

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

by Jane & Jim Jeffries

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ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

A One Act Comedic Drama

by Jane & Jim Jeffries

SYNOPSIS: Have you ever people-watched at the airport? Everywhere you turn, there is a different story. We all know the stressful or comedic stories of booking tickets, checking in, getting through security, and figuring out how to board. Experience 12 stories of airport travelers that eventually intersect on the same flight. Ranging from poignant to laugh-out-loud, this play has very flexible casting, can work for a large or small cast, and includes many strong roles for women.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(8-15 females, 6-13 males, 1-6 either; 4-23 extras)

BETH (f).....	20's to 40's, married to Tim. <i>(103 lines)</i>
TIM (m).....	20's to 40's, married to Beth. <i>(106 lines)</i>
AMANDA (f).....	20's to 50's, married to Mark. <i>(67 lines)</i>
MARK (m).....	20's to 50's, married to Amanda, packs light. <i>(73 lines)</i>
TICKET AGENT 1 (f).....	Works the check-in and boarding at the airport. <i>(24 lines)</i>
TICKET AGENT 2 (f).....	Works the check-in and boarding at the airport. <i>(26 lines)</i>
ADELINE (f).....	Works for the TSA: the national security of the U.S. of A rests squarely on her shoulders. <i>(85 lines)</i>
DANNY (m).....	New hire being trained to work airport security. <i>(62 lines)</i>
MICHAEL (m).....	30's to 50's, random traveler. A Wonder Woman fan. <i>(6 lines)</i>
MONICA (f).....	Random traveler with kidney stones. <i>(5 lines)</i>

SAM (m/f).....	Random traveler with bad car memories. (6 lines)
DREW (m/f).....	Random traveler with baggage about his father. (19 lines)
CHASE (m).....	Traveling with Pam, ticketed for zone 1. (20 lines)
PAM (f).....	Traveling with Chase, ticketed for zone 1. (32 lines)
WALTON (m/f).....	Manager to baggage handlers. (42 lines)
ADAMS (m/f).....	Baggage handler who trains their replacements. (73 lines)
CRASH (m).....	Baggage handler who refused to train their replacements, angry about losing his job. (48 lines)
NEW ONE 1 (f).....	An android who develops sentience. (1 line)
MOTHER (f).....	Jamie and Reese's mother. (2 lines)
JAMIE (f).....	Reese's sibling, notices that people are becoming zombies. (33 lines)
REESE (m).....	Jamie's sibling who's oblivious to what's happening around them. (35 lines)
CEO (m).....	President of the tech company iKiwi. (4 lines)
LOU (m).....	Jen's husband, late 30's, has ALS and is traveling to Oregon for physician-assisted suicide. (59 lines)
JEN (f).....	Lou's wife, late 30's, originally agreed to go with Lou to Oregon. (58 lines)
BEN (m).....	Lori's father, still bitter over 9/11. (46 lines)
LORI (f).....	Ben's daughter, mid-20's, friend to Blaise. (50 lines)

BLAISE (m).....	Lori's friend, a refugee. (17 lines)
CARL (m).....	Going to a Cosplay with his girlfriend, though he's not a Star Wars fan. (45 lines)
BETTY (f).....	Going to a Cosplay as Starwarrior Princess. (41 lines)
BRIAN (m).....	Going to a Cosplay as Darth Bane. (19 lines)
MORGAN (m/f).....	Going to a Cosplay as B'Nary, a Vulcan. (23 lines)
TAYLOR (m/f).....	Going to a Cosplay as Foreheadus Maximus, a Klingon. (6 lines)
JESSI (f).....	Going to a Cosplay as Harriet Plotter, a Wizard. (1 line)
JULIE (f).....	Flight attendant who gives pre-flight instructions. (2 lines)
EXTRAS:	
SHEENA (f).....	Friend to Blaise, a newly-arriving refugee with her baby. (Non-Speaking)
CANDY (f).....	Flight attendant, demonstrates preflight instructions, should be good with physical comedy. (Non-Speaking)
BUSINESSMAN (m).....	(Non-Speaking)
NEW ONES 2-8 (m/f).....	(Non-Speaking)
TRAVELERS 1-10 (m/f).....	Turn into Zombies in Act One, Scene 5. (Non-Speaking)
PIRATE (m/f).....	(Non-Speaking)
GUARD (m/f).....	(Non-Speaking)
SECURITY GUARD (m/f).....	(Non-Speaking)

DURATION: 90 minutes.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: An airport in the U.S.

MINIMUM CAST OF CHARACTERS

(8 females, 6 males, 1 either; 4 extras)

BETH / NEW ONE 2 (f)

TIM / NEW ONE 3 (m)

AMANDA / NEW ONE 5 (f)

MARK / NEW ONE 6 (m)

CHASE / DREW / TRAVELER 2 / LOU (m)

MONICA / PAM / TRAVELER 3 / JEN (f)

TICKET AGENT 1 / JULIE (f)

TICKET AGENT 2 / TRAVELER 10 / CANDY (f)

ADELINE / MOTHER / M-ZOMBIE / WALTON / MORGAN (f)

DANNY / CRASH / CARL / TRAVELER 1 (m)

MICHAEL / CEO / BEN / BUSINESSMAN (m)

SAM / ADAMS / TAYLOR / TRAVELER 4 (m/f)

JAMIE / NEW ONE 1 / BETTY (f)

REESE / BLAISE / BRIAN (m)

LORI / JESSI / TRAVELER 5 (f)

EXTRAS

TRAVELER 6 / PIRATE / GUARD (m/f)

TRAVELER 7 / NEW ONE 7 / SECURITY GUARD (m/f)

TRAVELER 8 / NEW ONE 8 (m/f)

TRAVELER 9 / NEW ONE 4 / SHEENA (f)

PROPS**ACT ONE****SCENE 1: Booking a Ticket**

- Laptop
- 1 sock
- 4 purses in various shades of brown
- Wallet
- 2 Drivers Licenses
- Credit card

SCENE 2: Checking In

- Laptop at check-in counter
- Small plastic container for check-in counter
- Large suitcase
- Small paper sack with a few clothes (have spare sacks, it takes a beating)
- Purse (can be amber or some color not even close to amber)
- 2 Boarding passes & ID's
- Several shoes (preferably colored pumps)
- Iron
- 3-4 containers of Lysol wipes
- Wrist weights
- Small metal box
- Credit card

SCENE 3: Scanners

- Scanning device that looks like a cellphone
- Lightweight latex gloves
- Various strange implements (optional, for humorous effect)
- Golden lasso

SCENES 4 & 6: Getting to the Gate, Parts 1-2

- Carry-on luggage
- Boarding passes
- Brown sack

SCENE 5: iZombie

- Carry-on luggage
- Boarding passes
- Cellphones

- Funny disguise glasses

SCENES 7 & 8: Zone 1/Mechanical Issues

- Boarding passes
- Carry-on luggage
- Pirate hat, hook, & eyepatch
- Brown sack

SCENE 9: Parting Is All We Know

- Cane
- Carry-on suitcases
- Cellphone
- Boarding passes
- Small box with red felt heart

ACT TWO**SCENE 1: Baggage Handlers**

- Carry-on bags/duffle bags

SCENE 2: Refugees

- Cellphone
- Credit card
- Suitcases or carry-ons
- Baby doll wrapped in blanket

SCENE 3 “Cosplay”

- Carry-on luggage
- Cellphone
- Tricorder scanner
- 2 lightsabers
- Phaser
- Klingon bat’leth or knife
- Wand for JESSI

SCENE 4 “In Case of an Emergency”

- 2 plungers
- Strap
- Seat belt
- 2 straws in wrappers
- Oxygen mask with clear tubing
- Life vest
- Life raft

PRODUCTION NOTES

Scene 2: The scale for luggage is next to the desk. You don't need an actual scale. At airports, you just place the luggage next to check-in.

