

described.' (*As Celadon.*) 'Florimel?! Ha! I knew at once that we were good for nothing but each other. Let us be married at once!' (*As Florimel.*) 'Married at once?' (*As Celadon.*) 'By Jove, yes. And do you consent?' (*As Florimel.*) 'Yes!' Then they embrace and... (*From NELL's expression.*) What?

NELL. She says yes? To that?!

DRYDEN. What's wrong with it?

*Pause. The girls erupt into laughter.*

NELL. There's no 'boom!'

DRYDEN. Boom?

NELL. Spark. Gunpowder.

DRYDEN. What are you saying? It lacks fire?

NELL. Yep.

DRYDEN. Not even a flicker? A tiny glow? An ember?

NELL. Nope.

DRYDEN *looks to NANCY and ROSE.*

NANCY. Nope.

ROSE. Sorry.

DRYDEN. I knew it, it's just kindling!

NELL. Don't sulk.

DRYDEN. It's just a romance, no one listens anyway –

NELL. So make 'em listen. Grab 'em by the scallies.

DRYDEN. Sorry?

NANCY. And stop apologising.

DRYDEN. Sorry.

NELL. Mr Dryden! Yet again, some gallant falls for a wilting, waifish woman without a bean of personality or a single funny line, but hey, it doesn't matter, cos she's pretty –

DRYDEN. Now wait a minute