

The Flight Attendant

Ep 101 "In Case Of Emergency"

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THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
"In Case Of Emergency"

TEASER

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC. The club is packed. Mostly JAPANESE clientele. That's because we're in Tokyo's SHIBUYA DISTRICT. CASSIE BOWDEN (30s), looking sweaty but amazing in a metallic party dress, emerges from the crowd and catches a WAITRESS by the arm. She pushes her hair back out of her face and has to SHOUT to be heard over the music.

CASSIE

Lasto orda wa nanji desuka?
(When's last call?)

The WAITRESS holds up 2 fingers. Cassie glances at her WRIST WATCH, SMILES and again SHOUTS over the music.

CASSIE

Ah. Ippon. "Vodka," kudasai!
(One bottle. Vodka, please.)

She starts DANCING again as we abruptly...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC. It's a long, slim hotel bar and it is PACKED with people. LAUGHING, TALKING, having a good time. Lots of Spanish folks, because we're in Madrid. We PAN down the bar to the end and find Cassie, dressed to the nines, toasting an entire GROUP OF PEOPLE as they all do shots.

She finishes, WINCES, spins to the bar and calls out...

CASSIE

Quiero tres chupitos de Vodka.
(I want three shots of Vodka.)
Oh! Please. Uh, por favor.

She looks at the group around her and shrugs.

CASSIE

I always forget, "Por favor."

She LAUGHS and the group laughs with her. And...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC. Cassie has her back to us, in a crop top, leaning on the bar. A HANDSOME MAN (30s) is whispering in her ear. She turns, GIGGLING, and flags down the BARTENDER.

CASSIE

Je voudrais un verre de "Vodka."

She uses her hands to differentiate the sizes.

CASSIE

Shot, non. Verre, oui.

The message: bigger is better. She SMILES and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

BLARING MUSIC. CLUB LIGHTS. It's all a blur. Cassie, drink in hand, is dancing away with a guy, ETHAN (30s), tattooed and hot. She is LAUGHING and having a blast. Then we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

QUIET. We're CLOSE ON Cassie's beatific face. Peacefully sleeping, lovely aside from the smeared mascara and slightly messy hair. We PULL OUT to reveal she is...

Passed out on a rumbling subway car, clutching her PURSE.

Her hand is STAMPED for bar entry and she has a BRIGHT GREEN TEMPORARY WRIST BAND, too. She's in a winter coat, but her small party dress is visible underneath. She is seemingly unbothered by the motion or the noises around her.

The train comes to a stop, the doors PING. Cassie slowly wakes, yawning, stretching, becoming aware of her environment as COMMUTERS enter and exit the subway car.

Cassie grins. She doesn't seem to be particularly surprised or troubled to be waking up here.

A GIRL (7) sits next to her BROTHER and an OLDER WOMAN who has in earphones and is engrossed in a ROMANCE NOVEL. She has a cute little backpack and is probably on the way to school. She SMILES at Cassie.

(CONTINUED)

Cassie SMILES and offers a LITTLE WAVE. Even like this, evidently after a killer night out, Cassie has an effervescent quality. She leans forward and then playfully whispers to the Girl...

CASSIE
What city is this?

The Girl looks confused. P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT chimes overhead.

P.A.
"This is a Manhattan bound L Train.
Next stop is 6th Ave / 14th Street.

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY

CASSIE
Ah. Yes. Got it.

She WINKS at the Girl. Then reaches into her purse, takes a glance around, and then pulls out an AIRPLANE-SIZED BOTTLE OF VODKA. She downs it.

The Girl is still watching her.

Cassie holds a finger to her lips: "Shhh." Then notices the time on her tasteful WRIST WATCH and suddenly her EYES GO WIDE with panic.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - MORNING

Early morning in Manhattan. WIDE ON a busy block. Cassie RUNS THROUGH FRAME in a sprint, barefoot, carrying her heels.

INT. CASSIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Cassie BURSTS through the door of her comfy studio apartment. Honestly, it looks like a lived-in CB2 ad. Her cell phone RINGS and she answers while throwing open her REFRIGERATOR.

CASSIE
Davey, I literally have no time.
I'll miss my flight if I don't--

To REVEAL it's mostly empty. There's a JAR OF PICKLES, some PEANUT BUTTER, and A LOT OF WHITE WINE. She closes the refrigerator door.

INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - MORNING (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

DAVEY BOWDEN(30s) is Cassie's slightly older brother. He's fit, blond, and clearly belongs in a J Crew catalogue. He's putting PRESERVES on toast in his mid-century modern kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

DAVEY

Anyway, we need to talk about our New York visit. Rick is driving me crazy about--

As Cassie walks over to the bed area, she struggles to undress while holding her PHONE and we see in the background what looks like SOMEONE MOVING in the bed behind her.

CASSIE

I barely even know what city I'm in and we have, like, so much time until your "New York adventure."

DAVEY

Cassie, it's four days away.

CASSIE

Wait, are you serious?

ETHAN sits up in bed behind Cassie, wiping his eyes. For those playing at home, he's the guy from the club flashback. Still covered in tattoos and still hot. Now naked.

DAVEY

Oh wow you forgot. And the girls are excited to see their aunt because they're not old enough to realize she's a total disaster.

CASSIE

Davey. You put away those knives right now. I didn't forget.

Davey stabs through the toast, but is forcing calm.

DAVEY

Ugh, you do this and it's so-- it's such a Dad thing, super triggering.

CASSIE

What's wrong with, how is it a Dad thing? Where is that coming from?

DAVEY

I bet you're hung over. Am I right? On a *Tuesday* morning.

CASSIE

I don't-- *wrong*. Listen, I'm the adorable little sister, Dad liked me better, you're bitter. Those are the facts, so grow up.

(CONTINUED)

DAVEY

Oh my god, it's like we had completely different childhoods.

CASSIE

Because I don't hate Dad.

DAVEY

Because you bizarrely idolize him and he was a wreck of a human.

ETHAN

Hey.

Cassie SCREAMS, drops her phone, and spins around! When her phone lands, the SPLIT SCREEN CUTS OUT.

Ethan throws his hands up in a "no harm" pose, Cassie pulls open a bedside drawer and grabs PEPPER SPRAY! She's standing in her underwear. This is all so fast...

ETHAN

Whoa whoa whoa!

CASSIE

Who-- *what are you doing in here?*

ETHAN

I'm Ethan, from last night.

CASSIE

Say more!

ETHAN

I'm Ethan. We were at the-- at the bar. We were supposed to--

CASSIE

Ethan, tell me how you got into my apartment before I painfully blind you with this and call the cops.

Ethan, very naked, grabs his PHONE off his pile of CLOTHES on the floor and holds up a TEXT MESSAGE.

ETHAN

Jesus! You texted me to use the key above the door thing, the door frame. We were supposed to meet here at 2 and *don't spray me.*

Cassie visibly RELAXES, but is not thrilled.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Ugh, I was *so* drunk. I fell asleep
on the train.

ETHAN

You fell asleep on the--?

Her phone rings. She grabs it. We're BACK IN SPLIT SCREEN.

CASSIE

I'm fine, sorry, I'm fine. But I
have to go so let's talk later.

DAVEY

Wait, wait, then why did you--?

She hangs up. EXHALES. Then she looks Ethan up and down.
Again, he is very naked.

CASSIE

You're-- so hot.

ETHAN

Heh. You are, too. I mean, that's
why I waited all night.

She SHAKES her head, killing that bad idea. Disappointed.

CASSIE

Okay, I'm gonna shower now, *not in
a fun way*, and then book it to work
so I don't get fired. But *thank
you* for putting in the effort.

She disappears into her bathroom. We hear the SHOWER turn
on. Off Ethan, clearly confused: "Really?"

INT. JFK TERMINAL GATE - MORNING

We're on CASSIE'S SHOES as she moves towards the gate. Her
ROLLER BAG glides behind her. We PULL OUT to reveal that
Cassie is a FLIGHT ATTENDANT. She's in a wrap-dress uniform
in shades of blue. It's reminiscent of the Richard Tyler
DELTA Wrap dress they had before the recent Zac Posen
"redesign." And she looks great.

Flight lead MEGAN BRISCOE (50s) is waiting by the gate, stern
faced and arms folded. She's both Cassie's friend and
incredibly professional, two things often at odds. She's the
older sister Cassie never wanted and she looks annoyed.

Cassie abruptly stops rushing and coolly walks towards Megan.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
Good morning, Megan.

MEGAN
Good morning. We were taking bets
on how late you'd be.

CASSIE
I want in. Is "perfectly on time"
still available? Oh look, I win.

Cassie smiles as she passes Megan without stopping.

EXT. OVER THE ATLANTIC - NIGHT

An AIRBUS A380 cruises above the clouds. The blue, green,
and silver IMPERIAL ATLANTIC AIRLINES logo adorns the tail.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4094, FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

As WE MOVE THROUGH the LAVISH FIRST CLASS CABIN, a screen in
one of the individual "PODS" shows that we're over the
Atlantic Ocean on our way to Dubai. The cabin lighting is
dim. Some of the passengers are asleep, some read, many
watch their personal screens.

Eventually we LAND ON Cassie, basically "charm personified."
She is effortless as she moves through the cabin.

Eventually, she stops to check in with ALEX SOKOLOV (30s),
illuminated by a private light, in a dress shirt and slacks
that are tailored to his extremely fit body. Listen, he's
unambiguously handsome and clearly has money.

