

NELL. And I'm a woman!

HART. What have you got to lose? Say yes.

NELL. Mr Hart.

HART. Say yes!

*Pause. Will she? Won't she?*

NELL. All right. Yes. Yes!

HART. Good! Well, till tomorrow then!

*He goes to leave.*

NELL. Sir?

HART. Gwynn?

NELL. Thank you, Mr Hart.

*He gives her a look. She projects.*

MR HART!

*He exits. She watches him go, then tries some poses of her own. She tests her projection, aiming to a different place in the auditorium each time.*

Mr Hart! Mr Hart! Mr Hart!

ROSE (*appearing in the yard*). Mr Hart?

NELL. Oh, Rose! I was just... 'Romeo, Romeo! Lend me your ears.'

ROSE. We need to get back.

NELL (*pointing in terror to something behind her*). AARGH!

ROSE (*panicking*). What?!

NELL. Nothing. Just acting. Terror. Eyebrows raised. Nostrils flared.

ROSE. Stop fooling –

NELL. It's a serious art, Rosey. Mr Hart said.

ROSE. Mr Hart? *Charles* Hart?! He spoke to you?