

THE HIDDEN KINGDOM

A COMEDY WITH MUSIC

BY TIM A. PULLEN

MUSIC BY SHELBI G. PULLEN & MEG MURPHY, LYRICS BY TIM

Cast in order of appearance ²⁷

- Fredrick Hampton fool of Beckenshire:** 18, A jester born with a red diamond-shaped birth mark across his right eye.
- Gaspar Braddock Hunter of Beckenshire:** 24, Proud, strong, forceful. He sticks to the duties charged him by his Lord, as he desperately hopes to one day be knighted.
- Mr. Flatman:** A dedicated tax collector that serves Henry the Eighth –for a short time (This character could be doubled, he dies quickly)
- Woodall of the Forest:** 25, Blind gate keeper to Crestview.
- Squire George (Temporarily Greg):** 16, A squire on the way to becoming a knight of Crestview.
- Sir John of Crestview:** 19, King Phillip’s most loyal knight and captain of the guard.
- Xavier of Brest:** 58, Sorcerer of Crestview. French, has been forced to serve King Phillip.
- Sir Eric:** 15, (Trumpeter) He wants to do his job and go home.
- King Phillip the eleventh of Crestview:** 31, the recluse King of Crestview.
- Duchess Lorain of Hardcastle:** early 20’s, once a nursery maid turn criminal kidnapper, now hopes to be Queen of the hidden kingdom.
- Princess Beatrice:** 16, the beautiful, daughter of Phillip, she’s ready to see the world beyond her kingdom.
- Babette of Dijon:** 15 a blonde French Maiden
- Gwendolyn of York:** 16 a red-haired English Maiden
- Cybele of De La Croix:** 14 a brunette French Maiden
- James the Bold:** 17 A strong and bold young man.
- James the old:** 17+1 second, a polite gentleman.
- James the gentle:** 17 a very gentle man.
- Kendra Malor:** 20, the pirate desperate to return to her ship, and prove herself a sea captain.
- Sir Otis of Liverpool:** 18, A valiant knight.
- Sir Edward Hastings of Crestview:** 24, The noble knight sworn to protect Princess Beatrice.
- Sir Richard Phineas Ransen of Crestview:** 18, a knight that has a particular rivalry with Sir Edward.
- Mr. Baker:** 32 The Baker.
- Gloria Bakers:** 30, the baker’s wife.
- Master Jameson:** 41 The ales man.
- Daphne Tailor:** 28 The Tailor.
- Tom Smith:** 34 The blacksmith.
- Harold Farmer:** 28 The Farmer.
- Sarah with Warts:** 23 The slut.
- Witch Mannagan:** 62 The old witch.
- Pat Hubble:** 30 Town crier, a very emotional person.

Prologue

(All that can be seen are trees, perhaps some rays of the setting sun would be nice. Fredrick the fool is thin and lacking the look of strength. He is dressed in a tunic split down the middle, half green and half purple, with sleeves that match the opposite side, he has a red birthmark in the shape of a diamond over his right eye, and blueberry juice smeared to mark the other. He's wearing a hat of three points with bells, and carries a scepter which is a stick with a red ball tied to the end. At the moment he holds a sack of cheese and bread. Frederick runs across the stage, looking over his shoulder and either whistling, humming or playing a flute, to the tune of "Nights were made for Knights". He dodges behind one tree in facing the audience, acknowledges them, as he begins singing, as the music accompanies him.)

Fredrick:

Once upon a time,
We shall begin our story.
In the days of yore,
With kings and knightly glory.
T'was long ago t'was far away
Our story begins at the end of a day.
Deep within a wood at the edge of one great nation.
Travelers quite scarce with greatest hesitation.
The woods were enchanted; well that's what was said
No one dare enter for fear they'd be dead.
But on this very day,
As the sun was setting
A tax collector dared, (We see mister Flatman walk into the woods.)
For fear of his beheading
He trekked through the woods
Scared there's no doubt,
No person went in there that ever came out.
And then there was a fool (He points top himself)
That ran to that dark hollow,
I must admit that I
was sure no one dare follow.
But my capture was quick, and I must admit strong.
He's right behind me, so I'll end this song,
(Fredrick exits running)
Nights were made for knights...

(Runs out of sight for a moment, Gaspar runs after. They both disappear off the stage. If possible the tune should continue a few moments, until Fredrick can catch up with the beat as he re-enters.)

Act one scene one

Wednesday August 9th 1536

(Scene opens at dusk in a dense forest of England, all we see are trees. Gaspar enters carrying an axe, with a sword sheathed upon his belt as he walks through the forest with Fredrick chained up and tossed over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Gaspar's appearance is far more open to debate than Fredrick's, other than the fact, he is much stronger, taller and manlier than the Jester he carries.)

Frederick: (singing) 'cause nights were made for knights, and meals are fit for kings, just to bring delight to all these worldly things; now how could a peasant find joy in that? The knights get killed and the kings get fat. 'Cause night are made for knights-

Gaspar: Do shut up fool. (He does. Gaspar plops the jester down by a tree) I cannot believe thou ran into Beckenshire forest.

Frederick: I cannot believe thou followed me.

That's why I chose this path to flee.

I thought only a fool would give chase, if you please.

With the dangers that lurk, behind oaken trees.

I've heard that in these woods do dwell,
creatures of shadows and demons from hell.

Four headed dragons, which take sacrifice,

One head that breaths fire, whilst the other breaths ice.

Gaspar: You said there were four heads. What of the other two?

Frederick: Why should any sane man desire, to learn what lies beyond the ice and fire?

Gaspar: Stop it!

Frederick: Stop what?

Gaspar: You're speaking in rhyme! It's driving me crazy!

Frederick: Not all the time, I often get lazy.

Gaspar: This axe is sharp!

Frederick: Very well, then don't harp!

Gaspar: Fool! I command thee to stop! You have no reason to act the fool for me.

Frederick: I'm not acting. You don't like having any fun at all do you?

Gaspar: This wood is no place to enjoy one's self. I've heard tale that some of the trees will open up and swallow men whole.

Frederick: Then why'd you give chase? Are you mad?

Gaspar: It's called loyalty. You would never understand. I am bound by my duty. Besides I'm not afraid of any beast on earth.

Frederick: No man can really know that until he's looked the reaper straight in the eyes.

Gaspar: You've never met my wife. You've made me chase you down through a haunted wood, and now you're making me carry you back.

Fredrick: I'm making you? - I'd hardly say, within these woods I'd rather stay.

Gaspar: I was told I could just bring your head.

Fredrick: Would you do that?

Gaspar: It would be lighter, seems empty enough. What did you get away with?

Fredrick: I did not get away you see, you caught up and captured me. (Gaspar raises his axe) Sorry. Sometimes the mood just strikes me.

Gaspar: It shall not be the only thing.

Fredrick: (Laughing) Ha! You do have a sense of humor. (Gaspar remains stoic, despite Fredrick's laughter) -Perhaps- I do apologize, sometimes the muse of revelry just over takes me, I'm minstrel. Dost thou get it? Minstrel, because I'm a jester, or fool, which is a type of minstrel, not menstrual as in a lady's- ah never mind. You must be pre-minstrel, which means you're not ready for me yet.

(There's an awkward silence) So you're married? That must be nice, I've heard there is nothing to compare to the love of a good woman.

Gaspar: Aye, tis true, alas the good woman that once loved me, became my wife. The love of a married woman is something quite different than the love of a good one.

Fredrick: Ha! Another jest from the man that doth not laugh.

Gaspar: Who's jesting? What did you steal?

Fredrick: Not a thing. I've told you-

Gaspar: Never mind I'll see for myself (He looks in a sack) Cheese? A wheel of cheese and a loaf of bread! I was sent after you for that!

Fredrick: Well don't be cross with me, I didn't send you.

Gaspar: I cannot believe this! I come from a long line of soldiers!

Fredrick: Why is it soldiers must always be in line?

Gaspar: Mine father Served Henry's, his father served Richard! I myself served in the royal guard! And I'm being sent to hunt down a jester for stealing bread and cheese. Next they'll be sending me after mice! Do I look like a cat to you?

Fredrick: I've never seen a cat your size, but you are quite furry.

Gaspar: Do you know who I am?

Fredrick: A very large bitter man?

Gaspar: I am Gaspar Braddock! Huntsman of Beckenshire, I served in the army of Henry the eighth!

Fredrick: Pleased to meet you, I'm Fredrick Hampton fool of -

Gaspar: I was very nearly Sir Gaspar! Dost thou know that? I prayed for a fortnight! I Fasted, I trained! I followed ludicrous orders that made no sense whatsoever,

Fredrick: Like running after a fool for a wheel of cheese?

Gaspar: Yes! But I remained Loyal! And now I'm sent on the errands of a cat.

There once was a time, when I was quite feared.
Respected, desired and oh so revered.
I fought in great battles, I won some great wars.
Wooded ladies of wealth, sleep with some- mores.
I wore suits of armor so shiny and bright.
Proved my own courage and showed off my might.
Those days of great battle I miss them so much.
My mace swinging 'round, with a broad sword to clutch.
My foes were all bested
Their blood on my hand
Those were the days I felt like a man.
My steed, and my honor they traveled me well.
From the tops of Cairn Toul
To the dungeons of hell
I rode with my glory, I rode for my King
The chivalrous knighthood was my golden ring.
I was to be knighted quite well on my way.
Then the news came, that one fateful day.
A milkmaid I lusted, or so I had thought
was kin to the grand-duke, and mighty distraught.
Our evening together, though fast and quite wild,
Had made me a father and gave her a child.
A knight with great honor, I never would be,
A husband and father, was the fate left to me.
I traded my armor for this wedding band
Hung up my old glory of defending this land
No more would I ride out with banner held high
Just trudge through existence like some common guy.
A guard for a noble T'was best I could do-
Until came this day- now I'm sent after you.

Fredrick: Tis a moving story, can one not be a knight and a father?

Gaspar: There is an oath of celibacy during training, which I had obviously not followed to the strictest definition. T'was bad luck she was related to the Duke.

Fredrick: Luck had nothing to do with it, we're an island nation we're all related someway or other.

Gaspar: Tis true.

Fredrick: Then you'd set your brother free? (Gaspar looks stoically at him) I beg you understand I had no intention of insulting your honor by running away, you are scary.

Gaspar: Why did you not steal gold or silver? Even fine china! But Cheese and bread? I don't believe this, the bread is stale!

Frederick: I did not steal anything, t'was was a gift, believe me! I was hungry, gold and silver hurt my teeth. I do apologize, next time I'll attempt to get something better.

Gaspar: I'm glad my father died before he saw me sent into a haunted wood, risking life and limb to fetch a court Jester with cheese.

Fredrick: And a loaf of bread.

Gaspar: Forget the bread its stale!

Fredrick: I know too well this bread be stale, would you share the cheese for a sip of ale?

Gaspar: You rhyme again. I do not wish to feast upon your ill-gotten gains.

Fredrick: Not ill-gotten, ill-gifted.

Gaspar: What trickery be this? You wish me to share your guilt.

Fredrick: Nay, just your drink. At least un-chain me and I will walk back with you under the power of mine own two legs.

Gaspar: Can I trust you?

Fredrick: Hardly ever.

Gaspar: Then why should I unchain you?

Fredrick: You could keep my hands chained and just free my legs if you wish, if I be too heavy to carry.

Gaspar: You're not heavy, just awkward.

Fredrick: Tell me about it.

Gaspar: Allow thee to find the key.

Fredrick: Now thou, speaks in rhyme? Tis, quite fun, at the appropriate time.

Gaspar: Your head will fit in this sack, right next to the cheese. (He sets his axe down on a tree and distractedly searches himself.)

Fredrick: But not with the bread. You mustn't forget the bread. (Frederick takes the key from a hidden spot and unlocks himself then sneaks behind the Gaspar and grabs the axe.)

Gaspar: The bread is too stale for consumption fool. I know t'was here a moment ago. I could not have put it elsewhere. (Searching for the key) Now, why can't I find that blasted key?

Frederick: I took it from your belt a while ago. (Then he whacks Gaspar in the head with the flat side of the axe, Gaspar is knocked unconscious and falls to the ground) I did warn you not to trust me. (Takes a sip from Gaspar's goblet. Singing, to the Nights were made for Knights tune)

Then I smack my assailant on top of his skull, His axe was sharp but his wit was dull (He collects his things, then whistles and yells) Bartholomule! (He then hops on an invisible donkey and gallops off stage singing to himself again) Nights were made for knights, and meals are fit for kings, just to bring delight to all these worldly things-

(End scene)

(The lights go down, and some of the scenery changes a bit)

Act one scene two

(Somewhere else in the same forest, still dusk, but duskier dusk. From between the trees we can see a castles' front wall with a large draw bridge door studded with iron spikes hidden behind an old dead bush. The ground in front of the gate should have a slight raise, to accomidate the special effect. The castle wall is covered in ivy from apparent neglect. A blind man dressed in a dark green cloak sits with a staff by a small fire with a pot cooking what must be his dinner just off to the side of the bush. A taxman, well dressed with a mace and two sacks of money hanging from his belt walks past and notices the blind man.)

