

Flying Tiger (Working Title)

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY WINTER 1957 - DAY

London Terrace was a typically sprawling apartment rental complex on 23rd and the way Westside overlooking (if you really craned your neck out the minuscule bathroom window) the Hudson River. Linoleum kitchen table and sparse furniture. The typical starter apartment for newlyweds.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM AND CLOSET - DAY

On this particular day, February 1st, 1957, the pretty blonde newlywed reaches up in her smart suit and heels to pull down the valise from the top shelf in the bedroom closet. On her left hand, a new engagement / wedding band set shimmers. She loves it, allowing herself a second to admire it as she folds her bathing suit, shorts, short sleeve shirts on the bed next to the suitcase.

She places the two plane tickets and her passport on the bed along with her husband's which she stops to inspect. A smile runs across her face as she sees his handsome face. She folds it closed and puts it with hers.

She looks at the date of the tickets and it triggers something.

JANET

Uh-oh... February 1st... Darn, I forgot to say Rabbit, Rabbit!

From the bathroom, under the running shower.

ALFRED (O.S.)

Said it, God knows we could use a little luck so we can get the heck out of here and not have to scrap our belated honeymoon plans...

(Exaggerating)

Again....

This guy must have x-ray ears. She looks at the bathroom like "How did he possibly hear that?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALFRED

Yes, I have x-ray ears. I'd be
dead if I didn't. The Japs on Iwo
were lethal to us Marines.

She shakes her head disbelieving.

JANET

(Nearly inaudible)
So many things to learn about you,
dear doctor husband.

Shower still runs, as he steps into the doorway between
their bedroom and bathroom with a towel around him.
Jesus, is he a looker.

ALFRED

Oh yes, so many.

He just did it again. She shakes her head amazed by his
superhuman hearing and his smooth charm.

ALFRED

They taught me to be hyper
vigilant or hyper dead.
(Coming to hold her
lovingly)
But it was you who

Alfred brushes concern from her beautiful face and locks
eyes. They just kiss letting the sentence and the world
fall away.

She looks up at him studying his courage and his ability
to stow such horrific memories. He soothes her.

ALFRED

That was a lifetime ago. You are
here now. All that matters.

She lets him pull her in for a kiss.

Then her rush of panic as she unwillingly pulls herself
back to reality.

JANET

And you are going to make me late!
How can I ask to leave early if I
come in late?

She scoots him back to the bathroom, the shower is still
running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALFRED

I have rounds to make in the morning then I will see you back here at noon. Gives us plenty of time. Our flight isn't leaving LaGuardia til 2.45.

(Beat)

Let's just hope your boss will let you duck out early.

INT. APARTMENT FOYER - CONTINUOUS

She grabs her camel hair coat and red wool scarf, her hands are on the pair of red leather gloves when he calls to her from the bathroom.

ALFRED (O.S.)

Don't forget your scarf and gloves. It's supposed to start snowing later on. Just hope it's after we get outta here.

She shakes her head again at his uncanny ability to detect her moves from other rooms.

She laughs and scoops up her keys and purse.

Janet sweeps out of the door.

JANET

I'll see you later.

As she walks out of the apartment building, it's a sparkling clear day. She looks up.

Janet smiles to JERRY, the doorman who smiles and nods to her as he holds the door for her.

JANET

Looks like clear sailing today, Jerry.

JERRY

Indeed! Calling for some weather but not until well after you are underway. I will keep an ear out for weather updates.

JANET

Let's hope so! Thanks Jerry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

Are you going to keep that top
down on your car, Miss Janet?

She walks out digging for her keys in her purse. She simply shoots him a defiant, infectious smile.

Jerry shakes his head.

JERRY

You know it's February... Isn't it
a bit too cold for that?

She waves back to Jerry.

JANET

They say fresh air cures
everything!

Jerry just shakes his head and smiles a wave to her.

EXT. OLDSMOBILE CONVERTIBLE - TRAVELING - DAY

Janet looks swell in that gun metal grey Pontiac Oldsmobile Convertible, her blond bob and sunglasses framing her open smile as her scarf dances in the wind with that top down. Her ruby red lips match her nail polish. She smiles at her new wedding ring and what it all means. What a looker she is.

She drives straight across the city from the West Side all the way across 23rd street to the East Side and the East River. She is stopped at light. She slides her gloves on then stops to notice a plane streak across the sky overhead. She draws a deep breath. Her breath fogs as she exhales, her eyes tracking the plane.

EXT. NORTHEAST TICKET OFFICE AUGUSTA, MAINE - MORNING

It's still dark outside the Northeast Ticket Office, nestled on the main street in Augusta, Maine. The town's still asleep against the bitter early morning cold as ARTHUR BOURGOIN unlocks the office door and hurries in.

He drops his hat and coat on the desk and hurries to his desk to check the flight roster of passengers.

He smiles and adds his name and his wife's. He hand writes out the tickets and itinerary then picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

(Pleased)

Mary dear, we are all set. I had to confirm the final passenger count and there appears to be room on the flights. I checked on the policy and we can use the free employee pass. I can't believe there's room! This is **THE** most coveted route and imagine we can go for free! Miami here we come!

He is smiling into the phone. Is he trying to calm or coax his wife along?

ARTHUR

There, there, Mary darling. It's going to be fine. All we need to do is pay the \$2 service fee and we are off for a nice long weekend and some good ole' Florida sunshine.

(hurrying her along)

Chop, chop now Mary. We'll be flying out at 10am to Boston then on to NYC then finally to Miami and we'll be there tonight.

INT. BOURGOIN HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The usually cheerful, perky young housewife MARY BOURGOIN sits on the end of her unmade bed and forces an upbeat voice as she hangs up the phone with her husband.

She feigns a smile but is clearly shaken this morning about the day to come. She looks out the window to the clouds forming in the distance, she consciously or unconsciously, does that thing all expecting mothers do. They rub their belly as if soothing the unborn child. Yes, she is pregnant, not very, but pregnant nonetheless.

She tries to prepare herself in the early morning frost of her Augusta, Maine farmhouse. She steels herself to the premonitions she has had about this flight. Her suitcases lay unpacked still and her clothes half strewn on the bed. Strangely, she has left all of her dry cleaning laid out on the bed.

She still hasn't showered or washed her hair, something she would have done the night before, but hadn't done in case they canceled the flight last minute. She needs to get a move on.

INT. BOURGOIN HOUSE SITTING ROOM - DAY

When Mary leaves her 9-month-old DAUGHTER with her MOTHER, she tucks her gently in her mother's arm, fussing and deeply shaken about leaving her.

MARY BOURGOIN

Goodbye...

MARY'S MOTHER

(Looking a bit
uneasy)

Mary dear, you'll see us Sunday.

Her mother studies her when she hears her say 'goodbye'. A cloud seems to pass over Mary's eyes as she realizes what she has said and it further upsets her.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A 25-year-old University of Miami college student, JOHN Q. NOLAN, places a hand on the set of side by side coffins. Clearly, he is distraught. He wears a suit coat and a college letter sweater with U of Miami insignia on it.

The room is full of mourning people dressed in black. A hand clasps his shoulder. He turns, his eyes misty. The REVEREND tries to offer the young man some comfort.

REVEREND

I'm so sorry for your loss.

His eyes come to sweep both caskets.

REVEREND

...losses.

He crosses his hands and bows his head.

REVEREND

The mysteries of God's work. I cannot pretend to understand only to say that your father and your Aunt were always so close. I believe God wanted them to walk hand in hand when they meet Him.

John turns with acrid tears to the Reverend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN NOLAN

With all due respect, Reverend, I just don't buy the hand holding bit. Losing my father was a blow to begin with. Then to learn that my most favorite Aunt dies a day after her brother, my father? I just can't quite smile and say Amen to any of this. Not yet. Not for quite a while, I expect.

The Reverend is trying to interject something of comfort, but John just shuts him down.

JOHN NOLAN

I have to get back down to Miami. School finals are underway and my flight leaves in a few hours. I can't stay.

(Off the side by side
coffins)

What's done is done. Doesn't make any difference now.

He turns to leave the Reverend who struggles but understands the boy's anger and hurt.

John picks up his overnight bag and heading for the door.

INT. WORCESTER POST & GAZETTE OFFICES - NIGHT

In the dreary quiet of the night, LILIAN DIXON, a nervous, 56-year-old, spinster sits at her desk. She is a skinny wire-rimmed woman. She finally opens and reads the letter that sits in the metal tray on the edge of her desk. The room is dark, dank, dreary and she is alone flanked by a rung of other operator's stations. But, only Lilian is working. She appears to be the only one who takes the night shift.

Scrawled penmanship announces the death of her foster mother and funeral arrangements in Florida.

February 3rd. 10 am. GET ADDRESS Miami FL

She puts down her headset and switches off her telephone operator station light. She turns to hold the letter and shed a quiet tear.

INT. SMALL HOME PLAINVIEW LONG ISLAND - DAY

A young mother, BARBARA DOMASH, scoops her 3 year old daughter EILEEN from her bed. Then her 11 month old infant son, WILLIAM. They rub eyes. Eileen's tumble of brown curls bounce and dance as she rubs her eyes.

Beds made, little Eileen toddles back to tidy her dolls on her pillow. She talks to them like a grown up.

EILEEN

I can't take you all with me on
the plane so I will only bring you
Pinky.

(She looks torn)

... and maybe you too Puffy. Nana,
you take care of everyone until I
come home. I promise I will bring
you all something from Florida.
Maybe some seashells.

Her mother looks on from the door smiling at her young daughter's vivid imagination.

Barbara Domash consoles her daughter who is clearly sad she can't bring all of her dolls and stuffed animals with her.

BARBARA DOMASH

There, there, they will be fine
while you're gone. I'm sure Nana
already has a party planned for
your return.

Barbara walks her daughter out and switches off the light to the bedroom and shuts the door.

INT. ANOTHER NONDESCRIPT HOME - DAY

Valises and travel suitcases are packed in the front hall. Footsteps and general scurrying about can be heard. Typical scene of a family preparing for their trip.

MARILYN LASSELL scoops up her 18 month old baby. The young father, GERRY LASSELL, slender, 25, rouses the other child who is groggy but excited today's their big trip.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A man, ALVIN MARSH, dons his Captain's hat and pilot's uniform, powder blue with the airline insignia Northeast Airlines pinned to his lapel.

He leans over to kiss his wife goodbye as he sneaks out of their bedroom under the cover of darkness.

He pauses and looks down the hall to the room with a big pink flower on the door to his daughter's little room. The door is open a crack. A little sleepy face smiles at him and he comes to her and scoops her up and slips her in bed next to her Mommy. He gestures his finger to his lips, ssshhhhh. His little girl smiles sleepily and nuzzles with her Mommy. Marsh all but bursts with love for this sight. He truly loves his family.

EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT NORTHEAST AIRLINES MAINTENANCE AREA - DAY

ANGELO ANDON, the flight engineer for Northeast airlines, crawls under the DC-6 to do a full visual inspection for dents and anything to report on the early morning flight from Miami airport. The sun is not yet cresting the horizon. Palm trees swaying and the birds are just starting to chirp.

INT. TRAVELING CAR - DAY

KENNETH KRONEN, 29, sits frantically in the passenger seat of the car. It's the morning rush hour on the Long Island Expressway.

Kenneth flails and points as his BROTHER nearly kills them all trying to cut across all traffic lanes to dive onto the airport exit.

Kenneth tries to keep his cool, barely. His wife SELMA sits cradling and cooing her 5-week-old son MARK, and hushing her other son and RICKY, 2 1/2 year old in the back seat. He is tugging to get his stuffed animal, a blue colored, well-worn doggie named, well, Blue.

When his uncle jams the brakes on to make the exit, Blue falls to the ground. He rocks to get it. His mother collects it and hands it to him quieting him again.

INT./EXT. NORTHEAST TERMINAL LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

When they finally do reach the airport, Kenneth's brother pulls up to the terminal and throws it in park. Typical unloading of passengers is clumsy and hectic. Ricky manages to lose Blue in the commotion, the dog falls into the front set as his mother grabs him to keep hurrying along.

The Uncle feels terribly when Kenneth step back out to the curb outside the National Airlines Ticket Counter.

KENNETH

They relinquished our seats.

Kenneth turns to his wife, trying to comfort her.

KENNETH

We won't be able to make it to your parents by sundown. We will miss the Sabbath if we wait for the next National Airlines flight. They booked us on the Northeast Airlines flight.

Feeling badly now, he slaps his brother on the shoulder.

KENNETH

It's ok, we outta make it.

His brother still feeling terribly.

BROTHER

I'm real sorry Kenny, I just didn't see the turn come up so quickly. I commute on this road every single day to and from work. How many times have I passed the LaGuardia Airport sign? I've never flown anywhere so it just never registers with me.

KENNETH

It's ok, brother. Thank you for driving us.

(Cheerily to his wife
and son)

Besides, now we have time for a cup of coffee and a snack for Ricky and me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He swoops his son up and peals of laughter. All is well. Selma and her young baby climb from the car while Ken and his brother do the typical airport baggage shuffle.

EXT. / INT. KENNETH'S BROTHER'S CAR TRAVELING - DAY

Rushing, clumsy, and with hugs and handshakes, Ken's brother's car pulls away, they wave goodbye, but the brake lights flash, brakes squeal, and he stops when he spots Ricky's favorite Blue is now jammed between the bench of front seats.

The Uncle stops rolls down the window and waves it out the window. Ken runs to him and grabs it and gives his brother an affectionate clap on the arm and an all secure tap on the roof. All secure. Ricky clings to his stuffed doggy, Blue.

Overhead a National Airlines plane streaks the sky just taking off runway number 4.

KENNETH
(sarcastically)
Everybody wave to the people
sitting it our seats.

They all look skyward to the plane.

INT. GOLD COAST, LONG ISLAND MANSION HOME OFFICE - DAY

EDWIN J. DRESNER, early 60s, plump, wealthy Long Island building contractor, sits at his desk overlooking Long Island Sound. He leans back while on his phone.

DRESNER
Dick, listen, it's still early
enough. I can get you those specs
by end of day. I'll have my girl
send them over by courier to your
office. We will discuss breaking
ground and dates as soon as you
look it all over.

Edwin J. Dresner returns the phone to its cradle and smiles.

He leans back in his chair then bounces forward to pluck a fine cigar from his humidor on the edge of his desk and proceeds to snip and light up the stogy. Life is treating him very well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He bolts forward almost a spontaneous decision and dials his secretary.

DRESNER

Betty, darling, be a doll and have the courier deliver the proposal and specs to the Hunt's Point Development office by end of day. And while you're at it, book me and the wife on the first flight down to Miami. Put us up at the Fountainbleau, would ya? I'm just dying to get out of this winter weather.

He smiles at her instant "Yes sir."

DRESNER

Swell. Thanks Doll.

Out the window, a plane streaks across the sky in the distance. Dresner eyes it and lines up to blow a smoke ring around it.

INT. NEW YORK CITY NAYLOR APARTMENT - DAY

In an Upper Westside apartment just off Central Park, A young on-the-rise pianist CHARLES NAYLOR sits at his grand piano in the early hours tinkling the keys and adjusting the notes on a piece he is working on. His hands move up and down the ivory like a dancer.

INT. NEW YORK CITY NAYLOR APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUING

His wife smiles from her bed listening to the enchanting sound. She glances out her bedroom window through the slightly drawn curtain. A plane streaks the sky off in the distance.

She smiles, draws her arms up in a lazy stretch and deep sigh. She kicks her sheets back ready to get at this day.

Following the plane's trail as it heads across the sky and across town to another part of NYC's Park Avenue and Upper East Side.

INT. NEW YORK CITY PARK AVENUE / UPPER EAST SIDE BENSON'S
APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

A handsome, athletic, 6'4 man MASON BENSON, jokes around with his gorgeous wife, PEGGY, as he pretends to shoot hoops with the clothes they are packing super sexy lingerie, he pulls from her underwear drawer pretending it's too hot to touch.

Then as if going long for the rim shot, he shoots it to her and she catches it and he scores. Playful and double entendre. He is a supreme athlete which is readily apparent at how he rims her sexy hot black Teddy.

She smiles, sheer beauty. On her dresser in their bedroom is a picture of Mason in his prime a young stud of a college Basketball star.

MASON

Thanks honey for being so flexible. I couldn't miss that meeting with the Corporate Higher Ups.

PEGGY

Don't be silly! Sure glad you didn't miss it. To go from covering the western territory to now adding all the Southwest! That's a lot of dolls you will be responsible for selling! Going to make alot of little girls happy with all the new looking dolls coming out! Blonde, brunette, blue eyes, brown eyes...

Mason sucks a deep breath, nervous, daunted, then confident like he can handle it.

MASON

But I made them design the prettiest doll after you!

He comes to her on the bed and hugs her.

MASON

I'm so glad we're getting this trip in. I'm sorry we had to trade in our first-class tickets for today's regular fare, but I really wanted to get away with you. They are counting on me for this new territory.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON (CONT'D)

Things are going to get busier for me and I just want to have some time with you.

His gorgeous wife slinks down to the end of the bed and wraps herself around him and they kiss passionately.

MASON

Oh no, do **NOT** get me started or we will miss the flight.

