

COOPER
1X01: PILOT

Written by

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Based on, in part
The D.B Cooper heist

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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The needle on a VINYL RECORD PLAYER lowers onto a spinning forty-five - the song "SPIRIT IN THE SKY" plays out.

CUE SUBTITLE: NOVEMBER 24TH 1971.

The room is tidy - the door to the bathroom open steam pours out, but visible a man works at getting dressed, he stares into a mirror as he carefully styles his neat, black, shiny hair.

The man steps out of the bathroom -

He picks up a pack of cigarette sat on a comic - "The Adventures of Dan Cooper" that rests on the bed.

The man - puts the cigarettes in the inside of his black suit pocket.

He picks up some sunglasses from the dressing unit - puts them on, this man is D B COOPER (early 30's)

Cooper turns and looks in the full length mirror -

He's happy with the look - confidently nods back at the reflection and mutters with a smirk:

COOPER
Show time.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FLIGHT 305 - DAY

Northwest Orient flight 305 cruises through the blue sky, clouds start to gather, but the sun shines through.

INT. FLIGHT 305 - DAY

A tall, brunette FLIGHT ATTENDANT (early 20's) - walks down the aisle counting heads, she greets passengers with a kind smile as she walks down the aisle.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
22, 23, 24...

At the back of the plane - Cooper, looks out the window, he smokes, a black briefcase in the empty seat next to him.

He slow turns his head - takes a pull of the cigarette, his view fixed on the approaching attendant.

A nearby voice calls out:

STUDENT (O.S.)
Say, Mr.?

Almost irritated - Cooper shifts his eyes visible just over the top of his glasses to the right -

Across the aisle - a happy-go-lucky STUDENT (late teens, wears a varsity jacket) speaks with a thick Texan accent:

STUDENT (CONT'D)
You mind if I bum one of those?

A beat - Cooper exhales a thick cloud of smoke, then speaks, almost no emotion:

COOPER
No.

The student - taken for words sinks back into his chair as Coopers gaze turns back to the attendant who is now close - still counting:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
35..

COOPER
(hand raised)
Miss?

The attendants attention turns to Cooper - she's tired, but offers a kind smile, finishes her count:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
36.
(to Cooper)
What can I do for you Hon?

Cooper pulls a note from his top shirt pocket - holds it out, nods:

COOPER
Read this. Follow the instructions.

The attendant eyes the note - she's not interested:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Ah sugar, that's sweet. But I can't accept that. Company policy.

COOPER
 (irritated)
 No.
 (a beat)
 It's not what you think-
 (leans in, firm, low)
 I have a bomb! Read the note and
 stay calm. Do as it says, yeah.

Still uncertain - the flight attendant begrudgingly takes the
 note -

Her eyes scan it - they widen, a little fear creeps in:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 (quietly gasps then)
 Oh!

Cooper pats the empty seat - the briefcase now on his lap.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)
 Ladies and gentlemen, this is the
 scene at Seattle International.

SWIPE TO:

EXT. SEATTLE AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

NEWS REPORTERS gather in front of a manned barricade, behind
 them an anxious crowd gathers. It's raining, there's a rumble
 in the sky.

A bushy-haired, bearded REPORTER stands in a beige rain coat
 addressing a CAMERA MAN, not flinching at the spotlight on
 him.

REPORTER #1
 On a day when families should be
 coming together, flight 305 is
 being held hostage. Tonight,
 families are waiting for answers.

Further down another REPORTER addresses his camera man.

REPORTER #2
 Flight 305 has been Hijacked.
 Reports say one man with a
 briefcase bomb has the plane
 hostage, behind me police work to
 negotiate with the lone hijacker.
 What are his demands? Two hundred
 thousand dollars and four
 parachutes.

From above - FLIGHT 305 descends for landing, it's engines ROAR as it passes low over the crowd gathering below.

The wheels hit the tarmac - they SCREECH as the brakes engage.

The plane comes to a stop a distance away - the runway dark, SPOTLIGHTS rush over the side and rear of the plane.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A SWAT SNIPER takes position - looks through the eye of their scope, speaks into a radio:

SWAT SNIPER #1
Foxhunter one in position!

EXT. SEATTLE AIRPORT - RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

HARD RAIN pours down, it CLATTERS against the tarmac as the HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR calmly approaches the plane, rain beats off his duster as he pushes a trolley loaded with the parachutes, the bag of money sits on the top in a bulky canvas bag.

His radio crackles, then:-

SWAT SNIPER #2 (V.O.)
Foxhunter two in position.

SWAT SNIPER #3 (V.O.)
Foxhunter three in position.

The negotiator takes his radio.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR
What do we have?

POV - SNIPER SCOPE:

The sniper eyes the side of the plane - a GROUND TEAM works to get the plane refuelled, the blinds inside the plane are all pulled down:

SWAT SNIPER #1 (V.O.)
We got negative visibility. The blinds are down and this weather is awful.

BACK TO RUNWAY:

The REAR DOORS of the plane judder open.

The negotiator keeps his distance, speaks into the radio:

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR
We got some motion at the rear
here.

The attendant steps out of darkness from the plane and down the rear steps.

Frustration hits the negotiator:

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)
Stand down. I got visual - it's an
attendant.

The flight attendant slowly approaches the negotiator.

He keeps calm, reaches his hand out, adopts a reassuring tone as he calls out to her: -

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)
Hey. It's okay Miss. You're safe
now, alright?
(reassuring)
Breathe with me. In. Out. Good.

The attendant does her best.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)
Can you tell me what we got?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
About 35-36 passengers, five crew.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR
That's good, that's excellent. Has
he give you a name? Anything?

She shakes her head - trembles, holds back a sob.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I have to get back. He told me to
be quick.

The negotiator pushes the trolley towards the Attendant. He's calm, looking over her shoulder -

there's nothing visible inside the plane, just darkness.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR
It's all there.

The attendant grips the trolley - still shaking.

She whispers, almost apologetic-

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)
You tell him, we've done our part.
Now it's his turn.

She nods - turns and pushes the trolley back towards the plane.

The negotiator steps back - eyes locked on the plane, he raises his radio, speaks into it -

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)
Be ready.

From the darkness of the rear of the plane, one-by-one the passengers start to emerge, they all share, confused, uncertain looks, unsure of what's going on.

STUDENT
Wow, this must of been some fuel issue?

A WOMAN PASSENGER turns to the student dumbfounded.

WOMAN PASSENGER
I don't think this was a fuel issue honey.

POLICE OFFICERS descend on the Passengers aiding them away.

The doors begin to raise at the back of the plane.

INT. FLIGHT 305 - REAR

The flight attendant approaches the calm, relaxed Cooper.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
We're ready now sir. Your trolley is in the rear now.

COOPER
Great. Now. Do me a favour. Move up to the cockpit. Tell the pilot I want the rear doors open on take-off. Keep the plane steady at ten-thousand feet, no more. Heading towards Mexico.

The flight attendant nods- walks away.

Cooper checks his watch - He shifts to the window - pulls the blind aside a crack.

THROUGH THE WINDOW -

The ground crew unplug the fuelling line from the plane.

Cooper pulls the blind back. As he leans back into his seat - the flight attendant returns, she's nervous:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, the pilot has concerns. He will fly at the requested level but we would need to refuel in Nevada.

