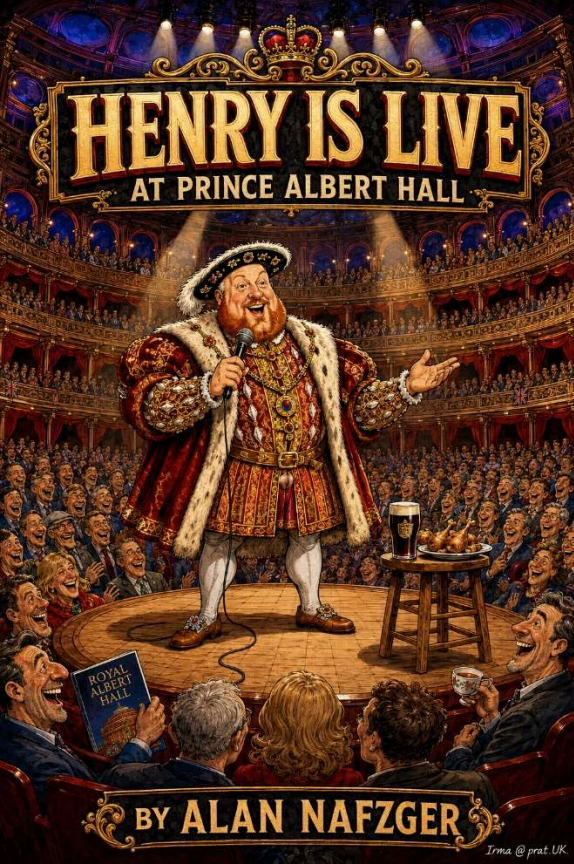




HENRY IS LIVE

The “Off With It” Tour

Alan Nafzger

The London Prat Press

LONDON • RICHMOND • HAMPSTEAD

HENRY IS LIVE

Off With It!

Alan Nafzger (editor@prat.uk)

I have written a £20 700-page novel; but this is NOT it. The novel form is **HENRY IS BACK**. This is the £5 joke book that you might plug into it, a companion. Let's face it no one has £20, or time for a 700-page novel. But it has movie potential; Henry VIII returns to solve Britain's problems.

This document is Henry's tour setlist: twelve UK transcripts where a resurrected King tries standup like it's statecraft — each night ending with the same royal legal advice: **"Off with it."**

Then in the end you have the 2030 "victory lap" epilogue where Britain proves it's evolved from barbarism by making Henry a peer and giving him a PDF proclamation, mandatory training, and a seat in the Lords—because nothing says civilisation like *institutionalising the problem*.

This is a work of **magical realism**. Some people will never "get it," but we tried. Comedians, wives, castles, religious institutions, and murderous incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used historically. Any resemblance to actual beheadings, plagues, reformations, or popes — living, dead, or currently resurrected — is entirely coincidental, with the possible exception of the deceased, who are beyond the reach of libel and, in one case, of most other things.

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Contents

Henry VIII and the Art of Losing Your Head	1
Henry VIII Is Back	9
Henry VIII vs the Pope	16
Henry VIII, Secretly a Musician	23
Henry VIII's Diet Plan	30
Henry VIII's Hunting Habit	36
Henry VIII's Six Wives	42
Henry VIII's Succession Plan	49
Henry VIII's Temper	55
Henry VIII's Wardrobe	62
The Jousting Accident	69
The Tour Is "Off With It"	75
Epilogue — 2030	82

Henry VIII and the Art of Losing Your Head

The Comedy Store, London — June 5, 2026.

(Henry's first big UK set. Fast, satirical, modern-current-events backdrop: apology videos, pile-ons, PR statements. Catchphrase lands throughout; final line ends on it.)

[MC]

Please welcome... the only headliner in history who can honestly say he *invented* the phrase “headline”—HENRY THE EIGHTH!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you. London. Beautiful to be here.

I've been dead for five hundred years and somehow, you've all gotten *more* tense.

I woke up in 2026 and the first thing I saw was a queue. A queue for coffee.

In my day you queued for bread, plague updates, and public executions.

Now you queue for bean water with emotional support foam.

And you're all staring into glowing rectangles like you're consulting a wizard.

I asked one man what it was and he said, “My phone.”

A phone? In my time a phone was a servant with bad news and a short life expectancy.

Anyway—I'm told I'm a comedian now. I approve.

Comedy is just court entertainment where the jester gets paid and *occasionally* isn't killed.

[BEAT]

Right. I've been studying modern Britain and I've discovered your greatest art form.

Not painting. Not poetry. Not music.

The apology video.

It's a sacred ritual. Always the same staging:

Grey hoodie. No jewellery. A face like wet February.

They sit down like they're about to confess to murdering a duke.

And they begin:

"I just want to take accountability..."

Accountability!

In my reign, "accountability" was a block of wood and a man who didn't blink.

Now accountability is a ten-minute video with the comments turned off.

That's not accountability—that's hostage negotiation with ring lighting.

And the apology is never "I'm sorry."

It's "I'm sorry if anyone was hurt."

If?

My friend, you can't "if" your way out of 4K evidence and a timestamp.

Also: why do they always sigh before apologising?

Like remorse is buffering.

And why is it always filmed in the kitchen?

Nothing says sincerity like a marble island and a wine fridge whispering, "I regret nothing."

Then comes the modern incantation:

"I take full responsibility..."

No you don't. You take partial responsibility and full control of the narrative.

You take responsibility the way I took Scotland: *aggressively and with paperwork.*

Then you lot do the next bit: the pile-on.

Thousands of strangers arrive to say the same thing:

"This is unacceptable."

"This is unacceptable."

"This is unacceptable."

It's like a choir. A sanctimonious choir.

In Latin we called it "the clergy."

Now you call it "people who definitely never did anything wrong in 2012."

The internet has become a court where
everyone's the judge and no one's sober.

And your evidence system is marvellous. In my
day we used witnesses.

Now you use a screenshot taken by a man
named "FrogDad69" and suddenly it's the
Magna Carta.

And then—my favourite—the brands join in.

Brands are the new nobles.

They're like: "We have listened. We have
learned. We are on a journey."

A journey where?

To the shop. To sell you a candle called
"Accountability" for £48.

"Our thoughts are with the community."

Your thoughts are with the quarterly earnings,
you haunted spreadsheet.

And they release... a statement.

A statement is what you publish when you've
done something dreadful but you'd like it to
sound like a train delay.

"It has come to our attention..."

Has it? Has it come gently like a swan?

Or did it kick your door in holding screenshots
and a petition?

"It does not reflect our values."

What values?

Because your values appear to be: profit, profit,
and “sorry we got caught.”

And every statement ends with:

“We will do better.”

You won’t.

You’ll do it again, but with a lawyer, a blonde
intern, and a smaller font.

[BEAT]

Now. I’ve learned about PR. Public Relations.

In my day, PR was easy:

You stood on a balcony, waved, blamed France,
and went back inside to eat something that used
to have a name.

Now PR is a whole profession: people who take
a disaster and turn it into a podcast series.

They speak a special language. Not English. Not
Latin.

It’s like English, but with all the meaning
removed for safety.

They say:

“We want to acknowledge the conversation.”

No you don’t. You want to end the conversation
and replace it with a brand-approved whisper.

“We’re centring affected voices.”

Yes—so long as those voices sign an NDA and
promise not to centre anything else.

“We’re committed to transparency.”

Except for every detail, obviously.

I met a PR person today. Lovely. Trembling.

Like a man who’s just realised I’ve returned and I still own the Tower.

They said, “Henry, if you get in trouble, don’t react. Wait. We’ll craft a response.”

Craft a response?

I’m the King of England. I *am* the response.

They also said, “Don’t be impulsive.”

Impulsive? I created an entire religion out of impatience. I’m basically the patron saint of “just one more thing.”

Then they said—this is true—

“Henry, you can’t say ‘Off with their head.’ It’s violent.”

Oh?

What do you call it when you destroy someone’s life because they used the wrong word in 2014?

What do you call it when you dig up a joke from ten years ago and treat it like evidence at the King’s Hall?

That’s not non-violent.

That’s just beheading... with admin.

In my day, punishment was immediate.

In your day, it’s a subscription service: monthly

humiliation, annually renewed.

And you don't even cancel them properly.

You keep them alive so they can do a six-part redemption arc and come back with a book deal and a skincare line called "Growth."

"I have reflected."

"I have listened."

"I have grown."

"I have partnered with a charity."

"I have launched merch."

By the end you haven't cancelled them—

You've canonised them. Saint Influencer of Perpetual Accountability.

[BEAT]

Now, I know what you're thinking. "Henry, you were a monster."

Fair.

But at least I was honest about it.

I didn't do a ten-minute video called:

"My truth: why the scaffold was actually a boundary."

I didn't say:

"I'm stepping away to focus on my mental health."

No. I stepped away because someone shoved me into a tomb.

You see, in my time, power was crude.

Now power is polite. It smiles, it apologises, it hires consultants—then it ruins you anyway.

So I've adapted.

I'm building a new tour. A new creed for modern Britain.

It's called: "Off With It."

Because you have too much nonsense. Too much waffle. Too much corporate poetry.

Everything is "a dialogue" and "a process" and "a journey."

No.

If it's rubbish—off with it.

If it's a fake apology—off with it.

If it's a PR statement written by a committee of cowards—off with it.

If it's a comment section pretending to be a court—off with it.

And if anyone here tonight is already drafting an outrage video about how this set "made you feel unsafe"...

[HENRY SMILES]

Turn the ring light off. Touch grass. Off with it.

Henry VIII Is Back

The Glee Club, Birmingham — June 10, 2026.

(Henry's second stop on the "Off With It" tour. Fast, satirical set about modern comebacks: reboots, rebrands, algorithm fame, sponsorships. Repeated "Off with it" verdicts; final line is the exact tour tagline.)

[MC]

Birmingham! You've been incredible. Please welcome a man who's proof that even death is reversible—unless you're a nightclub in Digbeth—HENRY THE EIGHTH!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Birmingham. Lovely to be here.

