

A SENIOR LOVE STORY DURING COVID 19

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It's 2020 in the earlier part of the Corona Virus Pandemic...both fell in love and are living life together these days. Both author/playwrights are 83 years of age....both widowed....both having met in late March of 2020.

We are keeping positive by honeymooning....and yes you can publish this.

CHARACTERS

BILL: A well- educated, cultured man. A diplomat, well-traveled. A young 80-ish man with bushy eyebrows and goatee...quite handsome. Bill is wearing a robe over his pajamas.

DEBORAH: A bouncy, bright-eyed, energetic, a Viennese waltz loving blond, also in her 80's. ...huge horn rimmed glasses. Deborah is wearing a long, granny night gown.

ALEXA: An annoying virtual assistant....always listening...only sometimes answering correctly.

TIME: July, 2020

PLACE: A large king-size bed...full of newspapers, books....comfortable pillows propping up Bill and Deborah in comfort, classical music playing in the background...a bottle of wine and glasses...grapes and cheese being nibbled from their night stands....and an Alexa robot nearby. Bill is doing the crossword and Deborah is reading the newspaper. The TV is quoting statistics....numbers of those suffering from the Corona-19 pandemic affecting the world.

The bedroom doors are opened to an adjacent porch....

DEBORAH:

Oh, these numbers are all so devastating... I feel guilty being so happy with our life.

BILL:

This is the best quarantine I could imagine. I don't feel one bit guilty!

We snatched happiness from a terrible isolating pandemic...really we are so lucky.

DEBORAH:

All those poor everybodys....the sick, the caregivers, the children....they can't even play

With their friends anymore!!! And here we are playing house, hugging, kissing....and look at us...

Who would believe a pair of old timers having such a good time....and it all came to us by chance... walking in the park one day....

BILL:

I was taken by surprise by a pair of roguish eyes...behind a huge pair of horn-rimmed glasses...and those my dear belong to you...

DEBORAH:

While walking through the park one day.....what did you think of me the first time you saw me?

BILL:

First of all, your honor, I want to stipulate that nothing I say now can be used against me:

You were covered with a puffy coat, a baseball cap....and offered me a cheery hello....

BILL: (ASIDE)

I couldn't tell if she had a figure or not...a question for a future time....

DEBORAH:

I was very cheery....I like to walk and talk....I detest walking alone!!!

DEBORAH: (ASIDE)

I wasn't looking for a man...my puffy coat supplied me with the warmth I needed....and my cane was *just* to keep me from falling....when I saw him, he didn't ring my bells even though he was quite handsome, well spoken....entertaining....we really had so much in common....but his pants were 10-sizes too large and horribly baggy....and I wasn't sure of his teeth. But, I wasn't approaching this meeting as a date....just a walk in the park.

DEBORAH:

Bill, I'm so thirsty...how about we have some happy hour....let's have that pink drink you soak with vodka?.....I think it makes me a bit happier than wine.....

BILL:

Of course, my dear....let me quench our thirsts...

BILL: (ASIDE)

When we first spoke, corona threatened...where could we meet? If we were attracted...what to do with distancing, the 6-foot rule? But this viral thing, I reasoned...couldn't last forever...and I felt if we moved forward...better days would happen....so we walked with masks on ...and six-foot apart.

BILL:

Let's toast.

DEBORAH:

What to today?

BILL:

To the best quarantine I could ever have imagined!!

DEBORAH:

Hip, hip hooray!!!...Oh Bill, do you remember how we must have walked and talked the seven hills of Rome...and at the end of our walks...you sly thing you...you would say something sort of sexy like rubbing my back with aromatic oils....what a line!!!.....and I responded with you couldn't do that...because my back was far too ticklish.

DEBORAH: (ASIDE)

Those little words started me thinking hard...they began to work on me.....I'd be up all night wondering what rubbing me with aromatic oils would actually feel like....yikes, my husband of 62-years had just died after a long, long illness....I began to have feelings of guilt mixed with arousal.

DEBORAH:

Oh, Bill...wouldn't it be great if we had all the answers?I need to move....I'm too bedded in...let's go out on the porch for a breath of air...and maybe some music...how about a Strauss waltz, Alexa?

ALEXA:

Sorry, I'm not sure about that.

BILL:

You have to say her name first, "Alexa, play some waltzes".

ALEXA:

Strauss waltzes on Amazon by Vienna Symphony orchestra.

BILL AND DEBORAH DANCE POORLY BUT WITH AS MUCH GUSTO AS THEY CAN MUSTER.

BILL:

I could use lessons from Fred Astaire...

DEBORAH:

And me from Ginger....?

BILL:

No, you're okay...you're terrific.

DEBORAH:

We are the mutual admiration society....

THEY SIT DOWN BREATHLESSLY.

BILL:

You know...every time I sit here and see my father's old trumpet...I think about all the things that trumpets can do before you turn them into flower vases....and I'm especially reminded of Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night"when he said, "Joshua Blew His Horn and the Walls Came Falling Down."

DEBORAH:

Yes, our walls came tumbling down....too bad everyone else can't have the same good fortune.

BILL:

But, to some onlookers we seem to be reckless....you convinced me that you had already had the virus...so you couldn't give it to me...and I wanted to believe you. I don't know how scientific that was, but...

DEBORAH:

It sure worked out for us....we've been perfectly fine.

DEBORAH: (ASIDE)

Had I been impulsive? Maybe so.

I had spent nights wanting more than walking the park with Bill...somehow I thought I'd get him to wear less baggy pants...whatever...I bolstered my courage to invite him for dinner at my place. I was really convinced I had experienced the Corona virus.

DEBORAH:

Do you remember when I asked you to come for dinner that night?

BILL:

I sure do!!! I must confess I hadn't been that excited in a long time....so, I cheerfully braved the pandemic and joined you for dinner....and we both know what happened next.

DEBORAH:

Mmmmmm that was wonderful!!! Who would have thought....not I in my wildest dreams...I've always been decisive.....but never as much so that night that started our new life together.

BILL:

I never thought that I would find this kind of love again. I can't tell you how lucky and whole that evening made me feel...and of course the many days and evenings since.

DEBORAH:

You make my cry with emotion...I am grateful for having found you...you are my gift from God, whom I know sent you to me....and the best secret of all secrets is that I trusted Him.

BILL:

Wow, we're getting into deep emotions here...I think we've been blessed just as you do. But now, let me tell you what I found in the mail today....my stimulus check...as if we needed to be stimulated....I see a trip in our future...what do you say to a few days on cape cod?

DEBORAH:

Wow, wow, wow....

ALEXA:

Good night, Deborah and Bill....Sweet dreams.

