The 2020 Grade 3-6 Pierce School Musical

The Dreadful Dragon of Dartmouth

A Medieval Musical Comedy by Phil Schroeder

Scenes 1-8, 12-31-2019
Characters

Palumon – a young man, about 18, still more boy than man
Rory – Palumon's best friend and a goof-off
Rembalt – Palumon's father
Gernise – Palumon's mother
Raddich – Mayor of Dartmouth and the villain
The Dragon – Guards the castle and the chalice
Guard 1 – Leader of the guards, the "straight man."
Guard 2 – Always contradictory, the "funny man."
Benson – the Chief of Police
Silvia – towns-person, a seamstress and the apple of Rory's eye
Jillian – towns-person, in Silvia's clique
Darby – towns-person, in Silvia's clique
Wallis – towns-person, older man, skeptical
Mrs. Tilney – towns-person, older woman and cranky
Fletcher – towns-person, about 30, a careful thinker
King Edward IV – the King of England who is a woman, about 20
Cortland – the King's emissary and best friend, about 20
Rachel – the King's caregiver, about 45
Farther – the King's footman, older
Sir Quincy (pronounced "kin-see") – the King's Assessor, a buffoon
Bechler – an archeologist and historian, educated and aloof
Driver – the carriage driver
Horse – who pulls the carriages

John Hawley – in flashback, as Ghost of John Hawley and as "Old Man" and also plays:
Lumis – a street sweep

King Edward III – a short cameo in Song 01, played by actor playing Horse
Castle intruder (two appearances)

Ensembles

The Dreadful Dragon of Dartmouth
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SCENE 1 – DARK CASTLE, INTERIOR, NIGHT

Music underscore with CHORUS.

It is completely dark. The sound of footsteps and a key chain dangling. INTRUDER enters with a candle, searching for something.

She walks forward in the dark, appearing to follow hallways until, finally, she finds a door. She finds the key from her key chain and opens the door.

A large metal creak. As the door opens, a spotlight comes up on a brilliant gold chalice on a pedestal. MUSIC helps to illuminate that this chalice is something special and significant.

The INTRUDER pulls out a large gunny sack and reaches toward the chalice. As her hand is halfway there, the shock of a roar and light that looks like fire. INTRUDER looks up, a knowing on her face that this is the end.

Blackout. Then, another figure (LUMIS) enters the scene. He is a hunchback in a dark robe, also with a candle. He stands over the body of the INTRUDER, looking, before grabbing his broom and sweeping as if nothing has happened.

LUMIS

(howling like a werewolf)

Owwwwwww! El Dragoooooon to the rescue!

Blackout.

Scene.
SCENE 2 – THE STREET OUTSIDE THE CASTLE

The body of the INTRUDER from Scene 1 lies on the ground, covered in a blanket. GUARD 2 stands at attention on either side of the INTRUDER’s body. Enter GUARD 1.

GUARD 1

Has he been along yet?

GUARD 2

Has who be along?

GUARD 1

The Chief.

GUARD 2

Our Chief? Well, I don't rightly know.

GUARD 1

He's supposed to be coming on order of Mayor Raddich.

GUARD 2

And then we'll get our lunch break?

GUARD 1

Lunch? How can you think of lunch at a time like this? This poor sap's not getting any lunch, you know.

GUARD 2

I dare say he'd be a bit hard for the chewing part.

Enter CHIEF BENSON.

GUARD 1

Attention!

BENSON

What've we got here?

GUARD 2

Well, I was just saying, it's half past noon and lunch started at –

GUARD 1

(putting hand over G2's mouth)

Stop, you fool! (To BENSON...) Sorry, sir. A new one, and clearly not up to the task yet.

BENSON lifts the blanket to view the INTRUDER for a moment.

Enter FLETCHER and WALLIS, with a push cart for the INTRUDER'S body,
and JILLIAN.

FLETCHER
El Dragoon get another one, Chief?

BENSON
Looks that way.

WALLIS
How many more before we just burn the whole place down?

FLETCHER
The dragon breathes fire, Wallis. If it ain't burned down yet, it's not gonna.

JILLIAN
I don't much like talkin' about dragons, fellas. Let's change the subject.

Enter DARBY, with a feather.

DARBY
Every soul passin’ into the afterlife deserves a ritual. *(She holds a feather over the body, then in a "seance" voice...) Kamah-yulmah! Kamah-yulmah-senchovaaaaahl. There! That oughta do it.*

FLETCHER
Every town needs a witch.

DARBY
It's "witchcraft practitioner," Mr. Fletcher. There's a difference. *(Waving the feather more...) Peace, my friend. Peace!*

Enter MRS. TILNEY and SILVIA.

MRS. TILNEY
Oh gracious, me, gracious me! Not another one. Wretched old dragon!

SILVIA
We just have to ignore him and go about our business, Ma'am. By the way, have you decided on that new dress we talked about? I can take your measurements right now if you'd like.

MRS. TILNEY
You think money grows on trees around here?!!

SILVIA
But Mrs. Tilney, you said –

MRS. TILNEY
That was small talk, young lady! There's nobody can afford to have new dresses made,
or new tablecloths or pants or whatever you're pedalin'!

WALLIS

Not for thirty years, that's for sure.

FLETCHER

Not since the curse.

MRS. TILNEY

Not since the curse! Agghhhhh.

BENSON

Boys, take him away.

WALLIS and FLETCHER load the INTRUDER'S body onto the cart.

BENSON

Thirty years of this cursed, dragon-rattled city. The water runs brown, the skies are gray, there's no money for eatin', and this. Week after week – this.

WALLIS and FLETCHER exit with the cart and return in time for the song.

MRS. TILNEY

In the name of Old John Hawley, when does it ever end?

SILVIA

Don't say the name of old John Hawley! When does it ever end?

BENSON

It'll end when someone finally gets that chalice outta there. And not until then.

JILLIAN

The rotten chalice.

SILVIA

Don't say that word, either!

**SONG 01: THE BALLAD OF JOHN HAWLEY**

ENSEMBLE members join onstage.

GUARD 2

*(to BENSON)*

Excuse me, sir, but about our lunch break...?

GUARD 1

What is the matter with you? Besides, this is where the first song goes.
GUARD 2

Oh...I didn’t know.

GUARD 1

People need a little back story, you know. Pay attention!

TOWNSPEOPLE

JOHN HAWLEY, THE CAPTAIN
THE DEAR SON OF DARTMOUTH
A HARDSCRABBLE SAILOR
THE GREAT PRIVATEER
T’WAS THIRTY YEARS PAST
THAT THE KING DID DISPATCH HIM
TO GO FIND A CHALICE
AND BRING IT BACK HERE

THE CHALICE WAS FILLED
WITH MIRACLE WATERS
FROM A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH
THAT THE SPANISH FOUND FIRST
BUT THE FOUNTAIN WAS RULED
BY OLD ANCIENT SPIRITS
IF THE WATER GETS TAKEN
THEN THE TAKER IS CURSED

SINGIN’ AYI-YI-YI!
ON A NIGHT THAT WAS MOONLESS
JOHN HAWLEY RETURNED
TO THE GOOD ENGLISH SOIL
SINGIN’ AYI-YI-YI!
WELL HE BROUGHT BACK THE CHALICE
BUT THE CURSE THAT CAME WITH IT
CONTINUES TO BOIL

Enter EDWARD III.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD
IN THE AUTUMN OF HIS LIFE
HIS MIND WAS GROWING WEARY
LIKE A DULLING OLD KNIFE
HE’D HEARD ABOUT A FOUNTAIN
THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH
HE WONDERED WHAT THOSE WATERS COULD DO...!

