

JESSICA The Fool's cap?

JESSICA *puts it on.*

(*As FOOL*) Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry! Take the fool with thee.

DOROTHY You're pretty good. Would it help if I had a word?

JESSICA You think he takes advice? Have you seen his films recently? His clothes? His hair?

DOROTHY You know you are quite hard on him. His heart's in the right place.

JESSICA Unlike his ears.

DOROTHY (*horrified and amused*) No!

JESSICA *pulls her face up to her ears to indicate that JEFFERSON has had a face lift.*

JESSICA Next time you get close have a look.

DOROTHY I don't intend to get that close.

JESSICA Really? I've heard that before. Still, you're nicer than most of them. And older...

DOROTHY Thank you Jessica - I think. But really I can assure you that your father and I are just - and I mean *only* just - good friends.

JESSICA I'd keep it that way. He's far too in love with himself to be able to love someone else.

DOROTHY It's not all his fault. If you're treated like a king, you're going to end up behaving like one.

JESSICA Oh no - he's getting to you.

JEFFERSON and DENIS *re-enter. JEFFERSON has put on baseball cap and dark glasses as befits a celeb - even though it's clearly raining - the umbrella's up.*

DENIS So would it be fair to say that I'm, like, your - you know - entourage?

JEFFERSON Sure Den. Maybe entourages are technically more for fixing up drugs and arranging girls than mending plumbing and creosoting fences - but what the hell, buddy, go for it.

DENIS Thanks. So as your entourage, do I keep fans away from you, or encourage them to mob you?

JEFFERSON You keep them away, obviously.

DENIS That's what I don't understand. You want to be so famous that everyone recognises you, but then you put on a baseball cap and dark glasses so nobody does. What's that all about?

JEFFERSON Celebrity's kind of complicated. OK, let's go do this goddam rehearsal.

*They re-join the rehearsal. He removes dark glasses and can now see.*

I'm back.

DOROTHY Good.

*She and JESSICA hold up material across him - as if a cloak.*

Can we just see how this looks?

DENIS Can you keep away from Mr. Steel please...

JEFFERSON It's all right Denis. They're with me.

NIGEL *enters with MARY.*

DENIS What about these two?

JEFFERSON I appreciate it Denis - but we'll assume the cast are security cleared.

DENIS *gives him a high five.*

NIGEL (*to MARY*) Oh dear. We seem to be witnessing what I think is called a "bromance". I fear I may be sick.