

Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire Storyline Script  
**Siege of the Destined**

Main Characters:

**King Tonitrus**- Rule of the Kingdom of Cuulayne

**Queen Erulisse**- Elven Wife of Tonitrus

**Morgan of Owain**- Lord High Constable of the King's Armies and Nephew to King Tonitrus

**Kanji of Gorredill**- Field Marshall of the King's Armies / Right Hand Man to Morgan

**Mendax**- King Tonitrus's Grand Adviser

**Aeranel of Iuaron**- Ambassador of the Elven High Court / Great Grand Niece of Queen Erulisse

**Gorguul of Merhock**- Orcish Captain of King Tonitrus's Guards

**Asvor**- Female Barbarian Brigadier of Morgan / Mercenary

**Garrett**- Head Personal Servant to the King Tonitrus & Queen Erulisse

**Saraad of Dyn Gryf**- Herald to King Tonitrus

**Servant under Garrett**

Location:

**Anleigh** (*Pronounced Ahn-lee*)-

A Small Village within the kingdom of Cuulayne (*Kool-lain*) where the Midsummer Festival is Held

## Scene 1: Opening Ceremonies

Location: Opening Gate

(Whole Cast except King and Queen are out mingling with the crowd prior to scene open. Saraad stands right in front of the gate next to Garrett)

Saraad: (Shouting Loudly) HEAR YE! HEAR YE! (Pause) HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Garrett: (Wincing and holding ears, angry) We hear you already! I know you're the herald but bloody hell, man. A warning would be most wondrous next time.

Saraad: Oh! I am truly sorry Garrett. I did not realize you were standing there.

Garrett: That is alright Saraad (*Sah-rod*), I am just the King's head servant. It is not like I need to hear or anything like that.

Saraad: (Oblivious to the sarcasm) Good then. (Looking out to crowd) ALL RISE!

Garrett: (Jumps back, holding ears in pain) GAH! We're already standing you bugger!

Saraad: (Grins) Be lucky I did not bring out the royal trumpeteers.

Garrett: (Rubbing ears) Yes. I am positively blessed.

Saraad: (Gets Ready to Yell, looks to Garrett)

Garrett: (Puts hands over ears. Annoyed, he nods)

Saraad: LORDS AND LADIES! PLEASE WELCOME OUR MAESTIES OF THE KINGDOM OF CUULAYNE, KING TONITRUS (*tawn-i-truss*) AND QUEEN ERULISSE (*Air-oo-leese*)! GODS BLESS THE KING AND QUEEN!

All Cast: Gods Bless the King and Queen! (Applause and cheers)

(Tonitrus and Erulisse walk out together, hand in hand, waving to the crowd)

Tonitrus: We welcome you, one and all to the shire of Anleigh. This festival is to celebrate the time of Midsummer and to congratulate the commander of my armies on a long fought victory over our opposition in the South. Welcome to Lord High Constable Morgan of Owain!

Morgan: (Steps from the crowd, bows respectfully) It was my pleasure to properly crush our enemies, your majesty.

Tonitrus: (Laughs) Come now, Morgan. No need for such formalities on such a joyous occasion.

Morgan: Very well... (Slight disdain in his voice) Uncle.

Tonitrus: That is more like it! I see you so little as it is, Nephew.

Morgan: That is because there is always a battle to be fought and won, Uncle. And that is what I do best.

Eurlisse: (Clears Throat) Tonitrus. Perhaps these good people would like to attend the festival sometime before nightfall, my sweet?

Tonitrus: (Realizing he's getting carried away) Oh yes! Of course, Eurlisse! (To the crowd) We hope you good people will join us for the official opening toast at eleven and thirty at the \_\_\_\_\_ stage. Until then, take a stroll around the festival, enjoy yourselves, and welcome to the Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire!

Saraad: LONG LIVE THE KING AND QUEEN! HIP HIP!

All: Huzzah!

(Cheers and applause as Tonitrus and Eurlisse return inside the gate and the crowd enters the faire)

## Scene 2: A Royal Toast

Location: \_\_\_\_\_ Stage

(Two Thrones sit in the middle of the stage with a small table between them. Two less elaborate chairs sit next to them on either side)

(Garrett and one other servant walk out with a tray of chalices)

Garrett: Get the chalices in place. The Royal Court will be here any moment for the toast.

Servant: Alright, alright Garrett. Why is there such a ruckus over this Morgan guy, anyway?

Garrett: You fool. He's the leader of the King's armies. He just won a huge battle and made the Kingdom of Cuulayne a lot bigger. And he's the King's nephew. What else does he need?

(Morgan, Kanji, & Asvor enter behind Garrett & the Servant, unnoticed)

Servant: Well he does not seem like a very nice person.

Garrett: You go to war for years and tell me what it does to you.

Servant: He is still a buggar.

Morgan: Who is a buggar, whelp?

Servant: (Jumps) Ah! Um... um... n...n...no one... high con lordsta.... I mean, high lor unstable... I mean...

Morgan: (Grabs the servant by the back of the head and says condescendingly) Lord High Constable.

Servant: (Scared) Yes! Of course... Lord High Constable. I am sorry milord. It will never happen again.

Morgan: (Tosses him aside) See that it doesn't. (Looks to Garrett) You! Bring us our drinks. Now.

Garrett: (Nods) Of course, milord. (Brings the tray of chalices over to all 3 of them. They all take a chalice) Will there be anything else milord?

Morgan: Yes. Stop talking to me and get away you muckraker. (Waves him off)

Garrett: (Walks over to the Servant, away from the other 3) I take it back. He's a damned buggar.

Morgan: (Annoyed) What was that?

Garrett: Nothing, Lord High Constable. Look! The King and Queen approach!

Saraad: (steps onstage) All bow before your King and Queen!

(Audience members are encouraged to stand and bow as the King and Queen walk in, followed by Mendax, Aranel, and a handmaiden, Gorguul, and two other guards)

Tonitrus: Please be seated.

(Tonitrus and Eurlisse sit in the thrones, Aranel sits next to Eurlisse. Morgan and Kanji sit next to Tonitrus. Asvor and Mendax stand behind the chairs, Gorguul stands off to the side and the two guards stand directly behind the thrones)

Tonitrus: Now Morgan, it has been too long since I last looked upon you.

Morgan: Two years, your maje... I mean, Uncle.

Tonitrus: Indeed. And it appears as if you have acquired new associates in that time. I do not believe I have had the pleasure.

Morgan: No you have not. Allow me to introduce my new Brigadier, Asvor (as-voor).

Asvor: (Puts a fist to shoulder) Your highness. (Bows)

Tonitrus: Brigadier... what happened to Fallonar?

Asvor: He met an untimely end on the battle field, your highness. Some people are more suited for battle than others, it seems.

Eurlisse: And a woman, no less? Morgan... how... progressive of you. I am surprised.

Asvor: I was not. Most women are weak, my Queen. I was built from a sturdier stock than most. I proved myself to Lord High Constable on the battle field. In all truth, the endless tide of gentle, wilting, laides disgust me. (Looking to Aranel and her handmaiden)

Kanji: (Clears his throat)

Asvor: (Look to Kanji, annoyed, then back to the Queen) Not speaking to anyone present, of course, your highness.

Eurlisse: Of course. (Nods, uncertain)

Morgan: And then there is my right hand, Kanji (Kan-G). My Field Marshall of the last year and a half. (slaps him on the back)

Kanji: (Stands) Kanji of Gorredill, at your service, my King. (bows)

Morgan: Due to a small bit of his advice and my strategic genius, the last two years were not fought in vein.

Kanji: More than a small bit, I would say. (Grins)

Morgan: You would say that. But in truth, even with my abilities, I do not think I could have won the day without the help of the two warriors you see before you, Uncle.

Asvor: And we look forward to expanding our kingdom even more as soon as possible.

Kanji: Some are looking forward to it more than others, of course.

Tonitrus: Quite true. You have just arrived in Anleigh. You have fought hard these past two years, Morgan. This is your time to give yourself much needed rest.

Morgan: Respectfully, Uncle, I feel that we have not done nearly enough. This victory is one of many, but we need to keep expanding our Kingdom.

Tonitrus: By the Gods, Morgan! Can there be but one month where my armies are not steeped in the throws of death and suffering?

Mendax: (Stepping forward) Beg your pardon, my Liege. But the Lord High Constable does have a valid point.

Tonitrus: (To Mendax) Really, Mendax? (To Morgan) Morgan, you remember Mendax, my top advisor, yes?

Morgan: We have met upon occasion, Uncle.

Mendax: You know the state of the kingdom as well as any. Our wealth and resources are far lower than we would all like, and the only way to gain those needed resources is through war.

Tonitrus: I am well aware of that fact. Our resources have been stretched thinner in this year year than many past years combined. It does vex me, but I only wish there was a better way to go about it.

Mendax: That is the state of ruling a Kingdom, your highness.

Arael: Why can you not better budget your resources, like my land of luaron (eye-yar-on)?

Morgan: (Annoyed) And who are you to question how a Kingdom is run, elf?

Eurlisse: Morgan! Watch your tone. Arael (R-uh-nell) is the royal ambassador visiting from the Elven kingdom of luaron. She is our guest. And MY Great Grand Niece.

Kanji: (Confused) I am sorry, my Queen... GREAT GRAND Niece?

Eurlisse: Yes. My life has spanned for almost a millennium, you know.

Morgan: (With disdain to Kanji) Their kind lives far longer than is natural.

Arael: Actually it is quite natural, Lord High Constable.

Tonitrus: (Placing a hand on Eurlisse's) I did always fancy older women, after all.

Eurlisse: (Light laugh) Oh Tonitrus.

Morgan: Dear Gods. (Shakes head) Anyways, ambassador, this has been the way of Cuulayne for hundreds of years, and with all due respect... I see no reason for it to change. I rather enjoy my army's victories.

Arael: And all of the people who die to expand the King's lands?

Morgan: Do it gladly.

Gorguul: And when your time comes, Morgan?

Morgan: I will be sitting in a comfortable chair as an old man, Orc.

Gorguul: That is one human's opinion.

Tonitrus: Gorguul, show respect.

Gorguul: I am deeply sorry, your majesty.

Morgan: Now Uncle... you know the Orc and I trained in the same camp. We are old friends.

Gorguul: Friends is an interesting way of putting it... Lord High Constable.

Morgan: You are not bitter that I am leading the King's armies and you are stuck as simple the head of the King's guards, are you?

Gorguul: I am proud to serve my King. (Looks to TONITRUS) He is a noble and just ruler. (Looks to MORGAN) Worthy of his position.

Tonitrus: Thank you, Gorguul. (To Arael) Gorguul of Mehrock has been a strong Captain of my personal guards for many years.

Mendax: Too many...

Gorguul: (Looks Quickly to MENDAX) What was that?

Mendax: (Nervously) Too many... things to attend to today! Your majesty, should we not get on with the toast?

Tonitrus: But of course, Mendax! Garrett, please bring me my wine goblet.

(GARRETT walks quickly over with the two royal goblets. TONIRUS and EURILISSE both take one)

Tonitrus: (To Arael) Garrett's family has been in service to the throne for many generations. It is why he is the head of our servants.

Garrett: Our loyalty has been rewarded with your family's kindness, your majesty. There is no other in this world I would rather serve.

Tonitrus: Thank the Gods, because I doubt few know more about our bloodline than yours. (To MORGAN) Always treat those near you as friends, Morgan. They are far less likely to turn on you.

Morgan: (Amused, snapping to the other SERVANT for more wine) That is one way of looking at it, Uncle. (SERVANT pour wine) There are... other methods. (Makes a menacing move towards SERVANT)

Servant: Ah! (Winces, steps away quickly)

Tonitrus: (Looks out to crowd, standing ALL CAST follows in standing) To the Gods of Old- May they bless the kingdom of Cuulayne, the shire of Anleigh, and all of our friends within it. And bless this wondrous day of festival! HUZZAH!

ALL: HUZZAH!

Tonitrus: I hope you will all join us throughout the day, enjoy the festivities, and join us at \_\_\_\_\_ for the Royal Chess Match. Until then, blessings to you all!

Saraad: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING! MAKE WAY FOR THE KING!

(ALL depart from the stage, talking amongst themselves and going in different directions. SERVANT and GARRETT clean up, making small talk with the audience members. They then depart)



### Scene 3: The Plot Unfolds

Location: \_\_\_\_\_ Stage

(MORGAN, KANJI, and ASVOR begin fighting each other. KANJI and ASVOR take turns fighting MORGAN)

Morgan: Damned fool! How did he ever become King in the first place?

Kanji: I am fairly certain he was born into it, Morgan. (Smiles Wryly)

Morgan: (Takes a powerful swipe for KANJI'S head. KANJI blocks, holding the swords there) Your humor never ceases to leave me unamused, Kanji.

Kanji: I was hired to be your Field Marshall, not your jester. (Pushes MORGAN'S blade away) But there are many a maiden who find my wit quite charming.

Asvor: (Starts attacking MORGAN) If by wit, you mean the gold in your pouch, then I believe you.

Kanji: How would you know what a maiden thinks, Asvor? I'm fairly certain one has to be a woman to know that.

Asvor: (Angry, blocks an attack by MORGAN and pushes him aside, walking towards KANJI with the blade pointed at him) I will show you the woman I am you dirty...

Morgan: (Grabs ASVOR by the shoulder, pulls her back and places his blade to her throat. Obviously annoyed) Never give up your ground due to emotion. It is an angry fool who always dies from a blade to their back. Understood?

Asvor: (Slightly Ashamed) Yes, my lord. Of course.

Morgan: (Tosses her aside) Besides, it is not ourselves we need to worry about. For too long my uncle has ruled Cuulayne and for too long I have watched him squander the kingdom I have handed him off the tip of my sword. And on top of it all, after years of war, I come back to a land riddled with vile creatures that wish they were human.

Kanji: The other races have existed with man for thousands of years, Morgan. They are a part of this world...

Morgan: (Enraged) THEY ARE UNNATURAL! (Composes himself) And if I have it my way, I will destroy every elf, fairie, orc, and any other creature that dares stand as though they were one of us. Speaking of my way... (To ASVOR) How have the plans been coming along?

Asvor: Exactly as planned, Lord High Constable. My mercenaries have been filtering into the faire. By day's end, we will have all of the pieces in place.

Morgan: Perfect. King Tonitrus's forces are spread thin due to the war. I made certain of that. And this idiotic spectacle is a prime point to make my stand.

Kanji: But Morgan, do you not think Tonitrus will grow wise to your plans? He has ruled a kingdom for this long. Surely it is not all luck.

Morgan: Ahh, Kanji. (Points at KANJI with his sword) Every opponent has a weakness. And my Uncle's weakness is his trust. He is proud of his people and he trusts them to a fault. He has left me in

charge of his armies for so long, he has no idea what goes on within them. By the time word of his overthrow has spread throughout Cuulayne, none will be able to fight it.

Kanji: Are you not worried that your own pride is a weakness?

Morgan: It is only pride if you are not as good as you know you are. I am simply honest with myself. (Taps KANJI'S sword with his own) Would you like me to prove it to you once again?

(KANJI stands as MENDAX comes from offstage)

Mendax: Morgan of Owain!

(MORGAN, KANJI, and ASVOR point their weapons at MENDAX. He flinches away with fear)

Morgan: What do you want, Mendax?

Mendax: I need to speak with you. Tell your dogs to put their teeth away.

Kanji: (Presses his sword to MENDAX's neck) Woof.

Mendax: (Nervous) I meant that with respect, Field Marshall.

Morgan: (Knocks KANJI'S and ASVOR'S swords away) Speak quickly, Mendax. Your voice irritates me.

Mendax: Very well. You need to stop your spending, Lord High Constable. It is getting harder to hide it from the King and I am getting nervous.

Morgan: (Laughs) You sniveling dolt. Mercenaries cost money, weapons cost money, war costs money.

Mendax: Yes, and for over two years, you have been draining the armies dry to pay for your plans. But if King realizes where the gold is going, he will have us all killed.

Morgan: He wont. That is why I brought you in. To get me what I need and to keep uncle blind. Unless (Puts his sword to MENDAX'S chest) you do not feel up to it any longer. I would hate to have no more use of you.

Mendax: (laughs nervously) Of course not, my Lord. I am just concerned.

Morgan: Do not be. The charade will not have to be kept up much longer. By the end of this day, the village of Anleigh will see the fall of King Tonitrus and the rise of King Morgan.

Mendax: You are doing it today? I thought we were planning to overthrow Tonitrus months from now.

Morgan: Plans change with the wind of battle, Mendax. My uncle decided to invite us to the festival to celebrate my recent victory. Opportunity called, and I answered.

Mendax: Is that truly wise?

Morgan: (Grabs MENDAX by the shirt and throws him down to the ground) How dare you question my tactics you snake! Do your job. And when I am King, I will see you get rewarded for your work. Until then, get out of my damned sight!

Mendax: (Slowly gets up) Of course, Lord High Constable. Thank you. (Quickly scurries away)

Morgan: (Laughs) You see that? That worm is too terrified to challenge me. THAT is how you rule a kingdom. Fear. When the world is afraid of you, then you control it absolutely.

Asvor: You continue to be an adept teacher, my lord.

Morgan: Of course. Follow my words, and you may become a great leader yourself.

Kanji: Greater than you, Morgan?

Morgan: (Laughs) I never said that.

(AERANEL walks in)

Aeranel: Good day Lord High Constable.

Morgan: (Annoyed, clears throat) Ambassador. What brings you so far away from the King's Guard. And the King.

Aeranel: I feel quite safe in this lovely shire, milord.

Morgan: There are many unsavory creatures about, Ambassador.

Aeranel: Perhaps, but I am more than capable to take care of myself if such a problem arises (motions to the sword on her hip).

Morgan: I did not realize you were (Holds in a laugh) trained in combat.

Aeranel: (Annoyed) There is nothing amusing about it, milord.

Asvor: I would say so. I would be interested to see what YOU consider combat, Ambassador.

Aeranel: Well I have chosen to take part in the Royal Chess Match later on today, so perhaps if you are lucky, you will see first hand.

Morgan: Ooooh. A feisty little elf you are, Ambassador.

Aeranel: (Disgusted) Show respect, Constable. I speak on behalf of the entire Elven kingdom while I am here.

Morgan: I will show respect when it is earned.... AMBASSADOR.

Aeranel: How DARE you...

(KANJI jumps between them both)

Kanji: Please forgive the Lord High Constable, Ambassador. Two years of war would put any man on edge. He does not mean anything by it as he would hate to offend any guest of King Tonitrus. (Places a hand on MORGAN'S chest and looks him in the eye) Is that not correct, my lord?

Morgan: (Obviously holding back words) Correct... Kanji. Any guest of my Uncle.

Aeranel: I would hope so, Morgan. We must away. I shall see you anon.

Morgan: (Through gritted teeth) Until our paths cross again... Ambassador.

(AERANEL walks away)

Morgan: Simply obnoxious. I believe we will have to make an example of her.

Asvor: It would be my pleasure, Lord High Constable.

Morgan: No. If anyone is going to teach her a lesson, it will be me.

Kanji: Careful, Morgan. I strongly remember someone who very much resembles you saying something about giving up your ground due to emotion?

Morgan: I will not kill her, Kanji. I will save that pleasure for after I am King. I am just going to simply embarrass her at the chess match.

Kanji: Fine. Just remember that you... we... have bigger plans that need attending.

Morgan: Bah. Do not worry Kanji. (Starts to walk away) I have things well in hand.

Kanji: Do you?

Morgan: (Stops, looks back, chuckles, and walks away)

(ASVOR follows, and after a moment, is followed by KANJI)

#### Scene 4: Tonitrus's Lament

Location: \_\_\_\_\_ Stage

Garrett: (To the audience) Ah! How excellent to see everyone again. I hope you have been keeping up with the events of the day. (Looks over the crowd) I can see by the vacant stares of some of you, that a slight bit of knowledge might help you. Since I see just about everything that goes on, I am here to help. King Tonitrus and Queen Erulisse have invited the commander of the King's armies to the festival to celebrate his latest victory. His name is Morgan of Owain, he is the King's nephew... and he is a bit of a bastard. I am serious, there is something about him I do not trust at all. He seems to have it out for our Elven Queen, Aeranel, the Ambassador of the Elven lands, our Orcish Captain of the guard Gorguul... and just about everyone else.

(SARAAD slowly walks up behind GARRETT as he speaks)

Shortly, King Tonitrus will be arriving to be entertained by one of Anleigh's fine musicians. Which is what he needs, because he seems rather vexed.

Saraad: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING!

(GARRETT jumps. SARAAS smiles)

Garrett: GAH! You love doing that to me, do you not?

Saraad: It does make my day as a herald just a little bit brighter.

Garrett: You know what would make my day a little bit brighter? A frog in your throat.

Saraad: With your luck, Garrett, the frog would be even louder than I.

Garrett: True enough.

(TONITRUS and ERULISSE enter hand in hand with GORGUUL and other GUARDS close behind. They sit at their respective thrones)

Tonitrus: Thank you Saraad. (Sighs)

Saraad: Of course, your majesty. (Bows)

Erulisse: What troubles you, my dear? This is a day of celebration.

Tonitrus: Yes, yes. I know. It is just Morgan. I am worried about him.

Erulisse: What is there to worry? He seems just as angry and violent as he always was.

Tonitrus: That IS my worry. I thought years of war would change a man. Like they changed me. They made me grateful for what I had around me. It made me into the King I am today.

Erulisse: My love, there are very few men as good as you. That is why I married you. (Smiles) For some, war only increases a lust for control. It drives them to the brink and some never return.

Tonitrus: I blame myself. I thought Morgan would benefit from being raised in my royal court.

Erulisse: How can you carry the blame? Morgan was already thirteen when he came to you.

Tonitrus: I know. But for his parents to die when he was so young. What can that do to a boy? Even as King, I felt powerless. I would have at least liked to bring my sister and her husband's killers to justice. Maybe that is why he hates me.

Erulisse: Come now. Morgan has always been that way. Even as a boy, he was angry at the world. It seems he entered life with a score to be settled.

Tonitrus: Perhaps you are right, lass. I just wish there was something I could do to make him see more than hate.

Erulisse: All things come with time, my love.

Tonitrus: Easy for you to say... old woman. (Smiles)

(They both laugh)

Erulisse: I still have quite a few hundred years left in me, you know.

Tonitrus: I do. Will you still love me when I am old and broken and you are still vibrant and beautiful?

Erulisse: Forever and a day, sweet man.

Tonitrus: (Kisses her cheek)

(MENDAX enters)

Mendax: Your majesties...

Tonitrus: Mendax! Where have you been? I have not seen you in hours.

Mendax: (Nervous) Oh... um... I have... um...

Tonitrus: Enjoying the pleasures of the festival?

Mendax: Yes! That is it. I am most sorry, my liege.

Tonitrus: Do not be! This is a day where work can give way to frivolities. However I do wish to go over the numbers with you at some point. Cuulayne's gold supply seems to be running too short for my liking. And I wish to know why.

Mendax: Of course, your majesty. Perhaps tomorrow would be suitable.

Tonitrus: Very well. Please... join us. (motions to a chair near them)

Mendax: As you wish.

Gorguul: The singer is here, your majesty.

Tonitrus: Well, do not keep us waiting Gorguul. Let her pass.

Gorguul: (To \_\_\_\_\_) Are you carrying any knives, swords, or any other weaponry?

Singer: (Shakes their head)

Saraad: Your majesties, I present to you one of the talented and wondrous minstrels of the shire. For your musical pleasure, \_\_\_\_\_.

(All applaud. \_\_\_\_\_ plays two songs)

Tonitrus: Most fantastic, milady. I urge all to go see your longer sets throughout the festival day.

Saraad: Lords and Ladies... THYME AWAY!

(All applaud. AERANEL & her HANDMAIDEN enter quickly)

Aeranel: (Bows) Your majesties.

Tonitrus: Ambassador Aeranel, is there something on your mind.

Aeranel: Unfortunately, it is your Lord High Constable, your highness. He was quite rude to me earlier on in the day and I am unsettled by it.

Erulisse: I am sorry to hear that. Perhaps he should be reprimanded officially.

Tonitrus: No need for that. I will speak to him personally. Man to man. I am certain that is all that is required. (To AERANEL) On behalf of Cuulayne, I am sorry if you felt offended, Ambassador.

Aeranel: No such formalities required, your majesty. I am well aware Morgan does not speak for the kingdom. I just feel it is something you should discuss with him that the Elven Kingdom of Iuaron is not going anywhere anytime soon and he should get used to it.

Tonitrus: Of course, Aeranel. I will speak to him before the chess match.

Aeranel: Please do. I am looking forward to the Royal chess match.

Erulisse: Are you sure you wish to participate, Ambassador? Some of the battles can get quite rough.

Aeranel: What kind of an elf would I be if I was not able to ruffle my dress slightly, your highness? In fact, I remember a certain other elven royal who knows how to handle a sword.

Erulisse: (Smiles) Quite. But I was forced to defend my family's land in several of the Great Wars. That was centuries ago.

Aeranel: Are you saying to are out of practice, Queen?

Erulisse: I am merely saying that I like to leave battle to others more interested in such things.

Aeranel: Yes, your highness. (Bows)

Tonitrus: (Stands) Come now. Let us continue to explore the events of the faire.

(ALL follow behind TONITRUS & ERULISSE and exit)

## Scene 5: The Chess Match

Location: Chess Board Stage

(ALL CAST and WOOD & STEEL fighters are causally mulling around the chess board)

Saraad: Good Gentles! Gather one and all! For the Royal Chess Match will begin in mere moments!

Garrett: See people trying to beat each other senseless for the enjoyment of all!

GreenWolf: Come now, Garrett. It sounds like you do not enjoy a good human chess match.

Garrett: Oh! Master GreenWolf! No, no... not that at all. I like random acts of violence as much as the next man, it is just that with all of the tension in the air, I do not know if this is a wise idea.

GreenWolf: Whatever do you mean, Garrett?

Saraad: He is talking about Morgan of Owain.

GreenWolf: Lord High Constable? Leader of the King's Armies? An angry streak in him as long as Cuulayne is wide? A man thirsty for power at all costs?

Garrett: That is the one, Gamemaster.

GreenWolf: Yes. He does seem to be a wee bit undesirable socially, speaking.

Saraad: So you basically mean...

GreenWolf: He's a bugger.

Morgan: What did you say?

GreenWolf / Saraad / Garrett: NOTHING!

(SARAAD and GARRETT walk to the royalty side of the board)

Morgan: What of it, Gamemaster GreenWolf? Will this chess match start sometime before I am old and gray?

GreenWolf: Lord High Constable, that is at the discretion of King Tonitrus.

Tonitrus: Indeed it is, Master GreenWolf. And it shall begin shortly. Morgan, may I have a word with you?

Morgan: Of course, Uncle. (Walks over to TONITRUS) Something plagues your thoughts?

Tonitrus: Yes, nephew. It seems as though you may have offended Ambassador Aeranel earlier on in the day with your ribbing.

Morgan: (Fake Surprise) Did I, Uncle? I thought it was all in good fun.

Tonitrus: I am certain you meant it that way. But please remember that Aeranel is a guest in our kingdom, and should be treated as such. She does not understand your ways like I do.



Morgan: Well I am sorry to hear the elves never learned how to take a joke.

Tonitrus: Morgan, I...

Morgan: As you wish, Uncle. As you wish. I shall take it easier on the Ambassador.

Tonitrus: See that you do. Master GreenWolf!

GreenWolf: Yes, my king?

Tonitrus: Let us begin the game.

GreenWolf: Very Well. (To the Crowd) Lords and Ladies! It is my honor to present to one and all the Human Chess Match!

(Cheers from ALL CAST)

GreenWolf: My given be Daniel GreenWolf, and I will be acting as chess master for today's game. For this is no simple game of chess. The board is big, the pieces are the warriors around me, and a space is not simply taken. The only way to decide who gets a space is by battle!

(Cheers from ALL CAST)

GreenWolf: My purpose is to be the judge in the moves and fights that will follow.

Asvor: Does not one fighter falling to the ground unconscious count as a decision?

(MORGAN'S side laughs)

GreenWolf: Although effective, Brigadier Asvor... we will not be playing that kind of game today. All fights will end in a yield.

Morgan: But I was certain you had Clerics on standby, gamemaster. What is the fun in playing until someone complains? (Looks to AERANEL)

GreenWolf: The Clerics are available for any unforeseen accidents, yes. But this is a game of honor, not sheer brutality. I am certain it will be most enjoyable for those watching.

Kanji: Accidents? (Sarcastically) I am sure there will not be any accidents with this group.

Tonitrus: Yes. I must say I am interested by your choices of villagers for this match, Morgan. (Looking over MORGAN'S group) Where did you find them?

Morgan: I have a knack for attracting viciously skilled people, I suppose, Uncle. It comes with being in command of armies far and wide. In any case, can we start the match now?

GreenWolf: Very well. I trust the Lord High Constable and the King have their tactical parchments.

(Both Sides Hold Up their Scrolls)

GreenWolf: Excellent! Then your majesty, the first move is yours to make.

**----THE SCRIPT FOR THIS SECTION WILL BE WRITTEN AS FIGHTS ARE FORMED----**

Fights that Need to Happen:

ERULISSE & ASVOR: ERULISSE WINS

KEVIN'S CHARACTER (MERCENARY) & GOOD VILLAGER: KEVIN WINS

**Final Fight of the Match -----SCRIPT PICKS UP HERE-----**

GreenWolf: And with that, we are tied. King Tonitrus! The final move is yours to make.

Tonitrus: Very well, Master GreenWolf. It appears as the best move for me would be my Queen's Bishop to attack their King's Rook.

Aeranel: Well your Queen's Bishop would be me, your majesty. I accept the challenge.

Kanji: And the King's Rook would be...

Morgan: (Steps in front of KANJI) ...tired! Still quite tired from his last match. I would be... honored to be his replacement.

Kanji: (Grabs MORGAN'S shoulder) Morgan... do not do this.

Morgan: (Looks at KANJI, and then shrugs off his hand) Are you ready to be taught a lesson in combat, Ambassador?

Aeranel: At your leisure, Lord High Constable.

(MORGAN attacks AERANEL. 1<sup>st</sup> Bout occurs and ends with MORGAN hitting Aeranel in the face)

Erulisse: (Angry) Bad Form, Morgan!

Aeranel: (Raises a hand to Erulisse, slightly out of breath) No, no your majesty. Just some high spirited fun. I can take it. Besides... I am not done with him yet.

Morgan: We shall see.

(2<sup>nd</sup> Bout occurs and ends with AERANEL slicing MORGAN'S ARM)

Aeranel: There! Consider us on equal ground, Lord High Constable.

Morgan: (Rage Building, looking down at his arm. Looks back at AERANEL) You disgusting creature... WE WILL NEVER BE EQUAL! (MORGAN charges in and with one swipe, knocks AERANEL's sword out of her hand and hits her in the stomach sending her to the ground. He Then proceeds to kick her in the stomach) This is what combat feels like! (Kicks AERANEL again)

Kanji: Morgan, no! (Runs up and grabs MORGAN'S arm)

(MORGAN backfists KANJI and kicks AERANEL again)

Tonitrus: (Pissed) Morgan! Stop this instant! I command you as your King!

Morgan: No one commands me! NO ONE! (Kicks AERANEL again)

(GORGUUL and the other GUARDS grab MORGAN and throw him to the ground. MORGAN gets up and GORGUUL and the other GUARDS draw swords on him. He starts to move forward, looking at AERANEL, than TONITRUS)

Asvor: My leige... we must go... now.

Morgan: Damn every last one of you weak piles of nothing! (Storms off)

GreenWolf: (Kneeling down next to AERANEL, helping her up) As gamemaster, I declare this match finished!

Tonitrus: Thank you, Master GreenWolf.

GreenWolf: Of course, your majesty. (To AERANEL) Lets get you to the Clerics.

(ALL cast disperses)

## Scene 6: ...and Boom Goes the Dynamite

Location: \_\_\_\_\_ Stage

(MORGAN and ASVOR enter and sit. MORGAN now with a bandage wrapped around his arm)

Morgan: This does not deter us from our plans. If anything...

(KANJI storms in)

Kanji: What the hell is a matter with you, Morgan? Are you trying to get us all run through?

Morgan: I just got a little carried away...

Kanji: A little? You almost killed her!

Morgan: Maybe I should have.

Kanji: (Sarcastic) Brilliant tactics, Morgan. It is hard to overthrow someone when you are dead.

Morgan: You seem to have sympathy, Kanji. A terrible trait to have in battle.

Kanji: It is not sympathy. It is self preservation. You were moments from ruining all of your plans. Now everyone knows something is very wrong. Cancel the attack.

Morgan: Absolutely not. We are stronger than ever.

Asvor: Besides, the King will never expect a battalion of trained mercenaries.

Kanji: Can you get it through your heads that Tonitrus is not as dense as you imagine? Morgan... I am telling you as someone who has spent two years fighting beside you, sweating with you, bleeding with you... do not do this.

Morgan: Never forget your place, Kanji. You are my Field Marshall. Not my friend.

Kanji: Then listen to tactics. The King sees you coming now.

Asvor: What of it? Tonitrus does not have the time to call back any of his forces scattered about the world. It would take weeks, if not months.

Morgan: Besides, even this little slip up falls into my plans quite nicely. In fact, it makes my task all the simpler.

Kanji: And how is that, Morgan?

Morgan: Like this... (Points to SARAAD, followed by TONITRUS and ERULISSE, MENDAX, GORGUUL and the GUARDS, and GARRETT)

Saraad: Make way for the King! Make way for the King!

Tonitrus: Morgan, I demand an answer for your actions.

Erulisse: You were entirely out of line at the Chess Match. The Clerics are still seeing to the Ambassador.

Morgan: She provoked me. Besides, I am not the one who needs to answer for their actions.

Tonitrus: Whatever do you mean.

Morgan: YOU Uncle! For years you have choked this Kingdom of it's resources, destroyed the way Cuulayne has lived for centuries, and kept us from the progress this kingdom richly deserves.

Tonitrus: Preposterous! I have done far more good for this Kingdom than any before me.

Morgan: Spoken like a man truly blind to his own idiocy.

Erulisse: How dare you?

Morgan: Oh I am not done. The fact that my Uncle has sullied the purity of our Royal lineage by mating with a creature such as you is criminal.

Tonitrus: (Backhands MORGAN, ANGRY) Mind your damned tongue, Nephew!

Morgan: (Laughs, feeling his face) Now you see how one can get carried away, old man.

Tonitrus: Remember who you are speaking to, Lord High Constable! I am not just your Uncle, I am your King!

Morgan: I am well aware. Something that must be remedied.

Tonitrus: What are you saying?

Morgan: I am saying this. King Tonitrus of Cuulayne. As Lord High Constable, I hereby call for your immediate surrender of the throne for destroying the greatness of our kingdom with your stupid idealistic fantasies.

Tonitrus: This is some kind of joke.

Morgan: Absolutely not.

Erulisse: And who would be taking the place of King Tonitrus?

Morgan: Well, as he has no direct heir, I would take over that duty as his Nephew.

Tonitrus: I would figure as much from you. I gave you so many chances.

Morgan: (Suddenly Raged) YOU GAVE ME NOTHING! I earned everything I have become. If anything, you have held me back from my true potential. Just like my parents. Always keeping me from what I could be. I was glad they were killed.

Tonitrus: (Shocked) How could you say that, Morgan? What happened to you?

Morgan: You did this to me, Uncle. And now I can now bring you to face the crimes of your ways.

Tonitrus: Well, then I am allowed an audience with my people. You can charge me openly and let them decide who is right.

Morgan: As you wish. At the Chess Board, at \_\_\_\_\_. That is where you may make your final plea.

Tonitrus: Very well. Morgan... this is your chance to stop this.

Morgan: No Uncle... this is YOUR last chance. Step down peacefully and no royal blood will be spilled. The choice is yours. Kanji. Asvor. Come!

(MORGAN, ASVOR, & KANJI quickly walk out)

Tonitrus: Damn. I did try. (Holds ERULISSE'S hand) I failed him.

Erulisse: It is not your fault, my love. Some men refuse to change for the better.

Tonitrus: I just wish there was another choice.

Gorguul: Your majesty, this is why you are the King I respect. Because you make the choices that must be made. Do what you must.

Tonitrus: Thank you, Gorguul. I believe you are quite right. Garrett!

Garrett: (Steps Forward) Yes, your highness?

Tonitrus: Do it.

Garrett: (Bows) Of course, your majesty. I am at your service. (Runs off)

Mendax: Do... do what? What is the servant doing?

Tonitrus: Do not worry about it, Mendax. I would much like you to stay with me so we can properly prepare for this... hearing of my Nephew's.

Mendax: (Nervous) Of... of course your majesty. At your will...

Tonitrus: Good. Let us go. There is much to do and little time to prepare.

## Scene 7: One Moment

Location: Chess Board

(ALL SCRIPTED CAST except GARRETT is gathered on the field. MORGAN, ASVOR, & KANJI stand on one side. TONITRUS, ERULISSE, GORGUUL, AERANEL, SARAAD, GUARDS & MENDAX are on the other side. UNSCRIPTED FIGHTERS are waiting the the crowd, off stage)

Morgan: King Tonitrus of Cuulayne! You are brought onto this field, before your people, to be charged with crimes against the throne!

Tonitrus: This is your last chance, Morgan. I beg of you, do not do this.

Morgan: It is not proper for a King to beg, Uncle. I charge you with conduct that has weakened the Kingdom, the people within it, and even our Royal lineage. What say you?

Tonitrus: I say to my people, that I have always been a good and noble ruler. That I believe in a kingdom that does not live its life by the blood that is spilled, but rather by the good it can do. I rule by honor. I rule by respect. I rule by what is just. And I reject these absurd charges.

Morgan: I would figure as much from you. Have it your way, Uncle. (Nods to ASVOR)

(ASVOR raises her fist into the air. ALL UNSCRIPTED FIGHTER'S on MORGAN'S side come out of the crowd and stand in a row next to MORGAN, ASVOR, & KANJI)

Tonitrus: What is all this?

Morgan: This is my response. I suspected that you would not go quietly, Uncle. So we are here to take it from you and your pathetic guards.

Tonitrus: Hold, Morgan. I feel there is something you should be aware of before you do this.

Morgan: Yes, Uncle?

Gorguul: (Steps forward) Troops! Form the line!

(As GORGUUL says this, all of the UNSCRIPTED FIGHTERS on TONITRUS'S side come out of the crowd and stand in a row next to GORGUUL. GARRETT is cloaked and stands next to GORGUUL)

Morgan: What the... how...

Garrett: (Pulls the cloak off of his head and looks back at TONITRUS) As you wished, your majesty. I am honored to serve.

Morgan: How could you possibly be prepared for an attack? This is not happening!

Tonitrus: Because you need to choose better slime to work for you. (Grabs MENDAX by the shoulder and throws him to the ground) I have known about Mendax's involvement for months. (To MENDAX) You have chosen your side, get out of my sight, you pathetic worm. (To the GUARDS) Take him away.

Mendax: No! Your majesty. You...you... have it all wrong.

Morgan: You sniveling moron! Do you have no spine?

Mendax: I told them nothing, Morgan! I told them nothing! (A GUARD takes away MENDAX)

Morgan: No matter. Your force can not defeat mine.

Tonitrus: We shall see about that. But why disgrace your bloodline like this? The memory of your parents.

Morgan: My parents were weak fools! They never knew what I could truly be. That is why I killed them.

Tonitrus: (Shocked) But... you were... thirteen.

Morgan: Yes. Like I said... they were weak. And so are you.

Tonitrus: Dear Gods. Justice will be brought upon this field today. My army. ATTACK!

Garrett: GODS SAVE THE KING!

All of Tonitrus's side: GODS SAVE THE KING!

Morgan: KILL THEM ALL!

(BOTH SIDES run to the center and begin fighting. Steel fighters fighting in the front, Wood fighters fighting in the middle, Nerf fighters fighting in the back)

-----**FIGHTS WILL BE WRITTEN FOR THIS POINT**-----

Points & fights that must happen:

(MORGAN comes across and defeats multiple combatants)

(GORGUUL & MORGAN- GORGUUL loses)

(KANJI is constantly on the defensive, not doing any killing blows during the melee)

(AERANEL & ASVOR- ASVOR loses)

-----**SCRIPT PICKS UP AFTER MAJORITY OF FIGHTING**-----

(During the fight almost everyone gets too hurt to continue (dead / crawling on the ground). With exception of MORGAN, KANJI, TONITRUS, and ERULISSE)

Morgan: You are next, Uncle!

Tonitrus: Morgan! Stop this!

Morgan: Why? I am stronger than you, faster than you, and smarter than you. Cuulayne BELONGS to me.

Tonitrus: Kanji... can you not see reason yourself?

Kanji: (Laughs) You know, your majesty... a great warrior told me that every enemy has a weak spot. (MORGAN laughs. KANJI then takes a dagger and shoves it into MORGAN, underneath his arm)

Kanji: Yours is under your shoulder, Morgan.



(MORGAN, shocked, looks to KANJI, and then TONITRUS, and then drops to his knees)

Morgan: What... Kanji... you?

Kanji: I am the one King Tonitrus sent to keep an eye on you. I hoped for two years you would change. But you did not, and when I knew you wanted to overthrow the King, I told him to prepare his forces.

Tonitrus: Kanji was the one who told me about Mendax.

Kanji: I was the one who suggested the King invite you to the faire. I knew you would take a the bait.

Morgan: (coughs) I thought... you were my friend.

Kanji: Never forget my place, Morgan. I am not your friend. I am the King's Field Marshall. (Kicks MORGAN to the ground)

(MORGAN dies)

Tonitrus: Clerics! Start healing the wounded. (CLERICS run out, casting spells and healing the wounded)

Gorguul: (gets up, limping) I am sorry I was not there to protect you, your majesty.

Tonitrus: It is not your fault, Gorguul. You fought bravely and honorably.

Gorguul: For the Kingdom.

Tonitrus: Kanji. You have done so well for me these past two years. Will you take the position of Lord High Constable?

Kanji: With all due respect, your majesty. I am done fighting. I would just like to go home.

Tonitrus: As you wish, Kanji. But first you must enjoy the revels of the day.

Kanji: That sounds like a fine idea, my King.

Erulisse: In fact to all of you, I hope you will join us in celebrating our victory at the Pub Sing at the \_\_\_\_\_ Stage at the hour of \_\_\_\_\_.

(Cheers from the Crowd)

Saraad: Long Live King Tonitrus and Queen Erulisse! HIP HIP!

All: HUZZAH!

Saraad: HIP HIP!

All: HUZZAH!

Saraad: HIP HIP!

All: HUZZAH!

(All cast departs. ASVOR & MORGAN are carried off the field) THE END

## **Deluge**

Main Characters:

### **CUULAYNE (Koo-LANE): A Melting Pot, Primarily of Humans**

**King Tonitrus**- Ruler of the Kingdom of Cuulayne

**Queen Erulisse (AIR-oo-leese)**- Elven Wife of Tonitrus

**Gorguul of Merhock (Mehr- HOCK)**- Orcish Captain of King Tonitrus's Guards

**Garrett**- Head Personal Servant to the King Tonitrus & Queen Erulisse

**Saraad (Sa- ROD) of Dyn Gryf (Din Griff)**- Herald to King Tonitrus

**Boyd**- Servant to the King under Garrett

### **IUARON (Eye-YAR-on) Land of the Elves**

**Aeranel (AR-ah-nell) of Iuaron**- Ambassador of the Elven High Court / Great Grand Niece of Queen Erulisse

**Usulani (Oo-SOO-la-nye) of Iuaron**- Personal Guard of Aeranel assigned by the Elven King

### **GRUUMOOR (GREW-more) Land of the Dwarves (and Goblins)**

**King Brukaine (broo-KANE) of Magrah (mag-RAH) of Gruumoor**: Dwarven King of Gruumoor

**Lieutenant General Dothlek (doth-LEK) of Truganon (TROO-ga-non) of Gruumoor**: King Brukaine's lead military adviser, right hand of the Dwarven King

**Gremlin of Kobalos(KOH-bah-lohs)**: Goblin Ambassador of the Dwarven Valley-Lands

**Kyrie (KEER-ee)of Kobalos and Kuuki**: Wife of Gremlin ; Quasi-Queen of Kobalos

### **KUUKI (KYOU-kee): Faerie lands**

**Lathrna (LAR-rah-na) of Elencia (El-len-cee-uh)**: Queen of the Flutterbyes and Kuuki.

**Peaseblossom of Kuuki**: Celebrity royalty of Kuuki / Ambassador to Lathrna

**Sylvanus (sill-VAN-us): Lands of the Animal Kin**

**Vala (VAH-la) RedFang:** “Call” (Ambassador) of the Tribes of Sylvanus

**Kelin (ka-LYN) SilverHorn:** “Claw” (Head Advisor) of Vala RedFang

**Draiocht (Drae- OAKT): Lands of the Unseen**

**The Green Man:** Voice of the Unseen

**The Northlands: Barbarian Nomadic Lands**

**TYR (TEER):** “King” of the Northlands

**MAI (MY):** “Queen” of the Northlands

**Mendax:** Ambassador of the Northlands / Former Grand Adviser of King Tonitrus

Location:

**Anleigh** (*Pronounced Ahn-lee*)-

A Small Village within the kingdom of Cuulayne where the Midsummer Festival is Held

**Prologue:**

**Last Year, the death of the Evil Lord High Constable Morgan of Owain created a power vacuum in the Kingdom of Cuulayne, the most powerful kingdom In the world.**

**To fill this void, King Tonitrus has sent a message out to the 7 Nations of the World calling for the best warriors to compete in a tournament where the victor will become Cuulayne's New Lord High Constable.**

**But all is not well in Cuulayne. A past rival of the King plans to use this tournament as the staging ground to not just take control of Cuulayne's army, but cripple the Nations of the World in one deft strategic blow.**

**And the Nations of the World may be powerless to stop him...**

**Scene 1: Open the Gates**  
**Location: Front Gate**

*(Whole Cast is Outside Interacting with the crowd prior to the show with the exception of TONITRUS, ERULISSE, GORGUUL. MENDAX is wearing a cloak and is silent, not interacting with the audience, standing by TYR & MAI)*

*(GARRETT and BOYD walk out quickly, fussing with the front gate tent and the decorations. Saraad slowly follows behind, looking over things approvingly)*

Garrett: Oh! Villagers have already arrived!

Boyd: *(Hits GARRETT's arm)* I told you we are running behind, Garrett!

Garrett: Mind your tongue, young Boyd! That kind of behavior is how smaller creatures like yourself end up cleaning muck into the wee hours of the morning!

Boyd: *(Slightly nervous)* I am most sorry, Garrett. I was just saying that these good people are waiting for the festivities to begin and it would do us well to move the preparations along.

Garrett: I am well aware of this! I did not become Head Servant to the King yesterday.

Boyd: You could have fooled me, Uncle.

Garrett: *(Glares at BOYD)* Your childish charm wears thin on me, Boyd. And I can think of some stalls that need attending to.

Boyd: *(Sighs)* I swear you have no appreciation for finer humor.

Garrett: Behave and be ready for when Saraad arrives.

Boyd: Saraad? The Royal Herald? Why should we be ready for him?

Saraad: *(Very loudly, right behind them)* HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Garrett & Boyd: *(Jump and shout, grabbing their ears in pain)* GAH!

Saraad: *(Pleased)* By the Gods, I do believe that shall never cease to amuse me.

Garrett: It is so nice that you can double your efforts and be the court jester as well as the herald, Saraad.

Saraad: I have always been a man of many talents, Garrett. Now if you do not mind I have a task at hand. *(To the crowd)* LORDS AND LADIES, ONE AND ALL. IT IS MY HONOR AND PRIVILEGE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU, OUR MAJESTIES OF THE KINGDOM OF CUULAYNE- KING TONITRUS AND QUEEN ERULISSE!

*(TONITRUS & ERULISSE, followed by GORGUUL and GUARDS)*

Tonitrus: Welcome one and all to this most prestigious day within the Shire of Anleigh. For today, a tournament shall commence to choose who will take charge of the armies of Cuulayne as the new Lord High Constable.

Erulisse: We have visitors from all corners of the world. Representatives from six nations have joined us to take part in this event.

Tyr: *(From the back of the crowd, gruffly)* SEVEN!

Erulisse: *(Confused)* I am sorry?

Tyr: *(Steps through the crowd to the front with MAI)* If I am not mistaken, all seven nations of the world will be in attendance this day.

Erulisse: King Tyr and Queen Mai! I must apologize as I did not realize the Northlands had any interest in our tournament.

Mai: It was brought to our attention that perhaps we should take an... interest.

Erulisse: *(Looks to TONITRUS, then back to TYR ad MAI)* But... of course you are welcome. This was open to the best the world has to offer. We are honored for you to join us.

Tyr: Good. *(TYR, MAI, & MENDAX, still cloaked, walk past ERULISSE & TONITRUS quickly and through the gates)*

*(TONITRUS & ERULISSE exchange confused glances, then look to the crowd)*

Tonitrus: In any case, our hospitality is open to one and all. Please enter, enjoy the wonderful sites of the festival, and join us at eleven and thirty at the CHESS BOARD for our official opening ceremonies! Until then, welcome to the MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!

Saraad: Three cheers for King Tonitrus and Queen Erulisse! Hip Hip Huzzah! Hip Hip Huzzah! Hip Hip Huzzah!

*(The cast walk through the gates and the rest of the patrons enter the faire)*

**Scene 2: Opening Ceremonies**  
**Location: Chess Board**

(On the board are nine chairs in a row facing the audience. GARRETT & BOYD come out and start fussing with the positioning of the chairs, carrying trays with eight chalices.)

Garrett: Now, once all of the representatives enter and sit down, you must be ready to offer each one of them a chalice. Always be polite and touch the chalice as little as possible when you hand it to them.

Boyd: Alright, Garrett. And when do I offer the royal chalices to the King and Queen?

Garrett: You do not, Boyd. That is my job.

Boyd: But I never get to do it! Why do you get to give the King and Queen their chalices?

Garrett: Because only the head servant has the honor of such duties. You will only get to do that when I am dead.

Boyd: So... (pokes GARRETT'S stomach) ...two or three years, uncle?

Garrett: You little pile of... (Starts moving toward BOYD acting like he's going to choke him)

Boyd: (Steps back, nervously loud, pointing to the crowd) Ummm... Look Uncle Garrett! A crowd has already formed for the official opening ceremonies!

Garrett: (Stops walking towards BOYD, looking slowly out to the crowd) OH! (Straights his clothing) Good gentles! Welcome it is so good to see so many...

Boyd: (Interrupting) Potential Witnesses! (Smiles at GARRETT)

Garrett: (Sends an annoyed look towards BOYD and then looks back to the crowd) ...so many arrive ahead of schedule. The official ceremonies shall begin in a moment.

Boyd: Garrett, I still do not understand why there is this competition for the position of Lord High Constable. What happened to the old one?

Garrett: Well, young Boyd, last year our former Lord High Constable, Morgan of Owain, was killed when he tried to overthrow the King. And his second in command, Kanji of Gorredill, refused to take up the position.

Boyd: Did they kill him, too?

Garrett: No child. Morgan did it to himself. He was a bit of a bugger. (Looks over his shoulder nervously)

Boyd: What is wrong, Uncle?

Garrett: (*Laughs nervously*) Oh, nothing. Old habits is all. Now stand fast, the King and Queen are here.

*(SARAAD enters first, followed by the rest of the cast. MENDAX is cloaked walking behind TYR & MAI)*

Saraad: ALL RISE! ALL RISE! I PRESENT KING TONITRUS & QUEEN ERULISSE OF CUULAYNE, AND REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE SEVEN NATIONS OF THE WORLD! ALLOW THEM TO HEAR YOUR EXCITEMENT FOR THIS MOST PRESTIGIOUS DAY!

Garrett: Oh God's Teeth! He means clap for them!

*(Applause... hopefully... as all walk onto the board. TONITRUS & ERULISSE stand in front of the middle two chairs. TYR, LATHERNA, ARANEL, BRUKAINE, VALA, GREEN MAN, & GREMLIN stand in front of chairs on either side of them)*

Tonitrus: Please be seated! It is truly my honor to be amongst our most distinguished guests this day. For this is no normal time of festivities. It is on this day that we will determine who will help rejoin the armies of Cuulayne and carry out my vision for a world where order reigns, not chaos. To bring together, not just one nation, but all nations against those who wish harm upon all good and decent souls. This tournament will be a symbol of that strength and trust.

Erulisse: As Queen of Cuulayne and official ambassador, I now ask all representatives to present themselves in accordance with the rules of order. Aeranel of Luaron!

Aeranel: (Stands) Yes, your majesty?

Erulisse: If you would begin?

Aeranel: Very well, your Majesty. (Bows. Then to the audience) I am Aeranel, Ambassador of the elven lands of Luaron. Since Cuulayne's formation, the elves and the humans have worked together side by side and today, we see an opportunity to not only show our continued alliance with Cuulayne, but to prove that thousands of years have only made the elves wiser and more powerful. On behalf of Luaron, I salute you!

*(Both AERANEL & USULANI tap their right fist to their chests and bow respectfully. AERANEL sits)*

Brukane: (Nods to TONITRUS and stands) I am King Brukaine of Magrah. I, along with my Lieutenant General Dothlek of Truganon represent the Dwarven mountains of Gruumoor! The dwarves have long been a symbol of stout strength and constitution, which is precisely what Cuulayne needs in these uncertain times. We have not often been known for our diplomacy, but we see this tournament as an opportunity to show we are willing to work together to build a stronger world. On behalf of Gruumoor, we salute you!

*(Both BRUKANE and DOTHLEK tap their right fist to their chests and bow respectfully. BRUKAINE sits).*

Gremlin: (Rises quickly to his feet) King Tonitrus and Queen Erulisse! I am Gremlin! King of the Goblin lands of Kobalos! With me is Kyrie of Kuuki, Queen of our Goblin lands.

Dothlek: (Annoyed) I call foul upon this farce. (To Tonitrus) Your majesty, Gremlin is a self appointed king of the valley-lands of Gruumoor's mountains! They are a few villages at best. He has no place here as Gruumoor is already represented!

Gremlin: How dare you, Lieutenant General! I was appointed as ambassador and King by MY people, not yours! We have just as much a right to be here as you do.

Dothlek: You little scrap-wrangler! How Dare you speak to me in such a tone!

Gremlin: I will do more than speak to you Dothlek...

Tontirus: ENOUGH! Lieutenant General Dothlek, Ambassador Gremlin has long associated himself with Cuulayne and has gone through all of the proper steps to register Kobalos in this tournament. Was there not once a time when all nations were young?

Gremlin: Thank you, your majesty. It is my intention to prove in this tournament that Kobalos is a cunning force not to be taken lightly. That our ingenuity and determination will far outweigh the speed and strength of other lands. On behalf of Kobalos, we salute you.

(GREMLIN & KYRIE touch their right fist to their chests and bow lightly. GREMLIN sits)

Vala: (Stands) King Tonitrus, I am Vala RedFang and I am the Call of the lands of Sylvanus and this is Kelin SilverHorn, Claw of Sylvanus. We of the animal-kin have been sent by our Alpha to represent our tribes. Our veracity and our instincts have made us a formidable force for hundreds of years and to have our forces run together seems like a natural step. On behalf of Sylvanus, we salute you.

(VALA & KELIN touch their right fist to their chests and bow lightly. VALA sits)

Lathrna: I hope you have worked on your anger issues since the last time I saw you, pup.

Vala: Real funny, faerie. Perhaps you would still be as pleasant with fangs in your throat?

Lathrna: So I see the answer is no, you have not.

(VALA & KELIN start to moves towards LATHRNA. LATHRNA quickly puts up a hand)

Lathrna: (Quickly) Now, now. It is my turn. Sit. (Stands, looking to TONITRUS) Your majesty, my given be Lathrna of Elencia, Queen of the Flutterbyes, and just as important, the Queen of Kuuki- the lands of the Fae. And with me, as goodwill ambassador, Peaseblossom of Kuuki. The faerie folk have long enjoyed working alongside Cuulayne and feel that it is time to show all that our strategic prowess is not to be taken lightly.

Kalin: Strategy? And what is your strategy, pixie? Confuse people with inane chatter until they surrender just to silence you?

Peaseblossom: It is so cute that they taught you how to speak. I wonder how well you roll over?



Kalin: I will tear the glitter out of your brain, insect. (VALA puts an arm up against KALIN, as if telling her to hold back)

Lathrna: (Loudly Clears Throat) As I was saying, we are pleased as punch to be a part of this tournament. On behalf of Kuuki, we salute you!

(LATHRNA & PEASEBLOSSOM curtsey politely and LATHRNA sits. PEASEBLOSSOM smiles at KALIN & KALIN returns with a mocking smile with teeth)

Tyr: Your bickering bores us. I am King Tyr and this is Queen Mai of the Northlands. We have conquered many lands and were recently informed of this... (light chuckle) tournament by our new ambassador. We will fight but we salute no man or woman.

(MENDAX, still covered by his cloak, whispers quickly into the ear of TYR. He looks annoyed, but nods to Mendax while ERULISSE talks)

Erulisse: You dare disgrace Cuulayne's Rules of Order? Excuse me? King Tyr! Are you listening?!

Tyr: Of course I am. (Looks back towards MENDAX) My apologies. We did not realize that this was simply a formality. It is Northland way to salute only our King and Queen and no other. But for this exercise... we salute you. (He waves a hand half-heartedly in TONTITRUS's direction)

Gorguul: (To TONITRUS) Your majesty... their ambassador. Is that the cloaked figure there?

Tonitrus: Yes... who is your ambassador, King Tyr?

Mendax: (Laughs) The question was bound to come up sooner rather than later. (Throws off the cloak) I... am Mendax of the Northlands.

(GORGUUL & the GUARDS quickly pull their swords as ARANEL stands quickly and pulls her sword)

Gorguul: Mendax! You slimy worm! You are under arrest!  
(TYR stands suddenly and draws his weapon. MAI also draws her sword)

Tyr:(To GORGUUL) Under whose authority, slave?!

Gorguul: Under the authority of the Captain of the Guard of Cuulayne! This man is wanted for treason against King Tonitrus!

Tyr: Lower your weapons now slave! He is a Northlander and under our protection! Tonitrus! What is the meaning of this?

Tonitrus: King Tyr... this... man is one of the people responsible for the attempted overthrow of my kingdom last year. He drove our lands into debt and was secretly funding an army with my former Lord High Constable in an attempt to take over the kingdom. He is a treasonous dog and should be put down!

Mendax: Ah Ah AH! That was BEFORE I became ambassador of the Northlands. And as we all are well aware under the rules of order an ambassador has diplomatic immunity and the protection of Cuulayne while inside its borders. You would not want to disgrace the Rules of Order of Cuulayne, now would you?

Tyr: So lower your weapons, or it shall be seen as an act of war against the Northlanders. And as your slave will tell you, we are not a nation to be against in a war.

Tonitrus: Gorguul, is no slave. In Cuulayne he is the Captain of my royal guards and is to be treated as such. But... Mendax is right. Lower your weapons. We must follow the order.

Gorguul: (Steps up to MENDAX) I swear to you that if you place one toe out of line, I will end you.

Mendax: End me? Like the Northlanders ended the Orcs' rule of Mehrock years ago? Somehow, I am not impressed.

Gorguul: Interesting that you recently decided to grow a backbone, snake.

Mendax: Being on the winning team can do that to a man. So can being driven from your home because you were following orders out of FEAR OF DEATH BY AN INSANE LORD HIGH CONSTABLE. (To TONITRUS) Your nephew, I might add. But no matter. I am a changed man. All is forgiven by me. I hope that in time, you will see I was merely a victim of circumstance. King Tyr and Queen Mai listen to my council and I, in turn, am happy to serve. (Bows to TYR & MAI)

Tonitrus: Fine. Let us move on. Green Man! If you would please grace us.

Green Man: (Slowly stands, bowing deeply to TONITRUS) King Tonitrus, Queen Erulisse. I am The Green Man, and I am the voice of Draiocht. The plane of the Unseen. We are those who live outside the hourglass of time. Dragons, elementals, the ancient magi... we are devoted to the balance of all worlds. And we speak as one voice and take part in this contest not to win, but to maintain the harmony of this world.

Tyr: This world is far from harmonious, Green Man.

Green Man: You have not seen what I have seen. Things can be far worse. I assure you. (To TONITRUS) On behalf of Draiocht, I salute you. (Deeply bows and stands in front of his chair)

(TONITRUS stands and rest of CAST rises to their feet)

Tonitrus: As I do salute all of you. (Raises a glass) May the Gods of old bless the Kingdom of Cuulayne, the shire of Anleigh, and all who reside within it on this day and all days. May our hearts be true and our spirits be strong. HUZDAH!

(ALL except for TYR & MAI): HUZDAH!

Erulisse: The competition will happen here at our royal chess board at the hour of \_\_\_\_\_.  
Until then, please enjoy all the festival has to offer.

Saraad: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING! MAKE WAY FOR THE KING!

(ALL CAST walks off the board, AERANEL & GORGUUL giving angry looks towards  
MENDAX, who walks off last, chuckling to himself)

Scene 3: The Strings  
Location: \_\_\_\_\_

(MENDAX enters followed by TYR & MAI)

Mendax: Just brilliant! That could not have gone better if I had placed the words into that moron Gorguul's head myself.

