

The Prince and The Pauper

Act I

Scene 1 (A Throne Room)

Lights come up on an oversized throne, empty, at center stage. Banners are hung upstage L & R. Otherwise, the stage is bare. We hear the distant sound of trumpets and fanfare.

SOUND CUE #1 (fanfare) - In

Voice *(offstage - over fanfare)* The Prince of Wales! Make way! The Prince of Wales!

SOUND CUE #1 (fanfare) - Out

A young man, Prince Edward, beautifully dressed, enters. He is in a very bad mood. He flops into the throne and stares dismally into the audience.

Edward *(calling off)* Admit the Royal School Master!

Voice Admit the Royal School Master!

Another Voice His lordship, the Royal School Master!

School Master *(enters, carrying a large book - steps to throne and bows low - he lisps)* Your majesty.

Edward *(impatient)* Begin.

School Master *(bowing again)* Thank you, your highness. If it please, your grace, we shall continue your grace's review of his recent studies in geography. By your leave, I shall pose the first question.

Edward Out with it.

School Master Very good. Rounded to the nearest ten, the city of Constantinople occupies an area of how many square miles?

Edward *(beat - he is clearly unhappy)* I don't know.

School Master *(smiling as always)* Would your highness care to guess?

Edward Five hundred?

School Master It grieves me to inform my lord that, through no fault of his own, his guess is incorrect. Shall I summon the royal whipping boy?

Edward Did I answer the question correctly?

School Master Regrettably, no, your highness.

Edward Do you propose that I be punished for neglecting my studies?

School Master Certainly not, your highness.

Edward Then admit the royal whipping boy!

School Master *(calling off)* Admit the royal whipping boy!

Voice Admit the royal whipping boy!

Another Voice Humphrey, the royal whipping boy!

Humphrey *(enters quickly, carrying a large slapstick - he genuflects to Edward)* Your majesty. *(hands the slapstick to the School Master, bends over and raises his coat-tails to reveal the seat of his pants which is made of bright red cloth)*

School Master For failing to recall, rounded to the nearest ten, the number of square miles occupied by the city of Constantinople. *(whacks Humphrey soundly)*

Humphrey *(stands, turns to School Master)* I am confident that his majesty the Prince of Wales shall endeavor to study harder, School Master. *(School Master hands the slapstick to Humphrey who steps back, standing at attention)*

School Master *(his voice lowered for privacy)* The next question concerns algebra, your highness. Shall we keep Humphrey here?

Edward *(sighs)* Do as you like.

School Master Humphrey, you shall remain.

Humphrey *(to School Master)* Yes, my lord. *(to Edward)* Thank you, my lord.

School Master *(bowing)* Your majesty. If six Trappist monks carrying among them three two-pound fishes, two three-pound sacks of grain and leading behind them one three thousand pound ox were to cross a seventy-five yard-long footbridge at the rate of fifteen paces per minute, ...

Edward Who thinks up these questions, Cuthbert?

School Master *(smiling proudly)* I do, your majesty. *(beat)* Shall I continue?

Edward No.

School Master But, your majesty ...

Edward Let the monks carry their fishes and their grain to China, Cuthbert! It is quite clear to me that I shall not be able to assist them - *whatever* mathematical hardships they may suffer along the way.

School Master *(bowing)* Just so, your grace. Humphrey! *(Humphrey steps forward - same routine as before)* For failing to calculate the time required by a Trappist monk, traveling at fifteen paces per minute to cross a distance of fifteen paces ... *(raises slapstick)*

Edward Wait a minute! I *know* that! The answer is one minute!

School Master So it is, your majesty. Well done, my lord. *(lowers slapstick)* Humphrey, you may stand. *(Humphrey does so)* Now, your majesty, the next question concerns ...

Edward What did all that business about the fishes and the sacks of grain have to do with anything?

School Master Nothing, your majesty. It was a *trick* question your majesty.

Edward I don't like tricks, Cuthbert.

School Master No, your majesty.

Edward Your trick has made me tired. Leave me. We'll continue this some other time.

School Master *(bowing)* Yes, your majesty. Come along, Humphrey.

Edward Humphrey stays.

School Master *(bowing again)* Yes, your majesty. Good day, your majesty. *(exits)*

Edward *(after School Master has gone)* What is it like, Humphrey?

Humphrey Your majesty?

Edward What is it like ... being hit with that paddle?

Humphrey It hurts.

Edward Badly?

Humphrey Only after your majesty has incorrectly answered a dozen questions or so.

Edward I see. We shall endeavor to study harder. Tell me, Humphrey, would you rather not be my royal whipping boy?

Humphrey Please, your grace! My family and I should starve if I were to lose my position! Oh, mercy, your grace, I ...

Edward No, no, no, Humphrey. You are a fine whipping boy. You take my punishment like a man and for that you should be proud. I only wonder what it must be like to be treated so harshly as you are treated in my stead.

Humphrey I pray that you may never know, my lord.

Edward Yes. Well ... that will be all, Humphrey. You may go.

Humphrey Thank you, my lord. (*exits bowing*)

Edward (*the poor little rich boy*) How tiresome. Day after day, week after week, always the same.

SOUND CUE #2 (fanfare) - In

Voice (*during break in fanfare*) Duke Percy! Keeper of the Royal Undergarments!

SOUND CUE #2 (fanfare) - Out

Edward (*to himself*) Creeping in this petty pace from day to day...

Another Voice (*overlapping*) Percy, Duke of Swithenshire, Keeper of the Royal Undergarments!

Edward (*still to himself*) ... to the last syllable of recorded time.

Percy (*entering with a pillow on which are placed a pair of socks - bows - his line overlapping Edward's*) Your majesty. It is noon and time for my liege to change his socks.

Edward (*suddenly excited - out*) That's it! (*to Percy*) I shall do a reckless thing, Percy. I shall wear my socks the *entire day* without changing them!

Percy (*crushed*) The lords and ladies of the Order of the Royal Undergarments are assembled to greet your majesty. (*brows knitted pathetically*) Shall I tell them to go away?

Edward (*sighs*) No, Percy. Let them in. (*aside*) Ah, me!

Percy Let the solomn ceremony of the changing of the royal socks begin!

SOUND CUE #3 - In

Musical No. 1 - *We Dote Upon The Princely Feet*

EVERY DAY AT TWELVE O' THE CLOCKS
WE SCURRY TO CHANGE HIS MAJESTY'S SOCKS.
A LABOUR OF LOVE, RESOUNDINGLY SWEET,
THE CHANCE TO GLIMPSE HIS MAJESTY'S FEET.
WE SWOON!

Chorus (*entering as to a great ball*) WE SWOON!

Percy WE SIGH! **Chorus** WE SIGH!

Percy AS NOW WE TO CHANGE HIS SOCKS DO FLY!
IT IS RIGHT!

Chorus IT IS RIGHT!

Percy IT IS MEET! **Chorus** IT IS MEET!

Percy THAT WE SHOULD DOTE ON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!

EVEN ON A HOT SUMMER DAY,
WHEN THE ROYAL DOGS DO CHASE THE FLIES AWAY,
WHEN THE ROYAL FEET ARE CLAMMY
AND WOND'ROUSLY TOE JAMMY -
TO THOSE WHO WOULD BELITTLE US
WE VERY PROUDLY SAY

WE'D RATHER BE THE CLEANERS OF THE ROYAL TOES
THAN THE PICKERS OF THE ROYAL TEETH
OR BLOWERS OF THE ROYAL NOSE.

