

The Princess and the Pauper



Shortened Version

Adapted from Mark Twain's The Prince 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. Several folks imprisoned in public stocks are dozing there. One lone worker strides across the stage, next a tired person 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.

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 robs the aristocrat, then runs off, but Sarah is frozen in fear. The aristocrat has noticed the theft, and points at Sarah:

Aristocrat: Thief! Thief!!

The older urchin comes and drags Sarah by the hand, and while the other townfolk watch, all the urchins scamper while a few guards o' the watch give chase. After a dose merry chasing, Sarah is caught by a guard and fetched up before a Constable and the person who was robbed. The folks in the stocks are near enough to overhear this conversation.

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!

Rachel and urchins run away again, followed closely by throng. Stage is largely cleared, until urchins re-enter severally.

Rachel: Thou must be careful out on the streets! Here. Take this apple, and these two farthings.

Bridget: Rachel, this will mean no food for you tonight—and John may givest thee a thrashing,

even if he be thy stepfather!

1:30

Intro Song

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*

Most/Some: *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 play a trick on the aristocrats that nets them the purse; they run off, followed by aristocrats. As this has happened, a baker with a full tray of bread comes out.

Baker: *Twenty loaves I 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 some loaves from his tray. He runs off after those, leaving only Rachel and Sarah. Sarah has no bread, and Rachel gives her what she has (or half of what she has). These two go off, leaving only the folks in stocks, who have been observing and listening to all of this since the initial theft.

Stock Person 1 (motioning 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 [People in stocks are now off]. 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*

Pompous 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 4: Sell the royal chalice?

Ministers: Sell the royal chalice? (They sing this line with some ministers quizzical, some enthusiastic, some outraged; they leave on this note, all arguing among themselves)

Action now highlights two folks in the palace's dungeon:

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!

Prisoner 2: Which wife? (spoken-sung)

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 happy with all this attention.

*Servants: We humbly serve our Princess Rose
We comb her hair*

*I/She clip(s) her toes! [pronoun depends on who sings the line]
Her royal word won't go unheard
Where'er she goes*

Rose has wandered off during the second half of this song, leaving the servants looking around, confused. They themselves wander off as Rose begins her song

*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. She is either alone, or with two or three smaller urchins. We have sense Rose is in palace, Rachel in slums. If urchins do accompany Rachel initially, then they go off while Rachel is singing, fully off by the second line of Rachel's 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*

Rachel: (with Rose) I'd give anything to live as a queen

Rose: (with Rachel) I'd give anything to live not as a queen

Rose: I would go

Rachel: If I had a chance, I'd go...

Rose: I wouldn't spare a glance,

Rachel: I'll find a way, I know...

Rose: I'll find a way, I know...

*Both: Somewhere there's a girl
Who has a different life
That I could know*

Lights down in Urchin side; Rachel exits

6:30

Servants re-assume their duties around Rose. We hear a knock at the door. Rose nods towards a servant to open it. Rowland and Hertford enter. They bow.

Rose: You may speak.

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, her train of servants scampering to keep up, 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.
8:00

Scene II
Urchin's Lair

Urchins come in severally, with semi-improv lines (examples: '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. They realize John isn't here yet so they can be semi-relaxed. As they begin to get nestled, Rachel has gotten out her book on Royal Etiquette, and is reading it.

Bridget: Reading that again? Who cares about how princesses are supposed to behave 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 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! (*Bridget prances around, striking princess-ly 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—
9:15

Enter John at a quick pace. Urchins scramble to form a subservient-looking line. Once they are in place, John snaps or gestures or just waits, showing this is something the urchins are well trained in. Sarah is 3rd to last in line, followed by Rachel, then Bridget. The urchins approach John singly with the day's offering from their begging and stealing, hearing either nothing from him (meaning they did okay), "No food," from John, and/or a box on the ears. If John speaks to them, each says 'yes sir,' regardless of what they get or don't get. Charles is only one to get a 'Not bad.'

John: (*as Sarah approaches*) Let's see if no food the last two days has given thee some fire.

She hands him the farthings that Rachel had given her. He nods. Bridget comes in line and visibly gives more than anyone else had given.

John: No food for thee, wretch! Old as thou art, thou should'st be able to do better!

Bridget goes off in a pout. Rachel approaches, and shows she has nothing.

John: Empty-handed! (*Sarah looks like she's about to speak up for Rachel, from behind John; Bridget casts her a firm head shake 'no.'*) Just like thy mother, thou art good for nothing! Curse me the day I wed thy mum; no food for thee tonight, by thunder!

Up to each director: Rachel either

- 1) *gives glower, like she's going to say something, then musters courage to;*
- 2) *walks off, then turns around to say something; or*
- 3) *says the following line right away*

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

Other urchins are amazed that this has happened. John briefly surprised (perhaps) but easily finds his footing again

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?

Rachel stands, looking at him; we can see she is scared, but it's unclear what she's going to do or say

Rachel: (*quietly*) Yes sir.

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

Rachel: (*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.

Rachel: Ooooh! But he makes me mad!

Mother: Rachel...

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

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

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

16:15

All I Can Be

*Rachel: '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!

Bridget: And you'd have to learn foreign languages, like German and Latin.

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

*(Rachel): 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: (except for Charles and stooges) Some day they'll learn the poor should have our voices

Bridget, Rachel & Urchins: Some day they'll learn they must respect our choices

Rachel: Oh yes, they can not deceive me of my strength believe me

Bridget, Urchins: Ah...

Rachel I'll show them, all that I can be

Bridget & Urchins: Yes, I'll show them all...

Rachel: I'll show them all...

Rachel: All that I can be!

Bridget & Urchins: Be!

19:00

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

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

Rachel strides up to John

John: Oh! Hast thou something to say?

Whatever courage was bubbling up in Rachel is cut off when John threatens a backhand slap, from which Rachel flinches, after which she looks mostly defeated

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

John leaves. Urchins retire resignedly to their uncomfortable 'beds.'

