

ALTITUDE

by
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If they fly below 20,000 feet...
A bomb will blow them to pieces...
Homeland Security will shoot them down...
Only one man can stop them, and he's having a really bad day.

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ALTITUDE

Fade In:

INT. EVERETTE INDUSTRIES LOBBY -- DAY

Workday is over and people crowd the lobby trying to go home. Bottleneck by the front doors: a metal detector and a bunch of SECURITY GUARDS searching briefcases and purses...

Searching people on their way OUT.

SHEREE stands in line, nervously awaiting her turn. A bead of sweat on her forehead - everyone else is calm.

When it's her turn, Sheree puts her keys in a tray, hands her purse to a GUARD, waits to be signaled at the detector.

GUARD

How was your day, Sheree?

SHEREE

Same old, Phil.

Her eyes remain on the Guard as he searches her purse. He takes out every item, examines it. Opens a tube of lipstick.

GUARD

Nice color.

Smiles at Sheree - who wears a completely different shade. The Guard recaps the lipstick, puts it back in the purse.

Sheree is gestured through the metal detector by another Guard. Her keys and purse wait for her on the other side.

SHEREE

Night, Phil.

Phil doesn't hear her - busy searching a briefcase.

Sheree takes a breath, walks out the front doors... Waiting for someone to grab her or tackle her.

EXT. EVERETTE INDUSTRIES PARKING LOT -- DAY

Cars line at the front gate near the security shack... waiting to be mirrored and inspected by SECURITY GUARDS.

Sheree walks to a pedestrian exit - no line here. Another GUARD sticks his head out of the shack window.

GUARD #2

No car today, Sheree?

SHEREE

In the shop. My boyfriend's coming
to pick me up.

GUARD #2

Boyfriend? When did this happen?

Sheree just laughs as he hits the buzzer and opens the
pedestrian gate. Sheree walks out...

But Guard #2 keeps watching her.

EXT. EVERETTE INDUSTRIES -- DAY

On the sidewalk, Sheree waits nervously - feeling the Guard's
eyes on her. She glances back... He IS looking at her.

Behind her, a car creeps down the street.
Stopping right next to her.
The passenger door blasts open.
She spins to see...

INT. BOLT'S CAR -- DAY

JASON BOLT behind the wheel. A personal security expert with
the hard, muscled body of a karate black belt, Bolt is always
cool, always ready for action.

BOLT

Let's go.

She slides into the car, closes the door.
Gives Bolt a fake kiss - lips not even close to touching.

SHEREE

(whispers)
He's watching.

Bolt glances at the Guard, who is turning away.
Puts the car into gear and cruises away.

BOLT

Did you get it?

Sheree nods, touches the lipstick in her purse.

BOLT

Why would they do that?

SHEREE

Money.

BOLT

It's not like the Iran government was
ever our friend.

SHEREE
It's not about who they sold it to,
it's about profit.

As they cross an intersection on a green light...
WHAM!
A truck broadsides them - glass shatters!
The passenger door smashes in!
Trapping Sheree!

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The truck shoves Bolt's car down the street - sideways.
Tires smoking, sparks spraying, metal screaming.

INT. BOLT'S CAR -- DAY

Sheree also screams. Bolt tries to control the car, hits the gas to get it out of there... but it's attached to the truck. Bolt's gun pops into his hand.

BOLT
You okay?

SHEREE
My legs. I'm pinned in.

Bolt looks past her - at the DRIVER of the truck. Can't see his face - he's wearing a hat and dark glasses. Smiling. Just above his gloved hands, Bolt spots a tattoo of a Skull and Crossed Carrots - odd.

BOLT
Keep your head down.

Bolt aims at the Driver, fires twice.

Bullets shatter the truck window...
...The Driver's head disappears...
...Then pops back up!

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The truck picks up speed - ramming the car down the street. Sparks and smoke and fire.

At the end of the street: a dead end and a cliff.

INT. BOLT'S CAR -- DAY

Bolt turns from the driver to the dead end.
Getting closer.
Closer.
Closer.

Turns back to the the smiling Driver and fires again.

The Driver ducks, and floor it.
 Bolt tries the steering wheel - can he turn out of this?
 Nothing - the car continues screaming sideways to the cliff.

They slam into the Dead End sign. Snapping it.

Bolt sees the edge of the cliff inches away.

BOLT

Hold on!

They are pushed off the edge of the cliff...
 Falling.

EXT. CLIFF -- DAY

Bolt's car tumbles down the cliff.
 Flipping and smashing.

INT. BOLT'S CAR -- DAY

Tumbling.
 Bolt's gun bounces off the ceiling...
 Smashes out the back window.

Sheree's purse almost gets away - buy she grabs it.

Bolt's door springs open - he's ejected.

EXT. CLIFF -- DAY

Bolt tumbling next to the car.
 The car rolls at him - it's going to roll over him!

Bolt tries to control his tumbling and roll away.
 Can't.
 Car about to slam into him.

Then a tree bounces it away.
 Sheree's eyes lock his as the car bounces away.

Then the cliff ends and Bolt SLAMS into the ground.
 The car crashes a dozen feet away.

EXT. BASE OF CLIFF -- DAY

Bolt rolls over, looks at the upside down car...
 Gasoline sprays from a rent in the tank.
 Sparks skitter from the engine compartment.

SHEREE

Oh, God. Son of a bitch.

Bolts sees her - upside down, covered with blood.

BOLT

Hold on.

Bolt crawls to the car.
 There's a huge puddle of gasoline on the ceiling.
 Sparks from under the dashboard.

Bolt tries to reach Sheree's seat belt clasp - can't.
 Starts to squeeze through the shattered window, when...
 Sparks hit the gasoline and ignite.
 Wooosh!

Sheree screams, reaches out and grabs his arm.
 Flames blast at Bolt - too intense.
 He pulls away from Sheree, crawls to safety...
 Just as the car EXPLODES!

Sheree's screams crackle and die.
 The lipstick from her purse melts...
 Exposing a thumb drive that also melts.

Bolt closes his eyes in horror - but the screams echo on.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO MONTAGE -- DAY

San Francisco landmarks: Cable Cars, Coit Tower, Lombard Street, Painted Ladies, North Beach, Fisherman's warf.

SUPERED: Six Months Later.

A six month old sedan climbs a hill, pulls into an apartment building's garage.

INT. BOLT'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Bolt enters, takes off his coat exposing his shoulder rig.

Takes off the holster and gun, hangs it in the entry closet.
 Pulls out a packed carry-on bag.
 Checks the plane ticket in the pocket and then his watch.

Takes the melted thumb drive lipstick out of the bag and pockets it.

BOLT

Pammy?

Looks for her in the...

BEDROOM

Filled with packing boxes - some filled and sealed, others open. Half of the closet is almost empty.

A noise behind Bolt - he spins to see...

His girlfriend, ex-model PAMMY ALDRICH. She isn't cute when she's angry. In her hands - photos. Surveillance photos of Pammy and some MAN entering an apartment building. She throws the photos at his face.

PAMMY

What did you do? Follow me?

BOLT

Not at first.

PAMMY

You had to lay in waiting. Treat me like one of your surveillance jobs...

BOLT

That's not what happened.

(painful)

I finished early and thought we could go out to dinner. When I got home, you were driving away; so I followed you. Thought I'd catch you...

PAMMY

You didn't even try to catch me...

BOLT

I caught you.

She turns away from him.

Bolt pulls a colored 3x5 card from his pocket and reads.

BOLT

Dave Goodis, 375 Taraval Street.
DOB: November 5th 1967. Five foot eleven, one seventy, brown and blue. Professional photographer. Divorced more than ten years ago. Lousy credit.

Bolt pockets the card.

BOLT

Who is he?

PAMMY

You already know who he is.

BOLT

You were inside his house for three hours and seventeen minutes. What were you doing?

PAMMY

Didn't have the telephoto lens on the Nikon?

(studies him)

What do you THINK we were doing, Jace?

Bolt's turn to look away.

He's sure Pammy was cheating on him.

BOLT

When I asked you that morning, you told me you were at the movies. The seven O'clock showing of "Night Hunter" at the Kokosai.

PAMMY

Why did you follow me, Jace? David's just a friend. We worked together when I was modeling. He shot all my sessions for Elle...

BOLT

Are you sleeping with him?

PAMMY

He's GAY.

BOLT

How am I supposed to know that?

Bolt relaxes, heat off, she didn't cheat on him.

PAMMY

You seem to know everything else.

BOLT

Here's what I know, Pammy. You took this relationship and blew it all sky high, by telling me a lie, without even a good reason why.

PAMMY

I was afraid you wouldn't understand. And I guess I was right.

BOLT

Couldn't you have at least TRIED the truth? Given me a chance?

PAMMY

You wouldn't have believed me. You don't believe ANYBODY.

She starts packing one of the boxes.

BOLT

Pammy, I don't want this to end, okay? I love you.

PAMMY

I don't need your love, I need your TRUST. Unconditionally.

BOLT

I can't.

(MORE)

BOLT (CONT'D)

Occupational hazard, maybe, I don't know. I've been lied to every day of my life.

(beat)

Suspects lie to me, clients lie to me, friends lie to me...

(lovers?)

I've been burned too many times, Pammy.

PAMMY

So have I. So has everybody. But you have to trust SOMEONE, Jace.

(softly)

I was hoping that would be me.

BOLT

I'm sorry.

PAMMY

You're the one who blew it all sky high. All I wanted was for you to trust me. To feel safe with me. But everyone to you is a threat. Someone to study, look for their angle of attack and neutralize.

(in his face)

I'm not one of your bodyguard jobs, Jason. I thought I was your lover.

BOLT

I do love you.

PAMMY

I've been burned, too. When Tom and I were married, he slept with everyone he met. But at least he trusted me.

BOLT

You've just got to give me some time. Don't leave. We can work this out.

(looks at watch)

I'll call when I get into Washington National. About seven...

PAMMY

Don't try to solve this long distance.

BOLT

We'll talk when I get back next week. See how we can... repair this.

(touches her)

I don't want to lose you, Pammy.

She nods slowly, and moves closer to him.
They kiss.
A passionate kiss.

A kiss full of promise.
They can work out their relationship.

They part kiss, still holding each other, Bolt smiles.

BOLT
I've got a plane to catch.

EXT. AIRPORT -- EVENING

A TAXI rolls up to the curb and Bolt climbs out with a single suitcase. He pulls out a twenty and offers it to the CABBIE.

BOLT
Keep the change.

EXT. 747 JUMBOJET -- NIGHT

Flying in the night sky.

INT. 747 JUMBOJET -- NIGHT

Bolt sits in his seat, studying the 3x5 card. Finally he tears it into pieces and gestures for a STEWARDESS.

BOLT
Can you throw this away for me?

The STEWARDESS nods and takes the scraps away.
He looks at a photo of he and Pammy, arms around each other.
Then puts it back into his wallet and closes his eyes

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Bolt pulls out his cell phone.

He looks at the time - 4:37 AM.

Speed dials Pammy's number - her face smiling at him.

INT. BOLT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

ON THE NIGHT STAND, the phone RINGS.
On the night stand, a duplicate of the Bolt/Pammy photo.

The bed next to the night stand is empty, still made.
An envelope on one of the pillows is addressed to "Jace" in Pammy's handwriting.

THE CLOSET across from the bed is open.
Half empty.
Only men's clothes.
All traces of Pammy are gone.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Bolt slowly hangs up the phone. Knows she's gone.

All around him passengers are meeting loved ones - hugging each other, kissing each other, holding each other close. Airports are the place where people come together.

Bolt is alone.

PUBLIC ADDRESS (V.O.)
Windstar Airlines Chicago to
Washington, DC shuttle is now boarding
at gate 37.

Bolt grabs his suitcase and walks through the ocean of hugging people to his gate. A frown creases his face.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Bolt boards the plane and takes a seat, stowing his case in the carry-on compartment. He pulls out the photo of himself and Pammy, studying it for a moment.

IN THE FRONT OF THE PLANE

A disabled passenger Mr. VERRICK, with two metal cane-braces attached to his arms, pushes through the crowded aisle.

VERRICK
Pardon me. Could you move aside?

Practically knocking people over.

Pretty flight attendant LISA CALLAHAN steps in to help him to his seat. Lisa disguises her resignation as patience. Every day she deals with rude passengers, it's part of the job.

LISA
Here, let me help you.

VERRICK
These people can't see that I'm
mobility challenged? Pardon me, sir.

LISA
Everyone's just trying to find their
seats and stow their luggage.
(she finds his seat)
Here you go.

Verrick take his seats, his cane-braces stowed within reach. Lisa continues helping boarding passengers find their seats.

A rigid man in thick glasses, Mr. DANCER, has a large suitcase as carry on luggage - obviously over the allotted size.

LISA
That's a big one. If it doesn't fit
in the overhead compartment, I'll be
happy to have it checked for you.

DANCER

I'd rather hang onto it. It contains valuables.

LISA

What kind of valuables?

DANCER

My camera and lenses. Quite fragile. The manufacturer suggests --

LISA

It either has to be in the overhead or under the seat in front of you.

DANCER

Of course.

He starts to put the case in the overhead, but as soon as Lisa leaves, he retracts it. Dancer takes his seat, placing it in the seat next to him and covering it with his coat.

The sarcastic DR. BERNARD, a Starbucks latte in one hand, his carry on in the other; finds his seat. Another PASSENGER bumps into him, spilling his coffee on his shirt.

DR. BERNARD

Swell. At least it matches my shoes.

Lisa pops in to help.

LISA

Can I get you a wet cloth for that?

DR. BERNARD

That or soak the whole shirt in coffee.

Lisa goes to grab the wet cloth, passing...

IN THE CENTER OF THE PLANE

A mother, Mrs. HALIDAY, tries to control her two young daughters, ROBIN and LESLIE, as she selects a seat.

HALIDAY

Robin, Leslie. Behave yourselves or I won't let you sit together.

Leslie makes a face.

HALIDAY

Because Mommy says so.

Haliday seats the two girls on one side of the aisle and takes the aisle seat on the other side, keeping an eye on them.

LISA

Looks like you've got your hands full.

HALIDAY

We've been on vacation, and I could use a day off.

(smiles)

Everyone gets a day off but moms. No wonder some animals eat their young.

The two girls are fighting, and Mrs. Haliday turns to them

HALIDAY

Girls! Stop it now or I'll make you get out and walk.

The girls stop fighting, then giggle a little at the thought of walking home. Mrs. Haliday pulls a pair of books from her purse and hands them across to the girls.

Lisa passes by again with a damp cloth for Dr. Bernard, passing...

An elegant looking man in a tailored suit, NELSON VAN DEMEER, who seems out of place, like he should be up in first class.

VAN DEMEER

Excuse me, that's my seat.

He carefully squeezes past Mrs. Haliday, then uses a handkerchief to brush off the seat before taking it.

VAN DEMEER

Not much leg room is there?

HALIDAY

It's the shuttle.

VAN DEMEER

No first class section, no business class, no frills at all.

HALIDAY

Betty Haliday.

VAN DEMEER

Your children will be quiet during the flight?

HALIDAY

We can only hope.

Van Demeer frowns and looks out the window.

Lisa hands the damp cloth to Dr. Bernard.

