
AXS ENTERTAINMENT / ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT / PERFORMING ARTS

Dispatches from The Fringe - Pretty When I'm Drunk isn't pretty at all.

August 21, 2012

10:03 PM MST



Pretty When I'm Drunk

Hard As Snails

Pretty When I'm Drunk

Rating: ★★★★★

Imagine a car on blocks, its tyres removed and the accelerator pressed to the floor. That pretty much describes *Hard As Snails* comedy *Pretty When I'm Drunk*. There's lots of noise, the wheels are spinning, but it's just not going anywhere.

Looking as if it had been rehearsed without a director, *Pretty When I'm Drunk* was a complicated mess without ever being clever. Trying too hard to be funny, it left the audience wanting less. Essentially a twenty minute sketch dragged out for over an hour by way of tedious exposition, *Pretty When I'm Drunk* did have a few initial giggles. After about ten minutes though laughs were thin on the ground and yawns were to be had aplenty, with one woman dozing off right in the middle of the performance and sleeping soundly till the end.

In *Pretty When I'm Drunk* Joe and Sean are two airhead flat mates. Joe, faced with the imminent

departure of his long suffering girlfriend Layla, is persuaded by Sean to go clubbing. Once there, Joe is approached by the lovely Carla who organizes a rendezvous for the following evening. Unbeknownst to Joe, Carla believes him to be the famous jewel thief The Hooded Raccoon, who she suspects is in possession of a missing diamond. The plot doesn't so much thicken as congeal with the arrival of Katrina, Carla's partner in crime, a gangster, a rich widow and someone simply called Mademoiselle. With each seeking the diamond the whole thing plays out like a bad game of Cluedo before finally chugging to a stop rather than an ending.

What little genuine comedy there was, and there were the occasional moments of promise, was smothered by tedious exposition, a lazy story and poor performances. Throughout the cast looked decidedly uncomfortable with each other, with much of the action played out to the audience rather than their partner. Blocking was practically non-existent and characters were always played OTT, even when they, or the situation, weren't particularly funny with histrionics standing in for energy.

Pretty When I'm Drunk needed a firm hand to guide it. For no one shone in this endurance test of a production which wasn't really a play, wasn't really a sketch show and wasn't really funny.

Pretty When I'm Drunk runs daily at theSpace on the Mile until August 25th. Doors open at 1.40 p.m. Tickets are £5.00



Chris O'Rourke
Tulsa Theater Examiner

© 2006-2015 AXS Digital Group LLC d/b/a Examiner.com