

## The King is Dead

### Characters:

Riley: Any gender, 20ish. The Military General. They're mean. They think they are the smartest person in the room, but they never are.

Cameron (Cam): Any gender, 20ish. The Castle Treasurer. Fairly casual and laid back. Is mostly aware that they're not competent at anything.

Drew: Any gender, 20ish. The Castle Doctor. Comes from wealth and power, feels like they earned their success, but they did not. Not the brightest.

Crier: Any gender, any age. The Castle Crier. A nice, lovely and humble person. Very happy, very energetic. VERY naïve.

### SETTING:

A throne room in a castle.

### RUN TIME:

15 minutes

Writers note: Where it says "ALL" in the script, this only refers to Riley, Drew and Cam. NOT Crier.

## AUDITION INFORMATION – *THE KING IS DEAD* - HAVE FUN!

**Characteristics:** Besides the information on the webpage please note that the characters all have childlike qualities, e.g., playful to tricky, from excitable to crafty!

**Physicality/Props:** Play around with your own ideas and explore these ones if you wish. I will bring the props.

- Riley = striding, marching, strong, direct, takes up the space. Prop a sword.
- Cam = floating, hovering, flexible, flying around the space. Prop a bow and arrow.
- Drew = sometimes walks in figures of eight. Tiny mincing steps with occasional exaggerated movements. Prop a stethoscope.
- Crier = flicking, springy, subtle, light, skips around. Prop a scroll or just yourself.!

### **First audition piece. Page 2 to end of page.**

- Riley and Cam are rushing around the stage and the throne. They think the King may be dead. Try and use your props. Music.
- Drew enters slower pace. Moves CS.
- Riley and Cam pacing to and fro.
- On Drew '... we've got the best people on it.' All huddle together for a moment.

### **Second audition piece. Page 9 to beginning of page 10.**

- Page 9: Riley, Cam and Drew all standing in a line CS in front of the throne. Calling for the Crier to help them with the voting system. In competition with one another.
- Crier skips in with great exuberance and weaves in and out of the three advisors.
- Crier: 'Oh, gee whiz, that sure is a big task,' Crier stands still, and the three advisors start circling him/her trying to intimidate.
- Finish on the three advisors' re-actions when the Crier sits on the throne. (Prophecy: Who ever sits on the throne will be the next King!).

### **Third audition piece:**

#### **(a) Page 4 – Crier's speech only – 7 lines.**

- The Crier enters CS with his/her crying news.
- Riley, Cam and Drew in a semicircle SR to SL. Reacting. Crier leaves.
- Finish.

#### **(b) Improvisation. The Throne Shoot Out! All characters.**

- Performance style is slow motion and Melodrama. Music.
- Riley, Cam and Drew's intention are to become the one and only King.
- Crier's intention is to play a fun game.
- All characters CS. Backs-to-backs:
  - All draw their props as weapons.
  - All silently count to three then walk five paces forward.
  - Turn and shoot each other with props.
  - Each character pretends to be hurt and staggers back trying to be the first to sit on the throne.

*We are in the throne room of a castle. It's olden times.*

*In the middle of the stage sits an empty throne. Upon the throne is a crown. Riley, the Military General, and Cameron, The Castle Treasurer, pace around the room. They are a mix of anxiety and excitement, but they're trying to look sad.*

*ENTER DREW, the Castle Doctor, who doesn't seem in a hurry.*

- CAM     What's up? What's the news?
- RILEY    Is the King alright?
- DREW     I don't know...
- RILEY    Why? What's happened?
- DREW     I didn't go and check. I went to get some lunch.
- RILEY    You didn't speak to anyone?
- DREW     No... did you want me to go back?
- CAM     Why didn't you tell us!?
- DREW     I didn't know you wanted any food.
- RILEY    No! Not about the lunch. Why didn't you tell us you weren't checking on the King? We could've gone.
- DREW     They wouldn't let you in. Only doctors are allowed in.
- CAM     Yeah, we know! You're the Castle Doctor! We figured you'd check!
- DREW     We've got our best people on it. He'll be fine.
- RILEY    How can you be sure?
- DREW     It's a poisoning. He's survived those before. It is worth noting, however, that is a very strong and well-made poison.
- RILEY    I thought it was a stab wound? A very accurate stab wound between his lower ribs towards his lungs.
- CAM     What? Nah, it was a shot from an arrow. A real nice shot across the side of his neck.
- They all pause and look at each other. Suspicious.*
- DREW     Well... whatever it is... I'm sure he'll be fine, we've got the best people on it.

