

Fifi 1

Fru-Fru: Because all breakages must be paid for.

Fifi: (Points out man in audience) Look at this bloke down here. Trying to undress us with his eyes.

Fru-Fru: Use your hands dear, it's quicker! What's your name? (Gets name) And where do you live? (Tells her) I'm sorry? (Tells her again) No, I heard you the first time, I'm just sorry!

Fifi: Shall we tell them our names?

Fru-Fru: Yes, let's.

Fifi: I am Fifi. (Curtseys)

Fru-Fru: And I am Fru-Fru. (Curtseys) And we are...

Fifi: } (Together)

Fru-Fru: } The Hardup sisters! (Strike poses)

Fru-Fru: (To audience) Yes, we're sisters. And we look alike, don't we? (Behind her, Fifi shakes her head) Oh yes, we do! (Fifi encourages audience to say no) Oh yes, we do! (Putting her face next to Fifi's) See? It's like looking in a mirror.

Fifi: (Aside) Yeah, a mirror at a funfair!

Fru-Fru: But there is a way to tell us apart. You see, I've got a beauty spot on my left cheek, (points to face) as you can see.

Fifi: And I've got a beauty spot on my right cheek (points to bottom), which you can't see!

Fru-Fru: (Aside) At least, not on a first date! Now, as sisters, we do everything together.

Fifi: (Suggestively to male audience member) Well, almost everything!

Fru-Fru: And we've just got back from indulging in our favourite pastime.

Fifi: (Still suggestively) Well, second favourite pastime.

Fru-Fru: Shopping!

Fifi: We lo-o-ove shopping!!

Fru-Fru: Shall we show them what we bought today, sister dearest?

Fifi: Yes, let's. We bought ourselves some new knickers!

Fru-Fru: Would you like to see them? Would you? (Gets reaction) Well, we're going to show you anyway! We bought them at a new shop, that's a cross between Poundstretchers and Marks & Spencer's. It's called Stretchmarks! (To Fifi) Ready? One, two, three...! (They bring their pants out of their bags; Fru-Fru's are enormous bloomers, Fifi's is a tiny thong)

Fifi: Blimey! Where will the boy scouts sleep tonight?

Fru-Fru: I call these my Star Trek pants, because they're Cling-ons! Klingons! (Assesses reaction) Please yourselves.

Fifi: (Holds up thong) And these are my Star Trek pants, because they boldly go where... (Is distracted by spotting the box set stage left) ... Ooh, look, an abandoned present. Do you think we should check it out?

Fru-Fru: It would be remiss of us not to.

(They step gingerly over to the box. At the same time, Buttons crosses upstage balancing a high pile of boxes, shopping. Hopefully the audience yells, and Buttons sees the situation and rushes over, standing between the sisters and the box.)

Fifi 2

Buttons: Oi, you two! Leave that alone - it's mine.

Fifi: } (Together)

Fru-Fru: } Yours?

Buttons: That's right.

Fifi: We don't believe you.

Buttons: (To audience) This box is mine, isn't it boys and girls? (Gets reaction)

Fifi: } (Together)

Fru-Fru: } Oh no, it isn't! (Buttons encourages audience to respond) Oh no, it isn't! (Get response)

Fifi: Well, if it is yours, you shouldn't leave it unattended like that.

Fru-Fru: True. Because you get some very undesirable types round here.

Buttons: (Looking at the two of them) You're telling me! (Puts boxes on top of his box, then picks them all up very carefully - the more precarious these are, the better!)

Fifi: Yes, so you'd better take all of those indoors, Buttons.

Buttons: Yes, Miss. (Staggers slowly away)

Scene Three: Ugly Sisters' Boudoir

(Music: The Stripper. A large bed upstage centre, a dressing screen either side, a wardrobe with false back SL and dressing table SR. As lights come up, we see items thrown over the screens, as if people are undressing behind them. The items get more and more ridiculous: boas, corsets, bras, rubber chickens, spanner... As Music ends, Fifi and Fru-Fru emerge, in outrageous nightwear.)

Fru-Fru: (Noticing audience) Ooh, you naughty people! If we'd known you were here, we'd never have let you see us in our scanty nightwear. What must you think of us?

Fifi: (Seductively) Of course, in the summertime, I sleep in the nude.

Fru-Fru: And that's why they have pantomimes at Christmas. Anyway, if you'll excuse us, let's get into bed. There's a terrible draught in here. I don't know where it's coming from.

Fifi: No, but I know where it's going! I'll turn off the light.

Fru-Fru: No! Don't turn the light off.

Fifi: Why ever not?

Fru-Fru: I'm scared.

Fifi: Scared? What is there to be scared of?

Fru-Fru: Ghosties.

Fifi: Ooh!

Fru-Fru: And ghoulies.

Fifi: Oooh!

Fifi 3

Fru-Fru: I don't want to be grabbed by the ghosties.

Fifi: And I don't want to... finish that joke! But don't you worry. The boys and girls will look after us, won't you? (Gets response)

Fru-Fru: (Not impressed) We're as good as dead. Look, you'll have to shout much louder than that. If you see a ghost, will you shout out as loud as can be? (Gets response) I said, "Will you shout out as loud as can be?!" (gets response) That's better.

Fifi: Good. Let's get to bed. (Switches light off then gets into bed) **Nighty, nighty.**

Fru-Fru: Pyjamas, pyjamas!

(They settle down. After a pause, wardrobe door creaks open and Ghost peeps out and waves at audience. Fifi and Fru-Fru wake and come to the front of the stage to work the audience.)

Fru-Fru: What was it? A ghost?!

Fifi: Oh 'eck! Where is it? (Gets response) **The wardrobe? Then we'd better have a look. After three; 1 – 2** (Ghost goes back in) **– 3** (They both turn and look)