

# Mayday Mayday Mayday

One Act Play

by

**Bob Davidson**

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Written in the shed over a period of eight days in July  
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[www.bobdavidson.co.uk](http://www.bobdavidson.co.uk)

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

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### Cast

**MAV** 40 something frustrated male. Bored (but not that bored) with life. Looking for excitement (as long as it's not too exciting) and danger (as long as it's not too dangerous)

**ELEANOR** Mav's wife. Works as a doctor's receptionist. Is doing French at evening classes.

**BIGGLES** one of Mav's friends. He is the Director of Education in the local authority.

**GINGER** the other one of Mav's friends. Hobbies include eating biscuits and looking at ladies underwear in supermarkets.

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

*The stage is in complete darkness.*

*We become aware of the slight droning noise, which, as it gets louder is recognisable as the sound of aircraft engines... the old type... the ones with propellers. The sound continues in the background as suddenly a spot light illuminates MAV a forty something male who is seated to stage right and is battling with aircraft controls, which consists of something similar to a car steering wheel attached to a small plank of wood.*

MAV

*(in a strong American accent)*

Mayday mayday mayday... answer me you bastards...

*(he slackens his tie and looks around at the cockpit flicking a few switches then tries the radio again)*

Mayday mayday mayday... Lockheed Electra November 535 Golf - two hundred miles east of Newfoundland with one engine one fire. Descending.

*(He battles some more with the controls and is flung about in his seat)*

Jesus Gawd. You've had it this time Mav. *(pause)* I'll try that extinguisher one more time...

*(He steadies the controls with his left hand and reaches for a lever above his head, with his right. He concentrates out the left hand side window as he yanks the lever)*

Nothing... oh God why won't it work? It's not too much to ask at a moment like this surely. *(pause)* Have I done everything?

*(He scans the instruments)*

Oh no... I'm down to five thousand feet. Oh God.

*(He looks up with a start – directly at the audience)*

I'm gonna die... I'm gonna die today... in about five minutes.

*(He removes his headphones and lays them on the floor – no more need for that useless radio – and adjusts the setting of the remaining engine.)*

Pappy was right. "You don't want to be messing about with those flying machines son, leave that to the military" Gee, he was so right. "It'll be the death o' you" he used to say. Well it sure looks that way now Dad. "You want a career in Financial Services...that's where the real excitement is son." But I knew better. Oh God Dad, you were so right. I'm so sorry. I've let you and Mom down. *(Pause)* I've let everybody down.

*(He looks out the right hand side cockpit window)*

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

Oh shit... the other engines on fire.

*(His head falls back as he gazes skywards contemplating his fate)*

So this is it eh? The end of the goddam line. Oh God, Martha and the kids. I'll never see Martha and the kids again. Little Mav Junior and Sue Ellen. And Martha, oh Martha, you know I've always loved you. *(sniffs)* And you know I always will. Where ever *(sniff)* it is I go when me and this airplane hit the Atlantic *(sniff)* in about *(checks his watch)* 2 minutes 15 seconds, I'll still love you. And *(sniff)* if you want to marry Joe, after, you know, what would appear to be a reasonably decent length of time afterwards, then go ahead. You got my blessing. You know little Mav junior thinks the world of Joe. *(sniff)* Hell, he evens looks like him.

*(He scans the instruments one last time)*

Oh well... *(a bit breathless and beginning to sob)* I'm only at a thousand feet now Martha, this is it. It's goodbye for you and me old girl *(pause)* I wish you could have been here with me. Okay Martha, goodbye. *(Huge sniff)* I'm gonna roll this baby on its back and crash into the sea.

*(He pauses and then shouts)*

I LOVE YOU MARTHA.

*Just in time to be heard by ELEANOR who enters through a door at the rear of the stage. Her arrival panics MAV who hurriedly slides the control column and headset off the stage and out of sight. ELEANOR dumps her carrier bags on the worktop and pulls up the roller blinds allowing the light to reveal the set. A living kitchen with worktop sink and cooker along one wall and a sofa a couple of easy chairs and a wee kitchen table and chairs occupying the rest of the space. All the while MAV is straightening his tie and preparing himself for the onslaught.*

ELEANOR

What are you doing sitting in here with the lights off and the blinds shut?

*(she looks around before MAV gets a chance to answer. She spies the PC)*

Oh... *(with badly concealed annoyance)* you were on that Flight Simulator again.

MAV

No a wissnae...

ELEANOR

Dinnae gie me that. Look *(she points at the machine)* it's switched on...

MAV

I was checking *(pause)* eh...well if you must know I was about to order you flowers on the internet for your birthday.

ELEANOR

Liar. It's three months away.