Percy	IT IS RIGHT!	Chorus	IT IS RIGHT!
Percy	IT IS MEET!	Chorus	IT IS MEET!
All	THAT WE SHOULD DOTE UPON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!		
Percy	IT IS RIGHT!	Chorus	IT IS RIGHT!
Percy	IT IS MEET!	Chorus	IT IS MEET!
All	THAT WE SHOULD DOTE UPON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!		
Percy	MY BROTHERS WENT TO SCHOOL WHEREIN THEY STUDIED LAW AND MEDICINE. THEY MARRIED LADIES VERY HIGHLY BORN. BUT THEY WOULD CAST IT ALL ASIDE THEIR BOSOMS SWELLING UP WITH PRIDE IF THEY COULD ONLY GAZE UPON A SINGLE ROYAL CORN OR A BUNION!		
All	OR A BUNION!		
Percy	OR AN INGROWN TOENAIL! NO AMOUNT OF RICHES WOULD WE TRADE FOR WHAT WE FEEL FOR A BUNION!		
Chorus	FOR A BUNION!		
Percy	OR AN INGROWN TOENAIL! WHEN WE SCRAPE THE ROYAL CALLOUSES FROM THE ROYAL HEEL. IT IS RIGHT!		
Chorus	IT IS RIGHT!		
Percy	IT IS MEET!	Chorus	IT IS MEET!
All	THAT WE SHOULD DOTE ON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!		
Percy	IT IS RIGHT!	Chorus	IT IS RIGHT!
Percy	IT IS MEET!	Chorus	IT IS MEET!
All	THAT WE SHOULD DOTE UPON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!		
	EVEN ON A HOT SUMMER DAY, WHEN THE ROYAL DOGS DO CHASE THE FLIES AWAY, WHEN THE ROYAL FEET ARE CLAMMY AND WOND'ROUSLY TOE JAMMY - TO THOSE WHO WOULD BELITTLE US WE VERY PROUDLY SAY WE'D RATHER BE THE CLEANERS OF THE ROYAL TOES THAN THE PICKERS OF THE ROYAL TEETH OR BLOWERS OF THE ROYAL NOSE. WE WOULD RATHER BE THE CLEANERS OF THE ROYAL TOES THAN THE PICKERS OF THE ROYAL TEETH OR BLOWERS OF THE ROYAL NOSE.		

SOUND CUE #3 - Out

Percy His lordship, the Earl of Silverspoon, Remover of the Royal Left Sock and her ladyship, the Countess Palather, Remover of the Royal Right Sock. *(they advance to Edward's outstretched feet and remove his socks, returning to their places where they hold the socks before them respectfully)* The Dutchess St. Doberman of Bollingsbrook, Fluffer of the Royal Woolies! *(extends pillow to Dutchess who picks up the socks, gently shakes them and replaces them on the pillow, which Percy take to Edward, bowing low)*

Edward *(taking the socks and reciting without much interest)* Thank you, my loyal subjects. I shall inform my father the king of your loyalty and devotion to our person in changing this day these, my socks. Go now with my blessing.

Percy Long live Edward, Prince of Wales!

All Long live Edward!

Percy And long live his father, Henry, King of England!

All Long live Henry!

Percy Now let us away to our chambers where we shall rest until this evening, which time we shall return to change again his majesty's socks! Here! Here!

All Here! Here! *(exeunt, talking excitedly)*

SOUND CUE #4 (processional) In/Out

Edward *(staring at the socks that he is still holding in his hand)* If only my life were as ever changing as my socks ... *(a pauper, Tom, backs his way onto the stage, looking as though he is being pursued)* What have we here?

Tom What? *(whirls around and is clearly stunned by the sight of The Prince)* Prince Edward! *(drops to one knee, head bowed)*

Edward *(beat)* That is correct. Do I know you, badly dressed person?

Tom *(still bowed - hurriedly)* No, your majesty. My name is Tom. I am no one. Your majesty's guards were chasing me and I ran here without knowing where I was going. Please don't kill me.

Edward *(laughs)* I have no intention of killing you. For what reason were my guards chasing you? What have you done?

Tom I was begging, your majesty.

Edward Begging?

Tom Yes ... for food.

Edward Why go to the trouble of begging? Why not go home and have your servants prepare a meal?

Tom I have no servants, my lord. I am a beggar.

Edward You mean, that's all you do?

Tom I do beg a great deal, your majesty. It's how I keep from starving.

Edward How terrible! Your life must be a constant misery!

Tom Oh, no, your grace. I have other activities besides begging. My friends and I ...

Edward Friends? You have friends?

Tom Yes, your grace.

Edward I have only servants and my father, the king. *(musing)* Friends. I would gladly beg for a day or so in order to have friends. But I interrupted you ... please continue.

Tom Yes, your grace. My friends and I, we swim in the river, we play stick ball, and sometimes, when we race ...

Edward Race?!

Tom Yes ... to see who's the fastest.

Edward What fun that must be! Tell me, Tom, does your schoolmaster ask you trick questions?

Tom I have no schoolmaster - I don't go to school, though I do try to speak properly. Mainly I just beg and play with my friends.

Edward Why, your life is not a misery at all! It is a wonderful life! Oh, to be a beggar like you!

Tom I don't complain, your grace, but my life could hardly compare to yours - (*looking around him*) the beautiful furniture and clothing, the jewels ...

Edward Chains!

Tom Your majesty?

Edward I am in chains, Tom! You are free! Every day I must sit here being worshipped while the rest of the world gets to do whatever it likes. I would gladly change places with you.

SOUND CUE #5 - In

Musical No. 2 - I'd Gladly Change Places With Thee

WHEN YOU GET UP, YOU GREET THE DAY
A BEGGAR BUT MASTER OF ALL YOU SURVEY,
AN' EVEN THOUGH I GOT POWER AN' MONEY,
I'M A PRISONER HERE, NOW AIN'T THAT FUNNY?!
SWIMMIN' IN RIVERS AND CLIMBIN' IN TREES -
THINGS MY DUTIES DENY TO ME.
I'D GLADLY TRADE MY JEWELLED CROWN
FOR A DAY IN THE COUNTRY AND NIGHT ON THE TOWN.
OH, TO BE BEGGING BUT FREE,
I WOULD GLADLY CHANGE PLACES WITH THEE.

Tom YOUR HIGHNESS, IT'S TRUE, I'M STRANGELY UP BEAT,
FOR ONE WHO WEARS RAGS AND HAS NOTHING TO EAT ,
BUT THOUGH MYMOOD MAY NOT CONVINCEN,
BUBBA, YOU'RE BETTER OFF BEIN' A PRINCE.
IT'S HARD BEING SPAT ON BY PASSERS BY,
AND KNOWING THAT NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY,
OTHER PEOPLE GONNA LOOK DOWN THEIR NOSES.
BEING A BEGGAR AIN'T NO BED OF ROSES.
I'D RATHER BE YOU THAN BE FREE.
I WOULD GLADLY CHANGE PLACES WITH THEE.

