

DAX TIME

by
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INT. AIRPORT HANGER

DAX WARNER, 38, dressed in jeans, t-shirt, and hoody, unlocks a SHIPPING CONTAINER that sits on the ground to the port side of a 737 CARGO PLANE. He waves the SECURITY GUARDS to surround the doors.

CASEY O'CONNELL, 42, a large Irishman wearing a long leather coat LAUGHS.

CASEY

Dax, you foolish rookie. These are call-ins, not call-outs.

Dax is confused.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Little 14-year-old girls, not filthy whores.

Dax signals the Security Guards to drop their weapons.

The container door opens. A SHY GIRL exits the container squinting from the brightness. She sees the Security Guards.

SHY GIRL

You saved us?

Casey LAUGHS.

CASEY

Get the girls into the plane. We leave in ten.

The doors are opened wide and numerous girls with messy hair and urine soaked dresses exit the container.

Uncomfortable, Dax glances at Casey.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Your attitude will change the moment you take your turn with one of these.

DAX

Why so young?

CASEY

Get the plane loaded.

Casey heads up the ramp stairs and into the plane.

Dax notices:

The hangar service door partially opens. A group of FBI AGENTS enter the room. They hide behind crates.

Dax watches the Security Guards collect the girls and escort them into the plane. The last few Security Guards head up the ramp stairs and enter the plane.

Dax sprints up the stairs, grabs a Security Guard by the back of his shirt and flips backwards down the steps. The Security Guard hits the ground face first, unconscious.

Dax runs up the stairs and grabs the gun hand of another Security Guard that emerges from the plane. He spins him around, hits him in the gut, and flips him over the rail. The Security Guard lands hard on the concrete floor, unconscious.

Dax jumps onto the rail and then onto the top of the plane. He scurries to the center and lays flat, out of sight.

All of the Security Guards exit the plane and head down the stairs with guns cocked, looking for targets. Once the last Security Guard's foot touches the ground, FBI Agents OPEN FIRE. Security Guards scramble for shelter and fire back.

After the last Security Guard drops to the ground, Casey exits the plane with a gun jammed in the neck of a 14-year-old girl.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Show yourself or this little one will get it in 5... 4... 3...

FBI Agents walk over to the bottom of the ramp stairs.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to leave with this one, so put your guns down.

The Agents hesitate.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You'll get two dozen girls back. What's hard about this decision?

The Agents set their guns down. Casey moves down the steps slowly.

Dax stands up on top of the plane and jumps down on Casey. The girl, Casey and Dax crash to the ground. Casey's gun spins across the floor.

GUNS COCK.

Casey looks up. Two FBI Agents stand over him with their guns pointed at his head.

Dax helps the girl up.

DAX
I'm sorry if I hurt you.

The girl hugs Dax.

DAX (CONT'D)
Guys, clean this up. I have to take this little lady back to her home.

Dax walks the girl outside.

Numerous Agents enter the hangar. An FBI Agent handcuffs Casey.

CASEY
This was just one pick-up. Make it worth my while and I'll give you 72 more.

The FBI Agent knocks him unconscious.