ATTENDANT
"PILOT"

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TEASER

INT. FLIGHT 2171, SKY WEST AIRLINES - AFTERNOON

This flight is packed and it's kind of the worst. A real passenger-complaining-constant-baby-crying kind of flight. BRIDGETTE begins to walk the aisles passing out coffee as the plane hits some rough air.

She stumbles and recovers. The fasten seatbelt light comes on as the pilot comes in over the speakers.

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. He shouldn't be, but you know...he just doesn't care.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Sir. You need to fasten your seatbelt and we ask that all devices be in airplane mode.

Rude Passenger doesn't respond. He waves her off.

RUDE PASSENGER
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 interjects. It's one thing to be rude but another to be WRONG and rude.

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

Rude Passenger's had enough. The service is terrible after all...

RUDE PASSENGER
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?

RUDE PASSENGER
You a flight attendant?

Umm... Obviously. Bridgette doesn't know what he's playing at quite yet.

BRIDGETTE
Sir. Would you like a coffee or not?

The cabin shakes.

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

RUDE PASSENGER
Actually. I'm gonna keep it unbuckled. I'm gonna walk back to that coat closet you call a bathroom and invite you to the mile-high club. See if we can get those customer service ratings up. Unless you're a card carrying member already?

You worthless, stupid, son-of-a-bitch. Bridgette is doing all that she can to not drag this man outside and just drop him. But she can do the next best thing...

The cabin **doesn't** shake. But she "trips" and spills coffee all over Rude Passenger's lap. And no... that doesn't feel so good.

The cabin shakes. Bridgette feigns concern as she tries to "help".

BRIDGETTE
Sorry. Turbulence.

INT. RALPH-ANDERSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Bridgette and SCOTT walk hastily through the airport. Both of them have rolling suitcases and are in their flight attendant clothes. It's just moments after flight 2171 has landed.

BRIDGETTE
Why does he want to see me?

SCOTT
I don't know. Could be something to do with a passenger you assaulted with a fresh cup of coffee.

BRIDGETTE
Fresh? 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
I tried to scald him. There's a magnitude of difference.

The two continue. Dodging a trolly labeled "Ralph-Anderson International Airport".

SCOTT
Holland isn't going too be happy with this, Bridgette. Sky West has taken a lot of flack lately and he really doesn't need you pouring coffee on every misguided passenger.

BRIDGETTE
There was turbulence and the cup spilled.

SCOTT
You JUST said you tried to scald him.

BRIDGETTE
There was turbulence and the cup spilled. Neither of those are lies. Either way, I'd prefer it if you didn't use my own words against me. And also, let's rewind to where this passenger is just "misguided".

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 and then ask me to hook up with him in the bathroom on a plane. In front of everyone. And he's just "misguided"?

SCOTT
I'm sure it was joke okay?

Bridgette is not happy with that one.

BRIDGETTE
Scott. I'm starting to think you're 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 in to 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 he already doesn't like the fact that I'm an attendant so I just... I don't know-- I just want things to go smooth. Besides, I'm sure that guy didn't mean anything.

BRIDGETTE
Yeah, uh-huh, I'm sure he meant nothing by demeaning me on the job. In what world do you think it's acceptable to ask someone about there job and expect an invitation to sleep with them?

SCOTT
Bridge. I get it.

BRIDGETTE
Do you?

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

SCOTT
(to Bridgette)
Just play it cool okay.
(to Fred, handing him coffee)
Dad! You're here!

FRED
Of course.

SCOTT
Dad, this is Bridgette. One of Chelsea's bridesmaids. I'm sure you two'll get to know each other over the weekend.

Fred and Bridgette shake hands.

FRED
You must be the flight attendant my daughter's told me so much about. Nice to finally meet you.

BRIDGETTE
You too, Mr. Adams. Feel you know so much about me and I don't know much about you. Hope you didn't get pulled away from anything too exciting. What exactly is it that you do?

FRED
Luckily my job doesn't know any excitement. Been an accountant for about 25 years now.

BRIDGETTE
That's fantastic. You should sleep with me.

