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Carlos II

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IAN C. BRADSHAW'S

CARLOS II

ACT ONE

Dramatis Personæ CARLOS II, *King of Spain*

PERO, *a blackamoor; King's prick* QUEEN *to Carlos II*

COURTIERS

SCENE: Throne-room at the Royal Alcázar of Madrid

COURTIERS. (*Sings.*)

First-born of Mary dead was from crib cribbed, And hob did fair babe for th' androgyne truck!
Grew King unsexed, and took Orleans as bride; Swear barbers France's daughter virgin died.

Long hath Carlos' prick at new Queen's cunt jibbed, And throws wide she her gates, and
varlets fuck! Does as she likes, and may he her ne'er chide;

So, no reason hath Carlos t' himself pride.

Think thou not him we hath affectless ribbed:

Inflame we our hearts with love to King Cuck!

(*They laugh. Enter KING CARLOS.*)

FIRST COURTIER.

Hark! hark, men. Sport of a King nearer comes.

KING CARLOS.

Lords, what merry lay dost you so well sing

That we Morpheus' calls refuse, and t' our Throne hales us back again, and stay constrains?

SECOND COURTIER.

At royal seat for our disport we doth

Weekly meet, and troll ancient Basque lyrics.

(COURTIERS chortle.)

KING CARLOS.

For King vulgar poesy? Tell us true, Lords,

How for Court all you would as lief perform.

(Aside.)

Song didst heart strike, and we remember when King fain to own himself Queen's
husband was.

Mayhap they may sing of Ma'am Orleans dead; For late meetings are to mem'ry recalled,

And bethought us of her charm and graces, But we their stay could not betem, so from Mind
wast demurely cast out, and mis'ry O'ertook us, and heart didst violent flutter, And grieved as 'tis
well-affected toward her. Hapless Spain thy King is too much woman!

(Lies on the ground. Sotto voce. COURTIERS surround him.)

Why our crowners fem'nal humours discharge; Why doth softness our heart incline, O Lord?

O Lord! why for Lot's penance must son curst Live, and this wretched state endure? What blights
Thou dost excite against Carlos Bewitched!

(Pause. Stands.)

Thou seemest doubly incensed, but wherein Hath Carlos offended Thee? Pray, speak plain!

FIRST COURTIER.

King, what doth trouble thee?

KING CARLOS.

My lords hear'st here nothing. Send for Queen, and Hence, your rooms; let morrow misdeeds
cancel.

FIRST COURTIER.

Grant time to please thee.

(Exeunt Courtiers.)

KING CARLOS. *(Simulates masturbation.)* Come Pero, dear'st cock!

(Enter PERO betwixt King Carlos' legs.)

PERO.

In faith, more seeming Queen than King implore
Me come, but Queen her creatures calls; yea, she With her hests doth make them vastly happy.

KING CARLOS.

Prick, thou must be cautelous, or lose crown.

PERO.

Well thou know'st it, 'twould better grace thee, too. Time goes we grow short, so say what
thou wouldst.

KING CARLOS.

With steady purpose speak we to thee who
Did to our retainers give poor credit,
That e'er are we out of fettle. One doth
For thy der'lict condition say, green Mantles Carlos' brow! or blagues much like Unto boys
in their fatuity. Thou

Makes rumour that sparks like a beau, and in Hearts indefect disorder thou begets.

Verily, God hast many malisons

Dispensed, and our front He did make misshaped. Disorders disturb the peace, and rend us

In sunder, but if we thy liquor spilt, Quiet's the worry, and be there never

A claimer to front our charge to rule Spain.

PERO.

Marry, even not sanguine complexion

Could aggravate thy foul aspect! Be to Thee plain that I thy report blast, wherefore

Dost thou still lay upon me curses and

Imprecations dire? Thou art a parlous

Man, 'struth! Spurn the Earth and curse and ban, and Forswears thee thy doubled tongue and
King's balm.

I vow, class me as recreant prick, and

Thou makes God sore beat: injured with thy sin.

For Him thou wilt fear Anjou; King of France

Cockers him high fantasy, and villain

Bourbon shall thee rough confound — and right course Divert — if for gall no child genders thou.

KING CARLOS.

Sorry state where King under his prick bends!

(Enter Queen in bed-clothes, with tangled hair.)

QUEEN. *(Excited.)*

Why dost thou clepe me loathèd Queen hither,

When I... *(Pants.)*

Was at bedside, and much engaged in prayer?

PERO.

Be pleased to stay th' evening and fuck, Ma'am?

QUEEN. *(Laughs.)*

My strange inequality of temper

Begs thy excuse, King. Would'st thou have me to

Shrine, and lash? Will go: by Heavens I swear't.

(Taking leave.)

KING CARLOS.

What meanness takes that complete o'ertops this

Great business! If thou beest our hand-maid,

Then thou art in duty bound to fair Spain.

(Remove KING CARLOS to the throne. PERO lies on the ground.)

QUEEN. *(Aside.)* Know you,

Low boys not King Queen's body honest used.

(Sits in KING CARLOS' lap. She moves slightly. PERO stands; then, with a sigh, sits.)

KING CARLOS.

Imagine thee Orleans, but prick's as rope!

(Throws off the QUEEN. He shrinks.)

O Spain! how thy meads wilt for Anjou rot!