

A Tale of Two Squire's

An SCA Morality Play

Written by Aldith Angharad St. George,

with The Golden Stag Players¹

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Characters In the Play

Castor, an unbelted fighter

Damon, another unbelted fighter and Castor's best friend.

Mentos, a fencer, a friend of Castor and Damon's

Roger, a pirate, another friend of Castor and Damon's

Zirconia Cristallia, the lady Castor fights for at the beginning

Feria de l'Oreal, the lady Damon fights for at the beginning

Original Cast Member

Wulfric of Creigull

Charles (Bonefinder) Ravenstone

Fionbharr O'Cathain

Morgan McEoin

Julianna of Emerald Waters

Anahita al-Qurtubiyya ... al-Fassi

The members of Chateau d'Acier² (dah-see-AY)

Sir Hector du Colée³ (koh-LAY), a knight

Mistress Polyxena of Anatolia, a Pelican and Sir Hector's lady

Charmion, a list mistress and Sir Hector's daughter

Iras, a herald and Charmion's best friend

Sir Bran de Brie, a knight and former squire of Sir Hector

Lady Clare de Tritus, Sir Bran's lady

Sir Umberto di Cambazola, a knight and former squire of Sir Hector

Sir Bellona della Ricotta, a knight and former squire of Sir Hector AND

Juan Santiago

Rose de Le Mans

Kiara nic Eoin

Margrethe Astrid Ravn

Iricus le Ferur

Anne of Ockham

Caolann Sheaghda Cameron

Sir Umberto's lady

Original Nightshade

Count Goubert Chien de Maize⁴ (Shyeh-da-MEZZ)

Horst von dem Schwarzwaldkirschetorte⁵, an unbelted fighter

Castor's fighting "stunt double"

Damon's fighting "stunt double"

Seamus Padraig O'Baiogheallain mì-Nàrach

Frederick of Holland

Seamus Padraig O'Baiogheallain mì-Nàrach

Ilia Filia Symeon

Assorted Extras (if any, possibly double some of the minor characters?)

¹ In the "credit where credit is due" department, the following members of the troupe helped with the script: Anne of Ockham, Hirsch von Henford, Iricus le Ferur, Juan Santiago, Rose de Le Mans, Margrethe Astrid Ravn, Seamus Padraig O'Baiogheallain mì-Nàrach, Wulfric of Creigull. In addition, various comments and suggestions were used, especially for (but not limited to) the on-stage fight sequence in Act III from Garth of Windhaven and Tatiana Nikolaevna Tumanova. The "Lists rant" performed by Charmion came from details provided by Leticia de Scotia. The script you are reading is not exactly the same one it was when rehearsals started – per usual, we've modified it as we went along, attempts have been made to update the script to what was actually performed by the GSP ...

² Chateau d'Acier - French - Castle of Steel

³ du Colée – French - the buffet

⁴ Chien de Maize - French - "Corndog"

⁵ Schwarzwaldkirschetorte - German - Black Forest Cherry Cake (torte) when run through translation software, this actually comes out as multiple words: Schwarzwald Kirsche Torte, but it's funnier as a single word. Pronunciation: Schwartz vald kirsha torta

Act One
A Principality Tournament (Principality of the Blissed)
In the Kingdom of the Jest⁶

Scene 1 – End of Second Round (Early Afternoon)

The Scene – Two director’s chairs, a small cooler, small dome tent?, maybe a duffel bag or two or armor on sleeping bags. Suggestion of a rough campsite for a couple of young guys with no permanent setup.

(Damon enters from stage left, yanks off his helm with a big sigh, kneels down to get something out of the cooler (fizz, water, whatever), as he is in the cooler, Castor comes in (SR) yanking off his helm.)

Castor: Tell me again why this is fun?

Damon: Because you thought it would be cool to get some armor and learn to fight with a broadsword.

Castor: Was that me? ‘Cos if it was I’m an *idiot*. Anyway, I’m out.

Damon: I guess that makes two of us, since I agreed to play this stupid game AND I’m out, too.

Castor: Oh, yeah? Who took *you* out?

(Damon tosses him a soda or bottle of water ...)

Damon: Someone who specializes in face shots.

Castor: *(Big knowing grin)* Oh, yeah, Duke Kurgan⁷! Did he try to decapitate you?

Damon: Nope, I never gave him the time – I tricked him into one-shotting me in the first 10 seconds. What about you?

Castor: Viscount Grignr⁸, the one from the Snoutlands who fights florentine.

Damon: *(grins)* How many swords did he have to use to kill you?

Castor: *(laughing)* Just one, but he really got me with a shield-shot...he hit my shield so hard that it smacked me in the chin...I almost strangled on my chin-strap.

⁶ See end of script for “The Kingdoms”, updated/modified from the original in [Permalion](#) ...

⁷ Silly reference to Highlander (the movie), where the ‘bad guy’ was Kurgan ...

⁸ Even sillier reference: [The Eye of Argon](#) by Jim Theis, one of the worst examples of bad fantasy writing ever written – intentionally or otherwise ...

Damon: That's us, ground down in the second round.

Castor: Yup, the cleanest clocks in the Kingdom.

(Both snicker a bit, in that tired way one gets ...)

(Mentos and Roger enter from stage left. Roger is dressed in half-assed Pirate garb -e.g., skull-print scarf; Mentos is dressed in half-assed theatrical Elizabethans, swaggering more than necessary, has a rapier on, very cheerful guy.)

Roger: *(Looking at his watch)* Killed out in the second round, right on time! *(Cross to Mentos)* Dude, you owe me a buck!

Mentos: I would if I participated in sucker bets, but I don't, so piss off! Seriously, though, you guys are free for the rest of the day, right?

(Damon throws his empty can at him ...)

Damon: Eh, bite me!

Castor: You know, you'd be a lot funnier if YOU'D ever entered a list, and got the crap beaten out of YOU.

Mentos: Pardonnez Moi, but the list is restricted to heavies ONLY, and, personally I am compelled to a *higher* calling.

Damon: What, wire wiggling?

Mentos: *(bristling)* We don't care for that term, where I come from.

Damon: Oh, right, you're a fencer, and you don't have to actually get HIT, you guys like to TOUCH each other ...

Mentos: *(drop to one knee)* Better that than on my knees in front of some Duke, trading BLOWS ...

Damon: *(angry, standing)* What's THAT supposed to mean, wire-weenie?

Mentos: *(just as angry, also standing)* Just what it sounds like, second round LOSER!

Damon: Fuck you! *(Lunges for Mentos)*

Castor & Roger: *(getting between Damon and Mentos)* Hey! Whoa! Chill out man!

(Castor and Roger hold them off... For a beat, Mentos and Damon strain at each other, then Mentos backs off and shakes himself...)

Mentos: Sorry man, I was out of line.

Damon: *(takes a deep breath)* No you weren't. I'm sorry I lost my temper.

Mentos: It's nothing, forget it.

Castor: It's just that we go to all these events, we fight, and by second round it's over. Killed out first round, killed out second round.

Damon: And all I ever get is more frustrated and more pissed off.

Roger: Well, never mind that now, the reason we came over is that we saw your ladies...

Damon: *(smacks his forehead)* Oh, man, I forgot - I was going to go tell Feria I got killed out!

Castor: ...and I was supposed to find Zirconia. Shoot. *(To Roger)* What did they say?

Roger: Not much, just to tell you to meet them at the ship after you got done.

Castor: The ship?

Roger: Yeah – my ship, the Andrea Doria, remember?

Castor: Oh, right – but I hate to burst your bubble, it's a TENT you CALL a ship.

Mentos: What does that make your dome tent? A dinghy?

(Roger laughs and does a high five with Mentos)

Damon: Yeah - tent, ship – it's all the same in a high wind!

Castor: Seriously, we need to get going - we'll meet you guys over there after we get cleaned up.

Roger: Cool. See ya.

Damon, Mentos, Castor:
See ya.

(Exeunt)

Scene 2 – The Andrea Doria - Mid-Afternoon The Same Day

The Scene: A table at stage right, some chairs. Instead of a cloth, there's a cheesy/cheap pirate banner: skull and crossbones. Mentos and Roger are sitting at the table playing a game with shot glasses. Zirconia and Feria are about stage center chatting with each other. They are dressed to indicate that they are a) pretty new and b) interested in looking cute. Castor and Damon have cleaned up - both are in (blue) t-tunics.

(Enter Castor and Damon from stage left. They walk right up to Zirconia and Feria.)

Castor: Hey, Z – sorry to keep you guys waiting.

Zirconia: That’s okay, we were shopping on merchants’ row...

Feria: ... and we heard the call for the beginning of third round so we figured you’d be done.

Castor & Damon: Ow.

Zirconia & Feria: What?

Mentos: Nothing – they’re just suffering from a little case of “The Second Round Blues.”

Zirconia: *(to Castor)* That’s okay, sweetie, there’s always next time – it doesn’t matter!

Feria: *(Cross to Damon)* Of course it doesn’t – you just need to not think about it so much.

(Castor and Damon look at each other ...)

Mentos: That’s right – all you need is some vitamin E and oysters and you’ll be back in the saddle in no time!

Roger: Sure – besides, it just leaves more time to cuddle!

(Mentos and Roger break up laughing.)

Castor: *(To Damon)* I’m beginning to think we need a support group.

Damon: Either that or take up farming.

(They all laugh, but Zirconia and Feria look at each other.)

Zirconia: *(To Mentos and Roger)* Um, could you guys excuse us for a second?

Feria: Yeah, we just need to talk to Castor and Damon for a minute.

