

FLIGHTPLAN

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FADE IN:

...on KYLE SHERIN - who sits, numb...

INT. SUBWAY - CHARLOTTENBURG STATION - NIGHT

She's 35, pretty in a glamourless way. If you'd met her six days ago you would have found her bright, focused, together.

But that was then. Tonight she sits on a bench in a DESERTED SUBWAY STATION, with a thousand-mile stare in her eyes. In the distance we hear an approaching SUBWAY TRAIN.

The train grows louder, pulling towards this platform now, screeching noisily. Then it stops. A PRE-RECORDED voice tells us, *in German*, that this is Charlottenburg.

The train sits... But Kyle doesn't rise, doesn't react at all. Staring, until:

DAVID (O.S.)

Honey?

She turns. DAVID SHERIN stands a foot away. He's forty, handsome, kind. Her husband. She smiles, comforted.

KYLE

Oh.

He extends a hand to her, leads her to the train. She's carrying an umbrella. They board, the train's only passengers. Must be late night.

The doors shut. The train pulls away. We FOLLOW IT into darkness... as we BEGIN INTERCUT:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. BERLIN MORTUARY - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

We're over Kyle's shoulder as she enters the Viewing Room of a MORTUARY. A grim-looking MORTUARY DIRECTOR awaits.

Beside the Mortuary Director is an open casket. We don't see yet who's inside. Kyle stands stiffly, eyeing that CASKET from across the room, her face a mixture of pain and dread.

In her hand is that same umbrella.

MORTUARY DIRECTOR

Frau Sherin?

INTERCUT WITH/INT. SAVIGNYPLATZ STATION - NIGHT

Doors HISS shut. The train pulls away, leaving David and Kyle

in this otherwise empty station.

It's subterranean, vast. Looks like an Escher etching. David and Kyle climb stairs, disappearing from view. We hear their footsteps trail off. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. MORTUARY - EVENING - (RESUMING FLASHBACK)

Kyle stands with that Mortuary Director - and the casket.

MORTUARY DIRECTOR

(in German)

Would you like a moment of privacy...
before the casket is sealed?

That threw her. But she thinks she's supposed to say yes, so:

KYLE

Okay.

Mortuary Director nods, backing out, which leaves Kyle alone in here with the still-unseen body. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET - CHARLOTTENBURG, BERLIN - NIGHT

Kyle's head rests on David's shoulder as they walk. It's a cold night; steam fogs their breath. The 20's-style buildings around us glimmer with frost and ice. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. MORTUARY - EVENING - (RESUMING FLASHBACK)

Kyle eyes her shoetops, the curtains... anything except what's inside that casket... until it's all just too much.

She hurries to the door. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET - CHARLOTTENBURG - NIGHT

Kyle and David's walk comes to an end at this APARTMENT BUILDING in Charlottenburg. David reaches for the door.

But Kyle pauses, eyeing something:

A row of large PLANTER POTS have been cemented into this street, to keep drivers from speeding. The pots are full of soil, with bare frozen trees rising from them.

But *one of the pots has been badly damaged*. Chunks of it are missing, much of its soil too - as if something had smashed into it at high speed.

Kyle eyes it. Then she glances up to this building's ROOFTOP, six stories above us. Quite a drop. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. MORTUARY - EVENING - (RESUMING FLASHBACK)

Kyle opens the door. The Mortuary Director stands here.

KYLE

Danke.

Mortuary Director takes that to mean "I've said my goodbyes, thank you for the privacy." He nods. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. KYLE'S APT. BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

It's an old building, no elevator. David heads up the stairs.

KYLE

David?

David turns. Kyle's at the door.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Could we just... sit in the courtyard
for a minute? Just a minute.

David smiles warmly. Kyle seems so vulnerable tonight - denying her would be impossible.

DAVID

Sure.

INT. MORTUARY - EVENING - (RESUMING FLASHBACK)

Mortuary Director stands beside the open casket.

MORTUARY DIRECTOR (IN GERMAN)

You need to enter your code now.

KYLE (IN GERMAN)

Is that really necessary?

MORTUARY DIRECTOR (IN GERMAN)

I'm afraid so. International Law
forbids the repatriation of an
unsecured casket.

EXT. APARTMENT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Kyle and David step out to a COURTYARD which is surrounded on all sides by the six stories of this rectangular building.

A bench sits out here. Behind it is a bare tree, home to a few blackbirds. David brushes some snow off the bench.

Kyle's about to sit when a SOUND jars her: those BLACKBIRDS, flying noisily away. She watches them as they go...

INT. MORTUARY - EVENING (RESUMING FLASHBACK)

Kyle stands, immobile, as the Mortuary Director *closes the casket*, and we get our first glimpse of who's inside:

...a 40 year-old man. **David**. His face heavily made-up.

MORTUARY DIRECTOR (IN GERMAN)
We did all we could. But there was
some trauma, to the head.

Kyle tightens... The casket SHUTS... and David is gone.

EXT. APARTMENT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Kyle stands, very much alone, that same umbrella in her hand.
No company. No David. A single set of footprints in the snow
lead to this bench.

Her eyes begin to moisten, but it might be from the stinging
cold - hard to say. She shuts them. CONTINUE INTERCUT:

INT. MORTUARY - EVENING - (RESUMING FLASHBACK)

There's an ELECTRONIC LOCK on the now-closed CASKET, awaiting
input from her. It's blinking green.

MORTUARY DIRECTOR
Your code, bitte.

Kyle shakes her head, making herself function... enters six
digits into the electronic lock... until the lock blinks red.
END INTERCUT.

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness, pierced by a single lamp. We see MOVING BOXES, lots
of them, in rows on a Living Room floor. High ceilings, large
radiators beneath the windows, hardwood underfoot.

...and ten huge FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS, relegated to a corner.
And an answering machine with "27 Messages" on it.

INT. KYLE'S APT. ENTRY/FRONT DOOR - SAME (NIGHT)

A woman lingers by the front door, tears in her eyes. She is
KAROLINA - 50, Polish, a nanny.

Kyle is a few feet away. The feeling couldn't be more somber.

KYLE
It's not impossible, Karolina. I've
already made a few calls.

KAROLINA
Thank you.

KYLE
There are working Visas. The State
Department issues them.

Karolina tries to smile, but she clearly believes that this

is the last time she'll ever see Kyle again.

KYLE (CONT'D)
She's so attached to you.

Karolina sniffs back a tear.

KAROLINA
I am... I'm so sorry. I...

KYLE
I can reach you at your brother's,
right?

Karolina nods. The moment hangs. She steps out.

KAROLINA
Please. Try to sleep tonight.

Their eyes lock. Kyle smiles thinly. Karolina goes. Kyle pauses a moment, then shuts the door.

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - DEN - LATER NIGHT

This was an office just a few days ago. A desk is strewn with files, notepads, books - all of it regarding Rudyard Kipling.

Five boxes marked "David's Research" wait. But they're empty.

Kyle sits on the floor, her back against a bare wall... wearing that thousand-mile stare again. Just can't move.

JULIA (O.S.)
Mommy?

That was the voice of a little girl. Kyle doesn't react.

JULIA (O.S., CONT'D)
Mommy?

Now Kyle turns, as if awakening from a dream.

JULIA, 4, stands in the doorway, wearing pajamas. In her hand is a one-armed chenille teddy-bear named Harry.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Everything's in boxes.

Kyle tries to smile, but the effort is obvious.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Is Daddy in one of them?

That cut right through Kyle.

KYLE
No, sweetheart...

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - JULIA'S BEDROOM - LATER NIGHT

Kyle, still dressed, lies beside Julia as the child sleeps.

A carousel-nightlight throws moving reflections across the walls: horses and cows and cherubs, chasing one another against pale blue wallpaper. Kyle, wide awake, eyes them.

More MOVING BOXES in here. Everything has been packed except an outfit for tomorrow: (jacket, tights, boots, etc.)

The curtains are open. Kyle rises, careful not to awaken Julia, and crosses to them. She reaches for the curtains, then notices something, through the window:

TWO MEN, visible across this building's courtyard. They seem to be *looking from their third story window into this one.*

They're Middle-Eastern. Persian. Maybe Turkish - but staring right at us. Kyle shuts the curtains.

A beat. She turns to go, then turns back - just has to look through those curtains again. She peeks out.

Shutters have now been drawn where the Persian-looking men were standing only seconds ago. Odd...

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUING

Kyle turns on a light, and crosses to a tiny make-up bag on the counter. She opens it, and pulls out a bottle of PRESCRIPTION PILLS. Klonopin. For anxiety.

She swallows two and leaves without looking in the mirror...

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY - (3 P.M.)

The apartment's empty. Sheets cover pieces of furniture. Those floral arrangements remain unclaimed on the floor. We hear the sounds of a WINTER STORM outside. Whipping wind.

INT. JULIA'S ROOM - SAME

Stripped bed, bare dressed, nothing else. The boxes are gone.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - SAME

"David's Research" remains unpacked, the boxes empty. Through the window we now see the WINTER STORM raging out there.

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRS - SAME (3 P.M.)

Kyle, bundled for weather, trudges down stairs carrying THREE HUGE SUITCASES, heavy as hell. Her eyes are red from lack of sleep; her head feels foggy.

Behind her we hear a sound: THUMP, THUMP, THUMP - its source unknown to us. Kyle continues on, almost sleepwalking.

INT. KYLE'S APT. BLDG. - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUING

She hits a TIMER SWITCH on a hallway light. It brightens. Again we hear the THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. Kyle turns.

...as Julia rounds a corner, half a flight of steps above Kyle, emerging from shadow. Julia is carrying her BACKPACK, which is hitting each step. Hence the thump, thump, thump.

KYLE
Doin' okay, Jules?

Julia mumbles an "uh-huh."

KYLE (CONT'D)
Almost there, Sweetheart.

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

At last, they're down the steps. Kyle releases the suitcases; feeling her arms relax. Julia reaches the last step and drops her pack, sighing exaggeratedly. Kyle finds that pretty cute.

Kyle turns, heads for the door, but:

JULIA
Mommy?

Kyle looks back, and realizes that Julia isn't following. The kid has frozen in her tracks, right by the stairs.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I don't wanna go out there.

We can't tell what's scaring Julia so. Through lobby doors we see that huge SNOWSTORM. And a waiting car. And a DRIVER.

And that badly-damaged PLANTER POT. Kyle's eyes soften.

KYLE
It's okay, Honey. I promise.

JULIA
I don't wanna go out there. I'm scared.

Kyle pauses, eyeing her little girl...

KYLE
What if I hid you? Would that be okay?
(Julia doesn't understand)
On my shoulder, under my coat...

JULIA
The whole way?

KYLE
Whole way.

Julia thinks about it... then nods.

EXT. KYLE'S STREET - HIGH ANGLE - CONTINUING

We are across the street, at rooftop height, as Kyle carries Julia, hidden under that overcoat, to the car. The buildings on this block surround them like walls in a room.

INT. THE CAR - CONTINUING

Kyle straps Julia into a CARSEAT. Behind them, their Driver shuts the trunk.

KYLE
Hey, look what I brought.

Kyle pulls two GROOVY GIRL DOLLS from her bag.

KYLE (CONT'D)
They're your favorite ones, right?

JULIA
They're okay.

Kyle shrugs, humbled. The Driver starts the car; it pulls away. Kyle's head turns as that cracked PLANTER POT passes by, almost close enough to touch.

FADE TO BLACK

...and come back in on a HIGH-ANGLE of the Berlin Airport.

EXT. BERLIN AIRPORT - HIGH ANGLE - ESTABLISHING

Dense clouds, heavy snow... and not a single flight taking off or landing. From up here the stillness almost makes the airport look like a photograph.

INT. BERLIN AIRPORT - TERMINAL - 4 P.M.

We're tight on a HUGE BOARD listing DEPARTURES and ARRIVALS. Every listed flight has been delayed or cancelled.

Kyle stares at the board. Her PAN-WORLD flight to JFK has been pushed until 7 p.m. That worries her.

Around her we see frazzled travellers, long lines, swelling counters - and all of it watched over by SOLDIERS, armed and grim. Welcome to Post 9/11 travel.

A LADY passes by, carrying a LEASH. At the other end of the

leash is not a dog but her two CHILDREN. That gets Kyle's attention. She turns, to point it out to Julia...

...But Julia's not beside her.

KYLE

Julia?

Kyle swivels quickly, eyes darting. She sees strangers, couples, foreigners, adults. But nobody kid-sized. Travellers pass by her, obscuring her view. A small panic flutters through her... She turns again:

There's Julia, over by a MAGAZINE/SUNDRIES STAND, staring at a rack of candy, holding Harry the one-armed teddy-bear.

Kyle lets out a sigh, surprised by how panicked she'd felt.

INT. BERLIN TERMINAL - MAGAZINE STAND - CONTINUING

Kyle hurries over, pushing the "Smart-Cart" bearing her three huge suitcases.

KYLE

(firmly)

Julia.

Julia turns, recognizing the "mad" tone in Kyle's voice.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What'd I tell you about wandering away from me in a public place?

JULIA

I was hungry.

KYLE

Doesn't matter. You scared me to de--
(stops herself)
You got me really worried.

JULIA

Sorry, mom.

She meant it. Kyle softens.

KYLE

It's okay. What kinda snack do you want?

INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE HANDLING - 5 P.M.

Darkness. A rattling sound. Then we emerge into light.

...as Kyle's THREE SUITCASES come off a conveyor belt. A TURKISH BAGGAGE WORKER puts them on another belt, heading for an X-RAY MACHINE. (Every piece passes through it.)

More soldiers patrol down here. Bomb-sniffing DOGS too.

INT. TERMINAL - APPROACHING METAL DETECTOR - 5 P.M.

Kyle stands, bleary-eyed, in a line approaching a METAL DETECTOR. Beside her, Julia eats a muesli bar and sips some juice, her BACKPACK on her back.

The chatter around them is about cancelled flights, airport closures, weather. And security, of course. Kyle's eyes close, for just a second. She shakes herself awake again.

Above is another DEPARTURES/ARRIVALS board: Pan World 83 to JFK just got pushed again. **7:30 p.m.** Shit.

They reach the front of the line.

INT. TERMINAL - AT THE METAL DETECTOR - CONTINUING

Julia's got that backpack. Kyle has a soft-sided computer bag, and their bag of snacks from that sundries stand.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Put your bag on the belt, Honey.
(Julia hesitates)
Don't worry. It'll come out the other
side. Mommy's bag goes through too.

Julia will send the backpack through, but not with Harry inside. She pulls the bear out. Kyle looks to the METAL DETECTOR GUARD: "Is it okay?" The Guard shrugs.

Julia passes through. No beep. She kisses Harry, then notices the TV-sized X-RAY MONITOR on which she can see the x-ray of her own backpack. Pretty neat...

METAL DETECTOR GUARD #2 (IN GERMAN)
Please turn on any electrical
devices.

Kyle nods, opens up her carry-on. Inside is her LAP-TOP. But she's also got her overcoat, and a pullover. And all of Julia's cold-weather gear. This might take a minute or two.

KYLE
Stay where I can see you, Jules.

Behind Kyle is a SENEGALESE WOMAN, roughly sixty, waiting patiently with a small child.

KYLE (IN GERMAN)
(to Senegalese Lady)
You can go ahead, if you want.

The Senegalese Woman smiles, nodding to the CHILD to go ahead. They pass toward the metal detector as Kyle steps

aside, turning on her lap-top for the Guard.

The Guard nods, satisfied. Kyle shuts down her lap-top, sends her carry-on through, and passes through the metal detector.

...where she BEEPS. Great.

