EDDIE SIDE #1

SCENE SEVEN: A GAME OF TICKLE

In private. Eddie and Thom are playing with two toy ships.

EDDIE

(making the waves) Splsh. Splsh. Splsh.

THOM

Ahoy, matey! Swab up that poop!

EDDIE

Poop!?

THOM

Not that kind of poop. The deck. Right here, see?

EDDIE

Why would they call it the poop?

THOM

Something to do with Latin. Splsh. Splsh. Splsh.

EDDIE

Oh, Puppis! The stern of a vessel. You just said it wrong.

Ahoy, matey! Swab up that puppis!

Kate enters with books for her student. When she and Thom see each other, a current of danger and excitement fills the room.

(to Kate) Hi.

KATE

Hello.

EDDIE

This is my new mother.

THOM

Hello.

EDDIE

This is my Uncle Thommie.

KATE

Uncle Thommie.

THOM

Mother.

EDDIE

(that's funny) You don't call her mother.

THOM

I don't?

EDDIE

Her name is Katherine.

THOM

Can I call her Kate.

EDDIE

Can he call you-- oh! May he call you Kate?

KATE

May he. Yes. Uncle Thommie might call me Kate.

EDDIE

He brought me this! It's a ship. Not a boat.

Eddie sits on the floor and plays with his toy.

KATE

I thought it was writing time, Edward.

EDDIE

Can I play? Please? Just for a minute?

KATE

Just for a minute.

Eddie plays. Kate and Thom take each other in.

How's Holland?

EDDIE

He's working for my Dad.

THOM

Lots of tulips.

KATE

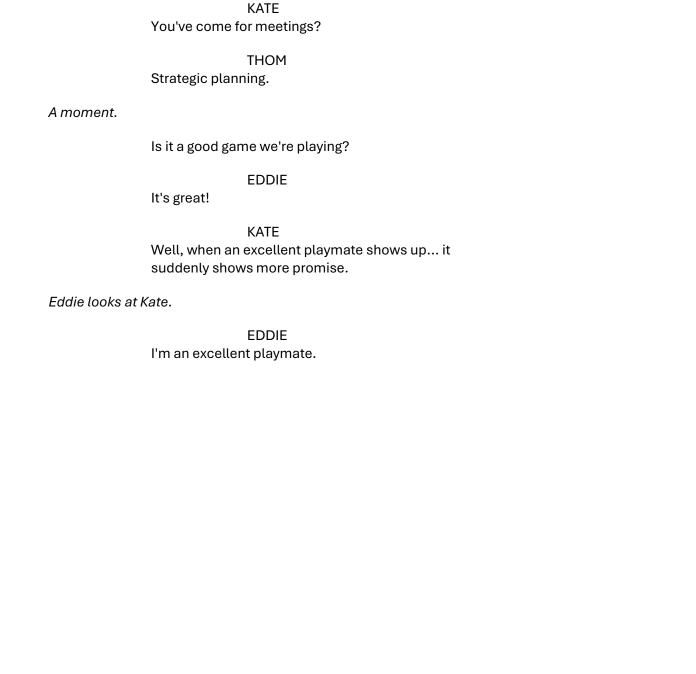
All blonde?

EDDIE

(that's funny) Tulips are red.

Eddie thinks.

Or yellow.



THOM

KATE

EDDIE

THOM

And here?

I'm coping.

Good.

I'm writing letters.

EDDIE SIDE #2

In private. Eddie takes his place as King. He reads aloud the letter he has written to his mother, as Kate and Thom begin to make love.

EDDIE

To Queen Katherine,

Many thanks to you for the last letter that you sent me, dearest mother, which certainly is a mark of your daily love for me. Furthermore, that it has seemed good that my father and your husband, the most illustrious King, should end this life, it is a grief common to us both together.

Although nature commands us, even so, to grieve and pour out tears for the departure of him who is absent, yet prudence commands us to moderate those feelings. Besides, since your highness has bestowed so many kindnesses on me, I ought to offer whatever comfort I can bring you. I wish your highness great good health. Farewell, dearest mother.

Eddie makes a correction.

Farewell, revered Queen.

He signs the letter.

Edward... the... King.