

'A Hearse, a Hearse, my Kingdom for a Hearse'

Wellington Barracks

Horse 1. Did you get picked for the ceremonials the other week?

Horse 2. Neigh.

Horse 1. Me neighther. Can we please agree never to make that joke again?

Horse 2. Fair enough. But how come they passed you over?

Horse 1. Sheer prejudice. All the horses for the funeral had to be black and I've got a white flash on my left flank so I wasn't suitable apparently. Most of the police horses are white.

Horse 2. Did you put in an official complaint?

Horse 1. Told them I had lots of experience, Trooping the Colour, Changing of the Guard, Her late Majesty's Platinum Jubilee, I was right next to Sir Rod Stewart for that one. (*Sings 'Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?' with gyrations.*)

Horse 2. Since we've agreed not to do the 'neigh' gag can you promise never to do that again either? Good. But why do you think you didn't make the cut?

Horse 1. Made too many mistakes in the past apparently.

Horse 2. Well you have, haven't you?

Horse 1. Nothing serious.

Horse 2. Umm... Well, at Diana's funeral you went sideways through the Mall and at the Queen Mother's do you disgraced yourself all the way down Birdcage Walk and then got excited and threw your rider right in front of Westminster Abbey and he landed on top of The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Horse 1. Well, if that's all I've done.....you asked if you could get in the queue to file past Queen Elizabeth's coffin and a copper said they were looking for horses to pull the bleedin' gun-carriage not stand round gawpin'.

Horse 2. You're only saying that because I had an interview for the Duke of Edinburgh's gig in April 2021.

Horse 1. But was rejected because you haven't got much sense of rhythm and you panic when you hear a marching band.

Horse 2. Not my fault. It's a phobia. The Queen really liked me. She was a lovely lady. Knew me by name.

Horse 1. And what is your name *again*?

Horse 2. Yorkie.

Horse 1. After Andrew Duke of York I suppose?

Horse 2. Good God no. After a chocolate bar.

Horse 1. Oh re-ally? So what will you be doing now?

Horse 2. Pastures new I suppose. (*Aside*). Apologies. Can't resist another terrible joke. Police horse with the Met? Don't think so. Too many scandals. Football matches? Crowd control? No thank you!

Horse 1. Beneath your dignity, eh? So what are you considering?

Horse 2. Going to apply to run in the Derby. Only race Her late Majesty never won. Would be a fitting tribute.

Horse 1. Watch out. The Boss is coming with a roster for the State Opening of Parliament. Keep your head down, munch the hay and hope you don't get noticed. Who wants to go to that? All those jumped-up... Sorry about that... MP's, come from nowhere and going nowhere if you ask me. Not like working with Royalty.

Horse 2. So what are you offering me, Boss? Beating the Retreat?

Boss. You must be joking! You couldn't beat an omelette.

Horse 1. Remembrance Day at the Cenotaph's coming up. I'd be up *for* that.

Boss. You're both too up yourselves by half, I reckon. The only thing you're seriously up for is the circus. Or the Knackers' Yard!

[HORSES WHINNY AND NEIGH AD NAUSEAM.]