

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 1

CHRIS, JESSIE, CELIA, RUTH, CORA, ANNIE, MARIE

(The church hall, Knapeley Village, Yorkshire. Autumn. CHRIS is leading the GIRLS in t'ai chi.)

CHRIS: And now-w, into t'ai chi position number one. "The Tibetan Archer."

(The ladies attempt to copy CHRIS.)

Into position number two. "The Tibetan Yak."

(The ladies attempt to copy CHRIS.)

Into position number three. "The Tibetan Yak Being Milked by the Tibetan—"

(At the attempt of this one, the GIRLS abandon ship and speak over each other.)

JESSIE: Oh for ---

CELIA: What?

RUTH: That is NEVER t'ai chi.

CORA: Milked?

CHRIS: *(Over this)* Moving into /

ANNIE: *(Louder)* Moving INTO the "Chris Reading The New Book On T'ai Chi I Bought Her." *(Doing a t'ai chi move of 'throwing a book over shoulder'.)* "Who needs that when I can make it all up?"

CHRIS: I have read that book from cover to cover. On now please into the "Annie, Sharing Her Maltesers With Her Best Friend in The Cinema."

(CHRIS mimes a rugby-style hand-off with her left hand, whilst repeatedly squirrelling mouthfuls from an imaginary pot with her right.)

ANNIE: That is *such* a lie. I *always* let you have some.

(The GIRLS immediately start yakking.)

JESSIE: *Girls.*

EVERYONE: *(Ritually uttering.)* Sorry, Miss Raistrick.

JESSIE: Into position number eight. The "Celia, Trophy Wife, Playing Golf." *(She performs a mystical mime of 'drinking from a bottle'.)*

CELIA: *(CELIA stops as the others follow JESSIE's mime. "You wanna fight?")* OK. Well how about the "Jessie, Ex-Respectable Schoolteacher Outside Boots After The Wine Tasting Night"?

JESSIE: I told you that in strictest confidence!

CELIA: *(Miming "hailing and falling into the street".)* "I'll get us a taxi."

JESSIE: *Celia.*

RUTH: How about the “Cora, Single Mother, Taking A ‘Breather’ To Watch The Sunset”?

(In instinctive union, all except CORA mime the act of “covertly smoking a cigarette.”)

CORA: I have not had one for FOUR MONTHS.

RUTH: *(Beat. RUTH looks around.)* What about me, then? Go on. Do your worst.

CHRIS: Finally, the “Ruth—Miss Goody Two Shoes, Sucking Up To Her WI Chairman.” *(Putting her hand up.)* “Marie! Marie!”

EVERYONE: *(Putting their hands up, in rhythm)* “Marie! Marie!”

RUTH: Oh now Chris you ALWAYS say this, and I DON’T. I REALLY – give me one example when I EVER have.

(The door opens, unleashing the stern figure of MARIE, efficient, uptight)

MARIE: Ruth, have you done the apple pies?

RUTH: *(Putting her hand up.)* Yes, Marie. I did four.

CHRIS: *(Immediately)* Ta-daa.

RUTH: No, why is that--?

MARIE: LADIES! *(Decorum again.)* We are in NO sense ready for our harvest supper. Our guest speaker Brenda Hulse is coming up the path — *(Barking instructions.)* – we have no CHAIRS, Cora. No PROJECTOR, Ruth. Come ON, ladies. Chris, where are the flowers?

CHRIS: Ah. Now.

MARIE: *(Her world collapsing.)* Oh Chris-s.

CHRIS: Marie, the thing is –

MARIE: You said you’d bring in leftover flowers from the shop!

CHRIS: Yes. Well, much against the run of form, this week we actually sold some.

MARIE: Oh / God –

CHRIS: We’re not in a position to turn down any sales at the moment.

MARIE: The thing is you *promise* these things, Chris, and you don’t deliver.

(MARIE swoops out.)

