

## Cleo's Clients

### **Cast:**

**Cleo** – A high-class brothel worker, wears a blonde wig. (Real Name Alice.)

**Blossom** – The brothel madam (Real name Marge.)

**Man** – Non-speaking brief role in the opening scene.

**Gary** – A regular.

**Zara** – A new client.

**Mr Smith** - Another regular client.

### **Set:**

A lush, flamboyantly decorated bedroom/boudoir in 'Blossoms Boudoir'. A large bed center stage, headboard positioned to the back. A soft chair nearby and bedside tables. A dressing table and stool.

*(As the curtains open, Man 1 is laying on his back on the bed, head facing the audience, hardly visible. 'Astride' him, over his face is Cleo. This can be done cleverly without the actors having to be positioned so intimately and the bed covers can be rucked up to obscure Cleo's lower half.)*

**Cleo:** *(Convincingly faking an orgasm) Oh, yes, yes, ah, oooh etc (Free reign should be given the actor on this.) (After a minute, she looks at her watch, or an alarm sounds.) Time's up mister! (She instantly rolls off the bed and straightens her remaining clothes.)*

**Man:** *(Sits up grumbling, sheepishly picks up his clothes which he uses to cover himself and quickly leaves the stage.)*

**Cleo:** *(Bored) Until next time. (She sits at the dressing table, starts to brush her hair and add make up. Blossom enters, she is on her mobile.)*

**Blossom:** (*polite telephone voice.*) Blossom's Boudoir, how may I help?...Yes sir, we have Cleo in today, no?...Well she'll be pleased to meet you too....she's blonde, slim, busty, five foot ten in killer heels and she has deep blue, take me to bed eyes (*this is all mostly exaggerated or complete lies and Cleo reacts.*) ...sure...no problem, just let us know...and you sir, have a lovely day won't you? (*ends call and turns to Alice, complete change of voice tone.*) Fancy a fag?

**Cleo:** Always, but it depends who's next.

**Blossom:** Another regular, Gary.

**Cleo:** Ah bless, I like Gary. Sweet that one, gentle.

**Blossom:** Easy money.

**Cleo:** Of course.

**Blossom:** Always about the money Alice, always the money.

**Cleo:** Don't I know it. (*sighs*) How long have I got?

**Blossom:** He's waiting in the lounge.

**Cleo:** Really Marge! Can't I even have a coffee first?

**Blossom:** Nope, punter's waiting. I'll make you one after. Just make him cum quickly and you'll have plenty of time then.

**Cleo:** No, not Gary, happily do that with others, but as I say, he's sweet.

**Blossom:** Just don't get too close Alice, only leads to trouble.

**Cleo:** Ha, have you seen him?

**Blossom:** Yes, good point.

**Cleo:** He comes here to escape I think. Seems to be very much under the thumb.

**Blossom:** Oh, one of those.

**Cleo:** Once a month missionary club.

**Blossom:** Come on hurry up, he's waiting.

**Cleo:** I'm nearly ready Marge!

**Blossom:** Well get a move on Alice, you have one minute! He's one of our best regulars and pays the most, so come on!

**Cleo:** Fine, I'm ready.

**Blossom:** *(exiting the stage.)* Mr Hardwick, Cleo is ready for you, come through my love.

**Cleo:** *(stands, straightening her dress/negligeé.)* Hello darling, how are you?  
*(Gary enters, they kiss cheeks.)*

**Gary:** Oh, not too bad I guess.

**Cleo:** *(jumps onto the bed, puts her face down on the pillow, bum up in the air, side on to the audience.)* The usual?

**Gary:** Oh, erm...

**Cleo:** No?

**Gary:** No.

**Cleo:** But this is how you usually want me?

**Gary:** Yes. No. Not today.

**Cleo:** *(sitting up)* What's up Gary?

**Gary:** Oh, nothing much, really.

**Cleo:** *(climbs off the bed, stands facing Gary. Gary seems tense and uneasy.)*  
Well then, let me help you with this. *(she kneels in front of Gary and begins to undo his belt.)* Maybe we should try something else, keep it fresh!

