

Thank You to

Heather Alexander Treulieb  
and  
Pat Mikulec

for allowing an excerpt from their  
script TRAVELERS to be used in the  
preparation of this file

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EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Light snow falls as a van rolls up and MARK, late-30s, jumps out and runs around to the passenger side. He slides the door open and TWO CHILDREN sit with their seat belts on.

A frantic AVA, mid-30s, gets out, with a iPod player clipped at the waist and a set of earbuds. She takes a small duffle bag from the man. She leans in and gives each child a quick kiss. She stands back up and kisses Mark.

MARK

It'll be okay, honey.

AVA

Sure. You're not the one who will be crashing.

He laughs.

MARK

You mean flying.

Ava shrugs her shoulders.

AVA

Same thing.

MARK

You have your I can fly tape?

AVA

Listened to it the whole way here. Why does it have to be snowing, anyway?

MARK

You'll be home in two days, stop worrying and have a good time.

AVA

Mama's sick, Mark, how can I have a good time?

MARK

You know what I mean, Ava. Give her a hug from me and the kids. I love you.

AVA

You want to give her the hugs and I'll pick you up in two days?

**MARK**

She'd love that! First time she called me Mark instead of Mike was at our tenth anniversary party.

They both laugh. He gives her another quick kiss and horns are heard behind them. Ava pushes the earbuds back in her ears.

**AVA**

I love you.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Ava looks up at the Arrival/Departure board as flight after flight changes from ON-TIME to DELAYED.

She heads for the back of the agent desk, curls up on the floor at the end of a row of empty seats, cranks up the sound on the iPod and closes her eyes. Her lips move with the words she's listened to again and again.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

**MR. HARDING**, mid-40s, wears jeans and a flannel shirt under his parka, sits next to **MR. GRANT**, late-40s, his traveling companion. Mr. Grant is dressed in business casual clothes. He sits relaxed, but looks bored as he peers out the terminal window. The two make an unlikely pair.

Mr. Harding leans over to Mr. Grant and says something inaudible. Mr. Grant turns away. Mr. Harding, picks up Mr. Grant's jacket and tosses it over the arm of the seat. Mr. Harding gets up and heads to the back of a long line at the Agent's desk.

INT. AIRPORT AGENTS DESK - NIGHT

Now, several PEOPLE are in line behind Mr. Harding, as he shakes his head and waves his ticket in the agent's face. The agent, wears a airline uniform and a name tag that says **DONNA**, takes the ticket and begins to type.

**DONNA**

I'm sorry, Mr. Harding, but there's nothing we can do about the weather.

Mr. Harding throws up his hands in protest.