

ENTER LOVE

A MUSICAL FOR OUR TIMES

BY
LYNN LUPOLD
[MUSIC AND LYRICS]
AND
DON SEYBOLD
[BOOK]

Kenny Shepard
Staging & Adaptation

<http://offthewallplays.com>

Copyright c 2010

All Rights Reserved Used by Permission

a Red Boat Production,LLC



COMPLETE FINAL WORKING SCRIPT FOR "ENTER LOVE"

SYNOPSIS

Enter Love is a musical about the nature and vicissitudes of romantic relationships in the first decade of the 21st century. It is set in an international airport, located in a large city somewhere in the mid-west. The production consists of a series of encounters—with dialogue and music—that take place between an assortment of couples and individuals at various locations—arrival and departure concourses, waiting lounges, baggage check, a coffee shop, restaurant, observation deck, and the central location, a bar—in the airport.

The terminal provides a physical space which all of the various characters could actually inhabit at more or less the same time. It also serves as a symbolic space that represents the rapid pace, transient nature, and difficulties of establishing and maintaining relationships of any sort, let alone those involving love and romance.

During the course of the production the audience witnesses various manifestations and stages of romantic relationships as the characters pass through on their way from one flight to another, and many times from one delayed, canceled, or redirected journey to another, or the continuation of a relationship full of, as pilots like to say, “Chop.”

In spite of all the difficulties there seems to remain in most of the characters, albeit salted with various levels of cynicism, skepticism, and seemingly endless failures, both a deep-seated desire for and a fragile, flickering hope that they will connect and they will at last fly first class and non-stop beside the one they really love and who really loves them. *Enter Love* is a series of vignettes shared by these unrelated characters.

THE CHARACTERS

Bar Tender	Alex
Female #1	Samantha
Female #2	Kate
Female #3	Amy
Female #4	Missy
Female #5	Angie Fern, Sara (played by one person)
Female #6	Silvia, Barb, Shelby (played by one person)

Male #1	Frank
Male #2	Ben
Male #3	Guy
Male #4	Austin
Male #5	Tim, Chip, LeRoy, Seth (played by one person)
Male #6	Tommy, Harold, JoeBob, Ted (played by one person)

ALEX:

She is smart, clever, witty, seasoned and experienced, tough but not brittle, a skeptic but not a cynic. As is frequently the case, on the flip side of most skeptics—even cynics—is a romantic, even a bit of a cautious optimist. She is 40 something with a past but not one she exposes in any detail but tends to insinuate in bits and pieces throughout her various conversations and monologues. She is very skilled at and happy in her work, although it is clear she could have been successful in many other professions. But she has chosen this one not by default but because it provides various challenges and satisfactions that are important to her. She obviously likes people, tends to get to know many of the regulars, and cares about them. She is also playful, theatrical, wise, and articulate. She, like all great bartenders, knows how to mix a great drink, remember a name, and can be a stand-up comic, a psychologist, a philosopher, and a friend/confidant, as needed and required. She has been married and divorced, perhaps more than once, and been around many blocks. She has developed many protective devices but doesn't live behind a wall. She is obviously attracted to Guy but keeps him at bay as much as she can, and is having a more difficult time doing that than she usually has with men.

She also functions as the Chorus in the classical sense of the term in that she comments on the action at various times and she also breaks through the 4th wall and directly addresses the audience at crucial junctures in the performance. She is both a “realistic” character and a theatrical one. Her awareness of this function is portrayed through her highly stylized and metaphoric language.

GUY:

Almost continually on the road or rather in the air for his work. He is also 40 plus, maybe even early 50 something, and like Alex he has a relationship past of some depth and breadth that has had more downs than ups. But it is clear that he has learned something from these that makes him seem more alert and sensitive to the attractions and challenges of a strong, assertive woman. He is cautious but not exactly gun-shy and he, like Alex, has protective screens but no walls. They seem to have found both a way to connect and to keep a distance through their playful banter, and keeping things “casual.” He wants to let her know he's attracted but not exactly how much, and one suspects that he does not share any of his feelings about her with anyone else. It's likely that there isn't anyone else in his life except the people he meets through work. Even though he winds up being a “leaver” in the end, the audience must be made to feel positively about him and believe that his decision was the practical one of a 50 something who realizes his tenuous position in the contemporary job market and his decision is difficult and does cause him real distress and regret. In other words, his feelings for Alex were and are real.

AMY:

She is a flight attendant. 30 something who has been a flight attendant since graduating from college between 15-20 years ago. She chose her occupation not because she couldn't have done many other things, but because it was still, at the time, a fairly "romantic" job, but mostly because she wanted to be able to travel and the perks of the job gave her that opportunity. She has thought about leaving the job more than once, especially in recent years, but she now gets great international flights and still hasn't seen all the places she wants to visit. And she can't think of anything that has enough appeal for her to leave what she has and start over, at least not yet. She's also gotten tough but not yet brittle over the years, as she has had to deal with more than her share of drunks, oaf's, Lotharios, sleaze-balls, rich assholes, and arrogant jerks, both on the job and as off. She has had at least two relationships which were of some length and depth but did not turn out well. She survives through her flexibility, wit, and basically up-beat personality. She can let things go, and knows how to remain calm when the situation would dictate otherwise, and she is very independent, not willing to settle.

