

GOOSE HIGH SCHOOL, GOOSE BAY

presents

A DAY FOR A KNIGHT LONG AGO

CAST

Angela.....	Cindy Baggs
Leonard.....	Ian Campbell
King Ethelred.....	John Sullivan
Queen Emma.....	Rexanne Hopkins
Prince Edward.....	Glenn Walsh
Princess Mary.....	Tina Cox
Sir Evanard.....	Dennis Umpherville
Sir Maronday.....	Mark Furlotte
Sir Nicholas.....	Troy Hughes
Marcus.....	Marcus May
Creed.....	Jeanette Garnier
Handmaiden.....	Tanya Lycette
Witch.....	Colleen Blake



Labrador Arts
Festival
1990

Janice Hope
Gr. 6
Mud Lake Elementary

Goose High School, Happy Valley - Goose Bay

presents

A Day for a Knight Long Ago

Act 1

The curtains are closed. The Witch enters, somewhat relieved.

Witch: Oh, there you are. I have been looking all over for you. Ah, never fear, I knew I would find you. Now what can I do for you? Oh yes, the play. You came to see a show, didn't you? Well, you don't look like a save the seals delegation, um, he does. No, you must be play-goers.

First, or firstly, I think you should know I am a witch. Shocking, isn't it. Now I know some of you are imagining old hags who pop around on Hallowe'en on souped up broomsticks while there are some men out there picturing their nagging mothers-in-law, but that's not what I mean. I am a true to life representation of all that shouldn't be. Still, what do you care? You came to see a show - don't get impatient. Without me this show would be about two minutes long and wouldn't that be a waste of your hard-earned money. I don't imagine you've paid to see an old hag ramble so I'll change the subject.

Second, or secondly, I was never sure of those adverbs, we'll need a theme. Nah, I don't want one. I don't want any script or writers either. However, despite being the liberal director I am, I guess I'll have concede a set. You hear that! A set.

The noise of working on a set disrupts the Witch's monologue so she goes behind the curtain where a slap and a thump is heard, then returns. She returns front.

Witch: We didn't need a set anyway. I, as you can tell, am the director, and this is the lead actor. (Leonard enters.) And, we need a co-star. Any suggestions?

Leonard: Well, there's Consuelo.

Witch: No, dogs are out, especially Chihuahuas. They rot the stage, if you know what I mean.

Leonard: Oh.

Witch: What about Angela?

Leonard: Oh, Angela.

Witch: Steady, boy, that comes later. (Angela enters and takes Leonard's hand.) Well, I guess being in the pound was a bad story line, so, okay, you're in love.

Leonard and Angela fly into each other's arms as the Witch exits.

Leonard: Angie, I've been thinking about it and I want you to marry me.

Angela: Oh, Leonard.

Witch: (Offstage.) Not yet, you dolts. Later.

Angela: Wait a minute, what do you mean you've been thinking about it? Either you want to marry me or you don't.

Witch: Better.

Leonard: But, but....

Angela: And look where you're proposing to me, Leo, on a street. Even a bus station would have had more ambiance.

Witch: Much better.

Angela: Just how insensitive can you be? You snivelling...

Witch: Okay, girlie. They get the point.

Leonard: I thought this would be a great place to ask, and if you accepted, I would run out and buy the ring tomorrow and do it right at some later date.

Angela: What's the matter? Am I not worth the risk or something? You could have always returned the crummy ring if I said no.

Leonard: But...

Angela: Besides, you don't really want to marry me. You're just jealous after watching Mark hit on me at the party tonight.

Leonard: Well, you were letting him.

Angela: No, you were letting him. I wanted you to chase him off.

Leonard: Pride is a sin.

Angela: Pride is a virtue, cowardice is a sin, and you, Leo, are making a mistake.

Leonard: But not being proud has made many men great.

Angela: Not being proud has made more men forgotten. History is full of cowards who have blown their chance at immortality. Look at that king from history class.

Leonard: Ethelred the Unready.

Angela: Exactly.

Leonard: That man was beyond his time.

Angela: Just forget it. Forget everything. Try putting your neck on the line sometime, Leonard. Find a purpose in life, and for that matter, find a new girl. Good-bye, Leonard.

Leonard: Well, let me tell you something else, you, you... Hell, how can I insult the woman I love. Oh, Angie. For two years I have worked up the courage to ask you to marry me and you spit it back at me. Should I have waited another year? Maybe I should have never bothered. I guess I shouldn't expect her to be any different. I have such a hard time making friends. Why do they see me so different, or is it differently? I was never sure of those adverbs. It simply doesn't make any sense. I love her. Oh God, do I love her. God.

Witch: (Entering.) You called?

Leonard: Pardon?

Witch: Oops, character. Character. Excuse me, young man.
 Would you buy an apple from an aging orchard keeper?

Leonard: Sure.

Witch: Is there something bothering you? Can I help?

Leonard: No, just give me my apple and leave me alone. (The witch
 mimes giving Leonard an invisible apple.) Hey, where's
 my apple?

Witch: Hold out your hand.

Leonard: Huh?

Witch: Can't you feel it?

Leonard: Yes, but I can't see it.

Witch: Just because you can't see something doesn't mean it
 isn't there. Take a bite.

Leonard: I guess it couldn't hurt.

Witch: (Exits.) Not so far in this play.

Leonard bites into the apple and the stage dims as a spotlight
hits. The curtains open with fog sifting out. Leonard falls
backwards onto the floor of an old English throne room.

Leonard: Hell of a bite to that apple. Where did it go? (He
 looks around as Maronday enters.)

Maronday: Aha! Stand, intruder.

Leonard: What?

Maronday: Who be thou?

Leonard: Whassa matter, fella? Having trouble with your lisp?

Maronday: I have asked who be thou.

Leonard: Who the hell are you?

Maronday: I be the knight serving His Majesty, the King of Angleland.

Leonard: Listen, dear friend with the broken grammar. England has a Queen, not a King. Nice clothes. Does your psychiatrist live around here?

Maronday: No King? Traitor! Thou be a spy for the Danish Queen.

Leonard: I understand, kimosabi. Let's find that psychiatrist's home, quickly.

Maronday: Who's?

Nicholas: (Entering behind Leonard) Ho, Maronday.

Maronday: Ho, Nicholas.

Leonard: Ho.

Nicholas: Ho.

Leonard: (To Maronday.) Ho.

Maronday: Ho.

Leonard: (To Maronday implying Nicholas.) Ho?

Maronday: Ho, Nicholas.

Nicholas: Ho, Maronday.

Maronday: (Stopping Leonard as he tries to sneak off.) Hold, villain.

Nicholas: Who be this?

Maronday: I believe I have captured a Danish spy, here in the castle.

Leonard: I'm confused, you're both knights?

Maronday: Aye.

Leonard: And you both serve this quaint King?

Maronday: Aye.

Leonard: Is everyone in this neighbourhood crazy?

Maronday: Draw arms to this man, he be malicious.

Leonard: But I am unarmed.

Nicholas: Friend, thy tongue may be thy sharpest weapon.

Leonard: Does everyone around here speak in platitudes?

Nicholas: Perchance we may receive a reward for his capture.

Maronday: Perchance I may be allowed to behead the wog.

Leonard: You want a reward? Here's ten dollars. Okay, twenty, ten each.

Maronday: Refuse the Dane's drawings. They bear no value here.

Nicholas: The we shall take him before the King.

Leonard: What King?

Nicholas: Good King Ethelred.

Leonard: Ethelred the Unready?

