

SCENE 1.

FX: QUIET LONDON STREET, BIRD SONG, A  
CAR BEING LOADED WITH HEAVY  
ITEMS.

BARNEY: Two, four, six...ten... eighteen... twenty. Done.

ROSIE: That the lot? You sure there's enough room?

BARNEY: Rosie, there's room enough and it's definitely late  
enough. We need to go. Now.

FX: CAR DOOR OPENS. IGNITION TURNS,  
ENGINE STARTS UP.

ROSIE: Barney, it's Freeman Drive Urban Art Fair, not a  
grand opening at the Tate Modern.

BARNEY: Precisely. You exhibit at the Tate, you're  
guaranteed your space. This is more like a market  
free-for-all.

ROSIE: "Photos! Get yer luvly photos! Fresh and tasty  
local art, three for a pound!"

FX: \_\_\_\_\_ OTHER CAR DOOR OPENS, BOTH  
DOORS CLOSE, THE CAR DRIVES OFF.

BARNEY: Checklist: got the string to hang the frames on?

ROSIE: Yes, of course.

BARNEY: Scissors? Gaffer tape?

ROSIE: “Sir, scissors and tape present, sir!” (BEAT) Yes, I’ve got them. And the price list, notebook and pen and business cards... You OK? You look a little flushed.

BARNEY: I couldn’t sleep last night. I feel like I might be coming down with something.

ROSIE: Here, let me feel...

BARNEY: Mind, I can’t see! Watch it!

FX: \_\_\_\_\_ THE CAR BRAKES SCREECH. OUTSIDE  
A CAR HORN HONKS ANGRILY.

ROSIE: Oops...

BARNEY: I'm fine, thanks... Here, I printed off their homepage.

ROSIE: Right... thanks. (IN CHEESY VOICEOVER):  
"Street (Sm)Art" - Smart as in open bracket, capital S, small M, close bracket, capital A, small R, small T. See what they did there? Genius. "has established itself as South London's premier annual street art forum."

BARNEY: They neglect to mention it's probably South London's only street art forum...

ROSIE: "Eagerly looked forward to by hundreds of London art lovers, for the third year running this sleepy, tree-lined street in SW21 will be transformed into a bustling art fair showcasing paintings, sculpture, photographs, print-making and mixed-media, with costs ranging from under £50 to over £500."

BARNEY: Tell you what, I'll give £50 to anyone who can convincingly define what "mixed-media" means.

ROSIE: Like you'd give 50 pence... "It's an art buyer's dream. Entrance is free"

BARNEY: Imagine that, they don't charge us to walk around our own neighbourhood.

ROSIE: "Viewing is from 10:00 am until 6 pm." Well, I'm sold.

BARNEY: Which is more than most of the "art" will be.

FX: ROSIE CRUMPLES UP THE PAPER.

ROSIE: I think you have come down with something. A nasty case of the 'Skeptacoccia' virus - an advanced form of 'cynicosis', practically incurable.

FX: BARNEY REVS THE ENGINE. HONKS THE CAR HORN TWICE LOUDLY.

BARNEY: Move it, you halfwit! Some of us have places to be!

ROSIE: Sweetheart, try to relax. For both our sakes.

BARNEY: I know, I know... I just – after what you said about  
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ROSIE: Look, 'Freeman Drive', we're here. We're probably  
the very first people to...oh. Is that the -

FX: HEAVY TRAFFIC. MUFFLED HORNS

PARP.

It can't be the registration queue, it's not even  
8.30!

BARNEY: I knew it. Damn, damn, damn... Hold on... Can  
you see somewhere I can pull up?

ROSIE: Hmm...Hang on - there's a guy indicating behind  
us...

BARNEY: Where? Oh yeah, I see him. Right, that's ours!

FX: THE CAR ACCELERATES IN REVERSE.

ROSIE: Barn, watch out for the –

FX: A LARGE THUMP! THE PHOTO FRAMES  
CLATTER ON THE BACK SEAT.

- SPEED BUMP! What was that?

FX: BRAKES SCREECH THE CAR TO A HALT.

BARNEY: Never mind for now, just get in the queue, I'll sort  
it.

ROSIE: I need to check the picture frames are OK -

BARNEY: Rosie, the artist needs to register. In person.

ROSIE: (BEAT) Fine, I'm going.

FX: THE CAR DOOR OPENS, THEN SLAMS  
SHUT. FOOTSTEPS RUN OFF.

SCENE 2:

FREEMAN DRIVE, MORNING.

FX: BACKGROUND CHAT, PITCHES SET UP.  
FRAMES HUNG ON IRON RAILINGS.

BARNEY (V.O): Of course, Rosie's charms meant we got our pitch. A good one too, on the corner. £25 for 6 metres of South London wrought iron railing. I even measured it, made sure we weren't getting short-changed.

ROSIE: You take "safety in numbers" literally, huh?

BARNEY (V.O): You could tell we were both nervous. I tense up and count, she starts dropping terrible puns. It's funny; we didn't know a thing about the art fair until we staggered out of the flat a year ago for the Saturday papers and a fry-up at the little café on Coulsdon Hill. Somehow we'd both missed all the banners and flyers – maybe because neither of us ever got home from work before dark. I'm lucky if I'm out of Canary Wharf before 8 p.m and Rosie always prefers to do her marking at school. Says she can't bear the idea that she gets homework too.

FX: \_\_\_\_\_ ART FAIR BUSTLE AND CHATTER  
RISES.

We were impressed, not so much the quality of the work, as that communal sense of giving it a go. I said something like, 'next year it could be you.' I was only messing around. Turns out Rosie wasn't.

BARNEY: So, how we doing this? Black-and-whites at one end, colour prints down the other?

ROSIE: No, no, let's mix them up.

BARNEY: OK... sequenced by country?

ROSIE: It's not a travel agents! I want people to, you know, find their own geography. What? What's so funny?

BARNEY: Nothing! Sweetheart, you're the boss.

SELWYN (OFF): Ah, a man who knows the most comfortable position has the woman on top. Heh heh heh...

BARNEY (V.O): Great. Selwyn Barker, self-appointed laird of Freeman Drive. Street (Sm)Art is his baby. Only he's the one constantly gurgles and needing attention. Throws his toys out the pram at any opportunity, too.



ROSIE: Selwyn, hi. Wow, it all looks very exciting this year.

SELWYN: Ooh, I know. Despite all the barriers our flaccid council like to impose, we get bigger and harder to handle each year, heh heh heh.

BARNEY (V.O): He also has a smutty sense of humour that makes the 'Carry On' films seem written by Woody Allen.

SELWYN: As a Street (Sm)Art virgin, shall I introduce you to some of your fellow creative concubines? Across the way is Harold, one of our big sellers – watercolours of Berkshire countryside – Shiplake, Henley, Ascot.

ROSIE: Hmm, sounds very...pastoral.

SELWYN: Beside him, Laura sells beautiful hand-woven rugs. She has a selection at Liberty's. And there's a gentlemen from Austria, Herr Saegermeister, who sculpts wooden figures with a chainsaw. Salzburg galleries are positively at war over him.

ROSIE: Wow. As if I needed more of an inferiority complex!

