Missed It By That Much
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.