SAMANTHA:

She is also a flight attendant and 30 something, with many of the same sorts of professional experiences as Amy, except that she is gay. She is very good at her job and tends to do it with an attitude she brings from her small-town Midwest upbringing, which is that when you are paid to do a job you do it to the best of your ability and with a positive attitude. She is someone who always does things with care and competence, even when the satisfactions are minimal or non-existent. She became a flight attendant because it seemed like a great and quick way out of the repressive environment of her youth and a way to be both out and also maintain a kind of privacy because she wouldn't actually live anywhere, in the conventional sense. She did not come out until after her flight training and has had a few "affairs" and a couple of longer more committed relationships. Most were no more than extended flings and even the longer committed ones just sort of dissolved rather than ended, so there was disappointment, some disillusionment, and sadness, but no real grief or trauma. Her relationship with Kate, now close to two years old, is by far the deepest, most long-lasting, most satisfying, most committed she has ever been in. Even so, she can still sometimes be a bit tentative, reserved, and cautious, if not skeptical.

KATE:

Around five years older than Samantha, Kate is an mid-level executive for a large financial firm, very good at what she does, and in line for a major promotion and increased responsibility. She was married in her early 20's, soon after college, and divorced after three years, had a few flings, not much more than one-nighters, over the next five years while her job consumed most of her time and interest, followed by a period of what she liked to refer to as sexual unemployment, as she finally addressed and, for the first time, seriously thought about her "sexual orientation," as her shrink referred to it. She met Ben during this time and he became a

very close friend and eventually her lover. She did love him and there were many things about their relationship which were the best she ever had, but she ultimately realized, then slowly admitted, that the real issue was that Ben could never be the right person. They split in what was a traumatic situation for both, but a necessary one for her. She met Samantha about a year later and really fell in love for the first time. Their almost two years together have not always been easy but the relationship is firm, right, and everything she had ever wanted.

MISSY:

A one-time, small-time actress in high school and college and then in community and small professional touring companies, a stand-up comedian in the comedy club circuit, and, for almost five years, a dancer and show girl in Vegas. She realized that she wasn't going to Broadway or Hollywood and was tired of the grind of the show girl routine, even though the money was decent and the work regular. And she was really sick of the big cigars and motorcars fondlers who tended to think of show girls as prostitutes or, at best, a great one-night in the hay kind of fun "gal." She began looking for a job that would keep her somehow in show business, and hooked on with a couple of small talent agencies, then a larger one in NYC, and finally as a talent scout and recruiter for a large modeling agency. Now in her 40's, she is very successful and is frequently also given the additional responsibility of being a kind of advisor and big sister to those models who became clients of the company. Her bold, flamboyant appearance and manner are just exaggerated elements of her personality, as well as her way of continuing to be a performer, and something that has worked well for her in her job. Her territory includes the entire Midwest and keeps her flying all the time. She was married once to a very nice fellow who she was just too much for in just about every possible way, and she has mostly enjoyed a series of casual relationships that fit in with her job and life style, but she's had a couple of more serious relationships that turned out very badly, [including a very recent one we observe through the "Waiting" scene. Her manner, personality, appearance, and her lifestyle make her seem like an easy lay, which she is definitely not, even though she likes to play and flirt. Some guys don't get that and can sometimes become nasty and abusive. She has developed ways to sense that and mostly avoid it because she can't and doesn't want to repress her natural inclination to perform and seduce. What she doesn't seem to be able not to do is fall for the "bad boys."

AUSTIN:

Married young, while still in college, and the father of two children, now in his late 20's and "successful" in his work, but not necessarily satisfied or happy in performing it. He thinks that he's wasting his talents and should be in another line of work, but not quite sure what that would be or if he could make as much money. The kids are now six and eight, and his wife has recently returned to work both because they could use the money, but more because she wants to have a career in her field, and he supports this. However, the recent pressures of juggling the job and the kids, especially since Austin travels almost all the time, have had a negative effect

on their relationship. They are both committed to each other and in love, but going through a very rough period of readjustment.

FRANK:

A 40 something womanizer, man about town, who fancies himself a stud, he has been engaged twice, but never married, and the real love of his life has been out of it for many years. One suspects the end of that particular relationship was more hurtful than he would ever admit and was the major factor in his developing his current persona. He is a successful attorney—mostly for injured people—and mostly only cases that involved huge sums of money. He is good-looking, he has a bit of bad boy charm about him, and he is bold in his approach and full of confidence when it comes to his work and women, which are both to be “won.” He is not nearly as suave, sophisticated, or cosmopolitan as he fancies himself but he frequently gets away with more and a bit further with some women than his lack of subtlety would normally allow. For that reason he hasn't seen any need to change his approach, feeling that no matter how good you are, you can't win them all in court or in romance, and he's not even sure he ever wants more than a one-night or short-term relationship, anyway. There is always the “next case” to be won.

BEN:

He and Frank were undergrad roommates together, then they lost track of each other after graduation until rather recently when they actually ran into each other at the airport and realized they both lived in the same city. Frank is a successful small businessman who has to travel a great deal for his business, and is not happy about that. Just before he and Frank hooked up again, he had gone through a break-up from long-term love that was very messy and traumatic for him. Frank was only too happy to help him reenter the dating game, but Ben wasn't as eager as Frank thought he should be, and Ben didn't feel that Frank was exactly the role model and “hunting partner” he wanted. Once in awhile they went out for beers but Ben was—with the help of their two busy schedules—able to avoid most of Frank's invitations, except when they wound up at the airport together.

ANGIE and TOMMY:

A newly-married couple in their early 20's, Innocent, naive, deeply in love, confused, and afraid. She is just been part of his reserve company which has been activated and are being sent to Afghanistan. He's trying to be the brave man and grown-up for both of them.

CHIP:

Late 20's, flight attendant and gate agent, he is about to fall in love, really for the very first time as a adult, and he's fighting mightily to figure everything out in terms of his feelings, what he wants to say, what he needs to say, what he shouldn't say.