Tyr: I tire quickly of these games, Mendax. It would have been short work for me to slay Tonitrus and all of those fools just sitting there like cattle.

Mai: I agree. (To MENDAX) This is not the way of the Northlands. This... contest... is like what our children do to prepare for real war. We fight for life. We fight to conquer. We do not fight for sport.

Mendax: I understand, your majesties. But you must believe me when I tell you that this is about far more than the position of Lord High Constable. You will crush them when the time is right. Just hold for a little longer.

Tyr: (Stands face to face with MENDAX) I do not enjoy the idea of being used, Mendax. (Grabs his collar) And neither will you.

Mendax: (Unphased by the aggression) You are well aware of your role in this. (Hits his hands off of him) Otherwise, you would have killed me the moment our paths crossed.

Mai: Your insolence would get you killed if you were any other man!

Mendax: But I am not any other man, my Queen. I offer you something you've never had. And by the Gods, I shall deliver. I speak not about slums like the Orcish waste lands or the frozen Northlands. (Walks behind MAI and says softly) I am talking about all the nations of the world.

Tyr: Yes. You keep saying that. Big words from a small man.

Mendax: Well, when you are exiled from your home and left to wander the lands as an outlaw, you have a lot of time to think. And one thought kept crossing my mind: Tonitrus is far too powerful for one man. His armies defeat opponent after opponent and there seems to be no end in sight.

Tyr: Cuulayne has not fought the North Lands in hundreds of year.

Mendax: Because you know better. Your facade of proud warrior does not hold with me. You are both far too smart to think the Northland army stands a chance on its own. You need allies.

Mai: We are not known for our... diplomatic treaties, Mendax.

Mendax: This has certainly not escaped me. That is what this day is for. So patience, your majesties.

(BRUKAINE & DOTHLEK walk in)

Brukaine: Northlanders! Are you enjoying the warmth of Cuulayne? Or has it begun to boil your brains from the inside out?

Tyr: King Brukaine... we are adjusting as you would. This is a far cry from the Dwarven mountains of Gruumoor.

Dothlek: We are made of sturdy stock, King Tyr. The inner realms of our mountains make this land seem downright chilly. It is nothing we are not already used to.

(MENDAX & MAI exchange glances as DOTHLEK speaks. MAI steps forward)

Mai: And what of the valley-lands of Gruumoor? How do they compare to this weather?

Brukaine: It changes often and in all truth, we do not traverse there if we can help it.

Mai: Because of the goblins of Kobalos?

Dothlek: (Annoyed) Vile creatures! That they even have the privilege of dwelling in our valleys is...

Brukaine: Dothlek! Enough! They are our allies.

Mai: But yet, they seek to be a nation of their own. They have their... (laughs) ...their King and Queen here to take the position of Lord High Constable from your grasps. Northlanders would never stand for such... meddling.

Brukaine: They will never win the tournament. This is simply a gesture on the Goblins' part.

Mai: A gesture that King Tonitrus encourages. I find it distasteful that you would stand by and allow another to undermine your rule, King Brukaine.

Brukaine: (Sarcastic) The Gods forbid that I would ever disappoint the Northlanders. I will make certain not to be so foolish in the future, Queen Mai.

Tyr: You are too complacent in your weakness, dwarf. If you are not careful, it will be your undoing.

Brukaine: We shall see about that, Barbarian. I look forward to seeing you eat your words in the tournament.

Tyr: It will be a most glorious... and very brief... battle, Dwarf. Until then...

(TYR walks past them and MAI does the same. MENDAX takes his time, nodding to BRUKAINE & DOTHLEK. DOTHLEK holds up his weapon across MENDAX'S chest, stopping him)

Dothlek: Is it true you were one of the conspirators who attempted to overthrow Cuulayne year last?

Mendax: (chuckles) It seemed so very long ago, Lieutenant General. I can barely remember who did what.

Dothlek: It is a shame your memory is so frail. Because that sounds like a rather interesting story.

Mendax: Maybe if it comes across my thoughts again, I will buy you both an ale and tell you all about it.

Dothlek: We would very much like that.

Mendax: Until then. Your Majesty, Lieutenant General. (MENDAX walks away)

Brukaine: I do not like that slime, Dothlek. I believe we should do best to steer clear of him.

Dothlek: He is not entirely without fault, your majesty. But the Northlanders did make some interesting observations.

Brukaine: Perhaps, but I am not certain that this Mendax character did not place these ideas into their heads.

Dothlek: That does not make them wrong.

Brukaine: Yes, just fools.

(VALA & KELIN walk in from the side)

Vala: Who are fools, Brukaine?

Brukaine: No one, Call Vala. At least, no one currently present. I was speaking of the Northlanders.

Vala: They do have the capability to be quite foolish.

Kelin: But still, they are very adept as hunters. Respectable predators.

Dothlek: (Steps forward towards KELIN) And how goes the hunt in Sylvanus, Claw Kelin? We do not often see the animal-kin in the mountains of Gruumoor.

Kelin: We try our best not to hunt too far from our own Tribes' lands. Especially where the food is sparse.

Dothlek: A pity. It would be nice to see more of you around our parts.

Kelin: (Scoffs) I am certain you think so, Lieutenant General.

Dothlek: Please, call me Dothlek.

Kelin: Very well. You can call me Claw Kelin, Lieutenant General. (Smiles sarcastically with Teeth)

Brukaine: Dothlek, if you are finished?

(DOTHLEK takes a step back, smiles, and nods to BRUKAINE)

Vala: Besides, we have enough trouble with those damnable faeries. Our hunt gets harder every season when we have to watch out for more of Kuuki's sacred spaces. I swear they do it just to spite the Animal-kin.

Brukaine: Do they even know how to be spiteful? I imagine their heads are filled with thoughts of rainbows and sunshine.

Kelin: They are on the brink of madness! They barely know where they are half the time. It is either that or they are just plain stupid.

Vala: Or viciously cunning. The Alpha of Sylvanus believes the faeries to be far more observant and insightful than they let on... on purpose.

Brukaine: That is quite a long time to keep up a charade.

Vala: That is my view. But there is a reason The Alpha leads us. Perhaps he knows better than we.

Kelin: Or maybe The Alpha just chooses to be blind.

Vala: (Turns quickly on KELIN and growls) Never speak of The Alpha of Sylvanus with such disrespect, Kelin, or I will hunt you myself!

Kelin: (Takes a step back defensively, then lowers her head) I... I am sorry Call Vala. Of course.

Vala: (Looks back to BRUKAINE, smiling) My apologies. Every member of every tribe of Sylvanus must always know their place. Sometime running with the other nations makes us forgetful.

Brukaine: I understand completely. In any case, we must be off. We would not want King Tonitrus to miss us.

Vala: Yes. That would be... unfortunate. Good day to you both.

(VALA & KELIN walks off. DOTHLEK visibly watches them walk away. BRUKAINE jokingly slaps DOTHLEK'S chest)

Brukaine: (Laughing) By the old ones! Dothlek, are our dwarven women not good enough for you?

Dothlek: Of course, your majesty. But I do like to see myself as a man of the world.

Brukaine: I am sure you do. Let us go before the fathers of Anleigh run you out of town.

(BRUKAINE & DOTHLEK walk away, laughing)



Scene 4: Strength in Numbers

Location: \_\_\_\_\_ Stage

(On stage are TONITRUS'S & ERULISSE'S thrones, brought on by GARRETT & BOYD)

Garrett: Bloody hell! These things are heavier than they look.

Boyd: Be lucky you are not twelve, Uncle Garrett! (Rubbing his own lower back)

Garrett: Very true. (Looks to the crowd) Ahh! Fantastic! It looks like many have already arrived for the command performance by one of the Shire of Anleigh's fine musical acts for our King Tonitrus and Queen Erulisse. I trust you are all caught up on the events of the day?  
(Looks over the crowd, shaking his head)

Boyd: It looks like a lot of them slept in, Uncle.

Garrett: Yes, quite. Some of them still seem asleep. Alright then, allow me to catch you up. The nations of the world have been invited here to compete in a tournament for the position of Cuulayne's Lord High Constable... (looks to one person in the crowd, sighs) ...basically the commander of Cuulayne's armies. But the Northlanders, who we would normally not expect to partake in this contest because...well...

Boyd: (Acting big and burly) NORTHLANDERS... SMASH! RAAAAAAAAAAR!

Garrett: Exactly. And we feel that Mendax, the Northland's ambassador and former scum bucket grand adviser of King Tonitrus has something to do with it. In fact, this whole tournament puts me a little on edge. I do not think all of the nations are very happy with each other.

Boyd: Yea! The dwarves dun like the goblins, the animal-kin dun like the fae, the Northlanders dun seem to like anyone! Uncle Garrett, why are royal types so whiny?

Garrett: I am fairly certain it is part of being royalty.

(SARAAD walks on suddenly)

Saraad: What was that about royalty?

Garrett: Oh, nothing Saraad!

Boyd: He was just saying how whiny they were.

Garrett: (Shoots BOYD an angry glance) Do you not have something disgusting to clean, young Boyd?

Boyd: Not that I know of, Uncle Garrett.

Garrett: Do you want to?

Boyd: I get it. I get it. Away with me. (Walks off)

Saraad: Ahhh, from the mouths of babes.

Garrett: But in all honesty, Saraad, there is a change in the winds. I just know it. And I do not like it.

Saraad: I learned long ago not to distrust your instincts, Garrett.

Garrett: But what worries me more is that this time, I do not feel King Tonitrus sees it coming.

Saraad: Then we must keep an eye out for him.

Garrett: Keep an ear to the ground.

Saraad: I do not believe your ears shall do you much good.

Garrett: Why so? (Quickly starts to get it) ...oh...

Saraad: (Suddenly) ALL RISE FOR KING TONITRUS AND QUEEN ERULISSE! ALL RISE!

Garrett: (Winces in pain) Gah! You sadistic mouth piece.

(SARAAD grins at GARRETT as TONITRUS, ERULISSE, GORGUUL, AERANEL & USULANI enter. TONITRUS & ERULISSE sit in the thrones)

Tonitrus: Thank you, Saraad. Now, as I was saying- do you really think that would be wise against an attack from the South? Would that not put our armies at a disadvantage to take that time to go around the savages?

Usulani: It would take a little time, your majesty, but if you use subtle tactics to confuse your opponents on a larger scale, you can flank them, and then the disadvantage of having a smaller force on their North side for a short time is nothing compared to being able to attack them from the South side as well. And with their ranks, it would not be hard to distract them.

Tonitrus: Usulani, I find your methods quite interesting. You would be a fine addition to my armies if you are to win this day.

Aeranel: Perhaps then you will get him off of my back, your majesty.

Usulani: No chance, Ambassador. The King swore me to your protection during this journey and I will do just that.

Aeranel: When will he see that I am more than capable of my own protection?

Usulani: When you return to Iuaron unwounded from battle. You are meant to be diplomatic, you are not meant to fight.

Aeranel: I am meant to do what diplomacy calls for. I am no dainty elf.

Usulani: (To TONITRUS) I implore you, your majesty, even though our King does not command it, please convince Ambassador Aeranel not to take part in this tournament.

Erulisse: It is her choice, Usulani. Besides, you will be right there fighting beside her, and this is not a fight to the death. Merely to yield.

Usulani: (to AERANEL) If memory serves me, was not the last battle you were nearly killed in... to a yield?

Gorguul: (Steps forward) We were caught off guard. We did not know our Lord High Constable was so... unstable. I will not make that mistake again.

Tonitrus: Of course not, Gorguul. You are indeed a noble Captain of my Guard. In fact, I must commend you for your patience with King Tyr earlier in the day. His words were uncalled for.

Aeranel: Very much so. Captain, if I may, why did he call you slave? Do you know him?

Gorguul: Only by reputation, Ambassador. Over thirty years ago, The North Lands took it upon themselves to attack the Orcish lands of Merhock. They said it was an act of war. It was an act of slaughter.

Tonitrus: Their forces were never prepared for such an army.

Gorguul: They killed the strongest of us and enslaved those too weak to stop them.

Tonitrus: Women and children mostly. Gorguul was a very young Orc when it happened.

Gorguul: I spent five years as a slave until Cuulayne's armies demanded our freedom.

Tonitrus: No race deserves to be enslaved. When I met Gorguul, he was proud and strong, despite all that. Which is why I had him trained to become part of the Royal Guard. And now, he is perhaps the most trustworthy man I know.

Gorguul: Thank you, my King.

Aeranel: Then why do you not fight in the tournament, Captain Gorguul? For the pride of Merhock?

Gorguul: I know my ancestors are proud. I do not need a title for that.

(LATHRNA, PEASEBLOSSOM, GREMLIN & KYRIE walk in. They all bow to TONITRUS & EURLISSE)

Lathrna: Your majesties. I hope we did not miss the entertainment.

Erulisse: Why Queen Lathrna, of course not!

Kyrie: Oh Goody goody goody goody! I truly love all of the fine minstrels here in Anleigh!

Peaseblossom: They are... alright. I remember a time when I was on stage in the land of Laezune (lay-ZOON) and I was serenaded by a group of rather attractive tenors. Now they were quite the minstrels.

Erulisse: Good Lady Peaseblossom. I do not believe we have met previously. But your name is familiar.

Peaseblossom: I know. All throughout the land know who I am.

Lathrna: She is one of the faerie court's most famous members. It is why she makes a fine ambassador to Kuuki... aside from me of course.

Kyrie: Geeze... get your name in one famous play and suddenly you are a star.

Peaseblossom: (Glares at KYRIE) Excuse me?

Gremlin: That is why I try my best not to read. (Nudges PEASEBLOSSOM out of the way and says to TONITRUS) Your majesty!

Tonitrus: Yes King Gremlin?

Gremlin: I wanted to thank you for allowing us to compete in the tournament. So I made you something during our journey from Kobalos. (Pulls out a strange looking box with various gears and pieces of metal and wires on it and hands it to TONITRUS) Here!

Tonitrus: (Cautiously takes it. Examining it) Thank you, King Gremlin... (Looking it over, confused) What is it?

Gremlin: Well, um... (scratches his head) I'm not totally sure. At least part of it I made in my sleep. But it should be fine, just don't shake it a lot.

Tonitrus: That is very... generous of you (Hands it nervously to GORGUUL). Please see that is cared for, Gorguul.

(GORGUUL, looking very nervous, hands it to one of the other guards, who then nervously hands it to GARRETT)

Garrett: (Sighs) Just leave it to me. If I am not back ere long, you know why. (Walks off)

Kyrie: It is the least we could do. You were so kind to stand up to those mean old dwarves for my Gremlin!

Gremlin: Quiet woman! I could have taken care of it myself.

Kyrie: I know, Gremmy-poo.

Gremlin: Stop calling me that.

Kyrie: You are so cute when you are surly. (Giggles)

Gremlin: (Sighs)

Lathrna: They were not the only ones that seemed to have gotten up on the wrong side of the den box.

Peaseblossom: Yes, indeed. (To TONITRUS) Your majesty, why did you allow those horrible Animal-kin to take part in this tournament?

Tonitrus: They have never been horrible to Cuulayne. In fact, they have fought along side our ranks on many occasions.

Lathrna: But your majesty. They have caused the Fae so many problems with their constant hunting. I worry it shall not be long before they attack my poor flutterbyes.

Erulisse: You mean butterflies?

Lathrna: No. Flutterbyes... they're allergic to butter.

(TONITRUS & ERULISSE pause for a moment, looking at LATHRNA)

Tonitrus: Um... Saraad. Are the minstrels ready?

Saraad: Of course your majesties. For your enjoyment, I am proud to present to you the wondrous stylings of \_\_\_\_\_!

(After set, all applaud)

Tonitrus: Fantastic! (To the crowd) Make sure you see their longer sets throughout the day. And if you will excuse us...

(TONITRUS & ERULISSE rise and all exit)

Scene 5: The Tournament  
Location: The Royal Chess Board

(ALL CAST are on the board except for TONITRUS, ERULISSE, & GORGUUL)

Saraad: Good Gentles! Gather round for The Royal Tournament begins in mere moments!

Dothlek: Well, elves, I hope when the cards are drawn, we end up facing you.

Usulani: I hope you last long enough to actually face us, Dwarf.

Brukaine: Mind your tongue, elf. You are speaking to a King and and Lieutenant General.

Usulani: Strange. I figured one of you was the Queen.

(DOTHLEK starts to move towards USULANI. BRUKAINE stops him)

Brukaine: Relax, Dothlek.

(PEASEBLOSSOM standing near TYR & MAI)

Peaseblossom: This shall be a most enjoyable event. I have been trained by great warriors from all over the world, you know. I hope I can win gracefully.

Tyr: I have always wondered what color faeries bleed. (Smiles at PEASEBLOSSOM)

(PEASEBLOSSOM steps away nervously from TYR towards LATHRNA)

Mendax: (Looks to TYR & MAI) Remember your majesties, we must strike at the proper moment. Until then, play by their rules.

Mai: We understand.

Tyr: I swear that they are all on borrowed time.

Mai: Of course, Tyr. (Turns to Faces TYR) By the strength of our Gods. May our souls burn bright.

Tyr: May we die with honor. (Touches his forehead to MAI'S, they smile lightly. They lift their heads back and proceed to check their weapons)

Vala: This is a lively day for a hunt.

Gremlin: It's good. Not as good as it could be. No swamp stench to get me in the mood.

Kelin: Goblin, you in the mood is a terrifying thought.

Gremlin: You don't know the half of it, animal-kin.

Vala: And frankly, we do not wish to.

Gremlin: Just hope you are defeated before you have to face Gremlin, the Goblin King!  
(Stands proud)

Kyrie: (From the side) OH GREMMY-POO! I need you my heart of hearts!

Gremlin: (Grunts) Blast you woman! (Walks over to KYRIE)

Saraad: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING! MAKE WAY FOR THE KING!

(TONITRUS, ERULISSE, & GORGUUL ENTER)

Tonitrus: Master GreenWolf if you would please be as so kind as to...

(GREEN MAN stops TONITRUS by grabbing his arm)

Green Man: Your majesty...

Tonitrus: Lord Green Man... what can I do for...

Green Man: I implore you to not go through with this, your majesty.

Tonitrus: I am not quite sure what you mean.

Green Man: The tournament, your majesty. You must cancel the tournament.

Tonitrus: I understand your concerns but...

Green Man: Your majesty, people will die. Today, tomorrow, months from now. And I need you to understand that the Unseen know because we are meant to know. And we are wrong about very little.

Tonitrus: (Pauses, looking down and then looking at the Green Man) Then I hope to the Gods that you are wrong about this.

Green Man: So do I, King Tonitrus.

Tonitrus: (Nods to Green Man, looks to DANIEL GREENWOLF) Master GreenWolf, shall we begin?

Daniel GreenWolf: Of course, your majesty. (To the Audience) Lords and Ladies, it is my honor to welcome you all to our Royal Tournament! The Nations of the World have come together to compete for one position: The position of Cuulayne's Lord High Constable! With this position comes the command of the most powerful army in the world! We sent out the call to the World, and the World has answered. They have traveled from the far corners and it is my honor to present them to you.

The Elven Lands of Iuaron!

The Dwarven Lands of Gruumoor!

The Goblin Valleys of Kobalos!

The Faerie Lands of Kuuki!

The Animal-Kin Tribes of Sylvanus!

The Unseen Lands of Draiocht! (GreenWolf bows to the Green Man)

The Barbarian Northlands!

And of course, The Mighty Land of Cuulayne!

The Tournament will be a single bout elimination until we are left with one land victorious. That winner will then appoint who they wish from their land to the position of Lord High Constable. And of course, the only way to decide who wins a bout is... by... combat!

We will be choosing the opponents randomly and I will act as Rules Master for this is a tournament of honor, not blood shed. So all battles will end in a yield. So try not to kill each other.

-----**FIGHTS ARE DONE AT THIS POINT**-----

(At one point, we are down to the next to last battle, whether TYR is involved in the fight or not)

Mendax: (standing behind TYR) It is time, your majesty. Go do as you will.

Tyr: Good, because I have had enough of this pathetic display! (He grabs one of the non-scripted cast in the battle and knocks them out with hand to hand attacks. The other action stops. Another runs at him. He sweeps him, and stabs him on the ground. There is an audible gasp from the Cast members)

GreenWolf: King Tyr! You are out of line! (Walks towards TYR quickly with sword in hand)

Tyr: (Holds the point of his sword at GREENWOLF'S throat) You do not speak to me again, Bard!

GreenWolf: Then let us not speak, King Tyr. (He knocks TYR'S sword away from his throat)

(After a brief bout, TYR knocks GREENWOLF away long enough to grab BOYD from the side and place the blade to his throat)

Tyr: (Holding the Blade to BOYD'S throat) Stand down mage or this child dies.

Boyd: (Terrified) UNCLE!



Garrett: BOYD! No! (Starts to move toward TYR and BOYD and GORGUUL stops them)

Tonitrus: King Tyr! This is an outrage! Stop this at once.

Mendax: No! Not like this you fool! (MAI backhands MENDAX)

Tyr: The time for talk is over! No more games, no more idiotic pleasantries! We are not here for the position of Lord High Constable. We are here for all of your blood!

Mai: The child will not be harmed if you let us go. But we are going nowhere far.

Tyr: We will meet you back here at the hour of Five and Thirty. Be prepared for a battle for my tribe is with us this day and if any of you are not present on the field of battle, we will kill every man, woman, and child until we find you. And we will find you.

Tonitrus: This is insanity, King Tyr! Why would you do this?

Tyr: (Laughs Lightly) Because we are Northlanders. The world is meant to tremble with fear at our presence. And I wonder how well your nations will fare against us when they are crippled by the loss of their leaders and their dignitaries. This is your final stand. Be ready.

(TYR and MAI take BOYD and walk away quickly)

GreenWolf: Clerics! Come quickly! Help these men!

Garrett: Your majesty! If anything would happen to Boyd I could not...

Tonitrus: I understand Garrett. I will send people after to make sure the boy is not harmed. (He motions to GORGUUL who motions to the guards and they take off) We must mobilize whoever we have at our disposal.

Gorguul: That is not many your majesty. The Northlanders knew this. Their one tribe would be a formidable force.

Tonitrus: We will have to make due.

Brukaine: Your majesty? What of the tournament? The position of Lord High Constable needs to be filled. Now more than ever.

(Mumblings of approval for BRUKAINE'S statement from the CAST)

Tonitrus: I do not think that now is... I mean... (Looks to ERULISSE. She nods to him) Alright. We will settle this. Tyr has given us two hours. So in one hour, meet me at the Dragon Stage. We shall figure this out there.

Vala: But your majesty...

Gorguul: King Tonitrus has spoken! One hour. Let us go, your majesty.

SARAAD: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING! MAKE WAY FOR THE KING!

(The CAST scatters. MENDAX slowly gets up, smiling as he rubs his jaw, and walks off)

Scene 6: Fissure  
Location: Dragon Stage

(ALL CAST except for MORGAN, BOYD, GARRETT, SARAAD, TYR, & MAI gather. Two thrones are center stage. TONITRUS & ERULISSE sit in the thrones. ALL CAST except for TONITRUS & ERULISSE are talking loudly at each other. Accusing each other, planning for the battle, etc.)

Tonitrus: (Rubbing at his eyes, saying sternly) Quiet, everyone.

(ALL CAST keep talking)

Tonitrus: (In a slightly louder tone) Please everyone, enough.

(ALL CAST keep talking)

Tonitrus: (SHOUTING) BY THE GODS, SILENCE!

(ALL CAST Suddenly stop talking and look to TONITRUS)

Tonitrus: Thank you. Now first, Gorguul. What happened to the boy?

Gorguul: They returned the boy unharmed, your majesty. Garrett is seeing to him now.

Tonitrus: Good. At least they kept their word.

Dothlek: Yes, we are all glad the boy is safe. But what about the position of Lord High Constable?

(ALL CAST starts talking again in agreement)

Tonitrus: (Annoyed) ONE AT A TIME!

(CAST quiets again)

Aeranel: Your majesty, Lieutenant General Dothlek does have a point. We need to be mobilized as one cohesive unit. We need a leader on the field.

Usulani: Your majesty, I would be honored to take the position, given the circumstances.

Gremlin: What gives you the right to take it? I would also be willing and able to lead the charge.

Brukaine: I would rather be fed my beard on a platter than take orders from a Goblin!

Kyrie: Don't talk about my husband that way you horrible creature!

(CAST starts arguing loudly again)

Erulisse: (Stands up out of her throne) Enough of this bickering. (CAST quiets down) I have lived for a thousand years and never have I seen such a childish response to fear!

Vala: This is not fear, your highness. This is anger.

Kelin: We do not enjoy being backed into a corner. And that is exactly where we are.

(From the side of the stage)

Green Man: No, Claw Kelin. Call Vala. I am sorry to disagree, but what you are all feeling is fear. (Steps closer to TONITRUS) And you should all be afraid. The Northlanders are fearsome warriors who drink the blood of their enemies because they know no other way. They are lost. They were once afraid... and now they have turned that fear into rage.

Tonitrus: Lord Green Man, you see beyond that of normal men. What should I do?

(MENDAX enters at the back of the audience, listening)

Green Man: I see a great clash of metal and wood. A pulse fueled by hate. Lives destroyed. But I do see a light in the distance. But it is too far for me to tell you what it is.

Brukaine: Lord Green Man, I mean no disrespect to your ways. But (to TONTITRUS) Your majesty, we are wasting valuable time.

Mendax: (From the back of the audience) The dwarf is right about that.

Gorguul: (Draws his sword) This is your doing, Mendax! I will end you!

Mendax: (Holds hands Up) Whoa there, Gorguul! I am still an ambassador and there is, for the moment, still Rules of Order. I have come to tell you the Northlanders' terms.

Lathrna: I am fairly certain we have already heard their terms. They want us all dead.

Mendax: So you DO know what is going on around you, faerie. Huh. Looks like I lost a bet.

Tonitrus: Get to the point, Mendax.

Mendax: King Tyr and Queen Mai do not require all of your deaths on this day. Simply King Tonitrus. You are executed, Queen Erulisse is allowed to return to Iuaron, and they add Cuulayne to their nation's power. Everyone else would be free to go.

Aeranel: How generous of them.

Mendax: That is the most generous offer I have ever heard of them. Honestly, Tonitrus, I would consider it. Save the lives of everyone else, you die a hero.

Erulisse: And give the kingdom away to savages who will use Cuulayne's power to attack whomever they wish.

Mendax: True. But if all the other nations came together, even Cuulayne's armies combined with the Northlanders could be defeated in time.

Erulisse: I think that we will pass on their generous offer, thank...

Tonitrus: (Places a hand on ERULISSE'S, looking down at the ground) ...wait.

Erulisse: (Surprised) My love, you cannot be serious. Your people need you.

Tonitrus: Yes, but still...

Erulisse: (Places a hand underneath Tonitrus's chin and looks into his eyes) Tonitrus... I need you. You must believe me, we can defeat them.

Tonitrus: (Says softly) Thank you. (Looks to MENDAX) Please tell them we will see them on the battle field and I have no intention of laying down for them.

(The CAST except for MENDAX Cheers)

Mendax: Suit yourself. It will be hard without a Lord High Constable.

Tonitrus: (Stands up) You are correct. Due to his knowledge of combat, and his intimate knowledge of the Northlander's tactics, and that there is no other I trust more... (looks to GORGUUL) Gorguul of Merhock. I call upon you to act as Lord High Constable.

Dothlek: But he was not even in the tournament! And he is a lowly Captain of your Guards. How do we know he will be able to lead us effectively?

(VALA, KELIN, BRUKAINE, PEASEBLOSSOM, MENDAX & GREMLIN speaking up in agreement)

Aeranel: It is a wise decision, your majesty. We stand by you.

Vala: Well we do not! This is a farce! Why did we even come here for the tournament if this was to be the outcome.

Mendax: How do we know this was not your plan all along, Tonitrus? Placing your own man as the head of your army. Not exactly the good will you promised.

(The DWARVES & The ANIMAL-KIN speak up in agreement)

Tonitrus: These are drastic circumstances. Gorguul, you are my Lord High Constable.

Gorguul: Your majesty... I do not think I can...

Tonitrus: Gorguul of Merhock! This is my command. (Softer) It is time to truly prove your ancestors proud, Orc.

Gorguul: Yes, your majesty.

Tonitrus: Then it is done.

Brukaine: This is far from done, your majesty.

Tonitrus: I am certain of that, King Brukaine. But for now, this is my decree and you are on my land. Come now all of you. We have little time to prepare our troops!

(ALL CAST except MENDAX leave the stage quickly, speaking in various levels of approval or disapproval)

MENDAX: (Watching them walk away) Well, my work is done for now... (Walks off in the opposite direction)

Scene 7: The Drums of Battle  
Location: The Chess Board & Top of the Field

(At the top of the field, all of the NORTHLANDERS start to gather, checking their weaponry. At the chess board, THE REST OF THE CAST are preparing for battle. Tonitrus is holding several scrolls, looking them over)

Chess Board:

Tonitrus: Gorguul... Are you certain it will be wise to have two lines of defenders as opposed to one?

Gorguul: Your majesty. They are one tribe of the Northlanders. One tribe, one line. They will be ill prepared to handle a second line on our end.

Tonitrus: But it cuts down our numbers in both lines.

Gorguul: Yes, my king. But trust me, they use brute force. They have even been known to fight over opponents if there are not enough to go around. This will work.

Tonitrus: Very well, Lord High Constable.

Brukaine: I still cannot believe we are taking orders from an ORC!

Aeranel: Believe it. Gorguul knows what he is doing. I have seen him fight.

Usulani: Ambassador... remember. You are in the second line of defense. But if I fall and you get the chance. Retreat.

Aeranel: Usulani... that will be the last thing I do.

Usulani: Aeranel, if anything happened to you, I would never forgive myself.

Aeranel:(Looks USULANI in the eyes) I liked that you said my name, Usulani.

Usulani: (Looks down after a moment) I... I... am sorry... Aer... I mean, Ambassador I...

Aeranel: (Takes USULANI'S Hand) Just do not let anything happen to you, either.

Usulani: (Looks up to AERANEL) Of course.

(From the top of the field, calling HORNS sound)

Gorguul: They are forming their charge. Soon, we will hear drums. And they will come. (To the CAST) FIRST LINE! STAND FAST! SECOND LINE! HOLD!

(The CAST follows instructions)

(DRUMS start from the top of the field. The NORTHLANDERS start making their way down)

Tonitrus: (Steps out in front of them) Nations of the World! In the next few moments, we will caught in the throes of battle. And although we are separate lands, today we fight as one sword, one shield, one breath. We will bleed together and we will cry out together. We will glory in our victory or commiserate in defeat. And no matter what our differences, today... here... on this ground... we will send word to history that we are a World against Evil. And that we will fight that evil TO THE DEATH!

(CAST and FIGHTERS cheer as TONITRUS steps off. The NORTHLANDERS pick up speed coming down the hill, screaming with rage.)

Gorguul: FIRST LINE... READY... READY! ATTACK!

(CAST CRIES OUT and charges the NORTHLANDERS and they clash into the grand melee)

-----**GRAND MELEE**-----

(The first line of the "Good Guys" starts getting defeated by the Northlanders. During this, DOTHLEK, VALA, & GARRETT fall in battle)

Brukaine: (Enraged) By the Gods, Orc! Call the second line!

Gorguul: (Focused) Hold yourself, King Brukaine... almost...

(MAI is forced to retreat. TYR takes a moment to help her back to the Northlander's side of the field)

(When most of the first line of "Good Guys" seems out of combat and a good section of the Northlanders are down.

Gorguul: SECOND LINE! ATTACK!

(In the second line of the "Good Guys", PEASEBLOSSOM, LATHRNA, & GREMLIN fall in battle)

(GORGUUL goes in to battle against TYR. During this, one or two combatants from either side can interfere with the fight for quick disarms/kills by GORGUUL and TYR as long as their fight is the focus right near the end.)

Tyr: I will slaughter you like I have your kin, slave!

Gorguul: This is for my mother, Barbarian!

(In a quick series of moves, Gorguul disarms TYR and impales him)

Gorguul: (Raged) KNEEL TO YOUR MASTER, BARBARIAN!

(TYR is forced to drop to his knees and GORGUUL pulls out the sword and TYR falls to the ground. MAI runs in)

Mai: NO! (MAI runs in)



(GORGUUL has sword ready to fight, despite being tired, MAI parries his sword out of the way and kicks him in the chest, sending him back to the ground. She ignores him and kneels next to TYR)

Mai: (Looks to the wound, distressed) The wound is too far gone... do not go my King. It cannot be your time.

Tyr: (Coughing) By the strength... of our Gods... May our... our souls... burn bright.

Mai: And may we... die with honor. (She lifts up TYR'S head and touches her forehead to his. And lowers it back to the ground. TYR is dead)

(GORGUUL starts to get up)

Mendax: (Runs up to MAI and grabs her by her arms and lifts her up) My Queen! We must go now!

Mai: No! I have to finish this.

Mendax: Not today, Queen Mai. This is not the end. I guarantee it. Call off your men and let us go.

Mai: (Seeing GORGUUL and realizing her own condition) NORTHLANDERS! RETREAT!

(MENDAX carries MAI away with help from other NORTHLANDERS. ALL LIVING NORTHLANDERS exit the field)

Saraad: The Northlanders have fled! We have won the day!

(All Good guys except for BRUKAINE, DOTHLEK, KELIN, VALA, KYRIE, GREMLIN, PEASEBLOSSOM, LARTHRNA & GARRETT cheer)

Brukaine: This is far from over, Tonitrus.

Tonitrus: I understand. But for this day, we are victors. Master GreenWolf! What about our fallen?

GreenWolf: We will see what we can do, your majesty. I believe the Abbess and I can heal some of their wounds. (Starts informing people to grab stretchers. Some are healed enough to limp with help on their own)

Tonitrus: You have done well Gorguul. I am proud to have you as My Lord High Constable.

Gorguul: Thank you, your majesty.

Tonitrus: For this day, let us celebrate our triumph and pay tribute to our losses in the same breath. Because the Nations of the World came together and our might was felt by those that would do us harm. And that is worthy of celebration.

Saraad: Long live the KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD! HIP HIP...

ALL: HUZDAH!

Saraad: HIP HIP

ALL: HUZDAH!

Saraad: HIP HIP

ALL: HUZDAH!

## Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire Storyline Script Part III

# The Axiom of Power

Main Characters:

### THE CUULAYNE ALLIED LEGION

**CUULAYNE (Koo-LANE): A Melting Pot, Primarily of Humans**

**Queen Erulisse (AIR-oo-leese)**- Elven Wife of Tonitrus

**Gorguul of Merhock (Mehr- HOCK)**- Orcish Lord High Constable of King Tonitrus's Army

**Garrett**- Captain of the Guard Queen Erulisse

**Saraad (Sa- ROD) of Dyn Gryf (Din Griff)**- Herald to King Tonitrus

**Elenia**- New Head Servant to the Queen

**Boyd**- Servant to the King under Garrett

**Kanji**- Advisor to Queen Erulisse

### **IUARON (Eye-YAR-on) Land of the Elves**

**Aeranel (AR-ah-nell) of Iuaron**- Ambassador of the Elven High Court / Great Grand Niece of Queen Erulisse

**King Lyrian (LEER-ee-en) of Iuaron**- King of Elven High Court / Grand Nephew of Queen Erulisse

### **KUUKI (KYOU-kee): Faerie lands**

**Lathrna (LAR-rah-na) of Elencia (El-len-cee-uh)**: Queen of the Flutterbyes and Kuuki.

**Puck**: Advisor to Lathrna / Brother of Peaseblossom

### **KOBALOS (KOH-bah-los): Goblin Tribes formerly of the Goblin Valley-Lands**

**King Gremlin of Kobalos(KOH-bah-lohs)**: King of Kobalos

**Kyrie (KEER-ee)of Kobalos and Kuuki**: Faerie Wife of Gremlin ; Queen of Kobalos

## ***NORTHLAND CONTINGENT***

### **The Northlands: Barbarian Nomadic Lands**

**King Mendax:** King of the Northlands / Former Grand Adviser of King Tonitrus

**Mai (MY):** “Queen” of the Northlands

Brathadóir (Bra-tha-dor): Former Unseen Assassin

**Gere (GAIR):** Northland Contingent General

### **GRUUMOOR (GREW-more) Land of the Dwarves (and Goblins)**

**King Brukaine (broo-KANE) of Magrah (mag-RAH) of Gruumoor:** Dwarven King of Gruumoor

**Diesa of Magrah:** Daughter to King Brukaine

### **Sylvanus (sill-VAN-us): Lands of the Animal Kin**

**Vala (VAH-la) RedFang:** “Call” (Ambassador) of the Tribes of Sylvanus

**The Alpha:** Leader of the Tribes of Sylvanus

### **Draiocht (Drae- OAKT): Lands of the Unseen**

**The Green Man:** Voice of the Unseen

**Daniel GreenWolf:** Half Unseen / Half Human – Sole Representative of Draiocht

Location:

**Anleigh** (*Pronounced Ahn-lee*)-

A Small Village within the kingdom of Cuulayne where the Midsummer Festival is Held. Neutral territory due to its importance in the beginning of the Grand War.

## **Prologue:**

**It has been Three Years since the Grand War began between The Northland Contingent & The Cuulayne Allied Legion. The death of King Tyr of the Northlands has placed the crown on the head of Mendax, former Advisor to King Tonitrus of Cuulayne.**

**But during these three years, King Tonitrus has been assassinated, leaving Queen Erulisse to pick up the pieces and lead the Legion with his memory as her guide. This, along with fighting her former allies, and the mysterious disappearance of the Unseen creatures of Draiocht since the war began, has shaken her resolve.**

**King Mendax has proposed a treaty signing, wanting to bring the Grand War to an end. But Queen Erulisse worries that his intentions are less than noble...**

**...and she may be right.**

**Scene 1: Law of the Land**  
**Location: Front Gate**

(Primary Characters Needed: **GORGUUL, GERE, SARAAD, GARRETT, BOYD, ELENIA**)

**(Elenia pokes her head out of the gate, wearing a combat helmet, looking around nervously.)**

Elenia: Wow. You folks are brave waiting out here. Do you not know there is a war going on?

Boyd: **(Walks out, wearing a combat helmet, shaking his head)** Are you kidding, Elenia? EVERYONE knows there's a war going on. Stupid girl. **(Starts adjusting banners)**

Elenia: **(Kicks Boyd in the butt)**

Boyd: Hey!

Elenia: Watch yourself, Boyd! Since your Uncle Garrett became Captain of the Guards, I am the new Head Servant. So if you cross me, I will have you put in the dungeon.

Boyd: Head servant. Ha! You are two heads shorter than me.

Elenia: I am older than you, child!

Boyd: By three years! That is the only reason they gave YOU head servant and not me.

Elenia: **(Steps in front of Boyd, looking to the crowd)** And do not forget my grace and intelligence.

Boyd: **(Steps behind Elenia, sticking a foot out behind her)** I guess you are right, Elenia. Hey, look out behind you!

Elenia: What?! **(Spins around, tripping on Boyd's foot)** Why you little red-haired devil! **(Gets up and charges him, starts to roughhouse)**

Boyd: You mean red-haired Handsome devil!

Elenia: Pile of Troll dung!

Boyd: Angry Midget!

**(They try wrestling each other while Saraad walks out)**

Saraad: **(VERY LOUDLY)** ENOUGH CHILDREN!

**(Boyd and Elenia suddenly break apart, grabbing their ears in pain)**

Boyd: Holy hell Saraad! Why did you do that?!

Saraad: Because when you have got it, flaunt it. Also because your Uncle and Lord High Constable Gorguul approach and I will not have you scrapping about like muck-rakers.

Garrett: **(Walks out)** I am so glad to not be on the receiving end of that any longer. Greetings Saraad **(Places a hand on Saraad's shoulder)**

Saraad: Hail, Captain Garrett. I trust all is well.

Garrett: As well as it can be, considering. **(Looks over at the memorial plaque of Tonitrus)**

Boyd: **(Runs over and gives Garrett a hug)** Hey, Uncle Garrett!

Garrett: Hello, Boyd. Are you giving Elenia trouble?

Elenia: YES! / Boyd: NO! **(They both look at each other and glare)**

Garrett: **(Laughs)** You have become so much more tolerable since you have someone else to badger now.

Elenia: Yes, Captain. Boyd is positively hilarious to work with.

Boyd: Don't you know it!

Garrett: **(To Elenia)** Are things ready for the Welcoming Ceremony?

Elenia: Yes, Captain. Despite Boyd's best efforts, we are on schedule.

Boyd: You are such a riot.

Elenia: Don't you know it. **(Grins at Boyd)**

Garrett: Good. So be off with you both!

Elenia: Yes sir!

Boyd: No problem, Uncle!

**(Elenia & Boyd scurry off into the faire)**

Saraad: **(Looks over at the plaque)** It is hard to believe that it has been almost a year since he passed. You took it particularly hard, Garrett.

Garrett: Didn't we all? I always thought that if maybe they had made me Captain of the Guard before it happened, maybe he would still be alive.

Saraad: Do not dwell on that. There is nothing any of us could have done.

Garrett: I just wish we could have caught the assassin. Damn that Mendax.

Saraad: You mean... King Mendax?

Garrett: I will NEVER call him that. That slime. We may not be able to prove he orchestrated it, but I know it was him.

Saraad: Things are already tense enough, Garrett. Don't you think? Now Captain, if you would not mind- (**Motioning to the crowd**) These folks are in a bit of an... unsafe place?

Garrett: Yes, of course. (**To the crowd**) Lords and Ladies, in just a moment, you will be entering the Shire of Anleigh, starting point of the Grand War and, due to the articles of combat, acclaimed Neutral territory. Which means absolutely no battles in unapproved practice areas. Also, all weapons must remain peace-tied at all times while within these walls. Any violation of these rules will bring about immediate expulsion from the Shire of Anleigh, if you are lucky.

Gere: (**Walks Out of the Gate, Amused**) Yes. We would not wish to break your pathetic rules, would we?

Gorguul: General Gere... They are meant for the protection of all. Even your ruler, Mendax.

Gere: You mean *King Mendax*, Orc?

Gorguul: I would mean that, if that filthy traitor was worthy of such a title.

Gere: Your grievance has been noted, Lord High Constable. Now, if you and the Captain are done monopolizing these potential recruits?

**(Gorguul & Garrett bow slightly and step to the side)**

Gere: Welcome to all of the mighty warriors visiting from far and wide. Despite King Mendax and Queen Mai's insistence that a treaty will be signed today, as General of the Northland Contingent, I have learned to always be prepared, and the three years of war have depleted our numbers. So when you enter this sad excuse for a village, you will see recruitment stations for each of the Nations of the World. Every man, woman, and child is called upon to attempt our challenges to see if you are fit to join the Northland Contingent.

Gorguul: (**Steps forward**) Or if you are not Barbaric fools, there are also stations for the Nations of the Cuulayne Allied Legion. You are welcome to attempt all of the stations and we hope you will make the right choice.

Gere: (**Smiles, amused**) Yes. The choice is you can fight for Honor, Strength, and Glory... or you can fight for them. I look forward to seeing you all inside. (**Walks inside the Gate**)

Gorguul: (**Continues to stare at Gere as she walks in, slightly smiling**)

Garrett: Lord High Constable?

Gorguul: Hmm? I mean, Yes, Captain. Herald. Do whatever it is you do.



**(Gorguul & Garrett walk in)**

Saraad: My honor, Lord High Constable. Lords and Ladies, please join us all at Eleven and Thirty at the Field of Honor for the Opening Ceremonies. Until then, enjoy all the Shire of Anleigh has to offer and WELCOME TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!

**(Saraad Enters / Gate Opens)**

**Scene 2: Opening Ceremonies**  
**Location: Field of Honor**

**(SARAAD Steps Onto the Field, followed by BOYD & ELENIA)**

Saraad: Hear ye! Hear ye! Gather all as Queen Erulisse and all of the Cuulayne Allied Legion's leaders and of the Northland Contingent arrive in mere moments!

Elenia: Saraad, must we serve to the Northland Contingent?

Saraad: Well, remember that the Dwarves and the Animal Kin were once our allies, young Elenia. We are attempting to form a new treaty, so being inhospitable would not be wise.

Boyd: And what about the Northlanders, Saraad?

Saraad: Even they are not all bad. Just be weary.

Elenia: And King Mendax?

Saraad: If you forget to refill his glass, I think Queen Erulisse will overlook it.

Boyd: Just let them try something Saraad! My Uncle Garrett and I will take them out bare handed!

Saraad: **(Laughs)** I am sure, Boyd. Your Uncle has proven to be a strong Captain of the Guard.

Elenia: **(Sarcastically)** Oh sure. You are going to be a big help in case a fight breaks out, Boyd.

Boyd: Oh yeah? I have been taken hostage by the Northlanders before. But I am ready now... they will see what happens if they lay even a finger on you.

Elenia: **(Looks at Boyd, Surprised)**

Boyd: **(Suddenly)** US! I meant... lay a finger on us. **(Nervous laughter)**

Saraad: **(LOUDLY)** MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN! MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN!

**(Boyd & Elenia wince in pain and walk off)**

**(ERULISSE enters, followed by GARRETT, GORGUUL, KANJI, KING LYRIAN, AERANEL, LATHRNA, PUCK, GREMLIN, KYRIE, & DANIEL)**

Erulisse: Thank you, Saraad. Lord High Constable Gorguul!

Gorguul: Yes, My Queen?

Erulisse: I trust the Northland Contingent will be arriving shortly.

Gorguul: I have no reason to believe otherwise.

Garrett: I have guards stationed throughout the Shire, your highness. If they were to try anything, we will know.

Kanji: I would not be too sure about that Captain. While the Northlanders, the Dwarves, and the Animal Kin are as subtle as a club to the skull, Mendax is a wily bugger.

Erulisse: Of course, Master Kanji. I trust your council. And thank you for rejoining us as an advisor.

Kanji: You are quite welcome. But please keep in mind, this is a temporary position your majesty. I believed in your husband's ideals. As I do yours.

Gorguul: (**Snorts**) Then why did you leave, Master Kanji, if you believed so strongly in King Tonitrus?

Erulisse: Gorguul! Mind your tongue!

Kanji: No, my Queen. He has a point. (**To Gorguul**) I left because I spent two years under a guise, watching your predecessor and Mendax try to take Cuulayne out of the hands of King Tonitrus through lies and deceit. I wanted to see my wife. I wanted to watch my child grow up. I chose my family and King Tonitrus understood that.

Aeranel: Then why come back? I admit, I was surprised to see you when King Lyrian and I arrived in Anleigh.

Kanji: Ambassador Aeranel, I was not going to. Unfortunately, Mendax sent a small force to kill me and my family. I took that as my invitation to reenlist. I want to see this war finished.

Gorguul: As do we all.

Aeranel: This treaty is not my idea of a proper finish.

Kanji: I understand, Ambassador. But it is what is...best.

Lyrian: And what would you prefer, my child? For this war to carry on?

Aeranel: Of course not, father. But Mendax deserves a death sentence, not terms to extend his power.

Lyrian: It is that thinking that has gotten us here in the first place.

Lathrna: King Lyrian is correct. Too many lives have been lost on both sides.

Aeranel: Then what is one more life lost?

Lyrian: Aeranel!

Aeranel: He killed my Usulani in cold blood! Mendax is insane and will not follow the terms of a treaty! This is preposterous!

Lyrian: *Lle Tela!* (*Lay tel-AH*)

Aeranel: *Gurth goth Wethrinaer!* (*goorth gauth WETH-rin-air*)

Lyrian: *Dina!* (*dee-NAH*)

Aeranel: (**Pauses, looking to Erulisse**) Please forgive me, Your Majesty.

Lyrian: (**To Erulisse**) Your Great Grand Niece has not been the same since the death of her mate.

Erulisse: (**To Aeranel**) No need to apologize. I understand all too well.

Lathrna: (**Steps forward, brushing Erulisse's cheek**) And how are you doing, Queen Erulisse?

Erulisse: (**Taking a hold of her hand, sighing**) It does not matter if it is a year or a hundred. Enough time will never silence my pain, Queen Lathrna.

Lathrna: Well, you know the Faeries and Flutterbyes are here for you if you need anything.

Gremlin: As are the Goblins of Kobolos, Queen Erulisse!

Kyrie: We love you bunches! (**Nods assertively**)

Erulisse: Thank you King Gremlin and Queen Kyrie. My deepest thanks to all of you. Tonitrus was honored to consider you all allies... and friends.

**(MENDAX enters, followed by MAI, GERE, BRUKAINE, DIESA, THE ALHPA, VALA, & BRATHADOIR)**

Mendax: And soon, we will be counted among them! (**Laughing**) Make way for the King, make way for the King! I have to get myself a Herald sometime.

Erulisse: (**Stands, bowing slightly, the words momentarily caught in her throat**) ...King... Mendax. Queen Mai. Thank you for joining us.

Mai: Can we not dispense with the pleasantries? This display sickens me. You are obviously as annoyed to be here as we are.

Mendax: (**Amused**) Now, now, My Queen. (**Touches MAI'S arm. MAI pulls away, disgusted**) I am not annoyed in the slightest. In fact, I am overjoyed that we can all be gathered here on this historic day of peace. Erulisse, so good to see you are doing well.

Erulisse: "Well" is a relative term, King Mendax. But thank you. However, if we could begin the Opening Ceremony?

Mendax: Of course, your highness. I look forward to properly addressing the good subjects of Anleigh. (**Smiling, he notices KANJI. The smile fades**) What is HE doing here?

Erulisse: Master Kanji has rejoined us to become an advisor these past few months.

Kanji: (**To Mendax, smiling**) Hi there, sweetheart.

Gere: Mind your place, Advisor.

Kanji: Of course. KING Sweetheart. (**Mocking bow**)

Mai: Enough of this! My patience wears thin. Mendax, let us not drag this out any longer?

Mendax: Of course, My Queen. Erulisse?

Mai: (**Pulls him in forcefully, saying quietly**) Call me that again, I shall rip out your heart.

Mendax: (**Looking down at his arm**) Threaten me again, you will meet your dead beloved sooner than you had intended.

(**After a long, angry stare, Mai lets go**)

Mendax: Anyway... Erulisse?

Daniel: (**Steps behind Erulisse Placing a hand on Erulisse's shoulder**) Hold a moment, your majesty. There is an unstable energy amongst us.

Aeranel: Yes. His name is Mendax.

Daniel: No, something else. If I may, my Queen?

Erulisse: Go ahead, Master GreenWolf.

Mendax: And who are you to interrupt anything Bard?

Daniel: (**Steps forward**) As sole representative of the land of Draiocht and as the current vision of the Unseen, I get a right to speak.

Mai: The Unseen have been absent for the entire war. In fact, from the day after the war began, they all ran, like cowards.

Daniel: They are no cowards, Queen Mai. They chose not to get involved. For the sake of both sides.

Mai: Since all of the Unseen have fled to Draiocht, what are YOU still doing here?

Daniel: Draiocht is not my master. I pay proper respect to my homeland, but I am only Half-Unseen. And go where I wish. But my question is why have you brought an assassin along with you to a treaty signing? **(Points to Brathadoir)**

Mendax: Brathadoir? He is no assassin. He is a tactical support to my General, that is all.

Daniel: Brathadoir is of the *Dibir*. The exiled. He was of Draiocht until he was cast out for horrible crimes.

Brathadoir: **(Slowly steps forward)** Really GreenWolf? I was cast out because I chose not to grovel at the feet of the Green Man like you do, you weak half-breed.

Daniel: **(To Erulisse)** He has tortured and killed many, your highness.

Brathadoir: This is a war, GreenWolf. Many kill.

Daniel: You have been killing long before the war, Brathadoir. And Innocents. Men. Women. Children.

Brathadoir: There are no innocents, half-breed. Only the weak.

Daniel: You are a plague on this world, traitor.

Brathadoir: This world was diseased long before I arrived.

Mendax: Bard! Back away. He is protected under the articles of war. Go complain to the Green Man if you are displeased. Now... we are here in the spirit of peace. So... Queen Erulisse... if you will?

**(Daniel and Brathadoir step back, keeping an eye on each other)**

Erulisse: Very well. **(Stands)** Welcome, one and all, to this joyous day. For three years, our World has been torn apart by war. There have been many casualties on both sides. A world continuing on this dark path will never see the daylight of hope. So today, on behalf of the Kingdom of Cuulayne, and the memory of King Tonitrus, we come to the table to form a peace.

King Lyrian: On behalf of the elven lands of Iuaron and the memory of our Captain Usulani, I, King Lyrian of Iuaron and my daughter, Ambassador Aeranel of Iuaron, come to the table to form a peace.

Lathrna: On behalf of the Faerie Lands of Kuuki and the memory of Ambassador Peaseblossom, I, Queen Lathrna of Elencia and my Ambassador, Puck, come to the table to form a peace.

Gremlin: On behalf of the Goblin Lands of Kobolos and the memory of all who have fallen in our lands, I King Gremlin and Queen Kyrie of Kuuki, come to the table to form a peace.

Brukaine: On Behalf of the Dwarven Lands of Gruumoor and the memory of our brother Lieutenant General Dothlek, I, King Brukaine of Magrah and my daughter, Princess Diesa of Magrah, come to the table to form a peace.

The Alpha: On Behalf of the Animal Kin Tribes of Sylvanus and memory of our fallen, Claw Kelin SilverHorn, I, The Alpha of Sylvanus and my Call, Vala RedFang, come to the table to form a peace.

Mendax: On behalf of the Northlands and memory of King Tyr, I, King Mendax and Queen Mai, come to the table to form a peace. And may I add that all of the Northland Contingent mourns the death of King Tonitrus, perhaps none more than I.

Erulisse: Thank you... Mendax.

Mendax: It will be comforting to see this reign of darkness... that is, The Great War, finally come to an end.

Erulisse: But of course. I look forward to it. Now if everyone would join us. **(Raises her glass)**

**(All raise a glass / mug / etc)**

Erulisse: To our fallen friends and loved ones, and to an ever-lasting peace. May the Gods bless us on this glorious day. And we hope you shall all join us for the treaty signing at Three and Thirty. Until then, enjoy this day of celebration and light!

Saraad: Hip Hip **(x3)**

ALL **(Except Mai, Gere, & Brathodoir)**: HUZZAH! **(x3)**

Saraad: MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN! MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN!

**(ALL leave the stage)**

**Scene 3: Memories Never Fade**  
**Location: Emerald Glen**

**(GARRETT, GORGUUL, & SARAAD walk on stage)**

Garrett: Mendax is planning something, Gorguul. I just know it.

Gorguul: Perhaps, Captain. But he would be foolish to try anything today.

Garrett: We are well fortified, my guards are constantly standing by the Queen, our forces are here in the Shire... but still...

Saraad: Master GreenWolf does not trust that Unseen creature, Brathadoir.

Gorguul: Well, if what the Bard says is true, then there is indeed reason to be concerned.

Garrett: I have never seen him angry like that.

Gorguul: True. GreenWolf is a fool, but he does not normally lash out like that.

Saraad: Perhaps the Unseen's absence from the land has taken its toll on his nerves.

Garrett: That is not it... I do not know...

Gorguul: **(Annoyed)** Enough of this. How is the security for the treaty signing, Captain?

Garrett: It shall be the safest place in the Shire. All will have their weapons on hand, we are guarded from all sides, and we have been keeping a close eye on all those who have entered Anleigh.

Gorguul: Good. I loathe these pleasantries. It is a risky and unnecessary ceremony that we do not need.

**(KING LYRIAN & AERANEL enters)**

Lyrian: That is where you are mistaken, Lord High Constable.

**(Gorguul, Garrett, & Saraad bow)**

Gorguul: King Lyrian, Ambassador Aeranel. Am I missing something?

Lyrian: Yes, Lord High Constable. It is Politics.

Aeranel: Worry not, Gorguul. I seem to miss the point, also.



Lyrian: I have had this discussion with my daughter many times on the way to Anleigh. We need to end the war. There is no avoiding that fact. And with so many losses on both sides, if we attempted to continue until there was a victor, there would be nothing left to rule.

Aeranel: Yes, father, but why are we celebrating it with this absurd display?

**(Gorguul Nods)**

Lyrian: Again, it is Politics. We need to show the people that we are not only willing to make peace, but that we are so committed to it that we will come face to face to make it happen.

Aeranel: Even if it means coming face to face with a snake?

Gorguul: You know they are odd times when I agree with an Elf.

Lyrian: You are both so young. You both come from a place of rage. Gorguul, I know the Northlanders destroyed your people. But that was under a different rule. A different time.

Aeranel: And what about me, father? It was MENDAX that killed Usulani. He deserves to die!

Lyrian: Child... I know you miss your loved one. But we survive because we fight when it is called for and shake hands with demons when required. Mendax is only mortal. One day, his spirit will flow away with the tide and we will remain long after he is gone. This is the way of the elves. The is the way of the world. In several hundred years, you too will understand this.

**(THE ALPHA & VALA enters)**

Alpha: So that is the way of the elves? Wait for things to die? In Sylvanus, they call you Hyenias.

Lyrian: Alpha... Call Vala. **(Polite Bow)** It has been too long.

Alpha: Being on opposite sides of a hunt will do that, King Lyrian.

Lyrian: I do not believe this war can be truly called a Hunt, can it?

Vala: All battles are a hunt. For there are only two sides. The hunters, and the prey. And the Animal Kin are the mightiest hunters of all.

Lyrian: I would never doubt that, Call Vala. But I do doubt your tactical choices.

Alpha: Your meaning?

Aeranel: Why side with that horrendous creature Mendax?

Vala: Why did you side with those vile faeries?

Aeranel: The faeries of Kuuki are not evil.

Alpha: We never said they were. Annoyances- yes. Mask wearers- yes. But not evil. They have killed many of our tribe and attempted to push back the line on our hunting grounds year after year.

Lyrian: And you have killed many of theirs. This is the nature of war, yes?

Alpha: As are uneasy allegiances. We are not of the Northland Contigent because of King Mendax. We respect the Northlanders' skill and the pride of the Dwarves of Gruumoor almost matches our own.

Lyrian: The proud and mighty Animal Kin. It is hard to hunt when you are dead.

Vala: **(Takes an attack stance)** Is that a threat, Elf?

**(Aeranel reaches for her sword and Lyrian puts out a hand to stop her)**

Lyrian: **(Remaining calm)** It is merely a fact, pup. Ask your Alpha. We do not threaten. We do what is necessary to live on.

Vala: Then you had best get away from us...

Alpha: Vala... stand down.

Aeranel: **(Stands against Lyrian's arm)** I would welcome a fight from you, Call Vala.

Vala: My pleasure to oblige Elf! **(Steps in)**

Alpha: **(Grabs Vala by the back of her neck and throws her back across the stage, one-handed with a loud growl)**

**(Vala is thrown very far back and tumbles back into a crouched stance. Aeranel steps back, suddenly scared)**

Alpha: **(After a pause, he speaks as calmly as before, looking ahead)** You will heed my words, kin. **(Looking back slightly)** Understood?

Vala: **(Bows slightly)** Yes, my Alpha.

Lyrian: Youth.

Alpha: Of course. Some traits are universal. **(Bends slightly to be on eye level with Aeranel, stepping closer)** I understand your loss, Ambassador. I lost my mate long ago. And as Animal Kin, we mate for a lifetime. The rage in you will lessen with time.

Aeranel: **(Slightly confused)** Thank...thank you Alpha.

Alpha: **(Stands slowly, stepping back)** If you will excuse us. King Lyrian. Ambassador Aeranel. I hope that when this treaty is signed, we shall have many more conversations.

Lyrian: By the Gods' will. **(Bows Slightly)**

**(The ALPHA & VALA depart)**

Aeranel: I have never met the Alpha before... I... was not expecting... I mean... I was expecting...

Lyrian: A cold-blooded hunter?

Aeranel: Well... yes.

Lyrian: That is not how one rules a pack. I was friends with the Alpha's father long ago. He was the strongest and kindest creature I had ever met. I am glad to see his traits carried on in his son.

Saraad: MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN! MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN!

**(ERULISSE, KANJI, LATHRNA, PUCK, GREMLIN, & KYRIE enter)**

Erulisse: King Lyrian. I hope all is well.

Lyrian: **(Bows)** Of course, your majesty. In fact, Ambassador Aeranel and I were just going to go enjoy the festival.

Erulisse: Well, do not let me keep you.

Lyrian: Thank you, your majesty.

**(AERANEL and LYRIAN bow, and then depart)**

Lathrna: I have always enjoyed those elves. Except their odd respect for the Animal Kin.

Puck: You cannot fault them, Queen Lathrna. **(Walks over by Gremlin)**

Lathrna: Yes, yes. Of course. I guess everyone is a little...

Puck: **(Looking over Gremlin with curiosity)** ...odd?

Lathrna: I was going to say silly... but yes! Odd works too.

Puck: Indeed. **(Pokes Gremlin)**

Gremlin: Do you MIND, faerie?!

Puck: (Smiles) No... not at all. Thank you!. **(Pokes him again)** You goblins are interesting creatures. You heal so quickly. Tell me... if I cut you in half... does it make two of you?

