

Rockard

Scene 12

Int. Night. A bedroom.

The QUEEN and ROCKARD are lying side by side. Both are smoking Elizabethan clay pipes.

ROCKARD: In my time they call you the Virgin Queen.

QUEEN: Historians! They would have me believe this country was once invaded by a load of Frenchmen... I trust them not.

She looks ROCKARD in the eye.

QUEEN: I trust men not.

ROCKARD: But.. Majesty... I know it seems madness but I speak the truth.

QUEEN: You administer a rightly good sherricking, Master Rockard, but I fear you talk nonsense.

ROCKARD: But it's the only explanation that fits, Majesty – it's the only explanation that ... explains me.

QUEEN: You say you were in a stable and were struck right hot?

ROCKARD: I must have been... she came up behind me and that's the last I can remember before waking up with my head strapped to your block.

QUEEN: And the deer?

ROCKARD: Look, I'm a professional. A deer. That's a big payer, a deer. I'd have remembered shoving my hand up its backside.

QUEEN: One would hope so, Master Rockard, one would hope so... and you say you were struck in the attempt to apprehend criminals. For what crime?

ROCKARD: For killing a fox, my lady.

QUEEN: Killing a.. fox? A crime? One may as well say beating your servants is a crime.

ROCKARD: But don't you see, majesty, it proves I'm from a different time! In our time we believe it wrong to kill animals!

QUEEN: But right to shove your arm up its arse?

ROCKARD: Only when it's dead! (*He considers, then mutters*). Mostly only when it's dead...

QUEEN: It would seem, if you are to be believed, Master Stuffer, that my beloved realm may not be as I would wish...

“Good words are worth much, and cost little” – George Herbert, 1593-1633.

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ROCKARD: Well, ahem, certainly virginity's gone out of fashion...

The QUEEN strokes ROCKARD'S chest and looks at him suggestively....

QUEEN: Oh... I think one could say it's a bit of an anachronism here, too....