



FLIGHT RISK

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INT. CESSNA 206 - DAY

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

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

Get in.

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

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

WINSTON

What - this? What is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE

The charter, Winston. Get in.

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

WINSTON

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

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

MADOLYN

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

WINSTON

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

No smile from Madolyn.

MADOLYN

Arms.

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

WINSTON

It's some bullshit, is all.

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

MADOLYN

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

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

MADOLYN (CONT'D)

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

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

MADOLYN

I doubt we could even land a jet out here.

WINSTON

(mumbles)

...You can't go off the grid in Miami...

MADOLYN

Yeah, and a lot of good that did you.

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

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

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Van Sant.

MADOLYN

It's Madolyn.

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

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
Is he cooperating?

MADOLYN
If I say no, can I tase him?

WINSTON
Hey-!

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

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

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

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

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
Hello?

MADOLYN
Yeah, uh... replaced with who?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
Falco.

MADOLYN
Falco?

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

MADOLYN

Shit.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

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

MADOLYN

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

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

MADOLYN

("fuck.")

Yeah.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Call me from Anchorage. And Madolyn? Good luck.

Madolyn hangs up. Checks her watch. Fuming.

In the back, Winston clears his throat.

WINSTON

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

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

DARYL

Deputy Harris?

He offers a calloused hand.

DARYL

Daryl Booth. Welcome aboard.

They shake. Daryl offers an awkward nod to Winston.

MADOLYN

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

DARYL

Yes, ma'am.

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

DARYL

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

Madolyn glances back at Winston. He smiles pleasantly.

MADOLYN

Absolutely not.

WINSTON

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

DARYL

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

MADOLYN

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

DARYL

Okay, hey -- you're the boss.

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

DARYL

I just -- I never flew a fugitive before.

WINSTON

Witness.

DARYL

What?

MADOLYN

Shut up, Winston.

WINSTON

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

MADOLYN

Winston!

WINSTON

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

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

MADOLYN

Not. Another. Word.

Beat.

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

DARYL

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

MADOLYN

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

DARYL

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

He flips the final few switches.

DARYL

Did fly Marshall Faulk once. That was cool.

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

The plane RATTLES. Madolyn takes a steadying breath.

Daryl dons his RADIO HEADSET. Keys his transmitter.

DARYL

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

A moment of radio static. Madolyn checks her watch.

DARYL

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

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

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

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

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

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

MADOLYN

Is it always-?

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

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

DARYL

You like Buffet?

Madolyn just glares. Daryl kills the music.

DARYL

Not a Parrot Head, huh?

(off her look)

Yeah, I know. But up here, you've got to bring the beach to you.

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

DARYL

See? She gets it.

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

MADOLYN

Is it always this bumpy?

DARYL

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

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

Outside, the view is stunningly beautiful.

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

DARYL
You a smoker?

She shakes her head.

DARYL
Yeah, it ain't the same.

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

DARYL
So what'd he do?

MADOLYN
Huh?

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

Madolyn looks away. Doesn't answer.

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

He turns back to the yoke, a little hurt.

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

MADOLYN
You been flying long?

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

(MORE)

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

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

MADOLYN
 It's beautiful.

DARYL
 That it is.

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

Daryl smiles, chewing his gum.

DARYL
 You'll get used to it.

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

The Cessna soars over jagged peaks and dense forests.

Not a soul in sight.

INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS

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

UP FRONT

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

DARYL (O.S.)
 Ah, shit.

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

DARYL
 Come on...

The GPS screen is blank.

MADOLYN
 Everything okay?

DARYL

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

MADOLYN

We have no GPS?

DARYL

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

Madolyn hesitates, not loving this new development.

DARYL

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

MADOLYN

You don't think we should turn
 back?

DARYL

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

Fuck. Madolyn checks her watch.

MADOLYN

Seventy-five minutes?

IN THE BACK SEAT

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

He sees Madolyn check her watch and nod to Daryl.

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

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

The plane flies deeper into the wilderness.

INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS

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

DARYL

So, how long you been with the Marshals?

MADOLYN

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

DARYL

Must be a lot of traveling.

Madolyn shrugs.

DARYL

You like it?

MADOLYN

I like quiet.

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

IN THE BACK SEAT

Winston fidgets. Bored without an audience.

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

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

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

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

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

"MUST BE DISPLAYED AT ALL TIMES."

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

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

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

WINSTON

Oh, fuck.

Winston reels. Mind spinning...

UP FRONT

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

DARYL

Why is he in chains?

MADOLYN

What?

DARYL

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

MADOLYN

Because he's a flight risk.

WINSTON (MOS)

Deputy Harris..? Deputy Harris..!

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

DARYL

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

MADOLYN

He's a liar.

IN THE BACK SEAT

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

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

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

WINSTON

Come on... look at me.

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

UP FRONT

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

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

MADOLYN
Dancing for your entertainment?