Kyrie: It would be so much fun to have two of my Gremmy-poohs!

Gremlin: No! We do not work that way thank YOU very much. Now if you would please? I am King of the Goblins, can you stop looking at me like an experiment? (**To Kyrie**) Who is this anyway?

Kyrie: Oh silly Gremmy. This is Puck. Advisor to Queen Lathrna.

Puck: (**A flamboyant bow**) Kyrie is correct. Puck is my given and I am at your service.

Gremlin: What are you an advisor of exactly?

Puck: A grand question indeed! So smart, the Goblins are! And so... durable. Fascinating.

Gremlin: Well?

Puck: Well what?

Gremlin: My question?

Puck: Yes... what is it?

Gremlin: What are you an ADVISOR of?

Puck: I already answered that question.

Gremlin: What? When?

Puck: Exactly.

Gremlin: (**Long Confused Pause**)

Puck: (**Big Smile**)

Erulisse: (**Amused**) Queen Lathrna, King Gremlin, your unwavering support of Cuulayne has been comforting during this war. We have all been through so much.

Lathrna: Well, with any luck, this treaty shall put all that behind us.

Gremlin: (**Snorts**) I doubt it.

Erulisse: You have issues with a treaty between the Cuulayne Allied Legion and the Northland Contingent, King Gremlin?

Gremlin: The Goblin Lands of Kobolos fully support a treaty, Queen Erulisse. I just personally do not think that they shall live up to the terms.

Puck: The Goblin King... (**Pauses**)...that's got a nice ring to it... anyways... he has a point.

Lathrna: Puck has a tendency to see many, many sides of an idea.

Puck: That is my job, milady (**tips an invisible hat**). King Mendax... (**shakes head**)... nah, don't like that... anyways, he has built his power on deceit. He took up the crown right after the death of the Northland King, King Tyr. I would say it was his plan from get go. Yes I would indeed.

Erulisse: But Puck, that seems like it would be an awfully big chance to take.

Puck: Mendax doesn't take chances. Nope, no chance taking at all.

Lathrna: Forgive him your majesty... Puck sometimes forgets that people do not see things as he sees them.

Puck: Oh sure... don't listen to me. Well never the less... I can do this (**Does a little spinning dance move**).

Lathrna: You do have a point, Puck.

**(Erulisse, Gremlin, Gorguul, Garrett, Kanji & Saraad look confused. Kyrie nods in agreement)**

**(MENDAX enters)**

Mendax: Do I feel my ears burning?

Lathrna: We can only hope. (Big smile)

Mendax: So nice to see you, too, Queen Lathrna.

Lathrna: I know it is. I am rather delightful.

Erulisse: King Mendax... where is Queen Mai?

Mendax: Well, she was a little heated after the Opening Ceremony. The Native Northlanders do not understand the need for proper protocol. Thankfully, I am here to lead them into a new age. King Tyr's untimely demise at the hands of your Lord High Constable did have one positive side effect. Tyr was determined to keep the Northlands in the dark.

Gorguul: He was attempting to kill me at the time.

Mendax: Oh! I do not blame you, Gorguul. As a matter of course, I should thank you.

Gorguul: That is not necessary, Mendax. In fact, never mention it again. Or speak to me.

Mendax: Charming. Look, I understand you all have animosity towards me... a war will do that. And with the death of King Tonitrus, everyone is more on edge.

Erulisse: Assassination.

Mendax: I'm sorry, Queen?

Erulisse: My husband was assassinated, King Mendax.

Mendax: Of course... most unfortunately. Random rebels taking advantage of wartime confusion to end the life of a... great... ruler.

Erulisse: I do not think it was entirely random... King Mendax.

Mendax: But... they never caught the assassin. A shame, really. We may never know who it truly was. But in any case, the treaty we sign today will be the end of all this animosity. I am most looking forward to it. And as an aside... I wanted to offer an apology to Master Kanji.

Kanji: Why me?

Mendax: Well, I understand some of my people came across your home and accosted you and your family.

Kanji: They said it was under your orders.

Mendax: Most certainly not. That kind of petty vengeance is below me. They thought you were random rabble. I just wanted to let you know that those people have been dealt with accordingly.

Kanji: I didn't realize I had left any of them alive.

Mendax: Two of the... Eight... I believe.

Kanji: Damn. I guess those were the two my wife didn't get to.

Mendax: Well, they will no longer be an issue.

Kanji: How... kind of you.

Mendax: I am a benevolent and just ruler. Speaking of which, there is much to prepare for the treaty signing. If you would excuse me, your majesty.

Erulisse: **(A nod towards Mendax)** Very well.

**(MENDAX departs)**

Kanji: I need a shower.

Erulisse: We must ~~follow in the idea~~ hope that he means what he says.

Puck: **(Laughs)** Nothing is by chance. **(Does another little spin)** Wheeee!

Gorguul: Your majesty... there IS much to be done before the treaty signing at three and thirty.

Erulisse: Of course, Lord High Constable. Everyone. Thank you.

Saraad: MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN! MAKE WAY FOR THE QUEEN!

**(ERULISSE WALKS OUT. ALL DEPART AFTER HER)**

**Scene 4: Choke You With Your Strings...**  
**Location: Highland Stage**

**(MENDAX, MAI, GERE, & BRATHADOIR enter, Mendax with a large smile)**

Mendax: Just brilliant. These fools are not just walking into it, they seem to be running head first into it.

Mai: I do not understand, Mendax.

Mendax: Of course you don't! That is the problem with Northlanders... you lack vision.

Mai: I grow weary of your constant disregard of my people. Remember that without us, you would have nothing.

Mendax: (Dismissive) Yes, yes. Without a doubt. But we have moved on to the next phase, never the less. And this plan is far beyond the scope of any one land. And everything is going perfectly.

Mai: Perfectly? I do not remember Kanji still breathing as a part of your plan.

Mendax: (Annoyed) He is of little consequence. If anything, his anger towards me only feeds Erulisse's pain.

Brathadoir: You should have let me kill him when I had the chance.

Mendax: You are of quite the one-track mind, aren't you Brathadoir?

Brathadoir: Simplicity brings focus and perfection, human. Not all of the teachings of the Unseen are entirely useless.

Mendax: It helps that you take pride in your work.

Brathadoir: It is not pride. Simply Fact. I kill. Very well.

Mai: Why do we require an assassin, Mendax? You have already killed the King through treachery... can we not have a proper open war and destroy Cuulayne?

Gere: Queen Mai... if I may... as much as I desire to openly crush our enemies and prove our might- This war has depleted our forces. Even with new clan members from recruitment, we will not last long at this pace.

Mai: You dare doubt the strength of the Northlands, General Gere? You would be disemboweled for such insolence under normal circumstances.

Gere: I do not doubt our strength, Queen Mai. I am a... realist.

Mendax:(Amused) A realist from the Northlands? I would imagine I'd sooner see a Unicorn.



Mai: Gere has always been a fierce and dangerous warrior. King Tyr was proud of her triumphs. But these last three years of traveling the world as the Northland Contingent's General has... brought too many outside ideas.

Gere: With respect, Queen Mai, I have learned to look at the best opportunities for victory. Even if they are not... traditional methods.

Mendax: (Grasps Gere's shoulders) And that is admirable, General. Fresh perspective is important. Which is why you must trust me, Mai.

(GREENWOLF enters, amused)

Daniel: The idea of anyone trusting you is terrifying, Mendax.

(Mai & Gere go for their swords. Mendax puts out a hand to stop them)

Mendax: Master GreenWolf. Know your place... it is King Mendax now.

Daniel: When I am in a land under your rule, I will call you King. Until then, I have a list of other names for you, if you would like to hear them.

Mai: Insolent Unseen dog.

Daniel: (Bows) Queen Mai. Never insolent to those deserving my respect.

Mai: (Slightly confused, but still annoyed)

Brathadoir: What brings you here, Half-Breed?

Daniel: You do, Brathadoir. it is not often I see one of the *Dibir* Unseen. Especially YOU.

Brathadoir: Do I make you nervous, GreenWolf?

Daniel: Only as much as the next venomous snake.

Mendax: Bard... I am still confused as to what you are doing here. Haven't all of the Unseen... gone unseen... these last three years?

Daniel: As I stated... I am only half of Draiocht. I am not bound by their edicts and may go where I wish and do as I see fit.

Mendax: Half of Draiocht?

Daniel: Yes... my mother was of the Unseen.

Mendax: And your father?

Daniel: Was Convincing. (Smiles to Mendax)

Brathadoir: He meant to say human. Your father was human, right... GreenWolf? And how is he doing these days? Still dead?

Daniel: (Smile fades) Yes. For several years now, thank you for asking.

Brathadoir: I wasn't asking. Simply making a statement, half-breed.

Daniel: Well, I shall send the sympathetic sentiments on to my mother, exiled one.

Brathadoir: Maybe I should pass on the sentiments to her myself.

Daniel: That would be difficult as you are banished from Draiocht. I would send a card.

Brathadoir: Do not worry about me, GreenWolf. I have my means, if need be. It will be delightful to see her again.

Daniel: (Stands face to face, angry) Forget the Balance, Dibir. When next we meet, I am going to take pleasure in killing you.

Brathadoir: There's the human side coming out. I can smell the rage in you. Why do we have to wait? Do you think Draiocht really cares about a half-breed and an exiled one? That if either of us died, they would step in at all in the name of their 'precious' balance?

Daniel: (Grabs him by the collar) You know NOTHING of the balance, you bastard!

Brathadoir: But you know everything about being a bastard, don't you, "HALF"-breed? I'm going to slit your ginger throat!

(Brathadoir Breaks the grab, pushing Daniel back, taking a ready position and pulling a dagger. Daniel takes a defensive stance)

Daniel: You are welcome to try!

(Mendax pulls a sword on Daniel and Gere pulls a sword on Brathadoir)

Mendax: Now, now boys. We do not want to break the Articles of War, do we? No fighting. This is supposed to be a day of peace. So why don't you both calm down?

(Brathadoir looks at Mendax and then at Daniel and puts his dagger away)

Brathadoir: Fø Another time, half breed.

Daniel: (Composing himself) You are right, Mendax. I had better leave anyway. I have a show soon and Brathadoir has some homeless child to steal bread from, I am sure.

Brathadoir: (Smiles, calmly) I am going to cut out your tongue. ~~half-breed.~~

Daniel: Your threats are like a warm hug, Brathadoir. This is not over.

(Daniel walks off)

Mendax: (Smiles) I love it. Brathadoir, you continue to be so helpful.

Mai: What did the Bard mean by "the Balance?"

Brathadoir: It is the chosen purpose of the Unseen, to maintain what they claim is the balance of all things.

Mendax: -When Tonitrus first started this war, he betrayed his own beliefs and created an imbalance. His death brought Erulisse grief and thus the war rages on, in Tonitrus's name, causing the imbalance to grow ever larger. If they fought, the Unseen would only be making things worse.

Brathadoir: Like cowards, they withdrew from the world, helping no side, and wait for you mortals to balance yourselves.

Gere: You knew of this from the start? :

Mendax: Of course! If the Unseen were to come to their former allies side, it would be the end of us. Their numbers alone are fearful enough, but they also possess great power, especially their leader the Green Man. By keeping Erulisse enraged and fueling her desire to see every Northlander, Dwarf, and Animal-Kin she sees dead, she betrays everything Tonitrus held so dear.

Mai: And what now? Now that Erulisse wants peace?

Mendax: That won't be a problem, especially with what I have planned for the treaty signing. You will be ready when the time comes, Brathadoir?

Brathadoir: Of course... it would be nice to have killed another set of royalty. Somehow comforting.

Mendax: You are a sick one Brathadoir. But it makes you efficient. Now go. It is best you go and start making preparations now.

Brathadoir: My pleasure. (Walks off)

Mai: This treachery is useless, Mendax. I could very simply kill Erulisse and be done with it.

Mendax: Then she becomes a Martyr like Tonitrus, and another will rise to take her place. To truly crush Cuulayne, you must destroy even the beliefs that Tonitrus once held so dear. To ensure sure his end is complete, we must turn his lies of peace and justice into a legacy of death and ash.

Mai: I do not understand.

Mendax: Like I said- no vision. (Sees Brukaine and Diesa entering) Now, quiet. The dwarves.

(BRUKAINE and DIESA enter)

Brukaine: Mendax! Have all of the preparations been set for the treaty?

Mendax: Why, Yes, King Brukaine. My people have been seeing to it. We will have peace by day's end. Do not worry.

Brukaine: Good. This war has gone on long enough. Too many of our brothers and sisters have spilled their blood for your plans.

Mendax: It is not just my plans, King Brukaine. The way King Tonitrus chose his Lord High Constable under the pathetic guise of a tournament and then putting his own man at the head of his armies anyway was inexcusable. Dishonorable... wouldn't you say?

Brukaine: Perhaps, but we are long past that now. Three years of war has brought little comfort to my people. And frankly, I find your methods of war... questionable.

Mendax: My methods are fairly genius, your highness.

Diesa: Your methods got Dothlek killed!

Mendax: Now, now, young dwarf. The War got your Lieutenant General killed. It is an unfortunate side effect of battle.

Diesa: Do not tell the Dwarves the ways of battle. My father has been ruling for decades before you took the throne, Mendax.

Mendax: Yes... of this I am well aware. And the mountains of Gruumoor have been strong because of it. But don't you want more than just mountains.

Brukaine: My people want to feel safe. They want to work and live with the pride of their ancestors. They cannot do that now.

Mendax: Which is why we are forming a treaty.

Diesa: How do we know you are not planning something else, Mendax?

Mendax: So untrusting, Princess Diesa. I only want what is best for all of us. However, I am concerned for the motives of Queen Erulisse.

Brukaine: What do you mean?

Mendax: Well, Erulisse is an elf. And as you know, they cannot be trusted. A proper facade hides evil intentions. I am concerned they will try something.

Brukaine: At the signing?

Mendax: It is the perfect opportunity. We are all out in the open with the eyes of the World watching.

Diesa: We will be ready. The dwarves never back down from a fight.

Mendax: Of course, Princess. I am counting on it.

Brukaine: And what of the Animal Kin? Does the Alpha share your concerns?

Mendax: Well, you can always ask him yourself. (Points to Vala and the Alpha)

(ALPHA and VALA enter)

Vala: King Brukaine. Princess Diesa. Queen Mai. King Mendax. Something going on the Animal Kin should know about?

Brukaine: Of course not. Mendax was just relating his theory about Queen Erulisse.

Alpha: Which is?

Brukaine: That she will use the treaty signing for something nefarious.

Alpha: That does not seem correct.

Vala: Alpha... with due respect... what is your meaning?

Alpha: Call Vala, the elves are known for many things... treachery cannot be counted amongst them.

Brukaine: I feel your past alliances with the elves has tainted your view, Alpha.

Alpha: And I know your feud with the elves has tainted your view, King Brukaine.

Diesa: The elves have always disrespected Gruumoor. No honor.

Alpha: Have they always, Princess? Do you even know when the feud started? It was well before you were born... even your father or myself. It is nature to distrust that which we don't understand.

Brukaine: I do not see you taking the same calm, focused approach to the faeries, Alpha.

Vala: That is different. They are trying to take food out of our mouths by moving in on our hunting grounds.

Alpha: True, Call Vala. And this war has made it all the worse. I hope this treaty will push them back behind the lines, as it were.

Vala: Do you really think those vile pixies will live up to their side of the terms, Alpha?

Alpha: If you anticipate a hunt's outcome, you will always go hungry. You must be prepared for feast or famine.

Vala: Of course. (Bows head)

Mai: Enough of all of this petty chatter!

Mendax: Queen Mai... (places a hand on her arm) ...please...

Mai: Do not touch me, Mendax! All of your words mean nothing! This guise is pointless. Of course they will not live up to the treaty! They are our enemies. These politics are disgraceful. King Tyr would not have stood for it.

Alpha: What would you prefer?

Mai: Open war! The way the Gods wish for us! We should go into this treaty ready to kill them all!

Brukaine: That does not seem honorable.

Mai: War is honorable, dwarf! Not all of these pathetic games! Mendax has plagued my thoughts enough and listening to all of you whining has sealed my decision. I will take the Northlanders to a battle, not to a table for peace.

Mendax: I am sorry you feel that way, Queen Mai.

Mai: I am done listening to you Mendax.

Mendax: I understand. (He spins around grabbing a dagger from Gere's belt and stabs Mai in the back)

Mai:(Drops to her knees) Ahh!

(Everyone draws weapons in defense)

Mendax: Now, you and your mate can talk about honor all you want. (Tosses her to the ground. Looking around, confused) What? You saw it for yourselves. She was clearly going to ruin everything we have been working towards. The treaty would've been in jeopardy if she carried on.

Brukaine: Where was the honor in that, Mendax?

Mendax: Your job is fighting for honor. My job is getting the task done. This was clearly the only way.

Alpha: The... only way?

Mendax: Well... the most efficient way.

Brukaine: (Stepping forward, drawing a weapon, placing it to Mendax's throat)) How do I know you won't do the same to us... to get the task done?

(Gere places her sword to Brukaine's throat)

Gere: (Sternly) Stand down, your majesty.

Diesa: (Draws her weapon and places it at Gere's throat) Don't you DARE threaten my father, Barbarian.

Gere: It is not a threat. I have no need to kill both of you. But I will do what is required.

Mendax: (Laughing lightly) Now... now... everyone... there is no need for this. Gere... relax. King Brukaine has no intention on killing me. Because I have no intention on killing him.. (Gently lowers Gere's weapon and Brukaine's weapon). Princess Diesa... please.

(Diesa cautiously lowers her weapon)

Mendax: This is exactly what Erulisse wants. She wants us to crumble. That is how she will control us. Mai was pushed past the point of sanity because of it. Surely you see that.

Alpha: Perhaps. But you are a snake, Mendax. There is no question. Attempt to turn on the Animal Kin in such a fashion... I will end you.

Mendax: (Slightly Nervous) Of course not, Alpha. I have nothing but the highest respect for all of you.

Alpha: Good. Call Vala. Come. We have much to do.

(ALPHA & VALA exit)

Brukaine: The Dwarves of Gruumoor want this war to end, Mendax. And we stand by this treaty... but if you try anything against us...

Mendax: I am not the one you should be worried about, King Brukaine.

Diesa: What do you mean, Mendax?

Mendax: I fear Queen Erulisse is far more cunning than we give her credit. I hear whispers. Whispers that she will try to tear us apart before the treaty is signed.

Brukaine: Why? Does she not wish peace?

Mendax: Do you really think she wants ME as a ruler of anything? Do you think she honestly trusts the Dwarves? The Animal-Kin? I take no chances. Keep your eyes open, your majesty.

Brukaine: Always. For now, we go as planned. We will see you at the Treaty signing.

Mendax: Of course. King Brukaine. Princess Diesa. (Bows lightly)

(BRUKAINE and DIESA walk off)

Mendax: (To Gere, motioning to Mai) Get some of our people to take care of the body.

Gere: Where did that fit into your plan?

Mendax: The best plans are always ready for the unexpected. Besides, it would have happened sooner or later. Like I said... no vision.

Gere: What happens when Brathadoir kills Queen Erulisse?

Mendax: Then they will most likely blame me... a battle will break out, and without a leader and unprepared for such a hasty fight, they will simply lose. Northland Contingent wins.

Gere: And what if Brathadoir is unsuccessful in his attempt?

Mendax: Well that... that is much more interesting.

Gere: Well?

Mendax: (Smiles, shaking his head) No, no, no. You are far more intelligent than Mai ever was... but I still have to keep some things a surprise. Now go and get some warriors to carry her body away.

Gere: (Uncertain) Very... well, my...King. (Walks off)

Mendax: (Kneels down by Mai's body) Such a waste. Funny thing is that you would have gotten what you wanted anyway. Everything Tonitrus was... Cuulayne... the Nations of the World... all finally destroyed. These fools will eat each other alive. And I will be the one to hand them their plates. And they... will thank me for it.

(Gere and two Northlanders Come In and pick up Mai's body.)

Mendax: Be careful with the body... she was a Queen, after all. (They exit)



**Scene 5: The Treaty Signing**  
**Stage: Field of Honor**

(All are assembled on Field except MENDAX, GERE, BRATHADOIR, GORGUUL, and ERULISSE. A Table with 2 chairs sits in the middle of the field)

Saraad: LORDS AND LADIES! THE TIME QUICKLY APPROACHES FOR THE TREATY SIGNING. PLEASE JOIN US ONE AND ALL FOR THIS MOMENTOUS OCCASION!

Garrett: Yes! Quite momentous. Watch as I use every ounce of my being not to throttle Mendax by his wormy little neck.

Saraad: It is quite the feat for many of us, Captain Garrett.

Garrett: I really want that slime to try something. Just ANY reason...

Saraad: Remember, friend... someone searching for trouble always finds it.

Boyd: Uncle Garrett... do you really think Mendax is going to start a fight?

Elenia: Of course he does. That is why he making a final check of the Field while Lord High Constable Gorguul stays with Queen Erulisse.

Garrett: You are correct, Elenia. Since the assassination of our noble King Tonitrus, we can take no chances.

Boyd: But Mendax knows you are ready for him, doesn't he? He would be mad to try anything.

Garrett: Yes, Boyd. But that is part of the problem. Mendax is a bit mad. Slippery. Maybe even intelligent. But truly mad. So we must be ready for anything.

Boyd: You know I am, Uncle!

Elenia: Yes, Boyd... you can take Mendax out with all of your skills at not finishing chores.

Boyd: That's because I am too busy learning how to be a Guard so one day, I can be Captain of the Guards like Uncle Garrett.

Garrett: That is very nice of you to say, that you want to grow up to be just like me.

Boyd: (Pokes his stomach) Well, maybe I will be in a bit better shape at that point.

Garrett: (Raises a Hand) Go clean something!

(Boyd jokingly backs away and Elenia pushes his off to the side as they move off)

Gremlin: This treaty is pointless! Do you think the Northlanders will live up to their end of it?

Lyrian: Have faith, Goblin King. The Northlanders are Barbarians, yes. But they also have a code of truth. True Northlanders always keep their word... even if their word is to kill you and everyone you love.

Aeranel: I would not say that same for... King... Mendax, father.

Lyrian: He is a different creature, yes. But one would hope the Dwarves and the Animal Kin would keep him on the more honest path.

Aeranel: Unless he is lying to them, too.

Lyrian: That is an unfortunate possibility.

Kyrie: In any case... we have been waiting for three years for an end to this war... surely the Northland Contingent wishes the same. Surely they are not that silly.

Lathrna: I am not so sure about that, Kyrie. The Faeries did not trust the Animal-Kin before this war... why should that change now?

Lyrian: Because it must.

Lathrna: And some people call the fae crazy. King Lyrian, it sound like you are the one with your head in the clouds.

Puck: Queen Lathrna... there are worse places for one's head to be... don't you think?

Lathrna: Puck... you agree with the elven King?

Puck: I agree with everyone. And I disagree, too. Sometimes, at the same time. But be honest... the feud we have with the Animal-Kin was never this bad before the war.

Lathrna: True but still...

Puck: Nooooo. No but still... if you do not hear the music, you must keep dancing, otherwise the music will never play again.

Aeranel: (Confused) I... do not understand, Puck.

Puck: See what I mean?

(Aeranel, Lyrian & Gremlin look confused. Lathrna & Kyrie nod their heads in agreement)

(Diesa & Brukaine looking over at the Cuulayne Allied Legion)

Diesa: What do you think they are talking about, father?

Brukaine: None of our concern, Diesa. Just keep vigilant.

Diesa: If Dothlek were still alive, he would have already gone over and beat the Goblin King to a pulp.

Brukaine: Yes... perhaps. Unfortunately, that trait is part of what got him killed. Do me a favor and do not follow in his footsteps.

Diesa: Why not, father?

Brukaine: Because I have lost my closest brother to this war. I care about you too much to lose you, too. We need to sign this treaty.

Alpha: King Brukaine is correct about that, young Dwarf.

Vala: I agree with you, Princess Diesa. I say we take them all out. Them... Mendax... everyone.

Alpha: Know your place, Call Vala. Showing your fangs will get you no dominance here.

Vala: Of course, my Alpha. I just do not see a reason to trust any of them.

Alpha: That is why we are always ready to defend the pack.

Brukaine: Alpha, are you saying you are ready for a fight?

Alpha: Are you not?

Brukaine: After what we saw Mendax do to Queen Mai? You are damn right I am.

Alpha: You are very wise, Dwarven King.

Brukaine: And you as well, Animal-Kin.

Saraad: MENDAX, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NORTHLAND CONTINGENT APPROACHES!

Mendax: (Enters, extends a hand to Brukaine) King Brukaine. This is a glorious day indeed, is it not?

Brukaine: (Hesitantly shakes Mendax's hand) For some, Mendax.

Mendax: Listen, your majesty. Queen Erulisse and the Cuulayne Allied Legion cannot know that their games pushed Queen Mai over the edge. We just have to make it through the treaty signing.

Alpha: Pushed Queen Mai? Over your extended foot, perhaps.

Mendax: Alpha of Sylvanus... no need for that. This is just what Erulisse wants. For us to distrust each other. And frankly, I am unsettled. I still feel something is going to happen at this signing. So be on your guard.

Alpha: Always... King Mendax.

Saraad: ALL RISE FOR QUEEN ERULISSE. HEAD OF THE CUULAYNE ALLIED LEGION!

(Erulisse Enters with Gorguul and Guards flanking her)

(Saraad Steps to behind the table, between the two chairs, placing a large piece of parchment on the table with a quill pen)

Saraad: As Royal Herald of Cuulayne, I have been given the honor of overseeing the proceedings of the Treaty signing. King Mendax of the Northlands, Queen Erulisse of Cuulayne- Please take your seats.

Erulisse: (As she sits down) King Mendax, where is Queen Mai?

Mendax: She was suffering from horrible back pain. She is back at the encampment, resting.

Erulisse: Resting?

Mendax: (Leans in) Between you and I, she never wanted this treaty to begin with. It is probably for the best she is not here for the proceedings.

Erulisse: (Cautious) Yes... of course. In any case, Saraad?

Saraad: Yes, my Queen. One and All, before me on this table is what shall be known as the Treaty of Anleigh. Through this treaty, the Cuulanye Allied Legion and the Northland Contingent agree to reach an amicable ceasing of hostilities under their respective banners. The Nations of the World involved in the Great War, through their representatives seated here, have agreed to the terms of this treaty. Dignitaries of the Seven Nations, signify your compliance with these terms.

ALL Leaders & Ambassadors: AYE.

Saraad: Since there is no objection, we shall continue. King Mendax of the Northland Contingent. Please confirm your participation in this treaty by taking this Quill and affixing your name and title to this line here.

Mendax: My pleasure.

Garrett: (To Gorguul & GreenWolf) Something isn't Right...

Gorguul: What do you mean?

Garrett: Someone... is missing.

GreenWolf: (Sudden Realization) Where's Brathadoir? (Moves to the other side of Erulisse)

(Brathadoir, face & head covered, is standing with the audience, crossbow at his side, dagger in his hand, behind a guard)

Saraad: (Taking the Quill from Mendax) Now Queen Erulisse of the Cuulayne Allied Legion, Please confirm your participation in this treaty by taking this Quill and affixing your name and title to this line here.

(Brathadoir slits the throat of the guard, putting a hand over his mouth and lowering him quickly to the ground. Aiming the crossbow at Erulisse)

Erulisse: Thank you, Saraad.

Alpha: (Points at Brathadoir) YOUR MAJESTY! ASSASSIN!

(Brathadoir Fires the crossbow at Erulisse. GreenWolf reaches out and grabs the bolt in front of Erulisse's face)

Gorguul: Your Majesty! Fall back! (Gorguul and Garrett pull Erulisse out of her chair and back behind them. While Gere places her sword in front of Mendax protectively)

GreenWolf: (Smells the tip of the bolt) Poison! (Runs towards Assassin as he runs off) It's Brathadoir, your majesty, I know it. I will run him down.

Mendax: (Stands) What is the meaning of this? This is preposterous!

Erulisse: Mendax! Explain yourself!

Mendax: Me?! Why is this my doing? That bolt could have hit me, as well!

Gorguul: Not likely you slime!

Garrett: Where is Brathadoir?

Mendax: He did not need to be here for this. He is with the rest of my forces at the encampment.

Aeranel: You're a liar, Mendax!

Mendax: Watch your tongue, Elf!

Aeranel: I will cut yours out!

Lyrian: Aeranel, Don't!

Aeranel: Enough of this father. This ends... NOW.

(AERANEL draws her sword and runs at Mendax and is faced by Gere. "*And the man in the back said everyone attack- And it turned into a ballroom blitz*" -Scene 5 Fight breaks out.)

(After Dennis / Jermone goes through the table and Alpha and Lyrian are about to get involved Kanji steps to the middle, pushing people apart, yelling loudly)

Kanji: EVERYONE HOLD!

(All remaining action stops)

Kanji: This is insanity! We are here to sign a treaty!

Mendax: Enough! It is clear this was Erulisse's plan from the beginning. You never wanted a treaty.

Erulisse: ~~You are a snake~~ Don't be a fool, Mendax! Of course I want this treaty.

Mendax: You want control. You never trusted any of us. Well this ends today!

Erulisse: What do you mean?

Mendax: You all want a final battle?! You get one. Here... at five and thirty. The Cuulayne Allied Legion's leaders make their final stand. No treaty... no pleasantries... we will kill you ALL. Be ready Cuulayne. Because we shall be. (Starts to walk away)

Erulisse: Mendax!

Mendax: (Stops, not facing her)

Erulisse: We look forward to it.

Mendax: (Smiles Lightly, motions to everyone) Let us go!

Gere: Northland Contigent! To the encampment!

Gorguul: Cuulayne Allied Legion! Move out! Preparations must be made!

Garrett: My Queen. You must come with me. You are not safe out in the open.  
**(They all exit hurriedly)**

**Scene 6: The Brink**  
**Location: Emerald Glen Stage**

(Lathrna, Gremlin, Kyrie, Garrett, Gorguul, Lyrian, Aeranel, Kanji, GreenWolf are standing around, murmuring. Erulisse is sitting at a throne)

Erulisse: Gorguul, what forces do we have ready nearby?

Gorguul: Not many, but we should put up reasonable resistance to the Northland Contingent's numbers.

Garrett: The remaining guards can help fight as well, your highness.

Erulisse: (Sighs) Good. Good. Has Mendax sent any terms in order to avoid this battle?

Aeranel: Your majesty. We are ready to fight and die for the Cuulayne Allied Legion. We have a chance to end this on this day. Why do you want to prolong the inevitable?

(Affirmative cheers from the others)

Erulisse: Silence! All of you, please! Gorguul?

Gorguul: No, your majesty. In fact, he has isolated the Northland Contingent leaders from outside interaction. They claim it is to protect them from any more misdeeds.

Erulisse: (Mockingly, disgusted) Misdeeds. Mendax Sickens me.

Lathrna: And us all, you majesty. That is why this must be done. He has gone too far.

Erulisse: I just do not understand him. Why throw away a treaty?

Gremlin: It is because he is insane! And he has driven the Animal Kin and the Dwarves insane with him!

(Agreement from the group)

Kanji: I wouldn't be so quick to judgment, King Gremlin. Mendax is crazy, but he is not stupid. There is something else at play here.

Gorguul: I doubt it. The fact that the assassin failed was only because GreenWolf grabbed the bolt in time.

GreenWolf: I can confirm it was Brathadoir who took the shot at you, Queen Erulisse. I was not able to catch him, but I know a signature when I see it. His bolt was poisoned magically. You don't heal from that wound.

Erulisse: Thank you Master GreenWolf. And everyone. You have all been very valiant. Tonitrus... (Pauses, choking up) King Tonitrus would have been proud to call all of you friends.

Lyrian: He was a good man, Erulisse. You chose your mate very well. He would be proud of what you have accomplished.

Erulisse: (Shakes head) Not likely. A war with no end? A world wrought with death and destruction? That was not what Tonitrus believed. It is not what I believed.

(BOYD and ELENIA Enter, anxiously)

Boyd: Uncle Garrett!

Elenia: Queen Erulisse!

Boyd: We found out something!

Elenia: I know we were not supposed to go over there, but we have troubling news!

Garrett: Whoa children! Slow down! What are you talking about?

Boyd: The Northland Encampment. We went over there and we...

Garrett: What are you doing over there? They could have killed you, Boyd!

Boyd: I know, but I knew something was wrong...

Garrett: No! We will talk about this later. Thank the Gods you two are alright.

Elenia: No! Captain Garrett! This is important! Boyd is right. Queen Mai is dead!

(Sounds of Surprise from All)

Erulisse: What?

Boyd: We saw them moving her body.

Elenia: There is no way she was sleeping, your majesty.

Garrett: Are you two absolutely certain?

(Boyd and Elenia Nod)

Garrett: (Places a hand on Boyd's shoulder) Thank you. Both of you. You did very well to tell us this. Now please, stay out of harm's way. Understood?

Boyd & Elenia: Yes, sir.



Erulisse: Mendax truly has gone mad.

Lyrian: It will be over soon, Erulisse. This battle is an opportunity to put an end to Mendax's reign.

Erulisse: And what if we fail today?

Kyrie: Oh, do not think like that. We are strong warriors! We will overcome those meanies.

Erulisse: I try to be optimistic, Kyrie. But it is so difficult. I mean to say, what if that crossbow bolt struck me? What if Brathadoir was successful? What then?

Garrett: That would never have happened, your highness. We had guards everywhere and you were protected by every physical AND magical means. There was no chance an attack like that would succeed.

(Everyone agrees)

Gorguul: Now onto the present. We are going to need all forces on hand. All available soldiers must be called to the field.

(People start talking about plans of attack)

Erulisse: No... chance... (Realizing Something)

(People continue talking)

Erulisse: Wait.

(People continue talking)

Erulisse: EVERYONE PLEASE.

(All Stop, slightly confused)

Erulisse: Captain, Lord High Constable, how unlikely was it that an assassination would have succeeded?

Gorguul: Your majesty, we do not have time for...

Erulisse: Answer me.

Gorguul: (Looking over at Garrett) It would have been near impossible...

Erulisse: Near impossible, or actually impossible?

Garrett: Well, with the attack the assassin used... it... never would have worked.

Erulisse: Mendax knew that.

Gorguul: What?

Kanji: She's right. Mendax is too smart. He knows an attack like that would never have succeeded, even if he got EXTREMELY lucky.

Lathrna: Then why do it?

Erulisse: Because it would cause us... to do this. To launch a full-scale battle with all of us present. Mendax knew we would agree to a battle with the Northland Contingent if he tried anything. He wanted to push us over the edge. He wants us to tear each other apart.

Gremlin: But Why?

Kanji: Because... he doesn't want peace. He wants everything. And if we kill each other and he plays it right, he will be all that is left. No Dwarves, no Animal Kin, none of us... just him.

Lyrian: You are correct, Master Kanji. But why the deception?

Erulisse: Because... of Tonitrus.

Lyrian: What do you mean?

Erulisse: When my Tonitrus was assassinated, it only strengthened our urge to continue the War. Exactly the thing King Tonitrus hated. This War went against everything he believed in. He never wanted us to be attacking our allies. Our friends. I hate it. But I was so... blinded by grief... I did not see it until now.

Kanji: And if I may, my Queen, right now Tonitrus is a martyr of a senseless war. But if we all kill each other today when we should have been signing a treaty, then it would be seen that you never really wanted the treaty to begin with. And if he is all that is left when the dust settles...

Lyrian: All eyes could turn to him. The victor of the Great War.

Gorguul: Then what do we do?

Erulisse: We must tell the Dwarves and the Animal Kin.

Kanji: We cannot. That is why Mendax is keeping them away from any outside influences. Probably getting them riled up, too.

Gorguul: Then what?

Erulisse: We show mercy.

Gorguul: Excuse me, your majesty?

Erulisse: We cannot kill our opponents. That is just what Mendax wants.

Garrett: With all due respect, my Queen, they will be out for blood.

Erulisse: Which is why we must show them that we are so willing for peace that we are willing to risk our lives for it.

Gorguul: So what do we do? Just let them kill us?

Erulisse: No. We will defend ourselves. But let it be known to all of our forces, no killing at all. Disable, do not kill.

Gorguul: Everyone?

Erulisse: Yes. Even the Northlanders. They are being manipulated all the same. They are all our allies, they just do not know it.

Gorguul: We are already outnumbered. This will make the battle much harder.

Erulisse: I know... but we have to do this. King Tonitrus wanted peace. I want peace. We all want peace. This is what is right.

Kanji: What about Mendax?

Erulisse: Just do not let him escape.

Gorguul: I cannot guarantee his survival, your majesty.

Erulisse: Lord High Constable, I know how you feel. But this is my order.

Gorguul: Yes, your majesty. I will try.

Garrett: Well, this changes things and we do not have much time to prepare.

Gorguul: Agreed. Let us go quickly. We need to talk to our soldiers.

(ALL depart, speaking about the oncoming battle)

**Scene 7: Balance of Power**  
**Location: Field of Honor**

(All Cuulayne Allied Legion are assembled on field, including all extra fighters)

Gorguul: Warriors of the Cuulayne Allied Legion. Stand strong! The Northland Contingent will arrive in moments. (To Erulisse) The troops are nervous, your majesty.

Erulisse: They would be foolish not to be, Lord High Constable.

Gorguul: I wish you would reconsider, your majesty. Without taking down the enemy, they will simply keep coming. We won't last long.

Erulisse: Hopefully, we won't have to.

Gorguul: You are hoping The Dwarves and the Animal Kin will understand what we are doing? That we are purposefully sparing their lives?

Erulisse: I do not know. But it is what is right. They are our allies. They just need to remember it. We needed to remember it.

Gorguul: Very well, your majesty.

(Erulisse steps back to behind the line)

Kanji: This is going to be interesting.

Gorguul: Interesting does not even begin to cover it.

Kanji: You have done the best you can, Gorguul. I will be proud to die along side you, Lord High Constable.

Gorguul: Thank you, Kanji.

Kanji: But you understand I'd be prouder to live.

Gorguul: (Smiles) Sounds reasonable.

GreenWolf: (Wearing armor-type thing) Lord High Constable. Master Kanji.

Kanji: Master GreenWolf. That's a new look for you.

GreenWolf: We are going to need all hands on deck to fight this one. Besides... I have business to settle.

Gorguul: You mean Brathadoir?

GreenWolf: He's a vicious mass murderer, Lord High Constable. He will be the worst creature on this field. If the Unseen knew he was here, they would not suffer him to live. I understand

Queen Erulisse's orders, but by my duty as a a member of Draicoht, I cannot extend him that courtesy.

Gorguul: (Looks around a little) He tried to kill our Queen. Do what you feel is right.

GreenWolf: Of course, Lord High Constable.

(They walk to the line)

Garrett: Boyd! Elenia! Get over here!

(Boyd & Elenia walk over in armor with weapons in hand)

Boyd: Yes, Uncle Garrett?

Garrett: You are not fighting on the field today.

Boyd: But Uncle! We must. If they win, it will not be long before they come after all of us anyway.

Elenia: ~~His logic, although insane, makes sense~~ Much as I hate to say it, he makes sense.  
Captain Garrett.

Garrett: \*Sighs\* Just... be support to the fallen, fight if you must. If anything happened to you Boyd, I could never live with myself. Please be careful. You too, Elenia.

Boyd: Don't worry Uncle.

Elenia: We shall look out for each other. (Takes Boyd's hand. Boyd looks down at it and then at Elenia slightly surprised) Well, come on stupid! Let's get on the line. (She runs off, pulling Boyd by the hand)

Saraad: Captain Garrett. Are you ready for this?

Garrett: Are you?

Saraad: All able bodied fighters for this one.

Garrett: Do you think that meant us?

Saraad: (Laughs) It is a relative term. By the Gods, my friend. (Locks arms)

Garrett: By the Gods.

(They walk to the Line. Drums sound as the NORTHLAND CONTINGENT enters the field)

Mendax: Justice be done. Today, the tyranny of the Cuulayne Allied Legion falls. Queen Erulisse, are you ready to welcome death?

Erulisse: King Mendax. The Cuulayne Allied Legion will defend itself against this attack. But let it be known, to one and all, that we fight in the memory of King Tonitrus of Cuulayne. That we stand here today prepared to die for that which he believed, for that which we all believed. Even that which the Dwarves and the Animal Kin believed. And even though mistakes have been made by all sides, we salute the warriors and leaders of the Northland Contingent.

Gorguul: Army! Salute.

ALL of Cuulayne Allied Legion: HAIL!

(Mendax slightly confused)

Brukaine: Very honorable.

Alpha: Indeed.

Mendax: No! It is obviously a trick to throw us off guard! Enough of this! NORTHLAND CONTINGENT! ATTACK!

(Northland Contingent BATTLE CRY, Brukaine and Alpha are hesitant but also Scream... and the Melee Begins)

(Northlanders advance, clashing with Cuulayne in the center of the field. Cuulayne is knocking out Northlanders, but they begin to be overwhelmed. GreenWolf Kills Brathadoir in the battle. Northlanders start to overpower Cuulayne)

Gorguul: Your majesty! We must fall back! There are too many of them.

Erulisse: We must stand strong!

Gorguul: We need help!

GreenWolf: We have got it, Lord High Constable! (Calls up to the Sky) GREEN MAN! DRAIOCHT! NOW!

(The fence at the back of the field explodes outwards to reveal four Draiocht Warriors, including the Green Man. All fighting stops and the sides immediately part as they step onto the field)

Mendax: What are you waiting for? There's only five of them! Attack!

(A few fighters charge at The Green Man. He swipes his shield in the air and they all go flying back and land on the ground)

Green Man: Spare their lives.

(The Northland contingent attacks. The 5 warriors dispatch all of them. The Alpha comes face to face with the Green Man, and the Alpha steps back and bows lightly. The Green Man

returns the bow. Gorguul finishes the battle with Mendax and knocks him to his knees as the fighting finishes)

(Gorguul is about to give the killing blow)

Mendax: Come on, do it Orc. DO IT! COME ON!

Erulisse: (With Sword extended) Gorguul! Stand down! (Walks up)

Mendax: You want to do it yourself? I figured as much Erulisse. Kill me. It's what you want to do.

Erulisse: No. I will not kill you.

Mendax: Why not? I killed your husband. Yeah. I had Brathadoir do it. An eye for an eye, right? So come on... KILL ME!

Erulisse: (Places the sword at his throat. And then knocks the crown off of his head) I will not give you what you want. You have lost, Mendax. You will spend your life imprisoned, knowing that everything you worked towards has failed.

Green Man: You have done well Queen Erulisse of Cuulayne. Are you all alright?

Erulisse: Thank you Green Man. I believe some of us are the worse for wear, but we shall survive. Why did you come back?

Green Man: Because you made a choice. The flow of all time can be altered with a choice. And your choice restored the balance. So we chose to assist.

Gremlin: (Annoyed) Took you long enough.

Green Man: We could not influence you in your choices, King Gremlin. We watch over and help with the path chosen. That is our way.

Gremlin: Well thank you... I guess.

Green Man: The Goblins have always fascinated us. Such... durable creatures.

Gremlin: Wait...a...

Green Man: (Nods lightly towards him)

GreenWolf: Lord Green Man. (Bows) You certainly know how to make an entrance.

Green Man: Master GreenWolf... you have done well. (Looks to Brathadoir) Brathadoir?

GreenWolf:He killed King Tonitrus. He tried to kill Queen Erulisse.

Green Man: We know this.

GreenWolf: He threatened my Mother's life.

Green Man: We know this as well. (Places his hand on GreenWolf's shoulder) You were not wrong in your choice. Life and death are inevitable in this existence.

GreenWolf: Thank you, Lord Green Man.

Brukaine: (Slightly shaken & tired) Queen Erulisse. You...spared my peoples' lives.

Alpha: And mine.

Gere: And the Northlanders.

Brukaine: You are of honorable ilk.

Erulisse: As are you, King Brukaine. And you Alpha. I hope we have proven to you that we wish peace.

Alpha: You have all risked your lives to prove it. And we have been... (Looks to Mendax) ...too cavalier with the lives of our people in this war.

Erulisse: Will you agree to a new Treaty? An honest one?

Brukaine: The Dwarves of Gruumoor will sign such a treaty.

Alpha: The Animal Kin of Sylvanus will also sign such a treaty.

Mendax: The Northlanders will do no such thing! We would never agree to your lying, vile...

Gere: Silence! (Backhands Mendax, sending him to the ground) That is your problem, Mendax. No... vision. (Picks Mendax's crown off of the ground and places it on her own head) As Head of the Northland armies and leader of the Northlands... we are willing to sign this treaty.

Erulisse: Very well.

Gorguul: And what of Mendax?

Green Man: We will take him back to Draiocht, Lord High Constable. There, we shall deal with him accordingly. He will be imprisoned until the end of his days. Isolated from the outside world.

(The Other Draiocht warriors pick him up)

Erulisse: Thank you, Green Man. Cuulayne is in your debt.

Green Man: We wish you well. (All of Draiocht bow and then take Mendax off the field)

Erulisse: We hope you shall continue to stay in Anleigh... but this time, as our guests.



Brukaine: If there is drink involved, count me in!

Erulisse: Of course, King Brukaine.

Saraad: Three cheers for the Nations of the World!

Saraad: Hip Hip (x3)

ALL: HUZDAH! (x3)

## **Rise of the Vanguard**

Main Characters --

**Drake** -- young Warden of the Cuulayne Vanguard, bodyguard of Genevieve, Shar's lover.

**Genevieve** -- Mage of the Spirit, Drake's companion, 'adventurer'.

**Shar** -- animal kin warrior, Drake's 'mate'. (also considers herself Genevieve's protector)

**Mordath** -- Dark wizard, fallen Mage still masquerading as a 'good guy'.

**Vestross** -- Mordath's bodyguard, former Warden, murdered Drake's brother.

**Sephandra/Sephie** -- Archmagus of the Spirit Order

**Kaine** -- Head Warden of the Cuulayne Vanguard

**Alec** -- Kaine's right hand man, his 'executive officer'.

**Lord McGarry** -- Mayor of Miyrfall

**Corrin** -- McGarry's secretary

**Baron Haffiday** -- Herald and representative from Queen Erulisse's court

## Scene 1:

Characters needed: (Lord McGarry, Corrin, Baron Haffiday, Kaine, and Sephandra)

McGarry: Corrin! (the mayor comes towards the gate, fending off vendors, and other townspeople, obviously flustered) Corrin, where are you?

Corrin: Right here, Lord McGarry! I'm right here! (runs up from out of the crowd, carrying sheafs of paper, more frazzled than the mayor)

McGarry: Corrin, please tell me why I woke up this morning, on the morning of one of the most important midsummer festivals in the history of Miyrfall, and there were more people standing in front of my house than have been crammed into the tavern in the last month?

Corrin: Please... please forgive me Lord McGarry, but i did leave you a note about it.

McGarry: Let's assume for a moment between fending off anxious vendors, and trying to prepare for the arrival of two incredibly important guests, and having to be up early enough to officially greet people at the front gate, that perhaps the salient details have slipped my mind.

Corrin: So, you didn't read the note?

McGarry: No. I did not read the note. But i was able to discern something about the Sheriff, and a horse from the frantic babbling of the crowd gathered to meet me this morning.

Corrin: Well, if you'd read the note (McGarry shoots Corrin an angry glance), it's easier if i tell you.

McGarry: I would think so.

Corrin: Well, last night, it seems the Sheriff drank a bit heavily... a bit too heavily... and decided the quickest way home would be to get on his horse... (McGarry facepalms as he listens to the tale) and... you understand I wasn't there... but, from what I was told... drinking and riding don't go too well together and he rode his horse into a tree.

McGarry: (looking up shocked) He rode his horse into a tree?

Corrin: Well... not technically. The horse is fine, but the sheriff hit the tree, and after he hit his head, fell off his horse and broke his leg.

McGarry: The sheriff broke his leg?

Corrin: And hit his head after riding his horse into a tree, yes.

McGarry: So why haven't the healers fixed him up?

Corrin: Because...

McGarry: Don't tell me they ran their horses into a tree, too.

Corrin: No, of course not. (McGarry sighs) But they were too drunk last night to heal the Sheriff, so they had to wait until morning.

McGarry: (staring agape at his assistant) So, our Sheriff has a broken leg and is unable to do his job, just when the Head Warden of the Cuulayne Vanguard and the Archmage of the Spirit Order are both supposed to be here for our Midsummer festival?

Corrin: (nodding frantically)

McGarry: Well this is just GREAT! (sarcastically) As if there weren't enough problems to deal with, what ELSE could go wrong before we even get started?

Haffiday: (coming out of the crowd, joyously, boisterously) Mayor! Lord Mayor! (rushes up to Lord McGarry)

McGarry: Oh dear lords, I had to open my mouth.

Corrin: (trying not to laugh, failing)

Haffiday: Yes, Lord mayor! It is SO good to see you again, so excellent that events transpire to once again see that I am here to see your smiling face.

McGarry: (sighing, resigned to his fate) Of course they would. The fates do enjoy kicking a man when he's down.

Haffiday: (dejected, but barely phased by the comment) Things are not so down as they seem, my dear Lord Mayor. After all, I am indeed, now here. And here I am to place my most humble self at your services.

Corrin: (looking frantically through his notes) I don't have a letter, i'm not sure who...

McGarry: You won't find a note for him, Corrin this is... (Haffiday cuts in, hand extended in greeting)

Haffiday: Baron Kerrington Haffiday, herald of the Cuulayne Court, and council to Queen Erulisse herself, and I am most pleased to make your acquaintance, dear...(pausing, waiting)

Corrin: Corrin. Lord McGarry's seneschal.

Haffiday: Corrin. Of course! A position without which, nothing would ever be done.

McGarry: Not that anything is being done, right at this moment. We seem to be having ourselves a bit of a problem right now, Baron Haffiday.

Haffiday: Yes. Dreadful bit of luck there, the Sheriff coming to a sudden arboreal stop the way he did. Never a good idea to drink and ride, they say.

McGarry: (coughs) Yes, well, this does leave us with a rather large problem, being without a sheriff. And unless as a herald you were also taught how to marshall a town.

Haffiday: Ah, no. I'm afraid that while my skills are quite numerous, adeptness at security is not among them.

Kaine: (walks in from seemingly nowhere, garbed in the standard of the Cuulayne Vanguard, his hood up until he reveals himself, pulling his hood down as he speaks.) Then, perhaps, I may be of some assistance in this matter.

(All three of the others jump in shock)

McGarry: Warden Kaine! How? Where did you come from?

Kaine: (smiles thinly) We may not have magic, but Wardens have ways of getting around without being seen.

Sephandra: (also now walking up among the group) Yes, it does tend to make dealing with them rather frustrating at times.

McGarry: (turning to see the newcomer) Archmagus Sephandra! You're here as well? But how? When did you get here?

Sephandra: Magic. (she smiles, waving her hands in an odd gesture, but not really meaning it)

Haffiday: (turns to Kaine and Sephandra) By the balance! So many surprises, it's a wonder I ever left Miyrfall for the Court in Anleigh.

McGarry: (muttering) Yes, a wonder.

Haffiday: It is an honor to once again see you again, Warden Kaine. And a great pleasure to rest my eyes upon your radiance, Archmage Sephandra.

(Kaine grunts a greeting, just as annoyed by Haffiday as McGarry is, Sephandra laughs as Haffiday takes up one hand and kisses it in a courtly manner)

Sephandra: And it is a pleasure to see you once again, dear Baron. It has been too long.

Haffiday: Yes, it has indeed. I am also here to express the greetings of Queen Erulisse, who wishes she could be here to meet you both, but other matters keep her attentions elsewhere, I'm afraid.

Sephandra: I'm all too familiar with the responsibilities of office, dear Baron.

McGarry: Not to interrupt, Archmagus, Head warden... Haffiday. And while I would like to formally extend the greetings of the town of Miyrfall, we do have an issue before us about security.

Kaine: Yes. Your sheriff. I take it he's fine, just unable to do his job for the time of the festival?

McGarry: Yes.

Kaine: Then, with your permission, I'll have my Wardens act as security for your town until the Sheriff is recovered. (he pauses a moment) Many of them were already in town to participate in today's tournament.

Corrin: There are already wardens here?

Kaine: (smiling again) Some for several days. We don't always wear ceremonial garb, Miss/Mister Corrin. And as I said, we have ways of not being seen when we don't want to be.

McGarry: That actually makes me feel better, knowing the Wardens will be dealing with the town's safety.

Kaine: Yes, before the tournament and the opening ceremonies, I do have some things to discuss with you, Lord mayor.

Sephandra: As do I. So if we could move off to somewhere more private, it seems we've gathered a crowd. (look to the audience gathered at the gate)

(everyone looks over at the audience, noticing them all for the first time)

McGarry: It is that time to open the gates...

Haffiday: If it would please you, my dear Lord Mayor. I am an ill fit for marshall. But in heraldry, i have few peers.

Sephandra: Yes, dear Baron. You are indeed quite... adept at expressing yourself.

McGarry: That is one way of putting it. But in deference to our guests, I am more than happy to indulge. (holds his hand out for Haffiday)

Haffiday: WELL MET ALL LORDS AND LADIES! IT WOULD PLEASE US ALL IF YOU WOULD ATTEND OUR OFFICIAL OPENING AT (**--time and place entered here--**) . UNTIL THEN, PLEASE STROLL THROUGH OUR VILLAGE, ENJOY THE FESTIVITIES, ENJOY YOURSELVES, AND WELCOME ONE AND ALL TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIR!

ALL: HUZDAH!

## Scene 2:

Characters needed: (All main characters, plus several extras to act as Wardens & Mages, especially at least a dozen other Wardens for the recitation of the Oath at the end of the scene)

(The first ones milling about on the field are; Lord MacGarry and Corrin, both of them speaking with Warden Alec, Kaine's right hand guy. Sephandra and Kaine are off together, talking. Haffiday is sort of lounging about, a glass in hand and openly "admiring" any women that happen to cross his path.)

(The scene begins when McGarry has Corrin walk over to Haffiday to mutter something to him)

Haffiday: But, of course. My services are but at the Lord Mayor's command.

Corrin: Well, he's commanded.

Haffiday: Indeed he has. (jumps to his feet, standing in front of the crowd to get their attention before even speaking. even remembering to put his glass down) HEAR YE ALL LORDS AND LADIES! IT IS MY HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE OFFICIAL OPENING CEREMONIES ARE TO BEGIN BUT SHORTLY! IF YE WOULD BUT MAKE HASTE, FOR TO MISS THEM, WOULD BE A CRIME AGAINST JOY ITSELF!

(The other members of the cast stand blinking at Haffiday)

Corrin: A crime against Joy itself?

Haffiday: Go big or go home, my dear Corrin.

McGarry: If wishes were fishes.

Alec: Come now, Lord Mayor. He's a bit... excessive. But Baron Haffiday's a good man, and he means well. The Queen's quite fond of him.

McGarry: So fond of him, she sent him here. Away from the court.

Alec: He is a noble of the court, he has his duties, as do we all.

McGarry: Speaking of that, are we ready for the tournament later? Normally we arrange a joust, or a chess match, this is a bit bigger than what we normally have here.

Alec: I would say don't worry about it, but i think that's one of your jobs. Instead, i'll say try not to worry about it as much.

(Kaine & Sephandra step over)

Kaine: Alec knows what he's doing, Lord Mayor. If it weren't for him, I doubt I could keep the Wardens half as well organized as I do. He's as essential to the Vanguard as Corrin there is to you.

(Corrin beams with pride, and Haffiday bows to Corrin. Half-seriously/half-mockingly)

(Stepping up to be seen now, is Drake, Genevieve, and Shar)

Drake: Actually, without Alec there, i'm pretty sure the rest of the Vanguard would have fallen to chaos by now. Head Warden Kaine would probably be out there slaying half the monsters in Cuulayne all by himself, and then keeping the rest at bay through sheer intimidation.

Kaine: (laughs and turns, clasping arms with the young Warden) I don't seem to remember being all that intimidating to you when you first joined the Vanguard, Drake.

Drake: (his smile dims quickly) I think that was because I was more intent on not making my brother look bad.

Kaine: (also stops smiling) I think he would be extremely proud to see the Warden you've become Drake.

Alec: We still mourn your brother's death, Warden drake.

Drake: (a bit more angry than intended) Not death. Murder.

Alec: (taken aback, steps back) Of course, i meant no dishonor to his memory...

Genevieve: (stepping between Alec and Drake, a hand laid on his shoulder to calm him) He's aware, but the Warden tends to let his anger get the best of him when talking about his brother. Not that I blame him, as his murderer has never been caught.

Shar: (sliding Gen's hand away, and placing her own on Drake) But we will, and soon.

(Kaine & Alec look at the animal kin questioningly, but also at the young mage who interposed herself between Drake & Alec).

Drake: Head Warden Kaine, Warden Alec. May I introduce Magus of the Spirit Order, Genevieve. She is my charge.

Genevieve: (smiles) And the young Warden here, is mine.

Sephandra: Yes, that was originally how we intended the Mage, bodyguard system to work when the council created it so long ago. A Magus to walk the land, and heal any rifts among the Weave.

Kaine (interrupts and finishes the story) And A Warden to stand with them, when magic cannot serve, they shall be the steel against steel.

Genevieve: A tale we are all familiar with, but should be reminded of from time to time.

Shar: (steps forward, sniffing at the various parties. stopping first at Kaine) You. You are the Alpha of the Wardens?

Kaine: (tilts his head to the side) I am.

Shar: (sniffs stronger) You have the scent of many wars about you, many scars (she bows her head in deference) I pay honor to the Alpha of my mate Drake, and tell you he has honored your teachings in battle many times.

(Kaine & Sephandra look questioningly at Drake, who coughs nervously. looking a bit embarrassed)

Kaine: Drake.... YOUR mate?

Drake: Its... its a long story.

Genevieve: Not so long a story. But one I will have no problems regaling your 'Alpha' with at anytime, dear warden. (Genevieve grins wickedly)



Drake: (coughs) SO... the tournament! There's a tournament to pick a new bodyguard for the Archmagus! Why we don't talk about that? or... the weather... or stabbing things... yes... ANYTHING else...

(there's a small laugh)

Genevieve: Yes. The tournament. (turns to Sephandra) Archmagus, you've been so long without a bodyguard, why do you need one now?

(if 'Imperial march' could play now... it would. Mordath & Vestross walk on stage. Vestross hand is to the hilt of his sword, while Mordath cradles his staff nonchalantly)

Mordath: Perhaps it is because our beloved Archmagus has finally realized just how dangerous a world it is out there, and just how vulnerable she truly is?

(The others turn to see the newcomers. by this time, other wardens & mages have gathered)

(Without any prompting, a moment passes as Drake turns and sees the man who murdered his brother.)

Drake: (He points an accusing finger at Vestross) MURDERER! You backstabbing KILLER! (instantly his hand goes for the hilt of his sword, others part to make way for Drake. Shar draws a pair of short knives of her own. But before any movement can happen, Kaine grabs Drake's wrist, locking his arm in place.) Dammit! Let me go! That craven dog killed Orrin!

Kaine: (holding his grasp firm) Warden Drake! Hold fast! (Drake struggles another moment) Remember your oath! (Another tense moment passes, and Drake stops fighting Kaine. The head warden shoots a warning glance at Shar who quickly puts away her daggers, pouting a little that she won't get into a fight just yet)

Drake: I remember my oath. I still stand, when my brother Orrin fell, and that... monster Vestross killed him!

Vestross: (keeping one hand on his hilt, steps forward) It hasn't been that long since I was a warden, but have standards fallen so sharply since I left the Vanguard? That a former brother can be accused, in public, by another warden?

Drake: You were NEVER our brother! You traitor!

Kaine: Warden Drake! You will hold fast! I will not tell you... again!

(Drake obviously wants to say more, but between the look of Kaine and Genevieve, he keeps his mouth shut and lets his hand fall from his blade)

Mordath: My my my my. Dissension in the noble brotherhood of the Vanguard, open accusations with no proof. I can see why my own bodyguard Vestross chose to leave the wardens. I thought he was simply spinning tales, but to know that he, a former warden, would be treated so harshly...

Sephandra: Magus Mordath! That is quite enough! (her voice loud and commanding)

Mordath: (quickly supplicant) But of course, Archmagus. I would never impugn the honor of the Spirit Order, merely pointing out that perhaps choosing a bodyguard from among them may not be the wisest course?

Sephandra: Be silent, Magus. Before continuing, there is a standing accusation before us. a most serious charge.

Kaine: (looks to Drake) One that has been brought up before. Do you have any more proof now than when you first made the charge?

Drake: He left the order! He ran when he killed Orrin! The two of them were rivals! (his voice is frantic)

Vestross: As I recall, we were ALL rivals, little dragon. All three of us were potential bodyguards for Magus Genevieve. Im not the only one with a motive, then?

Drake: (his eyes burn wide at the very thought, that HE could be accused of killing Orrin) What? You bastard! How dare you even think to... (This time Alec and another Warden move up and physically restrain Drake)

Vestross: I make no such accusation. Just noting that the very "proof" you have against me, can be used against... you. Yet, somehow "I" am the one accused of murder.

Kaine: You did leave the Order.

Vestross: Reason to bring me up on desertion charges, had i not become Magus Mordath's bodyguard, Head Warden. I left for my own reasons, murder was not among them. Nor is it proof of murder.