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

*(She begins putting stuff from the carrier bags into the units)*

I heard you. "Oh Martha, oh Martha I love ye."

MAV

It was the telly.

ELEANOR

It was you, ye eejit. You sounded just like James Stewart.

MAV

*(excited)*

Did I?

ELEANOR

Aye, but no the film star, that pair sowel that bides round in Montrose Place. The one wae the plate in his heid, that just got let oot last week as part o' care in the community. *(she points at him)* And that's what'll happen to you boy. Did ye pick up ma shoes?

MAV

Eh? Well...

ELEANOR

Oh, you forgot, ye tube. A might o' known it wid be a waste o' breath asking you. A simple wee job like that and ye forget. Yer heid's fu' o' mince. Or to be mair accurate fu' o' flight simulators.

MAV

It's harmless.

ELEANOR

Aye, so *you* think. Who can say what untold harm it's doing to your few remaining braincells?

MAV

*(Wagging his finger at her)*

You'd no say that if we were in a plane right, and the pilot took no weel and I was the only one on board that could land it safely.

ELEANOR

Well, probably not... but just what are the chances o' that happening?

*She looks at him and warms slightly. She takes a step towards him and ruffles his hair and kisses him on the cheek.*

ELEANOR

Hello.

*Mav kisses her on the cheek*

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

MAV

Hello. How are you?

ELEANOR

Fine.

MAV

What like a day have you had?

ELEANOR

Oh, the usual. Had that wee nyaff on again for Dr Russell

MAV

The one that swears a lot?

ELEANOR

Aye, him. I says, hello, Doctor's surgery Eleanor speaking, how may I help you? You know like we're supposed to. And he says dinnae gie me any o' that, then he swore... and then I *think* he swore again. And I said Oh it's you Mr Blair what can I do for you today, and he swore a couple of times and then said that I couldn't, then he swore, do any, then he swore again, thing for him because I wasn't a, then swore again, doctor and that I was just a, then he swore again, receptionist and whatever the, then he swore again, matter wae him was none of my, then he swore again business...

*(She looks around at Mav, who has wandered away pressing keys on the PC keyboard)*

Oh will you come away from that computer while I'm talking to you... honestly.

MAV

Eh... I was just switching it off.

ELEANOR

Aye, right. Anyway, how was the cutting edge of Financial Services today?

MAV

Oh as exciting as ever. *(pause)* I'm going to pack it in one of these days.

*He looks at ELEANOR for a reaction.*

Did you hear me Eleanor? I said I'm going to pack it in, one of these days.

ELEANOR

I heard you... and oh no you won't.

MAV

Why won't I?

ELEANOR

Because, firstly, you haven't got the guts, and secondly, you've been saying that for at least five years now, probably nearer ten.

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

MAV

Oh well... one of these days. You wait and see. Anyway, I'm hungry, what's for tea?

ELEANOR

*(With a smile)*

Well, the good news is, anything you like.

MAV

And the bad news?

ELEANOR

You make it yourself.

MAV

What?

ELEANOR

Have you forgotten what day it is?

*MAV looks confused*

It's Wednesday... my French class.

MAV

Oh... I forgot about that. Is it Wednesday already? Where has the week gone?  
*(Pause)* Oh no... does that mean that any minute now those two boring gits are going to be here?

ELEANOR

If you're referring to your two best friends dear, then, yes I'm afraid so.

MAV

Oh why do I chose to spend time with people I cannae stand?

ELEANOR

I don't know dear, maybe they feel the same way.

*(He nods absent mindedly)*

*The doorbell rings and MAV makes to answer the door while ELEANOR rakes around in her handbag for something.*

Speak o' the devil.

*Enters BIGGLES, a tall thin slightly posh type of a chap wearing one of those white cricketing jerseys, grey flannels and a leather flying helmet and goggles.*

BIGGLES

Hi Maverick. Hello Eleanor my darling.



Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

ELEANOR

His name's Dennis and I am not your darling. (*she turns around to look at BIGGLES*)  
Oh my god it's Biggles, where *did* you get the hat?

BIGGLES

Ebay... only forty quid...

ELEANOR

A bargain.

BIGGLES

I thought so, AND he may be Dennis to you Eleanor, but he's Maverick to the boys. I mean what sort of film would Top Gun have been if Tom Cruise had played a guy called Dennis?

*MAV and BIGGLES nod knowingly at each other*

ELEANOR

Probably a whole lot better the load of sentimental American propagandist codswallop that it was.

*MAV and BIGGLES gasp.*

BIGGLES

Steady Eleanor old girl, you're in kinda dodgy territory there... I mean Top Gun... it's sorta sacred you know.

