

'RUMPY PUMPY!'

A musical, based on a true story, written
and composed by

BARBARA JANE MACKIE

Barbara Jane Mackie - Composer & Lyricist
John Cameron - Executive Musical Director
Steve Parker - Musical Arranger

Based on the stage musical 'Rumpy Pumpy!' Kings Head
Windsor Theatre Royal and Union Theatres, 2014 & 2016

(c) All songs - Barbara Jane Mackie, 2020
Songs - <http://www.rumpypumpythemusical.co.uk>

PRE-TITLE. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY. 2008.

JEAN JOHNSON (60), tall, highly composed, immaculately groomed, South African by birth, sits in an armchair smiling politely at Camera next to her Women's Institute friend SHIRLEY LANDELS (71) short, rotund, warm, wise, a white cottage bun piled high on her head. They address a FEMALE DOCUMENTARY DIRECTOR (30's) behind camera.

FEMALE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Wow? You ladies really blazed a trail! What did you say you called yourselves?

Jean raises an eyebrow and smiles wryly.

JEAN
Holmes and Watson!

SHIRLEY
More Laurel and Hardy, eh, Jean?

They all laugh warmly.

FEMALE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Would you do it all again, ladies?

SHIRLEY
I should co-co! Biggest adventure of my life, dear!

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
(singing)
'Rumpy Pumpy Pumpy Pumpy Pumpy!'
'What on earth is wrong with that?'

Jean shakes her head and smiles as Shirley beams.

PRE-TITLE. EXT. SOUTHAMPTON COMMON. TITLE SEQUENCE. 2008.

We see a GROUP of TEN or so HAMPSHIRE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEMBERS in the middle of the huge empty common. They SING a verse - **TRACK 1. 'RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!' (*See website for Songs)**

HAMPSHIRE WI LADIES
'RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
IT CAN EVEN STOP YOU GETTING FAT!
(MORE)

HAMPSHIRE WI LADIES (CONT'D)

YOU CAN MOVE IT, YOU CAN SHAKE IT
 YOU CAN WIGGLE IT OR FAKE IT BUT
 YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT
 NO, YOU'LL NEVER STOP IT
 NO, YOU'LL NEVER STOP IT THAT'S A
 FA-AA-ACT!

The WI LADIES hitch up their skirts and do a Barn-Dance style weaving dance, linking arms as they go dancing around the empty Common.

WI LADIES

RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
 WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH THAT?
 RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
 IT CAN EVEN STOP YOU GETTING FAT.
 YOU CAN MOVE IT, YOU CAN SHAKE IT
 YOU CAN WIGGLE IT OR FAKE IT BUT
 YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT
 NO, YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT
 NO, YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT
 THAT'S A FA-A-ACT!

INT. SOUTHAMPTON AIRPORT. PASSENGER LOUNGE. DAY. 2006. (TWO YEARS EARLIER)

JEAN blinks bravely as SALS (30's), pretty, sensitive, her daughter beats back tears and stares fondly at her mother. JEAN looks anxious, beating back tears.

JEAN

I've put the sun cream in your bag,
 darling, the sun so is fierce in
 Australia! Take it from one who ..?

SALS

(laughing/interrupting)
 Grew up in South Africa. Mum, it's
 time for me to leave. Ade can't say
 no to this job, and it's a life in
 the sun!

JEAN

Oh, the sun? I crave the sun! How I
 wish I was coming with you,
 darling! Oh ... Sals?

JEAN blinks back tears and shakes her head as SALS hugs her.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Passengers for Sydney flight Number
 79560 proceed to Boarding gate 18.

SALS

I know you hate technology but
we'll stay connected, mum. We'll
Sype! Love you so, so much!

They hug fiercely and SALS walks off as JEAN gasps and
clutches her throat.

AIRPORT. LADIES TOILETS. DAY. 2006.

JEAN runs into the Ladies, sobbing. Jean whisks out her
Rescue Remedy drops from her bag, sticking her tongue out.
She drops them on her tongue, slowly composing herself.
Suddenly she hears a 'voice'. Her father's. She nods quickly.

JEAN

'Come on, Jean, be a brave little
soldier!' Don't worry, Daddy, I
won't let you down. I won't let
anyone down!

Jean stands to attention and splashes cold water on her face
staring hard at herself. She smoothes down her hair.

EXT. MOTORWAY. EDGE OF SOUTHAMPTON. BIT LATER. DAY.

JEAN drives past TWO WORKING GIRLS (17, 18) standing at the
side of the dual carriage way in their tracksuits. They are
smoking and waving at the passing cars. Jean looks back in
her Mirror as ONE WORKING GIRL gets into a car. Jean eyes
slowly narrow.

EXT. JEAN'S HOUSE. LEAFY STREET, BERRYBOURNE. HAMPSHIRE. DAY

JEAN parks her car on the drive outside a large house.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE. LEAFY STREET, BERRYBOURNE. HAMPSHIRE. DAY

JEAN bursts in through the door as her TWO KING CHARLES
SPANIELS jump up. She crouches down as they lick her face.
TONY (60's) handsome, supportive, a retired Airline Pilot
walks over. Jean laughs and cries as the dogs lick her face.

JEAN

Oh, you silly fluff balls! So
silly?!

Jean stands up and now collapses into Tony's arms.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, Tony? Sals was my right arm!

TONY

Australia is only a flight away,
Jean. I know how much you hate
flying after all those flights I
flew, you gripping onto the arms of
your seat even with me as pilot,
but where's the legendary grit?
Hockey Champion of Lusaka? Come on!

Jean blinks hard as we hear the NEWSCASTER on TV and see photos of DEAD WORKING GIRLS in Ipswich. Jean stares at the screen.

NEWSCASTER (TV)

Police have arrested Forklift
driver Steven Wright in connection
with the murders of the five
prostitutes in Ipswich ...

JEAN

(softly/to herself)
Why do they always say
'prostitutes'? Horrible word!

Jean looks over to the picture on the mantelpiece of her daughter SALS and goes quiet. She is deep in thought. Tony slowly grins fondly. He gets it.

TONY

This is your Captain speaking! The
weather is bright and breezy today
but there is some turbulence on the
horizon so fasten your seat belts
as it's going to be a bumpy ride!

Jean looks over and twinkles at him.

EXT. EDGE OF MOTORWAY. GRASSY VERGE. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY (WEEK
LATER)

CARS whizz past at speed. A VAN is parked nearby in the lay by selling teas. JEAN and SHIRLEY stand on a grassy verge overlooking the motorway and the van below them selling teas. JEAN paces around, making notes, as SHIRLEY hobbles with a stick after her recent stroke, struggling to keep up.

SHIRLEY

You do bring me to the most
marvellous places, dear! I could be
listening to 'The Archers', a nice
cup of Earl Grey at hand.

Jean gives Shirley a withering smile. Shirley shrugs.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry, dear! Just having a wee
moan. You're Watson is right behind
you, Holmes. Onwards!

They see THREE WORKING GIRLS, AGGIE (17), a tough, petite
Glaswegian, and WORKING GIRL (#2) (18) are waving down cars.
WORKING GIRL (#3)(20's) gets into a passing car that slows
down. Jean's eyes widen.

JEAN

Oh Shirley? If we don't do
something for these young women,
who will? Councils have cleaned up
the city centres and pushed these
girls out to the very edges of the
city No one sees, no one cares!

AGGIE (17), tough, a petite Glaswegian, walks up towards
them, smoking hard. She grins, playing 'tough.'

AGGIE

Hi. Ah'm Aggie. Are you two ladies?
Yeh know? Slappers?

Shirley wiggles her hips and giggles.

SHIRLEY

Slappers? Guess we could be? Shake
a leg! Can we get you a cup of tea,
dear?

AGGIE

Ach? Social workers? Been dodging
you lot all meh life!

Aggie runs off as a CAR toots its Horn from the motorway
below. Jean bites her lip in exasperation. Shirley waves her
stick at the car as she scowls.

SHIRLEY

Beastly punters!

A car SCREECHES up behind Jean and Shirley on the grass
verge. A flash convertible driven by HOLLY SPENCER (40's), a
Brothel Madame, big fur coat, large, stressed, vaping, a
Mancunian gets out as does MAGS, (40's), tall, slim, Black
British, a Mancunian Working Girl and Holly's best friend.
Holly bellows down at Aggie as Jean and Shirley jump back.

HOLLY

(shouting)

You on a death wish, ya muppet?

(MORE)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Don't get in that car unless you
want to end up dumped in a ditch
with a sock down ya throat!

Aggie leaves in the car, doors banging. Holly throws her
hands up disgusted and looks to Mags.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Bah? Unpaid social workers, we are!

Jean clears her throat and walks over to Holly and holds her
card out, smiling brightly.

JEAN

Jean Johnson, Berrybourne Women's
Institute. My card. We want to get
Working Girls get off the streets,
and decriminalise prostitution!

Holly stares unimpressed at Jean's card.

HOLLY

We keep men off the streets.
Paedos, perverts, the whole dog's
bollocks! Holly Spencer. Run the
best kept brothel in town!

Jean laughs politely as Mags grins over warmly, swaggering up
to Jean and Shirley.

MAGS

Good money in this for the girls,
ya see, ladies. Pays for their lip
implants and boob jobs.

SHIRLEY

But it's so risky, dear! And who
needs a beastly boob job, dear?

MAGS

I did! Knockers were around me
knees before the best plastic
fantastic man in town fixed em up.
Rock solid now! A squeeze, ladies?

Mags walks towards Jean and Shirley with her chest out but
they decline. Mags shrugs. Holly reads Jean's card.

HOLLY

The Women's Institute, eh? You
biddies might like to pay us a
visit?

MAGS

Second roundabout Dock 3. 'Blue Saloon' dead discreet we are!

HOLLY

You ladies bring the cakes and we'll provide tea and crumpets!

Mags and Holly laugh loudly and walk away as Holly's Car SCREECHES off, music blaring loudly. Shirley splutters and stares up at Jean, eyes rolling.

SHIRLEY

Bugger 'The Archers', dear! This is so much more fun!

Jean walks off, chewing her pencil, deep in thought. Shirley hobbles after her and looks concerned as Jean goes quiet.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Oh-oh? You're getting one of your crazy notions, Sherlock?

Jean suddenly spins round, eyes blazing.

JEAN

What's happens to these girls when they get into those cars? They have no one!

SHIRLEY

Are you suggesting we usher Working Girls off the streets and into Brothels? We would get pilloried for that, dear, p-p-pilloried?!

JEAN

Let's urge Local Councils to provide decent working spaces for Working Girls! Somewhere clean and safe and decent. But first, we must go find the perfect brothel!

Shirley splutters as Jean smiles brightly and sings **TRACK 2.**
'THE PERFECT BROTHEL'

JEAN (CONT'D)

LETS TAKE A LITTLE LOOK
AT THE JOLLY OLD W.I.
THEIR CAMPAIGN HISTORY
INSPIRING FOR YOU AND FOR ME!
(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)

BRAVE LADIES OF THE SHIRES ARE WE
NOT JUST MAKING CUPS OF TEA
WE'LL FIND THE PERFECT BROTHEL
AND BRING IT HOME, YOU'LL SEE!

IN 1939, WE PICKLED CANNED FRUIT
AND VEG
WE STEERED THE NATION'S HEALTH
A VERY PROUD HERITAGE!
WE PUSHED FOR EQUAL PAY BACK THEN
AND HELPED TO CURE VD!

SHIRLEY - VD, DEAR?

JEAN (CONT'D)

THE PRODUCE GUILD WAS BORN
WE HELPED THE EVACUEES!
WE THEN KEPT BRITAIN TIDY
A NATIONWIDE CAMPAIGN!
AS PEOPLE PICKED UP LITTER
NOT ONE OF THEM EVER COMPLAINED!
BRAVE LADIES OF THE SHIRES ARE WE
NOT JUST MAKING CUPS OF TEA
WE'LL FIND THE PERFECT BROTHEL
AND BRING IT HOME YOU'LL SEE!

JEAN/SHIRLEY

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE
MUST NOW HELP THESE GIRLS ON THE
STREETS
THE HAMPSHIRE W.I.
WILL NEVER ACCEPT DEFEAT!
BRAVE LADIES OF THE SHIRES ARE WE
NOT JUST MAKING CUPS OF TEA
WE'LL FIND THE PERFECT BROTHEL
AND BRING IT HOME, YOU'LL SEE!

They laugh as Jean punches the air and Shirley shakes her head, laughing. She twizzles her stick.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. DOCKS. NEXT DAY. DAY

HOLLY runs across the empty concourse waving some papers. She looks stressed as she arrives at her brothel, slatted blinds, a sign saying 'BLUE SALOON.' She punches in the code.

INT. CHURCH, BERRYBOURNE VILLAGE, HAMPSHIRE. DAY

SHIRLEY emerges from behind a massive bunch of flowers that she's struggling to arrange near the Altar.

EVE (40's), stylish, Black British, the Vicar's wife approaches. PRU (50's), stout, fierce, a retired Social worker, rolls her eyes as Eve gives the flowers a withering look. Shirley smiles warmly at Eve.

SHIRLEY

Tried my best, Eve! Need Jean here
with her flower arranging touch!

EVE bristles at JEAN'S name as she arranges the flowers.

EVE

There you go. Not too difficult?

Eve gives Shirley a patronising smile and walks off.

PRU

Vicar's wives? And why is Adam
never here? A church without a
vicar?

Shirley raises a wry eyebrow.

INT. HOLLY'S BROTHEL. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

On ADAM, the VICAR (40's), kind, smooth, charming. He takes his dog collar off and sits on a sofa.

HOLLY sits at a reception desk, vaping, very stressed as she wades through paperwork. The room is immaculate apart from some framed Health and Safety certificates, two sofas and a large framed picture of Margaret Thatcher over Holly's desk.

HOLLY

We're health and safety checked,
Vic, VAT registered and still
getting warnings from the Berkshire
police!

ADAM THE VICAR

What harm are we doing? Decent men
and women choosing to get together?

The PHONE GOES. Holly picks up the phone, a smooth voice on.

HOLLY (ON PHONE)

Blue Saloon? How can I help, love?
Seventy quid for the full service
... Too much?

Holly's tone changes.

HOLLY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

(harsh)

Hit the streets of St. Mary's then
if ya want ya basic dog bollock
shag!

MAGS, glamorous in her glittery basque and fishnets walks in with a tray of teas and smiles at Adam who smiles back.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

These electronic cigs you've put me
on are shite, Mags, shite!

MAGS

(laughing)

Life is shite, Holl. Haven't you
heard?

MAGS giggles and sits on ADAM'S lap as the BELL GOES and HOLLY checks her CTTV screen and buzzes him in.

MAGS (CONT'D)

Suicidal Syd with his weeping
dermatitis. Help me someone?!

SUICIDAL SYD (50's), a TOWN COUNCILLOR wheels in seated in his electric wheelchair. Mags walks to greet him as THE BUZZER goes again. SUKI walks in (27) Chinese/British, smartly dressed, an Assistant Bank Manger. Suki grins.

SUKI

Line them up, Holly! Signed the
deal on our third luxury flat
overlooking the Harbour today so
need to keep my Bank Manager happy!

HOLLY

You are the Bank Manager, Suki, or
did ya forget?

Suki smirks proudly, swings her briefcase and walks off to change. Mags looks at Sydney, smiling warmly.

MAGS

Hello Sydney. How's your weeping
dermatitis? Got some cream that
will help. Nice oily rub?

SYDNEY

Super, Mags! Been very itchy of
late, flaky too.

Holly snorts softly as Mags leads him to a back bedroom off making a face back at Holly as she passes. Adam sighs sadly.

ADAM THE VICAR

Lot of lonely people out there,
Holly. This place provides a human
touch that even God can't reach.

Adam sighs hard as Holly automatically crosses herself.

HOLLY

(wry)

Today's sermon, Vic? You're right
mind. Everyone on their i-phones,
or blimmin' me-phones, no one
connecting. We're just bringing
folks together here, doing our bit!

EVE (O.S.)

We must all do our bit, ladies!

INT. WOMEN'S INSTITUTE. MEETING HALL, BERRYBOURNE, HAMPSHIRE,
UP.

JEAN at top table, President of the Branch, a plate of her
huge meringues in front of her. She faces a row of TEN or so
WI LADIES (50's and 60's) and she politely stifles a yawn as
EVE talks. PRU, Branch Secretary, sits next to Jean.
BJ(BALJINDER)(30's) Asian, shy, Branch Treasurer, sits the
other side of Jean. Eve smiles wildly.

EVE (CONT'D)

Let's fling off our bras!

DOT (50's), huge, nervy, sweating, keen to please Eve, jumps
up. MARJ (60's), a sour-faced disapproving woman watches her.

DOT

Sorry? Do you mean now, Eve? Might
need a bit of help with the clasp?

Eve winces as Jean jumps up, holding the meringues aloft.

JEAN

Bras for Africa is a wonderful
charity, Eve, so bras off, ladies,
when you're at home of course! As
you know, I've proposed myself as
Hampshire Federation Chair so hope
you'll be supporting that. Time for
tea now, and meringues of course!

Jean smiles but now leans into BJ and Pru.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Coping with it all, BJ?

(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)

We're lucky to have a trained accountant on board as Treasurer!

BJ

Loving it, Jean! Was worried when Raji moved his business down from Basingstoke that Berrybourne might be a bit, you know ...?

PRU

(twinkling)

A bit boring, BJ?

Jean walks off.

JEAN

Make the tea strong, Pru! I've got a proposal that's going to blow their socks off!

PRU

And their bras, Jean?

They giggle softly as Pru leans into BJ.

PRU (CONT'D)

We might not be Basingstoke, BJ, but Berrybourne rocks!

BJ smiles politely, a bit nervous.

INT. HOLLY'S BROTHEL. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

CASSIE (26), Mixed-race, fiercely bright, a trainee Barrister, stands in high heels in front of HOLLY and ADAM.

CASSIE

(grinning nervously)

Ta-daam! One Brothel newbie reporting for duty!

She giggles and flings off her black legal gown to reveal a glittery basque and fishnet tights. SUKI walks in, her basque and heels on and struts around, very confident.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I'm shelling out for chambers, my student loan, the rent for me and Nana and drowning in debt but it's my choice to be here, people, so can't complain!

Cassie smiles bravely Suki walks over to her.

SUKI

Think of the money, honey!

HOLLY

The money here's a trap so don't
get greedy, love. You're well
trapped, Suki Sue!

Suki shrugs as the BUZZER goes and Holly buzzes in NORM THE
DENTIST (50's) as Cassie's eyes widen.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Norm, our dentist for ya, Cassie.
Don't worry. Most of our punters
don't want sex. Just tea and
sympathy. Bit like those WI
biddies!

Norm the Dentist (50's) walks in and smiles kindly at Cassie.
Cassie smiles nervously as Holly hisses at her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Get him to check your back molars
while he's out it, love. Dentistry
costs a bomb these days!

Cassie gulps weakly as Norm smiles and approaches her. Suki
leans into Cassie and rolls her eyes.

SUKI

Ker-ching-ching-ching!

INT. HALL. BERRYBOURNE. HAMPSHIRE. DAY

JEAN, standing at top table, clears her throat nervously.
EVE, DOT and MARJ and a COUPLE OF OTHER WI LADIES stare up at
her including ELDERLY WI MEMBER, MAVIS, (80) in a wheelchair.

SHIRLEY comes in at the back at the hall and sits down. She
nods up at Jean, encouraging her.

JEAN

We now want you ladies to help us
forward a resolution to urge local
councils to provide safe working
spaces for these Working Girls, so
often in danger. These girls could
so easily be our own daughters or
grand daughters!

SILENCE. Shirley stands up to second the motion.

SHIRLEY
Motion seconded!

Eve slowly stands up, her face pale.

EVE
Sorry, Jean? Are you actually suggesting we urge 'working girls', to enter brothels? That's immoral.

Jean smiles kindly.

JEAN
Working girls are clearly safer together, Eve, that much has been proved. Let's move to a resolution, ladies. All opposed hands raised?

Eve puts her hand up and SEVERAL LADIES raise their hands. Jean gulps slightly.

JEAN (CONT'D)
All in favour, hands raised please?

A sea of hands. We hear some 'Hear, hear, Jean!' Jean smiles.

JEAN (CONT'D)
The resolution is passed!

Eve storms out as Dot and Marj follow. Jean walks off the stage and sighs hard. Shirley comes over.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, Shirley? Eve and I used to be friends?

SHIRLEY
You can't always be popular, Jean. My dear old ma used to say 'Don't let the bastards get you down'! We have a resolution, that's wonderful!

Shirley **REPRISE TRACK 1. - 'RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!'** as the WI LADIES gather around. Shirley taking the lead as they do a Waltz slow version.

SHIRLEY/PRU/BJ/WI LADIES

RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH THAT?
RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
IT CAN EVEN STOP YOU GETTING FAT!

SHIRLEY/PRU/BJ/WI LADIES (CONT'D)

YOU CAN MOVE IT, YOU CAN SHAKE IT
 YOU CAN WIGGLE IT OR FAKE IT
 BUT YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT
 THAT'S A FACT!

Shirley and the WI Ladies swing around, linking arms and do high kicks in a faster, jazzed-up version.

SHIRLEY/PRU/BJ/WI LADIES (CONT'D)

RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
 WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH THAT?
 RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
 IT CAN EVEN STOP YOU GETTING FAT!

YOU CAN MOVE IT, YOU CAN SHAKE IT
 YOU CAN WIGGLE IT OR FAKE IT
 BUT YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT
 NO, YOU'LL NEVER, EVER STOP IT THAT'S A FACT!
 NO, YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT, THAT'S A FA-A-ACT!

Jean, anxiety gone, smiles as Shirley does a twirl her stick and the WI Ladies do 'jazz hands.'

INT. HOLLY'S BROTHEL. BLUE. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

The BUZZER goes. HOLLY checks her CCTV screen and buzzes in ANIA, (27) Polish, pretty, well-groomed, a natural blonde but wears a black wig and looks furtive. She takes off her coat.

