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Order Number : **31732**

Title : Are you down with that?

FADE IN:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

A tropical wind whips the uniforms of TWO PRIVATE JET PILOTS as they stand at attention next to a red carpet to the PLANE.

A black limousine pulls up as it begins to pour. Neither pilot flinches.

The DRIVER emerges from the limo and rushes around to open the door for the VERY SPECIAL PASSENGER (VSP), umbrella extended to keep the man dry while everyone else is soaked.

The pilots stand at attention as VSP with his entourage emerges.

VSP

At ease.

PILOTS

Sir!

VSP

Bring your A game. At the end of this flight one of you will walk away a winner.

The pilots wait until everyone has boarded then, JACK, an escapee from the munchkin cast of OZ turns to his co-pilot, MAC, a leggy ambitious Blonde.

JACK

Larceny before loyalty.

MAC

Funny, I thought it was beauty before age.

Mac turns to climb the stairs, trips over Jack's aptly placed foot.

JACK

One ill placed step can change everything.

MAC

I'm banking on that.

She climbs the steps to the jet, presses a button on the control panel. The stairway elevates a foot off the ground and stops. She leaves.

Jack struggles to hoist himself up the first step SWEARS under his breath while chuckling for anyone who might be watching.

INT. COCKPIT

Mac is seated in the pilot's chair when Jack, disheveled and wet, enters.

JACK
The engine sounds a bit rough
tonight.

Mac makes as if to get out of the seat.

MAC
Shall I?

Jack waves her back to her seat, grabs a towel to wipe himself down.

JACK
People think these machines can
take a beating day in and day out.
Well they can't, something always
has to give.

They turn their attention to the MONITOR. A full view of the cabin and VSP.

Mac turns the intercom switch on.

MAC
Sir. We will be departing
momentarily. We expect a fair
amount of turbulence.

VSP (O.S.)
Very good. Please come back and
see me once we are in the air.

MAC
Sir?

VSP (O.S.)
and bring some coffee, make sure
it is hot.

CABIN

Mac pours a cup of coffee in the kitchen galley, places it on a tray and prepares to walk it back to VSP.

INTERCUT COCKPIT and CABIN

Jack in the co-pilot's seat watches Mac on the monitor. The INTERCOM is on, he can hear the CHINK of cutlery from the kitchen.

Mac glances up at the monitor and whispers

MAC
Time to play my hand.

She steps out from the galley and begins the walk to VSP. One foot in front of the other as

Jack begins to gently waggle the wings of the plane just enough to mimic walking on a high wire by Mac.

MAC
Jack, I do believe there is a way to navigate this storm.

JACK
Control reports strong winds from the west. We're straddling two fronts.

MAC
What if we double down. Sweeten the pot?

JACK
That's a negatory. I'm going to have to call this hand.

The plane evens out and even more gently begins a steady yet steep descent, enough that Mac must lean back to balance herself.

Mac manages a few steps forward before a sudden incline brings her to a halt again.

MAC
Fine. What can we do to compensate for this patch of turbulence? I'd like to call time.

JACK
Either way you are drawing dead. You remember what that is don't you.

MAC
(under her breath)
Showdown.

Mac manages a few more steps. She has almost reached VSP. She puts on a brilliant smile.

MAC
Sir. Your coffee.

Mac stretches out the last step, places the coffee tray, not one drop spilled, on the table in front of VSP.

He reaches out for his cup. Takes it. A sip. Spits it out all over Mac.

VSP
It's cold.

Jack smiles.

JACK
The house has gone bust.