

AIRMAN WOODROW

</scorpion> #301 "CIVIL WAR" CONCEPT MTG DRAFT 06/23/16 1.

TEASER

1 EXT. NIGHT - SKY OVER THE CONEJO VALLEY, CA - NIGHT (N1) 1

Blackness. Skylit night. Silence. Peaceful. Then: **WHOOSH!** Two F-18 STREAKS across frame, destroying the serenity.

2 INT. BOTH F-18'S - SAME (INTERCUT BETWEEN F-18S AS NEEDED) (N1) 2

Two NAVY PILOTS (PABLO MORALES and JUNE WOODROW) run drills/maneuvers in their respective jets.

AIRMAN MORALES

(amused...)

Lieutenant Commander Woodrow, am I imagining things or did you just pull a Split S on me?

AIRMAN WOODROW

Roger that, Morales. And if I were a MIG I'da set up for a high-side gun pass and lit you up.

AIRMAN MORALES

Negative. I woulda barrel-rolled outta the situation, ma'am--

Beep Beep Beep! Instruments light up in Woodrow's F-18. She reacts, *this is not normal.*

AIRMAN WOODROW

What the hell?

AIRMAN MORALES

Was that a curse-word, Woodrow? I don't think I've ever heard you--
(Beep! Beep! Suddenly worried)
Lieutenant Commander, I'm accelerating and not at my command--
(flipping switches)
Plane is non-responsive!

AIRMAN WOODROW

(getting very tense)
--Ditto that! Gaining altitude.
Side-stick's dead. Lost all comms!
Can you connect with base?!

AIRMAN MORALES

No joy...

AIRMAN WOODROW

Ok. We go Nylon Letdown.

Click. Click. Nothing happens when she presses EJECT.

→
START
SC.1

→ 1/11

→
CONT.
HERE

AIRMAN WOODROW (CONT'D)
Punch-Out's a no-go!

AIRMAN MORALES
(controls go haywire!)
Woodrow, are you trying to lock in
on me?! June, get offa my six!

AIRMAN WOODROW
I'm not doing anything! My bird's
rogue!
(panel lights go on; *oh shit!*)
Morales, my AMRAAMS are coming in
hot! You have to shake me now!...

END

And we HARD CUT from FRANTIC ENERGY to the solitude of...

3 INT. WALTER'S MALIBU - SAME (N1) 3

WALTER'S been driving for hours to get to PAIGE. He passes a
SIGN: ~~TAHOE CRYSTAL LAKE RESORT - 5 miles.~~ He talks to Toby.

WALTER
I'm almost there. What do I say
when I see her?

4 INT. GARAGE - SAME (N1) 4

Toby, tired, a bit more sauced than when we left him at end
of 224, but not sloppy, at laptop, tequila almost empty.

TOBY
Poetry.

WALTER
Poetry?

TOBY
*Paige, to Tim please say "nada",
but say "si" to my giant Medulla
Oblongata.*

WALTER
How much tequila have you had?

TOBY
Enough to write that poem. Look,
just speak from the heart. Can you
do that?

WALTER
No.

2/11

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

WALTER (CONT'D)

But right now there are outta control F-18's screaming across LA - so we have more important things to worry about.

TOBY

Where have I heard that before?

Just then: **BEEP!BEEP!BEEP!** ANGLE ON: The monitor tree...

ADMIRAL PACE

Dear God! Woodrow's locked in on Morales!

13

INT. BOTH PLANES (INTERCUT) - SAME (D2)

13

Both pilots react!

AIRMAN MORALES

Woodrow, you're locked in!

AIRMAN WOODROW

(tying like mad to stop it)
It's not me! I can't cool the weaponry! Pablo... you're right in the crosshairs... oh God...

The beeping of weaponry instruments gets FASTER AND FASTER!

14

INT. GARAGE - SAME (D2)

14

Walt/Sly type furiously trying to stop this tragedy...

CABE

Guys! Deactivate those weapons now!

WALTER

What do you think we're trying to do?!

WHOOSH! The planes race overhead again... Everyone looks up.

TOBY

(looking at radar)
They're headin' toward the ocean!

HARD CUT TO:

15

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS (D2)

15

Garage door opens; Happy/Paige RACE outside, run toward camera, stop. Pick up their POVs. In the distance two planes ZOOM away from them, then... **BOOM!** Pablo's plane EXPLODES.

ON Happy/Paige, mouths agape, can't believe it... CUT TO:

START
SC. 2



16

INT. GARAGE - SAME (D2)

16

Team in silent shock. Then... the comms from Woodrow's F-18 crackle to life. The voice we hear is shaken.

