

# *Lord Velvet*

(A musical in progress)

**Book and Lyrics by Fengar Gael**

**Music composed by Glenn Mehrbach**

Fengar Gael  
135 West 70th Street  
New York, NY 10023  
Phone: (646) 707-0903  
E-mail: [Fengar@aol.com](mailto:Fengar@aol.com)

*Representation:*  
Alexis Williams  
Bret Adams, Ltd.  
448 West 44th Street  
New York, NY 10036  
Phone: (212) 765-5630  
[awilliams@bretadamsltd.net](mailto:awilliams@bretadamsltd.net)

*“The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror,  
Death humbles all these.  
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,  
Earth highest station ends in ‘Here he lies’:  
And ‘Dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”*

Edward Young

## **CHARACTERS**

(a minimal ensemble cast of five men and four women)

### **THE REGALIANS**

PIM DUFFIN, Third Assistant to the Royal Goldsmith; late forties; lyric baritone  
KING HAROLD VII, King of Regalia; handsome heir to Harold VI; mid-twenties; tenor  
QUEEN MILDRED, mother of King Harold VII; mid-forties; mezzo-soprano  
PRINCE HUGH, the younger brother of King Harold VII; early twenties; tenor  
VERNON RUMPSHAW, Prime Minister of Regalia; mid-fifties; bass  
PERCY BUMPHREYS, Archbishop of Regalia; late fifties; baritone  
TRAMP, MADMAN, CONVICT, GOSSIPS, POLICEMEN,  
NIGHTMARE KINGS, PROTESTERS, GUARDS, STROLLERS

### **THE AMERICANS**

PETER COCHRAN, a charming jewel merchant; late twenties; tenor  
POLLY COCHRAN, his seductive sister; mid-twenties; alto  
JANE BUTTONS, a newspaper reporter; early forties; alto

### **THE CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS**

RUBY, soprano  
SAPPHIRE, mezzo-soprano  
PEARL, alto

**NOTE:** The Regalians and Chorus of Crown Jewels speak with British accents;  
Peter and Polly Cochran speak with American accents.

## **TIME**

1989, the year Denmark became the first country to legally recognize same sex unions.

## **PLACE**

The fictitious island Kingdom of Regalia, near the coast of England, discovered in 1820 by King Harold I, an abandoned son of George IV, and ruled thereafter by a succession of Harolds. A single unit set serves as various settings both within and without the royal palace. Center stage stands an ornate pedestal holding a sumptuously studded crown.

## ACT I

### PROLOGUE

(Shimmering lights illuminate a chamber in the royal palace on the coronation day of King Hugh. The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS: RUBY, SAPPHIRE, PEARL are posed provocatively, adorned in glittery jewels. The Assistant Royal Goldsmith, PIM DUFFIN, enters to retrieve the crown from its pedestal as the CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS leap jubilantly, singing:)

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS and PIM DUFFIN

*GOD LOVES A CORONATION,  
GOD LOVES A BRAND NEW KING;  
GOD LOVES A CORONATION,  
WHERE PYRAMIDS OF NOBLES COME TO SING!*

PIM DUFFIN

*I'M THE ASSISTANT  
TO THE ASSISTANT  
TO THE ASSISTANT ROYAL GOLDSMITH.  
THAT'S QUITE THE UNDERLING,  
THAT'S QUITE THE WORM,  
BUT WHEN THEY ROLL THE ROYAL RUNNER DOWN,  
IT'S THE NEW KING'S TURN TO SQUIRM!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS and PIM DUFFIN

*GOD LOVES A CORONATION,  
GOD LOVES A BRAND NEW KING;  
GOD LOVES A CORONATION,  
WHERE LOWBROWS WATCH THE Highbrows HAVE THEIR FLING!*

PIM DUFFIN

*I'M THE ASSISTANT  
TO THE ASSISTANT  
TO THE ASSISTANT ROYAL GOLDSMITH.  
I GIVE HER TRIM A BRUSH,  
HER GOLD A GLOW,  
AND BUFF HER BAUBLES FOR THE NEW KING'S HEAD  
THOUGH THE WEIGHT WILL BRING HIM LOW.*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS and PIM DUFFIN

*GOD LOVES A CORONATION,  
GOD LOVES A BRAND NEW KING;  
GOD LOVES A CORONATION,  
HEAR ALL THE NATION'S CHURCH BELLS START TO RING!*

(Bells ring as PIM DUFFIN trips and the crown tumbles.  
Simultaneously, the CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS sing  
several discordant notes.)

## PIM DUFFIN

*MY HEAD COULD ROLL,  
CAN'T LET THEM SEE:  
I'VE DROPPED REGALIA'S DIVINITY!*

(On the word "divinity" PIM DUFFIN recovers the crown  
and fits it to his own head. THE CHORUS OF CROWN  
JEWELS surround him, dancing seductively.)

## RUBY

*RUBIES,...*

## SAPPHIRE and RUBY

*SAPPHIRES,...*

## PEARL, SAPPHIRE, RUBY

*...PEARLS.*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*STONES, BABY, STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEL, FEEL, FEEEEEEEEEL.*

*STONES, BABY, STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEL, FEEL, FEEEEEEEEEL.*

## RUBY

*A LADY'S LOVE IS FICKLE,  
ON YOUR FRIENDS YOU CAN'T RELY;  
BUT RUBIES WON'T FORSAKE YOU,  
YOU CAN KEEP THEM TILL YOU DIE.*

## RUBY (cont'd)

*SO FILL YOUR CUPS FOR TOASTING  
WITH INTOXICATING WINE;  
THE RADIANCE OF RUBIES  
MAKES A LIQUOR THAT'S SUBLIME.*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*STONES, BABY, STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEL, FEEL, FEEEEEEEEEL.*

*STONES, BABY STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEL, FEEL, FEEEEEEEEEL.*

## SAPPHIRE

*WITH SAPPHIRES IN YOUR QUARRY,  
ALL YOUR SUBJECTS WILL BE SLAVES;  
BEDAZZLED BY THEIR BEAUTY,  
THEY'LL BE SPELLBOUND TO THEIR GRAVES.*

*YOU'LL BE HAILED HIGH FASHION'S PRINCE,  
BRING THE GENTRY TO THEIR KNEES;  
LADIES BEND TO BUFF YOUR BOOTS  
WHILE YOUR SAPPHIRES WINK AND TEASE.*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*STONES, BABY, STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEL, FEEL, FEEEEEEEEEL*

*STONES, BABY, STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEL, FEEL, FEEEEEEEEEL.*

## PEARL

*SIGHTING PEARLS IN YOUR OYSTERS,  
MEN WILL MARVEL AS YOU PLUCK  
THE PRECIOUS BEADS OF NATURE  
TO BE STRUNG FOR LADY LUCK.*

PEARL (cont'd)

*GREAT PEARLS ADORN HER BOSOM,  
THEY HEAVE WITH EVERY SIGH;  
PASSIONS COME AND PASSIONS GO,  
BUT YOUR PEARLS WILL NEVER LIE.*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*STONES, BABY, STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEL, FEEL, FEEEEEEEEEL.*

*STONES, BABY, STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEL, FEEL, FEEEEEEEEEL.*

(PIM DUFFIN removes the crown from his head, and approaches the audience.)

PIM DUFFIN

*IT'S NOT THE CROWN, THEY SAY,  
BUT THE HEAD BENEATH IT THAT'S SACRED.  
WELL, THE WRONG MAN'S KING, I SAY,  
THE WRONG MAN'S KING!*

*KING HUGH IS BEING CROWNED TODAY;  
KING HAROLD THREW THE CROWN AWAY!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*INFIDEL!*

PIM DUFFIN

*GAVE UP HIS BIRTHRIGHT!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*INFIDEL!*

PIM DUFFIN

*CAST OFF HIS GLORY!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*INFIDEL!*

PIM DUFFIN

*GAVE UP HIS CROWN!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*GAVE UP HIS CROWN!*

*GAVE UP HIS CROWN!*

PIM DUFFIN

*FOR A BOWLER...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*A BOWLER! A BOWLER! A BOWLER!*

(Blackout.)

### SCENE 1

(Six months preceding the coronation day: a black carpet unfurls and a funereal chord is heard as lights reveal the young prince, the future KING HAROLD, dressed in mourning. PIM DUFFIN approaches, followed discreetly by the CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS who remain visible exclusively to Pim throughout the play.)

PIM DUFFIN

*HIS STORY'S NOT A NEW ONE;*

*THERE'S AN ORDER MADE BY GOD:*

KING HAROLD

*WHEN FATHERS DIE,*

*THEIR SONS SURVIVE THEM*

*TO CARRY ON THE BLOOD.*

*DEATH WRENCHED THE SCEPTER FROM HIS HAND;*

*DEATH WRENCHED THE SCEPTER FREE,*

*NOW THEY SAY IT'S MY TURN*

*TO BE THE ROYAL WE!*

*TO BE THE ROYAL WE!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*TO BE THE ROYAL WE!*

*TO BE THE ROYAL WE!*



(A procession enters with QUEEN MILDRED, PRINCE HUGH, ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS, PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW, JANE BUTTONS, and the CITIZENS of Regalia.)

PIM DUFFIN

*HOW DELIGHTFUL IT WAS:  
THE FIRST DAY OF HIS REIGN,  
EVERYONE IN MOURNING  
IN HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL TRAIN.  
BLACK IS MY COLOR!  
BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!  
THE QUEEN LOOKED VERY TRIM IN....*

QUEEN MILDRED

*BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!*

PIM DUFFIN

*THE PRINCE LOOKED OH SO GRIM IN...*

PRINCE HUGH

*BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!*

PIM DUFFIN

*THE BODIES POLITIC WERE VERY SMART IN...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!!*

PIM DUFFIN

*THE CLERICS WERE SO VERY MUCH AT HOME IN...*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!!*

PIM DUFFIN

*AND THE PRESS IN...*

JANE BUTTONS

*...BLACK!*

PIM DUFFIN

*EVERY DRESS IN...*

THE WOMEN

*...BLACK!*

PIM DUFFIN

*EVERYONE INVOLVED IN THIS WHOLE MESS IN...*

ALL

*...BLACK!*

PIM DUFFIN

*BLACK IS MY COLOR!  
BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!  
BLACK IS MY COLOR!  
BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!*

(KING HAROLD, followed by PIM DUFFIN and the CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS, strides regally towards the gathering, then kneels before PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW and ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS.)

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*REX IMPERATOR!*

ALL

*REX IMPERATOR!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*REX IMPERATOR!*

ALL

*REX IMPERATOR! REX IMPERATOR! REX IMPERATOR!*

BUMPHREYS and RUMPSHAW

*WE THE LORDS...*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*SPIRITUAL...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*AND TEMPORAL...*

BUMPHREYS and RUMPSHAW  
*OF THIS REALM,  
 DO NOW HEREBY PROCLAIM  
 THAT THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE:*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS  
*WILFRED...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
*ALBERT...*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS  
*FERGUS...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
*CLIVE...*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS  
*MAGNUS...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
*MALCOLM...*

BUMPHREYS and RUMPSHAW  
*HAROLD...*

BUMPHREYS and RUMPSHAW  
*...IS NOW BY THE DEATH OF OUR MOST BELOVED LATE SOVEREIGN  
 BECOME OUR LAWFUL LIEGE,  
 KING AND EMPEROR,  
 LORD HAROLD THE SEVENTH,  
 BY THE GRACE OF GOD,  
 OF OUR NATION, REGALIA,  
 OUR ISLAND DOMINION,  
 JEWEL OF THE SEA,  
 ON WHOSE GREAT CRIMSON FLAG  
 THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES.*

KING HAROLD  
*NOW IT'S TIME, IT'S MY TURN  
 TO BE THE ROYAL WE!  
 TO BE THE ROYAL WE!  
 TO BE THE ROYAL WE!*

(A crimson flag with an enormous yellow sun is hoisted as PIM DUFFIN pulls a copper version of the crown from inside the genuine crown. HE presents it to ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS who sets it atop KING HAROLD'S head where it remains throughout the play.)

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*UNTIL THE CORONATION, SIR,  
THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.*

(KING HAROLD rises as EVERYONE bows and curtsies.)

BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, ROYALS, PIM, CROWN JEWELS  
*WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, THAT'S YOUR KINGDOM;  
WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, YOU MUST REIGN.  
YOUR RIGHTS ARE DIVINE  
AND YOUR WISDOM SUBLIME,  
NOW YOU MUST SPEND YOUR TIME  
BEING KING!*

KING HAROLD

*KING! KING!*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*THE EMPIRE'S A GREAT MORAL FORCE, YOUR HIGHNESS.*

PRINCE HUGH

*AH, THE GRAND TRADITION OF KINGS  
BEATEN INTO EVERY BEAN!*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*YOU NOW RULE AN ISLAND OF THE WORLD.*

KING HAROLD

*ISLAND OF THE WORLD?*

PRINCE HUGH

*THAT'S QUITE A LOT OF BOWS AND CURTSIES,  
CHANGING OF GUARDS AND SIPPING OF TEAS*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*THE KING'S HEAD IS CARRIED IN EVERY POCKET, YOUR HIGHNESS.  
CARVED ONTO EVERY SHILLING AND TUPPENCE.*

PRINCE HUGH  
*YOUR PROFILE ON EVERY BACKSIDE, HA!*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
*MIND YOU, YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO DO OR SAY MUCH.*

KING HAROLD  
 Oh?

