

MEDIEVAL NIGHTS

by Megan Orr

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MEDIEVAL NIGHTS

A Full-Length Comedy

by Megan Orr

SYNOPSIS: The Carlises are a family in need of some quality family time. The solution? Medieval Nights, a medieval-themed dinner theater, that evokes fond nostalgia for Seth's younger days. His family, however, is not as impressed. That is, until, with the help of Merlin, all four of them suddenly find themselves transported back into the real medieval era!

Marley soon learns that her usual attitude won't fly in this time period when she unwittingly disrespects the queen. Jordan's dreams of becoming a knight and playing with weapons suddenly become a very real possibility upon meeting and impressing the famous Sir Bedivere. And Piper is now forced to unplug and learn how to survive without her beloved technology.

Will this "family bonding night out" actually bring the Carlises together? Will they ever figure out a way home? Or will they find themselves stuck forever in the real Medieval Nights?

DURATION: 75 minutes

TIME: Modern day and medieval era; summer.

SETTING: Carlises' living room / Medieval Knights Dinner Theater / A medieval throne room.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 females, 4 males, 9-13 either, 4-12 extras)

SETH CARLISLE (m)..... Father of Marley and Jordan;
junior high principal; upbeat,
positive; big believer in family
unity. *(115 lines)*

PIPER CARLISLE (f)..... Mother of Marley and Jordan;
successful real estate agent;
workaholic; rarely makes time
for the family. *(98 lines)*

MARLEY CARLISLE (f).....	Emo 13-year-old who is easily annoyed with her younger sibling and believes her parents are old-fashioned and out-of-touch with reality. (92 lines)
JORDAN CARLISLE (m/f).....	Energetic, imaginative eight-year-old who loves teasing Marley but actually admires her. (145 lines)
MERLIN (m/f).....	An old sorcerer with an air of mystery. (21 lines)
DINNER THEATER MANAGER (m/f).....	Stressed out and overworked. (7 lines)
PHOTOGRAPHER (m/f).....	Dinner theater photographer; just doing their job. (2 lines)
QUEEN CARINA (f).....	Firm and regal regent; used to getting her way but genuinely loves her kingdom. (55 lines)
HERALD (m/f).....	Loyal messenger to the Queen with an exceptionally loud and clear voice. (3 lines)
QUEEN'S COURT 1 (m/f).....	Attendant who follows after the Queen and behaves like a medieval groupie around Sir Bedivere. (2 line)
QUEEN'S COURT 2 (m/f).....	Attendant who follows after the Queen and behaves like a medieval groupie around Sir Bedivere. (2 line)
QUEEN'S COURT 3 (m/f).....	Attendant who follows after the Queen and behaves like a medieval groupie around Sir Bedivere. (2 line)
SIR PERCIVAL (m).....	A brave and loyal knight; secretly in love with the Queen but has vowed to serve her. (46 lines)

LORD MORDRED (m)	The conniving villain who wants to dethrone the Queen and take over the kingdom. <i>(48 lines)</i>
LADY MORDRED (f).....	Lord Mordred's entitled wife; superficial and self-absorbed. <i>(30 lines)</i>
CASTLE SERVANT (m/f).....	Employed in the Queen's castle. <i>(1 line)</i>
SIR BEDIVERE (m/f)	Attractive, charming, a bit conceited; long, flowing hair, if possible. <i>(68 lines)</i>
SIR LUCAN (m/f)	Outspoken, good sense of humor. <i>(28 lines)</i>
SIR PALOMEDES (m/f)	Skittish; a strong believer in medieval superstitions. <i>(23 lines)</i>
SIR ALYMERE (m)	Fair and reasonable; a poet at heart. <i>(19 lines)</i>
DINNER THEATER SERVER (m/f).....	A dinner theater server who dislikes kids and has no sense of humor. <i>(4 lines)</i>

EXTRAS:

DINNER THEATER ARCHERS (m/f)

DINNER THEATER ATTENDEES (m/f)

QUEEN'S COURT (m/f)

OPTIONAL DOUBLING

MERLIN, the DINNER THEATER MANAGER, and the PHOTOGRAPHER can also double as SIR BEDIVERE, SIR LUCAN, SIR PALOMEDES, or SIR ALYMERE.

The QUEEN'S HERALD, SIR LUCAN, SIR PALOMEDES, and SIR ALYMERE can also double as one of the DINNER THEATER ARCHERS.

The CASTLE SERVANT can also double as the DINNER THEATER SERVER.

SETS

All scenes can occur with or without sets. In the script, a few key props are used to suggest the set. Suggestions for each have been included below:

ACT ONE, SCENE 1: Carlisle's Living Room: an armchair with throw pillow at downstage left, a desk at upstage right, facing stage right

ACT ONE, SCENE 2: Medieval Knights Dinner Theater: tablecloth-covered tables with chairs in a row across center stage, facing the audience; various hanging banners and pennants and coats of arms

ACT ONE, SCENE 3: Medieval Throne Room: a round table with five chairs at center stage; an elaborate throne at stage left; banners hang from the ceiling

ACT TWO, SCENE 1: Medieval Throne Room: a round table with five chairs at center stage; an elaborate throne at stage left; banners hang from the ceiling

ACT TWO, SCENE 2: Medieval Throne Room: a round table with five chairs at center stage; an elaborate throne at stage left; banners hang from the ceiling

ACT TWO, SCENE 3: Medieval Knights Dinner Theater (Same as Act One, Scene 2): tablecloth-covered tables with chairs in a row across center stage, facing the audience; various hanging banners and pennants and coats of arms

COSTUMES

SETH CARLISLE – ACT ONE, SCENES 1-3 and ACT TWO, SCENE 1:
polo and khaki pants; ACT TWO, SCENES 2-3: a medieval-style tunic
and breeches

PIPER CARLISLE – ACT ONE, SCENES 1-3 and ACT TWO, SCENE 1:
black business suit or blouse and knee-length straight skirt with low heels;
ACT TWO, SCENES 2-3: a medieval-style peasant's dress

MARLEY CARLISLE – ACT ONE, SCENES 1-3 and ACT TWO, SCENE
1: black Goth attire: black T-shirt, ripped black jeans, combat boots, metal
jewelry; ACT TWO, SCENES 2-3: a medieval-style dress

JORDAN CARLISLE – ACT ONE, SCENES 1-3 and ACT TWO, SCENE 1:
jeans and a bright-colored T-shirt; ACT TWO, SCENES 2-3: a medieval-
style tunic and breeches

MERLIN – long navy or black sorcerer's robe, long white beard (similar to
Gandalf from *Lord of the Rings*); pointed sorcerer hat, optional

DINNER THEATER MANAGER – button-down shirt, dress pants, dress
shoes; name tag

PHOTOGRAPHER – polo or button-down shirt, dress pants or flowing skirt,
dress shoes; lanyard photographer tag

QUEEN (CARINA) – medieval-style gown, crown; fur-trimmed cape,
optional

HERALD – medieval-style tunic and breeches; carries a trumpet with a flag
or pendant hanging from it (optional)

