


What are you doing here?
You shouldn't be here!

The hell you are!


I'm coming with you to Barcelona.

I'm not leaving. Your crazy friend took my passport, and my only shot at getting it back is getting to Barcelona the same time she does. Trust me, I want to be here just as much as you want me here. So bat your eyelashes, flash a smile, and pull some strings - I need a bed and something to eat.



Yeah? Well, I've got nothing to lose - and if I go down, I'm taking you with me. But, hey - it doesn't have to be like that. Just help me out - hide me somewhere, put me to work - I don't really care. I just need to get my shit back.

Look, I get it - you lost your stuff. That sucks. But you can't be here. The boat sails in an hour, and if anyone catches you onboard, losing your passport will be the least of your troubles.



Alright, fine. You can stay.

Don't get cocky. There's only one way this works.

With Shania gone, it wouldn't raise any eyebrows if someone new joined the crew in Rome. That someone could be you.

Woah! Not so fast. If you're staying, you've gotta look and play the part. And that part is a woman.

We do. But everyone on the shortlist we've already vetted is a woman. So if you wanna stay, you've gotta be one of those applicants..


Wait - WHAT???

Seriously? I thought you'd put up more of a fight.

I'm listening...


Great. That's sorted then. Now where can I get some food?

A woman? Are you serious? Why? Don't you hire guys on this ship?



Fine. But remember - if I get caught, you're in just as much trouble as me. So let's not go overboard, yeah?

Exactly. We just need to tweak your look a bit, nothing too crazy. Now, why don't you head to the back room while I go over the details with Jojo? There's some leftover pasta in the fridge, and you can crash on the sofa tonight. Get some rest - you've got an early start tomorrow if we're going to make this work.



You're really gonna let him stay?

What choice do we have? Can't have him mouthing off, can we now?. But don't worry - I've got a plan, and it starts with giving that sexist little prick a new look.

[Chuckles] What do you have in mind?

Remember Makayla? Worked in the restaurant last season.

The ditzy one who shagged Roberto and Jack the same night?

That's her. Use her as your inspiration.

[Giggles] Ohhh! This is gonna be fun.

Early the next morning.

Nothing's booked, but someone could still walk in. So can you stop moaning already so we can carry on?

We've talked about this. If you're staying here, you've got to look the part. The Miracleglow facial has evened out your skintone and given your collagen a nice plump - and now that cheap dye's out of your hair, we've got something to work with. But we've still got loads to do.

Next we'll tackle your nails.

Obviously. You need pretty nails, and those stick-ons won't cut it - I mean, look at you, you've already lost one in less than a day.

Why do I have to wear this? I thought you said there were no appointments on mornings when the boat docks.


What? I thought we were done. You've washed my hair and given me that facial thingy you were going on about. What more is there to do?

[Sighs] Like what?

My nails? Is that really necessary?

Fine. Let's just get it over with - I haven't eaten yet, you know?





There, all done. Just be careful with them - bash one of those acrylics and it won't just pop off like the ones I gave you yesterday.

[Laughs] They're not ridiculous, they're bang on trend.

You'll manage. Now go lie down on that table in the corner and close your eyes - It's time to make that face of yours pop.

You are trimming these down, right? They're ridiculous!

I can't even close my hands properly! How am I supposed to do anything with bird claws?

[Sighs]

A woman with a grey hair towel wrapped around her head, wearing a pink bathrobe, stands in a room with patterned wallpaper. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand. To her right is a white tufted ottoman on a wooden base. The scene is set in a room with light-colored, ornate wallpaper and a wooden floor.

Oh wow! You look so pretty!

Well, I can't imagine you're much good with makeup, so I helped you out - extended your lashes and gave them a tint. You won't need to do anything except a flick of mascara if you're getting dressed up.


Of course they do, silly. They'll fall out over time. But I can always touch you up in a week or two if they're looking a bit sparse.

Just a little. Trust me, they'll look so much better once I show you how to fill them in. Now come on - let's fix up your hair.

What did you do? My eyelids feel funny.

You what? They come off though, right?

[Groans] I thought we agreed - nothing too crazy. Did you pluck my eyebrows again?



Oh! Yeah... I guess I was a bit off. Soz. I tried to dye it back to your natural colour, but looks like it came out lighter than expected.


Oi! Watch it. I'm blonde - and so is Kayleigh. Is that how you see us? A couple of bimbos?

Apology accepted. But the colour's staying for now, I'm afraid. We don't have time to redye it again today. Besides, it might actually work in our favour. Hold on - I've got something that might match perfectly.

Is my hair lighter?

Well fix it. I can't walk around like some blonde bimbo.

Err... no! I didn't mean it like that. I just... sorry. Can you please just sort it out?



Wow, how lucky are we? Those spare extensions I had lying around look like they were made for your new hair colour. Not bad, eh?

Oh God... what have I gotten myself into?

And I told you those earrings would look super cute on you.

[Gulps] Yeah... lucky me.

Oh, don't be such a killjoy. We're nearly there. Go get dressed, and then I'll show you how to do your makeup and style your hair. We should be right about on time to meet Kayleigh.


