

ATTENDANT  
"PILOT"

Written By:  
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TEASER

INT. FLIGHT 2171, SKY WEST AIRLINES - AFTERNOON

This flight is packed and it's a real passenger-complaining, constant-baby-crying kind of flight.

BRIDGETTE (female, late 20's/early 30's) begins to walk the aisles passing out coffee as the plane hits some rough air.

The fasten seatbelt light comes on.

PILOT

(on intercom)

We're hitting a little bit of choppy air up here and have turned on the seatbelt lights. We should be back to a smooth flight in no time. Until then, we ask that you buckle up and enjoy the rest of your flight.

Bridgette hands a coffee to a passenger.

BRIDGETTE

Coffee?

The passenger accepts. She continues to walk and the cabin shakes again.

She gets up to a passenger (RUDE PASSENGER) who is unbuckled and taking a phone call VERY loudly.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Sir. You need to fasten your seatbelt and we ask that all devices be in airplane mode until the pilot has given the all clear.

Rude Passenger waves her off.

RUDE PASSENGER

(on phone)

What? Sorry, the service is garbage up here. I mean that in more ways than one. You ever flown Sky West? Ah, it's terrible. I --

BRIDGETTE

Sir. I'm going to have to ask you to turn off your--

RUDE PASSENGER  
 (on phone, annoyed)  
 Hey, man. I'm gonna have to call  
 you back. Got one of 'em Sky West  
 Sticklers up here.

He hangs up. Bridgette composes herself.

BRIDGETTE  
 Now. Sir. Would you like a coffee?

The cabin shakes.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)  
 And please fasten your seatbelt.

RUDE PASSENGER  
 Christ! You attendants ever stop?  
 Just keep running your mouths.  
 (terse, demanding)  
 Yeah. Give me one.

Bridgette through gritted teeth makes him a cup of coffee.  
 She hands it to him and begins to walk away. He takes a sip.

RUDE PASSENGER (CONT'D)  
 Eh... No, no, no. Come back, come  
 back.

Bridgette is at the end of her rope. She walks back to Rude  
 Passenger.

BRIDGETTE  
 (pissed, feigning  
 concern)  
 Something wrong?

RUDE PASSENGER  
 This is what passes as coffee here?  
 You kidding? Try again.

Bridgette reaches for the cup, but Rude Passenger tosses the  
 cup onto the service cart and coffee splashes all over  
 Bridgette. The whole cabin is taken by surprise.

There is a stark, uncomfortable silence as Bridgette starts  
 to prep him a new cup of coffee. Naturally, she's fuming.

The cabin shakes.

She goes to hand him the coffee.

RUDE PASSENGER (CONT'D)  
 You'd think a halfway pretty little  
 Cart Tart could make a cup of  
 coffee but here we are...

Something seems to have...snapped in Bridgette.

The cabin shakes. She almost drops the coffee and recovers,  
 but this gives her an idea. A bad idea, but an idea.

Bridgette pours the coffee all over Rude Passenger's lap.

BRIDGETTE  
 Let me know if you're not  
 satisfied.

Rude Passenger is crawling out of his skin trying to dry  
 himself, yelling, kicking, screaming, but Bridgette doesn't  
 show any concern. She continues down the cabin to the next  
 passenger.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)  
 Coffee?

INT. RALPH-ANDERSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Bridgette and SCOTT (late 20's, male, unassuming) walk  
 hastily through the airport. Bridgette with a rolling  
 suitcase, Scott with a bag slung over his shoulder. They are  
 in their flight attendant clothes just moments after flight  
 2171 has landed.

BRIDGETTE  
 How mad do you think he'll be?

SCOTT  
 I don't know. Assaulting passengers  
 with fresh coffee probably isn't on  
 the list of things he loves.

BRIDGETTE  
 When have we ever given "fresh"  
 coffee?

SCOTT  
 Funny how you don't take issue with  
 "assault".

BRIDGETTE  
 If I wanted to assault him then I  
 would have assaulted him, but I  
 didn't. I'm a professional.

SCOTT  
You tried to burn him.

BRIDGETTE  
At best, I tried to scald him.  
There's a magnitude of difference.

The two continue, dodging a trolley labeled "Ralph-Anderson International Airport".

SCOTT  
Holland isn't going to be happy,  
Bridgette. Sky West has taken a lot  
of flack lately and he -- we really  
don't need you pouring coffee on  
every misguided passenger.

The two walk to the counter of a coffee shop in the airport.

BARISTA  
The usual?

BRIDGETTE  
Yeah.

SCOTT  
Gimme two this time. Thanks.

The Barista goes to make the order.

BRIDGETTE  
This guy sits on his phone  
disregarding all air traffic rules,  
throws a cup of coffee at me and  
he's just "misguided"?

SCOTT  
He just--I don't know. I'm sure he  
was just having a bad day or  
something. It happens.

BRIDGETTE  
A bad day?

SCOTT  
(realizing he stepped in  
it)  
...or something? Yeah?

BRIDGETTE  
Scott. I'm starting to think you're  
the one who's misguided.

The Barista places three cups of coffee on the counter.

BARISTA

Here you go.

BRIDGETTE

Thanks.

Bridgette grabs one, Scott the other two. The two begin to walk.

SCOTT

Look I just --

BRIDGETTE

Why are you defending him? You don't even know him.

SCOTT

Because I don't want you to lose your job, okay? Because when you walk into Holland's office I want you to be level-headed, apologetic Bridgette. Not take-the-bull-by-the-horns Bridgette. Also. My father's here somewhere and the whole me being an attendant thing never sat right with him so I just... I don't know-- I just want things to go smooth if we see him.

BRIDGETTE

Oh, well forgive me for not handling my embarrassment and public degradation with more grace and finesse.

SCOTT

Bridge...

BRIDGETTE

No, no. Next time, I'll do much better.

SCOTT

C'mon. I just---

As they walk FRED, Scott's father, greets them in the crowd.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(to Bridgette, pleading)

Please. No drama. Just until he's gone.

(to Fred, handing him coffee)

Dad! You're here!

FRED

Of course.

SCOTT

Dad, I'm sure you remember  
Bridgette.

Fred and Bridgette shake hands.

FRED

It's been too long, Bridgette!  
Chelsea talks about you so much  
though doesn't feel like I missed a  
thing. How've you been?

BRIDGETTE

Oh, you know. Same ol', same ol'.

SCOTT

C'mon Bridge! She's now one of Sky  
West's best attendants. Taught most  
of us a thing or two.

BRIDGETTE

Well...let's not get carried away.  
(to Fred)  
Hope you didn't get pulled away  
from anything too exciting.

FRED

Luckily my job doesn't know any  
excitement. Been an accountant for  
about 25 years now. Not the most  
glamours job but it's a good...  
strong profession.

SCOTT

(taking issue with Fred's  
words)  
Dad. C'mon.

FRED

(to Bridgette)  
He was always the sensitive one.  
You seem like you have your head on  
straight. I was never able to teach  
him anything. Sounds like you may  
be able to do what I never could.

BRIDGETTE

I'll see what I can do.

Just then, HOLLAND (40s, Male, stern and commanding), Bridgette's manager, storms over to her, catching the three of them off guard. He's very clearly upset.

HOLLAND  
Bridgette!

BRIDGETTE  
Holland, look--

HOLLAND  
You?! Of all people, you?! I can't believe this. Do you know what you've done? Do you really understand what you did? I just--my office, Bridgette.

Holland without even acknowledging Scott or Fred, storms off just as quickly (and angrily) as he came in.

There's a stillness. This isn't a smooth as Scott would have liked it...

BRIDGETTE  
Well. You know...I uh...

There's nothing she can say. She just walks off.

FRED  
So. The best you have?

SCOTT  
Never said she was a...*good* teacher...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HOLLAND'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bridgette sits, annoyed, while HOLLAND tries with every bit of a mental fortitude he has to drive home the problem that Bridgette has caused.

HOLLAND

This really doesn't register with you does it? It eludes you in its entirety. You know he can sue us, Bridgette? You know what that would do to us?

BRIDGETTE

I know, Holland. I know. This guy, man, he just got under my skin. The things he said, the things he did.

HOLLAND

What he did was force my hand and now I gotta comp this guy's tickets for God knows how long and I have to explain that to my boss. You think Wallace is going to take kindly to this? As if we didn't have enough pressure and now Wallace's sitting in a room with the guy who's got an axe to grind.