BARB and TED:

Late 30's they have been trying to make a relationship work for over a year, but not being very successful at it and he has finally decided to just abort it all together as he is getting ready to fly off for his job. He is neither very sensitive, tactful, or responsible. He doesn't care at this point about hurting anyone, he just wants out. Barb has known for a long time that the relationship was never very strong and frequently dysfunctional but kept hoping against hope that somehow she could make it work. Of course, she knew that she couldn't make it work, only they could. But she couldn't call it quits. In some ways she's as angry at herself as she is at him because she allowed him to be the one to pull the plug.

TIM:

A youngish even for his age which is mid-20's kind of geekish fellow who finds himself as inept in social settings as he is competent when he works with computers, software and technology. While his preference would be to spend his time in closed rooms with machines and gadgets rather than people, his job requires him to actually travel to the companies who need his services before he can actually spend his days with the machines in the closed rooms. With virtually no dating experience of any kind, he has recently found himself actually being interested in and attracted by women for really the first time in his life. Of course, he has no idea how to actually make contact with a women, so mostly he looks at them surreptitiously and timidly. What he doesn't realize is that he frequently gawks and is never as subtle and invisible as he believes himself to be and Alex catches him.

TED and SARA:

They run into each other at the airport when one is coming and the other going. Over the years they have observed their various colleagues and friends and how each of them manages to make romance and relationships work—or not. So it is not unusual for them when running into each other at the airport with time for a drink to both watch the people around them and discuss the ever fascinating subject of love.

FERN and HAROLD:

This married couple have managed to be together in a marriage that is based primarily on the idea that you get married and you stay married. It's a commitment and you find ways to make it work. You get comfortable with each other and you adjust and somehow there's love in that if not much romance. This is an old-fashioned marriage and by the expectations and the standards by which it has been managed and judged a successful one. They haven't begun to look like each other but they have managed to adjust their edges and contours and they fit very comfortably and wouldn't at this point with anyone else.

SYLVIA:

Sylvia is the love of Frank's life, although until she shows up and they bump into each other he

would have never allowed himself to think of her that way. When they broke up years ago it was primarily because Frank was too immature and self-involved to realize he just needed to be his wonderful self and he was perfect for any woman who was lucky enough to can his attention. Sylvia had fallen for him and saw lots of great potential but she also wasn't desperate or needy and finally just had enough and she moved on and away. Frank then became the Frank we've seen earlier in the play. When he runs into her again he almost immediately recognizes that Sylvia is the best woman he's ever been involved with and he knows he will do whatever it takes not to allow her to escape again.

SHELBY:

Shelby is a Flight Attendant and Gate Agent. She delivers many transition announcements with comic flair. She and Chip frequently fly together and are great friends.

VELMA:

Velma is an airport staple. She is a cleaning woman who once had dreams of her own. She blends into the background and is overlooked by travelers. She often chats with Alex at the end of her shift.

LEROY and JOE BOB:

They are NASCAR nation.

SETH:

The man who has almost nothing who thinks he has everything. He believes himself to be hip and sophisticated; he is none of those things, but he will probably never notice and will remain clueless and another guy [not Guy] for Alex to enjoy “playing” with at the end of a long day. He's boring but harmless at least to someone like Alex. And he is in some ways the rule who proves the exception—the one who will someday actually show up in her bar and be the right one.

SET/STAGING

A basic set for the production would require some background scrims or screens which could also be used as projection screens for visual backgrounds that could be easily and quickly modified during the production to suggest the different venues within the airport; the staging should include at least two or three set levels, and appropriate and sufficient lighting to transform the stage and set into the various spaces.

The production is conceived of as being performed in two-acts with a total run time of approximately 90 minutes.

ACT ONE

[A Single Day at the Airport]

Characters are arranged back-lit around the set in silhouette, not moving, talking imperceptibly. There will also dim and distant plane noises, and PA flight and security announcements, none of which are fully understandable and all of which combine to create a low grade cacophonous effect.

Instrumental music [“Babbling Voices” intro] begins under the entrance of the Bartender. Long intro allows for the dialog below to be spoken, while the rest of the cast comes on stage, creating crowd movement while the Bartender stays off-stage center with a spot the focus on her with half-lights on the choreographed movement on stage. Announcements are being made about arrivals and departures.

SCENE #1

HOUSE ANNOUNCEMENT/FLIGHT ATTENDANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO BE ADDED

ALEX [Bartender]:

[She is brash, strong, outgoing, opinionated, ironic, a skeptic tending toward but never quite being [or at least only momentarily] hard-core cynical. It is crucial that she seem strong, independent, and self-sufficient but not mean, tough but not brittle. As she is revealed in her interactions, the audience must become aware of the romantic which is her, mostly concealed, flip side. The monologue begins to establish her as the worldly character and very good at her job; someone who the others will like, react to, and play off easily]

ALEX [Bartender]:

Welcome to Love International. Wherever you're going, wherever you're coming from, you either begin or end in Love. Are you old enough to remember when flying was fun, traveling was romantic, and flight attendants were part of the fantasy? Now flying is fatigue, travel is exhausting, and flight attendants are airborne irritants. But while it may no longer be romantic to fly, there are few places more filled with romance than an airport. Love we do and love we must never forgetting that unrequited love, like unattended baggage will be removed by airport personnel—or replaced by the next unattached traveler. And don't forget, your baggage may

have shifted during flight.

[Bartender begins singing BABBLING VOICES as she moves up onto the stage and becomes part of the ensemble, who have emerged from the wings onto the main entry lobby of the airport. The cast sings BABBLING and also inserts phrases and strands from the other songs that will appear in the show. This scene should be choreographed with synchronized and stylized “airport” bustle and movement.]

BABBLING VOICES ~ sung by ALEX and ENSEMBLE individuals taking different parts as assigned

(these opening parts are sung on top of each other)

Enter love, watch out for those feelings, enter love, enter love, watch out for those feelings, enter love (repeated)

One Dream, in my heart I feel it, one wish all the stars believe it, one day, one night, one day

He squeezes toothpaste, but that’s alright, no it’s always Air Tran, La de da de da, what a silly race are we, la de da

(Alex)

Listen to all the babbling voices.

