

## UP IN THE AIR

INT. BAR LOUNGE - HOUSTON HILTON - EVENING

Ryan sits at one of the couch & table set-ups. He's going over some paperwork. He notices an attractive professionally dressed woman, ALEX, sifting through her purse. She sets a pair of car keys with a MAESTRO TAG on the table.

**RYAN**

You're satisfied with Maestro?

**ALEX**

Yeah, I am.

**RYAN**

They're stingy with their miles. I like Hertz.

**ALEX**

Hertz keeps its vehicles too long. If a car's over twenty-thousand miles, I won't drive it.

Ryan is intrigued.

**RYAN**

Maestro doesn't instant check out. I like to park and go.

**ALEX**

Hertz doesn't guarantee Navigation.

**RYAN**

Funny, you don't seem like a girl who needs directions.

**ALEX**

I hate asking for directions. That's why I get a Nav.

**RYAN**

The new outfit, Colonial, isn't bad.

**ALEX**

Is that a joke?

After a beat.

**RYAN**

Yes.

**ALEX**

Their kiosk placement is a joke.  
17.

**RYAN**

Never have available upgrades.

**ALEX**

**(PASSIONATE)**

It's basically a fleet of shit boxes - Don't know how they're still in business.

**RYAN**

(I love you)  
I'm Ryan.

**ALEX**

Alex.

**RYAN**

So are you going to join me?  
  
She breaks into a smile.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**INT. BAR LOUNGE - HOUSTON HILTON - LATER THAT EVENING**

Empty glasses litter the table. Ryan and Alex have taken over a couch and have the contents of their wallets spread out - All MEMBERSHIP CARDS.

**RYAN**

(grabs one of Alex's cards)  
Maplewood Card? How dare you bring that into this palace.

**ALEX**

Hilton offers equal value and better food - But the Maplewood gives out warm cookies at check in.

**RYAN**

They got you with the cookies?

**ALEX**

I'm a sucker for simulated hospitality.

**RYAN**

There's actually an industry term for that. It's a mixture of faux and homey. It's faumey.

Alex grabs Ryan's AMERICAN CONCIERGE KEY CARD.

**18.**

**ALEX**

Oh my God. I've heard about these,  
but never seen one in person. Is  
this a...?

**RYAN**

Concierge Key. Yeah.

**ALEX**

I love the weight.

**RYAN**

Graphite. I was pretty excited the  
day that puppy came in.

**ALEX**

I'll say. I put up pretty  
pedestrian numbers. Sixty thou a  
year, domestic.

**RYAN**

(TRYING)

That's not bad.

**ALEX**

Don't patronize me. What's your total?

**RYAN**

That's a personal question.

**ALEX**

Oh please...

**RYAN**

(PLAYFUL)

I hardly know you.

**ALEX**

Show some hubris. Impress me.

(SUGGESTIVE)

I bet it's huge.

**RYAN**

You have no idea.

**ALEX**

Come on...

(holds her hands eight

**INCHES APART)**

Is it this big?

(extends a few inches)

... this big?

**19.**

**RYAN**

Let's just say I've got a number in mind and I haven't hit it yet.

Alex smiles, fair enough. Admires the CONCIERGE KEY CARD.

**ALEX**

This is pretty fucking sexy.

**RYAN**

I hope it doesn't cheapen our relationship.

**ALEX**

We're two people who get turned on by elite status. We may have to settle for cheap.

**RYAN**

There's nothing cheap about loyalty.

Alex looks into Ryan's eyes and gives him unspoken permission to take her right there and then.