BRIDGETTE

And I'm supposed to sympathize with him? He's going to throw a freebies at some jerk and walk out the room the good guy. Do you know what it's like to be belittled in front of that many people? What that feels like?

HOLLAND

Imagine--just for a moment--  
imagine a world where you didn't  
harass the customer.

BRIDGETTE

Imagine a world where I didn't get  
harassed by the customer.

Holland finally loses it. He's just not getting through to her.

HOLLAND

(angry)

You could have just walked away!

BRIDGETTE

(angry)

And let him go around thinking that's okay for the next attendant on deck?

HOLLAND

(angry)

There are other ways to handle the situation is all I'm saying!

BRIDGETTE

(angry)

You're telling me you wouldn't have done the same thing!

HOLLAND

(angry)

Of course I would have done the same damn thing!

(a beat)

Bridgette. I can't just let this go. He's pissed, he's making all kinds of threats. He opens his mouth to any reporter or, hell, even a Yelp review and people are going to start looking to us to see what we do. That's where we are now, Bridgette. I'm sorry, but if this goes public, I have be able to send a message.

BRIDGETTE

Six years here as an attendant and all I boil down to is an example?

HOLLAND

(trying to be more civil)

Look--I'll see what I can do, but we can't have a senior attendant do something like this and have it go unanswered. That sends the wrong message to the other attendants, you have to be able to understand that.

BRIDGETTE

(reluctant)

Yeah. Yeah, I do.

HOLLAND

You're going to lose priority on schedule bids for the next couple weeks and if I'm being honest you're getting off easy.

BRIDGETTE

(stern)

But...not this weekend, right?

HOLLAND

Bridgette. This starts now.

BRIDGETTE

No, no, no, Holland. I took this weekend off for a reason.

HOLLAND

And you're now on reserve this weekend for a reason.

BRIDGETTE

I'm in a wedding. Like--in, in a wedding! You've got to understand tha--

HOLLAND

What you've got to understand, Bridgette, is that this right here, this is me saving your job. You're on reserve. It's that or Wallace will walk you out himself. It's what he wanted in the first place.

Bridgette holds back.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

Anything else?

BRIDGETTE

I just... I know today--

HOLLAND

Don't worry. We know you're good, Bridgette. Really good. You just didn't show it today.

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Bridgette walks into the apartment. Tired. It's like she's never seen a bed before. She takes off her shoes and drops her bags at the front.

She makes her way to the living room where CHELSEA (late 20's, female, always juggling one too many plates) is sitting on a couch surrounded by paper, typing away on her laptop while the news plays on the tv in the background. Bridgette falls, desperately, on to the adjacent unoccupied chair.

CHELSEA  
(preoccupied by work)  
Heard it was an eventful day.

BRIDGETTE  
We got any scotch left?

CHELSEA  
(preoccupied by work)  
I drank it all.

BRIDGETTE  
It was an entire bottle, Chels!

CHELSEA  
(preoccupied by work)  
I'm planning a wedding. I drank it all.

BRIDGETTE  
(she concedes)  
Fair.  
(she thinks to herself)  
Got seniority pulled on bidding this week. And of course I'm on reserve this week so...

This gets Chelsea's attention. This adds another thing to her list of growing wedding concerns.

CHELSEA  
(concerned)  
What days?

BRIDGETTE  
I just want start by saying that I did do my due diligence and honestly you'd be proud of what I did...just maybe not when I did it.

CHELSEA  
(She stops, all eyes on Bridgette)  
Bridgette. What days?

BRIDGETTE  
Friday...

CHELSEA

You're supposed to be at rehearsal with me!

BRIDGETTE

...and Sunday.

CHELSEA

You're supposed to be hungover with me!

BRIDGETTE

Yeah, well, reserve never really matters when you have as much seniority as I do.

CHELSEA

It matters now.

BRIDGETTE

I have less seniority now than when I woke up so, suffice to say, it's been one hell of a day.

CHELSEA

(worried)

Bridge... What about Saturday? You are at least going to be at the wedding right?

Bridgette avoids eye contact, looking far away to break it to her easy. Chelsea sees right through it.

BRIDGETTE

So...

CHELSEA

Oh my god, Bridgette no. C'mon, Bridgette! My wedding? Really? You remember you're in it right?

BRIDGETTE

Chels, look I'll--

Chelsea is up in arms.

CHELSEA

No! You're my maid of honor! Do you know how important to me it is that you're there? I can't imagine... Do you know what that's going to do to me if you're not there?

BRIDGETTE  
(suddenly serious)  
Do you know what'll do to me?

Chelsea is annoyed, but touched. She's starting to come back down.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)  
(comforting)  
Don't worry. It'll work out, okay?  
We got enough newbies that'll get  
the call well before I do.

CHELSEA  
Famous last words. Got enough  
problems as is.  
(a beat, regarding the  
tv)  
I mean look at this. A storm moving  
up the coast this late in July?

BRIDGETTE  
Rain in Seattle. Who'd of thunk.

Chelsea does not appreciate the joke. At all.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)  
(timid)  
Not the time?

CHELSEA  
It's summer! Do you know how many  
weather reports I checked before  
picking the date?

BRIDGETTE  
I'm guessing, like, a lot?

Chelsea shuffles through some papers and spreads a smattering of weather reports across the table.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's a lot.

CHELSEA  
Crosschecked the chance of rain for  
this date over the last ten years  
myself!

BRIDGETTE  
That's totally normal.

CHELSEA

And now if this isn't enough, the catering--

Bridgette finally sits up and goes to actually comfort Chelsea.

BRIDGETTE

Hey, hey. Chelsea. Look. It's going to be fine okay. I think you just need to take a little break.

(she closes Chelsea's laptop)

Me and you have something in common. We got lives beginning to spin out of control and we just need to take a minute to ourselves, right?

CHELSEA

(calming down)

Yours isn't so bad. Travel the world, see the sights.

BRIDGETTE

I'm going to be the recently divorced woman at your wedding whose plus one is my ex-husband.

CHELSEA

(awkward)

At least you two are still friends?

BRIDGETTE

Best friends. But, you know what's better than best friends? Pizza. Who needs friends, future husbands, or ex-husbands when you have pizza. You hungry?

The doorbell rings. Chelsea gets up to get the door.

CHELSEA

Speaking of.

BRIDGETTE

That better be a delivery man.

GARRETT (Male, early 30s), the ex-husband, walks in behind Chelsea. Bridgette gets real disappointed real, real fast.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

You got pizza?

GARRETT

No. But. I heard you two are having a bad day and I brought movies.

CHELSEA

My day was fine thank you very much.

GARRETT

It's three days before your wedding, you're not doing fine.

Chelsea shrugs and takes her seat. *Man's got a point.*  
Bridgette becomes more attentive.

BRIDGETTE

Where's Sam?

GARRETT

Dropped him off at your mother's.

BRIDGETTE

He get to school okay today?

GARRETT

Yeah. Yeah he's fine. He wanted me to make sure your still coming to the recital next week. He's excited, you know?

BRIDGETTE

Yeah. I know my line up for next week.

CHELSEA

(a poignant jab)  
Unlike this week...

Garrett's confused.

BRIDGETTE

She's having a moment.

CHELSEA

Excuse me?

BRIDGETTE

Still not the time for jokes?

Chelsea just glares. And if glares could kill...

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

I'll talk to my supervisor tomorrow.

CHELSEA  
You already did that!

BRIDGETTE  
I'll talk to the other one.

GARRETT  
But you'll make it right. To the  
recital.

BRIDGETTE  
Yeah--Yeah absolutely.

GARRETT  
Seriously, Bridgette...

BRIDGETTE  
I-- This won't be like before. I'll  
be there. I promise.

GARRETT  
Good. He'll--We'll like that.

A beat. A long awkward beat.

Garret breaks the awkwardness by heading towards the kitchen.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
(to Chelsea)  
I'm gettin' parched. Got anything  
to drink?

CHELSEA  
Got scotch in the cabinet.

GARRETT  
Don't mind if I do.

Bridgette gives Chelsea a look that just screams, "what the  
literal hell". Chelsea is unconcerned.

CHELSEA  
Sorry. I believe I was having a  
moment.

INT. BREAK ROOM, RALPH-ANDERSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -  
MORNING

Another attendant, ANNA (Mid 20's, female), sits at a table  
with Scott, the both of them eating a small breakfast. The  
two are caught up in the middle of a conversation, one in  
which Scott is exhausted and flustered.

ANNA

What does that mean it's not a  
"man's" job?

