

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 more finding 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"*) ... mêlée, 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 beauty if it was staring him in the face. And you know how I worked that out, love? (*Beat*) Because it was. Now in fairness fuck off back to him.

Elaine exits in record time

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

Celia bursts in, wearing her new black dress, ahead of Cora, in a swirl of excitement and cross-talk

Celia No, but they say that, don't they?

Cora That's rubbish.

Celia Honestly, they say that about television. The camera puts about ten pounds on you.

Cora Let's hope there's only one bloody camera.

Jessie bobs round the door with some urgency

Jessie Girls!

Cora } (*together; standing to attention*) Yes, Miss Raistrick!
Celia }

Jessie (*delivering urgent headlines to the girls about what to expect:*)
Annie. DON'T say anything. Looks a little unkempt. (*Calmly calling back to Annie*) Everyone's in here, my dear. In you come!

Jessie ushers Annie in — looking a total wreck; dress crumpled, hair awry

Cora God al-mighty —

Jessie coughs sharply

— You look great! Doesn't she look great?

Jessie I found her asleep on a pew.

Ruth You what?

Celia In church?

Annie Look, don't — (*"get worried"*) It was just — I went to put some sunflowers in, to keep them cool. And then I thought I'd start replying to some of the letters, you know? That we were sent?

Jessie Whatever. I think you'd better have first go with the make-up girl.

Ruth I think tragically she might've just left.

Celia } (*together*) { You're JOKING!

Cora } { WHAT?

Annie Oh my GOD ...

Liam the shoot director enters, a young man wearied by his current mission and the general lack of achievement of any of his dreams

Liam Ladies, good-afternoon. My name's Liam, I'm from KPL. You're my six stars for the commercial, yeah?

Annie Liam I'm sorry — my make-up! I haven't had a chance/ to —

Liam No worries. Calm, calm ... Wardrobe's back here.

He checks the ceiling lights which clearly aren't to his satisfaction

Annie And it's only five of us. Chris can't make it.

This is the first the others have heard of that

Celia } (*together*) { What?

Ruth } { Seriously?

Cora Chris isn't COMING?

Liam No worries. Five's enough. I'm just — (*Looking round the ceiling*) It's not GREAT for lighting, this place, is it?