Easy enough to hear the different choices.

(TBA)

Where are you now and shall I meet you?

Carousel nine and by the way I love you.

Call me back.

I can’t hear you.

(Alex)

See you soon, the voices babble.

(TBA)

Almost noon, yes we’re early.

(Alex)

All too soon they say.

The voices all sound happy.

They babble on for all to hear.

(TBA)

Yes we are safe.

Yes we are home.

See you soon.

(Alex)

Listen to all the babbling voices.

Easy enough to hear the different choices.

(TBA)

US Air, no it's always Air Tran.

Pictures come soon and yes we'll make you copies.

Love you too.

Voices babble, almost noon.

Yes we were early.

Call me back.

I can't hear you.

(Alex)

All too soon they say.

The voices all sound happy.

They babble for all to hear.

(TBA)

Yes we are safe.

Yes we are home.

See you soon.

Weather was fine in old Key Largo.

Someone had said it was a great place to go.

Hard to believe that it is over.

Time always flies when we forget our sorrows.

Here we are back in Indy.

Not too far, still we taxi.

Call me soon.

You can reach me afternoon today.

(Alex)

See you soon, voices Babble.

(TBA)

Miss you too.

(Alex)

They say the same thing.

(TBA)

I love you.

Don't forget me.

(ALL)

Voices all are we.....babbling on.

SCENE #2

[Guy sits down at the bar. His name is Guy and Red Eye is one of Alex's many nicknames for him. She winks at him. and then asks two men at the bar for their drink orders who are sitting at the bar chatting]

ALEX *[From behind the bar]* What can I get you fellows to drink?

FRANK: Manhattans up, water back.

[Alex begins making their drinks and also one for Guy without ever having taken his order. When she finishes making his, she delivers it.]

ALEX: Just like you like it, Red Eye.

GUY: You're so good to me.

ALEX: It's my job. It's what I get paid to do.

GUY: Oh, I thought maybe you did it for me because I'm so sweet and wonderful, and handsome.

ALEX: Well, you thought wrong, Skywalker. I forget, where you off to this time?

GUY: Portland.

ALEX: When can I expect you back?

GUY: Thursday on the Red Eye. And you'll be the first to know.

ALEX: Well, don't wake me with the news. You take care. *[Discreetly gives him a air kiss]* I got a job to do. And don't forget the tip. *[She returns to making drinks. He finishes his, leaves money for the bill and tip and exits.]*

[Two women and two more men come in and sit down at café tables on opposite sides of the bar.]

MISSY: I think relationships should be a lot easier than they ever wind up being.

AMY: Yeah, how come they never are? Even when they're good?

MISSY: I know you can't expect them to be perfect, but why can't romance be easy, breezy...

AMY: Beautiful? And why CAN'T love be perfect?

MISSY: I think we've just discovered what philosophers call a conundrum.

AMY: *[Feigning shock at what she thinks she heard]* What did you say?

MISSY: *[Laughing]* Not "condom," Miss One-Track-Mind! Conundrum! As in predicament.

AMY: Oh! I knew that...

FRANK: See those two women over there?

BEN: What about 'em?

FRANK:-Why don't we offer to buy them a drink?

BEN: Because they already have a drink and they don't look especially friendly?
Besides, they're probably married and they'd probably be offended. Probably be offended whether they're married or not.

FRANK: Nonsense, women like the idea of men paying attention to them.

BEN: Oh Frank, are you still reading Playboy, for god's sake?

FRANK: Come on. It's just a drink with a couple of lookers. What's the worst that could happen?

BEN: I could make a long list, beginning with being humiliated, ending with their husbands showing up..

(Music starts underscoring the dialog below)

FRANK: You're such a pessimist. Just follow my lead. Instead of just barging in on them, we'll be a little more circuitous. Take our time. You know: subtle, nuanced... suave! Chics dig suave!

[They stand, stretch a bit, and move over a couple of stools before they sit back down. This needs to be staged so that the guys are in seats opposite the women, then throughout the song they move very un-sauvely toward the women, getting closer and closer until they are next to them.]

DID YOU KNOW ~sung by MISSY and AMY /Frank & Ben

[Amy more refined and less confident / Missy is more gutsy, bold and playful. Women move to the bar as men approach nearer and nearer]

**Did you know my perfect love at least it is for me,
Generous, amorous, a lover he would be.**

**My true love my perfect love at least perfect for me,
Adventurous, spontaneous and (almost speaks this last phrase) maybe into three.**

[Men overhearing and adding their own musical responses to their own little conversation-it fits into the ladies melody line]

**Love is love it's what it is we make it or we don't.
Perfect love is just a myth so give us one round.**

(Throughout the men keep moving closer to where the ladies are seated while keeping their own conversation as a counter part to what the ladies are saying)

Did you know no perfect love no perfect love exists.

I understand it's just a trend; it's in our minds at best.

:If you know a perfect love then perfect it will be.

**-Amorous,
-Adventurous,**

**MISSY & AMY together:- that's all it needs to be.
Perfect is as perfect does, that's you need to know, you know.**

(The guys have gotten right next to the ladies and in a last effort say)

FRANK- "Could my friend and I buy you a drink?"

(Triangle measure and then in unison the ladies say)

MISSY AND AMY [together emphatically] NO!

KATE: I'm not certain I know who I should feel more sorry for— those women? Or those poor

men who have absolutely no clue what asses they have just made of themselves.

SAM: Well, the women got the last laugh so maybe we should have some empathy for the poor saps?

ALEX: Hey, Ladies. Can I get you two a drink?

[They look at each other, smile, and imitating Missy and Amy say in unison:

KATE AND SAM: No! [*Then laugh loudly.*]

ALEX: Well ~~ you're in a good mood.