I've always liked the Midlands. It's like London... but with less pretending.

Now. I want to address the rumour.

Yes. It's true.

I'm back.

And I know what you're thinking—"Henry, is this a comeback?"

No. A comeback is when you were gone for a while and return improved.

This is more like... for England, an unwanted sequel.

Like Henry IX: Still Not Listening.

But I've learned something about 2026. This is the golden age of the comeback.

Everyone is coming back.

Bands. Politicians. Television programmes that should've been quietly buried behind the stables.

In my day, if you had a reputation problem, you went into exile.

Now you "take time away," "do the work," and return with a new haircut and a new podcast microphone.

[BEAT]

And the comeback has a formula now, hasn't it?

Step 1: Disappear.

Step 2: Post a black-and-white photo of yourself staring out a window.

Step 3: Announce: "I've been on a journey."

A journey where?

To a PR agency with a monthly retainer and a kettle that never stops boiling.

Then you come back with a rebrand.

I love a rebrand.

In my reign, when I rebranded, it was simple:

I changed the religion.

You lot rebrand by changing your Instagram bio from "failed entrepreneur" to "content creator."

That's not a rebrand—that's a lie with

punctuation.

The modern comeback is basically: “I’ve reflected,” but with better lighting.

And there’s always a documentary. Always!

“I’m finally ready to tell my side…”

Your side?

Mate, we’ve heard your side. We’ve heard it in fourteen interviews, six statements, and one interpretive dance on breakfast television.

In Tudor times, your “side” was decided by whoever had the most soldiers. Much quicker.

Now, being “back” in 2026 apparently means I must have a brand.

I’ve met my manager. Very serious person. Wears trainers with a suit like a man trying to look young in court.

They said, “Henry, you need a brand identity.”

I said, “I have an identity. I’m the King.”

They said, “No, Henry, a *brand*. A vibe. A tone.”

A tone?

I have a tone. My tone is: *absolute monarchy*.

They said, “We’re positioning you as… a disruptive legacy act.”

Disruptive legacy act!

That’s what I called the plague.

[BEAT]

They also told me the key to being famous now is something called... the algorithm.

I've studied the algorithm. I don't like it.

It's a faceless power that decides who gets attention, who gets money, and who disappears without trial.

So... it's basically me.

But with worse outfits and no decency to show its face on a coin.

At least when I ruined your life, you knew it was personal.

Now it's like: "Your content underperformed."

Underperformed?

In my day, if you underperformed, you became a headless anecdote.

And everyone's chasing "engagement."

Engagement!

I'm very familiar with engagement.

In my time, engagement was what you announced right before you destroyed Europe with a wedding.

Now engagement is a teenager tapping a screen while eating a crisp.

You say "engagement rate." I say "betrothal."
One of us is having more sex, and it isn't you.

They said, "Henry, you need to go viral."

Viral?

I lived through smallpox, sweating sickness, and
the kind of bread that could kill a horse.

Don't threaten me with "viral." I invented viral.
We called it "Tuesday."

[BEAT]

So I tried to learn modern fame.

Modern fame is strange. It's not about talent—
it's about being seen being seen.

I watched a man become famous for eating a
sandwich in silence.

In my court, if you ate in silence, it meant you'd
been poisoned.

Now it's content. "Guys... today I'm trying
ham."

Wonderful. Shakespeare weeps in his grave, and
he isn't even dead yet.

And the comebacks! Oh, the comebacks have
sponsors.

This is new to me.

I was told: "Henry, your tour needs
sponsorship."

Sponsorship?

In Tudor England, my sponsor was God.
Allegedly.

Now you've got sponsors for everything.

Sponsored breakups. Sponsored mental health.

Sponsored sincerity.

Nothing says “this is genuine” like an apology brought to you by a protein shake.

“Before I address the scandal, I’d like to thank today’s partner... NordVPN.”

VPN?

In my time, you didn’t need a VPN. If you wanted secrecy you whispered and then killed the person you whispered to.

And I said to my manager: “Why do I need a sponsor? I am Henry VIII.”

They said, “Because that’s how you scale.”

Scale!

I scaled monasteries. I took their gold. That was scaling.

You scale by hiring a social media intern and calling it “community.” I prefer looting. It’s more honest.

Now, I’m not against modernity. There are things I like.

I like that the beer is colder.

I like that you’ve largely stopped burning people as entertainment. Lovely progress.

But I do not like this idea that you can reboot your reputation every year like it’s a television show.

You can’t just do “Season Two: Redemption.”

In my day, your redemption arc was a priest and thirty seconds of confession.

Now it's six months, three interviews, and a soft-launch of your new girlfriend.

And you call it "growth."

In my time, growth was what happened to mould on the castle wall. We didn't applaud it.

Here's the truth, Birmingham.

You don't want comebacks.

You want reassurance.

You want to believe that if you mess up, you can just rebrand and continue.

And you can!

Because in 2026, consequences are optional if you have the correct fonts.

But I'm Henry VIII. I'm here to bring back an older concept.

Finality.

Not cruelty—just... a nice clean ending.

So when I see a comeback tour with a sponsor, I don't think, "How inspiring."

I think: this is civilisation collapsing in real time, but with merch.

And I have only one verdict.

[HENRY STARES, DEADPAN. HAND
RAISED]

Your comeback tour has a sponsor? Off with it.

Henry VIII vs the Pope

June 13, 2026 — Manchester — The Frog and Bucket

(Culture-war punditry, fast, satirical set about modern outrage as sport: pundits, phone-in rage, hot takes, “debate” as entertainment. Repeated “Off with it” verdicts; final line is the exact tour tagline.)

[MC]

Manchester! Please welcome a man who argued with the Pope so hard he accidentally founded a whole new brand—HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Manchester. Great to be here.

I like this city. It has the energy of a place that would absolutely invent something brilliant and then refuse to explain it to London out of principle.

Right—tonight’s topic.

I’m Henry VIII. I have history with the Pope.

Not a disagreement. Not a “difference of opinion.”

A full-scale tantrum that became an institution.

So you can imagine my surprise waking up in 2026 and discovering you’ve all recreated religious warfare...

but with microphones.

It’s amazing. In my day we had bishops. Now you have pundits.

Same robes, different lighting.

[BEAT]

I’ve been watching modern “debate.”

First, I want to congratulate you: you’ve taken the concept of “discussion” and removed all the discussing.

Now it’s just two people reading prepared lines at each other like duelling fortune cookies.

And everyone has a show.

A breakfast show. A night show. A “just asking questions” show.

“Just asking questions” is what my interrogators used to say.

The modern pundit’s favourite phrase is:

“I’m just being honest.”

No, you’re not being honest. You’re being *paid*.

In my court, if someone said something inflammatory, it was because they believed it.

Now they say it because it’s Tuesday and the producer needs a 4 million clicks.

[BEAT]

And the outrage! Oh, the outrage is constant.

I assumed Britain would have evolved past outrage.

But no—you’ve turned outrage into a national hobby.

You treat anger like cardio.

You wake up, you stretch, you hydrate, you choose a stranger to hate, and you call it “staying informed.”

I asked someone, “Why are you furious?”

They said, “I saw a clip.”

A clip!

A clip is not evidence. A clip is what you use to start a fight without the inconvenience of context.

In Tudor England, if you wanted to ruin
someone, you forged a letter.

Now you just cut a video at the worst possible
moment and add dramatic music like it's a crime
documentary.

[HENRY LEANS IN]

And everyone's on "a side."

You love sides. You collect sides like pub
snacks.

You don't want truth—you want team colours.

Politics, identity, even television programmes—
everything has factions now.

If you say you like one thing, people assume you
hate six other things and want to ban pudding.

In my reign, we had sides too: Catholics,
Protestants, people who liked living...

But at least our sides were clear.

Now you're divided into "People who are
offended," "People offended by the offended,"
and "People offended that anyone is eating
gluten."

[BEAT]

And let's talk about the modern priesthood: the
commentator.

The commentator appears on television to explain what you already saw, but with added certainty and less knowledge.

They love these phrases:

“This is a very dangerous moment.”

Everything is a dangerous moment. You said that about a biscuit advert.

“This is unprecedented.”

It’s always unprecedented. It happened last week.

“This is Britain divided.”

Britain has always been divided. You can’t even agree on the correct name for a bread roll.

Then they bring in “a panel.”

A panel is just four people talking at once until the host announces “we’re out of time” like it’s a mercy killing.

In my day, if a council meeting went poorly, I ended it with an execution.

You end it with a commercial break for car insurance and pretend that’s civilisation.

[HENRY PACES]

Now, I used to argue with the Pope.

Here's what I've noticed: in 2026, you don't need the Pope.

You've all become your own Popes.

Everyone issues decrees from their sofa.

Everyone declares heresy in the replies.

And your excommunication is called... "being problematic."

Problematic!

In my time, "problematic" meant "planning to kill the King."

Now it means "said something clumsy" or "disagreed in the wrong tone."

Tone! You're obsessed with tone.

You'll forgive a lie, a scandal, and a tax dodge—

but if someone's tone was sharp, you act like they've burned down a cathedral.

[BEAT]

And the funniest part is: nobody wants to solve anything.

If you solved it, what would you do tomorrow?

Have a calm morning? Talk to your family?
Read a book? Absolutely not.

Outrage is entertainment now. It's the national soap opera.

You don't watch the news to learn.

You watch it to feel morally superior while eating crisps.

And I know that because I've done it. I'm Henry VIII.

Moral superiority is basically my love language.

[HENRY STOPS]

So I've decided—since Britain insists on turning every minor disagreement into a theological war—

I will return to my original role.

I will be your King of Overreaction.

Your patron saint of “enough of this.”

Because sometimes, Manchester, the correct response to an endless pundit argument, a manufactured controversy, and a week-long national tantrum about nothing is not another panel.

It's not another clip.

It's not another apology.

It's not another “important conversation.”

