve to beside the mid-galley entrance.

NEVE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ANTHONY (O.S.)

If the kid is right... if this is  
more than just a diversion to L.A.,  
if in three hours... if we're going  
to die on this plane... *now what?*

Neve films Anthony, his unshaven face close to the lens.

Mid-galley curtain behind Anthony WHIPS OPENS -- reveals  
first officer Roche, waving for attendants Nasser and Brian.

CUT TO:

**MID-GALLEY - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films through the mid-galley's half-closed curtain as  
Brian pushes past to enter. PAN to the floor, where-

An ACCESS-PORT is open leading to the BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT.

EGAN (O.S.)

Bullshit! You blindfold us, lie to  
us, and then ask us to trust you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN up to the first officer -- confronted by Egan, the Hawaiian, and two more passengers. Noah is on the opposite side of the galley filming as well.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
Sir, this is a dynamic situation.  
No one lied. Some systems have  
failed, others are back on line-

EGAN  
(interrupting)  
You said everything was fine. You  
can't steer the plane!

The Hawaiian passenger, concerned, holds Egan's shoulder. Egan curses, hands behind his head, paces in a circle.

An aisle-seat PASSENGER leans towards Anthony and Neve.

PASSENGER  
The pilot is going into the baggage  
compartment. They're not saying  
why. Trying to fix something.

Roche turns back into the galley but pauses when he sees-- Attendant Nasser entering with -- COLIN RUDOLPH, an aging professional, and his young son, BRANDON.

ATTENDANT NASSER  
Sir, I'm sorry, but this man has  
been trying to get down below for  
an hour.

COLIN  
My son's dog. She's in a kennel.  
I want to go find her.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
You're kidding. Absolutely not.

COLIN  
Please, you don't understand, she's  
not just a dog.

CUT TO:

**NOAH FILMING - CONTINUOUS**

Egan shoves by Noah. We see Neve and Anthony across the way.

EGAN  
You're gonna help that asshole?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (O.S.)  
(narrates)  
Mad crazy. Guy is going berserk.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
No. No one else is going below.  
(to Colin)  
Sir, please understand, I have no idea what conditions I'm going to find down there -- there is damage to the fuselage. You want me to let you risk your life for a dog.

Brandon cowers behind his father's leg.

COLIN  
I'm trying to explain... my son lost his mother last year. I got Jessie as a puppy before she died. It's not just a pet to my son. I... don't want to complicate things, but I beg you, let me look.

One of the passengers near Noah, an ENGINEER, speaks.

ENGINEER  
Mr., captain. It's been 30 minutes since you guys talked to us. You said the plane was under control, the danger was over, and now we hear you saying that's not true.

EGAN  
You can't steer! You lied!

Brian steps protectively in front of Roche.

ATTENDANT BRIAN  
Gentleman, the first officer told you what he knows. We're not going to tell you anything more here, not like this. Step away, sit down.

CUT TO:

**NEVE FILMING - CONTINUOUS**

Neve PANS towards coach. Several passengers stand in their seats, craning their necks to see towards the commotion.

ENGINEER (O.S.)  
Let us help. That's all I want.  
I'm an engineer. Him too.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ENGINEER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (points to a passenger)  
 Not aerospace, but similar systems.

Roche glances between the ENGINEER and the open access port.

HAWAIIAN PASSENGER  
 Explain this to us. What is the  
 hydraulic system? What's broken?  
 Tell us what you're repairing.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
 Can you tell us what our odds are?

PAN to Anthony. Roche, on guard, eyes the men. Then grabs a  
 flashlight, leans into the open access port.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
 I need to get down there and look.  
 I'll make an announcement in a few  
 minutes. For now, sit down, wait.

COLIN  
 Sir. My dog. Let me come.

EGAN  
 Let us help! You don't understand  
 what it feels like!  
 (honest)  
 I can't go down without a fight.

Roche stands back up. This note seems to land with him.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
I'm doing the fighting. Trust me.  
 Please. Let me go. I'm going to  
 save lives.

No one else speaks. Roche takes a long look at Colin and  
 his son. He sits by the access port and climbs down.

Brian faces the group.

ATTENDANT BRIAN  
 We're going to fix the airplane.  
 We're going to land safely. Want  
 to help? Go back to your seats and  
 reassure everyone else.

Neve films Anthony -- he is confused and sour.

Colin's son, Brandon, whimpers on his father's hip.

The camera shakes. Neve PANS down to a LATINO WOMAN,  
 leaning from a window seat, tugging on Neve's sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LATINO WOMAN

*No entiendo.* Please, what he say?

The woman's SON, in the aisle seat, tugs on Neve's shirt.

SON

Can you ask them to pass out food?

ANTHONY (O.S.)

(angry)

I can't deal with this.

PAN to Anthony. He waves Neve to follow, heads rearward.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)

Hey, excuse me, you. You, filming.

PAN to Brian, poking part way out of the access port.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(down into the hole)

Would a small video camera work?

(to Neve)

We're having trouble seeing past debris. Can we borrow your camera?

Anthony, heading back through coach, waves Neve to join.

**INT. AFT BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - BRIAN FILMING**

Image is too dark to see. Only a few lights glow on distant panels. Brian's teeth chatter.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)

Shit, it's cold.

A flashlight swings across columns of baggage containers. The flashlight aims at the camera burning a lens flare.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE

Did you get it? Come on.

The flashlight swings away leaving blackness.

Click. The camera goes into ZERO-LUX MODE.

The image is green but discernible. Suitcases have fallen out of containers. Towards the rear, it seems the whole ceiling has caved in.

Brian hurries after Roche. The noise of rushing wind and creaking metal grows loud near the fuselage rupture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian PANS to the spilled contents of suitcases. Clothing, jewelry, toiletries, condoms.

Suddenly, muffled whining. A DOG'S BARK. Brian freezes.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)  
Hello? Here, puppy. Jessie?

'Bark.' Brian throws opens the protective screen of a luggage container to reveal -- a BLONDE LABRADOR, pacing in her kennel. She hurries to Brian, her tail wagging.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (O.S.)  
Brian, I need you. Now!

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)  
Shit. Shit.

**INT. REAR GALLEY - NEVE FILMING**

Neve walks around the bulkhead (very rear of the aircraft) BEHIND the damaged zone. This area is deserted. (The rear galley protrudes 10 feet into the tail cone of the plane.)

Anthony is in the galley, opening up carts and ovens.

ANTHONY  
(to Neve)  
Is that my camera?

NEVE (O.S.)  
I can't believe you're doing this.

ANTHONY  
I can't believe no one else has.

A moment.

NEVE (O.S.)  
Need help?

Anthony smiles. He pulls out two trays of tin foil-wrapped entrees, and holds them out towards Neve.

ANTHONY  
Chicken or beef?

**INT. REAR GALLEY - NOAH FILMING**

Noah arrives at the rear galley. Anthony and Neve appear in the aisle, carrying trays of entrees. Neve pauses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (O.S.)  
 Alright! Fuckin' Robin Hood.

Neve winks as she passes. Noah PANS with her to -- Birch in the aisle on the far side of the damaged zone. Neve pauses.

Birch reaches across the twisted metal and gaping hole.

BIRCH  
 Hand the food across.

Neve, surprised and grateful, hands the tray to Birch and he turns to face -- Amir. Now Birch is worried.

AMIR  
 I'll take it. Keep it coming.

Everyone is helping. Grant joins. Egan and the Hawaiian passenger approach, climb carefully over the damaged area, and form a bucket-brigade line. Trays surf over the seats, passengers passing them over their heads, all the way up.

A passenger claps excitedly. Another eats voraciously.

**INT. AFT BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT - BRIAN FILMING**

Camera turns on accidentally as it 'bangs' against metal.

We see Roche lifting the labrador towards the lens. The camera is hanging on Brian's shoulder -- he is half-way up the ladder that ascends into the mid-galley.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)  
 She's a cute dog.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
 Focus. Get her topside.

**INT. STARBOARD AISLE - NOAH FILMING**

Noah runs to keep pace with Brandon. The boy pushes through the mid-galley curtain to find-

Brian, head popping out of the access port, with Jessie, the dog, panting.

Brandon leaps, ecstatic, tears on his cheeks. Colin pushes past Noah to join his son. Brian shares a nod with Colin.

PAN to Latino woman on the aisle, hands folded, praying, as she sees Brandon and his dog, breaks down in tears.



CONTINUED:

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (O.S.)  
That roll of duct tape on my belt?

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)  
What about it? You're kidding --  
duct tape? (beat) How big of a hole  
can you patch?

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (O.S.)  
Brian, I don't know-

Roche stops mid-sentence, because of what he sees through the camera -- THREE METAL PIPES spray a fine liquid mist. And the rest of the hydraulic lines on the far side of the hole -- are eight feet away.

Roche's hand comes into frame, reaching towards the severed lines. Some shuffling as he gets closer-

Snap -- the camera jars, bangs against metal and Roche-  
Slips through the hole.

SOUND IS MUTED BY THE COLLISION. The camera hangs, filming only sky below, clouds and moon. SOUND RETURNS.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)  
-I got you! Hold on!

