

The Princess and the Pauper

Inspirations Youth Theater Clubs 2016



The Princess and the Pauper

Oregon Theater Club Version Spring 2016

*Script and Songs by Torsti Rovainen
Rights held by Rovainen Musicals*

*Story based on The Prince and the Pauper
by Mark Twain (Public Domain)
--Some lines in Scene III & song A Different Life
come directly from Twain's book*

Script printed on post-consumer recycled paper
using less environmentally damaging inks

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Inspirations Theater Camps and Clubs
<http://rovainenmusicals.com>

Cast List

Rachel	A pauper
Rose	Princess of Wales
Bridget	Friend of Rachel
Mother	Rachel's Mother
John Canty	Rachel's stepfather
Henry VIII	King of England
Rowland	Minister to Henry
Hertford	Minister to Henry
Valentina	A Thespian

PARTS IN THE PLAY (in order of appearance):

Sarah	Aristocrat	Constable
Aristocrat couple, one named Mary		
Urchins	Bakers	Two folks in the stocks
Royal Servants—Group 1		Ministers
Oliver Cromwell	& His Cell-Mate	
Royal Servants—Group 2 (serving Rose)		Palace Gate Guard
(Crowd outside Royal Gates)		
Viscount of Shaftsbury	& His Two Servants	Cook
Brinley, Bromley, Thorpe, & Valentina		
Beggar		
Knights	Page	
Ministers 1 – 6; Hairy Potter;		
Six Wives of Henry VIII:		
	Catherine of Aragorn	Anne Boleyn
	Jane	Anne of Cleves
	Catherine Howard	Catherine Parr
Narrator		

Act II

Ruffians	
Crowd @ Coronation Parade	Captain

Parts in Play Scene

Fox	Hound	Master	Prologue
Owls	Grouses	Eagles	Roosters
Cats	Cows	Snakes	

The Princess and The Pauper

Act I

Scene I

Streets of London / Royal Palace

Lights rise to the streets of London, circa late ~1540's. It is early morning—no one is yet stirring. One lone workman strides across the stage, next a tired woman who creaks out a door or window before throwing a bucket of slop. After these two, the scene quickly awakens, with a variety of folks beginning to come and go: workers, upper-class citizens, farmers selling their goods, and urchins weaving in and about the masses. Sometime during this scene we sneak two folks in stocks into the background of the scenery.

As the overture / music continues, we see one urchin successfully pick someone's pocket; then another urchin robs someone. Third robbery is a duo: an older urchin with a younger one Sarah. The two sneak up to an aristocrat. The older one snags a (purse, wallet, watch), then takes off, but the other one is frozen in fear as the aristocrat has noticed the theft, and points:

Aristocrat: Thief! Thief!!

The older urchin comes and drags the younger by the hand, and while the other townsfolk watch, a few guards o' the watch give chase. Other urchins are escaping by this time as well.

After a dose of merry chasing, the younger urchin is caught and fetched up before a constable and the aristocrat who was robbed. Folks in stocks right behind this.

Aristocrat: She's the one! All these poor are thieves!

Constable: Three days in the stocks, then off to the orphanage with thee!

Rachel: 'Twasn't her, sir; 'twas me!

Constable: Then thou shalt—halt! Halt, by blazes! Come back here!

Rachel and urchins run away again, followed closely by throng. Stage is largely cleared, until urchins enter severally into what feels like an alley / hiding place.

Overture

Urchins: We beg, 'cause we have to live

We steal, just if they won't give

The streets are an ugly place, I know

Some:

That's not so;

They're a playground

Others: They're a prison

Urchins: They're our home

Rachel: Won't someone listen,

I want so much more in life than this, I know...

Enter two aged aristocrats. Some urchins start to circle them.

*Male: Urchins, Mary,
Make sure you carry
Your purse near
Female: Yes, dear*

2-3 urchins have snuck up on this pair and snag their purse; they run off, followed by aristocrats.

As this has happened, a few general street people have come on, including some bakers with trays:

*Bakers: Twenty loaves we bake each day
Sixteen go to those who pay
The other four go out the door
By URCHINS! Like these!*

During last two lines several urchins have conspired to steal a few loaves from their trays. The bakers run off after those, leaving only Rachel, Bridget, and Sarah.

Rachel (to Sarah): Thou must be careful out here! Here. Take this apple, and these two farthings, then meet us back home.

Sarah goes off

Bridget: Rachel, this will mean no food for you tonight—and John may givest thee a thrashing, even if he be thy stepfather!

Rachel and Bridget go off, leaving the two guys in stocks, who have been listening to all this

*Stock Person 1 (motions towards Rachel): 'ey, there, 'enry, that one's fit to be a queen!
Stock Person 2: Say, there, 'enry, she'd be the best we've ever seen!*

They try to high five each other, unsuccessfully.

Music changes to impressive palace music for palace scene. Servants walk in severally, dusting here, sweeping there, polishing this and that

*Servants: Servants in the royal palace
We do our duties without malice
We wash the walls and sweep the halls
Servant: I clean the royal chalice!
Servants: He cleans the royal chalice!*

Transition music as ministers come on, all carrying scrolls and such. Servants amble off, still cleaning

*Ministers: For matters of great importance,
Affairs of state, he warrants
Us with a duty
To decide*

Hertford: Go to war?

Ministers: Nay!

Hertford: Tax the poor?

Ministers: Yea!

Minister: Sell the royal chalice?

Ministers: Sell the royal chalice!/? (some quizzical, some enthusiastic; they leave on this note, all

arguing among themselves)

Dungeon scene:

Prisoner 1 (Cromwell): Knock knock!

Prisoner 2: Who's there?

Cromwell: Henry

Prisoner 2: 'enry who?

Cromwell: Henry the king, who I served for ten years,

Fought his wars overseas, headed diplomatic cares,

Then here, at home, handled all of his affairs

Prisoner 2: -All- of his affairs?

Cromwell: All of them.

But arrange for just one wife whose face he didn't like

Both: And here we are!

Transition to Rose's quarters, where we see her being dressed / brushed / doted upon by a small fleet of servants. She is polite to them but doesn't look overly happy with all this attention. Servants continue their business either upstage or slowly go off during the first part of her song

Servants: We humbly serve our Princess Rose

"We comb her hair" "I/She clip(s) her toes!"

Her royal word won't go unheard

Where'er she goes

Rose: I'd rather be alone

Or out there on my own

I'd go play, feel the winter air,

Some day, live without a care

During this Rachel has walked on in opposite part of stage with 2 or three smaller urchins. We have sense Rose is in palace, Rachel in slums. During first part of song urchins go off, playing; they're fully off by end of her first verse

Rachel: If I were rich I'd feed them

Find a way to free them

I realize I could be so much more

Rose: There's so much more to life

Both: I wish there were a way I could be free

I'm meant for more than this, I know

Somewhere there's a girl

Who has a different life

That I could know

Lights down in Urchin side; Rachel exits

Servants re-assume their duties around Rose. We hear a knock at the door.

Hertford: Your majesty, with thy father King Henry abroad, and thou holding the Royal Seal in his stead, the ambassador from Normandy requests -thy- approval for a--

Rose: It shall wait. I am off for a walk about the palace grounds.

