

Sir Lyonel and the Legion of Unlikely Heroes

Sir Lyonel and the Legion of Unlikely Heroes

Written By

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Adapted from a story by the Brothers Grimm

“Six Men Who Traveled the World Together”

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Sir Lyonel and the Legion of Unlikely Heroes

CHARACTERS

SIR LYONEL the JUST	A former knight of the Queen
ROBIN GOODSONG	A Minstrel
OX	Strongest man in far land
CRACKSHOT	Expert marksman
WINDLASS	Mistress of the wind
RACER	Fastest person in far land
COLDSANP	A frost cursed young lady
QUEEN AGRIVAIN	Ruler of far land
PRINCESS FLEETFOOT	The Queen's spoiled daughter
A GUARD	
DRAGONNA	A fire witch
THIMBALENA	A Seamstress

Sir Lyonel and the Legion of Unlikely Heroes

SETTING: The Kingdom of far land

TIME: A long time ago.

SIR LYONEL and THE LEGION of UNLIKELY HEROES

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

A Forest Road

Sitting upon a rock at the side of the road is SIR LYONEL the JUST. He sits with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. He is dressed in the ragged remains of a soldier's uniform. From R comes the minstrel ROBIN GOODSONG. ROBIN is dressed in a multi-colored cloak, an upturned black plumed hat and has a lute flung over his back. He starts to pass by LYONEL who is oblivious to his presence stops, studies him for a moment then crosses back to him.

ROBIN

Excuse me friend.

LYONEL

(Looking up at ROBINS voice) Do we know each other?

ROBIN

I don't believe so.

LYONEL

Then why address me as friend if we do not know each other?

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ROBIN

I'm a minstrel, Sir; Robin Goodsong by name, and I address everyone as friend in the way of a greeting; and while you may not know who I am I know you're.....

LYONEL

Losing patience with you.

ROBIN

I was going to say Sir Lyonel the Just. Great tales have been told of your heroic deeds. Your prowess with a sword is legendary. Some even say you are the best swordsman in the land. How is it then that a man of station; a one time a knight of the realm and one of the Queens finest soldiers is now a man of rags?

LYONEL

Leave me be.

ROBIN

You're not going to get rid of me that easily. I sense there's a story here, and if there's one thing we Minstrels like it's a good story. So tell me, Sir Knight, how did you come to be in this state you now find yourself in?

LYONEL

We lost the war.

ROBIN

Come again?

LYONEL

At the end of the last war, after Queen Agrivaine was forced to surrender a portion of her kingdom to her enemies she blamed all her gallant knights for her defeat and dismissed us stripping us of our lands and titles and sending us away with three pieces of gold and the clothes on our backs. Since then I have taken any job that has come my way, selling my sword to the highest bidder all the while trying to figure out a way to right this injustice the Queen has visited upon those who served her loyally for so many years.

ROBIN

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And have you come up with such a plan?

LYONEL

I'm still working on it.

ROBIN

In that case I think I'll stick around. I sense the beginnings of a new, daring tale of Sir Lyonel the Just and I want to be the one to tell it.

LYONEL

Why?

ROBIN

Because tales of Sir Lyonel the Just are very popular with the people; you're a superstar to the masses and a new story of Sir Lyonel will earn me some fine coin.

LYONEL

I have heard these tales, Sir Bard, and I am nothing like the hero they portray me to be. In fact I'm not a hero at all.

ROBIN

But you are a hero, Sir Knight, whether you like it or not.

LYONEL

Well I don't like it. I'm no hero, I'm just a man.

ROBIN

But that's what a hero is, Sir Lyonel. A hero is a man admired for his achievements and qualities, a man who displays great courage in the face of great adversity and overcomes it. It's true we bards may have embellished the truth about your exploits a bit; turned you into a legendary champion of the people but these are hard times in the Kingdom of Far land. Stories of your heroic deeds give people hope in hopeless times. Now tell me about this plan of yours to right the injustice visited upon you and your brothers-in-arms by Queen Agrivaine.

LYONEL

I'm going to steal the royal treasury.

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ROBIN

An ambitious plan to be sure and how do you hopes to pull that off?

LYONEL

Like I said, I'm still working on it. But first I need to find the right people to help me do it.

(From L comes OX. He wears a leather vest and breeches. His arms and chest are bare. Upon his back he carries a large bundle of sticks. He moves past LYONEL and ROBIN)

ROBIN

There's something you don't see every day.

