

Expelled

written by

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INT. WILLAS' ROOM

Inside a shallow, barren room, a Willas sits on her a bed. To her right is a dresser. All around her are yellow walls faded past their prime.

Beneath her is tiled floor that her navy loafers anxiously tap.

Rubbing her jaw, mumbles a curse, and with her free hand she retrieves a red book from the third drawer of her dresser.

Like the walls that surround her, the book's facade also asserts its age.

She opens the thin manual and turns to one of the last pages.

She consults its instructions and observes the figure demonstrating its text.

With her own body, she follows along.

Line 1: Tilt the head back.

She raises her chin towards the faded ceiling.

Line 2: Lengthen the spine

She relaxes and her neck slides downwards.

Line 3: Connect ear and scapular.

She turns her right ear to its shoulder.

Line 4: Push

Willas clenches the muscles in her jaw.

The spikes of pain return, but this time she is ready. She catches the pain as it travels up her spine and with great strain she channels the prickly sensations to her jaw, until a wet escape of air--

**Pop.**

Dissolves her pain.

INT. CAFETERIA

Willas enters the hall.

Its a small cafeteria. Most of the tables are deserted

Opal and a few others site a table near the entrance.

Willas walks over.

Her dinner is on the table. A nice meal of water and chowder.

She greets the group.

WILLAS

Evening.

They call back.

GROUP

Evening Mrs. Carrol.

Willas takes her seat.

WILLAS

I know yesterday wa--

She catches her words before they slip.

WILLAS (CONT'D)

It won't happen again.

Opal shifts and the rest follow.

LOANNE

(concerned)

Did the nurses visit you?

WILLAS

They did not.

LOANNE

Are you going to the infirmary?

WILLAS

I am not.

LOANNE

Will you return to the floor?

WILLAS

(not meaning to rhyme)

Better than before.

Willas begins eating her lukewarm chowder, once its done, she turns her attention to her mug of water, then finishes that too.

She stands, collects her empty dishes, and takes them to the washers.

She returns to the table, but doesn't sit.

WILLAS (CONT'D)  
See everyone on the floor.  
(walking away)  
Opal, thank you for dinner.

Opal looks to interject, but before she can get her words out, Willas is gone.

INT. WILLAS' ROOM

Back in her room, Willas changes into her floor uniform. A Yellow puffer jacket and matching yellow belt.

Opal enters from the hallway.

OPAL  
Excuse me, I don't mean to disturb.

Securing her belt, Willas turns to face Opal.

WILLAS  
What is on your mind?

Opal steps back then forward.

OPAL  
At dinner, what you said about your plate, that was Loanne.

WILLAS  
Was it?

OPAL  
Yes, I won't take credit for her actions.

WILLAS  
Understood. When I see Loanne on the floor, I will give her my belated thanks.

OPAL  
That will have to wait, I'm not putting you on the floor tonight.

Willas' face tightens, then relaxes.

OPAL (CONT'D)

You need to check in with the  
nurses. If they okay you for  
service, I'll have you back out  
tomorrow.

(pause)

Understood?

Willas Carrol, First Stewardess of the Women's Premier  
Legion, nods affirmative.

WILLAS

Understood, Captainessa.