Kaine: He's right. Without proof, there's nothing we can do.

Drake: I know what I can do!

Alec: Dammit, man. You've sheathed your blade, now do the same to your temper! Otherwise we'll have no choice but to put you in stocks! (whispers, so that the audience can hear, but NOT Vestross or Mordath) And then how will you find the proof you need to get Orrin's killer?

Shar: (slides in amongst the Wardens, one of them holding her mate wants to stop her, she lets out a low growl, he backs away, her voice as low as Alec's) There is a time to fight, and there is a time to stalk. I will stand with you either way, but you are my Alpha. You must choose the path, wisely.

Drake: (finally calms down) Don't... EVER... call me, little dragon again Vestross. Ever.

Vestross: (bows mockingly) Of course not, Warden Drake. Of course not.

Mordath: Well... That was a lovely bit of melodrama. Now perhaps we can get down to why we've all been gathered to the remote end of Cuulayne, where even the Weave struggles to shine its favor?

(Lord McGarry & Corrin glare at Mordath, but before they can say anything, Baron Haffiday leaps to the fore.)

Haffiday: And it will be my honor, my privilege, to shine the light back on your very dark reverie. My lords, my ladies, if you be so kind as to gather for the official opening of our Midsummer Fair!

(At this point, the characters take up positions. Warden in formation to one side. Mages to another. Kaine stands in front of his Wardens, while Sephandra stands by her mages. Mordath

stands with the mages, Vestross off to one side, as far from Drake and the other Wardens as he can. Visibly disgusted with the whole thing. Alec and Drake stand among the wardens while, Shar steps back just out of sight, gaze flickering from Drake to watching Vestross warily. Hands dropping to her daggers from time to time. The mayor stands between the Wardens and the Mages, Corrin just behind him. Haffiday carrying on once everyone is in place.)

Haffiday: Each year, it is tradition that we hold a festival to celebrate the passing of the summer solstice and the tie to the land it represents! This year is no less special, this festival no less joyous. For as a special treat this year, there will be a tournament of warriors! The most fierce! The most dangerous! The most capable warriors in the land, many of them Wardens of the Cuulayne Vanguard, will be competing for the most valuable of charges! For the honor of being proclaimed bodyguard to the head of Order of the Spirit herself, Archmagus Sephandra!

(Haffiday signals to Sephandra who stands, he pauses for cheers... please let there be cheers)

Haffiday: To you, Archmagus Sephandra, I come from the Court in Anleigh to bring you blessings directly from her majesty, Queen Erulisse. May your champion be as faithful a servant to you as you have been to the land of Cuulayne!

(Haffiday takes the hand of Sephandra, bows in a most courtly manner and steps back)

Sephandra: Then I would express my deepest gratitude to the Queen for such a grand tribute.

Haffiday: (bows again, and turns to the crowd) And now, the mayor of proud Miyrfall. Lord McGarry!

McGarry: (steps forward, a little uneasy, but finds his voice nonetheless. he coughs uneasily as Corrin runs up and hands him a piece of paper with his speech written on it, he mutters to his aide) Thank you... and Thank you, Baron Haffiday, and thank you people of Miyrfall and travelers from across the reaches of our land. We are most proud that our small town has been granted the honor of hosting such an auspicious event with such important guests. To help with the festivities, Head Warden Kaine has so graciously offered the services of the Wardens to maintain the peace during the Fair. (Kaine doesn't step forward, only nods) So, to bring an official end to these speeches, and a formal opening to our Fair, Warden Kaine will swear the Oath of the Vanguard before us all!

(Kaine steps to the fore as McGarry quickly gets out of the way. Kaine is flanked on either side by the Vanguard, hands on their hilts. All at attention. Includes Alec & Drake)

Kaine: (shouting, in military cadence) WHEN NIGHT FALLS...

Wardens: (responding) MINE WILL BE THE LIGHT THAT SHINES BRIGHTEST!

Kaine: WHEN SHADOWS APPROACH...

Wardens: I WILL BE THE LINE THAT NO OTHERS CAN CROSS!

Kaine: WHEN DARKNESS STRIKES...

Wardens: I WILL STAND WHEN ALL OTHERS HAVE FALLEN!

Kaine: WHEN EVIL LASHES OUT...

(the wardens all draw their blades as one)

Wardens: I WILL BE THE STEEL AGAINST STEEL!

Kaine & Wardens together: WE ARE THE VANGUARD! I AM A WARDEN!

(After a moment, Baron Haffiday comes out)

Haffiday: HUZZAH!

### Scene 3:

(characters needed: First part; Sephandra, Kaine, & Haffiday. Second part; Mordath, Vestross, & Genevieve. extras: at least 3 or 4 hooded 'mages' to listen to Mordath. no bodyguards or wardens, 4 'Darklings' at the end of the scene)

(Sephandra & Kaine walk onstage already in mid conversation, both have worried expressions, Kaine looking uncomfortable in his official Warden's garb)

Sephandra: So, the Sheriff really did just ride his horse into a tree?

Kaine: Not directly into it, but close enough where some lower branches hit him pretty hard. The Warden who saw it says if he'd been going any faster, he'd have worse than a broken leg and few bumps and bruises.

Sephandra: You already... (she sounds shocked, then catches herself realizing who she's talking to) ...of course you already had people here.

Kaine: For a couple weeks now. I'd like to think I was being thorough.

(Haffiday walks onstage from across the way, looking considerably more reserved and solemn than normal)

Haffiday: Yes, and our dear Head Warden is nothing if he is not thorough.

(He greets Sephandra warmly, and then seemingly uncharacteristically clasps arms with Kaine)

Sephandra: It is good to see you again, dear Kerrington.

Haffiday: (bows grandly, almost exagerratingly); It truly is, my Lady. And now that we are in more informal surroundings amongst friends, i can say how truly i've missed seeing you, little Sephie.

Sephandra: (laughing): I'm afraid I haven't been 'little Sephie' for a long time.

Haffiday: Not so long to some us, little magus.

Kaine: Archmagus these days, in case it's slipped your mind Warden Haffiday. (writer's note: Yes, i said WARDEN Haffiday!)

Haffiday: (smiling rakishly): Very little slips my mind Kaine. I consider it an even greater talent than my 'big mouth' as it were.

Kaine: (smiles back himself, unable to help it) Far too true old friend. Too true.

Sephandra: (now a bit shocked): Hold on... Warden Haffiday?!

(the two are smiling, laughing a bit)

Haffiday: Retired, actually. Long since before you took on the mantle of Archmagus.

Kaine: Semi-retired, once a Warden...

Haffiday: (nodding) ...always a Warden, yes. Though I serve in ways other standing as the steel against steel most days.

Kaine: My man on the council, as it were.

Sephandra: And the Queen. Is she aware...?

Haffiday: (he shrugs) She's not seen fit to ask, i've seen no reason to tell her. But if it assuages your fears any, Tonitrus knew. And if he knew, it stands to reason the Queen knows. After all, she did send me, and not one of the others in her stead.

Sephandra: (chuckles and nods): I can accept that, Erulisse is no fool.

Haffiday: Indeed not. And as her emissary to this little clandestine gathering, i think it best if you tell me precisely why you and the Head Warden felt it necessary to develop this fiction of a tournament? You've been without a bodyguard for a long time now, little magus, why the facade?

Sephandra: (stops and finds a place to sit down, visibly tired): The Weave is sick, dear Kerrington.

Haffiday: (shocked): What?

Sephandra: The Weave, the source from which the Magi draw their power is sick, and weak, and our power is beginning to fail us.

Kaine: And the boundaries between worlds is beginning to suffer for it. Dark creatures are tearing their way into the world. Creatures that do not belong here.

Haffiday: This is the most grave news. But surely someone else knows about this? Someone else on the council? Or from one of the other lands?

Kaine: News is slow to travel when most of the witnesses end up dead. The Wardens are trained to fight such creatures, but our numbers are too few and our forces spread too thin.

Sephandra: You have to understand, I can feel the weave. To me, to the magi of the spirit, it is a living thing. Whatever this darkness is, its like the taste of rotten meat, and it carries the stench of dead things with it. I am positive, that given time, i can find a way to track the source of the sickness, or at least give warnings to places of possible outbreaks.

Haffiday: And I take it, that time works against us?

Kaine: Doesn't it always?

Haffiday: (snorting derisively) Quite.

Kaine: I've lost several good Wardens over the last few months, and I know Sephie has had to bear the loss of many of her Order.

(all three of them look down, a moment of revered silence for the dead)

Sephandra: I did not want to involve the council if my fears were unfounded, but I knew that Kaine would be near here. Kaine can travel with little fanfare, but when the Archmagus goes anywhere, people notice, and I did not trust magic to convey the message, nor did I have anyone at the Library that I could trust with something this dire.

Kaine: But she was able to tell me enough through magic. I crafted the idea of the tournament to cover the real reason that the Head Warden and the Archmagus were meeting, it was the quickest way to ensure there would be no panic.

Haffiday:(dryly) Wonderful. So now that we are here, and all caught up, now what?

Sephandra: The tournament goes on, and I choose a new 'bodyguard'. (Haffiday looks at her with an 'oh really', expression.)

Haffiday: Yes, what i meant...

Kaine: I'm going to task some trusted people in forming a special team. Their goal is to find the source of this sickness... and cut out its heart.

Haffiday: Ah, yes. A most direct solution. And my role in this? Or the Queen's?

Sephandra: You're to tell her everything we told you, and anything else you learn. We will do our best to coordinate our efforts, but we think it best to keep this as quiet as we can. Our last War is not so long from the memories of the people that we can simply run headlong into another conflict.

Haffiday; (Haffiday nods); You mentioned some trusted people?

Sephandra: Genevieve. She is a former student of mine, and incredibly talented. Its even possible she's aware that there is something going on already. You may have met her earlier...

Haffiday: The young woman with that Warden and his animal kin?

Kaine: Yes, Warden Drake. A good soldier.

Haffiday: Her I can believe, but the Warden seems a bit focused on vengeance for his brother's murder to be trusted with something this crucial.

Kaine: Drake is a Warden. (he says with finality, as if thats all that has to be said) He will do his duty. I have faith in him.

Haffiday: (deadly serious in tone): That is quite an endorsement. If such is your faith in this pair, then it is mine as well, and may the blessings of the kingdom go with them.

Sephandra: (rises up, slipping a hand through the arms of both men) Yes, it is something we can tell them after the tournament. Until then, for these few brief moments, i would like to enjoy myself. I do believe I saw a lovely clothing tent in merchants row.

(Kaine looking stiff, as he's almost being dragged offstage. Haffiday, takes the arm proudly)

Haffiday: As the archmagus commands. As we go let me regale you with a minor tale from before the war. It has to do with a cleric, a mage, and a couple of oranges... (trails off as all three walk offstage)

----

(Vestross steps onstage immediately afterwards, watching the three of them leave, following just to the edge before letting out a signal)

Vestross: They're gone now.

(Mordath comes onstage, wearing robes, and lazily carrying his staff, as he if despised the thing)

Vestross: You should have let me kill them.

Mordath: (looking at his bodyguard): The Head Warden and the Archmagus? You'd have been dead before you drew your blade, and I would be short one bodyguard. (he pauses a moment, as if mentally surveying the area) And good help is so hard to find.

Vestross: I could have at least slit the herald's throat. They would never have found the body.

Mordath: My, aren't we feeling all bloodthirsty today? Did seeing your former rival's brother rattle that unflappable ego that much? Or was it seeing your 'never was'... Genevieve, i believe her name is, walking alongside him?

Vestross: (turns, shooting a cool glance at Mordath); The little dragon is nowhere near the warrior his brother was, but that makes him no less irritating.

Mordath: Then perhaps you should have killed them both. Nasty thing that is, revenge. Makes people do... crazy things.

Vestross: (grunts and does his own silent sweep) They're gone.

Mordath: Well, good then. Mustn't keep our guests then. Lead my flock on in here, and do keep an eye out.

(Vestross walks back the way they came, and leads 4 robed individuals carrying staves into the clearing. The hoods are up on 3 of them, the 4th wears no hood, and only an expression of confusion. They take up position in front of Mordath, who stands in front of them, making sure he can be seen and heard easily. Vestross falls to the rear to keep look out)

Mordath: (puffs himself up, waving his staff like a conductor's wand) Brother and Sister Magi of the Spirit, hail and welcome, to my little gathering of the minds.

(The other mages grumble, the one without a hood comments)

No-hood: What is this all about, Mordath? What is you want? Why have you only brought a few of us?

Mordath: SO many questions, my dear brother, and unlike our Archmagus, I have answers for you.

No-Hood: What do you mean?

Mordath: Surely you've felt it these past few months? Noticed it when you tried to use your magic? Even the simplest of spells require tremendous effort?

(the mages all grumble their assent, unhappy, but nodding beneath their hoods. even no-hood nods)

No-Hood: So?

Mordath: So... The Weave, the source of all our power, or all magic. Is dying. (he pauses to let that sink in)

(the mages grumble and sound shocked at the declaration)

Mordath: Worse, Archmagus Sephandra is aware of the whole thing! (more dramatic pauses as the mages grumble and express sounds of disbelief) It's true! And while magic, our magic, our



life's blood is being RIPPED from our very fingertips, she dallies about with pointless dog and pony shows and court appointed dandies of no purpose!

No-Hood: She would never...

Mordath: Never what? Lie to you? Keep secrets? Tell you only what you want to hear? Dear brother, she is not just a mage, she is the Archmagus! She has access to powers and secrets that we could only dream of!

(the mages grumble and seem to talk amongst themselves.)

No-Hood: ...what do you propose?

Mordath: That we confront her! At the tournament! At the very example of her waste of power, we demand, in full view of the world, that she tell us the truth! That she tell us everything! After all, if we are to defend ourselves, if we are to make the world safe, how can she deny us knowledge? How can she deny us that which is our birthright!?

(At this moment, Genevieve can be seen skulking in the background, listening in, hiding, watching the goings on)

No-Hood: But she is the Archmagus! If magic is failing then hers is as well, why would she lie?

Mordath: Because what all people in power want, is to KEEP power! If it were known that she were losing that power, how could we, how could ANYONE think of her the Archmagus anymore? She might even be forced to step down! Lying might be the least of the things a person would do to keep power.

(the mages grumble and confer among themselves, muttering frantically. they continue to led No-Hood speak for them)

No-Hood: Say we believe you. Say we confront her. With our power unreliable, how can we face her?

Mordath: (smiles) Such a keen mind. With a power all our own, a power that is NOT of the Weave! (shocked gasps and strangled sounds come from the assembled mages, Mordath tosses his staff to Vestross, who catches it easily) The time of toys is done. No more wagging of sticks and arcane chanting. No, I mean the power to simply grab hold the fabric of reality of your will and make it do whatever you wish! Power beyond what is possible even through the Weave!

(After catching the staff, Vestross looks back, sees Genevieve spying on them, and slips away where she can't see him to sneak up on her, and drag her out into the open)

No-Hood: And where could we learn about such power?

Mordath: (pulling a wicked, demonic looking claw/gauntlet onto one arm) Not from the Archmagus. (he flexes his fingers inside the gauntlet) This power comes from Beyond the gates. From a place even the Archmagus fears...

(Genevieve is brought out, struggling in Vestross's grasp, using Mordath's staff to keep her held)

Genevieve: (grunting, fighting the grasp, angry): Blasphemy! You're speaking of the Far Realms!

(the other mages gasp, looking back to Mordath, who is smiling)

Mordath: Ah, dear... Genevieve is it? I don't remember inviting you. Poor form to crash a party you weren't asked to. And yes, i mean the Far Realms, but it's only blasphemy if you believe the lies of the Archmagus.

No-Hood: (Obviously shaken as are the other mages, but curious): Lies?

Mordath: Of course, lies. The Weave is the source of power, or her power. Of the Order's power. You think they'd want it known that you don't need their training? Need their source, need THEM to be the true wizards you've always wanted to be? The order isn't simply about learning things, it's about keeping secrets, hoarding them, like a greedy dragon hoards gold or a dwarf hoards ale.

Genevieve: You're mad! The Weave is of our world! The natural world! Pulling power from beyond is what sickens it! (stops struggling, as she realizes) YOU! You're the reason magic is dying!

Mordath: (sighing as he walks over to Genevieve) See? See what the Spirit Order's lies have done to this poor, young, aspiring mage? Twisted her soul and closed her mind to any avenue but the one THEY have dictated.

Genevieve: You monster! People are dying already! If you keep using that power, the Weave could die! The boundary between the worlds will fall and we will all be destroyed!

Mordath: Or the Weave will be replaced with something stronger, something better. (undeterred) I put it to you, my brothers and sisters of the order. Which option seems more likely? That i offer an avenue to power, the likes of which the order the spirit would see no one else ever learn, for fear of losing power? Or that this raving, misguided young thing is right, and the Archmagus... could never... possibly... be mistaken.

(the mages are conferring among themselves, Mordath leans in, speaking to Gen, loud enough for the audience to hear, but not them)

Mordath: You know. You could join us, you're a good deal smarter than this rabble, and the Archmagus trusts you. You could access tomes and scrolls denied us all.

Genevieve: (struggles free enough to kick Mordath in the shins before Vestross grabs her again) Never! Drawing power from Beyond will kill the Weave!

Mordath: Well... yes. That is the idea, and with Sephandra removed and the Order in disarray, well... you're quick enough to figure out what happens from there.

Genevieve: War.

Vestross: Much worse than that.

Mordath, Oh yes, much worse. But its a good start. However, i'm afraid we can't afford any mistakes just yet, so if you'll excuse me, once i'm done here i'll see to your death quick enough.

Genevieve:(struggles, then realizes what Vestross is holding her with) You're a monster, Mordath.

Mordath: (not being quiet anymore) Sticks and stones, love.

Genevieve: (smiles as she grasps the staff in Vestross's hand firmly) Yes, but you left your stick where anyone could grab it...

Mordath:(eyes widen, realizing what she's talking about) Vestross! Kill her ... (He's interrupted when Gen grasps tight to the staff and screams)

Genevieve: SERVITAS!

(A loud burst can be heard, or a burst of smoke is seen as Vestross is knocked off and away from her. Mordath is reaching towards her, the other mages are confused, Genevieve looks at Mordath as she throws his staff away and grabs her own, pointing it at him)

Genevieve: FORZARE!

(writer's note: Yeah, stealing from Harry outright. will change if desired)

(a burst of force causes everyone in the area to fall down, Genevieve plants her staff and looks to Mordath)

Genevieve: Mordath, you filthy piece of scum, you wretched, little warlock! I'd deal with you myself if I didn't want to see the look on your face when Sephandra strips you of your power!

Mordath: (sneering up at her): If there will be any stripping of power here, you little tart, it won't be mine! (he clenches his fist and punches forward into the air and growls at Genevieve, she flinches back like she's been struck in the side) Vestross! Will you bloody run her through already!

(Genevieve turns just in time to see Vestross getting up, and drawing his blade)

Genevieve: Another time, "love." (She turns and runs off stage)

Vestross: (Now up, takes two steps as if to chase her, muttering) Ungrateful, unfaithful, filthy little sow...

Mordath: (also now getting up) Wait! Wait, dammit!

Vestross: (Angry, turns to Mordath) She'll run right to Sephandra, or Kaine!

Mordath: And if she does we can't BLOODY well have you after her looking to make a pin cushion out of her! No, I have another method...

(by now the other 3 mages have run away, only the one with his hood down remains)

No-Hood: (frantically yelling at Mordath) What are you going to do now? She knows your plans! She's seen my face! What are you going to do?!

Mordath: (composes himself, dusting off his robe and looks 'No-Hood' in the face) Swat two insects with one strike. (he reaches out and grabs No-Hood by the throat with the demon gauntlet) APPARE!

(as he shouts the spell, 4, black hooded 'Darklings appear just as No-Hood gurgles and collapses to the ground)

The 4 are dark and shadowy looking. The voice is hissing and cracking coming from beneath the hoods.

Darkling Prime: What is thy bidding, master?

Mordath: Slay the one called Genevieve. Slay anyone with her when you find her, and after youve hidden and destroyed the bodies... (he releases the corpse, once against dusting himself off) ...kill yourselves

Darkling Prime: As our master commands!

(The Darklings as a pack start to skitter off)

Mordath: (irritated, pulling off the gauntlet) And for the Weave's sake, don't let anyone see you until you've found her!

(Vestross watches as the Darklings run past him, screeching and hissing, looking down at the corpse on the ground)

Vestross: If all the mages had run off, you were planning on doing this to me to summon those things?

Mordath: (looking at the body) Oh, i didn't have to kill him to summon the Darklings. But I can't stand anybody who whines that much, and I didn't like the cut of his robe.

Vestross: And now?

Mordath: Now you move the body to where I can deal with it, and while we wait for the tournament, we will go and get ourselves a drink.

(Vestross picks the body up, as best he can, and carries or drags it off stage where the two of them 'magic' the body away)

## Scene 4:

Characters needed (Drake, Shar, Alec, & Genevieve. Also needed; 4 fighters to portray the Darklings)

(Drake & Shar walk onstage, arm in arm as a couple. Having just spent the previous hour or so engaging in... 'vigorous' physical activity. The two of them actually being happy for a few moments. Drake is NOT carrying his sword, and Shar shouldn't seem to be armed at all.)

Shar: There are days I find your people just as baffling now as the day I first stumbled upon you.

Drake: Out in the wild, most folks don't much care if you try to wander around without clothes. They're a bit more particular when there's crowds about.

Shar: I don't see why. Among the animal kin, we frequently hunt without wearing clothes, then there are the celebrations after a successful hunt. (Shar smiles wickedly bringing it up)

Drake: I'm quite fond of how the animal kin celebrate, Genevieve on other hand, is a bit more reserved. Since the job is to safeguarding her...

Shar: (snorts derisively, and definitely 'unladylike') That once could use less time with her scrolls and some more time... celebrating.

(Before Drake can come back with anything, the two of them are interrupted by Alec walking up to them onstage)

Alec: (smiles and speaks up, having been looking for them) Ah, Warden Drake. You're looking decidedly less murderous than the last time I saw you.

Shar: (wicked smile) We found another way for him to work off his aggression.

Alec: And he was unarmed the whole time?

Drake: (coughs) We didn't need weapons at the time.

Alec: Really? I've heard the reputations of the animal kin... you would have been safer with a weapon.

(Shar barks out a loud, hearty laugh while Drake stands there trying not to look anymore embarrassed than he already is.)

Shar: Oh I like this one, my Alpha.

Drake: You would. (turns back to Alec) So, other than making me feel foolish, I suppose there was a reason you were looking for me.

Alec: (getting down to business, his tone more serious): There is. What do you know of Mordath?

Drake: (snarling, as thoughts of Vestross come to mind) Only that somehow Vestross weaseled his way into becoming his bodyguard, safeguarding that scum from being brought up on desertion charges.

Shar: And Gen knows the mage, and hates him. (Drake and Alec look to the animal kin) Her hate for this... Mordath... is less severe than that which you feel for the one that murdered your brother, but it is hate regardless. It is quite obvious really.

Alec: Well... be that as it may. It seems that wherever there's been trouble over the past few months, Mordath has been there. And Vestross has been at his side.

Drake: That... doesn't surprise me. Vestross IS trouble.

Shar: Yes, but trouble follows mages the way a tiger stalks a deer. Why does it matter here?

Alec: Because in this case, Mordath may be the cause.

(Drake and Shar move forward to press Alec further on the matter, when Gen bursts onstage looking ragged, running into the three of them almost out of breath)

Genevieve: (gasping for breath, half shouting, heaving caught the tail end of the conversation) HE IS! He is! By the Weave! Mordath! It's all his fault! All his fault!

Drake: Gen! What... are you alright? What happened? (Drake holds on as Gen almost collapses to the ground, he starts to see if she's been wounded)

Genevieve: (trying to get her breath) Need to speak... need to get to Archmagus Sephandra! Head Warden Kaine! Need to warn them! About Mordath!

Alec: (getting down to one knee to talk with Genevieve): Calm yourself, Magus. Talk deep breaths before you pass out.

(Genevieve starts to take deep breaths, slowly they pick themselves up off the ground, Gen leaning on Drake and her staff. With that Shar tilts her head and sniffs the air, growling like a cat as she smells danger and foulness on the air)

Shar: Alpha! Danger comes!

(A moment later the four Darklings, all wielding long, blackened blades jump into the clearing, spreading out and looking at the four of them, hissing and chittering, and laughing. One of them points a blade in Genevieve's direction.)

Darkling 1: (The voice cracked and frightening, a growl or a screech, menacing in its intent): The mageling! The little spell lobber we are to kill!

Darkling 2: (A voice just as frightening as the first) And these others?

Darkling 1: No witnesses! None left alive!

(All the other Darklings cheer and jeer and laugh): None alive! NONE ALIVE!

Alec: (Drawing his blade and taking a step toward them): Well, yes, of course. This would be how the day is going to go. I was hoping to get through one of these gatherings without having to kill something.

Shar: (Pulls two blade of her own, smiling and reveling in the chance to fight) Speak for yourself, Warden. The day just doesn't seem complete unless I'm able to get a good fight in.

Drake: (pushing Gen behind him, and interposing himself between her and danger, no weapon on his own, but still ready to strike) Wait, where on Cuulayne were you hiding those?

Shar: (looking back with a wicked smile): I'd tell you, but then during our next celebration you'll just have to look a lot more thoroughly, won't you, my Alpha?

Alec: Yes, this is all charming and all, but i do think these things are going to...

(The Darkling interrupts by screeching and charging into the group of them)

---fight scene however the crew wants it to go, however, provided is brief dialog during the fight, and things i would like to see happen---

(Alec & Shar each move in to take on a Darkling one on one, while two of them move towards Drake & Genevieve)

Drake: Right this seems fair, 2 of them, 1 of me, and no weapon to speak of.

Alec:(while fighting his own Darkling) I did think it odd a Warden wouldn't have his blade on him.

Drake: (flustered): I didn't NEED it at the time! (deflects one clumsy lunge from a Darkling) Fine, i'll just take one of theirs. (kicks away one Darkling, catches the arm of another and forces him to drop the weapon, disarming it and taking it for himself)

Genevieve: No! Wait! Don't touch their weapons!

(Before Drake can stop himself, he takes up a position to fight the other two Darklings, blade held firmly, and then his hands shake and he howls out before throwing it to the ground, holding his hand as if it's been burned.)

Genevieve: These monsters are called Darklings! Creatures summoned from beyond our world, their weapons their touch brings a sickness to us! Their very presence is a corruption to this world!

Drake: So touching them is bad?

Genevieve: Yes, touching them is bad!

Shar: (fighting off her own Darkling, and evading being touched) I could've told you that! They smell worse than the dead!

Drake: Touching them bad, using their weapons, bad... and i left my sword at the inn. Shar! Knife!

(Do this how you'd like. She can toss it, she can hand it off. But it needs to look like a part of the fight when she simply hands one of her knives over to Drake, and then she herself just pulls out a third, hidden blade to continue her fight)

(Alec is barely holding his own. He's a good Warden, but it's been too long since he's been in a fight. As such, the Darkling gets in under his guard and grabs him by the throat, choking and burning him, but not before Alec runs the Darkling through. They both collapse to the ground.)

(Drake defends himself from the other 2 Darklings and moves over to Alec, who, while weak, still manages to pass his sword up to Drake so he can fight the other 2 Darklings, who seem to have gotten better)

Drake: Right, 3 on 3. Much better odds.

(Shar laughs while Genevieve firmly plants her staff in the ground and begins to chant)

(After another few thrusts)

Drake: I'd like to think I'm not the impatient type. (Shar laughs at that) But Gen, we're here being all Steel against Steel. Think you could make with the magic.

Genevieve: (stops chanting very briefly) I'm busy!

Drake: (Still dodging the two of them frantically) Doing what?!?!)

Genevieve: Concentrating. (And then slams her staff to the ground, with a loud BANG! That sends all three Darklings stumbling off their feet and to the ground. Drake whistles while Shar stares at Genevieve wide eyed)

Shar: (whispering) Magus.

Genevieve: If you two think you're done playing with them?

(Shar quickly turns and rams both knives into her Darkling, while Drake manages to kill both of his Darklings, now that they are essentially helpless)

Shar: (sniffs at the corpses): I did not think it possible, but I think they smell worse dead than alive.

Genevieve: (stepping over to Alec) This doesn't surprise me, they don't belong here. You and the other animal kin are tied very closely to the natural world. Perhaps even to the Weave itself, the world rejects them, so you reject...

(Before Gen can say anything else, the Darkling that Alec ran through howls and starts and slashes at Genevieve, Alec does his best to keep it from being a mortal wound as he grunts and pushes at the foul creature, but it still wounds Genevieve. Drake yells angrily as Shar quickly runs the last creature through, ensuring that it's dead)

Genevieve: (Falls back down to the ground after being wounded, obviously sickened now) No... No... Have to tell Sephandra. Tell Kaine. Mordath... Mordath using magic from beyond! Mordath is making the Weave sick! Warn them!

Drake: (cursing under his breath): BLAST!

Shar: We should go to the Warden and Archmagus now?

Drake: (leaning down and picking up Genevieve): No. No, dammit. Get Alec. We'll bring them to a healer. (Drake is himself a bit shaky on his feet) Alec was burned, and Gen was hurt. We'll get our chance as soon as we get them to safety.

Shar: But they need to be told of this Mordath's evil, yes?

Drake: They will. But we leave them here, alone they could die. Either at the hand of someone else sent by Mordath, or just from the sickness. (adamantly, before Shar can say anything) I couldn't save Orrin, I'm not letting Gen die too, I took an oath! (Shar says nothing, only nods and does her best to help Alec to his feet, leading the two of them offstage to see a healer)





## Scene 5:

### (Tournament)

**(Characters needed: Sephandra, Kaine, Haffiday, Lord McGarry, Corrin, Mordath, Vestross, & Drake. extras: Tournament fighters, a handful of mages, 4 to 6 in the background, and 2 wardens with Kaine)**

(Lord McGarry & Corrin are standing off to one side with Haffiday, having a hushed, worried conversation. Mordath & Vestross are themselves standing by themselves. One or two of the other mages making extra sure to stay away from them. Sephandra and Kaine have yet to arrive.)

(Mordath & Vestross are talking low enough no one can hear them, except the audience.)

Mordath: Look at them, Vestross. They are definitely in a panic.

Vestross: (cautious) Yes, something has the mayor on edge. Nothing that can be blamed on you?

Mordath: Not in any time for them to be able to do anything about it. (looks over) Now still your tongue, the Archmagus ears may not be that sharp, but Kaine's...

Vestross: (merely nods and steps as far from sight of the Head Warden as he can)

(Kaine & Sephandra walk onstage together, neither of them looking pleased. Lord McGarry approaches quickly)

McGarry: Have either of you heard? There are rumors that some sort of creatures have been seen in town, and that there was a fight!

Kaine: I have my people looking into it. My aid, Warden Alec, is meeting with the handful of other Wardens now and asking questions. If there are any monsters to be found, we'll find them.

McGarry: Looking into it! Head Warden, when you said you were taking over security...

Kaine: ...I meant it. But this is town, it takes time, Lord McGarry. If you'd like I can cancel the tournament and lock Miyrfall down.

Sephandra: (trying to calm the two of them) I'm sure that won't be necessary. Lord mayor, the Head Warden said he's looking into the issue. I think it best if we take him at his word. And to you, Kaine. Canceling the tournament will only cause more fear among the people, don't you think?

Kaine: (nods) As you say, Archmagus.

McGarry: (calms) Alright. Alright. I believe you, I just don't like rumors. I like monsters even less. (McGarry steps away to speak with Corrin)

Sephandra: (quietly): Not to be rude, but Alec is usually joined at your hip. Where is he?

Kaine: (grumbling) With any luck, looking into the rumors. He went to go talk to Drake a few hours ago, and I haven't talked with him since.

Sephandra: (looks around at the assembled crowd): There are a few others that I see aren't here either.

Kaine: I know. Drake, Shar, and Genevieve haven't arrived as yet either.

Sephandra: Considering how well it went the last time Drake and Vestross were in the same area, however, that might be for the best.

Kaine: That worries me more, actually. It's when you can't see a Warden that they tend to be most dangerous.

(Sephandra and Kaine continue looking around for Drake and his companions as Haffiday steps and takes the foreground)

Haffiday: Lords and ladies! Children and adults from all species from all corners of the land, gather about, for now begins the day's most grand event. The tournament of warriors! (Haffiday pauses, hoping for applause) Once we have crowned a champion, one who has weathered the most rigorous of competition and bested the land's finest fighters, then will he be awarded the grandest of prizes! The honor of being made bodyguard to the head of the Spirit Order herself, Archmagus Sephandra!

(With this Archmagus Sephandra stands and waves to the assembled crowd, Haffiday holding his handback and leading her out to speak a few words to the crowd)

Sephandra: (a strained smile on her face) Greetings, gentlebeings Miyrfall and from all corners of Cuulayne! It is with great anticipation that I look forward to the coming competition and to seeing displays of great prowess from all warriors. Know that even should you not be the chosen champion, I extend my most heartfelt thanks and the gratitude of the Spirit Order itself to each and every one of you. Thank you. (She steps back from Haffiday, and the herald looks over to Head Warden Kaine)

Haffiday: To officiate the matches, to judge each contest and each warrior, Head Warden Kaine!

Kaine: (steps forward, does not smile, and is clearly uncomfortable. Haffiday is holding his hand out, prompting him to say something. Finally, slightly aggravated, Kaine relents. Gives a brief wave of his hand, and says) Thank you. (Then steps back)

Haffiday: (grumbling, then recovering quickly) Short, and eloquent as ever, dear Head Warden! And lest we not forget our host, he who has been so kind as to let us hold this most wonderous of events here in the city of Miyrfall. Lord McGarry!

(Lord McGarry steps forward, looking a bit irritated at Haffiday, the quickly smiles out to the crowd)

Lord McGarry: Alright, Baron Haffiday. I think these good people have heard enough loud speeches. I think what they want to see now, what we are all here to see, are the warriors of Cuulayne! (pauses, hoping for cheers) And perhaps, before the final battle, our good Head Warden would be so kind as to participate in a mock battle, for the good people of Miyrfall, eh? (Kaine seems taken aback by that, and wants to object, before Sephandra lays a hand on his arm, holding him back and smiling at the head warden) And with that final surprise out of the way, on with the tournament!

---and this is where the tournament happens, i can add dialog wherever you folks desire, or you can improve, but it takes as long as it takes, and that's entirely up to you.---

(After the tournament, and various displays of prowess, but before the finals or semi finals of the tournament, Haffiday steps to the foreground in front of the crowd to announce the final contestants, Drake is off to the side, across the way near the other Wardens, lurching, almost stumbling)

Haffiday: Lords and ladies! Let us all applaud the wondrous displays of martial prowess we've been witness to this day! Fearsome warriors one and all! Now, after some time of deliberation, we are ready to announce the contenders for the final competition...

Drake: (stumbles out, forcing his way past a pair of guards, blade drawn, yelling at the top of his lungs): MORDATH! Mordath, you coward! Stand forth and face the justice of the wardens!

(Everyone is obviously confused. Mordath, steps back away from the crowd, and Drake specifically. Kaine has an unreadable look on his face while everyone has a look of shock, and are muttering)

Drake: I (lurches a bit as if drunk... or sick) officially accuse you of crimes against the people of Cuulayne, and attempted murder! (half points his blade in Mordath's direction, like its heavier than it should be)

Mordath: (angry at the accusation, shouts back to Head Warden Kaine specifically, and to the crowd in general): THIS?! This is how far the wise and mighty Wardens have fallen? One of their own drunkenly tossing about accusations? This one in particular, accusing me because he cannot lash out at my bodyguard, that he's already falsely accused of killing his brother? Is this what the Wardens have come to? Their ranks swollen by drunken liars!

Drake: Enough! Stand forth and surrender your staff, wizard!

Kaine: (rises up from his seat) Warden Drake! Stand fast and sheath your blade!

(Drake pauses momentarily, looking over at the Head Warden. His grasp on his weapon unsteady, knowing what he has to do, but realizing where he is.)

Mordath: That's right dog! Heel to your master's call before someone has to put you down!

(Mordath points his staff at Drake, a warning gesture as if he's going to hit him with a spell. The taunting enough to drive Drake on to force him to charge forward to try and take Mordath down himself.)

(Vestross comes out of the crowd from wherever he was standing, blocking Drake's way as he charges at Mordath. Drake swings his sword in an attempt to move Vestross out of the way, with barely veiled contempt, Vestross slaps the sword away, disarms Drake and then knocks him down to the ground. Blade pointed at the young Warden.)

Vestross: It's a pity that your brother was the one that died, he at least would have put up a fight.

(Drake howls incoherently up at Vestross as the former warden draws his blade back to deliver the death blow. But before it's able to be delivered, Kaine intercedes with his own sword, blocking the deathblow.)

Kaine: Back away, Vestross. For once, you've done your duty.

Vestross: (attempts another deathblow, Kaine blocks once more) The little dragon accuses me of murder in public. Then attempts to kill my charge, Mordath? His life is MINE!

Kaine: (deflecting Vestross's blows) He's been disarmed, Vestross. You'll not be killing a warden in cold blood. (steps forward) Now step back to your mage before I throw you in stocks next to Drake for desertion. Your position as a mage's bodyguard be damned.

(Vestross, his blade pressed hard against the Head Warden's smiles and backs away. Slowly sheathing his blade and stepping behind Mordath)

Kaine: Wardens! Pick him up!

Mordath: (indignant) Look at this! THESE are the kind of people we depend upon to protect Cuulayne? These are the people we have entrusted the well being of the common man? Drunks, and murderers, and people who believe themselves to be above the law!

Kaine: (looks back at Mordath, sliding his blade back into its sheath) Believe it or not, we don't simply execute people, warlock. We have laws, and the Warden will be tried by them.

Mordath: Your laws, Head Warden! Your rules! Secret trials and secret courts! Whisking your favored son away to be quietly slapped on the wrist instead of here, in front of the people! You are far too like the archmagus that you lackey for! Secrets and lies!

Sephandra: (rising up from her seat, watching the tournament, her voice hitting Mordath like a verbal punch) That is enough, Magus Mordath!

Mordath: (reels back, holding his staff forth, as if warding off Sephandra's words): I'll not be silenced, Archmagus! This is the last indignity I will endure!

Sephandra: The Warden will be tried for his crimes, Magus. Now control yourself!

Mordath: And what about YOUR crimes, Arcmagus? What of your crimes against the people! Will you be tried as well?

(everyone assembled except Vestross & Drake look in shock between Mordath & Sephandra)

Sephandra: (now flinches back in shock at Mordath's words) What... what crimes? What are you talking about?

Mordath: I'm talking about your lies! The secrets you've been keeping from all of us! I'm talking about this farce of a competition! Wasting our time, blinding us with bread and circuses while you go about your TRUE agenda!

(Kaine and Sephandra shoot one another worried looks while everyone else is muttering shock and surprise. Random voices are shouting, demanding to know what he's talking about. Two Wardens have come forth and picked Drake up off the ground. He barely fights back, he looks weak and even sick)

Mordath: Oh, yes. My dear Archmagus. You know full well of what I speak! That magic itself is dying, and that you have been doing NOTHING about it!

Sephandra: (falls back into her chair, surprised) That's... that's not true... I...

Mordath: (presses his accusations) Of COURSE it's true! There is something wrong with the Weave! The source of all our magic for some time! Our magic has failed us key moments! And you've known all along!

Sephandra: (surprised) Well... we... we suspected that something was wrong. But we didn't know...

Mordath: More lies! Of course you knew, of course you were aware. After all, who is more close to the source of our power than the very Archmagus herself? If you did NOT know, then you are either lying, or incompetent and not FIT to be the Archmagus!

(At this point, Genevieve, Shar, and Alec walk onto the field. Genevieve strides forth and slams her staff on the ground)

Genevieve: ENOUGH!

(Mordath pales a little as an 'uh oh' expression comes over him, he looks over to Vestross who nods, and slips back into the crowd, starting to circle around from behind)

Mordath: (coughs and quickly recovers his composure) And look here! Another of the Archmagus's own inner circle here to... (His staff breaks in his hands, or becomes miserably hot to the touch, or something as he drops or throws it away)

Genevieve: (pointing her staff where Mordath's was. Furious would be a nice way of putting her mood at this point) I said enough, you deceitful, conniving little worm! (Mordath holds his hand in pain and backs away, Genevieve looks to the Wardens holding Drake.) Let the Warden go!

(not wanting to draw the pissed off Magus' ire, the other two holding Drake step away. Drake wobbles and Shar rushes up to catch him)

Shar: Lean on me, Alpha. That was foolish, running off as you did before the healer was done.

Drake: (chuckling weakly) Tournament was in full swing, had to stop Mordath.

Mordath: Yes, stop me from what, you mewling little brat? From having false accusations tossed at me, from having the truth be kept hidden. Oh yes, I see what kind of people you are, and now so does everyone else!

Genevieve and Sephandra both glower at Mordath: SILENCE, MORDATH!

(the Magus rocks back again in fear)

Sephandra: What is the meaning of this, Magus Genevieve. What, in the name of the Weave, is going on?

Genevieve: The Weave IS sick, Archmagus! And it's Mordath's fault!

Mordath: (at first starts to deny it) Of course you'd say that!! You'd say anything to protect your precious Archmagus!

Genevieve: He's been calling down power from Beyond the Gates, Archmagus. He gave a little sermon earlier today that I overheard. First blaming you for the Weave's illness, then tried to offer to teach some other wizards how to tap the Far Realms. He tried to have me killed by sending Darklings after me!

Shar: Their weapons, their very touch is poison!

Alec: They struck down Magus Genevieve and myself, Drake grabbed one of their weapons and didn't start getting sick until after we were with a healer.

Mordath: (Seeing the others back up the story, snarls out his defiance) Lies! A cute little story concocted by the wardens, the mages, and their little tart of an animal kin...

Shar: (hisses and draws out a knife, stalking forward a step, Drake leaning on her shoulder) Go ahead and insult me again, little mage, and we'll see how well you throw around magic without your throat!

Mordath: (eyes narrowed) Charming. She's just as intent on violence as the rest of them. (looks to the people) Look at the steps they're going to! Look just how convoluted their story is just to keep us from the truth! Which is more real, that I have been cavorting with dark powers and have singlehandedly been helping to bring about an end to all magic, or that they are simply trying to cover up for a weak warden and an incompetent Archmagus?

Alec: The healer can confirm that the poison cleansed from our bodies came from beyond the gates, Magus.

Genevieve: There are the mages you spoke to this afternoon, who will confirm what you tried to tell them. (Mordath wants to speak again, to say 'if you can find them') Also, there is the blood gauntlet you now carry that allows you to use corrupted magic.

(Everyone stops and looks to Mordath, who was trying to whip the crowd into a frenzy, but stops and stands up straight, calmly he pulls his arm out of his cloak, clearly wearing the demonic, creepy looking gauntlet. Stepping back a little)

Mordath: Well then. I guess the jig... as they say... is up. It really is quite adorable the way you all came together to 'thwart' my dastardly, underhanded plans...

(Attention focused on Mordath, no one notices Vestross sneaking behind Sephandra)

Genevieve: That's enough out of you, warlock.

Mordath: Not... quite. If only I had the foresight to have thought of some kind of backup plan...

(Sephandra screams out as Vestross mortally wounds her from behind, Sephandra falls to the ground and the former warden throws the blade down after her. It smokes and shatters when it hits)

Mordath: Ah... timing.

Genevieve: ARCHMAGUS!

Haffiday: SEPHANDRA!

Kaine: SEPHIE, NO! (Kaine is first to run over, almost sliding to where Sephandra has fallen. She lets out a groan as he picks her up to examine her)

(Genevieve is not far behind, as she has dropped her staff and is helping Kaine with Sephandra)

(Vestross has slipped over to where Mordath stands, holding his gauntleted fist over his head, Vestross has his other blade drawn, smiling)

Mordath: Deception fails, I have no problems with resorting to more direct means. (Wardens start drawing blades, mages are readying spells) Consider this my one and only warning to you and to the people of Miyrfall! Follow us, and I will summon a dark army down upon your heads that will leave this town one little smoking blotch on the landscape! Besides, i think you'll all have more pressing issues, planning a funeral takes up such time. Tah. (Mordath backs away as everyone is hesitant to follow barring his warning)

Vestross: (almost laughing as backs away in Mordath's direction) My condolences on your loss, let us know where to send the flowers. (then quickly follows Mordath's hurried escape into the town)

Kaine: (holding Sephandra in his arms) Sephie... no...

Genevieve: (yelling at Alec directly) HEALER! By the Weave, someone go bring the damned healer!

(Alec runs off stage while everyone else is watching Kaine mourn Sephandra)



## Scene 6:

Characters needed: (Drake, Genevieve, Shar, Kaine, Sephandra, Alec, McGarry, Corrin, & Haffiday)

Extras: (someone to be the healer, a half-dozen wardens. armed and armored, and 2 mages)

(Sephandra is either lying down, or sitting in a chair, to one side of the stage. Kaine is standing guard, his expression dark. Thinking he's failed in his duty somehow. The healer is chanting softly, as the scene opens, weary and knowing he doesn't have long)

(eventually, the healer collapses)

Kaine: Get up. Get up, dammit.

Haffiday: (steps over) Head Warden.

Kaine: He's not finished yet.

Haffiday: Kaine...

Kaine: (turns to Haffiday) The Archmagus is dying, Haffiday!

Haffiday: Yes... and it isn't your fault.

Kaine: (breathing hard, calms just a bit)

Sephandra: (Her eyes opening, voice sounding weak) Nor is it the healer's. He has done everything that can be done. (she lets a long, tired sigh, exhausted by the effort of saying so much)

(Both Kaine and Haffiday turn to Sephandra, glad she's awake as much as she is)

Sephandra: I don't have much time.

Kaine: (sighs... accepting it) No. Not much.

Sephandra: (she laughs and cups Kaine's face in one hand) Such is the way of things.

Haffiday: (looks down at Sephandra, taking hold of one of her hands) The blade Vestross used, it was infected with dark magic. The healer has done all he can, but it is out of his hands now.

Sephandra: I understand. Genevieve... is she here?

(Kaine looks up to Haffiday, Haffiday lays the hands down on her chest)

Haffiday: Yes, she's over there. I'll fetch her. (Haffiday hurries over to get Genevieve, speaking in hushed tones. Genevieve is visibly stricken, being consoled by Alec, Shar, & Drake. Haffiday tells her that she's been asked for. The others look to join her, but Haffiday shakes his head and notes that the Archmagus asked for just Genevieve.)

Kaine: Always, our duty first. (Kaine sighs)

Sephandra: Not always, but this time, the choice has been taken from us.

(Genevieve is led to Sephandra's side, she takes a knee next to her. Kaine passes the hand he holds over to Gen and rises. Haffiday takes a step back, letting them have space.)

Genevieve: Archmagus... (she begins, but is quickly interrupted by Sephandra)

Sephandra: Hush now, little one. We have no time for formalities, save but this one.

Genevieve: What is it?

Sephandra: You have always been a curious, adventurous sort. I saw that in you when you first came to us. You have power that you are only now beginning to truly understand, and in that I am sorry...

Genevieve: Sorry, for what?

Sephandra: For what I am about to do now. My time is ending, and as it must always be, there must be a new head of the Spirit Order. A new guardian of the Weave.

Genevieve: (stunned, rocked back on her heels by the revelation) No... you can't possibly. I'm not... I'm not ready.

Sephandra: (laughs weakly) I have found, today, that we are rarely ready. But when the time comes, we have little say in the matter.

Genevieve: But there must be scores of others. I've been a Mage for so brief a time...

Sephandra: The Weave has seen fit to place you here, dear Gen. You uncovered the truth of the Weave's sickness, you uncovered the treachery within our ranks. When others could not, YOU had the strength to act.

Genevieve: I never wanted this.

Sephandra: Such is the way of things, such is the way of the Pattern. (Genevieve sputters a little, but Sephandra reaches over to her) Time runs short, my child. There is but one question, do you accept the burden, the responsibility I am to lay on your poor shoulders?

Genevieve: (calmly, with obvious resignation) Yes. Yes, I accept it.

Sephandra: Then to you, I give the blessing of the Weave and those who have come before you. Kneel before me a magus, and arise Archmagus Genevieve of the Spirit Order!

(on cue, Genevieve kneels before Sephandra, Sephandra lays a hand upon her head, and then Gen rises up, having been bequeathed the office of Archmagus. Weakly Sephandra reaches for her wizard's staff, Haffiday hurries over and hands it to Sephandra, who passes it to the new Archmagus Genevieve.)

Sephandra: (coughing, weaker. drained by the brief ceremony) Thank you, dear Kerrington.

Haffiday: (softly) Little Sephie, once again. (Sephandra laughs)

Kaine: (steps over, almost ready to cry) If... you two would excuse us. Please.

Genevieve: (looking back before leaving, leans down and kisses Sephandra on the forehead, her words soft) Good bye, my teacher.

Sephandra: Good bye, Archmagus.

(Haffiday leads the newly christened Archmagus Genevieve out of the area while Kaine and Sephandra settle down to trade their good byes. Outside, or over to one side, the others are in heated discussion about what to do.)

McGarry: (angry about what's happened, and the threat against his town) You heard what Mordath said before he left. If anyone goes hunting for him, he'll kill everyone in the town!

Drake: (looking stronger now) And what's to stop him from sending in this army once he manages to find a way out? Keeping him boxed in here might be the only thing keeping Miyrfall from being besieged.

Shar: Keeping such deadly prey caged amongst us may not be the wisest course of actions. His back to the wall, the warlock may do something dangerous.

Alec: (snorting at the idea) I'm afraid that ship's long since sailed, Shar.

Shar: (looks over at the warden) I wasn't aware there were any ships he could use to escape the city on. I thought Miyrfall was landlocked?

(Alec wants to say something when Corrin interrupts)

Corrin: It's a saying, Shar.

Shar: I'm aware of what he said, but I don't see what boats have anything to do with it.

(Alec & Corrin both try to babble an explanation when they are interrupted by Haffiday and Genevieve walking over to them. Drake rises to say something when Haffiday coughs and takes on his 'herald's pose')

Haffiday: May I have the honor to present to you... Archmagus Genevieve. (He says it with pride, and obvious sadness in his voice.)

(The assembled crowd are taken aback. Realizing instantly what Gen's elevation in title means.)

Drake: When I find Mordath and Vestross, i'm going to take a great deal of pleasure in running them through.

McGarry: When you find them? Again, i object to having my town be used as a battleground for your desire for vengeance.

Genevieve: Not vengeance, Lord McGarry. Justice. Vestross murdered the Archmagus in open daylight, and Mordath was the hand that guided pulled the puppet's strings. If you can't understand why we need to catch them.

McGarry: With all due respect... (pauses, as he remembers the title) Archmagus. But that your teacher was even here, the tournament itself was a sham! And now, I have someone threatening to destroy my town if he's not allowed to leave. I don't want to let a murderer get away, but we simply don't have the people to defend the town if Mordath has an army waiting out there somewhere!

Drake: Then we get him before he has a chance to summon his army.

McGarry: IF you could find him! You're risking a lot of lives, the lives of MY town on that ideal!

Corrin: Lord McGarry...

McGarry: (turns to Corrin, surprised to hear his seneschal speak up, chiming in before someone else can offer a thought) Corrin? Yes?

Corrin: I... I apologize, my lord, if this is too forward. But.. but we can't... we can't... (McGarry urges Corrin to continue) We can't NOT pursue them! We can't just let them go after committing murder, and then threatening us! We have to show them we aren't afraid!

McGarry: And if he summons his army?

Corrin: Then... Then we fight! But the people of Miyrfall won't be pushed around! Not by a couple of... of... of bullies!

Alec: (lays a hand on Corrin's shoulder) Brave words, Corrin. One would almost think you were a Warden.

Corrin: (smiling) Almost.

Alec: Yes, almost. (turns to McGarry) There are wardens here, in the town. And one warden is the equal of any 10 creatures that Mordath can throw at us.

McGarry: Yes, and its when he throws hundreds at us when we only have dozens that worries me.

(Kaine walks up, tears staining his face)

Kaine: Then we will kill them before he can summon them. (Kaine nods to the others, a hand on Genevieve's shoulder) Alec, gather me a team of a half-dozen wardens, Archmagus, are there two mages among your numbers you can spare to help with the search?

(Kaine pulls off his Warden tunic and begins pulling on armor. Alec quickly wanders over and starts giving orders a couple Wardens wander off to gather the number needed to go hunting)

Genevieve: (shocked a little, but otherwise undeterred) Of course. There's another mage i know of, and myself that can join you.

Kaine: (stops putting his armor on) No! (stammers hesitantly) No... I won't have you throwing your neck into danger quite so easily Archmagus.

Genevieve: Head Warden, understand, i am perfectly capable of handling any danger that pathetic warlock Mordath can throw at me.

Kaine: I do understand, but do you? (Genevieve looks puzzled at the comment) You are the Archmagus, now. If you die, are there any others whom you can pass the title to? You have a responsibility to your order, Archmagus.

Genevieve: I have a responsibility to Sephandra.

Kaine: (stops cold, looking the Archmagus unflinchingly in the eye) Let ME worry about that.

Genevieve: (backs down from the challenge) Damn you, Kaine.

(Drake & Shar walk over to Kaine)

Kaine: Warden Drake.

Drake: You don't get to tell me to stay, sir. Not if you're going after him. Not if you're hunting Vestross!

Kaine: Warden Drake! Stand fast!

Drake: (hesitates, staring the Head Warden in the eye, as if he wants to say something, then stands at attention) I gave my oath, SIR!

Kaine: And part of your oath is protecting the magus, is it not? (Drake hesitates) Give me an answer, warden!

Drake: Yes... sir.

Kaine: (his expression becomes less stiff as he finishes putting on his armor) A long time ago, Drake, so did I. I am not asking you to stay out of spite, but if I fail, if we fall... Miyrfall's safety is in your hands. The Archmagus's safety, is in your hands. Do you understand?

Drake: (breathing hard) I do.

Kaine: (clasps the young warden's arm) Good.

(Alec quickly returns with 6 other wardens, armed and armored. Genevieve didn't even have to say anything as two mages approach, they genuflect at the new leader of their order as she tells them to go with the Head Warden.)

Kaine: Alec, I'd ask you to be at my side.

Alec: I understand, i'm still shaking off the Darkling's poison, and you don't need dead weight following you around.

Kaine: Old friend, never would I call you 'dead weight'. But there are other tasks you need to perform, tasks you can't perform if you're hunting rogue wardens and warlocks.

Alec: (nods) Anything else, Head Warden?

Kaine: Yes, pass my apologies to the healer. He did everything he could, and more. (walks over to the front of the groups, mages, and wardens) Blade out, eyes open, mouths shut. Now, we hunt! (stalks off, followed by his cadre, wandering out to go find whatever hole Mordath & Vestross are hiding in and flush them out)

(The rest of the assembled cast watches as the Head Warden stalks offstage, McGarry & Corrin are nervous. Genevieve is both sad and determined, while Alec has other preparations to make.)

Drake: Alec, did you send out the word?

Alec: You doubt the Head Warden?

Drake: I know Mordath & Vestross.

Alec: I sent a signal while I was getting those other Wardens together.

Drake: You ARE good.

Shar: (walks over to Genevieve) You are your Order's new Alpha?

Genevieve: (sadly) Yes.

Shar: Your teacher chose well. (Shar leaves a stunned Genevieve with that compliment as she stalks over to Drake.) So what do we do now?

Drake: (looking off after Kaine and the others) We prepare for war.

## Scene 7:

Characters needed: (Drake, Shar, Genevieve, Kaine, Haffiday, Alec, McGarry, Corrin, Mordath & Vestross)

Extras needed: (Wardens and Darklings. Darklings must exceed to number of wardens by at least 2 to 1. 3 to 1 if you can swing it)

(The scene starts as Mordath strides defiantly onto the final field of battle, a wicked smile on his lips, Vestross half dragging, half carrying a beaten and bloodied Head Warden Kaine with him. With the two of them already are 4 Darklings, they've taken position around the two main villains, weapons drawn and all are crouched and all waiting from the word from their master to simply lunge forward and begin slaughtering everything in sight.)

(Kaine has already been beaten to within an inch of his life, and Vestross holds him in place. Mordath is carrying a bundle that has two mage staves, at least one of the swords of the wardens that went with Kaine, all wrapped in a warden's blood stained tunic)

Mordath: (Yelling) Would whatever warriors are left in this pathetic little insult of a village be so kind as to assemble themselves on the field? (Waits a moment) Let me see if I can put this a bit more urgently... I will kill your Head Warden if someone doesn't bloody step forward by the time I've gotten to three! (The other characters haven't hurried out yet) Alright then, if we're going to stoop to cheap dramatics, I am MORE than willing to oblige the collected cowards of Miyrfall! ONE!...

(At this point, the other characters start spilling out onto the field, armed and ready for battle. Even Lord McGarry and Corrin show up bearing weapons. Genevieve strides out behind the Lord Mayor, wearing a new robe showing her badge of office as the new Archmage and carrying Sephandra's staff. Haffiday wears a blade at his hip and carries a tunic with him. It is a warden's tunic, but should be hidden from the audience at first. Alec is also in full warden garb, though Drake is ready he is NOT wearing his Warden's tunic.)

Mordath: (stopping before even getting to two) What? You mean i didn't even have to keep counting? Huh, I feel strangely disappointed by that...

McGarry: (for once, showing no signs of fear, but obviously angry) What are you still doing in my town, warlock?

Mordath: (blinks and laughs just a little) Someone's found his spine, haven't we? Well, let's get right to it then. On our way out of this little hovel of a town, my partner and I came across quite a bit of refuse. (Vestross drags Kaine out into view, showing him off to the others)

(The others gasp and recoil, some muttering 'Head Waden, others just shocked. Drake is visibly enraged and is being held in check for a moment by Shar.)

Mordath: Well, we didn't want anyone coming along and running off with the trash, so I thought it best if we turned it in. (throws the bundle of weapons and staves to the ground a few feet in front of him, Mordath pauses a moment to let it sink in before he starts to pace back and forth) WHAT was it I said, WHAT did i say after I had your precious Archmage run through? I told you, i TOLD YOU, that if any one came after us I would turn Miyrfall into a mass grave! But no, for

some reason you people are too bloody DENSE, so here I am, ready to show you just how serious I am!

Genevieve: (Walks up and stands strong next to McGarry, planting the staff firmly in front of her, the other mages that are left take up positions behind her) You won't have the chance to show anyone anything, Mordath! We're going to bring you and your pet murderer in to face justice!

Mordath: (Surprised at seeing Genevieve) Well now. Archmagus Genevieve is it? Seems someone went and got themselves a promotion. I guess it really is who you kill, isn't it? So, aren't you going to thank me for helping transition your last boss to a new position beyond the veil?

Genevieve: (growling) The time for your jokes is ended, Mordath. Your corruption of the Weave, your evil ends here and now!

Mordath: Does it now, love? You know, I was perfectly content to have my forces burn this place to the ground once Vestross and I had moved on, but no. Now I get to be all up close and personal and watch every last one of you die.

McGarry: You can't possibly be serious. Watch us all die? You and what army?

(Everyone else looks to McGarry as if they can't believe he said that, and Mordath chuckles with an unrestrained glee)

Mordath: Oh, and just when I thought no one would ever feed me a setup so stupid... (with that Mordath throws his gauntleted hand to the sky and howls out) NEPHILIUM EXTERMINATUS!!!

(smoke and sound goes off as dozens of Darkling suddenly begin appearing, from different directions, the largest number coming from one direction and running up and joining Vestross and Mordath. All of them jeering and hissing and chittering like mad creatures, moving and jerking about with all manner of dark weapons drawn, infused with a crazed bloodlust waiting for word from their master. Their number OBVIOUSLY greater than the few paltry warrior gathered to protect the town)

Kaine: (struggles enough to consciousness) Blast you, warlock! Haven't you killed enough today! Leave this town before more people fall to your madness!

Mordath: (turns to Vestross) Oh, you're still here? Vestross, my good man. If you would be so kind?

Vestross: (smiling) It would be my pleasure. (draws his arm back just enough) For you, Head Warden, not so much. (as he moves in to strike with a fatal wound, Kaine summons what strength he has and twists just enough to have the blade miss being a fatal blow as he first backhands Vestross, then manages to punch Mordath across the jaw, before stumbling forward as quickly as he can to the good guys. As he gets just passed the halfway point, Mordath thrusts his arm out in Kaine's direction and yells out.)

Mordath: DEVASTATUS!

Kaine: (seizing up in agony, unable to move forward of his own power anymore, for once overcome, yells out in pain) AAAAAAAH!!

Drake: (already broken free from Shar, runs towards his fallen mentor, yelling out in dramatic,



Luke Skywalker fashion) NO!! (almost baseball slides into Kaine and half catches him and helps him down to the ground) No... not you too...

Vestross: (taunting) I'm sorry little dragon, but it seems you were too late again. I guess it's your destiny to watch everything around you... die.

Drake: I will end you, Vestross! I swear, I'm going to kill you!

Vestross: Little dragon, you aren't worth the effort. I've already taken everything from you, your teacher! Your pride! (pauses and looks at the young Warden pointedly) Your brother!