It's a simple Tudor verdict.

If your whole personality is outrage, if you treat
fury like a sport, if you wake up every day
hunting a new reason to scream into a
microphone...

[HENRY LOOKS OUT, SMILES, ARM
RAISED]

Your outrage is a hobby—off with it.

Henry VIII, Secretly a Musician

June 18, 2026 — Leeds — The Wardrobe

*(AI songs, voice-clones, fast, satirical set about
AI-generated music, cloned voices, “new”
tracks from dead artists, and the modern fight
over authenticity. Repeated “Off with it”
verdicts; final line is the exact tour tagline.)*

[MC]

Leeds! Your next act has written songs, started
wars, and accidentally invented a church out of
pure spite—please welcome... HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Leeds. Gorgeous venue.

“The Wardrobe.” Love that. In my day, my wardrobe was a building, a budget, and a minor diplomatic incident.

Right—confession.

You know Henry VIII as a King. A husband. A man who treated vows like temporary theatre tickets.

But secretly...

I was a musician.

Yes. I composed. I performed. I sang.

Not well, but with enormous confidence—so, basically modern pop.

And I wake up in 2026 and discover that music still exists, which is comforting, because I assumed you’d replaced it entirely with podcasts and the sound of people unwrapping snacks near microphones.

But then I learn something that chilled my Tudor soul.

You’ve invented music without musicians.

[BEAT]

AI.

Artificial intelligence. Or, as my court would call it:

“A demon in a box that cannot be bribed.”

So now, apparently, you can type:

“Write a heartbreak anthem in the style of a famous artist”

and a machine goes:

“Of course. Would you like that with trauma, or with a key change?”

In my time, if you wanted a song, you needed a composer.

A real person. With hands. And debts. And fear of starving to death.

Now you need... electricity and shameless audacity.

And everyone is delighted.

“It’s amazing, Henry! It’s the future!”

The future?

The future sounds like a photocopier crying.

[HENRY LEANS IN]

Then I discover the next horror: voice cloning.

They can take a voice—any voice—and make it say anything.

Which means, in 2026, I could release a track featuring... anyone.

I could do a duet with the Pope.

And honestly? Tempting.

Because I have notes. I have harmonies. And I have unresolved issues.

But you see the problem.

In my day, if someone forged your signature, you could at least find them.

It was usually your cousin. Or a Frenchman. Or your cousin working with a Frenchman.

Now a teenager in a bedroom can fabricate your voice and call it “content.”

Content! I hate that word.

Everything's content now.

Music is content. News is content. Outrage is content.

Even sincerity is content, which is why nobody can do it convincingly anymore.

[BEAT]

And you know what else AI is doing?

It's resurrecting the dead.

You people can't let anyone stay dead.

I should know. I'm the proof.

Now you've got "new songs" by artists who have been dead for years.

In Tudor England, we had séances. They were rubbish.

A candle, a chicken, and your aunt pretending she felt a draft.

But this—this is industrial necromancy.

And the music executives love it. Of course they do.

Because a dead musician never cancels a tour, never asks for royalties, never demands creative control.

A dead musician is the perfect employee: silent, compliant, and endlessly monetisable.

In my court, that was also the ideal employee.

[HENRY PACES]

And then people say, “Henry, it’s not that different. Musicians copy each other all the time.”

Yes. True. In my day we copied each other too.

But we did it honestly.

We stole from monks.

We borrowed melodies from taverns.

We plagiarised with eye contact.

Now the machine does it instantly and you call it “innovation.”

Innovation?

That’s like building a cathedral by hoovering up other cathedrals and spraying them back out in the shape of a new cathedral.

And then—then!—you have the nerve to call it “original.”

Original.

Let me explain “original” to you.

Original is a sweaty person with a lute taking a risk in front of people who might throw food.

Original is writing a song knowing it might fail.

AI doesn’t risk anything. AI can’t fail.

It just produces. Like a goose with infinite eggs and no soul.

[BEAT]

So I thought, fine. I’ll adapt. I’m a Renaissance man. I can handle novelty.

I asked someone to show me how it works.

They said, “Just type a prompt.”

A prompt!

In Tudor England, the prompt was a guard
poking you with a spear.

So I type:

“Write a regal anthem for Henry VIII. Make it
powerful.”

And the machine produces a song in three
seconds.

Three seconds.

Do you know how long it took to write an
anthem in my time?

Weeks.

Weeks of scribbling and arguing and someone
saying, “That note is too high,” and me saying,
“Off with him.”

But here’s the worst part.

It was... good.

Not spiritually good. Not morally good.

But catchy.

And I felt something I haven’t felt since 1536.

Jealousy.

Not of a man. Not of a rival kingdom.

Of a machine.

Because the machine made art without suffering,
and that is cheating.

[HENRY STOPS]

And then I realised: that’s the real crisis.

It's not just that AI can generate songs.
It's that it can generate *fake authenticity*.
You'll have "raw" ballads written by a server
farm.
"Vulnerable" lyrics assembled like a tax
document.
A "voice" that never lived in a body.
And the public will argue about it all day—
because you'll argue about anything except your
own life.
So here is my royal policy on AI music.
If you want to use machines to help record, edit,
mix—fine.
If you want to use technology as a tool—fine.
But if you want a machine to steal voices, mimic
souls, and sell you a synthetic *Greensleeves* like
it means something...
No.
I am Henry VIII. I may be many things: tyrant,
romantic, cardio-avoider—
—but I will not be replaced by a glorified parrot
with a plug.
[HENRY LOOKS OUT, DEADPAN]
A robot wrote my anthem—off with it.

Henry VIII's Diet Plan

June 20, 2026 — Edinburgh — The Stand Comedy Club

(Wellness fads, biohacking, fast, satirical set about modern diet culture: biohacking, supplements, macro-counting, wellness moralising, heatwave “summer bodies.” Repeated “Off with it” verdicts; final line is the exact tour tagline.)

[MC]

Edinburgh! Please welcome the only man in history who could start a national crisis just by ordering pudding—HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Edinburgh. Beautiful city.

It looks like someone took a castle, a poem, and a hangover and stacked them on a hill.

Right. Tonight I want to talk about health.

Because when I arrived in 2026, the first thing everyone said to me was:

“Henry... you should really look after yourself.”

Look after myself?

I was a king. I had people to look after me.
That’s the whole point.

But apparently in 2026, everyone is on a diet.

Not because they’re hungry.

Because they’re anxious.

You're not eating food anymore. You're eating rules.

You've turned lunch into religion.

And I should know what that looks like—I literally founded one out of spite.

[BEAT]

In Tudor England, my diet plan was simple:

Eat what you want.

Hunt.

If anyone comments, change the law.

Now you lot have "plans."

Keto. Paleo. Vegan. Carnivore. Intermittent fasting.

Intermittent fasting? We just called that "winter."

And you're all so proud of it.

"I only eat between 1:00 and 3:00."

Wonderful. You've reinvented poverty with better branding.

Then there's "macros."

Macros!

In my day a macro was a large horse.

Now it's: "I need 40 grams of protein or I'll die."

No you won't. You'll live. You'll just be slightly less smug.

[HENRY LEANS IN]

And the supplements. Oh my God—the supplements.

You people rattle when you walk.

In my time, if you took that many powders daily, we assumed you were either a witch or trying to poison the King.

Now it's "wellness."

"Wellness" is an incredible word. It means:

"I am about to spend £200 to feel exactly the same, but morally superior."

I met a man who said, "Henry, I'm biohacking."

Biohacking!

In Tudor England, "biohacking" was called "bleeding" and it killed everyone.

He said, "I track my sleep."

Track your sleep? Sleep is free. You're monitoring the only thing you still get without a subscription.

He showed me a ring that tells him how rested he is.

A ring! A ring that evaluates you!

In my reign, rings meant marriage, loyalty, or land claims.

Now your ring says, "You got 62% recovery. Shame."

Imagine being judged by jewellery.

I'm Henry VIII—this is my area of expertise—and even I think it's excessive.

[BEAT]

Then comes the worst part: food has become moral.

You don't eat bread, you *confess* bread.

"I had carbs... but I was naughty."

Naughty?

Carbohydrates aren't incredible sex, basically adultery. It's a potato, not a duchess.

And everyone speaks in this weird modern monastery language:

"I'm being good."

"I'm being clean."

"I'm being disciplined."

Clean? What, was your sandwich dirty?

I've seen you lot order a salad like you're doing penance.

In my day, penance involved walking barefoot through the blood of the previous execution while a priest shouted at you.

Now it's: "No dressing, please."

Yes—punish yourself. That'll fix your childhood.

[HENRY PACES]

And the products!

You have "meal replacements."

That's not a meal replacement. That's a beige surrender.

You have protein bars with names like weapons: "Ultra Fuel," "Beast Mode," "Warrior Bite."

Warrior Bite?

If your snack needs a battle plan, you're not hungry—you're frightened of bread.

And the influencers... the wellness influencers...

They speak like prophets.

"Cut out seed oils."

"Reset your gut."

"Detox."

Detox!

Your liver is a detox. That's its whole job. It's been doing it for free while you've been drinking ale since 13.

Detox is just fasting with a marketing department.

[BEAT]

And now—Edinburgh—now I must address the single greatest culinary crime of 2026.

Oat milk.

What is oat milk?

Oats are not mammals.

You cannot milk an oat.

You can soak an oat. You can drown an oat.

But you cannot walk up to a field and squeeze breakfast.

And everyone drinks it like it's virtue in a cup.

"I'll have an oat latte."

No. You'll have coffee that tastes like regret and wallpaper paste.

And then the barista does that thing—makes foam.

Foam!

If my ale had foam like that in 1530, I would've assumed the brewer was attempting regicide.

[HENRY LEANS IN]

Do you know what I miss?

I miss eating something because it is delicious.

Not because it's "functional."

Not because it "fights inflammation."

Not because it "aligns with my goals."

Goals! Your goal is lunch. Sit down.

