

MEASUREMENT

BY **HAMISH
ANNAN**

AUCKLAND THEATRE COMPANY'S

100 (ISH)
**WORD
PLAYS**

Measurement

by Hamish Annan

Precision (n.) – How tight is your measurement?

Accuracy (n.) – Does it even make sense anymore?

X:

We're sitting across the table from one another.

I'm using his laptop. He's drinking, snacking, taking a break from cooking.

I had suspicions that he was seeing someone else; flirting, dancing on the keyboard, dick out. These weren't unfounded – something in our early days.

I've never been good at: I'm fine with it, let's leave it at that.

I'm "working on an essay". Searching his Facebook messages; precise, methodical.

Not a hint.

I'm sweating.

Nothing.

We eat: pasta.

He's choosing music... I can breathe.

Screen turns, internet history.

"Because I thought you were hiding something from me."

I have trouble with uncertainty.

**HERE &
NOW**

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