SIR PERCIVAL – knight's armor

LORD MORDRED – long black robes

LADY MORDRED – medieval-style gown

CASTLE SERVANT – medieval-style tunic and breeches

SIR BEDIVERE – knight's armor

SIR LUCAN – knight's armor

SIR PALOMEDES – knight's armor

SIR ALYMERE – knight's armor

DINNER THEATER SERVER – medieval-style tunic and breeches

DINNER THEATER ARCHERS - medieval-style tunic and breeches

DINNER THEATER ATTENDEES – modern-day clothing like jeans, T-
shirts, sneakers

QUEEN'S COURT – medieval costumes like dresses or tunics with breeches

PROPS

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

- Marley's cell phone
- Marley's headphones
- Piper's laptop
- Jordan's play bow and arrows set
- Jordan's handheld video game system
- Throw pillow

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

- Merlin's staff
- Piper's purse and cell phone
- Archers' bows and arrows
- Merlin's time turner pocket watch
- Photographer's camera and picture claim ticket
- Sir Percival's sword

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

- Piper's purse and cell phone
- Sir Percival's sword

ACT TWO, SCENE 1

- Handkerchiefs for the Court to wave at Sir Bedivere
- Small scrolls and quills for the Court to get Sir Bedivere's autograph
- A quill for Sir Bedivere to sign autographs
- Sir Bedivere's scroll with a list of names
- Jordan's lighter

ACT TWO, SCENE 2

- An oversized shield for Jordan to carry
- Two chalices Lady Mordred brings to Queen Carina
- Merlin's time turner pocket watch

ACT TWO, SCENE 3

- Merlin's time turner pocket watch
- Merlin's staff

LIGHTS

Standard indoor lighting can be used throughout. Lights fade and rise between acts. Spotlight optional.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

STAGING: If there is enough space on the apron, the Medieval Knights Dinner Theater Scene (Act One, Scene 2) can be played in front of the main curtain, allowing stage crew time to set up the Medieval Throne Room behind the curtain on center stage for Act One, Scene 3.

COSTUMING: While fall is an excellent time to find medieval costuming pieces like capes, armor, swords, shields, bows and arrows, and dresses in Halloween stores, you can save your theater department some serious coin by creating your own. YouTube contains a multitude of how-to videos for creating medieval costumes and armor, with both foam and cardboard options.

DINNER THEATER OPTION: The setting for this play lends itself to being performed as a medieval dinner theater play. Collaborate with your culinary arts department: they can create a medieval-style menu to be served during this production.

PROGRAM NOTE

No chickens were harmed in the making of this production.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1**THE CARLISLE LIVING ROOM; A SUMMER AFTERNOON**

AT START: *Lights rise. MARLEY, dressed in Gothic attire, is lounging in an armchair at downstage left, wearing headphones and scrolling through her phone. PIPER, MARLEY'S mother, sits at a desk upstage right facing away from MARLEY, entirely focused on her laptop. PIPER is dressed in professional business attire.*

After a minute, MARLEY'S younger sibling JORDAN enters from upstage left, stalking MARLEY with a toy bow and arrows. SOUND FX: Jungle hunt music (optional.). JORDAN narrates aloud.

JORDAN: With eyes like a hawk, the noble Robin Hood stalks the surrounding wood for his prey. Suddenly, he spots her! He fixes the target in his sights. He aims—

MARLEY suddenly speaks without looking up.

MARLEY: Take that shot and it will be the last thing you ever do.

SOUND FX: Jungle hunt music screeches to a stop. JORDAN lowers the bow with a groan and circles to the front of the armchair.

JORDAN: Awww! How'd you see me??

MARLEY shoves the headphones back from her ears.

MARLEY: Your shadow.

JORDAN: Least I have a shadow.

MARLEY: First of all, if you're trying to compare me to a vampire—thank you. And second, vampires have shadows. It's reflections that they don't have.

MARLEY looks back at her phone.

JORDAN: You're so weird, Marley.

MARLEY: Ugh. Marley? Really? I told you. My name is Midnight.

JORDAN: Midnight?

MARLEY: Yes.

JORDAN: What are you? A horse??

PIPER speaks up without looking away from her screen.

PIPER: Marley Elizabeth Carlisle, don't be ridiculous. After I spent twenty-eight hours in a delivery room giving birth to you, we are not calling you Midnight.

JORDAN: Ew!

MARLEY: (*Sarcasm.*) Gee, thanks, Piper.

PIPER: You will, however, continue calling me Mom.

MARLEY: Whatever.

MARLEY returns to her music and phone and PIPER returns to working on her laptop. JORDAN looks from one to the other.

JORDAN: Thanks, guys. Good talk.

With a sigh, JORDAN pulls out a handheld video game system from his/her pocket, plops on the floor at downstage left facing the audience and begins playing. All is quiet for a moment until SETH bounds in suddenly onto center stage from downstage left.

SETH: Well now! Isn't this nice? My entire family home for the summer! Who's up for a family game night?

SETH looks around at all the faces buried in technology.

SETH: Hello? I said, who's up for a family game night??

PIPER: (*Still not looking up.*) Oh. Honey. Sorry. Give me just thirty more minutes to finish up this offer and I'll get dinner started.

SETH: Marley?

MARLEY continues bobbing to her music and scrolling.

JORDAN: *(Without looking up from the video game.)* Sorry, Dad. Midol's not in right now, but if you would like to leave a message for the Mistress of Darkness—

MARLEY chucks a throw pillow at JORDAN.

MARLEY: I told you. My name is Midnight!

SETH: I thought you couldn't hear anything?

MARLEY: What? Oh... Hi, Dad.

SETH: Marley. What have I told you about shutting out the rest of your family with headphones??

PIPER: *(Still not looking up.)* At least she still calls you "Dad."

MARLEY: You don't get it, Dad. Jordan is being totally annoying.

JORDAN: Am not.

MARLEY: Are too!

JORDAN: D2.

MARLEY: *(A beat.)* What?

JORDAN: R2D2? He's a droid?

MARLEY: A what?

JORDAN: Exactly.

MARLEY turns back to SETH.

MARLEY: You see what I have to put up with??

PIPER: What you have to put up with? Ha!

SETH: Dear? Do you have something to add?

PIPER: Oh, it's nothing.

MARLEY: Doubtful.

PIPER stands and crosses to SETH and MARLEY.

PIPER: It's just if you'd like to interview the person who is putting up with the most in this household, that person would be me.

PIPER faces MARLEY, arms crossed.

SETH: Really. Why is that?

MARLEY: Please, Dad, don't get her started.

PIPER: Do you have any idea what time your daughter got out of bed today?

MARLEY: I told you not to get her started.

PIPER: Four o'clock!

SETH: Wow. That early? That's not at all what I expected—

PIPER: Four o'clock this afternoon!

JORDAN: (*Not looking up from his video game.*) Told you she's the Mistress of Darkness.

PIPER: And do you know how many times I've asked her to make her bed since then??

MARLEY: Please. Nobody makes their bed anymore.

PIPER: Twenty-five times. Twenty-five!

SETH: Well, honey, that certainly is... persistent.

JORDAN: Her room's a wreck too.

MARLEY jumps to her feet, facing off with JORDAN.

MARLEY: What gives? So now we're all airing Marley's dirty laundry to Dad?

