

“This is Your Captain Speaking”



It's a play, a musical, dinner theatre, a movie, comedy, drama or all of the above.

*An absolute smash **Lachlan Arts Council**
Very well received **Big River Repertory***

*What a BIG success Captain proved to be. We included concert items with our passenger actors performing. Our catering classes in home economics provided authentic meals for both first class and economy passengers. It was highly successful. Please send a catalogue of your plays as we would be very interested in performing another of your great shows. **Glenmore HS**
The experience of a lifetime, a nutty night of laughter and mayhem enjoyed by all. What did you enjoy most about This Is Your Captain Speaking? All of it! **Mordialloc Light Opera Society**
An out of the ordinary, fun and laughter-filled evening. An interesting dinner theatre production that will have its audience raving for months to come. **Gordon F Kells HS Canada***

"This Is Your Captain Speaking"

A play by Cenarth Fox

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Synopsis

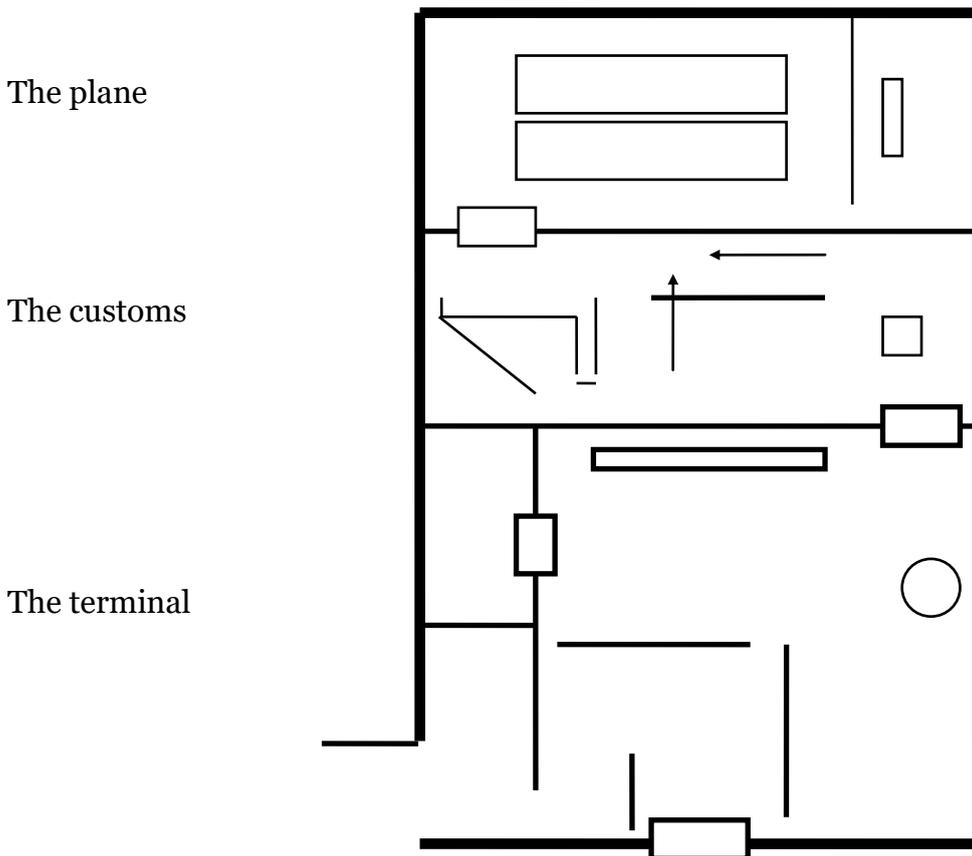
The play takes place in an airport-terminal and a passenger-plane. At times, the script involves the cast mingling with the audience. The script allows performers to include their own variety items and singalong items are provided. *Captain* is a fun piece of theatre which appeals to a wide range of people including those who don't normally attend live theatre. It's a different play with a flexible script, a fascinating set, opportunities for audience-participation, role-doubling and can easily be a piece of dinner-theatre.

This Is Your Captain Speaking 2

Set

You don't need a conventional theatre with a stage and wings. You need a hall. This is cleared and divided roughly into three areas. (A) Terminal (B) Customs (C) Plane. Whilst realism is important the three areas don't have to be exact replicas. In fact much enjoyment will come from the "pretend-realism". You can even send-up your set. It will not be expensive to build [probably cheaper than scenery for a two-set play], and the audience will derive almost as much enjoyment from the set as they will from the hilarious, audience-participation play.

Here is a sketch showing the layout of your entire set. More specific details are provided elsewhere in the script and in the free Production Notes.

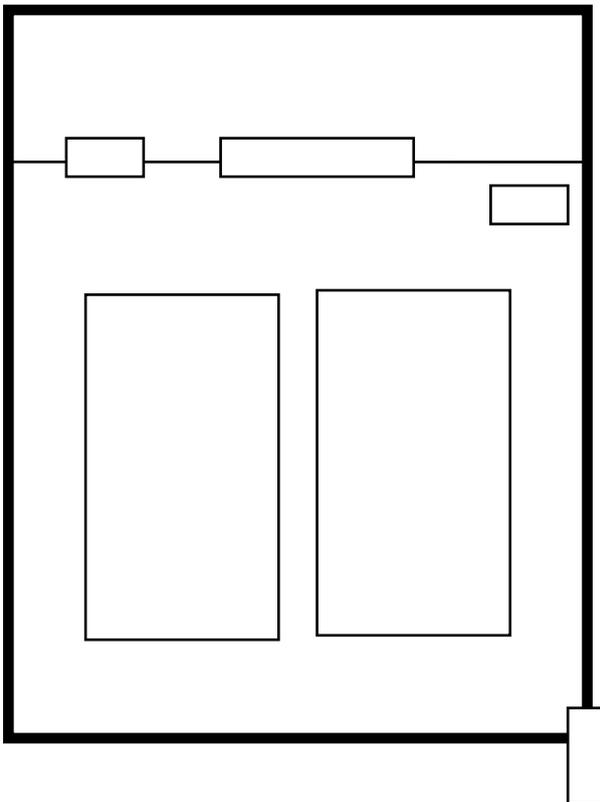


The Plane Interior

The rear seats [economy class] should be raised. Most of the play takes place at the front of the plane and passengers towards the rear won't be able to see unless you have some type of raked floor. Simple platforms [rostra] at the rear may be enough.

The location of toilets is important. If those of the venue are close to where you locate your aircraft, perhaps a small gangway to the loos could be constructed. You could build portable loos into your set. Otherwise it will mean that passengers who wish to spend a penny will have to leave the plane in mid-air. There's not much else you can do about it. Use a fun announcement that anyone wishing to use the toilets will find them in the foyer [or wherever] ten thousand feet below!

Here is a sketch showing the layout of your plane.



Special Performance

You could stage a unique performance of this play by performing aboard a real plane. There are at least two possibilities. [1] Hire a stationary plane and stage *Captain* on board the aircraft housed presumably at your local airport. [2] Hire a plane and have it take-off. Include a one-hour joy-ride at sunset over your city or town and perform the show once the plane has landed. Obviously the ticket price will be more expensive than normal but for such an exciting and different night out, you should get enough takers to have at least one performance where the audience [and cast] will find it easy to "play the part"! Think about it.

Characters

Terminal and Customs Hall

Booking Clerks	they process passengers and can double as Flight Attendants [Crew] on plane, they wear nametags with first given name
Freda	innocent victim of bungling undercover cops
Bungle	bumbling, incompetent undercover police officer
Fick	Bungle's partner [Bungle 'n Fick] and equally as stupid
Sticky Beak	inquisitive Customs officer, male or female, a real sticky-beak
Jill Ted	passionate, jealous, demonstrative, current mistress of one [or more] of the male passengers [your Patrons]
Jigga Lowe	male equivalent of <i>Jill</i>
Dopey	wierdo, drug-addict, back-packer, long-hair, dishevelled
Matilda	passenger from earlier flight, tourist who has lost her luggage
Announcer	unseen airport-announcer [such speeches could be pre-taped]
Red-Neck	airport security-guard, thick, a heavy, tactless
Extras	staff in the shops, cafeteria and lounge, cleaners, customs officers, Information-Counter attendant, etc

Crew on Plane

Captain Myopic	short-sighted pilot, friendly, lousy comic, in charge [?] of the plane, loves everybody, crew try to hide him - wouldn't you?
Micky Phone	chief flight-attendant, definitely in charge, pseudo-Captain
Flight Attendants	in-flight food and drink-waiters, as many as are necessary, male or female, use their second given-name, double as Booking Clerks from Area A

Passengers

Dominique Le Club	pregnant French woman
"Zoom" Miller	foreigner, photography nut, perfect example of the terrible-tourist, "why must the wrong people travel?" [Noel Coward]

This Is Your Captain Speaking 5

Colly Moddle	male, single, Ph D graduate in obscure branch of science, timid, dominated by his overbearing mother
Moira Moddle	Colly's mother, excessively proud of Colly, brusque, loud, over-protective of Colly who "endures" mother's affections
Father Forgive-Me	priest, could be Irish, enjoys a tippie and wager, unlikely to attain high ecclesiastical rank, seldom worried or upset, jovial
Frostie Glass	friendly drunk, inebriated but never dead-drunk, able to consume anything anywhere anytime, was dismissed from National Service duty, drove a tank into the officers' mess
Yobbo	overweight, overbearing, unattractive slob
Barbie	slim, glamorous, fashion model

NOTE: Doubling. Most of the roles can be doubled. e.g. *Clerks/Flight Attendants, Freda/Moira, Bungle/Frostie, Fick/Yobbo, Matilda/Micky* etc. You choose. Depending on the size of your company, you'll need a cast of between 10 and 100.

The Meal

This Is Your Captain Speaking is intended as a piece of dinner-theatre. Instead of tables, patrons sit in rows in a giant model-plane. Proper aircraft-seats with fold-down tables probably won't exist. Improvise. Cafeteria trays perhaps. Just how swish a meal you offer depends on your budget, kitchen facilities and cooking expertise. Patrons BYO drinks. You may need a licence. Patrons can retain their bottles/casks with you providing plastic glasses, or you can label their drinks [seat numbers] place them on a trolley and operate a waiter-service in the aisle. This gives you more control over your patrons. Your theatre program could contain the menu. Here are some suggestions:

Boeing Broth, Emergency Entrée, Cessna Soup, Parachute Pie, Chunder Casserole, Plastic Pastries, Diabolical Dessert

Invent your own menu. Make it fun, local and entertaining.

Fund-Raising

Most theatre groups are keen to raise funds. You could do this by operating a duty-free store in your airport terminal. The store sells a variety of works of art/craft by local artists e.g. pottery, paintings, sculpture, toys, jewellery, etc. A percentage of all items sold goes to your company.

How Does It All Work?

The venue is all-important. This is not a stage show. A hall or gymnasium may be lousy for a proscenium-arch show but for *Captain* they could be ideal. Aim to simulate the experience of flying. The chairs may not be perfect, the headphones and seatbelts made of cardboard and the set itself may only resemble the real thing. No matter.

This Is Your Captain Speaking 6

Even if you have a huge budget, you're still better off simulating realism. And little touches and continuity are very important. Design an airline logo, perhaps use the name of your town or theatre group. *Seat Of Your Pants Airline* or *Passengers Pedal Airline* or *Air Today* ... are possibilities. *She'll Be Wright Airlines* is used but you can invent your own. Use the logo on all publicity, tickets, programs and in the terminal and aircraft. And you need a destination. It can be real or imaginary, sensible or crazy.

Remember you don't need a realistic terminal and plane but you could be authentic in some ways. e.g you may be able to obtain a gross of cheap headphones and rig up a simple system for playing music [and the plane's announcements] through them.

The Program

Known as the *In-Flight Magazine*, it's distributed once patrons enter plane [AREA C]. The program contains ads [money-making!], the usual credits of actors and production-team [make it unusual and humorous], articles on places [where are you heading?], in-flight movies, soundtracks, routes covered by airline, menu, singalong lyrics, etc.

So, you've chosen your cast and venue - now on with the show!

Stage 1

Patrons enter the well-signposted terminal between certain times e.g. tickets state clearly "Enter Terminal between 7.30 and 8.00pm". For the first 30 minutes or so, the actual play is on-going and in various locations within your terminal. Depending on the drink laws in your area, your terminal may contain a bar/lounge and patrons can adjourn to the bar[s] for a drink before the show. They can shop, drink, check-in, get lost, etc. You may require a liquor licence. If you do, patrons can bring their own beverages and be served in the respective lounges. You should have different ticket prices which means seats closer to the cockpit in the plane [AREA C] will be more expensive than those in the rear. That's flying! Thus patrons can fly first-class or economy. Add a business-class if you want to be fancy! In addition, if you have drinking areas in the terminal [AREA A], the first-class lounge must be more upmarket than the public cafeteria! Patrons must bring three items. Their ticket, their drinks and an empty suitcase. One suitcase per couple will be okay although you could have an actor who arrives with a mountain of cases and keeps pushing them around the terminal on a trolley. It will be quite funny if s/he keeps asking patrons what time the train leaves. Oops. S/he should be at the railway station!

Little touches of realism will make for a more enjoyable night, e.g. outside the terminal (hall) have a taxi parked with its driver tackling patrons as they arrive. "Taxi sir/madam?" Obviously they won't want a taxi - they're going on a trip but it could make for some light-hearted banter.

A porter should also be on duty. S/he will probably get some business. The porter approaches arriving patrons [they're the ones with the suitcases] and asks, "Trolley sir/madam?" Use two-wheeled carts used in offices and factories [unless you can borrow the real thing]. Place advertising billboards on your trolleys and sell the space to local traders/companies. If the patrons agree, the porter will place the suitcase/s on the trolley and take it/them into the terminal and the queue at the check-in desk.

N.B. Any tips obtained by the porter are his/hers to keep! Once patrons enter the building, the check-in counter is in sight and they head for this counter. Print on each ticket "Passengers report to check-in counter upon entering the terminal."

