

Excerpt from *Those Who Fall in Love Like Anchors Dropped Upon the Ocean Floor*, written by Finegan Kruckemeyer. Not to be presented without official licensing. To enquire, please go to: finegankruckemeyer.com

Scene Four: The First Date

Brian sits in a restaurant fiddling with a menu. Kirsty rushes in. He stands to be polite, she sits, he sits as she stands. It's awkward.

Kirsty: *[Laughs]* What are we doing?

Brian: Not sure really.

They both end up sitting, and he shakes her hand. Which is also awkward.

Brian: Kirsty – hi! You made it.

Kirsty: And Brian – Brian who is friends with Pat.

Brian: Yup! Good old Fat Pat!

Kirsty: ...I just call him Pat. Yeah, I'm so sorry. It was a bit hard to find, with the laneways. You should have... left a trail of breadcrumbs out for me. Ha.

Beat.

Brian: I don't get the reference.

Kirsty: Oh. Hansel and Gretel. With the... In the forest, where they left the breadcrumbs. So they could get home.

Brian: You want to go home?

Kirsty: What? No. It's... Never mind/

/Sorry – you really haven't heard of Hansel and Gretel?

Brian: I think... One of them. Um... Hansel maybe. Is it David?

Kirsty: What?

Brian: David Hansel? I think I've heard of him. He plays cricket, yeah?

She watches him, intrigued.

Kirsty: Yes. Yes exactly. I was referring to *David Hansel. Who plays cricket.*

Brian: Yup, okay. I do know him. Not much into sport, sorry.

Kirsty: No.

Brian: Don't want to sound stupid.

Kirsty: Who does?

Silence. A waiter comes with two glasses of wine and leaves.

Brian: Thanks. *[To Kirsty]* I ordered red. Hope that's okay.

Kirsty: Sure – anything but merlot's good with me. *[She sips it, as he looks uncomfortable, and she realises]* But... I like merlot too.

Brian: So...

Kirsty: So...

Brian: So... *[Too long a beat]*

Kirsty: Oh right, me. So... you've... come from work! Doing what?

Brian: It's officey – nothing to talk about.

Kirsty: No? No... funny office stories to share?

Brian: Um – well, a guy called Malcolm, he fell off a stepladder yesterday, while he was getting some files. Fell through a desk.

Kirsty: Ha! Well that sounds fu/

Brian: /He really hurt himself though. I think he's actually broken his shin.

Kirsty: Oh god.

Brian: And he had a, a fun run planned for the weekend that he'll... have to miss now I guess.

Kirsty: Ah.

Brian: A breast cancer one. A fundraiser. 'Cause his sister, she... has... breast cance/

/I don't know why I'm talking about it actually.

Kirsty: No.

Brian: It's not funny.

Kirsty: No.

Brian: *[Beat]* Do... you know anyone with brea/
Kirsty: /Let's... just leave the topic maybe.
Brian: Yup! I'm hungry. Are you hungry?
Kirsty: Not sure...
Brian: Well, we've got about an hour to eat and then I booked a movie.
Kirsty: Oh right – you've got the whole night worked out.
Brian: Kind of. Ha, except the end. Open to a bit of improvisation at the end of t/
Kirsty: /Yes I'm hungry. Let's eat something. Quickly.
Brian: Sure.

They sit in silence, scrutinizing menus.

Kirsty: Anything you like?
Brian: Mm... That one. *[He points]*
Kirsty: ...That says: 'No corkage or separate bills'.
Brian: Oh. Yeah – I forgot my reading glasses. I can't actually see the menu.
Kirsty: So you were/
Brian: /Pretending, yes. I was... just going to point at something and have that.
Kirsty: ...Do you have food allergies, Brian?
Brian: Lots. All the nut ones basically.
Kirsty: Well, that's dangerous then. That's a really dangerous thing to do.
Brian: Mm. I just didn't want it to be weird.
Kirsty: But if you'd eaten a dish with nuts in it...
Brian: I'd have an anaphylactic shock and you'd have to stab me with an epipen.
Kirsty: ...Which would have been weird.
Brian: That's true.

Beat. He reaches in his pocket and puts Epipen on the table. Both look at it for a bit.

Brian: In case...

Kirsty: ...Sure.

Brian: So could you/

Kirsty: /Yup! [*She resigns herself to the date*] 'Starters: Spring rolls'.

Brian: No.

Kirsty: 'Satay sticks'.

Brian: No.

Kirsty: 'Trio of dips'.

Brian: N/

Kirsty: /Just! Listen to the whole list and then decide (for fuck's sake). 'Dim sims'.

Brian: Oh they're good. Sorry. Go on.

Kirsty: ...

She does.
