

"Flesh and Blood"

by

Lyndon McGill

Registered WGAw No. 1294189

Lyndon L. McGill
1111 Cayuse Cir. SE
Salem, OR 97306
(503) 931-1315
lyndonmcgill@gmail.com

"FLESH AND BLOOD"

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE EAST - DAY

A dozen heavily-armed American paramilitary COMMANDOS have the building surrounded.

Three new black Suburbans with privacy glass are parked nearby.

INT. THE OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

NEIL CARVER, 60s, gray-haired but fit; DEL HOOVER, 50s, not as fit; GREG JEFFERSON, 30s, African-American, body builder; and TONY HERNANDEZ, late 20s, Hispanic, trim; all heavily armed with high-tech weapons and wearing commando gear, are positioned in front of a door with guns trained.

HOSTAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A couple of men jabber in Farsi as we peer into an unfocused viewfinder of a video camera.

The viewfinder slowly focuses revealing three masked and heavily-armed TERRORISTS, 30s, standing behind a scared-shitless, blindfolded and bound Korean CAPTIVE, 30s, down on his knees. All are facing the video camera.

TERRORIST #1 holds a copy of the Quran, TERRORIST #2 sports a large caliber automatic rifle with a full belt of ammo slung over his shoulder, and TERRORIST #3 brandishes a large saber.

A banner with anti-American slogans scrawled in Arabic hangs on the wall behind them.

A red RECORD light begins flashing in the corner of the screen.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
(in Farsi)
Ready.

Terrorist #1 opens the Quran and begins reading aloud while Terrorist #3, brandishing the saber, moves around and positions himself to the side of the Captive.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Neil nods to Greg, who moves close to the door, raises his boot, pauses for a moment, then KICKS it open.

Through the doorway we see Terrorist #3 holding the saber high above his head, ready to decapitate the Captive.

Terrorist #1 drops the Quran and goes for the machine gun slung around his neck.

Terrorist #2 swings his large rifle around to shoot, but

Neil, Greg, Tony, and Del FIRE a quick volley from their automatic weapons through the doorway killing the Terrorists, including the Cameraman, before they can get off a shot.

The Captive rolls onto his side and wails.

HOSTAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg, Neil, Del, and Tony rush in, swinging their guns from side to side anticipating other terrorists.

Greg and Tony move quickly to a door in the far corner of the room, Greg KICKS it open, and they rush in to check for more terrorists while

Neil and Del confirm their initial kills and free the Captive.

Tony returns looking a bit ashen. He hunches over and vomits as Greg, also pale, re-enters.

NEIL
(to Greg)
What's wrong?

He steps toward the next room but Greg grabs him.

GREG
Don't go in there!

Neil tries to break free but Greg hangs onto him tightly.

NEIL
(in agony)
No!!

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT DAY

The room is set up for a press conference and is packed with news cameras and REPORTERS, as well as some MILITARY PERSONNEL.

Neil, Del and Greg, dressed casually in short-sleeved shirts and looking somber, sit behind microphones at a conference table in the front of the room.

Neil adjusts the time on his Rolex.

DR. PAUL MARKS, 60s, lean, dressed casually, looks on from the back of the room.

Still cameras SNAP and FLASH.

REPORTER #1
Why didn't you let the military
handle the situation?

Del glances at Neil then quickly fields the question.

DEL
There wasn't enough time.

The high-ranking Military Officers in the room squirm a little.

DEL (CONT'D)
The call came in, we acted.

REPORTER #2
Will Carver International continue
its operations here, now that this
tragic event has occurred?

DEL
Absolutely. We've been doing
business all over the Middle East
for nearly twenty years, and we've
never let terrorist activity shut
us down.

A male HOTSHOT reporter, 30s, pipes up.

HOTSHOT
(to Neil)
Mr. Carver, it's common knowledge
that your company has become a
multi-billion-dollar conglomerate
by taking advantage of
underdeveloped countries. Could you
comment on that?

DEL
(under his breath)
Son of a bitch.

Neil places his hand on Del's arm for a moment, then removes it.

NEIL
(to Hotshot; calmly)
Where do you live, son?

HOTSHOT
...I thought we were supposed to be asking the questions.

NEIL
Do you want me to answer yours?

HOTSHOT
Of course.

NEIL
Then answer mine.

HOTSHOT
...I, uh, live in Chicago.

NEIL
Do you have any children?

HOTSHOT
One.

NEIL
Boy or girl?

HOTSHOT
Boy.

NEIL
Age?

HOTSHOT
Six.

NEIL
Do you love him?

HOTSHOT
What kind of a question is that?

NEIL
A simple one.

Everyone in the room chuckles except for Hotshot.

HOTSHOT
(embarrassed)
Of course I love him.

NEIL
Do you want the best for him?

HOTSHOT
Absolutely.

NEIL
...Carver International has been
aiding the people in this country
who, like you, want the best for
themselves and their families.
We've built schools, hospitals,
better housing, new roads...and,
yes, we didn't do it for free. But
ask the people whose children can
now attend school, or obtain better
medical care, or live in a nicer
place, if they would rather go back
to the way things were before we
came along.

Hotshot squirms a little, and you can hear a pin drop.

NEIL (CONT'D)
(choking up a little)
My son paid the ultimate sacrifice
yesterday trying to help others
less fortunate. In fact, many of my
employees are risking their lives
every day in hot spots around the
world for that same cause.

NEIL (CONT'D)
(toughening up)
So, instead of denigrating what
we're doing here, go home, hug your
boy, then get down on your knees
and thank God for people like my
son who sacrificed their lives to
make sure you live in the best
goddamn country on earth.

Hotshot is speechless.

Neil rises.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a
funeral to arrange.

Del and Greg rise and follow Neil out the side door.

Dr. (Paul) Marks pushes his way through the crowd and
follows.

HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Neil, Del and Greg walk down the hallway toward the lobby.

Paul emerges from the conference room behind them.

PAUL
Neil...Neil!

Neil stops and turns to see who it is.

NEIL
Paul? What the hell are you doing
here?

Paul approaches, smiles, and shakes Neil's hand.

PAUL
I came over with a medical team to
help train some doctors in one of
those new hospitals you were just
talking about.

He cracks a little smile. Neil smiles back.

NEIL
So it's Doctor Marks now.

PAUL
That's right. I joined the ROTC and
went on to Johns Hopkins after
graduation, then did my residency
in neurosurgery at Walter Reed.

NEIL
Impressive. No Vietnam?

PAUL
My number never came up.

NEIL
I see...
(to Del & Greg)
Paul Marks, boys.
(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)

We went to Harvard together...that is, until my grades dropped and I got drafted.

Paul shakes hands with Del and Greg.

PAUL

Nice to meet you.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to Neil)

My deepest sympathy to you and your family, Neil. I can't begin to imagine what it's like to lose someone like this.

NEIL

...It's indescribable. I lost my wife to breast cancer a few years ago, but that pales in comparison to this... Dammit, we have people who can find anybody. We just couldn't do it fast enough this time.

A somber AHMAD, 30s, Middle-Easterner, trim, enters the hallway from the lobby and approaches.

AHMAD

(meekly; to Neil)

I...I'm so sorry. I told him not to go down there by himself.

He whimpers.

Neil, fighting back tears himself, reaches out and pulls Ahmad into a hug.

NEIL

I know. I know. It's not your fault. He knew better.

AHMAD

(through tears)

He was like a brother.

Neil squints as tears roll down his cheeks as well.

They continue to embrace for a moment then Neil holds Ahmad out at arm's length.

NEIL

You're a good man, Ahmad. You will always be a part of the family.

(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)

Without your help, we wouldn't have been able to do half the things we've done here. I want you to know that.

Ahmad sniffles and nods.

Neil pats him on the back.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Take a few days off. Karim can handle things until you're ready to come back.

Ahmad nods okay.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Go home and get some rest.

Ahmad wipes his tears and leaves.

Neil watches him go.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Poor kid. His family was killed in the Gulf War by a U.S. bomb while he was rooming with Joel at Stanford... We took him in and sort of adopted him.

PAUL

That was good of you... Well, I know you have a lot to do, so I'll let you go. I just wanted to say hi, and pass along my condolences.

He extends his hand again.

NEIL

Hold on, now. Let's have a drink and catch up a little.

PAUL

Are you sure? I don't want to bother you at a time like this.

NEIL

It's okay. I could use a stiff drink after that little fiasco back there.

He nods toward the conference room. Then, turning to Del and Greg,

NEIL (CONT'D)
 You fellas go ahead. I'll see you
 in the morning.

Del and Greg nod and turn to go.

NEIL (CONT'D)
 (to Del)
 Oh, Del. Call Harvey in New York
 and have him find out who sells the
 best caskets in town. I wanna pick
 up something special for Joel
 before heading on to Anchorage.

DEL
 I'll take care of it.

He and Greg turn and head out through the lobby as
 Neil and Paul make their way to the lobby bar.

LOBBY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Neil and Paul enter the nearly empty bar, move to a table and
 take a seat.

A WAITER, 30s, Middle Easterner, approaches.

WAITER
 What can I get for you gentlemen?

NEIL
 Scotch and soda.

PAUL
 Vodka tonic.

WAITER
 Very good.

He retreats and gives the BARTENDER their order.

NEIL
 So, a neurosurgeon.

PAUL
 Yeah. I originally wanted to be a
 gynecologist, but Monica talked me
 out of it.

NEIL
 Monica. So you married that little
 hippie after all.

PAUL
(smiling)
I did... We weren't so sure it was
gonna last a few years ago, but
we're back on track now.

NEIL
Well, good for you... So where's
your practice?

PAUL
Boston. We moved back there after
my residency.

The Waiter returns with their drinks.

Neil and Paul reach for their wallets. Neil wins and hands
the Waiter a twenty.

NEIL
Keep the change.

WAITER
Thank you, sir.

He leaves.

PAUL
Thanks, Neil, but I was gonna buy.

NEIL
Next time.

PAUL
Deal.

They take a sip of their drinks.

PAUL (CONT'D)
So, do you have any other children?

NEIL
A daughter, Amy, two years younger
than Joel. But, dammit, she got off
into drugs so bad that I had to
kick her out. Last time I saw her
was when her mother died.

PAUL
That's too bad.

NEIL
Yeah... But I still have Ahmad.
He's like my own flesh and blood.

PAUL
Seems like a nice kid.

They take another sip of their drinks.

NEIL
So, what about you? Any children?

PAUL
Three. Two boys and a girl.

NEIL
That's a decent family. Any grandkids?

PAUL
Four, actually. Two from each of our boys.

NEIL
Well, good for you.

PAUL
...I guess you knew Grant and Laura got married not too long after you left for Vietnam.

Neil glazes over for a moment as he reminisces.

NEIL
Yeah... I just couldn't believe that she would marry a prick like that. But then I knew she'd made the right move when the sonofabitch became a Massachusetts senator...just like a fuckin' Kennedy.

He takes a long sip of his drink.

PAUL
You were so in love in college, I thought for sure I'd see you at her funeral.

NEIL
(sighs)
Yeah, well, I was busy taking care of business over here and couldn't break away.

PAUL
It was quite a service. Over five hundred people showed up.

NEIL

Too bad Grant didn't get cancer instead of her. The motherfucker has done everything he can to keep us from getting our government contracts. In fact, we'd have been working in Dubai instead of this hell hole if it hadn't been for Grant's influence on the appropriations committee. Then my son would still be alive.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I didn't realize Grant was that vindictive... Well, at least one good thing came out of their marriage and that's Jenny, their daughter. You should see her. She's the spitting image of Laura when she was that age.

NEIL

Is that right?

PAUL

She's getting married in New York this weekend to some hot-shot investment banker. In fact, I'm catching a plane out tonight so I can get back in time for the wedding.

NEIL

Well, then, give her my best.

PAUL

I will. But, hell, if you're still in town on Saturday, stop by and say hi. It's at St. Paul's at two. I know Monica would really like to see you again.

NEIL

I appreciate the invitation, but taking care of my son is the most important thing on my agenda right now.

PAUL

Of course. It was just a thought.

NEIL

(stirring his drink)

...The kid loved to fish, and his favorite spot was up at our cabin in Alaska... I'm going to bury him beside the lake, next to his mother.

He tosses down the rest of his drink.

A moment of silence, then Paul glances at his watch.

PAUL

Well, I'd better be going.

They rise.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sure good seeing you, Neil.

He extends his hand and they shake.

NEIL

You too, Paul. Sorry I'm not my usual self, but I haven't gotten much sleep the past few days.

PAUL

I understand. Would you like for me to prescribe something for you?

NEIL

Thanks, but my plane is stocked with practically every drug known to man. I'm sure I can find something that'll knock me out 'till I get back to the States tomorrow.

He smiles.

Paul takes out his wallet, removes a business card and hands it to Neil.

PAUL

Whenever you get to Boston, be sure to give us a call. We'll have you over for dinner.

NEIL

I'd like that.

Paul turns to go, then hesitates.

PAUL

I probably shouldn't tell you this, but since she's gone now, I guess it really doesn't matter.

NEIL

Tell me what?