PIPER: Oh, don't even get me started on the dirty laundry!

MARLEY whirls to face PIPER.

MARLEY: I told you. I'll get to it.

PIPER: When?

MARLEY: Later.

PIPER: When later?

MARLEY: Not now!

JORDAN: How 'bout never?

MARLEY: Jordan!

JORDAN: Marley!

PIPER looks at SETH and gestures at the fighting MARLEY and JORDAN.

PIPER: Honey?!

SETH: Okay. That's it.

SETH steps between MARLEY and JORDAN and scoops up their devices and headphones.

MARLEY: What—Hey!

JORDAN: I was, like, seconds away from leveling up!

PIPER: Thank you! It's about time somebody—

SETH crosses to the desk at upstage right and shuts PIPER'S laptop before scooping it up as well.

PIPER: Hon! I have a closing first thing in the morning! I need to finish!

SETH: Sorry, dear. But I am declaring tonight a mandatory family bonding night!

JORDAN: Mandatory family bonding night? What's that?

MARLEY: I don't know. But it sounds awful.

SETH: We all need to spend more quality time together. Without technology. Everybody, get dressed. We're going out for dinner!

PIPER: Out? Out where?

SETH: Tonight, I am taking this entire family out to... drumroll, please!

SETH looks expectantly at JORDAN.

JORDAN: Dude. You took my device. I'm not okay with this.

SETH: Medieval Knights!

MARLEY: *(Skeptically.)* Medieval Knights? You mean that lame-o dinner theater where they force you to eat with your hands while you watch two bozos beat each other with oversized sticks?

SETH: That's the one!

JORDAN: Cool!

SETH: Now go get dressed. We're leaving in ten minutes!

JORDAN jumps up and races off upstage left.

MARLEY: When you say "dressed," you don't mean that I actually have to put on a dress, do you??

SETH: Marley, let's not make a big issue out of clothing tonight. Just put on something nice, okay?

PIPER: If you have anything clean left in your closet.

MARLEY: Nice, Mom. And people wonder where I get my passive aggressive streak from.

PIPER exits upstage right while MARLEY exits upstage left. In dismay, SETH watches PIPER and MARLEY leave.

SETH: Well... at least she's calling her "Mom" again. Baby steps.

SETH exits upstage right. Lights fade.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

MEDIEVAL KNIGHTS DINNER THEATER

AT START: *Lights rise. Tablecloth-covered tables with chairs upstage of them stretch in a row across center stage, facing the audience. Various hanging banners and pennants and coats of arms decorate the area. SOUND FX: Trumpet fanfare (Optional.)*

SETH, PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN enter from downstage left, SETH and JORDAN eager, MARLEY bored, and PIPER impatient. SETH, PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN look toward the audience as though the medieval tournament ring is set up in the audience.

SETH: Look at this place! The sets, the costumes, the excitement—

MARLEY: The smell.

SETH: It's just like I remember it!

JORDAN: You've been to Medieval Knights before, Dad?

MARLEY: And you still came back?

SETH: Yes! This place is great! I remember my first time here. I was eight, just like you, Jordan. We sat right in front there and cheered for the white knight.

JORDAN: Did he win?

SETH: Well, no. But we had a lot of fun heckling him after he lost.

PIPER: Nice. My husband, the former bully.

MERLIN enters from stage right, dressed in sorcerer robes and carrying a staff. MERLIN meets SETH, PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN at downstage center.

MERLIN: Welcome! Welcome, young family, to Medieval Knights!

SETH: Oh, we're not the Young family. We're the Carlisle family.

MERLIN: Yes. I see. And what special occasion brings you Carlises yonder to Camelot this evening?

PIPER: No special occasion, thanks. We're just here for dinner.

MERLIN: Nonsense! Every moment is a special occasion when you're with the ones you love!

MARLEY: So is that, like, your day job? Writing cheesy lines for Hallmark movies?

MERLIN: Hallmark?

PIPER sighs, takes out her cell phone, and begins checking her email. JORDAN catches sight of ARCHERS, who have just entered on the ground in front of downstage left, fully armed, waving and silently conversing with one another and occasionally the audience.

JORDAN: Dad, look! The archers! Can I go watch them? Can I? Please? Can I? Can I??

SETH places calming hands on JORDAN'S shoulders.

SETH: Jordan, calm down! You're interrupting this nice wizard. I'm sorry, sir—

MERLIN: You may call me Merlin.

SETH: I'm sorry, Merlin. We're just a little excited.

MARLEY: *(With a snort.)* Speak for yourself.

MERLIN: Ah. I see that your fair gentlewomen are not quite as excited at the prospect of the joust. Perhaps we can change their minds.

JORDAN: If you can, then you really are a magician.

A harried DINNER THEATER MANAGER pokes his head out from stage left.

DINNER THEATER MANAGER: Merlin! What's taking so long??
We've got a line of people out the door!

MERLIN: Ah, yes. My apologies. *(To the CARLISLE family.)* This tournament tonight is expected to be the event of the season! Now, will you be cheering for the red knight or the blue knight this evening?

SETH: Red or blue? You mean, we can't cheer for the white knight?

MERLIN: I'm afraid it's been many years since we've seen the white knight here in Camelot.

JORDAN: See, Dad? All your heckling must've scared him off.

MARLEY: And yet the bully grows up to become a junior high principal.
Who would've guessed?

SETH: Okay, okay, you two. That's enough. *(Turning to PIPER.)*
Honey? Red or blue?

PIPER looks up from her phone at a loss.

PIPER: Huh? Red or blue what?

SETH: *(In shocked disappointment.)* Honey! Have you been working on your phone??

PIPER: Yes. I'm sorry, sweetheart, but I'm almost done, I swear.

The furious DINNER THEATER MANAGER pokes his head out from stage left again.

DINNER THEATER MANAGER: Merlin! Come on! It's not that difficult!
Red or blue! Red or blue!!

MARLEY: You better pick something, Dad. That dude's starting to turn purple.

SETH: *(To MERLIN.)* Blue. We choose blue.

MERLIN: Excellent. Straight ahead and to the right. Enjoy the evening.

MARLEY: Not likely.

SETH waves the rest of the family forward. MARLEY, PIPER, and JORDAN pass MERLIN and move around the end of the tables to upstage center, where they take seats at the center table. Just as SETH is about to follow them, MERLIN stops SETH.

MERLIN: My lord? A word, if I may.

SETH looks back toward where the DINNER THEATER MANAGER still hovers at stage left.

SETH: You may, but I'm not sure that you want to. Your boss over there is giving us the evil eye.

MERLIN: Time is precious, Lord Carlisle.

SETH: You can call me Seth. Really.

MERLIN: Here. Take this.

MERLIN pulls a pocket watch from his robe and offers it to SETH.

SETH: A pocket watch? Oh, no thank you. We really don't need any souvenirs.

MERLIN: I insist. This trinket is of no small value, Lord Carlisle.

MERLIN takes SETH'S hand and places the pocket watch in SETH'S palm. MERLIN closes SETH'S hand around the pocket watch.

SETH: Seth. And if it's so valuable, then maybe you should sell it on eBay.

