

ACT 1

At the Bingo Hall - The girls are getting ready...

CAROL: Lippie.

TRICIA: Lippie.

CAROL: Mascara.

TRICIA: Mascara.

CAROL: Blusher.

TRICIA: Blusher.

CAROL: Stand back! (hairspray)

CANDICE: Are you nervous?

TRICIA: I'm never going to remember all this.

CANDICE: Buck up. First day's the worst.

CAROL: You've passed the exams.

CANDICE: Once you've done it a few times you'll be right as rain.

VICKY: You've been watching it done for years...

TRICIA: But I never realized it were so complicated.

CANDICE: It's not really. Half the time I make it up as I go along.

TRICIA: But what about the *procedures*.

CAROL: Well, is the equipment checked?

TRICIA: Check!

CANDICE: You're scrubbed up?

TRICIA: Yeah.

VICKY: Hair's up?

TRICIA: Aye.

CAROL: Right. Now put some make-up on. They all look so rough I find it gives you an air of authority.

TRICIA: I'm not here to look good. I want to make people's lives better.

CANDICE: Don't kid yourself. Most of them are past saving.

TRICIA: I heard Mrs Pennington never even made it into the building yesterday. Had heart attack on the steps and there was nowt they could do.

CANDICE: Oh she's been in and out of here for years. Each time I thought it was gonna be her last. You get used to it.

CAROL: (adjusting her cleavage) Erm..too much?

CANDICE: Not entirely appropriate but I'm sure people will have more important things to worry about than your tits.

VICKY: Hard to imagine I know.

.

CAROL: Give us a shufty in that mirror.

TRICIA: Use that side. (*magnifying side*)

CAROL: Jesus, I look like Hagrid. Now I know what blokes see through the bottom of their pint glasses as I stagger up at 2am! Right, I'm ready.

TRICIA: Time for a quick fag?

CANDICE: Not in uniform!

TRICIA: Bugger off! Ok, then just let me have a quick practise.

VICKY: Here!?

TRICIA: Please? "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Premier Bingo, the Northwest's number 1 spot for making your dreams come true. Eyes Down..."

VICKY: Welcome

CAROL: To

CANDICE: Premiere

TRICIA: Bingo

CAROL: The North West's

VICKY: Number 1 spot

CANDICE: For making your

TRICIA: Dreams come true.

Come on in,
Get in line,
Buy your book,
You're just in time.

Find your seat,
Prepare for fun,
There're lots of prizes
To be won.

Now only for
The lucky few,
But who's to say
It won't be you!

The dobbing starts
And with such speed.
Compounded by
Both need and greed.

Your pulse will race,

Your heart will pound,
Your stomach churning
Round and round.

The past is gone,
The future's bright.
You can't help feel
Tonight's the night.

The only choices,
Once you've won.
Is what to spend
The money on.

A hairdo – Cut
Shampoo and set.
A week's supply
Of cigarettes.

A nice meal out
With glass of wine.
A trip to Rhyll
Would be divine.

A flutter down
At the arcade
Or make sure next
Weeks bills get paid.

TRICIA: Some win

CANDICE: Some lose

VICKY: But sun or rain

CAROL: They'll be back next week to try again.
At the North West's

VICKY: Number 1 spot

CANDICE: For making your

TRICIA: Dreams come true.

LX SPOT

CAROL: "Welcome to Premier bingo".

When I left school, the four most exciting words I'd heard since 'get your kit off'. When I was a girl I never imagined I'd stay here. Middlington, a little town not far from the seaside and situated slap bang in between dreary and tedious. When they tried to increase tourism they couldn't even make it look appealing in the brochure!

I didn't want to end up married to one of the lads in town. Thinking they were so cool in their cars driving up and down the prom with the tunes blaring and the beat pulsating. MC bored rigid and Jam master jaded. Over excited because Middlington has just got its first drive through let alone a drive by!

Ever since I was a kid I'd had very different dreams. I had a globe by my bed. I'd got it from a car boot sale for 15p. It was supposed to be a lamp but the light didn't work and there was a crack through South America. I knew everything. I knew that Dakar was the capital of Senegal, that the largest lake was Superior and the Volga was in Europe. I knew the American states and the Canadian provinces... I could even spell saskachtuen.

But, I didn't know me periodic table or any of that algebraic formulae crap so, I left school at 16. I enrolled at the university of life and achieved a degree in drudgery and a masters in fucked up relationships.

