

# **“Peas”**

**A short comedy by  
David Tristram**

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A play by David Tristram

*Daisy sits at a pub table, checking her watch and looking as if she's been stood up. She is wearing a rosette. Eventually, clearly annoyed, she gets up and leaves. Just then, Gerald, wearing a matching rosette, rushes in and looks around.*

**Gerry:** Damn.

*Daisy has spotted him looking around anxiously, enters and approaches.*

**Daisy:** Gerry?

**Gerry:** Daisy?

**Daisy:** Hi.

**Gerry:** Oh, pleased to meet you.

**Daisy:** I thought I'd missed you.

**Gerry:** Me too.

**Daisy:** Sorry I'm late.

**Gerry:** Well, no, not at all, I've only just...

**Daisy:** Been here long?

**Gerry:** Er, no...no. Not long. Ten minutes. Fifteen max.

**Daisy:** Stop calling me Max.

**Gerry:** What? Oh, right. Yes, good one.

**Daisy:** Traffic was terrible.

**Gerry:** Yes it was. Very. Very terrible. Er...take a pew.

**Daisy:** Oh, thanks.

*They both sit.*

**Gerry:** Well, er...(offering his hand) nice to meet you.

**Daisy:** (shaking his hand) You too. (Pointing to her rosette) Can we lose these now? I feel a tad conspicuous.

**Gerry:** Oh, yes, course. Not the agency's most subtle suggestion. Still – suppose they did the job. You must have spotted me from miles away.

**Daisy:** (flatly) Yes.

*She starts smirking.*

**Gerry:** (*bemused*) What?

**Daisy:** How stupid we look.

**Gerry:** (*grinning*) Suppose so.

**Daisy:** You look like a politician.

**Gerry:** (*joining in the joke*) Yes. And you...you like you've just won third prize at Crufts. (*The smile drops from her face*) No, I meant...like the owner, not the d...drink?

*Gerry jumps up.*

**Daisy:** Yes, why not.

**Gerry:** What'll it be?

**Daisy:** Snakebite.

**Gerry:** What?

**Daisy:** Snakebite, it's...

**Gerry:** Oh right, yes, that's what – fruit juice and...

**Daisy:** Cider and Guinness.

**Gerry:** Right. (*Walking off, then turning*) Er...pint?

**Daisy:** Why not.

**Gerry:** Good. I'll erm...I'll be back.

**Daisy:** Okay, Arnie.

**Gerry:** It's Gerry.

**Daisy:** No, Arnie. Schwarzenegger.

**Gerry:** Mmm?

**Daisy:** (*impersonating Arnie*) "I'll be back."

**Gerry:** Oh, right. Yes. (*Awkward pause*) Sorry I'm not with you.

**Daisy:** The Terminator.

**Gerry:** Oh, of course, yes. Bit of a film buff, eh?

**Daisy:** Well, I like to keep abreast of the arts.

**Gerry:** Right then, well... (*trying to do the voice*) I...er... "I won't be long."

*Gerald exits to order the drinks. Daisy looks him up and down, sits again, then turns to address the audience directly.*

**Daisy:** Not what I was expecting. Celebrity look-alike model, the agency said. Harrison Ford. Well, you know, I'm not naïve. I wasn't expecting him to look exactly like Harrison, but, well – let's just say one of us will be asking for our money back. And, he's already taken the very first opportunity he had to lie to me. Good start.