Well...that's not okay. Scott quickly begins to pull her away.

SCOTT
Anyyyyyway. Bridgette's gotta go now.

BRIDGETTE
(to Scott, sarcastic)
I'm sorry if that was misguided.

SCOTT
I swear to God, Bridgette...

Bridgette walks away. Scott is totally frazzled. Fred walks up to Scott.

FRED
I like your friend.

Scott is even more uncomfortable if that's even possible.

SCOTT
Dad. Just--Just don't.

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 really alludes you in its entirety. This guy could sue us and we'd have to take that hit.

BRIDGETTE
So he makes a pass at me and it's me on the line?

HOLLAND
He makes a pass at you and then you pour hot coffee on him and THEN it's you on the line. Yeah! And now I gotta give this guy free tickets for the year and 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 he's sitting in a room with the guy who's got an axe to grind.

BRIDGETTE
Oh, yeah, feel sorry for that guy. His options were a quick one in the back of a plane or a year of free travel on us. Real brain twister there.

Holland is losing his cool post-haste.

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. She returns the tension with even more tension. Gas for the fire so-to-speak.

HOLLAND
(angry)
You just didn't have to do it! You could have just walked away!

BRIDGETTE
(angry)
No! Actually, I couldn't! Let him go around thinking that's okay for the next attendant on deck? Absolutely not.

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!

This silences the room near instantly. The two start to find their center and calm down.

BRIDGETTE
Then why am I here?

HOLLAND
What?

BRIDGETTE
If you would have done the same. If you really think this guy was in the wrong. Why am I here?

HOLLAND
Because you know it was wrong.

BRIDGETTE
I know it was stupid and childish but that doesn't mean I was wrong.

Holland thinks for a moment. *How honest should I be...?*

HOLLAND
Someone has got to take the fall, Bridgette. This guy, he's pissed, he's making all kinds of threats.
(MORE)

HOLLAND (CONT'D)
Threats that he can act on since we both know that wasn't an accident. 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.

Bridgette is offended. She can barely stay still in her chair.

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

HOLLAND
It's hard, Bridgette. It really is. You're the best we got but...

It's far more civil. This boss-employee relationship that filled the room seems to leave and make way for a more personal, friendlier relationship to show itself.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)
Look--I'll see what I can do. See if we can keep this quite, but we can't just let this go. We can't have a senior attendant do something like this and 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. Can't negotiate that one.

BRIDGETTE
(annoyed)
Fine.

HOLLAND
Anything else?

Bridgette finds some confidence, if she ever even lost any. Poises herself for the next conversation as if nothing ever happened.

BRIDGETTE
Yes. Actually. I'd like to talk about the promotion to purser.

Holland is, for lack of a better word, exhausted. *Do we have to do this now...?*

HOLLAND
Now? You really think now is the right time for this?

BRIDGETTE
No. I think six months ago was the time for this. Ten months ago. Last year, Holland. I think it's actually past time we talk about this. Six years...

HOLLAND
I know.

BRIDGETTE
Six years, Holland.

HOLLAND
I know.

BRIDGETTE
And why hasn't it happened yet. You said it yourself, I'm the best you got. I can lead that team of attendants. I just need you to sign off.

HOLLAND
You need more than just that. You need the approval of the guy who's paying the dry cleaning bill of the passenger that's inventing a whole new dictionary of words to call this airline.

Bridgette gets up to leave.

BRIDGETTE
You're a persuasive guy. I'm sure you two just need to have a nice chat.

Bridgette stops before she leaves.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
But not now. Now's probably not a good time.

Bridgette leaves. Holland can't help but laugh to himself.

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 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'm off Saturday for the wedding don't worry.

CHELSEA
Yeah, but 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 a day.

CHELSEA
(worried)
Bridge...

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

Chelsea isn't so sure.

CHELSEA
Famous last words. Got enough problems as is.
(MORE)

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
The baker says the caterer won't be able to bring enough tables to give the cake its own display, but the caterer says the venue is supposed to supply the extra tables, but the venue supplied the extra tables to the DJ who's bringing turn-tables and not table-tables even though it's 2017 and I'm pretty sure I can replace him with an iPhone and according to the news my beautiful outdoor wedding is going to have gross indoor weather and apparently you asked to sleep with my dad.