SAM: Just enjoying the latest episode of “Adults Behaving Badly.” Just coffee for me, Alex. I’m about to go on duty.

KATE: Same for me. As soon as she's airborne, I'm on to my next meeting.

ALEX: [*said almost like a rhyme...*]Java for those with jobs. Coffee for Kate and the same for Sam!

SAM: So what's on the agenda for when I get back. I got a few days off.

KATE: How about a few days at the lake? Weather's getting better. Even if it's not great, there's the fireplace, the woods, and ME! No plans, no visitors, no schedule, just see what the day brings.

SAM: Sounds perfect. Just make certain it brings something good to eat and drink.

KATE: Consider it done. [*They continue in conversation as Alex brings them their coffee.*]

LIGHTS DOWN IN THE BAR. SCENE SHIFTS AND LIGHTS UP ON A YOUNG COUPLE AT ON THE OBSERVATION DECK.

SCENE #3

[She's dressed in Army fatigues with her duffel bag on the floor beside them and is obviously about to ship out. They are clinging to each other.]

LOVE SONG ~sung by TOMMY and ANGIE

DEPARTING ANNOUNCEMENT TO BE ADDED HERE

When you write a love song, choose the words so carefully that, every sound means more than love itself, by itself. With every touch and smile you share the time will stand still, in a place that only two in love can share then Suddenly, magically, our love song, will begin.

When you lie there sleeping, I recall the day we met and all I heard was your voice, all alone, say hello. When you say you love me, nothing matters or compares to how I feel that moment, only lovers share.

I never knew how love could be until I've loved you, it's as if my life had suddenly found its way, so Suddenly, magically our love song will begin.

Close your eyes and listen to the sound of those in love and understand how love songs, beat in every heart, then Suddenly, magically, our love song, will begin.

LIGHTS DOWN. A PALPABLE PAUSE. EVERYTHING IS DARK FOR A FEW MOMENTS TO ALLOW THE AUDIENCE TO DIGEST THE SCENE AND NOT BE TOTALLY JOLTED BY THE NEXT.

SCENE #4

ANNOUNCEMENT TO BE ADDED HERE

FOUR MALES SITTING AT THE BAR CHATTING AMONG THEMSELVES AND WITH ALEX. THEY HAVE SNUCK ON IN THE TRANSITION WHEN TOMMY GOES TO THE PLANE.

[Guy has left, so Swings are used here to fill where necessary.]

FRANK: Hey, Ben. You know what airplanes and women have in common? They're both difficult, unreliable and expensive.

BEN Women always have been, but it seems flying wasn't all that bad years back.

AUSTIN: First class women and first class seats: you pay more ~ but they're worth it!

ALEX: You know, It seems everyone is trying to get the best deal for the least amount of effort in love and travel ~ trying to book on Expedia or Orbitz. But life is not Expedia.com.! You men want non-stop flights and low-cost romance. But most of the time love has delays, cancellations, missed connections and lots of choppy journeys—always changing planes and partners. Seems like love is just a series of endless hellos and goodbyes. Journeys without destinations. We get on board hoping for a comfortable seat and a full-course, succulent meal. Instead we get a lumpy cushion and a tiny bag of unsalted nuts. And, as you may have heard, our baggage no longer flies free.

AUSTIN: *[Who has had more than enough to drink and is revealing to Alex and the others more than he would have, had he been sober.]* You sure know what your talking about, Alex. I couldn't say it nearly as well as you, which leads me to a confession I should make: I'm not only afraid of love, I'm scared as hell of flying, too. In fact, I'm so scared I have to get tipsy before take-off. And to help ease the stress, I actually I pretend each flight is a woman.

BEN: That's just too weird for me!

FRANK: And way too much information for me.

ALEX: Let the man talk. You guys could probably do with a big dose of honesty. Have you ever tried it, especially with a woman? *[The all look a little guilty.]*

AUSTIN: Before I fly I just start drinking and thinking about women. It helps calm my nerves. Then I give each flight a women's name. I've christened today's Josette.

FRANK: Josette! What good does that do and what the heck kind of name is Josette? Sounds like one of those nasty, tiny, ugly yippy two pound dogs women carry around in their purse.

[The music should begin during this last speech, the females have entered the bar. As the music begins, the men and the women form a pasodobra-pose. As Harold sings the entire ensemble is choreographed in a ballroom-style pasodobra number]

JOSETTE ~sung by FRANK, AUSTIN, CHIP and all guys.

(solo parts assigned)

The door it opened wide, I saw my time was drawing near.
Soon all would be inclined, to fit into a space, designed for bagels and a shmear.

Oh my Josette draws me in like a lover, soon to be trapped in a space with another
How do I get to first class without paying extra?
Seats that are hard and are thin narrow cushions, room for your legs never mind bout the toshions,
Still my Josette I will board like a wounded lover.
There goes another call; looks like it won't be long for me.

I dream of used to be, romance and ecstasy, now all I get are nuts for free.

Oh my Josette draws me in like a lover, soon to be trapped in a space with another
How do I get to first class without paying extra?
Seats that are hard and are thin narrow cushions, room for your legs never mind bout the toshions,
Still my Josette I will board like a wounded lover.
There goes another call; looks like it won't be long for me.

There was a time, so long ago, when bags were free, Oh damn, I have to pee.
Now you pay for it through the nose.

I wanted safe not this gloom and the doom for shoom.

What I need is more room for my bags over head.
I squeeze and pinch for you; it's like foreplay without the oo.
I ride all day with you, the waits and cancels too, make you more like a betting throb.

Oh my Josette draws me in like a lover, soon to be trapped in a space with another
How do I get to first class without paying extra?
Seats that are hard and are thin narrow cushions, room for your legs never mind bout the toshions,
Still my Josette I will board like a wounded lover.
There goes another call; looks like it won't be long for me.

