

VERVE

UNTITLED ASSASSINS ON A PLANE
AKA FIGHT OR FLIGHT

Screenplay by BM/DC



COME FLY THE DEADLY SKIES!

EXT. A JUMBO JET FLYING - NIGHT

The giant plane cuts through the clouds at 40,000 feet.

INT. ECONOMY CLASS, THE PLANE - SAME

Over Black --

Soothing classical music plays as we pull back to reveal the SLEEP MASK of a MALE PASSENGER, 40s. Eyes covered, wearing noise cancelling headphones and business casual. A serene smile on his face as he sleeps.

The cabin behind him slowly comes into focus as we realize the rest of the plane is in total --

CHAOS.

The entire cabin in the middle of an all out raging brawl. Claustrophobic. Medieval. A crowded mob of violence and death in slow motion.

A man firing a machine gun wildly --

A service dog mauling someone's neck --

A flight attendant sprints past with women and children --

A piece of fuselage rips off into the night's sky --

A passenger feverishly praying with his eyes shut --

A man slashing through the crowd with a samurai sword --

A female flight attendant smashing glasses over heads --

A drink cart charging down the aisle into people --

A man being choked right next to the sleeping passenger --

The entire screen filled with bodies tangled together, stabbing, shooting, killing, writhing and undulating like one massive organism --

And all the while --

The man in front of us keeps SLEEPING.

TITLE CARD: 12 HOURS TO DEPARTURE

CUT TO:

INT. A TESLA - DRIVING - DAWN

AARON HUNTER, 30s, business casual clothes, is singing along to a song on the radio, Stereo MC's "Connected" from 1992.

HUNTER

*If you make sure you're connected,
The writing's on the wall
But if your mind's neglected,
Stumble you might fall..."*

Hunter sips his coffee, then drives through an intersection. He taps his phone, turning off airplane mode and -

DING DING. An avalanche of messages and photos. Way more than he was expecting.

Hunter's eyes go wide as he speed reads. He spits out his coffee and slams on the brakes, the nearby cars having to --

SWERVE, narrowly missing a massive pile-up.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Shit. Shit shit shit...

Hunter MASHES the gas pedal, his perfectly pedestrian and serene morning routine now ruined.

EXT. NON-DESCRIPT OFFICE BUILDING - SUNRISE

Hunter speed walks from the parking lot to the lobby. He holds up his RFID badge to the door.

BRRIP.

Hunter descends a series of stairs reaching a door. Another RFID badge swipe and then a RETINA SCANNER --

INT. A WAR ROOM - SAME

It's filled with a dozen computer stations, the walls lined with credit card thin tv screens showing hundreds of live feeds from around the world. The tech cutting edge.

There's a group of AGENTS/IT SPECIALISTS, barely out of college. Hunter approaches TWO AGENTS, his cool veneer gone.

HUNTER
Which one of you was point on the night shift?

AGENT 2 points to AGENT 1. Hunter sees the young Agent staring at his monitor, distracted. Hunter walks up behind him, sees a "Yeezy" sneaker auction on his screen.

Hunter raising his voice now --

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Buy those peasant slippers on your own time!

Hunter points to a screen of footage. A flash of DEAD SECURITY AGENTS in a burned down warehouse.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Where is that?

AGENT 2
Johor, Malaysia.

HUNTER
(to the Agents)
Five years of silence and The Ghost takes out six of our guys in Malaysia?

AGENT 1
Sir? The who?

HUNTER
Christ...I'm surrounded by zygotes.
(beat)
The Ghost is a terrorist who's crushed the GDP of multiple countries, bankrupted Fortune 500 companies... He's the boogeyman. Invisible. Off-grid. Impossible to find--

Agent 1 points to a monitor showing CCTV footage. It's a crowded intersection filled with a sea of bodies... but one of the bodies isn't visible, it's DIGITALLY BLURRED.

AGENT 1
...Is this him?

Hunter looks surprised.

INT. WAR ROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER

Hunter is tracking a trail on the monitors, we see quick flashes of the OBSCURED PERSON on hundreds of CCTV shots. Walking abandoned streets. A subway. Getting in a taxi.

Hunter addresses KATHERINE BRUNT, 40, glasses, black turtleneck. Her eyes like laser guided weapons. Behind her, two armed AGENTS standing at the door. *Her private detail.*

BRUNT

It's really him?

HUNTER

Infrared reflective material.

Blocks all surveillance cams.

(pointing)

He's been moving since last night.
Given the time difference, that's
six hours... and counting.

Brunt stares at the monitors, watching new feeds emerge as the digitally shrouded person continues their journey.

BRUNT

How did you not know one of our teams met with *The Ghost* until your drive in this morning?

HUNTER

Turns out the nightshift's too young to know who he is.

BRUNT

They're not my *head of security*.

Hunter nods, can't believe what he's about to say:

HUNTER

...Mindfulness.

BRUNT

Say that again?

HUNTER

My wife. I have kids. I turn my phone off...

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)
you see an email at 8 pm and
instead of being present with your
family, you think about what you're
going to write back... it's
disruptive to a healthy work life
balance. It's in the training-
(off her reaction)
It'll never happen again.

She nods. *That's right.*

BRUNT
Who are our assets?

HUNTER
Asset. Right now it's singular.

BRUNT
This gets better and better.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - JOHOR, MALAYSIA - NIGHT

We see a MAN from behind. He's staring out the floor to ceiling glass windows at a metropolis of lights below.

His phone VIBRATES.

The man pulls the phone from his jacket and listens.

He turns and starts walking towards the penthouse's elevator. Only now do we see the floor is LITTERED with DEAD BODIES. The man steps on several of the bodies to avoid the growing pools of blood surrounding them. As he gets closer:

This is LUCAS REYES, 40, black suit, his hair a little unkept from battle. When he gets to the elevator he turns -

And surveys the damage.

Lucas steps into the elevator. Now in the light we see his face up close; it's covered with BLOOD.

Lucas looks to his phone, swipes to his BANK ACCOUNT. There's a MINUS FUNDS SIGN IN RED, his balance is overdrawn.

Lucas sighs, puts the phone back to his ear.

LUCAS
How much does it pay?

Lucas listens. The doors start closing as --

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Tell him I'll be right down.

EXT. JOHOR, MALAYSIA - MOMENTS LATER

An alleyway. Lucas exits, the phone still pressed to his ear. He sees a 1980s Diesel Mercedes Taxi pull up. Tinted windows. The DRIVER quickly gets out, trying and failing to hide his shock upon seeing Lucas's blood stained face.

DRIVER
(in Malay)
I got clothes in the back. Water.
Cigarettes... Cologne.
(his face)
Baby wipes in the glove box.

In the TAXI -

Lucas slides into the backseat. The Driver gets behind the wheel and eyes Lucas in the rearview mirror.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Destination?

Lucas holds up a finger...phone still to his ear.

LUCAS
(in Malay)
Head south.

INTERCUT:

INT. THE WAR ROOM - SAME

Katherine Brunt stares at the monitors, tracking real-time CCTV footage of THE GHOST on the move.

Brunt steps back and sees LUCAS REYES' file appear on a nearby monitor. She uses her finger to scroll through his resume but quickly sees almost all of it is REDACTED.

Brunt stares at a few photographs. Lucas as a young field agent. Photos of him in his Military platoon. Then some carnage. Photos of an I.E.D... body parts. It ain't pretty.

BRUNT
It says his last op was 11 months ago. What's he been doing?

HUNTER

Black ops. Vacation. Who knows. You know what these guys are like.

Brunt looks at Hunter with disdain.

BRUNT

I'm not sitting in front of a Congressional hearing when this is over because of some random contractor. I want a *real* team on this.

Brunt pulls out a liquid CBD dropper. She puts a couple drops on her tongue. It has an immediate *calming effect*.

She turns back to the monitors. The CCTV images are connecting a travel map of The Ghost's movement in RED DOTS. The dots are nearing the southern border of Malaysia.

BRUNT (CONT'D)

Why would The Ghost come out of hiding after five years? Why the hell was one of our teams there?

HUNTER

No clue...maybe it was an ambush?

DING.

Hunter and Brunt turn to the mapping software. The Ghost just popped across the Strait of Malaysia to the island of --

BRUNT

Singapore.

Hunter paces in front of the monitors, watching as flashes of CCTV, now from SINGAPORE, show The Ghost moving.

HUNTER

It's tiny, the size of Manhattan. There's literally a couple casinos--

BRUNT

Thank you. I've been.

Hunter points to the screen as the travel map *slows to a stop*. THE LAST IMAGE shows The Ghost disappearing with hundreds of others into the SUBWAY.

Hunter looks at the map. His eyes light up.

HUNTER
He's not hiding.
(beat)
He's leaving.

Brunt looks at the map and immediately gets it.

BRUNT
The airport.

Hunter tracks another blip moving along the route of red dots, playing catch up. *Their asset.*

HUNTER
Lucas Reyes is 20 minutes out.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT/INT. SINGAPORE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

This isn't an American airport. Everything is opulent, the architecture futuristic. Especially juxtaposed --

Against the diesel Mercedes taxi dropping off --

LUCAS REYES. In a new suit. Face no longer smeared with blood. Pelican case on wheels. Just another business traveler leaving a taxi with a phone pressed to his ear.

BRUNT
(talking to Lucas)
Katherine Brunt. Wish we weren't e-meeting but there'll be time for that. We're fluid right now so get inside and I'll start feeding you updates. But first, are we sure your phone is secure?

LUCAS
You tell me. It's one of yours.

BRUNT
One of ours. Good. You should get a boarding pass via text right now.
(beat)
Yes?

The incoming text VIBRATES as Lucas enters the terminal.

INT. WAR ROOM - SAME

Brunt hovers behind the young Agents speed hacking like crazy, pulling up all the CCTV feeds inside the airport.

BRUNT
(to speaker phone)
I'm gonna put you on hold until we
have more intel for you.

She waits for a response but when she doesn't get one she punches the mute button. Brunt eyes Reyes' redacted file again, SNAPPING HER FINGERS at Hunter.

BRUNT (CONT'D)
I don't like him.
(beat)
Where's my Singapore team?

HUNTER
En route.

Brunt points to the CCTV showing Lucas...

He's standing in the middle of the terminal, oddly looking directly into a camera. He turns and looks to another, oblivious to the sea of human traffic streaming by him.

BRUNT
This guy have PTSD?

HUNTER
He's a contractor. It's practically
a prerequisite.

Brunt walks further away and stares at Lucas's redacted profile. It's just a photo. Then she flips to another file --

It reads HOST. There's no PHOTO but the CV is multiple pages long, listing multiple countries, and dating back 10 years.

AGENT 1
I got something. Someone on the
dark web talking about "The Ghost"
in Mandarin. Luckily I did a
semester in Shaanxi, a province in-

BRUNT
Spit it out!!!

AGENT 1
He's going to San Francisco.

INT. SINGAPORE INT'L - SAME

Airport MUZAC plays over the PA. Bomb-sniffing dogs patrol.

Lucas is buying time, browsing a duty free store. He flips through magazines. Then stands in front of the abundant displays of high-end alcohol. Grey Goose. Walker Blue.

Lucas keeps the phone to his ear, but is distracted by *women giggling*. Over at the sunglasses rack he sees --

Five FEMALE BUDDHIST MONKS, ages 20-60, wearing long red robes, heads shaved. One of them tries on a pair of Ray-Bans. She does a Bruce Lee karate chop...the other Monks laugh.

HUNTER (V.O.)
Lucas, Agent Hunter, but call me
Aaron. You prefer Reyes or Lucas?

Lucas picks up a bottle of WALKER BLUE. He tilts it sideways, holding the amber liquid to the light, lost in thought.

HUNTER (V.O.)
All of us here feel lucky to work
with you on this. We appreciate--

LUCAS
I'd appreciate payment up front.

HUNTER
Straight to the point. I like it.

DING.

Lucas checks his phone, his bank account. Sees confirmation.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You'll get the other half upon
delivery. Proceed to security.

EXT. SECURITY LINE - SAME

Lucas waits in line. He steps forward pulling out his phone, not bothering to look at it as he holds it out to the AGENT.

The boarding pass starts APPEARING in real time. The Agent eyes the boarding pass: SIN-SFO. Everything's in order.

Lucas waits in a long line for the X-RAY MACHINE, dividers creating tight single file rows snaking back and fourth, packed with people from all walks of life.

Everyone a little tense as they inch forward slowly, hiding their nerves, clocking the SECURITY GUARDS Automatic MACHINE GUNS, people impatiently taking off belts and shoes, the TSA Agents herding adults along like school children.

Lucas eyes his fellow travelers crowded together in line.

A group of CHINESE in GERM MASKS and gloves.

A VIETNAMESE National BASKETBALL TEAM in track suits.

A FRUSTRATED PASSENGER trying to cut the line, late for their flight, others nearby rolling their eyes, exasperated.

Two MORMON BOYS, 18, white shirts and ties, *missionaries*.

A few AMERICAN BACKPACKERS, white with dreadlocks, carrying their flip-flops; their dirty feet disgusting.

A couple INSTAGRAM INFLUENCERS/STRIPPERS standing among a group of SAUDI ARABIAN BUSINESS MEN. The girls talking too loud, taking selfies.

A group of BRAZILIANS with guitar cases, singing Bossa Nova songs. Their harmony is good. Probably a band.

Lucas is drawn to a loud talking COWBOY. The guy is huge. 6'6, Stetson hat, cowboy boots, big silver belt buckle, and long flowing hair...basically JJ Watt meets Willie Nelson.

COWBOY
Y'all play Girl from Ipanema?
(winks to a Brazilian)
I'm a musician myself, got-

The Brazilians smile politely as --

Lucas gets BUMPED from behind in the leg. He turns --

A CONGOLESE MAN, 60s, in a nice suit, thick black spectacles, a few gold rings... he stares at Lucas then smiles.

CONGOLESE MAN
My apologies, after you.

Lucas steps up to the X-Ray. He holds his hands up and out.

The machine scans him. He's clear. NO WEAPONS. But as the technician eyes his x-ray skeleton, he notices metal plates surgically installed to Lucas's shin and collarbone.

Lucas's pelican on the conveyor. We see the X-Ray machine blink green. Lucas grabs it and heads into the concourse.

INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE HANDLING - SAME

X-Ray machines hum, inspecting CHECKED BAGGAGE.

Items pass, *electronics, golf bags, an oboe case...* Then we see a wooden crate the size of a coffin. Its label reads --

FRAGILE FREIGHT: SOTHEBY'S ANTIQUITIES.

A couple BAGGAGE HANDLERS watch the items on the conveyor belt. A giant suitcase passes through the X-RAY. It looks like a block of paper inside of it. A Handler removes it --

It's FILLED WITH MONEY. He takes the money suitcase off the conveyor, then points out the coming bags and suitcases --

The Baggage Handlers step away, lighting cigarettes, LETTING THE ITEMS PASS THROUGH THE X-RAY MACHINE UNCHECKED.

INT. INT'L DEPARTURES CONCOURSE - SAME

Lucas stands in front an airport art installation. It's a digital mandala painting *en res*. Lucas stares at it, lost in thought again, but then he notices the reflection of --

FIVE *dead serious* BUSINESS TRAVELERS, 30s, speed walking with purpose, coming up behind him. One of them has a transparent ear-piece, and looks to be talking into his jacket's lapel.

Lucas watches them breeze past as --

PA SYSTEM

"Mayko Airlines Flight 187 to San Francisco. Pre-boarding will..."

INT. WAR ROOM - SAME TIME

Brunt paces like a shark, watching the CCTV inside the airport...sees the Business Travelers Lucas just saw.

The SINGAPORE TEAM. She zooms in, taking in their faces. The men and women move like *Jason Bourne Treadstone grads*.

