

Scunthorpe Warrant Officer Dudley Scunthorpe.

Lydia I have to familiarise Dudley here with the new supercharger on the Merlin 20. The thrust is overwhelming.

Jack Go with her, don't let her break your heart.

Lydia leads Scunthorpe off. *All the boys watch her go.*

Coventry 'A Flight dismissed. Flight logs to me by 1900. Bob, 1900 hours is seven o'clock.

Acres No worries! Nineteen o'clock.

They exit leaving Jack and Faulkland alone.

Jack Lydia bloody Languish?!

Faulkland What happened between you two?

Jack We won a dance competition before the war. We kissed.

Faulkland Where did you kiss her?

Jack Bishop's Stortford.

Faulkland Ah.

Jack We won the jitterbug final. Then she reached into my chest, tore out my heart and smashed it to a pulp with a lump hammer.

Faulkland She had a lump hammer?

Jack Girls always carry lump hammers, Roy.

Faulkland No!

Jack They hide them in their handbags with their lipsticks, eye sparkle and jam sandwiches.

Faulkland Still sweet on her, eh?

Jack Never!

Faulkland You love her?

Jack I don't! I just – how do you know if it's love?

Faulkland Easy, would you use her poo as toothpaste?

Jack As toothpaste?

Faulkland Yes.

Jack (beal) My God, it's love!

Scene One/Two

Transition

Khatri enters with Lydia's bags and jacket. Lucy enters and collects the bags from Khatri. Khatri reluctantly gives Lucy Lydia's flight jacket. Refuses to let go. Lucy yanks it off him and kicks him out.

Scene Two

10:00

Lydia's room. Lucy hauls Lydia's travel case onto the bed.

Lucy (direct address) Why are plays always about posh people? Beautiful rich idiots falling arse over tit in love, and all the bleeding maid gets to do is oil the effing plot delivering love letters to the wrong people. Royal Mail could do that. Where's my love story? Ain't my dream legitimate? A cottage on a hill. Hot and cold running water. A nice fella who'll massage my feet and not piss all over the toilet floor. One of the mechanics here, a fitter, he gives me goose bumps on my goose bumps. I've had a chat with him, he was riveing. He told me about the history of rivets, which was riveing. Egypt, they invented rivets. 3000 BC. They come up with everything – pyramids, wigs, condoms – stop it, ten pin bowling – which I love, high heels – which I love, cats as pets – which is fucking disgusting, eye-liner – who doesn't like eye-liner? Yeah, the Egyptians, bless 'em, they peaked early. Anyway, this fella's called Dudley, I fink it might be love, but how do you tell?