

**HOLLY, POLLY, TOM, DICK & HARRY**

*Cast:*

Tom – badly hungover throughout  
Holly – bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, fluffy-feathered  
Dick – office gossip  
Harry – generally reticent but given to 'turns'

Age range early-20s to mid-30s

*Setting & Props:*

Tom's office  
Tom's desk and chair  
On the desk: a computer screen or laptop  
Also on the desk: a hole-punch and a stapler

*Sound Effects:*

Different ringtones for:  
- Holly's mobile  
- Dick's mobile  
- Harry's mobile  
Sound of champagne corks popping & applause

*Tom is sitting, staring at his computer screen, trying to keep his eyes open.*

*Holly enters stage left and stands for a moment or two watching Tom who is unaware of her.*

Holly (softly) Tom ... (less softly) Tom. (much less softly) Tom!  
Tom (suddenly alert) Yes?  
Holly (softly again) Hi, Tom.  
Tom Oh. Hello, Holly.  
Holly Feeling rough this morning?  
Tom A bit.  
Holly A bit?  
Tom Very. Very rough. (beat) How about you?  
Holly Me? I'm fine. Pretty perky, in fact.  
Tom Perky?  
Holly Bright-eyed. Bushy-tailed. Fluffy-feathered. That sort of thing. But then I wasn't drinking last night. (beat) Tom?  
Tom Yes, Holly?  
Holly What do you remember about last night?  
Tom Last night?  
Holly Yes.  
Tom Honestly?  
Holly Yes, honestly.  
Tom Not much.  
Holly Anything?  
Tom Nothing at all.  
Holly I see. (beat) But you must remember ... (stops)  
Tom What?  
Holly It doesn't matter.  
Tom What must I remember?  
Holly Polly's dress.  
Tom Polly's ... ?

Holly Dress. It was very eye-catching. What there was of it. She did rather 'overflow' out of it.

Tom Did she?

Holly Two generous scoops of coffee ice-cream in a very tiny cornet.

Tom Coffee ... ?

Holly Ice-cream. (*explanatory*) Polly goes to a tanning studio.

Tom Oh, I see.

Holly Yes, you did. And so did everyone else.

*Holly's telephone rings off-stage.*

Holly Sorry, Tom. Telephone. Got to go.

*Holly exits stage left.*

*Tom reverts to staring at his computer screen.*

*Dick enters stage right and stands for a moment or two watching Tom who is unaware of him. Holly's telephone stops ringing.*

Dick (*approving*) You dirty dog.

Tom What?

Dick You dirty, dirty dog.

Tom I'm sorry?

Dick I bet you're not. I wouldn't be. Not in your galoshes. I'd be pretty pleased with myself. (*beat*) You dirty, dirty —

Tom (*interrupting*) Listen, Dick. I don't have a clue what you're talking about.

Dick (*disbelieving*) I bet you don't. I'm talking about Polly.

Tom What about Polly?

Dick Polly. Pretty Polly. Tweet, tweet! A little bird told me. You and Polly. Last night. At the Pig and Fiddle. Very chummy, you were, or so I hear. Don't blame you, Tom. That dress! What there was of it. I saw the pictures on Facebook ...

Tom Dick —

Dick Although I must admit I was a little surprised. Always thought you and Holly were 'an item'.

Tom Well, we —

Dick Always assumed you were being discreet. Keeping things under wraps. Avoiding office gossip. Wrong end of the stick, obviously. But you and Polly? Bit of a surprise. Didn't think she'd be your type. Too 'full-on'. Too 'up front'. Too ... Anyway. Seems you're a dark horse, Tom. One moment, you're sitting in a cosy corner. The next, the two of you have legged it. Vanished. Gone. Nowhere to be seen. That's what I was told. You dirty dog. You dirty, dirty —

Tom Honestly, Dick —

Dick A word of warning though. I wouldn't go too public. Not if I were you. You know Harry's always had this 'thing' about Polly, don't you? A pretty powerful thing. More of a fixation. Done nothing about it, of course. Too shy. Until he gets roused, that is. Best not to get Harry roused. We don't want him having one of his 'turns', do we? You remember the episode with the hole-punch and stapler ...

*Dick's telephone rings off stage.*

Tom Dick, listen —

Dick Sorry, Tom. Telephone. Got to go.

