

## ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this play is subject to royalty. It is fully protected by Original Works Publishing, and the copyright laws of the United States. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

The performance rights to this play are controlled by Original Works Publishing and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable with negotiation from Original Works Publishing.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured from Original Works Publishing through direct contact.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play:

**“Produced by special arrangement with  
Original Works Publishing.”**

**[www.originalworksonline.com](http://www.originalworksonline.com)**

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

*The Space Between My Head and My Body*

© Catie O’Keefe

Cover art by Jeni Jenkins

First Printing, 2011

Printed in the U.S.A.

## *More Great Plays From OWP*

### **Killed A Man In Reno**

**by Robin Hack**

3 Males, 1 Female

**Synopsis:** Kurt and Julie Lawry travel to Reno, Nevada for a wild weekend. The biggest little city in the world doesn't have all the glitz and glamour of Las Vegas, but it is able to offer its own "unique" activities. As soon as Kurt and Julie arrive in their room, the trusty hotel concierge is at their service, offering to get show tickets, reserve gaming tables, make dinner reservations, or let them kill a man just to watch him die. *"It is what Reno, Nevada is famous for Mr. Lawry."*

### **Mrs. Henderson's Cat**

**by Lia Romeo**

1 Male, 1 Female

**Synopsis:** Cats do not have nine lives. And when 10-year-old dork Bobby and 11-year-old pageant princess Christine accidentally kill the cat they are supposed to be caring for, they go on the lam to avoid their inevitable punishment. In a plot that twists and turns like a kitty headed for the bathtub, grand theft auto, petty larceny, sugar highs, pop music, and hand holding run wild.

### **Suburban Peepshow**

**by James Comtois**

6-8 Males, 2 Females

**Synopsis:** Bill is a husband, father, and professional. But this week, a cross dressing social deviant gets fired at the office and Bill is poised to step into his position. The promotion all but guarantees new dishtowels for the wife, and the in-ground pool for son Jeremy. But a New Girl in the office has designs for Bill, and he ain't gonna pass it up... if you know what I mean. Who can blame him with his wife contemplating jumping the Pool Guy, a strange Carnie Barker interrupting dinner, and the occasion Gladiator battle waiting at home. It all depends on how the Playwright is feeling tonight.

# **The Space Between My Head And My Body**

by  
Catie O'Keefe

## **Characters:**

Huw: (Pronounced Hugh) Male in his thirties  
Dolly: Female in her thirties  
Mark: Teen and then early twenties male  
Megan: Mark's twin sister, teen and then early twenties  
Lois: Mark and Megan's mother, also pregnant sixteen year old  
Krissy: Flight attendant in her twenties (played by a male dressed as a flight attendant.)  
Female: Female figure  
Male: Male figure

Note: Despite the number of characters only four actors are needed in this production. The following are how they can be divided up.

Actor 1: Huw, Krissy, Male  
Actor 2: Mark, Krissy, Male  
Actress 1: Dolly, Lois, Female  
Actress 2: Megan, Female

## **Production History:**

This play opened at London's Theatre 503 in July 2008 and transferred to the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in August 2008 at the Underbelly's Baby Belly 3.

Director: Melissa Dunne  
Actor 1: Jack Donnolly  
Actor 2: Matthew Schmolle  
Actress 1: Ximena Garcia Vera  
Actress 2: Laura Sykes

## THE SPACE BETWEEN MY HEAD AND MY BODY

*(Darkness. Sounds of a plane crashing. Silence. Sounds of a heart rate monitor. Beep, beep, beep, etc.)*

*(Lights up on three people sitting in airplane seats inside an airplane, though not obviously an airplane right away.)*

*(In one of the seats sits Dolly. She is knitting. She doesn't know how to knit, but she's knitting. She looks around the plane. The other two passengers are the Male and Female figures who don't react to Dolly.)*

DOLLY: Huw?

*(There is no response. Dolly seems sad but content and continues to knit away.)*

DOLLY: Huw. Hello? Bought some eggs today. They're brown and free range- the ones you like.