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

Urchins retire resignedly to their uncomfortable 'beds.' Mother stays up
16:15

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*

17:45

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, this creates a hubbub outside the palace gates, which has an important-looking guard. The crowd, which includes Rachel, sees the princess and remark, 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 Rachel to move, he rudely throws her down. The streetfolk laugh at Rachel as she pulls herself up from the ground. Rose has seen all of this from within the palace gates, and rapidly approaches the guard.

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 shyly enters

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, a few random servants there plus Rose's bewildered train. Inside room is a table. Food is brought in. Rachel looks at it without eating; Rose gestures to her, after which Rachel eats politely (at least at first; perhaps she then speeds up, hungry as she is)

Rose: *(to others who have brought food)* Leave us! *(once they're gone)* What is thy name?

Rachel: Rachel Canty, an' it please thee, your majesty.

Rose: 'Tis a curious name. Where dost live?

Rachel: Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane.

Rose: Offal Court! Truly 'tis another odd name. Hast thou parents? Are they kind to thee?

Rachel: My mother tries her best; but my stepfather only stayeth his hand being asleep, or overcome with drink.

Rose: Fathers be alike, mayhap. Mine hath not a doll's temper. He spareth me his hand, but not always his tongue, sooth to say. What of thy servants?

Rachel: Servants?

Rose: Why not? Who helpeth thou undress at night, or attireth thee upon waking? And tell me of Offal Court. What is life like there?

19:45

A Different Life

Rachel: *There be Punch-and-Judy shows, that are fine to see
And costeth but a farthing—still; too much for me,
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 banquets, then dances*

Rachel: *With who?*

Rose: *The Prince of Spain;*

*He poses and he prances—such a pain;
And the Earl of Surrey likes to waltz with his cane!*

Rachel: *I'd love it!*

Rose: *It's such a drain;*

Rachel: What dost thou eat?

Rose: *Soups and cold-cut ham; and buttered peas,
Boars deer duck and lamb and—herbal teas,
Biscuits, scones, goose, and all the cakes that you please*

Rachel: *I meant at just one meal*

Rose: *That is!*

Rachel: *What?*
Rose: *Oh—also breads with cheese*

Rose: *More about you! What dost thou do for fun?*

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
We roll through the mud*

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

After a warm look between them, the two go to separate sides of the stage during the instrumental, each 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—*

22:15

They look at each other, wordlessly at first; then Rose gestures to Rachel. They disappear backstage for a quick costume change, then come back marvelling at their new outfits

23:00

Rachel: *Why—I—*
Rose: *We look exactly the same—I'd wager that even our parents could not tell us apart. Now, clothed in rags, I should feel as you did, as when that brute soldier threw thee down—
Hark! 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! If the king—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, now dressed in Rachel's rags, flies through the castle till she reaches the gates

Rose: *Open! Unbar the gates!*

The Guard from before opens the gates, boxes Rose upon the ear as she comes through, and relocks the gates behind her

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

The crowd in the street laughs

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

Guard: *(mockingly)* I salute your gracious Highness. Be off, thou crazy rubbish; or get twice what thou got before!

Crowd jeers at Rose, mocks her as she leaves, saying 'Make way for her royal Highness! Make way for the Princess of Wales!' Rose escapes them, and we see her 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 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: *(a bit confused; then gets it)* Oh yes, my princess, forgive me; I did not recognize thee...my peasant's mind is prone to wander! *(Deep bow, waits)*

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; therefore we servants are having a bit of a sup, and request thy royal presence at the table in Offal Court.

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

Bridget: Of course, 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 Rose's hand to dart through the marketplace; Rose goes a few feet with her before yanking her hand back (commanding, but not too angrily)

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

Bridget: Yes, thy majesty.

25:45

Scene IIIB

Royal Chamber

Action back to Rachel in Rose's Quarters. We see her pacing nervously.

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

She paces again for a few 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.

Ministers Hertford and Rowland enter, followed by the Viscount and his train (including two chest-bearers). The Viscount bows lowly, and holds it. Rachel, unsure of what to do, just stands there. For ~10 seconds, the Viscount stays bowed down, Rachel's eyes alternating between contrived confidence and glances to 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, with a question. Rachel realizes what she is supposed to do.

Rachel: You may rise. *(awkwardly)* Welcome. To you. To thee, Count of...Shhhh...
 Straftsburary? Straws-burary! Count of Strawberry!

Viscount rises, then stands before Rachel. She bows to him (then rises). He looks confused, but quickly bows again, staying down. After another awkward pause, she bows to his train. They, flabbergasted, bow all the way to the floor, and the chest-bearers, forgetting they're holding a chest, drop the chest to the ground. Again an awkward pause, as the Viscount, still bowing, shuffles from foot to foot, occasionally shifting his eyes to the two ministers.

Rachel: You may speak. And you all—everyone, all of you, 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 it 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: *(trying to sound royally offended)* Ah, the help these days! Bother!

The Viscount is standing awkwardly, shuffling from foot to foot, looking out door after the servants who have just left

Hertford: Is the Viscount free to go, if it is her majesty's pleasure?
Rachel: Yes—yes, thou, thou may go. (*Viscount leaves, relieved*)
Rowland: Is her majesty feeling well?
Rachel: A bit—a bit of a headache, I'm afraid.

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. If it fits, Rachel is met near the doorway by her mob of servants and guards, who follow her. Potential place for physical comedy as Rachel turns to watch them following her, with them stopping at attention each time she stops to look back at them. When she is gone, it is possible that a few other ministers have joined Hertford and Rowland in time for the first verse of this song, though it is also fine if it is just the two of them.

29:45

She's Mad

Hertford: Did you hear?
Rowland: Did you see?
Both: She did not bid him rise!
Rowland: And she bowed to the servants of his train
Hertford: O, I fear!
Rowland: Could it be?
Both / All: Do we dare surmise
That the princess could be losing her brain
Rowland: Going insane!

