The University of Western Australia
Pantomime Society

PRESENTS:

An Original Christmas Pantomime

Directed by
Cat Coetzer & Adam Heap

Head Writers: Adam Heap & Nicola Macri
Producers: Shanii Austin & Bronwyn Hughes
Stage Manager: Lois Mitchell  Lighting: Cam Butler  Sound: Byron Wheeler
Costumes, Props & Set Masters: Steven Correia & Katherine Italiano
The Snow Realm

Gustav: Jono Astbury
The Snow Queen: Laura Williams
The Snow Bees:
  Rubee: Ruby Breen
  Willoughbee: Sarah Coulton
  Nicklebee: Emma Kitching
  Bartlebee: Jack Dawson
  Gatsbee: Laura Hodge
  Digbee: Avory Allen
Hare: Shanii Austin
Tortoise: Laura Hodge
Disembodied Voice: Cat Coetzer
Cousin It: Daniel Hu
A Parent: Peter Francis
A Child: Ruby Breen
Sk8er Boi: Steven Correia
Snowvril Lavigne: Parveen Gupta
Rufus: Bradley Walker
Delta: Alice Pugliese
Molly: Shani Austin
Geronimo: Daniel Hu
Perry: Mandy Tu
Snow Cone Guy: Adam Heap
Snow Cone Dancers:
  Frost Maiden: Katherine Italiano
  Marta Martinsson: Sally McMaster
  Emma Emmerson: Stephanie Ivers
  Johan Johansson: Bradley Walker
  Henrik Henriksson: Drew Thornton

The Sun Realm

Sun Son: Andrew Connell
Sun King: Patrick Whitelaw
Sun Queen: Emily Lloyd
Troll Mirror: Alex McVey
Accurate Mirror: Jack Dawson
Burning Mirror: Mandy Tu
Bizzaro Mirror: Emma Kitching
Inter-Realm Mirror: Lewis Kitching
The Fire Flies:
  Unify: Bronwyn Hughes
  Magnify: Hayley Edwards
  Mystify: Alice Pugliese
  Simplify: John Hodge
  Terrify: Katherine Italiano
  Glorify: Parveen Gupta

The Forest Realm

Magic Lady: Corin Rowell
Anna: Alysha Macri
Kristoff: Sven Ironside
Bae: Nicola Macri
A Creepy Bird: Lewis Graham
A Weird Tree: Drew Thornton
A Beautiful Flower: Emily Lloyd
A Rad Skunk: Cat Coetzer

The Christmas Realm

Santa Claus: Stephi Ivers
A Christmas Card: Avory Allen
SCENE 1 - IT TAKES ONE TO SNOW ONE
(SNOW FOLK in this scene are: RUFUS, DELTA, SNOW CONE MACHINE REPAIR GUY, FROST MAIDEN, SNOWVRIL LAVIGNE, SK8ER BOI, A DAD)

Stage is set. Middle curtain is down. Downstage are WILLOUGHBEE and RUBY, ticking guests off a checklist. Various SNOW FOLK are milling about. ANNA and KRISTOFF are there. At some point in the scene a TORTOISE strolls in and takes a seat.

WILLOUGHBEE: Welcome, guests, to the palace of the Snow Queen. Please, take your seat among the crowd.

RUBEE: (depending on audience size) Oh! It seems all the seats are taken/you don’t want to sit there. You’ll have to stand up here on the stage.

In their gesturing, they turn their backs to the audience, and realise their pointy butts are on show.

WILLOUGHBEE: Now before you get alarmed by our menacing stingers, let me assure you all, we are but harmless Snow Bees- loyal servants and admirers of her iciness, the Snow Queen.

RUBEE: Our beloved queen has power over ice and snow and cold breezes and all things wintry! (checking list) Right, I think that’s everyone.

WILLOUGHBEE: Hear-ye! Hear-ye! Welcome one and all to the castle of the Snow Queen. At this event, the Queen will announce the person intended to become her heir, eventually replacing her as ruler.

RUBEE: But before the ceremony begins: a quick lesson in court etiquette; You wouldn’t want the Queen to freeze you with her icy powers, just for using the wrong teaspoon!

WILLOUGHBEE: Firstly: No mobile phones!

RUBEE: All of our mobile towers are made of ice, so if you try to use your phone, you’ll get a frosty reception.

WILLOUGHBEE: Anybody caught using a mobile telephone will fed to the deadly snowmanticore.

RUBEE: It will chew you up with its deadly snowmandibles.

WILLOUGHBEE: Secondly, the Queen doesn’t like strangers, so if you see somebody suspicious sneaking around, you simply must let us know.
GUSTAV is creeping up behind SNOW BEES all sneaky-like

RUBEE: For example, if some cool customer were to creep up behind us all sneaky-like, we’d need you all to shout …

HE’S BEHIND YOU

GUSTAV: Oh, hey guys. How’s it going?

WILLOUGHBEE: Gustav! We’re trying to do some official bzz-ness here, it’s no place for a snow man. Hop along, Frosty.

RUBEE: Hey, chill, bro. Gustav is cool. He was the first snow man the Queen created, you know. Maybe he can help us with the announcements.

GUSTAV: Oh I don’t mean to be a bother, but I’ll help out if you want me!

WILLOUGHBEE: Very well. Now this is a royal court, and certain behaviour is required. So sometimes you guys will need to be extra quiet. To make sure, we’ll make this signal - makes silence igloo-, and that means you need to make the signal too. Can we try it out?

They teach the gesture. GUSTAV leads the audience in following.

WILLOUGHBEE: Well, we’d better prepare for the ceremony.

RUBEE: See you Gustav! Have an ‘ice’ time!

They exit

DAD: You there, snow man! Tell me, when does the ceremony start?

GUSTAV: Uh, hi! I think it starts pretty soon. Gee, I wonder who the Snow Queen will choose as her heir.

A HARE enters, running. Runs a lap of the stage before landing before GUSTAV.

HARE: (panting) I heard...the Snow Queen...needed...a hare. I ran all the way here. (points to Tortoise) How did he-

GUSTAV: Oh no, I think you heard wrong, she doesn’t need a HARE-

A COUSIN-IT-LOOKING-MOTHERFUCKER enters
Cousin-It-Looking-Motherfucker: She needed new hair.

