

Match.Commoner

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bartender,	Sycophant to King Henry VIII
King Henry VIII,	Cruel King and abuser of women
Catherine of Aragon,	King Henry VIII's first wife
MARY Boleyn,	Attractive woman and Anne's sister
Anne Boleyn,	Attractive woman and Mary's sister

SETTING

A bar. It's Ladies Night

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Bar. BARTENDER is wiping glasses. KING HENRY VIII enters,  
sits. BARTENDER goes to him.

BARTENDER

Dear King, I'm here.  
I'm here, dear King.  
What can I get you?  
...Anything?

How would you like,  
Me to assist?  
Something straight?  
Or with a twist?

A cocktail? A cold ale?  
A drink big or small?  
A swig of? Thingamajig of?  
Make a pig of, alcohol.

(Pause)

Would you drink, a whiskey sour?  
Martini, with a plastic flower?  
With a lime? Or orange slice?  
On the rocks? Or without ice?

Possibly, a sweet vermouth?  
To remind you of your careless youth?  
Or a bunch of jello shots?  
To make you mellow? Make you hot?

Be sure to pick,  
What you delight.  
Order quick,  
It's Ladies Night.

KING HENRY VIII

Yes, Bartender, if you will.  
I'm on a bender,  
So don't spill.  
The beer or secrets I instill.  
Or fear the wrath, of my ill will.

Pour a glass of bloody Mary,  
 Although crass,  
 And surely scary.  
 To show I'm fine,  
 A man of means,  
 So they won't decline,  
 Passing down my genes.

(BARTENDER makes and gives  
 KING a drink.)

I'm looking for a maid to wed.  
 And maybe one more, for to bed.  
 Keep to yourself, what I just said,  
 Or else you too, might loose your head.

To be my buddy,  
 Be my friend,  
 You must first study,  
 The signals to send.

But now, your ear,  
 I need to bend,  
 With an insincere,  
 Invite to send.

Be tricky, be clever,  
 Be conniving, be sly.  
 But never endeavor,  
 To make a girl cry.

I want one that's tough,  
 Fearless and true.  
 But won't give me guff,  
 For Whatever I do.

Go start perusing,  
 Find ones that click.  
 But don't stop your boozing,  
 Cause boozing, while cruising,  
 May just help you pick.

Collect some, neglect some,  
 From all that look keen.  
 Then reject some, select one,  
 And make her my queen.

So find me a sweet one.  
 A kind one. Petit one.  
 Who's busty, and lusty.  
 Who won't disgust me.

I'll reward you.  
 Award you.  
 To heights,  
 I will soar you.

Lure in the one,  
 to get me excited,  
 and 'fore day is done,  
 I'll see you are knighted.

Be assured, just what I meant,  
 Not every word though, nor percent,  
 There's some proportion, I construe,  
 As a distortion, of what's true.

-- Not to encumber, your naive faith,  
 Just like my number, you can believe, an Eighth.

BARTENDER

(Looks, points)

There's one over there,  
 Looks eager to please.  
 You can squeeze her, and tease her,  
 Bring her, to her knees.

(Points)

If you're hoping for an eloping,  
 Give that one a wink.  
 Or if interloping, for a groping,  
 Buy THAT ONE a drink

CATHERINE appears ghostly.

CATHERINE

You think you can choose,  
 A wife from this room.  
 And they'll be willing to lose,  
 Their life for a groom?

Remember me, King dear,  
 You were only a teen.

You gave a ring to wear,  
And made me your queen.

I was royal and loyal,  
But not well enough spoiled.  
Til you bereft me, and effed me,  
Then nixed me and left me,  
Betwixt and between,  
Deep-sixed and unseen.

So I'm here with a tale,  
To remind, all the singles,  
Beware of a male,  
Who's unkind and who mingles.

KING HENRY VIII

Ignore that shrill voice,  
She's just a sore loser.  
She was my first choice,  
But I no longer choose her.