Roche edges back into the baggage compartment. The camera films the floor. It films the hole.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh God, oh Jesus. Are you okay?

Roche ZOOMS out, PANS to Brian.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?!

Roche hands Brian the camera. It films Roche's legs.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (O.S.)  
Take the camera back.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)  
Are you hurt? What happened? Did  
you see the hydraulic lines?

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (O.S.)  
I found them. I need you to get a  
pipe, or a... I need a -- fuck!

PAN up to Roche, hand on his hip, demoralized.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (CONT'D)  
 We need to find a mechanic and a  
 welding kit. We need a new plane.

**INT. REAR COACH CABIN - NOAH FILMING**

Noah stands in the aisle with Egan and the Hawaiian, moving  
 trays of food forward.

PAN to -- stuck passenger Tom Cloud. Noah tries to film  
 Tom through gaps between the hanging blankets.

NOAH (O.S.)  
 Did they cut his legs off?

HAWAIIAN PASSENGER  
 You didn't hear? The guy wouldn't  
 let them operate. Won't give up  
 his legs. (beat) They told him he  
 can't survive the landing there.

Camera is bumped -- by chief attendant passing by, upset.

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
 (to Noah and Hawaiian)  
 Get back to your seats.

Chief attendant throws an angry glare at Helena across the  
 cabin, as she arrives at the edge of the torn aisle. She  
 grabs Grant and pulls him away. Passengers on the other  
 side of the damaged zone freeze when they see her.

Neve and Anthony round the corner of the bulkhead, and stop.

NEVE  
 (lifts a bag of rolls)  
 This is the last of it.

Helena climbs over passengers to join the chief attendant.

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
 (to Helena)  
 Have you lost your mind?

ATTENDANT HELENA  
 Passengers are hungry. We can't  
 get carts through. This was the  
 right thing to do.

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
 It was an idiotic thing to do --  
 damn it, Helena. (beat) Start  
 collecting service ware.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Seat these passengers. Don't let  
anyone near the damaged zone again.

Anthony and Neve share a sorrowful look with Helena.

NEVE  
(mouths to Helena)  
Thank you.

**INT. STARBOARD SIDE OF MID-GALLEY - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Roche climbing back into the galley as Brian replaces the access-port cover. Across the galley, Egan, Noah, and the Hawaiian passenger gather.

PAN to coach -- passengers quietly whisper to each other. Even flight attendants seem eager for the first officer's report. PAN to Roche, with a deep frown.

EGAN  
(incredulous)  
You said you could repair it.

**INT. MID-GALLEY - A MOMENT LATER - NEVE FILMING**

Roche, upset, holds the mid-galley P.A. phone to his mouth.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
(on the P.A.)  
Can everyone hear me? My name is  
Garret Roche, I am the first  
officer. The condition of our  
aircraft has... deteriorated.  
There is a problem with one of our  
systems that it seemed we could  
fix, but it turns out... the damage  
was worse than we expected.

Murmurs from the passengers. Some gasps.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (CONT'D)  
In under two hours we are going to  
arrive over Los Angeles and we are  
going to land. This landing...  
will be hard. This is going to be  
a significant event.

Grant closes his eyes.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (CONT'D)  
I want you to know, there are many  
people out there helping us now.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (CONT'D)

We have two American Airlines flights shadowing us. We have the United States Coast Guard lining up ships across the ocean. Legions of emergency personnel are gathering at LAX, waiting. Your families... are all being notified.

Helena backs into the mid-galley, her worries building.

A PASSENGER runs up the aisle, bumps Neve, tries to apologize as he hurries into the lavatory to vomit.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (CONT'D)

What I want to say, what I need all of you to understand is that however we come down -- we can survive this. Even if it's bad. You won't be going from 200 MPH to a stand still instantaneously, it doesn't work like that. You have the whole airplane between you and the ground. You see, look, the body, the human body, can withstand 15, 20 sustained Gs. Two hundred MPH to zero, that is probably a 100 times normal gravity, sure. But break off the landing gear first, and you've just diverted 10 Gs from your body. Crush the baggage compartment and there goes another 30. That seat beneath you can withstand over 50 times your normal weight. Wear a seatbelt, brace yourself, put a pillow and blanket in front of you, and you will live. Erase any notion of what you think a plane crash is like. You are in control. Don't start a stampede when you exit. Stay below any smoke in the cabin. Don't spend these next two hours in fear -- spend them doing everything humanly possible to live, and you will.

A young BLACK WOMAN in coach speaks up.

BLACK WOMAN (B.G.)

So wear our seatbelts, that's it?

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE

No, no, it's everything I'm saying. Want more? Take off your high heels -- just break the heels off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (CONT'D)  
Get anything sharp away from you --  
keys, glasses. Use your brain,  
maintain order. Work together.

BLACK WOMAN (B.G.)  
What about sitting over the wing?  
They're going to blow up, right?  
All the first class passengers are  
gonna make it, that's how it works?  
Why don't you move us all up front?

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
You're wrong, completely wrong. If  
anything, the area around the wing  
is the most structurally sound.  
Where is it safest? It doesn't  
matter. Don't start doing that to  
yourself. The safest seat could be  
anywhere.

A TEENAGER yells from coach.

TEENAGER (B.G.)  
Why don't we just jump out when we  
get low?

PASSENGER 4  
Cause you're at 200 miles per hour.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
(without P.A.)  
What did I just say about spreading  
the G load?

HAWAIIAN PASSENGER (B.G.)  
Why not ditch, huh? That water  
looks mighty soft right now.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
We can't ditch. Ever do a belly  
flop -- then you know the reason  
why. The impact will be no less,  
and in 50 degree water we'll all be  
in too much shock to swim.

No one speaks. An INJURED MAN in business class grabs the  
first officer. Neve ZOOMS. Man points at his mangled leg.

INJURED MAN  
(unintelligible, then)  
-I don't think I can walk.

Roche looks over the injured. Neve PANS -- rows of  
bloodied victims. Roche grips the injured man's forearm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
 (yells without P.A.)  
 There are injured men and women up  
 front. Some can't walk. Who will  
 help the injured out of this plane?

PASSENGER 5 (O.S.)  
 Like fuck I will.

Neve PANS to PASSENGER 5, a dissenter, staring blankly.  
 But then -- a hand comes up a few rows back. Another hand.  
 Passenger 5 looks back with surprise as more hands rise.  
 Roche turns to the chief attendant in the mid-galley.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
 Get them ready for this.

ANTHONY  
 Sir, I need to hear you say it.  
 Our odds. What are they? Truth.

Roche pauses, looks up at the ceiling, as if to God. Then-

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
 I've trained for this all my life.  
 That's the truth.

**INT. MID-GALLEY PORT AISLE - NEVE FILMING**

Neve sits on the aisle floor while Anthony stands in front  
 of her. She ZOOMS IN on two ORTHODOX JEWS standing at  
 their seats, davening, holding tefillin to their foreheads.

Neve films a WOMAN. She lifts a carrot from a food tray to  
 her mouth, delicately, savors it.

Anthony slides down the wall and sits in front of Neve.

**INT. NOAH AND COOT'S SEAT - NOAH FILMING**

Noah films Coot digging through his backpack to find-  
 A BAG OF BROWNIES. He takes one for himself, looks at Noah.

NOAH (O.S.)  
 For real? Now?

COOT  
 Why not. Want one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOAH (O.S.)

Uh... yeah.

Noah puts the camera on the tray table -- it films the window and a bit of Coot as Coot devours a brownie.

Coot looks into the lens.

COOT

Still recordin', you know. (beat)  
Noah. Can you be honest... why  
you, Geoff, and Bishop always  
makin' fun of me for filming?

NOAH (O.S.)

We don't make fun of you.

(Coot, insistent)

We don't. (beat) Shit, so we tease,  
so what? It don't matter now.

COOT

Still does to me. Always did.

Silence. Coot, unsatisfied.

BUSINESSMAN PASSENGER (O.S.)

Hey, kids.

PAN to BUSINESSMAN PASSENGER across the aisle, he leans surreptitiously towards Noah.

PASSENGER

I, uh... those brownies look a lot  
better than the ones with the  
airline meal. Am I right? (beat)  
You got extra? I'll pay.

**INT. CORD AND JIM'S SEATS - JIM FILMING**

Jim films the chief attendant speaking on the P.A. Other attendants hold up seatbelt demonstrators and life-vests.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (P.A.)

-if you know what to expect, this  
evacuation will run like clockwork.  
We're going to prepare you for  
every possibility, every type of  
landing. I want to begin with  
seatbelts. Your seatbelt is going  
to make the difference today.

PAN to Cord, looking rearward as chief attendant continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim turns to film MATTHEW, and wife, JESSICA, 30s, a perfectly-kempt couple sitting in the row behind them.

JESSICA

-I think we have to. You sit in the back-right, and me in the front-left, or the other way around.

MATTHEW

No. Absolutely not.

JESSICA

Give them a fighting chance, Matt.

