

King / Queen / Lionel / Christopher (Prince) Audition Side : Royal Chambers

(Christopher comes storming into the room holding the ball flyer)

Christopher : Mother, what is the meaning of this?

King : *(changing in to his robe)* Doesn't anyone in this house knock?

Queen : Darling, we were just talking about you.

King: Your mother was talking, I was listening.

Queen : And where have you been, in that costume?

Christopher : Why wasn't I consulted about this ball that I'm supposedly giving?

Queen : Oh darn - you found out. It was supposed to be a surprise birthday party. Well...surprise!

Christopher : It's three months until my birthday. And since when does a birthday party require the attendance of " every eligible maiden in the kingdom"?

Queen : *(feigning shock and disbelief)* What....? Let me.... *(snatches the flyer)*
Well you know those royal printers - they never get anything right,

Christopher : Mother, I want this ball called off immediately!

Queen : But darling, it's impossible to cancel once you've got the ball rolling!
(realizing she made a joke she howls with laughter - but no one else does)

Christopher : Well, you can just count me out! *(turns on his heels and starts off)*

King : Your Highness ! *(his tone of voice makes the prince stop in his tracks)*
Look Chris - we don't want to pressure you, but you do have certain obligations.

Queen : What your father is trying to say is that it's time to choose a bride and produce an heir. After all someday soon this kingdom will be yours.

King : Not that soon.

Queen: I long to hear the pitter patter of little feet on the marble again.

Christopher : all I'm asking is to find a bride for myself, In my own time. I guess I have this old-fashioned idea that I want to fall in love before I get married. Like you did.

King : That's what we want for you too, son.

Queen : Of course it is darling. Well thank goodness we have that all settled. Now I have prepared a short guest list for your approval. (*she unfurls a very large scroll the length of the room.*) Chris and the king wince at the list. Lionel enters)

Lionel : Your Majesties, Your Highness - if you please, I couldn't help overhearing and I probably shouldn't interfere

King, Queen and Christopher : Probably!

Lionel : But, perhaps we can reach a royal compromise.

Queen : Compromise?!

King : What do you think this is - a democracy?

Christopher : What sort of a compromise, Lionel?

Lionel : Let's say you suck it up and go along with the ball.

Queen : I'm loving this idea so far

Lionel : And if you find the girl of your dreams, great.(*to queen*) But if he doesn't..

Christopher : (understands Lionel's proposal) Lionel, you're brilliant. Okay I'll do it. But, if I don't meet the right girl at the ball, you'll let me fall in love in my own time, no matter how long it takes....

Queen : But....

Christopher :and with no interference, Dad?

King : Well... it does have a certain logic to it.

Queen: Of course, darling. If that's the way you want it, that's the way it shall be.

Christopher : Thank you both.

King : You know son, there's only one way to find the girl of your dreams.

Christopher : What's that?

King : Dumb luck. Let's just hope it runs in the family.