Scene 5: No costume change required for the TRAVELERS that turn into zombies. Their walk and physicalizing will show what's happening. For the chase scenes, it's really funny if you can clump groups together with arms straight out and have them mimic what you see in the old "Scooby-Doo" cartoons.

Scene 10: It's easiest to keep the NEW ONES in black pants and matching t-shirts. That also makes it easy for the costume change. Use duffel bags for the practice luggage; you can stuff those with towels and blankets and soft things. When tossing/throwing the bags, be sure the actors keep things on stage.

Scene 13: The ending scene involves a lot of physical humor as CANDY acts out the instructions; feel free to add more than what we've described. One option we used was putting up slides on a screen with images of non-smoking, mixed-up flight maps, passengers being removed from the plane, passengers being sucked out of a plane, etc. You can find some really funny images.

Travelers: Extras can change costumes and characters for different scenes; it keeps things interesting. Main characters can stay in their character's costume or change costume as needed.

Flexible running time: If you need to shorten the time of the show, you can cut some scenes. The easiest scenes to cut are 9, 11, and 13.

COSTUMES

Most costumes are casual clothes for travel.

TICKET AGENTS—Black pants or shirts, black vests, and solid color blouses/shirts work well and can transition easily to the stewardess look. Colorful neck scarfs helps make it look professional.

NEW ONES—It's easiest to keep them in black pants and matching t-shirts. That also makes it easy for the costume change.

SCENE 12—Most of the Star Wars costumes can be created on your own. We recommend ordering a Klingon headpiece; the rest of the costume just involves a lot of leather.

TRAVELERS—Extras can change costumes and characters for different scenes; it keeps things interesting. Main characters can stay in their character's costume or change costume as needed.

SET DESIGN

Most of the scenes can take place in a waiting area at a gate: rows of chairs and a check-in counter.

SCENE 1: Minimal set: love seat or living room chair and maybe an end table.

SCENE 2: Mostly a check-in counter. We used the same one for subsequent scenes. You can bring on a few chairs at this time if desired.

SCENE 3: Minimal set: move the check-in counter DS. If possible, just leave the chairs on stage if they are far enough US.

SCENES 4-9 and 11-12: Set up as a waiting area at the gate: rows of chairs and the check-in counter. For scene 11, you can rearrange the chairs for the arrivals area.

SCENE 10: Bare stage with a pile of bags. If you can close a curtain with enough room DS, then you don't have to clear the set.

SCENE 13: Remove the check-in counter and rearrange the chairs into rows on a plane, facing US. This creates a first-class passenger section.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1
BOOKING A TICKET

AT RISE: *Lights up on a living room; set is minimal. BETH sits on sofa, working on a laptop and appears frustrated.*

TIM: *(From offstage.)* Beth, have you seen my socks?

BETH: Check the sock drawer, Tim.

TIM: I found one sock there.

BETH: What?

TIM: *(Enters and holds up sock.)* I found only one sock.

BETH: So, get a different pair.

TIM: But these are my lucky socks. Good things happen when I wear them.

BETH: You met me at the beach.

TIM: And I was wearing my lucky socks. With sandals.

BETH: *(Sarcastically.)* And still I gave you my phone number.

TIM: See? Lucky! So, help me find the other sock.

BETH: I don't have time. I'm trying to book our tickets to New York. But \$600 for a round trip ticket? Really?

TIM: Oh, you can get it cheaper than that.

BETH: I've been looking for an hour. That's the best I've found so far.

TIM: *(Crosses to BETH.)* Where are you searching?

BETH: Just different airline websites.

TIM: Try Cheapskate Air.

BETH: Cheapskate Air?

TIM: Yeah. Just Google it. You can get really good prices through that site. Remember the ticket I got to Denver two years ago?

BETH: *(Searching on computer.)* Yeah.

TIM: I got a really great price. Sure, there were a few challenges—

BETH: All right, I'm there. Let's see what I can find. *(Clicks around. Looks surprised.)* Wow, you're right! Here's one for \$187 round trip! Awesome!

TIM: *(Looks over her shoulder.)* Great price! But read the fine print. It has two layovers. One is in Atlanta—

BETH: And the other is in *(Beat.)* American Samoa?

TIM: Pago Pago, to be exact.

BETH: Isn't American Samoa in the Pacific?

TIM: Yep.

BETH: Why on earth would they send you there for a flight to New York?

TIM: (*Points to screen.*) Because there's a naval base on American Samoa. This flight is a military transport.

BETH: What?

TIM: Read the fine print. We'd be flying a C-130: webbed jump seats, depressurized cabin, the odd anti-aircraft missile. But hey, you can't beat \$187 round trip.

BETH: Let's try the next one down. (*Beat.*) This one is still under \$200.

TIM: (*Looks closer.*) Yeah, but it's Fly-by-Night Airlines. I'll never fly with them again. They make sure you miss your connection.

BETH: How?

TIM: They always have "mechanical problems" so that you have to stay at their hotel, The Hourly Inn. And the "mechanical problems" is a lie.

BETH: How do you know?

TIM: I was on a Fly-by-Night flight when we lost an engine.

BETH: (*Shocked.*) What happened? Did it catch fire?

TIM: Oh, nothing that dramatic. The engine was lost in shipping. It never got to the airport, so we took off with the engines we had.

BETH: (*Shocked.*) And you stayed on the plane?

TIM: They gave me a \$67 rebate. And two extra bags of pretzels. (*Points to screen.*) How about that one? \$250 isn't bad.

BETH: One layover in Detroit. But we get a free meal.

TIM: Read the fine print.

BETH: Free lunch included after a brief presentation on real estate opportunities in Detroit.

TIM: The Detroit real estate market's in a bit of a slump right now. Where will lunch be served?

BETH: Sammy's Hot Wings and Payday Loans.

TIM: Yeah, both burn you. Keep going.

TIM and BETH look at the screen.

TIM: Wait. Try that one! \$285.00... and it's non-stop! See? I told you we could find something better!

BETH: Let me click on it. (*Beat.*) Wait a minute. Now the price is \$330.

TIM: (*Looks at screen.*) Those are the extra fees.

BETH: What fees?

TIM: Airport tax, airstrip tax, air tax—

BETH: Air tax?

TIM: You want the pressurized cabin, Beth. Trust me on this. But \$330 is still good.

BETH: There's more. (*Reads the screen.*) Do you want to have six inches more of leg room?

TIM: They charge by the quarter inch; I'll be fine. I've been screened, and I'm at low risk for a blood clot.

