

THE HOBBYIST

Written by

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INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

The image of a small twin-otter flies through the open sky, the name Twist of Fate is designed into the side. The cockpit gleams slightly as a single figure is built inside.

END INSERT

INT. TWIN-OTTER COCKPIT *TWIST OF FATE* - MORNING

The sound of the wind runs across the glass as the small plane rushes across the sky, as it chases sunlight. RICHARD, 25 black male, pilots the plane slowly. Echoes of the motor stopping reaches the hull.

RICHARD

Oh no baby, don't do this too me,  
it's just a little bit farther.

Richard turns to the side of the plane and sees the side propeller has stopped. He yanks the radio receiver and it starts to crackle.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Tower, Tower this is Twin-Otter  
Twist of Fate, Captain Richard M.  
Warrens requesting assistance,  
there has been a mishap with-

The radio crackles loudly then pops.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

No, Tower, Tower.

There is no response from the radio.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Stupid piece of shit. Why did I  
ever listen to Charles.

He grabs the yoke and tries to bring the plane down slowly but it fights against him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me, got  
one chance.

Richard reaches down into the lower bowels of his seat and pulls out a flare gun.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

And you called me an idiot for  
carrying a flare.

EXT. TWIN-OTTER PLANE *TWIST OF FATE* - MORNING

The second propeller has stopped, and the first runs faster to make up. The plane dips to the left, and a small hand comes out of the cockpit and wields a flare gun.

The gun goes off and the flare darts forward before it pulls back into the first propeller.

The entire propeller catches fire before it explodes and the plane tails into a fireball.

INT. TWIN-OTTER COCKPIT *TWIST OF FATE* - MORNING

The cockpit glows slightly a deepening red color. Richard tries to drive the plane towards the ground as it grows closer and closer.

RICHARD

We're not going out like this, come  
on baby.

A small picture of Richard smiling with TAYLOR, 22 pregnant white female, falls out of the visor and into his lap.

Richard jerks the yoke up but there is no response from the plane. Richard looks around him and sees that nothing is changing.

He lightly places his hand across the picture and slides it across it.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING

The sun barely shines through the windows, the sky tinged a slightly blue. Taylor, leans against the wall and holds her belly.

Richard lightly kisses her on the cheek, and takes a hold of her belly.

RICHARD

I'll be back before you know it  
Tay, you'll barely even notice I'm  
gone. You worry too much babe.

\*  
\*

He reaches around her and takes Taylor's stomach in his hands and rubs it. \*

TAYLOR  
Just come back to me the same way  
you left, Rich. \*

RICHARD  
I promise, babe.

INT. TWIN-OTTER COCKPIT *TWIST OF FATE* - MORNING

The sizzle of the cockpit echoes inside the space. Richard looks forward and then back down at the photograph.

A slow tear draws down from his soft grey eyes and down his cheek.

RICHARD  
I'm sorry Taylor, I really am.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Taylor watches out the window as a plane goes overhead. \*

Taylor's water breaks and she grips her stomach as she rushes towards the phone, but doesn't make it.

TAYLOR  
MOM! He's coming!

FRANCIS, Taylor's large and greying mother, runs into the kitchen as she carries her phone. \*

FRANCIS  
Thomas, Hush! Your daughter is  
having her baby. YES! RIGHT NOW!

Francis gets to Taylor's side and rushes her towards the door.

EXT. EASTMANE'S FIELD - MORNING

SHEPARD, a tall Hispanic male, stands with his sheep in an empty field. The loud sound of something falling passes over him. \*

The entirety of the *TWIST OF FATE* sweeps overhead as it crashes into the field, and erupts in more flames. \*

Shepard reaches into his person and pulls out a small walkie talkie. He rushes towards the plane crash. \*

SHEPARD

Hey someone went down over here,  
call the sherrif, no I'm not  
joking, yes a plane crash. Please  
hurry I think someone may still be  
alive. \*

He puts it away when he rounds over to see the crushed remains of the front end of the plane, and it's smoldering pieces. \*

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

The hum of the lights ring through the room as DR. DASHIELL, aging white man, squats down between Taylor's legs.

Taylor sweats profusely and holds tightly to Francis' hand.

DASHIELL

Just keep pushing, you're doing  
great Mrs. Warren, he's almost  
here.

Taylor closes her eyes and pushes, the sound of a baby breaks through her groans.

DASHIELL (CONT'D)

Congratulations Mrs. Warren, it's a  
bouncing baby boy.

Dashiell hands the baby over to a NURSE. She bundles baby Markus, and hands him to Taylor who sweats but smiles as she takes him in her arms. Francis smiles as she holds Taylor's shoulders.

FRANCIS

My first grandson, you have no idea  
how proud we are of you, Have you  
decided on a name yet?

TAYLOR

Markus Richard Warren, I just wish  
Richard would have been here to  
meet him.

EXT. EASTMANE'S FIELD - MORNING

The plane's fires have gone out, but the amount of ash around the crash has piled up. An ambulance sits nearby, EDWARD and COLE, the two EMTs, work through the rubble.

Edward shifts through the wreckage to find a charred body in the remains.

EDWARD

I think I got through most of it,  
all I got is this left, any signs  
on the plane as to who was actually  
flying it?

Cole pulls out a chunk of the tail that has *Twist of Fate* etched across it, along with the bright orange Cockpit Voice Recorder.

SHEPARD

It was headed over to Eagleheart.

EDWARD

The airfield?

Shepard nods his head and points towards the horizon.

SHEPARD

Right over by Taylorville.

Emt shakes his head and writes across the black body bag, *Twist of Fate* wreckage remains.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE FOYER - EVENING

The front door bell rings and Francis goes to answer it, she passes a small mirror on the wall, a photo of Richard with Taylor at their wedding stares at her from it's side.

Francis peels open the door to reveal JAMES, 24 African-American police officer, on the porch.

FRANCIS

Good evening, James is there  
something I can help you with?  
Attempting to get this baby more  
house proof.

James shifts uncomfortably, and paws at the edge of his hat.

JAMES

Hello Mrs. Crabtree, is Taylor  
home?

FRANCIS

She just got home from the hospital, had the little boy this morning. The two have been nearly inseparable, I think she's afraid he'll hurt himself if he leaves her gaze for a minute.

James begins to sweat, and tries to feign a smile.

JAMES

Oh, what'd name did she finally decide on?

FRANCIS

Markus, though I know you didn't come all the way out here just to ask about the baby. Come in and relax. We're just waiting on Richard to get home to celebrate. He'd probably be anxious to know what you've been up to.

Francis steps aside and lets James enter the domicile. He takes a few steps into the living room.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The room is filled with pictures of Taylor and Richard together. The furniture is sparse but fills in the room. Taylor lies on the sofa and holds baby Markus in her arms.

James continues into the room and waves over to her, she looks up to him and smiles softly.

JAMES

Hey Taylor. Congratulations.

TAYLOR

Hey there yourself James, long time no see, it's almost as if someone has to die around here to even get a glimpse of you. How have you been? Come to check on our new addition?

James flinches as she says die, but otherwise tries to keep his composure. He pulls out the small cut of metal from the plane wrapped in a soft cloth.

JAMES

I'm actually here for some more somber matters. Mr. Warren, Richard is.. Dead.

Francis comes into the living room a bottle in her hand. She gazes at Taylor for a moment, but her eyes dart down to the metal.

He hands her the slightly charred metal, and she looks at it in confusion. Taylor lightly hands Markus to Francis who walks into the kitchen with him.

Taylor unwraps it and sees the finely painted letters *Twist of Fate*, she sniffles.

TAYLOR

No... please James tell me you're joking.

JAMES

I am sorry Taylor, the plane went down earlier this morning. Remains were found inside. It was transported to the morgue at the police department. We need you to come down to the station to identify the remains. I told them I'd come get you, but please tell me it wasn't Richard in that flight.

TAYLOR

He promised me he'd come back.

Taylor begins crying, her sobs shake her entire body. James rubs her slightly on the arm to comfort her, a line of tears goes down his cheek. His voice becomes official suddenly.

JAMES

I- I understand this is a traumatic, and if you want us to call anyone for you or seek assistance we can have it all arranged.

TAYLOR

He promised.

INT. POLICE MORGUE - EVENING

The room is deathly clean, a body bags lies half open on the table. Richard's charred body inside. GARY, coroner, and James stand around it.

Taylor holds hands with Francis as she sobs profusely.

JAMES

Are you sure Taylor?

She nods her head before turning into her mother's shoulder as she erupts into tears.

FRANCIS

He wouldn't have wanted us to remember him like this, it'd be for the best.

GARY

I'll let you make the arrangements, Mrs. Warren, we'll have him ready for you whenever you are.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NOON

The room is a darken brown, the green carpet leads up to a solitary blue urn with a picture of a smiling Richard at it's side. The name Richard Warren decorates the edge.

The room is filled with MOURNERS, mostly pilots, spread through out. They each talk in hushed voices.

Taylor sits at the front of the Funeral home and holds Markus in her arms. ESCHER, a pilot, trails past her.

ESCHER

He was a good man Taylor.

Taylor just stares deeply into the photograph by the urn, her eyes red from crying.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

He wasn't suppose to have gone up, we were suppose to do a test run.

James pushes the door of the funeral home open and gazes around for Taylor. He spots her and then lazily meanders towards her.

JAMES

He was a good man, Taylor. It shouldn't have ended this way for Rich. I know he wouldn't have wanted Markus coming up like this. He would have never wanted any of this.

TAYLOR

But why now? We were happy James.

JAMES

Why does it ever happen? I just want you to know if you need anything Taylor, you know I'm here for you.

Taylor turns to James, a few new tears slowly crawl down her cheek.

TAYLOR

I shouldn't have let him go, I should have made him stay, for me. I should have begged him, for us.

JAMES

You know Richard he's stubborn and hard headed, he would have gone anyway. But he was always a good to his word.

TAYLOR

Why now, He promised me, he promised us.

Taylor grasp tighter to Markus. Markus slightly moves his head and reveals soft grey eyes. James smiles at the him, his face softens quickly.

JAMES

He's got his father's eyes.

James leans down and offers Markus his finger which he takes and giggles slightly.

TAYLOR

Richard would have been proud.

JAMES

If I know Rich, he is proud, of both of you

## INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

The sun decorates the hallway lightly across the doors, each one etched slightly different. A small decorative airplane is inlaid in one door, another sports *Markus* across it.

Taylor pushes the door with the decorative airplane open and exits through it. She then turns around and lays her head against the door as it closes. Her face is flushed and slightly red.

TAYLOR

What are we suppose to do now Rich?

She takes a small golden key and locks the door.

MARKUS, age 5, stands right outside his door and watches her, his eyes follow the small key as it slips into Taylor's pocket.

Taylor turns around to see little Markus in his door.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Well look who's up already.

She wipes her face as she walks over and picks up Markus into her arms.

MARKUS

Why you crying mommy?

Markus places his hand against Taylor's face and wipes away a stray tear.

TAYLOR

I'm just so happy to see you,  
Munchkin.

Markus nuzzles into her shoulder and wraps his arms around her neck.

MARKUS

Don't cry mommy, I'm always here. I  
not going anywhere.

## INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE MARKUS' ROOM - EVENING

The room is filled with small planes, a replica model of Richard's twin-otter hangs from the ceiling. MARKUS, age 7, plays around the room with a small model plane.

MARKUS  
Incoming! CPT. Warren! Bogies at  
eight o'clock!

He ducks and dodges around the room. He hits a few open  
drawers causing them to rattle.

JAMES (O.S.)  
Markus! Come down! Dinner!

Markus ignores the yell and continues to jump and dive.

MARKUS  
Watch out for those incoming  
missiles Captain!

TAYLOR (O.S.)  
Markus, don't make us come up  
there!

Markus sighs and puts down the plane, the words Twist of Fate  
etched across its side.

MARKUS  
Coming Mom!

He jots towards the door, as the small planes right propeller  
stops.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - EVENING

The table is slightly loaded down with food. James sits  
directly across from Taylor, they lightly chat and laugh.  
Markus stomps down the stairs as he rounds the corner into  
the room.

TAYLOR  
What'd we say about running down  
the stairs?

Markus hums to himself as plops himself down and puts his  
hands onto the table and tries to reach for the nearest dish.

JAMES  
Answer you're mom before you just  
dig in Markus.

Markus glances over at James and then back at the food.

MARKUS  
Don't?

JAMES

And why not?

MARKUS

Cause I might knock down daddy, and hurt myself.

Taylor gazes longingly at the wall. A photo of Richard and Taylor on their wedding day stares back at her. James turns to her but she ignores him.

TAYLOR

Seven years...

James shift in his chair, and pulls out a small tape recorder.