Cooper mulls this over - he remains passive thenL-

COOPER

Alright.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

He also cannot in good conscience leave the rear doors open. He says you're asking for an impossible manoeuvre.

Cooper knows he's right on this one - his confidence increases:

COOPER

Oh. It's possible. Trust me.

A beat - he sips from a glass of Scotch and sighs:

COOPER (CONT'D)

But sure, he can leave the doors closed. I don't want you guys to feel unsafe.

The flight attendant gives him a nervous look.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Listen. You've done a great job here. Just go back to the cockpit now AND no matter what don't come back here now until we land...

(reassuring smile then:)

Okay?

The attendant leaves - Cooper sits back in his chair - relaxed.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

FLIGHT 305 roars to life - cruises down the runway - takes off, a LIGHTENING STRIKE rips through the sky ahead of it followed by the LONG LINGERING RUMBLE of THUNDER.

ON THE CONCOURSE -

The negotiator watches the takeoff - his brow narrows - he raises his radio, agitation again in his voice:

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR
Maintain a safe pursuit distance.

Two F-106's and a T-33 JET FIGHTERS - ROAR over head, as they rip through the night sky.

EXT. FLIGHT 305 - MOVING - NIGHT

FLIGHT 305 judders with intense turbulence, as it reaches the sky.

INT. FLIGHT 305 - COCKPIT - MOVING

The two PILOTS wrestle with their controls, the cabin judders, CREAKS it's an uneasy scene, the attendant clings, seated behind them.

PILOT #1 turns to PILOT #2 he's not hopeful:

PILOT #1
If we keep this up the planes going to tear apart.

INT. FLIGHT 305 - REAR - CONTINUOUS

The cabin violently judders, the remaining power flickers - Cooper, calm and collected, checks his watch -

The analogue display reads at "8:08p.m"

Cooper unbuckles himself from the seat - leaps out of his chair - he walks with almost a spring in his step as he walks to the rear of the plane where the trolley awaits.

Cooper runs his hand over the top of the trolley -

CLICK-CLICK, he buckles up his parachute - He clips the money bag to the parachute - pushes the door release button.

The turbulence intensifies as a gust of wind rushes through the plane.

A gust of wind blows through the plane, the turbulence becomes more violent.

Cooper steadies himself - walks down the lower steps - stops -

IN THE HORIZON -

The jet's maintain a distant - S - flight pattern, their lights only just visible in the low cloud cover.

Cooper smirks to himself - a gust of wind rips his clip-on tie off, it blows back into the plane.

Cooper - confident takes in one large deep breath - he opens his arms, looks up and gracefully springs out of the back of the plane - into the darkness of the night.

FLASH TO:

CUE MAIN TITLES: COOPER

FADE IN:

EXT. PORT OF SEATTLE - NIGHT

A lit-up port in action - crates move from ship to dock and vice-versa, ground teams work below, it's busy.

TITLE CARD: PRESENT DAY

In the distance - a convoy of black SUVs - sirens wailing speed towards the entrance of the PORT OF SEATTLE.

AGENT SMYTHE (V.O.)
Alright Myles. What we got?

INT. BLACK SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

In the back of the truck FBI agents CALISTA MYLES, (30's) and KEN SMYTHE, (late 30's) plans the charge, in the seats in front armed agents hang on their words.

CALISTA MYLES
Tip off something big.

AGENT SMYTHE
What are we talking here? Drugs?
People? Weapons?

CALISTA MYLES
Our intel is patchy here. But the
captain of the ship - "The Kilagura"
was eager to keep the ship of the
books.

AGENT SMYTHE
We got a name for this Captain?

CALISTA MYLES
Iverson Everheart, we checked it's
a fake.

AGENT SMYTHE
So. Definitely hiding something
then. Okay.
(speaks into radio)
Teams. Secure the perimeter, no-one
in or out.
(to Calista)
Let's hope this is solid.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

The SUV's SCREECH to a halt -

An armed TACTICAL TEAM flocks out of the parked vehicles,
guns ready.

Smythe and Myles front and centre - Smythe presents his
badge, pistol pointed skyward. - yells:

AGENT SMYTHE
Okay everyone. F.B.I stop and drop!

The DOCK WORKERS - confused, scared, agitated comply a group
drops to their knees.

Tactical agents rush a CRANE - they yank the door open
pulling out the CRANE OPERATOR:

FBI AGENT #1
FBI down on the ground now!

Calista steps up to one of the complying DOCK WORKERS, her
gun ready - She nods over to a ship -

THE KILAGURA - a long cargo ship, old, seen better days, spotlights beam onto it's deck.

CALISTA MYLES
Okay where's the captain?

DOCK WORKER #1
He's not left the ship.

Calista nods - turns to her radio:

CALISTA MYLES
You guys know we're walking into the unknown here, keep injuries to a minimum, check every six and nine before you take it. We all clear?
(to Smythe)
Shall we?

Smythe leads the charge - Calista follows second, the tactical team behind them - they move up the ramp to the deck.

The team moves up the stairs -

EXT. THE KILAGURA - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

The team reaches the top deck - Calista guides them with hand signals telling them to spread out in each direction.

INT. THE KILAGURA - CONTROL DECK - CONTINUOUS

From the CONTROL DECK, a man with long tied back, flowing black hair, wearing a long suede jacket, EVERHEART (40-50's) - with intense blue eyes watches from the shadows -

From his viewpoint he see's the agents spreading out and tackling his crew down.

Everhearts eyes narrow - he mutter's his accent a strange mix of a world travelled man, but an undertone of Russian is prevalent.

EVERHEART
Welcome to my parlour.

EXT. THE KILAGURA - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Calista and Smythe lead the agents on the deck - they open the containers as they move through -

Something above catches Smythe's attention - he stops, nudges Calista - she stops, looks up.

From the CONTROL DECK - they see the outline of Everheart watching them.

CALISTA MYLES
Reckon that's our Everheart?

AGENT SMYTHE
Let's find out shall we?

They move forward.

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - MOMENTS LATER

A loud CREAK - the doors open, a bright light fills the container, with the shadows of the agents on the outside.

Inside - a wincing, scared crowd of people, from all walks of life.

Shocked FBI AGENT #1 pulls their gun:

FBI AGENT #1
Stop right there!

A BRITISH WOMAN steps forward.

BRITISH CAPTIVE
(pleading)
Please! Please don't kill us!

FBI AGENT #1
(calls out)
Myles. Smythe. You need to see this!

EXT. THE KILAGURA - MAIN DECK

The tactical team raises their guns - ready for anything.

CALISTA MYLES
(reassuring)
Hey! Take it easy there.

Confusion hits between Calista, Smythe and the agents.

AGENT SMYTHE
(firm)
Myles handle this.
(to Tactical team)
(MORE)

AGENT SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Two of you with me. We're taking
this son of a bitch now.

Smythe leaves - two tactical agents move towards the CONTROL
DECK.

CALISTA MYLES

What the hell is this? A people
smuggling ring

The agents raise their guns.

The captives all talk amongst each other - confusion shared
as they all speak different languages, French, German,
Polish, Spanish, one thing is common - they're all terrified.

Calista steps forward.

CALISTA MYLES (CONT'D)

You guys immigrants?

BRITISH CAPTIVE

Immigrants. I was just jogging in
Basildon. Where am I?

Further confusion - shared between FBI and Captives, then -
FROM THE TOP DECK - three LOUD SHOTS ring out.

