

Scene 1

Scene opens in the Queen's office in the Palace with Queen and a teapot with fresh tea - tea time. Servant in the background and a lamp by the Queen. Queen wearing crown is sitting and reading a tabloid about the Royal Family. Looks worried. Drinks tea in a refined way.

Queen: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Not again. What should I do? I shouldn't have let Charles marry that horse-like woman. There she is again in the papers, looking like a common prostitute, embarrassing our family. She's so immature. She's so unrepresentative, so un-royal. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. *Rubs head.*

Servant: His Royal Highness, Prince Charles of Wales. *Charles enters.*

Charles: Good evening, my dearest mother.

Queen: Good evening, my eldest son. Have you already seen the new Spotlight?

Charles: No, I haven't happened across that yet. Is there anything interesting in there?

Queen: It depends what you mean by "interesting".

Charles: Tell me what's happened.

Queen: Look for yourself. I trust you can do something for yourself by now.

Charles excitedly: Oh, look, it's Camilla! Doesn't she look beautiful there?

Queen: You can't be serious. Look at the shame she's bringing to our family.

Charles: Well, who isn't these days?

Servant: Would you like some more tea, your majesty?

Queen: No, thank you, I've had enough. I just need a little bit of fresh air. I'm going out for a walk.

Charles: Have a good time, mummy. Don't let anything happen to you.

Queen leaves. Charles takes some tea and sits down.

Charles: But mum has to admit that that orange dress really suits her, don't you think, Albert?

Lights go down.

Scene 2

Scene opens with the Royal Family in a room. Charles, William, Philip.

Charles: I saw mummy at tea time. She said she was just going for a walk. I haven't seen her since.

Will: So, she hasn't come back yet?

Philip: How very unusual.

Charles: Maybe she just didn't want to eat any dinner.

Will: Not surprising when Camilla was supervising it. I could barely eat any of it myself. *Camilla enters with a glass of wine in her hand - a little tipsy.* Speak of the devil.

Camilla: Hello, my dears. How did you all enjoy dinner?

Charles: Excellent as always. You make such a wonderful cook.

Philip: It was a little tough on my dentures, but I always enjoy a challenge.

Camilla: By the way, where's mummy dearest?

Will: She went for a walk and hasn't come back.

Camilla: Oh no, she missed my dinner. And I worked so hard on it. What a pity.

Will: Yes, it's quite a pity, but we are much more worried about her not coming back at all.

Camilla still deep in her thoughts: Never mind, I'll tell the cooks to save some food for when she returns. Surely she must be awfully hungry by now.

Charles: I am sure she'll be pleased, darling.

Camilla: Wait, Will, what did you just say? *a bit puzzled* The Queen is missing?

Will: Yes, that's right.

Camilla: What shall we do about that?

Philip: Maybe we should go looking for her.

Charles: Oh, I shouldn't have let her go alone.

Camilla: Oh, don't worry, my dear. She's competent enough on her own.

Charles: And if she doesn't come back at all? What then? Should we call the police?

Philip: Oh, now let's not get too excited here. There's no need to involve the police. Just imagine the tabloids.

Charles: She was quite excited about the tabloids today. She was jealous of Camilla's appearance in there, so maybe she'd like to be in there.

Will annoyed look: I don't think so. It would be a huge scandal. We can't let the media get wind of this.

All: Yeah, yeah, I agree, etc.

Reporter jumps out with a camera and takes a picture.

Reporter: So, the Queen's missing then, eh?

Will: Oh, get out of here, you. You'll learn everything you need to know in due time. *Shoos pap. away.*

Philip: I guess the news is out there.

Camilla: We'll have to call the police. Charles, be a dear and call the police.

Charles: What's the number, Camilla?

Camilla: I don't know. What's the number, Will?

Will sighs and in a stage whisper: Birds of a feather flock together. *Loudly to Charles and Camilla:* It's 999, everyone knows that!

Charles goes to call the police. Lights go down.

Scene 3

Two halves of the stage. Charles on one half, Roger on the other. Charles has a phone. A phone next to Roger. Roger bored, reading a paper, feet on the table.

Charles: Oh, what was that number, again? 9 . . . 9 . . . 8? No, that's not right. Ah, 9, that's it. *Dials phone and it rings next to Roger who answers it.*

Roger sounding bored, not paying attention: Roger Greenhorn speaking. What can I do for you?

Charles: This is Charles, Prince of Wales.

Roger: Yeah, sure, and I'm the Queen of England.

Charles: Mummy? Is that you?

Roger: What are you, daft? You calling from the loony bin or something?

Charles: Mind your language. You are speaking with the Prince of Wales.

Roger: Yes, and you're speaking with the Queen.

Charles: You can't be my mummy, she's gone missing. That's why I'm calling.

Roger: What? Are you trying to tell me that the Queen's gone? Very funny. If she was missing, someone from the Royal Family would call.

Charles: Yeah. That's exactly why I'm calling.

Roger: And what do you want me to do about it?

Charles: Find my mummy, of course. I miss her so much.

Roger *feet off of table, sounds more interested:* It was very clever of you to call me. I'm just the man to track down our Queen. What happened?

Charles: My dearest mummy went for a walk after tea and never came back. I can't go on without her.

Roger: Don't worry. We'll do everything in our power to help you. *enthusiastically:* And I have a good feeling we'll find her.

Scene 4

Chief sitting in comfortable armchair, with a cigarette. Roger enters in yellow macintosh with a black umbrella. Roger looks uncomfortable. Knock, knock, knock.

Chief: Come in. What do you want this time, Greenhorn?

Roger: This time it's something really important. Prince Charles called and said that the Queen is missing.

Chief: You must be out of your mind.

Roger: No, I'm surely not. I told you before - I got that strange phone call and it turned out to be Prince Charles.

Chief: Greenhorn, was it really His Highness Prince Charles who called?

Roger: Yes, sir. *looks a bit puzzled* You know, at first, I wasn't so sure, but it definitely must have been him. Who else would sound so desperate?

Chief: Great, so we can become famous finally, but only if you don't spoil everything this time. You remember the last case, with the Scottish? It was a total fiasco, and just because of your stupidity.

Roger: No, sir. There is no doubt this time *looks full of doubt.* I will try to do my very best.

Chief: OK then, but don't screw anything up. It's a complicated situation. There is no time for journalists and publicity.

Roger: Yes, sir. But who is going to speak in front of the press? They are already waiting for us outside.

Chief: Of course it will be you. You are now responsible for all that mess.

Roger: Really??? *fade out with Roger looking scared*

Scene 5

Scene opens in a room with 5 people: 3 reporters, Roger, and Chief. Roger looks nervous, fumbling with papers. Chief is confident.

Chief: Welcome to our press conference. We would like to inform the public about our new case. To do so, here is the man in charge of our investigation, Detective Greenhorn.

Roger *nervously, stammering:* The . . . the . . . the Queen is missing. *Everybody shocked. Reporter 2 laughs. Roger says strongly:* It's not so funny!

Reporter 1: Do you know what has happened?

Reporter 2: Maybe she just got lost – she didn't keep in mind the way. Did you look for her?

Reporter 3: Do you think that somebody could have kidnapped her?

Roger *overwhelmed:* One at a time, please, one at a time.

Reporter 1: Do you know what has happened?