Mr. Flatman: You there! Pray you, what business have you here?

Woodall: I assure you, none of yours.

Mr. Flatman: How dare thou peasant! I am Master Flatman, an agent of the king! I could have your head for impudence!

Woodall: Have me head, I'm not doing much with it, but I ain't impudent, ask the bar maid!

Mr. Flatman: Thou art nothing more than a blind beggar.

Woodall: I have not begged anything from you.

Mr. Flatman: Do ye know where you are man?

Woodall: Sitting in front of a pot of me quail stew. At least methinks it was a quail. Could've been a pigmy turkey, perhaps crow, I've had all three but couldn't tell ya which was which.

Mr. Flatman: Thou art in the Haunted wood of Beckenshire. Very few men walk through these woods and live to tell the tale. It's said to be riddled with demons and beasts of the most dangerous kind.

Woodall: Never seen anything of the sort.

Mr. Flatman: Have you ever seen anything of any sort man?

Woodall: No, that be true. I must admit ya got me on that. If you're so concerned, why doth you travel this way?

Mr. Flatman: My duty is to have the taxes back by my deadline, I was in search of a more direct route.

Woodall: Oh, a tax collector are you? Perhaps these woods are riddled with evil things. Don't taxmen always travel in packs? Like wolves and buzzards.

Mr. Flatman: Aye peasant, I am one of five men. The others would not follow me through this enchanted forest. Tis my charge to have these coins in the court of Henry the eighth in due time, before he should lose his temper and I my head.

Woodall: Then, good day to you sir, God speed with your taxes.

Mr. Flatman: Good day? Tis dusk. The sun is moments from setting.

Woodall: Tis all the same to me.

Mr. Flatman: What's this? (He notices the castle door)

Woodall: What's what? You asking me?

Mr. Flatman: You're sitting in front of a castle! A castle hidden in the woods!

Woodall: You sure that's not a bush?

Mr. Flatman: An old dead branch lies before it, but (moving the bush aside) It looks like it's a draw bridge.

Woodall: Couldn't be. There would be a moat.

Mr. Flatman: No moat, just a pile of odd rocks. Do you know what this means?

Woodall: Means I need a bigger bush.

Mr. Flatman: There was a kingdom here that no one knew of! This kind of discovery will make me famous! I'll go down in history!

Woodall: You're going down that's certain.

Mr. Flatman: What? Wait, this isn't a rock at all, this is a skull! These are bones, crushed bones of-

Woodall: Let her drop!

Mr. Flatman: Oh-! (The drawbridge falls quickly and heavily on Mr. Flatman, now you know why we call him Mr. Flatman)

Woodall: Squire? Did we get him?

Squire George: (On the other side of the gate) I see no intruder.

Woodall: (Stands on the bridge and walks a bit) Well neither did I but- (he taps his staff, and a squishy fart noise comes from under the gate) Yeah, there he is. Grab the shovels, help me clean him up!

Squire George: I hate cleanin' up these people.

Woodall: Then find me a bush big enough to hide this bloody gate.

Squire George: Fine, I shall. (He returns with shovels, raises the gate a bit and he cringes at the sight below the gate) There are times I envy your blindness.

Woodall: You get to look at beautiful women, whilst all I can do is feel 'em.

Squire George: I prefer to do both, but you are right, the most gruesome of sights is worth that. Are you boiling crows again?

Woodall: I was hopin' it was quail.

Squire George: You should at least take all the fathers off.

Woodall: I try.

Squire George: What's this? Woodall, sacks o gold! We're rich!

Woodall: Nay, that wealth be not ours. That gold is taxes collected for some fellow named Henry, callin' himself the king of England.

Squire George: King Phillip ain't gonna like that.

Woodall: This Henry won't be too happy that we've got his gold neither. He'll probably forget about the tax man but he'll search the wood for them taxes. I'll walk 'em down to the edge of the path after I 'ave me meal.

Squire George: There's plenty here, let's take two a piece, No one'll miss 'em.

Woodall: They won't be doin' ya any good, unless they're forged in Crestview with King Phillip's face. Get it out your head George.

Squire George: Alas, tis true. What if one day I was to leave the kingdom and see the rest of this wide world? Maybe the King would send me on a quest.

Woodall: He's not lettin' any of us leave, you know that.

Squire George: Maybe he wouldn't know till I was gone. Do you know how much there is yet to explore? Do you realize how much more one could learn from this world?

Woodall: You know better than to try runnin' away don't ye? Have you ever seen anyone make it past the forest edge without an arrow in his heart?

Squire George: Tis my charge to sound the alarm; however I would neglect the alarm for myself. There are so many things in this world I've never seen.

Woodall: If I worried a bit about what I wasn't seein' I'd drive meself mad. You wanting to explore, and understand things. Let me give you a piece of knowledge me father lent me. The less you know the better.

Squire George: If I remember correctly Socrates once said- (The following song is choreographed with disposing of the squished tax-man)

Woodall: Philosophers and sages may never tell you this,

The lest you know the better, ignorance is bliss

This man, he had to know

What lay beyond this bush

Then he had to die,

And now he's not but mush.

Philosophers and sages may never tell you this,

The less you know the better, ignorance is bliss

Squire George: I'd wish to chart the world,

To know the great unknown,

Woodall: I say you're better off, leaving well enough alone

Philosophers and sages may never tell you this,

The less you know the better, ignorance is bliss

Squire George: I'll lift every rock,

I'll flip every stone,

Woodall: You'll find sleeping snakes,

Should just be left alone

Philosophers and sages may never tell you this,

The less you know the better, ignorance is bliss

Squire George: I could sail the seas,

Explore those distant lands

Woodall: I say staying home

Beats adventure plans

Philosophers and sages may never tell you this,
The less you know the better, ignorance is bliss

Squire George: I wish to be a knight,

Fight battles for my kings

Woodall: You'll find suffering

Is all a good war brings

Philosophers and sages may never tell you this,
The less you know the better, ignorance is bliss

Squire George: So you don't think I should leave the kingdom?

Woodall: Nay, tis not wise.

Squire George: There is honor in-

Woodall: Hush man! Something foolish this way comes. Get that door up, and get thyself hid. (The squire, goes in and raises the gate, Woodall resumes cooking, tucking the tax bags out of sight. Then he whistles)

(In front of the gate Frederick gallops up and discovers Woodall.)

Frederick: (In sing song to "knights") The woods are dark and dense, I wish I wasn't here. Hey! There's someone else, I'll see if they would share! (He stops singing it) Pardon me good sir. How dost thou?

Woodall: Why is a babbling court jester galloping through a haunted forest?

Frederick: Alas, court jesters require court or a king. I have neither, so I'm no such thing.

Woodall: That doth not excuse galloping through a haunted wood, with the sun's light fading. Doth thou ride an invisible hoarse?

Frederick: Nay, an invisible donkey tis what I ride. No great speed, yet keeps his stride.

Woodall: A poor excuse for an imaginary beast. A real donkey would have more sense than to travel this path.

Frederick: True, a haunted wood so dark and dense, but what be a fool if he makes sense?

Woodall: Very well.

Frederick: Tis a long story. I'd share my tale, with bread and some cheese, to share drink of your ale.

Woodall: I suppose. I was planning a quick supper anyway. Must you speak in rhyme?

Frederick: It seems no one but I find it amusing, tis a trick that I've learned, that I had better stop using- my apologies.

Woodall: You could have some of me stew, if you wish.

Frederick: I've never been fond of eating crow. I have tried it on many occasions.

Woodall: Suit yourself. The cheese smells good.

Fredrick: Does it?

Woodall: For cheese it does. Cheddar? Aged fourteen months I'd wager.

Fredrick: I don't really know I- you're blind!

Woodall: I was aware.

Fredrick: Then how did you know I was a jester?

Woodall: The tingling of bells. You have one small wooden stick, which is probably you're bauble, or bladder-

Fredrick: I prefer the term scepter. (Hands Woodall cheese, and bread)

Woodall: Whatever you wish, it's knocking against your knee, and I could hear you singing that stupid song from afar. That line (he sings it) fool's weren't made for this, I'm much too weak and frail, I've got to keep moving before something eats my tail. (Woodall eats cheese)

Fredrick: You could hear that?

Woodall: I can see more with my nose and ears than you can with your eyes. (Takes a bite of bread then spits it out)

Fredrick: Could you teach me?

Woodall: It's not somethin' that can be taught, blind fold yourself, and spend a fortnight without eyes, you'll begin to see with other senses. Thy bread is stale, are you sure that's not tree bark? (He sniffs) Ah, you have a friend.

Fredrick: Never in my life. Wait, where?

Woodall: About twenty yards off, (He sniffs the air) Tall, muscular and sweaty, after you no doubt.

Fredrick: You can smell he's after me?

Woodall: Nay, as I described the man I could hear your teeth chattering

Fredrick: You've got to hide me.

Woodall: Trust me, I ain't no good at hiding nothing.

Fredrick: I'll hide myself then. (He darts behind a tree)

Woodall: Wait! No, don't hang about here, be off with you fool. Fool? Oh great, I just cleaned up the last one.

Gaspar: You there! (Approaching on stage)

Woodall: Oh crapeth, the woods are busy tonight. Pray you, what do you want with me sir?

Gaspar: Have you seen a fool cross by?

Woodall: Sir, I ain't seen nothing or no one ever in me life.

Gaspar: You're blind.

Woodall: As if I ain't noticed?

Gaspar: Have you heard a fool nearby?

Woodall: All I ever hear are fools. Are you looking for one in particular?

Gaspar: One with bells, and a wheel of cheese. A wheel of stolen cheese, I'm hunting him down to return him to his master.

Woodall: Hunting him down for stolen cheese? What art thou? A cat?

Gaspar: That's what I saideth, look I'm willing to pay you, just tell me where he went. (He takes out a small sack and hands it to Woodall)

Woodall: Sir! How generous of you, a whole sack of pebbles? That may work with blind beggars. (Hands back the sack) I don't beg. Keep your pebbles, the fool went that way. (Points off in a direction)

Gaspar: Good enough blind man, so shall I.

(Gaspar exits in the direction pointed. Fredrick waits a bit, then comes out of hiding)

Fredrick: Thank ye.

Woodall: You're sharing stolen cheese with me? You mean I have evidence on me breath?

Fredrick: Trust, your breath conceals all evidence. I did not steal anything. Tis a long story and no one ever believes me.

Woodall: Why should anyone believe the word of a fool?

Fredrick: We're not clever enough to lie.

Woodall: That could be so.

Fredrick: Can I ask a question?

Woodall: You just did.

Fredrick: I'll ask another then. Why is it your standing by a fire in a haunted forest in front of a castle gate?

Woodall: Fool, you're asking too much. This gate and my being here are like the rear end of a hedge pig.

Fredrick: Pointy and smelly?

Woodall: Nay, these are both things you should keep thy nose out of.

Fredrick: I'll do just that then. Thank ye for the ale, and the saving of my hide. Here, take some bread and cheese.

Woodall: Keep the bread, there are rocks on the ground with more flavor. You best forget our ever meeting, do you understand me?

Fredrick: Who me? Are you talking to me sir? Oh you're blind!

Woodall: Be off with you fool.

Fredrick: Good night and good morrow to you sir, god save thee for thy kindness. (He begins to walk away, but then Gaspar's axe stops him before he exits the stage, with Gaspar attached)

Gaspar: Thou are not out of the woods yet.

Fredrick: Is that what that means?

Gaspar: What of this castle? (He scoops Fredrick up over one arm and swings the axe towards Woodall) Very well blind man, speak!

Woodall: I heard you walk away.

Gaspar: My father went blind in his old age, I learned how to imitate leaving and be very quiet on approach.

Fredrick: How lucky for your father, he need not see that face of yours.

Gaspar: That's what my mother said.

Fredrick: Really? I meant to distract you in a fit of rage, but now I don't suppose insulting your mother would do the trick either.

Gaspar: No, go on and insult her, she was as mean as I look.

Fredrick: In that case, I'll try a different tactic. (Grabbing Gaspar's pants and pulling them down) Bottoms up! Run blind man of the forest, run!!

Gaspar: Fool! (Grabbing him differently and pulling up his pants) Why didn't you run man? Are you a bigger fool than the fool?

Woodall: I cannot leave me post. And I'll wager you could find me.

