

WILLIAM.

I am not King.

She looks at him, then goes.

My wife knows not that in the years before

My grandmother did pass away,

She sat with me for hours at a time

And because I made a point to ask,

Did talk to me about what she had learned.

She told me that temptation lies as royal

To act, and speak, and lead, and always move,

When actually the greatest influence

That we can wield is through our standing still

Not rash, and never changing, a great Crown

Is made by dint of always being there,

I'll keep my silence. And let life unfold.

A noise.

But what was that? Perhaps it's Kate come back?

Another noise.

But not from her direction, maybe something –

The GHOST appears.

Oh God, a glimmering and hovering form

GHOST.

Oh William!

WILLIAM.

She cries my name, I know

That voice.

GHOST.

Oh William, you're now the man

I never lived to see, so tall, and proud.

WILLIAM.

Mum?

The GHOST touches his face.

He cries.

GHOST.

But still the face remains the same, and there

The eyes hold kindness, yes, but suffering too.

Such pain my son, such hurt, but now be glad.

You'll be the greatest King we ever had.

WILLIAM.

Don't go!

The GHOST leaves.

This comes of waking wrongly in the night.

Perhaps some sleep will fix the problems that

Awake I cannot solve. So I'll to bed.

But still... The greatest King? That's what she said.

He goes.

3.5

A kebab van.

HARRY, exhausted, goes up to it.

There's no one there. He bangs on the side.

PAUL appears – he's bright, upbeat.

PAUL.

Yeah mate?

HARRY.

A kebab please.

PAUL.

Ooo. Too late. Switched it off.

HARRY.

Please... I'll pay more.

PAUL.

...Okay okay. Doner?

HARRY.

Yeah.