ANNIE: *(Nodding to CHRIS)* You could put that on the side of your van. “Harper’s Florists—we promise but we don’t deliver.”

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 2

BRENDA HULSE, MARIE, CHRIS, ANNIE, CORA, RUTH, JESSIE

Things to Know

1 This cutting has been edited to focus mainly on BRENDA HULSE and her lecture. All the GIRLS will be reacting vocally and physically to her presentation, but for auditions, those sections have been omitted.

2 Ghyll – gill (silent h)

(The church hall, Knapeley Village, Yorkshire. Autumn.)

BRENDA HULSE: *(Offstage.)* ...such a rush, *such* a ru-, are we in here?

(MARIE returns suddenly all sweetness and light, with BRENDA HULSE, a dull speaker)

MARIE: Ladies, the slight delay was Brenda double-booked! She's hotfooted it over here from another engagement.

BRENDA HULSE: Yes. That's right. I was actually just down the dale at *another* Women's Institute. High Ghyll.

CHRIS / ANNIE / CORA: *(Together, sotto voce)* Boo.

MARIE: *(Frostily.)* Right, well anyway.

BRENDA HULSE: Amazing standard. Some of the autumn poems those ladies came up with were astonishing.

MARIE: As I say / we

BRENDA HULSE: Decorated the whole hall with bulrush lanterns.

MARIE: *(Loudly.)* We did that last year. Wherever we lead, High Ghyll tends to follow. *(Beat.)* Ladies. For our talk this harvest we are especially privileged to welcome back Brenda, who last year gave us such a fascinating talk on the history of the tea towel. Brenda Hulse.

BRENDA HULSE: *(Turns on projector. Attempting some theatre.)* Ladies. This harvest come with me, as I invite you into the fascinating world...of broccoli.

CHRIS: *(Nodding, mock "serious.")* Broccoli. Very good.

BRENDA HULSE: Broccoli has perhaps one of the most surprising lineages of any vegetable, and yet many persist in ranking it along merely with the carrot.... Or sprout.... It is perhaps also the only vegetable rumored to share a common ancestry with *this* man....James Bond. *(Theatrically)* Yes, "Cubby" Broccoli who produced ALL the James Bond f—

(The projector cuts out with a bang, making some jump. All is darkness.)

MARIE: *Oh, for crying out loud – RUTH! (RUTH leaps up and turns the lights on.)* Brenda, I'm SO sorry.

BRENDA HULSE: Has it broken?

MARIE: Ruth?

RUTH: *(Attending to it.)* I don't know. It might be a fuse. My Eddie always says "fuse first"!

BRENDA HULSE: Well I can't do it without the slides.

CHRIS: *(Feigning despair.)* Oh DAMMIT.

MARIE: Brenda, I do apologize. Perhaps instead seeing as we have you here, you wouldn't mind judging OUR harvest competition.

BRENDA HULSE: Of course.

MARIE: In which case, can you all bring your entries up?

CORA: Sorry

ANNIE: Sorry

CHRIS: Sorry

CELIA: Sorry

JESSIE: Sorry

RUTH: Sorry.

MARIE: Brenda, I DO apologize.

BRENDA HULSE: Not a lot of point / carrying on –

MARIE: Indeed. *(Pointedly at the GIRLS).* Not a lot of point.

BRENDA HULSE: No.

MARIE: Right, well the least I can offer, Brenda, is to lead you out of Knapeley by car so you don't get lost NEXT time.

(MARIE turns her death-ray glare at the GIRLS as she shepherds BRENDA out.)

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 3

ELAINE, JESSIE, RUTH

Things to Know

Peugeot – puh – ZHOH

(The church hall. Preparation for the television shoot.)

ELAINE: No no no no, this is fine, ladies, there's enough light in here. We'll do it in here.

(RUTH and JESSIE enter from the kitchen. They have paper collar-protectors round their necks.)