DR. BERNARD

Thanks for giving the stain time to
soak in.

LISA

You're welcome.

FURTHER BACK

MADIGAN, a hard looking businessman in an uncomfortable suit
looks down at the PASSENGER's arm on his armrest.

MADIGAN

Excuse me. That's MY armrest, buddy.
That one over there is your armrest.

PASSENGER

Pardon?

MADIGAN

The armrest to the right is yours,
the one on the left is mine. Move
it.

The Passenger reluctantly moves his arm.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AISLE

A big weight lifter, RYAN, reorganizes the overhead compartment
so that his luggage will fit.

RYAN

What kind of hag owns a bag like this?
Ugly. Ugly. Ugly!

Crams the ugly bag into another compartment, his bag now fits.

RYAN

Perfecto.

Fixes his hair and takes a seat.

FURTHER BACK

A grey haired man with sad eyes, JOHN FARROW, a black band
around his arm. Studies the headrest of the seat in front of
him as if there may be a test later.

A sexy woman in a tight, short dress leans over him.

TABBAT

Sir? Is this seat taken?

Farrow shakes his head, not even noticing TABBAT's cleavage.
Her voice is strangely accented, her nails long and exotic.

FARROW

It's empty.

Tabbat double checks her ticket, sits next to Farrow. She notices the black band on his arm.

TABBAT

You come from a funeral?

FARROW

My son. He was only twenty three.

TABBAT

I'm sorry.

FARROW

I was always such a hardass on him.
Never thought he'd die. Thought I'd
go first. Now it's too late.

A crotch-hound businessman, COOGAN, looks down at Tabbat's cleavage as he pretends to study is ticket.

LISA

Can I help you?

Looks from one rack to another, ignoring Lisa's face.

COOGAN

Trying to find a comfortable seat.

Lisa looks at his ticket, points to a seat.

LISA

Your seat over there.

COOGAN

Thanks.

Coogan makes sure he brushes up against her on the way to the seat, copping a quick feel.

COOGAN

You know anyplace to go dancing in
Washington?

LISA

No sir.

Lisa smiles and gets away as quickly as possible. Coogan watches her butt as she walks away. He's a complete leech.

OTHER PASSENGERS take seats on the plane.

Lisa finally gets to the back of the plane, where BOLT sits, lost in thought. The photo back in his wallet.

LISA
Would an extra bag of Almonds help?

BOLT
Help what?

LISA
Cheer you up.

BOLT
Not this time.

She's obviously flirting with him, but he isn't responding.

LISA
Don't like flying?

BOLT
I hate it. If something goes wrong,
there's nothing I can do about it.

LISA
Panic.

BOLT
Thanks for the suggestion.

Lisa sees him warming up, and smiles. She touches his arm, then moves to the front of the plane for the safety spiel.

LISA
Welcome aboard Windstar Airlines
Chicago to DC shuttle, flight 413.
In the seatbacks in front of you....

Van Demeer pays no attention to the spiel. He looks out the window, lost in thought.

Each of the key passengers listen to the spiel, as a STEWARDESS and a STEWARD assist Lisa, pointing out the emergency exits.

LISA
Emergency exits at the front and back
of the plane. In the unlikely event
of a water landing, your seat cushions
may be used as flotation devices.

RYAN
What exactly are the major bodies of
water between Chicago and Washington?

LISA
There's a map in the back of the
inflight magazine in your seatback.

RYAN
So, you're not going to tell me?

MADIGAN

Shut up, faggot.

LISA

Now if you'll fasten your seat belts and get ready for takeoff, we'll be landing in Washington DC in a little over an hour.

Ryan pulls a flip phone from his pocket and starts dialing, but the STEWARD stops him.

STEWARD

I'm sorry, sir. Electronic devices, including cell phones, must remain off for take off and landing. Might interfere with tower communications.

RYAN

I'm so sorry.

He pockets the cell phone, checks out the Steward's butt.

EXT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

The 737 shuttle jet taxis down the runway and takes off.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Lisa leans over Bolt's seat, smiling at his white knuckle expression.

LISA

Maybe you should have taken the train?

BOLT

I have to be in DC by ten am.

LISA

Business?

BOLT

Testifying at a Congressional Hearing.

LISA

Really? Sounds exciting?

BOLT

If being called to the principal's office is your idea of exciting.

Dead silence for a moment. Bolt thinks about his failure - looks at the melted thumb drive lipstick in his hand.

LISA

Then I hope the flight is more enjoyable than the spanking.

BOLT
I hate flying.

LISA
When I was a kid, I wanted to be a
jet fighter pilot, like my dad.

BOLT
So how'd you end up a Stewardess?

LISA
Flight Attendant.

BOLT
Sorry.

LISA
I'm working the cabin while waiting
for an cockpit crew opening.

BOLT
So if the crew gets food poisoning
you can land this thing?

LISA
No chance of that. Only smoked almonds
and a beverage on the shuttle.

Bolt smiles, still white knuckled. She pats his shoulder.

LISA
It'll be over before you know it.

She leaves Bolt's section.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The 737 flies through the night.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Mr. Verrick twists the plastic caps off the top of his canes,
and pulls out two long, thin, objects wrapped in cloth.

Verrick unrolls the cloth, exposing metal rods, frames, and
clips, and a small cloth pouch. He begins assembling the
metal parts into an object.

Van Demeer unfastens his seat belt and smiles at Mrs. Haliday.

VAN DEMEER
Will you excuse me? I have to use
the restroom.

HALIDAY
Of course.

She allows Van Demeer to pass in front of her... He stops in the center of the aisle, and turns to the front of the plane.

Verrick suddenly stands up.
He looks down at his legs...
And takes a step!
Then another!

VERRICK

Oh my God! I can walk! It's a miracle!
I can WALK!

All heads turn to Verrick's miracle.

Verrick tosses the cloth pouch back to Van Demeer, who catches it in one hand. Van Demeer's other hand pulls a plastic gun from his coat pocket.

The Steward moves down the aisle towards Van Demeer, wondering what's going on. Van Demeer looks up at him and smiles.

VAN DEMEER

Hi, Jack.

STEWARD

My name's not Jack.

Zip!

A dart from Van Demeer's gun hits the Steward in the neck.

VAN DEMEER

Never said it was.

The Steward clutches at the dark, blinks, then falls over... Unconscious.

Verrick steps forward and binds him with plastic cuffs.

Van Demeer turns his plastic gun so everyone can see it.

VAN DEMEER

This is a hijack. If everyone remains calm, there's a very good chance you'll survive.

Verrick whips up a metal crossbow, aiming it around at the passengers.

Lisa marches towards Van Demeer, but Coogan pops to his feet behind her and places a plastic knife to her throat.

VAN DEMEER

We shall be together, in this airplane,
until our demands have been met by
the authorities, so get comfortable.

Madigan pops to his feet behind the other STEWARDESS and presses a plastic knife to her throat.

Dr. BERNARD pops to his feet and keeps passengers at bay with a plastic knife.

Van Demeer smiles from Lisa, to the Stewardess, to the rest of the passengers.

VAN DEMEER

There is only one way to depart this airplane, and I assure you, you'd be better off staying in your seat and cooperating with my people, than trying to escape in midair with nothing but a floatation device to break your fall.

He looks around the plane.

VAN DEMEER

I shall need the keys to the control cabin. Who has them?

Van Demeer looks from Lisa to the Stewardess.

VAN DEMEER

You? You?

LISA

I have them.

VAN DEMEER

For your honesty, you shall live.

He nods and Madigan slams the Stewardess in the head with his fist... she drops to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

ABSOLUTE PANIC AND TERROR among the passengers.

Madigan uses plastic cuffs to bind the Stewardess.

Van Demeer points his gun at Lisa, gently takes her hand.

VAN DEMEER

Let's go surprise the pilot.

Lisa shrinks away, but allows herself to be pushed by Van Demeer towards the control cabin.

Bolt almost makes a move, realizes this is the wrong time. He sits back in his seat, waiting.

VERRICK

Please don't make me shoot any of you. I have a limited number of arrows, which means I'll have to reuse them.

Verrick aims his crossbow around the plane, from passenger to passenger... Ending on Bolt.

VERRICK

And digging them out of dead people
is a whole lot of trouble.

Madigan moves to the Galley Area at the back of plane.

INT. GALLEY AREA

An alcove filled with cupboards and a pair of drink carts.
Madigan moves aside the drink carts, pulls up the carpet,
exposing a metal door to the cargo area.

He opens the door to the cargo area, climbs down.

INT. THE CARGO AREA

A squat compartment under the passenger section.

Madigan moves through the stacked suitcases with their DCA
luggage tags, looking for two cases with bright happy face
stickers on them.

He pulls the two suitcases down, pops open the smaller one.

INSIDE THE SUITCASE are a half dozen guns, and several spare
clips wrapped in lead foil.

Madigan pockets a gun and a spare clip, then closes the
suitcase and opens the other.

INSIDE THE LARGE SUITCASE are several mechanical devices held
in place by foam padding. Bomb components.

Madigan smiles and closes the suitcase, carrying both up the
ladder and out of the cargo compartment.

INT. THE COCKPIT

THE PILOT and CO-PILOT fly the plane, as the NAVIGATOR checks
their course, using the radio.

All three turn as the cabin door opens and Lisa and Van Demeer
enter. The Pilot starts to say something, then he sees the
gun in Van Demeer's hand.

VAN DEMEER

You'll be happy to know this plane
has been hijacked. That's the
Navigator?

Van Demeer points his gun at the Navigator. The Pilot nods.

ZIP!

Van Demeer shoots the Navigator in the throat.
He gurgles, then falls over dead.

VAN DEMEER

He won't be needed. I know where's
I'm going.

Van Demeer re-aims the gun at the Pilot.

VAN DEMEER

But you don't. Not yet. So let me
give you your new flight plan.

(smiles)

Unless you'd rather follow your
Navigator?

The Pilot and Co-Pilot nod that they'll co-operate.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Madigan hands Dr. Bernard one of the guns.

MADIGAN

I'll let you have this one.

DR. BERNARD

Look, it's scuffed up.

Madigan hands the large suitcase to Coogan.

MADIGAN

Damn thing's heavy, Coogan.

Coogan opens the case, and begins assembling the bomb.

Bolt cranes his neck, trying to see what Coogan is doing. He
recognizes one of the components, terror crosses his face.

BOLT

(sotto)

Detonator caps.

Ms. Tabbat, the sexy passenger, turns to Mr. Farrow, whispers.

TABBAT

Do you have anything that can be used
as a weapon?

FARROW

What do you mean?

TABBAT

To stop them. Do you have anything?

FARROW

No. Nothing.

TABBAT

You're sure?

Farrow nods his head slowly, looking at the Steward's corpse.

FARROW

He was my son's age... The Steward.

Ms. Tabbat leans forward, and asks the MAN in front of her:

TABBAT

Do you have anything that can be used
as a weapon?

The Man shakes his head.

Coogan finishes assembling the bomb by attaching the detonator to an altimeter, and closes the case. He drops a metal container which held one of the components onto the floor.

COOGAN

Armed and ready to blow.

Verrick nods and heads towards the cockpit.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

A knock at the door. Van Demeer nods for Lisa to open it. Verrick enters the cockpit, crossbow in hand.

VERRICK

Armed and ready.

He hands Van Demeer one of the guns, and a spare clip.

Van Demeer grabs the radio mike, while Verrick aims his crossbow at the Pilot and Co-Pilot.

VAN DEMEER

Ground Control, this is the Windstar
shuttle, flight 413.

The voice of PETRONI, Chief ATC at Washington National comes over the speaker.

PETRONI (V.O.)

This is Ground Control at Washington
National. Please identify yourself...

VAN DEMEER

I go by many names, so let's not
concern ourselves with that.

PETRONI (V.O.)

Identify yourself.

VAN DEMEER

I represent the World Liberation Army.
We are tired of the United States

(MORE)

VAN DEMEER (CONT'D)

poking its nose into other country's business, so we've have hijacked flight 413. We have a bomb set to detonate --

PETRONI (V.O.)

Please identify yourself.

VAN DEMEER

YOU don't make the demands I DO. Do you understand that? I'll blow every one on this plane to hell if you don't shut up and listen. Is that clear?

PETRONI (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

VAN DEMEER

You have 487 uncharged detainees at Guantanamo Bay, so called potential terrorists, whatever that means... I want them released.

PETRONI (V.O.)

Sir, this is a matter of national security. Presidential decree. I can't guarantee...

VAN DEMEER

No but I can. I can guarantee that every passenger aboard this plane will be killed if those men are not immediately released from prison. You can prevent this.

PETRONI (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Flying.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Ms. Tabbat looks back at Bolt and whispers.

TABBAT

Do you have anything that can be used as a weapon?

Bolt looks at the melted thumb drive in his hand.

BOLT

Nothing more lethal than my hands.

TABBAT

Will you help me fight them? We can't just sit here and have it happen again.

BOLT

You don't want my help. I'd just screw up and everyone would die.

TABBAT

They have guns. All we have are hands.

BOLT

Find someone else...

Ms. Tabbat moves on to other passengers. This man is more damaged than the old one who lost his son.

Bolt pulls out the photo of himself and Pammy. He feels more heart broken and helpless than brave.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

PETRONI, the rugged, no-nonsense Chief ATC, watches the four figure "squawk" on the radar screen: W413.

PETRONI

Why don't you land, and we'll talk this over?

VAN DEMEER (V.O.)

Not possible. I've seen "A Raid On Entebbe". As soon as this plane is on the ground, you'll move in your SWAT and Anti-Terrorist Teams.

Petroni frowns. This guy knows the drill.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Van Demeer smiles at his own cleverness.

VAN DEMEER

So to prevent landing, the bomb on board will automatically detonate if the plane flies below 20,000 feet.

The Pilot quickly checks his Altimeter, just to the right of the control column.

ALTITUDE: 23,750 feet.

The Pilot allows Lisa to see his shocked expression.

VAN DEMEER

Unless your SWAT Team can fly, you'll be forced to comply.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Petroni frowns again, and turns away from the mike.

PETRONI

Get the FAA and Homeland Security in here, right away.

An ASSISTANT runs off.

PETRONI

Look, this is going to take some time --

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

VAN DEMEER

Which you don't have. Once we reach Washington Airspace, we will begin circling Washington National until the four hundred eighty seven detainees have been released.

(smiles)

But sooner or later, this plane will run out of fuel and fall from the sky.

(cold)

It will explode before it ever reaches the ground.

Van Demeer clicks off the radio, gives the Pilot a smile.

VAN DEMEER

See if you can keep us above 20,000 feet, will you?

The Pilot nods a definite affirmative.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Above 20,000 feet.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Bolt watches as the passengers become edgier. Panic is in the air. Sooner or later, one of these people is going to break down.

Sooner.

Ryan clenches and unclenches his fists, staring at Madigan.

When Madigan swings his gun to cover the opposite side of the plane, Ryan strikes.

WHAM! He knocks Madigan to the floor. The gun skitters out of the killer's hand, landing close to Ms. Tabbat and Farrow.

RYAN

You aren't ruining my vacation.

Madigan rolls over and fights Ryan hand to hand. Although Ryan is the larger of the two, Madigan is the more ruthless.

RYAN

Who taught you how to fight?

