

# EXTRACT

# flight

a short play

By

Alex Broun

## **PLEASE NOTE:**

THIS PLAY SCRIPT HAS BEEN DOWNLOADED FROM [www.alexbroun.com](http://www.alexbroun.com)

BY AGREEING TO THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF [www.alexbroun.com](http://www.alexbroun.com)  
AND PAYING THE DOWNLOAD FEE YOU ARE PERMITTED TO PERFORM  
THIS PLAY ***ROYALTY FREE*** ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD FOR A PERIOD  
OF **12 MONTHS FROM THE DATE OF DOWNLOAD.**

IF YOU DO PERFORM THIS PLAY PLEASE VISIT OUR **RECORD A  
PRODUCTION** PAGE AND RECORD THE DETAILS OF YOUR PRODUCTION  
SO YOUR PRODUCTION CAN BE LISTED AMONGST THE THOUSANDS OF  
PRODUCTIONS OF ALEX'S WORK WORLDWIDE EVERY YEAR.

**FOR ANY QUERIES PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR ON**  
[abroun@bigpond.net.au](mailto:abroun@bigpond.net.au)

© Alex Broun 2002

**Cast**

ANTHEA

**ANTHEA**

We're halfway between Dubai and Bengaluru when it happens.

"I'm sorry Madame, we're diverting to Mumbai."

The pain is etched into the hostesses face.

She'd set out the courses so meticulously.

The selection of wines, the perfectly warmed rolls, the serviette – and now she is clearing my plates away.

"What's wrong?"

"Medical emergency. A baby is sick."

At those words everything else is wiped from my mind.

The millions of thoughts and images become a sheet of blank paper.

"Where are the parents?"

But the hostess is gone.

A few of my fellow passengers object.

"How sick are they?"

"I can't see anyone ill."

"It's only an hour to go."

I'm not sure whether they are angry at the delay or being interrupted mid-meal.

My appetite has left me.

A short time later we are descending quickly.

I don't think I've ever seen a plane at this angle before, at least not *in control*.

There was that night over Hyderabad ...

I'm listening again for snippets.

"It's a small boy."

"What's wrong with him?"

"They're in *coach*."

For a moment I even think of doing the unthinkable, talking to the passenger sitting beside me.

My curiosity is pressing but not pressing enough to break the unwritten law – never speak to another passenger in business class.

Soon the lights of Mumabi come into view and with a bump we are on the ground.

"Please stay in your seats while the medical crew boards the plane."

Of course the man two rows in front of me gets up straight away.

The hostess is there in an instant.

"Please sir, stay seated."

"Just getting my bag" he snorts and continues on regardless.

He looks around at us offering an explanation.

"Might as well do some work while we're waiting."

And we do wait.

Twenty minutes, maybe thirty.

I've pulled out my Blackberry and started sifting through some emails.

But my mind isn't focused.

Occasionally a nurse or doctor or airport official hurries through the cabin.

(ENGLISH ACCENT) "How's the boy doing?", the man beside me asks the hostess.

She just shakes her head and moves away.

(ENGLISH ACCENT) "I have children myself. You *want* to know."

He says this to no one in particular.

The air around him.

We stay like this for some time, the annoyance level slowly rising among my fellow travellers.

“Why is it taking so long?”

“If the child is sick, then why don’t they just get it off the aircraft.”

“I *do* have a connecting flight.”

But when he walks through the cabin, everything changes.

He is tall and very dark.

Nigerian or Ugandan.

He is dressed simply but elegantly in a dark blue kaftan and black trousers.

His face has an educated look.

But it is his eyes that tell the story.

In that moment my heart breaks with his.

In his arm I see the blanket.

The child is so small - six months, a year –with the tiniest hand peeking out.

The fingers are already grey, lifeless.

The mother trails behind, covering her tears with her hand.

Our questions have been answered.

I close my eyes but all I see are the tiny fingers and the father’s eyes.

BEAT. LIGHTS CHANGE.

The next morning I’m standing in front of the mirror in the surprisingly spacious bathroom of my executive suite.

I’ve just put on my toughest French-blue suit.

Business like but with just a hint of sexy.

She’s got it – but she’s not showing it to us.

I’m looking at myself in the mirror, final checks before departure, and suddenly the eyes looking back at me are not mine.

They are his.

Infinitely sad, a pain that cannot be expressed, the mute horror of a parent who has ...

I turn away and go back into the bedroom.

I sit on the bed and rub my eyes.

I grab the bottle of Evian beside the bed and guzzle it down.

I stand up and try to pull myself together.

I glance towards the bathroom again.

This time in the mirror it’s his whole frame, striding towards me and in his arms the silent bundle.

I run towards the window and fling open the thick heavy curtains.

LIGHTS CHANGE

Morning light floods into the room and I look out on the city beneath me.

It’s like I’m seeing it for the first time.

The people, the chaos, the filth.

Even through the glass you can feel the heat.

I look down at the sprawl surging in front of me.

LIGHTS CHANGE