

FRIGHT FLIGHT

by

Michael Cassata

mjcscripts@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Murky backdrop.

A spotlight hangs from a rafter, fixated on a figure tied to a wobbly chair, blindfolded.

CHEKNOV (OS)

Don't let it tip over or my itchy
trigger finger might snap.

JACKSON Grey, late 20s, fit, cut lip, struggles mightily to keep the chair level.

JACKSON

That doesn't even make sense.

Jackson wobbles, tips left...

...but THUG ONE emerges from the shadows and PUNCHES him across the jaw, sending him level again.

CHEKNOV, 50s, former wrestler beneath a camel-colored suit minus the tie, steps out of the darkness and leans in close.

CHEKNOV

My friend, a lot of things in this
life don't make sense. One of them
is trying to understand how your
pissant prick of a brother thought
he could actually steal from me
and get away with it.

JACKSON

It worked, didn't it?

CHEKNOV

You tell me, dumbass.

(slaps Jackson)

Stealing is one thing, but keeping
what you stole is another ...
that is, unless you have the flash
drive and have been playing us the
whole time.

JACKSON

I don't even know what this is about. I haven't spoken to my brother in years.

CHEKNOV

A sibling rivalry - how convenient. No, let's see, where can it be? Up there?

(taps Jackson's nose)

No, I supposed not, but maybe it's worth taking a look. The man I have in mind for that job is effective, but not very tidy. He may scramble a few things in the process, if you know what I mean?

(taps Jackson's forehead)

JACKSON

The only thing up there is the lingering effect of your fruity cologne.

Cheknov grits his teeth then grins.

CHEKNOV

You'd better hope Frankie-boy comes waltzing in with my fucking property -

JACKSON

Or what?

Cheknov nods to Thug One, who YANKS Jackson back by the neck, barely keeping him upright.

CHEKNOV

Or it's brain scrambling time and we might throw in a few walnuts just to make it fun.

Cheknov PUNCHES Jackson in the groin, nods to Thug One, who pushes Jackson forward, level again.

Jackson roils in pain as Cheknov grows agitated, checks his watch and slicks his hair back in place.

BANG!

A second GUNSHOT echoes in the distance.

Cheknov whips out his gun, sticks it against Jackson's head.

CHEKNOV

Frankie! Frankie is that you, my friend?

(nods to Thug One)

Get the lights.

(nods to Thug Two)

Check it out.

THUG TWO steps out of the darkness, nods, and disappears into the shadows.

CHEKNOV (CONT'D)

Come on, Frankie, all we want is the drive and you can have your precious brother here in one piece.

JACKSON

You obviously don't know my brother - he's not going to give you shit.

Cheknov pushes the gun hard into Jackson's temple.

CHEKNOV

Shut the fuck up and you might live long enough to see him die.

JACKSON

I'm blindfolded, dumbass.

The warehouse lights suddenly FLASH ON, row by row, toward the end of the building.

In the distance, as the lights expose a catwalk, Thug Two flips off the railing and FALLS to his death.

Cheknov FIRES wildly to no avail.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I'll take that as one for Frankie.

Thug One reappears, quickly points his gun at a SHADOWY FIGURE approaching.

FRANKIE, early 30s, beefy, SHOOTS.

Thug One drops.

Jackson tips the chair, ROLLS OVER.

Cheknov and Frankie EXCHANGE FIRE.

Cheknov skirts toward the exit.

JACKSON

Frankie!

SILENCE.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Frankie?

Frankie slowly stands up, holding his shoulder.

FRANKIE

Son-of-a-bitch actually clipped me.

Frankie removes Jackson's blindfold.

JACKSON

You okay? I thought you were dead.

FRANKIE

Not a chance, just a patch-up job.
Good as new tomorrow.

JACKSON

How can you act so casual? In case
you haven't noticed, I've been
getting my ass kicked here.

FRANKIE

Sorry about that, little bro. It's
damn good to see you.

JACKSON

I wish I could say the same, now
untie me.

Frankie lifts Jackson back upright, messes with his
hand ties.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I hate to mention it, but geez,
man, you got fat.

FRANKIE

Still better looking than you.

JACKSON

Come on, hurry up, unlike you,
I don't like being tied up.

Thug One stirs to life...

...lifts his gun and FIRES!

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Frankie!

Jackson struggles as Frankie FLIES BACK, his gun
dropping onto Jackson's lap.

Jackson yanks his hands free.

Grabs the gun.

SHOOTS Thug One SEVERAL TIMES!

Jackson stares at the gun horrified, DROPS IT like a
hot potato.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Frankie ... what the fuck?!

Jackson rolls Frankie over.

He grimaces at the dark red stomach wound.

Frankie coughs up blood.

FRANKIE

It's bad, isn't it?

Jackson immediately works the wound like a surgeon.

JACKSON

It sure as hell isn't good. We've got to get you to a hospital.

FRANKIE

Not in this shithole of a town.

Jackson places pressure on the wound, scans for the exits.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's no use. That prick's gonna come back with more guys real soon. You gotta get out of here.

JACKSON

And leave you here. Are you out of your freaking mind?

Jackson repositions himself to lift Frankie, but Frankie squeezes his arm.

FRANKIE

I'm sorry you were dragged into this, little brother.

(glances at Thug One)

And I'm sorry for that.

JACKSON

Yeah, well I won't tell the Board if you don't.

FRANKIE

You know what I mean ... your oath and all.