METAL DETECTOR GUARD #1 (IN GERMAN)
This way, please.

Kyle looks to Julia, who remains transfixed by the x-ray screen. Kyle heads for a row of chairs nearby.

KYLE
It's just a second, Honey. They have
to check something.

Julia shrugs, happily watching the x-ray of another carry-on bag as it passes through.

METAL DETECTOR GUARD #1
Shoes off, please.

The inspection begins, that Guard's WAND being waved over Kyle and all her clothing. She slips out of her shoes.

To Kyle's right are TWO LIBYAN MEN, also being searched. The GUARDS seem a bit more curious about these guys.

INT. TERMINAL - DEPARTURE GATE - 7:15 P.M.

Kyle stands at a window. Outside, framed by the blowing snow, is an AIRJET: an enormous beast, bigger by far than a 747. Various tarmac vehicles service it, dwarfed by its size.

JULIA (O.S.)
It's so big.

Julia's by Kyle's side, her nose pressed against the glass.

KYLE
The biggest.

JULIA
What kind is it, mom?

KYLE
An Airjet. Brand new.

JULIA
Did you make it?

KYLE
Just some of its systems.

Then Julia sees something that makes her four year-old eyes go wide: two GROUND CREW GUYS on the wing of this giant

plane, fueling it. They're 30 feet off the ground.

JULIA
What if they fall?

KYLE
Don't worry. They're not gonna fall.

JULIA
But they could...

Kyle gets the inference. She squeezes Julia's hand. Then she hears a P.A. VOICE behind them announcing that it's PRE-BOARDING TIME. "Passagiere mit Kleinkindern," etc.

KYLE
That's us. Got your ticket?
(Julia taps her backpack)
Let's go.

They head for the jetway, a few passengers ahead of them.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - LEFT AISLE - NIGHT

We're tight on a "Welcome to Airjet!" video. In it, *faces of every ethnicity morph into one another* as they tell us about the multi-national teamwork that made this plane possible. "Enjoy your flight" in 25 different languages.

We PULL BACK... taking in the 370 seats on this Main Deck, all EMPTY now. The Airjet is a monster. Unfueled it weighs 626,000 pounds. 17 galleys. 17 lavatories. Huge. Vast. With that "welcome to Airjet!" Video playing on every seatback.

...and we've only seen *half* of it yet. We CRANE UP... through the ceiling of the Main Deck, into:

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LEFT AISLE - CONTINUING

...now we're in the UPPER DECK, which boasts *another* 210 seats: 96 Business, 114 Coach - all of them EMPTY, all of them playing that same "Welcome to Airjet!" video.

We PUSH IN... as Kyle emerges from a STAIRWAY connecting the two decks, with Julia over her shoulder. They're the first two passengers to board. It's like being the only two people in the Superdome.

Kyle finds Row 24, and gestures to 24A, the window seat.

KYLE
That's your seat, Sweetie.

Julia slips into it, dwarfed by it, as Kyle pulls items from Julia's BACKPACK: the muesli, the orange juice carton, some

Dr. Seuss books, the Groovy-Girls dolls.

Then, thinking better of it, Kyle puts the dolls back into the backpack, and throws the backpack into the overhead bin, beside her own carry-on.

Other voices begin to filter in now - more families with children. The voices of one family grow nearer to us:

APPROACHING BOY
I'm taking the window.

APPROACHING GIRL
I'm taking it.

That's a ten year-old American kid and his sister, who are on their way down this aisle, parents in tow. They continue:

APPROACHING BOY
Dad said.

APPROACHING GIRL
Did not. He said you had the aisle.

APPROACHING BOY
Shut up.

APPROACHING GIRL
You shut up.

THEIR FATHER
Both of you shut up!

Let's call this bunch the LOUD FAMILY. The boy is named RHETT. His eight year-old sister is BRITTANY. Mom and Dad will be known to us as MR. and MRS. LOUD.

Kyle, seated in 24B now, eyes the Lauds as they near us...

RHETT ("APPROACHING BOY")
I had the middle the whole way here.

BRITTANY ("APPROACHING GIRL")
Did not. We switched over Greenland.

MRS. LOUD
Bobbbb...

MR. LOUD
Awright, kids. You heard your mom.

Meanwhile, Julia spots something on the floor, something shiny - it's a kid's TOY, an airplane, three inches long. Julia slips out of her seat and grabs it, as:

RHETT
You don't even know where Greenland

is.

BRITTANY

Daddddddd.

Maybe they'll go right past us. Ten rows away would be nice.

MR. LOUD

Okay. We're Row 23. Now how're we gonna work this out?

Rhett dives for the window seat in Row 23, directly in front of Julia's seat.

BRITTANY

Daddddddd!

MR. LOUD

That's nice, Rhett. Very big-brotherly of you.

RHETT

Why's she get everything all the time?

Eight hours with this bunch... Great. The Louds settle in.

Kyle looks down at Julia, who remains on the floor, playing with that toy airplane now:

KYLE

Want some juice, Sweetie?

JULIA

No, thanks.

Kyle sits back, sighs. We're on board. We're leaving Berlin. It's going to be okay.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - MINUTES LATER

280 PASSENGERS are on this deck now: Germans, Czechs, Poles, Americans, Asians, settling in. The back five rows are empty.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 24 - SAME

There are roughly 120 PEOPLE filling this deck's 210 seats, leaving the back ten rows of this deck completely EMPTY.

The TWO LIBYAN MEN Kyle saw at the metal detector settle into Row 17. Two other MIDDLE-EASTERN MEN take seats in Row 16. Kyle notices them, then judges herself for doing so.

Julia is still at Kyle's feet, having made a "FORT" down here from a blanket and two pillows. She plays with her bear and that little toy airplane.

One row up, Rhett and Brittany begin SLAPPING EACH OTHER with their in-flight magazines.

BRITTANY
Stop it!

RHETT
I'm not doing anything.

MRS. LOUD
Bob...

MR. LOUD
(at the kids)
Have a heart, okay? You know how Mom
feels about airplanes.

A beat. They look pretty sheepish.

RHETT/BRITTANY
Sorry, Mom.

24C, beside Kyle, remains empty. Across the aisle, seat 24-D is also empty, but one row back, in 25-D, is a stocky guy in an ugly sweater. This is GENE CARSON, 45, American.

Carson eyes the Loud kids, then waves over a Flight Attendant (STEFAN, 28, German.)

CARSON
Got two questions for you: What're
the movies? And how loud do these
headphones go?

That was Carson's way of joking with Kyle about the nightmare family in the next row. Kyle grins, getting it.

STEFAN
Never quite loud enough.

Stefan continues down the aisle... just as Rhett gets one last slap in on Brittany. Carson sighs. looks to Kyle.

CARSON
Those back rows are starting to look
pretty attractive.

Kyle breathes out a smile, noting the ten empty rows.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - COACH GALLEY #1 - SAME

Stefan enters, greeting MIKE, ESTELLA, and FIONA - three more Flight Attendants.

STEFAN
Could be some high-maintenance in Row
23.

ESTELLA

I heard them.

MIKE

The people two planes away heard them.

Knowing laughs all around... but Fiona's smile is a bit thin.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(re: Fiona)

Hey. Somebody tell the new kid - it's okay to laugh about the passengers.

ESTELLA

Honey, it's okay to hate the passengers.

The Flight Attendants laugh. Estella nudges Fiona and she relaxes a bit, laughing.

INT. AIRJET - FLIGHT DECK - SAME

Captain MARCUS RICH, (42, English, all-business), and Co-Pilot WALTHER KAUFMAN, (blond, German, friendlier.)

RICH

They just shut down Frankfurt.

KAUFMAN

Thank God we aren't going to Frankfurt.

RICH

We may not be going anywhere.

Kaufman nods knowingly. Then a blast of DE-ICING SOLUTION shoots out at them from a CREW on a motorized cherry-picker.

EXT. TARMAC - APRON - SAME

The cherry-picker moves the DE-ICING CREW in their haz-mat winter gear, toward the wing. Below, CARTS bring LUGGAGE to a BELT LOADER which feeds the luggage into the Airjet's holds.

INT. UPPER DECK - ROW 23/24 - SAME

Stefan passes by, doing a head count, as we hear:

RICH (THRU P.A. SYSTEM)

Good evening, Ladies and Gentleman, this is your Captain speaking. We've just received clearance to push away from the gate. Should be off the ground shortly.

Mrs. Loud tightens. Her husband strokes her hand. Stefan adds them to his headcount, then breezes by Kyle's row - where Julia continues to play on the floor, inside her "fort." Just then, a loud SOUND - coming from outside Julia's window, nearly sends Mrs. Loud out of her seat.

MRS. LOUD
Bob? Bob? What was that?!

It was a sheet of ICE, sliding off the wing. Julia pops up from her fort to find that DE-ICING CREW, at work.

MR. LOUD (O.S.)
I dunno, Honey. But I'm sure it's
nothing to worry about.

Julia looks to Kyle, who leans in:

KYLE
They have to knock the ice off the
wings, or the plane's too heavy.

That was good enough for Julia... but Mrs. Loud didn't hear it, and she's looking pretty anxious.

JULIA
You should tell her, mom.

KYLE
Huh?

JULIA
Maybe if you told her about your job
she'd feel safer.

Kyle pauses, touched. For a fleeting moment it's almost possible to forget the tragedy that just floored them both, only days ago. Then a huge reminder rolls toward them...

It's a FORKLIFT, approaching the Airjet, bearing a single piece of cargo: David's CASKET.

The forklift nears the forward hold of this Airjet, then vanishes from our view.

Julia's face just drops. That's her dad in there. Kyle sighs.

KYLE
You just sleep, Sweetheart. When you
wake up we'll be somewhere else.

JULIA
Daddy too?

KYLE
Yeah. Daddy too.

Julia looks out her window, lost.

Then she steams that window up with her breath, and draws a little heart in the steam, with her finger.

A tiny, clumsy heart. Kyle's too touched to speak.

Julia rests her head against Kyle's shoulder. Kyle covers her with that overcoat again.

EXT. BERLIN AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

The Airjet thunders down the runway, visibility near zero.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - SAME

We DOLLY DOWN THE AISLE as the plane rumbles. Some passengers read, or listen to music. Some are already asleep.

Then the nose rises powerfully, into that heavy weather, and we detect the signs of strain on some faces.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 23/24 - CONTINUING

Mrs. Loud is just about hyperventilating with fear - mumbling about the climb's being too steep.

That makes Julia a bit uptight, so:

KYLE

Hey, how'd ya like to have a whole row to yourself?

JULIA

Huh?

KYLE

Last couple rows are empty. We could take a couple seats each. Would ya like that?

Julia half-smiles. Kyle gives her a confident grin. We HOLD on them for a moment, as the plane continues its climb. That orange juice carton trembles on an empty seat...

Then we DESCEND... through the floor of this cabin...

...into the Main Deck, then through its floor, into:

INT. AIRJET - FORWARD HOLD - SAME

We're in the belly of the plane now, mid-takeoff.

This hold is 60 yards deep, 25 yards wide, seven feet high, packed tight with LD-3's (LUGGAGE BINS, five-feet tall, five feet wide, eighteen abreast.)

We DOLLY THROUGH the hold, finding row after row of them. Then we find a Mercedes sedan, on a pallet, protected by a metal superstructure. Then another row of square bins...

...then the casket, wedged between that last row of luggage bins and the FORWARD WALL of this hold.

Like everything else down here, the casket is shuddering from all these RPMs as the Airjet makes its climb...

FADE TO BLACK...

...and come in on Kyle, sound asleep.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 35 - TWO HOURS LATER

Kyle sleeps across four middle seats in Row 35, back of the plane, no one else within five rows of her.

She stirs a bit, awakening, turns toward Julia.

But Julia's not in 35-A. There's a mussed blanket on the seat. But no Julia. Hmmm...

Kyle cranes her neck to look down the aisle.

Most of coach is asleep. Light flickers from video screens: movies, sitcoms, soccer broadcasts. Some passengers work on laptops. Some read. But we don't see Julia among them.

She must've returned to their original seats. Of course. Kyle rises and heads down the aisle, unalarmed.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 24 - CONTINUING

Kyle nears their original seats. Row 24.

KYLE

Sorry, Honey. Mommy fell asl--

Kyle stops herself, mid-word. Julia's not *here* either. That's odd. Still not alarming, but odd. Where the hell is she? Kyle begins to scan the plane, as:

CARSON (O.S.)

Ever seen this movie?

Kyle turns. Here's Carson, in 25-D, watching a movie.

KYLE

No.

CARSON

Not too funny. 'Course, when you're at 35,000 feet you can't just up and walk out of the theatre, can ya?

KYLE

Did you happen to see a little girl
go by here?

CARSON

No. Sure didn't.

KYLE

My daughter.
(Carson shrugs)
How long've we been flying?

CARSON

Two hours. A little more maybe.

Kyle heads up the aisle, reminding herself that it's only in
parks and malls where losing a kid can be dangerous...

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LEFT AISLE - CONTINUING

On the Coach bulkhead, a screen shows us an animated plane
trekking across the Atlantic, with data reading: **"Air speed
634 mph, Altitude 43,400 feet, Time to Destination 5h 12m."**

There are two LAVATORIES at Row 17. Both lavatory doors are
closed, but only one has its "OCCUPIED" light lit.

Kyle looks inside the vacant one. No Julia.

Kyle waits... as that "Occupied" light turns off on the other
lavatory. Now this door opens.

...and a WOMAN emerges. Damn.

Kyle turns, looks over the whole Coach cabin.

No sign of Julia. Kyle moves aside a blue curtain, entering:

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - BUSINESS CLASS - CONTINUING

It's nice up here. Sleeper seats, plenty of wine. We see the
door leading to the Flight Deck up ahead. Fiona serves
chateaubriand and plastic knives. She notes Kyle.

FIONA

Can I help you?

KYLE

I'm looking for my daughter.

FIONA

There's a girl in the galley, talking
to some of the crew. could that be
her?

Instant relief on Kyle's face.

KYLE

Yes. Thank you.

Kyle heads for the Forward Business Galley, chiding herself for having worried.

... as the Loud daughter, Brittany, emerges from the Galley, carrying some peanuts. Kyle sags, turns to Fiona:

KYLE

No. She's four. My daughter.

FIONA

Oh. Sorry. She hasn't been up here.

Kyle nods a thank you, then checks the Galley anyway.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - BUSINESS - AISLE - CONTINUING

Fiona serves another tray to a passenger. Kyle walks down the opposite aisle now.

KYLE

She has long hair. Probably carrying a chenille teddy bear with one arm.

FIONA

What's she carrying with the other arm?

KYLE

No, the bear. It only has--

Kyle stops herself - just realized Fiona was making a joke. She breathes out a laugh, well aware that she must look pretty silly just now.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Probably just found some other kids to play with.

Fiona smiles warmly.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - RIGHT AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle's on the MAIN DECK now, scanning the cabin with an unease that's beginning to grow. Up ahead, two Flight Attendants, Mike and ANNA, serve Coach-meals from a CART.

Kyle's in their way. And they're in hers. Mild turbulence makes some mini-bottles clink. Then a sharper jolt hits.

ANNA

I'm sorry, Ma'am. Would you mind using the other aisle?

KYLE

I'm looking for my daughter.

ANNA

Well, she can't have gone too far.

In other words, "This meal-cart isn't moving. You are."

KYLE

I'll go around.

Anna smiles, "Good thinking." Kyle backs away.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - REAR GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle checks row after row, pausing at empty seats, any "hiding places" a four year-old might find appealing... until she's made it all the way back to this GALLEY.

She looks under a counter, even looks in a CABINET - all the while reminding herself: *Relax. She's obviously fine...*

But where is she?

