



Tracy Krauss

and the Tumbler Ridge Secondary School Theatre Performance Class

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING
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King William Travels the World

FARCE. The laughs never end in this zany Monty Python-esque farce. The pompous, narcissistic King William II has decided to travel the world accompanied by a snarky liege, a ridiculous yes-man with terrible pick-up lines, and an overzealous executioner who inexplicably shows up at the most opportune times. Along the way, the travelers meet a generic Canadian Prime Minister, some American gun-toting hillbillies, a penguin in Antarctica, a Vegemite-eating crocodile hunter in Australia, and the Supreme Ruler of Korea in the North who likes to brag about his golf game and his cardboard missiles. Trip “highlights” include hitting an iceberg at sea, mistaking baguettes for swords in France, eating raw food in Tokyo, drinking turpentine-tasting coffee in Russia, and the unexpected arrival of a zombie horde in England. Easy to stage with scene-stealers for everyone in the cast!

Performance Time: Approximately 75 minutes

Characters

(4 M, 6 F, 14 flexible, extras)

(With doubling: 4 M, 4 F, 7 flexible. Tripling possible.)

KING WILLIAM II: Pompous, narcissistic, dimwitted king from England; male.

HAROLD: William's liege sworn to accompany the King everywhere; was once a member of "Sum 42," a cover band; male.

ARCHIBALD: King's squire, a ridiculous yes-man, who is in charge of the map and is horrible with pick-up lines; male.

EXECUTIONER: King's executioner who loves his job a little too much; flexible.

EMPLOYEE 1: Works at Tim Burton's donut shop; wears a visor; female.

EMPLOYEE 2: Works at Tim Burton's Donut Shop and has a crush on Archibald; wears a visor; female.

TOWN CRIER/ZOMBIE: English town crier; becomes a zombie; flexible.

SAILOR: Sailor on a sinking ship; flexible.

CANADIAN/ZOMBIE: Customer at Tim Burton's Donut Shop; becomes a zombie; wears a checked flannel shirt or hockey jersey; becomes a zombie; flexible.

PRIME MINISTER: Canadian prime minister, but no one knows who he is or what he does; flexible.

HATFIELD/ZOMBIE: Gun-toting hillbilly who hates the McCoys but can't remember why; wears a straw hat; becomes a zombie; female.

MCCOY/ZOMBIE: Gun-toting hillbilly who hates the Hatfields but can't remember why; wears a straw hat; becomes a zombie; flexible.

LOCAL/ZOMBIE: Lives on a beach and can't fly a hot air balloon; becomes a zombie; flexible.

PENGUIN: Penguin that lives in Antarctica; nonspeaking; flexible.

- CROC HUNTER:** Australian croc hunter who likes eating Vegemite; carries a large bush knives; flexible.
- KIM JUNG-UN:** Supreme ruler of North Korea who likes to brag about his golf game and his cardboard missiles; male.
- SOLDIER:** North Korean soldier who performs a Gangnam-style dance; wears a military uniform; flexible.
- WAITRESS/ZOMBIE:** Exchange student from Chicago who works in a tea house in Japan; becomes a zombie; female.
- RUSSIAN/ZOMBIE:** Russian local who downs his coffee in one gulp; becomes a zombie; flexible.
- FRENCH CHEF/ZOMBIE:** French chef; becomes a zombie; flexible.
- ARTIST:** French portrait artist who isn't very talented; flexible.
- MAID/BUTLER:** English servant; flexible.
- SEDUCTION COACH:** Seduction coach who does bookkeeping on the side and tries to help Archibald with his pick-up lines; female.
- SPANISH WOMAN:** King's "girlfriend" who he met last summer in Spain; falls in love with Archibald; wears a Spanish-looking dress; female.
- EXTRAS:** As Guard, Woman on a sinking ship, "Sum 42" Band Members, Russian Bartender, Locals from other parts of the world for musical montage scene, Hula Dancers, Salsa Band Members (opt.), additional Gangnam-style Dancers (opt.), and Zombies (opt.)

