

NELL (*singing, quietly*). 'I can sing and I can dance...' Come on... I'm still wearing my Florimel stockings.

HART. You're not.

She shows him a little peep then continues up the ladder.

Every time.

He follows her up.

Scene Eight

The Mistresses at War

QUEEN CATHERINE *of Braganza*, CHARLES's barren wife, arrives on stage in a fury. She is smashing everything in her sight. ARLINGTON and an array of SERVANTS are struggling to stop her. She talks in very fast, impassioned Portuguese.

QUEEN. *Não posso acreditar nisso! Como ousa? Comedor de pudim, suino pálido!* [I cannot believe this. How dare he! The eater of pudding, the pale-faced swine!]

ARLINGTON. *A Senhora?*

QUEEN. *Sai do meu caminho, pinto flácido. Tivesse eu nunca pisado no vosso país congelado estúpido. Vocês são todos bastardos!* [Get out of my way, you flaccid dick. I wish I'd never set foot in your stupid, frozen country. You're all bastards!]

She picks up a bust of CHARLES.

ARLINGTON. My lady, please – it's a Bernini – it's terribly –

She hurls the bust at the wall. It smashes.

Expensive.

CHARLES arrives, obviously alerted to the crisis.

CHARLES. What in heaven's name? (*Seeing the bust.*) Oh. My head.