PAUL

Laura really loved you, man. And if Grant hadn't broken you two up, I'm sure she would have married you instead.

NEIL

What the hell are you talking about?

PAUL

Don't repeat any of this to Monica, 'cause she's really felt bad about it all these years. But when you got drafted and went off to Vietnam, Grant decided he wanted Laura for himself. So he blackmailed Monica into forging a letter to you from Laura that said she didn't love you anymore, that she was going to get on with her life and you should do the same... I assume you got the letter.

NEIL

(indignantly)

Yeah, I got it.

PAUL

Then Grant paid some guy in the campus mailroom to throw away any letters that came through from you to Laura, or vice versa, so neither of you would find out.

NEIL

Are you shittin' me?

PAUL

Look, Neil. If I had known what was going on at the time I would've told you. Monica didn't even tell me until after Laura's funeral.

NEIL

...Son of a bitch.

He glazes over. Paul notices.

PAUL
Jesus, I should've kept my big
mouth shut.

Neil sobers.

NEIL
No, it's okay. I'm glad you told
me. I tried for years to figure out
what happened. Now I know.

PAUL
Please don't tell Monica I told
you. She would never forgive me.

NEIL
Don't worry. You have my word.

PAUL
Thanks... Well, I hope to see you
again sometime...under better
circumstances.

He extends his hand and they shake again.

NEIL
You take care, Paul, and give my
best to Monica.

PAUL
I will.

He leaves.

Neil sits back down, stares at the table for a moment, then
holds up his glass to the Waiter.

The Waiter nods.

Neil glazes over as he reminisces...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL (CIRCA 1970)

The room is packed with STUDENTS, 20s, listening to a
PROFESSOR, 50s, at the lectern.

YOUNG NEIL, early 20s, handsome, wads up a piece of PAPER

and tosses it at LAURA, early 20s, drop-dead gorgeous, two rows in front of him. The paper wad hits her in the back of the head. She turns around, annoyed, then cracks a smile when she sees Neil grinning at her.

YOUNG MONICA, 20s, short, cute, sitting next to Laura, looks over her shoulder at Neil.

YOUNG MONICA

Jerk.

LAURA

Cute jerk.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY (CIRCA 1970)

Laura and Young Neil sit opposite at a table studying.

Laura slips off a shoe, extends her leg and rubs her foot on Neil's inner thigh. He smiles but doesn't look up.

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM (CIRCA 1970)

Laura and Young Neil make love in his single bed.

END FLASHBACK

The Waiter delivers Neil another scotch and soda. Neil takes a drink and glazes over again.

RESUME FLASHBACK

INT. STUDENT UNION CAFÉ (CIRCA 1970)

Laura and Young Neil sit opposite in a booth.

Neil hands Laura a copy of his draft notice. She unfolds it, puts her hand to her mouth and shakes her head as tears well up in her eyes.

LAURA

No.

YOUNG NEIL

I'm afraid so. My grades just weren't high enough.

Laura lays the draft notice aside and takes Neil's hands in hers.

LAURA

What are we going to do?

YOUNG NEIL

Well, I'm gonna go over to Vietnam
and kill some gooks for Uncle Sam
while you stay here and get an
education.

LAURA

But I don't want you to go.

YOUNG NEIL

Yeah, well, the government doesn't
give a shit about what you or I
want... My number came up, so I
gotta go.

Laura lifts Neil's hands up and kisses them as tears roll
down her cheeks.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT - DAY

Young Neil, with a large duffel bag at his feet, hugs Laura
tightly.

LAURA

I'll be waiting for you.

YOUNG NEIL

That's what they all say.

LAURA

Maybe so. But I mean it. I do.

YOUNG NEIL

Okay... I love you.

LAURA

And I love you.

They kiss passionately.

The BUS DRIVER, 40s, honks his HORN.

Neil and Laura separate, Neil picks up his bag and heads for
the waiting bus.

NEIL

(over his shoulder)
I'll be back.

LAURA
Promise?

NEIL
I promise.

He gets on the bus and takes a window seat on the near side.
He smiles and waves as the bus pulls away.

Laura smiles and waves back, but then breaks down emotionally
as the bus travels down the street.

END FLASHBACK

The Waiter delivers Neil another scotch and soda. Neil, now a
little inebriated, lifts his glass slowly, takes a long
drink, then stares into space again.

RESUME FLASHBACK

EXT. JUNGLE IN VIETNAM - DAY

Young Neil, dressed in combat fatigues and helmet, hunkers
down in a trench with a BUDDY, 20s. A SOLDIER, 20s, carrying
a mail bag delivers a letter to each of them. They smile,
open them and begin reading.

Neil's smile fades and his hands tremble slightly as his eyes
move down the page. He looks up, stares into space for a
moment as his eyes tear up, then he crumples up the letter.

EXT. REMOTE VIETNAM VILLAGE - NIGHT

Young Neil and half a dozen other heavily-armed SOLDIERS,
faces painted black and wearing camouflage gear, run from hut
to hut, yelling and shooting VIETNAMESE MEN, WOMEN and
CHILDREN as several huts BURN.

Young Neil rushes up to a hut, pulls the pin on a grenade,
KICKS open the door, tosses it in, and for a moment locks
eyes with a YOUNG VIETNAMESE MOTHER, 20s, sitting on the
ground in the center of the hut holding her crying INFANT.

Neil dives to the side of the hut and buries his head in the
dirt as the GRENADE explodes. He sobs as EXPLOSIONS and
GUNFIRE continues around him.

END FLASHBACK

Neil is now leaning forward with his forehead resting on his forearms, his right hand cupped around an empty cocktail glass. He sobs softly.

Del enters and approaches Neil just as the Waiter delivers another drink.

DEL
(to Waiter)
Whoa, there, buddy. He's had
enough.

The Waiter turns on his heels and returns to the bar.

Del slides the empty cocktail glass out of Neil's hand and pats him on the back.

DEL (CONT'D)
Hey, boss.

Neil groggily lifts his head and wipes his tears.

DEL (CONT'D)
Happy hour is over. Time to go.

He helps Neil to his feet, puts one arm around his shoulder and assists him out of the bar.

EXT. A MIDDLE EAST AIRPORT - NEXT DAY

Carver International's company jet sits IDLING just outside a private hangar. The cabin and cargo bay doors are open.

The CAPTAIN, 40s, sits in the cockpit doing his pre-flight check while the CO-PILOT, 30s, does the outside walk-around.

A black Suburban pulls up and parks alongside the jet. Del (driver), Neil (front passenger), Greg and Tony (rear passengers), all wearing sunglasses, get out and move to the back of the Suburban.

Greg OPENS the doors and the four of them pull out an aluminum coffin case with recessed flip-up handles on the sides and ends.

With two to each side, they carry the coffin to the plane and, with the help of the Co-Pilot, place it in the cargo bay. Greg and Tony help the Co-Pilot strap it down.

The men climb out of the cargo bay and the Co-Pilot closes the cargo DOOR.

Del shakes hands with Neil then hugs him briefly.

After shaking hands with Greg and Tony, Neil boards the plane, followed by the Co-Pilot.

The Co-Pilot salutes to Del, who salutes back, just before the steps retract and the DOOR closes.

Del, Greg and Tony step back a safe distance and stand at attention as the jet's turbines begin to WHINE.

The plane taxis away.

INT. TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

KARIM, 30s, Middle-Easterner, close-cropped beard, and a solemn Ahmad stand side-by-side at the window and watch the Carver International jet accelerate down the runway and climb into the sky.

Karim glances over at Ahmad, lays his hand on his shoulder for a moment, then they turn and walk away.

INT. COMPANY JET - LATER

The ENGINES drone as Neil, alone in the plush cabin with the lighting subdued and the shades pulled, UNLOCKS and opens a large medicine cabinet on the wall near the rear of the plane.

The cabinet LIGHTS up automatically revealing a rack of medical supplies, including bandages, minor surgery tools, half a dozen full I.V. bags with coiled-up feeding tubes attached, several sealed packages of syringes, needles, and suturing materials.

Neil pulls out one of the pill drawers and thumbs through the rows of medications. He removes a small bottle of pills, CLOSES and RELOCKS the cabinet, then moves into the galley and fills a cocktail glass with ICE before moving forward and taking a seat in his leather lounge.

He reaches over and removes a bottle of Scotch from the small cabinet beside his chair. He sets the glass in a cup recess on top of the cabinet, opens the Scotch, and pours himself a generous amount before putting the bottle away.

He opens the pill bottle, shakes four or five tablets into his hand, slaps them into his mouth and washes them down with the Scotch.

He sets his empty glass in the recess atop the cabinet, fastens his SEATBELT, pulls a travel blanket out of the pouch on the side of his chair, reclines his seat, covers himself, and closes his eyes.

BEGIN DREAM/FLASHBACKS

EXT. AN ALASKAN LAKE - DAY

A younger looking Neil sits in a small rowboat with his son, YOUNG JOEL, 8, fishing.

Neil makes a cast just as a fish strikes Young Joel's bait and his pole bows. Young Joel jerks up on the pole, setting the hook.

Neil lays down his pole and grabs the net.

Young Joel reels the 16-inch fish up to the boat and Neil nets it.

Young Joel grins from ear to ear as Neil pats him on the back.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Neil, Ahmad and JOEL, late 20s, sit among a group of Stanford supporters at a football game and root as Stanford scores.

INT. HOSPITAL - A CRITICAL CARE ROOM

Neil's wife, BARBARA, early 50s, gray and gaunt, hair thinned, lies in bed, eyes closed, hooked up to numerous lifesaving devices.

Neil, somber, sits beside her bed holding her hand.

Their daughter, AMY, early 20s, independent, and her brother, Joel, stand behind Neil looking worriedly at their mother.

Tears well up in Amy's eyes. She shakes her head, then turns and walks out of the room.

Neil notices, rises and follows her out as Joel moves closer to his mother.

HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Neil emerges from Barbara's room

NEIL

Amy!

Amy turns partially, gives her father the middle finger and continues on her way.

Neil sadly watches her go.

END DREAM/FLASHBACKS

INT. COMPANY JET - NIGHT

LIGHTNING and the crash of THUNDER outside the plane causes Neil to flinch and shift positions in his seat, but he remains asleep.

RESUME DREAM/FLASHBACK

INT. HOSTAGE ROOM IN MIDDLE EAST

Neil, Del, Greg, and Tony are dressed in their SWAT gear and positioned as we left them in the opening sequence, with Greg trying to prevent Neil from entering the next room.

Neil drags Greg to the doorway and looks in. He sees Joel's body, supine on the floor, his severed head atop his abdomen.

Neil yells out.

NEIL

Aghhh...!!

END DREAM/FLASHBACK

INT. COMPANY JET

Neil, with beads of SWEAT on his face, jerks up in his chair and continues the yell.

NEIL

...Aghhh!!

He looks around wildly, then realizes where he is and eases back down. He closes his eyes and goes back to sleep.

The Co-Pilot emerges from the cockpit and approaches.

CO-PILOT
Everything okay, Mr. Carver?

Neil just groans a little.

The Co-Pilot looks at him for a moment, then returns to the cockpit and closes the DOOR.

EXT. NEW YORK'S LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Carver International jet touches down then pulls off onto a taxiway.

INT. JET

Neil, in the bathroom, swipes the last swath of shaving cream off his face with a disposable razor. He sways a little as the jet TAXIS along.

He washes off the razor, tosses it in the trash, then leans over and rinses his face with his hands. He picks up a towel, dabs his face dry, then looks in the mirror at his bloodshot eyes with dark circles around them.

EXT. PRIVATE HANGAR (LA GUARDIA) - NIGHT

The Carver International JET taxis up to the open hangar and an AIRPORT WORKER, 30s, in overalls and holding directional flashlights, guides it in.

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The jet taxis to a halt just short of a small aircraft tow tractor and the plane's TURBINES begin winding down.

A new black Suburban with privacy glass sits in a corner of the hanger.

The jet's cabin DOOR opens and the ELECTRONIC stairway extends.

The Co-Pilot emerges, descends the steps and stands respectfully to the side as Neil, dressed in jeans and a leather bomber jacket, carrying a medium-sized duffel bag, steps out of the plane and descends the steps.

NEIL
See you tomorrow.

CO-PILOT
Have a good evening, sir.

Neil moves to the Suburban, gets in, sets the duffel bag in the passenger seat, starts the MOTOR and drives out of the hangar.

EXT. POSH MANHATTAN HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The Suburban pulls up to the entrance to the private basement garage. Neil lowers his window and enters his code into the keypad. The GATE opens and he drives in.

INT. ELEVATOR - FEW MINUTES LATER

Neil, alone in the elevator and carrying the duffel bag, pushes the Penthouse Level button.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Neil emerges from the elevator and walks down the hallway to his door. He places his right thumb over the sensor, the green LIGHT flashes and the door UNLOCKS. He opens the DOOR to his spacious and luxurious apartment.

INT. NEIL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Neil enters, flicks on the LIGHTS, then moves to the living room and picks up a remote off the coffee table.

He pushes a button and the DRAPES open, providing a spectacular view of the Manhattan skyline.

MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neil enters, turns on the LIGHT and sets the duffel bag on a chair.