Maronday: Treason. Thou speak treason. Ethelred is a brave and courageous king, despite the rumours. Defend thyself, scum.

Leonard: Wait. I am not a Dane. Take me before Good King Ethelred and you'll see. He will give me his blessing. I am in his special favour.

Nicholas: How do we know thou be not lying?

Leonard: Only the king can help you there.

Maronday: It be a trick.

Nicholas: Maybe so, but we cannot be sure.

Leonard: So take me before the king. I have matters to attend to.

Nicholas: What matters?

Leonard: Good point.

Maronday: One does not see His Majesty without an appointment.

Leonard: Okay, take me before the King and I will give him what seems fit.

Nicholas: Pardon?

Leonard: I'm his tailor and must fit his seams.

Maronday: This be so confusing.

Leonard: All I can tell you is that I am only one allowed to relay this news to the King.

Nicholas: Then we shall place thou in an area of waiting until the King will accept thou.

Maronday: Perchance the dungeon.

Nicholas: Wait, I hear him. The King cometh.

Leonard: And I goeth. (Maronday and Nicholas turn and kneel to greet the King as Leonard tries to escape.)

Maronday: (Turning.) Sir, our deal! (Leonard looks over his shoulder at Maronday and tumbles into Marcus entering R.)

Leonard: Mark?

Maronday: Hold where thou be, welsher. (Maronday and Nicholas seize Leonard's arms and turn to greet the King. Ethelred, Emma, and Edward enter L.)

Edward: But father, can I not borrow the white stallion for a few hours?

Ethelred: Edward, have we not been over this before?

Maronday, Nicholas, and Marcus: Thy honour be ours.

Maronday: (To Leonard.) K[^]eel.

Leonard: (Kneeling.) Your Majesty, I have tried to serve thy cause but my duty was interrupted by the noble knights.

Ethelred: What cause? I have given thou no cause.

Leonard: Pick a cause, any cause. Rates are reasonable. In by nine, out by five.

Maronday: Knave.

Ethelred: Knives, Where?

Leonard: Sire, I have information for you.

Ethelred: Where are the knives?

Nicholas: There be none, sire.

Ethelred: Oh, well, what information?

Leonard: Sire, it is confidential.

Ethelred: My policy be for public ears. I be the King. (Everybody applauds except Leonard.)

Leonard: But it concerns your campaigns to the north and east. Is it still for public ears?

Ethelred: Aye, but let us talk about it over there.

Leonard: (Leading Ethelred away from the crowd.) Sire, I can go into the detail later, but I can rid you of the Danish terror.

Ethelred: Continue.

Emma: What be thou conspiring now, my husband? Come hither. Explain.

Ethelred: Yes, dearest. (To Leonard.) Thou be peculiar. Very peculiar. I will discuss this later. What be thy name?

Leonard: Leonard, sir.

Ethelred: Only Leonard?

Leonard: Please.

Ethelred: Very well, kneel. Maronday, thy sword. As no free man less a knight or servant may venture unescorted within the walls of this castle, henceforth, if only temporarily, I dub thou Sir Leonard from - where be thou from?

Leonard: From far away, sire.

Ethelred: Very well. I dub thou Sir Leonard the stranger from Far Away. (Everybody applauds but Maronday who is obviously not pleased.) All rise. My friend, thou do carry the King's blessing.

Leonard: Thank you, sire.

Ethelred: All may relax. I wish to speak to this man informally. (Emma and the knights sit on the benches. Marcus sits on the floor. Edward exits.) Where be this place know as Far Away?

Leonard: Sir, it isn't called Far Away.

Ethelred: Then should I dub thou again?

Leonard: No, from Far Away is fine.

Ethelred: Where be thou from?

Leonard: Um, okay. Where am I from? Let's see. (He sings.)
I'm from an island, I'm from the sky.
I'm from the highland;
I'm from the west, I'm from the very best.
I'm from the forest where trays sway and swoon.
I'm from the mountain crests that reach to the moon;
Alas, you can say, I'm simply from Far Away.

Leonard: I go where I venture and tackle adventure,
I'd tackle a foe if I may;
I laugh at danger but what's even stranger
I'm simply from Far Away.

Marcus: He's from Far Away.

Leonard: (Speaking.) He's from there, too. (Singing.)
We're from the flatlands, We're from the sea,
We're from the white sands.
We're from the farm,
We're full of northern charm;
We're from the river that flows to the east,
We're from the southern clip but to say the least
And put it one way, We're simply from Far Away.

I travel on spirit and happened to steer it
To drop me off here today.
To be at your bidding and help you in ridding
Whatever foe gets in your way.

But then in it all wherever I fall
I've come to know that they will say
Through the course of history this man of mystery
Simply was from Far Away.

Leonard and Marcus: We're from Far Away. (Song ends.)

Emma: (Interrupting.) Enough games, Red. I want an
explanation. I be very confused.

Ethelred: Aye, of course, dearest. (To Leonard.) As a knight and
advocate of the King, enjoy my home, but do not abuse the
hospitality. (All bow as Ethelred and Emma exit L.)

Maronday: Enough courtesy. Be on thy guard, friend. I shall haunt
thy every step and thy clandestine ways shall reveal
themselves in time.

Maronday and Nicholas exit R. As Leonard and Marcus begin to talk,
Mary and her Handmaiden enter. The Handmaiden picks up a dollar
and offers it to Mary.

Leonard: What a bunch of kooks.

Marcus: I know.

Leonard: You are the Mark I think you are, aren't you?

Marcus: Aye, I be the Mark who did try to steal Angela from thou.

Leonard: Don't mention her name.

Marcus: After so many months it still be bothering thou?

Leonard: The word is "is". Damn it. And I just left her not even an hour ago.

Marcus: Amazing.

Leonard: What?

Marcus: I left home five months after you, and still did manage to get here a year earlier.

Leonard: Seventeen months. That means you know what happened to Angela after I left.

Marcus: Never mind. I don't want to talk about that witch.

Mary: A witch. She must be burned, this Angela.

Leonard: She's not a witch.

Marcus: Oh yes she is.

Leonard: Regardless, she lives very far from here.

Mary: Oh.

Leonard: I'm confused, Mark. Why do you call her a witch?

Mary: How quaint. Thou do call this clown Mark?

Leonard: That is his real name.

Mary: What be this drawing? (Marcus realizes the Handmaiden is alone and flirts.)

Leonard: Ten bucks, um, currency.

Mary: And what be ten bucks worth?

Leonard: About two burgers and a shake at the E diner.

Mary: Pardon me.

Leonard: You know, you remind me of a waitress there.

Mary: I be not a waitress. I am a princess. (Pause) What be a waitress?

Leonard: Oh, yeah, I guess you would call them wench - I mean charming individuals.

Mary: Then I be charming?

Leonard: Yes, and pretty.

Mary: I blush for thy compliment and stay for thy company.

Leonard: Pardon?

Mary: Handmaiden, leave us. (The Handmaiden leaves and Marcus follows.)

Marcus: See you around, Leo.

Leonard: Sure, I'll probably be here looking for an invisible apple.

Marcus: Suit yourself.

Leonard: You say you are a princess, yet you are not as loony as the others.

Mary: Loony?

Leonard: You know, mixed up, um, weird, eccentric.

Mary: Oh, eccentric. No. My position be merely a title. I shall always be a princess. A showpiece on my father's or brother's arm, or a gift to a foreign prince for political favour.

Leonard: You belong in another place and time. One more real to me.