Roger: Well, um, all we have learnt so far is that the Queen probably went for a walk and, um, er, uh simply didn't return home.

Reporter 2: Maybe she just got lost – she didn't keep in mind

the way. Did you look for her?

Roger: It's not possible. The Queen knows that place very well. We've checked all of the usual places. Um, I don't know where else we could look.

Reporter 3: Do you think that somebody could have kidnapped her?

Roger: Well, this is the most probable possibility. We have some inklings and we are confident that we will solve the case very quickly. *doesn't look confident*

Reporter 1: So could you tell us who you suspect?

Roger: Well, there is not only one suspect. It's possible it was the Mafia or a group of Scottish freedom fighters. They all don't like the Queen and the Royal Family.

Reporter 3: Why do you suspect the Mafia?

Roger: Well, their boss said about 2 months ago that they wanted to take control of the Kingdom.

Reporter 2: I would like to ask you – don't you think that some members of Royal Family would be happy if the Queen didn't come back?

Roger: I won't answer such an impertinent question. I see that you don't have any useful questions, so thank you for coming and have a nice day. *leaves; lights go off*

Scene 6

The group of young Scots is sitting in a Scottish pub in London, drinking, watching football, and criticising English players.

Scot 1: Hey laddie, you run like a disabled rabbit that thinks football is a cube of sugar. What's your problem?

Scot 2: He's an Englishman. They all run that way.

Scot 3: Football's no game for the English. They can barely walk right.

Scot 1: Yee. Losers.

Scot 2: Bonnie, when are you going to introduce us to your new boyfriend?

Scot 3: Yeah, we've heard so much about him. We can't wait to meet him at last.

Scot 1: I hope he'll be better looking than an Englishman.

Bonnie: Don't worry. I'm sure you will like him. He's very handsome. Much nicer than the disabled rabbit on the screen. *Everybody laughs. Suddenly a reporter appears on screen.*

Reporter: Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry for interrupting the match, but I have bad news for you. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II is missing. If you know anything that can help the police, don't hesitate and call immediately. Thank you very much.

Bonnie looks shocked - leaves

Scot 2: Wow, good work guys. Where is she? Under the table?

Scot 3: Shut up Ron. That isn't funny. Does anyone have a better idea?

Everybody is quiet.

Scot 1: Did you do it?

Scot 2: No, did you?

Scot 3: No, what about you?

Scot 1: No, but the police certainly will suspect us anyway. I know them - fu...g English rats.

Scot 2: Yep, you're right. And the real kidnapper will have a good time.

Scot 3: The only one who could've done it is the Mafia boss!

Scot 1: Oh, shite, you're right. Don't mention that name. We

should be more careful these days. We don't know what'll happen if that boss takes control.

All look scared

Scot 2: Shite. We don't want that.

Scot 3: Or maybe the Royal family themselves did it. They are stupid enough, bloody inbreds.

Scot 1: But they will blame us, I'm sure. There are so many reasons.

Scot 2: But there isn't any proof! We shouldn't be afraid!

Scene 7

Lights on, 3 Mafiosi in white shirts and suits no ties wearing sunglasses are sitting at a table, playing cards. They're loud and self-confident.

Mafioso 1: I bet 20 quid that you'll lose this one again.

Mafioso 2: Cheeeaaaaap. . .

Mafioso 3: Yeah, why don't you bet at least 50 if you're so sure I'll lose?

Mafioso 1: Right, 50 quid it is. Happy now? More money for me anyway.

after a while of playing

Mafioso 3: Did you see the boss today?

Mafioso 2: Not yet. 'been out all day?

Mafioso 1: Probably. 'Shouldn't see us playing cards. We've lost to Scotland. I wouldn't like to cross the boss's path today - Boss lost a lot of money on that one.

Mafioso 3: Yeah, probably wants the money back. I'm almost sorry for the broker. He must've mysteriously disappeared by now, just like the Queen. *smiles*

Mafioso 2: Well, didn't want to boast but...I did it.

Mafioso 3: Did what?

Mafioso 2: I kidnapped the Queen

Mafioso 3: Oh really? I don't think so.

Mafioso 2: What do you mean, you don't think so?

Mafioso 3: You couldn't've kidnapped the Queen 'cos it was me.

Mafioso 1: You're both idiots...it was ME! You two don't have enough brain cells to win a game of cards!

M2 gets up, angrily leans towards M1, and hits the table with his fist just before he says:

Mafioso 2: You've been pissing me off for quite some time now. *throws some cards at M1*

Mafioso 3: If you don't shut up, the boss will come and deal with us all. I guess none of us wants that, right?

M2 sits down again

Mafioso 1: But still, it doesn't change the fact that I kidnapped the Queen.

Boss off-stage: I kidnapped the Queen.

Ms start putting cards off the table, acting chaotic, looking scared. Boss walks slowly to the table and sits on one of the chairs. She snaps her fingers and Mafioso 2 falls on his knees. Boss then uses him as a footstool. The other two are still acting chaotic. Boss snaps her fingers again

Boss: Water! *M3 runs off-stage and brings a glass of water, boss sips a bit of the water*

Boss: Ewwww! It's warm! *M3 now more scared than before*

Mafioso 3: I'm so sorry, boss. . .

Boss: Do I drink warm water?

Mafioso 3: No, boss, you don't.

Boss: Yeah, I guess not. . . . Well, then?

Mafioso 3: I'll fetch you some cold water.

Boss: Hope so.

Mafioso 1: I'm terribly sorry for claiming that I kidnapped the Queen, boss.

Boss: Wanted to steal someone else's thunder as usual, didn't you?

Mafioso 1: It will never happen again.

Boss: No, it won't. Because one more time and I'll make sure you won't be able to do anything else at all...ever. Is that clear?

Mafioso 1: Yes, boss.

Boss: I'm glad to hear it.

Mafioso 1: Thank you.

Mafioso 3: Here's your water, boss.

Boss: Lovely.

Lights go down.

Scene 8

Charles sitting on the throne, being royal. Camilla sitting in Charles' lap, they both have glasses of champagne in their hands.

Charles: How do I look?

Camilla: Oh, great, absolutely great, my dear. You just need to put this arm here and this other arm here, and your leg over here . . . *moving him like a puppet* perfect! *They touch glasses. The rest of the royal family enters the room.*

Will: Oh, good Lord, here you are, how dare you? Poor grandma is lost and you are celebrating it here, sitting on her throne!!

Camilla & Charles embarrassed, Camilla jumps out of Charles' lap.

Philip laughs: Isn't that funny? I'd like to try it as well. *moves to sit in Charles' lap, but stops*

Charles: Well, I just wanted to try...

Camilla: ... being royal, it's a gorgeous feeling... Just imagine it, ruling over all of Britain.

Charles looking at the crown reaching towards it, but not touching it: Oh, I've never had any opportunity to touch it...

Camilla: ...nor even look at it closely.

Will: I've had enough, Dad. I think you did it!

Philip to Charles: Well, my son, it'd have been better to wait for a few years, there was no call to kidnap anyone.

Charles: It wasn't me, I...

Camilla: ... spent all the afternoon with me in my bedroom, didn't you darling? *smiles at Charles*

Will furious: Doesn't matter. Then, you both did it!

Charles: And what about you...

Camilla: ...and your Scottish "princess"? Everyone knows she and her clan are the leaders of those damned Scottish freedom fighters. Kidnapping the Queen and then separation of Scotland, that's your aim, isn't it?