Fredrick: Thy skin is dark, thy tunic green, within these woods you shan't be seen.

Woodall: I'm wearing a green- wait- I'm dark skinned?

Gaspar: Didn't you know?

Woodall: I've been blind all me life. Everyone always tells me I'm blind, that's the first time I've ever been told something I don't already know. Am I handsome?

Fredrick: Well-

Gaspar: -I don't know.

Fredrick: Thou art easily concealed in a dark forest.

Gaspar: About this castle. Is anyone in it? I'm sure lord Beckenshire would be very interested to know of tenants on his land?

Woodall: Lord Beckenshire? What gives this lord of yours the right to claim an enchanted wood?

Gaspar: Henry the eighth, king of England gave him the right, I believe he's a third cousin, and it was a wedding gift or anniversary, something of that matter.

Woodall: It's an entire kingdom, reigned by her own king.

Gaspar: You jest.

Fredrick: That be my duty. Is this king of yours in need of a fool?

Woodall: He's foolish enough on his own. Let me show you around, just stand here. I'll get me key. (He positions them a little left of where Flatman once stood, Fredrick who is hanging upside down grabs a skull from the ground)

Fredrick: Alas poor Yorick, I knew him well.

Gaspar: How would you know whose skull that be?

Fredrick: I reconize the smile, no wait, we're English, all teeth look like that.

Woodall: Just a little to your right sir, so I can fetch the key.

Fredrick: (Gaspar moves a bit) Gaspar, we're standing over a pile of very flat bones I fear. Please move I pray you, get out of here!

Gaspar: What?

Woodall: Let her drop!

Fredrick: (smacking Gaspar with the bone) Move! (They move just in time for the bridge to miss them)

Squire George: (screams) Intruders! Intruders! Guards! (Sir John, Sir Otis, Sir Richard, and Squire George come to capture the intruders.)

Gaspar: (Using Fredrick as a club) Back! Back! I say!

Fredrick: My wit may be sharp, my tongue may be pointed but I am no sword, and I'm not double jointed!

Sir John: (Drawing a sword from behind Gaspar) Halt in the name of the army of Crestview!

Sir Richard: Lay thy fool on the ground, and take two steps back. (Gaspar does so)

Woodall: This shall not look good on me report.

(Lights out end scene)

Act one scene three

(Lights up on the throne room, the guards bring the prisoners in and interrupt Xavier the sorcerer as he stares into a bowl of water that has a large stone in it, about the size of a small bowling ball, but not quite perfectly round.)

Sir John: Beg pardon you're mystic-ness, I have brought intruders to be seen before the king.

Xavier: Intrus? Intruders? The king will not be 'appy interrupting the feast. Ah, two strangers, I see. Expliquer, why do you 'ave that man in shackles? Is 'e not our own gate keep?

Squire George: He is our gate keep, sworn loyal to our king.

Sir John: In servitude for lack of taxes, yet he hoards two large sacks of gold.

Woodall: Those sacks be not mine.

Sir John: I asked before, silence your tongue before it's cut out! I hold nothing against ye, I am merely performing my duties. The matter is for our king to decide not I.

Squire George: But Sir-

Sir John: It's no matter of your concern, Squire George.

Xavier: You are a loyal knight. There is much to be said for that. You may leave the prisoners 'ere, and go alert your king. 'owever I would, were I you, 'andle the announcement delicately. You know of 'is temper, and this is 'is daughter's birthday feast.

Sir John: Aye, keep your eye on them George or you can wear their shackles.

Squire George: Aye sir. (Xavier continues scrying)

Fredrick: Did you lose your goldfish under that rock? Or are you waiting to grow a mountain?

Xavier: (He looks up from his water, Pulling the stone from the bowl) I am scrying. Gleaning events yet to unfold. This rock, so you say is La pierre de prophecie.

Fredrick: What?

Xavier: The Stone of Prophecy. My father bequeathed it to me at birth.

Fredrick: Baby gift? Supposed to rock you to sleep?

Xavier: As my mother told me, my papa rode out of the sky one day, in a silver chariot, and I was conceived.

Gaspar: Out of the sky?

Fredrick: I take it your mother is French?

Xavier: Oui, born on the shores of Normandy.

Fredrick: (Aside to Gaspar) Wine is from France, methinks she was sampling.

Xavier: I am convinced my papa was Apollo. This was 'is gift to me.

Fredrick: (Aside to Gaspar) She consumed his share of wine as well. (Back to Xavier) Apollo the god?

Xavier: Oui.

Fredrick: Your father's a god and his gift to you is a rock?

Woodall: Have you no respect fool?

Xavier: I do not mind. Is that paint upon your face?

Fredrick: Upon my left eye, tis the staining of blueberry, although I am no Michelangelo, I don't see it as a bad job. Upon my right is a birth mark, I'm stuck with that.

Xavier: Ah! A jester! Of course, I 'ad not thought of that! (He takes a rag from somewhere, dips it in his water, and begins to scrub at Fredrick's face)

Fredrick: We've only just met. Can you not allow me to bring water for mine own stain?

Xavier: It is! It is a birthmark!

Fredrick: That's what I said.

Woodall: No one trusts a fool.

Gaspar: You got that at birth?

Fredrick: That's usually where one picks up birthmarks. Why do you think Jester is my occupation of choice? The power and wealth?

Xavier: You are the man with a red diamond eye!

Fredrick: Why is my face of your concern?

Xavier: I know it looks like nothing more than caillou, but this is an enchanted stone. When it gets near water (he sets it back into the bowl, as he does light flashes from the bowl around the stone) I sometimes get to see the images of events yet to come. I 'ave seen you, on the water.

Fredrick: Isn't that a called reflection?

Xavier: I see you on a ship, taking me from this place. You may just be the one I 'ave been waiting for. I am Xavier of Brest sorcerer of Crestview, and you jester?

Fredrick: I prefer the term fool.

Xavier: That's foolish of you.

Fredrick: I suit my station. I am Fredrick Hampton fool of Camelot, Bennington, and most recently Beckenshire.

Xavier: Camelot? You claim to 'ail from that ancient kingdom?

Gaspar: I've never heard of such a place.

Woodall: Nor I.

Squire George: I've heard of it. The tales of Arthur, Lancelot, and Guinevere, do you know any of them?

Fredrick: Many.

Xavier: Some say it is nothing more than legend.

Fredrick: Like enchanted rocks, and flying chariots? My great great grandfather was the jester for Uther Pendragon and then Aurthur, as I've been told.

Xavier: You come from a long line of fools.

Fredrick: From my Great-great to my grand. My father was no jester, but he was debatably a village idiot.

Woodall: Was he not dumb enough?

Fredrick: Of course, but we lived just outside the village.

Xavier: And you sir?

Gaspar: Gaspar Braddock Huntsman of Beckenshire.

Xavier: Do you bring any word from the world outside?

Woodall: Xavier, tis forbidden-

Xavier: That is why I sent the loyal guard away. You are comfortable with this, are you not squire George?

Squire George: I was told to keep my eye on them, not eavesdrop on the conversation.

Xavier: You are a good man George. It is far better to be a good man than a good knight. Tell me, is there truth in the stories of another continent being discovered?

Fredrick: One of savages and wilderness, yes. The Italian sailor Columbus claimed the discovery.

Gaspar: I heard a fellow named Vespucci. In either case yes, the new world or the America's is what people are calling it.

Xavier: No matter, there is a distant land for escape.

Fredrick: Are thou not allowed to leave this place?

Woodall: No one gets past the outer wall, except me, even I cannot leave the sight of the century in the tower.

Gaspar: I didn't notice a tower.

Woodall: Tis supposed to be hidden.

Xavier: I stumbled upon this secret Kingdom three decades ago, as a young man. The gate keep I snuck past was 'ung for not killing me. After I proved my abilities to foresee the future, the king decided to keep me alive as an advisor. That king has since died, and been succeeded by 'is son, who once promised to release me. 'Owever, he changed 'is mind when the crown was put upon it. The promise of a prince is far better than the word of a king. I've been treated well, but none the less, I am a prisoner 'ere.

Squire George: I was born into this kingdom. Never to leave.

Gaspar: So we must stay here or perish?

Woodall: Not really your choice. You'll most likely perish, me with you for letting you pass.

Squire George: I do hope not, you're the best gate keep there is to work with. You're the only one that lets me sleep on post.

Woodall: You sleep on post?

Xavier: Silence please gentlemen, we 'aven't much time.

Squire George: Time for what?

Xavier: For me to save our savior. Tonight is Princess Beatrice's sixteenth birthday celebration. They are feasting now, to be rudely interrupted by news of your capture. The King will not be 'appy about that at all. But 'e 'as no jester in court, the entertainment for this evening is lacking of-

Woodall: Xavier! The King is coming, sounds as if the whole court is prancing down the corridor.

Xavier: Merci, Thank-you gentlemen. For all our sake's fool, show respect to this king, 'is ego is fragile, and 'is temper 'ot. (He goes back to scrying, Sir Eric enters with a trumpet)

Sir Eric: (do, do di do! Trumpeting): Announcing the royal entrance of the royal court of Crestview. (As he announces the members they walk in the room) Duchess Lorain of Hardcastle, the princess's ladies in waiting Babette of Cankook, Gwendolyn of York and Cybele De La Croix (The ladies stand at the opposite side as everyone else, and wait by the door) The princess's royal suitors Prince James the bold, Prince James the old, and Prince James the gentle.

Fredrick: James the old doesn't look any older than the other two.

Squire George: They were triplets, he came first.

Sir Eric: And His royal majesty king Phillip the eleventh, high lord of Crestview! (A man short of stature, yet wide of girth)

Phillip: (Grabbing Sir Eric as he enters) What happened to my trumpet?

Sir Eric: I did the trumpet at the beginning sire.

Phillip: That was the general trumpet, I'm the king I get my own trumpet.

Sir Eric: Should I redo it sire?

Phillip: Yes! Re do it! (He goes back out)

Sir Eric: (Trumpets) His royal majesty king Phillip the eleventh, high lord of Crestview!

Sir John: Squire! Do ye forget to bow?

Squire George: Yes sir, I mean no sir, bow! (He bows and makes Fredrick and Gaspar do the same. Woodall already knows the routine, so he's been bowing since the king was first announced)

Phillip: Lady Babette? Where be my daughter?

Babette: She 'ad personal matters to attend to, she told us to go a'ead and wait for 'er 'ere.

Cybil: We are waiting 'ere.

Gwendolyn: Yes sire, waiting.

Fredrick: The ladies know their duty.

Phillip: Why have we disturbed the royal feasting?

Fredrick: I must wonder, at what time of day could you not disturb royal feasting?

Squire George: During the royal slumber.

Sir John: Silence in the ranks! His majesty is speaking.

Phillip: We do hate being interrupted, and on such a special occasion. The birthday feast is a sacred tradition.

Duchess: A very lovely celebration may I add.

Phillip: Thank-you Duchess.

Sir John: Please pardon the intrusion my liege. We have captured these men at the gate.

Phillip: Yes, yes you've told me all that on the way down the hall. Where are they? Present yourselves! Xavier!

Xavier: My liege (Xavier takes 'is place by king's side)

Fredrick: Fredrick Hampton fool of Beckenshire your highness. I shall not wish to trouble your brain, if you should dismiss me I shall not remain. But if indeed a jester you desire, I humbly offer my services sire.

Gaspar: (Under his breath) No one likes rhyming.

Fredrick: I have a long list of recommendations, lord Andrew of Hampton, Lady Mary of Bennigton to more recently Lord Thomas of Beckenshire. But I did not leave him on good terms- I must warn you, we had a slight mis-understanding. The two masters that actually liked me are dead, perhaps I should just stop mentioning references all together, but no matter. I sing, juggle, climb like a squirrel, truth be known a squirrel taught me, perhaps he was a chipmunk-

Phillip: Silence fool!

Prince James the Old: He is quite funny.

Fredrick: In looks or smells?

Prince James the Gentle: Do you know any amusing tales.

Duchess Lorain: Boys, don't interrupt the king.

Prince James the Old: Could we hear but one? I do enjoy a good laugh.

Fredrick: I sensed that from your attire.

Phillip: Very well fool, amuse my guests.

Fredrick: As you wish. There once was a king, so gracious and grand-

Phillip: What? Who is this king you speak of?

Fredrick: From a long ago kingdom, in a faraway land. His wife was so lovely he was weary to trust, the handsome knights of his kingdom, less they give into lust. Still he wished for adventure, so he set forth a plan. A chastity belt that could be broke by no man. Then he called to his counsel his most trusted knight, left him the lone key to hold to it tight. "If death should find me upon this quest, I trust you sir to do what is best."-"Bequeath this key to my dearest wife, so that she may re-marry and go forth with her life" As our King looked back on his kingdom to wave fond farewell, riding after was his trusted knight and he started to yell. "Wait sire!

