**Prince George on Reality TV***written by Chris Humphrey, Ben Johnston and Nigel Jacobs for the Prattsbottom Mummers, 2014*

Simon DeScowl (Judge #1): Nigel Jacobs

Daisy DeLight (Judge #2): Misty Poe

Announcer: Chris Humphrey

Joan of Arc: Kathleen Yoder

Pyramus: Norris Harrell

Prince George/Cow: Daniel Norton  
Doctor:  Ben Johnston

**Announcer:**

We’ve opened the door; did you lot come in

Just to see which daring contestant will win?

The martyr, the lover, the prince who’s a cow?

The doors have been locked -- it’s too late to leave now!

Brace your souls for death scenes that will make you cry “Why??”

It’s the epic finale of… “So You Think You Can Die!”

Please welcome our judges of “murder most foul”

Here’s Daisy Delighted and Simon DeScowl

*(Simon and Daisy stand and wave to the audience)*

**Announcer:**

Our first contestant rides in looking stark.

Is it Lady Godiva? No! It’s Saint Joan of Arc!

*Joan of Arc enters and takes center stage*

**Simon**:

You call that an entrance? Did you jump your cue?

You look already dead. What more can you do?

**Daisy:**

Don’t listen to him, he just wants you stressed.

Take a deep breath now, and then do your best

**Simon:**

So where are you from, and who will you portray?

If you fail, it will totally make my day!

**Joan:**

I’m from Paris Texas; I’ll be playing St. Joan

She’s been captured and tried: now she’ll die all alone.

She’s a saint and a soldier from long-ago France.

She may be a girl, but she wears metal pants.

Her death wasn’t pretty, but like it or not,

All the history books say she was totally hot.

**Simon:**

Get on with it then. Show us what you’ve got.

**Joan:**

The flames the followed, Joan of Arc

As I went riding through the dark.

Who *ARE* you, I sternly spoke,

To the voice beneath the smoke.

I’m fire, he replied.

You look cold. Please step inside.

And then I clearly understood

If he was fire, I must be wood.

*(Says “Hit it” to accompanist and begins to sing, pulling a fan from her bosom*):

I fell into a burnin’ ring of fire.

I went down, down, down, and the flames went higher,

And it burned, burned, burned, this ring of fire,

Ow, this is really hot.  Ow, ow, ow, ow. It BURNS!!!!!!

I’m melting!!! Somebody call 9-1-1!

*(and more of the same until she dies.*)

*(Announcer runs on stage with clap-o-meter and measures audience response)*

**Simon:**

Enough! Enough! You need to retire.

I’ve seen more pathos in an outhouse fire.

**Daisy:**I thought you were brilliant. I thought you were great!  
On a scale to10, I’d give you eleven-point-eight!

**Simon:**

Go away, don’t come back. Take Ms. Brainless along *[jerks thumb at Daisy]*

And never again dare to sing a torch song.

*(Joan exits)*

**Announcer:**

If our last guest was very much into ignition

Our next guest is full of noble ambition.

He’s hoping to earn the highest score

Although he’s never acted before.

He’s tackling Shakespeare for his first speaking role!

If he wins he has high hopes to get off the dole.

*(Pyramus enters and takes center stage)*

**Simon:**

Dear Gott in Himmel, what are you thinking?

You’ve not started yet and already it’s stinking.

A rank beginner. How’d you even get here?

You think you can tackle Sir Willie-yam Shakespeare?

**Daisy:**

Well, *I* think you’re cute and I love me some bard.

So don’t mind Simon. He’s just a blow-hard.

**Simon:**

Well at least I know that I don’t suck.

Well, show us your pluck you poor schmuck, wish you luck!

**Announcer:**

Our amateur actor will now play a scene

Nearly verbatim from Midsummer Night’s Dream.

Pyramus, hailing the moon up above

Fears that a lion has eaten his love.

**Pyramus:**

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is--no, no--which **was** the fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd

with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:

*Stabs himself*

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon take thy flight:

Now die, die, die, die, die.

*Dies*

*(Announcer runs on with clap-o-meter to gauge audience response)*

**Simon:**

Two murdered minutes that I’ll never get back.

It would stretch the truth to call you a hack.

Shakespeare himself is attempting suicide

And that’s not easy since he’s already died.

**Daisy:**Oh my god, you were frabjous, you’re the next great sensation

As our audience showed with their standing ovation.

They loved you! They loved you and I love you, too!

Wanna go for a coffee? Find something to do?

**Simon:**

Go away little man. There’s no way you can win.

Doing Shakespeare like that is a grave mortal sin.

*(Pyramus exits)*

**Announcer:**Thanks for the tweets and texts you sent to this show.

Now our next contestant’s someone all of you know.

Together we will up close and personally forge

An intimate acquaintance with none other than PRINCE GEORGE!!!!!

*(Prince George enters; Simon and Daisy stand until he acknowledges them. Daisy runs up and graps a selfie with George)*

**Announcer:**

Good evening, your majesty. Welcome to the show.