Will: What?! You shouldn't drink so much; you are completely out of your mind.

Camilla: Oh, don't be silly, I've had only two glasses of champagne today.

Will: Anyway, I was hunting foxes with grandpa all afternoon. It wasn't me.

Camilla: The Scots did it! There have always been some troubles with them. The only thing they are able to say is:

“Freedom for Scotland, freedom for Scotland.” I can’t stand that bloody “r” in their speech...

Philip *smiles*: That’s why I live here.

Will: Grandpa, you know I’ve fallen head over heels in love with Bonnie, but I would never do something like that.

Philip: Will, women make us do strange things, such as Camilla does your father. *laughs* She is a beautiful young girl, as all Scottish women are, so take care of her.

Will: So what did grandma make you do?

Philip: Just what husbands are supposed to do. Wearing pink underwear, things like that.

Will: Well, I must go now. *backing away a little uncomfortably* My sweet princess is waiting for me.

Will leaves the room. Lights go down.

Scene 9

Scene opens with Will in his apartment. Glasses of wine are on the table, Barry Manilow is playing, Will’s fingers itch, Bonnie enters . . .

Will: Hi, my Scottish princess

Bonnie: Howdy, my favourite successor to the throne.

Will: Make yourself comfortable. Have a glass of wine.

Bonnie: Thank you. I heard about what happened with your grandmother. I’m so sorry. How are you feeling?

Will: I’m confused. I’m very happy that I can be with you now, but I’m really worried about grandma. It might have been Dad and Camilla who kidnapped her.

Bonnie: How can you suspect your own father?

Will: It’s the way they were behaving just now - sitting on the throne, happy for power. And she even dared to accuse you and your family. Would you believe it?

Bonnie: Yes, I would. You must have heard that the police suspect us, too. Would you believe that?

Will: I’m so sorry.

Bonnie: You know that we would never do that, but everyone else just thinks that all we want is freedom and we’d do anything for it.

Will: That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. Now that grandma’s not here, maybe I could help you to win freedom for Scotland.

Bonnie: I couldn’t ask you to do such a thing. It’s too much trouble for you to be involved in. I couldn’t ask you to go against your family.

Will: I’ve been thinking about it a lot, and I think it’s the right decision to help all of you. I want to speak with your family about this.

Bonnie: You will meet my family at last?

Will: I will, but I hope they will listen to me and not kill me.

Bonnie: Oh, my darling, I love you so much and I will protect you.

Will: I love you, too. *kiss each other - someone jumps out and takes a picture - they are shocked. Lights down.*

Scene 10

Mafiosi are sitting around a table, smoking cigars, playing cards, drinking wine.

Knocking on the door

Mafioso 1: Who could it be? Are you guys expecting somebody?

Mafioso 2: No...but actually the boss is supposed to come round this evening.

Mafioso 3: She wouldn’t knock on the door, idiot!

Mafioso 2: What did you dare call me?

Mafioso 1: Would you just stop it? Come on! It’s your turn. We don’t want any strangers here, right? So we just won’t open it.

Mafioso 2: It’s incredible how foxy you are!

Knocking on the door louder

Roger: This is police of Great Britain! Open the door at once!

Mafioso 3: Oh shit! What do they want here?

Mafioso 1: They must have learnt about the smuggling job we pulled off last week.

Mafioso 2: That’s nonsense; we destroyed all the evidence, didn’t we?

Mafioso 1: Just calm down and open the door.

Mafioso 2: Why me? I always do every . . . *doesn’t finish his sentence*

Mafioso 3: Shut up and move it.

M2 stands up angrily and opens the door, returns to his place again. Roger comes in confidently.

Roger: So what have you done this time, hm?

M1,M2,M3: NOTHING!

Roger: Don’t worry, this time I will get you and you’re gonna stay in jail until you rot!!

Roger: So any ideas where the queen could be?

Mafioso 1: Queen? *surprised* Which queen? Do you mean the English Queen?

Mafioso 2: What happened to the poor English Queen? Hey, guys, do you know anything about it?

Mafioso 3: No, I don’t. Do you?

M1,M2: NO!

Mafioso 1: How could we?

Mafioso 2: We’ve been here the whole time, playing cards.

Roger: The Queen of England is missing, you bunch of worthless idiots. *Shouts at them trying to scare them* Don’t start with me! I know that you have something to do with this! I simply know it.

Mafioso 2: What did he dare call us?

Mafioso 1: We won’t say a word until our boss comes.

Roger: Very well, let’s wait for your Big Boss. *hint of irony* I am really looking forward to meeting him at last!

Boss enters.

Boss: Hello guys, so what’s going on?

Everybody starts acting clumsy, hiding their cards, trying to impress her.

Mafioso 1: Oh hello boss, did you have a nice day? *Stands quickly, knocking over his chair.* Ah please have a seat! Have a seat!

M2 and M3 stand as well.

Mafioso 2: Have you eaten?

Mafioso 1: Are you cold?

Mafioso 3: Would you like a jumper?

Mafioso 2: How about a nice glass of wine?

Boss doesn’t pay attention to their questions, watches Roger, who looks pretty surprised.

Boss: I didn’t know that we were having a guest tonight.

Mafioso 3: Oh...You mean him! He is no guest!

Mafioso 2 *angrily*: Yeah, this fool interrupted us while I was winning.

Mafioso 1: Yeah and bothered us with his stupid useless questions. By the way, I was about to win the game!

Mafioso 3: No way! It was me who... *doesn't finish his sentence* **Boss** raises her hand in a professional way and everybody stops speaking immediately: What's wrong with you guys? You haven't even offered a drink to our guest. We don't want people thinking that the Mafia has no manners, do we? *Sitting down on one of chairs.*

Roger: Oh no thanks. I shouldn't . . .

Boss: *Crossing her legs in a seductive way* Oh no, you can't refuse my invitation. I insist. Please sit and drink with me. *Snaps her fingers and points at the bottle of wine. Mafioso 1 pours two glasses of wine and then leaves with the rest.*

Roger: Oh, ehm...all right... I guess that just a sip won't hurt anybody *picks up the glass with a shaking hand and spills most of it on the table*

Boss: So what can I do for you, officer? *Holding her glass, drinking with delight*

Roger: Are you willing to answer a few questions?

Boss: Sure, with pleasure. Whatever you like! *smiles*

Roger: You are surely familiar with the Queen's case.

Boss: Of course I know about it. In fact I had known about it much earlier than you even dared to dream about the Queen getting lost.

Roger: Could you tell me what you were doing yesterday around tea time?

Boss: *laughs*... Oh I don't think that you would like to hear it, sir! And surely I am not a suspect . . .

Roger: In fact, you are. The police suspect the Mafia of . . .

Boss: Oh please; you can't be serious. I don't care about that old bag. I prefer young things: young, fresh and full of life. *smiles at him seductively*

Roger drinks his wine, starts coughing

Boss: *stands up, sits on the table, crosses her legs:* Besides, Do I look like a kidnapper? . . . Or a murderer?

Roger: No, no . . . of course not! *staring at her legs* You look like a sweet angel. . . Oh, I knew from the very beginning that you didn't have anything to do with this! It was me who told the others that the Mafia couldn't be involved.