Mary: This place be real.

Leonard: Somehow, I know this place is as real as you are a woman, beautiful and sweet, but you could not begin to understand. Please excuse me. (He takes Mary's hand and looks into her eyes.) I'm sorry. I've got to go. (He exits.)

Mary: We shall meet again. I have never felt as I do now. I do not seem ill, yet could I be because of a man? I have not seen the likes of one like him here before. What has he done to me? Be this love? I wonder.

Edward: (Entering) Thy pardon, Mary. Why be thou sitting alone? Come, walk with the future King.

Mary: Perchance later.

Edward: Thy pardon again, but thou did say not to me. Explain thyself.

Mary: I shall not. Thou could not understand. Did thou ever want for anyone beside thyself?

Edward: How dare thou speak to me in such an uncultured tongue. I shall report thou to our parents.

Mary: Sapling!

Edward: What?

Mary: Some future King. He reports his cruel sister to his mother. (Edward turns and slaps Mary's face. He takes a quick moment to gloat then she slaps him back.)

Edward: How dare thou!

Mary: I still be older, little brother. Honour thy position. (She exits.)

Edward: What has affected her? She acts so strange. Perchance she has met the stranger and he did this. What powers has he to turn my sister against me. And what of his secret discussions with my father? Perchance he be trying to undermine me and take over the kingdom. I do

not like this stranger at all. I must prepare a letter for my friend Avenard. (Calling L.) Marcus! Where be that cringing wretch? Marcus!

Marcus: (Entering R.) Behind thou, sire.

Edward: Bid me a messenger, bid him to deliver an important message and bid him come hither prithee.

Leonard: (Entering.) Sold to the highest bidder.

Edward: Peculiar. Marcus, go, do my bidding.

Leonard: Wait, Mark. I was sent by the King.

Edward: His Majesty the King.

Leonard: His Majesty the King to have you accompany me into town.

Edward: To town? But how?

Leonard: On His Majesty the King's white stallion.

Edward: White stallion!

Marcus: (To Edward.) Sire, prepare thy message and I shall hire a messenger in town. Leo, go upstairs to the third floor, seventh room on the left and fetch some decent clothes.

Edward: I shall hire my own messenger.

Leonard: And I intend to wear my own clothes. (Leonard and Edward cross in front of Marcus and exit on opposite sides of the stage.)

Marcus: Marcus do this! Marcus do that! Clown, amuse me. (He exits as the curtain closes. Avenard appears in the audience with letters in his hand.)

Avenard: Behold, my friends, all that be beauteous around me. To think that I be the master of such trinkets. Oh, the shame of imagining that not a thing may my beauty overthrow in my own vanity. And the damsels know it. See the many messages they send to me. I need not reveal

the drivel to my eyes. Each wishes to marry the black knight and bear his child. Innocent wenches. Lucky me. Lo, here be a scribe from the castle. Hmmm.

Noble Sir Avenard, A new stranger has gained my father's confidence and become a menace to me. I wish him gone but any plot must remain secretive. Grant me a quick death to this villain and not only shall thy reward be bountiful, but I shall place thou in my highest recommendations. Blah, blah, blah, blah. Signed, Prince Edward.

I must note this, a newcomer in the castle who worries the prince. The prince has a very strong displacement towards his father's, shall we say, attitude. I shall meet this stranger and pay homage to him as my sword meets his flesh. (Avenard exits and the witch enters in front of the curtain.)

Witch: I see we have ourselves a keener lurking about. I underestimated Leonard. I watched as he and Marcus went into town and the bugger tried to outsmart me. He predicted Halley's Comet based on the old fable of it being an omen to King Harold when he was, or will be defeated by William the Conqueror in 1066. I guess all he had to do then was subtract 76 years. Well, this isn't Africa, you know. I'm pretty sure these people have seen a comet before, or at least understand it's insignificance. That simpleton. Well, I fixed them, anyway. I stole their horses. Heh, heh.

(The curtain opens and Leonard and Marcus enter the throne room very tired. Mary and the Handmaiden are sitting there talking.)

Mary: Lord, what happened?

Marcus: We ventured into town and were set upon by highwaymen and thieves.

Mary: Oh?

Marcus: At least twenty of them. (He exits.)

Leonard: Give or take a few.

Mary: But, how be thou?

Leonard: Actually, there were no highwaymen and thieves. We simply misplaced the horses while walking in town.

Mary: The King does no worry about a few horses.

Leonard: Including his white stallion.

Handmaiden: My God. Thou should flee. Go thou to Normandy or France. Go to Scotland or Spain.

Leonard: Okay, I'm going.

Mary: Where?

Leonard: To collapse.

Mary: Handmaiden, fetch Leonard some food and water.

Handmaiden: Aye, Ma'am. (She exits.)

Mary: I shall talk with my father and all shall be well.

Leonard: Thank you, but no. I cannot let you take the wrap for me.

Mary: Wrap, like sealing a package?

Leonard: No, like sealing your own fate.

Mary: I do not understand.

Leonard: Don't worry. I will tell the king myself.

(Edward enters pulling at Ethelred's sleeve.)

Edward: But father, come to the window and see. Peasants be storming the castle. They be chanting "Long live the Messiah."

Ethelred: Forget the chant. What arms do they bear?

Maronday: (Entering.) They bear no arms, Sire.

Leonard: No arms?

Maronday: Aye.

Leonard: Then how do they eat?

Ethelred: Who be this Messiah? Why did I not meet him?

Nicholas: (Entering.) I believe thou has, sire. Sir Leonard, did thou go into town last eve?

Leonard: (Meekly.) Yes.

Nicholas: Behold the Messiah who causes stars to fall from the sky and banish the demons that possess it. Behold, Sir Leonard the Stranger. (Everyone bows to Leonard. Leonard takes the King's arm and tries to lift him.)

Leonard: Your Majesty, would a Messiah lose your white stallion?

Ethelred: Pardon?

Leonard: I lost your horse in town last night.

Ethelred: I shall find another. (He weeps.)

Nicholas: (To Maronday) See how the King weeps. Such pomp be overwhelming.

Maronday: Methinks it be the horse.

Nicholas: Oh?

Leonard: Please, get up.

Nicholas: But, Thy Holiness. The peasants are witness to thou commanding the stars to dance in the sky.

Leonard: Nah, it's just a comet. Hiding behind all this typical English weather for weeks. I saw it before.

Maronday: Did I not say he be a crock. (He and Nicholas exit.)

Ethelred: Well, I guess I may never meet a Saviour now.

Leonard: I should have kept my big mouth shut.

Mary: I still do believe.

Leonard: Why?

Mary: Oh, how thou do embarrass me. (She exits.)

Edward: Father, what shall we tell the peasants.

Ethelred: Placate them. Tell them that the Messiah be a guest of the King. What do I care what the peasants think?

(The Handmaiden returns with Leonard's food and water. This distracts Edward.)

Handmaiden: Sir Leonard, thy breakfast.

Leonard: Later, thanks. Sire, those peasants be people too.

Ethelred: Aye, but to have the peasants believe all is well in the kingdom is to have a secure kingdom.

Leonard: But what of the threat of the Danes?

Ethelred: What threat?

Leonard: On your coasts.

Ethelred: I collect great taxes to support a massive defense force in those areas.

Leonard: Sire, may I be direct?

Ethelred: Aye, I guess.

Leonard: Aren't you actually using the tax dollars to placate the Danes and keep them from invading? Bribe money.

Ethelred: How can thou know this?

