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RED-EYE

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5/2/2005
FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

RED-EYE

FADE IN:

0 INT. A HOME - LATE AFTERNOON 0

SLOWLY TRACK ACROSS A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS ON AN OFFICE DESKTOP (OR DRESSER) -- pictures of a young girl (who'll we'll soon know as LISA REISERT) smiling wide, posing with her father and two brothers... there's a much smaller photo next to this of Lisa with both her mother and father... we then come across the final two photos...

Lisa, in cap and gown, at her HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION... Lisa posing with her field hockey teammates and the trophy they've just won... another photo in the same frame is an ATHLETIC ACTION SHOT of Lisa facing down a foe on the field...

We hold on this image as Lisa's DAD enters, his back to us.

He drops his keys, his wallet, a stack of mail and the Miami Herald on the desk, then heads O.S.

But we keep HOLDING ON the stuff he's just placed on the desk...

Dad closes the bathroom door... the shower starts --

Then suddenly -- a

LATEX-GLOVED HAND

WHIPS IN from out of frame and SWIPES Dad's wallet away --

SMASH TO:

A SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS AND JUMP CUTS

SWISH PAN ACROSS A ROW OF WOODEN CRATES.

CU - INSPECTORS' HANDS mark clipboards, STAMP the crates, LIDS are FASTENED DOWN --

TIGHT SHOT - TWO PAIRS OF HANDS pick up one of the crates that's set OFF TO THE SIDE.

CU - THE CRATE - it's loaded in the back of a PICK-UP.

CU - The pick-up's TAIL GATE is SLAMMED closed revealing the logo: "HUGO'S SEAFOOD - BEST IN MIAMI."

SMASH TO:

(CONTINUED)

0

CONTINUED:

0

ANOTHER SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

- CROWBARS pry the lid off the WOODEN CRATE -- the lid is tossed to the floor --

- GLOVED HANDS move in, quickly PEEL the sides of the crate away to reveal FRESH FISH on ICE...

- BLUEPRINTS of a HIGH RISE BUILDING are unrolled across a table...

- HANDS MOVE ACROSS SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of the LUX ATLANTIC HOTEL, CLOSE-UPS of its upper floors, fingers pointing...

- BACK ON THE CRATE - Fish and ice are scraped away to reveal another HEAVY PLASTIC CASE underneath... as the hands earnestly clear the rest of the ice off this hidden case --

- CU - The PLASTIC CASE is shoved into the back of a VAN.

- HEAVY LINE FISHING RODS are tossed in behind it.

- The van's DOORS SLAM SHUT --

SMASH TO BLACK.

JUMP CUTS:

CU - HANDS RIP OPEN a FED-EX ENVELOPE -- the same WALLET we saw next to Lisa's photos slides out...

CU - The hands empty the CONTENTS OF THE WALLET -- credit cards, Lisa's Dad's license, and VFW Membership card.

CLOSER - The cards and license are dropped back into the Fed-Ex envelope.

TIGHT SHOT - The Fed-Ex envelope is tossed in the trash...

SMASH TO BLACK.

0A

EXT. LUX ATLANTIC HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

0A

Sparkling above the moonlit waters of Miami beach...

0B

INT. LUX ATLANTIC HOTEL - LOBBY/FRONT DESK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

0B

MOVING THROUGH some late night hustle and bustle... we hear ANGRY VOICES as we approach the front desk --

(CONTINUED)

OB

CONTINUED:

OB

MARYANN (V.O.)

How could this happen, we made this reservation six months ago --

Meet BOB and MARYANN TAYLOR, an unhappy couple, standing at the front desk, glaring at our panicky assistant manager-in-training, CYNTHIA, 22, frantically typing on her keyboard.

CYNTHIA

I know, ma'am, but I'm just not seeing it --

MARYANN

Where's Lisa? She usually handles our account, and we never have a problem.

CYNTHIA

She's out of town, her grandmother passed --

BOB

(interrupting)
Cynthia, is it?

CYNTHIA

Yes, sir.

BOB

Would you get in more trouble if you bothered her or if we complained to corporate?

Cynthia's speechless, somewhere between exploding and bursting into tears --

SMASH TO:

1 EXT. DALLAS, TEXAS - AIRPORT ROAD - NIGHT 1

Downpour. Thunder and lightning. Crawling TRAFFIC. An impatient CHECKER CAB weaves in and out of lanes on a crowded terminal road.

Somewhere in this, a cell phone's RINGING.

2 INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 2

Wipers at max speed, sloshing buckets of water to and fro. The CAB DRIVER, on cell, loudly AD LIBS BASEBALL BETS to his bookie when another

ANXIOUS CAR

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

speeds across lanes, cutting the cab off. The cab driver lays on the HORN, swings the wheel hard to the right, throwing

LISA REISERT

from one end of the back seat to the other. She's mid 20's. Exhausted, frazzled, but not enough to detract from her simple beauty as she digs for the ringing cell in her purse...

CAB DRIVER

(to Lisa in rear view; re:
the anxious car)

Sorry. Man, crazy guy's gonna kill somebody! Don't worry, you're still gonna make your plane, you've got --

This as Lisa finds the phone, flips it open:

LISA

(to cab driver)

Ten minutes.

(then into phone as needed)

Lisa Reisert...

She covers her ear, struggling to hear over the rain, the thunder, the driver... the cab ride from hell.

LISA (cont'd)

(into phone as needed)

Cynthia? No, I'm here, slow down.
What's the problem?

INTERCUT:

3

OMITTED

3

4

INT. LUX ATLANTIC HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

4

CYNTHIA

Bob and Maryann Taylor --

LISA

Yeah, they're regulars...

CYNTHIA

(quietly)

Well, I think I sort of erased their reservation, I was never checked out on this new system --

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

MARYANN

(leaning toward the phone)
We had a confirmed reservation...
(ruffling papers in hand)
I have the receipt, printed it myself
off the internet --

CYNTHIA

I know, Mrs. Taylor, just calm down --

LISA

(overhearing)
No, Cynthia, don't say that --

Too late.

BOB

(to Cynthia; more upset)
Don't tell us to calm down, we've
been very calm till right now --

CYNTHIA

I'm so sorry -- Lisa --

LISA

Cynthia, tell them one more minute,
they'll be very happy, you promise.

CYNTHIA

Please, just one more minute, you'll
be very happy, I promise.

Bob and Maryann reluctantly stay put.

LISA

Enter my pin, it's 4-8 --
(CALL WAITING beeps)
Shit -- hang on --
(clicks over)
Lisa Reisert. Hey, Dad -- can you
hold on? Hold on --
(clicks back)
4-8-8-7 underscore L-Reisert.

CYNTHIA

(as she types)
God, I'm sooo sorry for calling --

LISA

It's fine, are you logged in yet?

CYNTHIA

Yeah, now what?

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

LISA

Click on the "crisis" folder, you'll see a list of empty rooms. Give 'em 4th floor corner by the gym, and comp 'em the first two.

Cynthia types, then swipes the card keys, and with a glowing smile, hands them to Bob and Maryann.

CYNTHIA

You're all set, and the first two nights are on us. If you need anything else, just let me know.

MARYANN

(taking the keys)
We won't.

Cynthia forces a smile as Bob and Maryann move off.

CYNTHIA

(back into phone)
God, they totally threw me, they were such assholes.

LISA

Cynthia, there are no guests who are assholes, only guests with "special needs."

Cynthia smiles.

Lisa's cab rolls to a stop at the terminal. Lisa digs in her purse, fishes out her wallet...

CAB DRIVER

Twenty-three fifty.

Lisa hands the driver three tens, slides out.

LISA

(to the driver)
Keep it.
(into phone)
What else?

INTERCUT:

4A

EXT. DALLAS AIRPORT - TERMINAL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

4A

Lisa steps out into the rain, races around to the trunk, pulls out her rolling carry-on...

(CONTINUED)

4A

CONTINUED:

4A

CYNTHIA

(re: a notepad)

Um, the Simpsons say they didn't get the California King they requested, chiropractors need a bigger conference room, and room service walked in on a couple having sex and they're really mad.

Lisa slams the trunk, dashes for the terminal doors...

LISA

Okay, tell the Simpsons they do have a California, 84 inches head to toe -- but still have the tape measure ready, go ahead and swap the chiropractors with the bingo suppliers and a fruit basket and a bottle of Dom should reset the mood for our lovebirds.

Cynthia jots notes, then finds a stray post-it note:

CYNTHIA

Oh my god, security left a message saying the Charles Keefe party is arriving at 5:30 A.M. instead of P.M.

Lisa reacts. Shit.

LISA

Yeah, they always change arrival times, it's a security thing. Just make sure our security has the front entrance set for Keefe, his own guys will take it from there.

INTERCUT:

4B

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

4B

Lisa makes her way into this relatively quiet part of the airport. Only a few PASSENGERS pass through pulling their carry-ons. Lisa picks up her pace.

CYNTHIA

(jotting notes)

Is this Mr. Keefe platinum club or something?

LISA

He's somebody in Homeland Security.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4B

CONTINUED:

4B

LISA (cont'd)

Make sure there's a bottle of Crystal on ice and a polished box of Montecristo Cubans in the room, it's 3825...

CYNTHIA

(reading computer screen)

Yeah, I'm seeing your notes, "no feather pillows..." -- what's "pre-scan the linens?"

LISA

Security's job, not ours. You've got time, read the notes and get everyone on it asap.

CYNTHIA

Got it covered. Safe flight.

LISA

Bye.

Lisa flips the phone shut, completely forgetting her dad was on hold. After a beat, her cell phone RINGS.

LISA (cont'd)

(into phone as needed)

Lisa Reis -- Dad, I'm sorry --

DAD (THROUGH PHONE)

It's fine, sweetie --

LISA

What's up?

INTERCUT:

5

INT. LISA'S DAD'S HOME - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS

5

On Lisa's DAD, 62. Looks good for his age. On the cordless, pacing around with his putter. His pace is the same as Lisa's -- we can see where she got it. Negotiating ladders, paint cans, hanging plastic. He makes his way through a REMODELING in progress.

DAD

Oh, just gearing up for another sleepless night of classic comedy. -- Hey, before I forget, that book I gave you, you finish it yet?

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

LISA
(a slight roll of the eyes)
Almost.

DAD
Y'know he's from Texas? I didn't
think shrinks came from there.

LISA
They do, they just move to California
and start TV shows. So how's the
remodeling coming?

DAD
(into phone as needed)
Good, they made some headway the
last few days...

ON LISA

LISA
(expertly cutting him off
without seeming to)
Well, I can't wait to see it.

Over the above, Dad finds his way into...

6

INT. LISA'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

6

DAD
You should -- your room hasn't been
touched of course.

LISA
No, please, dad, go nuts. Make it a
gym, or... put in a putting green...

Dad smiles as he opens Lisa's closet door. Peering inside,
reminiscing at the sight of dusty dolls, games, cheerleading
outfit, a field hockey uniform...

DAD
You know I can't do that. You never
know when you might wanna just spend
a few nights back here, make an escape
from the day to day...

Over the above, Dad heads out of Lisa's room onto the

7

SECOND FLOOR LANDING

7

Down the stairs to the

8 ENTRY HALL

8

LISA

Day to day is where I thrive, Dad,
you know that.

DAD

Right... so... how's your mom holding
up?

Dad heads into the

9 TV ROOM

9

where he turns on the TV, slides the curtains closed...

LISA

As good as she can be.

DAD

How 'bout you, you alright?

LISA

I'm fine.

DAD

You're sure --

LISA

Yes, Dad -- everything's fine. You've
just... gotta start taking my word
for it every once in a while --

There's an uneasy silence between the two --

DAD

Well, I --

10 OMITTED

10

A growing frenzy of PASSENGERS buzz by left and right...
Lisa steps to the side, out of traffic --

LISA

Listen, I'm sorry, Dad -- I've gotta
go, I need to check in --

DAD

You sure you don't need a pick up?

11 OMITTED

11

LISA

I thought you lost your wallet.

DAD

It's here someplace.

LISA

So you don't have a license --

DAD

Leese, it's five minutes --

This as Lisa's eyes scroll the DEPARTURES screen: DELAYED...
DELAYED...

LISA

Dad, I'm taking the red eye, it's
the last flight out... it's gonna be
way too late, Dad. I love you, I'll
call you tomorrow.

DAD

I love you too, sweetie.

Dad clicks off the cordless, his thoughts unreadable --

Lisa flips her phone shut, stuffs it in her purse, then stops
dead in her tracks as she looks ahead to see

11A A TICKETING AREA

11A

-- So *this* is where everybody is. At the ticket counter for
her airline, a mass of PEOPLE crowd around. The line is
huge, the tension palpable. Lisa draws a breath, reluctantly
moves into the crowd as the first notes of a gorgeous VIOLIN
CONCERTO gradually fade in...

12 OMITTED

AND

13

12

AND

13

14 INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - TICKETING AREA - NIGHT - LATER

14

ON a weary female REDCOAT AIRLINE REP, yelling:

REDCOAT

ANYBODY ELSE WHO WAS SCHEDULED ON
THE FLIGHT TO ATLANTA THAT WAS
CANCELED, COME TO THE FRONT OF THE
LINE SO WE CAN REROUTE YOU!

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

We come upon LISA in line, listening to the concerto on her I-Pod, trying to drown out the world, but having little luck.

She shifts her eyes between the crawling check-in process and the last few paperback pages of Dr. Phil's "Self Matters."

The line moves a little more.

LISA'S FOOT

pushes her bag forward, a little too far. The bag's wheels knock a nice older LADY's foot in front of her.

LISA

Whoops.. I'm sorry...

NICE LADY

Oh, don't sweat it, I'm wearing my combat boots.

LISA

(removing her headphones)
Excuse me?

NICE LADY

(re: her hiking boots)
Travel is war these days.

LISA

(smiling politely)
Oh.

NICE LADY

(re: Dr Phil)
I just love him. How is that? Are you learning a lot?

LISA

I... really don't know.

NICE LADY

He's so handsome. But I work during the day, so I always miss his show.

Lisa hands the book to the nice lady with:

LISA

Here. It'll catch you up.

NICE LADY

Oh honey, no, I can't take that.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

LISA

Yes you can, I just finished...
besides, my dad's given me enough of
these to start a library. Please.

The way Lisa says this, polite, warm, but firm, there's
nothing the nice lady can do but take it.

NICE LADY

(taking the book)

Well, thank you. That's very nice.

The redcoat nears Lisa's position in line, still addressing
the crowd:

REDCOAT

Once again, anyone who was scheduled
on the flight to Atlanta, if you
wanna get out of Dallas *tonight*,
come to the front of the line at
this time.