MAGS

Got your papers through yet, Ania?
 You Poles don't half ton it!

ANIA

Dropped Eva off at school but Rudi,
 my drunk of the brother has turned
 up from Poland and has no job?! I
 tell him, no work, no stay, Rudi.
 We get throw out! If the word gets
 back to Warsaw I work in a brothel,
 I'm the meat dead!

MAGS

You've got no worries working here,
 love. Mary Magdalene was a working
 girl, as us Convent girls know, eh,
 Holl?

Holly busy at her desk, stressed, shrugs irritated.

ANIA

Maybe my handsome prince will come?
All my worry over! If you say what
we do here is in the Bible, that's
good enough for me, Mags!

Holly tosses aside her pile of papers and gets up as Ania
takes off her wig and shakes her hair out. Holly sings **TRACK**
3 - 'IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN' and chases them around the
room as Mags and Ania roll their eyes playfully.

HOLLY

IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN
YOU'D BETTER START RIGHT HERE, GIRLS
YOU'D BETTER GET REAL CLEAR GIRLS
BEFORE THE DEVIL DRAGS YOU DOWN!

IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN
BEST NOT PLAY THE WHORE GIRLS
WALK OUT THROUGH THAT DOOR GIRLS
BEFORE THE DEVIL DRAGS YOU DOWN!

FOLKS SAY I AM AMORAL
BUT WE SPLIT THE DOSH IN TWO
I'M NOT A WOMAN WHO'S JUST ON THE TAKE.
YOU GIRLS, YOU WORK THE BEDROOMS
I DRAG THE PUNTERS IN
AS A MADAME, I AM AWASH WITH SIN!

IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN
YOU'D BETTER START RIGHT HERE GIRLS
YOU'D BETTER GET REAL CLEAR, GIRLS
BEFORE THE DEVIL DRAGS YOU DOWN!

NOW JESUS WAS A GOOD GUY
HIS POLICIES WERE SOUND
HE'D NEVER GO AND PUSH US UNDERGROUND!

MAGS & ANYA

US UNDERGROUND!

HOLLY

IF JC CROSSED SOUTHAMPTON
INTO THE BLUE SALOON
I'D ASK HIM TO SIT DOWN AND SHARE A BREW!

MAGS & ANYA

AND SHARE A BREW!

HOLLY
 IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN
 YOU'D BEST NOT PLAY THE WHORE,
 GIRLS
 WALK OUT THROUGH THAT DOOR, GIRLS
 BEFORE THE DEVIL DRAGS YOU DOWN!
 IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN
 LISTEN UP, GET CLEAR, GIRLS
 MY SERMON YOU MUST HEAR, GIRLS
 BEFORE THE DEVIL DRAGS YOU DOWN!

JC HUNG WITH OUTSIDERS
 LOWLIFE JUST LIKE US
 HE'D SPURN THE HYPOCRITES WHO MAKE
 SUCH FUSS!
 NOW JESUS MIGHT WASH YOUR FEET
 BUT HE NEVER WOULD WASH MINE
 A MADAME NOW CONDEMNED BY THE
 DIVINE!

MAGS & ANIA KNEEL DOWN IN PRAYER

Oooo aaaah ahhh aaaaaah!

HOLLY
 IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN
 BEST NOT PLAY THE WHORE, GIRLS
 WALK OUT THROUGH THAT DOOR, GIRLS
 BEFORE THE DEVIL DRAGS YOU DOWN!
 IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN
 LISTEN UP, GET CLEAR, GIRLS
 MY SERMON YOU MUST HEAR, GIRLS
 BEFORE THE DEVIL DRAGS YOU DOWN!

Holly goes to her desk and waves over a closure notice.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 We're like social services us,
 soaking up the pervos, the paedos,
 and that Berkshire bitch wants to
 close us down. On a Holy mission,
 she is!

INT. CHURCH. BERRYBOURNE. HAMPSHIRE. DAY

EVE crosses herself, kneeling down at the Altar. ADAM rushes into the back of the church and stops. He looks at her and gulps but Eve doesn't turn around, blinking hard.

EVE

Daddy won't pull the strings for
you again, Adam. Your liasons
dangereuses in Norwich cost us
dear! I can't take the shame again.
I won't!

Adam nods slowly and gulps and rushes off to the Vestry as
Eve, hands still clutched in prayer, blinks back tears.

INT. MAGS'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT

MAGS, weary, comes into her comfortable living room. STEVE
(40's, rough, 40's) is slumped in front of the tv. Mags
flings down her car keys

MAGS

Steve? Did you have your dinner?
Left it in the microwave for ya.
I'm off to see J.J. Coming?

Mags sees Steve snoring in front of the tv, a Gambling
Programme running, bottles of beer littered around. Mags
shakes her head in disgust and leaves.

INT. WARD. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. SOUTHAMPTON. LATER. NIGHT

MAGS sits at the bedside of her son J.J. (9) a sickle cell
sufferer. THE CONSULTANT (FEMALE, 40's) comes in.

CONSULTANT

We're still looking for the bone
marrow match, Mrs. Jackson, but
J.J.'s a fighter. He's a brave lad.

J.J. looks up at them, wide eyed, as MAGS blinks hard

J.J. (RAPPING)

Listen brothers in the hood,
Gonna tell you 'bout bad blood,
They call it sicklin, call it sicklin
With this sickle cell disease,
I cough up blood, and then I wheeze,
And I could die, it ain't no lie!

Mags blinks back tears, smiling proudly.

MAGS

Wrote that himself, did our J.J.
Wants to go on 'Stars in Their
Eyes'!

The Consultant smiles, walking away. J.J. blinks at Mags as she squeezes his arm gently.

EXT. VICARAGE. GARDEN. BERRYBOURNE. HAMPSHIRE. NEXT DAY. DAY

EVE is angrily pruning roses as DOT nods meekly. Eve marches across her garden, pruning some more as Dot follows her.

EVE

These young women need our help to
get out of prostitution, not to be
boxed into brothels!

DOT

Fallen women must be saved, isn't
that right, Eve?

EVE

Jean and Shirley are dragging the
Berrybourne WI into disrepute and
as a forward thinking female, I
won't have that. A plan is needed!

DOT nods obediently, eyes widening.

EXT. STREETS OF SOUTHAMPTON. NEXT DAY. DAY

JEAN and SHIRLEY interview WORKING GIRLS (#1 and #2) on the streets. Jean has a notebook and pen. WORKING GIRL (#1) is high on drugs, WORKING GIRL (#2) is more coherent.

AGGIE, the Scottish Working Girl we saw earlier approaches, drunk, swigging from a bottle.

SHIRLEY

Aggie? You came back, dear? I'm
getting you a tea this time!

AGGIE

Don't drink tea, misses. Only
whiskey!

Aggie laughs harshly as the other two Working Girls laugh.

JEAN

Where are your parents, Aggie?

AGGIE

Ma's in Glasgow, married to a arse hole. The arse hole was giving meh too much attention - so I left!

SECOND WORKING GIRL

Same. Me step dad was always pestering me so I legged it!

JEAN

Hmm? A common story, I'm sure.

Jean jots some notes down as Shirley steps forwards.

SHIRLEY

But your mother, dear? Hasn't she been in touch?

AGGIE

Ma doesn't ring meh, so she doesn't give a toss, does she?

A CAR HOOTS his horn as Aggie shrugs and staggers off as Shirley breathes hard watching her go.

INT. SHIRLEY'S COTTAGE. BERRYBOURNE. LATER. NIGHT.

SHIRLEY sits in her living room and pours herself a brandy. She goes to sit at her computer and clicks on Facebook. There is a picture of her son, PAUL (30's). Shirley takes the mouse and hovers over 'connect'. She blinks hard. She can't do it. Shirley shakes her head and looks out across the room.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

EXT. COTTAGE. WINCHESTER. DAY. (1968)

YOUNG SHIRLEY (30's) watches in horror, clutching onto PETER (40's), her new partner. Her ex-husband DEREK (40's), the father of Shirley's son YOUNG PAUL'S, a stern-faced lawyer. He ushers young Paul (5) into a smart car. Shirley breaks down as Peter supports her.

YOUNG SHIRLEY

No?! Please ... don't take him, Derek! Paul needs his mother?!

DEREK

Paul needed his mother when you were busy in bed with our neighbor, Shirley! See you in court!

Shirley, horrified, breaks down as the car moves off and Young Paul stares back at his mother through the back window.

EXT. SCHOOL GATES. WINCHESTER. DAY (1971) (THREE YEARS LATER)

YOUNG SHIRLEY stands at the school gates, clutching onto the high school railings and looking through. Her face is pale.

PAUL (8) plays in the playground with ANOTHER BOY (8). Shirley gasps as a TEACHER (FEMALE, 30's) walks towards her. Shirley rushes off but looks back at young Paul who looks at her. Shirley, tears streaming down her face, walks away fast.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOLLY'S BROTHEL. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

ANIA and SUKI sit on a sofa. HOLLY draws MAGS aside, noticing a bruise on her neck. Mags shrugs as Holly snarls.

HOLLY

He knocks you around and then pimps you out? You're on a death wish, ya muppet! How many times must I ...?

THE BUZZER goes as Holly looks into the CTTV screen.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Screw me sideways? The tea ladies?! Get the kettle on, Mags - use the posh china!

Mags rushes off as Ania and Suki sit up as Holly pushes the buzzer. JEAN and SHIRLEY enter, smiling brightly.

JEAN

Hello, Holly! Jean and Shirley, Berrybourne Women's Institute. On our fact finding mission!

Holly gets up and walks towards them.

HOLLY

That so? Plenty of crumpets here as I said, ladies.

Holly indicates the sofa and they go to sit down. Jean puts on her glasses and whisks out her notebook.

SHIRLEY

We're looking for the perfect
brothel, Holly. We want to
decriminalise brothels!

Holly stops in her tracks, impressed.

HOLL

Then look no further, ladies! We've
got silk sheets on the beds, we're
health and safety checked ...

Mags comes back with a tray of teas for Jean and Shirley.
CASSIE emerges from the back rooms leading NORM THE DENTIST
out. Jean reels back as he scuttles off quickly.

JEAN

Golly? I'm sure that man did my
root canal!

HOLLY

With many of their fellas on the
slag heap, my girls hold up their
worlds. But the work here is not
for the squeamish, ladies. You've
got to know how to handle a man's?

SHIRLEY

(interrupts)

Bits? We understand, dear. You're
ladies are brave, modern day
Gladiators!

Mags brings her tea over and sits next to Shirley as Holly
grabs her cigarette packet and walks towards the back door.

HOLLY

Let's pop out back, ladies. Busting
for some fresh air. All the stress!

Mags smiles and rolls her eyes politely at Shirley.

EXT. BROTHEL. BUILDERS YARD/DOCKS AREA. DAY

Empty crates are stacked around and ANIA wipes two huge beer
barrels for Jean and Shirley to sit on. A LORRY is parked in
the background.

HOLLY vapes as THE GIRLS SING - **TRACK 4 - 'RUMPY PUMPY!'** A
couple of DOCKERS and a LORRY DRIVER in the background watch
and smile as the girls sing and dance.

CASSIE, ANIA, MAGS, SUKI

IF YOU LOVELY LADIES WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE DO
WE'LL LAY IT DOWN CLEARLY AND PLAINLY FOR YOU!
WE GIRLS ARE NOT SCRUBBERS, NOT TARTS AND NOT SLAGS
WE'RE HOLDING THEIR WORLDS UP, WE'RE FLYING THE FLAG!
LAY ASIDE YOUR NOTIONS AND YOUR CRITICAL ASSESSMENTS
ON THE BROTHEL FLOOR
LEAVE THEM ALL AT THE DOOR!

CASSIE

I AM A LAW STUDENT, TRAINEE BARRISTER
MY MUM SHE IS BLIND, MAKING MONEY FOR HER
THE POLE OF SUCCESS IS WHAT I NOW CLIMB
IF I WORK HERE NIGHTS, I'LL BE DOING JUST FINE!

ANIA, MAGS, SUKI

THE GREASY POLE IS SLIPPERY
BUT SHE WON'T STOP CLIMBING
GREASY POLE SHE WILL CLIMB
AND SHE'S DOING JUST FINE!

ANIA

HELLO THERE, I'M ANIA, A POLE DANCING POLE
I WORK AS A CARER, SO GOOD FOR THE SOUL.
MY PATIENTS THEY SAY I'M A FAIRY PRINCESS
I PAY FOR MY BROTHER, HE'S ONE
DRUNKEN MESS!

SUKI

I WORK FOR THE ABBEY THAT'S YOUR
LOCAL BANK.
MY GENTLEMEN COME FOR A HUG AND A
*****! I PUNCH IN THE NUMBERS THEIR
CREDIT CONTROL
I'M PULLING THE DOSH IN, YES I'M ON A
ROLL!

MAGS

I'M GETTING OLDER, THERE'S NOW'T WRONG WITH THAT
I MADE ME A PROMISE, A NICE SEASIDE FLAT
I'LL LEAVE MY OLD MAN, WHO'S NO GOOD TO ME!
I TURN TRICKS FOR PERVERTS AND DRINK CUPS OF TEA!

MAGS/CASSIE/ANIA/SUKI

SHE'S TAKING TEA WITH PERVERTS
TURNING TRICKS FOR SLEAZY PAEDOS
AND SHE'S DRINKING THE TEA FOR THAT
FLAT NEAR THE SEA!

IT IS COMPLICATED
THERE'S NO DENYING THAT.
THE STREETS ARE FAR TOO DANGEROUS
WE'RE SAFER IN THE FLATS!
OUT THERE WE GET A RECORD
THEN NO GOING BACK!
IT'S POVERTY THAT IS THE CRIME
WE'RE JUST DOING TIME!

HOLLY
MY GIRLS ARE NOT 'PROZZIES'
WHO STAGGER THE STREETS.
THEY WORK IN THIS BROTHEL
TO MAKE THEIR ENDS MEET
SO LAY DOWN ALL CLICHES
AND WIPE YOUR PAGE CLEAN
THEY'RE NOT LIKE THE SCRUBBERS
YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN!

CASSIE/ANIA/MAGS/SUKI

DON'T CALL US LOW-DOWN SCRUBBERS
WITHOUT RUBBERS, LOUSY LOVERS
AS WE'RE GIRLS IN CONTROL
AND WE'RE ALL ON A ROLL!
RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY IN THIS TIDY
LITTLE BROTHEL
WE ARE GIRLS IN CONTROL
AND WE'RE ALL ON A ROLL!

Jean and Shirley nod at each other, impressed.

SHIRLEY
The girls here certainly seem
empowered, Jean!

HOLLY
Nice cup of tea ladies?

SHIRLEY
Yes, please, dear!

INT. BROTHEL. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY (MINUTES LATER)

The BUZZER goes HOLLY checks the CCTV screen and gasps.

HOLLY
 Mothers Circle, girls! The butch
 Berkshire Bitch hell bent on
 destruction!

The GIRLS quickly gather knitting needles and wool from behind sofas. JEAN and SHIRLEY, a bit confused, join in.

ANIA shoves her dark wig over her blonde hair. DC STACY HECKS (40's), tall, sour-faced, troubled, marches in followed by THREE POLICE OFFICERS. Holly sits at her desk reading The Bible as the Girls, Jean and Shirley do their knitting.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 'And the Lord said, thou shalt not
 sin and ...? Ah, DC Hecks? Thank
 you for joining us!

DC HECKS
 Search the rooms!

POLICE OFFICERS (#2, #3) rush off through the door. DC Hecks mutters into her walkie-talkie.

DC HECKS (CONT'D)
 Have apprehended the Proprietor,
 one Holly Spencer, Brothel madame!

HOLLY
 (brightly)
 Here to put a hex on me, Officer
 Hecks?

Jean marches over to DC Hecks, thrusting out her card.

JEAN
 Jean Johnson, Hampshire WI - my
 card, Officer!,

DC HECKS
 Why are nice ladies like you mixing
 with these lowlife scrubbers?

SHIRLEY
 These girls appear to be here of
 their own free will, Officer. We're
 teaching young mothers to knit!

Mags comes over and wiggles her hips at DC Hecks.

MAGS
 We've joined the Women's Institute,
 Hecksy. You can't touch us now!

DC HECKS

Seize the computer and all
evidence! This den of iniquity is
condemned!

Officer (#1) gets out handcuffs and slaps them on Holly as
Officer (#2) comes back in and slaps handcuffs on an outraged
Mags. Officer (#3) rushes back in and pulls out the Computer
on the desk and grabs the cash box.

HOLLY

Got all your top brass on that
computer and I've backed it all up!

DC HECKS

I'm arresting you, Holly Spencer,
for living off immoral earnings!

Police Officer (#1) drags Holly off. Holly struggles.

HOLLY

Why don't you go after ya big bad
buggers? Ya Sex traffickers and ya
crack dealing pimps? Us brothel
owners are soft targets!

Mags is dragged by Police Officers (#2 and #3) along with
Holly. Ania, Cassie and Suki run out back to change. DC Hecks
notices Cassie as she runs off. Jean and Shirley march up to
DC Hecks, incensed.

SHIRLEY

These decent girls are helping
everyone and hurting no one,
officer!

DC HECKS

This is the law and that's my
mission!

JEAN

Then the law must be changed,
officer. That's our mission!

INT. CASSIE'S RENTED FLAT. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY (LATER)

CASSIE comes in, exhausted, her glittery basque showing under
her open coat. She drops her bag on the table and looks over
at CLAUDETTE (70's) her grandmother. Black British, blind.
The flat is drab and Claudette stirs a pot, looking round.

CASSIE

It's me, Nana. Phewf? Pooped!

Cassie throws her coat off and slumps in a chair. She opens her purse and takes out a lot of cash. Cassie walks over.

CLAUDETTE

You'll be the finest barrister in the whole of Britain, Cassie. So proud of my working girl!

CASSIE

(wry)

I'm a working girl alright!

Cassie smiles wryly and quickly puts her cash away. They hug.

CLAUDETTE

You've come so far, Cassie. Losing your Ma and your Pa running off back to Dublin like he did?

Cassie shrugs quickly, hiding the pain, and gets up.

CASSIE

I'm going to build you a fine white house in St. Lucia, Nana, next to Uncle Ronnie's. I'm taking you back to the sunlight, where you belong! Can you taste the juicy mangoes?

CLAUDETTE

I can taste them, Cassie. I can see them too!

Cassie holds her grandmother's face and gently blows on her.

CASSIE

Can you feel the breeze, Nana, can you?

Claudette smiles and breathes deeply, nodding.

INT. POLICE STATION. LATER. DAY

HOLLY and MAGS at the duty desk, both vaping and talking to BRIAN, DUTY SERGEANT (stout, 40's, kindly) a brothel regular. Holly and Mags lean over the duty desk.

HOLLY

Who bailed us out this time, Bri?

BRI

Jean Johnson and Shirley Landels.

MAGS

The Tea ladies, Holl. Bless 'em!

DC HECKS struts over and glares over at Holly.

HOLLY

Blimmin' heck? It's Officer Hecks
our very own Hellfire Copper!

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON (50's), tall, handsome, imperious
marches past. DC Hecks suddenly stops in her tracks as
Superintendent Harrison frowns and walks over.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON

These ladies are to be released on
bail, I believe, sergeant?

BRIAN THE DUTY SERGEANT

Correct, Sir. All sorted.

Superintendent Harrison nods and glares at DC Hecks who gulps
hard. DC Harrison marches off as Holly walks over to circle
DC Hecks waving her vape, puffing the fumes out towards her.

HOLLY

A game of cat and mouse, eh,
Officer Hecks? You close us down,
we open up. Round and round we go!

DC HECKS

Fourteen years for money laundering
next time. I will visit you again,
anti-Christ!

Mags walks over, circles DC Hecks and also vapes at her.

MAGS

Only men allowed at the Blue
Saloon. Unless you are into the
ladies, Officer?

HOLLY

(giggling)
Nowt wrong with that, love? Our
chicks can strap on dicks!

They roar with laughter as Brian the Duty Sergeant suppresses
a smile as DC Hecks splutters and storms off.

INT. EMPTY CORRIDOR. POLICE STATION. DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

DC HECKS, face dark, breathing hard, comes round a dark empty corridor. She stands in the shadows and sings - **Track 5.**
'BUTTERCUP'

DC HECKS

I WILL CLEAR IT UP, PEOPLE
I WILL CLEAR IT UP!
SCRUB THE SCUM AWAY
AS WE REACH REDEMPTION DAY!

THE CHILDREN'S HOME WAS GOOD TO ME
TILL UNCLE GEOFFREY CAME TO TEA
AND SAT ME ON HIS BONY ROTTEN KNEE!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY. 1978.

We see the drab walls of a Children's home corridor. We see the YOUNG DC HECKS (10), holding the hand of a FEMALE OFFICIAL walking her down the corridor.

On the young DC Hecks, hair in plaits, eyes widening with fear as they enter a room. AN OLD MAN sits there grinning.

DC HECKS (O.S.)

THIS BUTTERCUP WAS ONLY TEN
WHEN SHE LEARNED NOT TO TRUST THE MEN
AND DOUBT THE SLAGS WHO PIMPED HER OUT BACK THEN!

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. POLICE STATION. EMPTY YARD. DAY. 2008.

DC HECKS, face red with anger, bursts through a door into the empty yard and marches around.

DC HECKS

I WILL SMASH THEM UP, PEOPLE
I WILL SMASH THEM UP! LOCK THE FILTH AWAY
AS WE REACH REDEMPTION DAY!

A BUTTONED DOWN NEW POLICE CADET
HOW COULD THIS BUTTERCUP FORGET
WHEN SHE WAS TAKEN UP THE POLICE BACK YARD!

DC HECKS (CONT'D)

THE BOYS IN BLUE SAID I WAS PURE
 NOT SOME FILTHY BROTHEL WHORE
 A PRECIOUS FLOWER
 WHO'S PETALS THEY THEN PLUCKED!

