

From the screenplay by Michael J. Laurence based on the novel **PASSENGERS** by Michael J. Laurence & Thomas G. Foxworth.

The SCENE: FENTON RIDDICK, CEO of Buttress Aerospace needs to find and confront FAA ADMINISTRATOR NICHOLAS MUSKGRAVE to have him sign off on a fix added to the company's flawed new super jumbo.

INT. FAA BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C..

RIDDICK makes his way through the DEPUTY ADMINISTRATOR's doorway, past two startled SECRETARIES and into POLOFF's office. POLOFF, holding a copy of the Congressional Record, half rises out of his chair.

RIDDICK

All right, you creep, where is he?

POLOFF

I'm really not at liberty...

RIDDICK

(leaning over Poloff's desk)

Now you listen to me. I'm not going to play  
Twenty Questions with you,  
(stirs the papers on the desk)  
Find his number.

POLOFF

You're making a spectacle.

RIDDICK

Is he on annual leave? Is he away overnight?  
Is he back on the oil? Huh? Did he get himself  
boiled?

POLOFF

I'm under no obligation.

RIDDICK

You're under every obligation. Let's not  
be under any illusions as to what goes on  
around here. There isn't a government  
peckerhead in this building who can't be  
shit-canned by two o'clock daylight savings  
time and that includes you! We can get

someone else to sit in your chair and jerk off five days a week by making a phone call! So you're under every obligation. Where is he, Poloff?

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

NICHOLAS MUSKGRAVE, a haggard man in his fifties, is on the bed, his knees drawn up tight against his chest, a sheet wrapped around his shoulders. Empty bottles, spilled ashtrays and crusted plates of half-eaten food lie scattered on the floor. RIDDICK shoves an upended bowl of fruit aside.

RIDDICK

My God.

(Takes Muskgrave's pulse)

What'd you do this to yourself for. huh? Why didn't you call me? What the hell are people supposed to be friends for? Jesus Christ, Nick...

He crosses to the door, summons the maid, hands her a twenty.

RIDDICK (cont'd)

I need a bucket of ice and a couple of fresh towels.

(Heading back)

Make up your mind to it. Shut it down or you're going to puke blood.

MUSKGRAVE

I know why you're here. You have to recertify. You bastards stole the first certification. We shoulda never gone along.

RIDDICK

You seeing any mice or bats come out of the wall? Huh? Seen any rats walking on the ceiling?

Removes a sheaf of DOCUMENTS from his inside pocket, sticks a PEN in his mouth, pulls the cap free.

RIDDICK (cont'd)

All it needs is your signature.

MUSKGRAVE

I won't put my name on it.

RIDDICK

What the hell do you mean you won't put your name on it?

MUSKGRAVE

Because it's a shit airplane. I think you built a shit airplane.

RIDDICK

Your full endorsement appears on the original certificate and now it's a "shit airplane?" The administrator of the Federal Aviation Administration is sitting here with his guts poisoned offering us his considered judgment that the 17-10 is a SHIT AIRPLANE? Well, pardon me, but you better think about that, you closet drunk! You better think about that!

RIDDICK kicks a pile of newspaper into the air.

RIDDICK (cont'd)

There's a story about you hanging around urinals at Penn Station looking at dicks. Page-one stuff for every tabloid in every supermarket in the country! You don't want to let it all end that way.

MUSKGRAVE

(Strains to sit taller)

You're garbage. What you need, Riddick, is someone to put a letter in the mail to the Attorney General covering the last fifteen years of our lives!

MUSKGRAVE staggers free, stumbles toward the window and tries to yank it open.

MUSKGRAVE (cont'd)

That's what the people ought to hear about! Tell them how I signed off on shit! How I protected your proprietary interest!! You made promises and you didn't KEEP THEM!

RIDDICK breaks MUSKGRAVE's grip and hauls his sagging body back to the bed.

MUSKGRAVE: (con'd)

A long letter telling them about the last fifteen years  
of our lives.

RIDDICK

You'd do that, huh?

RIDDICK takes a towel, wipes his now soiled shirt with it and heads for the bath-  
room.

MUSKGRAVE

We've sung some...incriminating good harmony  
together.

(Calling)

If I can get the letter out before Wednesday...

INT. BATHROOM

Several EMPTY WINE BOTTLES lie in the sink.

MUSKGRAVE (V.O.)

it'll all be over by Thursday!

RESUME THE BEDROOM.