ELEANOR

Maybe to you lot... but not to me.

*Doorbell rings.*

MAV

I'll get it... that'll be Ginger.

*MAV opens the door and in walks Ginger a shorter, dumpier, scruffier individual wearing grey flannels a sports jacket, which is a couple of sizes too small for him and a green woolly bobble hat.*

GINGER

Hello Dennis

*BIGGLES coughs dramatically and nods knowingly at GINGER.*

Em... I mean... Hello Mav-er-ick.

MAV

Hi Ginger.

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

GINGER

Hello, Biggles.

BIGGLES

Hello old boy.

GINGER

Hello Eleanor.

ELEANOR

*(With a feeling of foreboding)*

Hello Bob.

GINGER

*(holding out a small parcel)*

I brought you these, Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Oh... thank you, Bob.

*She takes the parcel.*

GINGER

It was the least I could do.

*She looks very closely at the packet and discovers it is a very small packet of Rich Tea biscuits. A very very small packet.*

ELEANOR

Yes... I think it probably was. I didn't know you got them in packets this small.

GINGER

Well... you have tae ken whaur tae look.

ELEANOR

Mmm... there must be... how many? Four or Five...

GINGER

Five...

ELEANOR

Five! Whole Rich Tea biscuits in there... well, well. Thank you Bob.

GINGER

*(bashfully)*

Oh don't mention it.

ELEANOR

Tell you what, I won't open them now. Keep them for later eh?

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

*GINGER stuffs his hands in his pockets and nods, slightly embarrassed. The three men wander over to the PC and MAV nonchalantly hits a few keys as ELEANOR prepares to leave.*

ELEANOR

Right then lads, I'm off, help yourselves to tea... and er you can have Bob's biscuits... One and a bit each. Okay I'll see you later Dennis, and eh... no song and dance routines this week eh?

*The lads look dumbfounded and confused.*

Don't want complaints from the neighbours like last time...

*The lads each point to their own chest questioningly.*

Aye, yous ken fine what I'm talkin' about. Right I'm awa' or a'll be late. Bye for now.

*ELEANOR exits through the doorway and the lads take a chair each around the PC screen, which is facing the rear of the stage, at a slight angle.*

BIGGLES

That's a real good one you've got there Mav.

MAV

Aye Pentium Four, Windies XP, thousand megabyte o' Ram...

BIGGLES

I wasn't referring to the computer Maverick, I was meaning Eleanor, your lady wife.

MAV

Eh?

BIGGLES

I mean, she's a good woman Mav.

MAV

Oh aye... she's a'right. *(quickly moving on and rubbing his hands together)* Righto, what's it to be? Spitfire Mark Nine, or Tornado GR One?

GINGER

She kindo reminds me o' ma mum.

MAV

*(Shaking his head in disbelief)*

Whit?

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

GINGER

Well... no in an auld wifie sort o' a way ye understand. But kinda comforting... reassuring, but strict in a motherly sort of a way, ken?

MAV

I'm no awfy sure I like the idea o' being merried to your mother. *(pause)* I wish ye hudnae telt me that.

*He glances at the PC screen and then back at GINGER*

Right, now can we get on?

BIGGLES

Well I still think Eleanor's great. I envy you Mav. I wish Sylvia was as understanding... stropky cow. You know she wasn't at all enthusiastic when my flying helmet arrived in the post. And she rations me to fifteen minutes a day on the flightsim. Fifteen minutes! I mean it's hardly long enough to go through the pre-flight checks on the Spitfire, let alone start the engine.

*MAV and GINGER sigh sympathetically.*

And she leaves the laundry drying all over the place. I can hardly get near my monitor for knickers and bras most of the time.

GINGER

*(Almost in a dream)*

I like going to Tescos to look at the bras.

*MAV and BIGGLES look slowly around at him. He returns their look.*

Oh aye... I spend many an hour in there looking at the bras. *(pause)* They've got dozens o' the things. *(pause)* Why would they need as many as that dae ye think?

BIGGLES

*(a bit uncomfortably- like a father explaining the facts of life)* Well, *(he scratches his head)* there'll be different sizes Ginger. I mean women come in different shapes and sizes and... so... bras will have to be in different shapes and sizes too.

MAV

Can we get on please?

GINGER

I suppose so.

MAV

*(rubbing his hands together again)*

Okay...

GINGER

Loads o' different colours as well.

BIGGLES

Ah, well, that's just a choice thing. Women are like that Ginger. They need all those different colours to... maybe go with different articles of clothing, like their socks or something...

MAV

Their socks!?

BIGGLES

Well I don't know... it's a girlie thing. I mean, if I was wearing a bra I'd just wear a white one to match my pants.