HOW I HATE THE CHATTERING CLASS
 WHOSE EASY LIFE WAS NEVER SUCH A
 FARCE
 THOSE LIBERALS WITH THEIR LOUSY
 BLEEDING HEARTS!

I WILL LOCK THEM UP, PEOPLE
 I WILL LOCK THEM UP!
 WIPE AWAY THE STAINS
 OF THIS BLIGHTED BUTTERCUP!

LICENCE BROTHELS YOU ALL BRAY
 ARE YOU THE ONES THE PRICE TO PAY?
 AS ARMAGEDDON LOOMS AND JUDGEMENT
 DAY!

I WILL CLOSE THEM DOWN, PEOPLE
 I WILL CLOSE THEM DOWN!
 CATCH THE FAT MADAME
 AS WE REACH REDEMPTION DAY!

The light shines through the window as DC Hecks looks up with renewed vigor, her eyes blazing. She crosses herself.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON COMMON - DAY

ON JEAN and SHIRLEY, PRU and BJ and THREE OTHER BERRYBOURNE WI LADIES holding up placards in the middle of the Common as DOG WALKERS and PASSERS BY gather around. 'HAMPSHIRE WI CAMPAIGN TO DECRIMINALISE PROSTITUTION!' and 'SAFE CLEAN LEGAL SPACES FOR WORKING GIRLS!'

The PRESS are there and Jean and Shirley pose and smile. CASSIE and ANIA walk past on a lunch break. Shirley waves over at them and they walk over and join the crowd.

MALE REPORTER

The Women's Institute and
 Prostitution? An unlikely marriage
 isn't it, ladies?

SHIRLEY

There speaks a man who's never been
 married!

Everyone laughs warmly as Shirley grins at them.

JEAN

Young women need our support and we need to provide safe, clean, legal working spaces for them!

FEMALE REPORTER

What's the next step for your campaign, ladies?

JEAN

We're going on a worldwide trip to see if the perfect brothel really does exist and some rather nice TV people are coming with us! Hugo?

Jean smiles over at HUGO (30's) A TV Director, Oxford University, educated, pompous and SOPHIE (20's) short spiky hair, street wise, the Sound Woman. Hugo waves proudly to the crowd as Sophie rolls her eyes.

FEMALE REPORTER

The Women's Institute meets the Brothels? A case of twin sets and pearls then, ladies?

SHIRLEY

Oh no, dear? We rather prefer tea and crumpets!

INT. PRIVATE CARE HOME. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

ANIA massages the limbs of WILL (30's), warm, charming, a chartered surveyor, a paraplegic. Will lies on a bed as Andia's mobile goes off - RUDI her Polish brother.

ANIA (ON PHONE)

No Rudi? She doesn't need that bag ... just take her ballet shoes and her dinner money? Yes, Rudi!

Ania snaps off her phone and sighs. Will smiles up at her.

ANIA (CONT'D)

Working 24/7 to pay for my girl's ballet lessons and get her on the school skiing trip! Life, eh?

WILL

Let's not talk about skiing as that particular sport landed me in here! But ... life's suddenly getting a whole lot better, Ania.

Will grins shyly at her as Ania gulps slowly, her eyes widening.

INT. LARGE MEETING HALL. HAMPSHIRE WI HQ. DAY. (WEEKS LATER)

JEAN stands at a podium making a speech to the HUNDREDS OF WI MEMBERS of the Hampshire WI group in this huge hall. Jean gulps nervously and clears her throat. SHIRLEY nods up at her and Jean nods back, breathing hard, gaining confidence.

JEAN

As you know, Hampshire WI Groups have proposed a resolution to National to provide safe working spaces for Working girls and didn't that hit the headlines? 'The WI wants Knocking Shops!' Sunday Sport!

LAUGHTER as Jean grins. Shirley, Pur, BJ are clapping her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Tomorrow Shirley and I head out to Amsterdam for the first leg of our tour to see if the perfect brothel really does exist! We've done it with your support. Thank you all!

Jean comes off the stage, her hands shaking. She walks over to Shirley, giggling nervously.

JEAN (CONT'D)

How did I do?

SHIRLEY

You nailed it, dear, nailed it!

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON AIRPORT. DAY. (WEEKS LATER)

JEAN and SHIRLEY emerge from a car and TONY gets out to help Shirley out of the back seat. He comes round to Jean and hugs her hard as she kisses him. Tony smiles.

TONY

I've seen all yellow post it notes, darling, hundreds of them everywhere I move! Chopped liver for the boys, alfafa shoots, poached fish and salad for me. Have you got your rescue drops?

JEAN

Don't need them, Tony. Feel fine
and dandy!

Tony nods and smiles, a little unsure.

INT. LADIES TOILETS. SOUTHAMPTON AIRPORT. DAY (BIT LATER)

JEAN grips the sink, breathing hard, sweat on her forehead.

JEAN

Breathe, two, three, four
Breathe, two three, four!

INT. SOUTHAMPTON AIRPORT. DAY.

SHIRLEY walk across the concourse with ANNEYCE (40's), a warm-hearted College Lecturer, her daughter, pulling her mother's big suitcase. Anneyce stops and hugs Shirley, smiling fondly.

ANNEYCE

The kids think their granny is dead cool, searching for the perfect brothel! Paul would be so proud of you, mummy. Look? I could track him down. Let me?

Shirley quickly shakes her head. Anneyce sighs hard.

ANNEYCE (CONT'D)

Stop blaming yourself, mummy. You were young, isolated and lonely and the marriage wasn't a happy one.

Shirley smiles a bit sadly. She suddenly brightens.

SHIRLEY

Where's Jean, dear? Long loo break?

INT. LADIES. SOUTHAMPTON AIRPORT. DAY (MINUTES LATER)

JEAN is gripping the sink, deathly pale, as Shirley and Anneyce pop their heads around the door.

JEAN

I'm perfectly alright, thank you,
perfectly in control!

Shirley turns round to Anneyce rolling her eyes.

INT. AEROPLANE. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

JEAN and SHIRLEY are seated, seat belts on. Jean, sweat pouring down her forehead, looks terrified as Shirley calls the MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (30's).

SHIRLEY

G & T, please dear. And some Valium
for my rather jittery friend!

The male Flight Attendant looks politely confused.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Teasing, dear! Jean never drinks.
So a coke, no ice, and the smallest
squeeze of lemon and a G & T for
me. Gordon's!

Shirley sings from **Track 1. - 'THE PERFECT BROTHEL' (REPRISE)**

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Brave ladies of the shire are we
Not just drinking cups of tea!
We'll find the perfect brothel ...

Shirley beams and gently nudges Jean, still gripping the arms of the seat as the PLANE takes off. Jean smiles bravely.

JEAN

And ... bring it back ... you'll
see!

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT. AMSTERDAM. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

JEAN and SHIRLEY walk along clutching their hand bags, trailed by HUGO the TV DIRECTOR carrying a camera and SOPHIE, the Sound woman carrying the sound gear. They all stop near a SEX AID shop. The SEXY SEXY SHOPPE. Jean suddenly stumbles and shrieks as she clutches Shirley's arm.

JEAN

(giggling)
Whoops? My tarts trotters Tony
calls these!

SHIRLEY

They'll come in handy here, dear!

JEAN

Only six months since your stroke,
so you mustn't overdo it, Shirley?

SHIRLEY

Bah? No silly stroke will stop me!

Hugo calls over to them.

HUGO

If you could lean into the window
and point out the sex various sex
aids? 'The Ladies of the Hampshire
WI and their search for the perfect
brothel' take one. Action, ladies!

Jean and Shirley peer in the window and shake their heads as
Hugo and Sophie film them from a distance.

INT. THE SEXY SEXY SHOPPE. RED LIGHT DISTRICT. DAY.

JEAN and SHIRLEY walk around examining sex aids, trailed by
the TV CREW. JOHANN (40's) THE DUTCH OWNER smiles over.
Shirley sees something and picks it up. A large dildo.

SHIRLEY

Look at this, Jean? A whopper!
Bigger than my prize cucumber in
the WI Summer Fayre!

Shirley turns round to camera, wielding the dildo. Jean walks
on and shrieks as she picks something up. Jean picks up a
LARGE PLASTIC GNOME SEX AID. She reads.

JEAN

'An 'Arse Midget'? Golly?! What an
absolute monstrosity?! I can only
presume one pop's it up one's post
...?

We hear Hugo behind his camera spluttering.

HUGO (O.S.)

Cut! Cut! Thank you, ladies! A nice
cup of tea now before we enter the
brothel next door?

Shirley's face falls.

SHIRLEY

We were hoping for something a wee
bit stronger, dear? A wee stiffie?

HUGO

(spluttering)
A 'stiffie?'

SHIRLEY

A stiffie, dear, a straightener!

JEAN

We are in Amsterdam after all,
Hugo? Dutch courage needed!

Hugo laughs weakly and rushes off as Sophie rolls her eyes and follows him. Jean and Shirley burst out laughing.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Golly? It's a whole new world, eh,
Shirley? I'm reeling!

SHIRLY

Me too, dear. What would Eve and
the Doubters think of all this?

JEAN

The Women's Institute represents
all women not just comfortable jam
making ladies in the shires! We're
women on a mission!

INT. HALL. BERRYBOURNE. HAMPSHIRE. DAY

EVE sits proudly at top table in JEAN'S place as replacement
PRESIDENT between a glum BJ, who takes notes, and a grumpy
PRU. A ROW OF WI LADIES - DOT, MARJ, MAVIS all listen.

EVE

Ministers have asked WI groups to
be watchful of suspicious
activities around our towns and
villages, so I propose we set up a
neighborhood watch!

PRU

There's nothing to watch around
Berrybourne apart from a few
copulating mosquitoes!

EVE

(ignoring Pru)

I've proposed myself as an
alternative Federation Chair to
Jean and I certainly won't be
running off to Amsterdam's Red
Light district parading my wares!

A FEW WI LADIES giggle. Pru stands up and smiles confidently
and beams at them all as BJ looks nervous.

PRU

Jean has instructed us to set up a window brothel in Tottycombe High Street. All in the name of research, of course! Any of you ladies fancy donning a basque and shaking your booty?

LOUD GASPS all round. BJ stands up and giggles nervously.

BJ

We'll be talking local Pole Dancing clubs. You know? Getting the low down!

MAVIS (80's) in her wheelchair splutters to a WI LADY.

MAVIS

Bugger me?! Bras? Brothels? The WI has juiced itself up!

PRU

Dot, I'm sure you have a fabulous set of pins? Come and shake a leg!

Dot giggles and starts to get up but Eve glares over at her and she quickly sits down, gulping hard.

INT. BROTHEL WINDOW. RED LIGHT DISTRICT. AMSTERDAM. NIGHT

ON FOUR LEGS in BLACK STOCKINGS and high heels.

JEAN and SHIRLEY sit in two chairs in the window brothel. They wear red silk dressing gowns. PASSERS BY stop and stare confused. HUGO and SOPHIE film discreetly as Jean and Shirley wave at Passers By through the window. Jean sighs hard.

JEAN

I wouldn't want our girls back home to go through this. I feel like a stuffed doll in a toy shop!

A PIMP walks past with a WORKING GIRL (30's). The Pimp stares hard at Jean as he moves on.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Gracious? I think I've pulled?

SHIRLEY

Bet that one's got a large cucumber, Jean!

They giggle as Shirley sings - **Track 6. LIVING MY DREAM**

SHIRLEY

IF MY TWO EX-HUSBANDS COULD SEE
WHERE I AM
IN A SEEDY BROTHEL WINDOW IN
AMSTERDAM!

THEIR EYES WOULD POP AND THEIR JAWS
WOULD DROP
BUT I'M LIVING, YES LIVING MY
DREAM!
WHO WAS IT SAID 'YOU'RE A LONG TIME
DEAD?'

I FEEL I'VE WOKEN UP WITH A BANG ON
THE HEAD!
BUT I DON'T GIVE A FIG OR FEEL A
DROP OF SHAME
AS I'M LIVING, YES LIVING MY DREAM!

JEAN, HUGO, SOPHIE

SHE'S LIVING, YES LIVING HER DREAM!

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

LIFE BEGINS AT FIFTY THAT'S WHAT
THEY SAY
BUGGER THAT, I'M SEVENTY-ONE AND
YOUNGER EVERY DAY!

A WOMAN IN HER PRIME CAN HAVE A
JOLLY TIME
AND BE LIVING, YES LIVING, HER
DREAM

JEAN, HUGO, SOPHIE, PASSERS BY

A WOMAN IN HER PRIME CAN HAVE A
JOLLY TIME
AND BE LIVING, YES LIVING, HER
DREAM!

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

SO MANY OLD DEARS JUST CURL UP WITH
THEIR FEARS
DON'T TRAVEL OR TAKE RISKS
SITTING IN THEIR STANNAH LIFTS!
IF YOU GET UP FROM YOUR CHAIRS
YOU WON'T BE CLIMBING STAIRS
TO THE GATES OF HEAVEN ABOVE!

JEAN, HUGO, SOPHIE, PASSERS BY

IF YOU GET UP FROM YOUR CHAIRS
YOU WON'T BE CLIMBING STAIRS
TO THE GATES OF HEAVEN ABOVE!

Shirley gets up and swings her chair around and attempts to straddle it, burlesque-style, but has problems with her hips.

JEAN/HUGO/SOPHIE/PASSERS BY

SHE'S LIVING, SHE'S LIVING HER DREAM!
SHE'S LIVING, SHE'S LIVING HER DREAM!

Shirley finally manages to straddle the chair, Sally Bowles 'Cabaret' style, raising her stick as all cheer and PASSERS BY stare in and smile. Shirley grins and waves at them.

INT. BJ'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/DINING ROOM. BERRYBOURNE. NIGHT

BJ comes down the stairs and checks herself furtively in the mirror. She is wearing a raincoat, shades and a hat, detective style.

She hears RAJI (30's) her husband, a successful businessman and his PARENTS(60's) seated around a table. RAJI'S MOTHER has her sari on, a traditional set up.

RAJI

Baljinder, honey? Mummy's made a special lamb Balti for you.

BJ

So sorry? Women's Institute business. Enjoy your meal!

BJ darts out of the front door, putting on her sunglasses as Raji turns to his disappointed parents and smiles weakly.

RAJI

Flower arranging and stuff. You know? Nice stuff. Ladylike stuff.

INT. LAP DANCING CLUB, WINCHESTER. DAY

ON BJ - her eyes widening as she enters a darkened club. BJ raises her sunglasses and watches ANIA and another POLE DANCER (20's) on the stage as TWO MEN drink at the bar.

PRU interviews the OWNER (50's), a greasy haired man who is chatting to a POLICEMAN (40's) at a table. He smiles slightly and raises an eyebrow at the Owner.

PRU

Hang on? Pole dancing clubs are
legal, brothels are not but sexual
favours get done in both?

BJ has walked off to watch the Pole Dancing that ANIA and TWO
OTHER POLE DANCERS are doing. BJ walks over to the stage and
stares up at Ania, entranced. Ania smiles down.

ANIA

Hello? Fancy a go? It's fun!

BJ giggles and looks round at Pru deep in conversation. Ania
reaches for her hand, pulling BJ up onto the stage and she
takes BJ'S coat and pulls her towards the pole.

BJ giggles but gives it a go, closing her eyes as she dances
to the music. She twizzles around the pole, lost in her
thoughts.

ON PRU - standing, a stern expression on her face, looking up
at Ania on the stage.

PRU

BJ? BJ! Get a grip now!

BJ clicks her eyes open as Pru stands there with the
Policeman and Club Owner. BJ splutters and grabs her coat

EXT. POLE DANCING CLUB/STREET. ALLEY WAY. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

PRU and BJ walk out to the alley way. BJ is spluttering.

BJ

Do those dancers really go behind
the curtain with complete
strangers, Pru? Must be awful!

Pru stops and smiles gently at BJ.

PRU

I imagine working your entire life
for the family firm has kept you
somewhat protected, BJ?

BJ shrugs awkwardly but nods. Pru laughs warmly.

PRU (CONT'D)

That's all going to change, BJ.
We'll have you strutting around in
our window brothel in no time, make
a hooker of you yet!

BJ rolls her eyes as Pru grabs her hand and drags her off.

MUSIC MONTAGE - EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT. STREETS OF AMSTERDAM. DAY.

ON WORKING GIRLS - standing in doorways, staring at JEAN, SHIRLEY, trailed by HUGO and SOPHIE, the TV crew. They stop and interview Working Girls in doorways. They talk to a COUPLE OF PIMPS/OWNERS who view them suspiciously.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT. STREETS OF AMSTERDAM. DAY.

JEAN interviews a DUTCH WOMAN and her HUSBAND (40's) with the Camera crew behind. The Dutch woman beams proudly.

DUTCH WOMAN

We are above the board here in Holland, ladies.

DUTCH MAN

Everything is clean, legal and how do you say - 'spit spot!' Like your Mary Poppins would say!

They nod and walk on as Jean rolls her eyes at Shirley as HUGO and SOPHIE lag behind carrying their equipment.

JEAN

Spit spot? Not sure everything's so squeaky clean here?

SHIRLEY

Mary Poppins, my arse? Onwards, Sherlock, Watson is right behind you!

INT. RECEPTION ROOM. BROTHEL. AMSTERDAM. DAY

JEAN and SHIRLEY follow UTTA (30's) a weary Brothel worker who leads them around this empty brothel. Jean takes notes as HUGO and SOPHIE film from a distance. Utta points at a low wash basin.

UTTA

Here's the basin where the man gets to wash his bits and pieces ...

SHIRLEY

Jolly good idea, Utta. No nasties on the man's todger!

Utta nods and smiles leading them through ...

INT. BEDROOM. BROTHEL. AMSTERDAM. DAY.

JEAN looks up at the big mirror that's over a large bed a small jacuzzi bubbling in the corner. SHIRLEY'S eyes widen. (HUGO and SOPHIE film from a corner.)

JEAN
Mirror ball, jacuzzi over there,
just as I imagined, Utta.

UTTA
Payment is made and five minutes
for the sexing ...

JEAN
Golly? That's not very long, Utta?

UTTA
That's long enough, ladies!

They laugh gently as Jean walks around looking everywhere. Utta leans over the bed and points out a panic button.

UTTA (CONT'D)
The panic button to the police,
fresh clean towels. And all legal.
Very - how do you say in Britain?

JEAN/SHIRLEY
Spit spot!

Jean and Shirley exchange wry looks as Utta laughs gently. Her face suddenly darkens.

UTTA
Most of the girls here are from
Eastern Europe. I've got three
kids, so ten to fifteen punters a
day.

Utta nods sadly as Hugo moves in for a close up.

UTTA (CONT'D)
And at night? I cry for my soul.

Hugo nods, eyes wide, and turns to Sophie and whispers.

HUGO
That's my BAFTA assured. TV gold!

PRU'S LIVING ROOM, BERRYBOURNE, HAMPSHIRE. NIGHT.

ON PRU - taking a large swig from her glass of wine. She reads a list of phone numbers and written down 'lines'. She dials and adopts a 'sexy voice' as a Punter picks up the phone. Her BULLDOG BRUNO nibbles at her ankles. Pru reads from a script and reads very awkwardly and monotone.

PRU (ON PHONE)
Hello, big boy? Yes, that's fine.
Let me gently (ahem?) caress your
proud manhood!

Pru splutters as Bruno barks loudly. Pru looks down and frowns.

PRU (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Need a widdle? No, not you, big
boy! The dog! Ah? Okey doke? You've
got a bit too excited? Ok? Never
mind, dear. Best to clear it up
then, big boy. So glad you got
aroused. Toodle Pip!

Pru splutters and reaches for her wine, eyes rolling.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT. STREETS. AMSTERDAM. NIGHT.

JEAN and SHIRLEY look weary mixing with the TOURISTS as the neon signs flash. The TV CREW are gone and Jean and Shirley look at DUTCH WORKING GIRLS and their PIMPS in doorways who stare back at them as they pass. Jean's mobile goes

JEAN
(ON PHONE)
Pru? Really? Seventy pence for half
an hour of sex talk? That's
dreadful! I don't know how women
manage or bring up families on
this? Ok, Pru. Good work. Bye!

Jean clicks off her phone and shakes her head in disbelief.

SHIRLEY
Times are hard, Jean. Guess it's a
personal choice for the women.

They sigh and pass LOOKING WORKING GIRLS (#1 and #2) (20's) standing in a door way with a HARD-LOOKING PIMP. Jean frowns.

JEAN
Hmm? Not so sure everyone chooses?

EXT. CANAL. AMSTERDAM. NIGHT. (HOUR LATER)

JEAN and SHIRLEY lean on a bridge crossing a canal.

SHIRLEY

All so clean and legal here, but
the it's clearly the beastly pimps
who are running the show, Jean!

They see a bench and go and sit down. A PING of a text and

JEAN

(reading)

Ah, BJ? The girls have found out
that pole dancers do 'favours' out
back for men at the pole dancing
club. And they're legal unlike
brothels so free to operate.

SHIRLEY

That's complete hypocrisy!

Jean reads on, her face suddenly falling.

JEAN

(reading)

Oh ...? Eve's standing against me
as Hampshire Federation Chair?
Gosh? I didn't see that coming!

Jean, shocked, gulps hard and clicks her phone off.

JEAN (CONT'D)

If this trip fails and there is no
perfect brothel, I'll look like a
prize fool! Hardly a suitable
candidate for Federation Chair?

SHIRLEY

We can't control everything, dear.
We're here now doing what we can.

Jean nods and blinks back tears as THE HARD-LOOKING PIMP
(30's) walks past and stops and stares. Shirley frowns.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

No sexy-sexy for sale here, mister!

The hard-looking Pimp sneers at them, still staring. Shirley
suddenly stands up and charges at him, waving her stick.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, bugger off, you parasitic
pimple!

The hard-looking Pimp moves off quickly as Jean laughs.