Edward
WHEN YOU GET UP,
YOU GREET THE DAY
WHEN YOU GET UP,
YOU GREET THE DAY
OH, TO BE LIKE YOU!

Tom
I WOULD GIVE, I WOULD
GIVE MOST ANYTHING
JUST TO BE
THE KING.
OH, TO BE LIKE YOU!

Both OH TO BE YOU AND NOT ME.
I WOULD GLADLY CHANGE PLACES WITH THEE!
OH TO BE YOU AND NOT ME.

SOUND CUE #5 - Out

Edward (*removes his crown, looks at it for a moment*) This is a heavy jewel, Tom. (*tosses it to Tom, who catches it breathlessly, as if catching a stick of dynamite*) Try it on.

Tom Try it on, your majesty?

Edward Yes. Put it on your head. (*Tom does so slowly, wonderingly*) Do you feel the weight of my responsibilities? Do you hear ten thousand voices crying out "Tom! Tom! Rule us wisely, Tom! Lead us and protect us!"

Tom *(simply - trying to hear)* No.

Edward That is because princes and kings are not made by their crowns. We are who we are, no matter what we wear on our heads *(looking at the socks which he has yet to put on)* or on our feet. *(tosses the socks to him)* Here. Put these on as well. *(stands, takes off his embroidered vest and tosses it to Tom)* And this. Let us see if we can give me my freedom and you a taste of responsibility by dressing you as the Prince of Wales.

Tom *(overwhelmed)* Your majesty!

Edward I command you, Tom. Pick up that vest and those socks and put them on! *(Tom begins to do so)* Ha! Strange to say it, but I feel a little better already. Hand me your shoes, Tom - and that rag you use as a vest. I will put them on to complete my cure! By all the saints, this is the most fun I've had since I can remember. *(to Tom, who has finished dressing)* Look at you! The effect is amazing! You look for all the world like the Prince of Wales! *(taking Tom by the shoulders, looking him in the eye)* How do I look? *(backing away from him, arms wide, turning as he speaks)* Am I not the noblest beggar you've ever seen?

Percy *(entering, he collars Edward from behind)* You shall be the sorriest beggar I've ever seen after I've had you thrown head first into the street! How did you get in here?

Edward Unhand me, Percy! Have you gone mad?

Percy *(to Tom, who is standing dumbfounded)* I am terribly sorry, your majesty. I do not know how this young scoundrel got in here, but he will be dealt with severely.

Edward Percy!

Tom Um ... Uh, excuse me, your worship. But he really is the prince.

Edward There, you see? Now take your hands off of me this instant!

Percy *(to Tom)* Just as you say, your majesty. We are all princes of one sort or another - in our own small ways. Very wise, your majesty. Well said. Now I shall give this ill-mannered pup a good thrashing and have him thrown back into the streets whence he came. *(exiting)* My apologies for the disturbance your majesty!

Edward *(as he is dragged away)* Tom! Tell them it's me, Tom! Percy, you blithering idiot, I am Edward, Prince of Wales. This is outrageous! *(etc., Percy ad-libs responses)*

Tom *(having only barely found his voice, he speaks in the direction that the others have left)* It's him, Percy. He is Edward, Prince of Wales.

Percy *(re-entering)* Please accept my apologies, your grace. The young ruffian has been escorted from the palace, none too gently I might add. And now, your grace, if you will be seated.

Tom *(glancing at the throne)* But I'm ... I'm not ...

Percy You are not hungry, your grace?

Tom Well ... yes, I'm *always* hungry, but ... Percy, sir, it's just that ...

Percy Wonderful! Will braised beef with plum sauce and early peas be adequate to your majesty's appetite?

Tom *(still reeling)* Braised ... plum ... that would be ... *(swallows hard)* amazing.

Percy Wonderful! Then, if it please your grace, please be seated.

Tom *(to himself)* I suppose that one meal wouldn't hurt. *(sits gingerly, then to Percy)* Will the meal be brought to me here?

Percy Heavens no, your majesty! *(wheeling the throne into the wing)* You will *ride* to dinner, just as you always do! *(he exits with Tom astride the throne, legs flailing as if he were in a rollercoaster)*

SOUND CUE #6 (transition music) - In/Out

(over transition music) Make way! Make way for the Prince of Wales! *(etc. - exit)*

Scene 2 (The Street Outside the Palace Gates)

We hear a great commotion - shouting, stomping, etc. - and Edward, in pauper's clothing, tumbles on stage - he has been ejected from the palace.

Edward *(shouting in the direction whence he came)* I tell you I am Edward, Prince of Wales! *(Tom's ragged cap is flung by unseen hands into Edward's face - he staggers backwards)*

Voice And stay out!

Edward How dare you!

Weasel *(entering from behind Edward)* Tom!

Edward *(his back still to Weasel)* I have no money for you, whoever you are. Please leave me alone.

Weasel It's me, Tom. It's Weasel.

Edward *(turning around)* I'm afraid that I don't know anyone named ...

Weasel Tom! You've changed! *(gasps)* You took a bath! So *that's* what you look like after you've washed your face. Quite an improvement, I must say.

Edward My name is not Tom. I live in the palace and if you continue to take this tone with me, I'll have you thrown in irons!

Weasel Right. *(calling off)* Hey, Shifty! Bones! Patches! Come here! And bring the others with you!

A crowd of ragged urchins trots on, led by Shifty, Bones and Patches.

Shifty What is it, Weasel?

Weasel Look, fellas! Tom took a bath!

Edward My name is not Tom!

Bones Bath or no bath, I'd know that ugly jacket anywhere. You're Tom, all right.

Edward This is not my jacket!

Shifty What's with him, Weasel?

Edward *(steamed)* I am *Edward*, Prince of Wales, heir to the throne of England and only son of his majesty, King Henry VIII. *(general laughter)*

Weasel Oh really? Then tell us, your *highness*, how you came to be dressed in Tom's clothing? *(all lean in for the answer)*

Edward *(regards Weasel coldly)* I exchanged clothing with your "Tom" and, shortly thereafter, was mistaken for him by my own servants who have just thrown me out of the palace. *(all on stage laugh and applaud)* This is not a joke!

Weasel *(amid continuing laughter from the others)* Can he tell a whopper or can he tell a whopper?

Bones What about Tom?

Weasel Yes, *Prince Edward*. What have you done with our Tom. *(all lean in for the answer)*

Edward I do not doubt that *your* Tom is being discovered at this very moment as the imposter that he is. I do not doubt that, even as we speak, a search is underway for me.

Weasel *(to others)* In my capacity as special assistant to his majesty - Prince Edward here *(laughs, slapping Edward's back)* - it is my sad duty to inform you that the prince is lost.

Edward If you will excuse me, I shall go to an open area where I might be more easily spotted.

Weasel Wait a minute. Who are you?

Edward I am the prince, you simpleton!

Weasel Impossible! I have it on good authority from the prince himself that he is missing. *(to others)*
Right?

All Right!

Weasel *(taking Edward roughly by the arm)* And you, whoever you are, will have to stay here for questioning. Impersonating a member of the royal family is a very serious offense! *(Edward, protesting, is passed among the various members of the chorus during the number that follows)*

SOUND CUE #7 - In

Musical No. 3 - *We've Got A Replacement*

EDWARD WILL SOME DAY BE KING,
SO EDWARD MUST KNOW EVERYTHING.
AND EDWARD SAYS THAT HE'S MISPLACED,
DISAPPEARED, CANNOT BE TRACED.