SCOTT

(exhausted, can't make  
heads or tails of it)  
Who knows? I spent the whole night  
with him trying to gauge the worth  
of my manhood.

ANNA

So, does that mean it's a woman's  
job?

SCOTT

I learned my father is an expert at  
dodging that exact question.

ANNA

Can't say I'm surprised.

SCOTT

I mean, it's just a job right? I  
like being an attendant.

ANNA

But he's an accountant? What's  
manly about calculators and  
spreadsheets?

SCOTT

(mocking his dad)  
Numbers are raw, direct, and  
unrelenting.

ANNA

(confused)  
Masculinity seems so...exhausting.

SCOTT

(joking)  
You've no idea the burden us men  
have to endure.

Bridgette walks in and makes a B-line for the coffee maker  
and starts to make a cup of coffee.

BRIDGETTE

Morning.

SCOTT

Mornin'

ANNA  
(to Bridgette)  
You think being an attendant isn't  
a job for men?

Bridgette is invested in making her coffee, answering the questions, but not turning to the two.

BRIDGETTE  
Why do you ask?

SCOTT  
Dad said it isn't a job for men.

BRIDGETTE  
Does that mean it's a woman's job?

ANNA  
Said that.

BRIDGETTE  
He's an accountant what's manly  
about that?

ANNA  
Said that too!

BRIDGETTE  
Scott. The job is whatever you want  
it to be. Right now, for you, the  
job is proving yourself to your  
dad. For me, it's making the best  
pot of coffee I've ever made in my  
life.

ANNA  
You said you hate our coffee...

BRIDGETTE  
I--I never said that.

SCOTT  
You said it's coffee for peasants.

BRIDGETTE  
...peasants is a harsh word.

ANNA  
But it was your word.

A beat. Bridgette goes back to making coffee. Scott gets up to leave.

SCOTT

Anyway, I got to go get ready for this next flight. I'll see you guys.

Scott leaves.

ANNA

Heard you and Holland had a nice chat.

BRIDGETTE

Anna. How did you--

ANNA

(cutting off Bridgette)

I have eyes and ears all over the airport, Bridgette. And not just this one. All up and down the west coast.

BRIDGETTE

What're you mafia?

ANNA

No, but it's nice to know people on your standard routes. Never know when you may need to call in a favor.

BRIDGETTE

Yeah, that sounds like mafia.

ANNA

Heard Holland was trying to vouch for you with Wallace.

Bridgette is in the fridge looking for something.

BRIDGETTE

Speaking of. You think Wallace is a french vanilla or hazelnut kind of guy?

ANNA

Why? For "your" coffee?

BRIDGETTE

You're right. Hazelnut.

Bridgette adds the hazelnut creamer to the coffee and begins to stir it.

ANNA

I heard that his vouching didn't go so well. Put him in an even worse mood.

BRIDGETTE

How bad?

WALLACE (50's, male) enters the break room. He's on a warpath and is as impatient as he can get. He heads directly for the fridge.

WALLACE

(to no one in particular)  
Morning.

ANNA

Morning, Wallace.

BRIDGETTE

Good morning, sir. Hope your day's going well so far?

WALLACE

Day's just begun, so by my watch you've got about...18 hours left to ruin it.

Wallace takes a breakfast sandwich out of the fridge and proceeds to the nearby microwave and places it inside. Bridgette follows, coffee in hand.

BRIDGETTE

I am so sorry about-- Well, I'm just sorry.

WALLACE

Bridgette. I have five very short and, hopefully, very uneventful minutes before I have to do yet another round of damage control and, with any luck, I'll somehow get myself a cup of coffee because God knows I'm going to need it today.

BRIDGETTE

Here. Have mine.

Wallace takes the coffee and has a sip.

WALLACE  
 (disapproving)  
 Hazelnut? Not wasting any of those  
 18 hours are you?

The microwave buzzes. He gets his food out.

BRIDGETTE  
 So, I have this thing this weekend  
 and...

WALLACE  
 You're not are you?

BRIDGETTE  
 It's just, I'm in a wedding and I  
 really can't be on reserve this  
 week.

WALLACE  
 You're doing it. You're actually  
 doing it.

BRIDGETTE  
 If we can just put off changing my  
 priority for just a little while...

WALLACE  
 No, Bridgette. No. You wouldn't  
 even have your job if it weren't  
 for Holland! If you get called, you  
 answer. If you don't answer, then  
 there's no need to come back. I'm  
 about to go to a meeting where I'm  
 sure there is a whole Power Point  
 slide dedicated to you. So, if you  
 want something from me, then here.

Wallace pulls out a small sheet of paper from his wallet and  
 shoves it at Bridgette. Wallace leaves.

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
 We went for the deluxe package. The  
 least we could do.

ANNA  
 What is it?

BRIDGETTE  
 It's a Dry-cleaning bill.

*This...Did not go as planned.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FLIGHT 3823, SKY WEST AIRLINES - MORNING

Aboard a fairly packed flight, Bridgette stands in the middle of the aisle doing a safety demonstration.

RECORDING

(over intercom)

...this aircraft has six emergency exits. Two in the front, two towards the rear of the plane and two window exits, one on either side over the wing. Should the cabin pressure change, an oxygen mask will be revealed from a panel above. Place the mask over your nose and mouth and adjust the straps. Please secure your mask before helping others. Know that oxygen is flowing even if the bag does not inflate. On behalf of the crew of Sky West we want to thank you for your business and your trust. Please, enjoy your flight.

After a brief pause, Bridgette walks towards the rear of the plane.

GALLEY:

Bridgette makes it to the galley at the back of the plane. RUTH is busy getting the cart prepped for inflight service

RUTH

Get the wheel lock for me would ya'?

Bridgette kneels down and locks the wheels in place.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The two start to pack up the service cart.

BRIDGETTE

How many services we running today?

RUTH

Two snacks and a meal. Coast to Coast is the worst.

BRIDGETTE

I don't know. I think I kinda love it. Way up here. All your problems seem so far away. When you look at it that way, it's hard to think of a better job to have.

RUTH

Wish I had your love for the job. New York's nice at least. You ever been on Broadway?

BRIDGETTE

When I had just turned twenty. Can't say I remember it much.

RUTH

Oh, it's great. Seeing the lights from up here though? Makes me home sick, you know?

BRIDGETTE

Ruth. I have a favor to ask.

RUTH

Let me guess. You want to swap schedules?

BRIDGETTE

(confused)  
How did you--?

RUTH

Anna. That girl spreads gossip like wildfire.

BRIDGETTE

I swear...

RUTH

Well, I would if I could but I'm off all weekend.

BRIDGETTE

Kinda why I want to switch schedules with you.

RUTH

Kind of why I don't. That and my kid's got her first soccer game. Can't miss it.

Bridgette mood stumbles. She seems to be wearing her heart on her sleeve. Ruth can't help but notice.

BRIDGETTE

Yeah. I've missed a lot of firsts  
with my kid. I've missed...well a  
lot.

They finish the prep.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

I'll get the lock.

Bridgette unlocks the wheel lock and the two start to bring  
the cart down the aisle.

RUTH

You know Jen? Started a couple  
months ago? I think her line has  
her off this weekend.

BRIDGETTE

Not really. Think she'd go for it?

RUTH

Maybe. Don't know her too well. But  
she seems nice, may be willing to  
help out.

BRIDGETTE

Think she'll be back at Ralph-  
Anderson tonight?

RUTH

Actually. Lucky for you, her flight  
has her with a layover in JFK. You  
may be able to catch up with her in  
a few hours.

BRIDGETTE

Really? Th-that's great!

The two divert their attention from each other as they reach  
the front of the plane. The two begin the snack service.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Sir? What would you like to drink?

EXT. CATERER'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

At a table outside on a patio, Chelsea and her fiancé,  
CARTER, sit opposite of Fred and Scott. MONICA, the caterer  
for Chelsea and Carter's wedding, sits at the head of the  
table.

Food has just been put in front of everyone, except Monica, by the WAITER.

MONICA

Here we have the same sampler of hors d'oeuvres you tried before, but with the changes you've asked for. On the left you have our mini-beef wellingtons. In the middle the ahi tuna on wontons now with a fresh apple slaw as requested. Finally, rounding out the sampler, our Thai inspired chicken skewers.

CHELSEA

These look delicious!

The four start to sample the food. Chelsea takes a bite of the beef Wellington and is simply blown away.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(happily)

Oh my God.

CARTER

Wow. Yeah. These are definitely a winner.

CHELSEA

(to Fred)

Dad? How's it taste.