**Gary:** *(pushes Cleo away, gently.)* Maybe another time.

**Cleo:** OK. Why don't you undress me?

**Gary:** No thanks.

**Cleo:** Oh. Well I'm sure we can find another way to have some fun. *(looks around the room.)*

**Gary:** *(turns, sighs.)*

**Cleo:** *(she finds a strap-on, loaded with a dildo.)* How about this?

**Gary:** *(horrified.)* No fucking way!

**Cleo:** No problem, it's just that some men/

**Gary:** Definitely not me!

**Cleo:** Right.

**Gary:** Good.

**Cleo:** So.

**Gary:** So what?

**Cleo:** So what do you want to do?

**Gary:** Nothing really.

**Cleo:** Oh, OK. So why are you here...today? Not that I mind.

**Gary:** I didn't know where else to go. I hope you don't mind.

**Cleo:** I just said I don't mind.

**Gary:** Thanks.

**Cleo:** Do you want to talk?

**Gary:** I'm not sure.

**Cleo:** Well... this is awkward.

**Gary:** Sorry.

**Cleo:** Relax Gary, why don't you sit on the bed with me, kick off your shoes?

**Gary:** Yes. That would be nice. *(sits and kicks off his shoes.)*

**Cleo:** So, what's up?

**Gary:** Oh you don't need to hear my problems.

**Cleo:** Oh come on, I said I don't mind. I really don't.

**Gary:** No, it's stupid. I shouldn't have come.

**Cleo:** But you're here now.

**Gary:** Yes, I am.

**Cleo:** Come closer, we can cuddle.

**Gary:** No...thanks.

**Cleo:** Oh for fucks sake Gary, throw me a bone here! *(chuckles)* you don't normally have a problem doing that!

**Gary:** Really?

**Cleo:** Sorry.

**Gary:** *(edges a bit closer to Cleo.)*

**Cleo:** That's better. You don't have to talk, it's alright.

**Gary:** *(long silence. Gary suddenly bursts into tears and buries his face in Cleo's chest.) (the following words are indecipherable in his sobs.)*

My....wife....left....me!

**Cleo:** What, I didn't get a word of that. *(Cleo lifts his head, finds a tissue and passes it to Gary.)* Now, calm yourself, tell me in your own time.