GINGER

I wear a' different colours o' pants.

BIGGLES

Well there you go then. You... if you were a lady would maybe want a bra that was the same colour as your pants.

GINGER

Oh... aye I suppose so. *(With a knowing nod)* Paisley patterned y-fronts this week...

BIGGLES

Week?...

MAV

*(with mounting frustration)*

Are you two quite finished? Are we going to get some flying done or no'? Bras and pants... is that a' yous ever think about?

*GINGER contemplates this for a second or two as if to say – well yes it is actually.*

GINGER

Sorry Dennis... eh Maverick, sorry.

BIGGLES

Sorry Mav old chap, got side tracked... *(he points to the PC)* fire it up.

*MAVERICK gets to work on the keyboard while the other two look on in silent anticipation. Nothing much happens for quite a long time. Until eventually they all sit back in their chairs, amazed.*

BIGGLES

*(shaking his head in amazement)*

Wow... that is fantastic.

MAV

Absolutely brilliant... look at that detail. It looks so real eh?

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

BIGGLES

How do they do that? It's like watching a film. My god that's brilliant.

MAV

Awesome.

GINGER

Mav?

BIGGLES

God, it never ceases to amaze me. I mean look at that undercarriage retract switch in the virtual cockpit... that actually works you know...amazing.

GINGER

Mav?

MAV

Yea and have you noticed that if you close the throttle with the undercarriage up, the warning hooter goes off in the cockpit?

BIGGLES

Superb.

GINGER

Mav?

MAV

Yes Ginger, what is it?

GINGER

Can we do the tune?

MAV

*(nervously looking around over his shoulders)*

Eh... no, no we'd better not. I mean, you heard what Eleanor said? We'd better no'.

GINGER

Oh go an' Mav, that's ma favourite bit.

*MAV looks thoughtfully at BIGGLES*

BIGGLES

*(Nodding)*

Yea, let's do it.

*GINGER nods enthusiastically. Mav thinks for a moment, chewing his bottom lip. The boys wait patiently.*

*Eventually....*

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

MAV

Oh aye... okay then. What would be the harm in giving it one more go?

BIGGLES

*(Clicking his finger and pointing at MAV)*

Music Maverick please.

*There then follows a song and dance routine with the lads singing this rather camp song to a pre-recorded backing. The tune is very similar ( but not similar enough to provoke legal action) to "Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines."*

(1)

Those wonderful chaps with their flight sim games  
To waste lots of time is our primary aim  
We neither go up diddly up or go down  
We remain in the hoose with our feet on the ground  
Sit down, switch on and boot up the game  
Select background scenery and click on a plane  
You feel like a man with your joystick in your hand  
Those wonderful chaps with their flightsim games

Whether it's bombing Korea or flying to Japan  
Or over the Kremlin or Afghanistan  
You can fly up to Sweden or doon tae Peru  
You can pause for a cuppy or to go to the loo

(2)

Those wonderful chaps with their flight sim games  
There's no finer way we've found of rotting the brain  
Fly down through Holland and Belgium and France  
Hypnotised by the screen like a fart in a trance  
Get a life! People say, but what do they know  
What could be more exciting than flying to Heathrow  
Get a wife! people say, they must be insane  
There's no better companion than flightsim games

Whether flying a Spitfire or a Jumbo Jet  
With graphics like these, it's as real as it gets  
You can go see a country with a click of the mouse  
You can travel the globe without leaving your house

(3)

Those wonderful chaps with their flight sim games  
To waste lots of time is our primary aim  
We neither go up diddly up or go down  
We remain in the hoose, we remain in the hoose  
We remain in the hoose with our feet on the ground

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

*The lads take rapturous applause and a couple of bouquets are thrown in from the wings. As the applause subsides MAV panics the other two back to the PC, with the following four words.*

MAV

Oh no... it's Eleanor!

*They dash back to their seats and to all intents and purposes haven't moved a muscle since ELEANOR left. She enters through the door as the lads continue in silence with the occasional shake of the head in amazement. She flings her coat on the sofa and quietly picks up the flowers from the stage and stuffs them in a vase by the sink. She then lifts an opened bottle of Red Wine from the worktop and pours herself a glass then takes a seat on one of the kitchen chairs facing directly out from the stage. She takes a sip.*

ELEANOR

*(In a strong French accent)*

Au revoir Eleanor.

*She takes another sip.*

Au revoir Eleanor. Au revoir Jean-Pierre.

