

SO I SENT THAT LETTER TO MY LOVE
 GOT MARRIED TO THE KING
 BECAME THE ONE WHO SURVIVED
 I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT MY LIFE: "THE FINAL WIFE"
 BUT WHY SHOULD THAT STORY BE THE ONE I HAVE TO
 SING ABOUT JUST TO WIN?
 I'M OUT.
 THAT'S NOT MY STORY
 THERE'S SO MUCH MORE
 REMEMBER THAT I WAS A WRITER
 I WROTE BOOKS, AND PSALMS, AND MEDITATIONS,
 FOUGHT FOR FEMALE EDUCATION
 SO ALL MY WOMEN COULD INDEPENDENTLY STUDY
 SCRIPTURE
 I EVEN GOT A WOMAN TO PAINT MY PICTURE
 WHY CAN'T I TELL THAT STORY?
 COS IN HISTORY
 I'M FIXED AS ONE OF SIX
 AND WITHOUT HIM, I DISAPPEAR, WE ALL DISAPPEAR

START *(Underscored, unadulterated chat.)*

BOLEYN. Wait, I don't get it

PARR. Okay look, why does anyone know who we are?

BOLEYN. ...My sixth finger.

ARAGON. Put it away, babe

PARR. No okay, let me put it a different way: who was
 Henry VII's wife?

BOLEYN. Um...I don't know?

PARR. *(To other QUEENS, not to audience.)* Anyone?

OTHERS. *(Ad-libs.)* No idea / Beats me / Hmm idk

PARR. Okay. Who was Henry VI's wife?

ALL. I don't know

PARR. And who was Henry V's wife?

ALL.

HOWARD.

We don't know /

Catherine de Valois, I mean

I don't know

PARR. The point is, the only reason any of these people
have come here tonight is because once upon a time...

ARAGON. ...the same guy fell in love with us

PARR. Right

HOWARD. But wait...isn't there a bigger problem here?

ARAGON. The dissolution of the monasteries

HOWARD. No, I'm talking about us. Cos as soon as we get
together as a group / ...

BOLEYN. Everyone notices Jane can't dance, yeah, you're
so / right

HOWARD. That's exactly what I'm talking about...

SEYMOUR. Er –

HOWARD. ...we compare ourselves

SEYMOUR. Oh

HOWARD. And when we're 'the six wives' of Henry VIII,
we each become just that:

ARAGON. 'One of' his wives

PARR. One of

ALL. (*Despondently.*)

SIX

BOLEYN. Omg I get it – since the only thing we have in
common is our husband, grouping us is an inherently
comparative act, and as such it necessarily elevates
a historical approach ingrained in patriarchal
structures – yeah, I read.

PARR. So basically – we're stuck.

(They all make noises of frustration, culminating in:)

SEYMOUR. What a waste of time.

ARAGON. Well, guess there's not much we can do about it
now

(An awkward silence. They metaphorically twiddle their thumbs and scuff their shoes, not sure what to do.)

HOWARD. Do you know what?

CLEVES. What?

HOWARD. I wish that like *before* we spent the whole show competing, we'd realised it would turn out to be such a mess

ALL. Yeah same / Hmm yeah / Ugh that would've been good

PARR. Yeah cos if we *had* realised, then we could've just done something else...like maybe even a *fake* competition to *show* everyone how messed up comparing us is

ARAGON. Ugh yeah and *then* we could've found some cool way to like, I don't know, 'reclaim our stories' and like 'all become the leading ladies'

BOLEYN. *(Disappointed.)* Awww we could have done that as a song!

SEYMOUR. Ugh that would have tied things together so neatly.

STOP ↑ CLEVES. If *only* we'd thought of that before...
(All the QUEENS look to camera.)