I’m sure our viewers are just dying to know

Why you’ve chosen to compete on SYTYCD

When you already have fame and a palace rent free.

**Prince George:**

I’ve been an amateur actor for many a year,

And acting is something I hold very dear.  
But I want it to be something more than a hobby,

Greeting friends who got comps post-show in the lobby.  
I want to amount to more than a mummer  
Type cast each solstice three months after summer.

This is an opportunity simply not to be missed,

And it’s right at the top of my own bucket list.

*(Prince George starts putting on his costume on stage.)*

**Simon:**

Your highness!  What an honor to see you tonight!

I’m sure you’ll do fine.  You’ll put up a good fight.

I can’t wait to see what you’ve got for us now.

Oh my goodness, you’re transforming into a cow!

**Daisy:**

I *love* cows, above all when I know they’re royal!

You’ll never find a fan who’s nearly as loyal.

But to come to the point, it’s just that I’m saying…

**Simon:**

Daisy, *please!....*Now Sire, tell us all who you’re playing.

**Prince George:**

The cow, Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy book two

That’s The Restaurant at the End of the Universe to you.

**Simon:**Ah yes.  Please forgive me, but if I recall,

There’s no death in that scene, no death at all.

The point of this show is to die on TV

Winning fame for a full five minutes times three.

**Prince George:**Yes, Simon, you’re right; the cow dies in the wings.

But I’m going to improv a death scene fit for kings.  
To be perfectly candid, I admit I’ve rehearsed

My piece in epic prose, rather than in singsong verse.

**Daisy:**

Ooh!  Improv! and prose!  Now that’s something new!

**Simon:**

Break a leg, your highness, all eyes are on you.

**Prince George** *(as the Cow)*:

Good evening, I am the Main Dish of the Day.

May I interest you in parts of my body?

Something off the shoulder perhaps,

Braised in a white wine sauce?  
Or the rump is quite succulent.

I’ve been cross-training like a fiend and I’m completely gluten free.

May I urge you to consider my liver?

It must be very rich and tender by now;

I’ve been force-feeding myself for months.

Four rare steaks?  A very wise choice, if I may say so.

I’ll just nip off and shoot myself.

Don’t worry sir, I’ll be very humane.

*(as the Prince, to the judges)*And this is the part I’ve worked up myself.

It’ll win me an Oscar to put on my shelf!

Ready?

**Simon & Daisy:**

Ready.

*(George enacts shooting himself and actually dies.  The announcer runs out with the clap-o-meter.  Simon and Daisy are on their feet, clapping enthusiastically.)***Simon:**

Now *that’s* why I come to work every day.

**Daisy:**

Your performance was perfect in every which way!

**Simon:**

Bravo, your majesty, you may now take a bow.

And I have to say, you’re a whale of a cow!

*(Announcer goes over to help him up and discovers he’s dead)*

**Announcer:**

I’m terribly afraid that His Majesty’s dead.

The bullet must have traveled from his foot to his head?

As your announcer, I must make this announcement:

Is there a doc in the house to make a… pronouncement?;

*(Announcer runs off stage calling for a doctor)*

**Doctor:**

I’m not a doctor but I’ve played one on TV.

A featured extra and third grip on Doogie Howser, MD.

I’ll be happy to look at Prince George, of course

And do what I can for His Highness’s corpse.

I’ll hold up a mirror to see if he’s breathing,

Take a look in his mouth to see if he’s teething.

I’ll examine him closely, in all the wrong places,

With an ear for his pulse, if it drags or it races.

Examine him for bloat or hypertension

Enter medical codes too numerous to mention.

I’ll turn him over, and give him a thump

To see if he’s got a reflex in his rump.

I’ll tickle his toes and wiggle his nose.

O dear he’s got the runs…. In his hose.

*(to the announcer and judges):*

Now don’t get all panicky, don’t lose your mooring.  
I do believe His Majesty’s snoring!

**Daisy:**

May I be so bold as to offer my service,

Although I confess I feel kind of nervous?  
A kiss could awaken a prince from his sleep.  
It can fan the flames of a love true and deep.

Then I’d never have to work with old Simon again.

A chance to get off this show? Just let me at him!!!!

*(Daisy kisses the prince and he revives)*

**Simon:**

Well played, Prince George. Your excellent acting

Had all of us fooled and over-reacting!

You win the Grand Prize. Your death was the best.

But we’ve got a little something for all of the rest.

*(enter Joan of Arc, Pyramus, and the announcer who carries a tray of libations)*

**Simon:**

WASSAIL!!!!!

**Daisy:**

WASSAIL!!!!!

**Announcer:**I’ll tell you WASSAIL!

**Joan:**

That comes in bottles brown and pale.

**Pyramus:**

In bottles brown and pale so bring some here,

**Doctor:**

And we’ll have a merry Christmas and a happy new year!

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