

Gravitas exits, leaving Amy on her own.

AMY

(exploding)

Is a father's love so swiftly
rescinded? To retreat like a neap
tide, leaving a bleached barren
shore of words behind?
I am not some creature to be caged,
nor channeled. The hypocrisy of
the man! To tell me he'll support
me in whatever I do, and then slam
the door in my face. I'll show him
what women are capable of. I'll do
it despite him. To *spite*
him. Mark my words, I'll get into
that Law School or die trying.

Amy stalks off to get some coffee and plot out her new future.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

It's turned out to be a beautiful morning in Wellington, perfect for brunch down at the waterfront.

GEORGE and SPEEDWIT are sitting at a table, with numerous empty coffee cups and a despoiled plate of nachos between them. They are both, after their fashion, working: George frantically scribbling in a notebook, seeming to cross out more than he writes; Speedwit balancing a clipboard and pen on one knee, not appearing to have written anything at all.

George 'hurmmphs' for attention.

GEORGE

(reading aloud)

If King wert'offer me ten golden
chests / I'd say nay - I'll prefer
my true love's breasts. / If Queen
t'were offer a thousands sighs, /
I'll still prefer my true love's
thighs. / If Duke were to gift the
Royal Hunt, / No, I'd much rather
have her...

SPEEDWIT

How now, George? What is't you
write, and put in terms so...
blunt?

GEORGE

'Tis a poem for my lady. When 'tis finished, and polished like a jewel (the more to reflect my lady's beauty), I'll present it her, and she will swoon and be my lover.

SPEEDWIT

Methinks thou should discard the poem and buy her the jewel - pray tell, who aimed thee at the poetical arts as means to thy conquests?

GEORGE

Why Oscar, honest Oscar.

SPEEDWIT

There's one who knows love. George, Oscar is a Player, and to men and to women this means two different things. In that he makes honest representation, he is true; but as he is a Player, I think him false as the Jack of Spades. As he says he will be but besworn your love, you should believe him; but as he says it six times a week, you should be wary. The weight of the world rests with him: six women on one hand, half-dozen on the other. Yet he, that glorious He, thinks Himself God's gift to Wine, Women and Song.

Enter Oscar, at his usual rapid pace.

SPEEDWIT (CONT'D)

Such is his need for an introduction, I now welcome him to the stage, Master Oscar and his Amazing Ego: you are both welcome.

OSCAR

Master George, Master Speedwit: you are both idiots.

Oscar crashes heavily into a chair.

SPEEDWIT

Why look you so downcast?

OSCAR

My master, in his most infinite wisdom hath chosen to disemploy his best Player - Me. I am without paid work, and Gravitas vowed ne'er to let me in his door again.

GEORGE

What was the cause of this outcastment...-ment?

OSCAR

I played a little rough with his humour; like Speedwit I can sting, but unlike him, my wit will tend to decimate (that is, cut up in ten-part) like a cheese-slicer...

SPEEDWIT

Yes, yes, thy wit already begins to grate.

Two LADIES enter.

SPEEDWIT (CONT'D)

But here's an object to beget more pity. Look George, 'tis your Lady.

GEORGE

O, she's more than passing fair!

The ladies exit, giggling.

SPEEDWIT

She's more than passing through! Follow her, man! Speak words to her, great heightened flights of poetry!

Oscar grabs George's sleeve as he's about to run off and hands him a book.

OSCAR

George, take thou this collection of Shakespeare's verse. If it will not capture her heart, she's not worth having.

George exits in pursuit of the ladies.

OSCAR

A lady of the House of Lindauer; poor George. She is a lady of high

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