

The Doghouse Club

Episode One

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. 32 PARKSIDE - DAY

A large detached property with a 1960s car waiting outside.

SUPER: Mill Hill, London - 1962.

The front door opens accompanied by a woman's voice.

BETTE (O.S.)
Come on, come on, we're going to be
late.

A three year old girl, BRIGITTE, runs out towards the car. Behind her is the owner of the voice, her mother, BETTE HILL, 36, black hair, simple dress. She leads out her two year old son, DAMON.

She puts the children in the car and looks back to the front door, expectant. When no one appears she marches back to the house.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - HALLWAY - DAY

Bette stands at the foot of the stairs.

BETTE
Will you get a bloody move on!

Huffing, she turns and marches out, picking up a kit bag and helmet sitting by the door as she goes.

EXT. 32 PARKSIDE - DAY

Bette loads the bag and helmet into the boot and slams the boot lid shut.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bette sits in the passenger seat glaring at the front door. Finally, her husband saunters into view while casually smoking a cigarette. This is GRAHAM HILL, 33, handsome with a moustache. He walks towards the car and climbs in.

INT. CAR - DAY (LATER)

The family drive. The children fidget in the back. Bette glances at the clock.

BETTE
You're late even by your standards.

GRAHAM
It'll be fine.

BETTE
I told Gladys we'd drop the
children off at ten. Not much
chance of that now.

GRAHAM

What has Gladys got on that's so important?

BETTE

That's not the point.

GRAHAM

Well then.

BETTE

It's not just Gladys, what about Tony?

GRAHAM

Oh he won't mind.

BETTE

Well I do, and you should too if you know what's good for you. Today's a big day, try to rise to the occasion.

They drive on in silence.

TITLES: THE DOGHOUSE CLUB

EXT. PIT WALL - DAY

Bette sits holding a lap chart and a stopwatch, watching as Graham roars past in his new BRM Formula One car. As Bette records the lap time, BRM's chief designer approaches, TONY RUDD, 39, glasses, wears a shabby suit.

TONY

How's he going Bette?

BETTE

The tyres are starting to fade, but the times are still good. He's visibly faster than last year.

TONY

We spent the winter designing our own engine.

BETTE

Will it last a race distance this time? Graham can't have another year like '61.

TONY

The boys have busted a gut to be ready. It won't be like last season, I'm sure.

BETTE

I should hope not.

Tony holds out a pit board signalling Graham to return to the garage as he roars past again. Bette records the lap time.

TONY

Time for tea isn't it?

INT. BRM GARAGE - DAY

Bette pours out six mugs of tea from a kettle on a gas stove. Like a pro, she hands out all six mugs at once to the waiting pit crew.

BETTE

Here we go boys.

MECHANIC #1

Ta Bette.

Graham pulls up in the pit lane and clambers out. The mechanics wheel the car back into the garage.

GRAHAM

Sort the rear out, chaps. No point having that peach of an engine if I can't get the power down.

TONY

Right boys, let's get to it.

(to Graham)

I want to do a race run when they're finished. Anything else we need to sort out?

Graham gives feedback to Tony as the mechanics work on the car. Bette watches, noticing that the tea sits forgotten. Tony approaches her as Graham wanders off.

TONY

You'll need some more timesheets.

BETTE

I have some in the car.

EXT. PADDOCK - DAY

Bette takes out a stack of papers from the boot of the car. She sees dark clouds forming above her and grabs a raincoat as well.

EXT. PIT WALL - DAY

Despite the raincoat, Bette is soaked by unrelenting drizzle. She shivers as she writes the lap times, struggling to keep them dry.

Tony stands under the cover of the garage.

TONY

Doing a good job Bette! Keep it up.

Graham powers out of the final corner. He slides, coming dangerously close to hitting the pit wall, but Bette does not react. She receives a face full of spray as Graham flies past.

INT. BRM GARAGE - DAY

The mechanics wheel the car in as Graham dries himself off with a towel.

GRAHAM

Nice work boys.

TONY

How did she cope with the rain?

GRAHAM

Rather well. Better than my wife anyway.

The crew laugh, but they quickly go quiet when they see Bette standing at the front of the garage, dripping wet.

TONY

How did we do, Bette?

BETTE

The times were consistent, but in those conditions it's meaningless until we see the rest of the field.

TONY

Good, good.

BETTE

Is there anything I can dry myself off with?

Tony looks around. There is nothing to hand except oily rags and Graham's filthy towel.

TONY

Doesn't look like it, sorry.

INT. CAR - DAY

Graham drives as Bette tries to fix her hair in the sun visor mirror.

GRAHAM

You know I don't spray you on purpose?

Bette ignores him.

GRAHAM

Are you cranky because I got you wet? You can't still be annoyed about this morning?

BETTE

No. But don't think I've forgotten about it. Just collect the children and take me home.

EXT. GLADYS' HOUSE - DUSK

Bette stands at the door before her aunt, GLADYS, holding a sleeping Damon as Brigitte clings to her.

BETTE

What do you mean you can't take them?

GLADYS

It was fine when it was just the odd day, but --

BETTE

But what? It was fine for ages and now suddenly you spring this on me?

GLADYS

It's all getting too much for --

BETTE

You're being silly. You can carry on until the season starts, then I'll find someone else.

GLADYS

No Bette, I won't do it, and I won't have you order me about like a servant outside my own house.

BETTE

I'm disappointed in you Gladys, but there we are.

Bette leads Brigitte to the car.

GLADYS

What about Edna? Or Phyllis? Or Reggie? I'm sure any of them would be available.

Bette loads the children into the back seats.

EXT. 32 PARKSIDE - NIGHT

The car pulls up on the drive. Graham lifts out the sleeping Damon while Bette leads Brigitte towards the house.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bette collapses onto the sofa. Graham enters wearing a trendy evening suit, every bit the dashing Englishman for a night out.

GRAHAM

They're both down for the night.

BETTE

Good.

(sees Graham's changed)

Are you going somewhere?

GRAHAM

Meeting Tony and the boys at the Steering Wheel Club, bit of a pre-season bash. I told you at the track.

BETTE

You did not.

GRAHAM

Oh? Well, you know now.

Beat.

BETTE

Gladys said she can't watch the children anymore.

GRAHAM

What? Why?

BETTE

She's being hysterical.

GRAHAM

Nothing new there.

BETTE

So now I've got to find a replacement before Goodwood.

GRAHAM

Hmm. It's your area. I'll say hello to Peggy for you.

He gives Bette a peck on the forehead, Bette just sits rigid, she does not react.

GRAHAM

See you in the morning.

Graham exits. Bette sits silently for a moment before using the phone.

BETTE

Hello? Edna?... It's Bette... Oh fine, we were at the track again today... Nothing new, soaking, freezing and exhausted, and Graham almost hit the wall... No he was fine, he must be, he's gone out again tonight... It doesn't bother me if he almost crashes. Anyway, Edna I was wondering if you'd be able to watch the children for me? Gladys has decided she can't just before the season starts and I need... What?... Where are you going?... You kept that quiet... Fine, I'll try Phyllis... Why not?... For heaven's sake. All right I'll keep ringing around. Someone's got to be free.

She hangs up with more force than necessary.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bette pours herself a glass of wine.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sinking into the sofa with her wine, Bette closes her eyes. A moment later, Damon starts crying. Bette sighs and goes to comfort her son.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - DAMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bette tucks Damon into bed, kisses him goodnight and leaves.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LANDING - NIGHT

Bette closes the door of Damon's bedroom, though instead of going downstairs, she enters the bathroom.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Standing before the mirror, Bette takes a moment to stare at herself.

BETTE

My area? Everything's my bloody area because God forbid you ever lift a finger in this marriage.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - KITCHEN - DAY

Damon and Brigitte sit at the table. Bette is fixing Damon's breakfast as Graham enters.

GRAHAM

Morning all!

Bette ignores him.

GRAHAM

Good morning champ. Did you sleep well?

Damon doesn't speak.

GRAHAM

What have you got for breakfast, princess?

BRIGITTE

Toast.

GRAHAM

Toast? That sounds nice. And how about I do your mother and I some bacon sandwiches?

BETTE

I've eaten, but you go ahead. You need your energy.

Graham starts frying bacon.

GRAHAM

Because I need to restore my strength? Or to brace myself for the bollocking I'm about to receive?

BETTE

You should not have gone out last night.

GRAHAM

Oh that was nothing.

BETTE

Another party? Getting home at three in the morning?

GRAHAM

It was just a bit of team bonding, that's hardly a party.

BETTE

I don't care. It's just another thing I wasn't invited to.

GRAHAM

Ah-ha I knew it. I knew it wasn't about staying out late.

BETTE

Oh believe me it's about your staying out late.

(MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)

It's also about me slaving away for you and the team only to come home and get left behind, again.

GRAHAM

Someone had to stay to look after the kids last night.

BETTE

That someone was me, as usual.

GRAHAM

Where have you got to go that's so important?

BETTE

Nowhere.

GRAHAM

So why are we having this discussion?

BETTE

It's like talking to a brick wall. It shouldn't always have to be me staying at home to watch them. But it's going to be me a lot more often now Gladys has backed out.

GRAHAM

You couldn't find a replacement?

BETTE

I rang around. Reggie can cover us for Goodwood, but that's all.

GRAHAM

Great, and in future why don't we just bring them with us?

BETTE

Oh that's perfect. So who's going to watch them while I'm doing the timesheets? Because last time I checked your car doesn't have room for passengers.

GRAHAM

You'd manage. Besides, they'd enjoy it.

(to children)

Would you like to come racing with mum and dad?

Damon and Brigitte nod excitedly. Graham turns to Bette with a victorious smile.

BETTE

Don't think having them there makes up for not spending time with them away from the track.

GRAHAM

That's hardly fair.

BETTE

But it's fair to let me look after you, them and the team all at once?

GRAHAM

It'd be nice to have them around.

BETTE

You know what I think? I think you want them there to suit your image. The gentleman racer with his family out in support, a nice little publicity stunt. We smile for the cameras while you bring home the trophies. Do I tell them to keep smiling if you hit the wall?

GRAHAM

Don't push it.

BETTE

They're not coming to the races, Graham. That's final.

GRAHAM

Then I guess we'll just have to find a minder.

BETTE

We?

The mail drops through the front door. Bette exits to collect it as Graham takes his sandwich to the table. Bette returns with letters and a package.

BETTE

For you.

She hands Graham the package. He opens it.

GRAHAM

Eba's sent me Gregor's latest issue of Autosport.

Graham starts flicking through the magazine. Brigitte looks on inquisitively.

GRAHAM

Here we go my sweet.

Graham lifts Brigitte onto his lap. She turns the pages curiously. Graham stops her on a double page spread of him, complete with photos. The article discusses Graham's championship prospects ahead of the 1962 season.

GRAHAM

Look, it's daddy. That was my BRM from last year.

BRIGITTE

BRM.

GRAHAM

Very good.

BETTE

BRM standing for barely reliable machine.

Graham ignores her. Brigitte turns to another article, it is dominated by a large photo of a driver at the wheel of a car with the number seven on the side.

GRAHAM

Ah now that is Stirling Moss. He's a good friend of daddy's, and he is very quick.

BETTE

Is he going to be at Goodwood?

GRAHAM

If he can find a car.
(to Brigitte)
Do you think daddy can beat Stirling?

Brigitte nods.

GRAHAM

Well sweet if you think I can then I will. He'll be eating my dust.

BETTE

I'll hold you to that.

EXT. GOODWOOD PIT LANE - DAY

Qualifying. Bette keeps the lap times of the cars on track while others are worked on in the garages.

EBA (O.S.)

Boo!

EBA GRANT, 49 yet full of energy, surprises Bette from behind.

BETTE

Good heavens Eba. Don't sneak up on me like that.

EBA

It's just a bit of fun. Got to do something to pass the time while Gregor's working.

BETTE

Presumably he's here for the next edition?

EBA

Hmm, he wanted to see the title contenders against each other but sadly Jim's not here.

BETTE

Good, he can give Graham a few more column inches. All through the winter it's been Jim this and Stirling that.

EBA

Ah now don't be getting jealous, Bette. Graham will have his time, but Stirling's the favourite for the title, it's only right he gets the pre-season spotlight. As for Jim, you can't imagine he wanted all that coverage, not after that business with the Italian police.

BETTE

Well, give them both a break, it's Graham's time.

Graham flies past, soon followed by a car with the number seven on the side. Bette records the laps, Eba glances at the timesheets.

EBA

He's got to beat Stirling first.

BETTE

Let me get on, Eba.

EBA

I'll go and be bored somewhere else.

BETTE

Find something constructive to do. Take a walk around the track.

EBA

Maybe later.

Bette watches Eba wander down the pit lane, greeting people and chatting as she goes.

EXT. GOODWOOD PIT LANE - DAY (LATER)

A chequered flag is waved as cars flash past to finish the qualifying session.

Bette assembles with a group of women to compare lap charts. A COURSE OFFICIAL joins them.

COURSE OFFICIAL
Have you got the times, ladies?

Bette hands over a sheet of paper.

COURSE OFFICIAL
Two seconds off? What happened
Bette? Something stuck under
Graham's throttle pedal?

Bette doesn't respond. She moodily marches back towards the BRM garage when ahead of her, the number seven car pulls up. The driver climbs out and removes his helmet, revealing him as STIRLING MOSS, 33, a dashing face is hidden beneath the filth from the track. Bette approaches him.

BETTE
Congratulations Stirling.

STIRLING
Thank you dear.

BETTE
Two seconds ahead of Graham, that's
quite a margin.

STIRLING
Yes the old girl is running very
well today, and when she runs well
you just think Christ, this is
fantastic, you know? The speed
comes from having confidence in
one's machine, as well as one's
abilities.

BETTE
I'm sure.

STIRLING
I was hoping to go faster actually,
but Lotus refused to supply a new
car.

BETTE
I'm surprised they're not here.

STIRLING

Colin Chapman's got his boys
working in secret. Mark my words,
he plans to give us all a bloody
nose.

BETTE

Whatever Lotus have got Graham can
handle.

STIRLING

I'm sure, but I intend to beat
Graham as well. Now if you'll
excuse me, I need to use the
lavatory.

Stirling departs, Bette continues up the pit lane.

INT. BRM GARAGE - GOODWOOD - DAY

Bette enters to find Tony and the mechanics waiting for
Graham to return.

TONY

How did we do Bette?

Bette's drowned out by the COURSE ANNOUNCER.

COURSE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(over tannoy)

The starting grid for the tenth
Glover Trophy stands as follows: On
pole position, Stirling Moss by two
seconds from Graham Hill, who is a
further eight tenths of a second
ahead of Bruce McLaren. Innes
Ireland and John Surtees complete
the first five positions.

BETTE

Says it all.

TONY

Ah.

Graham pulls up and kills the engine. He jumps out,
seething.

GRAHAM

What the hell have you done? How
can you cock up such a strong
design in such a short space of
time?

TONY

Calm down, Graham.

GRAHAM

How far off was I?

BETTE

Two seconds.

GRAHAM

Two seconds? Two bloody seconds off
a knackered old Lotus!

TONY

We'll sort it.

GRAHAM

You can't polish a turd!

TONY

I'll thank you not to talk about my
car like that. We'll do what we
can.

GRAHAM

So we're just handing this race to
Stirling?

TONY

I didn't say that.

GRAHAM

It's what it sounds like. Excuses
to whitewash the fact we're not
quick enough.

No one has an answer for him.

GRAHAM

Well?

BETTE

Graham, go and cool off. Tony, you
and the boys get your act together
and we might just steal a result.

GRAHAM

For Christ's sake.

Graham storms from the garage.

TONY

Am I going to get an earful from
you now?

BETTE

Tony stop feeling sorry for
yourself, it won't do anything to
get us on the podium. Anyway, you
might soon have bigger things to
worry about.

TONY

What do you mean?

BETTE

News from the pit lane. Lotus are working on something secret for the new season.

TONY

Would explain why they're not here.

BETTE

If I were you, I'd be trying to close a gap bigger than two seconds.

TONY

Oh this just gets better and better.

BETTE

They can be as secretive as they like, I don't care, we will still beat them. Right now Stirling's your priority, so worry about him today and we'll worry about Lotus tomorrow.

TONY

You're right.

(to mechanics)

Come on boys, let's get to it.

Bette watches the mechanics set to work on the car.

EXT. GOODWOOD PIT LANE - DAY

Cars race past the pit wall. Bette sits keeping the lap times. Tony holds out the pit board for Graham who passes in hot pursuit of Stirling.

COURSE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Graham Hill and Stirling Moss side by side through Madgwick bend... And Hill sweeps into the lead!

TONY

Get in!

Bette ignores him.

COURSE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

What's this? Moss is dropping back! It looks like something's wrong with the car... Yes he's pulling into the pits.

Mechanics descend on Stirling's car. Tony watches on.

TONY

Looks like gearbox trouble. He's not going anywhere fast!

BETTE
Probably explains how Graham got
past so easily.

EXT. GOODWOOD PIT LANE - DAY (LATER)

Tony holds out the pit board indicating to Graham there are three laps to go. Graham flies past with Stirling following closely in his slipstream.

COURSE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Moss is right behind Hill! He's
taking extreme risks in pursuit of
the lap record.

TONY
What's he playing at? You don't
race the leader when you're three
laps behind. If he takes Graham out
I'll chin him.

Bette ignores him. Suddenly, there is the distant sound of a car crashing that gets the crowd's attention.

TONY
Did you hear that?

BETTE
Let me get on, Tony.

A group of cars pass the pits, soon followed by Graham. Stirling is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. GOODWOOD - ST MARY'S BEND - DAY

Stirling's car has ploughed into a grass banking and is totally destroyed. Stirling sits slumped in the cockpit. Spectators rush to join the crowd of onlookers.

Eba stands at the front of the crowd staring at the wreckage in shock.

EXT. GOODWOOD PIT LANE - DAY

Bette continues to record the lap times. Tony is preparing the pit board.

COURSE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Attention. There are reports of a
serious crash for car number seven,
Stirling Moss.

Bette carries on as normal, but Tony stands still and silent with the spectators in the grandstand.

EXT. GOODWOOD PIT LANE - DAY (LATER)

The end of the race. Graham pulls up and is surrounded by a crowd, although their celebrations are muted.

Tony and Bette reach him.

GRAHAM
Any news?

TONY
They just said they're cutting him
out of the car.

GRAHAM
Alive?

BETTE
We don't know.

Graham starts to walk off but Bette stops him.

BETTE
Where are you going?

GRAHAM
I need to see it.

BETTE
No. You're the winner, rise to the
occasion.

GRAHAM
Never mind that look I've --

BETTE
Graham, will you do what's expected
of you?

Graham gives her a scathing look.

TONY
She's right, Graham. Come on,
they're waiting for you.

Tony and Bette lead Graham through the crowd of spectators,
reporters and photographers.

EXT. GOODWOOD PODIUM - DAY

Graham stands alone on the podium. He is handed the Glover
Trophy, which he holds aloft to the silent crowd. As the
national anthem is played, there is the distant sound of an
ambulance siren.

EXT. GOODWOOD PADDOCK - DUSK

The mechanics load the car onto a lorry. Bette, Graham and
Tony watch on.

TONY
Feels good doesn't it? First win
under our belts.

The team revel in their victory. As they do, a flatbed truck arrives carrying the mangled wreckage of Stirling's Lotus.

GRAHAM

First of many. The world
championship is a formality now.

Everyone is keen to ignore the elephant in the room.

BETTE

I'm taking Graham home. Good work
today everyone.

TONY

Out to play tonight, Graham? Got to
celebrate a first win in style.

GRAHAM

Of course. First round's on me.

Bette hurries Graham away.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - BRIGITTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bette tucks Brigitte into bed.

BRIGITTE

Did daddy win today?

BETTE

Yes, he won.

BRIGITTE

He beat Stirling?

Bette hesitates.

BETTE

Come on, go to sleep.

Bette turns the light off and exits.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Graham is changing into casual clothes when Bette enters.

GRAHAM

It won't be a late one tonight.

BETTE

You're not going.

GRAHAM

Excuse me?

BETTE

You could've been killed today.

GRAHAM

But I wasn't.

BETTE

Not this time.

GRAHAM

Nor will there be a time.

BETTE

Graham for God's sake have the decency to spend the night with your family.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bette watches the television alone.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

One of the country's top motor racing drivers, Stirling Moss, is in a critical condition tonight following a high speed crash at the Goodwood circuit.

The report cuts to grainy footage of the crash.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The car left the track and hit a grass bank at more than one hundred miles per hour.

The phone rings, Bette turns the television off and answers it.

BETTE

Hello?... Oh, hello Betty... Yes I was there, I've just seen the crash... I can't bear to think how hard this must be for his sister, worrying about him, looking after their parents, all while being bombarded by the press. Then again, they could just as easily have been outside my door tonight. Sorry, you had a reason for calling... Oh really?... That explains your absence today... When?... Of course we'll be there... Pass my congratulations on to Jack... See you next week... Bye.

Bette turns the television back on and sees Stirling smiling at her. She just stands and stares at the screen.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bette lies in bed looking up at the ceiling. She rolls over and stares at the empty space on Graham's side.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The children are playing while Bette watches. Brigitte is dressing a doll while Damon is playing with a Matchbox-style toy racing car. Graham enters.

BETTE

You said it wasn't going to be a late one.

GRAHAM

Yes, well, there was a lot on my mind.

BETTE

Likewise.

GRAHAM

Such as?

BETTE

If you can't answer that yourself, you care less about this family than I thought.

GRAHAM

Bette...

BETTE

We've been invited to a party at Jack and Betty's, and I am coming to this one.

GRAHAM

We'll have to find a childminder then.

BETTE

Get going or you'll be late. Just because Stirling's out of the picture doesn't mean you can slack off. Chapman certainly isn't.

GRAHAM

I'll pretend I didn't hear my wife make such a flippant and thoughtless remark. Damon, Brigitte, look after your mother.

Graham exits. Damon takes great delight in crashing his toy car, Bette snatches it from him.

BETTE

That's enough. Play with it properly Damon or you won't be allowed to play with it at all.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bette's back watching television. A NEWSCASTER stands outside a hospital.

NEWSCASTER

After a week of treatment Stirling is still unconscious, he's been unconscious ever since the accident. The mystery as to what exactly caused this accident remains, but a rather disturbing thought is that perhaps we shall never know because the chances are that Stirling, who has a concussion, a broken left leg and a cracked rib, as well as gashes around his face, might himself never remember.

Bette turns the television off, unable to watch anymore.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bette tosses and turns, struggling to sleep. She sits up and breathes deeply to compose herself.

The front door is slammed shut. Graham is home. In his drunken state he is not making any effort to be quiet.

Bette rolls her eyes and tries to sleep.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Graham stands before a mirror putting on a tie. Bette enters.

BETTE

Out late again?

Graham ignores her.