JACKSON

Yeah, I know what you mean, but enough chit-chat. I need you to put pressure on your wound.

FRANKIE

Which one?

JACKSON

Stop fucking around, Frankie.
You're seriously dying.

FRANKIE

I know, that gives me the luxury.

Frankie sticks his hand in his mouth, YANKS OUT a molar tooth.

JACKSON

Don't tell me that's what they're after.

FRANKIE

I know, tippy-top-squirrel spy
shit, right?
(hands tooth to Jackson)
Whatever you do, don't let that
fuck get his hands on it.

JACKSON

Where am I supposed to put it,
in my mouth?

FRANKIE

Who's the comedian now?

A FAINT NOISE from outside.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Where's my gun?

Jackson struggles, but lifts a grimacing Frankie.

JACKSON

Let's go, you don't have much
time.

FRANKIE

Hold on, I need to tell you
something.

JACKSON

It can wait.

FRANKIE

No!

(Jackson stops, surprised)

There's a woman in D.C., Samantha Curtis. You have to get this to her and only her. Make sure you don't give it to her prick assistant, Savard - he's trouble and I don't trust him. Got it?

Jackson nods, but Frankie grabs his collar.

JACKSON

I got it. Samantha Curtis and not her prick assistant Savard.

FRANKIE

Good ... and don't worry about killing that guy, it was in self-defense, so you're still okay with the big man upstairs.

JACKSON

Are we done now? Can we go?

Frankie's grin is cut short by the pain.

Jackson DRAGS him toward the door.

EXT. DOCKS - WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Jackson cautiously DRAGS Frankie across the gravel parking lot.

JACKSON

Which car?

Frankie doesn't answer.

Jackson stops, lightly SLAPS Frankie's face.

Frankie's eyes pop open, but not much.

FRANKIE

What? Where are we?

JACKSON

Where's the car and the keys?

FRANKIE

Black one ... key's in pocket.

Jackson spots several black cars, sighs and fishes for the keys.

Jackson presses the key...

...moves toward a set of blinking lights twenty feet away, the car parked parallel.

JACKSON

Stay with me, Frankie.

Jackson opens the back door, but doesn't see a pair of headlights FLASH thirty feet away.

An SUV with tinted windows SPEEDS toward them.

Frankie notices, pushes Jackson into the backseat.

The SUV CLIPS Frankie, sends him FLYING with the door.

The SUV SKIDS.

HITS the edge of the embankment.

TEETERS over the edge.

Jackson runs to Frankie's side, but he's dead.

GUNFIRE from the SUV.

Jackson high-tails it to the car.

He SPEEDS AWAY.

Cheknov jumps out of the SUV just before it FALLS into the water.

Cheknov watches Jackson's tail lights fade into the distance.

EXT. AIRPORT - REMOTE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jackson tosses the keys into the doorless backseat, walks away.

INT. AIRPORT - BOARDING AREA - NIGHT

Jackson hands the agent his ticket, enters the jetway.

INT. PLANE - COACH SECTION - NIGHT

Boeing 747.

Near-empty red-eye flight.

Jackson squeezes past FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE, 20s, female, fake smile, sassy, who hands a tipsy woman, SANDY, 30s, disheveled, a tiny bottle of alcohol.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE

(to Jackson)

Please find your seat, sir. There's some weather we'd like to get ahead of.

SANDY

Wonderful. I think I'll take that second bottle, if you don't mind.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE

(hands over second bottle)

Don't you have a little girl with you?

SANDY

Half the time. However, I never know where she's hiding the other half.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT TWO, 20s, male, metrosexual, effortlessly sneaks through the tight quarters.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT TWO
No problem, Jackie, I'll find her.

THUNDEROUS NOISE outside followed by a FLASH OF LIGHT.

GREGORY, 50s, stout, one row back, snaps his hand to his heart.

GREGORY
Thunder - great. I thought you said we wanted to get ahead of the weather?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE
We do, sir. That was just the luggage compartment closing.

GREGORY
Well then, let's get on with it because I'm not sure my heart can take flying through a storm.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE
Just a few minutes and we'll be on our way.

GREGORY
(mumbles)
Damn red-eye - shouldn't have taken this flight.

COLLEGE GUY ONE, one row behind Gregory, elbows COLLEGE GUY TWO.

COLLEGE GUY ONE
If you think that's bad, wait until we fly through the Bermuda Triangle.

COLLEGE GUY TWO
Freaking awesome.

GREGORY
What?
(spins around)
I thought that was just a myth.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE

It is, sir.

(leans close to the college guys)

Keep that up and I'm going to lock
you guys in the luggage compartment
- got it?

Flight Attendant One steps away before they can
respond.

The college guys knuckle knock each other, grinning.

SANDY

Where's that man with my daughter?

(shakes empty bottle)

And can I get another?

Flight Attendant One glances down the aisle while
fishing for a bottle in her apron.

She spots Flight Attendant Two placing someone's
carry-on in the overhead bin.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE

I'm sure it'll just be a moment
and I'll have to get another one
from the back.

Flight Attendant One notices Gregory bent over.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE (CONT'D)

Sir, are you okay? Don't pay
attention to those jerks.

Gregory fidgets with a long object at his feet and
sits up.

GREGORY

No, I'm fine, just repositioning
something.

Flight Attendant One glances at the object, her eyes
narrow.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT ONE

Sir, what is that?

EMAIL MICHAEL AT mjcscripts@yahoo.com TO

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