BETH: (*Reads the screen.*) Do you want priority boarding?

TIM: It's extra, and I'm not in a hurry to board.

BETH: But then there's no overhead space by the time we get on board.

TIM: I'll just wedge my carry-on under the seat in front of me. Just let them try to recline.

BETH: (*Reads the screen.*) Do you want a window seat?

TIM: Sure.

BETH: It's extra.

TIM: Never mind. Probably the only thing to see is the gremlin eating the wing of the plane.

BETH: What?

TIM: *Twilight Zone?* Never mind. What else do you have?

BETH: Do you want the meal?

TIM: We'll pack our own.

BETH: Luggage?

TIM: I'll wear layers.

BETH: Bathroom pass?

TIM: I'll hold it.

BETH: Assault insurance?

TIM: What?

BETH: If they overbook, and you resist being removed from your seat by airline employees, this insurance will cover your hospital stay.

TIM: (*Beat.*) Let's risk it.

BETH: All right. It leaves at 6:00 a.m. Should we book it? It's a bit early, but I can live with it for this price.

TIM: Yeah, book it.

BETH: It says there are only five tickets left at this price.

TIM: (*Panicky.*) Only five? Book it. Book it now!

BETH: Where's my purse? I need my credit card. (*Looking around.*)

Tim, where's my purse?

TIM: How should I know where your purse is?

BETH: The same way I know where your socks are!

TIM: But knowing where stuff is: that's a female thing.

BETH: Then get your wallet!

TIM: Right. (*Exits quickly. From offstage.*) Honey, where's my wallet?

BETH: Aaahh! How should I know? Try the bedroom!

TIM enters running and exits other side.

BETH: Hurry up! They only have five left! (*Starts searching for wallet.*)

TIM: (*Enters.*) Refresh!

BETH: Excuse me?

TIM: They had five tickets left one minute ago. You need to refresh the screen. (*Exits.*)

BETH: Right. (*Clicks on computer.*) What? Now it says they only have three left. And now they are \$350!

TIM: (*Enters.*) Oh, no! They know you are interested. Quick, shut down and log in under a completely different identity.

BETH: What?

TIM: (*Crosses to BETH and pushes her out of the way.*) We need stealth! They know you are looking. I'll log on as me. I'll clear the browser history! (*Beat.*) I'll burn the laptop!

BETH: (*Pushes TIM away.*) But this is my work computer! You can't! Go find my purse.

TIM: Use my login and act like you're me. (*Exits.*)

BETH: How? Type like you?

TIM: (*Enters with purse.*) Pound those keys in a manly way, Beth. Here! I found your purse. (*Hands purse to BETH.*)

BETH: This is the wrong purse.

TIM: What?

BETH: This is my church purse. No credit cards or large bills.

TIM: How many purses do you have?

BETH: Well, I have my Spa Purse, my Concealed-Carry Purse, my Ninja Warrior Purse—

TIM: Which purse has the credit cards in it?

BETH: The Happy Hour Purse.

TIM: *(As he exits.)* What does it look like?

BETH: It's chestnut. *(Starts typing in a manly way.)*

TIM: *(From offstage.)* What?

BETH: It's brown. But a chestnut brown, okay?

TIM: *(Dashes onstage with amber purse.)* Here.

BETH: Not the amber one. I said chestnut!

BETH shoves purse back at TIM. TIM exits quickly. BETH continues to type in a manly way.

TIM: *(Enters with chestnut purse and stares at BETH.)* What on earth are you doing?

BETH: I'm typing like you.

TIM: You look like Ray Charles. *(Hands purse to BETH.)* Here.

BETH: Really, Tim? This is burnt umber. I said chestnut!

TIM: Help me. I'm browning here.

BETH: Anybody can see the difference between burnt umber and chestnut. Get the chestnut purse. We're running out of time.

TIM exits quickly. BETH continues to type.

BETH: I'll fill in what I can. *(Starts to type more frantically.)* Tim, hurry up! I'm starting to channel Jerry Lee Lewis!

TIM: *(Enters with chestnut purse.)* Please, oh color-spectrum gods, let this be the right purse! *(Hands her the purse.)*

BETH: Chestnut. Excellent. *(Takes out license and credit card and sets them beside her. She begins typing her license number.)* I'll need your license number, too.

TIM: It's in my wallet.

BETH: Then get your wallet!

TIM: *(Beat.)* Haven't we had this discussion?

BETH: *(Stands.)* Really, Tim? We've got to find that wallet.

TIM and BETH frantically search for wallet.

TIM: I'll look in the laundry. *(Starts to exit.)*

BETH: Tim, you're going the wrong way!

BETH and TIM meet in the middle, try to get around each other, then exit opposite ways.

TIM: *(From offstage.)* I don't see it.

BETH: *(Enters, frustrated.)* The washing machine is next to the bathroom!

TIM: *(From offstage.)* I don't see it!

BETH: It's a big, white machine with a glass door. It says "Whirlpool" on it!

TIM: *(Enters frantically.)* No, I can't find the dirty clothes hamper.

BETH: That's in our closet.

BETH and TIM meet in the middle, try to get around each other, then start to exit opposite ways.

TIM: I'll be right ba—

BETH: *(Grabs him by his shirt.)* Hold it! Your wallet's right there.

TIM: Where?

BETH: In your pants. That you're wearing right now.

TIM: Well, would you look at that. It's always in the last place you look.

BETH: Let me have your license!

TIM hands BETH his license.

BETH: Let me just type this in. *(Typing.)* Okay, got it.

BETH: All right. Let's see if we got them. *(Hits return key and waits.)*

We have confirmation. *(Beat.)* Yes! We got the tickets!

TIM: *(Fist-bumps BETH.)* Stickin' it to the man!

BETH: Wait, what's that smudge on the screen?

TIM: I don't see anything. Magnify 200%.

TIM and BETH squint.

TIM: Try 400%.

TIM and BETH squint.

TIM: Try 800%.

BETH: What does it say?

TIM: It says, “Times, dates, and destinations of flights subject to change without notice.”

BETH: *(Gets closer to screen.)* “Passengers should be in good aerobic condition.”

TIM: *(Gets even closer to screen.)* “Passengers must have an updated living will.”

BETH and TIM stare at each other.

BETH: Talk about your fine print.

TIM: Hey, as long as we land in one piece, it’s a good deal.

BETH: *(Squints at screen.)* We may want to upgrade to Business Class, Tim.

TIM: Why’s that?

BETH: They get parachutes.

TIM and BETH look to audience. Lights down.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

CHECKING IN

AT START: *Lights up on check-in counter in an airport. There is a small table located near check-in. TICKET AGENT 1 checks in TRAVELERS 1-9, who enter and exit as needed to form a line or create traffic. MARK enters hurriedly, carrying a paper bag.*

MARK: Good! We got here in time. *(Looks around.)* Amanda?

AMANDA enters, looking very bedraggled rolling a large suitcase.

MARK: Oh, there you are. You’ve got to pick up the pace. We don’t want to miss our flight. We’re running late as it is.

AMANDA: And why are we running late, Mark?

MARK: We don’t need to go over this again—

AMANDA: You stopped in the middle of four lanes of traffic, Mark.
During rush hour.

