

THE KING'S NEW CLOTHES

***A Musical by Jeffrey Leask
from the story by Hans Christian Andersen***

Characters

**Two Storytellers
The King
The Royal Chancellor
Two Scoundrels
A Guard
Children
Courtiers, Guards, Soldiers**

Musical Numbers

- 1. We Love Your Clothes**
- 2. Buy, Buy, Buy!**
- 3. Reprise - Buy, Buy, Buy!**
- 4. Invisible Clothes (dance)**
- 5. Invisible Clothes**
- 6. Reprise - Invisible Clothes**
- 7. Reprise - Invisible Clothes**
- 8. Reprise - We Love Your Clothes**
- 9. Look Inside.**

Scene

Long ago and not so far away.....

THE KING'S NEW CLOTHES

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Scene One: *The Palace. A long time ago. Upstage is a tableaux of the king and his courtiers. He is in the process of donning a beautiful new coat. The courtiers and the Lord Chancellor fuss around him. Upstage L. a guard stands on duty holding a spear. The scene is dimly lit when the lights come up.*

Downstage L. is are two children, attired to suggest they are not as wealthy as the people at court. They are two village children, but they are also the storytellers who appear in every scene, moving the plot along and commenting on the action, sometimes taking part. They may well improvise more dialogue later to comment on the action. They are well lit when the lights come up. In fact, as soon as their spot comes on, one of them announces loudly:

Child One: There was a king!

(The lights come up to full on the palace scene. The music begins, underscoring the action.)

WE LOVE YOUR CLOTHES
(Courtiers)

No. 1

Child Two: *(talking over the music)* A king!

Child One: He loved new clothes.

Child Two: New and expensive clothes.

(The court comes to life, helping the king to don his new coat)

Child One: He loved *buying* new clothes.

Child Two: He loved buying!

Child One: He bought new clothes every day.

Child Two: And he loved to hear how good he looked.

(The king moves downstage to a mirror facing him at R. The courtiers stand behind him, humoring him.)

King: How do I look?

Chancellor: A picture book!

King: How are the clothes?

One courtier: Sweet as a rose!

King: How's the hair?

Another courtier: With style to spare!

King: How am I dressed?

Two courtiers: The very best!

King: *(turning to them)* So tell me, tell me! Don't hold back!

Courtiers: Oh, we love your clothes,
And the way you dress,
As the whole world know,
You have such finesse.

Oh, we love your clothes,
All your fancy suits
And the finest hose
And the shiny boots.

Men: You wear clothes with passion,

Women: You wear clothes with style,

When it comes to fashion,

All: You're out there by a mile!

Oh, we love your clothes
And we love your shoes
With the pointy toes
That you always choose.

Oh, we love your clothes
That you wear with flair,
All the buttons and bows
So we can't help stare.

If you were a flower,
You would be a rose.
Please believe it when we say,
We love your clothes.

*(During the song, the king tries on different coats, different hats
and prances in front of the mirror admiring himself. The courtiers
assist him sycophantically. The storytellers watch him in
amusement.)*

Oh, we love your clothes
And the way you dress
As the whole world knows,
You have such finesse.

Oh, we love your clothes,
All your fancy suits,
And the finest hose
And your shiny boots.

You wear clothes with passion,
You wear clothes with style,
When it comes to fashion,
You're out there by a mile!

Oh, we love your clothes
And we love your shoes
With the pointy toes
That you always choose.

Oh, we love your clothes
That you wear with flair,
All your buttons and bows,
So we can't help stare.

If you were a flower,
You would be a rose.
Please believe it when we say,
We love your clothes.

Women: Love your socks,
Love your spats,
Love your vests,
Love your hats.

All: Oh, we love your clothes!

Women: Love your gloves,
Love your hair,
Love your groovy underwear.

All: Please believe it when we say,
We love your lovely clothes!

King: Lord Chancellor!

(The chancellor steps towards him)

Chancellor: Your majesty.

King: Lord Chancellor, what day is it today?

Chancellor: Today, your majesty? Today is Monday.

King: Yes, but what day is it?

Chancellor: *(puzzled)* Er...Monday.

King: I know that, for goodness sake, but what's special about Monday?

Chancellor: Er... your birthday?

King: No, no, no! That's in November.

Chancellor: Your bath day?

King: No, for goodness sake, that's in October.