

HM Queen Elizabeth II

- *[To Tony Blair]* If you imagine I'm going to drop everything and come down to London before I attend to my grandchildren who've just lost **their mother**... then you're mistaken. I doubt there is anyone who knows the British people more than I do, Mr. Blair, nor who has greater faith in their wisdom and judgement. And it is my belief that they will any moment reject this... this "mood" which is being stirred up by the press, in favour of a period of restrained grief and sober, private mourning. That's the way we do things in this country, quietly, with dignity. That's what the rest of the world has always admired us for.

Tony Blair

- That woman has given her whole life in service to her people. Fifty years doing a job *she* never wanted! A job she watched kill **her father**. She's executed it with honor, dignity and, as far as I can tell, without a single blemish, and now we're all baying for her blood! All because she's struggling to lead the world in mourning for someone who... who threw everything she offered back in her face and who, for the last few years, seemed committed 24/7 to destroying everything she holds most dear!

HM the Queen Mother

- You must show your strength. Reassert your authority. You sit on the most powerful throne in Europe, head of an unbroken line that goes back more than a thousand years. Do you think any of your predecessors would have dropped everything and gone up to London because a bunch of hysterics carrying candles needed help with their grief? Huh! As for that silly Mr. Blair with his Cheshire Cat grin...

Other Characters

- **Alastair Campbell:** *[to Tony Blair]* They, er, sent a copy of the Queen's speech. Might want to scrape the frost off it first... Oh, I phoned them with a couple of suggestions, to make it sound like it came from a human being.

Dialogue

Portrait Artist: You may not be allowed to vote, ma'am, but it is your government.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Yes. I suppose that is some consolation.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Have we shown you how to start a nuclear war yet?

Tony Blair: Er, no.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: First thing we do apparently, we take away your passport and spend the rest of our time sending you around the world.

Tony Blair: You obviously know my job better than I do.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Yes, well, you are my tenth Prime Minister, Mr Blair. My first, of course, was **Winston Churchill**. He sat in your chair in a frock coat and top hat. And he was kind enough to give a shy young girl like me quite an education.

Tony Blair: I would imagine.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: In time, one has added experience to that education and a little wisdom, better enabling us to carry out our constitutional responsibilities to advise, guide and warn the government of the day.

Tony Blair: Advice which I look forward to receiving.

Prince Charles: I should go to Paris. I told my people to start organizing a jet.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: What, a private one?

Prince Charles: Yes.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Isn't that precisely the sort of extravagance they always attack us for?

Prince Charles: How else am I supposed to get to Paris at this time? The airport at Aberdeen will be closed and —

HM The Queen Mother: Charles dear, use the **Royal Flight**; they keep one plane on permanent standby, in case I should kick the bucket.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: No, Mummy, that's out of the question; this isn't a matter of State.

Prince Charles: What are you talking about?

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Diana's no longer a member of the **Royal Family**. She's not an HRH. This is a private matter!

Prince Charles: She's mother to your grandchildren!

HM The Queen Mother: What is happening now?

Prince Philip: I don't know; I can't hear, everyone shouting!

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Do you think it wise for the boys to go **stalking** so soon?

HM The Queen Mother: Anything that gets them into the fresh air is a good thing.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Well, maybe they shouldn't take their guns. I mean, if a photographer were to see them, it might send out the wrong signal.

HM The Queen Mother: If there is a photographer out there, he could be the first kill of the day.

Alastair Campbell: *[to Tony Blair]* They, er, sent a copy of the Queen's speech. Might want to scrape the frost off it first... Oh, I phoned them with a couple of suggestions, to make it sound like it came from a human being.

Cherie Blair: *[to Tony]* Mister saviour of the Monarchy!

Reporter: *[first lines]* After weeks of campaigning on the road, Tony Blair and his family finally strolled the few hundred yards to the polling station this election day morning. Amongst the Labour faithful up and down the country, there is an enormous sense of pride in Mr. Blair's achievements, and the confidence that he is about to become the youngest prime minister this century.

[last lines]

HM Queen Elizabeth II So tell me, Mr. Blair, what might we expect from your first parliament?

Tony Blair: Well, ma'am, top of the list is education reform. We want to radically reduce classroom sizes.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Oh, yes. Yes, we must.

Tony Blair: Create a much lower teacher-pupil ratio.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Yes, it will be difficult to achieve...

[trailing off, inaudible]

Alastair Campbell: You going to speak to the Queen?

Tony Blair: Yep.

Alastair Campbell: Ask her if SHE greased the brakes.

Tony Blair: Now, now.

Cherie Blair: *[impersonating the Queen]* Thank you so much for coming, now fuck off!

Tony Blair: I know, what was all that about?

Cherie Blair: God knows, Diana, whatever it is it'll be something to do with Diana.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: *[to her husband]* Have you heard from the Spencers on what they wish to do with the funeral?

