

SCENE 11: Soothsayer Alley

NICK crosses into the alley as NOSTRADAMUS steps out.

NOSTRADAMUS

I knew you'd be back.

NICK

Really?

NOSTRADAMUS

No. But it sounds impressive, doesn't it? How goes it with your *musical*?

NICK

Not great, actually. We're having a hard time figuring out what a musical should be *about*.

NOSTRADAMUS

Hair!

NICK

Hair?

NOSTRADAMUS

No, that would just be *weird*, wouldn't it? Wait!

(fingers to temples)

Little shop... of whores.

NICK

Really? That doesn't sound right either.

NOSTRADAMUS

I know. Why is the shop little? Small whores?

NICK

Look, the truth is...

(looking around)

I'm... I'm kind of desperate. I need an idea that is guaranteed to be a success. One that will have 'em lined up around the theater! So I want you to look into the future and tell me...

(looks around again)

What will Shakespeare's greatest play be?

NOSTRADAMUS

Oooh. Are you sure you want to cross that line? Wouldn't you rather just come up with an idea of your own?

NICK

Of course I would! I've tried and...

(hard to say it)

I can't, okay? Maybe if I had more time or less pressure. I just need one — one hit! — to get me out of this hole.

NOSTRADAMUS

I must warn you — for this, you will pay a great price.

NICK

(giving him money bag)

I brought every penny I own.

NOSTRADAMUS

That's not what I meant — but okay.

NICK doesn't let go of the bag.

NICK

Are you sure this will work? 'Cause I've got everything riding on this... and now I've got a baby on the way.

NOSTRADAMUS

Which I predicted, remember. A new life — with no teeth?

NICK remembers, lights up. NOSTRADAMUS nods confidently. Let's go of the money bag.

Okay! Shakespeare's biggest hit. Here we go!

NOSTRADAMUS does a ritual — rubbing hands, fingers to temples, etc. He stumbles backwards, NICK catches him.

Whoa! I see it! Shakespeare's greatest play!

NICK

Yes...?

NOSTRADAMUS

...the one they will be talking about for generations to come...

NICK

Yes...???

NOSTRADAMUS

And this play will be called...

(squinting, straining, then painting it in the air)

"OMELETTE!"

NICK is ready to celebrate, then has to think about that for a beat.

NICK

Omelette?

(*NOSTRADAMUS nods*)

Like with the eggs?

NOSTRADAMUS

Yes. No wait...

(*squinting*)

No, that was it. Omelette. And wait! Another vision!

(*fingers to temples*)

Something... Danish?

NICK

A Danish. So... there's some sort of—breakfast theme?

NOSTRADAMUS

And wait! Wait! Ham... ham... ham—something.

NICK

Ham omelette?

NOSTRADAMUS

That must be it.

NICK

And you're sure it will be big?

NOSTRADAMUS

It will be known as perhaps the single greatest play ever written.

NICK

(*fist pump*)

Yes!

NOSTRADAMUS

Whoa! I'm getting a flood of images! So many...

NICK

Write 'em down! All of 'em!

NOSTRADAMUS

Let me get my quill!

NOSTRADAMUS runs O.S.