EDWARD III

I do wonder...(phone rings) oh – oh! John, is that you? Ooh, rough connection. Listen, John, this Fountain of Youth business – you heard about it too? Oh, to feel 25 again! Say – what if I told you some of that water’s on a ship crossing the ocean as we speak?
Really, you'd go get it for me? Oh, John, I knew I could count on you! Say hi to the dragon!

*Dance section, emulating a battle for the chalice (with swords and a chalice prop).*

*Next section is dramatized with the chalice prop and JOHN HAWLEY.*

**ENSEMBLE**

JOHN HAWLEY CAME HOME
AND HE HELD UP THE CHALICE
HIS BODY WAS TIRED
AND HIS EYES FULL OF DREAD
WELL, HE TOOK IT TO HIS CASTLE

JOHN HAWLEY
SAID "SEE Y'ALL TOMORROW!"

**ENSEMBLE**

BUT THE VERY NEXT MORNING...

*A sheet waved in front of JOHN HAWLEY, who then lies still in the street with BENSON and FLETCHER standing over him.*

**FLETCHER**

Who would do such a thing?

**BENSON**

There were no witnesses.

**RADDICH crosses L-to-R, rubbing palms together, laughing.**

**RADDICH**

Really? *No one saw anything?* Bwah-haaa-haaaaaaa!

**ENSEMBLE**

SINGIN' AYI-YI-YI!
ON A NIGHT THAT WAS MOONLESS
JOHN HAWLEY WAS CUT DOWN
HIS VICTORY SPOILED

SINGIN' AYI-YI-YI!
NOW WE CAN'T OVERLOOK HIM
'CAUSE OUR STORY BEGINS HERE
AND IT'S STARTING TO BOIL

SINGIN' AYI-YI-YI!
NOW WE'RE STUCK WITH A DRAGON
HE'S DREADFUL AND ANGRY
AND HE BREATHTES FIRE AND OIL

SINGIN' AYI-YI-YI!
HE'S PROTECTING THE CHALICE
AND THE CURSE THAT CAME WITH IT
CONTINUES TO BOIL
YEAH, THE CURSE THAT CAME WITH IT
CONTINUES TO BOIL
CONTINUES TO BOIL

*Song ends.*

*Exit GUARDS and extra ENSEMBLE members.*

*Enter PALUMON and RORY, dressed in comic attire with silly hats, beaming with enthusiasm, each carrying a bag. RORY has very simple face paint, maybe just a swash.*

RORY

Ladies and Gentlemen! It's *Palumon the Incredible* and his amazing sidekick, *Rory the Rambunctious!*

PALUMON

Be ready to be amazed! *(Looking around, prodding people...)* Anyone? Tickets are cheap, but not for long.

WALLIS

Oh look, Fletcher. The circus has come again.

PALUMON

Yes it has! And everyone, watch...*this!*

*PALUMON pulls three balls out of his bag and juggles, then drops them. It's not good. He and RORY begin to pick them up.*

MRS. TILNEY

How can you carry on like this, with your mother sick the way she is?!  

FLETCHER

And not the least bit of shame, lad.

PALUMON

Guys – mom's fine! It's just a cold or something. Okay, now, watch this – Rory?

RORY

Drum roll please! Let me present to you – *(RORY arcs his arms high in the air as if to make a large hoop)* – the amazing Rory Trumbull and his flying tiger!
PALUMON

(like a drum roll)
Ba-da-ba-da-ba-da-ba-da-ba-da-ba-da...

PALUMON'S and RORY'S eyes follow an imaginary tiger as it leaps through RORY's outstretched arms to the other side.

Ta-da!

Silence.

JILLIAN

Ta-da, what?

RORY

You didn't see it? The tiger! He jumped right through my arms, and into the arms of — (he turns around to face SILVIA, positioned behind him) — oh, hi, Silvia. Say, what are you doing tonight? Maybe a little walk around the old mill with — the love of your life?

SILVIA

(Sighs, then...) I don't know if you're ever gonna have a circus, Palumon, but at least you got yourself a clown.

Enter REMBALT and GERNISE, who has a walking cane and is feeble and sickly. We can hear it in her voice, though she tries to remain upbeat. REMBALT is concerned with her every step.

HA! She's got you there, kid.

RORY

(to PALUMON)
You think it was the face paint?

PALUMON

No, I think it's just Silvia. Besides, she's too old for you.

Hey, look — it's your mom and dad!

GERNISE

Hi, Rory. Nice day, isn't it?

PALUMON

Mom! Look at you — better every day.

REMBALT

Boys up to no good again, I see. Son, you haven't been to visit your mother for a week.
Let him be, Remy. I'm doing just fine.

We were just working on the circus, Dad. And it's going great, wouldn't you say, Rory?

Nooo – I wouldn't say that.

Son, come by the house later. Your mother needs you.

But Dad – we're this close to having the entire first half of our circus done, and I'm telling you, it's gonna be amazing. Flying tigers, people dancing with monkeys – you're both gonna love it!

Son, tigers don't fly.

They will when I get done with 'em, Mom!

You're not listening to me.

Dad, when this thing goes big, I'm gonna hire a really good doctor and buy you and Mom a huge new house. Bigger than Uncle John's castle, even, and way up high on a hill.

Your mother doesn't need a new house.

Oh, but I would like to be up on a hill, Remy. Where I could look out from the kitchen, see the lambs in the yard and the... (drifting off) ...oh, yes. That would be nice.

Someone's offered us a place up in Exeter, Dad!

Palumon! Stop with your silly dreams. Get a job – we need the money.

Enter RADDICH with GUARDS. RADDICH stays out of the way, observing.

Why can't I have dreams? Better than being stuck here where everyone's given up!
RORY

Stop, Pally.

PALUMON

Well? It's true. Every day, we're just stuck with these depressing fairy tales. Curses, dragons, even crazy old Mayor Radish!

Psst. Hey, Pally...it's Raddich.

PALUMON

(to everyone)
The scrunchy old Radish is nothing but a cantankerous windbag. Peddling fear – and we all fall for it, every time!

RORY

(pointing...)

It's Raddich!

PALUMON

Radish, Raddich...same difference, Rory!

RADDICH steps up behind PALUMON.

RADDICH

Why if it isn't young Palumon. Tell me, boy, how's your little circus going? I'm sure it's hard, what with no tigers in England. Oh...but you'll think of something to fill the bill. Won't you...?