HM The Queen Mother: Oh no, no one tells me anything.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: But what if my actions are damaging the crown?

HM The Queen Mother: Damaging it? You're the greatest asset this institution has. One of the greatest it has ever had. No, no. The problem will come when you *leave*. Hm! But you musn't think about that now. Certainly not today.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Oh, Mummy.

HM The Queen Mother: You must show your strength. Reassert your authority. You sit on the most powerful throne in Europe, head of an unbroken line that goes back more than a thousand years. Do you think any of your predecessors would have dropped everything and gone up to London because a bunch of hysterics carrying candles needed help with their grief? Huh! As for that silly Mr. Blair with his Cheshire Cat grin...

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Tony Blair: I would imagine.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Prime Minister.

Tony Blair: Good morning, Majesty. Sorry to disturb, but I was just wondering whether you'd seen any of today's papers?

HM Queen Elizabeth II: We've managed to look at one or two, yes.

Tony Blair: In which case my... next question would be whether you felt some kind of response... *[Queen Elizabeth puts Blair on speakerphone]* ...might be necessary?

HM Queen Elizabeth II: No. I believe a few over-eager editors are doing their best to sell newspapers. It would be a mistake to dance to their tune.

Lord Airlie: Right. It's ten o'clock. Let's get started, shall we? And thank you all for coming at such short notice. I think we all agree that this is an extraordinarily sensitive occasion which presents us with tremendous challenges logistically, constitutionally, practically, diplomatically, and procedurally.

Alastair Campbell *[under his breath]* Oh, Christ.

Prince Philip: It's not right, you know.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: No, but further discussion is no longer helpful, either.

Prince Philip: Your sister called, from Tuscany.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: I hope you told her to come back, cut her holiday short.

Prince Philip: I did.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: I'd imagine she was pleased.

Prince Philip: That's putting it milder.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: What did she say?

Prince Philip: Something about Diana managing to be even more annoying dead than alive.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Just make sure you never let the boys hear you talk like that!

Robin Janvrin: The Prime Minister is on his way, ma'am.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: To be, Robin, Prime Minister to be. I haven't asked him yet.

[Prince Charles comes into the room during news report on Diana's death]

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Charles, isn't this awful? [long pause] What are you going to do about the boys?

Prince Charles: Let them sleep until we know more.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Yes, that's sensible.

Prince Charles: I should go to Paris, I told my people to start organizing a jet.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: What, a private one?

Prince Charles: Yes.

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[Cherie has just offered a 'shallow' curtsy. The Queen looks at her and smiles]

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Mrs Blair, lovely to see you, and congratulations.

[the Queen shakes Cherie's hand]

HM Queen Elizabeth II: You must be very proud, and exhausted I imagine. Where will you be spending the summer?

Cherie Blair: Erm, France.

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Oh, lovely.

Tony Blair: You'll be in Balmoral?

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Yes, yes, I can't wait. It's such a wonderful place. My great great grandmother Victoria once said 'Balmoral always seems to breath peace and make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.'

[Robin Janvrin comes into room]

Robin Janvrin: Your Majesty?

HM Queen Elizabeth II: Oh, excuse me.

[Robin whispers something inaudible into the Queen's ear]

HM Queen Elizabeth II: [to Tony and Cherie] I'm so sorry, we're going to have to leave it

there.

[She shakes both their hands and they exit without showing their backs]

HM Queen Elizabeth II: [to Robin] It wasn't too short was it? Fifteen minutes, one doesn't want to be rude.

Robin Janvrin: No ma'am.

WHO SAID WHAT??

[discussing the guest list for Diana's funeral] A chorus line of soap stars and homosexuals.

[Getting her car stuck in a ford] Oh, bugger it.

[to the Queen] Move over, Cabbage.

[to Tony Blair about her negative popularity] I don't think I have ever been hated like that.

[To Tony Blair] If you imagine I'm going to drop everything and come down to London before I attend to my grandchildren who've just lost their mother... then you're mistaken. I doubt there is anyone who knows the British people more than I do, Mr. Blair, nor who has greater faith in their wisdom and judgement. And it is my belief that they will any moment reject this... this "mood", which is being stirred up by the press, in favor of a period of restrained grief, and sober, private mourning. That's the way we do things in this country, quietly, with dignity. That's what the rest of the world has always admired us for.

Elton John wishes to sing at the funeral. Should be a first for Westminster Abbey.

Sleeping in the streets and pulling out their hair for someone they never knew. And they think we're mad!

That woman has given her whole life in service to her people. Fifty years doing a job SHE never wanted! A job she watched kill her father. She's executed it with honor, dignity, and, as far as I can tell, without a single blemish, and now we're all baying for her blood! All because she's struggling to lead the world in mourning for someone who... who threw everything she offered back in her face. And who, for the last few years, seemed committed 24/7 to destroying everything she holds most dear!

Will someone please save these people from themselves!

Your tea is getting cold!