MATTHEW

Didn't you hear, it doesn't make a difference where we sit-

JESSICA

(interrupting)

Exactly, it's random. If we split up, we double the odds that one of us lives. We give the kids... a chance to still have one parent.

MATTHEW

This is crazy. We should've taken different flights.

Jim PANS to Cord, troubled by the couple's conversation.

Jim PANS down to Terri and Bernard. Terri buttons Bernard's shirt, and straightens his collar.

CORD (O.S.)

(re: parents a row back)

Are you listening to them?

PAN back to Cord. Cord looks down at his own hands.

CORD (CONT'D)

I don't understand how much of a fight we're supposed to put up. I'm not about to start trading seats, I'll tell you that.

(troubled)

I don't know. We had a pretty good day today. Maybe that's enough-

JIM (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Cord, I want to go home. I want to see Brooke again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORD

I'm only talking for myself. Sorry if you don't want to hear it. I can't express how strongly I'm feeling this now. There was a reason I survived last fall, that's all I know. Never been more sure. I've had my second chance.

JIM (O.S.)

Bullshit. Bullshit, Cord -- people need you, your family needs you. You sure as hell better fight.

CORD

My family doesn't need me, that's the point, not financially. Look at all we've done this year, my God, I've had my second chance.

Cord is in a different place. Jim leaves it at that.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (P.A.)

If you wear glasses, take them off. Even if you're blind without, they must come off. Believe us, there is nothing to see during the actual landing that justifies what they might do to your eyes.

Cord takes off his glasses, puts them in his jacket pocket.

**INT. MID-GALLEY JUMP SEATS - ANTHONY FILMING**

Anthony films Neve (mid-galley jump seat) as Helena hands her baby Brienne and a bottle. Neve nudges the bottle, rocks Brienne back and forth, and reflexively turns maternal.

Anthony ZOOMS IN on Neve, a glint in her eye.

**INT. MID-GALLEY PORT AISLE - ANTHONY FILMING**

Baby is gone. Anthony and Neve are in their jump seats. Neve's YELLOW PELICAN CASE is on the floor between them. Camera electronics fill the foam padded interior.

NEVE

I'm sure about it. The case is bombproof, that's why I use it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY (O.S.)

I think... you should go first.  
It's your idea. You leave the  
first message.

NEVE

Wouldn't know where to start.  
(beat) Not yet. I don't know how  
to say goodbye.

A moment. Neve takes the camera and turns it on Anthony.

ANTHONY

God, this feels forced. (beat) I  
know who I need to say it to --  
Mom, Santi, Duke.

(into the camera)

I mean, you know, if you guys see  
this, you know how I feel, it's not  
like I haven't said it before. I'd  
say it again, maybe. (beat) I wish  
you were here. Wait, no I don't.  
I wish I wasn't here. I'm glad  
you're not here. Jesus.

(looks to Neve)

This is harder than I thought.

Anthony notices a DVD in Neve's case. The cover reads:

DIFFERENT FRAMES  
THE WHITNEY MUSEUM, 2005

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Is this... the Whitney show?

A moment.

NEVE (O.S.)

I have a DVD player. I mean... if  
you wanted. It's only 20 minutes.

ANTHONY

Weird. Twenty minutes feels like a  
life time right now.

(stands up)

I'm going to pass my camera around,  
let people know we can protect the  
tape. I saw a few others with  
cameras, I'll offer them the case  
for their tapes in as well. This  
is important.

Neve PANS to Helena, watching them. Helena looks away.

**INT. STARBOARD SIDE OF COACH CABIN - UNKNOWN OPERATOR**

An gray-haired VIETNAMESE MAN films himself. A young COLLEGE STUDENT leans in.

COLLEGE STUDENT

If there is someone you want to leave a message for -- that's what they said. They're going to protect the tape. Pass the camera when you're done.

The Vietnamese man films himself again. A moment passes. And he turns it off. Nothing said.

**INT. PORT SIDE OF COACH CABIN - RHODA TANGIR FILMING**

RHODA, a Long Islander, films a CLOSE UP of the New York Times Magazine crossword puzzle, filled out.

RHODA (O.S.)

My name is Rhoda Tangir. This is last Sunday's New York Times crossword. I got every single one.

**INT. REAR-GALLEY - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Helena, the two of them alone, behind the rear bulkhead. Helena has been crying.

ATTENDANT HELENA

(torn up)

Are you sure about your case?

NEVE (O.S.)

If I could crawl in it, I would.

Helena grimaces. Nods. A moment.

ATTENDANT HELENA

Is it going?

(looks into the lens)

Alright, this is for Morgan and Anna Kohl, their phone number is (203) \*\*\*-1943. I pray you get this. (beat) I know, in all of my time, in everything I've done, I've been headstrong. Bungy jumped off a bridge. Twice. God knows there is nothing that scares me when I go scuba diving -- except...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT HELENA (CONT'D)  
 the one thing I am afraid of when  
 I'm underwater, it's the same thing  
 I am afraid of every time I go to  
 work. And I am horrified of it  
 now. It's not me, Mom, Dad. It's  
 you. I'm OK now, I'm fine. But I  
 can't bare to think about how hard-  
 (holding back tears)  
 How hard this is going to be for  
 you. You don't deserve it. Just  
 know that I love you. With all of  
 my heart. And that I always have.  
 Don't ever worry about me.

Helena closes her eyes, drifts off. She nods.

ATTENDANT HELENA (CONT'D)  
 (to Neve)  
 Protect this tape. I'm grateful.

**INT. COACH CABIN - UNKNOWN OPERATOR**

An unknown camera operator (front, coach) films a TEENAGE BOY with long hair lighting a cigarette. His MOTHER tries to grab it out of his mouth.

MOTHER  
 What are you doing?!

LONG HAIREd TEENAGER  
 What does it look like?

MOTHER  
 Who told you, you could smoke?  
 (surprised)  
 Since when did you start smoking?!

LONG HAIREd TEENAGER  
 Does it matter? We're gonna die.

MOTHER  
Ben. Put it out.

A CHINESE MAN across the aisle nudges the teen. Teenager hands him a cigarette too. Two other PASSENGERS light up.

Mother looks to Nasser and Brian across the cabin, watching. The two attendants shrug -- *what can we do?*

**INT. COACH CABIN - COOT FILMING**

Noah hands a BROWNIE to a HOUSEWIFE crouching beside him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Businessman across the aisle and seemingly every passenger around them is stoned. Noah takes another bite.

BUSINESSMAN PASSENGER  
(holding back laughter)  
Maybe the captain wants a brownie?

Nearby passengers laugh.

COOT (O.S.)  
I gave him one when we boarded.

Businessman and Noah turn serious, face Coot in horror. Then -- they break out laughing again.

COOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Pilots have been high as a kite  
this whole flight!

The group is uproarious.

Suddenly, one of the ORTHODOX JEWS arrives beside Noah.

ORTHODOX JEW  
(waves the camera away)  
Gentlemen, I've heard... you have a  
special desert for sale.

Awkward silence -- then more laughter, Noah snorts brownie out his nose, rolls his head back. Coot hands Jew a brownie.

NOAH  
(winks at Coot)  
Hey, Coot... you're cool.

**INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films in first class -- first time we have visited. And we find it a stark contrast to coach. The seats are filled, but it is spacious. The passengers are calm.

Neve films a thick Greek man, KRIS COOSH, 58, a receding line of thin white hair.

KRIS  
Do I... How do I...

NEVE  
Say who this is for.

KRIS  
Son. My first son, Daniel Coosh,  
or I guess Daniel Boohram now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEVE

Okay, leave a message. Just talk.

KRIS

Sure, of course. Daniel, I want you to know... you have always surprised me. And sometimes, sometimes you'd surprise me, and I would yell. And I want you to see that my yelling, our fighting, it was not out of anger, it was to prepare you. For this, for today, for whatever is about to happen. And now, what can I say? It's yours, Danny, the company is yours. It would've been your brother's, but... just remember, remember... everything. Don't buy from Colonel Fittings. Don't sell the land, it's worth more than the inventory. Trust Art. Let him handle the accounts. Don't think you know more, you don't. Jesus, Daniel, I don't know what to say. Don't fuck up. I worked my entire life to get us where we are, I swear. If, if for some God forsaken reason you ever need to get into the deposit box, if Art isn't there, the combo is... the combo is... it's...  
 (silence, jaw dropped)  
 My God. I can't remember.

**INT. MIDDLE COACH CABIN - VARIOUS OPERATORS - MONTAGE**

This sequence is explicitly edited as it progresses from passenger to image to moment to thought.

Jim films Bernard and Terri by his feet. Bernard is pale.

BERNARD

The trick with the ficus... don't water it more than once a week.

A woman PASSENGER captures her iPhone -- playing a slide show of her and a man on a beach. She PANS to that same MAN next to her, watching with tears.

Tom Cloud, the pinned passenger in back, takes deep breaths. Amir wipes Tom's nose.

A series of passengers film themselves, each of them SPEAKS HIS OR HER NAME, and nods, or sobs, or smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD (CONT'D)

The fern upstate, it needs to be moved away from the heater. I was planning to do it.

Neve stares into her camera, wanting to speak, but unable.