*(There is no response. The other passengers continue to stare forward.)*

DOLLY: The first time I bought white eggs you lectured me on how I'd bought the wrong type. I apologized a thousand times saying how I'd just picked up the wrong carton and it wasn't my fault and I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I bet you don't even remember that now. I remember it and I remember it every time I do the shopping.

*(She looks back at the figures.)*

DOLLY: Not going to say anything to me? *(Pause)* Are none of you going to speak to me? Funny, you can always talk to people on airplanes.

Our holiday seemed over before it began. We're not back already are we? Huw? Are we back yet?

Here I am thinking of what I could possibly say to you that you don't already know. You know everything. Unlike these people, they don't know me like you know me. You were my better half, you know?

Where are you? I promise I won't talk about bad things that depress us. The baby- I don't want to talk about any babies or airplanes.

*(Huw appears from upstage walking towards Dolly. Dolly hears him and turns.)*

DOLLY: Oh there you are. I've been talking for the last hour and nobody's responding. How are you?

*(Huw runs up and gives Dolly a huge hug and kiss on the lips. Maybe he picks her up and swings her around.)*

HUW: I was dreaming of you. We were flying.

DOLLY: Could you hear me? Did you hear what I said about the eggs?

HUW: What eggs, Doll?

DOLLY: Doesn't matter.

HUW: *(To the two figures)* They're still here.

DOLLY: They won't talk back. I tried. I tried cursing at them and nothing. They are just there, mocking me, mocking us.

*(One of the passengers takes out a mask [Air mask, bag, masquerade mask?] and puts it on their head.)*

HUW: You've been knitting. My precious Doll has been creating something with her hands.

DOLLY: I suppose I have. Pearling perhaps? I don't know the difference. Do you?

*(Huw shakes his head.)*

DOLLY: I suppose it will come in handy when I'm a wife and a mother and all of those lovely femalish things.

HUW: Suppose that's wise.

DOLLY: Don't get down. I don't want you to get disappointed. Please don't be angry with me.

HUW: I'm just angry we won't ever get to be married or have babies.

DOLLY: We don't know that for sure. So until then I suppose I should learn to knit, shouldn't I? It kills time.

HUW: What can you make?

DOLLY: Look. I finished this earlier.

*(Dolly goes to a large costume box or suitcase and pulls out an orange life preserver.)*

HUW: You knitted that?

DOLLY: Yeah, what do you think?

HUW: I think it's brilliant. You're so smart.

DOLLY: It might come in handy in case we suddenly wake up and we've hit water. Here, put it on.

*(Huw puts it over his shirt.)*

HUW: Fits well.

DOLLY: *(Pause)* I made it for you. Can you move okay in it? Are you going to be able to move, to swim?

HUW: Yes. It's got room to move. *(He attempts to rotate his arms as if swimming. He then stops and speaks about the figures)* But what about them?

*(Another passenger puts the same sort of mask over their head.)*

DOLLY: I don't know. Are you suggesting I make one for them too?

HUW: Do you think they're gross and ugly under those masks or do you think they're beautiful? Are they like us? Are they on our flight? I don't remember them. I can't remember their faces anymore.

DOLLY: They could be finding themselves.

HUW: That's not an answer.

DOLLY: I think they're doing whatever they want to do under there. It's their time.

HUW: And this is ours.

DOLLY: Yes. Exactly. *(Pause)* So it moves okay?

HUW: Oh, yes, and the color... it's really stunning.

DOLLY: Thanks.

HUW: Such a talent. *(Looking at the masked figures)* I dare you to take it off.

DOLLY: You do it! I dare you.

HUW: What if they get angry?

DOLLY: Maybe they want to be under there; thinking about holidays that never come to an end-

HUW: Imagining a hundred thousand tiny mosquitoes biting their arms and legs in unison-

DOLLY: Sex at the age of sixteen with someone you only just met-

HUW: A sunrise over the ocean from an airplane-

DOLLY: Calling a friend using telepathy-

HUW: Deciding whether or not God exists-

DOLLY: Death-

HUW: Love-

*(Pause for a moment.)*

DOLLY: I wish I could see them.