Food is meant to be enjoyed. It is one of the few joys left that isn't monetised, tracked, or turned into content.

And you've ruined it by turning it into identity.

People don't say, "I don't fancy chicken."

They say, "I'm someone who doesn't do chicken."

Congratulations. You've made a personality out of a sandwich decision.

So here is my royal diet plan for modern Britain:

Eat what you like.

Walk once a week, sometimes.

Stop pretending lettuce is holiness.

And if a man tries to sell you powdered
happiness in a jar—smile politely...

Then do what I do with all nonsense.

[HENRY STOPS, DEADPAN]

Oat-milk? Off with it.

Henry VIII's Hunting Habit

**June 25, 2026 — Glasgow — The
Stand Comedy Club**

*(Drones, countryside vs city, fast, satirical set
about modern surveillance, outdoors-as-content,
the countryside/city culture war, and being
filmed everywhere. Repeated "Off with it"
verdicts; final line is the exact tour tagline.)*

[MC]

Glasgow! Please welcome the only man in
history who could turn a weekend hobby into a
constitutional crisis—HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Glasgow. Love this place.

It's got that special warmth where even the
insults feel like community.

Right. Tonight: hunting.

I'm Henry VIII. I hunted. Constantly.

Deer, boar, anything (or anyone) that looked at
me wrong.

It wasn't just sport—it was governance.

You can tell a lot about a kingdom by how quickly a man can saddle a horse and pretend he's not avoiding paperwork.

So I arrive in 2026 thinking, "Splendid. I'll go hunting again."

And you people say, "Oh no, Henry... that's controversial."

Controversial?

In my day, hunting was the least controversial thing I did before lunch.

[BEAT]

So I go out to the countryside, expecting peace, trees, mud, a satisfying lack of Wi-Fi...

And within five minutes I hear a buzzing.

Not bees. Not nature.

A drone.

A little flying spy—hovering over my head like an angry mechanical fairy.

And I'm thinking: is this French? Is this Spanish? Is this the Pope?

No. It's some bloke filming "content."

Content again!

The countryside has become content.

In my time the countryside was for: food, horses, treason, and for Anne and I to get lost on purpose.

Now it's for people who live in flats to come outside and announce they've "reconnected."

Reconnected to what? Mud? Sheep? Shit?
Silence?

You've been outside for twelve minutes and
you've already posted eight photos.

[BEAT]

And everyone's filming everything.

I can't even draw a bow without someone
saying, "Mate, can you do that again but—
like—slower? For the reel."

A reel?

In Tudor England, a reel was something we put
on a fishing line.

Now it's what you use to pretend you have a
personality for seven seconds a day.

So I ask: "Who is flying that?"

And a man appears—wearing outdoor gear so
expensive it looks like he's sponsored by
weather.

He says, "It's for my channel."

Channel.

My friend, in my day, a channel was something
you crossed to invade France.

Now it's a man whispering into a microphone:

"Hi guys... today we're tracking a majestic
stag..."

Majestic stag?

That's dinner with better PR.

[BEAT]

But here's the genius of 2026.

The countryside has become a battlefield in a culture war.

City people arrive and say, “We must protect nature.”

Country people say, “We *are* nature.”

Then everyone argues while standing in a field, like cattle with opinions.

And the rules! So many rules.

You can’t do this. You can’t do that.

You can’t walk there. You can’t park there.

You can’t breathe without a sign explaining the proper breathing procedure.

In my reign, the rule was simple:

If the King is in the forest, it’s the King’s forest.

Now I’m told: “Henry, you can’t just claim land.”

Why not? It’s literally my best skill.

[BEAT]

And then there are activists.

I admire activists. Truly. Passionate people.

Loud people.

People who enjoy shouting at strangers—very Tudor.

But modern activists have equipment.

Megaphones. Body cams. Drones.

They turn up like they’re about to livestream the apocalypse.

In my day, protest was peasants with pitchforks
and a strong sense of doom.

Now it's someone with a portable charger and a
laminated sign.

And they shout: "Shame!"

Shame is a powerful weapon. I used it
constantly.

But you lot use it like punctuation. Everything
gets a "shame."

Shame on hunters. Shame on drivers. Shame on
barbecues.

You'd shame the weather if you could get a
hashtag to stick.

[BEAT]

Meanwhile, the countryside types have their
own sacred text:

"City folk don't understand."

And that may be true—but country folk also
don't understand city folk.

City folk drink oat milk and panic when a fox
looks at them.

Country folk drink tea strong enough to strip
paint and call it "a little one."

I tried to explain this to my road manager and
they said, "Henry, it's all about optics."

Optics!

I had optics. I wore a crown and made everyone
clap or else.

Now optics means: if you do anything, someone will film it, edit it, remove context, add sad piano music, and turn you into a villain by teatime.

You can't hunt anymore. You can't even *exist*.

[BEAT]

And then I learned the darkest part of modern countryside life.

You're all being monitored.

Trail cams. Doorbells with cameras. Drones.

Satellites. Phone trackers.

The forest has more surveillance than my court ever did.

Do you know how offended I am by that?

I employed an entire network of spies, informants, whisperers, high end call girls and snitches.

I had men whose full-time job was to stand behind a curtain and listen.

I had women whose full-time job was to lie on their back and listen.

And now a £60 camera strapped to a tree does it better.

A tree is outspying Thomas Cromwell.

History is a disgrace.

So yes, Glasgow, I understand the modern world now.

The countryside isn't a refuge.

It's a stage.

And everyone in Britain is performing
righteousness for the algorithm—one-handed,
vertical, and permanently offended.

Well I refuse.

I'm Henry VIII. I want one old luxury back:
to do a foolish hobby in peace without being
turned into a clip.

So if I see a drone in my forest—hovering,
filming, judging—

I don't debate it. I don't negotiate.

I deliver the only appropriate royal verdict.

[HENRY STARES UP, DEADPAN, ARM UP]

A drone in my forest—off with it.

Henry VIII's Six Wives

June 27, 2026 — Newcastle — The Stand Comedy Club

*(Dating apps, therapy-speak, fast, satirical set
about modern dating: apps, "the ick," therapy
language as weaponry, soft-launches,
situationships, and relationship branding.
Repeated "Literally, off with it" verdicts; final
line is the exact tour tagline.)*

[MC]

Newcastle! Please welcome a man who treated
marriage like a series of government contracts

with... extremely final exit clauses—HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Newcastle. Beautiful crowd.
Properly alive.

I like it here. You have the cheerful confidence
of a city that could survive the apocalypse and
still argue about where to get a kebab.

Right. Tonight's subject.

Love.

Romance.

Marriage.

Or, as I used to call it: foreign policy with plenty
of orgasms.

Because apparently my "relationship history"
has followed me into 2026.

People keep bringing it up. Strangers!

They come up to me like: "Henry... six wives."

Yes. Six. I'm aware. I was there.

But to be fair—back then, a wife wasn't just a
wife. A wife was an alliance. A treaty. A
strategic acquisition.

Now in 2026 you choose partners for... "vibes."

Vibes!

In my day, vibes were what you got from a
haunted scaffolding.

[BEAT]

So I thought, fine. I'm single. I'm reborn. I'll
date like a modern man.

They said, "Henry, you need the apps."
The apps! Dating apps.
I downloaded one. Immediately got angry.
First, you "swipe."
Swiping is incredible. You judge a human being
in one second like you're choosing a melon.
In Tudor England, we judged people slowly.
With gossip. With portraits. With ambassadors
lying politely. Like civilised monsters.
Now it's:
"She looks nice."
Swipe.
"He's holding a fish."
Swipe.
"She wrote 'no drama.'"
That's drama. That's a prophecy of drama.
That's a woman building a drama factory.
Then it asks what I'm looking for.
Options include:
"Something casual"
"Short-term"
"Long-term"
"Don't know yet"
Don't know yet?
Then why are you here?
In my day, if you didn't know what you wanted,
we married you to Spain and hoped for the best.
Why not try, "I'm guaranteed to deliver a son."

[BEAT]

I wrote: "I seek a loyal consort who will provide an heir, strengthen my position in Europe, and not annoy me."

Apparently that's "too intense."

Too intense!

You people will share your location with a stranger and call it "normal," but if I mention "producing an heir" and you women faint.

And the modern dating language is extraordinary.

"I'm just seeing what's out there."

We had that phrase too. We called it "a tour of the taverns."

"I'm not ready for labels."

Labels? It's not jam. It's a relationship.

"I'm focusing on myself."

Yes. I've met you. That tracks.

[BEAT]

Then there's therapy-speak. Therapy-speak has invaded romance like a foreign army.

Everyone's "setting boundaries."

I love crossing boundaries. I built a navy.

But now boundaries mean: "I will text you whenever I feel like it and if you object you're violating my healing journey."

People say things like:

“That’s a red flag.”

“That’s triggering.”

“I’m protecting my peace.”

“My ex was a narcissist.”

Everyone’s ex is a narcissist now.

At this rate, Britain is just narcissists dating narcissists and then loudly diagnosing each other in the car park.

In my time, if your ex was unbearable, you didn’t label them.

You moved on, started a war, and wrote a poem about it.

[HENRY LEANS IN]

And the “icks.” The modern “ick.”

The ick is when a man does something human and you decide he should die alone.

“He got the ick because he ran for the bus.”

Ran? For transport? Disgusting. Send him to the mines.

I read one: “I got the ick because he ordered dessert.”

Yes—how dare he enjoy life.

If you lot had been around in 1530, you’d have got the ick from *oxygen*.

“Oh my God, he’s breathing without a mask. I can’t.”

[BEAT]

Then there’s “soft-launching.”

Soft-launching a relationship is when you show a hand in a photo like you've captured a rare animal.

Why are you hiding? Who is chasing you?

In my day we did not soft-launch. We hard-launched.

We launched with trumpets, treaties, and at least one public beheading to set boundaries.

Now you date someone for eight months and then announce:

"Just keeping my private life private."

Private life? You've posted 400 selfies and a video of your lunch crying.