PALUMON

(suddenly frozen)

M-Mayor Raddich! How are you, sir?

RADDICH

Oh, you do know my name. How quaint. And look, it's my dear old friend, Rembalt.

REMBALT

I don't think I'd call us friends, Raddich.

RADDICH

So sad. We once shared many interests. We did very well together, didn't we?

PALUMON

Dad, what's he talking about?

REMBALT

The mayor is even more a dreamer than you are, son.
RADDICH
Your father and I were once partners in, shall we say, the "dragon business." Isn't that right, Rembalt?

PALUMON
Dad?

REMBALT
Rubbish.

GERNISE
Remy, let's go now. I'm not feeling well.

RADDICH
Oh dear. Sorry Gernise is sick, old chum. You know, with the right incentive, I could find her a very good doctor.

REMBALT
We're not interested in anything you have to offer.

RADDICH
On the contrary, Rembalt. It's what you have to offer that interests me.

PALUMON
Leave my father alone! He doesn't have anything to –!

The GUARDS cross swords in front of PALUMON.

RADDICH
Your son is hungry for truth, Rembalt. But you haven't told him everything, have you? Tisk, tisk. Because in time, your losses will grow. Deeper. And darker. Yet, the all-powerful chalice is in there ready to serve us both. If only we could get us past John's dragon. If only you could remember how that's done...

REMBALT
Let's go, Gernise.

Exit REMBALT and GERNISE.

RADDICH
It's Mayor Raddich! (To TOWNSPEOPLE...) What are the rest of you all looking at? Get back to your miserable lives. (To GUARDS...) Let's go!

GUARDS release PALUMON, push him to the ground and exit with RADDICH. Others follow at director's discretion. After awhile, only OLD MAN remains.
RORY

*(helping him up)*
Wow. *Your dad* has something to do with the dragon and the chalice?

PALUMON
My dad is way too boring for that. Besides – dragon? Gimme a break.

DARBY
*(waving her feather over PALUMON)*
Palumon. Be not afraid to embrace the power of El Dragooon!

*Exit SILVIA, JILLIAN and DARBY, giggling as they go.*

PALUMON
Girls are weird.

RORY
Your mom does look pretty sick.

PALUMON
Yeah, I know. But what can I do?

RORY
What if that chalice really is filled with magic water?

PALUMON
Rory, you heard my dad. There’s no chalice and no water from any "Fountain of Youth." Besides, who wants to be young? It’s too much work. Nobody believes in you, they just want you to give up your dreams...it’s pointless.

RORY
I bet your mom might give it a try.

PALUMON
Rory...come on.

*The OLD MAN finally comes forward, holding out his hat as he approaches PALUMON and RORY. The lights shift low.*

OLD MAN
You boys need a better audience.

PALUMON
Sorry, old man. We don’t have any change to spare.

OLD MAN
And a better circus.
RORY

Everyone's a critic. Beat it, okay?

OLD MAN lifts his walking cane to reveal a beaming light on the end. It has the effect of putting the boys in a trance.

OLD MAN

Tonight at the docks. Many people will come to see you. Many, many people. (He beings walking away...) Exactly two hours after sundown.

PALUMON & RORY

Tonight at the docks.

OLD MAN

Two hours after sundown!

PALUMON & RORY

Two hours after sundown.

OLD MAN turns the light off and exits. The normal light returns.

RORY

Two hours after sundown. An audience, really?

PALUMON

Aw, come on. He's just an old man.

RORY

Fine. I'll go myself and I'll be the incredible one.

PALUMON

Alriiiight, let's go practice.

RORY

Practice? Naw. I got a date with one of the Tweezle sisters!

PALUMON

The Tweezle sisters? Okay, I'll bite...which one?

RORY

Beezle!

PALUMON

Beezle Tweezle. Really? What about Silvia?

RORY

Like that'll ever happen! See ya.

Exit RORY.
SONG 02: THE BEST THERE EVER WAS

RORY DOESN'T CARE THAT MUCH
BUT I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT HIM
HE DATES A GIRL NAMED BEEZLE?
HEY – THAT TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT HIM

DAD SAYS I'M A DREAMER
WELL, MAYBE I WANT MORE
AND IF IT SEEMS I'M PRETTY SET ON IT
WELL, BUDDY, YOU CAN BET ON IT

I AM THE ONE WHO KNOWS JUST WHAT YOU'RE THINKING
AND I'M THE ONE WHO WANTS WHAT YOU WANT
I GOT MYSTERIES AND SURPRISES
WONDERS UP MY SLEEVE
WAYS TO CHILL YOUR SPINE
THAT YOU WON'T BELIEVE

I'LL BE THE ONE TO KEEP YOU RAPT AND SPELLBOUND
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WE'LL FILL THE SEATS
YOU'LL WATCH A BOY TOUCH THE SKY
AND BELIEVE A GIRL CAN FLY
SOME SAY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
BUT IT'S POSSIBLE

SOMEDAY IN THIS WORLD
A FUTURE I CAN SEE
A BUSTLING, BOOMING CIRCUS
AND AT THE CENTER OF IT, ME

FOLKS WILL COME FROM EVERYWHERE
IT'LL CHANGE THEIR LIVES BECAUSE
I'M PALUMON, THE INCREDIBLE
I'M THE BEST THAT EVER WAS

THERE'S A HUNDRED OF YOU OUT THERE
CONTENT AND SATISFIED
WHO'LL NEVER BOTHER ASKING
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ALIVE

NO ONE'S GONNA BLAME YOU
IF YOU CAN'T OR IF YOU WON'T
BUT YOU'D DO IT IF YOU ONLY KNEW
WHAT IT COSTS YOU IF YOU DON'T

I AM THE ONE WHO'S GOT TO TAKE THESE CHANCES
AND GRAB THAT TIGER BY THE TAIL
FROM WILDERNESS COMES DANGER
AND THE CHANCE THAT I MIGHT FAIL
OH, BUT SOMEDAY –

SOMEDAY IN THIS WORLD
AS FAR AS EYES CAN SEE
A GRAND EXTRAVAGANZA
AND AT THE CENTER OF IT, ME

FOLKS WILL COME FROM EVERYWHERE
AND I’LL CHANGE THEIR LIVES BECAUSE
I’M PALUMON!

BUT THAT’LL BE ANOTHER DAY
TILL THEN IT’S JUST THE SAME
I’M PALUMON, THE INVISIBLE
THEY DON’T EVEN KNOW MY NAME

But they will. Yeah, they will.

Scene.
SCENE 3 — THAT NIGHT AT THE DOCKS

*Music underscore with CHORUS.*

At rise, a candlelight on a pole illuminates a small section of the dock. Otherwise, it’s dark and spooky. There are a few tall dock posts in the background, large enough for an actor to nearly hide behind.

*Enter PALUMON and RORY with the sound of wind.*

CHORUS

(Inaudible whispers.)

