

THE GENUINE ARTICLE

by

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Characters

Emily Hall – early twenties

Charlie Styles – early twenties

Tony Bishop – older than forty

Place – A room on the eighth floor at the Gallery Hotel, London.

Time – 11.00 p.m.

The stage area is divided unequally between the main room S.L. and an adjacent bathroom S.R. A door connects. The offstage bedroom is located S.R. and the main door to the hotel room is offstage S.L. Two French-windows open S.R. and S.L. onto an adjoining narrow ledge running along the front of the stage. The walls are decorated with reproductions of well known paintings that might be found in the nearby gallery, notably one of Van Gogh's painting of 'Sunflowers' hanging in the bathroom. In the main room there is a chair and a table S.L. on which is placed the hotel book and a pen in a holder. There is another small table upstage with a telephone and a side light.

Lights are switched on. Charlie enters S.L. As part of his magic act he is pretending to be helplessly pulled by one of Emily's shoes.

Charlie There's nothing I can do. It's got me in its power.

Emily enters S.L. wearing only one shoe.

Emily This isn't funny. Charlie!

Charlie is pulled towards the bathroom and enters within. Emily follows.

Charlie, I'm warning you, if you... Charlie!

Charlie, cannot help but lift the toilet lid, put the shoe in the bowl and flush. He closes the toilet lid and only then seems to be free of the shoe's power. Emily is not amused.

Charlie I'm sorry, Em, there was nothing I could do.

Emily You've got ten seconds. Ten, nine, eight –

Charlie Leave this to me.

Charlie opens the lid of the toilet and looks inside. He reaches down into the toilet bowl.

I think I feel something. Ugh! No, that's not it. Ah! Got it, got it!

Charlie slowly pulls out a bunch of flowers. He offers them to Emily.

Emily My shoe.

Charlie closes the lid of the toilet and considers.

Seven, six, five, four –

Charlie pretends to be stuck by a sudden realisation.

Charlie Wait, I'm getting something... I'm getting something.

Emily Three, two, one –

Charlie Bag! Do you have a bag? A handbag of any description?

Charlie enters the main room followed by Emily. He picks up Emily's handbag. He speaks some magic words and then opens the bag and pulls out Emily's shoe. Emily takes her shoe and bag.

Emily Thank you.

Charlie Well, don't I get a round of applause at least?

*Emily sits and removes her other shoe. She checks her phone.
Pause.*

Em? Emily?... *(Beat)* Are you still angry about your shoe? I gave you it back.

Emily It's not about the shoe, Charlie – although that was annoying – You *know* what it's about. That man in the restaurant was saying some quite personal things about my... certain parts of my body and you just sat there saying nothing.

Charlie He was drunk.

Emily Yes, he was drunk, but you still could have said

something. What happened to defending a woman's honour. I can't believe you actually let him give me his phone number. I'm sure if he'd tried to kiss me you would've just probably looked the other way.

No.

Charlie
Emily

It's not the first time, Charlie, you haven't been there for me when I've needed you.

Charlie
Emily

I'm sorry.

I just want to know that the man I'm with is going to *be* a man – not just a boy who's going to run away or hide at the first sign of danger.

Charlie

It won't happen again. *(Fist)* Next time – whoever it is – they'll get this.

Emily
Charlie

Why don't I believe you, Charlie?

(Beat) I love you, Em. *(Beat)* Come on, let's forget about that, we're on holiday. Let's go to bed. *(Beat)* I love you.

Emily

It's just words, Charlie. I want to hear it in actions, not just words.

Charlie goes down on his knees.

Charlie

I love you more than the sun, the stars, the moon... the... everything.

Emily

Words, words, words. Just like your magic tricks, all very *pleasing*, but not... *real*.

Charlie

My love for you is real. It's as real as... as real as...

Emily

Those flowers?

Charlie

That's not nice.

Emily

Charlie... it might be best if you slept in here tonight.

Charlie

In here! There's a four poster bed in there.

Emily

We need to talk, Charlie.

Charlie

What about?

Emily Us.
Charlie Okay... let's talk.
Emily In the morning.
Charlie Why not now?
Emily I've... got a headache.
Charlie Em?
Emily In the morning, Charlie.

