



# GOOD KNIGHT AND GOODBYE

by Peter Fenton

15TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

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| CHARACTER NAME       | BRIEF DESCRIPTION        | AGE | GENDER |
|----------------------|--------------------------|-----|--------|
| LADY HERON           | Courageous messenger     | 26  | F      |
| SIR TRABER           | Loyal sidekick           | 19  | M      |
| SIR GALAHAD          | Unassuming adventurer    | 27  | M      |
| SIR HUMMEL           | Naïve underling          | 18  | M      |
| SIR KRAUSE           | Jealous wannabe          | 21  | M      |
| LADY SOBERICK        | Maiden warrior           | 19  | F      |
| LORD DIEHM           | Stern commander          | 40s | M      |
| KING CARLTON         | Chaotically stupid king  | 50s | M      |
| QUEEN VICTORIA       | Apathetic queen          | 50s | F      |
| HANDSERVANT          | Royal servant            | Any | Any    |
| PRINCESS JACQUELINE  | Headstrong princess      | 19  | F      |
| FRIAR WESLEY         | Gentle monk              | 50s | M      |
| MERLIN               | Crafty sorcerer          | ??  | M      |
| CHEF TORTE           | Humble baker             | 22  | M      |
| LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE | Militant wedding planner | 30s | F      |
| SIRENS 1, 2, 3       | Island temptress         | ??  | F      |
| GUARDS 1, 2          | Guard                    | Any | Any    |

This play can be performed by 11 actors of any ethnicity:

1. **SIR CALEB GALAHAD** (M/26-30)
2. **LADY ANDREA HERON** (F/26-30)
3. **MERLIN/HANDSERVANT** (M/50s)
4. **PRINCESS JACQUELINE/SIREN 2** (F/18-25)
5. **KING CARLTON** (M/50s)
6. **SIR JEFFREY TRABER** (M/18-25)
7. **QUEEN VICTORIA/BRIDESMAID/SIREN 1** (F/50s)
8. **SIR PAUL KRAUSE** (M/18-25)
9. **LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE/LADY SOBERICK/BRIDESMAID/SIREN 3** (F/30s)
10. **CHEF TORTE/SIR HUMMEL/GUARD 2** (M/18-25)
11. **FRIAR WESLEY/LORD DIEHM/GUARD 1** (M/40s)

Gender is flexible in this play. Mr. Fenton hereby authorizes any production to change the gender portrayal of any role in the script if the production lacks talent of a certain gender or wishes to make a statement. If genders are altered, please use the following names of principal characters:

**LADY GALAHAD** ("Tracy Galahad" for Caleb Galahad)  
**DUKE HERON** ("Andrew Heron" for Andrea Heron)  
**MORGANA** (for Merlin)  
**PRINCE JACK** (for Jacqueline)  
**QUEEN CARLOTTA** (for Carlton)  
**KING VIKTOR** (for Victoria)  
**LADY TRABER** ("Jessica Traber" for Jeffrey Traber)  
**LADY KRAUSE** ("Paula Krause" for Paul Krause)  
**LES GODZILLABRIDE** (for Leslie Godzillabride)  
**CHEF TORTE** (Torte stays the same regardless of gender)  
**MOTHER AGATHA** (for Friar Wesley)

Don't feel like you have to bother with accents. Deliberate, haphazard inconsistency in accents could be very fun ;)

ACT ONE

**ACT I, SCENE ONE.**

*THE COURTYARD OF RUMPLEGOOSE CASTLE, THE KINGDOM OF SLEKOCHOVAKIA, an ambiguously anachronistic middle ages fantasy kingdom. The set is as minimal or maximal as budget allows--there would be particular charm to an intentionally "broke college kids" aesthetic to the medieval production design--sort of the entire show acknowledging "we're making do with what we have lying around."*

*The king's down-to-earth messenger, LADY HERON, enters.*

LADY HERON

So. A knight of the square table is dead, the crown princess went missing, and I finally quit my job. It's a funny story. We might as well start at the beginning.

*She pulls out a storybook and opens it.*

LADY HERON

(Reading the storybook)

Once upon a time, the world was filled with very silly kingdoms ruled by very silly kings. Just north of Prance and east of Gortupal (and a ways south from Just Okay Britain) was the silliest kingdom of all--Slekochovakia.

*She exits. Lights rise to reveal the courtyard. The legendary GALAHAD rushes into the room. He crosses to TRABER.*

TRABER

Late again, Galahad? That's three days in a row now, you better watch yourself!

GALAHAD

Hey, I was gone for five years. Diehm knows that.

TRABER

You're still late! One more and you'll have to cower before the king. Some legendary knight you are--

GALAHAD

Pssshaw. I can handle the king with one hand tied behind my back.

TRABER

Listen to yourself...

(Playfully mocking.)

"I'm Sir Galahad--I lived in Gortupal for five years--I'm too good for this place now." With all of your legendary quests, or whatever, I expected--well I'm not sure what I expected.

GALAHAD

I don't write the legends, Jeff, I live 'em.

*Galahad and Traber continue. Focus shifts to Krause, Hummel, and Soberick.*

KRAUSE

Galahad? Pfft. They say that man's such a legend--that he struck down an entire army with a donkey's jawbone--that everything he touches turns to gold.

HUMMEL

Wasn't that Sir Midas?

KRAUSE

I didn't ask you.

SOBERICK

I heard he did a lot of good for Gortupal these past five years. I'm sure he knows how to command an army...

HUMMEL

Do you think they want Galahad to take over for Diehm?

SOBERICK

It's an interesting thought. I think Galahad would be a fantastic commander. He's--

KRAUSE

(Interrupting.)

Look, Galahad's been here a week and I haven't seen a thing that tells me that he's such a big shot. King Carlton's a bonehead, begging the king of Gortupal to give him back. Waste of breath--the guy shows up late every day.

SOBERICK

You think you'd make a better king?

KRAUSE

Now that's a stupid question.

*Right on cue, the military commander, LORD DIEHM, enters with Heron.*

DIEHM

Ladies, gentlemen, I present the royal messenger, Lady Heron.

*All bow.*

DIEHM

Lady Heron.

*Heron pulls out a scroll.*

LADY HERON

Hear ye, hear ye: I bring you a message from the royal eminence himself, King Carlton.

