**King George and the Man in the Iron Shorts**

By Ben Johnston and Chris Humphrey

For the Prattsbottom Mummers, 2013

Cast of characters:

Ben Johnston – King George

Misty Poe – Princess Fanny Bubble

Ally Curtis – Sir Annie

Daniel Norton – Fool (Lafterstock Flatus McPoot)

Nigel Jacobs—Sir Bootay

Norris Harrell – Sir Gimpy

Genevieve Kent – Sir Belchy

Chris Humphrey – The Doctor

Kathleen Yoder— Lady in Waiting

**Fool:**

I open the door, I enter in,

A wondrous tale for you I’ll spin

Of death, destruction, abomination

Unique destinations for Christmas vacation!

The princess is bored; she’s churlish and rude.

The king can’t please her when she’s in this mood.

As the fool, be assured, I am most resolute

To make them both smile, or my name ain’t…

Laftershock Flatus McPoot.

**King George**:

Ah me, ah me, the Royal she

Is sore beset by princesstral ennui.

There’s nothing at all that she wants to do;

When we’re racking a serf she won’t e’en turn the screw.

**Lady in Waiting:**

Your Royal Highness, you’re wearing a frown.

Perhaps it is time to send in that clown.

**Princess Fanny:**

Yahhh. Whatever.

**Lady in Waiting**

Yo, McPoot!

*(enter Fool)*

**Fool:**

Fanny Bubble, what’s happenin’ babe?

**Lady in Waiting:**

*Princess* Fanny to you, you insolent knave!

**Princess Fanny:**

Bbbbbbb [horse sound with lips]

See before you a princess no longer content

With transporting peasants behind on the rent.

I want princes competing to be my boy toy,

Or cities laid waste like for Helen of Troy.

**Lady in Waiting:**

Her majesty’s blue.  So what can you do?

I hope to Helen you’ve something new!

**Fool:**Helen of Troy? Or Helen Bed?

**King George:**

I’ve heard that a fool can sometimes lose his head…

**Fool:**

I’ve heard that, my liege, but I’ve also been hearing

That your darling daughter’s stopped being endearing

Yet with your permission I’ll now essay

To coax a few giggles, and make her feel gay.

***Fool*** *does some physical trickery*

***Princess Fanny*** *gives an equally physical display of her boredom.*

**Fool:**

Oh *that* was my *warm-up*; now what should I do?

Mayhap tell my mistress a fine joke or two?

Ahem…Saint George and a Dragon walk into an inn…

**Princess Fanny:**

## You’d jape at my [Grandpa](http://grandpere.com/)? Don’t even begin.

**Fool:**

Your grace, grant a fool a brief moment to think.

Ought I to break wind? That might cause a stink.

But…artfully farting’s ‘most always a hoot.

**King George:**

Any child eating cheese can play the butt flute!

**Lady in Waiting:**You’re bombing here Flatus, you need to retool.

Hie thyself back to thy Jester school.

Find gory subjects to make mistress laugh;

And learn to distinguish a jest from a gaffe.

**Fool:**

But wait! *Here’s* a thought sent me down from the firmament.

How ‘bout your majesties throw a big tourmament?

Have knights foregather from all cross the land

Who’ll battle to win Fanny’s land--I mean hand.

**King George:**

Yes! A knight of her own-I’m sure they’ll be happy!

Make it so! Make it great! Most of all, make it snappy!

**Fool:**Your wish, your majesty, is my command

I’ll round up some champions and book a brass band.

YO, CHAMPIONS! YO, SOLDIERS! YO, HORSEMEN! YO, KNIGHTS!  
YE DUELERS OF DUELS AND YE FIGHTERS OF FIGHTS!

COME HITHER FROM THITHER. YOUR [SOVEREIGN](http://thesaurus.com/browse/sovereign) INSISTS!

COME NOW TO HIS CASTLE! ENROLL IN HIS LISTS!

*Enter Champions, one by one*

**Fool:**

Sir Annie!

**King:**

Annie?

**Fanny:**Well, *yeah*! We’re not living in the dark ages.

**King:**

Sigh. It only seems like it…

**Fool:**

Sir Annie!

**Sir Annie:**

A champion am I, see how my hat gleams.

I quest for this princess of every knight’s dreams.

But some foulness afoot puts my nose all aquiver;

My hair stands on end and my spine feels a shiver.

It cannot be fear, for there’s nothing I dread

But mud on my shoon or bad hairs on my head.

Yet this odor so bold that it fair cleaves the air

Gives one pause; does it come from that knight over there?

**Fool:**

Sir Bootay!

**Sir Bootay:**

We **true** knights are not judged on how well we smell

But on looking good storming the great gates of hell

For destiny calls us to seek glorious death,

To make corpses so swell that the girls catch their breath.

Yes ‘tis nobler to look good than smell good you see.

After all, when we’re armored we’ve nowhere to pee.