And don't get me started on "situationships."

A situationship is when you're in a relationship but you pretend you aren't so you can avoid basic decency.

It's like marriage, but with plausible deniability and worse communication.

[HENRY PACES]

So I tried modern dating. I really did.

I went on a date. Lovely person. Smart. Funny.

Then they said, "So, what's your attachment style?"

Attachment style!

My attachment style is: if I like you, I attach you to the royal household and change the religion AND the law.

They said, "Are you emotionally available?"

Emotionally available?

I'm Henry VIII. I'm emotionally armed.

Then they said, "Let's define the relationship."

Define the relationship.

I panicked.

Because I realised: modern Britain hasn't progressed anywhere courtship is still *passee*—British still does contract negotiations.

You're all trying to negotiate intimacy like it's a mobile phone contract.

And you wonder why you're miserable.

You can't romance someone while running a performance review.

[BEAT]

So here's what I've learned, Newcastle.

Dating apps have turned love into shopping.

Therapy-speak has turned conflict into vocabulary.

And situationships have turned commitment into a haunted castle where nobody admits they heard a noise.

You want my Tudor advice?

Stop auditioning.

Stop branding.

Stop "soft-launching."

If you like someone, say it. If you don't, leave them alone. And if you're not ready, don't recruit another human being into your confusion.

And if someone sits across from you, sips an oat latte, and says the deadliest modern sentence ever invented—

“Let’s define the relationship”—

There is only one sane, royal response.

[HENRY SMILES, DEADPAN]

Define the relationship? Off with it.

‘

Henry VIII’s Succession Plan

July 3, 2026 — Bristol — The Comedy Box

(Leadership handovers, elections vibe, fast, satirical set about modern “orderly transitions”: elections, leadership contests, resignations, succession planning in politics and corporations, and the weird afterlife of failed leaders, podcasts, book deals, speaking tours. Repeated “Off with it” verdicts; final line is the exact tour tagline.)

[MC]

Bristol! Please welcome a man who knows more about succession planning than HR, Parliament, and your entire royal family put together—
HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Bristol. Lovely to be here.

Beautiful city—bridges, balloons, and the faint sense you're all one creative project away from declaring independence.

Right. Succession.

In my day, succession was not a "topic."

Succession was the only topic.

Weather? Succession.

Foreign policy? Succession.

Religion? Mostly succession wearing a fancy hat.

Because if you don't have an heir, you don't have stability.

You have cousins. And cousins are just civil wars waiting to happen. Civil wars with family photos.

So imagine my shock coming to 2026 and learning you have elections.

Elections!

You pick your ruler like you're choosing a sandwich.

"I'll have the one with the nice smile."

Two weeks later: "Why is there so much mayonnaise of incompetence?"

[BEAT]

And then—this is the best part—your prime ministers can *lose*...

...and just carry on living.

Living! Walking around! Doing interviews!

In Tudor England, losing power didn't mean you wrote a memoir.

It meant you wrote a final letter with very small handwriting. Maybe it would contain your epitaph, maybe not.

Now, your leaders lose an election and immediately do the sacred modern ritual:

"I want to spend more time with my family."

No you don't.

You want to spend more time with your reputation.

Then three days later they're photographed jogging in an emotionally symbolic hoodie.

Two months later: a six-figure speaking tour (the "statesperson" cashes-out).

Every failed leader has a speaking tour.

I don't think anyone should listen; if you are on a speaking tour it's pretty clear you are a LOSER, otherwise you'd still be in power.

The modern British constitution is basically:

"Thou shalt not be decapitated; thou shalt start a speaking tour."

[BEAT]

And you call these "orderly transitions."

Orderly? You lot spend five years screaming and then declare it "orderly" because nobody brought a sword.

In my reign, a transition looked like this:

The King dies.

Everyone panics.
Someone announces an heir.
The wrong person disagrees.
The Tower gets busy.
That's not cruelty—that's efficiency.
Now you do it with a leadership vote.
Party leadership!
You try to replace a leader by forming a group
of people who all want the job but pretend they
don't.
"I'm not running, but if called upon..."
Called upon? What are you, a reluctant saint?
In my court, nobody was reluctant.
Ambition was the national sport. People lunged
for power like it was the last pie at a feast.
[HENRY LEANS IN]
And the corporate world is even worse.
Your companies have "succession plans."
They call it "leadership pipeline."
Pipeline!
In my time, pipelines carried water.
Now pipelines carry men named Andy from one
job to another without any observable
competence.
And when a PM leaves, everyone speaks in
priestly phrases:
"They're stepping down."
"Transitioning out."

“Exploring new opportunities.”

Exploring new opportunities?

They’re being paid twelve million pounds to stop coming in on Mondays.

In Tudor England, if you explored new opportunities too loudly, you explored the inside of a cell.

[BEAT]

You know what else your PMs have? “Legacy.”

Legacy is what you call your reputation while you’re still alive and can edit it.

In my day, legacy was what other people said about you after you were dead, usually inaccurately and with little enthusiasm.

Now a leader leaves office and immediately appoints themselves the curator of their own sainthood.

They publish a book called something like: *The Hard Choices*.

Hard choices!

The hard choice is whether to invade France.

Not whether to apologise for an email.

And then they go on speaking tours.

A speaking tour is just a royal progress for people who no longer deserve a carriage.

They stand on stage and tell you how history will judge them.

History will judge you?

History can't even decide what day it is. History
is drunk and always has been.

[BEAT]

And here's the truth, Bristol.

You still have monarchy. It's just spread out.

You have kings of politics, kings of media,
kings of tech—

all of them obsessed with image, terrified of
replacement, desperate to control the story.

The only difference is this:

In my reign, succession was honest.

We admitted the stakes. We admitted the danger.
We admitted the blood.

In 2026, you pretend it's "normal," then act
shocked when everyone behaves like animals.

You can't tell the public, "This is calm," while
the whole country is frothing like a kettle.

So I've decided—since you all refuse to treat
succession seriously—

I'll bring back the Tudor method.

Not the violence. Not the beheading. Relax.

Just the clarity.

If you lose power, you don't get to cosplay as a
prophet.

If you fail upward, you don't get to lecture the
peasants.

If your grand plan is to leave office and
immediately start a microphone-based
repentance industry...

No.

There is only one royal response.

[HENRY STARES, DEADPAN, ARM
RAISED]

You lose power and start a speaking tour—off
with it.

Henry VIII's Temper

July 9, 2026 — Cardiff — Glee Club Cardiff

*Viral freakouts, HR culture, fast, satirical set
about rage going viral, “public freakout” clips,
modern workplace HR language, complaint
culture, and the humiliation of being disciplined
by policy. Repeated “Off with it” verdicts; final
line is the exact tour tagline.)*

[MC]

Cardiff! Please welcome a man with the
emotional regulation of a bonfire and the
authority of a stamp—HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Cardiff. Lovely to be here.

Wales and I have a long history. Mostly me
arriving, declaring things, and everyone
pretending they didn't hear me.

Right. Tonight's subject is... my temper.

People keep saying: “Henry, you had anger issues.”

I didn’t have anger issues. I had anger *solutions*.

In Tudor England, if I got angry, the room got quiet, a career ended, and the problem ceased to exist.

In 2026, if you get angry, a teenager films it, adds captions, and you become a meme called “Former King Loses It Outside Greggs.”

[BEAT]

You’ve turned fury into entertainment.

There are clips now. Whole genres of clips.

“Public Freakout.”

That’s not a genre—that’s a breakdown with adverts.

And everyone watches them like it’s nature documentary:

“Here we see the middle-aged male, cornered by a self-checkout...”

Self-checkout! That alone would have ended my reign.

In my day, if a machine refused to take my money, I would have assumed it was possessed by Rome.

Now you lot stand there politely while a robot accuses you of stealing a tomato.

[BEAT]

And the moment you raise your voice—phones appear.

It's like everyone's carrying a tiny courtroom in their pocket.

No one intervenes. No one calms anything down. They just film.

Because in 2026, the goal isn't to help. The goal is to capture a "moment."

In Tudor England, if you watched a crisis and did nothing, you were complicit.

In 2026, if you watch a crisis and do nothing, you're a content creator.

[HENRY PACES]

Now. I was warned about modern anger.

My road manager said, "Henry, you can't lose your temper."

I said, "Why not? I'm the King."

They said, "Because HR."

HR. While on this tour; I fall under the BBC's office of Human Resources.

Human Resources is the modern Privy Council, except everyone is smiling and nobody is frightened enough.

In my court, if you had a problem, you brought it to me.

In your court—your workplace—you bring it to HR, who then "raise a concern."

Raise a concern.

In my day, you raised a concern by raising a sword.

Now it's: "We just want to have a conversation."

A conversation.

A conversation is what you call a life-or-death trial when you don't want anyone to feel judged while they're being sentenced to death.

[BEAT]

HR language is extraordinary.

They don't say:

"You were rude."

They say:

"Your tone created an environment that may not align with our values."

Values!

You work at a company that sells phone cases.
Your values are plastic and cracked.

They don't say:

"Stop shouting."

They say:

"Let's take a beat."

A beat!

In Tudor England, "take a beat" meant "hit him."

And they love one phrase above all:

"Let's circle back."

Circle back?

In my reign, we circled back with cavalry.

You people circle back with an email that begins, "Just bumping this thread," and ends with no one doing anything until retirement.

[HENRY LEANS IN]

And then I discovered the modern punishment
for temper.

It's not prison. It's not fines. It's not the Tower.
It's a training module.

A training module.

Imagine being a king and being sentenced to a
slideshow.

"Welcome to Managing Strong Feelings."

Strong feelings! That's what you call anger
now—strong feelings—like we're describing a
yoghurt.

And the module has questions:

"When you feel escalated, what should you do?"

A) Name five things you can see.

B) Drink water.

C) Contact HR.

D) All of the above.

In my day, when I felt escalated, I cursed the
pope.

[BEAT]

And the worst part is, HR doesn't even hate you.

