

# SISTERS IN HARM

## A ROWDY AND VULGAR STORY BASED ON THE PARDONER'S TALE

**CAST:**

**OLD MAN:** Elegantly dressed but mysterious old man

**VICKY:** Loud and brash

**BABS:** Fun and cautious

**KAREN:** In a world of her own

**STRIPPER:** Polite (VOICE ONLY)

**BARMAN:** Serves drinks

### INT: SEEDY PUB      NIGHT

*Three drunk women sit at a table watching a male stripper off stage. Coloured lights illuminate the women and the music – Arthur Brown's 'Fire' -and their voices are low.*

*An elegantly dressed old man sits at a table facing the audience.*

**Old man:** Good evening, my story is always the same and always has been the same. The root of all evil, is greed and jealousy. Welcome to the Flanders Arms. Home to the drunks, the gamblers, the fornicators, the blasphemers, a typical Windsor pub. I've drunk my fill so I'm ready to tell you something you may like. So quite please, I am about to begin,

*The old man moves to the bar and sits. The music gets louder and women cheer.*

**Babs:** Go on, winky out for the girls.

**Vicky:** Come on, let it swing big boy.

**Karen:** Hasn't he got a nice face?

**Babs:** Don't know? Haven't looked. Here we go girls. Unleash the monster.

*The music finishes and a thong is flung at them. They all cheer, and then gasp.*

**Vicky:** Oh my God!

**Babs:** Blimey, what is that!

**Karen:** Well it looks like a willy, only bigger.

**Babs:** Blimey.

**Vicky:** Yeah, blimey

**Karen:** I saw a documentary about elephants and do you know they have the longest...

**Vicky:** Yeah I know.

**Babs:** But he'd never pick up a bun with that!

*They all laugh. The lights come on.*

**Karen:** Oh, that wasn't very long.

**Vicky:** You've been spoilt girl. Right, time for another drink. Same again girls?

**Babs:** Cheers Vicky.

**Vicky:** Karen?

**Karen:** I'll have something different this time. What did I have last time?

**Vicky:** Smirnoff Ice and cider.

**Karen:** Oh that was nice. I'll have that again please.

**Vicky:** But that's what you...

**Babs:** Don't go down that road Vicky. It's a dead end.

*Vicky goes off to the bar*

**Karen:** Lust is the fruit of drunkenness

**Babs:** Is it? I prefer Rum and Black, myself.

**Karen:** No I read it somewhere 'Lust is the fruit of drunkenness'

**Babs:** And that means?

**Karen:** It means...? Well, it obvious, it means that... er...? Lust is the fruit of drunkenness because... If you get drunk you....

**Babs:** Lust for a bit of fruit?

**Karen:** Yeah. No! It means... wait a minute... it means that if you drink too much, your inhibitions are lowered and you...

**Babs:** Shag anything in trousers?

**Karen:** Exactly. I mean how many times have you woken up after a night on the drink, next to a bloke you wouldn't be seen dead if you were sober?

**Babs:** Hundreds of times.

**Karen:** Really!

**Babs:** Yeah, until I divorced the bugger and chucked him out.

**Karen:** But it does make you wonder doesn't it?

**Babs:** You make me wonder sometimes.

**Karen:** I'm glad I don't drink.

*Vicky arrives back without the drinks.*

**Vicky:** Girls, but you won't believe what I've just been told?

**Babs:** You're a fit looking bird?

**Vicky:** Apparently one of the strippers wants to meet us backstage.

**Karen:** Who?

**Vicky:** Mr Burger King.

**Babs:** Who?

**Vicky:** Him with the Whopper Deluxe.

**Karen:** I don't like burgers. I prefer Pizza.

- Babs:** Shut up Karen, Vicky, is this just wishful thinking?
- Vicky:** No, see the old guy sitting over there. *(Points to the old man)*
- Babs:** What the one who looks like death warmed up?
- Vicky:** Yep. He told me.
- Babs:** What have I told you about talking to strange men?
- Karen:** I had a Hawaiian Chicken once. Would have been much nicer without the pineapple chunks.
- Vicky:** He said that his 'boy' was interested in meeting us.
- Babs:** What all of us?
- Karen:** And me?
- Vicky:** Yep.
- Babs:** Seriously?
- Vicky:** That's what he said. What do you think? Could be interesting?
- Babs:** Sounds a bit dodgy. Three drunken women in the dressing room of a guy hung like King Kong, the mind boggles at what could happen.
- Vicky:** Exciting isn't it? Come on what we got to lose? Apart from our knickers! *(Vicky pulls at Babs and Karen)*
- Babs:** If I had any on!
- Karen:** Where we going?
- Vicky:** The Promise Land if we play our cards right.
- Karen:** Is that the new Indian down the High Street?
- Vicky:** *(The girls approach to the old man)* Hello again.
- Old Man:** God bless ladies. My name is...

