

THE FINAL FLIGHT

By Jeff Dunne

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CHARACTERS

IAPYX	Son of Daedalus
DAEDALUS	Genius of Crete, creator of the Labyrinth of Minos, the man who created wings to fly, and a respectable cook in his own right.

SETTING

Ancient Greece, standing in front of a large and disturbingly anachronistic refrigerator.

This little touch of weird is the result of a “Three by Three” prompt to write a short play, ideally under three minutes, on the theme of Attachment, and using the following:

Place: a refrigerator

Prop: a feather

Line: “He was so preoccupied with whether or not he could that he failed to stop to consider if he should.”

And voilà, out comes... *The Final Flight*.

SCENE

(Daedalus and his son Iapyx are standing in front of an open refrigerator, staring in.)

IAPYX

Seriously, Pops, I don't know about this.

DAEDALUS

What's there to know? Don't you think he'd want us to have it?

IAPYX

Honestly, I'm not so sure.

DAEDALUS

Trust me. With Minos raising taxes like there's no tomorrow, we can't afford to waste a good meal like this. I'm sure he wouldn't want us to go hungry.

IAPYX

I wish... I wish he had listened. Why didn't he listen, Pops?

DAEDALUS

Who can say? I thought he was going to. I really did, but... Well, you know how Icarus was. So... strong-minded.

IAPYX

Stubborn. The word you want is stubborn.

DAEDALUS

Yes. Yes, I suppose he was. And I blame myself. I should have known he wouldn't listen. He was always a rebel.

IAPYX

Just being a part of the family was never enough for him.

DAEDALUS

Maybe. Or maybe... maybe he just felt like he had to be something more.

IAPYX

That's your fault. You were always pushing him. Pushing both of us.

DAEDALUS

I never—

IAPYX

Maybe not in so many words, but nothing was ever good enough for you. The labyrinth... then those stupid wings... Of course he felt like he had to go higher. Always just a little bit higher.

DAEDALUS

I guess so. He was so preoccupied with whether or not he *could* that he failed to stop to consider if he *should*. And now...

IAPYX

Now?

DAEDALUS

And now it's just the two of us.

IAPYX

I really miss him.

DAEDALUS

Me too, Iapyx. Me too.

IAPYX

And you're sure that this is what he would have wanted?

DAEDALUS

Absolutely.

IAPYX

It just... It just seems so wrong.

DAEDALUS

Icarus always wanted the best for us.

IAPYX

If you're sure.

DAEDALUS

Of course I'm sure. And look at him. All roasted golden brown... It's not every day that you can do up a roast like this under the sun itself.

(They both take a deep sigh.)

IAPYX

He does look pretty tasty.

DAEDALUS

Yyyep.

IAPYX

The potatoes were a nice touch.

DAEDALUS

Yyyep.

IAPYX

Do you think we should make a salad or something? It would be nice if we had some leftovers. You know... to remember him by.

DAEDALUS

Nah, it's okay. I hung on to this.

(He holds up a big feather.)

I thought maybe after dinner we could put it up on a wall somewhere.

IAPYX

Hmm. Good thinking. Maybe over the fireplace?

(Daedalus nods in consideration.)

DAEDALUS

Seems fitting.

IAPYX

Oh, or what about under that painting that Mom did before she left. You know, the one of the sunset?

DAEDALUS

That seems a little too fitting. Like it wouldn't really be *respectful*. Anyway, we can figure that out after we eat. You did put out the nice china, didn't you?

IAPYX

Absolutely. Only the best for Icarus.

DAEDALUS

Great, then let's get this big fella out, carved up, and onto the table.

Really am gonna miss poor Icky. IAPYX

Me too, son. Me too. DAEDALUS

(Lights out.)