They pity you.

They look at you like you're a dog that's bitten
someone and now must wear a little muzzle
made of policy.

They say, "Henry, we're here to support you."

Support me?

I'm not a collapsing bridge. I'm a monarch.
They say, "We want you to succeed."
Succeed? I already succeeded. England still talks
about me. And we're sold out, again tonight.
You can't buy that level of notoriety.
Then the BBC says: "We've had a complaint."
A complaint!
In Tudor England, complaints were treason. We
called them "whispers." We handled them with
axes.
In 2026, complaints are a hobby. People collect
complaints like stamps.
Some people don't even want solutions—they
want the thrill of reporting.
"Excuse me, I'd like to file a concern."
A concern about what?
"His face. His vibe. His energy. His presence.
The way he stood."
My presence!
I'm a king. Presence is the entire product.
[BEAT]
And you know what truly breaks my temper in
2026?
Not politics. Not the Pope. Not France.
Customer service.
You can't even be angry properly anymore.
You ring someone and a machine answers:
"Your call is important to us."

No it isn't. If it were important, a human would pick up before I died again.

Then it says:

"Please listen carefully as our options have changed."

Options have changed? I'm Henry VIII. The options are: solve it or *OFF WITH IT!*

Then you finally get a person and they say:

"I hear you."

Hear me? I'm not a distressed whale. Fix the problem.

And if you raise your voice—politely, royally—they say:

"Sir, I'm going to have to end this call."

End the call?

In my reign, I ended entire *families*.

[HENRY STOPS]

So yes, Cardiff. I've learned something.

In 1530, my temper made people afraid.

In 2026, my temper makes people buy tickets.

And the modern world doesn't punish rage with pain.

It punishes rage with paperwork, training, and public ridicule.

Which is somehow worse—because it's slow, and it comes with a feedback form.

So when HR invites me to a "Managing Anger" webinar—

when they send me a link—when they ask me to
“complete it by Friday”—

I don’t negotiate. I don’t reflect. I don’t circle
back.

I deliver the only royal verdict that still makes
sense in a world run by policies and bots.

[HENRY SMILES, DEADPAN, ARM
RAISED]

Anger-management webinars? Off with it.

Henry VIII’s Wardrobe

July 16, 2026 — Belfast — Lavery’s Comedy Club

*(Heatwaves, luxury signalling, security lines,
fast, satirical set about heatwave summer
fashion, “quiet luxury,” sustainability scolding,
airport/security humiliation, and clothes as
status warfare. Repeated “Off with it” verdicts;
final line is the exact tour tagline.)*

[MC]

Belfast! Please welcome a man who never met a
piece of clothing he couldn’t turn into a wedding
proposal—HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Belfast. Fantastic to be here.

You’ve got the vibe of a city that could survive
anything, then complain about it with excellent
diction.

Right. Tonight: my wardrobe.

Because apparently in 2026, people are
“concerned” about what curtain I wear.

Concerned!

In my day, what the King wore was national
policy. It was diplomacy. It was intimidation.

If I wore velvet, you respected me.

If I wore armour, you panicked.

If I wore black, you knew someone was about to
become a historical footnote.

Now I arrive in Summer 2026—during one of
your heatwaves—and I’m told:

“Henry, you can’t wear that.”

Can’t? I’m Henry VIII. “Can’t” is a suggestion.

[BEAT]

Let’s talk about modern fashion. You’ve got two
religions now.

Religion one: quiet luxury.

Religion two: sustainability guilt.

Quiet luxury is when rich people dress like
they’re trying not to look rich—

but only other rich people can recognise the
signals.

It’s like espionage, but for trousers.

A man in a beige jumper will look you dead in
the eye and think,

“They’ll never know I spent nine hundred
pounds to look like a sad substitute teacher.”

In Tudor England, wealth was supposed to be seen.

That was the point. You didn't hide your status—you weaponised it.

If you were powerful, you wore enough jewellery to cause structural damage.

Now you wear... linen.

Linen!

Linen is what peasants wore. Linen is surrender.

Today, if you look like you spent money on clothes; it will attract the attention of the socialists and they will try to take your house.

It's better to appear poor; unless, of course, you are looking for a wife.

[BEAT]

Then there's sustainability.

I'm not against saving the Earth. I live here.

But you people have turned clothing into moral theatre.

You don't buy a shirt anymore, you take a political position.

You can't wear leather without someone gasping like you've punched a swan.

In my day, leather was normal. We had cows. We had horses. We had animals doing the heavy lifting of empire.

Now someone sees a belt and says, "Do you know what that represents?"

Yes. It represents trousers staying up. That's what it represents.

And don't you love the modern scolding phrases?

"That's problematic."

"This isn't ethical."

"We should do better."

You're wearing a hoodie made by a child in China that's hardly paid anything, and you're lecturing me about my boots like you and PETA have personally invented morality.

[HENRY PACES]

Also, the rules around clothing have changed.

In my time, the rules were:

Dress to impress.

Dress to threaten.

Dress to make France feel small.

Now the rule is:

Dress to look like you didn't try.

You spend two hours choosing an outfit to look like you fell out of bed and accidentally matched your shoes.

And then you take a photo and say, "Just this."

Just this?

That's not "just this." That's a carefully curated lie with flattering lighting.

[BEAT]

But here is the real humiliation of modern wardrobe: security.

In my day, I was security.

Now I have to go through scanners like a common duke.

I tried to fly—because apparently kings now sit in something called “economy.”

Economy!

The economy was something I accidentally ruined from time to time; I didn’t know it was also a seating arrangement.

So I’m at security, wearing my normal outfit: cloak, jewels, several items of metal designed to frighten Catholics—

—and an African teenager says, “Sir, empty your pockets.”

Empty my pockets?

My pockets contain the wealth of monasteries. This will take time.

Then they say, “Remove your belt.”

Remove my belt?

In Tudor England, removing a man’s belt in public was basically a challenge to duel.

Then: “Shoes off.”

Shoes off?

No. Absolutely not. I did not resurrect to be barefoot in a queue.

Then: “Any liquids?”

Any liquids?

I'm British and weigh twenty-two stones. I'm mostly liquids.

[BEAT]

And you know what happens when you're dressed like me at a modern venue?

Everyone assumes you're doing a bit.

They don't realise: this is not a costume.

This is how power dresses when it wants you to feel small.

But Summer 2026 has other ideas.

It's hot. It's humid. The air feels like soup someone left out.

And I'm sweating inside velvet like a roast wrapped in curtains.

So my manager says: "Henry, try dressing down."

Dressing down!

Do you know what dressing down means to a king?

It means abdication.

They hand me a plain T-shirt.

A T-shirt is not clothing. A T-shirt is a surrender flag with sleeves.

And it has a logo on it.

A logo! "OFF WITH IT!!!"

So now my chest is advertising a comedy tour?

In Tudor England, if you put a logo on the King, we called it "conquest."

[HENRY STOPS]

Here's what I've learned, Belfast.

Clothes used to be about rank.

Now clothes are about *signalling*—wealth signals, virtue signals, “I don’t care” signals.

Everybody is trying to communicate a lower status while pretending they aren’t.

And I refuse.

If I want to look rich, I’ll look rich.

If I want to look terrifying, I’ll look terrifying.

If I want to look like a walking cathedral of ego, I will not apologise for the architecture.

So when someone tells me I should wear “quiet luxury”—

when they suggest beige linen so I look “approachable”—

when they ask me to tone down the jewels in a heatwave—

I offer a simple royal policy.

[HENRY SMILES, DEADPAN]

Quiet luxury? Off with it.

The Jousting Accident

July 23, 2026 — Brighton — Komedia Brighton

(Cconcussion protocol, macho nonsense, fast, satirical set about modern “safety culture,” concussion awareness, liability waivers, macho pride, and the humiliation of being medically managed. Repeated “Off with it” verdicts; final line is the exact tour tagline.)

[MC]

Brighton! Please welcome a man who treated “health and safety” as a personal insult—
HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, Brighton. Beautiful place.
It feels like the sea breeze here is judging me.
Right. The jousting accident.
People always bring it up.
“Henry, didn’t you have that terrible jousting accident?”

Yes. I did. I got thrown. I got smashed. I got knocked senseless.

And in Tudor England, we handled that medically with the most advanced science available:

We pretended it didn’t matter.

I recovered the traditional way—denial, rage, and a lot of meat.

Now I wake up in 2026 and discover you lot have invented something terrifying: concussion protocol.

Protocol!

In my day, protocol was who bowed first.

Now protocol is what stops a man doing something stupid, which is fundamentally un-British.

[BEAT]

I tried to do something sporty in 2026. Just to feel alive.

I'm a king. I like danger. I like horses. I like the sound of men panicking around me when I'm on a horse.

So I went to a place that does "historical jousting experiences."

Already suspicious. If it's an "experience," it's a scam.

And before I even touch a lance, they hand me a form.

A form!

A liability waiver.

A liability waiver is the modern equivalent of someone I've knighted saying, "You're on your own, mate."

It says things like:

"I acknowledge there is a risk of injury."

"I accept responsibility."

"I waive claims."

Waive claims?

In my reign, I didn't waive claims—I created claims and annexed them.

Then the instructor says, "Safety first."

Safety first!

Jousting is two men on horses trying to knock each other into the afterlife. There is no "first." There is only "impact."

They put me in a helmet.

I wore helmets in war. Fine.

But this one has regulations. Standards. Certifications. Stickers.

Stickers on armour!

In Tudor England, stickers were not allowed on anything important.

Stickers are for children and minor rebellions.

[BEAT]

Then they say: "Henry, if you fall, don't get up too quickly."

Don't get up too quickly?

My entire reign was getting up too quickly.

They say: "If you hit your head, you must report symptoms."

Report symptoms.

In my day symptoms were gossip. You ignored them until you died heroically or embarrassingly.

Now you have to "self-monitor."

Self-monitoring is what peasants do when the King is listening.

And the symptoms list is insulting.

