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A Remembrance Play

Spitfire Dance

**A Dramatic Music Entertainment in
Two Acts**

**By
Clint Ward**

**Music Director
Brian Jackson**

**Original Cast
Karen Cromar
Glen Bowser
Brian Jackson**

**1st performance
October 23, 2014
Canadian War Museum,
Ottawa, Ontario**

spitfireproductions.ca

Characters

**Brian – Piano Player: Judy – Entertainer, Pauline Gower, voices:
Kevin – Entertainer, Gerard d’Erlanger, one voice.**

Scene: Any performance space. There are two easels holding large recruiting posters of the 2nd World War. (The backs of these posters are pictures of Spitfires and the posters are turned to reveal the Spitfires at intermission). These are located in the back corners of the stage. There is also a large hanging sign at centre back, which reads, in large letters, Lest We Forget. There is a coat rack at the back at stage right between the sign and the poster. Various hats and a Boa are pre-set on the coat rack. Centrally but slightly to stage left there is a piano (electric). On the stage left side just in front of the poster is a snare drum on a stand. In front of that is a guitar on a stand. There are Two stools UL and DL which can be used from time to time. There is a folding chair DL and one DR. On the DR chair there is a parachute, helmet with goggles and a white scarf. The chair DL also has a parachute but no helmet, goggles and scarf. CR there is a small table with a folding chair leaning against it and behind it a revolving wooden office chair. This set-up is designed to fit in any available space. The time of the play is ‘now’ with scenes and monologues going back in time. A note about the hanging sign: It is a large picture of a spitfire printed on fabric and about 8 feet by 4 feet. On the back is printing which reads, “Lest We Forget.” Because the sign is folded upwards in act one, all that can be seen is “Lest We Forget.” The Spitfire gets revealed at the end of Act one (and remains for act 11).

Lighting: There are eleven light areas. **1** is tight DL just slightly off the chair, **2** DC. **3** tight DR just slightly off the chair, **4** is CR for scenes, **5** is tight on the piano, **6** is loose around piano, **7** illuminates the poster UR, **8** is UC and partially illuminates the hanging sign, **9** is tight UL (poster), **10** is a total stage wash and **11** is a tight ‘special’ directly above UC.

Music: The music is of the 1940s (World War II period). The songs selected can be changed or added to in rehearsal with reference to the list provided in the Appendix.

Casting: It is important that the two entertainers are strong singers, good dancers and creative actors with a command of accents. It is a bonus if they also play some kind of musical instrument. The piano player, of course, has to play the piano, sing and act. Most of his dialogue can be delivered from the piano.

Voices: These monologues are representative of women’s experience of flying, mostly with the Air Transport Auxillary. They are delivered with distinctive accents and with simple accessories – Helmet and Goggles, perhaps a scarf. There is one male monologue.

Costumes: All changes are by hat or simple assessory only. Two military hats will be in Judy’s bag on 1st entry, helmet, scarf and goggles on the chair DR but Judy leaves the second helmet, scarf and goggles on the chair DR on her first monologue exit, the remainder are on the coat rack.

Sound: The sound of airplanes (piston engines – preferably Rolls Royce) is used over some scene changes. There is one track of party sound for the reception scene. Other changes might be covered by piano. Pre-curtain, intermission and exit music is 40s swing band. No vocals.

Structure: The play is of three parts: The entertainment (songs and dialogue) The ATA scenes and the monologues (voices). The connections should be seamless and where possible enhanced by light changes and sound.

Time: Now. 3 entertainers have been hired to provide music for a remembrance celebration. They arrive early in order to arrange and rehearse their show.

Act I

Lights – pre set (posters UL and UR and banner sign UC)

Lights – fade to black

Sound of engine

(Judy enters wearing a white scarf, goggles and helmet and goes DC)

Light up –area 2

Judy/Voice: We began at the first hour of the morning. We began when the sky was clean and ready for the sun and you could see your breath and smell traces of the night. We began every morning at that same hour, using what we were pleased to call the Nairobi Aerodrome, climbing away from it with derisive clamour, while the burghers of the town twitched in their beds and dreamed perhaps of all unpleasant things that drone – of wings and stings, and corridors in bedlam.

Tom Black had never taught another soul to fly, and the things he had to teach beyond the simple mechanics that go with flying are those things that have not lent themselves to words. Intuition and instinct are mysteries still.

After this era of great pilots is gone, as the era of great sea captains has gone – each nudged aside by the march of inventive genius, by steel cogs and copper discs and hair thin wires on white faces that are dumb, but speak – it will be found, I think, that all the science of flying has been captured in the breadth of an instrument board, but not the religion of it.

Light to black (Judy exits and leaves the scarf, helmet and goggles on the chair DL)

Sound: engine noise

(Brian enters tinkles the piano

Lights: area 10

– a few notes, checks his watch, walks the stage in thought)

(Kevin enters, looking for Brian)

Kevin: Brian? There you are. What are you doing?

Brian: Just thinking. How long have we been doing this Kevin?

Kevin: I don't know. 20 years? 20 years at least. Why?

Brian: I'm just wondering if it makes a difference.

Kevin: Do you think if we stopped doing this, they'd still remember?

Brian: Well, that's why I keep wanting to do it. So they won't forget. **(goes to piano)**

Kevin: Two world wars. One hell of a price to pay for freedom. Anyway, let's start working on the show.

Brian: I'm getting too old for this.

Kevin: Naw.

Brian: I need ten ticklers to play these ivories. I think I'm down to eight that are working. Two just point. Where's Judy? We only have two hours to rehearse.

Kevin: She'll be along. She's working on her religion.

Brian: Praise the Lord!

Kevin: Hallelujah!!! Actually. Don't tell her. But it's pretty amazing what she's doing. I've never seen anyone so driven and determined to prove herself.

Brian: Driven and determined. That's Judy. That's why I stay out of it. Well let's just get started then until she gets here.

(they ad lib talking about songs as Brian plays a little)

(Judy enters carrying her bag, obviously very unhappy about something. She drops her bag down heavily on the table)

Kevin: Are you OK?

Judy: I keep bouncing.

Brian: Who's bouncing?

Kevin: Judy.

Brian: Should I leave the room?

Kevin: No. It's not that Brian. **(to Judy)** Maybe you're trying too hard.

Judy: Kevin, you don't understand.

Kevin: No. I do understand. Stop being so hard on yourself.

Judy: I'm not. It's just let's just rehearse.

(Brian plays the intro to a song,..all three assume it's a certain song. And start singing three different songs at the same time. They all stop singing and give each other a look. Brian starts the song intro again and all three switch to each others songs. They stop singing again).

Judy: I'm really sorry. I'm just not having a good day.

Kevin: Okay. Let's just pick one song here.

Judy: It's always the same old stuff.

Kevin: It's what they want to hear, Judy.

