

*CARPE DIEM AIRLINES*  
-- a play by DANIEL CURZON

CHARACTERS: (2)

CASS, a male, any age, at least a little attractive, nicely dressed.  
VOICE (over PA system), can be read offstage by any member of the crew.

SETTING: An airplane seat. It would be nice if a real airplane seat could be used; otherwise, a chair with arms will do. There is an easily opened suitcase on the floor in front of Cass.

TIME: The Present

LIGHTS UP on CASS

(He is seated facing either stage right or stage left. But he spends much of his time talking sideways, looking *downstage*, across the aisle to an unseen passenger. The audience would be other passengers who happen to overhear what transpires.)

CASS: (to nobody in particular) Nice take-off! (Mimes removing his seat belt) Get that horrible thing off me! (Glances at the passenger across the aisle from him) You seem to be having trouble with *your* seat belt. Here, let me help. (Gets up. Stops) You sure? You got it? (Sits back in his seat.) Those things are killers. More people are killed by seat belts than by plane crashes! Okay, you got it! Good for you. . . . (Turns away, turns back) Hello there! How's it going? I'm Cass. (Waits for a response) Guess what. I don't bite! (Waits again) Are you going to be like that? It's a long flight. (Waits) Okay, suit yourself. (He hums) Can you tell what song that is? (Waits) Yeah, I don't know either. (Suddenly) By the way, I'm bisexual. How about you? (Waits) Don't care to say, huh? That's all right. No pressure. I couldn't help noticing you when I sat down. You're very attractive. (Waits) Hey, don't move to another seat. I promise to be good. (Waits. Then oily) I'm *very* good.

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At least that's the word on the street. I wouldn't know for sure. That's because I've never had sex with myself. (Waits) Never! The thought of masturbation is too depressing for words. Don't you think so? People are so lonely as it is. Having sex by yourself? Yikes! Now that will really make you want to kill yourself. And boredom! Don't get me started. Most people are bored out of their minds. What's all this crap about them being over-worked and so busy, busy, busy all the time. Not the problem! The problem is boredom. (Spells it wrong) B-O-R-D-U-M! More people die from boredom than from syphilis. At least that's my personal point of view. What's your name? (Waits) I'm Cass. Did I already tell you that? A lot of people ask me if it's short for Casanova. What do you think? (Leans toward the other passenger) Maybe it is. Maybe it isn't. I'm not telling! (Waits) Do you find me strangely alluring? That's a joke! That's a joke! Hey, don't go. Besides, the plane is completely full. We all have to stay where we are. What were we talking about? Oh, yeah, boredom. (spelling) B-O-O-R-D-U-M-B. Don't you find yourself craving that thing called novelty? Day in, day out, the same old, same old. It's enough to drive anybody downright nuts! You're always hearing about these couples who have been together for, like, twenty years. Twenty years, can you believe that? And we're supposed to all go, "Yippee for them! Aren't they terrific!" Well, I for one don't find it terrific. I think it's sad. You couldn't find one other person to have sex with in twenty years? And don't get me started on the ones who have been together for fifty years! Of course, after that long, who else would want to have sex with them?! (Waits.) Was that mean? I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be mean. But you can't tell me they're *happy*! I think they'd be a whole lot happier if they had had a little novelty. You know what 3

