

JOANNA (*Assuming the air of a gruff queen.*) Bring me a pickled flamingo, Lady Edna!

LAWRENCE. (*Bringing a chair.*) Sit here on this throne. Up with your feet on the ottoman.

JOANNA. (*Kicking aside the chair.*) Down with the Ottomans! Behead everyone of them. Barbarians! I won't have them in the kingdom! Where's my filet offlamingo? Behead that girl!

LAWRENCE. (*With a quilt from the bed.*) You must have a mantle. This robe, your pregnancy, was made by four hundred Hungarian virgins who went blind sewing seed pearls. (*Getting a candelabrum.*) And a scepter! Is there anything else, your pregnancy? (*He tucks in the quilt.*)

JOANNA (*Gruffly.*) Careful with me, you fool. I'm with child! You're jostling the future king!

LAWRENCE. (*Excited. Again singing. Loud.*) For unto us a child is given. For unto us a son is born. And the government shall be upon his shoulders! And his name shall be

JOANNA Silence! Silence that racket or offwith your shoulders!

LAWRENCE. Oh, no. Not that. Not that, your pregnancy. Not my shoulders! Throw me in the briar patch, but not my shoulders!

JOANNA. (*Saintly.*) I knight. Thee. (*Pause.*) Sir Stutter! Ha!

LAWRENCE. That's not fair! You're a whore. (*Takes away quilt.*) You're not a queen. Fetch your own filet of flamingos. Edna forget the flamingos. She's not a queen, she's a whore.

JOANNA Oh! I *am not!*

LAWRENCE. I bet you are!

JOANNA I bet I am not!

LAWRENCE. I bet you go around trying to stir up some look in boys' eyes.

JOANNA I bet I do not.

LAWRENCE. Lie!

JOANNA Lie! I do not. Only you. You know it's true. I couldn't get away if! wanted to. Besides, now I'm pregnant.

LAWRENCE. I'd hold you in. (*Moving behind her.*) I'd bite the nape of your neck and pull you back like a tomcat.

JOANNA (*Playfully.*) Ouch! It tickles.

LAWRENCE. Of course it tickles. Let's take a shower.