

KING. (*Derisively imitating the crowd.*) The Prince is giving a ball!

(*Pointing an accusing finger at his wife.*)

You got us into this!

QUEEN. (*Happily.*) We had to do something to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of our son –

(*Bursting into song.*)

– HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, CHRISTOPHER RUPERT...

KING. Maisie...

QUEEN.

...WINDEMERE VLADIMIR...

KING. Maisie...MAISIE!

(*He has shouted her down.*)

I know all his names. I'm his father.

QUEEN. A fine father you are!

(*She hands him his trousers.*)

KING. (*Starting to put them on.*) What do you mean, (*Imitating her.*) "A fine father you are"?

QUEEN. I mean you never worry about him.

KING. (*A little breathless from the physical effort of balancing on one leg.*) Why should I...worry about him?

QUEEN. Because he isn't happy!

KING. How do you know?

(*He is now struggling to make his trousers meet at the waistline – obviously a futile project.*)

QUEEN. He doesn't seem to have any interest in anything – or anyone.

KING. (*Not a man to face unpleasant facts.*) Oh, he's happy all right.

QUEEN. (*As if this clinches the argument.*) If he's happy, why doesn't he get married?

KING. (*Still trying to make the top button approach the top buttonhole.*) If he's happy why...should he...get married?