

"LIFTED"

By

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Romantic Comedy Genre Script

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March 23, 2009

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mid-thirties men MIKE, single, and older lifelong friend THOMAS, married, sit at a table in a dimly lit bar. THOMAS visits from out of state to celebrate MIKE'S birthday. A young familiar FEMALE BARTENDER approaches them and smiles welcomingly.

FEMALE BARTENDER

The usual?

MIKE tilts his head downward and scratches his right arm in attempt to avoid eye contact. THOMAS slowly turns toward her to give a rough smile and a nod, then clears his throat and looks at MIKE.

THOMAS

Some things wrong with you, mate. Of all the places...

MIKE looks up and chuckles softly.

MIKE

I'm 35 now, so what?

THOMAS

You haven't found your routine the least bit boring?

The FEMALE BARTENDER returns and sets their drinks on the table and walks away. MIKE stirs his drink with the straw then slowly wraps his lips around it to take a sip. Then another, longer sip.

THOMAS

We've gone here every night since I've come to visit. You deserve something special, is all.

THOMAS looks at the FEMALE BARTENDER as she walks away and nudges his head in her direction.

THOMAS

So, what do you think?

MIKE stares blankly at THOMAS.

MIKE

Don't have time for that these days.

THOMAS playfully frowns.

THOMAS  
She probably thinks you hate her.

MIKE continues to quietly work on his drink as if he did not hear THOMAS. THOMAS notices event fliers on a bulletin board out of the corner of his eye.

THOMAS  
I'm going to make this right, my friend.

THOMAS rises from his barstool as MIKE stares in confusion.

THOMAS  
Come with me.

THOMAS strikes MIKE on the back to get him to stand up. MIKE stumbles over to the bulletin board and stands alongside THOMAS.

MIKE  
What's this all about?

THOMAS  
Pick something, randomly. Frankly, I don't care what it is.

MIKE looks THOMAS in the eyes as if its a stupid idea. MIKE hesitates before he finally places his left hand over his eyes and waves his right index finger over the board.

THOMAS  
And... stop!

MIKE'S right hand halts in motion over a nail salon advertisement. The moment MIKE uncovers his eyes he jolts back and is dumbstruck by what he sees.

MIKE  
Enhance my natural beauty?!

MIKE immediately turns away and begins to walk back toward his barstool. THOMAS grabs him by the elbow to stop him.

THOMAS  
Oh come on, you didn't expect any setbacks? Give it another go.

MIKE grinds his teeth and shakes his head. He slowly walks back to the board to try again. He closes his eyes and superficially waves his finger over the board. He stops at an air show flier and before he fully opens his eyes to check for himself, THOMAS interjects.

THOMAS

Oh, this could be interesting. It's after work, too.

MIKE tilts his head to the side and smirks.

MIKE

Well if it will make you shut up...

THOMAS lightly punches MIKE on the shoulder as both of them laugh.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

MIKE sits inside a small cubicle with his hands curled above a keyboard. Scraps of paper with broken computer code are strewn about the floor, with a pile of worn programming books towering above him. His boss PHIL steps in and commands attention.

PHIL

Hey, uhhh...

PHIL jumps in surprise at the accumulated mess and spills some of his coffee on the carpet.

PHIL

Some of us were, uh, going to treat ourselves to dinner tonight. Care to tag along?

MIKE breaks eye contact and blankly stares back at his computer screen. His lips briefly twitch.

MIKE

I-I can't...

PHIL sarcastically raises an eye brow and nods weakly.

PHIL

Uh, yeah. What plans do you have this time?

FRED in a neighboring cubicle overhears the conversation and pops his head up. He pushes up his glasses.

FRED

Man, you gotta let down your guard a little sometimes. For the time you've been here there shouldn't only be three people who know your name.

FRED pushes up his glasses again as his head recedes back into his cubicle. PHIL scoffs.

PHIL

Well, if you change your mind... Oh, and remember, we need your module complete by the end of the week. And, um, do something about this mess...

PHIL looks down as he kicks a crumpled piece of paper. He turns and struts away. MIKE curls his right hand into a fist and smashes the keyboard which causes several keys to fly out of place. He signs out of the office for the evening as he hears laughs come from FRED in the other cubicle.

EXT. AIR SHOW FIELD - LATE EVENING

MIKE and THOMAS pull their car into an outdoor parking lot. They step out into a large field surrounded by a crowd of spectators. A red biplane revs its engine on a dirt runway. THOMAS catches MIKE try to sneak in a big breath of fresh air. THOMAS nudges him.

THOMAS

See, you needed something new to cleanse your palette.

MIKE chuckles.

