

# *We Hate Her*

## **Hail and Reign**

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*~context~*

The Empress Matilda has fought long and hard to be the Queen of England – but the natural arrogance of the Queen has created enemies among many powerful courtiers. None of these is more vocal than the crafty Bishop of Winchester – who, along with likeminded colleagues, can't help but express his personal distaste for the Queen.

HENRY

(Singing.)

I'D JUMP FOR JOY TO BOIL  
THAT MEG'LOMANIC WITCH IN OIL  
TO TERMINATE HER SMIRK SO SMUG AND VILE.  
MY JOY WOULD KNOW NO BOUNDS  
TO FEED HER TO SOME HOUNDS  
OR BETTER YET A FAMISHED CROCODILE.  
SHE'S SUCH A GHASTLY SNOB.  
TO MAKE FROM HER A SHISH KABOB  
WOULD TURN MY HEAVY FROWN INTO A SMILE.  
PLEASE, GOD, EXTERMINATE HER.  
MAY MADMEN MUTILATE HER.  
FOR I HATE HER.  
YES, I HATE HER.

CHRONICLER

Now, Your Grace, that really is a bit harsh.

HENRY

What? Are you saying that you have never felt the urge to smite that pretentious Franco-German sow? You who must daily scrub her feet and kiss her fanny?

CHRONICLER

Well, now that you mention it...

CHRONICLE (CONT)

(Singing.)  
IT'S TRUE I'D LOVE TO TACK  
THE EMPRESS TO A RAILROAD TRACK  
A TICK BEFORE THE CHOO-CHOO PASSES BY.

HENRY

(Singing.)  
SUCH JOY I WOULD UNLOCK  
TO PLACE HER ON THE BLOCK  
BEFORE A DRUNK, SWORD-SWINGING SAMURAI.

CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
HER MOUTH GOD NEEDS TO BOLT.

HENRY

(Singing.)  
TO HAND HER TO A DRUID CULT  
WOULD PUT A LOVELY TWINKLE IN MY EYE.  
PLEASE, GOD, BOX UP AND CRATE HER.

CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
MAY LIONS LACERATE HER.

HENRY, CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
FOR WE HATE HER  
YES, WE HATE HER.

CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
PRAY, WHAT IF THE QUEEN  
PERSISTS IN HER CATERWAULING?

HENRY

(Singing.)  
ON HER A CHANDELIER  
WILL THEN SOON BE FALLING.

HENRY, CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
AND WHAT IF THE QUEEN  
STOOD PROUD ON THE CLIFFS OF DOVER?

HENRY

(Singing.)  
THEN WITH A LITTLE CHEER  
I'D PUSH THE COW OVER.

CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
IF IT WERE UP TO ME  
I'D VOTE TO BURY HER AT SEA  
BUT ONLY IF SHE'S LIVING AT THE TIME.

HENRY

(Singing.)  
THAT PROMENADING HEN!  
I'D TIE HER TO BIG BEN  
FOR WHAT WOULD BE A PLEASURABLE CHIME.

CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
NO, HERE'S A BETTER PLAN:  
LET'S DROP HER IN TURKMENISTAN  
WHERE STANDARDS ARE BELOW SUB-SUB-SUBLIME.

HENRY

(Singing.)  
THEY MIGHT DECAPITATE HER.

CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
AT LEAST DOMESTICATE HER.

HENRY, CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
FOR WE HATE HER.  
YES, WE HATE HER.

BONG, BONG, BONG. The LIGHTS rise.  
MUSIC continues. MATILDA enters banging  
a gong.

MATILDA

Dinner time, boys and girls!

Clad as a waiter, ROBERT slinks in with  
a serving platter, covered by a silver  
dome, which HE places on the drinks  
trolley. Approaching the trolley,  
MATILDA picks up the dome to reveal the  
evening dinner: a shredded document.  
EVERYONE stares dumbly.

MATILDA

It's the oath you signed for Daddy respecting my rights to the  
throne. Sorry to give you leftovers, but Chef is off tonight.  
Busboy Eely here will dish your portion out for you. He'll even  
slice you each a sliver of your own signature. Isn't that  
clever? Bon appetit! Now eat.

MATILDA freezes. The PLAYERS rush out  
front.

MALE PLAYER #1

(Singing.)  
THE QUEEN IS SUCH A PAIN...

MALE PLAYER #2

(Singing.)  
SO EGOTISTIC AND SO VAIN...

MALE PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
NO EARTHLY EGO COULD BE BETTER MANNED.

FEMALE PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
WE'D GLADLY GO SO FAR  
TO HIT HER WITH A CAR  
THEN CRUSH HER WITH A MASSIVE MARCHING BAND.

HENRY

(Singing.)  
NO, NO, THAT'S FAR TOO KIND.  
ATTEMPTING SOMETHING MORE REFINED  
I'D SOONER SEE HER QUARTERED, CURED, AND CANNED.

MALE PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
MAY MONGOLS DECIMATE HER.

FEMALE PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
MAY FRENCHMEN INFILTRATE HER.

ALL PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
FOR WE HATE HER.

HENRY, CHRONICLER, PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
YES, WE HATE HER.

THEY ALL dance.

HENRY

(Singing.)  
PRAY, WHAT IF THE QUEEN  
WERE DANGLING HIGH FROM A RAFTER?

MALE PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
WE'D GRIN FROM EAR-TO-EAR.

FEMALE PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
WE'D FILL THE ROOM WITH LAUGHTER.

CHRONICLER

(Singing.)  
AND WHAT IF THE QUEEN  
WERE DICED UP IN TINY PIECES?

ALL PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
WE'D SHED A JOYFUL TEAR.

HENRY

(Singing.)  
I'D THANK ALMIGHTY JESUS.

HENRY, CHRONICLER, PLAYERS

(Singing.)  
OUR HEARTS WOULD SURELY SWELL  
TO SEE THE EMPRESS BURN IN HELL  
UNTIL SHE IS WELL COOKED AND CRISPED AND BROWNE.  
IF EVEN AT HER BEST  
SHE WERE A TREASURE CHEST  
WE'D THINK IT BETTER IF SHE WERE NOT FOUND.  
OH, FOR THIS PAIN TO END!  
WE PRAY TO FIND A DARING FRIEND  
WHO'D BRAVELY TAKE THE QUEEN BACK TO THE POUND.  
MAY PLAGUE CONTAMINATE HER.  
IN MAGMA MARINATE HER.  
FOR WE HATE HER.  
HOW WE HATE HER.  
REALLY HATE HER.  
TRULY HATE HER.  
DO WE HATE HER? YES!