HUW: I wish they could see us. *(Pause)* I dare you-

DOLLY: You do it at the same time. Please.

*(They both go up to the masked passengers but cannot pull off the masks.)*

DOLLY: I can't.

HUW: I can't either. I'm not ready.

DOLLY: Don't make me Huw.

*(They both freeze. The Male and Female masked figures begin moving. They go to a costume box/suitcase, take off their masks and start pulling out flight attendant costumes and putting them on. The male dresses in a skirt just like female. The heart monitor noises stop.)*

*(Male becomes Krissy and Female becomes Megan[23 years old]. Dolly and Huw move off the stage as the set clearly becomes the hull of an airplane with rows of seats. The plane should be empty.)*

*(Once dressed, Krissy and Megan mock each others movements exactly. They walk up and down the aisle at exactly the same pace and style. They pause briefly to look over a shoulder then continue walking upstage. They turn and walk back down the aisles. They stop and apply lipstick at the same time before meeting and speaking.)*

KRISSY: I can't believe you're here. It's so good to see you. You're going to love this. Just love it!

MEGAN: I know, I've been thinking about it all month. Like this is it, you know... this is what I'm supposed to be doing. I know it.

KRISSY: Do you see it?

MEGAN: I see it. I see it so clearly.

KRISSY: How was training?

MEGAN: It was spectacular.

KRISSY: Did you have White or Gibbons?

MEGAN: Gibbons. . .

KRISSY: He's so much better than White. She's a total control freak.

MEGAN: Oh she's awful but you have to hand it to her, she looks amazing. *(Pause)* What are you doing now?

KRISSY: Ahh, one of the most important parts of the airline journey is the clean up.

MEGAN: Not only does it rid the plane of its past voyagers, it prepares us mentally for our next trip.

KRISSY: Correct. I find it very relaxing to just clean up these newspapers and think about life while I do it. Clean and think. I envision my life as a steady jumbo jet progressing forward.

MEGAN: I think that's beautiful.

KRISSY: Isn't it?

MEGAN: Just beautiful. Should I help?

KRISSY: Do you think you're ready?

MEGAN: I think so-

KRISSY: Can you see it?

MEGAN: I see it.

KRISSY: Tell me about it.

MEGAN: I *see* myself being an airhostess.

KRISSY: Not very convincing, Megan.

MEGAN: (*Closing her eyes*) I see... I see, I see lots of things.

KRISSY: Describe it to me. Really delve deep Megan.

MEGAN: I see myself serving an elderly man a gin and tonic.

KRISSY: Is he crying?

MEGAN: No. I made it perfectly. He's very pleased.

KRISSY: What else do you see?

MEGAN: I see a little boy who's scared to be flying alone for the first time.

KRISSY: And what do you do for him?

MEGAN: I bring him an extra blanket to cover him with when he gets sad and cold.

KRISSY: Good. Anything else?

MEGAN: I see the clouds flying past outside the window and I smell the sickly-sweet smell of airplane food drifting towards me. And. And the co-pilot likes me. He looking at my skirt and thinking about cheating on his wife.

KRISSY: You have to see it to believe it. I'm so glad you believe that you can have this life for yourself.

MEGAN: Really?

KRISSY: Really. (*Pause*) I'm so proud of you. I can't believe how you've transformed. Here you are flying with me to Cancun on one of the finest budget airlines that Dayton has to offer. I couldn't be more proud.

MEGAN: I'm proud too. You know, I never thought I would get this far, with my fear of flying and my brother- but... well... look at me now. I think you're right. If you believe it... you can be it.

KRISSY: Exactly. Say for example that I wanted to be a redhead instead of a brunette. I could do it.

MEGAN: How? Tell me.

KRISSY: I would just buy some hair dye and dye my hair on a weekend.

MEGAN: You would?

KRISSY: Of course. I take my future, my fate and my actions into my own hands.