[All sing the lyrics on the out]

How do I get to first class without paying extra?
My Josette, my Josette, my Josette, my jet, my pet, my Josette.

SCENE #5- CHIP

[Sitting in front of a lap top—there is a picture of the loved one on the laptop screen —could be a Face Book page— We hear his thoughts spoken as a soliloquy.

CHIP: I don't think I've ever felt like this about anyone before. And I can't even say exactly how it's different, let alone describe the feeling. Kind of squishy, I guess. No, no! Not squishy at all. Not squishy. Alive! Maybe more alive than I've ever been in my life. I kind of tingle. I meant tingling when I said squishy. I see and feel things I've never noticed. I feel empowered. Oh crap, I can't believe I said that! I hate that kind of psychobabble new age-y blather. It's so self-serving—and well [*major pause*] squishy! I just need to go with it. I don't need to say the “L” word. But it just might be, maybe could be, maybe will be . . .

ANNOUNCEMENT TO BE ADDED HERE

SCENE #6

FRANK: So where you heading?

AMY Home.

FRANK: Where's that?

AMY: Near LA.

FRANK: Nothing is near LA because there really is no LA. It's just a bunch of places pretending to be a city that are all next to each other.

AMY: You could say that.

FRANK: I just did, but I still don't know where you're going.

AMY: One of the places pretending to be LA.

FRANK: What do you like to do there?

AMY: Whatever needs to be done when I get there.

FRANK: It must be illegal.

AMY: Why do you say that?

FRANK: Because you're so evasive.

AMY: Not evasive, just chary.

FRANK: Chary? *[Repeats with emphasis]* Char--ee? Is that one of those Valley Girl words? I don't even know what it means... Are you MAR—eed *[making it rhyme with chary]*?

AMY: *[Smiling, enjoying the humor of his mispronunciation and Valley Girl allusion.]* Not recently. And not that it's any of your business.

MUSIC BEGINS *[underscores dialog]*

FRANK: You're very attractive.

AMY: Thanks. Are You?

FRANK: Attractive?

AMY: No, MAR-eed? Be very careful with your final answer.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? ~sung by FRANK and AMY

What's your name?

Does it matter?

Maybe not, maybe so, just the same will you tell me?

I'll be gone what's the point of a name?

Will you stay?

Are you crazy?

No one cares if you're here.

Just the same, it's my new rule, not too close just like saying my name.

Does she know?

Does she know what?

As I thought, you're a fool.

Who are you?

My new conscience.

It's not me that is bending the rules.

So I lied, what's the difference, just one kiss that was all.

Even I know the difference, it's not me who you hurt from the fall, it is you.

You pretend not to care but you can't.

Who are you to tell me what to feel?

All I need is sometime to be something more than blind to love's endless lies.

One more drink?

Please don't ask me?

You'll be gone, I'll be here.

It's not me that you need here; it is time that you deal with the truth.

You don't know what I'm feeling; you don't know all the pain.

So you think, you are special, life is chance and we know love's a game.

Don't you think that I feel all the shame?

You are here so am I be it truth or be a lie I just want to know your name.

It's a name; it means nothing, just a name nothing more.

Still the same won't you tell me, time is short and you'll walk out the door.

All I ask is to tell me your name.

It's a name, just a name.

All the same, please your name.

It's Amy!

[As she says "Amy" she gets up quickly grabs her bag and exits. He looks stunned and befuddled, and then exists the opposite way shaking his head.]

SPOT ON AUSTIN ON THE PLANE (JUST LANDED) ON HIS CELL PHONE

SCENE #7

AUSTIN: I wanted to let you know we just landed. I'll probably be home about a half an hour later than I thought...

[PAUSE] Are you OK? How are kids? [PAUSE]

Probably another ear infection. Do you want me to stop at the pharmacy and ... [he is cut off] [PAUSE] Yeah, I know I wasn't too engaging when I left for the airport the other day. [PAUSE, pained look on his face] That Bad? I'm sorry. I was in a hurry. I had a lot of things on my mind. [PAUSE] I know. That's no excuse to be nasty and rude. [PAUSE] Was I really that bad? I know. You've got to go. See you in a few hours.

HANGS UP, LOOKS AS HIS PHONE. THINKS, PAUSES, CLOSSES THE PHONE.

MUSIC BEGINS

I CAN'T REMEMBER ~sung and spoken by AUSTIN

**Spoken: I can't remember if I ask you, about the day you were upset.
Someplace between our breakfast, I just forgot to say the words.
I can't remember if I mentioned?
It seemed I did I can't recall.
What did you want to tell me?
Was I supposed to call?**

**Sung: See we get so busy, our lives make us dizzy.
I'll tell you tomorrow when we have more time.
To listen and be there, to say words, that we share, but never do.
I can't remember if I told you.**

**Spoken: The other day across the mall.
Was that one of your students?
I thought you'd be in class, that's all.
I can't remember if I ask you.
Shall I get take out for tonight?
Maybe I was mistaken?
Maybe it was the light.**

**Sung: See we get so busy, our lives make us dizzy.
I'll tell you tomorrow when we have more time.
To listen and be there, to say words, that we share, but never do.**

**Spoken: I still remember how to love you.
I always tried to do my best.
Someplace after our first kiss, life took away the bliss.**

**Sung: Still I can remember,
I need to remember,
The words that are tender,
We have so far to go,
So I can remember the words that are tender,
That's why I remember,
Can you still remember, love.
I can remember, I can remember, love..**

SCENE #8

[Music starts softly underscoring the monologue:]

