

INT. AIRLINE TICKETING AREA -- MORNING

LEO impatiently waits to get checked in for his flight. He dresses out of step from most of the travelers, in sandals, shorts, and an old t-shirt. Most have light jackets, if not winter coats. He carries one ratty travel bag, full but not bursting at the seams.

Over his shoulder is a laptop backpack, the sole part of his appearance that fits with his seating assignment.

Stepping to the counter and handing over his flight confirmation and passport as he appraises the ATTENDANT, then the point-of-sale foldaway brochure for the airline's frequent flyer program.

LEO

Huh. Not bad. Cute, even.

ATTENDANT

I beg your pardon?

Leo shifts his attention back to the woman.

LEO

What?

The Attendant looks at Leo for a moment, then decides to let the comment pass. Leo remains clueless.

ATTENDANT

First class?

LEO

Yep. You've got my ID. Let's go.
I'm pushing the time.

ATTENDANT

Any bags to check?

LEO

Nope, just these.

ATTENDANT

You know, the automatic ...

LEO

Yeah, don't trust 'em. Can we move
along here?

The attendant looks at her for a moment and then back to the paperwork.