Gustav: Not hair! *Heir.*

The disembodied voice of the whispering wind: Did someone say they needed the *aaaiiiirrrr?*

_Willoughbee and Rubee appear_

Willoughbee and Rubee: ‘H’-‘E’-‘I’-‘R’ *‘Heir’*. Someone to take her place when her reign is done!

They leave

Hare and Cousin-It-Looking-Motherfucker: Oh.

The disembodied voice of the whispering wind: Weeeell thaat’s embarrassiiiiiing.

Gustav: You guys should stick around though, this is going to be cool.

_Cousin-It-Looking-Motherfucker_ and Hare find places among the throng of snowfolk

The disembodied voice of the whispering wind: I am everywhere all the tiiiitime.

[Fanfare]

The middle curtain rises, revealing the Snow Queen on her throne, flanked by Digbee, Rubee and Willoughbee

Snow Bees, Snow Folk: All hail the Queen! Long may she rain!

Snow Queen: (rising) No hail or rain today, my beloved Snow Folk, but I do have a forecast of my own to make. Thank you, everyone, for coming to my court today, for this important announcement. The time has come for me to choose an heir. As you all know, I have no children of my own, and my dear younger sister has declined royal aspirations in favour of a life in the woods with her reindeer-obsessed...friend. As such, the line to the throne is unclear. However, the law states that the heir to the throne must be someone whose origins can be traced to the living ruler. I believe I have selected a suitable successor to the throne, a fitting ruler for the Snow Realm. I am delighted to finally present to you my one true heir.
DIGBEE: LET THE CEREMONY BEE-GIN!

SNOW FOLK: (chanting) Let the ceremony begin!

_The music swells. The SNOW QUEEN proceeds slowly to the front of the stage, followed by THE SNOW BEES - holding buckets - two steps behind on either side._

_She reaches the front of the stage and the music crescendos and raises her arms to the audience. On the final note, THE SNOW BEES empty their buckets of fake snow majestically over the SNOW QUEEN._

SNOW QUEEN: _austerely_ I nominate, my first and favourite snow man, Gustav!

_Spotlight on GUSTAV, all turn to stare at him_

SNOW BEES, CITIZENS, AUDIENCE, GUESTS: _GASP_

GUSTAV: That's me!
SCENE TWO- SOME LIKE IT WARM

Lights up on the Sun Realm, home of broad Australian stereotypes and blazing heat. UNIFLY and SIMPLIFLY are inspecting/polishing the many MIRRORS that stand on stage. They notice the audience and move to the same position that the Snow Bees were in at the beginning of Scene One.

UNIFLY: G’day! Welcome to the court of the Sun King and Queen! We are the servants of the Sun Realm, better known as Fire Flies.

SIMPLIFLY: Now I can tell none of youse has been to a palace before, so let me lay down some rules about Mobile Phones…

The entirely necessary and interesting speech they have prepared is interrupted by SUN SON, who struts in.

SUN SON: Out of the way peasants! You’re blocking my light. (Noticing the audience) Yes, you too! Move your heads to the side a bit… there. Now, don’t move from those positions until the show is over. I need my light so I can see myself clearly. (Preens for a little bit, before INTER-REALM MIRROR speaks up).

INTER-REALM MIRROR: Um, Gavin?

Everyone freezes - a serious faux pas has been made. The MIRRORS start to edge away from the INTER-REALM MIRROR, ensuring they are not caught in the ensuing crossfire. SUN SON is furious.

SUN SON: My name. Is not. GAVIN! You may address me as the Sun Son-

INTER-REALM MIRROR: Sun sun?

ACCURATE MIRROR: No, it’s Sun Son.

BURNING MIRROR: Yeah like Sun Son.
BIZARRO MIRROR: Not sun sun.

INTER-REALM MIRROR: Oh right, uh, my mistake...sun sun.

SUN SON: SUN. SON. I’m the SON of the Sun King and the Sun Queen. I’m the Sun SON, got it?

INTER-REALM MIRROR: I’ve got...a headache.

SUN SON: If Sun Son is too hard, call me Your Most Excellent Highness, or High Lord of all the Universe! And why are you addressing me at all in the first place?

INTER-REALM MIRROR: (flustered, trying to compose self) Well, uh, Your Sunness, Lord of all the Gavins-

SUN SON: Ohhhh, you’re my new Inter-Realm Mirror, aren’t you?

INTER-REALM MIRROR: Yes indeed sir! I can show you all that’s happening outside of the Sun Realm. From the Fresh Prince of Spring picking flowers to Autumn’s Pumpkin King making a spiced latte.

SUN SON: Mmhmm. I smashed the old one because it kept showing me the Snow Realm at Christmas time. (getting wistful, dreamy) Their so called ‘White Christmas’...where the tree tops glisten...and children...listen...to hear sleigh bells in the snow. (self-consciously snapping back to reality) It’s disgusting.

ACCURATE MIRROR: You seemed to quite like the image, actually, Sun Son.

BIZARRO MIRROR: You certainly did a lot of quiet crying in front of it.

SUN SON: (snapping, beginning to tantrum) Of course I like it! Who wouldn’t like it?? Even here in the Sun Realm all the songs and stuff at Christmas are about how beautiful the snow is. But here we’re stuck with gross heat like the rest of the year. How come they get a magical snowy Christmas time and we have to deal with flies that won’t leave you alone-

MYSTIFLY enters, zooming up to the SUN SON and hovering all up in his grill. Like, way up.
MYSTIFLY: You called?

SUN SON: (Swatting MYSTIFLY away) Ugh, no, go away.

As the following occurs, MAGNIFLY zooms in from the opposite side of the stage, circles the SUN SON and zooms away. Any collisions that occur are good.

MYSTIFLY: (zooming back) Okay but- (dodges SUN SON's swatting, returns) Do you have any food-

SUN SON: No!

(This should continue until it's not funny anymore. SEE YOU IN 2018.)

MYSTIFLY: (looking off stage) Food! I'll be back.

MYSTIFLY zooms to exit.

SUN SON: (bitterly) If I can't have a White Christmas then nobody should.

INTER-REALM MIRROR: Um. Right. Well...you told me to alert you immediately if something happened in the Snow Realm.

SUN SON: ... And?

INTER-REALM MIRROR: ... Something's happened!

SUN SON: Oh! Well, show me.

THE INTER-REALM MIRROR turns towards him.