MISSY: I keep calling, thinking he will answer. What is wrong with me? Nothing [pause] other than I'm a stupid, ignorant fool and a hopelessly out-of-date woman. Could anything be worse? I guess if I believed those how to get rich selling real estate infomercials. Or the ones peddling some gadget or another that will give you abs of steel. Who believes that stuff? Who buys that stuff? Of course, then there's me who believes it when some guy tells me he loves me and that he's coming to see me. And here I sit. I'd be better off working on my abs of steel. Who am I kidding? He's never coming back—never, ever! What part of that fact am I not understanding as I sit here, calling, texting, pretending... *(into first lyric of song...)*

WAITING ~sung by MISSY

Waiting, just waiting and remembering your face.
How can, such a memory be so painful in this space?
Your eyes how they sparkled like the sunshine in the rain.
Your smile captured moonbeams like stars filled the sky.
Never, no never, will I see your eyes,
So I am waiting, for you.
Your eyes how they sparkled, like the sunshine in the rain.
Your smile captured moonbeams like stars filled the sky.
Never, no never, will I see your eyes,
Never to see you or touch you again,
So I'm waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting my love.

SCENE #8a

[Back to the bar. Cleaning woman who has made a few passes during earlier scenes in the bar rolls on stage with her cart and stops to chat with Alex.]

ALEX: So Velma what's new in your life?

Velma: Ain't never nothin new. Same old recycled trash, same old spills ta mop up, same old messes ta clean up. Nothin folks do any better than make messes. They think the whole damned airport's a susceptible.

ALEX: A receptacle?

VELMA: Yea. Whatever. Big shots. They never see it, they just toss it 'cause they know some one will come along and pick up after 'em. And they never see me. Oh, they look at me. Ain't sayin, they don't. But they never see me.

ALEX: That's because they're looking for their gate or better yet, a special someone. If I've learned anything on this job it's that people have a deep-seated desire to connect with another person. To finally fly first-class and non-stop beside someone who really loves them. They're looking for romance and adventure. Something that lasts.

VELMA: Longer than the crap they're always shovin in their mouth. Makin mischief and leavin trash is what they do. Who wants to connect with that? Sometimes I think they're nothing but trash contemptibles themselves. Oh, they got their airs, sure enough, but poke 'em a good one in the belly like one of them Mexican sonatas

ALEX: Pinatas

VELMA: And nothin but a whole bunch a empty balled-up wrappers would come spillin' out. Another mess for me to clean up.

ALEX: Damn, you're dark as a black hole today.

VELMA: No reason not ta be, far as I can tell. Today I saw a guy wearin a satin warm-up suit that he paid \$500 for and ain't never warmed-up nothin in it 'cept his fat ass runnin for his flight. He was all duded out with neck chains and \$300 runnin shoes that ain't never been used ta run nowhere except his next connection. And he was with one of them woman look like they got a pole up their hind-end and a face that ain't got enough skin left to cover it, like it shrunk in the warsher. Well Mr. Bruce Jenner handed me his Starbucks cup and the one with the plumped up lips just dropped hers on the ground! Church-goin' folks too, I bet. Prayin for god to clean up after 'em. Well, He's invisible just like me. Damned Hypochondriacs!

ALEX: Hypocrites?

VELMA: That too. What about me having a dream? What about me looking for a connection, and flyin' first-class and non-stop with someone that loves me? Never a flicker of that goes through their geraniums.

ALEX: Craniums.

VELMA: To them I'm just a crazy old lady who cleans up their mess and they don't even see me. Hell with 'em. I may be crazy but I'm real. They're empty as the cellophane wrappers they drop on the floor.

Crazy –SUNG BY VELMA

There are people who think that I'm crazy.
There are people who think that I'm mad.
In a world filled with self righteous people, being crazy it isn't half bad.
So the next time you talk to your neighbor, look him square in the eye and decide.
Would they be on your side, or just run off and hide just to salvage their own selfish pride.
When your friends are your foe and there's nowhere to go, do you pack all your bags and go to hide?

Shut the door.
Close your eyes.
Part of life is a great big surprise.
No one said life was fair.
Take a breath, get a grip, keep a stiff upper lip, take a step look them straight in the eye.

There are people who give to the needy.
There are people who give to the poor. And the same go to church on a Sunday.
Then they lie just to be with a whore.
So the next time you talk to your neighbor look them square in the eye and decide.
Would they be on your side or just run off and hide just to salvage their own selfish pride?
When your friends are your foe and there's no place to go, do you pack all your bags?
Hell no.
Square in the eye, never say die, crazy am I?
You know.

SCENE #9

BARB/F SWING #5: And that's that? We're over, done, turn off the lights, close the door, See ya?

TED/M SWING #6: It's just not working at all.

BARB: Maybe that's because you're not working at it—at all!

TED: Love shouldn't be work.

BARB: No, your right, love shouldn't be work, but relationships sure are work. And you should love the work.

TED: Look, I'm sorry, but I just can't do this anymore. I quit.

BARB: To Hell with you! You can't quit a job you never did. And besides, I fired you

before you quit. You never worked at this a day in your life. You weren't qualified to do the job.

TED: *walks into the security check line.*

BARB: Watch him, he's not who he says he is. His photo is real. Nothing else about him is!

[She should be muttering to herself as she walks to the bar and sits down, still very angry, talking under her breath. Alex notices as she comes up to take her drink order. All the female characters are in the bar.]

ALEX: You must have sat next to a snorer, a gabber, or a farter during your flight?

BARB: I wasn't even flying. I was left at the gate by a pain.

ALEX: As in the ass?

BARB: Precisely.

ALEX: At least the pain is now in the air—and not in your ass.

BARB: I never should have gotten involved with that jerk.

ALEX: You think maybe they're all born that way?

BARB: Maybe, but in the beginning, they sure do a great job of imitating a silly Prince.

