

INT. JAMES' CUBICLE - MINUTES LATER

Pinned to the wall is a giant POSTER of something resembling a black jet. A neat STACK OF BOOKS about planes and UFOs are in a pile at the top right hand corner of a DESK, a plastic E.T. FIGURINE sitting on top of them.

JAMES SULLIVAN, a woman, about 25, sits at the desk, wearing JEANS, a WIFE BEATER, and black HIGH TOPS. She has a look of deep concentration on her face.

She has apparently put her time to use by building a creation out of PAPERCLIPS, a STAPLER, several PENS, and quite a bit of SCOTCH TAPE. A PAPERWEIGHT is balanced precariously on top.

She sees Miles walking by, smiles, and gives her a hopeful thumbs up sign. Miles shakes her head. James lets her hands fall on the desk with a thump as Miles approaches.

JAMES

Why?!

MILES

There's a new arrival coming in tomorrow at nine.

JAMES

So? He could have given it to Fred or the germ. Neither of them have flights tomorrow.

MILES

Well, you're a better pilot.

JAMES

Flattery will get you nowhere.

MILES

Last week you were complaining because Wright got to fly and you didn't.

JAMES

True, because I was stuck in my cubicle doing paperwork. The entire week.

MILES

Look, I'm sorry. Really. But right now there isn't much I can do.

JAMES
(grumbling)
I know.

MILES
You get everything done tomorrow,
and Monday is a holiday.

James gives a dismissive sniff.

JAMES
I just don't understand. I've been
here with nothing to do since
Tuesday.

She nudges her Scotch tape creature, toppling the paperweight
with a CLATTER.

JAMES (CONT'D)
And now I have all this work.

MILES
Sorry. Tough break.

JAMES
Yeah.

Miles turns and walks away. James exhales loudly.

MILES
(without turning around)
I get the point, Sullivan.

James studies the monstrosity on her desk, replaces the
paperweight, and stands up. She walks into the cubicle next
to hers. The desk has an open laptop in it and several models
of PLANES. On the wall is a NASA CALENDAR. But no one else is
occupying it. She shakes her head and leans over the cubicle
next to that.

INT. CHICK'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

CHICK HAYES, a skinny man with musty brown hair and a slight
drawl, a bit older than James, sits in front of a very
convincing BLOWN UP PICTURE of an alien, thumbtacked to the
wall behind him.

Above his DESK is a shelf filled with more BOOKS than he
really has room for. The books are on everything from alien
mythology to alien spaceship "sightings".

He wears a slightly oversized T-shirt that reads THAT INFORMATION IS CLASSIFIED. AND BESIDES, THE ALIENS ERASED MY MEMORY.

When James looks over at him, he looks up from the PAPERWORK he's doing.

CHICK

James. Won't you come in?

JAMES

Where's the germ?

CHICK

Doesn't he have a flight?

JAMES

There was a change of schedule.
Those crafts aren't coming in until
Tuesday, which I think you know.
Fred's the only one with a flight
today. Lindsey's last craft. So,
where is he?

LINDSEY COOK, slightly younger than James, with long blonde hair, pops her head over the other side of Chick's cubicle.

LINDSEY

Did you call me?

JAMES

Have you seen Jeremiah?

LINDSEY

No. Have you seen my paperweight?

JAMES

It's in my cubicle. Although I
never really understood the purpose
of a paperweight inside a building.

LINDSEY

Then stop stealing it.

JAMES

No, I need it.

JEREMIAH WRIGHT, a man about James' age, stands just outside his cubicle (the one James is in), holding a STYROFOAM CUP of coffee.

JEREMIAH

Spontaneous meeting?

JAMES

Where were you? What were you
doing?

Jeremiah looks down at the cup in his hand, then back at
James.

JEREMIAH

At the coffee-maker...getting
coffee.

JAMES

I need you to take a flight
tomorrow.

JEREMIAH

Is this one of those things where
you're supposed to fly, but don't
want to come in tomorrow, so you're
having me do it instead?

JAMES

...No.

James steps out of the cubicle, so Jeremiah can get back to
his desk.

JEREMIAH

If the form has your name on it,
I'm not flying it.