Wait!” The King asked, “What could this be?” The Knight then replied “You’ve left the wrong key.”

(Everyone laughs except Prince James the Gentle, Gaspar, and King Phillip)

Prince James the Gentle: I don’t get it.

Fredrick: You see, they didn’t wait for his death they-

Phillip: I’ve no use for a jester.

Fredrick: I could be useful as any beast of burden your highness. You could treat me as an ox, or a hoarse. I eat far less than either.

Phillip: I don’t believe you have the strength of an ox, or the nobility of a steed. If you be any beast of burden, I should treat you as an ass.

Fredrick: I’ve answered to names far worse. Really, sire it’s all the rage to have a jester in court these days. A jester, a minstrel, a eunuch or two.

Prince James the Gentle: I love a good eunuch.

Fredrick: I’m sure you do.

Phillip: Enough fool! And what of you man?

Gaspar: Gaspar Braddock huntsman of Beckenshire sire, I was chasing the fool down, he’s wanted for thievery at Beckenshire manor.

Fredrick: That’s not what lady Beckenshire wants me for. I swear to you, your highness, I’ve not stolen a thing, not from any lord or lady I’ve ever served.

Gaspar: Then how is it you have the cheese in question?

Fredrick: Lady Beckenshire gave it to me as a gift.

Phillip: You were sent after him for stolen cheese? Are thou a cat?

Gaspar: Alas, your highness, that is the case. I was sent to bring back the fool and the cheese.

Fredrick: The gift cheese, and don’t forget the bread.

Gaspar: The bread was stale.

Phillip: If the cheese be a gift, why not explain this to your lord, fool?

Fredrick: He was going to have my head over a wheel of cheese, and a loaf of bread. Should I wish to explain why his wife was giving me gifts? I’m a fool, not an idiot.

Xavier: That shows wisdom your Majesty.

Phillip: That may be true, but still he is as useless as an ass.

Xavier: Perhaps your ‘ighness, the court does ‘ave use for this wise ass.

Phillip: What be that use?

Xavier: Jesters are in command of entertainment at court, your daughter’s birthday celebration is lacking such entertainment.

Prince James the bold: I do enjoy his antics.

Duchess Lorain: Perhaps he could sing us a song to dance by.

Phillip: Oh, yes, yes, I suppose so. I’d forgotten about that.

Gaspar: I beg of you sire, I simply ask to take my prisoner and be on my way.

Phillip: Your way? (He chuckles) You no longer have a way to be on.

Fredrick: Do shut thy mouth Gaspar, he may have use for a fool.

Gaspar: You do realize you're not the actual king of England, don't you? Under whose authority do you act?

Phillip: Under my authority! What other authority do you need?

Gaspar: Who declared you to be a king?

Phillip: Dost thou question me? Are thee questioning me? I cannot believe this. Penance! Man penance! I hath never had my power questioned, I cannot believe thou dost so.

Duchess: Nor I, my lord.

Phillip: Sir Eric! My trumpet!

Eric: Aye, sire. (He trumpets for the king)

Phillip:

Because I'm the king!

Court/ Knights: That's why.

I can have anything!

Court/Knights: The sky

I command jump!

Court/Knights: How high?

I get anything I want.

Thy stands before the courtroom of a kingdom great and grand;
Surrounded by an army that lay at my command.

Gaspar: How thee escapes detection, I do not understand-

Because I'm the king!

Court/Knights: That's why.

I can have anything!

Court/Knights: The sky

If I'm in the mood

Court/Knights: You die

I get everything I want

Very many years ago back in ten-sixty-six
My ancestors would not submit to Normands or their tricks

They fled into this forest

Among dragons, elves and dwarves

They soon found that seclusion avoided many wars ^

Crestview was born this way!

King Phillip was sworn that day

Took the oath that may seem strange

Defending us from change.

Gaspar: Really you can't defend people from change it-

Because I'm the king!
Court/Knights: That's why.
I can have anything!
Court/Knights: The sky!
Never question why
I have everything I want.
The soldier and the carpenter
Are all at my command.
The butcher and the baker,
Yes all across this land.
Because I'm the King!
Court/Knights: He's right.
I declare war
Knights: We fight
I command dark!
Court/Knights: It's night.
I get anything I need.
The ladies and the gentleman
They do just what I say,
No one dare defy me and live another day! ^
Court/Knights: Because He's the king!
That's why.

Gaspar: I mean no disrespect sire, it's just that I've never heard of you before today. I don't understand how this castle remained hidden for-

Phillip: Kingdom! Crestview is a kingdom! We've found it's much easier to safeguard our treasures, when it is kept secret. If no one knows a kingdom exists then who would attack it? My great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather king Phillip the first hid this kingdom away in these woods in the year ten sixty-six. The year William that bastard, attacked our people!

Fredrick: Your highness please excuse me, but you listed nine greats for your grandfather, but if your Phillip the eleventh doesn't that make him your great, great-

Phillip: Are you trying to correct me? Is he trying to correct my math?

Fredrick: Not really your math sire but-

Phillip: There he goes again, now he's trying to correct what I just said, isn't he Greg?

Squire George: Yes sire it does appear so.

Woodall: You shouldn't speak so much fool.

Fredrick: Well, I – wait I thought your name was George.

Squire Greg: Tis Greg now.

Phillip: Do you not know what it means to be a king?

Fredrick: Comfy seats and pointy headwear?

Phillip: Well, yes there is that, but there's far more to that when being king.

Fredrick: Ample meals?

Phillip: Perhaps too much so, but most importantly, I can never ever be wrong. I am always right.

Fredrick: Even when your wrong?

Phillip: Yes- NO! What did I just say to you?

Fredrick: You tell me what you just said, I'm sure you'll be right anyway.

Phillip: Yes! I will- that's what I just said to you, I am always right!

Gaspar: May we take our leave of your kingdom sire?

King: No, no. I cannot allow you to leave this kingdom once you have seen it! You could lead others back, there's no point in a secret kingdom if it does not remain secret. What of you blind man?

Woodall: I'm you're gatekeeper sire, Woodall of the Forest.

Fredrick: I'm certain he's never seen the kingdom.

King: You're not a very good gate keeper if you allowed these men past the gate! What do I pay you?

Woodall: Nothing sir, you promised I could live if I stood at the gate.

Sir John: He had no means to pay his taxes sire. He refuses to beg.

Duchess: The audacity.

James the old: Does he not know the use of blind men?

Fredrick: I thought their use was to wed homely women.

James the bold: Nay, they are supposed to beg for support from us, to allow us to feel generous, like good Christians.

Fredrick: What a noble thought. (Aside) Only a noble could think it.

Woodall: I can make do for me self, thank-ye.

Phillip: That's just the attitude that brought you before me in the first place.

Woodall: I have kept the kingdom secret for two years now, these are the first two to get past me.

Squire Greg: He is a good gate keep your majesty.

Sir John: I brought him before you because he had these behind a pot with a dead crow in it. (He holds up the two bags of gold)

Phillip: A handsome collection for a man with no wages.

Squire Greg: We just found those on the man-

Sir John: Squire, mind your place!

Woodall: Those coins are taxes, aft me supper I had intended they be taken to the edge of the path. We had no more than finished cleaning the taxman off the ground when the fool happened by, I had to hide those.

Phillip: I am a king, so rightfully all taxes are mine.

Fredrick: He governs like Henry, I'll say that much.

Woodall: There were other tax collectors with the man, they may come looking for those.

Gaspar: Henry the eighth is no force to be reckoned with your majesty. Fredrick, tell him of Henry. One cannot arbitrarily declare themselves king.

Fredrick: Henry arbitrarily decrees the will of God, I cannot see what be the difference.

Woodall: What's arbitrary?

Fredrick: Apparently everything.

Phillip: I hereby terminate your duties. Off with their heads. (He claps) Bring forth the cake!

Gaspar: What?

Fredrick: I thought-

Sir John: All of them?

King: All of the head? Yes right at the neck, as usual. Where's the cake?

Sir John: I mean all of the men sire.

King: Yes yes, why not?

Xavier: The fool as well?

Phillip: Yes of course, I doubt he'll miss his. Is no one fetching the cake?

Prince James the gentle: Could you not behead the fool after he sings to us?

Fredrick: Expect an incredibly long song dear prince.

Duchess Lorain: Don't interrupt his majesty. Pardon please sire.

Phillip: Well, I suppose a song would do no harm. I'm just so busy, working on the new ship for our navy, my daughter's wedding to one of you James, I just don't have room in my schedule for revelry.

Xavier: Per'aps the wedding could use entertainment as well.

Phillip: True, but really would one less fool in the world hurt anyone?

Fredrick: Me.

Phillip: Our navy is very important. That ship still needs new sails, I was thinking red, or should they be blue?

Xavier: 'Ow about red with blue stripes.

Phillip: Or blue with red?

Xavier: Voile! Ce que l'enfer? Brilliant your 'ighness, but the Earl is doing quite well over seeing that ship, is 'e not?

Phillip: Yes, yes he has been doing a wonderful job. I was thinking of making him admiral.

Xavier: 'As 'e ever been on a ship your 'ighness?

Phillip: I'm not sure, I'll have to ask. Not that it matters, I'm sure he can figure it out.

Xavier: So, you could use the fool, your ‘ighness?

Phillip: Perhaps. Eric! Make certain someone is fetching the cake. (Eric turns his head to follow the command but does not leave the kings side)

Xavier: As for the jester, will you let ‘im live.

Phillip: We shall think upon it.

Fredrick: I can juggle, play the flute I can walk on my ears. (In walks Princess Beatrice, he begins juggling here, and continues until Beatrice’s trumpet.)

Phillip: Can you really walk upon your ears?

Fredrick: I’m willing to try if it will make a difference.

Phillip: (The king sees his daughter has gone unannounced and smacks Sir Eric on the back of the head) Sir Eric!

Beatrice: Father!

Phillip: Un acceptable! Go back and enter again!

Beatrice: But-

Phillip: Unacceptable! (She reluctantly goes back)

Sir Eric: (trumpets) Her royal highness, princess Beatrice of Crestview! (She enters again and stops in front of her father. Fredrick drops his juggling balls. Fredrick losses his balls when he sees this girl- I’m keeping the crude humor out of the script.)

Princess: Father? Can we not end this celebration yet?

Phillip: We have yet to dance, and then the cake awaits, I was looking forward to the cake. I was interrupted by intruders. Please darling, pick a prince James to dance with. Have you chosen one wed?

Beatrice: No father, why does it have to be a James? I mean no offense.

Phillip: They are the only princes in kingdom.

Beatrice: Why must I marry?

Phillip: We celebrate your sixteenth year thou art not getting any younger.

Fredrick: This is the most beautiful girl I've ever laid eyes upon. (He falls to a bow in front of the princess)

Phillip: This is my daughter princess Beatrice.

Fredrick: My heart finds need, in thy most beauteous breed. Those eyes, they shine like stars, and that smile, it cracks across her face like the dawn. I’ve always relished the sound of laughter, your majesty, but your smile alone is worth a thousand laughs. (He bursts into song, his usual tune, with a slightly slower tempo.)

Mine eyes hath never seen before
A face of unmatched beauty,
I understand why knights
Are drawn to serve their duty

A creature so lovely, so pure and refined,
A smile that I'd die for, her eyes are so kind.
Nights were made for Knights
And meals are fit for kings
Just to bring delight to all these worldly things
I'm made for you,
That is quite clear,
Whatever you wish for, I'd bring it here.
I was made for you
And you were meant for me
It must be we two
That's quite clear to see.
Joy has never been felt in this land,
As it would, if you take my hand.
(She grants him a hand)

Beatrice: You're adorable.

Fredrick: Dear Princess, I'm just a fool, a fool in love with you. (He kisses her hand) I realize I'm no prince, but you know what they say: Once you go peasant you'll find we're quite pleasant.

Duchess: Why, I never!

Fredrick: Really? You don't look picky.

Beatrice: Oh, how flattering. That's very sweet of-

Phillip: Beatrice! (He separates their hands) Please dear pick out a James. Duchess! The music please. (She begins to play the lute or something) Allow me to finish with the intruders and I'll be right with you. Sir John!

Sir John: Yes sire.

Phillip: Behead the huntsman and blind man, as for the fool, have him boiled in oil, drawn, quartered, then be-headed! And whatever may be leftover, burn at the stake!

Fredrick: I should've quit while I was a head, so to speak.

Princess: Father don't you think that's a bit harsh? Really he only meant to complement-

Phillip: Silence Child!

Xavier: Sire, do you not think-

Phillip: Have I asked for your counsel? Why is everyone questioning my orders tonight?