JAMES

Taylor, I wanted to show you this as soon as we could release it, but I was afraid that it would only hurt you more.

Taylor does not focus on him, but continues staring at the picture. Markus reaches and grabs a little food off the table but stops to gaze at the recorder James had placed down.

MARKUS

What's that?

JAMES

In every plane they have something called a CVR, or Cockpit Voice Recorder, where after a crash we can hear what had happen in the moments before during and after.

TAYLOR

Is that Richards?

Taylor finally turns to them and heeds the small recorder.

JAMES

Yes, The day they released it I had to stop myself before I just ran up to you with it. I didn't want to hurt you. I held onto it until It felt right.

James lightly presses the play button and Richards voice comes from the recorder.

INSERT - TAPE RECORDER

RICHARD

I'm not going out like this!

The sounds of the plane pop and the hum of heat entering the cockpit echo loudly. Richard grunts and strains through the sound. The crackle of the radio breaks through. The interior of the cockpit goes silent except for the sounds of the fire.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Taylor I really am. I lov-

The sounds of impact cut through, and then complete silence.

END INSERT

The room is silent, the only noise is their breathing. James reaches up and presses stop. Markus studies Taylor closely, but she does not move. Taylor's eyes focus on the small recorder, and then a slow tear creeps down her cheek.

TAYLOR

I love you Too, it wasn't your  
fault Rich, at least you're in a  
better place now.

Taylor then gazes up to James, a smile on her face.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Thank you, James.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE FOYER - EVENING

The drapes blow slowly as the sun sits directly in the sky. A small table sits right in front of the door, it is covered with pictures of James, Markus, and Taylor. A large blue urn peeks out from behind all the awards and pictures.

The door slowly opens and the jingle of keys break through the air.

MARKUS

Mom! Dad! Anyone home?

MARKUS, age 18, looks around the stairs landing, and sees no one. He goes to turn on the lights in the living room.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

There is furniture half hidden in the jumbled mess of the living room's darkness. As soon as the lights turn on a large group of PEOPLE, pop up.

EVERYONE  
Surprise! Happy Birthday Markus!

Markus begins to laugh, his face a mix of shock and surprise. He looks around and spots Taylor and James holding a blue iced cake in their hands. GEORGE, young man, smiles happily at Markus.

JAMES  
Your friends thought it'd be a good idea to... surprise you.

GEORGE  
It was all your parents idea, don't believe them trying to push everything on us.

Markus doesn't say anything but goes into the group, and they begin to congratulate him.

The walls in the living room have a large picture of Taylor and James on their wedding day, Markus, age 10, stands at their side. A few photos of Markus along with the two of them decorate it.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room's table is filled with empty cups and plates. A few slices of cake sit on them and are scattered around. Taylor and James slowly pick through and clean the majority of the room.

Markus rounds the corner and walks in the room, a little bit of frosting is attached to his cheek.

TAYLOR  
Well look who's all grown up now.

Markus smiles at Taylor and walks up to her and gives her a hug.

MARKUS  
Thanks mom, I would have preferred it without the surprise, but it was a good change.

JAMES  
I'm surprised you even had that many friends.

James leans over to the two of them and grabs their shoulders.

MARKUS

Did you just tell George to invite anyone? Cause some of those people I didn't even know.

Taylor shakes her head and tries to wipe the frosting off of his cheek.

TAYLOR

As long as you had fun, it doesn't matter.

Markus swats at Taylor's hands and ducks towards the front door. He turns around and looks back at the two of them.

MARKUS

Hey did you two move Richard's urn?

James and Taylor gawk at each other for a moment then back to Markus.

JAMES

It should've been on the table...

MARKUS

It's not-

TAYLOR

I think I moved it to the office during the party.

MARKUS

The office?

He glances at the worn stairs, marks with his name on them grow up the edge of the wall.

TAYLOR

It's the room with the airplane, you weren't really a inquisitive little boy, just a troublesome one. I was always afraid you'd sneak up in there and break something. But I don't think you ever even asked me about it.

MARKUS

I always thought it was just some storage closet, I don't think I ever saw you even open it.

Taylor laughs for a moment and then gazes towards the ceiling.

TAYLOR  
No, it's your father's office.

MARKUS  
James has an office?

James looks to Taylor, then back to Markus for a moment.

JAMES  
No, you're real dad.

MARKUS  
You are my real dad, as far back as  
I can remember you've been dad.

JAMES  
As much as I would love to claim  
you, you're Richard's little, well  
big hellion now.

Taylor continues to watch the ceiling.

TAYLOR  
For the longest time I could have  
sworn I heard him walking up there,  
and I'd have to go check and see. I  
haven't been up there in ages.

Markus looks up the stairs.

INT. RILEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Richard's blue urn bounces in the passenger's seat and rattles slightly. The stereo cranks out classical music.

RILEY, an artistically dressed woman, sits in the front seat, she turns to gaze over the urn.

RILEY  
You'll be perfect, though so sad  
that they had you hidden away.

Riley rubs against the urn slightly, then she turns back to the windshield.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

Markus stands at the end of the hallway directly in front of the door with the airplane. He holds in his hand a small golden key. He takes a deep breathe and places the key into the door.

TAYLOR

You don't have to open it...

Taylor advances from the stairs to the landing. In her hands she carries a basket filled with laundry.

MARKUS

I just feel like it's my destiny,  
you know?

Markus pushes the door open and stands in the hallway for a moment. He looks to Taylor, then ambles into the open door.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE RICHARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

The room is a mix of dust mites and cobwebs. The blinds are barely drawn and allow a minimal amount of light in. The desk is covered with papers, small models, an a old computer. Small model planes drift down from the ceiling.

Markus slowly continues into the room, and hits his foot against a large box. He kneels down to look into the box, a few fliers and old pictures fill it to the brim.

Taylor watches over his shoulder from the hallway.

TAYLOR

I left them up as long as I  
could... but you needed a father,  
and James had been there for us.

Markus ignores her and moves the box to the side and continues into the room. He lightly touches the desk, and closes his eyes.

The sound of typing makes him open them and he sees Richard as he clicks away at the keyboard, the mess of papers around him.

Markus goes to reach for him and his hand gets covered in dust. He picks up a small model airplane, an exact replica of his old toy.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

He made one for you as soon as we  
knew I was pregnant. He wanted you  
to be as much obsessed as he was.  
Richard would have been proud of  
you.

Markus continues ogling the desk, the toy plane dances in his fingers.

He moves a pile of papers across the table and finds a small list on the desk and picks it up. The faint writing across the page crawls as Markus reads it.

INSERT - PAGE

The page is covered with notes and numbers, the first few lines are crossed out with dates on the side. The last ones marked off were *fix the twin otter, fly the twin otter.*

END INSERT

Markus turns to Taylor and shows her the list.

MARKUS

Mom... what is this?

Taylor puts down the basket of clothes and treads slowly into the room. She goes to the desk and lightly takes the list into her hand.

TAYLOR

It was Richard's dream list... everything he wanted to do before he died. He started it as soon as he was laid off.

A rushed tear runs down Taylor's face.

MARKUS

Laid off?

TAYLOR

The office he worked for closed its branch here and laid off everyone. Richard was the head manager and got a large severance package. The majority of it went into fixing the house, the rest went into that list.

MARKUS

So the twin-otter was his pet project then?

TAYLOR

It started off as a pet project, but it became him, he woke up every morning to go work on it. It was supposedly finished the day before your birthday. They were going to test fly it that morning. I asked him not to, but-

MARKUS  
He didn't listen.

Taylor smiles at Markus and grasps the small model.

TAYLOR  
You know you two are very similar.

MARKUS  
I'd hope so, otherwise you and  
James have some 'splaining to do.

Taylor laughs.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE RICHARD'S OFFICE - EVENING

Markus digs through the files and starts to pile up items across the desk. The desk is covered with pictures, reports, maps, and even a large schematic.

A knock comes across the wall, and Markus turns towards the wall. Francis leans against the open door, and twirls a small box in her hands.

FRANCIS  
You're mother said I'd find you  
mugging around up here.

MARKUS  
Hey G-ma, sorry for the mess,  
trying to... organize up here.  
Thought I'd find something  
interesting in all of this-

Markus motions as Francis chuckles and picks up a few papers out of her way.

FRANCIS  
I remember coming in here and  
having your father tell me the same  
thing, but then I was younger and  
not a grandma yet.

Markus clears off a part of the desk and offers the spot for her to sit down.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
It's okay, just came to wish my  
favorite grandson-

MARKUS  
You mean only?

FRANCIS  
FAVORITE grandson, happy birthday.

Francis pulls out the small box and hands it to Markus.

MARKUS  
What's this?

FRANCIS  
It's something Richard had delivered to our place after your mom threatened to box him up if he gets another package. I feel like he would want you to have it.

Markus gives her a inquisitive look, but takes the box and rips it open. He pulls out a children's helmet. Markus is speechless for a moment.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
Are you all right Markus?

Markus moves everything off of the desk and looks at the list, a solid tear falls down onto the paper.

MARKUS  
... The otter was for me.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - NOON

Taylor loads food onto the table and moves back and forth from the kitchen. Markus stands behind one of the chairs and holds the schematic in his hand.

TAYLOR  
No.

MARKUS  
Mom, just listen to me, Dad-

TAYLOR  
I said no, and I mean it. You are not going to anywhere near that plane!

MARKUS  
Mom-

Taylor slams down a platter, the sound echoes in the room.

TAYLOR  
Richard wouldn't listen to me, but please, for me, don't.

Markus looks dejected, and grasp the schematic closer.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is a large space, dominated by a king sized bed and two night stands on both sides, both with different alarm clocks and twin photo holders of Taylor and James with young Markus at their side.

Taylor lays in the bed and holds a small picture frame in her hands of Richard and herself. The sound of a mechanical toothbrush hums in from the bathroom.

TAYLOR

He's just like you Richard,  
stubborn as a mule and dedicated. I  
don't know if I can hold him away  
from this. I really wish you were  
here with me.

The bed slightly moves, and a knee covered in jeans places itself into the soft white covers. Richard, in the clothes before the accident, leans over the bed. He gently kisses Taylor's forehead.

RICHARD

I'll always be here for you honey,  
even when it looks like I'm not.

Taylor moves her head up but Richard is gone, the picture smiles at her silently.

TAYLOR

Oh Richard, is this what you really  
want him to do?

The mechanical toothbrush stops and James, in pajama bottoms, strides out. He wipes a smudge of toothpaste off of his cheek.

JAMES

Were you talking to someone?

Taylor jumps at James' voice and lays down Richard's picture.

TAYLOR

No, just going over a few things in  
my head darling.

## INT. RILEY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pictures cover every available surface, large vats of paint lie in wait near them. A collection of vases watch from the corner of the room. Richard's urn at the helm of the group.

Riley sways in front of them. "*Basin Street Blues*" by Louis Armstrong echoes across the room.

RILEY

Right there gentlemen, now give me  
your sexiest faces!

She glances back and forth between the vases through a camera lens. Riley snaps a few pictures.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Perfect gentlemen! Now give me  
angry.

She continues to take pictures.

## INT. FRANCIS AND THOMAS'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The entire room bathes itself in yellow sunlight, the green walls and brown carpet compliments it. THOMAS, an elderly man, nods off in a large recliner.

A hard knock comes at the door and shakes Thomas awake.

THOMAS

I'm up I'm up! Corporal T.M.  
Morrison ready for duty sir!

FRANCIS

(from the kitchen)  
Thomas, the door

Thomas mumbles to himself and shuffles over towards the door, and tosses it open.

Markus stands in the door, a large box in his hands, and he grins towards Thomas.

THOMAS

Took you long enough private! The  
men need their rations!

Francis comes down the stairs opposite the door, she wipes her hand as she gets closer.

FRANCIS

Morning hun, so I take your mother sent you over here to feed us old people? Well don't just stand there, come in come in.

Thomas salutes Markus as he goes into the door, he nods in response. Thomas then marches deeper into the house.

MARKUS

I see he's in good spirits.

FRANCIS

He's been getting worse, it takes him longer and longer to come back.

MARKUS

Is there-

FRANCIS

One of these days he may not.

THOMAS

Hurry up, we need to get this food to the chef before she decides to cook us slops again.

INT. FRANCIS AND THOMAS'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - NOON

The room is softly lit from a large window draped with blue curtains. Thomas ravishes devours the plate of mashed food, Markus laughs as he watches him, and Francis, with a smile, shakes her head at him.

FRANCIS

You'd think he hadn't seen food in weeks.

THOMAS

Grub from back home always fills me up, need to send Francis that care package. Corporal when are you going back?

MARKUS

I'll be leaving soon, I can get it to her as soon as you would like to send it.