There's a beat.

BRIDGETTE
In fairness. That last one is out of context.

CHELSEA
Where I'm having the problem is that somehow this has context.

Bridgette tries to chime in but Chelsea has too much going on.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
(pointing at the tv)
I mean look at this. A huge storm moving up the coast? I checked weather reports for the last 10 years for this date and Seattle has never had something this big happen!

BRIDGETTE
It's Seattle. It's always raining.

Bridgette finally sits up and goes to actually comfort Chelsea. Chelsea is clearly about out of steam and could really use a friend.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
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 we got something in common. We got lives getting out of control and we just need to take a minute to ourselves, right?

CHELSEA
(calming down)
Yours isn't so bad is it? Travel the world, see the sights.

BRIDGETTE
I'm going to be the recently divorced woman at a wedding this weekend and my 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?
(she collapses back on the couch)
Pizza. Who needs friends, future husbands, or ex-husbands when you have pizza.

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

CHELSEA
Speaking of.

BRIDGETTE
That better be a delivery man.

GARRETT, the ex-husband, walks in behind Chelsea. Bridgette gets real disappointed real, real fast.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
You got pizza?

GARRETT
No. But. I do have movies and I heard you two are having a bad day.

CHELSEA
My day was fine thank you very much.

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

Chelsea shrugs. *Man's got a point.* Bridgette sits up and tries to actually be apart of the conversation like an adult.

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. Next week he's got that recital. You can still make it right?

BRIDGETTE
Yeah. I know my line up for next week.

CHELSEA
(a poignant jab)
Unlike this week...

Garrett's confused.

BRIDGETTE
(to Garrett)
She's mad that I have reserve days this week.
(to Chelsea.)
I'll talk to my supervisor tomorrow.

CHELSEA
I thought 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
Good. He'll -- We'll like that.

A beat. They are still real good friends, but it can't help but to be awkward. 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
He didn't try to sleep with my dad.

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

Another attendant, ANNA, 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 low-key analyze my worth of 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 last night.

ANNA
Can't say I'm surprised.

SCOTT
I mean, it's just a job right? Who cares if it's a job for this person or that person? I like it. 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. This coffee, apparently, is very important.

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 don't drink that kind of coffee.

Bridgette pauses.

BRIDGETTE
I--I never said that.

SCOTT
You said it's coffee for peasants.

Bridgette turns to them.

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'm resourceful. Also heard he 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. She adds just the right amount. Or at least she hopes.

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

Bridgette stops and addresses Anna.

BRIDGETTE
How bad?

WALLACE 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
Good morning, Wallace.

BRIDGETTE
Morning sir. And how's your day 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 near by microwave and places it inside. Bridgette follows, coffee in hand.

BRIDGETTE
I am *so* sorry about...the incident. I just --

WALLACE
Bridgette. I have five very short and, hopefully, very uneventful minutes before I have to do yet another round of damage control. Minutes I pray I can use not talking to you. Now. I'm going to make some breakfast, I'm going to checkin, and I'm going to sit quietly in my office by myself for what little time I'll have left of my five minutes of piece. 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, you can have mine.

Wallace takes the coffee and has a sip. *It'll pass I guess...*

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

The microwave buzzes. He gets his food out and he begins to leave. Bridgette follows.

BRIDGETTE
(nervous)
Wallace. Sir. I have this wedding I'm in on Saturday but I'm also on reserve for the weekend and I can't really risk being called in this week. So... I was just wondering if by any chance we can hold off until next week with my priority change?

WALLACE
Oh, you can't risk it? When you put it that way...

BRIDGETTE
Sir, I just --

Wallace stops what he's doing and lays into Bridgette.