BRUNT
(relaxes, to herself)
Finally. Professionals.

Hunter points to the map of The Ghost's route through Malaysia, the red dots still BLINKING.

HUNTER
We found blood in multiple locations. Probably a *gunshot* wound. He got patched up somewhere before crossing into Singapore.

BRUNT
Hit the street doctors.

HUNTER
On it.

AGENT 1
Yo! Guys! Hold up.

Agent 1 types furiously while watching his monitor run encryption software.

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)
The Ghost's tickets keep changing.
I think San Francisco was a
misdirect...
(his monitor lights up)
It's London. He's on the plane to
London.

BRUNT
Are you sure?
(he hesitates)
Give me a percentage.

AGENT 1
90? Maybe higher.

Brunt eyes the Singapore Team.

BRUNT
Get them on the London plane.

HUNTER
What about Reyes?

INT. AIRBUS A380-800 - SAME

The world's biggest and heaviest passenger plane. On two decks, and with a giant cabin width, it can accommodate hundreds of passengers in First, Business, and Economy Class.

On all the seat and overhead monitors a video plays a "WELCOME TO MAYKO AIRLINES" as the multi-national team of FLIGHT ATTENDANTS do one last sweep through the aisles as --

A female flight attendant, late 20s, walks into the food galley. Her name tag reads ISHA. She eyes other Flight Attendants running their pre-board checklists.

ISHA

Alright, put on your happy faces.
Tell the Gate we're ready for the
sheeple...

A male flight attendant, ROYCE, 30s, picks up the PA microphone, holds it up.

ROYCE

You got some new material today?

Isha winks.

ISHA

Oh, you know me, I might try out a
new line or two...

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES - BOARDING - MOMENTS LATER

ISHA, two male flight attendants, and a CO-PILOT greet passengers as they walk through first class towards the rear of the plane.

The Flight Attendants nod as the Brazilian group of musicians boards, followed by the Mormon missionaries, a group of Malaysian men, then the five female Buddhist Monks.

Isha trades amused eyes with her coworkers. But then a rambunctious BOY, 8, runs onto the plane yelling. Just behind him is his mother, REBECCA, carrying a toddler, OLIVE, 3.

Rebecca struggles with her luggage and kids.

REBECCA

Elliott! No running! Plane voice!
What'd I say about yelling?

Rebecca holds her daughter Olive. She eyes Isha, then somewhat regrettably:

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Hi... we're the peanut allergy.

ISHA
(tickling the toddler)
Which means you must be, Olive.

OLIVE
I like flashlights. I have a doll
named baby alive. She's a baby.

ISHA
Well aren't you the sweetest.
(to Rebecca)
Let me help you to your seats.

Isha takes a bag from Rebecca and starts leading them back to the large economy cabin in the plane's rear.

ISHA (CONT'D)
We wiped everything down and there
isn't a nut on board. We made an
announcement at the gate-

REBECCA
I heard, thank you.

ISHA
Once everyone's seated I'll make
another announcement. 57B, C, D.

Isha continues down the aisle as Rebecca sits. Elliott sits by the window and immediately starts yelling again.

A MAN, 55, shaved head, spectacles, looking like a BERLIN ARCHITECT, prepares to sit in front of Rebecca. The Man eyes the hyperactive 8 year old boy in the row behind him.

BERLIN ARCHITECT
You have meds for that?

REBECCA
Funny. Let me get settled and I'll
do my best.

The man stares. *He wasn't kidding.*

The Man sits and reclines his seat all the way back. He does it quickly, bumping into Olive on Rebecca's lap.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Seriously?

The Man doesn't turns as Isha suddenly reappears.

ISHA
Sir. Seat up until take-off.

Isha makes a duck face at Rebecca. *Crisis averted.*

AT THE FRONT OF THE PLANE --

Lucas boards, holding his phone to his ear. Right behind Lucas we see a BLIND MAN, 50s, with a black BELGIAN MALINOIS SHEPHERD guide dog. He wears a fedora and solar shield sunglasses.

Lucas lets the blind man pass as he reaches his seat in business class. Already sitting by the window is the --

GIANT COWBOY from the security line.

Lucas takes his seat while checking his phone.

There's a TEXT. Lucas holds his phone at an angle, sensing the Cowboy's peering a little too close. The text reads:

THE TARGET IS WOUNDED. POSSIBLE GUNSHOT.

Lucas looks down the aisle, watching the passengers.

COWBOY
Business or pleasure?

Lucas eyes the giant cowboy when --

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Seatbelts. Arigato. Trays up.
Danke. Electronics off. Gracias.

Lucas watches as the remaining passengers take their seats, followed by Isha getting on the plane's PA SYSTEM as other Flight Attendants prepare for the safety demonstration.

ISHA
(peppily; through the PA)
Welcome to Mayko Airlines non-stop
flight to Moscow. Our flight time--
(MORE)

ISHA (CONT'D)

(as passengers laugh)

Sorry, my bad. This plane's going to Sri Lanka... No wait... Here it is: SAN FRANCISCO. Our flight time will be 15 hours and 34 minutes.

Now please give your undivided attention to my colleagues...

Lucas feels the plane LURCH back from the gate.

The plane starts taxiing to the runway. The flight attendants take their seats and the lights dim for take-off.

Lucas eyes his phone as the Cowboy next to him starts humming then softly singing a somewhat pleasing country ballad.

COWBOY

Yer heart's got a catalytic converter... It cleans the air... So your heart just don't care... Whatcha been doin' to me...

Cowboy glances over at Lucas. Sees him texting:

TAKING OFF...

Lucas turns, catching Cowboy spying.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm a nervous flier. Just looking to make conversation. Not a crime last I checked. Right?

Lucas leans his head back and closes his eyes as the plane starts to accelerate... The engines roar. The giant behemoth of a plane races down the runway. It suddenly lifts, climbing fast and steep, the jarring experience familiar to all.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES - 40,000 FEET - CRUISING

A soft two-toned chime is heard as the seat belt light turns off. Lucas's eyes are still closed as suddenly the Cowboy attempts to squeeze his HUGE THIGHS past him.

Lucas opens one eye as the Cowboy makes it to the aisle.

COWBOY
Sorry, trying not to wake you, bud.

Lucas watches the Cowboy head towards the front galley, then checks his phone... Nothing new... So he types a text:

UPDATE?

Lucas gets up, standing now. He walks to the back of the business cabin and stares into economy class. There's hundreds of faces. Kids crying. People choosing movies.

Lucas watches a few people walking the aisles. He casually inspects the passengers for signs of INJURY.

Lucas turns around. Sees Isha in the galley handing the Cowboy what looks like 2 glasses of WHISKY... The Cowboy heads back for their seat row.

Lucas lets him pass into the window seat, then takes his aisle seat again. He stares forward but then Cowboy undoes the latch on Lucas's tray and places a whisky on it.

LUCAS
No.

COWBOY
You sure? It's JW Blue. I got friends in the right places.

This gets Lucas's attention. He cocks his head slightly but doesn't turn to look at Cowboy... yet.

COWBOY (CONT'D)
Easy. I see your brain racing. Yes, I saw you in the duty free. Right side of my brain said that there man's got good taste. Left side said, heck, that's my guy.

Lucas turns now.

COWBOY (CONT'D)
Look, maybe we can both quit line dancin' and drop the act?

Cowboy sticks out his meaty hand for a proper intro.

COWBOY (CONT'D)
Name's Cheyenne Montana... aspiring country star by day... Wait for it.

Cheyenne takes his other hand and pulls out a BADGE from his jacket pocket. He flashes it at Lucas. Whispers:

CHEYENNE
Federal Air Marshal by night.

Cheyenne keeps his hand extended. Lucas still doesn't take it. He's busy studying the badge... which looks legit.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Should I call you Agent Mute?

Lucas keeps staring at the badge when DING. A new text.

But Lucas doesn't look at his phone.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Or like I said, should we cut to
the chase... Agent Lucas Reyes.

Lucas smirks... Then he slowly extends his hand. Cheyenne and Lucas exchange a quick, *sturdy handshake*.

LUCAS
Cheyenne Montana. Strong name.

CHEYENNE
Papa's from Wyoming, mama's from
Montana. Irony is I was born and
raised in Idaho. Patato-potahto.

Cheyenne holds up his whisky.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
It's only a single. I figure we
don't go searching for your target
until at least Ambien time.

LUCAS
Ambien time?

CHEYENNE
Y'know, ninety minutes into the
flight they dim the lights. Most
people knock themselves out.

Lucas's phone DINGS AGAIN. *Cheyenne sneaks a look.*

LUCAS
How'd you know my name?

CHEYENNE

I had you seated next to me. You don't get on this plane without me knowing why. I got a digital manifest. Which by the way, should help us once we start our search.

LUCAS

Our.

CHEYENNE

Your... But I am here to help.

LUCAS

There other marshals?

CHEYENNE

I'm the only FAMS. Mayko will have two. Not 'Air', they call em 'sky' marshals. Totally different training, hiring. For one... FAMS hires mostly vets. I'm ex-SF.

Lucas's phone DINGS again.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Agent? Pretty sure you got a message. Shouldn't you check it?

Lucas nods. Checks his phone. He eyes the text messages, and sees the new text. A response to his updates request:

OPERATION STATUS: ABORTED. ENJOY FLIGHT...

Lucas stares oddly at the text for a beat...then he pockets his phone in his jacket... Lucas turns his attention to the glass of JW Blue whisky staring at him from his tray.

Lucas holds up the glass to Cheyenne in appreciation, then swiftly knocks it back in one swift gulp.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

LUCAS

HVT's not on this plane.

CHEYENNE

Damn...damn!

Lucas stares at him. *Curious.*

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Nah, I mean good. I just never had
a high value target onboard a
craft. My blood was pumping. Guess
I'll just do what I usually do.

Cheyenne pulls a small pad from his shirt pocket.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Song lyrics. Alright then. Shit.
Kick back, Agent, enjoy the flight.

Cheyenne completely shifts, now respecting Lucas's privacy.
He starts jotting down words while humming. But then:

Cheyenne's watch alarm BEEPS.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Sorry to make you get up again. I
gotta check in with the crew.

Lucas stands as Cheyenne heads to the service galley between
business and first class. Lucas looks down the aisle and sees
two MEN, one Brazilian, one Nigerian, slowly walking to the
rear of the plane. Their heads turn back and forth. Like
they're searching for someone. But then Lucas sees --

Another MAN. The man's walking right towards Lucas. And --

HE'S LIMPING.

Lucas tightens as he watches the man limping towards him.
Then the man takes his aisle seat; and his pant's leg pulls
up. Lucas sees he has a PROSTHETIC LEG.

Lucas pulls out his phone. Reads the last text:

OPERATION STATUS: ABORTED. ENJOY FLIGHT...

Lucas starts typing a response:

CONFIR...

Lucas suddenly yawns. Then again. He blinks hard, suddenly
feeling groggy. His eyes dart to his drink tray.

His empty whisky.

Then he looks to Cheyenne Montana's - It's untouched.

Lucas tilts his head, neck vertebrae cracking.

LUCAS

Huh.

Lucas returns to his phone. Deleting c-o-n-f-i-r, he struggles to find the right letters as he types:

MIGHT HAVE A PROB ..

Lucas hears Cheyenne laughing, talking to Isha and the flight crew in the first class food galley.

Lucas starts walking towards him.

Lucas watches as Cheyenne turns his back and disappears into the galley. Lucas reaches the corner and makes room as Isha and the Flight Attendant's head out with a DRINK CART.

CHEYENNE

Agent Reyes. You okay? Looking a little off if you ask me.

LUCAS

What'd you put in my drink?
(getting nothing)
WHAT?!

Cheyenne nervously looks around, *like don't make a scene*. Lucas watches as Cheyenne fidgets with his big belt buckle.

CHEYENNE

C'mere.

Cheyenne steps to the side of the plane. They stand in front of the first class lavatory. Curtains separating them from the two cabins. Lucas glances around. *They're alone*.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

What the hell is goin' on, Agent?

LUCAS

Something isn't right.

CHEYENNE

No shit. Something is very off with you.

LUCAS

Okay. Sorry. I need your help. You said you're a veteran. What branch?

Cheyenne looks confused.

CHEYENNE
First Cav, why?

Lucas looks dizzy.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Do you need a doctor?

Lucas emphatically waves him off.

LUCAS
I need to know I can trust you.
What town are you from in Idaho?

CHEYENNE
Pocatello.

Cheyenne steps aside as the lavatory door opens. An OLD WOMAN, 70s, steps out. Lucas glances in. Sees it's not --

A tiny bathroom at all. The door leads to one of Mayko Air's first class SHOWER SUITES. It's like a private locker room.

LUCAS
Pocatello. Good. That makes sense.
First Cav's got that base twenty
miles out in the flats. I was there
once. Iron Horse.

CHEYENNE
Iron horse. That's right.

Lucas nods. A second ago he looked set to pass out, but in this moment, he's suddenly got his bearings.

LUCAS
First Cav's in Texas, and there is
no Iron Horse. Who the fuck are--

Cheyenne wastes no time. In a flash --

He grabs Lucas and tosses him into --

INT. THE SHOWER SUITE, MAYKO AIRLINES - CONTINUOUS

Lucas lands hard on the floor.

He looks up and sees Cheyenne yanking off his LEATHER BELT.

Cheyenne closes the door. And in this confined space, it's very apparent how much bigger Cheyenne is than Lucas.

CHEYENNE

Here I was hoping we could work together. Rain check it is.

Lucas watches from the floor as Cheyenne drops his belt, holding it like it's a BULL WHIP. Lucas sees the --

Back of the buckle is covered in SHARPENED SPIKES.

Cheyenne starts swinging down at him --

Lucas rolls just in time, the belt's heavy buckle cracking the suite's opulent marble flooring.

Cheyenne swings again, and this time Lucas is too slow. The buckle's METAL SPIKES PIERCING into his quad --

Cheyenne yanks it back, Lucas yelling out in pain as he grabs onto the strap.

LUCAS

Who are you?

Cheyenne pulls the belt *harder*. It's no contest given his brute strength. But then what happens/happens fast--

Lucas slides across the floor, getting pulled by the belt. He sweeps out his leg, cracking Cheyenne behind the knee --

Then his other leg springs up in a kick, nailing Cheyenne in the face. Lucas rolls, hitting the other knee, then uses the belt's strap to pull himself between Cheyenne's legs.

Lucas climbs onto Cheyenne's back and locks him into a choke hold. Cheyenne goes crazy, trying to free himself.

Cheyenne slams his back against the mirror, crushing Lucas into it, the glass SHATTERING. He spins, slamming into the shower stall, breaking the glass as the water turns ON.

But Cheyenne's losing air.

The Cowboy falls to his knees as Lucas tightens his hold.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Where's the ghost?

CHEYENNE

I... I can't...speak.

Lucas softens his grip ever so slightly.

LUCAS
Answer.

CHEYENNE
I was hopin' you knew.
(gasping)
Parlay?

LUCAS
Who told you about me?

CHEYENNE
I'll split the bounty with you.

LUCAS
What fucking bounty?

Cheyenne suddenly smiles. Throws his head back and smashes Lucas's face. He quickly slides out of the headlock and reverses into a top position.

His whole body weight is now crushing down on Lucas. Cheyenne punches him with his HAM FISTS then starts CHOKING him.

CHEYENNE
JK. Money's all for me.

Cheyenne squeezes with all his might. We watch as Lucas's eyes start fluttering... One of his hands desperately reaching for the buckle that's lodged into his quad.

Cheyenne watches Lucas's eyes roll back.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Guess you can go and kiss tomorrow
goodbye, pardner. Adios.