Rowland: My lady, the ambassador has come from a great distance and--
Rose: So he is likely in need of rest and refreshment. I will meet with him after my walk.

(She leaves, with a train of servants, leaving Hertford and Rowland).

Hertford: She certainly has her father's willfulness.
Rowland: And temper.
Hertford: Yet we are charged by the king himself to "keep her safe."
Rowland: To "watch over her."
Hertford: One might as well try to watch over a fox racing through the woods. Two more days,
Rowland; two more days until the king returns.
Rowland: We can hold out until then, by the heavens.

Scene II ***Urchin's Lair***

Urchins come in severally, with semi-improv lines (that was a close one; did you see that.... etc. some pertaining to day of begging/stealing, others just being kids or commenting on something in London. As they begin to get semi-nestled, (they realize John isn't here yet so they can be semi-relaxed), Rachel has gotten out her book on Etiquette, and has found a chair or wall to read it.

Bridget: Reading that again? Who cares about princesses in the royal palace?

Rachel: Imagine, living in the palace, with four-and-forty servants to wait on you! And to preside over royal banquets, with hundreds of guests, from France, or Romania! If I were princess, I would say, "You! Put my cape on me; and you! Hold my cup as I drink!" Everything is done by thy servants!

Bridget: Every—thing done by servants?...What happens if thou hast an itchy nose?

Bridget 'tries' to scratch and/or pick Rachel's nose; Rachel evades.

Bridget: You're always playing at being a princess, but -I- could be a princess too! *She prances around, striking poses*

Rachel: Best beware! The penalty for impersonating a royal princess...is death!

Enter Mother

Mother: Rachel, daughter; Bridget—quick, line up: John is coming, and—

Enter John at a quick pace. Urchins scramble into a line in whatever respectful / subservient / attentive stance we create. They parade up towards him with the day's offering, getting either nothing (meaning they did okay), "Half food," "No food," and/or a box on the ears. Rachel is 2nd to last, then Bridget

John: *(to Rachel)* Empty-handed! No food for thee tonight, by thunder! Curse me the day I wed thy mum!

John: *(to Bridget)* No food for thee either, wretch! Old as thou art, thou shouldst be able to do better!

Bridget: T'isn't fair! I got more than any of those boys, and they do not go without!

Other urchins, even Charles, are amazed that this has happened. John briefly surprised (perhaps) but easily comes back

John: For thy backtalk, not only dost thou get no food tonight, tomorrow thou shalt have to bring in -double- just for thy bed-space! Now, what dost thou say to thy betters?

Bridget stands, looking at him. We can see she is scared; we're not sure what she's going to do or say

Bridget: *(pause, or not; but quietly)* Yes sir.

John: Speak not like a louse! Say it again!

Bridget: *(contained anger)* Yes sir!

John: Now off to bed with the lot of ye! And if I hear a peep tonight, there'll be hell to pay.

He storms off. Other urchins go off to bed in odd corners, etc., leaving Bridget, Mother, and Rachel.

Bridget: Ooooh! But he makes me mad!

Mother: Bridget...

Rachel: Always strutting around, like a rooster; and making those boys his pets!

Mother: 'Tis our lot in life being women and poor, dear.

Bridget: "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" OOOOH, but one day I'd like to—!

[[NOTE: for this duet of Bridget and Rachel. Lines that are Bridget's are plain; Rachel's are underlined. When they are both singing the type is in **boldface**. Near the end, all the urchins join.]]

All I Can Be

*'Yes sir; oh, yes sir;' 'Yes sir;' what a revolting sound;
'Yes sir; Oh! I'll do my best, sir!' **But some day, I'll stand my ground**
All my life I've been taught to say 'yes sir;'
When in my life will they start asking **what's my pleasure?**
*I'll be a playwright, and silly; or a brave knight—no, really!
I could do it—if I weren't so poor...**

*I'd be a sergeant-at-arms, or a smith with burly arms
Or become a candlestick caster
*I'd oversee London's docks or wind all of London's clocks,
Or become a scowling schoolmaster!**

Mother: But only men can be schoolmasters!

Rachel: And you'd have to learn foreign languages, like Latin, or Greek.

Urchins are sitting up, and listening by now, if not before.

*(Bridget): Ha! There's no language I couldn't learn to speak, fine and dandy,
I could learn to read and write in Ancient Greek, hand me
A scroll from afar, or a map of the stars
I could do it; **of that, I'm sure!***

***Yes, some day I'll show them all that I can be**
Learn any trade; I won't be afraid
Some day they'll learn that I should be free
Free to speak my mind, show that I'm one a kind
Won't be left behind, the treasures they will find...
In me...*

Urchins: Some day they'll learn the poor should have our voices
Bridget, Rachel & All Urchins: Some day they'll learn they must respect our choices
Oh yes, they can not deceive me of my strength believe me

Bridget and Rachel: I'll show them, all that I can be,
Urchins: all that I can be,

All: Yes, I'll show them all...
All that I can be!

John enters, cutting off applause from audience. Urchins immediately look ashamed, submissive

John: What's all this noise?! I told thy ragged bunch to be quiet! Just for that, no food for the -lot- of ye tomorrow!

Bridget strides up to John

John: Oh! Hast thou something to say?

We may have a moment where it looks like the courage is bubbling up in her; either way it is cut off when John winds up / threatens a backhand slap, and Bridget flinches; she looks mostly defeated

John: That's what I thought. *(Laughs)* Ha! Just a poor little scamp!

Bridget: Some day I'll show them...all that I can be.

Urchins (including Rachel and Bridget) all go to bed, Mother staying up

What I Would Do

Mother: What I would give to make you happy
What I would do to see you free
And never in your life to know
An unkind word, or angry blow,
Or fear...my dear..

What I would give to hear you laughing
What I would do if you could be
Anything you wanted to
If I just had the courage to
Be strong...help you along...

What I would give
What I would do
To see you free

Scene III

At the Gates of the Palace / Royal Chamber or Royal Lawn

Rose is on promenade with several ministers, a few guards, and several servants. As she walks, the crowd outside the gates sees the princess and remarks, severally, "The Princess!" "Look, it's the princess!" Etc. etc. Rachel gets excited and leans against gate.

Guard: Mind thy manners, thou young beggar!

Without waiting for her to move, he rudely throws her down, which Rose sees.

Rose: How dar'st thou use a poor lass like that! How dar'st thou use my father the King's meanest subject so! Open the gates, and let her in!

The guard opens the gates for Rachel, who comes in sheepishly

Rose: Thou lookest tired and hungry; thou'st been treated ill. Come with me. Bring her a meal in my quarters!

They make their way to Rose's Quarters, Rose's servants and train leaving once they've entered.

Rose: Where dost thou live?

Rachel: Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane.

Rose: Offal Court! Truly 'tis an odd name. What is life like there?

Rachel: The streets are always a-bustle with bakers, tradesmen, and horse-and-buggies coming down the lanes. We have races to see who be the swiftest—that's me!

Rose: Then thou hast not yet raced me!

Rachel: What of thy life here?

Rose: There are dances, and banquets;

Rachel: With who?

Rose: The Prince of Spain; he poses and he prances—such a pain!

