

SCENE 1

THERE IS A PIXELATED ANIMATION OF MULTIPLE IMAGES OF HEATHER WHEN SHE'S PREGNANT, WITH A BABY / TODDLER / CHILD / TWEEN / TEEN / ADULT COALESCING TO BECOME A PORTRAIT OF PRESENT-DAY HEATHER ON THE SCREEN.

LIGHTS UP.

SPOT ON FACE IN A SKYDIVER HELMET.

**ON SCREEN:** THE OPEN DOOR OF AN AIRPLANE FRAMES HEATHER.

**(SKYDIVER)**

HEATHER: OH MY GOD! WAIT!! WAIT!! WAIT!!!

Just so you know, I did not start at this point. You can't see the ACTUAL skydiver, who's behind me. I mean, I'm not an idiot. I am not going to just... jump out of a plane. I mean, I AM, but not by myself. That would be crazy.

SKYDIVER: You ready Heather?

GIVES HUGE DOUBLE HANG LOOSE SIGNS.

HEATHER: Ummm - Just... give me a secon...AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

SOUND EFFECTS OF HUGE RUSHING WIND. HEATHER IS MID AIR IN A **SKYDIVING JUMPSUIT**. CLOUDS PASS BY HEATHER ON SCREEN.

I HAVE skydived before. Sort of. Indoors. Twice. In Las Vegas. You're basically in a silo with a ginormous fan at the bottom of it and... just a note - this experience, right here? Has considerably more OOMPH. Every ounce of my focus is on NOT wildly flailing my arms and legs in panic as I hurl ALL my internal organs back up and into Mercedes' face.

Mercedes is my tandem skydiver. I choose her for two reasons. Number 1: Mercedes is a bad-ass name. And Number 2: she looks a lot like Angelina Jolie circa Mr. & Mrs. Smith, and since I'm probably never going to be able to have Angelina Jolie on top of me... This seemed like a good idea. And frankly, if it was my husband David up here instead of me, he would have chosen Mercedes too, on account of the fact that Angelina Jolie is the only person on both our lists of people we get to fuck if ever the opportunity arises. Said with the utmost respect, Ms. Jolie.

Not gonna lie - my heart might stop before we hit the ground.

One year, for my birthday? David gifts me a tandem hang-gliding experience. The day's weather is a little "gusty." And, when we're coming in to land, there is some, I don't know, all I can think of is "jet wash," but that's just because I've watched *Top Gun* WAY too many times, but there isn't another hang-glider and even if there was, they don't have jets...

It's just an extra gusty wind - that almost propels us into a barn. We are really, really fucking close to that barn. So close, that when David is videotaping, he thinks that that he and our 4-year-old daughter, Rissa, are going to have my death on camera.

I figure that if we do hit, the pilot, who is below me, will get the brunt of it. Thankfully, he doesn't. We land. But I know how close we've come to dying... because I see the pilot actually KISS the ground.

In retrospect, skydiving is a pretty big... leap. (SHE GRINS AT THE TERRIBLE PUN) Yeah, that was terrible. I feel like I need a, uh (SFX OF DRUM'S BA-DUM-CHING!) thank you! My father was a navigator in the Canadian Air Force and he always said, "Only a fool would jump out of a serviceable plane."

HEATHER SHIMMIES OUT OF HER  
JUMPSUIT. SHE IS DRESSED IN  
**WORKOUT GEAR.** AS AN AFTER THOUGHT  
SHE TAKES OFF THE HELMET.