

# BEA 1

SOMETHING ROTTEN!

- 17 -

**START**

*SHE puts it back.*

**NICK**

Come on, Bea... we shouldn't have to live like this. You deserve better.

**BEA**

And so do you — we all do, and that's what we're saving for. A better life. A simple cottage in the country, for all of us. You, me, a couple of kids...

*(taking money back, passing Nigel)*

...a room for Nigel and maybe his *wife* one day?...

**NIGEL**

*(embarrassed)*

Oh, stop it..

**BEA**

Now, I know it's been a while since we've put any money in there, and that's why I was thinking — I should get a job.

**NICK**

What? No, if you get a job, that will just make me feel like a failure. None of the other writers' wives have jobs.

**BEA**

Well, they should. This is the nineties! We've got a woman on the throne and by the year 1600, women will be completely equal to men. Ooh! I just thought of the perfect job for me. I could be in your play!

**NICK**

What?? You can't act.

*SHE BURST INTO TEARS, covers her face with her hands.*

Sorry, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

**BEA**

Gotcha. See I can act.

**NICK**

You know it's *illegal* to put women on stage.

**NIGEL**

And anyway, our play's been cancelled.

**BEA**

What?

**NICK**

Not *cancelled*, Nige. That's such a negative way to put it.

**STOP**

# BEA 2

SOMETHING ROTTEN!

- 53 -

#So - Will Power Playoff

*As the CROWD files out, LORD CLAPHAM crosses. NICK walks along side him...*

**NICK**

...Lord Clapham, Lord Clapham! We are no longer doing BLACK DEATH so won't you please consider reinvesting?

**LORD CLAPHAM**

No! I'm not speaking to you - you ruined *Romeo & Juliet*! Now I'm off to see Richard III...

**NICK**

Oh yeah? Richard can't find his horse then he dies.

**LORD CLAPHAM**

Stop it! Stop it!

*CLAPHAM hurries off. There's a row of MEN carrying pieces of Shakespeare's stage away. The last one is BEA - dressed as a different man this time. She carries a thick wooden beam, her face hidden behind it.*

**LEAD MAN**

Oy, new bloke! You up to this or not?

**BEA**

Oh, don't worry 'bout me. I'm as strong as the next guy!

*NICK hears the voice and with his back to her - winces.*

**NICK**

Bea? What are you doing? I told you to cut this out.

**BEA**

I know, but they were looking for good strong men to haul the stage away. Why aren't they ever looking for good strong women?

**NICK**

Because some jobs are just better suited for men. Now give me that.

*SHE hands him the beam. HE buckles under the weight.*

Whoa, so heavy...

*HE sets the beam down. SHE gets dizzy, staggers slightly.*

You okay?

START

STOP