He removes his bomber jacket and lays it on the king-sized bed, then sits and kicks off his SHOES.

He looks at his Rolex. It reads: "11:07"

He removes his cell phone from his bomber jacket, scrolls for a number, then pushes the CALL button and puts the phone to his ear. He waits momentarily for an answer.

NEIL
(into phone)
Hey. It's me... Catch ya too late?

After hearing the reply on the other end, he smiles.

NEIL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
See you soon.

He pushes the END CALL button on his phone, tosses it on the bed, then gets up and moves to the master bathroom, flicking on the LIGHT as he enters.

KITCHEN AREA - LATER

Neil, in designer sweats, removes a bottle of wine from the wine rack and places it in the ice bucket on the counter to chill. A cheese & fruit tray sits next to the ice bucket.

The DOORBELL rings.

Neil moves to the foyer and OPENS the door revealing STEPHANIE, 30s, gorgeous, in high heels and dressed provocatively under a fur coat. She smiles, revealing perfect teeth.

STEPHANIE
Hi.

NEIL
(smiling)
Hi.

Stephanie steps in and Neil CLOSES the door behind her. He slips her coat off her shoulders and hangs it in the entry closet. As he turns around, Stephanie moves up close, puts her arms around his neck and they kiss passionately.

MASTER BEDROOM - LOVE SCENE

Neil stands in front of Stephanie as she sits on the edge of the bed in her skimpy cocktail dress. She reaches out, lowers Neil's sweat bottoms and performs fellatio for a few moments.

Neil pulls her up, kisses her hard then helps her slip her dress over her head, revealing her Perfect 10 body. She helps Neil remove his clothes, then pulls him down on the bed, spreads her legs and allows him to go down on her.

A few moments later, she pulls Neil up on top of her and guides him inside.

Neil begins thrusting deeply, and Stephanie sighs with each penetration.

As he nears his climax, Neil looks at Stephanie's face and she transforms into Laura, which arouses him even more.

As Neil arches up and climaxes, he looks into the large mirror at the head of the bed and sees

FLASHBACK

The Vietnamese Woman inside the hut clutching her Baby.

END FLASHBACK

Neil screams out.

NEIL

Aghhh!!

He collapses onto Stephanie's chest, breathing hard and twitching a little. She holds him tightly.

MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Neil, in suit and tie, emerges quietly from the master bathroom and pauses briefly to look at Stephanie, asleep in the bed, before picking up the duffel bag and exiting.

A generous stack of \$100 BILLS sits on the nightstand next to the alarm clock, which reads: "10:13".

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

The Suburban is stalled in Saturday traffic.

INT. SUBURBAN

Neil, in dark suit and tie and wearing sunglasses, glances at his Rolex. The duffel bag is in the passenger seat.

NEIL

(to himself)

C'mon, let's go!

He finally gets an opening and ACCELERATES around the car ahead of him, but A PEDESTRIAN, male, 20s, steps into his path.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Shit!

He slams on the brakes and SCREECHES to a stop, but not before BUMPING the Pedestrian slightly.

The Pedestrian retaliates by BANGING on the hood of the Suburban with one hand while giving Neil the finger with the other before continuing on his way.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - SHORT TIME LATER

Neil pulls up in the Suburban and parks, gets out and goes inside.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Neil is greeted by VIRGIL GOLDMAN, 60s, the funeral director.

VIRGIL

Mr. Carver?

NEIL

Yes.

VIRGIL

Virgil Goldman.

They shake.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

My deepest sympathy.

NEIL

Thank you.

VIRGIL

(motioning)

This way, please.

He leads Neil down the hall.

CASKET DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neil follows Virgil into the room where a dozen caskets are displayed on pedestals with their torso lids propped open.

VIRGIL

As you can see, we have quite a selection in every price range. Do you have something special in mind?

Neil looks around the room then moves over to a deeply polished mahogany unit. Virgil follows.

NEIL
I'll take this one.

VIRGIL
Good choice. Top-of-the-line.
However, I must tell you that it's
our most expensive model.

NEIL
Perfect.

EXT. BEHIND FUNERAL HOME - SHORT TIME LATER

Neil, wearing sunglasses, gets out of the Suburban, moves to the rear of the vehicle and OPENS the cargo door.

A funeral home EMPLOYEE, 30s, pulls up on a FORKLIFT with the mahogany casket. He maneuvers into position, hops off and helps Neil slide the casket into the Suburban, then climbs back on the forklift and drives off.

Neil steps around to the passenger side of the Suburban, OPENS the door and removes the duffel bag, then SHUTS the door and returns to the rear of the vehicle.

He sets the duffel bag down next to the casket, glances around to make sure the coast is clear, then unzips the bag, exposing a syringe and needle, a drug vial, a couple of I.V. bags full of fluid with feeding tubes attached, and a portable drill with a bit already inserted.

Neil takes out the drill and quickly BORES three small holes in the end of the casket. He rakes the shavings out onto the ground with his free hand, then places the drill back in the duffel bag, ZIPS it shut and shoves it up alongside the casket.

He steps back and CLOSES the cargo door, then glances at his Rolex, which reads: "12:38".

He moves around to the driver's side of the vehicle, gets in, starts the ENGINE and pulls away.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

JENNY TAYLOR, 30s, natural beauty, thin but strong, the bride and daughter of Senator Grant Taylor, dresses for her wedding.

MONICA MARKS, 60s, attractive, the wife of Dr. Paul Marks and godmother to Jenny, is standing in for Jenny's mother, Laura, now deceased. She helps Jenny into her dress and zips it up.

Jenny's BRIDESMAIDS, 20s-30s, in various stages of dress, are getting ready as well.

A free-standing full-length mirror sits in the middle of the room. A lighted EXIT SIGN is positioned over a door in the far corner that leads out to the church's rear parking lot.

MONICA

(to Jenny)

My, my, Jenny. You look just like your mother did at her wedding.

JENNY

Really?

MONICA

I'm just sorry she's not here to see you.

JENNY

...She is.

Her eyes water a little as Monica gives her a hug and they share a few tears before separating and wiping their eyes.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything, Monica. I couldn't have pulled it off without you.

MONICA

That's not true. But, you're welcome, dear.

She moves over to her purse, removes a penny, then walks back to Jenny and hands it to her.

JENNY

A penny? What's this for?

MONICA

(smiling)

For good luck. You know, "Something old, something new; something borrowed, something blue." It's a penny minted the year your mother was born.

(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

I wish it stood for something new,
since I was born that same year,
but, instead, it represents
something old...something in your
past that will bring you good luck.
You're supposed to put it in your
shoe during the ceremony.

JENNY

Oh, okay.

She removes a shoe, drops in the penny, then slips the shoe
back on.

MONICA

Keep it to remind you that, no
matter what happens in your life,
you will always have your mother's
love to see you through.

Jenny sniffs, holds back her tears and nods yes.

Monica gives her a quick hug, then looks at her watch, which
reads: "1:27".

MONICA (CONT'D)

(to bridesmaids)

Let's hurry it up, ladies.

She exits.

VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Monica enters from the dressing room and moves toward the
double doors leading into the sanctuary.

Senator GRANT TAYLOR, 60s, arrogant, father of the bride,
dressed in his tux, greets the entering GUESTS. He notices
Monica and goes to catch her, but his AIDE, 40s, male, also
greeting guests, calls after him.

AIDE

Senator!

Grant turns to see what he wants.

AIDE (CONT'D)

(loud whisper)

Judge Thompson is here.

He motions discreetly over his shoulder as JUDGE THOMPSON,
late 60s, distinguished, and his WIFE, mid-60s, refined,
enter the church.

GRANT
(to Aide)
I'll be right back.

He moves on toward Monica while The Aide goes back to greet the Judge.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Monica!

Monica pauses and turns just before entering the sanctuary.

Grant approaches, pulls a personal CHECK (folded in half) out of his shirt pocket and hands it to her.

MONICA
What's this?

She unfolds it. It's made out to her for \$5,000.

GRANT
Just a little something for helping out.

Monica looks at him for a moment, then TEARS the check in half, takes his hand, turns it palm up and slaps in the check.

MONICA
Keep your damn money and stay away from me! The only reason I tolerate you is because of Jenny.

She whirls around and enters the sanctuary.

Grant gives her an insolent look then puts the torn up check back in his pocket.

His Aide walks up with the Judge and his Wife.

JUDGE
Everything okay, Grant?

GRANT
Yeah. Just a little misunderstanding.

He turns and shakes hands with the Judge and his Wife.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Glad you could make it, Judge. Mrs. Thompson.

BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenny, alone, checks her make-up one last time in the full-length mirror. Over her shoulder she sees Neil enter through a side door.

JENNY

My I help you?

Neil glances around.

NEIL

Uh, sorry. I was looking for the rest room.

Jenny checks herself one more time in the mirror then turns to Neil.

JENNY

I'll show you.

As she walks past Neil, he grabs her, puts his hand over her mouth, whips out a needle and syringe from his coat pocket, sticks it in the side of her neck and pushes the plunger.

Jenny gives a muffled cry and struggles for a moment, grabs Neil's arm and breaks the band on his Rolex. It falls to the floor and comes to rest under a chair. Neil doesn't notice. Jenny then closes her eyes and goes limp.

Neil removes the syringe and puts it back in his pocket, picks Jenny up and carries her quickly out the exit door into the parking lot, leaving the door open.

SANCTUARY - A SHORT TIME LATER

The sanctuary, set up for a wedding, is packed with about 300 GUESTS.

LANCE, the groom, 30s, handsome, his GROOMSMEN, 30s, the MAID OF HONOR and the BRIDESMAIDS, 30s, and the PRIEST, 50s, stand facing the audience.

Paul and Monica sit next to the aisle on a pew near the front.

The ORGANIST plays an ARIA.

The audience is restless.

Monica leans over to Paul and whispers something. He nods.

Monica gets up, steps into the aisle and walks to the back

of the sanctuary.

VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Monica enters from the sanctuary and finds Grant with his CELL PHONE to his ear.

MONICA
(coldly)
What's going on?

GRANT
(nervously)
She's not answering.

MONICA
Who's not answering?

Grant ends the call on his phone.

GRANT
Jenny. She's gone.

MONICA
What?!

GRANT
I kept waiting for her to come out of the dressing room, but she never did. When I went in to check on her, she wasn't there.

MONICA
She has to be here someplace.

She walks quickly out of the vestibule and down the hallway leading to the dressing room. Grant follows.

DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monica enters, followed by Grant.

The door to the parking lot is ajar.

Monica moves to the door of the ladies' rest room and pushes it open.

MONICA
(loudly)
Jenny? Are you in there?

LADIES' REST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monica enters and checks each stall. No Jenny.

DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monica returns from the rest room, moves over to the exit door to the parking lot, steps outside, looks around the parking lot for a moment, then comes back inside.

MONICA

Maybe she got cold feet.

GRANT

I don't think so. When she makes up her mind to do something, she usually follows through with it.

Monica moves over to where Jenny was getting dressed and finds her purse on a chair under her street clothing.

MONICA

Her purse is still here.

GRANT

Something's not right. I'm calling the police.

He takes out his cell phone, DIALS 911 and puts the phone to his ear.

INT. PRIVATE HANGAR (LA GUARDIA) - SHORT TIME LATER

The aircraft tow tractor is connected to the front of the Carver International jet.

The Pilot, Co-Pilot, and Airport Worker stand beside the open cargo door of the plane as Neil, in suit and tie, drives the Suburban into the hangar and backs up to them.

The Airport Worker OPENS the back doors of the Suburban and guides Neil back a little closer.

Neil SHUTS OFF the Suburban, gets out, moves to the rear of the vehicle and helps slide the heavy mahogany casket into the cargo bay of the plane.

The Co-Pilot and Airport Worker maneuver the mahogany casket around next to the aluminum casket and strap it down.

The Pilot glances at his WATCH, which reads: "2:21", then boards the plane.

Neil takes the duffel bag out of the back of the Suburban and CLOSES the doors. He moves up front, gets in, STARTS the motor, and returns the Suburban to its original parking place in the hangar.

He shuts off the ENGINE, gets out, duffel bag in hand, walks back to the plane and boards.

The Co-Pilot and Airport Worker climb out of the cargo bay.

The Co-Pilot CLOSES the cargo bay door then boards the plane.

The Airport Worker mounts the tow tractor, STARTS the motor, flips on the yellow flashing LIGHT, then waits for the Co-Pilot to retract the stairs and close the cabin DOOR.

The Airport Worker eases out on the clutch and tows the jet out of the hangar.

EXT. CARVER COMPANY JET - 30,000 FEET UP - LATE AFTERNOON

In-flight view of the jet chasing the setting sun.

INT. JET

Neil, in the bathroom, washes some dried BLOOD off of a cut on his wrist where his Rolex used to be.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Several N.Y.P.D. OFFICERS mill about the church grounds as DETECTIVE WILSON, early 40s, African-American, takes information from Lance, the distraught groom, sitting on the steps in front of the church, surrounded by a few of the Groomsmen and Bride's Maids.

A short distance away, DETECTIVE MANETTI, late 40s, is interviewing Grant, Monica and Paul, jotting notes in his little black BOOK.

