**TOBY**

**Dégringolade – Male Actor 2 – “JAKE”**

*A commotion outside - the press trying to interview NIGEL and JAKE as they enter the office.*

NIGEL

Remember, it’s your job to deflect them Jake. You’re literally only here to swat the flies away.

JAKE

So, in many ways, I’m almost like the tail of the operation.

NIGEL

Near enough.

*The door shuts.*

JAKE

Here, I’ll hang your coat Nige.

NIGEL

Jake, I’ve told you, please stop calling me ‘Nige’.

JAKE

Sorry Nige...

*NIGEL shoots him a look.*

JAKE

*El.* Nig*el.* I’m sorry Ni-*gel.*

NIGEL

Thank you Jake.

NIGEL

Samantha, what on earth is going on?

*He sniffs the air.*

NIGEL

Have you been smoking?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

NIGEL

Are you...what the fuck is happening here Sam?

JAKE

(laughing)

I didn’t know we could smoke in here. Or swear, to be fair.

NIGEL

(stern)

We can’t.

JAKE

Oh. *That’s* why you’re mad. And that’s why you swore. I get you now. Right, I get it, I get it. Yeah, what the *frick* Samantha?

NIGEL

And why is that parasite Pete Jones lingering in the lobby like a fucking *ghoul?* I thought flies were only attracted to shit.

JAKE

Not with your trusty tail around.

*JAKE makes a swishing motion with his hands as though it’s a tail. They both look at him.*

JAKE

Anyway, Pete Jones? Don’t they call him the Grim Reaper?

NIGEL

Yes, Samantha, why is the man known for writing political obituaries haunting my fucking building?

*A pause.*

SAMANTHA

It’s happening Nigel.

NIGEL

What’s happening?

SAMANTHA

What do you think?!

NIGEL

I haven’t got a clue, Samantha. If you haven’t noticed I’m in the middle of a rather important election. We’re on the precipice of a historic victory and I’m on course to be the next Prime Minister of this country. So *no,* I’m not really in the mood to be playing 21-*tossing*-Questions right now. Okay? So, please, Samantha, tell me - *what, is,* ***happening?***

SAMANTHA

Nigel...

*They stare at each other. She goes to speak but JAKE pipes up.*

JAKE

His den...gingala? Dengringolam? *Delgradodan.* Wait, I tried googling it but I couldn’t even spell it, what was...

NIGEL

Dégringolade.

JAKE

*That’s* it. Nice one Nigel. How do you two know this word? Got a bloody word club I don’t know about? That that I’d come. Frigging nerds.

(typing into his phone)

*Dé-grin-go...*

NIGEL

Jake.

JAKE

Yes Nige?

NIGEL

Put your fucking phone away and shut up.

JAKE

Sorry.

*He puts his phone down but proceeds to continue to search on the sly.*