

Scene 5: Breakfast, one week later.

(TREVOR and MAVIS are finishing their breakfast. There's a large, smart handbag on the table. MAVIS is in a dress with matching jacket.)

TREVOR: Must say the nosh here isn't bad, Mavis.

MAVIS: Glad you like it. Over the past week I've been giving the Head Chef and the palace kitchen staff some cookery tips.

TREVOR: Well done. We've got to keep them on their toes.

MAVIS: *(Holding up the handbag.)* They've given me this bag. I don't know what it's for.

TREVOR: Well, just hang on to it. Could be useful as things develop.

MAVIS: What sort of things?

TREVOR: This and that. That sort of thing.

MAVIS: Do we have to dress up all the time, Trevor?

TREVOR: I've been told we'll be meeting a lot of important people, Mavis, so we has to look smart all the time. Must say I prefer me old uniform to this clobber.

MAVIS: I'm not keen on the refrigeration system they have down there in the kitchens.

TREVOR: Why not?

MAVIS: It's seven years old. You know we'd never have a fridge as old as that in our house.

TREVOR: Then get it replaced.

MAVIS: How do I do that?

TREVOR: You call in a refrigeration expert, explain what yer want and tell him to deliver his designs by the end of the day.

MAVIS: Can it possibly be so quick?

TREVOR: Course it can. Remember who yer are. The expert will come to us fast as he can and within a week yer'll have a lovely new system. Tell him not to hang about. Things have to be done quickly. I've given the orders for the Royal Opera House will become the Royal Bingo Hall in no time at all. I expect it will have changed in a couple of days.

(There is a knock on the door. CLARENCE and ANNA enter. ANNA clears the breakfast things using a tray.)

TREVOR: So what's happening today, Clarry?

CLARENCE: First of all, Sir, the Head Chef would like to discuss the menu for the Coronation Banquet.

TREVOR: Okey dokey. Queen Mavis can join in that meeting. She knows all about mass catering. You'll be able to give him a few tips, won't yer, Mavis?

MAVIS: Of course I will. I know how to make Toad in the Hole for hundreds of people.

CLARENCE: After you have seen the Head Chef the Minister for Energy is visiting to discuss nuclear power.

TREVOR: I'm looking forward to that.

CLARENCE: Very good, Sir.

TREVOR: Right, off yer go Clarry. Send the Head Chef up and let's see what nosh he's proposing.

CLARENCE: Certainly, Sir.

(ANNA has finished clearing the table. She carries a tray out as CLARENCE opens the door for her.)

MAVIS: Why does Clarry insist on calling you sir? I thought you had told him to call you Trevor.

TREVOR: Yes, I did but he refuses to do it.

MAVIS: Can't you make him? You could put a clause into his contract.

TREVOR: I tried to do that but his union ganged up on me. We nearly had a strike.

MAVIS: I didn't know the palace staff had a union. What's it called?

TREVOR: The Association of Palace Employees.

MAVIS: Well, I've never heard of it.

TREVOR: That's because it's new. I founded it last week.

MAVIS: Then who is the trade union leader?

TREVOR: I am, of course.

MAVIS: You? Why you?

TREVOR: Nobody else wanted the job.

MAVIS: Is everyone else obeying your orders?

TREVOR: One or two are but most refuse. The union has sided with the refuseniks. I had to advise them to stand their ground and disobey me so there's nothing I can do about it.

MAVIS: That's the trouble with trade unions.

(There is a knock on the door and CLARENCE enters.)

CLARENCE: The Head Chef to see you Sir and Madam.

CHEF: *(He speaks perfect English but with a slight French accent.)* Good morning, Your Majesty. *(He bows to*

TREVOR.) And good morning to you too, Your Majesty.
(*He bows towards MAVIS.*)

TREVOR: (*Aside to MAVIS.*) Here's one of the old guard. (*Aloud.*) Good morning, Comrade Head Chef. I believe you have a menu for the Coronation Banquet ready for us to see.

CHEF: Indeed, Your Majesties. Here it is. (*He holds up an elaborately decorated menu.*)

MAVIS: (*Snatching the menu.*) Let me have a look. (*She studies the menu.*) I don't understand this. It's not in English.

TREVOR: Not in English. That's terrible. Mavis and me always uses the best English.

MAVIS: What language is this?

CHEF: It's French, Madam. The palace menus for important events are always in French.

TREVOR: Well, Mavis, read it out then. We'll see what we can make of it.

MAVIS: (*Trying to read from the menu and speaking slowly as she struggles with the words.*) The horse's doovrers

CHEF: (*Gently correcting.*) That's the hors d'ouvres ...

