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# *The Last Resort*

**A One Act Comedy by**

**Kev Salter**

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# The Last Resort

by Kev Salter

## CHARACTERS

3W / 4M

JEFF TATE: *Groom*

RACHEL IRVINE: *Bride*

PHILIPPE LUGARDE: *Businessman*

EDITH WHEELER-SNODGRASS: *Lady*

LISA CHARTWELL: *Attendant*

JAMES BRAGGER: *Pilot*

REVERENT BISHOP: *Local Minister*

JANSKA BOGOV: *Janitor\**

TORNA BRAIKOV: *Mechanic\**

IVOR MANINSKI : *Manager\**

OTTO POLINSKI: *Policeman\**

\*Played by the same Actor

## SETTING

*A small waiting area in a Latvian airport*

## APPROXIMATE PLAYING TIME

*30 Minutes*

**Last Resort**  
by Kev Salter

**A COMEDY IN ONE ACT**

**SETTING:** *We start our play in the waiting area of a small Latvian airport. Two rows of basic seats dominate the stage with a magazine littered coffee table in the middle.*

*An empty baggage/booking counter stands at the front side left with maps and flight times pinned to the wall behind.*

**AT RISE:** *The seating area is occupied by JEFF and his bride to be RACHEL and an old lady who appears to be sleeping at the back.*

*PHILIPPE enters with his case as the scene begins.*

**JEFF**

Only ten minutes love and then next stop Rome. Personally I can't wait to marvel at the Sistine Chapel, the Colluseum and the pearly white gates!

**RACHEL**

That's heaven love?

**JEFF**

I know. But same thing in my opinion, you can't get more heavenly than a trip to the most romantic city in the world.

**PHILIPPE**

You are mistaken monsieur! Paris is the most romantic of City!

**JEFF**

Well yes Paris is lovely sir, but Rome is more cultural, steeped in centuries of history and intrigue – the starting blocks to Europe I'd say.

**PHILIPPE**

You are mistaken! Paris has a long history of culture; where Rome has Sistine we have Le Louvre, where they have the Colluseum we have the Eiffell Tower and as for the pearly white gates we have the Arc De Triomphe!

**JEFF**

Not sure the Arc De Triomphe rivals the gates of heaven mate, for a start you have to cross a very busy roundabout just to go and see it!

**EDITH**

I love the food in France! (*They all look round in surprise.*) All those delicate patisseries and their hot chocolate are to die for, dears.

**JEFF**

(*Whispering to his bride*) In her case, it won't be long.

**PHILIPPE**

It is true, Italian food is all stodgy pasta and tomato sauce. In Paris we only serve the finest of cuisine.

**RACHEL**

What's with frogs legs and snails though? I mean I expect they taste good, cooked and all and I'm betting covered in a creamy white sauce you don't even know you are eating them. But why? There's plenty of fine meats and cheeses to be found in the Provinces – why slimy little critters swimming in ponds or hiding under rocks???

**PHILIPPE**

We like to...er...good point, I don't know why we eat them. Must be a foreigner's idea – probably the Romans! (*Grins sheepishly*)

**JEFF**

(*Holding out his hand to which the Frenchman embraces.*) I'm Jeff by the way and this is my fiancée Rachel.

**PHILIPPE**

(*Gives Rachel a kiss on the hand*) The pleasure is all mine. I am Philippe Lugarde of Lugarde de Mansy.

**RACHEL**

That's a lovely title. Do you live in a French castle?

**PHILIPPE**

No Madame, Lugarde de Mansy is a famous perfumery.

**RACHEL**

Can't say I've ever heard of them?

**EDITH**

De Mansy make perfume for the elderly dear – I've never heard of the Lugarde bit though?

**PHILIPPE**

I have just gone into partnership with De Mansy and we are promoting our new range. Here, have a free bottle to sample.

*PHILIPPE unzips his case and produces some tacky bottles and hands one to each of the ladies. RACHEL just stares at it like it's a venomous snake but EDITH looks very excited.*

**EDITH**

Oh what a treat. *(Dabs a little upon her wrist then tips a bit down her top)* What's it called dear?