Four more lavatories back here. Kyle opens the first. Nothing. Then the second. No little girl...

Ten rows up, unbeknownst to Kyle, Anna just caught a glimpse of her: the lady with the "missing" daughter, throwing open lavatory doors. Anna looks to Mike.

Kyle closes the fourth lavatory door - also empty.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LEFT AISLE - CONTINUING

Kyle emerges from the AFT STAIRS now, into the Upper Deck.

She checks Row 35 again, where they'd fallen asleep. She even looks under that blanket.

There's Harry, the one-armed bear. But no Julia.

That's weird. Julia wouldn't go *anywhere* without Harry.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 24 - SAME

Kyle's walk, her eyes, her hands, they're all projecting the irrational fear that's now taking root. But she's convinced herself that when she gets to Row 24, she'll find Julia back where she ought to be.

Kyle arrives. 24-A, once again, remains empty.

KYLE

(it just blurts out)

Shit!

That got the attention of the lady one row back, in 25-B.

She's German, 50's. Her name's CLAUDIA.

CLAUDIA
(mild German accent)
Is something wrong?

KYLE
I can't find my daughter.
(Claudia shrugs)
Did you happen to see her by any
chance? Walking by?

CLAUDIA
I don't think so. How old is she?

KYLE
She's four.

CLAUDIA
I never saw her.

Kyle spins around to look up the aisle, her movements growing
a bit more pronounced now. No little girl in sight.

Kyle throws the teddy-bear on to the seat, hard. Then:

STEFAN (O.S.)
Can I help you, Ma'am?

Kyle turns. Here's Stefan. (We met him earlier.) Kyle sighs.
She needs an ally just now...

SMASH CUT TO:

...Stefan, lifting a P.A. PHONE to his lips.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - FORWARD GALLEY -MOMENTS LATER

Stefan can't quite believe he's saying this, but:

STEFAN (INTO P.A. PHONE)
Ladies and Gentleman, I'm sorry to
interrupt, but we've got a "first" to
report.

Kyle and Fiona stand beside Stefan, their eyes scanning
Business... as Stefan addresses the entire plane:

STEFAN (INTO P.A. PHONE, CONT'D)
Seems our Airjet is big enough to
lose a child in.

That drew some light laughter from a few passengers. We TRACK
DOWN the right aisle of this deck as Stefan continues:

STEFAN (O.S., THRU P.A., CONT'D)
Her name's Julia, age four. She's

wearing a white t-shirt and a red cardigan sweater.
If she's anywhere near you, or perhaps playing with one of your kids, please ring the call button now. We've got an anxious mom up here. Thank you.

INT. AIRJET - COCKPIT - SAME

Captain Rich and his Co-Pilot Kaufman are hearing the announcement as well.

STEFAN (O.S., THRU P.A., CONT'D)
Once again, her name's Julia.

Stefan now begins to repeat the same speech, in German.

KAUFMAN
All children should have to wear a cowbell.

Rich smiles, entirely unconcerned.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - FORWARD GALLEY - RESUMING

580 tiny LED LIGHTS fill a PANEL, each one corresponding to the "Call" button on each of this plane's seats.

Kyle and Fiona stare at the panel. Beside them, Stefan finishes his announcement in German, then looks to the LED panel, certain that someone's going to answer the call.

Nothing. Not a single light pops on.

KYLE
Someone must've seen her.

Fiona's more puzzled than worried. After all, the kid has to be somewhere. Estella appears, dropping off a meal-cart.

ESTELLA
Anybody check downstairs?

STEFAN
(re: Kyle)
We both did. She's not there.

Kyle looks down the aisles... Passengers block her view.

KYLE
We hafta start searching the plane. I don't know how to organize that...

ESTELLA
Ma'am, I'm sure she's fine. There's no need to--

KYLE

No. She's not herself right now.
She's just been through something.
Can we turn on the seatbelt sign?

ESTELLA

Let's not get ahead of ourselves,
Ms.--?

KYLE

Sherin.

ESTELLA

Ms. Sherin. I'm sure she's--

KYLE

There are nine closets on this plane.
Seven up, two down. None of them have
been checked. There're also seventeen
galleys, and the crew quarters, and
the holds. She has to be somewhere. I
just need the aisles clear so I can
look.

That drew some uncomfortable looks.

ESTELLA

Tell you what: let's go back to your
seat. I'll ask the Captain if he can
step away from the Flight Deck.

Kyle eyes her: *are you bullshitting me?* Estella eyes Kyle
right back: *am I going to have a problem with you?*

Kyle doesn't want to appear irrational, so she nods.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 24 - MINUTES LATER

Kyle sits on the ARMREST of her seat. Waiting, trying to keep
her nerves still. It's been ten minutes.

Fiona stands here, a uniformed babysitter. It's awkward.

FIONA

(to fill the void:)
Are you in the airline business?

KYLE

What?

FIONA

You seem to know aircraft design.

KYLE

I work for Airjet. Mechanical
engineer.

FIONA
Based in Berlin?

KYLE
Look, I know you're just trying to keep me calm. But the problem here is not that I'm anxious. The problem is that my daughter is missing and nobody can tell me where the hell she is. Okay?

That put Fiona off; it also got Carson's attention - he looks up from his movie, discreetly. The Louds too.

Kyle sighs, switching gears a bit:

KYLE (CONT'D)
(softer)
I'm sorry. Do you have kids?

FIONA
Do nieces count?

KYLE
Almost.

They actually share a near-laugh. It breaks the tension.

FIONA
They hate playing hide-and-seek with me because I always find them. So fear not.

Fiona smiles; it's encouraging. Rhett and Brittany are now officially snooping, facing Kyle, so:

KYLE
(to the Louds:)
Did any of you see my little girl?

MR. LOUD
You're the one they made the announcement about?

KYLE
Yes.

MR. LOUD
I didn't even know you had a kid with you.
(at Mrs. Loud)
Did you, Honey?

MRS. LOUD
Sorry, I didn't. What's she look like?

KYLE

You saw her, before. Four years old,
dark hair in a ponytail.

Mrs. Loud shrugs, looks to her kids.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Maybe you guys could help me look for
her.

RHETT

Cool.

BRITTANY

Awesome! I'm so bored.

MR. LOUD

Sorry. No.

RHETT

Daddddddd...

BRITTANY

She's lost.

MR. LOUD

We're in a tube. How lost could she
be? Turn around.

The kids turn around. The engines drone. Kyle sits, trying to
be calm...

FIONA

I'm sure the Captain will be here any
minute.

Kyle nods, then catches a glimpse of something, in the corner
of her eye. She turns.

It's Stefan, emerging from the aft section - with a deeply
uneasy look on his face. And a piece of paper in his hand.

Kyle tightens, instantly; something about Stefan's
expression, a look that says *I've got something troubling to
report but I don't know quite how to report it.*

Kyle begins to imagine the worst: Julia's dead, Julia's been
sucked into a jet...

She pushes past Fiona and into the aisle, making a bee-line
for Stefan. We DOLLY WITH KYLE as she marches past row after
row, until she reaches Stefan, right around Row 30.

KYLE

What's wrong? What's happened?

STEFAN
I'm sorry. I need to speak to the
Captain first.

KYLE
If it has something to do with my
daughter you need to speak to me.

That was way too loud. Stefan looks to Fiona, then:

STEFAN
Come with me.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Stefan, Kyle, and Fiona crowd into a corridor, lavatories on
either side of them. It's the only "privacy" possible.

KYLE
Okay. What is it?

Stefan pauses, desperately uncomfortable.

STEFAN
Ms. Sherin. I don't know how to--

KYLE
Is she all right? Did something
happen to her?

STEFAN
Ms. Sherin.

KYLE
What. Say it.
(Stefan can't)
Say it.

STEFAN
Ma'am... I don't think she's here.

Kyle pauses. Fiona too. That didn't make sense.

KYLE
What're you talking about?

STEFAN
I looked at the manifest. She isn't
on it.

KYLE
I don't understand.

STEFAN
There's no record of her having been
on board.

Huh? Fiona looks to Kyle...

STEFAN (CONT'D)
The manifest lists 24-A as
"unoccupied" and I did the headcount
myself. I checked each seat.

KYLE
So you missed one, she was hiding
under a blanket.
(to Fiona)
What's that got to do with finding
her now?

Fiona doesn't know how to react. She looks to Stefan.

STEFAN
I also contacted the departure gate,
in Berlin.
(bracing himself)
Ma'am, they say they never checked a
Julia Sherin on to this plane.

KYLE
She was with me. They checked us on
together.

An awkward beat. Stefan obviously thinks Kyle is nuts.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Would you like to see her boarding
pass?

STEFAN
If you wouldn't mind.

Seething, Kyle reaches into her jacket... and pulls out a
boarding pass.

A single boarding pass. Not two. One. It says "Sherin, Kyle"
on it. Wait a minute...

She checks her pocket again. Checks three other pockets.
Checks her pants pockets... as Stefan looks to Fiona.

KYLE
I had it, right in this pocket. They
were right here when I fell asleep,
both boarding passes.

Now Kyle's both spooked and livid. She wheels around, angrily
heading back toward her seat. They follow.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 24 - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle arrives at her original seat, opening the OVERHEAD BIN
above her. This ought to shut Stefan up.

Instead, Kyle simply pales.

FIONA
Ms. Sherin...?

Kyle stands perfectly still, staring at that open bin. Her carry-on is inside. *But Julia's backpack is missing.*

KYLE
Her backpack is gone.

Fiona looks inside the bin - Stefan too - unalarmed.

KYLE (CONT'D)
She couldn't've reached up here by herself; she's not tall enough.
(can barely say it:)
Somebody has her.

STEFAN
Ms. Sherin, that's quite an assumption. I don't--

KYLE
How else did her stuff disappear? Can you think of another way?

Fiona's growing more uneasy about all this; too many people are watching. And Kyle's starting to look a bit unglued.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I have to see the Captain.

STEFAN
I can ask him, Ma'am, but I can't guarantee that he'll--

KYLE
There are people who like to do things to little girls. *Sick people.*
You know that.

Stefan wasn't prepared for that one. Neither was Fiona.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I wanna see the Captain.

...and Kyle decides: *These people aren't going to help me. So she brushes past them, making a bee-line for the Flight Deck.*

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - TRACKING KYLE - CONTINUING

We TRACK KYLE... as Stefan tries to keep up with her.

STEFAN
Ms. Sherin, if you'll return to your

seat I'll let the Captain know you want to see him.

KYLE
(keeps going)
I'll tell him myself.

STEFAN
It is against regulations for you to--

Kyle stops. Turns. Stares right through the guy. Then:

KYLE
Somebody has my daughter. Do you understand that?

Stefan just about stammers, clearly overwhelmed. Kyle turns and heads into:

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - BUSINESS CLASS - CONTINUING

Kyle heads for the Flight Deck door.

The Attendants up here eye her, wondering what she's doing. But no one looks alarmed.

...until they realize that she's heading for the cockpit.

ESTELLA
What're you...?

... but Kyle just blew past Estella, nearing the COCKPIT DOOR.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - COCKPIT DOOR - CONTINUING

It's sealed, grenade-proof. Kyle knocks on it.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Captain?
(knocks again)
Captain? I have to speak to--

THUD. In a flash, Kyle finds herself hurled up against that door, her face pressed hard into it.

Somebody just tackled her. And that somebody is right behind her now, yanking an arm back like a cop would do it.

UNIDENTIFIED TACKLER (O.S.)
Ms. Sherin, I'm sorry I had to do that. But your behavior was constituting a threat to the safety of this aircraft.

KYLE
(muffled)
I need to see the--

UNIDENTIFIED TACKLER
I'm an Air Marshall. Can I let you
go?

KYLE
I'm not a threat to the--

UNIDENTIFIED TACKLER
Can I let you go?

KYLE
Yes.

"Tackler" backs away... which is when Kyle learns the
identity of this guy, our flight's *Air Marshall*...

Carson, who's been one row away since take-off. Kyle can't
believe it.

CARSON ("UNIDENTIFIED TACKLER")
Gene Carson. Are you hurt?

Behind Carson, SIX FLIGHT ATTENDANTS now stare at Kyle...

KYLE
I just wanna talk to the Captain.

CARSON
I understand. But that's his call,
not yours.
(to the door, loud:)
All clear, Captain.

Now the cockpit door opens, and Captain Rich emerges, sizing
things up for himself. Kyle tries not to sag.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - GALLEY #2 - MOMENTS LATER

We're TIGHT on JULIA'S PASSPORT. Rich eyes it, flanked by
Carson, Stefan, and Fiona. In his other hand is Stefan's
passenger manifest.

RICH
The departure gate had no record of
her?

STEFAN
No, Sir. I had them double-check.

RICH
And there's no boarding pass?

KYLE
There was. It was taken from me.

Rich considers that, eyeing Julia's passport again.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(at Stefan)
Did you tell him about the bear?

Stefan shakes his head, embarrassed for Kyle.

RICH
Bear?

KYLE
Her teddy-bear. It was under the
blanket, where she'd been sleeping.
She wouldn't've walked away without
it.

Oh. Rich turns to Kyle, reluctantly having to ask this:

RICH
Have you had anything to drink on
this flight, Ms. Sherin?
(Kyle hated that)
Anything alcoholic at all?

KYLE
No.

RICH
Are you under any medication right
now?

KYLE
I have a few sleeping pills with me like
every other passenger on board.

She pauses, weighing whether or not to trust him... then:

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'm also carrying Klonopin. They're
for anxiety. I took two this morning.

RICH
I see. How long have you been on
them?

KYLE
I'm not "on" them.

RICH
How long?

Kyle eyes him, cold as hell. Fuck this guy:

KYLE
I filled the prescription last week.
That's when *my husband died*. My
daughter and I are taking his body

back to Long Island for the burial.

Silence, just like that.

The tenor of things just changed... especially for Rich. He eyes Kyle, more softly now.

STEFAN

There is a casket in the hold,
Captain. Paperwork's from Kaiser
Wilhelm Hospital, on Hochstrasse.

Rich nods, looks to Kyle. Nothing but compassion for her.

KYLE

He fell. The roof of our building.
Six days ago.

The others try not to jump to any conclusions about that but it's impossible. Kyle reads their faces.

RICH

I'm very sorry, Ma'am.

Kyle nods. Rich eyes his team, troubled.

RICH (CONT'D)

Does anybody on board remember seeing
the girl? Passengers in her row?

Fiona and Rich don't want to report this, but...

FIONA

No, Captain.

STEFAN

No, Sir.

RICH

You're seated near her - isn't that
right, Mister Carson?

CARSON

That's right.

RICH

Did you see her?

Carson hates to say this, but...

CARSON

(reluctantly)

No.

Rich eyes Kyle. It doesn't look good. Kyle knows that. But she can't crack. She has to convince these people.

KYLE

I want you to think about what you're suggesting, Captain. You're suggesting that I imagined bringing my daughter on board and am now pretending to be looking for her. Does that make sense to you? Can you think of any reason in the world why I would do that? I'm not drunk. I'm not loaded. I'm not looking for attention. I've worked on airplanes my whole life, same as you. The last thing I'd ever wanna do is disturb a flight.

No one answers; it's maddening. She wants to scream...

KYLE (CONT'D)

There are protocols about these things. Post nine-eleven if a pilot finds that he's got an inaccurate passenger manifest, he's supposed to land at the nearest--

RICH

A teddy bear does not constitute an inaccurate passenger mani--

KYLE

But I'm telling you it's inaccurate. That obligates you to do a real search, nose to tail. A thorough search. Like you would if you had a child that was missing.