Boss: Exactly. I am glad that we understand each other now! *Stands up* So I guess your work here is done, officer.

Roger: Oh yes, yes. . . I have got to go. *Mumbling to himself. Stands up, leaving, but at the last moment he turns and looks at Boss with desire* But please, if you need anything, anything from me, please remember that I will always be there for you!!

Boss: Don't worry officer. As soon as I need your service, be sure I will use it. Maybe sooner than you think.

Roger leaves, bumping into table/chair/whatever on the way out. Boss watching him, smiling. Scene ends.

Scene 11

In a bar. Many Scots sitting at tables drinking, chatting. Scot 3 in a kilt with long hair is standing at a bar with back to audience. Roger enters and goes up to the back of Scot 3.

Roger: Excuse me, ma'am, you seem very attractive. Maybe you know people around here. I'm looking for the dirty Scottish lot. Have you seen them here?

Scot 3 *turns slowly:* What????

Roger: Oh I'm sorry, sir! I didn't mean anything by it. Is there

anyone who could answer a few questions?

Scot 3 *angrily:* Aye. *go together to the table where others are sitting, Roger keeps his distance - a little scared* Lads, this one here thinks we're all lassies and wants to get off with us. *They all stand up*

Roger *smiles, trying to fake a Scottish accent:* How have you been keeping?

Scot 1: Are you making fun of the way we talk?

Roger: I wanted you to understand me.

Scot 2: You think we're bloody idiots or something, eh?

Roger *with a stupid smile on his face:* No, no, really, no, I don't, really.

Scot 3: So what do you want, laddie?

Roger: About the Queen, oh by the way, where did you get those nice skirts?

Scot 1: These aren't skirts, you bloody bastard. These are kilts. And this is a dirk. *start fighting*

Scene 12

Chief is sitting in his office. He is busy by reading and writing some important papers. Knock, knock, knock.

Roger: May I interrupt you for a while? *hesitantly* They, th- they *pointing at the door, shaking* told me you wanted to speak with me.

Chief: Of course, sure, please do come in. *isn't paying attention to him -too occupied filling in forms; doesn't even look at him*

Roger: Oh. I . . . I . . . see you are extremely busy, I don't want to bother you. *sounds afraid, turns to the door with hope.* I will come next time.

Chief: Oh no, no, my boy, you are not bothering me at all. Come and tell me how our investigation is proceeding. *stands up, doesn't finish his sentence, recognizing that Roger is injured, stares at him for a while*

Chief *shouts in surprise:* GREENHORN! What is this?

Roger: Well, I would like to explain it to you, but . . .

Chief *angrily:* But what?

Roger: All right then *breathes in and out* I am just gonna say it but please, please, promise that you will stay calm.

Chief: You can count on it - I will . . . stay . . . BLOODY calm!! *shouts the last two words and hits the table with both hands*

Roger: Well, I went to those crazy Scottish people; you know the freedom fighters to ask them a few questions about our case. But suddenly, I don't even know why, they completely freaked out and attacked me.

Chief: Oh I see. . . You poor thing. Does it hurt much?

Roger *nodding:* Yes it does, I am in awful pain.

Chief: Oh, really? Are you? *Roger nods more* Good, because if you weren't I'd have to break your other arm as well. *shouts at him angrily* Only in that case could you realize how miserable I feel right now!!! *Roger: looks afraid* Tell me, how could you be so stupid? Do you know what this means? Do you realize how we will look? How I will look? *walking back and forth* I'll tell you . . . *short pause* like the biggest idiot. *sitting down, covering his face in his hands* Oh, I think I am gonna be ill. *long pause* How about the Mafia?

Roger: The Mafia? *surprised* What about them?

Chief: Yes Greenhorn, the Mafia...did you manage to contact

the Mafia Boss?

Roger dreamily: Yes, I met her.

Chief hopefully: And . . .

Roger: And I had the chance to talk to her.

Chief starting to be slightly annoyed: And . . .

Roger: And she was so cute.

Chief a bit angry: And . . .

Roger looks puzzled

Chief: Oh my GOD, Greenhorn, wake up! Did you find out anything that could help us . . . anyhow?

Roger doesn't know what to say: hm ...well...not exactly

Chief: So are you trying to tell me that we have absolutely nothing?!?!?

Roger: Unfortunately . . . yes, *slight pause* sir

Chief: Are you suggesting that you don't have the slightest idea where the queen could be?

Roger almost crying: Yes, sir

Chief: That everybody will think that the chief of the police is the biggest loser.

Roger doesn't realize what he is agreeing with: Yes, sir.

Chief: GET OUT!!! *stands up furiously, points at the door*

Roger astonished: what?

Chief really angry now: DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? GET OUT OR I WILL HAVE TO KILL YOU. *Throws all the papers that were on his table at Roger.* And don't come back until you have some clues!

Roger leaves immediately; Chief throws his box full of pencils at the closed door. Sits down and cover his head in his hands. Scene ends.

Scene 13

In the palace. The whole Royal Family is sitting around talking without being heard. Roger enters, still obviously hurt. Charles looks scared and grabs Camilla's hand.

Charles: A monster!

Camilla: That's not a monster. That's a police officer. What happened to you?

Roger: I had an accident.

Philip: I have those all of the time.

Roger: Did the Queen hit you regularly?

Philip calmly: No, only when she had to.

Roger: Well, I was investigating some suspicious Scots, when I suddenly fell out of a tree.

Will: And that's what caused your injuries? You were INVESTIGATING from a TREE?

Roger looks ashamed: Sort of. Anyway, do you have any news about the Queen?

Camilla: It's your business to find that out. Why are you asking us?

Roger: Because it's a part of my investigation.

Charles: Maybe you should -

Camilla: - investigate somewhere else.

Will: What have you found out so far?

Roger: I'm sorry, I can't comment on an ongoing investigation. As soon as we have some relevant news about your grandmother, we'll let you know.

Will: You have nothing new?!?!?

Roger: Er, our, um, investigation is still in progress . . .

Philip: In other words, you have nothing at all.

Roger: Yes, *realizes what he admitted to and is irritated with self* oh, no, that's not what I said. I just can't tell you now, that's all. What have you found?

Will ironically: We can't tell you that. The investigation is still in progress.

Roger: You think you're funny, don't you? So let's start with you. Where were you when your grandmother disappeared?

Will: I was fox hunting all afternoon.

Philip surprised at the memory: Oh, yeah, we were together, weren't we?

Roger: And you, Prince Charles?

Charles: I was . . .

Camilla: with me.

Roger: What were you doing?

Charles: We were, um, -

Camilla: -doing things that are none of your business.

Will: And I certainly don't want to hear about what they do together.

Roger: There's no point in doing this all together. We'll continue the interrogation one at a time. As I said, let's start with young William here. *others leave*

Will: So we're all alone now. What do you want to hear?

Roger: I have read interesting news in the tabloids about you and your personal life.

Will: You should never believe the rubbish they print in there.

Roger: They say you have a Scottish girlfriend. They had a picture of you, as well.

Will: Oh, well, that's true. So what if she's Scottish? What does that matter?

Roger: These Scottish ideas can have a certain influence on you and your actions.

Will annoyed: No, I don't think so.

Roger: Speaking of relationships, what is your grandparents' relationship like?

Will: What do you mean?

Roger: I mean, are they happily married? Do they ever fight in front of you?