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

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

IN THE BACK SEAT

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

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

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

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

MADOLYN
What was that?

WINSTON
I need to talk to you.

MADOLYN
What?

She removes an earcup.

WINSTON
I said I-

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

WINSTON

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

MADOLYN

You'll deal.

She turns away--

WINSTON

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

MADOLYN

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

WINSTON

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

He glances at Daryl. Madolyn's eyes flare.

WINSTON

Maybe we should turn back.

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

Winston blinks. The slightest of nods.

Beat.

MADOLYN

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

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

DARYL

What's wrong with him?

MADOLYN

Nothing. He says he feels sick.

DARYL

Not in my plane-!

MADOLYN

It's fine. He'll be fine.

(beat)

What's our E.T.A?

DARYL

An hour...ish? Soon.

He grins reassuringly. Pops in a fresh piece of nicotine gum.

Madolyn nods. Looks out at the vast wilderness around them.

MADOLYN

When are we going to see
civilization again?

DARYL

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

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

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

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

MADOLYN

...How did you know about Seattle?

DARYL

What?

MADOLYN

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

DARYL

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

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

A gust of wind JOLTS the plane.

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

DARYL

(rambling)

...In fact, if I had to guess, I'd
say you've got that Yankee blood.

(MORE)

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

MADOLYN
 Hey, can I radio ATC on these?

She points to the radio headset.

MADOLYN
 I need to check in.

DARYL
 Already?

MADOLYN
 (a shrug)
 Protocol.

DARYL
 Yeah alright. Sure.

He fiddles with the radio dials.

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

Static.

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

On Madolyn: *Come on...*

IN THE BACK

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

He rubs his sweaty palms against one another as --

UP FRONT

Daryl fiddles with the dials some more.

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

More static.

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

DARYL
Radio tower Bethel!

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

MADOLYN
Nothing?

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

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

Think!

Her fingers trace the holster strapped to her leg.

Think-think-think--

DARYL (O.S.)
Whoa!

Madolyn jolts.

DARYL
Look-it.

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

Daryl beams.

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

Madolyn nods. Heart in her throat.

Daryl banks the plane, throwing Madolyn off balance again.

IN THE BACK SEAT

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

EXT. ALASKAN SKIES - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS

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

DARYL

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

Madolyn's eyes light up, realizing:

MADOLYN

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

Daryl shrugs.

MADOLYN

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

Daryl grins.

DARYL

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

MADOLYN

Yeah. Seemed like it.

She discreetly UNBUCKLES her seatbelt.

MADOLYN

...Except she's a woman.

But Daryl just smiles and shakes his head. Unfazed.

DARYL

If you say so.

He winks.

Beat.

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

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

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

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

IN THE BACK SEAT

Winston SHOUTS and struggles in vain as --

DARYL

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

WINSTON
Knife! Knife!

Winston struggles against his restraints as --

-- Daryl SLASHES at Madolyn with the knife.

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

She goes for her taser as -

- Daryl JERKS the yoke.

The plane banks. DIVES.

Winston screams. The engine whines. Alarms BLARE.

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

Madolyn's thrown. Tries to recover --

THWACK!

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

She slumps against her door.

DARYL
 (panting)
 Jesus fucking Christ.

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

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

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

DARYL
 Shit.

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

IN THE BACK SEAT

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

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

DARYL
 How you doing back there, Winston?

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

DARYL
 Mister Moretti sends his regards.

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

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

WINSTON
 That's right.

DARYL

Yeah.
 (beat)
 And now you never will.

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

WINSTON

(blurting)
 I can pay you!

Daryl scoffs.

DARYL

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

WINSTON

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

Daryl starts laughing.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

-- Untraceable. Just let me go.

DARYL

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

WINSTON

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

He sniffs, all tears and flop sweat. Desperate.

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

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

DARYL

And you got all that just squirreled away, huh?

WINSTON

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

DARYL

A million dollars?

WINSTON

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

IN THE COPILOT'S SEAT

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

IN THE BACK SEAT

Winston leans forward, imploring:

WINSTON

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

(beat)

All you have to do is let me walk
away.

DARYL

That's it, huh?

Daryl mulls it over, less than convinced.

WINSTON

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

DARYL

Something like that.

WINSTON

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

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

DARYL

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

WINSTON

A million dollars-?

DARYL

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

(beat)

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

WINSTON

Don't be stupid-

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

WINSTON

Ah, fuck!

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

IN THE COPILOT'S SEAT

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

DARYL

Flexes his fist. Nods at Madolyn.

DARYL

She was right: you talk too much.

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

DARYL

Okay then...

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

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

WINSTON

Hey! Hey! Wake up!

DARYL

Quiet.

WINSTON

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

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

Madolyn springs to life. JAMS her taser into Daryl's neck.

He jolts. THRASHES about.

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

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

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

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

The plane starts to DIVE.