Emily takes her bag and enters into the bathroom and then exits into the bedroom. Charlie sits dejected. A man appears on the balcony S.R. He wears a dark boiler-suit, a hat and gloves. He carries a tube-like container. A police car passes below with its siren blaring. The man remains motionless until the car has gone. He attempts to open the S.R. windows but they are locked. The man starts to make his way across the ledge to the S.L. windows. Charlie, having heard the noise, enters the bathroom. He looks about him and then looks in the direction of the bedroom. He sits down on the toilet and picks up the flowers. He is lost in his thoughts. The man meanwhile has crossed the ledge and has arrived at the balcony outside the S.L. windows. He tries them. They open. He enters the main room, closing the windows behind him. He looks about him. Satisfied that he's alone, he starts to remove his hat and gloves. Charlie, having heard noise in the main room, crosses to the door and opens it. Charlie and the man stare at each other.

Charlie Who are you?
Tony (Beat) Hotel maintenance.
Charlie Hotel maintenance?
Tony Yes.
Charlie At this time?
Tony We're a twenty-four hour service.

Charlie What's the problem?
Tony Water. There's a leak – we suspect – in your bathroom. There was a complaint from the room below.
Charlie Why didn't you call?
Tony We're a very discreet service, we don't want to disturb our guests.
Charlie Show me some identification.
Tony Identification?

Tony pretends to search for it.

Charlie I must've left it downstairs.
I'm calling reception.

Charlie moves towards the phone. Tony pulls out a knife and grabs Charlie. He holds the knife to his throat.

Tony (In a harsher voice) No you don't, son, you wouldn't want to do that.
Charlie What...!
Tony Shut up and you won't get hurt.
Charlie What's this about?
Tony Shut up! It's none of your business.
Charlie Please –
Tony Listen, sonny, the more questions you ask, the more I'm going to be forced to use this. Is that what you want is it? Well is it?
Charlie No... no.
Tony Good, then we have an understanding. Ask no questions and nobody needs to get hurt. All right? All right?
Charlie Yes... yes.

Tony pushes Charlie away, but continues to hold the knife towards him. Meanwhile, Emily has entered the bathroom. She wears her night gear. She has heard voices. She listens at the bathroom door and then looks through the keyhole.

Tony Are you alone?
Charlie What?
Tony Are you alone? Is anybody else here?
Charlie No, I'm... alone.
Tony You don't seem too sure about that, sonny.
Charlie I am. There's no-one else here.
Tony You'd better not be lying to me.
Charlie I'm not – honestly... it's just me.

Tony notices Emily's shoes.

Tony Oh yeah, then whose are these?
Charlie Ah... they're mine.
Tony Yours?
Charlie Yes.
Tony A bit feminine for a lad like you, wouldn't you say so, son?
Charlie No... I like them.
Tony Don't play games with me, son.
Charlie I'm not... I swear... they're mine.
Tony Let's have a little look through here, shall we?
Charlie There's no one there.
Tony Come on.

Emily sees them approaching. She quickly climbs out of the S.R. windows and onto the ledge, closing the windows behind her.

Through here.

Tony leads Charlie into the bathroom. A police car is heard below. Emily waves to try to get its attention. Tony opens the S.R. windows. He looks down, still holding the knife to Charlie. Emily, unseen, presses herself close to the wall. Tony watches the police car pass.

Shut them.

Charlie begins to close the windows. He notices Emily on the ledge and hesitates.

Shut them!

Charlie closes the windows. They exit into the bedroom. Emily considers what to do. She starts to walk along the ledge, but then changes her mind and returns. Tony and Charlie enter the bathroom and into the main room. Charlie is carrying Emily's 'feminine' suitcase and her handbag.

Sit down.

Charlie sits.

(Suitcase) So that's yours too then is it?

Charlie Yes.

Tony Open it. *(Beat)* Open it.

Charlie opens the case. It is full of Emily's clothes etc. Tony examines some items.

Charlie You wear these do you?
Charlie Yes... sometimes.
Tony I see... I see.
Charlie Look –
Tony Quiet! I'll ask the questions. Why?
Charlie I... I don't know... I enjoy... dressing up in women's clothes... I suppose.
Tony Do you wear them publicly?
Charlie Publicly?
Tony Outside, in the street, in public?
Charlie Oh, no... no, never. Only in private.
Tony Ashamed of it are you?
Charlie Yes, very... very ashamed.
Tony Why?
Charlie What?
Tony Why be ashamed? Because society disapproves? To hell with society! Let society disapprove if it wants to. It makes you happy doesn't it, wearing these? Well doesn't it?
Charlie Yes.
Tony So, that's what's important, not what society thinks. Eh?
Charlie Yes.
Tony Society – Pah! No shame.
Charlie Right.