Judy: I'm so frustrated with it.

Kevin: I thought you wanted to do this because you enjoyed doing it.

Judy: You're not hearing me.

Kevin: We've talked about this.

Judy: I know we talked about this, but you're not listening.

Kevin: I am listening. I'm trying to do what you wanna do, Tell me what you want to do.

Brian: I want to rehearse, if anyone's listening.

(Kevin in frustration and a little angry, goes to chair leaning on the table, opens it and sits down)

Judy: It's just...it's so bloody hard! I don't know how they did it. Especially back then, with what they had to deal with.

(Brian begins playing intro).

1. *White Cliffs of Dover*

Brian (spoken)

*I'll never forget the people I met
Braving those angry skies*

Kevin (spoken) *I remember well*

(sung) *as the shadows fell
The light of hope in their eyes*

Judy

*And though I'm far away
I still can hear them say*

Kevin Thumbs up... (He stands up on this line)

All

But when the dawn comes up

All In unison

*There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see*

In harmony

*There'll be love and laughter
And peace ever after
Tomorrow
When the world is free*

Brian

The shepherd will tend his sheep (sustain)

Kevin

The valley will bloom again

Judy

And Jimmy will go to sleep

All in harmony

In his own little room again

All in harmony

*There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see*

Piano interlude

All (quietly in unison)

*There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow*

All in harmony

Just you wait and see

Brian: That song seems to soothe the savage beast! Why don't we start with it. (**Kevin and Judy nod in agreement**). I've made copies of the songs I think we should do. (**he gives each a sheet**).

Kevin: (Looking at the songs). Oh that looks great. We just have to figure out the order now. What do you think Judy? (**Judy is looking at the songs, not answering**). Judy?

Judy: Oh, not the Men in Their Flying Machines again. I'm so sick of that song.

Kevin: What's wrong with it?

Judy: You know why I don't like it.

Brian: I'd like to know why you don't like it.

Judy: Because it's only about men who fly.... (**exasperated**) Never mind.

Kevin: (Exchanges look with Brian) Oh, here we go.

Brian: Where're we going?

Judy: Nowhere as usual, Brian.

Kevin: What are you trying to say?

Judy: Look, all I'm saying is, if we just keep doing one song after the other, it gets boring.

Kevin: What do you mean it gets boring? These are great songs.

Judy: There's nothing wrong with the songs. They just don't tell the whole story.

Kevin: Well what are we missing? Tell me.

Brian: Tell me too. I'm lost. I thought this was about Remembrance?

Judy: It is about remembrance, but we have to remember everybody.

Brian: (pause - trying to keep the peace - curious) Okay, who'd we forget?

Judy: Well...you know I'm learning to fly... and that's all I think about now. Why don't we tell the story about women pilots in the war?

Brian: Women flew in the war? How come I didn't hear about this? Are you serious.

Judy: Yes, I'm serious.

Kevin: Oh, she's serious, Brian. When she's not spending all our money on lessons, she's got her nose in every flying book she can find.

Brian: Think of the war songs we sing. Those are stories. Battle of Britain, Spitfires, Hurricanes... Now, that was a time for real flyers.

Judy: Can you hear yourself Brian? Those were all men. Women flew Spitfires and Hurricanes too. Oh, and the big four engine bombers.

Kevin: You ever heard of the Night Witches, Brian?

Brian: I knew a Witch once.... She wasn't very good at night.

Kevin: Well...Judy showed me a book about these Russian women who flew their bombing missions in the dark. That's why the Germans called them the Night Witches. Cool eh?

Judy: Oh. So you have been listening.

Brian: This is great Judy, but is there even a song about women pilots?

Judy: I've got one... **(She goes to her bag to retrieve song and hands it out)** and it just

so happens to be written about the most famous woman pilot in the world.

Brian and Kevin: Who was that?

Judy: Amy Johnson, that's who.

Kevin: Oh yeah.

Judy: Remember? In 1930 she flew all by herself from England to Australia in 19 days.

Kevin: In the airplane she named "Jason".

Brian: Jason? After Jason and the Argonauts?

Kevin: Well actually, the name came from Amy's family fish business. It was the brand name of their Kippers.

Brian: Oh I love Kippers.

Judy: When she left England, some newspaper offered her 25 pounds to help her out. The flight made her so famous that when she got back the price went up to 10,000 pounds. And that's where this little song came from. It became a huge hit. Everybody was singing it. Why don't we try it?

Brian: OK, I think I can play it.

2. *Wonderful Amy*

Brian

*There's a little lady
Who has captured every heart
Amy Johnson, it's you*

Judy

*We have watched and waited
Since the day you made your start
Amy Johnson it's true*

Since the news that you are safe has come along

Kevin

Everyone in town is singing this love song

All

*Amy, wonderful Amy
How can you blame me
for loving you*

*Since you've won the praise of every nation
You have filled my heart with admiration*

*Amy, wonderful Amy
I'm proud of the way you flew
Believe me, Amy
You cannot blame me, Amy
For falling in love with you*

*Amy, wonderful Amy
How can you blame me
For loving you*

*Since you've won the praise of every nation
You have filled my heart with admiration*

*Amy, wonderful Amy
I'm proud of the way you flew
Believe me, Amy
You cannot blame me, Amy
For falling in love with you*

Brian: (Starting intro for *Lambeth Walk*). All right, now get your dancing shoes on.

Judy: Wait a minute, wait a minute!

Kevin: What's wrong?

Judy: I'm not finished.

Kevin and Brian: Sorry.

Judy: Amy wasn't the only trailblazer, you know. In 1934, the New Zealander Jean Batten flew from England to Australia and beat Amy's record by four days. And the American, Amelia Earhart. She got the bug watching flying in Toronto where she was working after the first world war. First woman to fly over the Atlantic Ocean.

Kevin: But she was just a passenger.

Brian: Yeah, I'm starting to feel like a passenger too.

Judy: Buckle your seat belt Brian, there's lots more.

Kevin: You're going to bring up Beryl Markham, aren't you?

Judy: Well in 1936 she did fly solo across the Atlantic from east to west ...against the wind...the hard way.

Kevin: The Hard way? Talking about the hard way, Brian...apparently Queen Mary's son Henry, who was third in line to the British throne, fathered a child with Miss Markham. A little Royal Bastard, you might say.

Brian: Royals. Now we're getting to the juicy bits.

Judy: I almost felt like all these women were speaking to me. “Judy you can do it too.” That led me to a small airport where I experienced my first flight. My first flight. I can’t explain what that did to me. It was like singing a great song. I just wanted more. Every take-off excited me so much.

Brian: Kevin, did you know that Judy was that passionate?

Kevin: Oh yeah. Her eyes light up every time a plane flies over.

Brian: Have you been up there too?

Kevin: Just one pilot in the family is all we can afford. Anyway, I’m afraid of heights.