Xavier: I am your royal advisor, if only I could borrow your ear.

Fredrick: If not there's more than enough of his belly to go 'round.

Gaspar: Do you know when to hold your tongue?

Fredrick: Not one of my talents.

Xavier: I do think you are making a foolish move out of 'aste, one that you will regret. I must demand you think upon the subject!

Phillip: Xavier! How dare you make demands of me! And in front of the court!

Xavier: Did I say demand? Please forgive me, I meant request, or 'umbly beg I don't know what came over me-

Woodall: I know why the sorcerer wants so desperately to save the jester!

Phillip: Why is it?

Woodall: I'll be glad to share with you his reasons, as your gate keep. If I were a trusted gate keep, that could keep your gate and me head.

Phillip: You are more clever than I give you credit.

Xavier: Off with 'is 'ead!

Squire Greg: Aye sir! (He removes his sword and takes aim)

Sir John: Squire!

Phillip: What brings us to this sudden rush? Since when does a squire follow the orders of a magician?

Woodall: Since the magician plots treachery, and the squire holds his tongue.

Xavier: I- I- do not know what 'e means. What madness do you speak?

Squire Greg: How dare you Woodall! Doth our friendship mean nothing?

Woodall: You drew your sword, friend. The Sorcerer saw the man with the diamond eye in his magic rock, the fool is destined to free him from this kingdom.

Phillip: Release our gate keep. As for Xavier, off with his head!

Woodall: Beheading is quite popular these days.

Fredrick: Not among hat makers.

Sir John: The court's sage? Can we do that? I was told you could never behead a mystic-

Phillip: All of his power comes from his magic chunk of granite! Take the thing, find some use for it. (He grabs the stone and tosses it to Sir John, who is almost knocked back by it.)

Xavier: My lord you cannot!

Phillip: There you go again! How dare anyone tell me I cannot! I can! Take them from my sight! Do you realize I am the king of this kingdom? Does anyone question that?

Duchess: Nay, it's not questioned by me.

Fredrick: Is the Duchess sole purpose to kiss his royal buttock?
(Two of the price James giggle)

The James not giggling: Tis true.

Duchess: Silence! Don't dare to speak of me with that tone fool! Pardon your majesty, I shall enjoy watching this execution.

Sir John: My lord, what of the squire?

Phillip: He is under thy command Sir John, punish him as you like.

Sir John: Come on you lot.

Beatrice: Father! I beseech you! This be lunacy!

Phillip: How dare ye use that tone with thee young lady!

Fredrick: I beg you don't fret for me, they can have my head, my arms, and when deeds be through, they won't have my heart for that is with you.

King: Put him on the rack until the execution!

Fredrick: Oh, good, I always wished to be taller.

Squire Greg: Shut-up fool.

Fredrick: I know that's stretching it.

King: Out! (The prisoners are hauled off) And bring me the blasted cake!

(End scene, lights out. Ye olde intermission should be placethed here.)

Act two scene one

Friday August 11th 1536

(Lights up on the dungeon, it's a dim room mainly stone with a wall of bars separating them from a slightly lighted hallway. Xavier and Gaspar hang by the wrists off the wall next to a shadowy figure, Squire George is locked in Stocks. Fredrick lies across the rack, but is managing to get one hand free. Gaspar is asleep and snoring loudly.)

Squire Greg: I beg of you Xavier, wake the man up.

Xavier: Wake up Gaspar!

Squire Greg: Kick him.

Fredrick: Leave him be.

Squire Greg: His snoring is more torturous than the stocks.

Fredrick: I find it soothing in comparison to anything he says.

Gaspar: (Waking) What was that?

Fredrick: Nothing, Gaspar, go back to your dreams.

Xavier: I 'ad the feeling when I saw you jester, that you would change my life.

Fredrick: You were right about that.

Squire Greg: How dost thou face thy fate so calmly?

Fredrick: There's little use in losing one's head, at least till it happens, by then I'll be dead.

Gaspar: Stop that basted rhyming! And put your hand back in that loop! They'll just pull you tighter next time.

Fredrick: I've always been told to stand a bit straighter. Pain will give up, sooner or later.

Squire Greg: Do you ever say anything useful?

Fredrick: A useful fool is a waste in deed, tis not unlike a legless steed.

Gaspar: How long before the angel of death frees me from his rhymes?

Squire Greg: Hangings are usually on Tuesdays, be headings on Wednesdays and oil boiling on Fridays. What day is it anyway?

Xavier: I cannot tell if it be day or night.

Gaspar: The jester will have a busy week.

Kendra: Sometimes they forget you're here all together.

Gaspar: (He jumps) I assumed you were dead.

Kendra: I think the guards have as well, so they leave me to hang alone.

Gaspar: They hang a woman by the wrists in a dungeon? Have they no decency? What crime are you accused of lady?

Kendra: Piracy. Caught thy crew at port, I think a fortnight ago now, I don't know what they done with 'em.

Xavier: I believe they've all been, be'eaded or 'anged.

Squire Greg: No, there was two more besides her. I think they forgot.

Gaspar: A woman can be no pirate. (She hits or kicks him swiftly from their chained position.) Apparently I'm wrong.

Fredrick: Doth this castle have a port? (Fredrick is weaseling out of his ropes and pulls a key from somewhere during the conversation) Maybe your vision in the rock pond will come to pass Xavier of Breast.

Xavier: I am from Brest.

Squire Greg: This is a whole kingdom fool, did you not hear the king? The kingdom faces the river that's why it's called the kingdom of Crestview. It has a lovely view of the Crest River.

Gaspar: It must be a very small kingdom, to go without notice for five hundred years.

Squire Greg: Size matters not.

Fredrick: That's what she saideth.

Gaspar: It most certainly does if thy meets Henry's army. How many knights doth Crestview have?

Squire Greg: Two dozen plus three squires in training. I suppose that would be two squires now. Twenty-six men all told.

Xavier: If this kingdom were to be discovered, they would 'ave no 'ope.

Gaspar: They still out man us.

Fredrick: Pirate doth ye have a ship? Sorry- didn't catch your name.

Kendra: The name is Kendra, Captain Kendra, I have a ship. We had one anyway-

Xavier: The Reveler. Phillip 'as been deeply intrigued by that ship.

Kendra: One of Henry's finest.

Squire Greg: Henry? Who's this Henry I keep hearing of?

Gaspar: Henry the eighth, he's the current king of England.

Squire Greg: Is he the only King of England?

Gaspar: Where have you been?

Squire Greg: Guarding the gate to Crestview. You saw that did you not?

Xavier: It is forbidden by King Phillip to ask questions of travelers. Most of the information I 'ave, I 'ave gleaned from the stone. Speaking of the world outside this kingdom is treason.

Fredrick: I gathered that.

Gaspar: You stole a ship from the Royal navy of Henry the eighth?

Kendra: He has them built three at a time anymore. He can't properly guard them all. They did give chase. That's why we sailed down the Crest. We lost the fleet where the river meets the sea. Very few dare sail up stream, there are legends of sea monsters and mer-folk that would frighten the toughest of sailors.

Xavier: Very few 'ave reason to sail it. It goes nowhere and ends in a lake in the middle of the enchanted wood.

Kendra: I've heard the lake is where all sea monsters and demons of the deep spawn their young. T'was a perfect place to hide as well, till Phillips guards got hold of us.

Gaspar: Why do the people of this kingdom remain? Why not revolt?

Fredrick: Many of them are revolting.

Squire Greg: It's haunted woodland surrounding us. The king's men are ordered to keep us within and all others out, tis for our own protection, so they say.

Xavier: The majority here are kept ignorant. Still, there are a few are from the outside. Duchess 'ardcastle was a nurse maid that attempted to kidnap the three James for a ransom. Their father was a grand Duke. He would not pay, instead 'e sent bounty 'unters after 'er. She found refuge by 'iding out 'ere. King Phillip granted her the title of Duchess, because she brought royal blood to 'is kingdom. Then of course the princess's ladies in waiting, they were a group of traveling actresses that lost their way, 'oweever I do believe they are better off the princess' ladies.

Gaspar: That's where we get the stories of travelers disappearing in these woods. Perhaps there's nothing haunted about them at all.

Fredrick: Captain Kendra, have you heard anything of the new world?

Kendra: Of course, who hasn't?

Squire Greg: Me.

Xavier: I've 'eard very little.

Gaspar: A land of savages and wild country. Why do you keep bringing that up?

Kendra: No kings, queens or laws to be broken, nothing to be punished for.

Fredrick: This savage new world sounds good to me, can you get us there in your ship?

Kendra: Fool I can't get free from- how'd you get out?

Fredrick: I lifted a key off one of the guards as he was tossing me in here.

Gaspar: He's good at that.

Fredrick: Pray now answer me woman, will your ship cross the sea? (He unchains Kendra)

Kendra: It's a beautiful new Carrack. If you can get me to it, I could sail us round the world a hundred times.

Fredrick: Once will do. (He unchains Xavier)

Xavier: I knew you were the one. My vision shall come true! You look weak captain, 'ave they fed you?

Kendra: Not in days.

Fredrick: Here, you need this more than I do. (He pulls from somewhere on his person a chunk of bread)

Xavier: 'Ow'd you-

Fredrick: You'd be surprised what one can do, when you don't know when you'll eat again, tis food. (He unchains Squire, then goes to Gaspar) Xavier, if you can glean events yet to be, how is it King Phillip captured thee?

Xavier: I was escaping my advisory, 'e was attempting to steal the stone. I fled France before consulting it.

Gaspar: I don't suppose you'll let me down.

Fredrick: I'll trust that saving your own neck is more important than handing mine to lord Beckenshire, especially now that you owe me your life.

Gaspar: How is it you conclude that?

Fredrick: I spared your life by using the broadside of your battle axe to knock you on the head.

Gaspar: That wasn't my battle axe that was my hatchet. I'm married to my battle axe.

Fredrick: Fair enough, then I told you to move before Woodall squashed you.

Gaspar: That was saving your own skin.

Fredrick: Happenstance, but I won't complain over it. Now I'm breaking you out of the dungeon where we await our beheadings.

Gaspar: I must admit, it would be poor form for me to take you back. Still I can't see how you'd trust me.

Fredrick: You're at least four times as strong as I, whether trust be there or not, we might need you to come with us.

Gaspar: What makes you think I want to leave my country? My father's father served in the royal army of Richard the third, my father served Henry-

Fredrick: Richard the third, Henry the eighth, Phillip the eleventh. If royalty had a little more (Fredrick attempts to open the cell door) imagination they wouldn't have to reuse the same names over and over- oh no.

Gaspar: The key won't unlock the door, will it?

Kendra: This bread is stale.

Fredrick: I've heard. I don't believe it. It took care of all the shackles.

Xavier: 'Ere is some water to drink, I 'ope this is water.

Squire Greg: Still trapped.

Gaspar: I think that's the shortest escape I've ever heard of.

Squire Greg: We were following a fool.

Xavier: This is no ordinary fool, 'e is an extraordinary fool.

Fredrick: If I could only reach my scepter. (He stretches to reach beyond the bars.

Gaspar: Why would you need that?

Fredrick: The ball on the end is really rope, wound up in a ball. I could catch the keys hanging on the wall with the end and drag them over here.

Xavier: See? 'e is brilliant.

Gaspar: If his stupid toy wasn't on a table directly below the keys, I might agree.

Fredrick: I suppose you're right, I could reach the keys myself, couldn't I. Perhaps, if I stretched just my arm with this rack. (He puts his arm back in) Turn the wheel, would you Gaspar?

Gaspar: You are an extraordinary fool aren't you? My sword lies there as well. That sword hath been in my family for generations, my grandfather slain twelve men with that very blade.

Fredrick: Such sweet sentiment. You'll have it back when we open these bars.

Kendra: How is it a fool knows of the new world?

Fredrick: My first master, lord Andrew of Hampton, he wished to be a great explorer. He always told me of the adventures he wished to have. (Fredrick has this conversation distracted, as he attempts to open the door in any ridiculous way possible. Including using the stale bread.)

Gaspar: Andrew of Hampton? I believe he was a friend of my father's, I always called him Uncle Andrew, did he serve Richard?

Fredrick: Aye, in his youth as an archer.

Gaspar: My father was an archer! Master of the long bow.

Fredrick: So was Master Hampton! So that was a real title? I thought it was meant to impress the ladies. Small world, even if it isn't flat.

Squire Greg: Now we'll all be punished for escaping our chains.

Gaspar: They intent to take our heads. What more can they do?

Fredrick: Use a dull blade.

Xavier: With us free, we 'ave a better chance of escape then before, no?

Gaspar: What became of Lord Andrew?