**PHILIPPE**

We want it to be top in Europe. So we call it Rank One!

*Both JEFF and RACHEL struggle to contain themselves.*

**EDITH**

Oh what a smashing idea. Smells lovely – strange after odour dear, what is it?

**PHILIPPE**

Essence of...rhino dung! Apparently it has alluring affects!

**EDITH**

Oh...lucky me! *(Pops it in her bag.)*

*RACHEL quickly discards of her bottle in the bin without him noticing.*

**RACHEL**

And what is your name...my good lady?

**EDITH**

Call me Edith dear – I'm going to Rome. Are we going to be on the same flight together?

**RACHEL**

Yes, I think so. Jeff and I, we are getting married in Sala Rossa and then off for a few days in Venice and then we'll end up down in Sicily for our honeymoon. What about you? Very unusual for a woman of your...distinction to be travelling overseas alone!

**EDITH**

*(Moves over to sit next to her)* My late brother's wife lives in Testico and I have promised to visit so many times.

**RACHEL**

You mean Testaccio?

**EDITH**

Yes, yes dear. Well I came in to some money recently and thought I better do it before I die.

**RACHEL**

I'm sure you've got plenty of years ahead of you yet.

**EDITH**

I know I look young dear; but I'll be eighty three next year. My doctor says I have high blood pressure and advised me not to travel.

**JEFF**

Should you be flying then? I'm surprised you got insured.

**EDITH**

Oh I didn't bother with insurance dear...what's the point at my age!

**JEFF**

Is that legal?

**EDITH**

Probably not...why else would I travel to Latvia and then on by cargo plane to Italy. Bargain if you ask me...hundred quid all in – and no questions asked.

*RACHEL looks at JEFF quizzically.*

**RACHEL**

What does she mean cargo plane, Jeff?

**JEFF**

*(Whispers in her ear)* She must be on another flight from us.

**EDITH**

I don't suppose it matters as long as we have a seat and refreshments dear.

**RACHEL**

Actually Jeff, why did we come through Latvia? Surely it would be quicker to fly directly to Italy from Gatwick. And who was that company you used? Eddies Planes?

**JEFF**

Well...er...you know that...volcano that erupted in...Greece...well the ash caused widespread disruption to all flights in that direction so it was the only thing I could get at short notice.

**RACHEL**

You mean it was cheap?

**JEFF**

Well...I did spend a lot of money on the wedding and the honeymoon love.

**PHILIPPE**

The Lady you are marrying should be worth every franc...I mean euro, you treat her like Queen and she treat you like King, yes?

**JEFF**

I don't mean to be rude pal! But it's kind of...none of your business!

**RACHEL**

Jeff! He didn't mean anything by it, did you Philippe? He comes from France! They invented the word romance. They probably even came up with the idea of marriage and honeymoons.

**JEFF**

Didn't we have this discussion earlier – I think you'll find it was the Italians. That's why I'm taking you there, unless of course you want a dirty weekend in Calais?

**RACHEL**

No! I think I'd prefer Bognor Regis than Calais!

**PHILIPPE**

Where is this sweet sounding Regis place? I have never heard of it.

**JEFF**

You're not missing much mate – let's just say that Calais is a thoroughbred in comparison!

**EDITH**

I used to court some gentlemen from Bognor, when I was a younger lady.

**JEFF**

A gentleman in Bognor – unheard of!

**EDITH**

Well he was to me dear, wined and dined me every night, brought me necklaces and rings a plenty. All gold and pretty stones, we nearly got engaged that summer.

**RACHEL**

What happened?

**EDITH**

He got caught robbing a Jeweller's down on Havant Street and went inside for fifteen years!

**RACHEL**

Oh!

*The attendant LISA arrives from stage left and stands behind the counter. They all look round as she speaks in a broad northern accent.*

**LISA**

Baggage please?

*They start forming an orderly queue and PHILIPPE being the gentleman makes sure that everyone goes in front of him with EDITH at the front.*

**LISA**

Anything to declare love?

**EDITH**

I'm not sure what you mean dear? I'm a straight woman if that is what you are referring to!

