

YOU CAN'T DO THAT ON A PLANE

A short screenplay by
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FADE IN:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

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

EXT. TERMINAL CURB - DAY

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

JOSE

My God. Was that you or your dog?

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

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

WINDY

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

JOSE

Do you need some matches?

WINDY

Oh that would be so nice. Thank
you.

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

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

INT. AIRPORT - GATE 14 - DAY

A sign reads: Flight 666 New York to Los Angeles.

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

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

Windy squats and digs into her messy tote for her boarding pass.

MEGAN

Will it be today or will we have to
delay this flight just for you.
C'mon passengers are waiting.

WINDY

I'm sorry.

MEGAN

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

WINDY

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

Megan depressed the intercom button and speaks.

MEGAN

Can you hear me now!

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

WHOOSH.

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

WINDY

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

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

INT. AIRPLANE - DOOR - DAY

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

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

LESLIE

Welcome to Valaue Airlines.

A traveler sneaks past the flight attendants with arms
stuffed.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Sup girlfriend? Last night was a
blast. Let's spark up later.

ANNE

Shhh. Not here. Megan called and said to watch out for a stinky lady coming our way.

LESLIE

Stinky like perfume stinky?

ANNE

Like fart stinky.

LESLIE

Gross!

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

Leslie squeezes her nostrils together.

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

ANNE

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

She waves away the stench.

INT. AIRPLANE - SEAT - DAY

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

Anne closes overhead bins.

WINDY

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

ANNE

Sure.

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

WINDY

Oh thank you much. You're a doll.

Anne tries to escape.

WINDY (CONT'D)

This my best friend Philly.

ANNE

It's so nice to have a best friend inst it?

She attempts to move on.

WINDY

Do you have anyone special in your life?

ANNE

I'm sorry...

WINDY

Anyone special in your life?

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

AMIR

This is my seat.

ANNE

(to Windy)

We'll have to chat later.

Continuing to close overhead bins.

WINDY

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

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

WINDY (CONT'D)

You are so nice. Thank you.

He settles into his seat. Windy covers.

WINDY (softly) (CONT'D)

I have to warn you. My dog Philly has been bad.

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

AMIR

Oh...Oh god.

WINDY

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

AMIR

French fries for a dog?

WINDY

Gave him gas.

AMIR

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - BULKHEAD - DAY

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

LESLIE

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

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

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Establishing - Value Airlines turns onto the runway.

Establishing - Lift off into the wild blue yonder.

INT. AIRPLANE - SEAT - DAY

Windy squirms restlessly in her seat. Philly whines.

Amir sleeps.

WINDY

(tapping Amir)

Sir... Excuse me. Sir.

His eyes roll open.

WINDY (CONT'D)

Sir, could you excuse me for a few
minutes?

AMIR

No.

WINDY

No? I need to...

AMIR

I said no.

He drift back off to sleep.

LATER

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

WINDY

Excuse me. Could I get out now?

AMIR

Get out?

WINDY

Yes, get out to use the facilities.

AMIR

No.

WINDY

I really need to get out.

AMIR

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

Back to the newspaper.

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

WINDY

If you insist on not moving you may need these.

AMIR

Why would I need these?

WINDY

To breathe.

She wiggles under the blanket and...

FRAPPPPP!

A supersonic sounding fart.

Windy waves the blanket up and down across her lap.

WINDY (CONT'D)

I warned you.

AMIR

American pig!

He heaves the book of matches at Windy, unbuckles and rushes away.

A beautiful twenty-something brunette, CINDY ZOOPA pops up from the seat in front of Windy. Face to face.

CINDY
Lady stop farting! You stink.

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

LATER

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

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

WINDY
I wasn't smoking.

CINDY
She wasn't smoking.

LESLIE
What?

CINDY
She was farting.

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

WHOMMMPPPP.

Cindy and Leslie peel away from her stench.

WINDY
It wasn't me.

Windy points at Philly.

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

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Value Airlines touches down with swirling smoke from the tires.

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

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

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

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

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

BART
Do you know why you are here?

WINDY
Because of Philly?

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

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

Paces again.

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

WINDY
It was Philly.

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

Lean on his desk again.

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

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

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

Windy stands, squirms uncomfortably.

WINDY
 Could I use the bathroom first.

BART
 No!

WINDY
 No?

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

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

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

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

WINDY
 Can I go now?

LEW
 Windy, one more question before you
 go.

A pained look on her face. Then...

WHOOSH.

WINDY
 Ut oh!

LEW
 What's that smell?

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

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

Lew drops his microphone.

LEW
 Jesus. Anyone got a match?

WINDY

Oh wait. I do.

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

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

FADE OUT:

THE END