

SOUTH MAFIA WARS

"Friendly Skylines"

by

ML De La Garza

Based on the "South Mafia Wars" series

by

Paige Price

Pen Name of ML De La Garza

READ ON **KINDLE** UNLIMITED NOW!

**Dark.
Deadly.
Dangerous.**

South
MAFIA WARS

Dominic

kindle

South
MAFIA WARS

Augustin

kindle

South
MAFIA WARS

PAIGE PRICE 

Email: michelle.l.de.la.garza
Phone: (210) 630-0681
WGA Concept reg# 2149419

SOUTH MAFIA WARS - PILOT

"Friendly Skylines"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. COSTA ESTATE - A DECADE AGO - NIGHT

Landscaped yard with posh patio furniture and a pool.

MONTAGE (runs with the "Cross My Heart" tune listed below):

(1)Opposing CARTEL MEMBERS dressed in black invade the Costa Estate, systematically killing COSTA'S MEN on guard around the exterior of the home in an evident takeover.

(2)The invading men enter the main house, killing more of COSTA'S GUARDS, then take MATEO "MATADOR" COSTA (40s), the Mexican Cartel boss of the South, by surprise in his office.

(3)More OPPOSING MEN enter the bedroom of YASMINA ONA COSTA'S (16) unnoticed because she has on headphones.

(4)The men drag Mateo and a scared Yasmina to the backyard patio.

A nursery rhyme tune of "Cross My Heart" plays:

*Cross my heart and hope to die,
stick a needle in my eye. To you,
my love, I'd never lie--oh, wait a
moment, I just spoke a lie because
I never really intended to die.*

CUT TO:

EXT. COSTA ESTATE BACK PATIO - NIGHT

A metal dog kennel sits on the patio in the backyard. Yasmina's locked inside. She's dirty, wearing ripped clothing, and struggles to keep her composure.

Her father, Mateo "Matador" Costa (40s), kneels. He's been worked over really good: cuts on face, bruises, and bleeding.

A DOZEN MEN loyal to Mateo's younger brother, Joaquin "Mad Dog" Costa (late 20s), stand around holding weapons.

ENRIQUE VACA (late teens) approaches with a phone in hand. He's wearing all black, a ski mask covers his face.

ENRIQUE
Found it, boss.

He hands the phone over to the Mad Dog.

MINA AGE 16
(confusion)
Enrique? I don't... I don't understand.

Enrique stoops next to the cage, then pulls off the mask.

ENRIQUE
That's okay, *mi amor*. Don't worry. I'll explain it all to you later.

Mateo looks at JORGE ARROYO, and the two men have a non-verbal moment in which Mateo shakes his head "no." The scene unfolding clearly bothers Jorge, but he keeps quiet.

MATEO
Touch her, and I'll--

ENRIQUE
You'll what, old man?

JOAQUIN
(to Mateo)
Unlock it.

Mateo refused to unlock the phone. The men and Enrique work Mateo over again, but he still refuses to talk.

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)
Open it, *Meja*, or I'll kill him.

He hands the phone to his caged niece, Yasmina.

MINA AGE 16
If I do it, you won't hurt Papi, right, Uncle Joaquin?

JOAQUIN
Of course, *Meja*. What do you think I am? I'm not an animal. I'll release him--both of you.

MATEO
No, *Meja*. Don't do it.

Enrique and ANOTHER MAN beat Mateo some more.

Yasmina enters the code, showing her uncle how to locking the phone. The minute she does, her uncle, knife in hand, pulls the blade across Mateo's neck, slicing him from ear to ear.

Blood drops dance across the floor and splatter against an exterior wall of the house.

MINA AGE 16

Papi. Papi.

Tears glisten in her eyes.

Joaquin releases Mateo, and the man's lifeless body hits the patio floor.

Mateo's dead, sightless eyes stare off.

Joaquin, phone in hand, walks off.

JOAQUIN

Coming, Jorge?

Jorge casts a pained glance in Yasmina's direction, then walks off, leaving her alone with Enrique and a few other teens his age: RICARDO DIAZ and SERGI FERREIRA.

Enrique unlatches the cage door. He and the other two teens drag her out of the cage, into the house, and to her bedroom.

MONTAGE (time moves forward in increments)

- (1) Enrique beats and rapes her as the other two watch.
- (2) Sometime after the attack, Jorge covers her with his jacket, carries her to the kennel on the patio, and rigs the lock with chewing gum, keeping it from locking.
- (3) Yasmina escapes, fleeing from her uncle's men.
- (4) Locals loyal to her father hid her.
- (5) The same locals smuggle her out of Mexico to the US.
- (6) She's put on a plane and flies out of the country (US).

END OF TEASER

ACT I

INT. 747 FLIGHT PREP AREA - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

A crisply pressed Friendly Skylines uniform wears MINA MELCHOR (25), aka YASMINA ONA COSTA, like a hanger. Her simple brown hair sits in a smooth bun on top of her head.

She pours vodka into a Solo cup, then adds several splashes of orange juice, trying to keep pulp out of the mixture.

MINA

(whispers to self)

Why the hell do they always stock
orange juice with pulp in the bar?

FILIPPE SANDOVAL (20s) struts into the prep area with perfect, cover-spread hair forced into submission by sculpting spray. His pants hug every curve of his scrumptious ass.

FILIPPE

The man candy in 2:12B wants a
scotch.

MINA

Why are you telling me? Get Mona.
That's her section.

FILIPPE

Not any more, Darlin'.

MINA

Excuse me?

A bit of the orange juice pulp oozes out, leaving a gelatinous glob of orange guts on the counter.

FILIPPE

You've been promoted to first
class.

MINA

Wait. What? But I'm already working
half of economy with you.

A quick swipe with a paper towel, followed by a sanitizing wipe, and the reflective counter sparkles.

MINA (CONT'D)

Why me? God, they're so needy over
there.

FILIPE

Just like Sonya and the copilot,
Mona's barfing in the loo, among
other things. Girl, it ain't
pretty.

MINA

I imagine not.

FILIPE

And let me tell you, it sounds even
worse comin' out the other end. You
can smell it through the door.

He made a crisscross sign over his heart.

FILIPE (CONT'D)

I'm not joking either, I swear.
Cross my heart...

Filipe swipes his chest with an 'X,' and the second he does,
the nursery rhyme from Mina's childhood PLAYS FULL BLAST:

*Cross my heart and hope to die,
stick a needle in my eye. To you,
my little love, I'd never lie--oh,
wait a moment, I just spoke a lie
because I never really intended to
die.*

She shudders, and unshed tears glisten in her eyes.

Focused on the drink, Mina finishes making the screwdriver.

Filipe plops on top of a long padded bench.

FILIPE (CONT'D)

You think I'm joking? Go smell it
for yourself. It's bad--really,
really bad, *Meja*.

MINA

Okay. Wow. Way to overshare,
Filipe.

FILIPE

Hey, as a team player, I'm just
keepin' ya informed.

MINA

Yeah, right.

Mina shakes her head as if to dislodge the bad memory.

MINA (CONT'D)
So, how are you feeling?

FILIPE
Me? I'm good. Only tired.

He YAWNS with a musical flare.

FILIPE (CONT'D)
And you? How are you acclimating to the longer international flights, and their time zone jumps? It's way different from the shorter ones you've worked over the last few years.

MINA
Fine. It was a bit of an adjustment the first few flights, but I think I'm settling in.

She doesn't seem sold on her own words.

FILIPE
The pay's way better too. Just wait until you see your next paystub.

MINA
I hope so, I have some bills to pay, namely dental thanks to that extra sticky taffy you had to have in Dallas during our layover. Oh, and thanks for taking me to the cemetery.

EXT. DALLAS CEMETERY - DAY - 1 WEEK PRIOR, FLASHBACK

Freshly mowed grass fans out between rows and rows of headstones of various shapes and sizes.

Both Mina and Filipe walk the area, looking at the names etched into the headstones.