**LISA**

No not your sexual preferences love! Something in your luggage that might be controversial, like? *(She has a sheet in front of her.)* Explosives, gases, powders, metals which can be dangerous such as magnesium, titanium, platinum or copper. Maybe you have some electronics such as switches and circuit boards, any wiring, aerosols like hairsprays and perfumes, petroleum or oil based products such as glycerine and benzymine. Do you have any allergens such as animal hair, nuts or fungai, maybe you have some medicines or contriband tucked away in your bag?

**EDITH**

No dear...

**LISA**

Any chemicals like acidic compounds, nitrate or sulphites?

**EDITH**

I think my raisins have sulphites in.

**LISA**

We'll have to confiscate those I'm afraid. *(EDITH hands over a little box from her jacket.)* Lethal these, with a mixture of other equally dangerous substances you could have the whole plane up in flames!

**JEFF**

You must be joking! She's hardly a terrorist?

**LISA**

You'd be surprised love! I've seen it all here.

**JEFF**

What, in a Latvian airport...I'd be surprised if you saw more than ten people in a day?

**LISA**

Used to be a war zone here a few months ago we had all sorts of shenanigans, I can tell yah!

**EDITH**

What about my hearing aid love? That has electrical thingies in it!

**LISA**

No, I think that will be okay, but are you suffering from any of the following...

*The PILOT enters from stage right.  
LISA stares at him, batting her  
eyelashes to get his attention.*

**PILOT**

Evening good folks...are you all travelling on the charter to Italy?

*They nod and confirm that they are.*

**LISA**

Hi...James. (*Seductively*)

**PILOT**

Lisa my darling...looking as beautiful as ever.

**LISA**

(*Blushes*) Oh you do tease me love.

**PILOT**

No tease intended sweetheart...you'll always have a room in my heart. (*Quietly.*) And in my cabin! (*Turning abruptly to the others*) Now ladies and gents I don't want to alarm you but we will have a slight delay as our engineer makes some alterations to our engines.

*Lisa continues to process EDITH  
silently and puts her luggage on the  
trolley.*

**JEFF**

What do you mean? Is there something we should be worried about?

**PILOT**

Just a slight technicality is all it is...I landed the old bird okay, but one of the engines has burnt out and I had to ditch her short of the runway. Our engineer will have her right as rain in no time and we'll be in the air shortly.

**RACHEL**

How long will it take to replace the engine?

**PILOT**

Replace it! No need for that...I mean it would take weeks to get the parts I'm sure Torna will have it rigged within the hour, even if he has to use the elastic from his own pantaloons. Haha!

**JEFF**

Is that safe? I mean, I don't think my insurance covers me for mechanicals held together by an elastic band!

**PILOT**

Ah...Torna served in Nam for years constructing engines from basic household appliances...if anyone can fix it he can. Actually I just saw him pulling apart an old toaster so he could integrate it into the power supply.

**JEFF**

I now understand why toasters apparently kill more people than sharks each year!

**PILOT**

No! It's completely safe honest...I've been flying with Torna for almost fifteen years now and although we've had some near misses, generally we've been okay. Well the crash in Borneo was bad but that wasn't his fault...I mean we only had a kettle flex to fix the joystick on that occasion and we were flying by the seat of our pants! The time we came down in Syria we were shot down accidentally after Torna had painted the old bird a Russian green to match his new uniform, which at the time he thought was cool. How was he to know that they'd gone to war earlier that week!!! Right...cheerio.

*The PILOT walks off stage left with everyone staring at him incredulously.*

**JEFF**

*(Turning to LISA)* I don't suppose we can book another flight to Rome?

**LISA**

Sorry love, the only plane this week is Captain Braggers and he won't be back until next week...he's such a lovely man... *(Dreamily)*

**JEFF**

Yes...yes. *(Pulls his wife to one side)* Look love I think I have... made a big mistake.

**RACHEL**

What do you mean Jeff?

**JEFF**

Well...I...I tried to...er...

*The JANITOR enters from stage left carrying a half empty black bag.*

**JANITOR**

*(In a thick European accent)* Rubbish sir?

