

## Feels Like Love

### Characters:

Jasminder (Jassy) Sharma (29, reflexologist)  
Ola Kowalski (29, receptionist)  
Richie Andrews (30, stockbroker)  
Pete Forrester (30, local authority employee)

### SCENE 1.

RECEPTION AREA OF ALTERNATIVE

THERAPIES CLINIC

MUSIC (SNOW FLOWER BY ANANDA

SHANKAR) IN BACKGROUND

PHONE RINGS THREE TIMES

OLA: Salt Hill Heaven. Can I help you?

RICHIE: (SPEAKING ON TELEPHONE) Is that my favourite exotic,  
raven-haired beauty?

OLA: No, I'm a blonde Polish girl named Ola.

RICHIE: Ah, Ola, yes I think I've spoken to you before. Can I speak to  
Jassy please?

OLA: I'm sorry, sir. Jasminder's with a client. Can I take a message?

RICHIE: I really do need to speak to her. It's important.

OLA: Just a moment then, sir. I'll put you through.

PHONE BUZZES ONCE

JASSY: Hi Ola.

OLA: (SPEAKING ON TELEPHONE) 'Phone call for you. Male. Says

it's important.

JASSY: It must be my dad 'phoning from Goa.

OLA: I don't think it's your dad. He referred to you as an exotic beauty.

JASSY: Ah, that sounds like Richie. You'd better put him through or he'll keep ringing all day.

PHONE CLICKS

Hello Richie.

RICHIE: (SPEAKING ON TELEPHONE) So how is the most beautiful masseuse in Slough?

JASSY: If you're referring to me I'm fine, but I'm not a masseuse, I'm a reflexologist and a very busy one.

(OFF) Remove your shoes please, Mr Wright. I'll be with you in a moment.

RICHIE: I thought I was your Mr Right, Jassy.

JASSY: What makes you think that, Richie? Slough's a big pond and you're not the only frog.

RICHIE: Then kiss me and I'll turn into a prince.

JASSY: (LAUGHS) Look, Richie, I have to go. I have a client here. (OFF) If you'd like to get up on to the couch, Mr Wright. I'll be with you in a moment.

RICHIE: I just 'phoned to see if you're free tonight. A couple of us are going to the disco at the Ice Arena. Would you like to meet us there?

JASSY: I was planning a girls' night with Ola.

RICHIE: Bring Ola with you, Eight o'clock. See you later.

PHONE CLICKS

JASSY: Now then, Mr Wright. Give me your left foot.

SCENE 2

THE BAR OF SLOUGH ICE ARENA

MUSIC (LET'S GROOVE BY EARTH WIND

AND FIRE) IN BACKGROUND FADES

JASSY: (SURPRISED) Pete!

RICHIE: I didn't realise you two knew each other.

JASSY: He's one of Slough's most infamous toads.

RICHIE: That's a bit harsh.

PETE: Hello, Jassy. It's been a long time.

JASSY: Yes, it's over two years since you walked me home from that party at The Centre, spent half the night with me and the other half with my mum.

PETE: It wasn't intentional. I got up for a wee and went into the wrong bedroom.

JASSY: When I woke up in the morning, I thought you'd gone. I took a cup of tea up to my mum and there you were – in bed with her.

PETE: I thought I was in bed with you.

JASSY: You were wrapped around her, stark naked.

PETE: As I said, I thought it was you.

JASSY: Your penis was poking up her pink nylon nightie. I can see it now, Pete.

PETE: What? Is little Peter peeking?

JASSY: I meant in my mind's eye.

OLA: Jassy, are you going to introduce me to your friends?

JASSY: Sorry, Ola. This is Richie.

OLA: Ah, yes. We spoke on the 'phone.

JASSY: And this is Pete.

OLA: Hi Pete. I am Ola.

RICHIE: Anyone fancy a drink?

PETE: I'll give you a hand, mate.

JASSY: (BEAT) I wish we'd stayed at your place, Ola, I can see this is going to be a nightmare. Apart from Pete and Richie, we're the oldest ones here.

OLA: Jasminder Sharma, we are twenty nine, not ninety nine. How often do we get invited on a double date where both men are good looking? I usually have to fight off a drunken monster.

JASSY: The night's still young.

OLA: But, as you say, we are not. Hurry up and put your skates on. I want to get on the ice.

MUSIC FADES IN (DANCING QUEEN BY  
ABBA) AND FADES OUT

RICHIE: Here you are dancing queens. These'll hit the spot. A Cheeky Vimto for Jassy and a Smirnoff Ice for the beautiful Russian Ola.

JASSY: Oh my God, Richie, it's blue. And why has it got an umbrella in

it? I'm the only person in the building with a pink paper parasol in my drink and goodness knows what the colour will do to my teeth. What's it called again?