PALUMON

Well, no one here, let's go.

RORY

Are you sure there's no one here? I hear something.

*SFX: a startling creak of wood and metal.*

CHORUS

(repeats until decresendo cue)

It is not who you are. It is who you become.

PALUMON

Whoa! What's that? Whispers! But what's it saying?

RORY

Old man! Are you out there?

*Whispers and wind stop suddenly. Silence.*

PALUMON

It got so...quiet all of a sudden.

CHORUS

(one child's voice)

It is not who you are. It is who you become.

PALUMON

What? Who said that?

CHORUS

(another child's voice)

It is not who you are. It is who you become.

*Slowly enter JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST who remains in the back, hiding behind posts.*
RORY

Someone's coming!

PALUMON

Maybe it's the guys who wanna see the circus.

Suddenly, a loud wooden bang, like a ship crashing. Music intensifies.

RORY

(scared!)

This is too creepy, Pally! I'm going for help.

Exit RORY.

PALUMON

Wait! What are you talking about, who's gonna help us out here?

At the moment of RORY'S exit, a loud bang again. JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST steps forward.

CHORUS

(all voices, normal volume)

It is not who you are, Palumon. It is who you become!

PALUMON turns to see JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST. GHOST pulls out the same lighted rod that OLD MAN had in previous scene.

PALUMON

Who are you? And where did you get that –

JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST

Thirty years! The truth never told!

CHORUS

(loud whisper)

Truth!

And my legacy...ruined!

JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST

Ruined!

CHORUS

PALUMON

W-w-wait...what? What truth? Who ruined it? What do you want from me? I'm just a kid!

JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST

It is not who you are, Palumon. It is who you become.
CHORUS
(Another child's voice)
It is not who you are. It is who you become.

CHORUS
(all, whispered)
It is not who you are. It is who you become.

PALUMON
Uncle John? Is that who you are? Well, that's just great. Look who you became.

*JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST pulls a folded piece of cloth from under his cape. It is the Fabric of Sarna. He hands it to PALUMON.*

JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST
You are to complete my legacy, Palumon. Take this.

PALUMON
What is it? What do I do with it? What legacy?!

*But JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST is nearly gone.*

JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST
(firmly)
You will do things that must be done. Talk to your father.

PALUMON
Dad? My Dad will know?

*Exit JOHN HAWLEY'S GHOST. PALUMON opens the cloth to reveal a strange tapestry of shapes and markings, unknown to him.*

CHORUS
(whispered)
It is not who you are. It is who you become.

*The chant repeats and softens to blackout.*

*Scene.*
SCENE 4 • KING EDWARD'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS

KING EDWARD (who is actually a woman and played by a girl) is half dressed as a male king but wears a camisole on top and is having her hair combed by RACHEL. During this, and before SIR QUINCY'S entrance, they complete the wardrobe and hair transformation of KING EDWARD from woman to man.

KING EDWARD
Frankly, Rachel, I'm tired of it. Tired of the whole thing.

RACHEL
Of course, Sire.

KING EDWARD
Father was a brute. Mother gave him one child – me, a girl – and I wasn't good enough. Raised a boy – and he wouldn't even call me by my real name. That was supposed to be my childhood, you know!

RACHEL
But darling, growing up with the boys wasn't all that bad. I remember when you and Scottie Pemberton won the cricket match at Oxford.

KING EDWARD
And then he tried to kiss me.

RACHEL
Did he know you were really a girl?

KING EDWARD
No, I'm quite sure he thought I was a boy.

RACHEL
Oh. Still, darling, cheer up! How many girls born in 1531 can now say they're the King of England? Well?

KING EDWARD
Oh, Rachel, my dear Rachel. What about my needs?

RACHEL
I imagine it will be centuries before those matter, Sire.

KING EDWARD
Wait. I know – I'll just come out with it! Turn the Kingdom on its ear, show them the strong-willed woman who's really in charge!

RACHEL
Yes. And the Duke of Everingham will swoop in with his rancid armies, depose you, and we'd be scarping for fish on banks of the Thames with the beggars.
(Sigh...) I suppose you're right. But it drives me insane thinking of all the men around here going about their business without a care in the world. Not one of them pretending to be something he's not.

**SONG 03: IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT**

*Add ALL-GIRL ENSEMBLE.*

RACHEL

Those pudgy old barristers!

KING EDWARD

If they *ever* found out.

RACHEL

Oh, but dear. They're not *going* to find out. Umm...right?

KING EDWARD

IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT
THEY'D THROW A TANTRUM
IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT
THEY'D CLIMB THE WALLS

ENSEMBLE

THE MEN AROUND HERE'D BE SQUEALING
IF THEY HAD TO BREAK A GLASS CEILING
BUT THEY'LL NEVER EVEN GET UP THERE
'CAUSE THEY CAN'T HANDLE THE FALL

RACHEL

IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT
THEY'D BURN THE BRIDGES
IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT
THERE'D BE A SQUALL

ENSEMBLE

THEY'D LET OUT ALL THE CHICKENS
AND LAUGH JUST LIKE THE DICKENS
IF THE KING WAS A WOMAN AFTER ALL

SAY IT LOUD, SAY IT PROUD
PROUD OF THE WHO YOU ARE
WHEN FEAR COMES 'ROUND, STAND YOUR GROUND
DON'T WORRY THAT YOU PUSHED TOO FAR

SHOW YOUR POWER HOUR BY HOUR
AND NEVER LET 'EM TAKE IT AWAY
PUT THE REAL YOU OUT THERE
GET UP ON YOUR FEET AND SAY...

KING EDWARD

I – am – a ... wow. It's harder than I thought.

RACHEL

Good! I mean, of course.

KING EDWARD

Okay, here goes. I. Am. A...should I say 'woman?' Or 'girl?'

RACHEL

Perhaps we should do this later.

KING EDWARD

Per-haps – we should keep trying!

IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT
THEY'D CRY, "DECEPTION!"
AS IF I MADE THE CHOICE WHEN I WAS THREE

ENSEMBLE

THERE'D BE AN INQUISITION
TO QUESTION HER CONDITION

RACHEL

AND THE POPE WOULD BE INVITED
AND ALL YOUR WRONGS WOULD ALL BE RIGHTED!

ENSEMBLE

AND WHEN THEY REACH A FINDING
THEIR DECISION WILL BE BINDING...!

KING EDWARD

BUT NOTHING'S AS BINDING AS LIVING A LIE
SWALLOWING PRIDE, KEEPING INSIDE
THE SHAPE OF YOUR STAR
THE PERSON YOU REALLY ARE

I've got to tell them, Rachel! I've got to.

RACHEL

But Dear, there's just too much to do today. Farther is coming shortly with news of the Kingdom. Cortland will be along with – oh, and the Royal Guard Banquet is in the Empire Room at noon. No time to waste! After all, you’re still the King.

KING EDWARD

Rachel – I will always be the King.
Oh. You will? Splendid!

IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT
AND THEY WILL FIND OUT
SO LET THE ENGLISH FLAG UNFURL!

'CAUSE I'M FOREVER –

SHE'S FOREVER –

KING EDWARD THE GIRL!

Song ends. Hold for playoff, then ENSEMBLE exits.

Enter FARTHER, bowing on the way in, out of breath and fidgety.

KING EDWARD

Ah, Farther! What news do you bring?

FARTHER

Your Royal Highness! This might come as a bit of a surprise, but...do you recall the dispute your father, Edward the Third, had with that upstart pirate from Dartmouth named Hawley – and the missing gold chalice?

KING EDWARD

John Hawley! Goodness, Farther. That was all Daddy could talk about at the dinner table for two years.

RACHEL

And that Fountain of Youth business. Seems rather pretentious, don't you think?

KING EDWARD

I suppose if vanity alone doesn't drive us to old age, the hunt for youth and beauty certainly shall. Go on!

FARTHER

(still fidgeting)

Uh, yes. And as I was saying –

KING EDWARD

Personally, I think Papa was more into the gold than the water anyway.

FARTHER

And be that as it may, your Highness –
KING EDWARD
Well, whether it is to be, or is not be, is probably not the – Farther! You look like you need to go to the bathroom.

FARTHER
I am here to report that rumors of the missing item's existence in Dartmouth, Devonshire, have been circulating amongst the soldiers! Sire.

KING EDWARD
The soldiers have found the chalice?

FARTHER
Not yet, but they are bursting with speculation!

KING EDWARD
Tittle-tattle! Well, what interest is it of theirs – or anyone's, really?

Enter SIR QUINCY and BECHLER.

SIR QUINCY
It is the interest of the Royal Assessor, your Greatness. If such a chalice exists, taxes are to be collected. Not to mention the thing itself.

FARTHER
You may not simply barge in like this, Sir Quincy!

KING EDWARD, now fully dressed as male, slips into "masculine voice."

KING EDWARD
Sir Quincy. Why am I not surprised? (To BECHLER...) And who is this?

BECHLER
(bowing respectfully)
I am Mr. Bechler, Sire. From Oxford and recently back from the African sub-continent.

SIR QUINCY
Bechler is a studied and accomplished man, Your Highness.

KING EDWARD
Or perhaps another pompous academic. I don't know, Sir Quincy. This whole chalice business bores me.

SIR QUINCY
(genuflecting)
Forgive me, Sire. I am but a humble servant to the Crown. My place is your will, your desire...Your Mmmajesty.

BECHLER
Sire, if I may – ?
KING EDWARD

You may not! Out with it, Quincy. What is it you want?

SIR QUINCY

Send us to Dartmouth, sire! Send us with Cortland and five of your best men. We shall find the prize and bring it home to London. Your father would be so proud of you, his – ahem – son. (A slight chuckle...) Don't you think?

KING EDWARD

What I think is that you slather too much honey on the bread, Quincy. Nevertheless, I grant your request. Farther, prepare the journey! And send along five soldiers from the Breville Brigade. That will be all.

SIR QUINCY

The Breville Brigade? But your highness, those aren't soldiers! They're barely fit to serve bangers and mash to the poor on Bigsby Street!

KING EDWARD

That should give you the element of surprise, my good fellow. Carry on!

But your Royal – !

SIR QUINCY

Dismissed!

Exit SIR QUINCY and BECHLER. Enter CORTLAND, sneering at SIR QUINCY. KING EDWARD drops the masculine voice now.

CORTLAND

What's that foul little man doing here?

KING EDWARD

Ah...my dear Cortland! Funny you should ask about him. Sir Quincy is of a "special" nature, is he not?

FARTHER

A small, peevish mouse in search of a cat, if you ask me.

RACHEL

Is it really necessary, my Lord, that our dear Cortland be dispatched as well?

CORTLAND

Dispatched?

KING EDWARD

Cortland, I have a favor.
CORTLAND
Oh, no. No, no, no, not on your life. Send me to the gallows now, your Highness. Death by a thousand pin-pricks would be better than to spend another hour with that intolerable, fetid fool!

KING EDWARD
Oh, Cortland. Let the past be the past! Sir Quincy is our respected servant. Not to be trusted, of course. But that's where you come in.

*CORTLAND falls to the floor.*

CORTLAND
I cannot bear this! I will submit myself to Bedlam! Please, Sire, spare me this wretched fate!

KING EDWARD
Cortland, get up. And listen, while you're out there looking for the so-called "chalice," pay close attention to this dragon down there everyone’s talking about. It's been centuries since we've had a good dragon at the royal palace, and if this one's, shall we say, looking to deal...he might find us more suitable than the old Hawley place.

CORTLAND
You want me to negotiate...with a dragon?!

KING EDWARD
It was just a thought, Cortland. Just a thought.
SCENE 5 – THE CASTLE, NIGHT / REMBALT & GERNISE’S HOME, SAME NIGHT

At rise, the Dragon’s lair is dark. The ledge above the lair is upstage right. RADDICH and BENSON are perched on the ledge, watching. Upstage left, REMBALT, GERNISE and PALUMON sit at a table, in the dark until later. GERNISE is in a medieval wheelchair.

We hear a large metal door open, then an INTRUDER sneaks onto the arena floor with a candle. He walks carefully, using the candle to inspect walls he passes. Perhaps he passes a skull or pile of bones. It is frightening.

RADDICH lights a candle to watch. The INTRUDER spies a small trunk or box with a lock and kneels to open it. It opens easily, revealing a bright light inside that illuminates his face. The INTRUDER pauses.

RADDICH
Yes...yes...that’s it. It’s in there, fool! What are you waiting for...?

Suddenly a loud roar and fire. The INTRUDER looks up in fear as the DRAGON enters, bearing down with mighty roars and fire. INTRUDER falls to the ground and does not move. DRAGON does a little dance around INTRUDER’S body as LUMIS enters.

RADDICH
Drat! He nearly had it, Benson, he nearly had it!

BENSON
Better luck next time, sir.

RADDICH puts the candle out and they exit.

LUMIS
Fear of dragon. Not good fear. Fear of dragon only makes trouble. El Dragooooon!

DRAGON pounds his chest, then exits. LUMIS pulls INTRUDER’S body off. Lights shift to inside Rembalt & Gernise’s home. GERNISE is sicker than before.

PALUMON
Mom, Dad, I’m telling you, it was him. It was Uncle John. I mean, I’ve never met him, but – I’m sure of it.

REMBALT
We know.

PALUMON
You know what?
GERNISE
It hasn't been easy for us, Palumon. But honestly, it's hardest on the dragon.

*GERNISE begins coughing – a lot. REMBALT stands and holds her shoulders until she stops.*

REMBALT
Your mom's very sick.

PALUMON
You really think there's a Dragon? I just – it doesn't seem possible.

*Pause...*

GERNISE
We have to tell him, Rembalt. He has to know.

**SONG 04: VERY GOOD PETS**

REMBALT
I suppose so.