Everything about her is clearly just the sexiest thing Mason has ever experienced.

Outside their apartment, a plane streaks the sky off in the distance. Park Avenue stretches New York City out beneath them for the wealthy to wipe their feet on.

PEGGY

Oh, isn't life grand...

The words escape the beautiful Peggy Mason's lips like the pearl necklace and matching earrings she holds up to wear for their upcoming trip.

EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - DAY

Outside Bellevue Hospital, a loner named EDDIE BROWN, with his wiry frame and a tinge of madness on his lips, lines up with all the other homeless and destitute, for his monthly con.

A free meal and a clean bed, refills on all the drugs he can cop in the bowels of Bellevue, the most famous public hospital in the country whose mission to serve the poorest and the most destitute, is this hospital's blessing and its curse.

As he stands in line outside the hospital building, he cranes his head up to the sky. A plane streaks the sky off in the distance.

His name is called by NURSE IRENE DOYLE, a very attractive young gal with green eyes and ash-colored hair. She knows he's gaming the hospital and he jerks to the front of the line.

NURSE IRENE

Eddie, you back already? What's it this week? Headache, a case of the thunder down under?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Irene gives a distinct look to his crotch.

Eddie looks incensed.

EDDIE

Ugh, No, Nurse Doyle, I have a
condition, you know, I got this
bad leg...

She simply checks him off and he follows her inside. The limp is pronounced but just as quick as the nurse turns around, he all but does a little skip. How many times has he pulled this stunt.

The nurse stops dead in her tracks as if she can hear the skip in his step. He almost slams into her.

NURSE IRENE

Veritable Fred Astaire you are
Eddie.

Eddie immediately feigns and buckles and gives out a moan for good measure.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY COURTHOUSE LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

Up the steps of the Halls of Justice, Lower Manhattan, a sleek set of legs and a "bod" to match sashay up to the delight of all the men around her. LUCINDA GLENN is clearly standing out in this sea of black and grey suits. She clutches a leather portfolio, with her initials LWG, against her chest.

There are a few other women she passes as she enters the large set of doors at the courthouse. It's the 1950s and every woman's role seems judged more by the length of their hem and the shape their calves cut from their high heel perches with perfect hair and nails.

Secretaries dressed just like her. The men are clearly the majority. It doesn't hurt that she is quite the beauty. Hats are tipped, doors are held open. Outwardly, she curtsies and demurely enters the courthouse at their courteous "after you" invitation. Inwardly, she enjoys knowing every man in her wake is tripping over their tongues.

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The overcrowding at the prison creates horrific conditions for the 7,900 inmates housed in spaces only designed to hold 4,200 prisoners.

Rikers is an institution as dank, dark, depressing, and full-blown dangerous as the men it houses. Given it is overcrowded, these men are crammed together adding to the menacing reputation it has earned as New York's most dangerous island.

Approximately one mile north of the tip of LaGuardia's Runway 4, the island is as inaccessible as Alcatraz, contains 5 concrete buildings which constitute the Penitentiary of the City of New York.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON BLOCK - DAY

Down the long rung of prison cells housed in the long cement building, a prisoner, mid-30s, strong, not tall, Hispanic, tattooed forearm of a name written in cursive, Maria, PRISONER ANTONIO CUIN, mops the floors in his prison attire.

From behind the bars of each cell, guys taunt him. Not aggressively, more like they are just making fun.

INMATE 1

Hey Cuin, we gonna call you
Cinderella.

(Beat)

You missed a spot over here
Cinderella.

They all carry on and Cuin smiles with an easygoing laugh.

INMATE CUIN

Soon enough, gonna be able to mop
my own damn'd floors at my own
damn'd house with my own damn'd
germs!

(with a tssskk)

Never thought I'd be excited about
housework, chores, or germs!

Running down the cell blocks and into the kitchen where a large inmate they call CHEF shows his dexterity with a knife. He's chopping onions and vegetables for the prison soup. His eyes sting against the onion.

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CONTINUED:

A small wiry inmate sees Chef close his eyes and blink as they burn, but he keeps chopping even blind, he is exceptional.

WIREY SOUS CHEF INMATE

Chef, you pretty good with a knife...

CHEF

Unfortunately too good.

The small wiry inmate takes his hand towel and wipes the Chef's eyes while he chops.

WIRY INMATE

As long as you don't use it on me...

The Chef *tsks* him then laughs.

CHEF

Not worth it.

The wiry inmate smiles nervously reassured.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY WORK DOCK 134TH STREET / EAST RIVER - DAY

At the 134th Street Ferry Slip, one block from the expansive Consolidated Edison powerhouse on Manhattan's East Side, the Fire Commissioner, EDWARD CAVANAUGH, gives the signal to send the pumper out to Rikers Island.

He hollers over the din of the construction equipment moving into position to commence a major repair work on the ferry dock.

FIRE COMMISSIONER CAVANAUGH

Get that pumper out on Rikers before we dig into the construction plans on the ferry dock. There will be all hell breaking loose out here and no way to move anything once we start the repairs on this dock. Hop on it, boys!

Cavanaugh, ever in his fire boots, turns and stomps off, sucking on his stogy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAD FIREMAN

Yessir!

Turning, he hauls off a New York City whistle to his crew of firemen.

LEAD FIREMAN

Let's move it!

INT. RIKERS ISLAND REVEREND PROELSS'S HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

On Rikers Island, the Prison Reverend's house bustles with early morning breakfast and the chaplain's children's off-to-school clambering.

INT. REVEREND PROELSS'S BEDROOM - DAY

REVEREND FREDERICK PROELSS is upstairs in his bedroom, dressing for his day out among the most dangerous inmates New York City has to offer, housed just across the way in Rikers Island cell blocks. He doesn't seem phased one bit.

He dresses up and looks his best for his congregation of criminals.

Downstairs, MARIANNE, his wife bustles to get MIKE, their son out the door for the ferry to head him off to his classes at New York's CUNY College. Marianne's daughter, ANGIE, keeps teasing her older brother.

ANGIE

You gonna go to your college dance tonight Mikey? I hear you have a date? Whoo-hoo.

Mike playfully bonks his books on her head. Mother Marianne looks on with a slight grin.

MARIANNE

You make sure you come home in time to clean yourself up and don't forget to pick up the corsage for your date. It should be ready for you later this afternoon.

Mike is blushing so hard he just can't muster a sound. Little sister is gobbling it up. Mike spins and takes a bite of the toast as he heads out the door with a roll of his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Yes, mother...

Little sister jumps up and follows along.

ANGIE

Hey Mikey, wait for me!

Mother Marianne calls to them both.

MARIANNE

Gloves and hats! It's February,
not August outside!

She turns to her houseboy, JEREMIAH, who is a tall elderly African-American inmate who has a kind manner. Clearly he's been broken by years in the Rikers system and has earned enough trust enough to have the role of houseboy in the Reverend's home.

Marianne turns to Jeremiah completely comfortable and clearly enjoying their conversation.

MARIANNE

Now, why do you think all teenage boys dress like it's perpetually summer? Goodness they're built like furnaces.

Jeremiah smiles.

JEREMIAH

That boy's gonna look swell tonight. I'll have his tuxedo all pressed and ready. Shoes shined too!

Marianne scolds him with a gentle smile.

MARIANNE

Oh now, Jeremiah, you mustn't spoil that boy. He should shine his own shoes, and yours too!

Down the hallway, Mike calls back overhearing Jeremiah.

MIKE (O.S.)

Thank you Jeremiah, I owe you a shoe shine. I'm getting our baseball cards on the way home. I can't wait to trade you my Mickey Mantel and Ted Williams for your Joe DiMaggio...

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CONTINUED: (2)

Jeremiah smiles calling back.

JEREMIAH

That's real kind of you Mr. Mikey,
but you know I will never, ever
give up my Joe DiMaggio. Come ta'
think of it, I wouldn't even give
up my Ted Williams. Not Yogi Berra
neither...

Mike whoops and taunts.

MIKE (O.S.)

Never-ever? Never-ever-ever?!? Oh,
we'll see about that!

INT. PROELSS'S ENTRY FOYER - DAY

Scarves, hats, coats all hang on the pegs running along
the wall. Boots all stand in a row. Mike rushes along his
sister.

MIKE

Hurry up Sis. The ferry is almost
here!

INT. PROELSS'S KITCHEN - DAY

The sound of the door slamming all but rattles their
coffee. Chaos moves off as the two kids race for the
ferry that's pulling in along the dock.

Jeremiah and Mrs. Marianne stare deadpan at the tremor of
black coffee in their mugs.

From upstairs the booming voice of Reverend Proelss can
be heard off the thundering of children as they sweep out
the door.

REVEREND PROELSS (O.S.)

(Exaggeratedly from
his bedroom quoting
scripture and having
some fun)

...it is thenceforth good for
nothing, but to be cast out, and
to be trodden under foot of men...

(Beat)

AND children...

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND PROELSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

AND Mickey Mantle, Doe DiMaggio,
Yogi Berra
(Beat)

AND Mathew... 5... verse 13...

In the kitchen, Marianne crosses herself and rolls her eyes to Jeremiah in amusement.

They look out at the window from the kitchen across the yard and the row of newly planted low lying 'London Plane Trees'.

JEREMIAH

Them trees they'll be looking real
fine come summer when they green
up.

There's a vegetable garden at the end of the yard, all dead in the cold February grey.

They smile out at the kids racing across the barren lawn to the ferry.

MARIANNE

Jeremiah I sure can't wait til
summer when we can get back out in
our garden and our tomatoes are
ready. You can teach me how you
make the Swiss Chard grow so well.
And you promise you'll prepare us
that delicious collard greens dish
you make.

JEREMIAH

Yessam, my gran-mammy taught me
good. Nobody made better collard
greens than she did. God rest her
soul.

Jeremiah smiles proudly then lost in how everything is now past tense since that fateful night where he robbed for money to eat and in return was robbed of his life as a free man all these past years since.

Marianne bows her head sensing his mind has wandered back there and then to lighten the mood, she shakes her head in disagreement and laughs.

MARIANNE

Not until you!
(Assuring him)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

And soon enough you will be back
home to grow your own garden. I
just know you will, Jeremiah.

Mrs. Marianne changing the conversation because anyone
who lives on Rikers knows that thinking about freedom
only makes it that much farther off.

She turns and looks at the trees.

MARIANNE

I'm coming to like those trees.
They were a bit scraggly at first,
but they're coming along nicely. I
asked Hector when they were
planting them those years back,
what they are called he told me
London Plane Trees, not Plain p-l-
a-i-n, like the vast fields and
plains, but planes, p-l-a-n-e-s,
like the things that fly way up
there, see there goes one now.

She points to the plane streaking the sky. Jeremiah looks
up at it.

MARIANNE

I wonder why on earth they are
called London Plane Trees?

As plane streaks the sky off in the distance, they both
gaze at it, lost in thoughts of warmer days.

INT. MIAMI'S NORTHEAST TERMINAL CREW LOUNGE - DAY

DOROTHY RICHARDSON, 35, sports the Northeast stewardess
uniform, is slender, vivacious.

She smiles when she sees Captain Marsh. He is genuinely
happy to see her. Like old friends, they fall into quick
conversation.

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

Captain, I'm sorry I won't be
coming aboard today. I was all set
to come north and escort my
parents and sister down, but
imagine, they've hauled me out of
retirement and promoted me to
supervisor of all Northeast
stewardesses.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEWARDESS DOROTHY (CONT'D)

I have to stay down and conduct a week-long training session since we will clearly have to ramp up our stewardess staffing and crew with this newest flight route.

Marsh smiles at her a hearty congratulations.

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

I still can't believe that our Northeast "New England Yankee Fleet" won the Golden Triangle route! Chicago, New York, to Miami.

MARSH

We won the bid and we deserve it! And now that we have it, we also have to prove to the world and to those bigger competitors that we are neither too small nor too cash-strapped to handle it. Now we've gotta fly our DC jets as often as possible so these planes aren't grounded. That is the name of the game. Grounded planes equal zero revenue.

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

And here I thought I could get married and happily retire.

MARSH

Dorothy, we both know you know more about these planes than most of the men I have up in the cockpit with me.

(With a smile)

It is also true that you are mother hen to all of your charges and this airline **IS** your family.

Dorothy laughs.

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

Well, in that case, my **OTHER** family will be fly down with you today. My father, mother and sister are en route from Boston now. Picking up connection on your 823 to come down here so we all can be together.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEWARDESS DOROTHY (CONT'D)

They will enjoy some nice sun and fun and a nice break from Boston's foul February weather. I will be too busy hounding my trainees, but at least we will all be together.

MARSH

Who have you got flying with me today?

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

You know Doris Steele, she's the perfect veteran stewardess. Knows as much as I do about these planes.

Marsh nods approvingly.

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

And Kay Virchow, she's also onboard. She's flying the round trip as a favor to cover for me since I have to prepare the training session down here. Kay is so capable. She will be leaving the airline to get married soon.

MARSH

Our loss, she is terrific.

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

And you must remember the young gal Emily Gately?

Marsh breaks his somewhat formal demeanor to let out a bit of a hoot.

MARSH

Tall, blond, bright blue eyes Emily? Straight-outta-high-school Emily? Emily, who was too skinny and weak to even open, lift, or remove the 40-pound emergency door? She didn't pass the 110 pound weigh in.

(Beat)

Oh and isn't there one more little nagging fact about Emily? That each time we took off she'd go grey and get sick as sure as the landing gear was retracting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

(Proudly)

Well we bulked her up. She devoured milkshakes, cream, evaporated milk... She is up to 112 pounds.

(Beat)

And I'll have you know, she no longer suffers from airsickness.

MARSH

(Mock Disappointment)

Aww so, does that mean we can't call her "Airsick Kid" anymore?

They share a laugh.

MARSH

I shall see to it personally that your **OTHER** family are in good hands. And out of "Airsick kid's" trajectory just in case she has a relapse.

STEWARDESS DOROTHY

Ha! I know you will.

INT. BOSTON'S LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

The airport bustles in the early morning. At the Northeast Terminal people line up to check in for the Boston to New York's LaGuardia flight.

As families come together and seem to recognize other members of their Northeast Family of workers, the Bourgoins and Lassels, Reddingtons, all are Northeast workers.

ARTHUR BOURGOIN

Hi there Gary, you taking advantage of the free passes on the new route?

GARY LASSELL

Yes. Isn't it great to be able to fly to Florida in the middle of winter?

Arthur gives his wife, Mary, an encouraging squeeze when he sees she just isn't as thrilled as he is. She feigns a smile, but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another group clamors up. It's a family of three. An older man, NORMAN CHADWICK, 62, round and jovial on any other day, seems uncomfortable and irritated. His wife, LAURA, 60s, who looks excited to be going on a trip, squeezes her husband's arm as if to scold him for being dour.

She greets the other members of the Northeast "family". In tow is her adult daughter GLORIA, who also looks thrilled with the prospect of some sun and beach time.

LAURA CHADWICK

(Proudly)

Oh my daughter, Dorothy, is the supervisor of training for all Northeast stewardesses. We are going down to Miami to be with her. She is also a newlywed.

All listen intently as Laura prattles on with others in their group. GARY LASSELL and his young wife, MARILYN, who holds ROY, their 18 month old son, echo their excitement.

GARY

We are looking forward to scouting out a few places in Miami. We're thinking of relocating down there. It'll be a much easier commute for me now that Northeast will have a hub in Miami and I can transfer down there to do maintenance work down there.

Everyone smiles and looks ready to be on their way to warm and sunny Florida.

Mary Bourgoïn looks out the window to the looming sky and rubs her imperceptibly pregnant belly. When she looks back to the happy, chatting families, her face cannot hide her fear. Norman Chadwick, the normally jovial old man exchanges a look and clearly shares her sentiments.

EXT./INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT - DAY

The Northeast DC-6 gets a fresh coat of paint: white and powder blue horizontal stripes on the fuselage and tail.

A MAINTENANCE CREW MEMBER completes the last touches to cover the previous owner's name Flying Tiger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Captain Marsh, and his Co-pilot BASIL DIXWELL, 40, extravert and outspoken, sure of himself, settle in to their cockpit.

MARSH

Pretty similar to the DC-6A I'm used to flying, but boy, isn't she a beaut - 105 feet long and 117 feet 6 inches wide, this baby's pressurized cabin will let us cruise at 10,000 feet.

Marsh looks over the cockpit set up.

MARSH

I've calculated that we can make it to LaGuardia in just about the scheduled 4 hour time. We can complete the trip back down to Miami within the 8 hour limit. It'll be close, but let's get back home tonight. I'd prefer having the weekend back here. I left winters in New Jersey for a reason!

Dixwell smiles and nods.

DIXWELL

Sure Captain. I'll be happy to get back down here too for the weekend. Every single time winter rolls around, I question my decision to settle in New Hampshire and raise Hereford and Angus cattle in my spare time. I mean what's wrong with raising boat drinks by a pool instead?

Marsh laughs and shakes his head.

MARSH

Being a pilot is enough for me. I will take the 99 percent boredom of flying and happily go home to my wife and family.

DIXWELL

It's that 1 percent that keeps me up at night. Flying a plane is like walking a tiger on a leash. Maintain complete control, the tiger remains docile;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIXWELL (CONT'D)

lose control the tiger can destroy you.