CASSIE
Do you need anything, Mr Sokolov?

He quickly closes his computer, maybe a little too quickly.
But he gives her his full attention and a SMILE.

ALEX
I'm gonna try to get some sleep if
I can figure out this seat belt.

Cassie gives a KNOWING CHUCKLE.

CASSIE
Not the first handsome guy to ask
for "help" with his seat belt.

ALEX
Oh. Handsome?

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Hmm. I kind of get the vibe you already know that.

It's cute. In fact, we are in full "meet cute" territory. Cassie spots a dog-eared copy of Dostoyevsky's *Crime & Punishment* on Alex's tray, next to his computer.

CASSIE

But you lose points for your depressing reading material.

ALEX

Whoa, this book is a masterpiece. Have you even read it?

CASSIE

In college. And P.S. classics can be classics and still feel like chewing on glass.

ALEX

You don't think this guy's struggle with guilt is harrowing?

CASSIE

Tell me again how it works out for any of the women in that book?

They're both clearly having fun now.

ALEX

Touché. Honestly, I just enjoy all things Russian. It's a blind spot.

CASSIE

Wait, with a last name like Sokolov? Stop it, I'm shocked.

ALEX

Sure, but I'm not Russian. I mean, my family's from Westchester.

CASSIE

Fancy. I'm from upstate New York, too. Further upstate. Never mind.

ALEX

So there's a word for it. When someone admires Russian culture. "Russophile." That's me. Money guy by day, Dostoyevsky by night.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
I'm more of a Dr. Zhivago girl.

ALEX
Really? That book is messy.

CASSIE
What's wrong with messy?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4094, LAVATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie and Alex are MAKING OUT HARD in the airplane bathroom. It's just making out, but it's intense. She pulls away--

CASSIE
Tell me more about Russian literature.

ALEX
After World War One there was--

She cuts him off with more kissing. She pulls away.

CASSIE
Tell me later.

More kissing.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4094 - LATER

Cassie slips out of the lavatory, checking that everything is in place. An OLDER WOMAN is waiting.

CASSIE
Oh. Oh, you'll want to use one of the other lavatories. This one is out of service.

Cassie SHRUGS apologetically and walks away. Suddenly, Alex sheepishly emerges from the lavatory.

The OLDER WOMAN is still there. She NARROWS her eyes at him.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4094, GALLEY - LATER

Cassie approaches the galley area where Megan is waiting.

MEGAN
You're laying it on thick with 3C.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Hi, I'm Cassie. You must be one of those super nosy, really invasive people I've been hearing about.

MEGAN

And you've got all of first class, not just that one seat.

CASSIE

It's harmless, he's harmless.

MEGAN

I'm going to pack my employee handbook the next time your name comes up on the rotation.

CASSIE

Sounds fun. Anyway, I'm sort of seeing someone right now, so I definitely was not hitting on 3C.

Megan lights up. She is clearly surprised.

MEGAN

Hey, tell me these things.

Cassie pulls out her PHONE and starts looking for something.

CASSIE

Hey, don't look at me all severe at the gate when I'm not even late.

MEGAN

Just show me the picture.

Cassie SMILES and turns the phone to Megan, revealing AN ADORABLE BUNNY RABBIT. Megan's face immediately falls.

MEGAN

Nope, absolutely not.

CASSIE

Please, I'd take them all home but my apartment has a strict no pets policy, but his name is Elvis and you have a real backyard in Oyster Bay where he'd be so--

MEGAN

I'm not adopting a rabbit from that shelter. Ugh, what is this *crusade* to rescue every animal?

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Okay, it's *not* a crusade. I just--
I feel like I should help them.

Two other flight attendants, SHANE EVANS (20s), the kind of perky, bright-eyed man that was born to work in hospitality, and JADA HARRIS (30s), Cassie's work nemesis, peak out from a curtain blocking off the galley.

SHANE

Are you talking about Elvis? You said I was the only one who could love Elvis enough to adopt him?

MEGAN

That's her game, Shane.

JADA

So what is your deal with 3C?

CASSIE

Shane, can I grab a double Scotch and some ice?

SHANE

Yep.

JADA

Huh. That was *not* an answer.

CASSIE

Shane, ask Jada not to harass me?

SHANE

Yep.

JADA

I'm sure you have a lot in common. I mean, you're both on this flight. That's about all you need, right?

CASSIE

I'm letting that sail by because I am the bigger person. How are things in "economy plus?"

JADA

Bye.

Jada rolls her eyes and walks away. Shane reappears with TWO MINI-BOTTLES OF SCOTCH and a GLASS OF ICE for Cassie.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

You could be nicer.

CASSIE

She could be nicer. And why does everyone think I'm hitting on this guy? I'm a professional.

SHANE

How about when you got wasted last week and fell off the table in that bar in the Montreal Airport?

CASSIE

If I don't remember, then it didn't happen. And I was *dancing*.

Cassie opens one of the bottles and chugs it. Megan covers her eyes. It's cute even though she's clearly bothered.

CASSIE

I slipped.

She grabs the cup of ice, WINKS at Shane, and walks away.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4094, FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Cassie sets down the Scotch in front of Alex.

ALEX

I don't know how to follow up the, uh-- will you have dinner with me?

CASSIE

That was absolutely a super cute moment, but we're not supposed to--

ALEX

If you're staying in Dubai tonight, have dinner with me. Trust me, I'm a great date. Just think about it?

Off Cassie, clearly thinking about it.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4094, BOARDING DOOR - LATER

As the passengers deplane, Cassie and Megan say goodbye in that perfectly polished "flight attendant" mode. When Alex passes Cassie, she smiles. He hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

ALEX

My cell is on the back. If you decide to break the rules.

(CONTINUED)

We RACK FOCUS to Megan behind them as she CLEARS HER THROAT very obviously.

Cassie quickly takes the business card and pockets it.

CASSIE
Enjoy your stay in Dubai.

Alex exits the plane. He looks back to give Cassie a smile. Wow, he really is gorgeous. Megan LEANS INTO FRAME, blocking Cassie's view. She smirks.

MEGAN
"Professional."

CASSIE
Fine, he asked me out. It's not like I'm going to call him.

Off Megan, dubious.

INT. RADISSON BLU, DUBAI - NIGHT

Cassie exits the elevators with a wrap covering her outfit. She spots JADA in the hotel bar. She moves across the lobby to avoid her and RUNS SMACK INTO MEGAN. Damn it.

MEGAN
Drinks with Jada in the bar if you want to join?

CASSIE
So I'm actually not feeling well. I'll grab some tea from that corner market and call it a night.

CLOSE ON: her high heels.

CLOSE ON: her gold hoop earrings.

CLOSE ON: her lips, glossed to a shine.

Megan just SIGHS.

EXT. RADISSON BLU, DUBAI- NIGHT

Alex is waiting out front in a MASERATI. Windows down.

Cassie undoes her wrap to reveal a SEXY COCKTAIL DRESS as she's walking towards the car.

SUPER: DUBAI

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

You look like trouble.

CASSIE

Oh, that's super sweet of you to notice.

And as she gets in the car, we fall into a rollicking MONTAGE of an unbelievably decadent night...

INT. GANESHA BAR - NIGHT

Cassie and Alex start with cocktails in a packed bar. All very chic. But Cassie is totally at ease. They drink. **(NOTE: Casually place Shane in background action)**

INT. NAÏF FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cassie and Alex are having a good time at dinner. LAUGHING. EMPTY GLASSES litter the table in the extravagant restaurant.

Other diners look on as Alex feeds Cassie pasta that probably costs a week of her salary per fork-full.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Cassie and Alex toast their COCKTAILS. More drinks! They're LAUGHING. **(NOTE: Casually place Shane in background action)**

Her hand slides up his thigh. It's on.

He holds up his ROOM KEY and she SNATCHES IT out of his hand with a LAUGH.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie and Alex are tearing their clothes off. They fall onto the couch and have sex.

Cassie drops her CLUTCH and Alex's ROOM KEY on a table.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie and Alex have more sex. Or it's still the same sex.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, SHOWER - NIGHT

Cassie is in the shower. We PULL BACK to reveal she's holding a COCKTAIL up above the water stream. Alex gently SHAMPOOS HER HAIR while taking chances to kiss her neck. She eventually turns and begins kissing him.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassie has a towel wrapped around her. She's LOOKING IN THE MIRROR, applying LIP GLOSS. Alex steps up behind her, placing his hands on her arms. He gently kisses her shoulder and SMILES at her in the reflection. She SMILES back at him.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie and Alex sit on the couch in PLUSH HOTEL BATH ROBES. They TOAST and SHOOT Vodka shots. It's cute.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With a huge smile, Cassie opens the door to a HOTEL WAITER (20s) in thick, coke bottle glasses carrying two new BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE. Alex is in view behind Cassie on the couch, applauding the arrival of the bottles.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Cassie SLAMS Alex against the wall by the room's door and they dive back into sex.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN HOTEL, HALLWAY - LATER

Cassie stumbles, drunk and smiling, down the hall with her CLUTCH in one hand and an open BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE in the other. She falls onto a plush bench.

She pulls out LIP GLOSS, and luxuriates in applying it. She gets up, LEAVING THE LIP GLOSS AND CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE BEHIND, and staggers away. But where's Alex?

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BEDROOM - MORNING

It's the morning after. CLOSE ON Cassie's CELL PHONE as it lights up and plays 80s earworm "TWO OF HEARTS" by Stacey Q.

