

APRIL DE ANGELIS

*bedraggled, weak. She is clad in her petticoat, which is dirty, ragged.*

**Mrs Farley** Two pence. Two pence. I do anything. You can punch me. Look! *(She shows her arms, which are bruised.)* Nothing. Stood here all afternoon. Nothing doing. Should have washed my face. Tired. Too tired to do it. I might have done better business if I had. *(Pause.)* It's not me. It's them. They're not doing their job properly. The blokes aren't coming out excited. They're coming out limp. They're not coming out looking for it. I should be in there. Not outside. *(Pause.)* Thing is, I'm better now. Better than I was. That's the pity of it. I've learnt things out here. The art of performance. You can't act tired, not for business purposes. You've got to act like you like it. Love it even. You learn that. Out here I'm a real pro. *(Pause.)* I left it. Had to. Little white body. Laid it on some steps. What a cry when I left it. *(Pause.)* I'm going to find a gutter or a corner and lie down. Not in the street! Yes. Right here in the street. *(She begins to wander off.)* It's getting dark, dark.

*She exits.*

*Tiring Room.*

*Nell prepares for a rendezvous.*