MADIGAN

The United States Marines, buddy.

RYAN

Only thing they taught me was how to kiss. Pucker up...

Ryan lands a few punches to Madigan's face. Madigan head-butts him, and rolls to his feet.

RYAN

You give lousy head.

RYAN AND MADIGAN fight hand to hand in the aisle of the plane.

MADIGAN

You mother fucker --

RYAN

Father sucker. Yours was delicious.

It's a fierce, exciting fight. Almost an equal match of skills. Punches, kicks, chops. Heads slammed into seats.

Tabbat and Farrow watch the fight, ignoring the fallen gun.

BOLT

(sotto)

Get the gun. Get the gun.

But both ignore it by choice, fearing Madigan's wrath.

Ryan delivers a pair of good punches, but Madigan grabs the third punch out of the air and uses Ryan's momentum to flip him the length of the plane.

MADIGAN

Fairies can fly.

Ryan lands two seats away from Bolt. The muscle-man's flip phone falls from his pocket to the floor, unseen by all but Bolt.

RYAN

I'm bleeding. No one makes me bleed.

Ryan staggers to his feet and rushes Madigan.

But Madigan is ready, tripping Ryan to the floor and stepping on his neck until it SNAPS.
Ryan dies.

HALIDAY

Oh, my God...

THE PASSENGERS look on, shocked. Madigan strolls over to his fallen gun and picks it up, aiming it around the plane.

MADIGAN

Anybody else? Good. Then it's settled. Fight and you die... That's the rule.

THE PASSENGERS become ultra-cooperative... Except for Bolt, who just pretends. Waiting for his opening.

Van Demeer exits the cockpit, still aiming his gun at Lisa.

VAN DEMEER

What happened?

MADIGAN

Slight problem. I took care of it.

VAN DEMEER

Dr. Bernard. Take these bodies back to the cargo area.

DR. BERNARD

I always get the shit work.

Bernard reluctantly grabs Ryan's body, dragging it.

Bolt uses the movement to cover crossing the aisle to the flip phone. He buries it in his sock, then pretends he's tying his shoe.

When he raises up, he's looking into the barrel of Van Demeer's plastic gun.

VAN DEMEER

Where are YOU going?

BOLT

Look, I really have to use the bathroom. Please don't hurt me...

VAN DEMEER

Go back to your seat and wet your pants.

BOLT

But... I don't have to piss...

Lisa bravely takes a step forward.

LISA

These aren't bargaining chips, mister, these are people. They pee, they need water to take pills and fluids to keep hydrated, and if you keep us up here long enough they may need a meal. And you picked the wrong flight for that - no food service on the shuttle.

VAN DEMEER

That won't be a worry - not enough fuel to keep us up for anyone to miss dinner.

HALIDAY

Excuse me, sir, my girls have to go, too.

VAN DEMEER

When Dr. Bernard is finished, Mr. Coogan will begin escorting passengers to the restroom one at a time.

(to Bolt)

Get back to your seat and wait your turn. You're going last.

Bolt nods, acting frightened, and complies.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The plane flies through the night.

INT. PLANE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bolt locks the bathroom door.
Pulls the flip phone from his sock.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM, Coogan moves a dozen feet from the bathroom door to better cover the other passengers.

INT. PLANE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bolt whispers into the flip phone.

BOLT

I don't care what the rules say, patch me through to ground control.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Petroni lowers the phone, turns to Homeland Security Agent STROM, a conservative man with a suit and haircut to match.

PETRONI

Agent Strom? I think you should hear this. I'll put it on speaker phone.

Petroni hits a button, and we can hear Bolt's whispered voice.

BOLT (V.O.)

...They've already...

STROM

This is Homeland Security Agent Dan Strom, please identify yourself.

BOLT (V.O.)

My names is Jason Bolt, I'm a passenger on Windstar flight 413 to Washington. Our plane has been hijacked.

STROM

Can you speak up, son?

BOLT (V.O.)

I'm in the restroom and one of them is just outside. Just listen for a minute.

(beat)

There are five men, armed with automatics and plastic weapons.

STROM

Plastic weapons? What the hell is he talking about?

BOLT (V.O.)

They aren't Arabs or Iraqis or Afghans. There's no reason to believe they're not all Americans.

STROM

Why would Americans want to hijack a plane, Bolt?

BOLT (V.O.)

I have no idea.

PETRONI

They want us to open the gates at Gitmo and let their people go.

STROM

Some branch of American Taliban. We've been waiting for this.

Strom gestures for the Chief ATC to keep his mouth shut.

BOLT (V.O.)

They have a bomb on board. I don't know what kind of explosives, but...

Petroni decides to give Bolt some information in trade, even though this turns Strom ballistic.

PETRONI

They told us it was rigged to an altimeter. If the plane flies below 20,000 feet, it'll go off.

BOLT (V.O.)

They've already killed two people, the Navigator, and one passenger. Two members of the cabin crew are unconscious - they used hypo darts.

STROM

Hypo darts?

Strom grabs the microphone from Petroni.

STROM

We are prepared to negotiate with the hijackers. It's under our control. Best thing for you to do, is to hang up, leave the phone in the bathroom, go back to your seat.

(scolding)

Do NOT, I repeat, DO NOT interfere in any way. We will handle this.

BOLT (V.O.)

But...

Strom hangs up on him.

PETRONI

He could have helped us.

STROM

He would have only fucked it up. There's one guy in every situation who thinks he's Rambo and ends up getting a lot of people killed.

PETRONI

He knew exactly how many hijackers were on the plane. That's a man who's thinking, and a man who's thinking isn't going to go ballistic.

STROM

How many hostage situations have you dealt with Petroni?

(no answer)

Have you stopped to consider this might all be a hoax?

Petroni balances shock and confusion.

PETRONI

A hoax?

STROM

These Terrorists may be bluffing.
Using toy guns to take control of a
plane and pretending to have a bomb
so that we comply with their demands.
Trying to cash in on our 9-11 paranoia.

PETRONI

He said they killed two people. Hard
to do that with toy guns...

STROM

Maybe he's one of them. A plant
designed to make their hoax look real.

PETRONI

That's crazy.

STROM

It's happened a almost dozen times
since 9-11. A month after the attacks
someone tried it - we called his bluff.
Plane landed safely in Canada.

(back on track)

How much fuel do they have?

PETRONI

About ninety minutes worth if they
topped the tanks in Chicago.

STROM

Ninety minutes. Okay, we make the
moves that we're complying, but stall
for time. They'll get tired, give up.

PETRONI

If this isn't a hoax?

STROM

We shoot down the plane.

PETRONI

There are passengers on that plane...

STROM

Regrettable. But we don't give in to
terrorists. If this is a sequel to 9-
11, I'd rather lose a plane full of
passengers than another World Trade
Center. They will have given their
lives so that others could live.

PETRONI

You can't just shoot a plane down.

STROM

Yes. I can. I'm in charge. Don't forget that.

PETRONI

When the FAA asks me to testify, I'll be sure to tell them you were in charge.

Petroni frowns and moves away from the Homeland Agent.

Strom picks up the phone and dials a number.

STROM

Get me Clarksburg Airforce Base.

INT. PLANE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bolt has re-hidden the flip phone in his sock when there is LOUD knocking on the door.

COOGAN

What's going on in there?

Bolt opens the door and smiles at Coogan.

BOLT

Sorry I took so long.

COOGAN

I heard voices.

BOLT

So did Joan Of Arc...

WHAM! Coogan presses Bolt against the bathroom wall with enough force to knock the wind out of him.

COOGAN

What were you doing in here?

Coogan begins patting Bolt down, searching for the phone.

Bolt looks at the gun, aimed right at his face. Any moment, now, Coogan will find the hidden phone.

COOGAN

Playing with yourself?

Bolt swings into action, knocking the gun upwards as he slams a fist into Coogan's face.

Coogan tries to bring the gun down to fire at Bolt.

COOGAN

Son of a bitch!

Bolt presses the gun away from him.

They struggle with the gun in the claustrophobic restroom. Barely room for one man, let alone two fighting over a gun.

COOGAN

Suck on this...

Coogan pushes the gun down so that it aims at Bolt's face. Bolt looks down the deadly barrel and pushes it away.

Finally, Bolt lets his arms go limp. With nothing to counteract Coogan's pressure, the gun moves down quickly.

WHEN THE GUN gets near the top of the toilet, Bolt applies pressure, banging Coogan's gun wrist against the toilet seat.

Wham!

Wham!

Wham!

The gun drops into the blue liquid of the toilet.

BOLT

Now we're even.

Bolt hauls off and punches Coogan in the face. Coogan counters with a punch to Bolt's face.

COOGAN

No, now you're fucked.

BOLT AND COOGAN fight hand to hand in the bathroom. Slamming each other against the walls. Hitting each other in the face. Kicking each other in the kneecaps.

Coogan gets ready to slam Bolt in the face, but Bolt jabs an elbow into the Hijacker's gut.

Coogan goes "Ooof!" and bends over. Bolt sends a powerful uppercut into the Hijacker's face.

Coogan goes down. Bolt searches him for weapons.

Bolt pockets a plastic knife, and a 200lb test fishing line garrote. Finds Coogan's wallet and flips it open. Arizona Drivers License and an array of credit cards.

BOLT

American Taliban with American Express.

Bolt flips Coogan over and slaps him conscious.

BOLT

Who do you work for?

COOGAN

Fuck you.

BOLT

Wrong answer.

Bolt pushes Coogan's head in the toilet, drowning him in blue chemical. Coogan sputters when Bolt lets him up.

BOLT

Who do you work for?

Bolt doesn't give Coogan time to answer this time. He just pushes his head under. When Coogan comes out sputtering, he's more pliable.

BOLT

Your name is Dennis Coogan. You're thirty six. You're not working for the Iran or Al-Queda, so who ARE you working for?

COOGAN

Van Deemer. He hired me to....

BOLT

How many on the plane?

COOGAN

Five.

BOLT

Five men....

COOGAN

And the girl. Love to get into her nickers. Bet they're black lace. Seen the rack on her? Bra's probably lace, too. Them happy nipples --

BOLT

That's six. Which girl?

COOGAN

Fuck you.

Bolt baptizes him again, but when Coogan comes up, he sinks down to the floor, gasping for air.

BOLT

Is she one of the passengers?
Or the Flight Attendant?

Coogan just laughs and lays his arm over the toilet seat.

BOLT

What kind of bomb? Plastique? C-4?
TNT? Gelignite? Astrolite?

COOGAN

Fuck you.

Coogan reaches into the toilet and comes out with the gun. Aims it at Bolt and squeezes the trigger.

Bolt acts fast.

Slamming his palm forward, past the gun, into Coogan's nose. SNAP!

The Hijacker's nose is pressed up into his brain, and he dies. Blood trickles from Coogan's eyes and ears. His hand goes limp and lets go of the gun, Bolt catches it.

BOLT

Yech.

Wipes the gun and his hand on the dead man's suit, pockets the gun. His hand is tinted with blue. It doesn't wash off.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

AT THE BACK OF THE PLANE

Bolt puts Coogan's corpse on a rolling beverage cart. He sets the brake on the cart's wheel, attaches a plastic cup (with chewing gum) to the high end of the break lever.

A can of Coca-Cola partially opened on the top of the cart next to Coogan's body slowly trickles into the cup.

Bolt goes back to his seat.

IN THE CABIN

Bolt pulls the photo of himself, and Pammy from his wallet and tears it in half: Separating himself from her.

He throws Pammy's image into the trash bag on his seat back, and puts his half of the photo back into his wallet.

Bolt and the other Passengers watch a conference between Van Demeer and Madigan. He strains to hear what they say, can't.

Dr. Bernard keeps his weapon aimed at them all.

AT THE BACK OF THE PLANE

The plastic cup fills with Coke, and the weight presses the brake lever to the OFF position. The cart begins rolling.

IN THE CABIN

Van Demeer and Madigan's conversation is cut short when the beverage cart rolls down the aisle at them.

VAN DEMEER

What is this?

Van Demeer and Madigan grab the cart with Coogan's corpse.

VAN DEMEER

Coogan! Coogan?

But he's dead.

On top of the dead man is a paper towel with writing on it:
"One Down, Five To Go. Thanks For The Gun."

VAN DEMEER

Incompetent idiot.

Madigan runs to the back of the plane.

He kicks in the bathroom door.

It's empty. He points his gun around the back of the plane.

MADIGAN

Nobody back here.

Van Demeer and Dr. Bernard look around the plane from passenger
to passenger. They all seem to be here.

VAN DEMEER

Stewardess! Count the passengers!
Check the passenger manifest! Someone
is missing.

Lisa does a quick head count, looks at Van Deemer.

LISA

Everyone's accounted for.

Van Demeer goes ballistic and rips the paper towel to shreds.

VAN DEMEER

Nobody on this plane fucks with me!
Do you understand!

He aims his gun into Mrs. Haliday's face.

VAN DEMEER

Do YOU understand?

HALIDAY

Ye... Yes. Yes, sir. Please don't...

Van Demeer looks from Passenger to Passenger, wondering who
did this. When he looks at Bolt, he gets a neutral expression.
Bolt seems completely unafraid.

VAN DEMEER

When I find who did this, I will throw
him out of the plane.

Bolt sits back in his seat and tries not to smile.

Van Demeer marches down the aisle to Bolt, aims his gun at him. Bolt hides his blue tinted hand.

VAN DEMEER

You killed Coogan, didn't you?

BOLT

No... No...

VAN DEMEER

You will be the first hostage to die.

Farrow sees the gun aimed at Bolt and moves to his feet.

FARROW

No. I killed him.

Van Demeer turns to look at Farrow.

HALIDAY

No. I killed him.

Mrs. Haliday moves to her feet.

TABBAT

No. I killed him.

Ms. Tabbat moves to her feet. Van Demeer turns towards her.

BOLT

No. I killed him.

Bolt moves to his feet.

Van Demeer's face as he tries to control his temper.
Other Passengers begin chiming in.

VOICE #1

No. I killed him.

VOICE #2

No. I killed him.

VOICE #3

No. I killed him.

VOICES

No. I killed him.

EVERYONE ON THE PLANE is standing....

Except Mr. Dancer, who sits meekly clutching his oversized suitcase. Scared to death.

Van Demeer's anger explodes.

VAN DEMEER

Sit down or I'll kill every one of you!

Everyone sits except Farrow.

FARROW

That's been the plan from the start, hasn't it? Kill all of us?

VAN DEMEER

Sit or I'll kill you.

FARROW

You'll have to kill all of us, then. We're not going to let this happen again.

VAN DEMEER

Sit down!

FARROW

You can't kill us. We're your hostages, and a terrorist without hostages has nothing to bargain with. They'll shoot this plane out of the sky.

VAN DEMEER

Sit down!

FARROW

You aren't even terrorists are you? You have no cause to believe in. What are you? Thieves?

VAN DEMEER

SIT DOWN NOW!

Farrow slowly sits down. Then he takes off his black arm band and tosses it at Van Demeer.

FARROW

Here. The next funeral's yours.

Van Demeer smiles at Farrow, seeming to calm... Then SAVAGELY pistol whips the man. Slamming the gun against his face until he loses consciousness.

VAN DEMEER

When I order you to sit, you sit down.

He turns and walks back to the front of the plane.