Drake: (rages, Kaine weakly grasping at him, holding him with the last of his strength) MURDERER!!

Vestross: Before the day is done, I may even take your woman.

Shar:(hisses at Vestross) You will be mocked spirit when you get to the afterlife, after i cut your loins from you!

Vestross:(laughs) You have nothing left, little dragon. I may not even bother to kill you, after all, what do you have left?

(Drake struggles, wanting to charge at the murderer mindlessly. Kaine grabs hold of the front of Drake's tunic)

Kaine: (coughing) Warden Drake! (getting his attention) You have... your honor! (Drake looks down, unsure) You have... your oath! (Drake is still unsure) When... When night...(coughs and passes out... dying.. or not)

Drake: (looking up from Kaine, the rage seemingly gone. softly placing Kaine to the ground) When night falls, (slightly louder) I will be the light that shines brightest. (rises up to his feet, grasping his blade firmly in one hand) When shadows approach...

(Alec draws his steel and strides forth, Haffiday finally puts on his tunic and walks out onto the field with him, drawing his own steel)

Alec, Haffiday, and Drake: (in unison) I will be the line that no other can cross!

(this is when the other wardens, before hidden start stepping out from the crowd, drawing blades and forming ranks)

Drake: When darkness strikes...

Alec, Haffiday, and all Wardens: WE WILL STAND WHEN ALL OTHERS HAVE FALLEN!

Drake: (advancing towards Mordath and Vestross, a good few feet ahead of the rest) When evil lashes out...

Alec, Haffiday, and the Wardens: WE WILL BE THE STEEL AGAINST STEEL!

Alec, Haffiday, and the Wardens: WE ARE THE VANGUARD!

Drake: (saluting with his blade) And I am A WARDEN! (Charges in and the grand melee begins.)

Mordath: (reeling back points at Drake) Kill him! KILL EVERYBODY!

(Two Darklings charge in at Drake, and he just cuts them down as they weren't even there. Another one moves in and insanity ensues.)

(Fight dialog as the fight rages on)

Shar: (defending Genevieve and the other mages, who have each fended off a Darkling using staff fighting, Shar fought killed one herself, looks back to see Genevieve slowly chanting, holding her staff) What is it you are doing?

Genevieve: (stops her chanting) Concentrating. (then points the staff at Mordath, who has backed away from the battle, not happy. seeing more darklings fall than heroes. Ready to call more magic of his own.) Negatus! (Neh-gay-tuss!)

Mordath: (howls as his blood gauntlet bursts into smoke, falls apart, something dramatic) AAAARGH!! (holding his arm and looking at the smoldering remains of his gauntlet. Genevieve looking smug) Bloody hell.

Shar: (looks to Genevieve, muttering) Magus.

Genevieve: Archmagus.

Shar: (laughs a little) Indeed.

----

Alec & Haffiday are fighting side by side, Alec saves Haffiday's life at some point, Corrin and the mayor also near them. Alec watches Corrin cut a Darkling down.

Alec: Good with a sword, and with bookkeeping. Are you sure you don't want to be a warden?

Corrin: I don't know, I think I prefer the quiet life in Miyrfall. (cuts down a Darkling)

Haffiday: (wards off another enemy) Oh yes, far too quiet around here. I think I prefer the hustle and bustle of the Queen's court to all this wretched peace.

McGarry: Will all of you just shut up and fight!

----

Vestross & Drake are finally ready to face off, the rest of the fighting has quieted down, eventually these two should be the last fighters left. At some point during this fight, while everyone is watching, Mordath runs off, still holding his arm.

Vestross: Little dragon, you are proving yourself to be quite annoying.

(Drake remains silent, concentrating more on the fight than quipping.)

Vestross: So quiet, so grim and serious. Still trying to be just like your brother Orrin, hrm?

(Drake slips and takes a wound, but doesn't say anything, Vestross is getting irritated now.) Nothing to say, little dragon? Your brother made more noise when I ran him through with his own sword!

(The memory of his brother, and the sudden admission that Vestross DID kill Orrin seems to throw Drake, as Vestross manages to wound the young Warden)

Vestross: A pity I didn't face him. Even running him through he still put up a better fight than...  
(Vestross as interrupted as Drake lashes out and catches the villain in the mouth. with a fist or a blade)

Drake: You don't EVER... get to mention... my brother... again! (He manages to gain the upper hand, and then finally disarms Vestross, and knocks the monster to the ground) My brother was the best of us. (Drake raises his blade up, as if he's going to simply kill a unarmed Vestross) A good man!

Vestross: Just like you? A GOOD man? (emphasizing good, bringing Drake back)

(Drake, realizing what he was about to do, stops, kicks Vestross once and turns, breathing hard)

Drake: Yes, he was a good man. (lost in thought for a moment, he has his back to Vestross)

Vestross: (rising up, drawing a hidden dagger and getting ready to stab Drake in the back) Then you should join... urk!

(Drake turns as others are too late to warn him and he runs Vestross through, before he even has a chance to stab him)

Drake: Me, I'm just a warden, and you can rot in hell. (steps back, pulling out his sword. Vestross gets no chance for a final line as he simply, dies.)

(The fighting is over, and Drake once again finds himself leaning against Shar, who willingly supports him and kisses him on the cheek. Everyone else is gathering around Drake and the fallen villain.)

Shar: Your brother has been avenged, my Alpha. His spirit rests now.

Drake: (looks around) Yes. It's nice to know someone will be able to get some rest. (looks to Genevieve) You took care of Mordath?

Genevieve: I've destroyed his conduit to beyond, and he is powerless now. He ran, but he will not get far. He has much to answer for.

Drake: He will. (looks to Haffiday) Warden Haffiday?

Haffiday: Why does everyone always look so surprised, I wasn't always a herald of the court.

McGarry: With the way you talk, you'd almost have to know how to fight.

Haffiday: (looks wounded) Lord mayor, why, such accusations do wound me.

McGarry: Yet here you are anyway. (turns to Drake) Warden Drake, you and Archmagus Genevieve and the others have managed to save all of Miyrfall and its people, for that we will always be eternally grateful. Thank you, all of you.

Drake: I wish... wish that I could have done more, Lord mayor.

Alec: (walks over with a parchment) You did what you could, and you did your duty as a warden to the best of your ability. No one can ask anything more than that, Warden Drake.

Drake: (looks to where the head warden lay, a healer is standing over, tending to him) the Head Warden?

Alec: (smiles) He will live, but the wounds are grievous and even with a healer, he will not be able to perform his duties for many months. As such, I'm afraid that we must ask just one more thing of you, Warden Drake. (hands the parchment to the young man) Head Warden Drake.

Drake: (sputtering as the parchment is pressed into his hands) Head.. Warden... no. I can't... I'm not... I don't have the experience...

Alec: But you have Kaine's faith, and mine.

Shar: You will make a fine Alpha to the Vanguard.

Genevieve: It seems I'm not the only getting in over their head.

Haffiday: (clasps his hands together) Well. The world is safe, the villains defeated, and our heroes are victorious. I'd say that this calls for a celebration don't you?

Corrin: (now wearing a hastily donned Warden's tunic) I think you could celebrate the rising of the sun, Baron Haffiday.

Haffiday: My, what a fabulous idea. Let us see if the drinks hold out long enough to see if we can do just that. (looks to other wardens and the mages, and to the audience.) Let us have three cheers for Head Warden Drake and Archmagus Genvieve, HEROES OF MIYRFALL!!

Haffiday: Hip hip! (x3)

All: HUZZAH! (x3)

# MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE 2015 SCRIPT

## THE HAND OF MORDATH

by Xavier Miron

Main Characters:

**Quinn:** (new Sheriff of Miyrfall, former Mage of the Spirit Order, lamed/useless left arm)

**Gereth:** (Deputy Sheriff of Miyrfall, Orc or Animal Kin)

**Lord McGarry:** (Mayor of Miyrfall)

**Lochlann:** (The mayor's nephew, less than competent seneschal, lazy prick)

**Ellis:** (posing as the new herald, one of 3 thieves, hitter. knife fighter/hand to hand fighter, general Fighty McWhuppins, partner to Glimmer & Jaxle)

**Glimmer:** (fae thief, posing as a Warden, partner to Ellis & Jaxle)

**Jaxle:** (goblin thief, posing as a Wizard, partner to Ellis & Glimmer)

**Alec:** (second in command of the Wardens)

**Nahrine:** (Mage of the spirit order, sent with Alec to secure the Hand(possibly elf))

**Xandriel:** (posing as a representative of the Unseen, lead Mordath worshipper)

**Anurast:** (posing as a captain of the Cuulayne guard, is a mercenary paid by Xandriel)

**Ilahn:** (posing as a captain of the Cuulayne guard, is a Mordath worshipper)

**Tag:** (Miyrfall deputy/extra/comic relief)

**Bink:** (Miyrfall deputy/extra/ comic relief)

**Prologue:** Three years have passed since the Battle of Miyrfall.

## Scene 1:

**characters needed: Quinn, Gereth, Lord McGarry, Lochlann, Ellis, a handful of extras lounging at the entrance**

*(Lochlann & Ellis are at the faire entrance with a handful of other late night/early morning revelers, Lochlann telling some sort of bawdy tale that everyone but Ellis is enjoying, Ellis looks decidedly nervous)*

Lochlann: Goodman Ellis, you must cease your worrying. It was of some amusement during my telling the tale of the Bearded Goblin and the Sleeping Dwarf, but now you are beginning to quite simply bring down the room.

Ellis: *(somewhat quietly, and annoyed)* I've every reason to be worried, Lochlann. You aren't the one hired as the Voice of Myrfall for the ceremonies today.

Lochlann: *(dismissively)* You come with some excellent recommendations.

Ellis: You were at the tavern last night looking for the least drunk person to take the place of the herald.

Lochlann: Exactly! And your sobriety amongst such a collection of drunken reprobates spoke highly of your qualifications. Besides, what's the worst that could happen? Its not as if you'll be hated by the crowd, heckled mercilessly, stripped to your underclothes and run out of town one step ahead of an angry mob.

Ellis: *(dryly)* You fill me with such confidence.

Gereth: *(growling as he enters the scene, disgusted by what he sees)* Couldn't keep your carousing restrained to the tavern, Lochlann?

Lochlann: *(looking about)* You mean this isn't the tavern? I had wondered where the walls had wandered off to. And what took our serving wench so long to bring us more drinks. *(looks at Gereth)* Though I do remember her being far more attractive... *(Lochlann's friends laugh at the jibe, Ellis steps away from the group seeing Gereth getting more agitated)*

Gereth: *(containing his growl to an angry tone)* Is this really the best day to test me?

Lochlann: *(steps up and rests a hand on Gereth's shoulder)* Calm yourself, good deputy. I was merely entertaining some friends and our new town herald with some old tales. Surely there is nothing wrong with spreading a little joy before the midsummer festival?

Gereth: *(is unmoved by Lochlann's blathering, and looks at the hand on his shoulder)*  
How much does the Lord Mayor's seneschal need BOTH hands to do his job?  
*(Lochlann finally takes a hint and quickly pulls his hand away, Ellis finally cracks a grin)*

*(Before Gereth can say anything else, Sheriff Quinn & the Mayor walk on scene from behind the entrance. One of Quinn's arm is bound close to his body, because it's lame/useless, while he's resting his hand casually on his sword. Not as a threat, but in a casual manner, as if it were a place to rest his hands. The Mayor is dressed in fine clothes, and wears his badge of office, already giving Lochlann an irritated look)*

Quinn: I think the seneschal understands, Gereth. *(Gereth takes a moment, but then steps back into an 'at ease' mode as the Sheriff walks up to him)* I think we can get through the day without any further antagonism, hmm?

Lochlann: *(eyes wide, almost shocked at the accusation)* Perish the thought, Sheriff Quinn! I meant no offense to the good deputy, i was merely ...

McGarry: *(interrupting his senschal)* ...smacking a sleeping bear with a stick.

Lochlann: *(pained)* Uncle! That truly hurts! And after all the good work I've done as your aide. Hours of pouring over boring, tedious documents so that you would be free to carry on your duties as the Lord Mayor.

McGarry: You mean all those boring and tedious documents that keep getting lost, given to me in the wrong order, or ignored altogether? And my fellow townsmen who show up day after day wondering when i'm going to get some of those "mayoral duties"?

Lochlann: *(a bit too quickly)* Only because you work too hard, I was merely...

McGarry: Enough! Of all the things that I have time for today, watching you dig yourself even deeper into that hole isn't one of them.

Gereth: *(chuckles)* I could volunteer to toss the dirt in on top of him...

Quinn: *(a wry smile as he whispers to his deputy a calming reprieve)* Behave, Gereth.

McGarry: In case its escaped your notice during your revelry, Lochlann, we have a festival today, and no herald available. You had ONE job.

Lochlann: *(jumps in, and quickly reaches out and drags Ellis over)* ...and it is a job I have performed with the utmost urgency and efficiency. Lord Mayor, may I present to you, the new herald of Miyrfall... *(and he stutters and stumbles over the name, forgetting it)*

Ellis: Ellis..

Lochlann: ...yes, Ellis! May I present to you, Goodman Ellis of Miyrfall, Lord Mayor McGarry and our most excellent constable, Sheriff Quinn.

Ellis: *(restrained... nervous, and bowing appropriately to the mayor)*. Well met, my Lord.

McGarry: *(nodding)* Well met. You seem entirely too sober to be an acquaintance of my nephew, and a little understated in your dress to be a herald.

Ellis: I, ah, I only met the seneschal last night while he was... auditioning potential heralds. I'm afraid I've only just returned to Miyrfall after some years travelling.

Quinn: Years travelling, and now you've decided heralding is the life for you?

Ellis: I've decided that I need coin in order to eat, my lord Sheriff. Heralding seems as good a job as any, and less strenuous than mucking out a stable.

McGarry: Less strenuous, but the same amount of manure. Well then, there's a crowd gathering about, and certain proprieties need to be addressed. So, consider this your audition for me.

Ellis: *(look up, noticing the audience, a little wide eyed)* Now, Lord Mayor?

McGarry: Let's hear you herald. Do it well, and i'll have Lochlann see about putting you in appropriate garb.

*(Ellis nods and takes a step towards the audience, taking a few moments to put his words together)*

Ellis: WELL MET MY LORDS AND LADIES, AND WELCOME TO THE PROUD VILLAGE OF MIYRFALL! WE WOULD CONSIDER IT A GREAT PRIVILEGE, IF YOU WOULD JOIN US AT THE FIELD OF HONOR AT **--insert time here--** FOR OUR OPENING CEREMONY! UNTIL SUCH TIME, PLEASE STROLL ABOUT OUR FINE VILLAGE, MAKE WHAT MERRY YOU MAY, AND WELCOME ONE AND ALL TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!!!

All: HUZZAH!!

*(Ellis looks back to McGarry, who smiles for the first time this morning and nods. Then he looks to Lochlann and points at Ellis before turning and heading into the village flanked by the Sheriff and Gereth. Lochlann walks up Ellis, whispering and also leads him offstage)*



## Scene 2:

characters needed: Quinn, Gereth, Lord McGarry, Lochlann, Ellis, Jaxle, Glimmer, Xandriel, Anurast, Ilahn, 4 extras to stand in as deputies, and at least a dozen dressed up as members of the Cuulayne Allied Legion accompanying Xandriel)

(scene opens with McGarry and Sheriff Quinn already on the field, awaiting the arrival of the Cuulayne Allied Legion, Lochlann and Ellis, and the Warden & Mage. A pair of deputies comes on scene carrying a pedestal, Quinn directs them to put it in a prominent place. A moment later another pair comes carrying a gauntlet sized, fancy looking chest with intricate markings on it. The deputies place the chest on the pedestal and Quinn lays his good hand upon it and chants softly, making sure the magic is secure.)

Quinn: *(to his deputies)* Take up your positions around the pedestal. Hands on your weapons and eyes open at all times. We've managed to keep that weave-blighted thing secure this long, i'll not see us fail this close to being rid of it.

McGarry *(watching the scene warily as Quinn steps away)*: You've done a fine job keeping the Hand of Mordath safe thus far, Quinn. I don't think we'll have any problems with the precautions you've taken.

Quinn: *(looking to the Lord Mayor with a weary expression)* Do you really believe that?

McGarry: *(sighs)* A man can dream, can't he?

Quinn: I'll leave dreaming to those who can sleep peacefully, Lord Mayor. I haven't been able to get around to learning how to do that yet. *(looks at the case containing the 'Hand')* The sooner we're rid of that last reminder of that wretched sorcerer Mordath, perhaps I'll be a bit closer to resting easier.

McGarry: That man left a lot of damage in his wake when he tried to destroy the source of all magic, didn't he?

Quinn: Those worshippers claiming to be his students running around are just as dangerous. Causing destruction in his name makes it difficult for the Wardens, and what's left of the Spirit Order, to put that monster's legacy to rest. *(steps up to the case and lays a hand on the chest, the deputies flinch a little as if they feel like theyve been hit by something)* I wish Archmagus Genevieve had been able to completely destroy Mordath's gauntlet during the battle three years ago, our lives would be far simpler than they are now. Certainly less dangerous.

McGarry: You would still be a Magus?

Quinn: *(turns with a sad half smile to the Mayor, trying not to let the pain show from the arm tied against his chest)* Perhaps, perhaps not. I am no longer a member of the Order, but this has not deterred my taste for learning. But even in dealing with this *(gestures at the gauntlet)*, I have enjoyed taking my Uncle's place as Sheriff of Miyrfall.

McGarry: *(coughs)* Yes, how is he doing? He was never quite himself after missing the Battle of Miyrfall because of his... accident.

Quinn: Enjoying his retirement. Trading tales of more active days for drinks and the favors of a tavern server now and then.

McGarry: *(looking around, hoping to change the subject)* Lochlann and our new herald should have been here by now, what's keeping them?

Quinn: I'm sure they'll be here shortly. You did tell Lochlann to spruce Ellis up a bit, he likely took his time getting Ellis dressed appropriately.

*(Before McGarry can push further, or perhaps to his relief, Gereth walks onto the field next to the "Unseen" Cuulayne representative Xandriel, with the other members of the Cuulayne Allied Legion walking in formation behind them, Anurast and Ilahn in Legionnaire garb at the head of their own columns. Xandriel looking appropriately aloof AND arrogant as he is led onto the field by the deputy)*

**writer's note: Xandriel is posing as Unseen, he is wearing a disguise and is an actually an Elf. His disguise is partially "magic" to disguise his elfin features, but could be wearing a mask, or makeup. i leave this to the crew to figure out.**

*(Gereth, Xandriel, Anurast, and Ilahn walk towards the mayor and the Sheriff while the other Legionnaires take up a formation nearby, more or less standing at attention. Not as crisp as it should be, but enough that most wouldn't notice.)*

Gereth: *(in his perpetually aggravated state, trying NOT to act like he wants to punch Xandriel in his annoyingly smug face.)* Lord Mayor McGarry, Sheriff Quinn, may I present to you the representatives from the Cuulayne council at Anleigh. Captains of the guard Anurast and Ilahn. *(the two captains snap quick, if somewhat sloppy salutes to the mayor and sheriff)* And the, uh, advisor from the lands of Draiocht... Drockt...Dray-Ock.. *(the pronunciation of which Gereth flubs... multiple times.)*

Xandriel: *(stepping forward, but offering no sign of salute, or bowing)* Draiocht. *(taking the time to enunciate)* Ambassador Xandriel from the Unseen Lands. I have come to take possession of the Hand of Mordath, Lord McGarry. *(he bites out the title, as if admitting someone else having authority annoys him. he looks to the guarded pedestal.)* The artifact is in the case there?

McGarry: *(stammering a little, he and the Sheriff a bit put off)* Ah, yes. But the representatives of the Wardens and the Magi aren't here yet.

Xandriel: They are not taking the gauntlet, why do they need to be here?

Quinn: *(aggravated, stepping forward)* Because that was part of the agreement, Ambassador. Possession would be turned over to you with a Warden and Mage to oversee the transfer, to ensure its safety.

Xandriel: My Captains are both protection enough, as are the warriors they've brought with them. *(looking around, for the still absent Mage and Warden)* And if they don't see fit to be here on time, then I see no reason to delay further.

*(Jaxle and Glimmer stride very quickly onto the field before McGarry or Quinn can retort )*

Jaxle: Sorry! Sorry! Excuse us! Magus and Warden coming through! *(out of breath as he almost runs the last couple feet up to the Sheriff and the Warden, Glimmer doesn't break her quick stride, but also isn't as out of breath as Jaxle)* Magus and Warden... coming through! I mean.. that is to say... here we are! Yes, we are here!

*(Xandriel and his two Captains are a bit surprised to see the Warden and Magus, the Captains turn to one another, one of them shakes his head. Xandriel looks back to ease them, then stands firm looking down at the goblin mage)*

Xandriel: You are late, Magus...? *(waiting for an introduction)*

Jaxle: *(indignant)* That's right, Magus! I'm a Magus, does that surprise you Ambassador? To see a goblin wizard?

Xandriel: *(steps close and leans in)* Your name, Magus.

*(Jaxle backs up, obviously intimidated. Glimmer steps between them)*

Glimmer: *(Glimmer's hand is on her sword at her hip, a bit flat in her tone, decidedly UNfairylife)* HE is Magus Jaxle, and I am Warden Glimmer. And yes, we are late.

Jaxle: *(nervous a little as he backs away)* Yes... Yes we are late. We were delayed coming to the town. We were delayed because of...

Glimmer: Warden and Magus business.

Jaxle: Yes. Important Warden and Magus business. *(trying not to flinch as Xandriel stares down Glimmer and then Jaxle)* We're here now! So... so why don't we do this... transfer... business.

*(Quinn and McGarry look at each other, then at the group)*

McGarry: We. We won't be doing the transfer... right now.

*(The Magus, Warden, Xandriel, and the Captains all look at McGarry in mild surprise)*

Xandriel: *(a bit angry, stepping towards McGarry)* What?

Quinn: *(returns Xandriel's stare, shielding the Lord Mayor. The two Legionnaire captains slide their hands to their swords until they see Gereth eyeing them and shaking his head.)* This is just the opening ceremonies, Ambassador Xandriel. The transfer won't happen until much later, after the chess match.

Xandriel: *(not giving an inch, still arrogant)* Chess match? What ARE you talking about?

Quinn: In case it had escaped your notice, there's a festival going on. The transfer of the gauntlet would be part of the ceremony after the chess match. I'm sure as much was explained in the messages sent to the council and to the Wardens.

Jaxle: *(confidently)* Yes, yeah. Of course we knew, that's why... that's why we didn't think it would be too much an insult when we showed up late. Because that would be bad, to insult you. The Ambassador.

*(Before Xandriel can say anything, Captain Ilahn steps up and gets Xandriel's attention)*

Ilahn: Yes, we knew. We all knew, Lord Mayor. Just, Ambassador Xandriel is... is quite eager to take possession of the Hand... of Mordath. The item is very dangerous, extremely dangerous, and he just wants to keep it safe.

Xandriel: *(stiffens a little, and nods)* By bringing it back with me to the Unseen Lands. To preserve the balance.

McGarry: And we're just as eager to get rid of the blighted thing. But it was agreed upon when we would hand over the... uh... Hand.

Xandriel: Fine. *(he turns his back and walks towards the Legionnaires, snubbing the Mayor and Sheriff)*

Ilahn: Please, uh, forgive the Ambassador. He's always like this...

Jaxle: *(interrupting)* Arrogant and irritating?

*(Xandriel turns back around, staring viciously at Jaxle)*

Ilahn: *(nervous laughter)* Uh, no... just.. concerned with more worldly matters.

Anurast: Like the balance!

Ilahn: Yes, yes. Thank you, Captain Anurast. Like matters of the balance.

Jaxle: *(grumbling, and stepping away, just low enough not to be saying it to Xandriel's face) I'd like to balance him, right up his Unseen...(Glimmer smacks Jaxle on the arm before he can finish that sentence)*

Anurast: Right, so if we could just get on with this.

McGarry: Yes. If you could just take your places by the pedestal, we're just waiting on our herald. But I could start things if he isn't here...

Lochlann: *(yelling from offstage) We're here! We're here! (running onto the field, Ellis angrily moving his way onto the field) Just had some issues getting the appropriate outfit for our new herald on such short... notice. (Lochlann stops short as everyone is staring at him, even he realizes how tense it is) Well, this doesn't seem awkward at all.*

*(Before Lord McGarry can chastise Lochlann, everyone finally gets a good look at Ellis as he walks onto the field behind Lochlann wearing possibly the most outrageous, foppiest, most poof ridden outfit known to heraldry. Ostentatious should be an understatement, and Ellis is obviously, horribly, uncomfortable in the outfit)*

Ellis: Lochlann, I still don't think half of this outfit is necessary. I look entirely too... *(stops up short and realizes that now everyone is staring at him. Glimmer is grinning and Jaxle breaks out in a howling belly laugh, Ellis... is not amused) ...ridiculous.*

*(Lochlann jogs up to McGarry as Ellis determinedly makes his way up despite the snickers and the laughter. Walking past Jaxle, he shoots the little goblin a death glare, which only makes him laugh that much harder.)*

Lochlann: My Uncle, may i present to you, your new town herald! *(he says obviously proud, and either oblivious to how garish Ellis' outfit is, or proud of dressing the man so loudly. McGarry and Quinn are themselves finding it difficult not to smile)*

McGarry: So. So I see.

Ellis: Sorry i'm late. But it took time to find all... this. *(Ellis gestures to his outfit)*

Lochlann: It would have gone a bit faster had he not been arguing with me over it the whole time. You'd think a new herald would be far less fussy.

McGarry: *(chimes in before Ellis can say anything)* We can talk about toning your clothes down to mere mortal levels later. But, we are in something of a rush. You read some of the notes I gave you about today's events? You know what to say?

Ellis: *(nods, and half bows, a bit awkwardly)* Yes, I can do this Lord Mayor.

McGarry: Good lad. *(stepping forward, turning Ellis to face the crowd and walking him forward)* Now go and address our adoring public, they've waited long enough.

Ellis: Waited... right. *(Ellis takes a step forward and takes a few breaths and organizes what he has to say. Then opens his eyes and begins his spiel, with confidence and smoothly, as if he'd been doing this all his life)* "HEAR YE! HEAR YE! LORDS AND LADIES! IT IS MY GREATEST HONOR TO WELCOME YOU, GUESTS OF MIYRFALL ONE AND ALL, TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!! Every year we do throw open our arms, welcoming all travelers and revelers to our fine village as we celebrate the passing of the summer solstice and as a special bonus, the victory of the great heroes of Miyrfall over the dread wizard Mordath on this very spot a mere three years ago! *(pausing a moment to let that sink in, the sheriff, deputies, mayor all applaud... hopefully so does the audience.)*

*(Xandriel and Ilahn shift uneasily listening to Ellis at this point)*

Ellis: *(continuing as he gestures to the pedestal)* There, in that chest you see guarded by the fine Marshalls of Miryfall, is the last remnants of the dark wizards power. The very gauntlet he used to call upon dark magic, the Hand of Mordath! After today, the last vestiges of that foul wizard's power will be gone... FOREVER! To celebrate this most joyous of events, on this very field of honor, we will have an exhibition of tactical excellence and martial prowess, as a proud tradition returns to Miyrfall in the Midsummer Festival Living Chess Match!

Quinn: *(leans in to the Mayor)* Proud tradition?

Lochlann: *(smiling proudly)* I told him to say that, i thought it sounded... BIG.

McGarry: Yes... much like your ego.

Ellis: *(coughing as the 3 hecklers all murmur apologies, Ellis turns back to the crowd)* Assisting us in the celebration, playing parts on either side during the chess match, will be the Cuulayne Allied Legionnaires and the members of the Vanguard!

*(Jaxle and Xandriel both look shocked at the news, both saying at the same time)*

Jaxle: What?!?

Xandriel: What?!?

*(McGarry looks sharply at his seneschal)*

Lochlann: *(trying to remain somewhat quiet....)* I sent the letters about their participation, weeks ago. I know I got confirmation... somewhere.

Jaxle: *(quick to jump in)* Of course! The chess match! Yes, of course we know about it. *(turning to the crowd)* The Mages of the Spirit Order, and... and the Cuulayne Vanguard are honored to take part... take part in Miyrfall's chess match. And...um...

Glimmer: *(smoothly)* We look forward to facing our Legionnaire brethren before overseeing the transfer of the dreaded Hand to the Unseen Ambassador.

*(Xandriel is barely containing himself. Almost as if he had the option, he'd be raining fire from the heavens themselves down on everyone, Anurast coughs and speaks for the Ambassador)*

Anurast: Yes. We, Legionnaires are most honored to take part on the match before the transfer, and wish our... competition the best of luck.

Ellis: As we close out the ceremonies after the chess match, we shall turn the gauntlet over to the Legionnaires, and finally Miyrfall will be free! So, my ladies and gentlemen, guests of Miyrfall, enjoy yourselves, make what merry you may, join us at **(-insert time and place here-)** for the Living Chess Match, and once more welcome to THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!!!

All: HUZZAH!

### Scene 3:

characters needed: Sheriff Quinn, Ellis, Jaxle, Glimmer, Xandriel, Anurast, & Ilahn

The first people on scene are Quinn and Ellis, awaiting the arrival of the Vanguard and the Legionnaires. The both of them are as close to relaxed as they can get, Ellis is still wearing the ridiculous costume, and is still uncomfortable in it, fidgeting in it from time to time. Quinn is in a resting pose, arm resting against the pommel of his sword, ever ready to draw if need be.

Ellis: *(tugging at his outfit)* Do I really have to be here to meet with the representatives? Why not have the Lord Mayor here, or even Lochlann? *(he bites out Lochlann's name bitterly)*

Quinn: *(smiling)* I've the sense that there may be some tension from our august representatives, and I was hoping to unruffle those feathers before the Chess match. Plus I'd think you would want a few more details directly, unless you'd care to have Lochlann be the one to tell you what you need to know?

Ellis: *(pausing and giving the Sheriff a sour look)* I thought cruel and unusual punishment was against the law?

Quinn: *(grinning, and saying with an amused tone)* True, but here, "I" am the law.

Ellis: In that case, I'm more than happy to be here to watch you keep the other kids from killing each other.

Quinn: *(laughs a little, then sighs and runs his hand along his lame arm)* Surprised you haven't asked what happened to my arm, or why a wizard leaves the Spirit Order to become a sheriff.

Ellis: *(looks at Quinn, pondering his next words)* I'll bet there's a pretty long story behind that, but a person's history is their own business and not any of mine.

Quinn: *(nodding and smiling)* Fair enough, Goodman Ellis. Fair enough.

*(Jaxle and Glimmer walk on scene, Glimmer being quiet and reserved. Jaxle strutting up, all swagger and bluster)*

Jaxle: Sheriff Quinn! *(starts to thrust a hand out to grasp an arm in greeting, and realizes too late that he was reaching for the lamed arm. then he starts clumsily trying to switch his mage staff to his other hand to greet the sheriff... stuttering an apology as he does.)*

Glimmer: *(steps ahead of the jabbering Magi, and salutes the Sheriff with a Warden's salute, then slides her blade back into its sheath)* Well met, Sheriff Quinn. Please forgive Jaxle, he's a bit excitable.



Jaxle: *(muttering and finally giving up trying to shake the sheriff's hand and just clumsily waves and steps back from the Sheriff)* Yeah. That's me. All jumpy and bug nutty because i'm a goblin. *(Glimmer elbows her partner quickly, letting him know to knock it off)* But I see we're here first, and on time. And you've brought ... the herald with you. *(smiling openly at Ellis)* I just love the clothes, real festive.

Ellis *(growling)*: I won't be wearing these by the Chess Match.

Jaxle: What's that? Could you speak up, i couldn't hear you over that shirt. *(Ellis takes a single step forward and Jaxle jumps back)* I didn't mean anything! Just jesting!

Glimmer: Magus Jaxle, how about you stand here. Wouldn't want you getting hurt, here, in front of the sheriff. *(Jaxle eagerly agrees and jumps back far from Ellis' reach, Ellis quickly stands down, though still glaring at the Mage.)*

Quinn: It's good to see the Vanguard have representation here, though I thought they'd send more than just the two of you.

*(Before anyone can answer, Xandriel, Anurast, and Ilahn walk on scene. Xandriel as arrogant and proud as ever, his two Captains staying quiet in the background)*

Xandriel: *(in a firm, loud voice)*: It has often been said of the Wardens and the Magi that two is more than enough. *(as he comes to a stop before the sheriff, and plants his staff roughly into the dirt)* Though to some, even THAT is far too many. Sheriff Quinn, as requested, I present myself and my Captains Anurast and Ilahn before you.

*(Jaxle wants to lip off, Glimmer keeps him in check, the Sheriff turns to greet the Ambassador and bows stiffly. Xandriel barely nods his head, while the two Captains perform Legionnaire salutes. Xandriel looks to Ellis)*

Xandriel: I wasn't aware this was going to be an... unsecured meeting.

Quinn: Goodman Ellis is here at my request, in order to better do his job as the herald. So please, Ambassador, extend him all the respect you would any other member of this town's authority.

Jaxle: *(snorts and grumbles)* Right, what makes you think he isn't?

Xandriel: A pity you had to leave the Spirit Order and take up your uncle's former position here in Miyrfall, Sheriff Quinn. It seems that with your leaving, the Order will just accept anyone into their ranks. No matter their qualifications, or perhaps the lack thereof.

Jaxle: *(indignant)* What was that? Is he... no... I know he didn't just accuse me of not being a QUALIFIED Magus. I'll show this puffed up, arrogant, second rate, shrub warlock...

Xandriel: SHRUB WARLOCK...?!?!

*(Before Xandriel and Jaxle can say anymore, as both of them start to pick up their staves, Glimmer jumps in front of Jaxle to keep him from doing anything stupid, and Anurast grabs hold of Xandriel's arm, who then quickly yelps in pain, as if he burned himself by touching him. The 'Unseen' Ambassador looks back at the Captain, then starts to calm himself as Ilahn steps between the groups as Glimmer has done.)*

Ilahn: Please! Please forgive the Ambassador! The journey here has already been quite stressful on him, and with the importance of his mission here and the closeness of the Hand of Mordath, it already has him quite on edge. Allow me to apologize on his behalf.

Jaxle: Damn right he better apologize.

Ilahn: Magus Jaxle, please accept the Ambassador's deepest apologies. He meant no offense to the Order or to your position within it.

*(Jaxle narrows his eyes and opens his mouth like he's going to say something, until Glimmer tightens her grasp on his arm, and he squeaks a bit in pain.)*

Glimmer: Magus Jaxle HUMBLY *(another squeeze and squeak)* accepts the Ambassador's apology. Now, if we could just get to the matter at hand.

*(Quinn has been grasping the pommel tightly, Ellis had stepped away so as not to be caught between the two groups)*

Quinn: Yes, the transfer of the Hand of Mordath after the Chess match. We have a few things to discuss.

Xandriel: *(composing himself)* Yes. Possession of the Hand. I see no reason why we must participate in this ridiculous ceremony. Simply let us take possession and be done with it.

Quinn: First, Ambassador, the Hand is not yours yet. That wretched item represents the last vestige of that fool Mordath's power here in Miyrfall, and the people of Miyrfall have every right to see that it is properly transferred into the right hands. The Council and the Vanguard have agreed that those hands... are yours.

Glimmer: Hardly a unanimous decision, or the right one.

Quinn: But it was a decision nonetheless. When the Archmagus cast her spell at Mordath's gauntlet, none could have foreseen that it would not remain so easily destroyed. Nor that it would take physical form again here in Miyrfall. I was... fortunate... enough to feel the cursed thing's return and secure it before any of that fool wizard's followers could come and claim it. Mordath's zealots have already made one attempt to take the gauntlet while the powers that be squabbled over who should get the Hand. The sooner the Hand is gone, the better.

Ilahn: *(eagerly)* All the more reason you should give it the Ambassador now.

Quinn: The passing needs to be a spectacle, Captain, and the agreement laid down by the Vanguard and the Council requires representatives of both groups to be there. Near as I can tell, almost the whole town will be at the Chess match. Once the festival is over, news will spread like a wildfire as the revelers and merchants scatter to the next towns. With any luck, one step behind you.

Anurast: *(a bit wide eyed)* You WANT the followers of Mordath to know we have the Hand?

Quinn: I want the whole damn world to know the council has it, and that they gave it to the Unseen. Let those blind zealots try following the Ambassador to Draiocht.

Xandriel: Once your little ceremony is over, you will give us the Hand, and we are free to go? No other foolish little hoops to jump through? No more surprises?

Quinn: No, Ambassador. No more surprises.

Xandriel: Fine then, Sheriff. My Captains and the other Legionnaires will take part in this 'Chess match', but I will not. I am an Ambassador of the Unseen Lands, ours is a sacred task of observing, and maintaining the Balance. I have no time for games.

Ellis: No, but you have plenty of time for speeches.

Jaxle: Oooooo...

Xandriel: *(turns on Ellis, shooting him a deathly glare)* Speeches AND education, Goodman. And I would be most pleased to teach you to remember your place.

*(A few tense moments pass, Ellis does not budge one, single inch under Xandriel's gaze)*

Ellis: *(snarling/smiling as he backs down finally)* Of course, Ambassador Xandriel. I look forward to learning exactly what my place is.

Quinn: *(finally forcefully pulls Ellis away)* That will be ENOUGH! You can squabble here, where no one can see you all you wish, but in public you will at least ACT like you deserve the council's trust, and mine. Is. That. Understood?

Jaxle: *(looks away, a little ashamed)* I didn't even get a chance to... *(squeaks as Glimmer squeezes his arm again)* understood! understood! Let go of my arm, you overgrown pixie!

Ellis: *(bows his head, not letting the Ambassador see him, and directing his apology towards Quinn)* My most humble of apologies. I let my ignoble breeding get the best of me. I have what I need for later, if I have your leave?

Quinn: Go. I'll speak with you later.

*(head bowed, Ellis walks offstage never looking again at Xandriel or his captains)*

Glimmer: *(still holding on to a protesting Jaxle)* I believe Magus Jaxle and I also understand what needs to be done, Sheriff Quinn. If you and the Ambassador will excuse us, I'll... take my partner here where I can calm him down. *(She and Jaxle quickly make their way offstage, Glimmer keeping Jaxle from mouthing off as best she can)*

Quinn: Ambassador Xandriel, Captains Anurast and Ilahn, I need to go meet with the Lord Mayor and my deputy. By your leave.

Xandriel: *(barely containing his anger, Ilahn and Anurast stepping back as if just being so close is burning them)* You may go, Sheriff Quinn.

*(Quinn walks away, turning his back on Xandriel. The three of them wait until he is offstage)*

Xandriel: That mewling, pathetic, insignificant WASTE of FLESH! Were it NOT for the need of diplomacy I would gladly see him left a burning smear on the ground at my feet!

Ilahn: *(angrily)* Calm yourself, brother! You are letting your rage override your reason, again! Soon our task will be done.

Anurast: *(far more easily)* I didn't think the goblin was that annoying. Noting a little steel can't handle.

Xandriel: I don't mean that pathetic excuse of a goblin. I meant Quinn. The little coward was injured and has turned his back on magic, on power. A creature that has tasted true knowledge and then abandons it the way he has should be crucified as an example to any who prove themselves unworthy of the Art.

Ilahn: Are you quite finished with your tirade?

Xandriel: *(turns on Ilahn as if he is going to say something)* Do remember who you are talking to, BROTHER. *(says the word brother with a spiteful emphasis on it)* Remember which one of us was actually blessed to be under the tutelage of Lord Mordath, himself.

Ilahn: *(not backing down)* I have read his words, as much as you had heard them. Be careful that your rage does not do to you what Mordath's inexperience with the power did to him.

Xandriel: You speak blasphemy.

Ilahn: I speak only the truth. Were he more careful, his plans would not have come undone at the hands of that novice Magus, nor would he have found himself at the end of a Warden's blade.

Xandriel: *(snorts)* Allegedly.

*(Ilahn waves his hand dismissively at Xandriel, Xandriel fumes a bit as Ilahn turns to Anurast)*

Ilahn: You have heard nothing from, our other brothers, or your mercenaries? The ones meant to intercept the Warden and Magus coming here?

Anurast: *(shrugging)* You have magic, we have couriers. I haven't heard from them. But they were at least a week out covering the known roads into Miyrfall. I assumed the job had been done when they didn't arrive before the opening ceremonies.

Ilahn: You seem particularly uninterested in the disposition of your fellow mercenaries.

Anurast: Either they were good enough to do their job, and are alive waiting outside of town. Or they're dead, and that's several less inept swordarms I have to pay when we're done. Given the Warden and Magus there arrived without any wounds, I assume those idiots are out lost in the woods still waiting for an envoy that will never come. If they're still there, waiting, then the fools deserve to lose their share as surely as if they'd been killed.

Ilahn: Such an interesting philosophy, Captain Anurast.

Xandriel: That goblin was no mage. *(Xandriel says finally)*

Ilahn & Anurast: What?

Xandriel: I sensed no talent from that little goblin, and only the barest trace of something from the faeling.

Ilahn: *(thinking)* Perhaps another Follower? One that is not of our circle?

Xandriel: No. After the death of that fool Mordru, the other Followers either joined our circle or were hunted down by the Vanguard.

Ilahn: As far as we know.

Anurast: Wouldn't take much then. Do you want me to have some men deal with those two imposters?

Ilahn: No, but do keep an eye on them. Wouldn't want the Sheriff becoming even more agitated than he already is. *(looking pointedly at Xandriel)*

Xandriel: Fine. I will... calm myself. But once the Hand is ours, or they attempt to delay us with any more games, I will personally see this town burned to ash.

*(Ilahn sighs and the three of them walk offstage, Anurast muttering)*

Anurast: Yes... of course. As long as we keep a level head amongst us. *(sigh)*

## Scene 4

**characters needed: (Jaxle, Glimmer, Ellis (still dressed in his heraldry gear), Alec, Nahrine, 2 extras to play deputies "Tag" and "Bink", Quinn, Gereth, and 2 other deputies will make an appearance at the very end of the scene)**

**prop: the pedestal, and the case where the Hand of Mordath is being kept.**

*(Deputies Tag and Bink are standing in front of the pedestal, guarding the Hand of Mordath. They're maintaining a weather eye, standing mostly at attention. They aren't military, they're local militia, definitely a bit sloppy. Glimmer and Jaxle are off stage watching them.)*

Bink: Hey, Tag?

Tag: Yeah, Bink.

Bink: You ever wonder why we're here?

Tag: It's one of life's great mysteries, isn't it? Why are we here? I mean, are we the product of some break in the Weave? Or are there really a family of Gods, watching everything, you know, with a plan for us and stuff. I don't know man, but it keeps me up at night.

Bink: Um, i meant why are we standing out here, in the sun, when we could be over there in the shade, where there are seats?

Tag: Oh.

Bink: What was all that stuff about the Weave, and the Gods?

Tag: Nothing.

Bink: Do you want to talk about it?

Tag: Nope.

Bink: You sure?

Tag: Yup.

Bink: Well then, back to standing here. In the sun, guarding this magic... thing. Doing nothing. Seriously, why can't we guard from over there? Or maybe guard from somewhere with a bed?

Tag: Because if Gereth found you sleeping instead of doing your job, again, I'm pretty sure no healer could fix what he'd break on you.

*(Tag and Bink continue bickering while Jaxle and Glimmer sneak closer)*

Glimmer: *(quietly so that the guards can't hear, but loud enough for the audience to hear)* Jaxle... hey, hey Jaxle!

Jaxle: *(irritatedly, as he's digging through a leather pouch/bag)* What? What, Glimmer?

Glimmer: *(far more chipper than we've seen her and far more fae like)* Those guards over there, you see those guards? The talking ones?

Jaxle: *(looks up from the bag)* Does it look like i'm looking at the guards right now? You're the lookout, i'm here to keep from tripping the magic bells and whistles the Sheriff set up from going off.

Glimmer: Right right, but those guards, do you know what they're saying?

Jaxle: Unless its "hey, we should just wander off and leave the Hand completely unguarded, so anyone wandering by could steal it", then no, no i do not know what they are saying. *(muttering)* Crazy fae woman...

Glimmer: *(lets out an amused squeal and smacks the goblin on the shoulder)* That is a GREAT idea! *(Glimmer than stands straight and stares at Tag and starts waving her hands in the air, Jaxle glowers at Glimmer before pulling a bag of dust from his pouch)*

Bink: *(having heard Glimmer squeak, puts a hand on his weapon and looks in Jaxle and Glimmer's direction)* Hey, Tag. Did you hear that? Tag...?

*(Bink turns to see Tag staring off into the air and grabbing and swatting at something things only he can see, as if he's trying to catch something...)*

Tag: Pretty... catch them. Have to catch them... where are you going?

*(Glimmer moves her hands, smiling gleefully, like a puppeteer pulling strings and Tag starts to wander away from his post, trying to chase the things only he can see. walking off through the crowd, with Bink staring after him)*

Bink: Tag. Tag! Where are you going? Why can you wander off.... babbling like a... child.

*(Quickly Glimmer and Jaxle wander onstage, and Bink finally notices them.)*

Bink: Uh, Warden... Warden faerie person, and Magus... goblin. What... what are you?

Jaxle: Magus goblin? I have a NAME, deputy partner wandered off man!

Bink: No, wait, i didn't mean anything, i just don't know... your names. I didn't mean any offense, and my partner...

Glimmer: *(seriously again)* Yes, where is your partner? There are supposed to be TWO guards, two! You, are only one!



Bink: *(stammering and looking after where Tag went)* But... but I had a partner, he was here and then just wandered off, right before you got...

*(Bink gets cut off as Jaxle touches Bink with a rod or thing against Bink's chest that causes him to jerk and spasm like he's been tazed. He falls to the ground twitching. Jaxle sighs looking at the now useless device and slides it back into the leather pouch)*

Jaxle: You couldn't have gotten both of them with your, faerie witchery hoodoo?

Glimmer: Hey, i got one! If you'd let me have your little soldier, knocker outer thingy...

Jaxle: Oh, no. It had one shot in it, and I don't need you knocking out the first person with a shiny we come across, or do you not remember what happened when i let you have the thing in Gruumoor, the Dwarven prince?

*(The two of them quickly move Bink out of the way while Jaxle goes digging through his bag and pulls out some random knick knacks that should look silly, and magicky. Maybe some salt or something he can pour in a circle around the pedestal, and then other devices. Like he's doing antimagic trickery)*

Glimmer: Hey! That was NOT my fault, he had shiny rings on ALL his fingers, and we only needed the One! We got out of there anyway, right?

Jaxle: With half the Dwarven army digging up the last unmined piece of their countryside for us.

Glimmer: *(pouting)* Still got out, and we had the ring. So, do you have the Hand yet?

Jaxle: *(still getting out his anti magic gear, and circling the pedestal)* Do I have the Hand... Does it LOOK like i've got the Hand? I am busy here laying down every anti-magic, anti-trap trick I can to make sure we don't set off the Sheriff's rather numerous amount of wards and alarms he's got rigged to this rather big and evil and nasty thing we're here to steal. You do get that, right? He's an actual ex-Magus of the Spirit Order, and i'm not. So what we have here is a very delicate, very complicated...

Glimmer: *(in a faux serious voice)* Jaxle, stop your arcanobabble and get to job. *(giggles a bit and looks at the pedestal)* It doesn't even look that hard, I bet I could pick the lock without setting any of those traps off.

Jaxle: Doesn't look that hard...? *(Glimmer flashes a big, childish smile at the goblin, who quickly turns back to the pedestal and starts chanting and using his Arcane widgets as he takes one step closer, and then another, and another.)* Unappreciative... flighty... shiny obsessed...

*(At this point, a still injured Alec and Nahrine should start stumbling their way through the crowd, unnoticed by the two thieves)*

Jaxle: *(smiling as he finally steps up to the pedestal and lays hands on the chest containing the Hand)* Ha HA! And there we go! Once again, my genius has saved the day. Wards are down, okay Glimmer, the hard part is done, time for you to work your magic and get the payday out of the box.

*(Glimmer smiles as Jaxle steps out of the circle, the two of them careful not to crowd the box, making it look like they still have to be careful. She pulls out some lockpicks and leans in like she is going to start working the lock. Alex draws his blade, pointing it at the two of them)*

Alec: That will be far enough!

Glimmer: *(pouting, again)* Oh come on! Give me just a few more moments... *(Glimmer should throw the tools out of her hand, as Nahrine slams her staff into the dirt, showing she cast a spell)*

Nahrine: SERVITAS! *(again, slamming her mage staff on the ground, the effort clearly tiring her)* Step away from the Hand, you despicable little thieves!

*(Jaxle looks wide eyed at Alec and Nahrine, his hands in the air and stepping back as Alec and Nahrine step on stage, Alec's blade held unwaveringly on the two thieves. Glimmer hasn't moved from her spot, looking longingly after her long gone lockpicks.)*

Glimmer: *(childishly, acting as if she doesn't quite understand the danger)* Those were my favorite picks.

Alec: *(blade out)* Where the two of you will be going, you won't be needing them. Now, step away from the Hand, or you will lose yours.

*(Glimmer considers Alec and then backs away, standing next to Jaxle. Finally Alec and Nahrine look over the two of them)*

Alec: Masquerading as a Warden and Magus. Not the first time it's been done, but you really should have made sure we were dead before trying to take our place.

Nahrine: *(angry)* How... how can you be so calm? These... little... liars, tried to have us killed! And they're trying to steal the Hand of Mordath?!

Alec: I'm not calm, I am absolutely livid. But I'm a Warden, stand as the Steel against Steel long enough you learn to maintain a little control.

Jaxle: *(nervous)* Oh, that's good. Because the last thing you want is to let your anger control you. I mean you let the sort of thing fester it can do CRAZY things to you. I had this one cousin...

Alec & Nahrine: SILENCE!

Jaxle: *(steps back)* Ungrateful... hey, look. I'm just... just trying to say, sure. We... we came in posing as you Vanguard guys... i mean, that's what we do, right? But uh, yeah, that trying to kill you thing? Not us.

Glimmer: Nope, we don't do that.

Jaxle: Not something we do.

Nahrine: *(steps forward and smudges, visibly, the circle around the pedestal, then smacks the case with her staff)* I've disrupted the goblin's little tricks and set off the ward, the sheriff should be here shortly.

Alec: *(looking down weapon out, checking on Bink)* The guard still lives. *(Bink starts to groan and stir)*

Jaxle: I told you, that's not something we do.

Alec: Good for you, if you had simply murdered him, we wouldn't be waiting for the Sheriff before taking you in.

Nahrine: No, I doubt there'd be much left of you for the Sheriff at all.

Glimmer: Wow... that, doesn't sound good.

Nahrine: No, little thief. I would imagine it doesn't.

Jaxle: Hey, look. The guard's alive, you guys are alive, the gloves still in the box. How about you just let us go, no harm, no foul? We'll just be on our merry way and um... everybody gets a drink, right? Merry ho, and huzzah.. and... and... that's not going to happen is it?

*(This is when Ellis comes onstage behind Alec and Nahrine, still wearing the herald's outfit)*

Alec: No. No it isn't.

Jaxle: I did try to be reasonable.

Bink: *(groans and looks up, as he gets up to his feet. He clumsily draws his sword. )* Hey! Hey it's the herald! He can call for the sheriff!

*(Alec & Nahrine turn, Alec still has his weapon out. Both of them getting a good at Ellis, Jaxle smiles wide)*

Alec: *(his eyes going wide seeing Ellis)* That is no herald.

*(Alec swings his sword quickly at Ellis, who just as quickly yanks Alec off balance and out of the way. Bink is confused but tries a clumsy, messy swing at Ellis, who quickly disarms him, takes his sword and knocks the deputy back out.)*

Ellis: *(holding the sword)* Yeah, I'm pretty sure I just quit.

*(Alec gets his balance, and angrily moves in swinging at Ellis. Ellis spends all his moves avoiding being hit by Alec and doesn't even use the sword in the fight. After a quick exchange, Ellis steps back and throws the sword into the dirt at his feet.)*

Alec: Not all that good with a sword?

Ellis: Just making sure I don't hurt you any worse than you already are.

*(the fight resumes and Alec just cannot lay a hand on the herald, Nahrine stands tall, leaning heavily on her staff, like she's going to cast a spell. Glimmer quickly moves in, surprising the Magus)*

Glimmer: Those were my favorite picks! *(she grabs and yanks Nahrine's staff away from her, the Magus is too shocked to resist, and then Glimmer tosses the staff off to the side, Nahrine curses out the fae woman in elvish.)*

Nahrine: *(Elvish cursing... equivalent: something, really, really mean)* Amin delotha lle! *(shoves Glimmer away and then scurries for her staff, while Alec and Ellis finish up their fight)*

*(Finally, Ellis finishes the fight and takes Alec's weapon away from him, and knocks him to the ground)*

Ellis: Sorry, I don't like kicking a man when he's down. Or fighting a good man when he's injured.

Alec: That is not what I've heard.

Ellis: Things change, Warden.

*(Yelling can be heard from offstage as the other deputies, Gereth, and the Sheriff are running up to the stage)*

Ellis: Jaxle! Glimmer! We are LEAVING!

Glimmer: *(looking at the box with the Hand)* But we don't have the Hand!

Ellis: We also don't have the time! Move it, Glimmer! *(She nods and starts to run off past Ellis and Alec)*

*(Jaxle shoves his knick knacks back in his bag, stops next to Jaxle)*

Jaxle: Sad really, I just love your bright little outfit here. Can you keep that for the next job?

Ellis: *(sourly)* I swear the first thing I'm doing when we get clear is burning this thing. *(looks to Alec)* Yeah, I really am sorry about this Warden.

Alec: Damn it.

*(Ellis lunges forward and punches Alec across the face, stunning him, or knocking him out. He drops the Warden's weapon, turns and runs off after his two partners while Alec is groaning and picking himself up off the floor. Nahrine makes her way back to the stage, standing guard in front of the pedestal with the Hand of Mordath. Two other deputies, Tag, Gereth and Sheriff Quinn charge the stage, all of them with weapons drawn, looking at the messy scene before them.)*

Nahrine: *(leaning against the pedestal)* Hello Quinn, how nice to see you once again. The thieves went that way, but the Hand is still secure.

Quinn: *(sword drawn, looking around)* Nahrine, of course. Good. *(looks to Gereth)* Gereth, take two deputies and see if you can catch them! Deputy Tag, go summon a healer, and then inform the Lord Mayor to come at once!

*(Gereth nods, and he and the two deputies quickly run off stage after Jaxle, Glimmer, and Ellis. Tag heads the other way to get a healer and the Lord Mayor. Quinn leans sheaths his blade and helps a staggering Alec back to his feet, before handing the Warden his weapon.)*

Quinn: *(nodding)* Warden Alec. *(talking to the two of them)* Tell me everything.

## Scene 5

**characters needed: Sheriff Quinn, Gereth, Lord McGarry, Lochlann, Xandriel, Anurast, Iahn, Alec, and Nahrine. extras: the Cuulayne Legionnaires, Tag and Bink once again guarding the Hand, with a couple other deputies roaming the field, and whoever is playing the other side in the Midsummer Chess Match, plus three Daarklings... very briefly.**

*(Alec, the Sheriff, and the Lord Mayor are walking onto the field. Gereth is overseeing his deputies, including Tag and Bink putting the pedestal with the Hand of Mordath onto the field. He's in the background giving orders while the other three are conversing.)*

McGarry: It's good to see you again, Warden Alec, and that you made it to Miyrfall unharmed.

Alec: *(limping a bit, still somewhat injured)* Mostly unharmed. But yes, it's been sometime since last I was here.

McGarry: And how is Magus... uhm...

Quinn: Nahrine.

McGarry: Yes, how is Magus Nahrine doing? I didn't think you were partnered with a Magi.

Alec: Magus Nahrine is resting, she will arrive after the Chess Match, Lord Mayor. She is not as used to the... rigors... of travel as I am, and is still recovering from the trials we had to endure on our journey here, and what little magic she was able to work when we arrived completely exhausted her. *(After a moment's hesitation)* Also, she is not my partner, she serves at the Chantry in Korrieth. As neither Head Warden Drake, nor Archmagus Genevieve were available, other representatives of the Vanguard were chosen.

Quinn: Unavailable. *(snorting derisively)* Yes, im sure that was it.

Alec: It isn't my place to speculate about the Head Warden's motivation, Magus...Sheriff Quinn.

Quinn: Not in public anyway.

Alec: *(grunts a noncommittal response)* Just so. *(looks at Quinn's arm)* You seem to be settling in well as Sheriff. Do you miss being a Magus?

Quinn: Make no mistake, Warden. I may no longer be a member of the Order, but I am still every bit a Wizard.

Alec: *(apologetically)* I meant no offense.

Quinn: No... no. *(struggling to keep his anger in check)* I know you didn't. The attempted theft of the gauntlet, being deceived by those thieves, it has me on edge.

McGarry: You'd best remember that, as I haven't spoken directly to Ambassador Xandriel yet, either.

Quinn: What?!

McGarry: I have a seneschal for a reason, Sheriff. I sent Lochlann to inform the Ambassador.

Quinn: *(winced)* I knew you were mean, but I didn't think you were vicious.

McGarry: I'd like to think of it as a reminder to be a bit more thorough in vetting new employees.

Quinn: Yes, speaking of which, we are once more without a herald.

McGarry: *(sighs)* Something of which I am loathe to be reminded of, but yes, I'll be handling the heralding duties for the remainder of the festival. Speaking of which, if you'll excuse me... *(both Quinn & Alec nod as the Lord Mayor steps to the foreground, the other two stepping into the background, McGarry clears his throat)*... Good afternoon lords and ladies! If you would begin gathering, and find your places, for soon it will be time for the Midsummer Festival LIVING CHESS MATCH! Once a victor has been crowned, then we shall hand the... uh... Hand of Mordath over to the Legionnaires, and then the town of Miyrfall will be free of the last vestiges of the dark wizard's evil... FOREVER!!!

*(McGarry pauses... hopefully there is applause, and then an enraged Ambassador storms onto the field, a cowering Lochlann is running only a few steps ahead of him. The Legionnaires and the two Captains marching, slowly, behind the pissed off Ambassador.)*

Xandriel: *(enraged)* LORD MAYOR McGARRY! What is the meaning of this OUTRAGE?!?!?

Alec *(leans in close to Quinn)*: The Ambassador?

Quinn: *(sternly, looking at Xandriel)* The Ambassador.

*(As Xandriel comes to a stop in front of the Mayor, the Mayor falters back a step, partially from fear, and part because it feels like the air around the Ambassador is on fire)*

McGarry: *(uneasy, but not moving back anymore.)* Ambassador Xandriel, I take it my seneschal Lochlann gave you my message?

Xandriel: Your message? Yes, your mewling lackey gave me your message, that your incompetent Sheriff almost lost the Hand of Mordath to an imposter Warden and Magus, and that your new herald was one of them? Yes, I got that message.

Lochlann: Mewling lackey..? That... that seems a bit...*(interrupted before he can say harsh)*

Xandriel: SILENCE! Lord Mayor, with this display of ineptness, I am going to INSIST that you...

McGarry: Insist? *(angrily)* You insist? Just where in Cuulayne do you think that in MY town you get to INSIST anything? *(Xandriel is firmly rocked back by the Mayor's sternness)* You are a guest here in this city, Ambassador. In MY city, and I have had enough of your attitude.

Xandriel: *(doubling down on the indignant rage)* I am an Emisarry of the Unseen Lands and servant of the Balance, and sent by the council at Anleigh to retrieve the Hand of Mordath. I will not...

McGarry: Shut. Up. *(Xandriel looks like he's about to retort when McGarry stomps forward)* One more word, other than an apology, from YOU... to me, to my sensechal, to my sheriff, and to the people of Miyrfall for being such an arrogant ass, not only will the Hand go RIGHT to the Vanguard *(points to the now surprised Alec, who didn't realize the mayor had the sternness in him)*, but I will have my Sherriff lock you in stocks at the front gates until the Green Man himself comes to retrieve you, like the petulant child you are!

Xandriel: *(is almost frothing at the mouth and really, REALLY wants to burn the mayor into a smear, Quinn has his hand on his sword and has is ready to step forward, a malicious grin on his lips. Gereth is looking at the Legionnaires quietly telling his deputies to stay put, Anurast and the mercenaries are looking around, almost as if they're expecting a fight, Ilahn rushes up and grabs and squeezes Xandriel's arm, whispering something harsh. Eventually Xandriel nods and Ilahn backs away, clenching the hand that grabbed Xandriel, it's been burned)* I... most humbly apologize, Lord Mayor. I extend those apologies to you, to your... seneschal... to the Sheriff, and to the people of Miyrfall. I have been a poor... representative. I... am sorry.

McGarry: *(breathing hard, and holding a hand up to Quinn, a gesture telling him to stay put)* On behalf of the people of Miyrfall, I accept your apology. Now, the Living Chess Match is to begin shortly, if you will have your Legionnaires take their place... and you go take yours, we will be that much closer to our business being concluded.

*(Xandriel, for the first time today, bows, and goes back to his Legionnaires, who start taking their assigned spaces on the Chess Board). Alec and Quinn step up to the Mayor, Lochlann is still quaking)*

Alec: Lord McGarry, I didn't think you had it in you.