QUEEN MILDRED  
*IT'S ENOUGH YOU'RE SIMPLY HERE.  
 POWER LEADS TO REGICIDE,  
 AND POWER'S NOT YOUR PURPOSE, DEAR.*

KING HAROLD  
*WHAT IS MY PURPOSE, MOTHER?*

QUEEN MILDRED  
*TO REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE:  
 ROYAL NOSES NEVER DRIP OR SNEEZE,  
 ROYAL EYES MUST NEVER CRY;  
 ROYAL EARS MUST NEVER LISTEN,  
 ROYAL TONGUES CAN'T QUESTIONS WHY.*

KING HAROLD  
 But why?

BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, ROYALS, PIM, CROWN JEWELS  
*IT'S A LIFE OF PURE SOBRIETY,  
 DEDICATION TO PROPRIETY;  
 TO PROTOCOL WE GIVE OUR ALL.*

KING HAROLD  
*WHY MUST WE KEEP OUR DREAMS INTERNAL?  
 MUST OUR LIVES BE ONE INFERNAL RITUAL?*

QUEEN MILDRED  
*ROYAL SHOULDERS NEVER STOOP OR DROOP,  
 ROYAL FEET ARE NEVER BARE;  
 ROYAL BOTTOMS NEVER WIGGLE,  
 ROYAL PASSIONS MUST BE SPARE.*

BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, ROYALS, PIM, CROWN JEWELS  
*IT'S A LIFE OF PURE SOBRIETY,  
 DEDICATION TO PROPRIETY;  
 TO PROTOCOL WE GIVE OUR ALL.*

(BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, and PRINCE HUGH  
 bow and depart.)

**SCENE 2**

(QUEEN MILDRED remains with KING HAROLD  
 as he reminisces, and PIM eavesdrops from the side.)

KING HAROLD

*BUT MOTHER, WHAT OF...  
 WHAT OF SOMEONE...  
 SOMEONE...*

(Dim lights reveal a social gathering. A WOMAN beckons  
 two young American tourists, PETER and POLLY  
 COCHRAN, and introduces them to KING HAROLD.)

WOMAN

*THERE HE IS! OUR ROYAL PRINCE.*

KING HAROLD

*VERY SPECIAL...*

WOMAN

*MAY I PRESENT...*

KING HAROLD

*SOMEONE...*

WOMAN

*POLLY COCHRAN AND HER BROTHER, PETER...*

KING HAROLD

*SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T CURTSY...*

WOMAN

*FROM BIRMINGHAM.*

POLLY

Haven't we met?

KING HAROLD

*SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T BOW OR DOFF A HAT,  
SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T SAY,  
"YOUR HIGHNESS THIS, YOUR HIGHNESS THAT;"  
SOMEONE WHO SIMPLY LIKES ME AS I AM,  
AND DOESN'T ASK A BLESSED THING  
EXCEPT THE PLEASURES THAT I BRING...*

POLLY

*EXCEPT THE PLEASURES THAT YOU BRING...*

PETER, POLLY, HAROLD

*AS A MAN.*

QUEEN MILDRED

*YOU'RE TALKING OF LOVE.  
A KING LOVES DUTY.*

*LOVE IS A VULGAR CLASS AFFLICTION;  
IT PLUMMETS YOU STRAIGHT TO THE LOWEST SOCIAL RUNG.  
ASK ANY TRAMP WHY HE'S SLEEPING ON THE SIDEWALKS;  
HE'LL TELL YOU...*

TRAMP

*LOVE.*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*RIFFRAFFING, RIFFRAFFING,  
TRASHING YOUR HEART;  
DON'T GET HUNG UP,  
DON'T GET STRUNG UP,  
BY SOME LITTLE TART.*

(By the last line, KING HAROLD, POLLY and PETER  
are positioned together, sipping cocktails, and conversing.)

POLLY

What a grand old fortress. It radiates something very special.

KING HAROLD

It's usually cold and creaky. It must be your charm...reflecting.

POLLY

Oh, sir, you flatter me.

KING HAROLD

You're blushing.

POLLY

Am I?

KING HAROLD

Careful. Blushing raises the temperature. You might bring an early spring to Regalia...and to me.

QUEEN MILDRED

*LOVE IS A SICKNESS  
THAT CANNOT BE CURED;  
JUST LOOK AT THE BEDS OF THE MENTAL WARDS.  
ASK ANY MADMEN WHY HE'S CUTTING PAPER DOLLS;  
HE'LL TELL YOU...*

MADMAN

*LOVE.*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*RIFFRAFFING, RIFFRAFFING,  
TRASHING YOUR HEART;  
DON'T GET HUNG UP,  
DON'T GET STRUNG UP,  
BY SOME LITTLE TART.*

(KING HAROLD, POLLY, and PETER are repositioned,  
holding their tea cups and chatting.)

POLLY

Tell me, sir, what's it like -- the life of a prince?

KING HAROLD

Oh, a prince is really quite a dull fellow. All he needs is a rucksack filled with documents for signing, ribbons for cutting, speeches for speechmaking. Are you really interested?



POLLY

Of course, sir. Everything about a prince interests me.

KING HAROLD

Really? Do you approve?

POLLY

Well, sir, he smokes too much.

KING HAROLD

Ha!

POLLY

And his tea's too sweet.

KING HAROLD

Dreadful fellow.

POLLY

And sir, he doesn't eat vegetables with his meat.

KING HAROLD

The lout!

POLLY

But other than that, sir, he's a perfect prince.

KING HAROLD

May I beg a favor?

POLLY and PETER

Anything, sir.

KING HAROLD

*THEN PLEASE CALL ME HAROLD.*

*EVEN THOUGH I'M KING,*

*ALWAYS CALL ME HAROLD.*

(KING HAROLD gazes lovingly at POLLY, extending his hand as PETER steps aside, lowering his gaze. THEY freeze as QUEEN MILDRED continues.)

QUEEN MILDRED

*LOVE IS A PRISON YOU CANNOT ESCAPE;  
YOUR CELL IS YOUR HOME, THE WARDEN YOUR MATE.  
ASK ANY CONVICT WHY HE CHOSE A LIFE OF CRIME;  
HE'LL TELL YOU...*

CONVICT

*LOVE.*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*RIFFRAFFING, RIFFRAFFING,  
TRASHING YOUR HEART;  
DON'T GET HUNG UP,  
DON'T GET STRUNG UP,  
BY SOME LITTLE TART!*

(KING HAROLD returns to QUEEN MILDRED.)

QUEEN MILDRED

*LOOK, MY DEAR:  
THERE'S A WORLD THAT'S LOOKING UP.  
THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS:  
IT'S YOURS.*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES THAT'S YOUR KINGDOM;  
WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, YOU MUST REIGN.  
YOUR RIGHTS ARE DIVINE,  
AND YOUR WISDOM SUBLIME,  
NOW YOU MUST SPEND YOUR TIME  
BEING KING!*

KING HAROLD

King. I am King. Rex Imperator!

(PETER and POLLY are now standing alone, huddled  
in earnest.)

POLLY

*A GIRL DEARLY WISHES  
THE KING WAS HER OWN.*

PETER

*A BOY DEARLY WISHES THE SAME.*

POLLY

*A KING NEEDS A GIRL  
TO SIT BY HIS THRONE.*

PETER

*A BOY DREAMS THE KING IS HIS LOVER.*

POLLY

*IT CAN NEVER HAPPEN,  
IT CAN NEVER BE!  
A BOY MUST THROW HIS DREAMS AWAY.*

PETER

*HIS SMILE IS ALL I SEE.*

POLLY

*THE KING DOESN'T WANT A BOY FRIEND,  
THE KING NEEDS A GIRL TO BE QUEEN;  
AND SOMEDAY THEY'LL RAISE HEIRS OF THEIR OWN,  
WITH THE KINGDOM NESTLED BETWEEN.*

PETER

*A BOY CAN'T HELP WISHING...*

POLLY

*THE KING KISSED MY LIPS.*

PETER

*A BOY FEELS SUCH LONGING...*

POLLY

*WE'RE JOINED AT THE HIPS.*

PETER

*WHY DO I FEEL THIS?*

POLLY

*WE'LL MAKE A GREAT TEAM!*

PETER

*DEAR HEAVEN, FORGIVE ME...*

POLLY and PETER

*I WANT TO BE QUEEN!!*

(Blackout.)

### SCENE 3

(From a balcony, KING HAROLD waves to a cheering assemblage including PIM, BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, PRINCE HUGH, PETER, POLLY and JANE BUTTONS. Inner thoughts are spoken while the crowd chants:)

CROWD

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

The crowds love him. Listen in the streets; they think he's their savior. The pagans!

PRINCE HUGH

The morons!

KING HAROLD

My reign will be a glorious one! We'll initiate reforms!

CROWD

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Wish he were more like his father. Didn't give a piss for politics. Bless him!

PRINCE HUGH

Damn him!

KING HAROLD

We'll usher in the new millennium! There'll be wealth, health  
and work for everyone!

CROWD

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

PIM DUFFIN

He'll be a populist king, innovative, exciting!

JANE BUTTONS

The man has something...

PRINCE HUGH

Beans for brains!

JANE BUTTONS

Charisma...

KING HAROLD

We'll mine Regalia's riches!

JANE BUTTONS

A voice like velvet.

KING HAROLD

We'll excavate and carve her gold!

CROWD

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

We'll have to get him married off, settled down and well behaved.

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Have you noticed how he's always with the Cochrans?

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

Those balmy American tourists?

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Oh, yes.

KING HAROLD

We'll create art, poetry, a new world of...

PRINCE HUGH

...wimps!

KING HAROLD

...hope!

CROWD

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

*GOD BLESS REX!*

PETER and POLLY

*GOD BLESS HAROLD!*

KING HAROLD

*GOD BLESS...REGALIA!*

(The CROWD disperses.)

#### SCENE 4

(PETER and POLLY are strolling, observed by PIM DUFFIN, the American reporter, JANE BUTTONS, and a group of GOSSIPS.)

ALL GOSSIPS

*SHE'S THE ONE:*

*HIS PARAMOUR,*

*HIS LADY LOVE FROM BALTIMORE.*

*WHISSSSPER, WHISSSSPER, WHISPER, WHISPER, WHISPER.*

## GOSSIP A

*I HEARD HER NAME IS POLLY;  
AND THAT'S HER BROTHER, PETE.  
THE FAMILY TRADES IN DIAMONDS.  
THOSE YANKS AND THEIR STINKIN' GREED!*

## ALL GOSSIPS

*SHE'S THE ONE:  
HIS PARAMOUR,  
HIS LADY LOVE FROM BALTIMORE.  
WHISSSPER, WHISSSPER, WHISPER, WHISPER.*

## GOSSIP B

*I HEARD THAT DARLING POLLY  
GOES DANCING WITH THE KING.  
SHE'LL CLIMB THE SOCIAL LADDER,  
THEN SHE'LL GET THE GATE.*

## ALL GOSSIPS

*SHE'S THE ONE:  
HIS PARAMOUR,  
HIS LADY LOVE FROM BALTIMORE.  
WHISSSPER, WHISSSPER, WHISPER, WHISPER.*

## GOSSIP C

*HER HAIR IS AWFULLY BRASSY;  
HER SCHOOLING'S SECOND RATE.  
WHEN IT'S TIME TO MARRY,  
HE'LL STICK TO HIS CLASS.*

(JANE BUTTONS approaches POLLY.)

## JANE BUTTONS

*ARE YOU THE ONE:  
HIS PARAMOUR,  
HIS LADY LOVE FROM BALTIMORE?*

## POLLY

His Royal Highness and I are the best of friends.

## GOSSIPS A

Then take a friendly bit of advice, old girl.

GOSSIPS A, B and C  
*HANDS OFF OUR KING!*

POLLY  
 How dare you?!

GOSSIPS A, B, and C  
*HANDS OFF OUR KING!*

PETER  
*HANDS OFF MY SISTER!*  
*LEAVE US ALONE!*  
*LEAVE US ALONE!*

(THE GOSSIPS, JANE BUTTONS, and PIM off stage,  
 but PETER snatches PIM back by the collar.)

PETER  
 What's the trouble? You don't think she's upper crust? Her  
 pedigree's not good enough?

PIM DUFFIN  
 No Yank's good enough for our King Harry.

PETER and POLLY  
*YOU WANT TO KNOW OUR PEDIGREE,*  
*OUR FAMILY GENEALOGY?*  
*WE'RE AS ROYAL AS THE KING;*  
*OUR BLOOD RUNS JUST AS ROYAL BLUE!*

PETER  
 We were born Cochrans. The Cochrans rode with William  
 the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings!

PIM DUFFIN  
*THE DUFFIN BLOOD GOES BACK*  
*TO HEN-E-RY THE BLACK!*

POLLY  
 The Cochrans fought with Charlemagne!

PIM DUFFIN  
*THE DUFFINS ATTACKED ATTLA!*



PETER

The Cochrans were persecuted by Diocletian!

PIM DUFFIN

*THE DUFFINS REBELLED AGAINST NERO!*

POLLY

The Cochrans knew Jesus!

PIM DUFFIN

*THE DUFFINS WERE JEWS!*

PIM, POLLY, PETER

*YOU WANT TO KNOW OUR PEDIGREE,  
OUR FAMILY GENEALOGY?  
WE'RE AS ROYAL AS THE KING;  
OUR BLOOD RUNS JUST AS ROYAL BLUE!*

POLLY

The Cochrans defied Julius Caesar!