Leonard: Regardless. Here's what you're going to do. Have a Viking tribune deliver a message to his monarch warships, we suggest that he have the son of a banished convict in Greenland set sail to find a land so rich and bountiful that payment would be far exceeded. Details will be disclosed upon agreement with our terms, or something to that effect.

Ethelred: But, if this land be so bountiful, should I not claim it for my empire?

Leonard: No. See the natives are very hostile, and besides, you could not attempt to finance the ordeal with the Danes on your doorstep. With time even the Vikings will fail in this endeavour.

Ethelred: Then they will break this agreement.

Leonard: Sure, in ten or twenty years when you have saved much money and trained an army of worthy soldiers.

Ethelred: Methinks I understand. I will consider this plan, but for now, I must be off for breakfast. (He exits.)

Leonard: Must be off is an understatement.

Edward sees Ethelred leave and realizes he missed the entire conversation. He exits.

Leonard: (Seeing the Handmaiden.) Thank you. (The Handmaiden bows and exits as the witch enters wearing a hood, and Leonard doesn't recognize her.) May I help you?

Witch: Howdy, honey.

Leonard: (Relieved.) You.

Witch: You know, you're quite a pain. You and your revolutionary ideas. I only wanted you to meet your hero. A coward. There's nothing noble about him. I thought you might learn something but you're only making things too complicated. Well, I'm sending you back.

Leonard: Nah, not interested.

Witch: What about Angela?

Leonard: She doesn't love me. Loving her is easier from this far away. She can't hurt me anymore.

Witch: Regardless, you're going back. Hang on. (Nothing happens.) Damn, why didn't that one work?

Crede: (Entering.) Probably because he doesn't want to go back.

Witch: But my subjects have never had any choice before.

Crede: This one is different. The Chairman wants you see this one through.

Leonard: Who?

Crede: The Chairman of the Board of Interpergatorial Conduct and Activities.

Leonard: Say that three times quickly.

Crede: Well, good luck, Grenelda. (He exits.)

Leonard: Grenelda?

Witch: You want a fat lip?

Leonard: See you around, Grenelda. If you need me I'll be roaming the castle somewhere.

Witch: You've got to give me a hand.

Leonard claps. The witch exits, disgusted. Marcus enters.

Marcus: Leonard, there you are. Where have you been?

Leonard: Hey, you're speaking my English again.

Marcus: I've been practicing for the last three weeks. I was beginning to believe that you skipped the country.

Leonard: What? Three weeks?

Marcus: Odd. Anyway, upon his arrival, I must inform the King that you're back.

Leonard: But, I was just talking to him a minute ago.

Marcus: Yeah, right. And when the King ran around looking for you ranting about some grand plan to chase off the Danes you were right here. Well, he couldn't wait anymore and went without you. Mind you, he took half the castle guards, but he really wanted you by his side.

Leonard: The witch came back and must have tossed me through time.

Marcus: Sure, I don't see any witches for a year and your makes regular house calls.

Leonard: She's a lying pig, anyway.

Marcus: You know, the King was hysterical when he was trying to find you. He said he had sent some letter to the Viking King and needed you to fill him in on the rest of the plan. Oh, and what's been going on between you and the princess?

Leonard: Nothing, why?

Marcus: She's been moping since you left and ignoring Maronday, and the prince won't talk to her at all. He's had some hired gun roaming the castle with him for some time now.

Leonard: Oh, boy.

Marcus: Anyway, when the King returns, I shall tell him you're back. (He exits.)

Leonard: Three weeks. That bag can throw me around with just her presence. Oh, well. (He exits.)

Edward and Avenard enter from the other side.

Edward: There he be now. I knew he would return.

Avenard: He does not look to be a champion.

Edward: Who said he was?

Avenard: Well, I supposed...then why do thou need me?

Edward: I do not kill. I hire assassins, and then only the best assassins.

Avenard: I be the best.

Edward: Then thou shall kill him?

Avenard: No.

Edward: Why not?

Avenard: I, too, have pride.

Edward: And how much money rules pride?

Avenard: No amount.

Edward: Power?

Avenard: Aye, with power there be no need for pride. The King be a fine example of much power with little pride.

Edward: I shall promise thou land and armies to command under my rule.

Avenard: Deal. I shall duel with the knave.

Edward: Good.

Avenard: I shall have a challenge delivered to him. Let us go prepare one.

As they exit, the curtains close and Mary is pulling Leonard across the stage in front of the curtain.

Mary: Be it not peaceful here?

Leonard: Yes, it is. But shouldn't we be getting back to meet your father when he returns?

Mary: (Running to an imaginary bush.) This be my special haven. (She sits.) Come, join me. Please. (Leonard does.) Whenever I feel happy I come here to be free, and whenever I feel sad I come here to be alone. Today, I came here to be with thou.

Leonard: I'm flattered.

Mary: I be ashamed of my boldness, but I think I love thou.

Leonard: You must know that I do not feel the same way.

Mary: I be not good enough for the Son of God? I dreadfully feared so.

Leonard: Maybe you're not good enough for the Son of God but you are more than good enough for me.

Mary: Then what be the matter?

Leonard: I could learn to love you, I know, but not so soon as to forget what Angela did to me.

Mary: What be stupid be remorse for the actions of a witch. Did she not cast a spell on you?

Leonard: She's not a witch, besides, you are a princess. I could never have you.

Mary: I be a woman in love with thou. Thou be a knight in my father's realm. I see no immediate obstacles.

Leonard: I have very few possessions.

Mary lean over and kisses Leonard, withdraws, then begins a more passionate kiss.

Mary: How be that?

Leonard: Um, uh, I...did we have a song we were supposed to sing there?

Witch: (Entering.) You're damned right you did. You forgot the love song.

Mary: Oh-oh.

Witch: Never mind. Actors! Best damned song in the show. Sheesh! Curtain! (She exits.) Sometimes being a liberal director is for the...

The curtain opens and Ethelred arrives R, Edward L.

Ethelred: Good day, all.

Leonard: Welcome back, Your Majesty. Hi, Eddie.

Mary: Father, how was thy journey?

Ethelred: It went well but I must convince Leonard to accompany me back, now that he did return and together we shall complete the contract.

Leonard: Then my plan worked?

Ethelred: Aye, the Vikings say that pillaging the Isles be not very challenging anymore. They be eager to attempt the conquest of a new land.

Edward: Father, how long will thou be gone this time?

Ethelred: We shall leave tomorrow morning for two days.

Leonard: Very good, sire.

Mary: Father, may I speak with thou of a personal matter?

Ethelred: Of course, my princess.

Mary and Ethelred exit as Edward begins to talk and Avenard enters.

Edward: Sir Leonard, what contract?

Leonard: Don't worry about it.

Edward: But I be the heir to the throne, should I not know?

Leonard: Nope.

Edward: Then may I introduce Sir Avenard, the Black Knight.

Avenard: Sir, I wish to challenge thou to a duel.

Leonard: No, thanks.

Avenard: I be most insistent, sire. (He draws his sword.)

Leonard: (Turning.) Go play in the moat.

Edward. Do it today. Do it now.

Avenard: Sir, one may not refuse a challenge from the Black Knight.

Leonard: I'd be stupider to fight.

Avenard: Be thou prepared. Defend thyself.

Leonard: With what?

Avenard: Use thy initiative.

Edward draws a knife and corrals Leonard as Avenard begins to attack. While Avenard thrusts, Leonard falls just as Maronday races up to confront Avenard. Nicholas follows as Edward drops his knife and Avenard runs off.

