

HOTEL FLUGHAFEN

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT. LANGHAM PLACE BEIJING CAPITAL AIRPORT HOTEL

A commercial airliner touches down adjacent to the Langham on one of Beijing International's runways.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

A basic search of airport hotels from around the world will result in dozens, even hundreds, of hits, but the only ones that truly qualify are those attached directly to the terminal. No shuttles. No inconvenience. No reason to even go outside. I've vacationed at the best of them. Like here at the Langham in Beijing.

INT. CORRIDOR CONNECTING AIRPORT TERMINAL TO THE LANGHAM

JOSEPH BLOW (30s) strolls along with suitcase in tow.

He stops to peer out at a tangle of honking cars, flustered travelers and screaming traffic cops.

He smiles. Flashes them a peace sign.

EXT. HONG KONG SKYCITY MARRIOTT HOTEL

The rectangular edifice of the SkyCity.

A different commercial airliner flies overhead.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

Then there's the Hong Kong SkyCity Marriott. Not bad but far from my favorite.

EXT. MOVENPICK HOTEL BAHRAIN

The exquisite and palm tree-laden Movenpick.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

The Movenpick in Bahrain. Some real Lawrence of Arabia shit.

EXT. CROWNE PLAZA CHANGI HOTEL

The rectangular box-shaped Crowne.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
Or the singular Crowne Plaza Changi
in Singapore, an establishment that
regularly tops Skytrax's list of
best airport hotels world-wide.

INT. CROWNE PLAZA CHANGI - PREMIER ROOM WITH RUNWAY VIEW

Joe peers out a window that overlooks the airport runway.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
I usually stayed in one of the
"Suites" but was perfectly happy
with a "Premier Room With Runway
View."

He watches a plane land.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
What do you hear?

There's complete silence. No sounds from outside.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
Exactly.

FITNESS CENTRE

Joe speed walks on a treadmill.

ESSENCE VALE SPA

Joe gets a pedicure.

LOBBY

Joe gazes outside. Eyeballs a family who frolic in the
outdoor pool.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
Only drawback: the pool is outside.

BAR '75

Asian-centric chic.

Joe at the bar, where he chats with an Indian man.

LATER

Converses with an Arab-looking man, who sits in the Indian man's seat.

LATER

Joe relaxes in a sofa chair. Nurses a cocktail.

Has a clear view of the comings and goings at the bar.

A Chinese lady in her twenties sashays up to the bar and takes a seat. Ignores his gaze upon her.

Joe sips from his cocktail.

Sees a Brazilian woman roll in.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

The international appeal should be
obvious. Why go all the way to
Japan or China or Brazil or
wherever to meet interesting
people?

She casually notices him but, like the Chinese woman, just plops down at the bar.

A blonde-hair Dutch lady, LINA, makes an entrance.

To the bar like the others.

A moment, then she turns around. Smiles.

He waves to her.

JOE'S ROOM

Joe pulls Lina into the room. She giggles. He closes the door behind them.

MOMENTS LATER

She and Joe have sex. She rides him.

MUCH LATER

Lina buttons her blouse. Fully clothed now.

LINA
I'm sorry I have to leave so fast
but my flight.

JOSEPH BLOW
No problem. I understand.

She scribbles something on a piece of paper. Hands it to him.

LINA
My cell and email.

JOSEPH BLOW
Thanks.

She waits for him to reciprocate. He doesn't. Then...

JOSEPH BLOW
I'm sorry. Because of my government
clearance not allowed to give out
P.I.I.
(off Lina)
Personally Identifiable
Information.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
People generally bought the P.I.I.
line, and I don't hold a government
clearance. But just so you don't
judge me as a total jerk, it's what
I tell everyone, regardless of
gender.

LINA
Oh... Okay... I get it. Well, bye.

JOSEPH BLOW
Bye. Safe flight.

At that she's out the door.

Joe crumples the paper she gave him. Tosses it in the trash.

EXT. FAIRMONT VANCOUVER AIRPORT HOTEL

The hotel, dwarfed by mountains in the far background.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
Recently, it's been the Fairmont in
Vancouver that has captured my
heart.

(MORE)

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
With a flight time of ten point
five hours and plane fares starting
in the mid to high five hundreds,
it offers the perfect combination
of price, convenience and
amenities.

INT. FAIRMONT VANCOUVER - FRONT DESK

Joe checks in.

