

Celia }
 Jessie } (together) { Whoa whoa whoa
 Ruth } { Hold on...
 Cora } { Annie?
 { Hey let's just take things easy —

Annie (placating) IF — if they decide to go ahead. (She nods) You said on the phone you'd had an idea.

* Lawrence (nervous as hell) Right. Well. When you —

Chris gestures to him to address the group

— 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)

Cora Christ, love, if you're intimidated NOW, what are you gonna be like when Celia takes her blouse off?

Chris Cora.

* Celia Mesmerized.

Lawrence (swallowing almost audibly) It should be what John said.

This quiets them all slightly

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.

There's a beat where the room feels momentarily warmed by John's humour. It gives Lawrence some confidence

That's what your calendar should be.

He gets the drawings out. They all crowd round

At first glance the photos should look like your classic WI calendar. All your traditional ... cakes, jam, sewing an' that. Everything y'd expect. Except for one tiny thing. The person doing it is naked.

Everyone (quietly, variously) Nude.

He shows the first sketch. We don't see it

Pause

Annie You're right. John would've loved this.

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. *

The last sketch is a double spread. It creates a huge reaction

Chris Ohmygod that just ... Lawrence that is PERFECT! We LOVE it! We AB-solutely —

Cora Except for one small problem. (Beat) He's a bloke.

Jessie I thought the point was we're not actually going to be showing anything.

Cora On the photographs. I imagine there's going to be considerably more on display in the actual bloody room.

Chris Cora, we've BEEN through this. An artist doesn't see a naked woman, he sees a "life model". (To Lawrence) Don't you, Lawrence?

They all look at Lawrence. He loses what bottle he had

Lawrence I think ... (He swallows)

Chris Yes?

Lawrence ... I left me bike on a bend.

Lawrence exits

The girls all watch him go

Chris (to Cora) Well thank you very much.

Cora Look. I'm sorry, OK, I'm sorry. It's just — Ruby has already got me down as a woman who makes a habit of ... (waving loosely) ... "parading herself in front of men."

Celia Why?

Cora bats it off

Annie Cora —

Celia No, come on you've never done anything like this/ before —

Cora (killing it dead) Because I lost touch with her dad, Ceel. (Beat) Because I'm the kind of mother who "loses touch" with the father.

Annie Look no one's parading ANYTHING.

Chris Lawrence would arrange the photos, leave the room, off comes the dressing gown, one of US would click the shutter.

Beat