Leonard: Thank you.

Maronday: Twas not mercy. The King needs thou alive and I abide by my benefactor. This be the best job around.

Ethelred and Mary run on as Marcus and Emma enter from the other side. The Handmaiden arrives carrying a tray.

Ethelred: What did happen?

Maronday: The Prince and the Black Knight, Avenard, did try to kill Sir Leonard. I intervened.

Ethelred: Leonard, where be thy sword?

Leonard: I have none.

Ethelred: (To Edward.) For shame. Assaulting an unarmed man. I did not raise my son to be a coward.

Edward: Father, would thou believe the word of a stranger over that of thy own son.

Ethelred: I believe what be truth, and this were most sinister.

Edward: (Outraged.) Then I be a common liar. I be not deserving of the throne. Be I not thy son? Nay, I be orphaned.

Ethelred: So be it. Thou be not my son but a common liar. My only heir be my daughter, Mary. She shall become the queen.

Edward: Father!

Ethelred: My word be final.

Edward sits down in a state of shock as Ethelred approaches Leonard and addresses everybody.

Ethelred: I have been in counsel with the Viking monarch and so much has been happening in my absence that I be overwhelmed. My land, my children, my subjects. Leonard, thou do create remarkable situations for them, and today, for this we shall rejoice. Angleland shall be free because of thee. (He sings.)

Angleland shall be free because of thee.
Danemark must renounce this land to me;
It shall be a festive occasion, something to be seen,
I shall run the freest Angleland that has ever been.

An army shall parade through city streets.
Receiving homage from all that it meets;
Our soldiers shall return back home quite a joyful lot
Shouting praises to a king who'll never be forgot.
Angleland shall be free because of thee.

Emma and Mary (Singing.):

Angleland shall be free because of thee,
Our subjects shall now sleep nights peacefully;
The men will return to the farms, the women's woes be eased.

Ethelred: Angleland shall now thrive under a king so pleased.
And I shall sit proud on my throne this eve.
In countless many splendour, I believe;
I'll know that I'm a good king and guaranteed from me
I shall not forget that I have loved a man as thee.

All: (Singing, except Leonard.) Angleland shall be free because of thee.

Ethlered: (Speaking.) Hear me. I have been granted with the omniscient wisdom of a great man known as Messiah to his people and called advocate by his King. I have recently terminated the succession of my only son, and heir, and have now learned of the love of my daughter for this man. She shall be the queen and with Leonard as her husband, after the wedding he shall be the successor to my throne. Leonard, Angleland shall be free because of thee.

(Singing.) Angleland shall be free because of thee.

Leonard: (Singing.) Angleland shall be free because of me?

All: (Singing, except Leonard and Edward.) Angleland shall be free because of thee.

Curtain closes.

Act 2

Witch: Well, things have certainly mushroomed, haven't they? Anyway, I have brought a history book to help me with the answers and you know what, it's useless. Listen to this. King Ethelred was born in the year 968. This is supposed to be 991. That little old man is only 23 years old. Edward won't be born for another eleven years. There's no mention of a Princess Mary anywhere, and, come to mention it, Sirs Avenard, Maronday, and Nicholas don't warrant mention either. Ethelred will pay the Danegold well into the next millennium, and Danemark has a King despite popular belief. Maybe I should have invested in a script after all. Stupid book. Stupider actors.

Well, I guess all we can do is venture onward and upward. History is useless. Thank God you're all theatre patrons and non Medieval trivia buffs.

One more thing, Leonard can in no way accept the King's offer. His existence outside of his own time would be too much for history to absorb, let alone his realm. Somehow, I have to get him out of there. Oh, what to do?

The witch exits, the curtain opens and Mary and the Handmaiden are working on Mary's hair.

Mary: (Singing.) All the world be promising to me
It be due to what he does to me. (Speaking.) He will love me, you know.

Handmaiden: Yes, ma'am.

Mary: (Singing.) The reasons be just what I know,
He arrived a short while ago.
The flowers dance all in rhythm
While clouds parade in the blue. (Speaking.) And we shall be happy together.

Handmaiden: I be sure thou shall, ma'am.

Mary: (Singing.) The animals bow their heads to him.
And I bow my head in thanks, too.

Maronday and Nicholas enter. Nicholas will flirt with the Handmaiden while Maronday talks with Mary.

Maronday: What be thou doing?

Mary: Contemplating.

Maronday: Contemplating, or conspiring. Trying to invent new, exotic ways to hurt me more.

Mary: How do I hurt thee?

Maronday: By planting the seeds of jealousy, despair, hatred. I have given thou full knowledge of my love and thou do spite it back at me.

Mary: Thou do believe wrong, or is it wrongly? I be never sure of those adverbs. Thou be very noble and command much admiration, I have given these to thou.

Maronday: Then why give thou thine heart to Sir Leonard?

Mary: Well, he be charming, gallant, mortal.

Maronday: I could kill thy peasant.

Mary: Aye, and sign thy own death warrant. He be the heir apparent to the throne.

Maronday: Remember, time may be my ally and I be not as foolish as thy brother. I shall have my revenge on Sir Leonard. M'lady. (He exits.)

Nicholas: Do not worry, thy Majesty. I shall do what I can.

Handmaiden: But what about the midnight swim.

Nicholas blushes and exits as the curtains close. Avenard and Edward enter.

Edward: I do not believe we did come so close to now be so far. Imbecile! (Avenard draws his sword.) Okay, thou be not an imbecile. What now?

Avenard: That be obvious. We kill Sir Leonard. Before the wedding, of course, so his kin may not make claim to the throne. Afterward, we shall assassinate the King, and Mary shall flee, then the populace shall proclaim thou King.

Edward: But, how?

Avenard: My methods be quick, precise, and flawless.

Edward: Were that not the plan last time?

Avenard: Quiet, knave.

Edward: I be a prince, not a knave.

Avenard: Was a prince, now a knave.

Edward: Resent that remark.

Avenard: Why, I speak the truth, brat.

Edward: Treason. What thou speak be treason.

Avenard: So what will thou do, run to father? Thou be an orphan.
(Edward turns away and pouts.) Good, now that we see
things the same, we may work as one mightier force.

Edward: Have we a plan?

Avenard: Aye. Tomorrow, as they march to the Estate of Lord
Atleroy to meet the Vikings, we shall attack them as
highwaymen. I shall have forces to distract any guards.
By nightfall Leonard and the King be dead.

Edward: We shall hide our faces?

Avenard: Masks.

Edward: We shall have swift horses?

Avenard: The fastest.

Edward: We shall have lofty swords?

Avenard: The mightiest.

Edward: It shall be without flaw?

Avenard: Of course.

Edward: No.

Avenard: What!

Edward: I did promise thou many comforts. I shall not bloody my own hands.

Avenard: Very well, peasant. Be off with thou to dirty thy hands in the untamed earth. Be off to sweat and toil in the fields and streets. Be off to live with the rats and the riff raff.

Edward: (Humbly.) I shall do it.

Avenard: Pardon, thy Majesty?

Edward: We shall not fail in this mission?

Avenard: Long live King Edward.

Edward: (Meekly.) Long live King Edward.

The curtain opens as Avenard exits and Leonard enters to remain on the opposite side of the stage from Edward. Ethelred is in the throne room.

Ethelred: (Singing.) Hear me, Lord,
My people are thine.
Those who follow thee obey me.

Leonard: (Singing.) I can't believe all this could be.

