

Charming

Written by Mark Cantan

Directed by Louise White

Pete = Paul Reid

Steve = Sam O'Mahony

Adam = Aaron Heffernan

Gill = Genevieve Hulme Beaman

Pete: No, no, no. Hold on, hold on. I have to tell you this first.

Steve: No, wait. Let me finish.

Adam: Guys, guys, guys, guys, guys.

Steve: Would you just-

Pete: You're always interrupting me. You're always interrupting me. You do!

Adam: Guys, guys, guys, guys, guys.

Steve: Alright, go then. I just wanted to share something with you. It's just that that's what friends are supposed to do, y'know. Not a big deal or anything.

Pete: Alright, for- I'm not having you get in a grump.

Adam: Guys. Guys. Guys.

Pete: You're unbelievable. You go ahead.

Steve: Okay, right. Well...so...

Adam: I just met someone.

Pete: Fuck off!

Steve: Who?!

Adam: It was amazing. To be honest she literally fell into my arms. Literally. I was just coming in the door...

Gill – carrying a bag of onions – turns, trips and Adam catches her from falling over. Gill is cute and ditsy – a magic pixie dream girl.

Adam: Woah, hey.

Gill: Sorry. My shoes are all slippery. What *was* on that floor?! Sorry.

Adam: That's okay.

Gill: Thanks. You're really strong.

Adam: Why thanks, it's because of my muscles. Where are you going in such a rush?

Gill: I just remembered I've got an assignment due in for tomorrow on striking men.
Miners! The miners' strike. It was a very difficult situation for a lot of people and their chests.

Adam: What are you studying?

Gill: [*Catches herself looking at his chest.*] Nothing! I wasn't looking at anything.

Adam: I meant in college.

Gill: Oh. Yes. Conflict resolution.

Adam: Nice onions by the way.

Gill: I'm sure they are. Oh my onions. Yes.

Adam: Yeah, she's pretty. And smart. She was wearing one of those cute flatcaps, y'know? I always think those are sexy.

Steve: What, like the one I wear?

Adam: [*Disgusted.*] No! What? Not like your manky, old flatcap. A sexy one. Jesus. To be honest what are you talking about?

Pete: You use that phrase far too much man.

Adam: To be honest which phrase?

Steve: That phrase. "To be honest."

Adam: "To be honest" what?

Steve: I don't think you even know what it means.

Pete: Wait. Before we disappear down this rabbit hole. Steve. You were about to say your thing? Can we just get that out of the way so that I can...

Steve: Oh, yeah, right, of course.
I just met someone.

Adam: Oh my god! Go on the lads! We're on fire tonight.

Pete: What happened?

Steve: Well, I was coming out of the toilets when this stunning, vivacious blonde...

Steve is wearing the flatcap. Gill stops short when Steve exits the toilet door. Gill speaks vivaciously, like Marilyn Monroe or something. Everything she says sounds sexy.

Gill: Oh my!

Steve: Uh, that's the Guys.

Gill: I don't mind.

Steve: No, I mean, it's pretty gross. The floor is *covered* in piss.

Gill: You like it...slippery?

Steve: Ehh. I suppose you get used to it. You don't really have a choice in this place. That's the only Mens.

Gill: Then maybe we could go somewhere with...better plumbing.

Steve: Oh.

Gill: It's pretty hard for a girl to get *served* around here anyway.

Steve: Yeah, that bar is too high. Oh wait, I'm actually supposed to be meeting some friends here.

Gill: Well don't let me keep you. I just want to use you and spit you out. Some other time.

Steve: Sure.

Gill: Here's my number. I wrote it on an onion.

Steve: Cool.

Gill: Promise you'll call?

Steve: Definitely.

Gill takes Steve's flatcap.

Gill: I'll take this as collateral.

Steve: Like, I charmed the pants off her. Heat seeking missiles. She didn't stand a chance.

Adam: You got her number?

Steve: Yep.

Adam: Nice one.