I'm saying? And what about you? Are you married? (Waits) I can wait. I can wait. That was a joke! A joke! Single? Divorced? Bigamist? Now you *know* that was a joke! You gotta make jokes in this life, right? People are so serious all the time! Lighten up – is what I say! And why can't sex just be something to pass the time?! Like on a plane. Ever hear of the Mile High Club? (Listens) Really? You've never heard of it? Well, suffice it to say, it passes the time on an airplane. Not that I've done it. A lot. (Waits) Ever. It's my understanding that it doesn't have to take that long. Especially since it's cramped and nobody looks their best in the mirror of an airplane toilet. It can be over in a trice. How long is a trice exactly? You can be in and out of there faster than a bunny rabbit on Viagra. (Waits) Pardon the metaphor! Not that I personally am all that speedy. The word on the street is that there is stamina – and then there is *my* stamina. (Makes an arm like an erection) If you get my picture. I once went for four hours without stopping. I even called my doctor during the episode and he told me it was okay to continue. Mine doesn't go down -- even after I come, two, three times. I'm serious. Not that I always listen to my doctor. I mean, who is he to tell me whether I can have sex or not?! How about you? Are you into long or short sex? I read somewhere that actual sex usually lasts on average about thirteen minutes. Not these all-night sessions you keep hearing about. What a crock! I think porn is ruining everybody's expectations. What about you? Ever watch porn? I can take it or leave it. For god's sake, porn can make you doubt yourself. These guys with their enormous genitals! Most other guys have to feel intimidated. Right? (Waits) Not me! Now you may not believe what I am going to tell you. But I was asked to be in a porn movie once. It was my uncle and it was in black and

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white and eight millimeter, but he wouldn't have asked me if I hadn't been right for the "part." Get it? Not that I'm bragging, but the word on the street is that I could choke a horse. (Waits) Not that I'd try to choke a horse. I'm not into that bestiality thing. Is that how you say it? Or is it *bestiality*? Whatever, I'm not into it. I mean, who'd want to choke a horse? Talk about gross! Am I talking about myself too much? How about you? What do you think of *bestiality*, *bestiality*, whatever you call it?! (Waits) Am I stepping out of bounds here? I apologize. It's just that you're just so damned cute! I don't usually make a play for just anybody on a plane. Trust me! It takes a very special person, like you. I have pictures of myself, if you'd like to see them. In my wallet. (Reaches for his wallet.) My uncle took them. The lighting is not so great, but you get the picture. (Holds out the wallet. Listens) No? They're really quite good. I tend to have real low self-esteem and so I don't show them to just everybody. I think you'd find them interesting. Not your usual snapshots, that's for sure! (Waits. Puts the wallet away) Okay, never mind. Maybe later.

(Looking around) God, I'm thirsty. Where's the attendant? (Looks.) Oh, Lord, they're way up there. A person could die of thirst before they get to you. (Suddenly the lights go out.) Geez. Now what?!

VOICE: I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, we seem to be having a temporary lighting problem.

There is nothing to be alarmed about. It should be fixed in no time. Please stay in your seats. In case it isn't clear, this is your captain speaking. Thank you.

CASS: (in the dark) Are we going to die?

(Pause.)

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CASS: (to the other passenger) Just goes to show how you need to seize the day, doesn't it?

You never know when you might crash. And there you are, one orgasm you're never going to get. That was brought home to me when my uncle died. The porn guy. Here he was making all these homemade porn films and he ups and croaks at the age of forty-three. Slipped on some lubricant they use in the porn and broke his hip, which just got worse and worse, and then he developed some kind of flesh-eating infection in the hospital. And he died. He never even got to be in the porn films, just run the camera. I ask you – is that fair? No, it's not fair! I decided right then and there at his funeral that you've got to seize the day. Or the day will seize *you!*

(The lights come on.)

Hey! We're back!

VOICE: See, ladies and gentlemen, it was just a temporary problem. You are now free to get up and move about the cabin if you wish.

CASS: (to other passenger) You want to want to move about? (Listens) No, you're good? Okay! (Stands up) I'll leave you alone now. . . . But *we're* good? Right? (Starts to leave, then comes back) I carry protection, if that's what's bothering you. (Listens.) It's terrific stuff, they say. It's guaranteed by UNICEF or somebody. It will stop any kind of venereal whatchamacallit -- even Ebola and bird flu. They even give it to babies in Africa – it's that safe. You want to see it? It comes in this real pretty package. (Looks in his suitcase.) It's right in here. (Stops.) You're sure? It won't take me a minute to find it. Needless to say, it prevents sperm from doing their thing. You got to stop those little buggers. I completely understand, especially if you're a woman in that special period. . . . Do you