- Babs:** Look is this right what my friend said about your boy wanting to meet us or is she more pissed than we thought?
- Old Man:** It's true.
- Babs:** Erm, why?
- Old Man:** Why do you think?
- Babs:** I don't know, that's why am asking, you silly git.
- Vicky:** Steady on Babs. He's a silly *old* git.
- Old Man:** And I'll gladly exchange my old age for your youth. But even death alas, will take my life. I want to meet my dear old mum up there in heaven, but she just won't open those pearly gates for me.
- Babs:** Blimey. I bet it's being so cheerful that keeps you going.
- Old Man:** Oh well you know what they say...
- Karen:** Never cast a clout till May is out.
- Old Man:** Pardon?
- Karen:** It's what they say or 'A rolling stone gathers no Kate Moss.' Or 'Red hat, no draws' or 'Red sky at night...'
- Babs:** Karen, leave it. Look I still don't...
- Karen:** Farmer's house is on fire.
- Vicky:** Karen!
- Old Man:** So you are interested in meeting my boy?
- Vicky:** Too true.
- Old Man:** And what man would not want to meet such a trio if delightful maidens?
- Babs:** Is he taking the piss now?

- Old Man:** Who knows what riches he wishes to bestow? Gold maybe? Friendship? Love?
- Vicky:** Well two out of three isn't bad. All right I'm up for it and I hope it's 'It' I'm up for.
- Babs:** Vicky! What about dignity and self-respect?
- Karen:** Aren't they Madonna's children?
- Vicky:** Come on, it'll be a laugh.
- Babs:** What about Darren, your boyfriend? What if he found out?
- Vicky:** Well, I'm not going to tell him, are you?
- Babs:** No, but...
- Vicky:** Karen, will you tell Darren??
- Karen:** Oh no, I wouldn't tell Dennis...
- Vicky:** Darren
- Karen:** or Darren. Tell him what?
- Vicky:** There you go. Okay Granddad, this is your boy's lucky night.
- Old Man:** Take it easy girls, don't be too anxious, Drunken greed makes for strange bedfellow.
- Vicky:** Oh shut up, you silly old sod. (*Moves to the dressing room*)
- Karen:** Babs.
- Babs:** What?
- Karen:** Who's Darren?

*The women enter the dressing room. The stripper appears to be behind a screen There is a table nearby and door marked 'Toilet'. Various articles of clothing hang over the screen, including a studded thong.*

- Stripper:** *(From behind the screen)* Hello girls. I won't be long.
- Vicky:** Based on evidence from earlier, I hope he's joking.
- Karen:** Is that Darren?
- Stripper:** Want a drink?
- Vicky:** To start with, why not.
- Stripper:** Me too. How about champagne? There's a couple of quid in my wallet. It's on the table.
- Vicky:** Got it. Blimey! A couple of quid? Look at this girls. He's loaded.
- Babs:** *(Indicates to the studded thong)* In more ways than one.
- Stripper:** Have you got it girls?
- Vicky:** Yes thanks. Babs, Karen, you two go and I'll stay here with...erm.
- Babs:** *(Pulls Vicky over)* Oi, why do we have to go? Why don't you go?
- Vicky:** Because... er? Oh, I'm too pissed to come up with an excuse
- Babs:** It's more like that you want him for yourself, you tart. *(Indicating to Karen)* Send her. She won't miss anything.
- Stripper:** Something wrong girls?
- Vicky:** Just give us a minute. *(Opens her purse)* Eager little chap isn't he?
- Karen:** I thought we were going to the Indian Restaurant.
- Vicky:** *(Vicky gets out two matches and breaks one in half.)* Right, we draw for it. The girl who draws the longest match runs off to the bar while the other two stay here and... well... you know what?
- Karen:** What?
- Vicky:** Pick a match.