SUN SON: The Snow Queen is abdicating? And she plans for a snowman to be the next ruler?! Blazing sunspots, this could be just the opportunity I'm looking for! If I can turn the people of the snow realm against this snowman, the realm will be weak, and I can bring an
army and destroy them- they can’t have their perfect little Christmas if all their houses are on fire! Good job, my worthless shimmering underling!

INTER-REALM MIRROR: *(Under his breath)* No problem, Gavin.

SUN SON: Don’t call me-!

The SUN KING AND QUEEN enter, resplendent in their casual finery. This is slightly offset by their aggressive cheerfulness and good-natured informalities.

SUN KING: Gavin! How are ya, little mate?

UNIFLY and SIMPLIFY: Long shine the Dazzling Sun King and the Illustrious Sun Queen!

SUN QUEEN: Hey Gavvie, we haven’t seen you all day! Have you been stuck in your room again?

SUN KING: You know Ellie love, that’s a very good point. What have you been doing all day, Son?

SUN SON: *(sighing)* Well I laughed at some poor unfortunate souls begging for money outside the walls-

*Sigh* At this point the SUN KING AND QUEEN stop listening to the SUN SON, instead reacting to the first point

SUN SON (cont.): -I tried to cancel Christmas by blowing up Santa Claus, but it turns out he’s heatproof because of the chimney thing, and then I learned that the Snow Realm is being given to a snowman, which means now’s our opportunity to invade!

SUN KING: Did you hear that Ellie?

SUN QUEEN: I sure did Ray! There are beggars outside the palace walls!

SUN KING: Let’s go help them out! A constant source of income and compassionate support are what these blokes need! Let’s go!

SUN QUEEN: Start up the barbie- let them eat steak!
They do a complicated High Five, then exit. SUN SON reacts with embarrassment, then haughty frustration.

SUN SON: Oh my god, they never ever listen! And I have so many important things to say! Like destroying White Christmas and invading peaceful countries! Right?

*MIRRORS are silent, clearly wanting to stay out of this dispute.*

SUN SON: Right! Though maybe they want me to take some initiative! Right?

*INTER-REALM MIRROR begins to reply, but is pulled back by the other mirrors out of concern.*

SUN SON: And what better initiative than to destroy the Snow Realm? But I'm gonna need some help… Aha! Bring me… The TROLL MIRROR!

*Collective gasp*

ACCURATE MIRROR: Not the Troll Mirror!

BURNING MIRROR: The same Troll Mirror that creates the most vicious and heinous lies imaginable?

SUN SON: The very same!

BIZARRO MIRROR: The Troll Mirror that reflects only the worst to anyone who looks upon it?

SUN SON: That’s the one!

INTER-REALM MIRROR: *(catching on)* Not the Troll Mirror!

*Pause*

SUN SON: He… he already said that.

BIZARRO MIRROR: Not the troll mirror!
Longer pause

SUN SON:.... Anyway, yes that one, bring it to me!

*MAGNIFLY and MYSTIFLY bring the TROLL MIRROR into the room, keeping it covered up. SUN SON begins unleashing his inner Umbridge*

SUN SON: Now then my Fire Flies, as your Lord and Master I command you! Go out and spread as many lies and rumours about that Abominable Snowman as you possibly can, or suffer my enduring, unending Wrath! I shall accompany you to ensure that you do not fail me. By all the stars in the sky, that Snowman will fall!
SCENE THREE- LIGHT A TREE, SPARK A RIOT

The Snow Realm court, again. This time there’s a christmas tree that people are milling around. One strip of stage is the Snow Queen’s chambers, where THE SNOW QUEEN and GUSTAV are preparing to appear before the public.

GUSTAV: You know I’m honoured that you chose me as your heir, but what if the people don’t accept someone like me as their leader?

SNOW QUEEN: Don’t be foolish, Gustav. I made you, so you’re going to be great. And once you’ve helped run the Christmas Tree Lighting Ceremony with me, everyone will know that.

GUSTAV: I hope so! And hey, it’s pretty cool that for the first time ever the ruler of snow will be made of snow, huh?

SNOW QUEEN: (no longer paying attention, fussing over herself) Sure, Marshmallow. GATSBEE enters.

SNOW QUEEN: Hello bee!

GATSBEE: My Queen, the people are gathered and awaiting your appearance for the Tree Lighting.

SNOW QUEEN: Tell them I we’ll be there in a minute, snow time at all.

GATSBEE: Yes, your highness.

THE SNOW QUEEN fusses with GUSTAV’s hat and buttons.

Focus turns to the main part of the stage, as GATSBEE goes out to the Snow Folk crowd.

GATSBEE: Hello? Can everybody hear me?

Crowd doesn’t pay attention.

GATSBEE: The queen is -ah- The Snow Queen, and her heir, the snowman (reads from back of hand) Custard... is... They’re coming soon!

CROWD makes happy sounds.

GATSBEE: I’m going to go inside now!

CROWD is like ‘okay’. GATSBEE exits.
A flimsily disguised SUN SON enters with TROLL MIRROR, and some flimsily disguised FIRE FLIES, holding protest signs and banners. He notices the tree and has a rollercoaster of reactions to it. Excitement, wonder, disgust, bitter rage.

SUN SON: Using this powerful ancient artifact, I will make them all hate that snowman. And with the people in rebellion, the Snow Realm will be mine for the taking. (Evil laughter.)

FROST MAIDEN: (to SNOW CONE MACHINE REPAIR GUY) The snow cone machine in my park is broken, could you fix it someday? I hear you have the best snow cone machine repair prices in town!

DANCERS: (Singing) The Snow Cone Machine Repair Guy does the best snow cone machine repairs! When your snow cone machine needs repairing, call the Snow Cone Machine Repair Guy!

SNOW CONE MACHINE REPAIR GUY: That's me! I'm more than up for the job. It's not a problem, Miss.

FROST MAIDEN: Excellent! I'll call you, Snow Cone Machine Repair Guy!

SUN SON and TROLL MIRROR force their way between FROST MAIDEN and SCMRG.

SUN SON: Hello, uh, fellow Snow Folk. What's cold? Us! Haha. Say, want to see what the future has in store for you two? The correct answer is yes. And here it is!

TROLL MIRROR: This just in from the Fire Fl- I MEAN- Snow Bees at BuzzzzzzFeed: Top five decrees Gustav will ruin your life with if he becomes King! Number four will blow your mind! A government snow cone machine repair department will be created, offering free snow cone machine repairs for everyone!

SCMRG: But I'm the Snow Cone Machine Repair Guy! The snowman is going to take my job away from me?

