

Unease, I know well the precedent
Of William the Fourth.

A draught blows.

It's cold tonight, I should insist they fix
This draught that late at night blows tempests through.

Enter GHOST.

But no – not now, again, it is the same
Beshrouted lady, walking through the walls
You are not real! It cannot be! Go! Now!

GHOST.
My darling Charles your face it is so pale
You often looked in thought, but not like this

CHARLES.
It said my name.

GHOST.
You think I didn't love you that's not true
I always cared I always wanted best
But you rejected me, and so away
I went.

CHARLES.
Diana...?

GHOST.
But in all that time
I never hoped, I never thought that you –

CHARLES.
What do you mean, you never thought –

GHOST.
Never reckoned on the fact that you as Crown
Who worries 'bout the way you look, and stroke
Your hair down into place, and nervously
Do touch above your lip when getting sad.
Will be the greatest King we ever have.

CHARLES.
The greatest King?
But stop, please wait! I didn't understand!

Explain!
But no, it drifts away, like mist at dawn.
Oh God, if anyone did see me now
Their brand-new King, who, sleepless runs towards
The made-up nonsense in his head, but yet...
She is quite beautiful, I know the walk.

The GHOST goes.

'The greatest King', what did that mean?
My mother ruled for seventy years, she must
Be counted straight away a greater Crown.
Unless implied the ghost a single deed
That's done or not. A punctuation that,
Making stronger impact hitting once
Does with surprising shock and awe achieve
What slow experience could not.
Perhaps there's wisdom in insomnia
And sleep does drive me where, awake, I fear.
In sense, I fold and pay the heavy debt.
But madness says to play, and up the bet!

Exit CHARLES.

3.4

Night. WILLIAM enters in his pyjamas.

WILLIAM.

It is a strange and ambulous night
I lay flat out but then there was a noise,
That woke me in a second, high it was
A scream I thought, the kind that I have heard
When women inconsolable and full
Of tears do try to breathe. But not for years,
Since I remember through the door and walls
Of my lost mother's bedroom we could hear
Her cry herself to sleep at night, have I
Encountered such a shriek as that.

Enter HARRY.