



GOOD KNIGHT  
AND GOODBYE  
by Peter Fenton

15TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION  
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CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
LADY HERON	Courageous messenger	26	F
SIR TRABER	Loyal sidekick	19	M
SIR GALAHAD	Unassuming adventurer	27	M
SIR HUMMEL	Naïve underling	18	M
SIR KRAUSE	Jealous wannabe	21	M
LADY SOBERICK	Maiden warrior	19	F
LORD DIEHM	Stern commander	40s	M
KING CARLTON	Chaotically stupid king	50s	M
QUEEN VICTORIA	Apathetic queen	50s	F
HANDSERVANT	Royal servant	Any	Any
PRINCESS JACQUELINE	Headstrong princess	19	F
FRIAR WESLEY	Gentle monk	50s	M
MERLIN	Crafty sorcerer	??	M
CHEF TORTE	Humble baker	22	M
LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE	Militant wedding planner	30s	F
SIRENS 1, 2, 3	Island temptress	??	F
GUARDS 1, 2	Guard	Any	Any

This play can be performed by 11 actors of any ethnicity:

1. **SIR CALEB GALAHAD** (M/26-30)
2. **LADY ANDREA HERON** (F/26-30)
3. **MERLIN/HANDSERVANT** (M/50s)
4. **PRINCESS JACQUELINE/SIREN 2** (F/18-25)
5. **KING CARLTON** (M/50s)
6. **SIR JEFFREY TRABER** (M/18-25)
7. **QUEEN VICTORIA/BRIDESMAID/SIREN 1** (F/50s)
8. **SIR PAUL KRAUSE** (M/18-25)
9. **LESLIE GODZILLABRIDE/LADY SOBERICK/BRIDESMAID/SIREN 3** (F/30s)
10. **CHEF TORTE/SIR HUMMEL/GUARD 2** (M/18-25)
11. **FRIAR WESLEY/LORD DIEHM/GUARD 1** (M/40s)

Gender is flexible in this play. Mr. Fenton hereby authorizes any production to change the gender portrayal of any role in the script if the production lacks talent of a certain gender or wishes to make a statement. If genders are altered, please use the following names of principal characters:

**LADY GALAHAD** ("Tracy Galahad" for Caleb Galahad)  
**DUKE HERON** ("Andrew Heron" for Andrea Heron)  
**MORGANA** (for Merlin)  
**PRINCE JACK** (for Jacqueline)  
**QUEEN CARLOTTA** (for Carlton)  
**KING VIKTOR** (for Victoria)  
**LADY TRABER** ("Jessica Traber" for Jeffrey Traber)  
**LADY KRAUSE** ("Paula Krause" for Paul Krause)  
**LES GODZILLABRIDE** (for Leslie Godzillabride)  
**CHEF TORTE** (Torte stays the same regardless of gender)  
**MOTHER AGATHA** (for Friar Wesley)

Don't feel like you have to bother with accents. Deliberate, haphazard inconsistency in accents could be very fun ;)

ACT ONE

**ACT I, SCENE ONE.**

*THE COURTYARD OF RUMPLEGOOSE CASTLE, THE KINGDOM OF SLEKOCHOVAKIA, an ambiguously anachronistic middle ages fantasy kingdom. The set is as minimal or maximal as budget allows--there would be particular charm to an intentionally "broke college kids" aesthetic to the medieval production design--sort of the entire show acknowledging "we're making do with what we have lying around."*

*The king's down-to-earth messenger, LADY HERON, enters.*

LADY HERON

So. A knight of the square table is dead, the crown princess went missing, and I finally quit my job. It's a funny story. We might as well start at the beginning.

*She pulls out a storybook and opens it.*

LADY HERON

(Reading the storybook)

Once upon a time, the world was filled with very silly kingdoms ruled by very silly kings. Just north of Prance and east of Gortupal (and a ways south from Just Okay Britain) was the silliest kingdom of all--Slekochovakia.

*She exits. Lights rise to reveal the courtyard. The legendary GALAHAD rushes into the room. He crosses to TRABER.*

TRABER

Late again, Galahad? That's three days in a row now, you better watch yourself!

GALAHAD

Yes. I was gone for five years. Diehm knows that.

TRABER

You're still late! One more and you'll have to cower before the king. Some legendary knight you are--

GALAHAD

Pssshaw. I can handle the king with one hand tied behind my back.

TRABER

Listen to yourself...

(Playfully mocking.)

"I'm Sir Galahad--I lived in Gortupal for five years--I'm too good for this place now." With all of your legendary quests, or whatever, I expected--well I'm not sure what I expected.