Mina holds a bundle of flowers in her trembling hands. She stops and kneels next to a double headstone.

The names in the stone stay just out of focus.

FILIPE
Who are they?

MINA

People I knew from another life,
another time.

Not far away, a CEMETERY WORKER picks up debris, tossing it into a trash bag.

The man palms a camera, snapping pictures of both Mina and Filipe, unknown to either of them.

Mina sets the flowers down, says a silent prayer, then rises.

She stands there, looking at the lettering that reads:

*In loving Memory of: Mateo
"Matador" Costa, loving husband and
father, and Juanita "Ana" Costa-
Melchor, missed but never
forgotten.*

END FLASHBACK

INT. 747 FLIGHT PREP AREA - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Filipe sprawls across the padded bench, halfway laying down.

FILIPE

Hey, how's that temporary crown
doing?

MINA

It hasn't fallen off, if that's
what you're asking.

Rising, Filipe CHUCKLES. He grabs a bottle of water from a metal pushcart, uncaps it, takes a drink, then recaps it.

MINA (CONT'D)

Thanks for helping me get an
appointment in Dallas with such a
short notice. Your uncle was great.

Filipe stands next to her, nudging her with an elbow.

FILIPE

Hey, that's what family does, and
you're family now. My Uncle Rafa
said so.

MINA

Good to know.

FILIPE
Any more pain?

MINA
Nope. Once the swelling went down,
the pain went away. But I'll have
to go back in a few weeks for the
permanent crown.

FILIPE
Yeah, I figured.

MINA
So, 2:12B, how does he want it?

FILIPE
Oh, girl, he can have it any way he
wants it.

Filipe plops on a seat, then stifles another yawn.

MINA
Not helping.

FILIPE
Don't know. Want me to ask?

Mina grabs the screwdriver, a carton of juice and bottle of
water from the cart, then heads to the opening of economy.

MINA
No, I got it. Hey, while most of
the passengers sleep, get some
rest. I'll let you know if I need
help.

FILIPE
I'm already dreamin' about 2:12B
and his...

Sliding open the overhead storage, he grabs a regulation-
sized pillow and blanket embroidered with the Friendly
Skylines' logo, lays down, fluffs the pillow, then covers up.

MINA
Uh-huh. You know there's this thing
called oversharing, right? You
might want to give privacy a try.

FILIPE
Where's the fun in that.

INT. 747 ECONOMY SECTION - NIGHT

Dim floor lights illuminate the center walking strip between the aisles. Most of the overhead lamps remain extinguished, and the seats reclined.

SOUNDS OF SLUMBER, some louder than others, reverberated through the confined chamber.

Mina approaches a NURSING MOTHER and her TODDLER.

MINA

Here you go.

She hands the juice box to the toddler, then turns to the nursing mother, offering her the bottle of water.

MINA (CONT'D)

Let me know if you need anything else.

NURSING MOTHER

Thanks. Open the bottle for Mommy.

MINA

I got it.

Her well-rehearsed flight smile meets the Nursing Mother's tired, weary gaze.

MINA (CONT'D)

Seems you have your hands full.

She uncaps it, then hands it to the woman, placing the top on the tray in front of her.

NURSING MOTHER

Thanks. I always get so thirsty when flying.

The Nursing Mother takes a generous gulp.

MINA

It's the altitude.

She opens an overhead compartment and pulls an extra pillow and blanket out.

MINA (CONT'D)

This might help cushion your arm.

NURSING MOTHER

Thank you. I appreciate it.

Mina walks off to deliver the screwdriver to a RUDE PASSENGER down the aisle.

A SLEEPING WOMAN occupies the next seat.

MINA
(whispers)
Sir, your drink.

RUDE PASSENGER
What's your name?

He palms the drink along with Mina's fingers.

MINA
Mina. Like the name tag says.
Release me, please.

RUDE PASSENGER
I gotta better idea.

With his other hand, he grabs the lapel of her uniform coat. He yanks her closer to his chest, sloshing the drink over her fingers and cuff in the process.

RUDE PASSENGER (CONT'D)
You could help me join the Mile
High club. I'll meet you in the
bathroom in fifteen minutes.

MINA
Yeah, that's not happening.

Her eyes bounce between the jackass holding her hand and BARRY MARTINEZ, the ever-alert air marshal, who rises to the full height of six-two.

One look at Barry making his way down the aisle, and the spineless prick releases his hold.

Continuing down the dimly-lit path, Mina makes her way to...

INT. 747 FIRST-CLASS - NIGHT

The marshal, hot on Mina's heels, comes up behind her.

BARRY
Cut him off. And if he continues to
act up, I'll have a talk with him.

MINA
Will do.

She offers him a smile.

MINA (CONT'D)

Thanks for all you do. For looking
out for me--for all of us.

BARRY

It's my job.

He looks tired, pale, and fatigued, not at all his usual,
chipper self.

MINA

You okay, Barry?

BARRY

Ask me in about ten minutes.

He ducks into a restroom stall, marking it occupied.

MINA

(whispers to self)

Great. That's all this flight
needs. Another person down.

INT. 747 GLOBAL FIRST-CLASS AREA - NIGHT

Inside the global first-class area, Mina approaches seat
2:12B, half expecting to find a sleeping patron sprawled out
in the oversized seating.

Instead, she finds the occupant of the seat, DOMINIC LEVITT,
a Russian (30s), sitting upright, head down, and scrolling
through a spreadsheet of financial numbers--large numbers.

He looks like an Asgardian statue of a god come to life.

MINA

Sir.

(A beat)

Excuse me, Sir.

No reaction, nothing. So, she taps his shoulder.

Filipe wasn't joking earlier.

The intense guy perched in 2:12B is definitely eye candy,
from his sculpted jawline that carves out a path of
confidence to the smoldering, sexy-as-hell eyes piercing her
soul, which are sure to have panties dropping at every turn.

Dominic's gaze travels from Mina's stocking-clad calves to her waist, only to roam over her breasts, then finally comes to rest on her face.

DOMINIC
(Russian accent)
You're not Mona.

His stern, hardened look sends a ripple of anxiety rocketing throughout her body.

MINA
N-no, Sir. I am not.

Something about him seems familiar to her, but she isn't exactly sure what.

MINA (CONT'D)
She's, uhm...

DOMINIC
She is what?

MINA
Oh, uhm, she's...

DOMINIC
Do I need to repeat the question?

His direct and to the point words will help him see how she deals with conflict: submissive or uncompromising.

MINA
W-what?

Her big eyes pop beneath her lashes.

DOMINIC
Mona.

He closes the screen of his laptop.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
You were saying.

MINA
Oh, yeah, Mona is, uhm...

The name Mina Melchor, etched in clean lines on her name tag, catches his attention.

INT. HOTEL ROOM ANYWHERE - ANYTIME - FLASHBACK

Dominic, perched on a couch, thumbs through files spread out over a hotel room coffee table. His suit jacket drapes over a chair. Tieless, his dress shirt remains open at the neck.

He opens a report on Mina's mother that lists her maiden name as Juanita Ona Melchor. A death certificate lists a date of death. The cause listed: Maternal Death.

DOMINIC
Motherless, huh?

Leaning forward, he picks up a glass with two-fingers of Scotch, and drains it, then digs into the next file.

A second report depicts her father's brutal murder. Images of the crime scene show different shots of Mateo "Matador" Costa's neck slashed from ear-to-ear.

His phone buzzes on the table.

INTERCUT - INT. HOTEL ROOM #1/OFFICE #2 - ANYTIME - FLASHBACK

HOTEL ROOM #1 - Dominic

The display reads: TIMA.

Tima's short for TIMOFEY "TIMA" RUSLANOVICH, the Russian Underboss, or the third in the chain of command for the Russian Mafia.

DOMINIC #1
(Into phone, Russian with
English Subtitles)
Yeah.

TIMA #2
(into phone, Russian)
You get the files.

DOMINIC #1
(into phone, Russian)
Yeah. Reviewing them now.