Coot films Noah as he stuffs blankets through the seams in the seatback upholstery in front of him to add cushioning.

Neve, still filming herself, quickly PANS to -- a dragonfly. The majestic insect hovers in front of Neve. She reaches out, amazed... and it sprints off.

BERNARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You remember when we got the fern, I was afraid we had the apartment too cold. We always keep it so cold. Your mom hates the cold. It's how I stopped her from moving in with us. Shh, that's my secret.

Terri briefly smiles.

Coot films Noah as he rips off his tray table, stuffs that area with blankets as well.

A PASSENGER, 20s, films himself tearing down the lavatory SMOKE DETECTOR beside the 'NO TAMPERING' sign. He grins.

Chief attendant and Helena in the mid-galley, discreetly filmed from afar. Chief attendant offers -- a CIGARETTE to Helena. Helena, surprised, shakes her head.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Give your mom a hug for me, Terri. Will you? (beat) Do you know how beautiful you look right now?

Terri strokes the side of Bernard's face.

Chief attendant and Helena in the mid-galley again, Helena offers a one-ounce bottle of GIN. Chief attendant looks around guiltily -- takes a swig.

**INT. FRONT OF BUSINESS CLASS - JIM FILMING**

Jim films Bernard and Terri at his feet. Bernard is not breathing -- lips turn blue. Doctor Amir is by their side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRI

Bernard. Bernard, open your eyes.  
 (to Amir)  
 Help him. Keep him alive!

AMIR

Ma'am...

Terri grabs Bernard's collar. With sudden vigor, she jumps on her husband, pinches his nose, breathes into his lungs.

AMIR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ma'am, he's hypofusive. He needs blood. CPR won't keep him alive.

Terri pounds his chest. No movement. Therese approaches. Terri shakes Bernard, tears drip down her cheeks.

Terri looks up at Therese. Terri sits back.

AMIR (CONT'D)

I wish I could do more. I'm helpless on this plane. Let him go in peace.

Terri faces her husband and -- kisses Bernard on his lips.

TERRI

Find a priest.

**INT. BUSINESS CLASS CABIN - NEVE FILMING**

Neve follows behind Anthony as he races into first class.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Whoa! Both of you. What is this?

NEVE (O.S.)

Anthony, she's up front, front row.

Entering first class, Neve points to-

Robbie, the woman Anthony traded seats with, now in the very front row. Anthony leaps over passengers to reach her, wraps her in his arms. She lightly grips his back, confused.

ANTHONY

Remember me?!

Passengers stare. Chief attendant arrives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You took my seat -- you were in the back of the plane. You were sitting in the row of seats that fell out the bottom of the plane!

ROBBIE

I was... in the lavatory.

Anthony looks back at Neve, cannot hide his smile.

ANTHONY

The lavatory. (beat) The lavatory!  
(hugs Robbie again)  
Thank you.

**INT. MID-GALLEY JUMP SEATS - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Anthony, twisted around in his jump seat to face her, chin on top of the seatback, smiling -- a sort of euphoria in misery.

**INT. REAR COACH CABIN - NEVE FILMING**

Neve's camera rolls as Birch helps her into the damaged zone, through the hanging maroon blankets, to reveal-

Tom Cloud. High on pain killers, debris bending his legs impossibly backwards, struggling to stay conscious.

TOM CLOUD

So... you'll film me?

NEVE (O.S.)

I was told you asked.

TOM CLOUD

(looks Neve over)  
I asked for a camera. Didn't care whose. Let's do it. Ready?  
(clears his throat)  
I'm a vet. Iraq.  
(closes his eyes)  
Shit, it's like you're my priest.  
I've never shared this-

Tom's heart stutters. He takes a series of short breaths.

Neve reaches worriedly for him -- his eyes shoot open, piercing blue, looking right into the lens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM CLOUD (CONT'D)

The family this message is for... I only met once. When I told them... their son was dead. (beat) We flew together. Little birds. Attack helicopters. Mark Ander... Mark was my pilot. It was unbelievable below, ground fire everywhere. When we crashed, we hit hard. Middle of Anbar. Middle of hell. Broke my arms. Mark's legs... God. Looked something like mine now.

(wipes his nose)

I pulled him to the reeds, as far as I could. One night went by. No rescue. Our guys couldn't find us. Mark couldn't move. I decided -- we decided... I'd head out on foot. When I left... Mark was alive. He was alive. He had MREs. And water. And his sidearm.

(begins to choke up)

Two days through the desert. Found the Iraqi Army. One measly unit. On foot. Only way out was to hump. I was so scared. I -- I wanted to live. I couldn't go back in. I told them... Mark was dead.

Tom is lost in another place. He closes his eyes

TOM CLOUD (CONT'D)

Thought I'd be exposed. Expected a life sentence. They gave me a medal instead. (beat) I got my punishment. Four years worth. Not enough.

(to Neve)

It's not that I want my legs so bad. It's not a manhood thing. I know... I know what's going to happen to me here, no matter what the landing is like. (beat) There. I said it. Now go.

**INT. REAR-GALLEY - GRANT FILMING**

Grant, against the rear-galley wall (behind the damaged zone) films himself. He has trouble looking at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Okay, this part is for Emily, you guys shouldn't watch it, it's... personal. Emily, if I-

Grant looks to the side, stops mid-sentence. PAN to Neve.

NEVE

I'm sorry. (beat) That's funny. I came back to do the same thing. (beat) I'll go.

GRANT (O.S.)

No, I shouldn't be here. I'll go.

PAN down to the floor.

NEVE (O.S.)

Who's Emily, Grant? A girlfriend-

GRANT (O.S.)

(interrupting)  
Ow, crap!

NEVE (O.S.)

What -- what'd I do-

Camera jostles. BLACK OUT.

**INT. REAR-GALLEY - A MOMENT LATER - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Grant. He crouches, holds his calf in pain.

GRANT

It's my fucking hamstring. Fuck. I pulled my hamstring in the race.

NEVE (O.S.)

Do you want me to get someone?

He shakes his head. Emotion has overtaken him.

GRANT

Why now? What is this?!

Grant pounds the wall. Neve waits for him to calm.

NEVE (O.S.)

How'd you do in the race?

A moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

I trained so hard, you have no idea. It's all I did. I lost my girlfriend because of it. (beat) I didn't make it halfway. I couldn't even get to the run. Went down mile 40 on the bike.

(sniffles)

I should've finished the race. I should've kept biking. I wanted to win. I owed that to Emily. I owed it to my father. (beat) I would've liked him to have see me place. Now I'll never get that chance.

NEVE (O.S.)

Grant. I have a daughter. She's 18 months. She hasn't run a marathon, she can barely walk. But I am utterly more astounded by her than any sprinter, any person I have ever met.

A moment. Grant looks at Neve.

GRANT

You're her mother.

NEVE (O.S.)

Exactly. And believe me, her speaking her first word will be as extraordinary an accomplishment in my eyes as any other thing she does with her life.

GRANT

But you're her mother.

NEVE (O.S.)

I love her. I love her. And it's not because she's good at something or she looks like something, it's because she is. And I know I sound like a mother now, but if you just realize that Emily and your mom and dad are all already amazed by you, then God knows why you feel you have more to prove. Cause no matter how many races you ever win, they will never be more impressed by you than they already are. And maybe you don't understand this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 There's nothing wrong with that --  
 I sure as hell didn't get it five  
 years ago, six months ago even.  
 But... you should trust me.

Grant shakes his head, dismayed.

GRANT  
 I don't know what it means when you  
 say your life is about something...  
 and you never pull it off.

**INT. FRONT OF BUSINESS CLASS - NEVE FILMING**

Neve (front of business class) is in the corner with  
 Anthony, Birch, Helena, and the chief attendant.

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
 (re: the camera)  
 You might want to just listen.  
 (camera jostles)  
 Alright. Bear with me. There's no  
 easy way to say this. (beat) We  
 don't have enough seats on the  
 plane. (beat) When we put you in  
 the crew jump seats, it was before  
 we had a full head count. The way  
 it works out, we need each of those  
 seats for our crew.

PAN to Helena, her head hung, almost guilt-ridden.

ATTENDANT HELENA  
 We need the entire cabin crew to  
 manage the evacuation.

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
 This is the plan. We are going to  
 immobilize each of you behind  
 bulkheads, wrapped in as many  
 pillows, blankets, and life vests  
 as we can gather. Effectively,  
 hopefully, it'll be like giant  
 airbags. But, you'll be without a  
 seatbelt. Depending on what the  
 landing is like... it's not ideal.

BIRCH  
 There are no seats? None?

A moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT HELENA

Each of us in the crew would  
sacrifice our seat if we could.

**INT. MID-GALLEY JUMP SEATS - NEVE FILMING**

Neve pokes through the mid-galley curtains to film Anthony sitting alone on the galley floor.

ANTHONY

I needed to be alone.  
(glances at Neve)  
But will you stay with me?