Lucas's body goes limp. But Cheyenne keeps choking --

Until finally he releases his grip.

Which is when --

SCHWAACK!

The buckle's spikes slam into Cheyenne's ear.

Before he can even scream, Lucas starts rapid fire punching him in the head with the buckle. It's mercifully fast --

Because a second later Cheyenne drops to the floor. Blood quickly pooling; his head AERATED by the belt's spikes.

Lucas catches his breath, then quickly scrambles.

He starts rifling through Cheyenne's pockets. Grabs his wallet and his phone... Then a few towels from the racks.

SECONDS LATER --

Lucas stands on the bathroom's counter. He's removed a ceiling tile and has Cheyenne's body halfway through it.

Lucas hoists the rest of his body and peers into the top of the aircraft. It's a tight space. A few pieces of auxiliary equipment but mostly empty. Lucas tosses the bloody towels next to Cheyenne's corpse...Closes the panel and drops down.

Lucas looks beyond exhausted. He yawns again, fighting whatever's in his system. He splashes water on his face. Then SMACKS himself, trying to wake up. He opens the door and peers outside. No one seems to be the wiser.

Lucas locks himself back inside and starts texting, struggling to stay awake as he types:

WE HVE A PRBLEM.

Lucas flips through Cheyenne's wallet. Doesn't find anything. Tosses it. Then he eyes his phone. Expecting the --

... Response in progress.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Then again. *Impatient*.

Lucas starts texting:

JUS KILD SIMONE.

Hits the SEND button.

AGENT 1 (V.O.)
Agent Brunt!

CUT TO:

INT. THE WAR ROOM - SAME

Agent 1 raises his hand just as Lucas's JUS KILD SIMONE TEXT arrives on his computer. It *blinks*, no one noticing it.

AGENT 1
I think I made a mistake.

Brunt and Hunter freeze.

AGENT 1 (CONT'D)
My mandarin... the London flight intel was way more slang and Cantonese. The Ghost laid a mouse trap.... We took the bait.

BRUNT
We?

AGENT 1
He's not on the flight to London.
That's the bad news. The good-

BRUNT
You're fired? Yeah. That's the good news. You.. are... fired.
(to her security)
Escort him out.

AGENT 1
He's *definitely* on the flight to San Francisco. But I just unlocked a file that you're gonna want to--

BRUNT
(to her security)
What is he still doing here?
(to Agent 1)
You just ruined your career.

Agent 1 is pulled from the room by security. Brunt eyes Agent 2 hovering near Agent 1's desk.

BRUNT (CONT'D)
And you just got promoted.
(to Hunter)
Is Reyes still on the San Francisco flight?

HUNTER
He's on the flight.

Hunter turns to the technicians.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Get us the SFO manifest.

Hunter looks over to the wall-screen of FEEDS. He looks a little exasperated by what he sees unfolding.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
This isn't good.

BRUNT
What now?

Hunter flips to CCTV FOOTAGE from JOHOR'S LOCAL NEWS. BODY BAGS being wheeled out from a penthouse apartment.

Hunter turns up the volume as a reporter talks:

BBC MALAYSIA (ON TV)
"I can confirm 12 senior members of the Johor crime syndicate have been murdered--

Hunter mutes the report.

HUNTER
That's where we picked up Lucas Reyes last night.

BRUNT
Jesus Christ. He did all that?
(beat)
Call his last handler. Find out everything you can about him.

In the background Agent 2 holds up his hands.

AGENT 2
We got a hit on The Ghost's Blood trail. He stopped at a 24 hr. vet clinic. Team just got there.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. VET CLINIC - JOHOR, MALAYSIA - SAME

A FEDERAL APC and the Mercedes diesel taxi parked outside.

INSIDE --

5 SWAT TEAM MEMBERS with battle rifles. Next to them, the TAXI DRIVER, listening to instructions through his earbud, the whole scene being streamed from HIS BODY-CAM.

The place is low-rent, filled with rescue dogs BARKING, cats, cages of toads, parrots, cobra snakes. The vet, ADHA, a woman in her 20s, shuffles through files, nervously glancing at --

VET

(in Malay; subtitled)

As I said my shift started this morning. But let's look at last night's patients... Amputated cat legs, a couple bat bites...

BRUNT (V.O.)

Her phone hasn't left that office in twenty hours. She's lying.

The taxi driver puts his hand on the paperwork. Behind him the Swat members start tossing the clinic.

DRIVER

You treated a gunshot victim.

VET

That's not possible. This clinic is for animals only... not humans.

DRIVER

Humans are animals.

A loud whistle. The vet and driver turn to see a Swat member pulling BLOODY GAUZE from the trash. Then clink --

A BULLET FRAGMENT is dropped on the desk.

The vet quickly goes through her files, pulling a new one out. It's thin. Just a couple pieces of paper.

VET

Ah. Yes. Here it is. Looks like a dog was shot in the abdomen.

The vet walks to shelf of DUSTY MEDICINE BOTTLES. She does a double-take. One of the vials looks like fermented Kombucha. Its label shows a TOAD with a COBRA SNAKE wrapped around it.

The vet backs away, looking suddenly concerned.

VET (CONT'D)
The vet on duty prescribed multiple medicines for pain and recovery--

HUNTER (V.O.)
We've got the manifest. Start showing her passenger photos.

The Swats violently shove the vet into a chair.

The driver holds out his phone. We see him swiping through PHOTOS/FACES of the passengers on the Mayko Airlines flight.

DRIVER
Nod when you recognize the patient YOU treated last night.

VET
These aren't dogs.

DRIVER
Who is he?

The driver keeps showing the images. Brazilians. Rebecca and her kids. Dozens of others. The flight crew. Isha --

The vet looks to the driver and Swat members. A sudden calm as she STARES into his body-cam and speaks ENGLISH:

VET
(a defiant smile)
You people are clueless. You have no idea who you're dealing with.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - SAME

Agent 2 is staring at Agent 1's screen, growing nervous. He turns to Brunt, hesitates --

BRUNT
You waiting for a participation trophy?

AGENT 2
...He was right. We have a very big problem...Please don't fire me.

BRUNT
Speak!

AGENT 2
Someone's selling The Ghost's
itinerary on the dark web.

BRUNT
Are there any buyers?

AGENT 2
41... And counting.

Brunt glances at Hunter. *Shit.*

HUNTER
There isn't a country in the
western hemisphere that doesn't
have a bounty on the Ghost's head.
Not to mention all the criminals
and oligarchs he's stolen from.
(beat)
For all we know the fucking
Mandalorian is onboard.

BRUNT
That plane's full of killers...

Brunt SLAMS the table with her fists.

BRUNT (CONT'D)
Ok. Stay calm. Stay smart. Nobody
on that plane knows what The Ghost
looks like... We need to identify
him before anyone else does.

Brunt turns back to the *live stream*.

BRUNT (CONT'D)
(into the microphone)
Start torturing the vet, please.

BACK TO:

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES. THE UNDERBELLY - SAME

The massive belly/bottom of the plane. Cargo compartments in
the back filled with passenger bags and overseas shipping
freight. Food and drink trays near the galley' elevator.

But at the front of the plane, lying next to the LANDING
GEAR, is a BODY. A man, 40s, lying prone and frozen.

The STOWAWAY stands. He staggers, shivering, disoriented. He approaches the plane's giant bay of SERVERS. Racks from the floor to ceiling. The man puts his hand out, feeling the warmth.

He pulls out his PHONE. On the screen we see:

INTERNATIONAL OPEN BOUNTY.
TARGET: THE GHOST
THREAT LEVEL: EXTREME.
PHOTO DESCRIPTION N/A.
REWARD \$15,000,000 US DOLLARS.
PAID OUT DEAD OR ALIVE.

The man reads while standing next to the servers. He leans down and removes a BOWIE KNIFE from his pant's leg, not noticing a BRIEFCASE by his feet. There's a glass orbital inside, *connected by cables to the plane's mainframe. The orbital lights up, flashes, synapses like it's a NEURAL NET.*

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES. ECONOMY CABIN - SAME

A FEMALE PASSENGER, 30s, in an aisle seat located in the middle of the plane. The woman's dressed in a black utility suit, and her eyes are strange; *she has cat eye syndrome.*

She sees a MAN get up from the aisle a few rows in front of her. He walks to the scene and after a quick conference, starts heading back, to the rear of the plane.

The man passes CAT EYES, then slides out of her seat. She walks ten feet behind, stalking him like a *panther* as he disappears behind the rear galley curtains.

SFX: LOUD KNOCKING!!!

ISHA (O.C.)
Hello! Sir! Please open the door!

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES - THE BATHROOM SUITE - SAME

Lucas stands in front of the mirror, his hands supporting him on the sink, struggling to stay awake, his eyes closing --

Lucas suddenly leans under the SOAP DISPENSER and starts SQUIRTING it directly into his mouth. A *gross amount*. He does it again and again, swallowing each mouthful until --

Lucas drops to his knees and --

Starts WRETCHING in the toilet. Throwing up the soap... Then the JW Blue Whisky... and whatever sedative was in it.

ISHA (O.C.)
Sir! Is everything okay? Do you
need medical assistance?

Lucas wipes his mouth. The purge paying immediate dividends as he stands. He starts splashing his face with COLD WATER.

Lucas glances at his phone. Sees the text letters coming back into focus when on the screen --

He sees the (...) appear -- response in progress.

Lucas stares at the phone, then glances at the door, as if only now hearing the KNOCKING/POUNDING for the first time.

DING. The first text:

OPERATION UPDATE INCOMING. STATUS URGENT.

MAN (O.C.)
Sir, as a matter of protocol, I'm
demanding you open the door.

LUCAS
One second.

MAN (O.C.)
I'm a Sky Marshal. Open the door!

DING. The second text. AND IT'S LONG. Lucas starts reading, his face betraying almost nothing as he *registers the insanity of what he's reading*. Finally he pockets his phone --

Lucas takes a breath. He fixes his hair, jacket, eyes himself in the cracked mirror... almost back to normal.

Lucas opens the door. On the other side --

The MAN/SKY MARSHAL stands with Isha and Royce. All of them stare inside the bathroom suite --

Seeing the broken shower glass and cracked mirror.

LUCAS
I got airsick.

Lucas tracks their eyes to the damage behind him.

MAN

Sir, for the safety of all passengers, I'm going to need to ask you a couple questions.

(beat)

Are you currently on narcotics?

Lucas eyes the man, then the flight attendants.

LUCAS

Is he really a Sky Marshal?

(to Isha and Royce)

You can vouch for him?

Isha and Royce trade glances. *What?*

ROYCE

We've flown with him before.

ISHA

We both have...

Isha looks over Lucas's shoulder to the sink counter. Sees a dot of something RED. Then another. She looks up --

ISHA (CONT'D)

Oh my god... Is that blood dripping from the ceiling?

In a FLASH --

The Sky Marshal pulls a .357 SIG from his jacket's holster.

But Lucas is even faster. His hand SNAPS onto the Marshal's wrist, pulling and spinning him into the room --

The Sky Marshal bounces off the wall as Lucas disarms him and then SMASHES the butt of the SIG into the Marshal's head.

The Sky Marshal collapses.

Lucas points the gun at Isha and Royce.

LUCAS

Inside. Lock the door behind you.

Isha and Royce do it. *Both terrified.*

Lucas quickly rifles through the Sky Marshal's jacket, pulls out a pair of HANDCUFFS. Uses them to cuff the Sky Marshal to a pipe under the sink. Lucas also liberates a '16 inch ASP tactical baton... and zip-ties from the Marshal.

Lucas holds up the zip-ties.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
I don't want to use these.

Royce eyes the gun, starts praying to himself.

ISHA
What do you want?

LUCAS
Your help.

ROYCE
With?

Lucas eyes Isha. Sees BEADS of sweat on her forehead. He clocks them for an *infinitesimal beat*.

LUCAS
Relax. Both of you.

ISHA
There's another Sky Marshal. He'll come looking for us.

LUCAS
You sure about that?

Lucas hits a button and expands the BATON. He pokes the ceiling tile above him, sliding it open until --

Cheyenne Montana's DEAD ARM drops down!

Isha and Royce jump back.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Cause this guy said he was a Federal Air Marshal. Got seated next to me.

ISHA
No one from FAMS is onboard.

LUCAS
Yeah. I figured that out.

Isha stares at the handcuffed, unconscious Marshal.

Lucas lowers the SIG so it's not aimed at them.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Listen to me. What I'm about to
tell you is going to sound crazy,
but I need you both to trust me.

ISHA
I don't think so.

ROYCE
Why should we?

LUCAS
(re: the handcuffed guy)
Let's see. I didn't kill him.

Isha eyes the ceiling, the DEAD ARM.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Him, I had to kill... He made me.

Isha...he made you?

ISHA
Who are you?

LUCAS
...I'm a special agent. FBI.

ISHA
Identification.

Lucas takes out his phone. Swipes. Isha sees his boarding pass. He swipes again to a DIGITAL FBI BADGE:

LUCAS
(as Isha is reading it)
Department of Justice, Legats,
Attaché to Malaysia, Agent Lucas
Daniel Reyes, officer #08301984.

Isha eyes Royce.

ROYCE
Do you have like, an actual badg--

LUCAS
I don't have time for this. Both of
you know how to read, yeah?
(off their nods)
Read.
(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)
This is the situation you, me, and
everyone else on this plane
suddenly finds themselves in.

Lucas holds out the UPDATE TEXT. Watches them reading, both
of their faces struggling to compute.

ISHA
Wait... What?

ROYCE
I don't understand. You're looking
for a target that's on this plane?

ISHA
And the other people are? They're
looking to... kill... him?

Lucas holds her eyes. *That sums it up.*

ROYCE
We need to tell the pilots.

LUCAS
Do that. Find the other Sky
Marshal. And get me a manifest.

Isha and Royce look to the unconscious Sky Marshal.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Put a sign on the door. Tell me
when he wakes up.
(eyeing them both)
Let's go.

Isha puts her hand on the wall like she's about to faint. She
wipes the beads from her brow. Gathers her strength.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
That's it. Focus.

Isha opens the door and they step out into the AISLE. She
locks the door so it shows OCCUPIED. A beat later --

Lucas sees a CLIPBOARD with papers hanging in the galley as
the plane's cabin lights *suddenly dim*.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Ambien time. That the manifest?
(they nod)
(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

People are going to sleep. We'll start with the ones who aren't...

Isha looks like she's going to pass out again. She takes the clipboard and hands it to Royce.

ISHA

I'm going to talk to the pilots.

LUCAS

Good. Tell them I'll be right up.

Isha steadies herself. Heads to the front of the plane. Lucas eyes Royce, sees he's freezing up.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Hey. Look at me. You're ok.

Royce steels himself, borrowing Lucas's confidence.

Lucas takes the manifest clipboard from Royce's hands.

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES. ECONOMY CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Lucas walks down the dimmed aisles, passing the sleeping passengers, holding the clipboard casually at his side as he scans the faces of those that are awake. Most are drinking, listening to music, watching movies. Others definitely --

STICK OUT.

Lucas looks across the middle row of seats. A few rows back he sees the band of BRAZILIANS. They look wired on speed.

Lucas circles their seat-chart numbers. Keeps walking.

Lucas sees REBECCA THE MOM, dutifully trying to keep her kids quiet, neither one sleeping, both plugged into iPads.

Lucas moves ahead but then eyes the BERLIN ARCHITECT sitting in front of Rebecca with his seat all the way reclined.

The Berlin Architect stares hard at Lucas as he walks past. Lucas stops, circles the seat number.

Lucas sees SIX NIGERIAN MEN sitting together. Circles.