(beat)

If I didn't have something else to do like tend to my cattle, I'd surely have ulcers or a nervous breakdown.

MARSH

(clearly he has a history)

I have tested that 1 percent terror and I can assure you it's best for me to keep it very simple.

Dixwell picks up the intensity in Marsh's comment and drops his gaze. All business.

DIXWELL

There's some missile activity posted for Cape Canaveral. A section of Control 1150 Airway is closed to traffic, but we can still fly up the coast beyond Cape Canaveral, cut out over the Atlantic to the airway check point at Baracuta, then follow 1150 to Wilmington.

MARSH

Too difficult with the radio navigation way out there at sea and our dead reckoning won't be exact with those stiff winds way out there off the ocean.

(With confidence)

No, I'd rather we take the overland route. Victor 3 and Victor I. I'll leave you to the settings for those check points and radio frequencies.

DIXWELL

Yes sir, Captain.

With a nod, Dixwell sets to work on the flight plan, Marsh turns his attention to confer with the maintenance department.

But first one last thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARSH

If you have any concerns about my previous history, I assure you I have flown ten full roundtrips from LaGuardia to Miami since that flight and Northeast has given me a clean bill of mental health.

Dixwell looks straight at Marsh.

DIXWELL

I have no issues whatsoever with your flying or your mental health. I, for one, know you singlehandedly landed that plane after the right propeller reversed and the plane yawed.

(Shaking his head in disbelief)

That you did so with no casualties is hardly a problem for me sir, it's more like a miracle.

(Beat)

Nothing but the utmost respect, Captain.

Enough said. With a nod, it's back to work.

MARSH

(in his headset)

Confirm all items on previous pilot's squawk list have been checked off. Specifically the over-rev in propeller number 1...

MAINTENANCE CHIEF (O.S.)

Checking...

(Beat)

Negative on the over-rev. Miami unable to locate the correct size cams to control number 1 prop. New York has them and will be able to install when plane reaches LaGuardia. Flying Tiger maintenance chief declared the plane air worthy.

MARSH

(Cutting him off)

Then I have no reason to doubt him. I accept the plane and will have the cams changed out in New York.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAINTENANCE CHIEF (O.S.)

Roger that.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT NORTHEAST AIRLINES MAINTENANCE
OFFICE AND TERMINAL - DAY

The crystal clear, bitter cold day is giving way to gray, low lying clouds rumbling in from the west. In the LaGuardia Airport tower, men bustle.

JOHN JOY, acting lead mechanic of the ground crew for Northeast airlines looks up from examining the plane's log to study the weather front rolling in.

He holds a teletype in his hands. Smoke swirls off the cigarette in his hand. A wiry man, Joy is intense and an expert.

JOHN JOY

The dispatcher in Miami says the high frequency radio receiver needs to be checked. When airborne, flight 822 couldn't hear radio on the 823.

ASSISTANT MAINTENANCE MANAGER

Yes sir. Maintenance on the ground in Miami checked it out, said they couldn't find anything wrong.

JOHN JOY

Not good enough. Change out the receiver when the plane gets up here.

ASSISTANT MAINTENANCE MANAGER

Yessir.

Body language intensifies as he takes a drag off his cigarette and hunches over intensely studying the log book on the desk. Every procedure is communicated and read off to the OTHER TOWER MEN and notated.

JOHN JOY

The maintenance men from the Flying Tiger Cargo Company went over engine number 1 propeller's slight over-rev when they completed the sale of their DC-6 and converted this plane from cargo for Northeast commercial usage?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Assistant maintenance manager checks his records.

ASSISTANT MAINTENANCE MANAGER

Correct.

JOHN JOY

Ok, so help me understand if they say they couldn't locate a right-sized governor to correct the slight over-revving, why was neither complaint nor pending resolution recorded in the flight log? And why is this plane in the air en route to us now?

The men stare at him. Clearly no one has the answer.

JOHN JOY

Damn'd it Men, do I need to remind everyone that out of the 11 airlines, including the big boys United, Eastern, Pan Am and American, all jockeying for this golden route from New York to Miami, Civil Aeronautics Board awards US over all the others! It has taken Northeast 5 years to win this bid.

With a snap of his finger, his cigarette ash tumbles to the floor.

JOHN JOY

That's how quickly it would take us to lose this bid if we violate civil air regulations by **NOT** recording every malfunction, minor or not?

He slams the butt of his hand on the table.

JOHN JOY

Our logs must be accurately maintained in order for them to be a useful history of the plane. Now, let's recap, shall we?!

He takes a drag of his cigarette again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN JOY

This is our huge opportunity to move the one million passengers between THE two key cities, New York and Miami. This is a complete game changer for our little Northeast Airlines.

He stabs at the log.

JOHN JOY

What it means is double the potential earnings. AND, double the problems if we don't catch and record every single malfunction big or small. Pilot squawk must be recorded!

(with finality)

Are we clear?

"Yessir" can be heard in unison.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The emergency room at Bellevue Hospital at 34th and the East River, Manhattan, is a battlefield of every injury, sickness, wound and woe.

The large clock on the wall reads **11:05 am.**

On that day, a frantic MOTHER rocks her 8-year-old SON who's hand is wrapped and bleeding through his mother's scarf.

MOTHER

He put an pick-ax through his middle finger while he was clearing the ice from the dog's bowl. Oh Lord. It's my fault. I got upset with him when the dog bowls were all iced up.

Irene leads the young boy back through the set of E.R. doors.

Janet greets her on the other side of the swinging E.R. doors. Together they work to calm the mother and comfort the young boy who is trying to be brave.

YOUNG BOY

I didn't mean to ruin your scarf,
Mama

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sobs and smothers him in kisses and tears. Tough for Irene and Janet not to want to get misty too.

They are the same age, even blood-splattered and fully-garbed, they are gorgeous. They are best pals in and out of the hospital. They work in perfect rhythm to the insane pace at Bellevue.

From the front desk, the intercom blares.

INTERCOM (O.S.)
Operating room 2 is available.

As they wheel the young boy into the available O.R. Janet catches a look up to the large clock in the hallway. **12 noon.** Too late. She stays with the patient and calls back to Irene.

JANET
Call Alfred, explain if you can, I
just can't get clear.

Irene nods diligently.

EXT. LONDON TERRACE APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The doorman and Alfred stand together in the lobby. The clock on the wall in the lobby reads **12.02 PM.**

Both look to the sky where the first snow is starting to fall.

DOORMAN JERRY
Well, if it's any consolation,
here comes the weather.

AL
(Not at all upset)
Yep.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT RUNWAY- DAY

12.51pm when Marsh, Dixwell, and Andon's Northeast airline touches down and with it the snow has begun to fall.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT NORTHEAST AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY

Marsh, Dixwell, and Andon file off the Northeast plane after passengers finish exiting the plane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The snow is coming down hard now. Passengers are scurry and congregate around their gates. Their eyes look out to the falling snow with mixed concern and apprehension.

Delays are being reported over the intercom. Familiar faces from the Boston flight are all congregated around their next departure from Gate 11.

Esther Chopelas is trying to quiet her young 2 1/2 year old son, GREGORY. He is clearly cranky, tired, hungry.

INT. LAGUARDIA GIFT SHOP - DAY

She spots a model DC-6 airplane and balks at the \$6 price tag, but Gregory has latched onto it and she pays the attendant at the gift store. Gregory heads the plane off like he were the pilot. Whooshing and flying it through the throngs of annoyed people.

Gregory zooms his plane right past Captain Marsh. Marsh smiles at the little boy, tousles his hair as he stalks by.

After he walks on, Gregory makes a high swoop with his arm as if to land the plane but someone is running for their gate and doesn't see little Gregory. The MAN connects with Gregory's mid-flight landing and the plane and man go down. Gregory stands stunned and then cries. His plane is in pieces.

INT. LAGUARDIA'S KITTY HAWK RESTAURANT - DAY

The Kitty Hawk restaurant was touted as the most beautiful thing out at LaGuardia airport. The panoramic picture windows overlooked the airport's taxiway and apron, where passengers admired the coming and going of sleek airships.

At 1 pm, Marsh, Dixwell, Andon stop in for a quick lunch.

Andon looks out admiring the view.

MARSH

Some considered this beautiful.
Others see only the muck, mire and
thousand mistakes LaGuardia is
built on. Imagine, some of the
runways are sinking in the
landfill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Already in the restaurant, and irritated as the delays keep mounting up, are the Northeast Boston contingent who are all connecting to Marsh's Northeast flight 823.

Mary Bourgoïn, who stretches her husband's airline ticket agent's salary to accommodate her growing family's needs, takes one look at the menu and is overtly appalled.

When the WAITER comes over in white gloves, she stares him square in the eyes and stabs her finger at the cheapest thing on the menu.

MARY BOURGOIN

A piece of toast and some water,
that is if you don't charge for
that too!

The waiter turns to leave with a stiff smile and a grind of teeth.

Passengers watch their captain and co-pilot casually eating their lunch.

Outside the picture window, the GROUND CREW work on the Northeast DC-6A plane.

Marsh and Dixwell, Andon watch on and look out to the falling snow. None look worried at all.

At another table, Norman Chadwick stares out resignedly to the snow while the rest of the table yammers on animatedly.

Mary Bourgoïn sips her glass of water and stares out unblinking to the snowfall.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT NORTHEAST AIRLINES MAINTENANCE
OFFICE AND TERMINAL - DAY

A GROUND CONTROL MEMBER does a rip n' read off the printer and hands it off to Marsh.

GROUND CONTROL WORKER

Captain Marsh, your latest
dispatch telegraph from the
Northeast Miami office.

The weather has deteriorated. Marsh, Dixwell, and Andon receive the telegraph from Miami's main office:

Marsh reads out loud:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSH

Release flight 823 LaGuardia -
Miami via airways. Instruments
authorized. Alternate landing at
West Palm Beach. Departing
LaGuardia with 18,000 pounds fuel.
Instrument flight rules under Air
Traffic Control. Maximum gross
weight departing LaGuardia 97,275
pounds. Take-off Runway 4
(signed) Mathews, Miami
Operations, February 1, at 1 pm.

Marsh holds the dispatch in his hand and waves it out to
the near blizzard conditions mounting outside the picture
window.

MARSH

That's all well and good, but
Mathews is calling this from down
in Miami, not from up here.

He looks back out to the snow falling. Dixwell and Andon
look to their Captain and shrug.

DIXWELL

If Northeast had its own
maintenance office and terminal up
here maybe you could discuss your
decision with someone up here.

Marsh wheels around and sees a Flying Tiger MAINTENANCE
MAN warming himself by the radiator.

MARSH

(To Flying Tiger
maintenance man)
Will repairs made to propeller 1
cause us any delay in take-off?

FLYING TIGER MAINTENANCE MAN

No delays. We couldn't find the
right size governors to keep the
prop from over-revving, but it has
been fixed. Not picking up any
signs of over-rev now.

Marsh turns with a nod, it seems the least of his
concerns at this time. He looks back out to the
deteriorating weather outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARSH

I get it, to any normal Joe, it looks terrible out there, yea. But given the weather report, it's marginal for us in a four-engine DC, it's not that bad at all.

DIXWELL

Your call Captain. No one would ever call you a fair weather flyer if you canceled this flight.

Marsh seems resigned but also feeling the pressure to fly the plane on this new and important route versus grounding it and losing crucial revenue.

MARSH

To hell with it. I say we fly.

AN AERIAL IMAGE OF SNOW FALLING AND BEGINNING TO BLANKET THE CITY.

WEATHER DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Precipitation ceiling at 1,000 feet, obscuration 5/8ths of a mile, light snow, haze, smoke. Temperature 32, dew point 31. Wind northeast 9 knots. Barometric pressure 30.14. Visibility 5/8ths of a mile runway 4, the 1:30 pm weather report.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND CELL BLOCK - DAY

A burly and intimidating inmate, ROFFREDO, lies back on his cot, he has a simple St. Christopher necklace and a few prison tats. He's smoking his cigar, blowing smoke rings and peering out through his bars at the snow comes down. He is thoroughly enjoying his one single luxury. That stogy and that snowstorm. He smiles and exhales. On his small bedside table is his last cigar.

INT. NEW YORK CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Behind a door marked Courtroom 2, a gavel can be heard and a loud ruckus. The gavel pounds again. A MALE COURT CLERK stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURT CLERK

...On behalf of the jurors
presiding over the case Jones
versus the city of New York, the
verdict reads: guilty on 4 counts
of perjury and fraud.

Gavel again. As the sound of the crowd erupting in the courtroom, the door opens on the mayhem in the courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM 2 - DAY

The JUDGE is flocked by guards at the first hint of unrest. The guards swarm in and protect and obscure the judge from the crowds. The Judge is quickly ushered out the side door.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Upon exiting the courthouse, the press all surround with microphones and cameras. Snippets of conversations can be heard.

REPORTER #1

(To another reporter)
Nah, they're sending him to
Rikers.

In the crowd of people is Lucinda Glenn, remember her - the bombshell babe in her perfect heels and suit. She wraps her camelhair coat around her, slips on her red gloves and wraps her red scarf around her. She slides her leather portfolio case under her arm.

She is hustled along in the craze of the reporters. The snow is coming down harder now and she is rushing to hail a cab. She stares up to the sky as the snow falls harder now.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM

Janet and Irene lean back against the wall as if drained of the last shred of strength. They would slide down the wall into sitting, but there isn't even time for that.

Janet takes a swig of the black cup of coffee. All but straining the grinds through her teeth, she hands it to Irene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

I'm certain many great writers
have dedicated entire chapters to
Bellevue's Emergency room heading
into a Friday night...

(Beat)

How could I have ever thought I
would get clear of this place
today?

But, the code red lights start to flash and the intercom
blasts to life again. They roll their eyes and stagger to
standing.

JANET

Even **AFTER** I miss the plane, the
mere thought of leaving is
interrupted by...

INTERCOM (O.S.)

Elderkin... Doyle room 1.

As they head off, Irene swallows the black coffee and
nearly wretches. She rather athletically long-shots the
paper coffee cup into the trash. The clock overhead reads
2:22 pm.

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT NORTHEAST AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY

At Gate 11, passengers are still mulling around and
unsure whether their flight will be canceled.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Dresner schlep and dump their three
large suitcases and golf bag. They are rude and impatient
with the Northeast Departure crew.

HYMAN SCHWARTZ, a 51-year-old Brooklyn attorney sits
kneading his hands beside his 21-year-old son, JOEL.

JOEL

If you're so nervous, Papa, you
can always cancel.

HYMAN

No Son, I might as well go, you've
brought me all the way out here.
My luggage is onboard. Your mother
is waiting for me in Miami. I'll
go, I guess.

Both Hyman and Joel look out at the storm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, the Northeast gate crew welcomes their passengers to prepare to board. Over the intercom a pleasant voice announces

INTERCOM (FEMALE VOICE) (O.S.)
Northeast Airline's Flight 823 to
Miami is now boarding gate 11.

Hyman hugs his son hard and moves off with the crowd of passengers. Joel waves when his Papa looks back at him.

The clock reads **2.25 pm.**

INT. / EXT. LAGUARDIA TERMINAL - DAY

Marsh, Dixwell, and Andon exit the terminal and head out into the snow to climb the stairs to flight 823.

They watch the maintenance crew's futile attempts to sweep the snow clear. It keeps accumulating. 2 MEN stand atop the wing sweeping snow down toward the trailing back edge of the wing.

The third man, PETE TSANTES, stands on the ground reaching up with a broom to pull the snow to the ground.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - DAY

The tension inside that plane piles up as fast as the snow does on its wings and tail.

Passenger confusion and disputes over seats is all that can be heard. Couples want to move their seats in search of the safest locations, middle of plane. Back of plane, not over the wings. By the emergency exits.

All this while the stewardesses are trying to seat people and keep them quiet. Some light up cigarettes. The smoke billowing, the babies crying out, typical nightmare travel.

One OLD MAN PASSENGER, portly and surly, is particularly rude to the poor young Emily Gately who tries again and again to accommodate the curmudgeonly old man.

EMILY GATELY
Please sir, your seat up front is
perfectly safe.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY GATELY (CONT'D)

If you would please just take your seat, we must get a headcount otherwise we don't know the numbers nor weight for our proper takeoff.

OLD MAN PASSENGER

I don't give a damn'd about your headcount. I am sitting where I want. I paid dearly for my seat and if you think my weight is going to be an issue then, there, you've managed to offend me yet again. And I will no doubt report this to your supervisors!

Emily tries to recover from the manipulation of her words and is nearly brought to tears by the passenger's anger. The old man slams past her and moves to the back of the plane to take whatever damn'd seat he wants.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT - DAY

The clock on the console reads **3.05 pm**. Doris Steele knocks and delivers the manifest to Andon.

DORIS STEELE

The Cargo and Computation
Manifest.

Marsh to the senior stewardess Doris Steele as she backs out of the cockpit to leave.

MARSH

We need that headcount. We've had plenty of last minutes changes with passengers bumped from other flights getting switched to us. Their luggage, it adds up and given the weather, it will affect the way I fly this plane.

DORIS STEELE

Yessir. At once.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - DAY

It's **3:58 pm** on the clock in the galley.

