

INT. AIRPORT. DAY

Underneath an airport bench. The seven-year-old feet of an UNACCOMPANIED MINOR hang down and kick back and forth. Something sticks to the bottom of one tiny sneaker.

Travelers' feet click-clack by.

The feet hop off the bench and land on the shiny tile.

A small, rolling suitcase with the face of Jack Skellington on the front plops down beside the little feet.

The feet start walking, the rolling case wobbles along behind. There are several stickers of various countries plastered to it.

The feet navigate through waves of travelers, and the roller bag follows.

The feet stop.

In front of a departure board.

Checking...checking...

The practical high heels of a FLIGHT ATTENDANT join the little feet, facing the board too -- and stand beside the minor.

Checking...checking...

Both sets of feet and the rollercase move on with purpose.

INT. GATE B4. CONTINUOUS

KIM (30s) sits and waits for departure. Wipes the last tears away. Sighs. Tries to fix her face. Shoves crumpled tissue into her purse.

Exhales purposefully.

Composes.

Stops. Slowly turns her head to look at the figure that has been standing next to her.

Unaccompanied Minor stands close. Definitely within her bubble. The BOY is Asian, wears a SARS mask. His little roller suitcase is beside him. Jack Skellington's face grins on the side of the luggage.

Kim looks.

(CONTINUED)

Boy looks back. Studies. Narrow eyes search Kim's face.
Silence for too long.

KIM
Hi.

Boy stares. Itches one leg with tiny fingers.

KIM
Uh...you with your mommy?

Itch. Itch. Itch.

KIM
(looking around)
Is your daddy with you?

No more itching. Back to staring.

KIM
Do you understand English?

Narrow eyes blink. Little mask sucking in and out with his
breath.

KIM
Here. C'mon, let's go up to the
ticket counter. They can call your
parents. Your...Mamasan.

Nothing.

KIM
Ok.

She holds out her hand.

Boy glares at it.

KIM
(firmer, but still nice)
C'mon.

She turns to start toward the gate counter.

Almost runs right into Flight Attendant, who is easily
thirty-something. Looks worn. Like at the end of too many
flights without a stayover.

The Flight Attendant's eyes look harried. Strained. Red.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

6E?

KIM

Sorry?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Are you 6E? As in your seat assignment.

Too rude for the normal stewardess-style. Voice is scratchy and tired. Breaking with too much use.

KIM

Uh...(looks at her phone)...yeah. Yeah that's me. Do you need to switch or--?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to Boy in Korean, subtitled)
You are in 6D. Next to this lady. Understand?

Boy nods.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(back to Kim)

He's just seated next to you. He flies all the time. He won't need help, but I always... make sure he knows who he is sitting next to.

KIM

He flies by himself? What is he like five?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to Boy, Korean subtitles)

She is asking how old you are. What should I say?

The Boy lets go of his suitcase and slowly holds up seven tiny fingers.

KIM

Wow. I'm impressed. I would have never flown by myself that young. I'm having enough trouble by myself now. Not...sure why I told you that.

The boy reaches one of the tiny hands out and grips Kim's pinky. His tiny Asian eyes stare at her face. His eyes smile.