Wasn't really college material. More interested in hanging out at the motorway services than the library. Not that passing your exams promised that much – all I ever heard was “Just think luv, if you get your exams you could be a supervisor, get one of those nice semis up by the bowling green”

I didn't want to work at the factory like everyone else – I wanted to travel. Then I realized I wasn't going to get that far on me wages from Saturday mornings at the Pier Chippy and the odd fiver from me Nan. I was on me way to sign up for some shifts when I passed this place. Someone had obviously vandalised the flashing sign very recently coz what caught my eye was huge neon lettering that read ‘Peeing’.

Mr Stanophili took me on straight away – said I had assets that would work better for me than a Maths GCSE. I suspected that his intentions weren't entirely in the direction of Bingo, but I didn't really mind. I thought he was gorgeous, really exotic, like a cross between Richard Gere and Saddam Hussain. After he'd thoroughly inspected my attributes he offered to buy me a drink to “Celebrate my new position”. There were so many strings attached to the offer I could have abseiled to the Coach and Horses and got it myself but I thought I wouldn't mind being tied up with him for a while. We began our affair that night, agreeing to keep all inappropriate activity outside of the workplace...we decided that didn't include the store cupboard!

Back in the staffroom after the shift

TRICIA: Oh my god!

VICKY: How did't go?

TRICIA It were terrifying. I feel lucky to get out alive.

CAROL: Well it's a serious business.

CANDICE It's no secret that Nora King is up to her bifocals in debt and is desperate to win the weekly national before her husband finds out.

TRICIA: I had no idea that bingo could get like that.

VICKY: Well she's in here morning, noon and night at 15 quid a session.

CAROL: *And* she started on competitions. Newspapers, magazines, food packaging.

CANDICE They reckon she's spent close to three grand and all as she's won so far is a bird table.

CAROL Complete this sentence in less than 12 words; 'I ended up destitute because...'

CANDICE She ran out of savings and lent some money off of that shady fella that made our Alan's life such a misery.

CAROL: Them money lenders are bastards. Worse than the banks. Don't care about nowt except their pound of flesh.

CANDICE: Well...she could afford that!

VICKY: Yeah!...Cheaper than weight-watchers...

TRICIA: They're all there with there stuffed animals and they're kissing them and talking to them..

CANDICE: Smacking them when they've been unlucky..

TRICIA: That is not right in the head!

CAROL: Hey, it's a skill it is...Playing a dozen cards...

CANDICE: ...and chain-smoking at the same time.

TRICIA: And they cello tape each piece of paper to the table in case their chances are blown away by a freak gust of wind.

CAROL: Actually that's not that unlikely when you think what the canteen food here could do to a mature digestion.

VICKY: Oh it's not all serious. You need to lighten it up a little every so often, tell some jokes.

CANDICE: There won't be a dry seat left in the house.

VICKY: You get to know them too.

CAROL: Annie Parker is in for every game. Says she's 42 but I'd put her closer to 60. The roots constantly showing through her L'Oreal's 'Burnt Amber'

VICKY: Coz she's past it!

CANDICE: Next to her is Barbara Wallis. Brings with her no less than 30 good luck charms with her from her grandkids and brings her Alfie with her.

TRICIA: Oh yeah. Just sits in the corner gurgling and dribbling and trying to grab your tits whenever you walk past.

CANDICE: Well they get that way when they turn 80 don't they?

CAROL: Mary Flaherty is always good for a giggle. Used to be a gypsy but started to suffer from travel sickness.

CANDICE: Freda Jenkins is the best for keeping you up to date with all the gossip. She knows what everybody's doing with everybody else.

TRICIA: Oh I know her. She works at the hairdressers on the high street where I used to go in.

CANDICE: That's the one.

TRICIA: She was always on at me about our Daniel having red hair when me mam and dad are both dark. I jokingly said 'well we can't tell if he's the milkman's coz he's bald' and she said she'd always thought the milkman had a ginger look about him.

VICKY: Cheeky cow!

TRICIA: I was going to say 'no way' coz you know how me mam feels about 'fraternizing with the workers' but then I realized she did always spend a bloody long time placing the milk order!

CAROL: I used to go into her as well but I stopped after I asked for me hair to be cut chin length and the cheeky bitch asked me which one!

VICKY: Beryl in the back comes in here trying to get out of debt.

CAROL: She ran up a huge phone bill calling them tarot chat lines. Apparently nobody could see that coming at £2.95 a minute!

