

Now Boarding

a comedy in one act

**By
Macee Binns**

<http://offthewallplays.com>

Copyright © 2017 Macee Binns and Off The Wall Play Publishers

Caution: This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<http://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

CHARACTERS

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ZOEY | A tough girl from the streets of Los Angeles, mid-20's. |
| ANNETTE | A high-strung German businesswoman, early 30's. |
| STEWARDESS | A large Southern female flight attendant, mid- 40's. |
| CAPTAIN | A male commercial airline pilot heard on the airplane intercom. (Voice only). |
| AIRPORT ATTENDANT | A Delta Airlines gate agent heard on the airport intercom. (Voice only). The actress playing the role of STEWARDESS may double as the voice of the AIRPORT ATTENDANT. |

SETTING

Delta Airlines flight 287 from Los Angeles to Atlanta. All settings should be minimal with just enough staging to suggest a location.

TIME

Present.

ACT I

| | | |
|---------|-------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Scene 1 | Airport Bathroom. | Present time. |
| Scene 2 | Airplane Cabin. | Fifteen minutes later. |
| Scene 3 | Airplane Cabin. | Forty-five minutes after take-off. |
| Scene 4 | Airplane Cabin. | One and a half hours into the flight. |
| Scene 5 | Airplane Cabin. | Two and a half hours into the flight. |
| Scene 6 | Airplane Cabin. | Four hours into the flight. |
| Scene 7 | Airplane Cabin. | Ten minutes after landing. |

ACT 1

SCENE 1

AT RISE:

ZOEY, an edgy hipster from the wrong side of the tracks, mid 20's, stands disheveled in an airport bathroom stall. She searches through her tattered duffel bag, pulling out a travel size bottle of tequila and a bottle of prescription pills. Her hands shake violently as she struggles to open the container of pills. An announcement is heard over the airport intercom.

Airport Attendant (V.O.): Ladies and gentlemen, this is the final boarding call for Delta flight 287 service to Atlanta.

(Zoey pops a few pills in her mouth chasing them with the tequila. She moves to the bathroom sink and stares at herself in the mirror for a moment trying not to cry.)

Airport Attendant (V.O.): All remaining passengers should proceed to gate 3 at this time...

Zoey: Shit.

(Zoey scans the bathroom making sure that she is alone before downing the rest of the tequila. She then quickly picks up her guitar case and duffel bag, tossing the empty bottle on the floor, as she storms out the bathroom door.)

(BLACKOUT.)

ACT 1

SCENE 2

SETTING: An airplane, coach cabin. Two airplane seats sit in the middle of an empty stage. Zoey's legs are stretched across both seats on row 28. She stares out the airplane window, fighting back tears, as an announcement is heard over the airplane speakers.

Captain (V.O.): Welcome aboard Delta flight 287 service to Atlanta, this is your Captain speaking. We are about ready for takeoff, just currently waiting for one last passenger to board the plane, and we'll be on our way shortly. We thank you for choosing Delta Airlines. Now sit back, relax, and enjoy the flight.

(ANNETTE, an uptight German businesswoman, early 30's, enters the cabin. She is arguing with her boyfriend on the phone, in German, as she loudly fights her way down the crowded aisle.)

Annette: Ich versteh nicht, was das problem ist Hans? Ich dachte, du für mich glücklich sein--

(A large frumpy STEWARDESS approaches Annette as she checks the overhead bin.)

Stewardess: I'm sorry, ma'am, but all electronic devices need to be switched off at this time.

Annette: Yeah! I just need a minute. **(Into her phone.)** Ich unterstütze immer Ihre Karriere...

Stewardess: (Tapping Annette on the shoulder.) Excuse me... Ma'am--

Annette: I said I need a minute! My fiancé and I are in the middle of something here. **(Into her phone.)** Sorry, verdammt ich muss schluss machen, die kuh will mir mein handy wegnehmen...

Stewardess: (Getting louder.) Ma'am...excuse me...HELLO! **(Then yelling.)** HEY LADY! If you don't turn that phone off, right now, I'm gonna have to confiscate it!