That pissed Rich off, so Kyle interrupts herself - doesn't want to alienate the guy. She struggles for calm...

KYLE (CONT'D)

Julia's only four, and she's not in very good shape right now. She just lost her father. Everything scares her. I had to hide her under my coat just to get her into the car this morning.

(eyeing them)

But she did get in that car. And she got on this plane, like everyone else. I fell asleep, which I never should've done... But she was sitting right next to me. When we took off. I held her hand.

Just barely keeping it together now...

KYLE (CONT'D)

(right at Rich:)

Please. You have to help her.

Rich pauses. Their eyes lock. Then Rich turns to Stefan:

RICH

Get the lights up, get every
passenger seated. No one in the
lavatories, no exceptions. Open every
closet and bin. We search for the
girl, nose to tail, understand?

Kyle sighs with relief. There's hope...

INT. AIRJET - MAIN AND UPPER DECKS - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

-Every CABIN LIGHT comes on.
-Overhead bins and closets are thrown open.
-Hanging-bags are pulled off a rack by Fiona, who is
searching diligently.
-The "Fasten Seatbelts" signs are lit.
-Passengers waiting to use lavatories are instead shown to
their seats.
-Anna pins SIGNS on the lavatory doors, in German and
English: "Out of Service - Please Do Not Use"

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - COACH CABIN - SAME

DOLLYING DOWN the aisles we hear grumbling, lots of it, in
snippets of conversations: "Air Marshall." "Arguing with the
Captain." "We might have to turn around."

And the focus of it all... is Kyle. She makes her way down an
aisle, ignoring the way these people are looking at her.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - FIRST CLASS - CLOSET - SAME

Stefan empties a CLOSET, tossing carry-ons and hanging-bags
aside. Helping him is another flight attendant, IRENE.

Once the closet is empty, we discover a HATCH hidden on the
closet floor. Stefan jerks the hatch open... revealing a hole
that descends into a tiny, lighted ROOM below.

He and Irene are thinking the same thing:

IRENE

This is really silly.

RICH (O.S.)

This is procedure.

Irene turns, chagrinned. She'd been unaware that Rich was
standing here...

IRENE

Yes, Captain.

She hands a flashlight to Stefan, who descends through the hatch, climbing down a fixed ladder. Four rungs.

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - CONTINUING

Upon reaching the bottom of the ladder, Stefan is now standing in the very *brain* of this aircraft, its electrical nerve center, completely inaccessible to the general public.

Around him - filling this cramped, H-shaped room - are the CONVERTER BOXES that make flying this plane possible...

Every single system on the Airjet runs through these boxes: navigation, hydraulics, pressurization, communications, power. Everything. All the back-up boxes are down here too. (Some of the systems have two redundant back-ups.)

An electrical hum hovers: all these systems, working. Insulated wires are tacked to every inch of ceiling space in here, conduits carrying commands to and from these boxes.

Stefan stands on a thin catwalk, looking around: more converter boxes, more wiring, more electrical panels...

But no four year-old girls.

STEFAN

Anybody in here? Hello?

There's no reply. Stefan peers up that ladder, hoping that Captain Rich is noting the thoroughness of his search.

Beyond the converter boxes is the forward-most point on the aircraft: *the interior of the nose-cone*. It's a pocket of unlit space, occupied mostly by STRUTS and WIRE-DUCTS.

There's no way in hell a child could've even gained access to this place, much less chosen it to hide in. Stefan knows that. So he returns to that fixed ladder...

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - FIRST CLASS CABIN - SAME

The champagne flutes and sleeper seats are now being disturbed as Mike and Anna tear this section apart, despite the complaints of their well-heeled passengers.

We pass a guy in Row 3. He's 55, far too rich to take this sort of inconvenience with grace. Call him WEST.

WEST

I don't see what all the fuss is about. It's not like she lost her Palm Pilot.

That got some cynical laughter.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - SAME

Unhappy passengers stare at that "Fasten Seatbelts" sign, waiting for it to go off. The unfortunate Flight Attendant who crosses through at this moment is JENNIFER.

ROW 19 MALE PASSENGER
Miss, I really need to use the
restroom.

JENNIFER
As soon as the Captain's turned off
the seatbelt sign, Sir.

Kyle passes by, continuing her row-by row search. Carson is right behind, bird-dogging her. We hear an UNSEEN PASSENGER grumble: "How come they get to move around?"

Kyle doesn't hear it, doesn't hear anything. She heads for the stairs, Carson behind her.

KYLE
Listen, I don't need an escort.

CARSON
Captain seems to think someone should
keep an eye on you. I can't imagine
why.

Kyle continues up the stairs.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - REAR OF COACH CABIN - SAME

In the very back of Coach we find two more Flight Attendants, ERIC and KATERINA, who stand at a thin staircase that leads up. Eric gestures, "Ladies first."

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - STAIRCASE OFF OF COACH - CONTINUING

Six steep steps, straight up. Katerina begins to climb... which puts Eric directly beneath her skirt.

ERIC
(re: his view)
A few more steps, Katerina, and the
nature of this search is going to
change in a fundamental way.

KATERINA
Don't be a dunce.

He shrugs, unoffended. They reach:

INT. AIRJET - CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUING

This is another of those spots that passengers never get to see: a tiny room, directly beneath the tail of the airplane, where crew-members can rest on long flights.

On each wall in this cramped space we find a CUBBY-HOLE.
Inside each cubby we find BUNK-BEDS, like you'd see on the
sleeper car of a train.

Katerina looks in Cubby #1. No kid here. She checks Cubby #2.
Nothing, Meanwhile, Eric *crawls in* to Cubby #3... where a
HATCH hides, on the cubby's forward wall.

Eric pops it open... revealing:

INT. AIRJET - FUSELAGE "ATTIC" - CONTINUING

Eric climbs through the hatch, into the Airjet's "attic," a
sprawling space that goes on forever. He flips on a maglight.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - RESUMING

Kyle continues her row-by-row search. Carson is behind her,
watching instead of helping. She peers into a CLOSET, as:

KYLE

By the way, you could've just
identified yourself - the tackle was
unnecessary.

CARSON

An Air Marshall is required to use
any means necessary to contain a
threat to the safety of a flight.

(a beat)

Ladies with imaginary children, they
qualify.

Kyle shuts the closet door, hard. Turns and faces him.

KYLE

Tell me something: what happens when
we land at Kennedy and everyone finds
out that she'd been aboard all along?
How're you gonna explain yourself?
If there'd been a crime committed
during the flight and you'd nothing
to stop it - *the only law enforcement*
official on board. How're you gonna
account for that?

That landed; we can see it. Carson shrugs.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Somebody could be hurting her, right
now, and you keep--

CARSON

(cuts her off)

Hey.

(Kyle falls silent)

You made your point.

Kyle studies him, realizing only now that what she said has registered. Carson almost looks humbled.

Kyle moves on to the next row...

INT. AIRJET - FUSELAGE "ATTIC" - RESUMING

The beam from Eric's mag-light fans through the endless space of this "attic":

Above us is the ribbed curvature of the fuselage, insulated by lime green poly-paper. STRUTS descend from the fuselage,

bolted to the column of "overhead storage bins" which are now *below* us. (The struts hold those bins in place.)

Girders rattle, circuitry hums, metal moans under enormous pressure. Around us are bundles of wires, AIR DUCTS, the Auxiliary Power Unit, heavy feeder cables.

But no four year-olds.

INT. AIRJET - CREW QUARTERS - RESUMING

Eric pops back into that Cubby again. Katerina waits beside a bunk. He hands the flashlight to her.

ERIC
(suddenly serious)
You should have a look.

KATERINA
Why? Did you see anything?

ERIC
No.

...then a sly grin comes to Eric's face...

ERIC (CONT'D)
...it's just that I'm *dying* to watch
you crawl through that hatch.

She rolls her eyes, amused but unoffended.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROWS 14/15/16 - RESUMING

Kyle continues to look row-by-row. Carson watches.

Then - fuck it - he starts looking too: crouching down, scanning under some seats.

Kyle notices... but she won't comment on it. Carson appreciates that. They continue along...

...when she stops, literally. Carson doesn't know why.

CARSON
What's the problem?

Kyle turns, focusing on a MAN they just passed - in Row 16.
We saw him when he boarded.

The man is Egyptian. His name's JARRAH.

Kyle studies the guy, as if recognizing him from somewhere.
Of course, that makes Jarrah uncomfortable.

JARRAH
May I help you?

KYLE
I don't... Do I know you from
somewhere?

JARRAH
You've walked past me five times
since we took off. Does that count?

The guy next to Jarrah laughs. This is AHMED, a Jordanian.

And Kyle suddenly finds him familiar as well. Just can't
place the exact spot...

KYLE
You're from Berlin?

JARRAH
(at Carson)
Am I being interrogated now?

KYLE
Just wanted to know if you were from
Berlin.

JARRAH
No. I am not.

CARSON
Let's move along.

Kyle stares at Jarrah, trying to remember... but her brain's
too scrambled just now.

KYLE
Sure. Sorry.

They continue on. Jarrah and Ahmed trade a look. Then they
glance across their aisle, one row back, toward the LIBYAN
MEN who were searched next to Kyle at the Metal Detector.

The four share a look, its meaning undecipherable to us...

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - REAR OF COACH CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Eric and Katerina descend that tiny staircase from the Crew Quarters above.

ERIC (O.S.)

Think about what you're saying no to.
I mean, it would be epic!

KATERINA

You're terrible!

They're all giggles, having a wonderful time.

...until they reach the bottom of that stairwell - where Kyle stands. Carson's right behind her.

The giggling stops, instantly. Katerina eyes the floor.

KYLE

I need to speak to the Captain again.

There's a CREW-PHONE affixed to the wall at the base of those steps. Eric looks to Carson.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I need to speak to the Captain. Can
you get him for me?

Carson looks to Eric: "Humor her." Eric grabs the phone...

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - GALLEY #2 - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle, growing more impatient:

KYLE

Okay. Can we look in the holds now?

Reveal Rich, who is just-this-second entering the Galley. The guy hasn't even had enough time to get both feet in.

RICH

Ms. Sherin, there's no conceivable
way a child could've gained access to
any of the holds.

Now we discover Carson, flanking Kyle.

KYLE

There's access to the forward hold
from Main Galley Number One. The food-
cart elevator.

RICH

The call button's too high for a four
year-old to reach.

KYLE

So's the overhead bin, but her backpack is missing too. She's with an adult. I told you.

RICH

What adult? Every single passenger is in his seat, accounted for.

KYLE

That's according to a manifest that we already know to be inaccurate.

RICH

It is not inaccurate!

A beat, both of them frustrated...

KYLE

Captain, we can't say we've thoroughly searched this aircraft until we've looked everywhere, and that means the holds.

RICH

I'm sorry, I can't allow that.

KYLE

Goddammit! Are you listening?

That stopped things cold. Rich eyes her, silently reminding her of his rank. She knows she ought to apologize... but she can't. So they're silent, until:

CARSON

I don't think it's a bad idea, Captain.

RICH

What?!

Kyle just brightened.

CARSON

Might be good to have her below deck for a while. She's making people anxious.

Rich looks to Kyle, surprised that that didn't offend her.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Lemme go down there with her.

RICH

Mister Carson, I'm responsible for the safety of every passenger on this

plane, even the delusional ones - and I cannot have a passenger out of her seat belt, bouncing around with the luggage bins in a cargo hold. One patch of turbulence and she could be seriously injured down there... And so could you, by the way. I don't fancy pulling into Kennedy with an unconscious Air Marshall on my hands.

(at Kyle:)

Now, we are going to continue to search this aircraft from the waist up. If we don't find anybody, I'll send two members of my crew into the holds. I trust that that will be satisfactory to you.

KYLE

I just saw two members of your crew, Captain - on their way back from "searching" the attic. They never even bothered to turn on their flashlights.

RICH

Ms. Sherin, there are 425 passengers on this flight who are NOT receiving any attention at the moment because everyone of my flight attendants is busy conducting a search for a child that none of them believe was ever on board. I'm sorry if you think we could be doing more to meet your needs, but you'll have to take it up with Customer Service after we land. Fair enough?

Kyle's about to fire back, when:

STEFAN (O.S.)

Captain?

Rich turns... to find Stefan, who has just arrived from the Flight Deck... with a FAX in his hands.

RICH

Yes?

STEFAN

Can I speak to you for a moment?

Stefan looks matter-of-fact, almost businesslike. Rich nods.

RICH

Mister Carson, this woman is in your charge. I want her to remain in the passenger cabins. Is that understood?

CARSON
Understood.

RICH
Thank you. Excuse me.

With that, Rich exits the galley, leading Stefan to the Flight Deck. Just Kyle and Carson now.

A beat. Kyle's face working... She's just about to say something to Carson.

...when *she stops herself*, as is something had just occurred to her.

Something huge.

KYLE
(just came to her)
I know where I've seen him before.

Carson eyes her, lost: "Seen who?"

Kyle doesn't explain. Instead she hurries out of the Galley.
We follow:

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - COACH CABIN - CONTINUING

Kyle barrels into the Coach Cabin, her eyes suddenly ablaze, calling out to someone unseen to us:

KYLE (CONT'D)
I know where I've seen you before!

People turn, confused, until we see who she's zeroing in on:

Jarrah.

He turns, befuddled, as she marches right at him. We jump back in time to:

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - JULIA'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Kyle stands at Julia's window, closing the drapes... when *she sees TWO MEN on the other side of that courtyard, standing at a window, staring into Julia's room. They're Middle-Eastern.*

From this distance, they look a hell of a lot like Jarrah and Ahmed. End Flashback.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 16 - RESUMING

Kyle starts cross-examining even before she reaches their row:

KYLE

Where's my daughter.

JARRAH

What?!

KYLE

Where's my daughter?!

Kyle gets to their row, drawing far more attention than Carson would like.

JARRAH

I don't know what you are talking a--

KYLE

You were looking through her window last night.

CARSON

Wait a minute.

KYLE

I saw you looking across the courtyard into her room. Both of you.

AHMED

You are a lunatic!

KYLE

Where's my daughter?

An Egyptian and a Jordanian, on an airplane, accused of a conspiracy. Instant racial profiling begins, all around them.

Eric now enters, flanked by Katerina. They get the drift...

CARSON

Hold it. Back up. You've seen these men before?

JARRAH

No. She has not.

KYLE

I saw them last night. Staring into my daughter's room.

Jarrah dismisses that with a laugh, particularly incensing a nearby white passenger named ELIAS.

CARSON

(to Jarrah)

Is this correct, Sir?

JARRAH

I have never seen this woman before in my life.

AHMED

Neither have I.

KYLE

What would you expect them to say:
"Ya got me?"

ERIC

How 'bout we move this into one of
the galleys?

KYLE

No! He doesn't get a minute to think
up an answer. I wanna know right now!
Where'd you take my little girl?

JARRAH

I didn't do anything. I've never seen
her!

Another minor hiccup of turbulence. Things are getting pretty
tense up here. Jarrah can feel the looks coming his way...

JARRAH (CONT'D)

Not that it's any of your concern,
but I was at the Hilton last night.
In Tiergarten - on business - we both
were. And neither of us left the
hotel. Would you like to see our
bill?

Kyle looks to Carson, who has now become a U.N. negotiator...

CARSON

(to Jarrah, politely)

It's a bit unorthodox, but... if you
wouldn't mind.

Jarrah pauses: *you're kidding*. Nope, nobody's kidding.

Livid, deeply offended, Jarrah grabs his carry-on from under
his seat, unzips it, rifles through some papers.

Silence in here. Everybody watching. The Libyan guys are
paying special attention. So's Elias. Eric too.

