

COME FLY WITH ME SIDE

KEN:

I don't mean to annoy you. If you'd just let me talk for another minute or so it'll help. You don't even have to talk back.

JULIE:

Good.

KEN:

You know, I really don't mind if it gets bumpy while the plane is climbing up there. It's the part where we're leaving the ground that always gives me the willies. I guess it just seems unnatural or something.

JULIE:

Well, the plane's about to leave the runway right now. You should be getting ready to enjoy the rest of the flight.

KEN:

Yeah, here we go. We're picking up speed . . . And now we're zooming along the runway . . . faster, faster . . .

JULIE:

Yeah, I know.

KEN:

And now we're leaving the ground – yikes, that always feels weird!

JULIE:

Well, it's over now, so you should be okay.

KEN:

Right. That actually wasn't too bad. Now I'll be able to relax and read my book. And I'll leave you alone so you can get your work done.

JULIE:

Thanks.

KEN:

Sorry I was such a pest. I'll see you around.

JULIE:

It's okay, as long as you--wait, did you feel that?

KEN:

Feel what?

JULIE:

That. And that. What's the hell's happening to the plane?

KEN:

Nothing much, really. Those are just a few minor bumps. It often happens while a plane is reaching altitude.

JULIE:

All right then Wow, that one was worse!

KEN:

That's okay, I wouldn't worry about it. The bumping should be over soon and it'll be smooth sailing after that.

JULIE:

What's the captain saying? I can't hear him! *Damn it*, why do airline people always mumble like that?

KEN:

I'm not sure, but I think he said we're hitting a little turbulence.

JULIE:

Oh, fine!

KEN:

It usually doesn't last long.

JULIE:

I'll take some of that gum if you're still offering.

KEN:

Sure. Here you go. (*Opens briefcase, takes out gum and hands her a piece.*)

JULIE:

Thanks, I'm sure I'll be -- (*Abruptly shrieks and scatters her papers.*) Oh, dear God, the bumping! Make it stop!

KEN:

It'll stop any minute now.

JULIE:

Hey, you wouldn't happen to have any liquor in that briefcase, would you?

KEN:

As a matter of fact, I do. (*Laughs*) Here you go--help yourself. (*Reaches into briefcase and hands her a small bottle.*)

JULIE:

A Listerine bottle? I don't want to be minty fresh—I want to be sedated!

KEN:

Trust me, you will be. That's three ounces of bourbon in there and if it doesn't do the job, I have another bottle just like it. I always bring a couple in case I get extra jittery when the plane's about to take off.