Paul has his arm around Monica, who is distraught and has been crying.

MANETTI

(to Grant)

Has she been despondent or showing
any signs of depression?

GRANT

No, not really. She went through a rough time right after her mother died, but we all did.

MANETTI

Did she have any enemies, or can you think of anyone who might not have wanted her to get married?

GRANT

She's always been independent and popular, so I haven't met all of her friends. But I can't think of anyone who would do something like this.

Manetti motions toward Lance.

MANETTI

What about her fiancé? This wouldn't be the first time a groom has arranged to have his bride abducted or murdered right before their wedding.

PAUL

Jesus! That's pretty callus and speculative, don't you think?

MANETTI

Listen, doctor, until the evidence indicates otherwise, everyone is a suspect...even the senator here. Not all crimes or criminals are obvious.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ, 30s, appears from around the side of the church and approaches with two ZIP-LOCK BAGGIES in hand.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ

(to Minetti)

Lieutenant!

Minetti turns to see what's up.

Officer Rodriguez moves to him and holds out the two zip-lock baggies, one containing a DIAMOND EARRING and the other containing Neil's ROLEX with the band loose on one end.

OFFICER RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

We found the earring in the back parking lot and the watch in the dressing room.

Lance, Detective Wilson, and the Wedding Party approach.

Minetti takes the bags and looks them over.

Everyone moves in to take a look.

Minetti shows them the items.

MINETTI

Either of these look familiar to
anybody?

Grant grabs the zip-lock containing the earring.

GRANT

These are Jenny's.

MINETTI

Are you sure?

GRANT

Absolutely. Her mother and I gave
them to her for her college
graduation.

Monica puts her hand over her mouth.

MONICA/LANCE

(together)

Ohmigod! / Son of a bitch!

Minetti hands Grant the zip-lock containing the Rolex.

MINETTI

What about this?

Grant looks it over carefully.

GRANT

Never seen it before.

He hands it back to Minetti.

MINETTI

Anybody?

Monica and Lance shake their heads no.

Paul holds out his hand.

PAUL

May I?

Minetti hands him the watch. Then Paul remembers...

FLASHBACK

Having a drink with Neil in the hotel bar in the Middle East.

ZOOM to the Rolex on Neil's wrist.

END FLASHBACK

MINETTI

Not cheap. It either belongs to
someone who can afford it, or to
someone who can't but probably took
it from someone who could.

Paul hands the watch back to Minetti.

MANETTI

(to Grant)

We're gonna need a list of all her
past boyfriends, as well as anyone
she, or you, have had a conflict
with.

GRANT

I'll do my best.

Manetti removes a business card from his shirt pocket,
scribbles a phone number on the back and hands it to Grant.

MANETTI

Fax everything to this number. And
when you get back to your hotel,
stay off your phone in case there's
a ransom demand... I guess that's
all for now. We'll let you know if
we come up with anything else.

GRANT

Thank you.

MINETTI

We'll do our best to keep this out
of the papers, senator, but it's
probably gonna leak.

Grant nods.

Manetti turns to go, then pauses.

MANETTI

(to everyone)

By the way.

(MORE)

MANETTI (CONT'D)

Don't be alarmed if you feel like
someone is watching you...because
we will be.

He heads to his squad car with the zip-lock bags.

LANCE

I'm gonna kill whoever did this
with my bare hands!

GRANT

Not if I get to them first.

MONICA

This is insane.

PAUL

I'm sure they'll find her soon.

GRANT

Maybe, but I'm gonna put some
people on it myself. These jokers
may fuck around too long and let
something happen to Jenny.

(to Lance)

Let's go.

He and Lance head off toward Grant's LIMO parked nearby.

Paul calls after them.

PAUL

Let us know if you hear anything!

Grant raises his hand in acknowledgement as his CHAUFFEUR
opens the door and lets them in.

Paul and Monica head for their car in the parking lot as The
Chauffeur moves around, gets behind the wheel of the limo and
drives off.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Monica walk to the passenger side of their MERCEDES,
Paul lets Monica in, then moves around and gets behind the
wheel.

INT. PAUL & MONICA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Monica fastens her seat belt then lays her head back against
the headrest.

MONICA

(drained)

My God. This is terrible... I'm just glad Laura isn't around for this. It would've killed her.

PAUL

...I think I know who the watch belongs to.

Monica snaps to attention.

MONICA

You do?! Who?

PAUL

Neil.

MONICA

Neil? Neil Carver?!

PAUL

He was wearing one just like it when I saw him the other day.

MONICA

Are you sure?

PAUL

Pretty sure.

MONICA

Then why didn't you speak up awhile ago?

PAUL

I guess I was too much in shock. I just can't believe that Neil would do something like this.

MONICA

Well, I really don't think... Ohmigod! Tell me you didn't.

Paul cringes a little, confirming his guilt.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Dammit, Paul! I told you not to tell anyone about that, especially Neil!

PAUL

I'm sorry, but since Laura's gone now, I figured it was no big deal.

MONICA

Didn't it occur to you that he might get upset?!

PAUL

No, not really. A little disappointed, maybe.

MONICA

Damn you, Paul! Neil is a rich and powerful man! If he's capable of doing something like this to get back at Grant, what's he going to do to me?!

PAUL

Just calm down.

MONICA

Calm down?! You divulge something you knew I didn't want anybody to know about and I'm supposed to just be calm about it?!

PAUL

Well, if you hadn't spread your legs for Professor Reed in the first place, Grant wouldn't have had anything to hold over you now, would he?

MONICA

You bastard! Grant's not the only one who uses it against me! Whenever you want to knock me down, you manage to bring it up again... I was just a nineteen-year-old kid who got caught off-guard, needed the grade, and was too scared to say no.

PAUL

We can argue about your sex life later. Right now we've gotta find Jenny.

MONICA

Sure. Avoid the issue.

PAUL

Jesus, Monica! Let's at least agree on one thing, and that is: Laura was our friend, and her daughter needs our help. Alright?

Monica, stewing, looks at him for a moment then shakes her head and stares out the side window.

PAUL (CONT'D)
If Neil did take Jenny, I really don't think he would do anything to hurt her. He probably just wants Grant to feel what it's like to lose somebody you really care about.

MONICA
This is insane... We have to tell the police.

MONICA (CONT'D)
(turning to Paul)
Now!

Paul whips out his CELL PHONE and offers it to Monica.

PAUL
(indignantly)
Go ahead. But what if Neil does have Jenny and we turn him in, and they back him into a corner? He's already near the breaking point over the death of his son. He might snap, and Jenny could get hurt...or end up dead.

MONICA
If she isn't already.

PAUL
...Maybe she just got cold feet.

MONICA
She didn't get cold feet. She would have told me.

PAUL
Are you sure?

MONICA
Yes, I'm sure.

PAUL
Okay... Remember how Neil liked to play tricks on everyone? Given the circumstances, I wouldn't put this past him.

Monica looks at him for a moment before abdicating.

MONICA

I hope you're right, for Jenny's sake.

She hands his cell phone back to him.

PAUL

Neil was stopping off here in the city to pick up a casket for his son before heading on to Anchorage.

MONICA

...I'll bet he's thinking about his watch right now.

PAUL

No shit.

MONICA

...So, what are we going to do?

PAUL

What if I fly to Alaska, pay him a surprise visit and see if he has Jenny? If he does, then I'll talk him into letting her go before this whole thing gets out of hand and somebody dies or has to go to prison.

MONICA

And what if she's not there?

PAUL

Then I'll enlist his help in finding her. He told me the other day he has people who can find anybody.

MONICA

...We could go to jail for obstructing justice.

PAUL

It's a chance we'll have to take.

MONICA

...Okay, but I'm going with you.

PAUL

(shaking his head)
Oh, no. Not a good idea.

MONICA

I'm sorry but, either I go, or I'm calling the police right now. Your decision.

PAUL

Seeing you might tick him off even more.

MONICA

I'm going.

PAUL

...Alright. I'll get Greg to cover my patients for a few days and we'll try to get a flight out of Logan in the morning.

MONICA

Do you know where Neil has his cabin?

PAUL

All I know is that he's flying into Anchorage. But there's not too many rocks a big-shot like that can hide under. Someone will know where to find him.

He starts the ENGINE, backs out of the parking space and they drive off without noticing

An UNDERCOVER COP, 40s, sitting in an unmarked car on the street, watching them leave.

INT. CARVER INTERNATIONAL'S COMPANY JET

Neil, wearing EARPHONES, eats his in-flight MEAL while watching the news on the 40-inch plasma TV mounted on the bulkhead.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - EARLY DAWN

Paul and Monica make their way to their assigned but separate seats as other PASSENGERS do the same. They stow their carry-ons in the overhead compartment, and Paul takes a seat next to a BEARDED MAN, 50s, flipping through the Sunday edition of the Boston Globe.

PAUL

Good morning.

BEARDED MAN

Morning.

While fastening his seat belt, Paul notices the PICTURES of Grant and Jenny and an article about her disappearance on the front page of the newspaper.

EXT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SUNRISE

The commercial airliner taxis down the runway and climbs into the sky.

INT. NEIL'S JET - SAME TIME

As the engines DRONE, Neil sleeps, reclined in his seat with his EARPHONES draped around his neck and his mouth open.

A news segment about Jenny's disappearance plays on the TV.

INT. GRANT'S (5-STAR) HOTEL SUITE - SAME TIME

Grant, in a robe with his hair disheveled, sits alone at the dining table with his head in his hands, his breakfast untouched.

His cell phone, laying on the table, RINGS. He glances at the caller ID then picks it up and answers.

GRANT

Hello?

INT. N.Y.P.D. HEADQUARTERS - MINETTI'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Minetti sits at his desk with the telephone to his ear.

MINETTI

(into phone)

Senator. Detective Minetti.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - GRANT & MINETTI

MINETTI

Finding your daughter's earring and the watch in close proximity certainly appears to be more than coincidental. Therefore, we're operating under the assumption that the watch belongs to the person who abducted your daughter.

GRANT

I agree.

MINETTI

Let me ask you a question. Do you know a Neil Carver?

GRANT

(surprised)

Neil? Of course. We went to Harvard together.

MINETTI

I see... Does Dr. Marks happen to know Mr. Carver?

GRANT

Why, sure. He and his wife both attended Harvard with us.

MINETTI

Now we're starting to get somewhere.

GRANT

What are you talking about?

MINETTI

We were able to get a partial print off the watch crystal, so we ran it. Turns out it belongs to a Neil Carver.

GRANT

What?!

MINETTI

We matched it up with his service records...which, I must say, are pretty impressive.

GRANT

But why would Neil...

MINETTI

Like I said at the church, not all crimes and criminals are obvious.

Grant clinches his fist.

GRANT

(to himself)

That little bitch!

MINETTI

What?

GRANT

Uh, that sonofabitch!

MINETTI

Let me ask you another question.
Your friends, Dr. and Mrs. Marks,
flew to Anchorage this morning. I
was wondering if you might know the
purpose of their trip?

GRANT

Anchorage, Alaska?!

MINETTI

Yes, sir.

GRANT

No. They didn't mention it.

MINETTI

Don't you think that if you were
leaving on a 5,000 mile trip the
next day, it would come up at some
point in conversation?

GRANT

I guess it would...under normal
circumstances. But yesterday wasn't
exactly normal.

MINETTI

We think Dr. Marks and his wife are
accomplices, because according to a
flight plan filed yesterday, Mr.
Carver's company jet took off from
La Guardia at 2:35 P.M. and headed
for...fasten your seat belt...
Anchorage, Alaska. It took off not
long after your daughter's wedding
was supposed to start.

GRANT

I'll be damned... Paul, uh, Dr.
Marks was in the Middle East
recently on a medical mission and
said he ran into Carver while he
was there.

MINETTI

You don't say...
(jots some notes)
(MORE)

MINETTI (CONT'D)

What confuses us, though, is why these folks would do something like this. They certainly don't need the money...at least Carver doesn't. Turns out he's worth about thirty billion...with a "B".

GRANT

(rubbing his forehead)
This is fucking insane.

MINETTI

Authorities in Alaska tell us that Carver has a cabin about 120 miles from Anchorage. We assume that's where they're gonna rendezvous... If your daughter is still alive, we're hoping she'll be there too.

GRANT

By god, if they've hurt her, I'll kill 'em!

MINETTI

You better let us handle that. Otherwise, the four of you might end up in the same cell. Anyway, a SWAT team comprised of police sharpshooters and some local FBI agents is going to surround Carver's cabin and keep a lookout for your daughter. If she's there, and still alive, we don't wanna charge in with guns blazin' and get her killed in the process.

GRANT

I agree.

MINETTI

Detective Wilson and I are leaving for Anchorage within the hour on a private jet. Would you care to join us?

GRANT

You bet your ass I would.

MINETTI

Very well. An officer will pick you up in front of the hotel in thirty minutes... See you soon.

He hangs up the phone.

Grant pushes the End Call button on his phone and slams his fist down hard onto the table.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY

Paul, with his seat reclined and a flight PILLOW behind his head, is asleep.