As several PASSENGERS finally get the message and scoot under
the ropes, an irate passenger in the b.g. steps out of line
and approaches the Redcoat.

IRATE PASSENGER

(to Redcoat)

Excuse me. You're letting them go,
but we've been standing here for
over an hour. How does that happen?

Lisa stares at the passenger, overhearing. She shakes her
head, sympathizing with the poor Redcoat.

REDCOAT

Sir, if we don't re-book 'em, they're
gonna miss their flight.

IRATE PASSENGER

So it doesn't matter that you canceled
my first flight, then re-routed me
twice --

REDCOAT

I understand, but --

IRATE PASSENGER

Just get your boss, this is
ridiculous.

Lisa reflexively speaks up:

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (3)

14

LISA

Sir, please don't make her do that,
she's doing all she can --

IRATE PASSENGER

I don't think I was talking to you --

LISA

I understand, it's just that --

The irate passenger suddenly takes a step toward Lisa:

IRATE PASSENGER

Listen --

Just then, the passenger standing behind Lisa intervenes,
stepping in between her and the passenger. He's pushing 30,
rugged good looks. Call him RIPPNER.

RIPPNER

Sir, please --

(re: Lisa)

She's right.

(re: the redcoat)

She's the only one standing between
us getting out of here and total
anarchy.

IRATE PASSENGER

But she's --

RIPPNER

She's exhausted, she's worked 18
hours straight, and she suspects we
all hate her just as much as you do.
So whaddaya say we give her a pass,
and let her go back to a job I'm
betting's a lot more thankless than
yours.

There's something in Rippner's eyes that makes the irate
passenger hesitate -- something that says there's only one
right answer to Rippner's proposal.

The irate passenger holds Rippner's gaze another beat, then
retreats to his place in line.

IRATE PASSENGER

(under his breath)

This airline sucks.

TICKET AGENT #1

Next in line?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (4)

14

NICE LADY

That's me.

Lisa brings up the Lady's suitcase, hands it to her.

NICE LADY (cont'd)

Oh. Thank you so much.

(then; to Rippner)

And thank you. Some people...

Rippner smiles as the nice lady heads to the counter, leaving Lisa next in line.

LISA

Yeah, thank you.

RIPPNER

Not necessary, that was just back-up. You got the ball rolling.

LISA

Yeah... reflex, I guess.

Lisa's about to turn back around, but:

RIPPNER

Why's that?

LISA

Oh -- I work at a hotel.

RIPPNER

Marriott, Hilton...

LISA

Uh... the Lux Atlantic. It's in --

RIPPNER

Miami. Know it well. So you're on --

LISA

-- the very delayed flight to Miami. You?

RIPPNER

Sadly, yes. Storms all the way, they said. That's why god made the Tex Mex. Best nachos in the airport, right across from our gate.

LISA

Good tip. Thanks --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (5)

14

RIPPNER

Save you a seat?

Lisa hesitates, her whole demeanor changing. Where she was once sure of herself, she now seems afraid.

LISA

Oh. Well -- I'm sorry, I --

RIPPNER

(quickly covering)

No, that was... I just thought since we're on the same -- didn't mean to invade your personal spa --

TICKET AGENT #2

(loudly to Lisa)

Ma'am, I can take you over here.

LISA

-- I just have calls to make --

RIPPNER

(embarrassed)

Please... I understand... My apologies. Have a good night.

Rippner goes back to his newspaper.

TICKET AGENT #2

Ma'am?

Lisa turns and heads to the counter.

15

OMITTED

15

16

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - GATE AREA - NIGHT - LATER

16

Lisa makes her way to the packed gate area.

She eyes the flight information behind the ticket desk: FLIGHT 1019 - MIAMI - DEPARTS: 12:55. Lisa's watch: 11:32.

Lisa glances over to see a little girl, REBECCA, 9, standing with her MOTHER, nodding to the AIRLINE REP who kneels down to Rebecca:

AIRLINE REP

Hi, you must be Rebecca. Well, I'm Mary, and I hear you're flying all by yourself tonight...

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

Lisa turns back, BUMPS HARD into another FEMALE PASSENGER who spills a blob of her ICED MOCHA on Lisa's blouse.

FEMALE PASSENGER

Oh my god, I am so sorry. It's iced, don't worry --

LISA

That's okay --

FEMALE PASSENGER

Let me find you some napkins.

LISA

No, it's fine.

FEMALE PASSENGER

You sure?

LISA

-- Yeah.

FEMALE PASSENGER

Okay.

(then, to someone O.S.)

Larry! Could you run back to Starbucks?

The female passenger quickly moves off. Lisa examines her blouse, glances around for the nearest restroom when the Tex Mex Cantina catches her eye across the way. And sure enough

RIPPNER

sits at the bar, peacefully sipping a vodka-tonic, eating stale nachos, a vacant barstool next to him. Off Lisa --

16A

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT/WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

16A

Lisa stands at the sink, moving with quick efficiency. She takes off her stained blouse, drops it in her carry-on, and starts putting on a fresh one.

In the mirror, before her buttoning hides it again, we see a two-inch SCAR near the base of her neck. Her eyes fall on it just once, then flick quickly away.

Lisa buttons up all the way. Takes out a brush, quickly runs it through her hair --

17 INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - TEX-MEX CANTINA - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 17

Lisa makes her way toward Rippner. She looks nervous but determined. He turns, spots her.

LISA
(re: empty barstool)
This taken?

RIPPNER
All yours.

LISA
It's so crowded out there --

Rippner glances around. It's more crowded in here.

RIPPNER
What'll you have?

LISA
You don't have to --

RIPPNER
If I can guess?

Lisa smiles, amused. Rippner shifts in his seat, squints, studying her face.

RIPPNER (cont'd)
Well, you're not a whisky kind of woman, it's a bit too bold... I'm feeling vodka... definitely sweetened...
(noticing Lisa subtly react)
Cosmo... no, too conforming...
Screwdriver... too boring... so that leaves us with the simplicity of the grapefruit or the complexity of the pineapple. Hmm... Grapefruit. Sea Breeze.

LISA
Very close.
(to bartender)
Bay breeze?
(then; to Rippner)
Impressive talent.

RIPPNER
Still an icebreaker with a few kinks, but it'll get there. So you're headed home then...

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

LISA

(nodding)

Yeah, trying...

RIPPNER

Flying's so much fun these days,
isn't it?

LISA

I hate it. Fun for me is walking
off the plane in one piece.

RIPPNER

So, are you in Texas on official
hotel business?

LISA

No -- My grandmother died.

RIPPNER

I'm so sorry.

LISA

It's okay, she was 91.

RIPPNER

Respectable. What was her secret?

LISA

Grape nuts and a guy named Duke.

RIPPNER

Excuse me?

LISA

She said the grape nuts kept her
arteries clean and Duke... well, he
lived in either A wing or B wing and
that's all I care to visualize --

RIPPNER

No argument here.

LISA

She was a great lady, started two
charities, ran for public office,
she never slept.

RIPPNER

Except with Duke.

They share a laugh.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

RIPPNER (cont'd)

A dynamic woman.

LISA

Nothing phased her. She was so optimistic, always looking forward...

The bartender brings Lisa's drink.

BARTENDER

Here ya go.

Lisa takes a sip. Hard to tell if she likes it.

RIPPNER

That taste okay?

LISA

Fine.

RIPPNER

You sure? 'Cause we can always get you that Sea Breeze.

LISA

(shaking her head with a smile)

You sound like my dad. I say "I'm fine," he asks if I'm sure...

(then)

I'm sure.

RIPPNER

I believe you.

LISA

Good.

RIPPNER

(extending his hand)

The name's Jackson by the way.

LISA

Lisa. Jack for short?

RIPPNER

I haven't gone by "Jack" since I was ten.

(off her)

Last name's Rippner.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (3)

17

Rippner waits for a reaction. Lisa mouths his first and last name, stops short of voicing the obvious connection to history's most notorious serial killer.

LISA

Ooh. That wasn't very nice of your parents.

RIPPNER

That's what I told them. Before I killed them.

They share a laugh.

LISA

Well, if it's any comfort, my middle name's Henrietta.

RIPPNER

(grins)
Henrietta.

LISA

I couldn't complain too much, it was my grandmother's name.

RIPPNER

(seeing the feeling in her face)
Here's to Henrietta...
(raising his glass)
Whose spirit is very much alive.

He BINKS her glass again. Lisa takes a sip of her drink. Their eyes meet. Lisa doesn't look away for a long moment. When she does, she finishes her drink in seconds...

TIME CUT TO:

18

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - GATE AREA - NIGHT

18

And a SERIES OF SHOTS to indicate the passage of time...

- Passengers sleep on the floor in the gate area

- Others sitting in seats, forcing themselves to stay awake, eyeing watches, fiddling with cell phones, typing on laptops...

- Over this last image, we PRELAP a TV NEWS REPORT and cut to:

180-A INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - GATE AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

180-

And a SLEEPY-EYED PASSENGER standing in front of an airport TV kiosk.

REPORTER

(on TV)

Deputy Secretary of Homeland Security, Charles Keefe, embarks on a seven-day tour of southern port cities starting tomorrow...

This as the passenger checks over his ticket, then turns to watch the continuing TV NEWS REPORT on CHARLES KEEFE airing behind him:

REPORTER (cont'd)

(on TV)

...You may recall that four months ago, Keefe sent shock waves through the department when he made these remarks at his first press conference:

ON THE TV

As cameras FLASH, CHARLES KEEFE speaks at a microphone-strewn podium, the Homeland Security emblem hanging behind him.

CHARLES KEEFE

(on TV)

No, we're not waging a war against "terrorism" anymore. Terrorism's a word, an abstract term. You can't fight that. What you fight are the thugs who practice it, no matter who they are, where they live, or what they believe. I don't discriminate, I communicate. Just not always with a kind word.

This gets a few O.S. chuckles from the O.S. Reporters.

CHARLES KEEFE (cont'd)

(then, with a wink, heading away)

Don't get me wrong, I'm a fan of diplomacy, it can work... but you've gotta have their attention first. Thank you, thanks very much...

The REPORT then CUTS TO A NEWS GRAPHIC with a STILL PHOTO of Keefe and some TITLED BACKGROUND STATS --

(CONTINUED)

180-A CONTINUED:

180-

REPORTER (V.O.)

(TV filter)

Keefe, a West Point graduate and former CIA field agent, is expected to become full Secretary of the department amid rumors his boss might be leaving...

This as we...

CUT BACK TO:

18A INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - GATE AREA - NIGHT

18A

The airline rep swings open the jetway door. Anxious passengers look on as she brings up the mic:

AIRLINE REP

(into mic)

Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it for the boarding of flight 1019 service to Miami, Florida!

Thunderous CHEERS and APPLAUSE erupt.

18B INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - TEX-MEX CANTINA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

18B

Lisa and Rippner, on at least drink number two, overhear the APPLAUSE.

LISA

Is that us?

RIPPNER

Wonders never cease.

Rippner's cell RINGS. He looks at the caller ID, then at Lisa.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

I have to take this --

LISA

Oh... okay...

She looks away, awkward in the moment.

RIPPNER

(into phone)

Hello?

Rippner stands from the stool, trying to get better reception.

(CONTINUED)

18B

CONTINUED:

18B

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Hold on...

He looks back to Lisa, shrugs as if to say this can't be helped. Lisa uneasily smiles back, trying to hide her disappointment as Rippner moves off out of sight. She waits a beat, watching to see if he might re-emerge. He doesn't.

Lisa takes a few final sips of her drink, gets up.

TIME CUT TO:

19

OMITTED

19

20

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - GATE AREA - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

20

The crowd has thinned as most passengers have already boarded. We PAN TO reveal Lisa making her way toward the gate area with a couple of magazines she just bought at the last minute.

She takes out her boarding pass, nears the jetway door where she nearly bumps into a clean-cut "HEADPHONE KID," 19, in jeans and a t-shirt, backpack, bad BOY BAND-ESQUE MUSIC BLARING

through his headphones. Lisa, a tad tipsy, backs away, lets the kid and his more rebellious younger brother, KEVIN, 16, go ahead.

AIRLINE REP

(taking and ripping boarding passes)

Thank you... thank you...

21

INT. JET - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

21

A YOUNG FLIGHT ATTENDANT, 20's, greets Lisa at the door:

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT

Hello.

(re: Lisa's boarding pass)

18 G, down the aisle to your left.

Lisa steps past the young flight attendant and into...

21A

FIRST CLASS

21A

Her eyes shift around, taking note of the SHARP BUSINESSMAN, the HANDSOME YOUNG ACTOR TYPE, the ATHLETE, the RAPPER, but no Rippner. She makes her way into...

21B INT. JET - COACH SECTION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

21B

A Boeing 767 layout -- the coach section has TWO seats on either side near the windows and a middle section with THREE seats.

LISA'S POV - AS SHE HEADS DOWN THE AISLE

Scanning for her row, she holds her breath as she and we take in the sight of passengers you pray you never sit next to: a portly MAN, a WOMAN trying to calm her crying baby, a 20-something GUY shoveling down CHOW MEIN...

Lisa stops just shy of her row, waiting as a passenger stows his luggage in the bins above the window seats. He then takes his seat in the middle section, revealing

RIPPNER

sitting in Lisa's row, aisle seat.

LISA

Oh --
(smiling)
Hi --

RIPPNER

I figured you'd be in first class.

LISA

Oh no, I'm all coach all the time.

RIPPNER

Me, too.

LISA

(re: the seat next to
Rippner)
Well, I think that's --

RIPPNER

No. You're not sitting here --

LISA

18 G?

RIPPNER

You're kidding.
(eyeing her boarding pass)
You're not kidding.

Rippner stands from his seat as Lisa glances to the overhead bins.

(CONTINUED)

21B

CONTINUED:

21B

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Here, let me bellhop that for you.

Rippner reaches down, lifts Lisa's carry-on up into the bin. Lisa smiles, genuinely appreciating this.

As Lisa slides in, she lightly bumps her head on the overhead bin. Remember, she's had a couple.

LISA

Whoop.

Rippner grabs her arm, steadies her.

LISA (cont'd)

I'm not usually such a light weight.

The SENIOR FLIGHT ATTENDANT, late 50's, 25 years in the air with the attitude to boot, who's passing by, sees Lisa stumble. Rippner smiles at the flight attendant.

RIPPNER

(back to Lisa)

I'm cutting you off anyway.

The senior flight attendant moves up the aisle as Rippner and Lisa take their seats.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

(re: sitting together)

What are the odds?