...then Jarrah finds his HOTEL RECEIPT and thrusts it at
Carson with great indignance.

Carson eyes it. Looks to Kyle.

ELIAS

(quietly, to his wife)

A bill doesn't prove anything.

Carson examines the "evidence" in his hands. We get a look at

it now: there are PHONE CALLS listed, with a time-entry for each. And two MOVIES ordered.

JARRAH

Satisfied?

(Carson nods reluctantly)

Then I'd suggest you find two other
Arabs to harass.

Carson nods, hands the receipt back to Jarrah. Two seats over, Elias turns, scowling.

CARSON

(calmly, to Kyle)

Let's go.

KYLE

What the hell does a bill prove?

CARSON

Let's go.

Carson starts to pull Kyle away. Kyle breaks free and:

KYLE

(shouting, at Jarrah)

Where's my daughter? What've you done
with her?

JARRAH

I spent the night watching a movie.
you fucking bullshit lunatic!

Kyle lunges at him. They collide like rams, Kyle gets a hand to his face and scratches at him. Jarrah doesn't fight back. Eric hurries to get between them.

ERIC

Get a handle on this lady, will ya?

...as *Carson grabs Kyle by the shoulder*, yanking her hard.

CARSON

C'mere!

Carson's a bull. He pulls Kyle away.

KYLE

What're you doing?! They've got her!

CARSON

Shut up!

Carson pulls her away. we STAY WITH JARRAH, He touches a hand to his face. It's now BLEEDING. That shames him. He eyes his fellow passengers, then Eric... until:

JARRAH

Anyone else have any questions for me?!

Silence. Jarrah has turned every white face in here against him. And he doesn't seem to care.

JARRAH (CONT'D)

Anyone else want to know where I've been and with whom I am associating?!

Again, no one volunteers. The discomfort in here is palpable, particularly among those two Libyan Men. Jarrah sits.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

Carson pushes Kyle into that CORRIDOR between the Coach lavatories. Hardly private, but it'll do.

CARSON (CONT'D)

I can cuff you, understand that? I can confine you to your seat.

KYLE

They have Julia. Why would you wanna cuff me?

Before Carson can reply, Fiona appears, carrying a half-empty orange juice CARTON. She leans into a nearby LAVATORY, dumps some juice into a toilet, but hangs on to the empty carton.

Then Estella appears, and *does the same thing*: dumping the juice from a large apple juice carton down a toilet while hanging on to the carton itself.

CARSON

What're those for?

FIONA

I've got a seventy year-old in 20-B who can't hold his pee any longer.

ESTELLA

Mine's six, about to wet his pants.

From a few rows away we hear a SIX YEAR-OLD BOY, crying.

ESTELLA (CONT'D)

That's him.

Estella passes by, shooting Kyle a nasty look: "Thanks, Lady." Fiona betrays no expression at all. Then they go.

KYLE

They have Julia.

Carson tightens, acutely aware that *people in nearby rows are*

listening in on this.

CARSON

(quietly)

You think those guys were surveilling
you last night - is that it?

KYLE

Yes.

CARSON

For the purposes of kidnapping your
daughter, stashing her in one of the
holds until we land...

KYLE

Yes.

CARSON

Mind if I ask an obvious question?

(Kyle's silent)

If they knew where you lived, why
wouldn't they just take her from your
apartment? Why take her on an
airplane where they'd have no
possible means of escape?

KYLE

I don't know.

CARSON

And let's not forget: *her name isn't
on the manifest*. How the hell could
two pull passengers *that* off?

KYLE

Obviously, they'd have to have
someone from the crew involved.

CARSON

Jesus Christ, it's a regular Grassy
Knoll now! I suppose they've got a
couple guys from the Grounds Crew at
Kennedy in on it too - since once we
land the only way to get her off this
thing would be in a steamer trunk.

Carson tries to rein himself in - again conscious of what a
public forum this is.

Annoying him further, Fiona and Estella now re-appear,
bearing their JUICE CARTONS, *now filled with piss.*

ESTELLA

Excuse me.

Estella heads for the lavatory, "accidentally" raising her

piss-carton so it's right under Kyle's nose. Fiona dumps her carton in the toilet as well and exits the corridor.

Kyle and Carson are "alone" again. Carson leans in:

CARSON

(quiet as possible)

Think about what you're asking me to do, okay? You're asking me to approach two Arabs - on an airplane - and accuse them of enacting a criminal conspiracy. Think about the ramifications of that.

KYLE

They have my daughter. I don't give a shit about being politically correct!

That was too loud, way too loud. And it pissed Carson off.

CARSON

Fine. Let's go arrest the both of 'em... just as soon as you can answer one more question:

(Kyle waits)

Why the hell would anybody wanna take your daughter?

Kyle sags. But Carson's not done yet:

CARSON (CONT'D)

What makes her so Goddamn special? What makes you so Goddamn special that they'd go to all this trouble... Unless you're some kind of closet-millionaire who gets a secret thrill out of flying coach.

Silence. Carson's pretty certain he's just ended this argument. And Kyle looks humbled...

CARSON (CONT'D)

Well?

KYLE

What if they're hijacking the plane?

Carson sags, can't believe she just said that.

CARSON

Ya know what, Lady - that swan dive your husband took is starting to make a whole lotta sense to me now. Couple hours with you and even *I'm ready to jump*.

Silence. That took the air out of Kyle's lungs. She stares...

Carson can see that he's wounded her. Goddammit...

KYLE

David fell.

(no reply)

He fell.

CARSON

I'm sorry. Fuck...

Carson studies her, a long beat, feeling like a heel...

CARSON (CONT'D)

Okay. Go back to your seat. Wait there for me. Five minutes with no international incidents, okay?

(can't believe I'm saying this but...)

I'll talk to the Captain again, see what I can do about getting us into the hold.

Kyle pauses, thinking she might've just heard wrong.

KYLE

Really?

CARSON

How else am I gonna kill five hours watching soccer?

Kyle can't believe it: she's got a friend. But just as she's about to say "Thank you"...

DING! A familiar CHIME comes through the P.A. SYSTEM above Kyle. An announcement must be coming.

Kyle looks up... then she hears:

STEFAN (O.S., THRU P.A.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of our Captain we'd like to thank you for your patience during the unusual circumstances on this flight. As you can see, the Captain has turned *off* the fasten-seatbelt sign. You're now free to move about the cabin.

The passengers CHEER... as Kyle's eyes go wide.

STEFAN (O.S., THRU P.A., CONT'D)

For your safety, we suggest that if you remain in your seat you do keep your seatbelt loosely fastened. Thank you.

To Kyle's dismay, PASSENGERS rise at once, *heading for the*

lavatories. Several of them.

KYLE
(disbelief)
What's he doing?
(Carson doesn't know)
What is he doing?

The aisles begin to fill, lots of full bladders.

KYLE (CONT'D)
We haven't found her yet!

Then Kyle turns, and spots something:

Captain Rich, approaching from the Flight Deck.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(at Rich)
What're you doing?

RICH
I need to speak to you.

Rich takes her arm, gently, leading toward a galley. We TRACK THEM... as passengers make way.

KYLE
Are we done looking? Is that it?

RICH
Just come with me.

KYLE
No!

She STOPS. Rich tightens, wanting to avoid a scene.

RICH
Ms. Sherin, we're not going to do
this in the middle of the cabin.

KYLE
Where's my daughter, Captain?

RICH
If you'll come with me, we can
discuss it.

KYLE
WHERE IS SHE!!!!

RICH
She's dead, Goddammit!

Kyle freezes, her face suddenly ashen.

Somehow, this entire plane just fell silent. No one moves. No one even blinks. Even the engines seem quieter. Rich sighs...

Carson's as floored as anyone. Kyle's almost too frightened to speak...

KYLE
(God no)
You found her...?

RICH
No, Ms. Sherin, I didn't find her.

He pulls a piece of paper from a back pocket. It's a FAX. He offers it to her.

RICH (CONT'D)
This is from Kaiser Wilhelm Hospital, on Hochstrasse. That's where your husband was pronounced dead, is that correct?

KYLE
Yes.

RICH
David Sherin? six days ago? January 12?
(Kyle nods)
Your daughter was also taken there.

KYLE
No. Julia was at the park when it happened, with her nanny.

RICH
Ms. Sherin, according to the Director of the Morgue there, your daughter Julia died of internal injuries at 2:36 p.m. on January 13. Same time as your husband.

Absolute quiet fills the cabin. Stunned silence.

RICH (CONT'D)
They went off that roof together. Didn't they?

Kyle stares, dumbstruck.

Carson, Fiona, Stefan, Anna, the Louds, everyone within earshot, eyeing her in a very different way now.

KYLE
No.

RICH

I'm very sorry.

Kyle's head feels like it's spinning. This has to be a dream.

KYLE

No. Julia wasn't even home. She was
at the park.

RICH

Maybe you should sit down.

KYLE

She was at the park.

Kyle stumbles back a bit, into an aisle seat. The floor feels
wobbly beneath her. Jarrah and Ahmed watch, almost pleased.

KYLE (CONT'D)

She wasn't even there.

(no one speaks)

She wasn't even there.

Kyle shudders, shakes her head... as IMAGES BOMBARD HER:

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - JULIA'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

All those MOVING BOXES crowd the floor, everything packed.
Karolina weeps in the background. An OUTFIT lies on the
couch, beside that one-armed teddy bear.

But we don't see Julia in the bed. We don't see her anywhere.

INT. KYLE'S APT. - STAIRWELL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Kyle trudges down those steps with her THREE HUGE SUITCASES.
Behind her she hears a THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

...but it's merely one of her *own bags*, hitting each step.

EXT. KYLE'S APT. BUILDING - HIGH ANGLE - (FLASHBACK)

We are across the street, at rooftop height, as Kyle gets
into that waiting car to go to the airport, her overcoat
slung over her shoulder. We'd thought Julia was beneath it.

But seen from this angle, *Kyle now seems to be getting into
the car alone.*

...because Kyle, we now realize, is **delusional**.

And everyone knows it, except Kyle herself. End Flashback.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - RESUMING

She tries to back away, but there's nowhere to go. She
suddenly realizes that she's up against an EMERGENCY EXIT.

KYLE
You're crazy. You're all crazy.

RICH
She was never on board.

KYLE
I carried her on board...

All these people, eyeing her: the crazy lady.

MRS. LOUD
Shouldn't somebody get her away from
the door? Could somebody get her away
from the door!

RICH
There's nothing to worry about,
Ma'am.

Rich looks to Carson, who gently positions himself between
Kyle and the door.

RICH (CONT'D)
Ms. Sherin, I can't tell you how
sorry I am. I have a family too.
Three daughters. And I can only
imagine what you must be going
through. No, I can't imagine. But my
main resp--

KYLE
She must be so scared...

RICH
--my main responsibility is the
safety of these passengers. And I
can't allow anyone, no matter how
tragic their circumstances, to
jeopardize that.

KYLE
She doesn't know where she is...

RICH
Our Air Marshall is going to escort
you back to your seat. He can
handcuff you if you force him to. I'm
hoping that won't be necessary.
(Kyle doesn't reply)
As I said, I'm very sorry for your
loss.
(a beat)
Mister Carson, will you see her back
to her seat now?

Carson reaches for Kyle's arm... and Kyle simply snaps:

She bolts into the aisle, knocking two people down as she bursts by them. Some passengers SCREAM.

RICH (CONT'D)

Carson!

But Kyle is already *past* Carson, so:

Jarrah tackles Kyle, knocking her sideways. Kyle's face strikes an armrest, as she falls. Thud.

Her cheek brightens and bleeds. Her eyelids flutter. The room swims. She mumbles the name, "Julia... "

Then she's out. Jarrah stands over her, shocked as hell by what he's just done. We...

FADE TO BLACK:

And come back... on the faces of Rhett and Brittany.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 24 - TWO HOURS LATER (NIGHT)

Kyle awakens... to find Rhett and Brittany craning to look over their seat-tops at her. (NOTE: from now on, she'll have a large cut/bruise beside her left eye. It hurts.)

LISA (O.S.)

(heavy German accent)

How are you feeling?

Kyle turns, thrown. Seated beside her now is LISA. She's 45, German. Carson is across the aisle now, in 24-D.

LISA (CONT'D)

Are you in pain?

Kyle hesitates - *who are you?* - then puts a hand to the injury on her face, remembering...

...and it all rushes back: Julia. David. That rooftop. Lisa offers Kyle a cup of water. Rhett and Brittany duck down out of sight again.

CARSON

We can get some aspirin if ya want.

Things have normalized in this cabin now: movies are playing, people are sleeping again. Meals are being served.

But no Julia. Just this odd German woman, speaking gently:

LISA

My name is Lisa. The Captain thought you might want to... talk with me.

(Kyle's a blank)

I'm a therapist.

Kyle looks to Carson.

LISA (CONT'D)

I saw you - my seat is just a few
rows up - and I ask if I can help.
Please forgive my English.

Kyle feels like she's drowning. And her injury throbs.

KYLE

I don't know you.

LISA

So many of my patients come to me
after a loss. To grieve.
(Kyle's silent)
Parents. If they have lost a child.

Kyle shudders. Rhett and Brittany re-appear.

MRS. LOUD

Kids, turn around.

RHETT/BRITTANY

Mommmmm.

MRS. LOUD

Turn around!

The kids turn around, disappearing from our view... Lisa's
glad for that. She turns to face Kyle again.

LISA

Sometimes it is just stopping. Being
still. Is that the right word?
Allowing the pain to come.
(that landed)
Your husband. David. He was a very
unhappy man?

KYLE

I don't know you.

Lisa nods, unoffended, and takes Kyle's hand.

...just a bit of human contact, but it works. Kyle shuts her
eyes for a moment.

KYLE (CONT'D)

He couldn't work anymore.

LISA

I'm sorry?

KYLE

David. He couldn't write anymore. He wanted to go back to New York.

(Lisa's silent)

I wouldn't. I didn't wanna give up my job.

LISA

Have you cried about that? Have you asked them to forgive you?

(Kyle's a blank)

You never got to tell them how sorry you were. How guilty you feel. You must be carrying that now.

KYLE

Last night I walked through the city, and he was there. *He was with me.*

(Lisa nods)

We just walked. And he wasn't angry about it anymore. He'd forgiven me.

LISA

Can you forgive him - for taking her like he did?

Kyle shuts her eyes, can't trust her memory anymore...

LISA (CONT'D)

Was Julia there too?

KYLE

What?

LISA

Your walk, with David. Was Julia there too?

KYLE

No. She was home. It was late.

Kyle pauses a moment, as if reminding herself: *"Wait a minute; I remember this so clearly. It must have happened."*

KYLE (CONT'D)

I came home, and she was in bed. She came into his office, looking for me. And we talked until she was asleep again.

There was a certainty to that. Lisa smiles, touched.

LISA

It is impossible to... move on, yes? If we haven't *accepted*.

Kyle's sighs, inadvertently steaming up her window.

LISA (CONT'D)

You have to think... think of your husband and child as being on an island. A beautiful place.

...and there it is, a SHAPE emerging from the steam on Kyle's window:

It's *the HEART that Julia drew* - while David's casket was being loaded onto the plane.

A clumsy, shaky, beautiful heart, fingered by a child...

Kyle stares at it, jolted. *Julia was here. She was sitting right here. I didn't imagine that.*

LISA (CONT'D)

They will always be there. And you can swim to them any time you need to, in your mind. They'll be there.

Kyle traces her finger over that heart, fresh tears wetting her eyes, not listening at all:

LISA (CONT'D)

But that island... it is not a place where you can live. You have to let them be there. It's not your - how do you say? - not your place. Do you understand?