Brian: Okay, you’re all grounded! So let’s put those feet to work (**vamps the intro to Lambeth Walk**).

Judy: Oh, that reminds me about the story of ...

(Kevin gets his hat from the coat rack and hands Judy hers – on “No”)

Kevin and Brian: No!!!

3. Lambeth Walk

Kevin: (Spoken to Judy) *Now listen.
You could no more walk the Lambeth way
then we could walk the Mayfair way.
You Know! Lambeth is never seen.
The sky ain’t blue, the grass it ain’t green
It hasn’t got the Mayfair touch
but that don’t matter very much
We play a different way.
Not like you but a bit more gay
When we have a bit of fun – Oh Boy!*

*Anytime you're Lambeth way
Any evening, any day
You'll find us all*

Doin' the Lambeth walk. Oi!

*Ev'ry little Lambeth gal
With her little Lambeth pal
You'll find 'em all*

All

Doin' the Lambeth walk. Oi!

Kevin

*Ev'rything's free and easy
Do as you darn well pleasey*

*Why don't you make your way there
Go there, stay there
Once you get down Lambeth way
Ev'ry evening, ev'ry day
You'll find yourself*

All

Doin' the Lambeth walk. Oi!

Kevin

*Anytime you're Lambeth way
Any evening, any day
You'll find us all*

All

Doin' the Lambeth walk. Oi!

Kevin (Judy and Brian –Aaahs)

*Ev'ry little Lambeth gal
With her little Lambeth pal
You'll find 'em all*

All

Doin' the Lambeth walk. Oi!

*Ev'rything's free and easy
Do as you darn well pleasey
Why don't you make your way there
Go there, stay there*

Kevin

*Once you get down Lambeth way
Ev'ry evening, ev'ry day
You'll find yourself*

All

Doin' the Lambeth walk. Oi!

Dance interlude – 16 bars

Kevin

*Anytime you're Lambeth way
Any evening, any day
You'll find us all*

All

Doin' the Lambeth walk. Oi!

Kevin

*Ev'ry little Lambeth gal
With her little Lambeth pal*

You'll find 'em all

All

Doin' the Lambeth walk. Oi!

Kevin

Ev'rything's free and easy

Do as you darn well pleasey

Why don't you make your way there

Go there, stay there

All

Once you get down Lambeth way

Ev'ry evening, ev'ry day

You'll find yourself

Doin' the Lambeth-

Doin' the Lambeth-

Doin' the Lambeth walk! Oi!

Blackout

Engine sound

Lights: area 3

Judy/Voice: Why do I fly airplanes? I'm often asked that question. After all, I'm a woman and we just shouldn't do those things. Amy Johnson did that record-breaking flight – I wonder how many young girls that inspired? - and I thought I could try my hand so I took lessons. Oh yes, I know, it also helped that we had money because flying was a costly business. Father bought me a little aeroplane and I started joy riding and taxi flights. Beryl Markham was an influence on me to be sure. She explained the allure in her book *West With The Night* ...“it will be found, I think, that all the science of flying has been captured in the breadth of an instrument board, but not the religion of it.” I never forgot that. “The religion of it.” In many ways, it was my God to follow.

Blackout

Engine sound

Lights: 10

(Judy takes two hats from her bag on the desk)

Kevin: (Looking at the hats) That's new. What's going on?

Judy: You'll see. I have an idea.

Brian: We don't have a lot of time, Judy.

Judy: Please! Just go with me on this. We need to make it right. It has to be told.

Kevin: Ok, Judy. What are you thinking?

Judy: (To Kevin) I brought something for you. **(takes side hat and hands it to Kevin)**. Put it on and I'll explain. You see, women pilots had a part in the war effort too. **(Judy**

motions Kevin to help move the table to position it away from the side of the stage and she indicates Kevin should sit in the chair behind what is now the desk) It all started in England, in a room with Pauline Gower, one of the women pioneers, and Gerard d'Erlanger who was in charge of organizing the A.T.A during the war.

Kevin: ATA, do you know what that means Brian?

Brian: American Telephone and Telegraph.

Judy: That's ATandT, Brian! ATA is the Air Transport Auxilliary. A civilian organization.

Brian: So, where do the songs come in, Judy?

Judy: You'll just know Brian. This is where it happened. We just have to tell it in their words. Pauline's and Gerard d'Erlanger's. We'll be them.

Kevin: d'Erlanger? I thought he was British?

Judy: He is.

Brian: I'm British, if it really matters.

Judy: No!...Let's tell the story as it happened.

Lights: fade to area 4

Judy/Pauline: (As if entering d'Erlanger's office). Commander d'Erlanger.

Kevin/Gerard: Miss Gower, there is an important reason for this meeting. I have been assigned to lead a formation of older pilots to release the front-line Royal Air Force boys from some routine flying. We're calling it the Air Transport Auxilliary. Right now, we are a rag-tag bunch – I have two one armed pilots and one with a single eye but they do manage to fly what we give them. I call the ATA the Ancient and Tattered Airmen. I know you have been suggesting we could add women to the mix (pause)... perhaps you might be willing to take the lead in that.

Pauline: Why me? Wouldn't Amy Johnson be a better choice? The whole world knows her. She is recognized everywhere she goes – and I know she wants to be asked to do something important.

Gerard: Well that's all very nice – but - your father is Sir Robert Gower and an MP as well – not a fishmonger from Hull.

Pauline: Oh, I see. (pause) How many women pilots would you think?

Gerard: I am getting a bit of chaff from the RAF. One Air Vice Marshal said, "If God intended women to fly, he would have made the sky pink." You might say they are not in favour. Perhaps a small number at first - say eight...

Pauline: Eight?

Gerard: plus yourself, of course. – and with a minimum of 500 hours flying experience.

Pauline: Now I know where that eight comes from. There are probably only eight women in the entire country who can meet that requirement. And the men?

Gerard: Much less than that, I fear – but the RAF brass –

Pauline: Nothing new in fighting that. What kind of training?

Gerard: Absolute minimum, I'm afraid. And the women would only fly the smaller light training airplanes. No Spitfires and Hurricanes...and the pay will be 20 percent less than the men.

Pauline: We'll see about that! Instrument flying?

Gerard: None. And you'll be flying without radios.

Pauline: That means no help with navigation - we'll lose pilots.

Gerard: Don't be a pessimist Miss Gower.

Pauline: I'm an optimist. I fly airplanes. The pessimist invented the parachute.

Gerard: The backroom boys figure that the cost and time for extra training can't be justified and the risk can be managed.

Pauline: I'm not so sure -- but there is a job to do and I'd be delighted to lead the effort - and I wished you'd asked Amy – I'll try and get her involved – but we will need a lot more than eight. And we have to lower that hour requirement. And the salary -

Gerard: Time, Miss Gower. Time. **(Hands hat to Judy)** All things in good time.