JEAN

Shirley Landels? You don't swear?!

SHIRLEY

Not in front of my children, Jean,
but I jolly well do if I need to!

Shirley suddenly coughs, choking and steadies herself on her stick. Jean gets up, concerned as HUGO and SOPHIE appear and wave over. Jean turns to Shirley and pats her arm gently.

JEAN

I'll take a stroll and you go back
to the hotel with the crew.

SHIRLEY

Take heart, dear. We will get
there. We have to. For the girls!

Jean nods as Shirley and Hugo/Sophie walk off. Jean, blinks hard and stares at the canal, lights twinkling. She sighs.

EDGE OF MOTORWAY. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

We see AGGIE and TWO OTHER WORKING GIRLS (#1 and #2) at the edge of the motorway. Aggie suddenly stubs out her cigarette and sticks out her thumb and a lorry slows down. Aggie runs to the LORRY as the DRIVER opens the door.

LORRY DRIVER

Heading to Leeds, love. Any good?

AGGIE

Leeds on the way to Scotland,
mister?

The Lorry Driver nods and laughs as Aggie climbs up into the cabin and waves back to the girls who watch her go.

INT. REMOVAL VAN. ROAD. OUTSIDE SOUTHAMPTON. DAY. (DAYS
LATER)

CASSIE, ANIA, SUKI sit in the back of the Removal van amongst boxes. Suki passes down a hip flask of whisky which they all swig from. HOLLY and MAGS sit in the front with the DRIVER.

EXT. GARDEN. VICARAGE. BERRYBOURNE, HAMPSHIRE. DAY.

ON EVE - sitting in a deck chair with DOT drinking tea as ADAM THE VICAR snips some flowers in the background.

A REMOVAL VAN backs into the drive next door as HOLLY, MAGS, ANIA, SUKI and CASSIE emerge, basques and heels under their coats ready to start work.

TWO REMOVAL MEN carry in heavy boxes. Eve and Dot's eyes widen. Holly walks over and lights up a cigarette smiling over at them, Mags behind her, her coat open, her low cut basque glittering in the sun.

HOLLY

Hello, there? We're mates of Jean and Shirley's! Fancy coming over for a brew later, ladies? Something a bit stronger?

MAGS

Bet you girls love a bit of gin? Pink gin, nice and classy, eh?

Eve and Dot stare hard as Holly sees Adam and bellows over.

HOLLY

Howdy, Vic? When's the service sunday? You might convert me yet!

Holly laughs as Adam sees Mags. Mags gives him a little wave as Eve's face drops. Eve, horrified, rushes into the house as Dot stumbles backwards, knocking over the tea tray.

Dot shrieks, scrambling up as Holly and Mags shrug and shake their heads. Adam smiles weakly at Mags as he rushes into the house after Eve. Holly turns to Mags.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Bah? Semi-suburban idiots? No one talks to each other anymore!

On Mags - her eyes narrowing as she watches Adam go.

INT. VICARAGE. KITCHEN. BERRYBOURNE. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

EVE clutches onto the kitchen table, breathing hard as DOT bites her lip nervously and ADAM rushes in.

ADAM THE VICAR

Who are we to judge, Eve? The Bible says we must accept our ..?

EVE

Don't quote the Bible at me, Adam. You no longer have the right!

Eve, frenzied, turns to Dot as Adam reels back.

EVE (CONT'D)

Daddy's old telescope is in the attic! They'll have drugs next door and some of the girls will be held against their will. Dot!

Dot, wide eyed, nods as Adam shakes his head. They rush off.

EXT. NEVADA. LANDSCAPE. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

JEAN winds down the window and breathes in the air. The LIMO now drives into the dry desert landscape. Jean looks out.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL. HOCKEY PITCH. LUSAKA, ZAMBIA. DAY. 1962.

YOUNG JEAN (14) whacks a ball at the edge of the pitch as TWO OTHER TEAM MEMBERS (14) run around. YOUNG JEAN runs to the edge of the pitch, a high wire fence around it.

A YOUNG ZAMBIAN GIRL (14) is on the other side of the fence. She looks through at Jean and picks up the ball which has landed near her. The Zambian girl passes it through the fence to young Jean. Young Jean smiles and the Zambian Girl smiles back. Jean, clutching the ball, walks across the pitch, looks back. The Zambian Girl has gone.

HOCKEY MISTRESS

Come on, Jean? Get a wiggle on!

Jean jogs up to her as the HOCKEY MISTRESS who leans in.

HOCKEY MISTRESS (CONT'D)

You've got a big heart, Jean, but don't get drawn in. Hockey is not their game, it's ours!

Young Jean shrugs and frowns as she runs onto the pitch.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BUNNY FARM. LARGE HOUSE. NEVADA. DAY.

THE LIMO drives into a large enclosure as HANK (50's), large, brash, red faced owner, big cigar, comes out to greet JEAN and SHIRLEY who get out of the Limo. Jean notices the high wire fence all around. Her eyes narrowing.

INT. BUNNY FARM. NEVADA. RECEPTION. DAY.

ON JEAN and SHIRLEY - dressed in fluffy pink dressing gowns, looking uneasy in the middle of a line of SIX BUNNY WORKERS (20's/30's) curvaceous, scantily clad, big beaming smiles.
TRACK 7 - 'AUTOMATIC' all sing as they do high kicks as HUGO and SOPHIE film from a corner.

BUNNY WORKERS/JEAN & SHIRLEY

AUTOMATIC, OH-SO PLASTIC
 WHERE OUR SMILES ARE SO FIXED!
 IT'S A LINE UP WE ALL SHINE UP
 THEN A BUNNY GETS PICKED
 AUTOMATIC, OH-SO STATIC
 WE'RE ALL SPARKLING AND NEW!
 AND WE'RE HERE NOW FEELING HORNY
 TO BE SERVICING YOU!

COME INTO THE BUNNY PARK
 WE'LL DIG FOR GOLD AND TURN YOUR
 DREAMS
 INTO RE-A-LITY
 COME INTO THE BUNNY PARK
 LET'S ALL KICK BACK, RELAX
 BIG SMILES AND PHONEY TALK!

AUTOMATIC, OH SO PLASTIC
 AND OUR SMILES ARE SO SWEET
 WE WILL WASH YOU, WE WILL SERVE YOU
 THEN WE'LL WHISK OFF THE SHEETS

SHALL WE ROLE PLAY?
 WE'VE GOT ALL DAY
 WE'LL TURN TRICKS THAT ARE NEAT!
 PULL YOUR SOCKS OFF, GET YOUR ROCKS
 OFF
 THEN HAMBURGERS WE'LL EAT!

THE BUNNY WORKERS/JEAN and SHIRLEY do high kicks.

BUNNY WORKERS/JEAN & SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

COME INTO THE BUNNY PARK
 WE'LL DIG FOR GOLD AND TURN YOUR
 DREAMS
 INTO RE-A-LITY!
 COME INTO THE BUNNY PARK
 LET'S ALL KICK BACK, RELAX
 BIG SMILES AND PHONEY TALK!

BUNNY WORKERS/JEAN & SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

AUTOMATIC, WE'RE FANTASTIC
 AND WE NEVER COMPLAIN
 THERE'S NO UNION AND NO CONTRACTS
 WHOOPS? WE SHOULD HAVE EXPLAINED!
 BUT WE DON'T CARE AND WE CAN'T
 SHARE
 ANY PROBLEMS WITH YOU
 AS THE BOSS WILL BE DOWN ON US
 AND OUR JOBS WILL BE THROUGH!

COME INTO THE BUNNY PARK
 WE'LL DIG FOR GOLD AND TURN YOUR
 DREAMS
 INTO RE-A-LITY
 COME INTO THE BUNNY PARK
 WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE
 LET'S MAKE IT CLEAR
 WE'RE DIGGING IN THE DARK!

Hank claps and roars with laughter and walks up and put his arms around Jean and Shirley, squeezing them hard.

HANK

Jean? Shirley? You British
 Beefburgers compare real well with
 my home grown Bunny burgers! I'm as
 horny as hell and I pick you, Jean
 Johnson, my juicy British beef
 burger!

Hank whacks Jean on the behind and she SHRIEKS as a A BELL rings. Hank claps his hands as the Bunny Workers run off.

HANK (CONT'D)

Back on duty now, bunnies! Got some
 hungry cowboys out front with
 dollars burning holes in their
 pants. Let's keep those cash tills
 ringing, ringing, ringing!

Shirley turns to Jean and hisses angrily.

SHIRLEY

'British beefburgers' indeed?!

HANK

Prostitution is legal out here in
 Nevada, the whole thing tickety
 boo. We're clean, checked out with
 none of ya British clap or any
 other creepy crawlies.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Have a look around, ladies. You'll
be mighty impressed!

Hank looms up to Hugo, holding his camera, and hisses darkly.

HANK (CONT'D)

The filming fee, buddy!

Hugo nods nervously as Shirley scowls as Hank walks away.

SHIRLEY

(hissing)

Let's get the real picture, Jean.
I'm not buying what Mr.
Cheeseburger is selling!

Jean nods quickly, her eyes narrowing.

EXT. GARDEN. PRIVATE CARE HOME. HAMPSHIRE. DAY.

ANIA wheels WILL across the lawn and parks the chair at a
bench. She smiles and sits on the bench. He smiles warmly.

ANIA

So? You're getting out, Will? Your
new flat and everything? Excited?

WILL

Yes, I'm excited. Poland's loss is
my gain.

ANIA, shocked, giggles shyly and turns away.

ANIA

Don't be silly, Will!

WILL

I'm happy to be silly, I feel
silly!

WILL grins and does a spin in his wheelchair and ANIA laughs
gently.

INT. CORRIDOR. LAW COURTS. WINCHESTER. HAMPSHIRE. DAY

CASSIE, dressed in a wig and gown, is talking to a SENIOR
BARRISTER (50's) - he's very taken with Cassie. He smiles.

SENIOR BARRISTER/GEOFFREY

If this case goes well we can
consider giving you your own case.
Happy with that, Cassie?

CASSIE
 Absolutely delighted, Geoffrey!

Cassie beams at Geoffrey, but suddenly notices DC HECKS at the end of the corridor. DC Heck, eyes narrowing, stares at Cassie as she drops her wig lower and walks on with Geoffrey.

WINDOW BROTHEL. HIGH STREET. TOTTYSOMBE. LATER. DAY

PRU, BJ and a WI LADY (60's) fuss around arranging cakes and tea cups on the table. The WI lady climbs up a ladder with a banner. Pru gulps, a satin dressing gown on, fishnet tights.

PRU
 Sure you don't want to do this, BJ?
 A risk every day makes you braver!

BJ
 Sorry, Pru. Not quite ready for it.

The WI lady laughs warmly as she hangs up the banner which says 'THE HAMPSHIRE WI INVITES YOU TO TEA!'

WI LADY
 You're the risk-taker, Pru. Go on now. All for the cause!

Pru breathes hard and now flings open her dressing gown to reveal a glittery basque. BJ and the WI lady gasp loudly. BJ hands Pru some heels which she squeezes into.

Pru totters to the chair in the window and sits down as BJ hands her two jam tarts and grins nervously.

BJ
 Good luck, Pru!

Pru gulps hard as she holds up the jam tarts, one on each breast as PASSERS BY stop and stare. Pru smiles at them through gritted teeth, sweating pouring down her forehead.

PRU
 Fucking ... fuckety ... fuck?!

INT. BEDROOM. THE BUNNY PARK. NEVADA. DAY.

HUGO and SOPHIE set up their camera equipment as SOPHIE puts radio mics on JEAN and SHIRLEY who sit on the large bed, either side of TEXAS TILLY (30's) curvaceous, long hair, in her low-cut basque and cowboy hat. Sophie fixes her mic. |

TEXAS TILLY

Wanna see my bucking bronco,
ladies?

Texas Tilly jumps up on the bed and writhes around as Jean and Shirley bounce around either side of her.

TEXAS TILLY (CONT'D)

I flip over like this and do my
upside-down whoopsy for my guys.
Blows their pants off! Three
hundred dollars for my party trick!

SHIRLEY

(laughing)
Oh, to be that flexible, eh, Jean?

Texas Tilly reaches into her basket for her sex aids and hands them to Jean and Shirley who examine them.

TEXAS TILLY

Lubes. Keep my cowboys well oiled
up, ladies! Yeehaw!

Texas Tilly sidles up to Hugo behind camera, wrapping a feather boa around his neck and pulling him forwards into her cleavage. Hugo splutters hard.

TEXAS TILLY (CONT'D)

Gonna put me in the movies, Mr.
Director?

Hugo gasps as Texas Tilly goes back to the bed and sits between Jean and Shirley. She now hands Jean a plunger.

JEAN

Golly? This would nicely unblock my
downstairs loo!

Hugo, glasses steamed up, looks through his camera as Sophie checks the sound. Hugo nervously smiles at Texas Tilly.

HUGO

Tell us in your own words, Tilly,
what it's like to be a Bunny
worker? Action!

Texas Tilly jumps off the bed as Jean and Shirley bounce up and down on either side. Texas Tilly sings **TRACK 8 - 'BOOBS, TUBES, JELLIES AND LUBES'**

TEXAS TILLY
 MY MOMMA IN KENTUCKY SAYS I'M
 LUCKY, YOU SEE
 AS A BUNNY WORKER, I EARN MORE THAN
 SHE! MR.
 CHEESE PUTS ON THE FREEZE
 IF WE BUNNIES DON'T KEEP GOING
 WAGES RAPPED, KNUCKLES SLAPPED
 WE'RE DOWN ON OUR KNEES!

TEXAS TILLY/JEAN/SHIRLEY

BOOBS, TUBES, JELLIES AND LUBES ALL
 DO THE TRICK IF YOU NEED IT UP
 QUICK!

JEAN

HARDER?

TEXAS TILLY

FIRMER!

SHIRLEY

LONGER DEAR?

TEXAS TILLY

YOU LADIES GET THE PICTURE?

JEAN & SHIRLEY

WE'RE PERFECTLY CLEAR!

Texas Tilly jumps off the bed as Jean and Shirley bounce upwards either side of her and wraps herself in an American flag, standing to 'attention.'

TEXAS TILLY

IF A BUNNY DOESN'T LINE UP IN THE
 CATTLE CALL
 THE GIRL GETS FINED AND HER WAGES
 FALL!
 WE SELL SEX FOR DOLLARS, CASH TILLS
 RING ALL DAY
 OL' FASHIONED LIBERTY IN THE U.S.
 OF A!

TEXAS TILLY/JEAN/SHIRLEY

BOOBS, TUBES, JELLIES AND LUBES!
 (MORE)

TEXAS TILLY/JEAN/SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
 ALL DO THE TRICK IF YOU NEED IT UP
 QUICK!

JEAN

HARDER?

TEXAS TILLY

FIRMER!

SHIRLEY

LONGER, DEAR?

TEXAS TILLY

YOU LADIES GET THE PICTURE?

JEAN & SHIRLEY
 (eyes rolling)

WE'RE PAINFULLY CLEAR!

Texas Tilly comes back to the bed and sits between them,
 gulping back tears.

TEXAS TILLY

MY HEART PINES FOR MY MOMMA BACK IN
 KENTUCKY! HER PANCAKES AND HER
 GRITS AND HER SYMPATHY!
 NO CONTRACTS AS A BUNNY, NO UNIONS
 HERE
 WE BUNNIES WAG OUR TAILS IN A
 CLIMATE OF FEAR!

TEXAS TILLY/JEAN/SHIRLEY

BOOBS, TUBES, JELLIES AND LUBES!
 ALL DO THE TRICK IF YOU NEED IT UP
 QUICK!

JEAN

LONGER?

TEXAS TILLY

HARDER!

SHIRLEY

FIRMER, DEAR?

TEXAS TILLY

YOU LADIES GET THE PICTURE?

JEAN & SHIRLEY

YES, WE GET THE PICTURE!

TEXAS TILLY

SURE YOU GET THE PICTURE?

JEAN & SHIRLEY

WE'RE HORRIBLY CLEAR!

They all collapse back on the bed exhausted and exasperated.

EXT. WI BROTHEL WINDOW. TOTTYCOMBE HIGH ST. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

CASSIE goes past, wearing her legal gown, and seeing PRU dressed up in the window, grins and gives them the thumbs up. PRU smiles and waves weakly.

DC HECKS is across the road in her car, and sits up as she sees Cassie. DC Hecks picks up her mobile and makes a call, hissing hard.

DC HECKS (ON MOBILE)

Have apprehended one of the Brothel
Working Girls. Will need back up.
Yes, Sergeant. Six Police officers!

Cassie jumps into her car, further down the street and drives off. DC Hecks drives off following Cassie in her car.

INT. DC HECK'S CAR. COUNTRY LANE. HAMPSHIRE. DAY (LATER)

DC HECKS screeches around a country lane having a hard time catching up with CASSIE who shoots ahead in her Mini. DC Hecks takes a wrong turn and cursing, reverses back onto the main road ANOTHER CAR TOOTING their horn at her as it swerves to avoid her car. DC Hecks screeches off.

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE. BERRYBOURNE. HAMPSHIRE. DAY

DC HECKS sits in a police car. A police van is nearby, FIVE ARMED POLICE OFFICERS sitting inside.

INT. NEW BROTHEL. BERRYBOURNE. DAY. (SAME TIME)

HOLLY adjusts a framed picture of Margaret Thatcher over her table as MAGS, distracted, sits nearby, wrist in a bandage.

HOLLY

She was a Working Girl was Maggie.
Knew the value of hard work unlike
some of the slappers around here!

MAGS groans as Holly walks over to her and shakes her head.

MAGS

I don't love our Steve, Holl! I
pity him, but I know there's
someone special out there out
there, Holl, for all of us, there
is!

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Dream on, ya cock-eyed optimist!

CASSIE comes in from the bedrooms, followed by SUKI and ANIA.
A HANDSOME SMART PUNTER (30's) nods at Holly as
SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON (50's) tall, imperious marches in.
Suki waves and smiles over at him, wiggling her hips.

SUKI

You go freshen up, Super. Shower's
nice and warm. Handcuffs again? You
liked the furry ones last time,
Super?

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON nods quickly, walking off to the
bedrooms. Cassie counts her cash. She grins at Holly and
Mags.

CASSIE

Raking it in! Paying for Chambers, debts
shifting, builders starting out in St.
Lucia! You seem to have it all sorted,
Mags? Any survival tips for the novice?

MAGS

Those nice Women's Wotnot ladies
called us Matadors. Fighting the bull
like they do in Spain.

Ania and Suki come over. Mags circles Cassie playfully.

SUKI

The fear of the unknown Punter - we
call that 'the bull.'

Mags, Ania, Suki sing **TRACK 9. RED BULL & CIGARETTES** as they dance around Cassie. Cassie watches them, confused.

MAGS, ANIA, SUKI

RED BULL AND CIGARETTES
THEY KEEP ME GOING, I'VE GOT NO REGRETS.
RED BULL AND MANY MORE
THEY KEEP ME GOING THROUGH THAT BEDROOM DOOR!

SUKI (CONT'D)

IF YOU ASK ME HOW I FEEL WHEN I GET IN THERE
I SIMPLY COULDN'T EVEN LET YOU KNOW
I TURN MY BRAIN OFF, CLOSE DOWN ALL MY FEELINGS
SO HAPPY TO BE MAKING SO MUCH DOUGH!

MAGS, SUKI, ANIA

RED BULL AND CIGARETTES
THEY KEEP ME GOING, I'VE GOT NO REGRETS!
RED BULL AND MANY MORE
THEY KEEP ME GOING THROUGH THAT BEDROOM DOOR!

ANIA

IF YOU ASK ME HOW I COPE WHEN I GET IN THERE IT
MAGS DEPENDS ON WHO AWAITS THIS
MATADOR
PLAY ALL THE GAMES THAT MY PUNTERS
WANT TO
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO'S COMING
THROUGH THAT DOOR!

MAGS

AFTER TWENTY YEARS IN THIS OLD CRAZY BUSINESS
THIS MATADOR FEELS WEARY THROUGH AND THROUGH! BUT
IF I LIGHT A FAG AND DOWN A CAN, I'M FIRED UP
I'LL CHARGE THE BULL AND KEEP TOGETHER TOO!

MAGS, ANIA, SUKI

RED BULL AND CIGARETTES
THEY KEEP US GOING, WE HAVE NO REGRETS!
PUNTERS COME, MAKE US SWEAT
BUT WE KEEP GOING, WE CAN'T GET UPSET!

(CONT'D)

CASSIE

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT
 IN ONE PIECE
 BE HEARING THESE BRAVE BULL-FIGHTERS' ADVICE
 ENJOY YOUR JOB AND TREAT IT AS A RE-LEASE
 THAT WAY YOU STAY IN CHARGE AND STILL FEEL NICE!

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. BERRYBOURNE. SAME TIME. DAY

DC HECKS'S POLICE OFFICERS snap down their face guards.

MAGS, SUKI, ANYA, CASSIE (O/S)

WE DON'T NEED YOUR PITY HERE
 BRAVE MATADORS AND PICADORS, WE FEEL NO FEAR!

INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE. BERRYBOURNE. DAY.

THE PUNTERS and HOLLY watch. THE GIRLS stand on chairs.

MAGS, SUKI, ANIA, CASSIE

WE'RE WARRIORS ON THE CHARGE
 WE FIRE OURSELVES UP AND GIVE IT LARGE!
 RED BULL AND CIGARETTES
 THEY KEEP US GOING, WE'VE GOT NO REGRETS!
 RED BULL AND MANY MORE, KEEP US GOING
 THROUGH THAT BEDROOM DOOR!

The GIRLS laugh and run off to the bedrooms. Holly turns up the volume on her TV on her desk. She gasps loudly seeing a picture of JEAN on TV in New Zealand.

HOLLY

Chuffing Nora, Mags? Those WI
 biddies! In Nevada now? They get
 around!

We see JEAN and SHIRLEY standing awkwardly in front of a palm tree on a street in Nevada.