Rachel: What dost thou eat?

Rose: Soups and cold-cut ham, bread with cheese; boars, deer, duck, and lamb; biscuits, scones, goose, cakes, pies...

Rachel: I meant at just one meal!

Rose: That is. What of thy servants?

Rachel: Servants?

Rose: Why not? Who helpeth thou undress at night, or attireth thee upon waking? But more about you! What dost thou do for fun?

A Different Life

Rachel: Summers we wade and we swim in the rivers and canals; and each doth duck her neighbor, and spatter her with water, and dive and shout and tumble all day long.

Rose: I'd give my father's crown to try it all just once—go on!

Rachel: We dance about the Maypole and play in the—

Rose: In what?

Rachel: Your highness might not approve

Rose: Speak!

Rachel: We play in the mud.

Rose: What dost thou do in the mud?

Rachel: We wrestle in the mud

She looks to Rose to see if she should continue

Rachel: *We roll through the mud*
Rose: *Go on!*
Rachel: *We stomp and wade and wallow*
Both: *In the mud! The mud!*

The two go to separate sides of the stage during instrumental, as if they're in their own thoughts

Rachel: *If I could live in her shoes only for a day*
Rose: *I could run and play, I'd be free*
Both: *I'd give anything to—*

They look at each other, wordlessly at first; Rose then leads Rachel offstage. They come back marvelling at their new outfits

Rachel: *Why—I—*

Rose: *We have the same hair, same eyes, same voice and manner, same form and stature, and same countenance. No one could tell us apart. Now, clothed in rags, I should feel as you did, as when that brute soldier threw thee down—hark ye, is that a bruise upon your hand?*

Rachel: *Yes; but 'tis a slight thing; your worship knoweth that poor man-at-arms—*

Rose: *Peace! It was a shameful thing, and cruel! Stir not a step till I come again! It is a command!*

Rose leaves the chamber in a flurry, leaving Rachel in the room. Rose flies through the castle in rags till she reaches the gates

Rose: *Open! Unbar the gates!*

The Guard from before boxes Rose upon the ear once she is through, and relocks the gates.

Guard: *Take that, thou beggar's spawn, for what thou got'st me from her Highness before!*

Rose: *I am the Princess of Wales, my person is sacred; and thou shalt hang for laying thy hand upon me!*

Guard: *(brings his halberd to formal arms; says mockingly)* *I salute your gracious Highness. Be off, thou crazy rubbish; or get twice what thou got before!*

Crowd jeers at Rose and taunts her as she leaves, saying 'Make way for her royal Highness!'

We See Rose wandering another part of the street, having escaped from the throng. She looks confused, and a bit forlorn; then says to herself,

Rose: *How to get back in? They think me a pauper. Where shall I go? I know no one in London outside the palace gates.*

Bridget arrives and sees her.

Bridget: *THERE thou art! I have been looking all over London for you, twice over!*

Rose: *I did not grant thee leave to speak! And thou bows in my presence, until given command to rise!*

Bridget: *(to self/audience)* *She's playing the princess again! (to Rose, who she thinks is Rachel being silly)* *Of course, thy royal majesty; my poor peasant's mind is prone to wander.*

Rose: *Rise, and speak.*

Bridget: *in mock-fancy speech* *My lady, thy wicked stepfather, the king, has found his way to a tavern tonight, and will not return to the palace until late. We servants request thy royal presence at the table in Offal Court.*

Rose: *(to self)* Wait, Offal Court—that's where that girl Rachel Canty said she lived. Perhaps I can get help there. *(to Bridget)* 'Tis fine; I will speak to thy lot to figure how best to get me back into the palace. Take me there at once!

Bridget: Of course, thy most royal majesty, for how couldst thou be a proper princess outside the royal palace? Thy wish is my command. Off we go!

Bridget grabs Roses hand to dart through the marketplace; surprised, Rose yanks her hand back (commanding, but not too angrily)

Rose: Thou touchest me! It shall not happen again!

Bridget: Yes, thy majesty.

Action back to Rachel in Rose's Quarters. We see her pacing nervously. [this next bit may or may not be in the production] She finally gets courage to edge open the door to the hallway. Lights rise on ~7 servants in hall, ready to serve; all bow. Rachel steps back and slams door. [end of potential cut]

Rachel: Where can she have gone? If I'm found here, it could be my head!

She paces again for ~4 seconds; We hear a knock at the door

Rachel: Mayhap that be the princess! *She opens door*

Hertford: The Viscount of Shaftsbury is here, your highness. Shall I send him in?

Rachel: *(official-sounding, after a pause)*. Yes—yes! Send him in.

Viscount enters with his train, with two carrying a large chest. The Viscount comes before Rachel, and bows lowly. Rachel, unsure of what to do, just stands there. All hold pose for ~10 seconds, Rachel's eyes alternating between contrived confidence and glances to the Hertford and the still-kneeling Viscount. Viscount a bit off balance, attempts to look up; then looks down again. Hertford looks at Rachel, Rachel looks at Hertford a bit anxiously. Hertford subtly gestures of a rise. Rachel gets it.

Rachel: You may rise. *(awkwardly)* Welcome. To you. To thee, Count of...Strawsbury?
Shhhh...traftsburary!

Viscount rises, then stands before Rachel. She bows to him, he looks confused, then he bows again. Awkward pause, she bows to his train. They, flabbergasted, bow all the way to the floor, forgetting they're holding a chest, the Viscount bowing again as well. Again an awkward pause, as Viscount shuffles from foot to foot, occasionally shifting his eyes to the two ministers.

Rachel: You may speak. And you all—you may rise.

Viscount: Your highness. With the king abroad, we present to you our collected taxes from Shaftsbury.

Rachel. Er...thank you. *(short awkward silence)*. You may put them down *(they do)*.

Hertford: *(who is beginning to realize something in amiss)* Would not your highness have them deliver the taxes to the royal treasury?

Rachel: Why yes—yes. *(a bit commanding)* Deliver them. To the treasury, the royal treasury! The royal treasury at once, you—you common servants, you!

Servants pick up chest again, and take it out.

Rachel: (*Once they are gone, to Hertford and Rowland, trying to sound royally offended*) Ah! The help these days! Bother!

Viscount stands awkwardly, shuffling from foot to foot, looking out door after servants

Hertford: Is the Viscount free to go, if it is her majesty's pleasure?

Rachel: Yes—yes, thou may go...go...away. From here.

Viscount leaves, relieved

Rowland: Is her majesty feeling well?

Rachel: A bit—a bit of a...headache! A royal headache.

Ministers look mildly expectant, like they are waiting for her to say or do the next thing

Rachel: Er, I have forgotten what is next on my schedule. (*a bit awkwardly*) My...royal...schedule.

Rowland: Why, it is time for thy dinner, your majesty.

Rachel: (*after a short pause*)...down in the...royal hall?

Rachel begins to walk out, with semi-encouraging nods from the two ministers.

Other Ministers might join the two for the first part of She's Mad; if they do, they sing the entire song

She's Mad

Hertford: Did you hear? Rowland: Did you see?

H: She did not bid him rise!

R: And she bowed to the servants of his train

H: O, I fear! R: Could it be?