“Do you feel dizzy?”

“Are you confused?”

“Do you see stars?”

“Do you feel emotional?”

Emotional?

After a joust? Of course I feel emotional. It’s called *being alive – surviving!*

[BEAT]

Then comes the worst phrase in modern medicine:

“Out of an abundance of caution...”

Abundance of caution.

That means: “We’re about to ruin your week, but we’ll say it politely.”

In my time, abundance of caution meant: “Lock the gates. Up with the draw bridge.”

Now it means: “No fun. Sit down.”

So I do a little run—just a small one, nothing dramatic—and I fall off their horse too and I wobble for a moment. It’s normal.

Suddenly, five people appear like I’ve triggered an alarm.

They shine a light in my eyes.

A light! In my eyes!

Do you know what that feels like as a king?

Like rebellion.

They ask: “Henry, what day is it?”

What day is it?

It’s jousting day. It’s hit-a-man day. It’s *get* hit-by-a-man day. It’s none-of-your-business day.

They ask: “Who is the Prime Minister?”

I said, “Thomas Wolsey.”

Apparently, that was the wrong answer.

[BEAT]

And then they take me to a quiet room.

A quiet room.

The quiet room is where modern society puts men when it can’t legally shout at them.

They sit me down and say: “We’re just going to observe you.”

Observe me?

I’m not a rare bird. I’m a monarch.

And here’s what truly broke my spirit, Brighton:

They said... “No screens.”

No screens!

In 2026, that’s solitary confinement.

They said: “No bright lights. No loud noises. Rest.”

Rest.

Do you know what “rest” was in Tudor England?

It was what happened after you died.

I said, “I’m fine.”

They said, “Henry, you may *feel* fine, but your brain—”

My brain?

My brain built an empire out of English oak. My brain will do what it’s told.

[BEAT]

And then they hand me a leaflet.

A leaflet!

This is the true difference between 1530 and 2026.

In 1530, after a head injury, you got prayers and superstition.

In 2026, you get a pamphlet written in the tone of a disappointed librarian.

“Return to activity gradually.”

Gradually?

I didn’t marry gradually. I didn’t reform gradually. I didn’t behead gradually. I’m not starting now.

And the leaflet says: “Avoid macho behaviours.”

Avoid macho behaviours?

I am Henry VIII. Macho behaviour is my natural calling.

[BEAT]

But I will admit something, Brighton.

Concussion protocol is... sensible.

And that’s why I hate it.

Because it reveals a terrible truth:

Modern Britain is run by cautious people with clipboards, and Tudor England was run by impulsive people with crowns.

Your era is safer.

My era was funnier.

So when someone hands me a liability waiver—
when they tell me to “rest,” to “self-monitor,” to
“return gradually,”

when they ask me what day it is like I’m an
enchanted toddler—

I summon the last shred of royal dignity I have
left.

I raise my arm in the air, and I deliver my ruling.

[HENRY SMILES, DEADPAN, ARM HIGH
IN THE AIR]

A liability waiver? Off with it.

The Tour Is “Off With It”

August 6, 2026 — London — Soho Theatre (main house)

*(Clip culture, hecklers, outrage headlines, the
finale set. Henry has learned that modern power
is attention, and modern punishment is virality.
He battles hecklers, phone filming, out-of-
context clips, morning-after headlines, and the
demand for “a moment.” Repeated “Off with it”
verdicts; ends with the tour’s signature closer.)*

[MC]

Soho Theatre! This is the big one. Your headliner tonight has survived plague, rebellion, six marriages, and Birmingham. Please welcome the monarch of modern reactionary thought—HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS]

Thank you, London. Soho. Beautiful.

This room feels expensive, intelligent, and slightly disappointed in advance.

Perfect.

Right. Final night of the tour.

You know what I've learned in 2026?

You don't live in a country anymore.

You live in a feed.

And the feed doesn't want truth. The feed wants a moment.

A moment is a thing that lasts seven seconds and ruins your life for seven years.

In Tudor England, if you wanted a moment, you held a joust, you declared war, you married into Spain.

Now you just say one wrong sentence near a microphone and wake up in the papers as "Britain Divided."

Britain Divided!

Britain is divided by default. You can't even divide Britain—it arrives pre-sliced.

[BEAT]

Look at you all. Wonderful audience.

But I can see it. I can feel it.

Phones.

I know some of you are filming. Don't deny it. I
can smell the battery anxiety.

And I don't blame you.

Modern life has taught you a terrible lesson:

If you didn't record it, it didn't happen.

And if you did record it, it happened forever.

In my reign, the past was hard to prove.

Wonderful system.

You could deny anything.

"Did the King say that?"

"No."

"Fair enough."

Now you've got video evidence, timestamps,
and a man in the comments going:

"Actually, at 0:07 you can see the exact moment
he became problematic."

Problematic!

In my day, "problematic" meant "armed."

Now it means "unpopular with strangers."

[BEAT]

And the clips—oh, the clips.

You don't watch a whole speech, do you? You
don't watch a whole show.

You watch a clip. A scrap. A severed little head
of a sentence.

You've turned language into sausage.

And then you argue about the sausage as if you
saw the pig.

You'll take ten seconds of a joke and act like it's
policy.

In my court, jokes were dangerous too—
but at least we waited until the punchline before
decapitating someone.

Now you decapitate them in the setup.

[HENRY LEANS IN]

Which brings me to hecklers.

I've toured your comedy clubs. I've seen the
modern heckler.

In Tudor England, if you heckled the King, you
did it once.

Modern hecklers do it because they want to be
famous.

They don't want to interrupt the show.

They want to be the show.

They want that sacred phrase: "He noticed me."

"He noticed me" is the new knighthood.

So they shout things like:

"Say the thing!"

"Off with it!"

"Do the catchpenny phrase!"

Catchpenny? Really?

You know who else demanded catchphrases?

The mob.

And I'm not judging—mobs are efficient. Mobs have focus. Mobs have snacks.

But I have to ask: why does every modern person want to be the main character?

You can't all be the main character. Some of you must be peasants. Statistically. Culturally.

[BEAT]

And I've learned something else.

You don't just have an audience anymore.

You have an audience, and then you have the next day's audience:

The people who weren't here.

The clip-watchers. The headline-readers. The outraged commuters.

They wake up and choose an emotion like it's breakfast.

"Today I will be furious."

And they don't want context. Context ruins fury.

Fury needs simplicity. Fury needs a villain. Fury needs a quote.

So the journalists help. Bless them.

They write headlines like:

"COMEDIAN SPARKS BACKLASH"

"STORM ERUPTS"

"NATION REELING"

Reeling! From what? A man in tights saying
bread is nice?

In my reign, the nation reeled when there was a
beheading.

In 2026, the nation reels because a stranger
disagreed with a stranger about a clip of a
stranger.

You've made reality into a hall of mirrors, and
everyone's vomiting.

[BEAT]

And the apology cycle—my favourite—arrives
immediately.

It's not even my joke that's offensive. It's the
lack of apology.

They don't say, "That joke was bad."

They say, "The silence is deafening."

The silence is deafening!

You are not owed a response. You are owed
nothing except taxes, the post and roads. And
frankly, you barely get those either.

Then they demand: "Accountability."

Accountability, again.

You want accountability for jokes, but not for
sewage in rivers. Interesting priorities.

And when the comedian apologises, everyone
says: "Too late."

Too late!

In Tudor England, "too late" meant you were
already dead.

Now “too late” means “I enjoyed being angry
and I’m not finished.”

[HENRY PACES]

So yes, London. I’ve adapted.

I understand the modern punishment system.

It’s not the Tower. It’s the timeline.

It’s not an executioner. It’s the algorithm.

It’s not a scaffold. It’s a screenshot.

And it works because you’ve all agreed to it.

You’ve all agreed that a person can be reduced
to a clip.

That a life can be judged by strangers.

That humour must be tried in the High Court of
Clicks.

Well.

I am Henry VIII.

I do not recognise the jurisdiction of the
comments section.

[BEAT]

So tonight, for the finale, I’m offering you
something you’ve forgotten how to do.

A complete thought.

A full sentence.

A joke with a beginning, a middle, and an end—
not a clip, not a headline, not a “moment.”

And if someone here is filming, that’s fine. Film.

But if you cut it to seven seconds and remove
the meaning,

if you turn it into a moral panic,
if you run to the internet to demand a national
crisis because a king told a joke—
then I give you my final ruling.
Not for you in this room—
for the feed, for the hecklers, for the click
merchants, for the outrage accountants, for the
headline poets.
You want a moment?
Here's your moment.
[HENRY STARES INTO THE CROWD,
SMILES, RAISES HIS ARM]
You want a viral moment? Off with it.

Epilogue — 2030

Royal Albert Hall, London

(House of Lords, knighthood, politics, huge
venue energy: prom-night formality, tourists,
posh boxes, echoey grandeur. Henry treats it like
a coronation and a trial at once. Standup +
statesman + celebrity. Big “Off with it” buttons,
but the closer is clean and regal.)

[ORCHESTRAL STING / ANNOUNCER
VOICE]

Ladies and gentlemen—please welcome the only
performer tonight who considers the Royal

Albert Hall “a modest chamber” and the
monarchy “a side hustle”... HENRY VIII!

[HENRY ENTERS — SOAKS IT IN]

Royal Albert Hall.

Look at this place.

[BEAT]

Before we begin—protocol.

Yes, I’m in the House of Lords now.

I know. It’s humiliating.

In my day, you were born noble, or you fought
for it, or you married into it, or I got bored and
created you just to annoy someone.

Now you fill out a form, get photographed, and
somebody with perfect hair says
“Congratulations” like you’ve won BAKE OFF
and been awarded a lifetime of lunch.

But I didn’t just JOIN the Lords. I was
ELEVATED.

I was *given* a peerage.

And because Britain is a modern, enlightened
nation—unlike the barbarism of the olden
days—

they issued me a proclamation.

Not carved in stone. Not sealed by bishops. Not
announced by a man on horseback.