MADOLYN

Shit!

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

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

MADOLYN

God damnit, come on.

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

The plane BUMPS and WEAVES unsteadily.

MADOLYN

Ah shit...

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

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

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

The plane continues to fly straight.

Phew.

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

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

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

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

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

Madolyn looks at Winston: stricken and overwhelmed.

MADOLYN

Are you okay?

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

MADOLYN

Winston!

WINSTON

There's no. Air. In here.

MADOLYN

Yes there is. You're fine.

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

WINSTON

You gotta- you gotta let me out of these.

MADOLYN

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

WINSTON

There's no air in here!

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

On Madolyn: *Is this a trick?*

WINSTON

Let me out. Let me out-!

MADOLYN

Hey-!

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

MADOLYN

Are. You. O. Kay?

He blinks. Shell-shocked. Glasses askew.

WINSTON

...I pissed myself.

On Madolyn: *Great.*

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

WINSTON

Is he-?

MADOLYN

Unconscious. For now.

She surveys the cockpit. Assessing. Training kicking in.

Control the situation.

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

MADOLYN

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

WINSTON

Fuck that! Shoot him!
(off her look)
He was going to fly us into the wilderness and murder us.

MADOLYN

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

Winston scoffs.

MADOLYN

Oh, do you know how to fly a plane?

WINSTON

We can't trust him.

MADOLYN
Yeah, no kidding.

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

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

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

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

She reaches over. Grabs his left wrist...

It's stuck.

Madolyn glances at Daryl: head lolling to the side.

She tugs on his arm... and AGAIN.

MADOLYN
Come on...

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

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

MADOLYN
Okay...

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

MADOLYN
Christ.

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

She looks at Winston. At his shackles.

He smiles.

MADOLYN
God damn it.

EXT. ALASKAN SKIES - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS

The FUEL GUAGE creeps lower. Unnoticed as --

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

MADOLYN
No sudden movements.

Winston stretches.

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

MADOLYN
Just pull.

Together, they heave Daryl into the second row.

MADOLYN
Hold up.

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

Winston groans under Daryl's dead weight.

WINSTON
Jesus Christ. Hurry.

MADOLYN
Shh. Hang on.

She pats Daryl down.

WINSTON
What? What are you doing?

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

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

MADOLYN
Just a sec.

WINSTON
He's going to wake up!

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

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

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

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

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

WINSTON
...What?

MADOLYN
Nothing.

She folds up the paper.

WINSTON
Fuck you, "nothing." Show me.

MADOLYN
Quiet. Lift him.

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

MADOLYN
Jesus! Here!

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

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

MADOLYN
Forget it. Ready?

But Winston's spiraling.

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

Madolyn snaps her fingers.

MADOLYN

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

(Winston nods)

So one, two...

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

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

WINSTON

Come on...

MADOLYN

For him. Cuff his hands to that handhold there.

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

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

UP FRONT

Madolyn climbs over into the pilot's seat.

MADOLYN

Okay...

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

WINSTON

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

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

WINSTON

Oh, god...

MADOLYN

Listen-

WINSTON

We're fucked. We're so fucked-

MADOLYN

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

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

WINSTON

Okay... but where are we?

Off Madolyn...

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Shit.

INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS

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

WINSTON

Hey...

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

WINSTON

Hey!

MADOLYN

Hang on--

WINSTON

You're bleeding.

What?

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

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

She puts pressure on it.

WINSTON
First aid kit.

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

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

WINSTON
I can get it. Unlock me.

MADOLYN
Not a chance.

WINSTON
Jesus, come on-

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

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

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

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

Madolyn collects herself and gingerly inspects the wound.

Winston grimaces and looks away.

MADOLYN
(re: Winston's reaction)
Really?

WINSTON
What? I'm not great with blood.

MADOLYN
Shocker.

She winces as she dresses the wound.

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

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

MADOLYN

How did you know about Daryl?

Winston nods at the paper on the floor.

UNDERNEATH THE SEAT

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

BACK UP IN THE COCKPIT

Madolyn examines the charter license with the REAL DARYL BOOTH.

WINSTON

I'm just trying to keep us alive.

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

MADOLYN

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

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

She puts on her own headset. Keys the radio.

MADOLYN

Uh, hello? Is anyone receiving me?

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

MADOLYN

Can anyone hear me? Mayday. Mayday. Mayday.

Static.

WINSTON

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

MADOLYN

We're showing up.

WINSTON

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

MADOLYN

I'm not sure we were on our route.

WINSTON

What?

Madolyn nods at Daryl: still unconscious in the back.

MADOLYN

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

WINSTON

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

MADOLYN

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

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

MADOLYN

Can anyone hear me? Mayday. Mayday.
Mayday.

Static.

WINSTON

We're going to crash.

MADOLYN

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

Nothing. She hangs her head.

Long beat.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

(static-y)
...ay.. gan..?

