

SERFS

A MEDIEVAL MEME

An Original Play By: Austin Cappetta

Version 1.134

SCENE I

(A prison cell is on stage, with one man sitting on a bench, DICKON. he sits fiddling with a piece of straw or something, and in the corner, there is a very large pile of sacks, and papers. Under which, lies COCK-KNEE. A prison guard sits in a chair, guarding the cells).

DICKON

(In a very thick cockney accent.) (He shouts out to “outside of his prison cell”) Oy! Can I get out of here yet? I’d like to make it home in time for supper. Thursday is gruel night. (To himself now) Well, so is Tuesday, and Friday, and Saturday,..., and well everyday for that matter. (Pause) But just because I’m a serf, doesn’t mean you should be keeping me in here against my will, that’s inhumane. Well, I suppose serfdom is inhumane too, but...oh well! Come on, I just want to get out of here. And ya know for that matter---

PRISON GUARD

(Seated reading a newspaper that says “Ye Olde Sexy Mustaches”. He cuts off Dickon) ---Oy! Shut up in there.

DICKON

(Taunting) Why? You can’t make me.

PRISON GUARD

‘Cause I said so ya wily little doxy.

DICKON

Hey, I’ll have you know that I’m a fine, respectable gentleman... Me father was a shit-shoveler.

PRISON GUARD

Oh yeah, what a pick-up line. That’s what I said to yer mum last night when I was bangin ‘er.

DICKON

(Pause) Fuck you.

PRISON GUARD

(Stands up and walks right over to the cell, gets really angry) What did you say? What did you fucking say?

DICKON

(Very calmly) I said fuck-a-you.

PRISON GUARD

Ah, that’s what I thought you said. *(Very calmly walks over to a large book, pulls out a quill, and starts writing in it.)*

DICKON

So, back to me original statement, can I go back to me house, and get some dinner? I don't want to be late or nothin'. (*Notices the guard writing in the book*). Say, what are you doin' there?

PRISON GUARD

(*Very calmly says*) Oh, I'm just communicating your sentence to execution...by hanging.

DICKON

Oh well, if that's all. (*Sits down, then realizes a moment after*) What the hell man? That's kind of a dick move.

PRISON GUARD

But for old time's sake I guess I'll give you a high-five. (*DICKON takes the high-five, and before he can meet the guard's hand, he moves it away leaving DICKON's hand lingering*) Ooh, psych. Guess I'm gonna have to "leave you hanging" (*Pause for laughter*) (*Now he laughs really hard*) Ha! Get it? Leave ya hanging? Like a noose! Ha! It's funnier when you explain it! (*He goes back to his chair and picks up another newspaper, this one says "Ye Olde What to Do when you can't grow a Ye Olde Sexy Mustache"*). (*DICKON sits for a bit, and contemplates, he finally appears to relax a bit, and then the sacks move in a jarring motion*)

COCK-KNEE

(*Emerges from the sacks*) Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

DICKON

Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

COCK-KNEE

Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

(*In rapid succession now*)

DICKON

Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

COCK-KNEE

Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

DICKON

Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

COCK-KNEE

Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

DICKON

Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

COCK-KNEE

Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

(Pause)

COCK-KNEE + DICKON

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhggggggggggggrrrrrrhhrrhrhrhrrheminahe minahemina!

DICKON

How long have you been in there?

COCK-KNEE

(Cock-knee speaks, slowly, and in mono-tone, and as though he is an idiot, also with a thick cockney meets New Zeland accent) (For reference, he speaks much like Korg from "Thor: Ragnarok") 'bout a week or so I reckon.

DICKON

I've been in here for a week.

COCK-KNEE

Oy! I guess that makes us roommates.

DICKON

Wait, but I haven't seen you eat anything.

COCK-KNEE

Oh darn, I guess I forgot.... Got any food on ya?

DICKON

No of course I don't have any food on me, we're in a feekin' prison cell.

COCK-KNEE

Oh, I reckon that statement makes a fair bit of sense. *(He pauses)* I suppose, since we're roomies, we should start with introductions. What's yer ugh... oh what's the word I'm lookin' for it starts with a q and is representative of someone's personal, and otherwise emotional identity... oh that's right..."name" friend?

DICKON

I don' wanna say.

COCK-KNEE

Why not? Honesty is the first step to friction *(Pauses)*... I mean, friendship.

DICKON

Alright, but promise you won't laugh

COCK-KNEE

Cross me toes. (*Crosses his heart with his fingers*)

DICKON

Dickon.

COCK-KNEE

Pleased to meet you Dickon, my name's Cock-knee. What do you do for a living Dickon?

DICKON

Me's well I'm's a serf.

COCK-KNEE

Oh you mean the socio-economic status of peasantry under the governmental force of feudalism. 'Specially applicable in relation to manorialism, and the concept of debt and bondage to a person of a greater rank of noble peerage. That kind of serfdom?

DICKON

Ugh yeah. What about you?

COCK-KNEE

Oh, me I'm a serf too.

DICKON

How funny. Two serfs in a prison cell, both with poorly timed dick puns for names. (*Looks directly at audience, because fuck them that's why*)

COCK-KNEE

There's just one thing I don't understand.

