

BAMBOOZLED

SAMPLE SCRIPT

SCENE THREE

The flight.

Two pilots, Hazel and Robert, are sat side by side at the front of the stage in the plane's cockpit, ideally spotlit. The plane is in the air and nearing Scotland.

Dotted around the stage are three other pairs of pilots, but the focus is on Hazel and Robert to begin with, who are in mid-conversation.

Hazel Well at least the snow has finally started to melt. Honestly, I've not known a winter go on for as long as this.

Robert I was hoping to have my early spuds in by now. Fat chance.

Hazel I didn't know you were a keen gardener.

Robert I'm not: I'm a keen eater.

Hazel I see.

Robert And there's so much you can do with the humble potato: cottage pie, shepherd's pie, rumbledthumps, colcannon . . .

Hazel Hold on, it's air traffic control . . .

She moves the mouthpiece of her headphones in front of her mouth.

Hazel BA763 receiving . . . what sort of storm? . . . yes, that is nasty . . . yes, highly unusual . . . really? But that's a hundred miles from Edinburgh . . . yes, I know it's nearer than China . . . right, yes, if you insist . . . over and out.

She moves the mouthpiece away from her mouth and speaks to Robert.

Hazel Strap in.

Robert I am strapped in.

Hazel Then tighten your belt. There's a whopping great snow storm on its way. We're re-routing to Inverness.

Lights dim on Robert and Hazel as action shifts to the other pairs of pilots (Bill and Carla, Juan and Lucia, Pierre and Maribel) dotted around the stage.

Bill Inverness! I was meant to be going to the ballet tonight: my wife's going to be fuming.

Carla Perhaps she can watch it with someone else.

Bill Very unlikely.

Carla Really? Why?

Bill She's in it. She's the prima ballerina.

Short pause as Carla peers out of the 'windscreen'.

Carla It's getting worse. Turn on the wiper blades.

Bill I wonder if I can get a refund.

Carla Turn on the wiper blades!

Bill They are on.

Carla Then speed them up: I can barely see a thing.

And off to another pair of pilots, a Spanish pair . . .

Juan (to Lucia) ¿No está nevando en Inverness?

Lucia Sí, pero no tanto.

Juan Desearía haber traído mis botas de nieve.

Lucia Yotambién. Y un sombrero bobble. ¡Inverness suena frío!

And to a French pair . . .

Maribel (to Pierre) Avez-vous déjà été à Inverness?

Pierre Oui. Il fait froid.

Maribel Je me demande s'il y a un spa.

And back to . . .

Robert If you're really fancy, you can even do them Dauphinoise.

Hazel Yes, well you're clearly a big fan of potatoes, Robert. Now concentrate, let's get this plane down safely.

All the pilots and co-pilots start to bump and sway slightly in their seats, simulating the rough conditions, as the music starts and lights fade.

Scene Change Music: When Man Meets Nature (Interlude)