On the other side of the plane, Lucas notices the FIVE FEMALE BUDDHIST MONKS. All of them awake, chatting, but also, oddly, sneaking looks at all the other passengers.

Lucas circles their seats. Then turns, seeing --

Isha one cabin up. She's in business class, walking up the aisle when she suddenly stops next to Lucas's row.

He watches as she picks up his empty JW BLUE, and the full one that belonged to Cowboy Cheyenne. She keeps walking towards the galley, *not picking anyone else's drinks up.*

Lucas cocks his head ever so slightly, then continues surveying the plane's passengers. He starts to *circle* a name when he sees Royce urgently WAVING for him from the aft/rear galley.

INT. REAR GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Lucas slides through the curtains. Royce holds them open as Isha's now speed walking down the aisle towards them.

Isha enters, pulls the curtains closed.

ISHA
You can't find the Sky Marshal?

ROYCE
Worse.

Royce opens up the trash. Pulls out a discarded Sky Marshal badge and a smashed phone. But that's not all --

Royce opens the galley's TRAY ELEVATOR. Points to the metal walls. They're streaked with BLOOD.

LUCAS
That goes downstairs?

Isha nods, her nerves getting the best of her again. Lucas clocks the new beads of sweat forming on her forehead.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
What did the pilots say?

ISHA
...They're calling SFO, DHS.

LUCAS
I need to check downstairs.
(reading his tag)
Royce?

Royce's eyes widen apprehensively.

ROYCE
I don't know if...I--

Isha cuts him off, signals Lucas to follow her.

ISHA
I got it. I can handle myself.

LUCAS
(to Royce)
Wake the Marshal in the bathroom.
We'll meet you up in the cockpit.

Isha turns and starts walking. Lucas trails behind her, curious as he watches her *hand absently rub her side*.

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES. THE UNDERBELLY - MOMENTS LATER

The compact elevator doors open. Lucas and Isha exit into the giant cargo bay. Lucas quickly taking in the details.

Isha leads Lucas behind the baggage containers, his eyes darting everywhere for threats.

They reach the rear elevator. A line of empty FOOD CARTS. Isha starts opening them. Lucas too. On the third --

A MAN'S DEAD BODY slumps out of the cart.

Isha nods, confirming it's the SECOND SKY MARSHAL. Lucas looks at the man's neck, sees his throat's been cut.

Isha sees the blood and starts pacing backwards, her mind racing at a thousand miles an hour. She stops near --

The Plane's electronic's hub near the front of the plane. A MAINFRAME OF SERVERS. Tall racks, cables, lights blinking.

ISHA
I don't understand... how is this
possible... who is this person you
are looking for?

Isha wipes her brow, Lucas clocking the beads of sweat again. Then he looks to the vents, *the freezing air blowing in*.

LUCAS
Lift up your shirt.

Isha looks suddenly scared.

ISHA
What? You some kind of creep?

LUCAS
I said lift up your shirt.

ISHA
You can fuck right off with that.

LUCAS
It's your life, not mine.

ISHA
What's wrong with you--

LUCAS
You drugged my drink. Thought it
was the other guy, but it was you.
That wasn't very nice--

ISHA
I didn't do anything--

Isha wipes her brow again.

LUCAS
That's your immune system fighting.
That's a cold sweat.

Isha eyes him, *a subtle shift*. She absently touches her side again.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
I still do that too, touch all the
places I've been wounded. And I've
been shot, stabbed, burned, run
over, you name it, a lot more than
you.

(beat)
I gotta hand it to you. Flight
attendant's a good cover.

ISHA
Cover? This is my job-

LUCAS
I'm guessing you didn't tell the
pilots shit, did you?
(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)
(beat; looks around)
You planning to take me out down
here?

ISHA
You seriously think I'm--

Lucas stops, catching movement in his periphery, something between the server racks. Then suddenly --

THE STOWAWAY ASSASSIN jumps out with his BOWIE KNIFE. He swings it wildly at Lucas who casually evades the strike by leaning backwards.

LUCAS
(to the Stowaway)
Looking for the Ghost? It's not me.

Lucas points to Isha. The Stowaway nods, turns to her.

ISHA
(to Lucas)
Are you crazy?!

The Stowaway starts moving for her.

ISHA (CONT'D)
Stop him!

LUCAS
I thought you could "handle
yourself".

Isha stares daggers. But then --

The Stowaway rabbit punches Isha in the nose. She grits her teeth and tries to assume a fighting stance --

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Admit it and I'll help.

ISHA
I'm fine--

The Stowaway lunges forward and judo tosses Isha across the floor. She lands with a thud. But then --

The Stowaway turns to Lucas, violence in his eyes.

LUCAS
What? I just told--

The Stowaway charges him now --

Lucas sides steps, pulls his arm, slamming his head into the server.

We watch as Isha's eyes suddenly dart to the NEURAL NET plugged in behind it.

The Stowaway springs back and dives at Lucas's legs --

Lucas lifts him into a SUPLEX. He slams him down, both now wrestling on the ground, Isha just watching as --

Lucas pins the Stowaway's arms down.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
(to Isha, surprised)
You seriously don't know how to
fight?

The Stowaway's hand slaps up at Lucas's face. He snaps the wrist backwards, breaking it --

The knife slides away as Lucas spins and locks the Stowaway's head up with his legs. He glances over at Isha, then --

Violently thrusts his hips, SNAPPING THE STOWAWAY'S NECK.

Lucas stands over the now dead Stowaway. He looks down at Isha on the floor, her clothes disheveled.

She follows Lucas's eyes to her torso, her shirt now untucked from the fight, revealing her waist--

Wrapped in BANDAGES.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Clean exit wound.

Isha stares hard at Lucas. *The gig is up.*

ISHA
Everyone, every country, has always
thought the ghost was a man.

Lucas raises an eyebrow.

ISHA (CONT'D)
Who are you really? We both know
you're not FBI.

LUCAS
You first.

Isha sneaks another look at the NEURAL NET. But then --
Lucas's phone DINGS.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Never mind.

ISHA
What?

Lucas holds up the phone. It's a picture of ISHA.

ISHA (CONT'D)
Oh no. Oh no oh no....

Isha's brain is racing.

Lucas takes in her face, glistening with sweat.

LUCAS
What are you, thirty? How old are
you?

ISHA
You don't know anything about me,
do you?

LUCAS
I know your code name sucks.

ISHA
You think I chose it?...15 years
I've been hitting targets and they
never came close to catching me.
The Ghost? Why not something more
intimidating, Shiva, Hydra,
Cerberus? But oh no, I'm a fucking
GOOSEBUMPS children's paperback.

LUCAS
You're a paycheck. I never heard of
you before I got on the plane.

Isha shakes her head.

ISHA
I'm actually offended right now.

LUCAS

Maybe you should start telling me
who else on this plane wants your
head on a spike.

(beat)

We don't have a lot of time.

Isha considers. She looks at Lucas, then the dead stowaway.
She doesn't trust him, but he did just save her life.

ISHA

...I'm twenty nine.

Isha starts moving for the elevator.

LUCAS

Let's go talk to the pilots.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

The PILOT, a woman, 45, and CO-PILOT, male, 30, are turned
around, staring at the door where Lucas and Isha stand.

PILOT

Huh?

Pilot eyes the Co-pilot nervously flipping through his
procedure manual.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Don't think you're going to find a
chapter on this in there.

Co-pilot exhales, puts down the manual.

CO-PILOT

What are we supposed to do?

LUCAS

Call the tower. They'll have police
and emergency response teams on the
runway when we land. Keep this door
locked until we land. Don't open it
for anyone but me.

CO-PILOT

What about the flight crew?

LUCAS

Only me.
(beat)
When do we land?

PILOT

Eight hours.

Lucas nods, stepping outside with Isha. He closes the cockpit's door. The Co-pilot gets up and locks it.

PILOT (CONT'D)
Call it in.

Co-pilot sits. Starts speaking into his headset but then --

CO-PILOT
The channel's static?

PILOT
(rolls eyes)
Reboot it.

The Co-pilot starts rebooting the system. The Pilot watches him, her expression changing as a thought forms.

PILOT (CONT'D)
You know....this might not be all
bad for us...

CO-PILOT
(thinking for a second)
Sully?

PILOT
Ding ding. Guy lands a tiny plane
on the Hudson and got a book deal.

CO-PILOT
And a movie.
(beat)
Hanks.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Just outside the cockpit. Second floor BUSINESS CLASS galley.
20 Rows of seats. Half of them occupied. *Most sleeping.*

Lucas picks up the manifest clipboard. Hands it to Royce.

LUCAS
Circle anyone acting suspicious.

Lucas point to the floor beneath them.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
I'm going to check first class,
downstairs.

Royce eyes the passengers. Some of them sneak looks at them, sensing something is off.

ROYCE
What if someone notices, tries
to... I don't know, attack me?

LUCAS
Nothing's gonna happen until they
know who their target is.

ISHA
(to Royce)
We just do our jobs, keep them
calm, serve them drinks. Like any
other flight.

LUCAS
That's right.

Lucas starts walking down the aisle, taking in the passengers. He reaches a row of seats and sees --

The BLIND MAN he saw during boarding. Splayed out across the two seats, his dog, the MALINOIS sleeping on the floor.

Lucas eyes the Blind Man. Impossible to tell if he's sleeping given his big sunglasses. THE DOG perches up, starts to growl ever so slightly in Lucas's direction.

Lucas clocks the dog's teeth: It has METAL PLATED INCISORS.

Lucas spins, heads back to the galley, peeks his head in the curtains at Isha and Royce.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Blind guy with the dog. 22A, B.

ISHA
You mean Richard? He's fine.

LUCAS
A dog with metal teeth is not *fine*.

ROYCE
He flies with us all the time.
(beat, to Isha)
I feel like he's been on all the flights we've worked together.

ISHA
He's some kind of real estate mogul I think. Has houses everywhere... he's harmless.

Lucas shoots the dog and blind man a look.

LUCAS
I don't like that dog.

Lucas turns back down the aisle, passing the dog again before reaching the stairwell down to the plane's main floor.

INT. THE FRONT CONE, MAYKO AIRLINES - MOMENTS LATER

Lucas enters the first class cabin through the thick velvet curtains, *closes them behind him*. He sees the 12 luxury PODS, 8 of the first class seats taken, 4 empty. Soothing classical music plays as passengers dine with real cutlery and glasses.

A Flight Attendant is at the front of the cone with his drink tray, pouring a flute of champagne for a rich, uptight WOMAN, 68, wearing lots of jewelry and athleisure travel wear.

Lucas signals him. The Attendant holds up a finger, like let me finish what I'm doing first.

Lucas grows impatient, looks around. He notices that besides the wealthy woman, and a red faced BRITISH DRUNK, who's surrounded by empty vodka bottles, the remaining six seats are occupied by CHINESE men and women wearing GERM MASKS.

Lucas stares at the Attendant.

LUCAS
(mouthing the words)
The manifest.

The Attendant brushes him off.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Give me the manifest.

The Attendant shushes him, rushes over to Lucas at the front of the cone. Down the aisle, an elderly CHINESE WOMAN in a MASK and glasses *checks her cellphone*. She looks at Lucas curiously, then gets up and starts walking towards them.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Isha called down, I know who you are; but we both have jobs to do. These people paid a lot of money for first class service. I can't have them disturbed.

(whispers, *sotto voce*)

They're all diamond elite. They're notorious for giving bad reviews. I don't need that. Not now. Not ever.

Lucas eyes his tag, GARRETT.

LUCAS

Garrett. I'm not gonna ask you nicely again. Please give me the-

The Asian woman walks up behind Lucas. Garrett, pushes past Lucas and switches back into professional mode.

GARRETT

Yes, ma'am, what can I help you with--

Lucas turns as the Chinese woman suddenly SLASHES her dinner knife at his head --

Lucas ducks the knife as Garrett falls backwards. She stabs at him over and over as he bobs and weaves --

Garrett now crab-crawling back to his drink cart --

Lucas looks down, sees his shirt's sliced open. BLOOD starting to seep through it.

Lucas grabs a CHAMPAGNE GLASS from the rich woman --

The rich woman YELPS --

Alarming the British drunk one pod over --

Lucas SMASHES the glass on his attacker's head as she lunges in again --

Nothing happens.

Lucas pivots as she DARTS in again, sending her face first

down onto the aisle. The Chinese woman is motionless as --
Lucas exhales. But then --

She stands back up and turns --

The bottom of a broken glass stuck over her eye socket like a monocle. She SCREAMS in anger, charging, knife raised --

Lucas grabs a NOISE CANCELLING HEADPHONE CASE from the British drunk's pod console, holds it up in defense --

Her knife slashes downward chopping the case in half. Lucas looks down, sees the HEADPHONES left in his hands-

She lunges forward stabbing as Lucas side steps, wrapping the cord around her neck from behind --

He pulls, lifting her off the ground --

Her legs kick as he pulls harder, strangling her until --

She goes limp. Lucas drops her.

He leans down and searches her pockets. Pulls out her phone. Sees a photo on it. HIS PHOTO. *What the fuck?*

Lucas pulls her MASK DOWN, sees --

CHINESE TRIAD TATTOOS covering her neck...

He looks to the rest of the cone's MASKED passengers.

The MASKED CHINESE, five in total, are staring over their seats at him like meerkats... But then, one by one, they pull down their masks revealing twisted smiles, gritted teeth --

Their necks also covered in CHINESE TRIAD TATTOOS.

INTERCUT:

INT. UPPER BUSINESS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

No one on the upper level's aware of the commotion below.

Isha's in the middle of the cabin, serving drinks. Royce is across from her on the opposite aisle, both of them with the plane's manifests concealed on top of their beverage carts.

They pass mostly sleeping passengers. Royce pauses, clocking a group of rich American big-game hunters, 30s. Salomon boots. Flannel shirts. Hair slicked back with gel.

Royce circles their seat numbers on his manifest.

Isha passes the BLIND MAN. She looks over to Royce, sees he's preoccupied, then leans down and whispers something.

The blind man reacts with a nod, a STRANGE FAMILIARITY between them becoming obvious. He watches as Isha rubs the scruff of his Malinois. The blind man sits up as --

Isha moves on. She stares a few rows ahead of her, seeing a BUSINESS MAN, 50, wearing a suit, suspiciously alert --

The man stares hard at her as she approaches. He puts up a hand, flags her attention. Isha sees he's MISSING a finger.

BUSINESS MAN

I can't seem to get the wifi to work. Any suggestions? You look like a...tech savvy young woman.

His tone pointed. Isha stops, returns his hard eye contact.

ISHA

Sorry, I don't even have a smart phone.

BUSINESS MAN

(smiling)

Somehow I doubt that.

ISHA

Would you like some coffee?

BUSINESS MAN

Please.

ISHA

Cream?

The business man nods, eyeing her as she leans down to the side of the cart, disappearing for a second before returning with his coffee and cream.

ISHA (CONT'D)

I'll see what I can do about the wifi. Maybe it can be rebooted.

BUSINESS MAN
You do that.

Isha moves on, an unsettled look on her face.

INT. THE CONE, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Lucas faces off with the CHINESE TRIAD in first class. The first Triad killer starts CHARGING at him --

GARRETT
Hey!

Lucas sees Garrett at the drink tray; he's holding up two bottles of Dom Perignon.

Lucas shakes him off, now's not the time.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
No you idiot.

Garrett swings the bottles down onto the metal drink cart.

A loud CRASH of glass breaking --

Champagne SPRAYING --

Garrett holds up the two broken bottles, extends them --

Lucas gets it now, takes the improvised weapons, nods like he's impressed as Garrett retreats to the front of the cone.

TRIAD GUY
(screaming as he runs at
Lucas, his knife out)
你完蛋了!!! Now you die!

