FADE IN:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A sea of cabs, cars, and airport shuttles arrive and depart at the curbside of Value Airlines terminal. Travelers rush in and out of the terminal's automatic doors - wheeled luggage in tow.

EXT. TERMINAL CURB - DAY

A shuttle bus slides to a stop at the curb. JOSE GARCIA, early thirties, dashes around the bus, rips the door open, waves his hand in front of his nose.

JOSE
My God. Was that you or your dog?

Meet WINDY RAPP a middle thirty year old fashion disaster. She looks ten years older than her age and at least fifty pounds over weight.

She weeble wobbles out of the bus carrying an overstuffed tote bag and a small pet carrier containing a ratty looking poodle named PHILLY in the other.

WINDY
I'm so sorry. I should know better. Little Philly just can't digest French fries.

JOSE
Do you need some matches?

WINDY
Oh that would be so nice. Thank you.

Jose ring tosses a book of matches into her tote bag.

Windy's purple polyester clad legs swoosh with every step.

INT. AIRPORT - GATE 14 - DAY


Travelers stand lined up behind Windy to board the jet way to the aircraft.

An impatient foil blonde midget MEGAN ABLEMAN stands on a two foot box and holds her hand for Windy's boarding pass.

Windy squats and digs into her messy tote for her boarding pass.
MEGAN
Will it be today or will we have to
delay this flight just for you.
C'mon passengers are waiting.

WINDY
I'm sorry.

MEGAN
Yeah what ever. I announced not two
minutes ago to have your boarding
pass out and ready. Didn't you
listen?

WINDY
I'm really sorry. I didn't hear you.

Megan depressed the intercom button and speaks.

MEGAN
Can you hear me now!

Shoves her hand farther out. Finally, she produces a wrinkled
boarding pass. As she stands...

WHOOSH.

Travelers and Megan recoil from Windy's rear end wrath. A
cloud of comment swirls among the travelers.

WINDY
Philly! That was not nice. No more
fries for you. Shame on you.

She swoops his cage off the counter, waddles and swooshes
into the jet way toward the aircraft.

INT. AIRPLANE - DOOR - DAY

Two brunette women in uniform greet passengers. Meet ANNE
RICHMOND and LESLIE HARDWELL.

Anne sets the phone back into the cradle and taps Leslie on
the shoulder.

LESLIE
Welcome to Valaue Airlines.

A traveler sneaks past the flight attendants with arms
stuffed.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Sup girlfriend? Last night was a
blast. Let's spark up later.
ANNE
Shhh. Not here. Megan called and said to watch out for a stinky lady coming our way.

LESLIE
Stinky like perfume stinky?

ANNE
Like fart stinky.

LESLIE
Gross!

Windy arrives at the cabin door. Both girls try to recoil from her wind trail. She bangs her hips and Philly's cage against the cabin walls as she enters.

Leslie squeezes her nostrils together.

Passengers wince as they walk through Windy's gas trail.

ANNE
Welcome to Value... ew... Airlines. Nasty.

She waves away the stench.

INT. AIRPLANE - SEAT - DAY

Windy squeezed her flabby hips into the thin seat. She Buckles Philly's cage into the middle seat.

Anne closes overhead bins.

WINDY
Excuse me. Excuse me. Could I bother you for a pillow?

ANNE
Sure.

She snaps the overhead open, claws a pillow, and softball tosses it to Windy from a distance.

WINDY
Oh thank you much. You're a doll.

Anne tries to escape.

WINDY (CONT'D)
This my best friend Philly.

ANNE
It's so nice to have a best friend inst it?
She attempts to move on.

WINDY
Do you have anyone special in your life?

ANNE
I'm sorry...

WINDY
Anyone special in your life?

Anne is bumped by AMIR SADIR, a dapper Middle Eastern businessman.

AMIR
This is my seat.

ANNE
(to Windy)
We'll have to chat later.

Continuing to close overhead bins.

WINDY
Excuse me. Before you take your seat would you be a gentleman and hand me a blanket.

Amir reaches up, grabs a blanket, and kindly hands it to her.

WINDY (CONT'D)
You are so nice. Thank you.

He settles into his seat. Windy covers.

WINDY (softly) (CONT'D)
I have to warn you. My dog Philly has been bad.

Amir is curious and bends toward her. He recoils from the lingering stink.

AMIR
Oh...Oh god.

WINDY
Yes he has. Haven't you Philly. He had French fries.

AMIR
French fries for a dog?

WINDY
Gave him gas.
AMIR
Well I sure hope you can control your dog. I didn't pay good American dollars to fly with a stinky dog.

Windy gets the hint. She ruffles her blanket and snuggles up to the window.