The Ticket

Obviously not the book used by airlines. Perhaps an A5 sheet printed both sides and folded once. Have a funny send-up of the rules/conditions under the front flap with an ad for a car-rental company [or local company] on the back flap. The front flap has the airline [your company] logo and the inside section has the flight details. Simple but effective. Aim to make things enjoyable, entertaining and easy. Easy means simple. Cut down your workload. e.g. the ticket when stamped becomes a boarding-pass. The seats in your plane must be carefully numbered. The numbers on tickets must match the seats. Everything is numbered.

You could obtain some airline tickets and present a parody of their rules. The Guarantee and General Disclaimers can be re-written to suit your company and tonight's flight. Everything forms part of the entertainment. More suggestions for your ticket are found at the end of script.

Patrons approach check-in counters [First-class and Economy], present their tickets and cases. The cases are labelled and removed. It may be fun finding them later! On many occasions, cast members may have to ad lib dialogue with passengers and even one another. Whilst the basic dialogue is provided, be prepared [within reason] to do your own thing! You will have at least two clerks [First-class and Economy] and more depending on your number of patrons.

Clerk *Good evening sir [madam]. May I have your ticket, please? (Extending hand for patron's ticket) How are you tonight? (Small talk about weather etc whilst examining and reading aloud the ticket) Economy [or first-class] to
(Name the exotic destination on the ticket. It may be real. If a send-up, the destination could be a nearby town/suburb [which obviously has no airport] or somewhere remote and unusual e.g. Siberia. Now some patrons may wish to chat, to enter into the spirit of the play. Have some facts available, e.g. how long does the flight take, what's the weather like where they're going, where are the loos, what's the in-flight movie, etc. CLERKS must have answers to all these questions. N.B. Spend time at rehearsals with cast-members playing patrons. Get the CLERKS used to chatting.)*

Clerk *(Requesting suitcase) If I could just have your case thank you.*

(Case is labelled and placed on conveyer [or simply carried] where it disappears into unseen storage area in the Customs Hall [AREA B]. Smoking could be tricky. These days many buildings ban smoking. Certainly many airlines ban smoking. If you choose to offer patrons a choice of seats, you may not have enough seats for smokers or non-smokers. You may upset both groups. Banning smoking in the plane [particularly if no prior notice is given] could upset smokers. Placing smokers near non-smokers could be equally as bad. Think this through beforehand and, if necessary, state the rules on the tickets. Remember smokers may wish to go outside during the play particularly the bits on the plane.

Once cases are labelled and removed and tickets stamped, a boarding pass is issued. Again, think this through. A separate boarding-pass is more work.

This Is Your Captain Speaking 8

If you have a floor-plan of the seats in the plane and all seats are numbered, all you'll need do is stamp the ticket which is returned to patron and used as a boarding-pass. Ensure ticket numbers [seat numbers] are correct. A patron who has paid to fly first-class will not be happy sitting at the back behind the coffee-machine!! The drinks [hand-luggage] are retained by the patrons)

Clerk *(Handing over stamped ticket [boarding-pass]) Thank you for flying She'll Be Wright Airlines. The duty-free shops are over there (Indicates) and your lounge ["cafe" to Economy patrons] is over there. You'll be called when your flight is ready for boarding. (Smile) Have a nice flight!*

(Several activities happen once terminal opens. Cleaner/s sweeps, empties bins. Staff in lounges wipe tables, serve, etc. In the cafe [Economy] you could provide free cheap nibbles such as potato chips [unless patrons have been advised to BYO everything]. First-class patrons will be greeted by well-groomed host/ess and provided with complimentary nuts, hors d'oeuvres, etc. Have glasses available in both areas. Duty-free shops are open as is the Information Counter. A large Information Board with flight details changes at regular intervals. The PA system keeps everyone informed of flight information, lost property, phone calls, etc. It's a busy place)

Announcer *She'll Be Wright Airlines announce the arrival of flight 478 from Paris, Rome and Hong Kong. Passengers disembarking from Gate Six.*

(In the above speech, you could use the name of real airlines and real destinations. Flight information is displayed on your giant Information Board. If you can rig up one or two computer screens and supply information, so much the better. A few "funny" airlines and destinations will keep patrons amused! This is a great opportunity to use the computer-boffin in your company. Some funny destinations on the Information Board and VDU'S showing local suburbs and solar-system planets could be hilarious, e.g. Qantas announce the arrival of Flight QF4 from Mars and Managatang. Use local towns/suburbs which are known to your Patrons. The following announcement is real. Find out the name of one of your patrons by means of a simple lottery, make sure s/he is in the terminal and then page them. Once the patron arrives at the Information-Counter, they are given a complimentary bottle of champagne! The door prize! The Information-Counter is next to the AVIS [or other well-known car-hire firm] Cushion-Hire Counter. Here patrons can hire a cushion for their trip on the plane. Put a bit of humour into your production. Make everything entertaining!)

Announcer *Would Mister [Ms], a passenger on She'll Be Wright Airlines Flight 13, please contact the Information Counter. Mister [Ms] please go to Information.*

(Once they arrive they win the door-prize! Then follows three, THREE, mini-dramas which take place in the Terminal [AREA A]. They are:

1. Wrongful Arrest
2. Contraband
3. Missing Luggage

You judge when best to stage these items. Wait until most patrons are inside AREA A before beginning the mini-dramas. Here's the first. It begins outside your building. Don't startle patrons about to enter. Wait for a "quiet moment" outside. And don't even begin the Wrongful Arrest until you have a good crowd inside. That particular mini-drama needs a large audience)

WRONGFUL ARREST

Loud protests from FREDa are heard outside terminal [Door A]. Protests mingle with sounds of struggle and restraint from plainclothes cops. All three are locals. Don't frighten patrons.

Freda Stop that! How dare you! Let me go! Ow! *(Struggle, protests continue)*

Bungle All right, sir. Let's just settle down. *(More struggles and restraints)*

Freda You've made a mistake. Call the police.

Fick We *are* the police. Now come quietly, Fred.

(The TRIO enter the terminal. FREDa is being escorted towards a room for interrogation. The police believe they have caught a master criminal in disguise. They pay little attention to the crowd. The police are just doing their job. FREDa wants the crowd to know what's going on)

Freda *(To patrons)* Help me! I being kidnapped! Help! *(Continues)*

Bungle *(To patrons)* Thank you ladies and gentlemen. We are police officers. This man is under arrest.

(They're now centre of terminal and discussing for all to see)

Freda I'm not a man. Can't you see I'm a woman?

Fick All right, Fred. That's enough. You've tried disguising yourself before.

Freda I'm not in disguise. I'm just an innocent citizen.

Bungle Innocent? You're a master criminal. You've embezzled billions.

Fick *(Produces poster)* Here, look. This is you.

Freda *(Takes poster)* That's not me. That says Fred Bloggs. I'm *Freda* Bloggs. This is a man. *(Shows poster to patrons)* Look! Is that me?

Bungle Perhaps if we exposed your disguise.

Freda What disguise? Look, what you see is who I am!

Fink Well then, you won't mind putting on this apparatus.

(Puts Groucho Marx specs, moustache and false nose on FREDa)

Freda This is ridiculous.

Bungle And this particular hairstyle. *(Puts GROUCHO wig on FREDa)*

Freda You have got to be kidding!

Fink And the cigar. *(Hands cigar to FREDa)* Hold it up please.

(FREDa holds cigar a la GROUCHO)

Bungle Now if you wouldn't mind wiggling it like this. *(Demonstrates)*

Freda I'm going to sue for wrongful arrest. Somebody call security.

(TRIO stopped as RED NECK approaches. S/He's the airport equivalent of the plainclothes cops)

Red Okay, hold everything! I'm in charge of airport security. Now what's going on here?

Freda These idiots claim to be police officers and have arrested me for being a master criminal.

Red But they can't do that.

Freda Exactly. At last someone with some common sense.

Red Being a woman, you would have to be a *mistress* criminal.

Freda *(Back to being furious)* I'm not any sort of criminal!

Fick *(Shows poster)* Here's the poster. That's what he looks like normally.
Red Well that definitely looks like him. Can he do the business with the cigar?
Freda What business? I don't know what you're talking about!
Bungle Aw come on, Fred. Give us the routine.
Red It's the only way you'll be able to prove your innocence.
Freda If I do this thing will you let me go?
Fink If you get it wrong we'll know you're not the master criminal.
Freda *(To patrons)* You all heard that. You're my witnesses. Now this will prove I'm totally innocent. *(Pause. FREDa suddenly goes into a brilliant mimic of Groucho Marx. Straight at TRIO)* "I haven't got a picture. I could give you my foot prints but they're upstairs in my socks." *(Amusement from patrons. TRIO nod and think it's okay)* "Send two dozen roses to room 424 and put 'Emily, I love you' on the back of the bill." *(Laughter. The routine is terrific. TRIO more impressed. "You know you haven't stopped talking since I came here? You must have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle." (Laughter and applause. Everyone loves FREDa'S routine. She starts to exit)* "I've worked myself up from nothing to a state of extreme poverty." *(More applause and amusement as FREDa leads TRIO out of terminal)* "I've been around so long I can remember Doris Day before she was a virgin." *(Laughter and applause. Parting quip)* "A man is as young as the woman he feels." *(Lots of applause and cheering as FREDa waving, makes her Groucho exit with TRIO)*

NOTE: You could repeat WRONGFUL ARREST but only if most of the current audience have passed into AREA B and a new, large group has arrived in AREA A. Generally speaking, WRONGFUL ARREST is a once-only item. You decide when each of the three mini-dramas occurs. Contraband is almost continuous. It's less public than FREDa'S event and could occur before and after the Groucho exercise.

CONTRABAND

DOPEY looks suspicious. He [or she] is dressed casually, wears a back-pack and has made many flights to and from drug-producing countries. DOPEY'S in need of a fix and badly wants someone to "do a run" for him. Keeping his "performance" low-key, DOPEY approaches different patrons at different times. He must act suspiciously. Here is a sample of his dialogue. Obviously you can't predict the response but be prepared for anything. This "mini-drama" is meant to be entertaining so if you think contraband is not a laughing matter, don't use this segment. You may find the surprise ending interesting.

Dopey *(To patron - softly softly)* Excuse me sir [madam]. I was wondering if you could help me? *(Assuming response is YES)* Ah, look my hand-luggage *(Indicates back-pack)* is overweight and I wonder if you'd carry something for me?
(Patrons may well seem a little suspicious here and want re-assurance)

Dopey Look it's nothing really, just some chocolates for me Gran. She's ninety six and can't get 'em where she lives. If you carry them onto the plane for me, I won't have to pay excess baggage and, well, as you can see man, I'm flat broke.

(Sniff, sniff, wipe nose with sleeve, other distasteful behaviour. If patron refuses or is embarrassed or so amused as to make a scene, DOPEY fades into crowd ready for a new approach later. If patron plays along, DOPEY surreptitiously produces a parcel about the size of a box of chocolates but badly wrapped in cheap paper, string and tape. The parcel looks suspicious)

Dopey *(If patron has agreed to deal)* Gee thanks a million, sir [madam]. Me Gran'll love you forever. *(Discreetly [but nervously] slips package to patron)* Ah, just hide it in your drinks' bag. *(N.B. Patron must have container with drinks. DOPEY jokes)* If those customs guys see it, they'll eat 'em. They love chocolate. Now keep cool and when we get on the plane I'll come and see you. *(Suddenly alarmed)* Don't chase me. I'll find you. *(Relaxes)* Oh, and if you're caught, ah stopped, I mean stopped, you've never seen me - okay? *(Patting patron's arm)* Thanks a million, mate [love]. See ya on board.

DOPEY disappears into the crowd. Now if the patron is not interested, DOPEY retains his "chocolates" and disappears into the crowd. If the patron has accepted the box, there are several possibilities including (1) patron may unwrap the package or (2) may try to take it unopened onto plane or (3) may discard package. If (3) happens you should try and recover the package. If (1) occurs, the patron will discover the contraband is really a box of chocolates with a note saying "Congratulations - You've won this box of chocolates" i.e. it becomes another door-prize. If (2) occurs, DOPEY tells STICKY-BEAK [in Security] and the patron will be "sprung". After a bit of over-acting from STICKY-BEAK [a graduate of the Ham School of Acting] the mysterious package will be opened and the patron asked to read the card. So it's all meant to be a bit of fun. DOPEY should have at least two packages and provided they're not expensive imported chocolates, the cost will be small and the fun large. This mini-drama can be performed more than once.

MISSING LUGGAGE

MATILDA is dressed as a tourist just back from a summer-holiday resort carrying as many souvenirs as possible. Cameras around her neck, beach hat, sunglasses, the works. She is dressed in summer outfit, everything just bought on holiday and all items still displaying the price tag. She enters the terminal via DOOR B and proceeds to the carousel to collect her suitcase. She walks around the carousel. One or two items appear and whirl around. They could be collected by cast members or simply left to circle. Impatient, MATILDA checks her watch. When the queue of patrons at one of the check-in counters is full, MATILDA makes her move. Annoyed, she moves along the queue.

Matilda *(Brushing past patrons)* Excuse me ... this is an emergency ... excuse me, please! *(She babbles away. Her parcels accidently [and lightly] hit some patrons. After much fuss, MATILDA arrives at check-in counte.)* Excuse me.

Clerk I'm sorry madam. These people were before you.

Matilda You don't understand. This is an emergency.
Clerk *(A little perturbed)* I see. Are you ill?
Matilda No but you will be if I don't get my luggage.
Clerk *(Realises the problem)* Ah, missing luggage. *(Pointing)* Look madam, if you'll report to the desk beside the duty-free shop. *(MATILDA annoyed)*
Matilda I've been there, Stupid! I was told it'd be here in five minutes!
Clerk *(Trying to keep things calm)* Well I'm sure if you'd ...
Matilda *(Snaps at CLERK)* That was two hours ago!
Clerk *(Flustered)* Okay. Ah, look. *(To patrons)* Excuse me, sir [madam]. *(Picks up phone)* Check-in desk here. I've got a lost-luggage claim.
(CLERK mimes conversation while MATILDA addresses patrons in queue)
Matilda It's the worst airline in the country. This is the third time they've lost my luggage. Third time! Look, it's not too late to change your mind. *(To a patron)* Where are you going? *(Patron names destination. MATILDA scoffs.)* Oh not there! They flew me there last year. We had two engine failures, three-day old food and they lost my luggage four times!

