

**THE FATE
OF
FLIGHT
700**

by

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based on the short story by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DAVID, a small boy of ten, sits on the edge of his bed, bouncing a tennis ball.

The ball hits his foot and rolls away. David exhales, frustrated, and lies back on his bed.

After a pause, David gets off his bed and walks out.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY

David comes out of his bedroom, goes down the hall and to the front door, grabbing his jacket on the way.

DAVID

Mom, I'm going for a walk.

MOTHER'S VOICE

All right. Back before dark, sweetheart. Don't forget your keys.

David grabs his keys off of the hook next to the door, opens it and walks out.

EXT. STREET

David steps out of the apartment building, goes down the flight of steps and walks off down the street, which is mostly empty except for one or two pedestrians.

He rounds the corner and slams straight into COLIN, a boy older than David and double his size. The recoil lands him on his butt.

Colin starts laughing as David picks himself up.

COLIN

Well, well, if it isn't Davey the baby. Where's your mommy, assface?

David turns to run, but Colin grabs his arm and starts dragging him away.

COLIN

Uh-uh. Let's talk a walk.

They go off down a little alley.

EXT. ALLEY

The alley is dirty and grimy, trash littered about the ground, dumpsters overflowing with garbage. About halfway down Colin shoves David to the ground.

COLIN

Pretty dangerous being out by yourself, isn't it? Never know who you might run in to.

David tries to get up again, but Colin forces him back down, pressing on David's chest with his foot.

COLIN

What have you got in your pockets?

DAVID

N-nothing.

COLIN

Empty them.

He empties the contents onto the ground: a few scrunched-up dollar bills and his keys.

Colin bends down and sifts through them, disappointed.

COLIN

This is it? Three bucks and a goddamn set of house keys?

Colin pockets the cash and dangles the keys in front of David. He scowls.

COLIN

What a waste.

He ditches the keys angrily across the alley. They smash through one of the windows of the building and land somewhere inside.

COLIN

See you at school, baby Davey.

With a snicker, he races off.

Once he's gone, David gets to his feet. His hands are scuffed and bloody.

He looks over at the building. It is derelict, several of the windows already shattered or cracked, the bricks are in disrepair. A set of concrete steps lead up to a door.

David goes over, walks up the steps and stops in front of the door. He hesitates a moment, then grabs hold of the knob. He turns and pushes.

The door opens creakily and he slips inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE

It is a wide open space, rows and rows of metal shelves reach toward the ceiling, beams of filtered sunlight shine in through the windows. Except for a thick layer of dust, the shelves are empty.

David slowly makes his way past shelf after shelf, moving further and further away from the door as he scans the ground for his keys.

He finally finds them, sitting on the ground in the middle of an aisle of shelves. He reaches down and scoops them into his pocket.

He looks around again, and suddenly sees something. He furrows his brow.

Sitting on one of the shelves a few meters away is a small wooden box. It is not dusty.

He approaches it. He runs his fingers along the face and sides. He has to stand on the tips of his toes just to see the lid.

Wrapping his hands around the side, David drags the box off of the shelf. It is heavier than he anticipated and he drops it.

The box hits the ground and the sound reverberates off the walls. He jumps, startled. He looks around to make sure no one heard, then kneels down in front of the box, which is undamaged.

He examines the simple silver latch on the front. He flicks it up and opens the box silently.

Sitting inside is another box-shaped device. Bright orange with a few buttons and knobs along the top. The buttons are white, except for the one on the end, which is red.

He hesitates for a moment, then presses it. Suddenly, a panic-stricken voice bursts out of an unseen speaker.

PANICKED VOICE

Oh God... to anyone that hears this, I am Captain Harold O'Shea of British Airways Flight 700, ex-New York. We have a visual on a... a er... an unidentified object in the sky over Horn Island. It's... oh dear God it's massive. And there's light... so much light.

(MORE)

PANICKED VOICE (cont'd)
I think I'm looking at an alien
aircraft and -- wait, something's
happening. It's... oh... oh my
God it's open --

An unearthly screeching drowns out the voice and then all
cuts to static.

David, stunned, sits in the eerie silence of the continuing
static.

The barrel of a Glock 22 is placed gently against the back
of his head. A gloved hand snaps the slide back.

BLACKOUT.

The gun goes off.

THE END.