



CHANGE AT GORDANO  
BY  
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Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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SETTING

INSIDE A 'LUXURY' COACH

THERE ARE TWO CHAIRS CENTRE STAGE REPRESENTING SEATS ON A COACH. ABOVE THEM IS A LUGGAGE RACK.

TERRY IS ALREADY SEATED. HE HAS TWO CARRIER BAGS FULL OF SNACKS AT HIS FEET. HE HAS AN ANCIENT CASSETTE-STYLE WALKMAN ON HIS LAP WITH HUGE HEADPHONES. ENTER KARL CARRYING A LEATHER TRAVEL BAG, WHO IS CHECKING HIS TICKET AND LOOKING AT THE NUMBERS ABOVE THE SEATS. HE EVENTUALLY SPOTS THAT THE ONE NEXT TO TERRY IS HIS.

ANNOUNCER: (AT THE END OF HER ANNOUNCEMENT) So, please ensure that there are no obstructions to the back passageway so that those wishing to enter by the rear can pass through unhindered.

TERRY: (LIFTS SWEET TIN LID TOWARDS HIMSELF AND SPEAKS TO THE INTERIOR OF THE TIN) See. We've got our favourite seat again. (TILTS TIN TOWARDS THE 'WINDOW') And you've got a good view out of the window. (TO KARL) Good day to you, fellow coach tripper.

KARL: Hello. I think this is my seat.

TERRY: Number 33?

KARL: (LOOKS AT TICKET) Yes, that's right.

TERRY: Not number 32.

KARL: No. Definitely number 33.

TERRY: Good. Number 32 is mine. I were worried there'd been a mix up. I have to have a window seat on account of my impetigo.

KARL: Impetigo?

TERRY: No, I don't mean impetigo. I mean vertigo.

KARL: Okay. (PUTS HIS TRAVEL BAG ON THE LUGGAGE RACK)

TERRY: Are you putting that up there?

KARL: It appears I am.

TERRY: Are you sure you want to put that up there?

KARL: Um...

TERRY: It's OK. I'm only joking with you. That's what I'm like see. A bit of a joker. Mother always used to say I'd be telling jokes at her funeral. And I was. (PAUSE) The name's Terry. Looks like we're coach trip pals.

KARL: Karl. So, do we have to stay in the same seats for the entire week?

TERRY: Oh dear. We have a coach trip virgin here. Yes indeed, Karl. You have the pleasure of my company for the whole week. It's OK, coach virgin. I'll look after you. I know all the tricks of the game.

KARL: There are tricks of the game?

TERRY: Absolutely.

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, if you could just find your seats and place any medium sized bags into the overhead compartments, we are shortly due to leave Gordano and commence our luxury, seven day Carlton's Holidays coach tour of the Dordogne. We will make our way down to Dover and then embark on the short crossing into France. The journey is expected to take a little bit longer today on account of there being a five car pile up on the M4 just outside Swindon and, although it's on the opposite carriageway, we will be slowing down for you all to have a good gawp. But for now, sit back and enjoy your journey in air conditioned luxury on this Carlton's Holidays coach tour of the Dordogne.

TERRY: You been to France before?

KARL: Several times. Family holidays. Skiing.

TERRY: Mother and I did the Dordogne trip four times. It were her favourite. She said it to me on her death bed. She said, "Don't mourn, Terry. Once I've died, book yourself on the Carlton's Holidays tour of the Dordogne." It were her final request. No. I tell a lie. Her final request were for me to change her catheter bag.

KARL: Well I'm only here because my children thought it was a good idea for me to have a holiday when my divorce came through. And my parents booked it. No offence, but this really isn't my sort of thing.

TERRY: No offence taken, Karl. I shall make it my mission this week to convert you from a coach trip virgin to a coach trip enthusiast.

KARL: Please don't trouble yourself. (TAKES OUT HIS SMART PHONE AND PUTS WIRELESS EARPHONES IN HIS EARS)

TERRY: That's not going to work, Karl. Your earphones aren't connected.

KARL: They're bluetooth. (TERRY LOOKS BLANKLY) They connect wirelessly.

TERRY: Well, isn't that marvellous. (SHOWS KARL THE WALKMAN) I've had this since 1984. Brilliant bit of Japanese engineering. It's never let me down. (PAUSE) What you listening to?

KARL: Beethoven's piano concerto number 5.

TERRY: I'm listening to "Ying Tong Tiddle I Po" by the Goons. They were mother's favourites. She used to get me to tape them off the radio. She were very particular about the tape starting and stopping at the right time. If I got it wrong she used to clip me around the head with her slipper. How we laughed.

KARL: Really? Wasn't that actually child abuse?

TERRY: Oh no. Just a bit of high spirited fun. She were like that with my dad - although she didn't use a slipper. She used to use the milk pan. (OFFERS KARL A SWEET FROM A TIN HE GETS FORM ONE OF HIS BAGS) Travel sweet?

KARL: No thank you.

TERRY: Oh, go on. It's one of the joys of going on a coach journey. Buying your little tin of sweeties at Gordano services. To be honest with you, I don't normally like boiled sweets but, when they're in a special tin and called travel sweets, well, they make my holiday.

KARL: So, do the transfers always take place at Gordano?