DICKON

What's that?

COCK-KNEE

What's a serf?

(*The prison guard, sits up a bit*)

PRISON GUARD

Oy! You two shut up in there. I'm trying to read. (*Picks up another newspaper, this one says "Ye Olde what to do when your shit turns black"*)

COCK-KNEE

What's readin'?

DICKON

I don't know...I'm illiterate

COCK-KNEE

Oh, Me too!

PRISON GUARD

I said shut up!

(A herald dressed in a fancy uniform runs into the prison.)

HERALD

(Panting, very out of breath, kneels over, and gives a pointer finger to the guard. They eventually compose themselves and stand up very erect) Now presenting his royal majesty Prince Humphrey Allen Leonard Eustace Jocelyn Elizabeth Annabell Beatrice Edmund Thurston Rolf Allemenster-moring-shire the 14th. *(The prison guard objects, and face plants into the ground)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(He has a very high nasally voice, and a very proper British accent, and is very feminine) *(He wears sunglasses, and regal regalia.)* Oh please, call me Humphrey

(He walks past the one prison cell, walks to where another one should be; but there isn't so he moonwalks backwards to the first prison cell) *(When he passes by; DICKON gets up and goes to the prison bars.)* *(HUMPHREY moonwalks back, and DICKON mimics him, and they do one of those "I know you're not me, but I'm going to pretend you're a mirror of me anyway bits".)* *(Eventually after several complex movements, DICKON messes up)*

Ha ha! I knew you weren't me. Guard, these two will do.

(The Prison Guard puts two sacks over the Serfs' heads).

SCENE II

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(PRINCE HUMPHREY is standing up, pacing back and forth, and DICKON and COCK-KNEE are both sitting down in two chairs, and a guard stands very still not moving at all)

So, alright alright, last one... A serf walks into a bar and orders a leg of mutton, another serf walks into a bar and orders a pint of ale, a third serf walks into a bar and asks for a spot of gin, but none of them have any money because they're serfs.

Actually wait wait, I've got more...

A peasant walks into a library and says to a librarian, "may I have some food?"

Or how about this

Hey we should get ready before the waves subsides. Get it? It's like surf, but it's not surf...it's serf. Ha!

DICKON

That's all very well your majesty, but if you don't mind my asking, why have you taken us from our prison cells?

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Ah yes, the matter at hand. You see gentlemen... *(Pulls out fancy-ass amulet)* for many years The Amulet of Aerafell has been a symbol of power and prosperity for our nation, but I received an anonymous note two days ago. It reads *(snaps his fingers)*

(The guard standing in the back pulls out of his pocket a scroll)

Milk, eggs, sugar, sweet-breads, fresh peppercorns.

This isn't a note, this is a shopping list you fool! *(He pulls a white glove out of his pocket, and smacks the guard with it)* *(The guard does an overly dramatic body motion and wince sound)*

GUARD

Well struck sire. *(He pulls out another scroll)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(Reads note in very awkward meter)

Hey Humphrey, you bitch

You know what I'm gonna do?

Steal your cool ass amulet

I'm gonna fart on it

I'm gonna steal it

In like three days at some kind of big social event that I'm gonna be at

And there's nothing you bitches can do about it

Bitch

Signed,

-Your Bitch

(He crumples up the note)

(Under his breath) Such an asshole

COCK-KNEE

So, let me get this straight. You want us to pose as proper noble gentlemen at your father, the King's 63rd birthday party tomorrow evening, and discover who exactly wants to steal your amulet and stop them before they can do so.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(Surprised) Yeah, that about sums up the plan actually.

COCK-KNEE

What's a plan?

DICKON

It's a ---, well there's just one problem with that your majesty, we don't know how to be proper noblemen.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Don't worry I have just the thing. *(Pulls out a disc and runs it up to the tech booth)* Here, play this.

(“Eye of the Tiger” starts to play, as a training montage that has absolutely nothing to do with being noblemen begins) (The two serfs, lift milk pails, start sparring with one another, wrestle for a bit, and a few other things, and change into noble clothing by the end.)

PRINCE HUMPHREY

So, now tell me, what exactly have you learned?

DICKON

(Proper accent) We must remember our secret aliases. I'm Duke Dumas *(long ah)* from Denmark, and Cock-knee here is Baron Bon Bon from Bavaria.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Good, and?

COCK-KNEE

We must remember to keep our fake proper accents on, and remember the cotillion speed run we went through, lest the nobility will acquire wind of the plan. We must know how and when to bow, kiss hands, and sip drinks.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Let's practice now shall we...

DICKON

Ah ha, yes, how do you do? *(Bows)*

COCK-KNEE

(Also very long drawn out obnoxious accent) No no, how do you do? *(Also bows, but bows the wrong direction effectively mooning Dickon.)* *(Humphrey turns him around)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Good, and?

COCK-KNEE

We musn't let the King know of the plan, otherwise it will ruin his special night. The amulet must be left in its display case, at the side of the throne, or the King will get angry and cut off someone's head.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Good, and finally?

DICKON

You want us to talk to the four people you've determined to be the most suspicious, invited to the party, and determine which one of them wants to steal the amulet.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

And they are?

DICKON

The Grand Duchess Anastasia, of Britannia, who was at one point madly in love with your majesty, but you rejected her for your current wife, the Princess Catherine. You believe that she may want to steal the amulet in order to get back at you for her unrequited love.

COCK-KNEE

Princess Biscotti of Milan. The Amulet was originally from there, several decades ago, and you believe that she may want to steal it back from you for her country.

DICKON

Duke Phillip, of Suffolk. He was recently screwed out of several estates by your majesty and you believe he may want to get back at you.

COCK-KNEE

Prince Charles of Spain, who you believe is just super greedy and likes cool shit.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Good, you'll fit right in. *(Pauses)* I want you both to know how much this means to me and our Kingdom, I would ask some of the guards, but we can't trust anyone who's invited to that party. And, if you succeed tonight at the party, I shall have my father, the King, make you both Lords of the realm. Now come along, *(Puts on sunglasses, dramatically, and lowers voice)* we've a party to attend.

SCENE III

(Interior of the royal palace, At the furthest point center upstage, there is a throne, and to the right of the throne there is a display case, and the amulet shown earlier is inside. Several noble men and women all dressed in very lavish clothing mingle with one another. Among them are, Anastasia, Biscotti, Catherine, Phillip, Charles, Humphrey, Dickon, Cock-knee, and the Herald)

HERALD

(Trumpet horns before the line, and then during the line Timpani role) And now, presenting his royal majesty King Humphrey Allen Leonard Eustace Jocelyn Elizabeth Annabell Beatrice Edmunt Thurston Rolf Allemenster-moring-shire the 13th and a half? (The King makes a very gay entrance through the audience to the instrumental intro of "Take Back Your Mink" from "Guys and Dolls", and throws a boa at someone in the audience)

(At this point, the Herald should go change into their doubled role)

KING

(Dressed in fine robes, and age make up.) Welcome all to my 63rd birthday, I'd like to thank you all for coming, enjoy the festivities! (He sits down on the throne)

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Alright, so whoever is going to steal that amulet will need to get my father off of the throne and cause enough of a commotion to make a get away with it. Now, remember you mustn't under any circumstances reveal your true identities to anyone.

ANASTASIA

(Context, she's kind of a crazy stalker bitch) (She notices Humphrey) Humphrey!

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Oh, God! *(Pounds a brewski and then acts super fake) Anastasia it's so wonderful to see you! (Gives two air kisses on both cheeks, and she does the same at the same time)*

ANASTASIA

Oh, it's so good to see you! *(grabs his hands) (Sudden change to crazy) How's your wife, Princess Catherine? (Starts squeezing him very hard)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Oh she's quite well. *(She lets go of him, and he grabs his hands and mouths a very obvious "Ow")*

ANASTASIA

Good, so glad to hear it *(Through her teeth, and sobbing at the same time)*

(Quietly whispers) I miss you!

(Notices, Dickon and Cock-knee)

Ah hello gentlemen, I don't believe we've been acquainted.

DICKON (DUMAS)

My name is Duke Dumas of Denmark, it is an honor to meet you. *(He bows the wrong direction, and essentially moons Anastasia)*

ANASTASIA

Oh my word.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(Believing he has done something wrong, bows properly at Anastasia) And I'm the Baron Bon Bon of Bavaria. *(She looks pleased for a moment that his bow wasn't an insult)* *(He then turns himself around to also moon her)* *(She walks away disgusted)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

You idiots, you bow like this...*(Shows them)*. I'd like to say bad job, but you picked the right person to show your arses to. Now go mingle, and remember be *subtle*! The more you're seen with me the more people might suspect that something's up.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(To himself) Subtle, right, I can do that... *(Walks up to Princess Biscotti)* *(Very loudly shouts in her face)* Greetings madame, I am the Baron Bon Bon from Bavaria. I am very pleased to make your intimate acquaintance.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(In an Italian accent, very akin to the Godfather) *(Wipes spit off her face first)* Hello, it is very nice of you to come so far on this the day of the King's birth.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Oh it's not that far, just a walk around the corner.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

You do realize your own country is 400 miles from England.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

I do, I do... I was just testing to see how smart you were? I've heard many tales of your beauty and intelligence?

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(Looks very judgy) Oh, is that so? *(Mood change to seductive)* Well would you, like to find out a little bit more?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Eh, alright, it's not like I'm doing anything else that requires my immediate attention. *(She and him exit)*

(Meanwhile DICKON (DUMAS) has made his way over to a conversation with Duke Phillip and Prince Charles)

DICKON (DUMAS)

And that's when I said "they didn't have any money because they're serfs. *(Laughter)*

PRINCE CHARLES

(In a Spanish accent) You sir are a funny man. I must have you back at my court sometime, and show you all of the treasures I have accumulated. The rare jewel encrusted broaches of the long dead kingdom of Anatolia, the speckled diamonds of Hungary, and so many more pretty things.