CANDICE: I worked on one of them lines for about a week once.

VICKY: How come?

CANDICE: Our Joanne started on them and asked me if I fancied it.

TRICIA: Erm, don't you 'ave to be able to read the future?

CANDICE: No. Apparently that's more of a hindrance than a help. The whole time I was there I didn't even see a pack of tarot cards and certainly no crystal balls... Although the spotty lad in the cubicle opposite did scratch his quite a lot.

OTHERS: Eurgh!

CANDICE: And the amount of force he used meant they definitely weren't crystal!

TRICIA: How do they work?

VICKY: There are numbers in the back of newspapers and the like and people call in

TRICIA: What for?

CANDICE: If they've lost their keys; Changing jobs; Bad relationship; Good relationship; New relationship...

CAROL: And what do you tell them

CANDICE: Some bollocks they teach you...
The King of Swords is a complex individual with acute mental dexterity. He is likely to behave in an autocratic fashion towards all those who fall under his egis.

CAROL: How's that supposed to tell you if he's cheating with the bird at work.

CANDICE: I think people generally hear what they want to – if you really already know he’s shagging elsewhere you’ll hear a confirmation. Or (*behind Tricia – indicating her*) if you’re in denial then the answer will give you some reassurance.

CAROL: And do you know what they want the answer to be in the way they ask the question?

CANDICE: Exactly. Earth signs can smother the passion of fire signs or fire can change an earth signs entire existence.

TRICIA: Just like paper scissors stone really.

CANDICE: I was known as Cassandra.

VICKY: Why?

CANDICE: Didn’t ask – thought I’d leave that to the taxman.

VICKY: Why didn’t you stay?

CANDICE: It was really seedy – I didn’t fancy talking to a bunch of weirdos all day ... and that was just the people answering the phones!

TRICIA: Oh aye you’re much better off here. Them lot out there are well normal!

VICKY: Wait ‘til you’ve worked a singles night!

TRICIA: You’re joking.

CAROL: She’s not.

CANDICE: First Friday of every month.

CAROL: Every pensioner in town comes in for some action!

CANDICE: On the look out for a bit of frumpy pumpy!

CAROL: Teeth in, tits up!

VICKY: A couple of babychams and there's no stopping them.

CANDICE: Speaking of getting some loving...

OTHERS: Candice!

CANDICE: Sorry. Speaking of getting plastered, anyone up for a Thursday night session?

TRICIA: Absobloodylutely.

CANDICE: Vicky?

VICKY: I fancy going to the pictures.

TRICIA: I don't. The one they're showing at the moment is the remake of that musical.

CAROL: Which one?

TRICIA: The bloke in the weird mask, lives in the drains and sings all the time.

VICKY: The Phantom of the Opera.

CANDICE: George and Dragon it is then!

VICKY: You'd like it if you gave it a chance. I've seen it four times already.

CANDICE: You're not going to pull any blokes sat watching them sort of films.

VICKY: What sort?

CANDICE: Them where everyone sings at each other. Or them black and white ones you're obsessed with.

VICKY: I'm not interested in any of the blokes around here anyway.

CAROL: Vic is still waiting to be swept off her feet by Cary Grant.

VICKY: He's dead.

TRICIA: Oh. I'm sorry. Was it a shock?

VICKY: If he was still alive he'd be 102.

CANDICE: You see. You're living in a different time. Move on! Things have changed. Women can now vote, sit in pubs alone, drink pints and fart – These are wonderful times!

CAROL: There's no harm in her wanting a bit of romance.

CANDICE: Aye well she'll be lucky to find that here. A romantic moonlight stroll through the park here means avoiding the smackheads...and the bandstand sees more action than the local travellodge.

CAROL: Well you don't have to end up with someone from Middlington. There are other places you know.

CANDICE: Yeah, I know. That's why I want to go to the George and Dragon. Ever since they opened that hotel beside it it's full of blokes on conferences. They're from all over...Sheffield, Leeds, even Manchester!

CAROL: Wow – how very international.

TRICIA: It's a bit dear in there now. And I've got just about enough money to paint the town a light shade of pink.

CANDICE: It's only dear if you're planning on buying your own drinks!

CAROL: It's Karaoke night in there too.

VICKY: Really?

CAROL: First prize is £50.

CANDICE: (To Vicky) You should enter.

VICKY: No way! I couldn't. Not in front of all those people.

