

AIRBORNE

By

Richard Roseman

A Scripted, Acted Series Concept

AIRBORNE is a character-driven, dramatic, scripted series based on the true-life experiences of *Richard W. Roseman (Richard Roseman Airborne Design)* who for nearly three decades has been one of the world's leading designers of large VVIP private jet interiors. This hyper unique profession, enjoyed by only a handful of people in the world, put Roseman in the heart of an uber privileged domain; a small exclusionary sphere, occupied by the most prosperous governments and the wealthiest individuals on the planet. Both his real-life career and the fictional one set forth below is a comical ride through an insane world of self-absorbed absurdity and impossibly difficult professional challenges. And above all, a world never before explored in TV or film.

THE PITCH

In this loose adaptation of his own career, Roseman invites viewers into the bizarre first world backdrop of hyper exclusive jet design through the eyes of his fictional character, **Jack Reichman**.

There are private jets....and then there are *private jets*. But for the world's exceedingly privileged, one-tenth of one-percenters – mega Billionaires and foreign Heads of State, there are *super jets*; wide body commercial aircraft that from the day they roll off the assembly line, are destined as 'house size' VVIP airborne palaces for private clients. From expansive living salons, to lavish bedrooms, media rooms, even elevators - life aboard a private wide-body jet is otherworldly.

But for the LA based firm of **Jacobi Reichman Airborne Design** both the backdrop and the client's they serve, are absolutely real. Life amid this rarified setting is a highly secretive, high stakes playground that exudes *absurd* and invites *crazy*. More importantly, it's a backdrop never before explored in TV or film.

But it's the quirky, eccentric characters *amid* the backdrop, that drive the concept. Each season follows two or more airborne design projects running parallel, each involving the high-pitched interplay between Jack, his director of operations and close confidant, *Elena Gonzales*, and *Ethan Ferris*, the firm's off the rails but highly effective closer. And then there's the clients; an endless lineup of whack jobs - spoiled, contemptuous, insufferable and on rare occasions, affectional – but always powerful enough to end your career if you cross them. And lining up behind them are their paid oversight reps; relentless trolls, hellbent on finding weakness and laying blame in order to justify their existence. And then there's the 'Completion Centers', the industry's top-tier of private aviation contractors – the facilities and elite professionals that build and install the most expensive interiors on earth, often exceeding \$12,000 per sq. ft. From the C-level execs, to the engineers, to the guys on the shop floor, design firms like JRAD, are the unspoken enemy - a threat to their bottom line and a customer imposed fly in the proverbial ointment.

BUT...it's all in a day's work for Jack and his battle-hardened team. And as for the daily stress balls, it's nothing a good scotch or two and 50 mg of Zoloft won't keep at bay. *That is* until one Melissa Tokoriyama walks through your door. She's the stunningly beautiful black swan of regulatory adherence – the west-coast's FAA Field Service Director and the person who will literally shit all over your project if you give her even half a reason. There's heat between her and Jack – but as long as the name Reichman resides on a file assigned to her, the temptation will stay where it lays. Around the JRAD offices, her affectionate handle is *Edibles*, referring to Jack's completely off limits but otherwise perfect arrangement of *forbidden fruit!* One swipe of her sword can throw any one of their projects back months, cost their client millions and threaten their reputation. It's an explosive, taboo interplay anxiously anticipated by the viewer.

But the fiercely driven Reichman and his young staff are an ideological self-torturing lot that will endure it all for a chance to breath the rarified air and collect the fees! In less than a decade, **JRAD** has claimed a spot among the top aviation interior design firms in the world. But it's a high stakes, far from mainstream world, where the weak perish and the winners earn a place atop the world's most coveted design stage.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Jack