Tony lowers the knife.

Tony Look, I'm sorry I frightened you.

Tony offers his hand. His voice softens.

I'm Tony. You are?

Charlie Charlie.
Tony Pleased to make your acquaintance, Charlie. Here on holiday, Charlie?
Charlie Yes.
Tony Nice room.
Charlie Yes.
Tony Some fine paintings in here. It's a shame they're just reproductions, not the originals, eh? You like paintings, Charlie?
Charlie Yes – some.
Tony Good. Sign of intelligence. Want a drink?

Tony takes a hip flask from his pocket.

A fine Glenfiddich.

Tony offers the flask to Charlie.

Charlie Whisky.
Charlie No... thanks...
Tony Go on. It'll bring your colour back.

Charlie takes the flask and sips. Meanwhile, Emily has managed to open the S.R. windows and climb back inside, closing the windows behind her. She looks through the keyhole in the bathroom door once more.

Charlie Like that?
Charlie Yes... thanks.
Tony Very special that – the flask. Look at it. Eighteenth century.
Charlie It's nice.

Tony 'Nice'. It's exquisite. Apparently it once belonged to Mozart. The musician. One of the most prized pieces in my collection.

Tony takes the flask and drinks.

Charlie Ah. Wonderful stuff.
Tony You're a collector?
Tony A collector... yes, a collector, you could say that, Charlie.

Tony presents the knife.

Charlie This once belonged to a notorious murderer.
Tony Ah.
Tony Don't worry, he's dead now. Do you mind if I take this off?
Charlie Er... no.
Tony Thank you. Gets rather hot in here.

Tony starts to remove his boiler-suit.

Would you...?

Charlie helps him.

Charlie I need to wear it, you see, for my work.
Tony Your work?
Tony Yes.

Tony removes the boiler-suit, he wears a smart attire underneath.

Ah, that's better. More comfortable. Well, you're

probably wondering what I'm doing here in your hotel room, aren't you, Charlie?

Charlie Yes.
Tony Thought you might be.
Charlie How did you get in?
Tony Through the window. It wasn't locked.
Charlie Do you want money?
Tony Money! Goodness, no, I have plenty of money, thank you for offering. I just need to remain here for a little while. Just until things become a bit quieter out there. I might as well show you, I suppose, since we're friends now, Charlie.

Charlie Show me?
Tony What I have in here. *(Tube-like container)* In here I have something that I've wanted for a very, very long time. It will be the prize of my collection. Do you want to see what it is?
Charlie Sure.
Tony Thought you might be intrigued.

Tony carefully opens the container.

Easy does it.

Tony pulls out a rolled canvas.

Charlie Ah, here she is. Any guesses?
Tony A painting?
Tony A masterpiece. I think you'll agree.

Tony unrolls the canvas. It is the painting of Van Gogh's 'Sunflowers'.

Charlie That's...
Tony Yes, Charlie.
Charlie Is it... real?
Tony The genuine article. Impressed? Thought you might be.
Charlie You stole it from the gallery next door?
Tony Enjoy it, don't ask questions. Just appreciate the exquisite colours, the hand of the master craftsman. You are privileged, your eyes will be the last to behold this masterpiece – all except these ones of course. She's all mine now, all mine. Mustn't expose her to the light for too long. She's a sensitive creature.

Tony rolls up the painting and puts it back in the container.

Charlie But why are you showing it to me? I could go to the police and identify you.
Tony Oh, the police know who I am, they know my face. In fact I always leave them one of these.

Tony takes a photo of himself from his pocket.

My calling card. Here take it. A little souvenir.

Tony gives the photo to Charlie.

Yes they know *who* I am, they just don't know *where* I am. (*Painting*) Soon she and I will be far away in a very, very safe place.

There is the sound of a police car passing outside. Tony goes to the S.L. windows to investigate. Emily opens the door.

Emily Pssst!
Charlie Get back inside.
Emily In my bag. My phone.

Tony closes the S.L. windows. Charlie takes Emily's phone from her bag, but before he can pass it to her, Tony returns to the room. Emily manages to close the door before he sees her.

