

ACT I, SCENE 4

A single spot fades up on Sam, sitting in a chair. Fade in sounds of a sputtering airplane engine.

JACK [*Over intercom*] Attention passengers, this is your captain speaking. This plane is going into the ground like a fucking dart. Please place your head between your knees and kiss your ass goodbye.

Jack enters, wearing a Captain's hat and ringing a bell.

JACK I know for whom the bell tolls, and the bell tolls [*jumps into seat next to Sam*] for thee! What's up?

SAM The plane's crashing.

JACK Pisser, huh? Hey check it out. [*Pointing to hat.*] Guess where I got it. Go ahead, guess.

SAM You stole it.

JACK Better. I went to the cockpit, y'know to say hi to the crew. I open the door and the pilot's opening the emergency hatch. So I said, "What's up?" and they're all screaming like, "We're fucked!". So I said, "Hey, you can't jump. The captain's gotta go down with the ship." And he says, "You're the captain, now!" and the guy hands me his hat and jumps.

SAM Dude, we need parachutes!

JACK Sorry, pal. Pilots got the only ones. Damn airlines keep making cuts. First it was on-flight meals, then they scrapped the parachutes. It all goes back to the deregulation of the industry. Fucking Reaganomics—

SAM We're going to die!

JACK Yeah.

SAM You're the pilot. Do something!

JACK I am; I'm striking. This falling plane business is bullshit. Besides, have you seen the cockpit? It's more complicated than female anatomy. I'm not qualified. Here, have some wings.

Jack pulls out a little pin with the airline's wings on them and pins it to Sam's shirt. Sam glares at Jack.

JACK So, did you pick one out?

SAM What?

JACK Did you pick one out?

SAM What the hell are you talking about?

JACK Your last score. What's the matter with you? When you're boarding a plane, you're supposed to check out all the babes, so in a situation like this, you can go down in a blaze of orgasmic glory.

SAM I can't believe you're serious.

JACK C'mon, man. That's the beauty of these flights with open seating: sit next to the hot chick. You sure don't pick this airline for its safety record.

SAM You're a freak.

JACK Your choices are a bit slim. There's a cutie in row 34. A bit young, but hey, if there's grass in the field play ball.

Sam stares at Jack.

JACK So she's 16. It's not like you're going to jail.

SAM [*To himself*] I never asked her out.

JACK I think you can skip the formalities—

SAM No. I never asked her out.

JACK Who?

SAM The girl.

JACK [*Looking around*] What girl?

SAM The girl!

Beat.

JACK What, the girl from the coffee shop?

SAM Yeah.

JACK [*Looking again*] She's not on this flight.

SAM That's not what I'm talking about.

JACK [*Stops looking and looks at Sam for a beat.*] Let me get this straight. You're about to turn into a crater, and your one big life regret is you never asked out some chick that you don't even know?

SAM I know her enough.

JACK What's her last name? What kind of music does she like? What are her hobbies?

Beat.

JACK You're a piece of work, man.

SAM Fuck off.

JACK Now you're talking. Let's get that cheerleader.

SAM Wait a second. Why haven't we crashed, yet?

Beat. Jack doesn't look at Sam.

JACK Maybe we're in some kind of X-Files phenomenon – stuck in freefall or something. C'mon, let's get some.

SAM This is a dream.

Jack bites his tongue.

SAM It's a dream, isn't it?

JACK You're no fun.

SAM You asshole! I thought I was dying.

JACK It's your stupid dream.

SAM I'm waking up.

JACK Fine. Do that. [*Beat.*] Can I have my wings back?

SAM No!

JACK You suck. I'm getting that cheerleader.

SAM Whatever. And I'm asking her out.

JACK Go ahead. Twenty bucks says she laughs in your face. Nah, who am I kidding? You'll chicken out anyway.

Jack exits.

SAM No, I won't. I think.

Fade out.