Monica, head laid back against the headrest, stares straight ahead for a moment then slowly closes her eyes.

EXT. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - SEAPLANE DOCK - EARLY DAWN

Neil, dressed warmly and holding a GARMENT BAG, the duffel bag at his feet, stands on the dock watching

Four DOCK WORKERS load the aluminum and mahogany caskets into the twin-engine SEAPLANE tethered to the dock.

The CAPTAIN, 50s, and CO-CAPTAIN, 40s, are in the cockpit preparing for the flight.

The Dock Workers finish loading the caskets and two of them shake hands with Neil while the other two untie the plane.

Neil picks up the duffel bag and boards the plane.

The ENGINES fire and the PROPS begin to hum.

The DOOR shuts from the inside.

The Dock Worker at the front of the plane gives a "thumbs up" to the Captain then salutes.

The Captain salutes back then THROTTLES UP the engines.

The seaplane taxis away from the dock.

EXT. COOK INLET - FEW MINUTES LATER

The seaplane skims across the water then lifts skyward.

INT. SEAPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Neil, sitting alone in the cabin, stares at the caskets as the PLANE ascends. The duffel bag sits in the seat next to him and the garment bag is draped over the seat in front.

EXT. LA GUARDIA - PRIVATE HANGAR - AFTERNOON

A police PLAINCLOTHESMAN, 40s, and detectives Minetti and Wilson stand beside a LEAR JET parked in front of the hangar with its ENGINES running.

A N.Y.P.D. squad car pulls up and parks near the jet.

Grant gets out of the passenger side and walks over to detectives Minetti and Wilson, shakes hands with them, then follows them aboard.

The Plainclothesman shuts the cabin door on the jet and walks to the squad car as the jet taxis away.

EXT. NEIL'S PRIVATE LAKE & CABIN - DAY

The float plane touches down gently and IDLES toward the long private dock that leads up to the impressive LOG CABIN and matching BARN.

The bow of a 14-foot aluminum fishing BOAT with OUTBOARD MOTOR can be seen through the arched opening of a small BOATHOUSE connected to the dock near the shore.

There is ample evidence of self-sufficiency, including a winter's supply of cord WOOD stacked alongside the cabin, several banks of SOLAR PANELS on the roof, a windmill-powered WELL, and a small hydroelectric GENERATOR with a PADDLEWHEEL propelled by the current of a stream feeding into the lake.

Several LIGHT POLES, connected by insulated WIRE, dot the property with photocell-activated FLOODLIGHTS on them.

A 250 gallon FUEL TANK and a 150 gallon PROPANE TANK rest on STEEL RACKS just up from the dock. A FUEL LINE runs between the larger tank and a small SHED housing a diesel generator.

EXT. NEIL'S DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The ENGINES shut off and the float plane drifts up against the dock.

The door OPENS and the Co-Captain hops out. He moves forward and secures the front of the plane's pontoon to the dock.

Neil hops out with the duffel bag and garment bag in hand, sets them on the dock, then moves to the rear of the plane and ties it off.

One end of the mahogany casket appears in the doorway of the plane.

Neil and the Co-Captain move over, get on each side of the heavy casket, and with the help of the Captain from inside, slide it out.

As Neil and the Co-Captain turn to set it down, the Co-Captain stumbles and allows one end of the casket to drop down on the dock with a THUD.

NEIL

Be careful, dammit! This cost me a fortune!

CO-CAPTAIN

(cringing)

Sorry.

They position the casket in the middle of the dock then return to the plane where the aluminum casket is now protruding.

They extract the aluminum casket, with the Pilot hopping out and helping this time, and set it on the dock next to the mahogany casket.

NEIL

Thanks.

CAPTAIN

Are you sure you can get these up there by yourself? We'd be glad to give you a hand.

NEIL

I'll be fine.

He picks up the duffel bag and garment bag, and heads to his cabin.

The Captain climbs back into the cockpit and STARTS the engines while the Co-Captain unties the plane.

The Co-Captain climbs through the cargo door and closes it as the floatplane THROTTLES UP and pulls away from the dock.

INT. PRIVATE JET - 35,000 FEET UP - AFTERNOON

Grant and Detectives Minetti and Wilson sleep in their reclined seats as the turbines HUM.

EXT. NEIL'S BARN - LATER

Neil, wearing a heavy jacket and insulated coveralls, emerges through the double doors of the barn on a small TRACTOR with a backhoe attached and counterweights on the drawbar. A nylon load sling dangles from the backhoe's bucket.

Neil drives down to the lake and out onto the dock, then eases forward slowly until the backhoe bucket is positioned over the center of the mahogany casket. He lowers the bucket to just above the casket.

He hops off the tractor, works the sling under the casket, then gets back on the tractor and raises the bucket until the casket lifts a few feet off the dock. He puts the tractor in reverse, eases out on the clutch and backs off the dock with the casket swinging gently from side to side.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY

Paul, Monica and the other Passengers partake of their paltry airline snacks.

EXT. NEIL'S BARN - AFTERNOON

Neil emerges from the cabin with the garment bag and walks to the barn. The tractor is parked just outside the open double doors.

INT. NEIL'S BARN - CONTINUOUS

The closed caskets are resting on saw horses in the center of the barn.

Neil enters, hangs the garment bag on a hook, then moves to the aluminum casket and UNLATCHES the one-piece lid. He lifts off the cover, revealing a black body bag.

He takes a deep breath, then unzips the body bag and exposes the nude and pale body of Joel #2, his eyes closed.

Neil grips the sides of the casket tightly, bows his head and sobs for a few moments.

He wipes his eyes with the back of his hand, then moves over and UNZIPS the garment bag revealing a new suit, a white dress shirt and a tie. He removes the white shirt and returns to the aluminum casket.

He lifts Joel's torso up, revealing the metal sutures around his neck where he was beheaded, supports him with one hand and slips the white shirt around his shoulders with the other.

EXT. ANCHORAGE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

The commercial airliner lands.

INT. TERMINAL

Paul and Monica, with their carry-ons in hand, emerge from the gangway with the other Passengers and walk toward the baggage claim.

INT. NEIL'S BARN

Neil, standing in front of the mahogany casket, reaches out and slowly lifts the two halves of the lid simultaneously. The casket is empty--except for Jenny's other diamond earring. Neil sees it, picks it up, looks at it for a moment then slips it in his coat pocket.

He moves over to the aluminum casket, lifts out Joel's body, now clad in the new suit, shirt and tie, and carries him over to the mahogany casket and gently lays him in.

Tears well up in Neil's eyes again. He leans over and kisses Joel on the forehead, then looks at him one last time before CLOSING the lid.

INT. RENTAL CAR FACILITY

Paul and Monica stand at the counter with their luggage and carry-ons at their feet as Paul signs the rental agreement.

The AGENT, female, late 20s, hands him back his credit card.

AGENT

Let me give you your copy.

She takes the rental agreement, TEARS off the back page, places it in a folder and hands it to Paul along with a set of car keys.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Your car is parked in stall C-13.

(pointing)

Just go through the double doors and take a left.

PAUL

Thank you.

AGENT

(smiling)

You're welcome. Have a nice stay here in Anchorage.

Paul and Monica pick up their luggage.

PAUL

(to Agent)

By the way, you don't happen to know Neil Carver do you...of Carver International?

AGENT

No, sorry... But my friend, Gina, went out with his son one time.

PAUL

Really?

AGENT

She was hoping he would call her again, but he never did... I guess it doesn't matter now, though, 'cause he's dead.

PAUL

Yes, we know.

AGENT

Are you here for the funeral?

PAUL

No-uh, yes. We are. But we're not sure where they're having it.

AGENT

Sorry, me neither. It might've been in the paper, but I don't read that section... I did hear somebody say that he's going to be buried up at their cabin.

PAUL

You don't happen to know where that is, do you?

AGENT

No, sorry... But my uncle does.

PAUL
Your uncle?

CLERK
Yeah. He's a bush pilot. I remember him saying one time that he had to fly Mrs. Carver out after she and Mr. Carver had a big fight... I guess he can be a real assho...
(covering her mouth)
Ooops! Sorry. Please don't tell him I said that.

PAUL
Don't worry... So the cabin isn't accessible by car?

CLERK
Not unless it's one that flies... and floats.

PAUL
I see... So we'd have to hire someone to fly us in, like your uncle.

CLERK
(smiling; pointing)
Hey, you're pretty smart! You should've been a doctor.

Paul looks at Monica, smiles, then turns back to the Clerk.

PAUL
How can we get a hold of your uncle?

CLERK
Just call Skyview Charters and ask for Crash, or you can stop by their office on Lakeshore Drive.

PAUL
Crash? That doesn't sound very good.

CLERK
(laughing)
Sorry. His real name is Sonny, but he wrecked a few planes while he was learning to fly. So now they call him...

PAUL & CLERK
(together)
Crash.

CLERK
You got it.

She reaches under the counter and pulls out a regional map.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Here, let me show you where their
office is located.

She takes her PEN and circles a spot on the map.

EXT. NEIL'S CABIN - GRAVE SITE - AFTERNOON

The IDLING tractor is positioned at the foot of a freshly dug grave and the mahogany casket is suspended from the backhoe bucket in the sling.

A fresh mound of dirt with a shovel stuck in it lies to one side of the new grave, and Neil's late wife's grave and headstone lies on the other.

Two 4X4s are laid crossways in the new grave to support the casket once lowered.

The casket is slightly askew and won't drop down into the grave, so Neil pushes on one end and aligns it, then wedges a small stick between the casket and the side of the grave to maintain proper position.

He climbs back on the tractor and lowers the casket into the grave. Once he sees slack in the straps, he dismounts and unhooks them from the backhoe, pulls them out of the grave and tosses them in the bucket.

He climbs on the tractor again, moves it back a little, then shuts off the ENGINE, hops off and moves over to the mound of dirt. He scoops up a shovelful, then pauses for a moment and takes a deep breath before pitching it in.

EXT. ANCHORAGE - A MOTEL - AFTERNOON

Paul and Monica, dressed a little warmer for the clear but cool afternoon, emerge from their motel room and walk to their rental car. They get in, Paul STARTS the engine and they drive off.

EXT. THE BAYFRONT - AFTERNOON

Paul and Monica pull into Skyview Charters' parking lot in their rental car.

Two single-engine floatplanes are tied to the dock.

Paul pulls into a parking space, shuts off the ENGINE, then he and Monica get out and walk to the office.

INT. CHARTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A little CHIME sounds as the door opens and Paul and Monica enter. They move to the counter where WANDA, 40s, heavy makeup, is flipping through some reservation slips.

WANDA
(looking up)
Good afternoon.

PAUL/MONICA
(together)
Hello/Hi.

WANDA
How can I help you?

PAUL
We're looking for Crash.

WANDA
Sorry, he's not here at the moment... He's across the street at the tavern.

Monica gives Paul a worried look.

PAUL
I see... Well, we need someone to fly us in to a friend's place, and a lady at the car rental company said he was the man for the job.

WANDA
Actually, he's the only man for the job right now. Our other pilot is out with the flu... I'll call over to the tavern and have them send Crash over.

She picks up the telephone, DIALS the number from memory, and waits for someone to answer.

WANDA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Charlie? Wanda here. Is Crash still there? ...How much has he had to drink? ...That's not too bad. Could you tell him that I have some customers for him? ...Thanks.

She hangs up the phone.

WANDA (CONT'D)
 He'll be here shortly. Can I get you something to drink while you're waiting?

MONICA
 No thank you.

PAUL
 I'm good.

WANDA
 Ok. Let me know if you change your mind.

Paul and Monica move over and peruse some pictures of spectacular Alaskan scenery and impressive wildlife hanging on the wall.

PAUL
 Some beautiful places up here... My god! Look at the size of that bear!

He points to a picture of a huge grizzly bear standing in a stream with a big salmon in its mouth.

MONICA
 Good Lord. I hope we don't run into any of those.

They look at a few more pictures, then

CRASH, 50s, scatter-brained, dressed a little shabbily and walking with a slight limp, enters through the front DOOR.

He PUMPS a little breath spray into his mouth before moving over to Paul and Monica.

CRASH
 (smiling)
 Hi, folks. I'm Sonny.
 Everyone 'round here calls me Crash, but don't worry, that only happens about every other flight.

He waits a moment for Paul and Monica to react, then points at them with both index fingers and laughs.

CRASH (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

Paul cracks a little grin. Monica isn't amused.

PAUL

Dr. Paul Marks, and this is my wife
Monica.

Crash shakes their hands.

CRASH

Nice to meet ya...
(rubbing his hands
together)
So, what would you like to see?
Whales and shit like that, or the
real Alaska?

PAUL

Actually, we'd just like you to fly
us into Neil Carver's place.

CRASH

Carver? How do you know that
sonofabitch?

PAUL

We, uh, went to school together.

CRASH

No kiddin'... Must not a been the
School of Hard Knocks or I'd a seen
ya around.

He laughs. Paul grins. Monica wrinkles up her face.

CRASH (CONT'D)

I thought ol' Carver was gonna
shoot me the last time I was there.
But what the hell. Let's go for it.
(looking at his watch)
Let's see now... We'll have ta
leave there by five or we won't
have enough light ta see our way
back. So we'd better shake a leg...
I'll gas up the plane while
(motioning toward
Wanda)
Wanda there'll take care of the
paperwork... I'll see ya out back.