Meet **Jacobi “Jack” Reichman**, a soft-spoken visionary to whom people are enigmatically drawn and for whom the entire world and everything in it – is an undernourished aesthetic begging for his salvation. He commands a quiet intelligence, fierce confidence and a polished demeanor. Among his friends and former classmates, he was known as ‘*Trance*’; an affectionate nod to his unwitting preoccupation with aesthetics - often staring off into space during mid-conversation, attempting to recalibrate whatever room he’s in. Although a genius according to some, Jack narrowly completed his schooling, having lamented to himself and others, that his talents were being wasted in a classroom. But with strong encouragement from his father, finish he did. Fresh out of *Pratt Institute* in NY, he was offered a job as a design assistant at Gulfstream – Long Beach, in his home state of California. From his very first moments aboard the aircrafts, it was jet interiors he’d quickly decided as the perfect space for his career aspirations – a lucrative, aesthetically deficient area, deliciously ripe for his talents. He ascended quickly through the ranks, ultimately assuming the title of ‘Customer Designer Lead’ for all *G-650s*, the company’s flagship and world’s most coveted business jet. But his position there, would only be temporary. *Bizjets* simply weren’t a big enough canvas and working within the construct of a large company – not his taste. His appetites were aimed at the more rarified pinnacle of private jets; the so called VVIP world of large commercial sized aircraft where full blank-sheet customization was possible – and outfitting budgets rarely an inhibitor.

But to pursue it, he would need his own firm and exactly two years and one day later, he resigned his post at Gulfstream, returned to LA (his birthplace), rented a small live/work loft on Melrose and promptly hung out his shingle as **Jacobi Reichman Airborne Design**. Four months later after landing his first project, a *Boeing Business Jet*, he did as he’d promised and hired his colleague, *Elena Gonzalez* away from Gulfstream – a co-worker that shared his eye for aesthetics and his taste in scotch. He’d also slept with her but only once – both quickly realizing they’re value in each other lied outside the bedroom.

In addition to his aesthetic talent, Jack soon discovers a compatible skill - his ability to gain trust and influence a wide array of eccentric personalities, while coolly negotiating a never-ending barrage of seemingly insurmountable problems. His instincts are quick and seldom prove wrong. Yet under the right circumstances he can also be explosive and calculating. But on the rails or off, he is relentless and completely undeterred in his resolve.

Jack’s private life, on the other hand, is very different. One year earlier, during a day sail to Catalina, a woman he’d barely known but had fallen hard for, *Katherine Pont*, perished in the chaos of a squall; Jack unable to save her. Absent the daily hustle or alone with his thoughts he is haunted by her death - consumed with regret, guilt, and the torment of an unrequited love – a condition that underlies his every thought and action.

Elena

Having grown up in Mexico City, ***Elena Gonzalez*** lived among the creative process from a young age, her father an acclaimed architect across Central America. At age 17 she left home to study art at Paris's famed, *Beaux ARTS de Paris*, an expensive art school whose namedrop had great conversational value but whose accreditations rarely lead to well paying jobs. But with the prospect of returning home to work for her father, she opted instead for the US, eventually landing a job with *Clay-Lacy Aviation* in Van Nuys, CA - quickly discovering her own passion for private aviation. Three years later she was recruited away by Gulfstream for both her language skills and art background only three months prior to Jack's arrival. As work colleagues, they instantly hit it off, often meeting for drinks after work - inevitably airing their mutual discontent over poorly designed cookie-cutter aircraft at \$68 M a copy. She was also a formidable scotch drinker, *McCallum 12* her drink of choice and could cuss like a sailor in three languages – *both*, qualities he found amusing and endearing.

In the light of day following a drunken one-night affair, both seemed content to exchange their less than torrid sexual compatibility for the more promising prospect of building an LA based pedigree studio designing large aircraft. Jack fulfilled on the promise he'd made to hire her on the first project - and it proved a good move. She quickly became his collaborator on everything from critical project decisions to the selection of wall tiles for their conference room.

No staffers or understudies were ever brought on without her approval and she traveled with Jack on all customer trips. Both her impeccable dress and multiple languages played good favor with their clients – and her and Jack's instincts were uniquely compatible, rarely differing on aesthetic decisions or project strategy.

