

ROYAL FAMILY

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CAST: BRITISHER and AMERICAN

BRITISHER: (**British accent**) *You rotten Americans don't have a clue.*

AMERICAN: Like you English powder puffs know all the answers.

BRITISHER: We don't, but we certainly know more than you Yanks.

AMERICAN: In your royal dreams! You British people walk around the streets with your top hats and fancy canes. You all look like a bunch of English idiots on parade.

BRITISHER: Have you ever been to England, per chance?

AMERICAN: Never.

BRITISHER: My point is taken. I've been to your country, and you've never been to mine. I know exactly what I'm talking about, and you don't have a bloody clue! I can tell you don't know a thing about jolly ole' England.

AMERICAN: I know more than I can stomach already.

BRITISHER: While I, on the other hand, have been here six months, and have learned the strange day-to-day idiosyncrasies of your people. Your entire culture is built around a pathetic devotion to people like Michael Jordan, who throws an orange ball around like a child would do.

AMERICAN: I'd like to see the British child who could beat Jordan.

BRITISHER: Who'd want to? He's retired...and he wasn't even all that great.

AMERICAN: What's your problem with Jordan? He's perhaps the best athlete to ever live. And what about you folks, spending your time in awe of the royal family. What a bunch of idiots they are!

BRITISHER: Watch it, Ace. We take the royal family seriously in my country.

AMERICAN: The only king or queen I care about would be in a deck of cards.

BRITISHER: You could relate to the joker, I'm sure.

AMERICAN: Doubt you'd know what to do with a deck of cards, besides lose all your money.

BRITISHER: I'll beat your socks off any day of the week.

AMERICAN: You're on, fancy pants.

BRITISHER: Good! We'll be diplomats, playing for our respective nations. I'll play for Queen and country, while you can play for...for...Madonna.

AMERICAN: I'll just play to wipe you out. Prepare to lose some of that cocky edge when I cremate you and that royal rat race you're defending.

BRITISHER: Bite your tongue, Yank, before you lose it. At least we are ruled by royalty, not some president who is chosen by a bunch of commoners. Your people haven't elected a good one since Roosevelt.

AMERICAN: Number one, what would you know about presidents? Number two, what's so hot about this royal family of yours? It's not like they do anything besides sit in their castle and look down their noses at people like you.

BRITISHER: That's not right at all. Take it back! Take it back now! Our royal family raises money for charities all over the world. They have great social consciences.

AMERICAN: I'll take nothing back! Oh, but pardon me, I should be fair. They do manage to climb down from their castles long enough to make headlines in all the scandal magazines. You would think royal blood would carry with it enough brain power to help those nut cases of yours stay out of trouble.

BRITISHER: Our royalty has plenty of brain power. Look who's talking. Not a drop of royalty in this whole forsaken country.

AMERICAN: All of that high falutin' stuff doesn't work with Americans. Our country is based on rugged individualism, not being owned by some fat-cat throne-dwellers. Princess Di was the only good one to ever come along, and she didn't have a drop of royal blood. It's probably the reason people actually liked her.

BRITISHER: So typical of you American fools. You don't know the first thing about royalty. Of course, how could you with a man named Elvis as your proclaimed king. Our royal family does plenty.

AMERICAN: True! They whine and gripe about everything. They're all a bunch of spoiled babies. They sit around on their thrones sipping wine and eating bon-bons, complaining about the run-down condition of the castle.

BRITISHER: The castle is not run-down. If you ever bothered to broaden your horizons and visit London, I'm sure you would find it quite a magnificent sight.

AMERICAN: Yes, I'm sure it's all very visually stunning, and I would like to witness the changing of the guard.

BRITISHER: Right-O! It is quite splendid. I love the Corgies.

AMERICAN: Corgies? Is that some kind of fancy British hor d'oeuvre?

BRITISHER: Are you joking? You've never heard of a Corgi?

AMERICAN: Never have, I'm afraid.

BRITISHER: Good night! You chaps are culturally challenged. A corgi is a dog bred exclusively to guard the royal family.

AMERICAN: Are you talking about those little dogs you see on television walking beside them? (**laughing**) Those aren't real guard dogs. Try a pit bull or a rottweiler. Now those are guard dogs!

BRITISHER: They're dangerous dogs. Corgies are very trainable and are perfectly suited for what they do. They don't go biting off the heads of innocent babies.

AMERICAN: Those accidents you hear about are rare. Doesn't seem like any of your royal people are worth guarding anyway.

BRITISHER: Now, listen here, Yank. You're getting a little too personal. Forget playing for money. This is for bragging rights. British versus Colonials!

AMERICAN: You're on. You're going to lose those ridiculous bobby socks you British love so much, 'cause I'm gonna beat 'em off you!

BRITISHER: Open wide, chap. You'll be eating your own Yankee pot roast after you tangle with me.

AMERICAN: In your dreams, punk.

BRITISHER: No cheating, Yank. We play by the rules or we don't play at all.

AMERICAN: Are you saying I would cheat?

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