Madolyn JOLTS.

MADOLYN

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

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

(clearer)

Yeah, I -ead you. Say again?

MADOLYN

Help. I need help-

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

This is an aviation frequency.

MADOLYN

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

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

You don't sound like a pilot...

MADOLYN

I'm not, I-

(stay calm)

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

A static-filled beat.

MADOLYN

...Hello?

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

Are you shitting me?

Winston shakes his head.

MADOLYN

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

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

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

Autopilot? She checks the switch.

MADOLYN

Yes. Yes, it's on.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)

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

Winston nervously looks back at Daryl: still out cold.

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

MADOLYN
Uh, three- three thousand feet.

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

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

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

MADOLYN
It's broken.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)
Say again?

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

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

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

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

Madolyn squints: nothing but clouds.

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

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

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)
A --t of mou-----s?

MADOLYN
You're breaking up again.

PILOT (RADIO/OVER)
I- --nt -ane--

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

MADOLYN
No, I didn't get that. Hello?
(static)
God damn it, c'mon... Hello!?

Nothing but static.

MADOLYN
Hello!?

But the pilot is gone. Madolyn SLAPS the bulkhead.

MADOLYN
God DAMN it!

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

Madolyn fiddles with the radio some more.

MADOLYN
Can anyone hear me? Mayday. Mayday.
Mayday.

Static.

WINSTON
He'll at least call it in, right?

Madolyn nods. Falters. Turns to him.

MADOLYN
Wait, what did you say?

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

She straightens, inspired.

WINSTON

...What?

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

WINSTON

Out here?

MADOLYN

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

(it's ringing)

Come on...

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Madolyn?

MADOLYN

(pure relief)

Caroline! Oh, thank God. Listen-

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Surely you're not in Anchorage
already.

MADOLYN

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

I can barely hear you.

MADOLYN

Compromised! We've been
compromised.

Beat.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

I don't understand. What happened?

MADOLYN

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Jesus.

MADOLYN

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
Are you hurt?

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
And the witness?

MADOLYN
Winston? He's fine --

WINSTON
...So not true...

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

MADOLYN
I am!

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
What--?

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

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

MADOLYN
I'm calm!

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

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

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

Madolyn hears Van Sant murmur to people in the background.

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

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

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

MADOLYN
I need someone to help me fly this
thing.

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

MADOLYN
Caroline.
(beat)
How did this happen?

A strained beat.

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

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

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

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

WINSTON
Well?

Madolyn's lost in thought.

WINSTON
Hey!

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

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

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

IN THE BACK SEAT

Daryl groans and shakes his head, groggy.

DARYL
Goddamn, that taser's no joke.

MADOLYN
Tell me how to fly this thing.

DARYL
Mmm... no.

He spits old blood out of his mouth.

DARYL
Fuck, I think I bit my tongue.

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

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

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

DARYL
Careful now, you're awful close.

MADOLYN
Makes it hard to miss.

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

(beat)
Where the fuel tank is.

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

DARYL

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

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

WINSTON

He's lying.

DARYL

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

Winston glares. Daryl shrugs.

DARYL

Yeah. Quite the pickle, ain't it?

MADOLYN

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

Daryl sucks his teeth. Shakes his head.

DARYL

Eh. Pass. Option B?

MADOLYN

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

DARYL

Moretti will never believe that.

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

MADOLYN

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

Daryl frowns, mulling it over.

MADOLYN

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

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

MADOLYN

Too late.

She turns away. Answers the phone.

MADOLYN

This is Harris.

An incongruously bright, SUNNY VOICE crackles through:

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

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

MADOLYN

You could say that.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

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

MADOLYN

You don't say.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

Yes, ma'am. As aircraft go, it's pretty *plane* and simple.

(crickets, clears throat)

...Just a little pilot humor to keep things light. Okay, first off, I'm going to need you to read me some vitals. Let's start with airspeed...

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

IN THE BACK

-- Daryl discreetly tests his bindings.

EXT. ALASKAN SKIES - CONTINUOUS

The plane soars on.

INT. CESSNA 206 - MINUTES LATER

Madolyn grips the yoke.

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

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

MADOLYN
Okay. We're turning.

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

MADOLYN
I see it.

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

A moment later, the compass turns to SOUTHWEST.

MADOLYN
Okay, leveling...

The plane evens out.

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

She does.

MADOLYN
Done.

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

Madolyn nods, relieved.

MADOLYN

Thank you.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

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

Madolyn smiles small in spite of herself.

MADOLYN

Noted.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

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

The line disconnects.

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - DAY

The Cessna flies over miles of desolate wilderness.

INT. CESSNA 206 - LATER

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

DARYL

(singing)

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

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

Its BLADE GLEAMS in a passing sunbeam.

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

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

He continues singing to himself as --

UP FRONT

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

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

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

MADOLYN
 Why don't you ask him?