MERLIN: No. I have chosen to give it to you. If ever you wish to return to this moment in time, now you may.

SETH looks down at the watch and then back at PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN.

SETH: Uh, yeah. Not sure that's gonna happen. But thanks. *(A beat.)* Mind if I get back to my family now?

MERLIN: Of course. Go with God, Lord Carlisle.

SETH crosses to center where PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN are seated. SETH looks back over his shoulder. MERLIN is now posted at downstage right.

PIPER: What was that all about?

SETH: I have no idea. Maybe he's lonely.

PIPER: Or looney.

MARLEY: You kinda have to be to work here. Can we go now?

SETH: Marley! The show hasn't even started! Don't you want any dinner?

JORDAN: Come on, Dad. You know Marley doesn't eat dinner. She only drains the blood of helpless animals.

MARLEY hisses at JORDAN.

JORDAN: See?

SETH: *(Sighing.)* Kids, can we please try to have a pleasant evening together?

MARLEY: Hey. You only said "mandatory family bonding night." You didn't say we had to be pleasant.

JORDAN: Yeah. I'm calling false advertisement!

PIPER: *(To SETH.)* Now you see what my day has been like.

A PHOTOGRAPHER enters stage left and stops at the stage left corner of SETH, PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN'S table.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Family photo?

SETH: *(Sarcastically.)* Yes. Because this is a night I want to remember. Everybody say cheese.

SETH, PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN pose as though one big, happy family. The PHOTOGRAPHER takes their picture, and SETH, PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN immediately resume more characteristic poses. The PHOTOGRAPHER hands SETH a ticket.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Enjoy the show!

PIPER: If we make it that long.

The PHOTOGRAPHER exits stage right. The stage lights dim. A spotlight rises on center stage. The DINNER THEATER MANAGER speaks into a microphone from offstage.

DINNER THEATER MANAGER: My lords, my ladies, and knights of all ages, welcome to Medieval Knights, the greatest dinner theater show in the kingdom!

MARLEY: Doubtful.

DINNER THEATER MANAGER: We invite you to relax, pull up a chair, grab a flagon of mead, and enjoy the joust!

JORDAN: Finally!

MERLIN steps into the spotlight at center stage.

MERLIN: *(To the audience.)* And here's where the real show begins!

With a wave of MERLIN'S staff, all stage lights go out, including the spotlight. SOUND FX: Magical tinkling, optional. If using EXTRAS as DINNER THEATER ATTENDEES, EXTRAS should duck beneath the tablecloth-covered tables to hide. MERLIN exits the stage in the dark.

JORDAN: Hey! What gives??

MARLEY: Now can we go home?

SETH: Relax, guys. I'm sure it's just some kind of power surge. The lights will come back on in no—

Lights rise, no spotlight. SETH, PIPER, MARLEY, and JORDAN look around.

SETH: Time. There. You see?

PIPER: That was weird.

JORDAN: Look! It's starting!

QUEEN CARINA, HERALD, QUEEN'S COURT, and SIR PERCIVAL enter on the floor by downstage left with much fanfare. SOUND FX: A trumpet fanfare, optional.

HERALD: All rise and pay homage to her illustrious majesty and monarch of the kingdom, Queen Carina!

Thinking they are still at the dinner theater, SETH, PIPER, and JORDAN stand at their table. MARLEY remains seated.

JORDAN: Marley! Stand up!

MARLEY: Why? It's just a stupid show.

QUEEN CARINA: HALT!!!

The QUEEN'S procession halts abruptly. QUEEN CARINA turns to face MARLEY.

QUEEN CARINA: Child!

MARLEY: Who, me??

QUEEN CARINA: Do you remain seated before your Queen??

MARLEY: Uh, yeah. You're not my Queen.

The QUEEN'S COURT reacts in horror. SIR PERCIVAL reaches for his sword.

QUEEN CARINA: How dare you! Sir Percival!

SIR PERCIVAL: Yes, my Queen?

QUEEN CARINA: Arrest her!

SIR PERCIVAL: Yes, my Queen. It shall be done!

SIR PERCIVAL jumps up on the stage, grabs MARLEY by the arm, and pulls MARLEY to her feet.

MARLEY: What—? Hey! Get off me! You can't do this! *(Turning to SETH.)* Dad, he can't do this, right??

SETH: *(Good-humoredly.)* Sorry, Marley. It looks like you're part of the show now whether you want to be or not!

JORDAN: Aww! Come on! I never get picked for anything!

SIR PERCIVAL: *(To MARLEY.)* This way!

SIR PERCIVAL begins dragging MARLEY offstage right.

MARLEY: Wait! Where are we going?!

SIR PERCIVAL: You have disrespected her Majesty and must be taken to the dungeon to await your trial.

MARLEY: Dungeon? Trial?! Dad? Mom?? Help!!

SIR PERCIVAL pulls MARLEY off stage right. SETH cheerfully waves goodbye to MARLEY. Still on the ground, QUEEN CARINA, head high, HERALD, and her COURT exit stage right. PIPER looks around at the empty tables onstage, uneasy.

PIPER: Uh, Hon? (A beat.) Where did everybody go?

SETH and JORDAN look around. SETH, PIPER, and JORDAN are the only ones left on stage.

SETH: Huh. That's weird. Maybe this is a traveling dinner theater?

PIPER: Do you think we should go after her?

SETH: Yeah. I think maybe we should.

JORDAN: We're sneaking backstage?? Awesome!!

SETH, PIPER, and JORDAN hurry off stage right. Lights fade.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

MEDIEVAL THRONE ROOM

AT START: *Lights rise. A round table with five chairs sits at center stage. An elaborate throne sits at stage left. Banners hang from the ceiling. No one is in sight. Suddenly, JORDAN pokes his head in, stage right.*

JORDAN: Whoa! A throne room! And a round table! Hurry up, Dad! You've got to see this!

JORDAN and SETH enter stage right, looking around in awe. JORDAN rushes over to examine the round table.

SETH: Who would have thought this backstage area would be so detailed? It really feels like we walked through a castle! I wonder if they ever give tours??

JORDAN: Hey, Dad! I bet I know who built this round table!

SETH: Oh yeah? Who?

JORDAN: Sir Cumference!

SETH: Nice one, Jordan. That's almost Dad-joke worthy!

SETH calls out over his shoulder to PIPER.

SETH: Hey, Honey! You should see this!

PIPER backs onto stage right, staring behind her in shock and disgust. PIPER doesn't even seem to notice the throne room.

PIPER: I just saw a man decapitate a chicken! A live chicken! Right in front of me!!

SETH: Well... I suppose dinner has to come from somewhere.

PIPER: There is no way this restaurant is up to health code! We are finding Marley and we are getting out of here!

SETH: And miss the entire show??

PIPER: A headless chicken, Seth! Running around the kitchen in circles!!

SETH: Okay, okay. We'll find Marley and go. But I really don't know why you're getting so worked up over one dead chicken.

JORDAN: Am I the only one with a sudden craving for nuggets?

SOUND FX: A trumpet fanfare. QUEEN CARINA, SIR PERCIVAL, HERALD, and the QUEEN'S COURT enter, downstage left. QUEEN CARINA stops suddenly at the sight of visitors in her throne room.