Mentos: Sure - c’mon Roger – let’s get something to drink.

(Roger and Mentos exit stage right.)

Damon: What’s up, Feria? Is everything okay?

Feria: Yeah ... *(looks at her feet)*

Damon: ... but what?

Zirconia: Look, it’s nothing personal, and we’re not mad or anything, but we want our favors back.

Castor: Jeezis, Z, why?

Zirconia: Well, I met this guy from the Snoutlands, and he wants to fight for me.

Castor: Please tell me he isn't a viscount.

Zirconia: Yeah, he is, how did you know?

Castor: *(sighs)* Never mind...

Damon: What about you?

Feria: *(shrugs)* Sorry, but Viscount Grignr has a squire ... and we sort of hooked up.

Damon: Right. I get it. Here. *(Takes Feria's favor off his belt and hands it to her.)*

Castor: Yep, me, too. Here you go. *(Hands Zirconia's favor to her.)*

Zirconia: *(defensive)* It's not as if were in a relationship or anything, we were just doing this so you'd have somebody to fight for!

Castor: Gee, thanks, I feel so much better now!

Feria: Look, we have to go.

Damon: Fine. Don't let the tent flap hit you in the ass on your way out.

Feria & Zirconia: Whatever. Bye.

(They exit stage right. Charmion and Iras enter from stage left. Iras is dragging Charmion onstage.)

Damon: Well, shit. What do we do now?

Castor: We should drink to kill the pain.

Damon: *(laughs)* Good plan.

(They turn stage right, but run into Mentos and Roger who have returned with 4 beers – clear goblets/mugs with glow sticks in them, maybe umbrellas (other party favor), fluid ...)

Mentos: Funny, we *thought* you'd be alone...

(Castor and Damon start to react in a “you knew before we did ...?” kinda way)

Castor: What the ...?

(Cutting them off before that can go anywhere)

Roger: ... and in need of drink. Here, this'll help.

Castor & Damon: Cool - thanks.

(Mentos, Roger, Castor and Damon drink and talk sotto voce – of course, they are talking about fighting, because they are making lots of hand-gestures, basically miming their fights ... Mentos makes fencing motions ... While none of it should be big enough to distract the audience from the other side of the stage, it gives some idea that things are still happening over there. This becomes a sort of leitmotif through the rest of the play – whenever fighters are talking amongst themselves the audience is cued to the content of the discussion from the hand-gestures.)

Charmion: Can we please leave? I don't know any of these people and I have stuff to do ...

Iras: Like what? Dishes? Look, I just wanted to peek in and see if the guy I told you about is here *(sees Castor)* ... and he IS.

Charmion: Which one?

Iras: The one in the t-tunic.

Charmion: That narrows the field down to a thousand ... try again.

Iras: The one in the BLUE tunic.

Charmion: Now we're down to two.

Iras: Okay – *(points to Castor)* THAT ONE.

Charmion: Oh, I see what you mean. Cute. And don't point! *(pushes Iras' finger down)*

Iras: *(staring)* Huh. His friend is even cuter.

Charmion: Could you please make up your mind?

Iras: I just did. C'mon...

(Iras starts toward the guys taking Charmion with her, who balks and pulls her back. They whisper furiously, so attention can shift back to the guys ...)

Roger: So what happened with the girls, anyway?

Damon: Nothing much. They wanted their favors back.

Castor: Yeah, because we totally suck at fighting. And now we can't go back into the list until we get someone else to fight for!

Mentos: (*musings*) You know, usually when people get laid off and can't get another job they go back to school.

Damon: What?

Mentos: Seriously, what if you were to squire to somebody? You don't need a lady if you're in training.

Castor: Yeah you do!

Roger: He means, to fight for. Doofus.

Castor: I know, fancy pants ...(*to Mentos*) Who would we squire to? All of the knights who are any good are up to their asses in squires!

Damon: Besides, all squires do is fetch and carry AND get beat up ... and for what?

Iras: (*Crossing to Damon and Castor, dragging Charmion with her*) Um, hi, excuse me, you may not remember me, I'm Iras, and you're Castor, right?

Castor: Yes...oh - you're the herald from the consultation table.

Iras: That's right, and we were just passing by, and I was wondering if you'd made any decision about your device ...

Castor: Since two weeks ago? No, not really.

Roger: You've been talking to *heralds*? Dude?!

Iras: (*a little stung*) Finally. An elitist *Pirate*.

Damon: (*before Roger can retort*) He didn't mean anything, he's just ... a pirate ...

(*Charmion has been standing a bit behind Iras up to this point, and is getting very embarrassed*)

Charmion: I'm sure he didn't ... (*to Iras, sotto voce*) and we should go.

(*Iras shoots her an "I don't wanna" look.*)

Castor: (*To Roger*) What's the big deal? I just wanted something on my shield besides a Home Despot sale sticker.

Mentos: (*Melodramatic*) Yes, first it's heraldry – and then you'll move on to harder stuff, like real tents and books and purty clothes ... (*Falling backward into Roger's arms in a "faint"*)

Iras: Don't worry, he didn't commit to anything ... we didn't come up with anything he could register.

Damon: Good thing! 'Cos if he gets a device, then **I** have to!

Iras: (*Cross to Damon*) Oooh, then you, too, would have to crawl out of the primordial ...

Mentos: ... pond-scum ...

Iras: ... and evolve into a higher life form ...

Roger: ... like a herald?

Iras: Why aim so high? Any vertebrate would do ...

Damon: (*beginning to like her*) Before we go any farther insulting each other, maybe we should be properly introduced. I'm Damon.

Iras: This is Charmion.

Roger: Does that mean I get to squeeze you?

Iras: (*Sotto voce*) Not unless you want to pull back a bloody stump.

Charmion: (*Dripping with sarcasm*) That's the first time I've heard that one, *today* ...

Mentos: (*Sweeping bow with hat*) Mentos, lady.

Charmion: No, thank you.

Iras: That's his *name*, you goof.

Charmion: Oh ... I get it. Aramis, Porthos....Mentos?

Damon, Castor & Roger:
 He's the fresh one.

Charmion & Iras: (*wincing*) Ew.

Iras: (*To Roger*) So what does that make you? *Objet d'Art*?

Roger: No, Roger.

Charmion: Not J--

Castor: *(Fast reaction to Charmion's line - cut her off quick)* Don't say it. Please.

Charmion: Sorry.

Roger: Agh! I'm not JOLLY Roger! Just ROGER!

Mentos: Or "over-reacting, defensive Roger?"

Roger: Hey!

Iras: How about "dark, brooding, mysterious Roger?"

Roger: You know, that could work ...

Castor: Uh, where were we? The evolution of higher mammals ...?

Damon: *(grins at Iras)* Well, heralds, anyway ...

Iras: We hadn't gotten that far, only to vertebrates.

Charmion: Like what ... Lungfish? Bullfrogs? Squires?
(Damon and Castor wince/flinch, Roger and Mentos cover their ears)

Mentos: Oh-oh, there's the S-word again!

Castor: Yeah, yeah ...

Charmion: Why? What's wrong with squires?

Damon: Nothing, it's just we were sort of thinking about getting squired to somebody.

Iras: Really? Who did you have in mind?

Castor: I don't know, everybody we could think of already has squires.

Iras: What about Count Goubert? It's true he's had 36 squires but 27 of them have been knighted.

Damon: Whoa – who's talking about getting *knighted*? I just want my fighting to not suck.

Iras: Don't you guys go to a fighter practice?

Castor: Every damn week! Most of the time we end up fighting each other ...

Mentos: *(Mentos crosses to between Damon and Castor, putting arms over their shoulders ...)* So let me get this straight, you fight each other, you both suck, so you reinforce your suckage, because ... why? Because ... you don't have the nerve to fight someone else?

(They both look at each other ...)

Damon: Yeah, I guess so.

Charmion: Well, shoot, why don't you just talk to some actual knights? What's the worst thing that could happen?

Mentos: One of them could accept you. *(Flinches and steps back, crossing back over to Roger)*

Charmion: Look, why don't you just come over to our camp and talk to my father?

Castor & Damon: Your father? Who's he?

Iras: Sir Hector du Colée.

Damon: I've heard of him, but he's an old-timer, right? Doesn't he just marshal these days?

Castor: Yeah, he's never won anything, has he?

Charmion: *(sore spot)* I don't understand you guys! You're all weird about being knighted, and you won't fight anybody but each other at fight practice, but NO, you won't talk to any knights, and I make you a very nice offer to take you to meet my Dad, and YOU get all picky about what he's won and what he hasn't! *(Gets in Castor's face)* Let me tell YOU something – he's trained more royal peers than you've had list fights!

Iras: Who do you think Duke Kurgan and Count Goubert were squired to?

Castor: No shit?

Charmion: No shit. So what about it? You want to meet my Dad or not?

(Castor looks at Damon.)

Damon: I guess she's got you there, bud.

Castor: *(looking at Charmion, who's still in his face)* I guess so.

Charmion: *(steps back)* Well, okay then. *(To Roger and Mentos)* Are you guys coming? Because you're welcome to ...

Damon: Wait, you mean now?

Charmion: Yes, now. Why not now?

Castor: I guess she's got you there, bud.

Damon: Okay, okay. Let's go. (*Looks at Roger and Mentos*)

Roger: (*Recover drink*) No, thanks, you guys go ahead ... we're going to hang around here for a while...

Mentos: Yeah, we'll catch up.

(*Charmion, Iras, Damon and Castor exeunt stage left. Roger turns to stage left and turns to Mentos, who's looking after them...*)

Roger: C'mon, let's go get another beer.