FRED

Expensive.

Chelsea gives Fred *that look*. That look that no dad can withstand.

FRED (CONT'D)

But...worth it.

Monica addresses the table with pen in hand taking some notes.

MONICA

Well, as you know, it's the final day for adjustments. We have you down for 120 people. Correct?

CARTER

We've invited 150.

CHELSEA

(she interjects, to  
Monica)

But we can go with about 120.  
Flakes and courtesy invites for  
people that'll never show. You know  
how it goes.

CARTER

Yeah, hun, but we invited them. We  
have to account for them.

CHELSEA

(slightly annoyed)

Okay, but, we're paying around \$90  
a head for the catering... I don't  
see why we don't save some money  
for the 30 or so we know won't  
show.

CARTER

The 30 that we assume won't show  
you mean.

CHELSEA

I-

Waiters arrive with samples of the main courses. Monica aims  
to level the temper.

MONICA

How about we split the difference  
and go with 135, yeah?

(to everyone)

Our entree samplers are here.

SCOTT

Looks great.

CARTER

Yeah.

MONICA

We made the changes that you two  
have asked for. The steak is now  
encrusted with peppercorn and  
dusted with white-truffle salt.  
Salmon is now served on a cedar  
plank as opposed to the applewood  
and it looks like we swapped the  
broccoli for the asparagus. Enjoy.

SCOTT

Way ahead of you.

They all eat in silence. It's kinda awkward. Chelsea and Carter were civil enough, but the "this clearly started in the car" tension still lingers strong until...

FRED

So. Carter. See you're just as analytical as ever.

CHELSEA

(annoyed)

Dad, just drop it.

CARTER

Honestly, Fred, I really didn't mean anything by--

FRED

Calm down, calm down, just making conversation.

The table has their defenses up. "Politics at the Thanksgiving table" sort of situation seems to be unfolding and the fallout seems imminent...

FRED (CONT'D)

Job still treatin' you right I take it?

CARTER

(cautious)

Yeah. Yeah. It's great. Production's been better than ever honestly and engineering has really been ramping up.

CHELSEA

Maybe not the time for--

FRED

(to Monica, proud)

He's an engineer. *Head* engineer. Developing technology for medical labs.

MONICA

(awkward)

That's wonderful. The desserts are--

The waiters come to clear the table.

FRED

(back to Carter)

All that production, you guys must be expanding?

A beat.

CARTER  
(still cautious...)  
Yeah. Actually, we are.

FRED  
Really.  
(to Scott)  
You still looking for a place to  
work?

SCOTT  
(tempering anger)  
I was never looking for anything,  
dad.

CARTER  
I thought you were happy as a  
flight attendant?

SCOTT  
I am. Very.

FRED  
But it's always just been a  
stepping stone.

SCOTT  
No. Dad, no. It's not a stepping  
stone. It's a career. It's my  
career.

MONICA  
(uncomfortable)  
If I could say real quick, that the  
changes to the dessert are--

SCOTT  
Is this why you told me I should  
come? To try and pawn me off on  
some new job?  
(to Chelsea)  
Did you even want me here?

CHELSEA  
(mortified, to Carter)  
Tell me you aren't in on this.

CARTER  
Honestly? I feel like I was part of  
a plan that I was never made aware  
of.

CHELSEA  
 (mortified, to Fred)  
 Dad!!

FRED  
 Oh, c'mon. I did not bring him to  
 trick him into some new career.

SCOTT  
 What is with you and my job? What  
 about it makes you so  
 uncomfortable? I'm happy, it's what  
 I want to do, and I support myself.

FRED  
 I'm your father and I'll always  
 want what's best for you. It's what  
 anyone would do for their son.

Scott gets up in a huff.

SCOTT  
 Save it. Don't worry. This weekend  
 you'll get another son. I'm sure he  
 won't disappoint.

CHELSEA  
 (low)  
 Scott...

Scott walks away just as the desserts are coming in...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, RALPH-ANDERSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -  
 AFTERNOON

It has been a long, long meeting.

Wallace sits at the conference table exasperated opposite of  
 two members of the board of directors, WESLEY (45, male) and  
 ALLISON(50, female). The two of them seem like they've been  
 through the ringer but the fight isn't over yet.

WESLEY  
 Can we just--Can we start from the  
 beginning?

WALLACE  
 (sarcastic)  
 Please. I would love nothing more.

WESLEY  
 Sky West has been in a decline for  
 the last three quarters.  
 (MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Ticket sales, concession, nothing's been on the rise and we see no signs of improvement.

ALLISON

Consistent with that, almost in direct parallel, is the customer service ratings. People just don't enjoy flying with this airline anymore. Incidents are being reported all over and unfortunately this week was no exception.

WALLACE

We've been through this! We have--

ALLISON

Blaming the "new staff" and their lack of experience isn't going to get you far.

WESLEY

Not to mention you've hired more personnel in the last year than anticipated by almost 25%.

WALLACE

(heated)

I've never gone over budget. I have to compensate for the turnover here. We got attendants leaving left and right.

WESLEY

And why do you think that is?

WALLACE

I don't know. We seem to only have money for new hires, but nothing for benefits and yearly raises. I've got attendants that've been here for years that can't even seem to get a promotion. Mix that with a job that flies you all over the world, they just gotta land somewhere and decide they don't want to be on the return flight home.

ALLISON

(accusatory)

And you think that's it?

WALLACE

...again?

ALLISON

Look, we are not saying that there is a problem with the leadership.

WESLEY

But what you are saying is that there is a leadership problem.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Yes. One that you can help address with a smaller, more cohesive team.

There is a lull in the conversation. Everyone is taking a minute to reset.

WALLACE

How many?

ALLISON

Everyone within the last six months.

WALLACE

(aghast)

LAST SIX MONTHS?! Do you know how many people--

WESLEY

It's not a discussion.

WALLACE

(almost pleading)

Allison, Wesley. You have to work with me here.

ALLISON

We are. The rest of the board wants the last six months *and* replacement of leadership.

WESLEY

But like we said, the leadership isn't the problem.

ALLISON

Let's keep it that way.

INT. JFK AIRPORT, TERMINAL - AFTERNOON

Bridgette and Ruth walk through the busy terminal heading towards the company lounging area.

BRIDGETTE

You really think she'll go for it?

RUTH

Couldn't tell you for sure, but she's looking to make a good impression.

BRIDGETTE

Do you know her?

RUTH

Know her well? No. But I've done a few flights with her.

BRIDGETTE

But you think she'll do it.

RUTH

Like I said, maybe!

BRIDGETTE

So, there is a chance?

A beat.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

(hopeful, to Ruth)

A good chance?

Ruth gives her a look. She's annoyed by the redundant questions.

They walk towards an employees only section of the airport and hand over their credentials (employee ID, photo ID) to a security officer.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

How busy do you think she is? Have any hobbies? Family?

RUTH

I'm sorry, you must be confused. See, I know her schedule, not her Tinder profile.

BRIDGETTE  
 (doesn't even hear Ruth)  
 Because if she does then there's no  
 way she's going to swap her weekend  
 schedule with me.

RUTH  
 Bridgette. You're like two minutes  
 from meeting her. Ask her yourself.

The security checks out. The officer opens the door for them  
 and they proceed down a hall with many doors.

BRIDGETTE  
 But you know she's in the lounge?

RUTH  
 No. But it'd make sense.

BRIDGETTE  
 What if she left?

RUTH  
 Then she'll be back.

BRIDGETTE  
 You sure?

RUTH  
 No, but I'd assume she'd like a  
 flight home.

They get to the door of the lounge. Ruth continues past,  
 Bridgette opens the door to go in.

BRIDGETTE  
 This is me.

RUTH  
 Thank God.

INT. JFK AIRPORT LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the lounge are a few employees of various airlines  
 but, with almost eagle-like precision, she spots the one  
 other Sky West Airlines attendant: JEN(30's, female,  
 southern). Jen sits at a table, reading a book.

Bridgette walks up and takes a seat next to her.

BRIDGETTE  
 Sorry, I don't mean to bother you  
 but are you Jen by chance?

Jen puts down the book. She happily gives Bridgette her full attention.

JEN

Yes ma'am!

BRIDGETTE

(shaking Jen's hand)

Bridgette. I don't think we've ever flown together have we?

JEN

Can't say that we have. Haven't been on many. Keen to remember most.

BRIDGETTE

How long've you been an attendant?