Will: Yes, I think they are happy. But you should ask grandfather.

Roger: Alright, why don't you go and send him in.

Will leaves. Philip enters.

Philip: I heard you wanted to speak with me.

Roger: Please sit down.

Philip: Oh yes, and please make yourself comfortable.

Roger: Could you tell me something about the last time you saw your wife?

Philip: It was nothing special. We were just enjoying our lunch together as always. And then I went hunting with my grandson.

Roger: So, that's it?

Philip: Oh, yes, didn't catch anything at all.

Roger: So, fine, send in your son.

Philip: Oh, we did catch something.

Roger: What was it?

Philip: The flu.

Roger backing away from Philip: I hope it's not the swine flue.

Philip: No, no, just foxes.

Roger: I think I'll go and get vaccinated.

Philip: That might be a good idea. I should have done that myself.

Scene 14

Scots in the Scottish bar. Scottish music in the background the whole time, but softly.

Boss enters in a tartan skirt, approaches a group of Scots: Hey ya!

Scot 2: Hey ya lassie! How've you been keepin'?

Boss: Not bad, not bad. Scots eying her approvingly

Scot 3: Want a cup'a? offering her a drink of whisky]

Boss: Eh...yeah, sure.

Scot 1: Sureee *making fun of non-Scottish accent.* C'mon lassie, there's no need to talk like an idiot.

Boss drinks the whisky, turns away and makes a face

Scot 2: Have some haggis and tatties! 've just killed some sheep. *offers her some atrociously looking mash*

Boss without any enthusiasm: Oh, great . . . *looks like she's going to throw up* You know . . . thanks a lot. *gives the plate back to them*

Music gets louder. Everyone starts dancing. Obvious that Boss is lost and doesn't know the steps. Music stops. Boss exhausted and panting.

Boss: I just wanted to know who did it.

Scot 3: Who did what?

Boss: You know. Who did IT!

Scot 1 asking MB: You did it?

Boss: 'Course not! Who did it?

Scots all asking each other: You did it? You did it! We did it? They did it!

Boss looks annoyed: Can't you tell me?! *sudden quiet*

Scot 2: OK lassie. I'll tell ya. Lets face it. It was the Mafia Boss. There you are; happy?

Boss: No way! That's a lie! Why do you think she'd do that? She would never do such a thing!

Scot 3 laughing out loud: What makes you believe such a stupid, idiotic, ridiculous thing?

Boss: I say – *takes the Scottish dress off* I DIDN'T do it! And that's my last word!

Scot 1: It's you! Why'd you do it?

Boss: What did I do?

Scot 2: You know. You did IT!

Boss very angrily and strongly: I didn't do it! Don't tell anyone, or you might disappear yourselves!

Scot 3: You didn't do it?

Boss: No!

Scot 1: Aye, you done it.

Boss: Argh! *leaves the scene, Scots following her with their eyes, in silence, astonished*

Scot 2: Oh, my God. That's what I call a pretty lassie.

Scene 15

Charles is sitting on the throne, thinking about the future.

Camilla is standing next to him staring at the crown.

Charles: My darling, I'm really worried about my mummy. Where could she be? I feel so lost without her. I really need her.

Camilla: Are you joking? I am here for you - I'm all you need. I'm your whole world. And the only thing I'm interested in is how long we will have to wait for power. I hope that you will be soon the King of England *holds the crown over Charles' head* and I will be the Queen *puts it on Charles' head.*

Charles looks uncomfortable in the crown: It's too heavy for me. How am I supposed to wear it? How can I ride a horse with this on my head? And how will I play polo? You know how much I love that sport. And when I really get into it, it could easily fall off my head. Don't you want to wear it?

Camilla: Yes, it would fit me well, but even an idiot like you should know that I can't wear it. It has to be you. Don't worry - I'll help you with everything. *evil laugh*

Charles: So you don't think that mummy's coming back?

Camilla with a smile on her face: Do you really think that she will turn up anywhere? I doubt it. It's been too long now. *Suddenly Roger comes into the room and sees the crown on Charles' head.*

Roger: It looks like I missed the new coronation. Should I bow before you? *Charles takes the crown off - Camilla takes it*

Camilla: You don't have to yet, but you can if you want practice. By the way, what are you doing here again? We've already told you everything there is to tell. Do you have any news for us? Have you already found her corpse?

Charles shocked: Her what?

Camilla: Hush dear. Cover your ears. *he does*

Roger: I just came to interrogate the servants, to see if they know anything.

Camilla: Good luck with that - they never know anything. Come dear. *leads Charles out*

Roger: But I know something - I saw that crown. Maybe Charles isn't as stupid as he looks, after all. And Camilla wants power just for herself. Now I just have to find some evidence that they did it and they'll go straight to prison. And the Chief will be proud of me at last - and finally use my first name. And then maybe I'll be chief!

Scene 16

Lights on. Bonnie is on the stage, nervously looking from one side to another, holding some clothes. When she is looking to the other side, Will comes behind her and covers her eyes, smiling.

Bonnie: Is that you?

Will: Are you expecting someone else? *Uncovers her eyes.*

Bonnie: No. *Kisses him on the cheek.* I almost thought you'd changed your mind about going to see my family. What took you so long?

Will: The police came to the palace and interrogated us. Then I had to wait for some time because I was afraid they would follow me.

Bonnie: All right. Now let's get you dressed.

Will: What? I am dressed.

Bonnie: Well...yeah...but do you want to get in or not?

Will: Oh, you mean that I'm not dressed appropriately.

Bonnie: Exactly. *smiles and nods*

Will: So what do I wear to the meeting? *Bonnie hands him a kilt*

Will: You're kidding! It's a skirt!

Bonnie: No. It's a kilt. And if you want to survive the meeting, you won't say "skirt" no matter how funny you think it would be, got it?

Will: Got it...I've never worn a....kilt...in my life. What is the difference between skirts and kilts?

Bonnie: You don't wear underpants when you wear a kilt.

Will: But I want to wear my underpants!

Bonnie: Than it's a skirt for you. *Laughs* Put it on. *Will puts on the kilt.* Great, let's go before they get drunk. *Hand in hand, they leave the stage, running.*

Scene 17

Will and Bonnie are standing on the left side of the stage, Scots in darkness on the right.

Bonnie: Are you afraid of going in there?

Will: Of course not!!! Am I 8 years old?

Bonnie: I see you're shaking.

Will: It's cold today, can't you feel it?

Bonnie: So let's go. I don't want you to die of cold, really. *laughs*

Will and Bonnie enter and there is such a heated debate between the Scots that nobody notices them.

Will nervously: Hiiii, how are you doing today...fellows? *Everybody looks at him.*

Scot 3: Whaaat? What's that bloody twit doing here?

Scot 1: You're mistaken, aren't you? This isn't a gay club, baby. *blows a kiss*

Scot 2: Your granny is not here!!! Get out!

Scot 3: Wait, *he's* your boyfriend?

Scot 1: You said he was better looking than an Englishman.

Scot 2: How can he be better looking than an Englishman, when he is a bloody Englishman?

Bonnie: Shut up and listen to me for the while! This boy has better character than most of you and he may help us in our fight and demands. He can deal with his family or government but every play has rules.