Lucas ducks, sweeps past the Triad, then jams the broken champagne bottle into the back of his neck as --

The second Triad SPRINTS at Lucas with first class cutlery knives in each hand. He stabs at Lucas, swiping repeatedly, his knives CLINKING against the champagne bottles --

Lucas parrying the knives before --

He front kicks the Triad in the sternum --

Sending him reeling backwards into a chair, his momentum SPRINGING him back towards Lucas, right as Lucas stabs the shard end of his champagne bottle into his EAR.

The Triad drops, DEAD.

The fourth Triad moves up the aisle, ready to attack --

Lucas hurls the second bottle like a THROWING AXE --

It spins end over end through the air down the aisle, passing innocent passengers, before SCHTHUNK --

It lodges into the Triad's JUGULAR --

Blood SPRAYING everywhere, his body collapsing --

Lucas looks down the aisle and sees the fifth and last Triad staring at his dead comrades, enraged.

The Triad drops his knives. Wants to fight *mano y mano*.

He runs up the aisle towards Lucas and launches into a flying dutchman kick -- his jump is way higher than you'd expect --

His lead leg flying past Lucas's shoulder, curling and wrapping around his neck until he's sitting on his shoulders. The Triad tightens his legs, choking Lucas --

He starts rabbit punching, boxing Lucas's ears --

The floor shudders, shaking --

TURBULENCE --

PILOT (O.S.)

(through the PA)

Looks like we've hit a patch of rough air, folks, please stay seated until the light--

Another SHAKE, this one Lucas timing perfectly as he jumps with the plane's dip, sending the Triad's head --

SMASHING up into the ceiling, breaking the tile.

They both collapse onto the nearby seats.

Lucas scrambles, tackling the Triad into the window seat. Lucas grabs his head, starts RAMMING it into the window, over and over again as we're amazed the window doesn't break.

But then the Triad presses his hands against the window, freezing the momentum. He thrusts an elbow back --

Into Lucas's face, snapping his head back.

The Triad DONKEY KICKS Lucas with both legs --

Lucas flies back into the aisle, crashing into the side of the rich woman's SEAT POD. *She's frozen with fear.*

The Triad leaps onto Lucas, swinging punches, Lucas blocking each blow, his back up against the pod's wall --

Frustrated, the Triad grabs a wine glass from the woman's tray --

SMASHES it on Lucas's head.

He grabs the dinner knife from her hand --

Lucas pre-empts him, smacking the knife to the floor.

The Triad grabs the FORK from her other hand --

Thrusters down right into Lucas's collarbone!

Lucas SCREAMS. Grabs the Triad's ears, ramming his head forward into a violent HEADBUTT --

BACK:

INT. UPPER BUSINESS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

The fingerless business man gets up from his seat and starts following Isha as she pushes the drink tray down the aisle.

Isha slows, sensing his presence but not turning.

Isha moves past the curtains into the galley. Starts putting the drink cart into its slot, throwing out the trash when --

BUSINESS MAN (O.C.)
Excuse me?

Isha doesn't turn. The barrel of a SILENCER pushes through the curtains behind her, followed by the business man.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)
Would you happen to know where one
could find a hundred million
dollars in stolen crypto currency?
Last seen in Djibouti.

ISHA
(still not turning)
Think I read an article about that
once. Laundered money, right? A
couple generals from Yemen had a
rough morning at the ATM?

The Business man smiles, knowing he's got his target. But
then his expressions shifts, and fast. His eyes widen, his
knees start buckling, he tries to grab the curtains --

ISHA (CONT'D)
Coffee not sitting right?

The Business man COLLAPSES to the floor as --

Isha turns around. Sees him unconscious.

ISHA (CONT'D)
Sleep tight.

She pulls an EMPTY VIAL from her skirt's pocket. We recognize
its label, written in Malay from the *vet clinic*.

Isha stares at the man's body as we cut down to:

INT. FIRST CLASS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Lucas where we left off: Still holding the Triad's ears,
pulling the Triad into another violent HEADBUTT --

CRACK. The Triad's nose gushes blood as --

Up the aisle GARRETT tip-toes towards them.

Lucas spins the Triad by his ears, slamming him down, his
head landing in the Rich Woman's pod in front of her feet.

The woman stares down at the Triad in shock as Lucas gestures
to her armrest's seat adjustment control --

LUCAS
...Little help?

The woman's still frozen. But not a beat later --

Garrett pops up in front of her. He leans over the row,
invading her personal space.

GARRETT
I'm so sorry.

He reaches over her and presses the foot-rest extension.

Its bottom edge starts mechanically extending towards the Triad until it PRESSES into his face --

PINNING his head against the floor.

TRIAD

Mmffgfph....

Lucas stands up, takes a beat as the Triad writhes on the ground, his neck and head pinned.

Lucas leans down, grabs the Triad's shoulders, then casually TWISTS his torso, SNAPPING his PINNED NECK.

Lucas spins, searching for other attackers. Sees --

The British drunk, the only other innocent passenger besides the rich woman. The drunk stares at the six Triad bodies.

The drunk sees Lucas *staring right at him*... petrified, the Brit opens another vodka and turns away, looking out the window, wanting nothing to do with this. Across the aisle --

Garrett starts cleaning the rich woman's face with a WARM WASH CLOTH, spotting a speck of blood from her shirt.

GARRETT

Mrs. Nazareth, I am so sorry for this horrible inconvenience.

(she's still shocked)

I'm sure Mayko will make this up to you. They have all kinds of vouchers for our Diamond Elite--

The Woman THROWS UP. *Oh.*

Lucas grabs Garrett and pulls him away.

LUCAS

The bodies. Help me get them back into their seats.

Lucas sees the cone's velvet curtains opening --

It's ISHA.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Anyone back there hear anything?

She sees the bodies. The reality of a plane filled with killers looking for her *setting in*.

Isha turns and peaks back behind the curtain.

ISHA
...I don't think so.

She looks back to the bodies.

LUCAS
Chinese Triad. They have something against you?

Isha snaps out of it.

ISHA
...I may have blown up an electronics factory in their territory in Shenzhen. Or two.

Lucas's eyebrows raise.

LUCAS
Why would you do that?

ISHA
They used child labor.
(off Lucas's look)
As in *slaves*.

Lucas considers her answer for a beat. Didn't expect it.

ISHA (CONT'D)
I need you upstairs. Now.

Lucas nods, starts to walk past her. He stops when he sees Isha staring at his chest. He tracks her eyes to the FORK STICKING OUT of his collar. He yanks it out and tosses it.

INT. UPPER BUSINESS, MAYKO AIRLINES - MOMENTS LATER

Lucas stares down at the Business man's body in the galley.

LUCAS
Another factory?

ISHA
Different region all together.

LUCAS

I take it back, you can fight.

ISHA

I gave him the same sedative I gave
you. Except ten times the dose.

Isha points to the *empty vial* in the trash. Then she eyes
Lucas's shirt, multiple WOUNDS bleeding through it.

She pulls out other vials from her pockets.

ISHA (CONT'D)

The vet that patched me up gave me
a bunch of stuff...

(eyeing the labels)

Morphine, antibiotics, anti-

(trying to read, the
Malaysian letters)

Coagulant?... and adrenaline.

Lucas inspects the vials; they're all scuffed up, the labels
faded, partly peeled back --

LUCAS

Something's not adding up about
this. Your Shenzhen friends had my
picture.

ISHA

I already told you. You're a pawn.
My question is who told them I was
going to be on this plane--

BING.

A light on the DIGITAL SEATING CHART mounted on the wall
illuminates. A passenger requesting service.

Then another -- And another --

Isha looks at the seating chart, revealing --

12 seats lighting up simultaneously.

Lucas eyes the business man on the floor.

LUCAS

He have any friends?

Isha peers out the curtain, sees --

A dozen different passengers are all standing, rummaging through their overhead bins. Russian Spetsnaz types, the Brazilian band members we saw in the terminal, and a team of Mexican Cartel sicarios. All their eyes locked on Isha.

ISHA

(closing the curtains)

Not friends. Competition. Don't think these ones know each other.

(she looks again)

There's three teams of four.

Lucas glances out the curtain, sighs, looks bummed.

He pulls the Sky Marshal's BATON from the back of his pants...hits the switch and it EXTENDS. He watches as --

Isha nervously picks up the Business man's gun.

LUCAS

No, you can't shoot that. It'll depressurize the plane.

ISHA

(nodding)

How did he get this on board?

LUCAS

Stay back here. Hide.

IN THE AISLE --

Two of the BRAZILIANS "band members" creep towards the curtain when WHOOSH! A DRINK CART comes charging out --

Lucas pushing, using it as a BATTERING RAM --

It SLAMS into the first Brazilian, folding him forward over the tray as Lucas springs up with the baton --

And swings hard, CRACKING the Brazilian in the jaw, his teeth exiting his mouth and FLYING towards the window seats --

SPLASHING in an innocent passenger's drink.

The second Brazilian leap frogs over the first, his hands using the top of the cart as a pommel horse, hitting Lucas in the face with a barrage of CAPOEIRA KICKS.

Lucas flies backwards, landing on his back in front of the galley curtains.

The Brazilian launches off the cart, swinging his leg down, about to plant his heel into Lucas's face --

Lucas rolls, the Brazilian's heel SLAMMING into the ground, barely missing, shaking the aisle's floor.

The Brazilian jumps onto Lucas, starts raining fists down on Lucas when suddenly from the curtains in front of him --

A GARBAGE BAG is shoved over his head. It pulls tight, vacuuming around his face. The Brazilian gasping for air as Lucas sees Isha holding the bag.

Lucas swings the baton, clocking the Brazilian's head, catching him on the return with another crack --

The Brazilian falls, knocked out.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
I said hide!

ISHA
Or "you're welcome?"

LUCAS
Get--

Lucas suddenly gets YANKED back by the hair. The third Brazilian dragging him with one hand. In his other we see --

A CLARINET.

Lucas up kicks past his head, nailing the Brazilian in the chin, forcing him to let go.

Lucas quickly stands, turns, eyes the clarinet in his hand. The Brazilian starts whistling "Girl from Ipanema" then removes the clarinet's mouthpiece, revealing --

The reed's a 5-inch RAZOR BLADE.

Lucas glances to the opposite aisle, sees the CARTEL sicarios inching forward. He looks up the cabin, sees the Spetznaz doing the same.

The Brazilian SWINGS the clarinet --

Lucas ducks as the blade heads for an innocent sleeping passenger, a DONUT PILLOW around his neck. The blade slashes the pillow in half, the passenger not waking up.

The Brazilian swipes again, SLASHING Lucas's arm.

Lucas notices a SEATBELT dangling from an empty seat. He grabs it, pulls it as far as it'll go as --

The Brazilian swings again, cutting the seatbelt free --

Lucas wraps the belt around his fist, buckle out like BRASS KNUCKLES. Lucas PUNCHES the razor with the buckle --

Breaking the instrument. Lucas throws a few quick blows to the Brazilian's face, DROPPING HIM.

But before he can catch his breath --

A SPETSNAZ RUNS across the middle row of seats, hopping from armrest to armrest, leaping at him --

Lucas throws an UPPERCUT with the buckle --

Catching the Russian in the groin --

The Russian COLLAPSES over the aisle as --

Lucas quickly opens the aisle seat's TRAY.

His open mouth SLAMMING into its edge --

Cracking his jaw open gruesomely. The tray BREAKS OFF ITS HINGES as the Russian falls limp onto the seat.

Innocent passengers nearby START SCREAMING.

Lucas watches as throughout the cabin, people freak out trying to move away, *endangering themselves* --

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Everybody stay where you are! Keep
your heads down!

Lucas picks up the broken tray... its metal arms sticking out like knives. From behind him, the STRAPS of a leather bag appear over Lucas's throat! Spetsnatz 2 pulling it tight as --

One row up, the Blind Man grabs the collar of his dog and leans in close, whispering German commands:

BLIND MAN
Pass auf. Agassi.

INT. ECONOMY CLASS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Sleeping passengers are starting to wake up, hearing the LOUD THUDS from the fight above. At the front of the cabin --

ROYCE and GARRETT, nervously watch the economy passengers. It's clear they're all aware something is VERY WRONG.

Garrett looks back to the second floor stairwell as the fight sounds continue unabated. He gets an idea. Grabs the PA MIC.

GARRETT

"Ladies and gentlemen, we're having some technical difficulties with the plane's audio system. We're going to reset it..."

(pulling out his phone)

In the meantime, here's some music which hopefully will make the next few minutes more pleasant. As always, thank you for flying Mayko Airlines--

Garrett scrolls through his iPhone. Hits PLAY, the beginning of a song starting to swell in the economy cabin.

BACK TO:

INT. UPPER BUSINESS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Lucas, getting choked with the leather straps, starts swinging the TRAY over his head at the Spetsnaz--

He misses, the tray hitting an overhead luggage latch, the door opening, luggage falling into the aisle, including a SKATEBOARD.

Lucas sees the third Spetsnaz charging towards him. He turns the tray so its metal arms are pointing out. Lucas SWINGS it back again, STABBING his strangler in the face, as --

He KICKS the skateboard --

The skateboard rolls down the aisle at the third Russian --

He steps on it and WHOOSH -- TRIPS, falling forward.

Lucas pulls the tray out of Spetsnaz 2's face, then brings it to the floor, the pointy ends up, as the third Russian's face falls right onto it.

Lucas turns and faces the last Spetsnaz --

As ISHA peers out from behind the galley curtain. She looks to where the Blind Man and his dog were sitting.

She notices the Mexican sicarios, their eyes locked on Lucas. She takes a deep breath, steels herself, then starts moving low into the aisle, headed for the Blind Man's row.

She reaches it and peers over the seat --

The Man is GONE. The DOG IS NOT.

It stares back...until suddenly it starts GROWLING, the fur on its back rising, its metal teeth SHINING.

ISHA
(in German)
Sitz... Foss...
(scared, trying to remember
the right command)
Platz! Damn it, what is it...?

The dog steps at her... Isha starts scrambling, rushing back to the galley, the dog chasing her as --

Across the aisle, Lucas watches them fly past in a blur --

WHAM!

The last Spetsnaz elbows Lucas in the face, as --

A Sicario chases Isha and the dog down the opposite aisle.

INTO THE GALLEY --

The Sicario steps in, pistol raised. He looks left, right. Sees the business man's body slumped in the corner. No one else. His eyes keep searching, noticing that --

One of the cart containers is jostling under the counter.

The Sicario smiles.

SICARIO
Ven a papi, niña...

He reaches down and opens its hatch, revealing--

THE DOG. GROWLING. TEETH SHINING.

The Sicario stumbles back as the dog launches out, its teeth CLAMPING DOWN on his throat.

ISHA crawls out of a different, empty container. She stares in horror as the dog mauls the man, thrashing wildly --

Suddenly A HAND COVERS ISHA'S FACE. She's lifted from behind, getting carried back into the aisle by Sicario 2--

Further up, Lucas is now on top of the last Spetsnaz, trading blows, elbow banging into the seat back in front of him --

Where there's a MAN reclined, wearing NOISE CANCELLING HEADPHONES and a SLEEP MASK. His head bumping forward with each strike, frustration growing on his face when --

Lucas SLAMS the Spetsnaz's head into the entertainment screen, shattering both simultaneously --

The masked passenger jarred forward from the impact. His breaking point reached, he lifts his mask and turns --

MASK PASSENGER

These seats are *designed* to recline! You don't like it, buy a--

Lucas stares back, eyes ablaze, face specked in blood.

Masked passenger turns around, pulling his mask back over his eyes, returning his seat to the upright position.

Lucas stands, looks down at the unconscious Spetsnaz as he starts hearing Isha SCREAMING.