Doris Steele is joined by Emily Gately and Kay Vachow to calm passengers and attempt to calculate a head count.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Dresners enter the plane. He's the successful construction mogul who is accompanied by Mrs. Dresner who pulls a long face the minute she sweeps onboard the plane. Her jewelry and furs alone are tipping the plane's weight. She has her three carry on bags and a look of utter disdain.

They had hardly settled down when Mrs. Dresner starts in.

MRS DRESNER

This plane is so colorless and worn, look how scuffed the floors are, would you? It's so dingy in here. It's downright shabby. How dreary.

(Off the magazine advertisement she's carrying and smacks with the back of her hand)

What happened to the luxury of modern air travel?

When the babies in the seats all around them start to wail and carry on, both Mr. Dresner and his wife are close to getting off.

MR. DRESNER

Now, Dearie, if we get off this plane, there won't be any other flights today.

Doris Steele tries to placate them.

DORIS STEELE

(to the Dresners)

If you exit the plane now, your luggage will not be removed.

MRS. DRESNER

(grinds her teeth in anger)

I have all my jewelry in those valises. I am not leaving them onboard!

MR. DRESNER

(in jest)

What's the matter? This plane's not good enough for you?

But, she looks ready to explode.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With that, little Gregory Chopelas is still inconsolable at the loss of his new airplane his mommy had bought him.

His poor mother, Esther, is exhausted trying to console him. She has stretched her mink coat over him to try and get him to sleep. In a full-tantrum, the child kicks the back of the chair and the man ahead of him, Dr. Taub turns back wild eyed at the young boy. He looks ready to strike the boy.

He abruptly gets up with his brother-in-law Dr. Benjamin Kovnat.

DR. TAUB

C'mon Benjamin. I want different seats as far away from this screamer as possible. Let's head to the back.

When Emily tries to halt him, he points a finger in her face.

DR. TAUB

If this plane does not leave by 4 pm, I am getting off!

Emily tries to smile sheepishly. Doris Steele picks up the intercom to save Emily from any further passenger abuse.

DORIS STEELE OVER INTERCOM (O.S.)

We will be leaving the ramp in precisely one minute. Everyone must take their seats at once.

The longer the passengers are on the plane, the more apparent the mood slips from pleasant excitement to sheer agony of waiting and wondering.

The clock in the galley reads **4:01 pm.**

EXT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - DAY

The maintenance crew work to clear the snow, but to no avail. As one passenger, ROBERT PIERCE, finally unleashes on Doris Steele.

ROBERT PIERCE

What the hell are we just sitting here for? Look out there, the snow is already piling up again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIS STEELE

Don't worry. Everything will be
all right and soon we will be down
in the sunny south where there is
no snow.

Just as the plane begins to move, the passengers all sigh
with relief.

DR. TAUB

Finally!

MRS. DRESNER

It's about time.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT

Just as they are heading out, Marsh is concerned by the
pile up of snow. Over his radio comes the transmission
comes through.

JOHN JAY (O.S.)

Northeast 823, this is John Jay,
Chief maintenance. I'm sending
Supervisor Hubert Biron down to
inspect the plane.

Marsh draws a deep breath and calmly halts the plane.

EXT. NORTHEAST 823 - DAY

BIRON and his crew circle the plane for a cursory
inspection. Clearly, they need to de-ice again.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - DAY

Passengers are peering out at the men circling the plane.
Tension hangs in the cabin like the chain smoke off the
nervous cigarettes and smokers. The angry comments
puncture what little patience remains.

Little Mark Kronen holds onto his favorite stuffed dog
Blue. He is quiet and so calm proving that, for the most
part, the kids on the plane are suddenly seeming to be
acting better than the adults.

Meanwhile the man seated nearby at the exit door,
BENJAMIN OPATOWSKY, is a burly 62 year old baker from the
Bronx. He and his wife YETTA are very nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They have moved from the left seats over the wing to the now exit seats at the trailing end of the wing on the right side.

Opatowsky tugs his wife along to move her to these seats. He sees the exit door handle and tugs on it contemplating what he would do just in case.

Across the aisle, little Nancy Tulowiecki sits calmly drawing in her coloring book. Her father flicks her pigtails which makes her giggle every time. Ed Tulowiecki, 34, is a parts owner at a truck repair garage. His nails have been scrubbed clean of the grease, but his are working hands and his suit is clearly a size too big and something he isn't as comfortable wearing as his overalls.

Nancy's father admires her drawing as he wraps a loving and protective arm around his precious daughter.

ED TULOWIECKI

Maybe you could give that to your mother when we see her. She'd like very much.

Nancy smiles up to her dad and nods vigorously "yes".

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT - DAY

Marsh listens to his radio headset.

JOHN JAY

Confirmed accumulation greater than 1/2" on your left wing.

(as if making this up as they go)

Since Northeast does not currently have a hangar facility at Laguardia, our mechanic, John Rohrssen is on with someone at Northeast's operations office down in Miami. We need to rent a hangar for you to head over to.

Marsh is beginning to feel the pressure, but stifles his frustration and obliges.

MARSH

Copy that. Standing by for further instructions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He continues to look out at the diminishing ceiling and visibility.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY/NIGHT

Daylight bleeds out early into darkness as the blizzard casts the airport and outlying area into darkness. From above, LaGuardia, the angry Jamaica Bay and then beyond to Rikers Island is a menacing sight.

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND - NIGHT

Outside, INMATES brace against the cold. They are bundled up and armed with shovels.

PRISON OFFICER
(Commanding the
inmates)
We need to get these sidewalks
cleared for supper.

INMATES lean into it and begin the tedious work. Heating up off the physical labor, they start stripping off hats and coats until they are in their shirts. Steam rising off them, their breath catching in the air.

INMATE CUIIN is enjoying the fresh air, he bends and shovels the pathways. There are other inmates, one in particular, a large African American inmate MATHER, whose eyes dart to all the ways to escape right here, right now...

CUIIN
(off his earlier list
of things he can't
wait for when he
gets back home)
And shoveling my own walkway!

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - NIGHT

Passengers grow more unhappy. In an instance, when Doris Steele and Kay Vischow see that passengers are fed up and ready to get off the plane, Doris moves swiftly. She is plucky and confident in her decision to serve the sandwiches before departure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIS STEELE

I'll probably be killed for this later, but I'm going to serve sandwiches now.

(With a forced laugh)

What are they gonna do, arrest me?

Kay Vischow moves up the plane to the front of the cabin handing out sandwiches to the grumbling passengers. She stops when she comes to little Mandy Sanger. She smiles at Mandy and the doll she has in her arms.

KAY VISCHOW

Here you go a sandwich for you and your doll to share. Why don't you take a napkin for each of you? We wouldn't want you to soil your pretty dress.

Mandy smiles at the pretty flight attendant.

MANDY

Thank you. You're dress is pretty too. When I grow up I'd like to be a stewardess, pretty and nice like you.

Kay caresses the young girl's face.

KAY VISCHOW

And I would like to have a little girl as pretty and kind as you one day. What's your name?

The little girl beams.

MANDY SANGER

My name is Mandy and this is Lulu.

Kay smiles and kisses Mandy on the top of her head. And tucks Lulu in beside her under the seatbelt then moves on.

Doris Steele covers the other direction heading toward the tale section of the plane. As she moves down the aisle she placates the annoyed passengers finally arriving to the handsome Mr. Mason Benson.

DORIS STEELE

They'll hand me my head when I get back, but I'm going to give away the sandwiches we are supposed to sell later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mason Benson is furious.

MASON BENSON

We waived our first class seats
onboard another airline just to
get to Florida tonight.

She does her best as the plane now slowly lurches to the hangar. Each minute feels like hours in this cramped and dreary cabin.

DORIS STEELE

Here, for your patience I would
like to offer you my de luxe roast
beef sandwich.

Mason Benson holds it up.

MASON BENSON

You call this de luxe? Two slabs
of thin cardboard slapped between
two slices of dry bread?!

The plane has now come to rest under a nose hangar. Only the front of the plane is covered and the tail is completely covered in snow again.

Mason Benson tries to stand. The plane skids and lurches slightly and he catches himself and lands back in his seat. His wife Peggy is trying to calm him. He is livid.

INT./ EXT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT - DAY

Marsh and Dixwell immediately get off the plane to discuss the situation.

It is clearly a tense discussion outside the plane under the semi cover of the nose hangar.

Marsh appears to be gesticulating furiously that the tail is fully exposed to the elements and the nose hangar is hardly suitable for these conditions.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - DAY

From his window seat, Robert Pierce points out to the snow removal crew.

ROBERT PIERCE

Hey, get a load of that, would
ya?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Outside the plane, the SNOW REMOVAL CREW is sweeping and trying to keep warm at the same time. They appear to be dancing and tapping their brooms in unison so they can get the snow off the fuselage and wings and swept down the trailing to the tail.

Though it looks like a dance, it's more like synchronized snow sweeping. One man pulls and taps, the next shuffles and plows it along.

But to Mr. Dresner inside the plane, it appears these snow removal men are nothing but mocking the passengers who have by now been cooped up in this plane for nearly 4 hours.

MR. DRESNER
(Pointing incensed at
the snow removal
crew)

The nerve of them! So help me God
if they worked for me and built
any house for me, dancing and
carrying on like that, I'd fire
them before their first boot hit
the floor!

(Furious)
Bunch of cabaret dancers!

With that Mason Benson stands up trying to shove to the front of the plane. Doris Steele stops him.

DORIS STEELE
Please sir.

Mrs. Benson tries to hold his sleeve and calm her husband, but he tugs away, fully fired up.

MASON BENSON
I demand to speak to the captain
at once.

There is an awkward pause by the Stewardess Steele.

With which Charles Naylor, the pianist chimes in.

CHARLES NAYLOR
Yes, I've had enough of this
nonsense.

KENNETH KRONEN
(Angrily motioning
out the window)
This is insane!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KENNETH KRONEN (CONT'D)

What is the use of going into the hangar anyway? The wings are completely covered in snow again!

MASON BENSON

Well? I repeat I wait to speak to the Captain, NOW!

Doris Steele is clearly at a loss.

DORIS STEELE

You can't.

MASON BENSON

Why not?!

DORIS STEELE

Because he's not here. He left the plane and we have no stairway to let the passengers off at this hangar.

MASON BENSON

Well, if he got off, I would like to get off also - through the nose, if possible.

DORIS STEELE

If you insist of course you can get off, but there is no transportation to the terminal.

(pointing off in the distance)

The terminal is way over there.

Benson's eyes the terminal way off across the airport.

DORIS STEELE

You'll be stuck here a couple of hours, at least.

(Pleading)

Please, it won't be long now - a few minutes- before we get going.

Mrs. Benson somewhat embarrassed by the debate, nudges her husband.

PEGGY BENSON

As long as it'll be a couple of minutes more, let's stick it out... we waited this long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Across the aisle, little Nancy Tulowiecki, 6, colors in her coloring book. Her father wraps a comforting arm around her shielding her from the bickering adults.

DR. TAUB
(to his brother-in-law)

What a ridiculous situation this is. The plane is all covered with snow again and they've decided we should now take off?

A little girl MANDY SANGER sits politely beside her mother. She is munching happily on her sandwich. She pretends to feed her doll, daubing her doll's mouth like a polite little princess.

EXT./INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - DAY

Marsh can be seen all but throwing his hands up in the air as he heads back to the plane. The pressurized cabin thumps slightly as the nose exit is once again sealed.

Clock on the console reads: **5:28pm**

The adults around continue to act up until finally the plane lurches aggressively and with great difficulty out of the hangar.

As the plane skids and shimmies, it throws Benson back down into his seat and shuts the rest of them up.

Mandy nibbles her sandwich.

Arthur Bourgoine, who had been so keen to take this trip has by now devolved into an irate passenger. He is thrown when the plane skids nearly knocking out the tail on the hangar.

His eyes dart to the emergency door near his seat. He reads the instructions for opening it. His wife, Mary, sits beside him. She closes her eyes and crosses her fingers.

It is a very close call and every mechanic and ground personnel on that plane knows it.

NORMAN DAVIS, 35, mechanical engineer for Northeast whips his head around to watch the close call. He draws an audible "whoa", as they nearly peg the hangar with the tail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sitting next to him is a beautiful woman. She is catnapping and her leather portfolio has slipped down from her hands. Etched on the front of the leather case are her initials LWG. She has rushed from work at the courthouse and is clearly too tired to be too bothered by all the delays.

The plane has grown cold inside from so long a wait out on the runway.

So relaxed and composed, she shifts to wrap her camelhair coat around her as a sort of blanket. Her red scarf is nestled around her neck and her red leather gloves are sticking out her coat pockets.

Norman not wanting to disturb her, and with the utmost manners, leans over to her.

NORMAN DAVIS

(close to a whisper)

Forgive me, but have you managed
your seatbelt?

She looks at him somewhat confused. He kindly moves to help her and clasps it outside of her camelhair coat so she can rest with the safety belt latched.

She smiles at his kindness. Then nods off truly a sleeping beauty. Norman watches her a moment, then remembers his own wedding band on his finger... oh well...

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT - DAY

Co-pilot Dixwell can barely believe that they are continuing under the deteriorating weather conditions.

Andon runs through the 19 pre-start check list. Each item requiring a response from the captain.. first officer, or himself.

FLIGHT ENGINEER ANDON

Battery and external power...
inverters... parking brake...
hydraulic and air brake
pressure... hydraulic fluid...
heater... fuel, oil, and ADI
quantity... cabin pressure...
landing gear down... crew
oxygen... navigation lights...
flight instruments...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With each check, Dixwell and Marsh respond off their gauges and dials.

DIXWELL / MARSH

On... checked... set...

Captain Marsh gives the usual order to start engines.

MARSH

3,4,2,1...

As the plane clears the hangar, Marsh gives an imperceptive shake of his head. Close call.

In a tense moment, he salutes the man on the ground. A return salute from the ground man was the captain's receipt that he now legally assumed all responsibility for the plane and the flight.

Console clock **5:47pm**

Dixwell goes for the first request for clearance from ground control.

INT. LAGUARDIA GROUND CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

The chief ground controller JOSEPH MAYE hands the first clearance request on an 8 x 5 sheet of paper to FRED PRAWDZIK, the flight data processor sitting next to him.

Prawdzik then picks up the phone and passes via telephone directly to...

INT. AIR ROUTE TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER IDLEWILD AIRPORT - NIGHT

A CREWMEMBER at the Air Route Traffic Control Center at Idlewild Airport responds.

IDLEWILD CREWMEMBER

Clearance Northeast 8-2-3.

Dixwell blurts out as the plane skids on the runway while they try to bump up and over snow that has accumulated on the runway.

DIXWELL

Gosh, it's slippery out here on Runway 4.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they are held up trying to navigate they miss their window.

Marsh is frustrated and tense.

6:01 pm console clock

INT LAGUARDIA GROUND CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

The blizzard conditions swirl and engulf their plane. The 9 men stationed at the top of the ground control tower can't see beyond the window.

They handle traffic for millions of travelers and are the very central nerve of all New York area air travel. They oversee 4 million dollars worth of airport radar equipment.

In their 40 x 220 foot glass oval slapped atop the ground control tower, they go 8 hour shifts and rotate every 2 hours so none will crack up.

Tonight's weather is beyond the normal stressful conditions. Ground controller Maye rips on the radio. It's a very hectic night. Planes landing, others de-icing, snow, wind...

MAYE

Someone get that other plane on
the radio. Don't distract
Northeast...

INT. EASTERN 587 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Radio erupts in the plane that's waiting along the side of the runway.

GROUND CONTROLLER (O.S.)

Eastern 5-8-7 has that aircraft
started to roll yet??

EASTERN 587 PILOT

(Into his headset)
Negative.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Their headsets crackle when Maye barks out the command.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYE

Northeast 8-2-3 clear the runway!
The traffic's in close now. It
took you too long to get into
position!

Marsh swings the plane off the runway as Dixwell
responds.

DIXWELL

Ok Northeast 8-2-3 we're clearing.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - NIGHT

At this point, Gary Lassell, instrument mechanic wraps
his seatbelt and knots it. He's grown more agitated by
the plane's skidding and abrupt starts and stops.

Beside him, his wife does the same thing with their 18-
month-old inside the belt.

Gary stops her immediately.

GARY LASSELL

No no, we don't want it that way.
Put it around yourself and hold
onto him.

She tries to make light of his overreaction.

LASSELL WIFE

Roger that! My Air Force
commander!

He tries to smile and hugs her to his side and kisses his
son's head.

Further back down the plane, Esther Chopelas chooses not
to fasten her seatbelt at all. She fakes it, then hides
it with her large mink coat. Then plops her son Gregory
on her lap to hide the unbuckled belt.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT

Dixwell watches the plane come in and pass them. Through
his headset.

MAYE (O.S.)

Taxi right into position on Runway
4 and hold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIXWELL

8-2-3 he's by. We're moving.

With his eyes on the speed indicator, Dixwell calls out.

DIXWELL

Ninety-six knots... one hundred
ten...

Marsh eases off the control wheel, first taking up slack then applying more pressure to draw the wheel back toward his body.

INT. LAGUARDIA TOWER - NIGHT

The Watch Supervisor, GOODMAN can't see anything. GOODMAN swipes up the radio.

