

FLIGHT SCHOOL

by

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FADE IN

EXT. FLIGHT SCHOOL - CHRISTMAS BREAK - NIGHT

A flight school in Florida sits next to an airport.

The student union building sits near one of the runways.

A fence separates the campus from several small planes.

INT. STUDENT UNION

DOROTHY, 40s, black, is on the third floor of the student union.

She brings a vacuum out of the storage closet in the corner, and sets it near a large push cart.

She grabs some cleaning supplies from the cart and heads over to one of the desks.

She spots the only other person on the floor.

OMAR, 20, white is crashed out on a couch.

His backpack is nearby.

She shakes her head in disdain, and retrieves the vacuum cleaner.

Dorothy plugs it in near the couch, turns it on and runs it right next to him.

He wakes up, not sure if she did it on purpose.

DOROTHY
You can't sleep here.

Omar looks around for other options.

Groggy, he points at another couch, just past the large stairwell that's in the center of the building.

OMAR
What about over there?

DOROTHY
This ain't no hotel - just get your
drunk ass back to your room.

OMAR
It's cold outside.

DOROTHY
Not my problem.

OMAR
But I...never mind.

He grabs his backpack and slowly heads to the stairwell.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

IRIS, 30s, holds a Louis Vuitton briefcase as she glances at
her phone several times.

She looks around the terminal.

Omar walks by, and she gets his attention.

IRIS
Are there any other pilots around?

OMAR
I'm a pilot.

IRIS
Any chance you could fly me to the
Bahamas?

OMAR
Sure, but it's cheaper to fly
commercial.

She's almost offended by the remark.

IRIS
I'm not concerned about the money.

He glances at her expensive watch.

IRIS (CONT'D)
I'll pay your expenses and for your
time.

OMAR
Okay, when did you want to go?

IRIS
Now would be good.

She takes out two thousand in cash.

IRIS (CONT'D)
My normal pilot didn't show.

Omar takes the money, and pretends to count it.

Unsure of what to do with it, he tries to casually stuff the cash into his pocket.

Iris watches as he eventually succeeds.

Omar looks up at her.

OMAR
I have a Cessna 172, parked right outside. I'll meet you there in a minute - just need to get my iPad.

IRIS
Can you narrow it down a little? They're ALL 172's.

OMAR
Right. Look for N7176Q.

INT. STUDENT UNION - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Omar spots Dorothy as she cleans some furniture near the corner. He cautiously approaches.

OMAR (CONT'D)
They make you work during the break?

DOROTHY
Somebody has to keep it clean.

OMAR
What about your family?

DOROTHY
What about 'em? They're all in the Bahamas.

She stops cleaning, and sizes him up.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
And what about you? Where do your rich parents live?

OMAR
They're over in Jordan.

DOROTHY

I know you're not up here to study.

He hesitates.

OMAR

You're right. I was hoping to crash up here.

DOROTHY

Let me guess - your roommate has a girl over.

OMAR

I don't have a roommate. I don't even have a room.

DOROTHY

What do you mean - where do you sleep?

OMAR

My car.

She waits for the punchline, but doesn't get one.

DOROTHY

At this school? You're kidding me.

OMAR

My parents were paying my way, until last quarter, when my grades slipped.

DOROTHY

Did you flunk?

OMAR

I got a couple of B's. My father was really mad.

DOROTHY

What did he do?

OMAR

He stopped sending money.

DOROTHY

What are you studying?

OMAR

To be a commercial pilot.

He kicks at the furniture.

OMAR (CONT'D)
And I'll make it *with or without*
their help.

DOROTHY
(softer tone)
Isn't sleeping in your car
dangerous?

He pulls out a pocket knife.

OMAR
I can take care of myself.

She looks at the knife and shakes her head.

Dorothy pulls out a small stun gun.

DOROTHY
You might be better off with
something like this.

She looks around the floor.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Look, you can sleep here, but only
for the break. After that, you're
on your own.

OMAR
Thanks.

She points to the storage closet in the corner.

DOROTHY
And you can keep your stuff in
there, if you need to.

He steps towards the closet, then pauses.

OMAR
Hey, if you ever want to, I could
fly you over to the Bahamas some
time. No charge.

DOROTHY
No thanks. That's where HE's at.

OMAR
Who? Boyfriend...ex-husband?

She turns and walks away.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Omar's plane taxis in from the runway, and parks near a terminal.

He and Iris exit the plane. Omar gets the briefcase from the back seat, and hands it to her.

GUILLERMO, 30s, intense-looking, approaches them.

Iris is startled, but recovers.

IRIS

Guillermo - what are you doing here?

GUILLERMO

Just wanted to find out how things are going over in the islands.

IRIS

Everything's fine.

Guillermo turns to Omar.

GUILLERMO

This must be the new pilot.

He extends his hand.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

I am Guillermo.

They shake hands.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Hopefully, this one works out better than the last.

OMAR

What happened to him?

GUILLERMO

Let's just say he tried to take something from me, which was rightfully mine.

IRIS

(to Guillermo)

Did you need something else?

GUILLERMO

(to Omar)

Are you curious about what's in the briefcase?

OMAR
No, it's not any of my business.

IRIS
Good answer.

GUILLERMO
Open it anyway.

Omar is apprehensive, and struggles to hide it.

Guillermo motions at Iris.

She opens it, and Omar sees that it is completely filled with vacuum packed plastic bags.

OMAR
Is that -

IRIS
Crystal Meth.

GUILLERMO
Welcome to our little family.

Iris closes the briefcase.

The three head towards the terminal.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
(proudly)
I stay under the radar with small amounts. Low volume, but extremely high profit.