DICKON (DUMAS)

Ever had something like that? *(Points to the amulet)*

PRINCE CHARLES

Ah the Amulet of Aerafell. To tell you truthfully, I had considered stealing it many years ago. *(Dickon gets very excited)* But I realized it was far less pretty than my personal treasures, and stealing is for peasants to do.

DICKON (DUMAS)

Duke Phillip, what about you? Ever consider stealing the Amulet of Aerafell?

DUKE PHILLIP

Me oh never, that's preposterous *(Gets a bit sweaty, and blots his forehead with a handkerchief)*
Ah, Grand Duchess Anastasia, *(Walks away to go talk to Anastasia)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(Comes up behind Charles and Dickon (Dumas)) Gentlemen, tell me how are you enjoying my father's birthday?

PRINCE CHARLES

It is quite lovely your majesty.

DICKON (DUMAS)

Tubular!

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Tubular?

DICKON (DUMAS)

Tubular! Yes, I stand by my adjective choice.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Very well. If you don't mind Prince Charles, I'm going to steal Duke Dumas for a moment. *(Waves goodbye) (Now both are whispering)* Tubular are you serious?

DICKON (DUMAS)

It's a cool word, okay.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

I said be subtle, and you'd think that implies not doing anything stupid. *(Composes himself for a moment)* Well, have you found anything out yet? Who wants to steal the amulet?

DICKON (DUMAS)

Well, I don't think it's Charles, but it may be Duke Phillip.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

And where is Baron Bon Bon? I haven't seen him since the start of the party.

(DICKON gives him a very stupid look)

(It takes quite a moment for Humphrey to realize)

Cock-knee?

DICKON (DUMAS)

Oh yes of course, I saw him leave a little while ago with Princess Biscotti. *(Just then COCK-KNEE emerges wearing nothing but boxers and a sweaty tank top. Everyone falls silent, He goes up to a table with a pitcher on it, chugs it and goes back out the same door again)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(Talks very fast) Oh my word we're doomed, we're never going to figure this out, and I can surely tell you my father is going to chop off someone's head, luckily it probably won't be mine again, you see there was this time when I was six years old and I threw a ball through the hallway it defenestrated a window, and *(Just then Princess Catherine comes up to him)* Hello Princess Catherine.

(The scene changes focus and then at this point (COCK-KNEE and BISCOTTI re-emerge, still putting their clothing back on)

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

You may sound like a nobleman but you certainly don't *romp* like one. *(She says giggling)*

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(Reverts to his cockney accent) Oy! I ain't never had me no proper ladies. Hee hee, what a night.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(Pulls her dress aside, there is a knife attached to her garter. She pulls him aside to the edge of the stage (no one else notices her)) Who are you? Really? I want the truth.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(Still in cockney) No no, I've been commanded by the Prince *(Fixing his accent)* not to reveal my identity to anyone.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Well, I'll tell you what you might get to do later if you be honest with me. *(Leans over to BON BON's ear, and whispers into it. BON BON's face is confused for a moment, and then his face lights up and turns red)*

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

My name is Cock-knee, I'm a serf. We were sent by Prince Humphrey to investigate this party.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Why?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Prince Humphrey received a note that told him what to buy while he was at the grocery store.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

What are you talking about?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

And then the note was a sort of a threat that someone wants to steal the Amulet of Aerafell.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(Very shocked) Someone, wants to steal the amulet of Aerafell?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(Escalating her words) Someone wants to steal the amulet of Aerafell?

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

That's what I just said!

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(Escalating her words again) That's what I just said!

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Why are the stupid ones always the ones always so cute? Just go outside, again, Come on get, get, there you go.

(Shoves BON BON back out into the hallway)

(The scene flips back to Princess Catherine)

PRINCESS CATHERINE

Husband, wonderful to see you again darling. How fare thee?

PRINCE HUMPHREY

I fare well. *(Pause)* Ah, my dearest, this is my new acquaintance. Duke Dumas from Denmark.

PRINCESS CATHERINE

How very pleased to meet you Duke Dumbass. *(Pause for laughter)* *(She stretches out her hand with a ring on it to be kissed)* *(DUMAS goes to kiss the ring, and he leaves his head there for a very long time, until Humphrey eventually pulls him away)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(He looks at his wife) Danes, am I right?

PRINCESS CATHERINE

So, Duke Dumbass what brings you to my nephew's uncle's cousins' fathers twice removed on my father's mother's sister's side's birthday.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

We had a relative in common not so far back. *(DUMAS is giving him a very disturbed look)* What? It's medieval Europe. That's pretty common around these parts.

DICKON (DUMAS)

I'm on a secret mission!

(The scene reverts back to BON BON and BISCOTTI)

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(Re-enter) Wait, wait. Someone is going to steal the Amulet of Aerafell! And, wait a minute. You're one of the suspects.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Me? Why on earth would I be one of the suspects?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Because it was pre-presumed by the form of absolute magistrate of which I am incontrovertibly aligned that you would desire to reclaim an artifact which was once a symbol of nationalistic patriotism in your country.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Wait what?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

What, what?