TROLL MIRROR: You bet! And you won’t believe your eyes when you see the people who'll be doing it instead. They’re reeeeeaaaaally ugly!

FROST MAIDEN gasps.

SCMRG: If the snowman takes my job I’ll be ruined! I won’t be the Snow Cone Machine Repair Guy, I’ll just be the….Guy!

FROST MAIDEN: Not if we can help it!
FM and SCMRG take protest signs from the FIRE FLIES and move towards the podium. THE FIRE FLIES break off from SUN SON and mingle in a spy-like manner among the crowd.

SK8ER BOI: After this, do you want to go to the ice skating rink?

SNOWVRIL LAVIGNE: Always. Skating 4 lyf!

TROLL MIRROR: If Gustav is King, he'll introduce obscene and deviant skating rink safety rules! You will literally fall on your butt and rip your pants when you hear them! Number one: skates will have safety pads on the blades!

SK8ER BOI: But if there are safety pads on the blades, how will we glide?

SNOWVRIL: We need our blades to skate! Our lives will be over!

They protest.

A DAD and DAUGHTER approach MOLLY THE HAT MERCHANT.

CHILD: Oh look [parent]! They have hats like Gustav's! He's a funny snowman and he's going to be King! Can I have one pleeeaaaaee?

PARENT: You've been very well behaved dear, so I don't see why not.

SUN SON AND TROLL MIRROR approach

SUN SON: I'll show you why not!

TROLL MIRROR: Exclusive leaked photos! A snowman unhatted- and what's under that top hat? TWELVE THOUSAND LIZARDS. Mean ones!

CHILD: (dropping hat) Aaargh!

PARENT: Lizards!? That's no thing for a leader to keep under a hat!

TROLL MIRROR: And that's not all! Underneath that layer of snow? ONE BIG LIZARD.

CHILD: (crying) I DON'T WANT A LIZARD KIIIIIIIIING!

PARENT: This is outrageous! How could the palace keep such secrets from us?! We must put a stop to this to keep our kids safe!

TROLL MIRROR: (to crowd at large) If Gustav is king, you will be executed TO DEATH if you don’t do these five thing! Scandalous! Who does he think he is?? His buttons are made of black jellybeans, which are gross!
CROWD: No to Gustav! No to Gustav!

GATSBEE enters.

GATSBEE: Presenting, The Snow Queen!

Crowd hushes. SUN SON puts a sheet over the TROLL MIRROR muffling him. Enraged muffled shouts can be heard as he drags the mirror off stage. THE SNOW QUEEN enters.

SNOW QUEEN: Greetings Snow Folk! Welcome to the annual Christmas Tree Lighting! At this event, most beloved in our Realm, I am pleased to share the stage with the snowman who will eventually inherit my throne. I hope you give him the same respect you have given me all these years - even if he is...different. I present to you, your future king, Gustav.

GUSTAV, smiling nervously, is pushed on the stage by DIGBEE, who then stands behind him.

CROWD: Boo!

SNOW CONE MACHINE REPAIR GUY: Gustav will destroy my career in snow cone machine repairs!

DANCERS: (Singing) The Snow Cone Machine Repair Guy does the best snow cone machine repairs! When your snow cone machine needs repairing, call the Snow Cone Machine Repair Guy!

SNOW CONE MACHINE REPAIR GUY: That's MEEEEEE.

SNOW FATHER: Down with Gustav! Blizzards not lizards!

SNOW QUEEN gestures scared-looking GUSTAV to go offstage.

FROST MAIDEN: We hate Gustav more than being defeated in ice hockey!

SNOW QUEEN: What is going on here? Do you doubt my good judgement?

FROST MAIDEN: Yes!

CROWD: No to Gustav! Snow Man is no man!

DIGBEE: My Queen, they are getting rowdy.

SNOW QUEEN: Tell Gustav to be ready shortly. I will give him some lessons in ruling, he'll prove himself, and then they will see I am right.
SNOW QUEEN leaves. Crowd crowds around podium and carries it off in a fit of looting. Servant tries to chase after them.
SCENE FOUR- A KING IN TRAINING

There is a road sign in the background with two signs pointing opposite directions. One points stage right (‘Palace’), and the other points stage left (‘Woods’). There is a clothes rack on stage with several garments. There is also a small table on stage, which NICKLEBEE is setting with a plate and dish cover.

SNOW QUEEN and GUSTAV enter stage right.

SNOW QUEEN: Snow Bees, what's the buzz? Tell me what's happening.

NICKLEBEE: Riots and general dissent, ma’am.

GUSTAV: But what do you mean?

SNOW QUEEN: Well, I’m sorry to say, my little snowflake, but the citizens are still quite concerned… with your appointment as my successor. They just don’t think you have what it takes.

GUSTAV: (Disheartened) Oh, I see.

SNOW QUEEN: (Trying to cheer him up) But! That is why I’ve called you here. It is time to teach you the most important skills required to be the ruler of the Snow Realm. Without these skills, the people will not respect you and you will lose control.

GUSTAV: Well, it sounds like a lot of hard work, but I think I’m ready.

SNOW QUEEN: Of course you are! I have called in a good friend of mine to help you learn. She will be here at any moment.

NICKLEBEE: (holding a phone) Your guests are at the gate, ma’am.

SNOW QUEEN: Buzz them in, will you?

NICKLEBEE: (into phone) Bzz.

GUSTAV: Thank you so much, your highness. I really will try my hardest!

MARTA enters behind the characters to prompt a ‘she’s behind you’.

MARTA: Your highness (bows). Are we ready to begin?

SNOW QUEEN: Yes, please.
MARTA: Right we are, then. (To AUDIENCE) Hello. My name is Marta Martinsson and I am a professional trainer of royal etiquette. After all, if one does not possess proper etiquette, one is not fit for the role of King or Queen of the Snow Realm and might as well go off and live in the woods with the grubs (MARTA gestures to stage left).

*MARTA claps twice so as to summon. JOHAN and EMMA enter.*

MARTA: I have searched the Snow Realm far and wide, and have found the best teachers of etiquette the land has to offer. Each has their own speciality. Allow me to introduce them. This (presents JOHAN in a manner akin to a beauty pageant) is Johan Johansson.

GUSTAV: Hello.

JOHAN: It's ICE to meet you!

*MARTA, JOHAN and EMMA laugh together.*

MARTA: And this (presents EMMA) is Emma Emmersson.

