



## FLIGHT RISK

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INT. CESSNA 206 - DAY

A cramped, analog six-seater, powered by a single propeller. Three rows of two seats, including the pilot's. Roughly the size and layout of your standard minivan.

The second-row passenger door opens. Light shines in.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Get in.

WINSTON pokes his head in. Late 20s/30s. Wiry. Thick plastic glasses. Immaculately groomed. Crisply pressed clothes.

He looks around the cabin, horrified at the cracked leather seats and stained carpet.

WINSTON  
What - this? What is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
The charter, Winston. Get in.

Winston reluctantly shimmies into the middle row of seats, a coat draped over his arms.

WINSTON  
It's just, you say you chartered a private plane, I'm thinking Gulfstream, you know? Learjet. Real Jay-Z shit. Not "Antiques Roadshow."

The woman - MADOLYN HARRIS - climbs in after Winston. 30s/40s, no nonsense, and already weary of Winston's shtick.

MADOLYN  
That's a jet. I never said "jet." I said we got a private plane, and that's what this is.

WINSTON  
This isn't a plane. This is a kite with seat belts.

No smile from Madolyn.

MADOLYN  
Arms.

Winston raises his arms so that Madolyn can buckle him in, because... He's **HANDCUFFED**. Feet are shackled too.

WINSTON  
It's some bullshit, is all.

He sniffs the seat. Grimaces. Madolyn sighs as she tightens his seat belt.

MADOLYN  
Well, Winston, what do you want me to say? Next time, hide out in Miami.

She shackles his hands to his feet with a THIRD SET of HANDCUFFS. It's not uncomfortable, but he has very limited range of motion and cannot reach his seat belt.

MADOLYN (CONT'D)  
Miami, maybe you get a jet. But you go full Unabomber on me, drag me all the way out to bum-fuck Alaska, our options get a little more limited.

She climbs forward into the co-pilot's seat, and we glimpse a GUN, a TASER, and a BADGE clipped to her belt.

MADOLYN  
I doubt we could even land a jet out here.

WINSTON  
(mumbles)  
...You can't go off the grid in Miami...

MADOLYN  
Yeah, and a lot of good that did you.

She spots a FIGURINE mounted to the top of the instrument panel: a GRIZZLY BEAR standing on its hind legs, and wearing a GRASS SKIRT like a hula dancer.

Madolyn cringes, and digs out a SATELLITE PHONE. Dials.

A FEMALE VOICE answers. Supervisory Deputy CAROLINE VAN SANT. 40s, confident.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Van Sant.

MADOLYN  
It's Madolyn.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
I was starting to get worried.

MADOLYN  
Don't be. We're just about good to go.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Is he cooperating?

MADOLYN  
If I say no, can I tase him?

WINSTON  
Hey-!

MADOLYN  
Seriously, Caroline, thank you for putting me in the field again. I know you had pushback.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Don't thank me yet, I just got off the phone with the D.A.: Judge Ziegler's been replaced.

Madolyn frowns. *Replaced?* But her train of thought is broken by:

WINSTON  
Is that your boss? Is she hot? She sounds hot-

MADOLYN  
(covering the phone)  
Winston, I swear to god-

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Hello?

MADOLYN  
Yeah, uh... replaced with who?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Falco.

MADOLYN  
Falco?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
I know. And true to form, he's not letting us push the trial date again.

MADOLYN

Shit.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Look, it's going to be fine. I've got a team standing by to meet you in Anchorage.

MADOLYN

Understood. We should be there in ninety minutes or so.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Good. Moretti's lawyers are trying to run out the clock on us, but I've done the math: you'll have to fly all night, but we can still make New York by morning, okay? Just get going.

MADOLYN

("fuck.")

Yeah.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Call me from Anchorage. And Madolyn? Good luck.

Madolyn hangs up. Checks her watch. Fuming.

In the back, Winston clears his throat.

WINSTON

So... am I free to go? Or...

*Thunk.* The pilot's door opens and DARYL BOOTH climbs into the pilot's seat beside Madolyn. He's 40s. Rough-hewn and rugged, with a ratty baseball cap and an easy, backwoods swagger.

DARYL

Deputy Harris?

He offers a calloused hand.

DARYL

Daryl Booth. Welcome aboard.

They shake. Daryl offers an awkward nod to Winston.

MADOLYN

We're in a bit of rush, Mister Booth.

DARYL

Yes, ma'am.

Daryl starts performing his pre-flight checklist. He notices Madolyn buckling her shoulder straps in the copilot's seat.

DARYL

You, uh-- you sure you don't want to ride back there with him?

Madolyn glances back at Winston. He smiles pleasantly.

MADOLYN

Absolutely not.

WINSTON

Well you don't have to be mean...

DARYL

I only meant -- shouldn't, uh, someone be watching him?

MADOLYN

He's restrained, Mr. Booth. He's not going anywhere. Trust me.

DARYL

Okay, hey -- you're the boss.

He flips a few more switches. Auxiliary power. Running lights.

DARYL

I just -- I never flew a fugitive before.

WINSTON

Witness.

DARYL

What?

MADOLYN

Shut up, Winston.

WINSTON

I'm a cooperating government witness. Not a fugitive.

MADOLYN

Winston!

WINSTON  
I'm just saying: technically, we're  
all on the same side here.

Madolyn glares back at him. Winston shrugs. *What?*

MADOLYN  
Not. Another. Word.

Beat.

Daryl looks from Winston to Madolyn. Turns back to his checklist.

DARYL  
Right... well, we're looking at  
moderate clouds and-

MADOLYN  
And I'd appreciate it if you didn't  
address the prisoner.

DARYL  
...Light wind.  
(beat)  
Yes, ma'am.  
(beat)  
Sorry, never flown a U.S. Marshal  
before, neither.

He flips the final few switches.

DARYL  
Did fly Marshall Faulk once. That  
was cool.

VROOM. He thumbs the ignition, and the plane's single propeller SPUTTERS to life.

The plane RATTLES. Madolyn takes a steadyng breath.

Daryl dons his RADIO HEADSET. Keys his transmitter.

DARYL  
Radio tower Bethel, Skyhawk two-oh-  
six delta. Ready for departure.

A moment of radio static. Madolyn checks her watch.

DARYL  
Roger that, tower. Skyhawk two-oh-  
six delta, cleared for take-off,  
runway one-six-four.

He opens the throttle, and the plane rolls forward, picking up speed.

Daryl pulls back on the yoke, and the Cessna lifts effortlessly in the air. Gliding up over the Alaskan wilderness.

The Cessna is no commercial airliner: you feel every little vibration, jostle, and air pocket. The very rivets rattle.

Atop the instrument panel, the HULA GRIZZLY dances and sways.

Madolyn leans over to Daryl, shouting over the drone of the propeller.

MADOLYN  
Is it always-?

Daryl shakes his head and taps his headset's EARCUPS. He points to a SECOND radio headset by Madolyn's knee. *Use that.*

Madolyn puts on the headset. The hum of the prop falls away, and is replaced by the ISLAND RHYTHMS of "Changes in Altitude, Changes in Latitude" crackling through the headset.

DARYL  
You like Buffet?

Madolyn just glares. Daryl kills the music.

DARYL  
Not a Parrot Head, huh?  
(off her look)  
Yeah, I know. But up here, you've  
got to bring the beach to you.

He points to the hula grizzly, swaying on the dash.

DARYL  
See? She gets it.

Madolyn rolls her eyes. A gust of wind JOSTLES the plane.

MADOLYN  
Is it always this bumpy?

DARYL  
Bit of a cross-wind is all. It  
should even out once we hit three  
thousand feet.

Madolyn nods. Turns and looks out the window. Without the music and engine drone, it's suddenly quiet and peaceful.

Outside, the view is stunningly beautiful.

Daryl breaks out a pack of nicotine gum. Pops one in his mouth. Offers the pack to Madolyn.

DARYL  
You a smoker?

She shakes her head.

DARYL  
Yeah, it ain't the same.

They fly in silence for a beat, taking in the stunning beauty of the Alaskan wilderness.

DARYL  
So what'd he do?

MADOLYN  
Huh?

DARYL  
(nods at Winston)  
The twig in the back seat. You said he's a witness?

Madolyn looks away. Doesn't answer.

DARYL  
Okay. Forget I asked.  
(beat)  
You got to understand: my usual haul is a drunk fishing party, or a bunch of suits looking to experience "true nature."

He turns back to the yoke, a little hurt.

Madolyn stares out the window for a beat. Relents. *Fine, I'll throw the guy a bone.*

MADOLYN  
You been flying long?

DARYL  
(just happy to talk)  
Damn near all my life. My daddy was a crop duster. Round Texas mostly. Then he skipped out on the bankman, and we moved to Florida. Flew puddle jumpers through the Keys.  
(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)  
I came up here doing summer  
charters maybe - fifteen - years  
ago? Never left.

Madolyn stares out the window: virgin wilderness as far as  
the eye can see.

MADOLYN  
It's beautiful.

DARYL  
That it is.

He BANKS the plane. Madolyn steadies herself on the  
instrument panel as the WORLD TILTS.

Daryl smiles, chewing his gum.

DARYL  
You'll get used to it.

**EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS**

The Cessna soars over jagged peaks and dense forests.

Not a soul in sight.

**INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS**

In the back seat, Winston works his jaw, attempting to pop  
his ears. He absentmindedly fiddles with his restraints.

**UP FRONT**

Madolyn stares out at the endless wilderness. Lost in  
thought.

DARYL (O.S.)  
Ah, shit.

She looks over: Daryl taps the GPS mounted in the instrument  
panel.

DARYL  
Come on...

The GPS screen is blank.

MADOLYN  
Everything okay?

DARYL

Yup, fine. Nothing to worry about.  
(off her look)  
This piece of shit keeps shorting  
out on me.

MADOLYN

We have no GPS?

DARYL

It's no big deal. Really. This shit  
happens twice a week.

Madolyn hesitates, not loving this new development.

DARYL

Seriously, I fly this route all the  
time. Seventy-five minutes from  
now, we'll be on the ground, and  
you and the twig will be on your  
way to Seattle, I promise.

MADOLYN

You don't think we should turn  
back?

DARYL

No! God no.  
(off her look)  
Hey, it's your call, I get paid  
either way. But there's some  
weather moving in from the north,  
so if we head back, it'll probably  
ground us for a few hours.

*Fuck.* Madolyn checks her watch.

MADOLYN

Seventy-five minutes?

#### **IN THE BACK SEAT**

It's LOUD without headsets, and Winston can't hear anything  
being said up front.

He sees Madolyn check her watch and nod to Daryl.

On Winston, watching, fiddling with his restraints...

#### **EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS**

The plane flies deeper into the wilderness.

**INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS**

Daryl glances at Madolyn: anxiously drumming her fingers against her knee. He frowns. Takes pity.

DARYL

So, how long you been with the Marshals?

MADOLYN

Hmm? Oh, uh, seven... almost eight years.

DARYL

Must be a lot of traveling.

Madolyn shrugs.

DARYL

You like it?

MADOLYN

I like quiet.

Daryl grins. Chomps his gum. He BANKS the plane again.

**IN THE BACK SEAT**

Winston fidgets. Bored without an audience.

As the plane tilts, a piece of PAPER slides into view, peeking out from beneath the pilot's chair.

Winston double takes: wait... what does that say..?

He reaches for it, but the shackles are too constricting.

He stretches out his foot. Awkwardly contorting to slide the paper out from underneath the pilot's seat.

It's a printed CARD. The letters on the bottom read:

"MUST BE DISPLAYED AT ALL TIMES."

Winston cranes his neck to read it... it's an Alaska State Charter License for "Daryl Booth."

He shimmies the paper out a little further. Eyes widening...