THERE'S A DRAGON IN THE CASTLE
IT'S CERTAIN, MY SON
THE STORIES PEOPLE TELL, WELL, THEY'RE ALL TRUE
LIKE YEARS INSIDE A JAIL
HE'S IN THERE BY HIMSELF
PROTECTING HOW HIS MASTER TAUGHT HIM TO

I PLAYED A LITTLE PART IN THE CREATION
OF THAT MIGHTY DRAGON MYTH THAT'S BEING TOLD
YOU SEE, JOHN AND I, WE FOUND HIM
ALONG A DUSTY ROAD
TINY, SHIVERING AND COLD

So, we brought him home and gave him a warm bath.

PALUMON
You what?

REMBALT
Yeah. And we named him "Junior!"

PALUMON
*Junior?! You gave the dragon a name?*

REMBALT
Well, why not?
EVERY CHILD WANTS A PET
AND THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Oh, Dad...

THINK OF DOGS AND CATS

JUNIOR WAS LIKE THAT!

Like a *cat*?!

A LITTLE BIGGER BUT JUST AS CUTE

Cute?

Oh, with those little wings!

SOMETHING HAPPENED WHEN HE GREW
HE GOT BIGGER THAN WE EVER KNEW

I would think!

HIDING OUT WAS FUN
BUT HE WAS BORN TO RUN
AND SO WE TOOK HIM OFF TO SCHOOL

You took him to school?

DRAGONS MAKE VERY GOOD PETS
THEY MAKE OTHER STUDENTS THINK TWICE
THEY'RE REALLY QUITE A BLESSIN'
WHEN SOMEONE NEEDS A LESSON
IN MANNERS AND BEING NICE

My dad was the hallway cop!
REMBALT, GERNISE & CHORUS

DRAGONS MAKE VERY GOOD PETS
YOU OUGHTA BE CAREFUL, JUST THE SAME
DON'T EVER TRY TO TUSSLE
A DRAGON MADE OF MUSCLE
REMEMBER HE'S GOT THAT FLAME!

PALUMON
So you used the dragon to keep other kids in line?

REMBALT
Oh, no! Well, maybe one.

PALUMON
Yeeeah, say, just outta curiosity – how long have you known Mayor Raddich?

REMBALT
Raddich. Funny you should ask.

PALUMON
That's what I thought you'd say.

GERNISE
RADDICH WAS YOUR FATHER'S FRIEND
THEY CARRIED WATER ON THEIR BACKS
UP THE HILL AND DOWN
TILL ONE DAY THEY FOUND
A DRAGON DOES THE WORK FOR ONLY SNACKS!

JUNIOR DID HIS BEST TO PLEASE
BUT RADDICH STARTED TO MISTREAT
A DRAGON WANTS TO PLAY
NOT HAUL YOUR JUNK ALL DAY

REMBALT & GERNISE
AND SOON ENOUGH OLD RADDICH MET THE HEAT!

PALUMON
Oh, boy...

REMBALT, GERNISE & CHORUS

DRAGONS MAKE VERY GOOD PETS
THEY'RE MASSIVE AND HUNGRY IT'S TRUE
IF YOU FEED HIM DINNER
THEN YOU'LL BE A WINNER
AND DRAGON HE JUST MIGHT POUNCE ON YOU!

DRAGONS MAKE VERY GOOD PETS
BUT NOT QUITE THE SAME AS A PIG
BE CAREFUL JUST IN CASE
THAT DRAGON LICKS YOUR FACE
HIS TONGUE IS SUPER BIG!

DRAGONS MAKE VERY GOOD PETS
THEY'RE LOYAL, DEVOTED AND TRUE
WARY OF A STRANGER
AND SCARY WHEN THERE'S DANGER
A DRAGON WILL ALWAYS LOOK AFTER YOU

DRAGONS MAKE VERY GOOD PETS
BUT SOMETIMES THEY GET OUT OF HAND
THAT LITTLE FIRE BLASTER
REALLY NEEDS A MASTER
THANK GOODNESS, WE'VE GOT A PLAN!

PALUMON
Yeah, Dad, a plan! You're going to the castle to tell him to stop killing people.

REMBALT
I can't do that, son. I'm not his master anymore.

PALUMON
But you just told me you raised him!

Music stops.

REMBALT
Uncle John gave you something, didn't he?

PALUMON takes out the Fabric of Sarna.

PALUMON
Yeah. Some silly some scrap of cloth. He said I should ask you about it.

GERNISE
The Fabric! Look at it. It's been so many years, Remy.

REMBALT
It's an ancient cloth that can tame the dragon – with the right practice. It's called the Fabric of Sarna.

PALUMON
The Fabric of Sarna? So this thing is some kind of magic, like a frog that turns into a prince?

GERNISE
No, that magic is about deception, Palumon. Real magic – we create ourselves, out of truth. (Coughs...) I'm getting tired, Remy.
REMBALT

Let's lie you down, dear.

*REMBALT wheels GERNISE off (exit). PALUMON fumbles with the Fabric of Sarna until REMBALT returns.*

PALUMON

She's really sick, huh?

REMBALT

Son, I need you to get into the castle and get that chalice. To save your mother.

What?

REMBALT

That water from the Fountain of Youth. Legend says it's powerful enough to restore a person to perfect health, like a child!

PALUMON

Wait a minute! What kind of magic is *that*, Dad? Truth?

*REMBALT breaks down, begins sobbing.*

REMBALT

I don't know what's true anymore! I just know your mom is going to...

PALUMON

I'm sorry, Dad. Dad...look at me. Dad? I'll get you that chalice, okay? Of course I will. Just – okay, wow. Give me some time to figure all this out.

REMBALT

She get worse every day. And Raddich gets closer every day.

*Suddenly, loud knocks at the door.*

RADDICH (offstage)

Open up this door, Rembalt!

REMBALT

Go! Out the back! And keep it away from Raddich, you hear me?!

*More knocks on the door.*

PALUMON

Yeah, I think that's pretty clear.

*More loud knocks.*
RADDICH (offstage)

Open the door now!

REMBALT

Go!

*Exit PALUMON. The sound of a door crashing down. GUARDS and RADDICH race in.*

*Scene.*
SCENE 6 – THE ROYAL SENDOFF

(Scene begins with a song by CHORUS.

An ensemble of REVELERS eating hors d’oeuvres. Two WAITERS with serving plates move around the room. CORTLAND tries to remain hidden in a corner. The GUARDS are there, too...

GUARD 2
Do you see that food? Well, do you?

GUARD 1
Try to remain professional. They have food for us in the back.

GUARD 2
In the back? That grub looked awful.

GUARD 1
Just keep quiet and watch the proceedings.

GUARD 2
Fine. But I'm not sure why we're in this scene. How'd we get to London?

GUARD 1
We're in this scene because the director put us here.

GUARD 2
The playwright, you mean?

A waiter walks by with a tray of sandwiches, GUARD 2 sneaks one off.

GUARD 1
What-ever! And stop eating those!