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Bon Bon, or Cock-knee is it, (*Sweetly*) why does Prince Humphrey suspect me of wanting to steal the Amulet?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Because he believes your country wants it back after so many years of having it in our possession.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Oh, is that all? Well I should go talk to Prince Humphrey right away and clear up this whole misunderstanding.

DUKE PHILLIP

(*Comes out of nowhere and bumps into Biscotti*) Oh... hi there. (*awkwardly*)

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Hi?

DUKE PHILLIP

How's it going? (*To both of them*)

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Fine, I guess. You're kind of in my way.

DUKE PHILLIP

I... uh... wanted to talk to you about something, Baron Bon Bon, I uh... uh...

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Here let me take care of that (*Picks up DUKE PHILLIP and puts him two feet to his right, and stands right where PHILLIP stood before with his arms out.*) I'm sorry madame, I cannot let you do that. (*Phillip leaves this part of the scene*)

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Why ever not?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

I was sworn by the Prince not to tell anyone at the party we know of the plot to steal the Amulet of Aerafell.

PRINCE CHARLES

There's a plot to steal the Amulet of Aerafell? (*COCK-KNEE not knowing what to do, slaps him so hard that he falls to the ground, to the point where he's unconscious, but not dead. And drags him with BISCOTTI's help outside the door.*)

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(*They come back in*) Okay, look I'm not quite sure I understand with one hundred percent clarity what is going on here, but I'm going to help you figure out who wants to steal the amulet.

(The scene reverts back to Princess Catherine and Dumas)

PRINCESS CATHERINE

A secret mission you say? (*She seems amused*)

What kind of a secret mission?

(*Prince Humphrey pulls DUMAS to the side, and slaps him with his glove three times, first cheek, second cheek, first cheek again*)

DICKON (DUMAS)

I'm sorry, I thought you would have told your wife that someone wants to steal her father-in-law's amulet.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Listen, my friend, there are two cardinal rules of being on a secret mission. Number one, never tell anyone you're on a secret mission.

DICKON (DUMAS)

And two?

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(*Now screaming at the top of his lungs*) Never tell anyone you're on a secret mission!

DICKON (DUMAS)

Hey calm down, someone might hear you talking about the secret mission.

(*Prince Humphrey is very visibly frustrated now*)

PRINCESS CATHERINE

So, tell me Duke Dumbass, what is this secret mission of yours?

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(*Noticing Duchess Anastasia*) He's come to court the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

DICKON (DUMAS)

I have?

ANASTASIA

He has? *(Not excited or un-excited, she doesn't know how to feel. She's confused)*

DICKON (DUMAS)

(He gets elbowed hard in the ribs) I mean, yes, of course, I have, I have heard tell of your immense lady my beauty. *(Pause)* I mean, immense beauty my lady, and desire to get to know you better.

ANASTASIA

Hmmm. *(Studies him, for a long moment)* Show me your arse again. *(She studies his butt for a long moment, then finally declares...)* I'll Pass!

DICKON (DUMAS)

Pass?

ANASTASIA

Pass! *(Even more sure of herself this time)*

DICKON (DUMAS)

What do you mean pass?

ANASTASIA

I mean...*(She gets real close to his face, and they share a mini-moment, wherein you can kind of tell Anastasia is rethinking her decision)* ... pass. I mean, take one look at you and you can tell you're an absent-minded fool. I bet you can't even read and write, can you?

DICKON (DUMAS)

Reading, and writing, no that has never been my forte.

ANASTASIA

Exactly. Now, if you'll excuse me.

DICKON (DUMAS)

(His voice drops to a lower register, he wipes of his face) I must have her.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(Pulls him aside again) Focus, boy. Remember, watch my father, the King. Whoever tries to lure him from his throne is probably the one who is going to steal the amulet. And we can't arrest someone until we know who it is.

(The scene reverts to BISCOTTI and BON BON)

(They have now changed into full cammo, and they have football lines painted on their faces. They are crouching down very far to one side of the party, and drawing on the ground with sticks and have a few rocks positioned in certain places)

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Alright, Duke Phillip of Suffolk is another one of your suspects, yes?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Right, you are!

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

From my many meetings with Duke Phillip, I know he is especially fond of Pease Pudding, and no one else is quite frankly because it's disgusting. The Pudding will be brought out very shortly, and I know that he will make a run for it right when it comes out, so we need to flank the pudding first, and put *this* in it *(She pulls a vial out of her braziers)*

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Blimme, what's that?

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Chloroform, one whiff of this and he'll pass right out.

THE KING

Here comes dessert, my Lords and Ladies. *(He carries out a few bowls, and brings the King piece of cake)*

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

It's time! *(Mission Impossible music starts to play in the background)*

(BON BON, makes it to the pudding before Duke Phillip, and pours the Chloroform inside. Just as he finishes Duke Phillip arrives)

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Evening again, Duke Phillip.

DUKE PHILLIP

(As if greeting him) Bon Bon. Say, Bon Bon, I've been trying to talk to you earlier but I couldn't seem to build up the courage... you seem like a man of... f-fine taste.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Well, I thank you for that assessment, Duke.