Annette: Oh, I don't think so! First you bump me out of first class, and now this? Let me tell you something "Ma'am" if your personnel hadn't been so incompetent inside then I would've had time to finish this conversation at the gate! **(Into phone.)** Wo waren wir stehen geblieben? Ach ja...

Stewardess: If you don't hand me your phone, right now, I'll have you removed from this flight!

Annette: Das ist nicht fair, Hans. **(She throws her bag on the seat in frustration. It hits Zoey.)**

Zoey: (Yelling as she grabs the phone from Annette.) FUCK-- ENOUGH!!

Annette: Ich verdiene--Ahh! **(They struggle over the phone.)** What the—Ow! NO! GIVE IT!!

Zoey: (Hands the phone to the Stewardess.) Trust me, you don't want her to call security.

Annette: Great! Now he thinks I hung up on him! I want to speak to your supervisor, right now!!

Stewardess: (Sarcastically.) Yeah, I'll get right on that.

Annette: And just who the hell do you think you are? Snatching people's belongings like some kind of... **(Looking Zoey up and down.)** Streetwalker!

Zoey: Hey, I was doing you a favor!

Annette: Judging by that outfit you clearly –

Zoey: (Yelling.) Back off Barbie!

Stewardess: This will be returned to you when the plane lands in Atlanta. **(Sarcastically as she disappears down the aisle with her phone.)** Enjoy your flight.

Annette: (Yelling.) Enjoy my flight? Enjoy my flight?! Yeah, sure! These tiny seats back here are SO enjoyable! I can't even cross my legs! **(Waving her voucher.)** You know what? Why don't you take your stupid voucher back because I'm certainly not flying this incompetent airline again. EVER! **(Throwing herself against the seat in a tantrum.)** God, these seats are tiny!

Zoey: Welcome to coach. It's a bitch.

Annette: (Closing her eyes, Annette puts her arms on the armrest, and takes a deep breath.) Freaking Delta...just typical. **(Zoey bumps into Annette's arm as she rearranges.)** Watch it! Trailer park!

Zoey: Ahh! I'm here too, God damn it!!

(Both girls place their elbows on the armrest and begin nonchalantly nudging each other off, until it escalates into a full on battle.)

Zoey: (Shouting.) MOVE YOUR FUCKING ARM, GRETTEL!

Annette: (Yelling.) NOT A CHANCE, TRAILER TRASH!

Zoey: (In a rage, Zoey slams the armrest up between the seats.) FUCK IT! GOD! **(She snatches all of the pamphlets out of Annette's seat pocket and shoves them under her legs. Not knowing what to do next, Zoey grabs a bottle from her bag and downs the entire shot.)**

Annette: (Frightened.) Bad day for you too, huh?

Zoey: Oh, you have no idea... **(Beat.)** Bad life. **(Zoey bursts into tears.)** Sorry...I'm a bad flyer.

Annette: (Sarcastically.) Oh good. This day just keeps on giving.

(They stare at each other.)

(BLACKOUT.)

ACT 1

SCENE 3

SETTING: 45 minutes later. It was a bumpy take-off, and Zoey isn't feeling well. She is fanning herself with the emergency instruction pamphlet, as Annette grabs a puke bag from the seat pocket. Zoey opens the bag, breathing into it throughout the scene. An announcement is heard over the speakers.

Stewardess (V.O.): Due to some unexpected turbulence, the Captain has turned on the fasten seat belts sign. Please remain in your seats, with your seat belts securely fastened, and we will notify you once it is safe to move about the cabin. Thank you.

Zoey: (Fanning herself.) Fuck it's hot in here.

Annette: Why don't you go to the bathroom? Please!

Zoey: (Panicking.) I can't! If I move I'm gonna puke.

Annette: Just ignore it.

Zoey: (Sarcastically.) Oh, okay...

Annette: (Beat.) What's your favorite color?

Zoey: Are you fucking kidding me?

Annette: Answer me!

Zoey: Okay, okay. Ummm...I don't know... **(Beat.)** Black.

Annette: Shocking.

Zoey: Why does it matter?

Annette: Just trying to distract you. **(Beat.)** What's your favorite food?