**JEFF**

What?

**JANITOR**

Any rubbish, sir?

**JEFF**

No...I have no rubbish.

**JANITOR**

Are you a sure, sir?

**JEFF**

Yes, I'm sure. I have nothing!

**JANITOR**

Your baggage, sir?

**JEFF**

What about my baggage?

**JANITOR**

You have rubbish...baggage sir?

**JEFF**

My baggage is from Collett and Sons, how dare you!

**LISA**

He means do you have rubbish in your baggage...his English isn't too good I'm afraid.

**JEFF**

Could have fooled me! NO I DO NOT HAVE ANY RUBBISH MAN!

**JANITOR**

Do you need toilet?

**RACHEL**

Is he serious?

**JEFF**

No, I do not need the toilet! (*Sarcastically*) Are you going to take me there and wipe up for me!

**JANITOR**

No...I do not wipe toilet at moment. Toilet is a broken and we use a skip out a back!

**EDITH**

I really need to go dears...where is this trip out back?

**RACHEL**

No...(Shouting into her hearing aid)...skip out back.

**EDITH**

Oh...is that safe?

**JANITOR**

We have a seat and a bogga roll!

**JEFF**

Well that's okay then! (*Under is breath, holding his hand to his head*) I'm a bloody idiot!

**LISA**

I'll take you to the loo, love.

*LISA ushers EDITH off stage left leaving the others alone with the JANITOR.*

**RACHEL**

What was it you wanted to say Jeff?

**JEFF**

Er...nothing Raich. Lovely little place this...shame about the toilet situation!

**PHILIPPE**

How long did he say this delay would be?

**JEFF**

An hour or so whilst this TORNA fixes the engine with his...tools!

**JANITOR**

I would not trust a Torna if I was you.

**JEFF**

What did you say?

**JANITOR**

The plane is not safe with Torna fixing it! *(Stands rigidly proud with this statement)*

**RACHEL**

How so?

**JANITOR**

He is a spy...and *(Moving in closely almost confidently)* a bad man...he hates Mr Bragger and constantly tries to break the plane!

**JEFF**

You are joking...haha, very funny you have humor even though you don't speak very good English!

*He grins with JEFF like it is a joke and then suddenly his face goes dead pan.*

**JANITOR**

I no a joke...he will try and kill you all! *(Then suddenly grins again)* Have a nice flight.

*The JANITOR exits stage right.*

**JEFF**

Well...what can you say to that!

**RACHEL**

He must have been joking of course!

**PHILIPPE**

Maybe we should find another way of getting to Rome...I have seen the plane and it is not...what do you say...sturdy!

**JEFF**

You've seen the plane?

**PHILIPPE**

I saw it land and I can tell you that Bragger pilot has some...skills but the plane was listing and the engine was on fire!

**RACHEL**

He must be good if he landed it in that condition.

**JEFF**

I'm not so easily convinced.

**PHILIPPE**

The plane is old and looks...rusty...I am not happy about this arrangement?

**RACHEL**

How much did you pay for this flight Jeff?

**JEFF**

Er...enough...I mean we are not talking first class or any of that but...

**RACHEL**

HOW MUCH?

**JEFF**

Well...seventy euros!

**RACHEL**

Seventy? That's about fifty quid! You mean each?

**JEFF**

Ouch!!!

**RACHEL**

You are joking! Fifty quid for both of us...

**JEFF**

I can explain...

**RACHEL**

You paid fifty quid for us to fly through some second, I mean third rate Latvian airport to save a few quid...what is the matter with you?

**PHILIPPE**

This is not the way to treat a lady of such beauty and elegance.

**JEFF**

It's not what it seems.

**RACHEL**

Try me?

**JEFF**

Well there was this guy down the market who said he could get me cheap tickets...I mean I'd spent so much on the hotel and wedding that a trip through Latvia almost sounded romantic.

**PHILIPPE**

I keep telling you Paris is the most romantic City...

