

*[This was a piece of company street theatre written for the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Diana Spencer. It's strange how, every royal baby there has been, there has been a persistent rumour that the offspring was lesbian or gay. These rumours usually started when the child was about sixteen, and mostly faded, except in one case, when they reached about twenty-five or so. The Windsors lose the bloom of youth after a very short time; it must be heredity. This is very much a period piece, not only in its references but also in its assertion, albeit tongue-in-cheek, that everyone is really gay, and all problems would be resolved if only they recognised it.]*

## The Madness of Lady Di [1981]

By Eric Presland,  
and the company of Laurie, Andy Smart, Rachel and Bob Urmson

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Cast of Four, plus narrator.

Main parts:

- 1 Queen
- 2 Charles

NARRATOR: Once Upon a Time

CAST: Shock! Horror! Outrage!  
Shock! Horror! Outrage!

1: Scandal!

CAST: Shock! Horror! Outrage!  
Shock! Horror! Outrage!

2: Perversion!

CAST: Shock! Horror! Outrage!

3: Love nest!

CAST: Shock! Horror! Outrage!

4: Cover-up!

*[The chant of 'Shock horror etc' continues under the dialogue.]*

3: Extra, extra! Read all about it. Filthy goings-on in high places. Horrible nasty happenings among cream of high society.

4: *[Australian accent]* That's the stuff to sell newspapers.

3: Buggery and debauchery in the palaces of the mighty.

4: Good for another half a million copies at least.

3: Royal family involvement suspected.

4: *[Putting hand over 3's mouth]* Sssh! Now I'll never get my MBE.

1&2: CAST: Shock! Horror! Outrage!  
Shock! Horror! Outrage!

4: Shut up, shut up. *[Stamping childishly]* And I want to go to a Royal garden party too!

NARRATOR: But it was too late.

1 (QUEEN): Philip. Philip. Take your nose out of the marmalade.

2 (PHILIP): Eh? What?

1: What is this one reads in *The Sun*?

2: What are you doing reading *The Sun*? Left-wing rag. Stick to *Sporting Life*.

1: One only looks at the horoscopes. But here...

2: Or *Country Life*.

- 1: Police in Greece are holding crew members of the Royal Yacht, Britannia...
- 2: Bloody Greeks can't keep their hands off anyone. Sex mad they are. Or what about *Wild Life*. Love Wild Life.
- 1: Following complaints by local residents about wild parties...
- 2: Excepting foxes. Pests. Only way to keep them down is by running around on horses in red coats.
- 1: Why would horses wear red coats?
- 2: Not the horses, you ninny. Read your paper.
- 1: ...aboard the Royal Yacht...
- 2: Could do without grouse too. In the country. Get under your feet.
- 1: ...and the alleged debauching of local youths...
- 2: So do pheasants. Always tripping over them.
- 1: ...while on a goodwill visit.
- 2: Don't think much of deer either.
- 1: The Admiralty has promised a full investigation following pressure from the Greek Ambassador and the Foreign Office.
- 2: Not too keen on whales, come to think of it. Nasty vicious creatures. Eat all your crops as soon as look at you.
- 1: Don't you realise what this means?
- 2: What? Oh, Charlie's a nancy, of course.<sup>1</sup> Didn't you know?

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<sup>1</sup> There have been rumours about Charles' sexuality ever since I came out in the early 1970s, and particularly about his relationships with servants. They were sufficiently current in the 1970s and 80s to provide the thesis of this community play – everyone knew what we were referring to, true or not. Rumours have reappeared in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, in news stories in 2003 and 2016.

- 1: How could he be? We did everything we could. After all we've given him. We gave him his own nuclear submarine to play with. His own little bit of ground –
- 2: Cornwall –
- 1: His very own helicopter squadron. How could he be so ungrateful?
- 2: Don't take on so, Liz. In our class it's not being a woofter that matters, it's being caught at it.
- 1: But the shame, the disgrace... we gave him everything... six houses, fifty thousand a year tax free by the age of twelve... the best schools... the best degree money could buy... where did we go wrong?
- NARRATOR: It all started thirty-two, years ago. Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess who married a handsome prince. And she bore him a lovely baby boy, and his name was –
- 3: Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Baron of Renfrew, Earl of Carrick, Lord of the Isles, and Prince and Great Steward of Scotland<sup>2</sup>, KT, KG, GCB, OM, AK, QSO, CC, PC, ADC.
- NARRATOR: Wasn't that a pretty name?
- 4: No
- NARRATOR: Yes it was. And he lived in a lovely house. In fact, he lived in several lovely houses.
- 3: Not all at the same time, of course.
- NARRATOR: Buckingham Palace, Sandringham, Osbourne House, Balmoral, Highgrove, Clarence House, Kensington Palace, Windsor Castle, Hollyrood House, Craigowan Lodge,