Tony (*Mobile phone*) Please, you can make all the calls you like... after I'm gone.

Tony takes the mobile and puts it back in Emily's bag.

Nice bag. Genuine leather. No imitations for you, Charlie. Another drink.

Tony takes out his flask once more. He offers it to Charlie. Charlie declines. Tony takes a drink.

Well, you have been most accommodating allowing me to stay here. Perhaps now I can be of service to you, Charlie.
Charlie Me?
Tony Yes. I would like to help you.
Charlie Help me?
Tony To confront your shame.

Tony opens the case and pulls out an article of Emily's clothing.

Charlie Ah.
Tony It's now or never.
Charlie But –

Tony You will thank me for it. Go on. Go on.
Charlie What do you want me to do?
Tony Put something on.
Charlie What, now?
Tony Yes, Charlie, now. Courage my friend, courage. Show me you can wear these things without shame. Conquer it tonight and tomorrow you will walk proudly, down the street, in your finest dress, smiling in the face of society, with confidence, with assurance, head held high. I promise you. So go on, pick something out. Anything, you choose.
Charlie I really can't.
Tony Can't?
Charlie Really I –
Tony Don't make me angry, Charlie. *(Knife)* Remember I still have this. You must let me help you. I want to help you. *(Beat)* Anything. Your favourite perhaps.

Charlie pulls out a skirt from the case.

Charlie Like that one?
Please –
Tony Charlie. *(Beat)* I won't look.

Charlie puts on the skirt.

Trousers off. No half measures, Charlie.

Charlie removes his trousers under the skirt.

Charlie Okay, happy?

Charlie makes to put his trousers on again.

Tony Charlie. And the rest. A nice top.

Charlie pulls out a blouse from the case.

Charming. I like it.

Charlie removes his shirt and puts on the blouse.

Charlie You look wonderful.
Thanks.

Charlie begins to remove the blouse.

Tony Ah, ah, ah!
Charlie What?
Tony Not yet. You must parade.
Charlie What?
Tony Parade. Come on, walk around the room. Come on. With confidence, Charlie, with confidence. No shame.

Charlie walks about the room.

That's it. Department, Charlie, department. More ladylike.

Charlie adjusts his walk.

Charlie Better, better. How do you feel?
Tony Great.
Head up. Hands, hands. Graceful, elegant. That's it. Now sit. Knees together. Head up. And stand up. And walk. Good, good. You're a natural, Charlie, a natural.

Emily stifles her giggles behind the door.

Charlie Now a curtsy.
Tony A what?
Tony A curtsy.

Charlie curtsies.

Mademoiselle, very pleased to meet you. I'm Tony.

Tony kisses Charlie's hand.

Charlie And you are?
Charlie Charlie.
Tony An abbreviation of Charlotte perhaps?
Charlie Perhaps.
Tony Shall we dance?
Charlie Dance!
Tony Dance, Charlie, dance.

Tony seizes Charlie and begins to dance with him. Tony hums the music.

Follow, follow... Let me lead, let me lead... Good, good.

Emily is highly amused. She leans a little too hard on the bathroom door and it opens. Tony breaks off the dance.

Charlie What's this! Spies! Spies!
Charlie Emily!

Tony picks up the knife.

Tony Emily, Emily is it?

Tony grabs Emily and holds the knife to her.

Charlie No, no, please. She's my girlfriend.
Tony Girlfriend!
Charlie Please don't hurt her.
Tony So, you weren't alone.
Charlie No.
Tony You were lying to me, Charlie, lying!
Charlie I'm sorry.
Tony Yes, Charlie so am I. I don't like liars. And I especially don't like spies. *(To Emily)* Perhaps I should cut this pretty little throat of yours.
Charlie Please!... Please!
Tony So you've been here all this time have you, spying? Are these your clothes?
Emily Yes.
Tony You have betrayed me, Charlie, betrayed me! I thought we were friends. I thought we trusted each other.
Charlie Please, don't harm her.
Tony What's to stop me?

Charlie goes down on his knees.

Tony Me... if you want to hurt anybody, hurt me, not her.
Tony Ah the spirit of self sacrifice, lovely to see. *(To Emily)* On your knees you!

Emily goes down on her knees.