A decision just got made; we can see it on Kyle's face. First step is to get past Lisa, so:

KYLE

We believe what we want to, don't we?

LISA

Sometimes it's the only way one can go on.

Kyle nods, as if understanding completely - as if "cured." That makes Lisa feel pretty successful.

Then Kyle looks to Carson:

KYLE

(to Carson)

Am I allowed to use the restroom?

Carson exhales, annoyed, looks to Lisa.

CARSON

This lady any kind of threat to herself, Doctor? Alone, in a lavatory? Do I have to take her belt and shoelaces or something?

LISA
Of course not. She's going to be
fine.

(at Kyle)
You're going to be fine.

Kyle nods, "grateful."

CARSON
Let's go.

Kyle heads down the aisle.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LEFT AISLE - CONTINUING

Some passengers take note of her. Others sleep, or read. Her
celebrity has faded a bit.

Stefan emerges from Upper Coach Galley #2, bearing two coffee
pots. He passes by Kyle and Carson.

STEFAN
'Scuse me.

Carson nods. Stefan slips past, careful not to brush up
against them with the coffee pots.

But Stefan's eyes meet Kyle's - for a split second too long.

And Kyle's wheels begin to turn: *He's in on it. Whatever this
is, the Steward has to be in on it.* Carson nudges her along.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

Kyle passes two unoccupied lavatories, then stops before a
third. She turns to Carson, gesturing with the cuffs: "I need
these taken off."

Carson hesitates, conflicted. Just then, Fiona and Mike push
their meal-cart by. Kyle watches them go, until Carson grabs
Kyle by the wrists, snapping her rudely back to reality.

CARSON (CONT'D)
I'll be standing right here.

Kyle nods; she knows. Carson unlocks the cuffs, tapping his
sidearm to remind Kyle of where things stand.

And Kyle steps into the lavatory.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LAVATORY - CONTINUING

She enters, locks the door, turns. Here's a mirror.

She eyes her reflection, a long beat, steeling herself...

Then she climbs onto the toilet and *pushes up on the ceiling panel above it.*

To our great surprise, (but not Kyle's), the panel pops free.

INT. AIRJET - "ATTIC" - CONTINUING

This is the same endless cavern Eric looked through: insulated ducts, struts holding up the overhead bins from above, bundles of wires. A football field of space.

Kyle pops up like a gopher out of a hole. A STRUT is right in front of her. She grabs it, pulling herself into the attic.

A few feet away is an insulated AIR DUCT. She crawls toward it, then around it... heading for something *behind* it.

...an ELECTRICAL PANEL, exactly where Kyle knew it would be. She pulls a coin from her pocket, uses it to open the panel:

Inside is the world's greatest FUSEBOX - a forest of WIRES, meticulously tagged and color-coded. Hundreds of them...

Working quickly, she grabs a bundle of BLUE-TAGGED WIRES, sorting through them with precision. Their labels read: Water Pump; Main Cabin; Floor Lights; Emerg 02 Supply.

Emerg 02 Supply. That's the one. She pulls it from the bunch.

Next she starts searching through a bundle of YELLOW-TAGGED WIRES. She finds the Emergency 02 Supply wire from the yellow bundle, and separates it out.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - OUTSIDE THE LAVATORY - CONTINUING

Carson thinks this is taking too long. He taps on the door.

CARSON
(to lavatory door)
Hey.

INT. AIRJET - "ATTIC" - RESUMING

Fuck. Kyle turns herself around in this impossibly-narrow space, squirming back toward the open ceiling panel.

Carson knocks on the lavatory door again, annoyedly:

CARSON (O.S., CONT'D)
Hey!

Kyle lowers her upper body through that open ceiling panel, so that her head is close enough to the door:

KYLE
Be out in a second.

No reply from Carson. Kyle extends into the attic again.

She pulls herself along that same strut, behind the duct, and back to that PANEL, resuming her work with those wires.

Again, she finds the two that she needs: "Emerg 02 Supply" - one yellow, one blue.

Then, for just a second, she pauses. *Good God, I'm really about to do this...*

And here goes:

She extends the wires toward one another. A BRIGHT ELECTRICAL CURRENT ARCS BETWEEN THEM. It scorches Kyle's hand, sparks flying, as:

INT. AIRJET - PASSENGER CABINS - VARIOUS - SAME

Bang. 580 EMERGENCY OXYGEN MASKS now drop from above.

Instant panic and chaos. People scream, grabbing for masks, gasping like fish out of water - each suddenly connecting this event to the crazy lady on board. *We're under attack.*

INT. AIRJET - COCKPIT - SAME

A red PANEL-LIGHT alerts Rich and Kaufman: "EMERG 02".

RICH
Cabin de-press?

KAUFMAN
No.

Then what the hell just happened? They reach for *their own masks*, located under their seats...

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - COACH CABIN - RESUMING

Panic... at 43,000 feet. Stefan and Anna try to calm everyone down, but the fear in here is spiking.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - BUSINESS - RESUMING

More panicking passengers. Fiona's doing her best.

FIONA
(loud as possible)
Everyone, please give me your attention. There is no reason to panic! Place the mask over your face and use the straps on either side to tighten it.

No one's listening; they're too terrified.

Carson hurries away from the lavatory, grabbing at the nearest unused mask. A woman nearby cries with fear.

INT. AIRJET - "ATTIC" - RESUMING

Kyle's not done. She hunts through those wires again, finding another matched pair, a blue and a yellow.

Each reads, "CABIN LIGHTS."

Then another blue, another yellow. They read: "CABIN TV."

Same procedure. She extends the wires toward one another, absorbing a horrible scorch as the CURRENT arcs between them. A huge FLASH, and:

INT. AIRJET - PASSENGER CABINS - VARIOUS - RESUMING

Another nightmare... EVERY LIGHT ON BOARD JUST WENT OUT. Every video screen too.

Total, sudden darkness, and the result is *sheer terror*: kids scream, adults too. Flight Attendants try in vain to maintain some sense of calm, but they're drowned out.

INT. AIRJET - COCKPIT - RESUMING

Another red PANEL-LIGHT just pinged: "CABIN ELECTRICAL." Rich is already out of his seat, on his way to the cabins.

RICH
Get the floor-lights up.

INT. AIRJET - "ATTIC" - RESUMING

Kyle drops down from the attic, into the lavatory. No time to replace the ceiling panel.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

The lavatory door opens, and Kyle slips out - the darkness and chaos providing perfect cover.

The FLOOR LIGHTS POP ON. She follows them forward. TRACK her:

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - MOVING

People call out to one another. Children cry. Several passengers yell that they can't get their masks to work. "I can't breathe! I can't breathe!"

We also hear, "It's the Arabs! They're terrorists!" And "They're taking over the plane!" Kyle slips through it all.

Elias, the crazed Caucasian, leaps through the darkness now, grabbing Jarrah.

ELIAS
What'd you do to the lights? What're
you fucking guys doing?!

That starts a race riot. Ahmed throws Elias aside. More
Caucasian Passengers jump in. Then the Libyans...

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - RIGHT AISLE - SAME

Carson, breathing through his mask, sees a TINY WHITE LIGHT
approaching from down the aisle.

It's Rich, mag-light in hand. The beam lands on Carson.

RICH
(has to shout)
Where's Sherin?

Carson can barely hear amid the shouting. But he just noticed
something: *Rich isn't wearing a mask.*

Then Rich tears *Carson's* mask away, and:

RICH (CONT'D)
You don't need a mask - we haven't
lost pressure. Where's Sherin?

Carson's face says it all. Oh shit...

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAVATORY - SAME

Carson races to that lavatory. Its door is open. Rich shines
his flashlight beam inside.

Kyle's not in here. But that missing ceiling panel tells them
what she's done...

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK- COACH GALLEY #2 - CONTINUING

Kyle flies through a curtain, into the deserted Coach Galley.
A food cart sits here, under a counter. She pulls it aside.

...revealing a tiny ELEVATOR.

She reaches up for a CALL BUTTON near the galley ceiling.
Presses it.

The elevator opens. She slips in, hits the down button.

INT. AIRJET - TINY ELEVATOR - CONTINUING

We're in the dark, descending. The elevator hits bottom with
a THUNK. The doors open. Kyle spills out... into the FORWARD
CARGO HOLD.

INT. AIRJET - FORWARD HOLD - REAR WALL - CONTINUING

Immediately in front of us is a row of those LD-3's: square BINS, five-feet tall, eighteen abreast, carrying luggage. They block our view of the rest of the hold entirely.

KYLE
(aloud)
Julia? Julia?

No reply, but she has to be down here.

Trouble is, *there's no space between or around these bins* - just row after row of them, five feet high.

The ceiling, though, is seven feet high. That's enough room to crawl through.

Kyle climbs on top of that first row of bins. Then, like a guy wriggling under the wire of a POW camp, she begins.

INT. FORWARD HOLD - TRACKING KYLE ATOP THE BINS - CONTINUING

She crawls over row after row - her eyes scanning, probing, her back brushing against the ceiling of the hold. Nothing to light her way but a few bare bulbs.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Julia? Can you hear me, Honey?

In front of her, there's a drop-off. She crawls toward it and looks down.

Beneath her now is that black Mercedes S600 on a steel freight tray, beneath its metal superstructure. Smoked windows, drawn privacy curtains.

Not a bad place to hide somebody.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Julia? Are you in there, Honey?

No reply. Kyle drops onto the roof of the sedan.

There's no way to open the Benz' doors; it's wedged between rows of bins. So Kyle bangs on its roof.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Honey? Are you in there?

It's so noisy down here that Julia could be yelling at Kyle from within and we might not hear it.

Nearby is a CARGO HOOK, hanging on a rack. Kyle climbs over the hood, grabs the hook, and SMASHES the front window of the Benz. She peels away the windshield and sticks her head in.

Julia's not inside.

Kyle finds a lever beneath the dash and pulls it, opening the TRUNK, then climbs over the back of the Benz, onto a stack of BOXES OF MAIL, and opens the trunk. Julia's not here either.

Kyle slams the trunk shut. Fuck. To her right is another row of bins. She climbs atop it.

INT. FORWARD HOLD - LAST ROW OF BINS - CONTINUING

Instantly, she sees something that makes her eyes go wide:

It's right beneath her, wedged in between the forward wall of this hold and the row of bins she's currently atop...

David's casket.

It sits on a pallet, well-secured, three feet below her. Above it is a bare bulb that's shorting a bit.

Kyle can't move at first, can barely breathe... Then she hears something... a *THUMPING SOUND*.

It seemed like it came from *inside the casket*.

Maybe it was turbulence, or Kyle's imagination. But she's certain that she just heard a THUMP coming from *within* the casket itself.

...as if someone were inside, trying to get out. God, no.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(pure dread)
Julia?

Of course, there's no reply. Just the roar of the engines...

Kyle crawls closer... and it happens again: a THUMP from within, strong enough to make the casket seem like it just *hopped* an inch or two.

Good God, Julia's in there.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Julia!?

Kyle crawls over the edge of the bins, dropping onto the casket itself. *Julia's inside. I know it.*

There's a tiny bit of floorspace here, enough to stand in. Kyle punches a few digits into the casket's ELECTRONIC LOCK.

...but she's rushing, and terrified. So she enters the wrong numbers. The electronic window flashes a tiny RED LIGHT.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Shit!
(to the casket, loud:)

I'm here, Honey. Mommy's here.

She tries again. Another THUMP can be heard from within, flustering her. That yields another red light. Everything feels frantic...

She tries the electronic lock a third time, begging her fingers to get the combination right.

They obey. The light goes GREEN. The casket unlocks. She throws it open...

...revealing the corpse of her husband, David.

...and nothing else.

Kyle stares, awed. Somehow the last thing she expected to find in here was David.

But here he is, in the shuddering belly of an airplane. First time she's seen him since his death.

And Kyle, at last, breaks down.

A sob rumbles up her throat before she can stop it. Tears fill her eyes, her mouth. Breathing suddenly feels difficult.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
David...

Kyle's head drops, her body sags against the casket.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You have to open your eyes, Baby.

Doesn't make much sense, talking to a dead body. But she can't stop herself.

More sobs come; she's powerless to stop them. She grabs David's hand, touches his face, her body shaking.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I need you to come back. I'm so
scared.
(can barely say it:)
I can't find Julia.

The words come out in spasms.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I can't find her, Honey... I'm so
scared.

Kyle's a mess, grabbing at David, desperate, until:

CARSON (O.S.)

That's touching. Really.

Kyle's eyes snap open. Every part of her stiffens. She turns.

...to find Carson, looking down from that last row of bins, gun poised.

And here's Kyle, eyes drenched. She begins to shut the casket, but:

CARSON (CONT'D)

Don't.

That was odd. Sounded like Carson just told her not to shut the casket, which wouldn't make much sense.

Kyle freezes, mid-motion... as Carson drops down beside her, bearing a wry smile. They're face to face now.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Don't.

Then Carson does something even odder: with his gun still pointed at Kyle, Carson reaches into the coffin, and begins to *tear the lining out of its lid*.

KYLE

What're you--?

Just then, four chunks of CLAY fall from the casket's lining, landing on David's body.

...which makes Kyle's jaw drop.

...because the "clay" is actually *plastique*. EXPLOSIVES.

CARSON

Thank you.

Carson gathers them with his free hand, then reaches *back* into the lining of the casket - this time removing a tiny device from it.

A detonator...

Kyle's too floored to speak. That pleases Carson.

He pockets the detonator and shuts the casket.

Just like that, David's gone again. The light goes red. It's all a blur.

Then Carson climbs atop the casket... and reaches for a HATCH that resides five feet above the casket, built into the forward wall of this hold.

He opens the hatch and pulls himself halfway inside, his legs

dangling over the casket.

And now Kyle understands... because she knows exactly where that hatch leads to:

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - CONTINUING

...the tiny room containing converter boxes for EVERY SINGLE SYSTEM OPERATING THIS PLANE. *Hundreds* of black boxes...

Behind one of them, Carson now casually affixes those four chunks of plastique - fitting each with a tiny electronic RECEIVER from his pocket.

Then he pops himself back through the hatch, shutting it.

INT. FORWARD HOLD - AT DAVID'S CASKET - RESUMING

Kyle's stunned.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Go.

KYLE

Where's Julia?

CARSON

I put her to sleep, just like I put you to sleep. Do what I tell you and you'll get her back, wide awake.

He prods Kyle toward those bins... But Kyle resists.

KYLE

When?

CARSON

Move.

KYLE

When do I get my daughter back?

Carson pauses, fighting to keep a grin off his face... until:

CARSON

About fifty million dollars from now.

That's all he'll say, but it's enough. He shoves her toward the bins.

INT. AIRJET - ELEVATOR - ASCENDING - MOMENTS LATER

This was a tight fit when Kyle was alone. Now Carson's here too. They're close enough to kiss. Her hands are cuffed.

Kyle studies him, as if her brain can't integrate all this...

CARSON

Yes?

KYLE

I'm just trying to... I don't understand how you could do this.

CARSON

You're right. It's appalling. I'm ashamed of myself, truly.

The elevator stops. The doors start to open. Carson shoves her out.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - CONTINUING

Kyle stumbles out of the elevator. Here's what she sees:

The lights on this deck have just been restored. Video screens are beginning to flicker. OXYGEN BAGS still dangle.

And every single person on this deck is now staring at her.

Kyle, the delusional villain, in HAND-CUFFS, with a bleeding face that makes her look like a boxer. The glares coming her way are murderous.

Beside her is Carson - the sturdy, steady Air Marshall. He leans in close, and:

CARSON (CONT'D)

(for Kyle's ears only)

Obviously, not a word. Or we will kill her.

