

Scene 1

Setting: The Castle throne room
LIGHTS UP: King Mediocre and Queen Meddlesome are sitting on their thrones, while Prince Vacillate is pacing back and forth in front of them as they discuss his future.

Queen: Vacillate, dear, now that you are finished royalty college, it is time to think about your future responsibilities.

Prince: But Mother, I just graduated a week ago. I was hoping to have a little fun before taking on royal work in the kingdom!

Queen: Fun? You are a Prince! Royalty have responsibility—not fun! Tell him, Dear.

King: Now, Meddlesome, you know I hate when you get me in the middle of your arguments.

Queen: Mediocre, this is your son's future we are talking about here, your heir, he who is next in line for your throne!

King: Yes, Dear. Listen to your mother, Vacillate.

Prince: *(bored, but resigned)* Very well, Mother. What is involved in this great plan of yours?

Queen: Nix the sarcasm, son. It is unbecoming for royalty to be sarcastic.

Prince: Yes, Mother.

Queen: Now, the first thing we must do is get you a whole new royal wardrobe. I have contacted the royal tailor, and he will be here tomorrow to measure you for several tunics, leggings, boots, shoes, and a suit of armor.

Prince: A suit of armor? Are you expecting me to go into battle? And we haven't been at war with anyone in over a century.

Queen: True, true, but you will learn that appearances are very important when you rule a kingdom...Plus, it will look nice standing in the entryway of the castle next to your father's armor, right, Dear?

King: Whatever you say, Dear. (*standing*) Do you mind if I take my leave? Surely there are some laws to sign or decrees for me to make.

Queen: Sit down, Mediocre! It is your duty to help prepare your son to be King someday.

King: His becoming King means I will be dead, so pardon me for my lack of enthusiasm.

Queen: Remember what I always say...Royalty has responsibility! And that means to the present and future. You owe it to your subjects.

King: All right, all right! I'll help.

Prince: What else, Mother?

Queen: The second thing is to take a tour of the kingdom, so you learn the extent of your domain, and you get to know your subjects.

Prince: I like the idea of touring the kingdom, but how do I get to know the people? I can't stop at every home and introduce myself.

Queen: Of course not! You will meet with the mayor of each city or hamlet, and he will host a dinner or some festivity for you to meet the important people. Your Father and I will go with you.

Prince: (*sarcastically*) Oh, gee, doesn't that sound like fun. I can't wait!

Queen: (*singsong voice*) No sarcasm, please!

Prince: But Mother, it all sounds so boring. Couldn't I make the trip with my friend Phil?

Queen: Certainly not! You and Phil would go to every pub and tavern in every town. Royals have to have a degree of decorum in all of their actions.

King: Trust me, nothing is ever boring with your mother around.

Queen: Thank you, Darling!

King: *(mumbling)* I know a little bit about sarcasm, too.

Prince: Is there anything else I must do, Mother.

Queen: You will, of course, shadow your father each day to learn the various tasks a King administers...and *(quickly and quietly)* you must marry a suitable princess.

Prince: Wait, what was that last thing you said?

Queen: Ahem...you must marry a suitable princess.

Prince: Marry, I'm too young to marry! And what do you mean by suitable?

King: Oh boy, here we go!

Queen: A suitable princess is one who is a complement to you in your reign. A helpmate who helps you solve problems and make decisions.

Prince: Right! Just like you and Dad?

Queen: Vacillate, you must learn to control your sarcasm. She must be a real Princess. We are not as easy to find as you think!

Prince: So, how do I go about meeting a real princess.

Queen: We will host a series of balls or dinners, and invite princesses from all the other kingdoms to come, until I...er...I mean...you find the

perfect real princess who will make you happy!

King: *(mumbling and sarcastic)* Happy? Happy? Yeah, right.

Queen: What's that, Darling?

King: Nothing, Sweetest. It all sounds perfect.

Queen: Thank you, Dear. So, to summarize, Vacillate, the tailor comes tomorrow. As soon as you get your new clothes, we will leave on a two-week tour of the kingdom, and then when we return, we will host all the events to find you a wife. Any questions?

Prince: No Mother. I'm sure you have thought of everything. If you don't mind, I think I'll hang out with Phil on my last evening of freedom.

King: It's only just begun, my boy!