Edward: (Singing.) Someday I shall be King, my word will become law.

Edward and Ethelred: Come mountains and come forests, bow before me.

Ethelred: I be the highest, most covenant man in all the land I see,

Leo & Edward: Come the day

All Three: I am His Majesty.

Edward & Ethelred: My throne depends on two other men around me.

Leonard: I don't really think it matters.

Edward: My kingdom be in peril with their presence.

Ethelred: My successor shall become a mighty man.

Leonard: I'd rather be back home out on the lake fishing, yet

Leonard & Edward: Someday

All Three: I am/will be the king.

Edward: I be the true successor to the throne.

Ethelred: My world be now at peace and be my own;

Leonard: Just give me a late night movie, one that can't be beat;

Ethelred: I be the greatest man that thou shall ever meet,

Edward: I shall be the greatest man that thou shall ever meet,

Leonard: It is all very strange, but that's another thing for

Leonard & Edward: Someday

All Three: I am/will be the king.

Ethelred: I be the protector,

Leonard: I'll be the resurrector,

Edward: I shall be the tax collector;

All Three: The world shall be a stage for me to run and tell
the players when they're done.

Witch: (Crossing the stage to Leonard, speaking) Guess again,
boys.

Leonard: It's not quite what I want but it's okay by me.

Leonard & Edward: Come the day

All Three: I am His Majesty.

As the curtain closes on Ethelred and Edward exits, the witch
addresses Leonard.

Witch: I have to talk to you about that.

Leonard: About what?

Witch: You cannot become the king.

Leonard: Why not?

Witch: You just can't. It would change history.

Leonard: Do you think I care right now? You stranded me here and I intend to make the best of it. I have a chance to do a lot of people a lot of good and I intend to take advantage of the opportunity. I'm just another nobody in the future.

Witch: And what of Angela?

Leonard: I have that cased already. She's in the future forgetting about me. My being here is best for both of us. Now, maybe, we can get our heads on straight.

Witch: Damn you, you can't.

Leonard: I can and I will. (He exits.)

Angela enters on the other side of the stage and the witch, noticing her, gets excited and exits.

Witch: Oh, Crede. Come here. I have a great idea.

Angela: Can you see what I'm wearing? Oh, Leo, wherever you are, have a look. It's your favourite colour. I know you love blue. What do you think? Oh, Leo. I'm lost, you know.

Crede: (Entering dressed as a boy scout): Courteous and polite? Considerate? Damn, how did that manual put it? (To Angela.) Good evening ma'am. Would you like to buy an apple to support Boy Scouts.

Angela: Well, aren't we up a little late?

Crede: I want to sell enough to win a compass.

Angela: Okay, is a quarter enough?

Crede: Yes, thank you.

Angela drops the apple in her purse.

Crede: What are you doing?

Angela: Saving it for later.

Crede: You can't do that.

Angela: Why not?

Crede: It might rot in that dark purse.

Angela: Nonsense.

Crede begins crying as the witch enters dressed as a Scout leader.

Witch: Sammy, what's the matter?

Angela: You have a strange boy, Ma'am.

Crede kicks Angela in the shin, she recoils. The witch steals another apple from his basket.

Witch: All right, young man. No more Boy Scout today, and you can forget that compass. Now run along. (Crede exits.) Please, don't report him. He's a very troubled child. Here. Good evening. (She exits.)

Angela: But I don't want another apple. Oh, well.

Angela exits and the witch and Crede enter.

Witch: Now we'll see a show.

Crede: How's that?

Witch: Trust me.

Crede: But the second apple, is that to get Leonard back home?

Witch: No.

Crede: Then what if someone gets a hold of it?

Witch: Believe me, someone will.

They exit and Mark/Marcus enters from the same side of the stage that Angela left. He is carrying a bag of groceries.

Mark: (Setting the groceries down.) To think that I thought to have tonight planned out. What a mistake. Listen to this, Angie was supposed to come over at eight. A candlelight dinner, a night of fun and frolic followed by wine and dance and nothing but the closeness of two bodies. Then, Kismet. Instead, nothing. She stands me up. Her boyfriend, Leonard, disappears from the face of the earth five months ago and I teach her that it's all right to cry. Well, that got me nothing. Tonight would have changed all of that. Women, sheesh. (Angela enters still hobbling.) Angie, babe, where were you?

Angela: At your house. You weren't there.

Mark: I gave up after a few hours of waiting and went to the midnight mini-mart.

Angela hands him the apple and looks at her watch.

Angela: See, eight fifteen.

Mark: Angie, it's after eleven, but don't worry, we can still make a night of it.

Angela: No, it's getting late and I think I'll go home and nurse this bum leg.

Mark: But, Angie.

Angela: Poor baby.

Mark: Don't you "poor baby" me.

Angela: Don't you tell me what to do.

Mark: Just forget everything. Go home to your dismal apartment and pine over your dear lost Leonard.

Angela: Yeah, well, may the world be rid of you for all I care. (She exits.)

Mark: Ha. May the world be rid of me for all you care, be damned. That would be it's loss. (Mark bites into the apple and the curtains open enough to let him into the fog then close again. The witch enters and looks at the groceries.)

Witch: Hey, Crede. Break out the barbecue. Looks like hot dogs for dinner tonight.

(The witch exits and the curtains open to Ethelred in the throne room. Leonard enters.)

Ethelred: Leonard, I bid thou to come hither, prithee.

Leonard: I should hurry, right?

Ethelred: That be what I did say. Still, we be three hours behind and we have yet to mount the horses.

Leonard: What happens, sire, if we do not meet the Vikings at Atleroy?

Ethelred: They would burn down the estate, and go rampaging through the countryside.

Leonard: And if I don't have all the answers?

Ethelred: Then they would burn down the estate, flog us, and still go rampaging through the countryside.

Leonard: Do I have to go?

Ethelred: May I impart upon thou a secret? I be very afraid, too, Leonard. Still, there does come a time in each life when one must forsake his fears and doubts and do what be right.

Leonard: Let's go forsaking, then, and be done with it.

Marcus and Nicholas enter.

Nicholas: Sire, bid the Vikings thy apologies. The weather looks very ominous.

Ethelred: But said messenger would be sent to his death.

Leonard: How about if I go alone, sire?

Ethelred: But how?

Leonard: They only need me, sire. You have done your part. I shall lead the party to Atleroy.

Ethelred: By the time they identify thou it may be too late.

Nicholas: I shall accompany Leonard, sire. The Vikings would recognize me from before.

Ethelred: Sir Nicholas, thou do have a good idea. I would much prefer to attend to matters here in the castle. Clown, thou shall go along with them. I shall have no need of thy services for a few days.

Marcus: Well, Leo. I guess I'm yours.

Ethelred: Besides, if this plan does fail, humour maybe our only escape.

Leonard: Well, let's get this over with.

Ethelred: May the Lord's blessing and mine see thou through this noble endeavour. Godspeed, my friends.

Marcus: (To Leonard.) I'd trade ten of his blessings for a good rifle.

Leonard: Me too.

Edward enters wearing an apron and holding a ragged cloth as Leonard, Marcus and Nicholas exit.

Ethelred: Good luck, my friends. May the eyes of a thousand hawks and the strength of ten thousand troops commend thou.

Edward: Father, where be they going?

Ethelred: Thy Majesty to thou. They be going to meet the Vikings at Atleroy.

Edward: But thou....

Ethelred: The weather looks to be too treacherous for a man of my temperament.

Edward: (Disappointed.) Yes, sire. (He exits.)