TIMA #2
(into phone, Russian)
Good. You'll find a Friendly
Skylines ticket in the last folder.

DOMINIC #1
(into phone, Russian)
Haven't gotten there yet.

HOTEL ROOM #1 - Dominic - continuous flashback.

A third report shows a listing of Mina's travels over the last 8-9 years on the run.

Flipping the pages of pictures, the last couple of images show Mina at the Dallas cemetery with Filipe Sandoval, and then visiting the dentist--Filipe's uncle, Rafa Sandoval.

DOMINIC
(into phone, Russian)
You're sure it's the girl?

TIMA (V.O.)
(Russian)
Yes. Our CIA contact confirmed it.

DOMINIC
(into phone, Russian)
How?

TIMA (V.O.)
(Russian)
By comparing the current dental records acquired in Dallas, Texas to those found in Mexico.

Holding a portrait of Mina, he studies the image.

A few seconds pass, then he moves on to pictures of her in a Friendly Skylines uniform, then finally he stared at one of her in casual dress: jeans, T-shirt, tennis shoes, laughing.

Employment records show Mina working for Friendly Skylines for four years. Most of that time's spent abroad.

However, recently, it shows she has started working a flight path from the US to the UK.

DOMINIC
(into phone, Russian)
Take out or acquire?

TIMA (V.O.)
(Russian)
Acquire. Do whatever is necessary to secure the asset.

DOMINIC
(into phone, Russian)
Consider it done.

The line goes dead.

FLASHBACK END

INT. 747 GLOBAL FIRST-CLASS AREA - NIGHT

Mina catches the edge of her lip between her teeth, and her NOSE TWITCHES TWICE.

She now had Dominic's full attention.

MINA

(nervous)

She's taking an extended break g-getting some rest.

The uncertainty displaying on her face smoothes out, leaving a well-rehearsed, dead-pan expression of corporate professionalism that hides her nervousness.

Her drastic change in demeanor doesn't go unnoticed, and an all-knowing grin stretches across his face.

MINA (CONT'D)

(all business now)

It's a long flight, Sir.

DOMINIC

So, then, Miss Mina Melchor, you're her replacement.

His gaze traps her like a doe blinded by high beams.

MINA

Y-yes.

Her ears draw his attention this time, or more precisely, the lobes that now wiggle, leaving him to figure out if she is telling half-truths, flat out lying, or nervous.

DOMINIC

Then all is well, I guess.

The fasten seat belt light flashes, drawing not only his eyes but hers as well, then an AUDIBLE BELL CHIMES.

FILIPE (V.O.)

Attention passengers, at this time, the pilot has turned on the fasten seat belt sign. Please set your seats and trays to the upright position and fasten your seat belts...

MONTAGE (runs with Dominic's voice over below):

(1) Dominic infiltrating men for the Russian mafia. (2) Him meeting with his mob boss ALEXEI STEPANOVICH, his *Pakhan*. (3) Him looking at Mina's picture in the airport, confirming she's the flight attendant for the DFW9304 flight.

DOMINIC (V.O.)

Reading people has always come easy for me, and in my line of work-- under the tutelage of the main Russian mafia mob boss, my *Pakhan*, Alexei Stepanovich--knowing a person's mind before he, or in this case, she, knew her own, always keeps me one step ahead of the curve.

DOMINIC

So, Miss Melchor, was there a reason for the interruption?

MINA

Uhm, yes.

She smoothes the lapel of her uniform jacket, which only draws his attention to the accentuated curves of her breasts and small waist.

MINA (CONT'D)

Filipe said you wanted--

The plane lurches to the side, sending Mina staggering into Dominic's legs and onto his lap with a TINY YELP.

Hands on her hips, he pulls her close, keeping her from tumbling to the floor on the other side.

MINA (CONT'D)

Oh, God. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to--

Another patch of turbulence hits, and she grabs his shirt, fisting the fabric.

The nose of the plane dips, and her knee slides, hitting the lever on the chair, reclining it back. Now, in a full straddle on top of Dominic, her body intimately molds to his.

DOMINIC

You, okay?

He keeps one hand on her waist, and the other slides down her hip and over her leg in search of the lever, but instead, he finds the soft, lacy edge of a stocking and silky skin.

DAN THE CO-PILOT (O.C.)
 (radio static overhead)
 Mina Melchor.

Mina, still on top of Dominic, stares, wide-eyed in surprise.

DAN THE CO-PILOT (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Mina Melchor to the cockpit.
 (A beat)
 Mina Melchor, you're needed in the
 cockpit.

DOMINIC
 Someone's paging you.

Dominic taps the name tag pinned to her jacket.

MINA
 Yes. My leg's stuck.

Wiggling, she works to free her pinned right thigh and knee from the gap between the arm of the chair and the seat cushion. But the more she moves, the further friction she causes between her body and his.

DOMINIC
 Stop moving.

Hands on her hips, he holds her in place.

A GASP passes her lips, and her eyes widened once more.

MINA
 Is that your? Do you have an...

DOMINIC
 Erection? Yes, I do. Now, stop
 moving.

A shit-eating grin splits his lips, making her blush.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
 May I?

Hand hovering over her thigh, he waits for a response this time before touching her. A slight nod is all she gives him, and with that, Dominic helps her liberate her knee.

Once free, she shoots off his lap in a flash and puts a good three feet between her body and his.

MINA
 Thank you.

DOMINIC
Any time. And I do mean, any time.

DAN THE CO-PILOT (O.C.)
(radio static)
Mina Melchor to the cockpit.

DOMINIC
They must really need you.

She turns away from him, then heads for the cockpit in a light trot to the door no more than eight feet away.

The plane hits another patch of turbulence, and she stumbles into the door. Hand on the knob, she tries it, but she finds it locked.

Mina KNOCKS a few times.

MINA
Open up. It's Mina.

After several seconds, the door swings open, and the pilot, DANIEL "DAN" DAILY, as pale as vanilla ice cream, staggers out the door with a bucket in hand.

DAN THE CO-PILOT
Call control.

Head bowed, vomit spews, hitting the bottom of the man's makeshift emesis basin with enough force to create a distinct sound of raining vomit.

DAN THE CO-PILOT (CONT'D)
Will's out cold on the floor, and
we're flying on auto-pilot.

More vomit comes forth, and Dan sways into Mina, nearly knocking her over.

DOMINIC
Who is Will?

DAN THE CO-PILOT
Pilot.

Dan vomits again, but this time, only bile comes up.

MINA
Let me help you, Dan.

She shoots a glance in Dominic's direction, pleading with those eyes of hers.

MINA (CONT'D)
You need to sit down.

DOMINIC
(whispers to self)
Wonderful, Dan's the copilot, just
fuckin' great.

He closes the gap between Mina and himself, and helps her with Dan, who can barely stand on his own.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Over there.

Dominic motions to the empty chair across from his seat.

MINA
No, help me get him inside. There's
a bed behind the cockpit.

INT. 747 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Inside the flight room, Dominic glances at the instruments and control panels, and then he spots the pilot, WILLIAM "WILL" JACOBS, curled on the floor in the fetal position.

MINA
This way.

She motioned for Dominic to follow, then makes her way over to a door, opens it, and then steps inside...

INT. 747 PILOT CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

The room, large enough to hold two oversized twin beds, has a sterile feel to it. An en-suite sits off to the side.

DOMINIC
Well, hell, that's convenient.

Mina pulls a bag off one of the mattresses, then helps Dominic sit Dan on the bed.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
(to Dan)
You said we're on auto-pilot,
right?

Dan GROANS in pain, holding his stomach.

DAN THE CO-PILOT
Yeah. It'll take us to the landing
strip.

MINA
It'll land the plane, right?

DAN THE CO-PILOT
No.

The copilot shakes his head, lays on the pillow, and then his eyes roll to the back of his head.

Mina taps his shoulder.

MINA
Dan? Are you okay?

DOMINIC
I think he's down for the count.

Dominic stands just inside the door, gripping the frame on both sides of him.