GUSTAV: Thank you for agreeing to help me.

EMMA: It SNOW problem!

*MARTA, JOHAN and EMMA laugh together.*

MARTA: And this is Henrik Henriksson. (A beat. Everyone looks around for HENRIK). Henrik!

*HENRIK enters from stage right. He shakes hands with GUSTAV, but remains silent.*

GUSTAV: (to audience) Oh, he’s a bit cold.

MARTA: Now, first things first. (Claps twice) Johan!

JOHAN: (Steps forward) I am here to teach you about your personal grooming. As for your clothes, (looking through the rack) I think we need a bit of this, and a bit of this.

*JOHAN takes clothes from the rack and puts them on GUSTAV. There should be far too many clothes and should look as ridiculous as possible.*

GUSTAV: But I like my clothes. Why do they need to change?
JOHAN: Because they’re not the clothes of a *king*. You look like you belong in the woods with the grubs (*points to woods*).

*MARTA, JOHAN and EMMA laugh together.*

JOHAN: (*Finish the outfit*) There. (*To AUDIENCE*) What do you think?

MARTA: Next up. (*Claps twice*) Emma.

**EMMA begins to escort GUSTAV to the table.**

EMMA: When you are a King, you must eat like a King. And I shall show you how (*lifts dish cover*). (*Speaking quickly*) This is spiced beef, corned beef, curry beef, beefsteak, and stroganoff. Got that?

GUSTAV: What's that?

EMMA: (*To AUDIENCE*) Did you get that?

EMMA: (*Even faster*) These are pork ribs, pork pies, pork buns, pork chops, pork knuckles and pulled pork. Are you keeping up?

GUSTAV: Can you slow down?

EMMA: (*To AUDIENCE*) What about you?

EMMA: (*At her fastest*) Butter chicken, honey chicken, apricot chicken, roast chicken, cashew chicken, chilli chicken, lemon chicken, tandoori chicken, fried chicken and, of course, marshmallow-covered cherry chocolate chicken.

GUSTAV: (*Stunned*) I don’t think I would like… marshmallow covered hairy duck-fat chicken?

EMMA: Only those unsophisticated grubs in the woods wouldn’t like marshmallow covered cherry chocolate chicken (*points to woods*). Here, try some!

**EMMA shoves a large piece of chicken into GUSTAV's mouth. He is now unable to speak. MARTA, JOHAN and EMMA laugh together.**

MARTA: Now, for the most important of your lessons. Henrik will show you how to perfect your royal wave.

*A beat.*
MARTA: Henrik!

_HENRIK runs up to stand next to GUSTAV. He then outstretches his arm slowly and performs the perfect royal wave. Once he’s done that, he waits for GUSTAV to try. When GUSTAV tries, HENRIK slaps his hand and demonstrates again. When GUSTAV tries again, HENRIK again slaps and demonstrates in a very vigorous manner._

MARTA: (To AUDIENCE) Maybe you can show him how it’s done.

_Once AUDIENCE demonstrates, GUSTAV tries again. This is apparently good, as HENRIK gestures towards GUSTAV in a positive manner, and then takes a bow, before resuming his place behind MARTA._

GUSTAV: (Removing the chicken from his mouth, to SNOW QUEEN) This all seems very nice and grand, and thank you very much for showing me it all. But I wonder if it is all really… necessary?

SNOW QUEEN: Whatever do you mean, my darling talking icy-pole?

GUSTAV: I mean, aren’t there more important things I should be learning?

SNOW QUEEN: Like what, my favourite frozen friend?

GUSTAV: Like meeting each of the townspeople.

EMMA: (Meanly) Oh, they’re really not worth meeting.

MARTA, JOHAN and EMMA laugh together.

GUSTAV: And helping them all with their problems.

JOHAN: (Also meanly) Surely they can help themselves.

MARTA, JOHAN and EMMA laugh together.

GUSTAV: But…but…but what about inter-realm relations? What do I need to know about working with the Sun Realm, for example?

SNOW QUEEN, MARTA, JOHAN and EMMA turn and gasp loudly. A beat. Then HENRIK turns and gasps loudly.

GUSTAV: After all, I hear they’re pretty BRIGHT people.
An awkward pause. HENRIK starts laughing loudly and uncontrollably.

MARTA: I think that about finishes the etiquette lesson for today, your highness. Until next time, then. (Aside to SNOW QUEEN) Good luck with this one.

MARTA claps twice so as to summon her posse. MARTA, JOHAN, EMMA AND HENRIK exit. HENRIK stops laughing when offstage.

SNOW QUEEN: I don’t think you quite have the right idea yet, my dear. Of course a leader must be kind and do all they can to help their people, but the Sun people are not Snow people, so you needn’t bother yourself with their affairs. Perhaps some more training and you’ll understand exactly what being a ruler is all about.

GUSTAV: But…

SNOW QUEEN: Now, look lively! (Pronouncing every word individually and in a pompous British accent) Our next appointment is with the palace el-o-cu-tion coach. He will teach you how to talk good.

GUSTAV: Your highness, what if I’m just not good enough for all this?

SNOW QUEEN: With time, you will definitely be good enough. Now, come along.

SNOW QUEEN exits stage right. GUSTAV appears to be disheartened.

GUSTAV: (To AUDIENCE) But what if I’m never good enough?

GUSTAV exits stage left, towards the woods.
SCENE FIVE - INTO THE WOODS

Enter GUSTAV

GUSTAV: Oh, frostbite! I think I’m lost. How am I supposed to expect people to follow me when I can’t even follow a signpost? Let alone remember all of those lessons. I’m trying to get to my friend Anna’s cottage.

CREEPY BIRD: (out of sight of Gustav) Birds of a feather flock together; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

GUSTAV: Hmm, that’s a good point. Wait, what?

CREEPY BIRD: The early bird catches the worm!

CREEPY BIRD squawks and flies off, presumably to go catch the worm.

GUSTAV: That advice doesn’t help me at all. Who said that, anyway?

(Probably has to argue with audience)

GUSTAV: Well I’m still lost. Does anyone know which way to go?

(god damn audience again)

GUSTAV: (interrupting, sniffing the air) Wait a moment, what’s that smell? It smells like … fresh baking! And it’s coming from that direction.