GOODMAN

Eastern 5-7-8 will you advise when
that DC6 starts his roll?

PILOT EASTERN 578

He's already gone!

Goodman strains to see, but cannot make out anything.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - NIGHT

With no further warning, the plane rumbles down the runway. At the half way point, it commences lift off.

6:01 pm on the galley clock. Bounding down the runway, JOHN REDDINGTON up in the first row seat 1A, reclines and closes his eyes.

JOHN REDDINGTON

(To his wife)

Wake me when we reach Miami.

Back down the plane, as they lift off, Arthur Bourgoins is crumpling and wringing the emergency exit instructions he's so nervous.

Directly behind the Bourgoins sits Mrs. Zukowski. She closes her eyes and begins intoning the Lord's Prayer:

MRS. ZUCKOWSKI

Our Father who art in Heaven...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the tail section of the plane, the beautiful red head Peggy Benson is buried in her book. She fondles her pearl strand necklace around her neck as she reads on so engrossed in her book.

Her husband Mason keeps joking about the exit window.

MASON BENSON

Pull up, push in and push window out.

He keeps saying it then moves his attention to his wife to pretend she is the window. Double entendre all the way, she swats at him playfully. He pulls up, pushes in and moans into her neck...

She shoos him one last time embarrassed by his antics. He chuckles then looks out the window as they are barreling down the runway.

In an instance, Mason glimpses a large white sign at the very end of the runway and laughs outright.

Peggy shoots him a "now what" look.

PEGGY BENSON

What is it?

Mason points to the passing sign.

MASON BENSON

It's the sign...

PEGGY BENSON

What did it say?

MASON BENSON

If you can read this you're as good as dead!

He smiles at her. She swats him. But he's not joking.

MASON BENSON

I'm serious!

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Barreling down the runway, they lift off and head out over Jamaica Bay. Marsh calls out an order to Andon.

MARSH

Gear up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dixwell immediately spots the first engine over-revving to 2,900 RPMs. He leans over to toggle back switch to 2,800 RPMs.

DIXWELL

Damn'd it to hell! They said this
over-rev was fixed!

With the radio mic in hand, he switches radio channel selector. **BUT** something makes him turn in his seat to watch Andon, who is both new and young. Andon is too slow to manipulate the throttles. He moves to reduce power too slowly!

At this critical moment of take off, Dixwell takes his eyes off flight instruments for several seconds.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 - NIGHT

Back down the plane, the reaction is of equal terror and shock as the plane banks too hard to the left and starts descending.

Norman Davis knows immediately they are going to crash. He instinctively covers sleeping beauty to brace for impact.

MRS. ZUCKOWSKI

(her eyes squeezed
shut in terror)

*Thy Kingdom come. Thy Will be
done...*

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT

Something flashes outside in front of the windshield.

DIXWELL

(Hollers)

AL, GROUND!!!

INT. LAGUARDIA GROUND CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

The white line illuminating the radar set sweeps the screen every 2 seconds.

In the quiet tower, against the muted babble of other voices radar controller, MIKE McNAMARA, calmly follows the white sweep of the radar blip as Flight 823 moves from the center of the radar screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He watches the second sweep of the radar scope, then the third. The blip moves straight away from Runway 4.

On the fourth sweep of the radar arm, McNamara sits bolt upright! The blip darts sharply to the left.

McNamara raises his head and voice in panic.

MCNAMARA

Goodman! It just veered off.

GOODMAN

What?!

MCNAMARA

Northeast 823!

He looks disbelieving back at the radar screen as it sweeps the scope, but the plane is gone! The blip is gone.

MCNAMARA

Where the hell is 823?!

GOODMAN

What are you saying?!

McNamara rips his hand through his hair then gestures to the screen... Goodman runs over to see.

MCNAMARA

I've never seen such a drastic departure from take-off. It pulled hard to the left.

The tower erupts scrambling to get out emergency calls.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Marsh jerks his head up and immediately sees land at 100 feet away, but perhaps it was only 10.

He perceives they are in a hard left bank. He instinctively pulls the hard on the wheel in a desperate effort to lift the plane, simultaneously, he rolls the wheel right to correct for the hard left bank.

All braces for impact. Andon and Dixwell cover their faces against the slamming momentum of the plane.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - NIGHT

In the cabin, people are dangling and falling forward as the plane yaws hard to the left.

Norman Davis looks out and knows they are going to crash. The wing he was sitting over was perpendicular to the ground.

Kenneth Kronen is aghast at the sight of the trees coming up. His wife was singing an improv song to their young son.

SELMA KRONEN
(Singing to her son)
We're flying. We're flying, we're
flying to Miami...

EXT. NORTHEAST 823 TRAVELING OVER RIKERS ISLAND - NIGHT

Swooping down over the island at 140 knots, plane slashes through a row of young trees- called ironically London Plane Trees, slicing off the treetops at some 15 feet off the ground, the plane careens down a small hill.

The left outboard propeller slashes the ground first. Then the left wing tip smashes into the ground. The fuselage, then right wing tip strike 150 feet further on.

With the landing gear still retracted, the plane skids through the snow on its belly. No. 1 and No. 2 engines tear loose from the left wing.

Then the entire left wing cracks off. Within seconds the plane disintegrates into a fiery ball of flames. Electrical system severed, plunging the entire plane into utter darkness.

Exterior of plane is a huge orange ball as the wing tanks laden with 3000 gallons - or 9 tons - of high-octane gasoline, are ignited by the shattered engines.

INT. / EXT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 - NIGHT

Mr. Dresner squeezing his wife's hand for good luck at the take-off, is first to spot the large orange flame fill the window across the aisle. He yells out!

MR. DRESNER
Fire!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Down the plane shouts and screams are heard "We're on fire", another cries out. Another "we're going to crash!"

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND - NIGHT

The plane skids to down the flat soft vegetable patch just outside Reverend Proelss's house on Rikers Island.

100 more yards off, the thick concrete walls of the prison loom. Had the plane hit that, life would have disintegrated from within the plane as within the prison.

Miraculously, the crash landing is so soft, the emergency lights are not even activated. All 101 men, women and children on flight 823 are alive. Passengers fumble and holler in the dark.

The clock in the galley reads **6:02 pm** then melts along with the rest of the plane as **the loud explosion rips through the back of the plane.**

From holes torn in the plane's skin, flames from the left wing's gasoline tanks shoot in the middle of the cabin and roar toward the tail like a blast from a flame-thrower. Blood-curdling screams come from those in the way back of the plane.

It's a montage of grizzly mutilation. A case study in what happens when human flesh meets the highest burning heat off jet fuel.

INTERCUT

INT. REVEREND PROELSS'S HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marianne Proelss stands at her kitchen sink peeling beets. Her hands stained in the blood red beet juice. She looks out the window over the sink at the snow storm. Jeremiah stands beside her preparing the stew pot **when the fireball flies through the air.**

Against the whites of Jeremiah's eyes, the orange glow reflects as they both drop everything and run to the door. Marianne pulls open the door.

Jeremiah places his arm in front of her instinctively to protect her as a fiery piece of plane is skidding straight at their house and miraculously stops just shy of their doorstep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMIAH

(crying out)

It's a plane! There must be people
out there who need help!

MARIANNE

You be careful, Jeremiah!

JEREMIAH

Yes Ma'am!

She grabs a coat from the hook and a flashlight from the
drawer beside her and pitches them to her houseboy as he
hurries past her.

MARIANNE

Here take these! God Be With
You...

JEREMIAH

(off the plane crash
victims)

No Ma'am not with me, with them!

INT. REVEREND PROELSS'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Mike Proelss races out of his room down the hall to check
on his little sister. His tuxedo jacket half on, tie
streams undone around his neck. He rips open her door.
She sits on her bed in shock watching the entire crash
play out with her front row seats to this horror movie.

Commotion from behind Reverend Proelss's closed bedroom
door as he races for the telephone. His voice booms from
his room.

REVEREND FREDERICK PROELSS (O.S.)

Emergency! Get me the Warden!

INT. RIKERS ISLAND CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

As the fireball explodes the night sky, it's as if the
heat off of it melts the blizzard away for an instance
and all the INMATES jump to see from their prison cell
windows, the plane skidding to a halt mere feet from
their cement cell block.

Every single man in that hellish place, as hardened as
they are, as dangerous as they are, forget that and stand
in horror and shock at the calamitous crash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Human beings release a sound so shrill and visceral when their bodies burn at 1,517 degrees Fahrenheit.

The INMATES claw at their bars, rip at their ears as the sounds all but drive them mad.

A single inmate cries out in despair/madness.

INMATE
Is this Armageddon?!

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON CENTRAL DESK - NIGHT

DEPUTY WARDEN JAMES HARRISON, 49-year-old, African American, races back from the window where the whites of his eyes also reflect the fireball. He swipes up the phone mid-ring, waving off the PRISON DESK OFFICER, Ray Shanahan, who was set to answer the call.

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON
This is Deputy Warden Harrison.

INTERCUT

REVEREND PROELLS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Looking out to the horror, he speaks barely able to shake the shock.

REVEREND PROELSS
James, this is Reverend Frederick.
A plane crash... over by my house!

INTERCUT

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON
Yessir. Thank you for confirming
the location of the crash...

He slams down the phone and turns to Ray Shanahan.

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON
How many officers are on tonight?

RAY SHANAHAN
Only 28.

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON
(Shaking his head)
Not enough to pull them.
(Beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON (CONT'D)
What about the snow removal crew?

RAY SHANAHAN
Yes! We've got inmates from the
transportation gang and the farm
gang just out starting snow
removal.

Deputy Warden stares hard at the burning crisis.

RAY SHANAHAN
(Studying the deputy
warden)
The Warden sure picked one hell of
a night to be off the island!

Deputy Warden Harrison tears his hand through his hair.
In that split second, Harrison makes a Hail Mary decision
and then braces for the outcome.

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON
(Shouting to Ray
Shanahan)
Get the gangs who are ready for
snow clearing!

RAY SHANAHAN
But we have no officers to send
with them!

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON
Just send them out!

Ray is shocked and immediately understands there is no
time at all to question his deputy warden.

RAY SHANAHAN
Yessir!

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Harrison dashes out directing prison officers to turn on
all the outdoor floodlights.

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON
(with a gesture of
raising his arms
upward)
Fire them up boys!

Then to another to alert the police and fire departments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON

Get police and fire from the
mainland!

Then he dashes out into the night headed to the burning plane.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Marsh, Andon are uninjured. Dixwell has broken a few ribs, he winces at first, but immediately joins in to kick out the cockpit window as smoke fills the cockpit.

MARSH

Let's get out of here!

Dixwell's side window is jammed, he scrambles across and jumps down from Marsh's side window. Andon pushes out the cockpit crew exit door and flings the door open staring at the fire on the right wing.

The skeleton of the plane glows red like molten metal.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 BACK OF CABIN - NIGHT

Kenneth Kronen is dragged back to reality by his wife who crawls on the floor to locate Ricky, their 3 year old. She finds him and stands, a deep breath singes her lungs, she wills herself on.

MRS. SELMA KRONEN

I'm going to live... to live!

She rushes to get her husband and her wailing child Ricky off the plane.

MRS. SELMA KRONEN

(to Kenneth)

Hurry up! Hurry up!

She grabs Kenneth and gets him up and heads them resolutely to the glow. A backlog of people ahead, she tries to wait. Kenneth and Mark are separated in the confusion.

MRS. SELMA KRONEN

Oh please hurry, would you hurry!

Then she turns to see an opening over the wing and moves off. Gingerly holding Ricky to her chest, she slides off the wing and onto the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kenneth grabs Mark their infant son and throws him off the plane. Unaware that his hands are on fire, Kenneth jumps down after to the ground somewhere towards the aft of the plane.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 CABIN - NIGHT

Behind the Kronens and down in the tail section across the aisle from the Bensons, Charles Naylor, the young pianist and his wife have been slammed back in their seats. Naylor whips off his seat belt and stands just as the blast of fire sweeps down the cabin. He sees it coming, but it was too late. It hits his face. He cups his hands over his mouth and nose in anguish.

The rear of the plane filling with orange flames, Naylor spots a dark gray area, a window that had been blown out.

Unable to get through the small opening, Naylor thrusts his arms out. Bending his elbows, he forces back the molten metal to enlarge the opening and dive out. His arms and hands are fully ablaze, but he keeps on, numb to the pain.

EXT. NORTHEAST 823 CRASH SITE - NIGHT

In the snow, Charles Naylor scrambles to his feet and runs through two rings of fire about 50 yards from the plane before he remembers his wife. He stops dead.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 CABIN - NIGHT

Mrs. Naylor sits preparing to die until she somehow spots the dark gray opening. She claws for it.

EXT. NORTHEAST 823 CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Charles looks up at the plane and races back through the fire to the plane.

She has her head stuck out the tiny opening. She is crying out

MRS. NAYLOR
Charlie, Charlie!

Naylor pushes his wife's head back inside and shouts to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES NAYLOR

Put your arm through the window
and then your head!

She manages to and Charles seizes her arm and pulls her out of the molten metal of the plane pulling her down on the ground.

EXT. NORTHEAST 823 COCKPIT - NIGHT

Marsh, Dixwell slide out the nose and leap 6 feet to the ground. Marsh and Dixwell land in a crouch position. They jump up instantly. Marsh is neither injured nor burned at all.

Marsh can hear the screams and immediately he, Dixwell, Andon race back to evacuate the passengers.

Peering inside the gaping hole in the plane, Marsh watches on with horror at bodies now ablaze at the rear of the plane. He sees a woman lying in the snow and stumbles forward grasping her hand to drag her further away from the plane. He pulls her away. When he clears her, he rolls her over. There is no face. There is no real head...

He pulls his hand away in terror, runs, stumbles off in horror and shock. He staggers to a look up at the magnitude of destruction.

INT. LAGUARDIA GROUND CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

The snow-flecked windows suddenly illuminated by the flash of orange off beyond Runway 4.

John McNamara the radio controller calls sharply on the radio

MCNAMARA

Northeast 8-2-3... LaGuardia
Departure Control at eighteen-zero-
three... correction on the
time...eighteen-zero-two now... do
you read LaGuardia Departure one
two zero point four... do you
read?

Chaos as Goodman starts calling out to the planes landing and taking off. They are blowing up his frequency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOODMAN

We are unable to work with
aircraft that proceeded you and we
did see a red flash. We don't know
what it is. We're trying to
determine what became of the
aircraft.

(He barks into his
radio.)

All aircraft STAND BY!

Within moments it's clear to all. McNamara dives for the
set of phones alerting aviation, fire, police.

MCNAMARA

Northeast 823 has gone down. Get
the Coast Guard bird in the air at
once! Flight departed Runway 4.

INT. NORTHEAST FLIGHT 823 CABIN - NIGHT

Upon impact, Mason Benson's seat is torn clear off its
tracks and catapulted through the air. He lands on his
right shoulder and arm, he looks up the aisle to the
orange blast of flames comes at him like a furnace blast.
He ducks his head into his arms.

MASON BENSON

(out loud)

This can't be happening to me...

As the stabbing heat passes just above him, he cranes his
head back to see his beautiful red head wife Peggy take
the blast directly in the face. He watches in horror her
beautiful face melt like wax. The pearl necklace burns
and melts into her beautiful neck.

Instinct kicks in as he scrambles to get to his wife.

MASON BENSON

Peggy!

Her head is moving and she is screaming as the flames eat
away at her face. The flame burns out, plunging them back
into darkness. He feels his way for her thigh, then is
able to scoop her up. He remembers the emergency window
exit by her seat.

As if from memory, he repeats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON BENSON

Pull up, push in and push window
out...

He gropes along the wall. It is glowing orange with heat, his hands are sizzling, but he appear to feel nothing as he locates the two holes by which he manages to release the window.

Benson shoves Peggy from the plane. She falls the 15 feet landing like a broken doll.

Set to jump after her, Mason looks back inside the plane where he spots both Hyman Schwartz and nearby Emily Gately, the stewardess as she continues beating the heel of her shoe on her window to try to get out.

When the wave of fire roils around her, all but engulfing her, she simply sits back in shock. She closes her eyes and starts to pray while her nylon stockings ignite and seer into her legs.

Mason Benson reaches forward, grasps Emily Gately and pushes her slim body out the small window in front of him.

EXT. WHITESTONE BRIDGE - NIGHT

With the blizzard whipping across the bridge, the traffic is at a crawl. Cars slide and skid. Caught up in the traffic jam is Hyman Schwartz's 21-year-old son, Joel Schwartz.

Something about the deterioration of weather outside has him seriously on edge. He shakes his head remembering how nervous his father had been about flying.

JOEL SCHWARTZ

That's it. I am officially my
father.

He tries to laugh at himself, but just then, his windshield wipers, frozen with ice and snow, tangle with one another and rip each other apart.

He struggles to see through the windshield. He fumbles to turn them off, useless as they are.

Joel rolls down his side window and gasps at the blast of snow and icy wind hits him in the side of the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When he rolls down the window and sticks his head out the side window to try to see, instead he hears the loud engine wash of a plane looming just overhead! He is startled as he looks up to see the near crash of a plane into the bridge.