SO THIS POLITE PRETENDER,
THIS SINGULAR OFFENDER,
CANNOT BE HENRY'S ONLY SON -
MIGHT NOT, IN FACT, BE ANYONE!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THIS COLD-HEARTED FAKE?
THROW HIM OUT THE WINDOW? BURN HIM AT THE STAKE?
OH NO, SAY I ... THAT WOULD BE HATEFUL.
FOR SUCH A SUBSTITUTE AS HE WE OUGHT TO BE MORE GRATEFUL!

All WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THIS COLD-HEARTED FAKE?
THROW HIM OUT THE WINDOW? BURN HIM AT THE STAKE?

Weasel OH NO, SAY I ... THAT WOULD BE HATEFUL.

All FOR SUCH A SUBSTITUTE AS HE WE OUGHT TO BE MORE GRATEFUL!

Weasel LET THE REST OF ENGLAND MOURN. WE WON'T SHED A TEAR!
WE'VE GOT A REPLACEMENT FOR THE PRINCE RIGHT HERE!
AND HE'S A DANDY!

All HE'S A DANDY!

Weasel A PRINCE FOR US TO KEEP!
AND AIN'T IT HANDY!

All AIN'T IT HANDY!

Weasel THAT HE CAME SO BLOODY CHEAP?

All OH, LET THE REST OF ENGLAND MOURN. WE WON'T SHED A TEAR!
WE'VE GOT A REPLACEMENT FOR THE PRINCE RIGHT HERE!

Weasel A LITTLE PRINCE TO CALL OUR VERY OWN!

All OUR VERY OWN!

Weasel TO BAD HE DIDN'T COME WITH A CASTLE AND A THRONE!
THAT WOULD BE HANDY!

All WOULD BE HANDY!

Weasel WOULD BE DANDY!

All WOULD BE DANDY!

Weasel BUT BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS,
SO LEAVE THE BLOKE ALONE!

All OH, LET THE REST OF ENGLAND MOURN. WE WON'T SHED A TEAR!
WE'VE GOT A REPLACEMENT FOR THE PRINCE RIGHT HERE!
OH, LET THE REST OF ENGLAND MOURN. WE WON'T SHED A TEAR!

WE'VE GOT A REPLACEMENT

Weasel *(spoken)* And ain't we lucky?

All FOR THE PRINCE ... RIGHT ... HERE!

SOUND CUE #7 - Out

Edward I have had quite enough of this!

Weasel *(mainly for the benefit of the others)* He's back! Long live the Prince of Wales!

All Long live the Prince of Wales!

Edward You are without a doubt the rudest people I have ever met.

Weasel Oh, Tom ... I mean *Edward* - your majesty, say it isn't so.

Edward The truth is sometimes a bitter thing ... Weasel.

Weasel How right you are. *(to others)* We must do something to make it up to his majesty, so that he will forgive us for our rudeness.

Patches Let's throw him in the river!

Weasel What do you say, Eddie boy, shall we throw you in the river?

Edward No you shall not.

Weasel *(to others)* His majesty says that he was hoping we'd throw him in the river. He was just too polite to ask.

All The river! Throw him in the river! *(hoisting Edward above them)*

Edward Put me down! I will not be handled in this manner!

Weasel Long live Edward!

All Long live Edward!

Weasel Prince of Wales!

All Prince of Wales!

SOUND CUE #8 (Replacement - Tag) - In

All *(parading Edward around the stage)*
OH, LET THE REST OF ENGLAND MOURN. WE WON'T SHED A TEAR!
WE'VE GOT A REPLACEMENT FOR THE PRINCE RIGHT HERE!

Weasel NOW, TALK ABOUT HANDY!

All TALK ABOUT HANDY!

Weasel TALK ABOUT DANDY!

All TALK ABOUT DANDY!

(carrying Edward, who protests loudly, offstage)
OH, LET THE REST OF ENGLAND MOURN. WE WON'T SHED A TEAR!
WE'VE GOT A REPLACEMENT FOR THE PRINCE ... RIGHT ... HERE! *(exit)*

(from off) Hip hip! Hooray! Hip hip!

Edward *(from off, as he is thrown in the river)* Ahhhhhhhh! *(cymbal crash)*

All Hooray! *(final chord, molto fortissimo)*

SOUND CUE #8 - Out

Scene 3 (Back At The Palace)

Percy *(wheeling Tom back on - he is still in the throne, only now he looks quite exhausted - Percy speaks as he enters)* ... and after your review of the palace guard, you will oversee the long-range Round Table planning committee meeting, but first ...

Tom Percy!

Percy Yes, my lord?

Tom Haven't you noticed anything ... *different* about me lately ... particularly since this *morning*?

Percy No, your majesty. Crown, clothing, socks ... all the same.

Tom No, Percy. Me! I'm talking about me!

Percy I'm afraid that I don't understand, your majesty.

Tom Look at my face! Am I the same person that I was this morning?

Percy It is not considered polite to look directly at the prince's face, my lord, so I never do. But I am quite confident that your majesty is now who he was this morning.

Tom Do you mean to say that you've never looked me directly in the face?

Percy Certainly not - nor has anyone else.

Tom Well, then surely the king has ...

Percy As your majesty knows, the king your father has made it quite clear that he will look upon you only when you have reached your sixteenth birthday.

Tom Why?

Percy I have never asked him, your majesty. It is not for me to know.

Tom Then there is no one in the palace who has ever seen my face?

Percy If there is, I doubt that they would admit it. As your majesty knows, the penalty for looking upon the prince's face is death. Rumor has it that your mother looked directly upon you once, but of course she is no longer with us.

Tom Was she put to death for looking at her own son?!

Percy No, my lord. She died of ... other causes.

Tom I see. So, for all you know, I ... the prince could have traded clothing with that ... that beggar you threw out of here this morning. For all you know, you threw out King Henry's son.

Percy *(chuckling confidently)* That is quite impossible, your majesty.

Tom Why?

Percy This is England, your majesty. We don't do that sort of thing here.

Tom *(beat, he looks away)* I want to be alone, Percy.

Percy But the long-range Round Table planning committee meeting ...

Tom ... will have to wait. *(sees Percy's helplessness)* Just give me three minutes.

Percy *(relieved)* Yes, my lord. I will wait outside the door. *(turns to go)*

Tom And Percy?

Percy *(stops, turns back)* Yes, my lord?

Tom *(indicating throne)* Please take this thing away.

Percy But ...

Tom Three minutes, Percy ... please.

Percy Just so, my lord. *(exits, wheeling throne before him)*

Tom *(alone)* This is terrible. Nobody here to who knows what Edward looks like. And everybody thinks that I'm him! *(beat)* Committee meetings, petitions, decrees, reviews and noble after noble asking that I settle this dispute or rule on that point of law. What am I supposed to say to these people? What if I make a mistake?

SOUND CUE #9 - In

Musical No. 4 - *So This Is What It's Like*

(spoken) Being prince ... *(chord)* is hard work.

SO THIS IS WHAT IT'S LIKE ... AN ENDLESS STREAM OF GUESTS -
A TEDIOUS PARADE OF PETITIONS AND REQUESTS.

