

'Bona To Varda His Dolly Old Eke'

by Chris Brake

Synopsis

A gay coat-check attendant fantasises about a regular customer.

Age Range

20+

Gender

Male

Length

3-4 minutes

A NOTE ABOUT 'POLARI'

The following monologue is largely written in Polari; a secret slang language used by gay men in the mid-Twentieth century. To find out more about the history and use of this cryptolect, please do check out my documentary on the subject here:

chris-brake.com/polari

THE OMI-POLONE:

That butch young omi I've had me ogles on trolled over to the coat-check last night.

Handed over this right cod camel-hair monstrosity, and a meese capella to match.

But I can't judge.

Not when my clobber's naff as it comes and shushed from a gylrig off Carnaby Street.

Had a polone on his arm he did, with more slap on her ecaf than Joseph Grimaldi.

Not exactly a joshed up number.

Bandy lallies up to her willets, and a set of pots so yellow they'd send Van Gogh scarpering for a brush.

Clearly a trade, she was, though obviously alamo and in it for the

charver not the gelt.

Me and the omi had a bijou cackle whilst his vougueress trollered off for a fag.

"Who's your cove?" I asked him.

Testing.

Thought I'd drop one in.

But either his Aunt Nells picked up nishta or he chose to pretend I wasn't HP.

Either way, he played nantinellyardar and simply said "say again?"

So I opened my cupboard and dropped the polari.

"Who's your friend" I said.

A bent little smile perked up his screech, but he didn't give no name.

Just laued his loppers on the coat-check ticket and scarpered off for a vera.

Next in line was a nelly chickenette.

Dolly ecaf, but nanti riah and his kaffies didn't fit.

"Bona nochy" he said to me, checking if I was 'so'.

So I offered an "evening ducky", and I think that made his night.

Then he turned his palliass on me and fingered my omi, standing at the bar.

"Steer your mincies clear of that one" he said.

"Ain't no fruit dish, he's your actual sharpy."

Special Constable Croft, no less.

Said he cuffed him in a khazi for being bold with his lills.

Thought the omi was a mauve dilly boy, wagging his cavalier, but turned out he was shaking the dew.

Well, that battyfingered any hopes I had of blagging him myself.

He was not only hetty and NTBH, but a charpering omi at that.

Scharda.

Had bonaroo visions, I did, of ending my charper and taking him home for some jarry.

I'd fill his plate and *he'd* do the dishes.

But it wasn't meant to be.

To a Betty we're the dowriest cod.

I thought "Fabe be to Gloria the cottaging tart has poured a cold pan on *my* ola bonar", and no flies!

Yes, got to gardy loo the orderly daughters.

Learnt *that* from a nanna stretch in the Queer-Ken.

Despite the ferricadooza though, I couldn't help but ogle the omi.

Fortuni as he was.

Him and his charvering donna spent the whole nochy hoofing 'til their lallie tappers bled.

Came to a palaver though when the landlady called time and his bevvipolone went wild.

Starting getting guntar, so the omi told her to nix the lingo and she trollered off into the munge.

He didn't follow.

I still had his schmutter.

So he trolled back over to my bijou booth and asked me for his frock.

"Had a good night?" I said to him, pretending I hadn't ogled his barney.

The omi paused for thought a moment, and vardared over his shoulder.

Then he leaned in closer and whispered.

"Bona".

Testing the waters, he was.

And he followed it up with a wink.

Bold.

I kept my cupboard shut and vaggaried for his clobber, then dropped it into his fambles.

"You ending the night the *traditional* way?" I asked.

Both wary of following through.

So the omi just smiled and slung his hook.

No doubt to troll after his bevvipolone and find her in the munge.

But I've an inkling I'll varda him in here again though.

Hopefully on his tod sloanne.

Still, have to be careful with these Hilda's.

Even if he's a boy in blue.