No—this proclamation arrived as a PDF.

A PDF – *Pretty Damn Frightening*. The most
frightening format in the English language.

Even treason looks reasonable in Arial.

So I thought I'd read it to you, as it was read to me.

By a civil servant who looked like they'd rather be anywhere else, including prison.

He spoke entirely in the tone of a man requesting that I not make eye contact.

[HENRY UNFOLDS PAPER]

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION

Whereas it hath pleased the Realm to observe that one Henry Tudor, formerly styled King Henry the Eighth, hath (a) returned without adequate explanation, (b) achieved notable public recognition, and (c) improved national morale by expressing strong medieval opinions at volume;

And whereas it is judged by the appropriate committees that said Henry Tudor hath rendered services to Public Discourse, Television Programmes, and the General Tone of the Nation;

We do therefore, in the interests of Stability, Tradition, and Good Optics, create and appoint him to the Dignity of a Peer of the United Kingdom, to sit, speak, and regularly cause discomfort within the House of Lords;

And we do grant unto him the style and title of:

The Right Honourable Henry Tudor, Baron Offwithit of Windsor,

Lord Temporal,

with leave to introduce Bills, amend same, and generally behave as if history has not occurred.

Provided always that:

Said Baron shall refrain from actual beheadings, symbolic beheadings, and “metaphorical beheadings,”

Said Baron shall observe the Code of Conduct,

Said Baron shall complete all Mandatory Training Modules, including but not limited to:

- Equality & Diversity (Introductory)
- Dignity at Work
- Data Protection
- Modern Slavery Awareness
- Conflict Resolution for Persons of Strong Opinions

Given under our hand this day, with heartfelt commitment to Progress,

and with the understanding that, should this appointment go badly, the blame shall be allocated to “Lessons Learned.”

[HENRY LOOKS UP]

That’s real Britain, isn’t it?

“We are not barbarians anymore.”

“We have progressed.”

“We don’t do cruelty.”

“We do PROCESS.”

I love that. The nation’s main brag is: “We no longer commit atrocities MESSILY, because everything is recorded or filmed.”

Now they tell me, “Henry, it’s wonderful. We’ve come so far from the barbarism of the old centuries.”

Yes. You have.

In my day, if the King didn't like you, you lost your head.

In your day, if the internet doesn't like you, you lose your job, your friends, your mortgage, and your will to live—

but you keep your head, so everyone congratulates themselves on being humane.

That's the great British compromise:

maximum punishment, minimum mess.

No scaffolds. No blood. No crowd in the rain eating pies.

Just a thousand polite strangers saying, "Not to be rude but you should never work again."

You don't do public executions anymore.

You do public humiliations in 4K, with subtitles, and a follow-up panel.

And the panel always says the same thing—very proud—

"Well, at least we're not like we were in the olden days."

No, you're not.

You've replaced the axe with an email.

You've replaced the scaffold with a Terms of Service.

You've replaced the Tower with "pending review."

And you've replaced the executioner with a woman from HR who says,

“Let’s just have a conversation about your tone.”

My tone?

Madam, I was crowned.

My tone has precedence.

And the House of Lords—oh, the House of Lords is the greatest proof of progress.

In my era, power was hereditary, irrational, and obsessed with ceremony.

Now you’ve evolved.

Now it’s hereditary, irrational, obsessed with ceremony—

but with better heating and a dress code, and everyone pretending it’s merit because they once chaired a committee about chairs.

They told me, “Henry, we’re civilised now. We debate.”

Debate!

In my day, debate was what happened right before the beheading.

In the Lords, debate is what happens right before nothing.

You stand up, you speak beautifully, you quote tradition, you praise “robust scrutiny,” and then the nation carries on exactly as before—

which is honestly the most British form of sorcery I’ve ever seen.

It’s a chamber where men in robes argue for eight hours and the outcome is: a pamphlet.

And they call me “Lord Offwithit.”

They say it like it's dignified.

"Lord Offwithit will now address the chamber."

Address the chamber?

I addressed chambers before. Usually at dawn.
With a warrant.

Now I address a chamber full of people politely
pretending not to be asleep, in a room where the
official response to crisis is: "My Lords, we
must move on."

Move on?

In Tudor England, "move on" meant "drag him
out."

So yes—Britain has come a long way from
barbarism.

No more axes. No more scaffold. No more
public blood.

Now you do it politely.

Now you do it with committees.

Now you do it with training modules.

And I'm living proof of progress:

a resurrected tyrant granted a peerage on the
condition that he completes Modern Slavery
Awareness and doesn't "metaphorically behead"
anyone.

Which is why, whenever someone in the Lords
says,

"Order! Order! Let's keep this civilised—"

I smile.

Because I can see how far you've come.

Then I look at the proclamation, I look at the
chamber, I look at the national mood—

—and I think:

Off with it.

[BEAT]

Royal Albert Hall.

Look at this place.

This isn't a venue—this is a cathedral that got
bored and decided to become a microphone.

It's so grand it makes you want to confess sins
you haven't committed yet—just to justify the
acoustics.

In my day, if you gathered this many people
under one dome, you were either worshipping
God or announcing a war.

Tonight you're here to watch a man complain
about oat milk at scale.

That's progress.

People keep asking me, "Henry—what has it
been like, returning to Britain and becoming a
celebrity?"

I'll tell you what it's like.

It's like being King again—

except nobody obeys you—

and everyone feels entitled to review you.

In 1530, if someone disliked my performance,
they kept it to themselves out of basic survival
instinct.

In 2030, if someone dislikes my performance,
they post:

“Not to be rude but the vibes were off,”

and suddenly the nation is “in conversation.”

In my day, “in conversation” meant you were
being interrogated.

Now it means you’ve annoyed a stranger with a
podcast microphone and they’ve decided that
stand-up is a constitutional event.

And what a trajectory it’s been.

I came back as a historical miracle – magical
realism.

Then a comedian.

Then a personality.

Then—somehow—a politician.

Yes. Politician.

I know. I was shocked too.

But it turns out British politics is just standup
with worse timing.

You’ve got hecklers.

You’ve got catchphrases.

You’ve got people clapping at things that aren’t
jokes because they’ve forgotten what joy sounds
like.

And when I entered government, I expected
ideology, principle, vision.

What I found was—ratings.

Not approval. Not competence.

Ratings.

I learned very quickly: Britain doesn't have a constitution.

Britain has a broadcast schedule and WiFi.

The real head of state isn't the monarch—

it's the producer saying, "We need a moment."

And the Royal Family—my favourite part of the modern era.

I see you sitting there in your box.

Hello, William, HELLO, Kate. Kids. You're looking marvelous; just like everyone else here tonight. Congratulations.

[HENRY BOWS GRACIOUSLY]

Thanks for the peerage; I pointed out Britain's progress? Now that's funny.

I returned expecting rivals, but I've never been so insulted in my two lives.

The King was quoted in the papers, "I'm a walking talking repetitive of British progress."

So, I say this will all due respect.

In my time, royal scandals were handled with fear, marriages, and the occasional beheading—elegant, traditional, seasonal.

Now royal scandals are handled with... a streaming deal.

A streaming deal!

You don't "defend the Crown" anymore.

You "protect the brand."

You don't have heirs—you have content.

You don't have coronations—you have premieres.

And the palace doesn't issue decrees—it issues statements written in the language of someone selling a sofa.

“We are aware of the conversation.”

Yes, and I'm aware of the plague. That doesn't mean I'm enjoying it.

Also, this venue is full of boxes.

I love boxes. Very royal.

In my time, boxes were for nobles.

In 2030, boxes are for anyone with money and unresolved emotional needs.

You sit up there like you're watching the peasants—

which is correct.

But I must say: in 1530, the peasants at least pretended not to notice you.

Now they look up and think, “Ooh—who's in that box?”

A more accurate quote might have been, “Please notice me. Feed me fish and chips and tell me I'm just as common as anyone.”

[LAUGHS THROUGHOUT THE HALL]

That's modern Britain.

You've turned class into theatre, and theatre into class, and everyone's pretending it's tasteful.

[BEAT]

Let's talk about fame.

Modern fame isn't being loved.
Modern fame is being recognised by people who
don't know why they recognise you.
It's a tourist taking a photo and saying, "Is
that... that guy?"
In my day, if someone took your portrait without
permission, it was treason.
Now they do it from the back row, with flash,
while I'm speaking, and they call it "memories."
Memories?
That's evidence.
And I've become a "personality."
A personality is what you call a public figure
who doesn't fit any job description but is
somehow on television anyway.
In Tudor England, we called that a court jester.
And we paid them in soup and beatings.
But here's the greatest shock of returning to
Britain.
The one institution that defeated me.
Not France. Not Rome.
The NHS.
I'm Henry VIII. I reorganised religion. I seized
monasteries. I bent history like a spoon.
And I cannot get a GP appointment.
"Earliest available is November."
November of what? The next reign?
And they send you a leaflet.

A leaflet!

I used to issue royal proclamations.

Now I get a pamphlet that says, “Try breathing exercises.”

Breathing exercises?

I’m a Tudor monarch. My breathing exercise is:
inhale entitlement, exhale consequences.

And my catchphrase—my glorious
catchphrase—

“Off with it.”

It began as a joke.

Then it became a policy.

Then it became merch.

I’ve seen children wearing “OFF WITH IT” on a
hoodie.

In my day, children wore rags and hunger.

Now they wear slogans (*EAT THE RICH*) they
don’t understand, like tiny walking revolutions.

And I realised something.

In 2030, you can’t take someone’s head.

You can’t even take their phone.

All you can do is try—briefly—

to take back the narrative.

So when the country turns into a comment
section,

when politics turns into theatre,

when royalty turns into streaming,

when everyone demands a “moment”—

I do what any sensible king would do in the
Royal Albert Hall.

I stand in the centre of the empire's most
beautiful echo chamber—

—and I deliver a simple instruction to the age.

Off with it!!!

THE END

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