ISHA (O.C.)
Let go of me!

The Sicario is dragging Isha down the opposite aisle, Isha struggling to get free --

BANG!

The Sicario's head EXPLODES in a crimson burst--

His body drops, revealing Sicario 3 behind him holding a smoking pistol, no silencer attached, out for himself.

SICARIO
(to Isha, menacing)
Vales demasiado para compartir.
(MORE)

SICARIO (CONT'D)
(in subtitles)
You're worth too much to share.

Isha bolts towards the back of the plane --

Sicario 3 aiming his gun at ISHA's back --

LUCAS
NO!

Sicario 3 spins the gun towards Lucas --

BANG!

Lucas jerks back as THE BULLET HITS HIS SHOULDER --

He looks down. It's bloody, but just a flesh wound.

Lucas hears a high pitched SUCKING SOUND. He turns to see --

A TINY HOLE behind him where the BULLET PIERCED THE FUSELAGE.

Lucas looks down at the Spetsnaz, starting to wake up --

INT. ECONOMY CLASS - SAME

Garrett and Royce hear the GUNSHOTS upstairs. They see most of the passengers are awake. Garrett cranks the music.

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES COCKPIT - SAME

Co-pilot's feet up on the console, casually scrolling through real estate on his iPad.

CO-PILOT
How much of that money you think he saw?

Pilot considers.

PILOT
Net? 30 percent. Maybe.

Co-pilot scoffs.

CO-PILOT
That's it?

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

A red warning light FLASHES on the console.

CO-PILOT (CONT'D)
We're losing cabin pressure?

BACK TO:

INT. UPPER BUSINESS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Lucas enraged, screams at Sicario 3 holding the gun.

LUCAS
Stop shooting you idiot! You'll
kill us all!

He grabs the wakinc Spetsnaz, slamming his back against the
bullet hole - SCHHTOOP - *The sucking sound stops.*

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Don't. Move.

Spetsnaz gets it, eyes wide, nodding nervously --

BANG!

Another bullet hole appears over Spetsnaz's shoulder --

The Spetsnaz shoves his finger into it - SCHHTOOP.

LUCAS/SPETZNAZ 4
(English/Russian)
STOP FUCKING SHOOTING!/хватит блядь
стрельба!

Sicario 3 adjusting his aim as Spetznaz turns to Lucas.

SPETZNAZ
(in Russian)
...I don't think he speaks English.

Lucas sighs, nods 'thanks', and turns back to Sicario 3.

LUCAS
(in Spanish)
My friend, if you shoot, we lose
pressure and we all die. Drop the
gun. Please. Comprende?

Sicario 3 understands, looks chastised. He tucks it back into the front of his pants.

SICARIO 3
Lo siento.

Lucas and Spetsnaz 4 exhale, relieved. But then --

Sicario 3 pulls a blade from his snakeskin boot: It's a narco classic, gold, engraved with the goddess of Santa Muerte.

He CHARGES at Lucas --

CUT TO:

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES COCKPIT - SAME

BEEP BEEP --

The pressure alarm stops. Co-pilot taps the gauge, confused.

CO-PILOT
Huh. Now it's fine again.

Pilot rolls her eyes.

PILOT
430 million my ass. It's still a
Boeing. We have comms back yet?

Co-pilot leans forward checking the instruments.

CO-PILOT
No comms still...auto pilot's fine,
says we're right on schedule...

The pilot looks to the horizon line, dark clouds are forming ominously. Sees a distant bolt of LIGHTNING.

PILOT
Weather?

Co-pilot checks the weather screen.

CO-PILOT
Working. Says clear skies.

Pilot confused, staring at the STORM CLOUDS ahead --

INT. UPPER BUSINESS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Lucas stares at the Sicario charging with his ridiculous knife. He reaches out and grabs a THICK, GLOSSY MAGAZINE from the hands of a nearby, terrified JAPANESE BUSINESS MAN.

Lucas rolls the magazine up as the Sicario SLICES at his chest. He parries the Sicario's knife blows with the magazine, backing up towards the front galley --

They reach the front of the plane, Lucas disappearing into the galley, the Sicario following, also disappearing --

The offscreen fight waging until --

Lucas comes out the opposite end, continuing to duck and parry with the magazine, passing the BIG GAME HUNTERS. Lucas sees their GUNS & AMMO magazines, tactical pants --

LUCAS
Little help?

They don't respond; they're scared shitless.

Lucas keeps backing down the aisle, growing tired as he swings the magazine, blood seeping from multiple wounds --

The Sicario swings again, also starting to huff and puff.

They both pause to catch their breath. But then Lucas sees --

The GUN tucked into the Sicario's waist.

Lucas snatches the gun --

SICARIO 3
(spanish)
*Señor, but you said you can't
shoot!*

Lucas nods, then holds up the thick glossy magazine in front of the gun's barrel. He FIRES --

PFFT! The magazine silencing the bullet as it hits the Sicario square in the chest, KILLING HIM.

LUCAS
Only if you miss.

Lucas looks over, sees the Russian with his finger still plugging the plane's fuselage.

Lucas takes in the cabin's carnage, his expression changing as he now hears the music playing from cabin below.

The Russian looks to him, listening along.

SPETSNAZ 4
Savage Garden.

Lucas nods, then scans the cabin for ISHA.

He starts stepping over dead bodies.

He stops in front of the Japanese Business man.

Lucas looks at the magazine in his hand, A BULLET HOLE now through it. He flips a couple pages. Sees it's a SOTHEBY'S JAPANESE ANTIQUITIES CATALOG. Lucas hands it back.

LUCAS
You seen the flight attendant?
(beat)
The girl?

INTERCUT:

INT. UNDERBELLY, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

ISHA walks through the luggage bay, heading towards the plane's MAINFRAME OF SERVERS. Standing there is --

The BLIND MAN, except he's not blind, he's removed his sunglasses. He leans behind a rack inspecting THE NEURAL NET DEVICE plugged into the plane's mainframe.

He studies the device, the orb's Tesla like synapses of electricity; considering how to unplug it --

ISHA (O.C.)
How much money, dad?

The man spins, seeing Isha --

She looks incredibly heartbroken.

BLIND MAN/ISHA'S FATHER
...I was just checking on it.
Making sure it's safe.

ISHA
I never told you it was down here.

A long sigh... He looks away, *ashamed*.

ISHA'S FATHER

I only agreed to bring them the device. I was never going to give you up, you have to believe me.

Isha reels, overwhelmed by his blunt admission.

ISHA

Half the world's got a bounty on me. We got *ambushed* last night in Malaysia... I got SHOT, dad.

(beat)

They used you. They don't care who suffers, who dies... All they care about is profit...

(she eyes the device)

I thought we were going to change things... Wasn't that the plan?

ISHA'S FATHER

Your plan. You chose this life.

(beat)

You came looking for *me*, remember? Don't blame me for not living up to the fantasy you created.

Isha looks pained, struggling to process his betrayal.

INT. ECONOMY CLASS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Garrett and Royce pull the galley curtain to the side, peeking into the economy cabin. It's packed. Stuffed with every imaginable kind of passenger, some terrified and praying, others watching movies, eerily calm --

It's impossible to tell the innocent from the insane.

ROYCE

I'll go find Isha--

DING.

A cell phone TEXT ALERT goes off somewhere in the cabin --

Then a CHIME --

Then a MEOW comes from a phone --

Another phone starts CHIRPING like a cricket --

Then, every type of OBNOXIOUS RING TONE, dozens, starts blasting out from different passenger's phones.

In one of the front rows we see the --

5 female BUDDHIST MONKS.

A Monk holds her phone out to the others --

ISHA'S PHOTOGRAPH is on it.

The Monks nod to each other. One heads towards the front of the plane. As she enters the galley, the Monk looks to Garrett and Royce and smiles --

Clasping her hands in a *NAMASTE* greeting.

The Monk continues past them, her smile hardening into grim determination. She heads upstairs to business class.

The Monk sees the DEAD BODIES --

She looks around like a predator. We recognize her as the Monk that was "playfully" doing Kung Fu in the duty-free shop.

BACK TO:

INT. UNDERBELLY, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Isha stares at her dad, a fury in her eyes now as she debates what to do with the weak man in front of her.

ISHA

What kind of father betrays his own daughter?

ISHA'S FATHER

I am sorry Isha, but I had to.

(re: the device)

This is a winning lottery ticket.

Isha leans in, her composure faltering.

ISHA

No, I was. If money is all you wanted, you could have just asked.

ISHA'S FATHER
You're wasting your time. The
world's not changing for either of
us, sweetheart.

ISHA
You're wrong. Things can change.

Her dad looks past her, EYES WIDE. Isha turns revealing --
Lucas. *Clothes torn, bloodied, beaten.* Staring daggers.

ISHA (CONT'D)
(ashamed)
He's my father.

Lucas steps past her towards him.

LUCAS
Not much of one from what I heard.

Her dad cowers as Lucas looms over him like a grim reaper.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
You want me to kill him?

Isha watching him, pained, conflicted --

ISHA
...no. He can go back to the slum
where I found him. We'll see which
one of us is right in the end.

Her dad looks over to Lucas.

ISHA'S FATHER
You judge me, but think he won't
betray you too?
(Lucas covered in blood)
Look at him. He's--

Lucas snaps a HARD PUNCH into his face, knocking him out. He
grabs a USB CABLE off the floor and hog ties him.

He walks over to the DEVICE, picks it up, inspects it.

LUCAS
Start talking. Now.

ISHA
I don't even know who you are.

LUCAS

You're not the only one they're
trying to kill. Think I've earned
the right to know what's going on.

Isha hesitates, but then sees Lucas is deadly serious.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Or I can throw this into the
fucking ocean.

She takes a deep breath...

ISHA

I was left on a church's doorstep
in *Kinshasa* when I was a week old.

LUCAS

Cry me a river.

Isha looks offended.

ISHA

(emboldened)

There's 200 million orphans in the
world. I was sold to a child
trafficking ring. From the time I
was 9 they passed me around--

Lucas cringes, imagining the worst.

ISHA (CONT'D)

Not like that. They found I had a
different value. The soldiers that
kidnapped me worked for warlords,
and those warlords worked for
corporations mining whatever
minerals they needed for their
products, their video game
consoles, their phones.

(beat)

I had skills. Computer skills.

LUCAS

What, like a hacker?

ISHA

"Hacker?" Cute.

(continuing)

(MORE)

ISHA (CONT'D)

When they realized how good I was they trained me as a black hat, had me do things I'll never stop being ashamed of. I spent years being sold up the corporate food chain to the highest bidder. I made a lot of companies more powerful.

(beat)

Until I escaped and went off grid.

LUCAS

How the hell did you do that?

ISHA

Given enough time, I can make anyone or thing disappear.

(she eyes the device)

Or reappear.

Lucas starting to understand her.

ISHA (CONT'D)

I killed more people with a keyboard before I was 15 than you have your whole life with a trigger. We're both killers.

(beat)

You just use the wrong weapon.

Lucas holds out the device.

LUCAS

That's what this is?

ISHA

The opposite. It's the solution.

(beat)

This is how I keep what happened to me from happening to other kids.

Lucas eyes the device, weighing her words.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TECHNOLOGY WAR ROOM - SAME

Hunter and Brunt stare at the live-stream monitor coming from the VET'S CLINIC. The Vet is now slumped over, having given up The Ghost after being tortured.

Brunt stares at ISHA'S PHOTO.

BRUNT
Hello there *Mrs Ghost*.

She looks over and sees Hunter just getting off a call.

BRUNT (CONT'D)
You sent her photo to Reyes?

HUNTER
(indicating the Vet)
Soon as she coughed it up.

BRUNT
Who was on the phone?

HUNTER
Reyes' handler got back to us.

BRUNT
And?

HUNTER
Apparently a civilian got killed on
his last job. The Johor mafia was
responsible for the intel.

Hunter points to the NEWS REPORT from Johor on one of the screens. The skyscraper where we met Lucas. The dozen BODY BAGS.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Safe to say he took it personally.
(turning)
I... need some fresh air.

Brunt watches Hunter exit.

EXT. THE WAR ROOM BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Hunter steps outside. He takes out his phone, opens a FLIGHT TRACKER APP. A red dot is blipping over the Pacific Ocean, headed for the California coast.

BRUNT (O.C.)
You're not as smart as you think.

Hunter turns, seeing Brunt in the doorway.

HUNTER
Im sorry?

BRUNT

You're playing both sides of this.

HUNTER

I don't know what you're talking about.

BRUNT

You were my second hire. You know why? You're a cutthroat, you'd sell your own kids to get ahead.

(Hunter stays silent)

I can have forensics retrace the last two weeks of your life and fire you, or you come clean.

Hunter considers her.

HUNTER

A source close to the Ghost contacted me a week ago. Said she had a device that could destroy the infrastructure of our entire industry. Wanted 10 million. I traced his phone to Malaysia and sent the team to intercept, but it went sideways.

(beat)

So, I outsourced. Put her itinerary on the dark web. Every killer trying to collect the Ghost's bounty took the bait.

Brunt takes a moment, weighs his admission.

BRUNT

Who's your source?

HUNTER

Her father.

BRUNT

Jesus... And Reyes?

HUNTER

I thought he'd be more...
disposable.

(beat)

It's not an issue. No one that matters is surviving that flight.

Brunt smiles.

BRUNT
I like the initiative.

HUNTER
A couple weeks from now, we stamp
our logo on the device...

BRUNT
Like I said, *cutthroat*.

A bird's eye view of the building.

It's not a black ops building in the middle of nowhere, it's
an enormous TECH COMPANY campus in Silicon Valley. A
ubiquitous LOGO stamped on every structure's roof.

BACK TO:

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES, THE UNDERBELLY - SAME

Lucas is looking at the device with a curious expression.

LUCAS
What's so special about this? How
does it work--

FFWWWIIP!

Lucas stumbles forward, a LONG JADE DART stuck in his
shoulder.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
The fuck?!

Lucas turns, pulling it out. He sees --

THE FEMALE MONK, arm extended from her dart throw.

She starts running for him --

Lucas winds back to punch --

The Monk steps onto Lucas's front leg, springs off it into a
forward flip, landing behind him like a cat.

ISHA (O.C.)
Stop!

The Monk throws a fast kick into his spine, sending him flying. He hits the ground, rolling towards the luggage section as the Monk repeatedly down kicks at him --

Lucas rolls into a LARGE WOODEN LUGGAGE CRATE --

The Monk leaping at him in a superman punch --

Lucas moves his head avoiding the strike. The monk's fist SMASHING a giant hole into the crate.

Isha runs up behind them.

ISHA (CONT'D)
No! He's with me!

The Monk pulls her fist from the crate, looks to Isha --

WHAM!

Lucas sucker punching her while she's distracted --

ISHA (CONT'D)
I mean she's with me!

Now Lucas looks to Isha, confusion on *his* face too. The Monk and Lucas turn to each other --

ISHA (CONT'D)
You're both with me! Stop!

The Monk's aggressive expression FLIPS INSTANTLY into a friendly smile. She steps back, bowing graciously to Lucas.

The Monk extending her hand.

MONK
Deepest apologies.

Lucas reaches for her hand slowly, eyeing the Monk.

ISHA
The Chinese foreclosed on their
monastery's land in Nepal. I bought
it back... I needed a remote place
to work from.

Isha places her hand on the Monk's shoulder.

ISHA (CONT'D)
They were grateful. And loyal.
(beat)
They've protected me ever since.

Lucas turns to Isha, tired, overwhelmed, struggling to keep up with these insane developments.

LUCAS

Sure. Why not? Makes sense.

The Monk holds out her phone with ISHA'S PHOTO.

Isha reacts, a flash of fear.

ISHA

They all have it?

