

KING: Maisie . . .  
 QUEEN: . . . Windemere Vladimir . . .  
 KING: Maisie . . . MAISIE!

(*He has shouted her down*)

I know all his names. I'm his father.

QUEEN: A fine father you are!

(*She hands him his trousers.*)

KING (*Starting to put them on*): What do you mean,

(*Imitating her*)

"A fine father you are"?

QUEEN: I mean you never worry about him.

KING (*A little breathless from the physical effort of balancing on one leg*):

Why should I . . . worry about him?

QUEEN: Because he isn't happy!

KING: How do you know?

(*He is now struggling to make his trousers meet at the waistline—obviously a futile project.*)

QUEEN: He doesn't seem to have any interest in anything—or anyone.

KING (*Not a man to face unpleasant facts*): Oh, he's happy all right.

QUEEN (*As if this clinches the argument*): If he's happy, why doesn't he get married?

KING (*Still trying to make the top button approach the top buttonhole*): If he's happy why . . . should he . . . get married?

(*He gives up the struggle. The two top buttons have to stay unbuttoned. He sits down, defeated.*)

QUEEN: Look at your pants!

KING: How could I have gained so much weight in five years?

QUEEN: Because that's all you've done for five years—gained weight! You haven't worn a court costume because we haven't given a ball for five years. You've done nothing to give your subjects any fun—not a festival! Not a fair! Not a pageant! You've done nothing to make your people love you!

KING (*Smiling smugly*): Ah, but they do anyway.

(*She gives him a cool silent glance.*)

Don't they?

(*She shakes her head slowly and emphatically.*)

Oh.

QUEEN: The royal tailor will have to make you another suit.

KING: That'll cost money.

QUEEN: Don't start to worry about what you're going to pay the tailor. Wait until you see what this ball is going to cost.

KING: Maisie, this is no time to splurge. The exchequer is very low and I can't afford . . .

QUEEN: I have the chef and the steward outside waiting to report their plans for the dinner.

KING: The dinner!

QUEEN: Certainly. You can't give a ball without a dinner.

(*She has gone to the door and opened it*)

Come in, gentlemen.

KING (*In an irritated whisper*): Don't have them in here!

(*He grabs his dressing gown and holds it across his non-meeting trousers as the CHEF and the STEWARD enter. They sing.*)

### Music 7: YOUR MAJESTIES

CHEF (*Bowing*): Your majesties.

STEWARD (*Bowing*): Your majesties.

CHEF (*Handing the QUEEN a long list which she unrolls*):

A list of the bare necessities.

KING (*In an irritated whisper*):

A list of the bare necessities for what?

QUEEN:

For seventeen hundred guests!

KING:

That seems a lot.

(*Spoken*)

Don't have any king crab.

CHEF: Very well, Your Majesty.