**Gary:** *(starts to compose himself.)* My.

**Cleo:** Yes?

**Gary:** Wife.

**Cleo:** Go on...

**Gary:** Left me! *(Gary bursts into a new flood of tears, crying loudly.)*

**Cleo:** Oh dear Gary.

**Blossom:** *(bursting in.)* What's going on?

**Cleo:** *(whispering)* It's ok.

**Blossom:** *(sees the strap-on, whispers)* What the fuck did you do to him?

**Cleo:** Nothing, go!

**Blossom:** If you're sure?

**Cleo:** Yes! *(Marge exits.)* Sit up Gary, tell me what happened.

**Gary:** *(composing himself once more.)* Alright.

**Cleo:** When you're ready.

**Gary:** She's left me.

**Cleo:** Yes, we've established that...

**Gary:** I can't believe she's left me.

**Cleo:** Did she say why?

**Gary:** No.

**Cleo:** No?

**Gary:** Yes.

**Cleo:** So she did tell you? Jesus, Gary!

**Gary:** Sorry, I'll go.

**Cleo:** No, no. I'm the one who's sorry. Please, go on. What reason, reasons did she give?

**Gary:** She said, she said I'm boring. Dull.

**Cleo:** Oh.

**Gary:** Grey. She called me grey. 'Gary the grey', that's what she called me.

**Cleo:** Bitch!... Sorry.

**Gary:** So, I'm dull and grey in her eyes. Said I never do anything exciting.

**Cleo:** Except visiting brothels, and fucking prostitutes...?

**Gary:** *(smiles slightly)* Well apart from that.

**Cleo:** So that's not why she's left you?

**Gary:** No.

**Cleo:** Care to elaborate?

**Gary:** Is this a police interview?

**Cleo:** Nope. If it was we'd both be fucked.

**Gary:** Yes...

**Cleo:** Why does she think you're boring. What else do you do outside of work, when you're not here?

**Gary:** I sit in the attic and write.

**Cleo:** Oh. What do you write?

**Gary:** Erotica mostly.

**Cleo:** Really?

**Gary:** Yep. I'm published you know?

**Cleo:** No way? Really?

**Gary:** Yes! Have you heard of Lysette D'Ream?

**Cleo:** Yes, I think so. I don't read much.

**Gary:** Well, that's me. That's my pen name. I am Lysette.

**Cleo:** Do you dress as Lysette when you write?

**Gary:** Sometimes.

**Cleo:** What the fuck? I was joking!

**Gary:** I do. Only in the attic. I have a wardrobe of ladies clothes up there.

**Cleo:** You're winding me up!

**Gary:** Honestly I'm not. (*brightening*) I have quite the boudoir up there.

**Cleo:** Has your wife ever been up in your attic *boudoir*?

**Gary:** No, she won't go up the ladder and she's scared of spiders.

**Cleo:** You have spiders up there too?

**Gary:** No, she just thinks they're there.

**Cleo:** You should take her up into your attic boudoir, show her what you get up to, she won't think you're *grey* then.

**Gary:** I can't.

**Cleo:** Why not.

**Gary:** Because she's left me.

**Cleo:** Yes, sorry. (*pause.*) Did she say where she's going?

**Gary:** To her Mum's.

**Cleo:** Can't you call her? Ask if you two can talk?

**Gary:** What's the point?

**Cleo:** The point is there must be something to salvage. How many years have you been married?

**Gary:** Seven, eight next week. It's our anniversary next Thursday.

**Cleo:** The seven year itch?

**Gary:** Maybe, never thought of that.

**Cleo:** You must call her. Tell her how vibrant you really are. I take it she knows you write as Lysette?

**Gary:** No. I never found a good time to mention it.

**Cleo:** But surely you've made money with the books? Hasn't she seen that?

**Gary:** No, I have a private account. Got quite a nest egg in there now as it happens.

**Cleo:** You need to call her.

**Gary:** No. No point.

**Cleo:** Why Gary?

**Gary:** Because she's coming back Sunday night.

**Cleo:** What? You said she's left you!

**Gary:** Yes...for the weekend. Something about clearing her head. She left me a lasagne.

**Cleo:** (*can't help but laugh.*) Oh Gary, you are funny!

**Gary:** But she's *never* left me before, not even for a day!

**Cleo:** Well/

**Gary:** So what should I do? When she comes home?

**Cleo:** Erm...take her into your attic?

**Gary:** Too much, too soon.

**Cleo:** Leave one of your books laying around, suggest she have a read.

**Gary:** Good plan.

**Cleo:** Once she's read some of it, tell her who the author really is. It might take some convincing.

**Gary:** Yes I'm sure it will. I've booked her favourite restaurant for Thursday night.

**Cleo:** That's nice.

**Gary:** Should win me some brownie points.

**Cleo:** Get her a little bit tipsy then take her home, up into the attic and fuck her brains out, like you do me.

**Gary:** Ha, yes maybe! *(pause)* do I?

**Cleo:** Oh God yes Gary, you leave me knackered.

**Gary:** *(really pleased with himself.)* Cool! Anyway, I should be going.

**Cleo:** But you've paid. Don't you want a blowy at least?

**Gary:** It's OK. I've loved chatting. Sorry about blubbering on your boobs. *(he gets up and puts on his shoes.)*

**Cleo:** It's not what I usually have on them.

**Gary:** I'll see you again soon Cleo.

**Cleo:** No! Go to your wife!

**Gary:** Yes I am. But I *will* see you again. You're my muse you see. Have a read of my book 'Angel in Stockings' you might recognise yourself.