MIKE

My grandpa use to tell me insane stories about his biplane flight days back in World War II.

THOMAS

Really? I bet this kind of thing is in your blood.

MIKE

Ha ha, no way.

The biplane begins to move down the runway as loud and exciting music is projected onto the field.

ANNOUNCER

Please, a round of applause for... Air Queen!!

MIKE looks up as the biplane takes off and immediately enters into a steep spin climb and leaves contrails in its wake.

MIKE  
I hate heights.

In sync with the music, the biplane suddenly hovers in midair at the height of its climb. It enters a twisting free fall as MIKE cringes and the crowd gasps. Moments before it hits the ground, it swoops over the spectators. MIKE and THOMAS feel wind from it. MIKE'S jaw drops.

THOMAS  
Holy...

The biplane does several laps of rolls over the spectators, and enters into another steep spin climb. It transitions into several spiral loops and daring rolls all of which grow tighter and faster with progression. The biplane follows through with several sky skids and impossible flips.

The biplane finally makes one final steep climb and hovers in midair. The pilot ejects from the seat at the height of the climb and sky dives back into the cockpit as it falls. The biplane nose dives sharply toward the runway and clouds the field with water vapour as it slowly lowers to a garage.

MIKE is unable to take his eyes off the biplane. He stumbles away from THOMAS in a daze.

MIKE  
I-I have to meet her.

Without thought, MIKE darts off in the direction of the garage.

INT. AIR SHOW GARAGE - LATE EVENING

BRIDGETTE, a beautiful pilot in her mid-thirties, sits inside of her biplane. MIKE emerges, sees a MANAGER approach her, and jumps behind a tool station. BRIDGETTE pulls herself out of the cockpit and pops off her helmet. She swings her hair back as she reaches for a bottle of water.

MANAGER  
Nice job, sweet lips. You put on a real good show. Real good.

The MANAGER smirks as he steps closer to BRIDGETTE and pinches her buttocks. MIKE watches. This briefly stuns her and she steps back slightly, but she smiles anyway.

BRIDGETTE

Thanks...

The MANAGER flounces off. Suddenly, MIKE accidentally bumps his elbow on the tool station and a wrench falls to the floor. BRIDGETTE turns toward the noise. MIKE quickly picks up the wrench, stands up, and slowly walks toward BRIDGETTE.

MIKE

Who was that man?

MIKE tightens his grip on the wrench. BRIDGETTE looks toward her MANAGER who is walking away, then turns back toward MIKE.

BRIDGETTE

My manager?

MIKE

Why do you take that crap from him?

BRIDGETTE

He's kinda too hands-on, but he finds me some great gigs.

BRIDGETTE reaches for MIKE'S hand and gently unhooks the wrench. MIKE and BRIDGETTE simultaneously fix their eyes on her biplane that sits right between them.

MIKE

Wow, a Model 75 Stearman.

BRIDGETTE jolts back in surprise. She laughs then beams a smile. MIKE stands more boldly.

MIKE

My grandfather used to own one of these. Used it as a trainer aircraft back in the 1940's.

BRIDGETTE stares at MIKE in fascination.

BRIDGETTE

Used to? Did something happen?

MIKE stands quiet and tries to act strong. He nods.

MIKE

He was military. A top pilot.

BRIDGETTE focuses her eyes on the controls inside the cockpit.

BRIDGETTE

Yeah, well. When I have my hands on the controls, nothing else matters.

BRIDGETTE thinks to herself a moment. She blushes and grabs a spare helmet from off the tool station.

BRIDGETTE

Wanna go for a ride?

MIKE steps back in shock. He looks at her with excitedly bright eyes.

MIKE

No way. That's not my thing.

BRIDGETTE

That's too bad...

MIKE

However, I'd love to help you.

BRIDGETTE places her hands on her hips.

BRIDGETTE

Really? How's that?

MIKE

I'm a programmer. I design web sites. It'll manage your work for you.

BRIDGETTE

Really? I would like that.

MIKE hands her a business card. BRIDGETTE takes one look at it and giggles. Even though a bit put off by the gesture, she smiles.

BRIDGETTE

Um, okay. Let's stay in touch!

MIKE turns away from BRIDGETTE and heads toward the garage exit. He trips on a loose shoe lace, which startles her. Her voice echoes throughout the garage.

BRIDGETTE

Are you alright?!

MIKE pulls himself up and gestures that he's okay. MIKE limps away as BRIDGETTE turns to service her biplane with the wrench.



EXT. AIR SHOW FIELD - NIGHT

THOMAS greets MIKE as he emerges from the garage. The air show field is now completely vacant with only a single car visible in the parking lot. THOMAS rests his arm around MIKE as they walk to the car.