Mentos: Yeah....

Roger: Are you okay?

Mentos: I was just thinking that, for a lark you understand, that it might be kinda fun to fight in the lists sometime ...

Roger: Huh. I don't know – I'm getting a weird visual of Cyrano de Bergerac in heavy armor, in the first-ever Pinocchio-faced bascinet ...

Mentos: (*mock horror*) I didn't mean it! (*grabs Roger by the shoulders*) Shake it off, man!

Roger: (*shudders, then...*) I know – how about we go look for a party, and name this (*pointing to his beer mug*) Roxanne?

Mentos: Excellent - let's go.

(*Exeunt stage right*)

Scene 3 - The Camp of Sir Hector and Mistress Polyxena - Late Afternoon The Same Day

The scene: a firepit or brazier in center stage; 8-10 chairs ranged around; a table with a cloth on it at stage left. Mistress Polyxena is sitting to stage right of the firepit, reading what's probably a newsletter or class handout or whatever. This is a very orderly camp – nothing glaringly inauthentic is in view. If there is a cooler, it is covered.

(*Enter Sir Hector from stage left - he's carrying a Marshal's staff.*)

Hector: Hi, honey, I'm home! (*Hangs his hat on the marshalling staff*) What's for dinner?

Polyxena: Hi yourself – I don't know, what are you making?

Hector: (*grins*) Oh, yeah, my turn to cook tonight, so I guess it's the usual.

Polyxena: Drat, Boeuf Bourguignon again.

Hector: *(kisses her on the cheek)* I know you hate it, so I'm going to change the recipe and add a pound of okra so you can hate it even more.

Polyxena: Oh, shut up. I like Boeuf Bourguignon just fine – you can STUFF the okra!

Hector: Hmm ... stuffed okra ... There isn't time for that – but cheer up – there will be lots of dishes for you and Char to do after dinner. *(tickles her)*

Polyxena: That's not what I meant ... *(giggling and struggling)* ...stop it!

(Enter Charmion, with Iras, Damon and Castor entering behind her, from stage left)

Charmion: Yikes! Are you guys TRYING to put me in therapy?*(Think of the yogurt commercial from 2001-2002)*

Hector: Nothing going on here that a couple of Prozac's and a beer chaser wouldn't cure.

Polyxena: For her or ME?

Hector: Yes. *(they laugh)*

Polyxena: Seriously, hello, Iras. Charmion, who are your friends?

Charmion: Mom, Dad, this is Castor and this is Damon.

Castor: Hi.

Damon: Pleezt' meechea. *(“Pleased to meet ya” all run together as one word)*

Charmion: This is my mother, Mistress Polyxena of Anatolia, and my father, Sir Hector du Coleé.

Hector: Pleased to meet you, too. *(Shakes hands with them.)*

Charmion: Dad, Castor and Damon want to talk to you about fighting.

Hector: *(To Castor and Damon)* Ah, you do? What in particular?

(They look at each other – uncomfortable pause)

Castor: Uh ...

Hector: Yes ...?

Damon: ... everything!

Castor: Pretty much.

Hector: Huh. Then I guess you'd better stay for dinner.

(Pol takes small pot off stove, puts a larger pot on a "stove" on the table.)

Damon: That's okay, you don't have to do that, we have stuff back at camp ...

Iras: What, Dinty Moore and Doritos?

Castor: Actually, I am a Ramen and Mountain Dew man, myself.

Charmion: Ooh, Conan the Gourmand!

Polyxena: *(aside, to Damon)* Don't worry, we're just having beef stew. *(Winks at Hector)*

Hector: By the way, Pol, everybody'll be here as soon as they get cleaned up.

Polyxena: I'll get some bowls out then.

(Polyxena goes to dig under the tablecloth and gets a bunch of bowls out and puts them on the table.)

Damon: *(to Iras)* Everybody?

Iras: Yes, the rest of the Household.

Charmion: They're all pretty cool, you'll like them. Why don't you have a seat?

(Damon, Iras, Castor and Charmion move to the stage right side of the firepit. Before they can sit, enter Sir Bran de Brie and his lady Clare de Tritus, and Sir Umberto di Cambazola and his lady Sir Bellona della Ricotta. They are all carrying tankards. Greetings are exchanged, and while that's going on, the people who've just entered complete the half-circle around the fire pit. Nobody is sitting yet.)

Polyxena: Everyone? I want introduce our guests, Damon and Castor

Damon & Castor: Hi...

Polyxena: ... and this is Sir Bran de Brie and Lady Clare de Tritus ...

Bran: Hi.

Clare: Hello.

Polyxena: ... and Sir Umberto di Cambazola and Sir Bellona della Ricotta.

Umberto: Hey.

Bellona: Hi.

Castor: *Sir Bellona?*

Bellona: Does this look like a party sash to you, boy?

(Waves the end of her white belt)

Umberto: ... only if you're going to a Whupass party!

Bellona: *(grins)* Oh, shut up! *(She punches him playfully on the shoulder, he winces ... or elbows him in the ribs, whichever works better)*

(Umberto hooks an arm around her and gives her a squeeze)

Clare: So are you guys friends of Charmion and Iras?

Damon: Yes, ma'am.

Charmion: They're here to talk to Dad about fighting.

Bran: *(sitting)* Is that so? Hope you guys didn't have plans for the evening...

Castor: Well, no, not really.

Hector: So what all did you want to know?

Damon & Castor: Uh ...

Castor: Every time I get legged, that's it, it's basically over. How do you get shots in when you're on your knees? What's the best way to win?

Hector: Easy. Don't get hit!

Castor: Thanks! That clears up a lot for me! *(Sarcastically)*

Hector: No, really. Listen to what you're saying – you're assuming you're going to get legged, so you probably will be. Sure, you need strategies for fighting on your knees, but it's always better to avoid it if you can.

Bran: That's right, but if you can't avoid it the next best thing is to leg your opponent, so you're both fighting from the same disadvantage.

Hector: *(Looks around, no weapon handy, Pol hands him large wooden spoon)* Here, let me show you – Bran, can I borrow you for a second ... *(Pointing)*

Clare: That's my guy, the human pell⁹.

Bran: *(Deep sigh ... gets up and gets into place)* Okay ...

(Hector and Bran mime a fight ... basically Bran hits Hector with fake off side, Hector drops, Hector does something similar, Bran drops, then another fake to head, gets him on other side, Bran falls over ...)

Hector: Okay, now watch... now leg me ... okay then I do this and this ... now he's down and then I do this and smack!

(Bran falls over "dead")

Umberto: Right, but that trick doesn't work with everybody – what if you were fighting Goubert? You'd never get *him* with that one.

(Hector hands spoon to Pol. He's too wrapped up in the fighting discussions, so she's taken over the cooking ...)

Castor: I fought him once. He got me with an overhead snap...

Damon: Yeah, dude, and it sounded like a rifle shot. But what I want to know is, what about face shots? Duke Kurgan was my second fight today, and he one-shotted me. He was your squire, right, so what do you do about that? How can you beat him?

Bran: Soak some raw meat in strychnine and toss it into his camp before Invocation.

(Polyxena checks the stew and starts dishing up. Bowls are passed out by Iras and Charmion, and people eat as they're talking.)

Hector: So speaketh the voice of Chivalry *(Hector open-hands Bran lightly across the back of the head)*.

Bran: Well, I can't beat him – he always pounds me into the ground like a tent stake.

(Pol, Iras and Charmion start handing out bowls and spoons ...)

Umberto: Ask Bellona - she's the only Knight in the kingdom who can consistently leg him.

Bellona: But that just makes it easier for him – he doesn't have to bend down so far to hit me!

⁹ Pel-quintain – a post that is struck when practicing sword blows.

Damon: Yeah, I'm familiar with his face-shots, too.

Bran & Umberto: (*holding their noses "ow"*) So are we!

Hector: Oh, he's gone way past anything I had to teach him – he was my first squire, along with Count Goubert.

Umberto: Yeah, the rest of us came later.

Damon: The rest of you?

Bran: Yeah, all of us were squired to Hector – me, Umberto and Bellona.

Bran, Umberto, Bellona:
He's our Knight.

Clare: Yes, that's when Hector's hair turned white. (*Pointing at his head*) This is a dye job.

Damon: (*aside to Castor*) All these PEERS, what if we use the wrong fork?

Castor: (*holding up spoon, again as an aside*) We don't HAVE forks!

Both Damon & Castor:
(*aside*) We're so screwed!

Castor: But really, what does it take to get past second round?

Hector: I see. What is so important about getting out of second round?

Damon: Going on to third round ...?

Hector: Why?

Castor: To go on to fourth and fifth ...?

Hector: WHY?

Castor: To win!

Hector: WHAT?

Damon: The tourney?

Castor: The crown?

Hector: (*patiently*) What about winning honor for your consort?

Damon: Well, yeah...

(Everybody in the household looks at each other and shakes their heads... they've heard it before, and are "true believers" themselves – they also have senses of humor about it ...)

Clare: *(sotto voce)* Here it comes ...

Umberto and Bellona:

(sotto voce) Incoming! *(Ducking ...)*

Hector: Let's get something straight from the get-go: if you're not fighting for the honor of your consort, you might as well sell your armor and take up pro-wrestling. If you're not fighting for your lady's honor, then all you're fighting for is your EGO. The minute you do that, you're just an armed thug – you ain't no Knight.

(Castor and Damon are somewhat taken aback...)

Castor: We don't have consorts right now...

Hector: Then who did you fight for today?

Damon: We *did* have consorts but they asked for their favors back.

