

DAY I DRAMA

Characters: King Christopher, Prince Richard, Prince Robert, Sir Gavin (knight), Ida (matron), Morinda (evil “queen”), Gwendolyn (evil lady-in-waiting), Evil Messenger

(Theme music)

(Scene begins with KING CHRISTOPHER standing rear center stage, “frozen,” with his head down. When the theme music stops and the lights come up, he raises his head and begins to speak to the audience.)

KING CHRISTOPHER: Greetings . . . and welcome to King’s Manor. My name is Christopher, and I’m the king of this castle. Right now things are a little unusual around here, and that’s because I left the kingdom a few weeks ago on what you might call a “vacation.” Not because I needed it, mind you, but because my sons needed it. Let me explain. You see, Prince Richard and Prince Robert . . . they’re typical boys. They love to run and play and get dirty . . . but the problem is . . . they’re not 7 and 8 years old—they’re 21 and 22!

(Immediately ROBERT comes running out the front door of the castle with a bucket in his hand. He’s running from RICHARD and is looking for a place to hide. After frantically looking around for a moment, he hides near the dragon chamber. Then RICHARD comes storming out the front door soaking wet with a bucket in his hand—presumably full of water—but full of confetti instead. He’s looking for ROBERT and as soon as he sees him, a chase ensues. After a few moments RICHARD corners ROBERT directly in front of the audience. Just as RICHARD tosses his bucket full of “water,” ROBERT ducks and confetti “soaks” the unfortunate victims that were in the line of fire. Then they laugh and run back into the castle.)

KING CHRISTOPHER: See what I mean? Not exactly what you’d expect from royalty.

(As KING CHRISTOPHER is talking, RICHARD comes into the great hall with a towel. He sits down to dry himself off.)

KING CHRISTOPHER: Okay, “so they get a little carried away sometimes . . . what’s the big deal?!” The big deal is, it’s not just “sometimes”—it’s ALL the time. These boys don’t take anything seriously. It’s all fun and games with them.

(As KING CHRISTOPHER continues to talk, ROBERT comes into the great hall with a jester hat on, trying to juggle. He struggles with it for awhile and then as he passes close to RICHARD, RICHARD sticks out his leg and trips ROBERT. RICHARD laughs and then runs out of the great hall. ROBERT follows close behind.)

KING CHRISTOPHER: You see, someday they’re going to inherit my throne and will rule over the kingdom. But does it look to you like they’re ready for that kind of responsibility? And that’s why I decided to go away and put my sons in charge of things for awhile. You know, put them to the test. Believe me . . . I’ve tried everything else! I just thought that maybe giving them some real responsibility for a change might wake them up! *(sarcastically, because of what’s been going on behind him)* Great idea, don’t you think?

(SIR GAVIN enters the rear of the auditorium and proceeds down the center aisle toward the stage.)

KING CHRISTOPHER: *(noticing SIR GAVIN but still speaking to the audience)* Oh . . . but don’t worry, I haven’t abandoned ship completely. Enter Sir Gavin . . . one of my oldest friends and best knights. I’ve asked him to keep watch and make sure things don’t get totally out of control.

SIR GAVIN: Thank you, Sire. As always, it is an honor to serve you. But, uh . . . I have to say . . . things aren’t progressing quite as quickly as we’d hoped.

KING CHRISTOPHER: Yes . . . I know. We’ve all gotten an eye full.

SIR GAVIN: Hmmm . . . I was afraid of that.

KING CHRISTOPHER: But I refuse to give up, Sir Knight. We’ve got to be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. There’s a cosmic battle for truth and righteousness here, and Satan, our Adversary, would like nothing more than for us to just give up in frustration. No . . . I’m still trusting God that something good will come of this.

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SIR GAVIN: I'll do my best, My King.

KING CHRISTOPHER: I know you will. *(short pause)* Well, I'd better get back so we can get on with the story. You take it from here *(as he leaves the stage and begins to exit toward the rear of the auditorium)*. Just introduce the folks to some of the characters and tell them a little about what you do.

(As KING CHRISTOPHER exits, IDA enters from the side of the auditorium with a basket in her hand and proceeds toward the castle. She's been picking flowers for a centerpiece.)

SIR GAVIN: *(to KING CHRISTOPHER)* Yes, Your Majesty . . . and fare thee well. *(short pause, then turns to the audience)* Well, I guess you've already had the pleasure of meeting Prince Richard and Prince Robert, so we'll move on from there. Let's see . . . uh *(then he notices IDA)* . . . oh, good . . . here comes Ida. She's the matron of the castle. She's been around here for quite a long time and does her very best to keep things running smoothly. *(to IDA)* Afternoon, Ida.

IDA: Oh, hello, Sir Gavin.

SIR GAVIN: Beautiful day isn't it?

IDA: Well . . . *(pessimistic, as she looks up into the sky)* . . . maybe for now. But that doesn't mean it won't probably turn to rain here soon.

SIR GAVIN: *(as he looks at the beautiful blue sky)* Rain??

IDA: Or a thunderstorm, more likely.

(IDA continues to gather flowers nearby.)

SIR GAVIN: *(back to the audience)* Well, like I was saying, she tries to keep things in order, but, as you can imagine, Richard and Robert have been quite a handful. *(Turns to IDA)* Isn't that right, Ida?

IDA: Did you say something?

SIR GAVIN: Yes . . . I said, the Princes have been a challenge for you.

IDA: *(laughs)* Well . . . that's the understatement of the century!! *(shaking her head in frustration)* Now, I love those boys dearly—you know that—but I do try to tell them what's what. It never does any good, though.

SIR GAVIN: Oh, but, who knows, maybe this little experiment of King Christopher's will have an effect.

IDA: Yeah . . . a bad one, more than likely. Meaning no disrespect, of course. But, let's just hope our enemies don't hear about it!

SIR GAVIN: *(changes the subject)* Well, anyway . . . it sure looks like you've found some nice flowers.

IDA: *(looking down at her flowers)* I did . . . but they probably won't last long. I'd better get them in water. Have a nice day.

(IDA goes back inside the castle.)

SIR GAVIN: A likeable gal, but I'm sure you noticed that she's somewhat of a party pooper. *(pause as he changes subject)* Well, about this time every day, since the King's been gone, I come over to the castle to spend some time with the princes. The King has asked me to teach them a few things about being a knight. You know, sword fighting, bow and arrow, how to ride a horse in battle . . . that sort of thing. I'm not sure if anything is really "sinking in," however. *(brief pause to think)* Hmm . . . now let's see . . . since we were on the hunt this morning, we'll take it easy this afternoon. Maybe they can help me feed Flame. *(walks toward dragon chamber)* He's over here in the dragon chamber. Hey, Flame! You there? *(FLAME grunts [sfx] as SIR GAVIN looks into the dragon chamber)* It's about dinner time, and I'll bet you're hungry! *(FLAME grunts [sfx], then SIR GAVIN turns back to audience)* The reason he's here is for our protection, obviously . . . but also for his. You see, when we found him he was in pretty bad shape. So we brought him here to nurse him back to health. *(FLAME, impatient for his dinner, grunts [sfx] again.)* Be patient, my friend.

(IDA emerges from the castle.)

IDA: *(walks over to the dragon chamber and looks in)* I heard him roar. How bad is he?

SIR GAVIN: *(cheerfully)* Uh, well . . . actually, he's looking pretty healthy.

IDA: That's the spirit. Trying to stay positive and look on the bright side. That's exactly what I do.

SIR GAVIN: *(sarcastic)* Do you?

IDA: Yeah . . . not sure it helps much, though. So, how much time does he have? Not very long, I'm sure.

SIR GAVIN: No, really . . . he's fine. He was just getting impatient for his supper while I was talking to the folks out there.

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IDA: (*she doesn't see anybody*) What folks? Where?

SIR GAVIN: (*confused, as he points to the audience*) Well . . . out there, of course. You'd don't . . . see anybody?

IDA: (*as she looks at him with concern then tries to lead him into the castle*) Maybe you better come inside and lie down.

SIR GAVIN: (*resists*) No, Ida . . . I'm fine. Really.

IDA: Are you sure? Because you look a little pale to me.

SIR GAVIN: Yes, I'm quite sure. Now, I need you to send the princes out here. I'm going to feed Flame, and I want them to see how it's done.