Neve sits across from him. Anthony beckons her closer. She places the camera on a shelf and sits by his side.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I'm thinking about things. About the leak beneath my sink. Who's going to cancel my cable service. A bottle of Greek wine in my fridge that I wanted to drink. There's a chance we're going to die. And there's a decent chance we might not. I don't know if we should be more scared without a seatbelt than anyone else on this plane.

(gaze drifts)

My Dad... there was one thing, just one thing I respect about what he's doing. It's weird, but I respect that he's not talking to us, to the family, if he's trying to make peace in himself. I mean, if he is really doing this, I respect that he's spending his last months quieting the voices in his head, letting go of the regrets inside. Lucky bastard has months to do it.

Neve rubs his knee. Anthony focuses on her hand.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I remember when my father first told me he was sick. I really tried to imagine what it felt like to be given a death sentence. Wondered, having to look back at regrets, would I have the *strength* to make peace, at least in myself. (beat) I got a lot of regrets.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

That's what I'm thinking. I don't even care about the seats.

NEVE

What regrets?

ANTHONY

You. (beat) The things I did wrong to you, Neve. Can't stop wishing we hadn't made some of the choices that... drove us apart.

(he feels distant)

It's hard to grasp that this is happening. My life is such a mess now, so much I'm in the middle of. For all of us. I don't know how we're supposed to sit here and resolve any of it. A thousand miles away from everyone else.

Neve takes Anthony's hand.

NEVE

I'm here.

(that gets his attention)

You should know something. When I think of you, even with all the pain we caused each other, I end up feeling good. And it means a lot to me that in your mind, Anthony... you and I are still a we. (beat) Maybe we can just both regret what we did, what we both did, a little less. It's amazing we're together now. At least we've had this.

Ball in Anthony's court. And he takes it-

He lifts Neve's hand and kisses the back.

Neve seems disappointed that was his only response.

ANTHONY

Could you imagine if instead of you on this plane, I was here with Kerry? We'd be talking about how unfair it was that he'll never be able to buy his new Mercedes.

Neve chuckles. She pulls her hand back, clenches a fist.

**INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - GRANT FILMING**

Grant films Helena, BECKONING HIM FORWARD.

In first class, Grant ZOOMS in on a business EXECUTIVE holding an EVACU-8 EMERGENCY SMOKE HOOD in a green soda-can size container. Someone's hand reaches in to hide the EVACU-8 device -- the EXECUTIVE'S PARTNER. Partner wags his finger back and forth, cautioning Grant.

Grant PANS across the aisle, to a pretty TEENAGE GIRL.

Grant continues through first class, films dejected attendant Holly is in a jump seat by the cockpit -- crying.

At the front-starboard cabin door, Grant films FIVE BODIES wrapped in blankets. A MAN sits next to one, holding hands with the shrouded victim.

Grant pans back to Helena, now at the COCKPIT DOOR.

GRANT (O.S.)  
Shouldn't you... put the deceased  
in seats?

ATTENDANT HELENA  
Whose seats?

**INT. COCKPIT - GRANT FILMING - PREDAWN**

The cockpit is another world. None of the creature comforts of the cabin. The instrument panel is a row of computer screens. Walls are covered with circuit breakers. Everything is bathed in red light.

Grant's father Condie is in the middle jump seat, handling the throttles. The two pilots wear otherworldly oxygen masks that wrap around their faces and necks. Condie is sweating, trying to split his attention between Grant and the controls.

Condie unbuckles his harness tentatively -- quickly grabs his son and hugs him tight.

CONDIE (O.S.)  
I'm worrying about you.

GRANT (O.S.)  
I'm fine, Dad.

The captain, JAY SHELLFIELD, 50s, looks back. Condie sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 (muffled by oxygen mask)  
 Your father is a good man. It was  
 our one stroke of luck that he was  
 onboard tonight.

GRANT (O.S.)  
 That's the first time I considered  
 us being here lucky, sir.

The captain chuckles.

CONDIE  
 The camera. Have you been filming?

GRANT (O.S.)  
 Uh, for a few minutes.

The captain and first officer look back one at a time.

GRANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I thought... if any of you wanted  
 to record messages... I thought,  
 Dad, maybe you'd want to say  
 something on the tape to Mom and  
 Megan. I already did.

No one responds.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 We heard-

ATC (O.S.)  
 Flight three-four-niner, say  
 altitude.

ATC audible over a speaker. Roche handles the radios.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
 Niner-thousand feet, three-four-  
 niner.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 We heard there were some cameras  
 going around. Passengers trying to  
 leave messages for their families.  
 You know, Grant, we've been given  
 an eternity here to prepare for an  
 off-airport landing. In an event  
 like this, the greatest gift you  
 can receive is time. The  
 passengers should know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
 (not too loud)  
 Everyone is trying to say goodbye.  
 What the hell do they think we're  
 doing up here?

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 Mr. Martin. Mr. Martin.

The plane is banking slightly. Condie's attention shifts.

CONDIE  
 Okay, up trim, half turn, shoot.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 Got it. Still banking, right, two  
 degrees, three degrees.

CONDIE  
 On it. I got it.

They watch their PFDs (instruments on computer screens) as  
 a miniature airplane banks incessantly.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 Condie, your son has to buckle up-

CONDIE  
 (interrupting)  
 Jay, standby. Down trim.

It seems the difficulties are greater than the pilots admit.  
 Grant films Shellfield, intensely focused.

GRANT (O.S.)  
 I was sort of wondering... why none  
 of you were trying to raise family  
 up on the radios. (beat) I've been  
 listening in back.

A moment.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 It wouldn't be appropriate.

CONDIE  
 Which part, Jay? Using the radios  
 to talk to our families? Or  
 suggesting we thought we needed to  
 talk to our families-

Suddenly sparks jump out from circuit breakers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
Shit, there they go.

Sparks zap Condie. He lets go of the throttles.

CONDIE  
Damn. Ow. Ow!

A SIREN blares. Grant grabs onto the jump seat. Roche pulls out a checklist.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
Galley bus switches off.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
Got it.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
AC bus tie 3 switch, isolate. I'm powering down generator 3. DC tie 1 switch close.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
DC tie 1 and DC X-tie switch close.

Condie hesitantly takes hold of the throttle quadrant.

CONDIE  
We're banking. I'm powering up engine three.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
More power, more power.

CONDIE  
I got it, got it... wait, shit.

Plane overbanks -- a cup of water on a shelf slides, topples over Condie. He barely reacts.

CONDIE (CONT'D)  
Alright, down on three, up on one.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
Opening DC tie three switch.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
Good, you have this.

CONDIE  
Half turn up trim.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
Roche, shut off that Goddamn siren.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
Pulling battery bus. Here I go.

BLACKOUT. Siren, off. But so are the lights. Only the purr of the engines. And a faint glow on the horizon.

CONDIE  
The sun is coming up.

A moment. There is some yelling from the cabin.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
Mr. Roche, what's going on?

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
I'm deploying the ADG now.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
No power.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
It's out. We should have power. I don't know. (beat) Try DC-X tie?

Suddenly, a few lights come on. Static from the radios.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE (CONT'D)  
Okay, we're back.

CONDIE  
Wow.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
Comm one is up. What do we got? Sixty amps. We can work with that.

FIRST OFFICER ROCHE  
Christ, this is mad. We couldn't program a simulator to have these many failures.

The captain clears his throat. Roche looks over at Grant. Shellfield checks his oxygen mask's connects to the wall.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
No more O<sub>2</sub>.

CONDIE  
I'm soaking wet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 (on the radio)  
 Pacific control, Atlas 349 heavy,  
 we just lost electrical. We are  
 operating on the ADG.

GRANT (O.S.)  
 (quietly)  
 Are we okay?

Condie looks back at Grant.

ATC (O.S.)  
 Atlas 349, copy that. Um... what  
 can we do for you, sir?

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD (O.S.)  
 We appreciate that, control. Um...  
 (looks at the others)  
 There does not seem to be further  
 assistance possible at this time.

There is a sense of shame in the cockpit.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me, Grant.  
 (takes off his mask)  
 Do you know about a case the  
 passengers are keeping videos in?

GRANT (O.S.)  
 I was going to put my tape in it.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 Would anybody...  
 (bows his head)  
 Gentlemen, I'd like to mention a  
 little something on the camera.  
 Would anybody like to do the same?

The captain looks to Roche. Roche shakes his head, no.

The captain turns to Condie.

CONDIE  
 Go ahead, Jay. I just want to  
 spend time with my son.

A moment. Captain takes the camera and places it on the  
 glareshield. We see Grant and Condie in the dim background.

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD  
 (hesitant)  
 I just want to say...  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD (CONT'D)  
 well whoever sees this, I would  
 like to address my family. My name  
 is Jay Shellfield. I want to tell  
 them, Julia, Gabe, Deb, everyone --  
 I don't know why this is happening.  
 It seems if God wanted to do away  
 with us, he would have already. He  
 isn't making his plans clear now.  
 We're going to fly this plane all  
 the way down. That's what we do.  
 It's why they still put men in the  
 front of these birds. I want you  
 to know the three of us did all  
 that three men humanly could. And  
 God will do the rest. And if so be  
 it, this is my goodbye, then I fill  
 these few seconds of tape with as  
 much love as a tape can hold. And  
 I pray it makes its way to you.