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<sup>2</sup> He has inherited more titles from the Duke of Edinburgh since Philip died.

Birkhall, Hillsborough Castle, and Llwynywermod<sup>3</sup>. And the Prince and Princess took great care that he was brought up to have nice manners, speak beautifully –

2: Hello. And what do you do?

NARRATOR: - wash behind his ears – which took a lot of washing – and remember his station in life.

1: Repeat after me: “I say, you chaps, that’s not cricket.”

2: “I say, you chaps, that’s not cricket.”

1: Not

2: That’s not cricket.

1: Now – working class?

2: Rough diamonds, hearts of gold really

1: But...

2: Led astray by the greed which is infecting the fabric of our society...

1: Greed is...

2: ...demanding wage settlements which are beyond the earning capacity of a company. Greed is living beyond your means.

1: But dividends and profits are...

2: ...declining... which is bad for Britain. Companies need... er...

1: Higher dividends and profits...

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<sup>3</sup> These are the homes which Prince Charles is entitled to live in, and does sometimes do so. The Royal Family as a whole has 26 houses/castles/palaces.

- 2: ...even if they are beyond the earning capacity of that company. Easier credit and higher investment, greater bank borrowing, which is living beyond your means...
- 1: No, no, no!
- 2: Sorry, Mummy. Which is vital to the well-being of the country, because the people who are losing their profits and dividends and Rolls Royces and expense accounts are people like Us.
- 1: Exactly...
- 2: And mater's expense account is about half a million a year<sup>4</sup>.
- 1: Peanuts!
- 2: A pittance.
- 1: In other words, your Greed – bad. Our Greed –
- 2: Jolly good.
- 1: Good. Now. How do you talk to a member of the working class?
- 2: I say, what you're doing looks jolly difficult.
- 3: It is. And it's fooking hard work. And I get less in a year than you get in a week.
- 2: I say, that's not fair. It's jolly hard work talking to people like you. I shake your sweaty hands for at least five hours a week for almost half a year. And we're having to cut back too! I even have to squeeze my own toothpaste now. And nobody irons my shoelaces any more.<sup>5</sup> Sometimes I wonder how I summon up the stamina to go on.

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<sup>4</sup> This was in 1981, and worth in today's money £2,192,000. Now it's approx. £8 million for things not related to official duties.

<sup>5</sup> In fact Prince Charles has staff who do both those things.

- 3: Tell you what. I'll swap you. I'll talk to people like me, and shake their sweaty hands all the time, and you can do my bleeding job.
- 1: No, no, no. Change that worker immediately. *[She snaps her fingers]* Start again.
- 2: I say. What you're doing looks jolly difficult...
- 3: Oh, it is, your Highness, but I am a skilled craftsman. I have been cleaning this U-bend man and boy these last six months. I take pride in my work, and even though I work a sixty-hour week for 10p an hour<sup>6</sup>, I am satisfied and content with my lot. Because I know I am helping to put Britain back on its feet again.
- NARRATOR: But it wasn't all slog, slog, slog for our handsome young Prince.
- 2: I say, Oliver, do you want to look at my frog?
- 4: Chuck it, Charles.
- 2: I dissected it especially for you. You can see its bladder wobbling and everything.
- 4: Stow it, Charles.
- 2: Oliver, I'll give you all my marbles if you'll hold my hand.
- 4: No, Charles.
- 2: My best conker? It's a 69-er.
- 4: For God's, sake, Charles, you're 26 now. Keep your mind on piloting the aircraft.
- NARRATOR: And so he grew up. An ordinary boy at an ordinary boarding school, where he polished his shoes and made his bed, just as if he were a normal boy...