McGarry: *(grinning like he'd just faced down a dragon)* Neither did he. Every once in a while it's nice to remind people why I am the Lord Mayor.

Lochlann: Excellent, object lesson over. Can I go now?

McGarry: Go take your spot Lochlann. *(Lochlann stumbles and scurries off to the stand near the chess board)* Warden Alec, I realize you are still somewhat hurt, but if you would be so kind as to take your place on the board as well?

Alec: Of course, Lord Mayor. After all, I would not want to end up waiting here until the Head Warden came to retrieve me. *(The Warden and the Mayor chuckle at that as the Warden turns and heads for the chess board, nodding at Quinn as he passes by)*

Quinn: Nicely done, Lord Mayor.

McGarry: *(sighs)* It was fun. Still, I expect a sternly worded letter from the Council once the Ambassador and his retinue return to Anleigh.

Quinn: The burdens of leadership. I'm sure you will survive.

McGarry: *(chuckles)* Enough of that, go take your place as well, Sheriff. *(Quinn takes his place on the stand, Gereth takes his place on the board as do a couple deputies. Tag and Bink keep guarding the pedestal, McGarry turns to the crowd)* Now, guests of Miyrfall, the event that you have all gathered here to see! A demonstration of tactical genius and martial prowess of gamesmen from across all Cuulayne! The Miyrfall Midsummer Festival Living Chess Match! The winner will have a song of their victory sung at our Grand Pub Sing! *(--or whatever it's called--)*

**---here is the break for the Living Chess Match, play it out as you will, it goes from beginning to end, no problems. At some point during the match, Magus Nahrine is led to the field and takes her place near the Mayor and Sheriff Quinn. She looks suspiciously at Ambassador Xandriel. Once there is a victor for the match, McGarry is actually stunned and is looking around a bit nervously---**

Quinn: *(noticing the Mayor's hesitation)* What's wrong?

McGarry: Just... the Chess Match is over and nothing's happened.

Quinn: What do you mean? Was something supposed to happen?

McGarry: Not... normally. I mean... nevermind. It just seems that every year something happens, that's all.

Quinn: Don't go inviting trouble, Lord Mayor. Best go call the winner.

McGarry: Yes. The winner. *(And with that, the Lord Mayor goes down and declares to the crowd the winner of the Chess Match)* Now, people of Miyrfall, I give to you your winner (**--white side or black side, i leave it to you folks--**). *(once a winner is declared, then McGarry turns to the pedestal)* Now, we have but one last piece of business to conclude. One last ceremony before we finish the day. The turning of the dreaded Hand of Mordath to the Ambassador from the Council at Anleigh, and ridding our town of its evil for all time!

Xandriel: Finally.

McGarry: If the representatives would take your positions, please.

*(The Legionnaires take up their positions on one side, behind Ambassador Xandriel, who is flanked by Captains Anurast and Ilahn. Xandriel is watching the box with thinly veiled greed. Warden Alec and Magus Nahrine stand on the opposite side, watching the box as well, though Nahrine whispers something to Alec and the both of them look to Xandriel. Gereth has Tag and Bink carry the pedestal forward between the Legionnaires and the Vanguard. Sheriff Quinn steps forward holding his hand over and chanting some low mystic sounding mumbo jumbo as he kills the wards over the box)*

*(Gereth picks up the box and steps forward with it)*

McGarry: 'Twas three summers past, that the dread wizard Mordath was defeated here, on the fields of Miyrfall. In this case are the last vestiges of his dark power left in this world. By decree of the Cuulayne Allied Council, and the Cuulayne Vanguard, we cede this blighted thing to you, Ambassador. May you take it with you to the Unseen Lands of Draiocht where it will never menace another living soul, ever again.

Xandriel: *(staring at the box)* Of course, Lord Mayor. On behalf of the Council of Anleigh I take on this most sacred charge. *(looks up to Sheriff Quinn)* Sheriff, if you please. Open the casket.

Quinn: What?

Xandriel: Open the box, so that i may indeed inspect the Hand of Mordath.

*(McGarry responds before Sheriff Quinn could argue)*

McGarry: Do as the Ambassador... asks, Sheriff Quinn. *(With a moment's hesitation, Quinn steps in front of the casket and opens it. Taking a few steps back as Xandriel smiles wickedly, finally staring at the Hand of Mordath)*

*(Xandriel makes a brief show of looking at the Hand before turning to the side and passing his staff into the hands of Captain Ilahn. Finally he reaches in and removes the Hand, holding it up for everyone to see as he examines the artifact.)*

*(All characters that aren't Quinn, Anurast, Ilahn, and Xandriel visibly wince OR gasp upon seeing the Hand removed from the case. For some its fear of what the item is, for others, it's a dark memory they would rather forget. Even normally steadfast Gereth falters back a step, still holding the case)*

Xandriel: Exquisite. *(In awe of the artifact)* To think, thought devastated by the power of the Archmagus herself, yet it is as perfect as the day Lord Mordath himself first crafted it.

Nahrine: *(realization dawns first on her)* No! No! Stop him before...!

*(Before she can finish that sentence Xandriel puts the gauntlet on and holds his hand up and starts to laugh maniacally...)*

Xandriel: Finally! Finally the power held by the Great, Dread Wizard Mordath himself now belongs to his rightful heirs! This power is... is... *(looks at the gauntlet, as something is wrong)* ...is not here. *(Everyone is staring at the Ambassador in shock as he walks in a circle, shaking his arm with the non working Hand of Mordath on it)* Why isn't it working? Where is the power?!?

Ilahn: Perhaps you've used it incorrectly?

Anurast: Maybe if you try taking it off, then putting it back on? *(pauses)* Are you wearing it on the wrong hand?

Ilahn: *(staring angrily at the Lord Mayor)* Where is it! Where is the true Hand?!

McGarry: *(staring wide eyed in shock at the Ambassador)* I don't... but that's... Ambassador?!

Nahrine: *(stomps up to Xandriel)* He is no Ambassador, he isn't even one of the Unseen! *(tears away the mask Xandriel was using to disguise himself, standing before them as an elf, tall, arrogant, and proud)* Mordath worshipper! *(she points her staff at Xandriel)* Wretched, follower of that deranged...

Ilahn: *(points Xandriel's staff at Nahrine, and then slams it into the ground)* VENTAS SEISMOROUS!!

*(Nahrine and Gereth are sent stumbling backwards, the other deputies are slow, Alec draws his blade, but before he can lunge forward, Ilahn turns to Anurast)*

Ilahn: Captain, secure the Lord Mayor.

*(Alec moves forward to protect the Mayor, but not before Anurast arrives and grabs hold of him, holding a knife to McGarry's throat and pulling him back to the other Legionnaires, several*

*of them have drawn weapons, while four of them have knocked the tips of their spears off, revealing a them to be mage staves as they group together and starts chanting)*

Ilahn: *(As the other chanters he slams his staff to the ground and shouts to the skies)* APPARE!  
*(To everyone's horror, Three Darklings come running in, screeching and wielding darkblades and ready to lash out at the crowd)* It is long past time that this charade is over.

Xandriel: Where is it?! Where is the True hand of Mordath! Bring it to us now, or we shall see this town reduced to less than ash!

*(Snarling himself, Sheriff Quinn throws his sling free and reveals that HE is wearing the True Hand of Mordath!)*

Quinn: HERE! You arrogant, petulant excuse for a warlock! If you want the True Hand, come and claim it from a REAL Magus!

Xandriel: *(taking his staff from Ilahn)* Darklings! Bring me the Hand of Mordath... and the arm of the one who wields it!

*(The Darklings screech, and howl, blades out as they begin to advance on Quinn)*

Quinn: *(Holds out the gauntlet, and makes a show of melodramatically clenching his fist)* The Hand grants only power, little elf! To wield requires strength of will, and you simply do not, have it! KRA TERAK SHREE!!

*(The Darklings stop short and all of them simply fall to the ground, dead)*

*(At this point, the people of Miyrfall don't know who to be afraid of more, the imposters, or Sheriff Quinn. Even Xandriel is stunned.)*

Ilahn: You hold the Hand, we hold your Mayor! Give us the artifact, or we'll kill him and move on to the rest of the city!

Quinn: Injure the Lord Mayor, and the Hand will be the least of your worries!

Ilahn: You claim to have the will, but if you truly had it, we would not be standing here! Think on that! We give you but a couple hours to give us what we want, or we'll come in force to take it, and your mayor will be but the first to fall!

*(With that the crowd is left in shock as Anurast drags the protesting mayor away, Ilahn, Xandriel and the others following quickly. Many of the citizens and heroes of Miyrfall staring after the Mayor and in fear of the Sheriff who now wields the Hand of Mordath, wondering if they've simply traded one doom, for another)*

## Scene 6

**characters needed: Sheriff Quinn, Gereth, Lochlann, Alec, Nahrine, Jaxle, Glimmer, & Ellis**

*(The scene opens with the Sheriff stalking back and forth, fuming. As Nahrine, Alec, and Gereth are watching nervously. Lochlann is in a corner, with a drink, trying to ignore that Quinn is wearing one of the most deadly items ever held by mortal hands)*

Lochlann: Do you think you could stop pacing? All that back and forth is beginning to give me a hangover before I've had a chance to earn it.

Quinn: *(stops and spins on Lochlann, stalking up and smacking the cup away from Lochlann, and then picks him up)* What was that? What did you say to me you smug, drunken, little...

Alec: *(holding his weapon against Quinn, his voice steady)* Put the seneschal down, Sheriff. Please try and reign in your anger...

Quinn: *(Quinn quickly drops Lochlann and spins, smacking away Alec's weapon and then making a gesture with the Hand of Mordath that forces Alec to fall away and back to the ground)* Reign in my anger?! Reign it in! Do you understand what kind of power I have here? What I could do with it? Stopping those Darklings is but a fraction of what can be done with the power beyond the Weave. I could have ended those imposters.

Lochlann: Then why didn't you!? *(still lying on the ground, angry at the Sheriff)* You go on and on about all this power, about what you COULD do and all you're doing is ranting! Why didn't you use this GREAT POWER and strike them down?

Quinn: Because... *(searching for answer, as if its right on the edge of his mind, like something is pulling it from his grasp)* ...because

Nahrine: *(standing firm, but her voice soft)* Because you would not be the one wielding the power, would you... Magus Quinn?

Quinn: *(finally calming down, looking at the Hand as if seeing it for the first time, the words coming out of his mouth as if on reflex)* Former... Magus. *(quieter, contemplating his words)* Former Magus.

Nahrine: *(walking up, she lays a hand on Quinn's arm above the gauntlet)* You may have given up your claim to the title, but what makes you worthy to have been in the Order can never be taken from you.

Quinn: *(looks, clenching his fist once... then again)* And what would that be?

Ellis: *(from across the stage, stepping up where no one noticed him. He is no longer wearing the silly Herald's outfit, and is wearing a simple, functional garb. Jaxle and Glimmer are behind him, Jaxle uneasy about walking into the lion's den, Glimmer not really caring if anyone seems disturbed by her presence, at all.)* Wisdom. *(stepping towards the Sheriff lightly, while the others turn in shock seeing the thieves)* The wisdom to know when to use power *(and steps right up to Quinn and looks him in the eye, everyone else too shocked to stop him)*, and when to give it up that power. The same wisdom you used to give up your title as Magus. The same wisdom, the compassion you showed, when you saved me.

*(Gereth and Alec both draw their weapons, holding them at the ready and looking at Ellis and the other two thieves, Jaxle's hands shoot up in a surrendering gesture and Glimmer continues to look like she's having the time of her life)*

Alec: What are you doing here? WHY did you come back? *(looking at the Sheriff)* What does he mean you saved him?

Jaxle: *(hands up, away from his gear)* Just like to point out, not my idea, and I am being totally non threatening right now. *(Glimmer rolls her eyes and punches Jaxle in the arm)* Ow.

Gereth: *(looking at the trio nervously)* As if we didn't have enough problems. Sheriff Quinn, what's that thief talking about?

Quinn: Coming back here was a poor plan, Ellis.

Ellis: Maybe. But wisdom isn't one of my strong suits. Besides, you seem to be in quite a bit of trouble, feels like it's my turn to be one helping you this time.

Lochlann: *(shocked)* Wait, you KNOW each other?

Jaxle: What was your first clue? Man, you didn't get your job because of your brains, did you?

Alec: *(weapon still at the ready, but willing to listen)* You've quite a bit of explaining to do, Sheriff. Let's start with how you know one of the deadliest assassins in Cuulayne.

Ellis: Former assassin, Warden. Think that would be clear by now.

Alec: Letting me live is the only reason I haven't attacked you yet.

Quinn: *(holding his ungauntleted hand out to Alec)* It's a tale long in the telling, and we are short on time. Simply put, Ellis is here because I hired him and his partners there to steal the Hand of Mordath.

Alec, Nahrine, Lochlann, and Gereth: *(shocked gasps and exclamations from all)*

Alec: What?!?

Lochlann: *(dryly)* Oh yes, that clears so much up.

Jaxle: Will you let the man talk? *(grumbling)* Honestly, some humans... *(trails off)*

Quinn: *(stepping back and letting his hand drop to show he's not resisting)* I learned that someone was going to attempt to steal the Hand today. To keep it safe I contracted Ellis and his partners to steal the gauntlet first, and after the Legionnaires left I would send couriers to the Vanguard and the council and bring it myself to Anleigh, in secret. Hoping that whoever was after the Hand would follow the Legionnaires.

Alec: When did they steal it? Nahrine and I arrived in time to stop them.

Glimmer: *(smiling)* Oh, we stole the real thing last night. The second time we tried to steal we weren't really trying to steal it. Which was really, REALLY hard because...

Jaxle: Because we're THAT good. Yeah, how's THAT for a goblin. *(holds a hand up for a high five with Glimmer, it never comes and people are looking at him, making Jaxle feel awkward)*

Alright... just leave it there... we can celebrate later.

Nahrine: Wait, how did you know we were going to show up to stop the robbery?

Quinn: You weren't supposed to. The Legionnaires were. We knew they weren't real Cuulayne soldiers.

Alec: How?

Ellis: The way they marched. I knew as soon as they came on field they weren't true soldiers. *(Alec is staring at Ellis, slowly lowering his weapon)* It's a very distinctive style of march.

Gereth: I still don't understand...

Quinn: I was going to use the pretense of the robbery as a reason to keep the case sealed and let them leave with the false Hand. I had even enchanted it so that on cursory inspection it would seem to be the true one. *(Quinn sighed and looked at the gauntlet)* I didn't expect them to try to use the damn thing right there.

Nahrine: Yes. Xandriel was one of the more zealous of Mordath's acolytes. His use of the power from Beyond has left him... unhinged.

Jaxle: Unhinged? Magus, The whole damn door frame is gone!

Nahrine: Yes. Quite. But this still doesn't explain how you knew WE would not be here, or how you knew to have someone play the part of a Warden and Magus.

Ellis: I told the Sheriff. I knew someone had been dispatched to kill the representatives from the Vanguard, and when you didn't arrive before the opening ceremonies. Quinn and I... improvised.

Glimmer: I got to be a Warden! I got to put on my Warden face! *(Jaxle calms Glimmer down)*

Alec: How did YOU know about the attempt?

Ellis: Who do you think they offered the contract to first?

Alec: *(snorts)* Former assassin. *(Ellis casually shrugs)*

Ellis: Of course, Quinn was never supposed to put the gauntlet on either. *(turns back to the Sheriff)* What the hell, Quinn? What possessed you to put that thing on?

Nahrine: Possessed would be the correct term... Goodman Ellis. *(everyone turns to look at Magus Nahrine)* The Hand of Mordath is a relic crafted using magic from beyond this realm, it's very presence is an aberration to this world and it WANTS to be used.

Quinn: *(tightening his grasp)* I thought. I was so certain I could control it, that I could use its power properly.

Nahrine: That power is not meant for us. *(Quinn nods his agreement)*

Lochlann: Great. We're all friends now. So, could we all put our bloody weapons down and figured out how we're going to save my Uncle and stop those fanatics from torching all of Miyrfall!?

*(Realizing they still have weapons up, Gereth and Alec, put sheath them and Nahrine puts her staff back to an at ease posture)*

Gereth: I hate to even think of agree with Lochlann, Sheriff. But he's right. Even with the help of the... thieves there, we're still outnumbered three to one, at least.

Jaxle: Didn't you hear, Deputy man? Sometimes us bad guys can make the best good guys. To get the Mayor back, I got a plan. *(drops his backpack down and ruffles through it, and pulls out a pair of Legionnaire's tunics)* Fighting, I don't do. But I can do sneaky all day long.

Gereth: Do I even want to know where you got those?



Jaxle: Um... they fell... fell off the back of a merchant's wagon. *(getting defensive)* Look, the details don't matter, I have them, that's what matters, right? *(Gereth shrugs, Jaxle looks at the tunics, then throws one at Lochlann)*

Lochlann: Are you mad? I don't do fighting anymore than you do?!

Jaxle: You want to get your uncle back or not? This works, we won't be doing any fighting. We're going to need a distraction though.

Quinn: *(looking at the gauntlet)* We don't need just to save the mayor, we also need to stop those mercenaries from burning the town down, and Xandriel and Ilahn's magic as well.

Nahrine: *(a definitely un-Magus like, and unlady like snort of dismissal)* Xandriel is barely capable at best, and Ilahn was never an able student. I can handle their power.

Alec: So that leaves us with maybe a dozen, or two armed mercenaries against our half dozen armed warriors?

Ellis: *(grinning)* At least that way it's a fair fight.

Quinn: *(nodding, and looking at the gauntlet.)* I trust all of you to do what needs to be done, which leaves only one task left. The Hand of Mordath.

Nahrine: Warden Alec and I can carry it with us to the Vanguard. *(Alec shoots her an angry glare, and Nahrine sighs)* Or we can bring it swiftly to Anleigh where a true member of the Unseen can take it.

Quinn: No. This thing, and its master, have already caused no end of suffering. What I have in mind will rid us of this blighted thing, and will give us all the distraction Jaxle and Lochlann could possibly need to save the Lord Mayor.

Jaxle: Dark wizards, cursed artifacts, outnumbered and outmagicked, and a desperate plan to save us all?

Glimmer: *(clapping)* It sounds like so much FUN!!!!

## Scene 7

characters needed: ALL.

First on the field are: Quinn, still wearing the gauntlet, armored up and ready for a fight. Alec in Warden's garb, Ellis, in light armor with two small blade sheathed and they won't come out until sometime during the fight. Gereth, and two other deputies in rag tag gear all bearing Miyrfall's standard somewhere. Tag and Bink are in their deputy gear, but are carrying a heavy looking cauldron between them. Glimmer is wearing her very light armor, and wielding a slim blade. Nahrine is in full Magus regalia.

The bad guys will come onto the field in a few moments. Jaxle and Lochlann will fall into step behind the last of the mercenaries, still wearing the Legionnaires uniforms, sneaking in from the crowd. Xandriel has washed off the goop, and he and Ilahn are wearing dark outfits, but not robes. Nor are they wielding staves, but other, wicked, vicious implements to mirror their dark magicks. The few worshippers that aren't mercenaries are dressed Sith like, but all carry blades since they have no real magical talent.)

Nahrine: *(to Quinn)* What you've proposed is a most daring, and dangerous plan, Sheriff Quinn.

Quinn: *(smirking a little)* What's life without a bit of danger, Magus? Are you ready to do what you can?

Nahrine: *(sighing)* I will do what I must, provided Glimmer and you can aid me.

Quinn: You'd be surprised what the fae is capable of. Glimmer, you ready?

Glimmer: Right, serious time. *(puts on her Warden face, and acts like Ellis a bit)* I'm always read.

Ellis: *(looking back a bit offended)* Was that me? Were you... were you doing me? *(Glimmer shoots Ellis a version of his own angry scowl, then quickly smiles big and wide, before glowering again)*

Alec: Why yes. Yes, I believe she is, and doing it quite well. *(looks to Ellis)* Looking forward to this?

Ellis: I've been looking forward to hitting something since Lochlann dressed me up in that herald's outfit.

Gereth: What did you do with it when you ran off?

Ellis: *(grumbling)* I threw it in a ditch outside of town, and then I burned it.

Gereth: Damn, you should have worn it for the fight, would've caused the Legionnaires to fall the ground clutching at their eyes. *(Ellis looks at Gereth, blinking, Gereth looks back, smiling)*

Ellis: Yes... I'm looking forward to hitting things.

Quinn: *(Examines his forces one more time, the bad guys have yet to take the field)* What we are about to do is extremely risky, incredibly perilous, and decidedly unwise in many, many ways. I am proud to have you all here to save our town... *(turns, and takes a deep breath, holding up the Hand of Mordath, calling out...)* XANDRIEL! XANDRIEL YOU COWARD! CRAWL FORTH FROM WHAT HOLE YOU HIDE IN THAT I MIGHT SHOW YOU WHAT A TRUE MAGE CAN DO!!! *(the bad guys aren't quite there yet)* DO NOT MAKE ME SUMMON YOU A SECOND TIME, ELSE YOU SHARE THE SAME FATE AS YOUR DARKLINGS, YOU STUDENT OF A FAILED TEACHER!!

Nahrine: *(Eyes wide)* Was that really...

Xandriel: *(Booming back as he leads his men onto the field)* HOW DARE YOU?!! *(stomping, others giving him a few feet of space as being so close to him when he is enraged physical hurts them)*

*(the Lord Mayor is chained, and being pulled by Anurast on a leash, he has a blade out, ready to slice the Mayor at a moment's notice. As the last of the Legionnaires walks by, Lochlann and Jaxle, dressed as soldiers join them at the end, standing at the back, for few moments, while everyone's attention is on Quinn)*

Xandriel: You are not fit to utter Lord Mordath's name! You who would so willingly throw your power aside! You weak, pathetic, insignificant...*(Interrupted by Quinn)*

Quinn: Yes, yes. Weak, insignificant, ignorant, and on, and on, and on. Like him you are little more than words and empty promises. Everything that Mordath was, that he accomplished, is right here... *(holds up the Hand of Mordath, still wearing it)*

Xandriel: Unworthy human scum! Give me the Hand or...

Quinn: Or what? You'll stomp your feet and pout some more. Oh yes, I can see why you were most prized amongst Mordath's students. *(darkly)* Because you were no threat to him.

Xandriel: *(Yells, rages incoherently, raising his own half staff as if to cast magic)*

Quinn: *(with a slash of Quinn's hand)* SHEL KEK BA'SHAAK!!! *(it essentially smacks the implement out of Xandriel's hand and sends it hurtling away... dude playing Xandriel should toss it like its being force thrown)*

*(While Xandriel froths, Ilahn steps out, Jaxle and Lochlann are making their way up to the front of the line, while the mercs are watching Quinn.)*

Ilahn: So, you have decided to keep the Hand? You have felt its power, the touch of its creator! You now know what he did! Would you sacrifice the life, of your Mayor as well?!

*(Anurast points his knife at the Mayor, Jaxle and Lochlann stop moving entirely)*

Quinn: *(growling)* This... this thing was never meant for me! *(lowers his hand, and starts to struggle with it stepping back towards the cauldron)* Nor was it EVER meant for you! *(lets out a painful howl, as agony races up his arm both from tearing it free and from the gauntlet KNOWING Quinn intends to destroy it. Quinn falls to his knees, exhausted from the attempt)* And it was never meant for this world. *(with his last ounce of strength and will, Quinn unceremoniously dunks the gauntlet into the cauldron, where Nahrine and Glimmer chant over it, inchorently)*

Xandriel and Ilahn: *(Wide eyed, shocked)* No! NO! NO! *(their objections frenzied as they realize what's happening)*

Jaxle: *(slips up behind Anurast)* Ill hold the prisoner's leash, Captain, I think they're going to signal soon.

Anurast: *(absently nods and hands the leash to Jaxle)* Yes, i think you're right...

*(Before Anurast can object, Quinn summons his own will and joins it with Nahrine's and Glimmer's and...)*

Nahrine, Glimmer, Quinn: EXTERMINATUS!!! *(some loud boom, or effect, or firework, or something goes off showing that that gauntlet has finally, at last, been destroyed)*

Quinn: Now...*(exhausted, but rising up to his feet, holding his maimed arm against his chest, and drawing his blade with his other hand and staggering, ready)* ...I order you all bound by law! Throw down your weapons and surrender...*(smiling wickedly, like he's excited by the prospect of a fight)* or prepare for judgment.

Ilahn: KILL THE MAYOR!

*(Anurast turns to do as tasked, only to find that Jaxle and Lochlann have been leading the mayor away, towards a pair of deputies waiting just at the edge of the field)*

Anurast: What are you DOING?!

Jaxle: *(realizing the jig is up)* Daring and totally not unmanly escape to safety?

Lochlann: Uncle, time to put your feet down and RUN!!!

*(The Mayor still a bit uneasy, just nods and hauls ass between Lochlann and Jaxle into the waiting arms of the deputies who usher them away from the fight scene before any mercenaries can stop them)*

Anurast: The mayor, he escaped. With two of my own... men?

Ilahn: You IDIOT! *(points a sword at the Sheriff and the waiting enemies)* KILL THEM!

Xandriel: KILL THEM ALL!!!

Quinn: *(holds his blade pointed at the enemy)* For the honor of Miyrfall! *(and charges forward, followed soon after by the others.)*

*(Uber fight scene ensues. Gereth, Tag, and Bink each manage a soldier a piece without an issue. Alec shows off again why he is every bit a Warden as others, dropping a couple of mercs. The fight really shines on Ellis, who doesn't even need to draw his blades to drop the first few chumps, and finally pops both his knives to take on Anurast.)*

Anurast: A pity you're on the wrong side, an assassin of your talent would have been worth whatever price you wanted.

*(Anurast charges Ellis, who dodges, and weaves, and disarms Anurast before reversing one of the blade in his hand and knocking the merc Captain the fuck out.)*

Ellis: Former... assassin. Former... nevermind.

*(Nahrine faces off with Ilahn, despite her previous bravado, the effort of destroying the Hand of Mordath has left her drained, and barely able to fend off Ilahn's attacks, much less the thrusts; of his sword. Luckily Glimmer is there, blocking the death thrust of Ilahn's blade, who looks at the Fae with surprise. Nahrine takes advantage and smacks Ilahn across the face with her mage staff, as he falls to the ground, Nahrine hits him one more time to make sure he stays down)*

*(leaving the last fight, the Sheriff versus Xandriel, and the elf is raging, fighting with an almost insane ferocity. At one point almost getting the upper hand by coming at the Sheriff's blind side.)*

Xandriel: Weak fool. A failure as a Magus, and now, as a protector of your pathetic city as well!

Quinn: *(smiling)* I'd take another look at those numbers, "Ambassador." It seems your math is as bad as your magic.

Xandriel: ENOUGH!!! *(Xandriel rages and completely screws up, and Quinn takes advantage and without mercy simply runs him through, it takes Xandriel a moment to realize he's been impaled)*

Quinn: As a warrior, I was never right handed... *(Xandriel squeaks and sputters as he falls off Quinn's blade, sliding limply to the ground, dead at the Sheriff's feat. He leans down and wipes the blade off on the elf's clothes before getting up and looking around to see all the bad guys defeated, and sliding his sword home)* *(loudly)* Is everyone all right? Did we lose anyone?

*(The heroes gather at the center of the field, looking around, each one chiming in that they're fine or all right. The mercenaries and followers are all either dead or unconscious. Lochlann and Kaxle lead the Mayor, now unchained back onto the field, the deputies that helped them escape at first close at hand.)*

Quinn: Lord Mayor, are you unharmed?

McGarry: *(out of breath)* Yes. Yes it would seem I am out of danger. Thanks to the... not warden...

Jaxle: Jaxle, Lord Mayor. The name is Jaxle.

McGarry: Yes, thanks to Jaxle and... *(suddenly depressed)* Lochlann.

Lochlann: I'm wounded, my Lord Uncle. I risk life and limb to save you, and you seem not the one bit grateful for it.

McGarry: Now, i think i may be ill.

Jaxle: *(to Lochlann)* Now see, this is what my life is like. Save the day, and everyone is always ungrateful.

Quinn: You did quite well, Lochlann, as did you Jaxle. *(to the assembled heroes)* You all played your parts marvelously. *(looks to Anurast, and Ilahn. Seeing they are still alive)* I see you even left some still breathing.

Nahrine: Yes, Ilahn will answer for his crimes in front of a tribunal at the Chantry. Anurast and his men will have to be turned over to the Cuulane Council. They have the murder of the Legionnaires to answer for.

Quinn: *(nodding)* I and a few deputies will see to it.

Ellis: I may travel with you. I don't want my hard work leaving them alive to go to waste.

Quinn: *(chuckling)* No, no i suspect you wouldn't. But, that is work to be done later. I think...  
*(taking a deep breath and smiling)* I think now I would very much like to celebrate.

Lochlann: Such an excellent idea.

Glimmer: I like the idea of celebrating. Ive been serious for too long today.

McGarry: A fine suggestion, Sheriff Quinn. And while at the pub sing, you can explain to me the entirety of exactly what in blazes happened here today.

Ellis: As I was never officially fired... Lord Mayor, as my last act as town herald?

McGarry: *(looks to the rest of the crowd)* At your pleasure, Goodman Ellis.

Jaxle: I am going to MISS that herald's outfit...

Ellis: *(ignoring that and stepping forward)* People of Miyrfall, may i present to you, YOUR CHAMPIONS!!! THREE CHEERS!!!

Ellis: HIP HIP! (x3)

All: HUZZAH! (x3)

## ---The End---...

(Actors clear field Seer walks on after, clapping)

Unseen Seer: (Clapping) Yes! Congratulations! The day has been won. The Heroes walk victoriously from the field, while the villains have been soundly defeated. (walks over to cauldron) And the Dark power that threatened the land has been finally, totally, destroyed (reaches into Cauldron, and pulls out the Gauntlet) (winks at the crowd) .....Shhh!

(Seer walks of field)

# MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE 2016 SCRIPT

## Invasion

by Xavier Miron

### Main Characters:

**Captain Thawn:** (Leader of the Cuulayne Allied Legionnaires stationed in Miyrfall.)

**Lt. Kharn:** (Captain's second in command of the C.A.L's)

**Sergeant Ulrik:** (dwarven member of the C.A.L posted to Miyrfall)

**Sergeant Celchu:** (smartass member of the C.A.L posted to Miyrfall)

**Sergeant Erebus 'Hawk' :** (cuddly member of the C.A.L posted to Miyrfall, that stabs people)

**Lord McGarry:** (former mayor of Miyrfall)

**Lord Lochlann:** (New Mayor of Miyrfall)

**Gereth:** (Animal Kin Sheriff of Miyrfall)

**Tag:** (deputy of Miyrfall/comic relief)

**Bink:** (deputy of Miyrfall/comic relief)

**General Chyraxxus:** (Leader of the Sovereign's Fist in Cuulayne, villain)

**Primarch:** (Forsaken Word Bearer, villain)

**The Green Man:** (Avatar of the Balance, representative of the Unseen's power on the mortal plane)

**Kaine:** (retired Head Warden)



## **Prologue: One year has passed since last year's story**

---There was a time when Miyrfall was a sleepy little border town, known more for its midsummer festivals than anything else. These last couple years have changed all that. First, it saw the assassination of Archmagus Sephandra of the Spirit Order and then the tearing of the Weave by the dread Warlock Mordath as a horde of hellish Darklings were unleashed upon the world. Mordath's forces were only defeated by the slimmest margins by the young Head Warden Drake and his allies during the First Battle of Mordath, and saw the death of Mordath and first destruction of the artifact known as 'the Hand of Mordath'. Then scant years later came the Second Battle of Miyrfall as twisted followers of the dead wizard Mordath infiltrated the city under the guise of Cuulayne Allied Legionnaires in order to steal the ominously reformed 'Hand of Mordath'. Once more the heroes of Miyrfall proved triumphant as a desperate gambit of Sheriff Quinn paid off and exposed the true identities of the faux Legionnaires, and destroyed the Hand of Mordath once and for all.

Taking no chances, Quinn abdicated his position as Sheriff to accompany the surviving followers of Mordath to the capital of Cuulayne, and bring the remains of the dread artifact to the Unseen ambassadors, who will whisk the remnants to Unseen lands beyond any mortal grasp.

Having no desire to leave Miyrfall without a sheriff, and on the suggestion of Quinn, his former deputy, Gereth, has been declared the new Sheriff. Also, seeing that Miyrfall's elevated visibility could make it a target, and to avoid more imposters, a permanent Cuulayne Allied Legionnaire garrison has been posted to the town.

Finally, with the escapades of the last few years behind them, an exhausted Lord McGarry has decided it is finally time to retire. With his decision, the town has elected its new Lord Mayor, much to the chagrin of McGarry, one of the "heroes" of Miyrfall, the former mayor's own nephew... Lochlann!

This year's midsummer festival is a celebration as McGarry officially hands the reins of power to his nephew. What could possibly go wrong?

## Scene 1:

**characters needed: Lord McGarry, Lord Lochlann, Gereth, Tag, Bink, General Chyraxus, the Primarch and as many extras as can be wrangled wearing the colors of the Sovereign's Fist.**

*(The scene opens with Tag and Bink standing guard at the faire entrance, both of whom leaning tiredly on either side, as they've been standing there since early in the morning.)*

Bink: *(grumbling)* It is so completely unfair that we've been stuck with guard duty before the Midsummer Fair starts! Instead of spending my time, um, protecting the vulnerable food stocks of the vendors, I'll be spending the day trying to find places to nap where Sheriff Gereth won't find me!

Tag: *(sounding tired)* I know what you mean. I didn't even do anything and i've had to be stuck here all night next to you making sure you don't fall asleep!

Bink: See! If you'd let me sleep, then I wouldn't have to be trying to hide from the Sheriff. Besides, it's YOUR fault we're stuck here anyways.

Tag: *(his voice getting higher pitched as he counters)* How is it my fault?

Bink: *(settling down onto the ground, satisfied that no one else is watching, nor does he care much if they are)* If you weren't busy kissing up to the Sheriff, those stocks would never have burned down.

Tag: I wasn't kissing up, I was inspecting the locks to make sure they would ... lock! In case we had to hold anyone during the festival!

Bink: You were holding an oil lamp next to a wood stock, while you were poking at it. Oil, fire, wood. I don't see how you couldn't have known what would happen.

Tag: *(obviously agitated now)* You knocked me into the stock and spilled all the oil on it!

Bink: Which wouldn't have happened if you weren't busy trying to impress the Sheriff. Which makes this all. your. fault.

Tag: *(leans back against the gate, sulking now)* Stupid deputy, stupid punishment. I try to make things more efficient and this is how i'm rewarded. *(pauses a moment)* This kind of thing won't happen when I'm the Sheriff.

Bink: *(finally perking up)* Whoa now. Hold up. What do you mean when you're the Sheriff?

Tag: Well... think about it. Gereth took over as Sheriff once Quinn headed back to the Spirit Order with the remains of the Hand of Mordath, and Quinn took over once his uncle retired after... you know... crashing his horse into a tree...

Bink: I do miss Sheriff Mallory, he could clear out a pub full of drunks and then clear it out of drunks. That man was my hero.

Tag: Yeah... But lots of things keep happening, and everytime it does, a couple months later, one Sheriff leaves and we get a new one.

Bink: So what makes you think that means YOU'LL be the new Sheriff?

Tag: Because none of the other deputies will listen to you!

Bink: That's because I don't try to tell them to do anything. When you don't hand out orders, then there's nothing for them to ignore!

Tag: That doesn't even make any sense!

Bink: See, now you know why you can't be Sheriff. You just don't know how to think outside the box.

Tag: Oh no, I'm not falling for that one again. I like the box, the box is there for a reason, I'm safe inside the box.

Bink: Yeah, unless you set fire to the box.

*(Tag makes strangling noises as he tries to deal with insanity and lack of logic of what he's been told, Bink leans back content that he's just completely flustered his partner, having gotten his amusement for the morning. Neither one of them sees Sheriff Gereth and Lord McGarry walking up to the entrance from behind the two guards. Gereth is visibly irritated, having heard the end of the conversation. Being an Animal Kin has its perks)*

Gereth: Haven't the two of you tried burning enough of Miyrfall down, tonight? *(Gereth reaches down and grabs Bink by the back of his neck and drags him up to his feet, shooting him an angry snarl)*

Tag: I already said it wasn't my fault!

Gereth: I have enough aggravations having the Legionnaires posted here. I don't need my own deputies being an even bigger pain.

*(Both Tag and Bink start babbling excuses and apologies while Gereth stares them down. She lets out another growl, and the two squabbling deputies shut their mouths and step back from the Sheriff)*

Gereth: Just take your posts until after *(she hesitates to say it)* Lord Lochlann... arrives and opens the gates officially. Then you two can go rest until the official opening.

*(The two deputies nod enthusiastically, grab any weapons they've dropped and take their posts quickly)*

Gereth: Thank you for letting me... deal... with my deputies, Lord McGarry.

McGarry: *(laughs softly)* You're the Sheriff, and this is my last day as Mayor. Its nice to watch someone else deal with... less than amazing... subordinates.

Gereth: Does this have to be your last day? Are you sure you wouldn't rather stay? Instead of Lochlann? Please?

*(McGarry is taken aback hearing the Sheriff say 'please'. Even Tag and Bink stare because of it)*

McGarry: Flattering as the request is, I don't think so. I've enjoyed my time as Miyrfall's Lord mayor, and now it's time for a newer face to take charge. As much as it may pain you to admit it, Lochlann has grown quite a bit in the last year, I think he'll make a fine Lord mayor.

Gereth: *(looking around for Lochlann)* A fine, late, Lord Mayor.

McGarry: *(chuckling)* Baby steps, Sheriff. Baby steps.

*(Before Gereth can interject, Lochlann comes sauntering up to the gates. A smug expression on his face, but decked out in his mayoral garb, and not swaying in any way.)*

McGarry: There he is, not so late as you think.

Lochlann: Greetings, dear Uncle, and you and your deputies as well, good Sheriff.

*(Tag and Bink wave excitedly until Gereth shoots them a quick glance)*

Lochlann: *(stepping closer to McGarry and Gereth)* Trying to convince my uncle to remain at his post? *(Gereth snarls lightly, but otherwise doesn't respond)* Now now, he decided that now was a good time to retire, and the people of Miyrfall decided to elect me, one of its many heroes as its new Lord Mayor! *(he says this proudly, almost striking a pose)*

Gereth: You ran unopposed.

Lochlann: A mandate of the people! The man who saved the last Lord Mayor from the clutches of the disciples of that dread warlock, and helped defend the town from its destruction.

McGarry: I seem to remember you only being marginally involved, Lochlann.

Lochlann: *(smiling back at his uncle, beaming)* But I WAS involved. *(pauses, and takes a more relaxed stance)* Have no worries, I have no intention of undoing all the good work you've done here, much as our good sheriff here may think otherwise. I also have no intention of completely giving up my carousing, I am a man of the people after all... but I think I can maintain some sense of decorum and seriousness when the matter arises.

*(Gereth grumbles begrudgingly, and keeps quiet)*

McGarry: One can only hope.

Lochlann: *(clasping his hands together)* Well then, seems there's only one matter left to attend to. *(clears his throat and projects loudly)* Lord Mayor McGarry, as I am to officially take stewardship of this

most amazing town of Miyrfall after the tournament, I would consider it a great honor if you would personally open the gates of Miyrfall to all comers for the Midsummer Festival, this one final time.

*(McGarry and Gereth are both taken aback by this, neither were expecting the offer)*

McGarry: *(sputters a bit as he finds his tongue)* Why... of course, Lord Mayor Lochlann. I... I would be quite honored... to officially open wide the gates of our town.

*(McGarry takes a few moments to compose himself as Lochlann steps to the side, next to Gereth, awaiting McGarry's proclamations. Gereth leans in to Lochlann)*

Gereth: That... was genuinely nice of you.

Lochlann: He is my uncle, and it saves me the trouble of trying to find another herald for this year.

*(Gereth's appreciative look becomes a snort of derision, keeping a retort to herself as McGarry finds his voice and readies to address the crowd. But finds himself interrupted as a contingent of soldiers, with two, dominating figures at the head come marching up, in formation to the gates of Miyrfall)*

*(General Chyraxxus and the Primarch stand at the front of the phalanx of armed and armored soldiers, all bearing the standard of the Sovereign's Fist. None have their weapons drawn... yet.)*

*(Tag and Bink are unsure of what to do, hands on their weapons, but knowing they are completely outnumbered if something happens. Gereth steps between Lochlann and the legions, where McGarry is standing out in front, open mouthed and unsure of what to say next)*

Primarch: *(the Primarch wears robes, his hood drawn down over his face, and walks with a staff looking exactly those carried by the Magi of the Spirit Order. Something about the Primarch visibly forces McGarry back a step, and Gereth catches a scent on the wind which causes her animal instincts to kick in. To her, there is no mistaking the scent of an enemy.)* I, am the Primarch, and am the bearer of the Word of the Sovereign! This is Chyraxxus, Grand General of the Sovereign's Fist!

*(As the Primarch finishes, the legion of soldiers clasp their fists to their chests in unison, in salute to the name of their Sovereign).*

McGarry: *(a little frightened)* What... what... what Sovereign? Cuulayne is ruled by council, with Queen Erulisse as its head!

Primarch: *(strides forward, unafraid. McGarry flinches back from his presence)* Yes, we have heard tales that these lands have been dominated by a fractured group of bickering races. Held in chains by those who are pawns of the worshippers of 'the balance'. *(The Primarch walks amongst the group, examining each one without getting too close, his very presence causes each one, Tag, Bink, Lochlann, and finally Gereth to recoil in revulsion.)* Hmm... a mongrel born wearing the garb of authority, sad.

*(Gereth is growling now, her hand going down to her sword, Lochlann covers her hand with his, softly trying to talk her down. Trying to keep her from starting a fight right here)*

*(Lochlann steps to the fore, taking a deep breath and walking up toward the Primarch, Chyraxxus interposes himself and looks down at the Lord Mayor. Saying nothing, nor moving his hand towards a weapon. Just staring him down... almost daring him.)*

Lochlann: Who is this Sovereign of which you speak? And why are you here? Where do you come from?

Primarch: *(turns and looks to Lochlann, no trace of amusement in his voice.)* Why... we have come for your midsummer festival. Of course. Unless you intend to keep the gates of your... town... closed?

Lochlann: *(stiffening up, and looking back to McGarry. trying to remain brave)* Of course not. We welcome ALL travelers to Miyrfall. Even rude ones. As long as you obey our laws, there will be no trouble.

Chyraxxus: *(speaking slowly, menacingly, also, no hint of amusement)* There will be no... trouble.

Lochlann: Well... then. Lord McGarry.. if... if you would be... so kind as to carry on.

McGarry: *(still startled, staring out at the army before him)* Yes, of course. *(breathes deeply)* LORDS... AND LADIES!!! AND TRAVELERS FROM FAR... DISTANT... LANDS!!! WELL MET AND WELCOME ONE AND ALL... TO THE TOWN OF MIYRFALL!! WE WOULD CONSIDER IT A GRAND HONOR, AND OUR GREATEST PRIVILEGE IF YOU WOULD JOIN US ON THE FIELD OF HONOR AT --INSERT TIME HERE-- FOR OUR OPENING CEREMONIES! UNTIL SUCH TIME, PLEASE FEEL FREE TO STROLL ABOUT OUR FINE TOWN AND MAKE WHAT MERRY YOU MAY... SO LONG AS IT HARM NONE... AND WELCOME YOU ONE AND ALL TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!!!

ALL: *(except the Primarch, General Chyraxxus, and his legions. they remain... deathly quiet)* HUZAZH!!

Primarch: Yes. Huzzah.

*(As Tag and Bink hurriedly open the gates, and before anyone could stop the soldiers, the Primarch, the General, and their troops all march right into the town of Miyrfall, leaving the others to stare worriedly after them, and finally at one another, before quickly getting offstage.)*

## Scene 2

**characters needed: Captain Thawn, Lt. Kharn, Sgt. Ulrik, Sgt. Celchu, Sgt. Erebus, Lord McGarry, Lord Lochlann, Sheriff Gereth, Tag\*, Bink\*, General Chyraxxus, Primarch, several extras dressed up as soldiers of the Sovereign's Fist, at least a dozen)**

**(scene opens with Captain Thawn, Lt. Kharn, and Sgt. Ulrik of the Cuulayne Allied Legion all stading over a table and looking down at a map of Miyrfall and some of the surrounding area, and a few other pieces of random paper as well. All three are visibly troubled and unhappy with what they're seeing. There should be a quill or something on the table to mark the "map" as well. For the moment, NO troops of the Sovereign's Fist are on the field)**

Captain Thawn: (still looking down at the map, obviously concerned and unhappy with what he's seeing marked there) Do we have an accurate count of how many soldiers the Outlanders brought in with them?

Lt. Kharn: (shaking his head and tracing something on the map with a finger, as if going over something) No Captain Thawn. By the time the locals pulled their wits together and tried getting a number, the forces had split off into smaller groups and spread out amongst the town.

Sgt. Ulrik: (looking down at the map, but almost nervously running his thumb over the edge of his weapon, presumably an axe) As soon as we were made aware of the Invasion, I had Hawk and Celchu out and doing their best to bring you a headcount, Captain. I got back here first.

Lt. Kharn: (looks back to the Sergeant, unhappy with his subordinate) You shouldn't have broken down the unit like that. Sending everyone off in different directions, what if those two start trouble?

Ulrik: (planting the butt of his weapon down for emphasis, irritated by the unspoken accusation) Neither Celchu nor Hawk are nae children, Kharn. They'll keep their blades in their scabbards unless they've need to draw blood, and you've never had need to question us getting the job done before.

Kharn: (grimacing and looking down at the map) We've never had to deal with something like this before. Raiders, mercenary bands, the occasional monster or wizard that those damnable Wardens let slip through their grasp but we've not had a force of this size since the Grand War. (he breathes deeply, and looks Ulrik apologetically) I'm sorry Sergeant, you did the right thing. I'm just on edge.

Ulrik: (nods, accepting the apology) Thank ye much, lieutenant.

Thawn: Good to see that settled so quickly. Now, who did you follow, Ulrik?

Ulrik: Had the other two try and keep track of the rank and file once that man mountain broke up his troops, i kept me sights on the big one and that foul one in the cloak. The one called the 'Primarch'.

Thawn: (nodding thoughtfully) So the General was deferring to him?

Ulrik: (hesitantly) I... don't... know. The Primarch never said so much as a word, least none I could hear. While that biggun' General kept enough soldiers close to him I couldn't get too close without stepping over them. A few folk tried hawking their wares at them and were sent away by his soldiers. Never rude, but never letting anyone get too close either.

Thawn: (paces along the length of the table, appearing thoughtful) By the balance, just what are they up to?

Kharn: Maybe they really are an envoy from somewhere beyond the mountains? With peaceful intentions, just being cautious?

Thawn: I haven't ruled out the thought, but that's a great deal of soldiers to send along with an envoy, even a cautious one.

**(As Thawn is finishing his thought, Lords Lochlann and McGarry, and Sheriff Gereth walk up to three Legionnaires, deputies Tag\* and Bink\* are on either side of the two mayors, keeping watch. All of them are nervous)**

Thawn: Until we know more, however, all we can do is wait.

Gereth: (agitated as she speaks, with every angry growl her had drifts near her weapon without ever actually touching it) 'All we can do is wait'?!? I'm so happy that the council saddled us with a military garrison to rest on their haunches while a wolf is inside our walls!

(Kharn steps forward as if he wants to say something, until Thawn puts up his hand, staying the Lieutenant)

Thawn: I wish we could do more, Sheriff. My men and I intend to protect the people of Miyrfall, with our lives if need be, but I've no intention of simply starting a war. I have few soldiers, and this is not a Legionnaire's garrison which I could order sealed off. So without knowing more (*these last words are almost a plea*), what would you have me do?

(For a moment, Gereth and the Captain stand their grounds. The Captain is tired, the Sheriff frustrated and everyone waits for a tense moment when finally Gereth is the one who relents and steps back, finally relaxing)

Gereth: (her words are meant for herself as much as the Captain) You are doing... all that you can.

McGarry: (slowly nudging the Sheriff back) And we are grateful even for that much, Captain Thawn. We know you'll do everything in your power if this becomes violent.

Kharn: (having stepped to the map table once again, resting his hands on it while watching the others) Once again, I suggest maybe they're intentions are peaceful, and the soldiers are just ceremonial.

Lochlann: (struts over to the table and the Captain) I certainly hope so, um... (looking for the identifying rank)

Kharn: Lieutenant

Lochlann: Yes, left-tenant. (Kharn just shakes his head) After all, Miyrfall has gained a bit of notoriety in the past few years, and today IS the day of the midsummer festival. Why perhaps they've even heard of me and have come to celebrate my inauguration as the new Lord Mayor!

(everyone stops and simply stares at Lochlann, who beams a wide, proud smile back at the rest of them making everyone wonder if he truly believes that... and whether or not if he cares if they do)

Ulrik: (still a bit stunned, looking to the other residents of Miyrfall) And you say ye voted... him... into the office? Were ye all inebriated?

Lochlann: (smiling at the Dwarf) In Miyrfall, my good Legionnaire, all things are possible.



McGarry: Yes, well if we're done making me question the will of the people, I think we've other matters to attend to, there are festival goers that are starting to filter in and perhaps it'd be best if we moved matters along.

(As McGarry and Lochlann briefly confer, Gereth perks up having heard something and turns to see Sergeants Celchu and Erebus moving up towards the group at a brisk pace. Neither of whom look happy with any of what they've learned. Gereth and the two deputies let them pass as they stop in front of Thawn, neither of whom showing much military decorum)

(Celchu stance is almost a swagger, a bit of a cocky soldier. Erebus follows suit, but keeps his mouth shut)

Celchu: This whole thing looks ready to go pear shaped at any time, Cap'n. We've got Outlanders everywhere and looks like they're even less cuddly and friendly than Hawk, here.

(Erebus looks to his partner, grimacing)

Erebus: Cel's a bit colorful, but he's not wrong. They've got four man squads all over the town, tough to pin down how many of them there are.

(The Captain nods and looks back at the map, Celchu staying put while Hawk starts to move to show the Captain something when Kharn growls at the two of them)

Kharn: Decorum, Sergeants.

(Celchu and Erebus look at Kharn like he's lost his damn mind. But when it's apparent he's not budging, both soldiers snap to and salute the Lieutenant and the Captain. Though both with some hesitation and not nearly as crisply as Kharn would like)

Thawn: Enough of that, Kharn. We can ding them later, right now I want their reports.

Kharn: (seems satisfied with that) At ease. (Ulrik just chuckles)

Celchu: (relaxing just enough again) Worried about you too, Kharn.

(The soldiers all step to the table for a few moments to confer while Lords McGarry and Lochlann step closer to the crowds)

Lochlann: Lord McGarry, since you did so well at the entrance... (gestures politely to the gathering crowd/audience)

McGarry: Eventually you'll need a real herald to do this.

Lochlann: (teasing) I understand you'll be without employment after this afternoon's festivities? Perhaps you'd like the job, my dear Uncle.

McGarry: And work for you instead of enjoying retirement? I'd rather spend the rest of my life dressed like the last herald.

Lochlann: I'm sure such a thing can be arranged. Why I'm even sure we can dig up the ashes from whatever ditch he burned it in.

McGarry: (firmly this time) No, Lochlann.

Lochlann: LORD Lochlann. (smiling wide)

(At this point, the Captain and the soldiers quickly fold up their maps and grab the table and move it to the back of the field, giving the ground and space to the two Lord Mayors. Then they straighten themselves out and take up position on one side of the field. Kharn makes Celchu hold the banner of the Cuulayne Allied Legion)

McGarry: (grimacing back at his nephew) Not. Yet. (the emphasis on the words warning Lochlann who backs up a step, Gereth smiling to see the Lord Mayor show his teeth to the pup. McGarry clears his throat as he addresses the audience) HEAR YE! HEAR YE! LORDS AND LADIES! MOST WELCOME VISITORS OF MIYRFALL! PLEASE FIND YOUR SEATS AS THE OPENING CEREMONIES ARE ABOUT TO COMMENCE AS WE WELCOME YOU ONCE MORE TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!!

All: HUZZAH!

(McGarry looks back to his nephew and makes a grand gesture for him to speak to the crowd. Lochlann only too eagerly takes the offer and steps up to speak to the crowd)

Lochlann: Thank you, Lord Mayor McGarry. A man who stood shoulder to shoulder with the Wardens and the Magi in defense of Miyrfall in years past against the dread Warlock Mordath and his abominable creatures, the DARKLINGS! (pauses for effect) There is also myself, Lord Lochlann, who was instrumental in freeing our Lord Mayor from his brief capture by the disciples of that foul trickster, and in once more defeating those would seek to bring harm to the good people and visitors of Miyrfall! Foiling the schemes of those enemies of freedom, of peace, we even destroyed the Hand of Mordath, the very artifact they'd sought to recover in the first place. Ensuring that never again would Mordath's shadow sully the light of Cuulayne!

All: HUZZAH!

Lochlann: And now... my good Lords and Ladies. We come to this year's grand festival. The very celebration you have come to partake in! (looks to McGarry, who seems uncomfortable, but it's more from continuing to speak, not so much the pending announcement)

McGarry: Yes... Lord Lochlann. Though I have seen our great city through much turmoil these past years, I have decided that now... it is time for me to retire and pass the role of Lord Mayor to other... more eager... individuals. (pauses for a moment... perhaps from an 'awwww' from the crowd. perhaps the sound of crickets... who knows?) My last act as Lord mayor of Miyrfall will come this afternoon... on the field... of honor. (McGarry pauses nervously during this final line)

**(As McGarry announces that this is his last festival as Lord Mayor, General Chyraxxus, the Primarch, and at least two dozen (or more) of the Sovereign's Fist march onto the field. The soldiers form up ranks behind the General who takes a firm stand in front of his soldiers, staring down at the Legionnaires, and then attempting to intimidate everyone in eyesight with his gaze. The Primarch thumps his staff down on the grass as he waits for the last of the Sovereign's soldiers to take their place, his hood drawn forward, keeping his face covered as best he can. Lochlann and McGarry flinch back, expecting the thump to be some sort of signal, but nothing happens.)**

**(Gereth and her deputies draw steel and step up to defend the two Lord Mayors, her point is kept away from the soldiers but ready in case she needs to strike. None of the Sovereign's men, nor does the General even note their presence. They don't seem moved by the show of force. Even the Legionnaires place their hands to their weapons, but Captain Thawn holds out his hand telling his soldiers to "remain steady")**

**(after a few tense moments, McGarry is the first to find his tongue, and steps just enough to the side to be seen without stepping away from his protection)**

McGarry: Now see here! We've been tolerant of your people thus far, but to simply march in and interrupt...

Primarch: (striding forward, once again the a nauseous and sick feeling overcomes those the Primarch comes near, Gereth is once again snarling... but far, far quieter. Primarch gives her a wide berth) ...And Interrupt you during your droning is most rude. Yes. I am quite aware of that, but as this is the time for announcements of importance, what I have to tell you is far more pertinent than whatever trivial thing you had to say. (he stands before the armed sheriff and her deputies, but ignoring her and looking to Lord Mayor McGarry)

McGarry: What? Now look... Ambassador? Envoy? (he guesses, groping for some sort of title)

Primarch: (stands up, but does not draw back his hood.) I am Primarch! I am the bearer of the ...

Lochlann: (feeling a bit of steel creep into his spine, as now its HIS turn to interrupt) ...word of the Sovereign. yes, yes. You said that earlier, and it's as meaningless now as it was then. WHAT Sovereign?!?

Primarch: (takes a pair of steps closer to Lochlann) He is the Sovereign of all. Borne of the lands far beyond this insignificant hamlet, untainted by those who would spread their corruption and stagnation to this world. He who has dragged our people up from the darkness and now sits upon his Golden Throne and seeks to spread his dominion over all the world and safeguard it from Heresy.

McGarry: Heresy...?

Primarch: You are all of you slaves. Your entire lives, you have been dictated to. Lied to. Kept in your place by a force that barely deigns to even reside on the mortal plane. From the blighted lands you have even named this force "the Unseen", as they control you in the name of their wretched Balance!

Lochlann: Oh, you're another one of Mordath's twisted students. Spouting the same trash that fool warlock used to babble on about...

Primarch: SILENCE! (the strength of Primarch's words, and even his anger force Lochlann back a step. Pacing as he continues to preach) Your callous disrespect of Sovereign's name only shows how truly deep the corruption of the Unseen has grown. The only thing we have in common with the one you call Mordath, is that he is no longer under the grasp of the children of Draiocht.

McGarry: What. Do. You. Want?

Primarch: (calmer now, standing up straight) The Sovereign has charged me with bringing HIS word to these lands, and has given General Chyraxxus the honor of taking the first city.

Chyraxxus: This. City.

McGarry: You're mad, there's no way we'll let you simply...

Chyraxxus: (finally takes a step forward, and never even draws his blade) The Primarch lives to talk. Such is his role. Mine is to be hand of the Sovereign, His fist. (turns to the crowds) This city and all inside its walls are now subjects of the Imperium. (looks to the Legionnaires and the deputies) Lay down your banner, and your weapons.

Gereth: If you want my weapon so bad, come and take it from...

Chyraxxus: (smiles) Do I need to tell you what will happen if you force my hand?

(Gereth looks to Chyraxxus, the audience her own charges, and knows she has no other choice)

Gereth: Damn you. (with a vicious growl she drives her weapon point down into the ground and steps back, Tag and Bink follow suit by laying their weapons down on the ground instead of digging them into the dirt. She looks over to the Captain.)

Thawn: (Thawn nods) Sergeant. Lay down the banner. (Thawn unbelts his sword and puts it on the ground.)

Ulrik: (looking shocked at the order, then to his Captain) Captain?

Kharn: (already following suit and placing his weapon on the ground) What other choice do we have?

(making strangling noises, he knows the Lieutenant is right, and puts down his blade, as do Celchu and Erebus.)

(Chyraxxus nods, pleased with the results, he makes a gesture with his hand and soldiers from the front ranks double time it and head out to grab all the weapons and the banner of the Legionnaires)

Primarch: (pleased, but not gloating) Already you begin to see the veil lifted from your eyes. For now you may continue your... festival. I do believe you were in the midst of greeting all these fine people... to your 'Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire'.

(Primarch turns and steps away from the group, Chyraxxus still watching. Both Lords McGarry and Lochlann as angry as they are shocked, but it Lochlann who surges forward first. Chyraxxus steps in front of Lochlann, blocking his path)

Lochlann: Who do you think you are? You demented, malodorous, cowled TROLL! Who are you to think you can waltz into a free city of the nation of Cuulayne and dictate terms in such a way? WE WILL NOT BE SUBJUGATED! WE WILL NOT BE ENSLAVED BY SOME FICTIONAL SOVEREIGN TOO COWARDLY TO COME FORTH ON HIS OWN...\*urk\*

(As Lochlann is speaking, Chyraxxus reaches out and wraps one of his massive hands around Lochlann's throat, squeezing and cutting off his air. Almost lifting him to his toes. Primarch watches dispassionately, saying nothing)

Chyraxxus: Proud words. Brave words. To hear them from one who carries no weapon of his own, and steps from behind his own protection is almost impressive. But they are heretical words, and none are allowed to mock the Sovereign's name (twists and either crushes Lochlann's throat or snaps his neck) and live.

(The assembled cast members all gasp in horror as Chyraxxus opens his grasp and allows Lochlann's lifeless body to fall to the ground.)

Most of the cast: NO!

(McGarry and Gereth run forward, McGarry stands over his fallen nephew while Gereth falls to her knees, examining, knowing that he has since passed from this world)

McGarry: Murderer!

Chyraxxus: (looks down at the body, then to McGarry) Yes. (then turns and joins his soldiers, his back to all of them) Retrieve your fallen, do what needs be done. Then gather your sheriff, and the captain, and meet us in an hour's time. Make us search for you... and he will be just the first.

Primarch: (to the audience) Welcome... to the Imperium.

(Primarch and Chyraxxus walk offstage with their soldiers, leaving Gereth cradling the body of Lochlann as the others rush up to her, all of the frantically wondering just what the hell they're going to do.)

--end scene--

## Scene 3

**characters needed: (General Chyraxxus, Primarch, Captain Thawn, Lt. Kharn, Lord McGarry, Gereth, a handful of extras dressed as Imperial Troops)**

(scene opens with Chyraxxus and Primarch standing together, listening to the report of an Imperial soldier. in the background are 2 or 4 extras in uniforms standing guard over their leaders.)

Chyraxxus: You've had no incidents with the inhabitants since we announced their induction into the Imperium?

Imperial: Nothing violent, General. Angry epithets and empty threats, but these commoners stand down when they confronted by even the shadow of the Sovereign's Fist.

Chyraxxus: Pity. I would have thought a city so vaunted for its heroes would show some measure of backbone. Cowed so easily by the death of one individual. (Chyraxxus almost spits out the last sentence in spite and disgust)

Imperial: If they are so easily broken, why not simply put them all to the sword?

Chyraxxus: (the general steps forward and puts a hand on the Imperial's shoulder) Such eagerness for battle and a desire to keep the Dominion strong. Traits to be commended, to be sure. But it is the Sovereign's wisdom, and HIS mercy, that those few that can be shown the error of their ways be allowed to do so and become part of the Dominion.