*She takes another sip.*

Jean-Pierre... he's my French teacher. He's French... he comes from France. *(She has a wee schoolgirl giggle)* Well, he would do I suppose. He's also twenty five... and quite a hunk. He's got his hair cut in crew cut and he's got one of those big French noses. He says to me when I goes in "Bon soir Eleanor ca va?" and I says "oh ca va tres bien Jean-Pierre" and then I thought I'd show off a wee bit and said "et vous?" And he says "oh Eleanor, we know each other well enough for you to say et tu, non?" And I thought, jings...

*She takes another sip and then a gulp.*

Oh, and he smells... you know that way French folk do. That sort of garlicky, sweaty, turnipy sort of way... woof.

*She takes another gulp.*

And d'you know what he said to me tonight just as a wis leavin?... *(she glances furtively around to make sure no-one's behind listening)* He says, "Eleanor, your accent is very good, but I would like to give you some personal one to one tuition in your oral technique." Well I was fair taken aback. I thought, you cheeky monkey... I was totally flummoxed fur a minute and said eh, no I'll have to get hame tae ma husband. It was a' I could think o' at the time, anyway I wis oot that door in a flash. Oral technique indeed! It was only when I was walking hame when I realised what he'd meant. I'm no ashamed to admit that I was mair than a wee bit disappointed. Poor lad... well no sae poor. He says, that his mum and dad own a vineyard in the Dordogne *(she looks at the wine bottle)* naw... that's fae Australia. The Dordogne...



Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

it sounds lovely. No much difference... a vineyard in the Dordogne and *(she nods over to the lads)* Last O' the Summer Wine over here. *(She begins to drift off into a dream)* The Dordogne. It's a nice word too... Dordogne. He says they have beautiful springs and long hot summers and golden autumns. Mind you, he did say that they can get it cauld in the winter, and I thought, aye come on, it'll be nothing like it is in Perth. I mean here the winter starts about September and finishes about July. And that would maybe... just maybe be a'right if August was any good, but it's usually rubbish as well.

Why do we live here? Why do *I* live here?

*(She looks over at the lads playing silently at the PC and pours another glass from the bottle.)*

Oh... I wouldnae hae a fling wae Jean-Pierre... that's no what it's about. I just want to be twenty five again... What am I talking about? I want to be fifteen again. I'm forty two. Forty two... and it's all become so...so... inevitable. So routine. So boring. It's just the same boring thing every day. The same boring routine at the weekend, leading back into the same boring routine on Monday morning.

*(She looks over at Dennis)*

It's the same for him, but he'd rather hide from it. Rather bury his head in Flight Simulator, or whatever his latest toy is. But there has to be more to life than that. Than this. Than me. *(Pause)* It might have been different if we'd had kids, but after three miscarriages you get the idea that someone's trying to tell you something.

*She drains the glass.*

Decisions... they never were Dennis' strong point... *(she looks across at the lads again)* but, he's going to have to make some big ones soon, or else... or else he's going to be condemned to a life of that.

*She nods over towards them and the stage goes completely dark.*

*The stage is re-lit to a brand new day. The door opens and MAV backs in, carrying something which is obviously large and heavy. As he backs slowly further and further through the doorway, there is some bumping and bashing and eventually we see it is an ex-RAF jet ejector seat, the other end of which is being carried by BIGGLES, which is being brought to its new home. GINGER is also in attendance in a sort of jumping about, panicky, mostly getting in the way and not really helping very much sort of a way...*

MAV

Woa, woa, woa, steady... dinnae damage the paint.

BIGGLES

Sorry Mav, forgot it was new door.

MAV

No, no... no' the door. The seat, dinnae damage the seat...

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

*GINGER tries to help but there's nothing really to hold onto and so fidgets nervously.*

... god it's bloody heavy eh?

BIGGLES

Where's it going old boy?

MAV

*(A little breathless)*

O'er by the computer...where else would you put an ejector seat?

BIGGLES

*(Conceding with a hint of sarcasm)*

Where else indeed?

MAV

Oot the road, oot the road Ginger...

*They eventually set the seat down in front of the computer and stand back to admire the thing, puffing and panting.*

...Gee whiz. I thought for a minute we wissnae gonna make it...

*MAV slowly strokes a bit of the structure of the seat.*

Look at that. Oh, it's absolutely fantastic...

*(He looks around at the other two, who nod enthusiastically although they're maybe not quite into the seat as much as he is.)*

...ma very own Martin Baker Mark Ten... *(he has a seat in it)* ...isn't Ebay brilliant. *(he leaps up)* I'm going to buy another one, I've got bids in already... and it's going to go here, just behind this one. That's for the navigator. And eventually I'm going to build a complete mock up wae a video projector mounted up behind projecting the scenery up onto a big screen... *(he paces toward the front of the stage)* ...over here.