(As in most cases in this play, be prepared for ad lib comments as patrons may enter into the spirit of things. MATILDA must be able to discuss her holiday if anyone asks. She should write a brief history of her disastrous holiday and have facts ready to drop if necessary. CLERK should delay replacing the receiver if MATILDA and a patron/s are involved in spirited ad lib. Once CLERK sees MATILDA has finished her tirade)

Clerk *(Replacing receiver)* Excuse me, madam.
Matilda *(Rudely to CLERK)* Oh, finished have we? Private call over? Why don't you look after your customers instead of yourself? I'm going to report you. What's your name? Ah, there it is. *(Squints trying to read name-tag)*
Clerk Madam, that was the controller and he said ...
Matilda I don't want the controller. *(Emphatic)* I want my luggage!
Clerk *(Under pressure)* Of course and we're doing everything we can to ...
Matilda Do you know what was in my luggage? Do you care? You don't care!
Clerk *(Trying to stay calm)* Please madam, if ...
Matilda *(Bores into CLERK)* Well since you don't care, let me inform you. Inside that case is my one-and-only, super-best, ritzy-titzy, *(Almost spitting the words)* stunning little black cocktail-outfit, designed I might add by none other than *(Name well-known fashion designer of after-five wear)*, and which I *(Builds in tempo and volume)* definitely, absolutely, unconditionally *(Fuming emphasis)* must wear tonight!!
Clerk *(Has lost control and signals to RED)* Yes, I quite understand, madam.
Matilda You don't understand!
Clerk *(Searching for paper)* If you'd just complete this form ...
(Hands MATILDA a sheet which she takes and angrily tears in half [quarters] and tosses at CLERK'S pathetic and embarrassed face)
Matilda *(Furious, scathing)* Forget the forms. Get my luggage!

Red *(Moving in)* All right, what's the problem here?

Matilda *(Sarcastic)* Oh no, not the sheriff.

Clerk This passenger has lost her luggage and ...

Matilda *(Furious)* I haven't lost it. *(Pointing at CLERK)* You've lost it!

Red *(Taking MATILDA's arm)* Okay madam, if you'll come with me.

Matilda *(Indignant)* How dare you! Take your hands off me - now!

Red *(Not letting go)* Not till we've had a little chat. Come on.
(MATILDA is being dragged/pulled by RED NECK. MATILDA suddenly adopts a radical change of character. Now she's desperate, pleading, begging)

Matilda Oh please, you've gotta help me!

Red *(Indicating DOOR B)* Certainly. This way.
(MATILDA, desperate, falls to her knees. Patrons will need to open out)

Matilda No, you don't understand. I've got this incredibly important date tonight and my favourite black cocktail-dress is in my case. *(Sobs)* Please, you've gotta help me!

Red *(Has no sensitivity)* Hey, come on lady! *(To patrons as he bends to help MATILDA to stand)* It's okay folks. She's had a few too many.

Matilda *(Sobbing, pleading)* No, please, help me. I must have my cocktail outfit. I've got this terribly important date.

Red *(Impatient)* Okay, that's enough. Now come on. *(MATILDA wails away)*

Clerk *(Suddenly cheerful)* Just a minute. Hold it! *(EVERYONE stops)* I know one of the *(Insert name of well-known airline)* flight attendants who's your size and has a terrific range of cocktail-outfits.

Matilda *(Recovering, ever so grateful)* Really? Truly? *(Going to CLERK)* You're not just saying that to make me happy?

Clerk No, it's true. Stunning after-five outfits.

Matilda With sequins?

Clerk *(Happily nodding)* With sequins.

Matilda *(Almost overcome)* And you think I could borrow one?

Clerk I know you could. My friend loves sharing clothes.

Matilda *(Bursting with gratitude)* Oh that's wonderful. *(To patrons)* You understand, don't you? This date is so important. *(Back to CLERK)* I just have to have that outfit and ...

Clerk *(Smiling)* Say no more. *(Nudge, wink)* I'm sure an arm can be twisted.

Matilda *(Hugging CLERK who's thrown)* Oh thank you, thank you. *(To patrons)* This is a wonderful airline. Aren't they wonderful? They've saved my life. You've made a wise choice flying with them. See how they look after their passengers. *(Continues gushing)*

Clerk *(Passing MATILDA to RED NECK)* Madam, I suggest you go with the security officer and I'll send my friend down with the dresses. It'll only be a minute or two.

Matilda *(Big kiss for CLERK)* Oh thank you. Thank you.

This Is Your Captain Speaking 14

- Red** *(Taking MATILDA'S arm) Come on, lady. This way.
(They head off towards Door B. MATILDA keeps gushing about the wonderful airline. CLERK calls next patron to the desk)*
- Clerk** Right ladies and gentlemen, let's start again, shall we?
(Suddenly MATILDA breaks free, returns to CLERK again disturbing patrons. RED NECK pushes in to take hold of MATILDA who blabs at the CLERK)
- Matilda** Please, I have to know. What's your friend's name?
- Clerk** *(Matter-of-fact)* Oh, it's Brian.
- Matilda** *(Stunned)* Sorry?
- Clerk** Brian. His name's Brian.
- Matilda** *(Another total change of character. Shocked.)* His name's Brian?
- Red** Come on madam. *(RED starts removing MATILDA who calls)*
- Matilda** *(Being escorted away)* A cocktail dress from Brian!
- Clerk** *(Calling back)* Yes, he's a lovely chap. And definitely your size.
- Matilda** *(Angry and still being "helped" by RED)* A fellah in a frock!
- Clerk** *(Calling, keen to give the news)* He's got halter-neck and strapless! Oh and a stunning chantilly-lace number. Gorgeous!
- Matilda** *(Disappearing through DOOR B protesting)* A guy in a gown! *(Louder)* A man in a mini! What a terrible airline. Never fly with them. Never!
(Last word drawn out. MATILDA and RED NECK disappear through Door B. MATILDA protesting, RED encouraging her to "come this way". All smiles, CLERK resumes handling the tickets from patrons)
- Clerk** *(To patron)* Now sir [madam], your ticket please.
(Again be prepared for ad lib comments and participation by patrons. MATILDA'S routine could be repeated if you have a large audience and can allow about fifteen minutes between her performances. Repeating it to the same people obviously won't work)

STAGE 2

(Now at a certain time, STAGE 2 of the play takes place. This involves allowing the patrons to leave the terminal [AREA A] and enter the Customs/Security section [AREA B]. You decide when to begin STAGE 2 but obviously you want to give people time to have a drink, browse in the terminal shop/s and witness some or all of the three mini-dramas already described. Don't leave patrons in the terminal too long but don't rush them through your production either. If you advertise a starting-time of say 7.30pm until 8.00pm, some patrons won't arrive until 8.00pm. This means they may miss some or all of STAGE 1 of your production. With a large crowd, you may well have patrons in AREAS A and B at the same time. When you decide to open DOOR B, begin as follows. A cleaner/handyperson places a ladder over DOOR B and washes a sign/makes minor repairs, etc. The ANNOUNCER then gives the following message which could be repeated immediately and at regular intervals if patrons are slow to leave the terminal)

Announcer Would passengers on Flight 87 with *She'll Be Wright Airlines* please go to the Customs Hall via Gate B.

(Patrons will be required to negotiate the ladder - great for the superstitious traveller. Once inside AREA B, patrons give their hand-luggage to customs officers then walk along a roped corridor. Whilst their hand-luggage is examined, patrons pass through a large frame [metal-detector] which is the first of three mini-dramas in Area B)

METAL-DETECTOR

(Each patron passes through the frame. A customs officer "selects" certain passengers, particularly those in a party of people, then activates the frame/detector. This involves lights flashing and a bell ringing. Once this happens, a customs official will ask the person to step to one side, run a geiger-counter over them and give them the all-clear)

Official Thank you, madam [sir]. You're free to go.

(Like all the mini-dramas, fun and entertainment is your aim. Don't embarrass your customers or subject them to anything which is unfair or unkind. Give them a good night out. Have fun. Ad lib if necessary but don't overdo it. And don't overdo the number of times the FRAME reacts)

EXOTIC LINGERIE

(The second mini-drama involves STICKY-BEAK who is behind a table where patrons collect their examined hand-luggage. Again don't overdo the number of times this happens but STICKY-BEAK needs to plant an item [exotic underwear, saucy publication, talcum powder, etc] in the bag containing the selected patron's container of drinks whilst the said patron is passing through the metal detector. As patron moves to collect the bag, STICKY-BEAK strikes)

Sticky Excuse me, sir [madam]. Is this your bag? *(Presumably patron says "Yes")* Can you explain why you are carrying this?

(Planted item [exotic-lingerie or other "interesting" item] is produced from bag by STICKY BEAK. Now follows ad lib situation. Don't over-do it. Keep it brief [Sorry] and fun. Once patron has denied ownership, died laughing or whatever)

Sticky I'm sorry, sir [madam]. This is a family airline and we don't allow that type of material on board. I'm confiscating this material and letting you off with just a warning. *(Handing back bag minus planted item.)* Have a nice trip and please don't try that again.

(Don't forget DOPEY'S parcel/s. STICKY BEAK needs to be told in advance which patron is carrying the suspicious parcel. STICKY BEAK stops patron and asks to see the parcel. Some patrons may choose to hand it in at the collection-point at DOOR B in which case it may be more difficult to "trap" the patron. Whatever the situation, STICKY-BEAK must get the patron to [a] admit s/he was is/was carrying it, [b] open the package [thus revealing its contents - chocolates], and [c] read aloud the attached note. Make sure the patron speaks in a loud voice. The note reads:

"This suspicious-looking parcel which I have been caught carrying, really does contain chocolates. As I've been such a good sport, the chocolates are mine to keep."

Third mini-drama in STAGE 2 involves JILL TED and/or JIGGA LOW)

JILL TED

(As patrons are about to go through the final door [Door C], again using carefully selected passengers, JILL [or JIGGA] suddenly springs out of hiding [a screen might be needed]. JILL "attacks" a male [female in JIGGA'S case] patron. Pick your passenger well. If he looks a pillar of society and is known to be happily married, this could be your target. JILL is passionate, glamorous and most definitely, "the other woman". Looking and sounding like a femme fatale, [furs, bouncing jewellery, etc] JILL launches herself at the unsuspecting patron)

- Jill** Oh Darlink, Darlink! I just had to see you!
(In JIGGA'S case, his accent could be that of a suave and passionate Frenchman. Again, ad-lib dialogue may be necessary. You don't know how your patrons will react. This mini-drama [because of the physical contact] has the potential to embarrass or offend your patrons. Perhaps the best idea is to get cast members to recommend the right targets)
- Jill** *(Smothering the patron with affection)* I know our affair iz over! I know our passion is spent but I just had to see you vun more time. Kiss me, Darlink! *(Much bigger voice and actions)* Kiss me!
(The patron will react in some way. If he/she goes along with things, JILL/ JIGGA go along with him/her. She plants a huge kiss on his face [nose, forehead, cheeks] and leaves as bright a lipstick impression as is possible. JIGGA could present his beau with a beautiful rose)
- Jill** Oh sank you, Darlink. You 'ave za fire in me lit. Your body drives me vild vid desire. *(More kisses and sounds of delight.)* I know your wife [husband] could never do za sings ve did. At least, zat's vot you told me. *(More kisses etc)* But now zat it's over, I sink I'll kill myself. Farevell you vonderful, dynamic lover! Fare ze vell!
(JILL/JIGGA delivers final passionate smooch then turns on her/his heel and exits via closest exit. Depart quickly. Now you see her/him, now you don't. Remember the aim is to create fun NOT to embarrass anyone. Be prepared to back off if the patron is upset or unwilling to be part of the fun. Done well, it should be very funny [not to mention enjoyable]. Don't, repeat, don't give the game away and tell would-be patrons what might happen to them. Getting cast members to recommend targets is a good way to make sure this skit works a treat. But if the patron is not keen, JILL/JIGGA respond as follows)
- Jill** Oh come on, Baby, don't fight it. Zis sing iz bigger zan boat of us. Ven two people are madly in love, zay must express their feelings. Please. Just for old times sake. Vun last kiss. *(JILL/JIGGA moves in and does the pecking. Don't hang around. Plant your kiss/es and depart. Sweeping away)* I'll always love you, Darlink! *(Blows a kiss)* Nobody loves like you!

(She/He is gone. What an exit! What a performance! Now the above routine can be repeated but like DOPEY, MATILDA and STICKY BEAK, don't overdo it and don't offend your customers. If an older patron is "selected", JILL or JIGGA could be more polite saying, "My darling, you have taught me the meaning of love. A man [woman] of your experience has so much to share. Ooooh!" etc.

NOTE: You shouldn't repeat the JILL/JIGGA routine if previous victims and spectators are standing near-by. You may need to start moving patrons onto the plane before another romantic salvo is fired. You may have seats in AREA B. If so, patrons can sit before boarding the plane. You may wish to move them quickly onto the plane. Timing is important. Think it through beforehand. Once you're ready to open the aircraft, you're ready for Stage 3)

STAGE 3

Announcer (AREA B only) Attention please. Passengers on *She'll Be Wright Airlines Flight 13*, your aircraft is now ready for boarding. Please go to Gate C.

(This is repeated. Staff direct patrons to DOOR C. Flight-attendants greet patrons at DOOR C and ask for tickets/boarding-passes)

Flight A'dants (All smiles) Good evening sir [madam]. Your Boarding-Pass please. *(Checking boarding-pass and indicating the steps into the aircraft)* Thank-you. This way please and have a nice flight.