Charlie You'd sacrifice your life for her would you, Charlie? If it was a choice between cutting her pretty little throat or yours?
Emily Mine. Cut mine. But let her go first.
Tony Oh, Charlie.
Charlie You must really love her, to sacrifice your life for her.
Tony I do.
Charlie You're a lucky girl, Emily. How wonderful it must be to be loved. Excuse me.

Tony takes a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe away his tears.

Please, take each other's hands. Go on.

Emily and Charlie tentatively do so.

(Ceremoniously) Following the tradition of all great lovers in history: Romeo and Juliet... Abelard and Heloise... Lancelot and Guinevere... Aphrodite and Adonis... and the rest, it is my hope – nay, my heart's desire that you: Charlie and Emily will one day be likewise immortalised. You may kiss. I won't look.

Emily and Charlie kiss briefly. Tony smiles benevolently. There is the sound of more sirens gathering outside. Tony hurries to the S.L. windows and opens them. He looks down.

Charlie Damn! Damn!
He's completely insane. *(Container)* Do you know what he has in there?
Emily Yes, I saw.

Tony closes the windows.

Tony They're coming into the hotel – the police. They'll be checking every room. I'm trapped. No escape. Nowhere to hide.
Emily What about in the bedroom – under the bed?
Tony They'll be looking under every bed in the entire hotel. No, I'm finished. It's prison. Prison... or death.
Charlie Death!
Tony Yes. The honourable way.
Charlie No.
Tony I'm afraid so. *(To Charlie. Container)* You, open that. Let me take one last look at her. Open it.

Charlie opens the container and takes out the painting.

Careful, careful.

Charlie unrolls the painting.

Hold it up. To the light. Goodbye, goodbye my friend. We were never meant to be together in this world for long. Adieu. The rest is silence.

Tony prepares to plunge the knife in his chest.

Emily Wait! I have an idea. You *can* escape... possibly.
Tony How?

Emily pulls out a skirt from the case.

Emily It's stretchy. Put it on.
Tony Ah, a disguise. Brilliant!

Emily pulls out a blouse.

Emily And this. Trousers off.

Tony removes his trousers and puts on the skirt.

Tony It fits.
Emily Here.

Emily gives Tony the blouse. Tony removes his shirt and puts it on.

Tony How's that?
Emily It's good.

Tony pats his breasts.

Tony It needs something here.

Emily pulls out a bra.

Emily Turn around.

Tony turns around. Emily tries the bra on Tony.

It's too small. Let me fix it. You need a hat or something.
(To Charlie) See what you can find him.

Emily ties an extension onto the bra as Charlie takes out a pair of Emily's panties and starts to put them on Tony's head.

Not those, please! Here.

Emily passes Charlie something more suitable. He ties it on Tony's head.

Tony The tables have turned, eh Charlie? How's that bra coming along?

Emily Here.

Emily puts the bra on Tony.

Tony Better. It needs...

Emily puts socks into the bra cups.

Ah, now that's good. Very good. Now I'm starting to feel like a woman... a real woman.

Emily Shoes.

Tony Shoes.

Emily Mine are too small. Hotel slippers. Some in the bedroom.

Emily exits into the bedroom.

Tony Clever little spy, isn't she?

Charlie Perhaps you should practice a bit. Walk around the room.

Tony does so.

A little more in the hips.

Tony Like this?

Charlie Yes, that's good. Now the voice.

Tony All right. Hello I'm Antonia.
Charlie That's a... a lovely name.
Tony Why thank you, young sir.
Charlie Good.

Tony continues to walk about the room. He sits and strikes various poses. Emily enters the bathroom with the hotel slippers. She glances up and notices the picture on the wall, the reproduction of Van Gogh's 'Sunflowers'. She studies it closely and has an idea. She enters the main room.

Emily Here.

She gives the slippers to Tony.

Tony Yes, you look good. But you need some make-up.
Emily Make-up, yes, make-up.
Some in my bag.

Emily takes some make-up from her bag.

Charlie Charlie, perhaps you could...

Emily Me?
Charlie Yes, Charlie.

Charlie But –

Emily Charlie, it's important that *you* do it, remember my shaking hands when I don't take my pills?

Emily holds out her shaking hands to demonstrate.

Charlie Remember?
(Playing along, but still bemused) Yes, of course, your

shaking hands.

Tony Oh dear, are you not well?

Emily Once I take my pills I'm fine. I'll go and take them now.
Do a good job, Charlie.