MONTAGE:

(1)Every training session Mina's ever taken part in flashes before her eyes. (2)Here, she's texting on her phone, and (3) making baskets with paper that she tosses across the room.

Clearly, nothing in the Friendly Skylines simulated educational sessions has prepared her to deal with this type of shit storm.

Dominic, heads back toward the cockpit.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Let's check the pilot?

MINA
Okay.

END OF ACT I

START OF ACT II

INT. 747 COCKPIT - NIGHT

William "Will" Jacobs, long and lean like a string bean, lays motionless on the floor, just as Dan had said prior.

MINA

(whispers more to self)
Please, don't let him be dead.

DOMINIC

Where's the rest of the crew, Mina?

Dominic glances over his shoulder, holding her captive in his line of vision.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

And don't tell me they're all
resting because it's a long flight.

She visibly swallows a lump in her throat. It's as if she's unsure of exactly how much she should relay to the passenger.

MONTAGE (to go with the voice over dialogue below):

(1) people panicking the on plane, (2) plane nose dives, (3) plane crashes, (4) plane burns, (5) dead bodies everywhere.

MINA (V.O.)

Well, my Asgardian god, the bulk of the crew is down with the flu, food poisoning, or something else, so take your pick, which means we're gonna crash, burn, and fuckin' die.

FILIPE

Mina. What's going on? I heard the page.

Right behind Filipe, Barry walks up to the cockpit in a hunch, holding his stomach--he looks really sick.

Mina points to the unconscious copilot, Dan, inside the chamber where she just left him.

MINA

Check on Dan. Now.

FILIPE

What's he doing in there? Wait, is that vomit?

Filipe points to a spot on the floor.

MINA
For God's sake, keep your voice
down.

Mina silences him with a finger to her mouth.

MINA (CONT'D)
The door's opened, and the last
thing we need is panic rippling
through the plane.

Barry, looking even paler than before, takes a few more
steps, then he leans against the wall.

BARRY
What's he doing in here?

Barry swirls his hand inside the cockpit, he's unsteady on
his feet, and looking paler by the second.

MINA
Who? Passenger, 2:12B?

BARRY
Yeah, that'd be the one.

MINA
Oh, fuck.

Dominic, Passenger 2:12B, kneels on the floor next to the
pilot. He presses his fingers to the downed man's neck.

MINA (CONT'D)
Is he... is he dead?

DOMINIC
No, he's breathing.

Dominic rises to full height, making the confined space feel
smaller with everyone in the room.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Let's see what we have here.

With purpose, Dominic walks over to the control panel and
seems to be inspecting the instrument readings, and then he
takes a seat in the pilot's chair.

MINA
What are you doing?

Mina and Barry share a "what-the-fuck" glance.

Grabbing one of two headsets, Dominic slips it on, then motions for Mina to do the same with the second. She takes a seat, then reaches for the other headset, hands shaking. He winks at her, and with a comfortable ease, he flips on the intercom system as if he belongs in the seat.

DOMINIC
Luxembourg Tower, this is Friendly
Skylines 9304 from DFW--Dallas,
Texas--to Luxembourg, over.

Mina's mouth hangs open, and she just stares, speechless.

INT. MULTI LOCATION SCENE - NIGHT

LOCATION #1: Lux Tower I

Wraparound windows line the circular room of Lux Tower I.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS man the desks, speaking to pilots on radios. A few personal items give the space some character.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER A, known as LUX TOWER I, switches on the mic, preparing to speak, and the line SQUELCHES.

The other CONTROLLERS glance up.

LUX TOWER I
(voice crackles)
This is LUX Tower. Friendly
Skylines DFW9304 caller from
Dallas, Texas, I hear you loud and
clear. How do you hear me?

LOCATION #2: 747 COCKPIT

Dominic and Mina remain seated at the controls, and Barry and Filipe hover in the background, listening.

DOMINIC
Fine, LUX, over. I gotta declare an
emergency. Both the DFW9304 pilot
and copilot are unconscious. We
need assistance up here.

LOCATION #1: Lux Tower I

LUX TOWER I
This is LUX.

The traffic controller flips a lever, muting the mic.

LUX TOWER I (CONT'D)
 Someone pull a report on DFW9304
 and call Tower II.

The traffic controller flips the lever, opening the mic.

Other CONTROLLERS rise, some gather around the traffic controller speaking to Dominic; whereas, a couple of others step out of the room or MURMUR in the background.

LUX TOWER I (CONT'D)
 DFW9304 caller, please identify
 yourself.

LOCATION #2: 747 COCKPIT

DOMINIC
 This is DFW9304 passenger 2:12B,
 Dominic Leavitt. Flight attendant
 Mina Melchor is on the line as
 well.
 (a beat)
 Say hello, Mina.

MINA
 Hi, this is...
 (static crackles)
 ...h-hello, this is Mina.

LOCATION #1: LUX TOWER I

LUX TOWER I
 Stand by caller.

A series of CLICKS resonate, and seconds tick by.

LOCATION #3: LUX TOWER II

Almost a mirror image of the other tower. Similar employees man controller traffic mics, TALKING to other pilots.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER B, known as LUX TOWER II, pulls up information on his screen, monitoring the plane's path.

LUX TOWER II
 Friendly Skylines 9304 from DFW to
 LUX, did you say your flight crew
 is down?

LOCATION #2: 747 COCKPIT

DOMINIC

Affirmative, I repeat, the DFW9304 flight crew is down and unable to land the aircraft. Currently...

Dominic taps one of the instruments.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

...we're on auto-pilot at thirty-eight thousand and leveling out to maintain a speed of four hundred-and-twenty-five knots at this elevation.

MINA

Wait, do you know how to fly?

DOMINIC

Yeah, I flew for the Russian military, among other entities.

LOCATION #3: LUX TOWER II

LUX TOWER II

DFW9304 passenger, this is LUX Tower II. Am I to understand you're able to fly a Boeing 747-400?

LOCATION #2: 747 COCKPIT

DOMINIC

That's affirmative, LUX Tower II. This DFW9304 Passenger can fly and land the craft.

LOCATION #3: LUX TOWER II

LUX TOWER II

DFW9304 Passenger, please provide fuel reading and number of souls on board.

LOCATION #2: 747 COCKPIT

Dominic studies the controls.

DOMINIC

LUX Tower II, DFW9304 has eighteen hundred kilograms of fuel.

(a beat)

Mina, how many passengers and crew members are there?

MINA

Um, twelve crew members, an air marshal, a copilot, and the captain. And...

Mina closes her eyes as if to think.

MONTAGE (plays with the Mina's dialogue below:

(1)Mina visualizes passengers in the global first-class seats, (2)BusinessFirst seats, (3)then all the people in the economy section.

MINA (CONT'D)

Let's see, you're the only one in the global first-class seats, thirty in the flat-bed BusinessFirst seats, fifty-seven in the economy plus seats, and then one-hundred-and-ninety-six seated in the economy section.

DOMINIC

LUX II, DFW9304 has fifteen crew members--including the air marshal and pilots--plus, another two-hundred-and-eighty-four on board for a grand total of two-hundred-and-ninety-nine. I repeat 299 combined souls.

LUX TOWER II

LUX Tower II calling DFW9304 Passenger. Please provide input on the condition of the pilot and the copilot, as well as any other downed crew members on board.

Dominic glances into the room off the cockpit where Dan and Will remain motionless.

DOMINIC

It seems you're up, Mina.

MINA

What do I say?

DOMINIC

This is DFW9304. LUX Tower II, the pilot's unconscious, and the copilot has GI symptoms and is vomiting bile. Flight attendant Mina Melchor seems unaffected.

(a beat)

(MORE)

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

And the rest of the information
needs to come from you, Mina.

MINA

Oh, um, all of the crew except for
Filipe Sandoval and me are down
with fever, nausea, and other
gastric symptoms. I'm not sure when
the pilot and copilot got sick. But
Mona and the others started showing
signs about six to eight hours into
the flight.