KNIGHTS THAT WANT PROMOTIONS, COWS THAT WILL NOT FATTEN,
BATTLE PLANS TO MEMORIZE IN HIEROGLYPHIC LATIN.

SERVANTS IN THE BEDROOM HELPING ME TO DRESS.
BISHOPS BLESSING EVERYTHING THERE IS FOR THEM TO BLESS.

CRIMINALS TO CHASTISE AND BUDGETS TO REVIEW.
AND NO ONE TO ADVISE ME OR TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO.

OH, EDWARD, THIS IS NOT THE LIFE FOR ME.
I WOULD GLADLY TRADE PLACES WITH THEE.

Percy *(enters)* The Round Table committee is ready to receive you, your grace.

Tom Thank you Percy. I'm on my way.

Percy Thank you, your grace. *(exits)*

(alone again) OH, EDWARD, THIS IS NOT THE LIFE FOR ME.
I WOULD GLADLY TRADE PLACES WITH THEE. *(exits as music swells under)*

SOUND CUE #9 - Out

End of Act I

IF INTERMISSION IS TAKEN:

Scroll Reader *(enters carrying scroll - crosses to DC position, opens scroll and reads loudly)* Hear ye! Hear ye! By order of His Majesty, King Henry VIII, a period of rest and refreshment is declared. This period shall last exactly ten minutes and it shall be called intermission. Long live the King! *(exits)*

SOUND CUE #10 (Intermission Music) - In

If intermission is not taken, the action that follows is continuous with the end of Act I.

INTERMISSION, CONTINUED:

SOUND CUE #10 - Out

SOUND CUE #11 (Entrance Fanfare) - In/Out

Scroll Reader *(enters carrying scroll, as before - crosses to DC position, opens scroll and reads loudly)* Hear ye! Hear ye!
By order of His Majesty, King Henry VIII, intermission is hereby concluded. Long live the King! *(exits)*

Act II

Scene 1 (A London Side Street)

We hear commotion and yelling - sounds of a chase - Weasel and Edward dash on around a corner and press their backs against a flat as the chase sounds pass - they've eluded their pursuers.

Edward Why was that man chasing us? *(Weasel glances around, relaxes, grins, and holds out a small purse - drawstring type. Edward regards it briefly, then takes it.)* Did you steal this, Weasel? *(Weasel nods)* You stole his change purse?! *(nods again)* I will have no part of this! I am returning this purse to its rightful owner! *(starts to go)*

Weasel *(blocking Edward's path)* Tom, you can't ...

Edward My name is not Tom!

Weasel Look, I don't care what you call yourself, but if you take this purse back, you're going to be arrested and then you'll have to play prince in a dungeon. Do you want that? *(holds out hand for purse)* Be sensible. *(Edward hesitates)* Be ... sensible. *(Edward hands him the purse)* There, now. We can pretend that you're whatever you like, but this *(holding up purse)* is serious business.

Edward Weasel, you really don't believe that I'm Edward, do you? *(Weasel looks at him)* And neither do the others, do they?

Weasel Well, a game's a game, Tom, but business has got to come first.

Edward *(considers)* I agree. And I've had enough of games for one day ... time to get down to business.

Weasel That's a boy! *(indicating a member of the audience)* See that geezer out there? I'll bet he'd fall for the old blind cripple routine. Why don't you give it a try?

Edward Yes ... the old ... blind cripple routine.

Weasel *(patting Edward's back)* Good, then! I'll be working the other side of the block. *(nudging Edward with his elbow)* Let me know if you strike it rich! *(laughs, exits)*

An elderly woman - Dorothy - enters quickly and quietly, crosses UR where she places a small bench. She then steps slightly downstage where she peers at Edward.

Edward *(calling off)* You'll be the first to know. *(beat)* I've got to get back inside the palace. Somehow, I've got to get to Tom. I've got ...

Dorothy Your majesty!

Edward What did you say?

Dorothy I said, "Your majesty".

Edward You know who I am?

Dorothy Of course, I do.

Edward Thank heaven! I am saved! *(rushing to Dorothy)* Who are you, madam? Have you come looking for me from the palace?

Dorothy I am Dorothy and, alas, I have outlived my usefulness in the palace. I no longer live there.

Edward What was your position there? How do you know me?

Dorothy I was Changer of the Royal Diapers, your grace. I was intimately acquainted with your majesty until you were approximately three years old. Thereafter, my services were no longer required and I was let go.

Edward But, did you ever look upon my face?

Dorothy Goodness no, your majesty. My attentions were focused elsewhere.

Edward Then just now ... how did ...?

Dorothy I knew instinctively that it was you.

Edward Remarkable. Well, I would appreciate your help in returning me to the castle - getting me *into* the castle, actually..

Dorothy I'd be honored. (*indicating an imaginary door*) Please, your grace, step into my humble home. It is not safe in the street.

Edward (*glances about*) You are quite right, Madam. (*stepping "inside"*) Thank you. (*Dorothy "enters" behind him and pantomimes closing and locking the door*)

Dorothy (*abruptly calling off, startling Edward*) Jerome! (*to Edward, indicating the small bench*) Please be seated. (*calling off again*) Jerome!! (*elderly man enters*) Look, Jerome, it's the Prince of Wales. (*she beams*)

Jerome (*bends down, stares intently at Edward, gently pokes him a few times with his finger*) Plump.

Dorothy Jerome! What do you mean poking the prince and saying "plump"? Where's your manners?

Jerome Don't know.

Dorothy (*to Edward*) You'll have to excuse Jerome. He's a good enough husband, but he ain't quite right. (*to Jerome*) Fetch the children, dear. Let them know that we are having the Prince of Wales for dinner. (*Jerome exits*)

Edward I can't tell you what a relief it is to finally find someone who believes me. I've been trying all day to convince a young man named Weasel of ... (*notices that Dorothy is staring at him*) I must say, madam, the way that you stare at me is most unnerving.

Dorothy You *are* a fine looking little lad, aren't you?

Edward (*with growing discomfort*) You are very nice to say so. (*looking around, trying to change the subject*) I, uh ... I believe that you mentioned dinner. Yet I do not see that there is anything to eat. (*Dorothy merely smiles*)

Jerome (*entering*) Come along, children! (*he leads on a trail of ragged, pallid children - each has a large fork in one hand, a large knife in the other hand and a large, stained napkin tucked under his chin - they surround Edward, staring at him silently*)

Edward (*very uncomfortable by now*) What a large family you have. What a large and, uh, ... hungry looking family you have.

Puce We *are* hungry.

Dorothy Quiet, Puce! This here is Prince Edward. Say hello to Prince Edward, children.

Children (*almost in a monotone*) Hello, Prince Edward.

Puce Last week, we had the Duke of Windsor for dinner.

Edward (*trying to laugh*) You did, did you?

Bernadette The week before that we had the Archbishop of Canterbury, didn't we mother?

Dorothy That's right, Bernadette.

Edward (*his hopes sinking fast*) How nice.

Fuchsia We had him for a whole week!

Jerome He was *very* plump.

Dorothy We have had many distinguished guests for dinner, Prince Edward. Some stay longer than others.

Edward (*almost not wanting to know*) How do you mean, "stay longer than others"?