DUKE PHILLIP

Yes, I was hoping I could talk to you about... about... *(Gets in close and whispers unctuously)* Pease Pudding.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

What are you getting on ab---?

DUKE PHILLIP

(Proceeds to deliver a very impassioned speech) ---You don't look like one of those guys who is all hung up on chocolate pudding, or even vanilla. Mint, Raspberry, no, that means nothing to you. You are a man of taste, a man who knows what another man needs, if you catch my drift.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Watching Trebuchets, men beating each other up, and destruction in a live seated audience with refreshments in one glorious cacophony of chaos and magniloquence?

DUKE PHILLIP

No, I'm not talking about that Bon Bon. I'm talking about Pease Pudding. It's a simple dish, savoury and succulent. Made of boiled legumes. Split yellow peas is most common, with water, salt, spices, and often cooked with back or ham joints. It's a common dish in the North-East of England, and is consumed to a lesser extent in the rest of Britain as well as small parts of Canada. It is thick, and somewhat similar to hummus. It is yellow in color and has a mild taste. But I bet you knew all that didn't you? You know who didn't? *(He says more quietly, so only Bon Bon can hear)* The rest of... *them*. But you know what, I don't care anymore. I don't care how much society will frown on me. I love Pease Pudding! That's my character arc Bon Bon. I don't care about playing games, or avenging the death of my wife, that stuff doesn't matter to me. I may not be the protagonist of this show, but you don't have to question my motivations, because I'm a fully flushed out character. *(Starts serving pudding to himself)* All I want is that Pease Pudding Bon Bon, I want that Pease Pudding. *(Picks it up, sniffs it)* And I'm gonna get it too, even if it takes me nine more sequels and I'd also like to mention---- *(He falls limp to the ground)*

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Wow, it seems like the only thing that motivates this guy is Pease Pudding. Eh, we'd better make sure it's not just an act... tie him up.

(The scene then reverts to Anastasia talking to the King)

(The King is clearly quite drunk by this point. If possible, there should be some empty glasses around him, 10 or so)

KING

So, long story short that is why you should never ever make a pack of squirrels fall in love with you.

ANASTASIA

Your wisdom and insight know no bounds your majesty. Are you enjoying your cake your majesty?

KING

Ah, yes precisely as I like it...cakey.

ANASTASIA

Here, have another drink. *(Pulls some alcohol from somewhere)*

KING

But, that's already 6 today. *(He holds up nine fingers)*

ANASTASIA

I insist!

KING

Very well, if you insist. *(He drinks slowly. Anastasia then takes the glass and tips it at a higher angle so he'll finish faster)* Ah, tastes like poison that slowly corrupts your brain cells and makes you feel dizzy inside!

ANASTASIA

Is the party to your liking your majesty?

KING

Yes, although ever since my dear wife passed away everything is not quite as it was.

(Anastasia turns her head wildly, and does a spit-take)

ANASTASIA

You're single? *(In American accent for those two words)*

KING

Yes.

ANASTASIA

How long?

KING

A few years now.

ANASTASIA

And you never thought to tell anyone? I mean you're only. Wait how old are you? Like, 95?

KING

63. We've only said it like 5 times already.

ANASTASIA

Well, your majesty a spry young man of 63 shouldn't be sitting alone on his throne on his birthday. Come share a dance with me.

KING

Very well my Lady if you insist.

(The scene changes focus to hone in on Catherine and Humphrey.)

PRINCESS CATHERINE

Husband darling, why are you so on edge? I haven't seen you look this bad since that time we went to Italy and you went up to that squash merchant and---

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(Cuts her off, and gets really dramatic) No! No! NOOOO! I told you never to bring that up again! *(Ashamed Beat)* I was just curious that's all.

PRINCESS CATHERINE

Darling, there's a party all around you. Your father's birthday. You should relax and enjoy yourself.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

I don't know, perhaps you're right. *(Leans over to kiss his wife)*

PRINCESS CATHERINE

(She pushes Humphrey away) What the hell are you doing?

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Enjoying myself????

PRINCESS CATHERINE

I thought I told you never to kiss me in public you... you... harlot.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(Over dramatic gasp) Hawh! How dare you.

PRINCESS CATHERINE

How dare you.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

(Escalating) How dare you!

PRINCESS CATHERINE

(Escalating harder) How dare you! *(Pause)* I love you darling! *(Whispering now)* But how dare you.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

And I you! Are we still on for tea tomorrow morn?

PRINCESS CATHERINE

Don't get ahead of yourself, you... you... lothario. You're so eager.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Of course, I, hey where is Duke Phillip?

PRINCESS CATHERINE

I'm not sure. I haven't seen him in ages. *(Beat)* That Duke Dumbass is an interesting one isn't he?

ANASTASIA

(Anastasia comes out of literally nowhere) Dumbass? Ha, that's hilarious. I'm gonna start calling him that. *(Calls to DUMAS)*, Hey, Dumbass *(Ad lib funny line)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Yes, he is. Although I suppose when you think about it, how is he really different from us? We all talk, laugh, eat, and love just the same. Just because he's a ser--- *(stops himself)*

PRINCESS CATHERINE

What?

