

SPITFIRE

Draft 4

Written by
Claire Yeowart

cyeowart@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

BETTY, 89, and KATE, 14. Hopeful eyes rest upon a pristine two-seater Spitfire.

BETTY
A Spitfire's the closest thing to
having wings of your own.

KATE
Can that old thing still fly?

BETTY
Who? Me or the plane?

Betty guffaws. Kate gives her a look.

BETTY (CONT'D)
You never forget. It's a
reconditioned two-seater.

KATE
In English?

BETTY
Just give me a hand up these
ladders. I'll warn you now I forgot
to bring my incontinence pads.

KATE
This isn't a time to joke, Gran!

Kate guides her up the steps.

INT. SPITFIRE - DAY

Betty settles into the seat. Finds her bearings.

KATE
Gran. I'm scared.

They hold hands briefly. Comfort in the chaos.

BETTY
Kate, remember what they used to
call me? Betty the Brave. But you
are the bravest girl I've ever
known.

Kate gazes at her Gran with all the admiration in the world. She removes a photo from a pocket and gives it to Betty.

KATE
You always said flying in the war
were the best days of your lives.

Tears form in Betty's eyes as she gazes at -

A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH. A group of Air Transport Auxiliary women pilots in military uniforms posing in front of a World War Two era plane.

Betty reaches her arms out. Kate leans in and they embrace.

Wiping tears, Betty pins the photo to the cockpit.

Kate disappears down the ladders. Reappears in the seat behind Betty.

KATE (CONT'D)

We're going to die, aren't we?

BETTY

We'll fly around until there's somewhere safe to land.

KATE

But what if nowhere is safe?

Betty's too focused as she starts up the Spitfire, switching knobs and levers with ease. Holds the starter button until she hears the engine catch. She idles the engine, watching the oil temperature gauge.

Kate trembles, voice quivering with fear.

KATE (CONT'D)

Gran?

The oil temperature gauge reaches forty-five degrees. They slide the aircraft canopies over their heads.

BETTY

Don't be afraid. You're one of the Attagirls now!

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY - LATER

We're inside the cockpit still but now the sky surrounds Betty and Kate like a blue halo. The sound of the flying Spitfire is drowned out by the noise from the blast wave approaching.

CLOSE ON Betty's face. Eyes to the sky.

She's home.