He heads out the back DOOR while Paul and Monica step over to the counter.

MONICA
(under her breath)
I can't believe this his happening.

EXT. SKYVIEW CHARTERS' DOCK - AFTERNOON

Crash finishes topping off a wing tank on the smaller, older and less reliable-looking plane, then screws the fuel cap down tight, climbs down off the ladder, and returns the gas hose to the PUMP and shuts it OFF.

Monica and Paul emerge from the office, walk out onto the dock and move down to Crash.

Crash OPENS the door of his plane, tips the driver's seatback forward and helps Monica get in. He looks lustfully at her ass and licks his lips.

CRASH
(to Monica)
You can sit right there in the back, honey.
(to Paul)
And, doctor, you can be the co-pilot.

He stands to the side and ushers Paul in.

Paul climbs around the back of the pilot's seat, steps over the center console and sits in the co-pilot's seat.

Crash unties the plane and gets in.

INT. CRASH'S PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Crash fastens his seat belt; Paul and Monica do the same.

Crash picks up the headset hanging on the dash in front of Paul and hands it to him.

CRASH
Here, you'll need these to hear me.

PAUL
Really?

CRASH
Trust me.

Paul takes it, puts it on and positions the microphone over his mouth.

Crash does likewise, then flips some SWITCHES and STARTS the motor.

It BACKFIRES and puts out a big puff of SMOKE, RUNS ROUGH for a bit, then smoothes out.

CRASH (CONT'D)
(filtered; to Paul)
She's cold blooded.

He smiles, THROTTLES UP the engine, and the plane pulls away from the dock.

An UNDERCOVER FBI AGENT, standing behind the chain-link fence along the shore next to the charter office, watches them taxi away.

EXT. COOK INLET - SHORT TIME LATER

Crash's plane accelerates across the water and then climbs slowly into the air. It banks sharply and then levels out.

INT. BUNKER

The unfocused view slowly focuses until a red handle, suspended midair, appears at about a 4 foot focal length. Then the camera focuses out a little to the cord running from the handle up to the ceiling, and then to the cut-out in the ceiling for the (now closed) drop-down staircase.

Jenny, clad only in her panties and a large men's white tee-shirt, lies on her back in a sleeping bag on an army cot.

Her head rests on a pillow. An IV needle and shunt are taped to the back of her hand nearest the wall. An IV tube runs from the shunt up to a bag of ringer solution dangling from a wooden coat peg on the wall. Lighting in the 10'X10' room with no doors is provided by four small battery powered fixtures mounted on each wall.

Jenny turns her head slowly and looks around the small room, trying to determine her whereabouts. She sees her wedding gown and veil hanging on the wall and her 2-inch-heeled shoes sitting underneath.

Then she sees some shelves stocked with bottled water, canned goods, several packages of dehydrated food and some protein bars, a flashlight with extra batteries, and a couple of folded blankets. A portable RV toilet sits in one corner.

She rolls onto her side and tries to sit up, but is too stiff and groggy from the prolonged sedation.

She rests for a moment, then musters up her strength and sits up on the side of the cot. She trembles.

She notices the IV stuck in the back of her hand and winces a little as she pulls it out. Blood oozes from the puncture site and spreads over her hand. She wipes some of it off with her other hand, then wipes that hand on her T-shirt.

She tries to stand up, but the room SPINS, so she drops down on her hands and knees. She shakes her head to clear it.

She crawls over to the shelf, pulls off a bottle of water and a protein bar. She TEARS the wrapper off of the protein bar and takes a couple of bites. She unscrews the cap on the bottle of water and takes a long drink.

She eats the rest of the bar and takes another drink.

She sets the water bottle on the floor, and now, with a little more energy, crawls back to the cot and uses it to assist herself to her feet. She pauses for a moment, wobbling.

She looks up at the handle suspended from the drop-down staircase, then reaches out and grabs it just before her knees buckle. She hangs on long enough to see that it's not going to open, then releases her grip and falls onto her hands and knees.

She looks around the room for another means of escape, finally noticing the grate covering the return air vent, which is positioned near the floor in one corner of the room. It appears to be just large enough for her to squeeze through, so she crawls over to it.

She tries to wedge her fingers between the slats to pull it off, but the spaces are too small and she can't get a grip.

She crawls around the room looking for something she can use to pry it off with, but finds nothing. Exasperated, she sits for a moment.

Then she remembers her shoes. She crawls over to them, picks them up, pauses for a moment, then turns them upside down and shakes out the penny Monica gave her at the wedding.

The penny CLINKS to the floor and begins rolling toward a drain grate. She lunges for it, falling onto her chest, and grabs it just before it falls through the crack.

She crawls over to the air vent and begins removing the round-head screws securing the grate to the wall using the penny.

INT. CRASH'S PLANE - 1500 FEET UP - AFTERNOON

The engine DRONES as Crash points to majestic Mt. McKinley.

CRASH
(filtered; to Paul)
Mt. McKinley. Highest point in
North America.

Paul looks and nods.

Monica, nervous as hell, takes a quick peek, then lays her head back against the rear wall of the plane.

INT. BUNKER

Jenny holds the flashlight in one hand and the penny in the other.

She lies down on her tummy, FLICKS on the flashlight, puts the penny between her front teeth, then extends her arms out in front of her and begins working her way into the open air duct. The cover and screws lie on the floor beside the opening.

INT. AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS

The air duct angles upward 90° from the bunker, so limber Jenny arches her back sharply and pulls herself up to a standing position by wedging her forearms tightly against the sides of the tin ductwork and pulling downward forcefully.

She shines the FLASHLIGHT around overhead and discovers that she will have to climb about 4 feet higher than her standing vertical reach in order to get to the horizontal section of ductwork above.

She stands on her tiptoes, pushes her elbows tightly against the sides of the duct and tries several times to move upward. But she can't get off the ground very far before sliding back down.

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Jenny, works herself out of the duct, takes the penny out of her mouth and lays it and the flashlight on the floor.

She looks around the room for something to aid her ascent.

She sees her wedding gown, veil and shoes. She looks at them for a moment, then crawls over to the gown and gives it a jerk. The gown and veil pull off the peg and fall to the floor.

She picks up the veil, then crawls over and pulls one of the blankets off the shelf.

She spreads the blanket out on the floor and then rolls it up lengthwise.

She picks up her veil, RIPS off the fabric and TEARS the padding off of the headband, exposing a U-shaped piece of wire.

INT. CRASH'S PLANE - 500 FEET UP - LATE AFTERNOON

Paul and Monica look down at Neil's compound as Crash banks in for the water landing.

EXT. NEIL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Neil, dressed warmly, sweeps off the porch with a whisk broom. He hears the incoming PLANE and pauses. He turns toward the lake and watches as it touches down. He then leans the broom against the wall, steps off the porch and walks toward the dock.

INT. CRASH'S PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Crash IDLES the plane toward the dock.

PAUL
(filtered)
Some cabin.

CRASH
(filtered)
You can say that again. Pretty well
self-contained.
(pointing)
Generates his own power with that
waterwheel over there... This is
what you call "civilization away
from civilization."

EXT. NEIL'S DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Crash taxis the plane up to the dock, SHUTS OFF the engine and allows it to drift in softly. He and Paul remove their headsets, then Crash opens his DOOR, hops out onto the dock and secures the plane.

Neil walks onto the dock and approaches tentatively.

CRASH
(to Neil)
Brought ya some visitors!

Paul hops out, waves to Neil, then turns and helps Monica out.

Neil, stone-faced, gives half a wave.

Paul heads off to meet Neil.

MONICA
(to Crash)
How long would it take me to walk
back to town?

CRASH
Oh, I'd say about three days...
Unless you stop to take pictures...
or a big ol' bear gets ya.

He raises his arms and makes the sound of a bear.

CRASH (CONT'D)
Arrrr!

Monica flinches, then hurries after Paul. Crash chuckles.

Paul walks up to Neil and extends his hand. They shake.

PAUL
Neil, my man.

NEIL
What the hell are you doing here?

PAUL
Well, we've never been to Alaska
before, and when you said you had a
cabin up here, I told Monica we
needed to come pay you a visit.

Monica walks up.

MONICA
(smiling)
Neil... It's good to see you.

NEIL
(to Monica)
Pert.

PAUL
(confused)
Pert?

Neil and Monica hug.

MONICA
(to Paul)
That's what he used to call me in school.

NEIL
She always used Pert shampoo, and whenever she came over to help me with my homework, that's all you could smell.

PAUL
I'd forgotten about that.

MONICA
(to Paul; sarcastically)
You've forgotten a lot of things about me, dear.

PAUL
...Aren't you gonna invite us up?

NEIL
I-uh, would, but I've been gone for about five months and the place is a total mess.

MONICA
Not a problem. You remember how Paul was in college. I'm used to total messes.

PAUL
We can't stay long, anyway. Our pilot has to hightail it back before dark.

NEIL
...What the hell. Come on up.

He turns and leads the way.

Paul looks over his shoulder and sees that Crash is staying behind.

PAUL
(to Crash)
Aren't you coming?

CRASH
Nah. I'll just take a little catnap
here in the plane 'til you're ready
to go.

PAUL
Suit yourself.

Crash climbs back into the plane as Neil, Monica and Paul head up to the cabin.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE ALASKAN WILDERNESS - LATE AFTERNOON

A black Bell JetRanger HELICOPTER races through the sky, its occupants masked by the smoked glass.

INT. NEIL'S CABIN - LIVING AREA

The front door OPENS and Neil, Monica and Paul enter the rustic but tidy and elegantly appointed living area.

Neil hangs his coat on one of the pegs jutting from the wall behind the door.

MONICA
Good lord, Neil. If you call this
messy, I'm never gonna invite you
to our house.

NEIL
Barbara did a good job decorating
the place. I just haven't kept it
up as well as she did when she was
alive... Let me take your coats.

Paul and Monica slip off their jackets and Neil hangs them on pegs beside his.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Can I get you something to drink?

MONICA
If it's no trouble.

NEIL

I have soda, beer, or I can mix you
up a drink.

MONICA

Soda for me. Diet if you have it.

NEIL

I believe I do.

PAUL

Just water for me.

NEIL

You sure?

Paul nods yes.

Neil points to the couch.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Have a seat. I'll be right back.

PAUL

If you don't mind, I sure could use
your bathroom. I ate something on
the plane this morning that didn't
settle too well and I'm feeling the
urge.

NEIL

Maybe you should see a doctor.

Paul smiles.

PAUL

Smart ass.

NEIL

Follow me.

Paul follows Neil out of the room as Monica moves to the couch, sits, and looks around at the accouterments, including a bookcase filled with books, and a gun cabinet with locking glass doors that contains an assortment of guns and ammo.

A large rock fireplace rises to the ceiling in one corner of the room and several family pictures sit on its rough-hewn wood mantle.

Monica stands, moves to the fireplace and peruses the pictures of Neil, his wife Barbara in her better days, his son (Joel #2), his daughter Amy, and their "adopted" son, Ahmad.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

The black JetRanger helicopter descends from the sky and settles to the ground in the center of the clearing. The ENGINE shuts off and the ROTORS wind down.

The doors OPEN and two men dressed in camouflage and looking like HUNTERS, 30s, except for the black nylon ski masks over their faces, emerge with deer rifles in hand and automatic pistols on their hips. They CLOSE their doors then meet in front of the helicopter.

Hunter #1 (co-pilot) takes out a hand-held GPS, checks their location, then turns 45° and points toward the woods. He and Hunter #2 then walk briskly in that direction and enter the trees.

INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - 3,000 FEET UP - LATE AFTERNOON

Eight POLICE PARATROOPERS dressed in SWAT gear, with laser-equipped weapons strapped to their chest and parachutes on their backs, bail out of the plane.

They free fall for a ways and then deploy their directional chutes.

INT. NEIL'S CABIN - AIR DUCT

The FLASHLIGHT, lying on a horizontal section of ductwork, illuminates Jenny's fingertips as they angle tightly over the rim. One of her shoes hangs over the rim by its heel between her fingers.

Jenny's head slowly rises above the rim. Her eyes are closed and she grimaces. The penny is clenched tightly between her teeth.

As she pulls herself up and over the rim, the shoe comes up with her, along with the blanket, which is rolled lengthwise and attached to the toe of the shoe by the wire garnered from her veil.

Jenny aims the flashlight ahead of her and crawls quietly through the duct.

Muffled VOICES fade in.

She FLICKS off the flashlight and freezes for a moment, then eases ahead until she comes to a grate. She peers through it and sees Neil, sitting in his recliner, holding a beer.

NEIL
 (filtered)
 This is crazy. Do they have any
 leads?

MONICA (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Uh, no, not really. That's why we
 came here...to see if you can help.
 Paul says you have people who can
 find anybody.

NEIL
 (filtered)
 Yeah? Well, we didn't do so good
 with my son.

MONICA (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 I'm so sorry, Neil. What a tragedy.