LYONEL

That bundle of sticks must weigh a ton or more.

ROBIN

Yet he seems to be carrying it with little effort.

LYONEL

Indeed he does. *(Crossing to OX)* Excuse me, Good Sir.

OX

(Stopping) Something I can do for you, Good sirs?

LYONEL

We are curious to know what you are doing with that bundle of sticks. It must weigh a ton or more yet you seem to be carrying it with little effort.

OX

(Boastfully) These are nothing. You should have seen the size of the six trees I had to pull up out of the ground to get them.

ROBIN

(Joining OX and LYONEL) Six? Really? With your bare hands? And where are you going with your bundle?

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OX

It's firewood for my mother's home. The house she lives in now is damp and drafty and this wood will give her enough fuel to get her safely through the coming winter.

ROBIN

How thoughtful of you.

LYONEL

You know, Sir, I have a need for someone such as yourself. With a man of your talent at my side the world could not possibly stand against the likes of the two of us. Tell me, Sir, what shall we call you?

OX

Ox.

ROBIN

An unusual name, Ox.

OX

True, but one befitting me. I am as strong as an ox. In fact I believe I am the strongest man in far land.

ROBIN

I can well believe that. I am Robin Goodsong and this is Sir Lyonel the Just.

OX

I have heard the tales of your great deeds, Sir Lyonel, but I have to admit you're not quite what I expected.

LYONEL

What were you expecting?

OX

Someone taller.

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ROBIN

He may be short in stature, My Good Man, but he is great in deed.

LYONEL

What are you doing?

ROBIN

I'm just trying to help.

LYONEL

Don't.

OX

You said you had need of me, Sir Lyonel?

LYONEL

I do, Ox, and I can assure you my proposition will be most profitable for you.

OX

How profitable?

LYONEL

You will earn enough money to *buy* your mother a new home. Leave off your bundle and come with us.

OX

Your offer is a tempting one indeed, Sir, and I would be a fool not to join up with you. But first I will take this bundle of sticks to my mother and then I will go with you.

LYONEL

Do what you must, Ox, but return quickly.

OX

I shall be as quick as a bunny, Sir. (*He exits R*).

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ROBIN

Extraordinary! a man who can pull full grown trees out of the ground with his bare hands.

LYONEL

Think of it, Sir Bard. What if there are others like Ox?

ROBIN

I doubt you'll find another man in the Kingdom who can uproot full grown trees.

LYONEL

Maybe not, but what if there are others out there with their own unique abilities like Ox. Imagine what I could do with a small group of them.

CRACKSHOT

(Enters from R.) He is dressed in huntsman garb and carrying a musket upon his shoulder) Excuse me.

ROBIN

(Crossing to CRACKSHOT) Good day, Huntsman, how can we be of service to you?

CRACKSHOT

Could one of you good sirs point me in the direction of the palace of Queen Agrivaine?

LYONEL

What do you want with the Queen?

CRACKSHOT

I wish to offer her my services.

LYONEL

What services could a Huntsman such as you offer the Queen?

CRACKSHOT

I am an expert tracker and marksman, Sir. I can shoot a fly off an oak leaf from two miles away whilst leaving the leaf intact.

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LYONEL

(Sharing a look with ROBIN) I find that hard to believe.

CRACKSHOT

Are you calling me a liar, Sir?

LYONEL

Not at all, but a talent such as the one you claim to have is truly extraordinary and quite useful - if what you are telling us is true.

CRACKSHOT

Would you like a demonstration?

ROBIN

I for one would be most interested to see if you can do what it is you say you can do.

CRACKSHOT

Very well, two miles from here there's a fly sitting on the leaf of an Oak Tree. I shall shoot it off the leaf while leaving the leaf unharmed.

ROBIN

How do *we* know that? We can't just take your word for it.

CRACKSHOT

(Taking out a spyglass and handing it to ROBIN) Look through my spyglass and you'll see that I am telling you the truth.

ROBIN

(Looking through the glass) Oh, ho there it is. I see the fly, My Lord. Look for yourself *(he hands the spyglass to LYONEL who looks through it as well)*.

LYONEL

Amazing! I 'm surprised you can see it with just your naked eye. It's so small.

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CRACKSHOT

(Going down on one knee and taking aim with his musket) Keep the glass focused there, My Lords (ROBIN and LYONEL both look through the spyglass just as CRACKSHOT fires).