...The picture of the MAN on the license looks nothing like the man currently piloting the plane. Not even close.

WINSTON

Oh, fuck.

Winston reels. Mind spinning...

**UP FRONT**

A thought occurs to Daryl. He turns to Madolyn, who's lost in thought.

DARYL

Why is he in chains?

MADOLYN

What?

DARYL

The twig. If he's a witness, how come he's all chained up?

MADOLYN

Because he's a flight risk.

WINSTON (MOS)

Deputy Harris..? Deputy Harris..!

But Madolyn can't hear Winston with the noise-cancelling headset on. And she can't see him trying to talk to her over her shoulder.

DARYL

Oh. I thought he said you two were on the same side.

MADOLYN

He's a liar.

**IN THE BACK SEAT**

Winston scrambles. *How to get Madolyn's attention?*

He tries to kick her seat, but he's sitting behind the pilot, and the shackles prevent him from reaching it.

He stretches, straining against the seatbelt... but can barely tap against Madolyn's seat.

WINSTON

Come on... look at me.

He tries again. And again... but Madolyn doesn't notice.

**UP FRONT**

Madolyn watches the HULA GRIZZLY sway back and forth as, behind her, Winston attempts to get her attention, unnoticed.

DARYL  
(re: the hula grizzly)  
Ain't she great?

MADOLYN  
Dancing for your entertainment?

DARYL  
Hey! C'mon now, she's resilient.  
(off Madolyn's look)  
Yeah, I know: look at me with the  
ten-dollar words, right? Don't tell  
nobody. But the fact is, she just  
keeps dancing through all the bumps  
and turns and turbulence. Nothing  
phases her. And if you can't get on  
board with that, then, well...  
(beat)  
I don't care, it's my plane.

The bear sways. Madolyn smiles small in spite of herself.

**IN THE BACK SEAT**

Winston sweats. Panic rising. Mind racing. He looks at the BUTTON on his flannel shirt.

He grabs it between his teeth, yanking at the thread, and bites the button off.

Keeping it in his teeth, he aims at Madolyn and SPITS.

The button arcs. Bounces off the instrument panel in front of her. Madolyn spins around.

MADOLYN  
What was that?

WINSTON  
I need to talk to you.

MADOLYN  
What?

She removes an earcup.

WINSTON  
I said I-

He glances at "Daryl." Feels Daryl's eyes watching him in the rearview mirror.

WINSTON

I... dropped something. Down by my foot.

MADOLYN

You'll deal.

She turns away--

WINSTON

Wait-wait-wait! I don't feel well.

MADOLYN

I don't care, Winston. Suck it up.

WINSTON

I'm serious. I feel bad. I- I have a bad feeling.

He glances at Daryl. Madolyn's eyes flare.

WINSTON

Maybe we should turn back.

Madolyn hesitates. Sees the fear in his eyes. *Is it genuine? Or is she being played?*

Winston blinks. The slightest of nods.

Beat.

MADOLYN

Take some deep breaths, Winston.  
You'll be fine.

She turns back to the front seat. A sideways glance at Daryl.

DARYL

What's wrong with him?

MADOLYN

Nothing. He says he feels sick.

DARYL

Not in my plane-!

MADOLYN

It's fine. He'll be fine.

(beat)

What's our E.T.A?

DARYL  
An hour...ish? Soon.

He grins reassuringly. Pops in a fresh piece of nicotine gum. Madolyn nods. Looks out at the vast wilderness around them.

MADOLYN  
When are we going to see  
civilization again?

DARYL  
Oof. Round these parts? Not 'til  
final approach.

Madolyn nods and drums her fingers against her leg. Traces the outline of her holster.

She looks at the broken GPS again. And at Daryl: relaxed and confident at the controls.

She studies his hands: strong and calloused, gripping the yoke. *The hands of a threat? Or simply an Alaskan bush pilot?*

MADOLYN  
...How did you know about Seattle?

DARYL  
What?

MADOLYN  
Earlier. You said you'd have us on  
our way to Seattle before we knew  
it. How'd you know that's where  
we're headed?

DARYL  
Shit, where else can you go? You  
ain't no Alaskan, I can tell you  
that. So ain't no way you're  
staying in Anchorage. No offense.

He smiles at her. On Madolyn: *Okay... maybe that checks out.*

A gust of wind JOLTS the plane.

Madolyn casually surveys the cabin, which suddenly seems way more claustrophobic and vulnerable. Every screw and rivet seems to RATTLE as Daryl continues to ramble:

DARYL  
(rambling)  
...In fact, if I had to guess, I'd  
say you've got that Yankee blood.  
(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)  
Not much of an accent, but you  
remind me of this gal I used to--

MADOLYN  
Hey, can I radio ATC on these?

She points to the radio headset.

MADOLYN  
I need to check in.

DARYL  
Already?

MADOLYN  
(a shrug)  
Protocol.

DARYL  
Yeah alright. Sure.

He fiddles with the radio dials.

DARYL  
Radio tower Bethel, Skyhawk two-oh-  
six delta.

Static.

DARYL  
Come in, ATC Bethel. This is  
Skyhawk two-oh-six delta, over.

On Madolyn: *Come on...*

#### **IN THE BACK**

Winston bounces his knee, shackles jangling. Trying to keep  
it together.

He rubs his sweaty palms against one another as --

#### **UP FRONT**

Daryl fiddles with the dials some more.

DARYL  
Radio tower Bethel, this is Skyhawk  
two-oh-six delta. Come in.

More static.

On Madolyn: *C'mon-c'mon-c'mon...*

DARYL  
Radio tower Bethel!

Static. Daryl gives up. Sits back and shakes his head.

MADOLYN  
Nothing?

DARYL  
Probably just the mountains  
blocking the signal. Should be fine  
in another few minutes.

Madolyn nods. Glances back at Winston. Silent alarm bells  
going off inside her head.

*Think!*

Her fingers trace the holster strapped to her leg.

*Think-think-think--*

DARYL (O.S.)  
Whoa!

Madolyn jolts.

DARYL  
Look-it.

He points: a stunning WATERFALL cascades over a dramatic  
cliff.

Daryl beams.

DARYL  
It's something else out here, ain't  
it?

Madolyn nods. Heart in her throat.

Daryl banks the plane, throwing Madolyn off balance again.

#### **IN THE BACK SEAT**

On Winston: scared, as the sky begins to DARKEN outside his  
window.

**EXT. ALASKAN SKIES - CONTINUOUS**

The Cessna enters into THICK CLOUDS, a lonely, dark spec in the middle of a vast GRAY VOID.

It's impossible to tell up from down. They could be hurtling straight for a mountainside for all we know.

**INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS**

Daryl flicks on the autopilot. Madolyn strains to see through the endless gray void.

DARYL

Kinda spooky, huh? Local pilots call this "Eskimo soup."

Madolyn's eyes light up, realizing:

MADOLYN

...The flying community up here must be a pretty small group.

Daryl shrugs.

MADOLYN

So you must know the pilot who flew me up here last week. Uh... Jani-Janikowski?

Daryl grins.

DARYL

Janikowski. Sure. Great guy. Man, one time, up in Nome, he and I got our hands on some nitrous and a welding torch and... well, like I said, great guy.

MADOLYN

Yeah. Seemed like it.

She discreetly UNBUCKLES her seatbelt.

MADOLYN

...Except she's a woman.

But Daryl just smiles and shakes his head. Unfazed.

DARYL

If you say so.

He winks.

Beat.

WHAM! They SPRING on each other at the EXACT SAME TIME. A furious, cramped, messy struggle.

Madolyn goes for her gun, but Daryl GRABS her wrist. A desperate flurry of PUNCHES and BLOCKS, with zero room to maneuver.

It's like fighting in an elevator. Or a coffin.

Headsets go flying. Errant switches are flipped. Warning alarms BEEP and BLARE.

**IN THE BACK SEAT**

Winston SHOUTS and struggles in vain as --

**DARYL**

-- Pulls a KNIFE hidden behind a false panel in his door.

WINSTON  
Knife! Knife!

Winston struggles against his restraints as --

-- Daryl SLASHES at Madolyn with the knife.

Madolyn blocks it. Knocks it free. It tumbles beneath the seat.

She goes for her taser as -

- Daryl JERKS the yoke.

The plane banks. DIVES.

Winston screams. The engine whines. Alarms BLARE.

They BURST through the cloud layer. The forest below rushes up to meet them.

Madolyn's thrown. Tries to recover --

**THWACK!**

Daryl's fist SLAMS into her. She reels, stunned, and -- crack! -- a SECOND PUNCH knocks her out cold.

She slumps against her door.

DARYL  
(panting)  
Jesus fucking Christ.

*[Note: for clarity, we're going to continue to refer to this character as Daryl.]*

He flicks some switches and levels out the plane. The alarms cut out.

Daryl checks his lip for blood and smooths back his hair, glancing over at Madolyn.

DARYL  
Shit.

He catches his breath and starts climbing back into the clouds.

**IN THE BACK SEAT**

Winston struggles desperately - futilely - against his restraints. The skin around his wrists tears and chafes.

WINSTON  
(under his breath)  
Oh shit. Oh shit-shit-shit-!

DARYL  
How you doing back there, Winston?

Daryl finds Winston in the rearview. His eyes clear and cold. Dangerous. Winston freezes.

DARYL  
Mister Moretti sends his regards.

WINSTON  
I haven't told them anything, man.  
I haven't-

DARYL  
Winston. Winston, stop. Stop-stop-stop.  
(gentle, earnest)  
I know, man. I know. You haven't said shit.

WINSTON  
That's right.

DARYL

Yeah.

(beat)

And now you never will.

Winston sags back, his chest panic-heaving, on the verge of tears.

WINSTON

(blurting)

I can pay you!

Daryl scoffs.

DARYL

Aw, c'mon, brother. Have a little self-respect.

WINSTON

I mean it. A- a million dollars. In crypto --

Daryl starts laughing.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

-- Untraceable. Just let me go.

DARYL

Do I look like the kind of guy that deals in "crypto?"

WINSTON

Cash then! Fuck! What does it matter? I'm talking about a million fucking dollars, man!

He sniffs, all tears and flop sweat. Desperate.

Outside: the bleak clouds envelope the plane again as it continues to climb.

Daryl glances over at Madolyn: still out cold in the co-pilot's seat.

DARYL

And you got all that just squirreled away, huh?

WINSTON

I was Moretti's accountant. So yeah, I skimmed.

DARYL

A million dollars?

WINSTON

Do you have any idea how much money  
I hid for that man? He sure  
doesn't.

**IN THE COPILOT'S SEAT**

Madolyn's closed eye twitches... hard to tell if she's awake or not...

**IN THE BACK SEAT**

Winston leans forward, imploring:

WINSTON

Besides, you wouldn't believe how many people got a taste. This one guy in Sankaty got twenty-five grand a month, for years!

(beat)

All you have to do is let me walk away.

DARYL

That's it, huh?

Daryl mulls it over, less than convinced.

WINSTON

Look, what's your plan? Fly to some deserted airstrip and leave us for the wolves?

DARYL

Something like that.

WINSTON

So who's going to know, man? I'll disappear. You get to say you did your job, and get a million extra dollars to show for it.

Daryl sucks his teeth, thinking. He flips some switches on the instrument panel. Makes some adjustments.

DARYL

You know what the difference between you and me is, twig?

WINSTON

A million dollars-?

DARYL

Principles. And a man without 'em -- even a rich one -- ain't no *man* at all.

(beat)

He's a rat. And I ain't no rat.

WINSTON

Don't be stupid-

*WHAP!* Daryl whips around and STRIKES like a coiled snake, POPPING Winston once in the jaw.

WINSTON

Ah, fuck!