(Patrons ascend the steps [or move along corridor] into plane and are directed to their seat. The CREW take their drinks [and label them] placing them on a drink-trolley OR they settle patrons, provide plastic cups and offer help with opening drinks. Nibbles are served [or paper plates provided] so patrons can help themselves to what they've brought themselves. 1st-class patrons will naturally be served quality hors d'oeuvres. As always, ad lib dialogue may well take place. Cabin staff must know details of the flight, are they on time, what's the weather like, what's to eat, etc. Make sure all this information is known. Distribute the theatre program which is also the menu and safety-card [In-Flight Magazine]. Again, spend time at rehearsals with some cast-members playing patrons for the Flight-Attendants to practise "chatting")

F.A. (To seated patron) Your in-flight magazine sir [madam].

(When all patrons are aboard, STAGE 3 begins in earnest)

FX (FX = Sound Effects) Jet engine sounds [a basic hum] will be soft but audible inside the plane and once Patrons ascend the steps.

INSIDE THE PLANE

(It's important to place the "acting" passengers in their right places. MOIRA and COLLY are in the rear of the plane [economy]. DOMINIQUE has a wealthy benefactor and travels first-class. She should also be on an aisle. FATHER is poor and travels economy, FROSTIE and ZOOM are about centre although not together. YOBBO and BARBIE, for obvious appearance reasons, need not be seen until their entrance towards the end. How you place your "passenger" actors is important. MOIRA and COLLY are a couple and can speak to one another although MOIRA does 95% of the talking. All the others should not appear to be actors. Obviously the program will give things away but don't use much make-up [if any]. Allow these characters to become passengers. Mingle. All should develop a history and be prepared to divulge same. e.g. FATHER has been on missionary duty for 35 years in a certain area and he's just been home for a family-reunion. He'll have tales a plenty of his work, his family, his favourite tippie and his great betting triumphs. ZOOM is a tourist, a visitor to these parts but he/she knows everything about this fair city. ZOOM has been to every tourist attraction you can name and is willing to explain how every photo and video shot was taken. DOMINIQUE is mysterious. She is friendly and polite but not keen to divulge her personal background.

This Is Your Captain Speaking 18

She comes from France, is an artist and this is her first child. Remember that all the actors must be prepared to ad lib their way through the play as audience-interaction will take place. BARBIE and YOBBO, if visible early on, should be almost hidden and covered up. The actors should enter at different times with the real passengers. FROSTIE is the last to arrive. He is your average friendly drunk. He's been to visit his family [he has 27 nephews and nieces] and he bought them all a present.

Whilst some [or all of your patrons] may realise the actors aren't patrons, the actors should try and blend into the crowd. They can eat, drink, read, chat and converse with attendants as if they [the actors] are patrons. The attendants are busy seating and serving passengers. Programs/menus/safety-cards [all in one] are being read and engine noises start to increase)

- FX:** Increase sounds of engine.
(FASTEN SEAT-BELT sign will flash and go "Ping". Attendants check seat-belts are fastened. Over the plane's P.A. System we hear the following)
- FX:** Tapping of microphone. It's a crummy P.A. Feedback. More tapping and blowing into microphone. *(All of this can be pre-recorded)*
- Captain** Testing, testing. One, two, three. Testing. *(Pause)* What? We're on? Are we on? Oh. Okay. Ah, good evening ladies and gentlemen. *(More distortion)* This is your Captain speaking. Welcome aboard *She'll Be Wright Airlines Flight 87*. In just a moment we'll taxi out to runway 13 prior to liftoff. Up here in the cockpit, I've got my fingers crossed and if anyone would like to borrow my rabbit's foot or rosary beads, you only have to ask. *(More distortion)* Thank you for taking a *Wright* flight. There are a couple of announcements. *(FX: Another burst of feedback)* If anyone wants some life insurance, there is an application-form in your program. Oh and there's also a special on Saint Christopher medals if anyone's interested. *(More feedback)* So there you have it. Sit back, relax and happy landings. Bye. *(CAPTAIN forgets to switch off the P.A. and we hear him thinking aloud)* Okay now, which one's the steering-wheel?
- FX** Feedback then silence. Increase sounds of engine.
(Suddenly loud cries are heard. MICKY/one/two crew move to rear of plane)
- Frostie** *(At rear, drunk, late. Calling)* Hold it! Schtop the train! *(Louder)* Schtop the train!
(Confusion/hubbub. FROSTIE enters puffing, happy, drunk and relieved to have caught his train. Throughout the entire flight, FROSTIE believes he is aboard a train. His tie is loose, some shirt buttons undone, his hair messy and he clutches a slab of cans [beer] and an inflatable toy. FROSTIE thinks his "friend" is a real living person and in his condition that's not surprising)
- Micky** Calm down, sir. You've made it. All's well.
- Frostie** We nearly missed it. We could've been stuck on that station all night!
- Micky** *(Trying to take his beer)* Yes but you did make it. Now if I could have your hand luggage.
- Frostie** Luggage!? What luggage?

- Micky** Could I see your boarding pass, sir?
- Frostie** Shertinly. Hang on, hang on. Don't you mean "ticket"?
- Micky** Boarding-pass or ticket. Whatever you have, sir.
- Frostie** *(Searching pockets)* I've got 'em here somewhere. *(Plane moves as stagehands shake it gently. FROSTIE leans off-balance and is helped by crew)* Whoa! She's started. Hey! I never heard the whistle. *(To nearby patrons)* Did you hear the whistle? *(To MICKY)* Did the driver blow his whistle?
- Micky** We don't have whistles on planes, sir. Now your ticket please.
- Frostie** Oh yeah. *(FROSTIE searches in vain)* Just a minute. *(Hands toy to patron)* Scuse me. My friend would like to sit down while I look for our tickets. Thank you. Very kind. *(More searching by FROSTIE)*
- Micky** *(Exasperated but calm, apologises to patron)* I'm terribly sorry sir, [madam] we'll have this sorted out in a moment.
- Frostie** *(Gives up, can't find it)* Can't find 'em. But it's all right. My friend must 'ave 'em. *(To toy)* Excuse me, darlin', but where are the tickets? *(To MICKY)* It's okay, she's had a bit too mush *(sic)* to drink.
- Micky** *(To patrons)* I do apologise ladies and gentlemen. This person is intoxicated and should be removed. *(To FROSTIE)* This way, sir.
(MICKY starts to escort FROSTIE and toy to his seat when plane moves again. MICKY falls against FROSTIE accidentally. MICKY is horrified, FROSTIE offended)
- Frostie** Hey, right-oh! Watch it! Listen lady, I'm already schpoken for.
- Micky** *(Annoyed but continues)* Yes all right, sir, if you'll come this way. *(MICKY leads FROSTIE [still clutching "friend"] and moves to his seat about half-way down the aisle)* Here we are, sir!
- Frostie** *(Upset)* That's only one seat!
- Micky** One seat for one passenger, sir.
- Frostie** *(Upset)* Two, you stupid conductor! I wanna seat for me friend!
- Micky** Certainly, sir. *(Takes toy)* I've a special seat for your friend back here.
(FROSTIE is helped into his seat by crew but protests. MICKY hands toy to F.A. who takes it to front of plane and into the cockpit. FROSTIE unhappy)
- Frostie** Hey! Just a ...
- Micky** Now don't worry about a thing. Your friend will have a first-class seat.
- Frostie** *(Suddenly impressed and pleased)* First-class! That's very nice.
- Micky** *(Adjusts FROSTIE's seat-belt)* Not at all, sir. All part of the service. *(Taking his drinks - slab of cans)* Let me help you with these, sir.
- Frostie** *(Angry, excited)* Hey, hey! What'ya think you're doing?
- Micky** It's all right, sir. We'll just store them for you in the bar.
- Frostie** *(Surprised)* Bar! Since when has the train to *(Name one of your local suburbs served by passenger train)* had a bar?
- Micky** I'm not sure about that but this is a plane, sir.

(MICKY gives the cans to F.A. who takes them to rear of plane. [They're for the cast-party afterwards!]) MICKY goes to mic. FROSTIE mutters to those nearby then starts to fall asleep)

Frostie The train doesn't have a bar! *(To fellow patrons)* Did you know this train had a bar? That's fantashtic... fanshastic ... ahh ... fan ...

(FROSTIE dozes off. Be careful he doesn't spoil things for those around him. He must be a friendly drunk. The plane shakes a little more and the engine noise increases. The plane is taxiing to the runway. MICKY, on the mic, addresses the company. Cabin crew take up positions along the aisle)

Micky Good evening Ladies and gentlemen. My name is Micky Phone and I'm your chief flight attendant. As we're about to take-off I'd like to draw your attention to the safety card you were given this evening. The cabin crew are about to demonstrate as I explain.

(As MICKY delivers the spiel, the crew perform the various functions of the safety equipment at various locations in the aisle. Everyone is serious even if dealing with inferior material)

Micky In the event of an emergency landing, please observe your nearest exit. These are located as indicated by the crew. *(CREW point to relevant exit. Most will be simply painted exits - they don't actually work)* Please note that only first-class passengers may use the first-class exits. *(Pause)* A life jacket is stored beneath your seat. Don't use it unless absolutely necessary. We may not have enough to go round, and Economy passengers are asked to share. Now, life-jackets operate as follows.

(CREW members have a jacket and mime the instructions. They could be real jackets or cardboard, homemade models which are useless and amusing) Unfold the jacket, place it over your head, tie the ties at the rear and pull the inflation device. Not too hard, they're likely to break.

(CREW do as told. If jackets are crummy, they will rip, tear, disintegrate, etc without CREW showing any embarrassment. It's par for the course on a Wright flight. CREW replace jackets)

If leaving by the emergency exits, remove your shoes, place your hands across your chest like this *(CREW demonstrate)* and slide down the chute feet first.

Moira *(Calling from her seat)* Excuse me!

Micky *(Ignores MOIRA)* In the event of an emergency landing

Moira *(Louder, determined)* Excuse me! *(CREW near MOIRA signal to MICKY)*

Micky *(Annoyed)* Madam, this is important. Please be quiet!

Moira *(Von't be put off)* Vot happens to my shoes?

Micky *(Calling, didn't hear)* Pardon?

Moira *(Annoyed)* You said ve had to remove our shoes. Vot happens to zem?

Micky Madam, the emergency chute enables you to safely exit the plane.

Moira *(Doesn't care about anything but her property)* I bought zeez shoes in
(Name well-know store) and I'm not leaving wizout zem!

- Frostie** *(Awoken by MOIRA)* Hey! Cut that noise. *(To those around)* Where are we? What station is this? *(Mutters)*
- Moira** *(Still calling)* Well I hope you're insured. If I lose my shoes because of some silly crash, I'll sue you for everysing. *(To patrons)* Von't ve? *(To MICKY regardless of Patrons' response)* See, zay all agree.
- F.A. 1** *(near MOIRA)* All right, madam, keep your shoes on.
- Moira** *(Angry, indicating MICKY)* She just told me to take zem off!
- Frostie** *(Angry)* Hey, lady! Hey! Keep the noise down or we'll have you put off! **F.A. 1** *(Calming situation)* Everything's okay. Please sit back and relax.
- Moira** *(Sits upset)* Keep your shoes on everyvon. I paid good money for mine. *(FROSTIE dozes off, MICKY resumes spiel. MOIRA briefly mimes her problem with a nearby F.A. and COLLY before resuming a quieter position)*
- Micky** Oxygen masks are located above your seat and these are operated like so. *(CREW with mask mime demonstration. Again, homemade masks could be hilarious)* Place the mask over your face. *(CREW demonstrate)* Breathe normally. Those passengers with infants should first attend to their own mask and then place another over the face of their child. Economy passengers who haven't got an oxygen mask, may borrow this bicycle-pump. *(MICKY holds up ancient pump. CREW remove/replace masks)* There is no smoking in the toilets. Come to think of it, there is no paper in the toilets. *(Pause for laugh?)* Please wear your selt-belt unless moving around the aircraft. Thank you. *(MICKY replaces microphone. Voice-over is heard)*
-)
- Captain** Cabin crew to take-off positions. Take-off crew to cabin positions. *(CREW move to rear or front of the plane and sit in fold-down seats. They apply their selt-belt. If you wish to be comical, you could have shoulder straps [a la public transport] drop or be pulled down from the roof and impoverished CREW take their chances in the aisle standing up and holding onto a bit of leather [more likely old rope with a knot on the end]. This is a 1 star airline! The take-off requires a gradual crescendo of sound and movement. If you have a massive budget you could do all sorts of things to simulate the take-off. Whirring lights seen through windows, the entire frame on large trucks giving a rocking sensation with even a slight tilt. But for most of us, simply increase the FX of the engine noise and have stagecrew gently shake frame. It could be sensational. Do it gradually, reach a pinnacle of sound and movement then taper off. Plane is now airborne. Keep engine-hum audible but dim. It's night outside. Once the plane levels off, Fasten Seat-Belts signs will go off. CREW will disentangle themselves and re-commence serving drinks and serving the meal. They'll take food orders if you offer a choice of dishes on your menu. MICKY has the microphone and takes control)*
- Micky** Thank you ladies and gentlemen. Very soon we'll be serving dinner. You'll find the menu in your In-Flight Magazine. *(Program)* Please continue to wear your seat-belt unless moving around the aircraft.

STAGE 4 - [The Meal]

Now begins the food part of your play. If possible, serve all three courses at once i.e. entree, main course and dessert. The easiest way is to beg, borrow or buy the food-trays used on real planes. There are spaces [hollows] for food which helps prevent unfortunate accidents. Besides, you can get the dining business over in one go. Your budget will obviously be a factor but try and make things as varied, attractive and delicious as possible. Remember to assist with drinks. Passenger-actors may eat. If you can't or don't wish to do this, use some plausible excuse e.g. FROSTIE's asleep, ZOOM goes to the toilet, MOIRA doesn't trust anyone else's food and has brought her own [and COLLY'S]. DOMINIQUE is having a slight bout of evening-sickness [it's morning where they're heading] and could she have her meal a little later. The acting begins in earnest soon so it's best to do nothing [acting-wise] for the time it takes people to consume their meal. Don't rush. Once the eating has begun, another VOICE-OVER is heard.

