



GOING GOING

By Chris Berry

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Going Going...

A Homage to the Age of Boeing

A One Act Play

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A One Act Play

A Note on the Setting:

The mid 1960s

The story takes place in a London flat, which can be a simplified set if required, with a bed in the bedroom on stage right side of an imagined wall down the centre of the stage, and a couch in the lounge of the stage left hand side of same wall. The bedroom doubles as Bridget's room and Fran's room, with a free-standing door set into the wall, connecting both rooms.

The Cast

<i>Fran</i>	<i>An air hostess in her late 40s / early 50s</i>
<i>Bridget</i>	<i>An air hostess in her mid-to-late 20s</i>
<i>Francesco</i>	<i>An Italian airline pilot in his mid 30s</i>
<i>Didier</i>	<i>An French airline pilot in his mid 30s</i>
<i>Oscar</i>	<i>An American airline pilot in his late 40s / early 50s</i>
<i>Helga</i>	<i>A Swedish air hostess in her late 30s</i>

Scene One

A London flat in the 1960s, shared by two air hostesses (a dreadfully sexist term now but this is the 1960s) Fran and Bridget.

The stage is divided down the middle by an imagined wall between a bedroom on stage right, (which doubles as Fran's and Bridget's bedroom) and the lounge on stage left. A doorframe between the two rooms indicates the wall.

In the bedroom, a double bed is placed sideways on to us, its headboard against the (imagined if required) bedroom wall on stage right.

A couch sits in the middle of the lounge on stage left, slightly off-set and facing into the room. Characters enter the flat from a doorway set in to the (imagined if required) lounge wall on stage left. This doorway leads to an unseen entrance hall. Another doorway in the (imagined if required) rear wall leads to an unseen kitchen and bathroom, which is indicated by a door frame.

Other bedroom and lounge furniture can be added such as end tables and coffee tables, lamps etc. Three bar stools will be brought out of the unseen kitchen towards the end of the act.

Fran and Bridget's airline schedules mean they are sometimes home at the same time, sometimes not.

On this particular evening, Bridget is home alone, entertaining her boyfriend Francesco, an Italian airline pilot. They are lying in bed together, she is cradled in his arms.

Francesco: So, whena you gonna marry me bella, eh?

Bridget: My name's not Bella, it's Bridget. Are you getting me mixed up with another girl!?

Francesco: Of course not bella – I mean Bridget. *Bella* is Italian for beautiful. *He kisses her neck*

Bridget: Alright, take it easy Romeo...

Francesco: Hey! My name isn'ta Romeo, is a Francesco! Are you getting me mixed up with another boy!?

Bridget: No! Romeo's a name for someone who's a Casanova.

Francesco: Casanova! Oo the 'eck isa Casanova!? How many men do you know!?

Bridget: No! Not like that. Bloody hell! Casanova's –

Francesco: I know who THE Casanova is.

Bridget: Oh, it doesn't matter. What time is it?

Francesco: *Looks at his wristwatch* Isa 6pm.

Bridget: We haven't got long then.

Francesco: Isa plenty of time for whatta I've got in mind...

Bridget: Are you sure?

Francesco: Ofa course. I'm a-eager-to-please-a!

Bridget: I thought you were on the nine o'clock to Turin?

Francesco: Si. The brand new McDonnell Douglas DC8. She 'andles like a dream. Four big engines with a plenty of THRUST.

Bridget: *Closes her eyes* Oooohhhhhh....

Francesco: She RAMS you back in your seat...

Bridget: Ooh yes...

Francesco: And she goes a non-stop for hours and hours...

Bridget: Non stop...

Francesco: Ana when she hits turbulence, she go bang... bang... bang...

Bridget: *Bridget whimpers* Bang bang bang... And when you're banging, tell me where you sit...

Francesco: Ina the cock-a-pit.

Bridget: And what's that thing between your legs...

Francesco: Isa the joy stick...

Bridget: And the joy stick's in the cockpit...

Francesco: Si.

Bridget: And what does the joystick do...

Francesco: Ita controls the rudder...

Bridget: Yes...

Francesco: Anda the flaps...

Bridget: Ooh Francesco, where's your joystick *She reaches beneath the sheet*

Francesco: Where are your fla-

Birget: Francesco! Come on then!

Francesco: No no no! You know whatta you got to do first...

Bridget: Oh no!

Francesco: Oh per fevore bella – you know I love it!

Bridget: Okay, you do the instructions.

Francesco: Okay okay!

Bridget climbs out of bed. She is wearing a corset. She stands at the foot of the bed, facing the audience.

Bridget: Ready?

Francesco: Si – no! The 'at, the 'at!

Bridget: Do I have to?

Francesco: Si! Si! Just-a-like you would do it ona the plane!