MARK: But they were little ducklings. Lost and lonely ducklings
without their mother.

AMANDA: I had to jump out and dash around traffic—

MARK: I've got that trick knee, remember.

AMANDA: The only trick your knee knows is "play dead." And after
dodging that Datsun and hurdling that Honda, what did I finally
rescue?

MARK: It's the thought that counts—

AMANDA: A Swiffer dust mop.

MARK: Perspective is tricky on the highway, Amanda.

AMANDA fumes at him.

MARK: I think you are losing your perspective here.

AMANDA violently tips her suitcase to the ground.

MARK: Look, I'm sorry. I've always had a soft spot for ducklings. Do
you forgive me?

AMANDA: I guess. Right now, all I want to do is check in our bags
and... (*Looks around.*) Where's your luggage?

MARK: (*Holds out paper sack.*) Right here.

AMANDA: A paper bag? Are you kidding me?

MARK: You bet. Plastic bags are clogging our oceans and strangling
our dolphins.

AMANDA: No, I mean, you were able to fit all you packed in a paper
bag?

MARK: Of course.

AMANDA: What did you pack?

MARK: Two shirts, two pair of underwear, and a toothbrush.

AMANDA: That's it? But we're going for four days.

MARK: You can get two days out of each pair of underwear. You see,
all you do is—

AMANDA: I do not want to hear any more and still sleep in the same
room as you.

MARK: I've found that you don't need most of what you pack.

AMANDA: I pack what I need. And shoes take up a lot of room.

MARK: We're only going for 4 days, but you packed 6 pairs of shoes.

AMANDA: Trust me. I need them all.

MARK: That's right: I forgot that chestnut clashes with burnt umber.

But now you'll have to check a bag, and they'll charge us \$50 each way. You could learn from the way I pack.

AMANDA: Hmm. What about deodorant?

MARK: I was hoping to use yours.

AMANDA: And toothpaste?

MARK: You packed that, right?

AMANDA: And your swimsuit, contact solution, and comb?

MARK: Well...

AMANDA: And that's why I pack a suitcase. You can pack light because I pack what you forgot.

MARK: No, you don't. (*Beat.*) But just in case, did you pack extra socks?

TICKET AGENT 1: Next!

MARK and AMANDA cross to the counter.

TICKET AGENT 1: Tickets and I.D., please.

MARK: We have them right here in Amanda's amber-colored purse.

TICKET AGENT 1 stares at MARK, confused. AMANDA pulls out boarding passes and license. MARK gets his license.

TICKET AGENT 1: (*Types some more.*) Do you have any baggage to check?

AMANDA: Yes, just the one.

MARK: (*Starts to lift suitcase but can hardly budge it. To AMANDA.*)

What did you pack in here? Depleted uranium?

AMANDA: No. But I do have deodorant and a comb.

MARK struggles with suitcase, a good moment for physical comedy. He lifts it onto the scale next to TICKET AGENT 1.

TICKET AGENT 1: (*Watching the scale.*) I'm afraid you're well over the weight limit, ma'am. You'll have to take out a few things or pay the extra fee.

MARK: (*Simultaneously with AMANDA.*) We'll take some things out.

AMANDA: (*Simultaneously with MARK.*) We'll pay the extra fee.

AMANDA and MARK: (*To each other.*) We will?

MARK: They already charge too much for baggage. I don't want to pay extra.

AMANDA: I need everything I packed.

MARK: Let's just see if we can take something out.

AMANDA: All right. Fine.

TICKET AGENT 1: Please move to the side. I'll check you in when you're done.

MARK struggles again with the suitcase and moves it to the table. MARK unzips it.

MARK: Let's see what you can do without. (*Beat while MARK scans the suitcase and holds up various shoes.*) What on earth is all of this?

AMANDA: Just the essentials.

MARK: Seriously? (*Holds up iron.*) You packed an iron.

AMANDA: Hotel irons just don't work right.

MARK: An iron, Amanda?

AMANDA: It's a travel iron.

MARK: This is our iron from home.

AMANDA: Yes, but—

MARK: Can't you just get by with theirs this time?

AMANDA: Oh, all right. Take out the iron. That should do it.

MARK: Oh, I don't think so. Not by a long shot. And what did you use to pack this bag, a pile driver?

AMANDA: I watched a YouTube video on how to pack efficiently.

MARK: Was step one finding a suitcase-sized black hole? (*Pulls out a container of Lysol wipes.*) Four containers of Lysol?

AMANDA: I should have packed five, after I heard your underwear story.

MARK: But four? Can we get rid of at least 3?

AMANDA: Oh, all right.

MARK removes 3 Lysol wipes.

AMANDA: Is that enough?

MARK: Not by a long shot. I am a man at the peak of his virility, and I had trouble lifting your bag.

AMANDA: But I carried it out to the car and through the airport.

MARK: Let's not quibble about who carried what. Besides, I lifted it onto the scale. *(Beat.)* I think I'm three inches shorter. What else do you have in here? *(Holds up wrist weights.)* Why do you have wrist weights?

AMANDA: I wear them when I go running. That way I get an aerobic workout and a weight workout for my arms at the same time. *(Beat.)* I'm in a constant fight against bingo wings, Mark.

MARK: Bingo wings?

AMANDA: It's when your triceps get flabby, and they start flapping like wings when you move your arms.

MARK: They have a name for that?

AMANDA: You wouldn't understand. You're a guy. It doesn't happen to guys.

MARK: That's because guys have to carry the suitcases.

AMANDA: No, I carried it to—

MARK: But you packed weights, Amanda. Weights. Knowing full well that the airlines have a weight limit. I'm taking these out.

AMANDA: But what about my bingo wings?

MARK: Whatever they are, you don't have them. And even if you did, it wouldn't matter to me. I love you just the way you are.

AMANDA: So, you don't think I should lose some weight?

MARK: Oh, you should definitely lose some weight.

AMANDA: What?

MARK: From your suitcase. So, I'm taking out these weights. *(Removes weights then pulls out a metal box. He struggles to lift it.)* What is this?

AMANDA: A strongbox.

MARK: What?

AMANDA: I made it myself to protect our valuables and credit cards. People can scan your credit cards remotely now, you know.

MARK: A steel box stops people from scanning your credit cards?

AMANDA: Nope. That's why I lined the box with lead.

MARK: What?

AMANDA: I also have steel bolts and one-inch steel cable, so I can bolt the box to the floor in our hotel room. I stuffed them in the box, for now.

MARK: Look, I know our last vacation was a little traumatic—

AMANDA: While we were sleeping, a mime burgled our hotel room, Mark. A French mime.

MARK: Yeah, I never heard him coming.

AMANDA: He stole everything. Even my shoes.

MARK: Yeah. He must have had a very large sack.

AMANDA: Well, no one's going to get our stuff on this trip.

MARK: The plane is not going to get off the ground on this trip. We're flying in a Boeing 737, not a C-130 cargo transport.

AMANDA: But—

MARK: I'm afraid we can't take it with us, Amanda. It's too heavy. It's also a lead poisoning risk.

AMANDA: Oh, all right. Is that good now?