Scene IV

Slums & Palace Dual Scene

Scene Change to Rose in slums, with the urchins sitting on the floor or at a table. With John gone, urchins are (unusually) happy. Rose and Bridget enter. Rose strides to table, expecting them to rise and bow. They do not, and carry on chatting and babbling to each other

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 lead 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 IVB
Palace Dining Room

When Rachel enters, we have as opulent a table as we can manage, with servants attempting to serve Rachel. A napkin is tied around her neck, but she takes it off:

Rachel: Take this fine cloth away, or it might be soiled!

Rachel eats with her fingers

Servant: Fetch the rose water!

Another servant brings rose water in a bin very obviously intended for hand-washing, but Rachel drinks from the tub

Rachel: This soup has a pretty flavor, but wanteth strength

As the chaplain stands and begins prayer behind her after the rose-water, Rachel interrupts by standing then leaving.

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.

Servants & Cook: 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 her second one.

Rachel: Dost have any straw?

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

Eventually both Rachel and Rose get to sleep. Now all the urchins, servants, and ministers converge in their respective places.

Servants: Did you hear!

Ministers: Did you see?

Servants: She took off her own socks

Urchins: And she wants a feather-bed that goes 'Poof!'

Servants: She wanted straw!
Urchins: She wanted tea!
All: It is plain to see,
Servants: She has a few tiles missing from her roof
Ministers: She's a few gears short of a clock
Urchins: She's a few sheep short of a flock.

1st half of each group: She's maaaaaad
Other half: Is she mad?
1st half: She's maaaaad
Other half: Is she mad?
All: She's a few cards short of a deck
1st half: She's maaaaaad
Other half: 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 go to bed
33:30

Scene IVC

Beds in Slums and Palace

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: 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*

(these next lines sung at same time)

*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*

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

*Rose: I never knew how townfolk 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*

36:30

***Scene V
Street Scene***

Street scene with passersby—well, passing by. Enter Bridget and Rose, Bridget taking her place in the street.

Street scene with passersby—well, passing by. Rachel and Rose are among the crowd. 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 all of
England, aye, even the continent itself! Pherebone, the Rumanian Clown, will amaze
ye with his acrobatic might!*

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

*Valentina: I see you are a learned and discriminating company—only the finest will suffice! Then
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: Ah, you wish to be amazed, enthralled, and confounded! See then the world-renowned magician Volzavia turn a hound into a fox before your very eyes!

Thorpe (as Volzavia) enters with a 'hound'.

Thorpe: Bzzzah, Brzzzzah, Brizzzzooooo!

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

Valentina: Stay, stay! For as noble and proud Englishmen and women, you wish for an enlightened look at our mother tongue! Seek no further!

48:55

Mother English

Valentina: Merry, didst ever think, our mother tongue is a bit queer?

Brinley: How so?

Valentina: *Quicksand takes you down slowly*

Brinley: *And boxing rings are square*

Bromley: *If the teacher taught, why didn't the preacher praught?*

Valentina: *Say that, you'd be in error! (pronounced err)*

Brinley: *A slim chance and a fat chance are the same*

Valentina: *A wise man and wise guy are not;*

Bromley: *A house burns up as it burns down...*

All: *English! 'Tis the only language we've got!*

Thorpe: *Why do people play at a recital –*

Valentina: *– Yet recite at a play?*

Brinley and Bromley: *Sweetmeats are candies, sweetbreads are meat*

All: *English; clear as day!*

We have noses that run and feet that smell!

Enter Constable

Valentina: *This talk passes the time away!*

(sees Constable) And it's said you can use the word 'run' six hundred different ways!

Constable has started walking over to the gang with. They scatter

All Four Mummers, severally: Run, run, run, run run run run run, run run run run

Run, run, run

Valentina: *Run run run, run, run, run!*

(For this last sung line of Valentina's, possible blocking is that she had successfully evaded the guard or hid, but just couldn't help herself from making the final splashy finish, and re-emerges to do so)
50:10

Thorpe has put on the Fox disguise, imagining that he won't be found out, but the Constable catches him. To her credit, Valentina, who had escaped, comes back to Thorpe's aid, as do Brinley and Bromley.

Constable: King Henry has decreed by law that he shall have no more of thy mummers' farces plaguing the streets. Away, away! *(He releases Thorpe)* If I catch thee here again, it's the stocks for ye!

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

Constable: 'Tis neither my nor the king's concern! Off with ye!

50:35

Exit Mummers and Constable. Bridget and Rose have been watching this, then walk until Bridget stops them.

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 princissing 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: *(as an aside)* Still playing the princess! Well, at least I can have some fun with it. *(To Rose)* Thy majesty, begging is an art—a science! Thou must master its secrets.

37:40

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!

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! (indicating Rose)

She's lost her wits and she's got the fits;

Surely you're a gentleman, and really care!

(to Rose, after he has gone) 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, severally, or all to one) My mother, lost! – when I was four;
I need a penny to buy bread at the store;
My father—killed! Overseas at war!*

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

37:35

Enter another beggar, this one genuinely sick and physically hurt. S/he puts his palm out, ignored by passersby. Rose watches this intently, while Bridget is sorting herself, getting ready to go. (Change gender of following speech accordingly, if needed)

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!

Bridget goes off, leaving Rose. Enter Constable

Constable *(addressing 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

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

40:00

Scene VI

Knight Scene

Bedroom / Courtyard

Rachel and Minister arriving at Courtyard

Minister: Time for thy training, your majesty.

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

They strap a sword, armor, and a helmet on her. Recommended blocking: during verses, knights are

doing an easy, slow march; during the choruses they either go off quickly randomly (easiest to manage) or do some complicated marching choreography. Either way, Rachel follows the knights as best she can, trying to make it appear like she knows what she is doing.

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, eeyah 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 (Sssssshhhhhh!)
So hear us when we say*

*Hie, eeyah hie, eeyah hey, eeyah 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, or again, advanced choreography for those who undertake it. Afterwards, the knights sing the [2nd part of the] chorus again

*Oh, hie, eeyah hie, 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. She then knocks herself down, thinking she's doing what they're supposed to be doing. Enter Page

*Page: King Henry is back from abroad!
Knights: (severally, as they arise) King Henry! King Henry!
42:40*

Scene VII

Henry's Return—Throne Room

Big, impressive throne room with a gaggle of ministers and servants all awaiting Henry's arrival, some keeping their bearings, others abuzz with whispers such as "The King!" "King Henry has returned!" 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?
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 and Rowland glance nervously at each other

Hertford: 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?

