

ARLINGTON. Sir.

CHARLES. It was a Bernini; terribly expensive.

ARLINGTON. I think the Queen is suffering from an affliction of ill humour.

*The QUEEN spits on the floor in his direction.*

CHARLES. She's not angry with me, is she?

ARLINGTON. Allow me to enquire.

CHARLES (*under his breath*). I think perhaps you shouldn't.

ARLINGTON (*to the QUEEN*). *O Rei gostaria de saber, a senhora, se você está irritado com ele.* [The King would like to know, Madam, if you are angry with him.]

QUEEN. *Irritado? Eu irritado? Irritaola? Pareço irritado? Estou tão furiosa que peço meu Deus para golpear-lo, e queimar suas entranhas; para enviar-lo ao inferno onde o diabo pode banquetear-se com os restos carbonizados. Sim, estou irritada, estou furiosa!* [Angry? Me, angry? Do I seem angry? I am so angry I ask my God to smite him down, to burn his entrails to coals and to send him to hell where the devil can feast on his charred remains. Yes I am angry, I am in a fury!]

ARLINGTON. She says... yes. I shall enquire further.

CHARLES. I / wouldn't.

QUEEN. *Estou chateada porque O Rei fedorento nomeou sua puta, a primeira dama da minha câmara real! Acch, essa prostituta, Barbara Castlemaine!* [I am upset because the stinking King named his whore the First Lady of my royal bedchamber. Ugh! That prostitute, Barbara Castlemaine!]

ARLINGTON. Barbara Castlemaine?

CHARLES. Oh / no.

QUEEN. *Sim!* [Yes!]

ARLINGTON. *Nao!* [No!]

QUEEN. *Sim!* [Yes!]

ARLINGTON. Sir! What on earth possessed you?

CHARLES. I thought perhaps –

ARLINGTON. Perhaps what? They'd enjoy an exchange of girlish pleasantries before bed?

CHARLES. I thought the Queen might be lonely.

ARLINGTON. You cannot make your mistress First Lady of the Queen's bedchamber! Good God, sir! There's no one the Queen hates more than –

SERVANT (*announcing*). Lady Castlemaine.

*LADY CASTLEMAINE strolls in, looking pleased with herself.*

LADY CASTLEMAINE. You called?

QUEEN. *Ela!* [Her!]

CHARLES. Oh no.

QUEEN. *Sua puta! Vagabunda! Demônio insensivio!* [Slut! Vagabond! Callous she-devil!]

LADY CASTLEMAINE. The Queen seems a little perturbed. Is it the Spanish flu?

QUEEN. *Sou portuguesa, sua imbecil!* [I'm Portuguese, you imbecile.] (*In broken English.*) O, senhor, sir, I am your Queen, your wife. I honour you for the good of my country. But this, you insult me. You hurt me in my heart.

*She leaves in silence.*

CHARLES (*to LADY CASTLEMAINE*). Why can't you just – be friends?

LADY CASTLEMAINE. Don't blame me if your lunatic wife is racked by paroxysms. She is a slave to the vapours. No wonder she is barren.

CHARLES. Madam, you go too far. Do not forget that your place here is according to my will.

*LADY CASTLEMAINE stops. She turns to the SERVANTS.*