MARK: *(Removes steel box.)* That should do it. *(Zips up the suitcase.)*

AMANDA: Okay, let's check the suitcase then you can run the extra stuff to the car.

MARK struggles to lift the suitcase and returns it to ticket counter.

TICKET AGENT 1: *(Weighs suitcase.)* That's fine now. *(Tags it, lifts it effortlessly, and tosses it back; she points to MARK's paper bag.)* Do you have a second bag to check?

MARK: *(Pats bag proudly.)* Nope. This is my carry-on.

TICKET AGENT 1: I'm sorry, sir, but that does not fit our regulation carry-on dimensions.

MARK: Are you kidding? What are the dimensions?

TICKET AGENT 1: *(Plops down a very small container.)* It must be able to fit in that.

MARK: *(Aggravated, he crumples his sack until it is small enough to fit. He stuffs it into the container, wipes sweat from his forehead, then punches the bag into the container.)* There. It fits!

TICKET AGENT 1: *(Stares at MARK as if he's crazy.)* Very good, sir. May I scan your credit card?

MARK hands credit card to TICKET AGENT 1.

TICKET AGENT 1: Thank you. *(Scans the card and hands it back.)*
Have a nice flight.

AMANDA and MARK cross back to the table.

MARK: You see? We dodged the overweight baggage fee, and my carry-on fits. *(Shakes out the sack.)* I hope I didn't wrinkle my shirts.

AMANDA: You take all of this back to the car. I'll meet you at the gate.

MARK: Right. *(Starts gathering items.)*

AMANDA: Remember, we're parked at 21Z.

MARK: Okay. *(Gathers more frantically.)*

AMANDA: And you've got fifteen minutes! *(Exits.)*

MARK frantically gathers items, drops them, regathers and drops items until he exits.

TICKET AGENT 1: Who travels with just a paper sack?

Lights down.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3 SCANNERS

AT START: *Lights up on security section. ADELINE arranges various strange objects on a table then inspects her scanner as DANNY enters.*

ADELINE: Welcome to the big time, kid.

DANNY: I wouldn't really characterize myself as a kid. I moved out of my mom's basement a long—

ADELINE: Kids should be seen and not heard. You know what I mean? *(Beat.)* I said do you know what I mean?

DANNY: But you just said I should be seen and not heard—

ADELINE: You know what I mean, rook. This job is the most important job in the world. The national security of the U.S. of A rests squarely on our shoulders. Terrorists, drug runners—

DANNY: Pretzel smugglers.

ADELINE: Excuse me?

DANNY: It's a joke. They might sell the pretzels during the flight.

ADELINE: (*Glares at DANNY.*) I don't see how smuggling and selling contraband is a joke.

DANNY: No, I guess you wouldn't.

ADELINE: We caught an 84-year old woman trying to smuggle a fifth of Jack Daniels onto her flight to Provo.

DANNY: Did she hide it in her artificial hip flask?

Stare from ADELINE.

DANNY: Sorry, another joke.

ADELINE: I do not see how hip replacement surgery is funny. No, she was drinking whiskey from her cane.

DANNY: Wow.

ADELINE: Almost put a man's eye out. Another time, I personally caught a woman trying to smuggle a 3.5-ounce bottle in her carry-on bag.

DANNY: What was in the bottle?

ADELINE: You are such a newb. The contents of the bottle don't matter. The limit is 3.4 ounces. 3.5 ounces is clearly a violation of TSA protocol. We were none too gentle as we hustled her off to the "intensive search" room.

DANNY: "Intensive search?" For a little bottle? Isn't that against, like, the Fourth Amendment?

ADELINE: What are you, a lawyer for the ACLU?

DANNY: No, I just—

ADELINE: This is national security, we're talking. Where will your Fourth Amendment be when the U.S. of A is a smoking ruin?

DANNY: I don't see how an extra tenth of an ounce of some liquid is going to cause the fall of the national government.

ADELINE: It starts with a tenth of an ounce, tenderfoot, but it ends with napalm raining down on every young mother and child on the American continent.

DANNY: (*Hesitant.*) Okaaay.

ADELINE: Don't underestimate what a serious job this is.

DANNY: I'm not.

ADELINE: That's more like it. Now, since this is your first day of training, you'll do the scanning while I supervise. Also, today we will be testing the new scanners. (*Hands scanner to DANNY.*)

DANNY: This looks impressive.

ADELINE: This is cutting edge technology. It picks up a lot more than the old ones do.

DANNY: I read that the old ones were pretty invasive.

ADELINE: Hey! (*Looks around.*) Don't ever use the word "invasive." We say that the new scanners provide better security for our great nation.

DANNY: Okay...

ADELINE: (*Stares at DANNY.*) Now, you'll see that it's handheld and looks like your typical cellphone.

MICHAEL enters.

ADELINE: Ah, here comes our first suspect.

DANNY: You mean traveler.

ADELINE: Let's get something straight: we don't work for the airline. We work for Uncle Sam. (*To MICHAEL.*) Sir, if you could step this way, please. My associate will do a completely routine scan. (*To DANNY.*) Scan his whole body, starting with his feet.

DANNY: (*Scans MICHAEL's feet.*) Wonder Woman socks?

MICHAEL: They were a gift from my daughter.

DANNY: (*Scans waist.*) With matching boxers?

MICHAEL: A gift from my wife.

DANNY: (*Scans side of waist.*) A golden lasso?

MICHAEL: Also from my wife. (*Beat.*) It's the Lasso of Truth. What can I say? I'm going to a political convention in Vegas. A little truth will be refreshing.

ADELINE: You, sir, have an unhealthy obsession with Wonder Woman.

MICHAEL: But she's so good at fighting Nazis. (*Looks at ADELINE.*) As a matter of fact, I could use her magic boomerang tiara just now.

ADELINE: While I have a great deal of respect for all Amazonians, you, sir, are not an Amazon.

MICHAEL: I self-identify as a DC superhero.

ADELINE: Lines must be drawn. You are delusional. You will have to go to the “intensive search” room.

ADELINE signals SECURITY GUARD who enters and crosses to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL: You can't do this. I'm a member of the Justice League!

DANNY: You would never admit to that, especially if you watched the movie.

SECURITY GUARD exits escorting MICHAEL offstage. ADELINE speaks to DANNY.

ADELINE: Let me see your scanner. It needs to be adjusted.

DANNY hands scanner to ADELINE.

DANNY: I should say so. That revealed way too much. It will take years of counseling before I get the image of the Wonder Woman boxers out of my head.

ADELINE: (*Adjusts and hands scanner back to DANNY.*) That should be the proper adjustment.

DANNY: Good.

MONICA enters.

DANNY: I'm really uncomfortable seeing so much.

ADELINE: You'll need to get over that. (*Signals to MONICA.*) This way, ma'am.

DANNY: (*Starts scanning MONICA'S back and stops around the kidney area.*) Aha!

ADELINE: What is it?

DANNY: It looks like this woman is smuggling diamonds. Right about... here. (*Pokes MONICA's side with the scanner.*)

MONICA: Ow! (*Gives him a pained look.*)

DANNY: (*Pokes once more.*) Huh. I don't feel anything.

MONICA: (*Slaps DANNY on the arm.*) Do you feel that?

