**AIRBORNE / STORY TREATMENT 1** (Pilot?)

**TITLE: BACK IN THE GAME**

**LOGLINE**

*Jacobi Reichmann Airborne Design* is in financial straits for the second time in its

16 year history. Reichmann, while a brilliant designer and leader – has always had a tendency to spend beyond the firm’s means and bet on the come. With two projects coming to a close and an expansive new office to support, they desperately need a new project. Adding to his problems is the looming third anniversary of his wife’s death – a boating accident that occurred during a storm when the pair were returning from Catalina on Reichmann’s sail boat.

**LA / Current Day**

Jacobi (Jack) Reichmann and Ethan Ferris are at *Tracore Aerospace*, a large completion center in Van Nuys. They are there to conduct squawks on a BBJ (Boeing Business Jet) project – only a week away from delivery to their customer. Reichmann and Ferris are being escorted by Tracore’s Completion PM (Ben Overton) through the back-shops and down onto the main Hangar floor. The aircraft has just received its paint and is magnificent beneath the hangar lights. Buzzing with workmen coming in and out, the three make their way up the gantry and into the aircraft. They are joined by two Owner Reps, (Tejas and Raaj). The project has taken almost two years, and the customer, an Indian Billionaire from Mumbai is anxious to take delivery.

The interior is sumptuous and beautiful and while some panels here and there are dropped and workmen busy making final adjustments etc, the audience is given their first peek into a near completed wide body VVIP private jet – as well as the world that Reichmann and Ferris play in. Dialogue is exchanged as squawks are worked through.

Later Reichmann and Ferris are seen exiting the facility, turning in security badges and getting into Reichmann’s Mercedes. More dialogue is exchanged – moving back and forth between delivery concerns on the BBJ and the financial woes facing them.

TWO DAYS LATER – Morning / JRAD offices

Elena Gonzalez, Simon Belzer, Reichmann and Ferris are in the main conference room reviewing an animation on the large wall mounted monitor at the room’s center. The animation has music over and depicts the VVIP interior of a fictitious 787 Dreamliner. Belzer has done most of the work under Reichmann’s design direction and the video will be used as a marketing piece at the upcoming EBACE (European Business Aircraft Convention & Exhibition) in Geneva.

As the three conclude, they move thru the expansive / open offices allowing the audience to get acquainted with the new hyper-cool studio of *Jacobi Reichmann Airborne Design*.

*Exposition: The firm had been in a rather cramped suite of offices on Melrose down near the Pacific Design Center – but a year ago, Ferris had come onto a property off Mulholland Drive up in the hills. It was a postmodern home on 2.2 acres with expansive views. It had a hefty price-tag and would require a lot of work to convert – but from the moment Reichmann saw it (and with some well-rehearsed coaxing from Ferris), he decided to go for it. Reichmann saw it as the perfect contrast from the congested Melrose address. It was time for a change he thought and while it wasn’t a good time to be making such a move financially, he had never let such concerns stop him before - and this would be no different.*

As Reichmann and Ferris move thru the offices, Lexy (the firm’s quirky but efficient receptionist) asks if either of them wanna meet the latest in a litany of Interns – that have come and gone in recent months. The two agree and ask to have her to come to Ferris’s office. There is dialogue between the three as Lexy (standing behind the intern) is making faces. This one is weirder than the last even – but Reichmann gives the nod.

Just then Lexy takes a call on her Blue Tooth.

“Jack, it’s Jesse Beekman for you”

He waves her off and she takes a message. Ferris looks at him like he’s crazy demanding to know why he didn’t take the call. Reichmann says, “whatever he wants I’m not interested – he’s the devil and you know it!” Ferris continues to protest but Jack leaves the room waving his hand.

“Ethan, conversation over! Life’s too short. There’s another way and we’ll find it.”

*(Jesse Beeker is a Billionaire from Uvalde, Texas and controls the largest privately held Natural Gas reserve in the US. JRAD designed his first large aircraft, an A-319 Airbus and despite a very nice outcome in terms of aesthetics, it was the most painful project of Jack’s career. Jack describes Beekman as “stress in a bottle” – a vacillating, neurotic and completely overbearing figure – the kind of client for whom no amount of money justifies the relentless agony.*

Ethan is seen getting into his Land Rover saying he’ll be back in an hour. As he drives, he makes a call. He exchanges dialogue with Beekman making excuses for why Jack wasn’t able to take the call. As Ferris had anticipated, the call was indeed about a new project. He wanted to move from his current Airbus A-319 to a BBJ 2, a significantly larger aircraft. It would be a serious project and financially, precisely what the firm needed.