SPA

Gets a massage and rub down.

JETSIDE BAR

Joe at the bar. He nurses a martini when a Swedish lady,
INGRID, sits beside him.

They ignore one another at first. Awkward. Then Joe sticks
out a hand in friendship.

JOE'S ROOM

Joe and Ingrid crash in. Clearly shitfaced. Fall into bed.

MOMENTS LATER

Have sex under the sheets.

LATER

After sex. She smokes a cigarette. He watches TV.

LATER

She puts on her clothes. He's still in bed.

Hands him her business card.

INGRID
My email and cell number. Call or
email some time.

JOSEPH BLOW
Of course.

She gathers her purse. Reaches the door. Smiles back at him.

He reciprocates.

INGRID

Bye.

JOSEPH BLOW

Bye.

And out the door she goes.

Joseph sighs, leans back, relieved she's gone.

Crumples the card. Tosses it into the garbage.

JETSID BAR

Joe at the bar like before.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

When Ingrid sidles up beside him.

INGRID

How come you never called or
emailed?

Before he can speak--

INGRID

You said you would.

He looks to MIKE, the bartender, for help.

MIKE

Another beer, Joe?

INGRID

Well?

Joe's eyes go from Mike to Ingrid.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

Problem was people were starting to
remember my name. Remember my face.
It was time to move on.

EXT. JOE'S TOWNHOUSE IN QUEENS, NEW YORK

With dark curtains on the windows.

SUPER: QUEENS, NEW YORK

WORK ROOM

Expansive. Bursting with computer equipment. There's Joe in the middle of it all. Tinkering away on a dismantled laptop.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

Which leads me to today. The day before I travel to the only hotel that makes the Skytrax list I haven't visited: the Hilton at the Frankfurt Airport in Germany. And it's only an extra two hours of flight time.

BEDROOM

Joe pushes the button on a karaoke machine.

Sings a former popular hit ("I've Had the Time of My Life" from "Dirty Dancing" works) to himself in a mirror.

He's actually pretty good.

LATER

Joe packs a suitcase.

Goes to a dresser. Pulls out a black blanket.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

The routine is always the same. Baby Bro' and Baby Sis' arrive to make sure I get to the airport. They are what my doctor calls "enablers."

WORK ROOM

Joe rolls in. Grabs two laptops.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

They meant well I'm sure, and we've all had to pull together after our parents died in a car accident.

INT./EXT. JOE'S TOWNHOUSE IN QUEENS, NEW YORK/ECONOLINE VAN**SUPER: THE NEXT DAY**

An econoline van pulls up out front. BABY BRO (20s) drives. BABY SIS' (20s) rides shotgun.

Joe peeks out from around one of the dark curtains.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

As you've probably ascertained, I'm
not big on open or public spaces.
Cramped spaces, either, as you'll
soon discover.

Baby Bro sees Joe at the window.

Joe whips the curtain back.

Baby Bro sighs.

BABY BRO

I'll get him.

Baby Bro hops out.

Jogs up the front steps to the front door. Knocks.

Nothing. All is quiet.

BABY BRO

C'mon, Joe, I know you're in there.

Still nothing.

BABY BRO

I saw you at the window just now.
Don't screw around. Your sister and
I have lives, too.

Baby Bro sighs again.

BABY BRO

Okay then. On the count of three
I'm going to turn my back, walk
down those steps, and you're on
your own getting to the airport.

(pause)

One, two--

JOSEPH BLOW (O.S.)

I can't go.

BABY BRO

What do you mean you "can't go."
You always say you "can't go."
C'mon now.

Dead silence.

BABY BRO

One, two--

JOSEPH BLOW (O.S.)

I don't have my black blanket.

BABY BRO

One, two--

JOSEPH BLOW (O.S.)

Okay, I'm coming.

More silence.

Baby Bro does an about face. Takes a step back to the van.

When the sound of the front door opening stops him.

He spins back around. Sees it open a crack.

INT. JOE'S TOWNHOUSE IN QUEENS, NEW YORK - FOYER

Baby Bro slides in. Finds Joe standing there with a suitcase in one hand. Both laptops and the black blanket in the other.

He peels the laptops from Joe's fingers.

BABY BRO

Thanks, bro'. Let me help you with these.