Enclosed in tin suits we face our greatest test

As breathless we wait for our beans to digest

Hey, no cutting in line, you unmannerly beast

**Fool:**

Sir Belchy!

**Sir Belchy:**

Good morrow, well met. This the line for the feast?

I can do no competing with this growling belly.

Yet eating’s less pleasing near something so smelly.

I trust that the meat has not started to turn…

Say, is that there the princess I’ve come here to earn?

I honor the sovereign who’s sired such a beauty.

She’s quelled my concerns about husbandly duty.

Excuse me; I need to fill flagon and plate

Did I mention I’m watching my weight?

**(rushing in) Sir Gimpy:**Am I late??

**Fool:**

(wearily) The late Sir Gimpy!

**King:**

Sir Belchy, Sir Booty, Sirs Gim..

**Sir Bootay:**

BootAY! BootAY! Zee ak-‘sent’s on zee AY

**King:**

Zee what? No comprendo your words in Francais.

Sir Belchy, Sir Booty, Sirs Gimpy and Annie...

The strongest among you will marry my Fanny.

**Lady in Waiting:**

I say! What mysterious knight’s posing there?

So daring yet caring, with hair that’s most rare

I hope that he wins Fanny’s hand fair and square.  
*(sniffing)* Though he does seem to have a (*sniff, sniff*) certain air.

**Fanny:**

These are my champions? Three dolts and a poser?

Her majesty’s daddy just wants to dispose her.  
‘Though one of them does make my heart pray to Venus.

That knight with the whiskers and really large……nose.

(Lady in Waiting brings in rock.)

**Fool:**

The games will commence when the king dings the clock

Your chore is to pick up this really big rock.

As each of you fails please make way for the next;

Think not ill of yourself; it’s your role in the text.

‘Tis written that always the last player wins

After which the band plays and bear-baiting begins

(*King strikes the clock.)*

**Sir Annie:**

I’ll go first, I suppose, to save y’all trouble.

That fool’s just a fool; I will **win** Fanny Bubble!

After that just for fun I’ll take all you knights down

Wearing 8-inch high heels and a strapless ball gown.

(*Band plays something suspenseful? Drum roll?)*

*(Sir Annie tries to lift the rock and fails. King dings the clock.)*

**Sir Gimpy:**

I’ve stones that are bigger than this little pebble,

Unlike Monsieur Annie who only sings treble.

Step aside, little lady, and witness the strength

That comes from a knight of most uncommon length.

**Fool:**

I think he means height.

(*Band or drummer plays something suspenseful)*

*(Sir Gimpy limps to the rock, tries to lift it and fails. King dings the clock.)*

**Sir Belchy:**

I thank you, King George, in advance for the gift  
Of your sweet daughter’s hand when this boulder I lift.

I am as you know, all chiseled and buff,

Intelligent, cultured, and were that not enough,

I’m healthy and wealthy and ever so wise

**King:**

That’s great!—(to lady in waiting) Run fetch me a flagon and fries.

*(Sir Belchy belches, tries to lift the rock and fails. King dings the clock.)***Sir Bootay:**

Let all watch the princess as I goes and shows her

That the poser who follows the dolts is the closer

He’s the matinee idol who’ll never audition

Firm chin, wavy hair and no end of ambition

Observe as this rock rises over his head

*(lifts rock and as he does, lets out a tremendous fart, which is strong enough to kill the princess)*

Oh, bad luck! Princess Fanny seems to have dropped dead.

**King:**

Oh Fanny, dear Fanny, my darlingest child

Thou sweeter than treacle if you were not riled.

I was only attempting to find you a spouse!

I pray that a doctor may be in the house!

**Lady in Waiting:**

I found this flyer in the flower bed

It says “Dead? Call Doctor Fred.”

**Doctor:**

I’m that doctor, although I confess I was loathe

To study in school or take that lame oath.

But for enough money, yes, for enough cash,

I can stitch up a fever or bleed out a gash.

I’ve physic enough to melt dental plaque

*(gets a good whiff)*

Whew!   
And lucky for you, cure a gas attack!

Sweet Fanny, so cheeky in life as in death,

It’s tragic this stinker has stolen your breath!

But if I can give you the sweet kiss of life,

In rebirth you’ll still be some lucky man’s wife

*(Doctor kisses the princess who comes back to life)*

**Princess Fanny:**

Oh do that again and again ‘til world’s end

Dear Doctor, please be both my love and best friend

Oh Daddy, dear Daddy, please say we can wed!

I’ll even let him sleep every night in my bed!

**Sir Annie:**Mistletoe, Mistletoe, up in a tree

**Sir Gimpy:**

Fanny and Harry just glad as can be

Fanny and Freddy just glad as can be

**Sir Belchy:**

K-I-S-S-I-N-G

*(another fart)*

**Sir Bootay:**

Who are you looking at? It wasn’t me!

**Fool:**And now our tale is done.

We hope you’ve had some fun.

We wish you much good cheer.

Glad Tidings and Happy New Year!