WALLACE
Nothing you can say here will change what you did. Nothing you say here will change my mind. You're on reserve. If you get called, you'll answer.
(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)
If you don't answer, then there's no need to come back. Now, in the next three and a half minutes, I'm going to walk into a meeting where I need to discuss how I'm going to right this ship. It's a meeting where I'm sure there is a whole Power Point slide dedicated to you. So now is not the time to ask me for a favor. If you want something from me, then here.

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

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

Wallace walks out. Bridgette looks at the paper annoyed and slightly offended. Anna, still in the room at the table, speaks up. She's witnessed the whole thing.

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 as over the intercom the safety instructions are read aloud.

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.

BRIDGETTE
Coast to Coast is the worst.

RUTH
I don't know. Kinda like it. Haven't been home in awhile. Miss the lights, the sounds.

BRIDGETTE
We got that back in Seattle. And we don't have to serve anyone for that.

RUTH
(she laughs)
Well with a kid and a husband that can't handle a microwave on a good day, I beg to differ.

Bridgette's mood stumbles a bit. She had that once... Ruth catches on and can't change the subject fast enough.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Ever been on broadway?

Bridgette recovers.

BRIDGETTE
When I had just turned 20. 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?

She doesn't know. And it shows. Bridgette hasn't missed home for a while... The two continue to get the cart ready for service.

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 kids got her first soccer game. Can't miss it.

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

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 lay over 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 RESTURANT - 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 the everyone, except Monica, by the WAITER.

MONICA
Here we have a the same sampler of the hors d'oeuvres you tried before, but with the changes you've asked for. On the left you have a our mini-beef wellingtons. In the middle the ahi tuna on wontons now with a fresh apple slaw as requested, and, 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 defiantly a winner.

CHELSEA
(to Fred)
Daddy? How's it taste.

FRED
Expensive.

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

FRED (CONT'D)
But...worth it.

...He'll live to see another day.

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

MONICA
Now, for the wedding how many people were you anticipating?

CARTER
We've invited 150.

CHELSEA
(she interjects, to Monica)
But we can go with about 120. Flakes and curtsey invites for people we know will never show. You know how it goes.

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

CHELSEA
(slightly annoyed, how does he not get this?!)
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. What if they show and there's now not enough food?

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.

The waiters place the food in front of the four.

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 still got that analytical mind about you.

CHELSEA
(annoyed)
Dad, just drop it.

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

FRED
Calm down, calm down, just making conversation.

Where's this going...? The table has their defenses up. Politics at the Thanksgiving table sort 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
(can we not?)
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?

Seriously. Where's this going...?

A beat.

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

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

Oh. There it is... Scott is caught off guard for a moment but he knows what's coming.

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

CARTER
I thought you were happy as a flight attendant?

SCOTT
I am.

FRED
But it's always been a stepping stone, right?

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

Monica's a part of a conversation she has no business being in, but her job requires her to be in that seat. If she could crawl out of her own skin she would.

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? You brought me to the final tasting of my sister's wedding to ensnare me in a 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 plan that I was never made aware of.

CHELSEA
(mortified, to Fred)
Dad!!

FRED
Oh. C'mon. I did not bring him to "ensnare" him in some scheme.

SCOTT
What is with you and my job? What makes you so uncomfortable about it? I'm happy. I do what I want to do. I support myself. Why is that not enough?

FRED
I'm your father so I 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 and, man, is it awkward...

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

It has been...a long meeting. People talking in circles, people wanting to go home, heated discussions that just seem more personal than business oriented.

Wallace sits at the conference table exasperated. He's sitting opposite two members of the board of directors, WESLEY and ALLISON. 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. 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 this week was no exception and I'd have to say, this week was also the final straw.

WALLACE
We've been through this! We have--

ALLISON
Blaming the "new staff" and demanding we wait until they are better trained isn't the answer.

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 stayed in the black. 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 can barely stay in his chair he's so annoyed. Allison and Wesley sit firmly planted, unmoved.

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. And a minute just isn't long enough.

Wallace is angry, but he's tempering it.

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 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 that's checking it out.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
How busy do you think she is? Have any hobbies? Family?

RUTH
I'm sorry, I'm confused. You looking to switch schedules with the girl or are you wanting to get your hands on her autobiography?

