

Chanel:

Chardonnay: (*seeing the audience*) Ew Chanel, what is this place? Have we stepped into a Bingo Hall? We must bring the average age down by 50 years.

Chanel: Chardonnay, it's a geriatric's paradise. I bet it's got more retirement homes than Shirley.

Chardonnay: Well, at least that means that we're going to be the most beautiful girls in the village.

Chanel: I'll be able to marry anyone I please.

Chardonnay: Yes, but the problem is, you don't please *anyone!*

Chanel: Hey, watch it!

Chardonnay: Well, when we walk down the street, it's *me* that turns men's heads.

Chanel: Don't you mean their stomachs!

Chardonnay: Talking of men, have you seen that Prince Charming? He's got quite the six pack.

Chanel: Ooh good – 'cause these fellas out there look more like they've had a barrel-full!

Baroness: Now, come on girls. Come and say hi to the Baron.

Chanel: (*sarcastically*) Hi.

Chardonnay: (*charged*) Hi, *daddy*.

Baron: (*awkwardly*) 'Dad' will be fine. Well, thank you Buttons. I hope they weren't too much trouble.

Buttons: No problem, boss. (*He's done his back in*) I hope now they're here in the countryside they'll be able to...er...get some more steps in.

Chanel: How rude! I'll have you know I've been working hard to get into shape recently.

Chardonnay: What shape's that? Round?

Chanel: You're gonna get a slap if you're not careful.

Chardonnay: Bring it on!

Baroness: Girls, *please!* We don't need another Wagatha Christie drama! You're embarrassing yourselves.

Baron: Buttons, could you take the Baroness's car round to the garage please?

Buttons: Sure thing.

Baron: (*gestures off SR*) Take her up the back passage.

Chardonnay: (*jealously*) Oh, I haven't heard that for a while!

Baron: And here's my beautiful Cinderella. Girls, you'll remember my daughter.

Chanel: (*waves*) Hey.

Chardonnay: (*sarcastically*) I love your little blue dress. It's so *cute*.