LISA

I know, it's --

RIPPNER

(a wicked smile)

You're not stalking me, are you?

LISA

Oh no, I'd never --

She stops, realizing he's kidding. They both share a laugh.

LISA (cont'd)

You got me.

RIPPNER

I'm sorry.

Lisa takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

21B

CONTINUED: (2)

21B

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Are you alright?

LISA

If I say "yes" are you gonna ask me
if I'm sure?

RIPPNER

Nope, that's your dad's department.

LISA

I'm fine. Had some cheap wine at
the funeral. Bad mix with the cheap
vodka. Your fault.

RIPPNER

I feel terrible.

LISA

Don't. I needed it.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT (V.O.)

(intercom filter)

Ladies and gentlemen, we know it's
been a long night, so if you'll stow
your belongings and take your seats,
we'll getcha to Florida before the
year's out, we promise. Thanks much.

As a few more passengers file past, Rippner and Lisa notice
a 40ish attractive WOMAN struggling to lift her carry-on
into the middle overhead bin. The woman turns, sees Rippner,
her eyes pleading for help.

LISA

Bellhop to row 16.

Rippner, always the polite smile, gets up.

RIPPNER

(to Lisa)

Yes, ma'am.

Rippner moves to the woman. As he hoists her carry-on into
the bin, he GRIMACES, mostly for Lisa's benefit. Lisa smiles.

40ISH WOMAN

(to Rippner)

Oh, thank you so much. Just when I
thought there were no gentlemen left.

RIPPNER

Have a pleasant flight.

(CONTINUED)

21B

CONTINUED: (3)

21B

40ISH WOMAN
(serious flirting)
Oh, I will now.

As the woman says this she glances at Lisa who's been watching the whole thing. The 40ish woman shifts her gaze back to Rippner, then smiles at Lisa before taking her seat.

Rippner resumes his seat as Lisa eyes the nice LADY moving down the aisle. The lady smiles, holds up the Dr. Phil book with:

NICE LADY
I'm already on Chapter two.

LISA
(re: the book)
I gave it to her. She's a really big Dr. Phil fan.

RIPPNER
Oh I saw that. Very nice of you.

LISA
That's me. People pleaser, 24/7.

RIPPNER
You know, some psychologists say that's a disease.

LISA
Yeah, I have that book, too.

Rippner can't help but smile.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Flight attendants, prepare doors.
Ready for push back.

Just then, a CELL PHONE rings. Rippner's. He flips it open.

LISA
Well, you are popular --

RIPPNER
It's not usually like this. I'm sorry --

LISA
You're fine, go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

21B

CONTINUED: (4)

21B

RIPPNER

(smiles; then into phone)

Hello? -- We just boarded.

(hesitant; then, casually)

No, it's fine. So we're good then,
it's definitely happening? -- 5:30?

(nods; checking his watch)

-- Piece a cake, done deal.

Rippner flips the phone shut, pockets it.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Work. For the last time.

LISA

Is everything okay?

Rippner's gaze shifts around the plane...

RIPPNER

(nodding)

It's looking that way.

22

IN THE FORWARD GALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

22

The senior flight attendant pulls the door closed with a definitive SLAM. She shoves the pressurizing lever down. The letters on the lever "MED" fall next to the letters "AR" on the door -- ARMED.

23

OUTSIDE/INSIDE THE PLANE

23

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

- The last of the baggage is loaded onto the plane...
- The jetway retracts...
- Seatbelts signs BING on.
- The young flight attendant helps Rebecca fasten her belt...
- Chocks are pulled away from wheels...
- A "FLAG MAN" waves his orange day-glo wands at the pilot.

The plane starts to push back...

24

INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

24

Taxiing now. The safety video ends.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

Rippner watches the senior flight attendant and the young flight attendant making their final passes up and down the aisles, closing overhead bins, checking seat belts...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #3 (V.O. ONLY)

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time
we'd like to ask that you discontinue
the use of any electronic devices...

Lisa brings up her purse, takes out her cell phone, shuts it off, stuffs it back inside. She puts her purse in her seat pocket as the fluorescent cabin lights suddenly start to SWITCH OFF. The cabin becomes VERY DARK. Only a few reading lights remain on as most passengers opt to sleep.

Rippner flips on his reading light, punches some buttons on a fancy, military-style watch with lots of sub dials and push buttons. He sets the time FORWARD from 1:28 to 2:28 A.M.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT (V.O.)

We've been cleared for take-off,
enjoy your flight.

The ROAR of the engines fills the cabin.

24A EXT. JET - NIGHT - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

24A

From outside the window, we see Lisa draw a deep breath as she peers out. The reflection of the distant terminal in her window races by, the jet ROARING up to speed...

We then PULL AWAY as the plane lifts into the night sky...

24B INT. JET - AFT COACH SECTION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

24B

Note: the SOUND throughout this entire sequence is VERY IMPORTANT. It's LOUD inside a plane, especially in this section over the wings. The engine noise is ALWAYS AROUND US -- NOT POTTED DOWN -- along with the other CREAKS AND WHINES of a typical aircraft in flight.

There's a sudden JOLT OF TURBULENCE. Lisa GRABS the armrest. Rippner notices.

LISA

(off Rippner)
Are we there yet?

Rippner smiles.

There's a silent beat as the cabin starts to level out with a few more CREAKS... Then...

(CONTINUED)

24B

CONTINUED:

24B

RIPPNER

Was Henrietta your mom's mom or your dad's?

LISA

My Mom's. Dad's died a long time ago.

RIPPNER

Are your folks still together?

LISA

Divorced three years. Married for thirty-two.

RIPPNER

That's a shame. So your mom...

LISA

She moved back to Texas. Dad stayed in Miami. He moved us all there, gosh... maybe 20 years ago...

RIPPNER

Brothers or sisters?

LISA

Two older brothers. One's a doctor in London, the other's in San Diego.

RIPPNER

Does dad still work?

LISA

No, recently retired, too much time on his hands, lots of phone calls...

RIPPNER

So all that work time's been filled...

LISA

...with worry time.

RIPPNER

Does he have reason to worry about you?

Lisa reacts, somewhat surprised by this. She considers a beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

24B

CONTINUED: (2)

24B

LISA

Well, even if he did, he just... has to get used to the fact that... things happen, life changes...

RIPPNER

Usually when it's going perfectly, too. You're on track, everything's going to plan, then one day, out of nowhere --

Rippner's interrupted by a sudden JOLT of TURBULENCE.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

-- somebody forgets to bolt the engine to the wing.

They share a laugh amidst a few more BUMPS.

LISA

(deep breath)

Thanks for distracting me.

RIPPNER

That's not what I'm doing.

LISA

What are you doing?

As the turbulence subsides...

RIPPNER

Keeping the focus on you and your father.

LISA

Why?

RIPPNER

Part of my job.

LISA

Are you -- you're not a shrink, are you?

RIPPNER

Manager.

LISA

(beat)

Okay, you'd better not say "of a hotel" --

(CONTINUED)

24B

CONTINUED: (3)

24B

RIPPNER

No.

LISA

(with relief)

'Cause that would've...

RIPPNER

...Given you cause to buy another
self help book?

LISA

(losing a bit of her smile)

So what do you do?

RIPPNER

Oh, government overthrows, flashy
high-profile assassinations, the
usual.

Lisa hesitates. Then laughs. This has to be his idea of
just a weird, flirty game. One she opts to keep playing:

LISA

Great, you're a spy. Shoulda known.

RIPPNER

I'm not a spy.

LISA

A hit man?

RIPPNER

(shaking a "no")

I'm a lousy shot.

Lisa still can't or doesn't want to tell if Rippner's serious.

LISA

Do you work for the C.I.A?

RIPPNER

(more serious now)

If I did, I couldn't say, could I?

But no.

LISA

The mafia?

RIPPNER

(shaking another "no")

Money's shit.

(CONTINUED)

24B

CONTINUED: (4)

24B

An awkward, silent beat as Lisa waits for the punchline. It doesn't come. Then:

LISA

Okay, this is a little weird...
really, what do you --

RIPPNER

(interrupting)
I already told you.

LISA

Okay, hey, sorry I asked, it's... I
mean, it's your own business as long
as...

RIPPNER

What?

LISA

As long as you're not planning on
hijacking the plane or anything.

To this, Rippner laughs along -- well, sort of.

RIPPNER

No, no, I'm not suicidal.

LISA

Well, that's good.

RIPPNER

And you're right. Most days it is
my own business, but right now, that
business is all about you.

Lisa looks at him. We're back to the weird.

LISA

About me --

RIPPNER

That's right.

LISA

Look, I don't know where you're going
with this --

RIPPNER

Charles Keefe.

Lisa reacts, obviously recognizing the name.

(CONTINUED)

24B

CONTINUED: (5)

24B

RIPPNER (cont'd)

One of your regular VIP's, ring a bell?

LISA

No, should it?

RIPPNER

Yes, it should. He's on his way to your hotel as we speak, and that's why you need to keep listening.

Okay, Rippner's tone's really crossing the line --

LISA

No. -- No, I don't have to do that.

RIPPNER

You do if you want your dad to live.

LISA

What did you say?

RIPPNER

You heard me.

Okay, that's it. Lisa presses her

FLIGHT ATTENDANT CALL BUTTON

on her armrest -- BING!

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Suit yourself, but you might wanna see this first.

This as Rippner suddenly brings up a WALLET. Reaches over, lowers Lisa's tray table, sets the wallet on it.

Lisa eyes it. Recognizes it -- flabbergasted as Rippner points out the initials monogrammed in the leather:

RIPPNER (cont'd)

"JR." Joe Reisert. Your father, yes?

LISA

Where did you get --

RIPPNER

I didn't. My associate grabbed it off your dad's dresser next to your graduation pictures.

(CONTINUED)

24B

CONTINUED: (6)

24B

Lisa's too stunned for words as Rippner goes on:

RIPPNER (cont'd)
 (quickly; rapid fire)
 "JR" -- definitely dad's wallet, his
 initials --

Lisa quickly stands from her seat --

RIPPNER (cont'd)
 But gee, mine too --

Lisa stops, looks down as Rippner opens the wallet, rifles through the contents: A driver's license with Rippner's photo, credit cards with his name...

RIPPNER (cont'd)
 -- Jack Rippner... license, credit
 cards...
 (then)
 You tell the flight attendant, your
 dad dies. Sit down.

Lisa, tears welling, resumes her seat.

25

IN THE MID GALLEY - THE SENIOR FLIGHT ATTENDANT

25

is busy trying to get the malfunctioning coffee maker to work. Flipping switches. The young flight attendant approaches from first class.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT
 Any luck?

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT
 (shaking a "no")
 They were supposed to fix this cotton
 pickin' thing back in Dallas. First
 they take our pensions, then our
 coffee pots.

The young attendant notices a blinking light ON A CONTROL PANEL.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT
 18's flashing, you want me to --

The senior flight attendant looks down the aisle, sees Lisa and Rippner talking.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT
 No, I'll take care of it.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT (cont'd)
She probably just wants another drink.
Maybe I'll join her.

They share smiles. The senior flight attendant turns into the

26

AFT COACH SECTION - CONTINUOUS

26

And we FOLLOW HER DOWN THE AISLE to

RIPPNER AND LISA

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT
(favors Rippner)
What can I do for ya?

RIPPNER
(casually to Lisa)
Leese, did you need another pillow,
or --

All eyes on a shaken Lisa, who remains focused on the wallet.
An excruciating moment, the conflict all over her face: to
scream or not to scream --

Lisa finally turns to the flight attendant:

LISA
-- No. I don't need anything.

A single tear trickles down Lisa's cheek. Rippner sees it,
covers with:

RIPPNER
She's just had a really rough day,
a death in the family...

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT
I'm real sorry. I'll bring you some
tissues and a couple a waters.

RIPPNER
(to flight attendant)
That'd be great, thank you.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT
Be right back.

The flight attendant quickly moves off into the darkness of
the cabin. Rippner watches her go, then turns back to Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

RIPPNER

That was great, Leese. Keep doing
the right thing.

(brushing her tear aside)

Just bottle the emotions a little
more, okay?

Lisa pulls away --

LISA

What have you done to him --

RIPPNER

I said "nothing." And it'll stay
that way as long as you keep playing
along.

LISA

What do you want from me?

RIPPNER

Right now, I wanna wait for your
Kleenex and water. Once we have our
privacy, we'll get back to business.

There's a silent beat. Then -- the senior flight attendant
comes back with the tissues and bottled water.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT

Here ya go.

RIPPNER

(taking them)

Thank you so much.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT

You're welcome.

(to Lisa)

Feel better, ma'am.

She moves off. Rippner opens the water bottle, hands it to
Lisa. She doesn't move a muscle. Rippner twists it open,
takes a sip. -- Then:

RIPPNER

I need you to call your hotel. It's
very simple. Just use your managerial
pull to move Mr. Keefe from 3825 to
suite 4080. I'll leave the details
to you, just sell it.

Lisa just looks at him. Speechless.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

LISA

I can't do that --

RIPPNER

Sorry, but you're the only voice
that can get this done by the time I
need it done by.

This as Rippner takes the AIR PHONE from the cradle in the
seat in front of him. Pulls on the cord, letting the phone
out. Holds it to Lisa who keeps staring ahead, not making a
move for the phone or eye contact with Rippner.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

You need me to write it down?

LISA

No.

RIPPNER

Then what's the delay?

LISA

(beat)

So what, changing his room makes it
easier for you to kill him --

Seeing this could take a few more minutes to sort out, Rippner
places the phone back in the cradle, pockets Dad's wallet --

RIPPNER

Lisa, whatever female driven, emotion-
based dilemma you're dealing with
right now, you have my sympathy. So
for the sake of sanity and time,
let's break this down into a little
male-driven, fact-based logic: one
simple phone call saves your dad's
life, and it has to be made soon.

LISA

Are you going to kill Keefe?

RIPPNER

You should worry more about your
father.

LISA

-- I don't even know if he's okay.

RIPPNER

He's fine.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (3)

26

LISA

Why should I believe that?

RIPPNER

Because the last call I got said he was in the TV room eating frozen lasagna and glued to the "Seinfeld" marathon.

(off Lisa's horrified look)

Relax, Leese, right now, he's just being observed. From a silver Beemer parked outside 9321 Blossom Palms lane... My guy's sitting in the dark, listening to a little smooth jazz while he sharpens his 13-inch Ka-bar...

(off Lisa's look)

It's a knife --

LISA

I want to talk to my dad.

RIPPNER

Sure. After you make the call --

Beat. Then --

LISA

(voice trembling)

No. I want to know he's okay now, or I don't call anyone.