BETTE

That's every night this week.

GRAHAM

I've been working.

BETTE

No hard working man stumbles in at all hours crashing about like a maniac.

Graham just stares into the mirror.

BETTE

Nor do they come to bed stinking of beer and cigarettes.

GRAHAM

Have you seen my shoes?

Graham strides from the room, Bette shoots him daggers as he leaves. She sits at her make-up table but just stares blankly into the mirror.

The phone rings downstairs. After a while it goes silent, Graham's answered it.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Damn!

BETTE

What now?

INT. CAR - DAY

Graham drives the family.

GRAHAM

Bloody ridiculous.

BETTE

I told you ages ago that after Goodwood there wasn't anyone to look after them. Gladys refused so I asked Reggie if he could do one more day and obviously he can't.

GRAHAM

We've had Jack's party in the diary all week, plenty of time for you to find a minder.

BETTE

So this is my fault? Forgive me for thinking you were perfectly capable of operating a telephone.

GRAHAM

I've been busy.

BETTE

Yes, drinking your way through the stores at the Steering Wheel Club and God knows where else.

GRAHAM

If I want to go out I will.

BETTE

And I'm just meant to accept that am I? Always left behind while you go gallivanting around town.

GRAHAM

I should think so.

BETTE

I won't do it. Not anymore.

GRAHAM

Now wait a --

BETTE

You make it too damn hard Graham, you have no idea. I can't keep pretending to be happy having no life while you live yours to the full.

GRAHAM

What is this nonsense?

BETTE

I gave up my life to support your dreams, but one mistake from you and suddenly I'm a struggling widow with two young children. The only saving grace is I doubt they'd notice if you were gone.

GRAHAM

How dare you.

BETTE

You're never around.

GRAHAM

I'm working.

BETTE

And when you're not you're out partying. In those brief moments when racing doesn't control our lives you're quite happy to leave your family behind, and it falls to me to do everything at home as well.

GRAHAM

I'm doing what I need to do.

BETTE

Without a second thought for the consequences.

GRAHAM

I passed that wreckage for lap after lap before I won, so don't talk to me about consequences.

BETTE

And what if it was you in that wreckage?

Graham doesn't respond.

BETTE

You know I was relieved when Stirling crashed, because it was him and not you. How do you think that makes me feel? I'm grateful our friend is lying half-dead.

GRAHAM

Stop it.

BETTE

I bet you haven't given a second thought to his sister, or his parents, or any of the women in his life. But it's fine, we will just be shunted into the background and do whatever you need. No doubt Stirling never thought about his girlfriends or his parents, he made them all take a back seat to his racing, but they're the ones who have to bear the hardship.

GRAHAM

At least he had his priorities sorted.

Beat.

BETTE

And now we know yours.

They drive on in an uncomfortable silence.

EXT. BRABHAM GARDEN - DAY

A garden barbecue. Bette sits alone beneath a garden umbrella.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Not like you to be Billy no mates, Bette.

Bette turns to see a cheerful BRUCE MCLAREN, 25, New Zealander.

BETTE

I could say the same about you Bruce. No Patty?

BRUCE

Nah, she's back in New Zealand, where it's warm enough to party outside.

BETTE

Must be hard being so far apart.

BRUCE

It's up and down love, you know how it is. I'd like her by my side when I win, but then you get days like Goodwood and I'm relieved she wasn't there.

BETTE

Glad to hear you care so much, unlike some.

BRUCE

What do you mean?

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Hey Bruce!

Bruce and Bette look up to see Graham waving at them.

GRAHAM

You'll like this one, come here.

Bruce abandons Bette to join the gathering being entertained by Graham. Among them is the hostess, BETTY BRABHAM, 30s, Australian, spirited. She's holding her one year old son.

BETTE

Betty!

Bette beckons her over.

BETTY

You all right, Bette?

BETTE

I don't want you leaving me all by myself.

BETTY

My party Bette, I'm gonna mingle with everyone.

BETTE

You've mingled enough. You're going to talk to me for a while.

There's a laugh from Graham's audience. Bette shoots him a look which Betty notices.

BETTY

Ah I see. Trouble in paradise?

BETTE

I've reached the end of my tether with Graham, not that he cares.

BETTY

Join the club. I've felt that way for the last ten years of Jack's career, but you suck it up and get on with it.

BETTE

I'm sick of getting on with it for nothing in return. Just once I'd like Graham to put me in pole position.

BETTY

Ah get your head out your arse girl. This world is boys and their toys. I never see Jack, he's working on his pride and joy day and night, only for it to blow up after two laps.

BETTE

And you don't find that frustrating?

BETTY

It's a bloody nightmare! Fact is he loves it and I love him, and you don't give up what you love, do you?

BETTE

And what about when he leaves you to go out partying?

BETTY

Ah that's the beauty of a loving marriage. He knows his place, and he knows he's straight in the doghouse if he steps out of line, which he does, a lot. But he's a larrikin and a racing driver so what do you expect?

BETTE

I don't know how you tolerate it.

BETTY

It's easier than getting worked up.

BETTE

And wouldn't it be easier still if we weren't so secondary? If our world wasn't all boys and their toys?

JACK (O.S.)

Can I have everyone's attention.

BETTY

That's my cue. Hold that thought,
I'll be back in a sec.

Betty disappears into the house. Bette joins the crowd gathering around a man standing on a chair holding a glass aloft: JACK BRABHAM, 36, slicked black hair, a good old Australian bloke.

JACK

First, thanks to you lot for being here to celebrate the start of this new venture of mine. Me and the boys have worked our arses off just to get here but the hard work proper starts now. So with that in mind... You ready Betty?

BETTY (O.S.)

Ready.

JACK

Bring it in.

Betty emerges carrying a large cake with a racing car on top. The decoration reads 'Brabham Racing Organisation' above the team's logo. Betty sets it down next to Jack.

JACK

I'm proud to say that the Brabham Racing Organisation will compete in the forthcoming Formula One season, and will be whipping the lot of you very soon!

The gathering all laugh and cheer. Graham leads a toast.

GRAHAM

To the Brabham Racing Organisation.
Welcome to the club!

Everyone joins the toast except Bette, who stands at the back, watching the men's camaraderie.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Graham enters in a dressing gown, nursing a hangover. Bette is talking on the phone, she doesn't acknowledge him.

BETTE

Don't be silly, you can spare a couple of hours... I don't care if Colin's cracking the whip... Well for heaven's sake tell him he'll have to manage without you... No, Hazel I'm telling you your plans and I expect you to be there... Goodbye.

She hangs up.

GRAHAM

Who was that?

BETTE

Hazel. I'm meeting some of the other ladies next week, I was just inviting her.

GRAHAM

Sounds like you were ordering her. I'd have thought Colin was enough of a taskmaster without you adding to her troubles.

Bette sees the state Graham's in.

BETTE

You can watch the children while I'm out. Perhaps it will help you get your priorities sorted.

Bette exits. Graham slumps onto the sofa. He picks up the paper from the coffee table and reads the front page article stating Stirling's condition has not improved.

INT. STEERING WHEEL CLUB - DAY

A room adorned with racing memorabilia. Bette, Eba and Betty sit together in a corner. The manageress brings a tray of drinks over. She is PEGGY SANDBERG, 30s, Sixties hair style, simple dress, a proper London girl.

PEGGY

There we are ladies.

BETTY

Cheers Peggy.

PEGGY

'Ere Bette, I had Graham in again last night.

BETTE

Up to no good, I'm sure.

PEGGY

Let's just say our game of Spin the Bottle ended with him leaving little to the imagination.

BETTE

Did he settle his tab for last night?

PEGGY

Not yet.

BETTE

Good, you can put this on it as well. In fact, have one yourself and join us.

