

### SIDE 3 – CARDINAL & MILADY

- Cardinal: Hello, you sniveling rug rats. **(Boo)**. Boo? Is that all you can do? **(Boo)**. I smell it Milady De Winter. I smell it so bad.
- Milady: I do too. It's the rug rats. **(Heading into the audience)** **(Oh no, it isn't)** Oh yes, it is **(Oh no, it isn't)** **(sniffing at the kids)**. Well something stinks. Who said you do? **(Looking around and treading carefully)**. There seem to have been a lot of horses running through here lately, Cardinal.
- Cardinal: The throne. I smell the throne and it smells of me. If I have to kill that sniveling little Louise XIII, then so be it, I will. Oh yes, I will. **(Oh no, you won't)** Oh yes, I will. **(Oh no, you won't)** Believe you me, there is plenty of room in the Iron Maidens & dungeons for a few you peasants to enjoy. Oh yes, there is **(Oh no, there isn't)**. Don't make me come out there and select a few of you. This could get ugly. Who said you are ugly? Silly child, I just selected you as my first guest! Oh yes, I did **(Oh no, you didn't)** Oh yes, I did. Boo to you too. **(Boo)**. Ah, it's so good to be bad. Oh yes, it is **(Oh no, it isn't)**. Oh believe you me it is.
- Milady: The fête is in two days' time, Cardinal Richelieu. I believe as you do that Queen Ann will possibly lose her life if the pearls are not adorned around her skinny little throat. Oh what a day that will be. **(they both laugh)**
- Cardinal: The King will be heartbroken. Boo hoo and I will be his loyal servant who will aid him in his *non*-recovery. Ha Ha Ha. **(Boo)** Boo all you like, it just feeds my ego. **(Boo)** You are sure they are in England?
- Milady: They left France four days ago. I saw to it myself that Lord Buckingham still had them on his person.
- Cardinal: How so?
- Milady: A gentleman should never ask a woman her age, her weight or her murderous intentions. Ha ha ha ha ha.
- Cardinal: I could kiss you, but you can kiss my ring instead. **(He offers her his hand and she kisses it)**. You must get a message to Lord Buckingham. Send our spies. Let the English believe that the King knows of his wife's infidelity, is seeking revenge and war with England is close at hand. Those pearls must never ever be seen around the Queen's scrawny neck again.
- Milady: Oh how the plot thickens, Cardinal and how gently we stir the contents. HA HA HA. **(Boo)**