He looks at the plane's belly then whirls around frantically wondering 'didn't anyone else just see that?'

He slams on the brakes and waits in the snake of red brake lights.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORTHEAST 823 CABIN CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The burning red fire of the plane crash the moment Mason Benson turns back to where he had seen Hyman Schwartz. The red fireball consumes Hyman Schwartz in the explosive fireball ripping through the tail of the plane.

Mason Benson watches as Hyman Schwartz is incinerated before his eyes, then Mason moves to dive out of the plane as the fireball blows him the rest of the way outside.

Across the way, Gary Lassell's baby, ROY, is hurtled from his wife's arms upon impact. He tumbles up the aisle to the front of the plane landing at the feet of MRS. REDDINGTON who scoops up the little waddled baby and charges after her husband to the gaping hole between seats 2 and 3 on the left.

Mrs. Reddington doesn't know what to do, but instinctively throws the little baby clear of the burning plane. Little Roy sails like a broken doll, through the air, unfurling from his swaddled blanket.

Gary Lassell fights and tugs on the seatbelt he had tied off (versus clasping it per instructions) he finally calms down enough to untie it.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 FRONT CABIN - NIGHT

The front of the plane is somehow relatively unscathed upon impact.

Little Mandy Sanger barely feels the slightest thud upon the smooth landing. She continues to munch on the sandwich she had received from the nice flight attendant before take off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mandy Sanger takes another little bite, from her perch up in the front of the cabin it's getting a little smokey and hot, but she nibbles on. When she turns back to see the nice flight attendant, she can't understand why everyone is making so much noise. And her mommy is hollering at her.

MANDY SANGER'S MOTHER
Come along Mandy, hurry dearie!

MANDY
But Mommy, my sandwich!

As Mandy looks back she sees the fireball rip through the tail of the plane. The last thing she locks on is Kay Vischow, the pretty and nice flight attendant who had given her the sandwich. Kay stares at Mandy as the fireball rips through the back of the plane and the pretty and nice flight attendant seems to melt right before her eyes. Kay Vischow is then violently blown out of the plane.

Mandy buries her eyes because it can't be real. Her mother drags the little girl along. Lulu falls in the commotion. Trampled by the fleeing passengers.

Mandy strains to get Lulu, but is pulled along.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 - NIGHT

Benjamin Opatowski who had, during the endless delays, been practicing what he would do with the emergency exit handle in case, pulls with such force he snaps the handle off. The exit is worthless now as the fire engulfs the rear rows.

Ed Tulowiecki frantically unfastens his daughter Nancy's seat belt. The flames lick at them but he blocks his daughter from the searing heat. His hands and face taking the blast. She doesn't cry out at all, so confident she is in her father's ability to keep her safe.

As they race for the opening. A man shoves little Nancy out of the way. She hits her head and goes down. As the man fumbles past her, he looks frantically to get out. Nancy's father locks eyes on him. Ed Tulowiecki will never forget that face.

Norman Davis has it in his mind from what he last spotted out the window, that they have landed in the waters of Jamaica Bay. He rips at his seatbelt and that of the beautiful woman sitting to his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She has a large deep gash running across her forehead. He blots it with a handkerchief he has in his pocket then moves with her toward the center of the plane. Other passengers are shoving against him, fish swimming upstream, he keeps on to reach up and tug on the center ceiling portion of plane.

DAVIS

We must get the lifeboat out. We cannot last in the water! Hurry, help me get the boat down!

Lucinda stops applying pressure to her forehead to help Davis, and immediately the blood spurting from her wound and blinding her as they flail. Passengers are ramming and shoving past them. The ceiling compartment won't release.

DAVIS

(shouts)

Come on, we will do our best to swim to the safety.

His life vest on, he jumps out holding hands with Lucinda and braces as they to plunge into what he believes is the icy waters below.

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Davis hits the ground hard and it startles him. He rolls in the snow and hoots at their good fortune.

DAVIS

How is this possible?

He stands to look at the large cement walls of the prison 100 yards away. He stands stunned.

Lucinda is lying motionless, her camelhair coat flung open, her red gloves stick out her coat pocket still. Blood pooling around her head staining the white snow, blending with the red scarf she still has around wrapped around her neck.

INT. NORTHEAST 823 CABIN - NIGHT

Doris Steele staggers up trying to understand and assess and assist others. None of the emergency exits lighting had even been triggered by the soft crash landing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now, she works her way down unlatching seat belts that are clearly searing hot, she doesn't feel the pain, she keeps on. Her duty to get these passengers out.

Usually the front of the plane bears the brunt of any crash, in this case all those who had moved to back of plane for greater safety are now on fire.

Dr. Taub and his brother-in-law, feel the rush of heat from behind their heads. Dr. Taub stops for a moment resigned he turns and says calmly to his brother-in-law.

DR. TAUB

Goodbye.

The side of the plane up ahead of them melts away from them revealing the snow and ground outside.

Revived, both tug on seat belts to get out. Their hands and face and hair badly singed, they shove other passengers out of the way.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Zuckowski's seat is dislodged and in the middle of the aisle. She is still seat-belted in, badly maimed, her eyes are still squeezed shut as she continues trying to mouth and reciting the Lord's Pray...

MRS. ZUCKOWSKI

Thy Will Be Done... Forever and
Ever...

A MAN'S foot stomps and seers her so hard on her back, it burns her skin and knocks the wind clear out of her.

Just before jumping from the plane, Dr. Taub looks back in sheer terror then turns back to jump out of the hole that had once been the plane's skin into the snow outside.

Esther Chopelas, who opted not to wear her seatbelt, and her son Gregory are thrown hard into the inferno. Somehow Esther manages to cover her little son in the mink coat. She is engulfed in the searing flames but only Gregory's little arm slips out of his protective cocoon as they are hurtled along.

Esther crawls and steps on dead bodies clawing her way to the exit.

ESTHER CHOPELAS

(In shock, out loud
to herself)
It's me or them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Esther looks down in the chaos and sees the dead gaze of mutilated bodies she is trampling.

ESTHER CHOPELAS

I'm going to live!

Doris Steele staggers up against all of her own horrific injuries. She digs deeper beyond her own pain and stands and guides passengers to the closest exit.

DORIS STEELE

Over here, folks... this way
out... over here...

She spots Esther Chopelas who is unable to jump from the plane.

DORIS STEELE

Jump!

Instinctively, Doris takes the young boy, Gregory, from her as Esther tries to jump. From behind, someone shoves Esther hard to get her out of their way!

Doris tries to gain control of the crowd at the door, but instinctively she knows she must get the little boy clear of the chaos. She throws Esther's young boy wrapped in the mink coat way clear of the burning plane.

Moments after she tosses the baby clear of the plane, an explosion tears through the plane. Doris is on fire and hurled through the air.

EXT. PLANE CRASH - NIGHT

Out of the darkness, Jeremiah emerges running to help, but where to begin? A woman's legs are stuck half in and half out of the plane. He tugs her through the wreckage, her leg is caught on the burning, jagged metal. Her leg rips open, but he has pulled her clear to safety.

Another body, the head of a woman is stuck in a small hole in the side of the plane. He runs to try to pull her through. Her shoulders are almost out. He grasps whatever he can to get her through the hole. He tugs on her hair which has been burned, when he pulls the scalp falls away. He wretches at the horrible dismemberment, but keeps on, finally able to get enough of her shoulders and torso through to pull her clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An OLDER WOMAN PASSENGER is on fire, Jeremiah risking his own safety, grabs her, and rolls on the ground with her to extinguish the flames in the snow.

When the stewardess Kay Vischow limps aimlessly, dragging a limp child like a stuffed doll, Jeremiah runs to her. She fights him off at first, she's in shock and trying to go back and get others off the plane. He continues to hold her.

KAY VISCHOW

I don't need your help. Go, help the others! I must get back to the plane!

She sags against him finally and whimpers.

KAY VISCHOW

Where should we go? What should we do?

JEREMIAH

(Pointing to the Reverend's house)

Go there, there's help there.

Jeremiah points to the house off in the distance.

Jeremiah drags the horribly disfigured, but still alive, bodies in a row clear of the plane.

When Mike Proelss runs to the burning wreckage, his tuxedo flapping open, he spots Jeremiah and runs to guide the injured stewardess and others back to his house.

A MAN staggers towards Jeremiah, his hands and face terribly burned, he motions behind him. His hands are like soup as they try to drag, carry a young boy behind him.

It's Kenneth Kronen with his son Mark. As Jeremiah sees the man's liquid hands, he runs forward to scoop snow to try to halt the burning. The man collapses. His last gesture to deliver his little son's hand into Jeremiah's. Jeremiah takes the little boy's hand and rushes to help the father.

INT. ANNA KROSS'S COZY HOME - NIGHT

The energetic grandmother, ANNA KROSS, is playing with her 3 year old grandson, holding his little hands in hers. He explodes with laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA KROSS
Trot-Trot-to-Boston... Trot-trot-
to-Kent...

From the kitchen, Anna Kross's daughter sings along.

ANNA KROSS'S DAUGHTER (O.S.)
Trot-Trot-To-Kent.

The phone rings. Anna leans over to answer it, clearly she is happily distracted by her grandson's adorable smile and peels of laughter.

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON (O.S.)
Is this Corrections Commissioner
Kross?

ANNA KROSS
(Off the phone)
Yes, this is she.

DEPUTY WARDEN HARRISON (O.S.)
I'm terribly sorry to disturb you,
Ma'am. This is Deputy Warden
Harrison. We have a plane crash
out on Rikers.

Anna sits bolt upright, wraps the baby in an arm and immediately sets him in his crib. He starts to cry, but she has fully switched modes.

Her daughter comes in and sees something is wrong. She scoops up her baby. Anna Kross stops her with a firm hand on her arm and pulls her daughter in to kiss her head.

Her daughter looks concerned as she quiets the baby, but She knows she must let her mother do her work.

ANNA KROSS
Deputy Warden, I'll alert Port
Authority Office at LaGuardia. I'm
on my way.

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Marsh and Andon run back and forth to the blazing wreck, pulling bodies out of the left side until it's too hot and then they scramble to the right around the nose of the plane. Fire, whipped up by the winter wind, is too hot. They try in vain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reverend Frederick Proelss runs to help in the rescue. He dumps down a load of blankets and coats on the ground and races to join Marsh and Andon.

As Marsh and Andon pull an elderly survivor, the same old portly and surly man whose temper had almost brought the young stewardess Emily Gately to tears when she was only try to do her job and accommodate the old man as he moved his seat over and over again, finally settling on a set at the back of the plane where it was deemed more safe.

The old man is moved off from the wreckage, they deliver him to Proelss who escorts him away from the flames.

The old man leans on the reverend in shock and clearly humbled by the catastrophic event.

OLD MAN PASSENGER

How fragile is life if we only
knew how close to death we are,
maybe we would all be a little
kinder to each other.

Reverend Proelss holds the man's arm and as he turns to go grab a blanket he has piled on the ground. The old man stands swaying against the storm. He is peaceful, unable to focus beyond his own shock though he stands gazing as Marsh and Andon fight the heat.

MARSH

(Hollering over the
noise of the fire,
wind, general chaos)
It's no use. It's too hot. It's
too late to do anything.

All of a sudden, an emergency flare explodes in the cockpit.

ANDON

(Smashing Marsh down
reflexively)
Hit the deck!

The flare fires off and the glow rips through the old man survivor whose clothes are drenched in jet. The red flare illuminates then exploding the old man's large midsection in a most gruesome display.

Proelss takes cover while Marsh and Andon look on from the ground in sheer horror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The other survivors who have clawed or been dragged from the wreckage don't even notice anything as they continue to stumble on in shock and traipse through the flung wreckage to find their loved ones.

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

From the darkness they emerge, their bodies still steaming against the bitter cold.

Led by INMATE ANTONIO CUIN, the RIKERS ISLAND PRISONERS from the snow removal gang, afraid of what they might find, start out in a jog.

When they spot the burning victims, they explode into a full-blown sprint to get to them in time without a care for their own safety. They fan out to help the hopeless tangle of man and machine. They do not hesitate.

Cuin runs to the one passenger. It's John Nolan, the young college student who is bent over trying to help a severely disfigured woman. Her face is burned nearly beyond human recognition.

John struggles to help her up. His arm is gashed and bleeding. Cuin helps Nolan lift the injured woman. Nolan staggers and Cuin helps him. Together they carry the woman to the reverend's house.

INT. DINING ROOM REVEREND PROELSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cuin and Nolan stumble in with the woman. They are greeted by Margaret Proelss who immediately clears the dining room table. Nolan nearly falls when he tries to help lift her onto the table. Cuin catches him.

Medical Staff from Rikers Hospital have come. DR. FARBMAN and NURSE CECILIA MORAN dump supplies on the sideboard. Vaseline, bandages, morphine.

Margaret Proelss helps Cuin with Nolan as the doctor and nurse work on the gravely injured woman.

CUIN
(helping Nolan)
Here son, you must sit down.

Nolan gently stops him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOLAN

No, as long as I'm standing, I
will be ok.

Nolan struggles to work the tie off from around his neck. Margaret Proelss quickly works the kerchief from around her neck and hands it to Cuin. Cuin stops the young man and helps fashion a sling for his charred arm.

CUIN

Alright tough guy.
(Peeling back his
shirt and sweater)
Here, let me take a look.

Margaret Proelss hands Cuin some Vaseline and bandages for Nolan's burns and cuts.

Cuin cleans and dresses Nolan's wounds.

NOLAN

Thank you for your help. I think I
can keep going. I'd like to keep
helping you with the rescue.

Margaret nods and Cuin smiles and nods. An immediate bond is made as they clasps mutual arms around each others shoulders and head back out to the crash.

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

MATHER, a massive 6'4 African-American man whose hands are clearly capable of killing, was one of the inmates who had eyed and considered all the ways he could have escape earlier.

His eyes can't fathom such destruction. He now runs out of the darkness and slows in horror as he comes upon the baby, it's 18-month old Roy Lassell who'd been thrown from the plane by Mrs. Reddington in an effort to clear him of the burning plane. The little body, lying in the cold snow, is curled up in a fetal position.

His little swaddled blanket is hardly covering him. Fearing the worst, Mather steps forward bracing to find the baby dead. He hurries to inspect the little body closer when he sees it shaking and crying. Succumbing to the intense shock, the baby is unable to emit any sound.

The large black hands scoop the little body up in excruciating tenderness and fear. He cups the little head in his massive hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tears stream from Mather's eyes as he fights the blizzard to run the little baby back to the safety of the Reverend Proelss's house.

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND DOCK - NIGHT

The Assistant Deputy Warden JOEHNK grabs SEVERAL INMATES from the crew to help him man the fire pumper and douse the flames off the plane.

One of the INMATES spots a body still on fire, crawling from the fuselage and he runs into the fire to extinguish the fire eating her flesh and haul the woman out to safety before they blast the flames with the powerful hose.

He lays the woman down so gently. As he turns back to resume his work, she clasps his hand and whispers through her badly scorched lips and face. It's Mrs. Dresner, who not so long ago ruled the world with all her jewels and furs and entitlement.

MRS. DRESNER

Thank you, Sir.

He pats her hand and tries to calm her. Overcome with emotion, he can't speak.

EXT. EAST 134TH STREET FERRY SLIP MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Fire Commissioner Cavanaugh all but jumps out of the livery car that is delivering him to the docks. As the car skids to a stop, Cavanaugh in his rubber boots calls to his driver.

CAVANAUGH

That's close enough, Jimmy.
Thanks.

He races out onto the dock, laden with construction equipment off the intense repairs that had been underway. He rips at the emergency phone at the end of the dock.

CAVANAUGH

(Barking over the
commotion)

Alert Bellevue's Disaster Unit. We
need supplies: plasma, burn
dressings and bandages. Tell 'em
transport is underway.

(Off the phone)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Don't have numbers yet. 95
passengers including 11 children
went up on that plane. God only
knows how many survivors...

As he strains to see in the snow storm, he hears intense engine wash off a jet. He looks out but the blizzard blinds him. He can hear it though.

INT. EASTERN FLIGHT 587 COCKPIT - NIGHT

It's the same pilot who had just earlier informed McNamara and Goodman from his perch at the end of the LaGuardia's Runway 4 that Northeast flight 823 was in fact still on the ground and had missed their original window for departure.

The Eastern Flight 587 now cleared for takeoff, blasts down Runway 4 departing into the storm. Within moments of takeoff this plane too nearly crashes like the Northeast flight!

EXT. EASTERN FLIGHT 587 - TRAVELING

Flight 587 is heading directly at the Whitestone Bridge passing straight over the snake of red brake lights as traffic is at a crawl.

Joel Hyman in his car, cranes his head out of his side window and watches aghast at the belly of Eastern Flight 587 all but scrape the tops of the Whitestone Bridge.

EXT. 134TH STREET WORK DOCKS - NIGHT

Cavanaugh stands with the dock emergency phone in hand as he now strains to hear as the plane pulls up and out of another near crash!

EXT. EASTERN FLIGHT 587 TRAVELING - NIGHT

The plane scrapes so close to the bridge and pulls up as it comes out of the near crash, it revs and charges overhead of first Joel Hyman's stopped car and then further on to the 134th street dock on the East River.