In the background, Condie pulls his son tight. The captain  
 turns around to see this

CAPTAIN SHELLFIELD (CONT'D)  
 Absurd. (beat) I shouldn't do this-

Captain turns the camera off.

**INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - PREDAWN - GRANT FILMING**

Grant uses green, zero-lux mode in the first class cabin.

Sitting against the wall, the pretty teenage girl he saw a  
 moment ago covers herself with a blanket. ZOOM in on-

PILLS in her hand. She cups TOO MANY BLUE CAPSULES.

The girl cries. Her neighbors ignore her. Then she sees  
 Grant and the camera.

Grant walks past, to the executive with the EVACU-8 hood.  
 Executive and his partner glance up at the lens.

GRANT (O.S.)  
 That was really smart, bringing a  
 smoke hood. You'll breathe.  
 Protect yourself from fire. Why  
 you? She needs hope too

Grant points to the teenage girl. Executives glare at Grant  
 in self-righteousness. Other passengers stare at the  
 executives with abrading scrutiny.

**INT. MID-GALLEY - NEVE FILMING - PREDAWN**

Anthony sits on the mid-galley floor, looking into the lens. Lights are off. Anthony is lit pale blue.

NEVE

Go ahead.

ANTHONY

(nods, heavy)

Herman... you've already been sick so long, you'd think we might have dealt with this by now. But, no. (beat) I'm coming to New York to say goodbye to you, Herman. Do you realize that? That's the reason I'm on this plane. You've caused so much pain, for all of us, the whole family, and now... I've given everything to try and make amends. Literally. (beat) I'm going to say now what I was coming to New York to say. Herman, even in your absence, you've helped make me who I am. The pain you caused helped mold me. It's a hard thing to admit, but I accept, even in rejecting you... you were my father. I only hope, in some way, you love me as your son. It's all I ever wanted. (beat) Okay, that's it. That's all I want to say. If there's a heaven, maybe I'll see you around, Dad.

(pauses, then to Neve)

Shit. And nothing feels resolved.

We hear attendant Brian call out from coach.

ATTENDANT BRIAN (O.S.)

We need flashlights for the doctors.

ANTHONY

Neve, the Whitney show... I'd like to watch it now.

NEVE (O.S.)

(surprised)

For real?

**INT. GRANT MARTIN'S SEAT - GRANT FILMING**

Grant braces his camera between his knees, filming himself from below as -- pretty teenage girl from first class appears in the aisle. Grant looks up.

The teenage girl holds out the EVACU-8 smoke hood.

PRETTY TEENAGE GIRL

I can't wear this.

(no response)

We're not going to make it. I know. I don't... want it to hurt.

I just want it to be over fast.

(offering the EVACU-8)

Please. Will you take this?

A moment passes before -- Grant shakes his head, no.

The girl, caught off guard, cries. She reaches out, presses her palm against Grant's face, just to touch him.

PRETTY TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)

In another life...

She leaves.

**INT. MID-GALLEY JUMP SEATS - DVD MONITOR - NEVE FILMING**

Neve ZOOMS in on the DVD monitor. (The video on the monitor is divided into two frames, both playing the same scene.)

NEVE (O.S.)

You know how this is constructed, right? It's two frames, one moves forward in time and the other backwards, both from the White Bar.

Neve PANS up to Anthony briefly. He focuses on the DVD.

Back on the DVD player, the art piece, recorded by Neve five years ago, begins with her and Anthony slow-dancing -- whilst the crowd in the pearl-white club goes wild to electronica.

Image cuts. Now on the left frame is the pair getting ready earlier that night. On the right is Anthony, drunkenly leading Neve onto the roof of the White Bar.

CUT TO:

**THE DVD FULL SCREEN - CONTINUOUS**

Actual video. We are no longer viewing through the camera.

On the left frame, a week earlier, Anthony cooks in their kitchen. Neve places the camera aside to record them both, as she kisses Anthony from behind.

We only hear the audio from the right frame, the White Bar roof. Neve and Anthony lie on a couch, New York skyline behind them, their legs entangled. Anthony looks younger with longer hair, watching Neve behind the camera.

NEVE (O.S.)

Why haven't you said this before?

ANTHONY

I don't know if I ever codified it for myself before.

NEVE (O.S.)

I just think you're wrong. I mean, you've never spent time around children. You can't just -- you can never just ignore them.

ANTHONY

That's not what I'm saying. I don't think I'd be irresponsible in taking care of a child. I'm saying, I don't think I am responsible enough, inherently, to commit on that level.

NEVE (O.S.)

On what level?

ANTHONY

On the level of *never being able to leave*. I don't think I could keep that implicit promise that I would always be there. Not in the sense that I would forget to change a diaper, but in that... I don't think there is anything inside of me to prevent my waking up one morning and starting a different life, just going away.

NEVE (O.S.)

I don't understand what you're talking about. Are you saying you could get up and leave me. Us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY

Neve, no, not like that. I am uncontrollably in love with you. That'll never change, I don't see how it could. But I know, and you do too, that stasis is not in my biology. And I know that's okay between you and I because we will change together and adapt. But a child needs stability. And I'm not saying this like it would be a conscious decision on my part. But this is my chemistry. I realize it now. And I could no sooner change that than I could my own DNA.

On the LEFT FRAME the kitchen kiss becomes more passionate. Neve pulls Anthony from the counter -- he drops his wet dishes onto the floor.

**MID-GALLEY JUMPSEATS - A MOMENT LATER - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films the monitor again. On the left frame now, Anthony and Neve film themselves on a roller coaster. Neve is grabbing Anthony's hand.

On the right frame, LONG SHOT of the pair eating dinner in their breakfast nook. Neve sips her soup. Anthony reads. No talking. Anthony looks at the camera, upset by it.

Left frame, Anthony and Neve kiss as the coaster peaks.

Left frame cuts, now in front of the ride, Anthony holds Neve lovingly as she vomits into a trash can.

PAN up to Anthony watching on the airplane. He closes his eyes, either ashamed by or longing for what he is seeing.

**THE DVD FULL SCREEN - CONTINUOUS**

Left frame, a montage of CLOSE UPS. Anthony and Neve in bed. Her eyes, his neck, her thigh, his hands.

In the right frame, Neve ZOOMS out from a package on the counter. Its return address reads-

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

Anthony faces the camera. Neve is visible in a mirror.

NEVE

I'm proud of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY

Let me open it first.

NEVE

You think they'd send a rejection letter that big?

There is tension in the air.

ANTHONY

You should put the camera away. We need to talk.

NEVE

Open it. This is exciting.

ANTHONY

Neve. Trust this was supposed to be. Whatever happens as a result... was supposed to be.

Beat.

NEVE

You're going to do it -- move to London? I mean you should do it.

Neve looks at herself in the mirror -- then repositions so she is no longer visible.

ANTHONY

Neve, enough. *The camera goes off when it begins to hurt.* Remember-

NEVE (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Well it hurts. Thank you. I don't think that will change with the camera off.

(emotional)

I wonder, Anthony... what it's going to be like, after being apart, to see each other again.

Anthony's stoic facade is crumbling.

ANTHONY

Decisive.

**INT. MID-GALLEY JUMP SEATS - NEVE FILMING**

Camera is set on an adjacent seat to film Anthony and a little of Neve. Anthony looks up from the DVD player.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY

We were young, weren't we? I was directed. Wasn't I?

NEVE

But look at you. You got where you were going. Got your degree, you're successful. You're helping people.

ANTHONY

(shakes his head)

Doesn't do it for me, not at all. I always thought it would. Until I realized it meant... I'd lose you. I missed us. I've missed us for four years, Neve. I never knew there could be so much passion. And then you were gone. There's never been passion like that again.

Neve takes his hand and presses it against her face.

NEVE

Maybe that was the problem. I think the passion glowed too hot. You never saw... the love that was there behind it. It was there. It would've kept us together.

Anthony swallows and closes his eyes.

ANTHONY

I was too directed when we were together. I missed what was right in front of me.

(opens his eyes)

I screwed up. Looked for happiness in all the wrong places. Happiness never depended on where I was trying to get. It depended on me getting there with you. I'm four years late in learning it, I know. But there it is. I grew up because of you, Neve. If I had it to do it over again, I'd rather have grown up with you.

A moment. He shakes his head, as if to dispel the mood.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Anyway, meaningless now, right? I had my chance. This is just...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
bad timing. Maybe it was enough I  
just finally apologize-

Anthony pauses, seems troubled, reaches out to Neve.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Neve... don't cry.

**INT. FRONT OF BUSINESS CLASS - PREDAWN - JIM FILMING**

Chief attendant gathers the other seven flight attendants in front of business cabin. Jim ZOOMS in.

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
Is everyone here? Alright. Slight change obviously. No power, that means no PA, and therefore no announcements from the cockpit. We're pushing everything forward, I don't want to rush this. We have just less than 30 minutes-

ATTENDANT BRIAN (B.G.)  
And we're not rushing it?

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
Everything is SOP from here, okay? No exceptions.