CATHERINE disappears. KING HENRY  
points to MARY BOLEYN  
(To BARTENDER. )

Get on your way,  
Give that one a try.  
Play her, and sway her,  
With a martini, dry.

BARTENDER

(Hesitates)

I hate to be a bubble buster,  
But what if trouble, she should muster,  
And turns you down all in a fluster,  
And spurns your crown as too lackluster?

KING HENRY VIII

I'm not afraid of that old witch,  
I will get laid and scratch my itch.  
And then I'll ditch that bitchy snitch,  
And switch her for a better sitch,  
An unhitched bitch, that's also rich.  
Without a twitch, I'll make my pitch.

(KING composes himself)

As far as good catches,

Not to be grandiose,  
 But when it comes to good matches,  
 No one comes close.

Of all of the Henries,  
 There is no debate.  
 Every which one agrees,  
 I'm the best of the eight.

BARTENDER makes a martini, carries  
 it, and walks up to Mary

BARTENDER

You're such a sight,  
 For my king's sore eyes.  
 Would you delight,  
 To be his prize?

As his friend, I invite,  
 You to spend, just one night.  
 At a pretend, ad hoc, trite, plight,  
 A rocking, shocking, unblocked, cock fight?

MARY BOLEYN

Would his hard rock be in sight?  
 Would it knock both left and right?  
 Would he shock, would he excite?  
 Would he defrock me with his might?

Or would it be a crock of shite?

BARTENDER

His royal loin would spark a fire,  
 To soil the groin of a stark admirer.  
 And you will join in marked desire,  
 To bring this Patriarch, a sire.

CATHERINE appears near MARY BOLEYN.

CATHERINE

Liar. Liar. Pants on fire.

He'll kiss you, and miss you,  
 and marital bliss you,  
 Then he'll diss you, dismiss you,  
 For a brand new mistress who...

'll debase you, displace you,  
Finally, then will replace you.

So take it from me,  
It's not any fun,  
I'm Catherine of Aragon,  
His undone, number one.

MARY BOLEYN

Who is this King,  
You speak poorly of?  
There must be one thing,  
I could surely love.

CATHERINE

I tell you now,  
I tell you true,  
I have some things,  
To say to you.

He'll promise you treasure,  
Of silver and gold,  
Then after his pleasure,  
You'll be out in the cold.

He'll flirt you, and hurt you.  
And then he'll desert you,  
Only to burn you and spurn you,  
With no one to turn to.

He'll wine you and dine you,  
And then he'll confine you.

He likes to you to think,  
There's no grief, there's no strife.  
But you'll disappear,  
Like a thief, in the night.

So as a friend, I implore you,  
He may pretend to adore you,  
But is certain, soon to bore you,  
And finally, he will abhor you.  
There is no redeeming part,  
If you're looking for love, looking for heart.  
You can't negate, what I am telling.  
With Number Eight, there's no upselling.

MARY BOLEYN

I hear you friend, I hear you loudly.  
I swear to, dare to, care to, proudly,  
Not aspire to a higher station.  
Not with a liar's invitation.

(To BARTENDER)

I will not, join him for a bite,  
I will not, thrill not, stay the night.  
I'll share not bread, nor appetizer.  
I will not date that womanizer.

CATHERINE

Sever these ties, before it's too late.  
These clever lies, that disguise the hate.  
Cause never's better, never's better than late,  
When it comes to the bait, for a date, with the Eight.

BARTENDER

Would you join him at the mall?  
Would you join him at a ball?  
With a gesture large or small?  
Would you make a booty call?

But first, accept some alcohol?

MARY BOLEYN

I would not join him at the mall.  
I would not join him at a ball.  
For no gesture large or small,  
Nor no amount of alcohol.

I would not, could not,  
Not at all.  
Would not make,  
A booty call.

In hopes I'll lie within his bed?  
That I will follow where I'm led?  
And will not cry if we're not wed?  
I do not want to end up dead.

I do not like that evil king.  
From him, I don't want anything.

BARTENDER

Would you date him in a bar?  
 Would you date him in a car?  
 Would you date him near or far?