JEAN (ON TV)

We want working women to receive
 clients in a safe, clean place,
 without fear of police raids. We're
 want to find the 'perfect brothel'
 as there has to be a better way.

SHIRLEY (ON TV)

It's just a job, you see, dear, and
 someone has to do it.

TV AMERICAN PRESENTER (FEMALE) smiles her white teeth gleaming in the sun. She looks into camera

TV PRESENTER (INTO CAMERA)
 'It's just a job.' That's what these British ladies from the Women's Institute are saying. Whatever our viewers think of that, I guess that's why Working girls are called 'working girls'.

SHIRLEY (ON TV)
 We want to take away the stigma of prostitution, you see, dear, make Working girls empowered!

Holly looks at Mags who bounces around with excitement.

MAGS
 'Empowered'? I like that word. They could do it, Holl? Make us legal!

HOLLY
 Bah! Queen Vic and her crew did it for us, kicked us all underground.

MAGS
 Black heart pessimist, you! Life's tough then you die. I say go, Ladies, go!

Mags punches the air hard with her bad wrist and winces as Holly groans and shakes her head as THE BUZZER goes.

ANIA walks into reception, reading her texts. WILL wheels in as their eyes meet. Ania, horrified, shakes her head and rushes out back as Will, shocked, wheels out fast. Holly rolls her eyes at Mags.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. NEAR HOLLY'S HOUSE/BROTHEL. DAY

WILL wheels down the lane towards his car. He suddenly sees the POLICE VAN and SIX POLICE OFFICERS lined up as DC HECKS hisses orders to them. They wear riot shields. WILL stops and grabs his phone as they pass, splattering him with mud.

WILL
 (on phone)
 Ania? Quick? Get out now! Answer?!

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE. GARDEN. BERRYBOURNE. DAY

DC HECKS tramples over the flowers in HOLLY'S garden as ADAM THE VICAR runs over.

ADAM THE VICAR
 These are our neighbors, officer?
 Good people, decent people!

DC Hecks snorts in Adam's face, snapping her face guard down. EVE marches up proudly as DOT follows her.

ADAM THE VICAR (CONT'D)
 These girls could end up on the
 streets! Is this revenge, Eve?!

Eve looks shocked and shakes her head quickly

EVE
 No?! I'm trying to help these women!

Adam turns his back on Eve as DC Hecks waves for the SIX OFFICERS behind her to charge the door.

DC HECKS
 Criminal gang in there, knives,
 hard weapons, approach with care!

WILL wheels across Holly's lawn, sweating. A CRASH as the door is broken down and the Police Officers charge in. Dot gasps as she watches HOLLY and MAGS emerge in handcuffs. ANIA, SUKI, CASSIE follow. DC Hecks emerges triumphant.

HOLLY
 (twinkling)
 Forgotten someone, Officer Hecks?

Holly and Mags laugh loudly as they are led away. SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON emerges, his face icy, in handcuffs from his session with Suki and marches up to DC Hecks.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON
 I'm not here, Officer! Do you get
 it? Get me out of these, now!

DC HECKS
 Absolutely, sir! You've not here,
 sir, you've never been here!
 Cutters? Cutters!

A POLICE OFFICER rushes up with some pliers. Superintendent Harrison leans in to DC Hecks as the handcuffs are removed.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON

(hissing)

Why don't you bugger off back to
Berkshire? Raid brothels in your
own county!

Superintendent Harrison storms off DC Hecks gulps very hard,
her Police Officers watching, some suppress a grin. Dot,
shocked, beating back tears, spins round to Eve.

DOT

What will happen to the girls? I'm
sorry, Eve, it's just not right?!

Dot scuttles off across the lawn as Eve's jaw drops. She sees
Adam walking away with Mags and stands there alone, beating
back tears.

EXT. BUNNY FARM. NEVADA. DAY (DAY LATER)

JEAN and SHIRLEY stand near the high wire that surrounds the
Bunny Farm Brothel, mopping their brows, the Desert heat
beating down on them. Jean looks pale and Shirley looks
washed out. Jean sighs deeply, adjusting her sunglasses.

JEAN

It felt more like a cattle farm
than a bunny farm. So demoralising
for the girls, commodities to be
bought and sold! Oh, Shirley? Maybe
the perfect brothel can't exit?

Shirley sighs hard, leaning on her stick, the heat pouring
down her forehead. She looks pale.

SHIRLEY

It must, Jean. If it doesn't, we
will just have to create one.

ON JEAN - dabbing her brow, unsure. Shirley looks unsteady on
her legs and Jean rushes over to her gripping her arm.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Ooof? Suddenly felt a bit wobbly.
Legs turning to Jelly!

JEAN

You look exhausted, Shirley?

Shirley nods, coughing.

SHIRLEY

Ooof? Keep heart, dear. A lie down
and a cup of tea needed!

SHIRLEY, pale, coughs steadying herself on her stick.

ON JEAN - batting back tears as she watches Shirley totter
off towards the Winnebago. Jean pushes off her sunglasses and
walks further into the desert. She sings: **TRACK 10 - 'I'M
STILL SEARCHING'**

JEAN

I'M STILL SEARCHING, YES I AM NOW
SEARCHING FOR THAT PERFECT BROTHEL.
THERE'S A LIE THAT'S GOING ON HERE
HYPOCRISY LIKE OLD AMSTERDAM!
SO MANY VILE PIMPS AND MADAMES
THE GIRLS HERE AREN'T FREE!
CAJOLED AND CONTROLLED LIKE
AMSTERDAM
SO EASY TO SEE!

I NOW HAVE THIS BURNING OBSESSION
MAKE THINGS FAIR FOR WOMEN
WORLDWIDE
WHY SHOULD THEY JUST SERVICE MEN
HERE
IF THEY'RE TRAPPED OR HIDDEN
INSIDE?

THIS STATE HOLDS THE KEY TO OUR
QUEST
THE GIRLS HERE AREN'T FREE.
THE MEN RUN THE MONEY-GO-ROUND
SO EASY TO SEE!

I'LL KEEP HEART NOW AS YOU'VE TOLD
ME
FIND THE STRENGTH TO CARRY ON
LETS KEEP SEARCHING FOR OUR BROTHEL
AS OUR QUEST WILL SOON BE DONE!

THESE GIRLS FEED THE MONEY MACHINE
WHICH GRINDS ON AND ON
SECURE AND KEPT SAFE THEY MUST BE
LET'S HELP EVERYONE!

ON JEAN - breathing very hard. We hear an AEROPLANE take off.

EXT. STREETS. LEEDS. BUSY STREET. NIGHT

AGGIE and ANOTHER GIRL (20's) stand on a street corner soliciting. A HANDSOME PIMP (30's) drives up, loud music playing in his car. Aggie bites her lip, unsure.

PIMP

You girls want to come inside?
Got a nice place, girls. Come on!

The other girl shrugs and gets in the back as the Pimp indicates for Aggie to come in the front and she gets in.

INT. PIMP'S CAR. LEEDS. STREETS. NIGHT

The PIMP pulls a hip flask out of the glove compartment and hands it to AGGIE who swigs and passes it to the OTHER GIRL. He smiles and turns the music up. Aggie gets a text - it's her MUM in Glasgow. She reads the text, eyes wide.

AGGIE (V.O.)

'Aggie, get back here! Weh's
missing ya so much, darlin'!'

Aggie gulps and blinks hard and texts back.

AGGIE (V.O.)

'Working meh way up, ma. Half way
there!'

Aggie nods, uneasy. The Pimp grins over and drives.

INT. POLE DANCING CLUB. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A POLE DANCER moves through frame. A large mirror ball sparkles above as ANIA and ANOTHER POLE DANCER dance around their poles. Ania's mobile vibrates and she pulls it out.

ANYA (ON PHONE)

Yes, ok, Rudi? I know about her
dinner money and the money for the
skiing trip. I'm on it!

Ania clicks off, stressed. The other Pole Dancer behind her slips through the back curtain with A MAN (40's) and Ania bites her lip. THE OWNER approaches her and indicates FIRST DRUNKEN MAN (30's), a City slicker, grinning over, seated at a table. Ania quickly shakes her head.

OWNER

The money's good, you sure, love?

WILL enters and wheels up to the bar. He gets a pint and sits down at a table. Ania, shocked, stares down at Will from the stage, still pole dancing. Will stares back. A SECOND DRUNKEN MAN (40's), joins the first drunken man who is angry at his rejection. They over at Ania and shout loudly as they drink.

FIRST DRUNKEN MAN

Look at that Polish slapper go?
She's loving having something hard
between her legs!

SECOND DRUNKEN MAN

Southampski they call this city now.
We're over run with Polish rats!

Will puts down his pint and spins round. He glares at them and charges up to them in his wheelchair as Ania stops dancing. Will rams both drunken men in the legs, overturning their table and drinks. CRASH! The second drunken man lurches towards Will as Ania jumps off the stage, horrified.

Will takes a massive punch on the chin as the OWNER rushes over and pulls both drunken men off Will as Ania runs over.

OWNER

Come on, break it up. Already lost me
licence once! And you, misses? Chose
your mates better or you're out!

Blood pours down Will's chin as he grins up at Ania, whose eyes widen.

EXT. POLE DANCING CLUB. ALLEY WAY. NIGHT. (LATER)

WILL waits as ANIA emerges from the club. Ania is fuming.

ANIA

I don't need the prince to save me.
That's just the silly fairy stories!
There is no prince and I'm a working
girl, I work and work and take care of
everyone. You know everything about me
now, Will. Happy?!

Ania storms off down the alley way as Will calls after her.

WILL

I'm very happy to get to know you,
Ania. 'Milo cie poznac!'

Ania, shocked, stops in her tracks but doesn't turn round.

WILL (CONT'D)

I don't care what you do, I care
who you are. I'm mended now and ok,
I'm not quite your handsome Prince,
but I'd like to care for you now,
Ania, I would!

Ania, reeling, blinking back tears of disbelief, and walks on
as Will watches her go as the blood trickles from his lip.

ON ANIA - her face slowly brightening in disbelief.

INT/EXT. CAR. NEW ZEALAND. DAY.(DAYS LATER)

JEAN is driving fast, an expert driver as SHIRLEY grips onto
the dash board. Jean looks brighter.

JEAN

I was so disappointed with
Amsterdam and Nevada, Shirley, but
I'm feeling more hopeful now.

SHIRLEY

That's good, Jean. I'm glad!

JEAN

I know can get obsessed about
things and I shouldn't have dragged
you around the world, Shirley?

SHIRLEY

Poppycock! Biggest adventure of my
life, dear!

Jean laughs as she drives faster. Shirley clutches the
dashboard, eyes rolling.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Slow down a wee bit, dear?

INT/EXT. CAR. NEW ZEALAND. DAY (HOUR OR SO LATER)

JEAN looks excited, as SHIRLEY is asleep next to her. Shirley
starts snoring gently and Jean, smiling fondly, looks out
over the New Zealand landscape.

JEAN

Lusaka High. 'Jean is a determined
and impossible young lady. A top
notch hockey player with a firm
social conscience, Jean likes to
tear down fences.'

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. YOUNG COUNTRY LANE. LUSAKA. 1967. DAY

YOUNG JEAN (15) whizzes down a country lane on her bike, hockey stick on her back. She sees a ZAMBIAN GARDNER (50's) and his DAUGHTER (THE ZAMBIAN GIRL) who are walking home by the side of the road.

Young Jean cycles up to them and stops and reaches for her hockey stick and hands it over to the Zambian girl. The Zambian girl, delighted, takes the hockey stick as young Jean reaches into her rucksack for the ball and passes it over. All laugh.

Young Jean whizzes off on her bike as the Zambian girl, smiles and waves and holds aloft the hockey stick.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. POLICE CELL/CORRIDOR. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT.

HOLLY sits alone in a cell, vaping hard, stressed, lost in thought. DC HECKS opens the cell door. She is jubilant.

DC HECKS

All your assets are seized, your
court is on case friday. Super says
you are free to go - for now, you
lucky, mucky madam!

Holly raises herself up and flounces past DC Hecks but turns round and stares hard at DC Hecks. She comes very close.

HOLLY

What is it that scares you so much,
Officer? Men and women having fun?
Having a brew, sometimes loving
each other? All goes back to them
Roundheads and Cavaliers, eh? Me?
I'll always be a Cavalier as I
believe in the good times!

DC Hecks turns away, breathing hard, as Holly marches off down the corridor, shouting back.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

See you in Hell, Hecksy. I hear
it's fun down there!

EXT. STREET. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

CASSIE walks down the street, her gown and wig on still, papers under her arm. Her LANDLORD (40's) large, sleazy, pulls up in his car and kerb crawls as they talk.

LANDLORD

Ooo? Very grand? Any chance her ladyship can pay the last three months rent? Don't let me down or I'll spill the beans to the Judge about what you students really do at night!

Cassie breathes hard as the LANDLORD drives off. She walks on and sings from '**RUMPY PUMPY!**' **Track 4. (Refrain)**

CASSIE

I AM A LAW STUDENT, TRAINEE BARRISTER
MY NAN SHE IS BLIND, MAKING MONEY FOR HER
THE POLE OF SUCCESS IS WHAT I NOW CLIMB
NO LONGER WORK NIGHTS SO ...? (SHE STOPS)
WILL I BE FINE?

Carrie stops and pulls her wig off and gulps very hard.

FEMALE CONSULTANT (O.S.)

The odds are fifty fifty. With
J.J.'s unusual blood group, no one
yet has come forward, Mrs Jackson.

INT. WARD. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

A curtain is drawn around J.J'S bed and MAGS, her wrist now in plaster, is talking to a FEMALE CONSULTANT (40's). J.J. looking pale and weak is in his bed, on a laptop.

FEMALE CONSULTANT

We do have a sister hospital in the States. Boston Imperial, but that will cost. Higher success rates over there of finding a donor, say weeks, rather than months. With J.J. we can't say we have months.

Mags blinks hard, her face grim. Tears form in her eyes.

MAGS

I'll get the money. I will!

J.J.

It's ok, mum. We're ok.

Mags looks away, beating back tears.

INT. EMPTY CORRIDOR. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

MAGS staggers along the empty corridor in her high heels. She suddenly stops and breaks down and sobs hard.

MAGS

No?! J.J.? Oh, J.J.?!

A YOUNG MALE DOCTOR (20's) walks past and looks over. Mags quickly wipes her nose with her sleeve and shakes her head. The young doctor walks on as Mags staggers on.

MAG'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT

MAGS comes in exhausted. She looks through to the living room where STEVE is standing, drunk, sheepish. He gulps.

STEVE

Been a bit unlucky, love. Needed to use your funds!

Mags comes closer, shaking her head in disbelief as Steve nods and gulps hard.

MAGS

No?! No, Steve?! B.J.'s trip to the States, the Uni fees for the boys? You loser, you wreck of a man?!

Mags charges at Steve and Steve thumps her hard on the chin. Mags stumbles backwards and grips onto the kitchen table.

MAGS (CONT'D)

What can I do, what?!

Steve shrugs and slumps in a chair. Bleak, drunk, broken.

STEVE

Do what you've always done. Spread your legs!

EXT. BEACH. DOCKYARDS/ EDGE OF SOUTHAMPTON. NEXT DAY. DAY

HOLLY and MAGS sit on a small beach in deck chairs, CRUISE LINERS moving past out of the docks. Mags vapes hard, a big bruise on her chin. She looks desperate. They look out to sea.

HOLLY

Isle of Wight over there. Haven't been over since I was a nipper, crabbing with me Uncle Ken! Know what I'd like to do in another life, Mags? Run a home for donkeys, knackered donkeys. Hard working, reliable, like me bezzie mate!

Holly smiles fondly over at Mags. Mags shrugs, pre-occupied.

MAGS

Life with our Steve is getting too hard. I'm like one of your knackered donkeys, Holl. Put me out to grass!

Holly suddenly stands up, excited. Pointing out to sea.

HOLLY

Look at that cruise ship, Mags? I was going to be a cruise ship dancer back in Moss Side, remember?

Mags brightens a little and gets up as they stare out to sea.

MAGS

We called you Holly Go Lightly! We hitched down south, we chased the bright lights ...

HOLLY

(suddenly desperate)
Police lights are all I see flashing these days! PC Vampira's charging me with money laundering - I could get twelve years?!

Mags hugs Holly hard. Holly beats back tears, wide-eyed.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Ever wish we were still them two young scallys, Mags? You know? Wipe the slate clean?

Mags turns away, shaking her head. She turns back, eyes blazing.

MAGS

Know what? Even after years of fellas crawling all over me, I'm still that daft young scally who believes in love. There's got to be someone out there! There has to be!

Holly shrugs and smokes hard. Mags stares deeply at her.

MAGS (CONT'D)
Think those WI ladies will ever
make us legal, Holl?

Holly shrugs but then shakes her head.

ON MAGS - desperate, looking out to sea. She beats back tears and gulps very hard. She knows what she must do now.

EXT. BROTHEL. A S.O.O.B. A LEAFY STREET. NEW ZEALAND. DAY.

JEAN and SHIRLEY walk past some large houses. JEAN checks the house number in her notebook and looks up, very excited.

JEAN
Brothels here are all legal and
called S.O.O.B's. Self Owner
operated Brothels. Bigger ones are
called ...?

SHIRLEY
B.O.O.B S?

JEAN
Correct, Watson!

They walk up the stairs. HUGO pops her head out and grins.

HUGO
We're all ready for you, ladies.
Last set up and then my job is
done. BAFTAS here I come!

Hugo grins and does a low bow as we hear a DRUM ROLL as Jean and Shirley walk up the steps.

INT. ELEGANT LIVING ROOM. S.O.O.B. NEW ZEALAND. DAY

JEAN and SHIRLEY walk in and gasp. The room has a glow and ELLIE introduces them to SANDY (30's) and LOU (40's), two NZ WORKING GIRLS in their silk dressing gowns. Tea is laid out.

SANDY
Jean and Shirley? The intrepid
British Sex Detectives. We're so in
support of your campaign, ladies!

SHIRLEY
'Sex Detectives?' Rather like that,
eh, Jean?

JEAN

Attitudes to sex are so Victorian back in the UK. Out of sight and underground. We want to change all of that.

Ellie points to an elegant sofa where they sit as Hugo and Soophie set up in the background. Shirley takes a sip of tea.

SHIRLEY

Ahhhh? Heavenly! Earl Grey? Worth the trip!

JEAN

What a delightful place. Any crime around the edges here, ladies?

ELLIE

(smiling)

No pimps, no madames. We work how and when we want, Jean. We're the boss!

SHIRLEY

That's wonderful, dear! And can you turn the punters down if you don't like them?

SANDY

You bet, ladies! We pick and chose our punters. Don't like 'em, turn 'em away. We have contracts and everything's above board. Girls in control.

JEAN

As it should be, Sandy!

LOU

We even have a score card for the most orgasms achieved. Ellie won last week!

Lou points to a wall where there is a list of names. Hugo swings his camera around to film it as Jean and Shirley laugh

LOU (CONT'D)

Sex should be enjoyed after all, ladies?

SHIRLEY

Absolutely. Otherwise why bother, dear?

(MORE)

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

A Self Owner Operated Brothel! A
S.O.O.B. I love that word.
Soooooob!

Jean stands up and Shirley, struggling, gets up, leaning on her stick. Jean and Shirley grin at each other and sing
REPRISE - TRACK 2 - THE PERFECT BROTHEL

JEAN/SHIRLEY

WE'VE DONE A ROYAL TOUR
ALL KINDS OF BROTHELS EXPLORED
FROM SEEDY AMSTERDAM STREETS
TO CHASING THE PIMPS THAT WE MEET!

BRAVE LADIES OF THE SHIRES ARE WE
NOT JUST MAKING CUPS OF TEA
WE'VE FOUND THE PERFECT BROTHEL
WE'LL TAKE IT HOME, YOU'LL SEE!

JEAN

There's no stigma here around
prostitution, Shirley!

SHIRLEY

As it should be back home, Jean!

Jean goes quiet as Shirley, eyes widening, shakes her head at the NZ WORKING GIRLS.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Oh oh? Holmes is getting one of her
big ideas? Batton down the hatches!

JEAN

Got it! Let's set up a Best
Practice Brothel back at home and
take it to the people!

Shirley gasps and staggers backwards, eyes rolling.

SHIRLEY

Flying crumpets? We've been curb
crawling in Southampton, sitting in
brothel windows in Amsterdam, doing
the Can-Can in Nevada and now we're
setting up a brothel in Hampshire?!

Jean giggles and takes Shirley's arm and they dance a jig.

JEAN

BRAVE LADIES OF THE SHIRES ARE WE
NOT JUST MAKING CUPS OF TEA!
(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)
 WE'VE FOUND THE PERFECT BROTHEL
 WE'LL TAKE IT HOME YOU'LL SEE!

JEAN/SHIRLEY/NZ WORKING GIRLS

BRAVE LADIES OF THE SHIRES ARE THEY
 NOT JUST MAKING CUPS OF TEA
 THEY'VE FOUND THE PERFECT BROTHEL
 THEY'LL TAKE IT HOME, YOU'LL SEE!

Hugo lowers his camera and rolls his eyes.

HUGO
 Fuck me? That's a wrap!

INT. POLE DANCING CLUB. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY.

ANIA dances around the pole, she looks exhausted. THE OTHER POLE DANCER goes off behind the curtain with A SMART MAN (50's) who walks over. Ania bites her lip as BJ walks in, smiling very nervously. Ania smiles warmly as BJ approaches.

BJ
 I'm BJ. Hello. I can't stop thinking about your dancing, how graceful it is and how beautiful.

Ania laughs wryly as BJ looks up at her.

ANIA
 I'm not sure if they notice the beauty in here?

BJ looks around at two guys (30's) and THE OWNER watches from the BAR as BJ takes off her coat to reveal a sparkling basque. Ania smiles and pulls BJ up. The second pole is empty so Ania takes BJ over and shows her some moves.