- Babs:** Your face, My arse.
- Vicky:** Just pick a match. (*They pick and Karen draws the longest match.*)
- Karen:** Oh I won!
- Vicky:** Well done. Off you go?
- Karen:** Right! Where?
- Vicky:** The bar
- Karen:** Why?
- Vicky:** (*Hands over some money*) To buy some champagne.
- Karen:** Lovely! Why?
- Stripper:** Girls?
- Vicky:** In a minute. Girls listen, behind that screen is a Stud Muffin who...
- Karen:** Darren?
- Vicky:** Quiet. Who has asked us back to his dressing room, is buying us expensive drinks, has a dick the size of a baby's arm and more importantly a wallet as thick as Karen, it can only mean one thing.
- Babs:** Oh right. What?
- Vicky:** Don't you start. (*Indicating to Karen*) I've got enough with her.
- Babs:** What do you mean? Oh you don't?
- Vicky:** It obvious.
- Karen:** Is it? What is?
- Babs:** What, with all three of us?
- Vicky:** It's a possibility.



**Babs:** It's a bloody impossibility. No I'm not having it. Come on let's go.

**Vicky:** On the other hand. He might just want to spend all his money on us?

**Babs:** That I can live with, as long as it's not payment for services rendered. What do you think Karen? Money or Sex?

**Karen:** I prefer money to sex. Sex is a bit like snow. you never know when you're going to get it, and when you do, it's only a couple of inches.

**Vicky:** Go get the drinks Karen *(Goes to get the drinks)*

**Babs:** She worries me.

**Vicky:** And baffles doctors.

*A mobile phone rings and all the girls reach for their phones, even Karen. It isn't for either of them, but we hear the stripper answer his phone.*

**Stripper:** Hello. Oh Pete, thanks for a calling back. Hang on a minute. *(Calls)*  
Sorry about this girls, just got to take this call and I'll be with you.  
*(Returns to the phone, but we can't hear the conversation)*

**Babs:** Okay *(To Vicky)* Do you really think he wants to have an orgy?

**Vicky:** I doubt it very much, most blokes put more energy in to thinking about it than actually achieving it. He's probably just after pulling one of us for a quick one-night stand.

**Babs:** Who?

**Vicky:** Who do you think?

**Babs:** Karen.

**Vicky:** Yep. Attractive, cute, and conversationally challenged, men love it. She has those big Bambi eyes that can render most men stupid from a range of 100 metres.

**Babs:** Do you think she realises?

**Vicky:** Hasn't a clue.

**Babs:** Cow.

**Vicky:** Bitch.

**Babs:** Slapper

**Vicky:** Lucky cow-bitch-slapper! And I only say that because she's a friend.

**Babs:** So there's not real point us being here ...

**Vicky:** Suppose not. Unless...

**Babs:** Unless what?

**Vicky:** Unless we take her out of the equation. Say we cut the choice down to two. Me and you and we share him.

**Babs:** And what's your definition of 'Sharing'?

**Vicky:** I've not got that far yet, but when Karen comes back, this is what we'll..

*They ad lib what they're going to do, the attention is now on Karen by the bar.*

**Karen:** How much! I only wanted four glasses, not four crates.

**Old Man:** He has expensive tastes

**Karen:** What? Oh hello. Yeah, it's not like the stuff you get down the shops.

**Old Man:** So are you looking forward to your evening?

**Karen:** Sort of. But not keen on, you know? Letting him, you know? With all of us.

**Old Man:** I'm sorry; I'm not quite understanding you.

**Karen:** Funny, a lot of people say that. What I mean is that I'm not that keen on having group sex. I've never really been a team player.