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 precession, she spots the one other Sky West Airlines attendant: JEN. She sits at a table, reading 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 shakes Jen's hand and introduces herself.

BRIDGETTE
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. Furthest I've been is North Florida which I can say without a worry that it ain't all that much different from South Georgia. Just like lookin' at home from the other side of the state line.

BRIDGETTE
Really? Your whole life?

JEN
Had nowhere else to be. 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.

Bridgette reflects for a moment. She came for a favor but found intrigue. She wants to know more about her but she's really got to try for her new schedule.

BRIDGETTE
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. 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 takes a minute to let it sink in that she has finally got the schedule switch that's she's wanted. After a moment, she brings herself back to reality and engages Jen again. She can't help but be interested in Jen, she's so nice and welcoming.

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 - LATE NIGHT

It's late. Like. Real, real late. 2 am at the earliest. Bridgette is back from New York and is trying to enter the apartment as quite as possible.

The apartment's dark. She tip-toes in. She starts to head to her room when she sees a light flickering in the living room and turns back.

Chelsea, with glass of scotch in hand, sits in the dark, on the couch, watching tv.

BRIDGETTE
Uh? You okay?

Bridgette leaves her stuff where she stands and takes a seat next to Chelsea.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
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. 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.
(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
I--I think we really hit it off. She swapped schedules with me for the weekend.

CHELSEA
No more reserve?

BRIDGETTE
No more reserve this weekend.

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

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Now, c'mon. Let's get to bed.

The two get up and leave the living room after switching off the tv.

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

Bridgette is sound a sleep but a buzzing nearby her bed is happening. Constantly. It finally wakes Bridgette up and she reaches for the accused on the night stand: her cellphone with 10 missed calls and twice as many texts. Every message is from Anna.

As she's checking her messages (all of which say something on the lines of "call me ASAP!") she gets another call from, as you've guessed, Anna.

BRIDGETTE
(groggy)
Yeah?

ANNA
(on phone)
Yeah?! What do you mean "yeah"!

BRIDGETTE
I mean, it's 7 a.m and I got home maybe five hours ago so, *yeah,* I'm going to need you to talk to me later, Anna.

ANNA
(on phone)
They got fired!

BRIDGETTE
Who?

ANNA
Everyone!

BRIDGETTE
Huh?

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

Bridgette springs up. This isn't good.

BRIDGETTE
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Sky West? Sky West laid people off?

ANNA
Yeah, it went down about an hour ago.

BRIDGETTE
(panicked)
What? What, why?!

ANNA
You know the airline hasn't been doing well and Wallace had a meeting with two people from the board. Something about customer service ratings.

Bridgette's heart sinks.

BRIDGETTE
You don't think...the coffee thing wasn't...

ANNA
(on phone)
No. No I don't think so but it didn't help.

BRIDGETTE
No...
(dread sweeping over her)
The schedules. What do the schedules look like this weekend?!

ANNA
(on phone)
Schedules? They're the same as they've been all month. Nothing's changed. Why?

Dammit! 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?

Things got vastly more complicated... Bridgette puts on the best fake smile she can muster.

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
(gesturing to Fred)
Don't tell me, tell him.

FRED
I dropped it.

SCOTT
Doesn't seem dropped.

FRED
Because YOU brought it up again!

SCOTT
It's a Friday morning! Everyone is already at work, traffic down I-90 isn't a thing. Everyone's off the highway. We would have 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 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 but just as she's about to Bridgette pops her head out.

BRIDGETTE
(hurried)
Hey.
(Noticing the other two)
Oh. Hi, hey. How's everyone?

CHELSEA
You almost ready? I need you to make sure these two don't hurt each other.

BRIDGETTE
Not yet. Almost. I just need to--

SCOTT
(cut off, to Chelsea)
Don't worry, Chles. What's a little emotional scarring between father and son?

FRED
Would you stop?

CHELSEA
(to Bridgette)
You know what? The walls are thin you can hear 'em. I'm going to take a shower. You just keep an ear out for them okay?
(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.