45:10

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!*

*Court: He wants 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 his throne,
For this England will be famous, for this, 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*

Court looks confused

Henry: 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!

Dance Interlude by Court

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 comes forward

*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*

Court: To feed, a king...

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

Minister 1: Fish!

Minister 2: And potatoes, chopped into little chips!

Minister 1: Fish...

Minister 2: And chips!

Court: Fish and chips!

All look to Henry for approval

Henry: England? Known for fish and chips?!

All laugh.

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

Minister 1: Fish, for England! Might as well be known for our bugs, even!
Minister 2: Right! 'Ey, come see our crickets!
Minister 3: Cricket! England known for cricket!

Some laughter

Minister 4: No, no, no!—Our beetles!
All Four: Ladies and gentlemen: presenting, The Beetles from England!

Laughter

Henry: Oh.....!

Henry: Lastly, we must flourish in the world of literature. Since we now have a printing press—
Minister 3: 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.

Minister 1: A sea journey *about a shipwrecked sailor?*
Henry: No!
Minister 2: *Or a troubled Danish king?*
Henry: No!
Minister 2: A troubled Danish prince? *(Henry shakes his head)* I guess it was not to be.
Minister 3: *A very shrewd detective?*
Henry: No!
Ministers 4 & 5: *Or a quest to find a ring?*
Court: *A quest to find a ring?*
Henry: NO!!
Minister 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

Henry: A schoolboy? For England?! How dull! Might as well write about a blacksmith; or a potter! Oh, I know—A potter with long hair, and a big beard! There we go, a hairy potter!
Court: A hairy potter!

All: *Hairy Potter's not for England,
Fish and chips are not for England,*

Hertford: The Beetles?

All: *Not for England,
For these we will not be known
For these England won't be known!*

*Minister sub-group: Flemish carpets, French chansons, and Roman columns, Grecian lawns,
Norman Jewels, wizard wands, for these we shall be known!*

48:40

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

Hertford and Rowland go up to Henry and begin explaining, quiveringly.

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

Enter Rachel, though not yet in view of the Court

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

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

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

Henry: Yes, yes! You need not hide it anymore from me!

Rachel: Hide...it...your majesty?

Henry: I knew this was coming, you see. *(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 new steps into a wider world; a world filled with beauteous 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, you 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! You've come to that age where you're beginning to feel your heart-a-flutter—and I'm sure, planning your romantic conquests, as an army general would his maneuvers on the battlefield! Here, a bold, forward thrust! There, a timid, meek surrender. I can tell you all the secrets of how to succeed at love! Ah, my first wife, Catherine of Aragon...

{{--Go to one of the two options below}}

{{OPTION 1: Henry does short monologue}}

Henry: Well, I had her annulled. Second was Anne Boleyn (*gives neck-cutting gesture*). The third, Jane, died; and Anne of Cleves, the fourth, was—well, she was annulled too. Catherine Howard was...er... (*gives neck-cutting gesture again*) Ahem! And the sixth, Catherine Parr, well, she's quite a trooper. So follow my grand example, and that's how you'll succeed at love. Any questions?

53:10 short

{{OPTION 2: Henry and court do song below}}

How to Succeed at Love

*Henry: Catherine was married to my brother, they shared a short sweet life
...He died.
Since sisters-in-law can be a bother, I made her my new wife
In fifteen years she bore for me two daughters, but no son.
And the throne needs a male heir—like me!--so she wasn't the right one...
Catherine of Aragon: I wasn't the right one...*

*Court: So he got a new wife
Henry: It's true! There was nothing left to do,
Yes, a new wife
Court: (speaking to Catherine) A convent for you,
Henry: She had a waiting-maid I could woo*

Catherine of Aragon: Like he waited that long.

*Henry: But in the Catholic church my dear, divorce is a sin
So I had her annulled
Court and Catherine: 'Annulled' (perhaps with air quotation marks)
Henry: And I married Anne Boleyn*

Minister 1: (to Minister 2) But doesn't annulled just mean divorced?

Minister 2: Sssshhhhhh!

Rachel: You married the queen's lady-in-waiting?

Catherine of Aragon: Former queen, dear.

*Henry: Now Anne was quite a beauty; so was her sister, they could have been twins;
Her mother was pretty fetching, too...*

Court (*aside*): Ewwwwwww....

Henry: But you know,
Anne was quite a firebrand you see; when we argued, she always wins

Anne Boleyn: After me, he had a new law made: 'No wives are allowed to argue with the king.'

Henry: *She sent away my mistresses, and that I could not abide*
(But) She had a beautiful waiting-maid, who I took as my new bride

Court & 1st Two Wives: *Who he took as his new bride*

Rachel: Uh...what happened to Anne?

Henry: Anne? *Oh, I sent her off*

Anne Boleyn: At least one part!

Henry: *She had no business being queen, so I sent her off*

Anne Boleyn: *'Till death do we part!'*

Court: *And that's the last that she's been seen.*

Anne Boleyn: *At least he hired a swordsman who could 'send me off' with little pain.*
Yep, he cut it off!

Court: Gyuhhhhhh!

Henry: *It was time to marry Jane.*

Servant 1: He married Jane twenty-four hours after Anne's execution.

Servant 2: He doesn't waste time!

Rachel: Wait—Anne had been Catherine's lady-in-waiting, right?

Henry: Yep.

Rachel: And this new wife, Jane, was Anne's lady-in-waiting?

Henry: Yep.

Anne Boleyn: (*to Jane, with head-cutting sign*) Not much job security, dear.

Henry: *Now Jane was the love of my life, she bore me my one son;*
Except for that one -other- son, who I had with...uh, yeah.

Henry: *But after he was born to us, I'm afraid my Jane was done*

Court: *We're afraid his Jane was done.*

Rachel: Done?