The chief attendant lifts a blue plastic whistle.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
This is in lieu of the brace command. I'm taking responsibility. You're going to hear it two times. First time, five short hoots, means five minutes left. Positions and cross-check. Second time, three long hoots, passengers brace.

**INT. BUSINESS CLASS LAVATORY - PREDAWN - NEVE FILMING**

Blackness.

NEVE (O.S.)  
She saw us come in here.

Scuffling and bumping -- suddenly, image turns green. The camera's INFRARED LIGHT reflects off a metallic surface.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
 Wait, no, keep the monitor open.  
 There is this amazing green glow  
 reflecting off your skin.

Camera shifts. Neve films Anthony in the lavatory, with her reflection in the mirror.

Anthony strokes her hair back. She swallows. Neve takes his hand, films his strong and adventure-worn fingers.

NEVE (O.S.)  
 I remember this hand. Know it so  
 well I could describe it with my  
 eyes closed.

Neve turns his hand over, caresses his pudgy palm.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
 Is this okay to be doing?

NEVE  
 Stop asking.

Instant response -- Anthony tosses the camera into the sink, 'bang,' and comes back into focus, canted, filming Neve and Anthony in the mirror.

NEVE (CONT'D)  
 You turned it off?

Anthony kisses Neve on the lips. It is like dipping their feet into water, testing.

ANTHONY  
 All the mistakes between us... I  
 wish we could fix them.

NEVE  
 What are the chances that you and I  
 somehow ended up in the same random  
 city, same airport, same flight,  
 this flight? There was a reason.

Neve leans back in, kisses again, more passionate. Intensifies. Deep and cathartic. Their bodies embrace. They twist and rotate within the tight walls.

ANTHONY  
 The same airport, the same flight,  
 this flight... it's our coincidence  
 to do with as we please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Neve lifts off her shirt, pulls Anthony to her. Her butt dips down into the sink. She bumps the camera. Camera off.

BLACKNESS.

**INT. NOAH AND COOT'S SEAT - SUNRISE - COOT FILMING**

Coot films a close up of his face, bent over. PAN to Noah also in CRASH POSITION. Flight attendants pass by.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)(VARIOUS)  
Good. Good. Head down.

Coot lifts the camera. Everyone's in coach is heads-down. Flight attendants in both aisles check brace positions.

Attendant Nasser approaches.

ATTENDANT NASSER  
(sternly)  
Head down. No more filming, get rid of that camera, you understand?

**INT. BUSINESS CLASS - NEVE FILMING**

Neve follows Anthony aft, filming injured passengers.

A man strapped to a back board, so he lies like an upright corpse against a reclined seat, pulls his belt tight, anxious, poorly secured.

ATTENDANT SANDRA (O.S.)  
No, no more bathrooms! Everyone hear that?! You cannot get out of your seats, there is no more time!

Several PASSENGERS hurry to look out the port-side windows.

PASSENGER  
Wow, will you look at that.

Anthony glances at the window. And then so does Neve.

ANTHONY  
Wow.

Outside -- two U.S. AIR FORCE F-16s fly in formation alongside. Fighter pilots salute the passengers on board.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
You two -- where were you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN to -- chief attendant at the mid-galley jump seats. We see Holly and another passenger are belted in where Anthony and Neve were seated.

**INT. FRONT OF BUSINESS CLASS - JIM FILMING**

Jim films Matthew and Jessica, the anxious parents a row back. They have tears in their eyes as Matthew gathers his things and attendant Brian implores him to hurry.

MATTHEW

I can't do this.

JESSICA

Matthew, we have to.

ATTENDANT BRIAN

Guys, decide. You have a woman in back waiting to move.

MATTHEW

I wouldn't even know how to get the kids to school without you.

Jessica bites her lip, trying not to smile, crying.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Jessica, I'm not leaving you. I won't survive without you.

JESSICA

The kids.

MATTHEW

It's random. Completely random. I'm not leaving you. I'm not dying alone.

Matthew grips Brian's arm appreciatively and sits back down. Jessica wipes away tears, hides her head against his chest.

**INT. PORT SIDE OF COACH CABIN - GRANT FILMING**

Grant films out the window. The sky is turning a shade of peach, thick with mist and sunlight. The Sierra Nevada mountains appear. Land, quickly moving closer.

GRANT (O.S.)

Wish we weren't there yet.

PAN to on Anthony and Neve by the mid-galley. The chief attendant fills their arms with blankets, pillows.

**INT. MID-GALLEY PORT AISLE - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films Brian as he arrives with multiple life-vests.

CHIEF ATTENDANT

Inflate the vests. Wrap yourself  
in as many layers as possible.  
Think Michelin Man. Do you  
understand? Are you ready-

ATTENDANT HELENA (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Nancy, stop this.

Helena arrives in the mid-galley, takes the pillows from  
Neve. Chief attendant grabs Helena's arm.

ATTENDANT HELENA (CONT'D)

I'm giving her my seat.

CHIEF ATTENDANT

Helena, no.

ATTENDANT HELENA

You can spare me in the evacuation.  
You'll have to.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Neve. Take the seat.

Neve PANS to Anthony

CUT TO:

**GRANT FILMING - CONTINUOUS**

Grant ZOOMS in on Neve, her camera now off, as Helena tries  
to pull her up the aisle. Neve holds onto Anthony, but  
Anthony forces her to let go.

The chief attendant argues with Helena (inaudible).

Holly stands up from her jump seat. Everyone pauses.  
Holly takes the blankets and padding from Anthony.

**INT. MID-GALLEY PORT AISLE - NEVE FILMING**

Neve films again. Holly is skittish, full of fear.

CHIEF ATTENDANT (O.S.)

(stern, almost desperate)

Holly, sit down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT HOLLY  
 (re: Anthony)  
 He deserves it more than I do. My  
 seat is open.

Brian and Nasser stand in the aisle watching this.

NEVE (O.S.)  
 Anthony, what are we doing?

Anthony gets Neve to look him in the eye.

ANTHONY  
 Go take a seat.

NEVE (O.S.)  
 What about you?  
 (to chief attendant)  
 How many attendants do you need?

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
All of them. The evacuation --  
 we'll have only minutes.

ANTHONY  
 Neve, I can't justify any sacrifice  
 for me. But you have Amy.

Anthony reaches for his padding back from Holly.

ATTENDANT HOLLY  
 They don't need me. I've been  
 benched. Take my seat, I beg you.  
 Let me have done something.

CHIEF ATTENDANT  
 Holly, if you'll do your job, we  
 need you.

Holly cries. Neve films Anthony. He takes back the  
 padding. He steps close to Neve, wraps her in his arms.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
 You're going to see Amy. You're  
 going to make it. (beat) I need to  
 get to the rear. I love you, Neve.

Anthony backs up, then turns away. We hear Neve sobbing.

Neve raises the camera as Anthony heads slowly down the  
 aisle. Helena and Holly watch with agony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEVE (O.S.)

Antho-  
(choked up)  
Anthony, wait.

Anthony stops, turns back to face Neve.

**INT. BUSINESS CLASS CABIN - JIM FILMING**

Jim films Terri, red eyes, holding Bernard's lifeless hand.

THERESE (O.S.)

(to Terri)  
They've been saving you the seat  
next to me. Come. It's time.

PAN to Therese in the aisle, reaching for her hand.

PAN to Cord as he pulls a pair of GLASSES from his pocket.

JIM (O.S.)

What are you doing. Are you going  
to wear those?

CORD

I think a man should have the right  
to see his own death.

**INT. GRANT MARTIN'S SEAT - GRANT FILMING**

Grant films two MEN, one row up, holding back emotion as they  
shake hands across the aisle.

PASSENGER (B.G.)

It's been good... really good.

The other man grips tighter.

Quick PAN up to Neve in the aisle.

NEVE

Grant, I can put your tape in the  
case now. (beat) You take care,  
okay, kid? You're a good one.

**INT. FRONT OF BUSINESS CLASS - COOT FILMING**

Noah pulls his seatbelt tight, looks into Coot's lens.

The airplane shakes. Suddenly, FIVE SHORT WHISTLES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOT (O.S.)  
Noah. See ya'.

Noah braces against the seat.

NOAH  
On the flip side.

**INT. REAR GALLEY - MORNING - NEVE FILMING**

Neve sits against the rear bulkhead filming herself, wears a life vest, her knees bent, breathing heavily.

Dozens of inflated vest, blankets, and pillows surround her forming a protective fort. SOUND OF ANOTHER INFLATION and a life preserver lands by her side.

The airplane vibrates and banks. The engines are erratic and frightening. The sound of the passengers is even more chilling, popping with screams and cries.

NEVE  
(to the camera)  
Amy, it's Mommy. Your mommy. I keep... keep trying to say this to you. Trying to express how much... indescribable love I have for you. But I haven't been able to find the words. I'm right now-

(looks at her watch)  
6:00 in the morning on August 22nd, trying to send you out into the world, saying goodbye, and you're only 18 months old. I don't know when you're going to see this. But if and when you do... I hope you understand me well enough to know that this video, this entire video, a million times more than anything I can say now, are my last words -- is what I want you to know of me, is who your mother was.