Fredrick: I haven't a clue. Henry wished Lord Hampton's daughter to become one of his ladies in waiting.

Gaspar: Did Lord Andrew give his daughter to Henry?

Fredrick: No, he set off one day to defy the request, and we never saw him again. Soldiers came and ransacked his home, but his daughter and I escaped to neighboring Baskerville manor, she took refuse as a scullery maid, but they had no use for a Jester. I went to work for Lady Mary of Bennington, An elderly widow, she did me the favor of willing me to her cousin Lord Beckenshire.

Gaspar: I found it fairly pleasant to work for him, till he sent me after you.

Fredrick: I would be delighted to stay if Lady Beckenshire did not demand more personal entertainment from me.

Xavier: That would 'ave been pleasant. 'ow I long to be accosted by a lady.

Gaspar: You haven't met Lady Beckenshire.

Fredrick: The pope himself has not driven so many men to the priesthood. Her face is one to bring delight to any man that has not sight. The body attached by far tis worse, her husband married for the size of her purse. Speaking of ladies, as so far I've seen, I noticed King Phillip, he has no queen.

Gaspar: You're speaking in rhyme again!

Fredrick: Sorry. The mood was getting dreary.

Gaspar: It's supposed to be dreary, we're in a dungeon.

Squire Greg: Queen Katherine was eaten by a forest troll.

Xavier: That is the story they told the townspeople. 'Owever I know she 'ad tried to escape six times, and failed six times. It wasn't a season later that 'er maid found 'er 'anging from the rafters of 'er bedroom one morn. She never attempted escape by way of sea, nor 'ave I. as far as I know, that 'as never been tried.

Kendra: We must free ourselves from this cell first.

Squire Greg: The watchmen at the tower, keep look out, the archers always at the ready. Should any traveler wonder too close by-

Fredrick: Then that traveler shall surely die.

Gaspar: Fredrick.

Fredrick: Sorry, my humor.

Gaspar: Control thy rhyming tongue, or I'll spill your humors about the dungeon floor.

Fredrick: I did set you free, did I not?

Gaspar: Free from my shackles, but not from this cage.

Fredrick: I'm working on that part, hold to your rage. Sorry- I truly am- Old habits do take time to die.

Gaspar: You shan't take too much time, if thy won't cease speaking in rhyme- Damn fool! You've got me doing it! (Tapping of Woodall's staff is heard from the hall)

Squire Greg: Come to think on it, the watchtower faces the forest, they have no clear shot at the river.

Kendra: Nor do we. Why must men always put their carts before their horses?

Fredrick: Someone approaches, hide! (They do.)

Woodall: (Enters and stands by the bars) How now, Squire George? Are you there? I heard you all hiding.

Squire Greg: Aye, trader. The name is Greg now.

Woodall: I forgot. Squire Greg. (Gaspar runs up and grabs Woodall through the bars, lifting him menacingly)

Gaspar: You self-serving pile of goat bile! I'll take off your head with my own two hands!

Woodall: (Barley able to speak) Keys. I brought keys. (He drops the keys out of reach of the cell)

Fredrick: Gaspar! Put the blind man down, he brought keys to our freedom. Gaspar! Do ye hear me?

Gaspar: Thou come to set us free? (He stops shaking him)

Woodall: Aye sir, if there be breath left in me body to do so. (Gaspar sets Woodall down, and Woodall goes in search of the keys) Tis the charge of the gate keep to hold the keys, these be the keys-where ever these keys may be-

Fredrick: Little to your left. (He goes in the wrong direction) Other left.

Woodall: These be the keys that unlock every door in Crestview.

Fredrick: We mistook betrayal from a cowardly man, t'was really a genius unfolding his plan-

Gaspar: (putting his hand over Fredrick's mouth in a sort of choke hold) Is this true blind man? Was it your plan all along to lead us from our doom?

Woodall: No harm in saying so. However it worked out, I had the chance to save me friend the squire, so I took it. (He finds the key and opens the door)

Gaspar: Our weapons men (They gather weapons from the table) and woman, and you.

Woodall: Shhh-Quite- two more head this way. One's a guard, I hear keys jangling. Maybe a knight, there's a sword.

Gaspar: We must flee.

Squire Greg: Nay, we'll be trapped for certain.

Kendra: Tis perfect everyone back where you were, make it look like we're still locked in-

Gaspar: I see.

Woodall: I don't.

Xavier: Just stay out of sight man.

Fredrick: He always is. (Pushes Woodall down as he hops back on the rack)

Kendra: When I say go-

Fredrick: Got it!

Woodall: What? What'll we do?

Gaspar: You'll see.

Fredrick: No he won't.

Xavier: 'e won't 'ave to. Fer me la busch they approach.

(They all get back in positions as a knight and a hooded figure approach, unlock the cell door and stand over Fredrick)

Beatrice: (Voice disguised as a man's) You there, court Jester.

Fredrick: Aye.

Beatrice: Pray you, are you the one that claimed the princess was the most beautiful creature in the land.

Fredrick: I do not claim that.

Beatrice: You do not?

Fredrick: No, I simply know it for a fact. People claim things that are not true all the time, but you cannot claim the sky is blue, you cannot claim that water is wet,

and you cannot claim the beauty of that princess, you may only declare that you know it as fact.

Beatrice: Dear Fool. (The princess removes her hood to kiss Fredrick)

Kendra: Now! (The others jump down surrounding her and the knight that is with her)

Fredrick: Did you have to interrupt this particular moment?

Beatrice: What is this?

Fredrick: We were working on an escape plan, but now that you're here I'd rather stay and face my death.

Beatrice: Don't be foolish.

Fredrick: Tis what I do.

Beatrice: Please unhand my knight sir, we did come here to break you out ourselves.

Gaspar: This is one of the king's royal guards.

Beatrice: You are mistaken, this is Sir Edward Hastings of Crestview, he has been sworn to protect me, he serves my goals, not my fathers.

Kendra: Why would you want to help us escape your father?

Beatrice: I must admit I only came for the fool, I thought he was very cute, and I would hate to see a proper fool meet his fate on my account. But since you're all lose, and my man's outnumbered why not free you all? I'm sure my father put you all in here for some useless reason anyway.

Fredrick: That's very kind of you highness, to come for me.

Beatrice: Sir Edward and I are prepared to help you flee the kingdom as quickly as possible.

Gaspar: That would be of great use to us.

Beatrice: I have but one request of thee.

Woodall: Ladies always have one request.

Gaspar: In my experience, it rarely ends with one.

Fredrick: Anything. I'd stay here in shackles without remiss, so you could complete that royal kiss.

Beatrice: (Fredrick's tune, at a slower tempo.)

Where ever ye shall go.
I should wish to follow.
I pray thee take my hand.
To lead me from this hollow.
I've been waiting my lifetime for you to appear,
Well not really, but Jester you're young and you're here.
Wherever ye shall go
I should wish to be
Save me from this land
And my heart belongs to thee.
Take me to freedom and let me feel sun
Protect me, and love me, and I'll be your one.
My request of you
As I shall help you flee,
Is a simple one,
I wish that you take me.

Fredrick: I would love to, and you can escape with us as well.

Woodall: The dungeon doth have nice acoustics.

Fredrick: You are destined for me. Tis love in this season, I've longed for woman that sings without reason.

Gaspar: You wish to leave your own kingdom?

Beatrice: This is not my kingdom. My father wants everything his way, all the time to never change. He tells us what to think, tells us what to wear, it's like we're in stuck the Middle Ages.

Woodall: Are we not?

Fredrick: It's the Renaissance.

Gaspar: Wake up man it's the sixteenth century.

Fredrick: The plan is conceived thusly, we were going to the new world. First we were to break out of here, rescue you, then get on Kendra's boat.

Kendra: Tis a ship.

Gaspar: Going to rescue her?

Fredrick: She's here now, it matters not.

Kendra: We still have to find the ship, and we've got to come up with a crew to sail her.

Fredrick: We've got a crew of seven.

Woodall: Why would I want to leave?

Fredrick: They will discover we have been freed by keys, what have you got to lose? Aside from your head?

Woodall: Thou makest a grand argument, I'm in.

Fredrick: He can man the crow's nest.

Kendra: A blind look out?

Fredrick: He has a thing for crows.

Gaspar: I still have a wife and child on the coast, in the town of Cadwagan.

Fredrick: We shall drop you off there.

Gaspar: I can think of no better reason to venture to this new world. Still, perhaps we could stop to fetch them.

Edward: Your highness, you do realize how dangerous this is? If we're caught, we could all be hung for treason.

Beatrice: I'll hang myself if I stay trapped here any longer. We should make our way to port before my father's men come to carry out the executions. Let's find you're ship, shall we.

Sir Edward: You're highness how do you plan to get these people to our port? We have to walk straight through the market square in broad day light. You're father's soldiers are everywhere.

Xavier: So it is daylight? Which day?

Sir Edward: Friday, your beheadings are to be tomorrow morn.

Squire Greg: That be not the usual day for beheadings.

Woodall: Tis marked as a grand event, the whole kingdom awaits the jester's gruesome fate, tis an event of some excitement.

Fredrick: Let us hear of this ship!

Sir Edward: It is heavily guarded.

Kendra: You've seen it?

Squire Greg: Aye, the Reveler.

Sir Edward: At the moment it makes up a large part of the royal fleet. King Phillip plans to make it the flagship, given the other ships are three row boats, that is a smart move. But it is quite important to your father, getting on board that ship won't be easy.

Beatrice: No, I suppose you're right it won't.

Fredrick: What if we sneak down during the night?

Kendra: We could never maneuver at night, the ship is almost as broad as the river through the forest.

Beatrice: I have an idea follow me.

(Lights out End Scene)

Act two scene two

(Market square: The market is busy with people. Our band of friends enter following the princess, all dressed as ladies in waiting. Except Sir Edward and the princess, they are still dressed as themselves)

Mr. Baker: Bread for sale! Bread for sale!

Master Jameson: Drinks! Drinks! Honey mead, ale!

Daphne Tailor: Dresses and gowns for your wives delight!

Tom Smith: Shields and armor! Fit for a knight!

Gloria Baker: Pretzels, Cakes!

Daphne Tailor: Ribbons for hair!

All: Buy them all at the market square.

Harold Farmer: Apples here, and melons ripe

Tabaco dried to stuff in your pipe

Tailor: Tunics, and stockings, saddles for steeds

Smith: For the right price you'll find all your needs

Witch: Eye of a newt, claw of the bear

All: Buy them all at the market square

Smith: Goblets and platters

Treasures untold

Jameson: If it fits in a cart then it can be sold

We wish for your pleasure and ask for your gold

Sarah: I'll even rent a soft hand to hold

We sell what you want just ask what ye dare

All: Buy anything at the market square

Baker: We'll bake it!

Smith: I'll make it!

Tailor: I'll sew it!

Farmer: I'll grow it!

All: Buy anything, buy anything buy anything, at the market square

Princess: No thank-you, we haven't any money.

All: Then move along!

Fredrick: You said this was a dumb idea.

Gaspar: It is.

Fredrick: I can see three masts in the harbor. Is that the ship?

Kendra: Tis no row boat.

Fredrick: Then we've practically made it.

Gaspar: When we're underway I'll agree with you.

Woodall: Someone noticed we were missing.

Gaspar: What makes you say-

(A bell is heard in the distance along with-)

Hubble: (screaming) The outsiders have escaped! The prisoners have escaped!

Kendra: He's good.

Beatrice: How does he do that?

Gaspar: Blind men often have the nose of a blood hound and the ears of a rabbit.

Fredrick: Do you ever chase your own tail through the forest?

Woodall: There is a guard, just in front of us and to the right. (Most of them look left)

Xavier: Other right. (They adjust)

Fredrick: I see him.

Beatrice: This won't be a problem, just let thee speak.

Fredrick: Your ladies in waiting are unusually hairy.

Princess: Try not to speak.

Sir Richard: How now good princess, good day ladies. I'm sorry to disturb you your highness, but the alarm sounded, there are dangerous criminals loose, you should return to the castle. If you'd like I'll escort you.

Princess: That won't be necessary, Sir Edward is by my side.

Sir Richard: Perhaps, under these circumstances a real knight would be more appropriate.

Sir Edward: I beg your pardon sir, I happen to be no less a knight than you.

Sir Richard: A knight that takes his orders from a little girl.

Sir Edward: I'll have you know she is not a little girl anymore.

Princess: Thank-you Edward.

Sir Edward: She happens to be very demanding and difficult to please. Taking orders from Attila the Hun was bound to be easier than-

Princess: Thank-you, Edward.

Sir Edward: Yes highness.

Princess: I do believe we can find our way through the market and back safely sir, thank-you for your concern.

