

HA section

'Dual Control'

JO (of HA)

Amy sits up in the boat, as if in bed.

Jo

Amy: 'Tell me who you are.' 'Tell me who you are.' Who am I?

Pause

I am the horse-faced hag, apparently (*shouted into the boat*)

That's what my ex husband called me: 'the horse-faced hag'.

You should have seen us both in bed, after the crash

when we almost reached New York

at the end of our dual Atlantic flight, East to West.

He looked like a...like an Egyptian mummy.

Muffled groans and cries from the boat. Jim rises slowly up like 'the mummy', with his head almost completely bandaged.

He looked like Tutankhamen.

You look like King Tut, Jim!

He continues to moan. Amy laughs. She puts a stalk in a jam jar and places it on the side of the boat. She looks at herself in a scrap of mirror.

And look at me, windblown hair, dirty nails.

No, no, no!

She takes out some lipstick from a pocket and puts it on.

What we want is a manicured, powdered, perfect girl.

She puts her nail varnish on.

You can take the photos now.

Camera flashes.

Oh the white roses are from the Roosevelts.

More camera flashes as they freeze in a pose.

Pause

He's best like that, jaw wired.

And to think I wanted a man of the world

who'd make my toes curl!

Ha

Oh but there was a time
before that blur of light
at the end of our Atlantic flight,
before that terrible night
when we landed in the swamp

(Shouts) which he was entirely responsible for.

Oh there was a time,
before they found us in a ditch,
when we were The Flying Scot
and the Lone Flyer,
The Flying Sweethearts,

(Amy:) Brandy Mollison
and the British Girl Lindbergh.

Oh yes there was a time
before they found us in that ditch
where I cradled his body in my lap –
'Hurry, please hurry'
'Hurry, please hurry' –
I thought he was going to die.
I thought you were going to die,

(Shouts) you two timing half cut dinner suited suede shoed cad!

Oh Jim, oh Jim.

She slowly and lovingly takes his bandages off.

I thought you were my Valentino
when we lunched at Quagalinos.

I was the girl on your arm.

How I fell for your charm!

Oh that upper class drawl...

I gave you my all.

You called me Johnnie.

Johnnie for Johnson.

Johnnie, Johnnie.

Kyu**Amy & Jim: Duet**

Amy: Oh Jim.

Jim: Oh Johnnie

Amy: Oh Jim, oh Jim.

Jim: Oh Johnnie, Johnnie, Johnnie.

Amy: We have dual controls.

Jim: Such dual controls.

Both: We are a single engine biplane
with a Gipsy Major Engine.

Amy: We have dual controls.

Jim: Oh such dual controls.
I love your steel bracing.

Amy: I love your engine cowling.

Jim: I love your cockpit docking.

Amy: I love our interlocking.

Jim: Dual controls!

Amy: Such dual controls!
Oh the sweep back and stagger of your wings.

Jim: Oh oh, your shock absorbing springs.
Oh oh oh, we have such dual controls.

Amy: Yes yes, such dual controls.
Oh Jim, oh Jim.

Jim: Oh Johnnie, Johnnie, Johnnie.
Let me feel your struts.

Amy: Ow! Oh oh oh, your swaged rod.

Jim: Let me feed your carburettor.

Amy: Yes yes yes, you are my tiger.

Jim: You are my moth.

Amy: (*Grows*) Dual controls!

Jim: Such such dual controls!

Amy: Oh Jim, oh Jim, oh Jim.

Jim: Oh Johnnie, Johnnie, Johnnie.

Amy: Oh oh oh oh your parallel foot action.

Jim: Aah aaah aaah your longitudinal trim.

Amy: Now! Oh oh oh oh ooooooh!

Jim: Aaaaaaaaaah! Aaah!
Tiptop!

Amy: You are my tiger.

Jim: You are my moth.

Amy: You are my king.

Jim: You are my queen.

Both: We are the king and queen of the air.

Amy: The king and queen of the air. Oh Jim.

Jim: Oh Johnnie, Johnnie, Johnnie.

Amy: *(Angrily)* Oh Jim!
Why did I marry you?

Jim: Because I asked you. Because I asked you.

Amy: Because...you were Drake and Raleigh, Scott and Shackleton.

Jim: Because you were the Lone Girl Flyer and I was the Flying Scot.

Amy: You were a drunk, an unfaithful arrogant selfish dangerous...
lollygagger!
You were Brandy Mollison, the pilot with a flask in his hand.
You were a record breaker.
You were my heart breaker.

HA (of HA)

Jo

Jim is drinking from a flask.