Cassie fumbles to snooze her phone alarm, clearly extremely hung over from that crazy night. She struggles to pull herself upright. She's back in the suite. Didn't she leave?

CASSIE

Oh god, make the room stop.

She grabs the glass of clear liquid from the bedside table and chugs it, immediately spitting it out.

CASSIE

Tricky, Vodka. You're very tricky.

(CONTINUED)

She stretches as she staggers over to the floor-to-ceiling windows and pushes open the curtains revealing the GORGEOUS OCEAN VIEW. Blinding MORNING SUNLIGHT streams in.

Cassie shields her eyes and notices the BLOOD on the curtain where she pushed it open. And then ON HER HAND.

CASSIE
Jesus, Alex, what did we do last--?

She turns back to the bed and is cut off when she sees...

Alex Sokolov's BLOODY, DEAD BODY looking back at her! He stares blankly from the bed where she just woke up.

She covers her mouth, stifling a SCREAM, and trips backwards, pressing her back against the windows! She STARES IN HORROR.

Alex's THROAT IS SLASHED. As BLOOD RUNS DOWN we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS, UPSTATE NEW YORK - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

QUICK POP: We're on a DEAD DEER. It's been shot. BLOOD RUNS DOWN its neck.

YOUNG CASSIE (10) is in winter clothing. Her DAD stands next to Cassie. He's holding her hand and we only see him from the chest down. She has a RIFLE in her hand. It's too big. Cassie is looking down at the deer. Fascinated. Then she looks up expectantly at the man and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Where Cassie stares, wide eyed, at Alex's body. Horrified.

It's almost as if Alex is blankly staring back at her, FRESH BLOOD still running down his neck. It's so QUIET.

Suddenly, Cassie's WAKE-UP ALARM sounds again. The sound of "TWO OF HEARTS" by Stacey Q fills the room from her phone.

In shock, leaning against the windows with the gorgeous view of the Palm Islands behind her, Cassie slowly slides down to a crouching position and begins to HYPERVENTILATE!

SMASH TO TITLES:

THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

ACT ONE

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON Cassie's cell phone as "TWO OF HEARTS" CONTINUES TO PLAY. Cassie's bloody hand reaches into frame and SILENCES the alarm. Quiet. Except for Cassie's SHALLOW, QUICK BREATHING. The following SEQUENCE TAKES AS LONG AS IT TAKES.

Cassie stands over the bed across from the body in shock. She opens her mouth to speak, but nothing. Then, softly...

CASSIE

Alex?

But she doesn't really expect an answer. She doesn't need to touch him or check his pulse or anything. He's very dead.

In a burst, she rushes around the bed and grabs the HOTEL PHONE on the bedside table.

CLOSE ON: She dials "0" leaving a BLOODY FINGERPRINT.

She looks at the bloody print, almost hypnotized.

As the phone RINGS, she turns away from Alex's body and ends up facing a MIRROR on the nearby wall. In the reflection, she sees the blood on her hand and arm, the blood on one side of her hair. It's awful. And then she notices...

THE BROKEN VODKA BOTTLE on the floor and realizes she is standing on glass. Her FOOT IS CUT. When did that happen?

Suddenly, the FRONT DESK answers...

VOICE (FROM PHONE)

Guest services. How may I assist you, Mr. Sokolov?

Cassie snaps out of it and reflexively hangs up. Confused.

CASSIE

What are-- what are you doing?

She walks back around the bed to face Alex. She looks at the ground and sees her own BLOODY FOOTPRINTS on the tile of the hotel floor. It's surreal.

CASSIE

Please wake up. Please.

She SLAPS her own face. She then does it two or three more times, violently. This is real. She's TEARING UP.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly Cassie focuses on...

THE BROKEN BOTTLE. Then her focus shifts to her OWN BLOODY HAND and then to ALEX.

Then again. THE BROKEN BOTTLE. Then her OWN BLOODY HAND and then ALEX.

We're Cassie as she realizes she may have done this. Did she do this? She shakes her head "no."

Then again. THE BROKEN BOTTLE. Her BLOODY HAND. ALEX.

She's starting to SHAKE and PANIC fills her eyes. SUDDENLY the silence is shattered as "TWO OF HEARTS" by Stacey Q fills the room again. Cassie is startled and SCREAMS! She rushes over to her phone and stops it for good. Then she starts scrolling as she crosses to the window facing the water.

The PHONE SCREEN shows a photo of Cassie with ANOTHER WOMAN, LAUGHING AND HOLDING BEERS. It says: "ANNIE."

She hits DIAL and holds the phone to her ear, her reflection just visible in the window.

INT. HARU SUSHI - NIGHT (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

Cassie's best friend ANNIE MOURADIAN (30s) answers. She's an angular, no nonsense, curly brunette in a high-end tailored suit, and she's about to eat A LOT OF SUSHI sitting in front of her. The restaurant is busy for dinner.

ANNIE

Cassie, I'm literally about to eat so much fish and you're calling me on my work phone. Can it wait?

Cassie tries to say something, but only BREATH comes out.

ANNIE (CON'T)

I can't hear you. Oh god, are you in jail, is this *the* call? I'll bail you out, but no pro bono work.

CASSIE

Annie?

ANNIE

I'm here.

Cassie CLOSES HER EYES, pressing her head onto the window. And she tries her best to sound normal. But I mean...

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

What-- who was the girl? Who was the Italian girl-- no, the American girl in Italy? With the murder thing, but she was innocent or--?

ANNIE

I can barely hear you. Are you talking about Amanda Knox?

CASSIE

Yes. She called the police, right? The Italian police? And they--

ANNIE

They arrested her. Cassie, why are you asking me about Amanda Knox? Where are you?

Cassie opens her eyes. And then quietly...

CASSIE

I'm near the water.

Annie's digging through her purse and she pulls out TWO MORE PHONES: One IPHONE and one BLACK OLD-SCHOOL RAZOR PHONE. She sets aside the razor immediately begins SEARCHING the iPhone.

ANNIE

Fine, be cryptic. You don't have to tell me. Let's see... Dubai.

CASSIE

How do you know that?

ANNIE

When we took that girls trip to Tulum we all turned on our "find friend" thing. Because kidnapping. And you never turned yours off. Listen, you're not in trouble or--

Cassie INHALES sharply and then play acts like a champ.

CASSIE

No, no, I'm just in a, huh, strange mood, or I could not remember the-- I'm just hung over. You know me. And I must have blacked out. And I--

Cassie turns and looks at Alex again. She is not okay.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I can't remember anything.

ANNIE
Can you even drink in Dubai? Huh,
you think that Italy thing was bad,
you get thrown in jail in Dubai for
being a woman near a crime scene.

CASSIE
Do you?

Cassie is terrified.

ANNIE
Cassie, I'm joking. Mostly.

Annie's RAZOR PHONE BUZZES.

She looks at it like it's dangerous. She looks concerned.

ANNIE
Listen, honey, I have to go. Call
me when you're back. Safe travels.

Annie hangs up and THE SPLIT SCREEN CUTS OUT.

CASSIE
Okay. Okay, bye.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

WE FIND Cassie is in a frenzy, cleaning up the glasses and
bottles in the living room, throwing things into a small
TRASH CAN. THINGS ARE MOVING FAST NOW.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS. She glances at it and silences it.

WE FIND CASSIE pulling the trash bag out of the can and tying
it off. She drops it by the door to the suite.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BATHROOM - MORNING

WE FIND Cassie in the shower as BLOOD runs down the drain.
She is incredibly focused on scrubbing the blood off.

WE FIND Cassie wiping away steam and looking at herself in
the mirror. Her CELL PHONE RINGS AGAIN. She silences it.

WE FIND Cassie wrapped in a towel as she puts Band-Aids on
the sole of her injured foot. Then the SUITE DOORBELL RINGS!

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Cassie hops out in a robe and stares at the chained door. Holding her breath. Please let whoever's there just go away.

But of course the door opens, stopped short by the small SECURITY CHAIN. And through the crack, Cassie can see the HOUSEKEEPER. And the Housekeeper can see Cassie.

HOUSEKEEPER

Mr. Sokolov requested service.

CASSIE

Sorry, I was in the shower. Can you, will you come back later?

The Housekeeper looks at her CLIPBOARD, confused.

HOUSEKEEPER

Mrs. Sokolov?

Cassie moves over to the door with a bit of a limp because of her freshly bandaged foot.

CASSIE

Oh no, I'm not-- he's still asleep. The room is fine. Thank you.

Cassie closes the door. She looks at the FAINT TRAIL OF BLOODY FOOTPRINTS she's left on the floor to the bathroom.

WTF? She pulls the towel off of her head, bends down, and starts to scrub at them. Then HER PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

She looks and answers it.

INT. JOHNSON HOME - NIGHT (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

Davey is sitting at the kitchen table now with a stack of NEW YORK CITY travel books and an OPEN LAPTOP.

CASSIE

I can't talk.

DAVEY

You finally pick up the phone and that's what you want to say?

CASSIE

I can't talk.

(CONTINUED)

DAVEY

I'm ordering a bunch of passes to the zoo. They have gay pandas.

CASSIE

Jesus, if that's what you want to-- Wait, that's my thing, I'm taking the girls to the zoo.

DAVEY

Ugh, really? I'm just-- okay, I'm not leaving the kids alone with you, okay? After last time, it's--

She holds up the bloody towel. Examining it. Perplexed.