NOTE: For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

Options for Doubling

TOWN CRIER/ARTIST (flexible)
SAILOR/SOLDIER: (flexible)
CANADIAN/RUSSIAN (flexible)
MCCOY/PENGUIN (flexible)
BEACH LOCAL/FRENCH CHEF (flexible)
CROC HUNTER/ MAID or BUTLER (flexible)
WAITRESS/SEDUCTION COACH (female)
HATFIELD/SPANISH WOMAN (female)
PRIME MINISTER/KIM JUNG-UN (male)

Setting

Various international locales.

Set

The sets may be as simple or elaborate as your budget allows. A simple set may consist of a black background with moveable stage blocks and easy-to-move furniture to signify each location.

Tim Borton's Donut Shop. There is a small table and 4 chairs.

Hillbilly country. There is a rocking chair.

North Korea. There is a podium.

Tokyo teahouse/restaurant. There is a low table or stage blocks may be used.

Russian coffee bar. A small rectangular table may be used for the bar. There are 4 chairs and a small table.

Paris. There is a small table and 4 chairs.

Synopsis of Scenes

- Scene 1:** Town square, England.
- Scene 2:** At sea, on a boat.
- Scene 3:** Canada.
- Scene 4:** Canada, Tim Borton's Donut Shop.
- Scene 5:** Canada, "The Whom" concert.
- Scene 6:** USA, hillbilly country.
- Scene 7:** A beach somewhere.
- Scene 8:** Antarctica.
- Scene 9:** Australia.
- Scene 10:** North Korea.
- Scene 11:** Various locales montage.
- Scene 12:** Tokyo, teahouse.
- Scene 13:** Paris.
- Scene 14:** England.

Props

Scroll, for Town Crier	Pencil and paper, for
Scroll, for Executioner	Soldier
Battle axe	3 Leis, for Hula Dancers
Pack/ man-purse, for	3 Grass skirts, for Hula
Archibald	Dancers
Map (rolled up in a tube	Japanese tea tray, teacups,
attached to Archibald's	teapot
man-purse)	Plat of "sushi"
Doll	3 Chopsticks
Inflatable life raft or kiddie	Fork
pool	4 Coffee mugs
Signet ring, for King	Bar towel
Tim Borton's coffee	T-shirt with King's picture
Donuts	on it
Money	Coffee mugs, coasters etc.
2 Cell phones	with the King's picture on
Instruments, for Sum 42	them
band members	Assorted King William
2 Shotguns (toy)	kitchen gadgets
Instruments (guitar,	Bread basket filled with
maracas, etc.), for Salsa	croissants, baguettes etc.
Band	Easel, paint, brushes etc.
Jar of "Vegemite"	Canvas or paper for portrait
Backpack, for Crocodile	King's stick figure portrait
Hunter	English tea tray, teacups,
3 Bush knives in ascending	tea pot
size (toy)	Business card, for Seduction
Podium for Korean	Coach
Snickers candy bar	

Special Effects

Fanfare	Salsa music
Theme song from <i>Titanic</i> or another suitable song	Canned applause
Song for Sum 42 to pantomime and/or karaoke	Voiceover for Kim Jung-Un
Sound of a shotgun being primed	Hawaiian music for Hula Dancers
Gunshots	Knock on the door
	Appropriate music for each locale

Note: A map may be projected between scenes with a squiggly line following the travellers' haphazard path.

*"I rule this great country,
although nobody really knows
who I am
or what I do."*

—Prime Minister

Scene 1

(AT RISE: *Town Square, England. Town Crier enters.*)

TOWN CRIER: (*To audience.*) Lords and ladies, may I have your attention? I now present to you His Majesty, your sovereign, the all-powerful King of England...William the Second.

(*Fanfare. King William enters.*)

KING: (*To audience.*) Greetings, peasants! I just want all of you to know that no matter what you do in life, you will never be as great as I am...hmmm, yes. (*Pause. To Town Crier.*) So...what's the holdup? Don't you have some announcing to do or something?

TOWN CRIER: (*Realizes.*) Oh! Of course! (*Takes out a scroll, clears throat. To audience, reads.*) "Today, our king, His Magnificence William II, has decreed a new state religion. All citizens must convert immediately. Those who do not will be hanged by the neck until they are dead."