*Gerald returns with a tray containing two drinks and two bags of peanuts.*

**Gerry:** Here we go.

**Daisy:** Thanks.

**Gerry:** Sorry, I was starving. I wasn't sure if you'd eaten?

**Daisy:** (*unimpressed*) I'm fine, thanks.

**Gerry:** Well, you're welcome to dip into my nuts.

**Daisy:** Oh. There's an offer.

**Gerry:** What?

**Daisy:** No, thanks. I'm actually allergic to your nuts.

**Gerry:** Oh, God - I'm sorry. I'll keep them away.

**Daisy:** Oh, it's nothing life-threatening. My tongue just swells up to the size of a dinghy and I go blotchy.

**Gerry:** Good job you told me. I live on the things. (*Passing her the drink*) Is this right?

**Daisy:** That's it.

**Gerry:** Don't think I've ever ordered a snakebite before.

**Daisy:** Want a sip?

**Gerry:** No, no – you're all right. Probably too gassy for me.

**Daisy:** So, what's yours?

**Gerry:** Orange and passion fruit.

**Daisy:** Not a drinker, then.

**Gerry:** Well, I enjoy the occasional glass of wine – who doesn't?

**Daisy:** I don't like wine.

**Gerry:** Right. Okay, so you don't, but, you know, generally - who doesn't?

**Daisy:** Me.

**Gerry:** Right. Anyway, I'm driving, so...

**Daisy:** Of course.

**Gerry:** And I have to be careful. I need my licence for my work.

**Daisy:** Yes, you're a look-alike model, the agency said.

**Gerry:** Well, I prefer the word actor. Anyway, it makes it pretty awkward to travel on public transport.

**Daisy:** Why? In case you get...recognized?

**Gerry:** Well, it can cause...(*using his fingers to represent quotation marks*) "issues."

**Daisy:** Right. So, Mr...(*mimicking the finger gesture*) "Look-alike". Am I allowed to guess who?

**Gerry:** Oh. The agency didn't tell you?

**Daisy:** Erm...no.

**Gerry:** How embarrassing. Well, in that case, you probably wouldn't guess.

**Daisy:** Somebody famous?

**Gerry:** Yes. Well, there's not much work around for look-alikes who look like unknown people.

**Daisy:** Suppose not. Shame really. I could get a job as a "me" look-alike.

**Gerry:** You'd be a very good one as well.

**Daisy:** But as you say – who's going to pay me to be me?

**Gerry:** Well, I might.

*A short embarrassed pause, then a flustered response.*

**Daisy:** So, you, then. Let me guess...

**Gerry:** No honestly, it's tricky.

**Daisy:** Well, presumably, by definition, it's somebody who looks...well, like you.

**Gerry:** Not necessarily.

**Daisy:** What?

**Gerry:** Well, look, I'll give you a clue – a famous character from Star Wars.

**Daisy:** *(a long reflective pause, as she wrestles with her conscience)* Harrison Ford.

**Gerry:** Now you're being silly. But thanks anyway. Actually, though, in a way you're quite close.

**Daisy:** Who then?

**Gerry:** Chewbacca.

**Daisy:** What?

**Gerry:** The Wookiee.

**Daisy:** What – that big hairy thing?

**Gerry:** Well, I have to wear a rubber mask.

**Daisy:** So, you're a look-alike who wears a rubber mask?

**Gerry:** Yes. And stilts.

**Daisy:** I don't get it.

**Gerry:** It's more to do with the voice and stuff. I do these Star Wars conventions.

**Daisy:** Oh. Lot of call for that sort of thing, is there?

**Gerry:** Oh, you'd be amazed. I've already done three in America. In fact, on the first one, I did actually meet Harrison Ford.

**Daisy:** Really!

**Gerry:** Quite a few years ago now, but...yeah. Good bloke.

**Daisy:** Did you get to speak to him?

**Gerry:** Well, not so much speak, you know. I'm not allowed to speak, as such – it's more a sort of...*(he suddenly emits a loud Wookiee noise)* Warrgrh!

**Daisy:** *(she jumps out of her seat and starts furiously slapping his back)* Shit!

**Gerry:** Steady on!

**Daisy:** Are you all right?

**Gerry:** *(bewildered, spitting out nuts)* Yes. I'm fine.

**Daisy:** Did it go down the wrong hole?

**Gerry:** What?

**Daisy:** The nut. I thought you were choking.

**Gerry:** No – sorry – no, that's the noise he makes.

**Daisy:** Who? Harrison Ford?

**Gerry:** No, Chewbacca. It's like a kind of...

**Daisy:** Please don't do it again.

**Gerry:** Sorry.

**Daisy:** Everybody's looking.

*They look around, embarrassed. There's a pause. Gerry leans forward confidentially.*

**Gerry:** You know, it's not quite fair to describe Chewbacca as "that big hairy thing". He's actually a wise, sophisticated being with exceptional skills in starship piloting and repair, and a well-respected part of the high command, tasked with protecting Kashyyyk from droid invasion. *(A long bemused stare from Daisy)* Well, enough about me. So what about you? The agency said you're a dancer.

**Daisy:** Yes.

**Gerry:** And an audio typist.

**Daisy:** In my spare time. That bit wasn't meant to be on the...

**Gerry:** A dancing audio typist. That's er...that's quite a niche market.

**Daisy:** Says the Wookiee impersonator.

**Gerry:** Touché. So what's your thing - ballroom?

**Daisy:** Disco. Friday nights.

**Gerry:** Right. Not much of a one for discos. More of a Wagner man myself.

**Daisy:** Classical music makes me depressed.

**Gerry:** Good. *(Another awkward pause)* So, how long have you been with the agency?

**Daisy:** About a week.

**Gerry:** Oh, right.

**Daisy:** You?

**Gerry:** About a week.

**Daisy:** Right. To be honest, I don't think the agency's been going all that long.

**Gerry:** No?

**Daisy:** About a week, I reckon. I think I was the first.

**Gerry:** How do you know?

**Daisy:** When I signed up, I did one of those "find your ideal partner" profile searches - and the computer came up with no matching results.