THOMAS  
So how'd it go in there, mate?

MIKE  
She's perfect.

THOMAS laughs excitedly. He pats MIKE on the back.

THOMAS  
That's great!

THOMAS moistens his lips.

THOMAS  
So what happened?

THOMAS opens the driver's seat car door.

MIKE  
I gave her my business card.

THOMAS bumps his head on the car roof as he enters.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - NIGHT

THOMAS rests his left arm on the steering wheel as he turns toward MIKE.

THOMAS  
Are you some kind of bumbling idiot? You should punch yourself in the face.

MIKE stares blankly.

THOMAS  
You've got to be more vigilant!

THOMAS turns on the car but leaves it in park. He looks MIKE straight in the eye.

THOMAS  
I'm worried for ya, mate. I'd just hope for you to be settled before I leave again.

THOMAS turns his head away and places both hands on the steering wheel.

THOMAS  
You're going to be alone for the rest of  
your life.

MIKE straightens up his posture in the seat as THOMAS hits the gas pedal.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

MIKE sits at his keyboard as a pile of incomplete work mounts on his desk. He feverishly works on a web site for BRIDGETTE. PHIL enters.

PHIL  
Um, that doesn't look like the module  
you're supposed to have finished up by  
tomorrow.

MIKE keeps his eyes fixed on the computer screen.

MIKE  
Break.

PHIL  
Uh, at 10 o'clock?

MIKE ignores PHIL completely, but he does not take it personally. PHIL hears another worker call out his name and he peers over a row of cubicles in their direction. He mutters.

PHIL  
Uh, okay. Just remember what we pay you  
for.

MIKE taps away at the keys.

EXT. OFFICE COURTYARD - MORNING

BRIDGETTE'S biplane emerges from the horizon and lands in the entrance courtyard. Commuters stop and stare as she hops out of the biplane and pulls off her helmet. She holds the helmet under her right arm as she walks toward the entrance door. An OLD LADY with crutches rushes behind her.

OLD LADY  
Wait for me!!

With an enthusiastic smile, BRIDGETTE holds the door open for the OLD LADY, then enters.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

BRIDGETTE walks up to the reception desk as she brushes her fingers through her hair. She shows MIKE'S business card. The RECEPTIONIST mumbles incoherently and points toward a cubicle in the middle of the first row. BRIDGETTE smiles.

BRIDGETTE  
Thanks so much.

MIKE recognizes BRIDGETTE'S voice from a distance. He pops his head over the cubicle and their eyes instantly embrace. He nervously drops back down and scrambles to clean up his desk. He kicks scraps of paper to a corner under his desk, and stuffs the pile of incomplete work into the garbage.

BRIDGETTE  
Hi there, Mikey.

MIKE looks up at her in embarrassment.

MIKE  
H-how'd you find me?

MIKE thinks to himself a moment as BRIDGETTE readies her hand inside her purse to pull out a business card.

MIKE  
Oh, right.

BRIDGETTE giggles.

BRIDGETTE  
Well, you visited me at work!

MIKE smirks as BRIDGETTE fixes her eyes on the computer screen where a beautiful web site sits. She is speechless.

BRIDGETTE  
Oh, wow. That is...

MIKE  
It automatically filters all gig requests and outputs them based on your set preferences. And, it's a way of letting the world know what events you're up to.

BRIDGETTE shakes her head in disbelief. She reaches into her purse.

BRIDGETTE  
What do I owe you?

MIKE lifts his hands off the keyboard and pushes the purse closed. BRIDGETTE blushes.

FRED arrives and notices a pretty girl outside of MIKE'S cubicle. He runs toward his desk and ducks under it for cover. He shakes frantically.

BRIDGETTE  
Come for a ride with me.

MIKE looks at BRIDGETTE with wide eyes.

MIKE  
Now? I'm at work.

MIKE closes BRIDGETTE'S web site and pulls up a decoy spreadsheet filled with complex formulas.

BRIDGETTE  
Oh shut up.

BRIDGETTE pries MIKE'S right hand off the mouse and takes a gentle grip. She tugs with both her hands. MIKE finally gets up from his chair and follows BRIDGETTE outside, as FRED watches from under his desk and PHIL watches from several cubicles over. PHIL'S face grows fiery red.

EXT. OFFICE COURTYARD - MORNING

MIKE steps out and sees where BRIDGETTE parked.

MIKE  
On the courtyard?!

BRIDGETTE shrugs.

BRIDGETTE  
So?

Smiles form in synchrony on their faces as they share a hefty laugh. But MIKE grows increasingly nervous the closer they get to the biplane.