Dorothy (*as Jerome suddenly secures Edward's hands behind his back with a rope*) I mean that my children will not go to bed hungry this night ... (*voice darkens suddenly*) thanks to you, your majesty.

Edward Thanks to... ? (*Dorothy nods to children who raise their knives and forks into the air and then point them at Edward*) Me?!

SOUND CUE #12 - In

Musical No. 5 - *Company For Dinner*

Children keep time as directed by clicking their knives and forks together.

Dorothy (*spoken after first measure*) Oh, my goodness! (*and over second chord*) Ah, ha!
 WE ALWAYS HAVE COMPANY FOR DINNER -
 USUALLY PEOPLE WE DON'T KNOW.
 WE MEET THEM IN THE STREET
 AND INVITE THEM HOME TO EAT
 AND WE ALWAYS HATE TO SEE THEM GO.

Children WE MEET THEM IN THE STREET
 AND INVITE THEM HOME TO EAT
 AND WE ALWAYS HATE TO SEE THEM GO.

Dorothy (*spoken*) I am telling you!
 THE ONES THAT LEAVE THE HASTIEST
 ARE THOSE THAT ARE THE TASTIEST.

Children THE ONES THAT LEAVE THE HASTIEST
 ARE THOSE THAT ARE THE TASTIEST.

Dorothy JUST THINKING ABOUT COMPANY FOR DINNER - (*spoken*) Oh, my!
 MOUTHS BEGIN TO WATER - LIPS BEGIN TO SMACK.
 BUT CAN YOU SAY WHY IS IT
 THOUGH WE LIKE TO HAVE THEM VISIT
 WE NEVER LIKE TO SEE THEM COMING BACK?

Children BUT CAN YOU SAY WHY IS IT
 THOUGH WE LIKE TO HAVE THEM VISIT
 WE NEVER LIKE TO SEE THEM COMING BACK?

Dorothy (*spoken*) It's so funny!
 INCH FOR INCH AND POUND FOR POUND -
 YOU CAN ALWAYS KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN.

Children INCH FOR INCH AND POUND FOR POUND -
 YOU CAN ALWAYS KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN.
 WE GOT TO HAVE THE COMPANY FOR DINNER
 COMPANY FOR DINNER MAKES DINNER VERY NICE
 AND STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM
 WE WONDER WHAT THEY DREAM
 WHEN THEY'RE SLEEPING ON A BED OF WILD RICE.

Children AND STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM
 WE WONDER WHAT THEY DREAM
 WHEN THEY'RE SLEEPING ON A BED OF WILD RICE.

Dorothy OH, WE HOPE THEIR DREAMS ARE SWEET

WHILE WE'RE TICKLING THEIR TONSILS AND PICKLING THEIR FEET.

Children OH, WE HOPE THEIR DREAMS ARE SWEET
WHILE WE'RE TICKLING THEIR TONSILS AND PICKLING THEIR FEET.

Children WE ALWAYS HAVE COMPANY FOR DINNER - *(spoken)* Everybody!
USUALLY PEOPLE WE DON'T KNOW.
WE MEET THEM IN THE STREET
AND INVITE THEM HOME TO EAT
AND WE ALWAYS HATE TO SEE THEM GO.

Dorothy *(spoken)* Because we love them!

Children WE MEET THEM IN THE STREET
AND INVITE THEM HOME TO EAT
AND WE ALWAYS HATE TO SEE THEM GO.

Dorothy *(spoken)* Festival!

Children WE MEET THEM IN THE STREET
AND INVITE THEM HOME TO EAT
AND WE ALWAYS HATE TO SEE THEM GO.

SOUND CUE #12 - Out

Edward Madam, please! You cannot feed me to your children!

Dorothy Why not?

Edward Because ... because I would make them ill. I have diseases.

Dorothy What sort of diseases?

Edward Childhood diseases.

Dorothy Hmm. In that case we'll cook you first. Jerome, children - fetch me wood for the fire.
(all start to leave, but are stopped by a loud pounding) Who's there?

Voice *(from off)* Constable's deputy! You are harboring a known criminal! By order of the Mayor of London, open up and prepare to have your premises searched. You have until the count of three! One!

Dorothy Jerome! What have we got in the pantry?

Jerome Just some leftovers.

Voice Two!

Dorothy Well get them and take the children out the back way! Hurry! *(Jerome exits UC with children)*

Voice Three! We're coming in!

Dorothy *(roughly seizing Edward's arm)* Lucky for you, I'm on a diet. *(runs off just as Weasel runs on)*

Edward Weasel!

Weasel Shhhhh! *(untying Edward)* You want old Drop Dead Dorothy to come back?

Edward You mean to say that you *know* about her?

Weasel You going to pretend that you've forgotten about her, too? One of the lads told me he saw you coming in here and I ran over as fast as I could. *(plucking at Edward's shirt, looking him over)* Anything missing?

Edward *(snatching his shirt away)* No. *(standing)* Weasel, I don't know how you and your companions stand this - living in squalor, begging, knowing nothing of the world beyond your own misery ...

Weasel Calm down, Tom. It's not as bad as all that.

Edward It is as bad as all that, Weasel. And I intend to do something about it. (*there is another loud pounding*)

Voice We know you're in there Weasel! Now come out with the other one and don't give us any trouble!

Weasel It's the constable! Quick, out the back way!

Edward But I haven't done anything wrong!

Weasel You can stay here and be arrested - or eaten - or you can come with me. Which is it going to be?

Edward (*glances at "door", at Weasel*) This has got to be the worst day of my life.

Weasel Good. Come on! (*they exit UC*)

SOUND CUE #13 (Transition music) - In/Out

Scene 2 (Back At The Palace)

Tom peeks around a corner, sneaks on, peers around, relaxes, grins, sits on stage. Humphrey enters UC, sees Tom seated on floor, gasps and darts off, quickly returning with the throne, which he wheels into place behind Tom.

Humphrey (*head bowed*) My apologies for not having your majesty's throne here before you arrived, but, in truth, I did not know where your majesty was.

Tom (*standing*) That's because I didn't want to be found.

Humphrey Oh. Then I have doubly displeased your grace. (*extending the slapstick to Edward*) I deserve no mercy.

Tom What am I supposed to do with that? (*sits in throne*)

Humphrey Your highness has not allowed me to be punished since this morning. Have I done something wrong?

Tom No, Humphrey, it's just that ...

Percy (*entering*) Humphrey! (*to Tom*) Is Humphrey annoying you, sire? Shall I punish him?

Tom Oh, for pity sake, what is this fascination everyone here has with punishing Humphrey? What on earth has he done?

Percy Well, as the royal whipping boy, he ...

Tom The royal what?

Percy The royal whipping...

Tom Never mind! I've had enough of this. Percy, call in the servants and nobles. I have an announcement to make.

Percy But, my lord, your schedule does not permit ...

Tom Hang my schedule, Percy. Send in the nobles.

Percy Yes, my lord. Humphrey, send in the nobles!

Humphrey (*exiting as he calls off*) Send in the nobles!

Voice (*from off*) Send in the nobles!

SOUND CUE #14 (Processional) - In/Out

Nobles enter during processional, as they did previously. When the music concludes, they stand on either side of the throne, facing Edward silently.