Zoey: (Holding the bag up to her mouth.) OH GOD!

Annette: I mean, ummm...where are you going?

Zoey: (Moaning.) Home.

Annette: And that would be?

Zoey: Tallahassee. **(Talking into the bag.)** Ugh...you're really not helping!

Annette: Do you have a boyfriend? **(Looking her over.)** Or partner...anything? **(Zoey makes a loud hacking sound.)** Okay, so no. **(Beat.)** Oh, you know what I think about when I get sick?

Zoey: **(Speaking into the bag.)** What?

Annette: Umm...nothing. I've got nothing. **(Zoey shoots her a dirty look.)** Look, I'm just trying to keep you from retching on my designer shoes. **(Beat.)** Oh I've got a joke! Do you like jokes?

Zoey: **(Dismissively.)** Sure.

Annette: Okay...let me just get it together. **(Takes a beat preparing for the performance of a lifetime.)** So I was in a coffee shop, and I overheard this woman say, "Guys who drive large cars have small penises." I went up to her and I'm like... **(Talking in her best "Man" voice.)** "Excuse me, but that's not entirely accurate because I drive a small car, and I also have a small penis." **(Zoey stares blankly. Annette repeats the joke in German.)** Ich fahre kleines Auto und ich habe auch einen kleinen penis. **(She cracks up laughing.)** Yeah, it's funnier in German.

Zoey: **(Puts down her bag.)** You sure didn't strike me as the type of woman that tells dick jokes.

Annette: My fiancé told me that one.

Zoey: Well, thanks. There's nothing more distracting than the thought of small penises. So this fiancé of yours, does he...drive a compact?

Annette: No! As a matter of fact, he has a lot of room in his car.

Zoey: Well, it sounds like he is quite the "package." **(Laughing at her corny joke.)**

Annette: Yeah, he really is. **(Looking around for the Stewardess.)** I've got to get to my phone.

Zoey: I don't think that's gonna happen.

Annette: You don't have a laptop, I'm sure—

Zoey: Yeah, actually I do.

Annette: Wow. I wasn't expecting that.

Zoey: **(Joking, as she hands Annette her beat up old laptop.)** Yeah, well I stole it.

Annette: Figures.

(Annette opens the laptop.)

(BLACKOUT.)

ACT 1

SCENE 4

SETTING: **1 and 1/2 hours in the flight. Annette clutches onto the laptop, pulling it back and forth, as Zoey tries to take it from her.**

Annette: Just one more, please! I promise, promise this will be the absolute last call.

Zoey: You said that four calls ago.

Annette: If you let me try one more time I will give you this voucher, Zoey.

Zoey: (Dangling the voucher in Zoey's face.) A round trip ticket to Europe?

Annette: Yes! Economy! **(They stare at each other both of them still holding the laptop.)**

Zoey: You're bluffing. **(Beat.)** For real? You'll really give me your ticket if I let you call again?

Annette: No. I'm not actually going to give you my voucher, but how about five bucks?

Zoey: I'm not that cheap. Seriously Annette, you're pathetic!

Annette: I know, you're right. I'm done calling. **(Annette lets go of the laptop.)**

Zoey: Good girl. **(Zoey places the laptop on her tray.)**

Annette: Hey, do you have any gum? **(Zoey bends down to look in her bag.)**

Zoey: Umm...I'm sure I do somewhere. **(Annette slides the laptop off of her tray.)**

Zoey: (She catches Annette and yanks the laptop away.) Are you fucking kidding me?

Annette: But-- I could just feel that he was going to answer this time.

Zoey: Too bad! I can't watch you make an ass out of yourself any longer. Haven't you lost enough power already!

Annette: This isn't about power. We don't play games.

Zoey: Oh really? Then what do you call this?

Annette: I don't know...compromising?

Zoey: Oh please, you're not compromising. You're fighting. And right now you're losing. **(Sliding a liquor bottle to Annette.)** Ok...Gretel, spill it. What did "Hansel" do?

Annette: His name's not Hansel- it's Hans.

Zoey: (Laughing.) No shit?