BJ grins happily and dances. Ania goes back to her pole and does some moves which BJ, concentrating hard, imitates.

ANIA (CONT'D)
 Just follow me, BJ. Do this ... and this ... and then?

One of the guys (40's) smart, kindly, is suddenly standing in front of Ania, looking up at her. Ania stops dancing and gulps hard. She looks over at BJ as BJ, spinning around the other pole, grins and waving over.

BJ slowly stops dancing as she sees Ania walk off with the guy behind the curtain.

ON BJ - staring at Ania and catching her eye

ON ANIA - gulping hard and looking back at BJ

The curtain closes. BJ gulps hard. The club suddenly looks dark and seedy. BJ rushes to put on her coat and runs out. The owner shrugs and wipes a glass.

INT. CASSIE'S FLAT. KITCHEN/HALLWAY. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

CLAUDETTE is cooking, the radio on, as CASSIE runs down the stairs to open the door to a PUNTER (40's), a businessman. Cassie holds her finger up to the punter and shouts through to Claudette as they go upstairs.

CASSIE (O.S.)
Just got a colleague here, Nana.
He's taking some briefs!

CLAUDETTE
(laughing/still cooking)
You lawyers work too hard, darlin'!

INT. CASSIE'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY

CLAUDETTE stops chopping and frowns as she hears some rhythmical THUDDING of the bed from upstairs. She shrugs quickly and turns the RADIO up. JEAN and SHIRLEY come on the RADIO - WOMEN'S HOUR. Claudette listens.

FEMALE RADIO PRESENTER (O.S.)
The 'perfect brothel?' Isn't that a
contradiction in terms, ladies?

JEAN (ON RADIO)
Doesn't have to be. We want to
provide best practice brothels to
make things safe and comfortable
for Working Girls!

Claudette nods quickly as she cooks. She agrees.

INT. RADIO STUDIO. LONDON. DAY.

JEAN and SHIRLEY sit in front of microphones, mid interview, the FEMALE BBC INTERVIEWER (30's) the other side of the glass looking at them, smiling and nodding.

SHIRLEY (INTO RADIO MIC)
People often assume there are two
types of women.
(MORE)

SHIRLEY (INTO RADIO MIC) (CONT'D)

The upright respectable one and the fallen one. But life's just not like that, you see, dear. We women are all somewhere in between. We're all just women.

INT. ESCORT AGENCY. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

MAGS is sitting in a queue of WOMEN, vaping, lost in thought. The HARSH WOMAN (40's) on reception talks loudly.

HARSH WOMAN (ON PHONE)

What you into then, love? Most of these girls are up for anything, love. Yeah!

Mags gulps hard and looks at an ASIAN WOMAN (40's) sitting next to her. Mags rolls her eyes as the asian woman shrugs.

INT. CASSIE'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY (NEXT DAY)

CLAUDETTE sitting listening to the RADIO and hears the doorbell go. She hears some talking in the corridor and starts to frown. More THUDDING from upstairs. Claudette's eyes widen with alarm. She walks over to pick up the phone and dials.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

CASSIE is lying across her bed and freezes, eyes wide, as her PUNTER, (40's) a large wealthy man, flings off his shirt and trousers and pulls off his belt.

LARGE PUNTER

This is going to be fun!

The large punter is starting to sweat, getting excited. He swings his belt around coming closer to her. Cassie, desperate, kicks over the side table with a heavy lamp on it and it CRASHES to the floor. The large punter jumps back.

LARGE PUNTER (CONT'D)

Ah ha? We've got a wildcat?
Wildcats need taming!

INT. CASSIE'S FLAT. KITCHEN/HALLWAY. DAY (SAME TIME)

CLAUDETTE hears the THUD and grabs her poker, charging into the hallway. The DOORBELL goes and rushes to open the door.

DC HECKS and TWO ARMED OFFICERS charge in, pushing past Claudette and run upstairs.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY (SAME TIME)

THE LARGE PUNTER is tying up CASSIE, his belt around her neck and she's starting to choke. DC HECKS and her POLICE OFFICERS break down the door.

Cassie gasps for air as the TWO POLICE OFFICERS grapple with the large punter and slap handcuffs on him. DC HECKS stares down at Cassie on the bed as the large punter is taken away. Cassie rubs her neck, choking and smiles a bit wryly.

CASSIE

DC Hecks ...? Never thought you'd
be my Saviour!

CLAUDETTE charges in, brandishing her Poker in the air, her eyes blazing as DC Hecks jumps back. Cassie rolls her eyes.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Here's Granny!

DC Hecks shrinks back as Claudette advances, poker held high, her blind eyes blazing.

DC HECKS

(reeling)

Two women operating indoors? That's
constitutes a brothel and brothels
are illegal. I'm closing you down!

CLAUDETTE

Don't you read your Bible, lady
copper? Vengeance is mine, said the
Lord! Vengeance!!

DC Hecks, horrified and terrified rushes out, tumbling down the stairs as she goes. A THUD and the front door is slammed shut. Claudette slowly lowers the poker and stares hard at Cassie. Cassie blinks with gratitude and gulps hard.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. (BIT LATER)

CLAUDETTE and CASSIE sit at the table drinking tea.

CLAUDETTE

Uncle Ronnie has died and Ralf can
build me an extra room on his land.
I don't need a house, Cassie.

(MORE)

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

I just want to smell the oranges,
feel the breeze.

CASSIE

But I've saved thousands, Nana ..?!

CLAUDETTE

Use that money to get on with your
legal career, young lady!

Cassie slowly nods, tears of relief pouring down her cheeks.

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

I don't need a future, Cassie, I've
had me past. It was a rum one too.

Claudette suddenly hoots with laughter remembering as Cassie
rolls her eyes confused. Cassie suddenly sighs hard.

CASSIE

There was a brothel, Nana, it was
safe, but they closed it down.

CLAUDETTE

I heard 'em! Them WW wotnot ladies
need your help, use your brains not
your butt, come on now, Cassie!

Cassie, thinking hard, brightens.

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time to connect with
your dad again too. He's over in
Dublin. He was never all bad,
Cassie. No one is.

Cassie slowly nods, her eyes widening.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. (LATER)

CASSIE'S room is tidy, law books stacked up on her desk. She
flicks through a huge tomb, her eyes scanning the pages.
CLAUDETTE comes in with a cup of tea for her. Cassie keeps
reading and suddenly she sees something. Her eyes widen.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY (NEXT DAY)

CASSIE, eyes wide, glasses on, whizzes along in her Mini.

EXT. W.I. HALL. BERRYBOURNE. NEXT DAY. DAY

JEAN and SHIRLEY stand outside the meeting hall and pass around some SEX AIDS to PRU, BJ, DOT and TWO OTHER WI LADIES. They shriek and giggle as they demonstrate the sex aids. Pru holds up a huge FURRY VIBRATOR and giggles.

PRU

All too easy to know what this one does, eh, ladies?

They all shriek with laughter as Shirley smiles. Shirley reaches into the bag of Sex Aids. The Arse Midget! They all gasp and reel back as Shirley giggles and splutters.

SHIRLEY

And look at this little fella?

Dot reads into read the label and reels back.

DOT

An 'arse midget'?! Holy cow? How do they think of these things?

JEAN

(eyes rolling)
Ours is not to reason why, Dot!

Shirley nows stares hard at them all.

SHIRLEY

Back to business, ladies. We need to think hard where we can set up our perfect brothel?

Pru notices EVE and MARJ (60's), pinched-face, approaching from the Hall. She rolls her eyes.

PRU

Oh-oh? Tut-Tutters approaching?

Eve comes near, her eyes flickering at the sex toys.

EVE

Girls are getting trafficked into this country, kept in appalling conditions and all you can do is laugh and titter about sex aids?!

SHIRLEY

We can't take on all the world's problems, Eve, but we can make a jolly good start right here!

EVE

Marj and I are off to the hospital
doing what we all should be doing.
Helping sick children not behaving
like children. I'll make sure
County hears about this, Jean!

Jean sighs very hard to herself, watching them go.

JEAN

Oh, golly? That's me done for as
County Chair? I so wanted that!

CASSIE screeches in and parks near the WI LADIES, jumping
out, excited and runs over, waving some papers.

CASSIE

I've found a loophole, ladies! If
it moves, it's legal!

Jean's eyes widen as she turns to Shirley.

EXT. MOBILE BROTHEL. WINCHESTER HIGH ST. DAY (WEEK LATER)

JEAN, SHIRLEY, PRU, BJ and DOT stand outside a huge
Winnebago, a banner on the side - 'HAMPSHIRE WI'S BEST
PRACTICE MOBILE BROTHEL'.

A NEWS CAMERA FLASHES.

Pru and BJ walk around gathering signatures as SEVERAL
PASSERS BY stop and stare. A DISAPPROVING MAN (50's) and his
DISAPPROVING WIFE (50's) stop as BJ approaches them.

DISAPPROVING WOMAN

Don't bring that mucky stuff to
Winchester!

BJ

But pole dancing clubs are legal
and sex goes on there, so why not
decriminalise brothels too?

They storm off as BJ as Shirley emerges at the door of the
Winnebago smiling warmly at the passers by.

SHIRLEY

Come and have a look around our
best practice mobile brothel. It's
clean, spotless and tickety boo!

Jean pops her head out behind Shirley as A COUPLE OF ELDERLY PUNTERS (80's), followed ADAM THE VICAR walk up the steps into the winnebago.

INT. MOBILE BROTHEL. WINCHESTER. DAY (MOMENTS LASTER)

DOT sticks up a sign which says 'CONDOMS ESSENTIAL' as JEAN and SHIRLEY show the TWO ELDERLY PUNTERS, one a DEAF MAN around, ADAM THE VICAR in the background.

Jean beams, a bed in the corner, a sheet in front of it, a wash basin.

JEAN

Welcome to our Best practice mobile brothel! We have clean sheets, towels, jellies and lubes ...

ELDERLY WOMAN

Lubes? What are they, Vicar? Sucky sweets?

ADAM THE VICAR

Um? Not exactly but ...?!

ELDERLY DEAF MAN

(booming)

Rubber johnnies, dear, like the ones we used back in the 70's!

The elderly woman splutters as Shirley points out things.

SHIRLEY

We have a basin here for the man to wash his dingly-danglies ...

ELDERLY DEAF MAN

Dingly what, dear?

JEAN/SHIRLEY/ADAM/ELDERLY WOMAN

Dingly danglies!

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD. PRIVATE HOSPITAL. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

MAGS sits at J.J.'s bedside, her bruises only just covered up. J.J. looks weak and Mags clutches his hand as he sweats. THE CONSULTANT (FEMALE) pops in and Mags jumps up, anxious.

MAGS

When can they fly him out?

THE CONSULTANT

In a week or two. I'll fill in the forms. Stay strong now!

MAGS

I'm on it!

Mags goes back to sit with J.J. She leans in as J.J. strokes her face gently.

J.J.

One of the nurses said you were a fallen woman, mum? Did you fall over and hurt yourself?

Mags shakes her head quickly, and blinks hard at him.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

EVE and MARJ carry giant teddy bears having visited some of the children. Eve looks through the glass and into J.J.'s ward and sees MAGS and J.J. She suddenly stops, recognising Mags and breathes very hard.

A NURSE (20's) comes past and Eve stops her.

EVE

Excuse me, Nurse? The little boy?

NURSE

Sickle cell. Poor little lad is one of those rare blood groups, AB negative. Very hard to match, he is.

Eve, shocked, lowers the teddy as the Nurse walks on. Eve comes closer to the glass and her eyes widen. Mags sees Eve looking in and quickly draws the curtain as their eyes meet. Eve blinks hard and walks on.

INT. ESCORT AGENCY. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY (LATER)

The HARSH WOMAN on reception calls over loudly to MAGS, who sits in a row of chairs with TWO OTHER WOMEN (30's, 40's). Mags is heavily made up and looks pale, her bruises covered up. The harsh woman nods over at Mags as Mags gulps hard.

HARSH WOMAN

Metropole hotel, Posh diplomats
just flown in, plenty of dosh. A
bit more slap on then you're ready!

ON MAGS - nodding quickly, her eyes wide.

EXT. MOBILE BROTHEL. WINCHESTER. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ON HOLLY - smoking hard, shades on, very stressed. She sticks her head into the winnebago as JEAN, SHIRLEY, ADAM show the ELDERLY COUPLE around.

The elderly woman looks around at Holly as she climbs up and into the Winnebago, her face grim.

INT. MOBILE BROTHEL. WINCHESTER. DAY (MOMENTS LASTER)

They all stare at HOLLY.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hello, there. And who are you?

HOLLY

Holly Go Lightly. The real friggin' deal!

The ELDERLY WOMAN rolls her eyes as JEAN and SHIRLEY come over. Jean politely points to a NO SMOKING sign as Holly shrugs throws her cigarette out of the window.

JEAN

What do you think, Holly? This is a S.O.O.B! A self-owner operated brothel - a model for brothels all over the UK! Bigger ones are called B.O.O.B'S!

HOLLY

(eyes widening)

'Boobs'?! I bet they are! Self owner operated, ya say, Jean? No bosses needed?

Shirley beams at Holly.

SHIRLEY

Working Girls in control of their own work, Holly.

Holly staggers backwards, shocked. She splutters.

HOLLY

No Madames, then? Who would do the tax and vat, drag the punters in? I'm a dinosaur when you girls roll out your Boobs and Soobs?! I'm a scarlet woman an' all with a price tag over her head!

Shirley's eyes widen as she hears this.

SHIRLEY

Let's get you a nice cup of tea, dear.
You look like you could use one?

Shirley walks out as Holly leans into ADAM and hisses.

HOLLY

(hissing)
Heard from her, Vic? Our Mags never
turns her phone off?!

Adam shakes his head quickly concerned as Holly's eyes widen.

EXT. GRAND HARBOUR HOTEL. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY. (BIT LATER)

ON MAGS - standing anxiously outside the Grand Harbour hotel. A Stretch Limo pulls up and Mag's eyes widen. Heels very high, fur coat on, Mags approaches a Black Stretch Limo which draws up and the DRIVER opens the door for her. She gets in the back.

EXT. MOBILE BROTHEL. WINCHESTER. HIGH STREET. DAY.

SHIRLEY and HOLLY stand outside drinking their tea as PASSERS BY go in and out of the mobile brothel. Holly looks anxious.

SHIRLEY

I've been that scarlet woman too,
you see, Holly. Did the worst thing
a woman can do, running off with my
neighbour! I lost my boy, never got
him back and never forgave myself!

HOLLY

Every saint has a past and every
sinner has a future. Get in touch
with your lad. We all need to be
connected, love. Where the heck is
Mags?

Holly checks her phone again.

ON SHIRLEY - her eyes widening as she slowly nods.

INT. SHIRLEY'S COTTAGE. BERRYBOURNE. EVENING. (LATER)

ON SHIRLEY - sitting at her desk, sipping at a whisky, seated at her computer. On her screen FACEBOOK is up with PAUL, SHIRLEY'S SON'S picture, his WIFE and TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS nearby. Shirley breathes hard and clicks on CONNECT.

ROAD. EDGE OF MOTORWAY. OUTSIDE SOUTHAMPTON. DAY. EARLY MORNING (NEXT DAY)

The STRETCH LIMO pulls into a lay by as the DRIVER opens the door for MAGS to get out. Mags, stockings ripped and torn, staggers out and staggers off down the busy road, blood trickling down from her lips. **TRACK 11 - 'AM I BROKEN?'**

MAGS

AM I BROKEN? AM I BROKEN?
AM I DRIFTING OFF OR IS THERE HOPE?
CAN'T FEEL NOTHING ...LIMBS ARE ACHING
BLOOD IS DRIPPING SLOWLY DOWN MY THROAT!

AM I BREATHING? AM I FEELING?
AM I STILL ALIVE OR AM I DEAD?
HELP ME, SOMEONE, I NEED MENDING
HEAR A SILENT SCREAM INSIDE MY HEAD!

OH, THE YEARS THEY KEPT ROLLING AND ROLLING
AND THE BLOWS KEPT ON RAINING DOWN HARD!
AND THE BRUISES GOT BLACKER AND BLUER
AS OUR LOVE WAS STAINED AND TARRED!

AND THE YEARS THEY KEPT ROLLING AND ROLLING
AND MY FRIENDS THEY ALL BEGGED ME TO LEAVE
BUT OUR STEVE HE KEPT SAYING HE LOVED ME
AS HE PUSHED THE KNIFE IN - HARDER, HARDER, HARD!

A PASSING CAR toots its horn loudly as MAGS staggers on.

MAGS (CONT'D (CONT'D)

AM I BROKEN? AM I BROKEN?
CAN THE BIRD WITHIN MY SOUL FLY FREE?
MUST BE BRAVE NOW, MUST BE SAVED
NOW
DEAD GIRL WALKING SLOWLY TO BE
FREE!

MAGS pulls herself up higher now as she staggers onwards.

EXT. MOBILE BROTHEL. WINCHESTER. NEXT DAY. DAY

BJ'S husband RAJI and his PARENTS are there looking interested. PRU smiles warmly and nods for them to go in. RAJI'S MOTHER looks a bit nervous but Raji takes her hand.

RAJI

Let's see how the other half lives!

Raji helps his mother up the steps as his father follows.

INT. MOBILE BROTHEL. WINCHESTER. DAY

PRU follows behind them smiles warmly, taking the lead.

RAJI

This where all the naughty stuff
happens, eh?

RAJI grins and grabs the curtain in front of the bed. Raji whisks back the curtain to reveal BJ, lying, show girl style across the bed in a basque, stockings and suspenders. Raji and his parents reel back and gasp. BJ shrugs and smiles.

BJ

All for a good cause, Raji!

EXT. MOBILE BROTHEL. WINCHESTER. DAY. (SAME TIME)

RAJI and his PARENTS tumble out of the Winnebago. Shirley grins over at Holly who looks very stressed, smoking hard.

SHIRLEY

I connected with Paul! A woman on a
mission!

HOLLY

I'm on a mission an' all to find me
missing mate!

CASSIE bounces up with CLAUDETTE as JEAN comes over and shakes Claudette's hand warmly.

JEAN

You must be very proud of your
granddaughter? She's such an asset.

CLAUDETTE

I used me assets to get all me
family over here. Someone had to
pay the bills! So good what you
ladies are doin' here!

Cassie splutters, shocked as Shirley smiles kindly at Cassie.

SHIRLEY

Every saint has a past and every
sinner has a future, dear.

CASSIE

What's the plan now, ladies?

JEAN

We've got thousands of signatures from all over Hampshire and we simply must make the politicians listen. We're praying that National WI will take up our cause so we can change the law!

They all CHEER loudly as DC HECKS walks past with a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER (30's), pretty. DC HECKS and the POLICE OFFICER stare over. Shirley shouts over.

SHIRLEY

Officer? We need your help? One of Holly's girls has gone missing!

DC Hecks quickly walks past. Holly snarls.

HOLLY

If one of your girls had gone missing, they would have been on it fast. Welcome to our world, ladies!

Shirley, fuming, charges off across the road after DC Hecks as the traffic HOOTS, and, staggering on her stick, Shirley splutters and suddenly collapses. Jean's eyes widen.

JEAN

Shirley ...?!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT. (LATER)

SHIRLEY lies in a hospital bed, a curtain around her, ANNEYCE, her daughter, by her side, clutching her mother's hand. Shirley has wires coming out of her, unconscious.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT. (SAME TIME)

JEAN, eyes tear-stained, is pacing up and down the corridor. Suddenly she sees PAUL (40's), Shirley's son, nervously come into the corridor holding his coat. Jean rushes over.

JEAN

It's Paul? Oh, Paul? I'm Jean Johnson, your mother's friend!

Paul nods and looks very nervous, smiling shyly..

PAUL

Not the best of circumstances for a reunion. Anneyce tracked me down!

JEAN

Your mother's had a stroke, but
she's hanging in there. Let's get
you a cup of tea, then take you in!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. NIGHT. (BIT LATER)

JEAN stands back respectfully as ANNEYCE and PAUL sit
together at SHIRLEY'S bedside holding hands. Shirley stirs
and Anneyce leans forward, hopeful. Anneyce gulps very hard.

ANNEYCE

Mummy? Someone's here? It's Paul!

Shirley stirs and Paul leans in, beating back tears. Shirley,
very weak, opens her eyes as Jean breathes hard.

PAUL

Hello, Mum. Been a long time, eh?
I'm here now, so just rest.

SHIRLEY

Paul? My ... boy! Oh, Paul?

Jean watches, tears in her eyes, as Shirley's eyes now close.
Paul leans forward, startled.

PAUL

Mum ...?!

EXT. MOTORWAY. OUTSIDE SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT (LATER)

MAGS staggers along the motorway.

MAGS

I'm coming, my lad. Hold on for me!

Mags pulls out her phone - it's out of battery. She curses
and suddenly stumbles on her high heels, the heel is broken.
She falls forward, tripping over into the mud.

Mags drags herself up, on all fours, her ankle sprained. A
LOUD HORN blares and screeches to a halt in the lay by near
her, swerving to avoid her. Mags looks round as THE DRIVER,
GAV, SCOTTISH (40's), warm, runs over and crouches down.

GAV

You ok, there, hen? Nearly
flattened yeh with meh truck!

MAGS

Just a sprain! Not the first time
I've been on me knees in front of a
man, mind?!

Mags laughs harshly as Gav gently lifts her upright and supports her along the road to his truck.

GAV

Yeh's looking reet rough, lassie?
What's your story?

Mags suddenly pulls away, eyes blazing and hobbles off. She suddenly spins round.

MAGS

My story? Oh why dick around, mister?
I'm a working girl! A whore, a slag,
mister, spoiled goods and I've just
left me gob-shite of a wife-beating
husband and my son is on death's
door! You don't wanna hear?!

Gav smiles gently returning her gaze.

GAV

There's an all night caff down the
road and I've got all night to
listen, hen. Bacon butties on me!