THOMAS

I just need you to tell her that I love her, and I hope this war is over so I can see her and little Kimmie.

Thomas pulls out a small picture from his front pocket and presents it to Markus.

INSERT - PICTURE

Thomas stands beside Francis who holds a small baby.

END INSERT

Thomas continues to dive into his food, as Markus holds the picture. Francis gazes down to Thomas.

MARKUS

They both are very beautiful, and I'm pretty sure she's going to be excited to see you back.

Thomas salutes and dismisses himself from the table, Francis follows him as he leaves.

FRANCIS

I always wonder where he keeps that photo.

Markus hands Francis the photo, and she grips it in her hands. He picks at his food.

MARKUS

So who's Kimmie?

Francis doesn't respond for a moment, a slow tear runs down her cheek.

FRANCIS

She was our first daughter.

Markus pauses.

MARKUS

First?

FRANCIS

Taylor's older sister, she would have turned forty-two, in March.

Markus gazes over at Francis, and lightly brush food across his plate.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

She was only going for a trip to Paris for the summer. She would have been back before Taylor left for college everything was planned from the start. But when she was on her return flight, the plane had a problem with one of its engines. It caught fire at takeoff and landed into one of the hotels.

Francis takes a deep breath, tears now run down both cheeks. She goes to wipe one off.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Thomas and I were on our way to pick her up from the airport when Taylor got the call. It was heart reaching to be the one to bury your own child after seeing them grow up and achieve so much. For the longest time we couldn't bring ourselves to change except that she was gone. Taylor was never the same after, it wasn't until your father did I even see her smile again.

Francis puts down the photo, and wipes her eyes softly a fleeting smile dances across her lips.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

But look at me, an old woman ranting on about depressing things. What have you been up to since you've rummaged around your father's storage closet of an office?

MARKUS

Well, I went to mom to ask her about rebuilding the *Twist Of Fate*.

FRANCIS

And I'm sure that went pleasant, she said no of course?

Markus sinks into his seat and pushes the plate away from him.

MARKUS

Yes, and she won't budge on it. I've tried to reassure her that I know what needs to be done, but she refuses to listen.

FRANCIS

You have to remember Markus that in the past thirty years two people she loved died in plane crashes. One of them in the exact same one that you want to rebuild.

MARKUS

I know, but it'll be different this time. I can swear that to both of you, I don't know how, but it'll be different. It's like I know what I have to do, I know what went wrong. I-

Francis sighs deeply, then slowly shuffles over beside Markus.

FRANCIS

Your mother's going to hate me for this, but I'll help you, Markus. You just have to promise me that you'll keep yourself safe.

MARKUS

I know how to make everything safe, I won't make the same mistakes. I- Wait, did you just say you'll help?

FRANCIS

Well it was either that or I let you rant on to me about your civic duty. Yes, I'll help.

Markus jumps up and grabs Francis into a deep hug.

MARKUS

Thank you Thank you Thank you! You won't regret it Grammy. I swear it!

Francis smiles as she pats Markus' head lightly.

FRANCIS

I sure hope not.

INT. RILEY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NOON

Large knocks come at the door. Riley lies beside a pile of ashes that pour out of Richard's urn.

In the ashes a small toy airplane watches her as she goes towards the door.

Riley rips the metal door open, she blocks out who is at the door.

YORK (O.S.)  
Riley, your rent's due.

RILEY  
Give me a little more time York,  
I've got some new pieces that are  
going out.

YORK (O.S.)  
I gave you all the time I could  
Riley, it's time to pay up in cash.  
Not anymore of your weird art.

RILEY  
How bout I do you one better!

YORK (O.S.)  
What? We don't want any more of  
that shit in the bar.

RILEY  
No no, not one of my pieces, I got  
a bunch of decorative vases,  
they'll make the bar look nice.  
They'll class up the place York.

YORK (O.S.)  
... Let me see them.

Riley moves away from the door and YORK, a burly guy with flowing white hair, stomps into the apartment. Riley scoots across the apartment and pushes some ash back into the urn.

RILEY  
Here they are!

She picks up Richard's urn and hands it to York. He looks over the blue urn, and then at the other vases.

YORK  
They'll do this time Riley, just  
make sure you get them down there.  
Next month, I want cash.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE RICHARD'S OFFICE - EVENING

The room has been redesigned with the desk is filled with magazines and the old computer replaced with a newer model.

Markus stares intently into the computer screen, and scrawls down numbers and prices as he furiously clicks.

The phone rings loudly and breaks the melody of movement. Markus grabs it and swings it to his ear.

MARKUS

So how much does he want?

Markus writes down a large number onto a piece of paper. Taylor passes by the open door to see Markus on the computer. She blinks and sees Richard at the computer instead.

TAYLOR

Are you still working on that?

RICHARD

(as Markus)

Well someone has to, and I'll be darned if someone buys that wing before I do.

TAYLOR

You need to take a break, you've been up here forever.

RICHARD

(as Markus)

I'll be down soon.

Taylor smiles at Richard and passes the door. Markus hangs up the phone, and continues to type across the keyboard.

MARKUS

Mom.

A phone rings and echoes into the office, Markus grabs the phone.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

Gilles Household, Markus speaking.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - EVENING

The soft light of a setting sun cuts across the emptying airfield. The silver hanger echoes the light back into the hangar floor.

Escher stands quietly at the small phone receiver, his jacket whips around him in the slow steady wind.

ESCHER

Hello is Mrs. Warren at home?

He turns to look into the hangar itself.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE RICHARD'S OFFICE - EVENING

Markus slides the phone off of his ear and yells into the hallway.

MARKUS  
MOM! PHONE!

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

The kitchen is in the middle of a cooking state, there is very little open space. Taylor stands in the middle of the kitchen, and runs for the phone.

TAYLOR  
Hello?

ESCHER  
Sorry to bother you, but we need to talk about Mr. Warren's belongings.

TAYLOR  
Oh...

ESCHER  
I didn't mean to bring up-

Taylor turns around and hangs the phone up, tears run down her cheek, she moves away from the phone and holds onto the cabinets.

The sounds of footsteps rebound down the stairs and into the kitchen. Markus emerges and grabs an apple out of the cupboard.

MARKUS  
So who was that?

TAYLOR  
No one, wrong number.

MARKUS  
He asked for-

TAYLOR  
Wrong number.

Markus takes a deep bite into the apple, and heads out of the room.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
We're having meatloaf.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taylor lies in bed reading, and James slowly begins to put on his own pajamas. He scratches at the scruff that has grown under his chin, and places his gun holster along the back side of a chair.

JAMES  
Got an interesting call when I came home yesterday for lunch.

Taylor nods in interest but does not raise her eyes from the book.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Something about Mr. Warren's hangar-

Taylor quickly closes the book and curls up into a ball in the bed.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Oh I guess you got it too.

He completely gets ready and goes to brush his teeth.

TAYLOR  
Why now? I had hopes that you would resolve yourself, not make me have to deal with you now that he's gone.

The bed moves and Richard snuggles in close to Taylor. He whispers softly into her ear.

RICHARD  
Because it was meant for him. It was going to be who he was wether we liked it or not. It is his to finally take.

TAYLOR  
But Rich, I didn't want to lose you, and now I might lose Markus. I don't think I could ever handle that.

Taylor sobs softly into the pillow, her eyes tightly closed.

RICHARD

You've never lost me, I'm still  
here with you I'll-

JAMES

Are you okay babe?

James pokes his head out of the bathroom and sees Taylor as she cries into the pillow, he exhales and treads lightly to her. James kisses her forehead and curls up beside her. He takes her hand in his as he lies there.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You don't have to worry Tay, I'm  
right here for you for as long as  
you want me to.

Taylor pulls James closer, and kisses him.

TAYLOR

Thank you.

She puts her head down and mutters to herself.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Richard.

EXT. TAYLORVILLE CREMATORIUM - MORNING

The large marble building dwarves the trees around it. A set of steps lead up to the main door. Riley stands at the base with a small slip of paper and the toy plane in her hand.

RILEY

Richard Warren... why does that  
name seem so familiar?

Riley continues down to her grey truck, which sits at an empty meter. A ticket lies under the windshield wiper.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I WAS JUST A MINUTE LATE!

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NOON

A large FEDEX van pulls in beside the house and WAYNE, a delivery man, runs to the front of the house in his arms is a large box.

Loud music spills from inside the house.

He knocks loudly against the door, and waits for a response. Wayne ticks off little things on his hand held.

The music shuts off and the sound of quiet footsteps rush towards the door.

The door swings in and reveals Taylor, dressed in cleaning supplies from head to foot, a sponge in her hand.

TAYLOR  
Sorry for the wait, how may I help  
you?

Wayne looks over the box and reaches out to hand it to Taylor.

WAYNE  
Package for a Markus Warren.

TAYLOR  
I'll sign for it.

He hands her the box and the hand held and she scribbles down a signature.

He nods to her as she hands it back and heads to his van.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE FOYER - NOON

Taylor closes the door and looks down at the box, her eyes trail down towards the sender line.

INSERT - PACKAGE LABEL

The from line states, *GT AVIATION PARTS*.

END INSERT

Taylor's face reddens and she throws the box into the trash. She looks up the stairs and begins to yell.

TAYLOR  
MARKUS RICHARD WARREN!

The sound of footsteps rush down the upstairs hallway, and down the stairs. Markus appears out of breath and at the bottom of them.

MARKUS  
Yes ma'am

Taylor points at the box that lies unopened in the hall trash.

TAYLOR  
What the- What is that?!

MARKUS  
Well it looks like a box-

TAYLOR  
I DO NOT HAVE THE PATIENCE FOR YOU  
TO BE MAKING JOKES.

MARKUS  
Yes ma'am

TAYLOR  
I was okay with you looking it up,  
I was okay with you making calls  
all times of night. I was even okay  
with you moving into your father's  
old office. I will not stand by and  
let you do this in my household!

Markus recoils in response, and shrinks away from her.

MARKUS  
Mom -

TAYLOR  
You have no excuse, I told you I  
didn't want you anywhere near that  
plane. I TOLD YOU! How dare you  
disobey me. The woman who slaved  
for you for all of your life. THIS  
is the thanks I get?

James walks into the foyer from the living room.

MARKUS  
I was-

TAYLOR  
You were just what? Trying to get  
yourself killed? You're my only  
son.

JAMES  
Taylor-

TAYLOR  
Just go Markus, I really don't want  
to talk about this right now.

Markus turns away from her and degas himself up the stairs.

JAMES

Taylor, you know he doesn't want to hurt you.

Taylor leans back dejected against the wall, the box sits opposite her.

TAYLOR

I just don't want to lose him James.

JAMES

You won't lose him, but you may be running him away.

INT. MARKUS' ROOM - NIGHT

The room has a bare desk, and a neatly done bed. There is a faint layer of dust from time, and the toys of childhood have all been put away for books and video games.

Markus waddles in his room, carrying a large box filled with papers. He drops them down onto his empty desk. He takes a deep breath and then plops down in the chair.

MARKUS

I'm sorry dad, but I can't. I don't want to lose mom.

He begins to unpack the box, a large folder empties itself onto the desk as he continues to pull more and more pieces.

Markus stops for a moment and pulls up a small portrait of Richard taken with the plane half built behind him. Escher stands in the background, laughing.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

What would have you done?

RICHARD

I would have kept working, just have to look for somewhere else to work.

Richard post himself against the wall in Markus' room. He watches him lovingly.

Footsteps echo up the hallway as James rounds into Markus' room.

JAMES

Hey kiddo, what'cha up to?

MARKUS

Just moving my stuff out of Richard's office. It's probably for the best.

JAMES

Now that doesn't sound like the Markus Warren I know. Where is all that moxie I had to fight through to get you to eat your vegetables?

MARKUS

I just don't want to lose mom, she doesn't want me-

JAMES

Markus, it doesn't matter what she wants, you're your own person. All we can do is help guide you. We're not here to tell you what is right or wrong anymore. You should be able to tell that yourself.

MARKUS

You tell that to mom, she'll have my head in a box if I even think about going back to work on it.

JAMES

You don't have to worry about what she'll do to you, cause I've got your back, no matter what. Your father would have wanted this for you, hell you want it, probably even more then he ever did.

MARKUS

How would you know James? It's not like you ever knew him.

JAMES

Trust me Markus. I have a pretty strong hunch.

MARKUS

If I get murdered over a hunch I'm gonna come back and haunt you.

Markus smiles at James.

JAMES

I'll be gladly waiting for you with the ghostbusters.

MARKUS

Well I'll need somewhere to build it.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE RICHARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Markus lies asleep on the desk, the papers have covered more and more of the room. A map sticks to the wall with pins poked into it.

The phone rings across the room, it echoes throughout the house.