QUEEN CARINA: Halt!

SETH: Here we go again.

JORDAN: Maybe she'll pick me this time!

PIPER: I don't see Marley. Where's Marley??

QUEEN CARINA: You again? Who are you? And pray, what business has brought you here to my throne room?

SETH: We are the Carlises, (*an afterthought.*) Your Majesty. And we have come seeking the whereabouts of our daughter Marley.

JORDAN: (*To SETH.*) Whereabouts? Who are you?

QUEEN CARINA regally proceeds to her throne and sits. SIR PERCIVAL stands guard downstage left. The QUEEN'S COURT and HERALD move upstage of the throne to watch.

QUEEN CARINA: Carlises? I know not of any Carlisle. From whence do you hail?

SETH: Oh, we hail from just across town.

QUEEN CARINA: Town?

PIPER: I'm in real estate. Perhaps you've heard of me? Piper Carlisle?

QUEEN CARINA: A piper? How wonderful! It has been ages since we've had a musician in our court! Please, play us a song!

PIPER: Say what?

SIR PERCIVAL: Her Majesty has requested that you play her a song. Where is your instrument, piper?

PIPER: Instrument? I don't have an instrument.

QUEEN CARINA: What sort of piper doesn't bring along an instrument??

At QUEEN CARINA'S last comment, LORD MORDRED enters from upstage right and crosses to QUEEN CARINA.

LORD MORDRED: Perhaps the kind of piper that is actually a spy in disguise.

PIPER: A spy?!

JORDAN: What?! Now Mom is in the show?? And she gets to be a spy?!

QUEEN CARINA: Ah. Good evening, Lord Mordred.

LORD MORDRED: My Queen.

QUEEN CARINA extends her right hand to LORD MORDRED, who kisses the top of her hand.

QUEEN CARINA: And where is the Lady Mordred?

LORD MORDRED: She should be along shortly, my Queen. And what have we here?

LORD MORDRED faces the SETH, PIPER, and JORDAN, questioningly.

QUEEN CARINA: That's just what I was trying to find out when you arrived.

LORD MORDRED: Allow me, your Majesty. (*To the CARLISLES.*) I am Lord Mordred, the Queen's most trusted advisor. Who are you and what do you seek?

JORDAN: Well, I could go for some chicken nuggets if you have any.

LORD MORDRED: Chicken... nuggets?

SETH: (*Applauding.*) Bravo. Well done, everyone. Great job, really. (*To LORD MORDRED.*) Especially you. The name, Lord Mordred. The look, the voice. Yeah. Your character gives me the creeps.

LORD MORDRED: Uh... thank you?

SETH: And this place? Way bigger than it looks on the outside. But we've decided to just head home for tonight. No need to refund our tickets. If you could just bring Marley out, we'll be on our way.

LORD MORDRED: And... what is a Marley?

SIR PERCIVAL: I believe he's referring to the young lady arrested earlier for disrespecting our Queen.

LORD MORDRED: Ah. I see.

SETH: You can't let Marley's attitude bother you. She's a teenager. You know how it is. If it's not on social media, then it just isn't important.

LORD MORDRED: Social media? What is this social media?

SETH: (*To PIPER.*) See what I mean? Totally committed to their roles!

PIPER: Please, Seth. Can we just go?

SETH: All right, all right. (*To LORD MORDRED.*) So... could somebody please go get Marley?

LORD MORDRED: I'm afraid it's not that simple, Lord—?

SETH: Please. Call me Seth.

LORD MORDRED: Very well. Lord Seth. Your Marley has insulted the Queen. She must stand trial to ensure her treason does not run deeper and endanger the kingdom.

SETH: (*Confidentially.*) Look, buddy, can't you just pick another volunteer for your scene? We'd really like to leave now.

LORD MORDRED: You, Lord Seth, are welcome to leave, as is the Lady Seth and young lord/lady Seth. The young lady Marley, however, must remain here in our dungeon until the Knights of the Round Table can be assembled for her trial.

JORDAN: Knights of the Round Table?? Cool!!

SETH: And how long will that take?

LORD MORDRED: A fortnight.

JORDAN: Whoa, wait. Did he just say Fortnite??

SETH: You're kidding, right??

LORD MORDRED: I'm afraid not. Herald? Summon the Knights of the Round Table.

HERALD: It shall be done!

HERALD exits downstage left.

JORDAN: Marley's in a dungeon, there's knights, and there's Fortnite?? Best mandatory family bonding night ever!

PIPER storms up to LORD MORDRED.

PIPER: All right, that's it! I've had it!

SETH: Uh oh. You've awakened the mama bear.

JORDAN: Take cover!

SETH and JORDAN duck behind PIPER.

PIPER: I didn't want to have to do this, but I'm going to need to speak to your manager! Now where is he/she?

LORD MORDRED: Manager?

PIPER: Yes. The little stressed-out one.

LORD MORDRED: I have no idea what you are talking about.

PIPER: Merlin, then! Where is he?

LORD MORDRED: Ah! Now that name I know.

SIR PERCIVAL: Merlin the wizard? No one has seen Merlin in these parts for years.

PIPER: That's a lie! We just saw him back in the banquet hall!

SIR PERCIVAL: You did??

PIPER: Yes! Now bring Merlin here so I can talk to him or so help me, I'll... I'll write a negative review on Yelp!

LORD MORDRED and SIR PERCIVAL exchange glances.

LORD MORDRED: Yelp?

PIPER: That's it!

PIPER whips her cell phone out of her purse. LORD MORDRED, QUEEN CARINA, and her COURT flinch as though it might be a weapon. SIR PERCIVAL draws his sword, ready to protect QUEEN CARINA. PIPER frowns at the screen.

PIPER: I'm not getting any service. What's your Wi-Fi password?

LORD MORDRED: Wi-Fi?

SIR PERCIVAL: *(Staring at the cell phone.)* What is that? Did Merlin give it to you?

PIPER suddenly notices SIR PERCIVAL, LORD MORDRED, and the COURT slowly surrounding her, inching closer to stare at the cell phone as though they've never seen one before. Realization dawns.

PIPER: *(Slowly.)* You all really aren't acting, are you?

COURT 1: Where does the light come from?

COURT 2: Does it burn?

COURT 3: What does it do?

QUEEN CARINA: Bring the magic box to me!

LORD MORDRED takes the cell phone out of PIPER'S hands.

PIPER: Hey!

LORD MORDRED hands the cell phone to QUEEN CARINA, who studies it.

LORD MORDRED: Be careful, my Queen. We know not what dark magic it may contain.

SETH: *(To PIPER.)* Clearly he's been on Snapchat. [or other currently popular social media site.]

PIPER: Seth, look at them.

SETH turns to LORD MORDRED, QUEEN'S COURT, and SIR PERCIVAL peering curiously at PIPER's phone in QUEEN CARINA'S hand.

SETH: Huh. Yeah, they're pretty good actors!

PIPER: But what if they're not that good? What if they're not acting?

SETH: But that would mean...

JORDAN: We're back in the real medieval nights?!?

SETH, PIPER, and JORDAN look at one another and then around them in disbelief.

JORDAN: Cool!