Confusion turns to fear.

Calista - stays firm.

CALISTA MYLES

(to agents)

Keep an eye on this. No one goes
anywhere.

EXT. CONTROL DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Calista reaches the top of the stairs - stops, shock hits.
Ahead -

The two agents with Smythe - dead, a look that says "caught
off guard".

Anger, then determination wash across Calista. She goes to
move forward, but from inside, a confident voice bellows out -

EVERHEART (O.S.)

I would stop right there.

Calista looks forward -

Inside - Everheart stands centre of the room - his arm around Smythes throat, gun pointed against his captives temple, only the glowing light from the computers illuminate the room.

Everheart - smirks, he's steely cold:

EVERHEART (CONT'D)
I don't want to hurt this little
ant bot of yours.

AGENT SMYTHE
(snaps)
Cali, take the shot!

INT. CONTROL DECK - CONTINUOUS

Calista - levels her gun - she's hesitant - takes a step in the door.

CALISTA MYLES
(firm)
There's no way out. Whatever "this"
is. It's over.

A beat - Everheart half smirks, gaze like ice - fixed on Calista. He takes in a deep breath, chuckles, then:-

EVERHEART
Over? This is merely just starting.

CALISTA MYLES
You underestimate the situation Mr.
Everheart.

Everheart leans his head over Smythes shoulder - he's calm. Smythe - sweats, he's visibly slightly distressed.

AGENT SMYTHE
Cali. Take the damn shot. I swear
to God!

EVERHEART
I can't wait to see you again
Calista Myles.

Calista - stunned - "how does he know who I am?" - her clasp tightens around the grip of her pistol.

CALISTA MYLES
Who are you?

Everhearts finger tightens around the trigger -

He sighs, then: -

EVERHEART
A resourceful guy.

CALISTA MYLES
Don't do it.

Everheart quickly leans in, he whispers inaudibly into Smythes ear, who's body tightens, almost in fear -

Everheart pushes Smythe at Calista -

Caught off guard she lowers her gun to catch Smythe.

Everheart taps on his WRIST WATCH screen - stops - looks up to Calista and waves.

EVERHEART
Be seeing you agent Myles.

Calista and Smythe both lunge at Everheart, but, he hits the button on his watch, then - FLASH the room goes to a brilliant white - zero visibility.

A RINGING BEAT, the flash fades -

Stunned- both Calista and Smythe shake off the ringing.

Reaction kicks in Calista- levels her gun, but her expression is confusion.

CALISTA MYLES
Where - Where did he go?

Everheart's gone.

Smythe still wincing in pain- looks over to Calista:

AGENT SMYTHE
I don't know -

Smythe checks his gun holster - it's empty.

AGENT SMYTHE (CONT'D)
He took my gun.

Calista rushes to the door.

EXT. THE KILAGURA - MAIN DECK

Calista rushes down the stairs -

The scene is calm, the tactical team is rounding up the dock workers in cuffs - others aid the captives.

Calista approaches FBI AGENT #1, she's confused, agitated:

CALISTA MYLES
Did he come through here?

FBI AGENT #1
(confused)
Who? No-ones been through in the ten minutes you were gone.

CALISTA MYLES
(confused)
What? Ten minutes? I was gone two max.

FBI AGENT #1
No. Definitely ten. After that Smythe came over the radio. Said you two were checking out the control room and to round up the captives and the dock workers for questioning.

CALISTA MYLES
No. That flash was a second ago.

FBI AGENT #1
Damn Myles. Did you bang your head? Maybe you should go get checked.

The agents lead a cuffed DOCK WORKER past Myles as she attempts to process what just happened -

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A CAMPER TRUCK pulls up on a hard dirt track on a scenic country road.

The doors open -

Out steps TIM (30s-40s outdoors type) MELANIE (early 30's, Tims girlfriend) WIGS, (late 20's) they look off to the horizon, a confident smirk creeps over Tim.

Wigs - not so much.

WIGS

You do realize that hundreds of people have done this over the years right?

TIM

Yeah. But they didn't have my method did they?

Melanie walks past - shes loaded up with backpack

MELANIE

He's got you there Wigs.

WIGS

As for you. I can't believe you're seriously endorsing this.

Melanie stands by signpost that leads to a trail - the sign reads: "WELCOME TO THE DARK DIVIDE"

MELANIE

What? If Tim's right, then we solve one of the greatest unsolved mysteries. What podcaster doesn't want to miss that?

A beat - Melanie gives the guys a stare as she poses with the sign -

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Er. C'mon guys. Photo-op!

Tim and Wigs share a look - Wigs relents and pulls out his CELLPHONE - He takes aim - FLASH.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A bright light - a DOCTOR leans in - squints as they focus for a closer look.

DOCTOR

You seem fine. No sign of concussion, no sign of trauma.

Calista sits on the end of a gurney - the doctor pulls back from examining her eyes - she sighs, then:

CALISTA MYLES

I feel fine.

DOCTOR

But you insist you're missing time.
Have you been under any stress?

CALISTA MYLES

Doc. C'mon. I work for the FBI all
of it's stress. Especially these
days.

The doctor chuckles - types away on computer.

DOCTOR

Very true. I miss the good old days
at least with the mob most of the
time they just killed each other.
But todays criminals -
(a beat, shakes head)
Whole new evolution. More
dangerous.

The doctor stops typing - turns attention back to Calista.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

My opinion. You're all clear. It
could be anxiety...

A beat - the doctor looks at the pinned-up X-rays on the wall
in front of them.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Your scans are all clear. Only
thing I can suggest is that if it
happens again, come back.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Myles steps out the doctors office - greeted by Smythe sat
waiting by the door - he stands offers a friendly smile.

AGENT SMYTHE

So?

CALISTA MYLES

All clear. What about you?

AGENT SMYTHE

Same.

They walk down a long, dimly lit hallway.

CALISTA MYLES

So what happened then?

AGENT SMYTHE

I don't know.

(beat)

It's freaking me out a little bit.
If I'm honest.

(beat)

I've spoken to the deputy-director
and corroborated Agent Sterlings
story that we told them to round up
the captives and crew. As for
Everheart, he stunned us and fled
into the water.

Calista stops - this doesn't sit right with her.

CALISTA MYLES

But that isn't what happened.

AGENT SMYTHE

I know. But explain that to a room
of department heads and see how
long it is before you're "retired"

CALISTA MYLES

Louie. This isn't what we do.

AGENT SMYTHE

I know. But Everhearts out there.
We will get another chance. Talking
some crazy story we won't. It's
that simple.

A beat - Calista knows he's right. She relents.

CALISTA MYLES

So, what did he whisper to you?

AGENT SMYTHE

Huh?

CALISTA MYLES

Everheart, he whispered something
when he had you.

AGENT SMYTHE

(shrugs it off)

Some crazy, terrorist shit I guess.
It was in the moment, I didn't
really catch it.

(a beat then,)

We both need to go see Wallis. Just
stick to the story, we'll be fine.

Cali looks put out - she bites her bottom lip.

EXT. WOODLANDS - DAY

Tim, following a map and Wigs who videos the land with his phone walk ahead, they carefully step through the brush.

TIM

I'm so amped we're doing this.

Wigs sneezes, sniffs and then-

WIGS

My allergies disagree with you bro!

Melanie tails behind - adjusts some recording equipment, she holds up a microphone and speeds up to catch up with Tim.