(Steering JESSIE to a chair.) This is where they're going to be filming you so if you look all right in here, we're winning aren't we, hey?! Just wait one second. I'll get the magic make-up.

(ELAINE exits. RUTH and JESSIE watch her go.)

JESSIE: D'you think people like her get a kick out of treating people like they're Special Needs? D'you reckon it's some kind of psychological inversion that makes her feel younger if she treats everyone else like they're senile?

RUTH: Well I suppose in fairness she / just –

JESSIE: Ruth, I have never met anyone who uses the phrase "in fairness" as much as you do.

RUTH: Well, I'm sorry, / I

JESSIE: No, don't apologize. It's not wrong. It's the better way. *(She fiddles with her collar.)* Don't get drawn into agreeing with my bitter ruminations. That's just me, grown venomous by years of exposure to schoolchildren. *(She rubs RUTH's arm and smiles.)* Much softer is our Ruth.

(ELAINE returns with her magic box.)

ELAINE: Right. HERE we are, ladies. How are we *doing*?

JESSIE: *(In a gummy senile way.)* Who's moved me television?

ELAINE: *(Stopping and frowning.)* What was that?

JESSIE: Never mind. *(She nods at RUTH.)* Do her first, I'm going round the back to score some crack. *(She leaves.)*

ELAINE: *(A little confused.)* Right-t. SO. Let's just pop yourself down on that-t, my love, make you comfy. *(On autopilot she produces a pink business card.)* I'm Elaine from the Craven Health Spa-a... *(She offers RUTH the card.)* There's my card.

RUTH: I've already got one.

ELAINE: Lovely. What I'm going to be doing for the television is a little basic T-Zone and A-Zone. Have you ever had that done before?

RUTH: No.

ELAINE: Oh, you'll love it. 'Cause you're the lady—wasn't it the organizer, Chris, wasn't she telling me they were all going to do it and you WEREN'T and then you suddenly changed your mind at the last minute? Is that right?

(RUTH doesn't reply.)

Suddenly got the confidence up! It's funny how that happens, isn't it? You know, a lot of ladies find that when they've had our "Dead Sea Salt treatment," they get this *(Gesturing loosely.)* inner kind of—"wha"? To do things.

RUTH: Possibly.

ELAINE: Absolutely.

RUTH: Although I think with me it was likely your underwear in the map pocket of Eddie's Peugeot.

(Pause. ELAINE stops the beauty treatment.)

You know? The little red ones? I mean I'm not surprised you didn't notice you hadn't got them on afterwards, they couldn't've provided much insulation. But there was one of these? Little business card. Must've fallen out of your bag in the whole... *(She "smiles")*... melee, you know? And that's when I thought, "Well maybe he'd see me in a different light if I went and did this calendar!" Pointlessly, as it turns out. "Cause what I hadn't realized is that a woman who takes her clothes off on a calendar is a "tart" whereas one who does it in a lay-by is a really good sport. But hey. *(She stands.)* What I DID get to realize is that Eddie Reynoldson is one of those guys who wouldn't understand a beauty if it was staring he in the face. And you know how I worked that out, love? *(Beat.)* Because it was. Now in fairness f--- off back to him.

(ELAINE exits in record time.)

(To herself, in total disbelief.) I did it!

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 4

LADY CRAVENSHIRE, MARIE, CORA, CELIA, JESSIE, CHRIS

Things to know

- 1 Fete – fate
- 2 Cravenshire – CRAY ven shyer / CRAY ven shuh
- 3 Backstory -- CHRIS had forgotten to bake a cake for Knapeley's entry, so she cheated and bought one

(The church hall. The Spring Fete)

LADY CRAVENSHIRE: Oh now this is *certainly* Victorian...

MARIE: ... absolutely it is. I think you're absolutely right, Lady Cravenshire.

LADY CRAVENSHIRE: I mean the main church building certainly has the *feel* of Victoria ...

MARIE: Well Cora will know. Her father used to be vicar here. Cora, what is the church?