Shackled as he is, Winston can't even defend himself. He cowers as best he can, bleeding from a split lip.

#### IN THE COPILOT'S SEAT

Madolyn's eyes blink open - barely - but she remains frozen as she gets her bearings.

DARYL

Flexes his fist. Nods at Madolyn.

DARYL

She was right: you talk too much.

He finishes his climb and levels off the plane. He flicks the autopilot back on and unbuckles his seatbelt.

DARYL

Okay then...

He pulls a pair of stashed ZIP-CUFFS from his hidden door panel.

Winston starts thrashing about in the back, shouting at Madolyn:

WINSTON

Hey! Hey! Wake up!

DARYL

Quiet.

WINSTON

Wake-up-wake-up-WAKE-UP-!

Daryl leans over Madolyn with the zip-cuffs. Grabs her arm -  
ZZZZZTTTT!!

Madolyn springs to life. JAMS her taser into Daryl's neck.  
He jolts. THRASHES about.

His hand accidentally switches the AUTOPILOT OFF. His foot  
hits the rudder pedals, sending the plane into a FLAT TURN.

The compass on the instrument panel spins as the plane starts  
to circle.

But Madolyn holds firm. Daryl's mouth foams. Gurgles. His  
face a mix of surprise and fury...

...And then his eyes roll back and he passes out ONTO THE  
YOKE.

The plane starts to DIVE.

MADOLYN  
Shit!

Madolyn yanks him back and grabs her own yoke to keep the  
plane steady.

Too much. The plane PITCHES steeply UPWARDS. The STALL  
WARNING light FLASHES. An alarm BEEPS incessantly.

MADOLYN  
God damnit, come on.

She eases off, awkwardly trying to steer with one hand, while  
the other keeps Daryl's limp body off the controls.

The plane BUMPS and WEAVES unsteadily.

MADOLYN  
Ah shit...

She wrestles the controls -- no idea what she's doing -- and  
barely manages to keep it steady.

Finally, she spots the "autopilot" switch. Flicks it. The  
plane instantly levels out and the ride becomes smoother.

Tentatively, she loosens her grip on the yokes and hesitantly  
pulls her hands away...

The plane continues to fly straight.

*Phew.*

She watches the yokes vibrate back and forth as the plane's gyroscope makes its own micro-adjustments to keep it steady.

Madolyn breathes a sigh of relief, and notices an alarm is still *EEPING*.

She finds the flashing "Stall Warning" light. Hits it. The beeping stops.

Madolyn pushes sweat-slicked hair off her face. Catches her breath.

And now, finally with a moment to breathe, a wave of reality washes over Madolyn, as she starts to realize the enormity of her situation. *Oh. Fuck...*

Madolyn looks at Winston: stricken and overwhelmed.

MADOLYN

Are you okay?

But Winston's panicking. Hyperventilating. *In-out-in-out-in-out...*

MADOLYN

Winston!

WINSTON

There's no. Air. In here.

MADOLYN

Yes there is. You're fine.

*In-out-in-out-in-out...*

WINSTON

You gotta- you gotta let me out of these.

MADOLYN

I can't do that, Winston. You know that.

WINSTON

There's no air in here!

*In-out-in-out-in-out...*

On Madolyn: *Is this a trick?*

WINSTON

Let me out. Let me out-!

MADOLYN

Hey-!

*Whap!* Madolyn GRABS Winston and SHOVES him - hard - back into his seat. He snaps out of it. Looks at her.

MADOLYN

Are. You. O. Kay?

He blinks. Shell-shocked. Glasses askew.

WINSTON

...I pissed myself.

On Madolyn: *Great.*

She casts a wary eye on Daryl: unconscious and slumped over in the pilot's seat.

WINSTON

Is he-?

MADOLYN

Unconscious. For now.

She surveys the cockpit. Assessing. Training kicking in.

*Control the situation.*

She slides the ZIP-CUFFS from Daryl's limp hand and secures one loop around Daryl's right wrist.

MADOLYN

We need to move him into the back  
before he wakes up.

WINSTON

Fuck that! Shoot him!

(off her look)

He was going to fly us into the  
wilderness and murder us.

MADOLYN

No one's killing anybody. Besides,  
we might need him.

Winston scoffs.

MADOLYN

Oh, do you know how to fly a plane?

WINSTON

We can't trust him.

MADOLYN  
Yeah, no kidding.

She pauses: Daryl's left wrist is on the far side of the plane, down below the seat, hidden from view.

To grab it, Madolyn must reach across him. *Crap.*

She checks his face: he sure *seems* unconscious....

She raises her taser, just in case. *Ready, set...*

She reaches over. Grabs his left wrist...

It's stuck.

Madolyn glances at Daryl: head lolling to the side.

She tugs on his arm... and AGAIN.

MADOLYN  
Come on...

The arm slips free, and she quickly loops it through the zip-cuff.

On Daryl: slack-jawed and drooling. Madolyn and Winston breath a sigh of relief.

MADOLYN  
Okay...

She holsters her taser. Grabs Daryl by the collar and pulls... but he barely budges.

MADOLYN  
Christ.

She sits back, panting. Not only is Daryl a big guy, but she has no leverage in the cramped cockpit.

She looks at Winston. At his shackles.

He smiles.

MADOLYN  
God damn it.

**EXT. ALASKAN SKIES - CONTINUOUS**

The Cessna continues its slow, casual circle through the clouds.

## INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS

The FUEL GUAGE creeps lower. Unnoticed as --

-- Madolyn unlocks Winston's center shackles. His hands and feet are still chained, but he can move around now.

MADOLYN  
No sudden movements.

Winston stretches.

WINSTON  
Me? This isn't my fault, you know.

MADOLYN  
Just pull.

Together, they heave Daryl into the second row.

MADOLYN  
Hold up.

She takes a second set of ZIP-CUFFS from the door and loops them around Daryl's feet.

Winston groans under Daryl's dead weight.

WINSTON  
Jesus Christ. Hurry.

MADOLYN  
Shh. Hang on.

She pats Daryl down.

WINSTON  
What? What are you doing?

Madolyn pulls a KNIFE from Daryl's hidden ankle sheath. Looks at Winston: *see?*

WINSTON  
Yeah, okay, great. Now can we please move him?

MADOLYN  
Just a sec.

WINSTON  
He's going to wake up!

She rummages through his pockets. Pulls out a pack of nicotine gum. Tosses it aside.

She finds his wallet. Checks it: the REAL Daryl Booth's license... Credit cards...

WINSTON  
Come on... C'mon-c'mon-c'mon-

MADOLYN  
Winston. I swear, if you don't shut... up.

She falters as she opens a folded SLIP OF PAPER from inside the wallet.

WINSTON  
...What?

MADOLYN  
Nothing.

She folds up the paper.

WINSTON  
Fuck you, "nothing." Show me.

MADOLYN  
Quiet. Lift him.

WINSTON  
Not until you show me.  
(off her look)  
Show me-show-me-show-me-

MADOLYN  
Jesus! Here!

She holds up the paper: PICTURES of them both, complete with details, home addresses, identifying features, etc.

WINSTON  
That's my mother's house...

MADOLYN  
Forget it. Ready?

But Winston's spiraling.

WINSTON  
How does he-? No one knows that address...

Madolyn snaps her fingers.

MADOLYN

Hey! Winston. Focus. We can't solve anything until we get help, and we can't get help until we get him in the back. Okay?

(Winston nods)

So one, two...

They HEAVE Daryl back into the third row. Catch their breath.

Madolyn hands Winston the pair of shackles she had removed. Winston deflates at the sight of them.

WINSTON

Come on...

MADOLYN

For him. Cuff his hands to that handhold there.

Winston does, flinching, fully expecting Daryl to spring awake at any moment.

But Daryl's head just droops to the side, held upright by his arms that are cuffed to the ceiling handhold.

#### UP FRONT

Madolyn climbs over into the pilot's seat.

MADOLYN

Okay...

She scans the instrument panel: a dizzying array of analogue SWITCHES and DIALS. Shit...

WINSTON

Okay, so... what's the plan?

Winston catches Madolyn's eye in the rearview: she's at a total loss. He sinks back into his seat, spiraling.

WINSTON

Oh, god...

MADOLYN

Listen-

WINSTON

We're fucked. We're so fucked-

MADOLYN

Listen to me! I'm going to figure this out, okay? I'm going to get on the radio, and we're going to get help. We're going to fix this. Then we're going to get you to New York so you can testify. Okay?

Winston nods: wide-eyed and rattled to the core.

WINSTON

Okay... but where are we?

Off Madolyn...

**EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS**

Jagged peaks and dense forest as far as the eye can see.

The Cessna flies above it. A lonely, tiny dot against an immense and desolate wilderness.

*Shit.*

**INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS**

Madolyn surveys the old analog controls, no clue where to even begin: "Vert. Spd" -- "Cyl Head Temp" -- "Fuel Flow" --

WINSTON

Hey...

Madolyn ignores him. -- "Turn Indicator" -- "Fuel Mix" --

WINSTON

Hey!

MADOLYN

Hang on--

WINSTON

You're bleeding.

*What?*

Madolyn looks down, follows Winston's nod: BLOOD seeps through the side of her torso.

She pulls up her shirt to reveal a nasty KNIFE WOUND. Superficial, but bloody nonetheless. Looks like Daryl got her after all...

She puts pressure on it.

WINSTON  
First aid kit.

Madolyn follows his nod: a MED-KIT is strapped to the back of the co-pilot's seat.

She reaches for it. Winces. Now that she's aware of the wound, the pain hits her all at once.

WINSTON  
I can get it. Unlock me.

MADOLYN  
Not a chance.

WINSTON  
Jesus, come on-

Madolyn reaches again, gritting her teeth through the pain. She pulls the med-kit free.

WINSTON  
Seriously? What do you think I'm going to do, attack the pilot?

Madolyn shoots him a look. Rummages through the med-kit. Pulls out gauze and bandages.

The plane is JOSTLED by a gust of wind, causing her to drop the supplies.

Madolyn collects herself and gingerly inspects the wound.

Winston grimaces and looks away.

MADOLYN  
(re: Winston's reaction)  
Really?

WINSTON  
What? I'm not great with blood.

MADOLYN  
Shocker.

She winces as she dresses the wound.

WINSTON  
At least let me ride up front with you.  
(no response)  
I can help.

She finishes wrapping herself up. Sits back with a sigh.

MADOLYN

How did you know about Daryl?

Winston nods at the paper on the floor.

#### **UNDERNEATH THE SEAT**

We see Madolyn's hand reach down and grab the paper, just missing DARYL'S DROPPED KNIFE, which remains out of sight.

#### **BACK UP IN THE COCKPIT**

Madolyn examines the charter license with the REAL DARYL BOOTH.

WINSTON

I'm just trying to keep us alive.

Madolyn nods. As a "thank you," she gingerly reaches back and unlocks Winston's seatbelt (he's still shackled). Nods at the co-pilot's seat. *Come on up.*

MADOLYN

If you piss yourself again, I'm sending you back.

He awkwardly shimmies himself up into the co-pilot's seat. Madolyn buckles him in. Places a headset on his head.

She puts on her own headset. Keys the radio.

MADOLYN

Uh, hello? Is anyone receiving me?

Static. She fiddles with the dials, changing the frequency.

MADOLYN

Can anyone hear me? Mayday. Mayday. Mayday.

Static.

WINSTON

Someone will be looking for us though, right? I mean, when we don't show up.

MADOLYN

We're showing up.

WINSTON

Yeah, of course. But if we don't...  
I mean, they know our route and  
all.

MADOLYN

I'm not sure we were on our route.

WINSTON

What?

Madolyn nods at Daryl: still unconscious in the back.