MELANIE

So why are you so sure this is the spot Tim?

They keep up pace, trudging through overgrown undergrowth.

TIM

Fifty-five years ago D B Cooper jumped out of a plane with two hundred grand in cash, he was never seen again.

WIGS

(cuts in)

Only five thousand, eight hundred dollars was ever found and that was by some kid in the eighties.

TIM

Cooper vanished.

MELANIE

So why here?

TIM

I don't think he made it. It was a stormy night, low flying, he would of crashed into the trees - maybe the river, floated on from there.

WIGS

So me and Tim have spent years mapping potential routes a flooded river would of..

(sneezes, then)

Sorry. Carried him down. Where we're going no one looked.

Tim stops, he checks the map.

TIM
We're nearly there.

Melanie checks the sky -

The daylight dwindles through the trees, turning to dusk.

WIGS
But we're losing light. Camp here
for the night?

TIM
I'm cool with that.

MELANIE
It's a bit closed off isn't it?

Wigs sets his bag down, he looks up at Melanie with a cheeky smirk.

WIGS
Then let's hope Bigfoot doesn't get
you huh?

MELANIE
(taken back)
That's not funny... Dick!

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DEPUTY DIRECTOR WALLIS, (50's, straight talker, doesn't want effort) sits back in the comfortable leather chair, he listens with great interest, as Myles and Smythe report the case back on the other side of the desk.

CALISTA MYLES
The container was full of people.
Some of which aren't nationals.

AGENT SMYTHE
They all say the same thing. They
were abducted. Most middle-of-the
night.

Wallis takes this in - he's not even sure what to make of it, then:

D.D WALLIS
So what exactly do we have here?
(takes in a breath)
(MORE)

D.D WALLIS (CONT'D)

Cause it sounds like it's now an international incident.

CALISTA MYLES

With all due respect sir it is.

D.D WALLIS

Jesus. The Presidents going to have a field day with this. And nobody has reported these people missing?

AGENT SMYTHE

We're checking Interpol now sir. But no. Most are single. Alone. Not from big families.

D.D WALLIS

And they've been spoken to independently.

CALISTA MYLES

Yes sir. Most have, we're still getting interpreters for the others.

D.D WALLIS

Okay. So this Everheart. What do we know?

CALISTA MYLES

Nothing. The name is a fake. He killed agents Byers and Shel Drake. He is a ghost.

D.D WALLIS

And his escape?

Hesitation - Smythe takes the lead.

AGENT SMYTHE

He stunned us and jumped overboard. The other agents didn't see him.

D.D WALLIS

And his crew?

CALISTA MYLES

Those are mostly migrant workers. Again English isn't a first language.

D.D WALLIS

So this Everheart. He's a major player in whatever this is and we don't know what that is. Is that what you're both telling me?

CALISTA MYLES

I'm afraid to say at present it is sir.

D.D WALLIS

Okay. Well, good work on the bust. The rest, I'll decide whether to commend or suspend you both on later.

(beat)

It's been a long day. Both of you go home get some rest, we'll pick this up tomorrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLANDS - NIGHT

The glow of a camp fire illuminates the night sky as it's embers flicker upwards -

WIGS (O.S.)

So, we find this what we spending on?

BELOW -

Wigs sits at a campfire his tent behind him, he roasts a marshmallow.

ACROSS -

Tim sits with Melanie resting her head on his lap with her earphones in, behind them a larger tent is set up. Tim sips his beer and smirks.

TIM

You know we can't spend it right?

WIGS

Wait. What?

TIM

It's all recorded, the serial numbers on the cash. Sure, we'd probably get a reward for finding it, but nowhere near what's there.

WIGS

So. why are we doing this again
bro.?

TIM

(wide smirks)

Braggin' rights man. Plain and
simple. Imagine how cool we'd look
solving the biggest hijacking
mystery of all time.

WIGS

You're okay you have a girlfriend,
me I get labelled at the armchair
detective virgin.

Something catches Tim's attention in the sky his eyes follow
something -

TIM

Hey Wigs you got the camera?

Wigs throws it over to Tim, he catches it knocking Melanie.

MELANIE

Hey -

She notices something also in the sky.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

What is that?

Tim fumbles with the camera, he gets it back in the sky.

Wigs now notices -

WIGS

Whoa!

A shooting star charges across the sky, it seems to be
getting larger and brighter, as it APPROACHES -

WIGS (CONT'D)

Hey Tim, we need to move bro! Tim!

Tim fumbles with the camera, he gives up -

TIM

Fuck this!

They all turn and run.

The shooting star comes swirling in, out of control on a trajectory of it's own choosing it CRASHES DOWN where the camp was set up BOOM!

The trio dive, engulfed in the spray of dirt and woodland.

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES APARTMENT - NIGHT

KEY'S JINGLE, with the lock of a door, it opens, Myles enters the large open-plan apartment.

She holds a small paper bag of groceries, struggling to turn on the lights and close the door behind her.

She places the bag down on a counter top, next to a photo, Myles and her parents, out in a farm, it's an old one.

Myles turns on the TV a soap opera plays on screen, filling the sound of silence -

A disgusted look hits her, she opens the fridge and pulls out a beer, opening it as she walks to the sofa and takes a seat.

Her cellphone RINGS.

She pulls it from her back pocket and checks the display.

ON SCREEN -

THE CALLER ID - LITTLE SIS

A beat. Myles hesitantly answers.

CALISTA MYLES
Hey Shelly, what's new?

SHELLY (V.O.)
What's new? I saw the news. I saw you at that raid, are you okay?

CALISTA MYLES
I'm fine. Don't worry. We got the people out safely.

On the coffee table in front of her - an open LAPTOP.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Yeah but two agents shot and killed.

CALISTA MYLES
I know, I was with them.

She takes a sip of the beer and leans forward tapping on the keys to wake the laptop up.

SHELLY (V.O.)
You need to be careful Cali. Mom's worried sick, so you should call her.

ON SCREEN -

A secure FBI server, she inputs her password, she opens another screen, a case file named EVERHEART.

CALISTA MYLES (V.O.)
I will I promise.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Look, it's not the reason I called. It's Toby's Christening next week, I wanted to make sure you're gonna be there?

Myles half listening focuses on the laptop.

CALISTA MYLES
Of course I am. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

ON THE LAPTOP -

A private app called MYLES HUNTER, opens with a greeting "WELCOME MISS MYLES"

Myles smirks.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Just make sure you are okay? I love you.

ON LAPTOP -

A search begins looking for matches the artist image of Everheart. Checking against international law enforcement.

CALISTA MYLES
I love you too.

Myles hangs up the phone. She sits back on the couch, picks up the remote and changes the channel -

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLANDS - NIGHT

Tim comes to - a rush of pain hits him from all over, he jolts upright - He looks around -

It's carnage - the tents hang from smashed trees, smoke fills the air.

Tim calls out - panic in his voice:

TIM
(calling out)
M-Mel?!

Something ahead catches his sight - but he struggles to make it out.

In the distance - a cluster of mud, grass and broken branches moving around, an arm bursts through the surface.

Tim rushes over - frantically pulls branches away.

Melanie pulls her way out - dirty, scratched up, scared.

MELANIE
Tim. What the hell was that?

Tim wraps his arms around her - relieved:

TIM
Thank God!
(calls out)
Wigs? Wigs?