An audible CLICK sounds, then a couple of BEEPS resonate.

Barry grabs a set of headphones hanging by the cockpit door,
and then he opens the channel with a FLICK of a switch.

BARRY

LUX, this is Barry Martinez,
DFW9304 air marshal. I'm affected
as well.

Martinez stands at the mouth of the cockpit, he's partially
hunching over and holding his stomach.

The man looks like he's seen better days.

Martinez slides one side of the headset off an ear, and
glances at Dominic.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, Passenger 2:12B, did I hear
you say that you can fly?

DOMINIC

Yeah.

FILIFE

Well, hallelujah, darlin'.

Filipe stands behind the marshal, peeking inside the
cockpit. He's not showing any signs of distress like Dan,
Will, and the marshal.

INT. LUX TOWER II - NIGHT

TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS man their stations, keeping busy.

Several monitors show planes in different flight positions.

FLIGHT CONTROLLER C, known as Lux Tower II Command, stands next to ANOTHER CONTROLLER sitting at a station. Both look at the monitor.

LUX TOWER II COMMAND

This is LUX Tower II calling
DFW9304. What's the status of the
passengers on board?"

CUT TO.

INT. 747 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Dominic shoots a glance in Mina's direction. After a few seconds, his eyes bounce to the pale marshal, and then finally fall on Filipe before flicking back to Mina.

DOMINIC

Well? Is anyone sick?

MINA

No, uhm, not that I know of? I
think they're all fine. Filipe do
you--

FILIPE

Oh, darlin', other than a few
passengers who get motion sickness,
I've not heard of any?

DOMINIC

DFW9304 responding to LUX Tower II?
Seems whatever it is has only
impacted the crew at this point.

BARRY

Filipe, grab Will's feet.

The air marshal kneels next to the pilot's head.

FILIPE

Why?

BARRY

So we can move him out of the cockpit, then secure the room.

The marshal slides his hands under the pilot's shoulders, lifting him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

We can put him in the pilots' cabin next to Dan.

DOMINIC

Need some help?

Dominic rises, pulling off the headset.

BARRY

No, you need to stay focused on flying and landing the plane.

Dominic only manages a single step before Mina grabs him.

MINA

Oh, uhm, hold on. They're asking you something.

BARRY

Filipe and I got this. Don't we?

FILIPE

If you say so.

Filipe picks up the pilot's legs, then GROANS.

FILIPE (CONT'D)

Damn, for such a skinny-ass dude, he weighs like a ton.

BARRY

Filipe, after this, I need you to check on the passengers. But don't alarm them. We don't want mass panic.

FILIPE

Oh, I'm not sayin' nothing. I don't want people breathin' down my neck.

Filipe checks his watch.

FILIPE (CONT'D)

We're still, what, a good six hours away?

A series of BEEPS sound.

The plane hits some turbulence.

Mina and the others share a combined GASP in the room.

DOMINIC
Yeah, give or take.

Dominic turns his focus to the instruments in front of him.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
It's an air pocket--a small patch
of rain--nothing to worry about.
We're almost past it.

Sitting back down, Dominic slips on the headset.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
This is DFW9304 calling LUX Tower
II. Come again, I didn't hear your
message.

LUX TOWER II (O.S.)
DFW9304, this is LUX Tower II.
Is autopilot engaged?

DOMINIC
DFW9304 responding to LUX Tower II,
yes, autopilot is engaged.

LUX TOWER II COMMAND (O.S.)
This is LUX Tower II Command,
please disengage the autopilot,
drop to twenty-four thousand and
level out, then reengage autopilot.

DOMINIC
DFW9304 is disengaging now, LUX
Tower II Command.

Dominic disengages the autopilot, then he takes the yoke in hand.

MINA
Are you sure you know what you're
doing?

Dominic FLICKS the mute button on the radio comms.

DOMINIC
Well, now, I guess you'll find out,
won't you?

MINA
 (nervous laughter)
 Not funny.

DOMINIC
 And here I thought you trusted me.

Mina's ears wiggle, and her nose twitches twice--a nervous tic that shows she's not entirely comfortable in her skin.

Watching the instruments, Dominic eases the plane down in increments of five hundred feet, levels out at the designated height, and then unmutes the comms.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
 DFW9304 to LUX Tower II Command.
 We're now holding steady at twenty-four thousand. Autopilot reengaged.

LUX TOWER II COMMAND (O.S.)
 LUX Tower II Command to DFW9304.
 Hold on the line. Await further instructions.

DOMINIC
 Roger that, LUX Tower II Command,
 DFW9304 on standby, now awaiting instructions.

Dominic HITS the mute button again.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
 You okay over there?

MINA
 As good as one can be on a plane without a functioning pilot and copilot.

She chews on her lower lip and fidgets in her seat.

DOMINIC
 How long have you worked for Friendly Skylines, Mina Melchor?

He holds her gaze as if to read her physical reaction in conjunction with her verbal response to a question he knows the answer to: four years (was noted prior in a montage).

MINA
 For a while. How long have you flown planes?

DOMINIC

Six years. All in the military?

Keeping her eyes cast down, she smooths the hem of her skirt over her knees, drawing his eyes to her legs.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Is that a Texas twang I hear?

MINA

No, it's not.

Her nose twitches twice without her ears, and Dominic takes notice of the facial tic but says nothing about the movement.

DOMINIC

Then where do you call home, Miss Melchor?

MINA

Oh, you know, here and there, the life of an army brat, ya know?

Two more twitches strike her nose--they're facial tics that highlight her little spoken lies--and Dominic grins.

MINA (CONT'D)

Are you sure you remember how to land?

DOMINIC

Flying a plane is like riding a bike or having sex.

He FLIPS off the autopilot, then takes hold of the yoke.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Once you do it, you never forget.

MINA

I'll have to take your word on that one.

DOMINIC

Which part? Landing a plane, riding a bike, or having sex?

MINA

That flying a plane is like riding a bike?

A warm blush covers her neck and travels up to her face, making her cheeks grow hot with embarrassment.

DOMINIC
So, Mina, what's the plan?

His question catches her off guard.

MINA
What do you mean?

DOMINIC
When we land?

He adjusts some controls.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
What are you doing in Luxembourg?
Sightseeing, some rest and
relaxation, what?

MINA
Oh, uhm, I have a forty-eight-hour
layover. I'm looking forward to
sleeping. God, I do need some
sleep. Then once cleared, I'm due
to fly out again. What about you?

DOMINIC
Cleared?

MINA
Yes, after long assignments, flight
attendants go through a health
screening.

DOMINIC
Hmm. Didn't know that?

He checks the instruments, then makes a few adjustments.

MINA
Yeah, it's something the general
public isn't aware of, at least,
not usually? But to answer your
question, once cleared, which
usually happens after the first
eight to twelve hours, I can either
go sightseeing or stay indoors. I
usually like to lounge around and
stay off my feet, maybe even read a
book or two.

Dominic seems at ease in the pilot's chair.

DOMINIC

Hey, you should check on the flight crew, see if they need anything. They've been pretty quiet back there.

MINA

Good idea.

She pulls the door all the way opened between the cockpit and the small cabin, then she enters the...

INT. 747 PILOT CREW QUARTERS - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Mina does a quick check of Will and Dan.

MINA

(whispers to self)

Thank God. They're still breathing.

Dan opens his eyelids and glances at her with unfocused eyes.

MINA (CONT'D)

You okay, Dan?

She kneels next to him. Touching his forehead, which from her reaction, must feel hot. He's pale--doesn't look good.

MINA (CONT'D)

You're burning up.

A quick inspection of the first aid kit under a counter next to the en-suite bathroom, reveals empty bottles of over-the-counter fever reducers. She TOSSES the bottles in the trash.

MINA (CONT'D)

I'm going to find something to bring down your temp, okay? Maybe even locate a thermometer while I'm at it.

Dan only nods, then MOANS in pain.

MINA (CONT'D)

I bet Mona has one of those electronic fancy ones that scans the forehead in her purse, among other things.