Steve: Wait, wait, this started with you Pete. What did you want to say?

Pete: Oh. Well...

Gill has her arm up trying to order. Pete steps up behind her. Gill is wry and sassy. Over their conversation Pete and Gill trade witty barbs.

Pete: Smithwicks, thanks.

Gill: Hey! I was next.

Pete: I don't see your name on it.

Gill: Oh no, you're right. Here it is.
[Reading an imaginary name on the bar.] Lanky Dorkface, I guess this is your bar.

Pete: Yeah, doesn't seem to say "Rejected Pokemon Character" anywhere here.

Gill: Well, you probably have poor eyesight from your "job" down at the sperm bank. Is that where you got the crutch?

Pete: Why would I need a crutch from wanking?

Gill: I don't know. Maybe you hurt him and he got angry.

Pete: Well, at least I'm not holding a bag of onions.

Gill: You should try it next time; it might sooth his temper.

Pete: I mean a total fucking idiot! She could barely string a sentence together. No craic.

Steve: No man, she sounds cool.

Adam: Yeah.
 Actually. To be honest is this weird? I think I kind of prefer the sound of yours. She sounds kind of sassy. I like that.

Pete: Oh be my guest man. No problem.

Steve: Really Adam?

Adam: Yeah.

Steve: 'Cause, you know, I wasn't going to say it, but yours sounds pretty cool.

Adam: Oh definitely. That'd be great. I'd love that.

Steve: Thanks man. She's definitely smart and shy right?

Adam: Totally. Really smart. Really shy.

Steve: Nice one.

Pete: And how are you idiots going to pull this off? Swap clothes and hope they can't spot the difference?

Adam and Steve look at each other and decide against that plan.

Steve: No, I know what we'll do. We invite them all on a triple date.

Adam: Beautiful. Simple.

Pete: No way.

Steve: Come on man.

Adam: Please. This could be my future wife you're talking about here.

Pete: Future psycho. I am *not* meeting that girl again.

Pete is with Gill.

Pete: And...so...I think we should all go on a triple date.

Gill: [*Sighs, wearily.*] Where?

Pete: Boyle's on Friday night?

Gill: [*Sarcastic.*] Of course! Great idea, genius.

Pete: *What?* What is your problem?

Gill: No, nothing, how original. I guess that's just all it says in the single brain cell that all guys seem to share in this city.

Pete: Well, if you don't want to...

Gill: No, I can't wait. Friday's perfect!

Pete: Is that a lump on the back of your head?

Gill rubs the back of her head. Adam tries to help her.

Gill: No, I'm sorry, I just got a shock.

Adam: I shouldn't have been standing with my chest hanging over you like that.

Gill: No, it's...it's just such a overhang you can't help it.

What were you saying? Oh. Friday. Yeah. That might not be the best for me.

Adam: Oh, but it's all arranged with the guys.

Gill: But I shouldn't...

Adam: Listen, whatever it is get out of it.

Gill: Really? Well, it's called a halter top. There's just a tie at the back. If you could...

Oh wait, you meant get out of my arrangements for Friday, yes, sorry.

Adam: Yes? So you'll come?

Adam holds out his arms in anticipation of her answer.

Gill: [*Stares at his muscles.*] Well, when you put it like that...

I mean-...Your-...the words. When you put the words to me like that. Not your chest.

Adam: You're so cute. Oh and don't forget to wear your flatcap.

Gill: What flatcap?

Steve: I guess I'll take this.

Steve takes the flatcap from Gill.

Gill: Oh you can take more than that.

Steve: Why? Did you take something else off me?

Gill: Not yet. Do you still have your aural virginity?

Steve: I...think so.

Gill: Well, let's see what we can do about that.

Steve: Yes. Great. Are you around on Friday?

Gill: I have nothing and no one to do on Friday.

Steve: Great. I want you to meet some of my friends. You'll get on great with them.

The three guys.

Adam: Excellent. That's all settled then.

Steve: Perfect.

Pete: Perfect.