IDA: Yeah . . . and I can just imagine what'll happen. They'll start some tomfoolery, and then Flame'll take a bite out of one of them. Well, you just tell them that if Flame bites off their legs, don't come running to me!

(*IDA goes back into the castle to summon the PRINCES.*)

SIR GAVIN: (*shakes his head and laughs, then talks to himself*) Now to get the dragon food (*as he steps around the side of the dragon chamber to get FLAME'S "dish," a jug of water, a long stick, and some dragon food. After a brief moment, the PRINCES emerge from the front of the castle.*)

PRINCE RICHARD: Sir Gavin? Ida said you wanted to see us.

SIR GAVIN: That's right. I thought you could help me feed Flame.

PRINCE ROBERT: (*Laughs, then gets serious*) You're kidding, right?

SIR GAVIN: No, why?

PRINCE ROBERT: (*scared*) Well . . .

PRINCE RICHARD: Oh, don't be such a baby! (*then boasts*) I'M not scared of Flame!

(*Suddenly, FLAME roars [sfx] and RICHARD responds by jumping into ROBERT'S arms.*)

PRINCE ROBERT: Maybe we should just watch.

PRINCE RICHARD: (*defensive, as ROBERT lets him down*) Nonsense! I'll be glad to help you feed him. He just . . . startled me, that's all.

SIR GAVIN: Okay. Then give me a hand with this.

(*SIR GAVIN and RICHARD pour the dragon food into a metal washtub.*)

PRINCE ROBERT: (*looking at the dragon food*) What is that stuff?

SIR GAVIN: Dragon Chow . . . with beef gravy.

PRINCE ROBERT: I don't see any gravy.

SIR GAVIN: (*as he picks up the jug of water and hands it to ROBERT*). Here . . . add some water.

(*ROBERT takes the jug and pours water over the dragon food. Then SIR GAVIN takes a stick and begins to stir the mixture.*)

SIR GAVIN: See? Gravy.

PRINCE RICHARD: Hey . . . let me do that. (*as he takes the stick from SIR GAVIN and begins to stir the mixture*) Cool.

PRINCE ROBERT: (*looking at the dragon food*) Eewww . . . glad I'm not a dragon!

(*FLAME grunts [sfx]*)

SIR GAVIN: We're coming! (*as he opens the dragon chamber door*) Okay, Richard, now carry it in and set it down in front of him.

PRINCE RICHARD: You sure it's safe?

SIR GAVIN: Yes, of course! He won't hurt you.

PRINCE RICHARD: (*trying to be brave*) Okay . . . well, here goes (*as he picks up the washtub with dragon food*) Hey, buddy! If I come in there . . . promise you won't eat me? (*FLAME grunts [sfx]*) Was that a "yes" or a "no?"

SIR GAVIN: It's okay. Go on.

PRINCE RICHARD: (*he enters the dragon chamber and sets the washtub down*) There you go. (*then the sound of FLAME eating [sfx] is heard*) Hey, he likes it! You know . . . he's really kinda cute. In a . . . big, green, purple-ish sort of way. (*Then, suddenly, FLAME sneezes [sfx].*)

SIR GAVIN: Oh no!

(*RICHARD emerges from the dragon chamber, slimed with dragon mucus. While ROBERT laughs at him and RICHARD begins to peel off the "mucus," SIR GAVIN quickly reaches into the dragon chamber and grabs some towels. See Daily Props List for Dragon Mucus recipe.*)

PRINCE RICHARD: Stop laughing! It's not funny!

PRINCE ROBERT: Yes, it is! It's hilarious!

SIR GAVIN: (*as he hands a towel to RICHARD*) Here you go. (*then starts to help RICHARD*) Sorry . . . I thought

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he was over that cold. *(then to ROBERT)* Here . . . make yourself useful.

PRINCE ROBERT: What? You mean I have to touch that stuff?

SIR GAVIN: You can wash your hands later.

PRINCE ROBERT: Disgusting!

(NOTE: SIR GAVIN and the PRINCES may need to ad lib for a few moments here, while they finish cleaning RICHARD up.)

