

FANNY HILL

REEL ONE

VENDOR ... Round and Sound Date cherries!

A GIRL VENDOR: Milk below, aids!

VENDOR: Knives and scissors to mend!

A WOMAN: Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, on -

YOUNG GIRL: Who'll buy my lavender - sweet lavender -

WOMAN: Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, on.

MAID: Slops below!

MAN: (Yells ad. lib)

MISWIFE: A sixpence, a sixpence, a sixpence for a
mess of fish, a mess, a mess of fish. A sixpence, a sixpence,
a sixpence.

TWO GENTLEMEN IN MARKET: (ad. lib)

WOMAN: Slops below

MAN: (yelling; ad. lib)

MISWIFE: Fish, sixpence for a mess of fish. Sixpence
for a mess of fish. Fish, sixpence for a mess of fish.

FANNY: Oh!

MISWIFE: Sixpence for a mess of fish! Sixpence for a
mess of fish.

THREE MEN - THREE WOMEN: (laughing loudly)

FANNY MAN: (Laughs)

FANNY: (Screams)

JADE: (screams) Slut!

FANNY: Oh madam I'm sorry.

JADE: Oh!

FANNY: Here madam, please!

JADE: Oh! Miss!

FANNY: (sharp breath)

JADE: Trollop! strumpet! slut! (screams)

FANNY: (screams)

GIRL: (off) Slops below!

FANNY'S VOICE: I am Fanny Hill. The wicked woman you have all heard about. Only I'm not quite a woman and I really didn't mean to be wicked, but I know that is no excuse. I was born at a small village near Liverpool. My parents did not have the means to properly educate me before they were carried away by smallpox. I have often felt my lack of learning keenly for on their death, I was thrust on the streets penniless and alone, in my opinion quite unready for the world, nevertheless ... people ever since have been asking that really, was the world ready for me?

MADE (screams)

FANNY: (laughs)

FANNY'S VOICE: My friend, Esther Davis, who is more worldly than I, brought me to the city to find employment. A good lass, she, and my only friend in the world. She has been kind enough to take what is left of my money and is even now, I trust, looking for lodgings. But seven hours have past and she has not returned so I must find employment or I shall surely starve to my very death. And so, lucky little me, I met the very kindest old lady imaginable.

INSERT: Employment Office - Places for Milling Girls immediately.

MRS. SNOW: Slut! Malingerer! Imposter! If you can't do the work don't apply for it! That's the third place you have lost this week.

SCRUSS GIRL: (coughs and sniffles)

FANNY'S VOICE: Like many city people she was, on the surface, somewhat gruff ... but it was apparent to me she had a heart of gold - for certainly she seemed to regard me with the greatest interest from the first ...

SCUBB GIRL (courts)

MRS. SNOW: Sweetheart, are you looking for a place?

FANNY'S VOICE: There was no mistaking the ^{require} warmth of that greeting; and I knew at once. I had come to the right person.

FANNY: Yes, and it please you ma'm.

MRS. SNOW: And what do you do my child?

FANNY: Oh, I am trained very little, but I'm most willing and I think I would be very quick to learn.

FANNY'S VOICE: As I spoke those fateful words, destiny itself took a hand for, before the Manageress could so much as offer me a position - there was a grand entry, an overwhelming scent of patchouli and I found myself before the most enchanting great lady I had ever met ...

MRS. BROWN: Angels and ministers of grace defend me!
It is the dead walking again! My own Drusilla as a live and breathe while she, my own darling, moulders in her grave far from a Mother's loving care!

FANNY: Madam?

MRS. BROWN: Dear Mrs. Snow, is not this lady the very image of my dear dead daughter?!

MRS. SNOW: As like as two peas Maude in a pod.

FANNY: Madame, there must be some mistake!

MRS BROWN: Oh, no, no - I realize you are not Drusilla. But the resemblance, my dear - it is so striking. Oh, 'pon my soul, it's enough to tear a mother's heart asunder. What are you doing here, child?

MRS SNOW: She wants a place, Maud. Claims she is willing and a quick learner.

FANNY: Any sort of simple task in the kitchen or cleaning up of any kind, or --

MRS BROWN: Oh, soil those dove-like hands with menial labor?! Sooner would I send my very daughter, of whom you are the very image, to the salt mines of Siberia! Mrs. Snow, fate led me here! Truly I came looking for a second footman --

MRS SNOW: I told you Albert wouldn't stay -- much too young for you, and too roving an eye!

MRS BROWN: But to find this -- Drusilla's own tiny waist and rose-red lips! Oh, and her surging bosom! They are all yours, aren't they, dear? I mean, they do surge of their own accord? Drusilla's did! Oh, yes, yes. And her flawless milk-white complexion! Oh, my dear young girl, will you give joy to a grieving mother's heart by coming with me to be - oh, no, no - not a maid - no, no - not a cook, not a scrubgirl, but - shall we say - a companion - a replacement for my dear departed daughter? (sobs)

FANNY'S VOICE: What heart could fail to be untouched by such an appeal? Here I was, a young girl, desolate and friendless, and here was this lovely matron, finding surcease from her grief in my presence!

FANNY'S VOICE

Within the hour I was standing in front of Mrs. Brown's house - though it was in a rather odd district ..

MRS. BROWN'S VOICE: Don't mind the layabouts, luv.

The neighbourhood's gone down shocking, but I can't bear to leave because of poor Drusilla's memory ...!

MRS. BROWN: (laughs) Simple little place but we call it house - I mean home!

FANNY: Ooo, its a palace indeed Madam.

MRS. BROWN: What a dear sweet child it is to be sure. Girls, Attendez sil vous plait! Come and see the lovely surprise your Aunty has brought you. And now as practically a daughter of the house you must meet your companions.

FANNY: Companions?

MRS. BROWN: Oh dear girls, all living here with me - offspring of my twelve sisters. Come to spend the season and come out as it were. Oh, Cousin Choebé, Cousin Ana, Cousin Emily, Cousin Hortense, Cousin Ester, Cousin Senella, Cousin Elfie, Cousin Dora, Cousin Sybil, and Cousin Amanda, late as usual. And cousin Lotus Blossom - sister Emma travelled in the Orient you know. Oh dear girls I hope I didn't interrupt anything!

CHOEBÉ: No Madam, we were just getting ready.

MRS. BROWN: Ooo, is it that late, well I guess it is, time does fly! We must hurry but I did want you to meet our little Fanny. Ooo, I'm sure everyone will love her, sooner or later.