H & R: Do we dare surmise

That the princess could be

Hertford: Losing her brain

Rowland: Going insane

Scene IV

Slums & Palace Dual Scene

Scene Change to Rose in slums. Big table already set, urchins (rarely) happy, with John gone. Rose and Bridget enter. Rose strides to table, expecting them to rise and bow. They do not, but carry on.

Rose: Rise and bow in the presence of the Princess of Wales! There shall be silence while I eat! Fetch me my spoon. Where is my napkin? And where is the sauce, and the dressing? And why is no chaplain here to do the prayer for the food?

She storms off, irritated

Urchins: What's that? Did you hear it? Wanting silverware!

And she said, 'You must eat without a sound!'

Then she asked for some dressing, and for us to have a blessing

She's a few pennies short of a pound

(Scene IV, Continued)

Palace Dining Room

We have as opulent a table as we can manage, with servants there attempting to serve Rachel. Rachel eats with her hands, among other things, and leaves as the Chaplain is rising to bless the food.

*Servants: Did you see that, Can you believe it, Eating with her hands
And she drank from the hand-washing cup
She removed the royal napkin, interrupted the good Chaplain
Cook: She's a few feathers short of a duck.
Company: She's a few seeds short of a fruit;
She's a few turnips short of a soup.*

We now close with both scenes simultaneously as the two prepare to go to bed. In Rachel's camp, she takes off her own first sock, then someone darts over to take off the second one.

Rachel: Dost have any straw?

Rose: I would like some tea. And where is my feather-bed?

Once the two are in bed, the Urchins form one group, the Servants and Ministers form another.

*Severally, S's: Did you hear, did you see, she took off her own socks
U: And she wants a feather-bed that goes 'Poof!'
S: She wanted straw! U: She wanted tea!
All: It is plain to see,
U: She has a few tiles missing from her roof
Royals: She's a few gears short of a clock
All: She's a few sheep short of a flock.*

*Urchins: She's maaaaaad
Royals: Is she mad?
Urchins: She's maaaaad
Royals: Is she mad?
All: She's a few cards short of a deck
Urchins: She's maaaaaad
Royals: Is she mad?
All: She's completely mad
She's a few bushels short of a peck.*

*She's a few jewels short of a crown
She's a few pennies short of a pound!*

Servants and Ministers exit; Urchins find a place to sleep near Rose.

Rachel arises from her bed in the palace first.

Rich / Poor

*Rachel: I've got nine pillows on my bedside
I'VE GOT A BED!! Who would have thought
That such a place could be
If I saved for a lifetime, I might have bought
Just one candlestick of silver
And here I've got thirty-nine!*

*I may be back on the streets tomorrow
But today this is mine*

Rose awakens on urchin side

*Rose: There are fleas inside my bedding
There's a draft that chills my feet
And in a space the size of my old bed
Eight people are asleep*

Bridget: Trying to sleep!

*There's no mirror on the nightstand
No carpet on the floor
If I had to live like this each day
I couldn't take it any more*

*Look how they sleep, on the ground here;
Beds of straw, and rotten sheets
Water that's not fit to drink
And meals without sweets*

(next lines on-and-off duet with Rachel; Rachel has different words)

*Rose: Look how they eat; they've got nothing
Rachel: Look, I can eat, when I want to!*

*Rose: Thin soup and crusts of bread
Rachel: Chicken dumplings, cottage pie*

(end of mini-duet, for now)

*Rose: I could feed them all just from my table (fermada pause)
But it gets thrown away instead
Rachel: Food here gets thrown away instead*

*Rose: I never knew how townsfolk lived here,
Never guessed but now I know;
How can the palace have so many treasures
While these people suffer here below...
Rachel: Now I know*

*Both: I would give anything to see these people free
We will find a way I know, I know;
Some day I'd like to see
A better world for those in need*

Scene V Street Scene

Street scene with passersby—well, passing by. On a corner are four mummers Brinley, Bromley, Thorpe, and Valentina.

Valentina: Come; gather round; for just two farthings thou canst see the greatest show in England, aye, even the continent itself! Pherebone, the Rumanian Clown, will amaze you with his acrobatic might!

Brinley (as Pherebone) emerges with a very poor juggling routine. Some of the crowd walks off.

Valentina: Hear the famed Ignatius, who has entertained the Duke of Athens, the Moor of Venice, the Prince of Denmark, and the Thane of Cawdor with his renowned, siren-like ballads!

Bromley (as Ignatius) comes out and sings a high-pitched, mournful, out-of-tune love song. More of the crowd walks off.

Valentina: See the world-renowned magician Volzavia turn a hound into a fox before your very eyes!

Thorpe (as Volzavia) enters with a hound.

Thorpe: Bzzzah, Bzzzzah, Bizzzzoooo!

Thorpe turns around and hurriedly puts fox ears on the hound. More people walk off.

Enter Bridget, Rose, and Constable

Constable: Get thy lot gone! King Henry has decreed by law that he'll have no more of thy mummers' farces plaguing the streets. Away, away!

Valentina: If we cannot act, how will we live?

Constable: 'Tis not my or the king's concern! Off with ye!

Exit Valentina, Brinley, Bromley, and Thorpe; Constable walks off as well; after he does, Bridget takes her place in the street.

Rose: Why art thou stopping here?

Bridget: Art thou dense? 'Tis our place we beg, mornings!

Rose: Beg?! -Never- would I soil my hands so.

Bridget: Thy princess game becomes tiresome. (*Aristocrat passes by*) Spare a farthing, mum? Farthing for a poor girl, sir?

Rose: We needest money? HALT! (*stuns passerby*) In the name of Henry the King, thou shalt give us four farthings! (*Passerby starts to walk on*) Stay where thou stands! I did not give thee leave to depart! (*Passerby nervously runs off*) Halt! Halt, I say!

Bridget: (*Aside*) If she's going to play the princess, at least I can have some fun with it. (*to the Princess*) Thy majesty, begging is an art—a science! Thou must master its secrets.

Beggar's Creed

Bridget: You see...

Hand goes out; head goes down;

Cower closely to the ground,

Make like you're tired and they might be inspired to—sssh!

Now, beg without a sound!

One passerby gives Bridget a coin; ~8 bars instrumental for this; maybe Bridget also raises Rose up (Rose flinging her hand away again) and takes her to the middle of the street

*Bridget: Now go to the middle of the street, we'll poke and fiddle with them,
Greet them like you're family, start talking NOW,
(to passerby, spoken-sung) Excuse me sir, a moment to spare?
I've got a sad story 'bout my sister there!
She's lost her wits and she's got the fits;
Surely you're a gentleman, and really care!*

Little dance as he tries to pass her, Bridget blocking her way and showing him her 'sister;' 2 bars of the music as they act this out

Bridget: (to Rose) Now, don't let them pass till they've paid the fare!

Rose: But thou lied to him! I am not thy sister, and I have -not- lost my wits!
Bridget: We need money, do we not? What does it matter what story we tell?

*Bridget: (to passersby) My mother, lost!--when I was four;
I need a penny to buy bread at the store;
My father—killed! Overseas at war!*

We've made four farthings—we don't need more!