**JEFF**

Can it 'Mon...Pere'! How did I know that we would be travelling on a dilapidated cargo plane which was used during world war one and is being piloted by some arrogant beef head who is at logger heads with his psychopathic engineer. Who incidentally wants to deliberately tamper with a plane which has seen better days to bring about the pilots demise. How the hell could I predict any of that crazy crap even for fifty quid!

**RACHEL**

Okay, I can see you had the right intentions but still...fifty quid?

**JEFF**

Well...I'm kind of doubting it now of course, but Tony said that fifty quid to a Latvian was like a grand to people like us so I just kind of went with it...er sorry!

**RACHEL**

*(Calming down)* So this is what we're getting for fifty quid then?

**JEFF**

Yeh...some crazy adventure!

**PHILIPPE**

You paid a fifty what do you call it...quid! I pay three hundred euros for this disaster! How come I get the...raw end of the deal?

**JEFF**

Some salesman you are? You were just done like the rest of us!

*Sits down holding his head again in disgust.*

**RACHEL**

It will be okay love, that pilot seems like he knows what he is doing.

**JEFF**

Not being funny love, but knowing what you are doing is not a scratch on avoiding certain doom!

*The MECHANIC walks in from stage right carrying a tool box. He is the spitting image of the JANITOR but wearing overalls.*

**MECHANIC**

Hav' any you seen a Mr Bragger?

**JEFF**

What the...aren't you the...

**MECHANIC**

Yes...I am the esteemed...the one and only...air craft mechanic supreme...have you heard of me?

**JEFF**

No...I thought you were the...

**MECHANIC**

That's right I am a man who fixer the plane with my bare hands...I am the one and only Torna...Torna Braikov!

**RACHEL**

We are doomed!

**PHILIPE**

I go back to Paris! No contract is worth a death finale, a curtain drop like this.

**JEFF**

Torna...you are the...Janitor?

**MECHANIC**

I know not a what you mean! I fixer plane not a toilet!

**JEFF**

Well that explains why the bog is not working! Maybe you should spend more time cleaning than fixing and we might have a lavatory that works properly!

**MECHANIC**

You be-little my skill sir...I am the great, the intrepid...

**JEFF**

Yes toilet cleaner, we know...but why are you so determined to fix a plane which is destined for failure?

**MECHANIC**

I want a people to sit in comfort and enjoy the experience!

**JEFF**

If the loo was working mate...we might just be able to do that!!!

**PHILIPPE**

So...you are the maintenance man? But fix the plane too, that's quite something?

**MECHANIC**

I have a many a job here but this is my main a role...I make a Mr Bragger happy, no?

**JEFF**

I expect you make him very happy...I mean he has to land the plane in all kinds of unusual conditions – extreme even!

**MECHANIC**

He a very good, and he a like a challenge!

**RACHEL**

*(Whispering in her betroths' ear)* Ask him what the Janitor said earlier?

**JEFF**

Look...Torna...you told me not to trust the mechanic your alto ego earlier and I'm a little concerned about...to be quite frank...boarding that plane.

**MECHANIC**

*(Stepping in confidently)* I wouldn't trust what the Janitor says! He is a Russian spy and as been deliberately sabotaging sanitation here to cause a what do you call it...a health risk.' You should see the toilet on the plane, hasn't been cleaned in weeks...he really is slacking is duty, the imbecile!

**JEFF**

Well, I'm glad we cleared that up!

*LISA enters with EDITH from stage left. EDITH moves towards the group and LISA takes to the counter again.*

**LISA**

Well...now Edith is sorted we should continue to get you booked in, like.

**EDITH**

Oh you should have seen the facilities my dears! Something of a novelty I can tell you!

**JEFF**

I bet???

**RACHEL**

*(Speaking to JEFF)* Look love we have no choice unless we wait for the next plane back to England. At least if we die...we die together?

**JEFF**

What! You want to book us onto this crazy air trip then? I thought you'd be mad at me?

**RACHEL**

As long as I'm with you, I'll be happy.

**EDITH**

That's very sweet – young couples in love.

**PHILIPPE**

I need a toilet to get sick in!

**JEFF**

You'll have to use the skip mate!

**LISA**

Can we get back to checking in then?

**RACHEL**

Yes of course...what do you need?