Cavanaugh catches a view of the looming plane, his eyes wide with horror...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAVANAUGH

Jesus H. Christ! Ground all
flights!

He almost ducks it feels so low and then stares out
staring in shock in the direction of Rikers Island and
the glow of intense jet fuel burning in the night.

EXT. PLANE CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The brunt of the crash and explosion maimed the
passengers seated in the tail worst.

Off and away from the rear of the plane now, Mason
Benson and his wife Peggy along with Emily Gately and
Esther Chopelas and her young son Gregory all somehow
manage to get clear of the plane.

In a jarring and surreal swirl of storm and the fiery
crash, all the survivors turn from the pastoral patch
they stand on and stare across the glow of New York
City's lights.

They seem to be looking directly back in the direction
from which Cavanaugh is looking at them.

It's eery and quiet and no one has reached them yet. The
injuries they sustain are so horrific, the only way they
are surviving and still alive is adrenaline meets shock.

Mason Benson's hands are puddles of flesh. Peggy has
virtually no face left. Chopelas is burned over most of
her body.

Emily Gately is charred across her face, scalp and legs.
She has no shoes on. As she stands up she comments to
herself with no registering of the pain or the cold.

EMILY GATELY

(Tidying her uniform)

Gee, I came through this
beautifully.

Peggy Benson stands and then staggers slightly. She calls
weakly to her husband.

PEGGY BENSON

Mason, darling, I... I feel faint,
you'd better carry me.

The 6'4" athlete, Mason finally looks down to what should
be his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stares aghast and for the first time pain registers as his mind begins to come out of the numbing shock.

MASON BENSON

I... I can't carry you. You'd better keep walking and don't turn around. Don't look back at the plane.

All seem to possess the will to live. They stand and they struggle to walk to a low lying chicken coop that is unused in the winter.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT

Inside the chicken coop, it's cold and dark. A few benches and a telephone.

Mason Benson struggles to look around the room for anything to help them get rescued. He spots a telephone on a small desk. Mason tries to use it, but his mangled hands are useless. He knocks the phone from its cradle and bends over to listen for a dial tone. It's dead. He sees a list of three digit internal phone numbers for emergency, fire, and internal offices.

He picks up a pencil in his teeth, clamps on it and tries to dial Operator, then the other numbers but nothing.

Mr. Dresner straggles in with Mary and Arthur Bourgoine. All are in various states of shock and nobody seems to notice each other's horrific injuries.

Mr. Dresner, staring off, his burns sustained to his scalp and side of his head, his ear appears to be gone.

DRESNER

(To no one in particular)

I can't seem to find my wife. Have any of you?

Mrs. Zuckowski, her leg still bleeding from the deep gash she suffered when pulled through the jagged hole in the plane.

Gerry Lassell staggers in to find the Bensons and others. Lassell removes his tie and tourniquets Mrs. Zuckowski's leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All are in various states of shock. Mary Bourgoïn tries to use the phone. With no success she puts down it back down. From behind her, a deep voice startles her.

MASON BENSON

You've got to keep trying. You've got hands!

Mary looks to see the handsome broad shouldered man tower over everyone else, peering at her through singed eyelashes. He holds up his hands with burned flash dripping and hanging from his fingers.

Mary Bourgoïn finally snaps out of shock and shrieks at the sight. She quickly fumbles the phone trying and trying again with no success.

Gerry Lassell goes over to check on the slender Emily Gately who looks to be dead in the chair. He tucks one finger beneath her chin and lifts her face.

GERRY LASSELL

Oh My God!

The face is grayish black bereft of eyebrows and eyelashes and the scalp is charred.

Emily Gately rouses when she hears Lassell's exclamation.

EMILY GATELY

(Coming to and
reflexively
primping)

Oh dear! What is it? Is my
lipstick smeared? My hair ruffled?

Esther Chopelas is the worst injured passenger on Northeast's flight 823. Superhumanly she has not only been blown out of the plane and managed to keep her young son safe and virtually unharmed, but she walks dragging him to this building unaware that she has him with her.

When she finally collapses and succumbs to her injuries, Lassell brings her son Gregory to her so she can see that he is not injured, but for a minor burn on his hand. She sees he is alive and then slips into unconsciousness.

EXT. EAST 134TH STREET FERRY SLIP MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The dock is now a hot spot as all first responders, lead investigators, police, and FBI converge to get aboard the Rikers Island Ferry and other emergency boats there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Coast Guard helicopter swoops in delivering Anna Kross to the docks. She ducks. Cavanaugh greets her and helps usher her away from the helicopter.

REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS jam the ramp to the dock. Cavanaugh all but hauls one guy off his feet and into the icy river when he shoves his microphone in Anna Kross's face.

REPORTER TOM POSTER

Commissioner Kross, rumor has it that Rikers Island inmates are roaming free out there?! What would prompt the release of inmates to compound the disaster of the commercial plane crashing?

Another prominent NY Times reporter, EDWARD RANZAL chimes in.

RANZAL

Not only that, but rumor is already out that the inmates are fleeing!

Cavanaugh's face quivers with rage. He looks ready to bounce, but Anna Kross, (do not underestimate this grandmother), calmly holds up her hand to speak and deliver her own searing message.

COMMISSIONER KROSS

Deputy Warden Harrison's decision to release the inmates from the snow removal crew to help in the rescue efforts is all the passengers and crew of the downed Northeast flight 823 have!

(Furthermore)

For the record, I stand by Deputy Warden's decision one hundred percent.

(Abruptly)

Now, excuse us, we have rather more important things to attend to than your rumor mongering!

She turns on her heels leaving them clamoring for more answers.

As the NURSES and DOCTORS and aviation investigation agents, police and fire crowd the boats for Rikers Island, reporter Edward Ranzal greets and chats up an FBI AGENT who has his badge hung around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ranzal pulls a similar looking badge around his neck from beneath his collar when no one seems to notice.

The FBI agent flashes his badge and the guard nods him onto the boat. Ranzal tags along and follows suit passing for an FBI agent.

EXT. FIRE PUMPER AT CRASH SITE AND OUTLYING RIKERS ISLAND BUILDINGS- NIGHT

Captain Marsh runs to the fire pumper manned by the Assistant Deputy Warden Joehnk and his team of inmates.

He runs to jump on the pumper but when he sees the pumper turn away from the plane crash and start to douse the nearby buildings which are taking on the flames and at risk.

MARSH

(Incoherently)

No, no leave that house! Get back
to my plane!

JOEHNK

(Yelling over the
flames)

Our first responsibility is the
house and the prisoners on Rikers!

Spraying the buildings, the pumper douses the flames of the building and continues on back towards to main administration and hospital buildings lit up by floodlights. Marsh is inconsolable watching his plane and those passengers beyond saving engulfed in flames.

He stares at the flames, he swears he can see the little 3-year-old-girl, EILEEN DOMASH, who only this morning had made the painstaking selection to only bring 2 of her favorite stuffed animals PINKY, and PUFFY.

Marsh swears, deep in the flames, he can see Eileen Domash raise a tea cup for him to join her in her fiery death. Then he swears he can see her whole face distort into a scream. A shrill scream that will haunt him for the rest of his life.

EXT. FIRE PUMPER AT CRASH SITE TRAVELING - NIGHT

Assistant Deputy Joehnk and his crew of inmates swing away from the fire of the plane crash and the outlying Rikers Island Buildings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The FBI agent that had come ashore on the Ferry stops the pumper mid-road. The reporter who is posing as an FBI agent also jumps on the pumper in the confusion. They sit facing Captain Marsh who is incoherent and desperate. With all that is going on around them, they are unable to even fathom that this is the actual pilot of the downed plane.

They stop at the hospital building. All get off.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

In the dreary, cavernous, reception room, lined benches lead to the 200-bed prison hospital. A purgatorial hell where the survivors are ushered and carried in by the prison inmates with the utmost care.

Suddenly without prompting, the INFIRMED INMATES see the horribly injured survivors arriving in droves.

Instantly, they all start to get up out of their beds and guide the inmates carrying the survivors to a bed. The survivors are willingly and gratefully helped into beds by the teams of inmates.

As NURSE CECILIA MORANI, the Riker's Island Chief Nurse organizes the onboarded doctors and nurses who scurry to set up a makeshift station to administer hypodermic needles of morphine and bandage the horrific burns and wounds.

Just as the survivors who are able, try to rush for the painkillers and medicine, Captain Marsh races inside the building and is struck to see the mangle of humanity he has caused.

He is bereft and desperate and immediately tries to help administer to his passengers.

He sets about helping a nurse dissolve painkiller pills in water so they can inject the medicine hypodermically.

When one of the passengers points to him and begins to yell.

INJURED PASSENGER

(Pointing a charred
finger at Captain
Marsh)

Look at him, he's not even
injured! How could you survive and
not even a scratch?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INJURED PASSENGER (CONT'D)

(To one female
passenger)

Look at her?

(To another male
passenger)

Do you see him? How could you?!

Marsh comes under intense scrutiny and rage, all culminating now in the survivors who are able, rushing to the Captain and the makeshift medical area. The situation is unraveling quickly.

Proelss's Houseboy Jeremiah finishes depositing the gravely injured stewardess Kay Vischow onto a bed.

He immediately calls order to the survivors. In his booming and austere voice and presence, he gently guides Marsh behind him, strategically putting himself between the desperate passengers and their Captain.

Jeremiah raises his hands and calms the angry, panicking survivors.

JEREMIAH

Please. We are here to help you.
Please don't panic. Each of you
will be attended to by all of
us. There is enough medicine to go
around.

As Jeremiah gestures to his band of inmates, they come forth and help by pairing off with a specific passenger and sticking with them through the ordeal.

The FBI agent ushers the inconsolable Marsh away. As he does, Norman Davis stops him to talk to Marsh.

FBI AGENT

No, step away. Can't you see he's
had enough?

NORMAN DAVIS

(still in his life
jacket and somewhat
glazed over in
shock)

No, I knew we were going to crash.
I felt we were in a steep almost
perpendicular bank. I saw the
maneuver and felt it... Captain,
how did you manage to level off on
the soft ground? How did you make
such a beautiful landing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The FBI Agent guides Marsh on, stunned by what he has heard. Marsh simply walks on mumbling incoherently.

The FBI-impersonating-reporter, Edward Ranzal, watches on absorbing the scene as inmates tend to the gravely injured.

Just then Mather, the large African-American walks directly beside him. The reporter looks up at the sheer size of this clearly intimidating and dangerous inmate.

Mather gently pushes the reporter out of his way as if he were a feather and he continues on his walk down the length of the hospital, back and forth, singing quietly to the baby he rescued.

There, in his massive arms, the baby sleeps on peacefully. A nurse offers to take the baby, Mather hushes her quietly and shakes his head with a proud smile. No. He will not put the child down until order in this little baby's world is somehow restored. Until then he will walk him and coo and sing to him for as long as he must.

The reporter drops his pen and notepad to his side as he simply stands stunned by what he is witness to.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dr. Jacob Taub the Bronx physician who, along with his brother-in-law, dentist Dr. Kovnat, narrowly escape the explosion to the rear tail area where they had finally had settled on the seats they thought to be safest.

Dr. Taub sits quietly, his face and scalp are singed. Dr. Farbman comes to check his wounds.

DR. TAUB
(Weakly to Dr.
Farbman)
I am a doctor...

DR. FARBMAN
Then we will get you fixed up and
you can help us with the others.

With that, Dr. Taub holds up his hands pathetically. Dr. Farbman looks at the horribly burned hands, certain Dr. Taub will never be able to operate again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Farbman quickly calls for one of the inmates to assist. As Dr. Farbman moves to administer a shot of morphine to Dr. Taub, Taub stops him.

DR. TAUB

No! Save it for another. I won't
be any good to you if you drug me.
I can help, just wrap the hands
well afterwards.

Dr. Farbman nods to Dr. Taub.

DR. FARBMAN

Very well, Doctor.

The inmate instinctively holds Taub down while Dr. Farbman cuts away the dripping flesh from his fingers and hands. The inmate can't watch any more, forced to look away.

There are no words for the decibel a burn patient's shriek can reach.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The layout of the emergency room at Bellevue is ingenious. With a catwalk running above the floor, for a full spectrum view of the patients arriving on gurneys through the main emergency room entrance. The floor is separated down the middle for male patients on the left and female patients on the right.

Janet and Irene are standing up on the catwalk as the emergency room blasts open and the first victims arrive.

It's a horrible sight, the intake nurses struggle in some cases to identify male from female victims.

Male doctors and female nurses race to attend the wounded. Janet and Irene charge along too. They flit back and forth across the male and female patient sides, immune to the gender differentiation.

When the ambulance crew rolls her in, her head is bleeding badly. She has been wrapped in blankets, but the blanket has fallen away to reveal her high pumps and slender legs. Janet and Irene arrive in time to receive her from the ambulance crew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBULANCE ATTENDANT
(explaining as they
pass the patient off
to them)
Female, head wound.

IRENE
Thank you. We've got her from
here.

They roll the victim to the female side of the floor and into one of the E.R. bays. Irene rakes the privacy sheet down the track.

Janet and Irene unwrap the blanket from around the patient. The woman's head is still heavily bandaged. When they pull back the blanket, her camelhair coat with the red gloves and scarf sticking out of the pockets stops Janet dead in her tracks. It is exactly like the one Janet had worn into work that very day.

Irene catches the inaudible gasp Janet lets out. Together they unwrap the woman's head bandage to inspect the long jagged laceration running across the woman's entire forehead.

Once they remove it, the wound starts hemorrhaging again.

JANET
(To Irene)
Keep pressure on it.

Janet turns back to the closet off to the back side of the cubicle to grab Beta-dyne and more bandages.

Just then a MALE DOCTOR pushes back the curtain and steps in to see Nurse Irene holding pressure on the wound.

MALE DOCTOR
Nurse, scrub me in.

With that, Janet turns back around from the cupboard and rejoins her nurse Irene.

NURSE IRENE
Dr. Elderkin's already scrubbed in
here, Sir.

Janet glances at him with her big blue eyes from behind her mask, maybe there's the slightest twinkle in her eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALE DOCTOR

Oh Doctor, I'm... I'm sorry. I
didn't see you. I thought...

Janet works deftly over her patient ignoring the doctor's
mistake.

IRENE

(In defense of her
female doctor best
friend)

Women doctors in men's scrubs...
must get so confusing for you all,
I imagine.

Janet looks up at the doctor as if 'are you still here?'

Irene moves in and anticipates Janet's needs even before
she can mouth the words. Janet clearly wants to free the
life jacket off the patient. Pure focus and efficiency.

IRENE

Yes, Doctor.

The male doctor watches their perfect synchronization as
Irene cuts the life vest away.

The male doctor sweeps out of the cubicle.

Janet peels back the bandage from the pretty woman's face
to reveal Lucinda Glenn from the plane crash.

She is barely conscious and clearly has been through a
lot.

They administer care and Lucinda is anesthetized for the
hours of suturing that Janet performs on the lovely
woman's face.

Irene daubs Janet's brow intermittently, it's a long
night after a long day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Inmate Antonio Cuin and his crew rush through with the
most grievously injured that the found in the Chicken
Coop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INMATE CUIN

Doctor, I don't know if they are
still alive! We got them here
quick as we could!

Doctors and nurse rush and take the patients. As Emily
Gately is wheeled into the hospital bed she comes next to
her other stewardess Doris Steele.

Emily can hear them talking and the name Doris Steele.
Emily perks up.

EMILY GATELY

Doris is that you? I can't see
you, it's me Emmy! Thank goodness
you are alright.

As the doctors turn their attention to Emily, they are
can be heard to say:

DOCTOR

(Off Doris Steele's
terrible condition)

At best, she may survive a few
days...

Emily doesn't register this, herself still so deep in
shock.

The NURSE starts cutting away Emily's tattered and burned
uniform that has melted into her legs and torso.

Emily does not cry out in pain of her peeling her uniform
off of her.

She cries out in despair.

EMILY GATELY

I haven't even paid for it yet and
you go and ruin my perfectly good
uniform! I would have taken it off
for you! You needed only to ask!

A YOUNG INMATE who brought Emily in with Inmate Cuin's
crew, stays by her side fetching her water and attending
to her. He smiles at her incredible strength and shakes
his head to calm her.

YOUNG INMATE

There, there, now. Here, take a
sip of water and don't you worry
your pretty head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY GATELY

I am? Pretty? Still?

She tries to primp her face with her heavily bandaged hand. The young inmate gently holds her hand and reassures her.

YOUNG INMATE

You look just fine.

Down the rung of beds, Peggy Benson is gently placed on another hospital bed.

Her jewelry is burnt into her skin. A DOCTOR cuts her wedding ring and bracelet away from the burned skin. Her ears are almost gone so the earrings she had worn to match the necklace are gone. The pearl necklace is too delicate a procedure. The doctor shakes his head almost losing faith he is capable of proceeding.

The kitchen duty inmate they call Chef gently takes the clamps and tweezers from the exhausted doctor's hand. The doctor looks broken. The inmate nods in confidence. His sous chef, the wiry inmate stands with him and actually blots the sweat from his forehead as he works through the night.

