

INT. GARAGE. DAY

NADJA, an upperclass brunette in ballet gear complete with tutu, stands beside a shaft of scaffolding wedged into a tyre (an improvised dance pole). Her eyes are closed as she meditates. Dabir, Elli and David sit and wait.

DAVID  
(whispers)  
What's she doing?

DABIR  
Fuck knows. Nice rack though.

Elli kicks Dabir.

ELLI  
A little more respect, please. You might end up working with that girl.

Eventually Nadja opens her eyes.

NADJA  
(nervous)  
Okay.

Dabir taps his i-pad and electronic dance fills the room. Unaccustomed to the street sound, Nadja does her best to execute a series of pirouettes and ballet twirls. Elli stops the music.

ELLI  
Look, I love ballet. But we're looking for strippers here, toots.

NADJA  
Oh, I know. I read the flyer.

ELLI  
Okay. So, you gonna strip for us?

NADJA  
Couldn't I just dance?

ELLI  
Honey, if we put on The Nutcracker at the Christmas Party, sure. Otherwise we need to see what you've got tucked away under there.

DABIR

Hey, don't be shy. Every woman's a  
stripper at least once a day,  
right?

NADJA

(unsure)  
Yes. I suppose so.

MID-SHOT BEHIND NADJA, FRAMING HER BACK

Nadja undoes her bra and sets free an almighty set of  
breasts. David and Dabir's jaws drop.

DAVID

So that's why they call it The  
Nutcracker.

CUT TO:

A blind woman with an over enthusiastic guide-dog is  
yanked past the judges.

ELLI

You alright, Love?

Blind Woman pulls the dog back.

BLIND WOMAN

(breathless)  
I'm here for the audition.

DAVID

Sorry, do you know what we're  
auditioning for?

BLIND WOMAN

Uh, yeah. Blind people take their  
clothes off too, you know.

The dog pulls Blind Woman away again.

DABIR

I always said only a blind bird  
would get her kit off for you,  
David.

DAVID

(whispers)  
What if the employment equality  
people sent her? It could be some  
kind of test.

BLIND WOMAN

Bruno! No!

The guide dog urinates on the dance poll.

CUT TO:

An athletic woman stands cross-armed and ready to rock.

DABIR

So what makes you think you've got  
what it takes?

ATHLETIC WOMAN

I won the regional Pole Dancing  
Championships three years running.  
I got it in spades, Kiddo.

ELLI

(impressed)  
The floor's yours.

Athletic Woman begins a series of gymnastic back-flips  
and spins round the pole. She unclips her bra and  
finishes with a handstand at the table, bending over and  
using her feet to lift David's glasses. She sommersaults  
backwards and stands up wearing the glasses.

CUT TO:

A fiery looking woman with an element of Grace Jones is  
moving round the room on all fours like a predator  
stalking prey. She pounces on David and hisses.

CUT TO:

Three out-of-shape Morris Dancers prance topless round  
the pole that now has tassels hanging from it.

CUT TO:

An obvious transvestite isn't handling rejection well.

TRANSVESTITE

(sobs)  
I'm having it cut off in two  
months if that helps?

CUT TO:

The blind Woman, now topless, is at the table. Her dog is  
on it's hind legs and drinking from David's cup.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on the back of a topless woman. We hear SUCKING. David and Elli watch impassively. Dabir can't look. REVERSE on the woman. She's breast-feeding her baby.

WOMAN

As soon as he sees me with my  
boobs out he wants on, the little  
terror.

CUT TO:

Two petite twins give the panel a wave.

TWINS

We Lena and Lenka. From Ukraine.  
We here make dance for you.

DABIR

(whispers to David)  
Twins, Davey! Twins!

Dabir starts the music. The girls chase each other and slap their bums playfully, pulling faces cheesecake style. Lena stops, giggles and drops a garment of clothing. Elli has to laugh.

DAVID

Why are you laughing? They're  
terrible...aren't they?

ELLI

They're what you call diamonds in  
the rough, David darling. Diamonds  
in the rough.