

SCENE 8: A South London Street

TOWNSPEOPLE enter and MINGLE and shop at the market stalls and shop fronts.
NIGEL begins to hyperventilate again...

NIGEL

Nick! We just lost our patron!

(doubling over)

Oh god, I can't take this, this is bad...

(breathing heavy)

NICK

No, no, don't go there. Breathe, breathe, walk it off

NICK walks him toward the bench.

START

A group of WORKERS carrying shovels, file in. NICK bumps into BEA who is disguised as man carrying a bucket.

BEA

Watch it, ya daft eejit!!

(that's "idiot" with accent)

NICK

Sorry, sir. Beg your pardon.

NICK keeps walking as TWO LADIES pass. BEA stalks the ladies in a macho way.

BEA

Oy, darlings. Buy you a pint, eh? Eh!?

NICK

(recognizing the voice)

Bea?

BEA

(still in accent)

Don't know what yer talkin' about, lad. Name's Johnny.

NICK

Bea, I know it's you.

BEA

But I fooled you for a second, didn't I? Told you I could act!

NICK

What the hell are you doing dressed like that?

BEA

Remember that job I mentioned? Turns out all the good ones are for men. And besides, I know you need help because you said "I don't need help."

NICK

Bea, this just makes me feel—

(sniffs)

Is that a bucket of shit?

BEA

Bear shit, to be precise. I've been promoted. This morning I didn't have a bucket!

(SHE pats his face, HE recoils)

And look! I already made a penny. I'm gonna put it in the money box.

NICK

No! I mean... I'll do it.

FOREMAN

Yo! Bear shit boy!

FOREMAN motions her to follow, then leaves.

BEA

Hear that? I have a job title! And one day it'll be "bear shit woman!"

(kissing him)

Keep writing. I love you, luv!

BEA hurries off. NICK turns. NIGEL is there.

NIGEL

Nick! What are we going to—

NICK

Keep writing. I'll be back.

NIGEL

What?? Alone??

NIGEL starts to hyperventilate again.

NICK

Nigel, please. I need you, now more than ever. I've got to go find us a new backer and that means you need to come up with a new idea. Please tell me I can count on you for that!

STOP