**Old Man:** And where did this fanciful intention originate from?

- Karen:** Well, it's obvious isn't it? I mean him being a... and us being... and drunk. .
- Old Man:** And you think that the only reason my boy wants to meet you is to what would be tantamount to rape?
- Karen:** Well I wouldn't put it like that, but?
- Old Man:** Young lady, you have either low regard for men or an even lower regard for your own self-esteem.
- Karen:** Oh? So this has nothing to do with sex?
- Old Man:** Not at this early stage, though should the relationship flourish with one of you, I would be a fool not to disregard the possibilities.
- Karen:** Oh right,
- Old Man:** You sound disappointed.
- Karen:** Relieved actually. I didn't really fancy the idea of...? Not with Vicky and Babs and all that.
- Old Man:** Will your friends take the disappointment as amicably?
- Karen:** Oh them, well, (*penny drops*) oh bugger! That's why they've sent me out here. The conniving tarts. I've got to get back in there before Vicky does that thing she does with her tongue and Babs gets her tits out. I'll stand no chance once she lets those things out to play. I need to stop them.
- Old Man:** From embarrassing themselves?
- Karen:** No. From getting to your boy before I do.
- Old Man:** I see, your motives are purely selfish.
- Karen:** Yes, nothing wrong in that is there?
- Old Man:** Depends on your definition of friendship? Would you let a man you hardly know come between you and your friends?

- Karen:** I thought you said there wasn't going to be any group sex?
- Old Man:** Perhaps I should rephrase...
- Karen:** Don't bother, I've got to get back otherwise I'm out of the running.
- Old Man:** I could help you maintain your position within the, how shall I put it, the selection process.
- Karen:** How?
- Old Man:** I could give you something that you could put in their drink.
- Karen:** What poison, cause that's what'll be need to stop those two.
- Old Man:** Not as fatal, but this. *(Takes out a small bottle from inside his jacket)*
- Karen:** What is it?
- Old Man:** A laxative so quick, so strong and so violent that no living creature in the wide world can fail but have their world fall out of their bottom.
- Karen:** It's a bit nasty. As I said they are my best friends
- Old Man:** Your choice, but with your friend incapacitated, you may have the chance to reap your reward and who alive under God's heaven would live so happily. He did say, and I shall say this clearly and precisely so there is no fear of misconstrue, that out of the three, he found you the less obnoxious.
- Karen:** Really. Give us that bottle. *(Pours the liquid into Babs and Vicky's champagne)* Don't like champagne anyway Can I buy you a drink?
- Old Man:** Most courteous of you.
- Karen:** *(Calls to the barman)* Excuse me, er?
- Barman:** Darren, miss.
- Karen:** Oh you're Darren! Well I'm not going to tell you.
- Barman:** Tell me what, miss?

**Karen:** Ah you can't catch me out like that. Give this gentleman a drink please.

**Barman:** Certainly, miss? *(To the Old Man)* Usual? *(The Old Man nods)*

**Karen:** See you later

**Old Man:** God's speed young damsel.

*Karen goes back to the dressing room. Babs and Vicky are in the toilet*

**Karen:** Girls? Babs? Vicky?

**Babs:** In the loo, Karen.

**Karen:** I've got your drinks.

**Vicky:** Leave them out there and come and get ready.

**Karen:** *(Put the drinks down but keeps hold of her own)* Girls, I think there's something you should know...

*Karen enters the toilets. There is a rumpus and Vicky and Babs rush out and Vicky locks the door.*

**Vicky:** There we go and we won't be needing this. *(Throws the key into the audience)*

**Karen:** Girls, you've locked me in the toilet. Girls, don't drink the...

**Babs:** What's that, Karen?

**Karen:** Don't drink the... Oh nothing

**Vicky:** What did she say?

**Babs:** Something about her drink, I don't know. Okay Bottoms up?

**Vicky:** Probably.

*Babs and Vicky drink the champagne*

**Babs:** He's taking his time

**Vicky:** I'm sure it'll be worth the wait. Here, does this stuff taste funny to you?

**Babs:** I don't know, I've never had that much champagne, plus I'm blaggered, but... *(Clutches her stomach)* Bloody hell

**Vicky:** What the matter with... *(Clutches her stomach)* What the...

**Babs:** I'll be back in a minute... I need... the loo.... Oh God! Where's the key? Karen, open the door.

**Karen:** Serves you right.

**Vicky:** Out of my way... before it's too late... Where's the key? Where did you put the... Oh no

*Both run up the stairs between the audience looking for the key and out the top door*

**Karen:** Vicky? Babs? Look I'm sorry. Just let me out. Please. Vicky? Babs? Er... Darren?

*The old man appears from behind the screen and walks to centre stage*

**Old Man:** So there you have it, blasphemy, wickedness, lechery, jealousy and greed, but dear watchers if you see any of yourself, no matter how minuscule, in my story, then for the price of another pint, I will pardon you.

**END**