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mind my asking if you're a man or a woman? (Listens.) Oh, you'd rather not say? That's fine. Did I tell you I'm bisexual? (Listens) I did? Yeah, I like to get that right up front in the conversation when I meet somebody, so there are no misunderstandings. None! I hate all those arguments like, "Did you sleep with her? Did you sleep with him?" Give me a break! You can't be bisexual and monogamous both! Get real! (Pause) Do you have any kids? (Waits) No. I don't think I have any either. You never know, do you? Life is strange. Yep. (Pause) Mighty strange. (Pause) I don't suppose you want a kid, do you? (Listens) I couldn't quite hear that. You know, I think a kid of mine would have a head start in life. It's biology. That kid would have excellent eyesight. I have never had to wear eye-glasses a day in my life! How about you? How's your eyesight? (Listens) Any musical talent in your family? I hear that's pretty hereditary too. Look at Muzak [*sic*] -- you know who I mean -- that German kid who was a genius at five! Wolfgang Amadeus *Muzak!* Well, I hheard that his father was musical before him. Yeah, I'd like a well-hung little musical genius kid with perfect eyesight. (Pause) How about you? Some folks don't like the idea of 'designer babies,' but I say why the hell not?!

VOICE: This is your captain again. We are very glad to have you onboard with us. We hope that you are comfortable. I believe we have solved the lighting issue and everything ought to be shipshape from here on in. We may experience a bit of turbulence shortly, so we ask you to stay in your seats with your seat belts buckled. I am turning on the seat belt sign for now for your safety. Thank you.

CASS: (calling out) Who do you have to screw to get a drink around here? (to the other passenger) Luckily, I brought some bottles with me. (Fusses with the suitcase. Pulls out

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a plastic bottle) Want one? It's just water, spring water. With a little bit of alcohol.

(Listens) You're sure? It's great! I made it myself. I call it the Bill Cosby. That's a joke!

That's a joke! Look! I'm drinking it myself! (Takes a swig) Ah! Delicious! You got to

hydrate. Hydration is salvation – that's how I put it. There are far too many dehydrated

people walking around this old world, let me tell you. Sure you don't want one? (Waits)

One swallow? No? More for me!

(Takes another swig. Puts the bottle back into the suitcase)

I suppose I should go to sleep. I'm really tired. (Stetches) But I find it hard to sleep on a

plane. How about you? (Waits) I suppose you'd love to have me go to sleep, wouldn't

you? Well, I just might. Those swigs were powerful. (Makes a snoring sound) I have to

warn you. I snore when I sleep. I'm told! I've never heard me. Do you snore? Don't tell!

I forgive you! Okay, here I go, right off to sleep. (Slumps, head to the side. We hear

several snores) (Suddenly waking up) Fooled you! I wasn't really asleep. Maybe I need

somebody to knock me in the head, you think? I bet I'd sleep then. (Waits) You feel like

knocking me in the head? (Listens) "Where's the hammer?" Hey, that's a good one!

You've got a fantastic sense of humor. "Where's the hammer?" "Where's that hammer?"

(Laughs too hard, then coughing) (Followed by a big sigh) I'm bored. Are you bored?

Wish I had my own airplane. I'd fly that thing twice the normal speed. I'd be where I

want to go in half the time it takes them to pat me down at security. Do you like being

patted own by security? I think some of them are *preverts* [*sic.*] Pardon my Swahili! They

just like feeling up strangers. Whew! You never know who's working those security lines,

let me tell you.