Ethelred: I still do love thou as my own son, but that be no longer rational. Thou would become a terrible king.

The curtain closes and the witch enters carrying her text book.

Witch: I might tend to disagree with the old crow. Here, a bit more history to consider. Ethelred became king because his mother, Elfrida, killed his step-father, King Edward the Martyr, and Ethelred ruled from 978 to 1013, when the Danes forced him to flee. The throne was in chaos and controlled by the Danes until Prince Edward was invited to return from exile in 1042 and finally rule. He devoted so much of his time and energy into the church that he became known as Edward the Confessor. So, Ethelred, not only will your son become king, but he will be a very good king. By the way, Edward died in 1066 - a very special time in English history and the year a great star fell from the sky once more.

The witch exits L as Leonard enters R pulling Nicholas who has his sword in hand. Nicholas is trying to get back into the fight. Marcus enters throwing juggling balls offstage.

Leonard: Come on, get a grip.

Marcus: Look, they are leaving us alone.

Nicholas: Thou may let go of me now.

Leonard: Boy, when the celebrate a contract, they really celebrate.

Marcus: I never thought I'd be partying with real Vikings.

Nicholas: Let us return and convey our good news to His Majesty.

Leonard: Good idea, and thank you for protecting us. Is there anyway I can thank you?

Nicholas: Let me be thy ally. Thou shall be a good king and I would like to commend my duty to thou when the time comes.

Leonard: Deal.

Marcus: Success. Let us join the others and go home.

Leonard: Good idea.

They exit L and the curtain opens to reveal Ethelred, Maronday, Mary, and the Handmaiden in the throne room. Edward runs on.

Edward: Father! I mean sire, father. The guards report horses approaching from the west.

Ethelred: Really? Let us see.

He, Edward and Maronday go to the window as Angela hobbles on in her blue dress.

Mary: Dear Lord, please let one of the riders be Leonard.

Angela: What's happening?

Mary: (Embarrassed.) Oh, thy pardon. What be happening? We be awaiting the return of my betrothed, Sir Leonard.

Angela: I nearly married a Leonard once.

Mary: Who be thou?

Angela: My friends call me Angie.

Mary: Be Angie thy Christian name?

Angela: Well, it's short for Angela. And you're...

Mary: The witch! Angela! Save me! Save me!

Angela: What?

Mary: Save me! A witch! Get thou behind me, Satan.

Maronday and Edward run over and grab Angela as the Handmaiden takes Angela's purse and dumps out the contents.

Handmaiden: Look! Potions, powders, and many other strange devices.

Maronday: Sire, we did capture a witch here in the castle. May we burn her?

Ethelred: Sir Maronday, this be circumstantial evidence and we be a civilized kingdom. Madam, be thou a witch?

Angela: No, of course not.

Ethelred: Then we must have a trial. sir Maronday, take this lady to a place of holding and convince her of her Satanic prowess.

Maronday and Edward escort Angela off. Mary collects the contents of Angela's purse together as she speaks with Ethelred.

Ethelred: Be thou all right?

Mary: (In tears.) Father, she did say her name be Angela.

Ethelred: The Angela.

Mary: I believe so. (She hands the Handmaiden the purse.) Dispose of this.

Handmaiden: As you wish, m'lady.

Ethelred: Do not fear. Soon she will be burned and all of this will come to pass.

Mary: She be so pretty. Father, how can one so pretty be so evil?

Ethelred: Shhh.

Leonard, Marcus, and Nicholas enter in high spirits.

Leonard: Good evening, sire. We bring good news from Atleroy. The Vikings have agreed to our terms and the Danes shall be a bother no more. Sire, aren't you pleased?

Ethelred: Pardon?

Leonard: What's wrong?

Ethelred: Nothing be wrong, now. It be over. Sir Nicholas, clown, come. Tell me of thy adventures. (They exit.)

Leonard: Mary, what's the king talking about?

Mary: Um, the waiting. Aye, the waiting be over.

Leonard: Then why aren't you happy?

Mary: Leonard, would thou be happy spending all eternity loving me?

Leonard: With time, I'm sure there'll be no doubt.

Mary: I love you. Did I say it correctly?

Leonard: Yes, and I'm beginning to love you, too.

Mary: Oh, Leonard. I cannot hide the truth from thou. I have just met a witch.

Leonard: No such thing.

Mary: But, this witch be thy Angela.

Leonard: Angela is here?

Mary: Aye.

Leonard: But she isn't a witch.

Mary: We saw evidence of potions and Satanic devices in her bag.

Leonard: Damn. Where is she?

Mary: In the dungeon.

Leonard: Damn you. Damn all of you!

Mary runs off crying and the witch enters. As they talk the curtains close behind them.

Leonard: Mary, wait!

Witch: No good.

Leonard: You demon. Condemn an innocent girl to die for your deeds.

Witch: It isn't what you think.

Leonard: What am I supposed to do now?

Witch: Well, to start with, you have a young lady that needs you to save her. They're convinced she is a witch and her trial was a travesty.

Leonard: Was?

Witch: I saved you the heartache of attending. She burns at noon tomorrow.

Leonard: No.

Witch: Make up your mind, Leonard. What do you want in life? Remember, whatever you choose will rest with you forever.

The witch exits and Maronday enters towing Angela. Both are startled by Leonard's presence.

Maronday: A dungeon cell be a fitting place for thou Sir Leonard. I could make arrangements for one more permanent, or be it permanently. I be never sure. (He exits.)

Angela: Leo?

Leonard: Hi, Angie. Are you okay?

Angela: I don't think so.

Leonard: I don't know what to say.

Angela: Where am I?

Leonard: England. November third, in the year 991.

Angela: I'm so tired and so afraid. Have you been here long?

Leonard: Ever since the night I proposed to you.

Angela: Oh, Leo. Help me. (She fall asleep in his arms.)

Leonard: My God. What have they done to you? do you know I still love you? How could I tell you and make it so special. (He sings.)

If I tried to write you a love song
And said all the things I should say,
Would it be right? Could it be wrong?
What should I say? Where would I start?
Would the thoughts I relay come from deep in my heart?

If I tried to play you a love song,
Could I hum it the sweetest way?
Could I find some words for the tune and the thought?
Would I achieve this, and if I could not

Would I still sing you my love song?
In a beautiful voice if I may;
My song would be special, believe me, don't fear;
You know I believe you are special, my dear;
It would be the love song that I wrote for you,
And all it would say, in my own simple way,
Is that through thick and thin and whatever hardships
would begin, I'll always know that I love you.

If I could compose you a love song
Of what good would this be?
If I sang it so hard and felt every word
It wouldn't free you, it would seem absurd?
It would not help our cause nor carry no weight,
But wait,

If I were to give you my love song
It wouldn't be wrote just in vain
Because what it'd do is maybe help you through the pain,
Then again, if I were to,
I'd remind myself of how vast my love is for you;
Well, someday I'll write you a love song.

Maronday: (Entering.) Sire, the king wishes to speak with thou.

Leonard: (Quietly, to Angela as he lays down her head.) Don't worry. If we go, we go together. Not very reassuring, but my plan is a long shot. I love you.

Maronday and Leonard exit. Marcus enters a moment later and fumbles with some keys, then enters to Angela.

Marcus: I've stolen the king's pass key and replaced it with a wax one. C'mon, Angie. Get up. We won't get another chance. I'll just have to carry you. By this time tomorrow we'll be free of this hell and looking for a way home.