Bolt moves out of his seat to help Farrow, but Van Demeer spins and aims his gun at him.

VAN DEMEER

Get back to your seat.

BOLT
The man's hurt.

VAN DEMEER
You will be, too, if you don't go
back to your seat.

Bolt and Van Demeer lock eyes, then Bolt returns to his seat.

Lisa moves carefully to Farrow, who regains consciousness.

LISA
Mr. Farrow?

FARROW
I'm alright.

He's not alright, but adrenaline and anger are keeping away
the pain. Lisa nods, and moves back to where Bolt sits.

BOLT
He okay?

LISA
None of us are.

BOLT
He hasn't hurt you. And he seems to
be giving you a pretty long leash.

LISA
What are you saying?

BOLT
He shoots two members of the cabin
crew, and allows the third to wander
freely. Don't you find that strange?

LISA
I'm not asking him why he didn't shoot
me. Why should I give him any ideas?

BOLT
What are you giving him?

LISA
Huh?

BOLT
What are you giving him to stay alive?

Lisa moves her hand off his shoulder.

BOLT
If I were going to hijack a plane, it
would be convenient to have somebody
(MORE)

BOLT (CONT'D)
on board... Undercover... Who could
find out if any passengers posed a
threat. If there was an Air Marshall
onboard so they could take him out --

LISA
You son of a bitch.

She starts to storm away, but Bolt grabs her arm.

BOLT
Are you one of them?

LISA
Screw you.

She slaps him, breaks away and storms to the front of the
plane. Bolt watches her walk away... to tell Van Demeer?

Ms. Tabbat sits across from him, showing a great deal of leg.

TABBAT
Problems?

BOLT
Maybe. I have a theory that one of
the passengers is working with the
hijackers. Undercover. Supplying
them with information.

TABBAT
Perhaps the Flight Attendant? The
one they do not hurt?

BOLT
Yes.

TABBAT
And you told her this?

BOLT
Unfortunately.

TABBAT
You're the one who killed Mr. Coogan?

BOLT
I was sitting here the whole time.
(hiding his blue hand)
Did any of the other passengers have
weapons? If so...

TABBAT
None of them have anything.

BOLT
Except themselves.

TABBAT
What do you mean?

BOLT
Five of them against all of us. Who do you think would win?

Farrow leans his seat back and enters the conversation without looking back, whispering...

FARROW
Should we do that? Organize the passengers to do battle? If that's your plan, I'm in.

BOLT
I don't have a plan. Except to survive.

FARROW
I'll pass it around, see who's interested.

TABBAT
Not a good idea - they have the weapons.

BOLT
And we have the manpower.

They watch Lisa say something to Van Demeer, then Van Demeer disappears into the cockpit. Farrow leans forward, whispers to the passenger in front of him. The revolt has begun.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Van Demeer closes the cockpit door and nods to Verrick. He picks up the radio mike and clicks it on.

VAN DEMEER
Washington National, this is Windstar flight 413.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Petroni picks up the mike to respond, but Agent Strom snatches it from his hand.

STROM
This is Special Agent Dan Strom of Homeland Security.

VAN DEMEER (V.O.)
Ah, Mr. Strom, how are you today?

STROM

If you land that plane now without harming any more of the passengers, I'll recommend leniency when you come to trial. You'll probably do life without parole. That's my best offer.

VAN DEMEER (V.O.)

YOUR best offer.

STROM

Right.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Van Demeer frowns and shakes his head.

VAN DEMEER

Get me Petroni.

STROM (V.O.)

He's not the one in charge. I am.

VAN DEMEER

Agent Strom, do you have any bombs? Any Hostages? The pilot of a shuttle full of passengers in the cross hairs of your gun?

(beat)

ANSWER ME!

STROM (V.O.)

No.

VAN DEMEER

Then WHO is in charge? ANSWER ME!

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Strom can't bring himself to relinquish control to Van Demeer.

STROM

What do you want?

VAN DEMEER (V.O.)

Freedom fighters released from prison. How many have been released so far?

STROM

You've got some strange ideas about freedom...

VAN DEMEER (V.O.)

How many have been released?

STROM

We're working on it. These things take time.

VAN DEMEER (V.O.)

Captain Blake, tell Agent Strom how much time we can continue circling National.

BLAKE (V.O.)

An hour, probably less. There isn't enough fuel to...

VAN DEMEER (V.O.)

In less than one hour everyone on this plane will be burning in hell.

STROM

Gitmo is military. Do you know how much bureaucracy is involved? We need a Presidential decree just to --

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

VAN DEMEER

Less than five hundred prisoners. Just over eight men per minute. How long does it take to open a cell door?

The PILOT looks over to the Co-Pilot and nods his head once. The Co-Pilot returns the nod, and clicks open his seat belt.

STROM (V.O.)

You'll die for these prisoners, is that what you're saying?

VAN DEMEER

I'm not afraid to die for my beliefs... And I'm not afraid to take all of the passengers along with me.

WHAM!

The Co-Pilot vaults out of his seat and tackles Van Demeer.

The microphone hits the floor as the two men scuffle, and we can hear Strom's voice squeaking.

STROM (V.O.)

Van Demeer? Blake? What's going on?

The Co-Pilot SLAMS Van Demeer's head against the Navigator's desk, trying to knock him out.

Verrick aims the cross bow at the scuffling men.

VAN DEMEER

Shoot him! Shoot him!

VERRICK
No clear shot. Move away.

Van Demeer punches the Co-Pilot in the face twice, forcing him back.

Verrick aims...

VAN DEMEER
Fire!

The Co-Pilot moves in with a pair of punches. The two begin a vicious hand to hand fight in the cockpit, throwing each other back and forth against the instruments.

VERRICK
Damn.

Verrick is unable to get a clear shot at the Co-Pilot. So he does the next best thing.

Zip! The cross bow fires across the cockpit, steel tipped arrow piercing the Pilot's chest.

THE PILOT FALLS OVER DEAD...
Knocking the control column forward...

THE PLANE GOES INTO A DIVE!

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The plane dives! Out of control!

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The Co-Pilot stops hitting Van Demeer, shocked. Van Demeer smiles, showing all of his teeth.

VAN DEMEER
Now we ALL die.

The Co-Pilot lets go of Van Demeer and bolts to his seat, grabbing the controls.

But the weight of the dead Pilot on the control column continues to force the plane into a dive.

THE ALTIMETER begins counting down from 30,000 feet...

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The plane hurtles down, out of control!

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The Passengers scream, as luggage from the overhead compartments rains down on them.

Lisa falls to the floor, unable to keep balance.

THE ALTIMETER now reads 27,345 feet.

Mr. Dancer clutches his suitcase to his chest, but bumps his head on the seat in front of him. Blood flows from the gash.

Dr. Bernard grabs a seat in each hand to keep balance, no longer aiming his gun at the passengers.

DR. BERNARD

Not even a damned seat belt warning.

Mrs. Haliday reaches out, grabbing her youngest daughter before she rolls down the center aisle.

Madigan slams against the bulkhead, almost dropping his gun.

MADIGAN

Doing my job, can't the pilot do his?

THE ALTIMETER now reads 24,675 feet.

Ms. Tabbat rolls out of her seat onto the floor, skirts flying. Bolt grabs hold of her before she rolls away.

BOLT

Hold on!

Their hands lock.
Their eyes lock.
She's almost yanked from his grip.

THE ALTIMETER now reads 22,479 feet.

Farrow slams against the seat in front of him, shielding his face with his arms.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The plane out of control.
Falling.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

THE ALTIMETER now reads 21,279 feet. Falling FAST!

INSERT: The bomb. Altimeter counting down to the digital number 20,000 on the triggering device.

THE ALTIMETER now reads 20,674 feet.

The Co-Pilot reaches over and pushes the dead Pilot back in his seat, then grabs the control column and yanks it back.

THE ALTIMETER now reads 20,007 feet.

THE PLANE begins pulling up.

THE ALTIMETER goes from 20,007 up to 21,576 feet.

The Co-Pilot continues pulling back on the control column, bringing the plane out of the danger zone.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The plane rises above the clouds again.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The plane starts to gain altitude, and carry-on luggage begins rolling towards the back of the plane.

Ms. Tabbat rolls into Bolt's arms.
She holds tight to him.
Their faces within kissing distance.

Her lips meet his, and passion explodes.
Bolt and Ms. Tabbat kiss as if their lives depended on it.

When she pulls back, still in his arms, Bolt smiles at her.

BOLT

You okay?

TABBAT

Yes. I am, darling.

She carefully moves back to her side of the aisle.
They continue smiling at each other.
Then something rolls into Bolt's foot, and he looks down...

THE METAL CANISTER THE EXPLOSIVES were in.

Bolt picks it up, examining it. Made of lead, and carries the international symbol for RADIOACTIVE!

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Van Demeer scoops up the fallen radio mike.

VAN DEMEER

The plane's pilot, Captain Blake, did not follow my directions. He's dead.
If YOU don't follow my directions, Mr. Strom, I'll kill the Co-Pilot.
Then we'll ALL be dead. Is that clear?

STROM (V.O.)

Yes.

VAN DEMEER

Don't you mean, "Yes Sir"?

STROM (V.O.)
I'll have your prisoners released.

VAN DEMEER
Good.

He hangs up the radio and gestures to the Co-Pilot.

VAN DEMEER
Mr...
(checks Co-Pilot's
badge)
Morris. Could you fly this plane
with one eye closed?

The Co-Pilot nods, scared to speak.

VAN DEMEER
Good.
(to Verrick)
If he tries anything, cut out one of
his eyes.

Van Demeer exits the cockpit.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

The shuttle continues at 22,000 feet.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Van Demeer and Lisa talk for a moment.
Bolt watches the exchange with suspicion.

Then Lisa hands Van Demeer the interphone P/A.

VAN DEMEER
Good morning, passengers, this is
your hijacker. We're sorry for the
momentary turbulence. It was caused
entirely by pilot error. I can
guarantee the pilot will never make
another error again.
(smiles)
The Co-Pilot, Mr. Morris, will be in
charge for the remainder of our
journey. He'll keep an eye out for
any further pilot error.
(grins)
Thank you for flying Windstar.

He hands the interphone back to Lisa, who hangs it up.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Agent Strom hangs up the phone and turns to Petroni.

STROM

Four fighter planes will be in the air within minutes.

PETRONI

You can't just shoot down a passenger plane. Don't you need an Executive Command for that?

STROM

In matters of public safety, I'm authorized to make that decision.

PETRONI

Is that the public safety of the people on the plane you're shooting down?

STROM

The safety of the six hundred thousand people of Washington. I think the hundred and fifty passengers would gladly sacrifice their lives for them.

Petroni isn't so sure.

EXT. CLARKSBURG AIRFORCE BASE -- NIGHT

Four PILOTS race out to their F/A-22 Raptor fighter planes and climb inside. The twin jets roar to life and the four planes take off, zooming into the sky.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The plane roars toward Washington Airspace.

PILOT (V.O.)

Red Squad Leader to Washington Nat Ground Control.

STROM (V.O.)

This is Washington National Tower.

PILOT (V.O.)

Entering Washington Airspace in twelve minutes. Target information required.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Strom lifts the mike.

STROM

737 Passenger jet, transponder code is Windstar, that's W-I-N, four one three.

PILOT (V.O.)

Repeat please. Sounded as if you said "passenger jet".

STROM

That's an affirmative. The plane has been taken by terrorists. They have a bomb onboard. Your orders are to shoot the plane down on sight.

PILOT (V.O.)

Sir, this is a highly populated area. Collateral damage is likely.

STROM

You have your orders. Find it and shoot it down.

Petroni gives Strom a look.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The four planes zoom through the night, looking for...

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

26,000 feet above Washington, DC.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

At the front of the plane, Van Demeer looks at Dr. Bernard.

VAN DEMEER

Dr. Bernard?

DR. BERNARD

We ready to rock and roll, yet?

VAN DEMEER

(shakes head)

Take over for Verrick. Make sure the Co-Pilot doesn't try anything.

Dr. Bernard nods and goes into the cockpit.

A MOMENT LATER, Verrick is at Van Demeer's side.

VERRICK

Something Bernard couldn't do?

VAN DEMEER

Watch them. One of them killed Coogan and took his weapons.

VERRICK

One gun in the hands of one passenger - how much of a threat is that?

VAN DEMEER

Six of us, six bullets.

VERRICK

You think he's an expert marksman?
Probably some scared little punk who
just got lucky. Coogan wasn't much.

VAN DEMEER

Then you should have no problem finding
his killer, right?

Verrick nods, aiming his cross bow at the passengers.

Bolt sees the crossbow being aimed from passenger to passenger
and hides his blue tinted hand.

He sees Van Demeer talking with Lisa for a moment...
She MUST be the undercover hijacker.

TABBAT

She talks with him as if they are
friends.

BOLT

Maybe they are.

TABBAT

If there was some way to hurt the
leader...

Bolt pulls the plastic knife and the gun from his pocket,
giving Ms. Tabbat a glimpse.

BOLT

Maybe there is.

Ms. Tabbat smiles.

TABBAT

I knew it was you. You had a look
about you. There was no fear in your
eyes. I know this look from the
warriors in my country.

BOLT

I'm just like everyone else on this
plane. If we can work together...

TABBAT

What should we do?

BOLT

We have to separate him from the one
with the cross bow. Get him back
here. Alone.

TABBAT

I can do this.

Before Bolt can stop her, Ms. Tabbat begins down the aisle towards Van Demeer. Her hips undulating.

Bolt smiles.

If anyone could lure Van Demeer back here, it's this woman.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

The Co-Pilot flies carefully, knowing that Dr. Bernard, the killer, has his weapon aimed at the back of his head.

The altimeter, back up to 30,000 feet.

The rest of the gauges... ending on the fuel gauge.

It's running low.

Only 40 minutes of fuel left.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The four fighter planes zoom through the sky.

INT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

A beep from the controls.

PILOT

Washington National Tower, we have
radar contact with W-I-N 4-1-3.

The Pilot roars after the 737's signal.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Mr. Dancer hugs his suitcase, scared to death.

Mr. Farrow holds a handkerchief to his bloody face, whispering to other passengers. He seems to have a new vitality. No longer is he the mourning man.

FARROW

There are only five of them. Will
you help us?

HALIDAY

I don't want to get killed.

FARROW

None of us do.

Mrs. Haliday sits with her two children. Holding them close.

Madigan aims his gun at Farrow and Haliday, then covers others.

Bolt watches as Ms. Tabbat begins talking with Van Demeer.

Van Demeer nods once, looking back at Bolt.

Ms. Tabbat tells him something else, and he nods again.

Van Demeer gestures to Verrick, whispers something to him. Verrick expression changes, and he starts walking slowly towards the back of the plane... towards Bolt.

Bolt tries to ignore Verrick...

Verrick passes Bolt, continuing towards the back of the plane.

Bolt relaxes, turning his attention to the front of the plane where Ms. Tabbat talks with Van Demeer.

THEN HE FEELS THE POINT of the arrow on the back of his neck.

VERRICK

One move and you're dead...

Bolt holds still, making sure Verrick can see both of his hands. He looks to the front of the plane, in time to see...

Ms. Tabbat moves into Van Demeer's arms and gives him a passionate kiss. When they part, she smiles at him.