Beekman asks if Reichmann and Ferris can meet him in Las Vegas the following day in order to discuss the project. Ethan explains that Reichmann is leery of taking on a new project right now – but of course does not reveal the real reason why. He also explains that Reichmann has a personal issue to sort out and wouldn’t be available to make the trip – but offers himself to take the meeting in the interim. Beekman agrees and Ferris books a flight for the next afternoon – all completely without the knowledge or consent of Reichmann.

NEXT DAY – VEGAS

Ferris meets Beekman in a penthouse suite at the Venetian Hotel. A guard is by the door and several more of Beekman’s entourage are inside. Beekman greets him warmly and the two move out onto the veranda for private conversation. He explains that he would be giving the Airbus to his brother for their operations in Asia - and has ordered the BBJ-2 as a replacement for himself. The two exchange dialogue about Reichmann, the project and Poker.

Jesse Beekman visits either Vegas or Macau, China multiple times a year in order to play high stakes poker. Unlike Reichmann, who will go out of his way to *avoid* a casino – Ferris also shares Beekman’s passion, having played poker all his life. He is particularly adept at Texas Hold em’ – a gaming favorite among Vegas Casinos.

Beekman asks Ferris to join him downstairs to play for a few hours – an invitation he quickly accepts. Jesse opens with $ 250,000 in thousand dollar markers and takes a seat with Ethan and four others. He passes Ethan a stack of chips representing perhaps $ 30,000 and says “Ok let’s have some fun”. The two play for more than three hours – talking airplanes and exchanging grins over their apparent command of the table. By now only four are left – and Ethan is up by

$ 43,000. But Ferris knows the broader game here is an airplane – one that can solve the company’s woes, at least in the near-term. Despite being the more skilled player between them, he takes the winnings, pushes them back to Beekman and bows out – letting him have his moment and look to the bigger picture.

In the end, Beekman takes the table and a total pot of $ 1.14 Million! He winks at Ferris and asks him to be seated again – as the others leave. He pushes the roughly $ 75K that Ethan had built – back to him, saying: “Consider it a tutorial fee” referring to some valuable “Hold em” tips Ferris had given him in the elevator earlier.

Then as the Pit Boss returns with his marker and winnings, he hands Ethan a half million – in CASH, saying…

“Consider this is a deposit on your fee. Tell Jack I will come back through LA on Monday and we can do contracts then, yea?”

Ferris was both nervous and excited. He loved the idea of bringing a duffel full of cash back to LA – a compelling way of diffusing the very tenuous conversation with Jack, he thought. But ultimately he was flying commercial and it was too risky so he exchanged the cash for a Venetian Cashier’s Check made out to JRAD.

As for the other, he pocketed it and would decide whether Reichmann needed to know about that or not.

NEXT MORNING

Ferris calls Reichmann and says he went to Vegas for a bit of Poker overnight – not all that unusual for Reichmann to hear. He says…

 “Hey we need to go to Mexico”

Reichmann is surprised and suspicious. What’s Ferris up to this time he wonders. Ferris simply says he won a little money and that it would give them a chance to clear their heads a bit and plot a solution for the financial issues facing them. Reichmann reluctantly agrees and the two meet in Cabo the next afternoon.

The two are seen under a Palapa at a poolside bar sipping a local Anejo Tequila. They exchange banter and laughter – Reichmann admitting the change of scenery is nice.

Ethan’s heart is pounding out of his chest – but he realizes there’s no time like the present.

“Hey, I have a little surprise”

He pulls the envelope-sleeved cashier’s check from his towel – and slides it across the table.

“What’s this??”

After opening the envelope, he looks at Ethan – surprised and waiting on an explanation.

Ethan nervously explains the story and before he can finish, Jack throws back a shot of tequila, slams it to the table and blows up! He starts shouting across the table at Ferris – eventually catching himself and lowering his voice to a growl as half the guests look on.

Ferris, (heart still pounding) maintains a seemingly calm veneer through it – something he rehearsed over and over on the flight down. He knew how Reichmann would react and so there was no point in doing anything but to let him finish – and hope he was still upright when it was over. When Jack finishes, there’s a long pause while a few tourists and the bartender have their ears still glued to the pair. Jack composes himself, rises off the stool and calmly slides the check back across the table.

“It’s not gonna happen Ethan! Either tear it up or I will. You had NO business doing this shit behind my back and you know it!”

“Jack listen…”

“Fuck that, *you* listen! You wasted your time and you’ve wasted Beekman’s time. I swear to god Ethan, you ever do this shit again and I’ll kill ya myself and spread your ashes in that West Covina shithole I found you in.”

He takes another shot, then dives in the pool.

NEXT MORNING

Its early just after dawn and Jack is seen holding a difficult yoga pose with impressive skill as the sound of waves crash on the rocks. Ethan walks up…

“Jack listen, I called Beekman last night and told him everything.” Jack continues without responding.

Ethan continues: “He sent his Gulfstream down. Said if by the time we get back to LA you didn’t want the job, he’ll go on down the road, no hard feelings.”

The two exchange more dialogue – each trying to make their position.

LATER THAT AFTERNOON

As the two board the Gulfstream, they discover a single passenger and it’s not Jesse.

“Afternoon guys. Please come in…can I offer you something to drink?”

It was Harlin Beeker, Jesse’s youngest son. Jack had met him before but that had been almost 8 years ago, the kid only 17 at the time. He was now a very put together 25 year old, smartly dressed, astonishingly handsome compared to his father and by the looks of him, much more reserved than his Dad.

Jack and Ethan extend their hands. Jack admits it’s a surprise to see him and explains how he had been immediately impressed on their first meeting when he watched him crawl on the back of a Bull at a rodeo in Tucson. “I think I was more nervous than your Dad”

Harlin smiles. Well I reckon of the three of us – it was actually *me* that had the corner on nervous that day.” The two laugh.

As they go wheels up, Harlin explains why his Dad asked him to make the trip down. He tells the pair….

“My Dad’s a good man, he is. He has a big heart – but he’s hard on people – and he *knows it*. He’s run more than a few off over the years – good friends. But at 63, he’s become a bit more reflective these days.”

“He’s always liked you Jack – and that Airbus; I swear to God, it’s his prize possession. Sometimes I think he loves that damn airplane more than he loves us boys. He’s giving that one to his brother for our operations in Asia. I think he told you that. He wants the new BBJ to be maintain a similar vibe as the Airbus – but with a fresh dose of your magic Jack. It’s really important to him.”

“If you’ll take the project Jack, he promises to bow out completely and let me work with you. I’m not ridin’ any bulls these days. I’m running our Flight Ops group and I’m checked out on all of our aircraft. As it turns out, airplanes are in my blood, more than rodeos. I love flying ‘em and I love being around ‘em. Anyway guys, point is I reckon – I’m not my father. I’ll get the airplane we want of course...but no ulcers. You’ll find me easy to work with”

“It’s entirely up to you Jack. We’ll respect your decision either way – but I’d love to see my Dad get what he wants and I’d love to work with you guys, I really would”.

Reichmann receives a text on his phone as they continue climbing out….

LATER THAT EVENING – Roof bar at Spago back in LA

Reichmann and Ferris are seated over-looking LA with their usual – *McCallum 16* on the rocks.

“C’mon Reichmann you can say it ain’t gonna hurt ya.”

“Alright….alright for fuck sake. I’ll give ya this Ferris, you’re one skilled gambler – on or off the tables. Nicely played. I mean you *could* be in a ravine out in Oxnard right now with a sock in your mouth and crowbar in your skull. But instead, we’re **back in the game**. It was a risky play dude – but I have to admit, this one worked out for ya.

“*US* Jack, *it worked out for US*! My gamble, OUR win!

Long Pause…

“Yea I suppose you’re right…..in fact now that I think about it, that actually begs another question. How’d *WE* come out at the poker table the other night?”

Ferris takes a drink hoping it’ll somehow dismiss the question.

“I mean I know how Jesse did. But it seems like (*and maybe I dreamed this Ferris*) that you yourself walked away with a little change. I’m sorry I mean *WE*. That is right isn’t it…you’re gamble, *OUR* win??

“I was gonna surprise you Reichmann…just waiting for the right moment.”

“Yea, I can see that”

Jack raises his glass and the two toast.

Trailing conversation…

“Ya know Ferris, $ 43K ought to just about cover our cost on the new driveway.

“Now ya see there Reichmann, that keen sense of humor’s already comin’ back. This is good…this is good.

**END**

*Authored by: Rick Roseman © All Rights Reserved*