

## Waiting Is The Hardest Part

*Kane, 27, desperate, nervous. He is waiting for his date.*

*Passer-by, anyone, but they are caught off guard.*

*A man stands in the centre of a busy street in Soho, this is Kane. He's wearing a large overcoat, skinny jeans and a baggy top underneath. His beard is wild and his hair is greasy and messy, the majority of it is covered by a Trapper hat.*

Kane                      God where was I going? Left, no. Shit, maybe its best if I...

*Kane brings out his phone and opens up 'maps'.*

Greek Street, yeah that's where I am, I thought? Umm, fuck shit, okay well. Hey excuse me?  
Sorry mate?

Passer-by                Yeah, yes?

Kane                      This is Greek street right?

Passer-by                I, err I think so.

Kane                      Great thanks, then I'm right it's here, she's meeting me here. Phew, thought for a second I was miles away cheers.

*Passer-by walks on. Kane looks around and is getting a bit cold.*

Knew I should've worn an extra layer, or something a bit less baggy. She said she was into this sort of thing on her profile you see, so I thought, why the hell why not?! So yeah, I'm wearing a baggy shirt and huge coat to a date. I mean, if I look on the brightside, we could end up in Soho square with it being 2 degrees or something, and she gets cold and I give her this. This coat. Then I'm a hero, in her eyes, or just a nice guy, maybe not a hero that's a bit much. I hope she doesn't come dressed fancy, oh my god, please don't come in a dress. I swear to god I'll be mortified if that happens. Imagine it, right? She comes looking like Princess Cat...Charlotte, what's her name Penelope, no, umm Kate. Princess Kate and here I am looking like Harry after a dodgy night in Vegas. Great, match made in heaven. Except it's not, not really.

God it's cold. I mean, on her Tinder right, you know Tinder. On her Tinder she says, don't need stuck up boys smartly dressed, don't need dick picks, give me a nice honest man. Well, this isn't smart, my dick is well and truly concealed behind my jacket and I have all intentions of being a nice honest guy. Shit, that sounds like I'm not usually honest, I am, I am, I think guys are dicks when they try to cheat a girl, or throw lies their way. I mean, be a decent human being, right? So that's why I'm here, she's arriving soon on Greek Street and she'll meet me, hopefully, I mean it's...

*Kane checks his watch.*

9:17pm, and she was supposed to be here at 9pm. To be fair she did text and say she might be late. She's coming straight from work. She's a marketing assistant, helps at some big company and says what products should go to whatever clients and stuff. I'm sorry, I can't really remember, I'm a musician so most of the stuff she talked about went in one ear and out the other. Oh well, I mean, I feel bad, because she shared a part of her life, and just now, as I'm trying to explain it to you I can't actually remember what it was. I mean I remembered her job I'm not that bad. I guess it's just something I'll have to ask her more about. I love it, I mean it, finding out more about a gal, I think it really gives you a clear picture of who they are, you know? She said she's got black hair; she dyed it when she was 18 and kind of kept it that way ever since, and she used to be a blonde I think. I like girls with black hair, so that works great for me; I also like blondes, so I'm not really that fussy, you know? Like Calvin Harris, remember that song, he liked all the girls? Yeah a bit like that. As long as they're

funny and are successful, more successful than me - I think that's endearing you know. I like a girl who has ambitions and puts herself first before anything else. I'm like, good for you, you know?

Shit it's fucking cold. I mean if she's wearing a dress she'll be just as cold as me. Even more so, she'll be freezing. So the coat would be a great idea, I'm so glad I brought it now, fuck you guys for doubting me. Soho's busy tonight, hell of a lotta of people. Hold on.

*Kane checks his phone*

Just thought I might as well check and see if she's texted me. Or fuck, maybe she's whatsapp'd me?

*Kane checks his phone again.*

It's stupid right, having all these different platforms of communication, it becomes confusing when you just want to speak. It was easier when I was younger, literally had text and call that was it. And MSN if you were feeling mischievous. Except of course you had to be careful, what with your mum usually over your shoulder making sure you weren't talking to paedos. Loved that.

Anyway, nothing, she hasn't messaged me. I only checked because like I said it's busy here, a lot of people, she could be trying to find me but she's got lost in the crowd, or there's a guy who looks like me and now she's dating him instead. Hard to tell from just a picture. The last tinder date I had was this short girl with a shaved head, I liked it, like I said, I'm like Calvin. Anyway, she had a shaved head in her picture, and then when we met I was pretty awkward, because there at the bar was this girl eyeing me up and beckoning me over with her finger, and I stood awkwardly on the bar waiting for my girl, Tamsin. Turns out that that was Tamsin and she'd grown her hair out. It's confusing, I mean, why wouldn't you tell me that? It was all right in the end, she understood, but there wasn't a spark. So we both went home, she got a taxi and I got a kebab.

Now I'm here on my second tinder date, I'm meeting a girl called Diane. Bit of an old name for a girl I know, but don't get me wrong, she's beautiful, but like Princess Di herself. See what I meant earlier about her being like Kate? I mean it, she's beautiful, I hope she just doesn't realise that I'm ugly and then fucks off. Oh fuck, god, I hope she'll approach me first, I'd much prefer that. Whew, where is she? Where is she? Oh wait, no, hold on. I'm looking at this crowd of people, but there's a girl there who looks like her but, no she's no she's got braces, no she didn't have braces. God why is this so hard. I wish we'd said to meet in an actual pub or restaurant rather than in the middle of Greek Street, how stupid was that? I can't believe I suggested it. Right, oh hold on, someone's walking towards me, black hair check, yeah looks like her, my eyesight's a bit weak today so it's hard to tell. Yeah, no, yes that's her, fuck it, so, okay, right, shit, stand straight. Okay, do you think she'll think I look like a homeless guy? I hope she doesn't just walk past. "DIANE" oh crap, shouted a bit too loud. Fuck, she didn't hear me, "Diane! Diane? Hey over here" she heard me. Her she is. Wish me luck.

*Kane goes offstage.*

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