CAM I keep tellin ya, I'm not just the Treasurer. All the law stuff is in my department too. Plus... I was lookin at it earlier...

DREW Why were you looking at it?

*Pause.*

CAM Just some light readin.

DREW Well, thanks to my excellent doctors, I'm sure he'll make a full recovery.

**ENTER CRIER.**

**CRIER** THE KING IS DEAD! THE KING IS DEAD! KING RANDALL PETER BRICKSTONE IS DEAD!

THE ANCIENT PHROPHCY WAS WRONG! KING DIED TOO EARLY! WHAT ELSE DID IT GET WRONG? ASK ME FOR DETAILS!

TOP 10 WAYS TO CARE FOR YOUR HORSE THAT YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF!

**EXIT CRIER.**

*They all pause. They look at each other. They all slowly turn and look at the throne. Then back to each other.*

RILEY Well, as the Military General, I see no other option than to declare myself-

CAM WOAHH WOAHH WOAHH WOAHH!

DREW Why do you get to be the new Leader of the Kingdom?

RILEY Well, as acting Military General, I have the military knowledge to lead us to victory!

CAM Yeah, well I have knowledge on the Kingdoms financials... and stuff.

DREW Yeah, well I'm also eligible!

RILEY Drew, look, you know we love you, we've known you forever, but there is no way-

DREW Dr Drew.

RILEY What?

DREW My title is Dr Drew.

RILEY Right... Dr Drew... there's just... no way-

- CAM        Alright, yeah, that sounds good and fair to me! Let's call for the Crier.  
              What's the Crier's name?  
              *They shrug.*  
              *Pause.*
- RILEY      CRIER! TO THE THRONE ROOM CRIER!
- CAM        OI CRIER, COME HERE!
- DREW      COME HITHER, CRIER!  
              *ENTER CRIER.*
- CRIER      Oh, hello everyone. Good to see you all. Were you calling for me?
- RILEY      Hello Crier, yes, we were. We need your help.
- CRIER      Oh neato, I'd be happy to help, but will it take long? It's just... I've been  
              called to the hospital for an emergency change of message.
- CAM        This is heavy stuff, but...we need you to help figure out who will be the  
              new Leader of the Kingdom. It's between us three.
- CRIER      Oh gee, that sure is a big task!
- RILEY      We decided to put it to a vote.
- CRIER      Oh gee whiz, a vote, I'll go tell the people-
- ALL        NO!
- RILEY      No, no, no... not a vote for the people, we're not letting the public choose.  
              We're choosing. That's why we need you. We're tied. So, you need to  
              give the final vote.
- CRIER      Boy oh boy, this sure is one tough choice.  
              *Pause.*
- CAM        Hey, thought I'd mention, in case it helps... my brother died last year...
- CRIER      Oh gee, I'm sorry, that's awful! I was raised in an orphanage, so I never  
              really knew my family.  
              *Pause.*
- CAM        Not a competition, but alright.
- DREW      You look great by the way, Crier. Have you been working out?

RILEY STOP! Both of you. Let the Crier think. This needs to be unbiased and fair. I'm the Military General by the way, just in case you didn't know that.

CRIER Oh gee whiz, I don't know! This sure is a big decision. I think I need to sit down.

**Crier walks over to the throne and sits. Maybe Crier plays with the crown while they sit and talk. The others all look at each other. Shocked and stunned. They all non-verbally agree to not mention the Law of the Kingdom.**