

NICK

- BLOSSOM:** Say! Is that why people from () wear thongs!
*As they exit to one side, Nick enters from the other reading a letter.
Irma enters soon after.*
- IRMA:** Nick, I'm so excited! Are you really going to let me sing tonight?
- NICK:** *(absent minded)* Sure, honey, they're going love ya.
- IRMA:** *(stars in he eyes)* Do you know, I've always wanted to sing ... to be a performer ... to be a star! In fact *(she is getting carried away)* I want to see my name in lights in every theatre.
- NICK:** No problem, honey. Try changing ya name to "Exit".
- IRMA:** I was just dreaming. *(comes down to earth)* I am so happy, Nick, just to be here with you.
The last bit is lost on Nick who is reading his letter again.
- IRMA:** Is it bad news?
- NICK:** Oh, just another threatening letter.
- IRMA:** *(gasps)* A threatening letter! Who from?
- NICK:** The tax department.
- IRMA:** You pay your tax, don't you?
- NICK:** Sure I do. I get my money ... and spend it and if there's any left, I let the tax man have it.
- IRMA:** That sounds pretty fair.
- NICK:** I've always thought so ... I don't know why he doesn't. *(indicates letter)* They say I gotta go to court tomorrow.
- IRMA:** Oh, Nick, they might send you to prison. That's awful!
- NICK:** Nah, it's just a *(senses her sympathy and plays on it)* well, yeah, you're right. *(holds head up high)* Looks like this is it. It could be a long stretch.
- IRMA:** They can't do that, not to you. You're so kind ... understanding
- NICK:** Sensitive.
- IRMA:** sensitive, brave thoughtful

NICK: Intelligent.

IRMA: Intelligent (*realises*) now, don't push it! Didn't you get any warning from the taxman?

NICK: Yeah, I did get a call last month, but he ain't been obscene since.

He laughs.

IRMA: (*to audience*) You see, laughing in the face of the taxman. So brave! (*considers*) So stupid!

NICK: It's not all bad, Irma. I met you. And sometimes you gotta have a bit of pain so ya can enjoy the pleasure more.

IRMA: I don't understand that.

NICK: I'll show / tell ya.

SONG 5.....

NICK: Now do you understand?

IRMA: I think so.

Blossom enters laughing.

BLOSSOM: We done found a stray! But we don't know what it is.

Petal ushers in an indignant Miss Fit.

NICK: Sorry, honey, the dancer's job's been taken!

MISS FIT: I am not a dancer! My legs are functional. They're not for display.

NICK: Yeah, I ain't gonna argue with that! So, what d'ya want?

MISS FIT: I'm here to close down this this den of iniquity! With its liquor

NICK: Liquor?

MISS FIT: Gambling!

NICK: Gambling!

MISS FIT: Debauchery!

Nick hurriedly covers Irma's ears.