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(Pause)

Well, I guess I'll say good night to you. I actually am getting a little tired now. Maybe I can catch a cat nap or two. *Adios!* Sleep tight! (Slumps in his seat, in a different direction than before)

(Longer Pause)

CASS: (all in whispers) Do you like costumes? Huh? (Reaches down to his suitcase) How about hats? (Pulls out a ship captain's cap, puts it on) You like ship captains? (Leans closer to the other passenger, trying to look sporty in the captain's cap) Ahoy there, matey! (Waits) How about this one? (Puts away the captain's hat, pulls out another one, a cowboy hat) You into cowboys? (Puts the cowboy hat on) Howdy! You from around these parts? No?! Me neither. I guess we're just two scared little heifers on a plane. Ever ride bareback? (Waits, then puts away the cowboy hat. Pulls out another hat from the suitcase) (in Spanish) *Hola!* (He puts on a sombrero) *Como esta?* [or '*Como estas*' if that is funnier] (Listens) You don't think it suits me? Why not? Is it too ethnic? Why? Ethnic is good! (Listens.) I have other hats. (Offers to show them) No? How about underwear? (Listens) Double no? Okay, we don't have to have underwear. (Suddenly leers) If you catch my drift. (Leers harder) I'll catch your drift if you'll catch mine.(Listens) Are you sleeping? (Listens) No? Good. Just tell me if I'm disturbing you. (rushing right along) People are just ships passing in the night, aren't they? What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas – unless you post it on Facebook! (Laughs) "Unless you post it on Facebook!" That's a good one! I have a new one: What happens in the Mile High Club stays in the toilet! (Waits) You like that one? I think it's sort of cool. I've been told by more than one person that I reek



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of cool. "What happens in the Mile High Club stays in the toilet! That's almost Chekovian, wouldn't you say? I mean like Chekov, only up to date. I've got to see a Chekov play one of these days. You're sort of cool too. Did you know that? I can't be the first person who's ever told you how utterly cool you are. You don't wear your emotions on your wrist. Is it "wrist"? You don't even wear them on your face. How cool is that?! Some folks might think you don't have emotions. But this guy knows better. You've got the cool of a someone who'd stick his head into the mouth of a crocodile! Nothing fazes you. If even your head got bitten off, it wouldn't faze you. I can tell. And I admire that. There are far too many hotheads running around this crazy world. But not you. Not you. Not you. (Waits. No Response) Not you.

(Pause)

You know what? I think I need some exercise. (Jumps up from seat) They say you need to keep the old blood pumping when you're on an airplane. You could get a bubble in your heart and that would be the end of you right then and there. (Makes a death face) Dead in your seat! (Waits) Have you ever seen a dead person? Not pretty. Not one bit pretty. People tend not to be at their best when they're dead. Have you noticed that? (Starts doing callisthenics near his seat) Ever seen anybody actually die? That's even worse! I saw this woman once who was on a ferris wheel. You know one of those rides that goes up and around. (Demonstrates) Up and around. Well, this woman got to the top of that ferris wheel and stood up. She was showing off. And when that ferrish wheel got to the very top, that woman . . . that woman . . . sat back down and came back to the ground, and *that's* when she fell out. It wasn't far, but she hit her neck wrong and died right there, after about forty-five minutes. I stood there and watched the whole thing. It was awful. (Listens) I was eleven. (Listens) Yes, I knew that woman. (Waits) She was my

mother! (Listens) No, I'm not lying! You think I'd lie about a thing like that? Actually, she was the lady who lived next door, but she was practically my mother. My own mother wasn't around. (Waits) She was in prison. (Listens) For? Ah, for . . . rustling cattle. . . . I think. It was always a bit vague. (Listens) I swear on the Bible! (Stops the exercise, falls back into his seat) Whew! That felt amazing! I think I just put another five years onto my life with those moves. You should try it. Will add years. A sound mind in a sound body. (Listens) Suit yourself.

