Amy Tidwell and Jason Engler meet on an airplane. Write a story in which one of them becomes resigned to his or her fate.

The airplane roared as it took off overhead. Jason made his way toward the gate for his 7:30 flight.

“Good morning Mr. Engler,” the desk worker said with a smile.

Jason took back his ticket back. She was cute, Jason made a mental note to try and get her number when he got back into town tomorrow. He walked onto the plane and took his seat. He just got situated when a woman sat next to him. She was around 5’8’’, with shoulder length brown hair and square rimmed, black glasses.

“Hi,” She said, “My name’s Amy, Amy Tidwell. What’s yours?”

“Jason,” he answered hesitantly. Normally when a woman of at least mild attractiveness sat next to him, he would do his best to try and coax her into dinner, drinks, or bed, often in that order. But there was something about Amy that immediately stopped his mind from going there.

“Hi Jason,” Amy replied, “Where are you headed to? I’m headed to Allenhurst, Georgia, to see my boyfriend.”

“I’m going to Orlando.”

“Ooh, what for?”

“Work.”

“That’s cool, I’m going to my boyfriend’s family reunion. It’s the 78th year of it so I baked special cupcakes with little 78s written in frosting on them.” Amy explained.

“Um, okay,”

“Yup, I put dark chocolate and white chocolate chips in them. They’re super tasty.”

“I’m sure they are,” Jason began looking for any excuse to leave his seat. The pilot came on over the intercom and announced the plane was ready to take off. Jason had to stay put.

Amy continued on with the mostly one sided conversation. “You said you were going to Orlando for work. What do you do?”

“I’m an auditor for a car company. I have to audit a factory we have in Illinois.”

“That sounds like an interesting job. My boyfriend John used to work as a car salesman. He hated it, so now he’s a studying to be a lawyer.”

Jason gave a polite nod, wondering how this applied to him or this situation.

The buckle seat belt light finally turned off. Jason gave an excuse to go to the bathroom. He quickly found a flight attendant in the back of the plane. He gave her a smile that had never failed to charm a woman. “Good morning,”

“Hi, is there anything I can help you with?” She sounded familiar to Jason, but he’d worry about that later. Right now he would concentrate on finding a seat way from Amy.

“Actually there is. I’m currently sitting next to a woman that I find, less than pleasant. I was wondering if it was possible to switch seats.”

The flight attendant scrunched her eyebrows together as she scanned the plane for a seat. Jason knew why she looked so familiar. Six months ago he had been on an overnight layover between flights. He passed the time by visiting the airport’s bar. While there he began chatting up a redhead who was at the already at the bar, a few drinks and strategically chosen songs, and they ended up spending the night together. She was one of the sentimental ones, talking about love when they were done. Jason made sure he left before she woke up in the morning. He hoped she didn’t remember him, because if she did…

“I’m sorry, it doesn’t appear that there are any open seats.” Jason looked around. At least a third of the seats were empty. Dammit. She remembered. And she was the only attendant on the flight.

A vindictive gleam shone in her eyes. “Is there anything else I can help you with?” Oh yeah, she knew exactly who he was.

“No, thank you,” Jason replied through gritted teeth. He made his way back to his seat.

“Did you have a successful bathroom trip?” Amy asked.

Who asks that? Jason thought. “Um, yeah I did.”

“Ya know, you remind me a lot of my boyfriend’s cousin. He really cool, he hangs out with me and my John all the time.” Amy declared. “He ran into some trouble last year with the cops, but John got him off cause he’s a lawyer.”

“I believe you already said that.” Jason tried to resist the urge to jump out of the plane. This was going to be a long flight.

“I know, silly, so like I was saying…”