

Airplane. WOMAN is sitting reading a collection of Pushkin poems. MAN enters, looking for his seat. He finds it (the seat next to Woman). He loads his luggage into the overhead compartment with some difficulty. He notices Woman, examines her, ponders for a moment, then shakes his head. He finally sits down and takes his time adjusting himself in the seat. He realizes that he is sitting on his seatbelt, and moves it to the sides of the seat. Finally, he gets comfortable, and takes some charts and graphs out of his briefcase and begins to review them diligently. Woman looks up at Man, then looks down at her book. Man feels her glance, looks at her and then back down at his chart. This flirtation continues for a few short moments. Man goes back to his charts and graphs with a more applied concentration.

WOMAN: *(continues to look at Man, then looks back at her book, then decides to speak)* This plane is going to crash.

MAN: *(slowly turns to her with an "Oh great, I've been stuck next to a freak" look on his face)* Is it?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: Oh, okay. *(looks away)*

PILOT: *(speaks in an overly-friendly, almost obnoxious tone)* Hello, *Zdrastvutye, Bienvenudas* folks, and welcome to Flight 214. We are in the process of boarding and this plane, uh plane, should be taking off soon.

WOMAN: I have the distinct feeling you don't believe me.

(Man smiles and nods his head)

PILOT: Please be sure to stow your baggage, as it has a tendency to interfere with the comfort of our other passengers.

WOMAN: Well, it is. I am positive of it. You still have time to deplane if you want.

PILOT: Crew, prepare for takeoff. Folks, please be sure to shut off any devices that could interfere with our communication.

WOMAN: You better hold on. I'm not sure exactly when the crash will happen: maybe now, maybe when we land- or possibly someplace in the middle. Although holding on probably won't help.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: *(speaks in a forced, sugar-sweet tone)* The pilot has turned on the "fasten seat belt" sign. Please make sure your tray tables are up and your seat backs are in the upright position.

MAN: The chances are slim.

WOMAN: Slim?

MAN: The chances of this plane crashing are slim.

WOMAN: How do you mean?

MAN:
The probability of this plane failing- just in terms of flights per hour and relative engine strength, disregarding airline records, flight distance, location and the improved maintenance required by recent regulations, statistically speaking, the chances of this plane crashing are almost non-existent.

(It is evident that Woman is following the safety instructions closely and not paying attention to Man)

MAN:
Look, I'll show you. You take the flights per day, divided by the number of airline disasters per year. You multiply by the weather factoral, which is calculated by dividing the wind speed by the barometric pressure...

WOMAN: Shhh! This is important. You should always pay attention. Seat belt fastened, tray table up... exits... floatation device present. *(fastens man's seatbelt for him)*

MAN: Do you mind?

WOMAN: I'm in mourning for your life.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:
(under what Man is saying)
Seat belts are fastened by inserting the male end into the female end until you hear the click. If cabin pressure drops, you might find it difficult to breathe. Your heart rate will rise and your palms will grow sweaty.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT:
(under what Man is saying)
To avoid these side effects, breathe deeply from your oxygen mask. Be aware of your exits, should it be necessary to escape. Find a buddy and hold on tight, as we only have enough floatation devices for every other passenger.