

S L E E P I N G B E A U T YAct IScene 1 - The Palace Banqueting Room

(This is an opulent room with two thrones. The chorus dressed as courtiers are on stage)

Opening Chorus (Chorus)

Suggested numbers:- Another opening, another show (Kiss Me Kate)
Cabaret (Cabaret)
That's Entertainment (The Band Wagon)

FLUSH BANK WAGON

(The Lord Chamberlain enters with staff in one hand and scroll in the other. He knocks staff on floor for silence and opens scroll which reaches right down to the floor. He comes forward, trips on scroll, chorus giggle. He coughs to silence them and proceeds with announcement)

Lord Ch:- His Royal Majesty King Timorous of Ambrosia, Defender of the Right, Keeper of the Peace and Knight of the Order of St.Pancras and all stations to Peterborough.

(King enters)

Not yet, I haven't finished.

(King exits)

Minister without portfolio, Secretary of State to the Foreign Office and Caller at the Palace Derby and Joan Bingo Club.

(King re-enters)

(Whispered) I still haven't finished.

(King exits embarrassed)

Count of Cornucopia, Commander of the Ambrosian Forces and part-time wicker bottom chair repairer. (King does not appear) You can come out now your Majesty I've finished.

(King enters again)

King:- Oh sorry, I didn't realise, I do apologise, I really do - - -

Queen:- (Offstage) Stoppe muttering Timorous and let the Lord Chamberlain get on with his announcement.

King:- Quite so my dear. I'll stop talking at once and let the Lord Chamberlain continue with his duties which he carries out without complaint so that the business of the day - - -

Queen:- (Offstage) Timorous.

King:- Yes dear.

Queen:- (Offstage) Shut up.

King:- Yes dear.

Lord Ch:- Her most magnificent Royal Majesty Queen Bossanova of Ambrosia, fairest blossom in the land, best dressed woman in the kingdom, winner of the title Mastermind of Ambrosia for three years in succession and B.Sc. in car maintenance.

Queen:- (Offstage) You've forgotten the most important thing you idiot.

Lord Ch:- Oh yes, of course. (He studies scroll) And Miss Lovely Legs of - - (Current year).

(Queen Bossanova enters grandly. She is overdressed)

Queen:- Well, don't just stand there Timorous. I wish to sit on the throne.

King:- Didn't you go after breakfast?

Queen:- I mean the royal throne you idiot. Today is the christening of our lovely daughter Aurora and there must be no mistakes - or there'll be no cocoa tonight.

King:- Yes dear.

(He takes her arm and escorts her to the throne. He brushes the seat for her with his hankie. She sits down and there is a rude noise. She has sat on a joke cushion)

I told you not to have curry for dinner last night.

Queen:- That wasn't me you fool, it was the cushion. (She rises) Who has been playing tricks?

(There is a stony silence)

Lord Ch:- (Greasily) I'm not one for telling tales your majesty but I think I know the culprit.

Queen:- Then speak up man.

Lord Ch:- It was Jack the Court Jester.

Queen:- Jack the Court Jester, Jack the Court Jester! Send for him at once.

Lord Ch:- Send for the Court Jester.

Offstage Voices:- Send for the Court Jester. (This is repeated by another)

(Jack enters)

Jack:- You wanted me.

Queen:- Your Majesty. (Meaning he should address her so)

Jack:- No you've got it wrong, I'm not your Majesty, you are.

Queen:- Don't bandy words with me young man. What is the meaning of this?

(She points to cushion)

Jack:- (Innocently) Of what your Majesty?

Queen:- This cushion.

Jack:- It looks a perfectly ordinary cushion to me.

Queen:- Timorous demonstrate.

King:- Do I have to?

Queen:- Yes.

King:- Very well. (He sits down gingerly and there is the rude noise)

Jack:- Oh nasty. I should keep off the baked beans if I were you.

Queen:- Are you responsible?

Jack:- Certainly not, I only tell the jokes, I don't do the cooking.

Queen:- For the cushion I mean.

Jack:- T'was but a little jape to brighten up your day your majesty.

Queen:- Then I'll have to reciprocate.

Jack:- Pardon!

Queen:- I'll brighten up your day by locking you up in the dungeons for 24 hours without food or drink.

Jack:- Oh no, not the dungeons, they're full of rats and mice and there's no running water.

Queen:- Yes there is - - down the walls. Take him away.
(Two guards enter)

King:- Please my dear, have a little pity, it was only meant as a joke.

Queen:- That's what your mother said to your father when you were born.

King:- But my dear - -

Queen:- Timorous.

King:- Yes dear.

Queen:- Shut - - up.

King:- Yes dear.

Queen:- Take him away.
(The guards seize Jack. Nausea enters)

Nausea:- Please spare him. I am a supplicant at your feet.
(She flings herself down in front of the Queen)

Queen:- Who is this woman?

Nausea:- I am Nausea, Jack's intended.

Queen:- Is this true? Is she your intended?

Jack:- That depends on what she intended.

Nausea:- I want to marry you, oh light of my life.
(She grabs his leg)

Jack:- Ger' off, everybody's looking.

Nausea:- I know the light's pretty dim at times but I love him with a burning passion and I don't want him left in a dungeon where the mice can nibble his attributes.

King:- Forgive him dear, for the sake of our lovely daughter Aurora. Let nothing spoil the day of the Royal Christening and I'll do the royal washing up every day for the next month.

Queen:- You always do the royal washing up.

King:- I'll even do the royal ironing.

Queen:- You always do the royal ironing.

King:- I'll do the royal shopping as well.

Queen:- Oh no you don't, you'll be calling in at the - - - (local pub) for a quick one.

Jack:- I'll be good from now on I promise. (He moves to Queen)

Nausea:- Yes, I'll make sure of that. (She gets up and moves to Queen)

King:- Show us what a truly great Queen you are my dear. (He moves to Queen)

Queen:- (To audience) Shall I forgive him? (Reply) I can't hear you. Shall I forgive him? (Reply) I still can't hear you. If you don't do better than that he'll have to go to the dungeon. Shall I forgive him? (Reply) Very well, so it shall be. As I'm such a kind and generous person I forgive you.

All:- Hooray!
(Nausea kisses Jack who immediately wipes it off)
(There is a fanfare)