GALAHAD

I don't write the legends, Jeff, I live 'em.

*Galahad and Traber continue. Focus shifts to Krause, Hummel, and Soberick.*

KRAUSE

Galahad? Pfft. They say that man's such a legend--that he struck down an entire army with a donkey's jawbone--that everything he touches turns to gold.

HUMMEL

Wasn't that Sir Midas?

KRAUSE

I didn't ask you.

SOBERICK

I heard he did a lot of good for Gortupal these past five years. I'm sure he knows how to command an army...

HUMMEL

Do you think they want Galahad to take over for Diehm?

SOBERICK

It's an interesting thought. I think Galahad would be a fantastic commander. He's--

KRAUSE

(Interrupting.)

Look, Galahad's been here a week and I haven't seen a thing that tells me that he's such a big shot. King Carlton's a bonehead, begging the king of Gortupal to give him back. Waste of breath--the guy shows up late every day.

SOBERICK

You think you'd make a better king?

KRAUSE

Now that's a stupid question.

*Right on cue, the military commander, LORD DIEHM, enters with Heron.*

DIEHM

Ladies, gentlemen, I present the royal messenger, Lady Heron.

*All bow.*

DIEHM

Lady Heron.

*Heron pulls out a scroll.*

LADY HERON

Hear ye, hear ye: I bring you a message from the royal eminence himself, King Carlton.

KRAUSE

What's the breaking news? Has the king blown his nose again?

LADY HERON

I bring you the message:

*(Mindlessly reading scroll.)*

"Bananas, chocolate, onions, pasta, carr--" This is my grocery list.

*She switches scrolls.*

LADY HERON

*This is the royal message. "The King has called a meeting with the Knights of the Square Table regarding the recent territorial acquisition. Please be prompt."*

GALAHAD

When?

LADY HERON

Your guess is as good as mine, he didn't really say. I guess just go up there and wait until he shows?

GALAHAD

That's our King.

LADY HERON

Sure is.

DIEHM

Thank you, Lady Heron. You are dismissed.

*Knights exit in all directions. Diehm exits. Heron crosses to Galahad, trying to get his attention.*

LADY HERON

Sir Galahad! Caleb! Sir Caleb--Galahad!

GALAHAD

Yes, those are my names.

LADY HERON

Yeah. Hey, sorry. Didn't want to make a big scene back there, but you have a message of your own--it's more of a--personal message.

GALAHAD

Oh? To... whom do I owe the pleasure?

LADY HERON

This one's from me. I have a message for you.

GALAHAD

Hate to be rude, but this doesn't sound pressing. If you'll excuse me--

LADY HERON

Well, it really depends on how you... Prioritize--

GALAHAD

...what?

LADY HERON

Mmm...there's not really an easy way to pivot into...

*A beat.*

LADY HERON

Do you like it here? This kingdom, the castle, um-- Any of this?

GALAHAD

It's OK, I guess.

LADY HERON

We can work with that. Um. Here's your message:

*(Pulls out scroll.)*

"Bananas, chocolate, on--" That's my grocery list. Well--

*A pause.*

LADY HERON

Well, I didn't actually write anything down, so can you--?

GALAHAD

Lady Heron, I--

LADY HERON

Please, call me Andrea.

GALAHAD

Okay... Andrea--could we maybe do this later?

LADY HERON

No.  
Just let me get through this.

GALAHAD

Fine.

LADY HERON

You don't know me. That's OK. You seem like a safe person,  
and I've been dying to say this out loud.

GALAHAD

Yeah. Say what you need to say.

LADY HERON

One of these days, when they send me traveling somewhere to  
deliver a message... I'm gonna leave and never come back. I  
don't really know what I want, but it's not here. You seem  
like someone who might understand. And... well, I kinda  
thought maybe--

GALAHAD

Yeah, ummm--L--

(Corrects himself.)

Andrea... I think you've got the wrong... Impression.

LADY HERON

Then show me the right impression. Let's get dinner tonight.

GALAHAD

Well. This is a first.

LADY HERON

It's the tenth century, Sir Galahad. There's a first time for  
everything.

GALAHAD

Listen, Andrea. Um. I hear you. But... I just got here four  
days ago. I... I hear Lancelot likes adventuring? I can  
introduce you.

LADY HERON

He's kind of a jerk.

*She turns to walk away.*

GALAHAD

Andrea--I didn't say... Never.

LADY HERON

Oh--yeah. I was just go grab some pudding. Or something.