PIM DUFFIN

*THE DUFFINS RODE WITH HANNIBAL!*

PETER

The Cochrans buried King Tut!

PIM DUFFIN

*THE DUFFINS BUILT STONEHENGE!*

PETER

After the Cochrans built Jericho!

PIM DUFFIN

*THE DUFFINS PAINTED IN CAVES!*

POLLY

The Cochrans were Neanderthals!

PIM DUFFIN

*NOW THERE YOU HAVE ME!  
THERE YOU HAVE ME!  
THE DUFFINS WERE NEVER NEANDERTHALS!*

PETER, POLLY, PIM

*YOU WANT TO KNOW OUR PEDIGREE,  
OUR FAMILY GENEALOGY?  
WE'RE AS ROYAL AS THE KING;  
OUR BLOOD RUNS JUST AS ROYAL BLUE!*

(PETER and POLLY march off, leaving PIM who is joined  
by the CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS.)

PIM DUFFIN

*TRUTH IS, I COULD BE KING MYSELF.  
WHY NOT?  
I HAVE NO GENEALOGY;  
THE FAMILY TREE BEGINS WITH ME.  
MY MOTHER UP AND FLEW THE COOP;  
SHE DUMPED ME ON THE REC'TRY STOOP.  
POOR PIM, YOU SAY?  
POOR PIM, MY ASS!  
'CAUSE NOW I CAN BE ANY CLASS!  
AND WHO CAN DENY IT?  
WHO CAN PROVE ME WRONG?  
NO ONE, NO ONE AT ALL.  
MY DAD WAS A POET;  
MY MUM HIS VIRGIN BRIDE.  
THEY MET IN A FIELD OF POPPIES  
WHERE THEY LIVED AND THEY LOVED AND THEY DIED.*

PIM and CROWN JEWELS

*NO ROOTS, ROOTS, ROOTS  
IN MY FAMILY TREE,  
GONNA START, GONNA END,  
ONLY WITH ME.  
GOT NO TIES, NO WIFE, NO SON;  
GONNA SPEND MY LIFE WITH NUMBER ONE,  
GONNA SPEND MY LIFE WITH NUMBER ONE.*

PIM DUFFIN

*MY DAD WAS A TIGER;  
MY MUM A GENTLE FAWN.  
THEY SLEPT THROUGH THE NIGHTS IN THE WILD WOODS;  
THEN THEY ROMPED THROUGH THE FLOWERS AT DAWN.*

PIM and CROWN JEWELS

*NO ROOTS, ROOTS, ROOTS  
IN MY FAMILY TREE,  
GONNA START, GONNA END,  
ONLY WITH ME.  
GOT NO TIES, NO WIFE, NO SON;  
GONNA SPEND MY LIFE WITH NUMBER ONE,  
GONNA SPEND MY LIFE WITH NUMBER ONE.*

PIM DUFFIN

*MY DAD WAS LIKE LIGHTNING,  
MY MUM A CLOUD UNTAMED;  
THEY REELED OVER SEAS AND MOUNTAINS,  
AND JUST LOOK WHO BURST FORTH WHEN IT RAINED!*

(TWO POLICEMEN saunter by.)

POLICEMAN A

No loitering, mate.

POLICEMAN B

Aw, let the poor old bastard rest his bum.

(The POLICEMEN exit as PIM departs, followed  
by the CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS.)

PIM and CROWN JEWELS

*GOT NO TIES, NO WIFE, NO SON;  
GONNA SPEND MY LIFE WITH NUMBER ONE.  
GONNA SPEND MY LIFE WITH NUMBER ONE.*

## SCENE 5

(A London hotel suite where POLLY is brandishing  
a newspaper at PETER who is sitting at tea.)

POLLY

*THIS HAS TO STOP,  
IT REALLY MUST;  
ALL OF THIS GOSSIP,  
ALL THIS GAB.  
OUR NAME IS ONE EVERYONE'S LIPS!*

PETER

*RELAX, POLLY,  
OUR NAMES WILL BE FORGOTTEN.  
IT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD: IT'S ROTTEN.  
BUT I MISS HIM, MISS HIM I DO;  
NOW THAT HE'S KING,  
YOU'RE PROBABLY THROUGH.*

PETER

*OUR NAMES WILL BE FORGOTTEN  
IT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD:  
IT'S ROTTEN.  
BUT I MISS HIM,  
MISS HIM I DO.  
NOW THAT HE'S KING,  
YOU'RE PROBABLY THROUGH.*

POLLY

*OUR NAME IS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS.  
IT'S DISGRACEFUL, SO UNBECOMING,  
TO BE CARVED UP AT EVERY TABLE,  
FAIR GAME FOR WAGGING TONGUES.  
EARS LISTENING ON THE PHONES,  
EYES AT EVERY WINDOW,  
WATCHING OUR EVERY STEP.  
I TELL YOU:  
OUR NAME IS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS!*

PETER

*WHO HAVE GUESSED WE'D FEEL LIKE THIS?  
LIKE TWO GIDDY DEBUTANTES.  
THERE'S MAGIC IN HIS TWINKLING EYES,  
HIS CHARM, HIS GRACE,  
HIS BOYISH FACE,  
THE EASY WAY HE HOLDS A CIGARETTE.  
THAT YOU DON'T FORGET,  
THAT YOU DON'T FORGET.*

POLLY

*NEVER MIND HIS CIGARETTE!  
HE'S MINE, NOT YOURS!  
THAT YOU DON'T FORGET,...*

PETER and POLLY

*THAT YOU DON'T FORGET.*

PETER

*IT'S ALL I EVER THINK OF,  
LOVING HIM SO.*

POLLY

*MEN AREN'T LIKE SHOES;  
THEY DON'T COME IN TWOS!*

PETER

*WHY NOT?  
WHY CAN'T MEN COME IN TWOS?*

*HAROLD ON MY RIGHT ARM,  
HAROLD ON MY LEFT,  
STROLLING ALONG IN PUBLIC PARKS.  
THEN WE'LL STOP FOR TEA AND SCONES,  
LATER I'LL STROKE HIS ROYAL KNEE,  
AS WE FALL SLEEPING BY THE SEA.*

*AND OH, HOW WE'D LIVE,  
MY KING AND ME,  
IN THE BLESSED STATE...*

POLLY

*...OF SODOMY!*

PETER

*HAROLD IN THE SUNSHINE,  
OR POSED BENEATH THE MOON,  
THERE I'LL RECITE SONNETS ON LOVE  
WHILE HE PLAYS HIS VIOLIN.  
LATER HE'LL NOD HIS ROYAL HEAD,  
PETER, HE'LL SAY, IT'S TIME FOR BED.*

*AND OH, HOW WE'D LIVE,  
MY KING AND ME,  
IN THE BLESSED STATE...*

POLLY

*YOU'RE MEN! BOTH MEN!  
THAT YOU DON'T FORGET,...*

PETER AND POLLY

*THAT YOU DON'T FORGET.*

PETER

*BUT I MISS HIM,  
MISS HIM I DO.*

POLLY and PETER

*NOW THAT HE'S KING,  
WE'RE PROBABLY THROUGH...*

(Fade out.)

**SCENE 6**

(Crossfade to the royal palace where QUEEN MILDRED, PRINCE HUGH, BUMPHREYS and RUMPSHAW are conspiring. PIM DUFFIN stands aside, eavesdropping.)

QUEEN MILDRED

*HE INVITED HER TO TEA  
WITHOUT CONSULTING ME!*

PRINCE HUGH

*HE INVITED HER TO DINE,  
AND SHE STAYED TILL HALF PAST NINE  
...in the morning!*

MILDRED, BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW

No!

PRINCE HUGH

*SHE'S INVITED TO THE BALL.*

MILDRED, BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW

No!

QUEEN MILDRED

*I CAN'T BELIEVE THE GALL!*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

At least her brother serves as chaperone!

BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, MILDRED, HUGH  
*SHE'S GOT HIM UNDER HER PINKY, SLINKY;*  
*SHE'S GOT HIM UNDER HER FOOTSY, TOOTSIE;*  
*HE'S GOT HIM IN A NOOSE, GOOSE;*  
*ON A HOOK, CROOK;*  
*IN A TRAP, CLAP;*  
*IN A SNAG, HAG!*

PRINCE HUGH  
 She probably wears purple garters.

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
*JUST FOR STARTERS, JUST FOR STARTERS.*

QUEEN MILDRED  
 She must have him under a spell.

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS  
*SHE'S IN HEAT; IT'S HER SMELL!*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
 Maybe he's been drugged and she is his addiction?

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS  
*DON'T MINCE WORDS, PRIME MINISTER.*

RUMPSHAW and BUMPHREYS  
 She is his affliction!

BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, MILDRED, HUGH  
*SHE'S GOT HIM UNDER HER PINKY, SLINKY;*  
*SHE'S GOT HIM UNDER HER FOOTSY, TOOTSIE;*  
*SHE'S GOT HIM IN A NOOSE, GOOSE;*  
*ON A HOOK, CROOK;*  
*IN A TRAP, CLAP;*  
*IN A SNAG, HAG!*

QUEEN MILDRED  
*THIS HAS TO STOP,*  
*IT REALLY MUST;*  
*ALL OF THIS GOSSIP,*  
*ALL THIS GAB.*  
*OUR NAME IS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS!*

(THEY exit.)

**SCENE 7**

(A week later in their hotel suite, POLLY and PETER are reading an invitation on one side of the stage; PIM and the CROWN JEWELS stand on the other side.)

POLLY

“Your presence is requested for dinner and dancing.”

PIM DUFFIN

*THE KING’S CONSCIENCE SHOULD CRY, “DISCRETION.”*

POLLY

Oh, Peter, we’ve been invited to The Imperial Ball!

PIM DUFFIN

*BUT HIS HEART WHISPERS, “LOVER BE MINE.”*

PETER

Brave fellow, our King.

PIM DUFFIN

*DUTY SHOULD SAY, “DON’T ROCK THE BOAT,”  
BUT DESIRE ANNOUNCES, “LET’S DINE.”*

(The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS waltz while POLLY and PETER dance with each other.)

POLLY, PETER, CROWN JEWELS

*LET’S DINE, LET’S DINE, LET’S DINE!  
WORK WHEN YOU MUST, MY DARLING, MY DEAR,  
BUT ALLOW A FAIR MEASURE OF TIME  
FOR FILLING THE PLATE AND RAISING THE CUP,  
LET’S DINE, LET’S DINE, LET’S DINE!*

PIM DUFFIN

*THE KING’S CONSCIENCE SHOULD CRY,...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*...“DISCRETION”.*



PIM DUFFIN

*BUT HIS MIND'S FALLEN INTO A TRANCE.*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*DUTY SHOULD SAY, "DON'T ROCK THE BOAT."*

PIM DUFFIN

*BUT DESIRE PERSUADES HIM: "LET'S DANCE!"*

(Lights fade but the music continues.)

### SCENE 8

(Brilliant, revolving lights reveal the palace ballroom as the ENTIRE COMPANY of ROYALS and GUESTS enter the ballroom and begin waltzing.)

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE!  
WORK WHEN YOU MUST, MY DARLING, MY DEAR,  
BUT BE READY TO RAISE THE LANCE,  
FOR PLOWING THE FURROWS IN FIELDS OF LOVE,  
LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE!*

(Dancing continues as POLLY and PETER return dressed in elegant ball attire. EVERYONE dances till a trumpet blares, announcing KING HAROLD'S entrance.)

PIM DUFFIN

His Royal Highness: King Harold!

(Fanfare as KING HAROLD marches past the bows and curtsies, then HE approaches POLLY, and THEY dance. Moments later, they are joined by the rest of the company.)

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*THE KING'S CONSCIENCE SHOULD CRY, "DISCRETION!"*

PRINCE HUGH

*BUT HIS PRIDE'S LEAPING OUT OF HIS PANTS.*

QUEEN MILDRED

*DUTY SHOULD SAY, "STICK TO YOUR CLASS!"*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
*BUT DESIRE BETRAYS HIM: "LET'S DANCE!"*

EVERYONE  
*LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE!*  
*WORK WHEN YOU MUST, MY DARLING, MY DEAR,*  
*BUT GIVE ME ONE COY LITTLE GLANCE,*  
*THEN PUCKER YOUR LIPS, PUT YOUR HANDS ON MY HIPS,*  
*LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE,*  
*LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE,*  
*LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE,*  
*LET'S DANCE!!!*

(The tempo changes. The DANCERS move in slow motion  
as POLLY and HAROLD sing.)

POLLY  
*HIS MAJESTY LOOKS SO DASHING TONIGHT;*  
*HIS MAJESTY LOOKS SO SUBLIME.*  
*EVERYONE'S SAYING HE MUST BE IN LOVE,*  
*YES, EVERYONE'S SAYING YOU'RE MINE.*

KING HAROLD  
*HIS MAJESTY FEELS QUITE GIDDY TONIGHT;*  
*HIS MAJESTY FEELS QUITE MAD.*  
*BUT LOOK AT POOR PETER THERE STANDING ALONE,*  
*WHY IS HE LOOKING SO SAD?*

POLLY  
You really don't know?

KING HAROLD  
Know what?

POLLY  
*POOR PETER'S A POOFTER, A FAIRY, A FEY,*  
*HE'S MADLY IN LOVE,*  
*HE'S PINING AWAY.*

KING HAROLD  
Really? I had no idea. Who...  
*WHO DOES HE PINE FOR?*

POLLY

*LOOK AT HIM, WITH HIS WINSOME CHARM,  
LOOK AT HIM, TRYING TO DISARM  
YOUR HIGHNESS.*

KING HAROLD

You mean...?