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Oh nothing.

PRINCESS CATHERINE

Good, I'm glad you stopped. You got way too serious for a second. Like that time with the---

PRINCE HUMPHREY

---DON'T EVEN!

(The scene now reverts back to BISCOTTI and BON BON and Duke Phillip, tied up on the ground)

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(Whispering) I'm not sure, I'm really comfortable with this.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(Whispering) Oh come on, we talked about this. It'll be funny.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Yeah, funny for you maybe.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(Whispering) Yeah, I get a kick out of this stuff. Come on, all you have to do is go over to Anastasia, tell her *(whispers in his ear)*, and I'll give you the five drachmas.

(Duke Phillip stirs, they resume normal volume)

Wait, he's waking up. Alright, just like we discussed. I'm bad sheriff, you're good sheriff.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

No, I'm bad sheriff.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

No, *I'm* bad sheriff.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Why, can't I do it?

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Because, I clearly wear the pants in this relationship *(Sassy snap in circular motion)*

(BON BON goes up to Phillip, and pulls a candle out of his pants. He puts it underneath the Duke's arm).

DUKE PHILLIP

(Groggily, waking up) Hey, where am I? Wait, what? Hang on, I was, and then you were, and...
(Pause) Why are you holding a candle in my face?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Because, flashlights haven't been invented yet!

(BISCOTTI gets really intense now)

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

So, now you're going to tell me. What do you know of the plot?

DUKE PHILLIP

The plot?

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Yes the plot!

DUKE PHILLIP

What plot exactly?

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Darling, you know what to do. (*BON BON takes the candle, and holds the burning section of it on to Duke Phillip's arm where there is exposed skin*)

DUKE PHILLIP

Ah! Shit! That hurts, stop it. I want a lawyer

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Tough fucking shit!

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

What do you know of the plot?

DUKE PHILLIP

What plot? (*He is sobbing now*) I don't know what you're talking about.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

The plot to steal the Amulet of Aerafell.

DUKE PHILLIP

I don't know anything about a plot, this is the first I'm hearing of it.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Are you sure? (*Holds the candle up again*)

DUKE PHILLIP

Yes, yes quite sure. Why do you think I'd be involved?

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Because, Prince Humphrey screwed you out of several wealthy estate holdings fairly recently, and it's been said that you may want revenge.

DUKE PHILLIP

Oh that. Turns out, him not allowing me to invest my money in those estates allowed me to invest in the spice trade. I've made a killing, I'm the fourth richest man in England now.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Shit, we had the wrong guy.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Alright, so it's either Prince Charles, who's still knocked out out back, or the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Let him go. (*BON BON undoes his bondages*) (*BISCOTTI grabs his lapel.*) Hey, if you tell anyone about what you saw here today, I'll cut your manhood off and feed it to the goats. Get out of my sight, you disgust me.

Go get Prince Charles.

(Prince Charles is dragged in, by BON BON, and BISCOTTI slaps him in the face...hard)

PRINCE CHARLES

Princess Biscotti, I always knew you were a feisty one.

(BON BON is upset by this, and hits him again. He is knocked out again)

(BISCOTTI gives him a look, and then hits him again)

PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(Before BON BON can get ready) I'm not doing that shitty bit with the candle again, *(He is upset)* so tell me, why do you want to steal the Amulet of Aerafell.

PRINCE CHARLES

Me steal it? Never, I already told Duke Dumas earlier that it pails in comparison to my treasures in Spain, and thievery is for peasants.

COCK-KNEE (BON BON) + PRINCESS BISCOTTI

(Really zany) That checks out!

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

So, if it's not Duke Phillip, Prince Charles, or you....

COCK-KNEE (BON BON) + PRINCESS BISCOTTI

Then it must be!

(The scene flashes to DUMAS, and HUMPHREY)

PRINCE HUMPHREY

And that is why my father believes that you should never ever make a pack of squirrels fall in love with you.

DICKON (DUMAS)

Wow, that was such an interesting and enveloping tale. I'm so glad that I heard the full length of it, and I didn't just hear the very last sentence.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

I know right!

PRINCESS CATHERINE

(From the back of the room) And now the King, would like to do a dance to celebrate his birthday!

(The Beer Barrel Polka by Frank Yankovic begins to play, and the King stumbles out of his throne, with Anastasia, and begins to dance a merry jig, after a while, he begins to dance by himself, and Anastasia slinks away)

DICKON (DUMAS)

Say, Humphrey, didn't you say that if the King gets lured away from his throne that whoever instigates that is probably going to steal the Amulet?

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Oh shit you're right. Someone, someone... arrest that woman! *(Referring to Anastasia)* *(Duke Phillip and Prince Charles grab her)*

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Father, I have evidence...

COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

(Runs in with BISCOTTI) It's Anastasia, she's the one, she's going to steal the... Oh, looks like you beat us to it.

PRINCE HUMPHREY

Father, I have evidence that the Grand Duchess Anastasia was plotting to steal the Amulet of Aerafell.

KING

Is that so?

