

FLIGHT PLAN

A Play in One Act

Cast of Characters:

The Man:

A man in his late 40's. He is well dressed and business like, maintaining a self-assured charisma about him. He has a full head of dark brown hair and carries his weight and size effectively. He is a man that appears understated.

The Woman:

A woman in her mid-40's. She carries herself with inarguable confidence, wearing a sophisticated dress that seems more in line with going out for the evening than taking a flight. Her hair is jet black and she is slim, and wears somewhat gaudy jewelry.

The Girl:

A girl in her early 20's. She is perky and stereotypically attractive. Blonde and thin, wears a typical airport-bar shirt and skirt that accentuates her figure.

Scene

A nearly empty airport bar near the arrival gate.

Time

The present.

ACT I

Scene 1

Setting:

We are in dark and seemingly empty airport bar. Seats are arranged nicely and the all the dark brown chairs, tables, and barstools ready and waiting to be used. Candles are lit at the tables and diamond shaped coasters sit elegantly. The bar counter is neat and organized, decorated with bottles, glasses, and regalia that shows a distinct airport level of sophistication. The glow of the T.V. does not overpower the dim light that emanates throughout the entire room. This seclusion is broken periodically with the arrival of passengers as they depart and cross the entrance of the bar.

AT RISE:

We hear the screeching sound of a plane landing. The sound begins faint and grows in intensity before fading away all together. The MAN is watching anxious passengers

as they cross passed the
forefront of the bar.
A black man looking at his
watch. An Asian family. A
mother making perturbed
comments to her daughter who
is paying more attention to
her phone than the words
being spoken to her. The GIRL
seems bored while wiping down
the bar.)

GIRL

(GIRL lines up ashtrays,
placing matchbooks into up the one
in front of MAN before moving down
the bar. She is young and attractive,
albeit with a bored demeanor.)

MAN

(Turns from looking at the
passengers, looking at the matches,
then the GIRL. He knocks some of the
matchbooks out, getting the
attention of the GIRL. He
carries himself with an understated
sense of class. The three-piece
suit he wears is business-like,
if a bit loose at the neck. He carries
himself with assuredness. He lifts
and takes a sip from his glass.)

GIRL

(Notices the spilt matches, walks
over, smiling, and pours them back
into the ashtray)

MAN

(Pulls our cigarette case from
Pocket and taps it on ashtray)
Ok, I hafta ask... Can I really smoke in here?

GIRL
(Apologetically)
No, I'm sorry, you can't in here...

MAN
(Puts cigarette back in coat
pocket, chuckling.)
I know, I know... I didn't so, but I thought I'd ask.

GIRL
No, that's okay...I mean, you're not the first one to ask.
Believe me, I get asked that, like, all the time.

MAN
I'm sure you do.

GIRL
(Seems a bit mystified, but
starts to go back to arranging
the ashtrays)

MAN
(Takes a sip from glass)
Well you know why right?

GIRL
(Shrugging, but attentive and
interested.)

MAN
(Puts a little obvious attention
To GIRL's nametag on her shirt.)
Well I think it has something to do with mixed signals,
don't you...Bianca?
(He turns the ashtray, spilling matches
out of it)

GIRL
(Looking at the mess MAN made for a
moment, smirks and turns it back,
replacing the matches back in the
ashtray. She leans towards the MAN
on the counter.)

Well first off, we do have a sign..

(Motions her head towards a sign at end
of the bar)

And second, my name's not Bianca.

(Flicks nametag)

I'm borrowing this from the day girl.

MAN

(Finishes drink and responds
energetically.)

See, that's what I'm talking about. You have a sign over
there saying I can't - and I get it, but then you go and
set out ashtrays and matches.

(Turns ashtray once more, spilling
matchbooks.)

GIRL

(Re-straightening the ashtray)

Okay... I don't know why we do that either, I think it's
stupid, but it's supposed to make it look nice...

MAN

Oh, I'm not saying that don't nice - they really do, that's
the problem. They look so nice I want to use them. I mean,
I'm sitting in a bar, I've got a drink in my hand and
there's a perfectly nice looking ashtray begging for me to
use it. But I can't smoke!