BIGGLES

A complete mock up? What do you mean by that Maverick? Not a complete cockpit in the living room surely?

MAV

Not a complete cockpit...

BIGGLES

Oh thank goodness for that, I thought...

MAV

The complete plane.

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

BIGGLES

What?

MAV

Just think of it, swing wing, retracting undercarriage... the lot.

BIGGLES

But Dennis it's a big plane, the Tornado...

MAV

I can poke its nose out through the patio doors.

BIGGLES

And what about Eleanor? What's she going to think?

MAV

Ah... she probably won't even notice.

BIGGLES

I think she *might* Dennis. I mean mucking about on the computer's one thing...but this is getting a bit carried away, don't you think. Have you thought about what it's going to do to the value of your house?

MAV

Exactly!

BIGGLES

No, Mav... it's not going to put it up. (*MAV isn't listening*) It's not everybody, strange as it may seem to you, that wants a full size MDF RAF jet in their living room!

MAV

No? Know what I think Biggles? I think you jealous...

BIGGLES

Oh don't be ridiculous.

MAV

Jealous because all you bought was that stupid old smelly hat. Well I'm going tae hae ma Tornado in the hoose... If you're going tae dae something, dae it right, or you'd be as weel no botherin.

BIGGLES

(*Looking to the up till now silent GINGER for support*)

Ginger, what do you think?

GINGER

(*Startled slightly from a daydream*)

Eh?

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

BIGGLES

I said, what are you thinking to all of this?

GINGER

I think... I think... I think that there shouldnae be any midgies.

BIGGLES

What?

GINGER

Midgies.

BIGGLES

What about them?

GINGER

I dinnae think there should be any.

BIGGLES

But what's that got to do with it?

GINGER

I don't know... you asked me what I was thinking, and I was thinking that there shouldnae be any midgies.

BIGGLES

You know now Ginger? I'm intrigued. And I know I'm probably going to live to regret asking this question...but... Why should there not be any midgies?

GINGER

They bite folk.

BIGGLES

*(Nodding slowly)*

True... any other reason?

GINGER

No.

BIGGLES

Well it's hardly reason enough to wipe them from the face of the planet Ginger.

GINGER

Aye it is. One bit me the day actually.

BIGGLES

Ah ha... now I'm beginning to understand. Whereabouts?

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

GINGER

In the High Street.

BIGGLES

No, no... I meant...

GINGER

Look... *(he holds out the back of his hand for BIGGLES to see)*

BIGGLES

Mmm... nasty. I see what you mean. Yes old chap that is quite a bad one. Mmm... maybe we should exterminate the little blighters after all. You know, looking at that reminds me of when I was bitten by a German Shepherd.

GINGER

Oh, I dinnae like Alsatians, big powerful brutes.

BIGGLES

No, no... this wasn't an Alsatian, this was a German Shepherd. Erik his name was... Erik with a "K" at the end. Terrible temper. I was on manoeuvres with the T.A. in the Rhineland at the time... drove a tank over two of his sheep. He went completely potty. Anyway, you can still see the scars...

*(he rolls up his sleeve to let GINGER see and then turns to MAV to show him, but MAV is in a trance. In his ejector seat and hypnotised by the screen)*

You know, I think you and I should maybe go Ginger. *(he glances round again at MAV)* Don't really want to be here when poor old Eleanor gets home eh?

GINGER

I like Eleanor.

BIGGLES

Ye-es... I like her too, but... let's go old chap eh?

GINGER

Aye okay... *(shouts)* Cheerio Dennis...

BIGGLES

Shoosh... come on.

*They leave quietly. As soon as they close the door behind them, MAV lets out a sigh of relief.*

MAV

Phew... thank goodness they've gone. You know I think they've gone completely mad, the pair of them. Midgies and German Shepherds. *(He sighs loudly again)* Mind

you, who am I to talk? (*He looks down at the seat*) What on earth did I buy this for? An ejector seat. Eleanor'll kill me. You know I honestly believe that you're better wanting something than getting it. I've always wanted an ejector seat, ever since I was a wee boy... (*he gets up out the seat and takes a step back*) ...look at it, it looks bloody stupid. (*He gives it a kick and winces as he stubs his toe*) What on earth is happening to me? You do these daft things, just... just as a... diversion. That's all it is. A diversion from so called normality. To help you kid yourself on that your different. Gee whiz I'm different a'right, what other idiot would have a large chunk of aeroplane in their house? What else was there? Oh yea, golf... another diversion. Motorbike... another diversion. New car... another diversion, no not a diversion, a waste of money. But a very clever waste of money. A huge amount spent on something that doesn't actually alter your life very much. If at all? New conservatory... same category as the car. Brilliant place to divert lots of cash without the risk of changing your life. Plasma telly... same again. Last thing you want Dennis old boy is a huge amount of dosh in the bank, because with that comes that most frightening thing known to man.

