

TIME OUT

Nothing gets done any more.

In the café I am waiting to meet my son. I am 43 and he is 62, and he wants to know where I have left the deeds to the house he inherited from me when I died. I have asked him not to keep bothering me but he keeps returning and, as he is my son, there is nothing I can do about it.

At the next table a woman is weeping. She is with the daughter she gave up for adoption and is begging her forgiveness, but the daughter, who did not know she was adopted until her mother got in touch with her, is still confused about the whole situation.

By the window an old man is telling a younger woman all the things he never had the courage to tell her when he was still young and her co-worker twenty years ago. The young woman was aware of how he felt at the time and wished only to discourage his interest: she is looking at her watch and wondering when her wife will get here.

Her wife is outside in the car, talking to her older self, who wanted children and feels it is not too late for her younger self to find a new partner who also wants children.

I ordered a coffee twenty minutes ago but the waitress has just been told by her older self that she will be almost killed in a car crash two hours from now, and the pair of them are in a store cupboard trying to cheat destiny.

My son is late. He has run into himself at 75, who wishes to tell him about a cure for the skin disease that has been worrying him lately.

My son never comes.

The coffee never comes.

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