SETH sees SIR PERCIVAL still downstage left guarding QUEEN CARINA and crosses to him.

SETH: Excuse me, sir?

SIR PERCIVAL: Percival.

SETH: Okay. Percival.

SIR PERCIVAL: No. Sir Percival. I have been knighted to serve as her Majesty's protector.

SETH: Yeah, about that... What's the date today?

SIR PERCIVAL: The date?

SETH: Yes. What year is it?

SIR PERCIVAL: Ah! This is the seventh year of our Majesty Queen Carina's rule, long may she reign!

QUEEN'S COURT: Long may she reign!

LORD MORDRED: (*Unconvincing.*) Yes. Long may she reign.

The QUEEN'S COURT and LORD MORDRED immediately go back to examining the cell phone. SETH returns to PIPER and JORDAN.

PIPER: But how? How did this happen?!

SETH: I don't know. But if we're back in the real medieval nights, that means that Marley is...

JORDAN: Marley's in a real dungeon?! No way!

SETH, PIPER, and JORDAN immediately run toward QUEEN CARINA'S throne, begging.

SETH: Please, Your Majesty, can we see Marley?

PIPER: I need to see my daughter! I have to know that she's okay!

JORDAN: I want to see the dungeon! Do you have a torture chamber?

QUEEN CARINA: *(To JORDAN.)* Pardon me??

SETH: Your Majesty, Marley is only thirteen. I know she seems tough, but really, she's still a child.

QUEEN CARINA studies SETH and PIPER for a moment, considering. QUEEN CARINA stands.

QUEEN CARINA: Lord Mordred?

LORD MORDRED: Yes, Your Majesty?

QUEEN CARINA: Please escort the Carlises to the dungeon that they may ascertain their daughter is alive and well—

LORD MORDRED: Yes, Your Majesty.

QUEEN CARINA: And then, release her into their custody.

PIPER: Really??

QUEEN CARINA: She is only thirteen.

SETH: Thank you, Your Majesty!

LORD MORDRED: Your Majesty, as your most trusted counselor, I must advise against this decision! We have no idea who these people are, from whence they come, or how they happened upon the device you now hold! How do we know once they obtain the girl that they will return to stand trial?

JORDAN: Hey. Skeletor! You heard the Queen. Take us to see the dungeon! I mean, take us to see Marley.

QUEEN CARINA: The young Lord Carlisle will remain here in my court to ensure their return.

JORDAN: Wait, say what?!

QUEEN CARINA: Is this an acceptable solution, Lord Mordred?

LORD MORDRED: *(A beat.)* I suppose it will have to be if you wish it, Your Majesty. Though I have long said your foreign policy is much too lenient.

QUEEN CARINA: I am well aware of the things you have said behind my back, Lord Mordred.

LORD MORDRED: *(Chastised.)* Yes, Your Majesty. *(To SETH and PIPER.)* Come. This way.

JORDAN: But I want to come!

SETH: Stay here, Jordan. We'll be right back.

LORD MORDRED begins leading SETH and PIPER off stage left. As PIPER passes QUEEN CARINA, she stops and suddenly gives QUEEN CARINA a hug. LORD PERCIVAL stands ready to draw his sword. QUEEN CARINA seems surprised at first but then relaxes.

PIPER: Thank you, Your Majesty. From one mother to another.

PIPER releases QUEEN CARINA.

QUEEN CARINA: I, unfortunately, have never been married and have never had the chance to bear children. But if I had, I am certain that I would have protected mine as fiercely as you do yours.

LORD MORDRED: Mark my words, Your Majesty, one day your kind heart will be the ruin of the entire kingdom.

LORD MORDRED, SETH, and PIPER exit, stage left. SIR PERCIVAL turns to QUEEN CARINA. For a moment, QUEEN CARINA and SIR PERCIVAL seem to forget the audience of JORDAN and the COURT.

SIR PERCIVAL: I know I have said it before, but I feel I must say it again. I fear Lord Mordred's intentions, my Queen.

QUEEN CARINA: As well you should. He is a snake in the grass if ever I've seen one.

SIR PERCIVAL takes QUEEN CARINA'S hand. QUEEN CARINA turns to face SIR PERCIVAL.

SIR PERCIVAL: Then allow me to cut off the head of the snake before he harms you, my Queen!

JORDAN: Cool! Can I watch??

SIR PERCIVAL and QUEEN CARINA glance over at JORDAN, suddenly remembering their audience. SIR PERCIVAL releases her hand. QUEEN CARINA'S and SIR PERCIVAL'S conversation and demeanor instantly become more formal.

QUEEN CARINA: As always, Sir Percival, I am grateful for your protection. We shall continue to keep our friends close and our enemies closer.

SIR PERCIVAL: Yes, my Queen.

QUEEN CARINA once again takes a seat on her throne as LADY MORDRED sweeps in from upstage left and claims center stage, a bold, effusive, and oppressive presence, like the prima donna of an Italian opera.

LADY MORDRED: Good evening, Your Majesty!

QUEEN CARINA: Speaking of which...

LADY MORDRED: So sorry I'm late.

QUEEN CARINA: *(Unenthusiastically.)* Lady Mordred. How nice of you to join us.

LADY MORDRED moves closer to and begins fawning over QUEEN CARINA.

LADY MORDRED: Your hair looks lovely today, my Queen. And what a beautiful dress! The cut! The color! Are those real pearls inlaid in the bodice??

QUEEN CARINA: Yes...

LADY MORDRED: That dress would look absolutely heavenly on me! *(Afterthought.)* Of course, it looks even better on you, Your Majesty. Naturally.

QUEEN CARINA: *(Not amused.)* Yes. Naturally.

LADY MORDRED: So... what have I missed?

JORDAN crosses to LADY MORDRED.

JORDAN: Well, let's see. Here's the rundown. This place doesn't have any chicken nuggets, the Knights of the Round Table are on their way here, and Skeletor won't let me play in the torture chamber.

LADY MORDRED: And who are you??

JORDAN: I'm Sir Jordan the Archer!

LADY MORDRED: A knighted archer?? How extraordinary!

SIR PERCIVAL: (*Humorlessly.*) This is the young Lord Carlisle. He is a guest in the kingdom. A friend of Merlin.

LADY MORDRED: Merlin the sorcerer? Really?? Is he here?

SIR PERCIVAL: No. No one in the realm has seen him in some time.

LADY MORDRED: Pity.

JORDAN: Do you know Merlin?

LADY MORDRED: No. But I would love to meet him. I want to ask him if there's anything he can do about my nose. If only I had a different nose, I could be the most beautiful woman in the kingdom! (*Afterthought.*) After you, of course, my Queen.

QUEEN CARINA: (*Unamused.*) Of course.

SIR MORDRED, SETH, and PIPER reappear from stage left. MARLEY follows them, sulking.

MARLEY: But why? I just want to know why! I finally find the perfect room for me, and you make me leave!

PIPER: Marley, that was a dungeon!

MARLEY: Exactly! Dark, dank, ominous... (*Excitedly.*) And did you see all the skeletons?!

LADY MORDRED: Oh my. There are more of them?

LORD MORDRED: Lady Mordred, allow me to present the Carlisle family.