Enter another beggar, this one genuinely sick and physically hurt, possibly with cane. He puts his palm out, and passersby ignore him. Rose watches this intently, Bridget is sorting herself, getting ready to go

Rose: They just pass him by!

Bridget: What? Oh, him. The poor are everywhere in London.

Rose: But they have plenty of money they could give, and he has nothing!

Bridget: 'Tis the way of things; come, let's go off to the river!

She goes off, leaving Rose. A Constable walks by.

Constable *(to the Beggar)*: Back again, are ye! I -told- thee not to come on this street! Off with ye!

Constable walks off. Beggar attempts to get up, with challenges.

Out There Alone (tune akin to All I Can Be)

*Rose: All your life to spend there begging dimes, nearly starving;
Yet the law says your begging is a crime; a crime;
How can this be, how these people here are living, now I know
How things ought to be
I'll show them all*

Rose goes off towards direction Bridget exited

Scene VI

Knight Scene in Courtyard

Rachel and Minister arrive in Courtyard

Minister: Time for thy training, your majesty.

Rachel: Training? Oh yes, of course, my royal training! Right away!

They strap a sword, armor, and a helmet on her before as many knights as we can muster come marching out in formation.

England's Finest

*Knights: They call us England's finest
Because we march each day
We guard the king his highness
When we attack we say,
Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah hey, ya, hey, ya, hey! Oh,
Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah ho, hey, yah, England's finest on their way.*

*Watch out, we're England's finest
We hope we stay that way
We're well known for our slyness (possible pause for some sneaky walks)
So hear us when we say,
Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah hey, yah hey, ya, hey, oh,
Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah ho, hey, yah,
England's finest on their way...*

Instrumental crash-course roundup of knights marching this way and that. Afterwards, they sing

*Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah hie, eeyah hey, ya, hey, oh,
Hie, eeyah hey, eeyah ho, hey yah
England's finest on their way...
Rachel: Ya, hey!*

They have lined up; on her Ya hey she holds her arms out, knocking them down like dominoes. The end of the line ends up knocking her down, making a big pile of sprawling knights. Enter Page

Page: King Henry! King Henry has returned from his trip abroad!
Knights, severally: King Henry! King Henry!

Knights scamper to exit in a hurry, leaving Rachel in an awkward position. She looks up groggily after they've all gone. This next line is possible; we're not sure whether we're using it.

Rachel: Ya, hey! *Lifts her sword and lights go down.*

Scene VII

Henry's Return—Throne Room

Big, impressive throne room with a gaggle of ministers and servants all already waiting Henry's arrival, some keeping their bearings, others a bit abuzz with a few whispers. "The King!" "The King is back!" We see Rowland and Hertford, aside, in one part of the stage.

Hertford: Remember, not one word of his daughter's Rose's affliction.

Rowland: Memory loss, strange behavior...but he should hear it from us, first, before he himself sees it in his daughter. You recall what he commanded us before leaving on his journey?

Hertford: "Look after my dear daughter, as if her life were your very own," says he.

Rowland: "See she comes to no grievance, and no harm," says he.

Both: "And if so, it be on thy necks!" says he. *Both feel their necks worryingly*

Hertford: I think you should tell him.
Rowland: What! No, you!
Hertford: You, I say!
Rowland: What if he's...already heard?
Both: --Gulp!--

Cue Henry's arrival itself onstage with as huge a fanfare as we can manage. Hertford and Rowland jump to attention. Once he arrives center stage we hear, severally, "Your Majesty" from different parties, all who bow according to their station.

Henry: Ah, home again! Travel is such a curse, what with leaky ship-cabins and muddy roads and—oh, do not get me started on the sorry state of French wines!
Hertford: Yes, your majesty, truly travel is a trial.
Henry: Yet to go abroad is such a blessing! To sample the cheeses of Northern Spain, to behold the great beauties of the Italian countryside...
Hertford: Yes, the mountains of Italy are a sight to behold.
Henry: Oh—yes, the mountains—those are something, too. Now! Hertford, Rowland, come hither! Speed! You know full well of our most serious problem here!
Rowland: --Problem, your highness?
Henry: A problem in the castle that now demands immediate attention; a problem that would not have happened if you two had been on your watch?
Hertford: *(He and Rowland glance nervously at each other)* My Lord, I can explain. You see,

Henry hasn't heard him.

Henry: Yes, England is falling behind the rest of Europe! We must needs claim our rightful place on the map. We must be known from the new Americas to the far East for...for...
Rowland: For what, your highness?
Henry: For being...England! This palace must shine with English splendor; we must be the most beautiful jewel in the crown of nations, the most glorious and potent ram among the sheepish herd...
Hertford: And for what shall England be known, my Lord?

England Shall Be Known

*Henry: I want the finest German tapestries and five Egyptian cats
Turkish carpets used as tablecloths and foppish Flemish hats
Swedish butter churns—for peasants!--, Norman jewels on my throne,
For this England will be famous, for this, England shall be known!*

*I want Sicilian columns and pilasters, coffered ceilings, as in Rome;
Here Palladian arch windows, there a model Grecian home,
Raphael's tabernacle windows, and a Brunelleschi dome!
For these England will be famous, for these England shall be known,
All, save Rachel: For these England will be famous, for these England shall be known!*

Henry: We also must excel in music, and dance!
*We'll have basse dances from Burgundy (dance by some of the assembled)
Almains from far off Germany (2nd dance)
Canarios from the Canary...Islands! (3rd dance)
Henry: Our dance and music won't be beat, for these we shall be known;
All: For these England shall be known!*

Hertford: Well, that should quite do it, your highness! We'll have -plenty- to work on to get the palace

ready, and— (*sees Henry looking at him with serious look*) er...yes, your highness...

Henry: Cuisine! Cook!

Cook saunters up

Cook: We'll take South American potatoes and we'll cut them into chips

Then in tubs of Norway whale oil, we'll fry them till they're fit

Cook, Minister, or others too: To feed, a king...

Cook: Serve them with Spanish fish fillets, that lack a single bone!

Others: 'Fish!' 'And potatoes, chopped into little chips!' 'Fish...and chips!' Many: Fish and chips!

Pause. All look to Henry for approval;

Henry: England? Known for fish and chips?

He laughs, then all laugh

All: England will never have these fish and chips, for this we won't be known

Random Minister #1: Fish, for England! Might as well be known for our bugs, even!

Random Minister #2: Right! 'Ey, come see our crickets!

Random Minister #3: Cricket! England known for cricket!

They laugh

Random Minister #4: No, no, no!—Our beetles!

All Six: Ladies and gentlemen: presenting,

Short music excerpt from Beatles song

The Beatles from England!

Laughter

Henry: Oh.....!

Henry: (*with some solemnity*) Lastly, we must flourish in the world of literature. Since we now have a printing press—

Minister: From Germany.

Henry: Quiet!—we must be known from Greenland to the furthest Africa for our scholarly and poetic works. Ministers! I will hear your ideas...now!

Ministers hurriedly line up. Each comes forth a step to share his/her idea

Minister 1: A sea journey about a whaling sailor? “No!”