Captain Good evening ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. *(Short burst of static/feedback)* We've now reached 22,000 feet and are cruising at 650 kilometres an hour. Mind you, all this pedalling is damn hard work. Our estimated time of arrival in *(Name destination)* is 8am local time and the forecast is for fine and sunny weather. I'll have more details a little later and in the meantime, enjoy your meal. Oh, and the paper-bags are free. Over!

STAGE 5 - [The Play on the Plane]

(Once the meal is almost complete and the CREW have commenced removing trays, DOMINIQUE beckons to a member of the CREW)

F.A. 1 Yes madam.

Dominique *(Beckons and F.A. 1 bends down)* I'm not feeling well. Could I lie down?

F.A. 1 Of course, madam. What seems to be the problem?

Dominique I sink I can feel my baby.

F.A. 1 *(Wanting to keep this quiet)* I'm sure it's just a normal feeling.

(Beckons to MICKY who arrives. F.A. 1 whispers to MICKY who is concerned but doesn't show it. MICKY then discreetly talks to DOMINIQUE)

Micky Good evening, madam. A little uncomfortable are we?

Dominique I sink my baby is moving.

Micky Just the plane, madam. *(Trifle worried)* Ah, we were told you're not due for at least five weeks.

Dominique Zat iz true but ... *(Grabs her swollen body)* Oh! Zere it is again!

Micky *(To F.A. 1)* Prepare the bed. *(F.A. 1 moves UL and prepares a fold-out bed. MICKY helps DOMINIQUE to her feet)* Right madam. Let's find you a more comfortable seat. This way. *(DOMINIQUE is led forward and lies on the bed with a blanket over her. She is not easily seen but many will have watched her being helped down the aisle. The remaining food trays are removed and coffee is served)*

NOTE: You may wish to serve coffee at a later stage although it is probably better to get everything out of the way so the actors can concentrate on acting.

Crew More coffee, madam? [sir] Hope you enjoyed your meal, sir [madam] ... Our in-flight movie will be starting very soon The movie information is contained in your flight information brochure, sir. etc

(The movie listed can be a real one that is recent and has received considerable publicity but don't advertise this movie in your publicity for the show. Once coffee has been served [time for seconds?] the trays should be removed and passengers allowed to let their meal digest. Well a little anyway. Those who finish their meal early could be offered current magazines. Hot, moist hand-towels could be distributed. With the meal completed, CREW replenish passengers' drinks [if necessary], retrieve towels, collect magazines and pull down screen [UC] in front of plane. Lights slowly dim. Don't rush things. Remember that patrons may wish to visit the toilet at any time so be prepared to direct such people and get used to having them in your aisle!

Now to the movie. This should be an hilarious time in your play. Patrons have been entertained in the terminal and security-area and have had a brief bit of fun with some of their fellow-passengers. A sumptuous feast has been consumed. Now for some different but delightful entertainment. Once the lights are dimmed the movie begins. Roll your video-tape. The patrons will have read about the available movies in the In-Flight Magazine [Program] and now the well-known movie-studio fanfare/logo is seen and heard. This is for real. This is going to be great. Suddenly the opening-credits give way to a series of numbers - a countdown. These numbers are for the projectionist but they now appear for your patrons. Just as we get to the end of the numbers and, we hope and assume, the beginning of the movie, the projector breaks down. If you include "sound winding down" noises and even show the film "burning", you will have done well. Instead of numbers and burning, you can record some static.

Pause. Screen goes blank. Some CREW dart up the aisle and fiddle with apparatus which is a machine, out-of-sight UR near MICKY'S mic. [On planes the equipment is often near the screen.] Suddenly the film lurches into life again. A jerky start and we get the same routine but in reverse order i.e. the countdown of numbers followed by the well-known opening theme and credits of a popular movie studio. Then the slowing down, flickering screen, blotches, etc [static] and finally nothing. Oh boy! What a mess! MICKY goes to apparatus and with other CREW we see them gesticulating and arguing over the useless equipment. They finally agree on a strategy, move away from the projector and the lights slowly come up. MICKY grabs the mic)

Micky Ladies and gentlemen, we apologise for the delay with our movie. We have a minor technical fault. Things will be repaired very soon and in the meantime our crew will offer you some reading material. I'm sure you'll enjoy our comprehensive range of modern magazines.

(CREW move along the aisle offering an assortment of very old publications, e.g. knitting patterns circa 1950, meccano model-making circa 1960, National Geographics circa 1940. Your local doctor or dentist will have plenty of these "up-to-date" publications. Obviously this is meant as a bit of a laugh and should not be overlong. The magazines are distributed and no sooner have patrons enjoyed a few giggles than lights start to dim and the CREW collect the magazines)

- Crew** Thank you, madam ... The movie's just about to start ... I'll keep it for you, sir ... You can have it back as soon as the movie finishes ... *etc*
(The lights dim, the screen is lit by the projector's light and we get another re-run of the well-known movie theme, countdown of numbers then ANOTHER break-down. Again MICKY and some CREW go to projector.
They mime dispute. They separate and the lights come up again. Red faces all round. MICKY goes to the mic)
- Micky** Ladies and gentlemen, please accept our apologies for this break in transmission. It appears our movie has been damaged. *(Actors playing passengers "ahhh" disappointment)* We'll find something else. In the meantime ...
- Zoom** Excuse me.
- Micky** ... we're working as fast as we can. The crew will again distribute some of our wonderful magazines.
(CREW in mild panic scurry to collect/distribute magazines. ZOOM stands)
- Zoom** *(Rising, louder)* I say, excuse me. I can help.
- Micky** *(Moving to ZOOM)* Yes sir. What's the problem?
- Zoom** No, I can help you. I've got a movie in my bag. Right here.
- Micky** That's very kind of you, sir [madam] but I'm sure we can ...
- Zoom** *(Happily offers tape)* It's fantastic. Only took it yesterday.
- Micky** *(Still politely refusing)* Really sir, it doesn't matter.
- Moira** *(Calling)* Vere's da movie. Ve vant da movie. *(CREW go to calm MOIRA)*
- Zoom** *(Insisting to MICKY)* You'll love it. Here, take it!
(ZOOM thrusts tape at MICKY who reluctantly takes it. MOIRA is stirring)
- Moira** I paid to see da movie. Ve all did! *(Out in the aisle)* Hands up all zose who vant to see da movie. *(All the actors [not CREW] raise a hand and with MOIRA'S urging so too will some of the passengers. MOIRA starts a chant with handclap. The passenger actors join in)* Ve [We] vant [want] da movie! Ve vant da movie! *(The chant builds. ZOOM's giving it full backing. MICKY and CREW are overpowered. MICKY appeals for silence)*
- Micky** All right, silence. *(MICKY roars)* Silence! *(Noise abates. MICKY embarrassed at her yelling)* One of our passengers, ah, ...
- Zoom** *(Bursting with pride)* Zoom. Call me Zoom.
- Micky** *(Not sure about this idea)* Ah, Mister [Ms] Zoom, has offered his movie.
- Passengers** Hooray! *(Much cheering/clapping from actors [and maybe others])*
- Zoom** *(Calling)* I just finished it today.
- Moira** *(Calling)* Put it on. Ve paid for da movie. Show it! *(OTHERS agree)*
- Micky** *(Calling over their noise)* All right, we'll have Zoom's movie.
(Much clapping. MICKY hands tape to CREW member who takes it to projector. ZOOM hops to the front of plane, thrilled. ZOOM addresses crowd)
- Zoom** Ah ladies and gentlemen, thank you. I guess you'd like to know a little about my movie. You see photography is one of my hobbies.

Well *the* hobby actually. I got a box brownie as a kid and that was it. I was hooked. Today though things are so advanced. For instance, I'm using extinction meters on my spectroheliograph and my hyperfocal distance diffuser is totally isochromatic. Can you believe that?

Frostie S'down ya mug or we'll call the conductor!

Father *(An aside)* Wot da hell's 'e talkin' about?

(MICKY & CREW continue to set up tape. ZOOM sees this and continues. Oh boy! Aren't we lucky!)

Zoom I think you'll enjoy my grainy, out-of-focus footage. It's quite deliberate. I've overexposed, stopped down, solarised, intensified, contrated, de-fogged and de-tinted the halftones, and slipped in some vignetting on the orthochromatics and infra-reds.

Molly *(Angry)* Got on viz it! *(Acting passengers agree)*

Zoom I haven't had time to edit as yet but when I do ...

Micky *(Going to ZOOM)* Thank you, sir. We're ready to roll.

Zoom *(Protesting)* But I haven't explained my exposure factor or

(CREW and others "shhh" ZOOM. Protesting, he is "escorted" to his seat. The lights dim and the film rolls. This is where the actors will have to be busy BEFORE the play is performed. A member of the company with a video-camera will film some the sights around the town/suburb where your play is being performed. ZOOM is not a wonderful film-maker. By including local people and local places, those in the audience will find it more interesting. ZOOM can appear on several occasions. He often waves to camera. He poses in popular tourist places and often makes a fool of himself. The movie has touches of slapstick/comedy a la Benny Hill or Mel Brooks. ZOOM falls down, cops a pie in face, causes traffic-jam, causes a loaded pram/wheel-chair to run away, offends people unintentionally, etc. It doesn't need to well filmed because ZOOM is an amateur but a clever and witty five to ten-minute video should bring the plane [house] down. This part of the play requires one or more of your company's budding film-makers. Basic equipment is all that is required. NOTE: If making a video-home-movie is too much trouble, ZOOM could show some of his slides. These would feature local people, places etc. Simply change the dialogue slightly to announce slides rather than the movie. Once the movie is over, bring up the lights. ZOOM hops out the front to take a bow. Lots of clapping by the actors with the patrons hopefully joining in)

Zoom *(Thrilled)* Thank you, thank you ladies and gentlemen.

Micky Thank you, sir. You've saved the show.

Zoom *(Wants to hog the limelight)* Now that's not all. I also take slides.

(Groans from CREW/"acting" passengers. "not slides". Panic from MICKY)

Micky *(Using polite force)* Why don't you sit down and we'll get you a lovely drink. *(MICKY beckons to CREW members who escort ZOOM to his seat)*

Zoom *(Protesting)* But I've got 6000 slides. Trees, statues, churches, wildflowers. You'll love 'em.

(F.A. 1 goes to MICKY. They converse. MICKY upset)

- F.A. 2** (To ZOOM) Thank you sir. Here's your seat.
- Zoom** (To anyone) But you'll love my slides. Only 6000. Or maybe 7000. It won't take long. They're beautiful!
- (F.A. 2 hands ZOOM a drink and may need to force-drink him. Finally the enthusiastic but boring film-maker is silenced. During this business, MICKY has taken over the mic)
- Micky** (Nervous) Ah, ladies and gentlemen, as this is normally our movie time, we'll dim the lights and close the blinds so you can all go to sleep.
- Frostie** I can't go to sleep. I'll miss me station.
- Micky** Don't worry, sir. We'll wake you.
- Moira** (Calling) Ve don't vont to sleep. (To OTHERS) Do ve?
- Others** (Acting passengers [and anyone else]) No!
- Micky** (Nervous anger) Well you have to. (Shouts an order) Everyone go to sleep! (Turning to CREW) Lights!
- (Lights dim. CREW could pull down shutters on windows if shutters exist or sticky-tape shutters to windows on this very cheap plane. Suddenly cock-pit door opens and CAPTAIN MYOPIC enters. It's dim and we can't quite see him. CREW nearly die. He bubbles with insanity)
- Captain** Well, hi ho everybody! This is your captain speaking!
- Micky** (On mic, uncertain) Ah, ladies and gentlemen. Apologies for the interruption. Please resume your sleep.
- Captain** (Shocked) Sleep! (Is grabbed by CREW) Hey! What's goin' on? Hey!
(Protesting, CAPTAIN bundled back to cockpit. MICKY calms passengers)
- Micky** (On mic) We do apologise, ladies and gentlemen. Please resume your sleep.
- Zoom** (Calling, Indignant curiosity) Just a minute! Who was that man?
- Micky** Eye-shades sir? (To CREW) Eye-shades for the gentleman.
(CREW member moves to/takes eye-shades to ZOOM who will have none of it)
- Zoom** No! Get off. I saw you assault someone. We all saw it. (To patrons) Didn't we?
- Passengers** (Actors [and others]) Yes! ... I saw it! ... etc
- Moira** Who voz zat man?!
- Zoom** Yes! Who was he? Maybe he wants to see my slides.
- Micky** (Trying to quell the riot) Oh that man. Oh ... he's ... he's just one of the crew.
- Father** Well what's he doing'in da front of da plane?
- Micky** Doing? Ah, he helps a bit at the pointy end.
- Moira** (Shouting) He's da captain! He's flying da plane!
(Big reaction from passengers. "Flying the plane!" "He can't be!" "He is!")
- Zoom** (Calling) Tell us who he is!
- Passengers** (Actors [and others?]) Yes! Who is he? ... Tell us! ... etc

- Micky** *(Calling for calm)* Okay, okay! I'll tell you. Please be quiet. *(Gradually noise stops)* Thank you. Yes, it's true. That was our captain. *(Hubbub from actors)* And what you saw was just a little game.
- Father** Didn't look like a game to me.
- Moira** Ve vant za Captain. *(She starts a chant which others take up)* Ve vant za Captain. *(The chant builds and MICKY calls for calm)*
- Micky** All right! Silence! *(Louder)* Silence.
(The chant continues. MICKY looks worried then nods to CREW. They open door and CAPTAIN falls out. Huge cheer and clapping from passengers. CAPTAIN takes a bow, lapping it up with glee)
- Captain** *(Bowing, waving)* Thank you. Thank you.
(MICKY and CREW are nervous and worried. Gradually the noise subsides)
- Micky** Ladies and gentlemen, our Captain.
- Captain** Good evening ladies and gentlemen. It sure is nice to see you all tonight. *(Turns to MICKY)* Seems pretty dark in here.
- Micky** *(Soft voice)* Ah yes, Captain. The passengers are asleep.
- Captain** *(Shocked)* Asleep!
- Micky** Yes, sir. You always come out when they're asleep. Remember?
- Captain** Oh yes. Well, how about this time we wake them up.
- Zoom** *(Calling)* We are awake!
- Captain** *(Excited)* Did you hear that? They're awake. *(Calls and waves a la pantomime)* Hello!
- Passengers** *(Actors [and others?] like kids at panto)* Hello!
- Captain** *(Louder)* Oh hello!
- Passengers** *(They're drunk, they'll do anything. Echo)* Oh hello!
- Captain** *(Excited)* This is fantastic. Someone turn up the lights.
- Micky** *(Very worried)* No, Captain. Not the lights! They're asleep.
- Captain** No they're not. They're awake. *(Louder)* Turn up the lights.
- Micky** But Captain, you never have the lights.
(MOIRA starts a clap/chant which is taken up by the other actor-passengers)
- Moira** Ve vant za lights! Ve vant za lights! *(Continues)*
- Captain** *(To MICKY with MOIRA'S accent)* See! Zay vant za lights!
(MICKY reluctantly turns up lights [or nods to someone] and the lights come up. CAPTAIN is wearing thick glasses [bottoms of milkbottles], his tie is crooked, his cap not straight and he carries a white cane. Passengers stunned. Chant gives way to shock)
- Captain** *(Delighted)* There you are. Now, where was I? *(CREW are quietly dying)* My name is Captain Myopic and, yes, I'm in charge of this aircraft. No, don't laugh, it's true. When people ask me what I do for a living, I tell them I'm a pilot. And you know what? It always get a laugh. Now, how are things going?