TREVOR: Listen Comrade. We're not having horse on the menu. We'll leave horses for the French! They're used to that sort of thing.

MAVIS: (*Trying to read.*) Poopy etty de soles and ... and ... I don't know that word.

CHEF: (*Smoothly and with perfect French pronunciation.*) That is ... Paupiette de Sole et Cresson

MAVIS: We're not having that. We'll have some fish. Nice white fish.

CHEF: Very good.

TREVOR: What's for the mains then?

MAVIS: (*Attempting to read again.*) Agon knees of novel seeds on wind sawn basics.

CHEF: (*Smoothly.*) Agneau de la Nouvelle Saison de Windsor au Basilic.

TREVOR: What's that stuff then?

MAVIS: Sounds nasty. I think we'll have some nice lamb and gravy. That would be better.

CHEF: Certainly, Madam. As you wish.

TREVOR: What we having with the lamb then?

MAVIS: *(Reading slowly again.)* Corgis and radios so tied, pancakes harry cots vertz and pommises bool angry.

CHEF: Courgettes et Radis Sautées, Panaché d'Haricots Verts et Pommes Boulangère.

TREVOR: Nah! Nah! We're not having that stuff. It'll get me stomach on the rumble.

MAVIS: We can't have his stomach rumbling all night. I won't get a wink of sleep. Just serve some nice vegetables and some potatoes roasted in layers with onions and leeks.

CHEF: Whatever you say, Madam.

TREVOR: Now the best bit. What's for afters?

MAVIS: Char lot a la van ill serry-sees.

CHEF: Charlotte à la Vanille et Cerises.

TREVOR: Nah. Not having that. Never heard of it. Sounds blooming disgusting.

MAVIS: It sounds very odd. Just make a nice creamy vanilla pudding with sponge fingers and cherries.

CHEF: Whatever you wish, Madam. *(He bows.)*

TREVOR: Thank you for being so obliging, Comrade.

CHEF: That's a pleasure. Thank you, Sir. Thank you, Madam. *(He bows again.)*

(There is a knock on the door. CLARENCE enters.)

CLARENCE: The Minister for Energy to see you, Your Majesty.

(CHEF makes his way to the door.)

CLARENCE: Did they like the menu?

CHEF: They didn't change a thing! *(He exits.)*

(The MINISTER FOR ENERGY carries a document folder plainly marked 'TOP SECRET'.)

- MINISTER: *(Dashing in.)* Good morning, Your Majesty. Good morning. *(He bows then dashes right around the room and stops by TREVOR.)* I am the Minister for Energy.
- TREVOR: Good morning, Comrade Minister.
- MINISTER: *(Pumping TREVOR's hand vigorously.)* Good morning! Good morning! Hello! Hello! Hello!
- TREVOR: *(Soothing his hand as he speaks.)* This is my wife, Queen Mavis.
- MINISTER: Good morning, Madam. *(He bows.)* How enchanting to meet you. *(He goes to MAVIS and pumps her hand energetically.)* Hello! Hello! I'm the Minister for Energy. Hello! Good morning! Good Morning! Hello! Hello! Hello!
- MAVIS: *(Soothing her hand.)* Good morning Comrade. We'll meet again another time. I'll leave you boys to have a nice little chat together. *(She exits taking her handbag.)*
- CLARENCE: Will you be requiring some refreshments, Sir?
- TREVOR: Good idea, Clarry. Send us some tea, will yer?
- CLARENCE: Certainly, Sir. *(He exits.)*
- TREVOR: Now then, Minister. What you got for me today?
- MINISTER: I have come to discuss nuclear power with you,
- TREVOR: Have you now? What are you hoping to do?
- MINISTER: I am hoping I can persuade you to review your declaration that all the nuclear power stations are turned off.
- TREVOR: I doubt if you can do that.
- MINISTER: I am sure that nuclear energy is very safe. Indeed safer than you think.
- TREVOR: That's what the Russians and Japanese thought. Look what happened to them!
- MINISTER: But, Your Majesty ...
- TREVOR: I am Comrade King. That's how you should address a Communist Monarch.

MINISTER: My apologies Comrade King. I had no idea that there was such a style of address.

TREVOR: There hasn't been but there is now. *(Slightly conceited.)* I invented it!

MINISTER: That's ... er ... um ... er ... wonderful. You will go down in history.

TREVOR: *(Almost pompous.)* That's one of my aims.

MINISTER: Very good. You were mentioning what happened in Russia and Japan.

TREVOR: Yeah. I don't want my people to suffer like they did.