BRIDGETTE
Well then...

It's awkward... So she'll just close 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
You sure no one can cover for me?

ANNA
(on phone)
Who? Everyone's fired!

BRIDGETTE
I'll be on that list too if I dodge a call from Wallace when I'm on reserve.

ANNA
Then answer the call.

BRIDGETTE
Call it a hunch, but I don't see Chelsea being understanding of me running out during rehearsal.

ANNA
I don't know, Bridgette. Flights are getting really booked this week. It's wedding season.

BRIDGETTE
Insult to injury.

ANNA
Huh?

Suddenly, very loud yelling penetrates the walls.

FRED (O.S.)
I'M TELLING YOU TO DROP IT!

I just don't have time for this... Bridgette's just juggling too many plates.

BRIDGETTE
Look. I'll call you back.

She hangs up.

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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.

SCOTT
We are NOTHING alike!

The doorbell rings.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
It's open!

FRED
It's open!

Carter walks down the hall unaware of what he's walking into. Yet another family spat.

CARTER
Hey!

SCOTT
(angry)
Hi.

FRED
(angry)
Hello.

Bridgette swings her door open. Dressed, ready, and tired of it all.

BRIDGETTE
Stop!

Everyone stops. Carter's confused, he's no idea what's going on.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Tomorrow Chelsea is getting married and she needs all of us on her side. Her side means not at each others throats. This has to stop! *You two* need to stop. Can we do that?

Scott and Fred reluctantly agree.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Now...
(to Carter)
Where are the other guys?

CARTER
Oh, they said they'll meet us there. Traffic on I-90's horrible right now.

FRED
(cocky, to Scott)
Like I said!

SCOTT
JUST DROP IT!

Scott storms out. Fred storms out the other way.

An awkward beat.

CARTER
I don't know how I keep doing that...

INT. 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 bad down the coast. Missed connections and cancelled flights causing some over bookings.

Wallace finally turns around.

WALLACE
You'd think if we were so bad, we'd have more than our fair share of empty seats.

HOLLAND
People gotta fly I guess... Gonna need some attendants today.

WALLACE
(somber)
Yeah, well... We're running a bit low these days.

Holland finally moves further into the office. He takes a seat opposite Wallace.

HOLLAND
Was there really nothing we could do?

WALLACE
It was pretty clear they had already made the decision before they came here.

HOLLAND
Damn...

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

HOLLAND
Couldn't imagine, no.

Wallace is starting to regain his confidence again and take it easy. He breaths and centers himself. It's been a rough couple of hours, but he's got enough time to make the day better.

WALLACE
You know, I've got to say, even if they don't see it, we got a good crew here. We've had our problems, yes, but all we need to do is just get through the growing pains.

HOLLAND
We'll keep flying.

Everything's going to be all right. Wallace can turn this around.

WALLACE
Let's get through this 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 4 bridesmaids, including Bridgette, and maid of honor. 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 Chelsey is walking down the isle with her father, Fred. No one is in their attire for the wedding as this is just the rehearsal.

FRED
I'm doing all right?

CHELSEA
Yeah. Just keep walking.

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

CHELSEA
Pump the brakes on the patriarchy, daddy.

FRED
I'm just saying.

CHELSEA
I know.

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

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Everything's gonna be fine.

They go up the stairs. 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.

The mood is totally lost.

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

BRIDGETTE
(in pain, sarcasm)
Yeah. It's really gross.

SCOTT
Are you serious?!

CHELSEA
(annoyed)
You're fine.
(to Bridgette)
Stop. You know he's impressionable.

SCOTT
I'm not impressionable.

BRIDGETTE
You're pretty impressionable.

DJ
Think we got some wires crossed. Just be a second.

Scott is getting agitated. Everyone is starting to come to.

CARTER
(to Chelsea)
You okay?

CHELSEA
I just want this to be over.

SCOTT
(to Chelsea)
You really think I'm impressionable?

CHELSEA
It doesn't matter.

FRED
Since you were a kid.

BRIDGETTE
It's your thing. Everyone's got a thing.