JOSEPH BLOW

You really should stop downloading so much porn. It's full of electronic S.T.D.'s. I had to reformat the entire hard drive.

BABY BRO

I have downloaded no such porn, but thanks for your concern.

(off Joe)

Ready?

Joe tenses now, frozen.

Baby Bro takes the blanket, drapes it over him.

BABY BRO

Can you see your feet?

The blanket where Joe's head is nods.

He positions Joe at the exit.

BABY BRO
On three, go. One, two, three.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE IN QUEENS, NEW YORK

Baby Bro and Joe rush outside.

Baby Bro guides his brother down the front steps.

And across the path leading to the sidewalk.

The back doors of the van swing open as...

...Baby Bro and Joe reach the sidewalk where it's parked.

Baby Bro tosses Joe and the suitcase into the back of the van, where Baby Sis' awaits.

She slams the doors shut.

It looks like a rendition operation.

Baby Bro climbs back behind the wheel, while Baby Sis' returns to the passenger seat.

Baby Bro hands her one of the laptops.

BABY SIS'
(re: laptop)
Thanks, big brother. You okay back there?

Joe shivers "yes" under the blanket.

JOSEPH BLOW
I had to install more RAM and got rid of a ton of startup programs. You should notice a big jump in performance.

Baby Bro pulls away.

EXT. I-678

The van courses through thick traffic.

INT. ECONOLINE VAN

With Joe still in back with the shakes.

He peeks out from under the blanket. Looks out a window. Sees a Boeing 747 fly overhead.

EXT. I-678

The van passes a road sign for "JFK Airport."

INT./EXT. JFK AIRPORT - CURBSIDE DEPARTURES/ECONOLINE VAN

Baby Bro checks for an open parking space while...

...Baby Sis' and Joe's eyes sweep the area.

JOSEPH BLOW

You see any?

BABY SIS'

Nah, I think we're good.

FREEZE FRAME ON: Joe gazing out the window.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)

Hold up. This whole "You see any?" needs an explanation. Turns out my arrivals can get misconstrued by airport law enforcement.

FLASHBACK -- JOE'S DISASTROUS AIRPORT ARRIVAL

INT./EXT. JFK AIRPORT - CURBSIDE DEPARTURES/ECONOLINE VAN

The van scouts for open parking spots.

SUPER: LAST YEAR

Baby Bro finds one. Pulls in.

He and Baby Sis' swing open the back doors.

They give one another a mutual nod. Game time.

With the black blanket draped over him, Joe dashes for the airport terminal.

A MOTHER with her baby clocks him.

MOTHER

Terrorist! Terrorist!

She quickly devolves into hysterics.

THREE POLICE OFFICERS behind her pull their weapons.
Chase after Joe.

OFFICER #1
Down on the ground. Hands on your
head.

Joe zooms past the sliding glass doors.

INT. JFK - AIRPORT TERMINAL

Joe, Baby Bro and Baby Sis' burst in.

With the cops closing in...

...drop to the floor.

Joe flings the blanket off himself.

The officers surround them. Guns pointed.

MOMENTS LATER

Joe in deep conversation with the officers.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
It took some talking to convince
them that I wasn't Al Qaeda or ISIS
but just some guy with certain
issues. They weren't happy, but had
to let me go.

END FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. JFK AIRPORT - CURBSIDE DEPARTURES/ECONOLINE VAN

SUPER: BACK TO NOW

Baby Bro sees an open spot. Whips in.

He, Baby Sis' and Joe race into the terminal.

INT. JFK - TERMINAL

Joe stuffs the now-folded blanket into his carry-on bag.

Baby Bro lifts Joe off the floor with one giant bear hug.

BABY BRO
Missing you already, man.

Joe gasps for air. Baby Bro sets him back down.
Baby Sis' leans forward and kisses Joe's cheek.

BABY SIS'
You have a good time, you hear, and
try to find some nice young woman
to settle down with.

BABY BRO
In the meantime, keep laying that
pipe.

Baby Sis admonishes Baby Bro with a look. He backs off.
At that, Joe ascends an escalator toward "Departures."

DEPARTURE GATE

Joe files onto the jet bridge.
Wipes newly-formed sweat from his brow.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - FIRST CLASS

Joe plops down into a first class seat.
Immediately covers himself with the blanket.

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
I always fly first class. No choice
really. I once decided to get brave
and go coach. Big mistake.