JEN

Only been a couple months and I'm not ashamed to say it's been the best time of my life. Seeing all the sights and meeting all the people. Was born an' raised in South Georgia. Never could quite seem to find my way outta the state.

BRIDGETTE

Really? Your whole life?

JEN

Had nowhere else to be, really. Family all lives in Georgia. Went to school in Georgia. First job was in Georgia. One day I finally felt the need to spread my wings and see the world.

BRIDGETTE

Sky West seems like the perfect fit!

JEN

More'n I could ask for. New set of good friends, new adventures everyday. Don't even feel home sick when the wings've got me above the clouds. Don't gotta care in the world up there.

BRIDGETTE

Nothing like it, right? Some days I almost wish I could live my whole life in the sky.

Bridgette reflects for a moment. She came for a favor but found intrigue.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Hey. Jen. I know we don't know each other too well, but I have to ask you something.

JEN

Sure!

BRIDGETTE

I heard you had this weekend off.

JEN

Luck of the draw I guess.

BRIDGETTE

Yeah... Yeah... I was wondering-- I'm in a tight spot and I've got reserve tomorrow and Sunday. Is there any possible way you'd swap weekend schedules with me?

JEN

Sure! My folks want me to come to some stuffy outing this weekend anyway. Not ashamed to say I would love an excuse to get out of it.

Bridgette is ECSTATIC!

BRIDGETTE

Y-You're serious? You'd do that?

JEN

I'll put in the change request today.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you! Thank you! You have no idea how much this means to me.

JEN

Like I said, I like it in the sky. Feel at home.

Bridgette has a weight lifted off her shoulder. She takes a moment to let it sink in, then returns her attention in earnest to Jen.

BRIDGETTE

So. Tell me more about Georgia.

JEN

You ever been?

BRIDGETTE

No, I haven't. Not outside of quick stops with Sky West in Atlanta.

JEN

Oh, well you gotta...

The conversation continues on.

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

It's late. Real, real late. 2am at the earliest. Bridgette is back from New York and is trying to enter the apartment as quiet as possible. The apartment's dark. She tip-toes in. She starts to head to her room when she sees Chelsea, with a glass of scotch in hand, in the dark on the couch watching tv.

BRIDGETTE

Uh? You okay? Chels?

CHELSEA

I've gotta say, after all these years being daddy's little girl... My dad is a grade A jerk.

BRIDGETTE

I didn't think he's a "scotch and Lifetime in the dark" kind of bad.

There's a pause. Bridgette tries to get Chelsea to get up off the couch, but she has no intention of moving.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

C'mon. Let's get you to bed. We got a rehearsal tomorrow.

CHELSEA

Today. Tomorrow's now today and I'm just not ready for today. My dad, Scott, this damn storm, everything. It's just one thing after another you know?

BRIDGETTE

Well, I got a surprise for you. Met a girl. Sweet. I--I think we really hit it off. We swapped schedules for the weekend.

CHELSEA

No more reserve?

BRIDGETTE

Not this weekend.

This brings a legitimate smile to Chelsea's face. It's what she needed to hear.

CHELSEA

Thanks. I just... I don't know if I could do this without you.

BRIDGETTE

It's just the scotch talking.

CHELSEA

(serious)

Seriously. Thank you. It means the world to me that you'll be up there with me.

Bridgette can't help but smile. The drama is all behind them.

BRIDGETTE

Now, c'mon. Let's get to bed.

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bridgette is sound asleep until the buzzing of her phone wakes her up. She checks her phone. 10 missed calls and even more missed messages. Every message is from Anna.

She gets another call from Anna.

BRIDGETTE

(groggy)

Yeah?

ANNA

(on phone)

Yeah?! What do you mean "yeah"?!

BRIDGETTE

I mean it's way too early so, *yeah*, I'm going to need you to call me later.

ANNA  
 (on phone)  
 They got fired!

BRIDGETTE  
 Who?

ANNA  
 Everyone!

BRIDGETTE  
 What?

ANNA  
 Well, not everyone but all the  
 newbies. Rachel, Quinn, Jen, like  
 over a dozen people fired.

BRIDGETTE  
 (she springs up, it's all  
 clicking)  
 Whoa, whoa, whoa! Sky West? We're  
 talking about Sky West?

ANNA  
 Yeah, it just went down, like, I  
 don't know, an hour ago or  
 something.

BRIDGETTE  
 What? What, why?!

ANNA  
 I don't know. Wallace had a meeting  
 with members of the board and--

BRIDGETTE  
 (worried)  
 You don't think...the coffee thing  
 wasn't...

ANNA  
 No. No, I don't think so but it  
 didn't help.

BRIDGETTE  
 God...  
 (dread sweeping over her)  
 The schedules. What do the  
 schedules look like this weekend?!

ANNA  
 (on phone)  
 Schedules?

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

They're the same as they've been  
all month. Nothing's changed. But I  
bet we're all about to take on more  
flights. Why?

Bridgette is slowly but surely breaking under the pressure  
and just when she thought it couldn't get worse, there's a  
knock on her door. Chelsea walks in.

CHELSEA

Hey. We're heading out to the  
rehearsal soon. You good?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - THE SAME MORNING

Chelsea has taken all that she can of the bickering between her father and her brother as they come down the hallway, stopping just before Bridgette's room.

CHELSEA  
I'm telling you it doesn't matter.

SCOTT  
Don't tell me, tell him.

FRED  
I dropped it.

SCOTT  
It's a Friday morning! Everyone is already at work! There is no traffic down I-90! We would've been here at least 10 minutes earlier!

CHELSEA  
(annoyed)  
Why does it matter? We're not leaving yet.

FRED  
(to Scott)  
I'm sorry, but have you ever driven before?

SCOTT  
Yeah. *Mom* taught me.

There is a sharp silence. Chelsea squares up with Scott.

CHELSEA  
(stern)  
Scott. Don't.

Chelsea knocks on Bridgette's door.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)  
Bridgette, you ready?

There's no answer for a moment. Chelsea goes to knock again.

BRIDGETTE  
(hurried)  
Hey.  
(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)  
 (Noticing the other two)  
 Oh. Hi, hey.

CHELSEA  
 I need you to make sure these two  
 don't kill each other. Or let 'em.  
 I don't know if I care or not.

SCOTT  
 What's a little emotional scarring  
 between father and son?

FRED  
 Would you stop?

CHELSEA  
 (to Bridgette)  
 You know what? Walls are thin. Just  
 keep an ear out.  
 (to Scott and Fred)  
 You two. Stay here.

Chelsea walks into the bathroom through the door that's on  
 the opposite side of Bridgette's room to freshen up and get  
 ready.

BRIDGETTE  
 Well then...

It's awkward... So, she just closes the door...

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette is getting dressed frantically and reveals she's  
 been on the phone the whole time.

BRIDGETTE  
 (to Anna, on phone)  
 Just double check.

ANNA  
 (on phone)  
 Again?

BRIDGETTE  
 Please.

ANNA  
 You're on reserve. Today through  
 Tuesday, reserve.

BRIDGETTE  
 You sure no one can cover for me?

ANNA  
Who? Everyone's fired!

SCOTT  
(o.s)  
It's always the same with you!  
Every time! Why even come if it's  
always such a chore for you?

BRIDGETTE  
(To Anna, on phone)  
Hold on.

Bridgette cracks open the door and pokes her head out.

HALLWAY:

FRED  
Well, there is the matter of your  
sister getting married. Don't know  
if you remember that in that self-  
absorbed world of yours.

BRIDGETTE  
(to Scott/Fred)  
Guys?

SCOTT  
We're fine.

BRIDGETTE  
Fred?

FRED  
Yeah, yeah.

BRIDGETTE  
Great. I need -- We need to make  
sure she's happy, okay? Very happy  
and very open to change.

SCOTT  
What?

Bridgette closes her door. Continues to get dressed.

ANNA  
(on phone)  
You didn't tell her did you?

BRIDGETTE  
(to Anna, on phone)  
Maybe when she calms down?  
(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

She's pretty stressed right now,  
not sure I'd make it out alive.

ANNA

Oh, c'mon, Bridgette. Just be  
honest with her. You'd want that,  
right?

FRED

(o.s.)

When did I say that? When did I  
ever say that? I never said you  
were a disappointment! Just that  
I'm...disappointed!

SCOTT

(o.s.)

In my job, where I live, my  
lifestyle, my life choices. The  
list goes on.

CHELSEA

(o.s., yelling)

Will the two of you STOP! For one  
minute! JUST ONE!

(a beat)

BRIDGETTE!!!!