TABBAT

Well, darling, it looks as if your problems have been solved.

VAN DEMEER

Must have been one clever bastard to have killed Coogan.

TABBAT

He is.

THEN, VERRICK DROPS BOLT to the floor at Van Demeer's feet. Slamming Bolt in the head with the butt of the crossbow.

VAN DEMEER

Did he have any weapons?

VERRICK

Caught him blue handed. Coogan's gun, garrote, and knife.

The plastic weapons go on an aisle seat. Van Demeer takes the gun and aims it down at Bolt's face.

Bolt looks up at the gun... looking down the barrel.

VAN DEMEER

His wallet?

Verrick pats down Bolt, finds his wallet and the flip phone.

VERRICK

Hello, hello. Guy thinks he's ET.

Verrick hands both to Van Demeer, who tosses them on a seat.

VAN DEMEER

Anything he might have told them only served to help our cause.

BOLT

What cause is that?

Verrick hits him again with the butt of the cross-bow.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The four fighter planes zoom toward Washington airspace.

INT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The radar scope shows the WIN 413 transponder code... getting closer. The PILOT corrects steering.

PILOT

Target in firing range in eight minutes.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Holding the wallet in one hand, and the gun in the other, Van Demeer reads from Bolt's drivers license.

VAN DEMEER

Jason Bolt of San Francisco. Age 35, brown and brown, six foot two, one ninety five.

(smiles)

A good selection of credit cards, and what's this? A gun carry permit and a Bodyguard License. We have ourselves a professional.

VERRICK

Professional asshole.

VAN DEMEER

So, Mr. Bolt, whose body are you guarding today?

BOLT

My own.

VAN DEMEER

You don't seem to be doing a very good job of it.

(nudges with gun)

How many phone calls have you made?

BOLT

Fuck you.

WHAM! Van Demeer slaps him with the barrel of the pistol, then presses it against Bolt's forehead.

VAN DEMEER

I'll pull the trigger and spatter your brains across every seat of this plane.

BOLT

You know that you can't shoot a gun on an airplane. That bullet hits the cabin wall and the plane will begin rapid de pressurization. A hole will rip in the side of the plane and entire rows of seats, not to mention half the passengers, will be sucked out into space.

Van Demeer smiles and tightens his finger on the pistol trigger, pressing the barrel harder on Bolt's forehead.

VAN DEMEER

Wrong, Mr. Bolt. YOU can't fire a gun on an airplane. I CAN.

(smiles)

I WANT to kill half the passengers on this plane; it's part of my plan, part of my job. Have you learned nothing from the September eleventh victory? We are not afraid to die - Allah is on our side - it is YOU who are afraid.

BOLT

So, your allegiance to Allah is an obstacle to doing good, guarding against evil and making peace between men? Isn't Allah watching you?

(smiles)

Maybe YOU should be afraid.

VAN DEMEER

Of an unarmed man?

BOLT

A plane full of unarmed men.

VAN DEMEER

You think these people will risk their lives for you?

BOLT

They won't be doing it for me. They'll be standing up for themselves.

Mr. Farrow moves to his feet.
Mrs. Haliday moves to her feet.
A couple of other Passengers stand up.

FARROW

We can smell your fear.

Van Demeer looks away from Bolt for a moment.

QUICKLY, Bolt hits Van Demeer's wrist with both hands, popping the gun from his grip.

THE GUN falls to the floor of the plane.

Verrick spins, aiming the crossbow at Bolt.

Bolt reaches over to grab one of the weapons off the aisle seat, but snags the phone instead.

ZIP! The arrow slashes through the interior of the plane, missing Bolt's head by inches and burrowing into a seat.

VAN DEMEER

Madigan! Tabbat!

Madigan aims his weapon at Farrow.

Tabbat aims her gun at one of Mrs. Haliday's daughters.

MADIGAN

This is our plane, not yours.

TABBAT

Sit or die!

The passengers sit down.

DURING THE UPRISING Bolt rolls away, pocketing the phone, pops to his feet in front of Verrick.

Verrick tries re-aiming the crossbow, but Bolt is too close. He knocks the weapon from Verrick's hands.

VERRICK

I don't need a bow to kill you.

Verrick punches Bolt in the face.

Bolt counters with a kick to Verrick's side.

BOLT

You need about five other guys.

Verrick slams Bolt backwards into a row of seats. He pounds Bolt's head against the arm rest, until Bolt's eyes get glassy.

VERRICK

No. I can do this myself.

Bolt waits until Verrick pulls his head up again... then head butts the hijacker.

Verrick lets go of Bolt, falling back.
 A Passenger's foot pops out, tripping him.
 Verrick goes down hard.

Bolt rolls to his feet and lands a couple of his and kicks on Verrick, before the hijacker gets his balance back.

VERRICK
 You son of a bitch.

Verrick goes on the offensive.
 Kicking, hitting, and FLIPPING, Bolt through the front cabin.

VERRICK
 Made me lose my temper. Shouldn't
 have done that, asshole.

Mr. Farrow makes a move to help Bolt.
 Madigan presses his gun against the old man's head.

MADIGAN
 You want to die, too?

FARROW
 I'm not afraid of you.

MADIGAN
 You should be, buddy.

Madigan SLAMS him in the face with the gun.
 Farrow is knocked to his seat again, face a bloody mess.
 He spits blood at Madigan.

MADIGAN
 Want to die AND pay for dry cleaning?

Bolt gets the upper hand with a double kick to Verrick's head.
 Kicks Verrick until the hijacker can no longer block the hits.

BOLT
 I don't think you're going to get
 your fifty-seven virgins...

Verrick moves out of hitting range, then rushes Bolt.

Bolt does a flip-kick, knocks Verrick to the floor; then takes
 off running down the aisle.

Verrick rolls over to his fallen crossbow, grabs it, swings
 it around at Bolt.

VERRICK
 I'm not headed to heaven, you are.

ZIP!
 The first arrow barely misses Bolt, sticking in the headrest
 of the seat next to Mrs. Haliday.

Tabbat turns her gun away from Mrs. Haliday's daughter...
 Takes dead aim at Bolt as he passes by...
 Ready to fire.

TABBAT

Stop!

Mrs. Haliday SLAMS Tabbat with her elbow, knocking her over.

Tabbat regains balance, punches Mrs. Haliday in the face.
 Knocking her back into her seat.

TABBAT

Bitch!

Bolt sees the galley in back of the cabin and runs like crazy.
 If he can make the cargo area, he can find a place to hide.

Verrick aims and fires again.

VERRICK

Don't make me chase you down.

ZIP!

The second arrow whizzes past Bolt, sticking into the floor
 in front of him. Bolt is almost to the galley.

Verrick aims to fire the next arrow.

Bolt turns his head, sees Verrick aiming...

TRIPS OVER THE SECOND ARROW!

Bolt hits the floor HARD, wind knocked out of him.

Verrick corrects his aim and fires.

VERRICK

(laughs)

Stick around, asshole.

ZIP!

Bolt tries to roll away, the arrow pins his shirt to the floor.

BOLT

Shit.

Bolt sees the galley, only a few feet away.

Struggles to crawl to safety.

But the arrow pins him to the floor!

Verrick laughs, aiming the cross bow for the last time.

VERRICK

Say goodbye, asshole.

Verrick lets go of the arrow.

ZIP!

Bolt tears the pinned part of his shirt off...
 ...HEARS the arrow hissing at him...
 ...ROLLS the final feet into the galley.

WHACK!

The arrow hits the floor where Bolt was moments ago, quivers...

But Bolt has disappeared into the galley.

INT. GALLEY AREA -- NIGHT

Bolt flips up the carpet, opens the door, scrambles down.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Verrick has only two arrows left.

VAN DEMEER

Get him.

Van Deemer, Madigan and Tabbat keep the rest of the passengers in their seats - aiming weapons at them. The tide has shifted - all of the passengers can smell their fear.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The four fighter planes flank the 737.

INT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

Through the windscreen: the wing lights of the 737.

PILOT

Visual contact. Red Squad, this is
 Red Leader, commence targeting.

The heads up display shows targeting information. It only takes a moment for the computer to lock on to the 737.

PILOT

Target acquired.

INT. THE CARGO AREA -- NIGHT

Bolt finds a place to hide while he catches his breath.

That's when he realizes he has the flip phone in his pocket. He flips it open and dials Ground Control.

BOLT

Get me Petroni.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Strom holds the phone to his ear, waving Petroni aside.

STROM
I'm in charge, here.

BOLT (V.O.)
It's nuclear.

STROM
Then this is the second wave. Al
Queda has been planning this while --

BOLT (V.O.)
These guys aren't terrorists...

STROM
You say they've hijacked the plane.
You say they have a nuclear device.
You say they're circling Washington.
What else can it possible be?

BOLT (V.O.)
I quoted the Koran to the leader. He
didn't recognize it.

STROM
So he hasn't been to Mosque for a
while.

The radio squawks.

PILOT (V.O.)
Target acquired. Commence firing
procedure --

Strom drops the phone and grabs the mike.

STROM
Abort! Abort!

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The fighter planes flank the 737.

INT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The 737 in the head up display cross-hairs.
The Pilot's thumb on the missile trigger.

PILOT
Repeat that?

STROM (V.O.)
Abort. Do not fire on this plane.

PILOT
Our orders were to shoot it down.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

While Strom screams into the mike, Petroni grabs the phone.

STROM
The weapon onboard is nuclear. I
repeat: nuclear.

PILOT (V.O.)
Holy shit! I mean, holy shit, sir.

STROM
Back off, but maintain visual contact.
Await further orders.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The four fighter planes pull away from the 737.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Petroni listens in disbelief - clicks on speakerphone.

PETRONI
You sure you saw the radioactive
symbol?

BOLT (V.O.)
It was a lead container.

PETRONI
We can't shoot down the plane, it'd
be a nuclear disaster.

STROM
We'd be nuking Washington DC.

BOLT (V.O.)
They aren't terrorists. That's their
cover - their scam. They want
something on this plane.

PETRONI
Then why the bomb?

BOLT (V.O.)
To stop you from shooting them down?

Strom snatches the phone from Petroni and hangs it up.

STROM
Bullshit. They're Al Queda. And
they've got some sort of dirty bomb.

PETRONI
Let's take a look at the terrain under
their holding pattern.

Petroni nods and flips the chalkboard over to show a topographical map of the area surrounding National Airport.

PETRONI

We've got the Atlantic, Highway one...

STROM

And the White House. Look. It's DIRECTLY under the holding pattern!

PETRONI

Shit.

STROM

Even if it's NOT a nuclear device, blowing up the plane would send flaming debris over the White House.

PETRONI

Ever see a Airline Crash Site? Every tree, bush, and home within a hundred yards is flash burned to white ash.

STROM

This fire's gonna be right on top of the White House. What do you think?

PETRONI

About what?

STROM

Has the plan always been to stall us long enough to get into the holding pattern, so they can blow the plane and torch the White House?

PETRONI

And if it's nuclear...

STROM

God, I don't want to think about that.

Strom studies the map, realizing they're in big trouble.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- NIGHT

The four fighter planes zip through the night sky, trailing a few thousand feet behind...

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

27,000 feet above Washington. Directly over the White House.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Verrick brushes himself off, reloads his crossbow, and starts towards the back of the plane. But Van Demeer stops him.

VAN DEMEER

No. Let Mr. Madigan finish this.

Madigan smiles, walks back of the plane.

VAN DEMEER

Control these people.

Verrick aims his crossbow from Farrow to Mrs. Haliday, then makes sure he aims at each individual passenger.

The Passengers stare down the crossbow - unafraid.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- NIGHT

Strom paces to the back of the room, before turning.

STROM

How much fuel do they have left?

PETRONI

Twenty five, thirty minutes.

STROM

That isn't much time.

Strom moves to the phone and dials a number.

STROM

This is Agent Dan Strom of Homeland Security. We have reason to believe the President's life is in danger.

(listens)

A commercial airplane loaded with explosives is flying over the White House. The President and his family need to be moved immediately.

(listens)

No. Blair House is too close.

(shakes head)

I suggest you take the chopper to Clarksburg, then continue flying West.

(listens)

I don't know, Colorado, maybe. There's a possibility the explosive device is nuclear. Make sure the President is as far away from DC as possible.

(listens)

Congress and the Senate? Screw 'em. Can't save everybody.

(listens)

Hell, no. Wake him up NOW. This is an emergency. Right.

Strom hangs up and turns to Petroni.

PETRONI

Maybe you should put the East Coast
on Nuclear Alert?

STROM

Right.

Strom hangs up the radio mike and slowly picks up the phone.

STROM

Give me NORAD.

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A clock radio on a bedroom nightstand reads 5:59.
When it flips over to 6:00, the radio clicks on.

No music, just a high pitched tone.
The tone is broken by an announcer's voice.

VOICE (V.O.)

This is a warning from the Emergency
Broadcast System. Please turn to 510
on your AM dial or 107 on your FM
dial. I repeat, this is a...

A hand reaches over and hits the SNOOZE button, silencing the
announcer's voice.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Holding over Washington, DC.... and the White House.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Lisa marches up to Van Demeer.

VAN DEMEER

What do YOU want?

LISA

If you don't disarm that bomb, all of
the passengers will rise up against
you. We stopped one plane on 9-11,

VAN DEMEER

They're already against me, and look
what they're doing: Nothing.

(will they attack?)

Now why don't take a seat and let me
continue with my business.

Lisa tries to slap him, but he catches her hand and smiles....
So she knees him in the groin.

VAN DEMEER

Oooof!

When he raises, his eyes are red with fury.

He PUNCHES Lisa full in the face, knocking her to the floor.

VAN DEMEER

NO ONE fucks with me! Do you
understand?! I. Am. In. Control.

Lisa crawls away from him, down the aisle of the plane.

INT. THE CARGO AREA -- NIGHT

Bolt flips the phone closed, hears a noise: Footsteps.
He hides behind luggage seconds before Madigan enters.

Madigan searches the cargo area, kicking over cases, gun ready.

MADIGAN

I know you're in here, Bolt. Why
don't you come out. Make this easy
on me.

Bolt holds his breath as Madigan passes within feet of him.

Madigan searches the cramped cargo area: A maze of luggage
and air freight stacked in rows. Plenty of places to hide.
Madigan keeps his gun ready to fire at anything that moves.

Bolt holds still as Madigan moves past him again.

MADIGAN

Game's over. Olley olley oxen free.

Bolt sets the phone on the floor and searches the stacks of
luggage for a suitcase with the magic words: Samsonite.

Madigan searches a row of luggage, searching the shadows.

MADIGAN

Children's games, Bolt? Must we?
Hide and go seek? Tag, you're it?
Why don't you come out so that we can
settle this like grown ups.

Bolt spots a suitcase and carefully reaches for the handle.

Madigan sees a strange shadow... moving.
He flips around an aisle of luggage, gun ready to fire!
AIMING AT: A luggage tag fluttering in the breeze.

Madigan lowers his gun slightly, continuing forward.

MADIGAN

You killed Coogan. You beat Verrick.
I should be easy, right?

Bolt grabs the suitcase handle, hears Madigan VERY CLOSE.

MADIGAN

Winner gets the gun... Loser gets
the bullets.