RICHIE: Cheeky Vimto. It's port, Vimto and WKD. I asked the barmaid for something unusual and exotic and this is what she gave me. It's very trendy, apparently. All the celebs are drinking it... and it matches your top.

OLA: Thank you for the vodka but I am not Russian. I am Polish.

RICHIE: Can you do any pole dances then?

OLA: Yes, I can dance the polonaise. It is a traditional Polish dance.

JASSY: That's not what he meant, Ola. Richie, I can't believe you said that to my friend! And stop calling me exotic. I was born and brought up in Slough. My father was born in Southall and my mother's family is from Hayes. Come on Ola, let's get away from these reprobates for a while.

MUSIC FADES IN (LADIES' NIGHT BY  
KOOL AND THE GANG) AND FADES OUT

RICHIE: I'm sorry for what I said before, Ola. It just slipped out.

OLA: I accept your apology.

JASSY: As long as nothing else slips out this evening.

RICHIE: Can I take you for a dance on the ice to show you that I'm sorry.

OLA: Of course you can, Richie.

PETE: I'll keep Jassy company.

MUSIC FADES IN (SILVER LADY BY  
DAVID SOUL)

RICHIE: Come on silver lady.

OLA: You are such a smooth talker.

MUSIC FADES OUT

JASSY: (BEAT) Do you know, my mum didn't speak for a week after I found you with her. She was quite traumatized. Either that, or she was too embarrassed to face me. I don't know who was the more shocked, though, her or me.

PETE: I assure you that neither of you can have been as embarrassed as I was. I thought that kind of thing only happened in Hugh Grant movies.

JASSY: (LAUGHS) You're right. It was a Bridget Jones kind of moment.

PETE: I bumped into your mum in Tesco the next week. My immediate reaction was look down at my crotch to check that I hadn't got an erection.

JASSY: And had you?

PETE: No! But that encounter made things even worse. After that, I was too embarrassed to come round and see you.

JASSY: You could have 'phoned.

PETE: I know. I'm sorry.

JASSY: Well, it was your loss.

PETE: I know that too. I really liked you but I didn't think you'd want to see me again, seeing as I'd seduced your mum.

JASSY: I can't believe you thought it was me. I have never worn a brushed nylon nightie in my life... and mum doesn't even speak English.

PETE: I can't chat while I'm kissing, Jassy. She made the usual sighs and groans. They're the same in any language.

JASSY: That's terrible! (LAUGHS) Let's hope she's not tucked up with one of my other friends tonight! (LAUGHS) You were lucky my dad was away.

PETE: If he'd been there, I'd have realized it was the wrong room. It's not funny. (BEAT) How is your mum, anyway?

JASSY: She survived the ordeal, but she's not too good at the moment. She had a hip replacement operation a few weeks ago. Still, there's no keeping her away from the Queensmere, not now that she's got a free bus pass.

PETE: I didn't realize she was *that* old. Don't let Richie find out I slept with her - I'll never hear the last of it.

JASSY: (BEAT) Worn out already, you two?

OLA: No, just thirsty.

RICHIE: What have you two been talking about?

JASSY: Oh, just about *old* times.

PETE: Watch it, Jassy.

MUSIC FADES IN (D.I.S.C.O.

BY OTTOWAN)

OLA: Who would like to skate with me now? Pete?

RICHIE: Where do you get your energy from?

OLA: Polish women are very strong.

PETE: I'll skate with you, Ola, if Jassy doesn't mind.

JASSY: I think I'll survive.

MUSIC FADES OUT

RICHIE: How do you and Pete know each other then, Jassy?

JASSY: He was in the year above me at Westgate so I've known who he is since I was eleven or twelve, but we actually met in Francescos a few years ago when I was doing some waitressing to pay for my reflexology course.

RICHIE: I hope he gave you a good tip.

JASSY: No. But he complimented me on my calzones.

RICHIE: I've always thought you have great calzones.

JASSY: Hey, that's a bit cheeky. (BEAT) Why are you taking your boots off?

RICHIE: I've got really painful blisters.

JASSY: You were only on the ice for a few minutes.

RICHIE: I got them last weekend. I did the Dorney Dash 10K to raise money for the Air Ambulance.

JASSY: Well, take your socks off too and I'll give your feet a massage.

(BEAT)

RICHIE: Ooohhh, that feels good. Aaahhh, you should do this for a living.

JASSY: Funny you should say that.

MUSIC FADES IN (THE RUNNER BY THE  
THREE DEGREES) AND FADES OUT

PETE: Did I see you playing with Richie's feet?

JASSY: I was giving them a massage.