KRAUSE

What's the breaking news? Has the king blown his nose again?

LADY HERON

I bring you the message:

*(Mindlessly reading scroll.)*

"Bananas, chocolate, onions, pasta, carr--" This is my grocery list.

*She switches scrolls.*

LADY HERON

*This is the royal message: "The King has called a meeting with the Knights of the Square Table regarding the recent territorial acquisition. Please be prompt."*

GALAHAD

When?

LADY HERON

Your guess is as good as mine, he didn't really say. I guess just go up there and wait until he shows?

GALAHAD

That's our king.

LADY HERON

Sure is.

DIEHM

Thank you, Lady Heron. You are dismissed.

*Knights exit in all directions. Diehm exits. Heron crosses to Galahad, trying to get his attention.*

LADY HERON

Sir Galahad! Caleb! Sir Caleb--Galahad!

GALAHAD

Yes, those are my names.

LADY HERON

Yeah. Hey, sorry. Didn't want to make a big scene back there, but you have a message of your own--it's more of a--personal message.

GALAHAD

Oh? To... whom do I owe the pleasure?

LADY HERON

This one's from me. I have a message for you.

GALAHAD

Hate to be rude, but this doesn't sound pressing. If you'll excuse me--

LADY HERON

Well, it really depends on how you... Prioritize--

GALAHAD

...what?

LADY HERON

Mmm...there's not really an easy way to pivot into...

*A beat.*

LADY HERON

Do you like it here? This kingdom, the castle, um-- Any of this?

GALAHAD

It's OK, I guess.

LADY HERON

We can work with that. Um. Here's your message:

*(Pulls out scroll.)*

"Bananas, chocolate, on--" That's my grocery list. Well--

*A pause.*

LADY HERON

Well, I didn't actually write anything down, so can you--?

GALAHAD

Lady Heron, I--

LADY HERON

Please, call me Andrea.

GALAHAD

Okay... Andrea--could we maybe do this later?

LADY HERON

No.

Just let me get through this.

GALAHAD

Fine.

LADY HERON

You don't know me. That's OK. You seem like a safe person, and I've been dying to say this out loud.

GALAHAD

Yeah. Say what you need to say.

LADY HERON

One of these days, when they send me traveling somewhere to deliver a message... I'm gonna leave and never come back. I don't really know what I want, but it's not here. You seem like someone who might understand, and... well, I kinda thought maybe--

GALAHAD

Yeah, ummm--L--

(Corrects himself.)

Andrea... I think you've got the wrong... Impression.

LADY HERON

Then show me the right impression. Let's get dinner tonight.

GALAHAD

Well. This is a first.

LADY HERON

It's the tenth century, Sir Galahad. There's a first time for everything.

GALAHAD

Listen, Andrea. Um. I hear you. But... I just got here four days ago. I... I hear Lancelot likes adventuring? I can introduce you.

LADY HERON

He's kind of a jerk.

*She turns to walk away.*

GALAHAD

Andrea--I didn't say... Never.

LADY HERON

Oh--yeah. I was just go grab some pudding. Or something.

*She exits.*

**ACT I, SCENE TWO.**

*THE HALL OF THE SQUARE TABLE in Rumplegoose Castle, later that day. Galahad, Traber, Soberick, Hummel, and Krause are seated at the Square Table. Diehm enters. All rise.*

DIEHM

Knights of the Square Table: your King and Queen.

*KING CARLTON and QUEEN VICTORIA enter with a HANDSERVANT trailing. They sit at the Square Table, after which all take their seats. The handservant stands behind.*

CARLTON

Lord Diehm.

DIEHM,

Your highness.

CARLTON

Please do that thing where you say these people's names.

DIEHM

Call roll, your highness?

CARLTON

Yes. Do that.

DIEHM

Right away.

*Carlton very clearly spends this time obnoxiously warming up.*

DIEHM

Soberick?

SOBERICK

Here.

DIEHM

Galahad?

GALAHAD

Here.

Hummel? DIEHM

Present. HUMMEL

*Handservant tosses an ornately wrapped box to Hummel, who catches it and stores it under the table.*

Krause? DIEHM

Here. KRAUSE

Lancelot? DIEHM

*A beat.*

Lancelot? DIEHM

*A beat.*

Haven't seen him in days-- HUMMEL

Weeks. TRABER

Haven't seen Gwen, either, now that you mention it-- HUMMEL

Do you think she and Sir Lancelot... ? TRABER

Oh baby, Sir Lancelot! HUMMEL

What a jerk. SOBERICK

Your highness, Sir Lancelot is not accounted for. DIEHM

*Carlton continues to practice his speech.*

Your highness-- DIEHM

VICTORIA  
Carlton!

CARLTON  
Yes, dear?

DIEHM  
Lancelot is not accounted for.

CARLTON  
Who?

DIEHM  
Sir Lancelot.

CARLTON  
(Genuinely confused.)  
And... Why would I care?

VICTORIA  
The roll call, dear. You requested it.

CARLTON  
Right. Thank you, Lord Diehm.

DIEHM  
Sir Traber?

TRABER  
Here.

CARLTON  
(To Diehm.)  
Well, now what are you doing?

DIEHM  
Calling roll as you requested, your highness.

CARLTON  
Come now, there's no need for that. I'm ready now. Have a seat. Now, to the important business at hand: my business. The kingdom of Slekochovakia has been an empire to be reckoned with when the Sleko Republic and the kingdom of Chovakia were unified into one virtuous empire, but we have grown so far past that under my reign. I've acquired the vital seaport of Cape Emerald after a bidding war down at the moat of Farris--in Prance, of course. A little manly charm from such a wonderful king as myself sealed the deal. Full coast access! My heroism is cause for celebration.

(To Handservant.)  
A bottle of my finest sparkling, and a fresh cake.

*Handservant exits.*

CARLTON

And naturally, in addition to the regular threats of vandals, plague, bears, and global warming we are right up on the coast, which means there's now the threat of pirates. We don't want to deal with pirates. They're scary. Anyway, to make a long story short...

(Beat.)

Dearest me. What was I talking about?

HUMMEL

Scary pirates...

*Handservant enters with celebration.*

CARLTON

Right! Pirates!

(To Handservant.)

