

FINANCIAL SECURITY by PHILLIP BARRON

INTERIOR ACOUSTIC. RESTAURANT

F/X: _____ GENTLE BUZZ OF LUNCHTIME
CONVERSATION.

GRAMS: _____ LIGHT MUSIC.

GWEN: Harriet, darling, so glad you could make it.

F/X: _____ SCRAPE OF A CHAIR BEING
MOVED.

HARRIET: Hello girls, have we ordered yet?

GWEN: Not yet; Isabelle was just telling me about this super
new man she's discovered.

HARRIET: Oh marvellous, do tell.

ISABELLE: He's a pilot.

HARRIET: Gosh. What's his name?

ISABELLE: Erm, Captain I think. Does it matter?

GWEN: What's he like darling?

ISABELLE: Well, he likes me to wear stockings and he loves it if
I put my finger--

GWEN: No, no darling. I mean, what is he like?

ISABELLE: Oh! Silly me. He's loaded.

GWEN: Of course, why else would you go out with him?

HARRIET: Personality?

GWEN: She's talking about a man darling, do try to keep up.

HARRIET: I've got a new boyfriend actually.

ISABELLE: Fantastic! How much does he earn?

HARRIET: Is that really the first question you want to ask?

GWEN: Of course not darling. What does he do?

HARRIET: He's a builder.

CONFUSED PAUSE.

ISABELLE: You mean an architect, surely?

HARRIET: No, no. A builder: white van, bum on display, that sort of thing.

GWEN: I don't understand darling. Does he own an international construction company or something?

HARRIET: No, he's a brickie; that means he does something frightfully clever with bricks. He works for a local company.

ISABELLE: You mean he's... waged?

HARRIET: Oh yes. He's sweet and kind and caring; and he absolutely adores me.

GWEN: Are you sure you're feeling alright darling?

HARRIET: Absolutely, for the first time in my life I've finally achieved happiness.

ISABELLE: Happiness? With a builder? Let me tell you dear,
happiness is a warm cheque book.

GWEN: What about your financial security?

HARRIET: I had a thought about that.

ISABELLE: Was it: Oh no, I wish I had some?

HARRIET: No, it occurs to me that true financial security comes
from having your own money, not leeching off a
string of cold, heartless money men.

GWEN: Oh my God, she's gone mad!

HARRIET: Girls, I've decided to get a job! First thing tomorrow
morning I'm starting behind the counter at
Spudulike.

STUNNED PAUSE.

GWEN: This is a joke, surely?

HARRIET: Yes.

ISABELLE: What?

HARRIET: It's a joke. Me, go out with a buttock happy builder?
Work in Spudulike? I bloat up as soon as I glance at
a potato. The look on your faces.

HARRIET BURSTS INTO

LAUGHTER; THE GIRLS FOLLOW

SUIT.

GWEN: Oh darling, you had us going there.

HARRIET: He's a doctor, sixty K a year, Bentley, swimming
pool, rolex. He bought me a BMW this morning with
a matching credit card. Lunch is on him.

GWEN AND ISABELLE: Super!

END OF SKETCH