

Donner Pass\_Sample

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Original Screenplay

**1 INT. AIRPORT SEATING AREA - DAY**

**1**

Black screen: the din of voices, announcements over head, golf carts beeping.

We open on the exhausted face of MCKIBS(30s). She is makeupless. Her dirty blonde hair is half-heartedly bunched near the top of her head, most of it has escaped the hair tie.

She is in baggy sweat pants and an oversized, FSU sweatshirt. A tattered messenger bag defies gravity, half off her shoulder.

She stands in front of a counter, a long line of people behind her. She chirps:

MCKIBS  
Ok. What about to Burbank?

**2 INT. AIRPORT SEATING AREA - DAY**

**2**

Another counter, another line stretches out behind her. She steadies herself.

MCKIBS  
Ontario?

CUT TO: TITLE SEQUENCE

A new counter, a new line.

McKibs needs the counter for strength this time.

MCKIBS  
Ramona?

CUT TO: TITLE SEQUENCE

What little hope she's had is gone now. An entitled woman crowds her personal space.

People and luggage are scattered as far as the eye can see. Children play. A mother scolds. A baby cries.

MCKIBS  
Anywhere?!? Anywhere that is not  
RENO FUCKING NEVADA?!?!?!?

The mother looks up, shocked.

CUT TO: TITLE SEQUENCE

Wide shot.

McKibs sits against a gray, carpeted airport wall. Several phones sprout from the outlet beside her.

As the camera closes in on her, she stares into the middle distance. Legs walk by in every direction. A woman in heels and a pencil skirt stops.

PRU-BEAR is only visible from the waist down. A large, expensive bag bumps at her hips.

PRU-BEAR

(On phone)

Finally! Listen, I got a room for the night...You know how I feel about snow-chains...Baby Mac, it'll be fine. I'll be safe and I'll still beat you there. Yes love...Yes! Bye.

The phone drops into the bag and she continues on.

**3 INT. AIRPORT SEATING AREA - DAY**

**3**

McKibs rests her head against a large airport window, phone in hand. The day behind her is ominously grey.

MCKIBS

(On phone)

Yeah, he's meeting me there....he might beat me at this point. Oh, yeah he's perfect, seriously, he just got back from a Fulbright year in Hong Kong AND he's super hot....

(laughing)

yeah no, he has no idea. Okay. Yeah, I'll let you know. Okay. Love you too. Bye.

She turns away from the window and freezes in horror.

MCKIBS

Fuck....oh fuck

**4 INT. AIRPORT SEATING AREA - DAY**

**4**

JAKE (30s) stands stock still. His thick, black curls are tousled perfectly, he's wearing a chic sweater, well-fitting, expensively worn jeans and a gorgeous leather messenger bag.

He holds a cell phone in one hand.

WIDE SHOT

There is a long moment as the two simply stare, ten feet apart. The airport moves along around them.

CLOSE UP ON:

Jake does sheepish hot-guy smile and hair flip combo. You get the impression he practiced it as a kid.

JAKE  
Samantha's wedding?

MCKIBS  
Yeah, hi.

JAKE  
Hi.

WIDE SHOT.

There is another long moment. They are both at a loss.

CLOSE UP ON:

MCKIBS  
It's been 42 hours!

JAKE  
I'm sorry?

MCKIBS  
I've been traveling for 42 hours.

JAKE  
Oh.

MCKIBS  
From Australia. I'm living there now.

JAKE  
Oh....cool.

MCKIBS  
Yeah, so, I look a mess.

She makes an attempt at appearance triage.

Jake swallows.

MCKIBS  
...so

She is interrupted by an announcement overhead.

ANNOUNCEMENT VOICE  
Attention passengers. At this time  
all outbound flights have been  
canceled. Please see your gate  
attendant for re-booking.

A collective moan floats up over the general din. McKibs fights  
back tears.

Then something catches her eye.

It's a sign that says "Car Rental" with an arrow. A crowd of  
people are headed that way. She breaks into a run.

MCKIBS  
YES!

JAKE  
What?

At the same instant he asks, Jake sees the sign too. He takes  
off after her.

They crash through the crowd.

They are in a race against each other and it's life or death.  
McKibs' voice is pitched several tones higher than it was a  
moment ago.

MCKIBS  
'scuse me! Coming through! Pardon  
me! WATCH IT KID!

They careen through the Car Rental area door at the same time,  
then split in opposite directions.

**5 INT. CAR RENTAL COUNTER**

**5**

McKibs peels herself off a countertop. A SOLD OUT sign is  
plopped onto the surface behind her.

Her messenger bag crashes to the floor.

Then she sees him.

MCKIBS  
Oh COME ON.

JAKE  
Hey.

Jake holds a set of keys. McKibs cranes her neck to look behind  
him, just in time to see the employee at that counter put a  
SOLD OUT sign up.

JAKE  
Need a ride?

He has a small, triumphant smile on his face. McKibs narrows her eyes and shakes her head no.

JAKE  
How long have you known Samantha?

MCKIBS  
Fuck you, Jake.

JAKE  
I'm just trying to help. Have you ever even driven in snow?

MCKIBS  
I'm not doing this.

JAKE  
It's the last car. Are you really going to miss Sammy's wedding because of me?

McKibs regards him while waging a silent war with herself.

MCKIBS  
It's not the last car.

JAKE  
Trust issues are fun. Why don't you check?

He smiles a victory smile.

**6 INT. - PUBLIC BATHROOM**

**6**

McKibbs applies eyeliner in the mirror. Her hair is neatly braided and her face nearly done. She sings softly to herself to the tune of Frere Jacques.

MCKIBS  
Fucking nightmare, fucking nightmare, yes this is! Yes this is! It's a fucking nightmare, it's a fucking nightmare kill me now. Kill me now.

She finishes her makeup as she finishes the song. She has cleaned up with a vengeance.

A low cut, geek-chic V-neck T hugs her body underneath a visibly soft flannel shirt.

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Skin tight, expensively comfortable looking jeans are tucked into big, wool socks and carefully worn hiking boots.

MCKIBS

This is fine.....FUCK!!!!!!

She does a stompy, angry dance, then calms herself. She fixes an imaginary hair in the mirror, girds her loins, and exits, humming her song.