IRIS
We send it up to Oklahoma City, Memphis. Really anywhere along the I-40 corridor.

GUILLERMO
Sometimes we provide heroin. Just so everybody gets what they want.

IRIS
Either way, it's a victimless crime.

INT. STUDENT UNION - FIRST FLOOR

Iris and Omar are in one of the first-floor study rooms.

She holds a smaller briefcase.

OMAR
Why did you want to meet?

IRIS
Look, all that talk about my last
pilot...

She looks around the deserted floor.

IRIS (CONT'D)
It was me.

OMAR
What do you mean?

IRIS
I've been skimming the drugs. I cut
it, then sell it.

OMAR
Isn't that dangerous? I mean, that
guy Guillermo -

IRIS
I didn't think he'd notice that
some was missing. I only cut a
small amount each time. You know
(imitates Guillermo)
Stay under the radar.

Omar walks to the door, and checks to make sure nobody else
is around.

OMAR
What do you need from me?

IRIS
I need you to hide them for me -
just a little while till things
cool down.

OMAR
I don't know...

IRIS
I'll pay cash - five thousand. And
just so you know, I don't sell it
here at the school.

OMAR
Okay, but just a few days.

She sets the briefcase on the table in the study room.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I can't believe people get so
hooked on this stuff.

THIRD FLOOR

Omar discreetly puts the small briefcase in the storage closet, as Dorothy cleans nearby.

He notices some anti-depressants in the closet, and picks up one of the boxes.

He studies the label.

Omar approaches Dorothy with the box.

OMAR (CONT'D)
You know, these can be really
dangerous. They -

DOROTHY
You know, you really should mind
your own damn business.

OMAR
I'm just saying, they have a lot of
side effects.

She snatches the box and returns it to the closet.

Omar pulls a couple of romance novels from his backpack, and sets them in the closet.

Dorothy notices.

DOROTHY
You have a girlfriend?

OMAR
No.

DOROTHY
Can't imagine why.

OMAR
What's that supposed to mean?

DOROTHY
If you do meet a girl, don't show
her those.

OMAR
You have something against romance?

No answer.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Who's in the islands that you're
trying to avoid?

She pulls out a picture of a policeman.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Nice looking guy. Ex-husband?

Dorothy nods.

OMAR (CONT'D)
What happened?

DOROTHY
He was selfish.

INT. HOUSE NEAR THE AIRPORT

Guillermo sits at a kitchen table with his BODYGUARD and A
COUPLE in their forties.

The bodyguard carries a pistol.

GUILLERMO
Good trip from Memphis?

MAN
Nothing special.

GUILLERMO
Usual amount?

WOMAN
We need it tested first.

GUILLERMO
I assure you, that problem has been
taken care of.

WOMAN
We're getting complaints from our
people in Oklahoma City, and even
St. Joe.

Guillermo tries to play coy.

GUILLERMO
Complaints?

MAN
(agitated)
That it's been cut.

WOMAN
They're paying for the high, and
they're not getting it. We do have
competitors, you know.

Guillermo motions at his bodyguard.

The bodyguard brings out some Meth, and the woman begins to
test it.

INT. STUDENT UNION - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

There are no students on the first floor.

Guillermo and his bodyguard hide under the stairwell.

Guillermo has a small knife partially concealed. He points up
the stairs as Iris descends.

They watch as she gets to the bottom.

Iris turns, and is startled as the bodyguard blocks her way.

Exasperated, she turns to Guillermo.

IRIS
Have you been following me?

GUILLERMO
You've been stealing from me.

IRIS
Why would I do that?

She tries to go around him, but the bodyguard grabs her arm.

She struggles to get free, but is forced to stay put.

Iris yells out.

IRIS (CONT'D)
You're hurting me.

GUILLERMO
Where's my stuff?

IRIS
(loud)
I don't have your stuff, Guillermo.

GUILLERMO
Don't lie to me, bitch!

CUT TO:

Omar overhears from third floor, and goes over to the ledge to see what the commotion is below.

Dorothy cleans in the far corner, unaware of the activity.

Omar watches in disbelief as Guillermo stabs Iris, who slumps to the ground.

Omar stifles an impulse to yell out.

Dorothy turns on her vacuum cleaner.

Omar waves his arms at her.

He looks back down at Guillermo, who points up at him.

Guillermo motions at his bodyguard, and the two men begin to race up the stairs.

Omar runs over to Dorothy, frantic.

She turns off the vacuum.

DOROTHY
What the hell's with you?

OMAR
We need to get out of here - fast.

He points towards the stairs.

OMAR (CONT'D)
(breathless)
Those people down there...they're
drug dealers...and they're coming
after me.

DOROTHY
Drug dealers?!

OMAR
I'll explain later. Is there an
emergency exit?

She points at a door past the elevators.

DOROTHY
That leads to the roof.

Omar grabs the small briefcase from the storage closet.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Where you going?

OMAR
Not me - US.

He looks over at the stairwell.

OMAR (CONT'D)
I hear them - we gotta go.

DOROTHY
Sweet Lord Jesus.

She follows him towards the door; Omar hits the down button on the elevator as they run past.

They go through the door.

Omar races up a very narrow stairwell that stops at a steel door, marked "roof access".

There is a red handle at one end of the steel door.

Dorothy gets halfway up the narrow stairwell.

She looks behind her in an attempt to see who exactly is chasing them. No luck.

Omar pulls the handle, which releases the hatch.

He pushes hard, until the door swings open.

Omar tosses the briefcase up.

He motions at Dorothy, who follows him as they both go out on the roof.