

*There is an awkward pause. KYNASTON looks to KILLIGREW who looks pained.*

*(Quiet, slow.)* Oh. She doesn't?! Barbarous!

NED. She shows her... ? To the punters?

KILLIGREW. She does.

KYNASTON. And people pay to see that?!

KILLIGREW. Some folk, Mr Kynaston, are rather partial to the female accoutrements.

KYNASTON. Then they should go to the bawdy house. Theatre is sophisticated, sublime, not a cheap tattle show where any old Nancy gets her knockers out.

NANCY. Hey!

KILLIGREW. He didn't mean you, Nancy.

KYNASTON. Desdemona?! It's sacrilege. At what point does Desdemona get her tits out?

'Good my lord, if I have any power to move you, prithee come apace and *I'll show you my tits*'?

KILLIGREW. They've done a rewrite, the bit with the pillow – it's all rather revealing.

DRYDEN. Are there any tickets left?

KILLIGREW. Dryden!

DRYDEN. Sorry.

KILLIGREW. If they start selling out, they'll run us into the ground. We may have to make... unpopular decisions.

KYNASTON. Is that aimed at anyone in particular?

KILLIGREW. The King has decreed that women should be on the stage. And he is our patron, don't forget. And who knows, it might be rather jolly to play a love scene with a real woman. Imagine. Juliet, a real lady with hopes and aspirations –

NED. And tits.