LYONEL

Unbelievable! You truly did shoot it off that leaf without taking the leaf with it.

ROBIN

That's quite a talent you have there, Friend.

LYONEL

(Handing the spyglass back to CRACKSHOT) Indeed it is. It is fortunate then that our paths have crossed before you got to the Queen.

CRACKSHOT

Why is that?

LYONEL

Because I have served with her myself. She will only exploit your skills and then turn you away a poorer man than you are now. I on the other hand have need for one such as you. If you join with me I can assure you it will be most profitable for you.

CRACKSHOT

How profitable?

LYONEL

Very profitable.

CRACKSHOT

Very well, Sir, I shall join with you.

ROBIN

What is your name friend?

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CRACKSHOT

It is a long and complicated one, Sir, so I took to calling myself Crackshot.

ROBIN

A good name, Sir, it suits you. I am Robin Goodsong and this is Sir Lyonel the Just. Surely you have heard of him.

CRACKSHOT

I'm afraid not. I'm not from around here.

OX

(Entering from R) I have returned just as I promised, Sirs. *(Seeing CRACKSHOT)* Who is this?

ROBIN

Allow me to make introductions. Crackshot this is Ox- Ox this is Crackshot. He has agreed to come along with us as well.

OX

Where are we headed?

LYONEL

To the palace of Queen Agrivaine.

CRACKSHOT

Why?

LYONEL

We're going to steal the royal treasury *(he exits L leaving OX, ROBIN, and CRACKSHOT alone on stage)*.

OX

He's kidding right?

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ROBIN

I'm afraid not (*he follows after LYONEL*).

CRACKSHOT

Very profitable indeed. (*He follows after ROBIN and LYONEL*).

OX

Am I the only one here who thinks this is a very bad idea (*he exits. As OX exit's the lights fade to black.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

Along the Queen's Way

The curtain is closed. OX, CRACKSHOT, ROBIN and LYONEL enter from R. They are in another part of the kingdom. A road sign indicates they are on the road to the Queen's Palace called the Queen's way.

ROBIN

Where are we now?

LYONEL

The Queen's Way. This is the road that will take us to the Palace.

OX

Have you given any more thought to how we're going to steal the royal treasury once we get there?

LYONEL

Still working out the details.

OX

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Don't you think you ought to work a little faster?

CRACKSHOT

(Looking out over the audience) Good Sirs, have a look at this.

ROBIN

(Crossing to CRACKSHOT) What do your keen eyes see, Crackshot?

CRACKSHOT

About two miles from here there is a field of windmills in motion. They're spinning unusually fast.

OX

(Also joining CRACKSHOT) So, isn't that what they're supposed to be doing?

CRACKSHOT

When there is a wind, yes. But do you feel any wind?

ROBIN

He's right, the day is as still as a statue.

LYONEL

And yet if we are to believe Crackshot the windmills are still spinning.

ROBIN

My bet is that there is some sort of magic spell on them.

CRACKSHOT

If you believe in that sort of thing.

ROBIN

Believe me, Crackshot, when you have seen as much of far land as I have you know nothing is impossible. There is old magic in this Kingdom.

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CRACKSHOT

Faire stories and myths only; I believe in what I can see and I can see a long ways.

LYONEL

And yet somehow those windmills are still moving of their own accord.

CRACKSHOT

I have to admit it is a bit unusual.

(WINDLASS spins and dances her way through the audience blowing through her hands. She wears a turquoise robe adorned with leaves of all sorts. We hear the sound of a roaring wind as she draws nearer to the stage.)

OX

(Directing everyone's attention to WINDLASS) Not as unusual as that.

CRACKSHOT

What is that?

LYONEL

I'm not sure but I think we're about to find out.

OX

How about we just ignore it and maybe it'll go away.

ROBIN

Too late. *(The WINDLASS moves up onto the stage oblivious to the four men already there. ROBIN crosses to her)* forgive this intrusion, My Good Lady.....

WINDLASS

(Startled) Who are you? Speak or I shall summon a wind to carry you all away.

ROBIN

I assure you, My Good Lady, me and my companions mean you no harm.

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WINDLASS

What do you want?

ROBIN

My companions and I were wondering what you are doing.

OX

I wasn't.

WINDLASS

Creating wind of course.

LYONEL

You can create wind by blowing through your hands?

WINDLASS

That's right, but how did you know?

OX

You just told him.