Mags stumbles along, her eyes widening, and he quickly supports her.

MAGS

Got to get to the Children's
hospital and fast, mister!

Gav nods and smiles as he opens the door of his truck.

GAV

Let meh know where that gob-shite
of a husband is and ah'll flatten
him with meh truck!

Mag's nods, her eyes widening in disbelief.

INT. CORRIDOR. BROTHEL. LEEDS. DAY.

We see AGGIE, very made up, in a basque, high heels on, walking down a corridor. LOUD MUSIC emerges from one of the bedrooms. One of the WORKING GIRLS (AGGIE'S FRIEND), very 'high', staggers out of room, dishevelled, make up smeared. Aggie, sober, rushes up to her.

WORKING GIRL
They've spiked me drink, Aggie?!

Aggie supports her towards the toilet as THE PIMP appears, smoking a marijuana joint, grinning wildly. He follows them.

PIMP
Oi? Where you girls off to? You've got
six more lads downstairs between you.
I've got some whizz to keep ya going.

Aggie walks away from him, supporting the other working girl. The Pimp grabs Aggie's arm. The other working girl throws up across the Pimp's shoes. He jumps back, disgusted.

PIMP (CONT'D)
Ach?! Ya dirty cow?! Clean this up and
get back on your backs!

He storms off as Aggie breathes very hard. A SWEATING PUNTER (40's), shirt open, holding a beer bottle, emerges from one of the rooms. We hear LOUD MUSIC and SHRIEKS.

PUNTER
Come on, girlies? It's party time!

Aggie shakes her head and nods over to the other working girl, grabbing her hand, dragging her down the corridor, her face set in determination.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

JEAN leans on a rail which runs along the huge glass window that overlooks the city. ANNEYCE emerges from SHIRLEY's room and shakes her head, very upset. Jean rushes over to her.

ANNEYCE
They don't know if Mummy's going to
make it, Jean? She's in a coma!

Anneyce rushes off, sobbing, as Jean reels back.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT (LATER)

JEAN sits by SHIRLEY'S bedside as a monitor beeps, PAUL asleep in the background. Jean now leans into Shirley who is stirring and grabs her hand, tears in her eyes.

SHIRLEY
I could hardly ... keep up with you
... Holmes! Running around the
world ... in your tart's trotters!

JEAN
Oh, Shirley ...?!

SHIRLEY
Those ... rescue drops? You don't
... need them, Jean! You can ...
rescue yourself!

Shirley splutters, her eyes closing, the monitor bleeping.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
Keep focus ... on our girls!

Jean nods, tears streaming down her face and staggers out.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. LORRY. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT

We see MAGS sitting up front in GAV'S lorry, a cup of tea and a flask in her hand, wrapped in a blanket. Gav drives fast through the night and Mags glances over at him and blinks hard. He smiles over.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT

CASSIE sits pouring over law books, her glasses on, as CLAUDETTE stirs a pot in the background and smiles proudly.

INT. BAR. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT.

HOLLY sits alone at a bar, anxiously drinking. She texts - MAGS, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!! MAGS comes in, GAV in the background. She rushes up to Holly and they hug very hard. Holly shakes her head, tears in her eyes.

INT. CHURCH. BERRYBOURNE. NIGHT

EVE sits in a pew staring up at a statue of Jesus on the cross. She sighs hard, deep in thought. ADAM comes to the door of the Vestry and looks over at her, hopeful. Eve slowly shakes her head as he retreats sadly.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT

MAGS sits by J.J's bedside as he breathes slowly, very weak. HOLLY is in the background as GAV paces the corridor outside. They all look very tense. Still no donor. THE CONSULTANT looks through the window and gulps hard.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT.

ANNEYCE and PAUL sleep in their chairs around SHIRLEY'S bed as Shirley lies there, eyes still closed. JEAN looks through the window and Anneyce shakes her head and drops her head. Jean, tears streaming down her face, staggers off.

INT. POLE DANCING CLUB. WINCHESTER. NIGHT

ANIA spins around a pole, climbing higher. WILL comes in and sits at the back, staring up at her. Ania slides down the pole and stares at him.

Will puts his hand on his heart and picks up his mobile and texts and indicates for Ania to pull out her mobile. She does and reads. 'KOCHAM CIE' - I LOVE YOU!' Will nods slowly, staring hard. Ania's eyes fill with tears as she smiles.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL. SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT.

JEAN clutches the rail, in front of the huge pane of glass that overlooks the city's twinkling lights. She sings softly, her voice broken. **Reprise - Track 1 - The Perfect Brothel.**

JEAN (SOFTLY)

BRAVE LADIES OF THE SHIRES ARE WE
NOT JUST DRINKING CUPS OF TEA!
WE'LL FIND THE PERFECT BROTHEL
AND BRING IT BACK, YOU'LL ...?!

Jean breaks off, tears streaming down her cheeks as she clutches onto the rail. Jean, her face bleak, stares out over the night time city. **TRACK 12 - 'WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE?'**

JEAN (CONT'D)

WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE? A PLACE OF
FEAR. THE WAY'S NOT CLEAR FOR ME
NOW!
HOW DO I TAKE THIS STEP?
BEST NOT FORGET
I'M ON MY OWN COMPLETELY!
HOW DID I GET THIS WRONG?
AS ALL ALONG I FELT SO SURE AND
CERTAIN!

WORKING GIRLS WORLDWIDE
NEED US BY THEIR SIDE
PROTESTING, PROTESTING!

JEAN (CONT'D)

NOW I'VE LOST MY WAY
 CAN'T THINK OF WHAT TO SAY
 UNCERTAIN, UNCERTAIN!
 CONFUSED AND SCARED
 I'M SIMPLY SEARCHING NOW
 AND HURTING, YES HURTING
 THIS WOMAN HERE IS REALLY HURTING
 NOW!

HOW DO I TAKE THIS STEP?
 BEST NOT FORGET
 I'M ON MY OWN COMPLETELY
 WITH SHIRLEY AT MY SIDE
 I ENJOYED THE RIDE
 CAMPAIGNING, CAMPAIGNING!

EXT. FIELD. BERRYBOURNE. DAY (DAY LATER)

JEAN walks around an empty field her dogs running off across the field. The wind blows her hair back as she breathes hard. She looks a little stronger. Jean looks up into the big sky.

JEAN

IT'S ME NOW ON MY OWN
 MOVING ON ALONG
 KEEP GOING, KEEP GOING!
 THE SEEDS OF CHANGE WE NOW MUST SOW
 KEEP GROWING, KEEP GROWING!
 THE SEEDS OF CHANGE THEY ALL ARE GROWING NOW!

Jean's tears stop and she slowly pulls herself up.

JEAN (CONT'D)

THE WAY'S BECOMING CLEAR.
 LET'S HOPE THIS FEAR WILL DISAPPEAR
 AROUND ME!

INT. HALL. JEAN'S HOUSE. BERRYBOURNE. DAY. (BIT LATER)

TONY comes into the hall followed by JEAN'S three DOGS. JEAN follows, face bleak, in her dressing gown. Letters fall in through the letter box and onto the mat and Tony goes to pick them up. Tony groans, reading.

TONY

The Biddy brigade? Nice timing!

Jean takes a couple from him, reading. Tony shakes his head.

JEAN

Marj, Mavis, all horrified by what Shirley and I are doing. They're all so angry? Why ...?!

TONY

Muddle minded middle Englanders disapproving of everything they don't understand! Remember, honey, 'Don't let the buggers get you down'', as Shirley says!

JEAN

Say's? Or said? Oh?!!

Jean, tearful, rushes upstairs as the DOORBELL goes, PRU and BJ stand there. Tony slowly shakes his head as they move off.

They see the MOBILE BROTHEL/WINNEBAGO parked there, ivy growing over it on Jean's drive. Pru sighs hard.

INT. JEAN'S BEDROOM. DAY. (LATER)

JEAN is on her bed, her laptop, resting on her knees in her nightgown on Skype, her DOGS sleeping around her. SALS is in Australia, sunny background. Jean beats back tears and looks thoughtful. She is wrestling with something.

JEAN

The multi-million dollar question, Sals. Would you ... you know? If you had to, could you ...?

SALS (ON SCREEN)

Mum, I've been very privileged. Not everyone's been as lucky as me and yes, if I was desperate, I would. We women are providers, mum!

Jean nods, brightening, more clear.

JEAN

Thank you, darling. You've squared a circle for me. Let's stay connected.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY.

CASSIE is in her brothel basque kneeling on her bed, adjusting a web cam.

Cassie looks at a LETTER from her LANDLORD. 'Final Notice for the Flat'. She gulps and sighs deeply and now reads a 'CAMMING' manual aloud.

CASSIE

(reading softly)

'To find success as a Cam girl you need to lure your Sugar Daddy into your room. Portray yourself as a top shelf kind of girl. You're in charge, so be sexy and have fun, Cam girl, have super sexy fun!'

Cassie rolls her eyes writhes around on the bed and adopts various outfits: French Maid; Can-Can dancer; Sexy Schoolgirl and, Barrister. She suddenly groans and stops.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god? This so isn't me!

A CUSTOMER clicks onto the computer screen, Cassie spins round - it's DC HECKS! DC Hecks, a creepy smile on, hair greased back, out of uniform.

DC HECKS (ON SCREEN)

Hello there, Black Beauty? Been thinking about you a lot since we last met. Let's get steamy together, but we must be discreet? Our sexy secret, eh? Shhhhh!

DC Hecks puts her finger to her lips as Cassie pauses the computer screen, falling back on her bed, gasping grabbing her mobile. Cassie 'screen shots' the close up of DC Hecks on her computer. Cassie grins.

CASSIE

(ON PHONE)

Exhibit One. Video evidence! Nice!

Cassie picks up her mobile and quickly dials.

POLE DANCING CLUB. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

ANIA dances around her POLE, on her phone. Ania gasps.

ANIA (ON PHONE)

She is the hypocrite, Cassie! Ask Suki to bring the rope we used for the punters, and I've a WI lady who will help - she the good dancer!

INT. BJ'S LIVING ROOM. BJ'S HOUSE. BERRYBOURNE. DAY

BJ is sitting watching some tv in her living room as her phone goes. She answers and her eyes widening.

BJ (ON PHONE)
Happy to help, Ania. Yes, I'm in!

BJ clicks off her mobile as RAJI comes in looking glum. He stares at BJ and shakes his head, disgusted.

RAJI
Mummy's in shock, BJ. So am I.
Never thought you'd stoop so low!

Raji walks out as BJ shrugs and rushes to get her bag and coat.

EXT. POLE DANCING CLUB. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

ANIA emerges as WILL sits there in his wheelchair, a large child's doll on his lap. Ania gasps as he wheels forward, looking hopeful. He hands over the doll which Ania accepts.

WILL
For Eva. Hope she likes it!

ANIA
You don't give up, huh? What do you want with the Polish working girl?

Ania shakes her head, smiling, beating back tears.

WILL
Everything. Just everything!

Will wheels closer and pulls her onto his lap. Will kisses Ania hard as TWO PASSERS BY (MALE AND FEMALE, 30's) walk by and smile. Will grins at Ania as they nuzzle.

WILL (CONT'D)
My accident claim is through so I'm going to buy you a care home so you can care for everyone, Ania!

ANIA
You're crazy, Will? I'm happy just to care for you and Eva. Ach?! Let's not forget Rudi!

They laugh and Will takes his brakes off and they freewheel down the alley as Ania shrieks and giggles.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY

EVE stands in the corridor looking through the glass at J.J. sleeping in his bed, looking weak. She blinks hard.

EXT. JEAN'S HOUSE. BERRYBOURNE. DAY. (NEXT DAY)

PRU marches up to the door past the MOBILE BROTHEL which is still parked there and knocks on JEAN'S door followed by BJ wearing a long coat and high heels. Pru holds aloft a large tray of giant meringues. Pru whispers to BJ.

PRU

The odds of Shirley pulling through
are very unlikely so its 'Operation
Jean!' Here goes!

JEAN, in her dressing gown, comes to the door. Pru smiles brightly and holds up the tray of giant meringues.

PRU (CONT'D)

Morning Jean? Eve's been busy.
Whoppers, eh? Rather delicious too!

Jean eyes slowly narrow. She calls around to Tony behind her.

JEAN

Oven on, please, Tony! Now!

Jean nods, eyes wide, and closes the door as Pru grins and looks at BJ. BJ looks at Pru

BJ

Gotta go! Rehearsals, I mean research!

PRU

What happened to that nice, shy
accountant who joined us all those
months ago? Where's she gone, eh?

Pru laughs as BJ giggles as she totters off in her heels. BJ spins round and shakes her hips, laughing.

BJ

You were right, Pru. Berrybourne
rocks!

PRE-TITLE. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

JEAN, looking brighter, address a FEMALE DIRECTOR (30's) behind camera, vases of flowers around her.

JEAN (INTO CAMERA)
 I had to be brave as without Shirley
 it was Sherlock on her own. It was
 very hard to know which way to take
 things. Shirley had always been the
 clear thinker.

JEAN suddenly smiles wryly.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 The meringues made a difference!

FEMALE DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Meringues? Not with you, Jean?

Jean twinkles slightly and shrugs slightly.

JEAN
 Meringues!

INT. WI MEETING HALL. BERRYBOURNE. DAY

ON A PLATE OF GIANT MERINGUES - moving along, held aloft by
 JEAN as she pushes open both doors and walks, head high, into
 the Meeting hall, WI LADIES turning in their seats to stare
 over.

MAVIS, MARJ and DOT seated there with a OTHER WI LADIES who
 roll their eyes with excitement as Jean walks up to the top
 table where EVE sits as Branch President, PRU at one side.
 Jean plonks down the tray of meringues in front of Eve and
 smiles brightly.

JEAN
 My chair, thank, you, Eve. Resting
 Branch President no longer resting!

Eve, a bit more humble, nods stepping down as Pru rolls her
 eyes hard. Jean sits down and nods to Pru.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 Hand them around please, Pru? Don't
 think we need to stand on ceremony
 today. Shirley wouldn't want that!

The WI LADIES smile and nod. Pru hands Jean the notes. Jean
 reads as all go quiet as they munch on meringues.

PRU
 Welcome back, Jean!

Jean, smiles over at Pru, looking through the notes.

EXT. BUS STOP. BERRYBOURNE. DAY.(SAME TIME)

AGGIE, looking brighter and clearer, steps off bus, a huge bunch of flowers in her hands. She walks along the street, after checking her mobile for an address. She walks off.

INT. POLE DANCING CLUB. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY. (SAME TIME)

BJ is pole dancing with ANIA around pole and they wrap themselves around it in turn.

CASSIE, basque on, emerges from the wings and wraps herself around the second pole, where SUKI is dancing, giggling.

TRACK 13 - LET'S SET A TRAP. They dance around the poles.

BJ

I'M FEELING BRAVE, LET'S TAKE A RISK
A TRAP WE NOW MUST SET!

CASSIE

LET'S TAKE HER DOWN THIS POLICE WOMAN
AND SHAME HER ROUND THE TOWN!

ANIA/BJ/SUKI

A FLY SHE'LL BE CAUGHT IN OUR STICKY WEB
HER CHEEKS WILL FLUSH
AND SOON BE TURNING RED!

SUKI

WORKED ROUND THE CLOCK
AND NEVER STOPPED
YES, HOLLY HAD A POINT

CASSIE

THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN EARNING CASH
IT'S TIME TO LEAVE THE JOINT!

BJ

A GIRL LIKE ME CAN BE DANCER TOO
JUST WATCH ME MOVE
I'VE PROVING THAT IS TRUE!

CASSIE

I'VE BEEN A FOOL
JUST MONEY I HAVE CHASED
I LOVE MY NAN
SO TIME I MUST NOT WASTE!

ANIA/CASSIE/BJ/SUKI

THE STAGE IS SET THE DANCERS TOO
THE DEED WE NOW MUST DO
LET'S SET A TRAP, WATCH IT UNFOLD
AND SAVE OUR BROTHEL TOO!

DC HECKS, off duty, hair greased back, a long coat on with a POLICE OFFICER (30's) comes in and heads for the bar. DC Hecks knocks back some cocktails with the Police Officer as ANIA whisks her mobile out of her basque, clicking it on.

ANIA (ON PHONE)

(hissing)
Holly? Get down here! We're
catching the fly in our web!

INT. MEETING HALL. BERRYBOURNE. DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

JEAN wipes the crumbs of a meringue from her lips as DOT, standing up, looks up at Jean and gulps a bit nervously.

DOT

We haven't quite known how to help
as you're always so good at things,
Jean, but we're all on board now!

Jean nods gratefully as DOT, MAVIS, MARJ, PRU, EVE slowly slowly start to clap Jean. Jean, touched, blinks back tears. Pru clears her throat and reads a paper, gulping hard.

PRU

National won't be backing our
Resolution on brothels or taking it
to Government, Jean. National's
main subject this year is Bees!

JEAN

(reeling)
Bees? I simply adore bees and the
world absolutely needs them but
bees more important than our young
women?!

Jean shakes her head and walks down off the stage and paces around the ladies watching her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

If we can't persuade National WI to support us, how on earth can we persuade anyone?! How?!

Eve walks over to Jean, looking nervous. She gulps hard.

EVE

Daddy's visiting the diocese tomorrow, Jean, and I've asked for there to be a symposium on Brothels. Would that help?

Jean reels back, very surprised.

JEAN

Gosh, yes! Every little thing helps us change hearts and minds, Eve!

Eve nods at Jean and Jean nods back. A KNOCK on the hall door. AGGIE nervously pops her head around the door.

AGGIE

Hi there? Does the lady with the grey bun come here? Heard she's in hospital? Are you lot the WWW Ladies?

Jean, amazed, rushes over to her across the hall.

JEAN

We are, Aggie! And yes, Shirley is, and yes, we are the Ladies of the Hampshire WI. Oh, yes we are!

Jean looks back and smiles at Eve who smiles back as Pru and Dot rush over.

JEAN (CONT'D)

We're holding a debate on Working girls tomorrow, Aggie. Could you do us the honour of coming to talk to us all?

Dot offers Aggie the plates of meringues, and hungry, her eyes widen as she takes one, munching hard. She nods.

AGGIE

Sure? Why the feck not? Oops? Sorry?!

They all laugh warmly. MUSIC of the pole dancing club.

INT. POLE DANCING CLUB. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ON DC HECKS - staggering around, now very drunk and whisks off her long coat to reveal a revealing leather bondage gear.

The POLICE OFFICER at the bar claps as CASSIE, ANIA and BJ and SUKI watch DC Hecks staggers onto the stage and towards them. She comes close to BJ who is dancing round her pole.

DC HECKS

Oooo? An exotic dusky lady? Want to go out back? Do some dirty dancing?

BJ stamps hard on DC Hecks toes with her high heel. DC Hecks yelps and staggers backwards as Cassie shouts over.

CASSIE

Hey, tiger? Remember me?

DC Hecks spins round and drunkenly lurches over to Cassie at her pole and wraps her arms around Cassie, nuzzling her and dances. Suki runs off to get a rope as Cassie hisses.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Officer Hecks? We've to stop meeting like this!

DC Hecks laughs wildly as Suki runs back on stage with the rope as Ania, BJ and Suki quickly tie DC Hecks to the pole with the rope as Cassie wriggles out of her arms.

DC HECKS

(spluttering)

What?! You're all arrested (hic!) you filthy rotten (hic!) whores!

Ania takes photos of a drunken DC Hecks wrapped around the pole as SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON marches in with TWO POLICE OFFICERS (#1 and #2). He shouts loudly as the OWNER who looks alarmed behind the bar, a COUPLE OF PUNTERS drinking there.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON

Everyone stand where you are! I'd like to see your licence!

The owner nods and rushes over, handing over his licence. Superintendent Harrison frowns.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON (CONT'D)

Licence is out of date. This place is closed until further notice!

Superintendent notices DC Hecks at the pole

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON (CONT'D)
 DC Hecks? Unravel yourself immediately!

HOLLY rushes in, seeing DC HECKS on the stage. She strides over to DC Hecks on the stage where DC Harrison is glaring at DC Hecks.

DC Hecks attempts to stand to attention but drunkenly wobbles around as Suki and Cassie untie DC Hecks her from the pole.

HOLLY
 (laughing loudly)
 The fly and the spider? We've
 finally trapped Bobby Bluebottle in
 our web!

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON
 Suspended from duty immediately!

DC HECKS
 Undercover ... operation, sir!

DC Hecks spits down at Holly who jumps back, laughing.

DC HECKS (CONT'D)
 Anti-Christ!

HOLLY
 See you down in Hell, Hecksy!

DC Hecks staggers off, escorted by POLICE OFFICERS (#1 and #2) as Superintendent Harrison stares over Suki, a bit embarrassed. Suki gives him a little wave.

Superintendent Harrison marches off, as Holly, Ania, Suki, Cassie and BJ collapse laughing. Holly claps her hands, laughing hard.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 Nice work, girls. Nice work! Drinks
 on me!

RAJI suddenly comes in with a TWO ASIAN FRIEND (30's), all a bit drunk, and reels back as he sees BJ in her basque. BJ walks over to him and faces up to him, her eyes blazing.

BJ
 It makes me sick the hypocrisy around
 brothels, the police using them, the
 police shutting them down, normal guys
 like you coming here, casting judgement
 on girls like these, normal girls, girls
 like me!

Raji reels back, shocked as his ASIAN FRIENDS gasp.

BJ (CONT'D)

I intend to become a Pole Dancer
and if you're lucky enough, Raji, I
might let you watch me, I might,
but don't count on it, mate, as you
and I are toast, Raji, horribly
burnt toast!

BJ storms off as Raji reels back and gulps hard as his
friends laugh nervously.

INT. CHURCH. BERRYBOURNE. DAY. (BIT LATER)

JEAN and AGGIE sit on a raised platform at the front of the
church, EVE, ADAM, THE BISHOP (EVE'S FATHER, BLACK BRITISH,
pompous, 70's) in the front row, PRU, HOLLY, MARJ, MAVIS, DOT
and OTHER CONGREGATION MEMBERS.

