

# **Bride-and-Seek**

Based on the English folktale 'The  
Mistletoe Bough'

**By Jack Hutchinson**

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## **Bride-and-Seek**

(Based on the English folktale The Mistletoe Bough)

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### **Characters**

The Bride - female

*In front of tabs. On stage is a very young woman in a medieval/Tudor-style wedding dress. She is seated on a leather chest. The chest must be large enough that she would, in theory, be able to fit inside it.*

**Bride:**           **(shouting)** I'm in here! **(slight pause)** How long have I been shouting that? How many years? Who suggested we play the game? I don't remember now. The day had been so beautiful, the perfect day for a wedding they all said. My wedding. **(Pause)** My father had looked so proud of me, and my new husband, well I hardly knew him, but on that day he looked so handsome. I was so young then, **(thoughtful)** I suppose I am still young in a way.

**(Pause)**

**Bride:**           **(Shouting)** I'm in here! **(Frustrated)** Why don't they come and let me out? **(Pause)** A game someone said, a game for fun. A game after the meal when everyone was merry in their cups and had grown tired of dancing. A game of hide-and-go-seek. A childish game, but then I was little more than a child. My new husband was chosen to count. He looked at me in a way that said 'I'll find you first', and I blushed. I wasn't sure if I wanted to be found by him, not quite yet. I wanted to win as well, to be the last to be found. And so I kicked off my shoes and ran with the others through the house. We climbed the great staircase and tore down the corridors, young and free. A few guests at a time left me as they discovered a place to hide - behind a tapestry, inside a wardrobe, under a bed. Until it was just me. Just me running alone through my new house, the place that I was now mistress of. The house where I would preside over servants, host banquets and bring into the world the future heirs of this grand family, my babies. **(frustrated and tearful)** Oh why don't they come and let me out? **(Pause)** I ran on, I climbed so many staircases, I became completely lost in the maze of passages, but it didn't matter, my husband had lived here all his life, **(trying to convince herself)** surely he would know all the hiding places! Finally I found myself in the attics, they were large and very dusty, and there was a little antechamber off one of the smaller rooms. And it was in it that I saw it, the most perfect hiding place.