WINDLASS

Of course I told him, he asked.

CRACKSHOT

She's addle minded.

WINDLASS

Two miles from here is a field of windmills that I have set to spinning.

ROBIN

You're the one who is making the windmills spin?

WINDLASS

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How did you know?

ROBIN

Lucky guess.

CRACKSHOT

How are you doing that? It would take a powerful wind to get them spinning like that.

WINDLASS

I know. I can conjure a wind as strong as a hurricane if I wanted to; stronger even.

OX

She's a freak!

WINDLASS

(Angered) A freak am I?! I'll have you know I can conjure a wind strong enough to carry you into the next kingdom if I wanted to.

LYONEL

Fascinating.

OX

The girl can blow through her hands and you think that's fascinating?

LYONEL

She can do more than that, Ox. *(Crossing to WINDLASS)* Tell me, my Good Lady, where are you headed?

WINDLASS

To seek council with the Queen.

LYONEL

I see; and what business might you have with the Queen?

WINDLASS

How did you know I want to seek council with the Queen?

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ROBIN

Because you just told him.

WINDLASS

Of course I did, he asked.

LYONEL

What is your business with the Queen?

WINDLASS

I wish to offer her my services as a wind generator for her windmills so that even on a calm day her subjects will continue to get energy from the windmills.

LYONEL

A noble gesture to be sure, but I fear you'll be wasting your time. Agrivaine will only enslave you and use your talent for her own evil purposes.

WINDLASS

Oh dear. What should I do?

LYONEL

Join with me and my companions. I will use your special talent to do good; in turn you will acquire great wealth; besides the world could not possibly stand against the likes of the five of us.

WINDLASS

Very well, Sir, I shall join with you.

ROBIN

By what name should we call you?

WINDLASS

I have been called a lot of things, Sirs.

OX

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I bet you have.

WINDLASS

But the one I have chosen for myself is Windlass.

ROBIN

Then that is what we shall call you. I am Robin Goodsong and these are my companions, Ox, Crackshot and Sir Lyonel the Just.

WINDLASS

Pleased to meet all of you.

OX

Wish I could say the same.

(RACER enters. She is young and dressed in a short, blue tunic and wears one winged slipper on her left foot and carries the right one in her hand)

RACER

(As she draws even with them) Good days, Sirs and Lady.

LYONEL

And to you, Miss. May I ask you a question?

RACER

I'm not supposed to talk to strangers.

WINDLASS

We mean you no harm, Child.

ROBIN

The child is right; she should not speak to strangers so allow me to make introductions. I am Robin Goodsong, a wandering minstrel. These are my companions Windlass, Ox, Crackshot and Sir Lyonel the Just. Now that we have been introduced we are no longer strangers.

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RACER

I suppose you're right; very well, Sir Lyonel, what is your question?

LYONEL

Why are you wearing one slipper and carrying the other.

RACER

I'm a runner, Sir.

OX

What has that got to do with anything?

RACER

Removing the slipper is the only way I can slow myself down.

LYONEL

I don't understand.

RACER

I am the fastest person in all of far land my magic slippers allow me to run faster than the wind. But once I get going it's hard for me to stop myself. So to slow myself down so I can rest I have to remove one of my slippers.

LYONEL

You don't say. That makes you almost as fast as the Queens own daughter Princess Fleetfoot.

RACER

No one is faster than me, Sir, not even the spoiled brat of the Queen.

LYONEL

I don't know? No man has ever beaten her.

RACER

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I'm not a man.

LYONEL

A talent such as the one you claim to have would certainly serve our purposes quite nicely, and who knows you might even get the chance to see which of you is faster.

RACER

What's in it for me?

LYONEL

If you join with us I can assure you it will be most profitable for you.

RACER

How profitable?

CRACKSHOT

We're going to steal the royal treasury.

RACER

That profitable. Very well, Sir, I will join with you.

WINDLASS

What is your name, Child?

RACER

I call myself Racer.

(From L comes COLDSNAP. Her head is bowed and her hat is on crooked. She is dressed rather shabbily in a patch worked, peasant dress and there's a blue tint to her skin)

CRACKSHOT

What do we have here, a court jester?

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LYONEL

(Crossing to COLDSNAP) Have you no manners, Girl? Why do you wear your hat that way instead of the way it was meant to be worn?

COLDSNAP

(Timidly) Please, Sirs, I dare not wear it straight.