CASSIE

It's not like you can't trust me.

DAVEY

It's not a big deal, we'll all go. Do we have to make a thing of it?

We're ON CASSIE'S FACE. On the verge of TEARS. Of course he can't leave the kids with her, she's cleaning up a murder.

CASSIE

No, you're probably-- we don't have to make a thing of it.

She hangs up and the SPLIT SCREEN CUTS OUT. She starts scrubbing again.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN HOTEL - MORNING

Cassie, with her WRAP up around her head and LARGE SUNGLASSES, comes out of a door labeled "STAIRS" and moves through the lobby. Limping a bit. As she passes a trash can, she pulls off the wrap and drops it half way in.

As she's approaching the door--

BELL HOP (O.S.)

I'm sorry, ma'am? *I'm sorry?!*

Cassie stops, heart in her chest. She turns.

A BELL HOP is holding up her wrap.

BELL HOP

Did you drop this?

Cassie suddenly rushes into the nearby DESIGNER LOBBY SHOP.

INT. DESIGNER LOBBY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The shop is very chic. Cassie approaches the MALE CLERK. She does not remove her SUN GLASSES.

CASSIE

I need a scarf or some kind of--

She motions for something to wrap over her head.

CLERK

We have a fine selection of Hermés.

CASSIE

Oh no, uh-- no, nothing fancy.

CLERK

We have a fine selection of Hermés.

Off Cassie, it's only been a moment but she hates this guy.

EXT. DUBIA STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie navigates the crowded street back to her hotel. Her head is wrapped in a VERY EXPENSIVE SCARF. Along the way she constantly checks to see if she's being followed, paranoia taking hold. She pulls something out of her pocket...

CLOSE ON: Alex's ROOM KEY. Why does she still have this?

She drops it in a trash can and keeps moving.

INT. RADISSON BLU HOTEL, GUEST ROOM - LATER

Cassie is motionless on her bed in her much less lavish hotel room. Still in her sexy outfit, sunglasses, and scarf.

There's a KNOCK. Cassie doesn't move. Then ANOTHER KNOCK.

MEGAN (BEHIND DOOR)

Cassie. Time to go.

Cassie sits up and slowly turns her head towards the door, quizzically, like maybe she no longer speaks English.

INT. RADISSON BLU HOTEL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Megan waits. She's in uniform and ready. The door opens a bit revealing Cassie, still in the scarf and sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

I thought you were sick, why do you
look like Norma Desmond?

Cassie fakes a COUGH.

CASSIE

I'm just getting ready.

Megan looks over Cassie's shoulder: Nothing is packed.

MEGAN

You know I adore you and these
little charades, but I'm not
missing the van again. I'll try to
get them to wait, but chop chop.

CASSIE

Thanks. I'll be super quick.

EXT. RADISSON BLU HOTEL, DUBAI - LATER

Cassie rushes out the doors of the hotel with her ROLLER
SUITCASE, only to find she's missed the shuttle. Bad news.

But she spots a LUFTHANSA CREW loading into their shuttle.

Off Cassie, determined.

INT. LUFTHANSA SHUTTLE VAN - MORNING

The van makes its way through traffic. Cassie is SWEATING
and BREATHING HEAVY wedged in the back corner of the shuttle.

She's surrounded by flight attendants and flight crew.
They're all in Lufthansa uniforms, all very blond and smiley,
and all CHATTING AWAY IN GERMAN. **(NOTE: See APPENDIX A)**

Cassie's PHONE PINGS with a text from Megan: "THEY WOULDN'T
WAIT. I TRIED. DON'T MISS THE FLIGHT."

Cassie holds the phone to her chest and quietly repeats.

CASSIE

You're fine. Maybe he's fine.
Maybe it's all fine. It's fine.

She notices she still has some BLOOD on one of her finger
nails and QUICKLY, ANXIOUSLY BEGINS TO SCRAPE IT OFF. Then
she hears the sound of POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

Cassie looks out the van window, panicked! MULTIPLE POLICE
CARS RACE BY in the other direction. Holy shit!

(CONTINUED)

THE SOUND OF CASSIE'S BREATHING becomes more rapid and pronounced. She's having the beginnings of a panic attack! Oh god, is she even going to make it to the airport?? She is freaking out, head down. And then she looks up to find...

The full LUFTHANSA crew staring at her. Concerned. Awkward.

INT. DUBAI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GATE - MORNING

Cassie is rushing towards the gate, her roller suitcase practically bouncing behind her, but she conspicuously slows to a stroll and smiles at TWO DUBAI POLICE OFFICERS. Once past them, she picks up speed again and joins the crew just as their heading down the jet bridge.

JADA

Look who decided to show up?

SHANE

Love the scarf.

The Co-Pilot (40s), Ken doll handsome, gives Cassie a WINK.

CO-PILOT

Yep. Looking good, Bowden.

Cassie smiles until the man turns. Then her face falls. She looks at Megan.

CASSIE (CON'T)

This guy again?

MEGAN

Maybe you should have missed the flight. Are you sure you're okay?

Off Cassie, selling a smile and little NOD "yes."

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4077, FIRST CLASS - MORNING

Cassie and Megan are next to each other in JUMP SEATS, strapping in for take off. The pilot comes on the SPEAKER:

CO-PILOT (FROM SPEAKER)

We are ready to go, folks. But the tower has us on a delay. We'll let you know as soon as we know more. Thank you for your patience.

This lands on Cassie like a ton of bricks.

CASSIE

Why is there a delay?

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

There's always a delay, who knows?

She looks straight ahead into the first class cabin...

...And a BALD MAN (40s) in jeans, a button up, and a blazer, is STARING back at her. Suspiciously.

She eyes him back. It's an odd moment. But the standoff is broken when the plane LURCHES into motion. She looks back...

And he's looking now out the window. What was that about?

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4077, LAVATORY - LATER

Cassie shuts the lavatory door and the overhead LIGHT CLICKS ON. She splashes water on her face and looks in the mirror.

CASSIE

You're in the air. You'll get to Paris. You'll get back to New York. Then you'll figure it out.

She takes a DEEP BREATH. She looks at her WRIST WATCH. It reads: "1:10"

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You didn't do anything wrong.

ALEX (O.S.)

Nothing?

Shocked, Cassie spins around as we...

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BEDROOM - MORNING

We're back in the hotel suite where Cassie is suddenly standing at the foot of the bed, face to face with Alex Sokolov! His throat is still slashed. He's still bloody and naked, but he's also SURPRISINGLY ALERT. He smiles at her.

ALEX

You honestly can't think of one thing you did wrong?

Cassie's disoriented and terrified face says it all: WTF?!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BEDROOM - MORNING

We're back in the hotel room with Cassie and Alex. Of course, it's not really the hotel room. We're inside Cassie's head where her guilt, fear, and anxiety have erected this horrific recreation of the crime scene. She probably isn't introspective enough to know that yet.

CASSIE

What is-- where is the plane?

ALEX

Between us, how do you think you're getting away with any of this?

CASSIE

I'm not getting away with anything, I didn't do anything?

ALEX

Listen, even if you didn't kill me, you at least broke a few--

CASSIE

I did not kill you. I'm, okay, I am a public nudity, yelling in the subway drunk. I'm not-- violent.

ALEX

Not even when you were a little girl and you shot your first deer?

Cassie is stunned into silence.

ALEX

You don't remember telling me that, do you? Oh! Is that why you're so into saving every animal now? I'm not a therapist, but it seems--

CASSIE

Stop it. I wouldn't do this.

He SMILES WRYLY.

ALEX

My fault. I thought we sort of made a connection.

CASSIE

We did.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I rented a Maserati and everything,
just to impress you. I know you
saw the price on the rental papers
in the glove box. It was nice of
you not to say anything.

CASSIE

I feel dizzy. What is going on?

ALEX

You didn't even call the police and
tell them something happened to me.

CASSIE

I woke up covered in your blood,
like they're going to believe me?

ALEX

That's fair. It is a lot of blood.

CASSIE

When did I come back to your room?

Alex SHRUGS.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I guess you can't tell me why
someone wanted to kill you either?
Or not even wanted to, they did.
Someone killed you, *oh my god I'm
talking to a dead man.*

ALEX

You cleaned up the crime scene.

CASSIE

Yes. Some. Just my parts.

ALEX

Did you do a good job?

CASSIE

I don't know, probably not. Look,
I'm not-- *I am not doing this.*

ALEX

Do you remember that amazing squid
ink pasta we had for dinner?

There's a SHARP KNOCKING. As Cassie turns, we...

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4077, LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie's back in the lavatory. What the hell was that? She glances at her watch again and it still reads: "1:10"

More KNOCKING. As Cassie gets her bearings again...

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4077, FIRST CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Cassie opens the door to find Megan waiting.

MEGAN

Hi. Don't you work here? Tell me you weren't drinking in there.

CASSIE

I'm not sure what was happening in there, but I was not drinking.

MEGAN

That's hardly reassuring.

Cassie glances over and instantly TENSES UP...

The BALD MAN is staring at her again. Unnerving.

CASSIE

You see that guy, the bald guy? He's really creeping me out.

MEGAN

That's just the Air Marshall. It's his job to stare at things.

Oh wow. Cassie tries and fails to look relieved.

MEGAN

You are-- What on earth did you do with that Russian guy last night?