MEGAN: I admire you so much.

KRISSY: I know. Now help me clean up.

*(They start to clean, picking up newspapers and magazines and the like. Megan starts to hum a tune.)*

KRISSY: What's that?

MEGAN: It's a song my mom used to sing-

KRISSY: Well try not to hum it too loud.

MEGAN: But I imagined it would be uplifting, cheerful and reassuring to the passengers.

KRISSY: Well I think you'll find that you're wrong.

MEGAN: But I imagined they would like it.

KRISSY: Why don't you imagine being a little less annoying while we get ready.

MEGAN: I'm sorry, Krissy.

KRISSY: It's okay. I know you mean well, but it's your first day and I feel I need to look out for you and keep you from harm.

*(Long pause)*

MEGAN: Do I belong here?

KRISSY: Yes, of course.

MEGAN: How did I get here?

KRISSY: You drove to the airport this morning.

MEGAN: I mean. . .

KRISSY: I know what you mean.

MEGAN: Do you ever think this is all just a really good dream?

KRISSY: Yes. Yes, sometimes I do.

MEGAN: Sometimes I imagine that I'm watching myself from a distance. I know that sounds stupid but it's so real. I feel like I can see myself from over there. Do you get that feeling?

KRISSY: No.

MEGAN: There are times I feel like I'm losing my mind. So I'm wondering if you can do me a favor. Can you? Can you do me this one favor as my new best friend?

KRISSY: Anything.

MEGAN: Watch me. Watch me closely and if I ever ask you if I'm in my body please give me a straight answer.

KRISSY: Okay I promise.

*(They continue to clean moving from the front of the plane to the back when they get to the back they disappear off stage.)*

*(Meanwhile, Lois[16 years old] comes on to the plane and sits in one of the seats. She brings with her a compact and when she is settled she opens it. She looks at herself for a long time.)*

LOIS: Being pregnant does this to you. Being pregnant with twins does it more. I'm supposed to have a glowing face. But I don't. I'm supposed to be glowing and shimmering and everything but I'm not. I'm supposed to be looking toward the future of my babies and know that I will be the best mother possible to them. I'm supposed to look for anything that could possibly go wrong with their lives and prevent it from happening.

I haven't seen a doctor yet so they can't confirm that I'm pregnant, *(pause)* but I know I am. It's been six weeks and I know I'm pregnant. I'm pregnant with twins. A boy and a girl- not identical.

*(Two passengers, [actors that play Mark and Megan] enter on stage and sit a few seats back from Lois. She doesn't notice them but they watch her.)*

I know I'm pregnant, with twins and that's why I'm coming to see you. There's plenty of time to fly back and forth because I'm not far enough along. I'm trying to look glowing for you. I should be glowing. I should look happy and alive and full of life. I am full of life, but I look awful. I've got a pimple. Not because of the pregnancy hormones but because I'm sixteen and most sixteen year olds have pimples and I'm hoping you don't think I'm ugly for it. I hope that I can make myself appear beautiful to you.

I'm not sure what you're going to say. You might remember me or you might not. Remember? Your neighbor is my cousin. We

played truth or dare? You kissed me in the dark outside in my cousin's backyard for twenty minutes and then we had sex. I'd never had sex before but I told you I had so you wouldn't think I was a prude.

I know I was the one that told you not to use anything because, well quite honestly, I think I wanted these twins. I could feel them before you could. I knew they would come. I knew they would be part of our lives and quite frankly I don't care if you want them or not because I do.

I do want you to want me though. Can't tell why but I want you to think I'm pretty so that at least when you talk about me you can say, "the mother of my children is really pretty, she's gorgeous." I would like you to remember me that way. That is why I'm on this plane and why I'm coming to see you. I've picked out names and everything. You don't have to worry about a thing. I'm going to raise our children right. They will know of you and you will be part of their lives.

I love you. I know you don't love me back but that's okay. I only hope you think I'm pretty.

Yours, Lois.