PETE: I wouldn't mind one of those.

JASSY: I'm a professional. I charge.

PETE: Did Richie pay for his?

JASSY: He earned it: he did a charity fun run.

RICHIE: It wasn't fun, Jassy. I didn't think *all* the runners would be competitive. I was jogging past a group of spectators and a kid shouted 'Hey, mister, it's supposed to be a dash, not a plod.'

OLA: This skating makes me so thirsty. I would love another vodka.  
Does anyone else want a drink?

PETE: Get your socks on, mate. The lady wants a drink.

RICHIE: Jassy?

JASSY: Just a Coke for me. Nothing blue and no umbrella.

PETE: (BEAT) My feet are killing me. I think these skates are too small.

JASSY: You're jealous because I was massaging Richie's feet.

PETE: I've been on them all day.

JASSY: I thought you worked in a bank in London.

PETE: Nothing as high powered as that.

JASSY: Well you must have a good job: your glasses are Ralph Lauren.

PETE: I'm still paying for them. I used to be a courier in the City but now I work in the town centre.

JASSY: Where? In the High Street?

PETE: High Street, Yew Tree Road, Albert Street, Upton Road.

JASSY: As a courier?

PETE: No, I'm a mobile sanitation technician.

JASSY: What's that in English?

PETE: Road sweeper.

JASSY: No wonder your feet are aching. Put them up on my lap and I'll give them a quick rub while the others are at the bar.

PETE: (BEAT) That feels good.

MUSIC FADES IN (TIGER FEET BY MUD)

AND FADES OUT

PETE: You only did one foot. You massaged both of Richie's.

JASSY: That's because Richie's bought me two drinks. (LAUGHS)  
Cheers everyone.

GLASSES CLINK

ALL: Cheers.

PETE: Come on, mate. Let's show the girls what skating really is.

OLA: (BEAT) You are loving all this attention, Jassy. It is always the same - they both fancy you. I wish I was attractive, like you.

JASSY: Don't put yourself down, Ola. You're beautiful.

OLA: But still I have no boyfriend.

JASSY: So, which one would you choose, if you could date one of them?

OLA: Pete is handsome but I would go out with Richie. Definitely. He told me that he is a stockbroker. That is a very good job. He could buy me anything I want - jewellery, a car, airline tickets to visit my relatives in Warsaw. Anything.

JASSY: He might not be so well off if the credit crunch continues, Ola. In any case, money can't buy everything - it can't buy good health.

OLA: What do you mean?

JASSY: He's got problems with his kidneys.

OLA: He told you that?

JASSY: Of course not. I felt it in his feet.

OLA: Does Pete have something wrong with his kidneys too?

JASSY: No. He might be devastatingly gorgeous on the outside, but his liver is in a terrible state. And he's a road sweeper so he wouldn't be able to lavish you with expensive gifts.

OLA: You're very good at this, Jassy. You should be a detective.

JASSY: Actually, he told me that part.

OLA: So you don't want either of them?

JASSY: No, Ola. You take your pick. But don't blame me if you're a widow by the age of fifty. I've warned you. (BEAT) Anyway, I've been dating one of our clients.

OLA: Which one?

JASSY: Mr Wright

OLA: Not Mr Huge-nose-big-teeth-bald-Wright.

JASSY: Ah, you don't see what I see, Ola. You only see our clients' faces when they speak to you at the reception desk, but I see more than that. Mr Wright has the most beautiful feet. There's not a corn nor a callous. They're as soft as the day he was born.

OLA: And he is healthy?

JASSY: He's as fit and strong as a racehorse.

OLA: So why does he keep coming to you for treatment?

JASSY: I haven't exactly told him that. I keep telling him I can feel something. What he doesn't realize is that the feelings are inside me, not in his feet.

OLA: That's terrible, Jassy, and very unprofessional. Think about your reputation.

JASSY: Think about my future happiness, Ola. If he hadn't kept coming for treatment, I wouldn't be going out for the day with him tomorrow.

OLA: He has asked you out for a date?

JASSY: Yes. We're going to Brighton for the day.

OLA: You want to get to bed early tonight, then.

JASSY: I don't want to spoil your fun, Ola.

OLA: Don't worry about me. I will make sure one of your friends takes me home.

JASSY: You'd better make sure it's Richie, then. Pete might end up in bed with your mum.

OLA: I don't think so. She's seventy years old and she doesn't speak

any English. He would not get very far.

JASSY: Don't you believe it. You can't see grey hair and wrinkles with the lights off and, according to Pete, a sigh is a sigh in any language.

MUSIC FADES IN (FEELS LIKE I'M  
IN LOVE BY KELLY MARIE)

ENDS