

Scene: The Grand Hall of Treachery Castle

(ENTER SOPHYLLIS THE WENCH, FUSSING BRIEFLY WITH THE TABLE SETTINGS).

(ENTER SIR BLADE, WHO SURPRISES SOPHYLLIS WITH A SQUEEZE FROM BEHIND)

SOPHYLLIS: “Sir Blade! We mustn’t embrace here, someone will happen upon and discover us!”

SIR BLADE: “No one has discovered us yet, my sweet wench, and our affair is long holding.”

SOPHYLLIS: “Yes, Rusty, it is. It’s too long in the holding. When are ye going to fill thy suit of armor with the true chivalry of a knight and take me away from all this?”

SIR BLADE: “Oh yes, how I long for the day. But on my soldier’s pay we’ll want for much. So we must wait. When the King dies, his queen, whom no one but ye knows is my true birth mother, will inherit the treasury. She then will find it safe to acknowledge me as prince, and ye shall be my princess. Spoils of the kingdom will, at last, be ours.”

SOPHYLLIS: “Rusty, the king isn’t going to die. I overheard Merhaps, de Wizard explain how he has discovered a secret potion to life so the king can live on forever. It is some sort of mixture of Spanish fly, elephant tusk and oysters...and if he doesn’t drink it fast he’ll get a stiff neck. He will not only outlive his scheming queen, but thee and me, and all his kingdom come. Thou must go to the king and plead for funds, and a foreign appointment, so I can leave these retched kitchens.”

SIR BLADE: “Funds from the king? Art thou mad? That old man is much too parsimonious. Mother tells me he is so stingy as to...use both sides...of... the toilet paper!”

SOPHYLLIS: (gasping, laugh) “BOTH SIDES??? Then our measures must become more desperate. Go to thou mother. As queen, she can convince the king to give thee his daughter’s hand in marriage. There is a very large dowry that comes with her, surely the only way he could marry off such a cold onion, and once in hand....we will do away with her. The world will not miss such an empty stocking...and then I can become thy true flower of the kingdom. Quick, I hear footfalls.”

(EXIT SOPHYLLIS)

(ENTER QUEEN LIARIA)

SIR BLADE; (kneels) “My queen”

QUEEN: “Rise, my son, and take a moment to comfort ye poor mother. I have learned the old king has a potion from the wizard he will share with no one. With it he may go on in his old, cranky state forever. All our plans are now aside. We may never command his wealth. Unless, (she says in scheming tone) of course the wizard is pushed somewhere out of the way...then the king could no longer get his potion.”

SIR BLADE: “That will still consume too long a time, my queen. I need a bold plan, mother. Thou must convince the old lion to give ME his daughter’s hand in marriage.”

QUEEN: “Ye???? Ye would have an iced cucumber such as the maiden Heaven for a WIFE???”

BLADE: “Not for long, dear Queen. Only to acquire her vast dowry before the.....regrettable, tearful, most unfortunate, and *fatal*..... accident.”

QUEEN: “HMMMMMM.....And then that leaves me to solve my own problem with the King...”

(ENTER MAIDEN HEAVEN)

BLADE: “Ah, but there she is now. The beautiest rose of the land. The lovely maiden, Heaven. I must someday have her hand. This delicate creature is so lithe, so winsome.”

HEAVEN: “Thou can stuff that sauce back in thy Cornish hen, Sir Blade. Don’t expect me to eat of it, nor for ye to ever have my hand in anything but across thy pompous mouth.”

BLADE: “Hmmm. (musing) A less than enthusiastic response....even when I said she is.....winsome.”

ENTER LESTER THE JESTER: (rapidly and with a leap) Well, ya win- some and ya lose-some! HA,HA,HA,HA”

BLADE: “Well, we’ll see about that. (again facing Heaven) I shall have your hand...and your passions too.”

JESTER: “You’re a couple centuries too early. To have her hand, and her passions too, you’ll have to read Willy and ‘Taming of the Shrew.’ Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha,....”

BLADE: “Thy humor just kills me, Lester. Some day may it do the same for thou.”
(EXIT BLADE)

JESTER: (calling after him) “Don’t be dull, Sir Blade.” (then to the audience)
“Imagine....a dull blade. Ha Ha Ha. (bows to queen) “I would be deemed as mean, without a jest for the queen. Let’s laugh a little, with a nice, fresh riddle.”

QUEEN: “This better be funny, Lester.”