Hector: Why was that?

Castor: They hooked up with Viscount Grignr of the Snoutlands and his squire. It's okay, they weren't our girlfriends or anything.

(Iras does a 'high five' with Charmion)

Polyxena: It should never matter what your relationship with your consort is ... you must fight for a friend or even a relative as bravely as you'd fight for your love ...

Hector: Very true, Pol. But I have to say, nothing beats fighting for love.

Umberto: Except fighting for money – OW! *(Bellona has kicked him – jokingly contrite)* Of course, dear whatever you say.

Damon: Well, not much we can do about consorts now. Sir Hector, could you tell me more about defenses from face-shots?

Castor: Yeah, please.

Hector: All right. First....

(Polyxena and Clare get up and move to stage left. The fighters begin another fighting discussion, complete with hand gestures ...)

Polyxena: This is going to go on for a while, and I'm losing the feeling in my feet. How about we go for a walk?

Clare: Suits me. I could stand a privy run anyway.

Polyxena: Char? Iras? We're going for a walk, do you want to come along?

Charmion: No thanks, Mom, we're fine!

(They exit, leaving the others to their fighting discussion)

(For this scene change an "exeunt" is necessary, but should be quick –folk step off, get cloaks on, step back on, slump down in chairs around the firepit ...)

Scene 4 - The Camp of Sir Hector and Mistress Polyxena - 1 A.M.

PLACARDS: To help transition the scene, the placard people should walk across each with a sign: 1) "LATER" 2) "THAT NIGHT" and 3) "ABOUT 1:00 AM".

It's late. Pol and Clare have returned, start gathering bowls and general cleanup. Everybody is all hunkered down in their chairs the way people are when it's late and they're cold. Hector, like all proper fighters slouches in his chair. Over the course of the evening he will sit so low in it he'll be almost horizontal. This will be true of all the fighters EXCEPT for Damon and Castor – they all slouch in their chairs, including Sir Bellona

For staging purposes: When first placard starts across the stage, Umberto gets up and gets a couple of cloaks. When second placard starts, Umberto returns and hands a cloak to Bellona and sits. Around the same time, Iras gets up and gets cloaks. When third placard comes on stage, so does Iras who hands one cloak to Charmion, and she sits. As placards come across, folk sing lower, and lower into their chairs, showing it getting later ... after third placard, THEN we start the scene:

Hector: ... and that's how I killed the entire Tuchuk army ...

Hector and other Household Members *(they've all heard it before):*
... with nothing but a fruit-knife ...

(Hector looks around a bit surprised but amused ...)

Castor: I think I see what you mean ...

Damon: Yeah *(yawning)*

Hector: *(beginning to get up)* Well, it's getting late ... early ... *(standing and stretching)*

(The others stir a bit, Castor and Damon immediately get up when Hector does ...they exchange looks - the signal is to "pop the question"...)

Castor: Um, Sir Hector?

Hector: Yes, Castor?

Castor: Um... *(blurting this out fast – “if I don’t ask now, I won’t get the nerve later”)* could we squire to you?

Hector: *(to Damon)* What about you?

Damon: *(looks uncertainly at Castor, then nods)* Okay ... yeah, that goes for me, too. *(Castor elbows him)* Please.

Hector: *(Thinking ... looks them over)* Do you want to just be squired, or do you also want to join the household? Your choice – being part of the household means you camp with us in addition to training with me – but you don’t have to.

Castor: Sure, okay.

Damon: *(shrugs)* Yes, that goes for me, too.

Hector: All right. I need to talk to my household – ‘scuse me a minute.

Castor: *(to Damon)* Thanks for backing me up.

Damon: *(shrugs)* Sure. But don’t get your hopes up – he still has to say yes...

Hector: Pol, guys, can I talk to you for a minute?

Polyxena: Sure.

(Hector gestures to the other members of the household who get up and come over.)

Hector: They want to squire to me. What is your opinion?

(Charmion and Iras nod vigorously - everyone ignores them ...)

Polyxena: *(yawns, not because she’s bored, but because it’s 1:00 am)* I think you’re having withdrawal symptoms.

Hector: Yeah, probably. Umberto and Bellona were knighted almost a year ago.

Polyxena: Seriously, are you up for this?

Hector: The question is, are you?

- Polyxena: I guess it would be all right if you're sure they're worth three to five years of our lives. We only met them tonight!
- Hector: I think they've got some good stuff in them, and they haven't had a chance to develop too many bad habits.
- Polyxena: Well, if they don't work out you can always release them...assuming they don't ask to be released first. *(Sighs, looks at other household members)* What do you think?
- Bran, Bellona, etc.: Sure. Why not?
- Umberto: Fresh meat. *(Bellona kicks him)* Ow!
- Hector: Thanks. *(Goes back to Castor and Damon)*
- Hector: Okay, guys, here's the deal: my house every Sunday for fighter practice, except when we're at events. No list signups for now – you don't have consorts anyway, so that'll give you some time to work on your skills. But you'll fight in everything else - melees, wars, the lot. You'll camp with the household, help set up and break down camp, wash dishes, and eat any leftover Boeuf Bourguignon. *(grins)* Tomorrow, you'll bring your stuff over, and we'll take a look at your gear. – Oh, and one last thing, if my lady says “frog” you HOP.
- Umberto: *(from the background, high pitched, should just be audible)* Ribbet
- Castor: *(to Damon)* Sound good to you?
- Damon: Yeah. Do we have to swear fealty to you or anything?
- Hector: There are a lot of schools of thought about that. If you're not comfortable with swearing oaths, we can shake on it. Either way, we're giving each other our Word of Honor. Personally, I like to swear mutual fealty.
- Damon: If it's mutual, then okay.
- Hector: All right. Kneel. *(They kneel)* Pol? *(Polyxena stands next to Hector)*
- Bellona: Wait, what about squire belts?
- Hector: *(To Damon and Castor)* Do you want belts?
- Damon: I dunno ...
- Castor: YES! *(This is very important to Castor ...)*
- Hector: We can always give them belts later...

Bellona: No way! Hang on a minute, they can use ours.

Umberto: We asked to keep them for luck after we were knighted ... but I guess you guys need luck more than we do ...

(As Umberto is speaking, she runs over to an armor bag just off stage right, and pulls out two red belts. She hands them to Hector.)

Hector: *(pauses, clears his throat)* I, Sir Hector du Coleé, do give my Word of Honor, as a Knight of the Jest, to you, Castor, and to you, Damon, that I will train you in all the skills of Combat, in the ways of Courtesy and Honor and in all things pertaining to Chivalry. I promise to teach you all that I know, and I expect you to share your knowledge with me. I acknowledge you as my Squires, until such time as you are made Knights, or we release each other from these obligations.

Do you then swear to accept me as your Knight, and account yourself in fealty and courtesy to me and to my Household?

(Pause - Castor and Damon make 'um' sounds)

Charmion: *(hisses, nudging him)* I, Castor, do so swear!

Castor: I, Castor, do so swear!

Damon: And I, Damon, do so swear!

(Arm clasp/shake, help them stand ...)

(He and Polyxena put the squire belts on Castor and Damon. Everybody gathers round them, saying "congratulations" and shaking hands, and so on)

Hector: Then accept these belts and wear them as my Squires.

Bellona: To Castor and Damon and Chateau d'Acier! *(drinks)*

(Everybody drinks)

Castor: Chateau *what?*

Iras: It's our household's name – "d'Acier" means "of steel" – Castle of Steel.

Damon: Wouldn't that cause a problem during a thunder storm? *(Castor nudges him with elbow)* Er ... cool name.

Castor: Why "Castle of Steel"?

Charmion: My mom found a French song lyric in a novel and that's where she got the name...

Hector: Pol?

Polyxena: All right – *(like a French teacher)* Classe, recitez maintenant:
(All the members of Chateau d’Acier recite with her)
“La guerre est ma patrie,
mon harnois ma maison
et en toute saison,
combattre c’est ma vie!”¹⁰

Damon: Okay...?

Hector: It means,
“*War is my Country,
my armor is my house
and in every season,
Combat is my life!*”

Iras: I always want to sing the Marseillaise when they do that.

Polyxena: NOT Period!

Charmion: *(yawning)* Can we go to bed now?

Polyxena: Yes, I think we’re done for the night.

Hector: See you guys in the morning. Don’t forget your armor.

Castor & Damon: Yes, sir. Good night.

(Everybody says good night, and exit stage right. Castor and Damon are left alone on the stage.)

Castor: So, do you want to try and find a party? I feel like celebrating!

Damon: What are you talking about - I’m exhausted! I’ve evolved from pond scum to lungfish to Squire, all in one day!

(They laugh, and exeunt to stage left.)

¹⁰ Quoted in the novel [In a Dark Wood Wandering](#), Hella S. Haasse, Academy Chicago Publishers, ISBN: 0-89733-356-X.

Act Two
Another Principality of the Blisped Tournament
Six Months Later

Scene I - Early Saturday Morning, The Camp of Chateau d'Acier

The scene - pretty much the same setup as in Act I, except that a couple of things have been moved, to suggest the passage of time (different event, camp is never exactly the same from one time to the next). Castor and Damon are alone in camp, organizing their armor on stage right: Castor is wearing a red surcoat, Damon is wearing a blue one; both are wearing their squire belts.

(Mentos and Roger enter from stage left.)

Roger: Hey, strangers!

Mentos: Greetings - we haven't seen much of you guys lately, so we thought we'd find you and harass you.

(They grab chairs and sit down ...)

Castor: Roger, Mentos – great to see you!

