

I'll shed on them, they'll never get clean
Well you'll think I want to go out
And I'll act like I really do
You got the door wide open
And now the joke's on you
Because I'm mean, I'm mean
(Shamone really really mean)
You know I'm cute, but mean, you know it
(Really really cute)
You know I'm mean, I'm mean
(Shamone, really really really mean)
And my food bowl needs some filling right now,
Don't care if you're asleep. Who's bad?

Lucifer Exits

ACT I, SCENE 3

PRINCE LORD and MANSERVANT MARC enter jogging. Well, Marc is jogging and Prince Lord is sauntering while checking his own heart rate. They stop.

PRINCE LORD

Whoa! Slow down, Manservant Marc!

MANSERVANT MARC

We could just go with Marc, my lord.

PRINCE LORD

What fun would that be?

MANSERVANT MARC

As you wish, my lord. You are right, as always.

PRINCE LORD

I know, Manservant Marc. It's a true burden. Also, I can't believe I'll be taking a wife soon!

MANSERVANT MARC

Taking her where, my lord.

PRINCE LORD

Why, it's a figure of speech, Manservant Marc! A formalized way of saying I will prance around a dance floor, looking fly, eyeballing all the

eligible females until I spy one who doesn't talk too much or know things! And her, I will take as a wife! Like a transaction.

MANSERVANT MARC

That is quite an education, my lord. Is there any kingdom in general your family wishes to align itself with?

PRINCE LORD

Well, right out of the gate, Port Angeles is out. They are ungovernable. Forks is known for its capable women, so hard no from Prince Lord! Agnew is filled with maidens who have vast knowledge of animal husbandry. I mean, the ick! Which leads us to Sequimington, where everyone has an opinion, and it's usually wrong! I love people who like to say a lot while doing little. Ideal for me.

MANSERVANT MARC

So, having skills and opinions are bad. That's good information, if I am to be your wingman, my lord.

PRINCE LORD

Wingman. So. Cool. Yes, Manservant Marc. You shall be my wingman! Add to the list: Must exercise a lack of curiosity. Needs to be repulsed by conversation of a lively variety.

MANSERVANT MARC

Duly noted, my lord. In summation, you're looking for a shrub in a very pretty dress.

PRINCE LORD

You jape, you jest, you tease, but an accomplished woman would be the very worst thing that could happen to me!

MANSERVANT MARC

May I ask why, my lord?

PRINCE LORD

You may, Manservant Marc!

MANSERVANT MARC

Why, my lord.

PRINCE LORD

I'm glad you ask. I'd love to tell you! An accomplished woman is a monster. She would seek to 'know things' about the kingdom, in order

to 'improve things for people'. She would extend that need to take action to my life, and I can't be having that!

MANSERVANT MARC

So, my lord, rising at 1 pm, eating an egg, having your social media read to you, having your teeth brushed, just in time to lie down for your first of three naps of the day is a lifestyle you wish to cement as a king?

PRINCE LORD

Of course! Self-care is my one and only goal. Plus, ambitious queens are very dangerous. They like to enact things. Mostly for the poors. And I can't be having that.

MANSERVANT MARC

The poors, my lord?

PRINCE LORD

Yes, Manservant Marc. The poors, with their problems and their needs, most of them created by us. They make me nervous, and that requires energy. So I need a queen as disinterested as I in their plight.

MANSERVANT MARC

Let them eat cake?

PRINCE LORD

No! Then I would have less cake. Must I explain further?

MANSERVANT MARC

Would it require a song?

PRINCE LORD

Obviously.

MANSERVANT MARC

Then no.

PRINCE LORD

Noted. Suffice it to say that I require most, if not all, of our local resources to go into my exquisite care and feeding. I am like a prized race horse.

MANSERVANT MARC

One that never runs.

PRINCE LORD

Exactly! I have no need to run. I am able to canter periodically. Once I trotted. But a full out sprint is for peasants. Fear gives them wings! I have nothing to fear except the loneliness of being royal and useless, and I have you! I will always have you!

MANSERVANT MARC

I see, my lord.

PRINCE LORD

But do you, Manservant Marc? Do you? You help me dress, nanny makes my meals just so, I am conveyed hither and yon, and I have people who act out my news of the day to amuse me. Honor and duty are exhaauuusting.

Your job is to go throughout the land of Sequimington, and hot tip, avoid the roundabouts. I've had several people put to death for not stopping for my coach. Your job is to interview the possible contestants, and report back to me. M'kay?

MANSERVANT MARC

Of course, my lord. To nutshell it: You seek a shallow person, with no initiative, who goes through life questioning nothing and accepting everything at face value?

(looks around audience)

I could probably start looking here.

PRINCE LORD

But of course! Let's not forget my second nap Manservant Marc! You'll need to put my dressing gown on for me.

MANSERVANT MARC

Of course, my lord. Very important, my lord.

PRINCE LORD

Well then, jog on, Manservant Marc! You've got a job to do, and I have a nap to take.

They exit, Manservant Marc jogging, Prince Lord sauntering.

ACT I, SCENE 4 (A sitting room)

Lady Tremayne enters humming 'Bad', delighting in people's booing.

LADY TREMAYNE