ADELINE: Give me that scanner. (*Takes scanner from DANNY and scans MONICA's back.*) Those aren't diamonds. Those are kidney stones.

MONICA: Painful kidney stones.

DANNY: Oops.

ADELINE: (*Continues scanning.*) You've also got a bulging disc between L2 and L3 in the lumbar region.

MONICA: (*To DANNY.*) Which wasn't helped by your poking.

ADELINE: Ma'am, you may proceed on toward your gate. We apologize for any inconvenience.

MONICA: Inconvenience? Is that what you're calling it now? (*Exits in a huff.*)

DANNY: (*Frustrated.*) I thought you said you adjusted that thing.

ADELINE: I did.

DANNY: But it was more extreme. Not less. That's wrong!

ADELINE: Wrong? "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice."
(*Starts fiddling with scanner.*)

DANNY: What?

ADELINE: Barry Goldwater.

DANNY: Who's he?

ADELINE: The greatest man never elected president. (*Gives scanner back to DANNY.*) There. Now you can try scanning baggage.

DANNY: (*Points offstage.*) But the baggage scanner is over there. I thought we were scanning people.

ADELINE: We are.

DANNY: But—

SAM enters.

ADELINE: Here comes our next perp. Get ready. (*To SAM.*) Please step this way, ma'am.

SAM: I don't know why I was sent over here.

ADELINE: This is just a random check, ma'am.

DANNY: (*Starts scanning.*) This is... what?

ADELINE: What do you see?

DANNY: I see... an old car? (*Looks at scanner.*) What's wrong with this thing?

ADELINE: Nothing's wrong with it. Keep going. (*Looks over DANNY'S shoulder.*) A 1978 AMC Gremlin.

SAM: How on earth—

ADELINE: Can you explain the car, ma'am?

SAM: How do you know about the Gremlin?

ADELINE: I'm asking the questions here. Can you explain the car?

SAM: (*Hesitant.*) Yes.

ADELINE: Well, start talking.

SAM: It was a 1978 Gremlin with 237,000 miles. My family couldn't afford a nice car.

ADELINE: And?

SAM: That's what I drove to school—a 20-year-old Gremlin. Everyone at school laughed at me. Everyone.

DANNY: (*Looks at scanner.*) What is this doing?

ADELINE: (*To DANNY.*) The new scanners also pick up emotional baggage. (*To SAM.*) You are free to proceed. Your baggage poses no threat to national security. But you should know that the Gremlin was at the apex of automotive dependability and durability.

SAM exits, confused.

ADELINE: (*To DANNY.*) I still have the Gremlin that I bought at a government auction for cars seized from drug kingpins.

DANNY: I just can't believe that.

ADELINE: It's true. You can't believe how many drug addicts have sullied the good name of the Gremlin. Drug runners should stick to Pintos.

DANNY: What? No! I can't believe that we can scan emotional baggage with this thing. This is just wrong!

ADELINE: I'm starting to wonder if you're cut out for this job.

DANNY: I thought the job was to look for suspicious people? We're looking at emotional baggage now? What is the use in that?

ADELINE: If we know what motivates people, we can predict their intentions. And if we can predict their intentions, we can arrest them before a crime is committed. A pre-emptive strike.

DANNY: That's, that's like the thought police. (*Blank look from ADELINE.*) You know, 1984.

ADELINE: When President Ronald Reagan was re-elected. A great year. So, what is your point?

DANNY: Freedom of thought is our most basic right!

ADELINE: And some freedoms must be sacrificed to ensure the security of our great country.

DANNY: But our country isn't great if we sacrifice all of our freedoms.

ADELINE: Look, if you want a political debate, then run for office. We don't have time for this right now.

DREW enters.

ADELINE: Here comes our next suspect. (*To DREW.*) Sir, if you could just step this way.

DREW: What is the meaning of this?

ADELINE: This is just routine, sir. A quick scan and you'll be on your way.

DREW: But I've already been scanned. No alarms went off.

ADELINE: Sir, please. Okay, rook, scan him.

DANNY: I don't want to.

ADELINE: Look, this is your job. You've got to make a choice. Do you want your principles or your pay?

DANNY: I've got to make a stand.

ADELINE: That's fine. I'm sure your mom still has your bed in the basement. Along with your Pokémon (*Pronounce it Po-Kee-Man.*) cards.

DANNY: Magic the Gathering.

ADELINE: Whatever.

DANNY: (*Hesitates.*) Oh, all right. (*Scans DREW.*) A lottery ticket?

DREW: (*Confused.*) I am not carrying a lottery ticket. I don't play the lottery.

DANNY: A pack of cigarettes?

DREW: I don't gamble or smoke. Ever since my father...

ADELINE: Yes?

DREW: I don't see what any of this has to do with catching a plane.

ADELINE: We are in charge of security, sir.

DREW: So?

ADELINE: So, if you are carrying any baggage that is a threat to the safety of the other passengers, we have to know that.

DREW: I'm not carrying any baggage.

ADELINE: The lottery ticket and the pack of cigarettes?

DREW: I told you I'm not—

ADELINE: And your father?

DREW: I don't want to talk about it.

ADELINE: Of course. You have the right to remain silent.

DREW: Good.

ADELINE: However, you do not have the right to an airline flight. If you do not answer our questions, you will not be allowed to board.

DREW: (*Shocked.*) Can you do that?

ADELINE: I can and will. Now, tell me about the lottery ticket and the pack of cigarettes.

DREW: How do you know about—

ADELINE: Just answer my question, sir.

DREW: (*Pause.*) Okay... my dad, I mean, my father went out to get a pack of cigarettes. Maybe a lottery ticket. He said it was his lucky day.

ADELINE: And?

DREW: And what?

ADELINE: That's not all. Tell me the rest.

DREW: He never came back, all right? He never came back. Even though every time I heard a car slow down near our house.... Anyway, it must have been his lucky day. Is that all you want?

ADELINE: Any thoughts of suicide? Self-harm?

DREW: How dare you?

ADELINE: If you get on that plane with those thoughts—

DREW: You know, maybe you're right. Maybe I shouldn't get on that plane. A convention about new furniture lines doesn't seem that important to me right now. I guess I should deal with some issues.

ADELINE: An excellent idea, sir.

DREW: And you are one of those issues.

ADELINE: What? Is that a threat?

DREW: Oh, no. I plan to follow through. I can't really afford a lawyer, but I'll do everything I can to put a stop to these searches. You will see me again.

DREW exits. An awkward pause ensues. DANNY smiles.

ADELINE: What are you smiling at?

DANNY: Somebody stood up to you.

ADELINE: Not me. I'm just an instrument of our national security. We all have to sacrifice some freedoms in order for everyone to be safe.

DANNY: But you want us to sacrifice all freedom.

ADELINE: Look, this is your job, and you've got to make a choice. As I said before, do you want your principles or your pay?

DANNY: (*Hands scanner to ADELINE.*) Someone has to make a stand.

ADELINE: And you are that hero?

DANNY: I'm willing to make sacrifices for our liberty.

ADELINE: Liberty, huh? Then I guess you won't mind if I take a few. (*Starts scanning DANNY.*)

DANNY: What are you doing?

