

Missed It By That Much

© 2018

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - DAY

An F-22 Raptor fighter jet streaks above the Earth at ten thousand metres. No clouds, just endless blue.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

The pilot, CHARLIE(35) seems to be snoozing, his head slumped forward. His face is covered by his flight helmet.

Suddenly he lifts his head, turns to either side. His hands fly up to his face, away from the control stick then hurriedly back to the stick.

CHARLIE

What the fuck? Where the hell am I?

The computer screen on the control panel flicks over to a dark, blurry figure in profile. A VOICE on the radio.

VOICE

No need to panic, the jet is on remote control for now.

CHARLIE

A jet? But I don't...

VOICE

Understand all of this? Well, your mission is so important that the utmost security was vital.

CHARLIE

My mission? But I remember vaguely...two guys broke in?

VOICE

We took all precautions to conserve your safety.

CHARLIE

I was in the middle of cooking dinner. Then I was all set for a night of Netflix.

VOICE

We apologize for any inconvenience, Special Agent Eleven. But the fate of the world rests in your hands.

CHARLIE

I hope someone turned off the
stovetop. I was cooking beef
strog.

VOICE

I...oh shit.

He speaks to an aide in a lower tone.

VOICE

Jenkins, did you check the stove
at the apartment?

JENKINS

No, sir. You told us to just get
in there and grab him. A dog in
the apartment attacked us.

CHARLIE

Good ol' Tiger. You didn't hurt
him? He's my world that dog.

JENKINS

No, sir. Sorry about the stove.

VOICE

Well, get back there and turn it
off now.

CHARLIE

Wait a moment...did you call me
'Special Agent Eleven' before?

VOICE

Don't worry about code names. It
would be impossible for anyone to
be on this frequency.

There's a loud SQUAWK and a new voice comes online.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

This is Fort Worth International
Airport. You are in restricted
airspace. Deviate immediately.

CHARLIE

Well, this is awkward.

VOICE

Fort Worth Tower, this Raptor is
on a classified mission fully
sanctioned by the White House.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

F-22, I have not received any
notifications about this.

VOICE

This man is a skilled pilot. He will be no threat to your airspace.

CHARLIE

Um, excuse me. I think there's...

VOICE

Don't interrupt me.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

I don't care who you are. I haven't received any...

CHARLIE

I'm not Special Agent Eleven.

VOICE

Concentrate. Fifteen seconds...

CHARLIE

I'm Special Agent Forty five, retired. Jenkins broke into the wrong apartment.

JENKINS

Oh fuck.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

What the hell?

VOICE

Five seconds. The details will be on your HUD soon. Special Agent Eleven, she's all yours.

JENKINS/AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

He's not Special Agent Eleven!!

Charlie YELLS as the nose of the jet dips down. He frantically hoists the stick back trying to control it.

CHARLIE

This is crazy. I've never flown a plane in my life!

JENKINS

I'm sorry sir but I kidnapped the wrong agent. I wondered why that dog was there. The intel said that Special Agent Eleven was more of a cat person.

CHARLIE

I fucking hate cats!

VOICE

Oh dear. There appears to have been a dreadful mistake. I'll switch back to remote control.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

I was just going to suggest that.

VOICE

Fuck! The remote button broke off.

The fighter starts to do loops.

VOICE

Control room equipment is your responsibility, Jenkins.

JENKINS

Sorry, sir. But the Puerto Rican's priced us out this month.

VOICE

So we had to stay with the gear from Bangladesh?

JENKINS

Yes, sir. Our budget was blown.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

I hear ya. We have the same problem with paper clips.

The Raptor spirals all across the sky.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

One of our new guys here is ex Air Force. He can talk you down.

VOICE

We appreciate your help. Sorry if I was abrupt earlier but...

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

I hear ya. Hang in there, Special Agent Forty Five. Have you down in no time.

JENKINS

Hmm, Special Agent Forty Five...why does that give me an uneasy feeling? Something about his...

CHARLIE

I'm blind.

JENKINS

Ah yes! Special Agent Forty Five is totally blind. That's why he retired early. I wondered why Tiger had that harness on.

A loud THUMP comes over the two way.

JENKINS

Sir? Are you alright? Um, I'm afraid he's fainted.

CHARLIE

Any suggestions?

JENKINS

Sir, you can bail out. The jet will self destruct. The ejector handle is on your left.

CHARLIE

Ok, got it. I'm outta here.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Charlie pops out of the cockpit. His chute opens, he slowly descends. The Raptor flies on for before exploding.

JENKINS

No visual but I can hear you, sir.

CHARLIE

I'm good, Jenkins.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

I hear you too, buddy. Feel free to drop in for a coffee. Haha.

LATER

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER(O.S)

Man, have I dealt with some idiots. Hey, what the...

The sound of crashing glass and a THUMP.

CHARLIE(O.S)

Cappuccino, white, no sugar. Oh...sorry about that.