*RACHEL and JEFF move up for their interrogation.*

**EDITH**

So Mr Janitor...what are you doing about these facilities?

**MECHANIC**

I am a mechanic! But for you I will go fix a toilet...I have it a sorted a soon.

*The MECHANIC walks off slowly stage right, pulling a wooden spoon from his pocket.*

**PHILIPPE**

I will never come to Latvia again! Next time I will drive across Monaco.

**EDITH**

I love Monaco...I met a man there once who...

**PHILIPPE**

Yes...yes...where did you say this skip was situated...I need to go to the washroom.

**EDITH**

Just out back love. (*Pointing stage left*) You can't miss it! It's a yellow in colour and has 'Crapper' printed on the side.

*PHILIPPE exits stage left and EDITH sits and starts reading a magazine.*

**LISA**

Anything to declare then?

**JEFF**

Well this bloody airport...

**RACHEL**

*(Butting in)* Jeff! Nothing to declare.

*The PILOT enters again from stage right looking flustered.*

**PILOT**

Lisa sweetheart? Has Torna been through here?

**LISA**

He was here just now... *(Leaning over him)* ...anything I can help you with love?

**PILOT**

I didn't see him out at the plane and I need him to fix a crack in the windscreen. Which way did he go?

**LISA**

Not sure, I was checking these people in.

**JEFF**

Well...being the Janitor as well, I guess he went to do his other duty in the bog!

**PILOT**

The Janitor! What are you talking about man?

*Grabbing the PILOT to one side, she starts whispering just loudly enough to be heard.*

**LISA**

He's been doing it again!

**PILOT**

Oh no! It must have hit him harder than I expected.

**LISA**

It's not your fault love... *(Puts a comforting arm around him)* How did you know it would affect him like this? Besides he hasn't been taking his tablets again!

**PILOT**

I'll go and see if I can talk some sense into him.

*The PILOT leaves stage right.*

**LISA**

Right...where was I? Now you said you had nothing to declare is that right?

**RACHEL**

Yes...that's right we don't have any of those things you mentioned that could be harmful in our luggage – just clothes.

**LISA**

Brilliant! (*Taps something into the computer*) If you could just leave your luggage on the trolley and we'll get it scanned and stored away.

**JEFF**

Just a minute...what was it the pilot was saying about a cracked windscreen?

**LISA**

Just a little crack love...nothing to worry about! I expect the celotape came off with the turbulence.

**JEFF**

I'm sorry Love, I'm not flying on a plane fixed with toaster parts and a piece of celotape!!! What kind of airport is this? I mean I know I've gone economy...I mean budget class, but this is just simply ludicrous!!!

**LISA**

Like I said sir, there are no other flights to Rome.

**JEFF**

I want to speak to your Manager?

**LISA**

I'm not sure he's available right now...I mean it's not going to help your situation much – he can't magic up a flight!

**RACHEL**

Jeff...let's just see if the Plane gets fixed first shall we. If it looks dodgy then we don't have to board it, do we?

**JEFF**

Well I suppose...if your sure love...I mean I want us to get there in one piece.

**LISA**

You are worrying too much like, the mechanic might be a little highly strung, but between him and the pilot they are truly the best.

*The MECHANIC enters from stage right.*

**MECHANIC**

It is a true – I am the best! I have a fixed the toilet! It is amazing what you can do with a boiled egg and a piece of string! And now I will work upon the sky ship so we can fly into the horizon...yes?

**LISA**

See...nothing to worry about.

**JEFF**

*(Sarcastically)* Truly amazing!

**LISA**

Torna? James said the windscreen needs seeing to again and has gone looking for you.

**MECHANIC**

At twenty thousand feet we could only brace it with a celotape and that was hard enough – him holding my feet whilst I fixed it in place. Now we are on the ground I will make a more permanent job.

**JEFF**

You've got a new windscreen, then?

**MECHANIC**

Ah very funny! In Latvia parts are very...what's the word...rare...I will use my trusted gaffer tape! Much better than celotape...yes?