CORA: *(For the benefit of the GIRLS)* In my experience? Intransigent and hypocritical.

MARIE: *(Moving swiftly on.)* Thank you so much. And this is Celia, who's only recently joined us!

CELIA: Yes! Actually at this fete last year, in fact.

CORA: She defected from the old bats of the Royal Yorkshire Golf Club.

MARIE: Of which Lady Cravenshire is Chairman. So anyway, that's wonderful. Lady Cravenshire please...

(Gesturing "do go on".) ... Do er...

LADY CRAVENSHIRE: Ladies. Thank you so much for inviting me to be part of your Spring Fete. I do LOVE coming down this part of the dale.

JESSIE: *(Mock-doffing a cap.)* And we loves 'avin' you, ma'am.

LADY CRAVENSHIRE: As ever it's inspiring to see the amount of enthusiasm on display in all disciplines. Some of the baking categories have been judged and I'm pleased to announce that the winner of this year's May Wilkinson trophy for Victorian sponge maximum twelve inches diameter is Knapeley entry two-one-three.

CHRIS: *(Horror dawns)* Right. Thanks. That's very—

LADY CRAVENSHIRE: And I'm ALSO proud to announce...

(CHRIS stops dead in horror.)

... that this cake also wins the overall... *(Producing a blue sash.)* ... Lady Cravenshire Discretionary Award! *(To CHRIS)* Listen, I never normally ask this, but the *lightness* of that sponge... is there a thing, a technique how you got that?

CHRIS: Well erm ... I basically stuck to my mother's advice about cake baking.

LADY CRAVENSHIRE: *(Nodding, sagely.)* Yes-s.

CHRIS: Line the bowl with butter. *(Beat.)* Always use a warm spoon. *(Beat.)* And if it's a special event, get it from Marks and Spencers.

(Silence. LADY CRAVENSHIRE is the first to laugh. Then MARIE out of naked relief. CHRIS curtsies, a little bit of a star.))

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 5

JOHN, CORA, CHRIS, ANNIE

Things to Know

Grizedale – GRIZE (like cries) – dale

Dale – Valley or glen (as in “over hill and over dale”)

(The church hall, Knapeley Village, Yorkshire. Autumn)

JOHN: *(Offstage)* Ladies of the WI!

CORA: THE GODS BE PRAISED. IT’S MISTER PUNCH!

(JOHN appears, carrying quite a large glass flagon of home brew.)

CHRIS: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MISTER JOHN CLARK IS IN THE HOUSE.

JOHN: Who’s upset Marie?

CHRIS: Well I think you should ask your wife that. She has behaved DESPICABLY. She deliberately sabotaged the projector so we never got to see the end of “From Russia With Broccoli.”

JOHN: Ladies! This year’s vintage. “John Clarke’s Knapeley Knee-trembler.”

CORA: WHY ARE WE NOT DRINKING?

JOHN: INDEED! Get your glasses, get your glasses...

(JOHN, CELIA, CORA, JESSIE, and RUTH go to the piano with some shot glasses.)

JOHN: *(Calling.)* Chris, where’s me final ingredient?

CHRIS: *(Producing a small paper bag with a fanfare.)* Da da da DA-A!

JOHN: Oh hey he’s a good lad, your fella.

CHRIS: *(Holding them up.)* Now then, Rod and I give you these sunflower seeds from our flower shop on ONE condition. That you, John Clarke, come back to this hall and give us a TALK!

EVERYONE erupts in agreement. JOHN looks round incredulous.)

JOHN: Me?

CHRIS: Spare us from another “history of broccoli”--

JOHN: Do a talk? What’ve I ever done except work in the dales.

CHRIS: *(Going to “throw” the seeds.)* Suit yourself

JOHN: All right, ALL RIGHT! *(Rescuing the seeds from CHRIS.)* This is me *piece de resistance!* *(Getting some seeds out.)* You take some of these... *(Sprinkling them.)* ...little parcels of sunlight. Then get one of these -- *(He takes a gas candle-lighter pen from his pocket and clicks it.)*

JOHN: Set fire to the top, toast the seeds--turns your mouth into liquid Yorkshire!

