

AUTOMATIC PILOT -- WEB EXCERPT

...INT. AIRPLANE CABIN/WASHROOM -- DAY

ALISE, 26, a petite brunette, very 60's euro in both look and demeanor; wipes the last of many tears away from her eyes, smudging her mascara. She wears a Blue Flight Attendants uniform.

A cramped washroom cabin. She sits on the toilet, legs crossed awkwardly, runs in her stockings.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN/MAIN CABIN -- DAY

The passengers settle into ersatz TV dinners.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN/WASHROOM -- DAY

Alise's mascara runs down her cheeks. She wipes at it with Toilet Paper.

A KNOCK reverberates around the paper-thin walls of the washroom cabin.

PAUL (O.S.)

Alise? Is that you in there?

Alise blushes, embarrassed.

ALISE

I'll be right out. Just give me a minute.

She stifles a sniffle.

PAUL (O.S.)

What's going on?

ALISE

It's nothing.

PAUL (O.S.)

It doesn't sound like nothing to me.

Alise tries to hold back a volley of tears.

ALISE

Just give me a minute, Paul.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN/ REAR SECTION -- DAY

PAUL HAGMAN, 30's, heavy-set and balding, stands outside the stall, listening to Alise sobbing. He also wears a Flight Attendant's uniform, though his has more gold stars.

He yawns, stretching. *This is nothing new to him.*

Paul spots another flight attendant, AGNES VORHEES, a 45 year old greying workhorse of a woman, and signals her over. She puts her ear against the door at his insistence.

PAUL  
(Dryly) Guess who.

Agnes chuckles.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I sent her to check on the cockpit, and then she disappeared.

AGNES  
Maybe he said something?

PAUL  
(Sarcastic) You think?

Paul's eyes trail off to the readied drink cart.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Give me a hand, will you?

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