CANDICE: It's been scientifically proven that after 11 Malibu and Pineapples everyone is brave enough to sing!

CAROL: And, there's supposed to be this bloke there from Clifton Management – reckons he can get people gigs in the clubs around Blackpool.

TRICIA: Do you sing then?

CANDICE: Not all the time – only when she’s awake.

CAROL: She’s brilliant.

TRICIA: Go on then.

VICKY: No. I don’t really...

CANDICE: Usually we can’t shut her up.

CAROL: Go on.

TRICIA: Please. It would cheer me up on my first day.

CANDICE: Just a quick blast.

CAROL: Go on!

VICKY: Alright. *(she begins shyly and then really gets into it)*

On my own

Pretending he's beside me

All alone, I walk with him till morning

Without him

I feel his arms around me

And when I lose my way I close my eyes

And he has found me

CAROL: Oh for god’s sake -

CANDICE/CAROL: -Sing sommat we know!

CANDICE: You're not going to win Karaoke with that!

TRICIA: Sounded alright though.

CAROL: Are we all up for it then.

TRICIA: We can meet at the bus station at 8.00

CANDICE: I'll meet you there. I'm walking and putting my bus fare toward a Christmas hamper.

CAROL: Bloody Hell. That's planning. I'd spend it now. How on earth can you get excited about figgy pudding in July?

CANDICE: It's not just food. You get all these vouchers for things n'all. So I can buy an outfit and get all my prezzies without being skint for the New Year. Our Bernice is a rep for them.

TRICIA: OK we'll see you there then.

CANDICE: And if you're there before me make sure you don't do anything I wouldn't do.

CAROL: Well that leaves us with a world of possibilities.

AT THE GEORGE AND DRAGON

BOUNCERS: Evening ladies.

BOUNCER 1: Welcome to the George and Dragon.

BOUNCER 2: His name's George and I ... can light your fire.

BOUNCER 1: You're at the hottest spot in Middlington tonight ladies.

BOUNCER 2: Mainly coz we've no bastard air-conditioning.

BOUNCER 1: We've everything you need for those ladies trying to find a husband.

BOUNCER 2: And for all of you husbands trying to find a lady.

BOUNCER 1: Don't be offended if we ask you for I.D.

BOUNCER 2: We check anyone who looks under 35.

BOUNCER 1 & 2: (to Candice) You're alright luv. In you go.

CANDICE: Cheeky sods.

COAT CHECK: Two quid for your coat.

CANDICE: It's not for sale.

COAT CHECK: Two quid to put your coat in.

CANDICE: It's alright I'll mind it myself.

BOUNCER 1: No coats in the club.

CANDICE: It's not a coat. It's part of the outfit.

BOUNCER 2: You can put it in or wear it out here. Doesn't bother me.

CANDICE: It's a bloody rip off (her coat is taken off)

COAT CHECK: Don't lose your ticket.

(Candice places it carefully in her bra.)

CANDICE: Hello girls. How's the talent.

TRICIA: Gelled to the max and drowning in aftershave.

CANDICE: Well I'm ready with the kiss of life.

TRICIA: Ready to chew them up and spit them out you mean.

CANDICE: Eh, that's unfair that...I swallow every time!

TRICIA: Those two there fancy their chances.

BLOKE 1: Alright darling.

BLOKE 2: I think I've died and gone to heaven.

TRICIA: Funny, I was thinking just the opposite.

BLOKE 1: Have you got a light?

TRICIA: I don't smoke.

BLOKE 1: No? No, I don't really. Just now and again.

CANDICE: Oh right.

BLOKE 2: Yeah...He'll have one now and he soon will again!

DJ: Everybody in the house go wooahh!

ALL: (Feeble) Wooaahh!

DJ: This is DJ Dangerous coming at you. Giving a shout out to all you budding Britneys. It's Karaoke night here folks so lets get everyone up and singing. Lets see everyone on the dance floor and lets show 'em how we party in Middlington.
You don't have to be the next Mariah Carey to sing...But if you've got tits like hers you can have my phone number!

TRICIA: (To Vicky) What are you singing then?

VICKY: Oh, I can't. Not here. There're too many people.

CANDICE: (enters carrying garish drinks) Don't be soft. Eh, get this down you.

CAROL: (enters) I've put in our regular. (to Vicky) What are you singing.

VICKY: I'm not. It's too scary.

CAROL: Don't be daft. I'll get you a drink. (exits)

TRICIA: There are some right slappers in 'ere.