POLLY

*LOOK AT HIM, STARING AT YOUR GRACE,  
LOOK AT HIM, HELPLESS IN THE FACE  
OF LONGING.*

KING HAROLD

Mel?

POLLY

*LOOK AT HIM, CRAVING JUST ONE NOD,  
LOOK AT HIM, TRUSTING YOU'RE AS ODD  
AS HE IS.*

KING HAROLD

But I...I never...

POLLY

*LOOK AT HIM, WISHING HE WERE ME,  
LOOK AT HIM, WISHING YOU WERE FREE  
TO LOVE HIM.*

KING HAROLD

Really?

PETER

*LOOK AT ME, YEARNING FOR A KISS,  
LOOK AT ME, HOPING TO FIND BLISS  
WITH HAROLD.*

KING HAROLD

*LOOK AT ME, BLUSHING LIKE A BRIDE,  
LOOK AT ME, TRYING SO TO HIDE  
MY WONDER...*

PETER and POLLY

*LOOK AT ME, LIVING IN A DREAM,  
LOOK AT YOU, ARE YOU WHAT YOU SEEM?  
MY TRUE LOVE.*

CROWD

*LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE,  
LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE,  
LET'S DANCE, LET'S DANCE,  
LET'S DANCE!!!*

(KING HAROLD and POLLY dance around the stage until PRINCE HUGH intercepts them, whisking POLLY in his arms. PETER approaches HAROLD.)

PETER

Good evening, Harold.

KING HAROLD

Good evening. *(pause)* Peter, your sister, ...she told me how you...well...

PETER

What does it matter? I hate living a lie. The truth can't be denied.  
*A BOY DEARLY WISHES  
A KING WAS HIS OWN.*

KING HAROLD

*A KING FEELS A BLUSH,  
A DEEP ROYAL FLUSH.*

PETER

*A BOY SHOULD BE LEAVING  
THE KING TO HIS THRONE.*

KING HAROLD

*A KING FEELS HIS HEART;  
IT'S BREAKING APART.*

PETER

*IT CAN NEVER HAPPEN,  
IT CAN NEVER BE,  
A FRIEND WILL STAY  
A FRIEND FOR LIFE,  
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.*

KING HAROLD

*A KING CANNOT HAVE A BOYFRIEND,  
A KING NEEDS A FEMALE MATE;  
A KING IS RAISED TO BREED MORE KINGS  
FOR HIS PROGENY ARE HIS FATE.*

KING HAROLD

*A KING NEEDS A FRIEND.*

PETER

*A FRIEND WANTS A KING.*

KING HAROLD

*FOR NOW KEEP MY...  
RING.*

(PIM witnesses KING HAROLD placing his ring  
in Peter's palm. THEY touch hands briefly.)

PIM DUFFIN

*LOOK AT HIM, OUR TRUE RIGHTEOUS KING,  
LOOK AT HIM, HANDING OFF HIS RING  
...TO PETER?!*

(PRINCE HUGH waltzes by with POLLY as they  
speak their private musings.)

POLLY

*LOOK AT HUGH, WITH HIS LUSTY DROOL,  
LOOK AT HUGH, WISHING HE COULD RULE  
THE KINGDOM.*

PRINCE HUGH

*LOOK AT HER, WHAT A SILLY WHORE,  
LOOK AT HER, HOPING SHE WILL SCORE  
A BLUE BLOOD.*

PIM DUFFIN

*LOOK AT HIM, PASSING OFF HIS RING,  
LOOK AT HIM, DOESN'T MEAN A THING  
JUST FRIENDSHIP.*

PRINCE HUGH

*LOOK AT ME, I'M THE ROYAL BUCK,  
LOOK AT ME, WOULD YOU LIKE TO FUCK?*

POLLY

*HOW DARE YOU!!*

(POLLY slaps PRINCE HUGH and marches off!)

PRINCE HUGH

*LOOK AT HER, WHAT A PLUCKY TART,  
LOOK AT HER, SHE JUST WON MY HEART,  
THE VIXEN!*

PIM DUFFIN and CROWN JEWELS

*LOOK AT THEM, FLIRTING WITH THEIR FATES,  
LOOK AT THEM, HOPING THEY'LL FIND MATES.  
WHAT SCHEMERS,  
WHAT DREAMERS.*

(The DANCERS disperse as lights dim to black.)

### SCENE 9

(The royal bed chamber where KING HAROLD prepares to sleep. PIM DUFFIN approaches with a pillow on which KING HAROLD places the temporary copper crown. PIM departs but lingers nearby, eavesdropping.)

PIM DUFFIN

*HE'S THE KING, THEY SAY,  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THEY SAY:  
HIS MAJESTY, HIS LORDSHIP, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.*

*BUT WHEN HE'S ALONE,  
ALONE IN HIS ROOM,  
JUST FLESH AND BONE  
IN A NIGHTSHIRT,  
HE CASTS A SINGLE SHADOW  
LIKE ANY OTHER MATE,  
EXCEPT FOR FATE,  
EXCEPT FOR FATE.*

## KING HAROLD

*I'M NOBODY SPECIAL,  
NOBODY MUCH;  
MOTHER WAS ALWAYS BUSY,  
FATHER WAS OUT OF TOUCH.  
I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS SOMETHING MISSING,  
I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH,  
UNTIL THEY CAME,  
UNTIL THEY CAME,  
AND FILLED ME WITH THEIR TOUCH.*

*AND SINCE THEY CAME,  
MY WORLD HAS BEEN TURNING,  
A CAROUSEL AT A CARNIVAL;  
AND I'VE BECOME AN ACROBAT, A CLOWN,  
TURNING CARTWHEELS, BLOWING HORNS;  
AND SUDDENLY HE'S HERE,  
THE BOY I'D NEVER KNOWN BEFORE.  
I'VE WAITED, WAITED ALL MY LIFE  
FOR SOMEONE TO CALL ME --  
NOT PRINCE, NOT SIR, NOT ANYTHING BUT HAROLD.*

(POLLY and PETER'S VOICES are heard echoing  
Harold.)

## KING HAROLD

*HAROLD, COME SPIN YOUR TOP!*

## PETER and POLLY

*HAROLD, COME SPIN YOUR TOP!*

## KING HAROLD

*HAROLD, COME FLY YOUR KITE!*

## PETER and POLLY

*HAROLD, COME FLY YOUR KITE!*

## KING HAROLD

*HAROLD, COME DROP YOUR SLOOP...*

## POLLY and PETER

*HAROLD, COME DROP YOUR SLOOP...*

## KING HAROLD

*INTO THE DEEP BLUE SEA.*

POLLY and PETER  
*INTO THE DEEP BLUE SEA.*

KING HAROLD  
*LET IT SAIL OUT OF SIGHT!*

POLLY and PETER  
*LET IT SAIL OUT OF SIGHT!*

KING HAROLD  
*OH, HEAVEN, OH, BLISS,  
 OH, POLLY, FOR THIS  
 OH, PETER, FOR THIS,  
 OH, POLLY, OH, PETER,  
 OH, POLLY, OH, PETER,  
 OH, PETER, OH, PETER  
 I LOVE YOU!*

(Crossfade to PETER and POLLY in their apartment.)

PETER and POLLY  
*BUT I MISS HIM,  
 MISS HIM I DO,  
 NOW THAT HE'S KING,  
 WE'RE PROBABLY THROUGH.*

KING HAROLD  
*HE'S JUST A WHIM, A FANCY, A FEY,  
 A BOORISH, MIDDLE-CLASS YANKEE, THEY SAY;  
 NO TALENTS TO SPEAK OF, NOT TOO HANDSOME,  
 AND YET...  
 WHEN I'M WITH HIM, I FORGET...*

*I'M NOBODY SPECIAL,  
 NOBODY MUCH,  
 MOTHER WAS ALWAYS BUSY,  
 FATHER WAS OUT OF TOUCH.  
 I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING MISSING,  
 I NEVER KNEW HOW MUCH,*

*UNTIL HE CAME,  
 UNTIL HE CAME,  
 AND FILLED ME WITH HIS TOUCH.*



(KING HAROLD falls asleep as PIM sighs and ambles off to the side.)

PIM DUFFIN

*IF HIS NIBS WANTS A POKE  
FROM ANOTHER YOUNG BLOKE,  
THEN I'VE WASTED MY LIFE,  
I'VE WASTED MY LIFE.*

(Fade out.)

### SCENE 10

(Outside the royal palace, JANE BUTTONS is interviewing various palace personalities, beginning with PRINCE HUGH.)

JANE BUTTONS

The American public is mad for royal rumors. Can you verify the latest?  
*DOES THE KING LOVE POLLY COCHRAN?  
DOES THE KING LOVE POLLY TRUE?  
WILL THE LADIES CURTSY?  
WILL THE LORDS BOW LOW?  
WILL SHE WEAR THE CROWN?  
OR WILL SHE HAVE TO GO?*

PRINCE HUGH

Off the record, she'll have to go. She's just a tart, an American flirt. Mind you, I'd like to lift her skirt!

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*YOU CAN QUOTE US VERBATIM  
YOU CAN LOVE 'EM OR HATE 'EM.  
REGALIANS LIKE THEIR TEA ON TIME;  
THEY WANT THEIR KINGS TO TOW THE LINE!*

JANE BUTTONS

Tell me, Archbishop Bumphreys,  
*DOES THE KING LOVE POLLY COCHRAN?  
DOES THE KING LOVE POLLY TRUE?*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

Off the record: what nonsense, dear. Polly's a whim, a parasite, a flea. Mind you, she'll be asked to tea.

JANE BUTTONS

Please, Prime Minister Rumpshaw,  
*DOES THE KING LOVE POLLY COCHRAN?*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Off the record: what balderdash! Polly's a chit, likes the royals  
pomp. Mind you, she's still good for a romp.

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*YOU CAN QUOTE US VERBATIM,  
YOU CAN LOVE 'EM OR HATE 'EM.  
REGALIANS LIKE THEIR TEA ON TIME;  
THEY WANT THEIR KINGS TO TOW THE LINE!*

JANE BUTTONS

*(To Pim) DOES THE KING LOVE POLLY COCHRAN?*

PIM DUFFIN

*REGALIANS LIKE THEIR TEA ON TIME;  
THEY WANT THEIR KINGS TO TOW THE LINE!*

JANE BUTTONS

Really, your lordship,  
*YOU'RE SUCH A CYNIC, SUCH A SCOLD.  
I HOPE THEY STAY LOVERS  
TILL THEY'RE VERY OLD.*

PIM DUFFIN

*NEVER MIND HIS HORNY NIBS.  
WHAT ABOUT THE POOR CUCKOLDED COUNTRY?  
SAVE YOUR TEARS FOR US, YOU HAG;  
THE KING, YOU SEE, IS A ROYAL FAG!*

JANE BUTTONS

What...?!

PIM DUFFIN

*IF HE'S NOT SAFE,  
HE'LL CATCH THE CLAP!  
THEN COMES THE PLAGUE AND WE'LL BURY THE CHAP!*

JANE BUTTONS

Oh, my god...

PIM DUFFIN

*THEN COMES THE PLAGUE AND WE'LL BURY THE CHAP!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*THEN COMES THE PLAGUE AND WE'LL BURY THE CHAP!*

PIM and CROWN JEWELS

*YOU CAN QUOTE US VERBATIM,  
YOU CAN LOVE 'EM OR HATE 'EM.  
REGALIANS LIKE THEIR TEA ON TIME;  
THEY WANT THEIR KINGS TO TOW THE LINE!*

(Blackout.)

**SCENE 11**

(Peter and Polly's hotel suite where KING HAROLD and PETER stand alone, gazing longingly at each other.)

PETER

*I WEAR NO HALO,  
I HAVE NO WINGS,  
I PLAY NO HARP OR VIOLIN.*

KING HAROLD

*YOUR MANLY CHARMS,  
YOUR OPEN ARMS,  
SOMEHOW INSPIRED NEW PASSIONS.  
SO NOW WITH YOU, I'LL CHALLENGE FATE;  
I'VE MET MY MATCH, I'VE MET MY MATE.*

PETER

God help us.

(THEY clasp hands, then POLLY enters, spies them and shrieks!)