MIKE  
I-I...

BRIDGETTE  
Come on, it's perfectly safe.

MIKE  
I can't.

BRIDGETTE and MIKE share an awkward stare, then a short period of silence. BRIDGETTE sighs.

BRIDGETTE

Why's that?

MIKE looks at the biplane and closes his eyes. He shakes his head. BRIDGETTE places her right hand on MIKE'S forehead and pulls his eyes up toward hers. She gazes in them deeply.

BRIDGETTE

I think you're a riot. And I love the web site. But... you seem too closed off.

BRIDGETTE puts on her helmet and goggles then hops into the cockpit.

BRIDGETTE

I feel like you won't allow me to be close to you.

MIKE watches as she takes off and disappears into the horizon.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MIKE and THOMAS sit slouched over the same table they were at before. The same FEMALE BARTENDER approaches them, drinks already in hand.

FEMALE BARTENDER

Hey guys.

She smiles warmly and places two drinks on the table. THOMAS turns toward MIKE.

THOMAS

My flight's tomorrow morning.

MIKE

No problem, I've got you covered.

MIKE pats his right pocket and his car keys jingle. THOMAS smashes his drink on the table.

THOMAS

Damn, you just don't bloody get it.

MIKE stares at him in confusion as he takes a sip.

THOMAS

Do you love her?

MIKE'S stare transitions into shock.

MIKE

W-what?

THOMAS hardens his voice.

THOMAS

Do you love her?!

MIKE looks down and shakes his head as he mutters silently to himself.

THOMAS

Take charge, my friend!

MIKE

How does a man like me deserve a girl like that? I'm not spontaneous. I'm not thrilling. I can't fly.

THOMAS turns toward MIKE to peer into his eyes and place his right hand on his shoulder.

THOMAS

But you want to.

MIKE takes in a long blink.

MIKE

For my grandfather to survive fifteen air assaults, then for one faulty inspection...

MIKE takes a long sip from his drink.

THOMAS

Chill out, mate. You just need to meet her thrills.

MIKE

How?

THOMAS

I think you know.

THOMAS smiles and chugs the rest of his drink. MIKE follows suit. MIKE places his drink on the table and laughs.

MIKE

Look, I've got to get back to hell to finish something. Tomorrow morning, right?

THOMAS

Right.

MIKE sidesteps off his barstool and stumbles toward the door as THOMAS looks down into his empty glass.

INT. OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

MIKE sits at his desk with BRIDGETTE'S web site open. He notices that even though they are apart, she is making heavy use of the site. He finds several self-scheduled events already listed, and thankfully no mention of her MANAGER on the Contact page.

He suddenly hears PHIL'S feet slide against the carpet and closes the site just before he rounds the cubicle wall. He opens up the decoy spreadsheet to look busy.

PHIL

I see you stuck around for the crunch.

PHIL stands tall and takes a careful peek over MIKE'S shoulder.

PHIL

Great work. And, um, by the way. Looks like we're going to have to stick around until tomorrow morning to get this done. I hope you didn't have anything... planned.

PHIL'S cellphone vibrates and he reaches into his pocket. He places a finger over his opposite ear as he answers it and walks off.

MIKE looks at his watch. He fidgets. He taps his right foot. He taps his fingers. In one swift motion he knocks several books and papers onto the floor, springs from his chair and screams.

MIKE

I-I-I'm done... I can't do this anymore!!

Heads rise from every cubicle and turn to look at him. Without a word and without signing out, he sprints out of the building.

INT. OFFICE COURTYARD - LATE NIGHT

MIKE bursts from the building's doors with his arms spread out to his sides like an airplane. He banks, turns, and spins on a twisty path to the indoor parking lot across the street. Late night commuters watch him, some laugh while others smile, but MIKE takes no notice or care of them.

MIKE darts across an active four lane street as he narrowly dodges several fast moving vehicles. He jumps the toll gate at the entrance of the parking lot and heads for his car. He jumps inside, turns the key, and speeds out towards home.

INT. MIKE'S HOME - LATE NIGHT

MIKE barges through his front door and heads straight up to the attic. He scans his eyes across rolling hills of boxes and comes across one labeled "GRANDPA". He digs in and finds a worn flying helmet. He lovingly places it on his head. He then uncovers a dusty pilot's license. He embraces it.

MIKE

How did you do it?

He finds a stack of stained papers and faded photographs at the very bottom of the box. He dusts the surface off with the back of his hand. His eyes immediately lock onto a will at the top of the pile. He takes it out and runs his eyes through it.

MIKE

Grandpa?

