

SIMON & LORD RUPERT

SIMON Hello everybody! My name is... SIMON! And I live here in the palace, with the King and Queen - Oh, the Queen has just had a baby girl y'know. She's lovely – apart from when she has just done a massive shit – wow! Poo-nah-mi! I think she might have a problem - Oh, and the baby is adorable too. Good as gold, she is!

My biggest problem is I just forget things sometimes, and I get a bit confused and forget things... Hey I know maybe you would all be my friends and help me? Would you do that?

Great! Can someone give me a memorable word?

(Pick out a word, you will remember and use it on “**WORD**”)

That's great! You see when I forget things, I say 'Oh I don't know' - maybe when I say that, if you all shout back 'Don't be a **WORD**!' then maybe I would remember! Shall we have a go?

Now what was I saying?... 'Oh I don't know'

AUDIENCE Don't be a **WORD**!

SIMON That's it – I remember! But you must shout ten times louder than that, let's try again'Oh I don't know'

AUDIENCE Don't be a **WORD**!

SIMON That's brill! triffic!

Ah! Here comes someone you had better meet, our Court Chamberlain, Mr poncey, stuffy git himself - Lord Rupert.

[**LORD RUPERT** enters]

LORD RUPERT And just who do you think you are speaking to?

SIMON Um... uhh... Oh I don't know!

AUDIENCE Don't be a **WORD**!

SIMON What! Oh yes I brill, t'riffic, I know, I was just talking to some of my friends.

LORD RUPERT Well don't - You shouldn't be fwaternising with the lower classes.

SIMON Ooooh! Get you! I was only chatting to my friends! Anyway you should have been here hours ago, where have you been?

LORD RUPERT I was detained because.....they had to shoot my dog!

SIMON Oh I am sorry was he mad?

LORD RUPERT Well, to tell you the twuth he wasn't very pleased.

[SIMON exits]

LORD RUPERT That young wuffian gets worse, no wespect. And good evening eveweyone, I am Lord Wupert, Lord Chamberlain of this land of Wemania.

(looks at Courtiers who need jobs to do)

Please excuse me, I must get this lot sorted out.

[LORD RUPERT starts directing COURTIERs off to do jobs]

OK – you go and start pweparing the banquet, you go and blow up the Balloons.

You there! Go make up the Woyal Cot - and you, Iron the Chwistening wobes.

You, Sweep the wed Carpet and dust the Thwone.

Oh and has anyone gotten wid of wusty patches on the wemarkably wugged wed wocking horse, wight wound by the wavenous wottweiler and wabbit kennel? No? First one who does will see me weadily waiting with my wenound and wefweshing, wain-dwenched waspbewy weward.

Oh dear - There's still so much left to do!