VICKY: Look at that skirt.

CANDICE: So short you can tell she's not got her appendix.

BLOKE 1: I think you're gorgeous.

CANDICE: Thanks a lot.

BLOKE 1: And I reckon you'd look even better in 3D.

CANDICE: Don't tell me that's the number of your apartment.

BLOKE 1: We can go back there now if you'd like.

CANDICE: Get us some drinks and I'll think about it.

BLOKE 1: Alright!

VICKY: What are you doing?

CANDICE: We need more drinks.

VICKY: Do you like him?

CANDICE: Him? Erm he's got a certain Je ne sais quois.

VICKY: You mean you don't know what he's got?

CANDICE: Wouldn't have a clue...and I'd rather not find out!

DJ: Everybody in the house go wooahh!

ALL: (Less Feeble) Wooaahh!

DJ: We've got all the favourites coming out tonight people.
Let's Paaarrttty!
Song books are by the bar, fill in as many slips as you'd like ladies and
gents...but please don't nick me pencils.
Would the owner of the Silver Mercedes registration M234 LVR please return to
your vehicle as the alarm is going off.

BLOKE 1: That's my motor.

BLOKE 2: That'll be mine that.

BLOKE 3: Oh not again. Bloody Merc.

BLOKE 4: Fancy a ride darling.

CAROL: Have they got any of them show tunes you like?

VICKY: I've not looked. I'm not singing.

TRICIA: Have another bevy.

VICKY: I've had six!

CAROL: It's mostly fruit.

CANDICE: (more drinks) Here we are.

DJ: Everybody in the house go wooahh!

ALL: (loud – except Vicky who is hammered) Wooaahh!

DJ: Hold on to your balls lads – we've got the bingo babes up next.
 Ready to give it some welly girls? Come on!

CAROL: (To Vicky) Are you coming?

VICKY: No I'll sit here, mind the bags.

CANDICE: Watch the drinks 'n all.

As the girls launch into a very over the top rendition of Hey Big Spender Vicky finishes all of the drinks.

The minute you walked in the joint
I could see you were a man of distinction
A real big spender...
Good looking; so refined
Say, wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind?
So let me get right to the point...
I don't pop my cork for every man I see
Hey, big spender
Spend... a little time with me

Wouldn't you like to have fun, fun, fun?
How about a few laughs?
I can show you a... good time
Let me show you a... good time

Vicky joins in with gusto...carrying all the handbags...she's fantastic.

VICKY: The minute you walked in the joint
 I could see you were a man of distinction
 A real big spender...
 Good looking; so refined
 Say, wouldn't you like to know what's going on in my mind?
 So let me get right to the point...
 I don't pop my cork for every man I see
 Hey big spender
 Hey big spender
 Hey big spender
 Spend... a little time with me
 Spend a little time with me
 Spend a little time with me!

Back at PREMIERE BINGO's staffroom

CANDICE: That was a cracking night!

TRICIA: And we won!

CAROL: 50 quid!

VICKY: Paid for most of the drinks.

TRICIA: You were brilliant.

CAROL: You should get out there and earn your crust singing. Tour the clubs and see the country – stead of calling numbers for a bunch of old biddies in this godforsaken town.

CANDICE: Hey. There're worse jobs to have. At least it's an honest living.

CAROL: This isn't living. And on what he's paying us it's barely existing.

VICKY: what's everyone doing for the bank holiday?

CAROL: I got in a selection of beers from around the world.

CANDICE: You havin' a party?

CAROL: Yep, me, them and whoever's on Rossy Friday night. I hate bank holidays. Too many bloody people trying to get to the beach.. By the time they've found a parking space they've forgotten what they're doing there in the first place. You?

TRICIA: Oh I love long weekends – Our Sandra's having a barbi in their backyard. Darren's said he'll forgo a lads night to come with me. So we're gonna start the holiday weekend with a bang.

CANDICE: Then you can go to the party!

TRICIA: Not that I've got anything to wear. And Shirley's going to be there in her little designer number looking all blond and perfect.

CAROL: Bollocks. You scrub up just as well as her. Wear that little pink skirt you got from Top Shop last Saturday.

CANDICE: Tell her it's Gucci only the label fell off.

TRICIA: It's our anniversary. Five years since Darren and I first made love. Well, five years since he got his leg over in the back of his fiesta.

CAROL: Five year going out anniversary...isn't that Prozac?

