

LOUISE. *Pardon. J'ai oublié mon parasol. Vous l'avez vu?*
(Pause.) Non? Imbéciles. [Sorry, I forgot my parasol. Have
 you seen it? No? Imbeciles.]

NELL and NANCY say nothing. LOUISE looks round the
 theatre with distaste.

NELL. Must be hard for her, not knowing what they're saying
 behind her back – about her spying and her whoring. I
 almost feel sorry for her.

LOUISE. I do not need your sympathy.

NELL *(caught out)*. Oh.

LOUISE. But I have learnt the English. In case I am asked to
 stay here. In London.

NELL. And how do you like London?

LOUISE. I don't.

NELL. Then go home.

LOUISE. It's impossible. It would not please to the King.

NELL. And you know how to please him, do you?

LOUISE. I see how it is here. Your men pay.

NELL. Your men don't. So who's the fool now?

LOUISE. If you were loved, he would not pay.

NELL *(taken aback)*. That's not true.

LOUISE. It must be sad for you that, to him, you were not
 enough. *Il se peut bien que vous soyez comédienne, mais je*
vais vous voler la vedette si c'est la dernière chose que je
ferai. Ce soir-là, je mettrai un chapeau tellement
spectaculaire que vous aurez l'air d'une merde à la semelle
de ma chaussure. Bonne journée. [You may be an actress,
 but I will upstage you if it's the last thing I do. On the night,
 I will wear a hat so spectacular that it'll make you look like a
 shit on the sole of my shoe. Good day.]

LOUISE goes. *Pause.*

NELL. What in hell's name was that?!