(Pause)

If I said that I loved you, would you do it with me? (Waits) I do love you, you realize. I absolutely believe in love at first sight. Some might call it superficial. I call it super-*special!* You like that? Some people say I have a way with words. But let that be. What I feel for you is one-hundred percent (spelling it out) L-O-V-E. Or even L-U-V – the British spelling. And it's the first time I have ever felt such a propulsion toward one particular individual – you. What else could it be but love? Would I be spending this much time talking to you if it wasn't total love?! And I do not even require love in return. It's enough that I love you on my own. You could even hate me and yet I would continue to love you. (Breaks into some love song) My heart is so full! Now I know why people sing songs. (Waits) Do you think that you could love me maybe just a little bit? A teensy-weensy? (Waits) Why do you not answer? Here I have put my heart on a plate for you, and all I get back is this . . . stare.

(He throws himself into his seat and then puts his legs over the arm of the seat, toward the other passenger)

If I killed myself for love, would you have sex with me then?

VOICE: Hello, ladies and gentleman. You captain speaking. The rest of the crew and I hope you are enjoying your flight. Just let us know if there is anything else I, or they, can do to make your flight more enjoyable. Sit back, relax, enjoy a movie or music. We know that you have a choice of airlines. Thank you again for flying with us. Thank you.

CASS: (to other passenger) No, I'm not being silly now. I love you that much. In our time together I have discovered the one true person I was meant to be with. You! If I don't kill myself, what about marriage? Now you know I'm dead serious. I have never asked anyone to marry me before. And I never will again. Even if you die. I mean later, a long time from now. I will never, ever ask anyone else to marry me but you. Because, quite frankly, how could I ever find another more suitable, more perfect than you? You know how these things go. You meet. You can tell within a few seconds – I hate this person. I will never see this person again in my life if i can help it! And then there are those one-of-a-kind meetings. A God's-plan kind of preciousness! Well, that's what we have. True love. Everlasting love. A love that others can only envy. I even envy myself because of this love. Can love get any better than that!? No, m'am. No, sir. What's your name again? (Listens) I didn't get that. But what's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Unless, of course, it was called "goat puke" or something like that. But you don't smell anything like goat puke. And I like that. . . . A lot. Did I tell you my name is Cass? It rhymes with . . . (thinks) "class." But you could tell that, right? We could maybe even get married here on this airplane! What about that?! Nifty, huh? The pilot could even marry us! Like on a ship, only in the air. Or maybe the purser? Somebody's got to be authorized to perform weddings in the air. It's the law! Perhaps there's even a minister

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onboard. We could ask. Do you have a preference? I'm easy myself! A rabbi? A mullah?  
(Suddenly the airplane begins to shake. Cass leaps up, but has trouble standing.) Oh, my  
God! What's happening?! (Listens) No, it's not God punishing us! Why would you say  
*that*? We're just having a nice talk here, that's all. There are a lot worse people God could  
be punishing, I'm pretty sure of that! (Stumbles) Whoa! Steady there! I might just fall  
down and break my crown.

VOICE: (on PA system) Ladies and gentlemen, captain speaking. We are experiencing that  
turbulence we mentioned before. We will get through it in a little while. In the  
meantime, please take your seats if you are not already seated. And fasten your seat  
belts securely. Thank you.

CASS: I'm not staying in that seat! (Stumbles around) Who do they think they are, treating me  
like some sheep, all tied up?! I'm a human being! I will be treated like one! (Falls down)  
If I break something, I'm suing! I'm suing even if I don't break something! What kind of  
airline is this?! Can't even control the turbulence! You bastards! (The turbulence suddenly  
stops) (to the turbulence) You'd better stop! (He sees that it has stopped) (sitting down,  
to the other passenger) How about that? I made the turbulence stop! . . . You feeling  
okay? No upset tummy? (Waits) Me neither. Got a stomach like a steel trap. Air sickness,  
my ass! Get over yourself, I say. Some people are so dramatic! Don't fly if you can't  
handle it. Right?

VOICE: We have passed the turbulent area, I am happy to report. It should be clear for the  
remainder of our flight. But just to be on the safe side, please remain in your seats with  
your seat belts fastened. Thank you.