Rippner studies her. Smiles a bit, as if admiring her resolve.

RIPPNER

Your dime.

(off her)

Credit card?

A beat. Then Lisa shakily pulls her purse from her seat pocket, takes out her wallet, finds a credit card. Rippner suddenly yanks her purse from her lap, stuffs it in his seat pocket. He plucks the credit card from her hand, slams it into the airphone slot --

SMASH TO:

27

EXT. LISA'S DAD'S HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

27

A time-worn two story. A star-filled sky. Crickets. Then -- as a cordless phone RINGS we slowly PULL BACK to reveal two or three cars parked on the street.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

And sure enough, there *is* a SILVER BMW parked across from the house.

28

INT. DAD'S HOME - TV ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

28

Lights and late night TV blare as Dad sits in the lazy boy. The second RING. Dad reaches for the phone:

DAD

(into phone as needed)

Hello?

On the other end, we hear the background NOISE of a plane in flight that all but drowns out Lisa's voice. (Note: this all unfolds solely from Dad's POV -- we only HEAR Lisa.)

LISA (THROUGH PHONE)

Dad --

DAD

Lisa? You already home?

The connections's shaky:

LISA (THROUGH PHONE)

No -- air phone -- on -- plane. We -- late taking off.

DAD

Honey, I know you don't like it when I ask, but -- are you okay? You sound upset --

There's a lengthy pause -- We only hear plane NOISE for a beat.

DAD (cont'd)

Leese, you still there?

There's some STATIC. The phone suddenly CUTS OUT altogether leaving us and Dad with just the silence of the house. Dad eyes the cordless for a curious beat -- then sets it aside, grabs the remote and clicks off the TV...

29

INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

29

Rippner clicks the air phone back into the cradle.

RIPPNER

Did he sound healthy to you?

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

RIPPNER (cont'd)

I hope that's a "yes" 'cause that's
the best I can do.

This as Rippner takes the airphone out once again...

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Let's get this over with.

BING. The seatbelt sign is turned off. Passengers get up,
stretch legs, head for the lavatories...

30

OMITTED

30

ON LISA

Hesitant another beat. Then -- she starts to reach for it,
but --

40ISH WOMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me.

They look up. The 40ish woman is standing over them.

40ISH WOMAN (cont'd)

(to Rippner)

I'm sorry, would you help me again?
Last time, I promise.

An awkward beat. Rippner can't be a jerk. He hangs up the
air phone.

As he gets up, he stares Lisa down, RIPS her credit card out
of the airphone slot, TAKES HER PURSE from his seat pocket,
stuffs it in the overhead bin then moves to help the 40ish
woman.

ON LISA

Shifting her eyes around. The 40ish woman's bought her some
time to perhaps do something, but what -- Rippner just took
her purse, her cell phone -- Lisa starts sifting through the
contents of her seat pocket, looking for something to write
on...

NICE LADY (O.S.)

Hello again.

Lisa whips her head up to see the nice lady standing in the
aisle with the Dr. Phil book and a pink highlighter pen in
hand. She opens the book. We see some passages highlighted
as she explains:

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

NICE LADY (cont'd)

You know, I didn't think this was gonna be so much work. There's all these surveys he wants you to answer about yourself before you read the rest --

Lisa tries to re-focus. Her eyes shift to Rippner who momentarily has his back turned taking the 40ish woman's carry-on down from the overhead bin --

Lisa quickly reaches over, and as gently as she can, takes the book and highlighter out of the nice lady's hands:

LISA

Oh, don't worry about the surveys, I just -- let me highlight my favorite part --

NICE LADY

Oh. Wonderful. And give me your address, too, I want to return the favor.

Lisa flips the book open, starts scribbling furiously --

ON RIPPNER

Turning back toward Lisa and the old lady as the 40ish woman takes her sweet time rooting around in her carry-on.

BACK TO LISA

We see FLASHES of KEY WORDS she's writing: ...HELP ME...CALL POLICE...

Over the above, the nice lady keeps rambling:

NICE LADY (cont'd)

I'll send you one of my favorites, oh, what it's called now... oh yes, "Noodle Knowledge" -- isn't that funny? It takes you on a tour inside your brain, explains why we do all the silly things we do... it's really entertaining...

ON RIPPNER

Turning back to the 40ish woman who closes her carry-on --

40ISH WOMAN

You are a life saver.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (3)

29

Rippner leans down, finishes zipping up the woman's carry-on --

The lady turns, looks down the aisle to see the flight attendants rolling the DRINK CART forward --

NICE LADY

(flustered to Lisa; re:
the book)

Oh my, I'll just come back for that --

LISA

(dog ears the page)

No, here.

Lisa hands the book to the nice lady -- but

RIPPNER

is now standing right there next to her in the darkness.
Lisa's caught.

NICE LADY

I'm sorry, I'm blocking your seat.

RIPPNER

No worries.

Rippner just glares -- at Lisa. The nice lady scoots out of the way toward the approaching cart. Rippner resumes his seat. His eyes shift to the highlighter still in Lisa's hand. He YANKS it away --

THE DRINK CART

is now practically on top of the lady --

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT

'Scuse us, please.

The nice lady starts to head away --

Rippner hands the highlighter to the nice lady.

RIPPNER

Don't forget this.

NICE LADY

Oh, thank --

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT

Excuse us, please, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (4)

29

NICE LADY

(flustered; moving off)

Okay, I'll -- I'm going, I'm going...

The nice lady scampers up the aisle to the mid-galley where she cuts across to the other row, heads back down the other aisle.

RIPPNER

(watching the lady but
talking to Lisa)I have to assume she's gonna read
it...

Rippner watches the nice lady all the way. She puts the book under her arm as she approaches the occupied aft lavatory. She waits, starts to strike up a conversation with another seated passenger.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

-- I didn't wanna get complicated,
Lisa.

(then; turning to her)

Start getting that --

LISA

(shaking with anger)

All I get is that this is wrong --

BAM! Rippner's forehead suddenly SMACKS Lisa's in a vicious HEAD-BUTT that knocks her OUT COLD.

This as Rippner throws quick glances toward the seats that might be in his line of sight. But no one's looking. Most still sleeping. The Headphone Kid's doing homework. Rebecca's playing her gameboy.

Rippner turns back, shaking, adrenaline overload --

He reaches over, pulls a pillow from Lisa's seat pocket, stuffs it between her head and the window.

He quickly glances aft again --

THE NICE LADY

Still with the book under her arm, waiting outside the lavatory --

ON RIPPNER

Gotta get that book. He turns back, draws a breath. Then -- he feels something on his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (5)

29

He reaches a finger up to his hairline, brings it back down -- BLOOD -- shit -- there's a small cut on Rippner's forehead.

He looks to Lisa again. No visible injury.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT (O.S.)

How's she doing?

Rippner turns back. The senior flight attendant's standing over him. He brings his hand up, covering the cut on his forehead, acts like he's merely scratching his head.

RIPPNER

Much better now. Thanks.

As soon as the senior flight attendant moves off up the aisle, Rippner quickly stands from his seat, flips off the reading light --

CUT TO BLACK.

We slowly FADE BACK IN --

31

INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - NIGHT

31

ON LISA --

Still out.

A sudden jolt of TURBULENCE causes her eyes to flutter ever so slightly.

Another TREMOR. Lisa's eyes open, gradually bringing the dark, blurry cabin into focus.

She's still disoriented, and we along with her, not entirely sure how much time has passed --

Lisa slowly sits up, turns to see Rippner sitting in his seat, thoroughly engrossed in the DR. PHIL BOOK.

Lisa fully awakens at the sight. Stunned. She looks back, gets a glimpse of the nice lady who's sleeping in her seat. Or so we hope.

TURBULENCE. Heavy. Continuous now. The kind that makes even the most seasoned traveler wonder. A few LIGHTNING FLASHES out the window. The seat belt signs BING to life.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Please return to your seats, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

RIPPNER

(doing his best Dr Phil)

I want you to get excited about your life, but you've gotta get real.

(then reading, still impersonating)

'I'm challenging you, starting now, to stop dealing in opinions or assumptions, and start dealing in facts.'

(then to Lisa)

Fact -- you've been out for a half hour and Keefe's room hasn't been changed.

A beat. Then -- Rippner holds out his fist to Lisa. She eyes it as he turns it over, opens it to reveal -- TWO ASPIRIN.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

You'll thank me later.

Lisa hesitates.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

It's aspirin, Leese. I need you coherent, remember?

Another beat. Then Lisa holds out her hand. Rippner drops the aspirin into it. He pulls a fresh bottled water from her seat pocket, cracks it open, hands it to her. She downs the aspirin. Takes a few swigs amidst more TURBULENCE.

LISA

(fighting her fear of crashing)

If I do it, if I call, then you'll call the person outside dad's house? Tell him to go away?

Rippner smiles, sure now he's got her.

RIPPNER

You call, I call. Dad wakes up, puts coffee on, never suspects anything. You go back to work, life goes on...

Lisa just stares into space, pale and shaking. The plane jolts and bucks --

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (2)

31

PILOT (V.O.)

(intercom filter)

Well, folks, we were hoping things would calm down, but obviously, that's not happening, so control's just cleared us to 35,000 feet, we'll see if we can't get above this weather, smooth things out a little...

The engines ROAR LOUDER, the plane beginning its ascent...

This as Rippner RIPS the airphone out, takes Lisa's credit card, inserts it in the phone. Studies the LCD SCREEN. It flashes the "okay" to make the call.

RIPPNER

Now, I'll connect you to area code 305-555-Two Thousand.

Rippner dials as the TURBULENCE intensifies. Lisa's fighting stark panic. Horrible turbulence, and the maniac in the next seat. Rippner could care less. He puts the phone to his ear. -- We hear a RING. Rippner hands the phone to Lisa with:

RIPPNER (cont'd)

I don't have to tell you to sound --

LISA

You've said enough.

He hands her the phone. She puts it to her ear. We hear another RING. Then -- the slightly GARBLED VOICE of CYNTHIA:

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE)

Good morning, Lux Atlantic Resort, this is Cynthia.

Lisa hesitates. Trying to control her emotions and welling tears at the sound of this familiar voice.

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE) (cont'd)

Hello? Anyone --

LISA

(into phone as needed)
Cynthia, it's Lisa.

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE)

Lisa? You sound terrible, are you okay?

She looks to Rippner who again puts his finger to his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (3)

31

LISA

I'm coming down with something, that's all.

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE)

You back in town?

LISA

Still on the plane --

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE)

(more garbled)

I'm not surprised, I heard there's back-ups everywhere. So listen, you'd be so proud of me, we're all set for Keefe, the Crystal on ice, the cigars, not so easy to find in the middle of the night...

Rippner eyes Lisa closely. More bumps.

LISA

Yeah, about that -- I need you to do me a favor.

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE)

Lisa, you sure you're okay? You sound --

LISA

Cynthia, do not ask me if I'm okay again.

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE)

I'm sorry.

LISA

No, I'm --

There's more jolts of TURBULENCE. Another FLASH of LIGHTNING out the window. As if Lisa weren't terrified enough -- she shakily slides the window shade down halfway --

LISA (cont'd)

I'm sorry --

(beat)

It was just a rough couple of days...

(then; quickly)

Listen, something came up, we've gotta change Keefe's room. Can you pull up the file?

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (4)

31

Lisa glances to Rippner who nods, appreciating her cooperation. Oddly, we no longer hear Cynthia's side of the conversation.

LISA (cont'd)

-- No, you're gonna need the pin...

As Lisa continues, Rippner turns away briefly, looks over to the far left aisle to another PASSENGER who's using an air phone.

Then he notices something peculiar -- the passenger suddenly takes the phone from his ear, curiously looks at the LCD screen. Then hangs the phone up.

Rippner slowly turns his head back to Lisa:

LISA (cont'd)

Yeah, we're gonna put him in 4080. --
Right.

Rippner's eyes focus on the LCD screen: NO SERVICE.

But for some reason, Lisa's still talking...

LISA (cont'd)

Yeah, the pin's two-five-four-eight-
three... then I need you to --

Suddenly, Rippner RIPS the phone out of Lisa's hand, puts it to his ear --

RIPPNER

Hello, Cynthia? Helloooo?

DEAD AIR. Rippner turns the phone over, shows the LCD screen to Lisa. Damn.

Rippner hangs it up. Play a beat of silence between Rippner and Lisa. Then:

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Pretty clear thinking given the
circumstances. Let me guess. Stress
management courses?

(off her silence)

Well, they're really paying off. We
come out of this, I might have to
steal you.

But whatever smirk might be on Rippner's face now completely disappears. His glare piercing. He's wary of Lisa now, alerted by her boldness -- infuriated.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (5)

31

We can almost see the clock ticking in his head.

He jerks his head around, seeing the young flight attendant approaching, trying to keep her balance in the heavy TURBULENCE. Rippner stops her:

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Are the phones not working?

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT

Oh, they sometimes cut out during storms. They'll probably come back when we find some clear air.

She moves off toward first class. Rippner's visibly irritated as he looks at his watch, then to the phone.

LISA

What, you don't have a back-up plan?

Rippner remains silent.

LISA (cont'd)

-- Why do this now, here --

RIPPNER

Blame your grandmother.

(off Lisa's questioning look)

She keeled over, you hopped on the next flight out. -- The window of opportunity opened...

Rippner pauses as he takes in the plane. He shakes his head at the absurdity of his predicament.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

...and here we are.

This as the young flight attendant passes by once more, handing out snack bags.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT

Peanuts or pretzels?

RIPPNER

(taking the bag)

Peanuts.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT

Ma'am?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (6)

31

Lisa shakes a quick "no". The young flight attendant moves off. Rippner starts opening his bag of peanuts.

LISA
(re: airphone service)
What if it never starts working?

RIPPNER
Then we bury your dad in a closed
casket.

Off this --

CUT TO:

31A INT. DAD'S HOME - TV ROOM - NIGHT (DAY FOR NIGHT)

31A

A bag of pretzels is emptied into a bowl. PULL BACK to reveal Dad -- he puts the bag away, starts to take the bowl and his newly poured drink back to the lazy boy when a distant THWUMP O.S. stops him in his tracks.

Dad sets the bowl and glass aside, grabs the remote, mutes the Seinfeld Marathon. Stands there in the silence. Then -- another THWUMP. Much louder this time.

31B INT. DAD'S HOME - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT (DAY FOR NIGHT) - CONTINUOUS

31B

Dad carefully heads to the front door. Pauses. Opens it.

ON DAD'S FEET

The Miami Herald flops onto his toe. Dad picks it up, looks down the street, sees

A CAR

driving away, a NEWSPAPER sailing out the driver's window...

