

"Medieval Variety Show"

Written by Courtney Zelazny

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CAST

King Burgundus

Flopabout Smythe - Court Jester and MC

Princess Stellara

(Lights up on a medieval stage. Lute, flute, and hammered dulcimer begin to play. Flopabout Smythe enters center stage from the wings.)

Flopabout Smythe

Hello all and welcome back to the Kingdom of Dumnonia Festival of Revels. Before our break we saw the amazing Ulric consume an entire boar, snout and all. Could that have fed my whole family for a week? Who's to say; they've been in the dungeon for the past 6 months. Our next guest needs no introduction-his face is on all the money I won't get for working overtime tonight! Give a hand and huzzah for King Burgundus!

(Flopabout gestures to stage left, the crowd halfheartedly cheers, and the King enters, proudly but drunkenly, holding a bottle.)

King Burgundus

Thank you, thank you, you're too kind. Be careful with your ribbing, Flopabout, or I might just forget where I placed my dungeon key!

(The crowd is silent.)

King Burgundus

I jest!

(The crowd chuckles.)

King Burgundus

Now, what do you call a dragon, crossed with a witch?

(The crowd mutters under their breath.)

King Burgundus

Queen Latuda! Now we all know about King Arthur's round table, built by his knight Sir Cumference, but did you know about the other members of his royal kitchen design team, Sir Amic Tile and Sir La Table?

(The crowd chuckles politely. King Burgundus takes a swig from his bottle.)

King Burgundus

And do you know why it's so hard to escape serfdom? Because resistance is feudal!

(Crowd begins to boo.)

King Burgundus

Jeez, it's like people can't take a joke anymore! All I hear from my advisors these days is "divine right doesn't mean they won't stage a coup," and "they prefer to be called 'citizens,' not 'peasants' or 'the unwashed masses.'" Who can keep all that straight? And another thing-

(Flopabout hops back on stage and begins to clap.)

Flopabout Smythe

Let's give another hand for our esteemed royal highness, King Burgundus! Now before we go throwing our rationed food, we have Princess Stellara up next with her poetry.

(Princess Stellara dramatically glides across the stage.)

Princess Stellara

This poem is called "My Chamber, My Cellar."

(Princess Stellara clears her throat.)

Princess Stellara

Darkness. Descending stone steps. Ascending the throne. The castle is my dungeon, the throne is my cell. Suckling pig and crackling fire, I am starved...of truth. I am frozen in my fur stole. Outside. My. Window. I see dirty children carrying bushels of wheat but *I* am dirty on the inside. My lord locks

little peasants in little peasant stocks with little peasant locks but I too, and locked in my little princess cage. Oh, how I suffer...

(Peasants begin to shout and boo, throwing tomatoes at the Princess. Rather than flee, she throws her arms wide, falling to her knees.)

Princess Stellara

Yes! Ruin this gown, which costs more than your home and land and livestock. Finally!

(Flopabout leaps onstage and pulls Princess Stellara by the arm.)

Flopabout Smythe

Thank you once again for joining us for tonight's entertainment. I hear next time we might just get to see a man get turned into a chicken. I nominate my mother-in-law, one less mouth to feed, haha!

(Lights out.)