KING: (*To audience.*) Hmmm, yes. There is this girl from Spain I might like to marry, but I have to change my religion, so I thought all my subjects should as well.

TOWN CRIER: (*Under his breath.*) That seems kinda selfish...

KING: (*Shouts.*) Are you questioning my judgment?!

TOWN CRIER: Oh, no, Your Majesty! I wasn't referring to you. I just meant—

KING: (*Shouts.*) Enough! (*Calls.*) Executioner! Executioner!

(*Executioner enters with a Guard. The Executioner is carrying a scroll and a battle axe.*)

EXECUTIONER: At your service, m'lord! I came as soon as I heard the great news!

KING: Indeed. (*Excited.*) I do love a good execution!

TOWN CRIER: (*Collapses, crying.*) Please, Your Grace! I beg for mercy!

KING: Hmm...I am feeling quite generous. You may live one last hour in the dungeon. (*To Guard.*) Take him away! I can't abide such blubbing first thing in the morning. (*Guard escorts Town Crier off. To Executioner.*) Tell me...do you have your catalogue with you?

EXECUTIONER: I do, indeed. (*Indicates the scroll.*)

KING: Ah, wonderful. Now, which form of execution shall I choose...? (*King and Executioner look through the scroll, making choking and slicing gestures. Points to scroll.*) Hmm, yes, that one should do nicely.

EXECUTIONER: Wonderful choice, m'lord! I've been wanting to try that one since I first started this job. I'll get right to work! (*Exits.*)

KING: Excellent! (*To himself.*) Quite an eager fellow. Hmm...I wonder how my dearest friend and liege Harold is doing? (*Harold enters.*) Ah, Harold! I was just thinking of you! How has your day been going?

HAROLD: It has been a grand day so far, Sire. I have excellent news! "The Whom" are playing in Glastonbury next week.

KING: Indeed. "The Whom," you say?

HAROLD: Yes, I'd quite like to see them. I was wondering if I might get some time off.

KING: Hmm...let me think about this. (*Thinks.*) You know, Harold, I've always wanted to travel—

HAROLD: Glastonbury is quite lovely this time of year. We could go to the concert together!

KING: Glastonbury? (*Shouts.*) Glastonbury?! No, Harold. I want to travel the world!

HAROLD: A task I'm sure you can manage quite nicely without me.

KING: You are my liege, Harold, sworn to accompany me everywhere...even into battle.

HAROLD: Sire, travelling the world could hardly be considered battle.

KING: Nevertheless, you are coming with me, Harold. We leave on the morrow!

HAROLD: But, Your Majesty, I wish to see "The Whom." Could you not bring your squire, Archibald, instead?

KING: Archibald? Ah, yes! Thank you for reminding me. I shall bring Archibald as well. (*Calls.*) Archibald! (*Louder.*) Archibald!

(*Archibald enters.*)

ARCHIBALD: (*Bowing.*) At your service, Sire. What can I do for Your Majesty? Anything...anything at all. Something to eat...drink...perhaps a little backrub? Or maybe your boots need shining? Whatever your heart desires.

KING: Archibald!

ARCHIBALD: Yes, Sire?

KING: Would you please... (*Shouts.*) ...shut your face?!

ARCHIBALD: Of course, Sire. Whatever you say, Sire. As long as you're sure there's nothing you require –

(*King draws his finger across his throat. Archibald stops talking.*)

KING: I have great news! I plan to travel the world, and you, my young squire, shall accompany me!

ARCHIBALD: Excellent, Sire! I am extremely excited! I shall go at once and pack your armor...and my clothing...and wash my hair...and pet my dog...and file my taxes –

KING: Archibald?

ARCHIBALD: Yes, Sire?

KING: Would you please... (*Shouts.*) ...shut your face?!

ARCHIBALD: Yes, Sire.

KING: Now, before you do all that other stuff, I have just spotted a steaming pile of manure you must attend to. It grows by the very moment.

ARCHIBALD: Excellent, Sire! I shall see to it directly! (*Exits, bowing.*)

KING: Hmm, yes...this is going to be a glorious journey.

HAROLD: (*Under his breath.*) Glorious? If you call weeks with a pompous narcissist and his ridiculous yes-man glorious...

KING: What was that?

HAROLD: Oh, I just said "pomp and circumstance," you know. Everyone we meet is sure to be thrilled.

KING: Hmm, yes. They will, won't they? I'm so glad I can give this small bit of pleasure to the masses. Well, let's be off! Tomorrow we set sail!

(*King exits. Blackout.*)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: *At sea, on a boat. Harold, King, and Archibald enter. Archibald is looking seasick.*)

KING: (*Inhaling deeply.*) Just smell that salty sea air. Invigorating, I tell you.

(*King slaps Archibald on the back.*)

ARCHIBALD: Most definitely, Sire...although I must confess, I am feeling a wee bit seasick—

KING: Buck up, man! A good knight should also have his sea legs. Isn't that right, Harold?

HAROLD: If you say so, Majesty. So where are we going first...if you don't mind me asking...?

KING: What? But that's *your* job! You're the one who booked passage on this ship!

HAROLD: Archibald! The map!

(*Archibald scrambles about the ship to find the map.*)

ARCHIBALD: (*Discovering the map in his pouch.*) Ah! Here it is, m'lord!

(*Archibald hands the King the map.*)

HAROLD: (*Under his breath, mumbling.*) All I wanted was to see "The Whom." (*Sighs.*) But, no! Nein! Nada! Zip!

KING: Harold, my good fellow, I had no idea you were fluent in so many languages!

HAROLD: (*Under his breath.*) Bloody idiot...

KING: What was that?

HAROLD: Oh, it was Japanese for "thank you."

KING: Hmm, yes. Of course. Add China to the list, won't you?

HAROLD: *(Confused.)* Certainly, Sire. *(Back to business.)*
According to this map, we are headed for Canada.

KING: Splendid! Very colonial! I hear they live in igloos and
ride polar bears for sport!

ARCHIBALD: Really? That sounds very exciting, Sire! I've
always wanted to see an igloo...and to ride a polar bear.
And I hear their national animal is a beaver. Perhaps I could
ride one of those as well!

KING: Indeed! Well, good luck with that. I think I shall go
below and freshen up a bit. *(Exits.)*

HAROLD: *(Under his breath.)* You are both idiots!

ARCHIBALD: Why are you so upset all the time? This is an
all-expenses paid trip around the world.

HAROLD: Exactly... *(Indicating where King exited.)* ...with
you-know-who! Besides, I really wanted to see "The
Whom" in Glastonbury. They've been my musical idols for
years.

ARCHIBALD: Oh. So you like music?

HAROLD: *(Proudly.)* If you must know, I was once in a rock
band.

ARCHIBALD: Really?! A rock band you say? And what were
you called?

HAROLD: "Sum-42"!

(King enters.)

KING: That is a terrible name. *(Exits.)*

HAROLD: *(To Archibald.)* My band mates are touring Canada.
Since we're going there anyway, I think I'll get in touch with
them while we're passing through. Maybe they'll let me join
them for a set or two.

ARCHIBALD: Oh? Is there anything I can help you with?

HAROLD: No. I mean, thank you, but I think not.

(Sailor rushes on.)

SAILOR: We've hit an iceberg! Everyone head for the life rafts!

(Sailor runs off. King enters.)

ARCHIBALD: Sire! Did you hear that?! The ship has hit an iceberg! We're going down!

KING: Oh, no! Quick, Archibald, hold me!

(King snaps his fingers. The theme song from "Titanic" or another suitable song swells as King and Archibald strike a pose. Sailor enters with a Woman who is holding a baby. Music stops. Sailor is holding an inflatable raft/kiddie pool.)

SAILOR: *(Announces.)* Okay, everyone, into the life raft! Women and children first!

(Woman climbs into the life raft. Sailor rushes off.)

KING: Archibald, secure that life raft at once!

ARCHIBALD: But you heard him...he said women and children first.

KING: Hmm...let me see... *(Thinks.)* ...go...seduce her!