*(Lois gets up and moves to the box of costumes/suitcase. She puts a pillow under her top and sits in the corner of the stage pregnant.)*

*(Mark remains seated while Megan quickly gets up to become the airline hostess serving drinks to the invisible passengers. When Megan gets to Mark she stops and sighs.)*

MEGAN: I didn't know you were going to be on this flight.

MARK: How... how are you?

MEGAN: I'm an airline stewardess.

MARK: I see that.

*(Pause)*

MEGAN: Would you like a drink? You get two complimentary non-alcoholic drinks on this flight or one complimentary alcoholic beverage. What would you like?

MARK: You look healthy.

MEGAN: You look... normal.

MARK: I am normal.

MEGAN: Not the last time I saw you, you weren't.

MARK: What's that supposed to mean?

MEGAN: I can't talk to you just now. I'm working.

MARK: When do you get off?

MEGAN: When this plane lands.

MARK: Oh. Do you know if there's a bar at the airport?

MEGAN: Cancun has all the comfort conveniences of America- I'm sure you'll find yourself right at home. Can I offer you a travel magazine? Our destination is the feature this month.

MARK: No.

MEGAN: Would you like a drink, sir?

MARK: Can we get a drink in a bar at the airport?

*(She thinks.)*

MEGAN: I don't know Mark.

MARK: Is someone waiting for you?

MEGAN: I'm a career girl now.

MARK: Oh. *(Pause)* It looks like you're doing well.

MEGAN: Thanks.

*(They take a moment to smile at each other. Then Megan gets a funny look on her face as figure with a mask comes on stage and sits across the aisle. Megan starts to fall. She's fainting. Mark tries to stand but can't and she catches herself at the last minute.)*

MARK: Megan? Are you okay?

MEGAN: I'm great. Yes. Sorry. Sorry about that. Can I get you a drink?

MARK: No. But you should take a moment-

MEGAN: I'm working.

MARK: You look pale.

MEGAN: I'm great. This is my dream.

MARK: Well-

MEGAN: If you don't want anything just say because there are other passengers waiting.

MARK: I guess I'll take a Mojito.

MEGAN: A what?

MARK: Mojito.

MEGAN: We don't do that. *(Pause- change inflection)* I mean, I'm so sorry sir, our airline does not currently carry that sort of drink. May I offer you something else?

MARK: No, thank you.

MEGAN: Okay.

*(She starts to walk off but Mark stops her.)*

MARK: Megan. *(Pause as she stops.)* I miss you, sis.

MEGAN: I have some lipstick in my bag if you need to freshen up.

*(Lights change as Megan goes to the box to take off her flight attendant outfit and puts on a very over-the-top costume dress. It's bright pink with lots of ruffles [80's style]. 23 year old Megan becomes 16 year old Megan.)*

*(Mark, now also 16, goes to stand in the door of their shared room to watch.)*

*(Lois gets up from her corner and brings a stand-alone full-length mirror on stage. She abandons her pregnancy pillow as she becomes 32 year old Lois. Lois, Megan's mother, is taking measurements and is pinning the dress here and there.)*

MEGAN: It was on TV last night but I didn't get a chance to see it because we met at Laura's house at six and then we had to get ready. *(To Mark)* What are you looking at? *(Back to Lois)* Her father let us have a glass of Champagne each while we did our hair. Oh mom – it was so nice of them- the Watsons, they're such cool parents, can I stay over on Saturday too?

LOIS: I don't know darling-

MEGAN: *(To Mark)* What are you looking at?

LOIS: Leave him alone; he's not bothering you.

MEGAN: *(To Mark)* I wish you would just die!

LOIS: Megan!

MEGAN: I'm sure her father is a professor of something. He's got all those plaques on the wall. Rows and rows of plaques and such. I saw them when I went to her house. *(To Lois)* You're doing it too high.

LOIS: It's fine sweetie.

MEGAN: It's too high. *(To Mark)* What are you looking at?

LOIS: Leave him out of this.

MEGAN: Why's he always staring at me?

LOIS: He's just watching. It's not like you're naked or anything.