Scot 3: Yop, and we're going for breakfast at Buckingham Palace tomorrow, aren't we?*laughs*

Scot 1: I haven't got the invitation yet. I'm going to cry. *laughs*

Scot 2: Tell me one reason why we should believe you, hm.

Bonnie: Errr...we are in love?

Scot 3: We are in love? Are you in the dark? I hate the minds of women.

Scot 1: Love is no proof that he wants to help us.

Scot 2: Yeah, prove it! I want you to prove it!

Will: How?

Scot 3: Err...Does anybody know?

Scot 1:Go and get a tattoo of Scotland's flag on your forehead!

Scot 2: Or on your chest!

Scot 3: Russian roulette!

Scot 1: We are Scots!!! Not Ruskies!

Scot 2: I suggest something concerning our nation

Scot 3: Yes,what about eating haggis?

Scot 2: No,everybody would be delighted to do that!

While they are quarrelling, Will drinks whisky with no one else seeing and then starts singing the anthem of Scotland

Will: Ooooooo flower of Scotland

When will we seeeee

Your like agaaaain....

Bonnie: Will??? What are you doing? For god's sake! You are drunk!!

Will: Yeaaaaah. I am a magician. Did you know it? This ... used to be a bottle of delicious whisky ... and now ... it's an empty bottle, hahahahahahaha.

Bonnie: What a shame!

Scot 3: Wooow!!! Shame? I don't think so... In my opinion this is the proof, isn't it?

Scot 1: Right! He is an Englishman and yet he drank a whole bottle of whisky.

Scot 2: And he knows the lyrics to our anthem, even though he was singing out of tune.

Bonnie: So? Do you believe him?

Scot 3: Yes. Let's celebrate it with some whisky!
Scots all cheer, get more whisky, everyone has their own bottle, start getting drunk

Scot 1: OK . . . but what do you want to do?

Bonnie: We want to go to the palace and deal with Will's family and then we will see what we are going to do.

Scot 1: OK, if we aren't successful at the palace, we will make a demonstration. Does everybody agree?

Scots: Yes!!!!

Scot 3: Let's toast to our success. *all drink*

Scene 18

Royal palace. Charles, Camilla, Philip standing around in a room, discussing something, whatever. Suddenly, Will staggers into the room, completely drunk.

Will stumbling: Hello everybody! Wow, why there so many of you here? Hey, Camilla, you look much prettier when you have two heads. *laughs*

The rest of the royal family shocked, can't believe their eyes.

Camilla looks in a mirror: Do I?

Will: Ha-ha! Freedom for Scotland! Freedom for Scotland!

Charles: For goodness' sake, what are you saying? What's happened? I've never seen you like this.

Will: The best evening of my life happened, Dad. *sings* Oooo, Flower of Scotlaaaand...

Philip ironically: Oh, what a beautiful song.

Will: Yeah, I know. You could sing it for me at the wedding. *hugs Philip*

Charles: Wedding? Whose wedding?

Will: Mine, of course. I'm going to marry Bonnie. Bonnieeee, the love of my life.

Philip: Will, this is horrible. What would Elizabeth say if she were here?

Will: Hah, that's it; she isn't here and can't say anything! I'll do it; nothing can stop me now.

Camilla: I knew it! I knew it from the very beginning! You and your Scottish "princess" got the Queen out of the way in order to separate Scotland. I told you so!

Will: You are quick on the uptake with two heads, aren't you? *laughs*

Philip: Will, this is serious . . .

Will: I am also serious; I want to marry Bonnie right now, while Grandma is gone. She would never let me do it.

Camilla thrilled: It sounds like a confession! Charles, call the police immediately. I'm sure that he did it!

Charles goes to call the police

Philip: You could have done it just as well.

Camilla: No I couldn't. I can't be queen anyway.

Will sings: Oooo, flower of Scotlaaaand, when will we seeee. . . *Roger comes.*

Camilla: He's the one who's guilty! Take him away!
Roger tries to grab Will. He tries to fight back.

Will: What's going on? What do you want from me? What are you doing? I just want to sleep. Bring me more whisky!

Roger: You are under arrest. You do not have to say anything, but anything you do say may be given in evidence.

Will: Are you arresting me because I'm drunk? I did it for Scotland!

Camilla: You see? He did do it!

They go to get Will. Will grabs a police hat and puts it on his own head.

Will: Wait a minute, I have always wanted to try this. *to*

Camilla Hey, Camilla, how do I look?

Camilla: Like an idiot, as always.

Will: Would one of your two heads like to try it, too?

Camilla: Take him away. I don't want to see him anymore. *They take Will away in handcuffs.*

Scene 19

Scots including Bonnie talking while drunk on one half of the stage. The other half has the Mafiosi and is dark.

Scot 1: Who could possibly help us now that Will is gone?

Scot 2: I think we all know that the only ones who can help us are the Mafia.

Scot 3: Why would they help us?

Scot 1: Because we have haggis!

Scot 2: Aye!

Scot 3: Yummy haggis!

Scot 1: Who could say no to haggis?

Scot 2: Spaghetti eaters?

Scot 3: It's worth a try.

Scot 1: If they don't kill us at the door . . .

Scots walk across stage - searching for the door in the dark, someone falls down by the door, then gets up and knocks on door. Stage lights up.

Mafioso 1: Who are you and what do you want?

Scot 2: Who are we?

Scot 3: You mean they don't know us?

Scot 1: We are the freedom fighters!

Scot 2: You should be afraid of us.

Mafioso 2: Afraid of you? *laughs* The last Scot who came to us ended up in the ocean.

Scot 3: This time it is really serious.

Scot 1: We can make you an offer that you can't refuse.

Mafioso 3: We'll see. Come in. I'll get the boss. *goes off-stage, comes back with Boss.*

Boss: Why did you come here in the middle of my tea time? I'm not going to dance with you again.

Bonnie: We have come here to ask for . . . help.

Mafioso 1: The powerful Scots want help from us?!?

Scot 2: Not really help - we came with a business offer - you can benefit from us.

Boss: I can't imagine such a situation.

Scot 3: Well, we can!

Boss: You must be very imaginative.

Scot 1: If you help us get Prince William out of prison, we'll give you all the haggis you can eat!

Scot 2: A once in a lifetime opportunity. *all nodding*

Boss: We don't need your damn haggis. I've already seen that haggis and it looked bloody awful.

Scots gasp and turn towards each other.

Scot 3: Lads, can you believe that? Someone who doesn't want haggis?

Bonnie: I've never heard of that before.

Scot 1: I will kill her! *Mafiosi gather around Boss to protect her*

Scot 2: Calm down, we need her alive.

Scot 3: Shite, that's true.

Scot 1: But she insulted our haggis!

Scot 2: Our national food!

Bonnie: I know, but we need to get Will out.

Scot 3: So what else can we offer?

Scot 1: We can give them Nessie.

Boss: You can't claim her. You don't even know if she exists.

Scot 2: Alright, we need something better than haggis.

Scot 3: What could be better than haggis?

Pause. Scots thinking.

Scot 1: Whisky!

Scot 2: Aye, that's it - *to Boss* - if you help us, you can smuggle a crate of whisky every month.

Mafioso 2: That's not enough.

Scot 3: Shite.

Boss slides up to Scots seductively: A crate is awful small . . . Maybe you could make it a little larger.

Scot 1: Larger?

Boss: How about you let me smuggle as much as I want. I'll even let you keep your haggis.