CASSIE

I stayed in the hotel. Don't believe me? Call and ask them.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN HOTEL, FRONT DESK - SAME

A HOTEL STAFF MEMBER is at the front desk. The PHONE RINGS and he answers, promptly and crisply.

STAFF

Prince Caspian Hotel, Dubai. How may I assist you this morning?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - INTERCUT (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

We are VERY CLOSE ON: MIRANDA'S MOUTH. We'll meet her later. And it could be any mouth. She has a LIGHT BRITISH ACCENT.

MIRANDA

Good morning. I had a meeting with Alexander Sokolov, but he never arrived. Could you try him?

The Hotel Staff Member punches something into the phone and the SPLIT SCREEN SHIFTS TO--

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

The PHONE on the bedside table RINGS several times. Alex Sokolov's limp, bloody hand is just visible on the bed.

The Hotel Staff Member presses a few buttons and the SPLIT SCREEN SHIFTS BACK TO...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - INTERCUT (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

Still only Miranda's mouth is visible.

STAFF

I'm sorry, there's no answer.

MIRANDA

I hate to do this, but he was feeling ill last night. Could you have housekeeping check on him?

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN HOTEL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We are walking WITH A HOUSEKEEPER. She has a CLIPBOARD.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4077, FIRST CLASS - INTERCUT

We are also WITH CASSIE as she moves down the first class aisle and delivers DRINKS on a handheld tray to passengers.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

The Housekeeper enters the living room of the grand suite.

HOUSEKEEPER

Housekeeping. Mr. Sokolov?

Back in First Class, Cassie approaches the Bald Man's seat.

In the suite, the Housekeeper moves towards the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

Cassie sets a drink down in front of the Bald Man.

The Housekeeper peeks into the bedroom and SCREAMS!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4077, GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie leaning forward against the counter. A HAND reaches out and taps her shoulder. Cassie's startled and YELPS!

The Bald Man is there and taken aback by her response.

BALD MAN

So sorry, didn't mean to scare you.

Cassie puts her hand on her chest and calms herself. And suddenly Megan is right there next to her.

MEGAN

Why are you screaming?

CASSIE

No, it's-- how can I help you?

BALD MAN

I asked for a soda. This is vodka.

CASSIE

There's a little bit of soda. I made it special for you.

BALD MAN

Ah. Can I just get a soda, please?

Megan SHAKES HER HEAD: "Really?" The Bald Man hands Cassie the glass. He heads back to his seat. Cassie, eyes narrow, watches him go.

CASSIE

What is his game?

MEGAN

You're trying to get the *Air Marshall* drunk?

CASSIE

Who doesn't want secret vodka? He seriously needs to relax.

MEGAN

That is *the opposite* of his job.

(CONTINUED)

Cassie DOWNS the Bald Man's drink in one swig.

MEGAN

Whoa. Okay, real talk time. What is going on with you?

CASSIE

I shouldn't-- Okay, I went out. Last night. But I don't want to--

MEGAN

You went out with the guy in 3C.

Cassie instantly realizes this was a mistake.

CASSIE

Oh my god. No. No.

MEGAN

Shane and Jada both think it was the guy in 3C.

CASSIE

Why are you talking about this?

MEGAN

Don't be stupid, Cassie. What else are we supposed to talk about?

CASSIE

If it was 3C I'd never tell you, so it's a dead end no matter what.

That's apparently all the confirmation Megan needed.

MEGAN

Mmhm. Anyway, it doesn't matter so long as nothing bad happened...?

She leaves. Cassie grabs a MINI-BOURBON and slams it.

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN HOTEL, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A DUBAI POLICE OFFICER stands near the front desk. He's on his phone as a BODY IN A WHITE BODY BAG is QUICKLY wheeled out of the elevator and DISCRETELY down a back hall. This kicks off a PINBALL MONTAGE OF CALLS as he speaks with...

INT. AL BARSHA STATION - EVENING (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

A POLICE DETECTIVE answers his phone. He then speaks to...

INT. U.S. EMBASSY, DUBAI - EVENING (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)
A LIAISON answers at the US Embassy. Who then speaks with...

INT. US STATE DEPARTMENT - MORNING (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)
A STATE DEPT. OFFICIAL answers. Who then speaks to...

INT. FBI, MANHATTAN - MORNING (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)
Agent FRANK HAMMOND (40s), salt-and-pepper hair and moustache, answers his phone and speaks to the State Dept.

Frank's nameplate sits on his desk next to a STUFFED UGA BULLDOG and a GLAMOUR SHOT of his very blond, very tan WIFE (40s). As THE MONTAGE ENDS, Frank makes another call...

INT. SOKOLOV HOUSE - MORNING (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)
A land line phone RINGS in the very "old money" home in Westchester. JANET SOKOLOV (60s), in Chanel, answers.

JANET
Hello, Sokolov residence.

FRANK
Yes, Hello. This is Agent Frank Hammond with the FBI.

JANET
I'm Janet Sokolov, how can I help?

FRANK
I know this is hard, but I have a few questions about your son.

JANET
I'm sorry, what about Alex?

Horror slowly creeps onto Frank's face.

FRANK
I am so sorry. I thought you were notified by the state department.

There is a moment of silence. Then she explodes!

JANET
What happened to Alex? Is he all right? Is he hurt? Tell me?!

Frank SLAPS his hand on his own face. This is the worst.

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Flight 4077 beautifully touches down on the runway in Paris.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 4077 - DAY

The plane is taxiing to the gate at Charles De Gaulle International Airport in Paris. Cassie is making the almost automatic "initial welcome" announcement to the passengers.

SUPER: PARIS

CASSIE

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Charles de Gaulle Airport. There is a three hour time difference.

While she speaks, she glances over and sees Shane looking at his phone. He shows it to Jada. She GASPS. That's strange.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

We will be taxiing for the next few minutes on an active runway, so please stay safely in your seats with your seat belts fastened.

They both show the phone screen to Megan. In Megan's hand, it's close enough for Cassie to see the "AMERICAN MURDERED IN DUBAI HOTEL ROOM" headline. Megan slowly looks up at her...

But Cassie quickly looks out into the cabin.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

But feel free to use your approved mobile electronic devices at this time. We'll have more information for you when we reach the gate.

With PANIC IN HER EYES she wraps up. But she's freaking out on the inside, so it's a chirpy, stumbling version through the kind of big smile that belongs on a terrifying doll.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Thank you for flying with us today. On behalf of your entire Imperial Atlantic team, welcome to Paris.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HYATT REGENCY CHARLES DE GAULLE, LOBBY - NIGHT

The whole flight team walks through the lobby of the hotel. Shane, Jada, and Megan chat together. Cassie walks along in silence, but her attention is focused on...

TWO FRENCH POLICE OFFICERS STANDING NEARBY. They have a FLYER in their hands and are comparing it to guests. Cassie looks down. Her paranoia cresting now.

SHANE

It said Alex Sokoloff. 3C was "Mr. Sokoloff." It's not calculus.

JADA

I'd like for it to *not* be a guy that was on our flight, thanks.

MEGAN

People aren't immune to unfortunate things just because they fly Imperial Atlantic.

SHANE

You will *never* work in marketing.

They come to a stop while waiting in line to check in. Cassie is not at all engaged, she's in her own world.

JADA

Cassie, you talked to him a lot. You want to give us some details?

CASSIE

It seems so fast.

They look at her: "What?"

Cassie notices their faces and suddenly snaps out of it.

CASSIE

Sorry? Oh, I don't know what to say. It's so-- so tragic, right?

The over flirty Co-Pilot finishes checking in and walks by Cassie. He WINKS. She SMILES and NODS. After he passes...

MEGAN

I thought he was winking at you earlier, but now maybe he's just having a series of small strokes.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

It's my own fault. I was nice to
him exactly once.

Cassie watches as the TWO OFFICERS walk out of the lobby.

MEGAN

Are you okay?

CASSIE

I'm fine. I just need a bath.

SHANE

Aw, come to dinner with us. Jada
will buy you a drink.

JADA

Will I though?

CASSIE

Honestly, I wasn't feeling well
earlier. I'm just going to sleep.

Shane and Jada keep walking. Megan hangs back.

MEGAN

I can stay in if you'd like?

CASSIE

Don't miss out on yummy French
food. Bring me back some?

MEGAN

You were, I don't know, "vague" on
the plane, but you might have been
the last person to see him before--

CASSIE

Megan, trust me. I never said I
went out with him. I want you to
forget we ever discussed him, okay?

Megan accepts this, but she's clearly uneasy about it.

INT. HYATT REGENCY CHARLES DE GAULLE, STANDARD ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A VIBRATING CELL PHONE that reads "DAVEY BOWDEN"

Cassie comes out of her bathroom in a PAJAMA SET, finishing
off a mini-bottle of VODKA. She silences the phone.

She sets the mini-bottle on the coffee table next to FOUR
OTHER EMPTY LITTLE BOTTLES and digs through her bag.

INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - MORNING (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

Davey is leaning against a wall in his kitchen that is covered with various photos and renderings of ROOSTERS.

DAVEY

Okay, so apparently we're fighting now. Jesus, I'm sorry. Call me.

Meanwhile, Cassie takes out Alex Sokolov's BUSINESS CARD.

Davey hangs up and the SPLIT SCREEN CUTS OUT.

CLOSE ON: "ALEX SOKOLOV, VICE PRESIDENT OPERATIONS, UNISPHERE CAPITAL," and when she flips it over there's his NUMBER scribbled on the back with a strange word: "prelest" (**NOTE: this Russian word will be written in Cyrillic letters**)

She flicks the card from her hand like it's dangerous. She eyes it on the floor a few feet away as if it might attack.