CHRIS: I suggest we attempt this outside. Everyone out!

(ALL leave except JOHN and ANNIE.)

JOHN: Come here, you. *(He kisses her.)*

ANNIE: How was your day?

JOHN: Thrill me. Tell me something I didn't know about broccoli.

ANNIE: Put it this way. I now know as much about broccoli as Chris knows about t'ai chi. *(JOHN laughs.) (Over this)*

The only difference is, I don't try to teach a class on it.

JOHN: Hey. Don't knock it. *(He strokes her hair.)* Thirty years ago if that woman hadn't fallen off a table trying to get a whole Chinese restaurant singing *Jumping Jack Flash*, you and I would never have met. *(He holds her face as if recalling this moment--possibly more heavily than he might normally do.)* Only plucked up courage to ask you to the cinema 'cause I was picking noodles out of your hair.

ANNIE: *(After a beat, stroking his hair back.)* You were up Grizedale?

JOHN: I was. Overseeing junior rangers putting up forest fences. God, they all look about twelve.

ANNIE: I know.

JOHN: *(After a beat.)* This afternoon I nipped in to see ol' Doc Morton.

ANNIE: *(Instantly turning to ice.)* Today?

JOHN: Now don't-- *(“Get het up”.)*

ANNIE: I thought you wanted me with you.

JOHN: Mrs. Clarke. There isn't a day goes by when I don't. *(Beat.)* I just kind of needed to get the results on me own.

ANNIE: So what did it...? The blood cells, what was it in the end? They think it's OK. *(Telling him the answer she wants to hear.)* Fixable. With blood. It's just--transfusion, isn't it? Did he say....? What er-- what it'll take?

(CHRIS appears in the doorway.)

CHRIS: JOHN! You'd better get out here! Cora's on fire.

JOHN: *(Smiling.)* Oh God. *(JOHN heads out.)*

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 6

JOHN, ANNIE

(The church hall. Spring)

ANNIE: You mustn't get cold. *(She takes a rug from her basket and puts it on his knee.)* How's it going out there?

(JOHN's breath is shorter than before. Every sentence requires recuperation.)

JOHN: In an extraordinary upturn of events... *(Pause.)*... I won the Fell Race. *(A beat.)* Wasn't so good going UP hill.

(Pause.) But I came down in eight seconds.

(JOHN has always made ANNIE laugh.)

ANNIE: D'you think you could manage a scone? I hear High Ghyll's are hotly tipped.

JOHN: *(Winking.)* Pocket.

ANNIE: What about it?

JOHN: Present.

ANNIE: For me?

JOHN: *(His breath is short.)* I'd get it meself—suddenly feels such a bloody distance.

(ANNIE pulls out a white paper bag from JOHN's pocket.)

ANNIE: So it's not a diamond necklace then.

JOHN: Better. Much better. *(He smiles.)* Sunflower seeds. Plant out round May. *(Beat.)* Up on the hill. *(Beat.)* Then call Lawrence. I've promised he could photograph 'em.

ANNIE: *(Rallying a little.)* You are talking, John Clarke, like YOU won't be doing any of this. And I can tell you, mate, you're down to do a talk at the WI. And there's certain promises on this mortal coil that cannot be broken.

JOHN: On the bag. *(He nods.)* Started writing it.

(ANNIE looks. The packet has writing on.)

As I think I said in the Odeon Cinema in Buttermarket Street when this began – *(Pause.)* – if you want a snog, you'll have to come to my seat.

(Only when ANNIE tries not to, do we realize she's crying.)

