

Side 5

(A Stewardess wheels the cart away.)

A TAILOR enters, uniform jacket in his hand, pants draped over his arm.)

TAILOR

Awfully young to be a pilot, aren't ya?

FRANK JUNIOR

I get that a lot. I'm just a co-pilot.

TAILOR

(putting the jacket on him)

Why so nervous?

FRANK JUNIOR

How would you feel if you lost your uniform your first week on the job?

TAILOR

Ah, I hear you. That'll be one forty-three ninety-seven.

FRANK JUNIOR

Can I write you a check?

TAILOR

No—no checks, no cash. Just need your employee number.

(He pulls out a form and begins to fill it out. Frank tries to read it upside down, to count spaces for numbers:)

FRANK JUNIOR

Of course. It's. Six. One. Four...zero. Three.(?) Five.(?) S—

(But before he gets the next number out, the Tailor nods, finished, and Frank Junior pulls it back.)

TAILOR

Great! I'll bill Pan Am, they'll take it out of your next paycheck.

FRANK JUNIOR

Even better.

← End here

(Frank Junior and the Tailor go off as the PILOTS enter with Stewardesses.)

ALL PILOTS

WOULD YOU LIKE A SLEIGH RIDE, A HAYRIDE?  
THEN KIDDO, JUST STAY HOME  
BUT, IF YOU WANT JET-SET THEN GET SET  
TO LEAVE BEHIND KANSAS