JEAN stands up and clears her throat, calmer now, more
confident. She smiles at AGGIE who blinks nervously at her.

JEAN

I'd like to introduce you to young
lady who has shown great courage in
her young life. Aggie!

JEAN smiles warmly at her. BJ, ANIA and WILL, CASSIE come in
and quickly sit down in a pew as Aggie sings **TRACK 14 -**
RESPECT & DIGNITY and JEAN stands near her.

AGGIE

GIRLS SO HIGH THEY COULDN'T SEE
MEN ON COKE AND ECSTASY!
NO CONTROL OR SAFETY THERE
ALL SO SCARED, US GIRLS WEREN'T FREE!

NOBODY NOTICED ME
NO RESPECT, NO DIGNITY
EVERY MAN'S FANTASY
IN THAT BROTHEL IN LEEDS!
NO ONE PROTECTED ME
WHERE WAS THE EMPATHY?
NO REAL SECURITY

JEAN

MY HEART BLEEDS!
I'LL KEEP GOING AND I'LL HELP
CHANGE THE PUBLIC'S HEARTS AND MINDS
UNDERGROUND THE BROTHELS ARE
SO MANY OF THEM DANGEROUS!

CONGREGATION
DANGEROUS!

AGGIE

DRESSING UP NIGHTS I WAS

JEAN & CONGREGATION

DANGEROUS!

AGGIE
PUT UP A FIGHT BECAUSE

JEAN & CONGREGATION

DIDN'T KNOW WHO SHE WAS!
IN THAT BROTHEL IN LEEDS!

AGGIE

PLEASE PUSH ON FOR EVERYONE
WORKING GIRLS ALL ARE SPEECHLESS
MAKE IT LEGAL, MAKE IT SAFE
SIMPLY EDUCATE US!

CONGREGATION (CONT'D)
NO RESPECT

JEAN
NO SECURITY!

CONGREGATION
WHERE WAS THE DIGNITY?

AGGIE
IN THAT BROTHEL UP IN LEEDS!

AGGIE

NO ONE PROTECTED ME!
EVERY MAN'S FANTASY!

JEAN & THE CONGREGATION
IN THAT BROTHEL UP IN LEEDS!

JEAN

MY HEART BLEEDS

AGGIE

WHERE WAS THE EMPATHY? NOBODY
NOTICED ME!

JEAN

MY HEART BLEEDS

CONGREGATION

NO RESPECT, NO DIGNITY, SECURITY!

JEAN & THE CONGREGATION

MY ... HEART ...

AGGIE

AND NOW YOU'RE HEARING ME!

JEAN

BLEEDS!

THE BISHOP slowly stands up as ALL go quiet. JEAN puts her arm around AGGIE and hugs her, whispering to her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Aggie! You've really helped me here. More than you'll ever know!

THE BISHOP clears his throat struggling for words.

THE BISHOP

That was fun! Shall we pray?

EVE, sitting in a pew next to ADAM, rolls her eyes to the heavens as Jean, seated in the front pew, twinkles. Eve slowly shakes her head and twinkles back.

RAJI comes in, looking around nervously. He sees BJ, who turns round to see him. He gulps nervously as she nods at him and he comes to sit next to her. BJ stares straight ahead.

INT. HOSPITAL. SAME TIME. DAY (SAME TIME)

SHIRLEY lies in her hospital bed, ANNEYCE and PAUL drinking cups of tea, looking weary at her bedside. Suddenly SHIRLEY stirs. Anneyce moves forward, eyes wide.

SHIRLEY

Gosh? I've just had the most extraordinary dream about an arse midget?!

PAUL splutters on his tea.

INT CHURCH. BERRYBOURNE. SAME TIME. DAY

ON A ROW OF BORED FACES - sitting in their pews as the BISHOP drones on.

THE BISHOP

The story of Mary Magdalene is an interesting one. The Bible tells us ...?

EVE leans into ADAM and hisses.

EVE

Look after Daddy and try and enlighten him. Got to go!

Adam nods and leans in gently.

ADAM THE VICAR

Are you ok?

EVE

Never been better!

ADAM THE VICAR

Are we ok?

EVE

Who knows, Adam? Time will tell!

Eve rushes into the aisle and suddenly spins round, calling out to her father, the Bishop who is droning on.

EVE (CONT'D)

The Church needs to listen, Daddy. It really does. We women are just human. We've all got the same blood, there's no us and them, there's no difference at all! We need to modernise, take up this cause and cut out all the ecclesiastical humbug!

The Bishop reels back as Adam smiles, impressed. BJ stands up, all nerves gone as RAJI sitting next to her, stares up.

BJ
 If you can help us change hearts
 and minds, Bishop, then we are half
 way there. Working Girls need us to
 back them and believe in them!

BJ sits down, biting her lip nervously. Raji blinks back tears and clutches her hand proudly. She smiles at him.

INT. HOSPITAL. ROOM. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ANNEYCE beams happily and gives her mother some water.
 SHIRLEY, wide eyed, looks up as PAUL holds her hand.

SHIRLEY
 (gasping)
 I was ... dancing the can can ...
 in the desert ... sitting in a
 window in Amsterdam?

PAUL
 You did all that, mummy. You did!

SHIRLEY
 Have they ... got Earl Grey?
 Busting for a cuppa!

Paul nods lovingly, tears rolling down her cheeks as Anneyce smiles and leans down to gently hug Shirley.

INT. CHURCH. BERRYBOURNE. DAY. (BIT LATER)

They are singing hymns and we see JEAN in the front row with AGGIE, the WI LADIES, the WORKING GIRLS - SUKI and ANIA, CASSIE and WILL. HOLLY bursts in, eyes rolling.

HOLLY
 Fuck me? They've found a donor for
 little J.J.! Pray for him people!

JEAN
 That's wonderful news!

PRU
 We need something upbeat now,
 Bishop!

Pru conducts THE WI LADIES who jump up in their pews.

PRU/BJ/DOT/WI LADIES.

RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
 (MORE)

PRU/BJ/DOT/WI LADIES. (CONT'D)
 WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH THAT?
 RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!
 IT CAN EVEN STOP YOU GETTING FAT!

YOU CAN MOVE IT, YOU CAN SHAKE IT
 YOU CAN WIGGLE IT OR FAKE IT
 BUT YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT
 THAT'S A FACT!

BISHOP
 Rumpy pumpy ...?!

THE BISHOP quickly mops his brow.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM. HOSPITAL. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY (SAME TIME)

EVE is lying in a hospital gown on a trolley, wired up, the bone marrow being drained from one of her arms. She looks smiles as ADAM rushes in. We hear the singing softly.

JEAN/WI LADIES/CONGREGATION (O.S.)

YOU CAN MOVE IT, YOU CAN SHAKE IT
 YOU CAN WIGGLE IT OR FAKE IT
 BUT YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT
 NO, YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT,
 NO, YOU'LL NEVER EVER STOP IT, THAT'S A FA-A-ACT!

EVE
 AB Negative! Been a curse all my
 life, but now it's a blessing!

Eve grins, a bit weak, as Adam kisses her on the forehead.

INT. CHILDREN'S WARD. PRIVATE HOSPITAL. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY.

MAGS sits at J.J.'s bedside as a NURSE puts a drip in his arm and prepares him for a Bone Marrow Donor transfusion. Mags smiles warmly at J.J.

INT. CHURCH. BERRYBOURNE. DAY (SAME TIME)

JEAN, cup of tea in hand, service over is beaming as ANYA, WILL, BJ and RAJI, DOT, MARJ all drink their tea. CASSIE comes over with her grandmother, CLAUDETTE.

CASSIE
 We're linking up for a big march
 with the ECP, the English
 Collective of Prostitutes working
 at the frontline!
 (MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Amazing women they are, many of them working girls! I'm across all the legals, so any arrests or problems come to me and ...?

MAVIS (80's) the elderly WI LADY spots someone at the door.

MAVIS

Bugger me? The fun never stops!

SHIRLEY, in her dressing gown, wheelie drip being monitored by PAUL, ANNEYCE supporting her, shuffles in. JEAN'S jaw drops as people GASP. Shirley shrugs and smiles at Jean.

SHIRLEY

There's a mobile brothel on your drive looking rather sad, Jean. I suggest we get it up to Westminster!

Anneyce giggles nervously at Jean.

ANNEYCE

We've only got three hours before the Doctor does his rounds, Jean!

Jean reels back as people CHEER and AGGIE rushes over to Shirley. Shirley smiles weakly at Aggie.

SHIRLEY

You ... came back, Aggie? I'm so glad!

AGGIE

Looks like you came back, misses. Spooky or what?

Aggie grins as Shirley smiles weakly at her.

EXT. JEAN'S DRIVE. BERRYBOURNE. DAY (BIT LATER)

JEAN, SHIRLEY, PRU, BJ, DOT, MARJ, SHIRLEY, ANNEYCE, PAUL, ANIA, WILL and AGGIE all gather around the MOBILE BROTHEL which TONY tries to start but fails. The gears SCREECH. MAGS and GAV drive up in his huge lorry and Mags jumps out .

MAGS

Eve's blood was good - it worked and J.J.s out of the woods!

GAV pulls out his toolbox and rushes over to Tony.

ON JEAN - breathing hard. Jean checks her watch as Gave gets under the Winnebago/Mobile brothel now. Pru whispers to Jean as they look over at SHIRLEY held up by ANNEYCE and PAUL.

PRU

Only three hours left now, Jean?

Jean nods, very anxious now.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY. 2008.

The FEMALE DIRECTOR is behind camera as JEAN sits there alone. Jean breathes very hard.

FEMALE DIRECTOR (O.S.)

So that was your do or die moment,
Jean? What did you do?

Jean shrugs slightly and smiles slowly.

JEAN

I did what I do best. I drove!

EXT. JEAN'S DRIVE. LEAFY STREET. BERRYBOURNE. DAY

ON GAV - blinking hard, face smeared with oil as he hauls himself out from under the winnebago's engine

GAV

The manifold needs something to
plug up the leak now, something
long and strong ...?

DOT opens the back and pulls out a box of SEX AIDS and holds up the plastic ARSE MIDGET.

DOT

(Brightly)

One arse midget reporting for duty!

GAV grabs it and plugs it into the manifold. ANNEYCE, PAUL and AGGIE all help Shirley in the mobile brothel and they all climb in, Jean jumping in the driving seat, Pru and BJ squeezed in next to her. Pru has a clipboard as Jean revs up.

PRU

The Minister is there till 2.00pm,
Jean. Sat nav at the ready!

Jean drives off, her window open, the wind in her hair. Very focused, very determined watched by HOLLY and MAGS.

Mags gulps hard and looks over at Holly.

MAGS

We've got a date, eh, Holls?

HOLLY

Let's pull out all the stops, Mags.
Like we did in the old days!
Scallywags us, eh?

Mags nods, eyes widening.

INT. LAW COURTS. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY (LATER)

CASSIE is there, wig and gown on, talking to a FEMALE JUDGE (50's) and JURY, a mixed row of MEN and WOMEN.

HOLLY and MAGS are there in the dock and SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON is seated. DC HECKS is on the stand, giving evidence. ANIA and WILL sit in the gallery with ADAM.

DC HECKS

Having apprehended Ms Holly
Spencer, one brothel Madame, we
proceeded to raid and close down
all her computers. We seized
£10,000 in takings and ...?

Holly jumps up.

HOLLY

A nice divvy up for the Police
Christmas party!

The JUDGE Bangs her hammer as SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON now walks up to take the stand as DC Hecks steps down.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRISON

Your honour, these women are
respected members of their
community and regular church
attendees, isn't that right, Vicar?

Adam, up in the gallery, jumps up.

ADAM THE VICAR

Exactly so! And they donate
generously to our charity funds,
your honour!

The Judge nods as Superintendent Harrison walks to sit down. Cassie, who stands up for the final sum up.

DC Hecks breathes hard, humbled, as Cassie sings **TRACK 15 -
WOULDN'T IT BE NICE?**

CASSIE

I'M WORKING ON A LEGAL CASE
TO HELP IMPROVE THE HUMAN RACE!
I'LL PUT MY WIG ON, DON MY GOWN
AND SHOUT OUT LOUD ALL OVER THIS TOWN!

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE LEGAL?
WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE FREE?
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO START UNTANGLE
ALL THIS HYPOCRISY!

ANIA

I SAY MY PRAYERS WHENEVER I CAN
ATTEND CONFESSION TOO!
I SPREAD MY LEGS AT THE BLUE SALOON
TO MAKE MY KIDDY'S DREAM COME TRUE!

INT. MOBILE BROTHEL. ROAD. OUTSIDE LONDON. DAY

JEAN drives her window open, the wind blowing through her hair. They sing from the same track.

JEAN/PRU/BJ/DOT

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE LEGAL
WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE FREE!

A sign - WESTMINSTER and Jean screeches off. SHIRLEY gasps from the back where she is propped up on the bed.

SHIRLEY

Slow down, dear!

INT. LAW COURTS. SOUTHAMPTON. DAY

CASSIE/MAGS/ANIA sing to the JUDGE who looks surprised

CASSIE/MAGS/ANIA

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO START UNTANGLE
ALL THIS HYPOCRISY!

MAGS/ANIA

US MUMS WORK HERE AND JUGGLE IT ALL
 JUST TO MAKE ENDS MEET
 AS BROTHELS CLOSE WE'LL ALL GO DOWN
 AND END UP WORKING ON THE STREETS!
 ADAM AND THE JURY

CASSIE/MAGS/ANIA/ADAM

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE LEGAL?
 WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE FREE?
 WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO START UNTANGLE
 ALL THIS HYPOCRISY!

ADAM THE VICAR

I'M IN THE PULPIT EVERY WEEK
 TO MY FLOCK THESE ISSUES SPEAK
 A MAN OF GOD I CERTAINLY AM
 BUT ON THESE MATTERS I'M ONLY HUMAN!

THE JURY jump up, Gospel Choir style. 'Ooo's' and 'Aaa's' are heard as they sway from side to side.

JURY

AMEN!

HOLLY/CASSIE/MAGS/ANIA

MEMBERS OF THE JURY, HEAR OUR PLEA
 WE'RE DECENT CITIZENS DRINKING TEA
 WE PAY OUR TAX AND VAT
 THE LAW'S AN ASS, SURELY YOU'LL SEE?

ADAM the VICAR and THE JURY waves their arms up in the air.

ADAM AND THE JURY

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE LEGAL?
 WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE FREE?
 WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO START UNTANGLE
 ALL THIS HYPOCRISY!
 WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE LEGAL?
 WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THINGS WERE FREE?

CASSIE

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO START UNTANGLE
 ALL THIS HYPOCRISY! ALL THIS HYPOCRISY!

CASSIE/ALL

ALL THIS HYPOCRISY! ALL THIS
 HYPOCRISY!

The Judge BANGS her HAMMER. Case dismissed! She nods as Holly and Mags hug each other and Cassie punches the air.

INT. MOBILE BROTHEL. DOWNING STREET. DAY (SAME TIME)

JEAN swerves around a corner driving the mobile brothel as PRU checks her watch and points out a parking place. JEAN screeches to a halt and jumps out.

Pru opens the back of the Winnebago/Mobile Brothel as they lift Shirley out with PAUL and ANNEYCE helping, she looks pale but determined.

Jean, breathless, excited, smiles over at Shirley as Pru runs up with the petition, giving it to Jean. Jean and Shirley walk up to No 10 as AGGIE runs up to SHIRLEY offering her arm.

AGGIE

Can I help yeh, misses?

SHIRLEY

I'd be honoured, Aggie!

Shirley takes Aggie's arm and turns to Jean smiling.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

(breathless)

We did it, eh, Holmes?

JEAN

We certainly did, Watson!

They grin at each other as THE DOOR to NO. 10 opens and a DOORMAN nods and receives the petition as JEAN addresses him.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Jean Johnson and Shirley Landels,
here to present a petition gathered
by the Hampshire Women's Institute,
asking Councils to provide safe
working spaces for Working Girls!

The Doorman nods as Jean and Shirley suddenly see and hear a CROWD OF CAMPAIGNERS at the end of DOWNING STREET, holding placards above their heads as they march.

WOMEN, MEN, CAMPAIGNERS, The ENGLISH COLLECTIVE OF PROSTITUTES, THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSES - HOLLY, ANIA, WILL, CASSIE, SUKI. All singing. **TRACK 16 - WIND OF CHANGE.** JEAN looks over.

JEAN (CONT'D)

THERE'S A NEW WIND BLOWING
BLOWING SO WARM
THEY CALL IT THE WIND OF CHANGE!

Shirley smiles and nods, weak as Aggie leads her off as Jean smiles fondly after her.

ON SHIRLEY - A CAPTION.

CAPTION

Shirley Landels died in 2010. She was 71. Shirley's determination and bravery to make things better for Working Girls everywhere, continues to inspire WI members all over the country.

EXT. STREET. WESTMINSTER. DAY

JEAN, HOLLY, CASSIE, ANIA, WILL, BJ, PRU, DOT all march along, placards held high. A festival atmosphere.

JEAN/CASSIE/CAMPAIGNERS

THERE'S A NEW WIND BLOWING
BLOWING THIS WAY
SOON THINGS WILL REARRANGE!
CAN YOU FEEL IT WHISKING AROUND?
CHANGING HEARTS AND MINDS!
CAN YOU SEE IT, HEAR THE SOFT
SOUND?

OPINIONS NOW RE-ALIGNED!
THERE'S A NEW WIND BLOWING
BLOWING SO WARM
THEY CALL IT THE WIND OF CHANGE!
THERE'S A NEW WIND BLOWING
BLOWING THIS WAY, SOON THINGS WILL
REARRANGE!

HOLLY, JEAN

CAN YOU TASTE IT, SWEET ON YOUR
LIPS?
FREEDOM NOW SO NEAR?

ANIA/CASSIE/SUKI

WORKING GIRLS THEY WIGGLE THEIR
HIPS
A CLIMATE NO MORE OF FEAR!

JEAN/CAMPAIGNERS

THERE'S A NEW WIND BLOWING
 BLOWING SO WARM
 THEY CALL IT THE WIND OF CHANGE!
 THERE'S A NEW WIND BLOWING
 BLOWING THIS WAY, SOON THINGS WILL
 REARRANGE!

MONTAGE:

INT. OXFORD UNION - DAY (MONTHS LATER)

ON JEAN - talking to the OXFORD UNION, STUDENTS listening to her speech, Pru and BJ seated nearby, smiling proudly.

CAMPAIGNERS (O.S.)

THERE'S A NEW WIND BLOWING
 BLOWING SO WARM
 THEY CALL IT THE WIND OF CHANGE!

INT. OFFICES. NORTH LONDON - ENGLISH COLLECTIVE OF PROSTITUTES/HQ. DAY

JEAN, CASSIE, PRU and the CAMPAIGNERS from the ENGLISH COLLECTIVE OF PROSTITUTES in their offices, making placards and discussing leaflets

CASSIE/CAMPAIGNERS (O.S.)

THERE'S A NEW WIND BLOWING
 BLOWING THIS WAY, SOON THINGS WILL
 REARRANGE!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. HOUSE OF LORDS DAY

JEAN, addresses a GROUP OF PEERS in the House of Lords.

INT. WI GROUPS/HALLS/NATIONWIDE/DAY

JEAN enthusiastically addresses local WI GROUPS. They clap and Jean beams.

INT. TRAIN. DAY.

JEAN, PRU and BJ on a train, pouring over notes ...

END MONTAGE.

EXT. JEAN'S DRIVE. LEAFY STREET. BERRYBOURNE. MONTHS LATER.
DAY

JEAN gets into the car as TONY loads her suitcases and PRU waves her off. THE MOBILE brothel in the background. Jean gets in, she looks happy and she hugs Tony who gets into the driving seat. Pru leans in and smiles at Jean.

JEAN

Sals is so excited - we're staying
for a month this time!

Tony laughs and hands an object wrapped up to Pru. Tony shrugs and grins up at Pru who takes the package.

TONY

Not sure how this got in here? A
plaything for your dog, Pru?

They drive off and Pru opens the packet, the ARSE MIDGET, cleaned up, grinning at her. Pru reels back as Jean and Tony drive off. Pru gasps.

PRU

Fuckety fuckety ... fuck?!

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON AIRPORT. DAY

JEAN bounces along across the concourse towards a plane. Her hair is looser and she looks free.

We freeze on JEAN and a CAPTION Comes up.

CAPTION

Jean Johnson carried on campaigning
with the Hampshire WI and the
English Collective of Prostitutes
until her death in 2016.

The Hampshire WI and the English
Collective of Prostitutes continue
to campaign for the
decriminalisation of Brothels.
Their belief is that the licensing
of brothels would ensure legal
protection and better the lives of
the many thousands of women working
in the UK sex trade.

EXT/INT. PRU'S HOUSE. LEAFY STREET. BERRYBOURNE. DAY.

We hear a LOUD BUZZING and BRUNO the DOG barking. We hear PRU as we come into the house and up the stairs. We hear Pru (O.S.) panting as she shouts at Bruno who BARKS loudly outside her bedroom door, hearing the LOUD BUZZING.

PRU (O.S.)
Golly ...?! Calm down, Bruno! I'm
coming ... I'm coming!

We hear people singing 'RUMPY PUMPY PUMPY!' (REPRISE)

FADE OUT:

THE END

RUN CREDITS.

THANKS TO -

The Hampshire Women's Institute

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Nikki Adams, Cari Mitchell

Elizabeth Swan

Jenny Pearl

Tony Johnson

Sally Rolfe

Mike Johnson

Tony Steyger

Catharine Scallon

Paul and Hilary (?)

Anneyce Knight

Maureen Levenson

Barbara Hutton

Wendy Ostler

Niki Taylor

Cari Mitchell

All songs, music and lyrics, written and composed by
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