Markus groans and digs for the phone on the desk. He grabs the receiver and turns so he can put it against his ear.

MARKUS

Gilles residence, Markus speaking.

ESCHER (O.S.)

Good morning, I have tried to call you before to reach Mrs. Warren.

Markus sits up and attempts to crack his neck, and drowsily glances around for a piece of paper.

MARKUS

I'm sorry my mother isn't here right now, but I can take a message. Ready whenever you are.

ESCHER

My name is Charles Escher, from Eagleheart Airport, and I was looking to discuss the retrieval of Mr. Warren's remaining flight gear, or if she wanted us to dispose of it.

MARKUS

Um ... Where did you say you were from again?

ESCHER

Eagleheart Airport, just outside of Taylorville.

MARKUS

And when are your times?

ESCHER

Nine to ten, Monday to Friday,  
eight to midnight on Saturday.  
We're closed on Sunday.

Markus scribbles down the location and times on the paper and checks his watch.

MARKUS

It is okay if I come in her place  
to collect?

ESCHER

I don't see why not, it isn't much.

MARKUS

Good, I'll see you soon.

ESCHER

It was great-

Markus hangs up the phone and picks the piece of paper up against the light.

MARKUS

Well Dad, we just got one step  
closer.

Richard appears at Markus' side and places his hand on his shoulder. Markus looks over and places his hand there as well.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The grass that surrounds the dull blue house bends slight from the morning dew. A large silver mini-van slowly pilots its way up the gravel drive.

It stops right next to a blue truck, and Taylor steps out of the driver side door. She maneuvers around the door and opens the rear to pull out two paper bags of groceries. More stand in waiting in the van.

As Taylor heads towards the door, Markus pushes it open in a flurry of motion, almost knocking her over.

TAYLOR

Where are you off to in such a  
hurry?

Markus spins around as he takes to the yard in long strides.

MARKUS

Ryan's house.

Taylor rebalances herself and shakes her head as she watches him run to his truck and jump in.

TAYLOR

What is that boy up to now?

INT. RILEY'S TRUCK - EVENING

Riley watches closely as Markus' blue truck pulls out of his house.

RILEY

Isn't that George's friend?

Riley drags out her phone and quick dials a number.

RILEY (CONT'D)

George, what did you say your friend's name was?

She pulls up to the mail box at the end of the driveway.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Markus Warren... I thought so.

INT. MARKUS' BLUE TRUCK - MIDMORNING

The sky is clear through the windshield, soft music plays against the sound of the road. Markus steers the vehicle, his eyes jump from the road to the small GPS stationed in his dashboard.

GPS

Turn left and destination should be on the right.

Markus takes the left and then stops at the gate and stares at the words EAGLEHEART AIRPORT reflected back onto his windshield.

Markus gulps and drives into the open gate.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MIDMORNING

The doors are wide open and Escher stands at the entrance, he waves Markus inside.

There are remains of pieces of planes and a small array of tools and one fully built airplane.

ESCHER

It's good to see you could make it.

MARKUS

Mr. Escher I take?

ESCHER

You are correct, Mr. Warren. This is the hangar I mentioned, me and your father once shared this small space.

MARKUS

It seems like quite the feat, especially from what I heard.

ESCHER

I haven't changed anything in, almost eighteen years. I was going to try and revamp it, but I felt like Mrs. Warren would be interested in picking up things from here instead of me just putting way back in storage.

MARKUS

Is all of this his things?

ESCHER

For the most part, some of things Mr. Warren's parents took with them, the rest, is what you see here.

Markus freezes when he hears parents. Escher waves his arm at the miscellaneous scrap parts across the room. Markus notes the overtly clean area.

MARKUS

Parents?

ESCHER

Well, Mr. Warren stopped by and grabbed a few, select items. Though it wasn't long till the old place grew a dark spore, I probably should revamp it up.

MARKUS

By revamp what do you mean?

ESCHER

Well I was planning on just clearing it out and try to rent it out again. Though I really did enjoy working with Mr. Warren.

MARKUS

Is there anyway to talk you into letting me use the hangar?

Escher gazes confused at Markus.

ESCHER

Why would you-

MARKUS

I want to rebuild the Twist of Fate.

ESCHER

You're gonna need a big space.

Markus motions around the hangar and smiles.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

Does Mrs. Warren know about this?

Markus doesn't respond but looks away from Escher.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

I figured, Mr. Warren started out the same way, I think that only me and his parents even knew that he had actually started to build her.

Markus continues to check out the room, his eyes stop at a small photograph that lay tacked to the floor.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

A young Richard, who looks a lot like Markus, stands with his parents. Richard holds in his hands a small model airplane.

END INSERT

MARKUS

You wouldn't have any way to reach them would you?

ESCHER

Just the number they left me, why?

INT. MARKUS' BLUE TRUCK - NOON

The sign for the airfield dwindles in the rearview mirror. Markus looks down at his hand at a number drawn on a small draft of paper.

MARKUS

Well Grandpa and Grandma Warren, I guess I'll have to pay you a visit for the first time in eighteen years.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

Taylor leans against the wall with the house phone attached to her ear. She watches out the kitchen window and spots Markus' blue truck as it pulls in. Taylor smiles as her eyes follow him, a soft tear runs down her cheek.

TAYLOR

He actually just came in, I'll ask him.

The front door opens and closes as Markus comes inside.

MARKUS (O.S.)

Anybody home?

TAYLOR

Kitchen, is pizza okay for tonight? James won't be home till late tonight.

Markus wanders into the kitchen and grabs a green apple from the counter.

MARKUS

As long as it has pineapples, I'm good.

TAYLOR

Such a picky boy, remind me more and more of Richard every day.

Markus shrugs and continues to chomp on the apple.

MARKUS

I try sometimes. Mom, I was wondering-

TAYLOR

What ever it is no, if it's to work  
on that plane definitely no.  
Something important-

MARKUS

That wasn't the question, I was  
gonna ask about Mr. and Mrs.  
Warren.

Taylor stops moving completely.

TAYLOR

It's not what you think, Markus, I  
always wanted you-

MARKUS

Just tell me why I've never heard  
of them until now.

TAYLOR

Because I haven't seen them since  
your father and I left moved from  
Adams.

MARKUS

But they are my grandparents, they  
didn't even try?

TAYLOR

They weren't even present at the  
funeral, I doubt they even knew you  
existed.

MARKUS

He was their son.

TAYLOR

He was forced to choose between  
them and us, Markus.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE RICHARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Markus sits at the computer and stares deeply into the  
crumbled piece of paper in his hand. The number for Richard's  
parents winks at him through the folds.

He reaches for the phone, but stops himself.

Markus starts for the phone again, this time getting it off  
the hook. He looks at it but hangs it up.

Markus shuffles through papers on the desk in attempt to keep his mind off it.

He takes a deep sigh and reaches for the phone and dials in the phone number.

MR. WARREN (V.O.)  
You've reached the Warren  
residence, Arthur Warren speaking.

Markus holds the phone near his ear.

MR. WARREN (V.O.)  
Hello?

MARKUS  
Hello...

MR. WARREN (V.O.)  
...Who is this?

MARKUS  
My name is Markus Richard Warren.

MR. WARREN (V.O.)  
Who is this really?

MARKUS  
I am your grandson.

MR. WARREN (V.O.)  
She named you after him, maybe she  
wasn't just some floozy who stole  
my son.

Markus doesn't respond but looks down at the number.

MR. WARREN (V.O.)  
Markus, sorry, it's just been a  
rough year. I would love to meet  
you. Would you be okay for sometime  
this week?

Markus reaches into his pocket and pulls out the picture from the hangar.

MR. WARREN (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, if you don't want to  
meet we don't have to.

MARKUS  
Where were you thinking of?

## INT. YORK'S BAR - NIGHT

There are few patrons in the bar, it is dusty and dark atmosphere. York poses with a bar glass and rag in tow. Riley leans against the bar with a glass in hand.

RILEY

I stole a fucking urn!

YORK

You've kept repeating that, what's the big deal, you stole some dead guy.

RILEY

Not just some dead guy, my ex boyfriends best friend's dad!

YORK

Which makes him nothing to you.

RILEY

But... I feel dirty. I posed it.

YORK

You did what?

RILEY

I took photos with the damned thing. I probably am covered in bad juju.

YORK

You're a strange one you know that?

## INT. TAYLORVILLE COFFEE HOUSE - MORNING

The small coffee house bustles around the early morning crowd. MR. WARREN, late sixties greying man, drinks slowly as he watches the house slowly empty and fill back up.

Markus steps into the door and looks around. Mr. Warren waves Markus over, he smiles in return.

MR. WARREN

You two are almost identical, but you have your mother's smile.

MARKUS

That's what I keep hearing, Mr. Warren.

Markus puts his hand out to shake with Mr. Warren, who grips it tightly.

MR. WARREN

You can call me Arthur, Mr. Warren was my-

MARKUS

Please don't end that statement with my father...

MR. WARREN

Well I tried to be funny. Sit, sit.

Markus pulls out the chair across from him.

MR. WARREN (CONT'D)

We have a lot of time to catch-up, I truly wish Alicia could have met you.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NOON

Taylor sits in tears surrounded by large boxes. She has the house phone held against her head. Kleenex boxes lie around the couch she has cuddled her self into.

TAYLOR

I told him not to but does he listen?

FRANCIS (V.O.)

He's his father's child, he's only doing what he thinks he needs to do.

TAYLOR

But why now! This may be the last summer I get him to me.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Taylor, listen to yourself. You knew Richard the best, and you shouldn't assume that-

TAYLOR

MOM, he disobeyed me, I have to do something.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Don't do anything rash please.

INT. TAYLORVILLE COFFEE HOUSE - EVENING

Markus and Mr. Warren laugh loudly in the quieting coffee house.

MR. WARREN

I do believe this is the most fun  
I've had in at least twenty years.

MARKUS

You mustn't get out much.

MR. WARREN

Well when you get older you'll  
realize that just down the road is  
pretty far.

MARKUS

Tell that to my grandma- sorry I  
mean-

Mr. Warren waves his hand and smiles.

MR. WARREN

I know what you mean, it wasn't  
like you've known me all your life.

MARKUS

Did you always get along this well  
with my dad?

MR. WARREN

Richard, psh, never. I think that  
we were too much alike, you have  
just the right amount of your  
mother to make yourself manageable.

Markus grins in response and checks his watch.

MARKUS

Wow, the day has almost completely  
passed us.

MR. WARREN

We've had almost eighteen years to  
catch up on.

MARKUS

Time well spent?

MR. WARREN

I wouldn't have had it any other  
way. By the way what are you  
spending your last summer doing?

(MORE)

MR. WARREN (CONT'D)  
I know it isn't checking up on old geezers like me.

Mr. Warren's eyes follow Markus as he stands up.

MARKUS  
I'm going to rebuild the twin otter.

MR. WARREN  
How far have you gotten?

MARKUS  
Not far but I've convinced Mr. Escher to let me use dad's old hangar.

MR. WARREN  
Ah that would explain why you came to me. I'm sorry son, but I don't think I can help much. I've never really been a flyer myself.

MARKUS  
Actually I just came to tell you.

Mr. Warren blinks for a moment and sees Richard in Markus' place.

RICHARD  
(as Markus)  
That I'm going to complete it with your help or not. I just wanted you to know that I was doing it.

MR. WARREN  
I wish you the best son, I truly do.

Richard smiles, and turns to leave. Markus stands in his place.

MARKUS  
Thanks Grandpa.

Markus leaves Mr. Warren sitting at the table, a plastic brown cup in front of him.

MR. WARREN  
Well Richard, you'd say you'd fly, I guess you got your second chance.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Markus' truck quietly screeches to a halt in the driveway. His mother's mini-van and James' squad car watch him silently.

Markus steps out of the truck a smile pasted to his face, he looks over the house to see the living room light on. He taps his watch, and checks the time, then looks back at the light.

MARKUS

That's not good.

He attempts to quietly sneak into the house, but hits his foot against one of the porch steps. It creaks loudly in refrain.

Markus freezes, but hears no movement for a moment and continues into the house.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is solely lit by a small lamp, a small pile of suitcases and boxes lay beside it. Taylor sits in the shadows as she stifles tears.

The front door creaks open.

TAYLOR

Markus, please come to the living room.

She waves him in as he enters and offers him a seat.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Markus you are my only son, and I understand that this is your last real summer, and that you think you're a grown man. I did not want to have to come to this but it's my only choice.

Taylor motions at the suitcases and boxes

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I've packed up your belongings, if you can't listen to me, and just follow my one simple request, you have to go.

MARKUS

Mom-

TAYLOR

I'm sorry Markus but this is what you've brought onto yourself.

MARKUS

You can't be serious.

