

UP, UP, AND AWAY!

by Ken Bradbury



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(A play for five characters: Flora and Harry Cringe, an elderly couple who are taking their first flight. Dora Lipsly, a lady with an obnoxiously whiney voice and an equally obnoxious young son, Seymour. The head flight attendant, Miss Goody.)

(The interior of a jumbo jet. Four chairs face the audience, positioned in pairs with the aisle of the airplane between them.)

DORA: *(entering, dragging a precocious Seymour behind her)*
(in a nasal whine) Seymour, stop lagging, sweetheart.
Mommy sees our seats right up here.

SEYMOUR: We gonna crash, Mom? We gonna crash and burn?

DORA: *(showing complete disinterest ... she never seems to understand anything Seymour says or perhaps she's just stopped listening)* We can't. Your Uncle Freeman is picking us up in Las Vegas at five.

SEYMOUR: Man, if we got a hole in this thing the pressure would suck in so fast our eyeballs'd pop out, then "Bam!" We'd go shootin' right out through the side the plane.

DORA: Just don't spill your drink, honey. *(as they plop down into the seat, Seymour in the seat nearest the window)*

SEYMOUR: Cool! You can see Texas from here!

DORA: That's the luggage truck, sweetheart. Have you seen my earplugs?

HARRY: *(entering, being dragged by his equally frightened but more determined wife)* I can't do it! I'm tellin' ya I can't do it, Flora!

FLORA: Don't be silly, Harry. It's just an airplane! You've seen pictures of 'em.

HARRY: But I ain't never been on one! Flora, we can walk to Las Vegas. It's only a few hundred miles. I feel great. Really!

FLORA: You told me back there that you couldn't take another step.

HARRY: I got my second wind. Honest. Let's just get off this plane. Please, Flora!

FLORA: I've paid for two tickets to Vegas and we're gonna go in style. (*reading the labels above the seats*) "R 9 and 10." This is it. Have a plop-down, Harry.

HARRY: (*looking at the seat, desperately*) The seat's too small. We'll go down and I won't be able to jump out.

FLORA: Harry, if this thing goes down I'll jump out and take you with me.

HARRY: I'm glad you love me, Flora.

FLORA: Got no choice. You've got the hotel tickets. (*they plop into their seats*)

GOODY: (*a flight attendant, a vision of smiles and hospitality ... if a bit overdone*) Good morning, everybody! Are we finding everything okay?

HARRY: No.

FLORA: Fine. Thanks. How soon before we take off?

GOODY: It won't be long now.

FLORA: (*to Harry*) Was that an answer?

SEYMOUR: (*shouting*) You got root beer?

GOODY: Is the little cowboy thirsty?

SEYMOUR: Gimme a root beer!

GOODY: Can we say please?

DORA: I doubt it. He never has. Seymour, just play with something 'til the lady gets time. And take the barf bag off your head.

HARRY: Are were there yet, Flora? Are we there yet?

FLORA: Open your eyes, Harry. We're still on the ground.

HARRY: I can feel the plane movin', Flora! I swear I can feel it movin'!

FLORA: Your sitting on your seatbelt, Harry.

GOODY: (*to Harry and Flora*) You folks all comfy?

HARRY: No. Can I get off? I left something in the terminal.

GOODY: What's that?

FLORA: His nerve. No, we're fine, thanks. When are we taking off?

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GOODY: It won't be long now.

FLORA: I had a feeling you'd say that.

DORA: Seymour, why are you kicking the man in front of you?

SEYMOUR: Because I can't reach the guy behind me.

HARRY: Flora, my life is flashing before my eyes.

FLORA: That must be one dull show.

HARRY: My will. I forgot to update my will.

FLORA: Harry, we'll be there in two hours. Your estate won't change before you get to Las Vegas.

GOODY: *(on a microphone)* May I have your attention please?

HARRY: This is it! We're going down!

FLORA: We're not even up yet, Harry.

GOODY: Would all flight attendants please prepare for departure.

HARRY: This is it! The time has come! Flora, we've had a good life. You've always been a good woman and I'm sorry for anything I've done to hurt you.

FLORA: Then get your foot off mine! You can't stomp on the brake back here, Harry.

GOODY: Please put your seats in an upright position, lock your trays into place and make sure that all overhead compartments are secured.

HARRY: The final instructions before death. Flora, that's exactly what they said at Uncle Martin's funeral.

GOODY: They told your dead Uncle Martin to put his seat in an upright position?

SEYMOUR: We're movin', Mom! We're movin'!

DORA: That's nice, sweetheart. Now get the seatbelt out of your mouth and buckle up.

SEYMOUR: I wonder how long it takes us to drop out of the air at 20,000 feet?

HARRY: What'd he say?

FLORA: He's just a child, Harry.

HARRY: From the mouths of babes, Flora. From the mouths of babes. I'm tellin' you it's a sign!



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