GUARD 2
(mouth full)
I'm hungry!

Enter BECHLER, who approaches GUARD 1 with a note.

GUARD 1
Oh, yes sir. (Louder, to the crowd...) It is my privilege to present, The Royal Assessor, Sir Quincy Beanbottom!

REVELERS clap politely.

GUARD 2
Speech! Speech!
GUARD 1
Quiet, you fool!

SIR QUINCY
Speech? Well, if I must! Going back to my humble beginnings as a child in – oh, dear!

* DRIVER and HORSE have entered during this. HORSE whinnies and creates a commotion. *

GUARD 1
What are you doing? Get that animal out of here!

DRIVER
They told me to be here at eleven sharp!

HORSE
The train’s have to run on time around here, buddy!

GUARD 1
Get! Get out! Now!

* Exit DRIVER and HORSE, grumbling. Festive music begins and REVERLERS dance. SIR QUINCY finds CORTLAND. *

SIR QUINCY
Ah, my dear Cortland!

CORTLAND
Stop.

SIR QUINCY
But Cortland, we've plans to make and I need your help.

CORTLAND
You certainly didn't need my help last time.

SIR QUINCY
No one respects you more than I do, Cortland.

CORTLAND
Well, in that case, I've seen your plans and they're all wrong.

SIR QUINCY
Wrong? How would you know, anyway?

* BECHLER approaches SIR QUINCY. *

BECHLER
It is nearly time, sir.
SIR QUINCY pulls BECHLER aside...

SIR QUINCY
Bechler, my good fellow, Cortland here is the King's best friend. She is to be treated with utmost respect.

BECHLER
Of course, sir.

BECHLER offers his hand to CORTLAND for a dance.

BECHLER (Continued)
May I cut in?

CORTLAND
I didn't know I was dancing.

BECHLER
I understand you're going to Dartmouth as well. Fortunately, I'll be there to handle the heavy lifting.

CORTLAND
Excellent. You may lift my trunk into the carriage before we set off. After that, I expect to be left alone.

SIR QUINCY
Cortland! Mr. Bechler is not our footman – he's an archeologist!

CORTLAND
Well, that would explain the boots. Go on, Mr. Bechler.

BECHLER
I've been researching the John Hawley case for years. I'm quite an expert on the old pirate and his shady dealings – not to mention his untimely demise.

CORTLAND
Is that a fact? Alright then...how did he die?

BECHLER
Don't be silly. John Hawley committed treason. He failed to present the chalice to the King, so the King –

CORTLAND
Ah-ha! But Hawley was killed the very night of his return. The very night, would you agree?

SIR QUINCY
Cortland, please! This conversation dulls the senses.
BECHLER
But by decree! The King often gave his orders in advance.

CORTLAND
But in all of my research, I find no such decree. It doesn't exist. And besides, as we're about to head off to find this dusty old goblet, it would seem that Hawley fulfilled his duty.

SIR QUINCY
Well, it's time to go now!

BECHLER
Come on, now. He didn't present it. Who else but the King? And for what reason?

SIR QUINCY
Tick-tock!

CORTLAND
Someone wanted the chalice more than the king, Mr. Bechler. Find that man – and I bet we'll find the killer.

Enter DRIVER and HORSE.

DRIVER
Sir Quincy! The Breville Brigade is waiting. We must leave!

SIR QUINCY
Gracious, me! What is that animal doing back in here?

HORSE rears up in objection.

DRIVER
The horse never leaves my side, Sir Quincy! For its own protection!

SIR QUINCY
I see. Driver, is the Breville Brigade out this door or that door?

DRIVER
It would be this door, sir.

SIR QUINCY
Very well. We'll go out that door. Farewell, everyone!

REVELERS
Farewell!

DRIVER, SIR QUINCY, CORTLAND and BECHLER exit in the direction of "that" door. Other REVELERS exit opposite. HORSE is alone.
HORSE
Well. How do ya like that? I wonder how they think they’re gonna get there without me!

  DRIVER peeks head back in.

  DRIVER
Horse! Let’s go!

  Exit DRIVER.

HORSE
I tell ya. The more I hang around with people, the more I like rocks.

  Scene.
SCENE 7 – NIGHT AT THE CASTLE

The Dragon’s Lair. Enter LUMIS with his broom. A full moon appears.

LUMIS
It's coming. It's coming. It's coming soon. Full moon. It's coming soon. Full mooooooooooon!

Enter DRAGON, who wanders around, stomping, huffing and puffing (this continues as scene goes on).

PALUMON, then RORY, peer over the ledge to have a look.

PALUMON
Look at him, Rory! He's huge.

RORY
Why are we even here? And who's the funny looking little guy with the broom?

PALUMON
People are so afraid of him, but just look. He's magnificent.

And he breathes fire, dude!

PALUMON pulls out the Fabric of Sarna from his bag. The Dragon arches back and roars.

RORY
Pally! What – is that?

PALUMON
Something called the "Fabric of Sarna." Uncle John's ghost gave it to me and Dad says I can use this to tame him.

RORY
Oh. Okay. That sounds totally normal...Uncle John's what?

PALUMON
His ghost. You left before he got there.

RORY
Do you lie awake nights thinking of these stupid things? It's a piece of cloth. This place is creepy, Pally. We should go home.

PALUMON
No! I'm going down there.

LUMIS
Full mooooooooon! Full moooooooooooon! El Dragoooooon awaits the brave one!
The DRAGON lets out a loud roar.

RORY
So you can die? Hey, if you do, can I have your 6th grade chemistry set?

PALUMON
I've got to get the chalice, Rory.

RORY
Now you want the chalice?

PALUMON
It's for my mom. You suggested it, remember? "Maybe she'd like a shot at some of that magic water?"

RORY
Oh. Yeah, I did say that. Huh.

DRAGON roars.

RORY (Continued)
But it was a bad idea!!!

Enter WALLIS, FLETCHER and MRS. TILNEY in Spot 2, crossing in front of the castle. PALUMON and RORY duck down and listen.

WALLIS
Of course Ol' Raddich sends 'em in there! Every time some outta town wanderer gets arrested, he sends 'em in.

MRS. TILNEY
Tells them to find the chalice or they'll never see home again.

FLETCHER
He sends in prisoners?

WALLIS
Yeah, and sometimes it was only a parking ticket they got!

FLETCHER
Bufflegump! I don't believe it.

MRS. TILNEY
It's true. I'm friends with one of the new guards, he tells me everything. All I have to do is give him food and – get this – he spills the beans! Ha-ha!

Exit WALLIS, FLETCHER and MRS. TILNEY.

DRAGON roars again, even louder and breathing fire.
RORY
Did you hear that? Raddich is sending people in there?

PALUMON
Yeah.

RORY
It all makes sense!

PALUMON
I'm going in.

RORY
But – be careful!

PALUMON climbs down from the ledge into the lair. He holds up the Fabric of Sarna, a bit like a bull fighter. The DRAGON roars and comes at him.