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

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

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

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

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

As she goes to answer:

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

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

MADOLYN

Caroline?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

(jumping right in)

Okay, so we're coordinating with the military to get search and rescue up. Shouldn't be long now.

Madolyn hears MURMURING in the background.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

(to someone in the room with her)

I don't care, keep trying.

(back to Madolyn)

I'm told you're a little small for radar, particularly with all the mountains, so I'm trying to get them to scramble some fighters. Get some extra eyeballs out there.

MADOLYN

Okay. Well, we're headed for the coast, so maybe have them sweep that first.

(no response)

Caroline?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Yeah. Look, there's something else:

(beat)

Anchorage PD just found Daryl Booth in his apartment. A single gunshot wound to the head.

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

MADOLYN

Someone talked.

(beat)

Who knew about this op?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

I mean -- we had to arrange transpo, interface with the FAA, coordinate local law enforcement...

MADOLYN

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

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

MADOLYN

(to herself)
And you.

She blinks. Wheels turning.

IN THE BACK

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

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

DARYL

Too low.

Madolyn and Winston ignore him.

DARYL

(louder)
Hey! You're low.

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

Daryl nods at the mountains up ahead.

DARYL

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

UP FRONT

Madolyn's still on the phone with Van Sant.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

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

MADOLYN
I need to call you back.

She hangs up. Turns to Winston.

MADOLYN
What'd he say?

DARYL
You're too low!

WINSTON
He said we're too low.

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

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

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

MADOLYN
Oh, now you want to help?

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

WINSTON
Oh, Christ...

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

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

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

MADOLYN
I'm calling Hasan.

The mountains grow closer as --

IN THE BACK

-- Daryl starts thrashing about, panicked.

DARYL

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

WINSTON

Jesus, just do it!

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

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

THE KNIFE

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

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

DARYL

Keep going... a little more.

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

The plane climbs higher.

The knife slides closer.

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

Madolyn levels off. Glances back at Daryl.

Daryl shrugs.

DARYL

Looked low to me.

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

DARYL

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

UP FRONT

Winston's face lights up.

WINSTON
Hey... hey! The coast.

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

WINSTON
That's the coast!

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

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

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

IN THE BACK

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

He frowns. *Shit.*

Time for a new plan.

EXT. ALASKAN COASTLINE - CONTINUOUS

The Cessna soars south over the dramatic coastline.

INT. CESSNA 206 - MINUTES LATER

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

MADOLYN
...Great, keep me posted.

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

MADOLYN
They're narrowing the search window.

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

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

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

MADOLYN
You should have taken me up on that offer.

DARYL
I ain't worried.

Madolyn rolls her eyes.

MADOLYN
Spoken like a true killer.

Daryl shrugs.

DARYL
You would know.

Winston perks up, concerned.

WINSTON
What?

MADOLYN
Ignore him.

But she's a little unnerved too.

WINSTON
No, what does that mean?

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

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

DARYL
I know you killed your last prisoner.

Beat.

Madolyn falters. Thrown.

Winston sees on her face that it's true.

WINSTON

...What..?

Daryl grins.

DARYL

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

(beat)

Whoops.

Madolyn seethes for a beat.

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

WINSTON

Whoa-whoa -- What are you doing?

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

MADOLYN

How do you know that?

Daryl just grins. Shrugs. Coy.

Whap! Madolyn CLOCKS him in the face.

MADOLYN

How do you know that!?

DARYL

It's true, ain't it?

He whistles, faux-impressed.

DARYL

And now this whole fiasco. Yikes--

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

MADOLYN

How do you know!?

Daryl winks. Madolyn lays into him as --

UP FRONT

-- Winston strains to see what's happening.

WINSTON

Hey! Hey, maybe come back up here.

IN THE BACK

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

DARYL

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

MADOLYN

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

DARYL

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

Madolyn seethes.

MADOLYN

Forget it.

She turns back for the cockpit --

DARYL

Do you still see her face?

She hesitates.

DARYL

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

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

WINSTON

Whoa-hey-don't-!

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

Then Madolyn pulls herself free. Panting.

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

Daryl groans. Bruised and bloody.

MADOLYN

I hope Moretti does come for you.

She turns and heads back to the cockpit.

On Daryl: cowed.

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

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

That had been his plan all along...

UP IN THE COCKPIT

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

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

Stupid...

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

WINSTON

What the fuck was that?

Madolyn ignores him, fixing her bandage.

WINSTON

Hey! You killed somebody?

Still nothing. Winston nods at Daryl.

WINSTON

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

MADOLYN

(snapping)

It wasn't like that, all right?

On Winston: *Well..?*

Madolyn sighs. Relents.

MADOLYN

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

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

MADOLYN

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

Winston listens, rapt, brow furrowed.

MADOLYN (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

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

She falters. Blinks back a tear.

MADOLYN

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

On Madolyn: lost in her memory.