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CASS: (loudly and sarcastically to the Voice) Thank *you*!

VOICE: Will the passenger who was doing calisthenics in the aisleway earlier kindly refrain.

We are not a gymnasium. Thank you very much. In case it isn't clear, this is your captain speaking.

CASS: What a buzz kill! I hope he crashes! (Listens) No, I'm not worried. I always carry a parachute when I fly. (Reaches for the suitcase) You can't be too careful. (Listens) No, I don't have a second one. . . . But you could hang onto me when I jump. (Listens) Sure, I'd do that for you.

(Pause)

Has anyone ever pursued you as hard as I have? (Listens) Yeah, I didn't think so. . . . I mean that as a compliment. (Listens) Well, you could *take* it as a compliment. (Listens) No, I didn't mean nobody else thinks you're attractive. I meant to me you're *super*-attractive, and that's why I have devoted most of this flight to you. (Listens) Are you going to be that way now? (Listens) Of course I respect you! Why wouldn't I respect you? We haven't even had sex yet. (Listens) No, that doesn't mean I wouldn't respect you if we had sex in the toilet. I'd respect you more! Who wants clean sheets all the time?! (Listens) Well, you don't have to get all hot and bothered about it. I know how to take no for an answer. Maybe we should just not talk anymore. (Listens) Good! I agree. (Mimes zipping his mouth shut, then turns upstage)

(Pause)

CASS: (turns back to the other passenger) Actually, I'm a virgin. This is all just a lot of bluster. I've never had sex with myself or anyone else in my entire life. On my word of honor!

I just decided that this flight was going to be the start of a whole new phase in my life. But I guess I blew it. . . . I guess I've blown most things in my life. I was born – what's the opposite of prematurely? Postmaturely? Whatever! I came into this world with a full set of teeth and a full beard. I have some baby pictures, if you care to see them? (Gestures toward the suitcase) No? That's fine. Well, having a beard when you're a baby isn't easy, let me tell you. Besides shaving with these little fists, it's hard to see yourself in the mirror. And kids can be cruel. Even parents can be cruel. "Stop growing that beard!" my mother used to say to me. "It reminds me of your father when you suckle my breast." Needless to say, I got very little breast feeding when I was a baby. But I was plucky, a plucky little kid, with a full beard. That is, until I developed this skin condition, and my beard dried up and fell off. If I thought the beard was a hardship, I had no idea what that skin condition would do to my self-image. (Listens) I don't really want to say what the condition was. In fact, they had no name for it. The doctors – and there were many – just called it "That Condition." They could barely bring themselves to look at it -- or me. And I couldn't blame them. I couldn't bear to look at myself either. . . . Excuse me while I wipe away a tear. (Wipes away a tear) It doesn't matter if you don't believe me. I have learned over the years that you can't count on people's sympathy. Believe me, there's very little sympathy out there. (Points to the audience) Hard hearts – that's what's out there. And you're a fool if you think it's any different. . . . But I overcame "That Condition." Oh, yes, I did. I took control of it, and I said, "You're just a Human Condition! That's all you are! And I've got you by the short and curlies and I'm not letting go until you go away! Go away! " And do you know what happened? That's right. My Human Condition

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went away, and I have not been troubled with it once since I turned eighteen years old. And that's my advice to everybody. Get rid of your Human Condition as soon as you can, and you'll be a lot better off in this old world. Now if I were a preacher, I'd say "Amen." But I'm not a preacher. So we'll do without the "Amen." An "Amen" doesn't make it true anyhow. "Amen" to that, say I!

VOICE: Ladies and getnlemen, we will be arriving at our destination in a very few minutes. We have been ordered to circle the airport because there are several other planes that need to land before we do. Rest assured that we will get you to your final destination safe and sound. Thank you once again for flying Carpe Diem Airlines – the airline with a flair! This is your captain signing off until we have landed. Thank you.

