

Sides:

***The King's New Duds***

**Side 1**

*Characters: Marvel/Souffle (actor must perform both)*

**GENERAL MARVEL (British accent)**

Marvel: Punn, I am the bravest most courageous, most loyal subject in all the kingdom. If there is something to see, I have no doubt I will see it all!

Marvel: *(greeting the tailors)* Marvel here. Anything that gets next to the King must first go through me. I'm here to inspect the garments.

Marvel: *(inspecting the invisible clothes)* I ... I ah ... Well, it's ...

Marvel: It's ... It's indescribable. It's unbelievable. I can't believe my eyes.

Marvel: *(Addresses Audience)* I have never told a lie in my life before now. I've always been the very marvel of a modern major general but ...there was nothing there! I mean nothing! What was I to say? I couldn't admit that! That would be the endgame for me. I'd lose my job, my reputation and worst of all, the favor of the King and my super shiny helmet! It's too much to bear! I'll just go along and pretend I saw what they all see. Nothing bad can come of that, can it?

**BOOTAY SOUFFLE (French accent)**

BS: Make it quick! I have a ratatouille in the oven and if it burns, I will put a frog in your French onion soup.

BS: Who knows more about fashion then the French? I ask you, Punn, who?

BS: NO ONE! I am the Saint Laurent of the canard l'orange, the Pierre Cardin of the pastries de jardin, The Christian Dior of the Bourguignon. Fashion is in the French DNA. After all, Napoleon may not have designed his coat, but he did have a hand in it.

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**Side 2**

*Characters: Tim Punn*

PUNN: (*Addresses audience*) Tell me if you've heard any of these sayings; Don't judge a book by its cover, Beauty is only skin deep, Looks are deceiving, all that glitters is not gold. No? How about this? My boss is a silly McNugget face?

Once upon a time, or a few months ago, whichever came first, I woke up, as I always do. I Had a bowl of coffee and a mug of spaghetti for breakfast, got dressed and headed for work in the royal palace. I am Tim Punn. The royal advisor to King Ronald Pumpnickel. And this particular morning, when I woke up, I had no idea what would be in store for me or the rest of the kingdom!

LATER

Punn: (*Addressing audience*) May I ask you something? Did you see anything? I confess I didn't see a thing. Just air! But ... if I admit that, does it mean I'm a fool? Does it mean I'm unworthy? Even worse, does it mean I'm the grey sprinkle on the rainbow cupcake? What do I do? I know! I'll have the Major General of the Royal Guard, General Marvel come down and take a look. She's a warrior of great renown and integrity. Surely, she'll see something, and I'll just pretend that I did too, and the King will never know. Golly, I'm so nervous, I'm sweating through my suit! I can't let the King know I'm a fool! It must be our little secret, okay?

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**Side 3**

*Characters: King Roland*

[The king is conversing with his royal advisor, but he pretty much ignores him anyway, so don't worry about leaving pauses for response in your audition.]

KRP: Look at this, Punn. What do you think? Does it make my butt look big?

KRP: I need you to focus! Focus on my royal butt!

KRP: Well? Does it look big?

KRP: But also not so small that it isn't royal! It's a fine line, Punn.

*(Punn affirms.)*

KRP: Excellent! There're only 4 more outfits to try on before lunch.

*(Punn attempts to remind KRP that subjects are waiting to see him.)*

KRP: Punn, who am I? WHO AM I?

KRP: I am the highest!

KRP: Everyone looks up to me, so I must always look my best!

KRP: *(Looking in invisible mirror. Singing and dancing (badly))* I'm too dapper for my crown, too dapper for this gown, so dapper hands down! I'm too dapper for my throne, too dapper for cologne, in London, Paris, Rome!

KRP: Punn! How dapper am I?

*(Punn affirms that he is the dapperest.)*

KRP: Excellent, Punn! Now, for the royal celebration next month, I was thinking the purple and gold brocade with the ...

*(Punn adds that two of those waiting to see him are designers.)*

KRP: I told you, I'm not seeing anyon- Designers?

KRP: They insist?

KRP: But are they clamoring? I won't see anyone who doesn't clamor.

KRP: Very well then. What type of designers are they; interior, exterior, landscape, décor ...?

*(Punn: Fashion designers.)*

KRP: FASHION?

KRP: WELL WHY ARE YOU KEEPING THEM OUTSIDE!?!?!?! Show them IN. Show them in IMMEDIATELY!

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**Side 4**

*Characters: Tommy Bahama*

[In the script, Tommy is bantering back and forth with Coco. Don't worry about leaving pauses, but see if you can make the lines build on your own.]

TB: Looks like we arrived just in time.

TB: This thread.

TB: That is an uh-oh.

TB: I've seen better craft on macaroni and cheese.

TB: Sire, can we be frank, or even earnest?

TB: Your Highness, we were the personal tailors to the Emperor of China, the Duke of Ellington, the Baron of Munchausen, the Earl of Sandwich!

TB: We put the "pro" in progressive couture.

TB: Your highness, you're a hot mess.

TB: You are in need of our help.

TB: And expertise like ours doesn't come cheap.

TB: *(To PUNN)* We'll need a private workshop. I'll write a list of materials.

TB: Sire, anyone who cannot see your incandescence ...

TB: Your "wow-factor" ...

TB: Is ignorant ...

TB: A grey sprinkle on a rainbow cupcake.

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**Side 5**

*Characters: Coco Crispies*

[In the script, Coco is bantering back and forth with Tommy. Don't worry about leaving pauses, but see if you can make the lines build on your own.]

CC: *(To King Roland)* Gurl, we know who you are.

CC: Tommy, look at this place.

CC: I see a problem.

CC: *(assessing a particular part of KRP's garment)* What is that?

CC: It's like burping in an elevator. It's wrong on so many levels.

CC: Finest in the land? If that land is Dumpsterland.

CC: Sire, can we be frank?

CC: Your Highness, we were the personal tailors to the Emperor of China, the Duke of Ellington, the Baron of Munchausen, the Earl of Sandwich!

CC: I'm a truthteller, your majesty and ... *(to TB)* how does one say it?

CC: If you posted a selfie right now, it would go viral...in the worst way.

CC: Snapback and check yourself.

CC: We're here because we heard you were ... *(Indicates "a hot mess")*.

CC: It would be a lot of work.

CC: Oh, we can do it.

CC: Forgive me your highness, but when we're done with you, not only will you be a sight to behold, but anyone and *(He looks at PUNN)* I mean anyone that cannot see your brilliance ...

CC: Your resplendence ...

CC: Is clearly a fool ...

CC: Unworthy.