*She exits.*

**ACT I, SCENE TWO.**

*THE HALL OF THE SQUARE TABLE in Rumplegoose Castle, later that day. Galahad, Traber, Soberick, Hummel, and Krause are seated at the Square Table. Diehm enters. All rise.*

DIEHM

Knights of the Square Table: your King and Queen.

*KING CARLTON and QUEEN VICTORIA enter with a HANDSERVANT trailing. They sit at the Square Table, after which all take their seats. The handservant stands behind.*

CARLTON

Lord Diehm.

DIEHM

Your highness.

CARLTON

Please do that thing where you say these people's names.

DIEHM

Call roll, your highness?

CARLTON

Yes. Do that.

DIEHM

Right away.

*Carlton very clearly spends this time obnoxiously warming up.*

DIEHM

Soberick?

SOBERICK

Here.

DIEHM

Galahad?

GALAHAD

Here.



Hummel? DIEHM

Present. HUMMEL

*Handservant tosses an ornately wrapped box to Hummel, who catches it and stores it under the table.*

Krause? DIEHM

Here. KRAUSE

Lancelot? DIEHM

*A beat.*

Lancelot? DIEHM

*A beat.*

Haven't seen him in days. HUMMEL

Weeks. TRABER

Haven't seen Gwen, either, now that you mention it-- HUMMEL

Do you think she and Sir Lancelot... ? TRABER

Oh *baby*, Sir Lancelot! HUMMEL

What a jerk. SOBERICK

Your highness, Sir Lancelot is not accounted for. DIEHM

*Carlton continues to practice his speech.*

Your highness-- DIEHM

VICTORIA  
Carlton!

CARLTON  
Yes, dear?

DIEHM  
Lancelot is not accounted for.

CARLTON  
Who?

DIEHM  
Sir Lancelot.

CARLTON  
(Genuinely confused.)  
And... Why would I care?

VICTORIA  
The roll call, dear. You requested it.

CARLTON  
Right. Thank you, Lord Diehm.

DIEHM  
Sir Traber?

TRABER  
Here.

CARLTON  
(To Diehm.)  
Well, now what are you doing?

DIEHM  
Calling roll as you requested, your highness.

CARLTON  
Come now, there's no need for that. I'm ready now. Have a seat. Now, to the important business at hand: my business. The kingdom of Slekočovakia has been an empire to be reckoned with when the Sleko Republic and the kingdom of Čovakia were unified into one virtuous empire, but we have grown so far past that under my reign. I've acquired the vital seaport of Cape Emerald after a bidding war down at the moat of Farris--in Prance, of course. A little manly charm from such a wonderful king as myself sealed the deal. Full coast access! My heroism is cause for celebration.

(To Handservant.)  
A bottle of my finest sparkling, and a fresh cake.

*Handservant exits.*

CARLTON

And naturally, in addition to the regular threats of vandals, plague, bears, and global warming we are right up on the coast, which means there's now the threat of pirates. We don't want to deal with pirates. They're scary. Anyway, to make a long story short...

(Beat.)

Dearest me. What was I talking about?

HUMMEL

Scary pirates...

*Handservant enters with celebration.*

CARLTON

Right! Pirates!

(To Handservant.)

And, while I'm thinking about it, send for six hundred topiary artists from across the countryside.

*Handservant nods and exits.*

CARLTON

We need a few more of them around the castle. You see, the topiary artist is much like a pirate in that while they are a people employed by the king to do the will of the king,--

*All shout, "GET ON WITH IT!!"*

CARLTON

Dreadfully sorry. I do love my topiary.

*He clears his throat.*

CARLTON

My kingly duties prevent me from overseeing the acquisition of Cape Emerald, so I would like one of you to lead an exploration to the new seaport. Provided you bring me back some little tiny topiaries, I shall consider naming you governor, serving as a trusted advisor under me, of course.

HUMMEL

But who will be sent for the job?

CARLTON

Lord Diehm--

*Diehm rises.*

DIEHM

Your highness.

CARLTON

What were you doing earlier when you were saying the names of uh, those people?

DIEHM

Calling roll, your highness.

CARLTON

Yes. Who was the last name you called?

DIEHM

Sir Traber.

CARLTON

Masterful! Sir Truscott--

DIEHM

Traber.

CARLTON

Traber--of the Square Table shall lead the inaugural expedition to Cape Emerald.

*A beat. Carlton looks around the table.*

CARLTON

Would Sir Traber please rise?

*Traber rises.*

CARLTON

I believe in you, Sir . . .

TRABER

Traber.

CARLTON

Traber. I trust you will be great because I chose you. Lady Heron!