MADOLYN

There's no way he was taking us to  
Anchorage.

WINSTON

Okay, but there's got to be like an  
emergency beacon or --

MADOLYN

Winston. The GPS. The radio... He  
didn't want us to be found.

Winston's face falls. Madolyn turns back to the radio and  
scans through more frequencies.

MADOLYN

Can anyone hear me? Mayday. Mayday.  
Mayday.

Static.

WINSTON

We're going to crash.

MADOLYN

Quiet, no we're not.  
(into radio)  
Anybody. Please. I'm in a plane and  
I- I need help.  
(beat)  
Help.

Nothing. She hangs her head.

Long beat.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

(static-y)

...ay.. gan..?

Madolyn JOLTS.

MADOLYN

Yes! Hello? I'm here, I'm- can you  
hear me?

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

(clearer)

Yeah, I -ead you. Say again?

MADOLYN

Help. I need help-

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

This is an aviation frequency.

MADOLYN

No, I know. I'm in a plane--

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

You don't sound like a pilot...

MADOLYN

I'm not, I-

(stay calm)

My pilot, he... he's incapacitated.  
Unconscious. I don't know how to  
fly, or where I am.

A static-filled beat.

MADOLYN

...Hello?

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

Are you shitting me?

Winston shakes his head.

MADOLYN

What? No! No, I'm not shitting you.  
Give me some fucking help. Please.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

Okay. Shit. Alright, uh, --rst  
things first: you got an auto--lot?

Autopilot? She checks the switch.

MADOLYN

Yes. Yes, it's on.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

Okay, that'll maintain your course  
and altitude, so just keep your  
hands off them yokes for now.

Winston nervously looks back at Daryl: still out cold.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)  
What's your altitude? Should be a  
big gauge, right in front?

MADOLYN  
Uh, three- three thousand feet.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)  
(static-y)  
Okay, you're a little low, but  
we're -ot goin- to wor- y about  
that yet. What's your location?

MADOLYN  
Uh, somewhere between Bethel and  
Anchorage? I don't know, all I see  
is clouds.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)  
What's the GPS say?

MADOLYN  
It's broken.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)  
Say again?

MADOLYN  
I don't -- it's not working. Look,  
I think we may have drifted pretty  
far off course here.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)  
Okay, well, I can't be too far away  
if I can -ead you. Can you see any  
-andma-ks? Mount---s, a river..?

MADOLYN  
You're breaking up a little. Say  
again?

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)  
-are prob--ly just barel- in range.  
Alright? So I need to find out -ich  
way to turn. What landmarks do you  
see? Mountains? Rivers? Lakes?

Madolyn squints: nothing but clouds.

Winston nods to the left: they can just make out the shadowy  
forms of a small range of mountains in the distance.

MADOLYN

There are mountains to my left --  
uh, west. Mountains to the west.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

A --t of mou----s?

MADOLYN

You're breaking up again.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

I- --nt -ane--

Madolyn looks to Winston. He shakes his head, frustrated.

MADOLYN

No, I didn't get that. Hello?

(static)

God damn it, c'mon... Hello!?

Nothing but static.

MADOLYN

Hello!?

But the pilot is gone. Madolyn SLAPS the bulkhead.

MADOLYN

God DAMN it!

She seethes. Glances back at Daryl: still out cold. Winston sinks back into his seat, absorbing the emotional blow.

Madolyn fiddles with the radio some more.

MADOLYN

Can anyone hear me? Mayday. Mayday.  
Mayday.

Static.

WINSTON

He'll at least call it in, right?

Madolyn nods. Falters. Turns to him.

MADOLYN

Wait, what did you say?

WINSTON

That other pilot. He'll at least call in our situation, right?

She straightens, inspired.

WINSTON

...What?

Madolyn smiles. Could it be? She digs out her SAT PHONE. Dials.

WINSTON

Out here?

MADOLYN

It's a satellite phone. Doesn't use cell towers.

(it's ringing)

Come on...

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Madolyn?

MADOLYN

(pure relief)

Caroline! Oh, thank God. Listen-

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Surely you're not in Anchorage already.

MADOLYN

No, I'm still in the air. We've been compromised--

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

I can barely hear you.

MADOLYN

Compromised! We've been compromised.

Beat.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

I don't understand. What happened?

MADOLYN

I have no idea, I don't -- the pilot wasn't who he said he was. He's one of Moretti's.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Jesus.

MADOLYN

I caught him in a lie and he tried to knife me.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Are you hurt?

MADOLYN  
I'm fine. He's unconscious and  
restrained in the back.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
And the witness?

MADOLYN  
Winston? He's fine --

WINSTON  
...So not true...

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
I don't understand, who's flying  
the plane?

MADOLYN  
I am!

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
What--?

MADOLYN  
Listen, Caroline, we don't know  
where we are, okay? We can't raise  
anyone on the radio, and I'm flying  
this plane, and I don't know what  
I'm doing--

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
("Holy shit")  
Ookay... Okay, we just need to  
stay calm--

MADOLYN  
I'm calm!

Madolyn hears MURMURING in the background on the other end of  
the line.

MADOLYN  
Who else is with you?  
(beat)  
Caroline!

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Yes! I'm here. So is Trey,  
Franklin, Collins... anyone I can  
grab. Hang on--

Madolyn hears Van Sant murmur to people in the background.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
All right, so just to be clear,  
you're flying the plane?

MADOLYN  
It's on autopilot. We're just sort  
of cruising in a straight line. And  
I think he sabotaged our  
navigation.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Okay. Okay, here's the plan: we're  
going to get in touch with ATC and  
the military, and get search and  
rescue up.

MADOLYN  
I need someone to help me fly this  
thing.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Yep, we'll find a pilot who can  
walk you through it, all right? Sit  
tight-

MADOLYN  
Caroline.  
(beat)  
How did this happen?

A strained beat.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
We'll look into it.

MADOLYN  
We need to compile a list of anyone  
with knowledge of the op and-

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Mads. I'm on it, okay? Sit tight,  
I'll call you back.

The line disconnects. They fly in silence for a beat.

WINSTON  
Well?

Madolyn's lost in thought.

WINSTON  
Hey!

She looks at him. On Winston: *what's the plan?*

MADOLYN  
They're on it. They're-- they're  
finding us a pilot.

DARYL (O.S.)  
You all need a pilot?

**IN THE BACK SEAT**

Daryl groans and shakes his head, groggy.

DARYL  
Goddamn, that taser's no joke.

MADOLYN  
Tell me how to fly this thing.

DARYL  
Mmm... no.

He spits old blood out of his mouth.

DARYL  
Fuck, I think I bit my tongue.

MADOLYN  
Who told you we were moving Winston  
today, huh? Where's the real Daryl  
Booth?

DARYL  
Tell you what: come on back here,  
I'll tell you all about it.

*Click.* Madolyn pulls her GUN on Daryl. Daryl smirks.

DARYL  
Careful now, you're awful close.

MADOLYN  
Makes it hard to miss.

DARYL  
Also makes it more than likely that  
the bullet will pass clean through  
my body, and into the wall behind  
me.

(beat)  
Where the fuel tank is.

Madolyn's eye's flare, but she keeps the gun steady.

DARYL

Now I know you ain't much for  
planes, but surely you know a thing  
or two about how bullets work...

On Madolyn: *God damn it. She lowers the gun.*

WINSTON

He's lying.

DARYL

I'm not. And anyway, twig, are you  
willing to bet your life on it?

Winston glares. Daryl shrugs.

DARYL

Yeah. Quite the pickle, ain't it?

MADOLYN

Okay... I'll make you a deal: you  
tell me how to fly this thing, and  
I'll let you go to prison in peace.

Daryl sucks his teeth. Shakes his head.

DARYL

Eh. Pass. Option B?

MADOLYN

I'll put it out there that you  
turned on Moretti. And you can go  
to prison looking over your  
shoulder for the rest of what will  
be a very short life.

DARYL

Moretti will never believe that.

On Madolyn: *you sure about that?* She shrugs.

MADOLYN

Maybe not. But rumors are rumors,  
and aging mobsters hate to look  
like they're losing control.

Daryl frowns, mulling it over.

MADOLYN

Come on, you really want to die out  
here? At least tell me your real  
name.

Daryl doesn't answer. Madolyn's SAT PHONE buzzes.

MADOLYN  
Too late.

She turns away. Answers the phone.

MADOLYN  
This is Harris.

An incongruously bright, SUNNY VOICE crackles through:

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Hey there, Deputy Harris. My name's Hasan. I'm a pilot and an air traffic controller here in Anchorage, and I understand you're in a bit of a situation today.

MADOLYN  
You could say that.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Well, not to worry, we're going to get you sorted out. The good news is that the manifest says you're in a Cessna 206, which is pretty easy to operate.

MADOLYN  
You don't say.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Yes, ma'am. As aircraft go, it's pretty *plane* and simple.  
(crickets, clears throat)  
...Just a little pilot humor to keep things light. Okay, first off, I'm going to need you to read me some vitals. Let's start with airspeed...

They start going through the instrument panel. Winston casts a fearful glance out the window as --

**IN THE BACK**

-- Daryl discreetly tests his bindings.

**EXT. ALASKAN SKIES - CONTINUOUS**

The plane soars on.

## INT. CESSNA 206 - MINUTES LATER

Madolyn grips the yoke.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
...Okay, so when you're ready,  
you're just going to ease that yoke  
to the right, nice and gentle like.

Madolyn does. The plane BANKS. Winston steadies himself on the bulkhead, unnerved as the WORLD TILTS.

MADOLYN  
Okay. We're turning.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Stellar. So keep an eye on your altitude, make sure you're holding steady. Now there should be a compass mounted to the center bulkhead.

MADOLYN  
I see it.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
When you hit southwest, just level out.

A moment later, the compass turns to SOUTHWEST.

MADOLYN  
Okay, leveling...

The plane evens out.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Stupendous. Now, do me a favor, and engage that autopilot switch again.

She does.

MADOLYN  
Done.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
And you're good to go! Keep an eye out for the coastline. When you hit it, we'll bank left and follow it south towards Anchorage.

Madolyn nods, relieved.

MADOLYN

Thank you.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

You got it. If you're wondering, I accept tips. Preferably tequila.

Madolyn smiles small in spite of herself.

MADOLYN

Noted.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

I'm going to hop off now to save your battery. But call this number when you spot the coastline, okay? Good luck.

The line disconnects.

**EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - DAY**

The Cessna flies over miles of desolate wilderness.

**INT. CESSNA 206 - LATER**

Daryl discreetly works to loosen the leather HANDHOLD he's cuffed to. He sings to himself as he casually searches the cockpit.

DARYL

(singing)

*I took off for a weekend last month  
Just to try and recall the whole  
year.  
All of the faces, and all of the  
places,  
Wonderin' where they all  
disapp...eared.*

Daryl double takes: the KNIFE he dropped earlier peeks out from beneath Madolyn's seat.

Its BLADE GLEAMS in a passing sunbeam.

On Daryl: the hint of a smile. He notices Winston eyeing him warily from the front, and starts singing again. Relaxed as can be.

DARYL  
*I didn't ponder the question too  
long,  
I was hungry and went out for a  
bite...*

He continues singing to himself as --

**UP FRONT**

The SAT PHONE is now jerry-rigged to the instrument panel with medical tape for easy viewing, and the aux cord from Daryl's music player connects the sat phone to the headsets.

Winston turns away from Daryl, uneasy. He fiddles with the BINOCULARS found in his door panel.

WINSTON  
(nodding at Daryl)  
How'd he know about my mother's  
address, huh?

MADOLYN  
Why don't you ask him?

WINSTON  
I'm serious. I was careful. No one  
knew that address.  
(beat)  
It had to be you guys.

