

SCRIPT TITLE

Excess Baggage

Written by

Leon Davis

Budgie Press Pty Limited

leon_davis@bigpond.com

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INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN - DUSK

Brooke scowls and rises in her seat.

She looks over her shoulder at the large bag on the rear seat and -- *

-- spots the expanding blood stain on its side.

She lifts and UNCLIPS the leather purse between her legs, opens it and peers in.

It is full of --

-- BUNDLES OF CASH secured by rubber bands.

She grasps her mobile phone from atop the cash, turns it on and holds it close to her face.

The service indicator shows: NO SERVICE.

The phone BEEPS.

She pushes a button and a text message appears on the screen and lights her tired face.

She reads the message with a look of DREAD in her eyes.

She covers her mouth with a hand and sucks in a deep breath as she finishes the message.

She glances to the rear.

Brooke turns off the phone and throws it on top of the cash in her purse.

She slowly scans the cabin.

She turns and peers through the wet rear window and sees Luca's outline on the tail.

Brooke reaches for the storage compartment, pulls the door open with a CLICK and pushes her hand in.

She extracts a small brown paper PACKAGE which she turns over in front of her face.

The brown paper has no writing on it.

One end of the PACKAGE is torn and reveals a plastic bag that contains a white powder.

A CRACK comes from behind.

Brooke jerks and looks to the rear.

She slides the PACKAGE into her purse and SNAPS the door of the compartment closed.

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Luca's door opens, the cabin light dimly illuminates the back of his seat as it springs forward.

He pushes the bag across the rear seat, sits and pulls his front seat-back into place.

Brooke flinches and squeezes her leather purse between her legs.

Brooke is wet and shivering as she turns to face him.

LUCA

I've put some rocks on the tail, so
I don't think it'll slide again.

BROOKE

(insincere)
Great.

LUCA

But there is another problem I need
to talk to you about.

BROOKE

(interested)
And that would be?

LUCA

(hesitates)
Umm, there's a bit of a cliff
further down the hill.

BROOKE

Shit! How far away?

LUCA

We don't need to worry about it for
the moment.

Brooke's head sweeps around the cabin.

BROOKE

And what if this thing starts to
slide again?

LUCA
It shouldn't.

Luca leans back in his seat.

BROOKE
If it does, you'll just jump out
and I'll slide over the fucking
cliff.

She wiggles her legs and looks at him.

LUCA
Just sit still and don't move.

Brooke stares down at her purse.

Luca thinks.

LUCA (CONT'D)
It could be worse.

Brooke frowns and folds her arms in a huff.

LUCA (CONT'D)
Now here's the position as I see
it. We're down but the aircraft is
intact and won't burn. You're
trapped but it looks to me like
your injuries are minor.

BROOKE
Minor!

LUCA
You're bleeding has just about
stopped and you can move your toes.
More importantly, the radio aerial
has been broken and the nose gear
is gone.

BROOKE
More importantly?

LUCA
(ignores her)
There is no mobile reception down
here but, if I walk to the top of
the hill there may be service.
(pauses)
But I think we're going to be here
for a while.

BROOKE
Please don't leave me alone.

LUCA
I know, but we need to contact
Search and Rescue.

Brooke looks away.

LUCA (CONT'D)
(continues)
The Emergency Locator Beacon in the
tail will alert them, but in this
weather they may not get here till
daylight.

BROOKE
I could be dead by then.
(angry)
I paid you to get me to Casino and
here I am, trapped.