*Heron enters.*

HERON

Yes, your majesty?

CARLTON

Send word to--someone--that this brave knight Sir Chumbert will lead an expedition to Cape Emerald.

HERON

I could send word to the stables to prepare a horse for Sir Traber.

CARLTON

Traber.  
Yes. Do that.

*Heron exits.*

CARLTON

And now, the meeting is adjourned.

*A beat. A devilish smile spreads across Carlton's face.*

CARLTON

Go on, now, say the thing.

*All knights rise. Galahad, Krause, and Traber join Soberick and Hummel in reciting the pledge:*

ALL KNIGHTS

"I am a Knight of the Square Table of Slekochovakia. I swear to protect the walls of Rumplegoose Castle and obey King Carlton the Fourth, who was chosen by God and therefore he is an incredible genius and very handsome--"

*The nonetheless beautiful rejected Disney princess archetype, PRINCESS JACQUELINE, bursts into the room.*

JACQUELINE

Wait!

*Knights are unsure whether they should remain standing.*

JACQUELINE

I have an important announcement to make!

VICTORIA

The princess has the floor. Be seated.

*Knights return to their seats.*

JACQUELINE

As you know, my courtship with Prince Charming ended abruptly. Something about a glass slipper. Whatever. I wasn't really listening. Anyway, I'm offering my hand in marriage to any brave knight who wants to go on a quest. It's not a bad deal, really, you just go on an epic adventure and then you get to marry me. So, any takers?

*Nobody moves.*

JACQUELINE

Well then. You can just, uh, you can just have some time to think about it. Send me a message if you're interested--yeah, no, it's better this way. Mother!

VICTORIA

Yes, dear?

JACQUELINE

Send for a plate of brownies directly to my chambers.

*She exits.*

CARLTON

Meeting adjourned.

*Most of the knights exit.*

CARLTON

Galahad. A word.

GALAHAD

Yes, your highness.

*Knause crouches to eavesdrop as Galahad faces Carlton and Victoria.*

CARLTON

So you have been here four days. I have heard--

GALAHAD

Oh--your highness--it's a new schedule . . . I think I'm in a different time zone, but I-I'll get there. I'll figure it out soon--

*The King and Queen have no idea what Galahad is talking about.*

GALAHAD

Your highness?

VICTORIA

We wished to speak with you about our daughter.

GALAHAD

Oh--yeah, sad to hear about Prince Charming.

VICTORIA

Sir Galahad, there was a reason we bargained with Gortupal for your return. We . . . have an important request.

GALAHAD

Sure.

*Victoria attempts to continue, but bursts into tears. Carlton speaks up.*

CARLTON

I am sick, Sir Galahad.

VICTORIA

Our finest physicians say he will die within the year.

*Heron enters.*

HERON

The horses are ready whenever Sir Traber is, your highness.

CARLTON

We will speak on this later.

*Heron backs out of the king's line of sight to eavesdrop.*

CARLTON

I want to give my daughter away at her own wedding.

VICTORIA

We would be endlessly happy if Jacqueline were to marry you.

CARLTON

You see, I never bore a son of my own--

GALAHAD

Well--um--sure?

CARLTON

--and if there is no man so formidable as I to rule this kingdom, I would like it to be you.

GALAHAD

Uh... Now. Yes. Anything for you, your highness. I'll--take the quest. Sure. It would be an honor to marry Princess Jacqueline.

*Heron exits slowly.*

CARLTON

Wonderful! Your quest starts right now! You are to complete three tasks to prove your worthiness to marry Princess Jacqueline. Go to the monastery at once. Friar Wesley has a special task for you there.

GALAHAD

And the other two?

CARLTON

We haven't gotten that far yet.

VICTORIA

You'll be kept on a need-to-know basis.

CARLTON

You'll be a mighty king, Sir Galahad. Do not take this lightly.

GALAHAD

How could I?

*He exits. Krause stumbles out from his hiding place.*

KRAUSE

Your majesty--the name's Krause. Sir Krause.

CARLTON

Ah yes, I... know you?

KRAUSE

I didn't want to bother you in front of everyone, but I would like to take the quest. To marry her.

CARLTON

Marry who, Sir Crab...?

KRAUSE

Krause.

CARLTON

You... Would like to marry Sir Krause?

KRAUSE

No, sir. I'd like to marry Princess Jacqueline.

CARLTON

Well, Sir Galahad took up the quest already, wonderful man for my wonderful daughter... but I do enjoy a good competition. Yes, please take the quest.

*Carlton chuckles.*

CARLTON

Ah yes! A battle of the ages for the beautiful Jacqueline's hand! Head to the monastery; that is where your first task lies.

