



DOOMED TO REPEAT

WRITTEN BY M.LATHROM

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FADE IN:

INT. PASSENGER JET - NIGHT

The roar of a jet engine. A small plastic cup with a fizzing tablet at the bottom. A woman's hand lifts it.

MARIAM (37), in the traditional flight attendant skirt suit, downs the water. She leans on the counter, pale with dark circles under her eyes. Her eyes scrunched closed.

She startles. Her eye's shoot open.

She grabs the fizzy water. Downs it.

MARIAM
(whisper to herself)
Damn it.

LUCY (54), a blonde/gray perm and flower backs into Mariam as she opens the bathroom door.

LUCY
Oh, excuse me. No room on these tiny th-- Hey, are you all right?

MARIAM
I'm fine.

LUCY
Nothing I should be worried about, right?

MARIAM
No, just a little sick. That's all.

LUCY
You picked the wrong profession.

Lucy chuckles, squeezes into the bathroom, pulls the door closed.

Mariam catches her breath, rolls the food cart out. She eyes the bathroom door for a moment, then moves it past.

She makes eye contact with the young couple in the first row on her left. They shake their heads.

Then she looks at the college bros on her right. They wave her off.

The man behind them, BILL (49), bald with a suit and glasses, waves to her.

MARIAM

What can I get you, sir?

BILL

This plane is going to crash.

Mariam's breath escapes her.

MARIAM

I--I'm sorry, what did you say?

BILL

I'd like an empty glass, please.

He holds up a bottle of soda.

Mariam snaps out of her daze. Grabs a glass. Hands it over. He nods with a smile.

On the other side, a little girl, TILLI (5), reaches out for her. Mariam leans down to her.

MARIAM

What would you like?

TILLI

Umm. I'd like engine one to go.

Mariam takes a shocked pause. She peeks at the window beside them. Bright sky. The mist of curves over the wing.

MARIAM

(angry)

What did you say?

The girl's mother, JUDITH (42), eyes Mariam.

JUDITH

I'm sorry, is there a problem? What do you want, sweetie.

TILLI

I told her I don't know.

MARIAM

Excuse me.

Mariam grows panicked. She backs up with her cart.

Bumps into Lucy who's trying to enter a row. Lucy stumbles to the side.

LUCY

Excuse me!

MARIAM

I'm sorry.

LUCY

We're going down in the Pacific.

Mariam backs up, afraid to say anything. A man in his seat beside her tugs on her shirt.

MAN

Uh, sorry. I was just wondering if you're going to die in flames with the rest of us.

The woman next to him leans out with a smile.

WOMAN

I'll die on impact.

All of the color drains out of Mariam's face. She backs up. Leaves her cart. Passengers turn to her.

An old man.

OLD MAN

Over two hundred souls will be lost and a Diet Coke, please.

A young college girl.

COLLEGE GIRL

Yeah, like, can I get the pilot's decapitated remains?

A sleeping fat man.

FAT MAN

(through snores)
Oh god, the screaming.

Mariam stumbles back. She turns around, darts for the galley. She goes to the sink. Splashes water on her face. Drinks from her hand.

She rifles through the cabinet above the sink. Grabs tablet bottle. Pops one out. She drops it in a plastic cup, then fills it with water.

The voices of doom call out to her from the passenger cabin. They fade into a murmur. Then a lull.

She catches her breath, closes her eyes, goes into herself.

The voices fade into a dull hum.

The glass beside her bubbles and fizzes. The fizzing sound grows deafening.

Mariam scrunches her eyes closed.

BLACKNESS

A metal mass comes crashing down. A fireball consumes everything.

BACK TO SCENE

Mariam startles. Her eyes shoot open.

She grabs the fizzy water. Downs it.

Someone bumps her. Lucy opens the bathroom door behind her.

LUCY

Oh, excuse me. No room on these tiny th-- Hey, are you all right?

MARIAM

I'm... fine.

LUCY

Nothing I should be worried about, right?

Mariam looks beside her. The food cart she left in the aisle sits right next to her.

A look of panic comes over her.

FADE OUT.

THE END