Lights: Cross fade 4 to area 5
Judy and Kevin reverse places

4. London Pride

Brian:

*London Pride has been handed down to us
London Pride is a flower that's free
London Pride means our own dear town to us
And our pride is forever will be*

*Whoa, Liza, see the coster barrows
The vegetables and the fruit piled high
Oh, Liza, little London sparrows
Covent Garden Market where the costers cry*

*Cockney feet mark the beat of history
Every street pins a memory down
Nothing ever can quite replace
The grace of London Town*

Piano Interlude

*Grey city, stubbornly implanted
Taken so for granted for a thousand years
Stay, city, smokily enchanted
Cradle of our memories, of our hopes and fears*

*Every Blitz, your resistance toughening
From the Ritz to the Anchor and Crown
Nothing ever could override
The pride of London Town*

Lights: Cross fade to area 4 (it is now Gower's office)

Gerard: Miss Gower, we have news...the RAF has given up their ferrying duties and now it's up to us to get all the airplanes from the factories to the squadrons. Our pilots will soon be in the hundreds. Is your expansion going well?

Pauline: Quite nicely thank you, we are moving well beyond our initial eight and Amy Johnson is now onboard and in spite of being so well known, has fit in very well. She even took the admission flying test without complaint.

Gerard: She probably had a good deal more flying experience than the instructor who gave her the test.

Pauline: I'm told she didn't let on.

Gerard: That speaks well of her.

Pauline: Another of our new pilots stands out, Lettice Curtis and I think she might be up to any challenge we can give her. I've just heard that Diana Barnato will be applying. That will add a bit of upper class excitement to our group.

Gerard: And then there are the recruits from other countries. We are quickly becoming the Foreign Legion of the air.

Pauline: There's four from Canada. That Helen Harrison certainly has a salty vocabulary! No Americans yet, but we have two from South America. The one from Chile doesn't speak English at all, but she does know how to fly. In fact, on one of her trips she was forced to land in a field near a small village. She couldn't explain herself to the local police and they put her in jail. I spent the better part of 24 hours getting her back.

Gerard: What have you done with her?

Pauline: She was taken off flying and put in a hangar where she can work with the maintenance boys and learn some English.

Gerard: God only knows what words she will learn there! How are you coping with the aircraft?

Pauline: The Ferry pilots notes have made it easy. We can fly anything you give us. I certainly didn't want ATA to stand for "Always Terrified Airwomen."

Gerard: Yes, it's quite astounding. When we started, I never thought we would get this far...and that you women would do so well.

Pauline: Too bad we are restricted to training aircraft only. So much potential lost.

Gerard: (trying to move on) By the way, you mentioned no Americans yet, perhaps that will change. Their Jackie Cochran, just flew a bomber across the Atlantic from Montreal. A bit of a publicity stunt, I'd say. She is very well connected and, I'm told, has ambitions to have women pilots in the United States Air Force. Maybe she'll send a group our way first. Jackie Cochran... a gun slinging woman - she thinks she's the greatest pilot alive.

Light: to 10

Piano intro

Judy and Kevin put their hats on table and go to coat rack for two different hats

5. *Pistol Packin' Momma*

Kevin:

*Drinkin' beer in a cabaret, and was I havin' fun!
Until one night she caught me right, and now I'm on the run*

Chorus:

*Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down
Pistol Packin' Mamma, lay that pistol down*

Piano

Kevin

*She kicked out my windshield, she hit me over the head
She cussed and cried and said I'd lied, and wished that I was dead*

Chorus

*Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down
Pistol Packin' Mamma, lay that pistol down*

Piano

Kevin

*Drinkin' beer in a cabaret, and dancin' with a blonde
Until one night she shot out the light, Bang! That blonde was gone*

Chorus

Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down

Pistol Packin' Mamma, lay that pistol down
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down
Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down
Pistol Packin' Mamma, lay that pistol down

Blackout

Hats back to coatrack

Engine sound

Lights: area 1

Judy: (Voice. With helmet and goggles on)

I remember my father saying, "...you have to stand on your own feet." My Oxford degree didn't seem to help get me a job so I took it into my head to learn to fly. By a stroke of luck my maths and flying came together to win me a position with an Air Survey company.

Then came the summer of 1939 with the bonanza of "Army Co-op". This consisted of flying up and down a fixed course, for a period of two hours, twice a day, to enable anti-aircraft defences to practice aiming their guns. At me. We were expected to fly in all weathers. There was so much of it and in so many places that I became distinctly disenchanted with flying.

Unlike anyone else, I joined the ATA with a certain amount of reluctance, succumbing to the flattery of Pauline Gower's letter, which said she really needed me! I wasn't in the first group of eight but I was among the second bunch and I was there when it was all over and our ATA flag came down in 1945.

Blackout

Engine Sound

Lights to area 4

(it is d'Erlanger's office)

Gower enters

Gerard: Good to see you again, Miss Gower. I'm getting very comfortable with the way the women pilots are fitting into our group.

Pauline: It hasn't worked everywhere, we have had a bit of a scene getting our uniforms at a local clothing shop.

Gerard: How so?

Pauline: Two old tailors. A Mr. Pert and a Mr. Hix, had never seen a woman in their establishment before and were not quite comfortable measuring up in some areas. It was quite funny actually.

Gerard: The ladies look quite smart in their uniforms. Turns a few eyes, I imagine. I am told they are becoming the glamour girls of the war.

Pauline: Well that press day and photo call you arranged with the original 8 certainly got

a lot of notice.

Gerard: We are in the phony war period – not much happening yet - and the Press were clamoring for something. Anything. **(with a touch of humour)** Now many people think the ATA is all women – no men at all!

Pauline: Not our fault! But there is one difficulty we need to discuss.

Gerard: Go on then.

Pauline: It's been a very cold winter.

Gerard: Yes, one of the coldest on record.

Pauline: And the de Havilland Moth trainers that we are delivering up north have open cockpits. They are long flights.

Gerard: Can't be helped.

Pauline: The women would like to add trousers to their uniform kit.

Gerard: What? No skirts. How would the public see that? The Press!

Pauline: It's very cold in those aeroplanes. We must approve trousers!

Gerard: (a short thoughtful silence) All right. Do it. But ask your pilots to carry a skirt with them so they can change when they're not at an airport.

Lights: 10

Kevin to coatrack for top-hat and cane

Judy to guitar

6. *She Had To Go And Lose It At The Astor* (with guitar)

Brian: (Spoken) We'd like to tell you a story about a young girl, about eighteen years old, about five feet two, and about to go out. Now, her Mother, realising it was her first time out with a young man, called her into the bedroom and said, "Minnie, you're all dressed up in your finery, your very best clothes, and you look beautiful, you're gorgeous, you're alluring, and now Minnie I want you to remember everything I've always told you, and above all I want you to be very, very careful....."