MEGAN: Gross. That's so gross mom.

MARK: I'm wondering-

MEGAN: Wondering what asshole?

MARK: Nothing.

LOIS: Megan, language! Let him finish – Mark?

MEGAN: Why?

LOIS: Megan!

MEGAN: Fine, what it is Mark? What are you wondering?

MARK: I'm wondering if that dress would fit me.

MEGAN: What?

MARK: Do you think it would fit? We're about the same size.

MEGAN: Mom, what's he talking about?

LOIS: He's just having a laugh. *(To Mark)* If you would like a suit for the party then I'll rent you one but I'm fixing this dress for Megan.

*(Megan sticks out her tongue at Mark.)*

MEGAN: Mine!

MARK: Have you ever seen me in a dress?

MEGAN: What sort of question is that?

MARK: I could wear a dress easily-

MEGAN: So fucking gay!

MARK: I'm not gay.

LOIS: Don't be ridiculous he's not gay he's just teasing you.

MEGAN: Why?

MARK: Mom?

LOIS: Yes?

MARK: Why does Megan get to wear a dress and I don't?

LOIS: Because she's a girl.

MEGAN: It's because I'm pretty.

LOIS: You don't really want to wear a dress do you?

MARK: No. Yes. I don't know.

MEGAN: Gay!

LOIS: Megan, your brother's not gay-

MARK: Shut up.

LOIS: Mark!

MARK: Mom.

MEGAN: Mom, my dress. Concentrate. I don't want it looking like  
shit.

LOIS: Megan! *(Pause)* It won't.

MEGAN: He just wants attention.

*(Megan shoots Mark a look and he leaves from the doorway.)*

LOIS: This is a lovely pink.

MEGAN: It is not!

LOIS: It's so bright darling-

MEGAN: It's too bright. I'm going to glow in the dark.

*(Mark comes back into the door way and is wearing a hat of Lois' and holding a tube of lipstick. Lois and Megan don't see him yet. He looks at them while slowly applying the lipstick in the same manner as Krissy and Megan did earlier. Once he is done, Megan turns around and sees him.)*

MEGAN: *(Seeing Mark)* Oh. My. God.

LOIS: Is that my hat?

MEGAN: If you're not gay then what are you?

MARK: I'm Megan.

MEGAN: The hell you are-

LOIS: Take off that hat right now, you're going to ruin it.

MARK: Mother. . .sis, I would like you to know that I'm not gay but I will be wearing a dress to the party.

MEGAN: What is wrong with him?

LOIS: That's silly, then people won't be able to tell you two apart.

MARK: We're not identical twins.

LOIS: I know that, I'm your mother for heaven sakes.

MEGAN: If you wear a dress I'm not going.

LOIS: Then why am I even working on this stupid thing?

MEGAN: If I go then everyone is going to make fun of me.

MARK: It's not about you all the time-

MEGAN: It's not about you either, you're such an attention hog.

MARK: Am not-

MEGAN: Right-

LOIS : Children.

*(They are all silent for a moment as Lois goes back to work on the dress. Megan just looks at Mark and Mark just stares back.)*

LOIS: *(Not looking up)* Please take off that hat.

MARK: Can I borrow it later?

LOIS: No. *(Pause)* But I suppose you can keep the lipstick if you like it.

MEGAN: Mom.

LOIS: That color doesn't suit me.

*(Lights suddenly up on Huw in the airplane. Lois changes costume and becomes Dolly who joins Huw. The sound of the heart monitor returns.)*

HUW: There you are. I was dreaming of you.

DOLLY: We're flying Huw.

HUW: I know. The vacation, remember? Where's your knitting?

DOLLY: I knit?

HUW: Maybe that was a dream I had.

DOLLY: No I think I remember that. Where are we going?

*(The other passengers, with masks on, come on stage and take seats further back. Dolly notices straight away.)*

DOLLY: Huw. Huw? Look, they're here again.

HUW: Maybe they're stalking us.