Damon: *(Sarcastically)* Yeah, have a seat and stay a while!

Roger: Thanks – so how are things out here in the 'Burbs?

Castor: The 'Burbs?

Roger: Sure – the big, boring place between the Eric¹¹ and the Fringe.

Castor: *(laughs)* A lot less boring than you think. Oh, and screw you very much.

Mentos: Oh yeah? So is the squiring game all that you thought? Can you “be all that you can be”?

Damon: Well, we've been working our asses off, if that's what you mean. When we're not at fight practice or wars or what have you, we have a PILE of books to read.

Mentos: No kidding? Like what?

Castor: *(sighs)* Stuff about the Round Table and the Grail Quest. This book called “The Tree of Battles”¹². History. I could live forever without all the reading – I just wanted to be a stick jock!

¹¹ Eric - tournament field ropes with flags – this is a “West Kingdom” term, not used much in other Kingdoms. If you need to know where the term comes from, check the West Kingdom History Website: <http://history.westkingdom.org>

¹² The Tree of Battles, Honoré Bonet, Eng. Translation by G.W. Coopland, Liverpool, At the University Press, 1949

- Damon: Actually, none of it's bad...it's just a lot. I like the biographies of famous knights, like....
- Castor: Oh, God, not that again
- Castor & Damon: What Would William Marshal Do?¹³
(They shake their heads and laugh)
- Damon: Seriously, "The Tree of Battles" is pretty good, too – there are a lot of fighting problems in it, you know, like story problems in math.
- Castor: Yeah, but that was later. Sir Hector started us off with an "easy" one: "The King orders you to sit, the Queen orders you to stand – who do you obey?"
- Damon: I said it was whoever was making the awards decisions for the reign.
- Castor: So Hector made him do an extra half-hour on the pell. What a jerk - you should have just given him the answer he wanted.
- Mentos: Kind of an interesting problem: the King's word is law, right?
- Damon: Yeah, but the Queen is the source of the King's prowess - he won because she inspired him to. She's the wellspring of all Chivalry and Virtue. So we obey *her*. Besides, you're never really wrong if you do something out of courtesy to a Lady.
- Roger: Seriously? The stories you hear about *some* Queens...
- Castor: Yeah, I know, it doesn't make a whole lot of sense – she didn't win the Crown.
- Mentos: I think I understand. It doesn't matter who the Queen is, just that she's the Queen.
- Damon: Right. In the Chivalry thing, what you believe can be more important than reality.
- Castor: Oh, yeah, right, like if you *believe* the field isn't full of gopher holes, you won't bust an ankle.
- Damon: No, that's not...
- Castor: Whatever. But then Sir Bellona screwed us all up by asking what we'd do if the Queen was a Queen Regnant, and the King was a King-Consort. We were damn near up all night on that one, and we never solved it.
- Mentos: So, you have all the philosophical discussions, and the reading, AND the fighting?

¹³ What Would William Marshall Do? is not a real book, just a joke ... (it's a riff on the Southpark movie ("Bigger, Longer and Uncut") the song titled "What Would Brian Boitano Do?")

Castor: AND all about armor - how it's made, upkeep – all that. Sometimes it's hard to care about what all the armor parts are called, or what makes using a heater different from using a bunny round or a kite...

Roger: Shields, right?

Castor: Yeah. “Dumb stick-jock”, my ass! There's so much to know you could get a DEGREE in it.

Damon: That's true. But Hector says it all gets down to one thing at the end of the day, and that's whether you fought the good fight.

Mentos: Don't you mean “A” good fight? Isn't it a good fight because you win?

Damon: Not necessarily.

Castor: No, he means “THE” good fight. It's something he keeps saying.

Damon: But it's good, though: “I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.”¹⁴

Mentos. Huh. Considering how many people in this game get all fucked up about who wins and who gets the hat, this just seems out there.

(Enter Polyxena, Charmion and Iras from stage right.)

Polyxena: *(Going through a mental list ... during this speech she should look at Damon and Castor, who stand ...)* We've got two list pages, we need three more. Do you want first shift or second?

Charmion: The Prince isn't here yet, there's no point in rushing, but as soon as he gets here we need to be ready to roll ...

Damon: What's the big deal about the lists? I mean, you send me out, I fight ... you're just matching cards, a monkey could do it!

Charmion: *(Hackles rise, she crosses to him)* I see. So you know all about, I suppose! Then maybe you can tell me if I've got it right “double elimination” means that you get two chances to NOT die on the field. After everybody gets signed up we start making lists, and it's all about the numbers. We start with two sides, belts and unbelted. First we make the belt list and assign them odd numbers, and we try to seed the belts evenly so the hot sticks aren't all clumped together. There are always a bunch more of you unbelted than belts, so we go to the Royalty to decide what unbelted go over to the belted side at Invocation. At Invocation, the remaining unbelted challenge the belts' line and the whole lot

¹⁴ Timothy II, Ch. 4, vs. 7-8 – the full quote is: “I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me on that day.” Obviously we decided to avoid the hyper-religious aspects of the quote, and just used the first part, which is relevant to what we're trying to get across to the audience, i.e., an ancient tradition of sportsmanship.

comes back to the list table so we can put together the cards for the first round. We assign even numbers to the unbelts – so belt 1's challenger is assigned number 2. *Have I got it right so far? (Doesn't wait for the answer.) Starting with belt 1 and unbelt 2, the first round gets fought – if there is an odd number of fighters in the list overall, the last fighter in the list is a BYE, and is automatically moved to the beginning of 2nd round and becomes number 1's first fight. Number 2 starts 2nd round, fighting number 3, and so on, round by round until the final round. Of course, being an expert, you already know about running multiple fields and what to do if there's a fighter who's fought everybody that's farther down the lists, and how to break up some of the pairings and work with the Royalty to re-match them. (She gets right in Damon's face, poking him in the chest on each of these questions:)* Simple, right? Piece of cake, right? An ape could do it, right?¹⁵

(Pause – everyone's glazed over, especially Damon.)

Damon: Oh, I'm sorry, what were you saying?

(Charmion takes a swing at Damon, who ducks ... laughter from assembled ...)

Iras: In yet another exercise of heraldic futility, have you got your submissions ready for me to take to the table this afternoon?

Castor: Well, yeah ...

Mentos: You're with respectable people now, and you STILL haven't submitted arms?

Castor: Submitted, yes. Passed, no. You see, it's a game we play. We submit something, they send it back. It seems to make them happy.

Iras: Oh, you have NO idea.

Roger: So, what's your latest submission?

(Damon hands papers to Iras)

Iras: *(Reading papers)* Pascal?

Damon: Yea, I want to be a fighter of the old code.

All: AGH!

Iras: *(Looking at device submission ... moving it around, up, down, sideways ...)* Is it a monkey?

¹⁵ This speech is meant to be a tribute to the work the Lists Officers do. It needs to be rattled off quickly, but clearly, so the audience has some idea how hard these under-appreciated folk actually work. Note that the 'redline' part can be removed, to shorten this huge speech, if needed. We'd rather you didn't because it sort of shortcuts the tribute a bit, but it is a long speech.

- Mentos: (*Crossing to her and looking over her shoulder*) It does seem to be *some* kind of animal.
- Damon: It's a unicorn with a battle-axe, ok.
- Iras: (*Hands the papers back to him*) If you can't draw it, don't submit it.
- Polyxena: I'm heading over to the Lists Table. Don't forget to bring your consort's membership cards.
- Castor: Um, we'll get back to you!
- (*Polyxena leaves ...*)
- Mentos: (*Figuring out that they don't need to be here*) Well, I gotta go sharpen my rapier.
- Roger: Yeah, I ... um ... think I hear my boatswain calling!
- Mentos: You know, some penicillin can clear that right up. (*As they walk off ...*)
- (*An awkward pause ... paper-rock-scissors bit, Castor ends up winning, and ...*)
- Castor: (*Confident, goes down on one knee to Charmion*) Prithee good lady, wouldst thou grant me the honor of your beauteous hand?
- Charmion: Are you asking me to marry you?
- Castor: NO! I just want your favor for the lists.
- Charmion: Okay. Try again.
- Castor: (*Sighing*) Prithee sweet lady, wouldst thou do me the honor of granting me thine favor (*Iras snickers*) er ..., for the lists!
- Charmion: (*Playing it perfectly straight – deadly sincere*) With all my heart, and may it bring honor to us both.
- (*She ties it on his up-stage arm*)
- Castor: Cool, I'm good. (*Looks at Damon*)
- (*Charmion just does a bit of a sigh ... he's trying ... Iras is grinning like a fool, beckons him over with one hand ... 'bring it on'*)
- Damon: Um ... right.
- (*Standing – takes her hand, false start – starts to open mouth and NOTHING COMES OUT ... Drops to one knee, looks down, looks up at her directly, and he says:*)

Damon: I have naught to give thee, lady, save this arm and this sword, and the desire to do thee honor. May I carry thy favor? For then I would be rich indeed ...

(Iras, melting and speechless, ties the favor on his left arm, and raises him up.)

Iras: Where did *that* come from?

Damon: I dunno.*(Shrugging)*

(Umberto and Bran enter from Stage Right)

Umberto: Pol sent us to escort you to the Lists table ... they're closing in just a bit.

Charmion: Oh, I better go see about those Lists Pages.

Iras: I should check in at herald's point.

(Charmion and Iras leave stage right ...)

Bran: *(Crosses to them, puts arm on Castor's shoulder ... during this exchange Umberto keeps checking his watch, tapping Bran to remind him of the time, Bran ignores him ...)* This being your first list since you've joined the household, I want you guys to remember to acquit yourselves with honor, and that what you do reflects not just on you, or your lady, or even on your knight, but on the whole household.