He carries Angela off and the curtains open. Ethelred and Emma are in the throne room.

Maronday: Sire.

Ethelred: Ah, Leonard. How be thou?

Leonard: Sire, I wish to appeal Angela's sentence.

Ethelred: Leonard, it were a fair trial. A true example of Angeland's social awareness.

Leonard: It was a lynching.

Ethelred: A what?

Leonard: Is there some way I can defend her honour?

Ethelred: There be only one way left, Leonard. But it requires a true heart and much strength.

Leonard: Okay.

Ethelred: To save a condemned witch, her champion must duel with the king's champion and defeat him.

Leonard: Fine, give me a sabre and let's go.

Ethelred: Come, Leonard, we be more civilized than that. I shall allow time for practice and preparation. The witch be slated to be burned at noon tomorrow. The duel shall commence one hour before noon.

Leonard: I'll be there. (He exits.)

Emma: See, Red. Now all thy problems be solved. Leonard shall no longer live and thou shall not have thy daughter chosen second to a condemned witch.

Ethelred: For him to rant as if we were so wrong and he were so common. I merely assist God with his work so he may have time for more important matters.

Emma: I know, dear. But, if thou be looking for a successor to the throne...

Ethelred: I shall speak with the boy later. (Emma exits.) I do thin I will reinstate Edward. Just as well to keep it in the family anyway.

Maronday: Sire, I wish to represent the people.

Ethelred: "Twould be a routing.

Maronday: Aye.

Ethelred: So be it.

Maronday: Thy thanks, sire. (He exits.)

Ethelred: I be sorry, Leonard, but I am becoming afraid of thou. Tomorrow, thou shall die a man's death. This be better than a death delivered from afar because of a king's cowardice. I guess I must be finding a new advocate, again.

The curtain closes and Nicholas enters in front, aghast.

Nicholas: My Lord. What a shock. Just now, in the fog, a tower guard noticed a person on the drawbridge carrying a large bundle. I ordered the party to halt and he began to run. The marksman shot and his arrow killed the man. His bundle were a women who fell in the moat and sank. They were identified as Marcus and the witch Angela. She sank. Witches don't sink, but she did. She could have been one.

Mary: (Entering.) Sir Nicholas, know thou where Leonard be?

Nicholas: Aye, searching for a sword to practice. Tomorrow he shall duel with Maronday for the honour of the witch.

Mary: Oh no, he shall lose.

Nicholas: Aye, and for nothing. The witch was just killed escaping.

Mary: We must tell him.

Nicholas: No. Maronday did say he would behead me if I let Leonard discover the truth.

Mary: No.

Nicholas: He would, too.

Avenard and the Handmaiden enter hugging and giggling.

Mary: Handmaiden!

Handmaiden: Good day, m'lady.

Nicholas: Avenard, friend, would thou consider a deal?

Avenard: What deal?

Nicholas: Tomorrow, Leonard and Maronday shall duel for the honour of the witch. Help him to learn to duel before the fight.

Avenard: Against Maronday, hmmm. In exchange for what?

Mary: Leonard shall never become king and I be in need of a new person with whom to vent my affection.

Avenard: Deal. I shall teach this man all that I can in such a short time, for thou, sweet princess.

Handmaiden: Humph! (She exits.)

Avenard: I shall enjoy watching Maronday sweat. (He exits.)

Mary: He shall still die in vain.

Nicholas: Aye, I know.

He escorts her off as the curtain opens. The throne room is elegantly decorated and Ethelred is on his throne talking to Maronday as the others slowly enter.

Ethelred: Be thou ready to commend thy duty, noble knight?

Maronday: I shall not fail thou, sire.

Emma and Edward enter.

Ethelred: Come and watch a noble man ;duel.

Emma: I come to see two men duel.

Edward: (Aside.) I came to watch that pain get lanced.

Mary: (Entering with the Handmaiden.) Father, how can thou let this duel commence when the witch be already dead?

Ethelred: I allow this match so Leonard shall fail and never know the pain of what his friends did to his love. All of his spite, and misery, and grief, shall never be.

Mary: But, it were an accident...

Ethelred: Enough said, Leonard comes.

Leonard and Avenard enter. Avenard joins Edward.

Mary: Leonard, do not fight.

Leonard: Sorry, Mary, I must.

Avenard: (Aside to Edward.) He shall be a worthy adversary. I taught him well and he learned quickly.

Leonard: Well, let's get this over with.

Everyone sits down as Ethelred rises. The witch and Crede enter behind everyone else.

Ethelred: This be a match to decide the fate of a condemned witch. Her fate shall be determined by who be the winner. Be thou ready Sir Maronday of Sussex?

Maronday: Aye, sire.

Ethelred: Sir Leonard of Far Away?

Leonard: Uh-huh.

Ethelred: Ready. Begin.

The duel starts with Maronday on the offensive. Leonard, retreating, is blocking well. Nicholas runs on stage but is stopped by Avenard.

Avenard: Do not interfere. They be a hostile pair.

Nicholas: Wait! (Leonard and Maronday stop.) This be mad passion.

Maronday: Remember my pledge, friend.

Leonard: Did you pledge your brain to science?

Maronday: Pardon?

Leonard: Giving again what you don't have, eh?

Ethelred: Enough talk. Ready. Begin.

Everyone has returned to his seat and Nicholas stands behind Mary as she takes one of his hands. In the duel, Maronday knocks Leonard onto his back. Leonard is helpless as Maronday savours the moment.

Leonard: Wait! Look!

As Maronday looks Leonard rolls and recovers his sword. As they duel again Leonard's sword flies across the stage.

Maronday: Pick it up, knave.

Leonard walks over to the sword and watches Maronday out of one eye. As Leonard bends over to pick it up Maronday charges at him. Leonard grabs his own sword, rolls, trips Maronday, then crawls over and puts his sword at Maronday's throat.

Leonard: Drop it. Now.

Maronday: (Dropping his sword.) Kill thy enemy.

Leonard: (Throwing away Maronday's sword.) No way. You get to live to bask in you own humility.

Maronday: Kill me. Kill me just as we killed the crown and that witch.

Leonard: What?

Nicholas: Leonard, last night Marcus tried to help the witch Angela escape. They were killed in the attempt.

Leonard: And the duel?

Mary: My father thought it best that thou were dead. He did say it would be better for thou.

Leonard: No.

Mary: Leonard, come with me. I will give up everything and we will go far away.

Leonard: No.

Mary: I love you, Leonard.

As Mary speaks, the fog has been returning and Leonard moves front. The curtains close.

Mary: I love you.

Leonard: No.

The lights come up and Leonard is back on the street corner where everything started and Angela is turning to leave.

Angela: What do you mean, no. I just told you off, Leo.

Leonard: Too bad. I am not giving up without a fight. I want you to marry me and nothing is going to prevent that.

Angela: Oh, Leo. But what about all those things I said?

Leonard: A real girlfriend would stand by me and help me become a better person. It's a big job I'm willing to tackle. What about you?

Angela: Oh, Leonard. You're on.

Leonard: By the way, how are you on adverbs?

They embrace and hug, then proceed offstage. The witch and Crede enter.

Witch: What do you say to a cold one downtown?

Crede: You're on.

Cast: (Singing as the curtain opens.)
 This story has now ended happily.
 Although we have demolished history.
 Tomorrow night we'll all be back to take another shot.
 Filling pages in a text book time has long forgot.
 Angleland shall now reign in infamy.

Leonard: I know I'll treat this lady as a lady should be.

T H E E N D