

Just after midnight. Outside an Airport.

HELEN (30's) is sat down on her suitcase. She wears a coat and has another one over her legs, fidgeting nervously.

NYAH (30's) strides up to her, no coat on, pulling along her own suitcase --

Nyah: We're getting on the plane! Dealing with them was a joke like, a piss take of a joke –

The guy, the guy at the shitty little desk is possibly the worst person to work in customer services I have ever met. Three times I had to check if he was being sarcastic. Three! I was like, mate don't take a tone with me because you work for a poxy half arsed joke of an airline that can't even, that can't even get a flight out on time!

Helen: And...?

Nyah: Oh, we can check in. But quickly so...

Helen: I think I'm going to be sick, I can't get on the plane.

Nyah: No you won't and yes you can!

Helen: I can feel it coming up –

Nyah: You'll be fine, totally, totally fine. The taking off is the worst bit and I'll be there, I can hold your hand and it'll all be –

The landing can sometimes be a bit dodgy so, we can work through that. The middle bit though, the actual flying bit is gonna be sweet. Unless, we hit turbulence but...

I'm sure they'll have sick bags and –

Helen: Stop talking, just stop talking.

Nyah: Come on, let's check in and we can get pissed in burger king after security checks.

Helen and Nyah's trip of fun!

Helen and Nyah's trip of fun!

Come on, join in –

Helen: Helen and Nyah's trip, of fun

Nyah: More feeling

Helen: We're gunna be late.

Nyah: Helen and...

Helen: ...Nyah's trip of fun.
Helen and Nyah's trip of fun!

Nyah: That's my girl! Let's do this!

Helen stands and passes Nyah her coat back --

Helen: Thanks.
Your phone was ringing. You've got a missed call off Theo.

Nyah: Theo?

Helen: Yeah, he left you a voicemail. Is it that guy from your work with the intense eyebrows?

Nyah: No erm...
--
Fuck.

Helen: Ny, who is he?

Nyah: Let's just go.

She doesn't move – staring at the phone.

Helen: Who is he?

Nyah: I've never lied, never to you. I promise you.

Helen: Okay...

Nyah: But never lying and being honest are two separate...
--
He's my brother. I have a brother.

Helen: Oh, okay...
--
Okay...
Yeah you never mentioned that, even a little.

Nyah: If it helps, he doesn't know about you either.

Helen: Don't make jokes –

Nyah: Sorry.

Helen: -I'm not mad. I don't think I'm mad but don't make jokes, okay?

Nyah: Sorry.

Helen: Why didn't you tell me? You could have easily -

Nyah: I know, I know! It's just... he doesn't bring out a good side of me like at all. Even just mentioning him twits my face in a certain way that isn't fun. He's a gobsite. A top tier one at that. I want you to see the best version of me so...yeah, I'm an idiot. It didn't seem like a thing at the time and then it became a thing and --
He's going to want something and he's not going to get it from me so...we should get on the plane.
Can we?
Do you want to still get on the plane?

Helen: What else don't I know?

Nyah: Lots.
Just like I don't know everything about you.
I know enough though. I know enough to get on a plane with you and fly somewhere hot. I'm still me. I'm still weird and grumpy and –

Helen: Okay, okay. This is really weird though,

Nyah: I know, but...you kinda like it as well don't you.

Helen: Don't push it Mrs.
--
Are you going to listen to the message?

Nyah: Shit no. I'm surprised he even left one, he knows I'm not gonna check it.

Helen: We'll will be talking about this on the plane and so much more –

Nyah: (*Mocking*) Yay!

Beep Beep – Nyah checks the phone – a text.

Nyah: Oh fuck off –

Helen: Your brother?

Nyah: Kinda...
--
My Dad's dead.

--
That's just...so fucking typical.

Nyah just sighs heavily – then sits down on her suitcase. Helen gingerly puts an arm around her --

Helen: Jesus...Nyah I'm sorry.
--
I'm so sorry.

Nyah: I can't get on the plane now, can I?
--
Shit.