The moment Bolt sees Madigan turn the corner, he swings the
suitcase down at his gun hand.

SLAM!

Madigan screams, lets go of the gun, wrist broken.

BOLT

You are easy.

Bolt swings the suitcase again, trying for Madigan's face.
Madigan ducks, hearing the case whiz over.

Bolt swings again, connecting with Madigan's leg.

Madigan moves, grabs a suitcase of his own to battle with.

MADIGAN

Okay, buddy, we'll play your way.

Madigan and Bolt duel with suitcases, slamming and blocking.
Neither man can stand upright in the cramped compartment.
Madigan tries swinging his suitcase overhead - but there isn't
enough room - no power. It bounces off Bolt.

BOLT

Nice try.

Bolt smacks him a few times with his suitcase. Madigan
realizes he must swing the case sideways - really wallops
Bolt. But Madigan hasn't chosen Samsonite, and his case rips
open after a dozen blocks and hits.

BOLT

Samsonite, Madigan. Practically
indestructible. Unlike your head.

WHAM!

Bolt pegs Madigan on the head, sends him reeling backwards.

Madigan grabs another suitcase, and tries to battle Bolt. But
the case shreds, spraying women's undergarments over the floor.

BOLT

Not Samsonite. Try using your head.

Bolt delivers a pair of hits to Madigan's head, sending the
man down to the floor in the pile of bras and panties.

Bolt pounces on Madigan, grabbing him by the throat.

BOLT

Looks like I get the gun AND the
bullets.

(MORE)

BOLT (CONT'D)

(smiles)

But first a little information.

He lifts Madigan's head and SLAMS it to the floor.

BOLT

Tell me about the bomb. How much nuclear material is involved?

MADIGAN

You out of your mind?

Bolt slams Madigan's head down again.

BOLT

Answer me!

MADIGAN

It's not nuclear, it's C-4. You think we're crazy? If it was nuclear, how'd we get away with the money?

He slams Madigan's head against the floor again.

BOLT

Why were the explosives in a lead can?

MADIGAN

Ex-Rays and bomb sniffers. TSA sends it through the machine, but --

BOLT

Money? What money?

MADIGAN

Fuck you.

SLAM! SLAM!

Blood trickles from Madigan's ears.

BOLT

What money?

MADIGAN

From the "National Run". The mob transports money, millions of dollars every month, between Chicago and DC.

BOLT

What for?

Slam! Slam!

MADIGAN

They're a business. They do what other businesses do: Grease the wheels. Every month Senators and Congressmen get a manila envelope. So they won't pass any legislation that would hurt the Mob's business interests.

BOLT

And you're going to steal the money?

MADIGAN

If they found out, they'll kill us.

BOLT

You're going to blow up the plane.

Bolt lets go of Madigan, sitting upright.

Madigan retrieves the plastic knife from his pocket - attacks.

The plastic knife SLASHES across Bolt's face. Bolt rolls away, and comes up fighting.

Madigan pops to his feet in front of Bolt and attacks.

MADIGAN

Sorry, buddy. Not enough parachutes.

Madigan slashes with the knife, Bolt evades.

Bolt kicks, chops, spins, and hits at Madigan. It's a battle of the titans.

MADIGAN

So you'll have to die here.

BOLT

Not this time.

Bolt does an amazing spinning kick to Madigan's head.

Madigan falls backwards, hitting his head on a metal cargo case. Knocked out.

Bolt strips him of the knife and weapons, pockets the gun. Uses some luggage straps to tie him up.

BOLT

Got to call Ground Control. Tell them it's not nuclear.

He searches for the flip phone...

Finds it smashed to pieces under one of Madigan's suitcases.

BOLT

Shit.

He tosses the flip phone and starts to the cargo area stairs.

INT. PLANE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Lisa staggers to the bathroom, enters to fix her bloody nose.

As soon as she closes the door, a gun is shoved into her back. She's not alone in the little room.

LISA

Look. I'll cooperate.

She raises her hands slowly, trying to catch a glimpse of the gunman reflected in the mirror.

LISA

Just lower the gun, okay?

BOLT

Deal.

She sees Bolt's face reflected in the mirror and turns towards him. Bolt lowers the gun, and Lisa falls into his arms.

LISA

I'm glad you're alive.

BOLT

Me, too.

Lisa and Bolt hold each other for a while, sharing strength.

Bolt pulls away and looks at her bloody nose.

BOLT

You okay?

LISA

You should see the other guy.

(serious)

He's crazy, Bolt. I think he's going to blow up the plane. Kill everyone.

BOLT

He is. They're stealing money from the mob - making it look like a terrorist attack. Probably fly it out over the ocean to make it harder to find the bodies.

LISA

You've got to disarm that bomb.

BOLT
I wish I could.

LISA
I can help you get to it...

BOLT
Lisa. I don't know how. I protect
rock stars from zealous fans. I don't
know shit about bombs. I'm a
bodyguard, not a bomb expert.

LISA
You can't disarm it?

BOLT
I wouldn't even know where to start.

She looks up at him, concerned for her life.

LISA
What are we going to do?

BOLT
We'll think of something.

He holds her close, sharing strength. They'll need it.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Circling National Airport at 27,000 feet.

The four F/A-22s hanging back, but still in sight.

INT. THE CARGO AREA -- NIGHT

Madigan comes to, RIPS himself out of the luggage straps.
The guy's strong as an ox. Checks to make sure he's okay.

MADIGAN
Samsonite son of bitch.

He searches the baggage until he finds a pair of duffle bags
with the happy face stickers. Drags the two duffle bags up
the stairs to the galley area.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Madigan drags the duffle bags to the front of the plane.

VAN DEMEER
Where's Bolt? Dead?

MADIGAN
I cut him pretty good. Then he got
away. He's probably still back there.

VAN DEMEER
You didn't kill him?

MADIGAN
I was running out of time. I figured
these were more important.

He lifts the duffle bags.
Van Demeer considers this for a moment, then nods.

VAN DEMEER
Right. He'll stay on the plane and
die with the others.

MADIGAN
No way to get off, is there?

VAN DEMEER
Just those six.

Madigan and Van Demeer smile at each other for a moment.

Madigan opens one of the duffle bags and begins pulling out
PARACHUTES. Three in each bag.

INT. PLANE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bolt sees the parachutes.

BOLT
They've got the 'chutes.

LISA
What does that mean?

BOLT
They're getting ready to blow the
plane.

Lisa's face shows shock and terror.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Van Demeer puts on his parachute, then turns to Ms. Tabbat.

VAN DEMEER
Give the good doctor his parachute
and see that the co-pilot gets his
final flight instructions.

TABBAT
Yes, darling.

She takes a parachute from Madigan and heads to the cockpit.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Tabbat enters the cockpit and hands Dr. Bernard his parachute.

TABBAT
Doctor, we're in the final phase.

Then she turns to the Co-Pilot.

TABBAT
Not much fuel left?

The Co-Pilot looks at the instruments.

THE FUEL GAUGE: It's in the red.

DR. BERNARD
Looks like about fifteen minutes.
Maybe less.

TABBAT
That should be enough.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Madigan pulls out the last parachute from the duffle bag.

MADIGAN
Mr. Coogan's chute.

VAN DEMEER
He won't be needing it.

Van Demeer takes the parachute from Madigan and begins shredding it with his knife. Cutting the chute to ribbons.

Mr. Farrow watches as Van Demeer shreds the parachute, then whispers to Mrs. Haliday.

FARROW
They're going to blow up the plane.

HALIDAY
What can we do?

FARROW
I don't know.

Mr. Farrow looks down, realizing he's going to die.
Mrs. Haliday hugs her girls close...
Maybe for the last time.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Ms. Tabbat talks to the Co-Pilot.

TABBAT

Here are your final instructions.
When the plane runs out of fuel, you
are to break the holding pattern and
fly out over the Atlantic.

(serious)

When the plane explodes, there will
be no casualties on the ground.

The Co-Pilot looks at her in horror.

TABBAT

We aren't monsters, Mr. Morris. We
don't want to litter Washington DC
with explosive debris. That would
kill thousands.

(beat)

Do you understand these instructions?

The Co-Pilot nods slowly.

TABBAT

Then we shouldn't have any problem.

INT. PLANE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Lisa looks at Bolt.

LISA

Do you trust me?

BOLT

Yes.

LISA

Then give me that knife.

Bolt hands her the plastic knife from his pocket.
Lisa studies the blade, pricking her thumb for a moment...
Then she grabs Bolt's arm, pulling him close! Knife STABBING!

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Van Demeer walks to where Dancer sits, hugging his suitcase.

VAN DEMEER

You are Mr. Charles Dancer?

DANCER

Yes?

VAN DEMEER

You are employed as a courier for the
Faustino Crime Family?

DANCER

No. I... I'm looggiest. I have offices on Avenue K. I work with Senators on Congressmen... and The President.

VAN DEMEER

You're so modest. I admire that.
(smiles)

But you're among friends. It's okay to brag a little. Tell them.

Van Demeer gestures to the other passengers.

DANCER

I don't have to say anything...

VAN DEMEER

Dancer is the reason why we're here.

The Passengers look at Mr. Dancer with new found animosity.

VAN DEMEER

He is trusted by the Faustino Family to carry, how much? Twenty million? More?

DANCER

Only twenty million. At fifty thousand per pound, I can't carry any more. These are legitimate contributions to Politicians. It's all part of the democratic process!

VAN DEMEER

The "National Run" you call it. Buying Senators and Congressmen to protect organized crime? That's democracy!

DANCER

What do you want?

VAN DEMEER

The suitcase.

DANCER

They'll hunt you down. Kill you in your sleep. You can't fuck them and live.

VAN DEMEER

I don't intend to. Live, that is.
(smiles)

In fifteen minutes this plane will fly out over the Atlantic and explode. Everyone on board will be killed. Another frightening act of terrorism.

(MORE)

VAN DEMEER (CONT'D)

No way to recover all of the bodies.
You and I will both be declared dead...

(smiles)

Only I will be relaxing in Martinique,
and you'll be sleeping with the fishes.

(dead serious)

Now, give me the case.

WHAM! Dancer gives him the case: right across the face!

Van Demeer goes down, and Dancer tries to escape.
But Van Demeer reaches out and trips him.
The mobster goes down.
The suitcase of money sliding down the aisle.

DANCER

I'm not dying for you.

Van Demeer and Dancer roll to their feet and battle it out.
Dancer is amazingly strong for such a meek looking man.

VAN DEMEER

I don't care who you die for, as long
as you're dead.

Dancer manages to get the upper hand by SLAMMING Van Demeer
in the face. When Van Demeer goes down, Dancer begins running
for the fallen suitcase.

Thunk!

Thunk!

Two arrows WHIZ across the cabin and pierce Dancer's back.
Dancer looks down. The arrow tips protrude from his chest.

DANCER

Hu.....

Blood bubbles from his mouth and he falls over dead.

Verrick lifts up his cross bow. No arrows left.

VAN DEMEER

Very good, Mr. Verrick. Now let's
see what we have.

Van Demeer carries the suitcase to the front of the cabin.
Ms. Tabbat leaves the cockpit in time to see him pop it open.

INSIDE: Millions in hundred dollar bills.

EVERYONE is awe-struck by the amount.

Van Demeer smiles, closes the case, hands it to Ms. Tabbat.

VAN DEMEER

Make sure it's all there.

Then Lisa pulls Van Demeer away.

LISA
He's back there... I think he's dead.

VAN DEMEER
Who is?

LISA
That man Bolt.

VAN DEMEER
Where?

LISA
By the bathroom. Stabbed. Maybe a
dozen times.

Van Demeer and Lisa go to the back of the cabin.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Bolt lays, face down, covered with blood. His clothes cut by
a sharp weapon. He is completely motionless.

VAN DEMEER
You found him like this?

LISA
Yes. He's dead....

Van Demeer bends over Bolt's body.

WHAM!

Bolt springs up, aiming his gun at Van Demeer.
Van Demeer steps back...
Right into Lisa's knife.
She pulls the knife over his throat.

LISA
No one fucks with me. Do you
understand?

She tightens the knife against his throat, drawing blood.

LISA
Do you understand?

VAN DEMEER
Yes.

Bolt whips the garrote around Van Demeer's throat, keeping
the gun aimed at his head.

BOLT
You'll do what I say, or you'll die.

VAN DEMEER

I think you have forgotten who you're
dealing with --

Bolt gives the garrote a yank, ending his sentence.

BOLT

You've forgotten who has the gun.

VAN DEMEER

Why did you kill Coogan? Why are you
risking your life for these people?

BOLT

You can only push a man so far - then
he pushes back. None of the people
on this plane knew each other before
this flight. Different people,
different races, different religions...

VAN DEMEER

All of them trash. Planes have become
the new buses, transporting the poor --

Bolt gives the garrote another yank, silencing him.

BOLT

You brought them all together. Pushed
them so hard they had to push back.
They're going to tear you apart.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- NIGHT

Van Demeer and Bolt move down the aisle, stopping halfway.

VERRICK, MADIGAN, and Ms. TABBAT aim guns from the other end.

BOLT

Trade time. Your leader in exchange
for disarming the bomb.

MADIGAN

We can't disarm the bomb.

BOLT

Then I guess he dies.

Bolt pulls tight on the garrote.
Madigan raises a hand to stop him.

MADIGAN

You killed our powderman. Coogan.

Bolt lets the garrote loosen, Van Demeer catches his breath.

MADIGAN

None of us know how to disarm it.

VAN DEMEER

So what will you trade for, now?

(smiles)

When that bomb explodes and all of these people die, it will be YOUR fault. Look at them. Your victims.

Bolt feels Van Demeer gaining control, yanks the garotte. Shutting him up.

BOLT

Guns. On the floor. Or your bozo, here, dies.

VAN DEMEER

Shoot him.

BOLT

He won't shoot me. Only a Terrorist can shoot a gun on a plane... and you're just ordinary thieves.

VAN DEMEER

Extra-ordinary.

BOLT

Thieves can't shoot guns on planes. So set them down, and we'll trade.

Madigan looks at Van Demeer, then back to Bolt, nods slowly. He moves forward and sets his gun in the center of the aisle.

MADIGAN

Here you go, buddy. Come over and pick it up. No fucking Samsonite here.

Tabbat sets her gun on the floor, then moves back.

TABBAT

The bomb will explode no matter what you do. Why not just give up?

Verrick moves forward, bends down, doesn't let go of his gun. Instead he tosses his knife up to Van Demeer!

VERRICK

Catch!

Van Deemer slides the knife between his neck and the garrote.

BOLT

Hold it!

Bolt pulls on the garrote, but the knife cuts it in half.

Van Demeer kicks back, hits Bolt's knee and sends him down.
Van Demeer escapes.

VAN DEMEER

The guns!

Verrick shoves the guns backwards between his legs.
Madigan and Tabbat catch them on the slide.
Verrick rushes past Van Demeer to attack Bolt.

VERRICK

This time, asshole, you die.

Verrick fights Bolt hand to hand, neither man wanting to chance
de pressurizing the plane with a gunshot.

BOLT

You first.

Van Demeer moves behind the protection of Madigan and Ms.
Tabbat and grabs the suitcase.

VAN DEMEER

The money?

TABBAT

Twenty million.