ON DAD

About to head back in when something catches his eye --

DAD'S POV - THE SILVER BMW ACROSS THE STREET

Dad eyes it for an extended beat. Then heads back inside, shuts the door.

31C EXT. DAD'S STREET -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT (DAY FOR NIGHT) 31C

CU -- The driver's side window ROLLS DOWN. We see the glow of a cigarette, a dark silhouette... and hear a few notes of a little smooth jazz...

32
THRU
34

OMITTED

32
THRU
34

CUT TO:

35 INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION -- NIGHT 35

ON LISA AND RIPPNER -- sitting in silence. Looks like it's been this way awhile. The turbulence is subsiding.

Rippner checks the airphone. Still dead.

Lisa turns to the window. Rippner stuffs his pretzel bag in his seat pocket. Eyes his watch.

Somewhere on the plane, we hear a BABY start to CRY...

Another long beat of this... then...

LISA

I know him.

(off Rippner)

Keefe. He's a decent man.

RIPPNER

Well, sometimes bad things happen to good people. -- Like you.

Lisa reacts, caught off-guard by this. Rippner leans closer:

RIPPNER (cont'd)

What's your story, Lisa? I've known you for awhile now. Before tonight, I mean. And as far as I can tell, your life revolves around your job, the occasional cocktail at the corner cafe, classic movies on late night T.V... oh, and scrambled eggs at 3 A.M.

(then)

What turned you into such a loner?

Lisa shakes her head, indignant Turns back to the window.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Was it your parents' divorce?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

RIPPNER (cont'd)

(beat)

Did you get your heart broken?

Lisa turns back, glares at Rippner, a thousand emotions in her eyes as -- BING. The seat belt signs turn off.

LISA

I have to go to the restroom.

In answer, Rippner unscrews her empty water bottle, holds it out to her:

RIPPNER

Best I can do.

LISA

Look... You've got me -- I'll make the call when I can make the call, but right now -- you need to let me go -- I have to --

RIPPNER

(cutting her off; suddenly getting up)

Okay, I trust you.

Rippner unbuckles his belt, steps into the aisle.

LISA

I need my purse.

RIPPNER

-- But not that much.

He ushers Lisa into the aisle. She hesitates.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

(whispers)

Last chance.

She scoots out. Makes her way down the aisle past the

HEADPHONE KID

who's doing some homework under his reading light. Scribbling in a note-pad with a ball-point pen on the end of which is a rubber BLUE MONSTER HEAD.

LISA

makes her way to the OCCUPIED aft lavatory. She looks back. Rippner's watching. Then --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

REBECCA

appears behind Rippner:

REBECCA

Excuse me.

Rippner lets her squeeze by, but his eyes never leave Lisa.

Rebecca makes her way down to Lisa.

REBECCA (cont'd)

Are these the bathrooms?

LISA

Yeah -- do you have to --

REBECCA

You were here first.

The lavatory door opens. A passenger steps out, smiles at Lisa, makes his way back up the aisle. Lisa glances back to Rebecca.

36 INT. JET - AFT LAVATORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

36

Lisa shakily slides the latch closed. Stands there, dazed for a split second beat -- then suddenly -- she collapses to the floor, the terror finally overwhelming her.

She forces her body to turn around. She throws open the toilet seat. Dry heaves. Convulses. Tears flowing. The onset of an emotional meltdown that's long overdue.

LISA

Oh my God -- help me -- somebody help me...

She tries to regulate her breathing. Grabs a bunch of toilet paper and wipes her nose. Throws the paper in the bowl and flushes, watching as the blue liquid swirls around the bowl. Slams the lid shut.

One more deep breath gives her the strength to pull herself to her feet. Her legs are still wobbly as she puts her hands on the sink, her arms supporting most of her weight. Splashes water on her face, drinks a little.

Then squirts some soft soap into her hand, about to rinse -- but something stops her. Lisa eyes the gel in her hand, an idea forming.

36 CONTINUED:

36

She dips her right index finger into the soap, smears a line of it on the mirror. It actually works pretty well.

Lisa starts WRITING, the adrenaline pumping. Maybe even a little hope returning. She squirts a little more soap. She keeps writing, adding soapy second coats as needed...

36A INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

36A

ON RIPPNER

Eyeing the airphone. The LCD screen suddenly returns to normal. The phone's BACK IN SERVICE. With Lisa gone, he for one moment shows his real feelings -- Huge relief. Then he looks toward the restroom, checks his watch. His face a mask once again.

36B INT. JET - AFT LAVATORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

36B

Lisa steps back from the mirror -- we reveal the soft-soap-written message -- 18 F HAS BOMB.

She considers another beat. Satisfied.

Lisa rinses, dries her hands with a paper towel. She unlocks the door, opens it. About to step out when

RIPPNER

suddenly EMERGES from the darkness of the aft galley. Before Lisa can even utter a sound, Rippner CUPS his hand over her mouth with incredible speed. He presses forward, the FORCE of his momentum overwhelming Lisa who stumbles back into

37 THE LAVATORY

37

Rippner keeps his hand clenched over her mouth as he quickly pulls the door closed and slides the latch.

38 OUT IN THE CABIN

38

The "OCCUPIED" light goes on.

ON REBECCA

She's frozen, her innocent gaze locked on the lavatory door. The young flight attendant approaches Rebecca from behind, takes her hand.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT

Hey Rebecca, you can't run off like that.

38

CONTINUED:

38

REBECCA

(re: the lavatory)

A man went in there.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT

Everybody shares the same one. Here,
I'll take you to the one closer to
your seat.

The young flight attendant leads Rebecca back up the aisle.

REBECCA

But there's a lady in there, too.

The young flight attendant stops, looks back toward the
lavatory.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT

(knowingly)

Okay... one of those flights.

(then, to Rebecca)

C'mon, let's go.

39

BACK IN THE LAVATORY

39

Rippner has Lisa pinned against the rear wall, her body at
an awkward angle, the backs of her legs forced to bend against
the toilet.

RIPPNER

Don't fight me...

Rippner turns, reads the message. Shakes his head. He turns
back to Lisa, for the moment keeping a welling rage in check --

Lisa tries to bring herself under control --

RIPPNER (cont'd)

That's it... breathe...

(hard whisper in her ear;

re: the mirror)

I know... you're all worked up from
all that creativity... from betraying
my trust... shhh... breathe and I'll
back off.

Lisa's calming down, her breath regulating. Rippner slowly
lifts his hand from Lisa's mouth.

LISA

-- Please... just stop whoever's at
my dad's house --

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

RIPPNER

I already have. By twice intercepting these little "communique's." You know if they'd fallen into the hands of a by-the-book stewardess, she would've gone straight to the cockpit and we'd've landed somewhere else, yes?

(then; hard)

Leese, if that happens... our man in the BMW's gonna know about it. So do dad a favor and stop gambling with his life --

Lisa slinks back, tears streaming. Exhaustion setting in as

RIPPNER'S HAND

starts to stroke her hair --

RIPPNER (cont'd)

You're beautiful, I must say...

Rippner peers into Lisa's eyes. Somewhere in the gaze, he betrays just a hint of, dare we say -- regret. It's faint, but Lisa picks up on it... perhaps one last opportunity to appeal --

LISA

You don't have to do this.

Somewhere, we see these words find their mark -- Rippner seems to genuinely be considering her words as his eyes shift away, down to her blouse. It's gaping open. He sees the scar on Lisa's neck. Considers it a beat, then --

RIPPNER

Somebody do that to you?

LISA

(looking away)

No.

Whatever part of Rippner's veneer Lisa may have cracked, it quickly starts to repair itself...

RIPPNER

You know what I think? I think you're not such an honest person. -- Because I've followed you eight weeks and I never once saw you order anything but a fucking Sea Breeze.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED: (2)

39

This as Rippner abruptly pulls himself back, turns his attention to the mirror, grabs a couple of paper towels. Lisa drops her head, shakes it in defeat. There's no reaching this guy.

RIPPNER (cont'd)
 (as he wipes the mirror
 clean)
 I've never lied to you, Lisa. You
 know why? It doesn't serve me.
 (then)
 We're both professionals, Leese, we
 wouldn't be where we are if we didn't
 have the will and the means to follow
 through, because... if we don't...

With that, Rippner stuffs the paper towels in the trash, then spins back, suddenly grabs Lisa's neck, slams her head against the back wall --

RIPPNER (cont'd)
 ...our customers aren't happy. And
 when they're not... we suffer. Our
 lives go to shit.

RIPPNER'S LIPS

CRAWL across her cheek, then across her mouth, over to her right cheek, stopping at her ear...

RIPPNER (cont'd)
And that's not going to happen --

LISA
 I can't -- breathe -- can't --

RIPPNER
 (letting up a little)
 -- Is it?

LISA
 -- Nnn -- no --

RIPPNER
 Because I meant to tell you the phones
 are working -- you sure we have a
 deal this time?

LISA
 Ye -- YES.

Rippner abruptly RELEASES Lisa and pulls away. She struggles to get her breath.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED: (3)

39

Rippner licks his thumb, wipes some of Lisa's running mascara off her cheeks -- she turns away -- he turns her back, wipes a little more, making her more "presentable."

RIPPNER
(satisfied)
Good.

He stands, turns to the mirror, straightens his shirt, then primps his hair.

RIPPNER (cont'd)
Thanks for the quickie.

40

INT. JET - AFT GALLEY - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

40

The senior flight attendant is cleaning up, stowing coffee pots. She turns as the lavatory door opens. Rippner steps out first, smiles at the senior flight attendant who smiles back, but it vanishes when she sees Lisa step out behind Rippner.

Lisa heads quickly up the aisle as Rippner shuts the door, about to follow her when the senior flight attendant steps forward.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT
Excuse me, sir?
(as Rippner turns)
This isn't a motel.

RIPPNER
(with a smile)
Sure.

Rippner winks, heads away. We HOLD ON the senior flight attendant for a beat as she watches after Rippner, perhaps wondering what the hell kind of guy he is --

41

AFT COACH SECTION - LISA

41

slides back in her seat. Trapped once again as the seatbelt signs BING on.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, the captain has turned on the seatbelt sign indicating our initial descent into Miami. Please remain seated with your seatbelts securely fastened, thank you.

ON RIPPNER

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

We follow him up the aisle, but not all the way. When we reach the headphone kid's seat on the left, we HOLD ON HIM.

He's now sleeping, his head resting in his text book on the tray table.

A couple jolts of turbulence cause him to stir. As he sits up, his text book and papers fall to the floor.

He bends down, retrieves them, but he's missing something.

He turns back, smacks his sleeping brother on the arm.

KEVIN

What, cut it out, dude --

HEADPHONE KID

Yo, you steal my pen, jackass?

CUT TO:

42

OMITTED

42

43

INT. GULFSTREAM JET - MAIN PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

43

Find Charles Keefe's HEAD BODYGUARD, sitting at the rear on the plane's airphone.

HEAD BODYGUARD

(into phone; checking
paperwork)

Right, Mr. Keefe has a 7 A.M.
breakfast, then the meeting's at 8
sharp, we're out by 9:15. -- Great.

The head bodyguard hangs up, stands, makes his way forward, passing a few suited SECURITY GUYS sipping coffee and bottled water, working on laptops, including the NUMBER TWO GUARD who acknowledges him with a nod.

The head bodyguard turns to GINA, an assistant:

HEAD BODYGUARD (cont'd)

How we doing?

GINA

(softly; handing him a
folder)

Cars are en route and on time.
Armored Escalades, full communication
package...

43

CONTINUED:

43

The head bodyguard nods, makes his way back to a MAN sitting with his back to us, going over some papers. A distinguished, athletic man in his late 40's. Casual but impeccably chosen clothing: CHARLES KEEFE.

The head bodyguard leans down, quietly conferring with Keefe. We see Keefe's head nod as he goes back to his work. The bodyguard turns, heads to a chair nearer the cockpit.

He glances across the cabin and we PAN WITH his gaze to see a beautiful woman, LYDIA KEEFE, early 40's, sleeping in a chaise-like chair. And curled up next to her, a little boy, DANNY KEEFE, 4, sleeping like an angel. Keefe's young daughter, SARAH, 12, sits quietly next to her brother, reading.

44

INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - NIGHT

44

ON Lisa and Rippner in their seats. Lisa's eyeing the airphone.

It's working, but for some reason a phone call isn't being made. She looks to Rippner who's eyeing the

SENIOR FLIGHT ATTENDANT

working her way down the aisle, collecting trash. Her face is hard to read, but she's definitely watching Rippner, making intermittent eye-contact with him as she approaches.

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT

(to Rippner)

Trash?

Rippner nonchalantly stuffs his pretzel bag and water bottle in the bag. Rippner smiles up at her. The senior flight attendant glares at him, shoots a glance to Lisa who's staring ahead, silent.

As soon as the senior flight attendant has moved several rows behind them, Rippner instantly snatches the phone, thrusts it out at her.

RIPPNER

Do it.

Lisa looks into his eyes, pleading. But there's nothing in Rippner's to match her raw humanity. No, his eyes are cold, flint, empty. -- Lisa takes the phone.

CUT TO:

44A INT. LUX ATLANTIC HOTEL LOBBY - FRONT DESK - NIGHT 44A
Quiet. Cynthia races to pick up the RINGING PHONE.

CYNTHIA
(into phone as needed)
Lux Atlantic Resort, this is Cynthia.

INTERCUT:

44B INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - NIGHT 44B
Lisa on the airphone. Rippner observing.

LISA
Cynthia, it's Lisa.

CYNTHIA
(already typing on computer)
Hey, you. So I guess you still need
that favor?

LISA
Yeah, I was checking with Dan Young
from maintenance, we can't put Keefe
in that room --

CYNTHIA
But he always stays there, doesn't --

LISA
I know, but they were fixing a water
valve in the master bath, it wasn't
the right one, so if anyone uses the
plumbing --

CYNTHIA
The shit'll hit the fan?

LISA
Exactly.

Rippner likes what he's hearing.

CYNTHIA
So... where do we move him to?

LISA
(beat; then)
4080.

44B

CONTINUED:

44B

CYNTHIA

(still unsure)

Okay -- are you sure his security
people will --

LISA

You're right, they won't be happy,
just tell them --

(hesitant beat; then)

Tell them I approved it.

CYNTHIA

Oh my god, the cigars, the Crystal --
there's hardly time, I'd better go,
Leese.

Cynthia hangs up.

44C

INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

44C

Lisa drops the phone. Trembling. Rippner reaches over,
puts it back in the cradle.