Imperial: (nodding with pride that he has been so singled out by the General) For the glory of the Sovereign and the strength of the Imperium!

Chyraxxus: (stands back and salutes the soldier) For the glory of the Imperium. Report to your Captain, and then bring me those who once lead this town. (The Imperial bangs his fist to his chest in salute and turns and quickly marches off stage to carry out his orders) As if there will be any glory in conquering this place.

Primarch: (once watching silently and now begins to pace about the area, looking around) Once my task is complete, General Chyraxxus, you will have opportunity for all the glory you could ever desire.

Chyraxxus: So you say.

Primarch: So the Sovereign believes. (pausing to look at him) You did not have to accompany me, surely there were other tasks more suited to your desire for conquest?

Chyraxxus: But none so vital as this. Also, I would see these terrible 'Unseen' for myself. I would like to know what is so powerful and fearsome of their 'Green Man' that keeps the Sovereign barred from this land.

Primarch: Be careful, Chyraxxus. Your words skirt the edge of blasphemy.

Chyraxxus: (smiling grimly) Should the Sovereign wish to strike me down, He will do so. But it is not heresy to wish to know one's enemies. If there were no power here, we'd have long since taken these lands.

Primarch: Beware that your pride does not bring about your fall, General. Also beware the words you use in this place. Our enemy is far from all knowing, and I have been able to mask my presence thus far, but casually throwing about his name may bring doom our mission before all things are in place.

Chyraxxus: (waves off the warning with a dismissive gesture) It is not from a place of pride that I wonder, Primarch, it is a place of curiosity.

Primarch: (chuckles from beneath the hood) Another flaw which can be exploited for corruption.

Chyraxxus: I leave such things for those who have a talent for it. Mine is to spread the Sovereign's shadow and see this world bathed in blood if need be, and knowing my enemy is what will bring me victory and glory. The greater the enemy, the greater the glory.

Primarch: Have no doubt then, General. Should the Unseen truly rally against the Sovereign with the might that is available to them, even the Sovereign Himself would find it difficult to withstand them.

Chyraxxus: (surprised) Doubt? In HIS power? Now who skirts the edge of blasphemy?

Primarch: (turns angrily on the general, an almost palpable wave rushes out and even the soldiers standing watch over them flinch back from it, waving his staff wildly. The General is completely unaffected) NEVER question my faith! HE found me, raised me up, and showed me the lie that these monsters have been hiding for ages untold! It is HE who has given us the means with which to bring about the end of their Avatar and the destruction of all those who dwell in the foul lands of Draiocht! (Primarch is breathing hard, and is almost frantic as he finishes his tirade)

(Chyraxxus stands amidst the storm of Primarch's rage, and stares at the creature, unflinching, but with a wry smile on his lips)

Chyraxxus: Never would I question the Sovereign's Word. But I would have the measure of his enemies.

Primarch: (calming down, and regaining his composure under Chyraxxus's unflinching gaze) Yes. Of course. I should expect no less from the Sovereign's Fist. (standing up straight, quickly moving past his brief show of rage) We are both of us loyal sons of the Sovereign, and we shall soon be rewarded for such loyalty. You will find more glory than you can possibly imagine, and I, at long last, will have my revenge.

Chyraxxus: (smiles wider) Then for the glory of the Sovereign... and me.

(Primarch says nothing as the General looks off stage and steps back, assuming an imperious and intimidating stance. Primarch leaning on his staff, fighting back a bout of weakness from having to control himself after his tantrum)

(The Imperial soldier from before walks with three others and leads Lord McGarry, Sheriff Gereth, and Captain Thawn and Lieutenant Kharn onstage. The four of them looking haggard and still a bit in shock from seeing the murder of Lochlann and now being brought face to face with his murderer. McGarry is tired and hasn't had time to really process the death of his nephew, Gereth is on the edge of anger and grief, while Thawn is saddened from the loss of even one life under his command. Kharn's expression remains a neutral one)

Chyraxxus: (hands behind his back) So many of you claiming to speak for Miyrfall? Perhaps I did you a service in thinning your herd a bit.

Gereth: (snaps, lunging forward a step, hands spread as if she were to grow claws and rip out the General's throat) MURDERER! How dare you make light of your crime!

Primarch: (to McGarry) Pull your mongrel's leash before we have her put down.

(the casual disregard is more than Gereth is willing tolerate. An Imperial soldier draws his blade to stop her when she steps over with a growl and tears the blade from his grasp and kicks him to the ground. Before one of their other guards could stop her, Thawn steps in and punches and knocks that one out. McGarry is barred as the soldier by him draws a sword and holds it to his throat.

McGarry: Sheriff, NO!

(Gereth lunges forward with her stolen blade. Her intent obvious, she is going to murder Chyraxxus. The two guards draw their weapons during the scuffle, and Primarch steps back. Chyraxxus does not flinch, keeping his hands behind his back and takes a wider stance, watching the animal kin)

Chyraxxus: Imperials! HOLD!

Gereth: (holding the blade, pointing it at the General, almost stalking him) For the crime of murder, I declare you bound by the rightful law of Miyrfall, freehold of Cuulayne! Lay down your arms and surrender, or I swear by the Weave I will run you through.

(Kharn moves forward and kneels on the soldier that Gereth took down, despite having no weapon. Thawn takes the weapon of the soldier he knocked out and points it the one holding McGarry hostage)

McGarry: Blast you, Sheriff! What are you doing!?! (McGarry is quickly pulled back as the soldier presses the blade against him. either his throat, or point first...)

Gereth: My job. DO YOU YIELD?

Chyraxxus: (smiling) Excellent. There is some steel among you.



Gereth: I won't ask again.

Primarch: General, do not risk...

Chyraxxus: (holds up his hand to silence Primarch) Hold your tongue, Primarch. (back to Gereth) I do not recognize your law, Sheriff. I am General of the Sovereign's Fist, and only His law matters. His law dictates death to heretics, so your Lord Mayor was executed for his heresy. But perhaps you'd like to know how it felt when I used my bare hands to snap his fool neck?

Gereth: DIE!!! (with a burst of rage Gereth lunges forward and lashes out. It should be obvious that she is no novice fighter, but she is MASSIVELY outclassed as Chyraxxus takes no weapon, merely dodging and evading her first few strikes before he finally takes hold of her sword hand, disarms her and knocks her down to the ground. As she struggles he places his boot on her chest... or near her... and points the recovered sword at her throat)

Chyraxxus: Continue to struggle, and this town will also need a new Sheriff. (looking over at McGarry) And you will cost it yet a second Lord Mayor.

(Gereth struggles against the pressure, almost determined to keep going regardless to the cost of her own life until she looks over, seeing McGarry held hostage and over at the Captain, with a saddened look on his own face.)

Thawn: (sad, but determined to carry on if necessary) Gereth...

Gereth: (finally, after tense moments, she relents and slams her baled up fists into the dirt) I yield.

Primarch: Yielding is not enough. The mongrel dared lash out at the general, just as much a crime as speaking against the Sovereign Himself. (everyone looked to Primarch with that declaration, then to Chyraxxus who held the sword against Gereth)

Chyraxxus: (seems to consider Primarch's words, but finally pulls the point back enough from Gereth) Perhaps, but as terrible as the Sovereign's wrath can be. So too can He show mercy. (looks down as Gereth's eyes go wide that she has been spared) A rare gift, Sheriff, and one that will only be shown... once.

Gereth: (nodding, but still showing her defiance gets up to her feet in front of Chyraxxus, and looking over to Primarch, almost feeling his hateful glare on her as she looks and shoots him a vicious snarl as she backs away) I understand... General.

Chyraxxus: (looks to Thawn as he hands the sword to one of his guards that has come to his side) I repeat, I shall grant mercy "once", Captain.

Thawn: (signals at the Lord Mayor with the blade) One life has been lost at your hands, General. Ill not lay down my steel while it is drawn on another one of my charges.

(The two men stare at one another, McGarry looking down nervously at the blade pointed at him. As sure as Gereth relented, so too does the General and he waves a hand at the soldier, who releases McGarry, stepping back and only slightly lowering the blade. Thawn nods and places the sword on the ground, stepping back, his hands up in a peaceful gesture. The fallen soldiers quickly get up and retrieve their weapons and take control of their charges once again.)

Chyraxxus: (stepping back and regaining his composure, standing as tall and imposing as when he first walked into the town) With that matter settled, now to business?

Thawn: We weren't brought here for execution, and you made it abundantly clear you are in charge, what more do you want?

Chyraxxus: To make an offer, Captain.

(Thawn, McGarry, and Gereth are rocked back by the simple statement, Kharn listens intently)

Chyraxxus: We mean what we say when we are here to liberate your lands. Make no mistake, whether you surrender them to us, or we take them by force. All of Cuulayne will soon bow before the Golden Throne. But I put it to you whether Miyrfall will be welcomed in as you are... (lets the sentence hang in the air momentarily)

Primarch: (finishes the threat) Or whether we will annex you into the Dominion as a land of ash.

McGarry: The gall you have. (incredulous at the idea) First you march in and take control, murder one of our own, and now you are telling us to join or die! What choice is that?!?

Primarch: The only one you have.

Kharn: What do we get?

Chyraxxus: (finally a bit surprised, Thawn and the others are also a bit shocked hearing Kharn) What?

Kharn: You've already told us its join or die. But say we join, what do we gain from being part of your Dominion that we don't already have under Cuulayne rule?

Thawn: (angrily) Lieutenant, step back.

Kharn: (steps back, but still pushing) Begging the Captain's pardon, but I'm serious. If we take the first choice instead of "or death", I want to know why we don't take the second option and start fighting right now.

(Chyraxxus strides forward, the guards keeping an eye on the others as they step away from the General while he stops in front of Kharn)

Chyraxxus: Ambitious. (smiling wide) Good. The Dominion is strong. (turns to the others) We offer protection that you obviously do not have here. Your own tales say that you have been attacked again and again, on the edge of destruction due to the machinations of mercenaries and errant wizards.

Primarch: We will make sure Miyrfall can never fall victim to those children of the Unseen ever again.

McGarry: Every threat our town has faced, every time the dark sought to take us, we fought it off and won out!

Gereth: And we will again.

Primarch: (chuckling) Yes, with the help of outsiders. Vigilantes. Cuulayne's own Legionnaires have proven incompetent or unable to assist you, and you have only self-appointed guardians in the Wardens or those tricksters the Magi to save you.

Chyraxxus: Your reliance proves you are weak, that you are not fit to survive the coming darkness.

Gereth: Brave words from someone who has never come face to face with a Magi, or a Warden. They protect us from threats that you could never even fathom.

(Kharn visibly seethes at that remark, Primarch laughs)

Primarch: Yes. We've encountered your vaunted Wardens and Magi already. (Primarch brandishes the staff he carries) A souvenir from the last Magi we came across. His Warden was fierce, and the Magi very skilled in tricks, but none of that was enough to save them, or any of the others that have met their fate at the hands of the Imperium.

(finally realization and horror sets in as they look at the magi staff. Kharn appears impressed... and a little too pleased Wardens have fallen)

Chyraxxus: Now you begin to realize in some small part just how powerful we are. But we are not monsters... entirely. (relaxes and walks away from the heroes) As part of your celebration, you were to have a tournament, yes? A test of arms?

(It takes a moment to realize no one has spoken anything)

McGarry: Yes. (spoken so quietly that chyraxxus turns to hear it again, waiting) Yes. I... I was to crown a winner... and then turn over Lordship of the city to... to Lochlann.

(nodding Chyraxxus paces)

Chyraxxus: You will still hold your tournament. Those who have come to participate will get their weapons back, I suspect some of you may wish to join. (grinning fiercely) I know several of my soldiers will be eager to test their might against you.

Thawn: It is a tournament, we will not simply turn them into death matches to appease you.

Chyraxxus: (nods to the Captain) Any of the Sovereign's men that participate will abide by whatever rules your little competition provides. But when the competition is over, you will crown your winner...

Primarch: ...and then you will formerly turn control of the city over to the Dominion. Or you will all die.

(Gereth, Thawn, and McGarry all trade looks, all of them seeing the inevitable destruction of the city in their minds eyes)

Chyraxxus: You'd best take your leave. I'm sure you have much to discuss. (the General and Primarch turn to leave, all the soldiers take up formation ready to march with them. the General stops just before leaving, saying a final word) And mayor, do keep your... Sheriff... and anyone else... in check. Otherwise the repercussions will be quite... severe.

(with that, Chyraxxus and Primach and the soldiers walk off stage. Gereth, Thawn and McGarry are all looking at one another, Kharn watches the Imperials leave)

McGarry: (To the Captain) So what do we do now?

Thawn: (sets his jaw and looks after the Imperials) We plan.

---end scene---

## Scene 4

characters needed: Thawn, Kharn, Ulrik, Celchu, Erebus, Gereth, McGarry, Tag\*, and Bink\*

(the scene opens in a tent, as the heroes all slowly fill the space. the meeting is a secret one, though the Imperials have not prevented anyone from gathering, the mood is a tense and dour one. some are even now just coming to grips with the events of the last few hours. Already inside are Tag, Bink, Gereth, McGarry and Thawn.)

Bink: Are they seriously going to make us go through with the tournament? In the name of the Weave, what's wrong with those people?

Tag: My first thought would be, 'a lot'. My next one would be, 'we're dead'.

Thawn: (looks at the two of them) Not yet.

Tag: You said 'yet'. That still implies that it's GOING to happen.

Gereth: If the next words you speak aren't going to be helpful, you'll find that 'yet' is going to happen a lot sooner than you think.

Tag: (opens his mouth like he's going to say something. Then quickly shuts it and gets out of arm's reach of Gereth) Yes, Sheriff.

Bink: Not that I want to stick up for, Tag...

Tag: (grumbling) yeah, thanks a lot.

Bink: ...but he's not wrong. Evil army marches right into Miyrfall and says 'Miyrfall is ours now', kills our Lord Mayor (looks over at McGarry), sorry, our new Lord Mayor as their first act. Then says you're going to carry on like normal until after the tournament, where we crown a winner and then either submit to Imperial rule or die. What about that sounds hopeful?

Thawn: Because they left us alive. Trite as you may think it sounds, deputy, where there is life, there is hope.

McGarry: A wonderful sentiment, Captain. But how do we use that to our advantage?

Thawn: (takes a deep breath) By sending for help.

McGarry: (incredulous) I'm sorry, say that again?

Thawn: For whatever reason, they've taken over the town, but they haven't sealed it off. People are still coming and going and attending the festivities. We can sneak an army in right under their noses, we just have to get someone out to gather an army.

(everyone stares at the Captain)

McGarry: And you happen to have an army stashed just outside the city for such an occasion?

Thawn: (chuckles) Not just outside, no, but if you head a few miles up along the Northern Trade road...

McGarry: The garrison at Fort Tonitrus, of course.

Thawn: The Outlanders came up from the South, so the garrison there will be more than enough to dislodge these invaders. Though our chances would be better if there are some people inside of Miyrfall who are willing and able to fight?

McGarry: (finally, cracking a smile) I can think of two or three individuals who would be more than willing to fight alongside the Legion.

Bink: You mean other than us, right? I mean not that we don't intend to fight, we do... but I mean people who will fight... you know what, I'm just going to crawl to the back here and shut up now.

McGarry: Yes, I think perhaps you'd better do just that.

(At that point Sergeants Ulrik, Erebus, and Celchu walk into the tent)

Gereth: Alright, we have something resembling a plan. The garrison North of here, and try to what... sneak them into Miyrfall? The Imperials see that many soldiers, or people trying to hide that they're soldiers coming in, they're going to realize something is going on.

Tag: And what about weapons? I mean, I'll throw rocks if I have to, but I miss my sword.

Thawn: (turns to his Sergeants coming in) Excellent timing, Sergeants. You heard the questions posed by our allies here about weapons and manpower?

Ulrik: Aye. Proud to report the weapons will nae be a problem. There's a vendor who was none too pleased to see his stock confiscated by the 'minions. So he and some of the other less sellers who have been a bit lax in sticking strict ordnances are willing to provide us with the weapons we'll be needing. (looks to McGarry and the sheriff) Providing we can see fit to forgive them their indiscretions, seeing as they'll be willing to arm us and all.

McGarry: Since the Invaders have seen fit to declare Miyrfall is no longer part of Cuulayne, i see no reason to prosecute them for any crimes they commit while not in Cuulayne soil. Do you, Sheriff?

Gereth: (snarling) Just get a blade into my hands, I don't care how. I'll see the General and the Primarch brought to justice for what they've done.

(finally Lieutenant Kharn enters the tent, snapping a sharp salute to the Captain)

Thawn: You'll have that weapon, Sheriff. Just curb your bloodlust until the time is right.

Gereth: (takes a deep breath. her next words surprise him, and her deputies) I am... sorry, Captain. I have been on edge ever since the Primarch walked by. There is something, unnaturally foul about him, as if nature itself is screaming due to his very presence. It's something I've not felt since...

Bink: (nodding) the Darklings.

Gereth: yes, similar... but different. Then seeing what the General did to Lochlann. (her fists are balled up recalling the murder)

Tag: (in a rare... one might say almost suicidal... gesture, he rests a hand on the Sheriff's shoulder) We understand, Sheriff. He was a pain, but he was OUR pain.

Gereth: (for once, a very briefly, Gereth turns and smiles at her deputy and lets out a very short, rueful laugh) Yes. Yes he was. (looks to McGarry, agitated with him) But you, how can you be so calm McGarry, after seeing what that monster did to your nephew...

McGarry: (cuts her off) Don't think for a single moment that I don't mourn for Lochlann, that I don't miss my annoying, irritating nephew who was finally, FINALLY the good man I thought he could be. I want to tear Miyrfall apart and cut my way through every Dominion soldier in my way until I can put my hands around Chyraxxus' throat myself. (calms himself, taking a deep breath) But I don't have the time to grieve. I AM the Lord Mayor and my people, and you, need me.

Gereth: I am... sorry, Lord Mayor. I meant no disrespect.

McGarry: (nods) I know, Sheriff. (taking a breath) We all have our duty, and I will attend mine until we've rounded up these invaders to the last man and driven them from our town.

Thawn: Well said, Lord Mayor.

McGarry: Thank you, Captain. Now how do you intend to sneak a garrison's worth of Legionnaires into my town?

Celchu: Well, we aren't. I mean not technically. See the Outlanders aren't that stupid to just let us march a bunch of us into the walls, and aren't that many of them that are half as sneaky as Hawk here.

McGarry: The point, sergeant?

Celchu: We don't intend to bring the whole garrison in. Just a few squads to give us a hand until the larger army can ride on in and help us finish off whatever's left. Gonna be one hell of a run out to the garrison as is.

Erebus: Once I reach Fort Tonitrus, we can grab horses there and bring a few squads here while the rest of the garrison force marches until they arrive. Once I arrive outside Miyrfall, we'll tie the horses up outside and sneak the quietest and quickest as close as we can and back into the town. Depending on how thorough the Dominion soldiers are, we might even be able to march a few through the front gates masquerading as tournament participants.

Ulrik: (stretches out and slams a fist into one palm) Aye, and with the Captain's permission, I'll be taking a part of that. I'd like the chance to break a few Imperial backs before the big fight.

Thawn: (looking darkly at the dwarf and shaking his head) Permission denied, Sergeant. In fact, I don't want any Legionnaires participating in the tournament. (looks to the sheriff) I wouldn't presume to dictate terms like that to you and your people however, Sheriff.

Gereth: If they want to bruise some Dominion egos before the real fight, I won't be stopping them.

(Tag and Bink both vigorously shake their heads and babble out nonsensical excuses about how they won't take part in the tourney. Gereth shakes her head and sighs)

Ulrik: Not to be questioning the Captain's orders, but why not let us burn off a little frustration taking down those 'minions a few pegs?

Thawn: Chyraxus is no fool, but his soldiers want to fight as much as you do. Letting them fight in the tournament let's them indulge themselves without getting out of control. But it lets us see them fight. He thinks watching them will intimidate us, instead it'll tell us how they fight, an idea of how well they're trained. With no Legionnaires in the tournament, he'll have no sense of what we can do. It may not be much of an edge, but I'll take every advantage I can get.

Ulrik: I understand, Captain. Doesn't mean I still wouldn't enjoy knocking a few Outlander heads together.

Thawn: You'll have more than enough opportunities to fight. Either with the other Legionnaires or while we get as many civilians as we can out of Miyrfall.

Kharn: You already expect the plan to fail?

Thawn: (ruefully) No plan ever survives contact with the enemy. Should it come down to it, and everything goes pear shaped, I want all able Legionnaires to stand their ground as you lead the evacuation of Miyrfall.

Kharn: (shocked) What? Lead the evacuation? Isn't that best left to the Sheriff or one of her deputies? Someone the townies know and trust?

(Gereth and the deputies trade glances at the 'townies' comment)

Thawn: I want someone I trust working with the surviving Legionnaires that aren't laying down their lives to help the people escape and make it North to Fort Tonitrus where the rest of the garrison that may not be here in time will meet you and protect you from whatever is left of the Imperials.

Ulrik: And if we've fallen, I'll guarantee you, it won't be much. I'll tear out their throats with my teeth if I have to.

Kharn: (coughs) How... colorful. (looks to the Captain and salutes stiffly) Of course, by your command Captain.



Thawn: (salutes back) So ordered, Lieutenant.

Tag: Hey, is there any chance we could get the attention of some of the Unseen? or even bring down the Green Man himself? Those Dominion guys really seem to have a hate for them, maybe they'd be willing to help us?

Gereth: Maybe, but I haven't noticed any Unseen in town, have you?

Bink: (makes a dismissive sound, like he's the only one who thought of this.) Pfft. If we could 'see' them, then they wouldn't be 'the unseen.' (once again everyone in the room stares at Bink) Oh, come ON! Am I really going to get yelled at for that one?!

Gereth: (moves on without answering the deputy) Also, you can't simply summon the Green Man. He just sort of... (makes a gesture) appears.

Thawn: So trying to plan on his involvement would be futile, as would be trying to issue him any orders. I've worked with a few Unseen in the Legion, and even they are... evasive... when discussing their natures.

Kharn: They can be quite infuriating to deal with, especially when they simply expect their whims to be carried out as if they had the word of the Queen behind them.

Thawn: Be that as it may, Lieutenant, without any way to contact them there's no way to plan on their involvement. So we stick to the plan we have.

McGarry: And when does this grand plan start?

Erebus: I'm more familiar with these roads than anyone here, I'll be heading to the Fort to collect the Legionnaires shortly.

McGarry: Alone?

Erebus: (shrugs) Alone I can move where large numbers can't, and evade any sentries or scouts they may have posted. Also, I'm damned fast.

Celchu: I'd almost be willing to lay coin that Hawk here could outrun the sun.

Ulrik: Twice as fast if he was one step ahead of some lass's husband.

McGarry: (coughs) So, you'll be leaving immediately then.

Erebus: Yes, Lord Mayor. Soon as the Captain gives the word, I'm going to change into something a bit less conspicuous than a uniform, and then off to the Fort.

Thawn: (nods) Fly as fast your namesake, Sergeant.

Ulrik: Faster, lad.

(Erebus nods and pokes his head out of the tent, and makes his way off stage)

McGarry: So, Captain. We have a plan, now what do we do?

Thawn: The only thing we can do. We wait.

(scene ends as the group quietly talks and in small numbers slip off stage and out of the tent.)

---end scene

## Scene 5

**characters needed: ( all characters (except Lochlann), Kaine isn't needed until the end of the scene, the Green Man about part way through. Also needed are extras to be dressed as Imperial soldiers. minimum 6 when the scene opens. more soldiers will be required towards the end of the scene)**

**(it is just before the tournament is about to be held. Imperial soldiers stand at guard all around the field in pairs. If there are any fighters ready to participate in the tourney, some are already armed, others will have their weapons handed to them before their fights. Already on the field are Captain Thawn, Sergeants Ulrik and Celchu, Sheriff Gereth, Tag & Bink, Lord McGarry, and Lt. Kharn. Kharn and Thawn are the only two soldiers that aren't Imperials who are allowed to be wearing their swords before the tourney. None of them look happy.)**

McGarry: (walking close to Thawn as the two walk about the field, from time to time speaking with other fighters, accepting condolences over the loss of his nephew, and reassurances that when it comes time, they are ready) The time for the start of the tournament is almost upon us, and I have yet to see any other Legionnaires wandering about. (nods at a couple fighters) At least ones that haven't retired or are on liberty.

Thawn: (nodding thoughtfully) I wasn't expecting them to be here before the tournament. But with most of the town here and even the Imperials distracted, we'll be able to use that to our advantage and sneak some of the Legionnaires from Fort Tonitrus into the city.

Gereth: (catching up quickly to the two of them, making sure not to be overheard) I notice you and Kharn are armed. Did you manage to get weapons for the rest of us?

(the three of them stop walking by Kharn and Ulrik.)

Kharn: A courtesy from General Chyraxxus. As far as he's concerned, we're fighting in the tournament, and feels we can be trusted to restrain ourselves. (looks knowingly at the Sheriff, she bristles under the memory of attacking the General earlier)

Ulrik: Aye, we've more than enough blades for an army. Me n' Celchu have overseen stashing them proper until its time.

McGarry: But there's been no sign of your man... Hawk?

(Thawn shakes his head)

Celchu: Hawk's fast, Lord Mayor. But even he can only move so fast. (looks back to see Chyraxxus and Primarch marching onto the field, flanked by Imperials) Hope it's a long tournament though. Fighting Imps is going to be tough enough, fighting them in the dark will be messy.

(The heroes all step back as the General and Primarch stop their march before the Lord Mayor and the Captain. Both groups staring one another down and taking each other's measure for a moment.)

Chyraxxus: (standing as rigid and imposing as always. Wearing no blade.) Greetings, Lord Mayor. Captain. The time for the start of the tournament is almost upon us.

McGarry: Forgive me if I find I'm in no mood for pleasantries, General.

Chyraxxus: (unmoved by the cold attitude) To business then. You've all had enough time, time to discuss with your people, to make your plans...

(several of the people behind McGarry and the Captain trade glances nervously)

Primarch: The end of the tournament will come swiftly. We do hope you'll enjoy your final act as Lord Mayor in crowning an Imperial soldier as the winner.

Thawn: Don't be too sure of that. There are Legionnaires participating as well, and when one of us stand victorious, you'll have your first true taste of defeat, and know what it means to cross the Cuulayne Allied Legion.

Chyraxxus: (looking back at the assembled heroes) All of your soldiers will be participating then?

Thawn: Most of them.

Chyraxxus: (turns and walks back to where the Imperials are gathering) I'll leave you to your announcements then.

(Primarch follows suit, leaving the heroes alone)

Celchu: Well... that wasn't ominous at all.

Thawn: The General is no fool, Celchu. He allowed us to gather, knowing we may try something, but he's no way of being sure what it is. He's just attempting to rattle us.

Bink: It worked. I'm rattled.

(Tag nods in agreement, but the two of them falter back a step as Gereth glares at them)

Thawn: Just remain aware. Lord Mayor, we'll leave you to your duty.

(McGarry nods as the Legionnaires step away and take up formation on the other side of the field, while Gereth just takes a couple steps back from the Lord Mayor, as do Tag and Bink. While they have no weapons, all 3 are willing and ready to lay down their lives to protect the Lord Mayor)

McGarry: Hear ye all honored guests of Miyrfall! (looks to the Imperials gathered off to the side) And perhaps those who are less than honored. Once more it is my privilege to welcome you to Miyrfall's Midsummer Festival! (pause) Shortly we will all of us be treated to grand displays of martial prowess from some of the greatest warriors in all of Cuulayne... (these next words are cast out scornfully and with a look of obvious disgust) and from several fighters who have come to us from beyond our borders.

(several of the fighters of the Cuulayne side throw taunts and jeers at the Imperials. None of them budge an inch or show the slightest bit of care at being so taunted)

McGarry: (taking a more somber tone) And before we carry on, I would like to call for a moment of silence, in remembrance of those who are no longer with us. For my nephew, Lord Lochlann, whose life was cut so tragically short by those very Outlanders who stand ready to test their might against the warriors of Cuulayne.

(Primarch takes a single step forward, as if he is going to respond. General Chyraxxus holds a hand out to one side, staying the word of the Sovereign)

McGarry: And now, citizens of Miyrfall. On with the tournament!

(now the General allows the Primarch to interrupt before McGarry finishes the sentence)

Primarch: Lord Mayor! (the Lord Mayor stops short and turns in surprise to Primarch) We of the Sovereign's children feel that your people of Miyrfall are already at a disadvantage in this tournament. As such, we would like to present you with... a gift.

McGarry: (nervous) A... gift?

Primarch: Something to motivate your people, perhaps even the sides?

(The General signals his men and two of them come walking onto the field, carrying between a beaten and bruised looking Sergeant Erebus. The two soldiers stop before the General who looks down, reaches to the tabard, or standard that Sergeant Erebus is wearing that is patch of the Cuulayne Allied Legion and tears it off. Then nods as the two soldiers walk to Lord Mayor McGarry and unceremoniously dump the beaten Sergeant on the ground)

Celchu: Hawk!!

(Sergeants Celchu and Ulrik rush to their comrade's side while Thawn walks forward numbly, in his mind's eye seeing his plans all being shot to hell)

Chyraxxus: Yes, one of yours, Captain? He was on the road just north of the city. (looks to the Captain with a grim smile) Trying to run to the ruins of the Fort in the north to call for help in freeing Miyrfall from our grasp?

Thawn: (looks up as the horror sets in) Ruins... of Fort Tonitrus?

Chyraxxus: Indeed. We struck during the night. My soldiers were quite thorough.

Ulrik: No...

Chyraxxus: I would have had your man eliminated when we found him, but he was only following your orders, and thought you should see just how badly you've failed.

Thawn: (gritting his teeth, hand going to the sword at his side as he starts to draw his blade and readies to charge the General) You blight-spawned, foul BASTARD!

(before Thawn can spew anymore more insults or even completely draw his sword, Kharn has his own blade out and places it against the side of his Captain's neck)

Kharn: Captain Thawn, I think it best if I relieve you of your weapon now.

Thawn: Kharn... what? (Kharn presses the blade harder against Thawn's throat, and reaches down to take the sword)

Kharn: Also, effective immediately, I resign my commission in the Cuulayne Allied Legion.

Thawn: (snarling) You miserable traitor.

Kharn: Soldier, Thawn. A soldier. One whose sick of playing guard duty while others do the job he was trained for.

Thawn: You're no soldier, Kharn. You're little more than a mercenary. (hisses as Kharn pushes the blade against Thawn's throat a bit more)

Kharn: The General sees it differently, and I'd rather side with the conqueror than the conquered. (Kharn keeps the blade on Thawn, forcing him to walk across the field towards the Imperials)

(Everyone watches Kharn as he walks the Captain over. Expressions all a mix of contempt and shock, some even outright hatred)

Thawn: (hissing from between clenched teeth) Those two are their own brand of monster, but you, Kharn, you're going to die for this, badly.

Kharn: (stops leading him for a moment and steps in front of Thawn) Empty words, empty threats. That's all you've ever been, Thawn. (turns to the General) General Chyraxxus, I present this prisoner for judgment.

Chyraxxus: (nodding) Well done. Guards... take charge of the Legionnaire, and then provide the new Captain here with an appropriate uniform. Welcome to the Imperium (looks at Thawn), Captain Kharn.

Kharn: (quickly snaps the salute of the Imperium) Glory to the Sovereign. (the guards come up and take charge of Thawn while others lead Kharn away to outfit him as an Imperial now.)

Chyraxxus: Your fate has yet to be decided, Captain. Perhaps... once the tournament is over? (makes the statement as if questioning it in his mind, then nodding) Yes. Once the tournament is done with... then this business of ours will be complete. Guards.

(Imperial take hold of Thawn who barley struggles, Chyraxxus and the Imperials with Thawn between clearing the field while Primarch takes center stage)

Primarch: (looks to the Legionnaires still caring for Erebus) Take your comrade and remove him from the field. Have what healers you can tend his wounds, for you will need every fighter you can muster for the tournament. (turns to the crowd) And now... LET THE MIDSUMMER TOURNAMENT... BEGIN!!!

(the actors all clear the field for the tournament. The only characters not allowed to participate are Primarch, Thawn, Chyraxxus, McGarry and Gereth. Most of them are on field watching the fights, however Gereth has left shortly after the tourney has begun.)

**(at which point the tournament is carried out, with the cloud of just what the fate of Miyrfall, the Captain, and all its people hanging over everyone's head. various fighters go back and forth, Imperials versus warrior of Cuulayne, perhaps even Cuulayne fighting Cuulayne, or Imperial vs. imperial. In the end, crown whichever winner feels most appropriate to for the moment in time. As the winner stands triumphant, the Lord Mayor hesitantly, sadly brings forth their trophy and declares them champion, knowing now he has no choice...)**

(As Lord McGarry moves to present the winner their trophy, the Imperials take positions around the field. Chyraxxus, Primarch, and Kharn standing together with Thawn being kept on his knees between two Imperials, awaiting his final fate. The other heroes of Miyrfall are on the other side of the field, all of them, except for Gereth, who has still not returned from wherever she's gone.)

Primarch: Now that you've had your festivities, Lord Mayor. You have but one task that remains, do you not?

McGarry: (through gritted teeth, and perhaps even some tears) You may get me to say the words, but Miyrfall will NEVER bow to your Sovereign!

Primarch: (walking about the field, watching the Lord Mayor) Your Legionnaires have already fallen before even these few children of our Sovereign. We hold your city, who do you think is going to stop us?

(McGarry hears that and smiles, looking around. waiting for a few moments)

Primarch: (chuckling from beneath his hood) Expecting someone, Lord Mayor? Some hero to charge in and save your pathetic little town? More Legionnaires to be felled beneath the boots of our Imperial might? Perhaps a band of Wardens or those trickster Magi? Little more than tools of the Unseen themselves, and even less useless than those absent guardians.

McGarry: (angry) What do you think you know? Stories? Lies told to you by those fools who followed that fool Mordath? You have no idea what you're up against!

Primarch: (just as angry, and spitting the words back at the Lord Mayor) "No idea?" Old fool! I am well aware of just how fractured, just how pathetic this land is! I know exactly what kind of lies are being spread by your Council, those blind followers of the Balance. Little more than puppets, with their strings being pulled by those who dwell in the lands of Draoicht!

McGarry: (shouting, demanding) How do you know?!

Primarch: (Finally throwing his hood back, and unleashing the hold on his presence that he'd been keeping in check all this time. Showing both that he is Unseen, and that he has been thoroughly corrupted, tainted) Because I AM OF THE UNSEEN!!!

(At this point there should be a loud signal, a boom, or something that signals the arrival of the Green Man. Standing tall, blade drawn and pointed/aimed at the Primarch)

Green Man: (Loud and accusatory) You no longer have any claim to that name! (staring directly at the Primarch, watching him and stepping forward)

Primarch: (Raging, throwing down the staff he has been carrying this whole time) That name is my birthright! And it was stolen from me!

Green Man: You gave up that birthright when you chose to interfere! When you acted against the way of the Balance!

Primarch: (mockingly) The 'Balance'. A lie concocted by timorous old beings who are so afraid of their own power they banish their children. Damning us to this wretched plane!

Green Man: (sadly) The only lies are the ones you have let your Sovereign twist and corrupt you with.

Primarch: Come then, my former brother! Come to me now that I hide from you no longer and carry out the wishes of your wretched balance!

Green Man: It pains us that you have chosen to end it this way, brother.

(The Green Man advances, to carry out his grim duty, the Primarch standing arms wide and waiting for the Green Man while the rest of the crowd gives them a wide berth.)

Chyraxxus: (Unimpressed with this creature, signals several of his soldiers, not even bothering to look back at the Primarch) Kill him before he reaches the Sovereign's Word!

(several Dominion soldiers draw their blades and advance on the Green Man. Primarch says nothing, Chyraxxus watches as his men converge on the Green Man, and then are quickly dispatched. The Green Man holds a hand above his head, and makes a casual gesture as the first soldiers come near him. The soldiers are all flung to the ground by an incredible force, and are unable to move. The Green Man continues stalking the Forsaken Primarch.)

Chyraxxus: (after seeing his soldiers so casually dispatched, growls a command) Sons of the Sovereign, hold!

(The Green Man stops near the Primarch, who has subtly drawn a slender, misshapen dagger of his own, but keeps it just hidden from the Green Man's view)

Green Man: We am sorry that it has come to this.



Primarch: (Snarling with wicked glee) I would have waited an eternity for this.

Green Man: (frowning) It's over, Primarch!

(The Green Man lunges forward to carry out his wicked duty and swings his blade at Primarch, Primarch steps close deflecting some of blow enough to get up close and drive the blade he carries into the chest of the Green Man. A blow that the Green Man should shrug off, but sees the knife has struck true and stumbles back)

Primarch: Yes. It's over... for you, for the Unseen, and soon... this whole wretched world.

Green Man: What... How... (looking down at the blade)

Primarch: A gift from the Sovereign, to bring about the end of the Green Man. I despise you, but His hate burns with a fire that will consume the world.

Green Man: (falls to the ground, dropping his own blade) You have... no... idea. What you've... done.

(everyone not an Imperial gasps. The shock is palpable as they have just witnessed, the death of a god.)

Primarch: (reaching down and picking up the discarded sword, admiring it) No, brother, I know EXACTLY what has been done. (disdainfully kicks the dying Green Man down to the ground, leaving the blade lodged inside of him. looking now to General Chyraxxus) General, my task here is complete. The rest, is all for you.

Thawn: (in shock at seeing the death of the Green Man, on his knees near the general) What have you done?

Chyraxxus: (almost impressed) I do believe, that he has just killed your god. Interesting. (turns to Kharn, now outfitted in Imperial uniform) Captain Kharn.

Kharn: (still staring open mouthed at the unmoving body of the Green Man.) Yes. Yes, General Chyraxxus?

Chyraxxus: Our task for the Sovereign is complete. Round up the people of Miyrfall, and either extract oaths of loyalty from them... or kill them.

Kharn: As... As you command, General.

(the General steps away to walk up to the Primarch, who is examining the blade and silently gloating in his handiwork.)

Thawn: Are you still happy with your choice, traitor?

Kharn: (looking down to the Captain and drawing his blade) Now more than ever. (ready to execute his former Captain) I'd ask you for an oath, but I don't want to take the chance that you'd say yes. Good-bye, Captain.

(Kharn raises his sword arm to strike the Captain down, his Sergeants all howl "No!" but know that they will be too late to save Thawn. But before the final blow can fall, several arrows fly forth from the crowd. Some striking Imperials, and at least one catching Kharn in his sword arm, shoulder, wherever in order to distract him and throw off his deathblow.)

Kharn: (having been struck, looks around to see where the arrows came from) What the devil? (and has to quickly move out of the way as another pair of arrows flies out, coming to close for comfort)

(After the second couple arrows drive Kharn back, there are a series of battle cries as a half dozen armed men charge the field. Among them Gereth who sprints to the fallen body of the Green Man, and Kaine who carries the bow runs up and body checks Kharn, sending him sprawling back into the dirt, forcing him away from Captain Thawn. The armed men use the distraction to cut down a couple Imperial soldiers, freeing the Cuulayne Legionnaires and the deputies. Kaine is standing near Thawn who is still sitting on the ground shocked. Lord McGarry steps over, looking at Kaine.)

McGarry: Kaine?

Thawn: (looking up) Kaine? As in, Head Warden Kaine?

Kaine: Former Head Warden, but yes.

McGarry: (surprised by his sudden appearance) But... how?

Kaine: Explanations later, our distraction will only last so long. But right now (extends a hand down to pull Captain Thawn to his feet) it looks like you folks could use a hand?

Thawn: More than you know, Warden.

(Thawn gets up and nods to Kaine his thanks as the Imperials rally from their own confusion and prepare to attack. Kaine knocks his bow and fires off a pair of arrows at the General and the Primarch, neither seeming to care as the shots both go wide, but both of them irritated by this new wrinkle. Quickly the heroes all make their way off the field, even bringing the body of the Green Man with them.)

Kharn: No! Sons of the Sovereign form ranks! Find them! Bring them before the feet of the General or I'll kill you myself! NOW GO!

(The General and the Primarch watch as their new Captain orders soldiers after the heroes of Miyrfall and the scene ends)

---end scene---

## Scene 6

**characters needed: Thawn, Ulrik, Erebus, Celchu, McGarry, Gereth, Tag, Bink, and Kaine.**

**(scene opens with Thawn, Ulrik, Erebus, McGarry, Bink and Tag all inside a tent (or back room) looking haggard and out of breath, as if they had only just arrived. Celchu is standing near the opening, keeping an eye out and holding a sword, ready to lash out at anyone who comes to the entrance.)**

(Thawn is furthest from the group, angry and fearing he'll lash out the others, who are more concerned with making sure everyone is present)

McGarry: (looking around the room) Is everyone here, is anyone wounded?

Erebus: (looks at the mayor, should still look beat up from before) Still wounded, but ready to fight when I have to.

Ulrik: (smacks the back of his wounded comrade) Good lad. (looks round the tent) Seems most of us are here, 'cepting the Sheriff, and that large fella with the bow.

Bink: Yeah that was Kaine. Head Warden Kaine.... of the Wardens.

(a couple of people stare at Bink for a moment)

Tag: Former Head Warden Kaine.

Bink: WHATEVER! But what is he DOING HERE?!?

Celchu: (steps back from the opening) Looks like you're going to get your chance to ask.

(On cue, Celchu holds the entrance open just enough, whether it's a tent or door, or whatever, and in walks Kaine and the Sheriff. The Sheriff is armed, and Kaine's bow is stashed or sling in a holster as the two of them have brought weapons for the rest of the heroes. They place the weapons on something nearby for people to ready themselves. Ulrik and Erebus eagerly take weapons, making sure they're good quality, Tag and Bink grab whatever looks sharp and pointy. Thawn makes no move for the pile.)

McGarry: (steps forward and clasps arms with the former Head Warden) You have no idea how good it is to see you, Kaine.

Kaine: (nods and returns the greetings) Looked as if you could use an extra pair of hands. Seems the festival is about as eventful as ever.

(Gereth steps over, checking the weapons her deputies chose, making sure they're grabbing weapons they know how to use. Disgusted she actually takes one from Bink and puts another one in his hands, he just nods his thanks.)

McGarry: (remembers the death of his nephew, and now that of the Green Man dourly) Never in the way we intended it to be, it seems.

Kaine: (lays a hand on the Lord Mayor's shoulder) The Sheriff told me about your nephew. I am sorry for your loss.

(the mayor says nothing, only nodding)

Bink: Not to be rude, but now that everyone is here... (frustrated) can someone explain just what in the name of Dweller is GOING ON?!?!

Thawn: (finally, angrily) We were betrayed, dammit! By one of our own! Kharn turned on us, told those blight spawned Outlanders our plans, and then stabbed us in the back! (after burning through his tirade, the tent goes silent watching the Captain, who settles or falls into a seat, shoulders slumped and appearing defeated) And I have failed this city, and its people.

(McGarry looks to the Captain as if he wants to say something, but Kaine interrupts him and walks over to Thawn.)

Kaine: That's why betrayal is so heinous a crime, Captain. Because it comes from someone you trust, and you never see it coming.

Thawn: That is no comfort.

Kaine: You are not alone in facing betrayals, at having one of your own, your trusted turn on you when you need them most. But you are still alive, and where there is life...

Thawn: ...there is hope.

Kaine: All that's left is to decide what you intend to do with it.

Thawn: (looks up) I intend to draw steel and drive these Outlanders back to the hell from whence they came.

Kaine: Good. I do believe I can help with that.

(after a brief moment with the others nodding in agreement, Tag opens his mouth)

Tag: Okay... Im inspired. How about the rest of you? (the room goes dead silent) Fine, I'll go back to being afraid. Jerks.

Celchu: (coughs) Not to agree with the cheerleader there. (Tag shoots the Sergeant a glare, perhaps saying 'Hey!' ) But we still need some sort of plan, and be nice to know just what happened out there? That was the Green Man that showed up there, thought he was supposed to be the leader of the Unseen or something.

Bink: They killed him. They lured him in, and they killed him.

Celchu: Right. But I thought that couldn't be done. He's like the god of the Balance, right? And if these Outlanders can kill a god, what chance do we have of defeating them?

Kaine: The Green Man is not the 'god of the Balance', that's not how the Balance, or the Unseen work. The Green Man is power, power given by those who dwell in Draoicht and held in a single vessel, whose goal is to oversee the Balance. Should that vessel be... destroyed...

Celchu: That power is supposed to go somewhere else.

(Kaine nods)

Erebus: Okay, they killed the Green Man, shouldn't a new one be getting the power about now?

Gereth: (coughs) The Green Man isn't dead.

ALL: (except Kaine and Gereth) WHAT?!

Gereth: (slower) The Green Man. Isn't. Dead.

Ulrik: Ye've said it slower, but that doesnae give it anymore sense. If the Green Man's not dead, than where is he?

Kaine: Sleeping.

(now everyone turns to the former Head Warden)

Kaine: That blade the Primarch stabbed the Green Man with nearly killed him, but some dark magic in the knife is keeping him alive. Even pulling it out didn't bring him out of it, or allow him to pass on.

Erebus: So where is he?

Gereth: Hidden. Its why Kaine and I were last to arrive. Kaine knows more ways in and out of Miyrfall than I could think of, and more places to hide than I want to think of.

Erebus: Perhaps I should have asked for a few tips before trying to make my run to Fort Tonitrus, maybe they wouldn't have caught me.

Kaine: It wouldn't have done you any good, I'm sad to say. Far be it from me to be the bearer of more bad news, but I'm afraid Fort Tonitrus was indeed destroyed.

Thawn: So the General wasn't lying.

Kaine: No. His force has been in Cuulayne for some time now, how long I'm not sure. But enough that they've come across a handful of Wardens and even a couple Magi. Our numbers are not so many that the loss of even a few are felt. Head Warden Drake asked me to look into things when there was no word from several in the area.

Celchu: You are just a font of good tidings.

Kaine: I am sorry I could not be here sooner to warn you. I have spent the last day and more gathering survivors.

Thawn: What?

Kaine: Survivors. From Fort Tonitrus. (The other soldiers rise up a bit, looking as if they'd all just been tossed a lifeline) The attack was swift, but I was close enough to the Fort with what few Wardens were also searching for news that we were able to open a way out for some of the garrison.

Thawn: How many?

Kaine: (looking dejected, and apologetic) Not as many as I wish I could have, and we lost others during our flight from the Fort.

Thawn: (almost too eager) But they are some, and are they ready... and able... to fight?

Kaine: As hungry for revenge as you are.

Thawn: (nodding) Alright... alright. There is hope. (thinks for a moment) Yes. I think I have a plan. But its a long shot, a very... very... long shot.

McGarry: (ruefully) Of course it is. It must be festival day. What are you thinking?

Thawn: Even now, the Imperials are searching the city for us. Already they have used us once as bait, perhaps we can use ourselves one more time.

Kaine: Go on.

Thawn: (standing up and walking around the tent, forming the plan as it fall from his tongue) We gather several of us on the field, cast a challenge out to them. The General won't pass up the chance for a grand battle. The Primarch's already had his glory, he won't want to be outdone.

Ulrik: The General's nae stupid, what makes you think he'll risk himself?

Thawn: Pride. He wants at least some small glory, and he'll want to be there to give orders for whatever we plan. I'm hoping that once he takes the field, we fight our way to the General and the Primarch, and we can end this by capturing them.

Gereth: Or by killing them.

Thawn: (nods) I'm not feeling particular about it, right now. We are taking such a chance with this, we may not have the option to take them alive.

McGarry: If this fails, Captain. They'll turn their attention to Miyrfall, they'll burn my city down.

Kaine: Lord Mayor, with their task here done, and once they find where I've hidden the Green Man, they will most likely do that anyway.

McGarry: I don't like this, Kaine. (sighs) But... I don't see that we have any other choice.

Bink: Wait. So the plan is walk out into the middle of the field, yell really loud until they come and surround us, and then... charge the General? This sounds like a bad plan.

Thawn: (grins wickedly, not fazed by the deputy's pessimism) No, we yell really loud, and when they surround us... we surround them.

Bink: (counts off all the people in the tent) I think you're short a few people for a good surrounding. HEY!

Tag: (smacks Bink in the back of head, Gibbs' slap-style) Don't be stupid. He's going to have the soldiers that survived come out to the field once we're surrounded and surround the Imperials with Legionnaires.

Bink: (rubbing the back of his head) Oh. Yeah... that sounds like a much better plan.

Ulrik: Aye, if there are enough left to come close to matching the Imperials numbers. I watched a few of their warriors during the competition, they are no novices.

Celchu: (scratching his chin) Slim chance of success, slimmer chance of survival. Captain, I think I have some leave time coming up.

Erebus: Losing your nerve, Cel?

Celchu: Nope, just making a note that after we win, I'm going on liberty.

Thawn: If we manage to survive this, I'll buy the first round. Kaine, you made your way in to Miyrfall, I assume you can make your way out and gather the Legionnaires?

Kaine: I can. If you don't mind the extra sword arms of a few Wardens amongst them.

Thawn: Right now I'll take all the help I can get.

Gereth: There's a few fighters still in Miyrfall from the tournament that will join on us on the field.

Thawn: Make sure they realize how slim our chances are, and leave out that we've got others joining us from outside the town. We've been betrayed already by Kharn, I KNOW no one else here will side with the Imps, but I don't know about the others.

Gereth: Fair enough. (thinks) To draw out the Primarch and the General, I think we should also bring the knife they used to strike down the Green Man. It has power, and if it can be used against the Primarch the way it was against the Green Man...

Thawn: (sighs) I would normally say no. But I understand less about magic than I do about women, and we need every edge we can get out there. Do it.

McGarry: (picks up a sword of his own) Seems Im not fated to retire to an easier life. I'm getting too old for these adventures.

Thawn: I think you've got a couple more yet left in you, Lord Mayor.

McGarry: One can only hope, Captain. One can only hope.

---end scene---



## Scene 7

**characters needed: All (except Lochlann and the Green Man... :P ), including extras dressed as Imperials and Legionnaires, perhaps a few Wardens.**

**(scene opens with all main characters except Kaine, Chyraxxus, and the Primarch taking the 'field of honor' quickly and looking around as if they've been evading Imperial soldiers. They take up positions in the center of the field.)**

Erebus: All clear so far, Captain. Looks like we made it out here without the Imperials seeing us.

Thawn: So far so good, Hawk. Sheriff, you saw Kaine make his way clear of Miyrfall without interference?

Gereth: (grinning as she spins a knife in her grasp, it's the blade used to stab the Green Man) Doubly so. That traitor Kharn was in charge of the teams looking for us, I led him around by the nose while Kaine loped off outside the city.

McGarry: Thank the Weave for small victories.

Celchu: Party's ready, Captain. Time to send out the invitations.

Thawn: (nods and takes a deep breath, speaks as loud as he is able, hoping his words carry to the ends of Miyrfall, if needed) GENERAL CHYRAXXUS!! In the name of the Cuulayne Allied Legion and the people of Miyrfall, crawl out on the field of honor and beg for our mercy! (at first there is no response, again Thawn calls out, louder if at all possible) CHYRAXXUS!!

(at the last call, Imperial soldiers spill out onto the field like bees. Surrounding the heroes of Miyrfall on both sides, taking up ranks around them weapons drawn. The traitor Kharn is amongst them as he gives orders to take up positions around the heroes and stands off to one side, watching his former allies with obvious scorn. Once the soldiers have taken their places, General Chyraxxus, not yet carrying a blade, and the Primarch, still carrying the Green Man's blade and no longer having his hood up stride up to Captain Kharn, taking positions alongside him)

Tag: (swallows as the soldiers surround them, watching as the general takes the field) Hey, Bink. I've changed my mind.

Bink: (looks over) Changed your mind? About what?

Tag: Once this is over, you can be the Sheriff.

Bink: (without any hint of irony or sarcasm) Good luck to you too, Tag.

(Tag only nods back)

Gereth: (looking back at her deputies with approval) About time you two pups came around. However, I intend to continue being Sheriff for quite some time.

Chyraxxus: Decided to show your faces and make a final stand of it, Captain Thawn? (with no weapon of his own, steps in front of his army)

Thawn: Giving you a chance to surrender, General. The people of Miyrfall, the people of Cuulayne don't want your Dominion here, but you and the Primarch have crimes to answer for.

Primarch: Insignificant worm! Who are you to dictate terms to the Dominion?

Thawn: I am Captain Thawn of the Cuulayne Allied Legion, and in the name of the Queen I order you, Chyraxxus, and you, the Primarch, bound by law for the murders of the Green Man and Lord Lochlann of Miyrfall! Do you yield?

Primarch: You haven't even begun to see what crimes we will...

Chyraxxus: (holds a hand up interrupting the Primarch) An interesting oath, Captain. But, I decline to recognize your authority on Imperial soil.

Ulrik: What are ye on about? This is Cuulayne soil.

Chyraxxus: (smiles wickedly) Only if you can take it back from us. So here's my counter offer. Lay down your arms, surrender yourselves for summary judgment,

Primarch: (interrupting, quickly... fiercely) and tell us where you've hidden the Green Man's corpse!

Chyraxxus: (looks back at the Primarch disapprovingly) yes... that as well. Do that, and we will let the towns people live. Cross us, and once we are finished with you, we will kill them all.

McGarry: Time and again, the people of Miyrfall have been threatened by one despot after another. Thinking that we are going to just stand by and be slaughtered? Mordath was wrong! His foul acolytes were wrong, AND YOU ARE WRONG! In the name of the people of Miyrfall, in the name of my nephew Lord Lochlann, we defy you AND your wretched Sovereign! We would rather die than serve under his shadow!

(The Primarch is making strangling noises, wanting to say something against the heathen that has so blasphemed against his Sovereign, but Chyraxxus only nods)

Chyraxxus: Then the die is cast, and you have made your decision. (looks to Kharn) Captain Kharn.

Kharn: My general!

Chyraxxus: Wipe them out. All of them. (the General takes a step back as Kharn and several soldiers slowly begin to advance)

Kharn: Glory to the Sovereign!

Imperial Soldiers: GLORY TO THE SOVEREIGN!

(as they advance slowly, the heroes take up their arms defensively. Thawn looking at his former lieutenant)

Thawn: Hope you're proud, Kharn. Throwing away your life for these monsters.

Kharn: (sniffs, unmoved by Thawn's words) You know something, Captain. I always did wonder when it came down to you and me, how it would go down.

Thawn: I already told you. You die, badly.

(before Kharn can give the order to charge, there is a signal, either a large boom, an arrow going into the dirt between Kharn and Thawn, or Gereth lets out a loud animalistic howl... something loud and dramatic, and a couple dozen Legionnaires a handful of Wardens and Kaine himself come bursting forth from the crowd, from everywhere around the Imperials and surround them as best they can. It takes the Imperials, and the villains a few moments to realize what's happening.)

(Kaine should be flanked by a pair of Wardens)

Kaine: (loudly) Lord McGarry. I was wondering if I might have your leave to help Captain Thawn and the Sheriff clear the field of all this trash?

McGarry: I would consider it a personal favor, Warden Kaine!

Kaine: Retired. (looking about) Semi-retired...

Chyraxxus: (smiling) Kaine. I have heard tales of your prowess with a sword.

Kaine: You'll get to see it as well, General.

Thawn: Unless you'd care to reconsider surrendering?

Chyraxxus: (laughs a booming, hearty, mocking laugh) Captain, nothing could be further from my mind. Captain Kharn, you have your orders! FOR THE GLORY OF THE DOMINION!

Dominion: FOR THE GLORY OF THE DOMINION!

Heroes: FOR THE FREEDOM OF MIYRFALL!

(the heroes in the center hold as fighters charge in to get them. while Kaine's warriors move in from the outside, the fighting is vicious as there aren't enough heroes to fully contain all the Imperials. The heroes should all get a chance to fight, and may get wounded but come out victorious. The following fights should be done before the main battles.)

(Still unarmed, the Wardens flanking Kaine break off to take Chyraxxus. The Primarch sees that Gereth has his blade, given to him by the Sovereign and works towards her to go retrieve it. The two Wardens advance on Chyraxxus who whups the two of them and takes a weapon from one of them and kills them

both. Kaine should drop a nameless Imperial pretty quickly, but still be unable to help his compatriots as they're killed by Chyraxxus.)

(Thawn and Kharn move their fight to center stage and it should be vicious and brutal. The two of them almost willing to drop their weapons to tear each other apart with their bare hands and teeth. While Kharn and Thawn are fighting, Kaine should charge in to Chyraxxus, the two of them taking a brief moment to salute one another before beginning their fight.)

(Eventually the Kharn and Thawn fight ends the only way it can, with Thawn running his old Lieutenant through, and watching as his body hits the ground.)

(The Primarch makes his way to Gereth, who holds the blade that murdered the Green Man, but has yet to use it in combat, preferring another sword, until the Primarch faces her, drawing out his own sword.)

Primarch: Pathetic wretch! Now face the same fate as the Green Man! (he charges Gereth who only snarls back, a sound most likely lost as the fighting is dwindling down. Gereth and the Primarch are one of the two last fights.)

(Thawn having finished off Kharn looks and sees that the fight between Kaine and Chyraxxus is not going well, Chyraxxus has wounded Kaine and even knocked him down. Evading all the other remaining Imperials, Thawn charges in and deflects the deathblow meant for Kaine, forcing the General back a step. Quickly he reaches down and pulls Kaine to his feet, hopefully the fighting has died down enough they can speak)

Thawn: Now who could use a hand?

Kaine: Funny. I'll remember to laugh later.

Chyraxxus: (looking at the two of them) Gentlemen, there will be no later for either of you. (with that he salutes the two of them with his blade. Oddly enough, Kaine and Thawn return the salute and split to flank their opponent and the battle had damn well better be epic. Kaine and Thawn work together and only barely manage to gain the upper hand on Chyraxxus.)

(While the triple threat match is going on, Gereth and the Primarch are busy snarling at one another like animals during their fight. the battle is a savage one as both fighters inflict wounds, and gain ground on one another, until finally the Primarch makes a mistake and Gereth drives home the blade he used to down the Green Man. Giving it one final twist as the Primarch drops the Green Man's blade and finally falls to the ground. Gereth picks up the Green Man's sword and lets out a wolflike howl in triumph for her victory, holding the blade over her head)

(The howl is enough of a signal, that Chyraxxus is distracted for but a moment as Thawn and Kaine gain advantage and not only force Chyraxxus back, but he drops his blade and forces him to one knee, his sword just within reach.)

Kaine: Don't be foolish, General.

Thawn: My forces have routed yours. The word of your Sovereign is silent. And your weapon is beyond your grasp. This Invasion of yours has come to an end.

Chyraxxus: (belts out a chilling, mocking laugh) An end? Fool Captain. Look around you. You think these numbers are all that were sent by the Sovereign? Where are our supply wagons? How were we able to reach Miyrfall after destroying Fort Tonitrus in less than a day without being seen?

Thawn: More... soldiers.

Chyraxxus: I yield to you, Captain. You have taken the field, and the battle is yours. But the Invasion of Cuulayne, the war, is just beginning. (Chyraxxus leaves the blade where it lay, letting his final taunts sink in to Kaine and Thawn. Chyraxxus keeps his hands up, but also cannot stop smiling)

(finally the battle is over and the heroes of Miyrfall and the remaining Legionnaires are taking stock. A full squad of Legionnaires takes charge of Chyraxxus, with Ulrik, Erebus, and Celchu by their Captain. The heroes stagger over to the Captain and Kaine)

Ulrik: (looking over at the body of Kharn, spits in his direction) Death in battle's too good for the likes o' that traitor.

Thawn: Perhaps, but the business is finished. Report, Sergeant.

Ulrik: (stands to attention) Yes, Captain. We've broken the Imperials. Ended a good lot of them, but there's a few still drawing breath. A few even escaped and made their way out into the city proper. With the Sheriff's blessing I sent a few Legionnaires out to hunt them down. They'll not be out long.

Celchu: Not with the whole city sharpening knives waiting for Imps, they won't.

Thawn: Losses on our side? Is the Lord Mayor still alive?

McGarry: I'm here. (out of breath) I remember being a lot less winded after a fight.

Kaine: Old age will have a tendency to play with your memory like that.

McGarry: Perhaps, as I seem to remember you having retired.

Kaine: It didn't take.

Gereth: (walking up, holding the blade of the Green Man) One less murderer. (looks in Chyraxxus' direction) We should make that two at our earliest convenience.

Thawn: That's a decision that might be out of our hands.

Gereth: Why?!?!

Thawn: Because the council will want to have the General questioned, for that, we will need him alive.

Gereth: But do we need him in one piece?

(Thawn seems to consider the idea ever briefly)

Thawn: For now, Sheriff. For now.

(Gereth growls and turns to Kaine, handing over the blade that killed the Green Man)

Gereth: Here, I trust this more in your hands than any others. When Unseen finally come for the Green Man, they will need the knife to undo whatever spell they placed him under.

Kaine: (nods and accepts the blade) They will do everything they can, Sheriff.

Celchu: Right. So, with that last bit done, I do believe there is a tab to be settled...

