

FLIGHT

By Patrick Gabridge

Copyright © 2001 by Patrick Gabridge, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-931000-74-3

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

FLIGHT
by
Patrick Gabridge

CAST: DEEDEE and SARAH

SCENE: An airport waiting area. A book and a bag rest on an empty set of seats.

AT RISE: DEEDEE, in a business suit, stands, craning her neck, as if trying to see something.

(SARAH will serve as the P.A. voice, either off-stage or with her back to the audience.)

P.A. SYSTEM: Attention passengers, this is the final boarding call for Flight 597. All ticketed passengers should proceed to the gate immediately. Stand-by passengers should approach the counter for seat assignments.

(SARAH enters, also dressed for business, and sneaks up quietly behind DEEDEE.)

SARAH: Hello, Deedee...

(DEEDEE jumps with surprise)

DEEDEE: Jeez, what are you...Sarah. You scared the life out of me.

SARAH: What are you doing here?

DEEDEE: Nothing.

SARAH: Nothing? I don't think you've ever done nothing in your life.

DEEDEE: I certainly don't have as much practice as you.

SARAH: Why are you here?

DEEDEE: I'm trying to answer that same question about you.
What are you doing here?

SARAH: I'm not bothering anyone.

DEEDEE: Everyone is worried about you. Mom called me and begged me to fly out here and find you. You don't return our calls anymore. You don't answer our letters. Maybe something happened to you.

SARAH: I'm perfectly fine. See? Unharmd. You can file your report to Mother that I'm doing just swell.

DEEDEE: I'm not so sure.

SARAH: You can fly on home to your family satisfied that that you've done your duty. And look, you're already at the airport. How convenient.

DEEDEE: You can't keep doing this.

SARAH: How did you find me?

DEEDEE: I followed you. I've been following you for two days.

SARAH: What?

DEEDEE: Is this your life? You sleep at the cesspit of a boarding house, do your little temp job, and then live every other moment at the airport?

SARAH: Welcome to my world.

DEEDEE: This is an airport, Sarah. It is a way station, not a destination. There is no here here.

SARAH: There is for me. I'm here.

DEEDEE: But why?

SARAH: Haven't you paid attention? Look around. It's clean, well-lit, warm in the winter, cool in the summer. And it's free. There are lots of comfortable places to sit. Reasonably clean bathrooms. An army of janitors to pick up the trash and clean the floors and fix the leaks in the ceiling. And the metal detectors and x-ray machines and guards make an airport the safest place on earth. No one yells or screams or beats their kids in an airport. If they get too loud, if the babies start to scream, I just move. The people are well-dressed and on their best behavior. They have a great sense of purpose. If I want, I can read all afternoon, all evening, and no one bothers me. If I want someone to talk to, there is always someone who is lonely, who has been trapped here for hours and hours. And I can be anyone. They'll never know if it's true. Yesterday, I was a doctor. The other day I was an astronaut in training, waiting

for a flight to Houston. If I want to flirt, there is no shortage of willing men. If I want more than a little flirtation, there is still no shortage of willing men, and I know where we can go. But usually, no one notices me. They all have something else to do, somewhere to go. I am invisible. Safely invisible, just another business traveler on her way to Cleveland, or Chicago, or Denver. They're so wrapped up in their cell phones and computers, their missed flights and rain delays. If I need entertainment I listen to them, listen to them lying to their bosses or their wives, or telling tales of their successes and failures. I can safely sit back and watch and listen to a thousand of life's dramas.

DEEDEE: What you're doing is not normal.

SARAH: Would it be better if I sat home and watched TV?

DEEDEE: You can't just withdraw from the world.

SARAH: What is it specifically that you want me to experience?

Heartbreak? Pain? You want me to listen to Mrs. Kaplan screaming at her husband for losing the cap to the toothpaste, screaming at him until he tosses her against the wall. You want me to listen to Callie Spelman upstairs, crying because her parents won't pick her up, because they're stoned out of their minds. Maybe I should date my boss at work, or some guy from the gym, or the park or the grocery store. Let him into my life, until he robs me or hurts me, or leaves me. My family? You're all busy. That's fine. I don't need to achieve whatever it is that you call happiness. Forgive me.

DEEDEE: Are you happy?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from FLIGHT by Patrick Gabridge.

For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com