TRICIA: Yeah, I know he's a dickhead sometimes-

OTHERS: -most of the time

TRICIA: -but it's nice having a bloke around for some things. You've got to admit, eating alone isn't a patch on a meal for two...if you catch me drift.

VICKY: Er, yes, nice visual by the way.

CANDICE: I must admit it would be nice to have a some regular sex.

CAROL: I didn't think you liked regular sex.

CANDICE: I was referring to the frequency of it.

TRICIA: I'm not saying he's better than me. I've read the magazines - I'm well aware that women are just as good as men.

CAROL: Bloody hell you've got a low self image!

TRICIA: It's just, I love him so much...and so does he.

CAROL: (aside) Love himself so much that is.

CANDICE: If he loves you why does he go off with other women?

TRICIA: Well, he finds it hard sometimes.

CAROL: I'll bet!

TRICIA: And he's promised not to do it anymore, not now we're engaged. He's been dead good – told me I can book whatever I like for the party and everything, and we'll worry about it later.

CAROL: You mean you'll worry about it later.

CANDICE: Listen there's no rush is there.

VICKY: Save up for a bit.

CAROL: There's no point getting in debt for one day. And there's no point in spending your hard-earned on these (bridal magazines).

TRICIA: You read those travel brochures all the time.

CAROL: Travel brochures are free. Besides this isn't real life. Horse drawn carriages and string quartets! When your Lisa got hitched there were more emergency vehicles picking up guests at the end of the night than there were taxis.

CANDICE: That was a great night!

CAROL: Derek ended up getting his stomach pumped; Three of your cousins were nicked for indecent exposure and Marlene with the hip replacement ended up in casualty.

CANDICE: She had a relapse doing the conga round the car park! Ended up flat on her back on the bonnet of a Ford Cortina.

CAROL: Not for the first time!

TRICIA: What about you, Candice? You having a dirty weekend with that bloke you met at Karaoke?

VICKY: Her lover from Leeds.

CANDICE: Yep. He says he's taking me to a dead expensive place in Harrogate.

VICKY: Your lover from Leeds loaded then?

CANDICE: I don't know. He wears a suit to work and he says he drives a BMW. So he's either loaded or lying.

TRICIA: Do you like him

CANDICE: What's that got to do with the price of cockles? I just fancy a bit of posh nosh away from this hole to be honest.

CAROL: Is he any good between the sheets?

CANDICE: Alright. Not great but I just lie back and think of the England team.

CAROL: I'd rather think of the Italian team to be honest – the England lot are ugly beggars. Scholes, the Nevilles, Wayne Rooney.

TRICIA: I wonder what Rooney's fiancé do when she wakes up beside that ugly mug every morning?

CANDICE: Sits on it and counts his money.

CAROL: Actually I think it's your country you're supposed to think of, not the national side.

CANDICE: I don't know every bloke in the country.

VICKY: Nearly!

TRICIA: With our Darren I have barely enough time to think of that new fella that's moved in across the road.

CAROL: Still not making the earth move for you then?

TRICIA: Barely a tremor.

CANDICE: I thought it'd be going great – I mean, you always hear Darren in the pub talking about trying new things. Massage, kinky outfits, eating food off each other...

TRICIA: Oh, he probably does. Just not with me, with somebody else.

CANDICE: Sorry.

TRICIA: I'm just as bad. He suggested a game of cards in bed the other day – with the winner getting to choose what the other person did for five minutes.

CAROL/VICKY: Oooooohhhh.

TRICIA: Well, he's stood there waiting for his John Thomas to get some action and all I could think was 'what's the point? I mean it'll take him longer than five minutes to cut the grass'...

We should have a girls night out on Saturday night.

VICKY: I'm in.

CAROL: Wish I could. In a very weak moment I agreed to have dinner with Roy – bloody mobile phones storing numbers of people you should never call when drunk.

CANDICE: Drinking and dialling is like a computer virus...within minutes it's affected everyone in your address book.

CAROL: But, he's promised to wear his front teeth and not hit anyone whilst I'm in the same room...Tell you what, we'll have dinner and then I'll blow him off. That'll take 10 minutes then I'll get rid of him and meet you in the pub.

TRICIA/VICKY: Cool.

CAROL: I'll be a millionaire by then anyway...I've got my lottery ticket. Middlington will soon be a distant memory and I'll be sending you postcards from all over the place.

My ideal future is only a few numbers away.