**Cleo:** *(flattered.)* Oh I will, thanks! I think.

**Gary:** I'm off. It's been lovely to see you. *(kisses her cheek.)*

**Cleo:** Bye Gary, and good luck with the Mrs.

**Gary:** *(turns to leave but pauses.)* Cleo? ...Can I bring someone with me next time?

**Cleo:** I really don't think your wife is ready for that, or ever will be!

**Gary:** No. I mean can I bring Lysette next time?

**Cleo:** Yes Gary, I'd love to meet her.

**Gary:** Great. TTFN.

**Cleo:** Really? No one says that!

**Gary:** Haha, no!

**Cleo:** Fuck you later Gary. You dark, dark horse!

**Gary:** *(smiles and leaves.)*

**Cleo:** *(Sits on the end of the bed, sighs, whispers)* TTFN Gary.

*(Alice jumps off the bed, adjusts her clothes and sits at her dressing table to redo her make up. Marge enters.)*

**Blossom:** *(enters, with a mug of coffee.)* There.

**Cleo:** Ah heaven, thanks.

**Blossom:** So what happened there then?

**Cleo:** Oh nothing much, literally. He just wanted to talk.

**Blossom:** And you told him not to come back.

**Cleo:** What?

**Blossom:** I heard you Alice, he said "I'll see you again" to which you replied "No, go to your wife."

**Cleo:** I meant just today, his wife had left him, albeit only for the weekend. That's all.

**Blossom:** He's one of our best punters, been coming here for years, I can't have a little bitch like you telling him not to come back, understood?

**Cleo:** I only meant/

**Blossom:** Is that understood!?

**Cleo:** Yes Marge, clearly. Sorry.

**Blossom:** There's plenty of sluts want to come in off the street and happily have your room.

**Cleo:** Of course.

**Blossom:** Then no more of that shit or I'll send you home to daddy.

**Cleo:** I said I understand! It won't happen again.

**Blossom:** *(her tone suddenly turns light, loving.)* That's good then, drink your coffee. *(Blossom stands behind Cleo, picks up a hair brush and brushes Cleo's hair.)* You have such lovely long hair, you remind me of my daughter you know?

**Cleo:** Really?

**Blossom:** Oh yes, she had long dark hair too, over her shoulders and down her chest. *(Blossom strokes her hands down Cleos hair and over her shoulders, her hands moving towards Cleos chest.)*

**Cleo:** *(Clearly uncomfortable.)* Had?...Did she die?

**Blossom:** Ha! No, she cut it all off. Bald as a coot now, some sort of rebellion thing I guess.

**Cleo:** Oh, right.

**Blossom:** Drink up, next punter's waiting.

**Cleo:** Who's next? Anyone I know?

**Blossom:** No. A new punter.

**Cleo:** *(disappointed.)* Oh, great.

**Blossom:** Zara.

**Cleo:** Oh. A woman?

**Blossom:** How many men do you know go by the name of Zara?

**Cleo:** None, but you never know. I just met a Lysette.

**Blossom:** I'll send her in.

**Cleo:** *(waits for Blossom to leave, smiles and whispers)* Please do.

*(Cleo finishes her coffee and adds more lipstick, perfume etc. She checks her look in the mirror.)*

*(Zara enters slowly, clearly very nervous. Sees Cleo and turns to go.)*

**Cleo:** Hiya babe! How are you? My name's Cleo.

**Zara:** Oh....Hi!

**Cleo:** Have you forgotten something?

**Zara:** Erm...no.

**Cleo:** It's just that you were going for the door.

**Zara:** Yes I was. No.

**Cleo:** Come over here and sit down Zara.

**Zara:** OK. *(she walks closer and sits on the dressing table stool.)*

**Cleo:** I meant on the bed...with me.

**Zara:** Yes...*(giggles)*

**Cleo:** I don't bite. Unless you want me to?

**Zara:** Oh no! Please don't!

**Cleo:** I was kidding, no biting I promise. Come and sit next to me, *(pats the bed)* no need to be shy.

**Zara:** Oh..kay.....*(slowly walks over to the bed and sits right on the corner.)*

**Cleo:** Come a little closer Zara.

**Zara:** *(giggles again.)* Yes. *(shuffles closer.)*

**Cleo:** *(also shuffles closer to become close.)* There, that's better. So, how are you Zara?

**Zara:** I'm fine!

**Cleo:** Good, now relax. Big breaths.

**Zara:** Yes, *(takes noisy big breaths.)*

**Cleo:** Why don't I put some music on, something to get us in the mood. *(Cleo finds her phone, the speaker pops on and we hear Katy Perry – I kissed a girl.)*