MADOLYN  
You think Moretti had people in the  
Marshals' office?

WINSTON  
He has people everywhere. Why do  
you think I ran to the end of the  
Earth?

On Madolyn, wondering if he's right...

The phone BUZZES: "Van Sant calling..."

As she goes to answer:

WINSTON  
Hey. I mean it. I told that address  
to the D.A. when we were talking  
about witness protection. That's  
it.

Madolyn stares at the phone's screen. BUZZ-BUZZ... BUZZ-BUZZ... She answers.

MADOLYN  
Caroline?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
(jumping right in)  
Okay, so we're coordinating with  
the military to get search and  
rescue up. Shouldn't be long now.

Madolyn hears MURMURING in the background.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
(to someone in the room  
with her)  
I don't care, keep trying.  
(back to Madolyn)  
I'm told you're a little small for  
radar, particularly with all the  
mountains, so I'm trying to get  
them to scramble some fighters. Get  
some extra eyeballs out there.

MADOLYN  
Okay. Well, we're headed for the  
coast, so maybe have them sweep  
that first.  
(no response)  
Caroline?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Yeah. Look, there's something else:  
(beat)  
Anchorage PD just found Daryl Booth  
in his apartment. A single gunshot  
wound to the head.

Madolyn nods. Not unexpected, but still... a blow. She eyes  
"Daryl" in the back seat.

MADOLYN  
Someone talked.  
(beat)  
Who knew about this op?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
I mean -- we had to arrange  
transpo, interface with the FAA,  
coordinate local law enforcement...

MADOLYN

They knew we were moving *someone*,  
but they didn't know who, right? I  
mean, who actually knew about  
Winston?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Uh, the D.A.? The Director,  
obviously. The A.G., the Deputy  
A.G...

MADOLYN

(to herself)

And you.

She blinks. Wheels turning.

**IN THE BACK**

Daryl watches Madolyn talk with Van Sant. His eyes drop to the KNIFE, still hidden beneath Madolyn's chair.

He searches for a plan, and spots a jagged line of MOUNTAINS approaching. *Bingo*.

DARYL

Too low.

Madolyn and Winston ignore him.

DARYL

(louder)

Hey! You're low.

Nothing. He WHISTLES sharply. Madolyn glances at him in the rearview.

Daryl nods at the mountains up ahead.

DARYL

You're too low to clear those  
mountains. You need to pull up.

**UP FRONT**

Madolyn's still on the phone with Van Sant.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Look, there's no telling who else  
might have unauthorized access to--

MADOLYN  
I need to call you back.

She hangs up. Turns to Winston.

MADOLYN  
What'd he say?

DARYL  
You're too low!

WINSTON  
He said we're too low.

MADOLYN  
Yeah, I got it, I...We're higher  
than those mountains, right?

On Winston: *You're asking me?* Madolyn frowns. The mountains approach.

DARYL  
Hey! Believe it or not, I am a  
pilot, and I'm telling you: you  
need to pull up.

MADOLYN  
Oh, now you want to help?

DARYL  
Look, you got me: I'd rather not  
crash, all right? Pull up.

WINSTON  
Oh, Christ...

MADOLYN  
My pilot said we're fine at six  
thousand feet.

DARYL  
Well he wouldn't if he could see  
that wall of granite coming at you.  
Give it some more throttle, and  
pull. Up.

WINSTON  
Maybe we should go higher.  
(more urgent)  
Hey. Go higher.

MADOLYN  
I'm calling Hasan.

The mountains grow closer as --

**IN THE BACK**

-- Daryl starts thrashing about, panicked.

DARYL

Hey! There's no time for that.  
You're too low. You're-- Pull up.  
Pull up! Pull up! Pull up-!

WINSTON

Jesus, just do it!

On Madolyn: *fuck it, fine.* She pulls back on the yoke.

The plane climbs, engine whining. And as it does...

**THE KNIFE**

...Slides back towards Daryl, unnoticed by Madolyn and Winston.

But it stops after a foot -- caught on the seat in front of him -- not close enough for Daryl to reach.

DARYL

Keep going... a little more.

He kicks the seat in front of him, jostling the knife free.

The plane climbs higher.

The knife slides closer.

The mountains grow nearer... and pass beneath them with HUNDREDS of feet to spare.

Madolyn levels off. Glances back at Daryl.

Daryl shrugs.

DARYL

Looked low to me.

Madolyn rolls her eyes. Turns back to the controls as --

**DARYL**

-- Clamps down on the KNIFE with his boot, sliding towards him as he keeps one eye on the cockpit.

**UP FRONT**

Winston's face lights up.

WINSTON  
Hey... hey! The coast.

Madolyn squints. On the horizon: a glittering SILVER LINE sparkles.

WINSTON  
That's the coast!

He beams, excited. Relief spreads across Madolyn's face. Good news. Finally. She picks up the phone. Dials.

MADOLYN  
Hasan? Yeah. Yeah, we see it...

As the PACIFIC OCEAN comes into view, she starts banking left, following the coast to the south.

**IN THE BACK**

Daryl tries to raise the knife up by pinching it between his boots, but it's no use. He's got no dexterity with his boots, and can't maneuver in the cramped space.

He frowns. Shit.

Time for a new plan.

**EXT. ALASKAN COASTLINE - CONTINUOUS**

The Cessna soars south over the dramatic coastline.

**INT. CESSNA 206 - MINUTES LATER**

In the cockpit, Madolyn is still on the phone with Hasan.

MADOLYN  
...Great, keep me posted.

She hangs up the phone. Cautiously pleased. Turns to Winston:

MADOLYN  
They're narrowing the search window.

Winston smiles. Relief creeping in. Daring to hope...

DARYL (O.S.)  
Don't get too excited.

Madolyn finds Daryl in the rearview. Can't help herself:

MADOLYN  
You should have taken me up on that  
offer.

DARYL  
I ain't worried.

Madolyn rolls her eyes.

MADOLYN  
Spoken like a true killer.

Daryl shrugs.

DARYL  
You would know.

Winston perks up, concerned.

WINSTON  
What?

MADOLYN  
Ignore him.

But she's a little unnerved too.

WINSTON  
No, what does that mean?

DARYL  
It means, twig, that I ain't the  
one you should be worried about.

MADOLYN  
Ignore him, Winston.  
(to Daryl, a challenge)  
He doesn't know what he's talking  
about.

DARYL  
I know you killed your last  
prisoner.

Beat.

Madolyn falters. Thrown.

Winston sees on her face that it's true.

WINSTON

...what..?

Daryl grins.

DARYL

Ah, shit. Was that supposed to be a secret?

(beat)

Whoops.

Madolyn seethes for a beat.

Then -- *yep, screw it.* -- She unbuckles her seatbelt.

WINSTON

Whoa-whoa -- What are you doing?

Madolyn ignores him, and makes her way back towards Daryl, who is only too happy to see her.

MADOLYN

How do you know that?

Daryl just grins. Shrugs. Coy.

*Whap!* Madolyn CLOCKS him in the face.

MADOLYN

How do you know that!?

DARYL

It's true, ain't it?

He whistles, faux-impressed.

DARYL

And now this whole fiasco. Yikes--

*Whap!* Madolyn HITS him again. Moving closer each time she does.

MADOLYN

How do you know!?

Daryl winks. Madolyn lays into him as --

**UP FRONT**

-- Winston strains to see what's happening.

WINSTON

Hey! Hey, maybe come back up here.

**IN THE BACK**

Madolyn ignores Winston. Steps back, looming over Daryl as he smirks at her through a bloody lip.

DARYL

It feels good to let it out, right?  
I get it. I've been there, too.

MADOLYN

You don't know what you're talking  
about--

DARYL

Of course I do. You can tell  
yourself you're different, but  
we're the same, you and me.

Madolyn seethes.

MADOLYN

Forget it.

She turns back for the cockpit --

DARYL

Do you still see her face?

She hesitates.

DARYL

When you close your eyes. Do you  
hear her scream-?

*Bam!* Madolyn pivots back. Hammering into Daryl. It's messy.  
Brutal. Awkward.

WINSTON

Whoa-hey-don't-!

Too late. Daryl KICKS out her leg and she FALLS onto him. For a  
moment, they're wrapped up like boxers, struggling.

Then Madolyn pulls herself free. Panting.

She checks to make sure her weapons are still safely  
holstered: all good.

Daryl groans. Bruised and bloody.

MADOLYN

I hope Moretti does come for you.

She turns and heads back to the cockpit.

On Daryl: cowed.

But as Madolyn moves away, the hint of a SMILE curls at the corner of his bloody mouth.

His hand uncurls to reveal: MADOLYN'S SUNGLASSES. He had snatched them from atop her head during the beating.

That had been his plan all along...

#### UP IN THE COCKPIT

Madolyn drops into the pilot's seat and re-buckles her harness, fuming.

She winces. Checks her bandage, which has come loose in the fight.

*Stupid...*

But she's not the only one upset: Winston glowers at her.

WINSTON  
What the fuck was that?

Madolyn ignores him, fixing her bandage.

WINSTON  
Hey! You killed somebody?

Still nothing. Winston nods at Daryl.

WINSTON  
Okay, fine. I'll just ask him-!

MADOLYN  
(snapping)  
It wasn't like that, all right?

On Winston: Well...?

Madolyn sighs. Relents.

MADOLYN  
Two years ago, we caught this young woman. Maria. She'd been on the run for weeks, and the D.A. convinced her to turn against her former boyfriend-slash-cartel boss, so we were holed up in this shitty hotel until she could testify...

She falters at the memory. Rubs her neck. Haunted.

MADOLYN

We had been in the room for three straight days, and she just -- she wanted to take a shower. Unsupervised. She wanted... a moment of privacy. Dignity. It was against protocol, but... I let her.

Winston listens, rapt, brow furrowed.

MADOLYN (CONT'D)

So I shackled her to the tub, and stepped outside.

(beat)

And a sicario smashed a Molotov cocktail through the window. I turned back to find the hallway filled with heat and smoke and--

She falters. Blinks back a tear.

MADOLYN

And I ran. But Maria, with the shackles, she... she couldn't get out. And the boyfriend walked.

On Madolyn: lost in her memory.

WINSTON

And they put you on a desk?

MADOLYN

They said they didn't trust me in the field.

WINSTON

Until now. With me.

Madolyn looks at him: a moment of unspoken understanding.

*Buzz-buzz... Buzz-buzz...*

The sat phone vibrates: "Van Sant calling..."

Off Madolyn...

#### IN THE BACK

Daryl carefully pops out a LENS from the sunglasses.

Then, placing the lens between his thumbs, he CRACKS it in two.

Keeping one eye on the cockpit, he starts SAWING at the handhold stitching with the jagged edge of the lens...

**UP FRONT**

Madolyn answers the sat phone.

MADOLYN  
Caroline?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Good news: the D.A. informed Judge Falco of the situation, and he's agreed to push the trial. Even he can't ignore something like this.

MADOLYN  
Yeah. Great.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
What's wrong?

Madolyn trades looks with Winston: *how much to say?*

MADOLYN  
The leak isn't from the D.A.'s office. Or from the F.B.I. It's us, Caroline. It's the Marshals.

VAN SANT  
How do you know?

MADOLYN  
Our pilot friend knows my work history. My personal work history.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
You're kidding. How?

She sounds surprised, but Madolyn isn't buying it.

MADOLYN  
Maybe we should bring the Director in on this.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Absolutely. As soon as we get you down.

MADOLYN  
How 'bout now?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Look, the situation is -- fluid --  
at best. We need to get you safely  
on the ground, and into the hands  
of my team.

MADOLYN

Your team.

She glances over at Winston. Wary.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

You can trust them. I vetted them  
myself.