BRIDGETTE

(To Anna, on phone)

Honesty can wait.

Bridgette pops her head out her room again just as the door  
on the opposite side of the hall slams shut.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Please! I am begging you. Stop  
upsetting her! My life may quite  
literally be in your hands!

SCOTT

Bridge. What're you--

BRIDGETTE

Just stop! Please!

Just as Bridgette closes her door, Chelsea opens hers and  
pokes her head out, curlers in hair, wielding a flat iron.

CHELSEA

We good?

SCOTT

We're good.

Chelsea closes her door.

BRIDGETTE'S ROOM:

ANNA

(on phone)

I don't know, Bridgette. There's a lot of flights going out today.

BRIDGETTE

(to Anna, on phone)

Anna...If they call me in...

ANNA

Maybe just call out sick?

BRIDGETTE

No way Wallace will buy that.

ANNA

Well, then, what are you going to do if it happens?

Bridgette picks up a photo off her nightstand. The photo is of herself, with Garrett and their son, SAM (about 8 years old).

BRIDGETTE

I can't lose this job. It's...It's my everything. I love being an attendant. I've given up so much for it.

ANNA

All this because of one jerk who totally deserved it. It's a shame! Never seen anyone love this job like you.

BRIDGETTE

It's where I feel the safest, feel the most complete. And it's been so long since I've felt complete. I can't lose it. Not over a reserve call. Not because I lost my cool once.

ANNA

But what about the wedding? What about Chelsea?

FRED (O.S.)

I'M TELLING YOU TO DROP IT!

Bridgette's just juggling too many plates. She finishes getting ready in a rush.

BRIDGETTE  
(to Anna, on phone)  
I'll call you later.

She hangs up.

HALLWAY:

SCOTT  
Fine. You want me to drop it? It's done.

FRED  
I don't get you. One minute you act like you want to bond with me, the next minute I'm the enemy.

SCOTT  
Maybe the constant reminders that I don't live up to your standards has something to do with it.

FRED  
Guess we're not all that different after all.

Both doors on either side of the hallway swing open wide. Both Bridgette and Chelsea pop their head out in a fury.

BRIDGETTE  
WILL YOU TWO JUST STOP!

CHELSEA  
WILL YOU TWO JUST STOP!

They both slam their doors closed at the same time.

SCOTT  
(to Fred)  
We are NOTHING alike!

The doorbell rings.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
IT'S OPEN!

FRED  
IT'S OPEN!

Carter walks down the hall.

CARTER  
Hey!

SCOTT  
(angry)  
Hi.

FRED  
(angry)  
Hello.

Chelsea, just then, walks out of the bathroom dressed in a beautiful summer dress, one that could only be rivaled by her wedding dress. She captivates everyone, especially Carter.

CARTER  
Wow. You look...

CHELSEA  
Yeah?

CARTER  
Yeah.

Fred goes to Chelsea, holds her hand, gives a fatherly kiss on the cheek.

FRED  
Beautiful. I'll go start the car.

As Fred leaves, Scott gives Chelsea a smile and follows Fred out. Carter and Chelsea share a short, quite, happy moment.

Bridgette walks in.

BRIDGETTE  
Is everything okay?

CHELSEA  
(relieved)  
Actually, with any luck, it just might be.

Carter and Chelsea walk out, Bridgette stays back for moment hoping quietly that everything will actually be okay...

WALLACE'S OFFICE, RALPH-ANDERSON AIRPORT - DAY

Wallace sits in his office staring out the window, watching the planes come in and out. It's been a long day and it's not even noon.

Holland walks in and closes the door behind him.

HOLLAND  
It's getting rough out there.

Wallace doesn't respond. It's unclear if he even knows that Holland is in the room.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

Weather's getting worse down the coast. Missed connections and cancelled flights causing some over bookings.

WALLACE

You'd think if we were as bad as the reviews say we'd have more than our fair share of empty seats.

HOLLAND

Gonna need some attendants today.

WALLACE

Not sure if you heard, but they're a little scarce these days.

Holland takes a seat opposite Wallace.

HOLLAND

Was there really nothing we could do?

WALLACE

It's pretty clear their decision was made before they got here.

HOLLAND

Was afraid of that...

WALLACE

They aren't going to take too many more quarters like this one again.

HOLLAND

Is it too obvious to ask how you're feeling?

WALLACE

You know, even if they don't see it, we got a good crew here. We've had our problems, but...

HOLLAND

We'll keep flying.

WALLACE

Let's get through the weekend.

HOLLAND  
(confident)  
I'll go make some calls.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - AFTERNOON

Everyone's together to rehearse the wedding. On stage in front of the alter is Scott who will be officiating the wedding. On one side of Scott are the 4 bridesmaids and Bridgette. On the other side are Carter, the 4 groomsmen, and the best man.

The DJ is near the stage with his equipment playing music for the rehearsal as Chelsea is walking down the aisle with her father, Fred. No one is in their attire for the wedding as this is just the rehearsal.

FRED  
Am I doing all right?

CHELSEA  
Yeah. Just one foot in front of the other.

FRED  
Still don't know how I feel about giving away my little girl to some boy, but I guess he's fine in my book.

CHELSEA  
"Giving away"? If I didn't know any better, I'd of thought I decided for myself.

FRED  
I'm just saying.

CHELSEA  
I know. Be sure to send the patriarchy my apologies.

FRED  
Honey...

They get to the steps that lead up to the stage.

CHELSEA  
(she laughs)  
It's a joke, daddy. Everything's gonna be fine.

They go up the steps. Chelsea and Carter take each others hands after Fred and Carter exchange a handshake. Fred walks down the steps to his seat.

Chelsea and Carter look at each other lovingly. The moment couldn't be any better unless it was their actual wedding day. Nothing could ruin this for them...

SCOTT

We're gathered here toda--?!

SCREEEEEEEECH!!!! An ear piercing screech nearly buckles everyone on stage as the feedback from Scott's microphone clipped on his shirt rings out.

DJ

Sorry. Sorry. I got it.

SCOTT

Oh my God. Are my ears bleeding?  
Think my ears are bleeding.

BRIDGETTE

(loudly)

What?

SCOTT

Seriously, I think I may need to see someone?

CHELSEA

(annoyed)

You're fine.

(to Bridgette)

How're we on time?

BRIDGETTE

(checking her watch)

Let's just focus on getting through the rehearsal ceremony, yeah?

CHELSEA

God... We still have so much.

DJ

Can I get a hand?

CHELSEA

Bridge?

BRIDGETTE

Of course.

Bridgette walks over to the DJ.

CHELSEA  
(to Bridesmaid)  
Did we at least get the reservation  
for the rehearsal dinner tonight?

BRIDESMAID  
Uh. Well. We had to make a  
change...

CHELSEA  
A change?!

BRIDESMAID  
The resturant double booked, BUT we  
did get a reservation at Vinni's!  
They can seat us all tonight!

BEST MAN  
Which Vinni's? The one on 10th or  
the one off Moreland?

BRIDESMAID  
Off Moreland.

BEST MAN  
The one off 10th is better.

BRIDESMAID  
Solid input. Maybe if you guys  
weren't late you could've actually  
pitched in.

BEST MAN  
Right, because traffic is something  
we can control.

CHELSEA  
Guys...

BRIDESMAID  
We told you to take backroads.

BEST MAN  
It's Friday after rush hour! I-90  
is never that backed up!

SCOTT  
That's what I said!

BRIDESMAID  
Obviously, it's not *never* that  
backed up because, as you may know,  
you were late and when you're late  
you don't get to have input.

FRED  
Tell 'em girls!

CHELSEA  
Dad...

The wedding party is slowly but surely falling into disarray. The bickering is constant and has pulled in the groomsmen, bridesmaids, Scott and Fred.

Chelsea watches in dismay. Carter comforts her.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)  
(Bordering on  
heartbroken)  
Is this really happening?

CARTER  
Hey, hey, c'mon... It's going to be fine, don't worry.

CHELSEA  
Look at this. Look at everyone. How can you not worry? I... This can't--

CARTER  
Today is the day for all the mistakes. And tomorrow, no matter what happens, it will be the best day of my life and we are going to remember this forever. Being up here, up in front of this alter, means that as long as we are together, despite our dysfunctional friends and family, I have nothing to worry about.

Chelsea finds her calm and the excitement of the wedding is coming back to her.

CHELSEA  
Best day of your life?

CARTER  
(he jokes)  
At least top five.

DJ  
Fixed it.