TAYLOR

You've forced my hand. I can't just sit around and let you disobey me.

The sounds of another vehicle pulls up to the house.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I've tried to stop you before, but this seems to be the only way you'll listen.

MARKUS

Where am I going to live?

TAYLOR

That's not my concern.

The front door opens.

MARKUS

Mom, I feel like you're-

TAYLOR

That I'm what, over doing it? I want to keep you safe.

Taylor blinks and sees Markus with KIM, age twenty three female, and Richard at his side.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I wanted to keep all of you safe, but no one would listen. This is for your own good.

Markus looks her over but is cut down by Taylor's reddened eyes steel gaze.

Francis rushes into the room.

FRANCIS

Taylor don't-

MARKUS

It's too late grandma, it's too late.

Markus grabs as many suitcases as he can and heads back to the door.

INT. FRANCIS AND THOMAS'S HOUSE GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

The simple poster bed has light blue sheets and the room only has bare essentials. Markus' bags sit at the foot of the bed.

Markus lies on top of the bed, he covers his face with his hands.

Francis lightly knocks against the open door frame.

FRANCIS  
She's only doing-

MARKUS  
What she thinks is best, I know  
Gramma, I know, but why now?

Francis floats over to Markus, and lightly sits on the bed. She strokes Arthur's face.

FRANCIS  
She is afraid she'll lose you.

MARKUS  
So to protect me she throws me out?

FRANCIS  
I never admitted that I understood  
what she means by everything, but I  
know she's doing it out of love.

Markus doesn't respond, but slowly sits up and looks at the array of boxes and suitcases.

MARKUS  
I don't even know where she got  
this stuff from.

Markus grabs for one of the boxes and wrenches it open. Inside of it is a full wheel and arm assembly kit.

He places the box aside and starts going through the others. He pulls out other airplane parts.

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Riley's grey truck squeaks to a halt outside. She watches from inside the truck, the lights blink out. Riley skillfully climbs out of the vehicle with the blue urn in her hands.

RILEY

Now's my only chance to get this right, Hopefully this will fix everything. It'll be like it all never happened.

She reaches the door way and goes to knock for a moment, then she hears the door open, and Taylor stands at the door. She stares out into the yard.

TAYLOR

I had to do it, I was right. It needed to be done.

Riley tries to hide beside the door, the urn clenched tightly in her arms.

JAMES (O.S.)

Taylor, have you seen Markus? I think I left one of my keys in his truck.

Taylor turns around quickly and disappears back into the house.

Riley let's out a large sigh and looks down at the urn.

RILEY

It's a surprise you've made it this far.

She tilts the urn slight as if she's talking to it.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Are you sure? They may- Okay okay, I'll leave you here. I hope you the best Mr. Warren.

Riley turns and behind her, Richard leans against the wall.

RICHARD

Thank you Riley.

She swiftly turns back but doesn't see anyone, except the urn.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - NOON

Markus surrounds himself with pieces of airplane parts, a hull partially built in front of him.

The schematic for the plane sprawls itself across a workbench.

Markus treads back and forth between the schematic and the actual hull.

A side door opens slowly, Escher walks in his hands held out in amazement.

ESCHER

So how'd you get your hands on the old bird?

Markus does not look up to Escher but continues his contemplation on the piece at hand.

MARKUS

Got it from an old enthusiast. His son used to love helping him build. Once he heard I was looking for a body, he sent me this one.

ESCHER

She looks just like the one old Rich use to fly.

MARKUS

I tried to stay as close to the schematic as I could, but a few things had to be tweaked.

Escher reaches Markus and peers over his shoulder and the schematic.

ESCHER

You replaced a few old parts to compensate for... what are you compensating for.

MARKUS

Well I was searching for someone who knew planes a little better to help me understand this. I sent him the blueprints, and he sent this back.

Markus walks back to the hull and into the nose of the plane.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

He asked if I was flying it alone or as a tour kind of ordeal. When I said alone-

ESCHER

He said take out the rear seats,  
and put some weight on the tail so  
the she doesn't drag you into the  
ground.

MARKUS

Right on the-

He taps the inside of the planes nose, it echoes loudly in  
the hangar.

RICHARD

So when do you think we'll be ready  
to fly her?

Escher turns from the schematic and looks at the plane, the  
nose is plated in, but Markus' feet were visible from the  
bottom.

ESCHER

What'd you say?

MARKUS

I was asking when do you think  
she'll be ready to fly?

ESCHER

Well at this rate maybe in two  
years time, four if you keep trying  
to put the engine response  
transceiver in the nose instead of  
the engine starter.

MARKUS

Well maybe if I had a little  
guidance...

ESCHER

Are you asking me for help?

Markus scoots from under the nose and sits up. His hands  
covered with grease, and the part in his hand sheens out.

MARKUS

Only if you're offering.

ESCHER

Well how about we start with  
figuring out what we're missing.

Escher reaches back for the schematic and holds it in front  
of the hull.

INT. POLICE STATION JAMES' OFFICE - EVENING

The room has a few decorative metals, newspaper clippings hang from the walls. James sits at the center of the office at his desk. He looks over a small list of police reports.

A knock comes at his closed office door.

SEAN O'MALLEY (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
Lieutenant, Markus is here to see  
you.

James doesn't look up, motions for him to come in, then stops.

JAMES  
Send him in O'Malley.

The door opens and reveals SEAN O'MALLEY, large red headed Irish male, an Markus hidden behind him. Sean moves and Markus shambles in.

MARKUS  
Hey James, came to speak to you.

JAMES  
Well you have about ten minutes  
between meeting but it's all yours.  
What'd you wanna talk about.

MARKUS  
My dad actually, everyone has been  
telling me how much we were alike,  
but no one really tells me anything  
about him.

JAMES  
Wow, that's a big one. Um, where do  
you want me to start?

MARKUS  
Well the beginnings always nice.

JAMES  
I met your father after my own  
failed attempt to stand up to my  
science teacher.

MARKUS  
You try and stand up to someone?

James looks up to Markus with a wicked smile.

JAMES

I've got much of an interesting devilish past. I think that's what brought your mom to my side when we were younger.

MARKUS

Wait. You and my mom?

JAMES

When we were in high-school, Taylor and me were a couple. Richard was a close friend, mostly cause he never really went out with anyone.

MARKUS

So you were friends because he had none?

JAMES

Surprisingly ... Yes.

MARKUS

Nice move, what happened with you and mom?

JAMES

Well I went off to Baltimore for paralegal justice. Almost became a lawyer, but after spending a few months away me and your mother grew apart. She wanted something else, something I couldn't give her.

MARKUS

And she went to Richard?

JAMES

I asked her to, he was better for her and much more stable then I was.

MARKUS

Looks like that came back to you.

James gazes down to the desk and at his hands as he grips his pen.

JAMES

It shouldn't have, but I can't say I wasn't happy to have her back.

MARKUS

What was he like before though?

JAMES

Stubborn, dedicated, and trustworthy. The best friend a guy can ask for.

MARKUS

So he was basically a human dog?

JAMES

He was better than that, if he hadn't refused my offer to work here at the station, he would have been my partner.

MARKUS

What drove him to the otter?

James glances to his watch, and starts pulling papers into a file.

JAMES

That's a tale for another time, sorry got a meeting with the Commissioner. You're more than welcome to come with but it's mostly just yelling and screaming.

MARKUS

Sounds like something you'd be good at, I'm just gonna head back to Grandma's or the hangar.

JAMES

Stay safe kiddo.

MARKUS

I'm trying.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

The plane sits in the dead center, surrounded by small parts and pieces. The the twin motors and propellers sit in position on the hull.

Markus and Esher both stand beside the aircraft, a remote in Markus' hand.

MARKUS

Now for the moment of truth.

Markus pushes a button on the remote and the propellers slowly start to turn.

ESCHER

And we have lift off!

Markus jumps in success, Escher smiles at him for a moment.

The propellers begin to spin faster.

Suddenly the right one stops, but the left continues spinning.

MARKUS

Well that's not good.

ESCHER

Turn it off!

MARKUS

I'm trying but it's not responding.

ESCHER

Markus stop it now!

The engine keeps pushing the propeller, and suddenly the right one begins to smoke and the left starts freezing. They both stop, and the whine of the motor cuts out.

MARKUS

Well that sucks.

ESCHER

At least you weren't in it!

MARKUS

At this rate we'll never get her done.

Escher heads towards the plane and starts to fiddle inside of the motors for the propellers.

ESCHER

I'd rather have it never done, then you go up in it too early.

MARKUS

Charles, I'll be fine, with someone like you helping me we'll make sure nothing goes wrong. I just wish it wasn't taking this long.

ESCHER

The safer it is the better it'll be for you in the end.

MARKUS

Is that what you said to dad?

ESCHER

I tried to, he actually kicked me out because I told him that the engine would stop if he kept trying to send it more power. A few days later he let me back in.

Markus picks up a wrench and goes towards the hull.

MARKUS

We'll just have to start back at square one then.

ESCHER

Not if I have anything to salvage from this.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

Taylor cooks slowly over the stove, the kitchen has bits of dishes that cover the sink.

James sits at the counter and devours a piece of toast.

JAMES

Heard from Markus yesterday.

Taylor stops and looks out the window.

TAYLOR

How is he?

JAMES

Well, he came to the station yesterday.

TAYLOR

What'd you talk about.

JAMES

Richard mostly, he was just asking about how me and you originally met.

TAYLOR

I found him this morning.

JAMES

Who?

TAYLOR

Richard, I found him outside on the porch. A note sticking to him with Markus' model plane attached.

JAMES

Strange it's almost as if he's talking to after all this time.

TAYLOR

Has it really been that long?

JAMES

Eighteen years.

TAYLOR

Eighteen years, he's missed him growing up, but they are so much alike. It was if I was watching my Richard being brought back to me.

JAMES

Maybe that was the plan Taylor.

TAYLOR

What?

JAMES

Maybe, just maybe you both loved each other enough that he actually came back for you.

TAYLOR

Did I do the right thing?

JAMES

You did what you thought was right, Tay. He'll come back.

James reaches out and places his head on Taylor's shoulder.

JAMES (CONT'D)

He'll come back.

Taylor lightly rubs his chin and feels his scruff.

TAYLOR

I hope so.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - NIGHT

Markus lays on a single cot in the corner of the hangar, a flashlight in his hands. The plane shines in the shafts of moonlight, the new blades softly spin.

The side door squeaks open, Mr. Warren enters the hangar.

Markus turns the light onto him.

MR. WARREN

Charles said I'd find you here.

MARKUS

Decided to save some gas and just stay here.

MR. WARREN

Sounds delectable, probably want to stay here and not come back for a good nights sleep over at Warren House.

Mr. Warren walks over to the lights and turns them on. They hum as they warm up.

Richard sits on the cot.

RICHARD

Well it's more then likely a lot better then this drafty place. I'll only stay for a little bit.

MR. WARREN

That's all I ask for.

The lights finally get to full brightness and Mr. Warren stands in front of the cot with his hand out to Markus.

INT. MR. WARREN'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with plush furniture. A large fireplace burns and warms the room. In front of the fire a burgundy and green chair face each other.

Markus rest at the entrance, his eyes follow the wall. They each are filled with photos of Mr. and Mrs. Warren and Richard. Mr. Warren struts past him and deeper into the room.

On the far wall a fully stock bar draws closer to Mr. Warren.

MR. WARREN

Come come, sit.

MARKUS

So this is the Warren estate?

MR. WARREN

This is just the living room, could I offer you a drink, orange juice, liquor, or something a little less lively.

Markus rubs his hand against a large burgundy chair. He takes the seat and continues to study the room.

MARKUS

I'll have water, so what brought you out to the hangar?

MR. WARREN

Well, I was hoping to catch up with my long lost grandson.

MARKUS

Long lost? That's a new one.

Mr. Warren crosses the room with a glass of whiskey in one hand, a glass of water in his other.

MR. WARREN

We would have loved to know you, it's nearly maddening to think that all this time you all were less than twenty miles away.

MARKUS

You never thought to look just down the road?

Mr. Warren takes a seat in the large green chair across from Markus and hands him the water.

MR. WARREN

The first sign we even knew he was still around was when Charles told us about your father's, now your, hangar.

MARKUS

He didn't even tell you I was alive?

MR. WARREN

Sadly no, your father and I were not ones for talking, especially after your mother and my wife got into arms.

MARKUS

What happened?

Mr. Warren takes a large swig of the whiskey.

MR. WARREN

That is a very long story.

MARKUS

Well I've gotten all the time in the world.

MR. WARREN

Now aren't you an interested investigator.

MARKUS

I was raised my whole life not knowing the man, and the one time I take an interest in him, I get thrown out of my house, and find more and more things about him she had kept from me. I feel that I'm almost entitled to be.

