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# Personal Services

By David Leland

- What is it? What does it mean?

- What?

- DIY.

- Do it yourself.

I know, but it's not messing about  
with Black & Decker drills.

- It might be.

- Tell me.

- Do it yourself.

- I know.

- Well, that's what it is.

- What?

Do it yourself.

No, still don't get it.

Oh!

Ho, ho, ho.

Oh, I see, do it yourself!

That's filthy, really filthy.

How do you know that?

I didn't know.

How do you know these things?

- And O-levels. What are O-levels?

- Ssh.

Why? Why shush? Don't tell me to shush.

O- levels are exams.

What my David's doing at his private school.

He's doing his O-levels.

Here you are.

- Do you enjoy it, June?

- What?

- Sex.

- When I get it. What about you?

Wet knickers and missed periods.

First time I had it, I thought

I'd been knocked down by a brewer's dray.

Eh! Rose!

You bugger!

You owe me rent.

Bloody tart!

- Can you cover for me? I've got to go out.

- What, now?

- BCSD.

- BCSD.

Christine, BCSD.

Oh, Christmas!

Oh, thanks, babe.

- What about tonight?

- What about the weekend?

- The Dorchester.

- David's sports day.

- Dinner and dance.

- Very nice.

And put your best frock on.

- BCSD.

- BCSD.

Hello.

Oh, yes, that's right.

Yes. Yes, Ginette is 22.

She has a full but firm 36-24-36 figure  
and offers a full personal service.

You will like her.

Ginette has devastating revealing photos,  
caters for party lovers,  
and offers a full theatrical wardrobe.

French maid, nurse, gymslip, that kind of thing.

Mild CP and other games.

Executive fun for the over 40s.

Kinky but not cruel.

Why not pop round?

Good. Bye-bye.

- Excuse me. Thank you.

- Sorry.

Forgot my keys.

See you later. Make yourself at home. Ha ha!

Oops, excuse me.

- Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon.

You have an appointment with the governess.

No, that is not correct.

I have an appointment with the nanny.

Mr Marples, for the nanny.

- I thought Mr Marples was for House of Pain.

- No, winkie-poos and bot-bots.

Oh, God!

It's taken me an hour to get into this lot.

- Gotcha!

- Oh!

Where's my bloody rent?

I want my...

Miss Painter?

- Rent. You owe me rent.

- It's the rent man. I heard him.

Miss Painter, I know you're in there. Open up.

- I want my rent.

- I want my rent, do you hear me?

R E N T spells rent.

I know you're in there.

Miss Painter.

Rent by Friday or I send in the heavy mob.

See how you like it.

Rent.

Oh, gawd, I'm sorry, Christine.

I ain't done the business.

I've had the curse, and the flu.

Terrible flu, and the curse as well.

Business is terrible.

I'm here all on my own.

There's the phone to answer, the door,  
the client to service.

- Then get a maid.

- I'd better go before someone steals the baby.

- What are you doing with that?

- My one's broke.

- I'll get you one.

- What?

- A maid.

- You?

First thing Monday.

Get your knickers into gear.

- Yes?

- Oh, is... is Melanie here?

No, she's not.

- Yes?

- Are you free at the moment?

- Are you a married man?

- Yes.

What about your wife, then?

What's wrong with her?

Well, we've not had sex for 23 years.

Are you available?

What do you think I am?

- Mr Popozogolou.

- Miss Painter.

How convenient to find you at home.

May I come in?

Yes, of course. Come in.

This way, please.

Come in, sit down, make yourself at home.

- I suppose you're here for the rent.

- That is correct.

Miss Painter, you are  
one week behind with the rent.

- One whole week.

- I haven't got it, but I can get it.

I always pay my way.

I believe in paying my own way.

That is very correct.

Miss Painter,

you do not live here, do you?

I'd like to live here.

- You are subletting, yes?

- I suppose so.

To what kind of person you are subletting?

Same as a lot of the other flats in this block.

You should know.

- Prostitutes.

- Tarts.

I see.

You're doing all right here.

All these flats. What a racket.

Oh, pa pa pa pa pa.

Miss Painter,

what are you going to do about the rent?

I have a son at school, private school.

I have to pay the fees.

I'll give it to you next week.

Why wait until next week?

Give me a week.

Why wait until next week

when you can pay me now?

I can't pay you now.

The rent, Miss Painter.

It must be paid.

One way or another.

Oh.

I had a sexual encounter with my landlord today.

- What brought that on?

- The rent.

Mr Popozogolou.

That's his name.

Christine, get rid of 'em.

- What?

- Those flats. Get rid of 'em, all of 'em.

- She's right, Christine.

- If the cows paid the rent...

They won't pay the rent.

You're the only ones that ever pay.

Look, bugger the girls.

You get rid of those flats.

Dolly, have a look at this.

Ain't that lovely?

- I could live in that.

- Yeah.

- Here.

- What's this for?

- It's a bit extra.

- You've already paid. You can't pay twice.

We've been using your living room

as well as your bedroom.

We've been off our feet.

- And I'm away for the next two weeks.

- Is that next week?

It's the next two weeks. I told you.

I'm Saudi Arabia this weekend,

and then off down to Ron's mum in Brighton.

Saudi Arabia?

- For the weekend.

- For the weekend?

- She's got a sheik in Saudi Arabia.

- 104 if he's a day.

- Flies me out when he gets randy.

- Once every two years.

What about your sugar daddy?

The one with the big car.

He's got loads of money. What's his name?

Sydney.

- Sydney.

- BCSD.

BCSD.

- What's BCSD?

- Big car, small dick.

It's true, Shirley. I can't find it.

I spend all my time rummaging

inside his pyjamas looking for his little willy.