Adam: See you guys on Friday.

They go to leave.

Steve: Oh, what's your girl's name by the way?
 Pete & Adam: Gill.
 Wait, what?
 Steve: Oh my god.
 [Delighted.] So's mine!
 Adam: What?! That's insane!
 Pete: What are the chances?!
 Steve: I can't wait to tell them on Friday. They're going to love this!

Gill stands waiting nervously. Gill is more neutral throughout the following.

Steve arrives.

Steve: Hey! Sorry, I'm late.
 Gill: That's fine. Let's get out of here.
 Steve: What?
 Gill: You're here. That's good enough. I'm happy with that.
 Let's just go. Somewhere else.
 Steve: No, we have to wait for- We have to wait and meet the others.
 Gill: I'm sure they're delightful and we can meet them some other time but I just can't be here right now.

Pete arrives.

Gill: Too late.
 Pete: Hey. Sorry, I'm late. That must have been awkward.
 Steve: Not really.
 Gill: Wait, you guys know...?
 Pete: Yeah. Sorry, this is Gill. This is Steve.

Steve: Hah, sorry. He's a bit of a joker. You'll get it when the other girls arrive. This is Pete. This is Gill.

Pete: Uhh, you don't have to tell me.

Steve: Hey, don't. You'll spoil the surprise for her.

Gill: What?

Pete: Oh, here's Adam.

Gill: Oh for god's sake.

Adam arrives.

Adam: Heyyyy. Sorry guys.

[*Looks at the guys.*] Hey, where's Gill?

Both Pete and Steve point at Gill.

Pete & Steve: Here.

Gill: I need to go to the loo!

Gill gets up and leaves.

Steve: Oh, mind out for the piss!

[*After Gill has left.*] So. There she is.

Adam: Yep.

Pete: Yep.

Steve: She's gas.

Adam: Yeah, she's great man.

Steve: Absolutely. You see Pete?

Pete: What?

Steve: Feel free. Like, if you want to...?

Pete: No! Jesus. I can't believe she's even here.

Adam: Wait, have you changed your mind Steve?

Steve: No, absolutely not. Totally fine.

Adam: Good. Nice one.

Pete: Where *are* the others?

Steve: Dunno. Do you want to ring them?

Adam: Sure.

Nobody moves.

They look at each other expectantly.

Pete: What?
 Steve: What?
 Adam: What?
 Pete: Guys.
 Steve: Guys.
 Adam: Guys.
 [*To Pete.*] Aren't you going to ring Gill?
 Pete: She's in the toilet.
 Steve: Your Gill.
 Pete: I'm Gill? What?
 Adam: Ring your Gill.
 Pete: So we can hear her piss?
 Steve: Wait a second. Wait a second. Wait a second. Who
 met the Gill that's in the jacks right now?
 All Three: Me.
 Adam: And who's supposed to go home with the Gill that's in
 the jacks right now?
 All Three: Him.
 Pete: And who actually wants to go home with the Gill that's
 in the jacks right now?
 All Three: Me.
 Steve: [*To Pete.*] I thought you hated her?
 Pete: Eh, she's kind of growing on me now.

Gill returns.

The guys turn to confront her.

Gill: Okay, it turns out that the windows in the toilets aren't
 big enough to climb out of. Now, listen. This isn't my
 fault!

Adam: It's fine. We understand. Just take your pick and we'll never speak about this again.

Gill looks at them trying to decide.

Gill: Ummmmm...

Steve: Alright, forget this I'm out of here.

Gill: No wait!

Gill grabs a hold of Steve.

Adam: Okay fine. If that's your decision.

Adam goes to leave.

Gill: No!

Gill grabs Adam.

Pete: Hey, I'm not into the kinky stuff.

Gill: No!

Gill attempts to hold all three from leaving. She climbs on top of one while hold the others. Wraps her legs around them. Grabs Pete's crutch. Any tactics she can deploy she uses.

Adam: This is the best time I've had in ages. To be honest.

The End.