With that, he shoves her forward.

...as one of the passengers begins to APPLAUD.

It's derisive at first, evoking a few laughs. But then other passengers join in. Ahmed rises, loving it. Jarrah is silent. (So is Elias, mostly because his NOSE has now been bloodied.)

The applause spreads, filling the Deck. Kyle begins a McVeigh-like walk toward the ten empty rows in back. Carson, her escort, gets a few pats on the back.

They pass a very pissed-off Captain Rich, who has just emerged from fixing the wiring on the panel above that lavatory. Rich eyes Kyle without a word.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - BACK ROW - CONTINUING

Kyle reaches the back row, where she stops and turns. The applause stops too... leaving a sudden, eery silence.

Here are the Loud Family, and Lisa, and Rich, and Fiona, and

hundreds of others, all staring at her. Stefan, too. (But Stefan can't quite meet Kyle's eye.)

Kyle looks them all over, dying inside...

Then she sits, with ten empty rows standing between her and the rest of the passengers, disappearing in the tall seatbacks as a child would.

And oddly, no one feels like cheering anymore.

Passengers face forward again, returning to their movies or books, wondering why they don't feel victorious. Even the Louds seem non-plussed. Jarrah opens a magazine.

Captain Rich heads back to the cockpit, his face a mask.

Carson sits beside Kyle, who tilts her head to look down the aisle, the length of this plane, at her fellow passengers...

Row after row of them, people who have no idea what is sitting in that hold beneath them...

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - RESUMING

We TRACK THROUGH this tiny space, looking at all the systems an explosion in here would cripple: nav, comm, auto pilot, power, hydraulics. Everything. Instant disaster.

CONTINUE TRACKING through this shadowy, H-shaped room. Those chunks of plastique sit behind an electrical panel, completely obscured from view.

Then we come to a stop... having found the two dark pockets extending from the catwalk: the plane's NOSE-CONE.

In these unlit pockets we find struts, insulated by that lime green poly-paper. And some wire-ducts.

...and one four year-old girl.

Julia has been wedged into this pocket of shadows, alive, sleeping, hands tied, jostled by mild turbulence. We...

FADE TO BLACK

...and come back in on that bulkhead VIDEO MONITOR: a tiny PLANE, crossing an animated globe. We're now 37 MINUTES from our destination. Then we hear a DING, and:

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - GALLEY #2 - NIGHT

Stefan speaks into that P.A. SYSTEM again:

STEFAN (INTO P.A. MIC)
Ladies and Gentlemen, we've now begun
our descent into the New York area

and the Captain has once again
illuminated the fasten seatbelts
sign. Should be arriving at Kennedy
shortly.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - DOLLYING TO ROW 35 - CONTINUING

We DOLLY THROUGH the Upper Deck, passing Fiona as she grabs a
coat from an overhead bin for a passenger, arriving at:

...Kyle, still seated beside Carson. still in the dark.

STEFAN (P.A., CONT'D, O.S.)
We have some information concerning
connecting flights. All passengers on
Pan World Flight 18 to Los Angeles
will be departing via Gate B-3. Pan
World Flight 203 to Boston will be
departing via Gate B-7. And all
passengers remaining on this flight
and continuing to Miami will be asked
to deboard temporarily so that we may
service the aircraft.

And just like that, Kyle's eyes go wide. She gets it.

STEFAN (P.A., CONT'D)
As always, a Pan World representative
will be at the gate as you exit the
aircraft should you have any
questions.

End of announcement. Kyle eyes Carson...

And there's that fucking grin of his again...

KYLE
How many people will be aboard? Do
you know?

CARSON
We're not standing in the middle of a
parking lot, okay? Keep your voice
down.

KYLE
That's what this is, right? We land,
I get interrogated, the plane takes
off again, and I say I've planted a
few bombs in the hold.

(Carson eyes her)
How many people will be aboard?

CARSON
'Bout five hundred, last we checked.
What's it to ya?

Carson shows her A SLIP OF PAPER WITH TWENTY DIGITS ON IT.
Then he puts it into the inside pocket of her jacket.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Here's the account number the money
gets wired to.

Odd, having his hand up against her body like that.

KYLE

What if I tell them the truth
instead?

CARSON

Huh?

KYLE

What if I tell them the truth?

Carson considers that, almost amused...

CARSON

Well, I suppose they'll check the
plane and find the plastique. Then
they'll ask me how long you were
alone in that hold, and I'll tell
them certainly long enough to have
put it there. Mechanical Engineer, a
lady who'd sure as hell know how to
bring down an airplane, distraught
over her recent tragic losses, et
cetera. And you'll do time, and I'll
be out a boatload of money, and your
daughter will be dead.

(no reply)

...that is, unless you think they're
likely to take your word over mine.

Kyle eyes him. One of those moments in which you realize that
you're looking at evil itself. And it's only inches away...

KYLE

My husband didn't jump off that
building, did he?

(Carson smiles)

He didn't fall off it either.

CARSON

No. He flew off it.

He watches her for a reaction, enjoying it. We...

CUT TO:

EXT. KENNEDY - RUNWAY - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

The Airjet touches down at Kennedy.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - BACK ROW - SAME

The welcome screech of tires hitting runway brings a palpable relief - people happy as hell to have this flight over with.

Kyle reacts too - but without a hint of relief.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - LEFT DOOR #1 - MINUTES LATER

The jetway is attached now, and passengers are beginning to file out. Fiona and Estella offer "Bye-Bye" smiles.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 35 - SAME

Kyle sits, as her fellow passengers file toward those stairs. Lisa turns before descending, throwing a look of pity/compassion in our direction. Kyle stares blankly.

CARSON

Did you want me to get her card for
you?

Kyle's silent. Carson chuckles.

Jarrah gets up from his seat now, takes one last look at Kyle - as if seeing her one more time might help him to understand her. Then he too is gone...

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LEFT AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

The plane is EMPTY now. Captain Rich makes his way aft, toward Kyle and Carson.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 35 - CONTINUING

Rich stops a few aisles away, addressing Carson:

RICH

We're all clear now.

CARSON

Thank you, Captain.

Rich nods to Carson, one professional acknowledging another.

RICH

Goodbye, Ms. Sherin. You probably
won't believe this, but I wish you
well.

Kyle smiles thinly. Not much to say. Rich turns, heading back down the aisle.

Then he's gone.

It's just Kyle and Carson now; the rest of the plane is empty. Carson pulls out his cel-phone, dials.

CARSON (INTO PHONE)
We're all clear now. They've got us
at Gate Twelve.
(gets an answer)
Fine. Pull a car up. I'll bring her
down to you.
(a beat...)
No. She won't be any problem.

Carson ends the call. Kyle eyes him, almost admiringly.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Okay, they're coming with a car
that's gonna take us to the airport
police station. You are not to speak -
either in the car or during your
questioning. You're not even to ask
for a lawyer. I'll be next to you the
whole time. In about an hour, this
plane'll be up again. Soon as word of
it comes to me, I'll give you a sign.
At that time you will announce that
you've placed explosive charges on
board. And you'll issue your demands.

Kyle's silent. Carson goes on:

CARSON (CONT'D)
When the money is wired, your little
girl'll be set free. Happy endings
all around. Got it?

KYLE
Where is she now?

CARSON
She's safe. She's fine. That's all
you need to--

KYLE
Is she still on the plane?

CARSON
Of course not.

KYLE
How'd you get her off?

CARSON
Look, you need to keep your mind
clear for the next few hours. I'm not
gonna distract you with any kind of
unnecessary--

KYLE
I just wanna know where she is.

CARSON
She's someplace no one's gonna look,
okay?

KYLE
I wanna know where she is!

That hovers for a second. They study one another.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Where'd you put her?

Carson eyes her, irritated. Fuck it...

CARSON
I put her with your husband.

Kyle pauses, thinking she must have heard that wrong.

Then she replays it in her head... and notes the sadistic grin on Carson's face.

...and it all makes an awful kind of sense.

Julia. In a casket.

A wave of dread hits Kyle like a mallet - a thought so horrid she can barely give it voice.

KYLE
(aghast)
She's not...

CARSON
Yes. She is. Went in right before we
landed.

Of all the shocks on this flight, of all the horrors, this one's the worst. Kyle shudders, her eyes locked on Carson.

...as he looks toward the nearest window with a self-satisfied grin.

An instinct tells Kyle to rise, to get to that window. Carson nods, approving the idea.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - ROW 35 - WINDOW - CONTINUING

She rushes toward the window. Through it she sees the apron of the tarmac:

A plain FBI SEDAN approaches. CARGO-GUYS off-load suitcases and golf-clubs. There's that pallet bearing the Mercedes and its smashed window.

...And David's casket, rolling off a conveyor belt.

But now Kyle has to picture Julia inside it. God no...

Her legs fail her; she literally folds toward the floor. Breathing feels impossible. We stay on her, tight on her face, as:

CARSON (CONT'D)
She'll wake up in about an hour, give or take, and find herself face to face with your husband. You fuck with me, even a little, and she'll die in there - there's about five hours worth of oxygen inside.

A four year-old girl, in a coffin with a corpse. It's unimaginable, enough to drive a mother mad.

And that's just what it's doing - we can see it Kyle's eyes. She backs away from the window, into the aisle. Carson takes out his phone, casually.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Now. Let's talk about your exit strategy.

She's about to explode. It's coming...

CARSON (CONT'D)
After the money is wired you're going to--

Bang. She goes off:

In a blur, she has bolted down the aisle, catching Carson completely off-guard.

CARSON
Goddammit...

He takes off after her, suddenly wishing he weighed less.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - TRACKING KYLE - CONTINUING

Looking to her left, eyes on that casket, Kyle runs as fast as she can. Her hands are cuffed, that makes things tougher. And she can hear Carson behind her, his footsteps heavy.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Goddammit!

She keeps running. The aisle feels endless. We TRACK HER POV, looking to her left: window, fuselage, window, fuselage. It's like running along a fence.

But that casket has vanished now, disappearing under the Kennedy terminal.

That makes her run faster, despite the cuffs. *Hang on, Julia. I'm coming. I'm gonna get you out of there...*

Up ahead, those stairs. She leaps six of them at once.

INT. AIRJET - STAIRS - CONTINUING

She lands hard then goes on, flying over the remaining steps.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - APPROACHING LEFT DOOR - CONTINUING

She emerges onto the Main Deck, heading for the door.

...just as Stefan emerges from a lavatory; (clearly, he'd been hiding in here while the plane emptied.) First thing he sees is Kyle, barrelling toward him.

But Stefan does nothing as she bolts past him. Odd...

She races toward the forward door of the aircraft. It's almost within reach now. She keeps running.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - APPROACHING DOOR #1 - CONTINUING

Kyle's ten feet from escaping. Now five. Now a step. She's at the door, Carson's footsteps growing louder.

...when Kyle does the last thing on Earth we would ever expect her to do:

She stops.

The Jetway is right in front of her. Freedom. And Carson is running right up her tail, thundering down this aisle.

But Kyle has frozen, right on the threshold of the plane.

It's so sudden, so unexpected, even Carson comes to a halt. *What the hell did she just stop for?* Stefan also seems at a loss.

...as Kyle turns, still winded from the sprint, eyeing them.

An odd, awkward moment... until:

KYLE

How did you open it?

Carson is silent, hoping he just misunderstood.

CARSON

Beg your pardon?

KYLE

My daughter. How'd you get the casket open?

Carson doesn't react... but *Stefan* does - the tiniest of flinches, in his eyes. Kyle reads him.

KYLE (CONT'D)
That was the point of all this,
wasn't it? That nobody could get the
casket open but me?
(they're silent)
So how'd you do it?

Carson, at last, doesn't have an answer. Kyle moves a few feet from the door, studying him.

For the first time in days, she feels awake. Aware.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Whole time I'm running down this
aisle I'm thinking, "Why aren't they
moving faster?"
(no reply)
Almost walked right into it, didn't
I? One more step, on to the jetway...
and you could've shot me

CARSON
Lady, you've got one hell of an
imagination.

Again, silence - but Stefan's beginning to look unnerved.

KYLE
No. You kill me. And the ransom
demand comes in anonymously. And my
daughter never makes it off this
plane. She was never supposed to make
it off.
(at Stefan)
Was she?

Stefan reacts, without wanting to. That pisses Carson off.
But before he can fire back, his CEL-PHONE RINGS.

He grabs it angrily, eyeing Stefan and Kyle.

CARSON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah?
(a beat)
We're on our way. Be right down.

KYLE
(at Stefan, again:)
Was she?

Stefan knows better than to answer. Carson hangs up,
approaches Kyle.

CARSON

Let's go.

KYLE

I can't. My daughter's still on board.

WHAM. Carson just unloaded on her, a single right hook to the jaw. Kyle is knocked sideways, her ribs slamming into an armrest. She falls to the floor, wincing. End of discussion.

CARSON

Okay. How 'bout now?

...but Kyle, face down, hissing through the pain, goes on:

KYLE

FBI's gonna have the real manifest, fellas. They're gonna see that she boarded the plane.

CARSON

Goddammit.

A sickening THUD, as Carson kicks Kyle in the stomach. She sucks for air, but:

KYLE

Then they're gonna... call the hospital in Germany, find out she... was never admitted there.

CARSON

Jesus. This is pathetic...

Carson grabs her, yanks her up to her feet.

KYLE

And who's in the middle of all those phony faxes?

(at Stefan)

You, Dummy.

This is all working. Carson can see that.

STEFAN

(shaky)

What's she talking about?

CARSON

Nothing.

Carson's cel-phone rings again. Kyle keeps working Stefan:

CARSON

(into phone)

Yeah?

UNSEEN FBI AGENT (THRU PHONE)
What the hell's going on up there?

Carson's about to lose his cool. Kyle just keeps working Stefan:

CARSON (INTO PHONE)	KYLE
I'm on it, okay?! The lady	It's over, don't you get
fucking pissed herself, I	that? There isn't gonna be
thought you'd appreciate my	any money. So why not just
getting her cleaned up first!	tell me where she is?
Jesus!	

Carson snaps the phone off, as:

KYLE
(still working Stefan:)
You don't really wanna kill a little
girl, do you?

CARSON
Hey! I'm getting really sick of
hearing about that fucking kid!

He grabs Kyle, shoves her forward.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Now let's go!

He's big, angry, and armed. Smart thing would be to do as he
says.

But Kyle slips from his grasp.

...and she sits... in a big fat First Class seat.

KYLE
No.

Carson halts, every part of him tensing, trying to contain
his temper.

He extracts his gun, and points it right at her.

CARSON
I will shoot you.

KYLE
No you won't. That'd turn this whole
plane into a crime scene; Police
would impound it for days.
(at Stefan:)
It's why he hasn't shot you yet
either.

STEFAN

Gene?

CARSON

The plan's in place. Nothing's changed. She's just trying to rattle you.

STEFAN

It's working.

Carson turns, just for a second, to assuage Stefan...

CARSON

Listen. You're starting to panic--

That's all the distraction Kyle needs...

Uncoiling as if shot from a cannon, she erupts out of that seat and bull-rushes Carson, knocking him forward, his head slamming into an overhead bin, dazing him.

He grabs her by the hair. They fall to the floor together clumsily, Carson right on top of her - another horrible THUD, driving the air out of Kyle's lungs. Her eyes flutter.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Okay. Had enough now?

(Kyle's near passing out)

Had enough?

She nods, acquiescing. Carson rises.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Good. We're going to de-board now.

You and me. And we're going to get in that car, just like we planned.

But instead of obeying, Kyle just smiles...

And Carson pauses, thrown.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Something funny all the sudden?