She SHAKES HER HEAD and dives back into the bag, pulling out two mini-bottles of BOURBON. She grabs a glass and then...

CASSIE

No ice.

She grabs an ICE BUCKET, nervously paces a bit...

CASSIE

You should stay in the room. You don't need ice. You just don't want to be alone. Stop it.

And then she leaves the room.

INT. HYATT REGENCY CHARLES DE GAULLE, ELEVATOR - LATER

Cassie is on the elevator with the ICE BUCKET. Now full. She seems to be in a bit of a daze.

CASSIE

(to herself)

I wonder what jail is like?

The doors open, cutting her off, and the Co-Pilot gets on in a sweaty T-shirt and gym shorts.

Cassie ROLLS HER EYES: This guy.

CO-PILOT

Ice, huh? Was just at the gym. Gotta keep it tight. In case...?

(CONTINUED)

He smiles. He clearly thinks he's got this.

CASSIE
In case what?

CO-PILOT
In case that, uh, "fun thing" that happened last time we were in Paris happens again.

CASSIE
Oh, I was just drunk.

CO-PILOT
Sure, sure. But I mean when are you not drunk, right?

Cassie shoots him a "careful" look.

CO-PILOT
Sorry. Got it. Sleeping alone.

The second he says it, something like PANIC leaps into Cassie's eyes and she reflexively hits the EMERGENCY STOP BUTTON. A BUZZER SOUNDS and continues sounding as...

CO-PILOT
What are you-- what's wrong?

CASSIE
Think we should go to your room?

CO-PILOT
Are you crazy?

CASSIE
For, like, a nightcap? I don't want to go back to my-- if you're not into it then I can just--

CO-PILOT
No, no, no, I'm good, we're good.

CASSIE
Is your mini-bar stocked?

CO-PILOT
What? Yes.

Cassie PRESSES THE BUTTON and the BUZZER STOPS. They're moving again. They stand in silence. Staring ahead at the elevator doors. She's pretty blasé, but he looks excited.

(CONTINUED)

CO-PILOT

You like to be in charge, huh?

The DIGITAL NUMBERS tick away in the elevator: 6, 7, 8

Suddenly Cassie's eyes WELL-UP WITH TEARS...

CASSIE

I've been thinking a lot about my
Dad today. He's dead.

She suddenly becomes aware of what she just said. It's awkward for both of them, as she quickly covers her face.

Mercifully, the elevator doors open.

INT. HYATT REGENCY CHARLES DE GAUL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie follows the Co-Pilot down the hall towards his room. They walk past large, framed, black-and-white, hyper-detailed photos of different insects: a fly, an ant, a beetle.

CASSIE

I think my ice is melting.

CO-PILOT

Almost there.

He stops, puts his KEY in one of the doors, and opens it.

CO-PILOT

Can you just, I'm gonna straighten
up real quick. Gimme one minute.

She NODS and he disappears into the room.

She's left alone in the hallway staring at the black and white photo on the wall.

This one is a CLOSE UP OF A PRAYING MANTIS in profile. She examines the photo and then says to no one...

CASSIE

You saw a guy you slept with dead
and bleeding from the throat today.

As she stands in the hall, swaying a bit, she begins to TEAR UP. She stares at the photograph.

Slowly, like some kind of warped FEVER DREAM, the PRAYING MANTIS IN THE PHOTO TURNS TO LOOK AT HER.

Cassie GASPS and DROPS THE ICE BUCKET. She's coming undone.

(CONTINUED)

The Co-Pilot opens the door. Cassie tries to recover.

CO-PILOT
Are you okay?

CASSIE
Everyone keeps asking me that.
Isn't it hysterical? I just-- I
dropped my ice. I think I'm gonna
call it a night?

CO-PILOT
Wait, what?

CASSIE
Ha! I'm obviously having, like--
some kind of emotional breakdown
and that picture just looked at me
and you still want to hook up?

The Co-Pilot clearly doesn't know the right answer.

Cassie KICKS THE ICE BUCKET down the hall.

He doesn't know what to do. So he closes the door.

Cassie stands there for a minute. What is she even doing?
SUDDENLY, SHE RUNS FULL SPEED DOWN THE HALL.

INT. HYATT REGENCY CHARLES DE GAUL, STANDARD ROOM - NIGHT

She bursts inside and slams the door behind her! She grabs
one of the Bourbon bottles and chugs it. She drops the
bottle on the table, KNOCKING the other little bottles down.
She CHUGS another one. Suddenly we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS, UPSTATE NEW YORK - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

QUICK POP: Cassie's Dad, only visible from the chest down,
hands YOUNG CASSIE a FLASK. They sit on the tailgate of the
pick-up truck with the DEER CARCASS behind them. Cassie
takes a sip and makes a scrunched face. Then we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HYATT REGENCY CHARLES DE GAUL, STANDARD ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie is STARTLED BACK INTO THE PRESENT. She throws the
tiny bottle in her hand against the wall and lets out a sharp
SCREAM. She quickly covers her own mouth.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at the remaining little BOURBON BOTTLE and shakes her head "no." She grabs it.

She rushes into the bathroom, and begins POURING IT OUT in the sink. As she does, she looks at herself in the mirror.

CASSIE

This is-- When you get back to New York safely, you will never drink again. You will be different.

She TURNS ON THE FAUCET to wash down the bourbon and SLAMS the little bottle into the sink.

She leans in close to the mirror.

CASSIE

You will be a different person. Like you weren't even there. Like it happened to someone else.

Her PHONE PINGS. She stares for another LONG MINUTE and then breaks away from her reflection and heads back to the living room area and picks up her phone.

It's a TEXT from Megan: "Bringing food now. Was \$25. Okay?"

Cassie kneels down, drunk now, and grabs her purse. She pulls out her WALLET. She opens it to get cash out and immediately notices that her plastic ID sleeve is empty.

CASSIE

Where is-- where's my ID? Where is my-- where the Hell is it?

She frantically digs through her purse looking for it. And that's when she pulls ALEX SOKOLOV'S DOG EARED COPY OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT out of her bag. Her EYES SAY IT ALL...

CASSIE

What the hell?

There's a KNOCK at the door. Cassie gets very still and CLUTCHES THE BOOK to her chest.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Cassie, it's me. With "yummy" food. We missed you tonight.

Cassie closes her eyes and waits for Megan to go away. After a moment, Cassie opens her eyes and looks down.

CLOSE ON: the empty plastic space where her ID used to be.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE grabs her CELL PHONE and dials...

EXT. A WAREHOUSE NEAR THE NAVY SHIPYARD - DAY

Annie is bundled up in a chic winter coat and scarf, leaning against a BLACK TOWN CAR. She's standing about 20 feet away from a RUSTY DOOR. Waiting.

SUPER: BROOKLYN

Her phone RINGS. She glances at it.

An OLDER MAN steps outside. He's in a dark sweater and jeans. He holds up a BLOODY HAND and motions to Annie.

OLDER MAN

All right, fancy lawyer. We're ready for you.

Annie drops her phone back into her coat pocket and walks towards the door as we hear:

ANNIE (V.O.)

Hey, it's Annie. Leave me a message and I'll get back to you.

As she vanishes into the door, the SPLIT SCREEN CUTS OUT.

Back in her room, Cassie leaves a message.

CASSIE

Hey Annie, it's me again. On your personal phone this time, but I might need some legal advice. *Don't worry.* But call me back.

She LAUGHS oddly and hangs up. She lets her head fall into her hands. She's laughing a lot, but it's not fun.

INT. FBI MANHATTAN OFFICE - DAY

Frank Hammond is talking to his partner, VANESSA (30s), Asian American, and always over it.

He has a sheet with a photo and info on Alex Sokolov sitting on his desk. It's definitely a MUG SHOT. He's reading.

VANESSA

So you made his mom cry?

FRANK

No, Vanessa. She was also screaming. Oh, insider trading.

(CONTINUED)

VANESSA

Boring.

FRANK

Family made it go away and now he's the, what is it--? The "vice president of operations" for this Unisphere Capital place.

VANESSA

Still boring.

FRANK

Lot of trips to the UAE and Cyprus.

VANESSA

Russian asset?

FRANK

A name like "Alexander Sokolov" is a little on the nose. Dubai police are checking security cameras. That'll all go through State. We get the extra fun job of talking to the flight crew when they land, uh... tomorrow? I don't know.

VANESSA

I've got a pal at CIA who says flight attendants are the most likely to be foreign assets. Because of the unfettered travel.

Frank spreads out some DOSSIERS on his desk. Photos and information on Megan, Shane, Jada, and...

FRANK

One of these Imperial Atlantic folks is secretly a *super spy* with all the answers? Gimme a break.

We go CLOSE ON: A photo and info for "Cassandra Bowden"

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Imperial Atlantic Flight 3272 touches down on the runway at John F Kennedy International Airport.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 3272, FIRST CLASS - DAY

As passengers DEPLANE, Megan and Cassie SMILE GRACIOUSLY. Then a CHIME sounds and Megan picks up the wall-mounted phone. Her smile disappears.

SUPER: NEW YORK

MEGAN

Yes. Yes, I'll tell them.

She hangs up.

CASSIE

It's such a relief to finally be home. Not a relief, I don't know.