LADY MORDRED: (*Gesturing to MARLEY.*) And what's wrong with this one?

PIPER: Nothing is wrong with her. (*A beat.*) I don't think. But she does have a bit of an attitude problem.

MARLEY: It's not a problem for me.

SIR PERCIVAL: (*To LADY MORDRED.*) She disrespected our Queen.

LADY MORDRED suddenly seems much more interested in MARLEY.

LADY MORDRED: Really? How? With her abysmal self-presentation?

MARLEY: Self-presentation?

LADY MORDRED: Yes. Your tragic attire. My dear, you look so sad.

MARLEY: Sad? I'm not sad.

LADY MORDRED: Then why do you dress as though mourning the dead?

MARLEY looks down at her clothing.

MARLEY: This is just my look.

LADY MORDRED: Yes, well, perhaps the next time you dress, you might want to begin by looking in a mirror.

JORDAN: Ouch, Marley. I think you've just been medievally burned!

MARLEY: Hey, whatever. I'm not going to let some hack actor tell me how to dress.

JORDAN: Oh, by the way, Marley? One tiny detail. They're not acting.

JORDAN casually walks away and begins examining the round table.

MARLEY: What?? What do you mean they're not acting? Of course, they are! *(To LADY MORDRED.)* Hey, lady. What acting school did you fail out of?

SETH: Marley! Be nice!

PIPER: *(To SETH.)* Hang on a minute, honey. Call me crazy, but I have a feeling this might be exactly what Marley needs.

LADY MORDRED, who has been circling MARLEY studying her, finally speaks.

LADY MORDRED: Your Majesty, I accept the challenge.

MARLEY: Challenge? What challenge?

LADY MORDRED: Surely you brought this sad young lady into your court this evening for me to meet. And I accept.

QUEEN CARINA: Accept what, Lady Mordred?

LADY MORDRED: I accept the challenge of turning her into a presentable young lady.

MARLEY: You've got to be kidding me.

JORDAN: Good luck!

QUEEN CARINA exchanges glances with SIR PERCIVAL. He shrugs.

QUEEN CARINA: Fine. The young Lady Marley will remain in the custody of the Lady Mordred until the start of her trial.

MARLEY: (*Screeching.*) What?!? Mom! Dad! Do something!

PIPER: I'm sorry, Marley. But you heard the Queen. I guess we'll see you in a fortnight.

LADY MORDRED: Wonderful!

JORDAN: (*To MARLEY.*) Don't worry, Marley. It's not the Fortnite you're thinking.

LADY MORDRED turns to study MARLEY.

LADY MORDRED: Now... we shall have to start by finding you more appropriate attire.

MARLEY: Appropriate attire? You mean, my clothes??

LADY MORDRED: Yes. Your clothes. And your hair. And your shoes. And that horrible mess all over your face, and—We'd better get started right away.

LADY MORDRED grabs MARLEY'S arm and pulls her toward upstage left.

MARLEY: I'd rather go back to the dungeon!

LADY MORDRED and MARLEY exit, upstage left. SETH looks after MARLEY in mild concern.

SETH: Honey? You do think Marley's going to be all right, don't you?

PIPER: Of course. That girl's tough as nails. She'll be fine.

SETH: I hope you're right.

SETH, PIPER, and JORDAN look offstage left after MARLEY. Lights fade.

ACT TWO, SCENE 1
MEDIEVAL THRONE ROOM

AT START: *Lights rise. A round table with five chairs sits at center stage. An elaborate throne sits at stage left. Banners hang from the ceiling. PIPER, SETH, and JORDAN are standing at center stage. QUEEN CARINA sits on the throne with SIR PERCIVAL and LORD MORDRED by her side. The COURT stands upstage of the throne.*

PIPER: (To SETH.) So... If we really are stuck back in the medieval nights, what do we want to do first?

SETH: Umm, how about try to find a way back home???

PIPER: Come on, honey. You're the one who insisted on a mandatory family bonding night. I'm just trying to enjoy it. (Turning to JORDAN.) What do you think, Jordan? Where to first?

JORDAN: I want to go find the archers!

PIPER: You? With a real bow and arrow? I don't think so.

JORDAN: Aww, come on, Mom!

SIR PERCIVAL: If you all are planning to stay for any length of time, perhaps you ought to consider arranging the young lord Carlisle to page for a knight.

SETH: Page?

JORDAN: Yes! That! I want to do that! (Turning to SIR PERCIVAL.) Are there bows and arrows?

SIR PERCIVAL: Per chance. But it's mostly caring for horses and carting around the weapons and armor.

JORDAN: Weapons?? Cool!

SOUND FX: *A trumpet fanfare offstage. SETH, PIPER, JORDAN, and SIR PERCIVAL turn toward the sound at upstage left.*

SIR PERCIVAL: Speaking of knights... it seems someone has returned.

SIR BEDIVERE enters from upstage left. The COURT begins shrieking as if seeing a male celebrity. The COURT surrounds him and begins asking for SIR BEDIVERE'S autograph. Even QUEEN CARINA sits up a little straighter.

SIR PERCIVAL: (*Wryly.*) Oh. Great. It's Sir Bedivere.

JORDAN: Whoa. He looks like a rock star! Can I page for him??

SETH: (*Simultaneously.*) Not a chance.

PIPER: (*Simultaneously.*) Sure!

SETH: Honey!

PIPER: What? You always say getting a job would be good for the kids.

SETH: Yeah. At a grocery store or a fast food restaurant. Not back in the Middle Ages!

PIPER: I'm going to go see if he'll sign my shirt!

PIPER runs off toward SIR BEDIVERE. SETH and SIR PERCIVAL stare after PIPER.

SETH: I don't get it.

Now SIR PERCIVAL is watching QUEEN CARINA talk to SIR BEDIVERE. SIR PERCIVAL shakes his head.

SIR PERCIVAL: I know exactly what you mean.

JORDAN: Hey. So, do I get to be a page or what?

SIR PERCIVAL and SETH snap to attention.

SIR PERCIVAL: Of course, of course. Let me see if I can speak with Sir Bedivere.

SETH: Good luck getting him away from his fan club.

SIR BEDIVERE is signing the back of PIPER'S shirt when SIR PERCIVAL calls him.

SIR PERCIVAL: Sir Bedivere? A word?

SIR BEDIVERE: Certainly, my friend. Ladies, you must excuse me. A knight's work is never done.

SIR BEDIVERE crosses to SIR PERCIVAL as SETH crosses upstage to PIPER, SETH giving SIR BEDIVERE a dirty look as he passes. SIR BEDIVERE gives SIR PERCIVAL a strong slap on the back.

SIR BEDIVERE: Percy!

SIR PERCIVAL: You know I hate when you call me Percy.

SIR BEDIVERE: (*Ignoring him.*) Still guarding the home front? It must get rather dull.

SIR PERCIVAL: Someone must stay behind to protect our Queen.

SIR BEDIVERE: And there can certainly be no better man than you for that job. Tell me. Have you found the courage yet to tell her that you love her?

SIR PERCIVAL: (*Embarrassed.*) I don't know what you're talking about.