Sir Richard: I meant no disrespect. When did the new ladies in waiting arrive?

Beatrice: Yesterday, for my birthday.

Sir Richard: Hairy for woman are they not?

Xavier: Oui. (In as high pitched voice as he can muster)

Sir Richard: More French maidens, very well then carry on (he begins to walk by, then turns around grabbing Gaspar's hind quarters) Do be careful ladies.

Gaspar: You'd better be careful- Oh no. (Punches him)

Fredrick: Could you not allow that to pass?

Gaspar: I forgot I was a lady! (Richard retaliates)

Fredrick: (Fredrick hinders Richard in some way) An excuse used by my aunt Bertha on more than one occasion.

Woodall: Two more on the left!

Sir Edward: Swords! (All of them pull whatever weapon they have under the dresses)

Woodall: Three more to the right! You! Duck! (he taps Gaspar who ducks just in time to avoid an axe)

Sir Richard: Alert sir John!

(They fight Sir Richard and soon Sir Otis, and three Prince James (Of course they are led by the bold) come to assist. Sir Edward fights by sword, Xavier is dodging and using Woodall and his walking stick as weapons, Fredrick is using his scepter, Gaspar, and Kendra battle by fist and blade. Our pack of friends ends up surrounded by the king's men.) Thou cannot jest thy way out of this.

Fredrick: I didn't know that was an option. This monk, a priest and a nun walk into a pub-

Beatrice: Halt! I command thee as your princess! (All the men and women in battle freeze, Beatrice stands between her father's men and them)

Fredrick: (Whistles) Bartholomule! (He begins to gallop around and stops in front of the princess)

Beatrice: What are you doing?

Fredrick: This is my invisible mule, Bartholomule. Hop on and we'll make our escape! (A guard points a sword at Fredrick, Bartholomule gallops away; yes it's up to Fredrick as an actor to pull that off) You frightened my ass.

Sir Richard: I'll soon do worse.

Beatrice: Fredrick! Get thyself behind me!

Fredrick: That doesn't seem very brave.

Beatrice: They shall not harm the princess.

Sir Eric: (Trumpets) His royal majesty, King Phillip the eleventh!

Phillip: Beatrice? What are you doing amongst these criminals?

Fredrick: I kidnapped her sire, t'was against her will, I saw her as the most beautiful woman in the world. I had to have her as my own. Sir Edward tried to save her, then Gaspar, Woodall, and Captain Kendra attempted to assist him but I over took the lot of them. I was using them as hostages till I made my escape.

Phillip: A fool in a dress, took a bounty hunter, a knight and I'm sorry- who are you?

Kendra: Captain Kendra

Sir John: The pirate captain, we captured with the Reveler sire.

Phillip: No one told me the pirate was a woman.

Sir John: My apologies sire, we thought she was dead.

Phillip: Notwithstanding, you expect me to believe a fool in a dress, took a bounty hunter, a knight, a squire, a pirate, a blind man, and a sage as hostages? With what weapon?

Fredrick: These two hands be weapon enough.

Phillip: Do you actually expect me to believe this tale? You were able to take this brute hostage, with your bare hands?

Woodall: You're really not clever enough to lie, are you?

Fredrick: Yes sire I would greatly appreciate your belief in my story, as I'm far too scared right now to concoct another.

Phillip: You were besotted by this fool, and helped him to escape did you not?

Beatrice: Aye father that is the case.

Woodall: What's besotted?

Fredrick: Smitten, infatuated, you know she likes me, in *that* way.

Gaspar: I've been using that word wrong.

Phillip: Betrayed by the hand of mine own daughter! What is it girl? Have you no gratitude for my strife? Do you not enjoy the safety of my dominion?

Beatrice: Therein lies my dilemma! It is your dominion, not ours to share, it wasn't mother's, not that of the people that serve you. Yours, and yours alone!

Phillip: Tis the tradition laid down by my father, then his before him. Your penance shall be paid through the suffering of your newly found friends my child.

Woodall: That's us isn't it?

Gaspar: I'm afraid so.

Sir Edward: Sire, your daughter meant only-

Phillip: You Sir Edgar assisted her in this treason!

Sir Edward: Its Edward sire, my name is Edward.

Phillip: You dare to correct my word?

Fredrick: He doth not like that.

Sir Edward: Tis my name sire, you're bound to have me beheaded anyway, you might as well get my name right before you do it!

Phillip: How dare thy speak to your king in such a way!

Sir Edward: When your daughter was but two years old, I was sworn to protect her, to defend her every whim! And I have served that duty well, so well in fact it's prevented me from having my own wife, and my own children! In their place I love your daughter as if she were my own, and will gladly give my life for hers, but know this! What you deem protection, she feels as suffocation! Order and conduct in your mind are equal to no more than tyranny and bullying. Your people do not stay within these kingdom walls out of fear of what lies in these woods, nor fear of the world outside. We remain in this fort out of fear of you! It is you that fear the outside world! It is you that cowers in shadows!

Phillip: That's enough! How dare ye!

Sir Edward: How dare ye? How dare thee! You call yourself a ruler when you cannot measure up to the compassion of a simple court jester. He just lied- all be it badly, to give his own life to spare ours!

Fredrick: Actually, I was just trying to buy some time.

Phillip: Do you all think me a coward?

Beatrice: Yes father! Afraid to let your people see the outside world, afraid to let your daughter become her own woman, and afraid to think any thought that wasn't your own.

Phillip: Enough from you! Do you wish to bargain for your post once more blind man? Do you think me a coward?

Woodall: I may be blind, but I hear your lips tremble as you ask the question.

Phillip: You!

Gaspar: I'd rather not say, we've known each other such a short time, I doubt I'd be a good judge.

Phillip: And you fool?

Fredrick: I see nothing wrong with cowardness, used in the appropriate manner, it can be quite a handy tool. It's keep me alive for many years now.

Phillip: No longer! Squire Greg! I grant you pardon, hold the princess here, so that she may watch her friends die.

Squire Greg: No.

Phillip: What dost thou say to me? I just granted your pardon.

Squire George: No, is what I said. My name is George, Sir George of Crestview, and I refuse to hold a princess against her will. It defies all code of chivalry!

Phillip: I have not yet knighted you boy.

Sir George: I claim the title myself! If the likes of you can declare someone a knight then so can I!

Phillip: Have it your way. Sir John, secure my daughter (he does) Now men, kill them! (The circle of prisoners begins to spin, tapping swords with the knights surrounding them)

Fredrick: Alas this was a bad escape plan.

Gaspar: Tis good to know you agree with me.

Beatrice: My sweet, sweet fool. I'm so sorry for all this trouble that I've caused.

Fredrick: T'was not you that caused it. I lead Gaspar to the gate, I caused him to slip past Woodall's watchful ears, I, well I had nothing to do with you being here. I've never been on a ship in my life.

Kendra: This is an expected fate for the life I chose.

Woodall: Why are we spinning in circles? I'm going to be sick, spread out.

Fredrick: We cannot we're surrounded by men with swords

Phillip: Why are your knights not advancing?

Sir John: They have swords as well.

Fredrick: Before we vomit on the soldiers, could we at least make this a respectable fight and allow us to take off these dresses?

Sir John: Your highness that is a request within reason.

Kendra: My dress is staying on.

Phillip: If you must! Sir John, have your men stand down.

Sir John: Aye sire. Men! Sheath your blades.

Gaspar: Thank-ye sire, I would hate to die in this dress.

Fredrick: Dis dress is for damsels. Dost thou get it?

Gaspar: Do shut-up.

(The men pull the disguises off, as they are in mid-undress the king yells)

Phillip: Now! Attack!

Sir Richard: We will do no such thing. These people are unarmed.

Phillip: That's the perfect time to kill them.

Sir John: We shall not attack unarmed men, or pirate women.

Phillip: When I order executions the prisoners are not armed.

Sir John: That's an entirely different situation. An execution is one thing, but an unfair fight is disgraceful. We are knights, and thusly uphold a higher code of-

Phillip: Yes, yes, Knights. Brave, strong and all that.

Sir John/Knights:

Strength is not the only thing that makes a man a knight

It's more than shining armor or knowing how to fight

It's holding true to justice and doing what is right

It's living by the code of chivalry

It's more than slaying dragons

More than damsels in distress

We could not attack a man

Un-armed and in a dress

It's simply by the code of chivalry

We are always quite polite

With manners if you please

We always say God bless you

When anybody sneeze

It's living by the code of chivalry

Defend the weak

The poor

The old

Phillip: How 'bout doing what your told?

When it upholds the code of chivalry!

You cannot claim to be a knight

Then begin an unfair fight
It takes finesse as much as might
An awful lot to be a knight
And protect the code of chivalry
We shall uphold the code of chivalry
Long live the code of chivalry!

Philip: Are you quite done? Can you fight?

Gaspar: I'm ready.

Kendra: As am I.

Xavier: Jene suis pas arme'

Sir Edward: What was that?

Xavier: I 'ave no weapon.

Beatrice: Use my mace. (Hands him a mace, from under her dress somewhere.)

Fredrick: Fare thee well dear princess, almost kissing you was the best moment of my life.

Gaspar: What a pathetic life you've had. We're ready.

Woodall: I don't even know what I shared my first kiss with.

Kendra: Gaspar, you take the three on the left, I'll take the three on the right.

Xavier: I 'ope I can still do this. (All with weapons raise them and prepare to fight)

Woodall: Wait! Wait! I smell (he sniffs the air) I smell-

Fredrick: I noticed, but thought it rude to mention.

Woodall: I smell a fire!

Fredrick: Of course, that must be what I smell.

Xavier: There's fire at the blacksmiths, there's fire-

Woodall: At the bakers, yes I know those, this is different. This is bigger. This has oaks, pines and beech.

Phillip: I cannot believe you're all falling for this! Would someone start stabbing them all ready?

Woodall: The ground! It's trembling.

Fredrick: How could you tell? I'm shaken too hard myself to feel the ground.

Woodall: An earth quake?

Xavier: Per'aps a volcano?

Woodall: I hear marching. An incredibly large army marching this way.

Phillip: Ye dare to call me a coward. As you try to postpone your inevitable fate!

Woodall: I don't even know what you said, but I ain't stallin' if that's what you mean.

Beatrice: I am no knight! And not confined to the codes of chivalry! (She kicks Sir John, steals his sword and bitch slaps him out of her way then points the sword at her father) Set my friends free, and allow us passage where ever we chose.

Fredrick: I do so love her.

Sir John: Princess!

Sir Edward: Beatrice! No, not your own father, you couldn't!

Phillip: She wouldn't. Where would she be without me?

Beatrice: As the only child of your blood line I'd be Queen, then I'd command my troupes to set them free.

Fredrick: Hell hath no fury- (he sniffs the air) wait speaking of hell, I smell smoke as well. (Smoke begins to fill the square, marching can be heard in the distance)
That rhyme was not intentional Gaspar.

Phillip: I hear- (The alarm bell rings again, and the crier comes rushing to the king)

Hubble: Your majesty! Your majesty! An army approaches! (He or she sobs)

Fredrick: Woodall, you do amaze me.

Hubble: They march like thunder! Burning everything in their path! (sobs) All is lost! All is lost! I'm far too young to die!

Fredrick: Really? You don't look it.

Phillip: Get a hold of yourself! Do they head this way?

Hubble: Straight for us (sobs) we haven't a chance. (Runs off stage crying)

Fredrick: I'll wager that was the town crier.

Woodall: Aye.

Gaspar: Good at it.

Phillip: Defend Crestview!

Sir John: Battle stations men! To arms! To arms!

Fredrick: A few legs wouldn't hurt either.

Phillip: My dear, if you chose to run me through, I have no intentions of stopping you. I see this fool means more to you than I thought, but if I shall live, let me live, I need to fight this battle.

Beatrice: (Handing her father the sword) You know I could never hurt you papa. I'm so sorry (they embrace)

Phillip: It is I that is sorry dear child. I thought I knew best for you. Of all the treasures in this kingdom I have been charged to protect, the most important treasure I have, I have failed. I have treated you as a possession, which was not my intention.

I've been a king of great wealth,
Loyal servants, steadfast health
Castle walls, and comforts too,
But my most valued treasure,
Yes my most valued treasure.
My most valued treasure is you.
I have diamonds

Stacks of gold
Rubies, emeralds too,
But my most valued treasure,
Knights: Yes his most valued treasure (while scurrying about in the fight)
My most valued treasure is you.
Whatever comes of me,
I only hope that you can see
With my faults and stupidity
I did it all for thee,
Because my most valued treasure
Knights: Yes his most valued treasure
My most valued treasure is you.

Beatrice: I've been so petty and narrow minded father.

Phillip: It must run in the family. Your mother had it too. (They embrace)

Woodall: This is awkward.