PEGGY

Nice one Bette, cheers. What's this little gathering of yours anyway?

EBA

I think we all want an answer to that.

BETTE

I'll wait for Hazel to get here.

BETTY

We'll be waiting a while then. I can't imagine Colin will let her go AWOL for anything.

BETTE

She'll be here if she knows what's good for her.

A woman enters, HAZEL CHAPMAN, 35, her wavy dark brown hair is scruffy and she has bags under her eyes, despite her efforts to mask it with makeup. It is clear she's barely slept.

BETTY

Speak of the devil. G'day Hazel!

HAZEL

Hello ladies.

EBA

Didn't think we'd see you here.

HAZEL

Yes, well, Bette convinced me.

BETTE

You didn't need convincing. You were happy to escape Colin's workhouse.

HAZEL

The only difference between you and Colin is I'm used to an earful from him.

BETTE

Hazel you do talk nonsense at times.

Peggy joins them with two drinks. She gives one to Hazel.

PEGGY

Get that down you. You look like you could do with a pick-me-up.

HAZEL

Thanks. So what's this about Bette?

BETTE

We are professional women, but no other women's work consists of being cold, wet, uncomfortable, tired and being willing to put their family's security at risk every week.

HAZEL

That's racing.

BETTE

And the purpose of racing is to be in first place, because nobody remembers who is second.

EBA

So what's your point?

BETTE

Ladies, I've decided we've had enough of being second.

BETTY

Thanks for deciding for us.

BETTE

I'm trying to make a serious point Betty, if you don't mind. I want us to have something of our own, something to make the job of being a woman in motorsport bearable.

PEGGY

So, like a club?

BETTE

Exactly.

BETTY

Sounds good, I mean we've already got a spokeswoman.

EBA

How will a club make things better?

BETTE

If I'm at a race, I want somewhere warm, dry and to have some time to myself, and if I can have somewhere I can safely leave my children then that's all to the good.

BETTY

I can get on board with that.

BETTE

If we had a club headquarters, like a motorhome, we'd have somewhere comfortable at every race.

EBA

There are adverts in the back of Autosport, I'm sure we could find a caravan or motorhome of some sort.

PEGGY

I can ask my boss if we can use one of the upstairs rooms, for meetings and whatnot.

BETTE

Perfect.

HAZEL

What's the point, Bette? If I'm at a race I'm expected to work. I don't have time to be shirking my responsibilities chatting and drinking tea in a caravan.

BETTE

The point, Hazel, is that it's a good idea and something we all need. I'd have thought someone in your position would welcome the proposal.

HAZEL

Tea and biscuits doesn't win championships.

BETTE

And if Lotus wins do you think you'll receive any credit?

HAZEL

I deserve to.

BETTE

I didn't ask that. Not that it matters because you won't win anyway.

HAZEL

Bette you have no idea what you're up against.

BETTE

I don't need to know that we'll still be ahead of you.

HAZEL

You really think so? Well I look forward to seeing the look on your face when we get to Holland.

BETTE

I've --

BETTY

Girls as riveting as your fighting talk is, can we get back to the club?

HAZEL

You're just jealous you're not in the running this year.

BETTY

Devastated, obviously.

BETTE

There's another reason for the club, and one that affects us all.

HAZEL

And what's that?

BETTE

Death.

BETTY

Come on Bette, keep it light.

BETTE

In our world, death could literally be around the next corner. That's just something we have to accept. But I refuse to accept the consequences. Remember last year at Monza, when von Trips was killed?

HAZEL

I've been trying not to.

BETTE

What happened to his girlfriend? Alone, destitute, barely able to get by. We give up everything to live this life, and because of it that's exactly what we lose.

Beat.

HAZEL

I never thought about it like that.

BETTE

I want a support network for us all in the event that the unthinkable should happen. Furthermore, I want the club to provide assistance, financial, moral, whatever's needed for bereaved women and their families.

PEGGY

You make a good point Bette. You've got my vote and all.

BETTY

Yeah, you can count me in girl.

EBA

Me too. Although I would point out that these proposals won't be cheap. A benevolent fund, a motorhome, plus any other expense we think of, it all adds up.

BETTE

Then we will raise money. Paid memberships for use of our facilities, charity fundraisers, donations through media publicity, we'll do it all.

PEGGY

We'll be needing members then.

BETTE

That should be our first priority.

BETTY

I can think of a more urgent one.

BETTE

Yes?

BETTY

A name? Going to be hard to sign women up to a club if they don't know what it is they're signing up to.

BETTE

Leave that to me.

BETTY

Certainly madam president.

BETTE

Really Betty, you're not helping. Over the next few weeks we should all make an effort to promote the club and attract new members.

HAZEL

So close to the first race of the season? Bette I won't have time.

BETTE

Well then find time. We all have to pull our weight if this is going to work.

BETTY

You want to be careful Hazel or Bette will have you in the doghouse!

Betty, Eba and Peggy laugh. Hazel and Bette are not impressed.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bette enters to find the television is on. She looks through the rooms, there is nobody downstairs.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LANDING - NIGHT

Bette climbs the stairs quietly. On the landing, she sees Damon's bedroom door is open and light spilling out into the hall.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Come here champ.

Bette moves towards the door.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - DAMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bette hovers silently outside, watching Graham sit on the floor with his back to the door. Damon is sat on his knee, Brigitte sits on the floor next to them.

GRAHAM

Now I want you to know that your mum and dad love each other, and we love you both very much. We are so lucky to have you, we are so proud. I know it looks like mum and dad have been cross with each other recently, but you should know that it's only because sometimes I forget that I can't get cross with your mother, because I have no right to, and sometimes she has to remind me. Your mother does everything for us, and there are times when my work means I forget how much she does for me. It's hard for her, and I know it's hard for you that I'm away so much.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (cont'd)
It's hard for me too to not be able
to spend time with you, but I know
I haven't done everything I could.
So from now on I promise whenever
I'm away, I'll always come back.
Sound good?

The children nod.

GRAHAM
All right. Now come on, time for
bed.

Graham tucks Damon in. As he leads Brigitte out, he sees
Bette standing in the doorway.

Bette smiles and heads back downstairs.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bette sits on the sofa watching the television. Graham
enters.

GRAHAM
How much did you hear?

BETTE
Just what I needed to.

Graham settles on the sofa beside her.

GRAHAM
How was your thing today? The girls
on good form?

BETTE
Betty and Eba are the same as ever,
though Hazel's got herself all
worked up. Clearly Colin's really
turning the screw to be ready for
Holland.

GRAHAM
I'm sure he is. Oh, since you
mentioned Holland, you don't need
to worry about getting a minder
while we're away.

BETTE
What?

GRAHAM
I asked my parents. You were right,
I could work the phone after all.

Bette curls up with Graham and breathes a sigh of relief.

GRAHAM

Anyway, nothing like a bit of tough love to kick my arse into gear.

BETTE

I could write the book on tough love.

They look at each other and share a laugh.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bette sits, Damon bouncing on her knee, talking on the phone. A piece of paper rests on the table. She hangs up and writes on the paper. It is a list of names. As well as Betty, Eba, Peggy and Hazel, it includes Sylvia Davis, Doreen Leston and Pina Brooks. The header reads, 'The Women's Motor Racing Associates Club'.

INT. BRABHAM HOUSE - DAY

Betty is breastfeeding her infant son while on the phone.

EXT. GOODWOOD PIT LANE - DAY

A man takes notes as cars pass, this is GREGOR GRANT. Behind him, Eba is chatting with a female racing driver.

INT. LOTUS WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A clock shows it is almost three in the morning. Mechanics are beaver away at a totally dismantled car. Watching them like a hawk is COLIN CHAPMAN, 34, receding hair with a thin moustache. Behind him, Hazel is sat at a desk, exhausted, but still working.