Wigs pulls himself up from under a mess of broken branches, stunned, his bell rung - he stands raising his hand.

WIGS
Here and accounted for.
(shakes it off)
What the hell was that Tim?

TIM
I- I don't know.

Something rustles behind them -

Weary - the group turns -

A smouldering crater.

The trio stumble over to it's edge, they look over -

INSIDE THE CRATER -

The smouldering, unaged D B Cooper - wears his black suit, the parachute, the money bag, as if he had been frozen in time.

Cooper turns - he notices the trio staring down at him.

COOPER

Oh.

He nods - sunglasses slide down his nose - he's making eye contact.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Oh. Hey. Sorry about that.

He reaches into his bag, pulls out a wedge of cash.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I don't suppose I could give you a thousand bucks for a lift to town could I?

At the top of the crater - the dumbfounded trio - open-mouthed unsure of what's going on. Wigs snaps to it - he is freaked out:

WIGS

(yells)

OH. WHAT THE F-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MYLES APARTMENT- LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Calista's laptop continues running a facial recognition scan - the artists impression of Everheart. Faces flick through the screen on the other side.

Calista sleeps on her sofa - a blanket half over her, she snores loud.

Her CELLPHONE lights up, VIBRATES and RINGS on the coffee table - the caller I.D - D.D Wallis.

Calista stirs awake - wipes the dried drool from her face - she grabs her phone, winces at the display - snaps to it and answers.

CALISTA MYLES

Sir?!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

A black SUV cruises down a long winding, country road, surrounded by miles of wilderness.

CALISTA MYLES (V.O.)
(irritated)
Can you believe this? Reassigned.

INT. BLACK SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Myles sits frustrated looking out the passenger window to the wilderness around her.

CALISTA MYLES
I mean what even is this? Some kind of a joke?

AGENT SMYTHE
Well. It's not everyday D B Cooper crawls out the woodwork is it?

In the drivers seat - Smythe tries to make the best of a bad situation, his focus out on the road.

AGENT SMYTHE (CONT'D)
Besides. After that mess. This is easy. Nice to reset with.

CALISTA MYLES
C'mon Louie. Every once in a while a crackpot comes out the woodwork claiming this. It's old. It's bullshit.

AGENT SMYTHE
Everheart isn't going anywhere. We got his face now he pops up we're on it. You're letting this get under your skin. Just enjoy the night away, the free-food and bad cable TV.

CALISTA MYLES
I suppose.
(sighs, then)
So. How did your daughters recital go last night?

AGENT SMYTHE
Ah, it was just heavenly. She's an amazing dancer.

CALISTA MYLES
We've been partners for how long
now?

AGENT SMYTHE
Bout six years.

CALISTA MYLES
And yet we've still not met
families, what's that about?

AGENT SMYTHE
Don't take it personal. I'm just a
"works separate from life" guy.
You're a good partner Cali and a
great friend.
(smirks)
My wife would find that
threatening. You get me.

CALISTA MYLES
Sorry I even asked.

A quiet awkward beat - then:

AGENT SMYTHE
So. You know the serial numbers on
the bills check out right?

CALISTA MYLES
What?

AGENT SMYTHE
The serial numbers on this Coopers
cash match the missing serial
numbers.

CALISTA MYLES
(rolls eyes)
It's probably fake.

AGENT SMYTHE
But it's exciting. I've never done
the Cooper beat before.

CALISTA MYLES
You do know this is a punishment
right?

EXT. LEWIS COUNTY SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

A crowd of PRESS, CURIOUS BYSTANDERS and REPORTERS crowd the
entrance to the sheriffs office as the SUV pulls up.

SHERIFFS hold a line back to allow Myles and Smythe entrance to the office, as they approached they're greeted by SHERIFF LANGSTROM, (50's, seasoned, friendly)

REPORTER #3 (O.S.)
Sheriff! Is it really D B Cooper?!

SHERIFF LANGSTROM
I'm hoping you folks are the FBI?

REPORTER #4 (O.S.)
Sheriff, where has he been the last 55 years?

Myles flashes her badge -

CALISTA MYLES
Agent Calista Myles -
(nods to Smythe)
Agent Louie Smythe.

SHERIFF LANGSTROM
Am I glad. Head sheriff Jack Langstrom.
(cautious)
It's getting to be a bit of a circus out here.

They walk towards the entrance, Langstrom gets the door.

AGENT SMYTHE
So what do we got sheriff Langstrom?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cooper sits with his feet up on the table - he slurps from a paper cup on the table next to him a stack of fast food - he is relaxed, his eye's scan around the room -

A vent - a steel bar sealed window - the door.

SHERIFF LANGSTROM (V.O.)
Guy says he's D B Cooper. No I.D,
No documents, he's not showing on any database.

He turns to the double-sided mirror and raises his cup - cheers!

SHERIFF LANGSTROM (V.O.)
 His face is a ninety-eight-percent
 match to the artists mugshot from
 1971.

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the mirror Langstrom, Smythe and Myles
 watch.

AGENT SMYTHE
 Our guys are checking the bills
 legitimacy as we speak sheriff.

SHERIFF LANGSTROM
 His DNA is the system looking for
 hits.
 (beat, sighs, then)
 But you know the interagency
 systems, could be a day, could be a
 week.

CALISTA MYLES
 (dismissive)
 Seriously?!

She approaches the mirror and waves towards the room:

CALISTA MYLES (CONT'D)
 He is not D B Cooper. Look at him,
 he's what? No older than 40? Cooper
 would be a minimum, mid seventies.
 (turns to sheriff)
 Doe's that look like a man in his
 seventies to you sheriff?

From the other side of the mirror -Cooper takes a bite from a
 burger - it's almost as if he's never tasted something as
 good, he turns and nods to the two way mirror.

COOPER
 This burger is amazing. Thank you.

SHERIFF LANGSTROM
 No Ma'am.

CALISTA MYLES
 And why is he not cuffed? Why is he
 being treated like it's a four-star
 hotel?

SHERIFF LANGSTROM

(unsure)

Well- uh- He handed himself in.
Like you said, there's no way he
can be D B Cooper right? He said he
was hungry.

Smythes attention locked on Cooper:

AGENT SMYTHE

Anyone questioned him yet?

SHERIFF LANGSTROM

He says he wouldn't talk till the
feds got here.

(a beat)

Uh- no offence.

Calista pinches the bridge of her nose - she winces as the
feeling of a pressure headache kicks in - this is bullshit.

CALISTA MYLES

Louie, wanna go get some coffee?

(to Langstrom)

Sheriff, I'm going to take this
from here okay?

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Myles enters - eyes locked on Cooper as she closes the door
behind her - she takes a seat opposite him.

Cooper still with his feet up looks around them, offers a
cheeky smile, speaks with an almost cheeky confidence.

COOPER

FBI? A Woman?...

(impressed)

Ain't that something.

CALISTA MYLES

Alright, drop the act captain
cosplay. I am the FBI yes. And you
have our attention.

Cooper raises his brows, sips from the paper cup - he's
silent, just the sound of a loud SLURP.

Calista's patience is already thin - she leans forward, then:

CALISTA MYLES (CONT'D)
 You might have the others round
 here in a tizzy, but I can see
 right through your little charade.