That's not exactly the word I'd use to describe them.



Hey babes! Perfect timing. So, where's our little princess?

Knock, knock.

Oh, she's just being a bit shy. Jamie, come on - come show Kayleigh your new look.



I'm not being shy, I'm just not used to all this. I mean, why do I have to wear a dress? And these tights feel weird on my legs.

Stop your moaning and get over here.

[Scoffs]



[Laughs] Oh wow... look at you.
Didn't think you'd scrub up this well.

So? How do you feel - still think
working on a cruise ship's a joke?

How d'you think I feel? This hair keeps falling in my face, I can't use my hands 'cause of these bloody nails, and these ridiculous lashes are doing my head in. How am I supposed to do anything like this?

Welcome to a woman's world. Where if you don't look the part, no one gives a toss what you say. Nice work, Jojo. Honestly, you're wasted working on a cruise ship.

Will you two give it a rest? I'm standing right here. I'm starving and I've barely slept. So? Do I pass your inspection or what?



Thanks, Kayls - but honestly, it wasn't that hard. He was already a pretty diamond - just needed a little polish.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a pink short-sleeved button-down shirt and a black skirt, stands in a meeting room. She is pointing her right hand towards a whiteboard. A wooden clock is mounted on the wall behind her. The room has wood-paneled walls and a grey patterned chair is visible in the foreground.

What's that supposed to mean?

Ooh, so sassy! I love it. And yeah, you pass - but you're not off the hook yet.

Well, since you're sticking around until Barcelona, we've got to get you registered.

Registered? Nah, no need for that - I'll just keep my head down and stay out of the way.

Not happening. You're taking over Shania's duties at the salon. And for that, you'll need to move freely around the ship. Now come on - follow me.





KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

Yeah, come in!





Erm... hang on a mo [typing]... almost done... and... there. What's up? Oh, right - your new recruit.

Wouldn't have said so if I wasn't - but you're gonna owe me big time. Bigger than last time.

True. So, this him, then? Wow! He's very pretty for a boy, isn't he?

Hey, Krista - this a good time?

Yup. You're still good with this?

Hey! When have I ever not come through for you?






Wait - you told her who I am?!

Obviously. How else are we supposed to get you registered? Don't worry, I've known Krista for years, you can trust her.

Oh great. [Sighs] And I'm not pretty. It's all the junk Jodie put on me. Underneath here, I'm all man.

Sure you are, sweetheart.



So... Mr manly man.
Got a name?

Not anymore. I've got
three options on file:
Sabrina, Hannah, or
Jasmine. Which one
do you want?

Erm.. yeah, it's Jamie.

Huh?! You can't be serious!

Let's go with Jasmine.

What? Why that one?

Well, it's the closest to
your real name. Or would
you rather be Sabrina?

No... ugh... [sighs]

Jasmine 'Tilley it is. I just need to snap your picture and link it to the file. Then I'll print your ID, and you'll be all set.



Thanks, Krista. You're a star. Now that wasn't so bad now was it Jasmine?

Soon after, back in the salon, Jamie is thrown straight in at the deep end - tottering on his heels as Jodie barks orders, until his ankles ache like never before. Between customers, a crash course begins: lessons and endless drills in everything "a woman should know."

See how practical those lashes are? Makes it so much easier to keep your makeup looking decent all day. Just check your lips every ten minutes or so and top your lippy up when needed.



Stop stomping about - take smaller steps!

Swing your arms from the elbows, not the shoulders.

You need more of a wiggle in the hips.


And for god's sake, smile!



There you go! Now that's so much better.

Legs, hips, attitude - you're smashing it. Way to go, girl!






Ugh, Jasmine, seriously? We're trying to pass you off as a lady - not flash the whole salon!

Cross your legs and sit up straight. Think classy and dainty.

And how many times do I have to tell you? Smile!

Oh, stop it! You're actually starting to look adorable now! Keep this up and you'll be fighting the lads off with a stick.






Hi, I'm Jasmine Tilley - I work in the salon with Jodie! I'm still kinda new around here, so if you see me looking a bit lost, just point me in the right direction, yeah?

Ugh, seriously? This is impossible!

Better but your voice is still too deep. You need to lighten it up - soften the edges, add a little bounce. Think sweet, think airy. Like... "Oopsie! I'm such a klutz!" That kind of thing.

Oh, don't be so dramatic. You'll be batting your lashes and giggling like a pro in no time.



[giggles] Oh my god, thank you! I was like, sooo... worried it looked flat today!

Umm, just the salon, babes! I've got a client who's, like, desperate for her lash refill. Total emergency!

Right then, Jasmine - someone compliments your hair. What do you say?


And what if someone asks where you're off to?

[claps] Yes! You've nailed it! That was spot on. Seriously, I'm so proud of you!

After a long, exhausting day, Jamie finishes his first shift in the ship's salon. Jodie then leads him to his new living quarters: Shania's old room.


Right, here we are! Kayls said you can help yourself to whatever. If Shania left it behind, she clearly didn't want it.



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is standing in a bedroom. She is wearing a sleeveless, form-fitting purple dress and black high-heeled shoes. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The room features a bed with white linens and pillows to her left, a wooden dresser with a television mounted on the wall above it to her right, and a grey suitcase on the floor next to the dresser. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, and another is positioned to her right.

Bit small... but I suppose it'll do. I'm shattered. Can't wait to get these heels off - my feet feel like they're about to fall off.

Then kick 'em off and have a lie-down, girl. You've earned it. Honestly, you smashed it today. I'll swing by in an hour or two to help you get dolled up for tonight.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a purple sleeveless dress and black high-heeled shoes, stands in a hotel room. She is looking slightly to her right with a concerned expression. The room features a bed with white linens, a wooden dresser with a suitcase, and a doorway in the background. Several speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene, containing dialogue.

Tonight? What's happening tonight?

[clears throat] Sorry - ahem...
What's happening tonight?

Oh no, I'm good. You lot go have fun - I'll stay here and keep my head down, like we agreed.

Jasmine! What's happened to your voice?

[giggles] A night out, obviously! It's our first evening in Rome and we're hitting the bars. It's the only thing that makes this crappy job bearable.


Not a chance. You're the new girl, and it'd look well dodgy if you didn't come. So have a nap, recharge a bit - and seriously, don't stress, babes. It's gonna be a right laugh. You'll love it.

A few hours later, in an upscale cocktail bar in the heart of Rome.

This night's shaping up nicely - fit lads, strong drinks, and energy everywhere you look. God, I love this city.

Rome never disappoints. And our little princess is holding up better than I thought. You've trained her well.





She's a natural. If you'd stuck me in heels that high when I first started, I'd have landed flat on my arse five times over - especially on those bloody cobblestones.

Yeah, credit where credit's due. She did trip over that step - right into that guy's arms. Though part of me reckons that might've been on purpose - he was well buff.

I know, right? Did you see those arms?

[laughs] Like tree trunks!

[laughs] I'm still sweating.


FLUSH!

CREAK!

CLICK! CLACK!

CLICK! CLACK!





Oh, stop your whinging - you look amazing and you know it.

You do realise I can hear every word, yeah? And I wouldn't have tripped at all if you hadn't made me wear this ridiculous outfit.

Hey! If I'm whinging, it's because I've never felt more out of place in my life. My feet are killing me, hairy Italian men keep staring at me, and do you know how hard it is to remember to speak and move like you taught me.



You look great - real classy, even without showing off any skin,

Exactly, you're covered up like a nun. You don't have any cleavage to show, and your skirt's practically grazing the floor. Next time I'll put you in a minidress, really give you something to moan about.


And looking fabulous doing it.

Careful, Jasmine - I can make your life a whole lot harder.

Oh, right - like you? Showing both leg and cleavage?

Yeah... fabulously desperate, in an "I'm gagging for it" kind of way.


Whatever. Can we just get back to the bar already and get this night over with? The only reason I came tonight was because you promised I could hide in my room the rest of the way to Barcelona if I survived a few hours.



Yeah... about that.
Not happening.

Wait! What?!

Yeah, I lied. Soz. But you did try to blackmail me, so you kinda deserve it. And after that bitchy little comment a minute ago, I'd say it's time you had a proper night out as a sexy little cruise ship girl. So... what are the odds you go back out there, bat your pretty eyelashes, and get some hunky guy to buy you a drink?




Oh really? That's a shame. Jojo, d'you remember the rule about refusing a challenge?

Yep. You're out of the group - just like poor Tom, who couldn't drink his ouzo or something. Isn't that what you told us back in Naples, Jasmine?

ZERO! There's no way I'm not doing that!

Yeah... but... that was different. This isn't the same. [angry sigh] I've had enough of this shit - I'm heading back to the ship.



Good luck with that once I message Lorenzo and tell him I've got a feeling Jasmine Tilly isn't who she says she is - that she's some bloke in disguise for God knows for what dodgy reason.


Not anymore. Things are different now. You came on board as Jasmine Tilly and tricked everyone. Really fooled us, right, Jojo?

Shocking behaviour. Couldn't believe it.

And you honestly think they'll believe you over me? Please. I'll play dumb - say I didn't have a clue. You, on the other hand... look at you.

Oh, save it, Kayleigh. We've been through this before. You're bluffing.

But... I... that was all your idea. I'll just tell the truth.



I... you... FUCK!

Aww, did you really think you could blackmail me and get away with it? Cute. But hey - look on the bright side. In a few weeks we'll be in Barcelona and everyone gets what they want. But, until then, we're playing by my rules. So... Jasmine, what are the odds? And what's happened to your voice?



[Heavy sigh] Eight!

Eight? Nah, too high. We're playing five or under now.

WHAT?! You can't just change the rules!

Oh, can't I? Right then... come on, Jojo - let's leave her to it. See you around, Jazz.

Wait! Fine! Five! You happy now?

With pleasure, Kayls. Three... two... one...