MADOLYN

You did, huh?

(beat)

What does Coleridge think?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

This is my op--

MADOLYN

You don't trust the Director?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Hey! I didn't say that. I'm saying  
that if the leak is in our office --  
as you say it is -- then we need to  
be careful. We can't be sure who to  
trust.

On Madolyn: that sinking feeling that her suspicions are  
being confirmed.

MADOLYN

Except you. And your team.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Mads, come on, it's me. Hell, I'm  
the one who fought to get you back  
in the field.

On Madolyn: ever more suspicious.

MADOLYN

...That's right, you did...

#### **IN THE BACK**

Daryl discreetly SAWS through the handhold's stitching. Slow  
and steady, one thread at a time. Unnoticed as --

**UP FRONT**

Madolyn spirals on the phone.

MADOLYN

(amazed)

All this time, I'm thinking you're doing me a favor, putting me up for this op...

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Listen, I get it: you're under an enormous amount of stress right now. But don't--

MADOLYN

(blurting)

How much is Moretti paying you?

Beat.

Van Sant scoffs.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Jesus. Do you hear yourself? I'm not the leak, all right? I'm the only friend you have in this office!

MADOLYN

Well, "friend," let's see what Coleridge has to say about that.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Alright, hang on, let's just-- let's just talk--

Click. Madolyn HANGS UP on Van Sant, reeling.

WINSTON

What's going on?

Madolyn shakes her head, unsure. Wheels turning.

Immediately, the phone BUZZES AGAIN: "Van Sant calling..."

Madolyn hits "Ignore." The phone BUZZES again. She hits "Block #."

**IN THE BACK**

Daryl spots Madolyn glancing back at him. He discreetly palms the sunglass shard and smiles at her.

DARYL  
How's it going up there?

She glances away, in no mood to engage.

DARYL  
Not great, huh? You want to talk  
about it?

But Madolyn seems determined to ignore him. Good.

His mission accomplished, Daryl resumes sawing in peace as --

**UP FRONT**

-- The phone BUZZES again: "Hasan calling..." Madolyn hesitates. Answers.

MADOLYN  
Hello?

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Agent Harris? What, uh, what  
exactly is going on? I've got  
Deputy Van Sant calling, saying--

MADOLYN  
I've got to call you back.

*click.*

MADOLYN  
(thinking)  
Come on... uh...

She dials a new phone number from memory. It's ringing...

MADOLYN  
C'mon-c'mon-c'mon...

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE/OVER)  
U.S. Marshals' office.

MADOLYN  
This is Deputy Harris. I need you  
to put me through to the Director.

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE/OVER)  
I'm sorry, I'm afraid I can't--

MADOLYN  
Look, uh...  
(trying to remember)  
(MORE)

MADOLYN (CONT'D)  
Janine, right? It's an emergency.  
Tell him it's Deputy Madolyn Harris  
calling, and that it's an  
emergency. He'll know.

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)  
Director Coleridge isn't here  
today, ma'am. If you'd like, I can  
put you through to your Supervisory  
Deputy--

MADOLYN  
No! No, just-- listen to me,  
Janine: I need to talk to the  
Director. Right now.

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)  
I'm sorry, but--

MADOLYN  
People will die if you don't get  
him on the line.

WINSTON  
(quiet)  
Oh, Christ...

Beat.

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)  
...Let me- uh, let me see what I  
can do. --

MADOLYN  
-- Thank you. --

JANINE  
-- Uh, please- please hold.

She puts Madolyn on hold.

**EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS**

The Cessna soars over the vast wilderness.

**INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS**

Daryl grits his teeth as he saws through the stitching.  
Nearly free...

He freezes as Winston looks back at him, the shard hidden in  
his palm again.

DARYL  
Hiiii Winston.  
(a smile)  
Talk to your mother lately?

Winston's about to reply when:

MADOLYN  
Hey. Ignore him.

Daryl winks. Winston bites his tongue, fuming, and turns to face forward again.

DARYL  
(quiet)  
Yeah, twig. Ignore me.

On Daryl: a dangerous gleam in his eye.

**UP IN THE COCKPIT**

The grizzly bear dances atop the dashboard.

Winston scans the horizon with the binoculars.

There's a BEEP on the phone: Janine is back.

MADOLYN  
Janine?

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)  
Yes, ma'am. I've managed to get a hold of Director Coleridge. I'm going to patch you through to his beach house, okay?

MADOLYN  
(relieved)  
Uh- Yes, please. Thank you.

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)  
One moment.

A PATERNAL VOICE (50s/60s) crackles through the headset:

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Coleridge here.

MADOLYN  
Sir, it's Harris.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
I've been briefed, deputy. Where's  
Van Sant?

MADOLYN  
Uh, well, sir... there's a leak.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Say again?

MADOLYN  
Moretti has a mole in the Marshals'  
office. I can prove it. And I  
believe that it's Caro-- that it's  
deputy Van Sant.

(beat)  
Hello?

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
She went out on a limb for you,  
Harris.

MADOLYN  
I know, sir. I realize that. And  
that was no accident, I-  
(beat)  
I believe that, given my prior  
history, she expected me to fail  
again.

Coleridge thinks it over. Madolyn can feel Winston glance at  
her, but he quickly turns back to the binoculars.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Where is Van Sant now?

MADOLYN  
In the New York office.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Okay, let me make some calls --

MADOLYN  
She has a team waiting to meet us.  
She needs to be contained and --

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
-- I understand, deputy. Believe  
me, I'll shut her down. From now  
on, call me directly. I'm at my  
house in Sankaty.

Madolyn falters. Sankaty? Where has she heard that before..?

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Deputy?

MADOLYN  
I will. Thank you.

Coleridge hangs up. Madolyn chews her lip, thinking.  
Something gnawing at her...

WINSTON  
Well? We good?

Madolyn nods, lost in thought. There's just something she  
can't quite... place.

Wait...

Madolyn turns to Winston.

MADOLYN  
Hey, the payoff you told Daryl  
about --

WINSTON  
You heard that? Look, I was just  
bluffing, I don't--

MADOLYN  
No, the twenty-five grand a month.  
Where'd you say that was going?  
(Winston hesitates)  
Where'd you say it was going?

WINSTON  
...Sankaty.

Madolyn sits back. *It can't be...*

MADOLYN  
Are you sure? I thought those  
payoffs were offshore. Untraceable.

WINSTON  
The accounts were, sure. But a few  
years back, I'm down in Florida,  
and Hurricane Michael hits. So the  
payments were a couple days late.  
No big deal, except for one greedy -  
stupid - bastard who sent a  
transfer request from an IP address  
in Sankaty, Massachusetts.

Madolyn reels, putting the pieces together.

WINSTON

Why?

Madolyn doesn't answer. Her mind spins.

MADOLYN

Holy shit.

She sits back, stunned. Can't quite believe it. The hint of an amazed smile creeps across her face...

...But it quickly melts into a horrified realization.

*Oh, fuck.*

Madolyn picks up the sat phone and unblocks Van Sant's number. Dials.

MADOLYN

Come on... c'mon-c'mon-c'mon--

A moment of ringing, then:

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
For god's sake, Madolyn, you can't  
just--!

MADOLYN

It's Coleridge. He's the leak.

That's a huge statement, and Van Sant's quiet for a beat.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
I- what?

MADOLYN

Get out of the office. Right now.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Hang on--

MADOLYN

-- There's no time! --

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
-- You just accused me, I mean, are  
you sure?

MADOLYN

Winston handled his payoffs.

For the moment, any resentment or animosity between them is forgotten in the face of this revelation.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
...Holy shit...!

MADOLYN  
You didn't know?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
I- I had my suspicions, sure.  
Someone in his office, maybe. But  
not the director himself. And  
certainly nothing I could prove.

MADOLYN  
Well Winston can.

Madolyn can practically hear Van Sant's brain scrambling:

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Okay... Okay, we have to move fast.  
I'll call the D.A. and--

Madolyn winces, a pang of guilt for this next part:

MADOLYN  
Caroline. Caroline, listen to me: I-  
I called him --

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
-- What? --

MADOLYN  
-- I'm sorry, I should have trusted  
you. --

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
-- What did you tell him?

MADOLYN  
That there's a leak. That I think  
it's you.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Shit-!

MADOLYN  
He's coming for you. You have to  
leave. Now.

VAN SANT  
God damn it!

MADOLYN  
I'm sorry.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)  
Okay, just -- focus on landing  
safely, all right? We need Winston  
alive to testify.

MADOLYN  
Caroline-

VAN SANT  
I know, I'm headed out as we speak.  
It's going to be fine, Mads. I'll  
call you from the D.A.'s office.

She hangs up. Madolyn reels. Takes a calming breath, trying  
to reassure herself as --

**IN THE BACK**

-- Daryl saws through the leather handhold. Only a few  
threads to go...

**UP FRONT**

Winston scans the horizon through the binoculars. His eyes  
narrow, spying something...

WINSTON  
...Hey...  
(beat)  
...Hey...!

Madolyn's lost in thought.

WINSTON  
Deputy Harris!

Madolyn jolts.

MADOLYN  
What Winston?

WINSTON  
You see that? What is that?

He squints: up ahead, a SHAPE breaks up the shoreline with  
clean lines and angles. Clearly man-made. Madolyn's eyes go  
wide.

They fly closer: it's a SHIPWRECK. The rusted-out hull of a  
large, commercial fishing vessel.

WINSTON  
(excited)  
...Oh, shit! That's--

MADOLYN  
-- Yeah, yeah I see it.

Madolyn dials. A moment later...

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Deputy Harris? What is going on?  
Deputy Van Sant keeps--

MADOLYN  
We see a shipwreck. On the coast.  
Looks like maybe a fishing boat?  
We're about to pass right by it.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
(pivoting)  
Okay! Okay, great. We can work with  
that. Uh, can you see a name on it?

MADOLYN  
We're too high.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
If you want to descend, keep your  
tilt at five percent or less, and  
make sure you stay above a thousand  
feet, okay?

MADOLYN  
Uh, yeah. Copy.

She initiates the drop. The plane glides lower. Winston  
cranes his neck, peering through the binoculars.

The shipwreck is coming up pretty fast...

MADOLYN  
You see anything?

The plane BUMPS and RATTLES as it cuts through the coastal  
wind.

MADOLYN  
(urgent)  
Winston.

WINSTON  
Hold it steady!

Winston squints through the binoculars. They're passing it  
by...

WINSTON  
(to himself)  
C'mon-c'mon-c'mon...

MADOLYN  
Winston, we need the name.  
(beat)  
Winston!

WINSTON  
Yeah! Yeah, it's, uh- "Dancer..."  
(beat)  
The Fair Dancer!

MADOLYN  
"The Fair Dancer." You're sure?

Winston nods as -- VROOM! -- they speed past the wreck.

MADOLYN  
(to Hasan, frantic)  
The Fair Dancer. It's called The  
Fair Dancer.

On the call, Madolyn can hear muffled voices in the background.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
The Fair Dancer, got it. We're  
running it past the Coast Guard  
now.

Madolyn and Winston look at each other: relieved, and for the first time, hopeful.

As they wait for confirmation:

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
So that was just *plane* exciting,  
huh?  
(crickets)  
No? Did that one *fly* over your  
head?  
(serious)  
Not the time. Got it. Stand by.

#### IN THE BACK

Daryl works the leather strap loose. Just a few more threads to go...

**UP IN THE COCKPIT**

Madolyn climbs back to 5000 feet and levels off as Hasan's voice crackles through the headsets:

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
You guys still with me?

MADOLYN  
Yeah. Yeah, we're here.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
So great news: the Coast Guard ID'd  
the wreck. We've got a pretty good  
fix on your location.