Castor: Why wouldn't we?

Damon: We care about that as much as you do.

Bran: Nevertheless, it's easy to lose sight of that in the heat of battle.

Castor: Yeah, I know, you belts are perfect, you've never had a problem with it, we won't either.

Bran: Um, not true. Everyone has had their moment, even Sir Hector.

Damon: Yeah, right, he's the "Perfect Knight".

(General nodding and agreement)

Bran: *(Sitting, everyone else sits during this exchange ...)* You're missing the point. A knight is only as "perfect" as his last fight, because you have to deal with the same choices every time you fight. Hector almost made the wrong choices in the Crown finals once...

Castor: Hector was in a Crown List? In the finals? Who was he fighting?

- Bran: He was fighting Goubert in the finals. Goubert had just been knighted, and he'd been a hot-shot all day.
- Umberto: Which happens sometimes with new knights, but Goubert had it worse than most.
- Bran: Yeah, and when they met in the finals they both really wanted to win. That fight got ugly fast. It looked like Goubert wasn't taking *anything*, and we could see Hector getting madder and madder. It was like Goubert had forgotten everything Hector had taught him. Finally Hector realized what was happening, and decided it wasn't worth it so he took the next blow from Goubert. He never fought in a Crown List again.
- Castor: That was stupid if he was winning.
- Bran: (*Patiently*) That wasn't the point. Winning would have cost him his honor.
- Umberto: ... and victory is never worth your honor.
- Herald: (*From offstage*) The lists are closing in 5 minutes!
- Castor: Oh, shit!
- Damon: We're burning daylight ...
- (*Castor and Damon exit stage right*)
- Bran: (*After Castor and Damon have exited, to Umberto*) Amateurs. (*Exeunt*)

Scene 2 - The Edge of the Eric – Second Round

The Scene: Field ropes along one side, possibly at an angle from downstage left toward upstage right, basically giving just the appearance of the edge of the eric. Members of the household are watching the tournament looking out over the audience. Umberto, Bran, Clare, Iras, Charmion are watching Castor's fight, Umberto and Bran sort of in center, Iras and Clare one on either side of them ...

- Umberto: (*Wincing, sotto voce*) Ooh, that had to hurt.
- Clare: (*To Iras*) Speaking of hurt. Has Castor put in his latest heraldic submission?
- Iras: (*Starting to smirk*) He chose an English name this time.
- Clare: That's progress.
- Iras: Crispian Milk.
- Clare: Do I even want to KNOW what the arms are?

- Iras: The best way the heralds could blazon it was *Argent, seme of fruit-loops*.
- Clare: Ugh.
- Iras: It set a new time-record for rejected submissions.
- Bran: (*Watching the fight*) Aw, quit playing with your food!
- Clare: (*to Iras across Umberto and Bran*) Oh, that's Horst ...
- Iras: Yeah, von dem Schwarzwaldkirschetorte¹⁶.
- Charmion: Gesundheit.
- Iras: I didn't expect that from *you*, miz predictable name joke.

(*Clare hits Bran on the arm – just to get his attention, not to hurt him*)
- Clare: His lady is so nice, you know, Ilsa die Über-Angekleidet¹⁷. She's the one who does all the weaving. Bran, you've seen her weaving.
- Bran: (*Not really listening*) Yeah, Castor, weave! Weave!

(*Ladies all exchange a glance ...*)
- Clare: So, honey, I was thinking that maybe I'd put on a chainmail bikini and go walk out on the tourney field.
- Bran: Sounds great. Remember your sun-screen. (*Winces*) OOOH. Where WAS his shield?
- Iras: (*to Umberto*) It's my turn to cook tonight, how do you feel about purple badgers in cream sauce?
- Umberto: Mm, my favorite. (*Look out at field*) What WAS he thinking?

(*Ladies share another glance, smiling, nodding ...*)
- Clare: Honey, can I have your wallet?
- Bran: Sure. (*With hand on pouch on belt (on the hip), he hands his wallet to her*) OOH, not the hip!
- Clare: (*Looking at Iras ...*) Merchant's Row ...

¹⁶ Pronounced: Schwartz vald kirscha torta

¹⁷ die Über-Angekleidet - German - "the over-dressed" – pronounced: Ilsa dee Uber-Ahng-a-kly-det

Clare and Iras: ... here we come!

(Clare and Iras leave)

(Fight's over, Horst and possibly a 'camp-mate' come off the field (down right), carrying his shield ..., Horst is limping, favoring one leg, enters from DR, crosses to UL)

Horst: There was no way I was going to win that fight, I **couldn't** hit him hard enough. Oh, my friggin' leg ...

(They exit up left, and Castor comes on from DR, hands sword/helm to Bran and Umberto ... the two knights look at Charmion, and realize she's upset. They offer to take his helm and shield back to camp.)

Bran: Um, we'll take these back to camp for you ... see you there.

Castor: *(Really stoked, he won the fight, made it to third round!)* Did you see that? I'm out of second round! Woo-hoo!

Charmion: Yeah, I saw it. Do you want to explain it?

Castor: What's to explain? I won!

(He's maneuvering his arm a bit as if in pain.)

Charmion: What's wrong with your arm?

Castor: Eh, he hit me.

Charmion: So why didn't you take it?

Castor: It didn't feel right. *(Shrugs and winces in pain)*

Charmion: Oh, really. *(She pokes him)* You feel that?

Castor: OW!

Charmion: You know what they say about rhinos? "A brave man dies a thousand deaths, a coward won't even die once."

Castor: Don't you feel you're over-reacting a bit? The blow was iffy. Besides, were you out there?

Charmion: Well, no.

Castor: *(Patronizing, but not overly-so. He believes what he's saying as he's saying it.)* It's *hard* to tell from the sidelines. Look, I understand, it could have looked bad, I'm fighting for you, I would never do anything to dishonor you.

(She believes him because she wants to ...)

Charmion: You watch yourself out there.

Castor: Don't worry.

Charmion: Well, I should get back to the list table.

(Charmion exits SL)

Castor: I'll see you back in camp. *(Sighs – dodged that bullet)*

(Damon enters)

Damon: I'm gonna fight Horst in the next round. Got any tips?

Castor: Fake off-side body, go for his hip, worked for me. *(Do some fighter motions to demonstrate)*

Damon: Thanks, man.

(Exeunt Stage Left)

Scene 3 – The Edge of the Eric

Same scene, Castor is back waiting for his next arming call.

Herald: *(from offstage)* Victory in the third round to Damon of Chateau d'Acier.

(Damon comes off the field up to Castor)

Damon: Thanks for the tip. Why didn't you warn me about how hard he hits? If I hadn't blocked that one blow, I would never have gotten a chance to throw that fake.

Castor: Didn't bother me. *(Shrugs, winces, rubs shoulder)*

(Looks Stage Right, sees Hector (not on stage yet))

Castor: Oh, shit. I don't need this now.

(Hector (from SR) goes right past him, right up to Damon)

Hector: What the hell were you doing out there?

Damon: What do you mean? I won, didn't I?

Hector: What is it with you two? Castor seems to have forgotten all about calibration – if a blow is iffy, *count it!* *(Hector pokes Castor's sore arm, he responds with an 'ow' ...)* And you seem to think it's

okay to hit a guy where he's been injured. I heard him ask you to take it easy on that hip because it had been hurt, you hit him there twice, hard!

Damon: Yeah, I knew he was hurt, but I was trying for his ribs on that second shot and it slipped. Sorry.

Hector: Look, I wasn't in your head out there, so I don't know. Will you give me your **word of honor** that you were clean?

Damon: Sure (*with no hesitation*)

Hector: And if I ask Horst, what's he gonna say?

(*Pregnant pause ... Damon turns away for a sec, then turns back*)

Damon: (*Changing subject to get away from this awkward conversation*) Okay, overall I think I'm doing pretty well. I think I'm ready to fight in Crown.

Hector: Not after your performance today, you're not.

Damon: (*angry*) So, I need your *permission* to fight in Crown?

Hector: Yes, you do.

Damon: When was that part of our agreement?

(*Hector stands there with his arms crossed, angry, doesn't say a word – angry father look*)

Damon: Well, you know what? Screw this shit.

(*Takes off his belt and hands it to Hector, he looks at Castor, who gives a sort "I didn't do anything!" look. Damon's just stares back at Hector, mad as hell.*)

Hector: (*sighs*) I'll be in camp...

(*Hector exits stage right*)

Castor: What'd you do that for? Why didn't you just tell him you were sorry and you'd never do it again?

Damon: What about you? I didn't see you apologizing.

Castor: The calibration thing? He's totally off-base about that, but I'm not going to make an issue about it! Look, this is just like High School – you don't worry about the "right" answer, you give the teacher the answer they want.

Damon: Maybe that works for you, but not for me.

(Count Goubert enters in armor but no helmet on, from stage right.)

Castor: *(exasperated)* So what DOES work for you?

Damon: I don't know, but I just don't want any more of this lecture crap. I've had enough.

(Goubert comes right up to Damon, brushing Castor aside – he's a bit of a fast talker.)

Goubert: 'Scuse me, but you're Damon right? Goubert Chien de Maize. *(they shake hands)* I saw your last fight, and you got in some good shots – just wanted to tell you, good job.

Damon: Uh, thanks....

Castor: *(to Goubert)* I saw your fight against Wallace of Wensleydale – that was a great feint you did, he totally went for it, and then ...