GUSTAV follows his nose through the woods. ANNA and KRISTOFF’s snow cottage is somehow revealed from among the trees. GUSTAV enters the cottage, still blindly following his nose. KRISTOFF is standing in the cottage wearing oven mitts and a frilly apron. GUSTAV marches up to him in a trance and sticks his nose directly into the cake.

GUSTAV: (nose still in the cake) This smells delicious! What kind of cake is it?

KRISTOFF: Carrot cake -

GUSTAV stands upright. His nose has fallen off into the cake.

KRISTOFF: - it’s for my Bae.

GUSTAV: Oh, Uncle Kristoff. Is that what you call Aunty Anna?
KRISTOFF: No, I mean my reindeer, ‘Bae’. That’s a real name for a reindeer. No really, look it up.

_BAE enters, eats cake, makes reindeer noise._

KRISTOFF: That’s my Bae!

ANNA enters

ANNA: I thought I heard noises! (Gesturing to BAE) What’s she doing in the house? There’re hoof prints all over the mattress. Shoo! Shoo!

_BAE, KRISTOFF and ANNA all try to shepherd each other away from each other, ending in a hilarious muddle._

ANNA: (while hitting BAE with a broom) Good to see you Gustav! How’re you. You’re looking so well. What brings you to this neck of the woods? I hope my sister hasn’t been treating you frostily.

GUSTAV: Well, it’s not that. It’s just that there are so many rules I have to learn if I’m going to rule the Snow Realm, and I just don’t get them. What if I do the wrong thing while I’m ruling? I guess I’m just not built for it.

ANNA: Gustav I think that’s exactly what you were built for. You’re just going to have to work out your own way of doing things. Just because it works for my sister, doesn’t mean it has to work for you.

KRISTOFF: Exactly! I always say a good ruler follows their nose.

GUSTAV: Ah, I get it. Like how I found you because you smelled. I mean I smelled. I mean I smelled you.

ANNA: Kristoff means you should follow your instincts and do what your heart tells you.

GUSTAV: Follow my instincts? Like an animal?

ANNA: Exactly. Just like Bae. She listens to what her heart tells her to do.

KRISTOFF: And most of the time her heart tells her to dance!

_BAE dances a lively jig_

GUSTAV: Hmmm, I guess I just don’t feel like I have anything special in my heart.
ANNA: Nonsense! Everyone has something special. You just need to learn what it is.

BAE makes eye contact with GUSTAV and nods sagely, while continuing to dance.

KRISTOFF: You know, there’s a mystical old woman who lives at the top of the mountain. Maybe her magical wisdom will help you find your special-ness.

GUSTAV: Really?

ANNA: Of course! Hey, I'll pack you a picnic and you can go up the mountain right now! Bae will show you the way.

KRISTOFF fiercely hugs BAE’s muzzle to his chest. She is still dancing.

KRISTOFF: (to Anna) Why did you have to send her away? We were about to paint each other’s portrait and watch Disney movies while I braided her hair.

ANNA: Your parents warned me about your weird reindeer thing, I don’t know why I didn’t listen.

They go back to chasing each other. ANNA procures a pic-a-nix basket and hustles GUSTAV and BAE out the door

KRISTOFF: (to Bae as she leaves) I'M GOING TO KNIT YOU A SWEATER!

They leave. The cottage disappears.

GUSTAV is walking through the woods with BAE following uncomfortably close behind.

BAE: (breathing down Gustav’s neck) Psst. Psst! PSST! HELLO THIS IS FUN! GUSTAV spins around and they meet nose to nose. BAE’s beams.

GUSTAV: Wait? You can talk? You weren’t saying anything at the cottage...

BAE: ‘Course I can talk! I had my trap shut before ‘cause Kristoff and Anna were there, and they can’t understand me. I’m making some progress with expressing myself through the language of dance though.

GUSTAV looks confused

BAE: Not everybody can communicate with animals, buddy! We’re almost there.
ENTER CREEPY BIRD, TREE, FLOWER, HARE, SKUNK.

CREEPY BIRD: Hey! You're almost there!

GUSTAV: (confused) Yeah, I know. Bae just told me. (he stumbles on a tree root)

WEIRD TREE: Watch out Tripsy-Lou!

GUSTAV leaps away in surprise. BAE notices the BEAUTIFUL FLOWER and gets to sniffin’.

GUSTAV: Sorry! Hey I don’t talk with plants much, not usually a chatty bunch are you?

WEIRD TREE: Indeed. When a tree falls in a forest, we’re very selective about who hears us say ‘Ouch’. But we all want to tell you something.

HARE: We can’t wait for you to be king, Gustav. You’ll be great!

WEIRD TREE: Finally we’ll have a ruler who really cares about us.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER: A ruler we can trust!

RAD SKUNK: Who represents us!

CREEPY BIRD: Who is complicit in our radical transformative agenda!

Everyone glares at the creepy bird.

GUSTAV: Gee, thanks guys. I'm here to meet with the wise old lady who lives on the mountain.

HARE: She’s over the hill. (points)

BAE: Come on, Gustav.

FLORA, FAUNA, BIRD: Goodbye Gustav!

Exit FLORA, FAUNA, BIRD
Enter MAGIC LADY.

MAGIC LADY: Hello Gunther! I’ve been expecting you.

GUSTAV: Gasp! How did you almost know my name?
MAGIC LADY: I know everything about you, Gary. I know that you traveled a long way to get here. I know that your favourite colour is brown. I know where to buy cat food. I know you lost your legs in the war. I know you don’t approve of your daughter’s marriage. I KNOW YOU, GRAHAM.

GUSTAV: (frightened) So, can you speak to animals too?

MAGIC LADY: No, only you can speak to the creatures of the wild.

GUSTAV: Is it because there’s something...special about me?

MAGIC LADY: NO! It’s because you’re crazy. Animals can’t talk, you frozen meatball.

*She throws an empty tin can at him then shuffles offstage.*

BAE: Well that was rude.

*MAGIC LADY returns begrudgingly, delivers the following in a reluctant monotone.*

MAGIC LADY: Only the pure of heart can communicate with the creatures of the wild. *What you have inside you* is all you need to be a great ruler, and the Snow Realm deserves someone who understands that. So, uh, go forth. *(She does a sarcastic flourish before exiting)*

GUSTAV: What I have inside of me...snow? Snow! There must be something about being made of snow that makes me different to regular people… I think it’s time I stopped listening to the people who are putting me down. I can so be a good ruler, and if those animals think so, I’ll be the best ruler they could ever imagine. I’m doing this my way!