*The handservant returns--again--with a bottle and cake.*



VICTORIA

Now, what is this?

HANDSERVANT

The sparkling and cake his highness requested.

*Carlton and Victoria turn to the cake and then share a quizzical gaze into each other's eyes.*

VICTORIA

I say let 'em eat cake.

CARLTON

Take it to the feasting room.

*Handservant steps toward the door. Victoria raises a finger.*

VICTORIA

Ah-bah-bah!

*Handservant turns around. Victoria takes the bottle of champagne out of the servant's hand. She waves the servant out. Handservant exits.*

CARLTON

Shall we adjourn?

*Victoria pops the bottle open. Krause crosses to the King's seat at the Square Table. He puts a hand on the back of the chair.*

VICTORIA

We shall.

*Carlton and Victoria exit, sharing swigs of the champagne bottle as Krause caresses the throne, laughing evilly.*

**ACT I, SCENE THREE.**

*THE MONASTERY WITHIN OUR LADY OF AMBIGUOUS MALAISE outside Rumplegoose Castle, later that day. FRIAR WESLEY sits on a chair. There are two candles and a bowl of fire in front of him.*

*Heron enters, carrying a scroll.*

LADY HERON

The King and Queen express their deepest gratitude for your agreement to provide this task on such short notice.

WESLEY

It is an undeserved blessing to serve in the court of Slekočovakia.

LADY HERON

Sure.

*She hands Wesley a scroll.*

LADY HERON

You recall your instructions?

WESLEY

Yes, I do.

LADY HERON

Thank you, Friar.

*Heron absentmindedly runs into Galahad as he enters.*

LADY HERON

Sorry!

*She exits.*

WESLEY

Sir Galahad--please sit.  
Your task is simple--you must light this candle and receive my blessing.

*He gestures to a candle.*

GALAHAD

That's it?

WESLEY

But I must first ask you a riddle before I give you the splint.

GALAHAD

As you wish, Wesley.

WESLEY

I will give you this splint only if you answer me this riddle with honesty.

GALAHAD

Okay.

WESLEY

Who is your true love?

GALAHAD

That's a good riddle, Friar.

WESLEY

It is indeed. But I will only give you this splint if you answer me with honesty.

GALAHAD

Well... if you want me to say Princess Jacqueline, it's not my answer.

WESLEY

Galahad, my son, you have not answered me with honesty. I will only give you this splint if you answer me with honesty. Who is your true love?

GALAHAD

Oh! I get it. God. My true love is God.

*Wesley chuckles.*

WESLEY

A wonderful answer, Sir Galahad, but remember, riddles are not always to be answered with honesty, but this one is. Who is your true love?

GALAHAD

I need to answer with honesty, huh... ?

WESLEY

I expect honesty for your answer.

GALAHAD

You expect honesty...

*A pause.*

GALAHAD

Honesty. My true love is honesty.

*Wesley smiles. He dips the splint into the fire pit to set it on fire and offers it to Galahad.*

WESLEY

Sir Galahad, I invite you to light this candle and receive my blessing.

*Galahad lights the candle.*

WESLEY

Sir Galahad, my prayer for you is that you remain honest--before God, to those you love, and to yourself as well. The road will take turns you do not expect, but that is how this life moves. Make do with what develops. You will find yourself on the best road if you are honest. Blessings to you, my son.

GALAHAD

Thank you, Friar. Might you know what road my quest is about to take?

*Wesley unrolls a scroll.*

WESLEY

"Head to Cape Emerald and recover evidence of topiary from the lush seaport."

GALAHAD

The king really likes his topiary, doesn't he?

WESLEY

I pray for him every day.

GALAHAD

You don't know anyone who could help me get there, do you?

WESLEY

I don't suppose Lady Heron would be interested?

GALAHAD

Um. Maybe not her. Oh! What about Merlin?

WESLEY

Bit of an odd fellow.

GALAHAD

I'm willing to take my chances. Thank you, Friar. See you soon.

WESLEY

At mass on Sunday?

GALAHAD

Yeah. . . we'll see.

*Krause enters the room and rams himself into Galahad.*

GALAHAD

Hello, Sir Krause.

*As Galahad steps left, Krause steps right--their movements mirroring.*

Galahad. KRAUSE

Krause. GALAHAD

Galahad. KRAUSE

Krause. GALAHAD

Galahad. KRAUSE

GALAHAD  
Here for confession, Sir Krause?

KRAUSE  
Yes, I'm here to confess my brilliance.