She does a sweep of the little mini-bar, but only finds it stocked with soft drinks, juice, and some water. Grabbing two bottles, she leaves one on the night stands next to each bed.

MINA (CONT'D)

The woman carries a mini-kitchen and bathroom in that thing along with a sewing kit containing a variety of threads representing every color under the rainbow.

Without disturbing the resting men, she first eases off Dan's shoes, placing them at the foot of the bed. She does the same for Will, then covers them with a sheet and light blanket.

She makes her way to the small vanity, washes her hands twice, and then she heads for the exit.

END OF ACT II

START OF ACT III

INT. 747 COCKPIT - DAY

Mina steps into the cockpit, closing the door behind her.

DOMINIC
Well? Any change?

MINA
No. They're about the same?

Dominic rubs his eyes with one hand, then he STIFLES A YAWN.

MINA (CONT'D)
Tired? Did you get any sleep?

DOMINIC
Naw, but I'm good. What about you?

MINA
I find it hard to sleep on a plane usually.

Dominic leans back in the chair, then checks some readings next to him. He pushes some buttons, and moves some dials.

MINA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get some hot tea? Want anything?

She stands just inside the doorway.

DOMINIC
Well, you do owe me a drink?
Whatcha offering?

MINA
Oh, uhm, we have some black tea--
hot or a variety of cold--soft
drinks and juices? Oh, and there's
milk too.
(a nervous beat)
And there's a few select beers and
some hard liquor? But you shouldn't
drink those and fly. It'd be
against regulations.

DOMINIC
You don't say?

MINA

Well, of course? Oh, God, I just need to shut up now. How about coffee?

DOMINIC

Sure.

MINA

How do you want it?

A light flush heats her neck and face, and she blushes.

DOMINIC

We are talking about coffee, right?

MINA

Um, yes. Coffee.

DOMINIC

Then black.

MINA

So, no sugar or creamer, right?

DOMINIC

That is what black coffee is.

He winks, flirting, and her knees almost turn to jelly.

MINA

Oh, uhm, right. I'll be back.

She can't exit the cockpit fast enough.

DOMINIC

Hey, close the door on the way out.
We don't need other passengers
wandering in only to find another
passenger sitting here?

Dominic shoots a glance over his shoulder, flashing a sexy smile that more than likely has panties dropping somewhere.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Just knock, and I'll let you in.

MINA

Yes, Sir.

She gives him a little salute, then stumbles out the door.

INT. 747 AISLE OF PLANE - DAY

Closing the door to the cockpit as fast as she can, she then leans against it, feeling rather stupid and foolish.

She takes a moment to gather herself, then takes off walking.

Halfway down the aisle, the nursing mother with the toddler flags her down.

And OTHER PASSENGERS turn to look.

NURSING MOTHER

What's going on?

Her son struggles to climb out of the belt holding him securely in place, and he's not happy about it.

NURSING MOTHER (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

Several other passengers turned their gazes in her direction, their expressions show an array of emotions.

Mina puts on her "Friendly Skylines" rehearsed smile.

MINA

Yes. We just hit some turbulence from a mild storm earlier, so it's only a precaution.

Keeping her head down, she makes her way to the service area.

INT. FLIGHT PREP AREA - DAY

Once in the prep area, it doesn't take long to brew a pot of hot coffee, microwave a hot teacup, and rummage through Mona's stash of goodies in the employee lockers.

She doesn't find a thermometer or anything for nausea, but she does find an analgesic to help bring down the fever.

When the microwave RINGS, she splashes a bit of creamer into the mug, then heads back.

INT. 747 COCKPIT - DAY

Inside the cockpit, she holds the drinks, one in each hand.

Dominic slides back in the pilot's seat, and she studies his profile. It doesn't take long for him to glance her way.

MINA

Here you go.

She sets the mug down along with her tea.

MINA (CONT'D)

Be careful. It just brewed, so it's sweltering.

DOMINIC

Thanks. I'll be sure to let it cool a bit.

Steam snakes up from the mug.

MINA

Um, I'll be back.

DOMINIC

Where are ya off to now?

MINA

The pilot's chamber. To give Dan and Will something for fever.

She steps out of the cockpit and into the pilot's quarters.

Dominic takes the opportunity to grab his phone, then checks the device. Several messages from Alexei Stepanovich, his Russian mob boss--his *Pakhan*--fill the screen asking one thing: *Have you seen the girl?*

He drafts a reply and sends it: *Yes. Made contact with asset.*

Mina returns to the cockpit and glances out the window.

Several little lights twinkle in the distance--a city.

He pockets his phone, then picks up his coffee and drinks.

She quietly takes in his profile again, then slowly takes a seat on the copilot's chair next to him.

DOMINIC

How are they? They doing okay?

MINA

I think so.

She grabs her teacup, palming the sides as if relishing the heat of the mug.

MINA (CONT'D)

Mona had some over-the-counter medicine for fever, so that should help. I hope.

Silence fills the space between them, making it awkward.

DOMINIC

So, Mina, I don't see a ring on your finger. Is there someone waiting for you back in the states? Back in Texas?

MINA

Well, now, you get right to the point, don't you?

Mina hides behind her tea. She takes another sip to avoid his probing gaze.

DOMINIC

Are you going to answer the question?

He takes a long drink of the black coffee.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Or are you going to leave me wondering?

MINA

That's a rather personal question, and I hardly know you.

DOMINIC

Tell you what, when we land, you can have a drink with me--since you owe me one--and we can get to know each other better.

MINA

What? I just got you coffee.

As hard as she tries, she can't hold the smile back that dances across her lips.

MINA (CONT'D)

Besides, what makes you think I want to get a drink with you anyway?

INT. 747 PILOT COCKPIT - AFTERNOON

Outside the cockpit, LUX airport comes into view.

The radio CRACKLES, making Dominic and Mina both jump.

LUX TOWER II (O.S.)
 (static crackles)
 LUX Tower II, calling DFW9304, you
 are clear to land on runway twelve.
 I repeat, you are now clear to land
 on runway one-niner-two, over.

DOMINIC
 Roger that. Making my final descent
 now.

Reaching over, Dominic flips the intercom off.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
 Could be your last chance, Mina.

MINA
 What are you talking about?

DOMINIC
 Last chance to agree to get me that
 drink you never got me.

MINA
 Dominic, if you land this plane in
 one piece, I'll let you have
 whatever you want. My treat.

DOMINIC
 Just so we're clear, you're
 agreeing to go out with me, right?

MINA
 Yes. Only one date. And only if you
 land this plane without killing
 everyone. Us included.

DOMINIC
 You have yourself a deal, Miss Mina
 Melchor.

With his hands on the yolk, he reads the instruments. Then
 with precision, he eases the wheels down onto the runway.

The nose bounces a few times, making both Mina and Dominic
 lurch forward, and a little YELP comes from her direction.

The strap of the seatbelt bites into his chest, forcing him back, but at least, it holds him in place.

Mina releases the death grip on the straps next to her shoulders, and grips the sides of her seat.

Her knuckles turn white, the blood draining from them.

The landing isn't exactly smooth, but he manages to taxi down the designated lane while staying off the grass.

Lights FLASH and STROBE on the dark runway, lighting the way through the tinted windows.

A series of BEEPS sound.

Dominic continues to steer with the yoke, following the road, twisting and turning and struggling to remain on the tarmac.

The speed of the plane begins to decrease.

At the end of the pathway, several emergency vehicles wait--medical, fire, police, and airport security--all as one would expect, but another entity is there, the Center for Disease Control (CDC).

Of the service vehicles waiting, Dominic focuses on the CDC, which seems to pique his interest the most.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(whispers to self)

So, is there something I should know, Mina?

MINA

What... w-what are you talking about?

DOMINIC

One look outside should answer that question without a doubt.

Dominic TAPS the windowpane in front of her.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Seems there's quite the landing party out there.

LUX TOWER II COMMAND

(radio squawks)

LUX Tower II, calling DFW9304, come in, please.

