

JEAN and SHARON come barreling out, they go over to the barrel and dustbin downstage left and sit. SHARON brings a half bottle of vodka out of her handbag and mixes up a couple of Pitsmoor cocktails for them both.

JEAN: That's better. Bloody boiling in there.

SHARON: Ooh yeah. Which one do you fancy, eh?

JEAN: That black guy with the biceps and the smile. He'll do for me.

SHARON: Never mind the biceps. What about the rear view? The cheeks on him.

JEAN: Yeah, you couldn't buy a bum like that around here.

Cocktails mixed, SHARON is ready to go back in.

SHARON: Ready?

JEAN: Can we have a quick one out here, eh?

JEAN sits down. Lights up and shares a fag with SHARON. Gives a sigh.

SHARON: You alright?

JEAN: Yeah. I dunno. I were just thinking. I mean, it's all very well waving me knickers at that lot in there, but what then, eh?

SHARON: What d'you mean?

JEAN: Well, come eleven o'clock, after whipping us up into a frenzy, them Chippendales get on the coach for Wolverhampton Leisure Centre –

SHARON: - you checked -

JEAN: - just making conversation - you go out hunting for unsuspecting stragglers down the Coach and Horses, Lizzy rips the Sheffield United duvet off Lucky Bob and demands her conjugals ... and what about me?

SHARON: What about you?

JEAN: A cup of tea and a Hob Nob. That's what.

SHARON: Oh. Right. Chocolate Hob Nob?

JEAN: Plain.

SHARON: Oh, love. Still down then, is he, your Dave?

JEAN: I dunno what he is, anymore. Won't talk about it. Just goes out all day with that bloody Gaz who were on' crane with him. God knows what they get up to, but he's gone off me, that's for sure.

SHARON: No, course he hasn't. Are you still - you know - trying?

JEAN: You'd have to have sex to try for a baby, though, wouldn't you? Six months it's been. More. And I'm not getting any younger, am I?

SHARON: You're not, love, no.

JEAN: You're not supposed to bloody agree with me.

SHARON: Oh. Sorry.

They both laugh. The only thing to do.

SHARON: Hey, that's not why you've been getting all pally with that Frankie, is it?

JEAN: Oh, give over. Course not.

But she gives a giggle. A third woman, Bee, comes crashing out of the door.

BEE: The bloody queue for them bogs ...

SHARON: Jean love, you can't be having a do with the Barman at the Conservative Club. There are limits, you know.

BEE: Fraternising with the enemy? You're not! Are you? Is she?

JEAN: Don't be daft. There's been no fraternising.

A disappointed 'ah' from the scandal-hungry SHARON and Bee.

JEAN: Yet. I never thought they were humans, Conservatives, more like vampires, but he's alright, is Frank. Talks to me, makes me laugh. What ever happened to that, eh? Can't even get a smile out of Dave these days for love nor money.

BEE: Well, if you're after a smile, watch this. Keep a look out, ladies. Wasn't in the Girl Guides for nowt.

She pulls her tights down and proceeds to piss up the wall exactly as a man would. The women love it.

SHARON: Hey, it's handy is that, though.

JEAN: You should run classes at the WI.

BEE: Come on, they were dressed as fireman last I looked. Hoses and everything !

SHARON: Come on Jeanie.