**Zara:** Oh I love this one!

**Cleo:** Me too. You do know what it's about, don't you?

**Zara:** Yes! Obviously! ... Well, I think so.

**Cleo:** Maybe I'll show you soon. So, what would you like us to do?

**Zara:** Oh I don't know, stuff?

**Cleo:** Stuff?

**Zara:** Yes. Stuff.

**Cleo:** Ok. Shall we start with a kiss?

**Zara:** Erm...o...k...

**Cleo:** *(Leans in to kiss Zara. Zara also leans in but gently kisses Cleos cheek.)* Ah, shall we try that again? This time with lips?

**Zara:** Haha, OK!

*(Cleo leans in for a kiss, pouting. Zara does the same. Millimetres away Zara suddenly jumps up with a short, high pitch scream.)*

**Cleo:** Whoa!

**Zara:** Sorry!

**Cleo:** It's OK.

**Zara:** I've never kissed another woman before.

**Cleo:** I can tell. It's alright. I think you might like it, Katy Perry does.

**Zara:** Yes.

**Cleo:** It's fine if you don't want to kiss. *(Cleo puts her hands on Zara's waist.)* Such a pretty dress, why don't I help you out of it?

**Zara:** Erm.....OK.

**Cleo:** Come closer. *(Pulls Zara closer to her and starts to lift up her dress. Zara reacts by slapping Cleo's face, which surprises Cleo but does not hurt.)* What the fuck?

**Zara:** Sorry! It's just that I'm not wearing any knickers!

**Cleo:** *(sexy deeper voice)* Hmmmm that's fine by me.

**Zara:** I thought it might make me feel hornier.

**Cleo:** Does it?

**Zara:** Fuck yes! *(hold her mouth.)* Sorry I didn't mean to swear!

**Cleo:** It's fine. There's plenty of fucks here.

**Zara:** Haha!

**Cleo:** Fuck fuck, Fuckity fuck, fuck fuck fuck!

**Zara:** *(Laughing.)* You're terrible!

**Cleo:** Why don't *you* undress *me*? Slowly. *(takes her hand.)* Zara.

**Zara:** Rachel.

**Cleo:** Cleo.

**Zara:** No.

**Cleo:** What?

**Zara:** Rachel

**Cleo:** Who's Rachel?

**Zara:** Me.

**Cleo:** Oh.

**Zara:** My real name's Rachel.

**Cleo:** Well nice to meet you Rachel, now just take my fucking clothes off Rachel!

**Zara:** *(giggles)*

**Cleo:** What?

**Zara:** I love it when you swear!

**Cleo:** Right OK. Get down on your knees bitch.

**Zara:** Oh yes! *(she does so, facing the audience, not Cleo)*

**Cleo:** Facing me! *(Zara turns.)* Now pull down my knickers, Cunt!

**Zara:** *(jumps up, horrified.)*

**Cleo:** Sorry, too far!

**Zara:** Yes, way too far!

**Cleo:** Sorry. Look don't go. Why don't we get in bed, under the covers. Have a cuddle. Maybe I can show you what Katy Perry means.

**Zara:** *(calmer.)* Yes, that would be nice.

*(Cleo leads Zara to the bed and they get under the covers, still clothed. They cuddle briefly, awkwardly.)*

**Cleo:** This is nice. I'm going to kiss your neck, is that OK?

**Zara:** Yes. Fine. *(Cleo does so, Zara giggles.)*

**Cleo:** There, that was nice.

**Zara:** It was.

**Cleo:** *(without a word slinks under the covers, Zara's knees get pushed up, The shape of Cleo's head can be seen between Zara's knees.)*