Catherine of Aragon: Annulled?

Anne Boleyn: Beheaded?

Henry: No!

Court Group 1: *She died off*

Court Group 2: *A sad affair*

Court Group 1: *There was no wife to take her place, when she died off*

Court Group 2 and Jane: *He really cared*

Henry: *And we must extend the Henry race!*
So I had my next bride arranged by my most trusted man

Oliver Cromwell: (*guy from dungeon in overture, brought in chains*) This won't end well.

Oliver Cromwell: I saw a portrait of a girl from Germany who became his new wife Anne

Henry: Anne of Cleves!
Rachel: You didn't meet her, or see her portrait before you married her?
Henry: I trusted his judgment.
Rachel: Wait, Anne—wasn't that your second wife's name?
Henry: Ah, it is a pretty name, is it not?
Rachel: But—but you had her beheaded!
Henry: It's still a pretty name.

Henry: Anne became my wife.
Anne of Cleves: I'm number Four!
Henry: But it didn't work out well, she brought me strife
Anne of Cleves: He's such a boor; and I speak poor English, can't you tell.
Henry: So I had her depart
Rachel: — Just like Catherine!
Henry: That's right, she was annulled.
Catherine of Aragorn: —Divorced.
Henry: *Because, you see her waiting-maid*
All save Henry: Oh, no!

Henry: Was a sight to behold...
Rachel: Another waiting-maid?
Minister 3: This won't end well.
Catherine Howard: I'll tell this one. Things didn't look good from the start.

Catherine Howard: We were married the day Cromwell was killed for bringing the King his Anne
Now the queen of England's shoes were filled by another Catherine—That's me!
He married me well knowing I was first cousins with Anne Boleyn
And marriages are forever, right?
(She looks to servants, ministers; they shake their heads)
{Gulp}...Marriages are forever...right?
(She looks to other wives; they shake their heads)

Court: (to Catherine Howard) And then... (Catherine Howard does not respond)
Court: (now to Henry) And then...
Rachel: Wait—you didn't!
First four wives: Yep, he "sent her off"!
Rachel: Not again!
Henry: I thought she loved another man, so I sent her off!
Anne Boleyn: Well, one part.
Rachel: --When?
Minister 1: *Just six months after they joined hands*

Catherine Howard: Beheaded there in Durbar Square, but wait! Don't call it a sin;

Court: (as Catherine Howard sings) Ahhhhh....

Catherine Howard: He was kind enough to lay me down beside my cousin Anne Boleyn

Court: He was kind enough to lay her down...

Anne Boleyn & Catherine Howard:

In a cemetery!

Court: Beside her cousin Anne Boleyn.

Henry: So I hope you're learning something about love, dear

Rachel: ...It's certainly an eye-opener!

Henry: Now. After Catherine...passed on...I needed another wife.

Minister 2: Number six!

Catherine of Aragorn: Will wife number six be named Anne, or Catherine?

Jane: Hey!

Henry: I could marry a wife who has any name!

Wives 1-5: Anne or Catherine?

Henry: (stammering softly) Catherine.

Wives 1-5: What was that (dear?

Henry: (loudly) Catherine!

Henry: By this time I was older, but still healthy, strong, and spry;

I needed a more seasoned woman; no waiting-maid, no small fry;

Wives 2, 3, & 5: Hey!

Catherine Parr: So he found me, a widow you see, educated, worldly, and wise;

Henry has wandered off to corner of the stage, woolgathering, and doesn't hear any of the following

Catherine Parr: But he doesn't know what the end will be, it will come as a surprise

Court: He'll "send you off!"

Catherine Parr: No dear, not me

Wives 1-5: Is there a trick he hasn't pulled?

Anne Boleyn & Catherine Howard: He cuts your head off!

Catherine Parr: Just wait and see

Catherine of Aragorn and Anne of Cleves: I know: He'll have you 'annulled!'

Catherine Parr: I will be his company for the rest of his short life.

Court and Wives take a moment to digest this revelation (Henry still woolgathering)

Wives: You kill him off!

Catherine Parr: No, no no!

Wives and Court: She kills him off!

Catherine Parr: Wait, that's not so—

Wives and Court: She kills him off..

Wives: She, kills, him, off..

Catherine Parr: NO! Henry dies of natural causes!

Minister 3: Well, that's a spoiler.

Henry wanders back over

Henry: What's that you were saying, dear?

Catherine Parr: Oh, nothing!

Henry: *(speaking to Rachel, but welcoming the Court to join him)* So you see,

Court, Wives, and Henry (to Rachel): That's how...you succeed...at love

Wives/Court: Love, love, love, love...

Henry: Any questions?

S 53:10 / L 1:01:30

Scene VIII

Slums / Offal Court Home

Urchins are relaxing in their home, including Bridget and Rose. John enters quickly, and all urchins (and Bridget) immediately line up; Rose watches, then gets the idea.

John: The morrow we must pay two pennies to him that owns this hole, or out we go. Show what thou'st gathered with thy lazy begging.

John is in a more bitter mood than usual. The first urchin approaches him.

John: What, but a farthing! Thou must not want a roof over thy head! Tonight, thou sleepest outside—and come not back but with two-farthings.

Rose stirs to act but Bridget holds her back with a firm but subtle head-shake.

John: Ah, the young scrap! *(to Sarah)* What, nothing today! Why, I'll show thee a thing or two, I will!

He removes something like a belt or cudgel while Sarah cringes. Rose steps up and addresses him in queenly fashion.

Rose: Lay not one hand on her, by the name of my father the king, if thou values thy life!

All are amazed, none more so than John. He regains his composure and approaches Rose in the line, who has stood forth. She stands her ground.

John: 'Thy father the king?' That makest thou princess of the land, does it not?

Rose: Indeed; and thou should amend thy scoundrelous ways; taking money from children, whilst thou drinks it off at the local tavern.

Rachel's Mother sees John's temper rising and his hand going to his stick / belt.