MADOLYN  
(a smile)  
Yeah?

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
If you'd be so kind as to turn left  
to heading one-one-zero. That  
should put you into Anchorage in  
thirty-five, forty minutes.

MADOLYN  
Copy. Turning to one-one-zero.

The plane banks.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Stellar. Hold that bearing. I'll  
call back in ten minutes or so, and  
we can talk landings.

MADOLYN  
Sounds good. Thank you.

Hasan hangs up. Madolyn and Winston trade looks: a glimmer of hope. Winston cracks a tentative smile.

WINSTON  
...We're going to get out of  
this...

Madolyn nods. The hint of a smile.

WINSTON  
We're going to get out of this!

Winston laughs. A small, feeble release of tension--

*Whoosh.*

There's a flash of movement, and Winston GASPS.

Madolyn looks over: the missing KNIFE is BURIED in Winston's GUT. Before she can react --

WHAM!

-- Daryl's behind her seat, his arms crossed around her windpipe, STRANGLING HER.

Winston cries out -- first in shock, then in pain.

Madolyn chokes. Coughs. Struggles. Her arm FLAILS wildly and sends the SAT PHONE flying.

But Daryl holds firm, arms straining. Madolyn goes for the yoke --

DARYL

No.

He YANKS her away. Redoubles his grip.

Madolyn's veins pop. Her eyes roll.

DARYL

God damn it, c'mon...

The plane bumps and jostles. The engine whines.

Madolyn turns purple, fading.

The seconds tick away. *This is it...*

Daryl leans in close.

DARYL

Hey, you want to know my real name?

Madolyn's eyes roll as --

**WINSTON**

-- Grits his teeth. Grips the knife in his belly and pulls it free with a SCREAM.

He awkwardly SLASHES at Daryl's arm.

DARYL

Ah, fuck!

Daryl flinches. Recoils. Releases Madolyn.

She falls forward, GASPING and choking as --  
-- Daryl SLUGS Winston. And AGAIN.

**MADOLYN**

Draws her pistol, but Daryl KNOCKS her arm aside --  
*BAM!*

-- The gun FIRES right by his ear. The shot is wide, punching through the seat.

Daryl SCREAMS, but the only sound we hear is an INTENSE RINGING as --

-- BLOOD POURS from Daryl's ruptured eardrum.

The ringing continues as Madolyn and Daryl WRESTLE over the gun. Clawing at each other. Vicious. Desperate. Messy.

The gun FIRES again - silently, this time - its muzzle flash blinding.

The bullet punches clean through a rear window. Wide again.

**UP FRONT**

Winston moans. Grips his head like it might explode as --

**MADOLYN**

-- Finally manages to wrestle the gun away, holding Daryl at gunpoint. He hesitates, sizing her up. *Is she really going to shoot him?*

MADOLYN  
(sounding very far away)  
Don't do it.

Too late. Daryl LUNGES as --

*BAM!*

-- Madolyn adjusts her aim and SHOOTS DARYL in the shoulder.

The force of the bullet SPINS him around and KNOCKS him back behind the seats.

He staggers to his knees in shock. Stumbles forward, eyes blazing --

And then he wobbles. Coughs. Surprised. Blood SPURTS from his shoulder, and his blood pressure plummets.

He rocks once... his eyes roll... then he collapses back behind the seats and doesn't move.

And all at once, sound comes CRASHING back.

Beat.

#### ON MADOLYN

Blood splattered. Ears ringing. The smoking gun in her trembling hand.

She coughs, utterly rattled.

She eyes Daryl: He's not moving. Blood runs down his sleeve and drips from his fingertips.

Finally, Madolyn forces herself to turn away. She flies to the controls, scanning: altitude... airspeed... autopilot... everything's holding steady. *Phew.*

WINSTON (O.S.)  
...Oh, god... oh, shit-shit-shit...

MADOLYN  
(hoarse)  
Winston!

She turns to him, assessing: his bloodstained hands are clamped over his gut. BLOOD courses through his fingers and runs down his shackles.

MADOLYN  
Shit.

He wheezes. Wounded chest heaving. Panicked. A FRESH CUT above his eye bleeds.

MADOLYN  
Okay, okay, let me see.

Winston holds firm. Eyes clamped shut in pain.

MADOLYN  
Winston, you have to let me see.

She gently pries open his hands and peeks underneath: BLOOD PUMPS from a clean STAB WOUND in his abdomen.

MADOLYN  
Oooookay. It's fine.

(It's not.)

MADOLYN (CONT'D)  
You're going to be fine. Just keep pressure on it.

WINSTON  
Don't- don't do that. It's not fine.

MADOLYN  
It is! It--

She rifles through the med-kit.

MADOLYN  
...Where the hell is the gauze..?

WINSTON  
It's not fine. It's- AH!

He winces, recoiling as Madolyn slaps a LARGE BANDAGE on the wound and tears off tape.

WINSTON  
Oh, god, I don't-- I feel sick --

MADOLYN  
(overlapping)  
-- You're okay. --

WINSTON  
-- I'm gonna throw up. --

MADOLYN  
-- No you're not. Breathe. --

WINSTON  
-- I can't, I- I- Ah! It fucking hurts!

MADOLYN  
I know. I know. Hang in there.

WINSTON  
Give me the morphine. I saw morphine in the first aid kit. I want it.

MADOLYN  
I can't, I'm sorry.

WINSTON  
Come on, please!

MADOLYN  
You've lost a lot of blood. I can't  
risk slowing your heart rate--

Winston YELLS in agony.

MADOLYN  
-- I'm sorry.

WINSTON  
Am I dying--?

MADOLYN  
-- No --

WINSTON  
-- Don't- don't lie to me.  
(a flash of pain)  
Ah! Oh, god--

MADOLYN  
Hey!

She grabs him. Forces his attention.

MADOLYN  
Listen to me: you are not dying. I  
will get you out of this. Okay? But  
you've got to breathe. Just --  
(deep breath)  
-- breathe.

Winston does. And again. Slowly calming down.

After a beat:

MADOLYN  
Okay?

Winston nods, focused on his breathing.

Madolyn gently dabs at the cut above his eye with some gauze.

MADOLYN  
Thank you, by the way.

She picks up Daryl's bloodied knife and tucks it safely away  
in her door pocket.

MADOLYN  
(off his look)  
You saved me.

Winston closes his eyes and nods through the pain.

WINSTON  
I did tell you to shoot him when  
you had the chance.

Madolyn frowns. Glances at Daryl: crumpled on the floor. She grabs the knife...

**EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS**

The plane soars over the wilderness.

**INT. CESSNA 206 - MOMENTS LATER**

Daryl lies on the floor... HOGTIED with seatbelt Madolyn has cut loose. His gunshot wound roughly patched.

His head lolls to the side, unconscious. Madolyn surveys him, gingerly rubbing her bruised throat.

She picks up the fallen SAT PHONE. It's off: the battery popped out when it fell. She tapes it back together.

A quick glance back at Daryl: he hasn't moved.

The phone powers up again and -- BUZZ-BUZZ -- immediately starts RINGING: "Hasan calling..."

She answers.

MADOLYN  
H- hello?

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
There you are. Hey, do me a favor  
and don't let it ring so long next  
time, all right? You gave us all  
quite a scare down here.

MADOLYN  
Winston, uh -- Winston's been  
stabbed.

Beat.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Say again?

MADOLYN

Winston. He- Booth -- or whatever his name is -- I don't know, he got free and stabbed him and I --

(realizing)

I shot him.

(beat)

Hello?

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

Yeah. Uh, copy. Stand by.

The line goes quiet. Madolyn looks at her bloodstained hands: they're trembling. She wipes them on her shirt and grips the yoke to steady them.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

Deputy? Still there?

MADOLYN

Yes! Yes, I'm here--

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

I couldn't reach deputy Van Sant.

Uh, what's the status of the witness?

Madolyn looks over at Winston: torn between keeping his hopes up and being honest.

MADOLYN

...Dire.

Madolyn can hear murmured discussion in the background.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

And the pilot?

MADOLYN

Restrained. And bleeding out.

Silence on the line.

MADOLYN

Listen, I've patched what I could but we're going to need some real medical attention here.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

Copy. Tarmac EMS is on standby.

MADOLYN

How far away are we?

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Maybe twenty-five minutes.

Madolyn looks over at Winston: eyes screwed shut in pain, and looking pretty pale...

MADOLYN  
Is there anything faster?  
(Hasan hesitates)  
Hasan.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Technically, we can increase your speed --

MADOLYN  
-- Great. --

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
-- But it'll burn through the rest of your fuel.

*Shit.* Madolyn glances at Winston. Nods.

MADOLYN  
We have no choice.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Deputy...

MADOLYN  
If Winston  
("dies")  
...doesn't testify, Moretti walks.  
Coleridge walks.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Understand: landing will be more difficult-

MADOLYN  
I'm not losing him, all right?

Beat.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
Push the throttle all the way in, and then open up the red handle marked "fuel mix."

MADOLYN  
Thank you.

Madolyn opens the throttle. The engine REVS. She wipes smeared blood from the speedometer, and watches the needle climb.

MADOLYN

Okay... approaching one-sixty.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

Keep an eye on that fuel. I'll call you back in a few minutes with the landing procedure.

He hangs up. Madolyn looks to Winston: breathing through the pain.

MADOLYN

Hang on, Winston. Not long now.

They speed up as --

**IN THE BACK**

-- Daryl lies in a pool of blood. His EYE TWITCHES...

He COUGHS. Gurgles.

But more speed means a louder engine drone, and Madolyn and Winston can't hear him.

**EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS**

The plane speeds along as --

**UP IN THE COCKPIT**

Madolyn tries calling Van Sant... voicemail.

She hangs up. Looks over at Winston: pale and drenched in a cold sweat.

MADOLYN

Winston? How you doing?

But Winston is barely listening. His face changes: a moment of clarity.

MADOLYN

Winston?

WINSTON

...I don't want to die.

MADOLYN

Whoa, hey -- You're not. You're  
going to be fine, okay? Here --

She digs out a KEY and UNLOCKS Winston's shackles.

WINSTON

(a weak smile)  
Uh oh... You're in trouble now.

A feeble chuckle. Madolyn smiles. Winston's laugh sputters  
into a COUGH.

The cough grows more forceful, then... he coughs up BLOOD.  
Splattering his shirt and the instrument panel.

It's dark blood. Almost black. Yikes.

They both stare at it, sobered.

MADOLYN

Hang in there.

She turns back to the controls, rattled. Winston touches the  
DARK BLOOD. Examines it on his fingertips.

WINSTON

...I'm sorry.

MADOLYN

Don't worry about it.

WINSTON

No, this...  
(clears throat)  
This is my fault.

MADOLYN

What are you talking about?

WINSTON

We wouldn't be here if -- I  
could've done anything, you know?  
Could've finished college. Found a  
good job... But...  
(beat)

I wanted that easy money.

He rubs his wrists.

WINSTON

I'd hear - things - about Moretti  
and think "that's not my fault?"  
You know?

(MORE)

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
"I just push numbers around a  
screen." But then... here we are,  
and --

He meets Madolyn's eye.

WINSTON  
I'm sorry.

Madolyn nods. Solemn. Winston stifles another cough. Focused now.

WINSTON  
You still have that paper, right?  
The one with our pictures on it?  
(Madolyn nods)  
That's my mother's address.

MADOLYN  
I know. Listen, don't worry--

WINSTON  
Will you go see her?

MADOLYN  
Me?

WINSTON  
If I don't-- you know...  
(clears throat)  
Tell her. Tell her that I did good  
for once. That I- that I did the  
right thing.

MADOLYN  
Hey, c'mon...

WINSTON  
Please?

Beat. Madolyn nods.