Why would you dare rebuff a king?  
 In hopes to snare, a wedding ring?

CATHERINE

Even if you have a son,  
 He'll leave you for this other one.  
 If you let him meet your sister,  
 You must implore that he resist her.  
 Cause in store, once he's kissed her.  
 He'll be no more, as your sole mister.

And of course, your misbegotten,  
 He will also be forgotten.

I warn you, Mary how it will go,  
 It will be scary, you must say no.

MARY BOLEYN

I would not go out on a date.  
 I would not, could not, hesitate,  
 To hold a hard line, hold it fine.  
 To show that swine, I have some spine.

My mind is mine, I shall decline.  
 (Long pause. Thinks.)

But...If wedding bells are on the table,  
 I'd go through hell, if he is able,  
 To give the life, I want so badly  
 To be his wife, he love me madly.

BARTENDER

That's too bad,  
 I have to say.  
 And so, so sad,  
 I must away.

BARTENDER walks away, approaches  
 ANNE

BARTENDER

In my sights,  
An unharmed flower.  
She won't fight,  
His charm, his power.

(To ANNE)

Can I join, this Happy Hour?

(BARTENDER sits next to  
ANNE.)

From the King, he extends,  
A thing I bring, where he intends,  
To meet you, and greet you, to his delight,  
To snare you, to share you, as he might.  
Are you prepared to stay the night?

CATHERINE appears to ANNE

CATHERINE

Don't be fooled by sheer malarky.  
Nor ruled in fear by hierarchy.  
Don't abide, don't even sweat it.  
Become his bride, and you'll regret it.

BARTENDER

Grant me some info. Give me a clue,  
Or I shan't know, what to say about you.  
The King would like some fine details,  
Something to spike and incline his rail.

BARTENDER makes lewd gesture.

ANN BOLEYN

I'm sweet and I'm sexy,  
Personality to boot,  
I'd sure love to meet him,  
They tell me he's cute.

I'm thirty, no twenty,  
Not over the hill.  
Depends on perspective,  
I'm demure or I'm shrill.

I'm chubby, I'm dainty,  
I'm every man's dream.  
For whom the King's looking,  
Or as close as can seem.

I like jousting and rousting,  
 To risk life and limb.  
 Or quilting, and lilting,  
 Whatever his whim.

I'm pleasingly easy,  
 And easy to please.  
 I'm looking for love,  
 From both hes, and from shes.

CATHERINE

He'll cull you, and lull you,  
 And undoubtedly dull you,  
 And don't forget,  
 Even (gasp) simply un-skull you.  
 Or better yet,  
 He'll whimplly annul you.

ANNE BOLEYN

I'm not very picky,  
 As long as he's nice.  
 Even a little unfaithful,  
 Cheat just once or twice.

I know I sound desperate,  
 And that may be true,  
 Cause I've been humped on, then dumped on,  
 By more than a few.

If he's tall and he's handsome,  
 Incredibly bright,  
 A prince, or a king,  
 Or armor-shined knight.

I'm eager to meet him,  
 And start our new lives,  
 As long as it's not like,  
 His other six, seven, wives.

CATHERINE

If you're looking for fame, looking for glory,  
 You've yourself to blame, if things get gory,  
 And claim the shame, when you get too whorey.  
 This will not be a plain, tame story.

It will not be a fairytale,  
 Library, airy, merry, tale.  
 Instead, it'll be a hairy, tale,  
 A deadly, scary, wary tale,  
 In which he'll bury, you if you fail,  
 To deliver him an heir who's male.

When you have all of your druthers,  
 You'll sleep with some, you'll sleep with others.  
 As many times to be a mother,  
 Until the time you are discovered, sleeping with your  
 uncovered brother.

If you don't want your parents mourning,  
 Take this as an arrant warning.  
 Steer clear of the stranger, who spies on your bed,  
 And beware of the danger, that lies just ahead

BARTENDER walks to KING HENRY VIII

BARTENDER

She's just perfect for you,  
 So better not dally.  
 She's needy, and seedy,  
 And right up your alley.