GALAHAD  
Naturally. And hey--I won't see you around for a while. I took up Jacqueline's quest. I'm off to Cape Emerald, actually.

KRAUSE  
Oh? What do they want you to do there?

GALAHAD  
Something ridiculous. I need to find evidence of topiary for the king. Might visit Merlin.

KRAUSE  
That old fool.  
Good luck.

*Galahad exits.*

WESLEY  
Sir Krause--

*Krause quickly takes a seat at Wesley's feet.*

KRAUSE  
You can yadda-yadda the spiel, what do I have to do?

WESLEY  
Your task is simple--you must light this candle and then receive my blessing.  
But first--

*Krause rashly takes the splint from him, dips it in the fire and lights the second candle.*

KRAUSE

Bless me. Actually, I don't have time for that.

*He crosses himself and exits.*

**ACT I, SCENE FOUR.**

*THE LAWN OUTSIDE MERLIN'S HOUSE, which is a simple hut in the hills near Rumplegoose Castle, the next day. Galahad wanders down to the hut and knocks on the door.*

GALAHAD

Merlin? Merlin!

MERLIN (OFF STAGE)

Wait here, my lass.

WOMAN (OFF STAGE)

What's in this drink?

MERLIN (OFF STAGE)

Sugar. Lots and lots of sugar.

*The woman giggles. MERLIN emerges from the hut.*

MERLIN

Ah! Sir Galahad! What a surprise!

GALAHAD

I'm sorry, is this a bad time?

MERLIN

Nonsense.

GALAHAD

May I come in?

MERLIN

(Abruptly.)

No.

No, dear boy. It's just such a beautiful April evening... Why converse inside when we could do the same far away from my living room?

GALAHAD

Fine.

MERLIN

If you're here for a love potion, dreadfully sorry--they take weeks to make and I can't let you have any of my stash.

GALAHAD

Love... potion?

MERLIN

Undetectable to the human conscience. "True love" at its finest. Side effects may include mood swings and drowsiness. Oh, and increased appetite.

GALAHAD

No--no, Merlin, I don't want a love potion. I want advice.

MERLIN

All right then. Life is short.

GALAHAD

You're eight hundred twenty-six years old--

MERLIN

Life is short. Trust nobody, step on everyone in your way, and throw them off a cliff even if they win. You got it?

GALAHAD

Merlin? Are you OK?

MERLIN

I'm a man who knows what he wants and I always get it.

GALAHAD

I actually was hoping for some specific advice. Maybe you heard, the king sent me on a quest for Jacqueline's hand in marriage.

MERLIN

Jacqueline, again. Princess Jacqueline.

(Not missing a beat.)

And you would like my assistance?

GALAHAD

I'm trying to get to Cape Emerald in search of topiary.

MERLIN

Well, if you're asking my advice, I'd say--don't do it. Seriously, don't do it.

GALAHAD

I don't care. I'll die for the princess and for Slekochovakia if I must.

MERLIN

Oh dear.

(Insincerely.)

This all sounds too exciting. I'm coming with you.

GALAHAD

No need. I was just stopping by to figure out how to... get there.

*Heron enters.*

MERLIN

No. No. You need someone by your side, and I always find a way to make it all work out.

GALAHAD

Great.

MERLIN

Now if you'll excuse me--

*Merlin gets up and enters his hut, slamming the door behind him.*

LADY HERON

Sir Galahad?

GALAHAD

Andrea. Any messages? Or any more...

(Gently joking.)

deep-seated personal revelations?

*Heron laughs softly.*

LADY HERON

Ha! I wish. No. I have one for Merlin--is he around?

GALAHAD

He just went inside. He's invited himself to join my quest for the princess's hand.

*Merlin enters.*

LADY HERON

You know--Caleb--it might not be the end of the world if you skipped the whole perilous quest thing and stuck around a bit. Maybe get to know some people and figure out what you really want--



MERLIN

Well. There is no talking this knight out of an epic quest for the beautiful Jacqueline's hand--he even said he'd die for her if that's what it would take.  
Fancy seeing you here again, Lady Heron!

LADY HERON

King Carlton sends a message.

MERLIN

And what has his majesty sent?

LADY HERON

The king requests his... ehm... "prescription".

MERLIN

Here it is.

*He tosses Heron an unmarked sack.*

LADY HERON

Thanks.

*Galahad turns to Heron.*

GALAHAD

You good?

LADY HERON

I'm fine.

GALAHAD

Well. I hope to hear from you soon.

*He smiles. Heron returns the smile in kind.*

LADY HERON

Of course.