OX

Why not?

WINDLASS

That's enough, Gentlemen; can't you see you're scaring the poor thing? *(Moving to comfort COLDSNAP)* Tell me, dear, why *do* you wear your hat in that fashion?

COLDSNAP

If I should straighten it a great frost would grip the land killing everyone and everything around me.

LYONEL

A great frost you say?

COLDSNAP

It's my curse.

LYONEL

It's your gift. I may have a use for your talent, Girl. You are more than welcome to join us. I assure you it will be well worth it for you, and besides the world could not possibly stand against the likes of the seven of us.

COLDSNAP

You're not afraid of my abnormality?

WINDLASS

Of course not, dear, we are all a little abnormal ourselves.

OX

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Some of us more so than others.

ROBIN

What is your name, My Good Lady?

COLDSNAP

(Shyly) I don't have one. I mean I do, but I am forbidden to speak it.

ROBIN

Forbidden? Why?

COLDSNAP

I angered an evil witch and she put a curse on me. If I should ever speak my true name aloud all of Far Land would be put into a deep freeze for all eternity.

WINDLASS

So your gift *is* a curse.

COLDSNAP

It is.

CRACKSHOT

We have to call her something besides girl.

LYONEL

I agree. What say you, Robin Goodsong, do you think you could come up with a name for our new companion?

ROBIN

Of course; given the uniqueness of her talent I suggest we call her Coldsnap.

COLDSNAP

(Pleased) I like it, thank you.

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CRACKSHOT

If we're through with the naming ceremony I suggest we be on our way (*All exit except ROBIN and LYONEL*).

ROBIN

What now?

LYONEL

Now, Robin Goodsong, my team is complete. Seven has always been my lucky number. You shall be my sword and after all I am the best swordsman in far land.

ROBIN

I take it you finally have a plan.

LYONEL

Indeed I have. Seeing Racer reminded me that Today is the annual race for Princess Fleetfoot's hand in marriage.

ROBIN

I don't understand.

LYONEL

Every year at this time the Queen offers a challenge to every male in the kingdom to race her daughter Princess Fleetfoot for her hand in marriage. If the man wins he gets to marry her.

ROBIN

What happens if he loses?

LYONEL

He's beheaded.

ROBIN

Has anyone ever won?

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LYONEL

Do you think she'd be running this race if they had?

ROBIN

Right; dumb question.

LYONEL

Princess Fleetfoot is faster than any male in the Kingdom.

ROBIN

So how do *you* expect to win?

LYONEL

I don't, I plan to have Racer run for me.

ROBIN

Will Agrivaine agree to that?

LYONEL

She will.

ROBIN

What makes you so certain?

LYONEL

I plan to make her an offer she can't refuse.

ROBIN

What kind of offer?

LYONEL

You'll see. Once I have won the princesses hand I suspect Agrivaine will do whatever she can to keep the marriage from happening. She will give me whatever I want not to marry the princess.

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ROBIN

Including the royal treasure?

LYONEL

Including the royal treasure.

ROBIN

How do I fit into this plan of yours; I don't have any unique talents like the others.

LYONEL

You don't give yourself enough credit, Sir Bard; your voice *is* your gift. You have spent a great deal of your time performing in the halls of royalty. You understand courtly etiquette better than anyone. Therefore you are the most logical choice to make proper introductions and handle courtly intrigues and politics.

ROBIN

It appears I am not the only one who has a way with words. You flatter me.

LYONEL

Don't let it go to your head. Now come on, let's go catch up to the others.

(LYONEL and ROBIN exit as the lights fade to black)

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ACT ONE Scene Three

The Throne room of Queen Agrivaine

The lights come up on the throne room of the Queen. C is two thrones set upon a raised dais. Sitting in the thrones are QUEEN AGRIVAINÉ and PRINCESS FLEETFOOT who sits with her feet over one arm of the chair.

FLEETFOOT

I'm bored, Mother.

AGRIVAINÉ

I know you are, my Dove.

FLEETFOOT

It has been more than half-a-day and not a single male has come to challenge me for my hand in marriage.

AGRIVAINÉ

Be patient, Fleetfoot, The day's not over yet.

FLEETFOOT

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Am I so ugly no man wants to marry me?

AGRIVAINÉ

You are not ugly, darling, you're beautiful and any man would be honored to have you as his wife.

(ROBIN enters the Throne Room escorted by one of the Queen's guards)

FLEETFOOT

Then why has no man come to challenge me for my hand?