M 2: Or a troubled Danish king? “No!” A troubled Danish prince? [*People in back of him might be holding up signs; one says 'To be?' another says 'Or not to be?' (the or smaller on second sign) (or third sign has the or)* Henry shakes his head.]

M 2: I guess it was not to be.

M 3: A very shrewd detective? “No!”

M 4 & 5: Or a quest to find a ring?

Court: A quest to find a ring? “NO!”

M 6: One about a teenaged wizard schoolboy whose parents he has never known?

Walk on a boy in black trenchcoat, glasses, a wand, and a red and yellow scarf, if we can swing it

Henry laughs, then all laugh.

Minister 1: A schoolboy? For England?!

Minister 2: How dull! Might as well write about a blacksmith!

Minister 3: Or a potter!

Minister 4: I know—A potter with long hair!

Minister 5: And a big beard!

Minister 6: There we go! A Hairy potter!

Court: Hairy potter!

All laugh

All: Harry Potter's not for England,

Fish and chips are not for England,

Hertford: The Beatles?

All: Not for England,

For these we will not be known,

For these England, won't, be, knooooooooooooown...

*(Some:) Flemish carpets, French chansons, and Roman columns, Grecian lawns,
Norman Jewels, wizard wands (one steals 'Harry's' wand for this), for these we shall be known!*

Henry: But wherever is my daughter Rose? Fetch her at once!

Hertford and Rowland go up to Henry and begin explaining / quivering.

Hertford: About your daughter, your majesty...you see, ah,---

Rowland: She is acting a bit...strangely.

Henry: Strangely? Did you not watch over her as I commanded?

Rowland: Ah, yes, your highness!...We hope it is...temporary! And a minor affliction, but...

Hertford: She wants to be by herself more often.

Rowland: And she seems nervous, especially around the young knights. *(Henry thinks he 'gets it' here; maybe he nods and smiles)*

Hertford: Her face is often flush with feeling, as if she...

Henry: Ah! Gentleman, say no more. I was waiting for this time to come. I know exactly what is going on with her!

Rachel: *(just outside entry)* Meeting with his majesty the king! However shall I do this? *Straightens shirt, tries to walk tall etc. She enters*

Henry: Ah, my dear, my gentle joy! It gladdens my heart to see you.

Rachel comes in a mix of stateliness and awkwardness, and clumsily bows before the king.

Rachel: *(not sure of what to say)* Greetings, your highness—father—lordship...

Henry: Ah, be not nervous, child! 'Tis nothing to be ashamed of!

Rachel: *(nervous as ever)* Nervous, my lord?

Henry: I know exactly what is going on with you. *(aside to ministers)* She's having troubles in the area of romance. And who more fit to give her wise counsel than me?

Hertford: Your majesty certainly does have much wisdom in this field.
Rowland: And experience.

Henry turns back to Rachel

Henry: Now my daughter, you are taking your first steps into a wider world; a world filled with beautiful nymphs...but also fierce dragons! A world where at times the lightest touch is all that is needed...but other times you must invoke a raging thunderstorm! Sometimes, in this world, you must show the grim patience of a monk, straining to uphold a ten-year vow of silence—but other times, you need daring, fearless, reckless bravado!

Rachel: *(baffled)* ...Sir?

Henry: The world of romance, my dear! I can tell you all the secrets of how to succeed at love! Ah, my first wife, Catherine of Aragon...

We have a one-two minute scene pantomime with music of Henry telling and showing Rachel how to be winsome in the world of romance. Here and there we hear him say "And my second wife, Anne Boleyn..." naming each as he goes: Jane, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard, and lastly Catherine Parr. With each he will have a different set of actions, facial cues, and antics, including perhaps pulling poor Hertford or Rowland into the act. Once he is satisfied he is done, his last line is

Henry: Any questions?

Scene IX

Hallway / Henry's Deathbed

Narrator: The true Princess Rose realized she could not regain her crown while still in the slums; so with Bridget, she decided to try to find a cousin of hers in the British countryside who might help her regain entrance to the castle. Rachel's Mother, thinking it is her Rachel that has left, is heartbroken. The Minister Rowland has become suspicious of the girl on the throne, and the King of England has fallen deathly ill, and is in his final days. He calls the girl who he thinks to be his daughter to his bedside.

It's a royal room with assembled ministers, servants, etc. Henry lies on his bed, Rowland and Hertford are in corner, kibitzing; Rachel enters. With effort, Henry pulls himself up to a semi-sitting position.

Henry: My child, come hither. I am weak, and dying; but thou wilt be able to weather the storms that come. I only wish that I had given you the childhood you deserved. Please; find it in your heart to forgive a foolish old man.

Forgive Me

*Henry: When I'm gone, England will change
For better or worse, England's life rearranged;
For I'm dying my dear, yes my end drawing near
My life shone full, but now it wanes*

*And my child, I see now I've been blind
As a father I've been far away, and unkind
--Been off fighting wars, or hunting my boars
And you—I left you behind.*

*Forgive me, my dear, for what I've done
Forgive me for wishing for a son*

*Forgive me, my dear, for not being strong
You'll be far better off when I'm gone.*

Lights come up on Mother

*Mother: My child I know that you've gone
I'm sorry I couldn't prevent these wrongs
But I...will try... to be more strong*

*Rowland: I must learn if she's England's true queen
Though it could cost me my head...or hers...*

Servants / Ministers: We've seen Henry fight off ills before but now

Mother: Oh my child,

What your life might have been!

Servants/Ministers: What if he's done?

Lights come up on Rose and Bridget

Numbers shows the verse; everyone whose name is by that number is in that line of the song

1) Mother: Forgive me, for the wrongs I have done

2) Mother: My girl

Rose: I'll reclaim my crown

3) Rachel: I must find Rose, for I'm not the one

4) M's & S's: We'll soon see a new reign begun

Rowland: Is she the one

Henry: Dear child,

Mother: Please

Bridget: Some day, I'll show them

1) Henry: Forgive me, the wrongs that I have done

Mother: Forgive me for the wrongs I've

Bridget All that I can be...

2) Mother: done my girl

Henry: Forgive me (stops note, in pain)

Rowland: I'll find the true one

Rachel: I'm not the true one

Rose & Bridget: I will find a way

3) Henry: Forgive me, my dear, for I was not strong

All others: Aah...

Henry falls back into bed, slowly. Hertford calls over the Royal Surgeon, who places his ear on Henry's heart. He looks up, and shakes his head.

Hertford: You are to be Queen of England.

All in the room bow to Rachel, who look around at this in wonder, awe, and fear; then (perhaps) looks at audience as curtain closes.

Intermission

Act II

Scene XI.0. Servants waiting for the audience to take their seats.

Mother English (Possible Song—might be cut)

Servant Group 1: Merry, didst ever think, our mother tongue is a bit queer?

Servant Group 2: How so?

Servant 1: Quicksand takes you down slowly ...And boxing rings are square

Servant 2: If the teacher taught, Why didn't the preacher praught?

Servant 1: Say that, You'd be in error! (pronounced err)]

Servant 2: A slim chance and a fat chance are the same, a wise man and wise guy are not;

Both: A house burns up as it burns down...

Both: English! 'Tis the only language we've got!

Servant 1: Why do people play at a recital

Servant 2: --Yet recite at a play?