(pauses)  
There is something difficult that I have to share. Woman to woman. Something you may not understand until you grow up. Your father... is a wonderful and decent man. But there is another person who you need to know of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEVE (CONT'D)

There is a man who is a part of me,  
and because of that he is also,  
maybe not by blood but in so many  
other ways, he is part of who you  
are, and who you'll likely become.  
Amy, there is a reason this  
happened. A reason I'm here. And  
if you watch this too young you  
might hate me for saying it, but...  
you would never really have known  
your mother had I-  
(fights back tears)  
-had I not been on this plane.

Neve looks at the camera as if she were actually seeing her daughter. Neve kisses her hand and presses it against the lens, trying to touch Amy's face.

NEVE (CONT'D)

You're the greatest gift, Amy. I  
love you. Always.

Neve trembles. She looks at Anthony.

NEVE (CONT'D)

Okay.

Neve puts the camera by her feet.

Anthony finishes cocooning Neve, crouches beside her, leans her onto the pile of blankets and life vests, and then lies on top of her, gently pulling her into his arms.

They look in their eyes. The plane rattles.

NEVE (CONT'D)

What if one of us had not been on  
this plane?

Neve pulls him down so that his head is besides hers.

The airplane shakes violently. Camera slips across the floor so that we see Neve and Anthony and the cabin-door window by their feet.

The CITY can be seen outside as the airplane banks.

Neve looks up at the camera. She opens her PELICAN CASE.

NEVE (CONT'D)

I'm done.

**I/E. STARBOARD SIDE OF COACH CABIN - MORNING - COOT FILMING**

Coot holds the camera above his head, films forward. Three LONG WHISTLES, but everyone is already braced.

Terrain clearly visible out the windows. Helena straps herself into the mid-galley jump seat.

Plane rocks side to side as the engines rev frantically.

PASSENGER (O.S.)

Oh my God! Oh my God-

The passenger's screams are MUFFLED by a hand.

Colin's dog, Jessie, suddenly sprints down the aisle. Helena tires to grab her but too late -- Helena looks at Coot's camera.

The engines get quiet. An unbelievable stillness.

Helena closes her eyes as the airplane banks right.

Earth visible through the windows, as though the whole world is revolving around the long cabin.

COOT (O.S.)

Oh no-

**ROAR.**

This happens with unimaginable ferocity. Plane fragments rocket out at 200 MPH. Roof tears open, daylight pours in.

Somehow Coot manages to hold the camera as it slams against every surface.

The cabin turns vertical and then upside down.

Bodies are whipped around in their seats like rag dolls.

Noise becomes pure distortion.

Flames light up outside. Windows shatter. The floor rolls in waves and then breaks away. Seats vanish into the baggage compartment. The cabin walls splinter off. The entire coach section begins to peel away, and then suddenly -- the front of coach is gone. We see OUTSIDE.

And then in 30 seconds... stillness.

Only the semblance of a plane remains. Beyond a few rows of seats -- grass and the LAX Encounters restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flames and smoke suddenly fill the screen. Coot PANS to Noah, his face is plaster-white with blood dripping from his chin. He lets out an ENORMOUS SCREAM.

Coot stands, camera on its side. Smoke chokes the air.

COOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We gotta get out. Move!

Camera hits something -- off.

**EXT. LAX AIRPORT - MORNING - COOT FILMING**

Outside. Coot's camera captures the scene upside down as he runs away. Firefighters pour by. Smoke billows.

(The airplane lies in three semi-whole pieces spread across the LAX tarmac. The largest piece is from the wings to the tail, and its fire is the worst.)

Passengers stampede out. Some jumping 40 feet from holes on the side (now the top). The Hawaiian passenger runs by, his clothes in shreds.

**EXT. LAX AIRPORT - MORNING - CNN CAMERA**

A shaky image with the CNN logo on the bottom follows a FIREFIGHTER running towards the burning rear of the plane. Firefighter points at the camera.

FIREFIGHTER  
Get away! Get back!

We continue to watch from a distance.

The CNN camera captures Colin, bloodied, carrying his son.

The first class passenger wearing the EVACU-8 hood, walks slowly away from the wreck, his left side on fire. A firefighter throws him to the ground.

Matthew, of Matthew and Jessica, is outside of the plane trying to get back to it. Firefighters push him away.

Over the wings there is a hole that is now one of the better exits. Helena can be seen standing at that hole in billowing smoke, trying to help people out.

Grant appears in the hole, searches frantically as other passengers try to push their way out.

Suddenly Anthony appears in the hole, just briefly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An explosion. Airplane wing bends -- Helena topples out.

Firefighters back away from the rear of the plane now as the inferno spreads in mini-explosions. Giant robotic-looking fire trucks spray torrents of foam.

No one at the hole in the hull. It begins to cave in.

Suddenly Grant appears. He is pushed towards the edge of the hole by -- Anthony. Anthony has Neve. Her legs are bleeding badly. Anthony forces Grant out.

Grant is safe.

Anthony lowers Neve to Grant on the wing.

Neve is safe.

Anthony looks back inside. Grant and Neve yell at him to come. Anthony reenters the cabin.

The plane rocks -- Grant and Neve slip, slide down the wing, the firefighters grab them.

Jessica, of the separating couple, LIMPS to the edge of the hole, Anthony helping her. Other PASSENGERS stream out around them as the plane begins to give way.

Anthony lowers Jessica by the arms to the ground, and-

Plane caves in. Jessica spills onto the grass. Explosion.

Camera quickly ZOOMS out. Survivors and rescue workers stampede towards the lens.

**EXT. LAX AIRPORT - A MOMENT LATER - CNN CAMERA**

The NBC camera captures the reverse angle. Cord struggles past, helped by Therese and Jim.

Amir carries Jessie, the dog, leg broken but tail wagging.

Rescue workers guide Neve and Grant away from the destruction through pools of white foam showering down like snow. Neve reaches desperately back towards the plane and the last ghostly image of Anthony.

Anthony is gone.

FADE OUT.

TAG**INT. RURAL CONNECTICUT FARM HOUSE - DAY - NEVE FILMING**

Subtitle:

ANTHONY GLOUSMAN'S FAMILY HOME

OCT. 1ST, 2009

Neve films her daughter, AMY, 20-months, as she staggers angelically across the carpet towards the camera.

ZOOM out to reveal -- Anthony's memorial wake. A large, rural home, filled with friends and family, talking quietly. Some smiles at Amy. It's sunny and warm outside.

A younger man kneels by Amy, SANTI GLOUSMAN, 24. He bears a striking resemblance to Anthony. Santi tickles Amy's stomach and she falls down on her butt.

SANTI

My God, she's sweet, Neve.

Santi gives Neve a big hug.

NEVE (O.S.)

Santi, is your father here?

SANTI

Outside. (beat) I'm amazed he came.

**EXT. LANDSCAPED BACKYARD - NEVE FILMING**

HERMAN GLOUSMAN, 69, sits on a shaded bench, an oxygen cannula in his nose. By his side, CAROLINE GLOUSMAN, 61, and DUKE, 21, guarded, with his arms crossed.

SANTI (O.S.)

Mom. Are we interrupting?

CAROLINE

No. Your Dad and I were just talking about Anthony-  
(sees Neve)

Neve? Neve. Oh honey, come here.

Caroline reaches emotionally for Neve and they hug.

CAROLINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You look healthy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Herman glances. Neve puts the camera down, walks into frame. She uses a cane.

HERMAN

Why are you filming? I know you.

Neve pulls up a chair and sits.

NEVE

Didn't think you'd remember. (beat)  
We met a few times, in New York,  
years ago.

(Herman nods)

I hope the camera is okay. It's  
something I needed to do today...  
for Anthony. (beat) God, he would  
be so amazed if he saw this, the  
two of you together.

Caroline looks away, mournful.

NEVE (CONT'D)

He was coming to New York, Mr.  
Glousman, hoping he could put  
things right with you. But this,  
this *here*, is all he ever wanted.  
I wish he could've seen it.

Herman sheds an honest tear, wipes his eyes with his bony  
wrist. His voice cracks a little.

HERMAN

He shouldn't have been on the  
plane. I've been sick for two  
years. (beat) There are some things  
-- maybe you know this -- towards  
the end, some things you look back  
at that you wish you could fix.

(looks at Caroline)

He should never have had to come  
out here. He wasn't the one who  
needed to make amends. (beat) I had  
two years.

A tear runs down Herman's unshaven face.

Amy waddles into frame. Neve reaches out for her, but Amy  
walks up to Herman. He looks down at the toddler. Amy yanks  
on his pants and -- an ALTOIDS TIN falls out.

Caroline picks Amy up. Holds her, beautifully, grateful.

Herman watches Amy in Caroline's arms. His eyes water, he  
sniffles. Neve takes Herman's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HERMAN (CONT'D)

What were... Anthony's last words?  
Do you know?

The question catches Neve off guard. Caroline and Duke look over. Neve collects her thoughts. She smiles.

NEVE

There was nothing else he had to  
say.

THE END