But only four months into her employment, Jack discovered something else about Elena. During a meeting in Geneva with a pair of potential European agents, she sat untypically quiet and fidgeting - eventually leaving the table abruptly without a word. She had smelled it on the two men before they ever sat down. Call it intuition or psychic juju, it was sudden and visceral. With zero evidence on which to base her feelings, she *begged* Jack to shine them on. "Scrub the deal and walk away" she said, "they're scum". Despite months of cultivation, he reluctantly followed her advice. Three months later, the pair were arraigned in a UK court on two counts of embezzlement and fraud.

Elena's psychic nose will prove pivotal more than once, as the series unfolds – narrowly avoiding an unscrupulous cadre of asswipes bent on sinking the firm.

Ethan

Reichman's VP of Operations, **Ethan Ferris**, is a scrappy somewhat less than polished bulldog and Jack's oldest friend since high school. Despite having fucked and bonged his way through *UC Berkeley* Business school, he managed to graduate top of his class and landed a C-level position at *AECOM*, an LA based global infrastructure firm. But the insane money was only exceeded by boredom and one phone call from Jack took only three days to prompt his resignation. He signed on with JRAD sans any kind of title instantly trading in two-thirds his salary – for a chance to reunite with his old crony and enlist something a bit higher up the fun meter.

Despite their significantly opposing views of life, Reichman and Ferris are bonded by their shared sense of farcical humor and the relentless pursuit of 'the win'. But unlike Jack's methodical, straightforward style, Ethan routinely acts impulsively and utilizes methods that Jack would never approve. This is an ethical distinction that often creates volatile conflict between the two. Ethan's personal life is also vastly different than Jack's at the moment. Two full years removed, Jack's head remains buried in guilt and grief over the sailing accident. But to Ethan, it's an impairment in their after-hours brotherhood – an impairment he's bent on correcting. Ethan is a self-professed raconteur, skilled in the fine art of bullshit and partying. Though never having acquired a taste for alcohol, his devotion to the vaping pen is impressive. And in spite of their differences, Ethan is equally devoted to Jack – an unwavering bond readily apparent to all. He will follow Jack through the gates of hell but ironically, it's Ethan that will usually bring them there.

Ethan knows three things exceedingly well: Poker, home-grown Ganja and the art of *Closing*. The moment Jack and Elena catch the nod of the customer, Ethan is sent in to cut the deal. Regardless the continent or culture, his tactic is simple and unflinching. Dig in and don't leave until the client has hired his firm and the dream *they want* – at precisely the figure *he* wants. It's a game for Ethan – not unlike his skillful mastery of *Texas Hold 'em* at the poker tables in Vegas. But unlike Vegas, JRAD's clients want what he's selling - tilting the odds in his favor. His closing rate in over four years: 100% - usually walking away with 15-20% over Jack's asking fee.

The Pilot's Setting

Jack, Elena, Ethan and their staff of nine more are enjoying their posh new digs on Coldwater Canyon, just off Mulholland Dr in the Santa Monica hills above west LA. Once the former residence of *Lana Turner*, Jack had fallen in love with the property the moment Ethan showed it to him. For months they had been scouting a new location and an escape from their congested digs of 4.5 years, on Melrose – a crowded studio space long outgrown. The new place was everything Melrose wasn't - spacious, quiet and exceedingly cool. But the price tag had been exorbitant. Between the purchase price and the extensive renovation, it had drained the firm's cash reserves and left them in the one position Jack hated more than any other – *needing the clients more than they needed him*. It was never a good position to be in – but there was no going back.

As the first season opens, Jack, Elena and Ethan are struggling to stay on top – without bottom feeding to pay the bills. With two mammoth projects nearing completion, they need a big score to replace the revenue and retain their staff. But in the meantime, it's business as usual, putting up with a Russian Billionaire adulterer intent on sleeping with Elena and a foreign head of state that can't be bothered making the critical decisions to keep his own aircraft's delivery on schedule – *and* their final payment.

The pace is fast, the risks are high and the situations absurdly comical – all against the backdrop of a world that few ever get a chance to witness.

Welcome to ***Airborne***.