MR. WARREN

Markus, welcome to the strangeness of women. They keep secrets that even we can't understand.

MARKUS

That doesn't answer why your wife, my grandmother, ran off my mom and dad.

MR. WARREN

She thought that Taylor was running him away from us. He spent less and less time with Alicia and me, eventually only seeing us once in the entire five years they were married.

MARKUS

He was married, what did she expect.

MR. WARREN

He was our youngest, Alicia was hurt when the first left, he died in the war. The next left for Europe, she wrote us on occasion. It was Richard's departure that actually broke her.

Markus takes a deep drink of water.

MR. WARREN (CONT'D)

She became obsessed, it was hard to convince her that he was his own person.

MARKUS

She became obsessed and she hunted him down?

MR. WARREN

It was something she swore to me she would never do. She found where your parents were and demanded that we see them.

INT. RICHARD'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is filled with newlywed gifts. Bright colors echo across the walls. A large picture of Richard and Taylor sit across from the front door.

Loud bangs across the wall through the door.

MR. WARREN (O.S.)

Alicia stop, please.

ALICIA (O.S.)

Richard! Where is my Richard?

MR. WARREN (O.S.)

Alicia, please, let him be. He's happy.

A drowsy TAYLOR, 20, comes to the door and pulls off the locks and opens it to reveal ALICIA WARREN, distressed older woman, and MR. ARTHUR WARREN, 42. Alicia stops mid-bang.

TAYLOR

Arthur? Alicia? It's 1 in the morning.

ALICIA

Where is my Richard?

MR. WARREN

I'm sorry, she's been like this the whole way here.

Alicia pushes past Taylor and into the house.

TAYLOR  
He's asleep, please can we talk  
about this later?

ALICIA  
I need to see my baby, RICHARD!  
Where are you Richard?

TAYLOR  
Alicia please, get control of  
yourself.

ALICIA  
QUITE you whore! You've stolen my  
son from me for too long.

MR. WARREN  
Alicia, please control yourself.

ALICIA  
RICHARD, where are you?!

RICHARD  
Mom?

ALICIA  
RICHARD! Please come home with us,  
leave this son stealing whore and  
come back with us.

TAYLOR  
Excuse me!

RICHARD  
Mother, what did you call my wife?

ALICIA  
I called her what she really is,  
she's a son stealing bitch, who  
won't let you go to me.

TAYLOR  
What!

MR. WARREN (V.O.)  
She only got worse from there

INT. MR. WARREN'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Mr. Warren sits back in his chair, the whiskey glass cradled  
in his palm. He stares deeply into the fireplace.

MR. WARREN

She eventually ran your father away, he thought it would be the only thing that would keep him and Taylor safe. The day after they moved, Alicia drove over to their home, and started making a scene of things. The owners who had moved in after called the police on her and they had her committed.

MARKUS

They sent her to a insane asylum?

MR. WARREN

It is where she has stayed until she died early this year.

MARKUS

I'm very sorry.

MR. WARREN

It's nothing to be sorry for, she was on the verge of a meltdown, and there was no way to stop her. The entire time she was away she sent letters for Richard, I tried to keep them all. I even responded to a few of them.

MARKUS

Weren't you just feeding her madness?

MR. WARREN

I had hoped she would have gotten better, but it was a downward spiral.

Markus looks down at his feet, he tries to avoid Mr. Warren's gaze.

Mr. Warren continues to stare into the fire.

MARKUS

Thank you.

MR. WARREN

Huh? What for?

MARKUS

Allowing me to stay here for the night.

MR. WARREN

Oh who said you were staying? I was planning on kicking you out once I finished my drink.

Markus squirms in his chair slightly, a confused look grows on his face.

MARKUS

Then I better-

MR. WARREN

Hey, I say when you can leave, my drink isn't empty yet.

Mr. Warren pulls a whiskey bottle out of the chair and pours himself another glass.

MARKUS

Are you an alcoholic?

MR. WARREN

No, alcoholics go to meetings.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

Markus and Escher sit around the hull of the small aircraft, the motors gleam in the morning light. Escher grabs a small radio and heads towards the plane.

Markus looks at the schematics and then gazes at Escher and goes back to the paper.

MARKUS

How old is that?

ESCHER

It's the model that most of these-

RICHARD

I mean, will it fail on me?

ESCHER

It wasn't suppose to...

Markus folds down the edge of the schematic.

MARKUS

What?

ESCHER

Um, nothing, let me go grab a newer model.

(MORE)

ESCHER (CONT'D)

We'll have to run a few different connections, but this way it won't fail.

INT. FRANCIS AND THOMAS'S HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

The kitchen glows a soft yellow-green color. A hint of age bares on everything. Francis stands at the window with a cigarette dangling in her hand.

Taylor leans against the wall across from her.

TAYLOR

I thought you stopped.

FRANCIS

I did, but with your dad getting nearer and nearer-

TAYLOR

Dad's still okay right?

FRANCIS

He had a run in with the mail man, thought he was an enemy combattant. Almost got himself and the poor man run over by "convoy".

Francis gazes back to the window and watches Thomas water flowers through the pane.

TAYLOR

He seems so peaceful.

FRANCIS

He's always does, then something sets him off.

TAYLOR

Hasn't dad been taking his pills.

Taylor looks over Francis' shoulder. Francis puts out the cigarette and reaches her hand into the soapy water behind her.

FRANCIS

As far as I know yes, but I can't always keep an eye on him. He's spent more and more time out in the garden lately.

TAYLOR

Is he burying them?

FRANCIS  
 No, he's planting tulips, Kimmie's  
 favorite.

Taylor takes a step back from the window. She looks into the house into the hallway. A glimpse of two little girls running dart through.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
 He's keeps asking when she get's  
 home.

The side door opens and heavy footsteps make their way into the kitchen.

THOMAS  
 Evening ladies, you two haven't  
 seen a pernicious little girl  
 around here have you? She would be  
 about your age, maybe a little  
 nicer.

TAYLOR  
 Evening Dad, how you-

THOMAS  
 Is that how you greet your old man?  
 Come on now, we maybe Crabtrees,  
 but we're not prudes.

Taylor reaches around her father and he embraces her in a tight hug.

TAYLOR  
 Hiya daddy.

THOMAS  
 Atta girl, Tay. What brings you  
 here?

TAYLOR  
 Well I came to check in on Markus.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - NIGHT

Markus and Escher both look at the plane, in delight.

Parts lie scattered around the aircraft, the nose is on, the engines and the blades turn in unison.

Markus puts his hand out for a low five, Escher looks at it awkwardly. He takes Markus' hand and shakes it.

MARKUS

Not long now!

The sound of the motors down him out slightly, Escher nods in response.

ESCHER

Told you we could salvage those old motors. A few more tweaks and she'll be in good enough shape to test.

MARKUS

Then I'll fly her.

Markus presses the remote in his hand and the engines start to slow down, before they sputter and stop.

ESCHER

You've had some flight experience right?

MARKUS

A little...

ESCHER

So none.

Escher turns to Markus but sees Richard holding the schematics in his hands.

RICHARD

When has that stopped anyone? Look at Orville and Percival Wright!

ESCHER

Wilbur.

MARKUS

What?

ESCHER

Sorry, how about this, I'll teach you the basics, and we'll fly her together.

Markus puts down the remote in his hands, and shakes Escher's hand.

MARKUS

Deal.

ESCHER

And I thought this was going to be any different.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE MARKUS' ROOM - MORNING

Taylor stands at the entrance of the room, she looks over the untouched room. James' hand wraps around her.

TAYLOR

Was I right?

JAMES

Do you feel like you were anything else?

James lightly rubs along Taylor's side and kisses her cheek.

TAYLOR

He's all I've got left.

JAMES

You have me and Thomas.

TAYLOR

I'm losing dad slowly every day, mom doesn't know what to do. I want my son back. Who knows what he could have caught himself in.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD FLIGHT SIMULATOR ROOM- MORNING

The room is decorated with flashing buttons and a large screen. Hidden behind them all is a large black egg shaped contraption.

INSERT - MONITOR SCREEN

The screen shows off a medium sized aircraft slowly coming into the runway.

END INSERT

Escher stands in front of the screens, his arms crossed, a head set bound to his head.

ESCHER

Keep your nose up kid!

MARKUS (O.S.)  
(over the headset)  
I'm keeping her as level as she can  
go.

ESCHER  
You don't need her level when  
you're going down, you want the  
front end to be the last to touch,  
and the first to leave.

MARKUS (O.S.)  
(over the headset)  
Roger Roger.

Esher turns around from the screen and sees Mr. Warren as he struts into the room, his eyes glued the screens. Escher takes off the headset.

MR. WARREN  
It's uncanny almost, if I didn't  
know better I would have thought  
that he was Richard reincarnate.

ESCHER  
There are small differences, but if  
anything it's almost as if he  
learned everything from his father  
post-humonasly.

INSERT - MONITOR SCREEN

The screen changes and displays the words: "Mission Complete  
98.9%"

END INSERT

MR. WARREN  
An almost near perfect.

ESCHER  
He did better then most pilots on  
their fifth or even twelfth time in  
the simulator.

MR. WARREN  
How many has he-

ESCHER  
This is the third time he's been in  
the sim.

(MORE)

ESCHER (CONT'D)

All the written test he passes with flying colors. The dummy flights are perfect.

A low hum from the simulator opening echoes in the training room. Markus, stretches and steps down from the egg shaped machine.

MR. WARREN

So I take your lessons are going well!

MARKUS

If I knew flying was this easy I wouldn't even have applied for college.

ESCHER

It's not-

MR. WARREN

I wouldn't go that far, Markus, it gets more difficult when you're in the air.

MARKUS

Psh, that's no problem, I think I've run through enough worse case scenarios that nothing is going to surprise me. Hell I know for certain that I'm ready for the real thing.

ESCHER

I wouldn't say that kid, too many pilots get in accidents because they're too cocky and didn't want to test the waters before they jumped into the pool.

MARKUS

But Charles, you know I'm ready.

MR. WARREN

I'd listen to him, even though I'd love to see you fly. I'd love it even more to see my grandson land, I can promise you that your mother feels the same.

INT. FRANCIS AND THOMAS'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The house is sickly neat, though something seems amiss. The television is on, and it hums through out the house.

Markus pushes open the front door, a full cake in his hands.

MARKUS

Grandma, Grandpa! I'm back!

There is no response, markus continues into the living room. He places the cake down on the coffee table and saunters over to the TV and turns it off.

The screen pulses and then turns into a small colorful circle on the black screen before completely shutting off. The television screen reflects back the room.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN REFLECTION

Markus walks over towards the phone and grabs it. He quickly dials a number, the paper held tight in his hand.

END INSERT

Markus stands at the phone the receiver right near his mouth, the ringing reverberates in the quiet house, it cuts out.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

Mom! How is he? What happened?

Markus looks down at an overturned pill bottle next to Thomas' recliner.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

I'll be there, room 210, got it.  
Memorial. I know where that is. Mom  
I'll be there as soon as I can.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL THOMAS' ROOM - EVENING

The stark white room embraces the medically clean room. Thomas lies asleep in the hospital bed. Francis holds his hand in her own at his side. She slumbers peacefully beside him.

Taylor and Markus both face each other at the door of the room.

TAYLOR

He's gotten more stable, and the doctors were able to calm his heart rate.

MARKUS

How long do they say he's got.

TAYLOR

A few months, maybe a year. The deterioration has sped up drastically.

MARKUS

I should have been there.

Taylor begins to shout at him in whispers.

TAYLOR

Where were you? You could have stopped him!

MARKUS

I- I-

TAYLOR

You were working on that damned plane that's where you were weren't you? That contraption kills you know that? It killed Richard, and due to you working on it, It almost killed-

MARKUS

The plane had nothing to do with this mom.

TAYLOR

Are you talking back to me?

MARKUS

Mom, you just want to use the plane as a proxy. I understand that, but just-

TAYLOR

Markus Richard Warren, you don't understand anything! Everything was going perfect. Everything was planned to a letter. Then Richard got wind of that death trap of a plane. He convinced me that it was safe. He said that if it ever became dangerous he would back out.

Francis snores loudly, but rolls her head down. Thomas mumbles in his sleep.

Taylor turns to them and glares at Markus.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

He promised me that he would be back.

RICHARD

(as Markus)

I am back Tay, and this time I'm asking you. Please-

MARKUS

Let me build this. It's not for me its-

RICHARD

(as Markus)

For us.

Taylor's gaze softens and tears run down her cheeks.

TAYLOR

I don't want to lose you again, once was enough.