MINISTER: *(Making his points with energetic enthusiasm.)* But that was decades ago. Safety improvements galore have been developed in the meantime. Let me show you the plans for our latest nuclear power station being built at Dungeness.

(The MINISTER opens the TOP SECRET folder, brings out sheets of plans and opens one out. The folder is propped up so that its cover is clearly displayed.)

TREVOR: *(Studying the plans.)* What's all this then? I can't make any sense of it.

MINISTER: Let me explain Comrade King. *(Pointing to features on the plans.)* At the centre of the nuclear power station is the reactor.

TREVOR: I've heard about them things. Them's what causes all the trouble.

MINISTER: This one will never cause trouble. If there is the tiniest problem it shuts down automatically and then ...

TREVOR: It shuts down atomically what does that mean?

MINISTER: *(Trying to be patient.)* No, Comrade King, I said it shuts down auto-mat-ic-ally.

(There is a knock on the door. ANNA enters carrying a tray with tea items.)

TREVOR: Thanks Comrade Annie. Just put it at the end of the table.

(ANNA places the tray on the table sees the TOP SECRET folder and is momentarily startled and gasps. She recovers her composure, bows and leaves.)

MINISTER: She doesn't say much, does she?

TREVOR: Doesn't say much! We've been here a week and she hasn't uttered a word.

MINISTER: Does she speak English?

TREVOR: How should I know when I haven't heard her speak?

MINISTER: Yes, that is a problem. Interesting one too. *(He muses for a moment.)* Now, back to nuclear power. *(His enthusiasm is undiminished.)* At the core is the reactor.

TREVOR: Like in an apple. *(He laughs and pokes the MINISTER in the ribs.)* The core is in the centre.

MINISTER: You could say that. You could say that! There is heat produced by fission in the nuclear reactor.

TREVOR: Fishing you say? That's nice it's good that the staff have recreational facilities.

MINISTER: The heat produced by the fission creates steam that drives a turbine and electricity is generated. It's as simple as that.

TREVOR: Simple it may be but it's still dangerous. I don't want the risk.

MINISTER: But Comrade King, there's *no* possibility of that happening. If there is an occurrence then the reactor will be sealed off automatically with radiation proof doors. And further more the whole building is radiation proof. Radiation proof!

TREVOR: That's what you say.

MINISTER: That's what I believe.

TREVOR: But I wannar be sure. I don't want to see radiatored sheep at Dungeness hopping about with frizzy permed wool and

bleating like singers who can hit high notes. It wouldn't be natural.

MINISTER: Of course it wouldn't be natural. But it couldn't possibly happen. Every safeguard will be in place.

TREVOR: Now then Comrade. You've not convinced me but I wanner give you a fair chance.

MINISTER: Thank you Comrade King.

TREVOR: You leave those plans with me so that I can study them.

MINISTER: But they are marked top secret. I'm supposed not to let them out of my sight.

TREVOR: *(Indignantly.)* Are you saying that the King can't be trusted with the country's security? I don't like that Comrade Minister. I really don't.

MINISTER: My apologies, Comrade King. I meant no such thing.

TREVOR: Then I'll study them and you can come and see me again.

MINISTER: When would you like to meet?

TREVOR: I'm not allowed to work that sort of thing out. The staff tells me what I'm doing. Have a chat with one of me

secretaries. They know more about what I'm doing than I do meself.

MINISTER: Very well Comrade King. Please make sure nobody else sees those plans. They are very sensitive.

TREVOR: Nuclear power always seems sensitive. One mistake or accident and half the country could be radiatored.

MINISTER: Good morning, then Comrade King.

TREVOR: See yer later, Comrade.

MINISTER: *(To himself, but clearly, as he exits.)* Most irregular, most irregular.

TREVOR: *(Calling after him)* If yer irregular yer'd better take some medicine.

(As the MINISTER leaves ANNA enters to remove the tray. She gathers up the cups and saucers but then remains standing. TREVOR studies the plans.)

ANNA: *(Giving a gentle cough then speaks deeply, slowly and with a heavy Russian accent.)* Sir.

TREVOR: *(Looking up.)* Yes, Comrade Annie. What do yer want?

ANNA: My real name is Anastasia.

TREVOR: Is it now? Why do you tell me that?

ANNA: I have a message for you.

TREVOR: Do you now? Is it from Comrade Queen Mavis? Has she gone shopping?

ANNA: No, Comrade. *(She goes to the door, looks about then closes it.)* I have to be careful.

TREVOR: Why's that Comrade?