*[THERE IS A SONG HERE]*

*MAGIC LADY rushes back on stage, picks up the tin can, throws it at Gustav again, exits.*

*END SCENE.*
SCENE SIX- SNOWDOWN
(The SNOWFOLK in this scene are: A DAD, RUFUS, SNOW CONE MACHINE REPAIR GUY, PERRY, GERONIMO)

A loud crash sound effect happens. There is a commotion off stage right and citizens run on stage and across stage and off stage left away from said commotion. The SNOW QUEEN is immediately alert to the danger. A bruised and battered BARTLEBEE drifts on stage, its stinger gone.

SNOW QUEEN: Bartlebee! My favourite Snow Bee of all! What is happening?

BARTLEBEE: My Queen… it’s the Sun Son! He has an army of Fire Flies and he’s marching on the city! I… I managed to get one that was hassling a young woman but… I don’t think… I’m going to make it…

BARTLEBEE goes to the great beehive in the sky, AKA deadville. The SNOW QUEEN is enraged.

SNOW QUEEN: (to the skies) SNOW BEE ARMY: BATTLE STING FORMATION. (To herself/Audience) The Sun Son? The prince of the Sun Realm? What could he possibly want from-

SUN SON: Oh, nothing much - I’m just here to DESTROY YOUR REALM

SUN SON strides on, with ALL OF THE FIRE FLIES at his back.

SUN SON: You stuck up snow people think you’re sooooo COOL. Well things are heating up!

SNOW QUEEN: (immediately withering, like a wronged McGonagall) You people of the sun realm are so hot-headed. But my army is just as strong as yours.

SUN SON: (laughing) And what army would that be?

THE SNOW QUEEN turns, confused that the snow bees she summoned are not behind her. NICKLEBEE enters, panting and draped in tattered anti-Gustav banners, and takes up position behind the SNOW QUEEN

SUN SON: All your snow bees are busy trying to contain the rebellion of your own people! Shame. For you. Great for me. Almost as though I planned it that way. Fire Flies! ATTACK.

WILLOUGHBEE arrives just in time for the battle, but is being slowed down by SK8ER BOI vigorously poking her in the chest. SK8ER BOI notes the oncoming Fire Flies and bails.
Combat ensues between FLIES and the BEES, who continue to arrive one by one and are all visibly exhausted. SNOW FOLK also arrive and cower/hide/are attacked by FLIES. There is anger and sadness and death and destruction, or at least some small bruises. The SNOW QUEEN and SUN SON also engage in battle, whether magical or swordy.

GUSTAV enters, singing to himself the song from the previous scene, until he notices the scene he’s walked into. He throws himself between the armies.

GUSTAV: Mittens and mulled wine what is going on? Stop this!

The two sides separate, panting. The FIRE FLIES stare at GUSTAV with interest. SNOW QUEEN and SUN SON are still itching to battle each other but GUSTAV prevents this.

GUSTAV: (to SUN SON) Who are you and what are you doing here?

SUN SON: Hah! Don’t pretend you don’t know who I am! I I know who you are, so-called ‘future King of the Sun Realm’!

THE SNOW FOLK present make noises of protest. The SUN SON smirks and gestures towards them.

SUN SON: Looks like your people aren’t too happy about that idea.

GUSTAV: (straightening up) They just haven’t met the real me yet. You still haven’t told me who you are or what you’re doing here.

SUN SON: Oh don’t be ridiculous, I know your palace must have ways of spying on other realms and mocking our lives. Well not once I’m through destroying you! I’m the prince of the Sun Realm- the Sun Son!

GUSTAV: Sun sun?

SUN SON: (flustered) No, Sun Son. Like S-U-N, then S-O-

The SNOW QUEEN takes the SUN SON’s distractedness as an opportunity to attack.

SNOW QUEEN: BATTLE STING!

THE SNOW BEES charge on the FIRE FLIES.

GUSTAV: No, wait! Don’t hurt them!

The SNOW BEES stop their charge. EVERYONE looks confusedly at GUSTAV.

MYSTIFLY: You… you don’t want to hurt us?
SIMPLIFLY: Or swat us?

MAGNIFLY: Or hit us with a newspaper?

GUSTAV: Well, no, not really. I wouldn’t like to be swatted or hit with the newspaper.

TERRIFLY: That’s the nicest thing anyone has ever said to us!

UNIFLY: I want to be a part of your Snow Realm, Gustav!

GLORIFLY: We all do! (chanting) Down with Fire!

MAGNIFLY: Up with Snow!

FIRE FLIES: We love Gustav! Go! Go! Go!

_The FIRE FLIES buzz over to the SNOW QUEEN’S side. She looks alarmed. GUSTAV smiles. The SNOW FOLK look confused and impressed, and confused by how impressed they are. The SUN SON is furious._

SUN SON: You must be joking! You’re Fire Flies, what are you going to do in a realm full of snow?!

SIMPLIFLY: Well, we’ll wear scarves, I guess.

UNIFLY: I love knitting! Scarves for everyone!

TERRIFLY: Hoorah! Scarves for all! Also, Gustav wants us here - you’ve whacked and swatted and flicked us away for years! And quite frankly we’re tired of it! And we’re tired of you!

SUN SON: (descending into a tantrum) This wasn’t how this was meant to go! I turned the Snow Folk against their leaders and so weakened the Realm’s defences, this was supposed to be the perfect time to invade and destroy this stupid perfect realm, and now my army just bails?!

PERRY: What did you say? You turned us against Gustav so you could destroy us?

SUN SON: And it’s not too late! All of you look into my mirror and you’ll all see how terrible a snowman he really is!

_The TROLL MIRROR comes onstage._

TROLL MIRROR: This just in from the Sun Daily: Snowmen are terrible, awful people and aren’t good at anything!
SUN SON: I told you so! If the Sun Daily has said it then it has to be true!

TROLL MIRROR: And! Flowers smell awful! And snow is made of snot!

SK8ER BOI: I’m starting to believe this mirror tells lies!

A SNOW FOLK runs up to GUSTAV AND lifts his hat.

RUFUS: Look! No lizards! The mirror DID lie!

EVERYONE GASPS.

TROLL MIRROR continues shouting unpleasant lies. GUSTAV gets an Idea and covers his ears with his hands, gesturing for everybody to follow suit. When they do, TROLL MIRROR’s mouth continues to move but his voice is barely audible.