(He playfully turns the ashtray
keeping his eyes on the GIRL.)

And now, I can't even trust who my own bartender is. I
hafta tell you, those are some mean mixed signals.

GIRL

(She looks at the MAN and
Places her hands on the bar.)

What's your name?

MAN

(Takes another sip from his glass.)

Me? I'm nobody special; just a regular guy.

GIRL

(Scoffs)

Okay... Come on, really?

MAN

(Shrugs and smiles.)

No really, I'm just a regular guy having a drink -without a cigarette - before his plane leaves.

GIRL

(Corrects ashtray again.)

Can I ask you where you are going, or is that 'classified' too?

MAN

(Lifts his glass to his lips and drinks without saying a word. He gives a mischievous grin.)

GIRL

Well okay, I need to finish straightening up... are you ready for another?

(Looks at the MAN's glass.)

MAN

(Looking at glass, he swirls it.)

No, I think I'm good right now. Try me again in a little.

GIRL

(Nods, picks up dish rag, and goes back to cleaning glasses and wiping down the bar.)

MAN

(Puts down drink, turns ashtray Again, and turns to bar entrance Watching passengers pass in front of bar entrance. A soldier with one arm and a large duffle bag. A woman holding tightly to an unruly child. A man that looks like he's crying.)

WOMAN

(Walking in from opposite direction,

She quietly puts purse and bags down and playfully pokes the MAN in his side. She looks glamorous and sophisticated. Flowing black hair and a sleek deep blue dress. While her attire appears classy and professional, she is wearing 'club' stilettos and they look gaudy. Her jewelry is obvious as well, like an idea of what the affluent find fashionable.)

Hey there stranger.

MAN

(He stands surprised and is about to pull out chair, but is rebuffed. He sits down as the WOMAN sits down.)

For a second, I thought you weren't actually coming...

(He extends his hand to her knee, stops, and instead grabs his drink.)

WOMAN

(Places her purse on bar and lean in to him. Her hands are close to his.)

And why would you think that?

MAN

(Gulps down drink, making a disappointed face.)

Damn airport bars... it's almost like the less booze they put in, the more they cost...

WOMAN

(She keeps her gaze on him, her face unrelenting.)

MAN

(Puts glass down, turning directly to the WOMAN and shrugs.)

I don't know...I've heard a lot of stuff on the news the last couple days...and when I didn't hear from you when like we said...

WOMAN

(Takes his hand and squeezes it.)
You're such a sweetheart. Everything's fine, I promise.
(She looks into his eyes, she
smiles to him. This is as sincere
as it is practiced.)

MAN

Okay.
(He squeezes her hand and starts
to draw her in.)

WOMAN

(She pulls her hand away and takes
out a compact from her purse.
As she refreshes her makeup, she
looks back and forth between the
MAN and the mirror.)
So...you didn't say anything. How do I look?

MAN

You look different...

WOMAN

(She stops momentarily, but
continues her mascara refreshment.
Her voice is still jubilant.)
Of course I look different. Wasn't that the point?

MAN

You know what I mean.

WOMAN

(Her eyes are not on the mirror
at all anymore and her make-up
application has halted completely.)
No. I don't know what you mean.

MAN

(Sighs like he wasn't understood.
It too is as sincere as it
is practiced.)
Look, don't take it that way. You know you look stunning.
My heart skipped a beat for you.

(He leans in to her.)

WOMAN

(She returns her attention
back to applying lipstick.)

What else?

MAN

(Reaches into pocket and grabs
His cigarette case, looks at the
sign at the end of the bar,
and put it back.)

Your eyes look—

WOMAN

Don't you just love them? I've wanted to go green for so
long...

MAN

(Nodding quietly.)

Since high school at least...

WOMAN

Is that...It really has been that long, hasn't it?

(She checks each eye carefully
in the compact.)

Jesus, that's right. I can't believe you remember; that was
so long ago.

MAN

Well I always told you that you'd look good with them. I
never knew why you didn't.

WOMAN

(She shrugs blankly)

I just...didn't.

MAN

I don't know why you always hafta be stubborn. You know I'm
going to be right. Didn't I call it when your sister when
your sister got knocked up? Or Glenn...you know damn well I
was right about him.