Kevin (with top hat)

*But she had to go and lose it at the Astor
She didn't take her mother's good advice
Now there aren't so many girls today who have one
And she'd never let it go for any price*

*They searched the place from penthouse to the cellar
In every room and underneath each bed.
Once they thought they saw it lying on a pillow
But they found it belonged to someone else instead*

*But she had to go and lose it at the Astor
She didn't know exactly whom to blame
And she couldn't say just how or when she lost it
She only knew she had it when she came – (sigh)*

*They questioned all the bellboys and the porter
The chef appeared to be the guilty guy
And the doorman also acted quite suspicious
But he coyly said, "I'm sure it wasn't I"*

Short piano and dance steps

*But she had to go and lose it at the Astor
It nearly killed her mother and her dad
Now they felt as bad about the thing as she did
After all it was the only one she had*

*They just about completed all their searching
When the chauffeur walked up with it in his hand
All they did was stand and gape, there was Minnie's sable cape,
And she thought that she had lost it at the Astor*

Short piano ending

(Hats back on. Kevin and Pauline go back to their meeting spot)

Lights to area 4

(Gower's office)

d'Erlanger enters

Gerard: Miss Gower, please bring me up to date on Amy Johnson. I don't like what I've just heard.

Pauline: Nor do I. This afternoon I received a call – a male voice – asking for Miss Johnson. I think he was a reporter.

Gerard: What did you say?

Pauline: I said she wasn't here, perhaps tomorrow.

Gerard: I received a very strange call from a navy contact, telling me that a handbag had been retrieved from the Thames estuary and there was a possibility it belonged to Amy Johnson.

Pauline: It could have been anyone's bag. We know she left Prestwick. We are making phone calls to all the stations to see where Amy might have stopped. The weather isn't very good. All flying has been washed out for the day. She must have put down somewhere. I'm sure she's all right. If only she had a radio.

Light: 10

(Hats off and placed on table. Kevin and Judy go back to the piano)

Brian: That's it?

Judy: There's more, but I thought you wanted us to rehearse?

Brian: Well, you can't leave me hanging. So...what happened to Amy?

Kevin: Ah, Brian. I thought you didn't want to hear these stories. So now you want to know what happens? **(To Judy)** Judy?

Judy: No, I think we should go back to rehearsing the songs.

Brian: Come on Judy, you've got me interested now.

Judy: I'd have to tell the whole story so we'd know where to put the music in.

Brian: Okay keep going. I'm worried about Amy. **(plays a bit of Wonderful Amy and continues under following scene)**

(Hats back on. Judy and Kevin to DC)

Lights: Cross fade to 2

Sound: Reception

Gerard: I'm very pleased that your busy schedule allowed you to attend this reception. There are many important people here. You can see our 'master' Lord Beaverbrook over there. There is a rumour that he will soon be replaced, which is not good, because he succeeded in having us put under his Ministry of Aircraft Production which resulted in our greater expansion, Now we need more pilots as soon as we can find them.

Pauline: I'm sure we can find more women.

Gerard: How can we justify more than 20 or 30 when you are restricted to the training aircraft only?

Pauline: How about getting rid of those restrictions?

Gerard: That means going where we, or at least the upper brass, didn't want to go right from the start. Are you suggesting -?

Pauline: Yes I am. My opinion hasn't changed. In fact it is even stronger considering our success so far. It is time for the Hurricanes and the Spitfires – and the big bombers too. You have recognized the need. Is there any sustainable reason why women pilots can't move to the operational aeroplanes?

Gerard: (a moment of thought) I can't see why not.

Pauline: When do we start!

Blackout

Engine sound

Lights: area 3

Judy: (Voice) July 19, 1941 was a big day – Winnie Crossley was the first and then

three more flew a Hawker Hurricane. The dam had burst! A mere woman could just as easily do what the men could do.

I missed that session and then one day, a Hurricane turned up for me to deliver from Dumfries to Prestwick. With a host of butterflies, I climbed in, took my pilot's notes turned for the first time to the page headed "Hurricane" and looked around the cockpit for the relative knobs and levers. The cockpit seemed very tight and narrow. In due course, I managed to start the engine, taxi out and to my utmost relief get myself in the air without incident. In 15 minutes I arrived at my destination and then came the ordeal of landing. Prestwick was a grass field and I managed to put down in one piece but didn't feel as much in control of the situation as I would have liked.

What I really dreamt of being allowed to fly was the Supermarine Spitfire! I had ferried about eight Hurricanes and was just about feeling at home with it when I was given my first Spitfire. Its phenomenal success was due to its sheer simplicity of operation in the sky. It was forgiving and without vice and it had a personality uniquely its own. The Hurricane was dogged, masculine and its undercarriage folded inwards in a tidy business like manner. The Spit, calling for more sensitive handling, was altogether more feminine, had more glamour and threw its wheels outward in an abandoned extrovert way. It had a special beauty when it was silhouetted against the sky displaying the vaunted curves of its ellipse-shaped wings.

You could dance with a Spitfire.

Blackout

(Helmet and goggles off)

Piano intro

Lights: area 10

7. Ain't She Sweet

*There she is! There she is!
There's what keeps me up at night
Oh, gee whiz! Oh, gee whiz!
There's why I can't eat a bite
Those silver wings! That flaming youth!
Oh, mister, oh, sister, tell me the truth...*

*Ain't she sweet?
To see her fly is such a treat
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?*

harmony

*Ain't she nice
Look her over once or twice
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?*

*Just cast an eye in her direction
Oh me, oh my, ain't that perfection*

*I repeat
Don't you think she's kind of neat
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?*

piano

*Tell me where, tell me where
Have you seen one just like that
I declare, I declare
That sure is worth looking at*

*Oh, boy, how sweet those trips must be
Gaze on it, doggonit! Now answer me*

*Ain't she sweet?
To see her fly is such a treat
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?*

*Just cast an eye in her direction
Oh me, oh my, ain't that perfection*

*I repeat
Don't you think she's kind of sweet
Now I ask you very confidentially
Now I ask you very confidentially
Now I ask you very confidentially
Ain't she sweet?*

Hanging poster is pulled down revealing the large spitfire picture – Lights: 8

**Blackout
House Lights
Intermission music
Lights – pre-set**

Act II

Music fade to off

Pre-set fade to black

Lights: area 5

8. (Brian enters and plays) *The Warsaw Concerto – short version*

Blackout

Engine sound

(Judy and Kevin enter. She goes DR, Keven goes to stool UC. After the Concerto,

Lights: area 3

Judy/Voice

I am longing to fly again! I long to be soaring up into those timeless and hallowed spaces, whose beauty compels all true aviators to a belief in God. I am longing to fly again – into the clouds, the wind and the sky. There I would love to be sailing now in my glider, silently, the earth far below. I am filled with awe, for about me all is silence. We flying people of the world have an important task: to carry back to earth what we experience high above. Up there, there are no frontiers, no nations, no languages – up there everything is part of unity. The loneliness of flight in this vast emptiness has made our souls as one.

or

I learned to watch, to put my trust in other hands than mine. And I learned to wander. I learned what every dreaming child needs to know - that no horizon is so far that you cannot get above it or beyond it. These I learned at once. But most things came harder.