- Micky** *(Taking his arm)* Everything's fine, Captain but we're sorry you have to return to the cockpit.
- Captain** *(Getting a little shirty)* Easy. Don't rush me. *(To patrons)* Did you enjoy your meal? *(This is a warm-up routine)* I can't hear you. *(C'TAIN cups his ear and encourages patrons to call even louder)* Pardon? *(Whatever they say his response is as follows)* That's nice. And I'll bet you loved the movie. *(MICKY moves quickly to CAPTAIN)* What about the part where ... *(MICKY whispers the story of the movie disaster. He's shocked)* No movie! But that's terrible. They must have entertainment. *(Suddenly excited)* I know. I'll tell 'em some jokes. *(CREW are mortified. MICKY nearly dies)*
- Micky** No! I mean, isn't it time you checked your radar?
- Captain** *(Brushing MICKY aside)* Radar! Who needs that? I just follow my nose. *(Laughs)* No, the only thing I've got to worry about is *(Tapping his chest)* my pacemaker! *(He taps once too often and suddenly goes all feint. He is caught by MICKY and CREW who hold him and start to drag him back to his cabin. He groans then recovers just at the cabin-door)* No! Wait! *(He forces his way back to address passengers)* Yes folks, last month I had a triple by-pass and this machine's goin' like a rocket. *(Looking at watch very close to face)* What time is it? I need some new batteries. Maybe my heart's stopped. Someone tell me when the big hand gets to the top. *(He pats his pace-maker, coughs slightly and looks groggy and, as CREW move in, he suddenly comes "alive" again and launches into his routine)* Now, what's this about no entertainment? We can't have that. It's joke-time, folks. Did you hear about the Irish [or Polish or Jewish or Australian or ...] parachute team? The parachutists landed safely but they lost the plane! Ah, ha, ha! *(etc as CAPTAIN splits his sides)*
- Micky** *(On mic trying to get rid of him)* Thank you Captain. And now ladies and gentlemen, the crew will distribute some more of our wonderful magazines.
(CREW hardly start before CAPTAIN grabs mic and takes control)
- Captain** Magazines! *(To patrons)* We don't want to read, do we? *(Regardless of response)* Of course not. No! Let's have a ball! *(Gets a brainwave)* Hey! How about a singalong? *(To MICKY)* C'mon Micky, get the gang going.
(MICKY is fuming, despairing and dying but has to play along. She and CREW gather in the performing area and a portable piano [electric keyboard] is produced. You could use a guitar, piano-accordion and simple percussion instruments. Or why not a complete jazz band! You'll need a talented crew for this show! CAPTAIN loves the atmosphere. Music could be pre-recorded)
- Captain** *(As reluctant crew gather behind him)* Now don't ever say flying ain't fun. And *She'll Be Wright Airlines'll* give you the flight of your life. Okay, what'll it be? *Show Me The Way To Go Home? Fly Me To The Moon. Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines?*

C'mon folks. Grab a song-sheet and let's hear you sing!!

(Begin sing-a-long. CREW distribute lyrics, CAPTAIN conducts and away we go! The lyrics could be part of program, on slides on screen or on large sheets/cards. CAPTAIN could point at the words [a touch incorrectly, he's short-sighted] and it's follow-the-bouncing-stick. Stick doubles as baton. You must use well-known songs. This is the music-hall segment of your play. Learn when to call it quits. It's better to have a short burst of several songs rather than one or two which go on for hours. Funny lyrics to well-known tunes are winners. Even songs where patrons have to stand at various times or join hands with those around them. Here are examples. Why not produce some of your own?)

Raspberry Jam

To the Tune of "John Brown's Body"

We jumped without a parachute from forty-thousand feet [3 times]
And we ain't gonna jump no more.
Glory, glory what a hell of a way to fly! [3 times]
And we ain't gonna jump no more!
They scraped us off the tarmac like a blob of raspberry jam [3 times]
And we ain't gonna jump no more!
They stuck us in a Choc'late-box upon the mantelpiece [3 times]
And we ain't gonna jump no more!

Up, Up, Pilot, Keep It Up!

To the tune of "Comin' Round the Mountain"

We'll be flyin' o'er the mountain when we come [2 times]
We'll be flyin' o'er the mountain, we'll be flyin' o'er the mountain
We'll be flyin' o'er the mountain when we come.
Singing up, Mister Pilot, keep it up [2 times]
Singing up Mister Pilot, keep it up Mister Pilot
Singing up Mister Pilot, keep it up!
We'll be flyin' over (Your town/city/suburb) when we come [2 times]
We'll be flyin' over, we'll be flyin' over
We'll be flyin' over when we come.
Singing up, Mister Pilot etc

There's a queue for the toilet when we fly [2 times]
There's a queue for the toilet, there's a queue for the toilet
There's a queue for the toilet when we fly.
Keep it straight Mister Pilot, keep it straight [2 times]
Keep it straight Mister Pilot, keep it straight Mister Pilot
Keep it straight Mister Pilot, keep it straight.
We'll be dining while we're flying when we come [2 times]

We'll be dining while we're flying, we'll be dining while we're flying
We'll be dining while we're flying when we come.
Singing up Mister Pilot, bring it up [*2 times*]
Singing up Mister Pilot, Singing up Mister Pilot
Singing up Mister Pilot, bring it up!

Steward, Steward
To the Tune of "Daisy"

Steward, steward, bring me a paper-bag
I'm quite woo-sey, hope that it's just jet-lag.
My dinner I have to spurn it, I think I might return it
So please be quick, cos I feel sick
And I do need a paper-bag!

Till We Reach The Ground
To the tune of "Till We Meet Again"

Smile all while the plane is in the air
As we're up we haven't any care
See the engine's not on fire and there's air in every tyre
Seatbelt-signs all ping so merrily
Every bump is not catastrophe
Just turn your knuckles white with me
Till we reach the ground.

Flights
To the tune of "Smiles"

There are flights that make us nervous
There are flights that make us blue
There are flights that set our pulses racing
There are flights that send us to the loo
There are flights that make us turn religious
With a prayer, some sweating and a frown
But the flights that make our hearts so happy
Are the flights that just make it down.

In The Front of a Passenger Plane
To the tune of "In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree"

In the front of a passenger plane
Where the rich people sit and complain

They recline in a suite, with an acre for feet
And beside them a whisky that's neat
In Economy nothing's humane
There's a queue to the loo that's a pain
So if you've got a thirst or are busting to burst
Try the front of a passenger plane.

Flying In The Morning

To the tune of "Carolina In The Morning"

Nothing sets me glowing than a-flyin' in a Boeing in the morning
Never want to stoppa when I'm flyin' in a chopper in the morning
When the wind gets tricky, blowing like a gale
I never take a sickie, I never want to sail
Even Geoffrey Chaucer flew to Canterbury by saucer in the morning
At da Magna Carta Prince John booked himself a charter-flight at dawning
If I had a UFO for only a while, I'd hitch a ride and sing with a smile
Nothing sets me glowing than a-flyin' in a Boeing in the morning.

(Your singalong should be fun. A musician can easily string the numbers together to form a medley. Use singable keys. Some of the shorter songs can easily be repeated. CREW should join in with gusto. Rehearse the songs with the cast before your production. Don't forget to use some of your own ditties. You could even include a variety item or two. Use your talented performers - vocalist, juggler, instrumentalist, etc, this is the time to give them a go. Sing up! Once the sing-a-long is over, CAPTAIN congratulates patrons on their splendid singing)

Captain Fantastic. Give yourselves a nice big clap! *(EVERYONE applauds)* Time I checked on the other pilot. He's name is Auto Matic. Get it?? *(Laughs)* See you all later. Bye!

(Continues calling amd waving as he exits. CREW are relieved and resume serving drinks. No sooner has he departed than DOMINQUE begins to groan. Softly at first but then the noises increase. MICKY on mic)

Micky Well ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure you didn't mind our little bit of fun. *(Groans get louder)* He's not really the captain so you won't have to tell anyone about our games. *(Hoping)* Okay?

Dominique *(Gasping)* Help me! Help!

Micky That's all the fun for this flight. Now you really can go to sleep.

Dominique *(Sitting up and screaming)* I'm having my baby!

(Panic. DOMINQUE continues to call news. MICKY drops mic in disbelief and horror. CREW members rush from everywhere, gather around the distressed/emotional mother-to-be. Everyone talks at once. Controlled ad lib)

Crew Take it easy ... You'll be all right ... Where's the pain? ... Get some pillows! ... Get a doctor ... It's not due for six weeks! ... etc

(MICKY has collapsed against the plane in shock. What is happening to my nice clean plane? During CREW'S comments, DOMINIQUE continues to state the obvious and answer questions. Suddenly MICKY regains composure and breaks in on the others)

Micky All right, settle down. *(OTHERS quieten and move back)* Now madam, what seems to be the trouble?

Dominique *(Reasoned, calm but serious)* My baby is coming.

Micky Nonsense. I warned you about the scallops.

Dominique It's kicking. Boom, boom, boom.

F.A. 1 We need a doctor. *(Panics)* Oh my God! *(Is helped by other CREW)*

Micky *(Taking control)* Stay calm! Everyone! *(Turns to patrons and appears totally relaxed)*
Good evening ladies and gentlemen. We appear to have a minor problem with one of our passengers. Nothing to worry about.

Dominique *(Calls loudly from behind MICKY)* I'm having a baby! Ahhh!
(CREW fuss, freeze and faint. MICKY momentarily thrown but is soon back into stride)

Micky And I wonder if we have a doctor on board.
(Now if there is a real medico as one of your patrons and he/she speaks up, you have a minor problem. Thank them, prepare to use them but, as they will soon see, their services won't be required. From the rear of the plane comes a loud and excited voice)

Moira Here! Here's a doctor! *(MOIRA grabs COLLY'S hand and drags him down the aisle)* My son is a doctor. He can do anything. Here, my son!
(MOIRA continues to sing her son's praise. He struggles and protests. Their dialogue overlaps)

Colly Mother! Stop! ... This is crazy! ... Mother! *etc*
(They carry on down the aisle, she proclaiming, he protesting)

Moira Here, zis is my boy. Not Mister. Doctor! Doctor Coddle. *(Ad libbing continues with references to COLLY)* Come on, my son. *(Announcing)* Make way for za doctor! *(And COLLY continues to struggle and protest)*

Colly Mother! ... You're making a fool of me! Mother! *etc*
(Finally they reach the performing area. MICKY is delighted to welcome them)

Micky Welcome, welcome! Thank you, thank you so much.

Moira *(To MICKY)* Zis is my boy. He's a doctor.

Colly I'm not. There's been a mistake.

Moira *(To PATRONS)* Zis is my boy. He's a doctor!

Micky Right, Doctor. Over here, please.
(MICKY takes COLLY'S arm but he pulls back in dismay and anger)

Colly No! Stop! I'm not a doctor!

Micky *(Louder, angry)* But she said you are a doctor.

Moira *(Insisting)* He is a doctor.

Colly That's only partly correct.

Dominique *(Groaning)* My baby! My baby!

Micky *(Shouting)* Are you a doctor?
Colly *(Shouting back)* Yes ... and no! *(CREW are going crazy)*
Moira *(Can match their volume)* Of course he's a doctor!
Colly *(Loud and frustrated)* A Doctor of Philosopy!
Dominique *(More insistent)* My baby! My baby!
Micky *(Grabbing COLLY)* That'll do. Over here.
Colly *(Being press-ganged, protesting)* A doctor of marine biology!
Moira *(Never so proud)* Listen. Zis is my boy.
Micky Just think of the baby as an octopus!
Colly *(Not wanting to be involved)* I can't!
Dominique It's coming! It's coming!
Micky *(Turning on MOIRA)* You said he was a doctor.
Moira *(Gives as good as she gets)* He is a doctor!
Micky *(Furious)* Medical doctor! Medical!
Moira *(Knows she's right)* You called for a doctor.
Colly *(Almost angry at his mother)* Mother!
Moira *(Snaps at her son)* Keep out of it! *(COLLY goes quiet, looks helpless)*
Dominique Ohhh! *(CREW look back at MICKY in desperation)*
F.A. 1 *(Upset)* Do something!
Colly It's all a mistake. I'm an expert in microscopic marine creatures.
Micky *(Grabbing COLLY)* Well this one's grown a bit!
Colly *(Being pushed by MICKY)* What!?! *(Drawn out)* No!
Moira *(Thrilled. Drawn out)* Yes! *(To patrons)* He's my boy! *(To the heavens)* He's my boy!
(Great hubbub. EVERYONE gathers round DOMINIQUE. She groans, COLLY protests, the CREW urge him on and MOIRA laps it all up out front)
Colly *(Petrified)* I can't do it!
Dominique *(About to deliver)* It's coming!
Crew Do it!
Moira That's my boy!