*Dick exits stage right.*

*Tom reverts to staring at his computer screen.*

*Harry enters stage left and stands for a moment or two watching Tom who is unaware of him. Dick's telephone stops ringing.*

Harry (slowly) I want you to know, Tom ...

Tom (uneasily) Oh. Hi, Harry.

Harry I want you to know, Tom, that I don't blame you. Not totally. Not entirely. Not one hundred per cent. After all, she was wearing that dress. But, Tom, I must admit ... If I'm being honest ... Entirely honest ... Entirely, totally honest ... If I'm being a hundred per cent ... I am disappointed, Tom. Very disappointed. Very, very disappointed.

Tom Harry —

Harry (overriding him) You see, Tom, I'd always thought of you as a friend. Not a close friend perhaps. Not a bosom buddy exactly. Not a lifelong amigo. But someone who wouldn't let me down. 'Let down.' Yes, that's the word. Two words, in fact. Because that's how I feel, Tom. 'Let down.'

Tom Listen, Harry —

Harry (overriding him) Very let down. Very let down indeed. Because I've told you, haven't I, Tom? We've talked about it, haven't we? You know I have these feelings about Polly. Strong feelings, Tom. Powerful feelings. Strong, powerful feelings —

Tom Yes, Harry, but —

Harry (overriding him) So strong it's difficult to keep them under control. I know what you're going to say. I know, Tom, and you're right. Of course you're right. I've done nothing about it. But I've been waiting, Tom. Waiting for the right moment. And it's never been the right moment, Tom. Not until last night ...

*Harry moves to Tom's desk and absent-mindedly picks up the hole-punch.*

Harry Then there she was. Wearing that dress. And I thought ... I knew ... But I could see that you and Polly were chatting and I didn't want to interrupt you and then ...

*Tom stands and carefully removes the hole-punch from Harry. Harry absent-mindedly picks up the stapler.*

Harry And then, when I looked again, you weren't there anymore. Gone, Vanished. Nowhere to be seen. And now ... now I hear ... Now I'm told ... You and Polly, Tom. It's all round the office ...

*Tom carefully removes the hole-punch from Harry.*

Tom Listen, Harry —

Harry (not listening) What I want you to know, Tom, is that I don't blame you. Not entirely. Not totally. After all, that dress ... But, Tom, I do feel let down.

*Harry's telephone rings. Harry tries to ignore it.*

Harry Very let down.

*Harry's telephone continues to ring. Harry continues to try to ignore it.*

Harry Very, very let down —

Tom Harry —

Harry Sorry, Tom. Telephone. Got to go.

*Harry exits stage left passing Holly who enters stage left.*

Holly Tom ...

Tom Yes?

*Harry's telephone stops ringing.*

Holly Last night ...

Tom Yes?

*Holly's telephone starts ringing.*

Holly Sorry, Tom. Telephone. Got to ...

*Holly exits stage left. Holly's telephone stops ringing.*

*Tom looks stage left and then stage right, waiting to see if someone else is about to enter, and then sits and reverts to staring at his screen.*

*Dick enters and stands for a moment or two watching Tom who is unaware of him.*

Dick (mournfully) Oh, dear.  
Tom (wearily) Hello, Dick.  
Dick Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. I can't pretend I'm not disappointed.  
Tom Why's that, Dick?  
Dick I've been talking to Polly.  
Tom Polly?  
Dick Yes, Tom, Polly. And she says she had a headache and went home.  
Tom That's right.  
Dick Nothing happened, did it, Tom?  
Tom That's what —  
Dick All teeth, no trousers.  
Tom (puzzled) Sorry?  
Dick Bushy beard, no sandals.  
Tom (more puzzled) What?  
Dick There I was, thinking you were a dirty dog. Now I find you're a lying hound.  
Tom Listen, Dick —  
Dick (sudden thought) Unless, of course, you're a sly fox. I wonder ... Are you and Polly playing your cards close to your chest? And, in her case, what a chest.  
Tom Listen, Dick. Nothing happened. Polly's very 'vivacious' but she's really not my type.  
Dick Good idea, Tom. That's the story to stick to. Harry's having one of his 'turns'. Running round the building like a turkey with a firework up its bottom. Act innocent. Deny everything. Much the best policy.