ADELINE: Scanning your baggage. It looks like you go to some very interesting places on the internet.

DANNY: What? I didn't mean—

ADELINE: And that's the least of it. You made a fool of yourself at that party. You were drunk, and you knew it.

DANNY: Stop.

ADELINE: You could barely get the key into the ignition.

DANNY: I said stop.

ADELINE: The father and mother died. They left a 2-year-old girl.

DANNY: Please. I need this job.

ADELINE: Lucky for you, you were a juvenile, so this didn't show up on your record.

DANNY: (*Snatches the scanner.*) What do you want?

ADELINE: A world where there are no secrets, Danny. A world where everyone is safe. (*Pause.*) Right now, your secrets are just between you and me. But, if necessary, I will put you on a watch list. And under the category of "baggage," I will include all of your dirty laundry.

DANNY: Why would you do that?

ADELINE: Because everyone is for "freedom" and "liberty" until it costs them personally. Then they are more than willing to throw someone else under the bus to protect themselves. (*Beat.*) And now, you

have a clear choice. Are you still for liberty or do you want to protect yourself?

DANNY: I just want—

ADELINE: Just do as the government says, and you will be safe. The country will be safe. And soon, the world will be safe.

DANNY: *(Pause. Signals to next person offstage.)* Step this way, sir.

MARK enters.

ADELINE: Good boy.

Lights down.

SCENE 4

GETTING TO THE GATE, PART 1

AT START: *Lights up on post-security area. TRAVELERS 6-9 enter and exit as needed to create traffic. BETH and TIM enter, take a seat, and start putting on their shoes.*

TIM: So, what was the deal on that anyway?

BETH: You can't just leave a bag unattended, Tim. The threat level is yellow.

TIM: You heard the guy; he just put it down so he could take off his belt, and he forgot it. Seemed innocent enough to me.

BETH: But it looked suspicious!

TIM: It was just a carry-on.

BETH: It was a crumpled-up paper sack!

TIM: Carry-on, paper sack: tomato, tomahto.

BETH: You've used a paper sack for a carry-on?

TIM: Hey, at least I don't use plastic bags. Those things strangle dolphins.

BETH: Well, I'm glad you chose a suitcase this time. Thanks to that guy, we all got delayed 30 minutes.

TIM: But he has to face that scary woman—in the "intensive search" room.

BETH: Glad I'm not him. *(Beat.)* All right. So, what gate are we at?

TIM: Gate 26. *(Points.)* Hey, it's right there.

BETH: *(Looks at boarding pass then looks around.)* Right gate. Wrong terminal. This is Terminal B.

TIM: What terminal are we?

BETH: *(Looks at boarding pass.)* This says Terminal Omega.

TIM: They have to go to Greek letters now? Hmm. Terminal Omega.

BETH: Yeah?

TIM: It's the last terminal. The terminal terminal. That's more than a little ominous.

BETH: And it's on a computer screen.

Blank look from TIM.

BETH: We read about the terminal terminal on the terminal.

TIM: I think those scanning rays shorted your brain. We'd better get moving. They're going to start boarding soon. *(Points up at a sign.)* There you go. There's a tram to take us to Terminal Omega.

BETH: That's not a tram. That's a bullet train.

TIM: Wow. Terminal Omega must be pretty far away. We'd better get moving.

TIM and BETH exit quickly. Lights down.

ACT ONE, SCENE 5

iZOMBIE

AT START: *Lights up on airport gate with seating. TRAVELERS 1 and 2 sit with cellphones in hand and heads cocked, staring blankly ahead, facing audience. TRAVELERS 3 and 4 sit in various seats. CEO sits in seat with back to the audience. AMANDA and MARK enter.*

AMANDA: Mark, have you noticed anything weird?

MARK: Besides that scary woman in security? The guy ahead of us got a therapy goose through security. Why did she stop me?

AMANDA: *(Sarcastically.)* I can't imagine.

MARK: Hey, you saw the other guy with his brown bag. I wasn't the only one. My point, Amanda, is that you'll have to be a little more specific when you say "weird."

AMANDA: People have weird looks on their faces. (*Impatient look and gesture from MARK.*) Like they don't have a thought in their heads. (*Impatient look and gesture from MARK.*) They are even drooling a bit.

MARK: Again, Amanda, we're at the airport.

AMANDA: Remember when I said there was something weird about the bacon double cheddar monster burger you had at McCoronary?

MARK: Yes.

AMANDA: Was I right?

MARK: Yes. The bacon was (*Shudders.*) turkey bacon. I can't believe I ate that thing.

AMANDA: So, I know when something is weird. And Mark, I'm telling you: something is weird.

MARK and AMANDA exit. TRAVELERS 1 and 2 stand and exit after them, walking like zombies. MOTHER, REESE, and JAMIE enter with travel bags. JAMIE watches TRAVELERS 1 and 2 exit.

MOTHER: All right. Here's our gate. You two wait here. I need to find coffee. (*Looks around.*) Is it my imagination? Or does everything seem quiet to you? (*Shrugs.*) Oh well. Nice change. Don't get into any trouble while I'm gone. (*Exits.*)

REESE: We won't, Mom. (*To JAMIE.*) Well, Jamie, by this time tomorrow, we should be in California. Sunshine and ocean. I can't wait!

JAMIE: (*Looking around nervously.*) Yeah.

REESE: Fun, sun, and maybe, just maybe (*Notices JAMIE isn't paying attention.*) a shark attack. Or a tornado. Or a deadly mix of the two.

JAMIE: (*Distracted.*) Yeah, mixes are great.

REESE: Jamie, you are not listening to a word I've said.

JAMIE: What?

REESE: Hello? California? Sharknado?

JAMIE: What on earth are you talking about?

REESE: Pay attention. We're on our way to San Jose! It's gonna be amazing!

JAMIE: (*Distracted.*) Yeah, you're right. Amazing.

REESE: What on earth is wrong with you?

JAMIE: Haven't you noticed all the weirdness going on?

REESE: What weirdness?

JAMIE: It's so... quiet in this airport. I noticed it at school, too. At restaurants, couples on a date are not saying a word to each other. They are not even making eye contact.

REESE: I haven't noticed anything.

MOTHER enters with coffee.

JAMIE: I'm telling you something is going on.

SFX: texting ding. Behind JAMIE and REESE, TRAVELER 3 and MOTHER check cellphones, and exit staggering like zombies.

JAMIE: And I think it's bad.

TRAVELERS 5 and 6 enter upstage.

REESE: Do not be a Debbie downer on this trip.

TRAVELERS 5 and 6 take a selfie then exit, staggering like zombies.

REESE: Nothing weird is going on. It's all in your head.

Enter TRAVELER 7.

JAMIE: All the signs are there. In a meaningless, comfortable, middle-class existence, the protagonist is catapulted into a dark and dangerous world by a cataclysmic event.

SFX: texting ding. TRAVELER 7 starts texting and slowly becomes a zombie; as he continues to text, he starts slapping at the phone with his whole hand. He howls. JAMIE and REESE turn and stare at him as he exits, staggering.

JAMIE: See? (*Points to TRAVELER 7.*)

REESE: Big deal. I get frustrated by autocorrect, too.