**Zara:** Oh God.....oh God....Oh God.....hmmmm. Jeez.... Bu bu bu bu.....  
eeek.....!

**Cleo:** *(From under the covers.)* I haven't even touched you yet!

**Zara:** I know I know!

**Cleo:** Just relax. Are you going to let me in?

**Zara:** What do you mean?

**Cleo:** Spread your sodding legs!

**Zara:** OK, sorry. Is that enough?

**Cleo:** Not really. Come on give me more.

**Zara:** Like this?

**Cleo:** Oh for fucks sake!... Do you want me to swear at you, will that help?

**Zara:** Yes, I think it will.

**Cleo:** Spread your fucking legs wide, bitch fucker!

**Zara:** Love it!

**Cleo:** Now relax, slut.

**Zara:** *(suddenly Zara kicks a leg out, Cleo screams and falls out the side of the bed, she has blood coming from her lip.)*

**Cleo:** *(holding her mouth.)* What the fuck was that for?

**Zara:** Sorry, I'm so Sorry!

**Cleo:** Why did you kick me in the face?

**Zara:** Sorry!

**Cleo:** I only licked your thigh for fucks sake!

**Zara:** I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have come. Are you ok?

**Cleo:** Yeah, well I will be. That was some kick!

**Zara:** Sorry.

**Cleo:** You never had anyone do that to you?

**Zara:** Oh god yes.

**Cleo:** Another woman?

**Zara:** No. Never so much as kissed another girl, like I said. Sorry.

**Cleo:** Oh don't worry.

**Zara:** That's my phone.

**Cleo:** What is?

**Zara:** My phone, it rang.

**Cleo:** I didn't hear anything.

**Zara:** It rang, I know it did.

**Cleo:** It didn't. It's OK, you're nervous. I get that. Do you want to come back another day, I won't charge you for today.

**Zara:** *(Getting up to gather her shoes etc through the following.)* No I don't. Thanks. Well I do, but I don't want this to end. Not like this. It was supposed to be sexy, romantic, exciting even. But I've fucked it all up. See, I'm swearing now! ...So yes, I should go, I'm only wasting your time, you're a busy girl you have other customers. Clients? Anyway, I've got places to be, people to see and stuff. It was lovely to meet you, maybe another time. Yes definitely, maybe over coffee? My friend Cathy has her own coffee shop, we should meet there! Have a nice day, or evening now probably, lost all track of time. Do I pay on the way out? Oh no, silly me I've paid already! Bye!

**Cleo:** Have you finished?

**Zara:** No. I mean yes I've finished talking, but...but I... don't really want to...erm....go.

**Cleo:** Then come back to bed. You lead the way, we can turn off the lights. How does that sound?

**Zara:** That sounds good, I'd like that.

**Cleo:** Then into bed you naughty little slut....

**Zara:** Hmmmm...

**Cleo:** *(turns out the light, stage lights snap to blackout. A few seconds of near silence as they settle in bed.)* Ooooh Zara, when *did* you learn to do that?

*(When the lights come back on Alice and Marge are on set, Marge is standing, attending to the cut on Alice's lip, Alice is sat on the dressing table stool.)*

**Blossom:** So she kicked you in the mouth?

**Cleo:** Yes.

**Blossom:** And you expect me to believe that?

**Cleo:** Yes, because that's what happened, honestly.

**Blossom:** Right.

**Cleo:** It's been an odd day.

**Blossom:** Certainly has. I don't get any of this shit with Chanelle. She just does as she's told and brings in a lot more punters.

**Cleo:** Yes well, pouty lips and false tits are popular.

**Blossom:** Talking of which aren't you getting yours done?

**Cleo:** What? Lips or Tits? *(Beat)* Neither thank you very much!

**Blossom:** I'm sure Daddy will pay, anything for his little girl.

**Cleo:** Leave my Dad out of this.

**Blossom:** Think about it Alice, do a few more shifts and pay for it yourself, if it's pride that's getting in the way.

**Cleo:** Haha! "Daddy, can you lend me some money for a breast implants so I don't have to screw strangers for it?" No way!

