

## **Covid Flight Delay 2021**

This is a work of fiction.

This conversation did not, in reality, take place, nor did any part of it, as far as I know.

*A young couple are in an airport departure lounge.*

Eea: What are you doing?

Art: I'm texting Peter.

Eea: What for?

Art: To tell him we're stuck at the airport.

Eea: Why, what's it to do with him?

Art: Oh! He's a friend from the Y.

Eea: You're always texting him or phoning him. What's it with you and him?

Art: Oh, he's interesting. He always gives advice when one needs it.

Eea: Good advice! He's in his 80's. What does he know about young people's lives?

Art: He knows about life. He's had a lot of experiences.

Eea: I've had a lot of experiences including this one. This one is enough to last me a lifetime. Oh! I want to see my mother; I haven't seen her for almost a year now.

Art: That's because of Covid 19. Travelling with a lot of people is the worst thing you can do.

Eea: I'm only travelling with you.

Art: You know what I mean. All the other people on the plane. Anyone could be carrying Covid 19.

Eea: Everyone should have been tested.

Art: You can't always depend on that. Besides the next day they might have come into contact with someone...

Eea: Oh, shut up. You're not making things any the better.

Art: You shut up; you're sounding menopausal.

Eea: That's sexist.

Art: Sorry. You're sounding neurotic.

Eea: That isn't any better.

Art: Men can be neurotic, too.

Eea: Like Peter?

Art: Of all the people I know, he's the least likely to get neurotic over a delayed plane. He used to work at B E A. He's familiar with flight cancellations. He was on the enquiry desk and had to deal with people like you. And cancellations used to be far more common than they are today.

Eea: I don't care what they were like half a century ago. I'm living in the here and now.

Art: It was your idea to go home for Christmas. We could all have had a Christmas in July when we've all been vaccinated.

Eea: Christmas in July! That wouldn't be the same.

Art: We might have to isolate in a hotel at the airport!.

Eea: We can isolate at my parents.

Art: We might catch Covid 19 on the plane have you thought of that?

Eea: I don't think so.

Art: You can't be certain! And then you could give it to your mother and father and they could give it to their brothers and sisters, not to mention their parents and they could all give it to your extended family. And they could all die of Covid 19. And how would you feel about it then?

Eea: Now you're calling me a mass murderer. A serial killer!

Art: Well you should have thought of that. This new strain of Covid might not be picked up by the original swab detection stuff.

Eea: What are you doing, now?

Art: Texting Peter. I want to know if he's heard anything about further travel restrictions.

Eea: Can't you do something constructive?

Art: What! Find a pilot's cap and hi-jack a plane.

Eea: Don't be stupid.

Art: Did you bring any tranquilizers?

Eea: I haven't got any left.

Art: Have you swallowed all of them, already?

Eea: I thought we'd be in Italy by now.

Art: Well, we're not.

Eea: Can't you say anything but the obvious?

Art: Nothing I say will change anything or make you happy.

Eea: My mother hasn't seen me for almost a year now, can't you understand that?

Art: Let your mother worry about her own feelings. If you project what you think your mother is feeling on yourself, you'll get into a worse state than you're in already.

Eea: Already!

Art: We're in this predicament because you're homesick at the most difficult of times. We're at war with Covid and all you want to do is to do something where you're in the middle of it.

Eea: You're not at war with Italy. I'm Italian remember!

Art: How can I forget?

Eea: What do you mean by that?

Art: It's just the way you're waving your arms around whilst you're speaking.

Eea: We're passionate people! We care about our families.

Art: Emotional! That's a better word. And you don't think anyone else cares about their families?"

Eea: Well, if you do you don't show it like us Italians.

Art: True, we don't shout it out as though we're selling a newspaper.

Eea: I'm not shouting.

Art: Quiet. Everyone's looking at us.

*Eea looks around, sits down on her case and stops speaking.*

Note: The writer is another character in this mini play.

© 2021 Terry Miles.