JAMIE: Reese, didn't you read any dystopian novels in high school?

REESE: No. Was I supposed to?

TRAVELERS 8 and 9 enter.

JAMIE: Young people like us are always in the thick of a world-ending apocalypse. It's only a matter of time before we battle each other to the death in a highly-rated reality show.

REESE: You read too much. Clearly, it's bad for your brain.

TRAVELER 8 poses for a picture that TRAVELER 9 takes with cellphone. TRAVELER 4 photobombs. TRAVELER 8 crosses to TRAVELER 9; they look at picture and become zombies. They look angrily at TRAVELER 4 and chase him offstage.

JAMIE: *(Pointing to exiting TRAVELERS.)* What about that?

REESE: You mean the photobomber? I hope they catch him, give him an atomic wedgie, and post it on Facebook.

JAMIE: I'm not talking about the photobomb! Are you blind? Those are zombies, Reese.

REESE: Oh, give me a break. If you are going to freak out on me, at least be original. Zombies are so yesterday. Everything is "zombie this and zombie that" these days.

JAMIE: I thought you didn't read in high school.

REESE: But I was in drama. Mr. Schultz threw zombies into every play we did. Death of a Zombie. The Importance of Being a Zombie. Into the Zombie was the bloodiest musical I've ever been in. The song "Agony" had an entirely different meaning.

JAMIE: But we are not in some lame play.

REESE: Really?

JAMIE and REESE pause then look to audience.

JAMIE: Yes, really. I think the zombie apocalypse is starting! We need to be ready. Do you have anything that could protect us from zombies?

REESE: *(Sarcastically.)* Oh, no. They took my chainsaw at security.

TRAVELERS 4 and 10 enter from opposite sides.

JAMIE: I'm serious. We've got to do something.

REESE: I think you're imagining this.

SFX: texting ding. TRAVELERS 4 and 10 check their cellphones and turn to zombies. They look at JAMIE and REESE. TRAVELERS 6-9 enter from various places (as zombies.)

JAMIE: *(Points to TRAVELERS.)* Well?

REESE: Flash mob?

TRAVELERS 4, 6-10: *(As zombies.)* E—MO—JIS!

REESE: What are they saying?

JAMIE: Who cares? Run!

REESE and JAMIE hike up one leg before they exit. TRAVELERS 4, 6-10 (as zombies) chase JAMIE and REESE offstage. As JAMIE and REESE re-enter, TRAVELERS 4, 6-10 are joined by TRAVELERS 1-3, 5 (as zombies), so that their ranks grow. JAMIE and REESE exit again, chased by all TRAVELERS. JAMIE and REESE re-enter.

REESE: I think we lost them!

TRAVELERS 1 enters and screams (as zombie).

REESE: What is this? A Scobie Doo cartoon?

JAMIE: Don't be ridiculous. This is deadly serious.

TRAVELER 2-7 enter from various places (as zombies).

JAMIE: Zoinks!

REESE: Ruhr oh!

JAMIE: Let's get out of here!

JAMIE and REESE hike up one leg then exit chased by TRAVELERS 1-7 chanting E—MO—JIS (as zombies.) JAMIE and REESE re-enter. All TRAVELERS enter from various places and begin to surround them.

ALL TRAVELERS: *(As zombies.)* E—MO—JIS!

JAMIE: What are they saying?

REESE: I think it's Emojis.

JAMIE: Like in a text?

REESE: Totally. Let me get my phone –

JAMIE: *(Grabs REESE'S hand.)* No! We have to do this physically.
What are some emojis?

REESE: Do the grinning face!

JAMIE and REESE do the grinning face; the TRAVELERS keep coming, chanting E—MO—JIS!

JAMIE: They're still coming!

REESE: Add smiling eyes!

JAMIE and REESE add smiling eyes, but the TRAVELERS keep coming, chanting E—MO—JIS!

JAMIE: It's not working!

REESE: Add two thumbs up!

JAMIE and REESE add two thumbs up; the TRAVELERS stop, give a satisfied groan and return to normal, no longer zombies.

REESE: *(Relieved.)* All they wanted were emojis.

JAMIE: Or a little human interaction. *(Notices CEO wearing fake nose and glasses.)* Hey, wait a minute. Something is suspicious about that guy.

CEO stands. JAMIE crosses to man and takes off his false nose and glasses.

REESE: Hey! You're the president of iKiwi: master of all electronic communication.

JAMIE: So you're the one behind this evil plot to turn all of mankind into drooling zombies!

CEO: And I would have gotten away with it, too, if it weren't for you meddling kids.

REESE: Hah! We've broken your hold over the citizens of this great nation.

CEO: That's what you think! We'll just have to start them younger. That's why we've developed the iKiwi in tablet form.

REESE: The iKiwi is already in tablet form.

CEO: No, tablet, as in a capsule you swallow. Pregnant women can now give their babies a giant head start in using technology.

JAMIE: (*Shocked.*) You are a naughty, naughty man!

CEO: I'm just giving the people what they want. That's why I never went into the publishing business. You have a good day now. (*Pulls out cellphone and sends a text as he exits.*)

REESE: That just burns me up. This is far from over. We should—

SFX: texting ding. REESE and JAMIE automatically pull out cellphones. They look without thinking and exit the stage as zombies. Lights down.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6

GETTING TO THE GATE, PART 2

AT START: *Lights up on airport gate waiting area. TRAVELERS 6-9 enter and exit as needed to create traffic. TIM and BETH enter hurriedly.*

BETH: I told you we shouldn't have gotten off at Gate Delta.

TIM: I guess I got my gates and my airlines confused.

BETH: They should never have gone with Greek letters.

TIM: I know: I was expecting a toga party at Delta.

Blank look from BETH.

TIM: *Animal House?*

BETH: We've got exactly 12 minutes before our flight starts boarding!

TIM: Relax. It will take them at least 25 minutes to board everyone. And we'll be in the last group anyway.

BETH: I guess so.

TIM: It's not far now. *(Points.)* We're already at Pi.

BETH: Pi? That terminal goes on forever.

TIM: Huh?

BETH: It's a joke. It's irrational.

TIM: The only kind you tell.

BETH: *(Does an "Over your head" gesture.)* This is quite a workout. Wish I had my hand weights with me.

TIM: I wish I had bingo wings.

TICKET AGENT 1: *(Voiceover.)* This is the final boarding call for Flight 1247 to New York.

TIM: What? That's our flight! Let's go!

BETH and TIM exit, running. Enter AMANDA and MARK with his paper bag.

MARK: *(Points offstage.)* You see? I told you we had plenty of time. They haven't boarded yet.

AMANDA: Do you have any gum for the flight in your "carry-on?" Or did you smash it all up?

MARK: Ha, ha, ha. As a matter of fact, I did pack some gum, Ms. Smarty Pants. It's right... *(Looks in bag. Pause.)* Uh-oh.

AMANDA: What is it?

MARK: I got the other guy's carry-on. *(Beat.)* I hope those are clean Fruit-of-the-Looms.

AMANDA: Really, Mark?

MARK: Let's go. Maybe we can still catch him!

MARK and AMANDA exit the way they entered, running. Lights down.

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