**Blossom:** Have it your way, your body.

**Cleo:** I will.

**Blossom:** Stay flat chested, no concern of mine.

**Cleo:** Bitch!

**Blossom:** Fag?

**Cleo:** Please?

**Blossom:** Coffee?

**Cleo:** Wine?

**Blossom:** Sounds like a plan? Red?

**Cleo:** White?

**Blossom:** Deal. I'll open Chanelle's Chardonnay. *(Goes off to get wine)*

**Cleo:** One glass with you and I'm going home.

**Blossom:** *(Off)* Not so quick honey.

**Cleo:** What?

**Blossom:** One more punter.

**Cleo:** Marge? Really?

**Blossom:** *(Returns with two glasses of wine.)* One of Chanelle's regulars. Mr Smith.

**Cleo:** Original. Fat, middle aged, married, Mr Smith?

**Blossom:** Three outta three.

**Cleo:** Great.

**Blossom:** Oh and rich, stupid rich. Lots of bonuses if extras are offered, just saying.

**Cleo:** But I'm tired Marge.

**Blossom:** Tough shit babe, we don't let Mr Smith down. You might even earn enough for one boob.

**Cleo:** Just give me the bottle then....

**Blossom:** That's my girl...

*(Slow lights fade down, slow lights up to show passing of time. Cleo is ready for 'Mr Smith'. She jumps onto the bed, sits and adjusts her stockings. She prepares herself to look alluring. Off stage Blossom is welcoming Mr Smith.)*

**Blossom:** *(off, posh voice.)* So nice to see you again Mr Smith, how have you been keeping? Would you like a glass of wine, we have a lovely *Sauvignon*

*Blanc* open? ... That's fine, as I said Chanelle's feeling poorly tonight so I sent her home, but you're just going to love Cleo, just your type Mr Smith, petit and FIESTY! Just through here...oh of course you know where you're going. Do have a lovely time Mr Smith, anything you need just call me, OK? Enjoy!!

*(Mr Smith enters, he is in a suit with his tie loosened, he is slightly overweight and middle aged. Cleo, seated on the bed has his back to him. Mr Smith finishes his wine, wipes his mouth and burps. He puts down the glass, removes his tie and jacket, which he throws over the stool.)*

**Mr Smith:** Ah, Chloe, what a fine filly you are!

**Cleo:** *(Freezes, keeps her back to him, takes the slightest look round to see but keeps her face obscured. Once she sees Mr Smith she launches herself off the other side of the bed and collapses on the floor.)*

**Mr Smith:** What an earth? Are you alright Chloe?

**Cleo:** *(Deeper voice, disguised.)* Cleo.

**Mr Smith:** Yes, Cleo, sorry. What happened? You fell off the bed. Can I help you?

**Cleo:** *(Voice deeper and disguised from now on.)* I'm fine, just feel a bit... off, maybe you best go, I wouldn't want to pass it onto you...

**Mr Smith:** Ah don't worry, I'll take my chances. Stand up so I can take a proper look at you.

**Cleo:** No!... I mean, give me a minute. *(She searches for something under the bed, finds a black lace face mask and quickly puts it on.)*

**Mr Smith:** Come on, stand up, or do I have to come and get you, haha!

**Cleo:** Wait!

**Mr Smith:** What?

**Cleo:** Just a min!

**Mr Smith:** Oh I see!

**Cleo:** *(Standing up, keeping her back to him.)* See what?

**Mr Smith:** Playing hard to get are we?

**Cleo:** Erm yes....

**Mr Smith:** Come here sexpot!

**Cleo:** *(Under her breath.)* Sexpot?

**Mr Smith:** *(starts to walk downstage round the bed.)* Blossom said you're new, I want to check you out for myself!

**Cleo:** NO! Just stay away, please, I don't want to give you the lurgy!

**Mr Smith:** Haha, don't believe a word, come here sugar!

**Cleo:** Really? *(She starts to back off, upstage around the head of the bed.)* You really should keep your distance sir!

