

First courtier: (*Approaches Queen, bow or curtsey*): Greetings Your Majesties. Please forgive our excitement, but is there any news of the Prince's impending... nuptials?**(*Nup-chew-als*)**

Queen: (*Startled*) I BEG your pardon?! The Prince's WHAT?

Second courtier: (*bow or curtsey*): What she means, Your Highness, is what news is there of **(*nods sideways towards Prince*)** Prince Légume's upcoming marriage?

Queen: (*Sniffily*) Oh, I see.

Third courtier: (*Pseudo posh*): If I might be so bold, Your Highness, I think what they both ACTUALLY mean is, **(*drops the posh accent*)** has the Prince pulled his bloomin' finger out yet and picked a girl?

Queen: Well REALLY! Let me assure you that if Prince Légume does get engaged to be married, you royal courtiers will be among the first to know! Now please go about your business! I wish to speak to my son. **(*The courtiers walk off to the fringes of the stage making grumpy, gossiping noises under their breath. They stand in small groups still listening in on the conversation and reacting accordingly – but trying not to make it too obvious! King Kelvedon tries to sneak off as well*)** NOT YOU KELVEDON, get back here! I expect you to help me talk some sense into the boy. **(*Turns back to the Prince*)** Légume! I wish you would hurry up and find a princess to marry. Why are you having such a problem?

Légume: Oh Mum, please don't keep going on! You're giving me a headache!

King: (*Raises monocle to look at him*) Your mother is right, boy. For goodness sake get a move on and pick one. What if I had been as fussy as you? **(*Realises what he has said – winces. Courtiers realise what he has said and make apprehensive faces and quiet 'ooh' noises etc*)**.

Queen: If YOU had been as fussy as HIM? **(*Walking towards the King and backing him up against the wing*)**. What do you mean by THAT?! Are you saying you just picked me because I was the first eligible princess who came along?

King: (*Cowering away from her, dropping monocle, stammering a little*) O..o..of course not, my dear, far from it...you were the most charming and beautiful of all. And I've never regretted it – n...not for a single second.

Queen: (*She starts to walk away, King starts to relax*). Hmm, that's alright then....**(*Quickly rounds on him again and walks threateningly toward him*)** BECAUSE IF I THOUGHT FOR ONE MINUTE...!

King: (*Cowering again*) No, no my beloved, you were the obvious choice, and you've grown on me even more as the years have passed **(*pause, aside to Prince Légume*)** like an angry pimple! **(*Prince nods in sympathy*)**.

Queen: (*Not hearing his last comment*). I should think so too! Now, Légume you really must decide. You've turned down loads of princesses already, and you know that if you're not married by your birthday, we will have to give the kingdom away to your horrible uncle and aunt.

King: Steady on a minute; that's my brother and his wife you're talking about, (*leaning over her quite aggressively*) DON'T YA KNOW?

Queen: AND?! (*Even more aggressively, in his face*).

King: (*Stops in his tracks, backs down immediately*). Yes, you're quite right dear! Sorry dear. (*Courtiers nod and murmur in agreement*).