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<sup>6</sup> 43p in 2020

1: No, Charles, you polish the shoes and make the bed, not the other way around. How am I going to get the boot polish off these sheets?

NARRATOR: University... navy... by the eve of his thirtieth birthday, Charles trembled on the brink of manhood.

2: No, no, no. I don't ever want to be a man –

NARRATOR: Charles said with passion.

2: I want always to be a little boy and have fun. I'll run away to Kensington Gardens and live a long time among the fairies.<sup>7</sup>

NARRATOR: But the Great British Public had other ideas. And lo, the voice of the People<sup>8</sup> was heard crying through the land. And the News of the World...

3: Layabout!

4: Playboy!

3: What's he ever done for us then?

4: Waste of money!

3: Never done a day's work in his life

4: Isn't even married

3: Perhaps he only likes them older and married

4: Like his great-grandad.

3: Or his great-uncle

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<sup>7</sup> This is a direct quote from 'Peter Pan'. Eric Presland had already written a sketch about the prosecution of JM Barrie [1974].

<sup>8</sup> *The People* is a Sunday tabloid published since the 1880s. The *News of the World* closed in the wake of a phone-hacking scandal in 2011.

4: Abdication! *[Shock]*

3: Or maybe he likes Indian boys

4: Like his Uncle Louis

3: Perhaps he hasn't got one.

4: Perhaps he's had it cut off.

3/4: Perhaps he's QUEER!

2: Ha ha ha – gulp. Hold on, you chaps. I'll prove I can do something useful. I'll – I'll – I'll get married.

NARRATOR: Roll up, roll up, for the sell-out of the century. What am I bid for this fine gal here? Just out of finishing school, perfect breeding, lovely teeth. Show them your teeth, my dear.

*[Girl steps up]*

Take a good, look, sir. You'll be able to tell her age.

3: Don't worry, Charles, you're bound to find something here. All the Royal Family shop in Horrids.

2: But the Bridal department? It's a bit bourgeois.

3: Nonsense. The flower of English maidenhood goes under the hammer at Horrids. Their foreign goods are very high quality too.

NARRATOR: Our first lot, gentlemen. Lot one in your catalogue. Lady Jane Wellesley.

3: Good pedigree that one. Great great great great grandfather Duke of Wellington. Some of the best blood in the counties.

NARRATOR: Look at those flanks!

2: Oh, I don't know.

4 [LJW]: Well, make up your mind. Are you going to marry me or not?

2: Um – what do you think, David?

3: There's plenty of other fillies in the stables. All good bloodstock.

NARRATOR: Now come along, gents. What am I bid?

4: Five hundred million, 42 titles and the finest racing stable in the world.

1 [QU]: We can't match that! We're paupers!

NARRATOR: Sold to the Aga Khan<sup>9</sup>.

3: You're going to have to be quicker off the mark, Charles. You'd better hurry up or there won't be any left.

NARRATOR: Lot 2 - Princess Marie-Astrid of Luxembourg. One of the oldest houses in Europe. What am I bid for this blonde beauty?

2: One thousand million...

1: No! She's a Catholic.

2: Can't she see a doctor or something?

1: Remember the Act of Settlement<sup>10</sup>. We'll be done for.

2: Er – scrub that.

NARRATOR: Lot 3 – Susan George<sup>11</sup>. One of the most beautiful women in the world. A film star, gentlemen.

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<sup>9</sup> Fictional. She remained unmarried.

<sup>10</sup> 1701. Stipulated all subsequent monarchs had to be Protestants.

<sup>11</sup> Most famous for being in Peckinpah's notorious *Straw Dogs* [1971]. Nowadays she has a stud farm in Somerset.

