

Getting On It (In Three Formats)

By

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Format One

It had been planned, the scene set, the relevant equipment at hand, the company present – we were gonna get drunk for the first time ever! Now, after returning for about the hundredth time, this time by car and having been drunk in this room many times since, there was still reverberations of that great night. A night of exploration, silliness, experimentation, and mates. We would immaturely reveal our weapons of choice; White Lightning, Bacardi Breezer and the man of the group would reveal a four-pack of beer. Now I smiled, knowing how cool I thought I was at the time. I stared at where the old lamp used to be, before I volleyed it into the wall in an attempt to re-enact a famous wrestling move. I glanced up at the curtain rail, pulled down by a fellow drunkard trying to do chin-ups that historic night. It led me outside to the patio. I could still see my friend, passed out in a chair, covered in sick, being hosed down. Some years on, I now realise that hosing down our drunken friend in minus degree temperatures is a bit silly, but it still brought

a smile to my face. It was my first experience into another world, a world out of my control – literally. And I loved it. The now empty sofas propped up friends sprawled over the sides, mouths open and infecting the air with their alcoholic breath. The night was definitely over, at half past nine. We were officially men.

Format Two

Bradley, Mark and Dave walk into the front room where Michael, Nathan and Andrew are already seated and watch them with anticipation as they enter. Each of the new entrants has a backpack on. They all take them off and sit down.

Michael

So, what did you get?

They begin to unzip their bags and pull out their assortment of alcohol

Bradley

I've got a bottle of White Lightning

Nathan

Nice

Mark

I've got a bottle of vodka...in an Evian bottle

Michael

Did you steal it from your dad?

Mark

Yeah

Nathan

Nice.

Michael

What about you Dave?

Dave shuffles around, embarrassed to reveal his drink of choice

C'mon Dave, any drink you managed to get is good drink.

He reaches in to pull out a bottle of cherry Bacardi Breezer. Everyone roars into laughter at his expense.

Andy

(Still laughing) Gayest drink ever!

Dave

Alright lads, back off. It's all my mum would let me have!

Michael stops laughing as he notices something stuck to the label of the Bacardi Breezer bottle.

Michael

What's that?

Dave

What's what? *(He knows what Michael is talking about but tries to dismiss it.*

Michael leans over and takes the bottle)

Michael

Why is there a label with your name on it?

Dave looks down at the other bottle in his bag, resigned to tell the truth

Dave

Everyone has a bottle with their name on it. My mum thought it would be sweet if we all had one bottle each with our names on it.

The group burst into laughter thankful that Dave has brought the most 'uncool' drink. They all open their weapons of choice, open them up and toast.

Mark

Right gents, let's get messy.

They all take their first of many gulps, some wince, some act manly, but they all smile afterwards at the prospect of spending the night getting drunk.

Format Three

The jangling of bottles jostle through the door,

The bags of booze are placed on the floor.

The tops are off and first sip sipped,

Alcohol the main focus, conversation dipped.

The first signs start to start to show – a spillage,

We consider our state, then consider our mileage.

Control is lost, treasures smashed,

Laughing ensues, on the lash.

Curtain derailed, smell of sick,

Didn't realise my closest friend could be such a dick.

Passing out in his own vomit,

Getting him in the garden, sick trail coming with it.

Hosing him down, he starts to shake,

We wince at having to change him, revealing his snake.

The job is done, all drunken fun,

Bodies everywhere, dispersed like a scatter gun.

The room is broken, the stench of cheap wine,

Only one left standing, and it's only half past nine.