FLASHBACK -- JOE MISTAKENLY FLIES COACH

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - CABIN (COACH)

The plane in mid-flight.
With Joe sandwiched like a human sardine right in the middle.
He quakes, soaked in sweat. Silently screams at the ceiling.
A WORRIED FLIGHT ATTENDANT moseys over.

WORRIED FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, are you okay?

Joe's in the zone. Oblivious.

An OLD LADY seated next to him gives the attendant a card.

OLD LADY
He told me to give this to you
should he become "incapacitated."

WORRIED FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(reads card)
"Hello, My name is Joe, and I am
not a flight risk or a threat to
anyone. I have agoraphobia, which
is an irrational fear of public or
open or enclosed spaces. I will be
okay in due time. Fear not."

END FLASHBACK

EXT. JFK

Joe's flight takes off.

SUPER: BACK TO NOW AGAIN

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - FIRST CLASS

Joe sweats and quivers under his black blanket.

A sign dangles from around his neck: "Hi, My name is Joe, and I am not a flight risk or a threat to anyone. I have agoraphobia, which is an irrational fear of public or open or enclosed spaces. I will be okay in due time. Please bring me water on a regular basis."

JOSEPH BLOW (V.O.)
First Class helps but is no
panacea.

A Flight Attendant places a glass of water on the foldout tray in front of him.

EXT. FRANKFURT AIRPORT

Joe's flight touches down.

SUPER: FLUGHAFEN FRANKFURT AM MAIN

INT. FRANKFURT AIRPORT - ARRIVAL GATE

Joe stumbles off first.

He downs a bottle of water. Inhales. Clearly relieved.

BAGGAGE CLAIM

Joe retrieves his suitcase.

Marches past a sign with an arrow that points to the street outside: "FLUGHAFEN AUSFAHRT."

TERMINAL ONE/TWO CONCOURSES

Past a myriad of clothing, electronics, toy, flower, and shoe stores. A pharmacy. A nail salon. Markets. Eateries galore. It's a mini-city unto itself.

He stops at a Deutsche Bank ATM to withdraw money.

CAUSEWAY CONNECTING TERMINALS WITH THE SQUAIRE

Traipses over this overpass that spans the main airport road.

He waves his customary peace sign at the cacophony of harried travelers, taxis and autos below.

THE SQUAIRE

And onto the airport's newish (since 2007) amalgam of shops, hotels, office complexes and dining excellence.

He makes a right. Sees the Hilton at the far end.

THE HILTON - FRONT DESK

Joe checks in.

JOSEPH BLOW

I requested something with an airport view. So I can see the planes land.

FRONT DESK GIRL

Sure, no problem.

HILTON - JOE'S ROOM

Top notch. Features a fifty-five-inch Hi-Def TV. Surround sound. View over the terminals to the runways beyond.

Joe enters, drops his suitcase next to his bed.

Goes to the window. Sees a plane land. Total silence.

LATER

Takes a shower.

LATER

Joe in his best clothes. Relaxes on the bed and watches a German TV show. Checks his watch.

THE SQUAIRE

Joe strolls past an array of ethnic restaurants. Chinese. Japanese (sushi). Italian.

He stops at the Italian joint: JOE'S ITALIAN.

JOE'S ITALIAN

Joe dives into a plate of spaghetti.

THE SQUAIRE

Joe back on the move. He passes **FRANK'S AMERICAN BAR**, that features "authentic Angus American hamburgers."

Spots a quasi-night club: **MARTINI'S**. Reads the sign out front: "Karaoke Night."

Peers inside. The place is already packed.

He smiles.

MARTINI'S

Joe on stage, where he belts out the hit song from before.

Takes a break long enough to wink at a young lady.

JOSEPH BLOW
How ya' doin', sweetheart?

She blushes, and he goes back to singing.

A group of eight rolls in. Among them, the lovely, fair-skinned RACHEL JENKINS.

He catches her eye for a moment and he's... Well...
Smitten. He loses his place in the song.
Quickly regains his composure as the group finds seats.
Brings the song to a crescendo.
To enthusiastic applause.

JOSEPH BLOW

Thank you so much. So very, very
much. Name's Joe Blow. Don't laugh.
That's really my name. Well, Joseph
Blow on the birth certificate, and
I'm what you call a people-pleaser.

He waves. Jumps off the stage.