EXT. ZANDVOORT Paddock - DAY

Graham and Bette walk through the crowded paddock. As they walk, Graham stops to pose for photographs and sign autographs for young girls.

BETTE

Bloody dolly birds.

GRAHAM

Oh relax, they're just excited.

Bette huffs.

GRAHAM

I can't help it if I'm popular.

BETTE

Concentrate.

INT/EXT. BRM GARAGE - ZANDVOORT - DAY

Graham, Bette and Tony stand on the threshold of the garage as the mechanics work on the car.

GRAHAM

All good?

TONY

So far.

Bette looks up the pit lane to see Colin watching the Lotus mechanics wheel a car, hidden under a canvas, into their garage.

Tony and Graham look out with Bette to watch the Lotus team.

TONY

I don't like not knowing what they've got under there.

GRAHAM

A car would be my guess. Come on Tony, no point faffing around worrying about what Lotus have got.

Graham disappears into the garage.

BETTE

You're not worried, are you?

TONY

Nah. Whatever they've got we'll be more than a match for them.

His shuffling on the spot tells Bette he's unconvinced.

BETTE

You'd better crack on.

Tony retreats into the garage.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT LANE - DAY

Bette wanders up the pit lane passing the garages of other teams all preparing their cars.

EXT. COOPER GARAGE - DAY

Bette glances into the Cooper garage where Bruce is working with his mechanics.

BRUCE

Not spying on my car are you, Bette?

BETTE

Not your car Bruce, no.

BRUCE
Hey now my car can take on
anything, right boys?

Bruce's mechanics nod in agreement.

BETTE
Still no Patty?

BRUCE
Nah, not this time.

BETTE
You should bring her to Monaco.

BRUCE
Ah come off it Bette. If a normal
race scares the life out of her how
the hell would I get her to Monaco?

BETTE
Because I told you to, and it would
be good for her to get involved
with the ladies.

BRUCE
Now hang on Bette --

BETTE
I'll let you get on. It looks like
you have an awful lot of work to
do.

Bette strides on up the pit lane, leaving Bruce and his
mechanics bewildered.

EXT. LOTUS GARAGE - DAY

Bette watches the mechanics work. A man dressed in racing
overalls approaches from the back of the garage. This is JIM
CLARK, 26, kind face, speaks with a gentle Scottish accent.

JIM
I thought that was you Bette, good
to see you.

BETTE
You too, Jim. We've not seen you
all winter.

JIM
I stayed on the farm. It's peaceful
there and I needed some time alone.

BETTE
And has that business with the
Italians...

JIM

Please, I wanted to be alone to forget Monza, don't bring it up again.

BETTE

Of course.

COLIN (O.S.)

Jimmy!

Jim and Bette turn to see Colin beckoning Jim over.

JIM

Best see what's that all about.

BETTE

Yes. Stay safe out there today Jim.

Jim pauses for a moment, his smile fades.

JIM

Give Graham my best.

Jim heads back into the Lotus garage. Bette hovers, trying to catch a glimpse of the new car. Colin sees her and instructs his mechanics to shoo her away.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY

Bette watches Graham pull out of the garage and head onto the track. Tony joins her on the pit wall.

TONY

We worked solidly after Goodwood so you can forget about that two second gap.

In the Lotus garage, the covers finally come off to reveal the Lotus 25. Mechanics from other teams stop to watch Jim pass as he drives down the pit lane.

TONY

Christ.

BETTE

What?

TONY

Colin's worked wonders.

COLIN (O.S.)

It's called a monocoque, dear boy!

Bette and Tony look round to see Colin join them on the pit wall.

TONY

Impressive.

COLIN

Thank you.

TONY

How does it work?

COLIN

Ah that's for me to know and you to find out.

TONY

I bet your customers are happy, lumbered with your old crates while you fly with a new design.

COLIN

All that matters is how my team performs. I'm here to win.

BETTE

And you've won nothing with it yet, whereas Graham's already a winner this year.

COLIN

Indeed. But it's a long season, a lot can happen.

BETTE

Let's wait and see what happens then, shall we?

Graham flies past the pits. Bette starts the stopwatch.

COLIN

I'll leave you to it.

Tony holds his hand out for Colin.

TONY

May the best man win.

Colin shakes it and departs. Bette and Tony watch him go.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY (LATER)

The chequered flag is waved on the start/finish line as the drivers complete their qualifying laps. Graham flashes past.

TONY

How did he get on?

BETTE

No improvement.

TONY

Damn. What about Jim?

BETTE

Here he comes...

Jim's Lotus does not sound healthy as he approaches. The car is leaking oil as he comes past.

BETTE

Doesn't improve either.

TONY

Get in!

BETTE

Still a few cars to come yet.

TONY

But none of the works teams are ahead of us. I bloody knew we'd cracked it this time.

The final car, driven by JOHN SURTEES, crosses the line. Bette records the time and shows Tony the charts.

TONY

Seriously? That last run? Surtees has pole?

Bette nods.

TONY

By how much?

BETTE

One tenth.

Tony kicks the pit wall.

BETTE

Hurt?

TONY

Bloody hell.

BETTE

Good. Now we've dispensed with your melodramatics can you focus on the fact that one tenth off a customer Lola is not the car. Graham must have left some time out there. Anyway, you're half a second ahead of Colin's precious machine.

Tony's face lights up.

BETTE

Go and tell the boys.

Tony hobbles back to the garage as Graham returns. At Lotus, mechanics immediately descend on the car as Jim pulls up.

Bette watches Colin swoop down on Jim, they both look very serious as they talk. She turns back to the BRM garage where Graham is similarly despondent.

JACK (O.S.)

Oi! Chapman!

Bette sees Jack storming up the pit lane towards the Lotus garage.

BETTY (O.S.)

Colin swindled him.

Bette jumps as Betty appears behind her.

BETTE

Heavens above Betty, you almost gave me a heart attack. What do you mean?

BETTY

Jack couldn't get his own car ready in time so he got one from Lotus.

BETTE

And he got the old design I take it?

BETTY

When Colin promised him a car mechanically identical to his own.

BETTE

Since when did Colin care about his competition if he thought he had an advantage?

BETTY

True. If Jack kills Colin does that mean we have to give Hazel our moral support?

BETTE

We'll leave that for the committee to decide.

BETTY

Oh so there's a committee now?

BETTE

There will be, once we have enough members. How's the recruitment drive coming along?

BETTY

Pretty well, got some girls signed up already.

(MORE)

BETTY (cont'd)
Real mixed bag too, not just wives
but drivers, secretaries, pretty
much any bird who's within spitting
distance of a racer wants in.

BETTE
Excellent.

BETTY
What about you and the name?

BETTE
I thought long and hard about it,
but I finally settled on the
Women's Motor Racing Associates
Club.

BETTY
Oh.

BETTE
What?

BETTY
Nothing, just sounds a bit stuffy.

BETTE
We're a proper organisation and I
wanted us to have an official title
to reflect that.

BETTY
Doesn't exactly roll off the
tongue, and does it really give
girls a sense that we're doing our
own thing because the blokes are so
useless?

BETTE
I think so.

BETTY
It's just my opinion.

BETTE
I'm sure you're wrong.

BETTY
All right then.

BETTE
Have you any better suggestions?

BETTY
No, definitely not. I'm leaving it
to you.

Betty can't help but grin.

BETTE
You can smirk all you want, the
other ladies will like it.

BETTY
I'm sure they will.

There is a loud clang. Bette and Betty see Graham moodily exit the BRM garage and stalk up the pit lane, leaving Tony standing sheepishly.

BETTE
I can't stand here discussing the
name all day, I've got enough to be
dealing with.

Bette marches towards the garage.

INT. BRM GARAGE - ZANDVOORT - DAY

The mechanics work in silence. Bette approaches Tony.