PETER

*POLLY, POLLY, DARLING.*

KING HAROLD

*POLLY, MY DEAR FRIEND.*

PETER and HAROLD

*POLLY, WE BESEECH YOU,  
POLLY, WE IMPLORE YOU,  
MERCY, POLLY,  
HAVE A HEART.*

PETER

*I'M LEAVING YOU, DEAR SISTER.*

KING HAROLD

*HE'S MOVING IN WITH ME.*

POLLY

*OH, THE SCANDAL,  
OH, THE SHAME!*

KING HAROLD

*I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, POLLY,  
BUT I NEED PETER MORE.*

PETER

*HAROLD IN THE COURTYARD,  
OR HAROLD ON HIS THRONE;  
THERE HE WILL RULE REGALIA BY DAY  
WHILE I KEEP THE HOME FIRES WARM.  
WE'LL BE GOOD MATES, GROW OLD IN PEACE,  
DEAR HAROLD...*

KING HAROLD

*DEAR PETER...*

PETER

*WITHIN MY REACH.*

HAROLD and PETER

*OH, HOW WE'LL LIVE,  
MY LOVE AND ME,  
IN THE BLESSED STATE...*

POLLY

*...OF SODOMY!*

PETER

*THE KING CANNOT BE HAPPY WITHOUT ME AT HIS SIDE.*

KING HAROLD

*I CANNOT BE KING WITHOUT PETER AS MY BRIDE.*

PETER

*WHAT CAN WE DO?*

HAROLD and PETER

*WHAT CAN WE SAY?*

*FORGIVE US, DARLING POLLY,  
BUT A KING SHOULD HAVE HIS WAY.*

POLLY

*(to herself)*

*I HAVE GREAT RESPECT FOR THE MONARCHY.  
IF THE KING REQUIRES PETER  
WHO AM I TO DENY HIM?*

*(to Peter)*

*I'LL MISS YOU, MY CHARMING BROTHER.*

*(to King Harold)*

*TAKE CARE THAT HE'S WELL PROVIDED,  
MAKE HIM HAPPY AS HE'S MADE YOU.*

*(to both Peter and King Harold)*

*WELL, YOU CAN'T HOLD A HEART UNWILLING.  
WHAT A PITY, WHAT A DAY,  
YES, A KING SHOULD HAVE HIS WAY.*

PETER and HAROLD

*HURRAY! HURRAY!*

*THE KING WILL HAVE HIS WAY!*

*HURRAY! HURRAY!*

*THE KING WILL HAVE HIS WAY!*

*(KING HAROLD and PETER kiss, then depart. PIM approaches POLLY.)*

PIM DUFFIN

*ALAS, POOR POLLY,  
ALL ALONE,  
A SISTER ABANDONED  
FOR A SEAT BY THE THRONE!*



PRINCE HUGH

*AA...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*AA...*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*AA...*

PIM DUFFIN

*AA...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*AA...*

(A high, harmonious crescendo is reached, then ceases!  
PIM DUFFIN steps forward, addressing the audience.)

PIM DUFFIN

*GONE ARE THE PLEASANT POKER FACES  
OF THE QUEEN AND JACKS AND ACES.  
THEIR MANNERS WERE PERFECT,  
THEIR VOICES WERE MILD,  
BUT LISTEN, YOU CAN HEAR THEM:*

*MILDRED, HUGH, RUMPSHAW, BUMPHREYS  
DON'T LET'S MAKE THE DEUCES WILD!*

QUEEN MILDRED

*WE HELD YOU TO OUR BOSOM,  
WE TUCKED YOU IN YOUR BED;  
WE TRAINED YOU FOR THE ROYAL ROOST,  
BUT YOU'RE LAYING A FAGGOT INSTEAD!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*DEUCES, DEUCES, HE'S GOING WILD!  
DEUCES, DEUCES, THE WICKED CHILD!*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*WE RAISED YOU AS A CHRISTIAN,  
A SYMBOL FOR US ALL;  
YOU'RE CALLED DEFENDER OF THE CHURCH,  
BUT A FAIRY HAS HASTENED YOUR FALL!*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*DEUCES, DEUCES, HE'S GOING WILD!*  
*DEUCES, DEUCES, THE WICKED CHILD!*  
*DEUCES, DEUCES, HE'S GOING WILD!*  
*DEUCES, DEUCES, THE WICKED CHILD!*

## PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*YOU'RE PRIMED TO HOLD THE PALACE,*  
*TO GRACE REGALIA'S THRONE;*  
*TO SERVE THE EMPIRE AS IT'S KING,*  
*NOT TO CARRY A PERVERT BACK HOME!*

## PRINCE HUGH

*FIRST SONS ARE BORN TO KINGSHIP,*  
*TO BE THE NATION'S HEAD;*  
*YOUR PLACE IS IN YOUR SUBJECTS' HEARTS,*  
*NOT OFF BUGGERING BOYS IN YOUR BED!*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*DEUCES, DEUCES, HE'S GOING WILD,*  
*DEUCES, DEUCES, THE WICKED CHILD!*  
*DEUCES, DEUCES, HE'S GOING WILD!*  
*DEUCES, DEUCES, THE WICKED CHILD!*

(BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, and PRINCE HUGH  
 exit.)

**SCENE 13**

(KING HAROLD approaches QUEEN MILDRED while  
 PIM and the CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS stand aside.  
 eavesdropping.)

## KING HAROLD

*MOTHER, MOTHER, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW;*  
*I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME MORE THAN DUTY,*  
*BUT YOU'RE A QUEEN THROUGH AND THROUGH.*



## QUEEN MILDRED

*QUEEN PETER?! QUEEN PETER!?*  
*YOU MUST BE INSANE!*  
*QUEENS ARE QUEENS, BORN AND BRED,*  
*AND THE QUEENSHIP HAS STANDARDS.*  
*CHOOSING AN AMERICAN IS BAD ENOUGH,*  
*BUT THIS ONE'S MIDDLE CLASS,*  
*AND A FRUITER TO BOOT!*  
*THE QUEENSHIP HAS STANDARDS!*

(The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS chant in the background of QUEEN MILDRED'S song.)

## QUEEN MILDRED

*I WON'T LET THOSE STANDARDS DIE.*  
*IF I DO, IF I DO,*  
*THEN MY LIFE HAS BEEN A LIE.*  
*WHO ARE YOU, HAROLD? WHO ARE YOU?*  
*WHO ARE YOU TO STEAL MY TRUMPET?*  
*THROW IT TO THAT FAIRY STRUMPET!*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*HAIL MARY,*  
*HAIL ALEXANDRA,*  
*HAIL VICTORIA,*  
*HAIL ELIZABETH,*  
*HAIL MARGARET,*  
*HAIL ANNE.*

## KING HAROLD

*MOTHER, MOTHER,*  
*I THOUGHT YOU KNEW,*  
*I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME MORE THAN DUTY,*  
*BUT YOU'RE A QUEEN THROUGH AND THROUGH.*  
*YOU WANTED A KING, NOT A SON, NOT A CHILD...*

## QUEEN MILDRED

*WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!?*

## KING HAROLD

*MOTHER, MOTHER,*  
*I THOUGHT YOU KNEW...*

## QUEEN MILDRED

*I WILL BANISH YOU FROM SIGHT,*  
*I DON'T CARE, I DON'T CARE,*  
*I'VE NO PITY FOR YOUR PLIGHT.*  
*WHO ARE YOU, HAROLD? WHO ARE YOU?*  
*FOR BRINGING ME THIS ROYAL SHAME,*  
*I'LL NEVER EVER SPEAK YOUR NAME!*  
*NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!!!*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*HAIL MARY,*  
*HAIL ALEXANDRA,*  
*HAIL VICTORIA,*  
*HAIL ELIZABETH,*  
*HAIL MARGARET,*  
*HAIL ANNE.*

(QUEEN MILDRED exits majestically, followed by the CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS.)

QUEEN MILDRED and CROWN JEWELS

*HAIL MARY,  
HAIL ALEXANDRA,  
HAIL VICTORIA,  
HAIL ELIZABETH,  
HAIL MARGARET,  
HAIL ANNE,  
HAIL MILDRED!*

KING HAROLD

*MOTHER, MOTHER,  
I WISH YOU KNEW;  
I WISH YOU LOVED ME MORE THAN DUTY,  
BUT YOU'RE A QUEEN THROUGH AND THROUGH.*

(Fade out.)

#### **SCENE 14**

(A demonstration is forming with PROTESTERS carrying anti-gay signs and banners reading: "A HEX ON REX!" "DOWN WITH QUEER QUEENS!" "FRUITERS ROT!" etc... The protest is led by PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW, ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS and PIM.)

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*WE MUST RENOUNCE HIM! RENOUNCE HIM!  
OR THE GOVERNMENT WILL RESIGN!*

PROTESTERS

*RENOUNCE HIM! RENOUNCE HIM!*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

The clergy will boycott his crowning!

PROTESTERS

*RENOUNCE HIM! RENOUNCE HIM!*

PRINCE HUGH

The family will be disgraced!

PROTESTERS

*RENOUNCE HIM! RENOUNCE HIM!*

(Crossfade to PETER standing with KING HAROLD,  
observing the protesters from a window in Peter's hotel.)

KING HAROLD

Good God almighty! Will these protests never end?

PETER

I should never have come.

*LET ME LEAVE*

*I'M SO SORRY THINGS HAVE GONE SO...*

*LET ME LEAVE*

*I REGRET I'VE CAUSE SUCH...*

*LET ME LEAVE*

*...SUCH TROUBLES. WE WERE NEVER MEANT TO...*

*LET ME LEAVE*

*...TO BE.*

*LET ME GO*

*I'M SO SORRY YOU'RE SO...*

*LET ME GO*

*SO SAD. I THINK YOU'RE BETTER OFF...*

*LET ME GO*

*...WITHOUT ME, DEAR, SO...*

*LET ME GO*

*I'LL TAKE A PLANE TO*

*LET ME GO*

*...BACK HOME.*

KING HAROLD

*A KING NEEDS TO HOLD*

*A FRIEND IN HIS ARMS.*

PETER

*A FRIEND NEEDS TO HOLD*

*A KING.*

KING HAROLD

*TO TELL HIM NOTHING CAN SEPARATE WE,  
NOT THE STARS...*

PROTESTERS

*RENOUNCE HIM! RENOUNCE HIM!*

PETER

*NOT THE STATE...*

PROTESTERS

*RENOUNCE HIM! RENOUNCE HIM!*

KING HAROLD

*NOT THE CHURCH...*

PROTESTERS

*RENOUNCE HIM! RENOUNCE HIM!*

PETER

*NOT THE SEA.*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*THE NATION WILL FALL!*

PROTESTERS

*RENOUNCE HIM! RENOUNCE HIM!*

PRINCE HUGH

*HE'S DRAGGING US ALL...*

PROTESTERS, BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, HUGH

*...IN THE MUD!*

PETER

*LET ME LEAVE*

*I'M SO SORRY TO HAVE HURT YOU...*

*LET ME LEAVE*

*I KNEW IT COULD NOT LAST...*

*LET ME LEAVE*

*...FOREVER. IT'S TIME FOR US TO SAY...*

*LET ME LEAVE*

*...GOOD BYE.*

KING HAROLD

No.

*PLEASE DON'T LEAVE*  
*I'M SO SORRY THINGS ARE...*  
*PLEASE DON'T LEAVE*  
*...SO BAD. I KNOW YOU'RE BETTER OFF...*  
*PLEASE DON'T LEAVE*  
*...WITHOUT ME DEAR, THOUGH...*  
*PLEASE DON'T LEAVE*  
*...I NEED YOU MORE THAN...*  
*PLEASE DON'T LEAVE*  
*...MY LIFE.*

(A doorbell rings. PIM DUFFIN enters.)

PIM DUFFIN

Telegram for Peter Cochran!

(PETER sings the contents of the telegram as PIM steps aside.)

PETER

*A FAGGOT WHOSE POKER BURNED BRIGHT,*  
*ONCE SNATCHED UP OUR KING IN THE NIGHT.*  
*WHAT A PITY HE CROAKED,*  
*BEFORE GETTING STOKED*  
*FOR HIS EPITAPH READS "DIED OF FRIGHT!"*

It's signed "The Anti-Cochranites."

KING HAROLD

Despicable cowards!

PETER

Everyone hates me, it seems. They see nothing noble in our love, nothing brave or beautiful. *(pause)* And I always feel I'm being watched.

KING HAROLD

You are. But if you're afraid, you should...go home.

PETER

Yes, I...I suppose I...

*LET ME LEAVE*

*WE'RE CAUSING EVERYONE...*

*LET ME LEAVE*

*...SUCH PAIN. I KNOW WE'RE HAPPIER...*

*LET ME LEAVE*

*...TOGETHER, DEAR, BUT...*

KING HAROLD

*PLEASE DON'T LEAVE.*

PETER and HAROLD

*I LOVE YOU MORE THAN...*

KING HAROLD

*PLEASE DON'T LEAVE...*

PETER and HAROLD

*...MY LIFE!*

(THEY embrace passionately. Fade out.)

End of Act I

**ACT II****SCENE 15**

(PIM DUFFIN is speaking on the royal telephone in one area while JANE BUTTONS speaks from her cell phone in another. Lights reveal separate groupings outside the palace, with QUEEN MILDRED and ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS; PRINCE HUGH and PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW; and POLLY and PETER all playing at various sports.)

JANE BUTTONS

*IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING,  
IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE STEW;  
WHEN MY GO-BETWEEN  
TELLS ME WHAT HE'S SEEN,  
I'LL REPORT IT BACK TO YOU!*

PIM DUFFIN

*IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING,  
WITH THE QUEEN IN QUITE A RAGE.  
WHEN I SAW HER LAST  
SHE WAS PACING FAST  
LIKE A BADGER IN A CAGE!*

(Crossfade to QUEEN MILDRED and ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS playing badminton.)

QUEEN MILDRED

*HIS CROWN WON'T BE WORTH A TIN SAUCER!  
THE MONARCHY MIGHT DIE ALTOGETHER!*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*HAROLD'S NOT THE ONLY HEIR;  
YOU HAVE ANOTHER SON.  
HUGH WOULD FIT THE ROYAL THRONE  
LIKE A BURGER FITS A BUN.*

## QUEEN MILDRED

Poppycock!

*PRINCE HUGH'S A GREEDY MORON;  
HE DROOLS AND SWEARS AND FARTS!  
WHY DIDN'T I HAVE DAUGHTERS?  
SONS ALWAYS BREAK MOTHERS' HEARTS.*

## JANE, PIM, and CROWN JEWELS

*IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING;  
IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE STEW!*

(Crossfade to PRINCE HUGH and PRIME MINISTER  
RUMPSHAW shooting pheasant.)

## PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*ETHNIC WARS RAGE OUT OF CONTROL,  
POVERTY'S ON THE RISE;  
POLLUTION THREATENS EARTH AND SKY,  
BUT WHERE ARE THE WORLD'S EYES?  
ON REGALIA!*

## PRINCE HUGH

*WHO NEEDS HAROLD?  
I'LL BE THE NATION'S HEAD!  
WHO NEEDS HAROLD?  
I'LL BE KING INSTEAD!*

## PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*YOU CAN'T BE THE NATION'S HEAD.  
YOU'RE A SPENDTHRIFT AND A LOU;  
YOU'RE NOT AS TUTORED AS YOUR BROTHER,  
NOT AS GLIB OR DEBONAIR.  
IF THEY PUT THE CROWN ON YOU.  
I'LL RESIGN AND THE CABINET TOO!*

## PRINCE HUGH

*WHO NEEDS CAB'NETS?  
I'LL BE THE NATION'S HEAD!  
WHO NEEDS CAB'NETS?  
I'LL BE KING INSTEAD!*



JANE, PIM, and CROWN JEWELS

*IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING;  
IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE STEW!*

(Crossfade to POLLY and PETER playing golf.)

POLLY

*THEY CALL YOU FAIRY QUEEN,  
THEY HATE YOU MORE AND MORE;  
THEY SAY YOU RAPED THEIR KING,  
THEY SAY THAT HE'S YOUR WHORE!*

PETER

*NEVER MIND WHAT ANYONE SAYS!  
IT'S A COUNTRY OF FOSSILS  
BARKING PLATITUDES,  
SHROUDED IN BIGOTRIES.  
THEY'VE TUCKED REALITY  
UNDER A TEA COZY.  
IT'S A COUNTRY OF GEEZERS,  
THEIR BRAINS ALL MOSS AND MILDEW;  
THERE'S NO ROOM FOR OUR BRIGHT SHINING LOVE  
IN AN ANTIQUE SHOP.*

POLLY

*THEY CALL YOU FAIRY QUEEN,  
THEY HATE YOU MORE AND MORE;  
THEY SAY YOU RAPED THEIR KING,  
THEY SAY THAT HE'S YOUR WHORE!*

JANE, PIM, and CROWN JEWELS

*IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING;  
IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE STEW!*

(Crossfade to PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW and  
ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS playing croquet.)

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*POLITICALLY SPEAKING, I WANT HIM OUT,  
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE ME,  
MY HEART, NO DOUBT,  
THAT WANTS HIM TO STAY.*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*HE HAS A WAY ABOUT HIM,  
WHAT STYLE, WHAT DASH;  
AND HE BRINGS IN THE TOURISTS,  
THE REVENUE, THE CASH!*

JANE, PIM, and CROWN JEWELS

*IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING...*

(Crossfade to POLLY and PRINCE HUGH at an archery range, shooting arrows.)

PRINCE HUGH

*THE GOVERNMENT'S ON HOLD  
WHILE HE WOOS, WHILE HE COOS.  
THEY WANT ME TO DISSUADE HIM,  
BRING HIM TO HIS SENSES, BUT...*

*WHO NEEDS HAROLD?  
I'LL BE THE NATION'S HEAD!  
WHO NEEDS PETER?  
YOU'LL BE QUEEN INSTEAD!*

POLLY

Really? Me?

PRINCE HUGH

*WE'LL GET MARRIED!  
YES, YOU WILL BE MY BRIDE.  
WHO NEEDS HAROLD?*

POLLY and PRINCE HUGH

*WE'LL RULE SIDE BY SIDE!*

JANE, PIM, and CROWN JEWELS

*IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING...*

(Crossfade to a furious QUEEN MILDRED and PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW fencing.)

## QUEEN MILDRED

Polly? Polly Cochran?!  
*SHE CAN'T BE THE NATION'S QUEEN;  
 SHE'S TOO FLASHY, UNREFINED.*

## PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*SHE'S NOT AS CULTURED AS YOU ROYALS,  
 NOT AS GRACEFUL OR GENTEEL.*

## QUEEN MILDRED and RUMPSHAW

*IF HUGH WEDS THAT SHAMELESS SLUT,  
 HE'LL DRAG REGALIA THROUGH THE MUCK!*

## JANE, PIM, and CROWN JEWELS

*IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING;  
 IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE STEW...*

(The following songs overlap.)

## PRINCE HUGH

*WHO NEEDS HAROLD?  
 I'LL BE THE NATION'S HEAD!  
 WHO NEEDS HAROLD?  
 I'LL BE KING INSTEAD!*

## POLLY

*THEY CALL YOU FAIRY QUEEN  
 THEY HATE YOU MORE AND MORE  
 THEY SAY YOU RAPED THEIR KING,  
 THEY SAY THAT HE'S YOUR WHORE!*

## ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*HAROLD'S NOT YOUR ONLY HEIR,  
 YOU HAVE ANOTHER SON;  
 HUGH WOULD FIT THE ROYAL THRONE  
 LIKE A BURGER ON A BUN!*

## PETER

*IT'S A COUNTRY OF FOSSILS,  
 BARKING PLATITUDES  
 SHROUDED IN BIGOTRIES  
 THEY'VE TUCKED REALITY  
 UNDER A TEA COZY.*

## QUEEN MILDRED

*PRINCE HUGH'S A GREEDY MORON,  
 HE DROOLS AND SWEARS AND FARTS.  
 WHY DIDN'T I HAVE DAUGHTERS?  
 SONS ALWAYS BREAK MOTHER'S HEARTS.*

## PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*ETHNIC WARS RAGE OUT OF CONTROL  
POVERTY'S ON THE RISE,  
POLLUTION THREATENS EARTH AND SKY  
BUT WHERE ARE THE WORLD'S EYES?  
ON REGALIA!*

## JANE, PIM, and CROWN JEWELS

*IT'S ROYAL PURPLE PUDDING,  
IT'S A ROYAL PURPLE STEW;  
WHEN THE TALK DIES DOWN,  
WE'LL BE SKIPPING TOWN  
FOR A ROYAL PURPLE BREW!*

(Blackout.)

**SCENE 16**

(Chimes ring out in the royal bed chamber. KING HAROLD dons his nightshirt, preparing for bed. PIM stands at attention to receive the copper crown, then departs, lurking in the shadows.)

## KING HAROLD

*ALL GOOD REGALIANS  
ARE TUCKED IN THEIR TRUNDLES.  
THE FEATHER-HEADED  
ALL FEATHER-BEDDED.  
THE REST KEEP THE VIGIL,  
WHILE TOSSING AND TURNING,  
AND TURNING AND TOSSING,  
SKEWERED ON THE SOUL'S SPIT.*

(KING HAROLD drifts into sleep. A mist forms as his nightmare begins: A procession of deceased British KINGS appears, wearing grotesque bearded masks and billowing capes, with high heels and crowns to make them tall and imposing. The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS rousts KING HAROLD and seems to control the procession.)

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*ARISE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,  
HEIR TO THE LONGEST, NOBLEST LINE,  
GREAT HOUSES BUILT OF BONE AND BLOOD.*

(The KINGS chant with deep, eerie voices, overlapping their lines. KING WILLIAM I produces the coronation crown and passes it to KING RICHARD I who passes it on and so forth.)

KING WILLIAM I

*HOUSE OF NORMANDY...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*HAIL NORMANDY...*

KING RICHARD I

*HOUSE OF PLANTAGENET...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*HAIL PLANTAGENET...*

KING HENRY IV

*HOUSE OF LANCASTER...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*HAIL LANCASTER...*

KING EDWARD VI

*HOUSE OF TUDOR...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*HAIL TUDOR...*

KING CHARLES II

*HOUSE OF STUART...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*HAIL STUART...*

KING GEORGE II

*HOUSE OF HANOVER...*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS  
*HAIL HANOVER...*

KING HAROLD VI  
*HOUSE OF CLAPHAM!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS  
*HAIL CLAPHAM, THE KINGDOM REGALIA!*

KING HAROLD  
 Father?

(KING HAROLD VI holds the crown and sings.)

KING HAROLD VI  
*OUR STORY'S NOT A NEW ONE;  
 THERE'S AN ORDER MADE BY GOD:  
 WHEN FATHERS DIE  
 THEIR SONS SURVIVE THEM  
 TO CARRY ON THE BLOOD...*

ALL KINGS  
*TO CARRY ON THE BLOOD.*

KING HAROLD VI  
*DEATH WRENCHED THE SCEPTER FROM MY HANDS,  
 DEATH WRENCHED THE SCEPTER FREE,  
 AND NOW THEY SAY IT'S YOUR TURN  
 TO BE THE ROYAL WE!*

ALL KINGS  
*TO BE THE ROYAL WE!*

KING HAROLD  
 Yes! Give me my crown! Father, tell them: I'm King! I'm King!

KING HAROLD VI  
*SOVEREIGNS OF MEMORY:  
 WHAT SAYETH THOU?  
 DOTHE HE, OUR LORD TEMPORAL  
 OF THE REALM CALLED REGALIA.  
 HAVE THE HIGH AND MIGHTY STUFF  
 TO EXALT LOW THINGS?*

Well, I... KING HAROLD

KING HAROLD VI  
*TO ABASE HIGH THINGS?*

I...I... KING HAROLD

KING HAROLD VI  
*ART THOU DIVINE OF POWER?*

Yes! KING HAROLD

KING HAROLD VI  
*ART THOU SUBLIME OF WISDOM?*

Yes! KING HAROLD

KING HAROLD VI  
*ART THOU FUCKING A FAG?*

Well... KING HAROLD

ALL KINGS  
*INFIDEL!!!*

KING HAROLD VI  
*THOU SHALT NEVER SING "HEY!"*

ALL KINGS  
*HEY!*

KING HAROLD VI  
*THOU SHALT NEVER SING "HO!"*

ALL KINGS  
*HO!*

*SING HEY!* KING HAROLD VI

*HEY!* HAROLD AND ALL KINGS

*SING HO!* KING HAROLD VI

*HO!* HAROLD AND ALL KINGS

(THE KINGS march off in a mist while KING HAROLD returns to his bed and THE CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS hover in the background.)

ALL KINGS  
*HEY! HO! HEY! HO!*  
*HEY! HO! HEY! HO!*  
*HEY! HO! HEY! HO!*  
*HEY! HO! HEY! HO!!*  
*HEY! HO! HEY! HO!*  
*HEY! HO! HEY! HO!!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS  
*THE CROWN IS MASTER HERE,*  
*THE CROWN IS WHAT THEY CHEER!*  
*SING HEY! SING HO!*  
*FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOW!*  
*SING HEY! SING HO!*  
*FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOW!*

(KING HAROLD awakens, terrified.)

KING HAROLD  
 My crown! My crown! Where is my crown!?

(PIM DUFFIN enters with the copper crown.)

PIM DUFFIN  
 Here you are, your Lordship.

KING HAROLD  
 No! I want the real crown!

PIM DUFFIN  
 I'm afraid your lordship will have to wait for the coronation.

KING HAROLD  
 Oh, yes,...of course. Forgive me. I...I had a bad dream. You may go now, but please, leave the crown.



(As PIM DUFFIN bows and departs, KING HAROLD clasps his crown to his chest and sings.)

KING HAROLD

*IF ONLY I COULD PASS  
THROUGH MY SKULL, THROUGH MY HAIR,  
AND INTO YOUR GOLD  
AND HOLD MYSELF THERE.  
THEN I'D BE THE CROWN,  
PERCHED UPON A CRIMSON PILLOW,  
STUFFED WITH PRIDE AND STITCHED WITH DUTY.  
I'D THROW OFF THIS MORTAL CASING,  
THIS FRAGILE FRAME  
THAT'S FUELED BY DREAMS.*

GHOST KING VOICES

*IT'S A LIFE OF PURE SOBRIETY,  
DEDICATION TO PROPRIETY;  
TO PROTOCOL WE GIVE OUR ALL...*

KING HAROLD

*MUST WE KEEP OUR DREAMS INTERNAL?  
MUST OUR LIVES BE ONE INFERNAL  
RITUAL?*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*STONES, BABY, STONES,  
HARDER THAN BONES,  
FEEEEEL, FEEEEEL, FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEL...*

(The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS crawls into Harold's bed, snaking their limbs over his body, then ravishing him.)

KING HAROLD

No! No, noooooooooo!!!

(Hideous ghostly screams are heard. Blackout.)

**SCENE 17**

(A cock crows as bright lights illumine the bed chamber. PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW, ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS and PIM enter. PIM is holding the royal measuring tape, and is followed by The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS.)

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Your highness, wake up! Are you all right?

KING HAROLD

Yes, it was just...just a bad dream. *(to Pim)* Ah, you again. Who...who are you anyway?

PIM DUFFIN

Pim Duffin, your majesty, Third Assistant to the Royal Goldsmith, at your service.

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

He's here to measure the royal head for the coronation crown.

KING HAROLD

Ah, yes, the coronation crown, so exquisite with her...

KING HAROLD  
Rubies...  
Sapphires...  
Pearls...

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS  
*RUBIES...*  
*SAPPHIRES...*  
*PEARLS...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

She's at least twenty pounds, your highness.

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

She's a great moral burden, your highness.

KING HAROLD

You don't think I can carry the weight?

(PIM finishes measuring the royal head. HE bows and exits, but lingers.)