Charlie I'll try.

Emily Lipstick and eyes. Let's turn you towards the light.

Emily turns Tony to face forward and adjusts his head to face the light.

Close your eyes.

Tony does so. Emily nods to Charlie to continue.

Charlie Okay, this colour I think.

As Charlie begins to apply the make-up to Tony's eye lids, Emily goes to her bag and takes out some nail scissors.

Tony That tickles.

Charlie Keep still.

Emily picks up the painting and exits into the bathroom. She rolls up the painting and places it somewhere safe. She then carefully starts to cut out the reproduction from its frame with the nail scissors.

Tony 'Antonina. Antonina'. Higher perhaps or lower?

Charlie Higher perhaps.

Tony 'Antonina'. Maybe I should be Russian. 'Antonina'.

Charlie That's good.

Tony 'Greetings comrades, I am Antonina'.

Charlie Perhaps not.
Tony What about French. 'Oh, monsieur, c'est un honneur de vous rencontrer, monsieur'.
Charlie Keep still, otherwise I'll make a mess of your face. Do this with your mouth.

Charlie purses his lips. Tony copies. Charlie applies the lipstick. Emily has cut out the reproduction picture from its frame. She enters the main room. Tony turns and sees her.

Tony What are you doing with that!
Emily (Container) I'll put it in here for you.

Emily starts to roll up the painting.

Tony Careful! Careful! (Taking the rolled up painting) This thing is priceless. My beautiful darling, perhaps we are meant to be together after all. (Container) Hold it steady.

Emily holds the container while Tony slips the painting inside.

There. (Container) But what do I do with this?

Emily empties her case.

Emily Put it in here with the rest of your things.

They put Tony's belongings in the case. Tony places the container on top. He closes the case. Tony presents himself with his case.

Tony How do I look?
Emily Perfect. Eh, Charlie?

Charlie Yes.
Tony Like a real woman?
Emily Absolutely. The genuine article.
Tony Well, must run. You two have been most helpful. I hope your lives together will be happy, prosperous and above all... romantic! My Romeo and Juliet. Emily.

Tony shakes Emily's hand.

Emily Good luck... Tony.
Tony Antonia, please.
Emily Antonia.
Tony Charlie.

Charlie puts out his hand but Tony kisses him on both cheeks.

(Charlie's outfit) It does suit you. Au revoir mes amis.

Tony exits S.L.

Emily Well... that was successful.
Charlie Was it? We've just helped him escape with a very expensive stolen painting. We must call the police.

Charlie takes Emily's mobile from her bag.

Emily (Taking her mobile) Not yet.
Charlie But –
Emily Come here.

Emily leads Charlie to the bathroom. She points to the empty frame.

Charlie Do you remember the picture that was in there?
(Thinks) Ah... Oh! *(Beat)* Where is it?
Emily That's the picture he's taken with him.
Charlie *(Beat)* Ah! *(Beat)* So where's the original?

Emily retrieves the genuine painting and opens it out.

Emily I think there may be a nice little reward for rescuing this.

They enter the main room.

Hold it up, let me see it.

Charlie holds it up.

Yes, exquisite.

Emily crosses to the phone. Charlie inspects the painting. Emily looks at him.

Charlie... thank you for being brave. You were very courageous. You can be a real man... sometimes. Thank you.

Emily puts the phone down and kisses Charlie.

Charlie No problem.

Emily picks up the phone.

Emily *(To phone)* Hello? Yes, room 819. Send up the police will

you... No, everything's fine, I just need to speak to the police. Thanks.

Charlie takes the phone from Emily.

Charlie *(To phone)* And send up a bottle of champagne and two glasses. *(To Emily)* Dom Perignon? *(To phone)* Dom Perignon? Oh and a big bunch of flowers – real flowers. Thank you.

Charlie hangs up.

Emily Romantic.

Charlie Well... since I'm a real man now.

Emily Yes, perhaps, but you might want to get changed, Charlie, before the police arrive.

Charlie *(Looking at himself)* Oh... yes.

Charlie makes to go.

Emily Charlie? Hold up the painting again for me, would you?

Emily quickly snaps a picture of him on her mobile.

Charlie Oi! You – ! Don't you dare post that!

Charlie quickly, but carefully, puts the painting down. Emily laughs and hurries playfully into the bedroom. Charlie chases after. Music. Lights down.