ANNIE: I think you'll find it was me who said that, John Clarke. And it was you who very much came scuttling over to MY seat. *(She goes to hug him.)*

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 7

ROD, CHRIS

Things to know

- 1 Courgette – koor ZHET zucchini
- 2 “Take the mickey” – tease or ridicule someone; to laugh at someone and make them feel silly in a funny or unkind way

(The church hall. Spring.)

(ROD appears with a cake tin, having had a couple of beers.)

ROD: HA HEYY! Has anyone ever told you you’re the most byyooootiful wife a man could ever have? *(He hugs CHRIS.)*

CHRIS: *(Speaking as he hugs her.)* Yes. You, every time y’ve had more than two pints. Give!

ROD: Are you aware that Marie is walking round in a hat the size of a NASA satellite dish?

CHRIS: She’ll be tracking Lady Cravenshire. Any money, by now Marie will have started speaking like she’s at the Cheshire Polo Club.

ROD: The latest results from Knapeley Spring Fete. *(Into a beer bottle microphone.)* High Ghyll have scored five point sevens in the baking with a display of synchronized flapjacks. West Hebden however have been disqualified from Garden Produce after their winning courgette was found to have been born a cucumber.

CHRIS: *(Turning him one-eighty.)* Y’know what, go back to your beer tent.

ROD: Final results from the lemon curd are delayed until the judge has finished being sick—

CHRIS: Look, don’t – (“Take the mickey”.) I am only here at ALL ‘cause of you, Rod Harper. I only joined the WI to make your mother think I was respectable.

ROD: Didn’t work.

CHRIS: *(Pointing)* OUT.

(ROD scuttles out.)

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 8

ROD, CHRIS, ANNIE

Things to Know

- 1 Necktag – a convention vendor’s lanyard
- 2 Grizedale – GRIZE (like cries) – dale

(The church hall.)

ROD: *(Offstage.)* LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... *(ROD enters with a bunch of sunflowers.)* It’s Mr. October.

CHRIS: Rod—

(ROD grabs CHRIS and hugs her.)

ROD: Has anyone ever told you, you’re the most b-yyyoootiful wife a man could/ever--?

CHRIS: *(Being hugged.)* Rod what are you playing at?

ROD: So what, a husband’s not allowed to buy his wife a bouquet now, for a celebration? Where d’you want them? *(He heads toward the kitchen.)*

CHRIS: Rod, you can’t—*(She pulls him back.)* There’s naked women out there.

ROD: Love, it’s Knapeley. There’s naked women everywhere. *(He winks.)* Hey, Annie.

ANNIE: *(Slightly embarrassed.)* Hi, Rod.

CHRIS: We had these in the shop?

ROD: *(Dropping his head in mock shame.)* I had to go to Tesco. *(To ANNIE.)* John wouldn’t bloody approve of THAT, would he, eh? David has bought these from the hand of Goliath.

ANNIE: They’re beautiful.

CHRIS: How did you know?

ROD: What?

CHRIS: *(Confused.)* You said you bought these to celebrate—

ROD: I did! To celebrate the fact that somewhere out there across the dales of Yorkshire, a manufacturer of personalized wedding cakes has come down with a summer cold!

CHRIS: *(Slightly irritated.)* What?

ROD: *(Holding up a necktag.)*... has consequently pulled out of the Northern Bridal Fair in Leeds! We’re in! *(Putting it on himself.)* Tomorrow my darling we are standing number two-one-nine!

CHRIS: No, “we” can’t be. “We’re” going on *television*!

ROD: What?

CHRIS: Isn’t it great?

(Beat.)

ROD: Right. But at these fairs you're better at all the actual selling, "meeting people" stuff. You're just... *(Feeling awkward in front of ANNIE. He smiles at her.)* She's fantastic at that.

CHRIS: Rod! *(As if this explains everything.)* It's TELEVISION!

ROD: *(Suddenly hard as nails.)* Chris, we're going to the bridal fair. We don't have the luxury *not* to.

(CHRIS knows they don't. But she wants that TV so badly. SHE looks at ROD and his flowers but has no words. So she just leaves. And leaves behind a rather messy silence.)