DOLLY: Learning about us-

HUW: Taking in details-

DOLLY: Making mental notes-

HUW: Compiling the data-

DOLLY: To make a blueprint-

HUW: A blueprint of us.

DOLLY: A blueprint of us.

*(They take a moment and then laugh it off.)*

HUW: I love you Dolly, my better half.

DOLLY: A blueprint, how silly right?

HUW: Ridiculous.

DOLLY: Maybe they're going on vacation too.

HUW: We should try to talk to them. Let's switch seats.

DOLLY: I don't know-

HUW: It's airplane etiquette; you can always converse with someone on a plane.

DOLLY: Okay.

HUW: Okay.

DOLLY: Okay.

HUW: Okay.

DOLLY: You go first.

HUW: Let's go together.

DOLLY: Okay. Here we go.

*(They don't move.)*

HUW: We're really moving now.

*(They don't move.)*

DOLLY: Technically we are moving- we're flying at hundreds of miles per hour.

HUW: Clever girl.

*(They laugh it off again. The light suddenly switch as characters all change to fit the next scene. This scene is divided by the different parts of the airplane and are obviously taking place in different time-lines but the dialogue mixes together from one side to the other to form two parallel conversations. Lois [16] and Krissy sit on one side of the plane while Megan and Mark [both 23] sit on the other. Mark is wearing Lois' hat again.)*

*(Krissy approaches Lois and leans in to chat.)*

KRISSY: When are you due?

LOIS: Oh, it's twins.

KRISSY: When are they due?

LOIS: September.

KRISSY: You're so far along-

LOIS: I know, but I'm also having twins. That's why I'm so-

KRISSY: No, you're not fat.

LOIS: Really?

KRISSY: Really. *(Pause)* Have you picked names for them yet?

LOIS: Megan and Mark.

KRISSY: That's wonderful.

*(Megan approaches Mark in his seat. She tries to slip him a note on the sly but drops it on the floor and keeps on walking.)*

MARK: Excuse me. You dropped this.

MEGAN: *(Turns)* No I didn't.

MARK: Yes, I saw it fall from your hand. You dropped it.

MEGAN: No, I didn't.

MARK: Well what is it? *(He opens it.)* It looks like a note.

MEGAN: I need to go to the cockpit.

MARK: Did you write me a note?

MEGAN: I'm needed at the front of the plane.

MARK: It's for me.

KRISSY: You should be careful, flying this late.

LOIS: Oh that. It's because it's twins. That's why I'm so –

KRISSY: You should be careful regardless.

MEGAN: You should be careful about who sees that.

MARK: I will. Is it for me?

KRISSY: Why are you flying if you don't mind me asking?

LOIS: Oh, it's the father. Jack called me and he wants me to have the babies where he lives.

MARK: Can I read it?

MEGAN: No, I want it back.

MARK: Why, what does it say?

KRISSY: Is that what he told you?

LOIS: Yes. Came as a bit of a shock really. But I knew if I was going to fly I would have to do it soon.

KRISSY: Soon it will be too late to fly.

LOIS: I'm thinking of it as a vacation.

MEGAN: It doesn't say anything. Can I please have it back?

MARK: Why give it to me if you just want it back?

KRISSY: Well I hope you enjoy your "vacation". Is there anything I can get you?

LOIS: Can I ask you a question?

KRISSY: Yes, of course.

MARK: Why can't I read it?

MEGAN: Just give it back. And take off that hat, people are staring.

MARK: I like this hat, it was moms.

LOIS: Do you have children?

KRISSY: With a figure like this- heavens no.

LOIS : Oh.

MEGAN: You look-

MARK: What? Gay? (*Pause*) What about that drink?

MEGAN: Certainly not now. I need that back.

MARK: What, this? (*Holding up the note.*)

MEGAN: Yes.

KRISSY: Why do you ask?

LOIS: Because I'm wondering if I'm going to be a good role model for my children. I figured if you had children they would certainly look up to you as a good role model.

KRISSY: Aren't you sweet.

MARK: I think it's sweet.