NEIL
 (filtered)
 ...I'm just thankful his mother
 wasn't around to go through it. He
 was her Pride and Joy.

A moment of silence. Meanwhile,

IN THE HALLWAY

Paul opens the door of the bathroom slowly and peeks out to
 make sure the coast is clear. He eases out and tiptoes down
 the hallway away from the living room, looking for signs of
 Jenny.

BACK TO JENNY'S POV INSIDE THE AIR DUCT

MONICA (O.S.)
 (to Neil)
 Grant's taking Jenny's
 disappearance pretty hard.

Jenny is surprised to hear someone mention her father's name.
 So she moves up a little closer to the grate, cranes her neck
 around and sees Monica sitting on the couch.

Shocked, Jenny opens her mouth and the penny falls out,
 making a CLINKING sound as it strikes the tin ductwork.

Neil and Monica hear it.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MONICA (CONT'D)

What was that?

NEIL

I'm not sure. Might be a bear. They come rummaging around this time of day... Would you excuse me for a moment?

MONICA

Sure.

He rises and leaves the room.

INT. AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS

Jenny flicks the penny through the grate. It hits the wooden floor with a CLINK. She backs up quickly through the duct.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Having heard the penny hit the floor, Monica whips her head in that direction and watches as the PENNY rolls around on its rim a few times and then settles to the floor.

She looks to make sure Neil isn't on his way back then springs to the penny, picks it up and checks the date.

Her eyes widen and she smiles. She drops the coin into the side pocket of her sweater and hurries back to the couch.

MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neil enters and moves over to the large throw rug lying on the hardwood floor at the foot of the king-size bed. He reaches down, grabs one corner of the rug and flips it back. He squats down and picks up the loose end of a small piece of thread lying on the floor. As he pulls up on it, the end of one of the floorboards raises up. He lifts it free and sets it aside, exposing a handle in the sub-floor.

Neil lifts up on the handle, and a section of the floor hinges up to reveal a drop-down staircase in the retracted position, secured by a deadbolt. He UNLATCHES the deadbolt, then steps on the first rung of the spring-loaded staircase and it pivots down into the bunker below. He eases down the steps a ways and finds Jenny, lying on the cot in the sleeping bag with her eyes closed.

He looks at her for a moment, then eases back up the stairs as the staircase pivots up behind him.

BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The staircase CLOSES and the vibration causes the grate over the air duct to fall off with a metallic TING, revealing Jenny's makeshift climbing rope (blanket) and grappling hook (shoe).

Jenny opens her eyes, looks over at the grate, then up at the trap door for a few moments to make sure no one is coming back. Feeling safe, she gets up, moves quickly to the vent, grabs her "climbing rope" and begins wiggling back inside the duct. Friction BURNS are visible on her forearms.

MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neil lowers the trap DOOR, replaces the loose board with the thread attached to one end, re-lays the rug, then exits, bumping into Paul in the hallway.

PAUL
(startled)
Ooops! Sorry. I got lost.

NEIL
Obviously. Let's go this way.

He takes Paul by the arm and leads him down the hall toward the living room.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monica, sitting on the couch, nervously sips her soda.

Neil and Paul re-enter and sit down.

MONICA
(to Paul)
Everything okay, dear?

PAUL
Much better now.

He picks up the glass of water waiting for him on the coffee table and takes a sip. Then he glances at his WATCH, which reads: "4:48"

PAUL (CONT'D)

Well, I guess we'd better go. It's almost five o'clock.

MONICA

I'm still shaking from the last flight. Maybe we can just stay here tonight and tell Crash to come back and get us in the morning.

She looks at Neil.

NEIL

Well, I-uh, wasn't exactly prepared for overnight guests.

PAUL

For chrissake, Monica, we can't just come barging in here and check in like a damn hotel.

(to Neil)

I'm sorry, we should have called first. But we didn't know how to get a hold of you out here. We were hoping you could help us find Jenny.

NEIL

I wish I could, but I'm sure the police will eventually find her.

Monica glances at Paul.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Your pilot needs to head back before it gets too dark, so why don't I meet you guys in town tomorrow and we can catch up on old times. That'll give me a chance to take care of a few things around here and then we can meet, say around five, for dinner and I'll treat you to the best seafood on the planet.

PAUL

Sounds good.

(to Monica)

That okay with you, dear?

MONICA

I'd rather stay here tonight.

PAUL
I know, but let's go back to our
hotel, get a good night's sleep and
get together with Neil tomorrow.

He rises.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to Monica, firmly)
Now.

Monica rises slowly.

Paul extends his hand to Neil and they shake.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Thanks for the water...and the
toilet.

NEIL
No problem.

PAUL
Well, then, we'll see you tomorrow.

NEIL
I'll walk you down.

They move over and put on their coats, then Neil OPENS the
door and they exit.

EXT. NEIL'S DOCK - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Paul, Monica and Neil walk down the path to the dock and out
to the plane where Crash is sitting in the cockpit with his
head laid against the side window.

Paul TAPS on the glass. No response, so he TAPS again.

Crash doesn't stir, so Paul opens the DOOR.

Crash tumbles out into Paul's arms, his eyes open, throat
slashed, and blood all over his chest.

Monica SCREAMS.

PAUL
Ohmigod!

He lays Crash down on the dock.

Neil looks back toward his cabin, scans the shoreline along the lake for a moment then steps over, tips the pilot's seatback forward, grabs Monica's arm and tries to force her into the plane.

NEIL

Get in!

Monica resists.

MONICA

No! I'm not leaving Jenny!

PAUL

What?!

MONICA

He's got Jenny!

NEIL

Get in! Now!

Monica twists out of Neil's grasp and runs back up the dock toward the cabin.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Get back here!

Monica keeps running.

Paul runs after her.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Dammit!

He runs after them.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Monica bursts through the front DOOR and runs into the arms of Hunter #2, his rifle strapped over his shoulder.

MONICA

(startled)

Aghhh!

Hunter #1, behind the door, gives it a push and it swings SHUT.

Monica turns toward Hunter #1, who puts his gloved index finger to his lips.

HUNTER #1

Shhh...

MONICA

(relaxing a bit)

Thank God you're here! He's got
Jenny! We've gotta help her!

Hunter #2 quickly clamps his gloved hand over Monica's mouth to keep her quiet, then puts his other hand around her waist and pulls her over to the wall behind the door with Hunter #1.

The door flies OPEN and Neil and Paul rush in.

Hunter #1 SLAMS the door shut behind them.

Neil and Paul whip around and see Hunter #2 holding Monica and Hunter #1 aiming his rifle at them. They freeze.

NEIL

What the hell is going on?!

HUNTER #1

(muffled through mask)

Down on the floor! Now!

Neil and Paul lie down on their stomachs.

HUNTER #1 (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Put your hands behind your head!

Neil and Paul comply but turn their heads to the side to keep an eye on Hunter #2 with Monica.

Hunter #1 turns and motions with his rifle to Monica.

HUNTER #1 (CONT'D)

(muffled)

You too!

Hunter #2 shoves Monica down on the floor beside Neil and Paul.

MONICA

What about Jenny?! We've gotta help
Jenny!

HUNTER #1

(muffled)

Put your hands behind your head!

Monica complies.

NEIL
Who are you?

While keeping his rifle trained on them with one hand, Hunter #1 moves around to where Neil and Paul can see him. He pulls off his mask, revealing that he's actually Ahmad.

NEIL/PAUL
(together)
Ahmad?!

Hunter #2 removes his mask, revealing that he's Karim.

NEIL
Karim?! What the hell are you two
doing here?!

AHMAD
I came to repay a debt and collect
my money.

NEIL
(confused)
What?!

AHMAD
You can thank your son for this. He
sealed your fate, and his, when he
told me about your will. Correct me
if I'm wrong, but if something
happens to your children,
everything goes to me.

NEIL
You sonofabitch! You killed Joel?!

He raises up and tries to grab Ahmad.

Ahmad WHACKS him in the forehead with the butt of his rifle,
creating a deep gash above one eye.

Neil collapses to the floor, bleeding, then recovers a
little.

NEIL (CONT'D)
How could you do this...after
everything I've done for you?!

AHMAD
It wasn't easy. Blood may be
thicker than water but money is
thicker than blood...and my
family's death must be avenged.
(MORE)

AHMAD (CONT'D)

You know, "An eye for an eye..."
And after we kill you, we're gonna
track down your drug addict
daughter, fuck her all night then
chop off her head like we did her
brother's and shove it up her tight
little ass. Then everything will be
mine, and I can use your money to
wage a major jihad against the U.S.

NEIL

You're not gonna get away with
this!

AHMAD

Ah, but you haven't heard my plan
yet... First, we're going to take a
little boat ride out to the middle
of the lake where we'll have a
little swimming contest. We'll see
how far the three of you can swim
with a few bullet holes in you and
some rocks in your pockets.

Karim smiles.

AHMAD (CONT'D)

Dogs can't smell under water, and
not only that, the lake's going to
freeze over soon. And thanks to
those flying lessons you paid for,
I'll fly the plane out of here,
Karim will take the helicopter, and
that should pretty much clean up
this little mess.

NEIL

You're crazy.

AHMAD

Crazy as a fox... Let's go! Get up!

He KICKS Neil in the side.

Neil winces and groans.

Karim OPENS the front door.

Monica, Paul and Neil (in that order) get up slowly.

AHMAD (CONT'D)

Keep your hands behind your head!

They comply.

Karim shoves Monica out the door.

PAUL
(to Karim)
Hey! Take it easy!

Karim SLAPS the butt of his rifle up against the side of Paul's head, stunning him for moment, then shoves him through the doorway.

Karim shoves Neil through the doorway.

EXT. NEIL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS - TWILIGHT

A few of the photocell-activated LIGHTS around the property have come on, including those on the dock and around the fuel tanks.

Ahmad and Karim, with their rifles trained, march Monica, Paul and Neil down the hill to the dock.

EXT. WOODS NEAR NEIL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The 8 Police Paratroopers move stealthily through the woods.

INT. NEIL'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The grate over the return air vent POPS off and Jenny crawls out.

She hurries to the picture window overlooking the lake and sees Ahmad and Karim marching their "hostages" to the dock.

She hurries over to the locked gun cabinet and looks over the variety of weapons. Then she looks over at the bookshelf, moves over and selects a large volume, returns to the gun cabinet, turns her head and SMASHES the glass.

She pulls out Neil's 12-gauge over-and-under Baretta shotgun and a box of shells, cutting her arm on the glass in the process. It bleeds.

She kneels down, dumps out the shells, cracks the gun OPEN and, after a little trouble, inserts two shells into the barrels and SNAPS the gun shut.

She gets up and exits quickly through the open front door.

EXT. NEIL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jenny crouches like a lion sneaking up on her prey and moves quickly toward the dock as

EXT. NEIL'S DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Ahmad BREAKS the lock off the boathouse door with the butt of his rifle then pushes the CREAKY door open. He steps back and motions with his rifle.

AHMAD
(firmly)
Inside.

Monica, Paul and Neil step in.

INT. BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lights farther out on the dock shining through the lakefront opening of the structure cast an ominous GLOW on the water around the boat.

Monica, Paul and Neil stand on the small platform beside the boat.

Karim and Ahmad enter with their rifles trained.

AHMAD
Get in!
(to Monica)
You in the front, my dear.

Monica lowers her hands, steps into the boat, and sits facing the stern on the small bench seat in the bow.

AHMAD (CONT'D)
(to Paul & Neil)
You gentlemen sit right there.

He points to the wider bench seat just aft of Monica.

Paul and Neil, bruised and bleeding respectively, lower their hands, step into the boat and sit facing the stern.

AHMAD (CONT'D)
(to Karim)
One false move and you shoot!

Karim nods.

Ahmad leans his rifle against the wall and steps into the stern.

He sets the choke on the side of the outboard motor, then grips the handle on the starting rope and gives it a quick pull.

The motor SPUTTERS a little then dies.

Ahmad jerks a little harder. The motor SPUTTERS a bit longer then dies.

His third try is successful. The motor SMOKES a little until he SWITCHES off the choke, then it runs smoothly.

AHMAD (CONT'D)
(to Karim; over motor)
Untie us, and get in!

Karim, keeping his rifle trained on Neil and Paul, unties the two anchor lines.

Ahmad sits starboard on the stern seat then motions for Karim to sit on the port side with the motor between them.

Karim steps into the boat and takes his seat.

Ahmad puts the motor in GEAR and twists the THROTTLE. The motor accelerates and the boat surges forward.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Just as the stern of the boat clears the building,

Jenny, standing on the dock with Neil's shotgun in hand and wearing only her panties and the bloodied T-shirt, steps out from behind the side of the boathouse and takes aim at Karim sitting in the back of the boat.

Karim sees her out of the corner of his eye and swings his rifle to shoot. But before he can, Jenny FIRES.

The shot strikes Karim in the shoulder and side of the neck, killing him instantly. His blood splatters everywhere as he drops his rifle (in the boat), tumbles out backwards and sinks slowly, leaving a trail of blood in the water.

Ahmad reaches for Karim's rifle, but Neil snatches it up first. He trains it on Ahmad.