RIPPNER

Outstanding.
(eyes his watch)
Close.

LISA

So?

RIPPNER

What?

Lisa grabs the phone back out of its cradle and shoves it
toward Rippner.

LISA

You know goddamned well what -- my
dad -- make the call, your part of
the deal --

Rippner takes the phone. For a moment, we think he's going
to make the call. But instead, he clicks it back in the
cradle.

RIPPNER

I still need you.

LISA

Go to hell.

44C

CONTINUED:

44C

RIPPNER

Lisa --

LISA

(furious)

You promised.

RIPPNER

And I'll keep that promise.

As Rippner takes out his cell phone:

RIPPNER (cont'd)

Soon as we're on the ground, I'll get confirmation Keefe's been handled.

LISA

(barely containing herself)

And while you're waiting for confirmation, what if your "guy" decides to kill my dad because he hasn't heard from you?

Rippner glances around, making sure no one's hearing this.

RIPPNER

Because he doesn't move unless I say so.

(smiles with smug certainty)

He's a good dog. Responds only to his master's voice.

Lisa's eyes flick over to Rippner's cell phone for a split second, but only the most alert will notice this. In fact, Lisa doesn't even move for a long moment. -- Then --

Rippner checks the window again. We're down to 5000 feet.

RIPPNER (cont'd)

It'll all be over soon. The Keefe's will be history, your dad'll be safe, we'll both go --

LISA

What did you say?

RIPPNER

What?

LISA

You just said the Keefe's would be history. You're gonna kill his whole family --

(CONTINUED)

44C CONTINUED: (2)

44C

RIPPNER

Hey, somebody wants to send a "big,
brash message," that's their business.
I do my part and move on.

Off Lisa, too stunned for words --

CUT TO:

45 EXT. HOTEL - SIDE ENTRANCE - PREDAWN

45

Keefe's MOTORCADE -- Two ESCALADES, and his LIMO -- pulls
into the roped off SIDE ENTRANCE.

Keefe's HEAD BODYGUARD, his NUMBER TWO GUY along with a few
more GUARDS hop out of the Escalades where they're met by
HOTEL SECURITY GUYS. They approach all sides of Keefe's
limo.

They open the doors. Out steps Charles Keefe and Lydia.
But we only get fleeting glimpses of Keefe's face as his
bodyguards surround him at every turn.

The head bodyguard lifts Keefe's semiconscious son out.
Sarah follows, moves closer to her dad. He puts his arm
around her shoulder. We realize this is a family.

45A INT. HOTEL - MAIN LOBBY - PREDAWN - MOMENTS LATER

45A

Cynthia, clipboard in hand, with Keefe and Company. Cynthia
hands them a folder and room key cards.

CYNTHIA

Suite 4080. Manager just got it
approved.

HEAD BODYGUARD

(looking over papers)
4080? We have 3825. We always have
3825.

CYNTHIA

(politely cutting in)
Except we've got a bad plumbing
problem in 3825.

HEAD BODYGUARD

How bad?

Cynthia takes him aside a step. Two professionals leveling
with each other:

45A

CONTINUED:

45A

CYNTHIA

Toilets for starters. They aren't safe. Somebody flushes, we're talking Old Faithful.

HEAD BODYGUARD

(to Keefe)

We made redundant reservations, we can go to the Hilton.

LYDIA KEEFE

Charles --

Keefe eyes Lydia and the kids. They just wanna sleep.

CHARLES KEEFE

(interjecting; to Cynthia)

Who made the approval for 4080?

CYNTHIA

Lisa Reisert.

CHARLES KEEFE

(to head bodyguard)

I know her, it's fine.

HEAD BODYGUARD

We sweep it. That's non-negotiable.

45B

INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - PREDAWN

45B

The jet's in full DESCENT MODE now. Flight attendants move through the cabin, checking seat belts, picking up more trash as the first hints of MORNING LIGHT STREAMING through the windows...

The cabin FLUORESCENT LIGHTS come on... passengers start to wake, getting things together.

Rippner notes Lisa's look -- growing pain and alarm. She suddenly WINCES IN PAIN, doubles over, puts her left hand to her forehead.

RIPPNER

What's wrong now?

LISA

You hit me, remember?

RIPPNER

Suck it up. You've come too far, don't draw attention now.

45B

CONTINUED:

45B

As Lisa CRINGES more, her

RIGHT HAND

quickly moves to the bottom of her blouse, reaches underneath to reveal -- the BLUE MONSTER BALLPOINT hidden in the top of her skirt -- as her hand slowly slides it out...

CUT TO:

46
AND
47

OMITTED

46
AND
47

48

INT. HOTEL - SUITE 4080 - DAWN

48

Keefe's head bodyguard, his number two guard and the rest of the TEAM fan out, checking behind doors, under beds.

Hi-tech bomb-detecting equipment is passed over the floors, beneath the ceilings...

The Head Bodyguard and his NUMBER TWO GUARD head out to

48A

THE BALCONY - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

48A

The number two guard brings up binoculars, scans the horizon.

HIS BINOCULAR POV - a YACHT anchored in the far distance.

HEAD BODYGUARD

Anything?

NUMBER TWO GUARD

Not much. Yacht. Way out there.
Fishing, I think.

HEAD BODYGUARD

Call it in.

The number two guard turns, leaves. Off the head bodyguard...

CUT TO:

49

OMITTED

49

50

INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - DAWN

50

PILOT (V.O.)

(intercom filter)

Flight attendants, secure the cabin
for arrival in Miami.

50

CONTINUED:

50

Lisa's still doubled over.

RIPPNER

suddenly grabs her, pulls her upright in her seat, leans threateningly closer. She backs away, breathing hard, not knowing what's coming -- another head butt, something else -- then:

RIPPNER

Once we're at the gate, I'll follow you into the terminal. We'll hit Starbucks, grab a couple of lattes... kill ten, fifteen minutes till I get the call Keefe's been taken out.

Lisa reacts. Is that what's left on Keefe's clock? She shoots a glance to her watch: nearly 5:30 A.M. Rippner keeps talking over the above:

RIPPNER (cont'd)

...then I'll walk out of your life. Once I'm out of your line of sight, I'll call off Mr. Killer outside Dad's. Then you're free. Free to yell and scream, call your dad, tell him to run to the neighbors... Sound good?

Lisa stares him down for a long beat. Shaking her head in disbelief, resignation...

LISA

Whatever you say.

RIPPNER

No questions?

LISA

What good have they done me so far?

RIPPNER

That's the best one you've asked all night.

The cabin ROCKS as the jet touches down -- the engines REVERSE THRUST with a tremendous ROAR.

Everyone's calm. Breathing quiet sighs of relief... Another flight survived.

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT (V.O.)
 Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of
 your Fresh Air flight crew, we'd
 like to be the first to welcome you
 to Miami...

Lisa sits up slightly, eyes the seatbelt sign that's still
 illuminated. As she leans over one more time, her

RIGHT HAND

firmly grasps the blue monster's head --

LISA

closes her eyes momentarily, her lips moving... as if MUMBLING
 a prayer... or perhaps coaxing or convincing herself... of
 something...

CUT TO:

50A EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

50A

A coast guard cutter is now tied up alongside the yacht.

50B ON BOARD THE YACHT

50B

Two automatic weapon-carrying COAST GUARD OFFICERS appear
 from below deck, heading back to the cutter as they nod okays
 to two faceless MEN, presumably the owners of the yacht.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
 Sorry for the intrusion...

MAN #1
 No problem.

50C EXT. HOTEL - SUITE 4080 BALCONY - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

50C

The head bodyguard still peering through his binocs --

BINOCULAR POV - THE CUTTER

starts to cruise away from the yacht.

THE BODYGUARD

lowers his binocs, satisfied.

HEAD BODYGUARD
 (into radio)
 All clear, bring 'em up.

51 EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT/TERMINAL - DAWN 51

The jet rolls toward the gate area...

52 INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - DAWN - CONTINUOUS 52

Anxious passengers sit forward in their seats, waiting for the jet to stop and the seatbelt sign to be turned off --

ON LISA

Leaning over, she slowly slides her right hand forward along her right thigh, positioning it and the Blue Monster pen for

something... it's close to the SEAT POCKET and the magazines inside... making us wonder if she might still be hoping to get a message to someone as her THUMB FLIPS THE CAP off. Over the above:

LISA

It happened in a parking lot... two years ago... middle of the day...

(a beat; then)

Since then, I've been trying to convince myself of one thing over and over and over...

The cabin SHAKES ever so slightly as the jet finally stops. The engines REV DOWN --

RIPPNER

That it was beyond your control --

LISA

(shaking a "no")

That it'd never happen again.

BING. The seatbelt sign is TURNED OFF. We hear the familiar simultaneous unlatching of a HUNDRED-PLUS SEATBELT BUCKLES as anxious passengers, even at this hour, quickly stand from their seats... Simultaneously,

LISA

flips her belt buckle open, suddenly brings her RIGHT HAND UP and

SLAMS THE BALLPOINT

directly into

THE BASE OF RIPPNER'S THROAT

52

CONTINUED:

52

Stunning him. It's a SHOCKINGLY QUIET MOMENT. Just a distinct "PLOC" when it enters his neck. Before we've even registered what's happened, Lisa's already scrambling out of her seat, jumping over the wounded Rippner and SWIPING HIS CELL PHONE as she goes. This as Rippner grabs the embedded pen with one hand, Lisa's leg with the other.

Lisa KICKS his hand away, falls into the aisle. Hard.

The nearby passengers, including the 40ish woman, register concern, but haven't yet seen what's happened to Rippner. All they're focusing on is

LISA

getting herself to her feet, anxiously pushing her way up the increasingly CROWDED AISLE --

LISA (cont'd)

Excuse me --

Some passengers let her pass.

LISA (cont'd)

Excuse me please --

She increases her pace, hits another roadblock of passengers -- Lisa glances back to

RIPPNER

who rolls out of his seat, falls to his hands and knees. The first PASSENGERS around him start to pay attention.

BACK ON LISA

This is gonna get out of control any second -- and she knows it.

She sees an opening, cuts across the middle section of seats to the left hand aisle, past an astonished

REBECCA

who sees Lisa. Rebecca looks back in Rippner's direction --

52A

INT. JET/AFT COACH SECTION - CONTINUOUS - ON RIPPNER

52A

Still on hands and knees. Gasping for air. He can breathe, but it's a struggle. The 40ish woman and another passenger kneel to assist. The nice lady stands nearby, concerned.

52A CONTINUED:

52A

40ISH WOMAN

Are you alright?

Rippner glances up -- that's when the 40ish woman and a few passengers, including the nice lady, first SEE his THROAT SITUATION -- the embedded pen, a neat puncture wound, very little blood...

NICE LADY

Oh dear --

40ISH WOMAN

Oh my god --

(to any flt attendant)

We need help back here! Is anyone a doctor?!

52B OMITTED
AND
52C52B
AND
52C

53 FORWARD GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

53

The senior flight attendant and another flight attendant have just opened the door. They turn at the sound of the COMMOTION, see Lisa making her way up the left hand aisle of first class.

The senior flight attendant steps into the first class aisle toward Lisa.

LISA

(to the senior flt attendant)

Man back there needs your help.

Lisa brushes past her, heading toward the forward galley. The senior flight attendant, seeing and HEARING more of the chaos toward the back of the plane, starts to head aft when the 40ish woman suddenly charges forward from coach --

40ISH WOMAN

(to senior flt attendant)

We need a doc --

The 40ish woman stops, momentarily LOCKING EYES with Lisa who shoots a quick glance back --

40ISH WOMAN

(realizing)

Her -- Hey, stop her! She just stabbed a guy!

53

CONTINUED:

53

The senior flight attendant turns back to see Lisa disappearing around the corner into the jetway...

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT

I knew something was up --

She quickly heads for the galley, picks up the phone --

54

OMITTED

54

AND

AND

55

55

56

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT/GATE AREA - EARLY MORNING

56

Lisa emerges from the jetway -- sees a GATE ATTENDANT jogging over to pick up the RINGING wall phone, presumably getting the first word of trouble from the flight attendants.

Lisa locks eyes with her, but keeps moving away --

THE GATE ATTENDANT

quickly hangs up the phone, dials some more numbers --

GATE ATTENDANT

(into phone)

Security to gate 24. White female,
dark blue sweater, heading towards
baggage claim --

She turns to look, but in these few seconds, Lisa has vanished.

57

CONCOURSE

57

Lisa is walking at a quick pace, already pulling off her sweater. She stuffs it in a janitor's trash cart as she goes by. But she suddenly stops, seeing

TWO AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS

pushing their way through the stream of passengers about 60 feet away. They haven't seen her yet, but they will within seconds, despite her wardrobe change -- single woman, no luggage, and a look of near panic on her face. But then --

Something truly remarkable happens. We can almost see Lisa take herself in hand, force herself to shift into "Hotel Professional" mode. It happens in a flash. She straightens, puts on a neutral face and sidesteps into the exterior

57A SECTION OF A DAILY GRILL RESTAURANT

57A

-- An area at the edge of a concourse set off by a railing. Lisa grabs a clipboard off a hostess stand, slides into a seat at a table occupied by two YOUNG WOMEN eating muffins, drinking coffee. They look up, more curious than alarmed, seeing the clipboard and hearing Lisa's immediate question --

LISA

Morning, hi, I'm Wendy with airport food service. Just wondering how you'd rate our muffins?

The girls exchange looks and shrugs.

GIRL #1

Um, okay.

GIRL #2

Yeah, good.

Lisa, with one flick of the eyes to the security guards (now only a few steps away) nods, makes a check on the clipboard --

LISA

Have you dined in our terminal before?

With a SQUAWK of walkie-talkies, the

SECURITY GUARDS

run past.

THE TWO GIRLS

glance after them, then turn back.

GIRL #2

I've eaten --

She blinks, as does her friend. The clipboard is there, but Lisa is gone.

58 OMITTED

58

58A INT. JET - AFT LAVATORY

58A

Rippner CRASHES in, not bothering to close the door. HISSING and GASPING, he checks the damage in the mirror. The irony is inescapable -- here when he tortured Lisa minutes before, he now GASPS, wounded by her hand.

THE YOUNG FLIGHT ATTENDANT

58A CONTINUED:

58A

suddenly appears in the doorway.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT
(to someone O.S)
Here. He's right here.

The young flight attendant turns, sees Rippner's wound, nearly passes out, then does her best to sound calm.

YOUNG FLT. ATTENDANT (cont'd)
Sir, we've found a doctor --

Rippner turns, looks at her with a murderous glare -- then looks up to see our doctor standing behind the young flight attendant -- it's the IRATE PASSENGER.