**JEFF**

Much better! *(Slapping his head again)*

*PHILIPPE enters from stage left,  
looking a little confused.*

**PHILIPPE**

Well that was an interesting experience!

**JEFF**

You won't need to repeat the process - the bogs fixed now buddy.

**PHILIPPE**

Ah...that is good then. Torna...I couldn't quite work out the hand cleaning...facility?

**MECHANIC**

What a hand cleaning?

**PHILIPPE**

The bucket at the end – there was no hand towel?

**MECHANIC**

That is the urine from the planes toilet tank!

**PHILIPPE**

Huh!!!

*PHILIPPE wipes his hands furiously  
on his trousers.*

**MECHANIC**

The Janitor has not got around to a sluicing it yet – the fool!

**EDITH**

It's okay Love, at least you didn't wash your face with it, like I did!

**PHILIPPE**

I'm going to wake up soon...I must wake up soon!

*PHILIPPE pinches himself then goes and sits down with his hands over his head. He realises where they have been and quickly takes out a bottle of perfume and starts spraying himself repeatedly.*

**MECHANIC**

It be a nice to talk to you all but I must go and fix this plane before Captain Bragger beats me with a stick!

**JEFF**

Might knock some sense into you!

*JEFF might as well be talking to himself as the JANITOR come MECHANIC as already gone leaving stage left.*

**RACHEL**

It will be okay love, I'm sure he's better at fixing things than we give him credit for. In fact whilst we're waiting why don't you go and try this toilet out he's fixed?

**JEFF**

I could go and freshen up I suppose...all this stress has got me sweating a gooden!

*JEFF gives her a little kiss and moves off stage right.*

**EDITH**

Come and sit with me dear and keep an old lady company?

**RACHEL**

Yes...of course...how are you? *(Sitting down with her and PHILIPPE)*

**EDITH**

Been better love...all this waiting makes me anxious!

**RACHEL**

How so?

**EDITH**

It's the flying love - I get awful nervous.

**RACHEL**

I'm sure it will be fine – you've done it before I'm guessing?

**EDITH**

No love, I've never flown before!

**RACHEL**

*(Looking confused)* So...didn't you fly here?

**EDITH**

No dear. I backpacked through Europe!

**RACHEL**

Backpacked...really? You've got a case Edith? I don't see any backpack?

**EDITH**

I brought it in a Latvian market last week just so I'd look the part dear.

**RACHEL**

Oh! So why didn't you travel across to Italy by bus or by train then?

**EDITH**

I wouldn't do public transport dear! I got a lift to Calais with my Nephew who was going for Duty Free and then hitchhiked into Germany by batting my eyelashes with a truck driver, after that I rode on the back of a bike with a hells angel but when he tried it on with me in Estonia I gave him a wallop with my broly and moved on with a family up to here. I think they must have felt sorry for me.

**RACHEL**

You must be exhausted?

**EDITH**

You could say that love.

**PHILIPPE**

You should have stayed in France Madame.

**EDITH**

Well...I couldn't...there was this incident you see...I had to leave in a hurry!

**PHILIPPE**

An incident?

**RACHEL**

Oh...do tell?

**EDITH**

Well there was this guy in a chicken costume...

*JEFF enters stage right absolutely drenched from head to toe.*

**RACHEL**

...What happened, hun?

**JEFF**

Felt a bit dirty so thought I'd take a shower! THAT BOG IS NOT FIXED!!!

**RACHEL**

Oh!

*She brushes him off as if it will help.*

**LISA**

I'll get him too fix it immediately.

**JEFF**

Don't bother! I've had enough of this...

*He goes over to his case and pulls out a towel.*

*The PILOT enters from stage left.*

**PILOT**

Anybody seen that damn mechanic?

**JEFF**

Yeh...I would like a word with that sod myself, if you see him?

**LISA**

No James – he said he was going to fix the windscreen.

**PILOT**

Well he's not out there and we've got a punctured tyre now. If you need a job doing – just do it yourself I'd say!

*The PILOT leaves hurriedly stage left.*

**JEFF**

Well that just about decides it – I am not going on that plane and I want to speak to your Manager NOW???