CHELSEA
Don't antagonize him dad.

Fred concedes.

The wedding party is slowly but surely falling into disarray. They've broken their formation and are all talking amongst each other, almost as if they have forgotten what they are all there for.

BEST MAN
We figure out where we eating after this yet?

MAID OF HONOR
Italian.

Bad choice apparently.

BEST MAN
Who decided that?

MAID OF HONOR
We did because you guys were late. Should've taken the backroads.

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

SCOTT
That's what I said!

MAID OF HONOR
Obviously it is because we got here before you.

FRED
Tell'em girls!

BRIDGETTE
Well this is fun.

CHELSEA
Why does it matter! We're all here now!

DJ
Fixed it.

SCOTT
I'm just saying...

Chelsea is done. Completely and totally done.

CHELSEA
(angry, yelling)
STOP!

The venue goes silent.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
It doesn't matter. We are all here. Either tomorrow is going to be wedding and I'm going to be on this stage and marry this man or it's going to be a funeral and I'm going to kill you all including this man.

Carter is, as per usual, confused. He's done nothing wrong but apparently his neck is on the line.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Are we all clear?

Everyone nodes. She composes herself.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Okay. Scott. Let's try again.

Scott gets ready.

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. She 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 silences it when she sees the caller ID says "WORK". She hesitates, staring at the phone.

CHELSEA
Bridge. We're waiting.

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

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

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
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?

She doesn't respond in anyway. She just can't...

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.

She knows snapping wasn't the right thing to do but she couldn't help it. 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.

The cabin shakes. Bridgette loses herself in her decision again.

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
...the storm has taken a turn and will 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.

Not good. Not good at all... Bridgette is more or less screaming internally. So loud internally, others seem to just feel there is something wrong.

EMPLOYEE 1
(to Bridgette)
Girl, 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. Going to 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 should be fine.

BRIDGETTE
And if 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.

INT. WEDDING VENUE, OUTDOOR GARDEN - EVENING

Scott sits on a bench out in the garden of the wedding venue, scrolling through his phone as some of the wedding venue staff prepare for the wedding tomorrow.

Fred walks up to the bench.

FRED
Mind if I sit?

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

FRED (CONT'D)
What're you reading?

SCOTT
I don't know dad. Sports? Reading about which strip club sells the best microbrews and has the game on. Is that good?

Fred understands it's a dig and, for the first time, is sorry.

FRED
I'm sorry, okay?

Scott puts down the phone.

SCOTT
What?

FRED
I shouldn't've been so hard on you and your choices.

SCOTT
It's a job, dad. That's it. That's all this is.

FRED
When your mother left. 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. Though I had a son that I never threw the ball with. Never had a first game to go to.

SCOTT
(exhausted)
Dad. That's just not me.

FRED
I know. Listen. Your sister is getting married tomorrow. I'm going to have another son, you're going to have brother. It's hard. It's hard because it's going to be different. But she's not afraid.
(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)
The girl I raised by 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 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 are different people and that's okay. It's going to have to be.

Scott is taken aback. He's grateful towards his father for the first time.

SCOTT
Th-thanks, dad. Thanks. That really means a lot.
(he thinks to himself for a moment)
What made you change your mind?

FRED
Your sister. All she wants is this wedding to be perfect and I want that for her too.

SCOTT
Yeah.
(genuine)
You know. Maybe tomorrow, before the wedding we can get breakfast. Just me and you.

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

There's a pause in the conversation. It's cathartic. Clearly the two of them needed the talk and then...

FRED (CONT'D)
So. What were you reading?

SCOTT
Dad. How familiar are you with the world of Dungeons and Dragons?

He's not. Like. Not at all...

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Bridgette is more or less 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 rooms 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 board 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. The manager is busy and really doesn't have time for this.

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. Storms too bad. They don't want to risk it.

BRIDGETTE
But, I don't think you understand. I'm in a wedding. Tomorrow. 4pm. 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 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 at 5pm.

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 how the cards fall sometimes. All these cancelled flights are going to wreck us. And I mean *wreak* us. There is nothing I can do. You are 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 more or less shellshocked. She can't believe what's happening.