The Monk gives a sobering nod.

THUD THUD THUD. They all look up, sounds of the "passengers" moving in the packed economy cabin above.

Lucas looks to Isha.

LUCAS

You need to hide.

ISHA

Where? There's too many of them.

The Monk agrees, eyes Lucas.

MONK

There is nowhere to run.

(beat)

We have to fight.

Lucas turns, his brain racing --

His eyes falling on the wooden crate. Seeing its SOTHEBY'S ANTIQUITIES LABEL. Through the splintered hole, Lucas sees a GLINT OF SHINY METAL.

He OPENS the crate. Isha and the Monk step next to him. *Whatever's inside of it inspiring awe from all of them.*

LUCAS

I have an idea.

INT. ECONOMY GALLEY, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Garrett and Royce are making their way through the cabin nervously, clocking suspicious passengers as they approach a family and KIDS.

ROYCE

Good news! We have some first class seats that have... umm, become available. Would you like an upgrade?

PARENT

There's enough for all of us?

ROYCE

Absolutely.

INT. THE PLANE'S RAFTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Above the cabins, a tiny space running the length of the plane. Lucas and Isha CRAWLING towards the tail. Behind them, the DEAD COWBOY'S corpse tucked to one side of the rafters.

Lucas groans, slowing down. He struggles to catch his breath, the toll of his injuries overwhelming him.

ISHA

Are you okay?

Lucas reaches into his pocket and pulls a VIAL from before. He eyes the faded label. Amber, viscous liquid inside of it.

LUCAS

Adrenaline, right?

ISHA

...that's what the vet said.

He downs it, tosses the empty vial, and keeps moving.

Isha picks up the vial. Its corner peeling. She pulls it off, revealing a SECOND LABEL. There's a picture of --

A TOAD WITH A COBRA SNAKE wrapped around it. Isha looks at the ominous image with growing alarm.

ISHA (CONT'D)

You good?

He turns, swallowing... *He looks flushed, his pupils growing, already dilating.*

LUCAS

Yeah. I think so. You?

Lucas continues, one leg leaving a streak of blood. Isha takes in his damaged body, blood dripping from his wounds.

ISHA
Can I ask you something?

Lucas grunts, fire away.

ISHA (CONT'D)
Why are you helping me?

LUCAS
Besides trying to get my diamond
elite status? Case you hadn't
noticed they're trying to kill me
too.

ISHA
That's not what I'm asking.

Lucas reaches the tail of the plane. Glances back --

LUCAS
My story's not as good as yours.

Lucas stares at her, his expression softening.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Stay here. If anything happens to
me, get to the cockpit.

INT. THE REAR GALLEY, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Lucas drops down. He reaches behind his back, pulling two ancient JAPANESE SWORDS from their scabbards.

One a long KATANA, the other a shorter TANTO blade.

He eyes the passengers in economy class, some standing, pulling bags from luggage compartments.

Lucas sees the 5 BUDDHIST MONKS at the other end of the cabin. Lucas nods and they all start gearing up, putting on various items from the Japanese antiquities crate.

One Monk puts on a *body armor chest plate*.

Another a *Samurai helmet* that's too big for her head.

The Monk from downstairs puts on metal-claw GLOVES.

MONK
 (in Nepalese)
*We fight from both ends, trapping
 them together...*
 (in English)
 "A Kill box".

The Monks scan the cabin --

Italian Mafia, Arab gangsters in Armani suits. African men wearing dashikis and combat boots, and a plethora of potential lone wolfs, bounty hunters, hidden amongst the innocent passengers.

Impossible to tell who's who --

The cabin growing silent --

The plane SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY from TURBULENCE --

FLYING into THE STORM --

CO-PILOT (O.S.)
 Looks like we're in for a bit of unexpected rough weather, folks.

Everyone that's standing sizing each other up now.

The INNOCENT PASSENGERS watching the ASSASSINS from their seats. One sees Lucas step out of the rear galley with his SAMURAI SWORDS. He starts hyper-ventilating...

CO-PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Please stay in your seats while --

DING.

The seatbelt lights sign TURNS ON!

It's like the firing of a STARTING GUN!

And the FIGHT BEGINS.

Lucas holds up his Katana, the light catching on the metal. He moves the sword slowly and sees subtle TRACERS. *Whoa.*

His eyes grow wide, feeling the effects of the vial of "medicine".

One row ahead, A WOMAN stands and faces Lucas. It's the CAT EYED WOMAN who killed the second Sky Marshal.

Her eyes glaring.

Lucas violently swings the katana for the first time --

And LOPS OFF her head --

He watches, *mesmerized* as BLOOD SPRAYS from her neck --

Her head landing in the aisle next to REBECCA and her two kids. The whole section of the plane SCREAMS out; it's total bedlam as innocents start to scramble, climbing over seats, trying to escape as all the assassins START FIGHTING.

Lucas cleans the sword on the back of a seat, then CHARGES forward at a group of ARABS holding TASERS.

Lucas raises his sword to swing as --

The STORM HITS --

TURBULENCE knocking Lucas to the side as he chops the sword down, accidentally slicing the seat back in front of him.

The Arab smiles. His taser sparking electricity when --

A HUGE turbulence gust rocks the plane to the side, sending --

The Arab's chest into Lucas's sword IMPAILING HIM.

Another Arab charging. Lucas pushes the back of the dead Arab into him like a *human shield*, thrusting the katana deeper. It comes out the man's backside, and SKEWERS into the next Arab's stomach.

Lucas tries to pull the sword out but it's STUCK.

Up front, the rest of the Monks are fighting. One of them sees another Arab about to attack Lucas --

The Monk SPRINGS onto the top of a seat and --

Starts *glide hopping* from seat to seat, weaving through the melee, until she reaches Lucas --

She whips out an ancient IRON FOLDING-FAN --

She swings it wide, cutting the Arab's throat, blood spurting on nearby innocent passengers. Lucas nods in gratitude --

Lucas puts his foot on the first dead man's chest and leg presses back, the long sword SCHLOOPING out.

Lucas watches the Monk jump back into the fray as --

He takes a beat, breathing hard. The lights in the cabin blurring brightly as he now realizes that whatever he took was most definitely *not* medicine. He turns, watching --

The Monks kicking ass. In his POV they dance and move through the air, blood splattering, their robes flapping and streaking like ribbons. *It's a vivid ballet acid trip* --

A Monk slashes a killer. His body drops in front of the BERLIN ARCHITECT, who's sitting calmly, mildly amused --

A sociopath.

He cracks a PEANUT open, and tosses the shell over his shoulder -- it flies through the air --

Landing on REBECCA'S LAP.

She looks down, then turns to her allergic child, Olive. The child's face already SWELLING like a balloon.

She's going into *anaphylactic shock*.

Rebecca sees more peanut shells on the floor.

In a flash, like a lioness fighting to save her cub, she reaches into her purse and pulls out TWO EPI-PENS --

Immediately stabbing the first into her daughter. She watches with baited breath as the medicine starts relieve her symptoms. But then ANOTHER peanut lands on Olive's lap --

Rebecca jumps up and relentlessly starts JACK-HAMMERING the EPI NEEDLE into the German's neck.

REBECCA

They made an announcement!!!
Children's allergies are a life threatening condition!!!

She keeps stabbing him until he's dead.

Lucas flinches, unsure as to the reality of what he just saw this previously mild mannered suburban mom do. Rebecca snaps out of it, sees Lucas with the swords.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I...I don't know what--

Lucas looks around as the fight rages throughout the entire cabin.

LUCAS
I think you'll get away with it.

He jumps forward, SWINGING his sword out of frame --

CUT TO:

EXT. A JUMBO JET - 40,000 FEET - NIGHT

The plane flies, surrounded by clouds and stars.

INT. THE COCKPIT - SAME

It's not our plane. The male Pilot looks out the window, seeing the lights of the Mayko Airlines plane less than a mile away emerging from a set of thick clouds --

PILOT
Christ that's close, check the radar.

CO-PILOT
There's nothing on the screen.

INT. THE JUMBO JET'S PASSENGERS - SAME

In a window seat, A BOY, 12, stares out at the night with BINOCULARS. He sees the MAYKO AIRLINES plane flying in the opposite direction. The boy zooms in on jet. Sees everyone fighting -- BLOOD SPLATTERS on one of the windows.

BACK TO:

INT. ECONOMY CLASS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Royce and Garrett grab Rebecca and her kids, rescuing them from the chaos. They reach a forward galley, the flight attendants only now noticing Olive's swollen face.

ROYCE
(startled)
Oh dear lord.

GARRETT
Is she okay?

Rebecca looks to her scared child, her swollen face, the blood splattered on her clothes.

Garrett grabs his phone, his Spotify mix.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(to the little girl)
Honey, want me to play you a song?
What do you like?

Royce looks to the front of the plane and sees SCARED PASSENGERS huddled together in the cone, all staring back towards the BLOODBATH unfolding in economy class.

INT. IN THE ECONOMY CABIN - SAME

SFX: "DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY" starts blasting.

The Monks are furiously fighting a team of ITALIAN KILLERS. Both squads trading blows and injuries, until --

Growing frustrated, one of the Italians says:

ENZO
(Italian)
Fuck it.

He pulls a SCORPION 9MM UZI from his jacket --

And starts SPRAYING BULLETS, hitting a few monks, but also --

Piercing the plane's fuselage.

Air begins to HISS from a BULLET HOLE IN A WINDOW. Small cracks *spiderwebbing* the thick plexiglass as --

Lucas, the Monks, and the killers ALL FREEZE --

They watch as the *window suddenly implodes outward*, RIPPING off a CHUNK OF THE FUSELAGE out into the sky --

The noise DEAFENING from the pressure change.

ALARMS start blaring through the plane --

OXYGEN MASKS drop --

The suction of air pulling everyone towards the window like a magnet. An innocent passenger starts CRAWLING down the aisle to the nearest LAVATORY. He opens the door and sees --

Other PASSENGERS already hiding, impossibly packed inside like sardines from the floor to the ceiling. The passenger squeezes inside, somehow finding a spot as --

Behind him --

An African mercenary slams into the fuselage's opening, his back against it. He starts yelling, his ass getting sucked out, pushing his arms and legs forward like a marionette --

SWOOSH. He's sucked out into the night's air.

INT. REAR GALLEY RAFTERS - SAME

Isha looks down from the rafters, trying to see what's happening. But as soon as she pokes her head down --

GRRRRR.

Her father's GUARD DOG snarls up at her from below, having tracked her scent through the plane. *Fuck*.

Further up, one of the African mercs sees the dog growling.

He starts moving towards the tail as --

ISHA
(To the dog, trying to
remember the command)
Foss! Shit.. *Borg?*... Shit.
(lightbulb)
Agassi!

The dog instantly responds to the correct command, and stops growling. Back in the economy cabin --

African mercenaries brace themselves as the air rushes from the cabin. They grab for oxygen masks hanging from the ceiling, gulping deep inhales. Then they notice --

Lucas holding onto a seat in front of --

An EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR.

The Mercenaries exchange knowing looks, start moving across the seats towards him. The smallest Mercenary sneaks into the row behind Lucas. He reaches for the RELEASE HANDLE as --

Another Merc JUMP-KICKS Lucas in the chest, sending him backwards towards the door --

The door FLIES OPEN --

The lead Monk stops mid-fight, horror on her face as --

LUCAS FLIES OUT THE DOOR

INT. COCKPIT, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Alarms blaring, the plane depressurizing, pilots in masks, CCTV monitors behind them showing the fight --

PILOT
Dive dive dive!

CO-PILOT
(frozen, flipping through
the flight manual)
The checklist says cabin pressure
normalizes at--

The Pilot *thrusts the stick forward*.

PILOT
I know! Tell me when we reach 8,000
feet!

The Co-pilot looks at the altimeter, its dial spinning wildly as the plane starts to tip downwards through the cloud cover towards the ocean, like a missile from 40,000 feet.

INT. ECONOMY CABIN, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

The cabin *tips forward* as killers and passengers start SLIDING FORWARD, grabbing onto anything they can --

At the descent's *FULCRUM*, they all start FLOATING --

The entire cabin suspended in ZERO GRAVITY.

The Monks never break stride, bouncing off the plane's floor, then walls, weightlessly flowing into acrobatic kicks and punches --

The two MORMON MISSIONARIES, 18, buckled tight, gripping the arm rests. A BIBLE on one of their laps FLOATS UP. The Mormon reaches out and grabs it, pulling it back, relieved --

But then --

A KILLER starts floating right past the Mormons, about to stab an unsuspecting BUDHIST MONK. The Mormon with the bible reacts with lightning speed, SWINGING THE BIBLE --

Into the killer's face, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

At the BACK OF THE PLANE, an African merc grabs a seat back, pulling himself forward, legs floating behind him, continuing towards ISHA'S HIDING PLACE in the rear galley --

ISHA (O.C.)
Agassi!

He squints trying to see through the flotsam and jetsam of floating bodies and luggage. He makes something out in the distance... His eyes go wide --

THE DOG is flying through the air at him like a missile --

Metal incisors chomping --

THE MERC
No, no no no!

The dog's jaws clamp onto the man's throat, both of them somersaulting backwards through the air as --

The plane rockets into a VERTICAL NOSE DIVE --

EXT. THE OPEN EMERGENCY DOOR - SAME

FINGERTIPS clinging to the doorframe, slowly slipping, Lucas HANGING ON for dear life outside the plane.

Debris flies out the door as he back and sees --

The tiny Merc clinging onto his foot.

Lucas kicks, trying to shake him off --

His fingertips sliding as HE LOSES HIS GRIP --

FLYING out into the sky --

FWOOMP!

The door's emergency INFLATABLE SLIDE *explodes outward* shooting past Lucas as it fills with compressed air --

Lucas tumbles through the air beside it, PAWING at its rubber surface, unable to catch a grip --

He swings his Tanto blade as he passes the end of the slide, miraculously stabbing into its corner.

Lucas JERKS TO A HALT, the slide starting to deflate --

He grabs one of the rubber handles, then turns to see the tiny Merc on the opposite corner, also HOLDING ON.

The two whipping violently through the air, holding onto the slide, *floating upwards*, as the plane rockets straight down.

INT. RAFTERS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Isha CLINGS to the end of the rafters, her feet DANGLING; she hangs vertically, the space like an empty ELEVATOR SHAFT.

It's too much. She lets go, suddenly in FREE FALL, bouncing off the floor ceiling and walls as she tumbles --

Hitting the Cowboy's corpse mid air, their tangled bodies CAREENING towards the cone of the plane --

SLAMMING into it. The Cowboy's body hitting first, barely cushioning Isha's impact --

Isha's UNCONSCIOUS. *Or worse.*

EXT. MAYKO AIRLINES, THE SLIDE - SAME

Lucas and the Merc hang onto the deflated slide. The Merc's face strained in terror as Lucas reaches over and STABS his Tanto blade into the slide above the Merc's grip --

MERC
STOP! STOP! NO!

SCHWIIP.

The piece tears off. The Merc tumbles upward through the air, directly towards one of the plane's massive engines --

VWOOMP.

His body's sucked into the turbine, instantly chopped up and misted like a wood chipper --

BOOM!

The engine EXPLODES in a giant ball of flame, rocking and shuddering the plane --

Lucas looks up at the explosion in awe, its bright light overwhelming his drug addled brain. Eyes dilated like black marbles, he turns to the sky and the stars above him --

Staring deep into the infinite cosmos....

On one hand, he's holding onto a piece of plastic being dragged outside of a plane; on the other, he's having an amazingly PROFOUND and beautiful psychedelic experience.