Cooper is unfazed, he's maintains cool - he removes his feet
 from the table - puts the cup down- straightens up, then:

COOPER
 (serious)
 You going to insult me this whole
 time? Or are we going to talk like
 adults?

CALISTA MYLES
 Let's start with your name then?
 Dan Cooper. Clearly that's not your
 real name.

COOPER
 No. But it'll do for now.

CALISTA MYLES
 So. Why hand yourself in?

Cooper nods - he likes Calista.

COOPER
 Because. I needed to talk.

CALISTA MYLES
 So. Talk.

COOPER
 (calm, collected)
 There's an invasion happening right
 under your noses.

Myles rolls her eyes.

CALISTA MYLES
 So. This is about making a point on
 immigration? I really don't get it.

A beat - Cooper falls back in his chair - he's not so
 impressed.

COOPER
 Have people got dumber here?
 (annoyed)
 No. An alien invasion, as in those
 from, y'know -

Cooper looks upwards - swirls his finger upwards.

Myles looks Cooper in the eye, she can see he believes he's telling the truth -

CALISTA MYLES

So that where you been these last fifty five years? Cause you looking good for a man in his seventies.

COOPER

(frustrated)

Lady. To me it's been ten years. They call it time dilation. Something like that. My point is I was chosen for something greater than myself.

CALISTA MYLES

"Chosen" by who?

COOPER

Look. Right now. That isn't relevant.

CALISTA MYLES

And just what is relevant?

COOPER

(a beat)

How many missing people cases have there been in the last year with no resolve?

CALISTA MYLES

I don't have those stats off the top of my head.

COOPER

No?

(a beat, then)

Trust me, there's a lot, numbers almost tripling each year.

CALISTA MYLES

And what's this got to do with you?

COOPER

Someone's taking these people. Selling them off like stock.

CALISTA MYLES

Trafficking happens all the time.

COOPER

Not to other planets it doesn't.
Someone is taking people and
selling them off for food...
Slavery... Whatever else you can
imagine. Quite despicable.

Calista - leans forward, she's still not buying it.

CALISTA MYLES

So back to my first question. Mr.
Save-the-planet, why hand yourself
in?

A beat - Cooper leans forward - he smirks.

COOPER

Cause I have a message. One I need
receiving loud and clear.

He picks up the paper cup and takes on last sip.

CALISTA MYLES

And just what is that?

Cooper places the cup down - wipes his mouth with a napkin -
he sits back and shrugs.

COOPER

Stay out of my way!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Smythe juggles two coffees - walks through the MAIN ENTRANCE,
behind him -

A group of six men and women in BLACK SUITS - led by AGENT
LISA KLEIN, (40's, by the book, but vague) enters, they barge
past Smythe knocking him as they pass.

Smythe stops - looks at the spilt coffee stain on his white
shirt.

AGENT SMYTHE

Ah c'mon!

Smythe looks back up -

Klein approaches the RECEPTION DESK - flashes her badge to
the startled, weary RECEPTIONIST.

KLEIN
 Department of Homeland Security.
 Where's the guy saying he's Cooper?

RECEPTIONIST
 Uh- Uh. Interogation room three.

Smythe charges up to the reception - this isn't happening:

AGENT SMYTHE
 Oh no. This is FBI, you guys aren't
 involved in this.

Klein rolls her eyes - spins to meet Smythe.

She looks him up and down - like filth on her shoe.

KLEIN
 Back off. You guys have had enough
 press this week. It's Homelands as
 he's a known domestic terrorist.

AGENT SMYTHE
 (scoffs)
 You believe it's the real Cooper?

Klein doesn't have time for this - takes out her phone - hits
 the speed-dial.

A beat -

KLEIN
 Yeah. It's Klein, I need you to
 speak to this FBI agent for me
 please -

She forces the phone onto Smythe.

KLEIN (CONT'D)
 Speak to this guy for me.

AGENT SMYTHE
 Uh-hello?

Smythes eyes widen - posture stiffens, nerves in his voice:

AGENT SMYTHE (CONT'D)
 Uh- y- yes Mr. President.

Klien storms off.

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Calista sits - arms folded, shes assessing what's she's just been told.-

CALISTA MYLES

So, let me get this straight. You were taken - Sorry, you made a deal and was taken the night of the heist across space.

(a beat, raised brow)

From there, you work for an alien government who looks at Earth like a nature reserve.

(a beat, shakes head)

You see how this sounds a little crazy right?

COOPER

Lady...

CALISTA MYLES

(cuts off)

Agent Myles.

A beat - Cooper recoils, knows he is in the wrong then:

COOPER

I apologize.

(leans back)

Agent Myles. Don't you think I also know how crazy this sounds?

CALISTA MYLES

You're the one saying it.

COOPER

I know and I wouldn't be here if it wasn't end-of-the-world danger.

This here. It's a professional courtesy.

CALISTA MYLES

So, say I'm buying this.

(beat)

Professional courtesy of course. These aliens, they working with the government?

COOPER

(scoffs)

In the same way a zookeeper works with it's animals.

(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)

I've seen how things are here, you really think higher intelligences want any part of that?

CALISTA MYLES

So who are these bad guys?

COOPER

I don't know. They're old.

(scoffs)

But if my "bosses" are scared you better believe, it's bad.

A beat - Cooper knows he needs to give more:

COOPER (CONT'D)

Look. Agent Myles, I have a name for the guy I'm looking for.

CALISTA MYLES

Oh yeah and what's the name.

COOPER

(hesitant)

Everheart.

A beat - This hits Myles hard, that name, her arms unfold, she leans in:

CALISTA MYLES

That name?

COOPER

You've heard of it?

A tense beat - the door BURSTS OPEN, Klein enters -

KLEIN

This is over. This case is now homelands.

Calista stands - she is defiant, temper flares:

CALISTA MYLES

Back it up! This is an FBI case.

KLEIN

No. Domestic terrorism is homeland security. Now, take it out of here.

Cooper watches the encounter - he sits back in the chair and folds his arms.

COOPER

Ladies, maybe you want to take this outside?

(sighs)

So unprofessional.

They both look at Cooper disgusted.

KLEIN

Why is this man not handcuffed?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HALLWAY

Klein and Calista step out into the hallway - still arguing.

KLEIN

This is a Presidential order.

Klein closes the door behind her.

CALISTA MYLES

I'm sure the President wants to look good right now. But this is not "that" case. Trust me. He's a "wack-job"

Smythe comes running up the hallway.

AGENT SMYTHE

Cali. She's not messing about.

CALISTA MYLES

And neither am I.

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cooper- calm, still sitting turns his attention to the ticking clock on the wall. his hands now cuffed - he watches the second timer move around the clock - TICK. TICK. TICK.

CALISTA MYLES (V.O.)

He's clearly a guy who missing a few screws.

Cooper takes in a deep breath - sneers - clenches his hands -

KLEIN (V.O.)

The money is real. The tests are in. We're taking him to Washington.

He bites his bottom lip - CRACK - Cooper winces the pain hits.

CALISTA MYLES (V.O.)
Over my dead body. This case is
ours.

Coopers hands slip out the cuffs.

Pained - Cooped SNAPS his thumbs back into place - he stands up - approaches the CAMERA and unhooks it from the wall.

KLEIN
So why are you so interested if
this is just another "wack-job"?

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Klein steps up to Calista they meet eye-to-eye.

KLEIN
(patronizing)
Do I need to put you on to the
president too? Would that make you
feel better?

Smythe cuts in between the two to break the tension.

AGENT SMYTHE
Look, we're all professionals here
aren't we?
(to Myles)
Let them take him to Washington.
The deputy director can follow it
up.

A beat - Calista gives Smythe an intensive glare, then:

CALISTA MYLES
Don't do this Louie.

AGENT SMYTHE
They're homeland. These days
they're above us in the pecking
order. We will get this. I promise.

KLEIN
Do the smart thing kid, listen to
your partner!

Calista shoves Smythe aside - She throws a hard punch - BANG,
it clocks Klein, who's swayed by the hit.

Calista turns and walks away.

CALISTA MYLES
How's that for smart. C'mon Louie
we need to get back to Seattle.

Klein wipes the blood from her mouth.

KLEIN
(yells out)
Consider your badge gone agent.
Myles!

A scared looking SHERIFF #1 runs down the hallway.

SHERIFF #1
Uh - Agents. Agents. We have a
problem!

Calista stops - turns.

KLEIN
What?

Sheriff #1 fumbles with his keys, he attempts to unlock the
door to the interrogation room.

SHERIFF #1
The man, he unplugged the camera in
the interrogation room.

A shared look of alarm spreads in the hallway..

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door bursts open -

Klein leads the charge - Calista behind, guns ready.

The room is empty, a barred off window seemingly broken,
looking like an escape exit.

Anger washes over Klein, who yells out.

KLEIN
Get that slack-jawed Sheriff here
right now!
(to Myles)
I hope you're happy. If we hadn't
needed to debate this we would of
been on our way already!

Klein storms out.

A nervous looking Smythe looks to Calista.

AGENT SMYTHE
Cali. This isn't good.

Calista - silent, processes, her eyes scan the room.

The broken window, a thick bar, bent and twisted out of shape, the window forced but not broken; not an easy feat -

CALISTA MYLES
Damn it.

Above her and Smythe - the air vent grate slowly screws.

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. LEWIS COUNTY SHERIFFS OFFICE - NIGHT

A bruised, but made-up, Klein stands at a podium outside the entrance - She speaks into the mic, an air of authority in her voice, her eyes focused forward, ignorant to the CAMERA FLASHES -

KLEIN
One hour ago a man claiming to be D
B Cooper escaped custody here at
Lewis County Sheriffs office -

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - OFFICE.

The news report plays out on the television.

KLEIN
At present the Department of
Homeland Security is working with
the FBI to apprehend this man.

An image of Cooper from the stations C.C.T.V appears on screen -

KLEIN (CONT'D)
He is believed to be unarmed. But,
he is dangerous, call nine-one-one
if you see him.

IN THE OFFICE -

Myles sits with an ice pack on her hand - watches the TV intently.

Across the room - a nervous Smythe, speaks on his phone, he paces back and forth.

AGENT SMYTHE

Yes sir. We'll be back in Seattle within three hours. The locals are looking.

(a beat)

Yes sir, I'll pass it on.

Smythe hangs up the phone.

Myles looks over, she bites her bottom lip.

CALISTA MYLES

I'm in trouble aren't I?

AGENT SMYTHE

I'd say that is putting it lightly. He wants us back in Seattle asap.

CALISTA MYLES

Hello suspension.

AGENT SMYTHE

If your lucky Cali. He is pissed. He was the first call "Homeland" out there made.

AGENT SMYTHE (CONT'D)

I need to know why Cali? Why did you hit her?

CALISTA MYLES

He's also looking for Everheart.

AGENT SMYTHE

What?

CALISTA MYLES

(adamant)

Louie. He said a lot of crazy shit in there, we need those tapes to take to Wallis. He knows Everheart.

Stunned - Smythe is taken back, he takes a seat opposite Calista, then:

AGENT SMYTHE

Well, that's-

CALISTA MYLES

(cuts in)

A coincidence? I know and what do they say about coincidences?

AGENT SMYTHE

That there's no such thing.

Calista nods.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CHANGING ROOMS - NIGHT

Sheriff Langstrom addresses a room full of men, some dressed, some getting dressed, it's an amped up environment -

SHERIFF LANGSTROM

I want this town checked inside and out. The FBI has road blocks being set up. Homeland is checking all public transport.

SHERIFF #2

And uh- what about overtime?

SHERIFF LANGSTROM

It's approved, no matter what, we want this guy found his picture everywhere.

The room cheers!

SHERIFF LANGSTROM (CONT'D)

Now come on, shift a gear! This guy needs catching by dawn!

The dressed Sheriffs charge out, the others go back to getting ready.

Another Sheriff, RAMIREZ, (40's bulky), swaggers through the changing rooms, he's got a bold, confident and cocky smile as he high-fives his work mates.

RAMIREZ

Yeah! We gonna be eating steak all month after this!

SHERIFF #3 (O.S.)

If you get your ass in the field first Ramirez.

RAMIREZ

I am! I am! I just need to wash up
first, need to smell great asking
all those innocent moms if they
seen this guy!

Ramirez enters the steaming shower block.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

A gramophone record player, scratches at vinyl, the song is old, the vinyl is old the songs tune slightly warps.

In a large, dark, oval shaped office, a shadowy figure sits at a desk, they stare out to the fish tank wall, surrounded either side by shelving filled with books behind him, the glow revealing it is Everheart.

An old hand-held, rotary phone RINGS, on a desk turned three dimensional map of the world. The room looks like some real 1950's sci-fi.

Everheart turns in his chair, he reaches out and answers the phone, his tone, slow, calm, unwavering -

EVERHEART

This had best be good, you let me
down last time.

(a beat, intrigued)

She is? Interesting and no I have
not seen the news.

Everheart picks up the remote on his desk, he turns on the TV.

On the television - a report plays out, the banner reads "D B COOPER BACK?!"

EVERHEART (CONT'D)

What has this got to do with me?

A beat - Everheart's brow raises.

EVERHEART (CONT'D)

He mentioned me specifically?

(a beat)

Make sure those tapes never see the
light of day.

Everheart hangs up the phone.

He stares at the TV -

ON SCREEN: The original art shot of D B Cooper and a surveillance image of Cooper in the flesh - staring back at the camera.

Something about this makes Everheart uneasy - Cooper is now in his radar.

EVERHEART (CONT'D)
(mutters, curious)
So who are you stranger?

He turns off the television - spins in his chair, reaching out to a goblet of wine on a table at his side - attention turns back to the large, wall-filling fish tank, taking a poise of deep contemplation.

From a side door a tall suited-man, CHARLES (40s-60's, uneasy, slightly weasly) enters, he approaches Everheart's desk. He wears a blinking collar around his neck.

CHARLES
Sir. The superiors want their shipment. This delay has caused some set backs with the numbers.

EVERHEART
(unmoved)
Tell I need more time.

CHARLES
They- they don't like that answer usually sir.

A beat - Everheart turns his attention to Charles, he snarls:

EVERHEART
Then let them come and do their own dirty work.

A beat - Charles sweats a little, he takes in a breath and answers:

CHARLES
Yes sir. Very good.

Charles approaches the door he came in from - it opens - he stops- turns back.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Also, you will need your treatment soon.

Everhearts focus has gone back to the fish in the tank.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 Yes, very good sir.

Charles leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Smythe reenters the station - he passes the reception, the group of SHERIFFS DEPUTIES getting ready to move out - he approaches Calista, who sits deep in thought - she chews on the rim of a plastic cup.

