

The Queenborough Elephant

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Characters: Mayor, Wife, Messenger, Servant, Lady, Queen Elizabeth I.

In the town of Queenborough the local residents are receiving a very special visitor. The Mayor is in the middle of his other job, thatching roofs.

Scene 1: (Mayor, Wife, Messenger) The Town of Queenborough

Wife: You haven't got time to be working up there! Her highness will be expecting you!

Mayor: Alright, alright! Let me just finish this last little bit.

Messenger: *(Running)* Sir! Her highness has arrived at the castle and is asking for you!

Wife: I told you didn't I? But do you ever listen to me? Oh no...

Mayor: Tell her majesty I'll be there as soon as possible.

Messenger: She's demanding that you come straight away sir.

Wife: Well, you'll have no time to change.

Mayor: Let me climb down from this roof. *(As he climbs down he tears his trousers.)* Oh no! Look at my breeches! Those blasted nails have torn right through them! What on earth will the Queen say?

Wife: You silly man! Do you expect her royal highness to receive you with a huge tear in your trousers??

Messenger: Really sir, there is no time to waste.

Mayor: I'll just have to hope she doesn't realise! *(He leaves with the messenger.)*

Scene 2: (Servant, Queen, Lady, Mayor) Queenborough Castle

Servant: *(Making an announcement)* His lordship, the Mayor of Queenborough!

Mayor walks into the grand reception room and kneels before the Queen.

Queen: My dear sir, is this how you greet your Queen?

Mayor: I beg your pardon, your majesty?

Queen: Am I the only one to have noticed how scruffily this man is dressed?

Lady: Not at all your highness. Such carelessness when greeting the ruler of our Kingdom seems quite unforgiveable, sir!

Mayor: Your majesty, forgive me, I pray. Your messenger said you wished to see me urgently and I had no other trousers with me.

Lady: Excuses, excuses!

Queen: Well, my good man, I cannot have a man of such importance with no spare trousers to hand. Servant!

Servant: Yes, your highness?

Queen: Write up an order for our good Mayor of Queenborough. I command that every year he shall be sent a brand new pair of leather breeches. Surely then he will never present himself in such a scruffy manner!

Servant: Very good, your majesty.

Mayor: Thank you, your highness. *(He bows and leaves)*

Scene 3: (Mayor, Wife, Servant) The Mayor's House, years later

- Wife:** For heaven's sake! Everywhere I turn there's a pair of your breeches lying around! I'm sick to death of them!
- Mayor:** It isn't my fault! The Queen sends me a new pair every year and I never get round to wearing them!
- Wife:** Well I don't want any more pairs of them cluttering up my house! Send the Queen a message and tell her you don't want them!
- Mayor:** I can't do that; she'd be furious!
- Wife:** In that case, find out how much they are worth. Then, rather than having the breeches, she can send you the money instead.
- Mayor:** That's not a bad idea! Messenger! *(The messenger enters)* Take word to her majesty the Queen that I no longer want my yearly breeches; I shall take the equivalent instead.
- Servant:** Right away my lord!
- Wife:** Now hopefully that's the last we'll see of all these horrid trousers!

Scene 4: (Messenger, Mayor, Wife) The Mayor's House, a month later

Messenger: Good morning, sir. I bring you news from her majesty. *(He hands the Mayor a note.)*

Mayor: Ah! Very good! The Queen must be replying to my request. *(He reads the note; he looks shocked and surprised.)*

Wife: What is it? Surely she doesn't object to sending you the equivalent?

Mayor: She... she... I...

Messenger: What does she say, sir?

Wife: What is it? Spit it out man!

Mayor: She isn't sending the equivalent... she's sending an elephant!

Wife: An elephant?! Why on earth would we want an elephant?

Mayor: Someone must have got the message wrong!

Wife: Oh wonderful! Where are we going to keep a three ton elephant??

Mayor: I bet you wish we'd just stuck with the trousers now! *(Wife chases Mayor out of room shouting at him.)*