

WAITING

By

Tim Kenny

Cast

JUDITH: A woman in her forties
WOMAN: In her forties
HENRY: About fifty
MAN: In his forties.

No set. Two benches and a litter bin

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Waiting

A railway station. We hear a train announcement. There is a bench either side of the stage. JUDITH enters. She is wearing a large floppy hat and is carrying the Financial Times. She has a shopping bag. JUDITH looks about her, reads paper idly and then sits quietly. A WOMAN comes in, looks about her and crosses to JUDITH.

WOMAN: Excuse me. This seat taken?

JUDITH: No...please...you're welcome.

WOMAN: *(Beat)* Thank you...your train due soon?

JUDITH: No. I'm just waiting for someone.

WOMAN: *(Sighing)* I hate hanging about in railway stations. Such miserable places.

JUDITH: *(Beat)* Airports are worse. I hate airports.

WOMAN: Unless you're in some executive lounge. That eases the misery a bit.

JUDITH: But then again I suppose with an airport you're at least going somewhere. You know a holiday. Somewhere exotic.

WOMAN: It can be the same with a train, can't it? A holiday, a meeting a loved one. Of course, not much fun if you're a commuter. You a commuter?

JUDITH: I gave it up. All that standing. Struggling for a seat. I got a job nearer to home.

WOMAN: I used to commute by plane. Brussels every week. Awful.

JUDITH: I'd fancy that. Even without the lounge. Must have been very high-powered. Glamorous. I like a bit of glamour.

WOMAN: Didn't seem it at the time. Nothing but rush rush. Had to get to the airport even before the kids were up and ready for school. Not much of a life.

JUDITH: Who got them ready? The kids, I mean. For school?

WOMAN: Had an au pair. *(Beat)* Do you know what the pound dollar rate is today?

JUDITH: No. Not something I'm...

WOMAN: But you've got the FT. I thought you'd...

JUDITH: Holding it while I'm waiting.

WOMAN: You don't mean to say...?

JUDITH: Yes.

WOMAN: I didn't think one did that these days.

JUDITH: I thought it was a bit silly as well. And the big hat. Feel a right idiot. But there wasn't much choice.

WOMAN: What about Skype and FaceTime?

JUDITH: He hasn't got a computer with a camera. Says he doesn't like them. He does emails.

WOMAN: So he's meeting you here?

JUDITH: Yes. The station near Pancras Road. By the book shop here at Kings Cross. It's direct on my line.

WOMAN: I think it sounds very romantic. How will you recognise him? Is he carrying a rose, wearing yellow socks, sporting a red waistcoat?

JUDITH: A bunch of flowers... and a copy of this newspaper.

WOMAN: Then across a crowded station concourse your eyes will meet! How romantic! It will be like one of those adverts. You know the sort of thing... when the couple run towards one another and hurl themselves into each other's arms.

JUDITH: I don't think it's going to be like that at all.

WOMAN: I saw an ad with that scene in it... you know a couple running towards one another endlessly.

JUDITH: And?

WOMAN: It was an ad for a wide screen television. They got slower and slower and finally collapsed with exhaustion. They never met. *(They laugh)*.

JUDITH: No. It will be all foot shifting embarrassments. Lots of 'how are you's'? 'Been waiting long' and 'good journey?'

WOMAN: Sounds like you done this before.

JUDITH: Sort of.

WOMAN: So how did you meet him?