Smythe offers her a reassuring smile -

AGENT SMYTHE
 You all good?

He takes a seat next to Calista - she turns to him, half-smiles, then:

CALISTA MYLES
 Louie, I think I've screwed this one up.

AGENT SMYTHE
 We all make mistakes. You weren't to know he could get out that window.

CALISTA MYLES
 Yeah, that. Something about that doesn't sit right with me.

AGENT SMYTHE
 What do you mean?

CALISTA MYLES
 He had what? Three minutes tops, he bent that thick bar and got through the window in a forced gap no bigger than thirty centimetres. It don't add up.

Calista stands - straightens her demeanor, turns to Smythe:

CALISTA MYLES (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna go talk with the sheriff.

KLEIN (O.S.)
 (bellows)
 I don't think you are!

Calista turns - behind her -

A bruised, angry Klein and her lackeys.

KLEIN (CONT'D)
 Like I told you. This is now a
 Homeland issue. Get your stuff and
 get back to Seattle.

CALISTA MYLES
 What is your problem?

KLEIN
 My problem is your in the way of
 something bigger than you both
 understand. Now, drop this and go!
 (beat)
 If I have to tell you again, I'm
 arresting you for impeding an
 investigation.

Klein walks away - she mutters to herself, her lackeys
 following.

Calista bites her lip - she's mad, she mutters:

CALISTA MYLES
 Bitch.

Smythe stands - watches Klein walk away.

AGENT SMYTHE
 Wow. She does not like you.

A sheriff bumps into Myles as he passes her by, she clocks
 him name badge -

RAMIREZ.

Calista- not paying attention yells.

CALISTA MYLES
 Hey, watch it will you!

The sheriff continues to shuffle through the crowds, they
 leave out the exit.

CALISTA MYLES (CONT'D)
 Maybe we need to get out of here
 Louie.

AGENT SMYTHE
I won't argue with you there.

They walk through the reception area toward the MAIN ENTRANCE.

CALISTA MYLES
Perhaps your right. Perhaps I need a break. Let's stop for a coffee on the way back my tre-

She feels for her wallet, it's gone.

CALISTA MYLES (CONT'D)
My wallets gone.

FROM THE CHANGING ROOMS:

A PANICKED SHERIFF rushes from out the changing rooms -

PANICKED SHERIFF
Something's happened in the changing rooms, I need help!

Calista and Smythes attention turns towards him.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A crowd is gathered around Ramirez sits in a towel, he holds a ice pack to his head, blood trickles down his cheek, he's confused, hurt, maybe concussed.

RAMIREZ
Some naked guy came at me, smashed me on the face in the shower, next thing I knew, Jacksons ugly ass was waking me up.

Calista backs away from the crowd -

INT. SHOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gun ready - Calista enters she checks around - her eyes frantically scanning the room, then, she looks up -

The air vent runs above her - the open grate out of place.

Calistas eyes widen -

INT. CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Calista rushes out of the shower room - past the crowds, past Smythe who shows concern:

AGENT SMYTHE

Cali?

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door BURSTS open - Calista enters, she scans around quickly noticing the air vent above the door in the room.

CALISTA MYLES

That son of a bitch!

Smythe enters -

AGENT SMYTHE

What?

CALISTA MYLES

He hid in the vents. Escaped out the shower, what was the cops name?

AGENT SMYTHE

Uh- Ra - Ramirez!

CALISTA MYLES

The one that bumped into me in the hallway.

(realization)

He could still be here!

EXT. LEWIS COUNTY SHERIFFS OFFICE - NIGHT

Calista and Smythe rush out the MAIN ENTRANCE - Sheriff's deputies follow him, they push through the crowds of reporters.

Calistas eyes scanning every police badge she passes.

CALISTA MYLES

(calls out)

Ramirez?! Anyone seen Ramirez's badge come through here?

They come through the other side of the crowd -

It's a quiet street - Cooper is in the wind.

Uncertain - Smythe turns to an angered looking Calista.

AGENT SMYTHE

We should go?

The tuning of a radio dial, a crackle - some music, then, the smooth, entertaining voice of a RADIO DJ speaks:

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

What is going on with this world.

Deflated, downbeat- a sullen Calista turns to Smythe and feebly nods.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

It's Tuesday and so far this week has consisted of-

CUT TO:

EXT. TV REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

An old TV repair shop stands on a street of mostly boarded up shops. The sign-post flickers and a glow comes from inside.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

A cargo container of people being found with no idea how they got there -

INT. TV REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

The tv's all play news reports from around the world all muted out, there's a range of old TVs from the 1950's up to present day.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

AND NOW... D B Cooper has come out the wood work! YES that D B Cooper.

ON THE SCREENS -

Each of the screens shift to Coopers mugshot, the ticker reads - "one million dollar reward"

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

The man claiming to be Cooper was taken into FBI custody.

(pause, then)

However as news breaks it seems Homeland has intervned and in the ruckus -

AT THE COUNTER -

On a cluttered counter of wires, circuit boards, soldering irons and a large magnifying glass, the huge eye of CASSIUS JONES (late 70's, spritely) examines a circuit board.

An old, red, dial radio, crackles as it plays the broadcast on the counter -

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
Coopers escaped again. This time
from custody.

Jones stops - his attention turns from the magnifying glass to what's being said on the radio - he smirks.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
Apparently he escaped disguised as
a Sheriff's deputy.

A store full of switched on TVs all have Coopers mug shot staring back at him.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
His whereabouts are currently
unknown. But authorities are
already offering a cool million for
information that could lead to an
arrest!

Jones smirks, he mutters to himself -

JONES
Be seeing you real soon Coop.

Jones goes back to working on his circuit board, sparks jump from the board as he solders it.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
WOW, a million bucks, I'd take
that.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A POLICE CRUISER cruises down the isolated, dark, windy road, it's light the only light.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
Who would of thought, fifty five
years later. What is that all
about? Though to be fair nothing
surprises me these days. Am I
right?

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING

On the backseat, a sheriffs hat.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Anyway, this next one goes out to the legend that is, you know what to do Coop, this is the sound of the seventies.

The song "KEEP ON RUNNING by the Spencer Davis group" comes on over the radio, it's glow keeping some light in the car.

The hand radio crackles -

SHERIFF LANGSTROM (V.O.)

Uh, This is Langstrom, we need all vehicles back at the sheriffs office. Suspect believed to have stolen one. Air support is incoming.

Fingers tap on the steering wheel.

In the drivers seat - Cooper smirks

He cruises down the highway, he makes a turn on the wheel.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The cruiser pulls over on a hard grassy verge.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Cooper pulls out Calistas wallet from his pocket - goes through it - checks her license, agency pass, some goofy photos and some cash.

He takes out the bills and tosses the wallet on the passenger seat.

COOPER

Be seeing you again, agent Myles.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The engine still running, the drivers door opens the music pours out.

Cooper exits the vehicle -walks around to the boot.

He opens it.

INSIDE -

A thick coat, an emergency box, and a shotgun.

Cooper smirks.

COOPER
(mutters)
That will do nicely.

Cooper puts on the thick coat - picks up the shotgun, checks it - it's loaded.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Portland here we come.

He walks away from the vehicle humming the song as he enters the darkness of the forest disappearing again into the night.

The music plays out -

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.