Mother: Here, master, she is worn out tonight. Tomorrow she will be herself again, beg well, and not upset thy hand.

During this line John is beginning to try to get around Rachel's Mother. She is restraining John as best she's able, but getting some of the impact of his blows. Bridget runs up and either hits or pushes John

Bridget: *(speaking about Rachel's Mother)* You leave her alone!

John actually halts at this, but his surprise turns rapidly to redoubled anger. The Mother continues to hold him off.

Mother: Run, child, run! Rachel, Bridget—fly!

Bridget grabs Rose (Rose might resist going at first) and the two of them run out. After a few more seconds of grappling, John throws the Mother down.

John: *(he advances towards her menacingly)* Thou'lt meddle, wilt thou? Thou wilt get thy reward. But first thy worthless daughter and Bridget shalt pay. Oh, shall they pay!

John storms off

Mother: My child, I—I... Forgive me! *(She collapses in tears)*

We see Rose and Bridget come out in alley; they look around breathlessly, then they hide behind some barrels. In a few seconds John comes to that intersection and looks both ways, then goes off. Rose and Bridget emerge from behind the barrels

Rose: The cad! Hitting defenseless waifs!

Bridget: I have never seen thee stand up to thy father before.

Rose: He is not my father.

Bridget: 'Tis not time for thy games! Dost not recognize thy stepfather is in more foul a mood than e'er we have seen? We must fly from here; he knows all the inn-keepers and tavern-owners in London. By dawn he will have them all a-watch for us.

Rose: *(thinks for a moment)* We will take to the countryside; my cousin has an estate in Hertfordshire, but a dozen leagues' walk from here.

Bridget: Stop with thy nonsense! Thy cousin!—

Rose: Listen, I tell thee—I am not thy friend Rachel; I am Rose, verily the true princess of England. She and I switched our garments, I got trapped out here on the streets; and she must still be in the royal palace.

Bridget: Thy head must have been knocked on a rock. But we could hide in the country, 'tis a good plan to leave London.

Rose: On the way I shall tell thee how it all happened.

Bridget: Oh! *(getting exasperated, but just wants to get moving)*

S 57:40 / L 1:06

Scene IX

A Hallway; Henry's Deathbed; Slums; Countryside

Rowland is thinking to himself in a hallway

Rowland: The princess—never have I seen her acting so strangely, almost to the point of madness! Her speech is still that of a princess, yet it differs in one trifle here, or the other—but her actions at the dinner table! Her customs for visitors seem changed, yet her learning in reading is not. Is this girl truly our Princess Rose? Or could she be some impostor? Impossible; yet I wonder! But if I tell anyone of my doubts, it could be my head—even to air the question would be called treason.

Hertford enters

Hertford: There you are! The king calls for us. Quickly, man!

Henry's bedroom or throne-room with assembled ministers and servants, including Rowland and Hertford. Henry lies on his bed. 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.

S 59:10 / L 1:07:30

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 in the slums; halfway through stanza, lights up on John Canty in a separate area

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

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

Court: We've seen Henry fight off ills before

Court: But now What if he's done?

Mother: Oh my child, what your life might have been!

Lights come up on Rose and Bridget in countryside

Spaces separate lines of the following verses

Mother: Forgive me, for the wrongs I have done

Mother: My girl

Rose: I'll reclaim my crown

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

Court: 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

-----final verse-----

Henry: Forgive me, the wrongs that I have done

Mother: Forgive me for the wrongs I have

Bridget All that I can be...

Mother: done my girl

Henry: Forgive me (note is cut off in pain)

Rowland: I'll find the true one

Rachel: I'm not the true one

Rose & Bridget: I will find a way

Henry: Forgive me, my dear, for not being strong

All others: Aah...

Henry falls back into bed, slowly. Hertford calls over the Royal Surgeon, who takes Henry's pulse and examines him for signs of life. The surgeon then looks up and shakes his head.

Hertford: You are to be Queen of England.

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

S 1:02:40 / 1:11

Intermission

Act II

Scene IX

Room(s) in Palace

Narrator: With Henry having passed away, Rachel, feeling she has no other option, and fearing for her life if she were to be discovered, assumes the duties of queen-in-waiting. 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. Rachel has been busy in her new role as queen-to-be, halting executions and making new laws that benefit the poor. The Ministers, however, are still deciding how they feel about this new queen. We join them just before a trial for which Rachel will be presiding.

Our New Queen / Witch / 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

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

Rose enters: Palace Court Scene, with a person on trial, Rachel presiding. In Court are a number of ministers; also two lawyers, two doctors, and a Witch

Rachel: What is this man accused of?

Prosecuting Lawyers, severally: Poisoning, your majesty, or so we've figured out;

Defense Lawyer: The doctors found no traces

Prosecuting Lawyers: But there can not be a doubt

For the poisoning predicted by none other than a witch

Some wise head-nodding among the audience

Prosecuting Lawyers: She foresaw the when the where the how, the who the why the which!

Court: She foresaw the when the where the how, the who the why the which!

Rachel: You can't place him at the crime scene, you have no witnesses, forsooth;

You've not established motive, here we seek to find the truth

You're entirely relying on the visions of a witch!

Witch: Let's not resort to name-calling, shall we?

Rachel: This man has not been proven guilty; sir, you're free to go, no hitch!

Some commotion; Rachel exits, perhaps also Accused. The rest remain, arguing;

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

Under Henry, he'd be sentenced to the noose;

Executions halted, the poor to be exalted

Is she a few feathers short of a goose?

Some Ministers: I think she's three steps ahead of the game!

All: No matter what, England won't be the same!

