

VOICE

In hopes of winning her trust, I decided to provide her transportation through a plane I'd commandeered.

ELEANOR

Bus! Bus!

MICKEY enters with a couple of chairs which become the bus. ELEANOR, clutching the letter, knocks on the door and MICKEY looks up as though startled. He opens the door.

MICKEY

Welcome aboard there Missy.

ELEANOR

Do you go the Twelfth Avenue Cwossing?

MICKEY

Nonstop flight. What's your name, sweetie?

ELEANOR

Eweanor.

MICKEY

Any last name to go with that beautiful first?

ELEANOR

Wigby.

MICKEY

Really? Like the song.

ELEANOR

What song?

MICKEY

Eleanor Rigby.

ELEANOR

My name is Eweanor Wigby.

MICKEY

Right! Eleanor Rigby.

ELEANOR

No, Eweanor *Wigby*. Not *Wigby*.

MICKEY

Er...right.

ELEANOR

How much?

MICKEY

For you Ms. Eleanor it'll be a hundred and twenty five cents. Exact change if you please.

ELEANOR

Wight.

ELEANOR hands him change then notices the bus only has one seat.

MICKEY

Well, have a seat there Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Not many people wide this bus do they?

MICKEY

I'd be lying to you if I said they didn't.

The bus begins to move. They bob accordingly.

VOICE

I could tell right away that she wanted me. Chemistry like Christians.

MICKEY

Praise Jesus.

(into a mic)

Hello, this is your captain speaking. I'd like to start by thanking you for choosing Centro, and I'm happy to welcome you aboard flight six three two, nonstop flight from Eleanor's house to the Fifth Avenue Crossing where...

(aside)

What're you doing there?

ELEANOR

Mind your own business.

MICKEY

Where she is in the mining business. Coal most likely, black like her heart. My name's Mickey, and if there's anything I can do to make your flight more enjoyable, please feel free to give me a little chat. You can call me Mick or you can call me Captain.

Pause.

(aside)

I don't usually let passengers sit right behind me, but you are so special Eleanor.

ELEANOR

I get caw-sick. How wong's this twip?

MICKEY

Oh, we're taking the scenic route, Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Shouldn't we be taking the bus woute?

MICKEY

They're one and the same, dear Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Would you mind not saying my name so much. We don't even know each other.

MICKEY

That can be changed.

VOICE

Things are going well.

MICKEY

Glad to have you aboard Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Werr, it was wucky that you were out there. I don't usuawwy see city buses aaround subuwban neighbowrhoods.

MICKEY

Planes. We're on a plane Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Wight.

VOICE

These days, no one seems to appreciate the responsibility of being an airline pilot. It's up to me, quite literally, to bring people places they could never go on their own. To have a relationship with the heavens, to speak in a calming voice to make all the ladies love me. Not to mention, I control the cockpit.

MICKEY

I control the cock pit.

ELEANOR picks up her seat and moves it several feet back.

ELEANOR

How wong?

MICKEY

Two more minutes, as the migrating seagull flies.

ELEANOR

Thank you.

MICKEY

We see a lot of those on these flights.

Beat.

So what's that you've got in your hands? It's not a nudey picture now is it?

ELEANOR

No... I just, got a wetter.

MICKEY

What about?