Fredrick: Got Gaspar all teary eyed.

Gaspar: That's the smoke fool.

Sir John: Sire! Phillip! I cannot find the end to this sea of men marching down on us! We haven't much time, they out number our army ten fold!

Phillip: Henry must really want those taxes.

Fredrick: Or Beckenshire wants his cheese and bread.

Kendra, Gaspar, Woodall, Xavier: The bread was stale!

Fredrick: I know.

Gaspar: Where does this leave us?

Fredrick: In the middle of a very large mess.

Phillip: Pirate, Fool, Huntsman, Sorcerer, blind man! Complete your escape!
Gather the townspeople, get them aboard that ship! Have the baker, the butcher,
the carpenter and the ales man, of course, gather supplies as fast as they can!
Pirate, what be your name?

Kendra: Kendra

Phillip: Captain Kendra I hereby declare you Admiral of my royal navy! The ships
in my port are at your command! My two most trusted knights, Sir Edward, Sir
John!

Beatrice: I thought Sir Edward was under my command.

Phillip: I put him in your charge because I trust him with my life.

Sir Edward: Sir Richard wasn't mentioned at all, now were you?

Phillip: Please don't be petty. I need you two to help me with the jewels of
Crestview. Sir Richard, Sir George, have the men load the cannons then take all the
gunpowder you can find, line every inch of the outer wall, stack the kegs at the

gates and towers. If the walls of Crestview must fall, let them fall upon our enemies!

Sir Richard: Aye!

Sir George: Aye sire! He called me Sir George. (They exit)

Phillip: (Calling after) And load the catapult with whatever you can find rough or heavy!

Fredrick: Too bad my mother's not here, she was both.

Beatrice: What shall I do?

Phillip: Help load that ship, and meet me at the docks.

Beatrice: Aye father!

(The smoke thickens, fills the stage then lights out, end of scene)

Act two scene three

(Still slightly smoky, I don't think that could be helped anyway. The dock and gang plank to the Reveler, staged as you wish, perhaps the dock takes us to an offstage plank- or you can see part of a ship. Some lines may be yelled from on board the boat. Get creative with it. We hear a horrible battle in the distance. And possibly see the flicking of a great fire. Fredrick, and Gaspar are helping townspeople load things on the boat, Kendra comes down off the gang plank)

Kendra: She's in terrific shape! Phillip had a basilisk put on her bow, no one dare stop us.

Fredrick: A giant snake?

Gaspar: It's a cannon fool, a big cannon on the front of the boat.

Kendra: Tis a ship! Not a boat! The figure head he chose is a bit strange, but it supports a massive gun.

Fredrick: What's a figure head?

Kendra: You never have been on a ship, have you?

Fredrick: This is the closest I've ever come to water.

Gaspar: Can you swim?

Fredrick: If I could I'd have no need for a ship, now would I? (Xavier comes in with a few of his belongings) Have you seen the princess?

Xavier: She was with the baker's wife, they were just a little behind me.

Fredrick: I shall go look upon this figure head.

Xavier: Depechez-vous, 'Enry's men are advancing. Most of the forest is a blaze. (Fredrick goes towards where ever the front of the boat should be.) Is everyone on board?

Kendra: We have most of the townspeople on board.

Gaspar: None of the knights, they're all fighting at the moment. Do you know where the king is?

Xavier: Trying to save the crown jewels I believe. (Woodall enters slowly, He's carrying luggage and he's wet) The stripes do look nice, do they not?

Gaspar: Get upon the ship.

Woodall: Gaspar? Xavier? Is that you?

Gaspar: What took you so long man!

Xavier: Why are you soaked?

Woodall: A dock is a very dangerous place for a blind man, I've gone swimming three times trying to find the blasted boat!

Kendra: Ship!

Gaspar: Are these your belongings?

Woodall: I think so, if not they are now.

Kendra: On the row boat Gaspar!

Gaspar: Aye! (He grabs Woodall's possessions and takes them offstage-where ever the back of the boat should be-so opposite Fredrick's last exit, then he quickly re-enters)

Woodall: You're putting me on the row boat?

Xavier: They are loading the row boats with non-essential supplies to make sure we all fit on the ship.

Fredrick: (re-entering) That is an odd thing. What happened to you? This is no time for a bath.

Woodall: I'll give you a bath. (Princess and the baker's wife enter with blankets turned make shift sacks)

Fredrick: Not now thanks. Beatrice! Can I help you with those?

Beatrice: Please.

Kendra: We don't have room for useless nick knacks!

Gloria Baker: These be loafs of bread.

Woodall: The pumpnickel smells wonderful.

Fredrick: Fresh, no doubt.

Gloria: Thank-ye.

Kendra: That, we have room for, come, make haste!

Gloria: Thank ye. (She goes up the gangplank. They exit on the ship)

Beatrice: My ladies in waiting, have you seen them?

Gaspar: They were the first ones on board, they plowed down six children to get there.

Fredrick: So they've been waiting, as they should. Two of them snagged a Prince James, although I haven't seen the bold.

Gaspar: Last I saw him, he had sword in hand sitting on the catapult waiting to be fired at the enemy.

Fredrick: I suppose that is rather bold. I for one would mark the grave as Prince James the stupid. (Phillip enters holding three old looking scrolls, Sir John and Sir Edward enter with a large chest of jewels) King Phillip, why is there a mergoat holding up the cannon on the front of the boat?

Kendra: It's a ship fool! A ship!

Phillip: A what? Oh that! It's not a mergoat, it's a sea ram.

Fredrick: What is a ram but a horny goat?

Phillip: It's to strike fear in the hearts of your enemies. Xavier suggested the ram.

Xavier: The ram is a sign of stubbornness. I thought it fitting for 'is ship. But I did not advise the fish tail.

Phillip: It's on a ship! I couldn't use a regular ram on the front of a ship, rams don't even swim, do they?

Gaspar: Not that I've ever seen.

Fredrick: Interesting creature, half fish, half goat, must smell delightful.

Phillip: If it bothers you all that much, don't use the ship.

Fredrick: I'm sure we'll come to love it sire, it's best to have a big cannon if you're a horny goat-fish. Or so I've heard. Let's get you on board.

Phillip: Just load this chest. (Gaspar and Fredrick attempt to lift it Fredrick side sinks quickly)

Fredrick: What's this? The anchor?

Phillip: (Opening the chest) The crown jewels of Crestview.

Woodall: (Sniffs) Mahogany chest, whoa that smells like a lot of gold.

Gaspar: Only the essentials aboard sire.

Phillip: This should buy land or food if you need. Remember, the most valuable assets are the women and children aboard.

Fredrick: Especially your child, who also happens to be a woman- that's understood.

Phillip: Xavier, my trusted advisor, I must humbly apologize for nearly having you beheaded, and of course for holding you against your will for these past thirty odd years. I should have kept to my word, and released you. Truth be known, I was unsure of myself without your consult.

Xavier: I do not know what to say, that is the strangest apology I've ever received. You were sire, a better king than you're father. Still mis-guided and paranoid, but a better king.

Phillip: I must entrust you with these. The scrolls of Forestview and the early scrolls of the kingdom of Crestview. They are the only written record of my ancestors and this kingdom's history.

Gaspar: Forest view?

Fredrick: Before they had a view of the river, they had a view of the forest.

Phillip: How did you know of this?

Fredrick: Lucky guess.

Phillip: Would you do the honor of preserving this legacy?

Xavier: These scrolls remained damaged from the great fire your majesty.

Phillip: Yes.

Beatrice: There was a fire in the kingdom before today?

Xavier: I realize it is no longer my place to give counsel. Per'aps you should tell your daughter of that fire.

Phillip: Yes, old friend, I should. Long ago my darling, when I was your age. I tried to escape the kingdom by burning down a wall. Xavier, please say you'll protect them, and add to our history.

Xavier: Je suis ravi de pouvoir aider, why not?

Beatrice: Father, you are coming on board.

Phillip: Nay dear Beatrice. I've gone my whole life without fighting a battle or proving my worth, and it is I that carried on our recluse life when I was begged not to several times by your mother, rest her soul. She was right I was foolish, and scared. I shall not back down from this battle. If you are to make an escape this army must be kept beyond the gate till the Reveler's left sight. Remember me well my darling child. (He kisses her)

Beatrice: No father, you cannot!

Phillip: No one tells me what I cannot do my dear, I am the king. I must!

Fredrick: No one shall doubt your courage, if you join us sire.

Phillip: Between you and I - I've been tricked into wedding the Duchess, and I'd much rather take my chances in battle. Edward, John, God speed my men, God speed to you Admiral Kendra! Keep this ship and its cargo secure.

Sir Edward: No sir. I shall not board. They have Gaspar, Fredrick, the blacksmith and fifty other able bodied men, I stand with my king.

Sir John: As do I my lord.

Woodall: What, I'm not able bodied?

Fredrick: You can't walk to the boat without drowning.

Kendra: Ship!

Phillip: Yes, yes, that's very well and good, I respect the honor, but they haven't any knights on board.

Sir John: That's not of my concern sire.

Phillip: We haven't time for- fine! (He draws his sword) You four! Take a knee!

Fredrick: Excuse me?

Phillip: On your knee fool! You too Woodall! (They do) I hereby knight you Sir Gaspar Braddock Huntsman of Crestview, You are Knighted Sir Woodall Forest of Crestview, (the sword nicks him a little in the face and he yells a bit) I'm so sorry, was that your eye?

Sir Woodall: It's fine sire, I wasn't using it.

Phillip: You Sir Xavier Breast-

Xavier: It's Brest sire, I like breasts, I'm not from them.

Phillip: Sir Xavier Brest Scorer of Crestview. By the way your prophecy stone is on board, It contained a great deal of iron, we forged it into a cannon ball for the basilisk. You, Fredrick are charged with the most important duty I can ask of any knight. Love, defend and serve my daughter at all costs, do you swear to this?

Fredrick: It shall be an honor and pleasure to do so.

Phillip: Then I dub thee Sir Fredrick Hampton of Crestview. Now get my daughter on that ship and safely out of this kingdom men.

Fredrick, Gaspar, Woodall: Aye sir!

Xavier: Oui.

Beatrice: I love you father.

Phillip: And I you. For the honor of Crestview! Huzza! (Phillip, John and Edward charge off stage swords held high)

Sir John: & Sir Edward: Huzza!

Gaspar: God be with you your highness!

Fredrick: Was it not you that doubted him as a rightful king?

Gaspar: T'was before he knighted me, I now accept his rule wholeheartedly.

Kendra: Look it here, we've got knights in our midst.

(Woodall is about to walk off the peer, he's caught by Gaspar and carried on board)

Woodall: Thank you Sir Gaspar.

Gaspar: How'd you know it was me?

Woodall: Your smell, and I doubt Fredrick could hold me. Could you help me on board?

Gaspar: I must, we can't wait a fortnight watching you try it yourself.

Kendra: If you gallant knights would be so kind as to untie the ship!

Fredrick: Aye! (They begin to do so)

Gaspar: Captain Kendra! Can we stop by the coast of Cardigan Bay? I've got to pick up my wife and son.

Kendra: If it's fast, and on the way. Ahoy men! Raise the sails!

Fredrick: I thought you were running from you wife and son?

Gaspar: Leaving behind my responsibilities? Nay, I'm a knight now, that wouldn't be the knightly thing to do.

Fredrick: Leaving someone you love isn't even a foolish thing to do.

Beatrice: It's foolish to think you love someone at first sight.

Fredrick: I am a fool.

Beatrice: Perhaps I am as well.

(They kiss.)

(Lights out, end scene)

Epilogue

(Fredrick and Beatrice stand in front of Captain Kendra. She stands behind the ship's wheel, but it is obvious we are watching her marry Fredrick and the princess. Gaspar, and Xavier stand as best men, Woodall is trying to give the rings to everyone on stage, and the townspeople surround them)

Fredrick/Cast:

We quickly set our sights,
And sails on open waters,
With all of Crestview's sons
And all the kingdom's Daughters.
Our crew was quite motley, our passengers rare
The trip was a challenge the foolish would dare.
But the choice was ours
The ship was ours to take.
Defying all the rules,
And with the strength to break.
We sailed cross the ocean, we wedded our mates,
Embraced the adventures, and laughed at our fates.
Into the great unknown
We sailed off to our glory.
I could tell you more, but that's a different story.
It's time for this tale to foolishly end
It's best that it finishes as it began.

All:

Nights were made for knights
And meals are fit for kings.
Just to bring delight to all these worldly things.
We're safe on the ship,
We hope you've had fun
Go on with your lives now
This show is all done.
Knights were made for knights
And- meals -are- fit- for -kings! (Big end)

(Alright *jest* end the show now.)

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