You'll coo her and woo her,  
 And throw out your net.  
 Then do her, untrue her,  
 And play hard to get.

HENRY VIII

She's wants me, she likes me,  
 Like a fish, I'll reel in,  
 Gifting jewels, for fools,  
 With these tools, I will win.

Along with some courting,  
 A message, comes next,  
 A quick pic, a slick pic,  
 A dick pic I'll text.

CATHERINE

He's cruel and he's cunning,  
 A liar, an ass.

You're a fool, who should be running  
Like from a fire, lightening fast.

ANNE BOLEYN

He promises diamonds,  
In silver and gold,  
From bitches in ditches,  
Whose bodies are cold.

I've ne'er been romanced,  
So swift and so keen,  
He wants me to marry,  
To make me his queen.

CATHERINE

He acts like a clown,  
You're fast tracked, to ascend.  
You may rack up a crown,  
But will get whacked in the end.

KING HENRY VIII

(To BARTENDER)

I will win her over,  
Put her in my arms,  
So she'll have to succumb,  
To my wiles and my charms.

HENRY VIII walks to ANNE

You look like a good one,  
To give me a son.  
I'll seed you, and breed you,  
If not, then, we're done.

ANNE BOLEYN

Your charm's somewhat lacking,  
You're cruel and you're cold,  
But my options are waining,  
My beauty won't hold.

On one hand you're dreadful,  
The things you have done.  
On the other, my mother,  
Would like a grandson.

She'd be honored and proud,  
That I'd be the one,

So ring me, and king me,  
Let's get this job done.

KING HENRY VIII

But if infidelity, incest,  
Deceit should abound,  
What comes around, goes,  
What goes, comes around.

I'll mash you, and smash you,  
Defile you vile,  
Cut you, and gut you,  
Toss your head on a pile.

CATHERINE

Slow down, please shall you,  
It's not as easy as that.  
Take his words at face value,  
While you can still wear a hat.

KING HENRY VIII shoos CATHERINE  
away. She disappears.

KING HENRY VIII

But rest easy, my darling,  
My fiancée, my dear.  
There's no need to worry,  
There's nothing to fear.

For the others deserved it,  
And you're not that kind.  
You'll give me a boy King,  
A son, that is mine.

CATHERINE

Please do not, believe his guise.  
His dirty, flirty, hurty lies.  
From him, just scorn, can be relied.  
I warn you not be his bride.

He'll taunt you and flaunt,  
With fine art and gold.  
Then daunt you and haunt you,  
With a heart that is cold.

As a friend, and once rival,

This must end, for your survival,  
 Quick and fast, you, I implore,  
 To kick his ass, right out the door.

ANNE BOLEYN

I can surmise, you're not scheming  
 See you're wise, and well meaning,  
 In what you shout, and what you say  
 To keep me out, of his harms way

So I'll wait,  
 To have a date,  
 With one not so alarming,  
 Won't hesitate,  
 To leave to fate,  
 To mate, a real Prince Charming.

(To King)

Excuse me, your Highness,  
 But take my advice,  
 Girls are sugar and spice,  
 And they more than suffice.

They're kind and they're gentle,  
 Compassionate too,  
 But I assure, when mature,  
 Can be as badass as you.

So take your misogyny,  
 Sexism, your hate,  
 Chauvinistic behavior,  
 And cancel our date.

You may be in power,  
 A ruler, a King,  
 But I am a woman,  
 I don't need worthless things.

I may not be young,  
 Or have enough glam,  
 But I'm smart, and I'm beautiful,  
 Just as I am.

One day with regret,  
 You'll hear what I said,  
 You'll be sad, you'll go mad,  
 But I'll still have my head.

So Hen-a-ry, my frenemy,  
I bid you adieu,  
You're a King,  
But here's the thing,  
Shove your ring,  
And fuck you.

CATHERINE AND ANNE high five each  
other.

Lights out.