

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
And here?

KATE
I'm coping.

EDDIE
I'm writing letters.

THOM
Good.

KATE
You've come for meetings?

THOM
Strategic planning.

A moment.

Is it a good game we're playing?

EDDIE
It's great!

KATE
Well, when an excellent playmate shows up... it suddenly shows more promise.

Eddie looks at Kate.

EDDIE
I'm an excellent playmate.

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.