MUSKGRAVE is waiting for a response. Then, the unmistakable CRASH of GLASS  
BREAKING. RIDDICK APPEARS, the broken END of a BOTTLE in his hand.  
MUSKGRAVE, feet pedaling, jams himself against the headboard. RIDDICK tips  
the GLASS SHARD, spilling the remaining FLUID onto the floor.

RIDDICK

(Softly)

You want to take us down?

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From Laurence's screenplay of **PASSENGERS**. The SCENE: GUY ANDERS has  
offered NTSB Chief Investigator DOUG MOSS a private flight back to D.C. after the  
New York hearing on the near jumbo crash at JFK. MOSS, unsuspecting, has  
accepted.

INT./EXT. ABOARD THE TANDEM COCKPIT – DAY

GUY (INTERCOM)

You remember the way you set the tone

in the hearing today? You know, flying your mahogany bomber, talking down to a man like the Captain with forty years in airplane cockpits. Sucking up to the corporation. Pissed me off.

MOSS (INTERCOM)

OK, Anders, let's go back down. Let's just put it back down.

GUY (INTERCOM)

I think you should first develop and appreciation of what can go wrong in the sharp end of one of these things. You with me so far?!

He kicks the plane into a hard bank and hauls back on the stick. The T-34 NOSES over in a SAVAGE SPIN. The HORIZON windmills.

GUY (INTERCOM)

Did you say something, Doug?

MOSS (INTERCOM)

(Groaning it out)

We'll take...your license!

He is SLAMMED from side to side like a limp doll. GUY hauls back on the YOKE, piling on more crushing Gs.

GUY (INTERCOM)

(Forcing the words from between clenched teeth)

You keep getting it wrong, Doug. You haven't done your homework!

MOSS sinks into himself, his cheeks pulling his eyes shut.

EXT. MOSS' POV – DAY

A disorienting, gyrating view of fields, woods, L.I. Sound.

EXT. RESUME MOSS.

Shadows swap ends as MOSS is TOSSED upside down in the FRAME, hanging in his straps. His HEAD snaps back and he looks at:

POV THE APPROACHING SMOKE STACK OF AN OCEANGOING SHIP.

GUY (INTO HEADPHONE)

How are you doing so far?

RESUME ALTERNATES

GUY hauls back into a hard climb, rolling the T-34 onto its back.

GUY (INTERCOM)

You see, it isn't always pilot error! We can usually handle stuff outside the normal envelope...Are you picking up any pointers yet? Did you hear Mr. Riddick talk about acceptable risk? Acceptable to whom? Would this be acceptable to you? I mean if you were a paying customer...What would be your opinion on that?

Billious and sweating, MOSS tries to swallow his exploding nausea. Finally unable to force it back up, he UPCHUCKS over his face. A second arc splatters onto the plexiglass. His face goes slack, the side of his mouth sagging like that of an exhausted swimmer's.

The PLANE ROLLS rightside up and NOSES OVER into a WILD SPIN. MOSS comes up off his seat.

MOSS (INTERCOM)

(Losing the rest of it)

Argh, argh...

GUY (INTERCOM)

Are you getting a better picture? Hey! Hey! What did you do? Hey! Holy shit! She's out of control! I've lost it! I can't control it! I can't control it! Help me, Moss, gimme a hand!! I need a hand! Moss!!

MOSS (INTERCOM)

Oh, my God!...No!...Please!!

Askew in his straps, he gropes wildly to anchor himself and is suddenly pressed rightside up.

GUY levels the wings, reduces the power, opens the canopy.

GUY (INTERCOM)

That's how it feels, Mr. Moss, to be in the sharp end when one of these things goes out of control. Captain W.B. and I had as much control over Flight Six coming into Kennedy as you just had over this joy ride... Sorry we didn't make it to D.C. but you can still catch the shuttle.

EXT. LA GUARDIA'S MARINE AIR TERMINAL – DAY

The T-34 rolls to a stop. Guy climbs down.

GUY

Now you remember this: my job's still up there. Your job's down here. You get your ass out of this cockpit and get it where it belongs, back in the tail end of the 17-10, and come back with some science. I want you to call me in 48 hours with some hard math or we're going to meet again.

(Produces a pocket tape recorder)

I took the liberty of recording your conversation with God.

(To a couple of MEN in coveralls)

The fellow in back lost his cookies. Give him some rags and a pail of water. He knows the rules.

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