Scot 2: We get haggis, too!

Scot 3: It's a deal!

Boss: If you double-cross us, you'll end up in Loch Ness with Nessie.

Scot 1: Shite.

Bonnie: So, let's get a plan to get Will out.

Boss: I'll do it myself. You'd only get in my way.

Scot 2: OK. We'll stay here and take care of the whisky and haggis.

Lights Down.

Scene 20

In prison. Will in one cell, Perry in another.

Will to himself: Dear me, my head is going to explode. Damn headache. I shouldn't have tried to prove to the Scottish that I am good at drinking like them and besides, their whisky tastes like stale cough medicine. I will remember the taste of it for a long time.

Perry sleepy and morose: Who is trying to wake me up? I was dreaming about a world without the British royal family and now it's over. No matter who you are, you won't be living in a second.

Will: I am the well-known and respected Prince William.

Perry: Who? *grins like the Cheshire cat* What prince?

Will: Prince Wil . . . - it doesn't matter, you four-eyed imitation of a man.

Perry: Back off, you aristocratic rat. I have known a lot of people like you, you enjoy your pretty life, dishonour 2 babes a day, and don't care about anything. I detest you and now, if you excuse me, I am going to have a nap. *snoring*

Bonnie comes.
Bonnie: Oh, Will, you poor thing! How could you have ended up here? We have to get you out of this damn place.

Will: Oh thank you, my beautiful Amazon. I will be in debt to you. Apparently, I can't get drunk without being taken into custody. What's wrong with this world?

Bonnie smiles: Who is snoring over there?

Will: An old fogey. He snores, farts - simply put, he's a typical primitive.

Bonnie: No way, that's my uncle Perry, he must go with us.

Will: Him? O.K., but you will carry him. I am too weak to carry such a hefty fart.

Bonnie: Perry, wake up, you tend to outsleep everything.

Perry: Blech. My mouth is like a parched desert. Who is at the door, Princelet Pilliam?

Will: Your niece Bonnie.

Perry: That can't be true - she should be in the north trying to revive our rebellion. Pilliam, try to find my glasses.

Will: I am William and not Pilliam you . . .

Bonnie: What?

Will: Here are the glasses and be careful what you call me.

Perry: Bonnie, my sweet Bonnie. How did you get here?

Bonnie: It's visiting hours, but it's not important. I will get you two out of this hell hole.

Perry: O.K. But hurry up. I have to pee and there's no toilet here. The English are just pigs.

Will: I beg your pardon, four-eyes. I am English, too, so do not mock us or you won't fart ever again.

Bonnie: Take it easy Will, the only thing we should focus on is the escape. I know the plan, so listen carefully . . . *she starts whispering as the lights go down*

Scene 21

Lights on. Roger is sitting on a chair in the centre of the stage, looking tough, arms crossed on his chest. Suddenly a tapping sound can be heard. Roger lifts his head and soon after, Boss enters.

Boss smiles: Hello.

Roger surprised, stands up, the chair falls down: What are you doing here? You're not allowed -

Boss approaching Roger while speaking: I came here because I have a little problem.

Roger nervous, trying to make the chair stand again, not successful: Er...If you have a problem ma'am, you should go to -

Boss: I think I'm in the best place now. *comes really close to him* The only person who can possibly help me is you. *touches his chest with a forefinger as she says "you"*.

Roger not sure about what's going on but definitely pleased by it: Eeeeer...are you sure?

Boss: Yes. You once told me that if I needed anything, you'd be there for me.

Roger: Oh, yes. I remember that. I just can't imagine how I could help you when I'm on prison duty.

Boss: So you're still willing to do anything I ask you to?

Roger: Yes, I am. *smiles*

Boss: ANYTHING I ask?

Roger: Yes.

Boss smiles again because that was exactly what she wanted to hear: A friend of mine has been taken into custody and I really want him out.

Roger uncomfortable: I'm afraid there's nothing I can do.

Boss: You mean that you won't keep the promise you have given me?

Roger: I'd love to. Very much. But there's really nothing I can do.

Boss: On the contrary, there's a lot you can do. *Goes behind Roger* You're the one who's got *whispers into his ear* the keys.

Roger: But my boss -

Boss: Your boss is not here, is she? That means that you decide things here. *puts one of her arms around his shoulder, he holds her by the waist* So maybe you could lose the keys for a few minutes.

Roger: But -

Boss: Oh, come on. No one will ever find out. And my friend is innocent. It is the right thing to do to help me set him free.

Roger: I guess it is if he's really innocent.

Boss: And you would be a hero. MY hero. *smiles* *Roger is obviously pleased with himself and looks like he's gonna kiss her. At the last moment she looks away and says:*

Boss: So . . . will you give me the keys?

Roger: Yeah, sure . . . here they are. *Gives Boss the keys*

Boss: Thank you. *Kisses him on the cheek and smiles* But what if someone comes and sees me freeing him?

Roger: I'll go out and warn you if someone's coming. I'll whistle.

Boss: You're so smart.

Roger leaves the stage. Boss waves him off. When he's gone she turns to the audience and says:

Boss: That is why I'm the boss.

She makes a few steps towards the other side of the stage when suddenly she hears whistling.

Drunk Scots enter the scene.

Scot 3: Hey! We've come to help you!

Boss angry: I don't need your help! I was doing perfectly well! You're just attracting attention!

Scots: Freedom for Scotland!!! Freedom for Prince William!!!

Boss: Shut up, you idiots!!!!!!!

Scots: Scooooooooooooootland! Prince Williaaaaaaaaam!

Boss rolling eyes and making a furious sound: SHUT UP!

Scot 1: I will free Willie boy!!! *grabs keys from Boss, runs off stage*

Mafiosi enter

Mafioso 3: Hey, Boss, we saw those Scottish jerks coming in.

Scot 2: Jerks?

Mafioso 1: Yeah, jerks. What else would he call you? You were told to wait outside and here you are.

Scot 3: We just wanted to help the pretty lassie here.

Boss: Who are you calling pretty? Do you think that pretty lassies can't take care of themselves? *Mafia look like they know Scots are in trouble*

Mafioso 2: You shouldn't have said that.

Mafioso 3: Yeah, no one calls our boss pretty and gets away with it.

Boss to Scot: Don't you dare call me a pretty lassie again. *to Mafiosi* You two shut up. There are more important things to deal with than your quarrelling.

Will, Bonnie, Scot, and Uncle Perry enter. Scots start cheering.

Scot 2: We did it!!

Scot 3: He's finally free!

Scot 1: Freeeeeeeeedooooooooooooooooooooom!!!