Servant 1: Sweetmeats are candies, sweetbreads are meat

Both: English; clear as day!

Servant 2: We have noses that run and feet that smell!

Both: (to audience) This talk passes the time away!

Both: And it's said you can use the word 'run'

Both: Six hundred different ways!

(Both / alternately:) Run, run, run, run run run run run run, run run run run

Run, run, run run run run run, run, run!

Scene XI

Room(s) in Palace

Narrator: With Henry having passed away, Rachel assumes the duties of crown-princess / queen-in-waiting, feeling she has no other option, and fearing for her life is she is discovered, She also knows that if Princess Rose could not be found, and she herself were not on the throne, the next in line for the crown would be Mary, who we know from history as Bloody Mary—not the best fit for England's health and well-being. Rachel has been busy in her new role, halting executions and making new laws that benefit the poor. The Ministers are still deciding how they feel about this new queen and her new ways.

She's Mad (Reprise)

Ministers: Did you hear, can you believe it, it's a whole new age

With this queen, no one's been sentenced to the noose;

Executions halted, the poor to be exalted

Is she a few feathers short of a goose?

She has lowered cotton tariffs

Misdemeanors have gone down

Cause she's added better sheriffs

Crooks are chased right out of town

½ the Ministers: The monarchy's a shambles with this girl upon the throne

Other ½ : The monarchy is flourishing with this girl upon the throne

*For her England shall be famous, for her England shall be known,
For her England shall be known!*

Ministers exit; Rowland stays.

Rowland: For her England shall be known? This girl act in ways that Rose never would have—forgetting her manners at dinner, disgrace at her knightly training, and now freeing prisoners whom Henry would have had executed. I can scarcely fathom how, but could this girl be not our Princess Rose, but an impostor? But if I were to utter this to anyone, I could be hung for treason. Yet, if I'm wrong, and this is truly Princess Rose, if she were convicted of being an impostor, she be wrongly put to death, and I would be a murderer. Still, for England's sake, I must act—and soon, for she is to be crowned in a fortnight: we can not have an impostor rule the land! I must act—but...

Scene XIII ***British Countryside***

Bridget and Rose walking a country lane.

Narrator: Rose and Bridget walk England's countryside, Rose still seeking help to get her back into the palace, after her cousin threw her out, thinking her but a pauper.

Bromley: Ho, look!

Thorpe: Two travelers.

Brinley: Not too rich, by their looks.

Bromley: Still, they may have some coin;

Thorpe: Or some bacon, or salt pork, or sausage! Mmmmmmmmmmmmm...!

Brinley: Quiet! Now, here's the plan. When they walk by, we'll be sneaky-like. We shall pretend we are but animals of the countryside, and make animal-like sounds to confuse and beguile them. Then, we pounce! Here, I will be as a cow, and sayeth 'Mooooo.' Bromley, thou shalt be even as a duck.

Bromley: Ducks sayeth 'quack.' Quack, quack, quackquackquackquack—

Brinley: Sssssh—Enough! And thou Thorpe, thou shalt be a fox.

All look ready to go as Rose and Bridget come; but Thorpe begins to look worried.

Thorpe: Psssst! What doth the fox say?

Brinley: Silence! Now, gentlemen, for thy lives!

Brinley: Mooooooooo

Bromley: Quack! Quack, quack, quack!

Thorpe: Fraka kaka kaka kaka kow ! *Brinley and Bromley look disbelievingly at Thorpe*

Bridget and Rose hear the cow and duck, notice with a head-movement, but move on. They look more mystified than anything else by the fox sounds. They shrug and continue on. Ruffians jump out with swords drawn.

Brinley: Ha! Thou wert confused and beguiled by our sounds! Now we shalt have thy coin, presently!

Thorpe: Gering ding ding ding dingeringing! *(Bromley bops him on the head)*

Brinley: Peace, no more of that, now! *Ruffians advance*

Rose: En garde!

It's a fun fight scene. Rose handily dispatches them, Bridget jumping in to secure ones who have fallen, or at least take their swords. At end the two girls are standing over the three

Rose: Why art thou waylaying honest travelers?

Brinley: We need money to live, and to do our theater productions!

Rose: Who art thou?

Bromley: The Lederhosen Farthingale troupe of Mummers—come out, come out!

Out comes a band of ruffian Mummers, led by Valentina

Valentina: If thou hast the coin, thou canst see a most cultured theatrical show, one of a Fox and a Hound! These fine thespians are a paragon of elegance unmatched in the British countryside; and it is said that not even Michaelangelo's David can match their divine form!

Ruffians are burping, scratching themselves, some squabbling

Rose: Divine form, you say?

Virtue and Vice

Ruffians: We mooooo when we see cattle

We bathe—at least, we might!

We have a way of snoring that'll

Keep you up all night!

Oh yes, we wrestle in the mudpatch

And Geoffrey likes to howl!

Geoffrey: (Owooooooooooo!)

We scratch and spit and snore and snarl

But ne'er give cause to scowl--

We grumble eating oatmeal!

We kick and sometimes bite!

When Hugh and Knox play chess they always get into a fight,

Oh yes we leave our dirty dishes

In a pile by Jensen's door

We curse and swear and belch and stare

Then yearn for something more

Valentina: *They yearn for something more*

That's what the theater is for...

Ruffians: *That's what the theater is for,*

An oak comes from but an acorn,

A mighty flame comes from but a spark

Valentina:

Dante!

Ruffians: *The human fool's a masterpiece, a beauteous work of art*

Valentina:

Da Vinci!

Rose: *(to Bridget)* Da Vinci said a human foot, not a human fool!

Ruffians: The human fool's a masterpiece, a beauteous work of art!

Rose *(to Bridget)*: Actors...perhaps there is a way for them to help us to get into the castle.

Rose: *(to actors)* Mummers! I would have thy band join me. There may be much hardship,

Ruffians: Hardship!

Rose: --but also much glory to be had.

Ruffians: Glory!

Rose: Succeed, and each of ye could be rich;

Ruffians: Rich!

Rose: Fail, and it could mean prison,

Ruffians: Prison!

Rose: --Even for the rest of our lives. And I exaggerate not when I say the very fate of England would lie in thy hands.

Brinley: Who are you?

Rose: I am Rose, Crown-Princess of Wales, to be Queen of England!

Bromley: The daughter of Henry VIII?

Thorpe: Maybe that's why she could beat us in swordplay.

Brinley: She's mad!

Valentina: No genius has ever existed without a touch of madness—Aristotle! *(to Rose)* What would you have us do?

Rose: Our goal is to gain secret entrance to the royal palace, so I be restored to my rightful place on the throne!

Bromley: The royal palace?

Brinley: Your rightful place on the throne?

Rose: And we must do so before the coronation in four days' time.

Brinley: This sounds dangerous!

Valentina: Have you forgotten the words of Machiavelli—that old rascal!— Never was anything great achieved without danger!

Bromley: But we could get hurt!

Valentina: We should yield not to calamity, but face her boldly—Virgil!

Thorpe: We might die!

Valentina: Epictetus: Who would Hercules have been had he just loitered at home?

Brinley: But how would we do it? The castle is heavily guarded. It's impossible!