(Suddenly the attention is switched up the aisle. FROSTIE has woken up and thinks he's missed his station. He stands, with difficulty, and wants to know where he is. The maternity activities continue but must not upstage FROSTIE who takes control of the plot. The plot?!)

Frostie Hey! Where are we? Have we passed? *(Insert name of railway station near to play's location)* I've gotta get off at *(FROSTIE is getting no joy. He turns to male patron)* Excuse me, madam. What's the next station, please? *(Patrons should by now be beyond offence. FROSTIE wanders down the aisle calling "Conductor". He stops next to a female patron)* Excuse me, sir. Don't I know you? Listen, as one gentleman to another, is this the last train tonight?

(FROSTIE doesn't dwell but continues lurching [sensibly] along the aisle. His cries now mingle with the hubbub in the maternity wing centre-stage)

Frostie Conductor! Excuse me, conductor! ... Stop the train! ... *(He stops a few seats from the front and looks at the side of the plane)* Where's the brake? This train's out of control. *(He moves into the seats without stepping on patrons)* Excuse me, sir ... I mean madam! Lovely moustache madam ... I mean sir! ... Must get the emergin ... emrgin ... the 'mergency brake. *(FROSTIE leans across the last patron and pulls down a window shade or similiar)* That's it! I've stopped the train. *(Calls as he re-traces [carefully] his steps)* Hold tight everyone. I've just pulled the imaginary brake! *(sic. Once he's in the aisle, he prepares himself for the sudden braking of the train)* Now hold tight. We're going to ... *(Falling forward as if the plane [train] has suddenly braked)* ... stoooooop!!
(FROSTIE crashes to the floor just short of the CREW. They're too busy being midwives. MOIRA gives FROSTIE a helping hand)

Moira *(Helping FROSTIE arise)* Are you all right, sir? *(FROSTIE mumbles)* If you're hurt in any way, my son can help. *(Proud - again!)* He's a doctor!

Frostie *(On his pins)* Thank you, madam. I want the conductor. Are you the conductor?

Moira *(Proudly pointing to huddle)* He's just delivering a baby.

Frostie Does he deliver pizzas?

Dominique *(Calling loudly)* And another!

Crew *(Aghast)* Twins!!

Moira *(Thrilled. Grabs FROSTIE and plants huge kiss on his cheek)* That's my boy - he's a doctor!

Frostie *(Confused, hopeful)* Fascinating! Are you always on this train, madam?

Moira *(Ignores FROSTIE, addresses Patrons)* If anyone is feeling sick, my boy is here. Anyone? Ve can do you a special price. Any coughs?

(MOIRA wanders up aisle asking if anyone wants to be cured. CAPTAIN enters from cockpit and prepares to make announcement. FROSTIE recovers and starts to go after MOIRA. Suddenly he stops. CREW are busy with DOMINIQUE. FROSTIE has spotted CAPTAIN.)

Frostie Hey! It's the driver. *(Definite and loud)* Oh driver!

(CREW spin round. Pause. Silence. DOMINIQUE is left alone with COLLY)

Micky *(Worried)* Captain!

Captain I've got a very important announcement.

Micky *(Going to CAPTAIN)* Not now, sir. We're busy.

Captain *(Ignores MICKY)* I've just been reading last week's paper *(Holds up newspaper)* and it says we're going to have some storms.

(Passengers and crew react. Nervous tension)

Micky Stay calm everyone. *(To CAPTAIN)* Come along, Captain. Back to the cockpit.

- Captain** But we're going to have some really rough weather. (*Hubbub*) It says so here in last week's paper.
- Micky** Carry on everyone. (*Helping CAPTAIN out of sight*)
- Captain** (*Calling*) Oh and we've only got ten minutes worth of fuel left.
- Crew** What!?! (*Distress amongst crew and passengers*)
- Micky** Ten minutes of fuel. But we're twenty minutes from the airport. (*Hubbub*)
- Frostie** We can get some more at the next station.
- Dominique** My babies.
- Moira** My son is a doctor.
- Captain** It's the price. I simply refuse to pay *ninety cents [pence] a litre [gallon]. (**insert current price of petrol/gas in your town*) It's outrageous.
- Micky** You mean you didn't fill the tanks before we took off?
- Captain** I'm not made of money. We'll just have to land at (*Insert town about 200 miles/kilometres from where play is performed*)
- Everyone**! (*They repeat name of town named by the Captain*)
- Captain** You can walk home from there. The exercise will do you good!
(*Uproar from EVERYONE. "Have to walk!" "I paid to go to" "You must be mad!" etc.*)
- F.A. 1** We could make it home if we lightened the plane.
- Colly** You'll need to jettison some cargo.
- Moira** That's right. Listen to my boy. He's a doctor.
- Micky** This is a passenger plane. The only cargo we have is the passengers' luggage.
- Moira** Not my shoes.
- Captain** I've already dumped that and the drinks' trolley. (*Reaction*)
- Frostie** Not the drinks' trolley.
- Captain** We can still make it if we lose just a few more things.
- Zoom** Not my cameras.
- Dominique** I need my supply of nappies [*diapers*].
- Micky** Is anyone willing to donate something to help lighten the plane.
- Yobbo** I will. (*Applause from passengers*)
- Captain** That's very generous of you, madam (*sic*). Please come forward.
(*YOBBO is a huge man. Much padding required. He lurches to the front. Passengers pat him, congratulate him as he passes to the front*)
- Micky** Well done, sir. What can you donate to lighten the plane?
- Yobbo** Well I've got several lead weights in my shoes to stop me toppling over.
- Captain** Lead weights! (*Hubbub*)
- Micky** That could make all the difference. Anything else?
- Yobbo** Ah then there's the dumb-bells I keep in my pockets to strengthen my hands for gripping several donuts at once.

- Captain** Dumb-bells! (*Hubbub*)
- Micky** Oh that's very generous of you, sir. (*To passengers*) Isn't that generous? (*Applause*)
- Captain** Now is there anyone else?
- F.A. 1** Captain, we haven't got much time. We'll be out of fuel in five minutes. Let's just dump this man's things now.
- Captain** Please, let's not be hasty. Everyone deserves the chance to help. Is there anyone else?
- Barbie** I can help. (*More applause*)
- Micky** Excellent. Please come forward. But quickly.
(*BARBIE comes forward. She is a slim, stunning model wearing a lightweight, smallish outfit*)
- Barbie** I would like to help in any way I can. I like little children, flowers and butterflies and I want to end world poverty. (*Oh, gosh, she's wonderful*)
- Captain** Thank you. Now (*Indicating YOBBO*) this passenger has offered to donate lead weights and dumb-bells. What would you like to donate?
- Barbie** Well I don't have much. I could donate this tiny outfit I'm wearing.
- Micky** That's not heavy. That won't lighten the plane.
- Colly** It does have relative weight. By removing her outfit there would be an immediate reaction in several parts of the plane.
- Moira** Colly. Go and sit down. (*COLLY is drooling*)
- Captain** I think that sounds very interesting.
- Zoom** Where's my camera?
- F.A. 1** We're running out of time, Captain. Just take both offers.
- Captain** I think we should do this democratically. We'll take a vote. It's between this gentleman's offer of lead weights and heavy dumb-bells and this lady's offer of her extremely lightweight ... what is that material?
- Barbie** Chiffon I think. It's made without injuring any animals.
- Captain** And this lady's offer of her tiny, lightweight chiffon outfit. And a very generous offer too if I may say so.
- Micky** Captain. The plane is about to run out of fuel.
- Captain** Oh yes. So who votes we dump the lead weights and dumb-bells? (*The CREW vote for this but CAPTAIN quick to move to second offer*) And who votes for this charming passenger to donate her clothes?

(AS many of the acting PASSENGERS as possible vote enthusiastically for BARBIE. FROSTIE, ZOOM and COLLY are enthusiastic for BARBIE with MOIRA alarmed at COLLY'S new found interest in sex)

- Micky** Captain. Can we please get moving?
- Captain** Of course. Well it seems the young lady has won the contest. So if she would care to step into my cabin, I can make arrangements to accept her donation.

- (FX Lights flicker and go out, lightning crash. Passengers scream)*
- Micky** *(Calling over panic)* Stay calm. Please remain in your seats.
- F.A. 1** It's only an electrical storm.
(More screams as the plane shakes violently courtesy of the stagehands. Increase the engine noises)
- Micky** *(Looks out window)* One of the engines has stopped! *(COMPANY panic)*
- Crew** What!?! *(They struggle to look out the window)*
- Captain** *(Loud)* We're going into a dive! *(More panic from CREW. CAPTAIN suddenly not sure of anything)* That means we're moving downwards in a very fast vertical manoeuvre.
(CREW ignore him and go bananas)
- Micky** *(Donning a parachute)* We're low on fuel and one of the engine's has stopped. Please follow safety procedures. It's every coward for themselves. This parachute's mine!
(MICKY is attacked by another CREW member who wants to pinch the parachute. They fight. All hell breaks loose. Some CREW members rush up the aisle grabbing parachutes, others fight for them up front. COLLY stands up and yells. DOMINIQUE groans. CAPTAIN promises everything and the show heads towards a gripping climax. Run the following lines into one another)
- Colly** Hot water and towels! Hot towels and water! Water towels and hot!
(Continues ad lib. DOMINIQUE groans, laughs, cries, etc)
- Captain** *(Has flipped and starts a party-game)* I spy with my little eye something beginning with ... *(Continues to play his game while others crumble)*
- Moira** My boy's a doctor! Isn't he wonderful! Anyone sick? My boy's here!
(Continues to sing COLLY'S praises. General panic builds. General Macarthur returns. Major Blunder stars. CREW squabble. "That's my parachute!" "Get off! I saw it first!" etc. The acting PASSENGERS carry on. FROSTIE has regained his inflatable friend, apologises and tells her they'll get off at the next station. ZOOM has camera out and snaps all the action. "Just hold it there. Smile please. Say cheese." etc. FATHER FORGIVE-ME fights his way front, pushing past people, apologising, etc)
- Father** *(Pushing towards front)* Excuse me, I'm a priest. Excuse me.
(Continues as he heads forward. It's difficult for all to hear him as the pandemonium continues. Suddenly MICKY, wearing a parachute, grabs the mic and addresses the patrons)
- Micky** Ladies and gentlemen. *(Louder)* Ladies and gentlemen! *(Slowly all the activity stops. Silence. Pause. People are in various awkward positions. They freeze. CREW members are at one another's throat)* Please take positions for an emergency landing. Repeat. Emergency landing.
- Captain** *(Alive again, almost)* It's no use. We're almost outa fuel and the engines have stopped.
- F.A. 1** *(Desperate)* Are you sure?
- Captain** I'm positive. I've done this lots of times.
(Huge groan from COMPANY. They panic but FATHER calls and stops them)

Father *(Calling)* Fellow travellers, listen. Listen! *(Noise subsides although some whimper)* I am a priest. My services are freely available to all faiths and religions. My name is Father Forgive-me.

Micky *(Rushing to priest and kneeling)* Oh Father, forgive me.

Father Certainly.

Micky *(Looks up confused)* But I haven't confessed yet.

Father I know. Just tell Father Forgive-me.

Micky *(Even more confused)* No, I say that!

Father Say what?

Micky Father forgive me.

Father Certainly.

Micky *(Temper rising)* But I haven't confessed yet.

Father *(Getting angry)* I know! Just tell Father Forgive-Me.

Micky *(Shouting)* No, I say that!

Father *(Angry)* Say what!?

F.A. 1 *(Using mic)* Prepare for emergency landing.
(FATHER and MICKY continue to mime their misunderstanding. CREW move amongst patrons offering wills. Use humorous forms and encourage patrons to fill them in. These are mini-dramas done almost in private)

Crew Good evening, sir [madam]. As we're low on fuel, I thought you'd like a chance to make your last-minute will. *(Assuming patron plays along)* Here's the necessary form. Just fill in the names of the lucky people.

(Here's a sample of the type of form you could distribute to your passengers)

Last-Minute Wills on *She'll Be Wright* Airlines

1. I leave all my underwear to
2. I leave all my debts to
3. I leave my wife/husband/lover [delete if necessary] to

Signed

Date

Crew *(As patron completes form)* Excellent. Don't forget to sign it. Well done. I'll witness it and pop it in the safe for you. Congratulations.

(CREW members can enact the above all over the plane simultaneously. After a few minutes of these fun items, MICKY regains her composure and returns to the microphone. NOTE: It might be fun [later] to read aloud some of the funny wills - once the disaster has been averted)

Micky *(Sombre and scared)* Ladies and gentlemen, it's no use. The plane's out of fuel and the captain's completely useless.

Captain We've actually got a reserve tank of fuel.

Others What!?

Captain Didn't I tell you? Oh dearie me, aren't I a silly duffer.

Micky You mean there's still some fuel on the plane?

Captain Yes. Do you think I should go and switch to the reserve tank?

Others *(Definite)* Yes!!

Barbie *(Pokes head around corner)* Oh Captain. I'm ready to donate. Could you give me a hand please?

Captain Certainly. Oh my heart.
(CAPTAIN clutches heart. The thought of BARBIE sans cossie is too much)

Micky Captain. Please. This is not the time for a heart attack!
(Distress amongst passengers and crew)

Moira My son's a doctor.

Colly Mother!

Micky Do something.

