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### Scene nine – the start of the affair.

*SARAH enters jogging. She sits on a bench. ADAM jogs past, sees her and stops to catch his breath.*

ADAM: Had enough?

SARAH: I think so. You too?

ADAM: I'm jogging to *avoid* a heart attack.

SARAH: Ha. Do you want to...

ADAM: Thanks.

*He sits next to her.*

SARAH: I've seen you round here.

ADAM: It's my regular. How far do you go?

SARAH: To the water, and back a K that way. Three times a week if I can.

ADAM: That's good. You train for a sport?

SARAH: No – like you. Just trying to keep healthy.

ADAM: It's hard, isn't it? My kid always wants to eat Maccas.

SARAH: You've got a kid?

ADAM: Yeah. Yeah I do. He's fifteen. You?

SARAH: Bit older than that! [*She cringes*] No, no I don't have any children.

ADAM: Funny: didn't think I'd ever be the age where that's all that matters.

SARAH: I didn't know that was all that matters. Shit.

ADAM: No, please. There's been a few times I envied your lot.

SARAH: My lot?

ADAM: Your lot.

*They sit in silence. SARAH points to ADAM's pedometer.*

SARAH: Do those things do much?

ADAM: Hm? Oh yeah – they're great. I've only had this since Christmas. One of those nice toys where you can watch yourself get fitter.

SARAH: How's it doing now?

ADAM: The machine?

SARAH: ...The ticker.

*Pause. Both watch each other.*

ADAM: Pretty good. *[Beat]* Little bit fast maybe.

SARAH: Well you have been jogging.

ADAM: I have.

SARAH: But... now you've had a rest.

ADAM: I have.

SARAH: Wonder what that means...

ADAM: Me too...

*Pause.*

ADAM: Do you reckon... you might want a drink sometime?

*SARAH eyes his wedding ring.*

SARAH: Is that a pretend one, then?

ADAM: No. It's real.

*Silence. SARAH gets up.*

SARAH: Come on. Shall we keep going?

ADAM: Okay.

*They run together.*

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## **Scene fifteen: the end of the affair**

*A video shop. An emotional SARAH stands, pulling paper out of pockets and handbag and offering them to an unseen assistant.*

SARAH: Well, to be honest, yes I do think it's a bit ridiculous. All I want is to hire an overnight movie from your shop. No, I understand that I need a card. So what else do I have to show you? Well, look – this is photo ID – there's me. Look. Yes, I know it's expired, but... what difference does that make? It's still me. I haven't expired.

Alright, a bill. Oh! Yes, I do have one! Look, I'm just on my way to pay it. There, phone bill with my name on it – see, the same one on the expired card. What? No, I know it's overdue. Like I said, I'm on my way to pay it. My credit rating? I want to borrow a four dollar video, for fu... Alright, how about some other stuff.

Look, here's my Medicare card – you can check the credit rating on that. Tell them it's the woman who just had the colonoscopy. Paid it in full too. And here – a voucher for a pedicure. Because on my birthday, my mother now sends me single middle-aged woman presents. Have a chat with her – she'll find this hilarious.

Oh! Here's the number of a man I met. Here's another one. And here. I'm sure at least one of them will remember me.

Here's a bar of chocolate – serving for one! Tonight! Hopefully with a fucking movie!

Here's a photo of the man I used to love.

*Pause.*

SARAH: ...Yeah, I still carry it even though he left me. Funny, isn't it. Here's my shopping list.

SARAH: Here's a bus ticket to my parents' house. They forgot I was coming. It's okay though – I saw the cat. There's a photo of the cat. I say he's mine if I meet people who like cats.

Here's a fortune cookie message I thought was...

Here's a number for...

Sorry.