Blackout (Judy goes to sit in folding chair up from desk)

Music into

Lights: area 2

Kevin walks into light on intro

9. *I'll Never Smile Again*

Kevin:

I'll never smile again

Until I smile at you

I'll never laugh again

What good would it do

For tears would fill my eyes

My heart would realize

That our romance is through

I'll never love again

I'm so in love with you

*I'll never thrill again
To somebody new*

*Within my heart
I know I will never start
To smile again
Until I smile at you*

[Musical Interlude] (Kevin walks UC to beside piano and then back to DC)

*Within my heart I know
I will never start
To smile again
Until I smile at you*

At end of song, Kevin goes to desk

(Piano vamps as Judy and Kevin put on Gerard and Pauline hats)

Lights: Cross fade to area 4

Pauline: I went to Liverpool to meet the first five Americans. They looked quite tired. Perhaps they partied too much on the long voyage. Nevertheless, I invited them to dinner in the hotel. They didn't show up. I hope they realize that if you hoot with Owls at night you should not fly with the Eagles by day.

Gerard: Perhaps there was a misunderstanding of the formality of your invitation. The American girls are a bit different in the way they look at things. More informal than we are. Locals are saying they are overpaid, over fed, over sexed and over here!

Pauline: Miss Cochran was waiting for them in London and she will likely 'mother hen' what she calls "her girls." I hope it doesn't pose a difficulty for us.

Gerard: I share your concern. But I'm told they're all excellent pilots with a wide range of experience. We'll fit them in at once but one item has popped up already. Our doctor has required that they all present themselves without clothes for the initial medical examination.

Pauline: That is a standard policy he has set and we have all endured it.

Gerard: Well apparently it is not a policy that is acceptable for them. Miss Cochran is beginning to make a fuss over it and given her connections, is it really important enough for us to dig in our heels? **(Short silence)** Miss Gower, please inform our Doctor – what's his name?

Pauline: Doctor Barbour.

Gerard: Doctor Barbour... that the American girls will not be required to adhere to his procedure. I'm sure he can find a way to work around that requirement from now on.

Pauline: That will be a welcome change.

Gerard: Maybe the arrival of the Americans is a bit of fresh air. We can make good use of that – and their music too.

Lights: area 10

US National Anthem Intro

10. Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree

Judy:

*I wrote my mother
I wrote my father
And now I'm writing you too *

*I'm sure of mother
I'm sure of father
And now I want to be sure
very, very sure of you*

*Don't sit under the apple tree
with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me
anyone else but me*

*No, no, no,
Just remember that I've been true
to nobody else but you
So just be true to me*

All

*Don't go walkin' down Lover's Lane
with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me
anyone else but me*

*No, no, no,
don't start showing off all your charms
in somebody else's arms
you must be true to me*

*I'm so afraid that the plans we made
Underneath those moonlit skies
Will fade away and you're bound to stay
If the stars get in your eyes*

*So, don't sit under the apple tree
with anyone else but me
You're my L. O. V. E.*

Music and Dance 16 bars

*I just got word from a guy who
heard from the guy next door to me
The girl he met just loves to pet
and it fits you to a tee*

*Don't sit under the apple tree
with anyone else but me
Till I come marching home*

Blackout

Lights: area 1

Judy: (Helmet on. Voice) We soon acclimatized to the British way and all remained in England. I stayed right to the end of the ATA in 1945. The Spitfire was the highlight for me and it was a wonderful airplane. So easy to handle and light on the controls. It could turn on a dime and roll right over ever so quickly. One day I was one of three Spitfires, flying with two ex - RAF pilots and they headed for a bridge in Bristol. Their game was to fly under it and it seemed easy enough to do, the bridge being so big and all.

Then one day, I was alone and flying near Bristol so I decided to do it again. As I was approaching the bridge, I noticed it didn't look quite the same as when we did it before. There was a lot less space between the water and the bridge and I wasn't sure there was enough but it was too late to back off. I barely made it through and it was quite a fright. I guess I hadn't thought about the tide and that day it was in. Way in! Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it. I wasn't going to do that again!

Blackout

Lights: area 8

11. *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*

Kevin

*That certain night
The night we met
There was magic abroad in the air
There were angels dining at the Ritz
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square*

*I may be right, I may be wrong
But I'm perfectly willing to swear
That when you turned and smiled at me
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square*

Add Light 1

Judy

*The moon that lingered over London town
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown
How could he know that we two were so in love
The whole darn world seemed upside down*

Lights: 2 and when both get there, fade out 8 and 1

*The streets of town were paved with stars
It was such a romantic affair
And as we kissed and said goodnight
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square*

Lights: area 10

Brian: It's like, every time you tell a story about these women flyers, the next song on our list just seems to fit.

Kevin: Yeah! And we'll see if the next song works.

Brian: So what happened to Amy?

Judy: Let's just say that Amy's still out there somewhere.

Kevin: Be patient Brian, Judy will let you know in her own way.

Blackout

Engine sound

Lights: area 3

Judy: (Voice. In helmet and goggles) When I applied to the Royal Canadian Air Force, I was rejected because I wore a damn skirt. I was furious. Bunch of buggers. I just couldn't believe it. I had 2600 hours, and they took men with 150. What a way to be treated. So I took myself off to England where the action was and joined the Air Transport Auxiliary. I think I was the first from Canada. My favourite plane was the Mosquito even though it was made of wood. It had two big engines and sure as hell was fast and easy to control. Loved the Spit too but it could be a bastard landing in a crosswind. I crashed a Lysander once because the damn stupid male pilot that had it before me removed the ballast from the tail and didn't tell anybody. Bloody hell!