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

If you continue seeing Peter Cochran, the country will be topsy turvy!  
I'll resign and the government with me, so you'd better give him the boot!

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*SING HEY! SING HO!  
FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOW!  
SING HEY! SING HO!  
DON'T LET THEM MAKE YOU GO!*

KING HAROLD

*I'LL CLING TO MY SCEPTER!  
CLAIM MY CROWN, CLAIM MY RIGHTS!*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Why can't you go through the coronation, then sneak Peter in as your  
valet?

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

Tell the nation he's run home to America!

KING HAROLD

*I WON'T BE CROWNED  
WITH YOUR LIES UPON MY LIPS!*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Sentimental fool!

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*SING HEY! SING HO!  
DON'T LET THEM MAKE YOU GO!*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Why can't you keep him hidden in a cottage by the sea?

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

Or discreetly, in the cellar.

KING HAROLD

*IF PETER CAN'T BE THE NATION'S QUEEN,  
THEN HE'LL LIVE AT THE PALACE AS MY MATE.*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*SING HEY! SING HO!  
DON'T LET THEM MAKE YOU GO!*

## ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

You want faggotry to become the latest fashion?

## PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

The government forbids it!

## ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

It's unchristian! It's unholy!

## KING HAROLD

*HE'LL BE MY SPOUSE  
WITH THE HONOR HE DESERVES.*

## RUMPSHAW AND BUMPHREYS

How bourgeois!

(The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS sings shrilly;  
KING HAROLD covers his ears.)

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*SING HEY! SING HO!  
DON'T LET THEM MAKE YOU GO!  
SING HEY! SING HO!  
FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOW!*

## KING HAROLD

*ABDICATION!*

## RUMPSHAW, BUMPHREYS, PIM, CROWN JEWELS

*(Gasp)*

(ALL but KING HAROLD freeze in horror.)

## KING HAROLD

*ABDICATION.  
THERE, I SAID THE WORD.  
THE WORD WE WERE AFRAID TO SPEAK,  
THE WORD THAT SPELLS NO COMPROMISE,  
NO PITY, NO COMPASSION,  
FOR THE MAN IN THE KING,  
FOR THE FRIEND HE ADORES.*

*ABDICATION.  
THERE, I SAID THE WORD.  
THE WORD THAT SPELLS HYPOCRISY,  
GOOD CHRISTIANS WHO JUDGE WITH DISDAIN  
ONE MAN WHO LOVES ANOTHER.  
NO MERCY, NO FORGIVENESS,  
FOR THE MAN IN THE KING,  
FOR THE FRIEND HE ADORES.*

*ABDICATION.  
THERE, I SAID THE WORD.  
THE WORD THAT SPELLS NO GRATITUDE,  
NO PAGEANTRY, NO CROWN.  
ABDICATION.  
GROW ACCUSTOM TO IT'S SOUND;  
YOU'LL BE HEARING IT AROUND:  
ABDICATION!*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*THAT'S TREASON TALKING,  
NOT REASON TALKING,  
HIS BASTARD MAJESTY!*

## RUMPSHAW and BUMPHREYS

*YOU MUST CLING TO YOUR SCEPTER!  
CLAIM YOUR CROWN! CLAIM YOUR RIGHTS!*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*SING HEY! SING HO!  
FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOW!*

## KING HAROLD

Get out! Get out!

(KING HAROLD throws his copper crown to the floor  
as RUMPSHAW and BUMPHREYS exit. PIM retrieves  
the crown and approaches KING HAROLD.)

PIM DUFFIN

*HOW CAN YOU GIVE HER UP, YOUR HIGHNESS?  
HOW CAN YOU LET HER GO?*

KING HAROLD

*IF PETER CANNOT BE MY QUEEN,  
AND I CANNOT BE KING IN TRUTH,  
THEN THE ONLY CROWN I'LL EVER WEAR,  
IS THE CROWN UPON MY TOOTH!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*THAT'S TREASON TALKING,  
NOT REASON TALKING,  
HIS BASTARD MAJESTY!  
THAT'S TREASON TALKING,  
NOT REASON TALKING:  
INFIDELITY!*

PIM DUFFIN

*PLEASE HOLD YOUR CROWN;  
DON'T BE AN ASS.  
THIS LOVE WILL PASS;  
THE CROWN ENDURES.*

*THINK OF HER: POOR HUMBLED CROWN.  
YOU'VE TARNISHED HER GOLD,  
YOU'VE DULLED HER...*

RUBY

*RUBIES...*

SAPPHIRE and RUBY

*SAPPHIRES...*

PEARL, RUBY, SAPPHIRE

*PEARLS...*

KING HAROLD

*MY BROTHER'S HEAD IS WORTHY TOO.  
BELIEVE ME, ANY KING WILL DO.  
WE'RE ONLY A MIRAGE NOW,  
AND KINGS ARE ONLY SLAVES.  
THE CROWN IS MASTER HERE;  
THE CROWN IS WHAT THEY CHEER.  
SING HEY!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*TRAITOR!*

KING HAROLD

*SING HO!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*INFIDEL!*

PIM AND CROWN JEWELS

*HOW CAN YOU GIVE US UP, YOUR HIGHNESS?  
HOW CAN YOU LET US GO?*

KING HAROLD

I've claimed another kingdom, the kingdom of a fellow's heart.

PIM DUFFIN

*(pause)* I can't understand it, your Lordship.

*I NEVER HAD THE PASSION OF A KING,  
NEVER FELT LOVE ENOUGH  
TO GIVE SOMEONE A RING;  
I NEVER KNEW ANYONE  
WHO FELT SUCH LOVE FOR ME.  
I CAN'T IMAGINE WANTING MORE  
THAN A PLACE IN HISTORY.*

KING HAROLD

*YOU NEVER HAD THE PASSION OF A KING?*

PIM DUFFIN

*I WAS JUST AN ORPHAN BOY,  
A BUNDLE TIED WITH STRING.*

KING HAROLD  
*YOU NEVER FOUND A LOVER WHO COULD  
 BREAK YOUR HEART OF STONE?*

PIM DUFFIN  
*I CAN'T CONCEIVE OF GIVING UP...*

KING HAROLD AND PIM DUFFIN  
*...THE CROWN FOR A HAPPY HOME.*

PIM DUFFIN  
*I NEVER HAD THE PASSION OF  
 A KING;  
 I'M LIKE THE COMMON FOLK,  
 I WORK, I DRINK I SING.  
 I FOUND NO SWEETHEART  
 WHO WOULD WHISPER IN MY EAR;  
 PIM, YOU ARE MY OWN TRUE LOVE;  
 I'LL ALWAYS WANT YOU NEAR,  
 I'LL ALWAYS WANT YOU NEAR,  
 I'LL ALWAYS WANT YOU NEAR.*

KING HAROLD  
*I ALWAYS HAD THE PASSION OF  
 A KING;  
 BORN TO BE ROYALTY,  
 THEY TRIED TO CLIP MY WING.  
 I NEVER KNEW FRIENDSHIP  
 COULD AFFORD A MAN SUCH JOYS.  
 PETER IS MY DEAREST LOVE,  
 WHO CARES IF WE'RE BOTH BOYS?  
 WHO CARES IF WE'RE BOTH BOYS?  
 WHO CARES IF WE'RE BOTH BOYS?*

PIM DUFFIN  
*IF HIS NIBS TURNS A BLOKE  
 LIKE WE COMMON FOLK,  
 THEN I'VE WASTED MY LIFE,  
 I'VE WASTED MY LIFE.*

(Fade out.)

### SCENE 18

(Crossfade to PROTESTERS shouting and carrying banners. BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, and PIM are mingling in the crowd.)

*A HEX ON REX!  
 A HEX ON REX!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

PROTESTER A

Hands off our Harry!



PROTESTER B

God bless Rex and a pox on Peter!

PROTESTER C

A pox on 'em both!!

ALL PROTESTERS

Fuckin' fairy king!

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*A HEX ON REX!*

*A HEX ON REX!*

JANE BUTTONS

*(to Pim)* Pardon me, sir, what's all the fuss?

PIM DUFFIN

*DIP YOUR BLOOD PEN*

*IN YOUR BLOODY PURPLE INK*

*AND WRITE A BLOODY DIRGE:*

*A CORPSE IS WHAT REGALIA WILL BE*

*WITHOUT OUR MONARCH,*

*WITHOUT OUR HARRY!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*A HEX ON REX!*

*A HEX ON REX!*

PROTESTER B

*TO HELL WITH ALL KINGS,*

*THE SILLY OLD THINGS!*

*WITH THEIR CROWNS AND THEIR RINGS!*

*A PITY WE NEED A KING AT ALL!*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*A PITY, BUT WE DO.*

*IT'S THE GLORY, IT'S THE SHINE,*

*IT'S THE PAGEANTRY OF TIME.*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*NOT TO MENTION THE REVENUE!*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

A HEX ON REX!  
A HEX ON REX!

(Crossfade to PETER and POLLY in their hotel suite,  
observing the protesters.)

## POLLY

Listen: They're talking abdication. They say he's giving up the  
throne for you.

## PETER

Yes, I know. Now Prince Hugh will rule Regalia with you as his  
queen. Oh, Polly, how can I replace an entire kingdom?

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH  
TO FILL HIS LIFE'S CUP  
TO THE BRIM  
WITH A TRIM  
OF FROTH?*

## POLLY

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH  
TO MAKE HIM FORGET  
ALL THE POMP,  
WHAT A ROMP  
HIS THRONE?*

## PETER and POLLY

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH  
TO MAKE HIM FORGET  
ALL HE LOST,  
WHAT IT COST  
HIS HOME?*

(Crossfade to QUEEN MILDRED speaking with PRINCE  
HUGH.)

## QUEEN MILDRED

Oh, merciful heaven! You might have to rule Regalia!

PRINCE HUGH

*WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, THAT'S MY KINGDOM,  
WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, I WILL REIGN!  
I WILL MAKE POLLY MINE,  
HAVE MY WAY WHEN I WHINE...*

QUEEN MILDRED

*SO START SPENDING TIME  
GROWING UP!*

PRINCE HUGH

Now you'll have to curtsy to me, mother dear. Ha, ha!

QUEEN MILDRED

Take heed, Hugh: Harold might be mad, but he was never arrogant  
or rude to his mother! *(pause)*

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH  
TO FILL HIS LIFE'S CUP?  
WILL THE CREAM  
ON HIS DREAM  
TURN SOUR?*

PRINCE HUGH

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH  
TO FILL HIS LIFE'S CUP  
TO THE TOP  
WITH A FOP,  
QUEER BEER!  
HA, HA!*

QUEEN MILDRED

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH  
TO MAKE HIM FORGET  
ALL THE SHAME  
OF HIS NAME  
DISGRACED?*

(Crossfade to POLLY who sings with QUEEN  
MILDRED.)

POLLY and QUEEN MILDRED

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH  
TO MAKE ME FORGIVE  
HOW MY HEART  
FELL APART  
TO LOSE  
HAROLD.*

(Fade out.)

**SCENE 19**

(Inside the palace where PETER is confronting KING HAROLD.)

PETER

Harold, I've already packed my bags. I'm going home to Birmingham.  
I won't let you sacrifice your kingdom for the likes of me.

KING HAROLD

*A KING WILL FOLLOW,  
WILL FOLLOW HIS LOVE  
WHEREVER HE GOES.  
HE'LL BE HIS SHADOW,  
THE GHOST UNDERFOOT.  
IF A KING CANNOT BE A KING  
WITH HIS LOVER BY HIS SIDE,  
THEN A KING WILL NOT BE A KING,  
THE COUNTRY WILL SURVIVE.*

PETER

No!

KING HAROLD

*ABDICATION.  
I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOM TO THE WORD.  
ONCE FROZEN IN MY BREAST,  
ONCE FROST UPON MY TONGUE,  
NOW IT DROPS AND DRIES LIKE ANY OTHER WORD:*

PETER AND HAROLD

*ABDICATION.*

PETER

*WHAT ELSE COULD YOU BE IF NOT A KING?  
 THAT'S ALL YOU WERE BORN FOR,  
 THAT'S ALL YOU WERE TRAINED FOR.  
 CAN A KING BE A LAWYER?  
 A FARMER? A DON?  
 CAN A KING BE A KING  
 ONCE HIS KINGDOM PASSES ON  
 TO A BROTHER?*

KING HAROLD

But I am a king!

*I'M KING OF PASSION, KING OF FIRE,  
 KING MOST COURTLY, KING DESIRE;  
 I'M THE KING OF LOVERS IN DESPAIR,  
 THE KING OF LOVERS EVERYWHERE!*

(As PETER sings, KING HAROLD is haunted by  
 VOICES from the palace.)

PETER

*WHAT ELSE COULD YOU BE IF NOT A KING?*

QUEEN MILDRED

*WE HELD YOU TO OUR BOSOM,  
 WE TUCKED YOU IN YOUR BED.*

PETER

*THAT'S ALL YOU WERE BORN FOR,  
 THAT'S ALL YOU WERE TRAINED FOR.*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*WE RAISED YOU AS A CHRISTIAN,  
 A SYMBOL FOR US ALL.*

PETER

*CAN A KING BE A DOCTOR?  
 A GROCER? A DON?*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*YOU'RE PRIMED TO HOLD THE PALACE,  
 TO GRACE REXALIA'S THRONE.*

PETER

*CAN A KING BE A KING  
ONCE HIS KINGDOM PASSES ON?*

PRINCE HUGH

*FIRST SONS ARE BORN TO KINGSHIP,  
TO BE THE NATION'S HEAD.*

QUEEN MILDRED

*WE TUCKED YOU...*

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*WE RAISED YOU...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*YOU'RE PRIMED...*

PRINCE HUGH

*FIRST SON...*

KING HAROLD

*I'M KING OF PASSION, KING OF FIRE,  
KING MOST COURTLY, KING DESIRE;  
I'M THE KING OF LOVERS IN DESPAIR,  
THE KING OF LOVERS EVERYWHERE!*

(KING HAROLD reaches out to Peter.)