MARKUS

You never lost me mom, no matter what you do. Though I firmly believe in this, and out of all the things I know about Dad, is that he would have wanted me to do this. If not just for him, but for me, for all of us.

TAYLOR

You're just going to hurt yourself!

Markus storms off into the hospital.

THOMAS

Then let him build it.

Thomas sits up in his bed, Francis grips his hand tightly.

TAYLOR

But dad-

THOMAS

Taylor, the past is the past, if we don't learn from our mistakes and try and fix them we're just going to keep repeating them.

TAYLOR

But-

THOMAS

Taylor, just think, is this what Kimberly would have wanted? Is this what Richard would have wanted you to teach his son? To run away and avoid his past so that he couldn't get hurt by it?

TAYLOR

No, but dad-

THOMAS

(begins to cough)  
He's as much Richard's son as he is yours.

FRANCIS

Thomas, save your energy.

Thomas lies back, the coughing worsen for a moment but calms down and Thomas slips back into sleep.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Taylor, he's right.

INT. MR. WARREN'S HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

The soft patter of rain persist against the closed door. Hard THUNK of someone banging breaks through the room. It continues to pound mercilessly.

Mr. Warren, in his night robe, shambles towards the door.

MR. WARREN

Who in their right mind...

He pulls the door opens and reveals a soaking wet Markus.

MARKUS

Evening.

MR. WARREN

Do I want to know?

Markus doesn't respond but steps into the foyer, he shakes slightly from the cold.

MR. WARREN (CONT'D)

I take something wrong at home?

MARKUS

It's been a rough day, for at least the past twelve hours, and on the way here it started to rain. So now my favorite-

MR. WARREN

Come in then.

INT. POLICE STATION JAMES' OFFICE - MORNING

James, tired, sits at his desk, the phone cradled in his shoulder, and draws out a number.

JAMES

No I haven't heard from him at all today.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

If you do please call me, asap. I want to-

JAMES

I understand Tay, but I'm a little busy here. If I hear anything from him I'll make sure that I contact you

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Thank you James, so much.

James hangs up the phone and sighs. A knock comes at his door, and he looks up.

Markus leans against the open door, he smiles as James looks at him.

MARKUS

Bad time?

JAMES

No, actually perfect timing. Your mother keeps trying to figure out where you've run off to.

MARKUS

Just tell her I'm going to prove her wrong.

JAMES

She told me you'd probably say something like that.

Markus takes the seat across from James and hands him a small piece of paper.

MARKUS

I'm going to fly it, and there is nothing you or mom can say to stop me.

JAMES

I wasn't planning on stopping you, but more or less trying to delay your mother.

MARKUS

Let her come.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - NOON

The plane rocks forward in all her glory, Markus pushes it slowly.

ESCHER

What are you doing?

Escher saunters into the hangar after the noise.

MARKUS

I'm moving it out to fly it, It's about time this baby had her test flight.

ESCHER

No. Markus, your dad may have gotten away with attempting to drive his own test flight, but look where that got him.

MARKUS

I know what I'm doing Charles. We've gone over this a million times.

Escher moves to the rear of the plane and sees Richard, determined, as he pushes the plane.

RICHARD

I know what I'm doing, and don't you start with the whole it's not ready. It's been ready for a week now. All you've done is let it sit there and grow dust.

ESCHER

I wanted to-

RICHARD

You wanted to fly it without me. You wanted to take all my hard earned work and turn it to your own personal feat. Why did I ever trust you?

ESCHER

Richard, you've-

MARKUS

Who are you talking to Charles?

Markus stands with his hands against the plane tail at the open hangar. Escher shakes his head.

ESCHER

No one, your father. He thought that I was trying to take the Otter away. But I told him the same thing I'm going to tell you. Please let's test this just one time, then you can fly it as much as you want.

MARKUS

Just this once?

ESCHER

Just once, and she's all yours to do what ever you want. I don't want another life on my hands.

EXT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

Markus watches with his arms crossed, as Escher straps in a flight dummy and attaches a remote control responder to the control panel.

MARKUS

So what happens if this doesn't work?

ESCHER

Then we have to rebuild and fix what goes wrong.

MARKUS

So this is a pass or fail, no middle grounds?

ESCHER

Pretty much, but I rather have to rebuild a plane then explain to your mother how you went down in another plane crash.

Richard appears beside Markus, his arms crossed similar to him. They both watch Escher step down out of the aircraft.

ESCHER (CONT'D)

It was hard enough the first time.

RICHARD

It wasn't like you had to tell her anything, James did it all for you.

ESCHER

I tried to but I couldn't believe you actually were gone.

RICHARD

I'm not, you're looking at me. I've never left.

Escher shakes his head and spots Markus who is on a knee with a hand on Escher's shoulder.

MARKUS

Are you okay? Started rambling on there.

ESCHER

I'm fine, Lets get this baby tested.

Escher toggles the controls on the plane and the engines fire up quickly, they begin to carry it down the small strip of tarmac and onto a longer one.

The plane begins to pick up speed, and then takes off from the ground. It's tail picks up last and the entire body reaches a few feet into the air.

MARKUS

Told you it would work!

ESCHER  
I never said it wouldn't!

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Taylor lies down in the living room, a book sits beside her. Markus slowly saunters into the room. He spots Taylor on the couch.

He scoots towards her and moves a piece of hair that had fallen across her face. She moves slightly at his touch then her eyes flutter softly as she opens them.

MARKUS  
Hey mom.

Taylor quickly jumps up and hugs Markus tightly.

TAYLOR  
MARKUS! I've missed you.

MARKUS  
I know mom, I'm sorry, I truly am.  
I've missed you too.

TAYLOR  
I've been trying to reach you ever  
since the hospital.

MARKUS  
James told me, I've done it.

TAYLOR  
I was going to tell you- Wait,  
you've done what?

MARKUS  
I've completed the twin-otter.  
We've got it in working conditions  
and everything is ready for me to  
go up in it.

TAYLOR  
Are you sure this is completely  
what you want, I would rather you  
didn't, but you're a growing boy. I  
don't want to be ancient and  
regretting the fact I let you go  
up.

MARKUS

I'm completely positive mom, I need to do this. Though what were you trying to say?

TAYLOR

That I shouldn't hold you back-

JAMES (O.S)

Taylor, wake up please,

TAYLOR

I should let you make-

JAMES (O.S.)

Taylor.

Taylor jumps up again, the room is the same but Markus isn't there. James stands at her side, he lightly rocks her and tries to move her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Taylor, come on let's get you to bed.

TAYLOR

(sleepily)

But he was here, he was right here with me.

JAMES

Come let's get you to bed babe.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

The sound of rain echoes around the entire hangar. The front doors are wide open and the large droplets are visible. Escher walks in drenched.

Markus watches him from the side of the plane.

ESCHER

You're not flying out any time soon.

MARKUS

It's not that bad.

ESCHER

You can barely see your hand in front of you out there. There is no way I'm eve going to let you think about going out there.

MARKUS  
Come on, let's just try it.

ESCHER  
Walk out there.

MARKUS  
Help me push the plane.

ESCHER  
Not the plane just you, walk out  
there.

Markus stares at Escher for a moment and walks into the torrential downpour directly outside the door.

EXT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

The rain covers everything and blankets it in a sheer sheet of water. Markus stands directly in front of the hangar door.

The door only appears as a black hole covered in rain. The small bit of light disillusioned by the rain.

Markus tries to look around him, but everything just comes back in a grey haze.

MARKUS  
Fuck.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

Markus steps back into the hangar, he now drips water off of every part of his clothes.

ESCHER  
No flying today.

MARKUS  
I'm going up Thursday, rain or  
shine.

ESCHER  
If you want to I can't really stop  
you. I just can advise that you  
think about checking the weather  
before hand.

MARKUS  
It has to be Thursday.

Markus walks back over to the hull of the ship and goes into the cockpit.

ESCHER

You'll fly her, don't worry Markus.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL THOMAS' ROOM - MORNING

Francis stands beside a slumbering Thomas, she watches the rain continuously pound against the window. Thomas suddenly grips her hand tightly.

Francis turns to him, and sees him smiling back at her.

FRANCIS

Well good morning sleepy head.

THOMAS

Morning Frannie, where are we?

FRANCIS

Memorial, you barely escaped an overdose a few days ago, and they had to pump your stomach and wanted to keep you to make sure nothing else happened.

THOMAS

It's gotten worse hasn't it?

FRANCIS

Very slowly, but we'll be fine Tommie.

THOMAS

We always are, has he done it already, did I miss Markus' flight?

FRANCIS

I don't think so, in this weather I doubt they'd even let him get up.

THOMAS

Good...I didn't want to miss it.

FRANCIS

You won't Tommie, I promise.

Thomas rolls his head to his side and falls back to sleep. Francis strokes his hair with her free hand and a slow tear rolls down her cheek.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
We'll see him fly if it's the last  
thing I get to do with you.

INT. POLICE STATION JAMES' OFFICE - EVENING

James mindlessly types into his computer, the screen winking back at every keystroke. A soft knock comes to the door and Markus let's himself in.

MARKUS  
Busy?

JAMES  
Not really, just attempting to  
finish a few hands of poker,  
otherwise I'm free.

MARKUS  
I was wondering if we could  
continue our conversation about  
mom.

JAMES  
I had almost though you forgot all  
about that by now, seems like ages  
ago that you even ask me about us.

MARKUS  
You were trying to tell me about  
what drove my father to the otter.

JAMES  
The otter was... well it was the  
only thing that went right after  
the branch went under.

Markus moves into the chair across from James. James clicks the exit button on the screen and turns to face Markus.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
He had felt like he'd lost  
everything. Richard and Taylor had  
been trying for months to have a  
child even before the business went  
under. It was stressful on the two  
of them. Taylor tried to keep  
herself busy with cleaning and  
taking care of her parents. Richard  
... Well Richard ...

MARKUS  
Went to the plane?

JAMES

Not at first, it began with a simple drink and turned into a bar fight. Soon he kept finding himself in here. A couple of the guys here would harass him, but he kept himself strong.

MARKUS

Kept himself strong?

JAMES

He kept wishing and hoping for a son. He started that entire dream list in the hopes that eventually he could have his own with his son. They continued trying to have at least one. Then you arrived. A miracle in both their lives.

MARKUS

What does this have to-

JAMES

I'm getting to that part. He had just started his work on his plane, and they found out that Taylor was pregnant with you. Richard became more obsessed with the plane, he told me over and over how he was going to take you flying with him.

James stops to breath, and studies Markus for a moment. Markus stares down at his hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Towards the end he was so excited to see you, he was almost bursting from the excitement. I was on duty the day of his last flight.

MARKUS

My birthday...

JAMES

It was a clear and bright morning, I had been promoted from petty officer to Detective, barely three days prior. The three of us went out to celebrate. I could remember his face exactly, it was happy and filled with joy just for being out with us.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

The morning when the call came in about a crash in Eastmaine Field, the EMTs were sent directly out. I was sent to over to Eagleheart, where I questioned Esher.

MARKUS

He said dad went up, and you-

JAMES

They were going to send out some petty officer and a grief councilor to talk to your mom, but I chose to go on my own. I went over to their house, each step growing heavier as I got closer. I learned about little you and I had to hold myself back from tears.

The door pushes open slightly and Taylor slips into the room.

TAYLOR

Then he told me that Richard was gone. The plane that had encompassed his last few years, the plane he built from scratch. Had taken him away from us. Away from me.

Markus' head twist to the side and Taylor places her hand on his shoulder.

JAMES

From everyone.

MARKUS

Mom,

TAYLOR

I know.

MARKUS

It's going to be different.

TAYLOR

I know, Markus.

MARKUS

I'll prove to you-

TAYLOR

Markus, I love you, you are my son, but you are also Richard's, no matter how much I want to coop you down here and away from any sort of problems. You'll find your way out of it. You have a plane to fly.

MARKUS

For all of us.

TAYLOR

A dream to complete.

INT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

The sun beams through the room and shows off the plane and Markus. The words *Twist of Fa* follow him across the hull. He finishes painting the word *Fate*, and moves back to see his finished work.

Mr. Warren steps in and smiles at Markus.

MARKUS

Thought I'd lost you to old age.

MR. WARREN

Not yet, you may not have long.

MARKUS

Well you're in luck, what do you think?

MR. WARREN

A second *Twist of Fate*?

MARKUS

It feels right for her.

MR. WARREN

Richard's was the same, I think your idea made already be stolen.

MARKUS

It's okay I can live with that, like father like son right?

MR. WARREN

When does she go up?

MARKUS

Thursday morning. Rain or shine.

MR. WARREN

Sounds like you're ready for this,  
Richard would have been proud.

Markus turns to him. Beside Mr. Warren is Richard, a happy smile plastered to his face.