AIRMAN WOODROW
This is Lieutenant Commander
Woodrow. Does anyone copy?

HAPPY
Why would they turn her comms back
on now?

ADMIRAL PACE
Lieutenant Commander, this is
Admiral Pace. I'm here with
Homeland Agent Cabe Gallo and an
independent team that's trying to
get you landed safely.

AIRMAN WOODROW
I have no control of my plane. I...
I just shot down Lieutenant Morales
over the Pacific.

~~TOBY~~
~~Lieutenant Commander... What's her~~
~~first name, Cabe?~~

~~CABE~~
~~June.~~

TOBY
June. I'm Dr. Curtis with Scorpion,
the team the Admiral mentioned.
Listen carefully - you didn't shoot
down your friend. Hackers who took
over your plane fired that weapon.
You are responsible for nothing.

~~ADMIRAL PACE~~
~~(his phone rings)~~
~~I need to take this. Woodrow, give~~
~~Agent Gallo a full debriefing..~~

~~Pace moves off as~~

AIRMAN WOODROW
First, my speed increased
independently. Then altitude. My
stick went south, comms went out.
One system failure after another.

END

4/11

→
CONT.
HERE

HAPPY (CONT'D)

Sly can calculate it so the plane
nosedives right for our garage...

WALTER

(catching on...)

...and with the engine off the
hackers won't be able to control
the plane.

SYLVESTER

Then you just have to get the
plane's original, *unhacked* firmware
back onto the jet's computers...

HAPPY

And I can do it with this.

PAIGE

A laser stud finder?

TOBY

You know I can't go near stud-
finders. They always go off--

PAIGE

--You've told that joke before!
Happy?

HAPPY

Data can be sent over lasers. I can
send new firmware via laser
directly into the jet's comm
system, it's housed right in the
nose of the plane that'll be
pointed right toward us and it
falls to earth.

TOBY

By "us", am I safe to assume your
placing me in the path of a
plummeting F-18.

HAPPY

I'll build the laser from the stud
finder, some laser levels and Sly's
laser tag guns. You'll prep the
firmware.

WALTER

June, you'll have to be no more
than 500 feet from the rooftop to
guarantee the download works--

→
START
Sc. 3

→ 5/11

CONT.
HERE →

AIRMAN WOODROW

--So I'll have seconds to restart my engine, pull out of a nosedive and skim on fumes over rooftops to a safe landing somewhere...

SYLVESTER

And looking at a map of LA, the closest and safest option is the LA Riverbed, 4 miles east of here.

AIRMAN WOODROW

It's a million to one shot, but it could work.

END

And as the plane STREAKS across the sky we TIME CUT TO:

21

~~EXT. GARAGE - ROOFTOP - LATER (D2)~~

21

~~Toby madly types (preps firmware) as Happy builds the laser.~~

~~TOBY~~

~~Almost ready. Happy, laser update?~~

~~HAPPY~~

~~Don't worry about me! Just do your job!~~

~~TOBY~~

~~Ya know, God forbid something goes wrong, and the we get crushed by an F-18, I'm really concerned for your widower -- think he'll handle it well?~~

~~HAPPY~~

~~That's it! We're done talking! Paige, how goes it with you?~~

22

~~INT. TOBY'S CAR - SAME (D2)~~

22

~~Walt (driving) & Paige. Music plays. No talking. So awkward.~~

~~PAIGE~~

~~To be honest, it's kinda awkward.~~

~~WALTER~~

~~She meant how close are we to the Pentagon office?~~

~~PAIGE~~

~~Oh...~~

6/11

HAPPY
 (realizing)
 You're calling out men I know to
 see if I show guilt markers?

TOBY
 Maybe.

HAPPY
 Vern's my *deli* guy.

TOBY
 I've seen *how he handles your*
provolone.

HAPPY
 You're an idiot.

TOBY
 (stands, work is done)
 No, I'm just hurt and angry. Do you
 know how what I'm going through
 feels? It feels like you've taken
 my heart, torn it from my body and
 shoved it right up--

Just as Toby shouts a string of not-for-prime-time language
 accompanied with hysterical hand gestures, June's plane
 screeches overhead to drown him out but he keeps going. Once
 the plane is gone, we can hear the end of his colorful
 tirade.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 --and then it just lies there,
 covered in flies, and even the dog
 doesn't want it anymore even though
 he ate it in the first place!
That's what's left of my heart!

June flies, stressed as all get-out...