ALEX: And then you kiss them and they turn into. . . The fairy tale's got it wrong. Not frogs but creeps.

BARB: Hell yes,. I just feel like such a ditz.

ALEX: Well, there's a whole lot women who possess the same sort of kissing magic you do. Believe me I've had my share of losers. Hate to think it was my kissing that did it..

MISSY: Honey, I can tell you that I have been with some of the most worthless men you can ever imagine. Some I never even kissed. Well, not on the mouth anyway...

ALEX: The good thing is it's over now and you'll live through it.

(Music starts under dialog)

BARB: But I'm sick and tired of living through relationship after relationship. And I'm really getting bored being the one who gets dumped all the time. [Realization] And you know what?! It's not going to happen again!

ALEX: You are woman. Hear you roar! [*Women at the bar cheer and applaud*]

ASK ME NOW ~sung by ALL WOMEN

**When I looked into your eyes, I found a place where I could hide away.
I thought you made my life a light that would shine in darkest days.
(music picks up and the three women become a group and create a little ensemble)**

**Ask me now I felt when you went away.
Was it real to me, did I feel the pain.
Could it, could it be that it wasn't love it was all a game but it felt the same.
Tell me, tell me now love, was it just a hateful game?
Ask me, ask me now love.
Did I really love you?
Did it even matter?
That you brought me lies and shame.
Ask me now.**

(Dance and instrumental section)

**When you said you'd leave did I really care?
Was it worth the cost, just another stare?
So I'd like to say and be just as bold, you were not my life, just a story told.
Did you ever think that you would be the one to lose?
Now where are you running?
Just to find another?
Just to be a bother?
Just another lover to abuse?
Ask me now.**

SCENE #10

BAR IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR ALEX AND RED EYE GUY SITTING AT THE BAR. IMPORTANT THAT AUDIENCE UNDERSTANDS IT'S VERY LATE AND ALEX IS CLOSING THE BAR DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.

[This is a crucial scene necessary to show the two sides of the Bartender--cynic/skeptic and romantic. Her banter is what we see her do with everyone, but in the case of Red Eye Guy the other side has to seep through, and it needs to be clear that they both have developed a style that allows them to be both flip and casual while there is also a definite sub-text which indicates a strong attraction that, while still in the early stage of development, has affected both of them.]

ALEX: It's the Red Eye Warrior. Where you off to this time.?

GUY: Concourse B. Beyond that I'd have to look at my itinerary. Ten days in three different places. Doesn't really make any difference. They all look alike. I live in Clonesville. Same strip malls, fast food joints, and car dealerships. The only sites I see are Interstates and conference rooms. Every place is the same place. Even the awful paintings. You got your sailboats, your flowers and your geometric shapes. Who do you suppose does those? And why do they bolt them to the walls. Who in the world would steal them?

ALEX: Awww... is Captain Kirk feeling sorry for himself?

GUY: Got to. Nobody else will. You sure won't.

ALEX: I didn't know that was part of our current arrangement?

GUY: You're irreplaceable.

ALEX: And irreplaceable. Don't forget that, Top Gun..

GUY: One of the many things I love about you is your total indifference to sentimentality.

ALEX: And all along I thought it was my big tits.

GUY: You tits aren't that big. But I like them just the way they are.

ALEX: Will you still love them when they relocate?

GUY: I won't even notice.

ALEX: That's because you'll be senile and half-blind by the time they do. In the unlikely event you're even still around.

GUY: Would love to stay and have you whisper more sweet nothings in my ear, but I've got to run to . . . *[Pauses, groping in his pocket for his ticket, trying to remember where he's supposed to go.]*

ALEX: Already?

GUY: *[Finding ticket]* Yes, to Concourse B!

ALEX: Or to a heart condition at the pace you're going!

GUY: Oh, I have a heart condition already. *[meaning feelings for Alex]*

ALEX: You know where to find me when you splash down. *[She throws a kiss across the bar] Bon Voyage, Mr. Cruise... [He gives her a wink, smile, and an air kiss. She should look as if she is pleased.]*

[Talking aloud as she cleans up around the bar and gets ready to close]

Ut oh... I need to keep him off-balance until the ground rules are firmly established—by me! But that man. He's gotten around the speed bumps, and getting to me much faster than I'd like!

[Music starts for "Love to Me" under dialog as she cleaning up and turning off lights, then walking toward the front of the stage in a Spot. Everywhere else is dark.]

[As she begins to sing, the rest of the ensemble appear as they have appeared in Act One. They will sing with her on the second chorus which she sings alone, sounding more angry than sentimental]

ALEX: This is getting dangerous and it always comes to no good end. Damn you, Guy, if you wanted romance why didn't you go someplace else?

LOVE TO ME ~sung by ALEX

**I didn't need to hear those words,
I don't want to feel this way.
You are no more to me now,
I will never let you see,**

(Chorus)

**You aren't love to me,
You can't set me free.
I don't need you or want you,
Your love isn't real it's only fantasy,
Not reality, I don't need you or feel you,
Just let me be myself without love.**

**I don't believe that love exists,
Life's filled with guilt's unhappiness,
If I tried to let you in,
Love would take me and you would win.**

(Chorus)

**You aren't love to me,
You can't set me free.
I don't need you or want you,
Your love isn't real it s only fantasy,
Not reality, please just let me, be free,
You are not love to me at all.**

**I never tried to touch the sky,
I didn't see a reason why,
Now you come into my life,
Just when all had seemed so right,**

(Chorus)

**You aren't love to me,
You can't set me free.
I don't need you or want you,
Your love isn't real it s only fantasy,
Not reality, please just let me, be free,
You are not love to me at all.**

[The last chorus must be sung in very big, grandiose manner. It's got to suggest her painful struggle to keep from feeling love for Guy, as last resort to maintain control of her emotions.]

INTERMISSION