(Kyle nods)

Let's hear it.

Then Kyle rises... and we begin to get the joke:

She lifts up her cuffed hands, revealing something that's been palmed inside the right one:

Carson's detonator.

And her thumb is right on the pin... Stefan gasps...

But Carson betrays no reaction at all.

CARSON (CONT'D)
What're you gonna do, blow us all up?

KYLE
Yeah.

CARSON
That seem like a good idea to you?

KYLE
Haven't you heard? I'm crazy.

Down goes her thumb, beginning to depress the pin... but Carson *still* won't flinch:

CARSON
Go ahead. First one to die'll be your little girl.

Kyle doesn't react... but Stefan does. Completely unglued now, he begins to back away. He wants out.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Where the hell're you going?
(Stefan's silent)
Hey. I'm talking to you.

Not another word. Stefan just backs right out that door, on to the jetway. Then he's gone.

...and by the time Carson turns, Kyle has taken off in the other direction, heading aft.

Now Carson looks murderous. Kyle has twenty yards on him. He takes off after her.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - STAIRS - CONTINUING

Kyle dashes up the stairs, Carson pursuing.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - CONTINUING

She turns, racing through Business Class. Up ahead is the Flight Deck... its grenade-proof door invitingly open.

She runs as hard as she can. The door's twenty yards away.

Carson's on her tail, and gaining.

Ten yards away. Five yards. Legs churning...

There's the door, almost within reach. Carson dives at her heels.

He catches just enough of her to trip her up. She stumbles.

But she regains her balance and crosses the threshold into the cockpit. Carson lunges.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - COCKPIT - CONTINUING

She tries to shut the grenade-proof door. Carson's fist keeps it from closing.

She steps on his wrist. His fist opens. She slams the door on his fingers. They retract.

She shuts the door, locks it, leans against it, looks through its PEEPHOLE, at a distorted view of:

CARSON
(pounding on it)
I'll fucking kill you!

There's a thick THREE-RING BINDER sitting on a jumpseat to her left. She grabs it - we don't know why - and slips out of this cockpit, into:

INT. AIRJET - PILOT'S SLEEPING QUARTERS - CONTINUING

A tiny room, right off the cockpit, for pilot or co-pilot to rest in during long flights. Kyle enters, climbing on top of a day-bed.

Above her, within reach, is another HATCH. She pops it open. Then she places the thick binder between her knees and pulls herself up - not easy with handcuffs on.

INT. AIRJET - "ATTIC" - CONTINUING

Kyle makes it through. Then she turns, and sits, her legs dangling. She's now in the forwardmost point in the attic.

She grabs the thick binder from between her knees, lifts it to her chest... and hurls it into the darkness of the attic, as far aft as she can.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - SAME

Carson is still at that grenade-proof door... until he hears a thick THUD overhead: the binder, landing.

Now we get it: taking the bait, *he moves away from the door, toward the sound.*

INT. AIRJET - PILOT'S SLEEPING QUARTERS - RESUMING

Quietly as possible, Kyle lowers herself out of the attic and back into this tiny room again.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - SAME

Carson drifts aft, listening for any sounds from the attic

overhead, any clues to Kyle's location.

All he has to do now is get to the LAVATORY that gave her access to the attic during the flight.

Up ahead are the lavatories, right by the stairs. He approaches. But just as he gets there:

FBI AGENT (O.S.)
What the hell is going on up here?!

Carson-halts, turns. Here come the TWO FBI GUYS that called him from the tarmac. They've entered the plane now.

And they look pissed, emerging from the Main Deck.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)
You guys watching a movie or something? Jesus.

Okay. New wrinkle. Carson will have to adjust:

CARSON
I lost her.

FBI AGENT
What?!

CARSON
She got away from me.

FBI AGENT
You gotta be kidding.

CARSON
She got to the elevator. I think that puts her in the rear hold.

FBI Guys eye one another, incredulous.

FBI AGENT
Is she armed?

CARSON
'Course not.

They eye him: God, you're a moron. It's withering.

FBI AGENT
(at Agent #2)
Get the Forward hold. I'll go aft.
(at Carson:)
You stay here, check the cabins.

FBI Guys head back down those steps without awaiting a reply, just as Carson had intended.

He remains in place, eyes up, hoping to hear Kyle moving in the attic again.

INT. AIRJET - COCKPIT - CONTINUING

She looks through the peephole in the grenade-proof door.

...as Carson ducks into a corridor, by the lavatories.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - FLIGHT DECK - CONTINUING

The cockpit door opens, tentatively. Kyle peeks out.

And she freezes, hearing him open a lavatory door. But she doesn't hear it shut.

She slinks forward, heading for the stairs.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LAVATORY - CONTINUING

Carson climbs onto the toilet. Overhead is the same ceiling hatch that Kyle went through during the flight.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - APPROACHING THE STAIRS - SAME

Kyle nears the top of the steps. She's going to have to pass right by the lavatory that Carson just entered... which would be fine if he'd shut the door.

But it's open. She can see it.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LAVATORY - RESUMING

Carson pops out that ceiling panel and begins to pull himself up.

...just as we catch a glimpse of Kyle in the bathroom mirror, slipping past.

Kyle freezes... until his legs vanish into the attic.

Christ that was close. She pads to the top of the stairs.

INT. AIRJET - REAR HOLD - SAME

FBI Agent emerges from another cramped elevator, into the REAR HOLD. (We haven't been here before.)

It's empty, its cargo door wide open - which means that if their "suspect" made it this far, she could be anywhere on the whole Goddamn tarmac by now...

INT. AIRJET - FORWARD HOLD - SAME

FBI Agent #2 emerges, to find that the *Forward Hold* is empty as well. It also leads to a wide-open tarmac.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - CONTINUING

Kyle emerges from the stairs, onto the Main Deck. She heads for First Class.

INT. AIRJET - "ATTIC" - SAME

Carson crawls toward that ATTIC ELECTRICAL PANEL - just as Kyle did, albeit less gracefully. Then he halts.

Looking for her, listening for her...

No signs of her yet. He crawls forward.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - FIRST CLASS - CLOSET - CONTINUING

Kyle hurries into First, throwing open the door of a CLOSET.

Stefan went through here during his bogus search, hours ago. Kyle follows the same steps, pulling on a RING in the floor, lifting up a HATCH... revealing a LADDER below.

INT. AIRJET - "ATTIC" - RESUMING

Carson is on his hands and knees, crawling past the SHORTED ELECTRICAL WIRING... when he stumbles into something loose. He grabs for it:

...a thick 3-ring BINDER, which belongs in the cockpit.

Just like that, Carson knows: he's been tricked. She's not up in this attic. Goddammit.

He turns around in the confined space, and heads for the opening that will lead him back to the lavatory.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - CLOSET - CONTINUING

Clock's ticking now. Kyle slips through the floor hatch. She'll shimmy down the ladder...

INT. AIRJET - LAVATORY - CONTINUING

Carson wedges himself through that too-tight opening again, moving too quickly.

He LOSES HIS GRIP, falling clumsily. His ankle turns as his foot slips off the toilet, which sends him slamming into a wall.

 CARSON
 (pained)
 Fuck!

INT. AIRJET - LADDER TO "ELECTRICAL BOX" - CONTINUING

Kyle makes her way down the ladder, but the cuffs on her

hands make it impossible to hold that HATCH open at the same the time.

So it SLAMS SHUT above her, a loud noise.

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - LAVATORY - RESUMING

Carson's just about to slam his fist into a wall.

...when he hears the sound of that HATCH, slamming shut. It tells him where Kyle is.

Gun drawn, he exits the lavatory...

INT. AIRJET - LADDER TO "ELECTRICAL BOX" - CONTINUING

Kyle reaches up, LOCKING that hatch from below. Then she drops down the ladder.

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - CONTINUING

Upon reaching bottom, Kyle turns. We're back in this cramped, H-Shaped room again. Those CONVERTER BOXES surround her. An electrical hum hovers.

She stands on that thin catwalk. To her left is the interior of the nose-cone. *We know that Julia's been stowed there; we've seen her.*

But Kyle doesn't know that. All she knows is that the plastique is to her right - affixed beside the HATCH that leads to the Forward Hold.

So that's where she goes...

She heads for the hatch. There's an unlit pocket of space beside it. Julia could be there.

KYLE
Julia? Honey?
(no one replies)
Honey?

Kyle crouches down, into that pocket, close enough to brush up against the plastique that's been affixed here.

She has to use her hands as eyes down here - it's that dark.

But she doesn't come upon her daughter...

INT. AIRJET - UPPER DECK - STAIRS - RESUMING

That ankle is definitely sprained, maybe worse. Slowed by it, and mad as hell now, Carson descends the stairs leading to the Main Deck.

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - RESUMING

Kyle emerges from shadow, returning to the catwalk.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Julia?

In front of her now is the nose-cone, another pocket of unlit space, occupied mostly by STRUTS and WIRE-DUCTS.

Kyle crosses toward it...

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - RESUMING

Carson hobbles toward that closet in First.

INT. AIRJET - NOSE CONE - RESUMING

Kyle crawls into the nose cone... Darkness...

KYLE (CONT'D)

Julia? Honey? Can you hear me?

Then, she gasps:

There's Julia, where we saw her before. Bound. Gagged. Asleep.

It's almost too much to take in... But she grabs the kid, pulling her close.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - FIRST CLASS - CLOSET - RESUMING

Carson arrives, gets to that hatch, pulls on the ring.

The Hatch doesn't move. It's locked. Fuck.

INT. AIRJET - NOSE CONE - RESUMING

Kyle hears the tugging on that hatch door. She grabs Julia again complicated by having her hands cuffed.

KYLE (CONT'D)

C'mon, Honey. We gotta go.

Julia doesn't answer. She's still out.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - FIRST CLASS - CLOSET - RESUMING

Enough of this shit. Carson AIMS HIS GUN at the locked hatch.

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - CONTINUING

Kyle carries Julia onto the catwalk, when BANG! Carson's gunshot, startling the hell out of her.

Kyle knows she has no time now. She turns to her left:

There's the HATCH that we know will lead her to the Forward Hold. Those four chunks of PLASTIQUE are affixed beside it.

Kyle stops... and eyes them...

... as that HATCH above her is thrown open. Here comes Carson.

EXT. TARMAC - SAME

There's a LUGGAGE CONVEYOR BELT leading from the Rear Hold to the tarmac. FBI Agent walks down it.

To his left, FBI Agent #2 does the same thing, emerging from the Forward Hold... They look to one another, indicating: "I found nothing." Now what?

We blow by them, as we TILT UP and PUSH IN, through the open Forward Hold... toward the elevated hatch through which Carson climbed mid-flight to plant the plastique.

...and right on the other side of that hatch, we find:

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - CONTINUING

Kyle huddles Julia in a darkened corner, by that Hatch Door.

... as Carson descends on metal rungs from the closet above.

His feet hit the catwalk, gun drawn. Converter boxes on all sides of him.

But he knows where Julia is, because he put her there himself, eight hours ago: the nose cone. He creeps toward it.

He leaves the catwalk now, crouching down into the nose-cone, a dark pocket of shadows, ready to kill them both.

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - BY THE AFT HATCH - SAME

Fifteen feet away, Kyle braces herself... She can't see Carson; there are TWO WALLS of electronic converter boxes between them. She can't hear him either; the hum down here is too great for that.

But she knows where he is...

INT. AIRJET - NOSE-CONE - SAME

Carson leans in, expecting to find Kyle and Julia...

But Kyle and Julia aren't here. What the hell?
Then he turns... and finds something he wasn't expecting to find in this nose-cone:

His four chunks of plastique. They've been moved.

...They're now *an inch* from his face. Oh shit...

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - BY THE AFT HATCH - RESUMING

Kyle covers Julia's head, then **hits the detonator**.

And everything in here goes to Hell. The light is blinding.

EXT. TARMAC - OUTSIDE THE PLANE - CONTINUING

The EXPLOSION erupts outward from the nose, knocking those two FBI Agents to their knees.

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - RESUMING

Carson is blown to pieces; the catwalk comes loose; converter boxes are shaken from their cells; smoke fills the box.

Kyle absorbs some shrapnel, shielding Julia from it.

EXT. TARMAC - BENEATH THE AIRJET - CONTINUING

The plane's NOSE-GEAR collapses, sending the beast nose-first to the concrete. GROUND-CREW MEMBERS scatter. The JETWAY tears loose. The FBI Guys watch as it slams into their sedan.

INT. AIRJET - MAIN DECK - FIRST CLASS - RESUMING

Everything is thrown FORWARD now, everything topples. Carts come loose and fly down aisles.

INT. AIRJET - "ELECTRICAL BOX" - RESUMING

Kyle just hangs on, going for the ride as the nose of the plane thuds toward the ground. She and Julia slide forward.

Then, impact - the nose hitting concrete.

The windshield of the Airjet shatters, sending shards. Kyle and Julia land on the tarmac - with this creaking, hulking aircraft now on top of them.

Then, oddly, SILENCE.

The plane stops shuddering, its nose now flat on the concrete, its tail in the air.

Kyle slumps to one side, spent. Julia's still alive. It's over.

FADE TO BLACK

...and come back in...

...on Kyle Sherin - who sits, no longer numb.

INT. KENNEDY - HANGAR - LATER

We're tight on Kyle, *exactly matching the angle with which we first saw her* - in that empty Berlin sUbway station, just last night.

...but that thousand-mile stare is gone now. She is alert, awake. Present.

Maybe that's because Julia is asleep in her arms.

Kyle strokes her daughter's hair, gently. We can't tell yet where we are; there's just a bare wall behind them. But Kyle's sitting on a bench of some kind... until:

FBI AGENT (O.S.)
Ms. Sherin?

Kyle looks up. Here's that FBI Agent, standing before her.

And we get our bearings now: we're in an EMPTY HANGAR here at Kennedy, along with every other passenger from Pan World #83, and their luggage.

Kennedy has been in SHUTDOWN MODE for an hour now, descended upon by COPS, FBI, FAA. Exits have been closed. Runways too.

Around us we see Jarrah, The Louds, Elias, Captain Rich, Fiona - all of them submitting to questioning by authorities.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)
(gently)
Whenever you're ready, Ma'am.

Kyle nods, and rises, Julia remaining on her shoulder. Up ahead is a plain white VAN. The FBI AGENT leads her to it.

...which means she's going to pass through a sea of her fellow passengers now.

Every eye, of course, follows her as she goes. The Louds stop squabbling. Jarrah turns away from the FAA GUY who's been interviewing him. Rich, Fiona, they all watch.

...as Kyle passes by, carrying a little girl that each of these people had thought to be imaginary, not long ago.

Her eyes meet with Jarrah, and Rich, and Fiona. Silent moments of mutual respect. Mr. Loud starts toward her, to say something, then thinks better of it.

And Kyle continues along... until she feels something, stirring on her shoulder:

Julia, just beginning to awaken now.

Her eyes open slowly, groggily. And Kyle stops.

Julia looks around, made instantly disoriented by this

hangar, and all these people, and the luggage on the ground.

KYLE
(softly)
Hey.

Julia doesn't answer at first. still a bit lost, and very confused by Kyle's bruised face.

Who are all these people? And why are they staring at me?

JULIA
Mommy?

Kyle touches Julia's face, gently.

KYLE
I'm here, Honey. I'm right here.

With that, Kyle heads for the van and climbs in, Julia still on her shoulder.

INT. VAN - MOVING - CONTINUING

The van pulls away, giving Kyle one last look at Rich, and Fiona, all of them. Then they're all left behind.

Kyle faces forward, cradling her little girl. The van emerges into daylight. We...

FADE TO WHITE
--THE END