

Recruitment Drive
By Nina Crane

MAN ONE: My Lord, I have a new recruit for you.

MAN TWO: Well bring him in!

F/X: Sounds of footsteps retreating, a door opening and two sets of footsteps re approaching.

MAN TWO: What is this? A woman?! I have no use for a woman.

MAN THREE: *(OFF)* So we hear!

MAN TWO: In war! Insolent fool. I have no use for a woman in war.

MAN ONE: My Lord, of this woman, it is said she possesses guile of immense proportions and daring the likes have never been seen, and what she lacks in strength she more than makes up for in speed and agility.

MAN TWO: And pray tell, what need do I have for speed and agility? I could train a monkey to leap about the place! No, I could no more fight alongside a woman than I could lay with a stable creature.

MAN THREE: *(OFF)* The rumours are true!

MAN TWO: *(ANNOYED)* Hush over there!

WOMAN: Is this...

MAN TWO: Hold your tongue impudent wench! I have neither the time nor the inclination to listen to the contents of your empty, albeit pretty, little head.

MAN ONE: I implore you my Lord, do not dismiss this woman without first seeing what she has to offer.

MAN TWO: She has nothing to offer except heinous distraction for the men! No, I will not have a woman in my army.

MAN ONE: Well what shall I do with her?

MAN TWO: Take her back to whatever foul village you found her and see her flogged for her sheer audacity!

WOMAN: Flogged?! Listen...

MAN TWO: Contemptuous woman, as you insist on forcing your banal vernacular upon us I insist you speak quickly and I pray for your soul that your words give pleasure to mine ears!

WOMAN: My Lord, for six days and six nights I have travelled here to offer my services as a soldier in your army and yet you dismiss me and would have me flogged, and for what? That which is lacking between my legs? I implore you; can you not just close your eyes and imagine that I have something swinging between my thighs?

MAN THREE: *(OFF)* That's what he says to his wife!

MAN TWO: Right, enough of this! Who is that shouting back there? Show yourself!

F/X: SOUND OF SHUFFLING.

MAN TWO: Who are you and why do you deride me so?

MAN THREE: My name is John of Chessington and I too have travelled six days and six nights not to enlist, but to tell you that you, Sir ride like a bastard. You and your poncey horse cut me up at the Crotchley turnpike and then you had the temerity to gesture unmannerly at me!

WOMAN: Aarrghhhh! You swine! You said you'd let me get in there first!

MAN THREE: But you intended to slay him in battle.

WOMAN: This is true. Well, he did tether his horse across two spaces at the Blackwood Inn!

END