KING HAROLD

*A KING LOVES A MAN.*

PETER

*A MAN LOVES A KING.*

KING HAROLD

*GOD BLESS...*

PETER

*GOD BLESS...*

HAROLD AND PETER

*...WE.*

(THEY kiss; fade out.)

**SCENE 20**

(Inside the palace, PIM DUFFIN is flanked by GUARDS carrying a pillow with a bowler upon it.)

GUARDS

*THE CHANGING OF HEADS  
ON THE BODY OF THE NATION  
REQUIRES THE INSTRUMENT  
OF ABDICATION.*

PIM DUFFIN

Humph! A bowler!  
*THE MAN WHO SHOULD BE KING  
WILL BE WEARING A BOWLER!*

(PIM dusts the bowler, dropping it on his own head.)

PIM DUFFIN

*ANY MAN CAN WEAR A BOWLER,  
ANY COMMON LOU ABOUT THE STREET  
CAN SPORT A BOWLER.  
YOU CAN SEE THEM EVERYWHERE  
ON HEADS HIGHBORN AND LOW;  
A HAT'S A HAT, AFTER ALL,  
KEEPS THE LID ON,  
MAKES YOU TALL.  
ANY MAN CAN WEAR A BOWLER,  
YES, ANY MAN AT ALL!*

(PIM addresses one of the guards)

PIM DUFFIN

You sir, care to try the royal bowler?

GUARD A

But sir, it's the King's...

(PIM drops the hat on the guard's head.)

PIM DUFFIN

There! You see: looks perfectly fine! *(to Guard B)* Now you, my lad?

*HA, HA, YOU SEE! HA, HA, YOU SEE!  
SO MUCH FOR YOUR PRECIOUS HEREDITY!  
BREEDING DOESN'T SHOW  
'NEATH A BOWLER, OH!*

*(The GUARDS and PIM toss the bowler among themselves, and dance.)*

THE GUARDS and PIM

*ANY MAN CAN WEAR A BOWLER.  
YOU COULD SELL CIGARS OR TEND A BAR  
FROM 'NEATH A BOWLER.  
YOU SEE THEM EVERYWHERE  
ON HEADS Highborn AND LOW;  
A HAT'S A HAT, AFTER ALL,  
KEEPS THE LID ON,  
MAKES YOU TALL.  
ANY MAN CAN WEAR A BOWLER,  
YES, ANY MAN AT ALL!*

*(Trumpets sound. The GUARDS and PIM quickly assemble as KING HAROLD enters, followed by QUEEN MILDRED, HUGH, RUMPSHAW, and BUMPHREYS.)*

KING HAROLD

All right. I'm ready.

THE GUARDS

*THE CHANGING OF HEADS  
ON THE BODY OF THE NATION...*

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Wait! Wait!



BUMPHREYS and RUMPSHAW

*FAIR KING, FAIR KING,  
IT SADDENS US TO SEE  
YOU HASTE AWAY TOO SOON.  
WON'T YOU STAY AWHILE LONGER,  
WON'T YOU STAY UNTIL YOUR SUN  
HAS REACHED ITS NOON?*

KING HAROLD

May Peter reign beside me as my lover, as my queen?

RUMPSHAW, BUMPHREYS, MILDRED, HUGH

Never!!

(KING HAROLD swaps his copper crown for the bowler.)

KING HAROLD

Done!

RUMPSHAW, BUMPHREYS, QUEEN MILDRED, PRINCE HUGH, PIM,  
(*Gasp!*)

(KING HAROLD thrusts the crown on HUGH'S head.)

KING HAROLD

There! Now you're the king!

PRINCE HUGH

Ouch! (*removing the crown*) Damn thing's doesn't fit!

(The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS sings a strident note, holding it through Harold's song.)

KING HAROLD

*THE HEADS ARE CHANGED  
ON THE BODY OF THE NATION  
IT IS DONE! YOU HAVE WON!  
MY ABDICATION!*

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH*

*AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...*

## CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*THAT'S TREASON TALKING,  
NOT REASON TALKING,  
HIS BASTARD MAJESTY!  
THAT'S TREASON TALKING,  
NOT REASON TALKING  
INFIDELITY!*

(Blackout.)

## SCENE 21

(Cameras and spotlights focus on KING HAROLD who steps forward with trepidation, speaking into JANE BUTTONS' microphone. PIM DUFFIN, THE ROYALS, BUMPHREYS, and RUMPSHAW are posed, listening with sorrow and disbelief.)

## KING HAROLD

*DEAR PATIENT CITIZENS OF REGALIA:  
THE PIPER MUST BE PAID HIS DUE,  
I'VE DANCED MY DANCE, AND NOW I'M THROUGH.  
I'VE TRIED SO HARD TO PLAY THE PART,  
BUT COULD NOT ACT AGAINST MY HEART.  
YOU'VE NAMED YOUR PRICE, YOU HAVE MY CROWN,  
AND NOW, YOU SEE, I'M STEPPING DOWN.  
MY TUNE WAS SHORT, I PLAYED IT FINE,  
BUT NOW THE DANCE IS TRULY MINE.*

## PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

*HIS TUNE WAS SHORT, HE PLAYED IT WELL;  
HE'S CHOSEN EXILE.*

*BUMPHREYS, RUMPSHAW, QUEEN MILDRED, PRINCE HUGH, PIM,  
HE'S CHOSEN HELL!!!*

(ALL freeze as PIM DUFFIN steps forward.)

## PIM DUFFIN

*SO MUCH FOR THEIR RACE OF ROYALS.  
THEY ALL TURN TO DUST IN THEIR GRAVES!  
SO MUCH FOR THEIR DOCTRINE OF RIGHT DIVINE,  
IT'S ONLY A MIRAGE NOW,  
AND KINGS ARE ONLY SLAVES.*

(Fade out.)

**SCENE 22**

(The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS sing softly as they unfurl the long coronation carpet. PIM DUFFIN enters with the coronation crown, appearing where he stood at the beginning of the play, preparing for Prince Hugh's coronation.)

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*GOD LOVES A CORONATION,  
GOD LOVES A BRAND NEW KING;  
GOD LOVES A CORONATION,  
WHERE PYRAMIDS OF NOBLES COME TO SING.*

(QUEEN MILDRED, dressed in full regalia, enters, followed by RUMPSHAW, BUMPHREYS, and PRINCE HUGH with POLLY.)

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS

*(To Queen Mildred)* Really, your majesty, we must get on with the ceremonies.

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW

Bloody awkward time to call a meeting!

PRINCE HUGH

What's wrong now, mother?

QUEEN MILDRED

Listen:

*PRINCE HUGH HAS HIS HEART SET ON RULING,  
BUT HE HASN'T THE WIT,  
AND THE CROWN DOESN'T FIT,  
SO WE CAN'T LEAVE THE KINGSHIP TO HIM!*

PRINCE HUGH

But mother, it's my turn to be king! And Polly can be queen!

POLLY

I'm afraid you'll have to learn to accept me "mother."

QUEEN MILDRED  
*I'M RESIGNED TO HUGH COURTING MISS POLLY.  
 THEY'LL SOON MARRY AND MATE;  
 TRAIN THEIR SON FOR HIS FATE,  
 BUT TILL THEN I WILL REIGN AS YOUR QUEEN!*

PRINCE HUGH, POLLY, RUMPSHAW, BUMPHREYS, PIM,  
*(Gasp!)*

PRINCE HUGH  
 Noooooooooo!!

QUEEN MILDRED  
 Oh, stop your snivelling!

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS  
 But...but we've always had a succession of Harolds, all of whom  
 were...males.

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
 Indeed! Ever since King George's bastard claimed Regalia for his own!

ARCHBISHOP BUMPHREYS  
*IT'S IN THE ROYAL CHARTER.*

QUEEN MILDRED  
 Hang the charter!

PRIME MINISTER RUMPSHAW  
*IT'S THE LAW!*

QUEEN MILDRED  
 Damn the law!

PRINCE HUGH  
*BUT IT'S MY BIRTHRIGHT!*

*(QUEEN MILDRED snatches the crown!)*

QUEEN MILDRED

To hell with birthrights! Seven Harolds is Harolds enough! Look, the crown fits perfectly. It's time we were ruled by a Mildred!

*WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, THAT'S MY KINGDOM,  
WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, I MUST REIGN.  
MY RIGHTS ARE DIVINE,  
AND MY WISDOM SUBLIME,  
SO I'LL START SPENDING TIME  
BEING QUEEN!*

(QUEEN MILDRED starts marching majestically down the royal carpet, followed by the OTHERS, forming the coronation parade.)

QUEEN MILDRED and CROWN JEWELS

*ROYAL NOSES NEVER DRIP OR SNEEZE,  
ROYAL EYES MUST NEVER CRY;  
ROYAL EARS MUST NEVER LISTEN,  
ROYAL TONGUES CAN'T QUESTIONS WHY.*

*HUGH, POLLY, MILDRED, RUMPSHAW, BUMPHREYS, PIM  
IT'S A LIFE OF PURE SOBRIETY,  
DEDICATION TO PROPRIETY,  
TO PROTOCOL WE GIVE OUR ALL.  
WE MUST KEEP OUR DREAMS INTERNAL,  
YES, OUR LIVES ARE ONE INFERNAL RITUAL.*

(As the parade continues, the CROWN JEWELS fling handfuls of glitter with manic jubilation.)

CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS

*GOD LOVES A CORONATION!  
GOD LOVES A BRAND NEW QUEEN!  
GOD LOVES A CORONATION!  
WHERE ROYALS ON PARADE MAKE QUITE A SCENE!*

(The parade exits.)

**SCENE 23**

(At the rear of the parade is a drunken, disheveled PIM DUFFIN with JANE BUTTONS. In the crowd of bystanders are former KING HAROLD and PETER.)

PIM DUFFIN

*THE MAN WHO SHOULD BE KING  
IS WEARING A BOWLER.*

JANE BUTTONS

Tomorrow he's flying to San Francisco. In America he's a hero!  
Then he's going to Denmark where fairy kings can get married.!

PIM DUFFIN

Those loony yanks!

*HOW COULD HE GIVE US UP?  
HOW COULD HE LET US GO?*

JANE BUTTONS

He has his love, Pim. (*gazing longingly at Pim*) What else matters?

(PETER and KING HAROLD walk by arm in arm.)

PETER

It was a splendid coronation. Your mother looked grand!

KING HAROLD

(*noticing Pim*) Good luck, dear fellow.

(As KING HAROLD tips his bowler, PIM gasps and falls to his knees.)

PIM DUFFIN

Your majesty! Your majesty! I may be blind drunk, but I know the royal pate when I see it!

KING HAROLD

Shhhush! For heaven's sake, man, stand up!

PIM DUFFIN

Remember me, your highness? Pim Duffin: Assistant Royal Goldsmith at your service!

KING HAROLD

Of course, Pim, of course, but no need for ceremony.

PIM DUFFIN

*HOW COULD YOU LET US GO, YOUR HIGHNESS?*

*HOW COULD YOU GIVE US UP?*

KING HAROLD

Dear Pim, perhaps someday you'll understand. Come on, Peter, we've a plane to catch.

PIM DUFFIN

Wait! Wait! Just one little question, your highness:

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH*

*TO MAKE YOU FORGET*

*ALL THE POMP*

*WHAT A ROMP*

*YOUR THRONE?*

PIM DUFFIN, JANE BUTTONS, PETER

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH*

*TO MAKE YOU FORGET*

*ALL YOU'VE LOST*

*WHAT IT COST*

*YOUR CROWN?*

(The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS approaches, whisper-singing.)

RUBY

*RUBIES...*

SAPPHIRE

*SAPPHIRES...*

PEARL, SAPPHIRE, RUBY

*PEARLS...*

PIM DUFFIN

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH?*

PIM DUFFIN, JANE BUTTONS, PETER

*WILL LOVE BE ENOUGH?*

## KING HAROLD

But I told you: I am a king!

*I'M KING OF PASSION, KING OF FIRE,  
KING MOST COURTLY, KING DESIRE;  
I'M KING OF LOVERS IN DESPAIR,  
THE KING OF LOVERS EVERYWHERE!*

(A brilliant crown of lights appears in the sky and descends onto KING HAROLD'S head. The CHORUS OF CROWN JEWELS, PIM DUFFIN, JANE BUTTONS, and various STROLLERS bow, curtsy, and sing.)

## EVERYONE

*WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, THAT'S HIS KINGDOM!  
WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES, HE WILL REIGN!*

*HIS RIGHTS ARE DIVINE  
AND HIS WISDOM SUBLIME,  
SO NOW HE MUST START SPENDING TIME  
BEING KING!*

*GOD LOVES A CORONATION!  
GOD LOVES A BRAND NEW KING!  
GOD LOVES A CORONATION!  
WHERE ALL THE WORLD'S GREAT LOVERS COME TO SING!!!*

(Bells ring and lights fade to black.)

*End of Play*