CASS: (to the Voice) I guess we're not going to get anything to eat and drink! . . . Well, I can fix that. (Searches the suitcase) I have something delicious in here. (Finds a bottle of pills, opens it) This will kill my appetite. Permanently. (Listens) No, I'm joking. (We should be able to tell that he is *not* joking this time) (Listens) No, you can't have one. They're just for me. I said before I started that this would be my last hurrah. Well, *hurrah!* They're supposed to be fast, these pills. They ought to be; they cost enough. I don't actually have anywhere I'm going. Can you believe that? I'm just sort of flying around – here, there, back to here, back to there. Around in circles, like this airplane. (Draws a circle with his finger) And then you crash – if you're lucky! . . . Is that depressing? Good Lord, let's not be depressing! Anything but that! But it's not depressing. It's liberating. When your flight is over, you ought to know it's done. Why keep circling and circling, hoping for an orgasm in the toilet?! It's over, kiddo. It's over! (Takes a poison pill) (to the other

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passenger) Don't get up, not that you were! It's too late in any case. I can already feel that pill singing me to my rest. (Somebody said that. I didn't make it up. It's kinda pretty, especially for saying "You're dead." Don't you think? (Getting groggy) Whoa there! I'm groggy. Now I'm really feeling it. I wonder if I'll go to Hell. What do you think? Don't answer that. Leave me at least one illusion. (Groggier still) You are born with a beard and develop a Human Condition and then you go to Hell. Sounds about right. You'll find my ID in my suitcase. There are no next of kin. (Almost out) I hope I haven't been too much of a bother on this flight. I meant well! And it wasn't personal! (Dies.)

LIGHTS OUT  
THEN BACK ON QUICKLY

VOICE: Ladies and gentlemen, this is yuour captain speaking. Apparently we have had some misfortune onboard our flight today. One of our passengers has poisoned himself. I wish I could say I was joking. But I believe some of you saw it for yourselves. Or could I be mistaken? Perhaps you all could tell me if you saw something else instead. Is that possible? You could let us know by putting your hands together and applauding for what you saw take place. In case it isn't clear, this is your playwright speaking. (Cass jumps back to life. The other passenger is still across the aisle.)

CASS: (to other passenger) I hope I haven't been too much of a bother on this flight. I meant well. And it wasn't personal. (to members of the audience) How about you? Want to join the Mile High Club? . . . How about you? How about *all* of you into the toilet? We'll set a record!

VOICE: How many of you saw that?

(The audience applauds as it wishes.)



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VOICE: Or what about this? Did anybody happen to see this?

(Cass jumps back to life.)

CASS: (to the other passenger) Your last chance before I kill myself! (Holds the pill to his mouth) (Listens, surprised) Really? You want to join the Mile High Club? With me? Really? You're sure? Well, let's go then! It just so happens that this pill is not poison after all. It's actually a contraceptive *and* a profilactic *and* an aphrodisiac. And it's said to be good for the heart too!

VOICE: Is that what happened? They joined the Mile High Club, did it once, and never saw each other again?! (The audience will applaud as it wishes) Got it. Or could it possibly have been this last one?

(Cass jumps backs to life)

CASS: (to the other passenger) You've thought it over and you *will* marry me?! You don't think we're completely incompatible, barely know one another, and most likely are grossly unsuitable for each other, especially sexually, like in a comedy? For us, it's the real thing and not forced whatsoever?! . . . You know what – I think so too. Come my love and take my hand: ". . . let us roll all our strength, and all / Our sweetness, up into one ball; / And tear our pleasures with rough strife / Through the iron gates of life!" (Points to the airplane seat) For "at my back I always hear/ Time's winge'd chariot hurrying near!" (He comes downstage and offers to take the unseen hand of the other passenger.)

VOICE: Is that the end? The two of them? But just how *much* do you want it?! Oh, I know you want it. Just tell me just how much you want it!

(The audience will applaud as it will, but probably loudest for this last ending.)

LIGHTS OUT