

BOLEYN.

WE MUST MAKE SURE THE PRINCESSES LOOK GREAT
WHEN THEIR TIME COMES FOR A HOLBEIN PORTRAIT

ARAGON.

WE KNOW WHAT ALL THE BEST INVENTIONS ARE
TO HOLD EV'RYTHING UP

HOWARD.

JA, IT'S *WUNDERBAR*!

SEYMOUR.

FOR BLONDER HAIR THEN YOU JUST ADD A MAGICAL
INGREDIENT
(FROM YOUR BLADDER)

PARR.

TRY THESE HEELS
SO HIGH, IT'S NAUGHTY

SEYMOUR. (*Spoken.*)

BUT WE CANNOT GUARANTEE
THAT YOU'LL STILL WALK AT FORTY

ALL. (*Back to heightened German.*)

IGNORE THE FEAR
AND YOU'LL BE FINE
WE'LL TURN THIS *VIER* INTO A NINE
SO JUST SAY "JA"
AND DON'T SAY "NEIN"
COS NOW YOU'RE IN THE HAUS
IN THE HAUS OF HOLBEIN
OOH JA!
DAS IST GUT, OOH JA!
JA!

START

THE HAUS OF HOLBEIN

↓ ARAGON. The time has come for you to select a bride,
your highness

HOWARD. May we present Christina of Denmark:

(Christina of Denmark [PARR] is revealed.)

SEYMOUR. “Looking for mates, dates, and a British monarch with whom to secure the line of succession. Winky face”

(Swipes left.)

BOLEYN. No? Well never mind, she has already made a match with the Duke of Milan anyhow

CLEVES. Okay. Next!

(Amalia of Cleves [HOWARD] is revealed.)

BOLEYN. Your highness, may we present Amalia of Cleves

PARR. “Just a German girl, trying to live the English Dream #NoCatholics #BigDowry”

(Swipes left.)

Nein? Okay, alles klar

ARAGON. Who’s next?

(They confer, before:)

BOLEYN. Ah! *Fantastisch!*

ARAGON. *Wunderbar!*

SEYMOUR. *Super kool!*

(They return to addressing the Big Man:)

ARAGON. Your highness, your highness, your highness: we are honoured to present to you: Anna of Cleves.

(ANNA is revealed.)

BOLEYN. The most beautiful woman in the *whole* of the *Holy* Roman Empire

PARR. And let me assure you, Herr Holbein has certainly done her justice

(Accordion builds. Swipes right.)

ARAGON. Ah! Sehr Gut! And I think we can say with some certainty you will be happily married for many years to come

HOWARD. Ah I can see it now! Henry VIII and his famous four wives!

SEYMOUR. Oh no need to thank us,
THE PLEASURE HAS BEEN OURS

ALL. *(Beat kicks in.)*

IN THE HAUS OF HOLBEIN

PARR.

THE HAUS OF HOLBEIN

(From henceforth, the QUEENS return to their normal accents.)

[MUSIC NO. 06 'GET DOWN']

(ANNA OF CLEVES is left on a deserted stage. An emotional underscore of sad piano music swells.)

START

CLEVES. *(Sad laugh.)* I guess you already know what happened next, how I came to England, hopeful, summoned after the King saw my portrait, and how I, with my meagre looks the way they are, didn't live up to his expectations. I mean, it's the usual story, isn't it: the savvy, educated young princess deemed repulsive by a wheezing, wrinkled, ulcer-riddled, man twenty-four years her senior.

Rejection. Rejection from a King! How could anyone overcome a fate as devastating as being forced to move into a resplendent palace in Richmond, with more

money than I could ever spend in a lifetime, and not
 a single man around to tell me what to do with it. I
 mean, seriously. Just tragic.

STOP ↑

SITTING HERE ALL ALONE
 ON A THRONE
 IN THE PALACE THAT I HAPPEN TO OWN
 BRING ME SOME PHEASANT
 KEEP IT ON THE BONE
 FILL MY GOBLET UP TO THE BRIM
 SIPPING ON MEAD
 AND I SPILL IT ON MY DRESS WITH THE GOLD LACE TRIM
 NOT VERY PRIM AND PROPER
 CAN'T MAKE ME STOP
 I WANNA GO HUNTING
 ANY TAKERS?
 I'M NOT FAKE COS I'VE GOT ACRES AND ACRES
 PAID FOR WITH MY OWN POUNDS
 WHERE MY DOGS AT? RELEASE THE HOUNDS!

OTHERS.

WOOF.

CLEVES.

EV'RY DAY
 HEAD BACK FOR A ROUND OF CROQUET (YA)
 COS I'M A PLAYER
 AND TOMORROW - I'LL HIT REPLAY

ALL.

YOU

CLEVES.

YOU SAID THAT I TRICKED YA

ALL.

COS I

CLEVES.

~~I DIDN'T LOOK LIKE MY PROFILE PICTURE~~