The irate passenger/doctor takes an instinctive step away as Rippner tries to say what would surely be a horrible string of curses. But NO WORDS COME OUT as he tries to force air over his vocal chords. WHEEZING, GURGLING...

The irate passenger snaps into doctor mode, steps toward Rippner --

IRATE PASSENGER/DOCTOR
Doesn't look too bad... just through
the windpipe, actually, no major
blood vessels involved...
(with a nervous chuckle)
A perfect tracheotomy really... that
or somebody was just trying to shut
you up.

Rippner HISSES some more obscenities.

IRATE PASSENGER/DOCTOR (cont'd)
No, no, don't speak, you don't want
to damage your vocal chords any more,
they may have already --

That's it. Rippner shoves the Irate passenger/doctor aside, then YANKS the pen out of his neck. His next breath makes a wet "whistling" sound. He clamps his hand over the wound and bulls past the horrified young flight attendant --

58B IN THE AISLE NEAR FIRST CLASS

58B

Rippner charges up the aisle, heading straight toward the 40ish woman --

40ISH WOMAN
(trying to calm him)
You shouldn't be --

58B CONTINUED:

58B

Rippner whips the scarf from around her neck, shoves her aside and lurches down the aisle, wrapping it tightly around his neck.

Horrified PASSENGERS dive out of the way -- except for REBECCA

She sees Rippner coming. She looks down.

HER FOOT

nonchalantly pushes her bag INTO THE AISLE just ahead of Rippner, tripping him. Rippner falls face forward with a definitive THUD.

He pulls himself up, GLARES at Rebecca who defiantly holds his gaze. Rippner turns, continues into first class --

58C IN THE FORWARD GALLEY - THE SENIOR FLIGHT ATTENDANT

58C

has seen this. She steps into Rippner's path --

SENIOR FLT. ATTENDANT

Sir, I can't let you leave the aircraft --

Rippner DECKS HER. The senior flight attendant goes down.

59 INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - EARLY MORNING - 59
CONTINUOUS

Lisa, on the move, flips open Rippner's stolen cell -- NO SIGNAL -- she looks ahead --

HER POV - THREE MORE AIRPORT COPS heading her way -- shit --

Lisa approaches a few BROWSING PASSENGERS standing at

59A A NEWSSTAND

59A

She quickly steps between them, grabs a magazine, casually flips through it as this

NEXT WAVE OF COPS

pass by. Lisa shelves the magazine, turns and spies one of the browsing passenger's ROLLING CARRY-ONS sitting alone a few feet away.

ON LISA

59A CONTINUED:

59A

She glances back to see even MORE COPS racing down the concourse. She suddenly grabs the CARRY-ON's handle, times it perfectly as she steps into a GROUP of DEPLANING PASSENGERS from ANOTHER GATE AREA and continues on her way --

60 BACK IN THE GATE AREA

60

Rippner appears in the jetway door, oblivious to the GROWING CONFUSION and CHAOS around him, desperately searching his pockets for his cell phone. We can see the moment he remembers -- Lisa took it.

With a RASP for a curse, he pushes forward into the

61 MAIN CONCOURSE

61

...scanning for Lisa in the distance...

62 FURTHER DOWN THE CONCOURSE - LISA

62

looks back -- and spots Rippner...

RIPPNER

murder in his eye, racing straight for her.

LISA

loses the carry-on, breaks into a FULL RUN. She veers onto the MOVING SIDEWALK, giving her an extra boost of speed that ROCKETS her down the concourse, increasing the gap between her and Rippner. Lisa looks back just to be sure --

PLEASANT FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(speaker filter)

The moving sidewalk is ending. Please
look down --

Lisa doesn't look fast enough. The sidewalk ends. The sudden DECELERATION from the MOVING sidewalk to the UNMOVING floor causes her to lose her balance.

Lisa sprawls forward, landing hard on the carpet as the cell phone leaps from her hand. She scrambles for the phone, sees

RIPPNER

racing down the moving sidewalk.

LISA

62

CONTINUED:

62

gets to her feet, looks ahead, spots the terminal TRAM. Just arriving. She races for the lead car as the double doors slide open. Lisa darts

63

INSIDE

63

Breathless. She looks back. Rippner's closing fast.

PLEASANT FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(speaker filter)
Next stop, the International Terminal,
Baggage Claim, and Airport exits.

Lisa looks to the double doors -- but they AREN'T CLOSING.

LISA
Goddammit, come on!

Some sleepy-eyed PASSENGERS in the car react in alarm.

BING BING. The doors start to slide shut -- BANG!

RIPPNER

SLAMS HIS FISTS into the DOORS. Lisa leaps back. Locks eyes with him as the tram rolls away into the tunnel...

64

INT. HOTEL - SUITE 4080 - EARLY MORNING

64

KEEFE, LYDIA, THE KIDS

The head bodyguard ushers them in. The BELLHOP follows with all their bags. As they enter the main

65

LIVING ROOM

65

Keefe nods, satisfied. The place is gorgeous. Two stories high, offering a spectacular ocean view.

Keefe and Lydia follow Danny and Sarah who race outside to

66

THE BALCONY

66

They step out into the balmy morning air, go to the railing, peer out. The boat is a dot.

All they see is the early sun rising over a blue, blue ocean.

BINOCULAR POV - KEEFE AND HIS FAMILY ON THE BALCONY

We then PULL BACK, BACK, BACK... revealing the hotel, the shore, the mile of ocean between the balcony and --

66A EXT. YACHT (EVA MARIE) - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 66A

MAN #1 lowers his binocs, turns to MAN #2 and speaks to him --
in Russian.

MAN #1
(Russian with English
subtitles)
They're in.

Man #2 drops his rod, goes to the boat's transom, steps down
onto the divers platform, reaches under the water --

He comes up with a line of PARACHUTE CORD, stands rapidly,
hauling something up, hand over hand -- until finally --

A WEIGHTED, WATERPROOF CASE is revealed -- two feet square,
four feet long.

MAN #2

moves to assist his colleague, helping him haul the heavy
case in. As they SLAM it down on the deck --

67 OMITTED
THRU
71

67
THRU
71

72 EXT. UPPER LEVEL DROP-OFF AREA - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 72

Lisa races out to a swarm of cars, passengers being dropped
off. Fifty feet down, she spies two young and annoying

20-SOMETHING GUYS

bickering on the curb next to their still running

JEEP CHEROKEE

that suddenly SQUEALS away behind them. Off the collective
shock of the two guys...

73 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - MOVING - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 73

Lisa weaves in and out of shuttle buses and taxis, veers
down the airport exit ramp toward the open highway...

74 OMITTED 74

75 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - MOVING - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 75

Lisa brings up the cell phone, flips it open. Dials. Presses
SEND, but the phone suddenly BEEPS.

75

CONTINUED:

75

Lisa looks at the screen: no charge bars. The BATTERY ICON'S FLASHING.

LISA

No!

She has maybe one phone call's worth of power if she's lucky --
-- Lisa suddenly presses "END."

76

INT. DAD'S HOME - TV ROOM - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

76

On Dad -- still asleep in the lazy boy. The cordless "HALF" RINGS, abruptly CUTS OFF. Dad's eyes flutter open. He glances at the phone. Silent.

Eyes his watch, then gets up, turns off the light and leaves the room.

77

INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - MOVING - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

77

Lisa on the phone --

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE)

Lux Atlantic, this is...

LISA

Cynthia, put me through to Keefe's room!

INTERCUT:

77A

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - FRONT DESK - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

77A

With Cynthia --

CYNTHIA

(into phone as needed)

Lisa, what's going on --

LISA

PUT ME THROUGH!

CYNTHIA (THROUGH PHONE)

Okay, okay, I'm so sorry --

We hear a RING. Then -- the voice of the hotel answering system:

MALE VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)

The hotel guest you're trying to reach is currently unavailable --

77A CONTINUED:

77A

LISA

Shit!

She flips the phone closed. Flips it back open, the battery icon still FLASHING.

A car horn suddenly BLARES. Lisa twists the wheel as

AN SUV

screams by with only inches to spare.

Lisa guides the Cherokee back into her own lane and dials again. Praying. Presses SEND.

RING. -- RING. Then -- Cynthia picks up.

CYNTHIA

Lux Atlantic --

LISA

Cynthia --

CYNTHIA

Leese, I'm sorry, I didn't forward his phones from the other --

LISA

Cynthia, you have to get Keefe out of that room --

CYNTHIA

But you already changed 'em once --

LISA

It's got nothing to do -- Something's -- I think something's gonna happen, just -- listen, pull the fire alarm --

CYNTHIA

Leese, what the hell?

LISA (THROUGH PHONE)

(signal fading)

Evacuate... hotel, get every... out! It has to... now, Cynth, you have to physically go up to his room and make sure... tell them...

CYNTHIA

Leese, you're breaking up, tell them what?

77A CONTINUED: (2)

77A

LISA (THROUGH PHONE)
(a last burst of clear
signal)
...that he's a target.

The phone goes dead.

CYNTHIA
Lisa? Lisa?!

Off a wide-eyed Cynthia:

CYNTHIA (cont'd)
Shit. Shit shit.

Cynthia thinks a beat, then turns, eyes the HOTEL MASTER ALARM. Hits it. Then bolts for the elevator bank.

78 OMITTED

78

79 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - MOVING - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

79

Lisa tosses the cell phone aside, swings the Cherokee off the highway and into the main entrance of BLOSSOM PALMS, her dad's subdivision..

79A
THRU
82

79A
THRU
82

83 EXT. COCKPIT OF THE EVA MARIE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

83

Man #1 scans the horizon. Nothing. He turns back to Man #2 --

MAN #1
(Russian with English
subtitles)
Cutter's clear.

With that, Man #2 FIRES UP THE ENGINES to a tremendous ROAR OF POWER.

THE EVA MARIE

takes off, heading straight for the shore...

84
AND
85

84
AND
85

85A INT. HOTEL - 40TH FLOOR HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

85A

Cynthia races down the hallway...

85A CONTINUED:

85A

CYNTHIA

Mr. Keefe!

She runs into Keefe's HEAD BODYGUARD --

HEAD BODYGUARD

What's happening?

CYNTHIA

(breathless)

Get him out... Lisa called... get
him out of the room.

The head bodyguard bolts back down the hall --

85B EXT. OCEAN - WITH THE EVA MARIE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

85B

The cruiser speeds for shore.

WIDER - THE LUX ATLANTIC HOTEL

looms in the b.g.

ON MAN #2

steering steadily as Man #1 finishes assembling --

A SHOULDER MOUNTED STINGER MISSILE SYSTEM.

85C INT. HOTEL - SUITE 4080 - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

85C

The head bodyguard races inside:

HEAD BODYGUARD

(to the guards)

We're code red!

They bolt into action. Keefe appears from the bedroom:

HEAD BODYGUARD (cont'd)

We're going, sir. NOW!

CHARLES KEEFE

(turning back; racing
upstairs)

Danny! Sarah!

86 OMITTED

86

87 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - MOVING - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

87

Lisa kills the headlights as she guides the Cherokee around
another turn where

87

CONTINUED:

87

DAD'S HOUSE AND THE SILVER BMW

come into view.

HER POV - A DARK FIGURE

Loitering on the lawn in front of dad's front door. He stomps out his cigarette, peers off in the distance, as if waiting for something. He then hears an approaching car, turns to see

THE CHEROKEE

ON LISA

Slowing the car, but still rolling toward the house. Breathing hard. She squints. A beat of eyes on eyes. Then --

THE DARK FIGURE

reaches into his coat pocket.

87A

EXT. EVA MARIE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

87A

Man #1 swings the wheel, turning the boat hard to port as --

Man #2 RAISES THE STINGER, TAKES AIM -- AND FIRES.

The missile SCREAMS toward the highrise --

87B

INT. HOTEL - 40TH FLOOR HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

87B

The guards hustle Keefe and family into the hall --

THE HEAD BODYGUARD -- the last one out -- looks back over his shoulder --

HIS POV - OUTSIDE THE BALCONY WINDOW -

-- The MISSILE -- VAPOR TRAIL in its wake -- he turns to the fleeing group:

HEAD BODYGUARD

Everybody down!

They all collapse on top of Keefe and his wife just as the

MISSILE

sails through the balcony window and EXPLODES -- a tremendous BLAST that RIPS THROUGH THE ENTIRE AREA OF THE PENTHOUSE --

The CONCUSSION knocks everyone to the floor --

99 CONTINUED: 99

The bodyguards start to get to their feet, helping Keefe, Lydia, the kids... and Cynthia. Coughing. Crying. Hugging. Alive.

100 EXT. DAD'S HOME - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 100
ON THE CHEROKEE

Smoking and silent, windshield gone. Distant SIRENS, and then -- a passenger jet ROARS overhead, Dad's house clearly near the airport.

This as Lisa slowly raises up, opens the door. Steps out, a couple of deep cuts on her forehead. She heads for the bashed-in front door of Dad's house, cautiously steps into

100A INT. DAD'S HOME - ENTRY HALL - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 100A

Quiet. Shadowy. Painters' tarps cover the windows, but there's still enough light for Lisa to confirm our mystery hit man's very dead.

DAD (O.S.)

Lisa?

Lisa looks up, sees Dad cautiously coming down the stairs, the cordless phone in hand.

LISA

Dad --

DAD

(noticing her wounds)

Lisa, what --

LISA

Call 9-1-1.

DAD

I did. Here, come in here --

Dad leads Lisa into the

100B LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 100B

LISA

I have to call the hotel --

Lisa takes the cordless out of Dad's hand.

DAD

Just sit, I'll get the first aid kit.

100B CONTINUED: 100E

Dad moves off as Lisa dials --

INTERCUT:

100C INT. HOTEL - 40TH FLOOR HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 100C

Keefe, his family, the guards, and Cynthia, moving down the hall, approaching the stairwell. Dust, smoke, debris, emergency lighting -- and Cynthia's cell phone RINGING --

CYNTHIA

(dazed; coughing into phone)
Lux Atlantic Resort, this is --

LISA

Cynthia -- are you okay -- is everyone --

CYNTHIA

Yeah -- sure, we're all okay -- I think --

LISA

(overwhelmed; nearly breaking down)
Just -- I'm on my way --

Lisa hangs up, starts to head into the entry hall.

LISA (cont'd)

Dad, I need your keys. We need to get out of here.

100D INT. DAD'S HOME - ENTRY HALL - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 100D

She rounds the corner, stops cold at the sight of

RIPPNER

rounding the corner from the kitchen. Lisa slowly backs away, breathing hard as Rippner steps closer --

He puts a finger to his throat and speaks in a raspy, wheezy voice:

RIPPNER

He's not dead. I wanted him to see what I'm going to do to you.