1

All leave save Rowland

1:06:40 / 1:15

*Rowland: For her England shall be known? This girl acts in ways that Rose never would have—
But if I were to utter this to anyone, I could be hung for treason. 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! Yet, if she were convicted of being an impostor, what if this
were indeed the true Princess Rose? Imprisoned, or even—! {{If not doing the
following song, add line here:}} Yet to England I am bound, and must act.*

1:07:40 / 1:16

The Truth Be Found {optional song}

Rowland: I helped raise you from a babe

I rocked your very cradle

Saw your first step, helped you grow, as I was able;

Now I wonder if this girl I see

Is the Rose I've known and cared for; could I be

Astray, and misguided, have I wrongfully decided

*That this girl on this throne can not be you?
If I'm in error {one syllable}, and you are sentenced to the noose, I've no repentance,
I've no repentance no repentance
I will burn, tormented, if this isn't true*

*Yet to England I am bound by my sacred vows
That the rightful heir, alone, shall wear the crown;
I must risk, risk it all for the truth to be found
Yet the doubt inside me echoes so loud*

*She could be the true queen
She could be an impostor
We shall see
The truth will be found*

*Could I be astray and misguided, have I wrongfully decided
That this girl on the throne cannot be you;
What if I'm wrong, and she's sentenced to the noose, I've no repentance,
I will burn tormented if this isn't true
What if I'm wrong;
What if I'm wrong?*

The truth must be found

1:07:40 / 1:16 / 1:18:30

Scene X ***Princess' Chambers***

Rachel addressing a few ministers (not any from the previous scene)

Rachel: Send a messenger to Nottinghamshire to inform the duke of the new laws against child labor. Oh yes, and tell the baroness of Kent that we do have enough rooms for her and her sixty-five servants on coronation day.

Ministers exit

Rachel: 'Tis exhausting acting as queen! What a bother! Seven meetings a day, and each one filled with processions, presentations, proclamations, and that endless bowing! I wish I were back in the streets again. I do so miss my mother, and my friends. But as long as I am bound here, I will try to do some good; yet the coronation is in just four days' time, and there has been no sign of Rose, and no way for me to find her! I can't go on like this; but if I were to reveal myself as false, 'twould be my neck! What to do?

Rich/Poor Reprise

I thought it would be fun to be a princess

*All the feasts, and fancy clothes
But if I make just one mistake
They'll know that I'm not Rose*

*And then they'll see
I'm just a poor girl who's pretending
And they'll know I'm not who I ought to be
Should I show them all...?*

1:09:40 / 1:18 / 1:20:30

Scene XI

British Countryside

Bridget and Rose walking a country lane. We see three ruffians hiding in the brush.

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 sausage, or salt pork, or bacon! 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: Sssshh—Enough! And thou Thorpe, thou shalt be a fox.

Brinley and Bromley look ready 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: Moooooooooooo
Bromley: Quack! Quack, quack, quack!

Thorpe makes inventive (failed) fox-like sounds. Brinley and Bromley look disbelievingly at him. Bridget and Rose hear the cow and duck sounds, but they take little notice. They look more mystified than anything else by the fox sounds, and continue on. Ruffians jump out with their swords drawn.

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

Thorpe jumps forward with more failed fox-like sounds. 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 the swords of those who have been defeated. At end the two girls are standing over the three, or the three sitting back-to-back-to-back with hands in the air.

1:08

Rose: Thou should have brought along real beasts of the forest to help thee.
(to Bridget) Why dost thou stare?

Bridget: Thy work with the sword! I—I—

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?

1:13:40 / 1:22 / 1:24:30

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 (and others): Owoooooooooooo!

*Ruffians: 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...*

Valentina and 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!

Valentina and Ruffians: *The human fool's a masterpiece, a beautiful work of art*

Valentina:

Da Vinci!

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

Valentina and Ruffians: *The human fool's a masterpiece, a beautiful work of art!*

1:11:30

Rose: Hmmmmm....actors...

Thorpe: I play the fox! *(Thorpe makes more inventive foxlike sounds)*

Rose: 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; 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?

[[Only do this next section in {{{ }}} if your community has performed or is familiar with the
musical The Ramayana]]

{{{Brinley: But how could we ever enter the palace? It's surrounded by a moat!

Breena: We'll just make a bridge!
Brinley: A bridge? How would we make a bridge?

*Breena: We'd take a rock and put it on the end;
Breena, joined by others: And then, we'd make sure that it had a friend;
The third would go—*

The rest of the Ruffians: NO. We'd never want to do that, EVER.}}}

Brynn: *(Only use this first sentence if you don't use the optional passage above; if you have used the passage, start with 'The castle...)* But how could we ever get in? The castle is heavily guarded, and will be even more so now before the coronation day. Impossible!

Rose: Come; I might have a way.

Everyone huddles, perhaps with some whispers, arms over shoulders as lights go out.

1:18 / 1:26:30 / 1:29

Scene XII

Coronation Day Parade

As large and impressive a parade as we can manage, with townsfolk cheering.

Townie 1: 'Tis Coronation day for Rose, the new Queen of England!

Townie 2: Aye, Here comes her procession, now!

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. The Mother sees Rachel, at first looking confused. Recognition dawns on her face, as if she can not believe it.

Mother: Rachel! Rachel!

Rachel hears her name, and instinctually looks over, where she sees her Mother waving and advancing towards her daughter, who she assumed lost or dead. Mother pushes her way into street of royal parade, and the palace guards restrain her.

Mother: Rachel! That is my daughter, Rachel! Oh, Rachel!

Rachel holds her Mother's gaze for a few seconds, then turns away

Captain: Take her off to the stocks!

The Guards start to pull the Mother away

Mother: Rachel!

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

Mother: Rachel!

The procession continues, the Mother brought back by the guards into the crowd. The guards release

her once the procession has past. The townsfolk follow it along, leaving only the Mother onstage.

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

*Mother: Oh 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.....*

Rachel shows great sadness and grief during short instrumental (the 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*

Rachel: (spoken, slowly) Won't you for-

*-Give me, for the wrongs I have 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*

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*

1:24 / 1:32:30 / 1:35

Scene XII

Palace Coronation Room

Rowland: *(to self)* Just before the bishop administers the final vows, I act. The truth will be found, whatever the consequences be for Rose, for me, or for England.

Rachel is on the throne (or the waiting-area, or whatever our stage can best support). We see the ministers, an impressive-looking Bishop, servants, knights and anyone else we can squeeze on stage.