PRINCE HUMPHREY

I received this note three days ago, telling me the Amulet was planning on being stolen. We talked to all the rest of our other suspects, and it wasn't them, and she clearly just lured you away from your throne to make the Amulet open to get to. In addition, these two men, are actually serfs. They have shown valor and done the realm an immense favor.

KING

Oh, why is it always the dawgum pretty ones? Throw her in the dungeons. We shall behead you tomorrow, after my birthday.

ANASTASIA

(Shouting on her way out) You can't prove anything, it wasn't me I swear, just wait until you hear from my lawyers! Noooooohooooohoooooo!

KING

Ha! Silly girl. This is medieval Europe. We burned all the lawyers. Because as everyone knows, lawyers are witches! Hahahahaha! *(Laughter from all)* You two gentlemen, Dumas, and Bon Bon. Kneel my friends. For your valor, I shall make you both legitimate, and not pretend, Lords of the Realm. What say you?

DICKON (DUMAS) + COCK-KNEE (BON BON)

Aye!

KING

Kneel. *(They kneel) (He knights them with a dank prop that's definitely not a sword)*

Good, now arise. What do you all say we move this party out to the terrace? *(That is met with huzzahs all around)*

SCENE IV

(Castle Dungeons. It's legit just the prison cell from the beginning)

ANASTASIA

(Curled up on the bench, but now with some mud on her face) (Slowly) 4 bottles of beer on the wall, 4 bottles of beer, take one down pass it around... 3 bottles of... *(A footstep is heard)*

Who goes there?

(DUMAS appears)

Well, if it isn't Lord Dumbass.

DICKON (DUMAS)

Aye, it's me. I just wanted to come and see you.

ANASTASIA

Why?

DUMAS

Because, I know that even though you won't say so... you're crazy about me.

ANASTASIA

Oh yeah, prove it.

DUMAS

I can't just like I can't prove the fact that I think you're innocent.

ANASTASIA

What?

DUMAS

Something about this whole thing just doesn't make sense to me, and I can't put my finger on it. But don't worry I'll stop at nothing to get you out of here.

ANASTASIA

Oh thank you my lord! *(She tries to kiss him through the bars)*

DUMAS

(He notices a sign in the back that reads "Ye Olde Dungeon")

Hmm, Ye Olde Dungeon, kind of ironic that they have to label it don't you think?

ANASTASIA

Wait, you said that you can't read or write.

DUMAS

I know, I've been saying a lot of things lately. Like, *(Pulls the scroll out)*

"Hey Humphrey, you bitch

You know what I'm gonna do?

Steal your cool ass amulet

I'm gonna fart on it

I'm gonna steal it

In like three days at some kind of big social event that I'm gonna be at

And there's nothing you bitches can do about it

Bitch

Signed, Your Bitch

(He reveals the Amulet)

ANASTASIA

(Very long drawn out) Whhhhhhaaaaaaaauuggggggghhhhhhtttt! It was you! *(Dun dun dun sound effect)* But how?

DUMAS

I had heard tales and rumors about Humphrey and the Amulet and devised this plot to become a wealthy man! I paid off a friend of mine to pose as a Herald and deliver the note to Humphrey. I knew that the Prince wouldn't trust anyone inside the Palace, thus he would likely go to the closest prison, find two non-threatening gentlemen, and offer to make them wealthy men in order for their assistance. The next part was easy, all I had to do was wait for someone to cause a good enough distraction, and then steal the amulet when no one was looking.

ANASTASIA

Why are you telling me this?

DUMAS

Because, come morning you'll be dead, and it won't matter anyway. By the time they find the amulet missing I'll have sold it already and cleared my hands of this mess. Thank you for being the distraction. If only it could have been Biscotti who talked to the King. Well enjoy the gallows. *(He begins to walk away)*

ANASTASIA

But the King gave you everything, he made you and Bon Bon both Lords. Why would you forsake everything and risk getting captured or killed by stealing that priceless amulet?

DUMAS

(He comes back to Anastasia) Me father was a shit shoveler. I became a serf at the age of nine. Do you really think I'd forgive the King after everything I've been through? And the key word there is 'priceless', I'll be even richer than the King after I sell this amulet. *(Begins to go away again)*

ANASTASIA

Wait, I have a better idea. I'll tell you if you agree to free me, and take you with me when I relay it.

DUMAS

(Comes back) Hmm, alright. I'll hear you out. But I shall make no such promises.

ANASTASIA

I know a buyer, personally, Princess Biscotti's father, he's a close personal friend. He would buy the amulet discretely, and you could keep your Lordship and the money.

DUMAS

Aye, he might. Cock-knee says he plans to move to Milan with Princess Biscotti, after your execution tomorrow.

ANASTASIA

Exactly, wouldn't you like to be reunited with your friend after he moves there with her?

DUMAS

My lady, you may be a genius! *(Picks lock, frees Anastasia)*

ANASTASIA

(She embraces Dumas) And you as well my Lord, you orchestrated this entire thing.

DUMAS

Me no, *(Looks at audience)* I'm just a humble Serf. *(Blackout)*

The End!