**PHILIPPE**

I agree - this is not an airport, but a pantomime!

**LISA**

Look...look, I can get you something else sorted, like.

**JEFF**

Like what? How can you even remotely make this situation better?

**LISA**

I can organise a coach to Poland and from there a connection down south – I know this fella who’s heading out tomorrow and if I ask him nicely I’m sure he’ll leave today instead.

**JEFF**

And this will cost what?

**LISA**

No cost love, if you are not satisfied with our transport we will help you get to Italy. I’ll go and organise the coach, the hotels and get your luggage on board. I’ll send the Manager in so you can make an official complaint, but I’ll make you aware he is a bit eccentric, like.

**JEFF**

Okay, sounds like a fair exchange even if it does take us a little longer to get there.

**PHILIPE**

I would like to take the coach as well Madame. (*Gives her his case.*)

**EDITH**

I will stay with this couple love – they will make sure I get to Testoco and not get lost on the way.

**RACHEL**

Testaccio...

**LISA**

I’ll get it all arranged then – should be about thirty minutes or so.

*She pushes the luggage trolley off stage left.*

**RACHEL**

Sounds like everything will work out fine – just as well we’re not getting married until the end of the week.

**JEFF**

I won’t ever buy cheap flights again babe.

**RACHEL**

Never mind. We’ll get a trip through most of Eastern Europe for fifty quid – sounds quite romantic really.

**PHILIPE**

Not as...

**JEFF**

Romantic as Paris – yes I know!

**EDITH**

*(Huddling up to RACHEL)* Sounds like we'll spend a little more time together then, dear?

**RACHEL**

That would be nice Edith...maybe you could tell me about this caper in France?

**EDITH**

That sounds lovely dear.

**JEFF**

Should we go out front or just hang around in here?

**RACHEL**

I expect they'll call us when it is ready.

**JEFF**

Knowing this place and our luck, it will be as run down as the plane!

**RACHEL**

What can go wrong with a coach – at least it can't fall out of the sky.

**JEFF**

Could go over a cliff, though?

**RACHEL**

Oh...good point.

**PHILIPPE**

I think Jeff makes sense - I would like to make sure this coach is adequate before making a long journey across Europe. I will go and see what the arrangements are.

*PHILIPPE heads off stage left after LISA.*

*The MANAGER enters stage right and quite clearly is the JANITOR and MECHANIC dressed in a suit.*

**MANAGER**

You called for me? Which gentleman would like to make a complaint?

**JEFF**

You must be joking! How can you be the Manager – you're a complete moron! *(The MANAGER looks taken back.)* I can understand you being the Janitor, a mechanic might be a rung up...but Manager, that's far fetched even for you!!!

**MANAGER**

I'm sorry sir, have we met?

**JEFF**

Yes, several actually and each time stranger than the last. Look...are you a triplet?

**MANAGER**

No sir, I can assure you that we have never crossed paths before. That young lady said you wanted to make a complaint.

**JEFF**

I did. But I see little point in talking to a madman and that young lady...Lisa is sorting the problem no thanks to you and your bungled attempts; at not only fixing a plane, but also a ball cock consisting of a boiled egg, a wooden spoon and a piece of string!

**MANAGER**

That will be the Janitor sir. He is an odd chap, possibly a Russian spy but we have yet to find any evidence of this. He does have his uses though.

**JEFF**

Look, just go back to where ever it is you hide yourself away and we'll be shortly getting out of this hellhole...so you can shove your complaint right up your...

**RACHEL**

Filing cabinet! *(Pulling him aside)*

**MANAGER**

If I am no longer needed I will descend into the shadows of my hiding place as you say and get on with some well needed admin, this place doesn't run itself you know.

*The MANAGER smiles thinly and trudges off stage left.*

**EDITH**

Charming fellow, much nicer than his other two characters.

**RACHEL**

I think he's not right in the head Edith – Lisa said something about him not taking his tablets earlier.

**JEFF**

The sooner we're out of here the better.

**PHILIPPE**

*(Running in and out of breath)* Ah...we...have a...problem! *(Panting)*

**This is Not the End of the Play**  
**Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes**