

SCENE 6: A South London Street / Outside The Theatre

#5B – Brother Jeremiah

NIGEL enters, writing ideas in his LEATHER NOTEBOOK.

NIGEL

Okay, come on, Nigel. Big idea for a show... big idea...

(smacking his head)

Oh, for a muse of fire... Oof!

He's bumped into PORTIA, a woman dressed in black Puritan garb causing her to drop her Bible. His pages fall.

Sorry... I wasn't looking where I was...

PORTIA

No, that was my fault, I had my head in the—.

THEIR EYES MEET. MUSIC STING as they experience love at first sight. They are drawn towards each other, then PORTIA sees the page she's holding. She reads it, looks up in awe.

#5C – Portia and Nigel Meet

Is this a poem?

NIGEL

Uh huh.

PORTIA

Are you... a poet?

NIGEL

Uh huh.

PORTIA

I love poetry. And the way poets use lyrical language to express the beauty of life.

NIGEL

Uh huh.

THEY stare into each other's eyes.

BROTHER JEREMIAH (O.S.)

Portia! Come away from that heathen at once!

SHE snaps out of it as BROTHER JEREMIAH, a Puritan dressed in black with a flat brimmed hat, pulls her away, eyeing Nigel suspiciously. NICK enters with a lute strapped over his shoulder.

NICK

Nigel! There you are. Big news.

NIGEL

Me, too. I think I'm in love.

NICK

You?? With who?

NIGEL points. THE HAGGARD WOMAN has stepped in front of Portia, looking crazed.

Wow. I guess a guy can only wait so long.

NIGEL

Not her. Her.

The HAGGARD WOMAN moves away revealing PORTIA – who is standing next to BROTHER JEREMIAH.

NICK

A Puritan!? Are you mad?? DO YOU KNOW WHO HER FATHER IS??

JEREMIAH stands on a soap box flanked by PORTIA and OTHER PURITANS as he preaches liked a crazed street evangelist.

BROTHER JEREMIAH

Brethren, I say unto thee... the theaters are a scourge upon our land! Where men dress as women and kiss other men. I have seen it myself and it did *stiffen* my... resolve!

(HE furrows his brow, what did I just say?, then moves on)

For such sinful role-play is the gateway to lustful desires and fantasies of the flesh!

NICK

You really want that guy giving a speech at your wedding reception?

BROTHER JEREMIAH

(pointed, towards Nick and Nigel)

Let not thy sacred soul be poisoned by the playwrights and poets whose dark invention diverts simple minds from the one true book...

(as HE is exiting, efftely to his men)

C'mon, boys.