Ms. Tabbat hands Van Demeer his gun.

TABBAT

Here.

Van Demeer: gun in one hand, suitcase of money in the other.

Verrick and Bolt continue to fight it out.
Verrick throws Bolt down the aisle.

VERRICK

You know, you're gonna get exploded
whether you fight or not.

Bolt rolls to his feet, just as Verrick reaches him.
Bolt kicks out at Verrick's head.
But Verrick ducks, kicking Bolt's other leg from under him.

Bolt lands hard.
Verrick dives on top of him.

VERRICK

Why die in pain, when you can just
sit back, sip a cocktail, and enjoy
it?

Verrick pounds a fist into Bolt's face, smashing his nose.

Verrick gets in two more hits before Bolt grabs Verrick's fist in his hand, deflecting it.

BOLT

Really think you're getting out of here?

Bolt kicks up with both legs, hitting Verrick in the groin. Verrick groans, rolling off Bolt. Bolt tries scrambling away...

VERRICK

Not so fast, asshole.

Verrick grabs Bolt's leg, pulling him back. Bolt's fingers dig into the floor, but he's dragged back to Verrick.

VERRICK

No one's getting off this plane alive.

Bolt kicks Verrick, connects with his face. Verrick lets go of his leg. And grabs an arrow sticking in a nearby seat. Verrick stabs at Bolt with the razor tip of the arrow!

Bolt sees the point coming towards him, quickly rolls away. The arrow cuts the carpet where his head was.

VERRICK

Sooner or later, you'll get the point.

Verrick rolls towards Bolt, stabbing again. The arrow aimed right at Bolt's eye.

Bolt grabs the arrow, cutting his palm on the tip. Blood slicks his hand. Holds the arrow away from his eye.

VERRICK

Can you see it coming? Can you?

Verrick puts all of his muscle behind it, trying to shove the razor tip into Bolt's left eye.

Bolt sees the tip getting closer. Uses all of HIS strength to keep the arrow away. But Verrick is the stronger of the two. The arrow starts coming down!

Bolt moves his head. The arrow pierces the floor an inch away from Bolt's head.

Bolt slams a fist into Verrick's face, rolls on top of him. He begins hitting Verrick repeatedly...

BOLT

I'm getting tired of this shit. Time to say goodnight, "asshole".

Verrick pulls the arrow from the floor, stabbing at Bolt. Bolt shifts back. The arrow misses him by inches.

Bolt pushes Verrick's arm. Forces the arrow to complete it's arc. RIGHT INTO VERRICK'S CHEST!

VERRICK

Asshole.

Verrick looks down at the arrow protruding from his chest, spits blood, then dies.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET

Van Demeer, Madigan, and Tabbat start down the aisle. But Lisa, Farrow and other Passengers step in their way.

LISA

Where do you think you're going?

VAN DEMEER

Out of my way.

LISA

No.

Van Demeer looks at Ms. Tabbat.

VAN DEMEER

Kill this bitch.

Lisa spins, kicking the gun out of her hand. It goes skittering across the floor.

TABBAT

I don't need a gun, darling.

Ms. Tabbat counters with a kick to Lisa's head.

Lisa sees the foot flying towards her, and ducks quickly. Ms. Tabbat's foot WHIZZES over her head, barely missing.

Lisa moves under the leg and slams a fist into Tabbat's back.

LISA

I'm throwing you off this plane.

Ms. Tabbat spins forward, kick Lisa's legs from under her. Lisa goes down hard.

Ms. Tabbat grabs her by the hair and YANKS her up.

TABBAT
You have beautiful hair. Silky.

Tabbat slams a fist into her face.
WHAM!
WHAM!
WHAM!
Lisa tries pulling away - yanking out a chunk of hair.
Tabbat holds the hair, but not Lisa.

TABBAT
Now you've ruined it, darling.

Lisa spins and lands a punch to Ms. Tabbat's face.
WHAM!
When Lisa throws another punch, Tabbat garbs her fist.

TABBAT
Soft hands. Gentle. Delicate.

She twists Lisa's fist, sending her to the floor, screaming.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET

Van Demeer and Madigan are stopped by Farrow and Passengers.

FARROW
Where do you think you're going?

VAN DEMEER
Past you. Madigan?

FARROW
Not to---

Madigan presses his gun into Farrow's chest, pulls the trigger!
Bang!
Farrow goes down!
The other Passengers scatter.

Van Demeer pushes through, suitcase of money in one hand, gun
in the other. Getting away!

Madigan tries to follow him...
But Farrow grabs hold of his leg.
Trapping him!
Madigan tries to kick him off, can't.

MADIGAN
Let go, buddy.

VAN DEMEER
You coming Madigan?

MADIGAN
Be with you in a minute.

Kicks at Farrow's hand, but the dying man hangs on.

Bolt scoops a plastic knife and runs to the cockpit door. The sun is starting to peek through the darkness.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- MORNING

Traces of dawn can be seen through the windscreen.

PILOT

Target plane has broken Washington National holding pattern. Heading East.

INT. GROUND CONTROL -- MORNING

Strom looks at the map, grabs the radio mike.

STROM

When they get to Delaware, drop them.

PILOT (V.O.)

Repeat.

STROM

Shoot them down.

Lowers the mike.

PETRONI

That's a populated area! A nuclear blast will --

STROM

Sparsely populated, Petroni. And far enough outside the beltway that none of them matter. They can't fire me.

PETRONI

They're people! They elect the people who hire you. Get enough of them together and the President's out on his ass... and so are you.

STROM

I didn't put the bomb on that plane, terrorists did. You one of them?

Strom pulls out his handcuffs, threatening Petroni.

Petroni looks at the cuffs...
Decks Strom with his huge fist.

PETRONI

I'm one of the folks on the ground.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- MORNING

Lisa rolls away, pops to her feet, kicks at Tabbat's face.
 Tabbat grabs her foot before it connects...
 Strokes Lisa's leg sensually.

TABBAT

Beautiful legs, darling. But mine
 are better. Longer.

Lets go of Lisa's leg and kicks her in the face.
 Whack!
 Longer legs give Tabbat an advantage.

LISA

Back off, bitch!

Tabbat and Lisa exchange kicks and hits.
 Jousting, blocking, parrying, thrusting.

Tabbat grabs her hand from the air, examining it.

TABBAT

They make you keep your nails short?
 Or is it by choice?

Tabbat pulls her close, raking sharp nails across Lisa's face.
 Lisa's blood sprays over Tabbat's face - she licks it off.
 Lisa elbows her, pulls away.
 Tabbat rips Lisa's uniform - shreds her blouse with her nails.

TABBAT

Your lingerie is rather dull, darling.

Lisa grabs Tabbat's blouse, yanks her close...
 Punching her in the face.
 Hard.
 Punches her again.
 Breaks Tabbat's nose.

LISA

You're gonna need a nose job, bitch.

Tabbat tries to pull away, tearing her silk blouse.
 Lisa ends up with a hand full of silk, but no Tabbat.

TABBAT

See? This is what a woman's lingerie
 should be. Lacy. Sexy. Attractive.

While Lisa is looking at Tabbat's black lace bra, the hijacker
 pulls her plastic knife from a pocket.

TABBAT

I would like to kiss you... Lick you.
 But I'm afraid I have to kill you.

Lisa sees the hijacker rushing towards her and realizes she has no where to escape. Seats on either side of the aisle. The plastic knife getting closer... Closer... CLOSER!!!

INT. THE COCKPIT -- MORNING

Bolt slams open the cockpit door.
Dr. Bernard spins, aiming his gun.

BOLT
You no longer control this plane.

DR. BERNARD
You're making me lose my patience.

Bolt kicks the gun from his hands seconds before he can fire. Attacks with his knife.

Dr. Bernard moves aside, the knife wooshing past him. Reaches in his pocket for HIS knife, comes out with the garrote.

DR. BERNARD
And what's a doctor without patients?

Bernard WHIPS the garrote at Bolt.
Bolt tries to block with his knife.
The garrote CUTS THE KNIFE IN HALF!

DR. BERNARD
Your knife is only half full.

Dr. Bernard whips the razor sharp garrote at Bolt.
Whip!
Whip!
Forcing Bolt back.

Bolt finds himself in a corner with only half a knife. Throws the half-knife down, keeps away from the garrote.

DR. BERNARD
This will only hurt for a second.

Dr. Bernard moves in for the kill.
Garrote WHIPPING out at Bolt's face.
Bolt tries protecting his face with a hand.
The garrote WHIPS around his hand, cutting into his flesh.

BOLT
Ahhh!

Bernard YANKS on the garrote, the plastic cord CUTS DEEPER into Bolt's hand. Blood SPURTS from his injured hand.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET

Madigan kicks at Farrow's hand, but can't get him to let go.

MADIGAN

Come on old man, you're dying. Why
hang on? You're going to die
toothless.

Kicks him once in the mouth.

FARROW

You stay here. On the plane.

MADIGAN

No, buddy, I'm getting off this plane.

He gives Farrow's head a massive kick - killing him.
Shakes the dead man's hand off his leg.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET

Lisa grabs Tabbat's knife arm, uses her shoulder as a fulcrum,
and FLIPS her overhead.

Tabbat SLAMS to the floor halfway down the aisle.

LISA

Women's Self Defense. Night school.

Lisa jumps on her. Knocks Tabbat's knife hand against the
underside of a seat, until she drops the weapon.

Tabbat scratches her fingernails, tearing into Lisa's face.

Lisa knocks Tabbat's hand away, pinning her to the floor.

Tabbat kicks Lisa off of her.

Lisa and Tabbat roll across the floor, fighting.

Tabbat rolls back to where she dropped the knife.

She pops to her feet and rushes at Lisa with the knife again.

TABBAT

You fucking bitch!

Lisa jumps up and gives her a two footed kick to the face.
SNAP!

Tabbat's head pops back and she drops to the floor....

DEAD.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- MORNING

Bolt pulls his hand back, forcing Dr. Bernard towards him,
then kicks up, hitting the doctor in the face.

BOLT

You're going to need a doctor.

Dr. Bernard lets go of the garrote, falling back.

Bolt digs the cord out of his hand, toss the garrote aside...
Then Dr. Bernard charges him with a knife!

The Co-pilot hits the "Autopilot" button, scoops up the half-knife Bolt dropped and charges at Dr. Bernard.

Dr. Bernard sees the Co-Pilot charging him, slices at him.

Bolt watches Bernard run his knife through the Co-Pilot's chest. Blood SPRAYING!

BOLT

NOOOOOOOO!

The Co-Pilot falls to the floor: Dead.
No one to land the plane!
All of the passengers will die!

DR. BERNARD

No one to land the plane, Mr. Bolt.
You're already dead.

BOLT

Then why don't you just take your
parachute and go. Let us die in peace.

Dr. Bernard considers this, then grabs the mike from the console, wraps the cord around Bolt's neck. Strangling him.

Bolt is beginning to turn blue.

Dr. Bernard pulls tighter on the cord around Bolt's neck.

Bolt grabs the ink pen from Dr. Bernard's shirt pocket and STABS the pen into Bernard's neck.

Bernard lets go of the cord, reaches up to pull out the pen.

DR. BERNARD

Damn you...

Bolt slams his palm into the pen, shoving it ALL THE WAY THROUGH Bernard's neck.

Bernard tries to pull it out...

From the opposite side of his neck.

Gets it out...

But it's like removing a nail from a car tire.

Blood GUSHES out of both ends of his neck, he falls over dead.

BOLT

Didn't have a sword.

Bolt bends down to the Co-Pilot, checks his pulse. He's dead.

BOLT

Shit.

The door slams open behind him.
Bolt spins, ready for action...

Lisa steps through the doorway.
When she sees the dead Co-Pilot, her jaw drops.

LISA

Is he dead?

BOLT

Can you fly this plane?

LISA

Of course.

Bolt smiles at her confidence.
She returns the smile, slides into the Co-Pilot's seat.

LISA

Once I have the controls, take us off
autopilot.

BOLT

How?

LISA

There's a button... right there.

She points to the button.
Lisa checks the gauges and controls, takes a deep breath.

LISA

Hit it.

Bolt hits the "Autopilot" button.
For a moment, the plane goes out of control.

EXT. 737 SHUTTLE JET

The plane is out of control.... falling.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET

Lisa fights the column, takes control, stabilizes the plane.

BOLT

You got it?

LISA

Yup.

BOLT

Good. I'm going to go back and see to Mr. Van Demeer's needs.

LISA

He needs to be thrown off the plane.

BOLT

That's the plan.

Bolt opens the cockpit door and steps out...

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- MORNING

...Bumping right into MADIGAN!

MADIGAN

This time you die, buddy.

He presses his gun into Bolt's side.
Squeezes the trigger.
Bolt slams his hand out, knocking the gun the the side.
BANG!

The bullet whizzes past Bolt, plowing into a seat...

Deflecting before it can pass through the cabin wall and blast a hole in the plane.

Passengers scream.

Bolt grabs for the gun, trying to yank it out of Madigan's hands before he can fire again.

BOLT

You'll blow a hole in the plane.

Bolt and Madigan struggle with the gun.
Bolt tries to spin the barrel around to aim at Madigan.

MADIGAN

I'll blow a hole in you.

Madigan kicks Bolt's knee, and re-aims the gun at Bolt's head.

Bolt tries to push the gun away, as Madigan presses the barrel forward... The barrel finally touches Bolt's forehead.

MADIGAN

Any final thoughts before you lose your mind, buddy?

BOLT

Just this.

Bolt slams the gun back into Madigan's face, breaks his nose.

MADIGAN

Die, motherfucker.

Madigan uses brute force to re-aim the gun at Bolt's chest.
Pulls the trigger.

Bolt drops quickly, the bullet missing him...
BUT HITTING THE CABIN WALL!

BLAMMMMMMMM!

The cabin wall shreds.

Sucking pillows, papers, and everything else which isn't nailed
down, through the center aisle and out of the plane.

Oxygen masks drop from the overhead compartments.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- MORNING

Lisa fights the wheel as the plane de stabilizes.

She holds her breath, unable to grab the oxygen mask while
the plane is bucking.

Papers on the cockpit floor begin creeping towards the crack
under the door... sucked out of the cockpit.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- MORNING

PASSENGERS grab their oxygen masks, clamp them to their faces,
hanging on as their belongings are sucked out of the plane.

Mrs. Haliday presses a mask against her oldest DAUGHTER's
face and secures it with the rubber band.

But when she turns to do the same for her youngest DAUGHTER...
The seat is empty.

HALIDAY

Leslie? Leslie?

Bolt hangs onto a seat with both hands, as Madigan hurtles
past him. Dropping his gun to grab at every passing seat.

MADIGAN

Help me! Help me!

His fingers snag a seat, slowing him for a moment before he
loses his grip and is sucked toward the hole in the cabin
wall. He grabs seat after seat, but the suction is too great.
Pulling him across the plane to the hole he created.

For a moment, his body becomes lodged in the hole...

MADIGAN

Help! Someone help!

The he is sucked out of the airplane and into the stratosphere!

Bolt pulls himself down into a set, straps on the seat belt. Grabs and oxygen mask and takes a few deep breaths.

HALIDAY

Leslie?