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. She's going to miss the wedding, it's her fault, and she feels just plain awful.

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

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRIDGETTE AND GARRETT

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

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

GARRETT
(sympathetic)
Bridge...

BRIDGETTE
This is my fault.

GARRETT
We can fix this.

BRIDGETTE
Yeah...

GARRETT
Yeah, look. We've been through worse and figured out tougher situations. 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
Depending how you look at it, I wasn't wrong.

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

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

BRIDGETTE
You were so embarrassed.

GARRETT
Yeah, because you wouldn't let me live it down! You thought it was the funniest thing.

BRIDGETTE
You ever seen yourself get mad?
(she laughs, finally)
Then we went to that hole in the wall resturant and you just had to try the most exotic thing on the menu.
(imitating his voice)
(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
"Well if we're stuck here forever, there's no better way to learn the culture then by eating their food".

GARRETT
By the time we finally got on the plane I had thrown up so many times. You almost made them make an emergency landing.

BRIDGETTE
I thought you were going to die!

GARRETT
Sure as hell felt like I was. And it all worked out. Even got Sam that stuffed animal at the airport. Man he loves that thing. Still carries it around with him sometimes.

There's a silence. Sometimes remembering the good times stings because you just don't know if you'll ever get them back.

BRIDGETTE
(composing herself)
Thanks. I needed to get all that off my chest.

GARRETT
Anytime.
(a beat)
So. Rental cars. What's the situation there? Should be safe in the morning to hit the roads.

BRIDGETTE
They closed early because of the weather. Protocol. Can't get one until they open in the morning. 5 am.

GARRETT
(encouraging)
Which means...

BRIDGETTE
It's about a ten hour drive. I leave right at 5 I can make it back about an hour before the wedding. I got to pick up my dress from home though.

GARRETT
Let me take care of that.

BRIDGETTE
(she's collected herself)
Chelsea. How--Is she mad?

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

BRIDGETTE
(determined)
I'm gonna to 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
Goodnight, Bridge.

They each hang up. *It's going to be okay.* Bridgette is back. She got it all out of her system and has her resolve back.

INT. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, CAR RENTAL - EARLY MORNING

It's early. Way too early if the look on the guy behind the counter was any indication. Bridgette is there ready to go. And she wants to go right this second.

BRIDGETTE
I need the fastest car you can give me.

RENTAL CAR GUY
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. SACRAMENTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

She's totally standing in front of a Prius.

BRIDGETTE
Really?

She gets in the car.

INT. WEDDING VENUE, GROOM'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Scott is getting ready, tying his tie and fixing up things here and there to look his best for his sister's wedding. 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.

The two embrace the moment for a second.

SCOTT
(motioning for a hug)
C'mon!

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

SCOTT
Huh? Oh. Yeah. Of course. Dad puts me on edge sometimes. You got caught up in it and I'm sorry, man.

CARTER
It's cool, I just the other day... I 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 pig tails. I'm looking forward to a change.

CARTER
Pigtails? You know I think that'd be a good look on you.

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

CARTER
No, I doubt she would.

SCOTT
Point is. 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 here 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 talk towards the seats.

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

Chelsea is in her wedding dress, Fred at her side. All her bridesmaids are there except Bridgette.

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. Fred pats her on the back trying his best to comfort her.

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 pilling in one after the other on either side. The last one to enter, seemingly on time, is Bridgette. Scott and Bridgette acknowledge each other. 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 isle. Chelsea sees Bridgette and can't help but to smile.

The two get on stage, Fred shakes Carter's hand and walks off.

Chelsea and Carter hold hands.

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

We've made it to the real reason anyone shows up at a wedding: the reception. 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 found themselves embracing each other.

BRIDGETTE
I am **so** sorry!

CHELSEA
You're here! It's fine. 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.

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 man are they gonna be hungover.

But Sunday, Bridgette is still on reserve.

Bridgette's phone rings on a near by table. No one is getting up. It's just not a possibility with that much alcohol running through their systems.

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