- 1[QU]/3: Highly unsuitable lifestyle.
- NARRATOR: Lot 4 – Jane Ward, lively, close to home, lots of interests in common.
- 1/3: Divorced.
- NARRATOR: Lot 5. Caroline Worsley<sup>12</sup>.
- 4: 8 O-levels, 2 A-levels, interested in archaeology, especially pre-Roman Italian civilisations.
- 2: My God! She's intelligent! Ugh!
- NARRATOR: Well, that's all we've got in Horrid's this year, I'm afraid.
- 2: What am I going to do, David? All I want is a sweet English Rose.
- 3: Or Welsh
- 1: Scots
- 3: Irish
- 1: No, not Irish I think. Not at the moment...
- 2: Yes. Er – of course. As long as she's a rose by any other name...
- 3: You don't need a rose, darling, you need a cover.
- 1/4: Shock horror outrage scandal  
Shock horror outrage
- 3: Read all about it!
- 1[QU]: Oh, what are we going to do? Charles has been rumbled. I wouldn't have minded if it had been a nice English boy. But

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<sup>12</sup> Ward and Worsley were young women linked romantically with Charles by the tabloids, who have disappeared into oblivion, unknown even to Wikipedia,

with – ugh! – foreigners. He'll catch all sorts of horrible diseases. He'll die of olive oil poisoning.

4: But, your majesty, you married a dago – I mean, Prince Philip.

1: That's different. Philip was raised as an Englishman. The bastions have started to crumble. The monarchy will never survive the crisis. I will be reduced to wandering around a council house in Chingford in a pair of pink fun-fur mules<sup>13</sup>.

4[MTHATCHER]: Three million unemployed... the nation in turmoil... anarchy in the streets... riot situation... out of control... The government will never survive the crisis.

1[QU]/4[MT]: What are we going to do? We must take the people's minds off it.

4[MT]: What about a nice little war? Something manageable not too close to home?

1[QU]: Don't you think a wedding would be preferable? We've been trying for one for ages...

4[MT]: Well, get a move on. The Navy's itching to play with its fleet, and we can't postpone an election indefinitely.

NARRATOR: And so they scoured the country far and wide...

2[PC]: Whoever this Gucci sandal fits, him – I mean her – will I marry.

NARRATOR: But there was none who would fit the bill.

2[PC]: Are there no unblemished girls left in England?

1[QU]: There are some Carmelites in Wolverhampton...

NARRATOR: Until...

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<sup>13</sup> Sue Townsend took this situation and ran with it in *The Queen and I* [1992] and *Queen Camilla* [2006].

- 3: What about – the Girl Next Door?
- 1[QU]: Oh, what a super idea. My loyal subjects will love it. Think of the publicity.
- 4[MT]: Romance is still the cornerstone of the British Way of Life. I myself married a wealthy businessman entirely for love – of my career.
- 2[PC]: Hang on. How can I marry the Girl Next Door? We haven't got a Next Door. None of our houses has a Next Door. We're always at least a mile from the nearest family.
- 3: But on the estate...
- 2[PC]: Sandringham?
- 3: Exactly. She was brought up on the estate there. I know it's three miles away, but I think we can get away with it. It's the best we can do.
- 2[PC]: What else do we know about her pedigree?
- 3: She's got some wonderful ancestors. The papers will love it. Humphrey Bogart!
- 1: God! Not an – actor! And even worse – an American!
- 3: What about Oliver Cromwell?
- 2: A republican? Absolutely ghastly. She'll chop off my head when I'm not looking.
- 3: Don't worry. Nobody will notice the difference.
- 1[QU]: That's true.
- 3: How about Caruso?
- 1[QU]: We haven't had an Eytie in the family since James II's time.
- 2: And look what happened to him!

3: Louisa M Alcott?

2: That's more like it. *Little Women*. Most appropriate. Good for the family image. Better than gangsters and singing ice-cream salesmen. And when the time comes to make babies –

3: Er – Your Highness... you do know how to make babies, don't you?

2: Of course I do.

3: That's a relief!

2: You flit from flower to flower, collecting pollen, and –

1[QU]: The trouble is, he's always had someone else to do the work for him... *[To PC]* Don't you worry your pretty head, we can always find some butch military type<sup>14</sup>.

2: Oh, how lovely.

1: Not for you. Her.

NARRATOR: And so it came to pass that the handsome prince fell in love with the pretty little Girl Next Door...

*(From opposite sides of the stage 2 [PC] and 1[PD] run towards each other. They miss. 3 and 4 catch them and turn them to face each other again.*

2[PC]: Sorry and all that.