DOMINIC

This is DFW9304, over.

Dominic inches to the edge of the seat, releasing the fasten seatbelt sign but keeps the "remain seated message" flashing for the passengers to read.

LUX TOWER II COMMAND

DFW9304, proceed to the emergency exits and deploy. Then await instructions from the extraction crew for passenger evacuation. Please confirm instructions.

DOMINIC

We're to deploy the emergency exits, then await extraction instructions from the ground crew for passenger evacuation.

LUX TOWER II COMMAND

Good. Good. Good. I'll see you on the other side, Son.

The man's words come across as more of a promise than a statement.

DOMINIC

I look forward to it, Sir.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(whispers to self)

Great. Just what I needed. Some brass, entitled fuck to get in my way and breathe down my neck.

MINA

What?

Mina removes the headset, then hangs it up.

DOMINIC

Nothing. Just talking to myself. Blame it on jet lag.

Rising, he slips the headset off, then hangs it up next to the set she was just wearing. He turns to face her, then gestures toward the door.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

After you, Mina. It seems we have an emergency exit to deploy.

INT. 747 GLOBAL FIRST-CLASS AREA - NIGHT

He follows the sway of her hips, keeping his eyes on the asset in front of him.

A deep SIGH leaves his lips.

MINA

Did you say something?

She glances over a shoulder, and those doe eyes of hers look up at him from underneath long lashes.

DOMINIC

Nope

(a beat).)

Just thirsty and looking forward to that drink is all.

A quick wink in her direction makes her cheeks grow ruddy, and her skin turns a light shade of pink like a champagne blush, which makes him CHUCKLE.

MINA

Oh, yeah. One. Only o-one.

DOMINIC

I'll take what I can get, Mina.

INT. AISLE OF PLANE - WING - NIGHT

He follows Mina down the aisle.

PASSENGERS' MURMURED VOICES all meld together, but when they see Mina, they quiet down, and a FEW OF THEM STAND.

The overhead speaker CRACKLES.

FILIPE (V.O.)

Attention passengers. Please remain seated until further instructions.

I repeat, remain seated until further instructions.

PASSENGERS, some frightened and others with relief written all over their faces, fidget in their chairs.

Mina stops in front of the wing where the Nursing Mother cradles her sleeping newborn child.

NURSING MOTHER

Is everything okay? Is there a problem with the plane?

MINA

We just had some landing issues,
but all is well. But we're going to
need to deploy the emergency exit
door next to you.

Arm outstretched, Mina points at the emergency wing exit.

NURSING MOTHER

Oh. Sorry. Let me get my stuff.

MINA

You've got your hands full. Let me
help you.

Mina helps the Nursing Mother with her infant. She grabs the
baby bag and the woman's purse.

DOMINIC

Hey there, buddy. You ready to get
out of that seat?

LITTLE BOY

Uh-huh.

Dominic unbuckles the little boy, and the kid holds his arms
out, gesturing for Dominic to pick him up.

Once in Dominic's arms, the little boy stares out a window.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)

Truck. Truck. See the truck.

Excited, the boy points toward the window.

Dominic ducks his head just enough to see what the boy is
pointing at outside.

PEOPLE scurry--medical, military, and airport staff--a few
are wearing what looks like hazmat suits.

Barry Martinez approaches, still looking pale.

DOMINIC

Yep. Lots of them.

Barry joins Mina and Dominic, looking out as well.

EXT. LUX AIRPORT LANDING - NIGHT

MEN and WOMEN step off a large military vehicle wearing
military battle-ready uniforms complete with weapons.

TRENTON CROSS (30s), a CIA Head Agent, wearing all black, turns to address a small group of the MEN under him.

CROSS
Listen up, men.

The agents check their gear and file in front of him.

CROSS (CONT'D)
We're to help the CDC contain the passengers. These are civilians, so mind your P's and Q's. Especially you, Sampson.

SAMUAL SAMPSON (20s), gives Cross a head nod.

SAMPSON
Yes, Sir. I'm always happy to serve and protect in the face of the unknown.

A woman in a hazmat suit approaches, this is no-nonsense NURSE BETTY REYNOLDS, another agent of the CIA.

Her looks, just as abrasive as her attitude, parts a path through the people on the ground.

NURSE REYNOLDS
Yeah, right, Sampson. I'll believe it when I see it.

There's some tension in the air between Nurse Reynolds and Agent Sampson--clearly, they have history.

SAMPSON
I got something you can see!

NURSE REYNOLDS
I'll pass since I don't have a magnifying glass on me.

SAMPSON
Any time, Reynolds... *'for ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.'*

Agent Cross brings his hand to his mouth, and using his fingers, he WHISTLES, garnering everyone's attention, including Sampson and Nurse Reynolds.

END OF ACT III

START OF ACT IV

INT. AISLE OF PLANE - NIGHT

Dominic and Mina approach the over-the-wing emergency exit.

She tugs off the covering, then pulls on the handle, but it doesn't budge, so she pulls on it again.

DOMINIC

Let me give it a go.

Taking hold of the handle marked "pull," he gives it a tug, and the hatch releases with a HYDRAULIC HISS. A few more CLICKS and THUMPING SOUNDS, and the 747 exit slide deploys.

The SWISHING HISS of air SWOOSHING, blows inside the urethane-coated nylon gray-colored slide. As the nylon cavity fills, unfolding, the HISS grows louder.

In no time at all, the bouncy slide flows over the wing, and the end of it touches down on the ground.

EXT. LUX AIRPORT LANDING - NIGHT

PEOPLE in hazmat suits converge at the base of the slide.

Behind them, Agent Cross and his men stand like a human wall.

More than twenty feet behind them, LUX STAFF MEMBERS wait with more MEDICAL TEAMS wearing PPE.

A FEW LUX STAFF members roll out a metal ladder.

Once the ladder's in place on the other side of the wing, Nurse Reynolds treks up it with a group of hazmat-wearing professionals.

INT. AISLE OF PLANE - NIGHT

Dominic sticks his head out of the exit opening, obtaining a better view of the entourage of people and the service vehicles in attendance.

The CLANG OF METAL draws his gaze to Nurse Reynolds and her team making their way up the ladder.

DOMINIC

Seems the Calvary has arrived.

EXT. 747 WING OF PLANE - NIGHT

Nurse Reynolds holds a hand up, blocking the exit with her hazmat-covered body. Standing on the platform, and the way the suit fits, makes her appear taller than her actual frame.

NURSE REYNOLDS
Are you flight attendant Mina
Melchor?

MINA
Yes. And he's--

NURSE REYNOLDS
I know who he is. Dominic Leavitt.

DOMINIC
Good to know.

The woman's emotionless glance flicks to Dominic for a split second, then returns to Mina, giving nothing away.

NURSE REYNOLDS
You, and any other able-bodied
staff, may start releasing seated
passengers six at a time.

The Little Boy runs down the aisle. He squeeze between Dominic and Barry, heading out the opening.

LITTLE BOY
Me first. I slide now.

BARRY
Whoa, kid. Stop.

Barry catches the boy before he steps onto the slide, drawing him back inside the plane.

NURSE REYNOLDS
Where's the child's mother?

MINA
She's over--

Mina glances around.

Nursing mother squeezes past a FEW PASSENGERS, and approaches her son.

The infant she holds begins to CRY.

NURSE REYNOLDS
Are you traveling alone?

NURSE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
I'm with my baby and son.

The strap of the diaper bag slides off her shoulder, down her bicep, then comes to a stop at the bend of her elbow, but it doesn't seem to bother the woman.

Nursing Mother's son grabs the strap of the bag, glancing up at Barry. The child looks as if he wants to cry.

DOMINIC
You're not in trouble, buddy.

NURSE REYNOLDS
You.

Nurses Reynolds points at one of her crew.

NURSE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Help the mother with her infant.
And the boy.

A hazmat-wearing man approaches the boy, and his eyes widen in fear. His eyes glaze over, threatening to shed tears.

