

CLEVES.

COS I'M THE QUEEN OF THE CASTLE

[MUSIC NO. 06A 'AFTER GET DOWN']

(*Sad piano returns.*)

START
↓ So yeah, it was really heartbreaking

ARAGON. Er that doesn't sound difficult at all?

(*Sad piano stops.*)

CLEVES. Oh yeah, I guess you're right. I probably won't win then. Oh well, back to the palace... (*'Get Down'-esque bam.*)

BOLEYN. So now there's one horse out of the race...

CLEVES. Rude

BOLEYN. Let's take a moment to check in with the competition. So who's still in the running? Will it be the devoted wife, the divorcee, or the one who *actually* had problems to deal with...

SEYMOUR. Problems? My son had to deal with the *loss* of his *mother*

BOLEYN. Wow yeah, kinda like how my body had to deal with the loss of its head

ARAGON. Queens, come on now. Can't you see what's happening? Comparing your losses isn't going to change the fact that I've already won. I mean - I was literally shipped over from a foreign country not knowing a word of English to marry some random dude

CLEVES. Oh my god same!

ARAGON. Okay fine, but then when Henry decided he'd had enough of me, he didn't even have the decency to say goodbye

HOWARD. Same

BOLEYN. Oh yeah same. Nice neck, by the way (K-HOWARD and BOLEYN *high-five*.)

ARAGON. Alright fine. How about this: when my one and only child had a raging fever, Henry wouldn't even let me, her *mother*, / see her...

SEYMOUR. OH BOO HOO, BABY MARY HAD THE CHICKEN POX AND YOU WEREN'T THERE TO HOLD HER HAND; YOU KNOW IT'S FUNNY, BECAUSE WHEN I WANTED TO HOLD MY NEWBORN SON, I DIED!!!!

CLEVES. GUYS I HAVE THE PLAGUE

OTHERS. What?

CLEVES. Lol just kidding, my life's amazing

OTHERS. Ugh

STOP
↑ PARR. Okay...you know what, I think it's time we heard from our next queen: K-Howard

BOLEYN. (*Aside to ARAGON.*) Babe, who's that again?

ARAGON. Oh ummm...I *think*...she's the least relevant Catherine?

BOLEYN. Oh yeah yeah now I (*As if she's going to say 'remember.'*) still don't care

HOWARD. Haha. Funny.

ARAGON. Yeah speaking of funny, good luck with trying to compete with us, honey (*Bam.*)

TAKE
↓ HOWARD. You're right. I'm gonna need all the luck I can get. Your lives sounded terrible.

And your songs really helped to convey that.

I mean, Catherine, almost moving into a nunnery and then not?! That almost could have been really hard for you!

And Anne, getting your head chopped off, surely that means you'll win the competi...wait hang on (*Counts to self under her breath.*) divorced, beheaded, died, divorced, behea- oh wait, never mind

And Jane, dying of natural causes... (*Fake crying.*) When will justice be served?!?!

And surviving.

But seriously, Anna, all jokes aside, being rejected for your looks legit sounds really rough. I wouldn't know anything about that. I mean look at me! (*Starts to list.*) I'm really fit... (*Ceases listing.*) So yeah, I can't even begin to think of how I'd compete with you all OH

STOP

↑ WAIT LIKE THIS:

[MUSIC NO. 07 'ALL YOU WANNA DO']

OTHERS.

ALL YOU WANNA DO, ALL YOU WANNA DO, BABY

HOWARD. I think we can all agree I'm the ten amongst these threes

OTHERS.

ALL YOU WANNA DO, ALL YOU WANNA DO, BABY

HOWARD.

AND EV'RY ONCE IN A WHILE I MAKE THE BOYS GO WILD

OTHERS.

ALL YOU WANNA DO, ALL YOU WANNA DO, BABY

HOWARD. Take my first music teacher

Henry MannoX

I WAS YOUNG, IT'S TRUE, BUT EVEN THEN I KNEW
THE ONLY THING YOU WANNA DO IS *KISS* AHH

BROAD, DARK, HENRY MANNOX

TAUGHT ME ALL ABOUT DYNAMICS

~~HE WAS OLDER THAN ME~~

BUT I WAS THIRTEEN GOING ON THIRTY