WINSTON

And they put you on a desk?

MADOLYN

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

WINSTON

Until now. With me.

Madolyn looks at him: a moment of unspoken understanding.

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

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

Off Madolyn...

IN THE BACK

Daryl carefully pops out a LENS from the sunglasses.

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

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

UP FRONT

Madolyn answers the sat phone.

MADOLYN
Caroline?

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

MADOLYN
Yeah. Great.

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

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

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

VAN SANT
How do you know?

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

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

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

MADOLYN
Maybe we should bring the Director in on this.

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

MADOLYN
How 'bout now?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
 Look, the situation is -- fluid --
 at best. We need to get you safely
 on the ground, and into the hands
 of my team.

MADOLYN
 Your team.

She glances over at Winston. Wary.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
 You can trust them. I vetted them
 myself.

MADOLYN
 You did, huh?
 (beat)
 What does Coleridge think?

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
 This is my op--

MADOLYN
 You don't trust the Director?

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

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

MADOLYN
 Except you. And your team.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
 Mads, come on, it's me. Hell, I'm
 the one who fought to get you back
 in the field.

On Madolyn: ever more suspicious.

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

IN THE BACK

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

UP FRONT

Madolyn spirals on the phone.

MADOLYN

(amazed)

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

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

MADOLYN

(blurting)

How much is Moretti paying you?

Beat.

Van Sant scoffs.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

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

MADOLYN

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

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

Click. Madolyn HANGS UP on Van Sant, reeling.

WINSTON

What's going on?

Madolyn shakes her head, unsure. Wheels turning.

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

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

IN THE BACK

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

DARYL
How's it going up there?

She glances away, in no mood to engage.

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

But Madolyn seems determined to ignore him. *Good.*

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

UP FRONT

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

MADOLYN
Hello?

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

MADOLYN
I've got to call you back.

Click.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WINSTON
 (quiet)
 Oh, Christ...

Beat.

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

MADOLYN
 -- Thank you. --

JANINE
 -- Uh, please- please hold.

She puts Madolyn on hold.

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

The Cessna soars over the vast wilderness.

INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

Winston's about to reply when:

MADOLYN
 Hey. Ignore him.

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

DARYL
 (quiet)
 Yeah, twig. Ignore me.

On Daryl: a dangerous gleam in his eye.

UP IN THE COCKPIT

The grizzly bear dances atop the dashboard.

Winston scans the horizon with the binoculars.

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

MADOLYN
 Janine?

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

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

JANINE (PHONE/OVER)
 One moment.

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

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)
 Coleridge here.

MADOLYN
 Sir, it's Harris.

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

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

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)
Say again?

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

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

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

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

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

MADOLYN
In the New York office.

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

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

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

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

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)
Deputy?

MADOLYN
I will. Thank you.

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

WINSTON
Well? We good?

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

Wait...

Madolyn turns to Winston.

MADOLYN
Hey, the payoff you told Daryl
about --

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

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

WINSTON
...Sankaty.

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

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

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

Madolyn reels, putting the pieces together.

WINSTON

Why?

Madolyn doesn't answer. Her mind spins.

MADOLYN

Holy shit.

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

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

Oh, fuck.

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

MADOLYN

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

A moment of ringing, then:

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

For god's sake, Madolyn, you can't just--!

MADOLYN

It's Coleridge. He's the leak.

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

I- what?

MADOLYN

Get out of the office. Right now.

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

Hang on--

MADOLYN

-- There's no time! --

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)

-- You just accused me, I mean, are you sure?

MADOLYN

Winston handled his payoffs.

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

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

MADOLYN
 You didn't know?

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

MADOLYN
 Well Winston can.

Madolyn can practically hear Van Sant's brain scrambling:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VAN SANT (PHONE/OVER)
 Shit-!

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

VAN SANT
 God damn it!

MADOLYN
 I'm sorry.

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

MADOLYN
 Caroline-

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

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

IN THE BACK

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

UP FRONT

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

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

Madolyn's lost in thought.

WINSTON
 Deputy Harris!

Madolyn jolts.

MADOLYN
What Winston?

WINSTON
 You see that? What is that?

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

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

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

MADOLYN
 -- Yeah, yeah I see it.

Madolyn dials. A moment later...

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

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

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

MADOLYN
 We're too high.

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

MADOLYN
 Uh, yeah. Copy.

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

The shipwreck is coming up pretty fast...

MADOLYN
 You see anything?

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

MADOLYN
 (urgent)
 Winston.

WINSTON
 Hold it steady!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As they wait for confirmation:

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

IN THE BACK

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

UP IN THE COCKPIT

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

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

MADOLYN
Yeah. Yeah, we're here.

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

MADOLYN
(a smile)
Yeah?

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

MADOLYN
Copy. Turning to one-one-zero.

The plane banks.

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

MADOLYN
Sounds good. Thank you.