Scot 2: Isn't that old Perry? What are you doing here?
Perry: They locked me up for something I can't remember. But I'm pretty sure it was because of the English.
Scot 3: It's always their fault.
Bonnie coughs, gestures to Will.
Scot 1: The exception that proves the rule.
Will: The English aren't responsible for everything.
Scot 2: Just all the bad things.
Bonnie: Oh come on, let's not fight.
Scot 3: What? Are we going to have a cup of tea?
Scot 1: And raise our little fingers?
Bonnie: Shut up. I'll listen to you when you're sober. Will, let's get out of here.
They start to leave - meet Roger on the way
Roger: Hey, hey! You're not going anywhere! You're still a prisoner of the crown.
Boss: What about your promise?
Roger: You said no one would ever find out. Look at everyone who's here!
Scot 2: We won't let you take our Will again!
Scot 3: We're here and we'll defend his freedom with our lives.
Scot 1: He's one of us!
Scots: One of us! One of us!
Scot 2: Stop staring at me and bring me another whisky!
Roger: Oh my God. I can't let my boss ever find out about this. He'd send me to serve in Newfoundland.
Mafioso 1: Your boss isn't as strict as ours.
Mafioso 2: Yeah, we'd end up sleeping with the fishes.
Boss smiles at the thought: Killing is so much easier.
Charles enters - looks confused
Charles: Where am I? Why are there so many people here? Is it a tea party I didn't know about?
Scot 3: A whisky party!
Scot 1: No English invited!
Camilla offstage: Charles? Charles? Where are you?
Charles: Mummy, is that you?
Camilla comes on stage: It's me, you idiot. What are you doing here?
Charles: It's a whisky party. But I'm not invited.
Scot 2: And neither is your horse - *looks at Camilla again* - I mean, your wife.
Mafiosi start laughing.
Scot 2: Are you laughing at me? Or this horse?
Mafioso 3: Both of you.
Camilla starts walking toward Scot: Hold your tongue, you - *Will jumps in front of Scot to protect him.*
Will: Don't you dare touch my friend.
Camilla: You! What are you doing here? How did you get out of your cell? *turns to Roger* Why didn't you take him to prison as I ordered? I'll see you get the boot for this!
Roger: I tried, but they are stronger than me and they tricked me. They overwhelmed me. I'm just one man. *starts crying*
Philip enters.
Philip: Oh, good. I finally made it. Did I miss the party?
Will: No, grandfather, you're in it now.
Philip: Oh, hello there, William. I'm glad to see you got here alright. *to Roger* Stiff upper lip, old fellow. It's not as bad as it seems.
Roger: It will be when my boss finds out.

Chief offstage: Greenhorn!
Roger: Now I'm a dead man.
Mafioso 1: We could sell your organs for medical purposes and give some of the profit to your family.
Scot 3: We could turn it into haggis!
Chief enters - people between him and Roger.
Chief: Greenhorn! What's going on here? Where are you? This is the last time you'll piss me off.
Scot 1: No, he's a good guy.
Scot 2: He gave us the keys. Don't be mad at him.
Chief: What did you do?!?!?!? Have you lost your mind?
Camilla: So you helped them free William?
Philip: If this is a real party, I need my party hat.
Chief goes to Roger and slaps him. Chief starts strangling Roger.
Chief: You ruined my career! Now, you'll pay for it! *Scots come to protect Roger. Grab Chief*
Boss: Help him!
Mafioso 2: Which one?
Boss: It doesn't matter. Anyone that we save will owe us for it later. *Mafia run over to help*
Will and Bonnie join the fight: For Scotland!
Reporter appears and starts taking pictures
Camilla: Who called the media?
Philip: I did - what kind of party would it be without a red carpet and people taking pictures?
Camilla: You're out of your mind. *takes a mirror out of her purse - checks her reflection - goes to get pictures taken*
Scot 3 grabs the mirror and throws it away: Horses don't need mirrors. *They start fighting*
Charles comes to help her - very softly, barely touching anyone: Don't harm my dear wife. What could I do without her with my mummy gone?
Everyone in a big mess, fighting, except Mafia Boss, in back looking with her arms crossed, and the photographer taking pictures.
Queen enters, stands at the side barely noticeable, looks confused at everything happening. quiet cough - everyone stops, looks at her in confusion.
Long pause of silence.
Queen: What's going on here? I just got back from my walk and there was no one at the palace. I heard noise over here. So just what is happening?
Philip: Darling! We're having a party. A whisky party. And everyone's invited.
Scot 1: Aye, except for English rats.
Camilla fake smile, you can hear she's not happy: You're back!
Charles: Mummyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!!!!!! *hugs her knees* Don't ever leave me again!
The Queen is annoyed by what Charles is doing and decides to ignore it
Queen: A party? One cannot go for a walk without being scored off by a bunch of drunk royal family members.
Philip is silent.
Charles sadly: But mummy, you're not mad at me, are you? *crying* You're mad at them *points at the others*, right?
The Queen does not respond.
Camilla: Charles, stop crying or I'll give you a better reason to cry. Can't you understand that you're not going to be the king?

Charles *stops crying for a while*: Oh, I'm not? But I was really looking forward to it! *starts crying again*

Camilla *mocking William*: It seems there'll be no freedom for Scotland now.

Queen: Freedom for Scotland? Was there supposed to be freedom for Scotland?

William: Grandma, they're a great people. And they are a bit...ummm...different. It would be good for all of us if they had independence. And there's something more I want to tell you: *holds Bonnie by her hand* Bonnie and I are getting married.

Philip: Oh, that's wonderful news!

Camilla: Phew! *she pokes Charles in the ribs*

Charles: Oh, sorry ... Phew!

Scot 2 Phew? Phew???!!!! We'll show you PHEW!!! *they attack Camilla and Charles*

Chief: You can't attack members of the Royal Family! *starts fighting the Scots* GREENHORN! Come and help me!

Roger: But-

Chief: NOW!!! *Roger joins the fight*

Queen: *ignoring the fight*: William, I'll take this as a joke. The future King cannot marry some Scottish freedom fighter.

William: It's not a joke! I'll marry her whether you approve of it or not!

Queen: No way! You would have to kill me first!

Bonnie: You're not giving me any other choice! *runs at the Queen* Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!! *William tries to stop their fight, gets several punches because he is standing between them.*

Boss to Mafiosi: Go and have fun!

Mafiosi: Woooo-hooo! *all three of them join the fight, fighting everyone who comes in their way*

Chief: HEEEEEEEEEEELP!

Scot 3: There's no help for you here! *punches him*

Scot 1 *shouts at the Queen*: Give me some whiskyyyyyyyyy!!!

Queen: I'm the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland! You give whisky to ME!

Scot 2: Okay *hands her a bottle, the Queen drinks from it*
The fight is chaotic; you can see Charles fighting Camilla; they realize it and turn to fight someone else instead. Mafia Boss and Philip are standing in the background, watching the rest

Philip to MB: Would you care for a cup of tea?

Boss: Oh, that would be lovely! *they leave the stage*

Lights fade to black

Scene 22

Lights slowly fade in. Everybody's on the floor, lying or sitting; all very drunk; someone's snoring a bit.

Queen: Where do I sign this Scotland-Is-Free-And-Haggis-Is-The-Best Treaty?

Scot 3: Somewhere over there. *makes a vague circle with his hand while trying to point at the paper in that is on Mafioso 3's back*

Queen: Aaaaaaaaall right. Done. It's really nice to hang out with friends.

Bonnie: Yes, it is. *to William* And I'm sorry I punched you so hard sweetheart.

William: That's nothing, I can see the headline: Prince William has got a new make-up artist...

Mafioso 3: Shut up! I want some sleep.

Queen: Oh, I'm terribly sorry. *Pause* Camilla?

Camilla *leaning back to back with some Scot*: Eh?

Queen: I've always wanted to ask you this: is that horse-slash-alcohol-addicted-prostitute image of yours a part of some evil plan to overturn the monarchy?

Camilla *evil laugh*: MUHAHAHA!

Lights off

Audience applauds