Tom Ladies and gentlemen, I have an announcement to make. *(pause)* I am not who you think I am. *(gets up his nerve and ploughs ahead)* My name is Tom - not Edward. Edward was ejected from the palace this morning by mistake. I am a beggar - and although it is not my place to do so, I strongly suggest that you mount a search for Edward before sunset.

Percy *(all assembled stare blankly at Edward for a moment, then the light dawns on Percy)* Ah! *(to Tom)* Please allow me to explain to the others. *(and he speaks to the rest)* His majesty speaks figuratively of his lost youth and refers symbolically to an unpleasantness which occurred this morning. *(murmurs of understanding)*

Edward I am not Edward!

Percy *(to the others)* Edward the child is no more, so we must never again address his majesty by that name.

Edward My name is Tom!

Percy *(still explaining)* We shall call him Tom - the name which he has chosen for his manhood. Long live Prince Tom!

Nobles Long live Prince Tom!

Tom *(standing)* If you don't find Edward soon, there's no telling what might happen to him.

Percy And, very wisely, his majesty advises us to search out the lessons of our youth, that we might all grow to become Toms in our own right. Here here!

Nobles Here here!

Tom *(over polite applause of the nobles, to himself)* It's hopeless. No matter what I say or do, they are determined to love me.

Percy With your majesty's permission, since the nobles are already gathered, perhaps your majesty will allow me to move on to the next item on your agenda.

Tom Which is?

Percy Deciding who will live and who will die, my lord.

Tom I am to decide who will live and who will die?

Percy As you do every day, sire, at precisely five o'clock. *(Percy calls off)* Let the prisoners approach!

SOUND CUE #15 - In

During introductory measures, a woman and her two daughters appear - they cross D of Edward and kneel

Musical No. 6 - Justice

Percy WE ARE THE PRINCE'S ROYAL CHORUS.
HE DOES ALL OUR THINKING FOR US.
WHEN THE PRINCE IS INDISPOSED,
OUR MINDS ARE VERY FIRMLY CLOSED.

Nobles WE ARE THE PRINCE'S ROYAL CHORUS.
HE DOES ALL OUR THINKING FOR US.
WHEN THE PRINCE IS INDISPOSED,
OUR MINDS ARE VERY FIRMLY CLOSED.

Percy *(indicating the woman and her children)*
THE CHARGES FILED AGAINST THEM MAY BE GROUNDLESS.
BUT OUR CONFIDENCE IN THEIR CONVICTION COULD NOT BE MORE
BOUNDLESS
IF THE PRINCE ... THEIR GUILT DEDUCES.
WE'LL GLADLY BUILD A FIRE ON WHICH TO COOK THEIR GUILTY GOOSES!

Nobles THE CHARGES FILED AGAINST THEM MAY BE GROUNDLESS.

BUT OUR CONFIDENCE IN THEIR CONVICTION COULD NOT BE MORE BOUNDLESS

Percy IF THE PRINCE ... THEIR GUILT DEDUCES.
Nobles WE'LL GLADLY BUILD A FIRE ON WHICH TO COOK THEIR GUILTY GOOSES!
Percy WHY SHOULD WE LOSE SLEEP ABOUT WHO HANGS OR GOES TO JAIL SO LONG AS WE ARE COZY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES?
AND HE'S A DANDY!
Nobles HE'S A DANDY!
Percy A PRINCE TO KEEP US BLAMELESS!
AIN'T IT HANDY!
Nobles AIN'T IT HANDY!
Percy THAT WE CAN BE SO SHAMELESS?
Nobles WHY SHOULD WE LOSE SLEEP ABOUT WHO HANGS OR GOES TO JAIL SO LONG AS WE ARE COZY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES?
Percy SOMEONE HIGHER UP TO TAKE THE FALL!
Nobles TAKE THE FALL!
Percy SOMEONE ELSE TO BLAME WHEN WE DROP THE BALL!
IT'S AWFULLY HANDY!
Nobles AWFULLY HANDY!
Percy AWFULLY DANDY!
Nobles AWFULLY DANDY!
Percy IF IT WEREN'T FOR PETTY THOUGHTS,
WE'D HAVE NO THOUGHTS AT ALL!
Nobles WHY SHOULD WE LOSE SLEEP ABOUT WHO HANGS OR GOES TO JAIL SO LONG AS WE ARE COZY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES?
WHY SHOULD WE LOSE SLEEP ABOUT WHO HANGS OR GOES TO JAIL SO LONG AS WE ARE COZY...
Percy *(spoken)* And ain't we lucky?
All WITH THE PRINCE ... OF ... WALES?
Percy Lords, ladies - please take your places. *(nobles move to front row of house and sit)*

SOUND CUE #15 - Out

Tom I am to decide if these poor creatures are to live or die? *(aside)* This will be the easiest thing I've done all day! *(to others)* I say, let them live! *(looks hopefully to those around him for some enthusiasm - there is none)* What's wrong?
Percy My lord has not yet heard the charges.
Tom Oh, very well. What are they accused of?
Percy Witchcraft!
Nobles *(ad libbing severally)* She's a witch! Burn the witch! etc.
Tom *(as ad libs taper off)* That's a very serious charge.
Percy Yes, my lord.
Tom The children as well?
Percy Guilt by association.

Tom What is the proof?

Noble #1 She caused a terrible storm, your majesty! (*murmurs of assent*)

Percy Many homes were destroyed, your grace.

Tom Was her home destroyed also? (*murmuring stops*)

Percy (*less confidently - seeing the reasoning evolve*) Yes, your grace.

Tom So we conclude that she has the power to summon up a terrible storm, but not the power to protect her own home in the process. (*beat as he lets this sink in*) And how do they say she did this careless thing?

Noble #2 By taking off her bonnet! (*more murmurs - a few rumbles of "Burn the witch!", etc.*)

Tom (*leans in to Percy, speaking over the rumbling*) Did I hear correctly, Percy? Did she cause a thunderstorm by taking off her bonnet?

Percy (*a little embarrassed*) Yes, my lord.

Tom (*to all*) And does she have this same effect on the weather every time she removes that particular article of clothing? (*murmuring stops again*)

Percy (*deflating*) I don't know, my lord.

Tom (*to all*) What manner of catastrophe must she cause by removing her shoes or her shawl? For all our sakes, I hope that she never gets completely undressed! (*to the accused*) Please stand, madam. Who are these children you have with you?

Accused These are my daughters, your highness.

Tom (*to Percy*) What will happen to her and her children if I find her guilty.

Percy She will be burned at the stake.

Nobles (*ad libbing*) She's a witch! Burn her! Just what she deserves! etc.

Tom (*aside, to himself*) What have I got to lose? (*to accused*) Conjur me a storm, madam and I will set you free. (*nobles gasp and back slightly away*)

Accused But, your highness, I have not the power...

Percy This is not wise, your majesty.

Tom (*ignoring Percy, speaking to the accused*) I want you to take off your bonnet and whatever else is necessary to summon up a most terrible storm. (*nobles gasp again and back further away*) Snow and sleet as well, if possible.

Percy Your highness ...!

Tom Silence, Percy! (*more gently to the accused*) Madam? (*accused slowly stands and removes her bonnet - beat, Tom speaks to all*) I would say that whatever power this woman may have had has left her. If she ever was a witch, she is one no longer. I find her innocent on all counts. (*to accused*) You are free to go.