Colly *(Being pushed into service)* Perhaps I'd better help Barbie first.

Others No!
(People help useless CAPTAIN. MICKY and others break down as all seems lost. FATHER is comforting folk. Tearful farewells continue. FROSTIE has heard none of this being camped in a corner. Suddenly he wants to know where they are and when his station will be available)

Frostie Hey! When do we get to? *(He names well-known suburb/town)* Come on. I promised me friend we'd be home by ten o'clock.

Micky *(Approaching FROSTIE)* Sir, please, do you mind?

Frostie *(Pleased to see MICKY)* Ah, conductor, there you are.

Micky Sir, the Captain's run out of fuel and the plane's having a heart attack.
(The descending sounds and plane-shaking grow more intense/louder. The FX has that whine as a plane plummets to earth)

Frostie Well use the imaginary brake! *(sic)*

Micky *(Desperate)* There is no imaginary brake! This is *not* a train. We're flying. *(Flaps arms like bird)* We're in a plane!

Frostie *(Excited)* Flying?

Crew *(Scream at him and all flap their arms)* Yes! Flying!

Frostie *(Delighted)* Oh I love flying. *(Flapping his wings he turns to patrons)* Listen everyone. This isn't a train. It's a plane! We're fly-ing! *(Flapping around)* Wheee!

Micky *(On mic)* Right hold tight, everyone. Brace yourselves.

Frostie I love flying. I used to be a pilot. Wheeee! *(More flying around)*

Micky *(Still on mic)* Heads between knees and ...
(EVERYONE freezes except FROSTIE who "flys" to front of plane)

- Frostie** Flying! Wheeee! *(etc)*
- Micky** *(Goes to FROSTIE and grabs him)* You're a pilot!?
(FROSTIE is stopped. EVERYONE stares at him. Plane noises and shaking increases)
- Frostie** Famous pilot. I once fought the Green Baron.
- F.A. 1** The *Green* Baron!
- Father** Don't you mean the *Red* Baron?
- Frostie** No, this bloke [guy] was Irish.
- Father** Oh yes, I tink I knew him.
- Micky** *(Excited to FROSTIE)* You've gotta fly this plane. You're our last hope. You must! You must! *(Pleading)* Pleeeease.
- Frostie** Okay. As soon as we get to
- (Names railway station he's been talking about all night. Others groan)*
- Micky** *(Desperate)* Now! If you don't take over in the next thirty seconds we'll never get to
- (Names FROSTIE'S railway station)*
- Frostie** Right! I'll do it! *(Loud)* To the cickpot! *(sic)*
(He takes off towards rear of plane pursued by CREW)
- Micky** *(Despairing)* Not that way!
(FROSTIE dragged back, bundled through cockpit-door. He cries as he goes)
- Frostie** I can do it! I can do it! Where's the cickpot!
- Crew** *(Scream at him)* Cockpit!
- Frostie** That's what I said. Cickpot! Onward! Ahhh!
(He disappears in the cackput or whatever. MICKY and CREW fall back against walls, seats, doors. They dare not speak)
- Micky** *(Looking at watch and then out window)* Twenty seconds!
(Noises increase. FROSTIE appears in doorway. OTHERS turn in horror)
- Frostie** Hey! Where's me mate?
- Others** What?!
- Frostie** I promised me mate a ride with the driver. *(Total panic from OTHERS)*
- Micky** *(Going berserk)* We're about to crash. In fifteen seconds!
- Frostie** Yeah but she'll kill me if I don't let her in.
(CREW member grabs the inflateable toy and thrusts it at FROSTIE who is pushed through door. FROSTIE yells as he obviously crashes inside the cockpit. BARBIE could scream or squeal or both)
- Micky** *(Yells at patrons)* Hold tight everyone. Here we go!
- (Noises increase to maximum comfort level. ACTORS grab one another and freeze waiting for the inevitable crash. Pause. Here it comes. But no. Wait. Slowly, then with increasing speed, the noise returns to normal. The shaking stops. The ACTORS remain in frozen position. Slowly they look round. They murmur and wonder. "What's happened?" "We haven't crashed" etc. MICKY looks out a window)*
- Micky** The engines are working again! *(Huge cheer)* We're okay!

(Pandemonium. CREW and OTHERS grab one another, hug one another and dance about calling such things as "Were safe!" "Were alive!" "We're okay!" etc. Much happiness. DOMINIQUE is still out of sight. Suddenly FROSTIE bursts through and everyone opens up and freezes. He could be wearing BARBIE'S outfit)

Frostie Just thought you'd like to know we'll be landing at *(Insert that railway-station again)* in two minutes.

(Huge cheer from EVERYONE. FROSTIE grins, waves and exits to cockpit. Big celebrations. Suddenly they are stopped by a loud voice)

Colly *(Loud)* All right, all right! Bit of quiet. *(The OTHERS stop their noise and dancing)* What are you trying to do? Wake the babies?

Others *(Stunned)* Babies?! *(FX: Several babies crying)*

Moira *(As proud as ever)* Dat's my boy!

Dominique *(Stands holding four or more wrapped bundles)* I hope that's all!

(Sound effects of babies crying continue. DOMINIQUE is surrounded by well-wishers. COLLY likewise congratulated with MOIRA leading the cheersquad. They head off up the aisle towards the rear of the plane surrounded by the crew. EVERYONE is talking at once. "Well done ... Congratulations ... Beautiful babies ... What will the father say? ... That's my boy ... My son's a doctor." etc. FATHER hops up and calls as he exits with the troupe)

Father I'm available for christenings, you know.

(Continues offering his services as COMPANY exits up the aisle. MICKY alone on mic)

Micky *(Over P.A.)* Ladies and gentlemen, we're about to land. Please fasten your seatbelts. Crew to touch-down positions.

(MICKY and any CREW left move to their positions. The plane is about to land. FX sounds enable us to hear the engine whine and the plane shakes slightly as the wheels touch down. The engine noises roar as the brakes are applied then all goes quiet)

Micky *(Calls)* We've landed!

(Huge cheer from EVERYONE. Suddenly the rear door of the plane opens and one or more officials enter bearing plastic trigger bottles. They walk down the aisle spraying the air above the patrons with a fine mist of clean fresh water)

Captain *(From the cockpit)* Ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. We've just landed safely and will shortly taxi to the terminal. I hope you've had a pleasant flight. The weather here in *(Insert name of city/town where you set off from)* is *(Insert local weather report)* Thank you for flying with us and we hope to see you on another Wright flight real soon. Over and out.

(Suddenly FROSTIE breaks through and enters with arm around BARBIE)

Frostie Hey! We're getting married!

(Much cheering and clapping and happiness. MICKY laughs and congratulates couple. The Company could all move to the front and take a bow. The patrons [carrying their drinks if necessary] exit the way they entered.)

This Is Your Captain Speaking 42

The CREW are on hand to farewell them at the plane door, at the bottom of the steps and to help them through the security area [AREA B]. Once inside the terminal [AREA A], the carousel will be in operation and patrons collect their suitcases. Appropriate signs and announcements.

But surprise, surprise. The terminal has been festooned with party decorations and a dance-band is all set up and playing up a storm. It could be the same ensemble used in your singalong. The lights change and those who want to kick-on, can do so. The CAST mingle and everyone can dance, drink and discuss the wonderful show.

As an aside, one or two suitcases could contain a lucky prize [if your budget can stretch that far] and all cases should contain a note from the company thanking patrons for their attendance and inviting them to attend future productions of the group. The following should be broadcast as patrons first arrive in the terminal after the show)

Announcer *Would passengers please collect their luggage from the carousel.*

(You could include small sequels to some of the earlier mini-dramas, e.g. DOPEY could approach the people who "carried" for him and thank them, MATILDA could hang around the carousel grabbing everyone's case before replacing it with "That's not mine!" etc. FREDA could race back into the terminal calling "I'm free! I'm free!" or throw in a few Groucho-isms and be warmly embraced by her family. It's a happy ending to a happy show)

THE END

Suggested Samples of the Ticket/Boarding Pass

Take an A5 piece of paper, fold it longways and use the four sides as follows. The front and back covers are shown below. The back cover has an ad. It could be a local trader who pays for the space or you could use it to promote your company, forthcoming productions, your subscription system, etc. Further down this page are examples for the inside of your ticket. To turn the TICKET into a BOARDING PASS, the Clerk checks the date and then stamps it. Ticket numbers match seat numbers.

Advertisement

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Skegness to Wagga Wagga via Oodnadatta and Paris
Friday the 13th 2012

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More Comedy from Fox Plays

It'll be All Wrong on the Night

2 or 3M, 4F, comedy, 90 minutes

The correct saying is, "It'll be all *right* on the night".

It'll Be All Wrong On The Night is about staging a play when things *don't* go as planned. A nightmare for every actor, director, audio/lighting operator, and stage manager. An actor falls sick during the play and after Interval, is replaced by an unrehearsed technician from the bio box who goes on using the script. He's seen the play a few times but he can't act to save himself. A friend of the technician, who just happens to be in the audience, takes over the technical duties. On stage, the unrehearsed actor is struggling and the totally unrehearsed technician in the bio box is in even deeper doo-doo's. The sound effects don't work or do when they shouldn't, scenery gets stuck, lights miscue and the theatre catches fire, well it appears to catch fire. Apart from that, everything runs like clockwork.

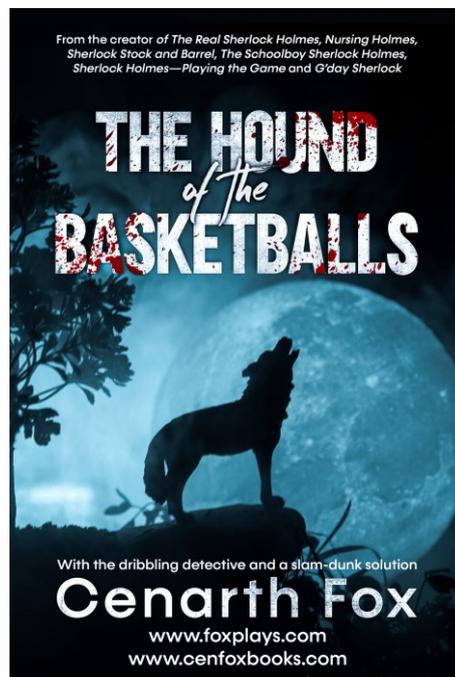
This is a real test for a set designer and builder and of course the cast who have to act as if the well-rehearsed script is not rehearsed at all.

The play was very well received – we found that Act 1 produced a few laughs and was taken fairly seriously, so that when we started Act 2 with a completely new Brad (25 years older than the original!) they were taken by surprise. The scene where Amanda and Brad get to know each other rather well on the sofa produced fits of laughter too. All in all, it was a very successful production. HATS

Very successful with Act 2 being hilarious. Recommend to any group. Yass Repertory

The Hound of the Basketballs

17 roles which can be performed by a cast of 8 (6M and 2F), no set, 110 minutes



<https://www.foxplays.com/two-act-plays/>

Agatha Crispie

8 roles [3 or 4M/5F] 100 minutes – Staged around the world

Agatha Christie and her mystery stories are well-known. But who has heard of her contemporary, the completely unknown writer of mystery stories, Agatha Crispie? In the south of England not long after WW1, Agatha Crispie scribbles away. Her second husband, Archibald Walloman, is big on digging. He owns half of Cornwall. Agatha's mother-in-law and step-daughter are outstanding snobs and regard Agatha's literary efforts as nothing short of scandalous. Even Archibald demands that his wife should attend to dinner parties and flower arranging. Only Pimms, Agatha's long-serving tipsy maid stands by the unpublished author.

One day a well-known writer, Dorothy S. Layers, pays a visit and Archibald is bowled over. But horror of horrors. The lights go out and Archie is left with a body in the library. A body with a peg on its nose. Archie rushes out to get the others but when he returns the body is missing. Agatha is fascinated and wants the police to solve the crime. The others are furious. Absolutely no police.

They compromise and the little old spinster from the village is invited to investigate. Miss Mary Mead has a reputation for solving crimes. And Miss Mead *does* solve the mystery with shocking results. So shocking that Agatha is hounded into submission by her rotten relatives. This could mean Agatha's classics will never see the light of day. The world will never read *Murder on the Oriental Express*, *Witness for the Defence* and *The Rat Trap*.

Suddenly, Agatha disappears. But where? Pimms is concerned about the ashes in the fireplace. Oh no! Could they be Agatha's ashes? Has she been murdered! Or worse. She's done herself in! The ashes are scattered in the rose garden. Everyone is sworn to secrecy. Absolutely no scandal! The plot thickens. The new Belgian butler arrives. Hercules Grey-Cells is more like a detective. Enter Chief Inspector Sap from Scotland Yard. And when Miss Mary Mead returns, the family are in a spin. A comedy made hilarious if you know anything of the great Dame Agatha and her tales.

Our production of Agatha Crispie went extremely well, sold out audiences 4 nights. They loved it. Thank you! Powassan Players Canada

A wonderful evening of entertainment. Radio Eastern Theatre

I was delighted to see something so different. PADS

This cleverly constructed play takes us on a whimsical journey into the life of Agatha Christie, I mean Crispie, an author struggling for recognition and acceptance with murder, mayhem and delicious revenge.

A brilliant cast of readily recognizable characters was given a new lease of life through the fertile imagination of its playwright. Marie Ryan Inner FM On Stage

Our audiences thoroughly enjoyed our season of Agatha Crispie. Barossa Valley Drama Society

This production is a hilarious spoof on the writings of Agatha Christie and is impressively directed by Winston Williams. All the characters are extremely stupid and the plot is as improbable as those of the original Agatha, but it is a cleverly constructed little play and is performed by a talented bunch of actors who will have you laughing out loud and listening for those ridiculous references to some of Christie's book titles such as the absolutely essential "body in the library", the extremely thick and overconfident policemen, the enigmatic and sharp Miss Mary Mead (Miss Marples), Hercules, and, of course – The Mousetrap!! Yass Repertory Theatre