Choice. The choice. The freedom to actually do something different. To actually make radical changes to your one and only time on this dump of a planet. That's the last thing any of us want, so what do we do? We get a new kitchen when there's buggler all wrong with the old one. We get a new car when there's buggler all wrong with the old one. Just to deny ourselves the choice to take a few risks. It's the way we're *supposed* to be. It's the way *they* want us to be. "They" being the six hundred and fifty or so, so called elected representatives that sit and sleep a' day in the Hoose O' Commons. Representing nothing but their own self interests. The last thing *they* want is a country fu' o' folk thinking "there must be more to life than this." Bastards. (*Pause*) I love Eleanor, and I don't blame her, but you know, I think she's held me back. When we first got married we were going to take the world by storm. We were going to do things *our* way. We were going to run an orphanage in Peru, or a café in Australia or become lumberjacks in Canada or work with elephants in Alaska or something, I can't remember now... Oh boy was it frightening just how fast we settled into "normality." Joined the rest of the flock in front of the telly and settled into the comfort zone of sofas, videos and fish suppers. And then the excuses and the reasons why we couldn't do all those things we'd dreamed about began to pile up, and pile up and pile up until they were so heavy on top of us that we couldnae move. Move? We could barely breath. And here we are twenty years on, and here we'll be in twenty years time. Even now I would go anywhere with her, but she'd never leave here. She's too comfy. Got her pals, job at the surgery, her latest evening class fad. Oh oh... here she comes. Fasten your seatbelts.

*MAV moves instinctively to shield the ejector seat from the ELEANOR'S view as she enters.*

MAV

Hello dear.

ELEANOR

*(With a faint smile)*

Hello.

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

MAV

How are you?

ELEANOR

Fine.

MAV

Good.

*She places her bag on the table and hangs her jacket over one of the kitchen chairs and takes a seat.*

ELEANOR

Dennis?

MAV

Yes dear?

ELEANOR

*(Without looking at the offending article)*

What's that?

MAV

What's what dear?

ELEANOR

*(She glances over)*

The big black thing?

MAV

Mmm?... *(steps away to reveal the seat in all its glory)*

Oh this?...Em... it's an ejector seat, dear. Er... a Martin Baker Mark Ten to be precise...

ELEANOR

That's nice...

MAV

Yea you're right dear, I'm sorry, I'll put it out in the shed eh?... Sorry did you say it was nice?

ELEANOR

Mmm... you've always wanted one. I'm glad you've manage to get one after all these years.

MAV

You don't think it's a bit obtrusive?

*She shakes her head still with a slightly faraway faint smile.*

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

Oh... right...

ELEANOR

I'm leaving Dennis.

MAV

*(He thinks for a moment and then smiles)*

Wednesday... French class...

ELEANOR

No, Dennis, it's Friday and I'm leaving... I'm sorry Dennis, but I just can't take any more of this. I've had enough, I'm sorry. Really sorry. I just know if I stay here any longer, I'll... oh I dunno. I'm sorry.

MAV

Eleanor, what're you taking about? Leaving? What's the matter?

ELEANOR

I'm so sorry Dennis I meant to tell you earlier.

MAV

Eleanor, look if it's the seat, I'll sell the bloody thing, I can put it back on Ebay, maybe even make a bob or two eh? I mean, I don't even want it...

ELEANOR

It's not the seat Dennis, well not just the seat. It's everything.

MAV

Me?

*She doesn't answer, and so he asks quietly.*

Where will you go?

ELEANOR

I'm going to live in France.

MAV

*(Leaping up)*

France?!

*She nods.*

That's that Jean-Paul bugger putting daft ideas in your head at that French class, I knew it was a mistake letting you go to that...

ELEANOR

It's Jean- Pierre, no' Jean-Paul, you're thinking o' the Pope. And firstly he didn't pit the idea in ma head and secondly it's no' up to you to "let me" do anything...



Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

MAV

Aw, it'll be those bloody stupid telly programmes then... "Buying A Hoose In A Sunny Location" or whatever they're called.

ELEANOR

Well wherever the "daft idea" came fae, I don't know Dennis, but it's well and truly in ma head now and it's not going away.

MAV

Eleanor, you won't do it. I know you won't. I know you complain about it, nearly every day, but you won't leave your job at the surgery. No way could you go in tomorrow morning and resign.

ELEANOR

No, you're right...

MAV

telt yea...

ELEANOR

... because I resigned today.

