



The Duel

Jake Doberenz

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by Jake Doberenz

one act comic play for two actors

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LIGHTS UP. An outdoors setting, with perhaps some rocks and a bench. A lonely Knight, Sir Triston the Brave, practices sword fighting on the stage, alone. He accomplishes some seemingly complex maneuver and vanquishes an imaginary opponent.

SIR TRISTON THE BRAVE: (To himself) You have saved the Kingdom yet again, Sir Triston the Brave!

SIR GIRALDUS THE EARNEST: (Walks on scene) Are you talking to yourself?

TRISTON: (Startled, straightens himself up) Of course not!

GIRALDUS: It sounded like you were.

TRISTON: Well, I was not.

GIRALDUS: I am more likely to believe King Richard is a toad than fall for your mistruths.

TRISTON: (Irritated) Do you have some specific business here, Brave Knight?

GIRALDUS: I do indeed. I am Sir Giralduſ the Earnest, of York, sent on the behalf of Count Urban to diſpoſe of you and to win fame and glory.

TRISTON: Sir Giralduſ, I am ſorry you have traveled all this way only to be defeated in combat by a valiant knight like myſelf.

GIRALDUS: From what I hear, Sir Triston the Brave is hardly worthy of the title Knight.

TRISTON: (Taken a back) I am feared in all the land!

GIRALDUS: And I hear other things about you: ſuch as, your mother being a Saxon!

TRISTON: (Insulted) How dare you insult my mother! You will die and die ſwiftly! (Raises his ſword)

GIRALDUS: It is clear you have not heard the marvelous tales of my bravery and championing of the enemies of the Crown.

TRISTON: I've never heard of a Sir Giralduſ.

GIRALDUS: Search your memory, you feeble fool.

TRISTON: (Pretends to be deep in thought) No, I haven't heard of a Giralduſ the Earnest. I believe I've heard of a Giralduſ the Coward. That muſt be you.

GIRALDUS: (Angry) You are asking for a ſlow and painful death!

TRISTON: I doubt you can give me anything beyond a ſliver!

GIRALDUS: Then it is true you have not heard tales of my heroics! Did not my personal minſtrel come to this place and ſing of my accompliſhments?

TRISTON: No, I cannot ſay he did.

GIRALDUS: Is that ſo? He's a ſkinny fellow, blonde ſtraight hair that ſtops below his forehead, and a diſtinct ſing-ſongy voice.

TRISTON: I'm afraid you've deſcribed moſt of the minſtrels I know. Sing a few lines from the ſong.

GIRALDUS: (Singing) *Sir Giralduſ the Earneſt, of noble birth has vanquiſhed dragons and beaſts of the earth. His ſword is mighty and his fighting ſwift, as ſeen from all the pretty girls he has kiſſed.*

TRISTON: (Unimpreſſed) I hope you fight better than you ſing. And you ſay you have vanquiſhed dragons?

GIRALDUS: I did on a few occaſions. (He takes a ſeat on a bench)

TRISTON: I hardly believe it.

GIRALDUS: It is the truth, Sir Triſton.

TRISTON: Even if it were, I ſtill have taken on a whole hoard of barbarians with only my ſword and a ſtirrup I got off my dead horſe. I didn't even have armor.

GIRALDUS: Sure, ſure. But dragons are worſe. They breathe fire.

TRISTON: I fought hundreds of pagans that day! They were known to rip your arms off!

GIRALDUS: I almoſt had my entire face burned off! Did I mention I fought two dragons at once?

TRISTON: You must be a fool to expect me to believe your lies!

GIRALDUS: I tell no tall tales, but I only tell truth.

TRISTON: You have no more honor than a swine!

GIRALDUS: Honor? I once accompanied a Duke on a diplomatic mission to Avignon. That, my good knight, is how much honor I have!

TRISTON: If we are speaking of honor, I will tell you that I met the Pope!

GIRALDUS: (Jumps up from the bench) I once viewed a holy relic of Charlemagne's in Aachen and received a vision saying I would never die in battle.

TRISTON: I was invited by the Pope and was blessed by his holy lips!

GIRALDUS: I once met a prince of the Ottomans—and then I killed him.

TRISTON: I fought on the hills of Jerusalem in the name of Christ, against hundreds of Muslim pagans, including one of their princes, who I bested in hand-to-hand combat!