BARRY
I can slide down with him.

Nurse Reynolds nods, giving Barry the go-ahead, and he coaxes the boy into his arms, then slides down with him.

Next, the mother slides empty-handed. Soon, she's followed by her bags, then by the PERSON in the hazmat suit holding the SCREAMING infant.

NURSE REYNOLDS
You three, go to the cockpit and
check on the pilot and copilot.

She points at the PEOPLE to her left, then looks to the right at her remaining TEAM.

NURSE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
And you two... check on the rest of
the flight crew.

Her team makes their way down the plane.

PEOPLE move out of their way, allowing them to pass.

Nurse Reynolds, Filipe, Dominic, and Mina usher people out of the plane in droves, sending them down the wing slide to the crew on the ground waiting to usher them away in groups.

Once the last of the passengers exit along with Filipe, the remaining HAZMAT SUITS turned their attention to Dominic and Mina, who are still inside the plane, standing at the emergency exit.

NURSE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

You two have had the most contact with the pilot and copilot, right?

MINA

Yeah. I guess so. Uhm, Filipe and Barry were around them too.

Nurse Reynolds writess Barry's and Filipe's name on a clipboard.

NURSE REYNOLDS

Have you experienced any signs or symptoms of illness?

Dominic's phone RINGS in his pocket, and he SILENCES it.

DOMINIC

Sorry about that. Guess it just picked up a network signal.

Nurse Reynold's gaze falls on Mina once more, waiting for her to respond to the prior question.

NURSE REYNOLDS

Symptoms, have you had any?

MINA

No. None. Why?

A BUZZ hits his front pocket, and he takes a peek at the screen: *Be advised, visitors from Mexico arrived in Luxembourg two hours ago. They're on location. Numbers unknown.*

NURSE REYNOLDS

And you?

Nurse Reynolds, with all the attitude of a brown paper bag, rakes her gaze over Dominic from head to toe.

DOMINIC

What about me?

NURSE REYNOLDS

Have you been in close contact with Miss Melchor, the flight crew, or the rest of the staff?

DOMINIC
Care to define close contact?

Dominic holds Nurse Reynolds' emotionless gaze. The hazmat-wearing woman stares at him.

An uncomfortable SILENCE HANGS in the surrounding air, making Mina fidget.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
If by close contact, you're asking if Miss Melchor and I sat in the cockpit together, flying the plane, then yes, we remained in close contact--breathing the same recycled air. Is that what you're asking?

NURSE REYNOLDS
Go.

The woman moves to the side, gestures to Mina to remain in place, then motions for Dominic to step forward.

NURSE REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
You first.

HAZMAT SUIT MAN 1
This way. Follow me.

A MAN wearing a hazmat suit escorts Dominic, followed by Mina, to exit the plane.

NURSE REYNOLDS
Take them to fast-track.
(a beat)
Dr. Quinn will want a specimen, then house them in suites 4A and 5A for observation.

EXT. 747 EXIT SLIDE - NIGHT

DOMINIC
Well, here we go.

Standing at the top of the deployed slide, Dominic slides down on his back, keeping his legs and arms together.

EXT. LUX AIRPORT LANDING - NIGHT

At the bottom of the slide, Dominic almost hits the ground with his last bounce.

Rising, he waits for Mina, who he catches at the base of the inflated slide.

DOMINIC

Got you.

More PEOPLE in hazmat suits converge on them, and MEN and WOMEN in uniform surround them.

HAZMAT SUIT MAN 1

This way, please.

He motions for Mina and Dominic to follow him, then leads them to a golf cart.

HAZMAT SUIT MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Get on. But watch your step.

Dominic helps Mina onto the cart. Once seated, the cart drives them to...

EXT. LUX AIRPORT EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A lone military truck manned by Agent Cross and his men wait.

Two beams of light wink in the darkness, drawing closer.

This is the golf cart carrying Dominic and Mina.

When the cart comes to a stop, Agent Cross approaches.

CROSS

This way.

Cross mainly keeps his gaze on Dominic, but occasionally, it flicks to Mina. As Cross, Mina, and Dominic cross the parking lot to the military truck, the golf cart leaves.

Dominic glances around him, taking in the surrounding area.

DOMINIC

So, where's this truck taking us?

CROSS

To a designated quarantine location run by WHO.

DOMINIC

Who?

Mina leans into Dominic.

MINA
(whispers)
WHO. It stands for World Health
Organization.

INT. MILITARY TRUCK - NIGHT

Dominic and Mina sit on one side of the military truck, and Cross and some of his agents sit on the other side.

None of the agents wear PPE or any other protective gear.

DOMINIC
Does your government not supply you
and your men with protective gear?

CROSS
Not necessary.

The flap covering the back of the truck FLAPS, exposing bits and pieces of the city street and buildings lit up.

MINA
But it was when we were on the
plane? Why?

CROSS
That's a question for the white
coats.

DOMINIC
Medical personal?

CROSS
Yep. That'd be the ones.

The truck comes to a WHINING stop.

EXT. HOTEL BUILDING SIDE ENTRANCE ANYWHERE - NIGHT

Cross, and the men in the back with him, jump out of the bed and onto the street, then turned to Dominic and Mina.

Dominic exits the truck without an issue, then he and Cross help Mina down.

CROSS
Follow me.

Arm raised, Cross motions to Mina and Dominic to follow.

MINA

Do you know what's going on?

CROSS

Dr. Quinn will answer your
questions inside.

Cross opens the side door to the hotel, motioning for them to enter.

END OF ACT IV

START OF TAG

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A large open room, marked off into numbered sections with partitions and rope dividers, keep the flow of traffic in the room moving at a steady pace.

Mina and Dominic move through the roped-off maze, following one of Agent Cross' men, Sampson.

In one corner, a makeshift triage station sits with nurses tending to patients.

Behind one of the partitions, Dominic and Mina catch glimpses of the pilot and copilot.

Dan and Will, both on beds, have PPE oxygen bed texts covering them from head to toe. Neither man moves.

Mina slows her pace, almost coming to a stop.

CROSS
Keep moving.

MINA
Where... where are you taking us?

CROSS
To Section C.

Cross points to a sectioned off area marked with a "C."

Clear plexiglass lines the sectioned-off area.

Inside, a man wearing PPE looks up. This is DR. ALBERT QUINN, he's as wide as he is tall. His shoes SQUEAK when he walks.

A WOMAN in the same type of PPE, TYPES information into a portable computer on wheels.

The doctor draws blood from the Rude Passenger, who spilled the drink on Mina. Once done, the doctor has the man exit out the other side, where a group of AGENTS whisk him away.

DR. QUINN
Okay. Next.

Dr. Quinn doesn't even look up. He removes the blue gloves he's wearing, only to reveal another pair underneath. Quickly, he pulls a fresh pair of gloves over the others.

DOMINIC
Ladies first.

Dominic motions to Mina.

INT. DR. QUINN'S MEDICAL CUBICLE - NIGHT

Inside the cubicle unit, Mina slides off her uniform jacket.

DR. QUINN
Name?

MINA
Mina Melchor.

Dr. Quinn glances up at her, interrupting his setup process for drawing blood.

She nervous and fidgety.

DR. QUINN
Any symptoms? Nausea, vomiting,
headache, fever? A rash?

MINA
No, Sir. I feel fine.

The doctor examines her arm, looking for a vein.

DR. QUINN
You're the other flight attendant,
aren't you?

MINA
What?

He applies a tourniquet to her arm, cleans the area with a swab, then draws a few vials of blood while talking.

DR. QUINN
I understood two of you weren't
showing any signs like the other
crew members.

MINA
Yeah. Filipe and I never got sick.
And neither did he.

Mina glances back at Dominic.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Dominic stands at the entrance of the partitioned cubicle.

A sign reads: ONE AT A TIME. PLEASE WAIT TO BE CALLED.

DOMINIC

(whispers to self)

Oh, Yasmina, what have you gotten
into now?

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT: EPISODE ONE