Lisa suddenly BOLTS into the dining room.

Rippner pursues, then stops, catching a glimpse of

LISA

100D CONTINUED: 100D

off his left, shooting through the pantry area.

101 INT. DAD'S HOME - PANTRY ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 101

We follow behind Lisa as she emerges into the kitchen -- She rounds the island to see

DAD

knocked out on the floor. Lisa kneels to help.

LISA

Dad -- c'mon, Dad --

But Dad's not moving. Lisa reaches up to the counter for the phone, but

RIPPNER

is already rounding the corner from the entry hall.

LISA

gets to her feet, backs away into the

101A TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS 101A

Pure rage in her eyes. Rippner steps closer.

LISA

So it's personal now, is that it?
Aren't you above that?

RIPPNER

Just finishing the job --

LISA

It's too late, they're all alive,
it's over --

Rippner reacts, slightly perplexed. Lisa, still backing away, picks up on it.

LISA (cont'd)

What, you didn't know? You failed,
Jack.

RIPPNER

I'll finish my job.

LISA

Not in my house.

- 101A CONTINUED: 101A
- LISA
- suddenly turns and bolts for the back of the house. Rippner pursues as Lisa makes a sudden right turn and disappears into an entryway.
- Lisa races up this
- 101B SERVANT'S STAIRCASE 101B
- where she knocks over a bucket full of tennis rackets, pulls a duffel bag off a hook, anything to slow Rippner down...
- She reaches the top where she pulls over a stack of boxes filled with books. They tumble down, nearly knock Rippner over. Lisa slams the top staircase door behind her.
- Rippner, his pursuit slowed by the avalanche of books, opts to head back to the bottom of the stairs and the entryway where he slides the door shut and LOCKS IT.
- 101C INT. DAD'S HOME - LISA'S BROTHER'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER 101C
- LISA
- quickly slides a window open --
- 101D IN THE ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS 101D
- Rippner heads up the stairs --
- 101E EXT. DAD'S HOME/NEAR KITCHEN SIDE ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS 101E
- Lisa steps out onto some remodeling SCAFFOLDING, drops down to the driveway, moves to the kitchen side entrance where she grabs a key from under a flower pot --
- 101F INT. DAD'S HOME - 2ND FL LANDING - CONTINUOUS 101F
- Rippner peers around the landing.
- HIS POV - Doors, rooms... Lisa could be anywhere.
- 101G INT. DAD'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 101G
- Lisa quietly enters through the side door, kneels to Dad who's regaining consciousness, but still groggy.
- LISA
- Dad, can you hear me --

- 101H INT. DAD'S HOME - 2ND FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER 101H
ON RIPPNER - his patience clearly wearing thin as SIRENS approach in the distance.
- 101J INT. DAD'S HOME - ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS 101J
Rippner pounds down the stairs, looking in all directions. He then spies the mystery hit man's body. Rippner kneels down, slides out that 12-inch KA-BAR from a hidden sheath.
- 101K INT. DAD'S HOME - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER 101K
Rippner cautiously enters from the entry hall, looks down to see -- DAD'S GONE.
- LISA (O.S.)
Hey.
- Rippner whirls around to see --
- LISA
Who hurls a vase practically point blank at Rippner. It strikes him in the chest, SHATTERING.
- Rippner chases Lisa back through the
- 101L ENTRY HALL 101L
and up the stairs.
- 101M OMITTED 101M
- 101N INT. DAD'S HOME - 2ND FL LANDING - CONTINUOUS 101N
Lisa reaches the top, grabs the nearest chair, hurls it back at Rippner. He easily sidesteps it, rounds the railing, follows her into
- 101P INT. DAD'S HOME - 2ND FLOOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 101P
Where Lisa ducks into the bathroom, SLAMS the door behind her, LOCKS IT. Rippner tries to force the door open.
- 101Q INT. DAD'S HOME - 2ND FL MASTER BATH - CONTINUOUS 101Q
Lisa slowly, quietly backs away from the door as Rippner continues trying to BREAK THROUGH. BANG! The door holds. For a moment, we might think Lisa's trapped inside, but as we PULL BACK with her, we REVEAL this bathroom indeed connects to...

- 102 INT. DAD'S HOME - 2ND FL MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 102
Lisa quietly races to the door and across the
- 102A 2ND FLOOR LANDING 102A
into
- 102B HER OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 102B
Where she kneels to the floor, reaches under her bed, finding what she's looking for -- a dusty FIELD HOCKEY STICK.
- 102C INT. DAD'S HOME - TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS 102C
We MOVE TOWARD and AROUND the couch to reveal -- Dad lying behind it -- and all that RACKET O.S. starts to wake Dad up --
- 103 INT. DAD'S HOME - 2ND FLOOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 103
Rippner's now trying to break into the bathroom using the Ka-Bar. He gives up, heads back out to the
- 103A OMITTED 103A
THRU
106B 106B
- 107 SECOND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS 107
We go close on Rippner. He weighs which way to attack, and, with his eyes on Lisa's room's door, heads for the doorway to the brother's room.
- 107A INT. LISA'S DAD'S HOME/BROTHER'S BEDROOM - MORNING 107A
Lisa, with the field hockey stick, darts silently to behind a bookcase just inside the door -- in good position to nail Rippner if he comes in.

(Note: Behind her, we see a bathroom that we can guess leads to her bedroom.)

She raises the stick over her head, waiting for him.

But Rippner doesn't come through the door more than a step when he stops, suddenly wary -- he glances back into the hallway, as if unsure if his strategy is sound.

IN THE FOREGROUND - LISA

hidden to Rippner's eyes -- not able to see him, but hearing his breathing. She's frozen. Any movement and he'll certainly hear her. Another tense beat -- then --

(CONTINUED)

107A CONTINUED:

107A

RIPPNER

backs slowly out of the room. We can still hear his breathing, but it's a bit more distant.

ON LISA

She can't take the suspense any longer -- she hazards a look Rippner is gone from the room, but she can still hear his breathing, just beyond that doorway.

She ponders her next move. Rippner's definitely just a few feet, maybe a few inches away out there, invisible but clearly hear-able, until -- his breathing suddenly stops.

There's a beat of UTTER, NERVE-RACKING SILENCE.

CLOSE ON LISA

What the hell? She moves out of hiding and warily approaches the doorway to the hall.

REVERSE ANGLE - ON LISA

Her look of confusion tells us Rippner's not out there. Lisa jerks around, looking back at the bathroom and its passageway into her room. Shit. Rippner might be circling around!

Stick ready, she darts through the

107B BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

107B

To the door that leads to her bedroom. Shuts and locks it.

ANGLE: CLOSE BEHIND LISA

She puts her ear to the door. Doesn't hear anything. She jerks around, realizing maybe Rippner was just holding his breath outside her brother's bedroom door, or worse -- shit -- is he behind the shower curtain? She whips it back. No Rippner.

CU - LISA

She's barely hanging on -- terrified -- but grimly determined. She sucks it in, hefts the stick and heads back into her

107C BROTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

107C

She crosses to the doorway, and again we'll wring every drop of suspense and fear out of the audience, expecting Rippner to charge through the doorway at any second. But he doesn't!

(CONTINUED)

107C CONTINUED:

107C

But still, Lisa doesn't dare go into the hallway. She backs up to the bedside table, never eyes shifting from bedroom door to bathroom door --

Holding her breath, she reaches for the cordless phone on the table. Her life might depend on her not making a sound -- so she doesn't even breath as she does this.

ON HER FINGERS -- just about to touch the phone -- when it EXPLODES in a nerve-shattering RIIIIIIIIING! Lisa grabs the phone and hits "talk." Only listens -- not risking using her own voice.**

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
(phone filter as needed)
This is 9-1-1 dispatch, is anyone there?

Relief washes over Lisa's face --

LISA
(into phone; whispers)
Yes --

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Ma'am, I'm sorry it's been so long, we've had an emergency downtown. My report reads you had someone hit in front of your house?

LISA
There's a man in my house -- trying to kill me!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
(instantly alert)
Ma'am, stay calm, lock yourself in a room, someone will be right --

Lisa's drops the phone, streaks for the door to the hallway. Looks out quickly, then grabs the door and swings it shut. Unfortunately -- this one simple act...

REVEALS RIPPNER -- who's gotten behind it during the moments she was at the bathroom door to her bedroom!

She screams or we scream -- not important which -- as Rippner attacks, knife high. There's a brief but terrifying struggle -- he's slashing at her, feinting, thrusting... But she's also taking a toll on him -- she's damn fast with that stick -- she gets a couple of good ones -- even catching him on the wrist so hard that he loses control of the knife. It flies out the door, clattering to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

107C CONTINUED: (2)

107C

But Rippner is far from out — there's an even more personal struggle as she swings again. Rippner sidesteps, grabs out — and suddenly has a grim hold on the stick.

This happens near the doorway to the hall. He spins her around, slams her against the door (now it's back wide open again), flings her stick away — then they grapple. Both nearly lose their balance, and they reel out through the door onto the

107D SECOND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

107D

Where Rippner SLAMS her against the wall --

But Lisa still has plenty of fight left — she attempts a knee to the groin, her hands claw for his eyes, but none of it works. She's pinned within moments. But she never takes her eyes off him, never flinches or looks scared. Her face is a study in fury and defiance.

It's overwhelmingly clear that far from being afraid of him, she's just seeing him at last for what he is:

LISA

You're pathetic.

And it's almost as if we see Rippner see himself in the mirror of her eyes -- He sees that, and he can't bear to look at it. In frustration, Rippner tosses Lisa UP and OVER the railing. Lisa, wide-eyed, SCREAMS as she flips back, TUMBLING DOWN THE STAIRCASE to the first landing in the

108 ENTRY HALL

108

below. Lisa's barely conscious. Unmoving. Her eyes flutter open, catching Rippner, out of focus, making his way down the stairs. Lisa painfully pulls herself down the last few steps to the entry hall floor where she suddenly spies something

UNDERNEATH A TABLE

near the hit man's body --

Lisa slowly turns her head, glances up, sees

RIPPNER

on the stairs, the Ka-Bar knife once again firmly in hand.

LISA

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

masters her last ounces of strength, scoots away, scrambling for the table, reaching under --

RIPPNER

reaches the bottom of the steps, almost on top of Lisa when --

She suddenly raises THE HIT MAN'S BERETTA.

Rippner stops. Scoffs. Shakes his head as the SIRENS get closer.

RIPPNER

(re: approaching sirens)

We'll talk again.

Rippner starts to back away.

LISA

-- No. -- Don't move.

A beat. Rippner glares at Lisa. Eyes her trembling hand -- trying to hold the gun steady. Rippner calls her bluff, takes a step forward --

BAM. Lisa FIRES. Upper shoulder. The impact knocks Rippner back, but he doesn't fall. He charges back for Lisa and SMACKS the gun from her hand. The gun slides away.

Rippner kneels down to Lisa when the COCKING OF A GUN O.S. stops him. Rippner looks up. Dad, bloodied but conscious and pissed as all hell, has the gun trained steadily on him --

THWUMP. Dad FIRES a SILENCED ROUND, hitting Rippner in the chest. The impact spins him around. He falls to his knees. Exhaustion setting in. He slinks to the floor, rolls on his back. Alive but beaten.

Dad advances, keeping the gun trained as he helps Lisa pull herself up. She and Dad stand over Rippner as the outside SIRENS CLOSE IN.

Off Lisa, looking down at Rippner...

CUT TO:

109
AND
110

OMITTED

109
AND
110

111

INT. LUX ATLANTIC HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - LATER

111

FBI agents in windbreakers, police, fire...

(CONTINUED)

111

CONTINUED:

111

A suited DETECTIVE escorts Lisa into the lobby. She spots
CYNTHIA

talking to a couple of SUITS. Lisa heads toward her, the
detective clearing the path...

Cynthia looks over, sees Lisa. She smiles wide, races to
Lisa, a bit dazed but dealing with it.

LISA

Are you okay?

CYNTHIA

Oh yeah. I mean, I think we had a
really smooth night all things
considered. Just... that one incident
really.

LISA

Cynthia, you did really good.

CYNTHIA

Yeah?

LISA

Yeah.

CHARLES KEEFE (O.S.)

Excuse me, ladies?

Lisa and Cynthia turn to see Charles Keefe, flanked by HEAVILY
ARMED BODYGUARDS.

LISA

Mr. Keefe --

Keefe steps forward. Lisa finds herself embracing him.

CHARLES KEEFE

I wanted to thank you both.

BODYGUARD

Sir, we have to --

CHARLES KEEFE

(to Lisa and Cynthia)

Just... thank you.

(then just to Lisa)

Let's talk soon, yes?

LIS

Absolutely. Anything you need.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

Keefe smiles, nods. His bodyguards quickly usher him away.
Lisa and Cynthia watch him go --

MARYANN TAYLOR (O.S.)

Lisa?

Lisa and Cynthia turn to see a fuming Bob and Maryann Taylor
making their way out, a BELLHOP and cart following them.

MARYANN TAYLOR (cont'd)

Lisa?

Lisa and Cynthia eye each other, brace themselves.

MARYANN TAYLOR (cont'd)

Lisa, do you have any idea what we've
been through? First, no reservation,
and then I got chunks of plaster all
over me... I'll probably get asthma...

LISA

(feigning concern)

I am so sorry, Mrs. Taylor, how can
we make it up to you?

BOB TAYLOR

(re: Cynthia)

First you clean house, starting with
her...

MARYANN TAYLOR

She's completely incompetent.

BOB TAYLOR

Absolutely.

LISA

I see.

Lisa reaches behind the small CONCIERGE PODIUM, grabs a 5X8
comment card, hands it to Mr. Taylor.

LISA (cont'd)

Well here, why don't you take this--

BOB TAYLOR

A comment card? You want us to fill
out a comment card?

LISA

(still all business; deadpan)

I do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

111

CONTINUED: (3)

111

LISA (cont'd)

And after you've finished, just go
ahead and shove it up your ass.

(off the Taylor's shock)

Thanks for staying with us.

Lisa doesn't wait for a response. She quickly turns, pulls
Cynthia away.

CYNTHIA

You are so my hero.

As WE PULL BACK and AWAY, Lisa and Cynthia melting into the
crowd...

LISA

No, Cynthia, you are so mine.

CYNTHIA

You wanna hit the bar? I mean we
should make a toast to being alive
or something...

LISA

Good idea.

CYNTHIA

What are you in the mood for?

LISA

Anything but a Bay Breeze.

FADE OUT.