**Mr Smith:** Ha! Still playing hard to get! Bring that sexy little bottom my way Chloe!

**Cleo:** Cleo!

**Mr Smith:** Chloe, Cleo, I call you what I like when I'm paying! Just come here and get that little boddice off, let's take a proper look at you!

*(Through the following, Cleo and Mr Smith are dancing and running round the bed, Cleo always managing to keep the bed between them, keeping her voice deep and doing her best not to let him see her face.)*

**Cleo:** Keep away from me, honestly....! I wouldn't want to pass on anything.

**Mr Smith:** I said it's fine!

**Cleo:** But I'm highly contagious!

**Mr Smith:** I doubt it.

**Cleo:** Highly *fucking* contagious!

**Mr Smith:** Bullshit!

**Cleo:** What?

**Mr Smith:** That's bullshit, Blossom would never let me in if you're ill.

**Cleo:** It's.... it's... suddenly come over me!

**Mr Smith:** *(Knocks his knee on the side of the bed and falls slightly, using the bed to steady himself.)* Fuck it!

**Cleo:** Ha!

**Mr Smith:** Come here baby!

**Cleo:** No!

**Mr Smith:** I said come here, you naughty little minx!

**Cleo:** Get away from me!

**Mr Smith:** Haha, I love it!

**Cleo:** Eh?

**Mr Smith:** Come on... *Cum* to daddy!

**Cleo:** That's disgusting!

**Mr Smith:** Oh yes, we'll be disgusting alright!

**Cleo:** No!

**Mr Smith:** (*Finally gets very close, lunges for Cleo and in the struggle her mask comes off.*) Haha! (*Sudden realisation, he falls back, in shock*) Fuck!... Alice?

**Cleo:** ... Dad.

**Mr Smith:** Oh... holy Fuck!

**Cleo:** ...

**Mr Smith:** What the *bloody* fuck?

**Cleo:** Hi... Dad.

**Mr Smith:** What the fuck are you doing? Here?

**Cleo:** What the fuck are *YOU* doing *here*?

**Mr Smith:** What have I always told you, no swearing!

**Cleo:** Fuck you!

**Mr Smith:** No swearing!

**Cleo:** You're not in a position to preach... *DAD!*

**Mr Smith:** But...

**Cleo:** So what the *flying fuck* are *YOU* doing here?

**Mr Smith:** ...I...

**Cleo:** Oh my god...!

**Mr Smith:** What?

**Cleo:** You're a... regular?

**Mr Smith:** No.

**Cleo:** Marge said you're a regular...

**Mr Smith:** Who's Marge?

**Cleo:** Blossom. She said/

*(Around this point they both sit on the bed, not so close, facing the audience.)*

**Mr Smith:** No.

**Cleo:** She said you're a regular... client...

**Mr Smith:** No... Don't.

**Cleo:** Which means you've/

**Mr Smith:** Don't/

**Cleo:** Fucked Chanelle/

**Mr Smith:** Alice.../

**Cleo:** ... Crystal... Roxy... Honey...

**Mr Smith:** Alice...! Please?

**Cleo:** What? *Daddy?*

**Mr Smith:** Why the f... why are you here?

**Cleo:** I...

**Mr Smith:** Tell me Alice.

**Cleo:** You... you, wouldn't understand.

**Mr Smith:** Try me.

**Cleo:** I...

**Mr Smith:** Shit...

**Cleo:** What?

**Mr Smith:** Does your mother know you work... know you're here?

**Cleo:** Ha, *NO!*

**Mr Smith:** No...

**Cleo:** Does Mum know... you come here?

**Mr Smith:** ...No.

**Cleo:** Of course not.

**Mr Smith:** So...

**Cleo:** What?

**Mr Smith:** Why *are* you here? Doing... *this*?

**Cleo:** Why *are you* here? Doing... *this*?

**Mr Smith:** I...

**Cleo:** You...

**Mr Smith:** Well...

**Cleo:** It's...

**Mr Smith:** You go first.

**Cleo:** No, you go first.

**Mr Smith:** Let's do it together...

**Cleo:** OK...

**Both:** Well...it's like this/

*(Instant blackout.)*

**End of Play.**