



The Pash.

### **The Pash – 3 STARS**

**Rating: \*\*\* Until March 5**

This play is so contemporary it has emojis. This story is so timeless it doesn't need them.

On the last night of the Fringe a young, independently minded woman meets a guitarist. Their eyes meet, then their lips, then, in an alley by the pub, they pash.

He's married, they part, she goes home.

I can't be the only one to identify with the post-pash tidying, cleaning, scrubbing, recycling frenzy. The disposal of aged and unwearable underwear was particularly sharp.

Eventually fired by new confidence in her own identity, she sits down to write a play about a young woman meeting a guitarist, etc.

It was so close to home, I thought the playwright Rita Papillo had been stalking me, but now thanks to the new easily available social media it's not "stalking" it's "orbiting".

Katie O'Reilly is totally convincing as the young millennial and Lucy Slattery as the narrator makes this a monologue for two voices.

Following the unwritten law that if a ukulele is shown on stage, someone has to sing, Ria Loof is there to foreground the background music.

There's a Tracy Chapman song in the mix. Nikki Allen's direction is deft.

In under an hour, some very important issues of identity, creativity and self worth are brought on to the stage. It's an achievement worth attending.