SIR BEDIVERE: And that's what makes you an excellent choice to guard our Queen. Sir Percy the Pure of Heart.

JORDAN: Hello? Did everybody forget about me??

SIR BEDIVERE looks over at JORDAN in surprise.

SIR BEDIVERE: Well, hello there. Who are you?

JORDAN: I'm Sir Jordan the Archer. I rob from the rich and give to the poor.

SIR BEDIVERE: Sounds like somebody else I once knew.

SIR PERCIVAL: Sir Bedivere, this is the little lord Carlisle. He has requested to serve as your page.

SIR BEDIVERE: (*Turning to JORDAN.*) Really? I'm honored. But you should know there's a waiting list.

JORDAN: Where is this waiting list?

SIR BEDIVERE: Right here.

SIR BEDIVERE pulls a scroll out of his pocket.

JORDAN: Wanna see a magic trick?

SIR BEDIVERE: Certainly.

JORDAN takes the scroll from SIR BEDIVERE and walks off, exiting stage left.

SIR BEDIVERE: Hey! Where are you going? What sort of magic is this?

SIR PERCIVAL and SIR BEDIVERE, who are watching JORDAN off stage, react in shock.

SIR BEDIVERE: Whoa! Did you see that?! That young lad just made fire with his hands!

SIR PERCIVAL: I meant to tell you; this Carlisle family is a bit... unusual.

PIPER: (To SETH.) Honey! I thought you said you took away Jordan's lighter!

SETH: I did!

PIPER: Looks like you need another new hiding spot.

JORDAN reenters from stage left, brushing off his hands, no longer holding the scroll.

JORDAN: See? No more waiting list.

SIR BEDIVERE: How did you do that?!

SIR PERCIVAL: Are you an apprentice to a wizard?

SIR BEDIVERE: Do you know Merlin?

SETH crosses to JORDAN.

SETH: Do you know how to say "grounded"?

JORDAN: Sorry, Dad.

JORDAN sheepishly hands the lighter to SETH. LORD MORDRED crosses to SETH.

SETH: And stay out of my sock drawer.

LORD MORDRED: Another device of intrigue? I believe the queen will need to see that.

QUEEN CARINA: Bring it here, Lord Mordred.

SETH reluctantly hands the lighter to LORD MORDRED, who takes it to QUEEN CARINA. PIPER crosses to SETH.

PIPER: *(Whispering to SETH.)* She still has my cell phone. If we hang around here much longer, she'll confiscate everything we have!

SETH: Hey, she can keep our stuff. I'm just glad she's not the type of queen to go around yelling, "Off with their heads!"

PIPER: Don't think she won't. One wrong flick with that lighter and...!

SETH: Good point. Your Majesty? Mind if we show you a few things?

SETH and PIPER hurry over to QUEEN CARINA on her throne and silently begin showing her how to operate the lighter.

JORDAN: *(To SIR BEDIVERE.)* So do I get the job? Do I get to be your page?

SIR BEDIVERE: *(Chuckling.)* You make me laugh. And I like that. Yes, you may be my page, little lord Carlisle.

JORDAN: All right!!! *(A beat.)* But can you call me Jordan?

SIR BEDIVERE: Very well. Jordan.

JORDAN: So... what do I do first? What is a "page" anyway?

SIR BEDIVERE: A page is just a knight in training. So, while you work for me, you will also be learning the skills required to serve as a knight.

JORDAN: *(Excited.)* Skills? Like sword fighting and wielding a battle ax??

SIR BEDIVERE: *(Chuckling.)* Yes. Eventually. But we usually start with the more fundamental skills of chivalry.

JORDAN: What's chivalry?

SIR BEDIVERE: Chivalry is the knight's code of conduct.

JORDAN: Does it come with a weapon?

SIR BEDIVERE: Not at all.

JORDAN: Sounds boring.

SIR BEDIVERE: Perhaps a little. Sometimes. But until you learn the fundamentals, no one is going to trust you with a battle ax.

JORDAN: *(Sighing.)* Fine, fine. Lay it on me.

SIR BEDIVERE: Lay what on you??

JORDAN: Never mind. Just... teach me chivalry.

SIR BEDIVERE: Very well. Chivalry starts with bravery.

JORDAN: Got that.

SIR BEDIVERE: Honor.

JORDAN: Check.

SIR BEDIVERE: Courtesy.

JORDAN: Eh...

SIR BEDIVERE: And of course, gallantry toward women.

JORDAN: Huh? Gallantry? What's gallantry?

SIR BEDIVERE: Why, it's attention, honor, and respect.

SIR BEDIVERE gives a smile and a little wave to the ladies of the COURT. The QUEEN'S COURT giggle and wave back. Some wave handkerchiefs.

JORDAN: Ewww! Are you saying I have to be nice to girls?!?

SIR BEDIVERE: Not just girls. All women, of any age.

JORDAN: Are you serious?!?

PIPER, who has been listening in on JORDAN and SIR BEDIVERE'S conversation, speaks up.

PIPER: Excuse me. I'm sorry for interrupting, but there's something I have to say. I had my doubts about this page thing from the beginning—

JORDAN: Thank you, Mom!

PIPER: But if you think you can teach Jordan courtesy and respect, keep him! As long as you want!

JORDAN: Hey!!!

PIPER: *(Turning to SETH.)* Come on, honey. Let's see what kind of vacation spots they had for couples back in the medieval era.

PIPER grabs SETH'S hand and begins pulling him toward downstage left.

SETH: Vacation spots? Here?? Wait. Are you sure??

PIPER and SETH exit downstage left. As they exit, a CASTLE SERVANT enters, upstage right.

SERVANT: Your Majesty? Dinner is served.

QUEEN CARINA: Thank you. I'm famished.

JORDAN: Me too!

QUEEN CARINA: Lord Mordred, won't you join me for supper?

LORD MORDRED: Your wish is my command, my Queen.

QUEEN CARINA gestures and the HERALD, her COURT, and LORD MORDRED exit, upstage right. QUEEN CARINA remains behind with SIR PERCIVAL.

SIR PERCIVAL: A dinner invitation? Really, Your Majesty? A snake in the garden is one thing, but now you dine with it?

QUEEN CARINA: He's up to something, Percival. We must keep our eyes on him.

QUEEN CARINA exits upstage right. SIR PERCIVAL sighs, lovesick.

SIR PERCIVAL: Only if I can find a way to keep my eyes off you.

SIR PERCIVAL follows after her and off upstage right.

SIR BEDIVERE: Poor Percy.

JORDAN: Yeah, yeah, poor Percy. Now do we get to go eat dinner??

SIR BEDIVERE: No. No time.

JORDAN: What?!

SIR BEDIVERE: Now your training begins.

JORDAN: My training? You aren't talking about that chivalry stuff again, are you?

SIR BEDIVERE: Yes.

JORDAN: But I'm hungry!

SIR BEDIVERE: Then we will feed your soul. Come! Let us go find some damsels in distress to assist!

SIR BEDIVERE strides off downstage left with purpose.

JORDAN: Forget being a knight! Right now, I'd kill for some chicken nuggets.

JORDAN reluctantly follows SIR BEDIVERE off downstage left. Lights fade. Optional intermission.

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