Jim: All seemed so bally straightforward:

(Jim:) set off from Wales in a westerly direction.

stop off in New York, then circle the globe,

just you and me, circle the globe,

just you and me, Jim and Johnnie,

Johnnie and Jim.

Amy: What balderdash was that you said that I believed?

Jim: 'I suppose the essential spirit of such a flight must be faith – faith

in oneself, one's companion, in the aeroplane and in the engine.'

Amy: One's Companion – tick

The aeroplane – tick

The engine – tick

'Oneself. '

Well there's the problem, there's the rub, Jim!

Self, self, self! Me, me, me!

She knocks the flowers over and takes the sheet of plastic off both of them.

Ha

(The flight has something of the aspects of a clown routine and the music should reflect this)

Jim stands by the side of the boat, and tests the breeze with a white handkerchief.

Still as a graveyard. About bally time!

Thought we'd never get off the ground.

(Jim:) Well Johnnie. New York here we come.

She hands him his flying helmet (also a found object).

Amy: Put that flask away Jim.

Jim: Just a tot, to toast our coming success!

Amy puts her flying helmet on (it is a found object). Jim sits in front of her in the boat.

Just you and me and mighty wilderness now Johnnie.

You and me and the sky and the sea.

Let's get this bird up in the air!

Take-off music. Amy and Jim mime piloting the plane up into the air and speak the following 'Goodbye words'. Amy waves to the crowds. Jim drinks as he is flying with one hand.

The following section is spoken.

Amy: Goodbye to Wales.

Jim: Goodbye to playing golf.

Amy: Goodbye to the photographers

Jim: Goodbye to the reporters.

Amy: Goodbye to all those speeches.

Jim: Goodbye to the crowd!

Amy: Goodbye to the funfair!

Jim: Goodbye to the beach.

Goodbye to the donkey rides.

Amy: Oh how I hate flying over water,

(Sung) how I hate flying over water.

Kyu

Jim: Just you and me and the sky and the sea, Johnnie.

Amy begins to fall asleep and jerks awake.

Amy: And utter boredom! Utter boredom.

Jim takes another drink from his flask. The 'plane' is suddenly buffeted by headwinds.

Jim: We're somewhere in the middle of the big pond.

New York that way... I think.

Amy: All those hungry waves below like vultures.

Jim: Time to swap over.

They bump into each other.

And again!

They repeat the same routine.

Amy: Time for some face powder.

Jim: Time for some coffee.

And down through the clouds at last.

Amy is looking through a hole in the bottom of the 'plane'. She scribbles on a piece of paper and hands it to Jim.

Icebergs!

Amy: It's like a huge bath strewn with snowflakes.

Jim: Land!

They shake hands solemnly.

KYU (of Ha)

Jo

Jim: We're over the good 'ol US of A.

We'll soon be hoofin' it in the big apple, kitten.

Amy: We won't make it you half-portion!

There's not enough juice.

We're going to run out of juice!

Jim: Piffle!

Amy: The headwinds forced us to use too much.

We should refuel while it's still light.

Pause

Jim, we've been in the air for thirty eight hours.

We need to refuel! Refuel!

Jim: Press on woman, press on!

Just forty miles to New York.

Sudden sputtering noises.

Amy: Ease the nose higher.

Higher!

(Amy:) We won't make it. We won't make it!

Jim: We'll have to land at Bridgeport. Good ol' Connecticut.

Pause.

Can't bally see where the airfield begins and the swamp ends.

I can't bally see Johnnie.

Ha

Flashing lights, aeroplane noise. The 'plane' rocks wildly.

Amy: Circle again.

Jim: I'm circling.

Amy: What?

Jim: I am circling you horse-faced hag.

Amy: What did you just call me?

Jim: Brace yourself Johnnie. Brace yourself.

Groaning plane noises: momentary darkness, unbearable brightness and then a sickening crunch, followed by pitch darkness.

Kyu

Amy whimpers. Torch lights. Amy cradles Jim's body in her lap.

Amy: Hurry, please, we're over here...

Hurry, please hurry.

...my God, hurry please.

(Screams) He's dying!

Kyu (coda)

Amy and Jim are sitting up in 'bed' as at the beginning of the HA section, but with Jim only partly bandaged.

Jim: We nearly made New York.

We almost made New York.

Amy: You nearly killed yourself.

You almost killed both of us.

Pause.

Crawl away. I said crawl away.

He does so.

Amy: I'm flying solo again Jim, solo forever,

solo forever, solo forever.

Jim: *(Overlapping with Amy, as she repeats 'I'm flying solo...')*

But we had such dual controls,

such dual controls.

Amy: Oh Jim, oh Jim.

She cries as the lights fade.