MARKUS

Dad is proud, more then you could  
ever know.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL NURSE'S STATION - MID-MORNING

The station is manned by DARLA, middle aged round woman, and SHERRY, older thin woman, both meticulously type in patient records.

A buzzer breaks through the air, and a small inlet into the desk blinks at them. The room number beside the flashing light is 317, Thomas' Room.

Sherry jumps up and towards the small rounded exit into the hallway.

Darla glances towards the button and sighs.

DARLA

Hmm, Mr. Crabtree is becoming a  
Crabby little apple.

She finishes typing in, then stands up and slowly takes the corner into the exit.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NOON

The hallway is bare except for a few PATIENTS IN WHEELCHAIRS, farther down, Sherry tries to bar the way for THOMAS, in his overalls, from getting out of his room. She has him cornered near that end of the hallway.

SHERRY

Mr. Crabtree, please, you are not  
well. You need to get back to your  
bed.

THOMAS

I'm perfectly fine, better then  
perfect even. I have to go, my  
grandson.

SHERRY

Mr. Crabtree, we've been told to keep you here until Mrs. Crabtree or Mrs. Giles comes to get you.

THOMAS

That is what I'm trying to tell you, she's late. I need to go down and check on her. We have to-

SHERRY

Mr. Crabtree, you are a severe case and we can not have you harming yourself in this-

THOMAS

Just move and I won't harm myself.

Darla reaches them and stands with her arms crossed glaring at Thomas.

DARLA

And where do you think you're going Mr. Crabtree?

THOMAS

I already told your friend over here, why are you both treating me like I'm some sort of child?

DARLA

Mr. Crabtree, we've gone over this time and time again. You are not to be let out of your room-

THOMAS

Until my wife or my daughter comes and get's me. I get that part. Though I can't even get up and go call them?

DARLA

No.

SHERRY

That is why you call us, so we can call them for you.

THOMAS

I did do that and what do you tell me? That my wife is busy, and that I should just wait for her to call me. I have business to attend! I have-

Francis comes out of the women's bathroom and spots the three of them. Sherry has managed to get him back to the door.

FRANCIS

Thomas, what are you doing?

THOMAS

I was trying to find you until this nice group of ladies decided they'd stop me.

SHERRY

He tried to leave.

DARLA

And we were instructed to prevent him at all cost-

FRANCIS

From hurting himself, not barring him from leaving his room.

SHERRY

I don't understand Mrs. Crabtree.

THOMAS

What she's trying to tell you two boobs is that you have no right to bar my passage so release me.

Sherry, dejected, moves out of Thomas' way, and he goes to Francis' side.

FRANCIS

What are you all dressed up for?

THOMAS

Markus' flight of course, today's the day.

FRANCIS

No Tommie ... That's tomorrow.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The table is set for three, while James, Markus, and Taylor all sit at it. Markus and James dig into their food while Taylor watches Markus closely.

TAYLOR

Tomorrow's the day.

James looks up and then brushes off his mouth and leans back in his chair. Markus stops eating, and glances towards Taylor.

MARKUS

Tomorrow is the day, rain or shine.

JAMES

You've gone over everything?

MARKUS

Charles and I have gone over everything at least in triplicate. It's all in working order.

TAYLOR

You'll be flying-

MARKUS

From Eagleheart Airfield across Eastmaine's Field to Donner's Lake and back. Dad's original flight plans.

TAYLOR

Are you sure you-

MARKUS

I'm more sure than I've been my whole life. There's no backing out now.

TAYLOR

Just land it safely, Markus that's all I could ever ask from you.

Markus nods to Taylor and then looks down to his food.

Taylor continues to watch Markus, she begins to notice more and more things about him that look like Richard until Richard replaces him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Keep him safe.

RICHARD

I wouldn't have it any other way Tay.

Taylor smiles at him and starts to gather food onto her plate.

Richard fades out to Markus who grins back and continues eating.

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE MARKUS' ROOM - NIGHT

Markus lies in his bed and reads over a small flight pattern book. "While You Sleep" by Cake plays in the background on his laptop. The door is open and the music floats out and down the hall.

A soft knock comes at the door frame and James treads into the room.

MARKUS  
Hey there stranger.

JAMES  
Hey kiddo, finishing up some map work?

MARKUS  
Just a little bit.

Markus turns down the music from his laptop.

JAMES  
Well just came up to tell wish you luck tomorrow.

MARKUS  
You're not going to-

JAMES  
In case I miss my chance while we're there.

James pulls out his desk chair and sits backwards and faces Markus.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
You know I've always thought of you as my son.

MARKUS  
I know, James. You've been like a dad to me for as far back as I can remember.

JAMES  
I tried my best, you've always been a hard cookie to break.

MARKUS  
I've got to be tough to be the step-son of Police Lieutenant James Giles.

James can't help but smile. He reaches out and grabs Markus by the back of the head, lovingly. He rubs his head and gets up.

JAMES

You get some sleep kiddo, I love you, and want you to get some sleep before you take to the skies.

MONTAGE

- A) Escher preps the plane in the open hangar.
- B) Markus wakes up and looks at his clock.
- C) Francis helps get Thomas get dressed.
- D) James rolls over and reaches for Taylor, she's not there.
- E) Markus drinks coffee, Taylor walks in.
- F) Escher pushes out the plane and looks up to the sky.
- G) Francis and Thomas get into their car.
- H) James goes down and finds Taylor at the door.
- I) Markus' truck passes through the Airfield Gate
- J) James and Taylor get into the van.
- K) Francis and Thomas park at the Hangar beside Markus
- L) James and Taylor pull in beside them.

EXT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

The plane sits in front of the hangar, Everyone crowds around it. Francis and Thomas group together. Taylor leans against James who holds her closely. Markus stands beside the cockpit opening.

THOMAS

Are you ready Markie?

MARKUS

More then ever.

FRANCIS

Waiting for your whole life for this moment?

Markus nods his head, Taylor walks up to him and looks over the plane.

TAYLOR  
So this is the monster?

MARKUS  
This is the ole gal, she's been a mess to try and get right, but she's been good to me so far.

TAYLOR  
She's not as bad looking as I kept picturing her.

Escher comes around from the back his hands covered in grease.

ESCHER  
She's all set to go whenever you are captain.

TAYLOR  
Hello Charles.

ESCHER  
Morning Taylor, been a long time. \*

TAYLOR  
I know, thanks for keeping an eye out on him. Richard would've been proud of the two of you.

ESCHER  
That's only if I can get him up there and back. \*

JAMES  
I'm sure he can do it, he's learned from the best.

ESCHER  
Who you? \*

JAMES  
Come on Charles, you know what I mean.

ESHER  
Well I don't think I taught him anything, he just had his own way of doing everything.

MARKUS

Have you seen Mr. Warren?

He begins to look around and doesn't spot Mr. Warren.

A small black car pulls in beside the hangar.

Mr. Warren steps out slowly with a badly wrapped gift box and saunter's over towards the group.

MR. WARREN

Sorry for the tardiness, wanted to bring the you a present from your father.

Mr. Warren passes through the others with the box and hands it off to Markus.

Markus stares at it for a moment and then rips it open, inside is a pilot helmet complete with goggles and the name Markus M. Warren across the side.

MR. WARREN (CONT'D)

Figured you'd need something to protect that noggin of yours.

TAYLOR

Morning Arthur.

MR. WARREN

Good Morning indeed Taylor, it's been a while since anyone's called me Arthur.

TAYLOR

It's still your name right?

MR. WARREN

Always has been.

He feels the helmet over for a moment then places it on his head. It is a perfect fit.

Markus gives Mr. Warren a warm manly hug but then coughs for a moment and goes back to the door.

MARKUS

See you all back on the ground!

Markus walks into the plane and goes up to the cockpit, he waves to every from inside.

They all wave back to him.

JAMES  
Keep him safe Rich.

INT. TWIN-OTTER COCKPIT TWIST OF FATE - MORNING

Markus sits in the pilots seat and flips a switch to start the twin motors, he watches everyone through the windows. He then starts to move the yoke and the plane begins to move slowly.

MARKUS  
(into headset)  
This is flight 0317, Are we all clear to take the runway?

DONNIE (O.S)  
(through headset)  
You have full clearance to take the runway, Flight 0317, have a great flight

MARKUS  
(into headset)  
I'll try to. See you when I come back down.

DONNIE (O.S.)  
Rodger Rodger Captain Warren.

EXT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

The plane slowly crawls past the small group and onto the runway. It sits there and starts speeding it's engines.

Taylor grips James tightly and watches the plane closely.

Thomas and Francis cheer on the plane.

Escher and Mr. Warren silently watch it.

TAYLOR  
He's in out of our hands now James.

JAMES  
But he's into much better ones now Taylor. He'll keep him safe for both of us.

TAYLOR  
I know James, I know. It's just a strange feeling.

They both turn to Thomas and Francis who wave them closer.

FRANCIS

He'll be back before you know it  
hun.

TAYLOR

I know mom. I just have to get use  
to him not being my little boy no  
more.

THOMAS

He's graduated from diapers right  
into the sky.

JAMES

He's off to do bigger and badder  
things now. Maybe we'll get to fly  
first class with him.

THOMAS

I already reserved my ticket.

Escher and Warren turn to the other group, both of them watch  
as Markus' plane takes off down the runway.

MR. WARREN

I give him two hours for the whole  
flight.

ESCHER

The distance by car is two hours.

MR. WARREN

How about forty-five minutes total?

ESCHER

I'll take that bet, and raise you  
by twenty.

MR. WARREN

An hour and five?

ESCHER

No, I say about forty minutes  
total.

MR. WARREN

You run yourself a hard bargain.

The plane takes off from the ground and turns as it gains  
latitude.

INT. TWIN-OTTER COCKPIT TWIST OF FATE - MORNING

Markus watches through the window as the hangar shrinks into the ground. He passes over them once and begins to higher until he reaches level. He levels out the plane.

MARKUS

We made it dad, we built her and  
now we finally get to fly her.

Markus turns to his cocaptain seat where he see's Richard sitting and smiling.

RICHARD

We got that flight together. It  
only took eighteen years.

MARKUS

But it was well worth the wait.

Richard taps his helmet and begins to fade away slowly.

RICHARD

I'll always be watching you, and  
keeping you safe.

MARKUS

I'd have it no other way dad.

Markus smiles at Richard until he disappears completely then goes back to piloting.

EXT. EAGLEHEART AIRFIELD HANGAR - MORNING

Taylor watches the Twist of Fate as it goes into the horizon. She grips James' hand closely and smiles.

TAYLOR

That's our son.

JAMES

Richard would have been proud of  
him.

TAYLOR

He is, he always has been.

James looks knowingly at Taylor. Then to the sky above.

Everyone's eyes follow him across the skyline.

EXT. TWIN-OTTER PLANE TWIST OF FATE - MORNING

The plane flies majestically across the sky and through a few low hanging clouds. It cuts peacefully through the horizon, and across the Airport field. It leans softly to the right and turns across Eastmaine's feild.

EXT. EASTMANE'S FIELD - MORNING

SHEPARD, forty-eight, stands out in the feild with the sheep he appears bored.

He looks up to the sky to witness the Twist of Fate fly over head. The sounds of the engines causes the sheep to baa louder.

SHEPARD

Well wouldn't you know-

The sheep move closer to Shepard and almost knock him over.

SHEPARD (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't! I may have gotten old but I'm not easy now!

EXT. TWIN-OTTER PLANE TWIST OF FATE - MORNING

The plane cross the edge of the feild and into open skyline. Markus is visible through the cockpit window.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

The image of a small twin-otter flies through the open sky, the name Twist of Fate is designed into the side. The cockpit gleams slightly as a single figure is drawn inside.

END INSERT

INT. MARKUS' HOUSE OFFICE - MORNING

The room is a soft blue color with a cluttered desk. The photograph sits on the corner of the desk and stares into the room. MARKUS, 30, sits at the desk and works on a small model in front of him.

Beside Markus is a wall of pictures of him, Riley, and RICHIE, his son. One of the is taken outside the *Twist of Fate*. The others show other family members and the three of them.

RICHIE's, 7, laughter comes up through the open office door.

Markus swivels around and looks down into the hallway, a smile drawn across his lips.

RICHIE

Daddy! I'm awake Daddy! Where are you Daddy!

Richie's voice grows louder as he get's closer to the door.

MARKUS

I'm in the office. Did you ask your mom if you could go with me?

RICHIE

Yeeeeesssssss!

Markus heads to the open door and grabs Richie as he comes to the opening.

MARKUS

Then it looks like we get to fly today!

RICHIE

AWESOME! I get to sit in front!

Markus carries Richie out of the room.

On the desk is a small model airplane with the words Twist of Fate on it's body.

FADE TO BLACK.