*Dick's telephone starts ringing.*

Tom Nothing —  
Dick Sorry, Tom. Telephone ...

*Dick exits.*

*Harry enters.*

Tom (resigned) Hello, Harry.  
Harry I've been speaking to Polly.  
Tom Oh, yes?  
Harry You and Polly ...  
Tom Yes?  
Harry Nothing happened, did it?  
Tom No, Tom. Nothing happened.  
Harry Good. That's good. Very good. I didn't really think it had. Not in my heart of hearts. Because we're friends, Tom, aren't we, you and me?  
Tom (cautious) Yes ...  
Harry Not close friends perhaps. Not exactly bosom buddies. Not ... But friends. And you wouldn't, would you?  
Tom Wouldn't ... ?  
Harry Let me down.  
Tom No, Harry, I wouldn't.  
Harry I've been biding my time, you see. Waiting for the right moment. That's what I've been waiting for ...

*Beat.*

Tom Harry?  
Harry Yes, Tom.  
Tom Don't you think you should ... ?  
Harry Should?  
Tom Say something to Polly ... ?

*Harry's telephone begins ringing.*

Harry Sorry, Tom. Telephone ...

*Harry exits stage left. Harry's telephone stops ringing.*

*Tom looks left and then stage right, waiting to see if someone else is about to enter, and then reverts to staring at his screen.*

*Holly enters unseen stage left and stands behind Tom.*

Holly            So, Tom. What's this I've been hearing about you and Polly?

Tom            (*losing patience*) Not you, too!

Holly            Don't snap at me, Tom. If anyone's going to do any snapping, it's going to be me.

Tom            (*puzzled*) I don't —

Holly            Don't you? Are you sure you don't have something to tell me?

Tom            Nothing happened.

Holly            How do you know nothing happened? You said yourself you don't remember anything about last night.

Tom            Polly's not my type, Holly. You know she isn't.

Holly            Do I?

Tom            Yes. She's too loud. Too bouncy. Too much of a handful.

Holly            I thought that might be her attraction.

Tom            (*coaxing*) Holly ....

*Beat.*

Holly            You're quite sure nothing happened last night?

Tom            Quite sure.

Holly            Nothing?

Tom            Nothing at all.

*Enter Dick stage right.*

Dick            You're a sly fox, aren't you, Tom?

Tom            I thought I was a dirty dog.

*Enter Harry stage left.*

Harry            I was sure something was going on.

Tom            How many more times? Nothing happened.

Dick            }

                  } (*puzzled*) What?

Harry            }

Tom            Me and Polly. Nothing happened.

Dick            }

                  } Oh, we know that.

Harry            }

Tom Well, then?  
Dick Your engagement.  
Harry Your secret engagement.  
Dick You kept that quiet, didn't you?  
Harry Very quiet.  
Tom My ...  
Dick So, Tom. Tell all.  
Harry Who is she?

*Dick's telephone begins ringing.*

Dick Sorry, Tom. Telephone.

*Harry's telephone begins ringing.*

Harry Got to go.

*Dick exits stage right. Harry exits stage left.*

*Both telephones stop ringing.*

*Pause.*

Holly So?  
Tom I'm sorry, Holly. I don't know what they're talking about.  
Holly (*distant*) Oh. Don't you?  
Tom (*puzzled*) Holly?  
Holly (*slowly*) You don't remember?  
Tom Don't remember what?  
Holly Straightening your tie.  
Tom No ...  
Holly Tucking in your shirt. Pushing back your chair and ... (*stops*)  
Tom And ... ?  
Holly Getting down on one knee. Giving me a ring. And asking me to marry you.  
Tom Did I do that?  
Holly You honestly don't remember?

Tom                    Honestly? No, I don't.

Holly                I see ...

*Holly starts to exit.*

Tom                But, Holly ... (*straightening his tie*) Holly ... (*tucking in his shirt*) What did you say?

Holly                I said ... I don't remember. What did I say?

Tom                Holly!

Holly                I said ... (*stops*)

*Tom gets down on one knee.*

Tom                Tell me, Holly. Please. What did you say?

Holly                You're sure you don't remember Polly's dress?

Tom                Yes, Holly. Quite sure.

Holly                I said ... 'Yes'.

*Tom stands.*

*Tom and Holly embrace.*

*Sound of champagne corks popping and applause.*

THE END.