

I CAN SEE MY HOUSE FROM HERE

by

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CHARACTERS

Lizzie (73)

Trevor (74)

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SCENE ONE - 15,000FT ABOVE MILTON
KEYNES

FX. LOUD, CONSTANT HUM

TREVOR: Ok, shall we?

LIZZIE: Um. I think...have I forgotten...

FX. RUSTLE OF CLOTHES

TREVOR: Lizzie...

LIZZIE: ...Maybe this is a bit loose...?

TREVOR: Liz. You're fine.

LIZZIE: ..and I think this might be the wrong way around.

TREVOR: It's not, you look great.

LIZZIE: Hah! Dressed like this?

TREVOR: Especially dressed like that.

LIZZIE: It's uh...I don't know, it's been a while, is all.

TREVOR: Nothing's changed, I promise.

LIZZIE: Really?

TREVOR: Yup. Still the same. Jump. Wait...PULL!

FX. TREVOR SLIDING BACK A DOOR

FX. WIND, PROPELLOR NOISE

TREVOR: ...then relax.

LIZZIE: Wow.

TREVOR: Yeah.

LIZZIE: Oh, it's gorgeous Trevor! Look at those clouds.

TREVOR: Had to pull a few strings, don't usually let you go at this time of the day no more, but...

LIZZIE: But s'worth it. So fluffy. So pink!

TREVOR: And golden. Just like us.

LIZZIE: Heh.

TREVOR: Ready?

LIZZIE: ...You don't want to...?

TREVOR: Ladies first.

LIZZIE: Ok. But you're straight after, young man!

TREVOR: Straight after. Happy Anniversary, darling.

THEY KISS

LIZZIE: Happy Annivesaraaaaaaaaaahh!!!

FX. THE ROAR OF RUSHING WIND

LIZZIE SCREAMING IN FEAR THEN DELIGHT

LIZZIE: Wooooo!! Ok...Open! Open now! Open, damn you!! Oh please, open! Nononononono..why won't you...Oh God...

LIZZIE GRUNTS HARD

FX. FABRIC RIPPING

LIZZIE: Oh GOD!! It's....TREVOR! IT'S COME OFF! THE BLOODY HANDLE'S COME AWAY...WHAT DO I..

TREVOR: (SHOUTING) LIZ!!!

LIZZIE: NO, IT'S NO GOOD PUTTING YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD!

TREVOR: (FAR) PULL, LIZ, PULL IT!!

LIZZIE: I HAVE, TREVOR, you IDIOT...you...BASTARD! You, you little...*shit!* Oof, easy there, Lizzie...BUT I TOLD YOU! I told you, this is not how normal people celebrate their

anniversary! There are easier ways to spice up a marriage, Trevor, normal people go salsa dancing!!

LIZZIE: (PANICKED) Ok...erm...this *could* be alright. There might be some hay down there. It happens. Probably. Sometimes. I mean, it'll sting a bit, sure. Might need that hip replaced again, but that's fine by me, that's absolutely fine by me! Oh God, please please please. Maybe...maybe if I act like a bird. Yes, yes...a bird! A great big bird!!!

LIZZIE: (BEAT) I AM AN EAGLE!

FX. FABRIC RUSTLING AS LIZZIE FLAPS

LIZZIE: Oh give over, Lizzie!

LIZZIE SIGHS, HER VOICE CREAKS AS SHE TEARS UP SLIGHTLY

LIZZIE: You're not a bloody bird, and there's no bloody hay! And if you *were* a bird, you'd be a pigeon. A fat, waddling old pigeon. Why did I leave Weight Warriors so soon?!

TREVOR: (FAINT) Lizzzzz...

LIZZIE: Giving up, eh Trevor? Yeah, yeah, pull your chute, why not, doesn't make a sodding difference now...

LIZZIE: (QUIETLY) My, my, it's pretty out here...

LIZZIE BEGINS TO SOB. SOFT AT FIRST,
RISING IN INTENSITY

TREVOR: (BARELY AUDIBLE) I'm so sorry...

LIZZIE: (SNIFFING, COMPOSING HERSELF) Oh stop now, dear, really please just stop fussing, it wasn't your fault. Nothing to be done about it. At least...at least we had a good fifty years, didn't we?

LIZZIE: (BEAT) Look after yourself, my love and uh...

LIZZIE LAUGHS BLEAKLY

LIZZIE: ...enjoy the view.

FX. WIND ROAR GETTING LOUDER AND
LOUDER

LIZZIE DRAWS A FEW DEEP, MEASURED
BREATHES AND THEN -

LIZZIE: (SERENE, INFINITELY CURIOUS) I wonder if it'll hurt?

FX. A VERY SOLID THUMP

END.