NARRATOR: Presenting, for public inspection and approval – Lady Diana Frances Spencer, third daughter of Edward John Spencer, 8<sup>th</sup> Earl Spencer and formerly Viscount Althorpe and granddaughter of Albert Edward John Spencer, the 7<sup>th</sup> Earl Spencer and direct descendant of Charles and James II,

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<sup>14</sup> Prescience? Diana had an affair with Captain James Hewitt of the Life Guards [1986 – 1991], and Prince Harry, who was born two years before their affair officially started, was rumoured to be his son because of the extraordinary physical resemblance..

cousin to the Dukes of Bedford, Richmond, Abercorn, Marlborough and Grafton. A girl of lowly origin and your Perfect English Rose.

1[LD]: *[Shyly]* Hello.

2[PC]: Shame I have to marry beneath me, but – hello.

3: Is she a virgin?

4: Has she done it?

3: Has she got a Past?

4: There must be some muck somewhere. You don't get virgins at the age of 19 in England in 1981.

NARRATOR: Hang on, hang on. Gentlemen, please... Inspect the virginity of the exhibit.

*[They do so.]*

3: Lady Diana has never had a lover. There is no such thing as a Past for her to have.

NARRATOR: Thank you, Lord Fermoy<sup>15</sup>.

4: But will she breed?

3: What's the stock like?

4: Good child-bearing hips, is it?

3: Will she pop an heir?

4: What about her genes?

NARRATOR: Gentlemen, please... You may now inspect the – ah – breeding potential of the exhibit.

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<sup>15</sup> The Bride's maternal uncle. Shot himself while depressed in 1984, aged 45.

*[They do so.]*

4: I hereby pronounce that the gal is capable of bearing his – or anybody else’s – children.

*[A cheer.]*

2[PC]: And do you know something? You look remarkably like my mother<sup>16</sup>. Mummy!

*[He embraces 1 clumsily. Someone brings on a crate and he stands on it behind her, with his hand on her shoulder, as in the engagement photos.]*

NARRATOR: Let there be joy through the land. Let the wedding show commence

1: Wedding mugs.

2: *[Cash register]* Ker-ching!

3: Teatowels.

2: Ker-ching!

4: Commemorative coins.

2: Ker-ching!

1: Commemorative Stamps.

2: Ker-ching!

3: Postcards

2: Ker-ching!

4: Songs and records

ALL: The tills are ringing for me and my girl  
The cheques are winging for me and my girl

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<sup>16</sup> Played by the same actor.

All the Lords will determine  
To parade in their ermine  
All the freeloading vermin  
Every Baron and Earl.  
The flags are waving for me and my girl  
They'll be behaving for me and my girl.  
And now they won't eradicate the monarchy  
For a century or more  
They're going to love it for me and my girl.

ALL: Ker-ching!

2[PC]: There's mass hysteria for Diana and me;  
From those inferior to Diana and me  
All the presents are mountin'  
Gold pours in a fountain  
And accountants are countin' –  
Every penny's tax-free  
There's millions viewing Diana and me;  
They're 'ah' and 'ooh-ing' for Diana and me  
And if they sit and watch it on their telly screens  
They'll forget the dreadful scenes  
Of riots round Diana and me.

REST: The riots growing round him and his girl  
The bombs they're throwing round him and his girl  
In Toxteth and Brixton  
As they see what the pigs done  
And justice they're fixed on  
As the tear gas swirls.  
The pigs are raiding for him and his girl  
Through blood they're wading for him and his girl  
And while the politicians play the fool  
There'll be nobody left to rule  
No kingdom for him and his girl.

2: Ker-ching! And the royalties go to royalty. Ha! Ha!

3/4: Quick, we must take the pictures.

3: Your highness – here.

4: Lady Diana – here please.

3/4: Oh.

*[They look at the respective heights. Diana is much taller.]*

3: The Mills and Boon Romantic Authors' Manual: "The hero is always to be between 4 and 6 inches taller than the heroine..." I know.

*[Tries tricks of knees bend, on tip-toe etc. Finally brings on a stool for CHARLES to stand on which makes him much too tall. But by lying on their back and shooting upwards finally gets the shot.]*

NARRATOR: The greatest come from far and wide to inspect and prepare...

4[CANTUAR]: Marriage – serious business – holy wedlock – children – Christian church – for life – ten pounds please.

*[Money changes hands]*

CANTUAR: Kiss my ring.

3 [QUEEN MUM]: Lovely girl. Lovely granddaughter. Where's the gin?