And, while I'm thinking about it, send for six hundred topiary artists from across the countryside.

*Handservant nods and exits.*

CARLTON

We need a few more of them around the castle. You see, the topiary artist is much like a pirate in that while they are a people employed by the king to do the will of the king,--

*All shout, "GET ON WITH IT!!"*

CARLTON

Dreadfully sorry. I do love my topiary.

*He clears his throat.*

CARLTON

My kingly duties prevent me from overseeing the acquisition of Cape Emerald, so I would like one of you to lead an exploration to the new seaport. Provided you bring me back some little tiny topiaries, I shall consider naming you governor, serving as a trusted advisor under me, of course.

HUMMEL

But who will be sent for the job?

CARLTON

Lord Diehm--

*Diehm rises.*

DIEHM

Your highness.

CARLTON

What were you doing earlier when you were saying the names of  
uh, those people?

DIEHM

Calling roll, your highness.

CARLTON

Yes. Who was the last name you called?

DIEHM

Sir Traber.

CARLTON

Masterful! Sir Truscott--

DIEHM

Traber.

CARLTON

Traber--of the Square Table shall lead the inaugural  
expedition to Cape Emerald.

*A beat. Carlton looks around the table.*

CARLTON

Would Sir Traber please rise?

*Traber rises.*

CARLTON

I believe in you, Sir . . .

TRABER

Traber.

CARLTON

Traber. I trust you will be great because I chose you. Lady  
Heron!

*Heron enters.*

HERON

Yes, your majesty?

CARLTON

Send word to--someone--that this brave knight Sir Chumbert  
will lead an expedition to Cape Emerald.

HERON

I could send word to the stables to prepare a horse for Sir Traber.

CARLTON

Traber.  
Yes. Do that.

*Heron exits.*

CARLTON

And now, the meeting is adjourned.

*A beat. A devilish smile spreads across Carlton's face.*

CARLTON

Go on, now, say the thing.

*All knights rise. Galahad, Krause, and Traber join Soberick and Hummel in reciting the pledge:*

ALL KNIGHTS

"I am a Knight of the Square Table of Slekochovakia. I swear to protect the walls of Rumplegoose Castle and obey King Carlton the Fourth, who was chosen by God and therefore he is an incredible genius and very handsome--"

*The nonetheless beautiful rejected Disney princess archetype, PRINCESS JACQUELINE, bursts into the room.*

JACQUELINE

Wait!

*Knights are unsure whether they should remain standing.*

JACQUELINE

I have an important announcement to make!

VICTORIA

The princess has the floor. Be seated.

*Knights return to their seats.*

JACQUELINE

As you know, my courtship with Prince Charming ended abruptly. Something about a glass slipper. Whatever. I wasn't really listening. Anyway, I'm offering my hand in marriage to any brave knight who wants to go on a quest. It's not a bad deal, really, you just go on an epic adventure and then you get to marry me. So, any takers?

*Nobody moves.*

JACQUELINE

Well then. You can just, uh, you can just have some time to think about it. Send me a message if you're interested--yeah, no, it's better this way. Mother!

VICTORIA

Yes, dear?

JACQUELINE

Send for a plate of brownies directly to my chambers.

*She exits.*

CARLTON

Meeting adjourned.

*Most of the knights exit.*

CARLTON

Galahad. A word.

GALAHAD

Yes, your highness.

*Krause crouches to eavesdrop as Galahad faces Carlton and Victoria.*

CARLTON

So you have been here four days. I have heard--

GALAHAD

Oh--your highness--it's a new schedule . . . I think I'm in a different time zone, but I--I'll get there. I'll figure it out soon--

*The King and Queen have no idea what Galahad is talking about.*

GALAHAD

Your highness?

VICTORIA

We wished to speak with you about our daughter.

GALAHAD

Oh--yeah, sad to hear about Prince Charming.

VICTORIA

Sir Galahad, there was a reason we bargained with Gortupal for your return. We . . . have an important request.

Sure.

GALAHAD

*Victoria attempts to continue, but bursts into tears. Carlton speaks up.*

CARLTON

I am sick, Sir Galahad.

VICTORIA

Our finest physicians say he will die within the year.

*Heron enters.*

HERON

The horses are ready whenever Sir Traber is, your highness.

CARLTON

We will speak on this later.

*Heron backs out of the king's line of sight to eavesdrop.*

CARLTON

I want to give my daughter away at her own wedding.

VICTORIA

We would be endlessly happy if Jacqueline were to marry you.

CARLTON

You see, I never bore a son of my own--

GALAHAD

Well--um--sure?

CARLTON

--and if there is no man so formidable as I to rule this kingdom, I would like it to be you.

GALAHAD

Uh... Wow. Yes. Anything for you, your highness. I'll--take the quest. Sure. It would be an honor to marry Princess Jacqueline.

*Heron exits slowly.*

CARLTON

Wonderful! Your quest starts right now! You are to complete three tasks to prove your worthiness to marry Princess Jacqueline. Go to the monastery at once. Friar Wesley has a special task for you there.

GALAHAD

And the other two?

CARLTON

We haven't gotten that far yet.

VICTORIA

You'll be kept on a need-to-know basis.

CARLTON

You'll be a mighty king, Sir Galahad. Do not take this lightly.

GALAHAD

How could I?

*He exits. Krause stumbles out from his hiding place.*

KRAUSE

Your majesty--the name's Krause. Sir Krause.

CARLTON

Ah yes, I... know you?

KRAUSE

I didn't want to bother you in front of everyone, but I would like to take the quest. To marry her.

CARLTON

Marry who, Sir Crab... ?

KRAUSE

Krause.

CARLTON

You... Would like to marry Sir Krause?

KRAUSE

No, sir. I'd like to marry Princess Jacqueline.

CARLTON

Well, Sir Galahad took up the quest already, wonderful man for my wonderful daughter... but I do enjoy a good competition. Yes, please take the quest.

*Carlton chuckles.*

CARLTON

Ah yes! A battle of the ages for the beautiful Jacqueline's hand! Head to the monastery; that is where your first task lies.

*The handservant returns--again--with a bottle and cake.*

VICTORIA  
Now, what is this?

HANDSERVANT  
The sparkling and cake his highness requested.

*Carlton and Victoria turn to the cake  
and then share a quizzical gaze into  
each other's eyes.*

VICTORIA  
I say let 'em eat cake.

CARLTON  
Take it to the feasting room.

*Handservant steps toward the door.  
Victoria raises a finger.*

VICTORIA  
Ah-bah-bah!

*Handservant turns around. Victoria  
takes the bottle of champagne out of  
the servant's hand. She waves the  
servant out. Handservant exits.*

CARLTON  
Shall we adjourn?

*Victoria pops the bottle open. Krause  
crosses to the King's seat at the  
Square Table. He puts a hand on the  
back of the chair.*

VICTORIA  
We shall.

*Carlton and Victoria exit, sharing  
swigs of the champagne bottle as Krause  
caresses the throne, laughing evilly.*

**ACT I, SCENE THREE.**

*THE MONASTERY WITHIN OUR LADY OF  
AMBIGUOUS MALAISE outside Rumplegoose  
Castle, later that day. FRIAR WESLEY  
sits on a chair. There are two candles  
and a bowl of fire in front of him.*

*Heron enters, carrying a scroll.*

LADY HERON

The King and Queen express their deepest gratitude for your agreement to provide this task on such short notice.

WESLEY

It is an undeserved blessing to serve in the court of Slekochovakia.

LADY HERON

Sure.

*She hands Wesley a scroll.*

LADY HERON

You recall your instructions?

WESLEY

Yes, I do.

LADY HERON

Thank you, Friar.

*Heron absentmindedly runs into Galahad as he enters.*

LADY HERON

Sorry!

*She exits.*

WESLEY

Sir Galahad--please, sit.  
Your task is simple--you must light this candle and receive my blessing.

*He gestures to a candle.*

GALAHAD

That's it?

WESLEY

But I must first ask you a riddle before I give you the splint.

GALAHAD

As you wish, Wesley.

WESLEY

I will give you this splint only if you answer me this riddle with honesty.

GALAHAD

Okay.

WESLEY

Who is your true love?

GALAHAD

That's a good riddle, Friar.

WESLEY

It is indeed. But I will only give you this splint if you answer me with honesty.

GALAHAD

Well... if you want me to say Princess Jacqueline, it's not my answer.

WESLEY

Galahad, my son, you have not answered me with honesty. I will only give you this splint if you answer me with honesty. Who is your true love?

GALAHAD

Oh! I get it. God. My true love is God.

*Wesley chuckles.*

WESLEY

A wonderful answer, Sir Galahad, but remember, riddles are not always to be answered with honesty, but this one is. Who is your true love?

GALAHAD

I need to answer with honesty, huh... ?

WESLEY

I expect honesty for your answer.

GALAHAD

You expect honesty...

*A pause.*

GALAHAD

Honesty. My true love is honesty.

*Wesley smiles. He dips the splint into the fire pit to set it on fire and offers it to Galahad.*

WESLEY

Sir Galahad, I invite you to light this candle and receive my blessing.

*Galahad lights the candle.*

WESLEY

Sir Galahad, my prayer for you is that you remain honest--before God, to those you love, and to yourself as well. The road will take turns you do not expect, but that is how this life moves. Make do with what develops. You will find yourself on the best road if you are honest. Blessings to you, my son.

GALAHAD

Thank you, Friar. Might you know what road my quest is about to take?

*Wesley unrolls a scroll.*

WESLEY

"Head to Cape Emerald and recover evidence of topiary from the lush seaport."

GALAHAD

The king really likes his topiary, doesn't he?

WESLEY

I pray for him every day.

GALAHAD

You don't know anyone who could help me get there, do you?

WESLEY

I don't suppose Lady Heron would be interested?

GALAHAD

Um. Maybe not her. Oh! What about Merlin?

WESLEY

Bit of an odd fellow.

GALAHAD

I'm willing to take my chances.  
Thank you, Friar. See you soon.

WESLEY

At mass on Sunday?

GALAHAD

Yeah. . . we'll see.

*Krause enters the room and rams himself into Galahad.*

GALAHAD

Hello, Sir Krause.

*As Galahad steps left, Krause steps right--their movements mirroring.*

Galahad. KRAUSE

Krause. GALAHAD

Galahad. KRAUSE

Krause. GALAHAD

Galahad. KRAUSE

GALAHAD  
Here for confession, Sir Krause?

KRAUSE  
Yes, I'm here to confess my brilliance.

GALAHAD  
Naturally. And hey--I won't see you around for a while. I took up Jacqueline's quest. I'm off to Cape Emerald, actually.

KRAUSE  
Oh? What do they want you to do there?

GALAHAD  
Something ridiculous. I need to find evidence of topiary for the king. Might visit Merlin.

KRAUSE  
That old fool.  
Good luck.

*Galahad exits.*

WESLEY  
Sir Krause--

*Krause quickly takes a seat at Wesley's feet.*

KRAUSE  
You can yadda-yadda the spiel, what do I have to do?

WESLEY  
Your task is simple--you must light this candle and then receive my blessing.  
But first--

*Krause rashly takes the splint from him, dips it in the fire and lights the second candle.*

KRAUSE

Bless me. Actually, I don't have time for that.

*He crosses himself and exits.*

**ACT I, SCENE FOUR.**

*THE LAWN OUTSIDE MERLIN'S HOUSE, which is a simple hut in the hills near Rumplegoose Castle, the next day. Galahad wanders down to the hut and knocks on the door.*

GALAHAD

Merlin? Merlin!

MERLIN (OFF STAGE)

Wait here, my lass.

WOMAN (OFF STAGE)

What's in this drink?

MERLIN (OFF STAGE)

Sugar. Lots and lots of sugar.

*The woman giggles. MERLIN emerges from the hut.*

MERLIN

Ah! Sir Galahad! What a surprise!

GALAHAD

I'm sorry, is this a bad time?

MERLIN

Nonsense.

GALAHAD

May I come in?

MERLIN

(Abruptly.)

No.

No, dear boy. It's just such a beautiful April evening... Why converse inside when we could do the same far away from my living room?

GALAHAD

Fine.

MERLIN

If you're here for a love potion, dreadfully sorry--they take weeks to make and I can't let you have any of my stash.

GALAHAD

Love... potion?

MERLIN

Undetectable to the human conscience. "True love" at its finest. Side effects may include mood swings and drowsiness. Oh, and increased appetite.

GALAHAD

No--no, Merlin, I don't want a love potion. I want advice.

MERLIN

All right then. Life is short.

GALAHAD

You're eight hundred twenty-six years old--

MERLIN

Life is short. Trust nobody, step on everyone in your way, and throw them off a cliff even if they win. You got it?

GALAHAD

Merlin? Are you OK?

MERLIN

I'm a man who knows what he wants and I always get it.

GALAHAD

I actually was hoping for some specific advice. Maybe you heard, the king sent me on a quest for Jacqueline's hand in marriage.

MERLIN

Jacqueline, as in. Princess Jacqueline.

(Not missing a beat.)

And you would like my assistance?

GALAHAD

I'm trying to get to Cape Emerald in search of topiary.

MERLIN

Well, if you're asking my advice, I'd say--don't do it. Seriously, don't do it.

GALAHAD

I don't care. I'll die for the princess and for Slekochovakia if I must.

MERLIN

Oh dear.

(Insincerely.)

This all sounds too exciting. I'm coming with you.

GALAHAD

No need. I was just stopping by to figure out how to... get there.

*Heron enters.*

MERLIN

No. No. You need someone by your side, and I always find a way to make it all work out.

GALAHAD

Great.

MERLIN

Now if you'll excuse me--

*Merlin gets up and enters his hut, slamming the door behind him.*

LADY HERON

Sir Galahad?

GALAHAD

Andrea. Any messages? Or any more...

(Gently, joking.)

deep-seated personal revelations?

*Heron laughs softly.*

LADY HERON

Ha! I wish. No, I have one for Merlin--is he around?

GALAHAD

He just went inside. He's invited himself to join my quest for the princess's hand.

*Merlin enters.*

LADY HERON

You know--Caleb--it might not be the end of the world if you skipped the whole perilous quest thing and stuck around a bit. Maybe get to know some people and figure out what you really want--

MERLIN

Well. There is no talking this knight out of an epic quest for the beautiful Jacqueline's hand--he even said he'd die for her if that's what it would take.  
Fancy seeing you here again, Lady Heron!

LADY HERON

King Carlton sends a message.

MERLIN

And what has his majesty sent?

LADY HERON

The king requests his... ehm... "prescription"

MERLIN

Here it is.

*He tosses Heron an umarked sack.*

LADY HERON

Thanks.

*Galahad turns to Heron.*

GALAHAD

You good?

LADY HERON

I'm fine.

GALAHAD

Well. I hope to hear from you soon.

*He smiles. Heron returns the smile in kind.*

LADY HERON

Of course.

*Merlin is no longer conflicted.*

MERLIN

Yes. Yes, this will all work out just fine.

GALAHAD

Good. Off we go! Cape Emerald awaits!

*He and Merlin exit.*

LADY HERON

He'd . . . die for her.

*Heron lets these words sink in again.  
Victoria rushes in.*

VICTORIA

Lady Heron! There you are!

LADY HERON

My queen... what brings you... anywhere?

VICTORIA

The king and I have a crisis! I had to run after you--we need all hands on deck!

*She looks into Heron's eyes.*

VICTORIA

Goodness me, what is in your eyes?

LADY HERON

Oh... Allergies. I get really bad allergies this time of year.

*She fakes a sneeze.*

VICTORIA

You shall see the Duke of Benadryl posthaste. But later. After we deal with the crisis.

LADY HERON

What is going on?

VICTORIA

It's a secret. I can't tell you yet.

LADY HERON

Why not?

VICTORIA

I'm sorry, my dear, but it must remain my little secret for now. Let's just call it Victoria's secret.

LADY HERON

That's kinda catchy...

VICTORIA

Hmm?

LADY HERON

Oh, nothing. We better be off to deal with it. We can't have King Carlton all agitated and overwrought by Victoria's secret, now can we?

**ACT I, SCENE FIVE.**

*A ROWBOAT SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA, four days later. Galahad and Merlin sit facing each other with nowhere to hide. Merlin has a journal and quill, narrating as he writes.*

MERLIN

Ship's log: Day three of the voyage. The elusive territory known as Cape Emerald is in fact not a seaport, but instead, a tiny island several days south of the grand peninsula. The knight has been experiencing intense migraines and covers his ears. I speak to him constantly--attempting to more fully understand these symptoms. Yet he speaks so little. I cannot say I understand.

*Galahad sighs as Merlin continues. The lights dim as fog filters across the stage, signaling a fantasy interlude. In his fantasy, Galahad steps out of the rowboat onto the sea.*

GALAHAD

Princess Jacqueline... The headstrong beauty of Slekochovakia...

MERLIN

Dearest me. He's fantasizing about her.

*He exits. Ambient wedding music begins to play. Jacqueline enters in a wedding dress. Merlin enters.*

*At no point in the fantasy sequence does Galahad see Merlin or notice his antics.*

GALAHAD

On the day we marry, her hair will be as beautiful as a flock of goats?

JACQUELINE

I'm not sure how to take that.

GALAHAD

Pretty sure it's a compliment.

JACQUELINE

You sure... ?

GALAHAD

It's biblical.

JACQUELINE  
Does that... mean anything though?

GALAHAD  
It's my fantasy--just go with it.

JACQUELINE  
Okay.

*Merlin sighs, frustrated. He exits.*

GALAHAD  
Her father--will still be alive--to walk her down the aisle.

*Carlton enters and takes Jacqueline by the arm.*

CARLTON  
Sweet Jacqueline, are you ready to marry your knight in shining armor?

JACQUELINE  
Of course, Father!

GALAHAD  
And then the bridesmaids will enter, with their bouquets of... what flowers are we supposed to have?

JACQUELINE  
Don't you know? The official flower of Slekochovakia?

*Galahad attempts a guess.*

JACQUELINE  
Trick question, it's frozen ham.

GALAHAD  
Is it?

JACQUELINE  
You don't know me. You don't know this kingdom. I could be telling you anything.

*A couple BRIDESMAIDS enter carrying frozen hams.*

GALAHAD  
Oh, look at that--it is.

JACQUELINE  
Have you ever been to a wedding before? There are a lot of things wrong with this one. Namely--why am I already out here? I'm the last one in the chapel.

GALAHAD

It's my fantasy.

JACQUELINE

Whatever.

GALAHAD

And then, just as Jacqueline gets a little nervous...  
I'll waltz into the chapel.

*He crosses the surface of the sea,  
wandering down the aisle to join hands  
with Jacqueline. He stops when he is  
just out of the Princess's reach.*

JACQUELINE

What's wrong?

MERLIN (OFF STAGE)

All right--in you go!

*He shoves Heron on stage, emerging in  
Galahad's line of sight behind  
Jacqueline.*

GALAHAD

Andrea--

*Jacqueline turns around to see Heron.  
She contorts her face.*

JACQUELINE

Ew, what is she doing here?

GALAHAD

I--I don't know. This is really weird.

LADY HERON

Yeah, I was just minding my own business and somehow, here I  
am! At the forefront of your mind.

JACQUELINE

Well--this is your fantasy. Make her go away.

GALAHAD

Andrea--please.

LADY HERON

Yeah--how do I get out of here?

*She exits.*

JACQUELINE

What happens next?

GALAHAD

Right! So then Friar Wesley shows up and the entire congregation will rise when they see him enter.

JACQUELINE

(Chuckles)

You're ridiculous.

*Wesley enters, the gathered rise as he takes his spot on the altar.*

WESLEY

You have done well to make it this far, Sir Galahad.

GALAHAD

Thank you, Friar. We are very happy...

*Long pause.*

GALAHAD

Together.

WESLEY

Excellent. Sir Galahad of the Square Table, do you take Princess Jacqueline of Slekochovakia to be your lawfully wedded wife?

GALAHAD

I do.

WESLEY

And Princess Jacqueline of Slekochovakia, do you take Sir Galahad to be your lawfully wedded husband?

JACQUELINE

I do.

*Merlin enters.*

WESLEY

I now pronounce you married. Kiss the bride.

*Galahad rushes a kiss with Jacqueline.*

WESLEY

All right, I gotta run--

GALAHAD

Why?

WESLEY

I'm a busy man, Sir Galahad. I just got booked to do your funeral in someone else's fantasy. Blessings to you both.

JACQUELINE

So... Finish that kiss?

GALAHAD

Yes ma'am.

*They resume their kiss.*

MERLIN

Okay, get back here, you.

*He exits and immediately re-enters with Heron. Galahad pulls away from the princess when he sees Heron.*

GALAHAD

(Agitated.)

Andrea, what are you doing? Go away!

*Heron exits with a silent nod.*

JACQUELINE

Don't mind her. I'm right here. It's your fantasy, isn't it?

*Jacqueline lightly touches Galahad's arm. He's thrown off-kilter. Merlin snickers, satisfied.*

GALAHAD

It is.

JACQUELINE

So what happens next?

GALAHAD

After the wedding, we'll have our reception under the moonlight in the castle courtyard.

JACQUELINE

Can't we have it somewhere else? My hay fever is awful this time of year--

GALAHAD

My fantasy!

JACQUELINE

Right. Go on.

*She sneezes. Heron enters with a scroll.*

GALAHAD

And then Lady Heron will proclaim to the kingdom--

Lady Heron?

JACQUELINE

LADY HERON

(Reading off scroll.)

"Bananas, chocolate, onions, pasta, carr--"

*Galahad and Heron make eye contact and bust up laughing.*

LADY HERON

For the first time as husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Caleb and Jacqueline Galahad!

*Jacqueline crosses to Heron.*

JACQUELINE

Didn't he tell you to go away? What are you doing here?!

LADY HERON

Good question. What am I doing here?

JACQUELINE

Why am I angry?

GALAHAD

I don't know. You're both figments of my imagination right now, so this whole situation is kinda weird.

JACQUELINE

So... Should I be angry?

GALAHAD

I don't think so? Tell you the truth, I'm not really sure why Lady Heron is here.

LADY HERON

Well--I'm lost. I can't find my way out of your head.

JACQUELINE

Oh, I know why! She was the last person you talked to before you left. That's it. You don't have anything to worry about. Our day, when it comes, will be perfect.

GALAHAD

Yeah. Perfect.

JACQUELINE

I am so glad you're not planning our wedding, Sir Galahad, because I love you, but my dude, you have no idea what you're doing. But it's no use saying that because you're gonna come right back and tell me it's your fantasy because--

GALAHAD

(Gently.)

It is my fantasy.

*He leaves Jacqueline's side and walks toward Heron. Heron walks toward Galahad. Before Galahad can take her hand, Heron points offstage.*

LADY HERON

Do you see that huge sandbar you're headed for?

*Galahad jumps back into the boat. Jacqueline and Heron exit abruptly as the lighting returns to normal.*

*Galahad paddles frantically. He stops after a few seconds. Merlin is sitting in the boat.*

MERLIN

(Snide.)

Bad dream?

GALAHAD

Just a dream. Just a silly dream.

MERLIN

Ah, well. Your headache seems cleared.

GALAHAD

I have a new one.

*Galahad points off into the distance.*

GALAHAD

Merlin! Is that Cape Emerald?

MERLIN

My beard, I say it is! Leave it all to me!

*He rows the boat offstage.*

**ACT I, SCENE SIX.**

*THE HALL OF THE SQUARE TABLE IN RUMPLEGOOSE CASTLE, a few days earlier (immediately following the events of Act I, Scene Four). Carlton paces back and forth, distraught.*

*Heron and the young, snarky CHEF TORTE, look on. Torte turns to Heron.*

TORTE

Well. This should be good.

VICTORIA

Carlton, please explain to the servants what is going on here.

CARLTON

The execution of that interior designer fellow went off without a hitch! Why just afterward, I said to the--

VICTORIA

About the wedding planner!

CARLTON

Ah, yes. Dear Jacqueline's wedding planner has quit so we sent her to the dungeon where she awaits my judgment. What a silly, pig-headed, very dead woman!

VICTORIA

Didn't we already kill her?

CARLTON

Hmmm--maybe that was Tuesday.

VICTORIA

No, you're thinking about the jester.

TORTE

Is that what happened to Charles?

LADY HERON

So... Clearly I'll need to send a message to Galahad and Krause that the quest is postponed because there's no longer a wedding?

VICTORIA

Oh heavens no! We've already sent the invitations.

LADY HERON

... Naturally.

CARLTON

We need a wedding planner, Lady Heron, and you are responsible for finding one.

LADY HERON

Really?

*King Carlton and Queen Victoria nod.*

LADY HERON

Of course. I'll see what I can do.

*She exits and returns immediately with LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE, a #girlboss type, conventionally beautiful and dressed in a 21st-Century business suit--which makes her look rather out of place in the medieval scene.*

CARLTON

Your efficiency is astounding, Lady Heron. You are all dismissed.

*Torte exits.*

LADY HERON

Your bidding, as always, is my command. Here is the first accomplished wedding planner I was able to find.

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

It is an honor to meet you, your highness. The name is Leslie Godzillabride, of the Godzillabride sisters. Rochelle sets them up, I plan the wedding, and Kathryn arbitrates the divorce.

VICTORIA

Sounds like we're in good hands.

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

I get results. A bride in every chapel and a cost at every corner.

CARLTON

My deepest gratitude, Lady Heron. This woman sounds nearly as wonderful as I have full faith in you, Lucy--

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

I shall begin immediately. And the name's Leslie Godzillabride, your highness.

VICTORIA

And remember, secrecy is of the utmost importance! She's been inconsolable following the general apathy of the knights and we know a surprise wedding will be just what she needs!

*Heron is silently alarmed. Jacqueline enters, eating a plate of brownies.*

JACQUELINE

Good morning, Mother. Good morning, Father.

(To Leslie.)

Good morning, Lady I don't know.

VICTORIA

Jacqueline! We were worried sick! Where have you been?

JACQUELINE

Eating sugar. Might I ask why there is a peasant standing in front of you?

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

Peasant? Did she just call me a peasant?

*She lunges toward Jacqueline.*

VICTORIA

Ms. Godzillabride!

*Carlton crosses to Jacqueline turns her away from the action.*

CARLTON

Oh, you precocious daughter of mine! Someday you may be as intelligent as your father, but for now, you're just our little princess.  
Now go, enjoy the day.

JACQUELINE

Um, all right. Hey, have you heard anything about my quest? Did anybody... take it on?

CARLTON

Quest? What are you talking about?

JACQUELINE

The... The quest for my hand in marriage? I actually--

CARLTON

I recall no such thing. Look at you, having another one of your flights of fancy! Now, go, enjoy the day.

JACQUELINE

Okay. I, um-- nevermind.

*She exits.*

CARLTON

Lady Heron, I need a message sent to Sir Galahad and Sir--the other one--at Cape Emerald.

LADY HERON

Certainly.

*Carlton gives Heron scrolls. She exits.*

VICTORIA

Your first task is to order a cake from the royal baker. The princess would like Death by Chocolate, topped with exactly two radishes, as is tradition.

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

Which poison are we thinking? There's so many options the guests and groom would never suspect . . . arsenic, asbestos, strychnine, fentanyl . . .

VICTORIA

No! No! We'd never dream of killing our nobility with a cake.

(Quietly.)

We whip them up a hemlock soup.

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

That's just your little secret then, huh?

*Victoria hands Leslie a scroll.*

VICTORIA

To get things started, I have a list of people you must speak to at once.

*Leslie opens the scroll, which extends to the floor.*

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

My, my, what a list! I admire your thoroughness. We will get along famously! I will head off to the baker at once.

*She exits, crumpling the scroll and chucking it far away. Jacqueline enters, now eating a baguette.*

CARLTON

Jacqueline, dearest, why does this room interest you so? Please, enjoy the day.

JACQUELINE

I think you and mother are hiding something from me.

VICTORIA

Dear, your father and I are planning a big surprise for you very soon!

JACQUELINE

Really? I'm . . . Wow, that's so sweet of you to think of shaking things up. I mean, my birthday is right around the corner and twenty is such a banner year--

CARLTON

Yes! It's your birthday soon.

JACQUELINE

The twenty-fifth.

VICTORIA

Whatever you say, dear. And I say let 'em eat cake.

*Leslie enters, forcibly pushing Torte into the room.*

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

I'm not even going to give this insubordinate worm the dignity of my time explaining his insufferable acts. I trust that you will personally execute him this instant. And now for the florist.

*Leslie exits.*

TORTE

Well.

VICTORIA

What's wrong with you?

TORTE

Honestly--not sure. I looked for the radishes to put on the cake for Princess Jacqueline.

JACQUELINE

Ooh, this is about my birthday! Radishes? Oh--oh! It's a wedding-themed birthday!

*She joyfully covers her ears and exits.  
Torte is unfazed.*

TORTE

Uh--cool. So, anyway, it just finally occurred to me: I don't care what the legends and traditions say. Radishes taste awful on cakes. So I thought: what about strawberries? So I placed exactly two strawberries on the cake, intending to coat them in icing to look like radishes but then that, uh, wedding planner? Person? She just barged in and physically picked me up and pushed me in here. Anyway--would you like to taste the cake I was making?

VICTORIA

Well, obviously.

*Torte pulls the cake out from behind his person and hands Carlton and Victoria each a slice. They eat.*

CARLTON

Oh, Torte, you never disappoint!

VICTORIA

All right. Make this cake for Jacqueline's wedding. But, do make sure the strawberries look like radishes. Just do some of that icing-thing with them. It's very important.

*Leslie marches back in.*

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

Hey you! Tortellini! What are you still doing here? There's bread to be made! Get back to the kitchen now! March! March! March!

*Torte exits.*

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

Now, you will be happy to know I dismissed the florist. Her attempt at light medium pink roses did not hit my standard, so off to the guillotine she went.

VICTORIA

Charming.

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

We cannot stand for anything less than Godzillabride excellence. A bride in every chapel and a cost at every corner. Good day.

VICTORIA

Oh yes, about your fee--

LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE

I said good day!

*Leslie exits.*

**ACT I, SCENE SEVEN.**

*CAPE EMERALD, a classic case of false advertising. The only sign of civilization is a sign that literally reads, "Dead End". Galahad and Merlin enter.*

GALAHAD

Well. This must be a dead end.

MERLIN

How do you know?

*Galahad points to the sign.*

MERLIN

Of course! Pay attention to the signs, silly me!

GALAHAD

It's as good as we have to be for now, with the rowboat crashing and all.

MERLIN

Ah, what fun is a "sailor's voyage" without a little run-in with the rocks every now and again?

(Muttered.)

And how on earth are you still alive...

GALAHAD

How did we get off course so quickly? You took the oars from me and then--

MERLIN

(Hastily dismissive.)

It was jolly good fun. Now, I'm sure we'll find the emeralds somewhere.

GALAHAD

You mean topiary. We're looking for topiary.

MERLIN

Don't be ridiculous. What kind of king would send you on a perilous quest for topiary?

GALAHAD

A very silly one.

*Three SIRENS emerge from the brush and come into Merlin and Galahad's lines of sight.*

MERLIN

Though I suspect these young ladies may be able to shed some light for us.

*He bounds right over to the sirens.*

MERLIN

Hello! My name is Merlin, Court Wizard of Slekochovakia, and this is my associate, Sir Galahad of the Square Table. Might you know anything about--what were we looking f--topiaries!

*Galahad finds a skeleton.*

GALAHAD

Merlin--

MERLIN

Well? Show us to those bushes!

*An ethereal pause.*

SIREN 1

Welcome to our island.

MERLIN

Alas! These ladies can even speak!

SIREN 2

My sisters and I have lived here for many years.

SIREN 3

You are weary.

SIREN 1

Come--

SIREN 2

Stay--

SIREN 3

Feast.

SIREN 1

We must pick fruit for the feast.

SIREN 2

Come with us--

SIREN 3

Please come.

MERLIN

Well, count me in, ladies. Are you coming, Caleb?

GALAHAD

I think I just want to lay down for a while.

*Siren 1 nods to Sirens 2 and 3, who exit and return with a picnic blanket and large, foreboding cauldron. The Sirens lay the blanket down and gesture. Galahad lets his guard down.*

GALAHAD

Well that's neat.

(To Merlin)

You enjoy yourself, I guess.

MERLIN

Suit yourself... Ladies?

*The Sirens take Merlin by the arms as the exit. Galahad lies down.*

*He only gets a moment to himself before he hears muffled struggle noises. Sir Galahad bolts up and draws his sword.*

GALAHAD

Merlin. Merlin?!

*The Sirens giggle offstage. Galahad mumbles "he's fine" and lays back down. A few more moments of hearing muffled struggle noises and Galahad decides to look inside the cauldron.*

GALAHAD

Jeff?

*He pulls Traber out from inside the cauldron, bound and gagged. Galahad pulls out the gag from Traber's mouth.*

TRABER

Oh, thank God.

*Galahad pulls out his sword and cuts Traber free. He sits up.*

GALAHAD

What happened to you?

TRABER

Well, as you know, King Carlton appointed me to lead the expedition to Cape Emerald--

GALAHAD

Oh yeah, he did that.

TRABER

So... Then I got here after discovering it's an island wasteland. He wasn't kidding when he said "full coast access"

GALAHAD

Did he send you for topiaries?

TRABER

Yes! So, once I realized there weren't any topiaries, I started to leave but then I found the sirens. Well, they found me.

GALAHAD

Sirens?

TRABER

Yeah--we feasted, and then next thing I knew, I was bound and gagged and inside that cauldron. So... Thanks for not eating me, I guess. Why are you here?

GALAHAD

Tthis is the second task for the quest for Princess Jacqueline's hand in marriage...

TRABER

He sent you for topiaries?

GALAHAD

He sent me for topiaries.

TRABER

But you don't like her.

GALAHAD

Jacqueline?  
I never said that.

TRABER

But what about Lady Heron?  
The other day. She talked to you.

GALAHAD

Yeah, she did.

*Merlin is heard offstage again.*

TRABER

I wanna hear about this later.

*Merlin enters with the Sirens, carrying an assortment of fruits and a potted topiary plant.*

SIREN 1

Sir Traber--

SIREN 2

What a surprise.

SIREN 3

We were not expecting another guest.

*Galahad and Traber rise.*

GALAHAD

I accept full responsibility for this--I did not realize Sir Traber was not invited to this little... shindig. Thank you for your hospitality, if you'll just excuse me--

*Siren 1 forcibly grabs Galahad.*

SIREN 1

Don't go.

SIREN 2

Please stay.

SIREN 3

We love guests.

MERLIN

And, look what they conjured up on our little fruit-picking adventure!

*He gestures to the plant in the siren's hands. Galahad inspects the topiary and snaps a branch off of it.*

GALAHAD

Well, wouldja look at that.

SIREN 1

We have brought you your bush, Sir Galahad.

SIREN 2

You're so brave and so handsome.

SIREN 3

Please, repay us by just staying to eat.

*The sirens reveal full plates of food on the picnic blanket with a wave of her hand. Galahad eyes the food and the sirens, mesmerized. He shrugs.*

GALAHAD

Guess we could stay for a bite.

SIREN 1

Come--

SIREN 2

Dally not--

SIREN 3

The feast is now.

*The sirens each take Galahad, Traber, and Merlin by the hand and sit down on the blanket. They eat in silence.*

*Krause enters.*

*The sirens rise from their seats. An  
ethereal tune.*

KRAUSE

Hello, Galahad.

*Galahad rises and turns to see Krause  
standing behind him. Krause yawns.*

GALAHAD

Krause? Uh . . . What are you doing here?

KRAUSE

You're the legendary knight. You tell me.

*Merlin falls asleep. Galahad yawns.*

GALAHAD

Legendary, maybe, but I don't read minds.

*He laughs slightly. Krause shoves  
Galahad.*

KRAUSE

You think you're God's gift to Slekochovakia. Worthy of  
Princess Jacqueline. You assume you can walk into my kingdom  
and become my king! You are nothing. I spit on you.

*He picks up the topiary plant.*

KRAUSE

Evidence of topiary. How convenient.

*Galahad yawns. Traber falls asleep.*

GALAHAD

What's going on?

KRAUSE

Did you not hear me, idiot?

(Egging himself on)

You think you're God's gift to Slekochovakia. Worthy of  
Princess Jacq--

GALAHAD

No, I heard you--I'm just wondering why I'm so tired . . .

*Krause and Galahad fall asleep.*

END OF ACT ONE.

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