Blackout

(Judy helmet off and then with feather boa from coat rack)

Lights: Area 2

12. The Deepest Shelter in Town (Kevin at snare drum)

Judy

*Don't run away, mister
Oh stay and play, mister*

*Don't worry if you hear the siren go, Though
I'm not a lady of the highest virtue
I wouldn't dream of letting anything hurt you
And so before you go
I think you ought to know*

*I got a cozy flat
There's a place for your hat
I'll wear a pink chiffon negligee gown
And do I know my stuff
But if that's not enough
I've got the deepest shelter in town*

*I've got a room for two
A radio that's new
An alarm clock that won't let you down
And I've got central heat
But to make it complete
I've got the deepest shelter in town*

*Ev'ry modern comfort
I can just guarantee
If you hear the siren call
Then it's probably me*

*And sweetie, to revert
I'll keep you on the alert
I won't even be wearing a frown
So you can hang around here
Until the "all clear,"
In the deepest shelter in town*

Light to 6

*Now Mr. Morrison
Says he's getting things done
And he's a man of the greatest renown
But before it gets wrecked
I hope he'll come and inspect
The deepest shelter in town*

Piano

Fade out 6 when Judy gets back to 2

*So, honey, don't get scared
It's there to be shared
And you'll feel like a king with a crown
So please don't be mean
Better men than you have been
In the deepest shelter*

The neatest shelter
The deepest shelter in town

Blackout

(Boa back to coat rack)

Lights: 10

Brian: This is getting spooky.

Judy: Kevin, do you remember when I read to you about d'Erlanger getting the girls beyond the 2-engine planes?

Kevin: Oh, you mean when the old Polish instructor had been assigned to teach Lettice to fly the 4 engine Halifax bomber?

Judy: Yes, Klemens Dlugaszewski, the old pilot they called Double Whisky.

(Judy hands Kevin another hat from the coat rack)

Blackout

Engine sound

Lights: Area 3

Kevin: (Klemens Dlugaszewski DR) A lot of brass thought only a 200 pound man could fly a 30 ton bomber. It was unthinkable that a 130 pound woman could do it. Miss Gower and Comander d'Erlanger thought otherwise and I agreed with them. I had been flying big aeroplanes for a long time and in 1943 I was asked to train Lettice Curtice. It wasn't that hard and she had no trouble at all. A very good pilot. Don't matter to me that she woman. There was a war on and these aircraft didn't care who was flying them. But the upper boffs wouldn't give up easily and demanded ten solo circuits before authorizing them to fly the four engine bombers. When she was ready, I sent her off to do that. Her nervous flight engineer, Freddy Laker, claimed she bounced one of her landings. I was watching from the ground and for me it was perfect and I said so. Some men don't give up easily! Our lady pilots weren't as tall as the wheels! Who cares.

Blackout

(Brian vamps with Silver Wings In The Moonlight)

Lights: Area 1

Judy: (Helmet on. Voice) I had to deliver a Lancaster. to one of the bomber bases and there was no taxi flight home so I had to stay overnight. The weather was good and there was great excitement and scurrying around with all the preparations for the nights raid over Germany. It was an overwhelming feeling to be part of it – even in my small way. But then there was breakfast the next morning. The sadness and empty spaces brought home the reality. Sometimes 30 percent of these young men didn't make it back. Almost one in three. Their average age was 22. This wasn't just delivering aeroplanes. This

wasn't just talk. Or numbers. It was real and it was death.

Blackout

Piano intro

Lights: area 1

13. Silver Wings in the Moonlight – Duet

Judy: (from DL)

Silver Wings in the moonlight

Flying high up above

While I'm patiently waiting

Please take care of my love

Silver Wings in the moonlight

Silver bird in the sky

Many times has he told me

He loves both you and I

Lights: 3 fade 1 out

Kevin: (From DR)

So I must share her with you

What can I do, it just has to be

I'll never keep her from you

Honest, if you won't keep her from me

If you love her like I do

Take her safely, and then

Silver Wings in the moonlight

Bring her homeward again

Lights: add 1

Kevin and Judy:

So I must share him/her with you

What can I do, it just has to be

I'll never keep him/her from you

Honest, if you won't keep him/her from me

If you love him/her like I do

Take her safely, and then

Silver Wings in the moonlight

Bring him/her homeward again

Lights: Cross fade 1 and 3 out, 2 up

Kevin: You know, you always think the war was about a bunch of young men risking their lives for their country. When you tell the stories about the ATA, you realize that the women were risking their lives too. They must have really wanted to fly.

Judy: Now you understand what inspired me to go up there.

Kevin: I'm really sorry, honey. I didn't know how much these women pioneers had to do in order to help the war effort. All of them.

Blackout

Lights: area 3

Judy: (Helmet on. Voice) I had quite a number of four engine bombers. Then one day, I got a chit for a P-51 Mustang. I had never seen one before but now there it was. With drop tanks under the wings it could go for eight hours and accompany the daylight bombers as far as Berlin. It was claimed that this would win the war but without Hurricanes and Spitfires there wouldn't have been a war left to win.

My pilots notes were getting a bit dog-eared but the page for the Mustang was crisp and untouched. I flooded the engine and couldn't get it started. A very young airman climbed up on the wing, leaned in on me, opened the throttle and cranked the engine over with the electric starter. A lot of thick black smoke came out of the exhaust pipes but he got it going and when he left me, I closed the canopy and for a brief moment I felt very alone.

Blackout

(Helmet off. Judy and Kevin put on ATA hats)

Lights: Area 4

Gerard: You did it Miss Gower! Do tell me how.

Pauline: I have a friend who is a Member of Parliament and I arranged with her that she would rise and ask Sir Stafford Cripps if the women pilots of the ATA were to receive the same pay as the men. He was told in advance that the question was coming, I think he was also warned that if the answer was negative there would be further debate. To his credit he stated clearly that women pilots of the ATA were to receive the same pay as the men.

Gerard: That is remarkable! I think a small bit of history has been established because this would be the first occurrence of equal pay for equal work in our country.

Pauline: It is only fair. Our women fly the same aeroplanes as the men.

Gerard: A point well made! Congratulations Miss Gower! Oh, by the way, the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan in Canada has been very successful and front line pilots by the hundreds are arriving and filling our squadrons needs. We are facing 200 flights a day.

Pauline: We desperately need more pilots.

Gerard: There is a new training plan. We have just begun recruiting and stipulating no flying experience needed. We have 2000 applications from women alone – no doubt a credit to your organization of the women's division.

Blackout

(Brian vamps under – accordion sound)

Lights: area 1

Judy: (Helmet on. Voice) In late May of 1944, whenever we flew near the channel coast we became aware of a lot of change and activity. Boats and other strange looking watercraft were everywhere. Then on June 6 the action we had sensed started. It was the great invasion on the beaches of Normandy. D-Day. Because of the armies advance, we began to deliver aircraft to France, Holland and Belgium.