SIR GAVIN: *(as he prepares to leave, he becomes serious)* Now listen, before I leave, I have something I want to say to you both. Richard, Robert . . . the Scriptures tell us that there are two kingdoms in this world. God's kingdom is good and Satan's kingdom is evil . . . and there's a constant battle between them. Now, we don't have to fear because God is greater, but we must take the war seriously and wear the armor that He's provided. Otherwise, we'll be exposed to the Enemy. *(pause as he looks intently at them)* Why am I telling you this? Because there's so much more to life than just fun and games all the time. And, someday, you both will have the responsibility of protecting King's Manor. I hope you'll finally start to think about that. *(short pause)* I'll see you tomorrow.

(SIR GAVIN leaves the auditorium.)

PRINCE ROBERT: *(pondering)* Wow, he was serious . . .

PRINCE RICHARD: *(in agreement)* Yeaah . . . *(after a brief moment, he breaks the seriousness by wiping his towel of dragon mucus on ROBERT. Then he runs back into the castle. ROBERT follows close behind.)*

(As soon as the PRINCES are out of sight, the lights dim a bit and evil entrance sounds [sfx] begin. Then MORINDA and GWENDOLYN enter from the rear of the auditorium and proceed down the center aisle. At the same time, a cloaked EVIL MESSENGER 1 emerges from behind the castle and proceeds up the aisle to meet with MORINDA.)

GWENDOLYN: What is this place? Why did we stop here?

(Without saying anything, EVIL MESSENGER 1 hands MORINDA a note.)

MORINDA: *(as she reads the note silently to herself, then smiles)* Excellent . . . so the rumor is true.

GWENDOLYN: *(curiously)* What is it, my Queen?

MORINDA: *(to EVIL MESSENGER 1)* Good work, you may go.

(EVIL MESSENGER 1 bows and then returns to the castle.)

MORINDA: The king is away, and the princes are alone. *(evil snicker)* This is just the opportunity I've been waiting for.

GWENDOLYN: I don't understand. Where are we?

MORINDA: Where are we, you ask? We're finally home, my dear, Gwendolyn. We're at . . . King's Manor.

(MORINDA then walks up to the castle. Being back at King's Manor has captured her imagination. GWENDOLYN doesn't follow her, preferring to keep her distance.)

GWENDOLYN: King's Manor? You mean, THE King's Manor?

MORINDA: Yes . . . isn't it grand?

GWENDOLYN: But . . . I thought you were banished from here?

MORINDA: Banished? Impossible!

GWENDOLYN: Yes . . . and they even made you promise that you'd never return.

MORINDA: Preposterous! I don't remember promising anything. And even if I did, do I look like someone who keeps promises?

GWENDOLYN: Well, no . . . of course not. You're The Evil Queen Morinda.

MORINDA: And don't you forget it!

GWENDOLYN: But . . . what about the warning from King Christopher?

MORINDA: *(quickly enraged)* Silence!!! Don't you EVER mention that name again! Do you understand?!

GWENDOLYN: Yes, my Queen. I was . . . just concerned for you.

MORINDA: *(mocking)* Were you? How touching. *(pause)* Well, you don't have to worry about me. I know exactly what I'm doing. Besides . . . I've been gone too long. Other than the King himself, it is impossible that anyone remains who would know me.

GWENDOLYN: Really?

MORINDA: Really.

GWENDOLYN: So no one will recognize you?

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MORINDA: No one.

GWENDOLYN: Hmm . . . *(pauses briefly as she reconsiders the situation; then decides to go along with the plan and joins MORINDA on stage)* You know . . . it's a big job to rule a kingdom, isn't it? And with the king being away, the princes need some help, don't they?

MORINDA: Yes they do.

GWENDOLYN: They need someone who can guide them and . . . tell them what to do. Someone they can . . . trust . . . like you.

MORINDA: I couldn't have said it better myself!

(They both laugh in a sinister manner.)

GWENDOLYN: Then will we be staying in the castle this night, my Queen?

MORINDA: *(startled out of her "dream")* Uh . . . no . . . not yet. Not tonight. We will lodge nearby. It will be better to arrive earlier in the day. *(as she walks back down the stage steps)* We'll come back tomorrow. *(slight pause)* Come, we have much work to do! *(sinister laugh as she and GWENDOLYN exit the auditorium.)*

(Theme Music)