

This is a monologue. Linda is talking to her friend, Rita, on her mobile phone. We can only hear Linda's side of the conversation.

TITLE: I'M WORRIED ABOUT JIM

Hello, Rita. It's me again, Linda.

I know I spoke to you yesterday but I didn't tell you this.

Yes, I know we talked for two hours, but, well, you know I've been a bit confused about these new social distancing regulations we see every day.

I'm just telling you, Rita. I'm sure your washing can wait another few minutes.

Well, my Jim came out with a pearler yesterday.

Jim said, "Linda, I've been worried."

Now, Jim's not one to worry about anything. Most things wash right over his head. The world could be in meltdown and Jim wouldn't notice. Oh, yes, you're right. It is in meltdown.

"What are you worrying about, Pet?" I said, thinking he might be worrying about when he can get to see his mates at the pub again.

"I'm worried about the future of mankind," he said.

Well, that stopped me in my tracks, Rita.

Jim's never thought about global issues. He's more concerned with whether his dinner will be ready on time.

I asked him, "What do you mean, Jim?"

"It stands to reason," he said, "If next year, you can't get within touching distance of anyone, by order of the government, there won't be any babies. How is anyone going to make new kids? There won't be any babies born anywhere in the world.

No, Rita. He really thinksNo, Rita, he wasn't joking. You know Jim.

Not exactly the joking kind, is he? No, he was serious.

He thinks the government have been telling everybody that they can't keep shagging until they are told they can. If that were the case, there would be a national revolution, wouldn't there?

And how on earth could they police it?

I told him it was totally impractical and why was he wasting his time?

He looked a bit forlorn, poor boy.

And anyway, I don't recall the government saying any such thing, do you, Rita?

"The government isn't going to piss off the whole country by not allowing us a bit of fun, are they? They wouldn't stay in charge for long would they? They'd be voted out."

Well, Rita, you should have seen his face. The relief was so obvious.

I told him, "Government rules and regulations stop at the bedroom door."

You ask me what's happened now.?

I can't get him off me now, Rita. He's like a wild animal let out of his cage on a personal mission. I had to come into hiding just to phone you.

Oh, oh, here he is again. Got to go, Rita.

My services are required.