Bolt watches as papers, pillows, trash, luggage, and Mrs. Haliday's youngest DAUGHTER are sucked toward the hole.

HALIDAY

Leslie!

As the little girl shoots past him, Bolt grabs her arm.

BOLT

HOLD ON!

The Little Girl holds Bolt's arm in a fireman's grip. Her legs extended in the air from the suction. One of her shoes is sucked off and goes flying through the plane and out into the stratosphere.

She's losing her grip... hand sliding down Bolt's arm.

BOLT

Hold on tight!

Bolt begins pulling her toward him. The Little Girl grips with all of her strength. Slipping from his grip for an instant! Bolt pulls her to the seat next to him, clamps on a seat belt.

BOLT

You okay?

The Little Girl nods, but is scared to death. Bolt gives her a hug and a smile.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- MORNING

Lisa stabilizes the plane, grabs her oxygen mask, takes a deep breath. That's when the fuel warning light goes off. They are out of fuel - about to fall from the sky!

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- MORNING

The four fighter planes are pummeled with debris as they track the 737 - everything from newspapers to Madigan's corpse.

INT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- MORNING

The Pilot maneuvers to avoid the Little Girl's flying shoe.

PILOT

They've blown a hole in the fuselage!

A buzzer goes off on the control panel.

PILOT

Target is approaching Delaware air space. Red team, prepare to fire.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- MORNING

FULLY De-PRESSURIZED, the suction decreases to a frigid breeze. No longer powerful enough to suck a passenger out.

Van Demeer lets go of his seat and moves to his feet. The suitcase of money in his hand. No intention of letting go of twenty million dollars. He surveys the wreckage.

VAN DEMEER

Well, my work here appears to be done.

He straps on his parachute.

Bolt unbuckles his seat belt, starts down the aisle.

BOLT

Where do you think you're going?

VAN DEMEER

Slaughter Beach Delaware. Or somewhere close by. Wind drift, you know.

Van Demeer uses a D ring and clip to attach the suitcase to his parachute harness. Then opens the plane's door.

VAN DEMEER

You'll be staying with the plane.

He holds up another parachute.

VAN DEMEER

Madigan's parachute. He won't be needing it. You won't be using it.

He tosses it out the open door!
Bolt has no way off the plane.
He takes another step toward Van Demeer.

BOLT

You'll be seeing Madigan on the ground.

VAN DEMEER

I'd rather not. I have a weak stomach.

BOLT

And his share of the twenty million.

VAN DEMEER

Everyone's share. Thank you for that.

Bolt rushes at him.
Van Demeer smiles.

VAN DEMEER

Love to stay and chat, but I've got
to fly. Good luck with the bomb.

Just as Bolt gets close, Van Demeer jumps out of the plane.
Bolt gets to the door in time to see him flying away.

EXT. SKY DIVING: MID AIR -- DAY

Van Demeer free falls through the clouds, floating over a
wooded area of Delaware. Free as a bird. He has escaped.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- DAY

Bolt crosses the cabin and grabs the bomb.

The altimeter dial moves as the gliding plane descends.
The plastique.
A confusion of wires.

Mrs. Haliday sees Bolt studying the bomb.

HALIDAY

Are you going to disarm it?

BOLT

I don't know how.

He looks at all of the turning gears - confused.

HALIDAY

So you're just going to let it explode?

BOLT

What choice do I have?

Panic among the passengers - they've survived a hijacking, a
hole ripped in the side of the plane... but the bomb will
still kill them all.

EXT. SKY DIVING: MID AIR -- DAY

Van Demeer continues to float through the clouds, suitcase
full of money at his side. Free as a bird.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- DAY

Bolt watches the altimeter counting down to 20,000 feet.
THE ALTIMETER reads 22,479 feet.

HALIDAY

When it gets to twenty thousand it
explodes?

THE ALTIMETER reads 21,279 feet. Falling FAST!

BOLT

Right.

THE ALTIMETER now reads 20,674 feet.

Bolt grabs the bomb, jogs to the door, tosses the bomb out.

EXT. MID AIR -- DAY

THE BOMB floats through the air, towards the ground FAR below.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- DAY

Bolt pulls the door shut and clamps it closed.

BOLT

There. Not a problem.

The Passengers CHEER!

EXT. SKY DIVING: MID AIR -- DAY

Van Demeer sees something zooming down at him. Bolt?

He flattens his body, slowing his descent.

Reaches a hand into his pocket.

The gun is still there.

Slows until the object gets close...

Glides over to it.

Not Bolt...

It's the bomb!

Van Demeer quickly dives out of the way - increasing speed.

Zooming away from the bomb.

THE ALTIMETER counts down from 20,001 to 20,000.

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAM! The Bomb explodes, flaring fire across the early morning sky. Turning dawn into daylight.

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- DAY

Bolt looks away from the explosion, grabs Tabbat's parachute behind a seat, picks up the intercom phone, dials the cockpit.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- DAY

Lisa picks up the intercom phone in the cockpit.

BOLT (V.O.)

Lisa?

LISA

I'm trying to fly a plane, Bolt.

BOLT (V.O.)
 Why don't you try landing it. The
 bomb is off the plane. I repeat, OFF
 THE PLANE. You can set her down.

LISA
 Where are YOU going?

INT. 737 SHUTTLE JET -- DAY

Bolt looks at door and secures the parachute harness.

BOLT
 After Van Demeer.

Bolt hangs up the intercom phone, pops open door, and JUMPS.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- DAY

Lisa calls the tower.

LISA
 Ground Control, this is Windstar
 shuttle, flight 413.

PETRONI (V.O.)
 Washington Ground Control. Please
 identify yourself.

LISA
 Lisa Callahan. Head flight attendant.
 I'm flying the plane.

PETRONI (V.O.)
 You're flying the plane?

LISA
 That's right. I'll show you my license
 later. The bomb is off the plane.
 We're out of fuel. I'm coasting.
 Can you clear me for landing?

PETRONI (V.O.)
 Any strip you want. All yours.

She hangs up the radio mike and begins her descent.

INT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- MORNING

The heads up display shows targeting information. It only
 takes a moment for the computer to lock on to the 737.

PILOT
 Target acquired. Commence firing
 procedure --

The radio squawks.

PETRONI (V.O.)

Abort! Abort! The hijackers are
dead! The bomb is off the plane!

The Pilot clicks the targeting controls off.

PILOT

Mission aborted. Red team, this is
team leader, mission is aborted.
Let's head back to Clarksburg and see
what's for breakfast.

EXT. F/A-22 RAPTOR -- DAY

The four fighter planes bank and zoom away from the 737.

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Emergency vehicles scramble to the runway.

EXT. SKY DIVING: MID AIR -- DAY

Bolt moves his body into a FULL DIVE, flying downward at high
speed. Aiming at Van Demeer, thousands of feet below him.
Chasing him through the air at high speed.

Van Demeer floats through the clouds, free as a bird.
WHAM!

Bolt slams out of the sky and hits him.

Van Demeer SPINS out of control, then stabilizes.

BOLT AND VAN DEMEER float at the same altitude, only a few
feet away from each other. Bolt glides over and punches Van
Demeer in the face. Van Demeer floats away, then glides back
punching.

Bolt and Van Demeer fight in the sky.

INT. THE COCKPIT -- DAY

Lisa guides the 737 to the runway.
Calm, confident... as if she was born to fly planes.

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

The 737's wheels hit the landing strip, screaming...
The plane lands safely.

EXT. SKY DIVING: MID AIR -- DAY

Van Demeer pulls his gun from a pocket, gliding back to Bolt.
Firing.
But the bullets are sucked off course by rushing air.

Bolt and Van Demeer wrestle with the gun.
 Bolt finally knocks it out of Van Demeer's hands.
 The gun floats away, just out of reach.

Bolt floats close enough to grab Van Demeer's harness.
 Pulling him close, Bolt slams him in the face repeatedly.

Van Demeer takes the hits, but can't get away.
 Then Van Demeer reaches down to Bolt's ripcord and YANKS.

WHAM!

Van Demeer is YANKED out of Bolt's hands as his chute opens.

Bolt floats, chute open, watching Van Demeer glide a few
 hundred feet below him... then pop HIS chute.

Van Demeer floats down to the wooded Delaware hillside below.
 Smiling.
 He has the money, and Bolt is hundreds of feet away.

Bolt guides his chute so that he lands near Van Demeer.

EXT. HILLSIDE PARK AREA -- DAY

Van Demeer floats down to earth, unfastens his parachute
 harness. Grabs the suitcase of money and runs.

WHAM!

Bolt lands in front of him, parachute billowing.

BOLT

Where do you think you're going?

VAN DEMEER

To the van we parked in the woods
 last week. It's filled with weapons.
 Chase me if you want - it will make
 it easier to kill you.

Van Demeer evades Bolt and starts running.

Bolt tries to chase, but the open parachute slows him down.

BOLT

The bomb's off the plane. Plenty of
 witnesses to ripping off Dancer.
 Ripping off the mob.

Bolt takes off the parachute.

BOLT

Where will you run? They'll find
 you!

Bolt chases Van Demeer through the wooded hillside, between
 trees, over streams.

EXT. CLEARING & RAVINE -- DAY

Van Demeer comes to a clearing, keeps running.
Right towards a ravine.

Van Demeer stops at the edge of the chasm.
Hears Bolt breaking through the forest behind him.
No place to run, he has to stand and fight.

VAN DEMEER

(sotto)

Why couldn't he have been on some
other flight?

Setting down the suitcase full of money, he pulls his plastic
knife and waits for Bolt.

Bolt breaks through the trees, sees Van Demeer in the clearing.

BOLT

Nowhere left to run?

VAN DEMEER

No one left to chase.

Bolt and Van Demeer face off on either side of the clearing.
Circling each other like wild animals.
Preparing to strike.

BOLT

The mob's going to kill you no matter
what you do. Why not just give up?

Instead, Van Demeer attacks with the plastic knife. Bolt
deflects the blade, arms getting slashed in the process.

VAN DEMEER

You're in no shape to fight. Look at
you! Torn to shreds. Why do you
continue? You're off the plane.

Bolt and Van Demeer fight in the clearing near the ravine.
Kicking, punching, slashing with the plastic knife.

The plastic knife slashes across Bolt's face.

VAN DEMEER

You're safe. Why put yourself back
in danger? Why come after me?

Bolt kicks at Van Demeer's face. Van Demeer evades.

BOLT

Can't just walk away - pretend none
of this happened.

VAN DEMEER

A good way to get yourself killed.

Van Demeer slashes out with the knife.
Bolt uses his arm to protect his face.
The blade rips through his sleeve... and his arm.

VAN DEMEER

Maybe you want the money?

BOLT

Everyone on the plane saw you leave
with it. Saw you steal it.

They battle back and forth. Circling and attacking.

VAN DEMEER

Now it all makes sense! You pretend
to be the hero, when all you want is
the money. The Faustino Family comes
after me, while you're lounging in
Martinique. Brilliant!

BOLT

It's not about the money.

WHAM! Van Demeer slams Bolt in the face with the case.

Bolt staggers back, then moves in with a kick / punch combo.
Van Demeer is knocked back to the edge of the ravine.

VAN DEMEER

There's twenty million dollars. We
could split it, right? Ten million
each. Isn't that easier than fighting?

BOLT

I don't want the money.

WHAM!

Bolt takes another hit from the suitcase.
When Van Demeer stabs him with the knife, he blocks it.

VAN DEMEER

Ten MILLION dollars, just to walk
away. Think about it.

Van Demeer circles away from the ravine edge.
Slashes at Bolt's face with the plastic knife.

VAN DEMEER

It would take the average American
two hundred and thirty eight YEARS to
make that much money. That's seven
generations.

Bolt moves in with a combination of kicks and punches, knocking the knife from Van Demeer's hand.

VAN DEMEER

All you have to do is take the money
and walk away.

BOLT

That's not all.

Van Demeer attacks barehanded, tagging Bolt's chin HARD.
Laughs.

VAN DEMEER

You'd have to spend it, I guess.

BOLT

It's not my money to take, and not
yours to divide.

Bolt kicks, Van Demeer blocks it and delivers a SAVAGE punch.
Van Demeer drops the suitcase, punches Bolt in the nose.

VAN DEMEER

It's the mob's money. Dirty money.
You'd be doing the world a SERVICE.

BOLT

It'd still be dirty money. And the
dirt would rub off.

Van Demeer moves in with another SAVAGE combination of kicks.

Bolt is ready.

Blocks the hits and punches Van Demeer's in the nose.

Breaking it.

Forcing Van Demeer away from the money.

VAN DEMEER

You're going make me kill you because
of some petty moral beliefs.

BOLT

Where'd you get that crazy idea? You
aren't gonna kill me.

Bolt and Van Demeer trade hits, circling each other.

Van Demeer presses Bolt back to the edge of the cliff.

Bolt is only a few inches from the edge.

VAN DEMEER

You should have taken the money when
you had the chance.

Van Demeer moves in to attack.

Bolt swings away from the edge of the cliff.

Van Demeer stops at the edge, turns to see Bolt grabbing the suitcase full of money. Stealing it from him.

VAN DEMEER

You are the ordinary thief! It's always been about the money, hasn't it? You saw my plan working and decided to cut yourself in... and now, take it all!

BOLT

You want this money?

VAN DEMEER

It's MY money!

BOLT

Take it.

Bolt throws the suitcase at Van Demeer.

Van Demeer catches it...

But the impact forces him backwards, off balance. Over the edge of the cliff!

Van Demeer grips the suitcase full of money, screaming as he falls a hundred feet to his death.

SPLAAAT!

Van Demeer lands on the ground.

Both the suitcase and his head split open.

Showering the surroundings with REALLY dirty money.

The BLACK ARM BAND from the plane floats down from the sky, landing on Van Demeer's messy corpse.

BOLT

Should have kept the parachute on.

Bolt turns from the edge of the cliff, walks to civilization.

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Emergency vehicles surround the 737, lights flashing. Ambulances take away the injured.

Lisa talks with Petroni, as rescue crews work around them.

PETRONI

A perfect landing.

LISA

It's a little different than the simulator, but I winged it.

PETRONI

I'm gonna have a talk with your boss.
See if we can get you behind the wheel
on a permanent basis.

LISA

I'd appreciate that, Mr. Petroni.

PETRONI

Call me Lou.

A POLICE CAR pulls up behind them, and Bolt steps out.

Bolt and Lisa look at each other for a moment, then they run
into each other's arms.

LISA

Jace.

BOLT

Lisa.

LISA

You made it.

BOLT

Not yet....

Bolt flips the melted thumb drive in his hand.

BOLT

I'm supposed to be at Congress in ten
minutes. Think they'll wait for me?

LISA

What else do they have to do?

Bolt pockets the thumb drive, takes her arm.

LISA

I could use a cup of coffee.

BOLT

On me, Captain.....

Lisa laughs, they walk away together, arms around each other.
Walking off into the sunrise.

Petroni watches them, smiling.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. GROUND CONTROL (POST CREDITS) -- DAY

Strom comes to, tries to crawl to the phone...
Can't.

He's handcuffed to the desk on the far wall.

STROM

Damn it! Petroni, get back here!
I'm a damned special agent! I'm
special!

Realizes that they're his own cuffs. Strom stops struggling,
makes himself comfortable - he's screwed.