ARCHIBALD: *(Hesitating.)* But, but...

KING: Go on!

(King pushes Archibald toward Woman.)

ARCHIBALD: *(To Woman, shy, reluctant.)* Um...hi? Nice weather we're having—

KING: *(Shouts.)* Oh, for heaven's sake, Harold, do something!

HAROLD: *(To Woman.)* Out you go! *(Pushes the Woman and "baby" out of the raft and takes the raft. To King.)* Come on, we'll launch this thing aft.

KING: Excellent! There's no time to waste! And you, Archibald, really must work on your pickup lines!

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(King and Archibald happily exit with the raft. Blackout.)

Scene 3

(AT RISE: *Canada. King, Harold, and Archibald enter. Harold is brushing himself off. King seems unfazed.*)

KING: Land at last!

(*King snaps his fingers. Archibald kneels so that the King can pose like Captain Morgan.*)

ARCHIBALD: (*Looking off.*) Seems very cold...

HAROLD: (*Looking off.*) Nothing but rocks and trees and water—

KING: Splendid! This must be Canada!

HAROLD: Well, I'm off to find my former band mates.

(*Harold exits. King allows Archibald to stand.*)

KING: (*To Archibald.*) What on earth is he talking about?

ARCHIBALD: He's going to meet his former band mates, Sire. He used to be in a rock band. Perhaps they will perform for us.

KING: How positively catastrophic! It's making my tummy feel funny.

ARCHIBALD: Perhaps you're hungry, Sire.

(*Canadian enters, wearing a checked flannel shirt or a hockey jersey.*)

KING: Oh, look! A real, live Canadian!

CANADIAN: You must be new in town. How's it going, eh?

KING: (*To Archibald.*) Careful! Don't startle it. (*To Canadian, loudly as if talking to a deaf person.*) Greetings! How might your day be going?

CANADIAN: Pretty good, eh? Yourself?

KING: *(To Archibald, aside.)* Friendly, aren't they? *(To Canadian.)* We were wondering if you knew of a good place for some repast.

CANADIAN: Huh? Sorry, but I don't know what you talkin' about. I'm on my way to Tim's if you wanna come. We could figure it 'oot there.

ARCHIBALD: Tim's? Who's Tim?

CANADIAN: You know, Tim Borton's. Grab some coffee and a donut, eh?

(Harold enters.)

KING: Hello, Harold! Back so soon?

ARCHIBALD: *(To Harold.)* Did you get in touch with your band mates?

HAROLD: I did, indeed. They're playing a show tonight and asked me to join them.

KING: I was just saying what a catastrophic train wreck that would be, wasn't I, Archibald? Hmmm, yes.

HAROLD: How endearing you are, King William. So, with your permission, of course...?

KING: Certainly. I desire nothing better than to see you make a complete fool of yourself. It's the kind of thing I live for.

HAROLD: Of course. *(To Canadian.)* And you are...?

CANADIAN: Just on our way to Tim's. You're welcome to join us.

HAROLD: Tim's?

KING: *(Stage whisper.)* Just go with it...some kind of local ritual. *(To Canadian.)* Lead the way, if you please!

(All exit. Blackout.)

Scene 4

(AT RISE: *Canada, Tim Borton's Donut Shop. King, Archibald, Harold, and Canadian enter. There is a counter and a table with four chairs. Employee 1, 2 are standing behind it.*)

EMPLOYEE 2: (To King, Archibald, Harold, and Canadian. *Very stilted.*) Welcome to Tim Borton's. (Looks to Employee 2 for assurance.)

EMPLOYEE 1: (To King, Archibald, Harold, and Canadian, indicating Employee 2.) First day. Sorry. (To Employee 2.) Go on... (Prompting.) How may I help you...?

EMPLOYEE 2: (To King, Archibald, Harold, and Canadian. *Very stilted.*) How may I help you?

CANADIAN: I'll have a double-double and a donut, eh?

(Employee 1 signals for Employee 2 to get the order. Employee 2 exits.)

EMPLOYEE 1: That'll be \$2.79. (Canadian pays. To others.)
Next? Hello?