Too many things can go wrong with sex.

Too many bits and pieces.

- He takes you to nice places.

- There's no romance.

- No dick.

- No dick.

Not like Mr Popozogolou.

- He had a really funny one, Mr Popozogolou.

- Marry him. Keep you laughing.

It was like...

It wasn't long, but my God, it was...

What's that German sausage called?

- Salami.

- Liverwurst.

Liverwurst. It was like a lump of liverwurst.

It was like that.

He wanted me to put it in his mouth.

Can you imagine?

- His mouth?

- My mouth. You know.

What did you do?

- I went down and had a look.

- And then what?

I came back up again bloody quick.

I couldn't do it for love, let alone money.

- So what did you do?

- I did him with my hand. This one.

- A hand job?

- That's right.

- A wank.

- A Popozogolou.

A Popozogolou!

It... It went...

It went... brrrp!

Just like that.

Really high. I mean, even he was surprised.

- I'll pay.

- I need a wee.

He's a nice man, Mr Popozogolou.

I felt sorry for him.

- What are you doing the next couple of weeks?

- I thought I'd knit a cardie.

- You know Rose?

- Scrag-end Rose?

Could you maid for her

until she finds somebody else?

- No.

- Why not?

She's a scrubber.

I wouldn't maid for no scrubber.

Oh, here's Ron.

- Hello, Ron.

- All right, Doll?

- Come on, we'd better go, love.

- See you.

She's a young model of 21,

a petite figure, but very sexy.

You will like her.

That is correct. Yes.

She offers a full personal service.

Sophisticated, discreet, and clean.

Five o'clock last caller.

Why not pop round?

We are 33, that's 3-3, Pierpoint Street.

That's right, as in Albert.

Hope to see you, then.

God, I'm freezing!

What man in his right mind

wants to get his cock out in this weather?

Hi.

- What are you doing here?

- You've got one.

- What?

- Client. I'm your new maid.

- You? A prostitute's maid?

- Why not?

- Get a move on. You've got a client.

- Bigger him. I need a coffee.

Listen to me.

I've chucked in my job at the caf for this.

So get in here, get on your back, and get busy.

Well, who is it? I don't want no time wasters.

Oh, it's you.

All right. I'll do him first.



Come on.

Thanks.

Bloody hell!

That was quick.

- See the man to the door, then.

- Yes, of course.

- Thank you. Goodbye.

- Oh, thank you. Did you change your mind?

Pardon?

Did you change your mind?

No.

Oh, come again, then.

- Nice to see you.

- Thank you.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- That was quick.

- "That was quick".

Piss off and make some coffee.

- You look like Dracula's daughter.

- "That was quick".

It was quick.

It was in and out, just like that. In, out.

You do, you look just like Dracula's daughter in that outfit, you really do.

Oh, leave me alone. Just piss off, will you?

- Piss off!

- Piss off yourself.

This is my flat. Speak to me like that!

You can piss off yourself.

Right.

Right.

I will.

I've got better things to do.

Freezing my tits off in this dump.

- You can stick it up your gonger.

- Eight weeks' rent.

No, no, you said piss off, and piss off I shall.

Eight weeks' rent.

Here. You reckon you're so bloody juicy.

Get on your back and earn it yourself.

Cow!

Hello? No, she's not here.

No. No, she's gone to a health farm.

Oh, yes, we are.  
If you ring tomorrow, there'll be a new girl on.  
Sentimental music on radio  
Dracula's daughter.  
Can I come in, babe?  
Gawd, Sydney, do I need it?  
What do you want, Sydney?  
It's the middle of the night. What do you want?  
- Oh, babe. I've been thinking, babe.  
- I'm not a babe, Sydney.  
I'm not your babe  
or anybody else's baby, all right?  
I know you're not, babe.  
What do you want?  
I've come to ask you to marry me.  
Oh, dear.  
No, I know it's not a very good idea.  
I know it's not.  
But if you think about it, it is.  
You need somebody,  
somebody to look after you.  
I've got loads of money.  
You know, loads.  
And no-one to share it with.  
I could look after you.  
Say yes, and I'll open a bottle right now.  
Pop, just like that.  
Bottle of bubbly.  
I bought you some flowers.  
Think about it, babe.  
When you wake in the morning  
and see these flowers,  
think about it.  
There's a bottle of bubbly waiting. There.  
- One on the way, dear.  
- One on the way!  
Ha, ha! I hope not. Dolly, I can't stop piddling.  
Where's the gin?  
- You don't have to do it.  
- What's sex ever done for me?  
- Up the duff at 16.  
- That's no reason.  
If you don't want to do it, don't.  
Pull yourself together, do. Go on, get in there.

Go on.

Dolly, I need another widdle.

- How much do I charge?

- Leave that to me.

Ready, dear?

Oh!

I'm ready.

- You don't look it.

- I'm ready.

Oh!

Oh, it's you.

Fancy meeting you here.

- We know each other.

- Come in, come in.

Thank you.

It's all right, Dolly. Shut your mouth.

Go on. It's all right.

Well, fancy meeting you here.

Caught up with you at last, eh?

Would you like a cup of tea?

- Pardon?

- Would you like a cup of tea?

- Have two. No extra charge.

- I've only got a short time.

- Oh.

- Business.

What line of business are you in?

- Double glazing.

- Double glazing? Well, I never.

Yes.

What a lot of job satisfaction there must be...

in...

double glazing.

Bringing all that extra warmth

into people's lives.

You've not had sex for 23 years, have you?

Pardon?

- You told me.

- No, with my wife.

I've not had sex with my wife for 23 years.

Oh.

She's an invalid.

I'm sorry. 23 years.

That must get very frustrating for you.

Your maid said you give excellent French?

Oh, yes, very good. Every time.

Just exactly how do you like your French?

Well, I'd like you to wear  
bright red lipstick, if you can.

- Really?

- I'm willing to pay extra for that.

Right. Ah, oh, no.

Er, just a minute.

Dolly.

Dolly, we've got no doodahs.

No, you know, contraventives.

- Contraventives?

- Yes, you know...

- Doodahs.

- Oh, French letters.

That's it. Plonkers.

We've got no plonkers, Dolly.

I look a right bloody tart in this.

Here you are. Get a move on.

- These are black. Dolly, these are black.

- I know.

They're for black men.

- No, Chinamen use them all the time.

- Do they?

Bloody Ada!

He's a lovely man.

Brings happiness to millions with double glazing.

He's not had sex for 23 years.

Right.

- Do you think this looks nice?

- Oh, yes.

I prefer it in a chair, if you don't mind.

In a chair?

Yes.

I've never done it in a chair.

- Now, where would you like me, exactly?

- Well...

with me myself sitting, and you kneeling.

You want me to sit?

No, I'm sitting.

- Where am I?

- Kneeling.

- Kneeling?

- Yes, I'm sitting and you're kneeling.

On the floor.

- On the floor?

- I find that's the best way.

- I see. You'll have to wear one of these.

- What, for French?

Do you think I want to get pregnant?

- How can you get pregnant?

- Very easily indeed.

- That's not what I want.

- I should think not. What do you want?

A blow job.

Please.

Deep throat.

If possible.

Oh.

That's why I wanted the lipstick.

Well, you'll still have to wear one of these.

Very well.

Do you see what I'm wearing?

You like that, don't you?

- Yes, I do.

- Do you like my legs?

Yes.

- Do you?

- Yes, I do.

Come here. Come a bit closer.

Now, I want you to kneel, there's a good boy,  
but not to touch my lovely legs.

- They're lovely.

- Yes.

Very smooth.

- Just here, above the stocking.

- Yes.

Very smooth.

There, look. Get closer.

But not to touch.

Now, I'm going to give you  
something very special.

Very special indeed.

It's called a Popozogolou.

- Thank you, dear.

- Thank you.

Oh.

She's nice.

- She's very nice indeed.
- Good.
- One here, another on the way, dear.
- Bloody Ada! Hang on.
- Stinks like a bleeding brothel in here.
- You all right?

Like a concert pianist.

We're going to need lots of tissues.

She's not quite ready, dear.

I'm ready. Come in. Sit down. Lie down.

Make yourself comfortable. Thank you, Dolly.

- You're busy.
- Never a dull moment.
- What's on offer?
- Well...

I have been doing French,  
but there's a special on today - a Popozogolou.  
Very tasty. I'm sure you won't be disappointed.

How much?

Oh, Dolly deals with that.

Dolly deals with the lolly!

Who's Dolly?

Her outside. She's my maid.

Your maid? I see.

And she deals with the money?

That's right.

- Get back to you on this one, all right?
- Oh, yes.

Everything all right, dear?

- I discuss the price with you, right?
- If you want, yes.

Good.

See you later.

- Funny man.
- Gangster.

Sexy bugger.

- Da-da!
- Shirley!
- Christine.
- Dolly, look who's here.
- I can see.
- Dolly.
- Another couple of weeks, we'll have one.

- Listen to her. What's she doing?  
French polishing.  
Put yourself in the hands of an expert.  
Her doing French?  
I don't even know what it means. I don't.  
I just copied it off another notice.  
Christine, French polishing!  
What? Is that what it is? French polishing?  
Oh, bloody Ada!  
- I'd better change that notice quick.  
- Er, excuse me, ladies.  
Morton, ex-Wing Commander, retired.  
- Oh, yes. You rang.  
- That is correct.  
I have a dilapidated piece of mahogany veneer  
in dire need of renovation.  
- Can you help?  
- What? Yes, come on.  
- Soon polish it up for you.  
- Oh, jolly good.  
Step this way.  
Have it looking like new in no time.  
Wing Commander! Don't believe a word of it.  
in bra and panties.  
- Shut up!  
- Yes, madam.  
- Filthy mind.  
- Yes, madam.  
- Quite a shine on that.  
- Indeed.  
It's coming along nicely, Auntie Christine.  
- Would you like a go?  
- Oh, no, no. You're doing very nicely.  
Why not do it together?  
- You dirty old sod.  
- Yes, madam, I'm certainly that, madam.  
Oh! Police, love.  
You're nicked.  
Pass me a tissue, Wing Commander,  
there's a dear.  
They've dropped the brothel  
and immoral earnings charges.  
- Insufficient evidence.  
- That lets Dolly off.

That only leaves the charge for soliciting.

You'll be in and out in two minutes.

- How? How was I soliciting?

- A doddle. Just plead guilty.

I was on the pavement,

looking at your Arab's car.

- I was not soliciting.

- Par for the course, dear.

Look at all these men. I know all their secrets.

That's why they want to lock us up.

- Don't get deep, Dolly.

- Will it be in the Harlow New Town Gazette?

I can see my dad's face.

My sister's wedding, Saturday.

He's a nasty little shit.

Needs a good whipping.

What are you looking at?

You looking at my tits?

He's looking at my tits.

Arrest him for looking at my tits.

Too young to be a policeman. Still a virgin.

Bet you could change all that.

Painter, please.

Painter. Painter!

- Drive a car?

- Yeah.

- Drive a big car, do you?

- Yeah.

Thought so.

- We're on.

- Right. Guilty.

Guilty. All my fault.

What do you reckon?

She'll need a holiday after this lot.

She's very good.

I never said she wasn't.

- What news, ladies?

- What are you doing here?

Interested party. Character witness.

Has she gone in yet?

- Just put your bum down there.

- Thank you.

- Hello, Shirl.

- Hello, love.



She's good, you know. She's got talent.

- That is correct.

- How do you know?

I'm an expert in these matters.

We should go in together, the three of us.

Take that big flat of hers,  
the one with the pink bedroom.

- Cater for kinks?

- Popozogolous and gymslips. 50 quid a throw.

Strictly kinky people.

The future lies in kinky people.

Guilty!

Ah, madam...

Guilty!

Come on.

Know his problem?

I can read him, no trouble. Can't get it up.

God knows why I'm sitting in the front.

- Royalty in the back, dear.

- Pull over, Sydney.

- Over there.

- What?

"What?" You'll be saying balls  
to the general next. Over there!

Come on, David. In.

- Why do I have to wear my school uniform?

- You'll wear your uniform. Put your cap on. In.

It's all crooked.

There we are. That's better. Give us a smile.

Pull up.

- Where?

- In front of the church, for goodness' sake!

- I can't park there.

- Yes, you can. Pull up.

- You need a chauffeur, that's what you need.

- Be quiet.

- And a butler.

- You and your little willy, keep quiet.

- What?

- Balls to the general. Shut up.

- I haven't got a little willy.

- It's your most striking feature.

Fine conversation to be having  
in front of your son.

- Hello. Hello, Auntie Winnie.  
- Hello, darling.  
Come on, get a bloody move on.  
Cap.  
I can see your knickers, Dolly.  
Hello, Dad.  
Hello, Lizzie. We're here!  
- I thought it must be you.  
- Hello.  
Oh, you look lovely, Lizzie, you really do.  
I wish it was me. Mum should be here.  
I wish Mum was here to see you now.  
I'm going to watch you get out.  
She looks lovely. She really does.  
It's the veil that does it.  
Look at my dad. That's my dad.  
- I need a leak, babe.  
- Disgusting.  
Gotcha!  
- Give us a kiss, come on. Cheer up.  
- Don't cover me in lipstick.  
- Why don't you go into church?  
- I wish Mum could see this.  
- You look so smart.  
- Oh, don't go on. She's been dead 19 years.  
It's still a pity she missed it.  
David, come and say hello to your grandad.  
- This is your sister's day.  
- I wish it was me.  
- I don't want it spoilt for her.  
- Never mind, Dad.  
Three pairs of knickers and that smile -  
nothing will get through to Lizzie.  
Good luck.  
Organ plays  
- Put it on.  
- We're in church.  
Take it off, then. Take it off.  
It's the Old Bill.  
That's Edgar.  
My sister's marrying a copper - silly cow.  
Takes all sorts.  
- What are you doing here?  
- What do you mean?

- Aren't you Jewish?

- What?

Because, if you are, you're not supposed to be in here. It's a church.

I know it's a church. And I'm not Jewish.

Before we begin,

a word about photographs.

As a mark of respect to Edgar and Elizabeth,

I would ask the congregation

to refrain from taking photographs

until the signing of the register.

We have come together

in the presence of God...

to witness the marriage

of Edgar and Elizabeth...

to ask his blessing on them...

and to share in their joy.

Lovely.

Lovely. Lovely, Lizzie.

No confetti, please. No confetti.

- He's a widower, so watch your step.

- Oh, really?

Never married. Well, not since Mum died.

- Confirmed bachelor.

- 19 years.

- What a waste.

- Thank you.

Your friend has excellent taste, Christine.

David's over there somewhere, Dad.

- Congratulations. I like your dress.

- Thank you.

Straight out of Woman's Realm. And Edgar.

Edgar, this is Dolores.

- How do you do?

- I hope you'll be very happy.

- Thank you, Dolores.

- Thank you very much.

- You don't know my mother?

- No, I don't.

- This is my mum.

- Oh!

I didn't think she'd still be alive.

- Well I never. This is Edgar's mother, Dolly.

- Hello, dear.

Come on, Dolly.  
Let's circulate. Find ourselves a husband.  
Oh, God, that's better.  
Running buffet? It's more like a stampede.  
She's a mean cow, my sister.  
Tuppence says there's marg in the bridge rolls.  
Oh, God. She's got it all organised.  
And Edgar! Have you ever seen anything  
more boring than Edgar?  
What a fart, eh?  
There's no loo roll in here. Can...  
Dolly!  
Dolly. Oh, Dolly, you've...  
You... you've got a willy... Dolly!  
- You're a man, Dolly.  
- No, I'm not.  
And there's no paper in here either.  
- But you've got a willy.  
- I know I have.  
Let me have a look. Show me.  
Let me have another look.  
Oh, all right.  
It's nothing to be proud of, you know.  
There it is.  
Oh, dear.  
It's not a laughing matter.  
- How could you?  
- What?  
Don't play dumb with me.  
You know exactly what I mean.  
- What's the matter, Dad?  
- How could you do this to me?  
- How could you bring a sexual pervert  
to your sister's wedding?  
- Who?  
- Who? Who do you think?  
Dolly's not a pervert, are you, Dolly?  
You think it's normal,  
a man prancing round in a woman's skirt?  
- I didn't know she was a man.  
- I'm not a man.  
Just leave, the pair of you. I can handle this.  
- Oh, poor little Lizzie.  
- I knew you'd cause trouble!

You're disgusting! I hope I never see you again!

- Oh, thank you, Elizabeth.

- You've spoilt everything.

- Don't upset yourself.

- Ever since I was born!

- Can you hear this?

- I hate you!

It's us that needs protecting...

from her mouth.

That's enough.

Just stand clear when she opens her gob.

- Right. Just one moment.

- Steady, Edgar.

I was against this from the start.

Now I know I was right.

- This is my brother-in-law.

- Christine...

If I was on duty and in uniform,

I'd take a very serious view of this.

But you are in uniform.

It's no use, Edgar,

she's always been like this.

- Charges can be brought.

- Oh, dear.

- Dolly, don't be a silly cow.

- Where are you going?

The toilet. I need a wee.

Stay out of the ladies lavatory...

and the gents.

You piddle where you want.

Is there a handicapped toilet?

You stay out of all toilets.

Stupid fart!

This is a very silly conversation.

And you are a very naughty boy.

And you know what happens to naughty boys,

now, don't you?

Come along, Dolly. You too, Christine.

David!

What's all the rush, doll?

I was just beginning to enjoy myself.

What's going on?

Excuse me, is this your car?

It's not bloody stole, if that's what you mean.

Cheeky bugger.

Dad.

Dad. Come here, Dad.

I'm sorry, Dad, I really am.

When I came here today I was happy.

I really was.

Come on. Don't be like this, Dad.

Don't upset yourself.

It's your day today too, you know.

I'd do anything to make you happy.

I'm so sorry.

Come on.

I'm sorry.

Kiss me a kiss and say you love me.

You spoilt it for her. How could you do it?

- She spoilt it for herself.

- What do you mean?

Look who she married.

- There you go again.

- Oh, come on, Dad.

He's a box of farts and well you know it.

- You can't say that.

- I just have.

It's a respectable marriage.

He's a... he's a police superintendent  
and a Freemason.

He's a bumhole, Dad. A fart in a box.

And he doesn't hang around  
with sexual perverts.

- How do you know?

- Listen to your mouth. You should be ashamed.

- Well, I'm not.

- That's what's wrong with you.

Dad.

I'm not a bloody baby any more.

That's what's wrong with Lizzie.

I'm a woman. I've had babies and abortions.

- Abortions?

- Yes.

Why didn't you tell me? Abortions?

Why didn't you tell me?

None of your bloody business. When I said

I was up the duff, you spat in my face.

- That was different.

- How many bastards can one girl take?  
How can you talk like that? He's your son.  
And you're telling me that, are you?  
- You've noticed, have you? You do surprise me.  
- What's that supposed to mean?  
You know what I mean. You've not so much  
as looked at him since we got here.  
- No.  
- You've not looked at him for 14 years.  
- No.  
- You've not looked at him, not spoke to him.  
Not a hello, not so much as a whisper.  
You make me feel like nothing.  
- What do you think I've been doing all day?  
- He's your grandson.  
- This is your sister's wedding.  
- He's your only grandson.  
- How many pups are that pair going to spawn?  
- At least they'll have a father.  
God, Dad, you're such a liar.  
Look at you.  
You're such a bloody liar.  
Mum would never have treated me like this.  
The news would have killed her...  
if she hadn't been dead already.  
She'd have slammed the door in your face.  
I'm a prostitute.  
There.  
Spread that round the Freemasons.  
Your daughter is a tart.  
On the game.  
Spread that round the next Lodge meeting.  
I'd be glad of the custom.  
My friend Shirley, my best friend Shirley,  
is a tart.  
And so am I.  
And Dolly, our best friend Dolly,  
is a prostitute's maid.  
Always someone else's daughter, eh?  
Don't you call my boy a bastard again.  
He's my son... and I love him.  
You silly bugger!  
I can't hear you!  
Can you hear me?

Oh, hello!  
Yes. Yes!  
It's hot.  
Yes.  
I've got a bit of a rash.  
A rash!  
There's bodies everywhere. Disgusting.  
Hello?  
Oh, pillocks.  
Shirley?  
Dolly?  
Oh, sod it.  
Out.  
Out.  
Come out!  
What have we here?  
- Can you keep it down a minute, Mac?  
- Sorry.  
Now... what have we here, Auntie Christine?  
- I've been a naughty boy.  
- What? Speak up!  
- I've been a naughty boy, Nana.  
- Ha!  
Another naughty boy, eh?  
The world is full of naughty schoolboys.  
What's the naughty boy done?  
I was late for school.  
What?  
Did you hear that, Auntie Christine?  
Late for school.  
This is very serious, Auntie Christine.  
I'm sorry, Nana.  
What does Nana do to little boys...  
who are late for school?  
Tell me... what does she do?  
- Gives them a smack, Nana.  
- Correct.  
Where?  
Where does she smack them?  
- On their bot-bots.  
- On their bot-bots.  
Yes.  
Every naughty boy gets a smack...  
on his bot-bot.



Over.

- Bend over.
- Yes, Nana.
- Right over.
- Yes.

Please don't leave any marks.

Say thank you to Nana.

Thank you, Nanny.

You...

are a disgusting...

little... bugger!

Oh, this is lovely.

All schoolgirls together.

No boys.

Just girls. All together.

Christine, if you ever need legal advice...

Lionel's an excellent barrister,  
aren't you, Lionel?

Oh, yes.

Oh, have you seen these dirty books  
those teachers have left lying around?

"Sex On Lesbos".

Oh.

It makes me come over all lesbian.

Me too.

She's got nice legs.

So have you.

Hasn't she got nice legs?

Lovely.

I think she must be a lesbian...

just like us.

- You're a lesbian, aren't you?

- Yes.

Yes, I am.

Me too.

What lovely legs she's got.

Oh, I love being a lesbian, don't you?

Yes. Yes, I do.

- Me too.

- Polly Parrot.

- Popozogolou?

- Popozogolou.

Him.

Sad and hopeless. Comes in his cocoa

before he's got the plonker on.

Don't look it.

What about him?

- Which one?

- By the door.

Bent as a box of frogs, dear.

- Looks nice.

- Maybe he is. I don't know.

Most men don't like sex that much.

Can't wait to get it over.

They're only after one thing.

If they didn't want it, we'd be out of a job.

I didn't say want, Christine, I said like.

I said they didn't like it.

- What about your Ron?

- Enjoys a good cuddle, just like me.

Oh, my God.

Let me out, let me out.

- Wasp up her bum.

- Ta.

Oh, bumholes.

I left my butter in the fridge at the flat.

I'll get you some.

- Madam's got a fancy man.

- Oh, sit down and shut up.

- Yes, lady.

- What are you having tonight?

Fillet steak, mangetout

and a bottle of Beaujolais.

I've got a date.

I've got a date.

That lot can go to the jumble.

How does she do it?

Shirley.

How can she do the two?

What about Ron? What does he think?

That's their business.

He's so good-looking, Dolly. And charming.

He's got such a gentle look in his eye.

Do you know what I mean?

- Who, Ron?

- No, silly cow.

You know who I mean.

I'm fed up with silly buggers, Dolly.

Had enough of naughty schoolboys.

I'm getting out.

- How will you pay the bills?

- I'll be married.

Oh, dear.

Oh, bugger.

Can always do a bit on the side.

Pound says it's Sydney. I'll marry him.

Hello, doll. This is Pat, my fiance.

We're engaged to be married.

This is Christine, doll.

Hello.

Bend over.

That's for the Inland bloody Revenue.

- Cheeky sods.

- What's the matter with you today?

- Good morning, ladies.

- Look what I got in the post this morning.

- The floodgates are open.

- What is it?

Inland bloody Revenue from when I got nicked.

Box No. 192.

A plethora of kinky correspondence.

Cheeky sods. They've assessed my earnings and sent me a bill for tax.

- Morning, Mac.

- You can't leave those there, you know.

Some of us are working in here.

Who's attending to Mr Webb's bot-bot?

This one wants golden rain, Miss Cane.

Does she now, Miss Stern?

- Will you oblige, Miss Cane?

- Let me at him, Miss Stern.

- Excuse me.

- Yes?

- Speak up!

- Excuse me, Superior Mistress,

but how did you know

I worked for the Inland Revenue?

You work for the Inland Revenue?

Yes.

- What's golden rain?

- Piddle.

- What?

- He wants you to piddle on him.

- I can't do that.

- You've agreed to it now.

Come on.

Detective Constables Timms and Gibson.

Flying Squad.

No more vice, just villains.

She's a cleaner, nothing more, nothing less.

OK, Mr Smartarse?

- I'm not interested.

- Christine, they've been shifted.

They're not vice any more.

Cheeky sods.

Put the kettle on, Dolly.

Have you got a toilet?

- I'm busting.

- Yeah, me too.

They've come to use the bloody toilet.

Have they?

This way.

- It's not too tight, is it?

- The one round his neck looks tight.

It's fine.

Hold these.

Now, I wish to be left in the chamber  
for exactly one and one half hour.

If I need any assistance,  
I'll press the alarm button here  
and the light will come on.

Is it working?

Yes.

- Yes.

Can you hear us?

Yes.

One and one half hour.

Shirley, the gag, please.

Right, slave,

now we are closing the doors for ever.

The high priestess will attend without.

That's it. Home. Supper.

Feet up in front of the telly.

He's such a nice man.

I don't understand it, do you?

No, I don't.

I thought he was making a cupboard  
for us to hang our coats in.

I did.

- It's a bit scary, isn't it?

- I'll stay, if you like.

- No, you go.

- Good luck.

- What time's your date?

- I've got ages yet.

It's just a date. He's only a fella.

I'm so nervous.

I've got the collywobbles.

- Go out. Enjoy yourself.

- Ta.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Thank you, Dolly.

Oh, my God!

- Please...

- Mr Popozogolou.

If I'd have known, if you'd told me,  
you could borrow my clothes any time you want.

You could come round here and dress up.

I'll dress up with you, if you want.

You don't have to come creeping in here,  
you know.

You can wear whatever you want in here.

I'm... not a transvestite.

- I'm not a homosexual.

- I don't mind if you are.

- I love my wife.

- That's nice.

I like to wear dress.

- Oh, my God.

- The red light.

- What is it?

- Oh, no.

Hello.

What do you want?

Friendly visit. Off duty.

Peace. Pax.

I've come to check your locks.

I'm busy.

Don't you ever get fed up?

What with?  
All these kinky sods.  
Don't you ever ache for something straight?  
Not that I've noticed.  
I think you do.  
I know you do.  
It's written all over your face.  
Let me come in.  
Now.  
You've got to keep in with the police.  
Sorry, too late.  
Oh, my God! Bloody hell!  
Mac! Are you alive or dead?  
I'm alive!  
This is very nice, madam.  
There are three other bedrooms this size.  
- A small bedroom and a box room.  
- Oh, that would be my room, madam.  
- I'll put you in a bloody kennel!  
- Yes, please.  
Nice.  
- They are well-proportioned rooms.  
- Very nice.  
If you put up some of the cash,  
it gives you no rights over my life, you know.  
Call it an indulgence, madam,  
of an ageing pillock in the autumn of his days.  
The perfect locale for a brothel, madam.  
A house of pleasure.  
Privacy and discretion assured.  
It's a home. My home.  
Not just a knocking-shop.  
But the place for sex is in the home.  
A guaranteed loan, madam, through my bank.  
The bargain of a lifetime.  
Snap it up now,  
before senile dementia runs me down.  
This garden's a mess.  
Slaves required.  
Foot and shoe fetishists welcome.  
Household and garden duties essential.  
Won't cost a penny.  
I'll leave that to you.  
I'll take care of everything, madam.

Nice.

A mess.

A nice mess.

Turn on the light!

Danielle! Turn the light on!

You see? They want more, madam!

You shouldn't be watching this. Not yet.

They can't wait, madam!

We want to see the films.

- We want to see the films.

- We want to see the films.

There's going to be a lesbian display first.

The blue films are for later.

We've got Hot Pussies, Horse Lovers,

- Way To Valhalla...

- And Casanova And The Nuns!

And the nuns.

But there's going to be

a real live lesbian display first.

Bloody well cheer up, Danielle.

No sex in the bathroom, please!

Last time, somebody pulled the sink off the wall.

Come on.

- That's it.

- I'm all right.

- Come in!

- My dear Christine, hello.

This is my friend and colleague, Mr Patel.

Hello. Come in.

Is this the one that's getting me the fridge?

He's the one.

We offer the best discounts in town,

Miss Painter. Anything you like.

Except sex, eh? Ha-bloody-ha!

Now, brothel days are Mondays,

Wednesdays and Fridays.

But this is just a party, a sex party.

- So, enjoy yourselves.

- Who have we got here this evening?

- Helen's here, and Barbara.

- She's nice.

Oh, and there's Fay.

No charge.

She only does it in her spare time.

She's really a vet.  
Now, when you go upstairs,  
you hand that in to the girl.  
Don't pay the girl.  
I pay them later.  
They hand me back the vouchers.  
Nicole, get these two gentlemen a drink.  
There's going to be a real live lesbian show  
in a minute.  
- Silly bugger! What do you think you're doing?  
- I'm on a quest, madam.  
Searching for the perfect expression  
of my femininity.  
Not easy for an ageing pillock.  
Why can't you grow old gracefully, silly old sod?  
Oh, certainly not, madam.  
I intend to grow old disgracefully!  
Disgusting.  
Here. Straight from the chicken's gonger.  
Thank you, Christine.  
You're a dear.  
A beacon among the rocks.  
Among the cocks, more like.  
Dirty old sods, every one of you.  
What's the point of being old  
if you can't be dirty?  
Nice party.  
Happy birthday to you  
Happy birthday to you  
Happy birthday, dear David  
Happy birthday to you  
Hooray!  
Come on, where's your puff, boy?  
Right. Here.  
- What about the cake, madam?  
- Wait a bloody minute.  
Happy birthday.  
Hello, David.  
This is Carol.  
- Oh!  
- I'm sorry, did I startle you?  
- I thought you'd gone.  
- I must be getting underway.  
Yes, you must.



- Thank you so much. Same time next week?  
- Yes. I should take that off if I were you.  
Oh! Thank you. Yes.  
- Next week, then.  
- Three o'clock prompt!  
Winky-poops and bot-bots.  
- Yes?  
- Hello.  
- Hello. You're late!  
- Sorry, mistress Christine. I've been at work.  
Work? There's work to be done round here,  
my boy! In! In! Go on!  
Come on! Come on, slave! Get a move on!  
What do you think this is,  
the Queen's garden party?  
Get busy, you lot!  
Now! Go on!  
Madam, they want to know how much.  
- What for?  
- Digging the garden.  
They're slaves. I thought it was free.  
No, they want to know how much you want  
for letting them dig the garden.  
They've got to work much harder.  
- Or I won't accept a penny.  
- Sorry, mistress Christine.  
What is it?  
Dad.  
So, this is it.  
That's right, this is it. Have a good look.  
- I'm not here for a row.  
- Makes a change.  
It doesn't matter which side I stand, I'm always  
on the wrong side of you. It's not easy.  
Then why bother?  
I need a woman.  
Pardon?  
A woman.  
Your father needs a woman.  
Thanks, Mum.  
Your grandfather's here, David.  
- Hello, son.  
- Hello.  
Grandpa.

- Grandpa.  
- Here. Happy birthday.  
Thanks, Grandpa.  
Dad!  
Dad. David, excuse us, please.  
Dad, come with me.  
Up or down?  
Dad, this is Carol.  
Carol, this is my dad.  
How do you do, Mr Painter?  
- How do you do?  
- Very well, thank you.  
Long time ago in Bethlehem  
So the Holy Bible say  
Mary's boy child, Jesus Christ  
Was born on Christmas Day  
Hark now hear the angels sing  
Listen what they say  
That man will live for evermore  
Because of Christmas Day  
I saw you!  
Thank you, Lorena!  
Now, then, you lot.  
Come on, Webby. I want a snap with the girls.  
Lorena, you can come back out now!  
You two, shift your gongers.  
All the men, out!  
Come on! Come on, girls! In!  
Come on you lot, stop pissing about!  
I want you to get into this picture.  
Jenny! Look at her knickers.  
Gloria? Oh, she's here.  
Come on, Helen!  
Come on. Come on, Shirley. In the middle.  
And Dolly.  
- I'm here.  
- Oh, you're here. That's right.  
Oh, Danielle, stop looking so bloody miserable.  
Get in at the side.  
Nicole!  
- Me too, madam.  
- Not bloody likely.  
- Oh, yes, please, madam!  
- Yes, come on.

- Hey! Hey, what about the men?  
- No men!  
Yes, what about us?  
Right.  
One, two, three...  
Sex!  
Merry Christmas!  
Happy Christmas!  
Jingle Bells  
Let the fucking commence!  
Jingle Bells  
- Who is it?  
- I am a police officer.  
I have a warrant to enter these premises!  
- Open up!  
- Look out, everybody, it's a raid!  
Oh, shit.  
Come on, lads. Keep on.  
Oh, well, you might as well come in  
now you're here!  
Nice to see you again.  
- What the hell's going on?  
- Who's this?  
Come on in, boys.  
That's right.  
And you, girls.  
We're short on girls.  
Sod off!  
Sex!  
We are police officers. Stop what you are doing.  
I don't care who you are. I'm not stopping now.  
Arrest this woman!  
That is an offensive weapon!  
Out!  
- Come on! What are you waiting...?  
- Oh!  
Rule Britannia  
Britannia rules the waves  
Britons never never never shall be slaves  
Sod 'em all, madam!  
I'm a pervert!  
Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray!  
- Do you have to knock down the doors?  
- This is the woman, and these are the premises

on which I've kept observation  
over the last three months.  
This house has been operating as a brothel  
during that time.  
You've heard the officer. What have you to say?  
If I'd know he'd been out there all that time,  
I'd have asked him in for a cup of tea.  
- Can't you tell him not to...?  
- In the van!  
- Diplomats?  
- I beg your pardon?  
Are you diplomats?  
Yes, we are diplomats.  
No scandals, please.  
- Scarper.  
- Thank you, sir.  
Yes, sir.  
Pay no attention.  
I'm not going in that!  
Hello, Maureen! We're being raided!  
- I hope you'll apologise to the neighbours.  
- Don't make trouble, madam.  
I'm not going in no Black Maria  
like some common criminal.  
Everyone else is.  
I'll go in yours. Which is yours?  
Is this yours? Come on.  
- Come on.  
- Very well, madam.  
He's a gentleman!  
Just my type.  
A touch of royalty about him.  
Silent night  
Get off!  
Come on.  
Come on, you're not going anywhere like that.  
Come on.  
Oh, shit. Come here.  
Come on.  
Oh!  
What a carry-on, eh?  
Settle down!  
Baa!  
Baa!

Bleah! Blah!

Bleah! Bleah!

- Baa!

- Gentlemen!

Bleah!

Gentlemen, I would ask you to be patient.

Tea and baked beans will be served  
and statements will be taken.

We won't keep you long.

You're all a lot of sheep!

You don't have to give statements!

Ask him what's the charge.

You're all a lot of sheep!

What's the charge?

Sheep! Baa! Baa! Baa!

I'm a retired officer of the RAF!

Twice decorated!

I flew 207 missions over occupied territory!

In bra and panties!

You're a disgrace.

This is no way to treat a lady!

It's just like a Tupperware party, really.

But I sell sex instead of plastic containers.

If the wives were willing,

I'd be out of a job, wouldn't I?

They go off sex.

Rather sell Tupperware.

Ha-bloody-ha.

Sex soon goes out of a marriage.

I'm a bit old-fashioned, really.

I believe in marriage.

Men are animals, sexually.

They don't talk a bit of sense  
until you've got them despunked.

Women are more affectionate.

They like a bit of affection.

Though I've met a few horny buggers in my time.

The wife wants a three-piece suite.

If she gave the man sex,

he might be more inclined to come across  
with the three-piece suite.

It may not be a fashionable thing to say,  
but once you've got him despunked, and he's  
sitting there thinking he's all wonderful,

done you a good turn, given you a pair  
of soggy knickers, in the afterglow of his glory,  
he's more likely to come across  
with a Dralon three-piece, don't you think?  
Well, you could well be right, love. I dunno.  
Personally, I've been married for 20 years,  
and we still go at it like rabbits.  
I'm responsible, not the men.  
You can't expect the men to be responsible.  
When the balls are full, the brain is empty.  
Ask him.  
He should know. I'm fully responsible.  
We're looking to make several charges.  
Including possessing obscene articles for gain,  
selling liquor without a licence,  
running a disorderly house,  
and keeping a brothel.  
I just perform a service.  
You will go down for this.  
I only go down for a price, dear,  
and I doubt if you could afford it.  
Earth stood hard as iron  
Water like a stone  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow  
Snow on snow  
In the bleak midwinter  
Long ago  
Yaaah!  
Good morning, gentlemen.  
Good morning, ladies.  
Please, please! No need to storm the fort.  
- Is Miss Painter here?  
- No, madam is not here at present.  
But if you would care to follow me, we will  
proceed with a conducted tour of the premises.  
This way, please. This way.  
Is it true she gave sex  
to people in wheelchairs?  
Well, there was a minimal charge, sir.  
But yes, it's true. Everything's true, sir.  
All in good time.  
My name is Morton. Ex Wing Commander.  
Since my retirement,  
I have devoted my life to transvestism

and the pursuit of sexual deviation.  
And I'm now a very happy man,  
having escaped  
from an extremely overcrowded closet.  
Here, catering strictly for the tastes  
of the older gentleman,  
here is the lounge where clients relax  
with a bridge roll and a gin and tonic  
before going with  
the lady of their choice...  
thus undermining the moral fabric  
of the nation.  
But let me take you  
to where I know you're longing to go.  
Upstairs! To reveal the exotic underbelly  
of our beloved country.  
Follow in the footsteps  
of fathers and grandfathers,  
fornicators all.  
If, in your innocence,  
there is anything you do not understand,  
if there's anything you wish to see,  
do not hesitate to ask.  
For in this house,  
we have nothing to hide.  
Be upstanding in court.  
Bless this house  
O Lord, we pray  
Make it safe by night and day  
Bless these walls  
So firm and stout  
Keeping want and trouble out  
Bless the roof and chimneys tall  
Let thy peace lie over all  
Bless this door that it may prove  
Ever open to joy and love