IAN PAISLEY<sup>17</sup>: The loyalists of Ulster are proud to meet their future queen, and hope that the happy couple will live in peace and prosperity following the example of the people of Northern Ireland<sup>18</sup>, and not breed any homosexuals. And any Taig<sup>19</sup> who doesn't agree will get what's coming to him. In the name of God the father, God the son...

M THATCHER: So happy... great example to the unemployed... get women back to having babies again, out of the factories and back on their backs where they belong. Except me, of course.

*[3 actors start to compose and dress the couple for the great occasion.]*

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<sup>17</sup> Leader of the Democratic Unionist Party in Ulster 1971-2008

<sup>18</sup> This was the time of hunger strikes in the Maze Prison and IRA bombings in mainland Britain.

<sup>19</sup> Insulting Protestant term for a Catholic in Ulster.

NARRATOR: But what of the shy quiet girl at the heart of the occasion, the still centre of all the hubbub?

1[LD]: *[Coming forward to address the audience]* Shit! What am I doing? I must be out of my head. Look what they've done to Mummy<sup>20</sup>, putting her at the back like that, just because she's a second wife. Thirteen years she's been with us, saved Daddy's life and everything<sup>21</sup>, so they punish her because he got divorced. Typical. I can't go through with this. I can't do it!

NARRATOR: Beneath that composed exterior, a might battle rages...

3: Think of his money. Think of the influence.

4: You'll always have to walk one pace behind him. It's like being an Arab wife. Worse.

3: You'll go down in history.

4: You'll never have a private life again.

3: Think of your family. Your old Dad's nearly bankrupt. It would save our bacon, old girl.

4: You'll have to get rid of all your old friends. They're not thought 'suitable'.

1[LD]: Sarah...

1: Sarah, you've always been my best friend, ever since nursery in King's Lynn.

4[SARAH]: Remember the feasts in the Dorm at old Widdlesworth?

1: Yes. You stuck an apple tart in my bed and I sat on top of it and got all the goo on my jimjams when I got in.

*[They giggle.]*

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<sup>20</sup> Raine, Countess Spencer. In life, the children, including Diana, hated her, nicknaming her 'acid Raine'.

<sup>21</sup> In 1978 Earl Spencer had a brain haemorrhage and his wife's nursing is credited with saving his

- 4: Switzerland was best, though...
- 1: Yes... I think it was on the ski slopes of Montreux that I knew I loved you. You looked so beautiful against the smooth white slopes... of my breasts... I wish you could have come back to England.
- 4: We had our own lives to lead. My consultancy –
- 1: My nursery school. I'm going to miss that, Sarah.
- 4: But leaving was inevitable. You were going to graduate to the juniors next year anyway.
- 1: Don't josh, Sarah. It's totally sad Sarah – you won't mind if I marry him?
- 4: It's your choice.
- 1: I shall miss you terribly. And I will think of you always.
- 4: Maybe one day –
- 1: If he falls off his horse and breaks his neck...
- 4: Just one question. If you feel like this, why go through with it?
- 1: I don't know. I thought at first I wouldn't, but then the family and the press and everyone expected it, and talked like it had already happened, and I just got sort of carried along. Oh Sarah I don't think I can go through with it – the sacrifice isn't worth it.

*[DIANA sings. Others become backing chorus/dancers. To the tune of 'YMCA']*

- 1: Young girl, there's a different way  
I said, young girl, don't just do what they say  
I said, young girl, you can bet that he's gay  
But there's no need to be unhappy

Young girl, you should run for your life  
I said, young girl, there'll be nothing but strife  
If you break out and set up on your own  
You'll find better things than a throne.

And so I'm asking you Y B A wife?  
You know it's not for you - Y B A wife?

You'll be chained to him for the rest of your days  
It isn't a passing phase

And so I ask myself Y B A wife?  
I'm better on the shelf – Y B A wife?

4: We'll never be poor, want for anything more  
It will open ev-er-y door

Young girl, are you listening to me?  
Young girl, what do you want to be?  
I say young girl, you're much better than this  
So step back from the abyss...

Y B A Wife?