(ANNIE looks at ROD, who is clearly slightly wounded by this.)

ANNIE: We'll be fine, Rod. She doesn't have to be here.

ROD: But I want her to be here, Annie. That's the thing. I want her to have all this. *(He just about finds a smile for ANNIE.)* Never make a business out of something you love. I go for a walk now up Grizedale, see all the flowers and I think, "It's you little bastards who are screwing us over." *(He looks to the sunflowers.)* Then again, John managed it, didn't he? *(Beat.)* Worked that park for thirty years, never *stopped* handing on about how beautiful it was. Couldn't bloody shut him up.

(ANNIE lets this settle. It's true.)

ANNIE: Rod, how bad ARE things with the shop?

(Pause.)

ROD: Try and keep 'em cool.

(ROD leaves. That's answer enough.)

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 9

LAWRENCE, ANNIE

Things to Know – This scene has been edited so that it focuses on LAWRENCE.

(The church hall. Late summer.)

(LAWRENCE, a slightly shambling young man, enters with a scrabby art folder.)

LAWRENCE: Annie? Annie?

ANNIE: Lawrence! Sorry. I was...*(She folds the blanket.)* ... wasn't sure you'd actually... *("Come.")* You looked a bit stunned in the hospital when we came in to ask.

LAWRENCE: Yeah well. Normally it's a nightmare trying to find a life model. Suddenly a bus load turn up.

(The GIRLS enter.)

Right. Well. When you—when they came in the hospital – Chris and Annie – about this---this calendar what you're wanting to sell at the Yorkshire Show...what it...what they er...*(He swallows, almost audibly.)* It should be what John said. When I was pushing him round. Talking to him about what it was you all did in here. He reckoned all the jam-making and knitting was basically a front for a load of respectable middle-aged women to get together and go nuts. *(Beat.)* That's what your calendar should be. *(He gets the drawings out. The GIRLS crowd around.)* At first glance the photos should look like your classic WI calendar. All your traditional...cakes, jams, sewing an' that. *Everything* y'd expect. Except for one tiny thing. The person doing it is naked.

EVERYONE: Nude.

LAWRENCE: *(Warming to his theme.)* See so each month, y'see, y'd get a different girl... *(He hands out pages.)* – painting, knitting, *gardening* here, see...until December when I thought we could do a group one of you all together singing Christmas carols.

CHRIS: We LOVE it! We AB-solutely –

CORA: Except for one small problem. *(Beat.)* He's a *bloke*.

CHRIS: We've BEEN through this. An artist doesn't see a naked woman, he sees a "life model." Don't you Lawrence?

LAWRENCE: *(He loses what bottle he had.)* I think... *(He swallows.)* ... I left me bike on a bend. *(He exits.)*

CALENDAR GIRLS Audition Cutting 10

LIAM, CORA, ANNIE, CELIA

Things to Know – The scene has been edited so it focuses on LIAM.

(The church hall. Preparation for the television shoot.)

LIAM: Right let's get this started. Here we go with your sunflowers!

CORA: What are they for, are they decorations? Kinda hanging about the place? Some sort of "theme"?

LIAM: They certainly are. Do they fit?

(LIAM hangs one on ANNIE.)

CORA: They hang on us!

LIAM: Yeah. One for each of you, except Chris who's actually gonna be holding the product.

ANNIE: The calendar?

LIAM: The washing powder.

CELIA: The washing powder?

CHRIS: Sorry, Liam. You want us—with these, over--?

LIAM: OK. I promise this won't take long. *(He smiles.)* Once we've cranked up the lights, it'll be off with your kit, couple of clicks, done.

CHRIS: Sorry, Liam. You want us—with these, over--?

LIAM: The caption's gonna go over, yeah. "We'd rather go naked than use another..." You know? You get the picture. I mean that's not a problem, is it? Stripping off? I mean, that is what you "do"?