MEGAN: You would-

MARK: Megan, look-

MEGAN: Can't you just leave me alone? I don't want to talk to you anymore. I'm needed elsewhere on this plane.

MARK: I'm sorry-

*(Megan makes a swipe for the note and grabs it from Mark's hand.)*

MARK: Hey-

*(She walks off.)*

LOIS: Well I always wanted to be an airhostess.

KRISSY: Really?

LOIS: Yes, when I was about ten years old I used to pretend to walk up and down the aisles of the plane serving people their drinks and directing people where to go in case of an emergency. Such grace, and such lovely power you have over all of us.

KRISSY: Yes.

LOIS: Maybe someday I'll go to school after the children are older and I'll become a stewardess, or maybe my daughter will-

KRISSY: You can be anything you put your mind to.

LOIS: I'd like to be a good role model.

*(Lights shift.)*

*(Megan and Mark [both 16] stand next to each other. Megan is wearing the pink dress and Mark is in his usual clothes. Megan has just applied lipstick as they watch themselves in front of the full-length mirror.)*

MEGAN: What do you think about the color? Too much?

MARK: I like it.

MEGAN: It's nice but maybe too bright? Clashes with the dress, don't you think?

MARK: I think it's nice. Very. . .pretty.

*(Pause)*

MEGAN: You're right about your shoulders. Wider than mine. Want to try? *(Referring to the dress)*

MARK: Where's mom?

MEGAN: Walmart.

MARK: *(Pause)* Okay.

*(Megan takes off the pink dress she's been wearing and helps get Mark into it. It seems to fit him pretty well. They don't speak for a few moments while Mark fiddles with the dress.)*

MEGAN: Sometimes I do wish we *were* identical. I wish we were both girls and we were exactly identical. Don't you think it would be fun to play tricks on mom and the teachers at school? We could pretend we were each other for a day and I would realise how crappy your life was and you'd realise how crappy mine was. We could make up lies about having the same dreams at night and decide they weren't really dreams at all but visions of the future. We would be the type of twins that could pull that off. And it would frighten people with how identical we both were. Matching dresses, matching hair, matching expression on our faces as we said, "Good morning mommy" in unison. Oh Mark, think about it. I wish you were a girl too. I wish you were just like me, then I'd never have to look in a mirror again. You would be my mirror and I would be yours. We would never be lonely again. You could finally be a girl like you always wanted and I could have a sister, and mom wouldn't treat you like you're special because you're a boy. She would have to treat us equal. She would have to because she wouldn't be able to tell us apart.

*(Pause.)*

MARK: I don't want to be a girl.

MEGAN: Sure you do.

MARK: I really don't. I just like this dress.

MEGAN: Oh. *(Pause)* Well it's my dress and if you wear it I won't have anything to wear-

MARK: I'm not going to wear it. Just wanted to see if it fit.

MEGAN: It looks stupid.

MARK: Yeah, I guess.

*(Mark starts to apply some of the lipstick Megan is holding.)*

MEGAN: That lipstick-

MARK: Feels nice to wear- adds some color to my pale lips.

MEGAN: But-

MARK: Here, you can take the dress back.

*(He takes it off.)*

MEGAN: Thanks.

MARK: Are you going to tell mom about this?

MEGAN: No. Are you going to the dance?

MARK: No.

MEGAN: I suppose I like you more as a boy anyway.

MARK: Why? My broad shoulders?

MEGAN: Your perfectly pale lips.

*(Lights change to Huw sitting on the airplane talking to Lois [Pregnant].)*

HUW: My fiancée and I are going on vacation.

LOIS: Vacation? That sounds wonderful.

HUW: Yes. Have you seen her? Have you seen my fiancée?

LOIS: No. Is she-

HUW: She's on this plane.

LOIS: She's not sitting with you?

HUW: No. She's up front I think. Can't see her from here.

LOIS: Is she pretty?

HUW: Gorgeous.

LOIS: When are you getting married?

HUW: Soon. I hope. Don't really know. But soon.

LOIS: I'm Lois.

HUW: Huw.

*(They shake hands.)*