

# ABOARD DiSOrDEr

by

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## Aboard Disorder

*Passengers walk on board, using their tickets to guide them. They place their baggage away and sit. The passengers are loaded with baggage, some more than others. **CYN DROME** the air hostess, greets the passengers and helps with their baggage. She is a perky and smiling youth. She walks to the front of the stage/plane while the captain greets the passengers.*

**CAPTAIN:** *(Voice over) Good afternoon passengers, this is your Captain speaking. My name is Des Spare, welcome aboard Disorder, Flight 13 to the Depths of Gloom. Your host for this flight is the lovely Cyn Drome. Her team will make sure you have everything you need, and even things you don't. We invite you to sit back, tune out and overthink everything. We will be taking off shortly.*  
*The seatbelt sign has now been switched on. Please remain seated until after the seatbelt sign has been switched off.*  
*Please note that smoking is not allowed on any Disorder flights and bathrooms are equipped with smoke detectors. Please keep the smoking of marijuana to purely medicinal usage.*  
*(Pause). Cabinet crew prepare for take-off.*

**CYN DROME:** *(Take off. Passengers brace and physically react to the lift off. Sound effect?)*  
*(Voice over) Good afternoon passengers, my name is Cyn Drome and I will be your hostess for your journey. We ask you to switch off all technical equipment and to draw your attention to the demonstration in the front, which is vital for your insecurity.*

While the seatbelt sign is on, you are required to keep the buckles shackled. The tighter the better. You fasten the shackles thus (*demonstrates*). It is in your interests to keep the belt fastened at all times lest you lose control and threaten the norms of society.

In the event of an emergency, the exits can be located here (*demonstrates cutting her left wrist*) here (*demonstrates cutting her right wrist*) and here (*demonstrates cutting her throat*).

In such an emergency, drop nooses will be released from the overhead. You place the noose around your neck thus (*demonstrates*) and tighten until restricted. Please apply your only noose before assisting children.

Upon landing, please be careful when opening up overhead compartments as some baggage may have shifted during turbulence. Please keep your baggage to yourself, other passengers are battling with their own and are unable to assist with yours. And no likes a complainer. That's just attention seeking. For those not battling insomnia, blankets will be handed out after dinner.

And for those with Bulimia Nervosa, you will find two bathrooms situated and the end of the aisle. These facilities are equipped with extra kneeling room and a complimentary bottle of mouthwash.

I will be serving you a cocktail of your most loved prescription medication shortly.

Thank you, and despair in flight.

*(Passengers awkwardly turn their attention back towards themselves. They alternate taking out and putting down baggage. Shortly after the hostess returns with a silver tray with bottles of varying sizes.)*

*She approaches Storm first.*

**CYN DROME:**

*(Smiling sweetly.) Depression or anxiety?*

**STORM:**

*Depression.*

*(CYN take out two pills from a bottle. As CYN walks away, STORM swivels to face the audience and starts her monologue. CYN silently continues to serve prescription medication.)*

You've got it together. You all have ... have it together. Why can't I get it together? Why does this sick feeling never go away? Logic completely defies it. Get over it they say. It's all a state of mind. A phase. Something I do to get attention. Get over it. I wish I could. It frustrates me not to be able to 'get over it'. I frustrate me. I cannot stand being around me and I wish I could escape me. If only for a minute. I'm sure others can't stand me either. They must hate to put up with me. My poor Egyptian cotton sheets are completely stained with tears. I wish I could be happy.

*(Takes pill). Ah, that's better. Now I feel nothing. I can't even cry. Hah, I almost miss the tears. Miss feeling something. Miss feeling someone. Miss feeling. I miss happy moments.*

Are the happy moments worth sacrificing not to feel the depths of emptiness?

But it's ok.

I am fine.

*(STORM'S monologue is finished and she swivels back upstage).*

*(CYN approaches KETANIA.)*

**CYN DROME:**

*(Smiling sweetly.) Depression or anxiety?*

**KETANIA:**

*Anorexia.*