GUSTAV: Quick, everybody, tell the mirror something that’s true and good! I’ll start! I like warm hugs! You go!

NICELBY: I love my mum and my mum loves me!

A SNOWFOLK: Dogs are really cool!

TROLL MIRROR has stopped talking and instead looks stunned and frightened.

SUN SON: Stop it! Stop it!

GUSTAV: It’s working! The mirror can’t take the truth! Not when it’s this good!

GUSTAV encourages the AUDIENCE to join in. May require leading questions- “Tell it what you love! What are the most beautiful things in the world?” Those on stage improvise. This escalates to a cacophony until finally the mirror starts shaking, screams, and shatters. EVERYONE cheers!

WILLOUGHBY: IT’S CRACKED. DOT COM.

THE SUN SON wails and collapses to the floor in a tantrum of defeat. EVERYONE watches him, silently. GUSTAV approaches him.

GUSTAV: Hey uh. Hey buddy?

SUN SON: (between sobs) I...just...wanted...to....destroy...you.

GUSTAV: Well that’s not super chill of you.
SUN SON: You guys get to have the most beautiful White Christmas every year! I can’t stand it! Do you know how magical it is to sweat all over the house trying to put up a fake Christmas tree? IT’S NOT VERY MAGICAL. Do you know how many times I’ve ridden in a sleigh or gone ice-skating or (embarrassed) built a snowman? ZERO TIMES. You guys have no idea how good you have it. I couldn’t take it anymore.

GUSTAV: Well...why don’t you just come visit us at Christmas time some?

“What is this revolutionary idea?” hubbub from EVERYONE

SUN SON: My Mum and Dad said folk from different realms don’t visit each other...

SNOW QUEEN: Of course we don’t, we never have.

GUSTAV: Well, why not? It’s nice to share! And say, I bet there’s some fun things about the Sun Realm that we don’t have. (To SUN SON) What do you do over there at Christmas then, if it’s not like what we do.

SUN SON: Um. There’s barbecues. And surfing. At the beach.

A SNOW FOLK: I’ve read about beaches! They sound amazing! What’s sand!

SUN SON: (grinning) Yeah they’re pretty sweet actually.

RUBEE: I want a Sun Realm Christmas!

SOME OTHER PEOPLE: Me too!

GUSTAV moves to the front of the stage and calls for attention.

GUSTAV: People of the Snow Realm! And new friends who were trying to kill us about ten minutes ago! I’ve learnt that if I’m going to be your King, the best way I can do that is by being me. My first order of business when I am King will be to open up the Realm to visitors! And I’ll talk with the leaders of the other Realms to see if they will do the same! Everyone may have whatever Christmas they want!

GENERAL SHOCK AND AWE AND EXCITEMENT. The SNOW QUEEN smiles proudly.
SCENE SEVEN- ALL ABOARD THE SANTA TRAIN TO CORONATION STATION

SNOW QUEEN: Gustav nobody but you could have ended that battle the way you did. Your warm, pure heart is what this and every other Realm needs.

GUSTAV: Thank you, my Queen. Even if I wear the wrong clothes and serve the wrong food at my banquets?

MARTA: Ahem. I think my team and I owe you an apology, Gustav. Those things can make a difference in a ruler, but it’s clear that what it really takes is something altogether more special. I do think you should try some of that marshmallow cherry chocolate chicken, though, you’ll love it.

SNOW QUEEN: Gustav, you’ve proven yourself so entirely today that I think you’re ready to be King a little earlier than we were intending.

GUSTAV: Earlier? But the throne belongs to you until-

SNOW QUEEN: Until I pass it on. Which I’m doing right now. Your coronation is happening in just a few moments.

GUSTAV: Oh! But you’re an excellent Queen! You love your people so much. I saw how strong you were in protecting them against the Sun Son’s attack.

SNOW QUEEN: I know my dear, and I have loved being Queen, (conspiratorially) but honestly...I’ve got other things I want to do. Like travel! You know, if the Realms are going to be opening to eachother, there are so many things I’ve always secretly wanted to see! I’m proud to leave the Snow Realm to you.

GUSTAV: Wow. I am honoured. You know I will do my best.

SOMEONE: Hey Santa’s here!

SANTA enters

SANTA: Ho Ho Ho! Merry...Coronation Ceremony! I heard there’s a Snowman around here in need of a crown!

HUBBUB

SUN KING and QUEEN enter

SUN KING: So this is the Snow Realm, ey?

SUN QUEEN: Bit chilly!
They laugh

SUN SON: Mum, Dad, what are you guys doing here?

SUN QUEEN: Well, we were invited! Apparently all the rulers of all the realms were invited to the coronation of this very special king.
SUN KING: We didn’t believe it at first but then that mirror of ours showed us that you were here.

SUN QUEEN: Only after your Dad managed to tear himself away from his own reflection!

SUN KING: What can I say, we have a certain image to keep up.

SUN QUEEN: But we can’t imagine what it is you’ve been doing over here.

SUN KING: Not causing any trouble are you son?

SUN SON: Actually…

SUN SON turns to AUDIENCE - they may or may not dob on him. Proceed as required.

SANTA: (interrupting) What have we here Hey, if you need me for his coronation or any other official events, give me a ring. Here, take my card. (He pushes CHRISTMAS CARD toward the SUN KING)

CHRISTMAS CARD: Greetings!

The SNOW BEES usher everybody into their positions for the coronation. GUSTAV walks down the line of SNOW FOLK on his way to the podium, shaking their hands/kissing babies/accepting congratulations and apologies etc. He reaches ANNA and KRISTOFF, and they hug.

ANNA: We’re so proud of you!

KRISTOFF: Never saw anyone follow their nose so well.

GUSTAV: Well, it’s an easy one to see!

BAE: (thumping GUSTAV in the chest with her hoof) Nice one!

GUSTAV reaches the podium

SANTA: I crown thee, Gustav, new King of the Snow Realm.
GUSTAV: (To the SNOW QUEEN) There’s no way I could be here without your help and support. I only hope I can rule with as much dignity and strength as you did. And look what else you’ve taught me-

GUSTAV performs a perfect Henrik-approved royal wave. The SNOW QUEEN beams.

EVERYONE: Huzzah for the Snow King! The Snowiest King the Realm has ever known!

SUN SON: Good for you, snow man!

GUSTAV: My first act as King? A Realm-wide dance party. To begin- Immediately!

The end.