Mason Benson looks on, too damaged to even object and completely unable to help his wife, his own hands so badly ruined.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The kitchen duty inmate, Chef, moves methodically and patiently to remove each pearl and strand of the necklace from Mrs. Benson's neck until the last pearl pings into the metal dish. He gently pins her wedding ring and gold bracelet to the lapel of her dress.

He rests a hand on her gently. He has done his best to help this poor creature.

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND FERRY - NIGHT

It's controlled chaos as inmates load bodies onto the ferryboat. Some are walking, some on gurneys.

Another crew lead by the burly inmate Roffredo, the men carried Esther Chopelas to the hospital where she slipped into unconsciousness. Roffredo scoops up the little boy and guards him with his life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The boy is not dressed sufficiently for the cold. Roffredo strips off his coat and wraps the little boy in it protectively.

Little Gregory Chopelas clings to the large, burly inmate Roffredo for his dear life. Roffredo is overcome when the little boy keeps crying out his mother.

GREGORY

Mommy, Mommy!

Roffredo keeps shushing the little boy and kissing his mop of hair.

ROFFREDO

Shhh Angelo Mio. Stai tranquillo.

Tu sei forte. Ssshhhh...

(Shhh, my Angel. Shhh, be calm, you are so brave...ssshh)

When he must deliver the little boy to the nurse onboard the ferry, the large man breaks down in tears.

Gregory clings to him. Roffredo takes the Saint Christopher from his neck and kisses it and hangs it around the little boy's neck and moves little Gregory's hand to the necklace. Gregory clings to the necklace as if he will never let it go.

ROFFREDO

Santo Cristoforo, ti proteggera sempre! (Saint Christopher, he will protect you forever.)

Roffredo immediately collapses to sitting and sobs, his huge frame shuddering under the emotional exhaustion.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Ed Tukowski sits with his arm protectively around his 6-year-old daughter Nancy. Hers are minor injuries mostly the bump on her head from someone pushing her out of the way. Her father's hands are burned and charred. Shock hangs around them like a fog.

ED TUKOWSKI

Nancy, you have been so brave. You never once even cried.

NANCY

Oh Daddy, that's because I knew you would keep me safe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY (CONT'D)

(Beat)

We are just so lucky the whole
family didn't come. We'd have
never all gotten off that plane.

Ed beats back the image of them trying to get off that
burning plane. Tears burn at the memory of the man who
shoved Nancy. Ed's tears burn as he looks on so proud to
his little girl.

The big burly inmate Roffredo steps inside still clearly
upset. He stops when he sees Ed Tukowski struggling not
to break down himself. He stops directly in front of
them, impossible to ignore him.

ROFFREDO

(To Nancy in broken
english)

You want water?

Nancy smiles to the big man.

NANCY

Oh yes please sir. I'd like water,
but my daddy, he...

Ed Tukowski tries to stop Nancy.

ED TUKOWSKI

No, Nancy... I'm fine.

Roffredo breaks into a smiles.

ROFFREDO

Una cigaretta? (Cigarette?)

Nancy whispers in close to Roffredo and then taps his
cigar tucked in his breast pocket.

NANCY

He likes his cigars, not so much
"cigaretta"

Roffredo smiles at the little girl and with a wink, he is
off to fetch water.

Just then, Dr. Taub makes his way to the bench with Nurse
Cecilia Moran as his aide. He is struggling though his
pain, but determined to administer to the injured.

Nurse holds him to steady him as they approach. Ed looks
up to see the nurse helping the doctor. Ed Tukowski
doesn't understand it first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ED TUKOWSKI

Doctor, what is it? Are you...

DR. TAUB

Yes...

(Shock and pain
punctuate his
sentences)

I am a doctor. I'm afraid I have
lost use of my hands.

Ed Tukowski stares at the doctor and instantly recognizes the man who had shoved his little girl out of the way.

He bolts up from his chair with such violence he scares Nancy.

Nancy cries to her father. She knows the face too and she knows she is afraid her Daddy will hurt this man.

NANCY

Daddy. Please don't!

Ed Tukowski's fist, though they are burned, they shake in rage.

NANCY

Doctor. I am fine. You are the one
who needs our help now.

The doctor nods yes and, as he bows his head, he simply weeps because he knows what he did. The nurse helps seat the doctor. The doctor mumbles incoherently.

DR. TAUB

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

When Roffredo returns with a cup of water and pulls the last cigar from his breast pocket, he looks confused.

Nancy pushes her father towards Roffredo and immediately stands over the doctor and gives him her cup of water.

Roffredo sticks the cigar behind Ed's ear and instead wraps an arm around him as he collapses against the big man in tears.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

On the big clock it reads **1:00 AM**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And just like that, as quickly as it had begun, it ended. All inmates file back into their cells exhausted and without any struggle or desire to be anywhere but in their cots.

Asleep against the images that will haunt them all for the rest of their lives.

As Deputy Warden Jaehnk makes his rounds, he stops at Roffredo's cell. He pulls out a cigar and gives it to him.

PRISON GUARD

I know you gave your last one away tonight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Janet closes up the large wound across Lucinda's forehead and turns to drop her surgical clamps and suturing needle onto the metal tray.

There is a distinct and satisfying sound of completion that a set of surgical utensils makes when they hit the metal tray and an operation is complete.

IRENE

Have you ever thought about plastic surgery, Doc?

With that, they wheel Lucinda out of the E.R. Janet is completely wiped out. Janet and Irene walk outside covered in Lucinda's blood.

JANET

Oh heaven's no, I'm sure she'll be seen by some Park Avenue plastic surgeon just as soon as she is able.

(beat)

Don't tell anyone, but I make Alfred sew the clothes. I actually hate to sew. No woman should ever learn to sew!

Irene lets out a hoot.

IRENE

(Calling out
mockingly)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE (CONT'D)

Are there any more Alfreds on the planet?!

An elderly man with an air of distinction and importance goes to Lucinda as she is being wheeled down the hall. His face relaxes when he sees she is alright. She stirs and he clasps her hand, near tears.

The elderly man looks back to Irene and Janet and nods a thanks.

Irene fumbles and does an awkward curtsy. Janet nods back certain they may have just been addressed by the former Governor of New York.

JANET

(under her breath to Irene)

Did you just curtsy to the former Governor of New York?

Janet smiles at the absurdity of it all.

IRENE

(Defensive and flustered)

I... Did I?

JANET

I'm certain that curtsy made up for your formal attire all covered with his daughter's blood.

Irene looks down at her smocking and blood. She gives a meek smile. The old man tips his hat and follows after Lucinda whose being wheeled off.

INT. LUCINDA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Janet enters the room. Lucinda's father is sitting beside his daughter, holding her hand and patting her hair.

Janet stops.

JANET

Oh, excuse me. I can come back later.

LUCINDA

Oh no no, nurse. It's fine. I am so grateful to everyone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCINDA (CONT'D)

Would you mind terribly to send
the doctor in when he is
available. I would like to thank
him before I leave.

Lucinda pats her father's hand.

LUCINDA

I am certain he did a perfect job
on my forehead, but my father
insists on having me seen by a
specialist.

Janet smiles and nods.

JANET

Of course.

EXT. HALLWAY BELLEVUE - NIGHT

It has been a long night and Alfred has done his best to
get to Bellevue. He is still in his doctor's coat as he
races down the hall to find Janet.

Irene prepares meds on a tray to distribute to patients'
rooms. She smiles to the gallant doctor then nods in the
direction of Lucinda's room.

IRENE

She's in there.

Alfred nods and smiles as he dashes by. Stopping at the
door, he knocks and enters the room.

Janet turns to see her husband. Her face brightens. But
then again, so does Lucinda's. The old man stands to move
to shake Alfred's hand.

ALFRED

I apologize for the interruption.

LUCINDA

Oh Doctor, I wanted to thank you
for...

LUCINDA'S FATHER

Yes, doctor, thank you. I cannot
tell you how grateful we are to
you.

Alfred is completely confused. Off Janet's slow shake of
her head and a deep breath, he understands at once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALFRED

I believe you have me mistaken for
your doctor.

LUCINDA

Oh, I'm sorry, the nurse here said
my doctor would be by.

Alfred comes to her side and takes Janet's hand.

ALFRED

Yes, and she did. This is your
Doctor. And my wife.

Lucinda's father hoots.

LUCINDA'S FATHER

Ha! Well now. Good for you,
Doctor. No wonder you did such a
fine job sewing up my daughter. A
woman's touch!

Alfred looks at his wife. If it were anyone but the
former Governor of New York, he's certain his wife would
not let that one slide.

ALFRED / JANET

(In unison)

She hates to sew / I hate to sew

They all have a laugh, Lucinda winces. Janet scolds her.

JANET

Don't you dare rupture my sutures,
Miss!

Lucinda laughs again gingerly. Janet smiles and comes
closer to inspect her patient's bandages.

Nurse Irene enters with Lucinda's meds.

JANET

(To Lucinda)

You will have to tell your boss
you won't be in for a few weeks.
I'm sure they can find a temp for
you in the meantime.

Now who's the joke on? Lucinda looks to her father and
smiles again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCINDA'S FATHER

Lucinda is a New York City Judge.

(Beat)

But I will get right on that temp
judge, good idea.

Janet who has been cool right on up to this moment, is
truly surprised.

JANET

I'm... so sorry, Judge! I...

LUCINDA

Me too, Doctor!

Irene just rolls her eyes and snorts.

IRENE

Such under-achievers, the both of
you.

Alfred and the old man share a hearty laugh.

Irene administers the medicines to Lucinda and turns to
dump the paper cup in the garbage, she stands staring a
moment at Lucinda's coat hanging on the hook.

Lucinda's father is overcome when he sees the state it is
in. A single red glove and the red scarf charred and
torn.

Janet's eyes follow their gaze.

JANET

Just like mine...

Alfred comes to Janet's side.

ALFRED

We were supposed to be on that
flight.

Janet whirls to Alfred, her breath catches. It's the
first time it actually registers that the downed flight
was the one they were scheduled on.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE:

EXT. NORTHEAST 823 PLANE CRASH SITE - DAY

The scattered and tossed belongings of passengers. A suitcase containing the still covered dry cleaning of Mary Bourgoin. Her name is clearly visible on the dry cleaning tag.

MARY BOURGOIN (V.O.)

I had a terrible feeling about that day. I even remember I left my clothes in their dry cleaning wraps. I wanted them to have my name on them in case they needed to identify me.

The personal items, Mandy Sanger's stuffed doll Lulu, travel alarm clocks, shoes, coats, shirts, Mark Lassell's little stuffed dog Blue, all the thrown lives that lived, died and all changed that dreaded night.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Walter Cronkite is speaking with Mason Benson. (GET LIVE FOOTAGE)

WALTER CRONKITE

Why were you going to Florida?

Benson smiles. His hands and face are all bandaged, but still his charm and smile are visible.

MASON BENSON

I wanted to get a nice burn.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK'S BELMONT PLAZA BALLROOM - DAY

At New York's Belmont Plaza Ballroom on April 2, 1957, in a room packed with onlookers, press and family members of the survivors and those killed. The CAB investigators conclude the testimony of 56 witness from ground crew to passengers, to pilot, co-pilot, weather forecasters, LGA tower control men. Over 1,200 pages of testimony stacked high in front of the CAB aeronautical investigator panel.

As the crowd erupts at the end of the testimony, a single voice wails and asks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

Captain Marsh, is it really true
that you walked away unharmed,
always unharmed Captain Marsh,
from 2 plane crashes at LGA before
this one that took my child's
life?

(Weeping now)

Just tell me why? How could you
not know we were crashing!? You're
supposed to know how to fly these
things.

Marsh seems to have gone gray overnight. He never flew
again. The spring had left his step. He was broken.

INT. EILEEN DOMASH'S BEDROOM - DAY

The young mother Barbara Domash sits in her daughter's
neat little room. Dolls are neatly arranged on her
daughter's little bed. She drops her head and weeps. She
holds the charred remains of Eileen's favorite stuffed
dog, Pinky. Little Eileen Domash did not make it out.

INT. KRONEN HOME - DAY

Walter Cronkite-type reporter is interviewing the
terribly burned survivor, Selma Kronen, who had thought
she had lost her son in the crash. She had gotten him out
of the plane but then worried he would die out in the
cold.

SELMA KRONEN

Of course, I worried that my baby
was left to freeze to death in the
cold. But not because of any fault
of any of the men who came to save
us, rather by the fact that my son
was thrown from the burning plane
and he was only 5 weeks old! He
was a needle in a fiery haystack.
I just worried that no one would
ever see him before he froze to
death. As far as I'm concerned
these men came into my life
emerging out of the darkness that
dreadful night and they didn't
exist before that night. They were
born of angels that night. Nothing
before that matters to me. They
saved my life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELMA KRONEN (CONT'D)

My 5 week old's life, so many
other lives that night.

An ethereal image of the large Mather carrying the little
sleeping baby in his arms.

DISSOLVES TO:

MAYOR WAGNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Live footage of the ceremony where Mayor Wagner of New
York presents the highest award to Assistant Deputy James
Harrison.

Present are Fire Commissioner Cavanaugh, Correction
Commissioner Anna Kross, Frederick Proelss and Marianne
and their son Mike, Angie as well as a host of others
from Rikers who aided in that night miraculous rescue,
Dr. Farbman and Nurse Cecilia Moran, Assistant Deputy
Joeahnk, as well as the 57 inmates who saved so many lives
that dreaded night. There's Jeremiah, Antonio Cuin,
Roffredo, Chef and his wiry sous chef inmate, Mather and
all the rest...

ANNA KROSS

To Assistant Deputy James Harrison
whose instinct and split second
decision to release these men to
help rescue passengers from flight
823 that night.

(Beat)

In 2 minutes these men rescued 97?
souls from the burning plane and
the blizzard conditions.

Applause from the crowd. Lucinda and her father, the
former Governor of New York are also in the audience.

NEW YORK'S MAYOR ROBERT WAGNER

For their efforts following the
crash, these fifty seven inmates
of Rikers Island penitentiary are
to receive immediate release or
reductions in sentences.

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEW YORK'S MAYOR ROBERT WAGNER

And to you, Deputy Warden
Harrison, I am honored to
recognize you with the Department
of Correction Medal of Honor for
your efforts and those of the 43
prison employees including the
chaplains, doctors and nurses.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

FEBRUARY 1, 2007

The telephone rings and rings. A young man, mid 20s,
answers.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Hello, I'm with the New York Post.
I wanted to speak to Antonio Cuin.
We are doing a memorial piece on
the plane crash that occurred out
on Rikers Island February 1st
1957.

ANTONIO CUIN, JR

What are you talking about? My
dad's never been in jail! I hate
to tell you, but you've got the
wrong guy!

Antonio Cuin Sr, older now than his inmate days, comes
around and takes the phone from his son's hand and
answers. On his arm the faded tattoo in cursive script
"Maria"

ANTHONY CUIN SR.

Yes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VEGETABLE GARDEN - DAY

There, bent over his lush garden of tomatoes, swiss
chard, collard greens and glorious vegetables, Jeremiah,
older now, smiles in the freedom of sunshine on his back,
fresh air in his lungs and soil beneath his feet.
Reminders of the terrible night still scar his hands from
helping those poor burning souls who clung to him as
their only savior all those years ago. But, he is free.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND WARDENS OFFICE - DAY

The young Antonio Cuin Jr. is now a man. He enters the office, strips off his coat and hat and hangs it on the hook. On his uniform breast pocket, his pin reads WARDEN ANTONIO CUIN, JR.

FEMALE DEPUTY WARDEN
(rocking back in her
chair and looking at
the snowstorm
outside)

Hey Chief, it's February. Whatcha
say you take some vacation time
and fly down with your family to
Florida?

ANTONIO CUIN, JR.
Not a chance. I like it just fine
on the ground.

Antonio Cuin, JR. tosses his uniform brimmed hat on his desk. He studies the storm outside and turns back to shake his head as he smiles at the warden's plaque on his desk with his name on it...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

An elderly woman sits at her kitchen table. Her blue eyes brighten as she remembers the slightest details. (insert live audio)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BELLEVUE EMERGENCY ROOM - ENTRANCE / EXIT - NIGHT

The emergency room is lit bright. Busy and hectic as it always was.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
There was a catwalk up above the
Emergency Room where the doctors
and staff could peer down and
assess immediately the casualties
coming through the Emergency Room
doors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The floor was divided between male and female patients and for me, a female doctor among a staff of predominantly male doctors, it was just a matter of crossing back and forth from side to side immune to the different looks I got from all patients in those days. I guess I was a bit of an anomaly. People always assumed I was their nurse and then expected me to be followed up by "the Male Doctor". I guess my lab coat wasn't enough of an indicator to them that I was in fact The Doctor on ER duty.

Irene Doyle walks out and shakes her head at the sleeping security guard like she's seen this a thousand times before.

IRENE

G'nite George. Sleep well.

EXT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Irene bundles up against the cold and heads out at the end of her shift. Her breath catches in the cold night air.

As she walks on, she sees someone barely dressed and slumped over on the park bench.

She walks by and sees that it's EDDIE BROWN and he is dead. No emotion really registers on her face. She walks on.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)

Bellevue back in 1957 was quite a place. It was a war zone full of thugs and misfits trying to steal everything that wasn't bolted down... But to us doctors, we learned that Bellevue was a medical bonanza from the cradle to the grave.