

JUST PLANE UNEXPECTED

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT/EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

>>NOTE: UNTIL NOTED, THE CAMERA PULLS BACK VERY SLOWLY<<

STARTING WITH AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP - The faces of a beautiful couple in their late 20's, CAL and JILLE. They gaze lovingly into each others eyes from linen pillows. It's like they've just shared A LONG LOVING KISS and are dying for another.

SO, ANOTHER, slow and unhurried with a few after pecks thrown in. From somewhere, firelight throws flickering, golden highlights on their faces.

The firelight seems normal, EVEN ROMANTIC until -

THE CAMERA REVEALS - THEY SIT IN AIRPLANE OR MAYBE BUS SEATS.

And they are wearing HEAVY SCARVES and STOCKING CAPS?

Cal licks his lip and whispers something unheard. Jille laughs and strokes Cal's cheek with a HEAVY MITTEN.

JILLE

(very flirtatious)

So I taste like chocolate, eh? Feed me another, cowboy, and let's double down.

CAL

Given our situation, it might be wise to ration them... but I cannot refuse a sexy lady.

Cal's head bends to his lap and A BLOODY BANDAGE is revealed on the side of his head that's been turned away. He lifts a fancy, gold-wrapped confection and struggles before using his teeth to remove his WINTER GLOVES.

It's cold enough to SEE THEIR BREATH.

Sliding the chocolate from the wrapping, he brings it to her lips, HER TONGUE EXTENDING provocatively. He pulls it away.

With a frustrated groan, the pretty tongue extends further and Cal rewards it with only the briefest lick.

JILLE

Refusing a sexy lady?

CAL

Saying "wait". Patience makes her that much sexier.

With that he presses the chocolate to her lips, rubs it gently back and forth, then leans in for a tasty kiss.

THE CAMERA MOVEMENT REVEALS - THEY DO SIT IN AIRLINE SEATS. Other seats are lined up behind them and the ceiling is all call lights, personal vents and hanging TV screens.

As their kiss continues, THE FIRELIGHT FLARES, getting their attention. They both turn slightly, lips still connected.

JILLE
(a bit mumbled)
Mm, fireworks. Very impressive,
sir.

CAL
That would be premature, my lady.

They press back together. Then come apart and Cal pops the chocolate into her mouth.

CAL (CONT'D)
And I'm never premature.

JILLE
Promises, promises.
(sucking, savoring)
Dear god that's heaven! Could a
girl hope to wash that down with
bubbly without enduring a wait?

THE CAMERA MOVEMENT REVEALS - A BOTTLE OF DOM in an ice bucket of snow and on a suitcase on the seat next to Cal.

CAL
(grabbing the bottle)
Might still be shook up from all
the excitement, but let's live
dangerously.

He begins removing the foil cap and cage.

CAL (CONT'D)
See if you can round up some
airline glasses from the back.

With that Jille stands, throwing off layers of HEAVY COATS AND BLANKETS from her lap and heads back to the galley. She limps badly and her leg is SOAKED RED WITH BLOOD. She steps over something large and unseen lying in the aisle.

Cal continues working to open the bottle, as she LIMPS BACK with two plastic cups.

JILLE

Easy, Tiger. We don't want to damage the ceiling.

THE CAMERA MOVEMENT REVEALS dangling YELLOW OXYGEN MASKS and cock-eyed seats, twisted and bent. The flickering firelight is stronger on these new foreground elements.

CAL

Like they'd notice.
(re: the bottle)
Ready?

The cork ricochets off the ceiling and A HUGE TORRENT OF FOAM explodes from the bottle. LAUGHING, Cal and Jille immediately lean in and begin SUCKING THE BILLOWING FOAM from either side.

The champagne salvage ends with lips together in a wet, lubricated kiss. They pull back finally.

JILLE

Happy Anniversary, boy-o.

CAL

Happy Valentine's, girly.

They 'clink' their plastic cups and drink.

CAL (CONT'D)

This isn't exactly how I planned this year's celebration. I imagined a private, sun-drenched veranda in Puerto Vallarta. Two bodies, naked and glistening with coconut oil.

JILLE

(teasing)
And then I walk out and say "who's this trollop, you bloody ass of a man?"

Cal leans in for another kiss.

CAL

You're my only trollop, love.

JILLE

Aw, so sweet.

Jille finishes her champagne and glances around while he gives her a refill.

THE CAMERA MOVEMENT REVEALS - the tips of LICKING FLAMES and more carnage amidst the tangled seats, including THE BLOODY BODY Jille stepped over in the aisle.

JILLE (CONT'D)

Well, it isn't ideal, but you come to expect delays, I suppose.

(a brave smile)

We'll have our coconut-oil days soon enough.

CAL

From your lips. I'm beginning to doubt that we'll ever get out of here.

THE CAMERA MOVEMENT REVEALS - the jagged torn edge where the plane's bright red fuselage has been RIPPED APART and the flames coming from some wreckage. SNOW BEGINS TO FALL.

JILLE

Of course, we will. This glamorous life comes with it's own hardships. This is just a blip on the radar.

Cal lifts his cup.

CAL

(re: the torn fuselage)

Well, here's to blips on the radar and a wife's positive thinking.

They toast.

THE CAMERA MOVEMENT REVEALS - broken trees behind the plane's wreckage and more than a few small SMOLDERING FIRES in a wilderness landscape. Bodies are strewn about.

JILLE

And here's to a husband that thinks of everything, including sweets and bubbly amidst burning wreckage in the wilds of Wyoming.

CAL

Hmm, well...

(remembering)

Oh shit!

JILLE

What? Shit what?

CAL

Just, grr... Look, just wait here!

JILLE
 Sure, like where would I go?

Cal scrambles to get himself past Jille's aisle seat.

JILLE (CONT'D)
 (good natured)
 Hey, easy on my shattered femur.

Cal leans down for a quick kiss.

CAL
 Yeah, there's that. Sorry.

Cal reaches the aisle and makes his way toward the slowly retreating camera, stepping lightly over wreckage and bodies as he goes.

Cal reaches the ragged edge of the fuselage and jumps to the snow-covered ground.

JILLE
 (calling after him)
 If they still have hot coffee, some
 of that please!

THE CAMERA MOVEMENT REVEALS - an ultra wide shot now. More snow is falling in a rugged, mountainous terrain.

>>THE CAMERA MOVEMENT STOPS<<

Cal runs forward, then turns left and OUT OF VIEW.

CAL O.S.
 (calling out)
 You got it!

For moment the scene lingers - half a broken airplane, burning wreckage, shattered trees, mountains and snow. FROM NOWHERE, A WIND whips up the flames and snow.

AND THROUGH THIS SUDDEN BLIZZARD, Cal returns with a gorgeous, bouquet of TWO-DOZEN LONG-STEMMED RED ROSES tied with ribbon and wrapped in glitzy cellophane. He climbs back aboard and walks up the aisle toward Jille.

CAL
Now I've thought of everything.

JILLE
 (accepting the flowers)
 Oh my God, yes you have.

She presses her face into the bouquet and breathes deeply.

JILLE (CONT'D)
And the coffee?

PRE-LAP - A GRUFF VOICE SHOUTS "SCREW THE COFFEE!"

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

>>JARRING JUMP FROM WIDE SCENE OF MOUNTAIN PLANE CRASH<<

The face of a grizzled man pokes his head through the glassless plane window by their seats.

THE DIRECTOR
We're losing light, kids, and we got the wind machine fixed. Let's get this done.

THE DIRECTOR takes in the flowers, chocolates and champagne.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Kidding? A fucking picnic? Loose that shit and get back in character.

He struggles to get an arm through the gap, extending a sheaf of light green papers.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Here's the changes. A couple for you, Cal. And dammit Jille, the line is 'Who's this top-heavy trollop, you bloody ass of a man!' Get it right. Please.

Jille takes the papers, smiling.

JILLE
Have I said what a delight it is to work with you, too, Carl? We simply must do it again sometime.

THE DIRECTOR
Hell! Nose outta my ass, miss prima donna.

The Director/Carl disappears.

Then as suddenly, pops back in.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 Uh, you know... happy anniversary
 lovebirds and all that crap.
 (re: the picnic)
 Now, lose the shit and let's get
 the shot!

His face disappears but the voice continues:

THE DIRECTOR O.S.
 (receding)
 C'mon people, burning daylight and
 three days late! Let's get this
 last shot and wrap it. Shit, Frank,
 turn down that wind! It's not a
 fucking hurricane...

Cal reaches for the bottle and re-pours the two cups and they
 quickly drink.

CAL
 Not sure Captain Warmth gets the
 connection between patience and
 sexy.

JILLE
 Quite certain he does not.

They finish their cups as movie folks move around removing
 the 'picnic' and retouching makeup. With regret, Jille lets a
 young lady take the flowers.

JILLE (CONT'D)
 Let's get it right, blow this scene
 and catch the first plane south and
 we'll celebrate late in warm, oily
 style. And I promise to taste all
 chocolaty.

A LAST KISS as a grip with clapper board, reading in part
 "Just Plane Unexpected," steps near.

CAL
 Happy Valentine's.

JILLE
 Happy Anniversary.

The clapper claps.

CUT TO BLACK.