Our ground conversations were no longer concerned with ferry flights but with nights spent in Paris or Brussels. Cigarettes, coffee and bicycle tires were the standard items of barter taken abroad to help pay for the evening's entertainment. I took as much as I could gather. It was a great adventure for a girl from Philadelphia. It was all moving so fast that maybe I would be home soon. But did I want to go back – Just think Paris! The last time I saw (Paris)

Lights: Cross fade to area 4 – 1 out

14. The Last Time I Saw Paris/Bluest kind of Blues

Kevin

*(The last time I saw) Paris, her heart was warm and gay
I heard the laughter of her heart in every street café*

*The last time I saw Paris, her trees were dressed for spring
And lovers walked beneath those trees and birds found songs to sing*

*I dodged the same old taxicabs that I had dodged for years
The chorus of their squeaky horns was music to my ears*

*The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay
No matter how they change her, I'll remember her that way*

Lights: add area 6

15. The Bluest Kind of Blues

*It's the bluest kind of blues my baby sings
It's the newest kind of blues my baby sings
It's the kind that makes you sigh
It's the kind that makes you cry*

*Doing something to my poor heart
Like a soft lullaby*

*It's the bluest kind of blues my baby sings
It's the truest kind of blues my baby brings
Always on my mind awake or sleeping
It's the bluest kind of blues my baby sings*

Kevin

The last time I saw Paris

Lights: area 10

Brian: The story of the ATA Girls is as fascinating as those songs.

Judy: They had a motto – “Anything to Anywhere.”

Kevin: Right up your alley Judy!

Judy: Sure puts my bouncing in perspective. But it bothers me that very few of them continued in aviation.

Kevin: Even Pauline Gower?

Judy: She died in 1947 after giving birth to twins at home.

Brian: And where did Lettice Curtis end up?

Judy: She stayed in aviation but she could only get ground positions. The Canadians Helen Harrison, Vi Milstead and Marion Orr continued on as instructors in Canada but the plum flying jobs went to male pilots and not to women – even after they proved they could do it.

Brian: Seems like all those women were trailblazers. They did show that they could handle airplanes as well as the men.

Judy: If not better. Air Canada hired their first woman pilot, Judy Cameron, in 1978 – took them 33 years to get around to that. A bit too slow for my liking.

Kevin: I guess it was slow, but aren't we all equal now?

Judy: Not so fast. Right now the number of women pilots is only six percent of the total – makes us an untapped resource doesn't it? 70 years after those ATA girls proved they could do it, there hasn't been that much to show for it.

Kevin: You know What? You're right! We need to tell the story so we can remember all the women ... as well as the men.

Brian: I think we have a show! Maybe someday I'll find out what happened to Amy.

Judy: Maybe...(pause)...but before I have to change for tonight why not end our little entertainment the way we began?

Brian: Oh, You mean with this song? **(He starts piano intro for reprise of *White Cliffs of Dover*)**

16. *White Cliffs of Dover*

All:

*There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait and see*

Lights: Cross fade to area 6

*There'll be love and laughter
And peace ever after
Tomorrow
When the world is free*

Judy exits

*The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again*

Fade out to piano

There'll be bluebirds over
The white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow
Just you wait

Judy enters

Lights to 11 (6 out)

Judy: (white helmet & goggles, UC - Amy Johnson) The fuel stop at Squire's Gate went quickly and I took off just as the weather was coming down again. I shouldn't have done it.

Lights: area 2 – 11 out as judy walks to DC

I knew better, but I did it anyway and climbed up through the clouds to get in the clear but after many hours there was no sign that the clouds below were thinning out.

Amy, Amy, you made a big mistake, because without radios I didn't know where I was and my fuel was dangerously low. Very soon the right engine began to cough and then just quit. I knew the left one wouldn't be far behind. After all these years of flying I had come face to face with finality. I trimmed up the aircraft and climbed out of my seat, did a quick check of my parachute made my way to the door and got it open. I stepped out on the wing and threw myself off.

Quickly I was in cloud and it was hard to know exactly what was up or down. I pulled the handle of the parachute and it blossomed out. There was a jolt as my fall rapidly slowed down. Silence surrounded me and then I burst out of the cloud and to my horror there was

nothing but water below me. There was a very strong wind and the waves did not seem inviting. They were coming up at me very quickly.

When I hit, the freezing water took my breath away. The parachute tumbled down on top of me but the wind blew most of it away and for a while it helped keep me afloat. I was starting to get very cold and the weight of my flying jacket was beginning to pull me down. But then I saw a boat coming toward me. I yelled – help me, help me – but I don't know if they heard me. I was aware of my aircraft hitting the water and I couldn't believe it had let me down.

It was so cold that I began to lose feeling in my hands. All of a sudden I could see someone swimming toward me. I was too weak to help but when he reached me there was a strong arm under mine and a hand grabbed my jacket. I was going to be saved. It wasn't the end after all. But then it seemed he couldn't keep me up. The waves had taken my goggles away and I looked into his eyes as we began to go under. Down, down, it seemed to get warmer. He was asking me why Amy Johnson had crashed here. I didn't think the question was important. Nothing was important. Just the relaxing feel of the warmth and the slow, slow closing of my eyes. I could now see clearly with my heart - I'll never make a Spitfire Dance.

Lights: slow, slow fade to black as -

Brian and Kevin

*Amy, wonderful Amy
I'm proud of the way you flew
Believe me Amy
You can not blame me Amy
For falling in love with you*

Lights: 2 – Judy takes Helmet off and takes a bow –

Lights: 10 she brings Kevin forward for his bow – both go to piano for Brian's bow

And Perhaps

They then go back to front with song sheet and invite the audience to sing -

18. *Pack Up Your Troubles*

*Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile
Without a Spitfire, life is just a drag
Smile, girls, that's the style
What's the use of worrying
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile*

**Brian leaves Piano and all three Bow
exit**

**Blackout
Lights to preset
Exit music**

Appendix

Song List

1. **White Cliffs of Dover**
2. **Wonderful Amy**
3. **Lamberh Walk**
4. **London Pride**
5. **Pistol Packin' Mama**
6. **She Had To Go And Loose It At The Astor**
7. **Aint She Sweet**
8. **Warsaw Concerto - Entr'acte.**
9. **I'll Never Smile Again**
10. **Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree**
11. **A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square**
12. **The Deepest Shelter In Town**
13. **Silver Wings In The Moonlight**
14. **The Last Time I Saw Paris/Nuages**
15. **Nuages (The Bluest Kind of Blues)**
16. **The White Cliffs of Dover**
17. **Wonderful Amy**
18. **Pack Up Your Troubles**

Other Possibiliies

Dam Busters March
The World Will Sing Again
Home Town
Land of Hope and Glory
I'll Be Seeing You
Run Rabbit Run
Bless 'Em All
Wish Me Goodluck
It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow
Berlin or Bust (entre act)
You Could Please Oblige With a Bren Gun
The Grand Old Man
I Fell In Love With an Airman
Victory Roll
When The Roses Bloom Again

Where Does Poor Pa Go In The Blackout
Wish Me Luck
The Spitfire Song
How High The Moon
I Have A Song To Sing O
He Is An Englishman
This a Lovely WayTo Spend an Evening
Thank's For the Memory
This the Army Mr. Jones
You'll Never Know
Now is the Hour
There'll Always Be an England Jeruselem