*[They dance off, then return to the scene]*

4: If you back out now, the Windsors won't forgive you.  
They're not called The Firm for nothing. It wouldn't take  
much: a hidden rabbit hole when you're out riding to  
hounds... a push off the Royal Yacht Britannia... a high  
speed car crash<sup>22</sup>... Oh, Duch –

1: Oh Sarah –

*[They reach to embrace each other, but the other two actors pull them  
apart.]*

NARRATOR: Your majesties, your highnesses, your graces, your  
lordships, your worships, your excellencies, seigneurs, my

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<sup>22</sup> How did we guess?!

lord bishops, chancellors, sheriff principals, my lords, ladies and gentlemen. I give you, the Bride's family.

2: Call me Johnny Spencer. Common sort of chap. Got to find a way to pay off all the gambling debts. Estate's in ruins... Scotch and soda? Oh, thank you. Thank God for a gal who's been bred to her station. She'll do her duty. For her father.

NARRATOR: The Bride's mother – Raine, Countess of Dartmouth.

1: Do you mind? I'm the Bride's mother. Her real mother – Frances Ruth Burke Roche, formerly Viscountess Althorpe, now Mrs Peter Shand Kydd.

3: No, I'm the girl's mother. You forfeited your right when you walked out – ran away. *[To audience.]* Raine, Countess of Dartmouth. *[She curtseys.]*

1: You can't replace a real mother – she's much closer to me than you – I'm the one who stood up to the press for her – protected her –

3: Fifteen years I've given for her and her family. She'll marry Charles for me. I've always wanted to be a Queen's mother.

1: She'll marry him for me. To erase the stain of the divorce... the custody case I lost... It'll put me right in the eyes of society. They won't be able to sneer then. She'll prove she loves me.

3: She'll marry him for me.

1: For me

3: For me.

*[They square up to each other.]*

4: Cat fight! Cat fight! I'll give you 6 to 4 on the one in the pearls.

NARRATOR: Break it up please... Back in your seats. Go outside if you want to fight. As you can see, a fine example of family loyalty for Diana to follow. Pillars of marital fidelity. Lastly, the Bride's grandmother. Miss –

*[4 – in drag – a symphony of pink..]*

4: Don't bother, darling. Everyone knows me. "Slowly he took her in his arms and held her soft downy body to his chest. The moonlight glinted through her chemise. "Darling," he breathed, her sweet scent in his nostrils. "Darling," it's hard to believe you're only – a turkey." "Gobble?" she said, looking at him, hurt yet questioning." End of Chapter One, Book 3,124: "Royal Gobbler". Don't you know? Everyone knows me. And I shall be the most famous granny in the world – after his, of course. She'll marry him for me. To keep old granny happy.

ALL: She'll marry him for me.

*[Wedding march. They line up.]*

4[CANTUAR]: Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the sight of our God – our white, male, English God – to join this future monarch to this matching accessory –

1: I won't obey him –

3: Ha ha.

1: I said, I won't obey him. I know I have to obey him, I read it in 'The Lady'.

3: Of course you will.

1: I won't say it.

4: You only have to say it. You don't have to do it. There'll be plenty of 'instructors'. Riding instructors, tennis instructors, fitness instructors, driving instructors –

3: Trampoline instructors

4: Trampoline instructors?

3: I thought she might enjoy bouncing up and down on a mat.

NARRATOR: Do you, Charles Philip Arthur etc etc take this thing to be your lawful wedded thing, to have and to hold, to dominate, pontificate, humiliate and inseminate, to dress up like a clothes horse to show how rich and powerful you are, to keep from doing anything meaningful with her life to show that you can both afford to be idle, to cherish, love and patronise as long as ye both shall live?

2[PC]: I do.

NARRATOR: And do you, Diana Frances, promise to put up with all that shit, to lie back and think of something else while the Royal penis is penetrating you, to dutifully spawn as many children as he decides, but guaranteeing two boys, to flutter your eyelashes, to look demurely down, to smile modestly and above all keep your mouth shut, as long as ye both shall live?

1: I -

*[A big breath. Freeze.]*

NARRATOR: Will Diana have the courage of her convictions? Will she stand back from the charade? Or will she go along with it for the sake of the money, the fame, the media attention, and clearing the family debts? What do you think?

*[Take a vote of the audience. Depending on the result...]*

NARRATOR: And they all lived happily/unhappily ever after.

**THE END**