*Merlin is no longer conflicted.*

MERLIN

Yes. Yes, this will all work out just fine.

GALAHAD

Good. Off we go! Cape Emerald awaits!

*He and Merlin exit.*

LADY HERON

He'd . . . die for her.

*Heron lets these words sink in again.  
Victoria rushes in.*

VICTORIA

Lady Heron! There you are!

LADY HERON

My queen... what brings you... anywhere?

VICTORIA

The king and I have a crisis! I had to run after you--we need all hands on deck!

*She looks into Heron's eyes.*

VICTORIA

Goodness me, what is in your eyes?

LADY HERON

Oh... Allergies. I get really bad allergies this time of year.

*She fakes a sneeze.*

VICTORIA

You shall see the Duke of Benadryl posthaste. But later. After we deal with the crisis.

LADY HERON

What is going on?

VICTORIA

It's a secret. I can't tell you yet.

LADY HERON

Why not?

VICTORIA

I'm sorry, my dear, but it must remain my little secret for now. Let's just call it Victoria's secret.

LADY HERON

That's kinda catchy...

VICTORIA

Hum?

LADY HERON

Oh, nothing. We better be off to deal with it. We can't have King Carlton all agitated and overwrought by Victoria's secret, now can we?

**ACT I, SCENE FIVE.**

*A ROWBOAT SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA, four days later. Galahad and Merlin sit facing each other with nowhere to hide. Merlin has a journal and quill, narrating as he writes.*

MERLIN

Ship's log: Day three of the voyage. The elusive territory known as Cape Emerald is in fact not a seaport, but instead, a tiny island several days south of the grand peninsula. The knight has been experiencing intense migraines and covers his ears. I speak to him constantly--attempting to more fully understand these symptoms. Yet he speaks so little. I cannot say I understand.

*Galahad sighs as Merlin continues. The lights dim as fog filters across the stage, signaling a fantasy interlude. In his fantasy Galahad steps out of the rowboat onto the sea.*

GALAHAD

Princess Jacqueline... The headstrong beauty of Slekočovakia...

MERLIN

Dearest me. He's fantasizing about her.

*He exits. Ambient wedding music begins to play. Jacqueline enters in a wedding dress. Merlin enters.*

*At no point in the fantasy sequence does Galahad see Merlin or notice his antics.*

GALAHAD

On the day we marry, her hair will be as beautiful as a flock of goats?

JACQUELINE

I'm not sure how to take that.

GALAHAD

Pretty sure it's a compliment.

JACQUELINE

You sure... ?

GALAHAD

It's biblical.

JACQUELINE  
Does that... mean anything though?

GALAHAD  
It's my fantasy--just go with it.

JACQUELINE  
Okay.

*Merlin sighs, frustrated. He exits.*

GALAHAD  
Her father--will still be alive--to walk her down the aisle.

*Carlton enters and takes Jacqueline by the arm.*

CARLTON  
Sweet Jacqueline, are you ready to marry your knight in shining armor?

JACQUELINE  
Of course, Father!

GALAHAD  
And then the bridesmaids will enter, with their bouquets of... what flowers are we supposed to have?

JACQUELINE  
Don't you know? The official flower of Slekochovakia?

*Galahad attempts a guess.*

JACQUELINE  
Trick question, it's frozen ham.

GALAHAD  
Is it?

JACQUELINE  
You don't know me. You don't know this kingdom. I could be telling you anything.

*A couple BRIDESMAIDS enter carrying frozen hams.*

GALAHAD  
Oh, look at that--it is.

JACQUELINE  
Have you ever been to a wedding before? There are a lot of things wrong with this one. Namely--why am I already out here? I'm the last one in the chapel.

GALAHAD  
It's my fantasy.

JACQUELINE  
Whatever.

GALAHAD  
And then, just as Jacqueline gets a little nervous...  
I'll waltz into the chapel.

*He crosses the surface of the sea,  
wandering down the aisle to join hands  
with Jacqueline. He stops when he is  
just out of the Princess's reach.*

JACQUELINE  
What's wrong?

MERLIN (OFF STAGE)  
All right--in you go!

*He shoves Heron on stage, emerging in  
Galahad's line of sight behind  
Jacqueline.*

GALAHAD  
Andrea--

*Jacqueline turns around to see Heron.  
She contorts her face.*

JACQUELINE  
Ew, what is she doing here?

GALAHAD  
I--I don't know. This is really weird.

LADY HERON  
Yeah, I was just minding my own business and somehow, here I  
am! At the forefront of your mind.

JACQUELINE  
Well--this is your fantasy. Make her go away.