WOMAN

You don't know what you're talking about.

MAN

(Chuckles slightly.)

Well, for fear of proving you right, I'm just going to move on then. I like your hair, looks good with your eyes. Very sophisticated.

WOMAN

(She shakes her head, letting
Her hair bounce.)

Isn't it? I never knew I'd look this good as a brunette. I look like one of them jet-setting professionals, don't I?

MAN

(Looks at glass, swirling the
last of it.)

I guess...I'm not sure what one looks like. Is that a good thing?

WOMAN

(Presses her lips together and
body language tightens. She looks
over mirror at him.)

Well why not? Would you rather I came in my old soccer tee and sweatpants? What's your problem?

MAN

Look, again, you look amazing...I just thought we decided to be inconspicuous—

WOMAN

(Snaps the compact shut loudly and
puts it back in her purse.)

Let's just drop it, okay? There's nothing to worry about. It's fine.

MAN

I'm just saying—

GIRL

(The GIRL steps between MAN and WOMAN
across the bar, smiling.)

Can I get you another one of those?

MAN

Umm, you know what, yes you could. Thanks.

GIRL

(Picks up MAN's glass and turn to
the WOMAN.)

Can I get you anything?

WOMAN

Gin and Tonic. Little Ice.

GIRL

Oh, ok. Umm, I'll be right-

(Turns back to the MAN.)

Oh, wait Jack and Coke right?

MAN

That's right.

(Turns the ashtray)

GIRL

(Smiles and turns the ashtray back)

Got it. I'll be right back.

WOMAN

(Glaring at the MAN)

MAN

(Turn towards the WOMAN and reaches
out to her knee. He massages her knee
despite her being coy at his touch.)

WOMAN

She was very perky, wasn't she?

MAN

I don't know. Just doing her job I'm guessing.

WOMAN

(Swivels her legs away, becoming
free from his grasp.)

Mm-hmm. Those little puppy dog eyes didn't fool anybody.

MAN

(Reaches out and grabs her leg again, swiveling her back to face him. He smiles.)

And I always thought I was the jealous one.

WOMAN

(Her tension eases reluctantly, She smiles, and leans in closer to him.)

No, you're the flirt. And I'm not jealous...I just can't stand stupid little girls.

MAN

(He fondles the WOMAN's knee.)

Well then, I guess there's nothing to say since I have no interest in 'stupid little girls'.

WOMAN

It wasn't *your* interest I was talking about.

GIRL

(GIRL approaches and places the WOMAN's drink in front of her. She places a napkin over the drink.)

WOMAN

Speak of the devil...

GIRL

(Notices comment as she places MAN's drink in front of him.)

I'm sorry? Is everything alright?

MAN

(Waves it away dismissively.)

Oh, don't worry about it, everything's fine. I think we're okay here.

(He turns to WOMAN.)

WOMAN

(Her expression is nonchalant,

appearing oblivious, as she rifles through her purse.)

MAN

You good?

WOMAN

(Chastises the MAN with her eyes.)

I'm good.

MAN

(To the GIRL.)

Thanks, we're good.

GIRL

Okay, I mean, 'good'! Well, let me know if you need anything from me.

MAN

Will do.

GIRL

(Makes eye contact with the WOMAN, after an icy glare, GIRL looks down and walks down to the other end of the bar.)

MAN

(Lifts his glass.)

A toast.

WOMAN

(Turns attention back to him.)

To what?

MAN

(Picks up the WOMAN's glass and Slides it into her hand. He taps her glass.)

To this.

WOMAN

(Scoffs and rolls her eyes.)

MAN

(Laughs)

No really, to this...To us...to being free...finally. I could have only done this with you.

WOMAN

(Grins broadly.)

Cheers.

MAN

(Looks at drink with disappointment and slowly turns his stool towards back to barroom entrance, watching a new group of passengers walk through.)

WOMAN

(Tosses back her drink and sneers at the glass, putting it down. The WOMAN turns to the MAN and gently strokes his hand.

What are you thinking about?

MAN

(He strokes her hand in return without looking away from the entrance.)

(A group of flight attendants laughing among themselves. A young couple holding hands and in love. A shuffling overweight bald man slovenly dressed. A TSA agent.)

MAN

Should I be worried?

WOMAN

About what?

MAN

Seriously, I'm not joking.

WOMAN

How did everything go?

MAN

(Turns quickly, facing the WOMAN
and accidentally speaks loudly.)

That's what I want to know!

(Lowers to a whisper)

You've made the goddamn news! Your picture is popping up
every five minutes.

(He stares)

WOMAN

(Shows no reaction.)

I asked you first.

MAN

(Loses the staring contest
and closes eyes, regaining
composure. He breathes
deep and continues.)

It went okay. No hiccups. We don't have to worry about my
end. She's locked up tight in our-my-old tool shed. Nobody
will go in there for weeks. Even with the kids coming back
this week, I don't think anyone will think to check until
we are long gone.

WOMAN

So when the kids get back, do you...I mean, what did you set
up for them?

MAN

(Swallows back the rest of his
drink, tensing up as he continues.)

Her family will probably take them in. You know, I took
every penny that's mine. So it's not like there's any money

left from my side. Besides, her family has always had their problems with me...I guess now they'll have a *real* reason for it. They'll take the kids...I know they will.

WOMAN

Always thinking of everything, my darling perfectionist, but when I asked 'How'd it go', that's not what I was asking.

(She leans in closer to the MAN
until their eyes are inches apart.)

How did *it* go?

MAN

(Taken aback and momentarily stunned)

I thought we decided not to talk about—

WOMAN

I changed my mind.

MAN

(His eyes light up and his knee
bounces. He clears his throat.)

It was incredible. It was like the universe finally opened up to me.

WOMAN

Go on...

MAN

I don't know. I've been thinking about it a lot. I know it was only a couple days ago, but as I looked into Chelsea's eyes...I know I saw who that woman really was. We've been married for almost ten years, and I don't think U ever really *knew* her. And I'm not talking about the petty bullshit I'd bitch to you about. But, like, who she was. What we really were.

WOMAN

(She sits quietly for a moment in
thought.)

I think I know what you mean.

MAN

(Looking into the WOMAN's eyes.)

You know, I know you do. We'll always be *simpatico*. Do you remember prom?

WOMAN

Prom? You mean, High School, senior prom?

MAN

Yeah, remember, you and Glenn were on a break, or broken up or whatever, and you wanted me to go with you as your date?

WOMAN

(The WOMAN covers her mouth and laughs)

How could I forget?

MAN

I know we were just friends, but I still remember that one dance we had. The only slow song we ever danced to; Lionel Richie was singing..

(He stops and shakes his head.)

I saw you that night. I think—no—I know we saw each other.

WOMAN

(WOMAN reaches out and holds his Hand in hers.)

We did..

MAN

Yeah, and when it came to Chelsea - don't get me wrong, she was one of the good ones - but, we had no *real* connection. None at all. But when we were looking into each other's eyes that last time. When my hands were tight around that - what'd you call it? That bird's neck of hers - I saw at that last moment that she had never been what I wanted her to be...and she saw who I really am.

(The MAN and WOMAN only now notice the GIRL standing behind the bar between them.)

GIRL

(Looking concerned, GIRL

Continues to wipe a mug
in her hands.)
Are you all right sir? You're sweating.

MAN
(Wipes his forehead, checking
His hand for perspiration.)
Oh yeah, I'm okay...just nervous about flying, that's all.
I'll be fine.

WOMAN
(Rummages through her purse,
Ignoring the GIRL)

GIRL
Are you sure? Can I get you two anything else to drink?

MAN
Yeah, I'll be fine. Why don't you get us one more of each?
(Eyes the WOMAN for confirmation,
who gives him none. To the GIRL.)
Yeah, that should be fine.

GIRL
One Jack and Coke and one Gin and Tonic...little ice. I'll be
right back with that.

MAN
You know what, can you bring the check?

GIRL
Sure. Are you two together?

WOMAN
(Keeps her face in her purse, but
her eyes are on the MAN.)

MAN
(Notices he is being watched.)
Yeah, we're together.

GIRL
(Leaves to the end of the bar.)

WOMAN

(Closes purse and directs her
gaze to MAN.)

I need some money.

MAN

Who says romance is dead?

WOMAN

Stop it. It's important.

MAN

What happened to what I gave you?

WOMAN

What do you mean 'What happened'? It's gone.

MAN

(Slowly nods in acknowledgment
as he looks at her. His attention
shifts to the GIRL, who is changing
channels on the TV over the bar.)

WOMAN

(Notices the MAN's attention is
diverted and begins to stare hard
at him.)

MAN

(Turns his head back to the WOMAN,
noticing the hard stare.)

Yeah, I don't think it'll be a problem. How much do you
need?

WOMAN

Fifteen

MAN

Fifteen? Jesus Christ; I don't have that much on me.

WOMAN

(Demeanor tightens for a moment,

but softens once again.)
That's okay. What do you have?

MAN

(Clicks his tongue and turns to a bag and satchel by his side. From a small pocket and through a variety of papers, the MAN pulls out a roll of hundred dollar bills. He closes satchel and turns back to WOMAN. He folds the bills together, reaches under the bar and places money in the WOMAN's hands. He locks eyes with the WOMAN. He looks down and sees that the money is already gone.

Uhh...there's about five thousand there. There's no reason that shouldn't hold you until Albany.

WOMAN

(Beaming)

Thank you, baby.

(The MAN and the WOMAN are both silent for a few moments.)

WOMAN

(She swivels away from him.)

There's been a change in plans.

MAN

(Furrows his brow.)

What change?

WOMAN

I'm not meeting you there. I'll meet you in Ft. Lauderdale instead and we can...

GIRL

(Arrives with two new drinks in hand. She places them in front of the MAN and the WOMAN with a napkin on top of each.)

Here you go. Oh! you know what? I forgot your check; I'll be right back.

MAN

(Forces a smile)

Actually, hold off on that. I'm not sure what I'm going to do.

(He looks at the WOMAN, who is already sipping her drink.)

GIRL

Oh, okay. I'll just keep my eye on ya'.

(Looks at the undisturbed ashtray.)

So, I guess you are keeping everything tidy for your wife?

MAN

(Smirking.)

I guess you could say that.

GIRL

(Smiling at the MAN, ignoring the WOMAN.)

Well, let me know if you make a mess. I could use the work; it's dead in here.

WOMAN

(Burning a hole in the GIRL with her eyes.)

MAN

(Chuckles, smiles, and lifts his drink in acknowledgment.)

GIRL

(Departs to the other end of the bar.)

WOMAN

(Finishes her drink and clinks it loudly on the top of the bar as she sets it down.)

I bet you think that's cute.

MAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

WOMAN

Get over yourself. You're almost twice her age.

MAN

(Shakes his head dismissively.)

In any event, what's going on?

WOMAN

She doesn't even care that I'm right here when she *tries* flirting..

MAN

I'm serious. Why the change?

WOMAN

...like I'm not even here or something..

MAN

Enough! What the hell is going on?

WOMAN

(Struck out of her reverie.

Surprised at the MAN's tone.)

I didn't want to worry you.

MAN

'Didn't want to worry me'? Shit, that's all I've been for last week. You keep telling me everything's 'fine', but then something else pops up. I don't like all these fucking surprises.

WOMAN

Alright. Okay...calm down. No more surprises, okay?

MAN

(Takes a small sip from his glass, nodding in approval.)

Good, but we're going to talk more about that later.

(Takes another sip from his drink.)

So, we won't be meeting in Albany then?

WOMAN

(Her demeanor relaxes and she sits more comfortably.)

No. I'm going to fly through Dallas and stop in Atlanta. I just thought that would be better. I'm still meeting you - of course - just not where we originally said.

MAN

I don't like that. But, it's done...

WOMAN

And I swear it couldn't be helped. After they plastered my face all over the news, I panicked. Thank God it was an old picture. I just thought it would just be better...and I knew you'd be...well, you about it. I made a decision.

MAN

(Squeezes the WOMAN's arm. His voice is low and firm.)

All right, I get it...I get it. Well, if there's any silver lining, even if they got your picture all over the place, they won't be looking for you.

(Motions his drink around the WOMAN's body and face, before taking a sip from the straw.)

WOMAN

Not this me.

(Initially pleased and confident, she watches the man make no affirmative acknowledgement, she begins to squirm in her seat and squint at him.)

Is there a problem? I thought everything was fine.

MAN

(The straw is still in his mouth as he shrugs.)

I think everything's *going to be* fine. I just want us to get the hell out of here with as few problems as possible.

WOMAN

I know, so do I. So why are you acting like there is one?

MAN

I don't think you really understand our current situation. I mean the worlds after you...after us...and you dress up like

you're going to the Caanes film festival. The point is *not* to be noticed-

WOMAN

Don't talk to me like that. I know exactly what's going on; don't treat me like I'm an idiot. Just because you want to be paranoid doesn't mean I have to be. They - all those people looking for me - they're looking for some burned out housewife, not this! They're not looking for *me*! They wouldn't see me if they looked me in the eyes.

MAN

(Bites some ice and speaks
Through the crush.)

No, I bet they wouldn't.

WOMAN

That's right you condescending bastard. You know, you sit there acting like you're George Clooney or something, but you're a fraud. What a hypocrite. Do you think I didn't notice the hair dye...or that new suit of yours? Don't you dare put me down! What, am I not smart enough for you now?

(With great restraint, she takes
a measured sip of her drink.)

Like you're perfect.

MAN

I never said I was perfect. Just as good as the next guy.

(A new group of passengers
pass through the front of the
bar. A woman dressed for a business
meeting. A group of college age kids
chatting loudly and excitedly.
A man in a suit very similar
to the one the MAN is wearing.)

WOMAN

That's bullshit. You know, I always ignored your shitty little remarks because I thought you were trying to be cute, but now I'm thinking it's something else. I like how I feel now...how I look...who I am!

MAN

You look gorgeo—

WOMAN

Let me finish. I *like* me now. You know how unhappy I was. Of all people, you should know. Goddamn it that is not me anymore. I don't think you have any idea of what I can do. I swear, sometimes you...I love you, but I won't let anybody take this from me. Not even you.

MAN

(Puts his drink down as the
WOMAN finishes.)

Okay...Okay...I get it. I really do. I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it. I love you, baby. I was just being—

WOMAN

An ass?

MAN

Yeah...an ass.

(Looks into his glass and swirls
his drink. The MAN turns towards
the bar entrance. It's empty.)

What time do you leave?

WOMAN

In about an hour. Don't you have to get to your gate pretty soon?

MAN

I have a few minutes.

(Breathes deeply)

So, Ft. Lauderdale then, right?

WOMAN

(Quiet for a few moments.)

Yeah, Ft. Lauderdale. Gate A6. I'll be waiting for you there.

MAN

(Finishes the rest of his drink
in one gulp. Take a deep breath
and lets out a sigh.)

All right, let me take care of the check, and we'll get the hell out of here.

(Waves over to the GIRL, not hearing the WOMAN speak.)

WOMAN

It was so messy.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

(Looking towards bar, seemingly in a trance.)

Messy, you know. I remember looking at the tile in the kitchen and wondering how I'd get the stains out...

GIRL

(Approaches quietly and suddenly, staring at the MAN and WOMAN.)

Hey there! Are you ready for another one?

WOMAN

(Still looking ahead, without making eye contact with the GIRL.)

No...thank you. We're finished.

(Her lips are still moving, but she is silent.)

MAN

(Watches the WOMAN.)

GIRL

Uh...ok...not a problem. I'll be right back with your check.

(Leaves to the end of the bar.)

MAN

What happened?

WOMAN

Everything was going as planned...just like we talked about. I told him to come home for lunch...I said I had a surprise for him. I was going to throw him, you know, 'one more',

and then do it...after. And of course, like everything else he does, he even screws that up.

(Leans closer to the MAN. Her eyes are moist. Her voice cracks.)

He was supposed to come by himself. It was like, he even took that from me.

(Shakes her head softly.)

I heard them talking downstairs when they came in. It was one of the guys he works with - he went to the bathroom. I was only wearing my nightie. I didn't even want to change. He was by the refrigerator. When he saw the gun he...I swear, he had that same stupid look I'd seen a million times. He never expected it...God...that same stupid assed look on his face.

(Rubs her finger over the bar top.)

His friend came out from the noise...you know...I still don't remember what he said.

MAN

(Rests hand on hers and tightens it. Opens mouth, but closes it, saying nothing.)

WOMAN

(Her hair falls over face, and she rubs her eyes.)

Anyway...I dumped the gun and my clothes where you showed me to and I just waited. You know the rest...

GIRL

(Approaches softly, aware of the tension.)

(All three are uncomfortable.)

GIRL

Umm...Sorry I took so long. That'll be forty-four fifty.

MAN

That's a shame. I thought this place was just really nice to its customers, and wouldn't charge anything.

(Reaches for his wallet, pulling out a hundred with a forced smile.)

GIRL

Sorry, we're not *that* nice...
(Smiles at the MAN.)

MAN

Here you go.
(Hands the GIRL the hundred
and places his wallet back in
pocket.)

GIRL

Ok, I'll be right back with your change.
(Walks off immediately.)

MAN

No, it's-
(Shrugs and swivels to
face the WOMAN.)
Come on, I'll walk you out.

WOMAN

(Arranging her belongings together,
her momentary fragility gone with
a renewed steely determination. She
wraps the strands of her bags on her
shoulder and walks passed the MAN.)

MAN

(Stands up and stops just passed his
seat. He watches the WOMAN move. He
follows behind the WOMAN, who is now at
the entrance.)

GIRL

(Approaches bar top where MAN and
WOMAN had been sitting. She is holding
the change in her hands.
Wait...here you go, hope you have a good trip.

MAN

(Waves away the money.)
No, it's ok. It's all you. Thank you, we will.

GIRL

(Taken aback.)

Oh my God! Thank you! You just made my day.

(Points to the WOMAN with money still
in hand.)

Ma'am, your husband is something else! Better keep him on a
short leash.

WOMAN

(Locks eyes with the GIRL, standing
motionless for a few moments. Then,
as if nothing was said to her, turns
her head and walks out the entrance.)

MAN

(Quietly shrugs to the GIRL. Knocks
out some books of matches from a nearby
ashtray, keeping his eyes on her.)

GIRL

(Shakes her head in feigned disapproval
smiling the entire time.)

MAN

(Exits bar and approaches the WOMAN)

Hey beautiful, you got somewhere to be?

WOMAN

(Looking at her watch.)

Your plane is leaving soon, you should hurry.

MAN

I have a couple minutes.

(Leans in for a kiss, and is
rebuffed. He laughs at the
obvious denial.)

You really didn't like her, did you?

WOMAN

(Arranges the straps on her
shoulder more comfortably.)

No, I just remember being like that. I wish somebody
would've told me the truth..

MAN

You were never like that.

WOMAN

(Scoffs and smirks.)

We were all like that.

MAN

No, you were always different. I promise you that. She's just a girl with a fake name.

(MAN and WOMAN stir silently,
studying each other.)

WOMAN

So, it's really happening isn't it?

MAN

It's really happening.

WOMAN

Off to our 'great adventure into the unknown.'

MAN

It's funny; it feels like it's already started.

WOMAN

When we get there is when it'll start...Okay?

MAN

When we get there then...

(He takes the WOMANS free hand
and pulls her in tight to him.)

(They hug each other passionately
and he smells her hair and neck,
kissing them softly. They hug
tighter and he is released by her.)

WOMAN

You have a plane to catch and I'm this way. Remember, Ft.
Lauderdale...Gate A6...

(Gives one last kiss to the MAN and
begins walking away, but stops and

turns around.)
You know...I meant what I said earlier.

MAN
(Questions her with a look.)

WOMAN
No one can take this from me.

MAN
(Nods in acknowledgment.)
You still love me, don't you?

WOMAN
(Smiles a sincere, yet practiced smile.)
What do you think?
(Smiles and turns around, walking away,
disappearing into a crowd of new
passengers as they walk past the bar
entrance.)

MAN
(Smiles and watches her until she
gone. Passengers walk passed him and
when he is alone, turns the other
direction towards his flight.)

(The sound of a busy airport and
a jet engine whine grows more
intensely.)

BLACK OUT