His movement hastens as he thumbs through several photographs of biplanes of various models. He studies and cradles them like a kid at Christmas morning. He falls over onto the dusty floor, photographs still in hand, and slowly falls asleep.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - MORNING

MIKE drives THOMAS to the airport. THOMAS looks out his window as he rests his arm on top of a suitcase on his lap. A look of grave concern for MIKE runs across his face. MIKE briefly takes his eyes off the road to look at THOMAS.

MIKE

You're not going to believe this.

THOMAS sits up in his seat and fixes his attention on MIKE. MIKE'S eyes mix with fear and thrill as he stutters and fails to concoct a sentence.



THOMAS

Oh shit.

THOMAS smiles and snickers.

THOMAS

Did you quit?

MIKE'S attention rapidly switches between the road and THOMAS.

MIKE

It's more than that. My grandfather...

MIKE closely dodges another driver at an intersection. He sweats and reaches into his pocket. He hands THOMAS his grandfather's will.

MIKE

See for yourself.

THOMAS unfolds the document and flattens it on top of his suitcase. He runs his eyes through it as a thrilling smile forms on MIKE'S face.

THOMAS

He left you all of these?

MIKE turns and nods.

MIKE

A friend of his... Officer Harris... has been taking care of them.

THOMAS

Serious?

MIKE points out the window toward a retired air force base. It's dilapidated and vacant of life, but several biplanes stick out of storage containers and litter a dirty runway.

MIKE

I'm going after I drop you off.

MIKE pulls the car straight up to the airport entrance and they step out.

EXT. AIRPORT ENTRANCE - MORNING

THOMAS closes his door and tightens his grip on his suitcase. MIKE leaves his open and rounds the car toward THOMAS. They smile and stare at each other for an awkward moment. THOMAS puts down the suitcase and leans in toward MIKE for a distant yet strong hug.

THOMAS  
Good luck, friend.

MIKE picks up the suitcase and hands it back to THOMAS with a smile. THOMAS disappears into the crowd as MIKE watches, then heads for his car.

EXT. RETIRED AIR FORCE BASE - MORNING

HARRIS, an old veteran, stands on a runway outside a storage facility as he lovingly polishes a biplane's hull. He hears the noise of a car approaching. He rubs off his glasses then slips them on for a better look. MIKE parks on the runway, gets out, and approaches HARRIS.

MIKE digs into his pocket and shows HARRIS the will. HARRIS adjusts his glasses as he carefully examines it. He looks at MIKE and smiles.

HARRIS  
So you're the grandson he always spoke  
so highly of?

HARRIS wastes no time and grabs MIKE by the hand, and places it on the hull of the biplane. He laughs proudly.

HARRIS  
He put the rest of us to shame.

HARRIS walks over to the biplane cockpit and opens his palm toward the controls.

HARRIS  
What's the point in owning something you  
can't use.

MIKE carefully approaches the cockpit of the biplane. HARRIS grabs a flying helmet off of a table and hands it to MIKE. MIKE'S hands twitch as he slowly puts on the helmet.

HARRIS  
She must be pretty great.

MIKE shakes his head.

MIKE

What?

HARRIS

I been around a long time. I know that look.

MIKE rests his arm on the biplane's hull.

MIKE

Just knowing her, I've lived more in the past day than I have the last ten years.

HARRIS

A girl like that you gotta sweep off her feet.

MIKE steps back and thinks to himself for a moment. He looks HARRIS in the eyes with a smile.

MIKE

Do you have a computer?

EXT. AIR SHOW STADIUM - AFTERNOON

Hundreds of spectators pile into a large stadium and take their seats. An ANNOUNCER comes on.

ANNOUNCER

We have an amazing show planned for you this afternoon.

INT. AIR SHOW DRESSING ROOM - AFTERNOON

BRIDGETTE stares in the mirror as she peps herself for the flight ahead.

EXT. AIR SHOW STADIUM - AFTERNOON

Before the show starts, MIKE is seen flying a biplane in the sky.

ANNOUNCER

It seems like we have an unidentified performer with us...

MIKE performs several spins in the sky. BRIDGETTE steps outside of the dressing room and fixes her eyes on the biplane in the sky.

MIKE then does several impossible maneuvers that please the spectators thoroughly. As his final act, he draws a heart in the sky with his contrails and lands in the center of the stadium. He steps out as BRIDGETTE runs toward him, speechless. They embrace each other strongly.

MIKE lifts BRIDGETTE into the passenger seat, then jumps into the driver's seat. Under intense applause from hundreds of spectators, MIKE takes off. BRIDGETTE stretches her arms around the seat to hug MIKE as the two fly off toward the sun.