MEGAN

They'd like the first class cabin crew to wait at the gate after we're finished. Apparently, the FBI would like to speak with us.

Cassie LAUGHS, but it's more of an abrupt outburst.

CASSIE

I don't-- why would the FBI want to speak with us? We're just, I mean, we're flight attendants.

Off Megan, wary.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, TERMINAL 4 - LATER

As the flight crew exits the plane, Cassie peels off into the crowd and quickly starts making her way towards the GROUND TRANSPORTATION area. This should all feel HARROWING because Cassie is making a poorly planned break for it.

Megan notices Cassie's gone and looks....

But Cassie has vanished into the crowd.

Doing a poor job of suppressing her mounting PANIC, Cassie is focused on the EXIT SIGN leading to baggage claim.

(CONTINUED)

This is obviously a terrible plan, but she's also obviously not thinking straight. Her eyes are wild. In the BACKGROUND we HEAR A VERY CALM P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT...

P.A. (FROM SPEAKERS)
Cassandra Bowden, please report to gate B31. Cassandra Bowden, please meet your party at gate B31.

Cassie starts LAUGHING, but it's absolutely five seconds from being a PANIC ATTACK. She approaches the small sign with block letters.

CLOSE ON: The sign reading: "NO RE-ENTRY"

A wave of relief clearly passes over her. Somehow, she's almost out. And that's when two TSA SECURITY GUARDS steps in her way. One is a very large MAN. The other is an incredibly tiny WOMAN. They are stone faced.

TSA WOMAN
Cassandra Bowden? May I ask where you're heading.

She clearly had not thought about this.

CASSIE
I don't even-- Home?

Off Cassie, big, forced smile. Trapped.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, OUTER OFFICE - LATER

Cassie sits in a row of chairs next to Megan, Shane, and Jada. Shane leans over to her...

SHANE
Did you, like, try to flee?

Cassie doesn't respond. She looks nervous. It's obvious.

As the following interview scenes unfold, we continue to cut back to Cassie as one by one the others are pulled into the room. Eventually she is waiting alone.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, OFFICE - INTERCUT.

Megan's FBI interview. She's sitting behind a metal table. We can't see who she is speaking with. She's very polite.

MEGAN
I honestly didn't speak to Mr Sokolov, I don't think?

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, OFFICE - INTERCUT.

Shane's FBI interview. Same set up as Megan's. Shane is definitely very into the "Cloak and Dagger" of it all.

SHANE

Was he some kind of weird sleeper agent for the Russian government?

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, OFFICE - INTERCUT.

Jada's FBI interview. Same as Megan and Shane. She seems completely annoyed.

JADA

This is-- I'm tired. Can I go?

VANESSA (O.S.)

No specific memories of Mr. Sokolov? What he may have said, even what he ordered to drink?

MEGAN

If I had any information at all that I thought might help, of course I'd tell you.

SHANE

Are you allowed to say how he was killed? I'm so curious, oh-- but not in a morbid way.

JADA

He was pure downtown fluff, you could tell. The kind that asks for an extra olive or whatever.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Did you see Mr. Sokolov interacting with Cassandra Bowden?

Suddenly, Jada invests and frankly it looks like she's about to have the most delicious meal of her life.

MEGAN

I believe-- Cassie took care of him. Not took care of, dealt with-- Cassie spoke with him more, yes.

SHANE

He was hot, I don't blame her.

(CONTINUED)

JADA

Yes, Cassie spent a lot of time
talking to 3C. Flirting, you know?

MEGAN

I have no idea where Cassie went
after we landed. That's not my--
all right, listen...

BEFORE Megan finishes, we...

CUT TO:

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, OFFICE - DAY

Cassie's FBI interview. Behind the metal table. She
nervously GLANCES over at the wall...

There's a single motivational poster of a CARTOON DOLPHIN
splashing out of the ocean and giving a THUMBS UP. It reads:
"JUST KEEP SWIMMING."

Cassie is clearly having trouble understanding this poster in
context of her current situation.

CASSIE

What is-- this room used for?

REVEAL Frank and Vanessa sitting across the table from
Cassie. They both have coffee in PAPER CUPS. Vanessa has a
PEN and NOTE PAD. Frank's hands are folded in front of him.

FRANK

It's someone's office. The Dolphin
is creepy. I'm Frank Hammond, this
is agent Vanessa Chin. Let me
start out by gently pointing out
that fleeing an interview isn't the
best way for us to meet.

CASSIE

Fleeing?

FRANK

Yes. The rest of the first class
cabin crew waited as requested.

CASSIE

I mean it's, look, international
flights turn my brain to mush. I
just spaced out and was on
autopilot. Anyway, here I am now.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Well, we appreciate your time.

CASSIE

Do I need my union rep or anything?

Vanessa and Frank exchange a POINTED GLANCE.

VANESSA

Do you think you need your union
rep? Or anything?

The air gets thick. But Frank immediately eases it with a
warm smile, a change in tenor.

FRANK

Now this is just a simple, cursory
interview to get some background on
Alexander Sokolov's travel to the
UAE. And frankly, we'd really
appreciate your cooperation.

Cassie weighs the moment, but what choice does she have?

CASSIE

Of course. I don't know why I'm
nervous, I want to help.

FRANK

Good. You spoke with Mr. Sokolov?

It's unclear to us how much the FBI knows at this point. And
it's equally unclear to Cassie, so she goes for broke.

CASSIE

We only spoke a few times, drink
orders, he-- he made a seat belt
joke, that kind of thing.

FRANK

You never know what little detail
is going to be helpful.

VANESSA

Did you see Mr. Sokolov after the
flight landed in Dubai? Outside of
the airport?

Cassie is hit by the sudden left turn.

CASSIE

No. Why would I?

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly Alex Sokolov's LIPS slide into frame, whispering right into Cassie's ear:

ALEX
Think they know you're lying?

As Cassie jerks towards him we...

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BEDROOM - DAY

And Cassie is right back in Alex's hotel suite, standing in the doorway of the bedroom. Alex is sitting on the edge of the bed now in BRIEFS. Still bloody.

The FLOOR TO CEILING CURTAINS are drawn and a BEDSIDE LAMP warmly lights the room.

CASSIE
God damn it.

ALEX
You really need to think this through before you lie to them. What would your lawyer friend, what's her name, Annie? What would she say?

CASSIE
You listen to me, I blacked out. If I don't remember it then it didn't happen. I'm not lying.

ALEX
You remember that we met up. You remember this room. You remember my bloody corpse laying in the--

CASSIE
What happened to you was unfair and terrible, but I can't help them. I don't know anything that matters.

He stands up. She quickly hides behind the door frame.

ALEX
What?

CASSIE
I didn't know you could do that.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I'm dead, I'm not missing my legs.

CASSIE

Okay, what is this? Seriously, am I insane? Where are we?

She moves over to the windows and throws the curtains open!

But it's not beautiful Dubai this time. We REVEAL the OFFICE/HOLDING ROOM on the other side of the glass! Where Frank and Vanessa are waiting for Cassie to answer. It's very still. The clock is stopped at "9:33." We're behind seated Cassie in the room. It's eerie and disconcerting.

Cassie covers her mouth in disbelief. She's basically staring at the back of her own head sitting at the metal table, as if she's behind herself. Like watching a little stage play through the window.

CASSIE

I *am* insane.

ALEX

Maybe a little bit.

He steps up behind her and puts his hands on her shoulders. She's too transfixed by the scene in front of her to notice.

ALEX

You remember more than you think.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NAÏF RESTAURANT - NIGHT (INTERCUT FLASHBACK)

Suddenly we are in AN ACTUAL FLASHBACK to Alex and Cassie's dinner in Dubai. He's feeding her PASTA. They're LAUGHING.

ALEX

Okay, see? You do like squid ink pasta. Or you're pretending for me, which I appreciate.

Back in the grand suite, Cassie stands with Alex behind her. His hands are on her shoulders. We're close on her mouth.

CASSIE

(quietly)
Squid ink.

Back in the restaurant...

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

So tell me where in upstate New York? Upstate New York is big.

CASSIE

It's not, you've never heard of it. It's a little factory town.

ALEX

Oh, sorry, one of my associates might stop by my room later to chat about our meeting tomorrow. Her name's Miranda. Just in case.

CASSIE

I'm coming back to your room, huh?

ALEX

I'm not making any sort of bold assertions or whatever. Just, *if* you come back and some lady shows up, it's not a weird three-way plot or anything.

Cassie LAUGHS.

Back in the grand suite, Cassie stands with Alex behind her. His hands are on her shoulders, reminiscent of the bathroom mirror moment in the teaser. We're close on Cassie's mouth.

CASSIE

Miranda.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

We see Cassie and Alex on the couch in PLUSH HOTEL BATH ROBES across from a woman we haven't met yet. IT'S THE EXACT SAME IMAGE FROM THE TEASER, ONLY NOW...

MIRANDA (30s), with straight hair, severe bangs, dressed for business, is there too. And clearly having fun. She is smiling while pouring VODKA SHOTS for everyone. They all TOAST and SHOOT Vodka together.

CLOSE ON: Miranda as she finishes her shot. Her eyes narrow.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

With a huge smile, Cassie opens the door to a HOTEL WAITER (20s) in thick, coke bottle glasses carrying two new BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE. AGAIN, IT'S THE SAME AS BEFORE only now Alex AND Miranda are in view behind Cassie on the couch, applauding the arrival of the bottles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRINCE CASPIAN GRAND SUITE, BEDROOM - DAY

Back in the grand suite, we're still close on Cassie's mouth.