Goubert: Thanks. Castor, right? Nice to meet you..

Castor: A pleasure, Your Excellency. *(they shake hands)*

(Goubert turns back to Damon – he's blowing off Castor, but gently – Castor's a little put off.)

Goubert: You guys are squired to Hector du Colée, aren't you?

Castor: Yeah...

Damon: *(bitterly)* No.

Goubert: *(Very interested ...)* Really? Not happy? Looking for a change?

Damon: Maybe ...

Goubert: Tell you what, come to my *private* practices at my house every Wednesday, we'll find you a suitable consort, you will wear my colors, and I will show you how to win. And one last thing, if I say "jump", you say "how high". You know where to find me.

(Goubert exits SL)

Castor: Holy shit! Is this guy for real?

(Damon waffles a bit, he's not sure he wants to go there, but is leaning that way)

Castor: *(A bit weirded out, and exasperated with his friend)* You're on your own, man.

(Castor exits SR)

(Iras enters from SL, angry [but not boiling over yet], right up to Damon)

Iras: Did you know Horst had to leave the event?

Damon: Oh. And? *(Attitude of: "this concerns me because?")*

Iras: Ilsa said you hit Horst twice in the same place after being asked to go easy on that hip. And I didn't believe it until now.

Damon: What's your problem? I won. For you.

Iras: *(Slow, cold, one word at a time)* No. You. Didn't. *(She rips the favor off his arm, then runs off stage, on the verge of tears - SL)*

(Damon is left standing there stunned. He watches her leave, starts to step in her direction, pauses, turns and goes the direction Goubert exited.)

Act Three
A Principality of the Blisped Coronet Tournament
Six Months Later

Damon is training with Count Goubert but is not his squire – he’s wearing Goubert’s livery (yellow tabard); he isn’t wearing his squire belt from Hector. Castor’s calibration issues are less bad, but still present; Hector is hopeful.

Scene 1 – Edge of the Eric - the Tournament is happening

(Edge of the tourney field, eric ropes across stage, fighters and such act in front of the rope, observers up stage of it.)

(Castor enters stage left, and waits for Damon ... This conversation must be very terse, uncomfortable. These two still want to be friends, but they’re very conflicted ...)

Herald: *(From offstage)* Victory on field azure to Damon of the Blisped.

(Very brief pause)

Marshal: *(From offstage)* Chirurgeon to the field!

(Damon comes off the field)

Castor: Haven’t seen you in awhile, good fight against Bellona, dude! Where did you learn that high rap shot?

Damon: Thanks, it’s something that Goubert showed me.

Castor: Cool. Who are you fighting for?

Damon: *(Looking at favor, maybe turn it over to read a name on it)* Oh, yeah, Feria, today.

Castor: Have you hooked up with her?

Damon: Naw, needed someone to fight for.

Castor: *(Sees Goubert about to enter (SR), starts to back off)* Good luck in the tournament.

Damon: Don’t need it.

(Goubert enters from SR ... Castor watches the following exchange, notices the praise that Damon gets)

Goubert: *(Grabs Damon by the arm (ignores Castor) and takes him off to the side (toward right) ...)*
Congratulations, you beat a knight! You’re moving up in the food chain!

Damon: But I think I hurt her!

- Goubert: Bellona knew what she was getting into. It's a dangerous sport.
- (Goubert and Damon start to exit, but Damon looks pensively over his shoulder back at the field, Goubert pulls him off stage (right).)*
- (Hector enters (SL), comes up to Castor)*
- Hector: I saw your last fight, you're looking better, there's a couple of things you need to work on – calibration, calibration, calibration ...
- Castor: *(Rolls his eyes, crossing his arms ...)* That's three.
- Hector: *(Still smiling)* Quiet, I'm lecturing you.
- Castor: *(sotto voce)* I get that.
- Hector: Now, the next thing you need to work on is your movement – you're looking static.
- (Castor and Hector exit on this last line, SL ... Iras enters from downstage SL)*
- Iras: *(Standard heraldic pose ... juggles with cards a second ...)* Damon of the Blissted and Castor of Chateau d'Acier arm and report to gules field.
- (Damon enters (SR), with helm, sword and board ...)*
- Iras: I heard Bellona got hurt.
- Damon: Is she okay?
- Iras: Well, she's got a bruised elbow, but it's not bad. *(Pause)* She knows you didn't do it on purpose.
- (He's uncomfortable, not so sure ... body language – they're still crazy about each other, but they're not communicating.)*
- Damon: *(Very unsure if he hurt Bellona on purpose or not)* I hope.
- Iras: You sound like you're not too sure.
- Damon: Goubert pointed out that she tends to fall into "Iron Chicken." *(He shows the position¹⁸)*
- Iras: And you took advantage of that.
- Damon: *(He's not happy with the decision)* Yeeeah. It is a legal target.

¹⁸ A very specific fighting position, sword over the head, one elbow is very exposed ...

Iras: Oh, I see.

Damon: *(He telegraphs in his delivery that he's not sure he believes this ...)* Well, Goubert says that if it's a legal target you go for it.

Iras: Why are you playing this game?

Damon: *(Starting to waffle ...)* Er, uh ... because ... you know ...

Iras: I know, come back to me when you can answer that question.

(She exits stage right ...)

(Exeunt)

Scene 2

The Climactic Fight. Fighters in armor will actually fight in this scene – the actors who are playing Castor and Damon will be on-stage as “doppelgangers”, and will speak the fighters’ inner monologue. Script direction: Damon/IM = Damon’s Inner Monologue; Damon/F = Damon the fighter; Castor/IM = Castor’s Inner Monologue, Castor/F = Castor the fighter. If this is done carefully, the audience should get the impression that they are in the fighter’s heads while they are fighting. Castor and Damon will be wearing dulled-down versions of their surcoats - the fighters will be wearing the bright-colored versions. Damon/F and Castor/F don’t speak, Damon/IM and Castor/IM speak, but when speaking as the fighter, they speak TO the other, otherwise when doing inner-monologue, they speak as “aside” ... during the litany and the salutes, fighting, etc., the inner-monologue characters face in the same direction as the armored ones. This is basically a lot of mirroring, but the IM characters don’t do a 100% mirror of the fighter characters. Specific details in the stage directions below. The fight sequence is VERY choreographed, slow motion – 1/4 to 1/2 speed, there’s no real need for full-speed.

Iras is heralding the fight: she’s wearing a herald’s baldric, and has a heralding staff. Bran is marshalling, and he has a marshal’s staff. Upstage is everyone not directly involved in the fight behind a tourney rope ... this might include Feria and others just to give more of a ‘crowd’ feeling.

(Start with Iras as herald and Bran as marshal on-stage right after the placard comes across. Damon and Castor (both versions) come on stage with Damon/IM downstage of Damon/F, Castor/IM downstage of Castor/F. When the fight starts, the inner-monologue characters need to be downstage and behind the fighters (i.e., stage right/stage left of their respective fighter characters). Onlookers all come out and take position last upstage – curious to see a fight between these two.)

Iras: In this the fifth round of the Coronet Tournament for the Principality of the Blessed
Here do meet Castor of Chateau d’Acier and Damon of the Blessed
My lords, salute the Coronet
(They salute in the same direction to the ‘coronet’)
You may salute the one who’s favor you bear
(Castor’s salute to Charmion is very cursory and quick, Castor turns away and doesn’t see Charmion’s full acknowledgment. Damon’s salute to Feria is after a very short pause, possibly looking at Iras first, then offstage or wherever Feria is.)

Salute you each your worthy opponent

(They salute each other, but it's short, nothing fancy, an undercurrent of anger if possible ...)

On your honor and for the Coronet of the Principality of the Blessed, lay on!

(Bran has Marshal staff between them, pulls it back and he and Iras step back – usual fight stuff)

(First flurry of blows, Damon gets a hit on Castor – in “fighter speak”:

Damon: Low, High, Low, High, High HIT

Castor: High, Low, High, Low, High)

Castor: *(aside)* Ow, not hard enough.

Damon: *(aside)* Gotta hit him harder.

(Second flurry of blows, Damon gets in another lick – in “fighter speak”:

Damon: High, Low, Offside Head HIT

Castor: Low, Offside Head, Low)

Castor: *(aside)* Nope, not good enough.

Damon: *(aside)* He's not taking any. Crap. Gotta get him to open up and drive one right into his ribs, and maybe he'll go down.

(Third flurry of blows, Castor gets one on Damon's leg – in “fighter speak”:

Damon: Hard Shield Slap

Castor: Straight Leg HIT, near the knee

Damon's fighter double looks at Castor's and shakes head – “not good”)

Castor: *(aside)* Take that, asshole!

Damon: *(aside)* Was that above my knee? Maybe close enough to the kneecap to call it below, or maybe light, or ... oh man, WHAT AM I DOING?

(Fourth flurry of blows, Damon connects with Castor – in “fighter speak”:

Damon: Open High, Open Low, High, Offside Body with Shield Hook

Castor: Blank, Blank, Head, Ow!)

Castor: *(aside)* I am NOT gonna lose to him!

(Castor/F shakes his head – “Not good enough”, Damon/F just does a “whatever”, then he hunkers down and ratchets up – this is done by specific maneuvering)

Damon: *(aside)* Screw this! *(Realization that this is escalating)*

(From the sideline, Hector shakes his head, scowling, arms crossed. Castor's buds may be doing stuff, grinning and nodding, maybe, probably talking among themselves.)

(Fifth flurry of blows, it's getting heavy here, nasty ... in "fighter speak":

Damon: High to head, hit Castor's elbow

Castor: High head, prepare for offside head/elbow exposed)

Bran: HOLD! *(Points at Castor)* Check your elbow.