Amir gets a whiff of noxious bodily gas and hangs his head out into the aisle way.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - BULKHEAD - DAY

Leslie barks out emergency information. The plane bumps and taxies.

LESLIE
Snap the metal end into place and pull tight. To release lift the buckle end...

Anne walks the aisle reminding passengers to put their tables and seats in the upright position.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Establishing - Value Airlines turns onto the runway.
Establishing - Lift off into the wild blue yonder.

INT. AIRPLANE - SEAT - DAY

Windy squirms restlessly in her seat. Philly whines.

Amir sleeps.

WINDY
(tapping Amir)
Sir... Excuse me. Sir.

His eyes roll open.

WINDY (CONT'D)
Sir, could you excuse me for a few minutes?

AMIR
No.

WINDY
No? I need to...

AMIR
I said no.
He drift back off to sleep.

LATER

Amir has come to, pulls out his newspaper to read.

    WINDY
    Excuse me. Could I get out now?

    AMIR
    Get out?

    WINDY
    Yes, get out to use the facilities.

    AMIR
    No.

    WINDY
    I really need to get out.

    AMIR
    Please. I pay good money just like you for this flight. Leave me alone.

Back to the newspaper.

Windy pulls the book of matches from her tote. She throws the book on Amir's lap.

    WINDY
    If you insist on not moving you may need these.

    AMIR
    Why would I need these?

    WINDY
    To breathe.

She wiggles under the blanket and...

FRAPPPPPP!

A supersonic sounding fart.

Windy waves the blanket up and down across her lap.

    WINDY (CONT'D)
    I warned you.

    AMIR
    American pig!

He heaves the book of matches at Windy, unbuckles and rushes away.
A beautiful twenty-something brunette, CINDY ZOOPA pops up from the seat in front of Windy. Face to face.

CINDY
Lady stop farting! You stink.

Finally embarrassed. Windy strikes a match. The burning match ignites her blanket and sends it up in flames. She jettisons it into the aisle.

LATER

Leslie holds a smoking fire extinguisher. White foam coats the doused blanket, seats, Philly, and Windy.

LESLEY
(pissed)
This is a non-smoking flight.

WINDY
I wasn't smoking.

CINDY
She wasn't smoking.

LESLEY
What?

CINDY
She was farting.

Windy glances up with puppy dog eyes, and then...

WHOMMMMMPPPP.

Cindy and Leslie peel away from her stench.

WINDY
It wasn't me.

Windy points at Philly.

WINDY (CONT'D)
It was Philly.
(to Philly - scolding)
No more French fries for you Philly!

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Value Airlines touches down with swirling smoke from the tires.

PILOT (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen. On behalf of Value Airlines we sincerely apologize for this inconvenience.

(MORE)
PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
All security violations are taken seriously and we must follow protocol.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A dark haired TSA supervisor, BART BIGMANN, paces. He displays a noticeable limp and glass eye.

Windy and Philly stir in their chairs just in front of a walnut desk. Two TSA agents stand at ease behind them.

BART
Do you know why you are here?

WINDY
Because of Philly?

Bart stops pacing and slams his fists down on the desk.

BART
Wrong! -- No you're here for starting a fire on an airplane.

Paces again.

BART (CONT'D)
A fire as a result of your uncontrollable farting. Do you need to see a doctor?

WINDY
It was Philly.

BART
It wasn't your dog. It was you. Admit it.
(beat)
So let me ask you again, Do you know why you are here?

Lean on his desk again.

WINDY
Okay, yes. I know. I know why I'm here. I farted! I farted on an airplane.

Bart pulls up a chair at the desk, ruffles around for paper and a pen.

BART
So here's the deal. You admit your problem in front of the media and Value Airlines has agreed to drop any charges.
Windy stands, squirms uncomfortably.

WINDY
Could I use the bathroom first.

BART
No!

WINDY
No?

BART
No. After you admit to the media you did it.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Windy squirms and leans side to side. Philly barks. A tall lanky salted hair reporter, LEW JOHNS interviews Windy.

LEW
To recap. Windy Rapp has just admitted to passing gas on a Value Airlines flight. She admits she struck a match and set a blanket on fire.

WINDY
Can I go now?

LEW
Windy, one more question before you go.

A pained look on her face. Then...

WHOOSH.

WINDY
Ut oh!

LEW
What's that smell?

WINDY
Huh, that was a little wetter than I expected.

A brown runny substance trickles out of her polyester pant leg and onto the tile floor.

Lew drops his microphone.

LEW
Jesus. Anyone got a match?
WINDY
Oh wait. I do.

Hands him the book of matches. He strikes two together.

Windy carefully waddles away toward a ladies rest room. Philly barks as she drips away toward the rest room.

FADE OUT:

THE END