GALAHAD  
Andrea--please.

LADY HERON  
Yeah--how do I get out of here?

*She exits.*

JACQUELINE  
What happens next?

GALAHAD

Right! So then Friar Wesley shows up and the entire congregation will rise when they see him enter.

JACQUELINE

(Chuckles)

You're ridiculous.

*Wesley enters, the gathered rise as he takes his spot on the altar.*

WESLEY

You have done well to make it this far, Sir Galahad.

GALAHAD

Thank you, Friar. We are very happy..

*Long pause.*

GALAHAD

Together.

WESLEY

Excellent. Sir Galahad of the Square Table, do you take Princess Jacqueline of Slekochovakia to be your lawfully wedded wife?

GALAHAD

I do.

WESLEY

And Princess Jacqueline of Slekochovakia, do you take Sir Galahad to be your lawfully wedded husband?

JACQUELINE

I do.

*Merlin enters.*

WESLEY

I now pronounce you married. Kiss the bride.

*Galahad rushes a kiss with Jacqueline.*

WESLEY

All right, I gotta run--

GALAHAD

Why?

WESLEY

I'm a busy man, Sir Galahad. I just got booked to do your funeral in someone else's fantasy. Blessings to you both.

JACQUELINE

So... Finish that kiss?

GALAHAD

Yes ma'am.

*They resume their kiss.*

MERLIN

Okay, get back here, you.

*He exits and immediately re-enters with Heron. Galahad pulls away from the princess when he sees Heron.*

GALAHAD

(Agitated.)

Andrea, what are you doing? Go away!

*Heron exits with a silent nod.*

JACQUELINE

Don't mind her. I'm right here. It's your fantasy, isn't it?

*Jacqueline lightly touches Galahad's arm. He's thrown off-kilter. Merlin snickers, satisfied.*

GALAHAD

It is.

JACQUELINE

So what happens next?

GALAHAD

After the wedding, we'll have our reception under the moonlight in the castle courtyard.

JACQUELINE

Can't we have it somewhere else? My hay fever is awful this time of year--

GALAHAD

My fantasy!

JACQUELINE

Right. Go on.

*She sneezes. Heron enters with a scroll.*

GALAHAD

And then Lady Heron will proclaim to the kingdom--

JACQUELINE  
Lady Heron?

LADY HERON  
(Reading off scroll.)  
"Bananas, chocolate, onions, pasta, carr--"

*Galahad and Heron make eye contact and bust up laughing.*

LADY HERON  
For the first time as husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Caleb and Jacqueline Galahad!

*Jacqueline crosses to Heron.*

JACQUELINE  
Didn't he tell you to go away? What are you doing here?!

LADY HERON  
Good question. What am I doing here?

JACQUELINE  
Why am I angry?

GALAHAD  
I don't know. You're both figments of my imagination right now, so this whole situation is kinda weird.

JACQUELINE  
So... Should I be angry?

GALAHAD  
I don't think so? Tell you the truth, I'm not really sure why Lady Heron is here.

LADY HERON  
Well--I'm lost. I can't find my way out of your head.

JACQUELINE  
Oh, I know why! She was the last person you talked to before you left. That's it. You don't have anything to worry about. Our day, when it comes, will be perfect.

GALAHAD  
Yeah. Perfect.

JACQUELINE  
I am so glad you're not planning our wedding, Sir Galahad, because I love you, but my dude, you have no idea what you're doing. But it's no use saying that because you're gonna come right back and tell me it's your fantasy because--



GALAHAD

(Gently.)

It is my fantasy.

*He leaves Jacqueline's side and walks toward Heron. Heron walks toward Galahad. Before Galahad can take her hand, Heron points offstage.*

LADY HERON

Do you see that huge sandbar you're headed for?

*Galahad jumps back into the boat. Jacqueline and Heron exit abruptly as the lighting returns to normal.*

*Galahad paddles frantically. He stops after a few seconds. Merlin is sitting in the boat.*

MERLIN

(Snide.)

Bad dream?

GALAHAD

Just a dream. Just a silly dream.

MERLIN

Ah, well. Your headache seems cleared.

GALAHAD

I have a new one.

*Galahad points off into the distance.*

GALAHAD

Merlin! Is that Cape Emerald?

MERLIN

My beard, I say it is! Leave it all to me!

*He rows the boat offstage.*

**ACT I, SCENE SIX.**

*THE HALL OF THE SQUARE TABLE IN RUMPLEGOOSE CASTLE, a few days earlier (immediately following the events of Act I, Scene Four). Carlton paces back and forth, distraught.*