Accused (*bowing profusely*) Oh, thank you, your highness! Thank you! (*exits*)

Tom That wasn't so bad. Any more criminals for me to pass judgement on, Percy?

Percy One more, sire. (*calling off*) Send in the accused! (*Edward enters UC*) A beggar, sire, who claims to be the Prince of Wales. (*nobles laugh*) Kneel, boy! (*pushes Edward into kneeling position just as Tom recognizes him and springs to his feet*)

Tom What is he accused of?

Percy Well, begging, your highness.

Tom (*beat*) And the penalty for begging?

Percy A good thrashing, my lord.

Tom *(beat)* Fair enough. *(beat)* I shall administer the punishment myself.

Percy But, my lord ...

Tom Percy!

Percy Yes, my lord.

Tom Get Humphrey in here. I want that paddle he always carries with him.

Percy Send in the royal whipping boy!

Voice Humphrey, the royal whipping boy!

Humphrey *(enters quickly, kneels before Tom)* Has your majesty decided to punish me for something?

Tom Give me your paddle, Humphrey. *(looks at Percy, who nods - hands paddle to Tom)* Now, *(thinking fast)* ... uh, because I believe public flogging to be more stimulation than the public should be required to bear, I command that you all avert your eyes.

Percy But ...

Tom Percy! *(all, including Percy, look down or away)* Now, young man, I shall give you what you deserve. *(removes crown from his head, hands it to Edward who puts it on his own head)* Take that! *(slaps his own thigh with slapstick, removes vest and hands it to Edward who puts it on)* And that! *(slaps thigh again, and removes socks which he hands to Edward one at a time)* And that and that! *(slapping thigh with each sock)* And lastly, last but not leastly ... *(ad libs while clothing exchange is completed)* Take THAT! *(indicates the throne as he slaps his thigh one last time and Edward is seated)*

Edward You may look up now. *(all do so)* I believe that this beggar has suffered enough. Humphrey! *(Humphrey advances, bows - Edward extends the slapstick to him)* Humphrey, throw this thing on the rubbish heap - we're going to find you a better way to spend your time than being punished for things that you didn't do. *(Humphrey stares)* Go do it man!

Humphrey Thank you, your grace! *(exits)*

Edward And from this day on, I want everybody to look me in the face. *(no one moves)* I command you *all* to look upon my face! *(all slowly do so, Edward speaks to Percy who has a peculiar look)* Is something wrong, Percy?

Percy There is something familiar about you, my lord, I ...

Edward How can that be, Percy? Until this moment, the penalty for looking upon me was death. Or have you forgotten?

Percy No, my lord! I must be mistaken.

Edward *(to all)* Look upon me and know me for who I am. I am not a crown or a vest or a pair of socks! I am Edward!

Percy Your majesty?

Edward Yes, Percy?

Percy You don't wish to be called Tom anymore?

Edward *(Tom whispers something in Edward's ear - Edward smiles)* No, Percy. Nor, I believe, does Tom wish to be called Edward.

SOUND CUE #16 - In

Musical No. 7 - *Finale* -

Edward/Tom WHEN WE GET UP, WE GREET THE DAY
HAPPY TO BE MASTERS OF ALL WE SURVEY,
Tom SWIMMIN' IN RIVERS AND CLIMBIN' IN TREES!
Edward THINGS I'LL DO MORE FREQUENTLY.
Both OH, I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO BE ME.
NO NEED FOR ME TO CHANGE PLACES WITH THEE.
(music begins to fade out here)
Edward This has been a most enlightening day, Tom.
Tom For both of us.
Edward There is much that I intend to change. Percy!

SOUND CUE #16 - Out

Percy Yes, your majesty?
Edward We need to make changes. First, I want you and the rest of the nobles to start thinking for yourselves.
Percy *(glancing quickly at the other nobles)* We will do our best your grace, but we've had very little practice.
Edward Well, start today.
Percy Yes, your majesty.
Edward And second... *(glances at Tom again)*
Percy Yes, your majesty?
Edward Change my socks.
Percy Gladly, your majesty!

SOUND CUE #17 - In

EVEN ON A HOT SUMMER DAY,
WHEN THE ROYAL DOGS DO CHASE THE FLIES AWAY,
WHEN THE ROYAL FEET ARE CLAMMY
AND WOND'ROUSLY TOE JAMMY -
TO THOSE WHO WOULD BELITTL E US
WE VERY PROUDLY SAY
Nobles *(returning to stage - one carries a pillow with fresh socks)*
WE'D RATHER BE THE CLEANERS OF THE ROYAL TOES
THAN THE PICKERS OF THE ROYAL TEETH
OR BLOWERS OF THE ROYAL NOSE.
Percy IT IS RIGHT! **Chorus** IT IS RIGHT!
Percy IT IS MEET! **Chorus** IT IS MEET!
All THAT WE SHOULD DOTE UPON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!
Percy IT IS RIGHT! **Chorus** IT IS RIGHT!
Percy IT IS MEET! **Chorus** IT IS MEET!
All THAT WE SHOULD DOTE UPON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!
Percy MY BROTHERS WENT TO SCHOOL WHEREIN
THEY STUDIED LAW AND MEDICINE.

THEY MARRIED LADIES VERY HIGHLY BORN.
BUT THEY WOULD CAST IT ALL ASIDE
THEIR BOSOMS SWELLING UP WITH PRIDE
IF THEY COULD ONLY GAZE UPON
A SINGLE ROYAL CORN
OR A BUNION!

All OR A BUNION!

Percy OR AN INGROWN TOENAIL!
NO AMOUNT OF RICHES WOULD WE TRADE FOR WHAT WE FEEL
FOR A BUNION!

Chorus FOR A BUNION!

Percy OR AN INGROWN TOENAIL!
WHEN WE SCRAPE THE ROYAL CALLOUSES FROM THE ROYAL HEEL.
IT IS RIGHT!

Chorus IT IS RIGHT!

Percy IT IS MEET! **Chorus** IT IS MEET!

All THAT WE SHOULD DOTE ON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!

Percy IT IS RIGHT! **Chorus** IT IS RIGHT!

Percy IT IS MEET! **Chorus** IT IS MEET!

All THAT WE SHOULD DOTE UPON PRINCE EDWARD'S FEET!

EVEN ON A HOT SUMMER DAY,
WHEN THE ROYAL DOGS DO CHASE THE FLIES AWAY,
WHEN THE ROYAL FEET ARE CLAMMY
AND WOND'ROUSLY TOE JAMMY -
TO THOSE WHO WOULD BELITTLE US
WE VERY PROUDLY SAY

WE'D RATHER BE THE CLEANERS OF THE ROYAL TOES
THAN THE PICKERS OF THE ROYAL TEETH
OR BLOWERS OF THE ROYAL NOSE.

SOUND CUE #17 - Out

Edward It's nice to be back, Percy.

Percy But you were never gone, my lord.

Tom and Edward glance at each other knowingly and seem to come to an understanding.

Edward No, Percy, I suppose I never was.

SOUND CUE #18 - In

All WE WOULD RATHER BE THE CLEANERS OF THE ROYAL TOES
THAN THE PICKERS OF THE ROYAL TEETH
OR BLOWERS OF THE ROYAL NOSE.

SOUND CUE #18 - Out

End of Play