Bridget: In a corset!?

Francesco: Get the 'at!

Bridget reaches down behind Francesco's side of the bed and retrieves a sky blue air hostess's hat. She stands facing the audience at the foot of the bed and perches the hat on her head at a cute little angle.

Francesco: Okay, prepare for take off. *He pinches his nose so his voice sounds as if it's coming through an aircraft's PA system.* Good evening ladies and gentlemen. This is your captain speaking. I would like to welcome you aboard this McDonnell Douglas DC8 8-A to Turin. Before we pusha back from the stand, I would like to take you through the safety procedures in the unlikely event that you... go down... if-a you know what I mean!

Bridget rolls her eyes

Firsta please ensure your seatbelt is secured by feeding the belt through the buckle and pulling tightly... give it a good tug!

Bridget: *Admonishingly* Francesco! *Bridget mimes fastening a seatbelt*

Francesco: There are four exits from the cabin, two at the front...
Bridget points in front of her
two at the rear...
Bridget extends her arm and indicates behind her
And it is a very nice-a rear from back here! In the case of cabin air pressure dropping, oxygen masks will drop from overhead. Place the mask over your mouth... anda breathe normally...
Bridget places her hand over her mouth
In and out. In and out... Anda finally, in the case of a crash landing, adopta the brace position...
Bridget visibly sighs, rolls her eyes and bends forward from the hips towards us. Francesco's eyes widen at what we can't see
Mama-mia! And after that, who a-bloody cares! We alla-going to Heaven!
Francesco throws back the covers wearing nothing but the skimpiest briefs
Brace-a for impact!
Bridget leaps into bed beneath the covers with Francesco as the lounge door opens and Fran comes in, dressed in her air hostess uniform and carrying a small suitcase

Fran: *Calls out Hello?*
Receiving no reply, she disappears into the kitchen
Off Bugger!
Comes back into the lounge
No bloody tea! *She flops onto the couch.*
Bridget comes up from beneath the covers, looks at the bedroom door. Francesco pops his head up.

Francesco: Hey, whatsamatter!?

Bridget: Shh!

Francesco: Whassup!?

Bridget: I thought I heard something!

Francesco: *Seductively* Was it the Eartha moving!?’

Bridget: Shh! It might be Fran.

Francesco: Ooo?

Bridget: Fran. My flat mate. *Bridget gets out of bed, creeps over to the bedroom door, opens it and peeks through, sees Fran, heads back eyes closed. Bridget slams the door. Fran opens her eyes, looks at the door.*

Fran: Bridget?

Bridget opens the door, sticks her head through

Bridget: Hi... I thought you were on the 5.30 to Charles de Gaulle?

Fran: It was cancelled. Fog at Heathrow.

Francesco: Isa fog? This is not good thing for me.

Bridget: *Looking at him* Shh!

Fran: They’ve bumped me to tomorrow morning. *Peers at the door*
Oh, have I landed at a bad time?

Bridget winces

Sorry... I’ll just go into the galley for a few minutes, shall I?

Bridget: If you wouldn’t mind..?

Fran: Of course. *Fran disappears into the kitchen. Bridget returns to the bedroom.*

Bridget: You’ve got to go!

Francesco: What?

Bridget: You’ve got to go!

Francesco: Whattafor?

Bridget: My flat mate’s come back early. Come on, get up!

Francesco: Aw, I was just about to make my final approach!

Bridget: Well now you’ve got to take off!

Francesco: Mama-mia!
Francesco climbs out of bed, gets dressed

Bridget: I'm really sorry. Look, I'll see you in Rome next week won't I?

Francesco: Where am I gonna go tonight? Hey, maybe your friend, she wants to join us!?

Bridget: Don't be disgusting!

Francesco: Ofa course, I forgot, you're English!

Bridget: Come one! Chop chop!

Francesco: What is 'chop chop'?

Bridget: Francesco!

Francesco: Okay, I'm going! Going!
Fully clothed in pilot's uniform, he heads for the door

Bridget: Hey! Don't forget your hat! *She tosses him his pilot's cap*

Francesco: Ciao bella – Bridget! *They kiss Until Roma! He runs out the door.*
Bridget pops back to the bedroom, puts on a robe and returns to the lounge as Fran comes out from the kitchen

Fran: That was a near miss! *She sits on the couch*

Bridget: What do you mean?

Fran: What if that had been Pidier or Oswald?

Bridget: You mean Didier or Oscar.

Fran: I don't know, I can't keep up!

Bridget: It wouldn't have been them anyway. *Reaches under the coffee table and produces a booklet*

Fran: You've got it all planned, haven't you?.

Bridget: No, but Alitalia, Air France and Pan Am's timetables do! I just make sure they don't clash.

Fran: One day you're going to get done, young lady!