**Gerry:** Ah, that doesn't mean much. That happened to me. It depends how specific you are with the data.

**Daisy:** I wasn't that specific.

**Gerry:** Yes, but what search criteria did you use?

**Daisy:** Erm...male.

**Gerry:** Oh. You'd think it would have found something, wouldn't you. Well, who knows. I might have been the second person to join.

**Daisy:** I think you were. I tried it again an hour later and it came up with you.

**Gerry:** Ah, fate.

**Daisy:** So why join a dating agency? I would have thought you'd meet loads of new people, at your conventions and things.

**Gerry:** Well, yes. But, you know. They never get to see the real me.

**Daisy:** The man behind the mask.

**Gerry:** Yes.

**Daisy:** Aren't there any female Wookiees you can scream at?

**Gerry:** Actually, one did turn up once, but erm...no.

**Daisy:** No?

**Gerry:** We didn't have anything in common. (*A long barren pause, as Daisy looks bewildered*) Sorry, we seem to be talking about me again.

**Daisy:** No, that's okay. So, when's your next "gig"?

**Gerry:** Three weeks.

**Daisy:** And that's all you do?

**Gerry:** I keep busy.

**Daisy:** How?

**Gerry:** Computers. I'm quite into I.T.

**Daisy:** Course you are.

**Gerry:** Aren't you?

**Daisy:** Hate the things.

**Gerry:** But you found the agency online.

**Daisy:** Only because I was desperate. I can't believe I just said that.

**Gerry:** Don't worry. Look, let's be honest, neither of us would be here if we had something better to do.

**Daisy:** Thanks.

**Gerry:** No, I didn't mean it like that.

**Daisy:** Actually, I think we're probably it.

**Gerry:** It?

**Daisy:** The only two. In the agency.

**Gerry:** You reckon?

**Daisy:** Well, why else would they match up a dancing audio typist with a Chewbacca look-alike?

**Gerry:** The computer said we had similar interests.

**Daisy:** Yes, I hate computers. You hate discos.

**Gerry:** You hate wine.

**Daisy:** You eat nuts.

**Gerry:** My music makes you depressed.

**Daisy:** Perfect – let's sleep together. (*An embarrassed laugh*) I can't believe I said that either.

**Gerry:** It's all right.

**Daisy:** Bizarre thought.

**Gerry:** What?

**Daisy:** Having nookie with a Wookiee.

**Gerry:** No tongues, though.

**Daisy:** What?

**Gerry:** I've been eating nuts. Your tongue...would...

**Daisy:** Oh. Right.

**Gerry:** Does it really blow up like a dinghy?

**Daisy:** (*dryly*) No, I was exaggerating.

**Gerry:** Of course.

**Daisy:** I mean it does swell up, but you couldn't actually use it as a life raft.

**Gerry:** Suppose not.

**Daisy:** I do go really blotchy though.

**Gerry:** There you go, then. Perhaps you could be a celebrity look-alike double as well.  
Then we'd finally have something in common.