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

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

Madolyn nods. The hint of a smile.

WINSTON
We're going to get out of this!

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

Whoosh.

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

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

WHAM!

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

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

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

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

DARYL

No.

He YANKS her away. Redoubles his grip.

Madolyn's veins pop. Her eyes roll.

DARYL

God damn it, c'mon...

The plane bumps and jostles. The engine whines.

Madolyn turns purple, fading.

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

Daryl leans in close.

DARYL

Hey, you want to know my real name?

Madolyn's eyes roll as --

WINSTON

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

He awkwardly SLASHES at Daryl's arm.

DARYL

Ah, fuck!

Daryl flinches. Recoils. Releases Madolyn.

She falls forward, GASPING and choking as --

-- Daryl SLUGS Winston. And AGAIN.

MADOLYN

Draws her pistol, but Daryl KNOCKS her arm aside --

BAM!

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

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

-- BLOOD POURS from Daryl's ruptured eardrum.

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

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

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

UP FRONT

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

MADOLYN

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

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

Too late. Daryl LUNGES as --

BAM!

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

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

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

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

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

And all at once, sound comes CRASHING back.

Beat.

ON MADOLYN

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

She coughs, utterly rattled.

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

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

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

MADOLYN
(hoarse)
Winston!

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

MADOLYN
Shit.

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

MADOLYN
Okay, okay, let me see.

Winston holds firm. Eyes clamped shut in pain.

MADOLYN
Winston, you have to let me see.

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

MADOLYN
Ooookay. It's fine.

(It's not.)

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

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

MADOLYN
It is! It--

She rifles through the med-kit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MADOLYN
I know. I know. Hang in there.

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

MADOLYN
I can't, I'm sorry.

WINSTON
Come on, please!

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

Winston YELLS in agony.

MADOLYN
-- I'm sorry.

WINSTON
Am I dying--?

MADOLYN
-- No --

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

MADOLYN
Hey!

She grabs him. Forces his attention.

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

Winston does. And again. Slowly calming down.

After a beat:

MADOLYN
Okay?

Winston nods, focused on his breathing.

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

MADOLYN
Thank you, by the way.

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

MADOLYN
 (off his look)
 You saved me.

Winston closes his eyes and nods through the pain.

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

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

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

The plane soars over the wilderness.

INT. CESSNA 206 - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

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

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

She answers.

MADOLYN
 H- hello?

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

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

Beat.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)
 Say again?

MADOLYN

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

(realizing)

I shot him.

(beat)

Hello?

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

Yeah. Uh, copy. Stand by.

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

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

Deputy? Still there?

MADOLYN

Yes! Yes, I'm here--

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

I couldn't reach deputy Van Sant.

Uh, what's the status of the

witness?

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

MADOLYN

...Dire.

Madolyn can hear murmured discussion in the background.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

And the pilot?

MADOLYN

Restrained. And bleeding out.

Silence on the line.

MADOLYN

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

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)

Copy. Tarmac EMS is on standby.

MADOLYN

How far away are we?

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

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

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

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

MADOLYN
 -- Great. --

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

Shit. Madolyn glances at Winston. Nods.

MADOLYN
 We have no choice.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)
 Deputy...

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

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

MADOLYN
 I'm not losing him, all right?

Beat.

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

MADOLYN
 Thank you.

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

MADOLYN
Okay... approaching one-sixty.

HASAN (PHONE/OVER)
Keep an eye on that fuel. I'll call you back in a few minutes with the landing procedure.

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

MADOLYN
Hang on, Winston. Not long now.

They speed up as --

IN THE BACK

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

He COUGHS. Gurgles.

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

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

The plane speeds along as --

UP IN THE COCKPIT

Madolyn tries calling Van Sant... voicemail.

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

MADOLYN
Winston? How you doing?

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

MADOLYN
Winston?

WINSTON
...I don't want to die.

MADOLYN

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

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

WINSTON

(a weak smile)

Uh oh... You're in trouble now.

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

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

It's dark blood. Almost black. Yikes.

They both stare at it, sobered.

MADOLYN

Hang in there.

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

WINSTON

...I'm sorry.

MADOLYN

Don't worry about it.

WINSTON

No, this...

(clears throat)

This is my fault.

MADOLYN

What are you talking about?

WINSTON

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

(beat)

I wanted that easy money.

He rubs his wrists.

WINSTON

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

(MORE)

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

He meets Madolyn's eye.

WINSTON
 I'm sorry.

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

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

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

WINSTON
 Will you go see her?

MADOLYN
 Me?

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

MADOLYN
 Hey, c'mon...

WINSTON
 Please?

Beat. Madolyn nods.

MADOLYN
 I'll tell her, Winston.

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

WINSTON
 (quiet)
 I did the right thing.

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

...It immediately goes to VOICEMAIL. *Again?*

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

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

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

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

MADOLYN
Janine?