Bridgette comes back on the stage as everyone is resetting and taking their position. Chelsea is, finally, all smiles.

BRIDGETTE  
(to Chelsea)  
Ready?

CHELSEA  
(to Bridgette)  
Yeah.  
(to Scott)  
Let's try again.

SCOTT  
We are gathered here toda--

RING!! RING!! RING!! A cellphone is going off in the seats.

CHELSEA  
I swear to God...

It's Bridgette's phone. Bridgette quickly gets off stage.

BRIDGETTE  
Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I'll  
turn it off!

She gets to her phone in her purse and pulls it out to silence it when she sees the caller ID says "WORK". She hesitates, staring at the phone.

CHELSEA  
Bridge.

BRIDGETTE  
Yeah. Sorry. I'll uh...

CHELSEA  
(a beat)  
Bridgette...

She starts to put the phone back in her purse...but she just can't risk her job. She pulls the phone out and answers.

BRIDGETTE  
Hello?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. FLIGHT 5836, SKY WEST AIRLINES, GALLEY - AFTERNOON

Bridgette sits in a seat lost completely in the decision she has made. There's no turning back and she's not sure if this was the right decision to make.

The cabin rocks. DING! The fasten seatbelt sign comes on. She doesn't move.

DEAN, a fellow attendant, walks to the galley and takes a seat next to her and puts on his seatbelt.

The cabin rocks again.

DEAN

You gonna put that on?

This snaps Bridgette back. She puts on her seatbelt.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Getting really choppy out there.  
They almost cancelled this flight  
actually.

BRIDGETTE

Wish they would've...

DEAN

Aw, it's not that bad. Sacramento I  
mean. Honestly like it.

That's clearly not what she meant. The galley fills with  
silence.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm Dean by the way.  
(he waits for a response,  
doesn't get one)  
I like these fuller flights. You  
get more of the "action" you know?

DEAN (CONT'D)

(concerned)  
You okay?

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry I'm--Look, I'm just not  
feeling very well. If we could--

DEAN

Oh, do you need something? I can  
get you--

BRIDGETTE

(forceful)

I just don't want to talk right  
now! Just...please...

They sit in awkward silence for a moment when, DING! Someone  
pushes the "call attendant" button.

Dean gets up and walks out.

DEAN

(offended)

I'll get that.

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, TERMINAL B - EVENING

Bridgette gets off the plane and is walking through the  
terminal, quickly, passing all the crowds heading towards a  
restricted area. Her badge gets checked by security and she  
enters the restricted area and finds a break room.

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BREAK ROOM - EVENING

As she walks in, many of the attendants are watching a  
weather report.

BRIDGETTE

What's going on?

An attendant nods to the screen.

WEATHER PERSON

(on tv)

...the storm has taken a turn and  
is beginning to travel east, losing  
some of its power as it travels  
across the main land, but severe  
thunderstorms and tornados are  
likely in most parts of San  
Francisco and Sacramento within the  
hour as it starts to make its way  
towards Reno, Nevada. Stay tuned  
for up to the minute weather  
reports as we continue our  
coverage.

Bridgette is more or less screaming internally.

EMPLOYEE 1  
(to Bridgette)  
You okay?

BRIDGETTE  
Yeah. Yeah I--

There is a LOUD crack of thunder.

EMPLOYEE 1  
It's just a storm. It'll pass.

BRIDGETTE  
I have a return flight soon. Kinda  
need it to pass sooner rather than  
later.

EMPLOYEE 1  
You'll catch the next one.

BRIDGETTE  
Last one out on Sky West.

EMPLOYEE 1  
As long as it doesn't get too much  
worse than this, you'll be fine.

BRIDGETTE  
And if it gets worse?

CRACK! The lights cut out and then come back on. The roar of  
thunder echoes through the room. Employee 1 gives Bridgette a  
look of "get comfortable" and walks away.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE, OUTDOOR GARDEN - EVENING

Fred sits on a bench just taking in the view as some of the  
wedding venue staff prepare for the wedding tomorrow.

Scott walks up to the bench.

SCOTT  
Mind if I sit?

Fred motions, "go head" and continues to pay him no mind.

A beat.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Long day.

FRED

It's been a ride. You make a good... Officiating suits you.

SCOTT

Yeah?

FRED

When Chelsea was a little girl all she wanted for her dream wedding was her father to walk her down the aisle and for her mother to officiate her wedding.

SCOTT

It's why I offered.

FRED

You were always so much like your mother.

SCOTT

Is that why...I mean we just never seem to get along.

FRED

No. Scott, no that's not... Son I never meant for you to feel like that.

SCOTT

It's hard not to.

FRED

When your mother walked out, I was left with a little boy and a teenage girl, neither of which I had any business raising by myself. I couldn't for the life of me get a handle on Chelsea. There are just some things a daughter needs from a mother. But I had a son. But we never threw the ball around, never had a first game to go to.

SCOTT

(exhausted)

Dad. That's just not me.

FRED

I know. And when I saw your sister today wearing that dress, saw the way she looked at Carter, the way he looked at her.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Their life is going to be so different after tomorrow, but she's not afraid. The girl I raised myself isn't afraid and what that tells me, Scott, is different isn't bad. It's taken me too long to realize that. I couldn't see myself in either of you and I can admit that's hard for a father... But I shouldn't be upset because you don't do what I think you should do or act the way I think you should act. We're different people and that's okay. It's going to have to be.

Scott is taken aback.

SCOTT

Th-thanks, dad. Thanks. That really means a lot.

FRED

Should've said it a long time ago.

SCOTT

You know. Maybe tomorrow before the wedding we can get breakfast. Just me and you.

FRED

I'd like that, son. I really would.

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Bridgette is pacing back and forth. She can't sit still, everything is out of her hands and it's all her fault. At least that's how she sees it.

The door to the break room opens with sounds of thunder clearly heard. In walks AIRPORT MANAGER. She gets the room's attention.

AIRPORT MANAGER

Listen up! I just got word from the FAA that effective immediately all outbound flights from this airport are being cancelled and will resume tomorrow.

Bridgette's. Heart. Sinks.

AIRPORT MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Room and boarding arrangements will  
be made shortly. It's sudden so  
please give us some time to sort  
this all out.

Airport Manager leaves a room full of vocal disappointment,  
but the one who is most disappointed is completely silent.  
Unable to form words.

Bridgette storms out after the Airport Manager.

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bridgette runs up to Airport Manager.

BRIDGETTE  
Excuse me. Excuse me, miss?

AIRPORT MANAGER  
Got an airport full of people to  
disappoint and my time is limited.  
What do you got?

BRIDGETTE  
Are you absolutely sure the FAA  
cancelled all flights?

AIRPORT MANAGER  
I am. Storm's too bad. They don't  
want to risk it.

BRIDGETTE  
But I don't think you understand.  
I'm in a wedding. Tomorrow  
afternoon. There's got to be  
something you can do.

AIRPORT MANAGER  
Way I see it, you've got two  
problems: the FAA and this storm.  
You can either take it up with the  
Federal Aviation Administration or  
you can take it up with God in  
Heaven himself but let me assure  
you, either way, you're going to  
need to start praying.

BRIDGETTE  
You can put me on the earliest  
flight out!

AIRPORT MANAGER

You're Sky West? We don't get many flights from you here. I assure you all the flights are full and the only Sky West leaving here tomorrow is a red eye.

BRIDGETTE

But wait! What if--

Airport Manager stops and addresses Bridgette abruptly. She's done.

AIRPORT MANAGER

Look. There is nothing I can do. This is just how the cards fell. All these cancelled flights are going to wreck us. And I mean *wreck* us. You're just--

Upset. Taken aback. Filled with guilt. Bridgette interjects.

BRIDGETTE

(deeply saddened)  
--going to miss the wedding...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, HALLWAY - SECONDS  
LATER

Bridgette stands there shell-shocked.

INT. GARRETT'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's pretty late and Garrett is in his bed asleep when all of the sudden his phone lights up and begins to vibrate. He takes a minute, but he absent-mindedly answers the phone.

GARRETT

(groggy)

Hello...?

(he begins to wake up  
more)

What? Hold on, hold on. What's  
wrong?

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Bridgette is sitting in the stairwell for some privacy. She needs it. The waterworks have started and there is no power on this planet that can hold back the tears.

BRIDGETTE

I'm going to miss it. I'm going to  
miss the wedding. Oh god, Chelsea  
is going to hate me.

INTERCUT BRIDGETTE AND GARRETT

GARRETT

Hey, hey, hold on. It's okay. Where  
are you?