CASSIE

There was-- oh my god, there was someone else in the room.

Holy shit. Suddenly, we SNAP BACK into the restaurant...

ALEX

It sounds kitschy or whatever, but being a flight attendant seems fun?

CASSIE

You get to travel a lot and you get to look at every passenger and say "trash" right to their face so it's pretty great. I always wanted to be one. Ever since I was little and took my first real flight.

ALEX

I wanted to be a professional soccer player.

CASSIE

No.

ALEX

Yes. I have the legs for it. You'll see them maybe.

He smiles. She smiles. It's really fucking cute.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Instead I'm working for this, I guess it's like a hedge fund. Other people's money. My dad is happy and silent and off my back.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

My dad passed away. He was, huh, I don't know how to describe him? He was the opposite of "Chekhovian," to stick with our Russian theme. Never silent. Never subtle. I like to think he'd be proud of me.

Cassie SMILES and shakes off the moment.

We pop back in the hotel suite, CLOSE ON Cassie and Alex...

CASSIE

Huh, I really-- I really liked you.

ALEX

Look at my face. I really liked you too.

And we're back in the restaurant.

CASSIE

What does your dad do?

ALEX

Finance, too. A family affair. And he's the real "Russophile."

CASSIE

I know nothing about finance.

ALEX

Good. Maybe that's why you're so perfect. The more you know about money, the more dangerous it gets.

He's reflective for a moment as he sips his cocktail. Then he realizes they should toast, and he holds up his glass.

Cassie quickly picks up her cocktail and they CLINK glasses. But THE SOUND IS MUCH LOUDER than it should be and we're...

Back in the hotel suite again. Alex over Cassie's shoulder. They stare through the window at the interview room.

CASSIE

I can't tell them any of that. I didn't even know I knew that. And I'd have to tell them everything. Right now they don't really know anything concrete.

He WHISPERS in her ear.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

My business card is in your pocket.

Panic in Cassie's eyes. She starts to spin out.

CASSIE

Who was that woman?

ALEX

Who was that woman?

CASSIE

Okay, that's super helpful. This is-- They're never going to believe me, right? Why would-- Okay, yes, okay, I need to, I have to figure out who you were. I can do that.

ALEX

Whoa, whoa, that doesn't sound like a good idea at all.

CASSIE

Why? I can't talk to them and clearly I'm losing it, oh god, so I have to do something. Like you said, I have your business card. That's a place to start.

ALEX

Just think about it. If you go digging, you might, well-- look what happened to me.

He motions to the bed...

...where he is suddenly still dead with his THROAT SLIT!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, OFFICE/HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Cassie is suddenly THROWN BACK into the moment as Frank aggressively TAPS THE TABLE in front of her.

FRANK

Ms. Bowden, are you with us?

The clock still reads: "9:33"

CASSIE

Like I said, international flights really take it out of me.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Go home. Get some rest. But we have reports you spoke at length with Mr Sokolov, you were flirting, and may have seen him after your flight. If that did happen, we'll want to talk again.

This is all landing on Cassie like a ton of bricks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And Cassie? The person who did a terrible thing to Alex Sokolov is still out there and we don't know what they may do next. Think about that before our next chat.

Off Cassie, okay that's scary.

INT. IMPERIAL ATLANTIC FLIGHT 3373 - NIGHT

Miranda settles into First Class. She's tapping something that looks like a CREDIT CARD on her armrest. A handsome FLIGHT ATTENDANT (20s) with a great smile checks in with her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Anything to drink before we depart?

MIRANDA

Vodka. Neat. And I hope to sleep on the flight. Will you please wake me before we land in New York?

As the Flight Attendant leaves, Miranda's PHONE VIBRATES with A TEXT: "OTHER PLAYERS ON GROUND AHEAD OF YOU. FIX IT."

She looks down at the plastic object in her hand.

CLOSE ON: CASSIE'S MISSING DRIVER'S LICENSE! Cassie didn't lose it, Miranda took it when she was in the hotel suite.

MIRANDA

So who are you, Cassandra Bowden?

Whoever she is, she's coming to find Cassie. That's probably not good news. Off Miranda, focused like a laser.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Megan and Cassie are in the back of a cab. They are quiet. Megan looks nervous, but Cassie is lost in thought.

MEGAN

Thanks for splitting the cab.

CASSIE

The train station is on the way.

More silence. Cassie's PHONE PINGS. She takes it out...

A TEXT FROM DAVEY: "GROW UP AND CALL ME BACK. I LOVE YOU."

Cassie SIGHS and drops her phone back into her purse.

Quiet again. The SOUNDS of the city. Suddenly Megan turns to Cassie, very serious, and blurts out:

MEGAN

You know I didn't tell them anything about the thing we talked about that I'm supposed to forget about, okay? I wanted you to know.

CASSIE

I guess you should tell them whatever you need to.

MEGAN

Oh for Christ's sake-- I may have implied, a tiny bit, that you *might* have been meeting up with him after the flight. Nothing "concrete."

Cassie closes her eyes as that washes over her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You know if you need to talk about anything, you can call me.

Cassie LAUGHS. It's not mean, it's involuntary. Megan pulls her PHONE out and starts searching for something...

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I suppose I deserve that. But there are stories popping up all over the internet, so if you--

Cassie puts a hand over Megan's phone.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

I don't want to know. It's-- it's just making me think about things I don't want to think about. He was a nice guy and a bad thing happened to him. That's it, okay?

MEGAN

All right.

CASSIE

Anyway, we're flying to Rome in a few days. I won't vanish or whatever before then. You can't get rid of me that easily.

She's joking to alleviate the tension, but Megan just GRABS CASSIE'S HAND in a show of support.

INT. CASSIE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cassie uses her foot to push open the door to her studio apartment and drags her roller bag inside. She drops her keys, her SCARF, and some mail on a small table, walks past the bookshelf/room divider to the bed, and crashes face down. She lets out a long loud GROAN into the bed then props herself up and looks out her window...

At the breathtaking view of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. It's perfectly framed by two other buildings and is pretty miraculously unobstructed.

Her phone RINGS and without looking, she SIGHS and answers.

CASSIE

Hello, Davey. No, we are not fighting. I'm just not in a great place and I don't know what to--

INT. 24 HOUR DONUT SHOP - NIGHT (SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CALL)

PAUL GREEN (50s), impressive mustache, is on the other end of the call. He's at a counter with an assortment of DONUTS and some loose papers. He seems surprised Cassie answered.

PAUL

I'm gonna stop you there because I'm not Davey, okay?

Cassie immediately sits upright on the bed.

CASSIE

Who is this?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Paul Green. Your union rep. Hi.
Heard about that bullshit today
with the FBI. We should chat.

CASSIE

They said I didn't need my rep.
Or, no they didn't exactly.

PAUL

They were lying. But I'm calling
about our pals at the airline.

CASSIE

What about the airline? I mean, is
the whole crew getting this call?

PAUL

Don't worry. Yet. But we should
set up a time to meet if you--

CASSIE

Tomorrow morning? Does that work?
10am or, whenever, I didn't even
think about the airline.

PAUL

Sure, 10 Am at the Westway on 43rd.
And like I said, don't worry.

He hangs up and the SPLIT SCREEN CUTS OUT.

In the wake of this vague call, Cassie doesn't look
comforted. She looks worried. She heads to her kitchenette.
She opens a CUPBOARD and there are SO MANY BOTTLES OF BOOZE.

She wants them. She stares at them.

They stare back. Asking for it.

CASSIE

Stupid promise to never drink
again. What a dumb waste.

She closes the cupboard. Good for her. She pulls something
out of her pocket and examines it...

CLOSE ON: ALEX SOKOLOV'S BUSINESS CARD

She shakes it, thinking, then grabs her PHONE again.

CLOSE ON: Her PHONE SCREEN as articles about Alex Sokolov's
death appear. She scrolls.

(CONTINUED)

She is horrified and captivated. As she continues to SCROLL, she abruptly stops. Her EYES GO WIDE.

CLOSE ON: A BLURRY, GRAINY PHOTO of a woman in sunglasses with the fancy scarf on her head leaving the hotel! Maybe no one else could tell, but Cassie knows it's her photo. The caption reads: "POLICE SEEK WOMAN FOR QUESTIONING." This is online. This photo is everywhere!

She drops her phone and scrambles back to the cupboard without a thought, grabs a BOTTLE OF BOURBON, opens it, and drinks directly from it. A lot. Her sobriety did not last very long at all. As she tips back the bottle we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS, UPSTATE NEW YORK - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

QUICK POP: Young Cassie is building a sort of "sand castle" out of empty bottles on the hood of the truck when suddenly, her Dad's arm swings into frame and KNOCKS THEM ALL DOWN violently, startling the girl! We immediately...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CASSIE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Bourbon bottle, half empty now, abruptly SLAMS down into frame onto the counter!

Cassie leans over the counter, hands gripping it for support. Her hair is hanging in her face. She is racked with INTENSE CRYING. It's almost like she can't breathe.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A MAN IN A DARK BASEBALL CAP is watching Cassie's apartment with a pair of BINOCULARS that mostly mask his face. We cannot see his eyes at all. He is CHEWING GUM.

And from HIS POV, we watch with him as, across the street through a warmly lit window, Cassie continues to cry. She has no idea she's being watched. No idea what's coming.

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...