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

Beat. A familiar PATERNAL VOICE crackles through:

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)
Harris?

Madolyn's blood goes cold.

MADOLYN
...Director Coleridge?

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

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

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

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

On Madolyn: sinking into a pool of dread.

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

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

Madolyn hangs her head. Squeezes back a tear.

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

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

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)
 Deputy?

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

MADOLYN
 ...How?

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

MADOLYN
 No. How could you know all this
 already?

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

MADOLYN
 I know it was you.

Beat.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)
 Excuse me?

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

Silence on the line.

MADOLYN
 Check your records: you got sloppy.

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

MADOLYN
 A jury will.

Beat.

The phone beeps: "Hasan calling..."

MADOLYN
My pilot's calling.

DIRECTOR COLERIDGE (PHONE/OVER)
Hang on-

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

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

MADOLYN
Hasan?

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

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

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

Madolyn keys the radio.

MADOLYN
I'm no pilot.

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

Madolyn shifts in her seat. Focused.

IN THE BACK

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

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

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

Madolyn glances at him in the rearview. Looks away.

DARYL
 Hey! Why didn't you kill me?

MADOLYN
 Because I'm not like you.

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

EXT. ALASKAN SKIES - CONTINUOUS

The Cessna is enveloped in thick clouds.

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

The plane starts to DESCEND, passing through the clouds.

INT. CESSNA 206 - CONTINUOUS

The grizzly bear dances and sways.

UP IN THE COCKPIT

The outskirts of ANCHORAGE appear through the clouds.

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

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

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

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

Static.

MADOLYN

Hasan?

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

(concerned, distracted)

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

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

MADOLYN

Winston?

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

MADOLYN

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

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

Still, I really think--

MADOLYN

Hasan. We have to land now.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

Do you think he's going to make it?

Madolyn's thrown. Doesn't answer.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

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

MADOLYN

Hasan.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

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

(beat)

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

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

On Madolyn: resolved.

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

Beat.

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

MADOLYN
...Throttle to fifty...

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)
Altitude?

MADOLYN
One thousand feet.

Up ahead: the runway grows closer.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)
Flaps to full.

Madolyn flicks the Flaps switch.

MADOLYN
Flaps... to full.

She turns to Winston, slumped in his seat.

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

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

Madolyn SHOUTS. Flinches as --

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

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

The plane rocks. Weaves.

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

Madolyn ignores Hasan. Struggling to fend off Daryl.

CLOSE ON the altimeter: 800 feet...

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

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

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

DARYL
Do it.
(beat)
Do it-!

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

Daryl LUNGES --

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

Daryl collapses back. Nose broken, groaning. Exhausted.

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

WINSTON
Send Mister Moretti my regards.

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

DARYL
...Please...

MADOLYN
We're landing. You should brace
yourself.

She turns back to the controls.

600 feet...

Up ahead: the RUNWAY stretches out before her.

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

MADOLYN

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

Thwump! A GUST of wind knocks the plane left.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

Engage the pedals. Right rudder.

(beat)

Right rudder.

MADOLYN

I am--

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

You need to turn into the wind.

MADOLYN

I am!

The plane's ROCKED by another gust.

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

Okay, better... hold that line.

Five hundred feet.

The runway drifts closer.

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

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

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

Okay, now cut the throttle and kill the engine.

MADOLYN

What?

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

We need to minimize the risk of fire upon landing.

MADOLYN

But-

HASAN (RADIO/OVER)

Right now. Or we're going to have to wave off and do it again.

(beat)

Deputy-

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

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

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

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

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

The Hula Grizzly sways away on the dash.

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

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

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

Madolyn smiles.

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

She kills the MASTER SWITCH.

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

Truly alone now.

The wind whistles by.

MADOLYN
Okay, Winston, ready?

She reaches over and checks Winston's seatbelt.

MADOLYN
Twenty feet... Ten...

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

MADOLYN
(a whisper)
...Touchdown.

BAM!

The plane is ROCKED as it touches down.

It BOUNCES once...

LANDS HARD.

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

Madolyn and Winston are JOLTED. Safety glass cracks.

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

CRACK. A wheel BREAKS OFF. SPARKS FLY.

Madolyn braces herself as --

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

Madolyn grits her teeth. Hanging on for dear life.

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

And for a moment, everything's quiet.

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

SIRENS sound in the distance.

MADOLYN
Winston..? Winston!

Winston grunts. Nods. The smallest signs of life.

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

Madolyn smiles.

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

She unstraps her seatbelt, utterly exhausted.

Behind her, Daryl groans, beaten.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Madolyn points to Winston.

MADOLYN
Take him first.

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

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

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

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

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

FIREFIGHTER (O.S.)
Ma'am?

Madolyn blinks. Notices a firefighter's outstretched HAND.

She nods, still processing.

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

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

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

As the grizzly dances...

FADE TO BLACK.

The end.