INT. COCKPIT, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

The PILOTS slammed back against their seats, faces red from the G-Force, altimeter spinning faster and faster--

CO-PILOT
12,000! 10,000! 9-

The Pilot pulls back hard on the flight stick, gritting her teeth. She puts her foot against the instrument panel for leverage fighting to level out the plane --

Its structural integrity being tested, *metal bending, groaning, creaking* --

The plane suddenly LEVELS OUT.

The Pilots breath heavily.

PILOT
I need a drink.

The Pilot stands, opening the cockpit door.

CO-PILOT
(seeing the CCTV cams)
What are you doing?!

EXT. ECONOMY CLASS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Everyone inside the cabin, scattered all over the place as the cabin pressure normalizes --

The plane now flying level at 8,000 feet.

INT. SECOND FLOOR GALLEY, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

At the front of the plane a ceiling tile COLLAPSES as ISHA FALLS THROUGH IT. She lands hard, *unconscious or dead.*

INT. ECONOMY CLASS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Garrett and Royce see a handful of killers getting up, but most of them are now dead... a few of the Monks too.

Something DRIPS onto Garrett's shoulder.

He looks up and sees a DEAD MAFIOSO hanging from the overhead luggage compartment; his mouth agape, DRIPPING BLOOD.

Royce taps Garrett, points to the open EMERGENCY DOOR --

A HAND grabs the inside of the door frame --

Lucas pulls himself back in.

GARRETT

We thought you were dead!

(sees his eyes)

Are you okay?

Lucas looks to a nearby seat, sees his --

KATANA sticking out of its cushion like EXCALIBUR. A single reading light above *illuminating the blade.*

Lucas nods at the sword, like this makes total sense. He pulls the sword from the seat cushion.

LUCAS

Oh yes.

Lucas sees the remaining killers coming towards him --

The Mafioso with the SCORPION starts FIRING confidently now that the plane's returned to normal cabin pressure --

The BULLETS HITTING the remaining Monks... Their leader collapsing to the ground as --

Lucas rushes in and SPLITS the Italian's shoulder from his upper torso with his blade, instantly KILLING HIM.

Lucas kneels down next to the Monk.

She coughs up blood, the life fading from her eyes as Lucas cradles her head in his hands.

The Monk looks out the emergency door to THE STARS.

MONK
The great expanse...

Lucas applies pressure to her wound.

LUCAS
Just hold on...

She takes his hand away.

MONK
I've paid off my karma... It's a
good death.

The Monk dies. *Her graceful words resonating.*

Lucas sprints to the rear galley. Peers through the open ceiling tile into the plane's rafter space --

ISHA IS GONE.

INT. SECOND FLOOR STAIRS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Isha stumbles down the stairs in a daze. She freezes. Sees a few passengers in their seats. Her eyes falling to one --

A CONGOLESE MAN, 60s, a nice suit, thick black spectacles, a few gold rings... *glaring at her with menace.*

FLASH:

EXT. THE CONGO - NIGHT

A village burns in the distance, screams are heard from afar as YOUNG CHILDREN sprint through the jungle trying to escape.

A little girl, 8, is being chased. Tears in her eyes as she's suddenly grabbed by the arm and SNATCHED UP --

By a MERCENARY WARLORD holding a MACHETE.

The little girl starts writhing, trying to escape. But she's no match for the POWERFUL MAN AS WE NOW REALIZE:

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

IT'S HIM. Grayer, older, his jungle clothes replaced by an expensive suit. Isha stares at him, with the same fear as when she was a little girl.

WARLORD

It's been a long time, *Bishisha*.

(beat)

20 years since I took you...15
years since you escaped...

He turns, showing his profile, we see the side of his head is covered in molten scar tissue, his ear MISSING.

WARLORD (CONT'D)

And 6 since you gave me this.

(off Isha's fear)

I always had a gift for grabbing the right children...the ruthless ones with the tiger's eye. Ironic you worked so hard to find your real father, but what did he ever teach you? Everything you've done, everything you've become, is because of me. I'm almost proud.

ISHA

I... I killed you...

WARLORD

You tried...with your keyboard...
from very far away. Don't you
remember my most important lesson?

The warlord pulls a gold *Mont Blanc* from his suit coat pocket. He pulls the cap off revealing a 5 INCH BLADE.

WARLORD (CONT'D)

The only way to be sure you've killed your enemy is with your own hand at the end of the blade.

Isha backs away as the warlord steps towards her, rolling the pen from knuckle to knuckle. Then --

He charges, lifting the PEN high to strike --

Isha raises her hands in defense, but then as he starts to stab at her, *Isha thrusts one hand forward* --

From behind we watch the warlord's pen swing down, his large frame blocking our view of Isha as HE STOPS SUDDENLY --

He looks down and sees the palm of her hand on his chest. He looks confused. A little blood comes out of his mouth --

SCHLIIICK.

Isha pulls her hand back slowly, inch by inch as three small blades attached to her palm come out of his chest; she's wearing one of the ancient *Tekko Kagi* Japanese claws.

ISHA
I didn't forget.

The warlord collapses forward. DEAD.

BACK:

INT. ECONOMY CLASS, MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Lucas is hacking and slashing his way up the aisle, his eyes scanning, looking for Isha.

Lucas pauses. Sees THREE KILLERS circling him. It's like looking in a mirror. *They look just like him, nice suits, skilled contractors, various weapons --*

Lucas takes a big breath, his lungs heaving, blood dripping from his neck, arms, torso, legs. *He's running on empty.*

The killers smirk, all of them confident.

But then Lucas's eyes focus --

He charges with the KATANA --

He takes down the first with an arcing slash --

The second while spinning and carrying the momentum --

He swings again, across a row of seats as A LITTLE GIRL'S head POPS UP directly in front of the blade's path --

FLASH:

EXT. A BRIDGE IN MALAYSIA - MORNING

A Mercedes G-Wagon crossing over a bridge. A JOHOR CRIMINAL, 30s, by himself behind the wheel, being tracked by --

A RIFLE'S TELESCOPE. Lucas is half a mile away, laying in a prone position, his arm tucked under the barrel --

Lucas's POV: He lines up the crosshairs on the back of the driver's head as the G-Wagon drives away from him.

Lucas pulls the trigger --

He stares at the rear windshield a LITTLE GIRL'S head pops up in the backseat, directly in the bullet's path --

She stares innocently, her face floating in the crosshairs, like *she's making eye contact with Lucas.*

Lucas flinches back from the telescope.

He already knows what happened.

BACK:

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Lucas's blade has stopped short a millimeter from the little girl's neck. Her eyes LOCKED ON onto his. He's frozen in place, still lost in the memory of the girl on the bridge --

Nearby the third contractor watches Lucas, trying to figure out why he's stopped. The killer cautiously continues towards Lucas with a knife.

Across the aisle, we see two more MERCS following suit.

INT. MAYKO AIRLINES - SAME

Isha stands in the forward galley, her uniform torn and covered in blood. She looks down the aisle and sees Lucas with his blade next to the innocent girl's neck.

She notices the killers sneaking up behind him.

Isha grabs the galley's MICROPHONE.

ISHA
(clicking the button)
Attention passengers...

The killers turn, seeing their target, Isha --

ISHA (CONT'D)
...on behalf of Mayko Airlines I'd
like to offer everyone that hasn't
tried to kill me a year of
unlimited free travel vouchers...
To the rest of you motherfuckers...
(beat)
Come fly the deadly skies.

The contractors start running up the aisle --

Isha drops the microphone, watching them come for her.

Lucas SNAPS OUT OF IT. He sees the little girl is terrified.
Two rows up he sees her PARENTS yelling for her --

Lucas scoops her up with his free hand and starts sprinting
after the killers, depositing the girl with her parents while
never breaking stride. Still running forward --

He moves his sword low preparing to strike --

He LEAPS at the first killer, swinging upward --

SLICING him mid-air then swinging back down and SLASHING the
next. He looks down the aisle and sees the last Killer about
to reach Isha --

Lucas throws his katana like a spear --

Isha's eyes widen as the killer is steps away --

But then the end of Lucas's blade ERUPTS out of his mouth.

The killer falls. DEAD.

Isha watches as Lucas limps towards her.

She looks past him to the plane's carnage. Oxygen masks down,
blood everywhere, the innocent passengers scared stiff.

Lucas sees Isha studying him, his face slicked with blood
like when we met him... it's a miracle he's even standing.

They stand face to face, survivors. There are no words, both
searching for something to say when --

MORMON (O.C.)
Excuse me?

The two Mormon boys, their shirts somehow still pristinely
white, stand in the OPEN COCKPIT DOOR.

They point inside.

MORMON (CONT'D)
I think somebody killed the pilots?

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - SUNRISE

Hunter and Brunt stand on the tarmac staring at the sky.

Hunter looks to the Fire trucks and Emergency vehicles waiting for Mayko Airlines plane to land. Hunter checks his flight tracker, then looks to the clouds.

HUNTER
It'll be right there in five...
four... three... two... one...

Nothing happens...

BACK TO:

INT. COCKPIT, MAYKO AIRLINES - FLYING - MORNING

Isha and Lucas step over the DEAD PILOTS. They take in the instrument panels, lights blinking everywhere. Lucas grabs the co-pilot's manual.

LUCAS
There's gotta be something in here
on how to land....

Isha casually sits in the pilot's chair.

ISHA
Don't need to.

LUCAS
What?

Lucas watches as the plane's stick starts to move. The plane flying itself, *automatically* preparing its landing procedure.

Isha turns back, eyes the dead pilots.

ISHA
They were never really flying the
plane.

Lucas looks to the floor, the underbelly.

LUCAS
That's what your thing does?

Isha smiles, proudly.

ISHA
Tip of the iceberg...

The plane descends through the clouds. Lucas sees a small island in the middle of the INDIAN OCEAN.

LUCAS
That's not San Francisco, Isha.

ISHA
Not even close.
(beat)
I'd say thank you, but I guess
you've still got a chance.

LUCAS
For what?

ISHA
To cash in. Like everyone else.
(he eyes her)
You'll be rich.

Lucas considers Isha, then eyes his body, his wounds.

LUCAS
Not a bad idea. My health insurance
premiums are about to go up.

Isha smirks as Lucas painfully sits down. He pulls out his phone, swipes to his BANK ACCOUNT. Looks at the balance, then out the cockpit window to the horizon...

LUCAS (CONT'D)
...It catches up to you. Never
believed it, but it's true. You
kill, don't ask questions, and push
the dead into the back of your
mind. That's the job. But
eventually you run out of space,
and they push back...
(beat)
Money's not gonna change that.

Lucas glances at Isha, solemn, ashamed. She looks at him for a long beat, a small compassionate smile forming --

ISHA
You're wrong. Things can change.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYKO AIRLINES - RUNWAY - MORNING

The sun over the island's lush landscape, its rays shimmering against the runway as the plane touches down gracefully.

The remaining inflatable slides pop from the emergency doors. Passengers dazed, walking on the runway, happy to be alive. In the background, the dog trots out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. A CORPORATE GULFSTREAM III JET - ONE DAY LATER

Brunt and Hunter are sitting across from each other in a very expensive and opulently decorated private jet. Brunt looks stressed, frantically digging through a Hermes Birkin bag.

Hunter watches her, curious and nervous.

HUNTER
Forensics is already there
searching the plane.
(beat)
For the record, I'm really--

Brunt holds up a hand, *shushing* him as she keeps searching through her bag. A corporate SERVER, beautiful, blond, 20s, walks down the aisle with a tray of towelettes.

SERVER
Infused aromatherapy towels before
we land? Echinacea and rose wat--

WHAM --

Brunt smacks the tray out of her hands and sends the towels flying. Hunter watches as the server scurries away.

Brunt finally finds her CDB DROPPER in her Birkin. Relieved. She spins off the cap and throws it back in a huge swig.

Brunt closes her eyes...and sighs.

BRUNT
You were saying?

Hunter uses his better judgement and points out the window. The plane on approach over the island in the Indian Ocean. The Mayko Airlines jet parked on the runway.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR, THE ISLAND - DAY

Through the hangar's doors we see the Mayko Airlines plane in its landing place, teams of INVESTIGATORS scouring the damaged plane. Forensic TENTS nearby. And in the hangar --

Medical triage stations. Lucas sits at a table in a halfway open gown, his entire body bruised, an IV drip in his arm.

DOCTOR
Your blood results were
interesting...

LUCAS
High blood pressure, I know.

DOCTOR
I meant the *toad venom*.

The doctor takes out a pen light and shines it into Lucas's eyes. Lucas squints, reacting to the bright light.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Headaches? Ears ringing? Anything
strange with your vision?

The doctor flicks off the light. Lucas sees his head has transformed into an oddly *beautiful rainbow colored TOAD*.

Lucas looks stunned. He quickly blinks twice. The doctor's face instantly returning back to normal.

LUCAS
(hesitantly)
Uh...I think I'm good.

The doctor exits through the tent flap, passing Hunter and Brunt as they enter. Brunt smiles, grateful --

BRUNT

Jesus, you look... we're just glad
you're alive.

(beat)

We had no idea so many people were
looking for her. We'll get to the
bottom of this. And don't worry,
you're going to be well taken care
of by the company.

Lucas nods.

LUCAS

Uh huh.

HUNTER

They haven't found her body yet.

(studying Lucas)

There's no way she could've gotten
on a boat? Maybe another plane met
her here? You didn't see *anything*?

He stares at Hunter.

LUCAS

My memory's a bit foggy.

HUNTER

That's understandable.

Unfortunately we've got a job to do
here. This last part, it's very
important. So please try to
remember. Did she have a device?
Maybe it looked like a...a--

LUCAS

Like a neural net? Plugged into the
plane's mainframe, probably cloaked
its GPS so she was able to trick
everyone?

HUNTER

(getting excited)

Yes. Exactly. Yes.

LUCAS

...Nope. Didn't see anything like
that.

Brunt eyes Lucas, realizing he's playing a hand. Her expression quickly changing from soft to hard.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
I'm not really a tech guy, don't
know why something like that would
be so valuable to you...
although... I bet if someone took
control of all of your phones,
apps, all that data, and decided
to, I dunno, make all of your users
disappear? Or exposed your supply
chains and factories for using
child labor? Sorry, *slaves*. That
probably wouldn't be good for your
stock prices, right?

Hunter and Brunt stare daggers.

BRUNT
Be careful, Reyes. Do you have any
idea what we can do to your life?

LUCAS
Yeah, I'm aware. You've collected
data on billions of people...
(beat)
And she just collected you.

Brunt and Hunter stare at Lucas, fear in their eyes, unnerved
by where this is going.

BRUNT
What do you want?

LUCAS
Not about what I want...

CUT TO:

EXT. A LUSH GREEN FOREST - AFTERNOON

A bird's eye view from above as we zoom down. We see a
beautiful campus in the middle of the forest, soccer fields,
modern buildings... The tech company's LOGO on the roofs.

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. A COURTYARD - SAME

We hear laughter coming from the buildings. A BELL RINGS --

Children stream outside for recess. They're all wearing uniforms. Their loving teachers offer instruction --

This isn't a corporate campus --

It's AN ORPHANAGE.

And a very well funded one at that.

Isha walks across the grass, a lightness to her step, the fear of living a life on the run, long gone now.

She watches the children running. As the last one runs off she looks up and sees Lucas standing in front of her.

LUCAS

(looking around)

Nice facility you got here.

(beat)

How much did they give you?

ISHA

It's more of an ongoing donation.

(re: the orphanage)

Next week we break ground on two more in Asia... See?

LUCAS

You were right. Things can change.

ISHA

I had some help.

Lucas smiles.

ISHA (CONT'D)

So what now?

LUCAS

For the first time in my life, I have no idea.

ISHA

Lucky for you.

LUCAS

What is?

ISHA

We're hiring.

TO BLACK:

