

A Medieval Tale

by

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CAST

Assassins

POLLAÍM – MARA

GÉAR – ARDEN

Bánánachu

GIONACH – MIRIAM

AINNEOIN – NORA

The Princesses

CRUTHY – CLAIRE

CRO – MIA

ORDÚ – GIA

COR – FALLON

The Knights

LIAM – LIAM

BRIDGITTE – ELOISE

AILA – FARRAH

ORLA – LEAH

The Queen

BANRÍON – DAPHNE

A Rogue

GADAÍ – KENNEDY

A Magic Fox

ÉABHA “EVIE” – BECKETT

Names and their meanings:

Géar (sharp), Pollaim (pierce), Gadaí (thief), Gionach (greed), Ainneoin (spite), Cruthaitheach ‘Cruthy’ (creative), Cróga ‘Cro,’ (bravery), Ordú (order), Cúram ‘Cor’ (caring), Liam (helmet), Aila (the strong place), Orla (gold), Bridgitte (exalted one), Banríon (queen), Éabha (life).

SCENE I

GIONACH. (*Lights up. Two demons enter.*) Once upon a time—
AINNEOIN. Ages ago...
GIONACH. Before your kingdoms and castles—
AINNEOIN. Before your knights and niceties—
GIONACH. We Bánánachu ruled the land.
AINNEOIN. All would tremble before us!
GIONACH. But now...
AINNEOIN. That's changed.
GIONACH. Ever since Banríon united the land and was crowned Queen by the people—
AINNEOIN. Those nasty humans—
GIONACH. We have been living as outcasts.
AINNEOIN. Nobody worships us anymore.
GIONACH. Goddesses, they used to call us!
AINNEOIN. 'Oh, Ainneoin! Oh, Spite!' they would pray!
GIONACH. 'Oh, Gionach! Oh, Greed!'
AINNEOIN. The humans *loved* us.
GIONACH. But now they call us *demons*.
AINNEOIN. They took away our home.
GIONACH. And in the absence of our wonderful wasteland they created the most glorious kingdom.
AINNEOIN. I'll bring it down—
GIONACH. I'll have it for my own—
BOTH. If it's the last thing I do!
AINNEOIN. And now, as Queen Banríon grows old—
GIONACH. She prepares to hand over that beautiful kingdom to her four daughters.
AINNEOIN. She calls all the people in the kingdom to her castle...

Cue Song: 'United We Stand'

BANRÍON. Friends, fellows, countrymen, it has been my honour to serve you as Queen these past fifty years. Though I may speak of the value of things like order, creativity, bravery, and caring lovingkindness it is you who exemplify those values throughout this land. You inspire me and give me hope for the future. But I am old. And it is time to light the fires of Lugh. As my flame grows dim, the flames of my four daughters will carry on! I shall give my kingdom to them!
GIONACH. Not the princesses!
BANRÍON. And they shall reign with justice and peace for all their days. (*All but demons exit.*)
AINNEOIN. Not if we have anything to say about it. (*Fade out.*)

SCENE II

AINNEOIN. (*Fade in.*) Oh, Gionach! I've been thinking—
GIONACH. Always a dangerous pass-time.
AINNEOIN. Ha ha. Very funny.

GIONACH. Why thank you. I pride myself on my comedic talents.
AINNEOIN. Then you must have an infinitesimally small amount of pride.
GIONACH. Oh boo hoo.
AINNEOIN. Boo yourself.
GIONACH. I am a demon, not a ghost. I do not boo.
AINNEOIN. That's not even—never mind. Anyway—
GIONACH. You were saying—
AINNEOIN. As I was saying, I've had an idea.
GIONACH. Go on.
AINNEOIN. The kingdom is so dreadfully peaceful...
GIONACH. Dreadfully.
AINNEOIN. But what if we were to turn the princesses
GIONACH. Oh don't get me started on the princesses—
AINNEOIN. Yes, I know you hate them—
GIONACH. Cruthy the creative, Cro the brave, Ordú the well-ordered, and Cor the caring!
AINNEOIN. I know, I know...
GIONACH. What bad-for-nothing pieces of virtue!
AINNEOIN. I know, they're awful.
GIONACH. Simply awful!
AINNEOIN. What if we were to turn them against each other?
GIONACH. Against each other?
AINNEOIN. Against each other.
GIONACH. Go on.
AINNEOIN. They would destroy the kingdom and themselves!
GIONACH. And we could have it all to ourselves!
AINNEOIN. Exactly!
GIONACH. I love it! How do we do it?
AINNEOIN. Follow me. (*Exit*)

SCENE 3

COR. (*Princesses entering.*) —but if you put it like that, then you avoid all of the issue!
CRUTHY. Thank you, Cor! Now my invention will definitely work!
ORDÚ. How are we going to classify this one?
CRUTHY. Good question.
CRO. What about a windmill?
ORDÚ. That's a bit bold, don't you think? A bit on the nose?
COR. I like it. I think it capture the essence of it well.
CRUTHY. It does have a nice ring to it!
CRO. After all, it is supposed to mill grain using the power of the wind!
ORDÚ. Well, when you put it like that... Windmill sounds great!
GIONACH. (*Demons entering.*) You take the two on the left, I'll take the two on the right.
AINNEOIN. Quickly and quietly. (*The demons cast spells upon the pairs of princesses.*)
GIONACH.

Of this spell, you will take heed:
You'll both be now consumed by greed,

Desire more than thou dost need,
And to your destruction,
Your own actions now will lead.

AINNEOIN.

These words, from my lips taking flight,
Will, within you, conjure spite -
A malady as dark as night -
So feel the rage come welling
And the hatred shining bright. (*Demons exit.*)

ORDÚ. I take it back! It's too on the nose!

CRO. You just want to come with the name so you can take credit for yourself!

ORDÚ. Do not!

CRO. Do too!

ORDÚ. Do NOT.

CRO. Do TOO.

CRUTHY. Neither of you will get any credit because it's my invention!

COR. Your invention?

CRUTHY. Yes, mine!

COR. Hardly.

CRUTHY. Hardly?

COR. You never would have finished it if not for me helping you night and day. But see if I care.

CRO. It kind of sound like you do.

ORDÚ. Yeah.

COR. Oh does it now?

CRUTHY. A bit.

COR. You're right, I do! The fact that you won't give me credit where credit's due! I swear I'll be revenged upon you!

ORDÚ. As do I!

CRUTHY. You're just jealous. But you'll never have the honour that comes from this invention. That is mine alone.

CRO. And mine.

CRUTHY. And Cro's.

CRO. Thank you.

CRUTHY. But only a little.

CRO. Hey!

COR. We'll see you on the battlefield.

ORDÚ. At dawn. (*They all exit.*)

SCENE 4

GIONACH. (*Entering.*) This is going so well!

AINNEOIN. I know!

GIONACH. Look at them! Like hungry wolves about to rend each other!

AINNEOIN. Good work, old friend.

GIONACH. Why thank you, dear chap. Likewise.

AINNEOIN. Thank you, thank you. Oh, did you bring the popcorn?
GIONACH. Of course. You can't forget to bring popcorn to a war.
AINNEOIN. Too true! *(They fade into the background as fighting erupts all over the stage.)*
LIAM. My helmet! My helmet!
AILA. Quick, quick! Back to the stronghold! Defend the keep!
ORLA. There will be prizes of gold for anyone who wins us this battle!
BRIDGITTE. You will be exalted for your bravery this day! Fight!
LIAM & ORLA. Fight!
ALL. Fight! *(Fade out.)*

SCENE 5

GIONACH. This is going so well. They are destroying each other. The popcorn is good. And I've taken over almost all the land already. The only problem now is that Ainneoin wants to share. I'll never share with her. But she insists. What to do... Ah! I know! Assassin! *(Enter Assassin.)*
GÉAR. Yes, your worship?
GIONACH. Go take care of Ainneoin and her two princess cronies.
GÉAR. Good, my lord. *(Géar exits. Gionach exits in the opposite direction. From the opposite side of the stage, a loud cry is heard from offstage. On storms Ainneoin.)*
AINNEOIN. She tried to have me taken care of! The gall! I won't stand for this! I won't stand for this at all! I will burn down everything we have worked for, just to spite her! Assassin! *(Enter assassin.)*
POLLAÍM. Whatcha need, your reverence?
AINNEOIN. Burn it all down.
POLLAÍM. Okay. *(The assassin exits on opposite side.)*
AINNEOIN. *(Exiting.)* Demons...

SCENE 6

The Rogue and the fox enter, all is revealed and resolved, and dancing.
GADAÍ. *(Singing while entering.)* "I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger..."
ÉABHA. "Travelling through this world below..." *(fighting knights pass in front of them.)*
GADAÍ. Whoa.
ÉABHA. That was close.
GADAÍ. Tell me about it... Pssst. Look.
ÉABHA. What?
GADAÍ. War tents!
ÉABHA. Ohhhhhh.
GADAÍ. You know what that means!
ÉABHA. Gold!
GADAÍ. Let's check it out.
ÉABHA. Right behind you, boss. *(They cross to war tent. They enter quietly while the four princesses bicker and fail to come to a peace agreement. The rogue and the fox grab money from the war coffers and quietly begin to sneak back out. Enter Assassins.)*
ÉABHA. What are they doing here.
GADAÍ. No clue.
ÉABHA. Alright. *(They almost leave. Realisation.)* The Princesses!

GADAÍ. THE PRINCESSES! *(They rush back over and stop the assassins. The princesses come out.)*

COR. What's all this noise??

ÉABHA. Your majesties.

GADAÍ. These assassins were trying to see that none of you ever saw another sunrise.

CRO. Assassins?

CRUTHY. Sent for us?

ORDÚ. By whom?

ASSASSINS. We'll never tell!

ÉABHA.

Thou shalt tell and tell us now,

Lest thou turns into a cow.

GÉAR. Not a cow!

POLLAÍM. I loathe cows!

GÉAR. Please magic fox—

POLLAÍM. Have mercy!

PRINCESSES. Tell us now!

ASSASSINS. Fine! It was the Demon Sisters. Greed and Spite.

PRINCESSES. WHAT! Impossible! That makes so much sense! How could they! Etc.

COR. Those nasty demons! They broke apart our beautiful kingdom!

CRO. We'll show them!

ORDÚ. And then well rebuild our land!

CRUTHY. I have some ideas about that. *(They join together and cross to the demons sisters who have been fighting each other.)*

PRINCESSES. Your reign of terror is over!

DEMONS. Yeah, right. *(They fight, the princesses and knights win. The demons run screaming and crying offstage.)*

PRINCESSES. Never again will spite or greed come between us. We will rule together.

Honouring that dream our mother had for this, our beautiful home. *(All the people rejoice.)*

Cue Song: "An Irish Party In Third Class/John Ryans Polka/Blarney Pilgrim"

The End.