ROBIN

Perhaps the idea of losing one's head might have something to do with that, Princess.

AGRIVAINÉ

(Rising angrily from her chair) How dare you speak to the Princess like that, Peasant! I shall have you beheaded for your insult. But first tell me your name that I may have it put on your grave marker.

ROBIN

(Bowing deeply) I am merely a wandering minstrel, My Queen, Robin Goodsong by name. It was not my intention to offend the fair Princess Fleetfoot. *(Looking in FLEETFOOTS direction)* The tales of your beauty, Princess, do not do you justice.

FLEETFOOT

(Flattered) I like him, Mother.

AGRIVAINÉ

Then I shall allow him to keep his head for now. Why are you here, Minstrel? Have you come to challenge my daughter for her hand in marriage?

ROBIN

Not I, My Queen, I am unworthy of her.

GUARD

He claims to bring word of a man who wishes to challenge the Princess for her hand.

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FLEETFOOT

(Squealing with delight she gets to her feet) Goody!

AGRIVAINÉ

Do not be so eager, Fleetfoot. *(Addressing ROBIN again)* Why does this man not present himself before me instead of sending you as his emissary?

ROBIN

He has just arrived in your land having travelled far and felt he was not presentable enough
To present himself at court. I offered to come in his stead.

FLEETFOOT

Is he handsome?

ROBIN

Oh yes, My Lady, he is very handsome and a hero-prince back where he comes from.

FLEETFOOT

He sounds perfect.

AGRIVAINÉ

He does doesn't he? Too perfect.

FLEETFOOT

Don't be such a rain cloud, Mother. You're always raining on my parade.

AGRIVAINÉ

I just want what's best for you.

FLEETFOOT

Sometimes I wonder about that.

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AGRIVAINÉ

Where is Mr. Perfect now?

ROBIN

He waits just outside the palace gates.

GUARD

Shall I go bring him in, Your Majesty?

AGRIVAINÉ

That won't be necessary. Fleetfoot and I shall go out to him.

GUARD

Is that wise, My Queen?

AGRIVAINÉ

Do not question me, Soldier.

GUARD

I am only concerned with your welfare, Your Highness. I meant no disrespect.

AGRIVAINÉ

If it will make you feel better you may accompany us outside.

GUARD

(Bowing) As you wish, My Queen.

AGRIVAINÉ

Shall we go meet our next victim...? I mean our guest?

ROBIN

I shall take you to him *(As AGRIVAINÉ, ROBIN, FLEEFoot and the GUARD EXIT the lights fade to black).*

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ACT ONE

Scene Four

Outside the palace gates

As the lights come up the curtain is closed. Positioned about the stage are LYONEL and the others. AGRIVAINÉ, FLEETFOOT, ROBIN and the GUARD enter from R.

AGRIVAINÉ

(Haughtily) Good- day, Citizens; I understand one of you Gentlemen wishes to race my daughter for her hand. I do so hope so. Things have been rather dull around here lately.

CRACKSHOT

Not many beheadings lately, Your Highness?

AGRIVAINÉ

That was uncalled for, Peasant.

CRACKSHOT

(With an exaggerated bow) My humble apologies, Your High and Mighty.

AGRIVAINÉ

I will not tolerate this insolence!

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FLEETFOOT

(Interrupting her mother's rant) Which one of you has come to race me for my hand?

LYONEL

(Moving forward with an exaggerated limp) I am the one who put forth the challenge, My Lady. I'm Sir Lyonel the Just.

FLEETFOOT

(Horrified) You! But you can hardly walk.

LYONEL

Sadly this is true, Princess, an old war wound.

AGRIVAINÉ

How do you expect to race my daughter when you can barely walk?

LYONEL

I was hoping you would allow someone else to run the race for me.

AGRIVAINÉ

This request of yours is a little peculiar.

LYONEL

I am aware of that, my Queen.

AGRIVAINÉ

Whom would you choose to be your champion?

LYONEL

(Crossing to RACER) I would choose this young lady to run in my stead.

AGRIVAINÉ

I don't know.

LYONEL

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I'll make a deal with you, My Queen.

AGRIVAINÉ

What sort of deal?

LYONEL

Allow this young lady to run for me. If she loses you can have both our heads.

RACER

What? Can't we talk about this?

AGRIVAINÉ

Both your heads?

LYONEL

Both our heads.