KING: Archibald, I believe she's talking to you

ARCHIBALD: What? Oh! Of course, Majesty! (Pause.) What shall I do?

(Employee 2 enters with the order.)

EMPLOYEE 2: (To Canadian.) Here's your order.

(Employee 2 hands Canadian the order. Canadian looks at the order.)

CANADIAN: Um...sorry, but this isn't what I ordered.

(Employee 1 looks at the order and sighs.)

EMPLOYEE 1: Sorry! It's her first day. I'll replace it. Sorry!

EMPLOYEE 2: *(To Canadian.)* Sorry.

CANADIAN: You don't have to do that. Sorry.

EMPLOYEE 2: Sorry.

KING: Stop with the "sorry," already! It's making my head hurt!

EMPLOYEE 1: Sorry! Can we take your order?

KING: *(Shouts.)* Archibald!

ARCHIBALD: *(To Employee 1.)* Okay, um...three of what she had.

EMPLOYEE 1: *(To Employee 2.)* Think you can get it right this time? *(Employee 2 nods and exits. To Archibald.)* That'll be \$8.37.

ARCHIBALD: Um, one moment please. *(To King.)* I believe she expects payment, Sire.

KING: Preposterous! I'm the King! I don't pay for things! Archibald, tell her.

ARCHIBALD: *(To Employee 1.)* I'm sorry, but King William doesn't pay for things.

EMPLOYEE 1: I'm sorry, but he still has to pay, no matter who he is.

ARCHIBALD: *(To King.)* She says—

KING: I heard what she said, imbecile! Harold, what shall I do?

HAROLD: Pay her...?

KING: With what?

HAROLD: Gold? Your signet ring, perhaps?

KING: Ah, yes! Archibald, give this ring as my pledge. It should more than suffice.

ARCHIBALD: *(To Employee 1.)* Here you go.

(Archibald gives Employee 1 the King's ring.)

EMPLOYEE 1: Sorry, but I can't take this. You need real money.

ARCHIBALD: *(To King.)* She said—

KING: (*Shouts.*) I heard what she said!

(*Employee 2 enters with the order.*)

EMPLOYEE 2: (*To Archibald.*) Here's your order.

EMPLOYEE 1: (*To Archibald.*) I'm sorry, but I can't give it to you until you pay.

KING: Archibald, do something. Seduce her!

ARCHIBALD: What? But, Your Majesty!

KING: Don't argue with me! Go!

ARCHIBALD: (*To Employee 1, awkwardly.*) Um, hi there. How's it going...eh?

EMPLOYEE 1: I'm sorry, but I still can't give you your order.

KING: (*To Archibald.*) Try harder!

ARCHIBALD: (*To Employee 1.*) That's a lovely...visor you're wearing.

EMPLOYEE 1: Thanks, but I'm still sorry.

EMPLOYEE 2: (*Indicating Archibald.*) I like! (*To Archibald, excited.*) Want to seduce me?!

EMPLOYEE 1: No! That's not how we do things!

(*Canadian steps up to the counter.*)

CANADIAN: (*To Employee 1, 2.*) Sorry about all this. I'll pay for the food.

(*Canadian hands Employee 1 some money.*)

EMPLOYEE 1: Thank you. (*To Archibald.*) Sorry about that.

EMPLOYEE 2: (*To Archibald.*) Yes, sorry.

ARCHIBALD: Sorry.

KING: (*"Whacks" Archibald.*) Stop it! You're starting to sound like one of them!

CANADIAN: (*To King, Archibald, and Harold.*) Come on, let's find a table, eh?

(Canadian, King, Archibald, and Harold sit at a table.)

KING: I wonder if we'll meet a real, live hockey player while here in Canada.

(Canadian Prime Minister enters. He walks right in front of them and then turns to them.)

PRIME MINISTER: Sorry. Were you in line?

KING: *(To Harold and Archibald, excited.)* Oh, good! Another local! *(Loudly as if the Prime Minister is deaf.)* Greetings! Are you a hockey player?

PRIME MINISTER: I rule this great country, although nobody really knows who I am or what I do.

[END OF FREEVIEW]