BETTE
What did you say to him?

TONY
I asked if he could go faster. He
didn't take it very well.

BETTE
Could he go faster?

TONY
He didn't exactly give me a
straight answer. He was too busy
biting my head off.

BETTE
He can definitely go faster.
(to the mechanics)
Did he have a go at you as well?

The mechanics stay silent.

BETTE
Leave Graham to me. You boys just
worry about the car, and I'll sort
you out with some tea as well.

TONY
Cheers Bette.

Bette heads for the back of the garage.

BETTE
Oh, and it looks like Lotus are
having problems.

TONY

Is that right? Did it look serious?

BETTE

Enough to concern Colin.

The garage is uplifted by the news.

BETTE

Thought you'd like to know.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bette and Graham lie in bed. Bette turns to look at Graham who's just staring at the ceiling. She turns on the light.

BETTE

Out with it.

GRAHAM

What?

BETTE

Come on, you must have something on your mind, you let the boys know all about it this afternoon.

GRAHAM

They know I'm only trying to spur them on.

BETTE

They've got all the motivation they need. They've seen Jim's new car.

GRAHAM

So have I. I saw it sail past me in places I never would have thought possible.

BETTE

So what? You beat him today. All that matters is beating him tomorrow.

GRAHAM

Don't be so naive. You know as well as I do if he hadn't had that problem he'd have taken pole position at a canter.

BETTE

But he didn't.

GRAHAM

Neither did I.

BETTE

Surtees got lucky, you'll have him tomorrow. Your priority is beating Jim.

GRAHAM

How? Me and the boys worked late for weeks to improve after Goodwood, only to be slower than a customer Lola. How the hell am I supposed to fight against that Lotus?

BETTE

You do what you do best, you race, you race and you win. It's the only way to prove those long nights away from your family were worth it.

GRAHAM

Don't start all that again.

BETTE

No, listen. Your family has made sacrifices to help you get this chance. This is where your title fight begins, so make those sacrifices count.

Graham sits up to look at Bette.

GRAHAM

You're right.

BETTE

I know.

GRAHAM

He may be quicker, but he's still got to get past, and he won't get past me.

BETTE

That's better. Beat Jim and wipe that smug smile off Colin's face.

GRAHAM

Colin's? Or Hazel's?

Bette looks at him, confused.

GRAHAM

Jack told me all about your little club.

BETTE

Betty.

GRAHAM
Loves a gossip that girl.

BETTE
Doesn't she just.

GRAHAM
Apparently you and Hazel have been trading blows.

BETTE
She's not stopped going on about how hard she's been working or the long hours the team's been putting in to be ready, as if we're not working hard too.

GRAHAM
She can say what she likes.

BETTE
Which she does.

GRAHAM
So do you.

BETTE
I won't back down if she's going to draw battle lines between us. This is as much our championship as it is yours.

GRAHAM
I can't see your little club lasting long if you're all at each other's throats over what happens on track.

BETTE
I'll make sure the ladies behave themselves.

GRAHAM
And who's going to keep you in check?

BETTE
Stop asking silly questions and go to sleep. I want us to be wide awake to see Chapman's face fall when you take that chequered flag.

Graham grins.

GRAHAM
Which Chapman?

BETTE
Enough. Go to sleep.

Graham kisses Bette before rolling over to sleep. Bette turns the light out but stays awake. She looks at Graham then stares at the ceiling.

EXT. ZANDVOORT Paddock - DAY

Graham and Bette navigate their way through the excited crowd. Again some young girls approach Graham, but Bette intervenes before they reach him.

BETTE

Clear off. Come on, be off with you.

(to Graham)

And you, focus.

The girls wander off, but Graham can't help follow them with his eyes.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY

Bette watches the mechanics make the final preparations to Graham's car. Behind them, Graham is putting on his gloves and helmet.

Bette spots Hazel sat opposite the Lotus garage. She walks over.

BETTE

Everything ready?

HAZEL

I hope so. Colin insisted on working all night to fix yesterday's problems. None of us have slept.

BETTE

That must have been hard. Graham and I slept like logs.

Just what Hazel wanted to hear.

BETTE

I hope all this work hasn't interfered with your membership drive?

HAZEL

Bette I told you, I wouldn't have time so close to the start of the season.

BETTE

That's not good enough. I thought I made myself clear that we all needed to pull our weight.

HAZEL
I've been busy.

BETTE
We've all been busy.

HAZEL
But you don't work for Colin.

BETTE
That's hardly an excuse.

HAZEL
Just lay off Bette! I'm doing my best, and I want to be involved, but for all your wanting to have something of our own, you cannot forget that we have a job to do as well.

BETTE
It's impossible for me to forget that when we out-qualify you.

Jim's Lotus fires up and he exits his garage. As he approaches the BRM garage, Graham accelerates out, carving him up.

BETTE
I hope Jim gets used to that view. He'll be seeing a lot of it this year.

Graham's car makes an alarming sound as he accelerates onto the track.

HAZEL
Let's wait and see.

Bette puts on her best poker face to hide her concern.

BETTE
Try and make more of an effort with the recruitment. The rest of us seem able to manage, so can you.

Bette marches back to the BRM garage, pushing past the mechanics who are making their way to the grid.

INT. BRM GARAGE - ZANDVOORT - DAY

Bette approaches Tony.

TONY
Everything all right, Bette?

BETTE
What's wrong with Graham's car?

TONY

Nothing.

BETTE

Don't give me that. I heard it as he left the pits, it sounds sick.

TONY

Probably just fuel burning off. We checked the car over last night, it's ready to race.

MECHANIC #1 (O.S.)

Tony!

Bette and Tony look out to the track to see the mechanics frantically beckoning him over.

TONY

Christ, what is it?

Tony hurries from the garage, Bette returns to the pit wall.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY

Bette sits and watches Graham gesticulating at his frantic mechanics. Mechanic #1 says something to Tony. When Tony relays the news to Graham, he dismisses them from the grid.

The mechanics return to the garage. Tony joins Bette as the cars begin their formation lap.

BETTE

I told you something was wrong.

TONY

Leave it out Bette. I don't need a ticking off from both of you.

BETTE

What's the problem?

TONY

He's got a cracked exhaust pipe.

BETTE

What does that mean?

TONY

At best he runs out of fuel, at worst he bursts into flames.

BETTE

Tony if you're going to be a drama queen I suggest you find a different profession. What does it mean for the race?

TONY

He's going to have to manage his engine and fuel consumption, all while keeping Jim behind.

The leading cars return to the pit straight.

TONY

Nothing we can do for him now.

BETTE

Good. Let him get on with his job.

The cars wait on the grid. A COURSE OFFICIAL walks onto the track holding the Dutch national flag.

Tony stares at Jim, then Graham. Bette is solely focused on the official, her stopwatches braced.

The official drops the flag and the race begins. Bette starts the stopwatches.

Jim gets a lightning start and jumps straight into the lead before turn one. Graham is hot on his heels.

TONY

Damn!

BETTE

Save your hysteria for when I'm not around, Tony.

TONY

The plan to keep Jim behind is going to be hard if Jim's not behind us anymore.

BETTE

It's lap one. Let's see where they are at lap eighty.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY (LATER)

Jim flies past, followed 2.5 seconds later by Graham. Tony holds out the pit board for him as he passes.

TONY

2.5 seconds in four laps. Christ, that Lotus is rapid.

Bette says nothing. Seven cars all battling for fourth place come past and she expertly records all seven lap times.

TONY

That's getting pretty tasty. What's the order?

BETTE

(reading)

Surtees, Hill, Ireland, then Bruce, Taylor, Rodriguez and Jack's at the back.

TONY

Expect that order to change by the end of the lap, wouldn't be surprised if someone got taken out either.

BETTE

There's enough experience among that lot to keep it clean.

TONY

What about that Rodriguez kid? He hasn't had to contend with that sort of close racing yet.

BETTE

Then it's about time he learned.

TONY

I'm surprised Ferrari kept him on.

BETTE

Maybe they wanted youthful exuberance alongside their champion's experience.

TONY

More like they had a seat to fill after Monza.

BETTE

I'll pretend I didn't hear such a flippant remark.

The Dutch course announcer delivers an excited burst of commentary and the crowd is launched into a frenzy.

TONY

What the hell? I can't understand a bloody word that guy's saying.

BETTE

Sounds like something's happened.

TONY

Wonder if it was --

BETTE

What ifs get you nowhere, Tony.

Jim and then Graham come past again.

TONY

Gap?

BETTE

3.4 seconds.

TONY

Damn. So we're losing a second a lap?

BETTE

With a damaged car, and he's pulling away from the rest of the field.

Surtees, Hill, Ireland, Bruce and Taylor come past.

TONY

Oh Christ! Look at Jack!

Bette glances down the pit lane to see Jack's car totally wrecked. He's fighting to get it back to his garage.

TONY

No sign of Rodriguez's Ferrari, must have retired out on track somewhere. I told you he'd have a coming together.

Bette ignores Tony, she's watching Betty. Betty quickly glances at Jack, though when she sees he's unharmed she turns back to the race.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY (LATER)

Lap ten. Jim passes the pits visibly slower than normal. As he changes gear there is a loud mechanical sound. Not long after Graham comes past at full speed.

TONY

He's definitely gaining. What's the gap?

BETTE

2.1 seconds.

TONY

Bloody hell he could do this.

BETTE

Got to get past him first.

Bette grins into her lap charts so Tony doesn't see. Her charts show Graham is almost two seconds a lap faster than Jim.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY (LATER)

The pit board reads lap eleven.

Two distant engine notes grow steadily louder. One sounds perfectly healthy, the other far from it.

Tony and Bette look down the pit straight, waiting. Jim exits the final corner with Graham right on his tail.

TONY

Yes! Yes! Yes! Come on, Graham!

Jim defends the inside line. They fly past Bette and Tony absolutely neck and neck.

Bette turns away from the action to record the laps.

TONY (O.S.)

Come on, come on, come on...

Bette looks up just in time to see Graham dive down the outside and sweep into the lead.

TONY

Get in!

Bette doesn't react.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY (LATER)

Half distance. Graham passes the pits.

TONY

Looking a bit lonely out there for him now.

BETTE

Good, he's staying out of trouble.

TONY

Hello? What's this?

Tony's looking down the pit lane. Bette looks up to see Jim trundling towards his garage. When he pulls up, two mechanics dive under the rear. They spot Colin watching on, his face like thunder.

TONY

It's called a DNF, dear boy!

BETTE

That's enough, Tony.

TONY

Oh come on, what's wrong with giving him a taste of his own medicine?

BETTE
We haven't won yet.

TONY
We've gotten further than his
precious machine. That's a win in
my book.

BETTE
That makes you a pointless winner
as well as a poor competitor. What
if Graham's exhaust finally gives
up? What sort of fool would you
look then?

TONY
All right, you've made your point.

BETTE
You promised me the car could go
the distance, that this wouldn't be
like last year. If we retire now
after your little display I'll wipe
the smug smile off your face, mark
my words.

TONY
Bette I understand you want Graham
to win, but don't forget your
place. I run this team, you just
keep the times, so watch what you
say to me.

Bette goes back to focusing on her charts so Tony can't see
her scowling.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT WALL - DAY (LATER)

The BRM mechanics lean over from the pit wall to cheer
Graham home as he takes the victory. As Tony and the team
celebrate, Bette continues to record the lap times and
positions until the last car, Jim's Lotus, crosses the line.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PIT LANE - DAY

Graham is swamped by spectators, photographers, reporters
and mechanics as he climbs out of his car. Bette watches on.

EXT. ZANDVOORT PODIUM - DAY

Graham stands on the podium, flanked by PHIL HILL and TREVOR
TAYLOR. An OFFICIAL stands to address the crowd.

OFFICIAL
In third place, for Scuderia
Ferrari, car number one, Phil Hill.

The crowd applauds as Phil Hill acknowledges them.

OFFICIAL

In second place, for Team Lotus,
car number five, Trevor Taylor.

More applause as Trevor Taylor greets the crowd.

OFFICIAL

And the winner of the eleventh
Dutch Grand Prix, driving for
British Racing Motors, car number
seventeen, Graham Hill.

The crowd cheer, Tony and the team loudest of all, as Graham
collects a trophy. Bette watches as a beautiful woman places
a large laurel wreath over his head.

Betty approaches.

BETTY

Congratulations Bette.

BETTE

Thank you.

BETTY

Always feels good to bag that first
one.

BETTE

I've seen Graham win before.

BETTY

Not in Formula One.

BETTE

A win's a win. I'll celebrate when
it's the world championship.

BETTY

Yeah, I remember when Jack took his
first title. I barely saw him for
two months.

BETTE

Sounds like nothing's changed.

BETTY

One thing's changed, we've got a
club now.

Bette's stopped listening, she's watching the podium. Graham
is kissing the woman who gave him the wreath.

Betty sees what Bette is seeing.

BETTY

Looks like Graham's spending the
night in the doghouse.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The drivers, mechanics and other F1 personnel enjoy a night out. Bette and Betty sit together, Hazel then joins them.

HAZEL
Congratulations for today, Bette.

BETTE
Thank you.

HAZEL
I suppose it's first blood to you.

BETTE
Yes.

HAZEL
Don't worry though, things will be different at Monaco.

BETTE
Back to the drawing board is it?

BETTY
Knock it off you two, tonight's a celebration for us. Forget the race, forget your fellas, I've got an announcement.

BETTE
Oh?

BETTY
I phoned Peggy before coming out. She's been putting the feelers out every night and apparently has a whole list of names lined up, and she's fixed it with the owners for us to use their rooms for meetings. Ladies, the Doghouse Club is up and running.

BETTE
Doghouse? No, we're the Women's Motor Racing Associates Club.

BETTY
The Doghouse Club has more of a ring to it, and let's be honest...

Betty nods to the bar. Bette and Hazel turn to see Jack, Graham and Bruce drinking, partying boisterously and flirting with passing women.

BETTY
It makes more sense.

HAZEL

I like it.

BETTE

But --

BETTY

The club is about helping solve the problems facing women in motorsport. Well, our husbands are the problem, leaving them in the doghouse is always the solution, ergo The Doghouse Club is the solution to our problems.

BETTE

I don't know.

BETTY

Bette listen, you've got to love your husband to sit freezing cold and soaking wet for a living. But you've got to really love your husband to start a club that recognises how useless he is!

Hazel laughs, Bette cracks a smile.

BETTY

I see a grin! That counts.

HAZEL

The look on your face!

BETTE

Very well ladies, it seems I am outnumbered.

Bette holds up her glass.

BETTY

The Doghouse Club.

The three ladies all toast.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A patient lies still on a bed connected to various pieces of medical equipment. A heartbeat monitor beeps in the corner.

BERENICE (O.S.)

I'm sure he'd appreciate you coming all this way, but he's completely unresponsive. You'd be better off going home and taking your mind off it. We'll contact you if there is any change.

VIPER (O.S.)
I understand, but I'd like to stay,
if I'm able.

BERENICE (O.S.)
Of course. If you want to wait
here, I'll let you know as soon as
there are developments.

VIPER (O.S.)
Thank you.

The ward door opens and a nurse walks in, BERENICE KRIKLER.
She walks to the foot of the bed and consults her charts.
She stares at the patient.

Stirling Moss lies motionless in a coma.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE ONE.