

NOWHERE

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

There's the crackle of a radio transmission, then...

SUPER: "Turbulence."

...a FAINT VOICE can be heard...

PILOT (V.O.)

This is United 1549 bound for Sydney.
We're attempting to reestablish contact
and bring our transponders back on-line.

(silence)

Do you read me? Do you read me?

(silence)

Do you read me?

More silence, as the Pilot starts again, his tension rising...

PILOT (V.O.)

This is United 1549 bound for Sydney...

FADE UP ON: AN AGITATED TRUMAN GRAHAM

...twenty-eight years old, bespectacled and rumpled, but endearing in an adult Harry Potter sort of way. He moves forward, trying to move down the aisle of an...

INT. AIRPLANE, COACH - NIGHT

...which is being jostled violently. As Truman continues to navigate the cabin, his eyes register...

ZACH TYNE

...a nineteen-year-old with a heavily tattooed arm and surfer-thrash music blasting through the earphones of his iPod.

PUDDLE OF MUDD

(through Zach's iPod)

"I throw away everything you say... erase
everything you think... piss it all away...
piss it all away... piss it all away..."

Zach's body pulsates to the music, his knee occasionally bumping the seat of...

SARAH HILL

...an attractive, if not beautiful, brunette thirty-eight-year-old, who admires her wedding band along with her NEW HUSBAND.

As they grip each other's arms, girding themselves against the ever-increasing turbulence...

XANDER BRITZKE

...a wiry, thirty-two year-old, jokes with his ROW-MATE, admiring the man's watch...

XANDER

(Australian accent, turning
the watch over in his hands)
...this is a beaut... grade-A piece
of equipment here...
(flashing an endlessly
charming smile)
...most of my wives have been worth
less than this watch, mate...

As the two men share a laugh...

PIPER BRIGHTMAN

...the blonde-haired, blue-eyed, eighteen-year-old beauty in the seat next to them reads a copy of Lucky magazine and nervously fumbles with the silver cross around her neck.

Two rows up from Piper...

A FAMILY

...tries to remain calm.

The FATHER (**STEVE SYKES**, late forties) and the DAUGHTER (**TYKE**, fourteen) stare out the window, alarmed, as the MOTHER (**CAROLINE**, early forties) tries to comfort the SON (**ALEXANDER**, age six) by reading from his favorite book...

CAROLINE

"...and when Max came to the place
where the Wild Things are, they
roared their..."

LITTLE ALEX

(roaring)
"...terrible roars..."

CAROLINE

"...and gnashed their..."

LITTLE ALEX
 (gnashing)
 "...terrible teeth..."

Caroline laughs, her eyes wandering to meet Steve's. As they share an affectionate, unnerved smile, Little Alex and Caroline go back to reading, their voices reaching...

JED HEINZ

...a formidable, six-foot-plus, two-hundred-and-eighty pound, thirty-two-year-old. As Jed tries to work off tension, clenching and unclenching a fist...

TRUMAN

...arrives in first class, noticing...

NELL WOODS

...a very attractive TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD WOMAN with a textbook in her lap. As the two share a nauseous smile...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 You have to return to your seat, sir.

Truman turns to see...

...a **STEWARDESS** barking at him from her seat in the galley.

STEWARDESS
 The Captain has illuminated the "Fasten
 Seat Belt" sign--

TRUMAN
 I know, but it's been three-and-a-
 half hours since we've heard
 anything. What's going on?

The Stewardess is about to respond when the plane dips, sending displaced soda cans rolling down the aisle.

STEWARDESS
If you'll just go back to your--

TRUMAN
 Look, I've got an older woman throwing
 up in the seat next to me. At least
 give me some water and a towel so I can
 help her out.

As the Stewardess reluctantly unbuckles, Truman turns to see...

FRANK WHITE

...a grey-haired gentleman in his fifties, fast asleep. He's the only person who seems cool and collected, despite the chaos.

Just then...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Truman?

Truman's eyes gravitate toward the seat next to the sleeping Frank White, where...

ROSS PORTER

...a THIRTY-YEAR-OLD MAN, stares daggers through Truman. In contrast to rumpled Truman, Ross is utterly polished. Thousand-dollar suit... five-thousand-dollar watch... not a single hair out of place.

TRUMAN

(equally surprised)

What are you-- I mean, I assumed you'd be flying out, but I didn't think we'd end up on the same plane. You're still in New York, aren't you?

ROSS

(equally tense)

Yeah. I caught a red-eye out of JFK then picked this flight up in 'Frisco.

A long, uncomfortable silence.

TRUMAN

Look, Ross, given the circumstances, maybe you and I should have dinner when we arrive in Sydney. Maybe we can talk through--

But Ross just turns and looks out the window.

ROSS

The less time you and I spend together, the better we'll both feel. Right?

TRUMAN

(under his breath)

Right.

And then... it happens.

A SCREAM from the Stewardess as the plane suddenly banks.

Truman flies backward, hitting the ground, as overhead bins open and luggage tumbles everywhere. Then...

A SERIES OF DISORIENTING CUTS:

EXT. NIGHT SKY - SAME

...**THE AIRCRAFT** begins to plummet...

CUT TO:

...**THE AIRPLANE** slams into the ocean...

CUT TO:

...**THE FUSELAGE** is torn to pieces...

CUT TO:

...**A SECTION OF THE CABIN** is thrown by thirty-foot waves. As one of these waves crashes at the camera...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE BACK UP ON: EXT. THE FUSELAGE - DAWN

...washed up on a beach like a whale.

A person emerges from the wreckage.

It's Truman, crawling onto the sand. He pulls up his shirt to reveal... a HUGE GASH on his back.

TRUMAN

Oh, Jesus.

As Truman dabs the blood away, he hears... another person.

Truman reaches into the wreckage only to realize...

...it's Ross, a CUT STREAMING BLOOD ON HIS FOREHEAD.

The two men stare at each other, utterly numb, and from inside the wreckage, **MORE VOICES** call for help.

As Ross and Truman turn, pulling out more survivors...

END TEASER