Rose: Come, I will tell you!

The ruffians come together in a circle to huddle, arms over shoulders as lights go out

Scene XV

Coronation Day Parade

Narrator: It is the coronation day, and Rachel the pauper (who all think is the crown-princess of England) is being paraded through town.

As large and impressive a parade as we can manage, with townsfolk cheering as the stately knights and ministers go by. The parade continues, and we see Rachel's Mother in the audience. The royal float comes by, and briefly stops for Rachel to wave at everyone. Mother sees Rachel, and at first looks confused, then as if she can not believe it. She then yells out,

Mother: Rachel! Rachel!

Rachel hears her name, and instinctually looks over, where she sees her Mother doing a combination of waving, perhaps jumping, but also reacting to seeing her daughter, who she assumed lost or dead. Mother pushes her way into street of royal parade, as guards come to restrain her.

Mother: Rachel! That is my daughter, Rachel, Rachel! *Rachel holds the gaze for a few seconds, then turns away*

Captain: Take her off to the stocks!

Mother: Rachel!

Rachel: No! See she is not harmed, nor punished.

The procession continues, Mother brought back by the guards into the crowd. They let her go once the procession has past. As its tail-end filters out, the townsfolk follow it along, leaving only the Mother onstage.

Mother: Rachel!

But You Turned Away / What I Would Do Reprise / Forgive me Reprise

*Mother: Rachel; oh Rachel
You saw me but you turned away
I need you; I've missed you so
But you turned away*

*Mother: What I would give to have you beside me
What I would do if you could be
Standing right here next to me
My daughter; what can I say
You turned away*

Lights down on Mother; lights up on Rachel, alone, sidestage.

*Rachel: What I would give to have you beside me
What I would do.....(starts crying)*

instrumental of 2nd verse of What I Would Do

*Rachel: Mother, I know you can't hear me right now
I wish I could have reached to you, but I didn't know how
What I did to you was wrong; I just wasn't strong,
And I wish you could hear me right now*

(spoken, slowly) Won't, you...for-

*-Give me, for the wrongs I've done
Mother dear
Forgive me, my mum, for not being strong
I will do what is right from now on.*

*Shall I tell, though it could cost me my head?
Or be queen, and lead my life full of guilt, full of dread;
I could help England now, if I gave them my vow,
Or they'll have Queen Bloody Mary instead,*

*Yet the true princess may still be alive;
But if she's dead, then staying queen's the only way I can survive
(Instrumental line)*

What's the best path here; I must decide

I will do what is right

But what is right is

So hard to see

For England, for Rose, for my mother, for me;

Will I know what is right? We shall see.

Scene XVI

Palace Coronation Room

Narrator: Before the Coronation of Rachel the Pauper as the new Queen of England, there are several acts of entertainment—we join the throne room for the final act to perform.

Rowland (*to small group of ministers*): Now remember the plan. Just before the bishop administers the final vows, we act. The truth will be found, whatever the consequences be for Rose, for us, or for England.

Minister Announcer: From Hertfordshire, the Farthingale Lederhosen Troupe of Mummers!

In stream the Ruffians in various Animal Masques and Disguises (or whatever we can manage), dancing and frolicking about, each attempting to make the sound their animal makes. They brush up against ministers, dance with servants, and make some hubbub. We see Rose and Bridget near the edges; they creep downstage for a hushed conversation that we imply only they can hear)

Rose: (*to another Mummer*) Now, remember the plan! We act our play; and we see how Rachel reacts. Perhaps she will voluntarily give over the crown. If not—

Prologue: The tale of the Fox and the Hound.

Our play starts in a lovely clearing
An'mals gathered, each one hearing
Beefs from all those present there!
Each one growling, grouching, griping,
carping, whimpering, wailing, whining
Squawking 'bout their troubles there!

Saith the Eagles:

As the Eagles saith things, the next animal in line has come forth, as the speaking animal's words are about the next animal to come. This continues for the next 4-5 animals.

Eagles: Our nest's too high, our food too squirrely!
We'd rather preen and get up early!

Prologue: Saith the Roosters:

Roosters: Our comb's too red, our coop too stuffy!
We'd rather be all cute and puffy!

Prologue: Saith the Cats:

Cats: Our tails too long, our master boring!
We'd rather be out in pasture, snoring!

Prologue: Saith the Cows:

Cows: Grass gets old when eaten daily
We'd love some mice, and to be all scaly! (*Mice look worried*)

Snakes get ready to speak; Prologue cuts them off; Snakes look offended and Ssssss's prologue

Prologue: And so it went, each one complaining
They wanted sun if it were raining,
They wanted beef if offered pudding, (*Cow looks worried*)
Each one would-ing, could-ing, should-ing
Until we come to the sly fox,
Let's listen, gentles, as he talks.

Thorpe (*lifting mask; to Bromley, whispering*): I still do not know—what doth the fox say?
Bromley: Sssssh! (or, 'Peace!', or, just puts his mask back down over him)

Fox: I hunt for new game EVERY day
My den is damp and drafty, grey;
I'd love to sleep by a warm fire
Be given treats, at my desire;
Such is the life of the noble hound!
I'd give anything to tread his ground

Hound: Within fenced yards I'm forced to be
Hunting daily asked of me
I'd rather run the woods, and play
My schedule mine to make each day
The fox has freedom, and no cares!
Would that I were him, and have his cute ears!

Prologue: Seeing they were both agreed,
The owl magicians then decreed,

Owls: Thou shalt now have thy two lives switched
Fox Hound, Hound Fox now, so bewitched!
Beware, it may not be all thou thought;
Thou may soon loathe that which thou sought.

Fox (*in Houndville*): Ah, a den that has a fire!
A rug; a blanket, when I'm tired!
This is indeed the life for me!
Let others have the woods to see!

Master: Get thy mangy fur off of my rug!
Thou art full of fleas, and ticks and bugs!
Tomorrow morn, we leave at dawn
To hunt for grouse, for fox, and fawn!
Thou wilt find game, or else you'll pay;
No kill, no food for thee that day!

ten days ago; she should be found, and quickly. I renounce the crown—I only ask that I can see my mother once more.

Rowland: Thy honesty does thee credit; however, the law is clear: to impersonate a royal is to be put to death this very night.

Rose: Thou shalt indeed see thy mother again; and thou shalt not be hanged. Here; I am Rose, Princess of Wales, and true queen of England!

Gasps

Rachel: Your—your highness!

Rose: We switched garments; and later she became trapped here inside the castle, just as I was trapped outside. Rachel—if thou wishest, thou has a place here as my advisor.

Rachel: I would like that; but I

want to find my mother and live with her, wherever that be—if she forgives me, your majesty.

Rose: 'Your majesty--' Your highness, My lord, Yes sir—all these things we say that keep us apart, and have kept me from truly seeing others as my equals.

All I Can Be Reprise

Rose: All my life I've made you all say yes, your majesty

Rose: That shall end.

I vow now to do for England

Rachel and Rose: What is best; we shall see

All: A new day here dawning, all people belonging,

We'll show them,

Rose & Chorus: (or some of chorus) all this world could be,

All: Yes we'll show them all

What this world could be

Curtain