

NICK

No. You go home and rest.

*SHE nods her consent, then kisses him.*

BEA

Thanks, I love you, luv.

NICK

I love you, too.

*SHE exits.*

*(excited)*

I'm going to be a *father*?

*(then, sobered and worried)*

I'm going to be a father...

*NICK rubs his brow, feeling the pressure. SHYLOCK enters, having overheard this.*

SHYLOCK

Hello, Nick. Ready to reconsider my offer?

NICK

No, Shylock.

SHYLOCK

Because you're prejudiced against the Jew?

NICK

Not me. All of Renaissance Europe! Besides I've already got a Puritan saying my writing's the work of Satan and I should burn in Hell.

SHYLOCK

Don't listen to critics! They're *fakakta*! Come on Nick — be a *mensch*! Let me help you!

NICK

I'm not that desperate.

SHYLOCK

Really? You have no show, no patron, and your brother is at a private party for William Shakespeare.

NICK

What?! I'LL KILL HIM!

SHYLOCK

It's invitation only. And guess who has an invitation?