RACER

(Aside to LYONEL) You failed to mention this part of the plan.

LYONEL

(Aside to RACER) It must have slipped my mind. Besides didn't you say you were faster than the Queen's spoiled brat? Now is your chance to prove it. *(To AGRIVAINÉ)* Do we have a deal?

AGRIVAINÉ

Very well, Sir Lyonel, I shall allow it. *(To the GUARD)* Go into the kitchen and bring me back two water pitchers.

GUARD

Right away, your Majesty *(the GUARD exits R)*.

AGRIVAINÉ

Here are the rules. Each runner will carry with her a water pitcher. Two miles from the palace is a brook. You will race to that brook, fill your pitchers, and return here. The first to arrive with a full pitcher is the winner. *(The GUARD returns with two water pitchers)*
What took you so long?

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GUARD

My apologies, My Queen.

AGRIVAINÉ

(Giving a pitcher to FLEETFOOT and one to RACER) Any questions?

LYONEL

None, Your Highness. *(Crossing to RACER as she puts on her other slipper)* Take care that we win, Racer. I am particularly fond of my head. In fact I am quite attached to it.

RACER

As I am to mine.

AGRIVAINÉ

Racers take your positions. *(RACER and FLEETFOOT get into position. AGRIVAINÉ raises her hand)* When I drop my hand the race will begin. On your mark..... Get set.... GO! *(She drops her hand. As AGRIVAINÉ drops her hand FLEETFOOT and RACER rush off into the audience. The others move to the edge of the stage as if they are watching the race).*

LYONEL

(Moving over next to CRACKSHOT) Do you see them?

CRACKSHOT

I do. Racer has already reached the brook and is filling her pitcher.

AGRIVAINÉ

(Looking through a spyglass given to her by her guard) What manner of witchcraft is this? No one is that fast.

CRACKSHOT

She's on her way back now. She's almost reached the palace... she's.... she stopped.

LYONEL

What?

CRACKSHOT

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She's taking off her right slipper -Now she's lying down using a cow's skull for a pillow - She's fallen asleep.

AGRIVAINÉ

(Still looking through her spyglass) Fleetfoot has reached the brook.... She's filling her pitcher.

LYONEL

(Yelling out over the audience) Wake up, Racer!

WINDLASS

I don't think she can hear you, dear.

ROBIN

What's happening now?

CRACKSHOT

Fleetfoot is on her way back to the palace.....She's come upon Racer...She's stopped.... Now she's dumping the water out of Racers pitcher.

WINDLASS

She can't do that; can she?

COLDSNAP

I think she just did.

LYONEL

Crackshot, lend me your spyglass. (*CRACKSHOT takes out his spyglass and hands it to LYONEL*).

AGRIVAINÉ

Fleetfoot is on her way back to the palace. *(With a triumphant smile)* Guard, inform the executioner there is going to be a double beheading.

GUARD

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I am the executioner, My Queen.

AGRIVAINÉ

Then go sharpen your ax. (*The GUARD exits*).

LYONEL

(*Looking through the spyglass*) It's not over yet, Agrivaine. Crackshot, can you shoot the skull out from under her head.

CRACKSHOT

Of course I can. (*He goes down on one knee, takes aim and fires.*)

LYONEL

Good shot. She's waking up.... She's putting her slipper back on..... She's reaching for the pitcher.... She's on the move..... She's reached the brook..... She's filled her pitcher..... She's on her way back..... She's caught up to Fleetfoot at the palace gates..... Now she's passed Fleetfoot....Here she comes..... Windlass I need you to create a wind wall to slow her down before she hurts herself.

WINDLASS

You got it. (*She begins to blow through her hands. We hear the sound of a great wind. RACER rushes onto the stage and comes to an abrupt stop. FLEETFOOT enters a short time later.*)

FLEETFOOT

(*Pouting as she enters*). That wasn't fair.

WINDLASS

No more unfair than you dumping out the water in her pitcher.

AGRIVAINÉ

Watch your tongue peasant or I'll have it cut out of your head. (*Crossing to LYONEL*) Congratulations, Sir, you won no matter how unfairly. Now if you will excuse me I wish to speak with my daughter alone. (*Calling*) Guard!

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GUARD

(Entering with his axe and wearing an executioners hood) Yes, My Queen?

AGRIVAINÉ

I fear there shall not be any beheadings to day. Instead we must prepare a wedding feast.