**Daisy:** I'm not with you.

**Gerry:** You could be Mrs Blotchy.

**Daisy:** Who's Mrs Blotchy?

**Gerry:** Off the telly. Noel Edmonds I think.

**Daisy:** Mr Blobby.

**Gerry:** Oh.

**Daisy:** I don't go blobby.

**Gerry:** No.

**Daisy:** And I'm not a mister.

**Gerry:** Sorry. I don't really watch telly.

**Daisy:** I love my telly.

**Gerry:** Excellent. So, TV then. What's your favourite Star Wars film?

**Daisy:** There's more than one?

**Gerry:** Twelve.

**Daisy:** I'm not into science fiction. Do you like football?

**Gerry:** No. You?

**Daisy:** I can name the entire Arsenal squad.

**Gerry:** I've heard of Arsenal.

**Daisy:** So what do off-duty Wookiees eat?

**Gerry:** Mmm?

**Daisy:** What sort of food do you like? Apart from nuts.

**Gerry:** Oh. Nothing foreign.

**Daisy:** That rules out Chinese, then.

**Gerry:** Your favourite?

**Daisy:** Yes, but let's not allow a small thing like that to spoil our natural symmetry.  
What about Italian?

**Gerry:** That's foreign.

**Daisy:** Yeah, but it's not like, foreign foreign is it?

**Gerry:** It's got tomatoes in.

**Daisy:** Tomatoes aren't foreign. They're English.

**Gerry:** How can tomatoes be English?

**Daisy:** They're called English tomatoes.

**Gerry:** You can get them in France.

**Daisy:** Yes, and they're called French tomatoes.

**Gerry:** What about the ones in Italian food?  
**Daisy:** Well, I'm guessing they're called Italian tomatoes – does it matter? They still taste the same.  
**Gerry:** That's the problem. I don't like the taste.  
**Daisy:** How can you not like tomatoes?  
**Gerry:** And cheese.  
**Daisy:** How can you not like... *(She sighs, pauses and tries again)* Favourite book.  
**Gerry:** *(instantly)* Lord of the Rings, Return of the King.  
**Daisy:** That's a big book.  
**Gerry:** Huge.  
**Daisy:** How many times have you read it?  
**Gerry:** Well I haven't read it.  
**Daisy:** What?  
**Gerry:** I've seen the film three times.  
**Daisy:** So how can it be your favourite book?  
**Gerry:** The film's true to the book.  
**Daisy:** How do you know?  
**Gerry:** Because I've seen it.  
**Daisy:** But you haven't read it!  
**Gerry:** Everybody said so.  
**Daisy:** But I asked about your favourite book.  
**Gerry:** It's the same story.  
**Daisy:** Yes, but...so you don't read books.  
**Gerry:** I prefer the digital media.  
**Daisy:** So how come Star Wars isn't your favourite book?  
**Gerry:** Because it's not a book it's a film.  
**Daisy:** But if it was a book...  
**Gerry:** Then it probably would be, but I still wouldn't read it.  
**Daisy:** Why not?  
**Gerry:** Because it could never be as good as the film.  
**Daisy:** Gerald...  
**Gerry:** Call me Gerry.  
**Daisy:** Gerry, you're confusing the hell out of me.  
**Gerry:** Sorry. I don't get time to read.  
**Daisy:** I'd have thought you'd have had plenty of spare time on your hands – what is it, one convention a month?  
**Gerry:** Oh, no. Some months two.  
**Daisy:** And other months?  
**Gerry:** Other months none.  
**Daisy:** So on average?  
**Gerry:** About one every four weeks.  
**Daisy:** One a month.

**Gerry:** Yes. But some months more than that.

**Daisy:** What do you do for fun?

**Gerry:** I go surfing.

**Daisy:** Ah, at last. A glimmer of light. So we'd both enjoy a beach holiday!

**Gerry:** Surfing the web.

**Daisy:** But of course.

**Gerry:** I can't swim.

**Daisy:** Good surfers don't have to.

**Gerry:** I suppose you swim.

**Daisy:** Like a porpoise. Can't beat it. Quick dip, then lie back and soak up the sun...

**Gerry:** I'm not good in the sun.

**Daisy:** ...don the old shades...

**Gerry:** I go blotchy.

**Daisy:** ...and pull out a good book.

**Gerry:** So what's your favourite book?

**Daisy:** Oh, no question. Work of genius. Bridget Jones' Diary.

**Gerry:** Oh, yes. I heard that was supposed to be good.

**Daisy:** It's the best.

**Gerry:** I haven't seen it.

**Daisy:** You mean read it.

**Gerry:** Hugh Grant, isn't it?

**Daisy:** Not the book, no.

**Gerry:** So who wrote the book?

**Daisy:** Derr. There's a clue in the title, Gerry.

**Gerry:** What?

**Daisy:** Bridget Jones, you idiot! It's her diary.

**Gerry:** There's no need to call me an idiot.

**Daisy:** I'm sorry.

**Gerry:** Just because I haven't read your damn book.

**Daisy:** All right, I'm sorry. Didn't mean it.

**Gerry:** I didn't call you an idiot, did I, when you asked if there was only one Star Wars film?

**Daisy:** Fair comment. I feel awful now.

**Gerry:** It's okay. I've got a pretty thick skin.

**Daisy:** That's because it's made of rubber. (*Gerald acknowledges her joke with a faint smile*) Look, is there really any point in us continuing this?

**Gerry:** (*the smile fades*) If you say not.

**Daisy:** Well what do you say?

**Gerry:** Well, as usual, I disagree with you.

**Daisy:** What?

**Gerry:** I like you. I'd like to see you again.

**Daisy:** Gerald...

**Gerry:** Gerry.

**Daisy:** Gerry, you're very nice, but...

**Gerry:** But what?

**Daisy:** You're a Wookiee. You're an alien creature. We're different.