Ahmad bails backwards into the water and submerges as the boat motors away.

Jenny FIRES the other load of the shotgun into the water where Ahmad went under.

Neil stands up and FIRES a couple of shots into the water as well, then commands the motor and spins the boat around.

The force of the sharp turn throws Monica into the water.

Paul sees her go by, jerks off his coat and jumps in to save her before her wet coat pulls her under.

Neil looks back as Paul latches onto Monica, pulls off her coat, pushes her up and begins swimming her to the dock.

Monica coughs and sputters.

Neil continues on to where Ahmad went under, switches the motor into REVERSE until the boat stops, then kills the MOTOR and, with rifle trained, scans the water.

Jenny lays down the shotgun and races down the dock to help Monica and Paul.

Paul tries to help Monica pull herself up onto the dock, but her waterlogged clothes are too heavy.

Jenny arrives, and with her help, they manage to get Monica onto the dock in a seated position.

Monica coughs some more.

Ahmad, unnoticed, on the opposite side of the dock where Crash's body lies and his float plane is tethered, pulls himself up onto the pontoon and climbs into the cockpit as Neil continues to scan the water and Jenny and Paul attend to Monica.

The float plane's engine CRANKS over and STARTS.

Neil, Jenny, Monica and Paul whip their heads in that direction.

The landing LIGHTS come on, Ahmad hits the THROTTLE and the plane taxis forward, then turns and heads toward the center of the lake.

PAUL
(to Neil)
He's getting away!

NEIL
(to himself)
I don't think so.

He takes aim, steadies the rifle, then FIRES.

The BULLET punctures a hole in the side of the fuselage with little effect.

Neil takes better aim and FIRES again.

This time the BULLET pierces a wing and fuel begins leaking out. The prop wash sprays it down the side of the plane.

Neil aims and FIRES a third time.

The BULLET strikes the wing again and it bursts into flames.

The FIRE spreads down the side of the plane and then the fuel tank in the wing EXPLODES, followed shortly by EXPLOSION of the fuel tank in the opposite wing.

The FIREBALL lights up the entire lake as pieces of the plane scatter across the water.

EXT. NEIL'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The 8 Police Paratroopers emerge from the woods surrounding the cabin, see the fireball, and rush to the dock.

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The fireball dies down but slicks of fuel keep BURNING.

The Police Paratroopers, weapons readied, run down the dock. Three of them stop just past the boathouse, aim their laser-guided guns at Neil and put 3 RED DOTS of light on his chest. One of them orders him to...

PARATROOPER #1
Drop it in the water!

Neil tosses the rifle in.

PARATROOPER #1 (CONT'D)
Now, start the motor and get your
ass over here!

Neil STARTS the outboard and guides the boat toward the dock.

The other Paratroopers, with weapons readied, rush down to Jenny, Monica and Paul. One of them orders Paul to

PARATROOPER #2

(to Paul)

Get face down on the dock and put
your hands behind your back! Now!

Paul, lips blue and shivering, complies.

Jenny, squatting beside a sobbing Monica, hugs her tightly
and shivers.

The Paratroopers help Jenny and Monica to their feet as
Paratrooper #2 cuffs Paul, then helps him up.

Neil guides the boat into the dock and kills the motor.

Paratrooper #1, with weapon trained, orders Neil to

PARATROOPER #1

Put your hands behind your head and
step out of the boat!

Neil interlocks his fingers behind his head and steps to the
port side of the boat where two Paratroopers reach out, grab
his arms and pull him onto the dock. They spin him around,
pull his hands behind his back, and cuff him as he hangs his
head.

INT. NEIL'S CABIN - SHORT TIME LATER

Police Paratroopers mill about the house.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A medical field pack lies open on the table and a PARATROOPER
MEDIC looks on while

Paul, in dry clothes, wearing handcuffs and surgical gloves,
stitches up the gash in Neil's forehead as Neil sits in a
chair beside the kitchen table with his hands cuffed behind
his back.

Neil winces as Paul works the needle under the skin of his
forehead with a pair of forceps and then pulls up on the
emerging end, closing the suture.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A NATIVE ALASKAN INDIAN Paratrooper, 30s, applies a bandage
to the cut on Jenny's arm as she sits on the couch in a pair
of Neil's sweats and wool socks.

Monica, wrapped in a wool blanket and sipping a cup of hot coffee, sits in Neil's lounge chair, still shivering a little.

EXT. NEIL'S CABIN - NIGHT

A LARGE HELICOPTER, with a bright SPOTLIGHT projecting downward and "Alaska State Police" inscribed on the bottom and sides, drops out of the sky and lands in an open area near the cabin.

The ENGINE idles down and the ROTORS slow.

The door opens and a couple of ALASKAN STATE TROOPERS, 30s, hop out, who then turn and help Detectives Minetti and Wilson out, followed by Grant.

The men lower their heads until they are clear of the rotor, then walk briskly to the cabin.

INT. NEIL'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Minetti, Wilson and Grant enter through the front door.

Monica sees Grant.

MONICA

Grant!

Grant gives her a cold look, then sees Jenny with the bandage on her arm.

GRANT

Jenny!

JENNY

Daddy!

She stands as Grant hurries over to her and they hug.

GRANT

Thank God you're alive!

They share some tears, then Grant breaks away and turns to the Native Alaskan Indian Paratrooper (N.A.I.P.).

GRANT (CONT'D)

Where's that sonofabitch?!

The N.A.I.P. points toward the kitchen.

Grant breaks away from Jenny and storms off in that direction.

Minetti, Wilson and Jenny follow.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grant storms in, followed by Minetti, Wilson and Jenny as Paul applies a bandage to Neil's forehead.

Grant shoves Paul aside, grabs Neil by the throat and jerks him to his feet.

With his hands cuffed behind his back, Neil is helpless.

GRANT

You no-good sonofabitch! I'm gonna
kill you with my bare hands!

Minetti and Wilson grab Grant, break his grip on Neil and pull him back.

MINETTI

(in Grant's face)
That's enough! I told you we would
handle it! You got that?!

Grant just glowers.

Monica, wrapped in the blanket, enters.

Wilson holds onto Grant as Minetti turns to Neil.

MINETTI (CONT'D)

Neil Carver, you're under arrest
for kidnapping and conspiracy to
commit murder... You have the right
to remain silent; anything you say
can and will be used against you in
a court of law.
You have the right to an attorney;
or, if you can't afford
one...

(smirking)
that's a fucking joke...
(seriously)
one will be provided for you... Do
you understand all that?

Neil, downcast, nods yes.

MINETTI (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

You sorry bastard. Look at you now. One minute you're the king of the world, fucking everybody else; now you're going to prison where everyone's gonna fuck you... What made you think you could get away with kidnapping the senator's daughter?

MONICA

She's not his daughter.

Everyone whips their head and looks at Monica.

MINETTI/GRANT/PAUL/JENNY

(together)

What?!

MONICA

Grant's not her father... Neil is.

Everyone looks at Neil.

GRANT/JENNY

(together)

What?! / Are you kidding?

NEIL

(sobering)

What are you talking about?

MONICA

(through tears)

Laura got pregnant right before you left for the Army. She wrote you several letters to let you know, but Grant paid a kid in the mailroom to throw them away, as well as any that came in from you.

GRANT

Like hell!

MONICA

(to Grant)

Give it up, Grant. It's over. I'm not gonna keep "our little secret" anymore.

GRANT

What are you talking about?!

MONICA

(to Neil)

Professor Reed forced himself on me one night when I went up to his office to pick up my paper. I was so scared and needed the grade that I didn't say no. I should've, but I didn't... A friend of Grant's saw me coming out of Reed's office in tears buttoning up my blouse and, of course, told Grant about it. Grant then threatened to tell everyone if I didn't help him drive you and Laura apart.

JENNY

(to Grant)

Is this true, Daddy?

GRANT

She's crazy!

JENNY

You didn't answer my question.

GRANT

Of course it's not true!

MONICA

(to Neil)

Laura revealed to me on her deathbed that you were Jenny's father. But she made me promise not to tell anyone because she didn't think you cared anymore and wouldn't be the kind of father she wanted Jenny to have.

GRANT

What bullshit!

MINETTI

(to Grant)

Shut the fuck up!

MONICA

Grant made me forge a letter to you, supposedly from Laura, saying she didn't love you anymore and that you should get on with your life... When Laura didn't hear from you, she assumed it was over and figured she'd never see you again.

(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

She didn't want to have Jenny out of wedlock, so she married Grant right away and hid her pregnancy as long as she could. Then when Jenny was born, she just told everyone that she came early... I'm so sorry, Neil.

She hangs her head and sobs.

Paul moves over and comforts her.

GRANT

(to Monica)

My God! You'll stop at nothing!

(to Minetti)

Arrest 'em all!

Wilson restrains Grant.

MINETTI

(to Grant)

I told you to shut the fuck up!

(to Monica)

So let me get this straight. You're saying that Mr. Carver here kidnapped his own flesh and blood?

Monica nods yes.

MINETTI (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

Jesus.

PAUL

(to Minetti)

What's the law have to say about something like this?

MINETTI

Well, if Miss Taylor here decides to drop the charges, Mr. Carver is a free man.

GRANT

(to Minetti)

We're sure as hell not gonna drop the charges!

MINETTI

I hate to tell you this, Senator, but for once, it's not up to you.

NEIL

(to Jenny; meekly)

I loved your mother so much. When I found out Grant had stolen her away from me, I figured he owed me something. And since you were the only piece of your mother I had left, I decided to kidnap you so he would feel what it's like to lose someone you love... I'm so sorry for putting you through all this. I never meant to hurt you.

He hangs his head and sobs.

GRANT

(to Jenny)

What an act! You don't believe all of this bullshit, do you?!

Jenny looks at Neil for a moment, then nods yes. Tears well up in her eyes.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(to Jenny)

Are you crazy?!

MINETTI

(to Wilson)

Get him outta here!

(rubbing his forehead)

This is giving me a headache.

Jenny moves over to Neil, puts her arms around his shoulders, lays her head on his chest and they shed some tears as Wilson leads a protesting Grant out of the room.

INT. ANCHORAGE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NEXT DAY

Paul (bruised cheek) and Monica, with carry-ons in hand, stand with Neil (bandaged head) and Jenny at the entrance to the gangway as other PASSENGERS board the plane.

Paul offers his hand to Neil and they shake.

PAUL

You take care, Neil.

NEIL

You too, Paul... Come back and visit whenever you want. Just don't expect as much excitement next time.

He smiles.

Paul and Monica laugh.

PAUL

(to Jenny)

By the way, where on earth did you learn to shoot like that?

JENNY

Mom used to send me up to Grandpa and Grandma Parker's farm every summer and Grandpa would let me shoot his old shotgun. Mom and Grandma never liked it, but Grandpa would just say that there may come a time in a person's life when they'll be glad they know how to use a gun.

PAUL

Looks like he was right... Well, they're about ready to shut the door on us, so I guess we'd better go.

MONICA

(to Jenny)

You sure you want to stay?

Jenny nods yes.

JENNY

I need to get to know my father... the real one.

She looks at Neil, smiles and slips her hand into his.

Neil squeezes her hand and smiles back.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(to Monica)

Lance will be here soon, so the three of us can spend some time together before the wedding. Would you like to help...again?

MONICA

...Oh, what the hell.

She smiles.

Jenny laughs, then releases Neil's hand, moves in to Monica and they hug.

Tears well up in Monica's eyes.

MONICA (CONT'D)
(breaking away)
Oh!

She reaches into her sweater pocket, pulls out the penny and offers it to Jenny.

MONICA (CONT'D)
(smiling)
You might need this.

Jenny smiles back, then reaches out and closes Monica's hand around the penny.

JENNY
Luck isn't good luck unless you
share it. So, you keep it. I'm sure
Mom would want you to have it
anyway... Besides, my luck just
took a big turn for the better.

She looks at Neil and smiles.

Neil smiles back, puts his arm around her and kisses her on the cheek.

Paul and Monica move to the gangway, turn and wave at Neil and Jenny, then disappear down the ramp.

Neil and Jenny step over to the window and stand arm-in-arm as a commercial airliner takes off in the background.

INT. COMMERCIAL JET - IN FLIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Monica and Paul sit in a window and middle seat respectively as the plane climbs up out of Anchorage.

Monica looks out her window at the Alaskan topography below. To her surprise, she sees Neil's lake and compound off in the distance. She nudges Paul and points.

Paul leans over to have a look, then turns to Monica and smiles. They kiss.

SERIES OF SNAPSHOTS WITH AUDIBLE SHUTTER CLICKS:

1. Aerial view of Neil's compound from 10,000 feet.
2. Aerial view of Neil's compound from 5,000 feet.

3. Aerial view of Neil's compound from 1,000 feet, revealing a small plume of smoke rising from the woods about 1/4 mile from the cabin.
4. Aerial view of the smoke plume rising from the trees from 500 feet. A figure is visible, huddling over a small fire.
5. 50-foot crane shot of the figure huddling over the small fire.
6. 10-foot crane shot of Ahmad, with third-degree burns on his face, huddling over the fire. He slowly turns his head and looks up at the camera.

FADE OUT.

THE END