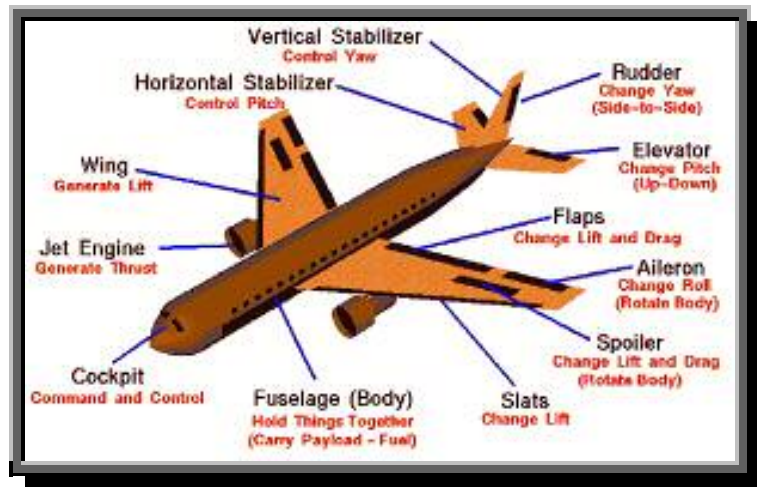


(Comedy Sketch)

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Steve Glickman

*Chuck is taking a trip...
... to la-la land.*

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INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

As the plane is boarding, we see CHUCK (~50ish white collar corporate salesman) already seated next to the aisle, with two empty seats between him and the window. He looks relaxed, his eyes blinking slowly.

Along comes MOHAMMAD (~40ish professional Turk) walking down the aisle; his ticket in one hand and a bulky, large, black leather handbag in the other. Stopping beside Chuck, he accidentally bumps Chuck with the bag. Chuck is startled and rubs his arm defensively, there's something heavy and hard inside.

MOHAMMAD

I am very sorry. Are you in harm?

Chuck looks Mohammad over; noticing his dark skin, that he's alone, and that he's carrying a large, heavy bag. As he rubs his arm he stares at the bag, then at the figure standing over him.

CHUCK

Huh? Oh, un, no.

MOHAMMAD

Very good then.

(beat)

Excuse me, please. I am to be sitting next to you.

Mohammad squeezes in next to Chuck, bringing his handbag with him. It's obviously heavy and it makes chinking sounds; like metal on metal - and it receives Chuck's full attention. He's obviously considering that he may be in a very unsafe situation.

Mohammad has trouble getting the luggage to fit in under the seat in front of him; no matter how hard he struggles to push it in. Chuck stares as Mohammad lets out a string of Turkish curses under his breath. Finally, Mohammad, in an agitated state, gives up. Chuck smiles nervously, trying to calm Mohammad.

CHUCK

Heh,

(beat)

Heh.

MOHAMMAD

God-dammed planes have no room for instruments. Get up please, I must store in overhead compartment.

CHUCK

Heh, heh. Oh yeah. Ok, sure.

Chuck gets up and allows Mohammad out. He's transfixed by what may be in the bag. It making alot of chinking noises. Finally, Mohammad gets the bag up and in the compartment, checks it, closes the door, tests the latch, and then sits back down and looks strait ahead. Chuck sits down next to him.

MOHAMMAD

Whew, ok there, everything is satisfactory.

CHUCK

Heh, yeah.

They sit there, together, uncomfortable, for a little while. Chuck wipes sweat from his face.

MOHAMMAD

Is everything satisfied?

CHUCK

(nervously)

Heh, oh yeah. Sure.

MOHAMMAD

Good. Please, is better if you remain calm.

Mohammad looks around. The plane makes noises like it's preparing to leave. Mohammad pulls a book (the Koran) out of his pocket, mumbles something to himself, and then kisses it and does a little bow in the seat. This is all too much for Chuck, who is entirely beside himself with fear. Suddenly he clutches his left shoulder.

CHUCK

(in pain)

Iieeee...

MOHAMMAD

Is everything satisf-

CHUCK

(his eyes rolling up,
gasping)

Get me off of this fucking plane.

Mohammad grabs Chuck and looks at him; then he gets up and jumps over him. He reaches up and opens the overhead compartment and pulls down his bag.

MOHAMMAD
Please, be still.

CHUCK
(gasping, barely audible)
We're all going to die...

MOHAMMAD
(opening bag)
Don't worry, my friend. I am
doctor.
(pulls out and puts on a
stethoscope)
You are having heart attack. I
will help.

Chuck looks up at Mohammad, reaches out to him; and then
passes out.

MOHAMMAD (CONT'D)
(starting CPR)
Don't worry, my friend; I will not
let you die.

FADE OUT: