

LISA                    You know my Biba dress? You can borrow that and you'll look fantastic. You are not alone.

*(They hug. End of scene.)*

**Music No. 16a: INTO PARLIAMENT**

SCENE SEVEN

*Outside Parliament, by the Oliver Cromwell statue. CLARE, BERYL, CASS.*

CLARE                Who's that?

CASS                 Oliver Cromwell.

CLARE                I like her boots.

BERYL                Are we early or is Rita late?

CASS                 One o'clock outside Parliament. Rita's late.

CLARE                I can't wear thigh length leather boots on me wotsit.

BERYL                On your head?

CLARE                On me wedding day.

BERYL                Depends on the dress, dunnit.

CASS                 In an ideal world, what would be your dream wedding dress, Clare?

CLARE                White o' course.

BERYL                You can't wear white, you daft slapper, you've already had it off!

CASS                 You'll have to have peach.

BERYL                Or salmon.

CLARE                My Ken don't like fish.

BERYL                   It's a wedding dress. He don't have to fucking eat it.

*(Enter RITA.)*

RITA                    Sorry I'm late.

BERYL                   Are you alright?

RITA                    Yeah, I'm fine, thanks.

BERYL                   Don't you lie to me, girl.

RITA                    No, I'm alright.

*(Enter SANDRA.)*

SANDRA                Am I late?

BERYL                   Yes!

RITA                    I don't care about that, we're just glad you're here.

BERYL / CASS /  
CLARE

Hmmm!

SANDRA                Gimme a break, you lot! They give me fifty quid to wiggle my arse!  
Who can say no to that?

CASS                    You'd do Playboy then, would you?

SANDRA                Yeah! This strike is about fairness, equality, right and wrong. It's  
got nuffin to do with feminism. Who's that?

CLARE                   Cromwell.

SANDRA                I like her boots.

RITA                    Honestly, come on then girls! Beryl, no swearing!

BERYL                   I can't fucking promise.

RITA                    Let's do it!

**Music No. 16b: PRESS MUSIC**

*(They move towards the Parliament gates where there are press gathered.)*

HACK 1 Ladies, are you going to ask Barbara Castle for Equal Pay?

RITA 'Course we are, that's what we're striking for, innit?

HACK 2 And if she refuses, how will you cope with that?

RITA How will we cope? We're women! We always cope!

*(They go into the building. End of scene.)*

#### SCENE EIGHT

BARBARA CASTLE'S office. TEA LADY opens the doors and the girls come in.

BARBARA Come in! Rita, welcome. Sit down, all the furniture's old. And call me Barbara, not ma'am, I'm not the Queen, not yet. Ha, ha!

RITA This is Beryl.

BERYL Alright? That's C & A, innit?

BARBARA This? Yes.

BERYL I got one of them. The zip goes.

BARBARA It's only for work. Now girls I don't want to get your hopes up –

*(Enter HAROLD WILSON. They all stand.)*

HAROLD Don't stand, I wouldn't stand for you. I won't stay because I realise that having a handsome powerful man sucking suggestively on a pipe might be a distraction! Westminster is a boys' club, I'm afraid, the ladies' loos are in Clapham. But you can use the gents' if you don't mind standing up. I was breast fed and I like women, I've known several intimately, and my mother was a woman, though I never slept with her after puberty, because that's not normal, not yet, anyway. But I've also met countless women on the stairs during my lifetime up and down the length and great breasts of