BRIDGETTE

Sacramento. The storm's gotten so  
bad. They cancelled all the flights  
and I can't get on any thing until  
late at night at the earliest.

GARRETT

(sympathetic)

Bridge...

BRIDGETTE

This is my fault.

GARRETT  
We can fix this.

BRIDGETTE  
I don't know...  
(angry)  
I always do this.

GARRETT  
Bridgette...

BRIDGETTE  
No. It's every time. Every time I  
try to have it all and I miss  
everything. Her wedding, Garrett.  
How could I do this to her?

GARRETT  
I promise, it's going to be fine.

BRIDGETTE  
How can you say that? This! This  
right now is why we aren't together  
anymore and it sure as hell doesn't  
feel fine...

There's a sharp, harsh silence.

GARRETT  
We've been through worse. Remember  
Barcelona?

This is the first thing to make Bridgette crack a smile.

BRIDGETTE  
You swore all day that it was a 7  
o'clock flight home.

GARRETT  
Well, it was...

BRIDGETTE  
A.M and P.M. are totally different  
animals.

GARRETT  
Missed our flight by, what, about  
ten hours?

BRIDGETTE  
You were so embarrassed. You ever  
seen yourself get mad?  
(she laughs, finally)  
(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

They didn't have another flight until the next day. Never thought we'd get home.

They share a laugh, its therapy for the both of them. A beat.

GARRETT

We were... We were good together, yeah? For a time?

BRIDGETTE

Yeah. Yeah, I'd like to think so. I was happy. We made a beautiful child, traveled all over, seen almost every movie known to man...

GARRETT

Not too bad for, what did you say back in college, an "awkward-grease nerd".

BRIDGETTE

God, I was terrible.

GARRETT

But you said, "yes." And in the end, that's all that matters.

BRIDGETTE

(somber)

I should have been around more...

GARRETT

Hey! Don't worry about that now.

(a beat)

So. What're you gonna do?

BRIDGETTE

Now that I have my head back on straight? I guess I'll try for a rental. They closed early because of the weather, can't get one until they open in the morning. That's if the roads are safe in the morning. But if they aren't...

GARRETT

(encouraging)

Don't worry about it. It'll be fine. How long's the drive?

BRIDGETTE

It's about a ten hour drive at least, but I guess it doesn't even matter! Rental service doesn't open early enough, I'll easily miss the first hour.

GARRETT

Man. Okay. What about--

BRIDGETTE

Actually.

(a light bulb just went off)

Yeah, actually, I might have something. It's a Hail Mary, but it's something. Just do me a favor and bring my dress to the wedding.

GARRETT

Of course.

BRIDGETTE

Chelsea. How--Is she mad?

GARRETT

She's...You know she'll come around.

BRIDGETTE

I'm gonna make it. I'm going to be up there with her tomorrow.

GARRETT

Never a doubt. Get some sleep. And get you something fast.

BRIDGETTE

Fastest money can buy. Goodnight.

GARRETT

Night, Bridge.

They each hang up. She dials another number. Anna answers.

ANNA

Do you know what time it is?

BRIDGETTE

I'm so sorry, but... I need a favor. Do you have eyes and ears in Sacramento?

ANNA

Depends. What do you need?

BRIDGETTE

A rental. They closed early, but do you know anyone that can maybe open early?

ANNA

(she sighs)

Robbie! You're really gonna make me call Robbie?!

BRIDGETTE

Please.

ANNA

You cover my Vancouver flight, I'll see if I can make it happen. Deal?

BRIDGETTE

Cover an international flight?! Anna, c'mon...

ANNA

Do you know how valuable car rental favors are? You think I want to call Robbie and give that up?

BRIDGETTE

Fine! Deal!

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, CAR RENTAL - EARLY MORNING

It's early. Way too early if the look on the ROBBIE's face is any indication.

ROBBIE

Let's make this quick, please.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you so much for this!

ROBBIE

Don't thank me. Anna deals in favors and I'm just happy to have paid mine in full.

BRIDGETTE

We sure she's not mafia?

ROBBIE  
 (he shrugs)  
 What do you need?

BRIDGETTE  
 I need the fastest car you can give me.

ROBBIE  
 That'll be one in our exotic car collection. Those'll start around \$450 a day.

BRIDGETTE  
 I need the fastest car \$150 can give me.

INT. WEDDING VENUE, GROOM'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Scott is getting ready. Carter walks into the room, dressed in his suit, ready to be wed.

SCOTT  
 Hey there! Looking sharp.

CARTER  
 Well, you know. I've got this thing going on later today.

SCOTT  
 Hope whatever you got going on is worth it, suit like that.

CARTER  
 Oh, it's worth it. Every single penny.

SCOTT  
 (motioning for a hug)  
 C'mon!

They give each other a hug.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 I'm happy for you, man. Really. Chelsea's a lucky girl. But you...man you are the luckiest man here today, you hear me?

CARTER  
 Yeah I do.  
 (he changes subjects)  
 Hey... We um...we good?

SCOTT

Huh? Oh. Yeah. Dad puts me on edge and you got caught up in it. I'm sorry, man.

CARTER

It's cool. I just don't want you to think your dad's getting a better--

SCOTT

Hey, listen. You're fine. I'm happy I can call you and that jawline my brother. Only had an older sister growing up so you can imagine I spent most my adolescents in pigtails. I'm looking forward to a change.

CARTER

Pigtails?

SCOTT

Oh, I made them look good. Wore them better than Chels, but she'll never say it.

CARTER

No, I doubt she would.

SCOTT

You're important to her. So me and you? We're good.

Scott checks his watch.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You ready?

EXT. WEDDING VENUE, ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Garrett stands at the entrance of the venue in his tuxedo holding Bridgette's dress. We can hear wedding music playing in the background.

As fast as humanly possible, Bridgette in her flight attendant wardrobe is running towards Garrett.

She snags the dress in one quick motion.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

And in that same motion, without thinking, she gives him a kiss on the cheek. He wasn't expecting that, but he's totally fine with it.

GARRETT

No problem.

Garrett starts to walk towards the seats.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE, OUTDOOR GARDEN, SIDE ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Chelsea is in her wedding dress, Fred at her side. All of her bridesmaids are there but Bridgette is not.

A wedding planner walks in and motions for the bridesmaids to start heading out. Chelsea looks to her father, disheartened. Bridgette didn't make it.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE, OUTDOOR GARDEN - AFTERNOON

Scott and Carter are standing in front of the alter on the stage. The groomsmen and the bridesmaids are all coming in one after the other on either side. The last one to enter, seemingly on time, is Bridgette. Scott is very, very happy to see her.

Then, "Here Comes the Bride" starts to play, everyone stands as Chelsea, escorted by her father, Fred, is walked down the aisle. Chelsea sees Bridgette and can't help but to smile.

Chelsea and Fred get on stage. Fred shakes Carter's hand and walks off.

Chelsea and Carter hold hands. The ceremony finally begins.

SCOTT

We are gathered here today to  
celebrate the love and union  
between Chelsea Adams and Carter  
Mahuer...

EXT. WEDDING VENUE, OUTDOOR GARDEN RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

Everyone is having a FANTASTIC time. Music blaring, people dancing, eating, talking, it's everything you could imagine and not a drop of rain or a cloud in the sky to be seen.

Bridgette makes her way through the crowd to Chelsea and they waste no time and find themselves hugging as only best friends do.

BRIDGETTE

I am so sorry!

CHELSEA

You're here! You're here and that's  
all that matters!

Garret walks up to the two.

GARRETT

So. Fastest car money could buy?

BRIDGETTE

Yeah, uh...something like that.

The song changes. Chelsea grabs Bridgette.

CHELSEA

I love this song. And you so owe me  
a dance!

Bridgette happily goes along. Garrett happily watches on.  
Everyone is clearly enjoying themselves. It all worked out.

Until...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

There are bridesmaids sprawled across any surface that looks  
like it can be slept on. There are empty beer, wine, and  
champagne bottles sprawled across any surface that looks like  
it can't be slept on. Though, in fairness, Bridgette **is**  
supposed to be hungover with Chelsea on Sunday and it would  
seem they **all** held up their end of the deal.

But Sunday, Bridgette is still on reserve.

Bridgette's phone rings on a nearby table. No one is getting  
up.

We see the phone, it reads: "Calling - Work"

They all sleep straight through the call.

We see the phone, it reads: "Missed Calls(4): Work"

The phone's screen goes dark.

END OF ACT FIVE