

And *then* I was beheaded. Wow. I know, I know, so I guess seeing as I've now won the competition, all I wanna do is take this opportunity to thank all the powerful men who got me where I am today...

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

(*Signals for the music to come in and play the show out.*) ...couldn't have done it without you! Thank you and goodnight! / [London] you've been amazing, safe travels home – thank you, etc.

OTHERS. Woah woah woah / wait just one second / stop! stop! etc.

START
↓
SEYMOUR. Umm hold on (*Music cuts.*) – yeah, you had it bad, but that was not the most heart-wrenching song we've heard this evening...

HOWARD. Er sorry were you not listening to my song? There were FOUR choruses! That's how much *SHH* I had to deal with

SEYMOUR. Oh sorry yeah so true when you died your son did have to grow up without a moth...oh wait that was me and no one cared when *you* died!

BOLEYN. Jane, chill out. It's not her fault that no one remembers her bland and uneventful life. (*To HOWARD.*) Babes, honestly, I don't want it to be weird between us, just cos my beheading was the result of years of *actual* trauma and humiliation...

ARAGON. Oh pipe down, Anne Bo-loser. *You* seriously wanna talk about humiliation? Okay well, when I was Queen, Henry had not one (*Bam.*) not two (*Bam bam.*) but three historically confirmed mistresses (*Bam bam bam.*)

BOLEYN. Oh yeah?!? Well I (*Bam.*) LOST (*Bam.*) MY (*Bam.*) HEAD (*Bam bam bam.*)

(They all explode into an argument.)

CLEVES. Oooookeeeeyyyy...let's just move on shall we? Come on Queens. Catherine, it's your turn babe: take it away.

(The other QUEENS grumble into their formation for the song PARR usually does every night wink wink nudge nudge, CLEVES placing PARR into position as she speaks. An upbeat intro plays. PARR is at the centre of it all.)

PARR. *(Thinks for a moment.)* You know what I'm good

(The others, frozen in their positions, don't know what to do.)

Yeah... I just, I can't keep doing this

BOLEYN. Haha...ha... *(Through gritted teeth.)* what?

PARR. Sorry... Sorry for... I just... I don't know...

(The follow spot follows PARR to lighting box.) Woah hey sorry, could we just turn off the... Thanks.

(To QUEENS.) Look, I don't know, it's just – we're here in front of all these people, being like: 'Ooh, let's see what gets the biggest cheer, trauma or abuse!!!! Woohoo' – like, should we really be doing this?

SEYMOUR. I mean we've literally been doing that for the last hour so...

PARR. I know but...like...don't you think it's gone a bit too / far?

OTHERS. Ooooooooooh

CLEVES. ~~Someone's got a conscience all of a sudden~~

HOWARD. Oooh I'm Catherine Parr I draw the line in arbitrary places blah blah blah

ARAGON. You know what Queens, she just knows she's not gonna win

SEYMOUR. So now she's trying to make us look stupid instead of playing by the rules like everyone else

OTHERS. (*Slow claps.*) / Well played Catherine / So noble / What a gal, etc.

PARR. Ugh, that's so not why I'm... (*The QUEENS carry on making fun of her.*) Don't you see that this whole thing is just... What can I do to make you – ...? (*Lightbulb moment – PARR has an idea.*) Okay. Okay OKAY. (*The other QUEENS shut their gobs.*) You know what Queens, if it's a sob story you want, I will give you one.

HOWARD. You sure Catherine? We don't mind if you wanna sit this one out. I mean, you must be exhausted from all those backing vocals?

STOP
↑ PARR. No you're right I should sing a song. Go on, Queens, take a seat. Go on.

Hey everyone, is it okay if we try something a bit different tonight?

(*To lighting box.*) Hey, hi, could I get that beautiful light back? Thanks

(*To JOAN.*) And Joan, could you give me a cute lil... Bb major seven?

(*JOAN shrugs and nods – she can play literally anything.*)

Perfect.

[MUSIC NO. 08 'I DON'T NEED YOUR LOVE']

START

So, um, just for a bit of context, I've actually had my fair share of marriages. Something Henry and I have in common, I guess... Though unlike him, I did manage to get through them without decapitating anyone. I know – gold star for Cathy Parr.

But the thing is, they had this really annoying habit of passing away. And so as well as dealing with, you know, incapacitating grief, I also had to keep finding new husbands to avoid being ostracised. Yep – Tudor womanhood – would recommend.

And then one day, finally, I meet this guy: Thomas. He seemed like he might stick around for a while and, you guessed it, he turned out to be the love of my life. (*To an audience member – as if to say 'I know – how cliché am I?'*) I know right. We had this plan to get married, actually.

But that's when Henry turned up, single and ready to make an unsuspecting woman his wife... Just my luck.

So, that was that. I had to write a letter to Thomas. Ending things.

STOP

↑

Dear Thom,

YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU BOY

IN EV'RY SINGLE WAY

THOUGH I LOVE YOU BOY

I'LL MISS YOU EV'RY DAY

OH I LOVE YOU BOY

I WISH THAT I COULD STAY WITH YOU

AND KEEP THE LIFE I MADE WITH YOU

AND EVEN THOUGH THIS FEELS SO RIGHT

I'M HOLDING BACK THE TEARS TONIGHT

IT'S TRUE

I'LL NEVER BE OVER YOU