(Castor works on fixing his elbow cop. Damon/F and Damon/IM, look at Iras. Beat, beat. Iras turns and catches Damon's eye and you can see there's still a connection there. This has to be quick, but not too subtle, we want some of the audience to catch it ... Bran checks Castor's elbow, and nods, places his staff between the fighters, checks to see both are ready, steps back and fight continues.)

(Next flurry of blows, Castor gets Damon across the face grill while Damon's busy thinking.

"Fighter speak:

Damon: Head (knock Castor/F back a step)

Castor: Leg, then high around to face across grill – just barely connects, not really enough for Damon to step back from it)

Castor: *(aside, loud – after taking head shot)* NO!

Castor: *(aside, after hitting Damon in head)* Good shot, but no force on it, damn it!

Damon: *(aside)* Shit, that was stupid – but he caught me dead to rights.

Damon: *(to Castor)* Good.

(Damon/F falls over, Damon/IM kneels right next to him.)

Castor: *(aside)* That wasn't as hard as the ones he hit me with. *(Pauses, starts to turn away as if to leave the field, then rolls his eyes in resignation ... turns back ... note that both Castor/IM and Castor/F mirror on this.)* Guess I'd better ask.

Castor: *(to Damon)* Wasn't that light?

Damon: *(to Castor)* I didn't block it, it's your call.

Damon: *(aside)* There! Now it's his choice, maybe I'm still in the lists.

Castor: *(aside)* Great! I'm still in!

Castor: *(to Damon)* Well, you *did* take it, so okay. *(Nods at the marshal)*

(Damon (both) put hand up for assistance to get up, Castor (both) ignore and turn away from them), Bran steps in and helps Damon/F up, Damon/IM stands without help. Damon/IM then sighs heavily, goes to one side of the stage side-by-side (just as with their entrance, Damon/IM downstage of Damon/F).)

Damon: *(aside, just as he is stepping off-stage)* Boy, did I blow it.

(Hector, looking stern, with arms crossed, follows him. Damon/F and Damon/IM step slightly offstage and then Damon/IM comes back on with sword, shield, helm ... Bran points marshalling staff at Castor/F, while Castor/IM jubilantly does an "All right!" gesture, and yahoos. Castor/IM and Castor/F go off stage with congratulatory friends. While all this is going on, Iras handles the victory call:)

Iras: Victory to Castor of Chateau d'Acier! Will Lord Antonio El Cerebro del Becerro and Sir Vortigern von Vertigo arm and report to field gules!
(Exeunt)

Scene 3 – Same Scene – A Minute or Two Later

(Castor is standing on one side of the stage (SL) with his shield, sword and helm at his feet; Damon is on the other side (SR), same situation. Their backs are to each other, pointedly not talking ... Umberto and Bellona are on stage, but are not interacting with either of them yet.)

(Goubert enters stage left. He crosses over so that he's facing Damon's back. Goubert is very disappointed in Damon, looks him up and down.)

Goubert: I thought you had potential.

(Damon turns to look at him, but has no response. Goubert exits SR. Damon picks up his armor and such, and leaves, following Goubert, rather dejected. Castor is left standing there.)

Castor: *(Sees Umberto and Bellona and calls out to them, coming over to them to talk like 'old friends')* Did you see me beat Damon? Pretty cool, huh?

(They respond hesitantly, this is uncomfortable ...)

Bellona: Yes, we saw it.

Umberto: *(Very cold)* Congratulations. *(To Bellona)* So, what's for dinner?

Castor: I thought I set that face shot up very well.

Bellona: Uh huh.

Umberto: *(To Bellona)* Let's go take care of that elbow.

(Umberto and Bellona exit back to camp.)

Castor: What?

(Looks around, alone on stage for a moment, picks up his shield getting ready to head back to camp and Hector enters from stage right, comes up to him and starts to say something. This scene is the longest that Hector goes in the play without smiling.)

Castor: Don't start.

Hector: *(Crosses arms)* Okay, I won't.

Castor: You know, I've been thinking, maybe this setup isn't working for me.

(Hector, not really surprised, nods in agreement)

Castor: It's nothing against you personally, I've learned a lot, but I'm just not comfortable.

Hector: Not comfortable how?

Castor: Well, you know, with everything.

Hector: Are you asking to be released ...?

Castor: *(Pause)* Yeah, I guess so.

Hector: Very well. *(Formally, just like when the oath was done in the first act)* Then I hereby release you from our mutual bond of fealty. Please return your belt.

(Castor hesitates, looks at the belt, this is painful, and giving up the symbol is very hard. Hands the belt over.)

Hector: *(Shakes his hand)* Good luck.

(Hector (SR) and Castor (SL) exit toward different sides of the stage)

(Charmion enters (SR) as Hector is exiting, passing him on the way to the stage, possibly looking over shoulder with a look of shock (seeing Castor's belt ...) – Iras enters from the opposite side, Charmion is miserable.)

Iras: You look terrible, what's the matter?

Charmion: I just saw dad, and he had Castor's belt in his hand ...

Iras: Oh, no. What are you going to do?

Charmion: What do you mean?

Iras: Is he still going to fight for you?

Charmion: I haven't decided yet.

Iras: What are you waiting for?

Charmion: He's got to finish this list, and then we'll see.

Iras: Okay, it's your call.

Charmion: Never mind about that. There was something I wanted to tell you.

Iras: Oh?

Charmion: During the fight, I saw Damon looking at you. He may have saluted Feria, but I think he was really fighting for you.

Iras: I ... know.

Charmion: Castor's fighting I have to go.

Iras: Yeah, I have to go too.

(Charmion and Iras exit)

(Hector enters from stage right, Damon enters from stage left.)

Hector: I wasn't on the field, but good choice.

Damon: Sir Hector, I know I asked to be released ... but ...may I ... have my belt back?

Hector: The belt doesn't matter – I never released you! Come on back to camp – it's *my* turn to cook.

Damon: Boeuf Bourguignon?

Hector: *(Laughing)* Of course!

(Hectors exits SR ...)

(Iras enters SL and comes directly to Damon. They look at each other. There's too much emotion, they can't manage to get a full word out. Some incoherent "Uh", "Er" ... He goes down on one knee before her and offers her his sword.)

Damon: I have naught to give thee, lady

(She raises him up. They laugh, and embrace. Picking up helm, sword, shield, they exit (SR), arm in arm.)

~ finis ~

Curtain Call Sequence:

Horst

Goubert

Fighter Doubles

Bellona and Umberto, Clare and Bran

Feria and Zirconia

Roger and Mentos

Polyxena and Hector

Charmion and Iras

Castor and Damon

Misc. Notes:

This play should be rated PG-13, simply because of the language. Some parents do not wish their children to hear cursing/swear words. Our use of this language in the script was intended to provide *natural* language for the characters. Trying to use substitute swear words would have gotten too cutesy, and is not the way that people talk. (While it's fun to use such words as "frel" [from the TV show Farscape] or "screw" [as in "Screw you"] instead of "fuck", this is not how most people really talk, especially when around friends or in actual anger ...) In addition, the PG-13 rating will hopefully keep some children out of the theatre who will be bored by the content of the play, anyway. There is nothing worse than a gaggle of bored children when trying to present a play that is intense such as this one.

General: This is a tough play, because there's a *lot* going on. A good stage manager will help ensure that this works smoothly. Without any way to keep it all organized, this is going to be difficult as anything you've ever done.

The Kingdoms

Acornia (Lochac)– A Jest-spawned kingdom. Not all the nuts are in the Jest, some are down-under!

AIEEE (*Eye-EEE*) (Caid) – One of the Jest-spawned Kingdoms, named after their battle cry.

Amnesia (Artemisia) – Doing their best to forget they were ever part of Snoutlands.

Blazin'hell (Atenveldt) – Also one of the Jest-spawned Kingdoms, evil climate, bikers in armor.

Clamidies (*Clam-id-ee-ees*) (Meridies) – Spun off from the Feast kingdom, known for political lassitude, and embarrassing tropical diseases.

Dementia (Atlantia) – Also spun off the Feast kingdom, populace went mad when they attempted to learn to camp at their events.

Ethelmertz (Æthelmearc) – A Feast-spawned kingdom, and the reluctant ally of the Feast's crazy schemes.

The Feast (The East) – The first Jest-spawned kingdom. Devoted to excellent food and doing everything as little like the Jest as possible.

Fraggin'wald (*vald*) (Drachenwald) – The Kingdom was named when the founding Baron sponsored a field trip to the Black Forest - the name comes from his comment "When are we going to get out of this Fraggin Wald?"

The Jest (The West) – The first, the best, the only, world without end. Amen.

LoneStarorra (Ansteorra) – Spun off of Blazin'hell, fencing Arabs with rebel yells.

Maltomeal (Ealdormere) – The breakfast that settles your digestion after the Feast.

Miasma (Trimaris) – Named for its fetid swamps and other tourney sites.

Riddle (Middle) – Named at Pennsic 2, when they couldn't figure out what they were fighting for.

Snoutlands (Outlands) – Famous for their controversial lists and their fondness for pig-faced basinetts.

Tepidbeer (Calontir) – Founded by a barony of Irish brewers.

Un Til (An Tir) – They couldn't wait until they got their independence from the Jest before they scheduled their first Crown tournament.

This was first seen in Peermalion (Golden Stag Players, 12th Night, AS XXX – 1996), updated to show all 17 Kingdoms of the SCA (well, sorta), and a bit of modification in the original list.