ANNA: Ze message is from ... *(Pausing for effect.)* ... Vladimir. *(Or substitute a suitable Russian president's name.)*

TREVOR: Vladimir? Who's Vladimir?

ANNA: Ze President of Russia.

TREVOR: Oh, *that* Vladimir! What does he want?

ANNA: He sends greetings from one Communist head of state to another.

TREVOR: (*Puzzled.*) I thought Communism finished in Russia decades ago.

ANNA: Zat's what you think. Zat's what ve Russians vant ze world to think. Really nutting in Russia has changed.

TREVOR: Hasn't it? Well, send Comrade Vladimir my Comradely Royal greeting.

ANNA: I will, Comrade.

TREVOR: That's very good. Right, off you go.

ANNA: My message is this ...

TREVOR: I thought the greeting was Vladimir's message.

ANNA: No, zat was just a greeting. Zis is the message.

TREVOR: Give it to me then. (*He holds out a hand.*)

ANNA: Not zat sort of message. Zis message is *far* too sensitive to be written down. Vladimir says he vants copies of ...

TREVOR: Copies of what? I'm only the King.

ANNA: Copies of any zing TOP SECRET! Any zing at all. You give zem to me and I will use my channels to send zem on to ze Kremlin.

TREVOR: I understand.

ANNA: Do you understand vot Vladimir vants?

TREVOR: I understand what vot Vladimire vants ... I mean what Vladimir wants.

ANNA: Good. Ve understand you have important plans in your possession.

TREVOR: How do you know that?

ANNA: Ve know more than you zink.

TREVOR: But I've only just received them.

ANNA: Ve know, you know.

TREVOR: But how do you know, I know?

ANNA: Because ve know vot ve know and vot ve vant to know, ve know. And ve know ve vant copies of ze plans!

TREVOR: But why? What use are they to you?

ANNA: Russia must be up to date in everyzing.

TREVOR: I can't just *give* them to you.

ANNA: Off course not, Comrade. Ve are very reasonable. Ve try not to inconvenience our friends. You have a veek. Indeed, ve vill *give* you a veek.

TREVOR: Thanks very much ... er ... what do you mean?

ANNA: A veek to produce copies of zose plans.

TREVOR: I don't even know how to use a photocopier.

ANNA: Zen give them to me and I vill copy them. We wouldn't vant our new source of information to have any problems.

TREVOR: What do you mean? (*Suddenly alarmed.*) Your new source of information ... Who ... who ... who's ... who's ... your new source of information?

ANNA: You are! You are perfectly placed to help us with everyzing and anyzing!

TREVOR: And if I can't? (*ANNA shakes her head slowly as TREVOR speaks each word.*) Shan't ... Won't? ... Mustn't? ... Shouldn't? ... Couldn't? ... Wouldn't?

ANNA: Ve must have your full co-operation. If you don't cooperate ve vill ...

TREVOR: Are you threatening me?

ANNA: No, Comrade. I am just delivering a message zat comes direct from vot you call ze horse's mouth.

TREVOR: Will the horse listen to my replies?

ANNA: Ze horse vill listen to vot you say. I could say Zat you have ze ear of the horse's mouth. Just do as ze horse says.

TREVOR: So ... I am being threatened!

ANNA: Certainly not Comrade. Ve do not threaten. (*She moves very close to TREVOR and speaks with heavy emphasis.*) We persuade.

TREVOR: Good. I don't like being threatened.

ANNA: Excellent. I would not threaten you. But just remember, Comrade King, zat I serve you food ... every day.

TREVOR: But I can't just hand these plans over. I have to study them and ...

ANNA: *(Shaking her head.)* I do not need to hear about your problems. Your problems are not my problems zey're your problems. Make sure I have zose important plans vithin a veek. I mean vot I say, Comrade. *(She gently strokes TREVOR's arm as she speaks.)* Remember! ... Remember! I serve you food every day!

TREVOR: Oh my goodness!

ANNA: *(Speaking in seductive tones.)* I will serve you food every day. Every, every day! ... *(She strokes TREVOR's cheek and kisses him.)*

TREVOR: *(Gasping.)* Ah! Ah!

ANNA: *(She kisses him again.)* Remember, Comrade! *(Another kiss.)* Remember! *(Moving away.)*

TREVOR: How can I possibly forget?

ANNA: Remember! *(She opens the door, picks up the tray and glides out of the room.)* Remember! *(He shuts the door.)*

TREVOR: *(Picking up the plans and quivering.)* And the Prime Minister told me that being King would be an easy job!

(The Trumpet Voluntary is played then the 'Red Flag' takes over as the lights fade.)