Minister of Ceremonies: Our next act of entertainment, 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 hooting and hollering as they enter. They brush up against ministers, dance with servants, and make some hubbub among the crowd. We see Rose and Bridget near the edges; they creep downstage for a hushed conversation that only we can hear

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

Mummers have assembled themselves and Valentina comes out in all her glory

Valentina: Lords! Ladies! Gentlemen! Knights of the Realm! Ministers of the Land! Noble guests from afar, humble servants, and our most distinguished guest on the throne! Our travelling troupe of merry-makers requests your audience for a most pleasant diversion, the tale of the Fox and the Hound.

Valentina retreats, and mummers get into their opening places

Prologue: We humbly ask your leave today
To share our most confounding play
Of two beasts from two different worlds *(shows Fox and Hound)*
Whose roles are switched, their lives unfurled;
They live within each other's shoes
And must adopt the other's views
But then they're trapped, and can't change back
What once was plenty, now is lack.

Our play starts in a lovely clearing
An'mals gathered, each one hearing
Beefs from all those present there!
Each one growling, grousing, griping,

Carping, whimpering, wailing, whining
Squawking 'bout their troubles there!

Saith the Eagles:

As the Eagles saith things, the next animals in line have come forth, which continues for each of the animal groups. Each speaking animals' final words are about the next animals to come.

Eagles: My nest's too high, my food too squirrely!
I'd rather preen and get up early!

Prologue: Saith the Roosters:

Roosters: My comb's too red, my coop too stuffy!
I'd rather be all cute and puffy!

Prologue: Saith the Cats:

Cats: My tail's too long, my master boring!
I'd rather be out in pasture, snoring!

Prologue: Saith the Cows:

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

Snakes get ready to speak; Prologue cuts them off; Snakes look offended and Sssssss the Prologue

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

Thorpe *(lifting mask; to Brinley, whispering)*: I still do not know—what doth the fox say?

Brinley: Sssssh!

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 had his cute ears!

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

Owl: Thou shalt now have thy two lives switched:
Fox hound, hound fox now, so bewitched!

Fox and Hound change outfits as Owl keeps talking

Owl: 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!

Enter Master

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!

Hound in Foxville: Ah, the woods, where I can wander free,
A lovely world, all mine to see!
This is indeed the life I've dreamed,
A house, a fire? Just glitzy gleam!

Grouse: Best beware, there's a hunt today!
Thou had best hide, or run away.

Fawn: They've hounds to scent thy very trail;
'Tis said their noses never fail.

Prologue: That morn the fox, disguised as hound,
Went off a-hunting o'er the ground,
O'er fen and field and stream; and then
They came nearby the fox's den.

Master: Find that fox, our day's first kill!
Get thee out there, use thy skill!

Fox goes off 'hunting;' Hound is discovered; merry chase ensues. Eventually Hound is cornered, and Fox comes to him, Master not present. They recognize each other

Fox (*as hound*): 'Tis you, my friend
Hound: And you, as well!
Both: By Jove, I've got a tale to tell
Hound: How goes thy life living as a hound?
Fox: Speak true? It stinks! Walls all around,
And ne'er through woods do I get to play,
Except as hunting dog; and say;
How has thy woods home fared for you?
Hound: Not too well, if speakest true;
'Tis hard to chase my food, I've found,
And hunting? I'd rather be the hound!
Fox: And I, a fox would rather be.
Both: Can we switch back, again be free?

Prologue: The owl heard this, heard it well
And spoke the words that broke the spell

Fox and Hound re-switch costumes

Prologue: With that, their lives again were switched
And each ran off, without a hitch
But both had learned their lesson that day:
Be grateful who thou art; and stay
With thy true name, be it high or mean,
Be ye a pauper, or a queen.

1:30:30 / 1:39 / 1:41:30

Minister of Ceremonies: NOW, can we move on, and—

Rachel: I must speak.

Rich/Poor Final Reprise

*Rachel: I tried my best to be your princess
But beneath these fancy clothes
I'm just a pauper from the streets
And not your Princess Rose*

*Rowland: Now, you see, she's just a poor girl who's pretending,
And we know!*

Ministers: She is not our rightful queen

Rowland and Ministers: She has shown us all
Court: She has shown us all
Rachel: Let me see my Mother once more!
Ministers & Guards: You have a far worse fate in store

Rose breaks forth from hiding; the guards taking Rachel stop to look

Rose: Stop!
Let her go!
I command you all!

Gasps

Random Court Member: Look!
Court: It's Princess Rose!

Rachel: Your—your highness!

Rowland: Your majesty! I—I know not what to say.

Rose: This girl has committed no crime. We switched our garments; and later she became trapped here inside the castle gates, just as I was trapped outside. She did the best that she could; and no harm shall come to her. Rachel, and Bridget: if thou wish, thou both have a place here in the castle as my advisors.

Rachel: I would like that; but I want to find my mother and live with her, wherever that be—if she forgives me.

Rose: As thou wilt—and thy mother would be welcome here as well. Valentina, if thou and thy lot wish to return to the woods, thou art welcome to do so; however, the palace gates will always be open to you, including the gardens, the library, and the royal theater—full of costumes!

Valentina: Was it Cicero who told us, if thou hast a garden and a library, thou hast everything thou needest? This would be a fine place to play, eh, gentlemen?

Bromley: We could learn to fence here, and do the flying parry!

Thorpe: Dost thou have bacon here?

Rose: Indeed we do.

Thorpe makes yet more (failed) fox-like sounds.

Valentina: We would be honored to live here, your highness.

Rose looks down, thoughtful, shaking her head.

Rachel: What is it, thy majesty?

Rose: 'Thy 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.

Finale

*Rose: All my life I've made you all say yes, your majesty
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 & part of Chorus: All this world could be,

Some: Yes we'll show them all,

Others: Yes we'll show them

Some of the others: Show them all...

All: What this world could be!

1:36 / 1:44:30 / 1:47

Curtain

Dialogue from start of Scene III, and a few additional isolated lines are from The Prince and the Pauper, Mark Twain, 1881, public domain.