MAV

What? Eleanor are you out of mind?

ELEANOR

No Dennis, for the first time in a long long time I am well and truly in my mind. Oh boy, as the song goes "*It's time to make some changes*" and I'm starting right now.

MAV

God Eleanor, I can't believe this.

ELEANOR

You'd better start...

MAV

I never thought it'd come to this. I never thought *we'd* come to this. I thought we'd be together... for ever.

ELEANOR

Well... (*huge intake of breath*) well, we can be Dennis.

MAV

Oh aye?... How can we, wae you in France and me here? I'm sorry Eleanor but ma telepathic powers faded when I left the planet Krypton.

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

ELEANOR

You could come with me?

MAV

Whit?

ELEANOR

You could come with me to France.

MAV

Why?

ELEANOR

Well... then we could be together.

MAV

We could be together here.

ELEANOR

No Dennis, I'm going, I've told you that. My mind's made up, and nothing is going to stop me.

MAV

*(Striding over to the computer.)*

Look whereabouts do you fancy going in France? We could go there on the Flight Sim!

ELEANOR

*(Grabbing a banana from the kitchen table and holding it pistol fashion, aimed at his head)*

Come away from that computer Dennis.

MAV

But it's so real. We could have a look...

ELEANOR

It is not real Dennis... it's just pixies on a screen.

MAV

*(Correcting her)*

Pixels.

ELEANOR

You knew what I meant. Now come away...*(she motions with the gun/banana)* Come on, I mean it...sit down. *(she points the banana at his head again)* SIT DOWN.

*He sits at the kitchen table and she joins him.*

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

MAV

*(After a long pause)*

I cannae speak French.

ELEANOR

You cannae speak English either, but that hussnae hindered you up till now. *(Pause)*  
We could learn... Please come with me Dennis.

MAV

*(Huffily)*

Suppose you're goin' to buy a vineyard or something?

ELEANOR

What? *(laughing)* what do I know about vineyards?

MAV

Well that's what these twits do on the telly.

ELEANOR

That's because it makes good television, watching a pair of silly snobs making an arse of running a vineyard. Naw... I'll get a wee job in a village shop or something. Maybe even a boulangerie...

MAV

*With slight interest.*

Underwear?

ELEANOR

Em... no, a bakers I think... but funnily enough I can see your logic. Oh Dennis, what is there for us here?

MAV

The same as there is oot in France. You name me one thing France has got that Scotland hussnae.

ELEANOR

A summer.

MAV

*(Considers for a minute)*

Aye okay, agreed anything else.

ELEANOR

Space...

MAV

Aye, it's a big place right enough but how much space dae *we* need?

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

ELEANOR

A new beginning? *(Pause)* We could sell this place and buy somewhere in the Dordogne. I'm not talking about some big fancy mansion hoose or a chateau or anything like that. Just a wee hoose in the country. Up a wee dusty track, surrounded by fields and trees and coos or sheep or whatever is they have out there?

MAV

We could do that here.

ELEANOR

No, we couldnae. If we sold this place we couldnae even afford a garden shed in the country. You're in Financial Services, d'ye no ken what's happening to hoose prices round about here? We could have a brilliant wee place oot there, we could go about on our bikes and you could get one of thae funny wee corrugated iron cars that you've fancied for so long...

MAV

*(dreamily)*

A 2CV? A Deux Chevaux...

ELEANOR

Aye... *(she looks at him and smiles as she sees him beginning to loose himself)* ...one o' them. And see, you can speak French. And I could get a job in a baker's and you could get a wee job on an airfield or something...

MAV

Daein' what?

ELEANOR

Oh I dunno, cutting the grass, or cleaning the lavvies or something. You be in amongst real planes. Think about that Maverick. Real planes.

MAV

And French lavvies...

ELEANOR

Oh well... painting the windies or something... making cups o' tea for the pilots.

MAV

I dunno Eleanor, it sounds a bit pie in the sky.

ELEANOR

All we've got to do is do it.

MAV

Can I take the computer?

ELEANOR

Mayday Mayday Mayday - Bob Davidson

Nope.... If you do decide to come, you can donate it to Bob. It would maybe help keep him out of Tesco's.

MAV

Can I think about it?

ELEANOR

Of course... *(she kisses him on the cheek)* but don't take too long.

*She stands up.*

MAV

Eleanor... you wouldn't have actually banana'd me would you?

ELEANOR

*(with a slight, devilish twinkle in her eye)*

Maybe later.

*At that – she leaves. MAV is alone on stage.*

*If you like what you've read so far and would like to buy a copy of the complete script or would like to perform the play, please get in touch.*

*Thanks for reading,*

*Bob Davidson*