

Missed Connections

By Barbara Lhota and Ira Brodsky

Jackie: twenty-fiveish, between jobs, wears a bright T-shirt and lots of Indian jewelry

Comic

Jackie and Cynthia are strangers on an airplane. Jackie is terrified to fly and has the need to vent all of her fears to the poor woman sitting next to her. Cynthia, the poor woman sitting next to Jackie, is a frequent traveler and sales rep. She is heading home after a long day of sales meetings. Cynthia tries desperately to avoid talking to Jackie, but as the play progresses, and the flight delays increase, Cynthia becomes more and more fearful about flying and everything else known to man.

JACKIE: (*Sighs. Cynthia is startled.*) I'm sorry. I sigh when I get nervous, and boy do I get nervous when I fly. I mean with terrorists, epidemics, global warming, you know. It's terrible. Forget spring, straight to summer. April's like February. October's like August. And don't get me started on the polar ice caps! And hello! The Kyoto Agreement? Why didn't we sign that? "Oh, clean up our environment for years to come and save the world? No, no thank you." Do we want to suffocate? Do we want to burn up when some asteroid flies through some hole in the ozone layer? (*She makes the sounds and gestures of an asteroid hitting the plane and exploding, followed by the plane plummeting to the ground.*) Well, we can't fly if we're dead! And even if we don't crash, what about the sheer awfulness of the experience? A bag of pretzels with like two in it. That's it. No meals. But ooh, we're the friendly skies. And we have leg room, unfortunately it's for only one leg. (*Pause.*) You know, some people with peanut allergies can't breathe? You open the bag and they're dead. That's why they stopped serving them. You start to wonder, do I have an unknown peanut allergy? I haven't had them in awhile. I only ate them on planes, and now they don't serve them. How will I ever know unless I open a bag, but what if I do it and *then . . .* (*Does cut the throat sign.*)