PALUMON
Oh no! Oh, nooooo! Ahhhhhhh! (Continue to improvise yelps...)

DRAGON chases PALUMON, who scampers about, stumbles and falls, drops the fabric, retrieves the fabric and finally climbs up the ledge. The Dragon scampers around victoriously. (This should be funny.)

PALUMON
Geez, Rory! That was the dumbest idea ever!

RORY
Yeah, you really showed him! Geez, Pally, he's down there making fun of you!

PALUMON
Uncle John's Ghost said this would work.

RORY
You're waving a piece of cloth because of something a ghost said?! What's happening to you? Where's your brain, man! Give me that.

RORY grabs the Fabric of Sarna. LUMIS enters, sweeps.

PALUMON
Yeah. You should just get rid of it. It's worthless.

LUMIS
Not in control. Not confident. That boy go to pieces. El Dragoooooooon!

Blackout. Scene.
SCENE 8 – MAYOR RADDICH’S OFFICE

Lights up on GUARDS 1 and 2, each holding a scroll. REMBALT sits chained to a chair in the middle of the room.

GUARD 1

"His Majesty King Edward the Fourth, in this year of our Lord, blah, blah, blah...blah, blah, blah...oh! Here, we go. The King hereby sends Royal Assessor Sir Quincy Beanbottom to fetch the long-missing gold chalice." (Pause, then to GUARD 2...) Now it’s your turn.

GUARD 2 looks puzzled.

GUARD 1 (Continued)

Well? You said you wanted to help read this veritable novel of an announcement, and now you’re just standing there. Go on – read it!

GUARD 2

Now?

GUARD 1

Yes, now!

GUARD 2

"His Majesty King Edward the Fourth – "

GUARD 1

I just read that part.

GUARD 2

Well, you said, "read it."

GUARD 1

(pointing at GUARD 2’s scroll)

From there. Read from right there.

GUARD 2

Look, you don't have to be so imperious!

GUARD 1

I’m not being imperious! Just – read it!

GUARD 2

Alright then! (Clears throat...) It goes on to say, "Please make all arrangements to have the chalice presented to Sir Quincy upon his arrival."

GUARD 1

That's it?
GUARD 2
You know it is, you have the same letter.

Enter RADDICH.

RADDICH
Did you hear that, Rembalt? The King himself wants the chalice. Does he think I've got it sitting on a shelf somewhere?

REMBALT
Well, by now, you should. What's taken you so long?

RADDICH
Oh, Rembalt, I've tried. Of course I've tried. But the dragon doesn't want to play with me. I throw him balls, I give him chew toys, I even tried dragon-nip...but nothing. What I'm missing is that little scarf or piece of cloth you once had. What was it called – the "Fabric of so-and-so?"

REMBALT
Never heard of it.

RADDICH snaps. GUARDS stand REMBALT up and hold him tightly.

RADDICH
Guards, prepare my friend here for a little visit to the castle. The King, after all, demands we deliver the chalice. Why not let Rembalt get it for us?

GUARD 1
A fine idea, sir!

GUARD 2
I'm not so sure it's a fine idea at all. Seems like he hasn't got a clue if you ask me.

RADDICH
Don't be mistaken. Our friend Rembalt has far more than clues. He's got – the Fabric of Sarna. Ah yes, it's all coming back to me.

REMBALT
The dragon won't answer to me. John and I had a fight – he took the fabric and the dragon and we never talked again. I was hoping to patch back things together when he returned from sea with the chalice, but –

RADDICH
Oh, I do love family drama! Still, I'm a bit disappointed that you lied about the fabric. Where is it?

REMBALT
You'll never have it. And you'll never control the dragon.
SONG 05: THE DRAGON AND I

RADDICH
Oh, but Rembalt. I've been in control of him since, well...

THIRTY YEARS AGO WHEN YOUR BROTHER SAILLED AWAY
HE LEFT THAT RATTY DRAGON ALL ALONE
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE
THAT BEAST BEGAN TO ROAR
AND SO I BUILT A LOCK AND PLACED IT ON THE DOOR

THE PEOPLE MADE ME MAYOR, NOT MUCH LATER
AND IN MY HUMBLE EFFORTS TO BE GREATER
I SAID, "LO! WE CANNOT CLAIM
THAT THIS DRAGON IS CONTAINED!"
FEAR CAN BE A STRONG AND MIGHTY MOTIVATOR

REMBALT
You know that dragon was never going to hurt anyone, Raddich.

RADDICH
All I know is the the dragon was lonely and needed a friend.

THE DRAGON AND I
A WONDERFUL PAIRING
THIRTY-YEAR PARTNERS
IN TERROR AND SCARING
ALL OF IT NATURE
WITHOUT ANY SCHEMING
I SEND HIM FRESH MEAT
HE GETS PEOPLE SCREAMING

THE DRAGON AND I
ARE TWO KINDS OF LEATHER
SUPPLE AND TOUGH
AND WE WORK WELL TOGETHER
HIS FURY AND FIRE
IT KEEPS THEM IN LINE
IT'S ALL FOR THEIR OWN GOOD
BUT MOSTLY FOR MINE

REMBALT
He's not your partner. He's just acting on instinct.

RADDICH
And so am I!

YOU SEE, OLD FRIEND, I'M FIXED ON A GOAL
I'VE COVETED NOTHING MORE DEAR
WHEN THE CHALICE WENT MISSING – OR DID IT?
YOUR BROTHER CAN'T TELL US, 'CAUSE HE'S NOT HERE

THE CASTLE IS ROCKS AND MORTAR
AN IMPOSSIBLE BORDER
BUT EVERY ARMOUR HAS A CHINK
A CRACK THAT EXPOSES THE CORE
AND WHAT IF THAT CRACK IS THE LOCK ON THE DOOR?

REMBALT
Raddich. You and I put that lock on there together, to protect people!

RADDICH
Desperate times call for desperate measures, Rembalt! Certainly you can understand.

THE DRAGON AND I
ARE STILL QUITE A TWOSOME
I'VE GOT THE NUANCE
AND HE'S GOT THE GRUESOME
NIMBLE AND QUICK
OUR STRENGTH IS ADAPTING
THE KING MIGHT BE COMING
BUT YOU WON'T CATCH ME NAPPING

REMBALT
There's laws about this, you know.

RADDICH
Laws...what if we thought of them as, "guidelines?" Like stoplights in Boston!

REMBALT
Well, that's no city I'd want to live in!

RADDICH
Oh, it's not so bad. A little cold in the winter, maybe.

THE DRAGON AND I
WILL BOTH GET WHAT WE WANT
WHEN YOU SET HIM FREE IN THE SQUARE!
ALTHOUGH IT'S EXTREME
AND PEOPLE COULD DIE
ONCE HE IS OUT THERE
I'LL SNEAK INSIDE
AND FETCH ME THE CHALICE
THE PRIZE OF MY EYE
THEN A TOAST TO MY TWO FAVORITE HEROES
THE DRAGON AND I!

(Scene.)