AIRMAN WOODROW
 Guys, hate to interrupt the
fighting but I need to make sure
your heads are in the game before I
dump my fuel.

HAPPY
 We're fine. Toby's shutting up now.

→
START
SC.4

→ 7/11

→
**CONT.
HERE**

AIRMAN WOODROW

Good, because if the hackers keep this same loop pattern, I'll be over you again in minutes and once my tanks are on empty, I'm heading into a complete vertical nosedive--

END

~~ON Happy, looking at Toby - this shit just got very real. She looks up at the sky...~~

~~HAPPY~~

~~Yup. Straight down. Right at us. At terminal velocity.~~

~~TOBY~~

~~For Pete's sake, don't say terminal.~~

END OF ACT ONE

8/11

26

CONTINUED:

26

~~WALTER~~

~~We should put our comms back in~~

~~Paige needs, knowing full well he just dodged the issue --~~

27

INT. F-18 COCKPIT - DAY (INTERCUT WITH OTHERS) (D2)

27

AIRMAN WOODROW

Two kilometers from the fuel dump.

28

EXT. GARAGE - ROOFTOP - SAME (D2)

28

Happy/Toby ready the laser in place.

HAPPY

We're positioned. Just bring 'er in nice and steady.

AIRMAN WOODROW

How about extremely fast and out of control. Forgive me, getting a little beaded up over this plan.

~~HAPPY~~

~~(to Toby)~~

~~Beaded up. Sweaty. Worried.~~

TOBY

~~(to Happy)~~

~~I know my pilot terms.~~

(to June)

Lieutenant, that fancy plane you're flying, all the minds who designed it? Compared to us? Morons. No needs to sweat it...

~~(to Happy)~~

~~She should be terrified.~~

HAPPY

You should be in position in 2, 1... Ring the admiral's doorbell!

~~(to Toby)~~

~~That means dump the fuel.~~

~~TOBY~~

~~That one I did not know.~~

AIRMAN WOODROW

Here goes...

June takes a breath and presses the manual dump button. CLOSE ON: FUEL GAUGE - the needle drops toward empty.

AIRMAN WOODROW (CONT'D)

Engine failure commenced...

START
SC.5

→ 9/11

ENGINE WHINES DOWN. Jet plummets!

ON Toby/Happy watching the plane coming right toward them --

TOBY

Oh boy... here she comes. Right for our butts.

HAPPY

Firing the laser!

She presses a key, a beam shoots UP. Toby checks his laptop.

TOBY

2 degrees north!

Happy readjust the laser! June holds on, the plane quaking --

AIRMAN WOODROW

How we doing down there?!

HAPPY

The laser is locked on your nose!
Uploading the firmware!

AIRMAN WOODROW

Estimating I'm 2/10's of a nautical mile from your roof. Airspeed's 250 kilometers. You might wanna bail.

Happy checks the progress bar. 17%.

HAPPY

We bail, the laser could shift and you'd die. We're stayin'!

Toby shares a look with Happy. Progress bar is now at 33% --

TOBY

If these are our last moments together, I propose we die with no secrets between us.

HAPPY

No.

TOBY

I'll go first. Sometimes when I'm alone in the garage I sniff your work gloves.

HAPPY

Great. Now I can die disgusted!

CONT.
HERE

CONT. HERE

AIRMAN WOODROW
Guys? Another time?

PROGRESS BAR: 62%

TOBY
The mix of lavender hand cream and motor oil reminds me your emotional dichotomy.

PROGRESS BAR: 81%

AIRMAN WOODROW
10 seconds to the envelope! Past that I can't pull out!

Happy looks to the sky. Carter is barrelling toward them --

HAPPY
Jet's getting awfully big...

AIRMAN WOODROW
Eight seconds.

PROGRESS BAR: 93%

TOBY
Now your turn! Who's your husband?!

DING! Happy turns to PROGRESS BAR: 100%!

HAPPY
Punch it, June!!

June hits the ignition! Fumes help engine COUGH to life! She pulls back on the stick as...

HAPPY (CONT'D)
Hit the deck!!!

WROOOOSH!!! The jet pulls out of the dive 50' above the garage sending all furniture and Happy/Toby flying to the ground!

AIRMAN WOODROW
(as she levels off...)
Made it! LA river bed is my bingo.
Fuel's at zero. I'm setting down.

~~TOBY/HAPPY crawl from the wreckage. Breathing heavy.~~

END

~~TOBY
You okay?
(she nods)
So... you going to answer the question or what?~~

///