MADOLYN  
I'll tell her, Winston.

Winston smiles, comforted. Turns and looks out his window at the thick clouds passing by. Ghostly.

WINSTON  
(quiet)  
I did the right thing.

Madolyn watches him for a beat. She picks up the sat phone and dials Van Sant.

...It immediately goes to VOICEMAIL. Again?

Madolyn frowns. Dials a new number. After a beat:

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)  
(shaken)  
U- U.S. Marshals.

MADOLYN  
Janine. It's Madolyn again. Listen,  
I'm trying to reach Caroline Van  
Sant...

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)  
Oh. Uh...

MADOLYN  
Janine?

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)  
Yes. One- one moment.

Beat. A familiar PATERNAL VOICE crackles through:

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Harris?

Madolyn's blood goes cold.

MADOLYN  
...Director Coleridge?

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
I'll take it from here, Janine,  
thanks.

There's a click as Janine jumps off the call.

Madolyn spins: *what is happening..?* Colridge sighs.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
I'm afraid it looks like you were  
right about deputy Van Sant.

On Madolyn: sinking into a pool of dread.

MADOLYN  
No. I- What-? What do you mean?

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
There was a car crash. She was t-  
boned leaving the office.

Madolyn hangs her head. Squeezes back a tear.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
The other driver fled. One of  
Moretti's, I'm guessing. I'm headed  
there now.

Madolyn bites her knuckles to keep from screaming. Winston  
sags, reading her face.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Deputy?

Madolyn's guilt and grief turn to a cold rage.

MADOLYN  
...How?

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
They must have been waiting--

MADOLYN  
No. How could you know all this  
already?

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
I not sure what you're--

MADOLYN  
I know it was you.

Beat.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Excuse me?

MADOLYN  
I can prove it. Twenty-five grand a  
month, right?

Silence on the line.

MADOLYN  
Check your records: you got sloppy.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Oh, you want to compare records,  
deputy Harris? No one is going to  
believe--

MADOLYN  
A jury will.

Beat.

The phone beeps: "Hasan calling..."

MADOLYN  
My pilot's calling.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)  
Hang on-

MADOLYN  
Don't worry, sir. I'll see you in  
New York.

Click. Madolyn switches lines. All fury-fueled determination.

MADOLYN  
Hasan?

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)  
(impossibly bright)  
Guess who we've got on radar..!  
(beat)  
You're eleven miles out and looking  
good, Deputy. Hey do me a favor:  
hang up, and tune your radio to  
frequency one-two-one dot five-zero-  
zero...

Madolyn does. Hasan's voice echoes through the radio:

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Handsome, confident, ATC  
controller, looking for intrepid  
pilot. Over.

Madolyn keys the radio.

MADOLYN  
I'm no pilot.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Are you sure? You're great at  
winging it.  
(more serious)  
Alright, Deputy. You're ten miles  
out. Ready to bring it in?

Madolyn shifts in her seat. Focused.

#### IN THE BACK

Daryl's eyes blink open. Roll about. Disoriented.

He takes in his bleeding shoulder. Lets out an anguished  
YELL.

DARYL  
(seething)  
Why didn't you kill me?

Madolyn glances at him in the rearview. Looks away.

DARYL  
Hey! Why didn't you kill me?

MADOLYN  
Because I'm not like you.

On Daryl: enraged. He struggles against his bindings...

**EXT. ALASKAN SKIES - CONTINUOUS**

The Cessna is enveloped in thick clouds.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Descend to two thousand feet. Keep  
your angle of attack at five  
percent.

The plane starts to DESCEND, passing through the clouds.

**INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS**

The grizzly bear dances and sways.

**UP IN THE COCKPIT**

The outskirts of ANCHORAGE appear through the clouds.

A few miles up ahead: Madolyn can see the bright, rectangular  
lights of the RUNWAY.

MADOLYN  
Hey, I see it... I- ha! I can see  
the runway.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Solid copy, we've got visual on our  
end. Glide path looks good.

MADOLYN  
Passing fifteen-hundred feet.  
Airspeed's at... seventy knots.

Static.

MADOLYN

Hasan?

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

(concerned, distracted)

Uh, yeah, I'm here. Listen, Deputy, there's a bit of crosswind that has kicked up below a thousand feet. I recommend we try a couple of practice runs.

Madolyn glances over at Winston: his head slumps against his chest.

MADOLYN

Winston?

She presses her fingers to his neck. Keys her radio.

MADOLYN

There's no time, I can barely feel a pulse.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

Still, I really think--

MADOLYN

Hasan. We have to land now.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

Do you think he's going to make it?

Madolyn's thrown. Doesn't answer.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

What I'm saying is: your chances of a successful landing dramatically improve with some practice runs. Particularly with this crosswind. And if you think he's not going to make it anyway...

MADOLYN

Hasan.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

I'm just trying to save the ones we can.

(beat)

But you're the pilot in command. It's your call.

Madolyn considers Winston: weak and pale. She looks at the grizzly bear - dancing away in its hula skirt.

On Madolyn: resolved.

MADOLYN  
He's going to make it. I'm landing  
now.

Beat.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Okay, you are cleared to land. Line  
up your nose with a spot on the  
near edge of the runway, and cut  
your throttle back to fifty  
percent.

MADOLYN  
...Throttle to fifty...

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Altitude?

MADOLYN  
One thousand feet.

Up ahead: the runway grows closer.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Flaps to full.

Madolyn flicks the Flaps switch.

MADOLYN  
Flaps... to full.

She turns to Winston, slumped in his seat.

MADOLYN  
Winston? Hey, can you hear me? Hang  
on, okay? We're almost there.  
(to herself)  
Almost there.

WHAM! Daryl -- still tied -- heaves himself upright. Eyes  
rolling. Half-crazed. He HURLS himself at the cockpit.

Madolyn SHOUTS. Flinches as --

-- Daryl LUNGES, straining to shake his bindings in the last  
desperate attempt to prevent the landing.

DARYL  
I ain't. Going. To no. Prison.

The plane rocks. Weaves.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Okay, even out, you're drifting.

Madolyn ignores Hasan. Struggling to fend off Daryl.

CLOSE ON the altimeter: 800 feet...

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Deputy, you copy? You need to even out.

She punches Daryl. Once. Twice. Throws him off and goes for her gun.

On Daryl: panting. Bleeding. Staring down the barrel of her gun.

DARYL  
Do it.  
(beat)  
Do it-!

But Madolyn won't pull the trigger. She shakes her head.

Daryl LUNGES --

*Whap!* Madolyn CLOCKS him in the face with the butt of the gun.

Daryl collapses back. Nose broken, groaning. Exhausted.

*Click.* Madolyn looks over: Winston weakly offers up the handcuffs he had been wearing.

WINSTON  
Send Mister Moretti my regards.

Madolyn snaps the cuffs on Daryl. Securing him to handhold.

DARYL  
...Please...

MADOLYN  
We're landing. You should brace yourself.

She turns back to the controls.

600 feet...

Up ahead: the RUNWAY stretches out before her.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Deputy Harris! Still up?

MADOLYN  
Yes! Yes, I'm here. I--

*Thwump!* A GUST of wind knocks the plane left.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Engage the pedals. Right rudder.  
(beat)  
Right rudder.

MADOLYN  
I am--

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
You need to turn into the wind.

MADOLYN  
I am!

The plane's ROCKED by another gust.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Okay, better... hold that line.  
Five hundred feet.

The runway drifts closer.

Madolyn's sweat-and-blood-slicked hand SLIPS on the yoke. She re-doubles her grip.

CLOSE ON the altimeter: 400 feet... 350...

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Okay, now cut the throttle and kill  
the engine.

MADOLYN  
What?

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
We need to minimize the risk of  
fire upon landing.

MADOLYN  
But-

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Right now. Or we're going to have  
to wave off and do it again.  
(beat)  
Deputy-

Madolyn YANKS the fuel knob. The engine CHOKES. Sputters... and dies.

It's suddenly quiet and peaceful, with only a slight whistling of wind.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Pull up on the yoke slightly.

Madolyn does. They're gliding forward. The runway rushes up to meet them.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
One hundred feet... seventy-five...

The Hula Grizzly sways away on the dash.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
Okay, last thing: you need to kill the master switch. It's the big red one to the left of the yoke. But when you do, you'll lose radio. You got this, okay? Good luck.

MADOLYN  
Wait, that's it? No more jokes?

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
I felt like they weren't landing.

Madolyn smiles.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)  
I'll see you on the ground.

She kills the MASTER SWITCH.

Shunk. All electrical systems, lights, and gauges shut off. Only the altimeter and airspeed still work.

Truly alone now.

The wind whistles by.

MADOLYN  
Okay, Winston, ready?

She reaches over and checks Winston's seatbelt.

MADOLYN  
Twenty feet... Ten...

On Madolyn: locked in. Blood and sweat dripping off her brow.

MADOLYN  
(a whisper)  
...Touchdown.

*BAM!*

The plane is ROCKED as it touches down.

It BOUNCES once...

LANDS HARD.

Papers, charts, headsets go flying. Daryl flails in the backseat.

Madolyn and Winston are JOLTED. Safety glass cracks.

Rubber tires SCREECH against the asphalt as the plane careens down the runway.

CRACK. A wheel BREAKS OFF. SPARKS FLY.

Madolyn braces herself as --

-- A WINGTIP catches the ground and CRACKS OFF. The plane skids across the runway.

Madolyn grits her teeth. Hanging on for dear life.

And then it's over. The plane skids to a stop. Enveloped in a cloud of SMOKE and DUST.

And for a moment, everything's quiet.

Madolyn blinks. Looks around as the dust settles. *Is this real?*

SIRENS sound in the distance.

MADOLYN  
Winston..? Winston!

Winston grunts. Nods. The smallest signs of life.

WINSTON  
...You promised we wouldn't  
crash...

Madolyn smiles.

MADOLYN  
Yeah? Well... for a kite with  
seatbelts, that wasn't too bad.

She unstraps her seatbelt, utterly exhausted.

Behind her, Daryl groans, beaten.

The sirens grow louder and louder as emergency vehicles race towards them. Off-screen, but we can hear them closing in.

A moment later, the RED and YELLOW EMERGENCY LIGHTS grow brighter, flashing off their faces and lighting up the cabin.

The doors are wrenched open. Sunlight and fresh air flood in.

It's suddenly a FLURRY of activity as OFF-SCREEN RESCUE WORKERS descend upon the wreck.

RESCUE WORKER 1 (O.S.)  
Ma'am? Ma'am! Are you hurt?

RESCUE WORKER 2 (O.S.)  
Can you move?

MADOLYN  
I'm fine, I'm--  
(realizing)  
I'm okay.

Madolyn points to Winston.

MADOLYN  
Take him first.

ARMS clad in a fireman's yellow sleeves reach in and cut Winston loose.

MADOLYN  
Careful. He's got a stab wound in  
the abdomen, and he's lost a lot of  
blood-

The EMS workers carefully pull Winston from the wreck. He waves feebly to her as he disappears out the plane door.

In the back: ROUGH HANDS drag a despondent Daryl from the plane. Madolyn pays him no attention.

On Madolyn: alone now, reality sinking in as she finally lets her guard down -- Grief. Stress. Relief. Adrenaline. Elation at simply being alive. -- all washing over her in a WAVE of emotion.

FIREFIGHTER (O.S.)  
Ma'am?

Madolyn blinks. Notices a firefighter's outstretched HAND.

She nods, still processing.

She takes a final look about the cabin: blood-splattered and broken.

In the foreground, the HULA GRIZZLY finally comes to a stop.

Madolyn gives it a push, restarting its dance, and climbs out into the world.

As the grizzly dances...

FADE TO BLACK.

The end.