Erebus: Or one to be started.

Thawn: Yes... I do recall mentioning something about paying for the drinks if we survived. (takes a moment) I just wasn't expecting so many of you...

Celchu: Ow... Captain. That hurts.

Ulrik: Aye, I think that'll take at least two, even three drinks to soothe such a sting.

Erebus: Each.

McGarry: I wouldn't Captain, I'm sure for Miyrfall's newest heroes, the pub can arrange something for at least the first round or two.

Thawn: My thanks, Lord Mayor.

McGarry: Then (to the audience) Lords and ladies! May I present to you once more, the heroes of Miyrfall!

McGarry: Hip Hip! (x3)

All: (except Chyraxxus) HUZDAH! (X3)

---end scene--

**--THE END--**

# Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Fair 2017 Script

## Peace Talks

By Xavier Miron

### Main Characters:

**Warden Aurick;** (Male Human Warden from the Northlands, does not have a Mage partner)

**Chief Ragnar** (Male Northlander, Chieftan of the Stormwolves, largest of the clans.)

**Chief Skeld** (Male Northlander. Chief of the Grey Talons)

**Chief Olver** (Male Northlander. Chief of the Fianna)

**General Ghelryn** (Dwarven General of the Cuulayne Allied Legion. )

**Major Bastien** (human, the general's adjutant and in command of Legionnaires in Vonsall.)

**Sargeant Bink** (former deputy of Myrfall, now a Sargent in the Legion)

**Corporal Tag** (former deputy of Myrfall, now a Legion Corporal)

**Councilor Faelar** (Elven councilor that holds a seat of Anleigh, and is Lord/Lady Mayor of the town of Vonsall. Always seen with an assistant/herald/valet)

**Ceelu** (Elf, half-elf, or fae. Councilor Faelar's assistant)

**Sarre** (Dark/Winter Fae. Claims to be a representative from Kuuki, is an Agent working for the Sovereign)

**Umar & Raize** (Sarre's bodyguards, both were loyal Dominion soldiers, both now controlled by Sarre)

## **Prologue: (1 or 2 years since last year's story)**

---The Kingdom of Cuulayne is a land under siege! An invading army known only as 'The Dominion' coming up from the lands beyond the mountains to the South and under the leadership of a dark being they call Sovereign has brought war once again to these lands. Their first attack struck at the lauded town of Miyrfall, known through the allied lands as the City of Heroes! Amongst the casualties was the enigmatic being known as The Green Man. Symbol of the lands of Draiocht and avatar of the combined power of the Unseen to maintain what they call 'the Balance.' Felled by an exiled Unseen known as Primarch and using a blade given him by the Sovereign, the watchful eyes of the Green Man no longer fell upon the Allied Lands, and the forces of the Dominion were quick to take advantage. A handful of towns and outposts of the Cuulayne Allied Legion fell before their might within the opening weeks with virtually no resistance. The only true holdout was the city of Miyrfall, who, true to their reputation soundly defeated a phalanx of the Sovereign's best men and even captured one of his generals, a vicious, dreadful warrior known only as Chyraxxus.

But even with that single victory, it has not been enough to keep the invaders in check. The Allied Lands have not seen conflict on this scale since the Great War many centuries ago, and were slow to mount a proper resistance. The call rang out to all the peoples of the Allied Lands, the forces of the Allied Legion were in dire need, and help came as swiftly as the first attacks did. Inventive and destructive goblin tinkerers from Kobalos, Dwarven warriors from Gruumor, Elven archers from Iuaron, hunter packs of Animal Kin from Sylvanus, and more. The advance of the Sovereign has stopped, but the people of Cuulayne need more help to truly force back the Dominion.

So they turn to the people of the Northlands. Those who lost the most at the end of the Great War and have yet to enter the conflict on either side. The Great War cost the Northlanders their king, and many of their own lands, while their former allies were treated as returning comrades in arms. They have little love for any of their southern neighbors. But the threat of the Sovereign is great, and a Northlander Warden, has brought back a small sliver of hope. The Chieftans of some of the largest Northlander tribes are willing to come to the border town of Vonsall during the yearly Midsummer Festival and see what their former foes have to say.

Unfortunately, the Sovereign has also heard about their pending visit, and has made plans of his own that can only mean disaster for all the people of the Allied Lands.



## Scene 1

**Characters needed: Major Bastien, Sargent Bink, Corporal Tag, Councilor Faelar, Ceelu, and Warden Aurick**

**Scene opens at the front gates, Tag and Bink once again standing guard, though now they are wearing the uniforms of the Cuulayne Allied Legion. The uniforms show signs of wear and tear due to too many battles, and not from the neglect one might expect from the former Myrfall deputies. However, Tag is looking particular irritated, moreso whenever he glances over at Bink whose smiling way too damn much for Tag's liking.**

Tag: *(looking down at the ground, and obviously angry)* I can't believe they promoted you to Sargent.

Bink: *(Impossibly, he seems to smile even more as he looks over at Tag, knowing it'll irritate him)* That's because the Legion knows leadership material when its standing right in front of them.

Tag: *(still grumpy)* Or its proof of how bad things are going with the war against the Dominion.

Bink: I told you back when we were deputies in Myrfall that one day I'd be in charge, and here I am! *(looks at Tag)* But don't worry, I won't forget all the little people who helped get me where I am today.

Tag: *(looks back at the entrance)* Guarding the entrance to another town right before the Midsummer Festival is about to start?

Bink: Nope. Supervising YOU guarding the entrance to Vonsall right before the Midsummer Festival is about to start!

Tag: *(still sour)* I hate you, Bink.

Bink: *(proudly)* Sargent Bink.

Tag: I hate you... *(pauses)* Sargent Bink.

Bink: Aw, buck up, Corporal Tag. One day you could be where I am, just without all the skills that make me a superior soldier.

Tag: *(mockingly)* Skills that make you a SUPERIOR soldier?

Bink: Like my cunning!

Tag: You got lost walking from one end of town to the other!

Bink: Uh... my expert ability in combat.

Tag: The last time we fought the Dominion, you dropped your sword and spent half the battle looking for it.

Bink: My expert sense of timing!

Tag: Timing?

Bink: You were asleep when they handed out the promotions.

Tag: There we go.

Bink: *(steps over and puts a hand on Tag's shoulder)* Buck up there, little Corporal. I'm sure before this whole thing is over someone will notice you and you'll be a big, strong Sargent like me.

Tag: *(looks over at Bink, frowning)* Yeah, still hate you, and now I'm homesick too. You actually think the war against the Dominion is going to end?

Bink: Well yeah. I mean we beat 'em at Myrfall last year, caught their general last year, and killed that Primarch *(pronounces the name incorrectly)* guy.

Tag: *(pronounces the name correctly)* Primarch.

Bink: Yeah. Him. If us "Heroes of Myrfall" can beat their biggest and baddest, what chance does the rest of the Dominion have?

Tag: What makes you think Chyraxxus and the Primarch were the biggest bad guys the Dominion had to throw at Cuulayne?

Bink: *(stepping back, finally a little unsure)* I... I don't know.

*(At this point, Major Bastien and the Councilor's secretary Ceelu walk out just past the gates. Bastien stands confident, hands behind his back while Ceelu walks a step behind the Major. Always seeming a bit nervous, holding onto a stack of parchments)*

Bastien: Then we have to hope that the rest of the Allied Lands can produce heroes with the same high quality as those of Myrfall. *(The sentiment is genuine, and said without any mockery. Despite their bickering, he sees potential in both Tag and Bink)*

Tag and Bink: *(more or less in unison, as they snap a proper salute)* Major! Sir!

Bastien: *(returns the salute, the two soldiers quickly rushing back into place at their posts)* As you were, gentlemen. Any sign yet of the delegation from the Northlands?

Bink: *(stammering out the response nervously)* Uh, no. I mean not yet, sir, Major Bastien... sir.

Tag: You really think the Northlanders will even bother showing up, Major?

Bastien: I have it on some rather good authority that at least some of them will, but if we can convince even just a few of the larger tribes to join us, the Dominion will find themselves against a truly Allied force. *(Looks back to his two soldiers, grinning a bit)* After all, we wouldn't want to just let all the glory go to the "Heroes of Myrfall" would we?

Bink: Ah... no? Sir?

Tag: *(mutters)* I think the Major was being rhetorical, Bink.

Bink: Rhetoricals? They never said anything about that when they made me a Sargent!

Tag: *(stares open mouthed at his partner for a minute)* Well... so much for the mystique of the heroes of Myrfall.

Bastien: *(laughs)* I wouldn't worry too much about that. Though Captain Thawn and your sheriff spoke well of the two of you, they also held nothing back. *(that comment knocks a little bit of the wind out of Tag & Bink)* I made sure to promote Bink anyway, and I'm sure you'll earn your stripes soon enough, Corporal Tag. You may not think so, but I see a good deal of potential in the both of you. That you joined the Legion to help fight the Dominion speaks well to your character. Now if the Northlanders have as much desire to protect their homes from the Sovereign as the two of you, there will be no doubt that the Allied Lands will win the day.

*(Tag and Bink puff their chests out and snap tight salutes to their Major. Feeling just a little bit inspired by the impromptu pep talk. The Major nods and salutes back just as Warden Aurick steps his way up the entrance, passing through some of the audience)*

*(Aurick should be dressed up as a Northlander, covered in weapons, though somewhere on him he should carry or wear a symbol identifying him as one of the Wardens)*

Aurick: Oh good. Glad to see I arrived after you've given a speech. Hate to think I'd have to stand here while you droned on... and on... and on...

Bastien: *(turns, a stern expression on his face while the two soldiers grasp their weapons nervously)* Warden. Aurick.

Aurick: *(stops just in front of the Major)* Major. Bastien.

*(the two men stand and stare at one another for a few brief moments, letting the people around them get the sense that there might be a problem between them, until it becomes obviously these two are old friends when they break out laughing and clasp arms)*

Bastien: I wondered how long it'd take you to show that disheveled face around here.

Aurick: Well, you know how it is with the Wardens. Sure, we'll stand against the darkness and be the steel against steel. But we really only show up for however long we're needed and then we leave.

Tag: Now THAT'S mystique.

Aurick: *(scratches his chin)* More a survival mechanism. Folk don't mind us saving the day from monsters, but then they realize what we do to their liquor stocks afterwards.

Bastien: You mean what you do afterwards. You do tend to spend a bit of time at the tavern after a hunt.

Aurick: *(his face sours as he walks about the area)* Keeps me from remembering too much about whatever it was I was fighting. Monster slaying goes a lot easier when I can sleep nights.

*(Bastien lays a hand on his friends shoulder and nods. The two remain silent for a moment, remembering old friends and days gone by, Aurick then takes a deep breath and looks to the entrance)*

Aurick: I see the doors are still closed, the walls still standing, and none of the buildings are on fire. *(looks to Bastien)* So the Northlander chiefs haven't arrived yet?

Bink: Oh, great. That doesn't sound ominous at all.

Bastien: At ease, Sargent. No Aurick, the contingent has yet to arrive. When they do, they're going to be escorted quickly to the general and councilor, and hope they decide to join us against the Dominion.

Aurick: Well, if you're lucky they may only burn two buildings down during the celebrations. Three, tops. You are supposedly still throwing a party here, yes?

Ceelu: *(having been silent long enough)* We are celebrating our Midsummer Festival, yes!

Aurick: *(reels back in feigned shock)* Oh! You do speak! *(turns to Bastien)* I has just assumed she was some sort of Golem with a parchment fetish.

Ceelu: *(sputters at the insult and storms up to Aurick, getting up face to face. Aurick smiles at the coming tirade)* Now see here you... you... lewd, scruffy-looking NORTHLANDER! The Midsummer Festival is one of the most important events to take place in Vonsall, and ill not just stand here and listen to it, or the people of my town be mocked by some... some... uncouth Warden! *(Ceelu finishes she is obviously out of breath, and a bit shocked by how quickly she got angry, and just as quickly shrinks back a step, apologizing)* By the balance! What did I say, I am so sorry... I never meant... I couldn't... you certainly scruffy-looking... *(she continues apologizing as she picks up any parchments she dropped, babbling on for a moment, while Aurick just nods as the other three men cough and try to not look awkward)*

Aurick: *(nods and smiles. Genuinely considering her words, before turning to Bastien)* Oh, I like this one, Bastien. She's got a fire to her. *(turns back to Ceelu, quite serious)* My deepest apologizes, Lady... ?

Ceelu: Uh... Ceelu. Yes Ceelu.

Aurick: Lady Ceelu. I obviously meant no insult towards you, your people, or the town. But given that you are attempting to court... *(pauses, and sighs)* my... people, into joining the just side of the war against the Dominion, my behavior is only a small test of how the chiefs may gauge the worthiness of the Allied Lands. You've a spirit that I have often seen shared amongst many of its people, and that you would not let terror guide your emotions and still have your festival despite the possible dangers? To open your doors even though you know there to be potential enemies abroad? It speaks well of the people of Vonsall, and of Cuulayne.

Ceelu: Uh... thank. Thank you, Warden.

Bastien: *(steps up and grabs the man's shoulder)* Well said, old friend. Well said.

Aurick: Yes, well. A brief moment of civility, I'd much prefer to travel to the nearest tavern and test it for my coming chiefs instead of all this... talking.

Bastien: Considering the day ahead, I think I'll join you before going to the field of Honor for the opening ceremonies. However, there is a piece of business to attend to first. The door have yet to open, and we're drawing a crowd. *(gestures broadly to the audience, the other actors eyes widen as if noticing them for the first time)*

Ceelu: *(quickly walks over to the Major, handing him a piece of paper/parchment)* Yes, the Councilor wishes he was here to open the gates, but is making final preparation for the peace talks with the General. He prepared a few notes for you. *(shoves the sheet into the hands of the Major and quickly backs away, getting out of the crowd's line of sight)*

Aurick: *(looks at the paper, and he too backs away a little, smiling wide)* Some tasks are better left to others who like to talk.

Bastien: *(looks to the paper, reads the notes, and crumples them up and slips them into a pocket, or just clasps his hands behind his back as he takes a moment to gather his thoughts, and his breath)* TO ALL YOU MOST FINE LORDS AND LADIES, TRAVELLERS FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE ALLIED LANDS, IT IS MY HONOR TO WELCOME YOU, ONE AND ALL TO THE TOWN OF VONSALL AND TO THIS YEAR'S MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE! THOUGH WE FIND OURSELVES IN DARK TIMES ACROSS THIS GREAT LAND, IT DOES MY HEART PROUD TO SEE YOU COME AND JOIN US IN CELEBRATION AND CAST SPITE IN THE TEETH OF THOSE WHO WOULD BRING FEAR TO THIS REALM. GLADLY DOES THE TOWN OF VONSALL OPENS ITS DOORS TO YOU, AND HOPE THAT YOU WILL ALL JOIN US ON THE FIELD OF HONOR AT ---insert time here--- FOR THE FAIRE'S PROPER OPENING CEREMONIES. UNTIL THEN, WE OPEN THESE DOORS, AND OUR ARMS, AND WELCOME YOU TO MAKE WHAT MERRY YOU MAY, SO LONG AS IT HARM NONE, ONCE MORE TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!!! HUZZAH!

All: HUZZAH!

*(quickly Tag and Bink move to “open the doors” while Ceelu sputters a bit about that not being what was written down. Aurick steps in quickly, while Bastien greets a couple of the patrons and may even escort one inside the festivities before leaving)*

**---END SCENE 1---**

## Scene 2

**Characters needed: (the entire cast will be onstage eventually, also a few extras dressed up as members of the Cuulayne Allied Legion. They will be standing at arms near the General. More an honor guard, so no more than 4, plus Tag & Bink)**

**(The scene opens with General Ghelryn, Councilor Faelar, and Ceelu walking along the field of honor, talking. While the General's guardsmen, including Tag and Bink, are standing at arms near the entrance to the field. As always, Ceelu's head is down and trying to stay out from underfoot until the councilor needs her)**

Faelar: I see that as we come closer to the time of the opening ceremonies, that the Northlander representatives have yet to arrive?

Ghelryn: I take that to mean, Councilor Faelar, you have doubts about whether or not they'll show up?

Faelar: Of the words I would use to describe them, General Ghelryn, reliable would be far down the list, yes.

Ghelryn: You'd best improve your opinion and hope they do arrive, Councilor. A couple of centuries in those harsh realms of theirs after the Great War hasn't dulled their taste for combat any, and we're going to need such warriors against the number of the Dominion.

Faelar: A fact I am all too aware of. *(sighs and looks down, letting the veneer of the politician drop)* Forgive me, General. I do not mean to sound as disapproving as I do. But unlike yourself, I was alive for the Great War centuries ago, and I still carry old prejudices with me that I should have left behind decades ago.

Ghelryn: Aye, the folk of Gruumor may not be as long lived as you Elvish types, but we're familiar enough with carrying grudges, and its not as if I haven't lost Legionnaires at the hands of some damned Northlander raiders over the years. But this war with the Dominion... *(leaves the end hanging purposefully)*

Faelar: *(nodding)* ...and with the absence of the Green Man's protection. We must finally bring the Northlanders into the fold, truly make them the allies we should have after the Great War ended.

*(As if on cue, Major Bastien and Warden Aurick walk on field. Bastien appearing every bit the clean, professional soldier. While Aurick looks more like fur trapper... but at least the furs and his weapons are clean... mostly)*

Aurick: Might have helped to treat them more as allies who'd lost their way instead of as conquered enemies.

Faelar: *(looking at the Warden, his expression and words dour, and very precise)* They were treated as evenly as was possible at the time. They instigated the war, and nearly brought the whole realm to ruin.

Aurick: *(begins walking around the Councilor, sizing him up. Ceelu shrinks back away from her boss as Aurick stalks)* Seems that isn't the whole of the history you're remembering, Councilor. The war wasn't caused by the Northlanders alone, yet we were the ones who bore the brunt of the Allied Lands "displeasure" when they dragged one false chief away to the Unseen Lands, yet left one of his own people claim the crown.

Faelar: *(looking down at the Warden, angrily)* Have a care, Warden. I don't take kindly to being called a liar, even through inference.

Aurick: *(unphased by the Councilor's words, and looking back just as sternly)* Councilor, as a Warden, as a Northlander, believe me that when I say if I was calling you a liar, there wouldn't be anything to infer.

*(For more than a few tense moments, Aurick and Faelar stare each other down, neither one willing to give an inch. General Ghelryn steps up next to Faelar and mutters a few things, Bastien grabs a physically pulls Aurick away)*

Bastien: That's what I like about you Aurick, always making new friends.

Aurick: *(grinning)* Of course, that's because I'm so warm and cuddly.

Ghelryn: *(looking over at the Major, hoping to diffuse the situation)* Major Bastien, I take it that this... gentleman is who we have to thank for making the arrangements with the Northlander Clan chiefs?

Bastien: Yes, General. *(straightens up)* Might I present, Warden Aurick. He's a good man, and I've fought with him quite a few times.

Ghelryn: You mean beside him?

Bastien: Yes, that too. *(Aurick barks out a loud laugh)* His demeanor aside, there really is a decent mind hiding in there, and it was his thought to go the Northlanders in the first place.

Aurick: Oh yes, turn to the one group of people left who aren't fighting the Dominion. Truly, I am a tactical mastermind.

Ghelryn: Aye, but while it was obvious to you, none of the other Allies would have been able to even get to the chiefs without a fight the way you did. I have heard of you Warden, the Head Warden speaks well of you, the former Head Warden tries not to.



Aurick: *(turns to Bastien)* See, I told you. Warm and cuddly. *(obviously more serious now)* But still, I've done the best I can General. I can only ask them to come and listen, after that, it's up to you.

Ghelryn: Let us hope that is enough.

*(At this point, Sarre and her two bodyguards walk up to the General's men, and some words are traded beyond the hearing of the audience. She is showing them a letter of credential and asking to be brought to the General and the Councilor. Though none of the main actors standing on the field have made note of her, yet. Tag and Bink take up positions flanking Sarre and her bodyguards and lead them out onto the field to meet the Councilor and General.)*

Bink: Uh, Excuse me. General Ghelryn, uh, Councilor Faelar. There's someone saying they've been sent by the Faerie Queen to meet you.

*(Now they turn to see Sarre standing there, impatiently waiting to be introduced properly. Her two bodyguards Umar & Raize keeping eerily quiet as they watch everyone on the field who dares come close to their precious charge. The five on the field turn to greet Sarre and are all caught off guard by her presence. The Councilor takes a moment to compose a greeting, as does the General. Aurick leers a bit and lets out an appreciative whistle)*

Faelar: I... see. *(unsure of this new arrival)* I was not aware that the Faerie Queen was sending any representatives.

*(Sarre says nothing and looks to one of her bodyguards, snapping her fingers and then pointing to the councilor. Umar draws out a roll of parchment and presents it to the Councilor)*

Umar: May I present to you, Lady Sarre of the Fae Court of Kuuki and personal friend of the Queen.

*(Sarre waits while Faelar is handed the scroll and reads from it, her look never wavers from the Councilor.)*

Faelar: Of course, I, Councilor Faelar extend the warmest welcomes of the people of Vonsall and of the Cuulayne Allied Council to the Fae Queen's representative. I do apologize for the lack of a proper welcoming committee, but again, I was unaware of any representative coming here.

Gherlryn: Much less a Faerie.

Sarre: *(looks down at that comment at Ghelryn as if noticing him finally for the first time. There's a look on her face, a twist to her lips as if she wants to say something... unkind. But her stone faced expression becomes far more faerie like as she moves about the group, past her bodyguards who tense seeing her move beyond their protection)* Oh, there's no need to apologize, my dear Councilor, and my... Dwarven friend?

Ghelryn: *(sternly)* General Ghelryn, my lady.

Sarre: *(smiles disarmingly)* Of course, of course. No no, I was asked to come here by the Queen, did I tell you she's a friend of mine? Im sure it was in the letter. *(moving on before anyone has a chance to comment)* Yes well the Queen is as much concerned with the Northlanders joining us as anyone else and asked me to come and see if there was anyway I could help the proceedings.

Faelar: It is not that I am ungrateful, I was just unaware anyone else was being sent.

Sarre: Well, it was something of a spur of the moment decision for the Queen. I forget what else she was doing at the time. I think she learned about it while doting on her grandnephew from Kobalos, so she asked me to come and here I am.

Ghelryn: *(grumbling)* Aye, well that certainly sounds like the Fae queen.

Faelar: *(looks to the General)* Diplomacy, General. *(steps forward and takes Sarre's hand in greeting. Umar & Raize tense at seeing someone touch their mistress)* Lady Sarre, I most humbly accept on behalf of the Allied Council any assistance you can grant us in these negotiations.

Sarre: *(accepts the greetings and lets out a little laugh)* My, aren't you the proper one? Well then, on behalf of the queen, we thank you. Now... *(walks amongst the General, Major Bastien, and Aurick)* Who might these other excellent specimens be?

Faelar: *(begins to speak)* The gentlemen at my side...

Ghelryn: *(interrupting the councilor)* Thank you, Faelar, but I'm capable of introducing myself. *(coughs)* General Ghelryn of the Cuulayne Allied Legion, my Lady, and I apologize for my comments earlier, and this is my adjutant, Major Bastien.

*(Sarre nods and greets the General appropriately, turns to see Major Bastien and her eyes light up a little. Bastien stands tall and bows in greeting to the 'ambassador'.)*

Sarre: Generals, and Majors. So many officers.

Aurick: Yes, we're up to our brass in them.

Sarre: *(eyes narrowed, and looks to Aurick)* A northlander, a chieftan considering all the weapons you're allowed to carry? I didn't think that they would only send a single representative.

Aurick: They didn't. But yes, I am a Northlander, more importantly, a Warden. *(emphasizes the word Warden. He doesn't trust Sarre)* Warden Aurick.

Sarre: Oh. I wasn't aware there were to be any Magi here.

Aurick: I didn't say there were.

Bastien: *(steps over and pushes his friend back a step, hand on his shoulder to calm him down a bit)* Perhaps now might be a good time to practice being warm and cuddly. *(turns back to Sarre)*

Please forgive my friend, Wardens spend so much time on their own, they tend to forget how to talk properly to real people. *(Aurick grumbles something unintelligible)* However, were it not for Warden Aurick, we'd not be meeting with the Northlanders in the first place.

Sarre: *(looking about)* Yes, well, I was about to ask. If this is the Warden, then I must have missed seeing the Northlanders.

Faelar: Ah, no, Lady Sarre. You did not miss them, they have yet to arrive.

Sarre: *(seems a bit crestfallen)* Oh, you mean I wasn't the last to arrive?

Aurick: *(growling to Bastien)* No worries, I don't think she's all here yet. *(Bastien elbows Aurick back a step)*

Bastien: I have no doubt they'll be here. The Warden did his best to convince them to come.

Sarre: *(turns)* Let us hope his best was good enough then.

*(Before Aurick can say anything in retort, Tag interrupts the group and points at a trio of roughly dressed Northlanders waiting on the edge of the field)*

Tag: Well, it looks it was good enough to get some of them to show up. General, Councilor, over there. *(points at the trio)*

Bink: They're here. *(drags out the 'heeeeeeeeeeeeeere'.* **Writer's note: -- Yes, Poltergeist. Because I can.)**

*(Chiefs Ragnar, Olver, and Skeld stand to one side of the field. Near the other (extra) Legionnaires. None of the three of them are saying anything, just watching the field intently)*

Faelar: *(frowns seeing just the 3 of them)* Only three of them? There are dozens of disparate tribes up in Northlands, and you could only get 3 of them to come to our aid?

*(Unbidden, the 3 northlanders stride forward proudly. Ragnar flanked on either side by Olver and Skeld)*

Ragnar: *(Standing before the Councilor, hand on his weapon belt)* No. Only three of us to come and listen to you ask for our aid.

Skeld: You should be thankful for that much.

*(Aurick steps up, standing next to Faelar, and pats him roughly on his chest, like he was an old friend)*

Aurick: Speak honestly, and wisely, enough, Faelar, and these three will be more than enough. *(steps past the sputtering councilor and the others on the field to clasp arms with each of the chieftans)* I'm glad at least you three have come. It's good to see you Ragnar.

Ragnar: *(nods and clasps arms with Aurick)* You as well, Aurick. We will have to have words later.

Aurick: Several. *(moves on to Skeld)* I almost didn't expect you to come, Skeld.

Skeld: I almost didn't. But if it was a choice between leading my warriors on another Boar hunt, or come here and listen to an actual bore, I chose the one that put the most distance between me and my wife.

Aurick: See, you are the wisest man of your people. *(finally greets and clasps arms with Olver)* Olver, good to see someone with sense here.

Olver: I almost didn't think you were here. None of the buildings are on fire.

Aurick: One stable, Olver. It was ONE stable.

Ghelryn: *(coughs)* Not to interrupt ye, but if you'd see fit to introduce us.

Aurick: Huh? Oh... yes. *(stands next to the Northlanders)* Right, folks in charge of Vonsall, and high ranking Legionnaires, might I present the chiefs of 3 of the largest tribes of the Northlands. *(Aurick points at each one of the chieftans as he names them)* Ragnar, Skeld, and Olver.

*(the three chieftans say little, staring down the Councilor, the General and the other allies)*

Faelar: Um, yes. Honored chieftans, I am Councilor Faelar of the Allied Council and Minister of Vonsall and welcome you to our Midsummer Festival in hopes of forging a lasting alliance...

Ragnar: *(walks about, inspecting each of the people present, except for Aurick and interrupts the councilor, his voice stern, unyielding, announcing to those gathered AND the audience)* I am Ragnar, son of Grimnar, and Chief of the Storm Wolves. My allies are Chief Skeld of the Grey Talons and Chief Olver of the Fianna. We know of your war with the invaders from beyond the mountains, and of your need for allies to fight YOUR war. A war my people no part of. *(stops, and looks at the councilor)* But we have come, to fulfill a debt, and so here we stand, ready to listen... for the moment.

*(all characters, save for the northlanders, Sarre, and Aurick trade worried glances at the declaration. To his credit, Faelar recovers quickly and stiffens)*

Faelar: I understand your hesitation and hope that you will be open to hearing our plea, for I do not use these words lightly, but this is truly the Allied Lands darkest hour... and we need your help.

*(Ragnar tilts his head, as if considering something then looks to the other two chieftans.)*

Skeld: *(nodding)* Aye.

Olver: *(shrugs)* Aye.

Ragnar: *(rejoins the two chieftans)* Make your case, councilor.

*(Ghelryn steps between the councilor and the chiefs)*

Ghelryn: We will, once the minister completes the opening ceremonies of the festival.

Olver: There's war on your doorstep and you've decided to make time... for a party?

Ghelryn: The midsummer festival is important, it is a gathering, a celebration of life. A life we'll not have dictated to us by fear of a creature like the Sovereign or his hordes.

Olver: *(breaks ranks with the other two chieftans and places a hand on the shoulder of the general)* I can think of no better reason than to celebrate. *(turns to his compatriots)* Perhaps there's more Northlander spine in these people than rumor has led us to believe.

Ragnar: Perhaps. Make your speeches, councilor. We will be... patient.

Faelar: My gratitude to you then Lord Ragnar, son of Grimnar, Chief of the Stormwolves for your understanding. *(turns to the crowd as he draws himself up, and quickly shakes loose the doubts and fears of the past few moments as he goes to address the audience)* Hear ye all lords and ladies! Gentlebeings of every species from all corners of the Allied Lands! IT is our greatest honor to open the doors of our fair town of Vonsall and welcome you, one and all to the MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE! *(-- pause --)* We have opened our gates and welcome all of you to join us in celebrating the passing of the Summer Solstice, and in defiance of the shadow cast over our lands by the war with the Sovereign! We defy the dominion by celebrating life, by opening our arms and welcoming strangers as family. In this, we thank you, one and all for coming to our humble home. As a special thank you, we ask that you all come back to this field of honor at *(---insert time here---*) as our mightiest and most cunning warriors engage in a dazzling display of skill and talent in a special tournament of champions!! Until such time, we have opened the doors of Vonsall to you all, ask you to make what merry you may and once more welcome you to the MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE! HUZDAH!

All: Huzzah!!

---END SCENE 2---

## Scene 3

**Characters needed: Councilor Faelar and Ceelu, General Ghelryn, Major Bastien, Warden Aurick, Chiefs Ragnar, Olver, and Skeld, and Sarre and Umar & Raize.**

*(Scene opens with the 3 chieftans lounging about a table that had been set up for them to 'negotiate' around. All 3 are drinking from large cups, and trading tales as if they were simply enjoying the fair, and not about to decide whether or not to enter a war. An ale barrel has been provided for them while they wait for the Cuulayne delegation. Warden Aurick and Major Bastien are the first to arrive.)*

Aurick: *(stepping past the 3 chieftans and using his own cup and drawing out his own drink)* Good. I was hoping to have the good fortune not to sit through these talks sober.

Skeld: *(sourly)* I'm surprised to find that you're sober now.

Aurick: Not for lack of trying on my part. But the major here is insisting on keeping my carousing to a minimum.

Olver: *(getting up from his seat and moving to clasp arms with Bastien)* The Major's a wise man, defending it both from the Dominion and from you. *(greets Bastien)* Been a while, Bastien.

Bastien: *(clasping arms with Olver)* It has, Chief Olver. Glad to see that you were among the ones that decided to attend.

Skeld: Don't think your friendship with the Fianna will so easily lead to influence with the rest of us.

Bastien: *(turns to the other chieftan)* I would never presume such a thing, Chief Skeld. But Olver's an old friend, and he can at least confirm much of what my people will have to say.

Aurick: *(takes a long draw from his mug, before dropping down into a seat)* Old friends? I knew you'd had dealings with some of the tribes, didn't realize those dealings were that close.

Bastien: Raiders tend not to pay heed to boundaries, and Olver and I have a dim view of anyone who routinely tries harming our people, on either side of the borders.

Olver: Plus his friendship has come with the added benefit of never resulting in property damage.

Aurick: It was an old stable, and I had to kill those Hrulgrin before they escaped. Fire tends to work best, and it keeps you warm after the monster slaying.

Bastien: Hrulgrin?

Olver: Demon horses from the... wherever. Claws instead of hooves, bigger than normal horses, and they crave the taste of meat and aren't choosy about where they get it.

Aurick: *(shudders)* They don't neigh. They screech, and they growl. It makes a man's blood run cold. Trust me, one fire was a small price to pay for ending those creatures. *(Aurick caps the sentence by taking a long drink from his cup)*

Olver: *(sighs considering the Warden's words)* True. *(then follows Aurick's example and takes a long drink. The others follow suit and let the silence hang for a brief moment)*

Skeld: *(looking about the area)* How much longer until the elf and the dwarf arrive?

Bastien: *(sourly)* Councilor Faelar and General Ghelryn will be along shortly, Chief Skeld. They have no intention of taking up anymore of your time than they have to.

Skeld: Any more than they already have?

Bastien: *(staring back at Chief Skeld)* You think we're wasting your time? That what we have to ask of you isn't worth a fair hearing?

Ragnar: *(intercedes himself between the two men before Skeld can reply)* Skeld is not one to mince words, Major. As Aurick has asked of me, I have asked it of Skeld, we are here to listen. That does not mean he will be silent when you speak.

Aurick: *(grunts)* Yes, Tyr forgive that Skeld show up somewhere and not keep his mouth shut.

*(Ragnar's stony expression briefly cracks as he hides a smile behind taking a drink, Skeld sits up eyeballing the Warden)*

Skeld: Watch your tongue, Clanless. It's a long trek back through the northlands to make with a broken leg.

Aurick: *(grins and shakes one of his legs)* If you break one, make sure its this one. Im sure I've broken it one less time than the other, and it always aches when its cold.

Skeld: Its always cold in the Northlands.

Aurick: Huh, so it is. What an amazing thing.

Bastien: *(before Skeld can get up to react to the Warden, Bastien walks over and kicks Aurick back, making the Warden fall back in his chair onto the ground. The major leans forward as Aurick is caught by surprise)* Aurick... in the name of the Balance, please... Shut. Up.

Aurick: *(grumbling from his spot on the ground, more surprised than anything)* You could have just asked.

Ragnar: I believe he just did.

*(Aurick grumbles out a “fine, fine” as Bastien helps the Warden back up to his feet, and rights the chair knocked over in the scuffle. While the Clan chiefs watch, Councilor Faelar and Ceelu, General Ghelryn, and Sarre with one of her bodyguards all walk on scene together. The councilor and Ceelu stop at and trade some parchments back and forth, with the councilor making some sort of notes. Sarre says nothing, while her bodyguard, Umar, watches everyone suspiciously. Ghelryn grabs a mug and pours himself a drink from the available tankard)*

Ghelryn: *(Watches as Aurick is helped up off the ground)* Major Bastien, I didn't realize you had already started negotiations.

Bastien: Just handling an asset, General.

*(Aurick looks like he wants to say something, but he looks in Ragnar's direction, who shakes his head, shrugs it off and steps back.)*

Ghelryn: So I see.

*(Faelar fusses with his robes as he composes himself. Ceelu has her quill out, making notes as the councilor speaks. Sarre stalks to one side of the table, her bodyguard Umar quickly moving to retrieve a chair for his mistress.)*

Faelar: Clan chiefs of the Northlands, please accept my most humble apologies as to our tardiness. It was our every intention to be here to greet you as men of your station and this most dire situation requires, but members of our party arrived late due to other briefly pressing matters. But now that we are here, might I extend to you the gratitude of the Council at Anleigh, the people of Vonsall, and indeed all the peoples of the Allied Lands for coming here and being willing to listen to our pleas in what has become Cuulayne's darkest hours.

Skeld: In the time it took you to deliver that pretty speech, we could have said 'no' and been on our way home by now.

Faelar: *(undeterred)* Pardon my indulgence, Chief Skeld. Today is intended as a day of celebration, and with the importance of what we have to ask of you, please forgive a few words intended for history's sake.

Sarre: *(interrupts, and walks amongst the gathered men, Umar tense as she leaves his side)* Gentlemen, please, let us not forget why we are here. *(turns to the Clan chiefs, a hint of playfulness in her tone)* It was entirely my fault that the councilor and the general were late. I had one of my bodyguards running an errand and simply lost track of the time. In the lands of Kuuki we are not so concerned with... schedules. Could you ever forgive my lack of manners?

Bastien: *(smiles and steps forward, taking the lady's hand. Umar takes a single step forward as if he means to cut Bastien's heart out until a single glance from Sarre cows him into submission)* Lady Sarre, to have a presence such as yours here at this most dire of gatherings, a few moments of waiting is simply no time at all.



Sarre: A proper gentlemen, and an officer. You are indeed a rare treat, Major. *(holds at her hand)* If you'd be so kind as to escort me to a seat? *(with a courtly bow, Bastien escorts Sarre over to a seat, before he has a chance to move it, Umar rushes over and prepares it for Sarre, almost snarling as he insists to be the one to help her from now on. Bastien releases the lady's hand, nods politely and steps backwards, taking care not to show his back to Sarre. He almost ends up bumping into Aurick.)*

Aurick: *(grumbling quietly)* Really? "a presence such as yours..." ? *(Bastien says nothing, simply shrugging as he takes his place by General Ghelryn.)*

Ragnar: There is still sun in the sky, and drink in the barrel. Lateness can be forgiven easily enough, but speeches are things best left to after the bleeding is done.

Faelar: Of course, Chief Ragnar. *(takes a moment)* I am sure you are all aware of why you've been asked to come here, if you'll give me a moment, I think it best to distill the events of the past year down so that there is no confusion. Agreed?

Ragnar: *(turns to the other two chiefs who nod)* Aye.

Faelar: General Ghelryn, if you please?

Ghelryn: *(nods and takes a long drink from his cup)* Last year, shortly before the beginning of the Midsummer Festivals that took place throughout Cuulayne, several Cuulayne Allied Legionnaire outposts were struck by unknown attackers. The outposts were destroyed entirely and what soldiers survived the initial attacks were forced out into the surrounding countryside, where many more of them were hunted down and slaughtered. *(Ghelryn takes a moment, as he seethes at the loss of life, Bastien shows signs of anger over loss of life as well, but remains silent)* Then on the first day of the Festival, with the attacks on the Legion unknown at that time, two men identifying themselves as 'Primarch' and 'General Chyraxus' arrived with a contingent of soldiers at the gates of Miyrfall. They claimed to be representatives of someone called the Sovereign and were attending the festival as diplomats. Shortly thereafter they took the townspeople hostage, killed the Lord Mayor, and then claimed that everyone within was now part of the Dominion.

Ragnar: And what is this "Dominion"?

Ghelryn: *(sighs)* We don't know.

*(all three clan chiefs sit up, a bit shocked at the admission. The three wants to start asking questions at once until Faelar holds out his hands)*

Faelar: Clan chiefs of the Northlands, please. We will do what we can to answer your questions, but sadly, our tale has yet to finish.

Skeld: What? It gets worse?

Aurick: *(sitting up)* Afraid so. Seems taking Miyrfall was a trap, and the General and Primarch were the bait.

Olver: A trap? For who?

*(initially, all the Cuulayne delegates are hesitant to answer, until finally...)*

Ceelu: *(whispering)* For the Green Man.

Ragnar: *(incredulous)* What did you say? *(ceelu squeaks and shrinks back from the shocked Clan chief. Ragnar speaks in a more measured tone now to the adjutant)* Louder this time, little one. What did you say?

Ceelu: It... it was a trap for the Green Man. Those monsters lured him to Miyrfall to kill him!

*(the words hit the three clan chiefs like a physical blow, each of them look to one another as they try to comprehend what they've just been told)*

Olver: I'd heard rumors... but... no, they couldn't possibly kill the Green Man. Could they?

Ghelryn: I'm afraid it is. The one called Primarch was Forsaken, an exile from the Unseen lands who'd become twisted because of it. He'd also been given a weapon by the Sovereign, something that would ensure that even once his body was dead, the power of the Unseen would not simply create another Green Man.

Ragnar: *(shocked)* What... what is this Sovereign that he has such knowledge?

Ghelryn: *(coughs)* We... we don't know.

Skeld: We seem to be hearing that a lot from you, General.

Aurick: You'd rather the man lie to you?

Skeld: *(sourly, thinking for a moment, then nodding)*: No... you have a point, Clanless. Your honesty is appreciated, General.

Ghelryn: Yes. Well. Once the Primarch had "killed" the Green Man, the order was given to kill everyone in Miyrfall that did not swear allegiance to the Sovereign. That was when the former Head Warden Kaine intervened.

Olver: Of course he would be there. Where there is trouble, you'll often find a Warden.

Aurick: Sometimes more than one.

Ghelryn: *(interrupting to finish the details before it could go any further)* Kaine had managed to gather survivors from the attack on Fort Tonitrus and working with the Legionnaires and people of Miyrfall took back the town, killed Primarch, and forced General Chyraxxus to surrender.

Ragnar: And yet still the Dominion persists? Without a general, and this... Primarch? Does this mean the Sovereign has taken the field somewhere in Cuulayne?

Ghelryn: Not that we've become aware of, no. But without the Green Man's watchful eyes over the Allied Lands, the Sovereign has other agents with power that have pressed their way in alongside Dominion soldiers. Who are themselves vicious and incredibly well disciplined. The Dominion came here ready for war, and caught us completely off guard. The victory at Miyrfall has been one of our few during the war. The Dominion has pressed their advantage, and even with the help of our allies thus far we have at best been able to hold them at bay.

Ragnar: You say with the help of your allies. Have the Dominion made incursions into lands beyond Cuulayne?

Ghelryn: Kobalos and Gruumor have seen some conflict, but they've launched no major drives into either land. Sylvanus is under siege even as is Cuulayne. The Sovereign's people hold the Animal Kin in contempt as much as they do those of the land of Draiocht, referring to them as mongrels and abominations.

Faelar: The elven lands far to the east, and will not yet feel the march of the Dominion for awhile yet. But should Cuulayne fall, so will Iuaron.

Sarre: My own beloved Kuuki has also yet to fall prey to the Dominion, but the Queen is eager to help in every way she can.

Faelar: And so now we turn to you, our long estranged bretheren of the north. You have heard our tale, and our need for aid is quite great. Please, will you join us against the forces of Darkness? To stem the tide of evil that is the Sovereign? *(Faelar extends his hand to Ragnar, meant to be a simple gesture, but no less genuine. Ragnar stares first at Faelar, then at the extended hand)*

Ragnar: "Estranged bretheren of the north"? YOUR need for aid is "quite great"? *(begins to pace about the area)* Where was our aid when we needed it? Where was this claim of brotherhood after THE GREAT WAR??!

Faelar: *(shrinks back, letting his hand drop, the sudden anger frightening him)* Chief Ragnar... I don't... what do you mean?

Ragnar: What do I mean? At the end of the war, we had no leader. Our king, dead. His murder orchestrated by his usurper, his usurper dragged away to the Unseen Lands to face YOUR justice and not those of the people he led to their DEATHS! And the one who stood with him claimed to be our new leader and you treated us not like brothers, not with open arms, but with scorn! WITH DERISION! The blame for the Great War did not fall solely on the shoulders of the manipulator, but on the manipulated. ON US! Even our own former allies were welcomed to the Allied council, but there was NO seat for the tribes of the north. NO help in picking up the pieces of the lives lost during the War. Now, when you are at your most desperate, at your

hour of greatest need you come to US and beg for our help?! Why should we even continue listening to this any further?

*(as Ragnar's storm of words falls upon the assemblage, everyone is shocked by the fury in them, even the two clan chiefs are thrown by the words Ragnar used. Faelar takes a deep breath and stands resolute)*

Faelar: Because once they are done with us, they will come for you.

Ragnar: How do you know that? You don't know anything about the Sovereign.

Faelar: No, chief Ragnar. We know little about him, but what we do know is that he is a conqueror. A destroyer. All that will not bow to his whims will be crushed beneath his heel. Those who oppose him are heretics to be burned with cleansing fire, and once he is done crushing the only united front standing against his forces, he will simply move on and pick apart the rest.

Skeld: And what is to stop us from simply joining the Dominion?

Faelar: What?

Skeld: They have yet to even cross into the northlands, and we only have your word that the Sovereign seeks such wide ranging destruction. By your own words, he first came to kill the Green Man, and now bring the rest of you under Dominion rule. The northlanders have less love for the people of Draiocht or their avatar than we do for Cuulayne.

*(Faelar considers the words of Skeld, Ragnar's anger. But sees that Olver has yet to speak. Faelar's next words come as a surprise to everyone)*

Faelar: You... are quite correct, Chief Skeld. As are you, Chief Ragnar. You have asked for honesty, and you shall have it. We do not know, for sure, that the Sovereign will move north once he is done with us. But we have seen his actions against the Animal Kin, heard the words used by his zealots, his warriors. They worship the Sovereign as a god, and no words have been able to sway them. They relish the rush of battle, and take joy in bringing about the deaths of those the Sovereign claims to be his enemies, and if you do not make an enemy of the Sovereign, it is entirely possible he will simply leave your people alone.

Olver: And should we decided to join you...

Faelar: Yes, he will consider you as much an enemy as any other, and will target you should we be defeated. It is also beyond hypocritical to come to you for aid. I remember the end of the Great War, and though those on the battlefield made claims of peace, there were those of us scattered throughout the lands who were not so quick or willing to forgive our former enemies. The northlanders were the easiest to blame. What we did was wrong, and no words I have can possibly begin to make up for centuries of enmity. But, if nothing else, we are your neighbors

and we have never faced an enemy like the Sovereign. This is no hyperbole when I tell you this is our darkest hour, and I do not know if we can win alone. Please, will you help us?

Ragnar: *(sighs deeply, taking moments to consider the impassioned plea of the councilor, the desperate looks of the people around him)* You have given us much to consider. We will need time and privacy to discuss your words.

Faelar: *(slowly)* Of course, Ceelu will get you anything you require.

Ragnar: You will be gathering again later for more of these festivities?

Faelar: Yes, there is a warrior's tournament later this afternoon.

Ragnar: We will come to you then. Now please, this area will suit us, leave us.

Faelar: Of course. *(rises up and signals to the others that its time to leave)*

Ragnar: Aurick, I need you to stay. You are as much a Northlander as a Warden, clanless or not.

Aurick: *(deadly serious)* As you wish.

*(as the assemblage begins to depart, leaving the four northlanders to discuss things, Umar leaves Sarre's side and moves over to Major Bastien)*

Umar: Legionnaire, my Mistress Sarre would have words with you. *(stops and remembers the rest of what was said)* At your earliest... convenience.

Bastien: Of course. Once I have seen to my duties with the General, I will come to your lady. I would hate to disappoint her.

Umar: *(threateningly)* See that you do not, Legionnaire. *(turns and quickly scurries off to follow Lady Sarre off stage, while Bastien follows the General, leaving only the Northlanders behind to their dour task.)*

**---END SCENE 3---**

## Scene 4

**Characters required: Sarre, Umare & Raize, Major Bastien**

*(already waiting on stage are Sarre and one of her bodyguards, Umar. She is quite irritated that Major Bastien has yet to arrive. Umar's eyes are fixed always on Sarre, waiting for any moment to please his mistress at any task she asks of him. His hand ready to draw steel if he even perceives a threat to her)*

Sarre: Ugh, how much longer must I wait for this wretched human to arrive?

Umar: Would you like me to fetch him for you, Mistress? If his lateness displeases you, I can bring him back in pieces.

Sarre: *(pets Umar on the head as if she were giving approval to an animal, a pet)* That will not be needed... *(looks at him as if searching for a name)*

Umar: Umar, my mistress

Sarre: Yes... Umar. The major is quite the example of a Legionnaire. I have no doubts he will arrive. *(aggravated as she looks away)* Though I do wish he would hurry up and finish whatever errands he has for that dwarven dog he follows around.

*(Raize arrives, his expression just as fanatical as Umar's but less... squirrely. He stops before Sarre and lowers himself down to one knee and bows his head down in supplication before his mistress)*

Raize: Mistress, all the arrangements have been made. Once the task is complete, your safety has been assured.

Sarre: *(smiles)* Well done, my pet. I would hate to be inconvenienced once the chaos erupts.

Raize: Never, Mistress.

Sarre: This is but the first of many steps, and it had best be remembered who it was that took those steps to begin with.

*(her bodyguards remain silent, Raize in supplication and Umar standing watch while Sarre smile and considers future glories. Major Bastien begins to walk on stage, but Umar quickly moves over and blocks the Major's path. One hand on his chest, keeping him in place, the other on his weapon.)*

Umar: Hold your ground, Legionnaire.

Bastien: *(a little surprised, but holds his hands up in a non-threatening manner)* Of course, my friend. I did not mean to startle you, just answering your Lady's request that I meet with her.

Umar: *(sneers)* You will remain here while you are announced.

Bastien: By your leave, then.

*(obviously Sarre has heard the entire exchange, Raize has reacted by raising his head, ready to draw steel and kill the Major at a moment's notice. Sarre has even bothered to look in the Major's direction.)*

Umar: Mistress, the Legionnaire you commanded to meet with you has arrived.

Bastien: Commanded?

Sarre: *(turns from where she standing, or rises up from where she was sitting, and looks to the major, ignoring her bodyguards)* Major Bastien, how excellent of you to accept my invitation.

Bastien: *(from in front of Umar)* I could hardly consider otherwise, Lady Sarre. I'd have come to you immediately after the meeting, but a soldier's time is not always his own.

*(Sarre lets out a polite laugh, and strides over to the major. Umar steps aside without hesitation as)*

Sarre: You have such a lovely way with words, dear Major. One would think you'd spent a great deal of time among the fae. *(she stops in front of the major, leaving a hand lingering in front of the Major)*

Bastien: *(he takes the hand gently, deliberately, being aware that he is being watched by her bodyguards and bows in a courtly manner before Sarre)* Less than I've been able to, but it is a failing that I would like to correct if the Lady will permit me?

Sarre: *(smiles)* Oh, excellent indeed. You will do quite well.

Bastien: If I may ask, Lady Sarre. Why is it that you wanted to see me?

Sarre: *(leaning forward and taking the arm of the major and leading him about the area, bodyguards watching carefully, jealously)* I understand that despite that little flare up at the end of the first conversation with the northlanders, it will not be the last, correct?

Bastien: No, I expect not. With any luck the councilor's words at least explained how dire our situation is against the Dominion, and how much of an insult our request for help must seem given how they've been ignored since the end of the Great War. Plus, Warden Aurick is still with them, and his words will carry a great deal of weight with the chiefs.

Sarre: But there is no guarantee that they will aid the Allied Lands, even should all three decide in our favor?

Bastien: *(stops walking and thinks for a moment)* Not all of the assembled tribes of the Northlands, no. There will be a few that see this as a trick on our part, a way to finish off what was started so long ago. Others may see the tribes leaving for war as an opportunity for them to settle old grudges amongst themselves. Ragnar may claim that Gere was little more than an

installed leader at the end of the War, but even he knows some clans only used that as a pretense to break away and become a power unto themselves.

Sarre: What of the chances of them choosing to join the Dominion? To follow the Sovereign? The Dominion creed is one of strength of arm, and taking what they see as theirs through conquest. Surely that is similar enough to the ways of the Northlanders that they might welcome a being such as the Sovereign.

Bastien: *(stops short, his expression dark)* I mean no offense, but your impression of the Northlanders as a whole is beyond mistaken.

Sarre: Oh?

Bastien: The Northlands are a hard, cold place. Creatures roam among the wastes there that would make most beings blood run cold, and would give pause even to those among the lands of Draiocht. To live in such a place requires a certain strength, a level of fierceness, and a strong will. These are all traits held dear by the Clans of the North because such things mean you survive to see another day. It is not about conquest, it is live as they see fit.

Sarre: Please, Major Bastien, accept my most gracious of apologies. I meant no insult to you, or to the northlanders. They have quite the staunch ally in you.

Bastien: Apology accepted, my Lady, and I am sorry as well. The war with the Dominion has left me more exhausted than I care to think about, and even the façade of the officer slips because of from time to time.

Sarre: Then let us turn our attention to matters of a more amusing nature, pursuits I would like to think of as more fae-like.

Bastien: By your leave, Lady Sarre.

Sarre: Ive not attended one of these midsummer festivals outside of the lands of Kuuki before, but your councilor Faelar made mention of a tournament being held later? Some sort of test of arms?

Bastien: *(chuckles)* Yes. It is tradition during these days to hold some sort of game, a test of strength, of arms, of wit, anything really. We've enough warriors about these days that it was decided on to have a fighter's tournament. *(looks to Lady Sarre)* Does one of your bodyguards wish to participate? Perhaps even the lady herself? Looking to dominate the arena with a strength of arms as easily as she does the rest of us with her beauty?

Sarre: *(laughs politely)* No. My guardsmen would be loath to leave my side for too long, and I have no taste for combat. But, it is a grand function, and what I would require is... an escort, I believe you would call it. A companion that would stand at my side and attend me during the games.

Bastien: I see, and what manner of companion would my Lady require?



Sarre: A strong, proud one, I would think. An officer who stands as quite the example to others and is even admired by them. *(steps up close to the Major)* It was a role I was quite hoping you would be willing to play for me?

Bastien: *(grins wide)* As an officer of the Allied Legion, I could do no less. I would be honored to provide you... companionship... to the games.

Sarre: *(looking him in the eyes)* Then a bargain is struck?

Bastien: Eagerly, my Lady.

*(Sarre leans in and begins to seal the bargain with a kiss. For a moment... or however long is appropriate... things seem fine until Bastien's knees shudder and the kiss is broken as he falters back a step)*

Bastien: *(confused)* Huh? What... what is going on? Lady Sarre, why do I feel...?

*(It would help if there were some sort of affect or sound, or something happening at that moment. Otherwise he could simply feel foggy headed from the kiss as he looks to her eyes and sees that she is obviously using magic, charming him.)*

Sarre: Is there a problem, Major? You've been so eager to feel my embrace until now.

Bastien: *(stumbles back, pulling himself from her grasp, falling to the ground as he fights to clear his head)* Wait... no. Magic? You're using fae magic on me? I don't understand.

Sarre: *(steps closer to the major, looking to touch him again)* There is nothing you need to understand, Bastien. When I am done, you will never need worry about such things ever again.

Bastien: *(grits his teeth and finally forces Sarre away)* NO! I'll not become one of your dogs... *(the words he uses are revelation enough as he looks back to Sarre who is seething with rage of her own)* No, you're not one of the Queen's court...

Sarre: TAKE HIM!

*(her two bodyguards are already on the move as they move in and engage the Major. Both of them have weapons drawn, and seem as if they're going to easily overpower the shocked Bastien.)*

Sarre: Alive! I need him alive!

*(Umar being a bit too eager, moves in with his sword to gut the Major and does actually cut the Major, which is enough to bring the Major back enough to his wits to fight as he scuffles with both Raize and Umar. The two guard are quite proficient fighters, but the Major manages to take Umar's weapon away and even kick, or push, him back in a way that he knocks into Sarre. She shoves the bodyguard off of him while Raize becomes even more incensed at the assault on*

*his mistress. But the Major is able to barely fend off the attacks and begins to back away as he's getting ready to flee)*

Bastien: The Sovereign. You're working for the Sovereign? But WHY? Why would a faerie join the Dominion?

Sarre: Stop confusing me with one of those addle-minded children that flit about playing games! I am not simply some minor fae, I AM ONE OF THE SIDHE! (**pronounced: 'She'**) We used to walk this world as GODS before the Unseen enforced their wretched balance upon us! But now the Green Man is gone, it is the children of Draiocht that are in decline, and soon the Winter Court will be in power for time EVERLASTING!

Bastien: *(unsteadily holding the sword in one hand, trying to find the best way to escape)* I do so hate to disappoint a lady, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to decline your invitation. But I will enjoy escort you to your trial for treason.

Sarre: I don't care what you need to do, stop him or die trying!

*(Bastien is about to try and run off when both Raize and Umar rush forward. This time there is no attempt at even bothering to protect themselves. Umar is injured as he tackles the Major from one side, and Raize takes a hit or two before he manages to hold the Major fast from the other. Quickly he is disarmed and dragged, struggling before the now manic looking Sarre)*

Bastien: *(struggling)* Dammit. If I survive, Aurick is never going to let me live this down.

Sarre: *(growling at the Major)* You insult me, Major. I do believe we'd struck a bargain.

Bastien: Changed my mind, must've been the smell.

*(he is quickly silenced as Umar punches the Major)*

Sarre: I've had enough of this. *(Bastien acts as if he's going to say something in retort but is cut off as Sarre's hand quickly slaps down around his throat.)* DOMINARE!!!

*(the effect is a visible one, as with Sarre's words the magic should slam through the Major, knocking him completely to the ground and forcing even the two bodyguards to let go as the power pushes them away as well. Once the "dust" has settled, and Sarre standing there, her hand still clutched as if it's around Bastien's throat, the Major sits up, looking at Sarre.)*

Bastien: *(the words jump quickly to his lips as he quickly moves from whatever position he was in to kneeling at the feet of Sarre)* Mistress, command me!

Sarre: *(laughs evilly)* Good. Good. *(her two bodyguards sit up, looking around still woozy themselves she notes with some displeasure that Umar is injured)* My pet, *(she points to Umar)* that one has displeased me, and worse, he hit me. *(pausing for a moment before Umar can even respond)* Kill him.

*(Bastien without hesitation, and without any weapons gets up and gets his hands on Umar. Swiftly killing him by breaking his neck. Raize remains where he is, unmoved by the death of his former partner)*

Bastien: *(looking to Raize)* Would you wish me to kill that one as well, mistress?

Sarre: *(stepping over, petting the obedient Major like a dog)* That will not be necessary, my pet. Like you, he is still useful to me. Raize...

Raize: Yes, mistress.

Sarre: *(looks at the corpse)* Dispose of this, and then join us. *(looking at the Major)* We have to clean the Major up before we attend the tournament. We wouldn't want anyone to assume that anything was wrong if the Major showed up looking like he was in a fight, would we?

Raize: No mistress, of course not.

Bastien: You have a task for me as well, Mistress?

Sarre: Yes, my pet. When the time is right, after the tournament has ended, you're going to kill one of the Chieftans, and you're going to do it in the name of the Legion.

Bastien: I look forward to the task, mistress.

Sarre: *(smiles)* I know you do.

**---END SCENE 4---**

## Scene 5

### **Characters needed: All (except Umar, he dead)**

*(Councilor Faelar, Ceelu, General Ghelryn, Tag and Bink are already on field along with other extras who are all milling about. Some are drinking, some are testing weapons, others are signing up for the competition. Tag and Bink are both wearing older Legion armor and looking nervously as they wait for the competition to start. Also strange, is seeing the General also wearing armor, and carrying a Warhammer (or Waraxe) )*

Faelar: *(looking at the general)* Do you think it wise for a General to partake in a tournament of this nature, General Ghelryn?

Ghelryn: *(taking a few swings with his weapon)* It was a suggestion of the Warden's. Seeing officers in battle, even mock battle, may sway the opinions of the chiefs.

Faelar: I can see the wisdom in that, however it does seem unwise for an officer to participate in a competition where he might lose.

Ghelryn: *(smiling)* Then I guess I'd better not lose then, aye Faelar?

Faelar: Hrm... quite. Do try not to hurt the chieftans too badly then.

Ghelryn: I make no promises. Chiefs Ragnar and Olver I like well enough, but Skeld looks like a cup of turned ale tastes.

Faelar: He voices the same concerns of the others, he is simply far less politic about it than others would be. Chief Skeld is a straightforward man, and with a straightforward person, you always know where you stand.

Ghelryn: *(frowns)* Right now that thought is no comfort.

Faelar: Let us hope then, that until a final decision is made, we can at least enjoy this brief diversion in the tournament.

Ghelryn: I notice you're not participating.

*(Ceelu cracks out a little laugh from behind Faelar. She is quickly silenced by a stern look from the councilor)*

Faelar: I have long since left the role of warrior behind me, General. I prefer the task of administrator for now, thank you. Besides, I think far too many would ache at the chance of taking a few swings at a politician, and I have no desire to be on the receiving end of their ire.

Ghelryn: Nice to see wisdom does come with all those years.

Faelar: Let us hope that wisdom will be of more aid to us with the Nothlanders. They have been talking for quite some time.

Ghelryn: (rests the weapon on the ground, nodding) It's a difficult decision to make, to ask your people to go to war. Moreso for those they once thought of as an enemy.

Faelar: That is why I hold out some hope, General. No is the simplest answer to give, and would require very little time at all.

*(On cue, the 3 northlander chiefs and Warden Aurick walk on stage. All 4 of them have dour expressions as they walk up to the group. The chieftans say nothing as they move past the general and the councilor to the tournament "sign up table" to examine the weapons they'll be allowed to use. Aurick stops before the Ghelryn and Faelar, a grim look on his face.)*

Ghelryn: That is a lot of silence coming from the clan chiefs, Warden. Is there anything you need to tell us about your countrymen's decision?

Aurick: *(takes a deep breath as the Chiefs continue planning for the tournament)* The tournament is a series of one on one fights, a good chance in these brackets of anyone ending up against anyone?

Ghelryn: *(uneasily)* Yes...

Aurick: Good. *(purposefully at the chiefs)* There are a few clan chiefs that are going to need several solid smacks upside the head in order to get some salient details through their thick skulls!

*(Skeld turns and looks at Aurick, he takes a step towards him as if he's not going to wait for the tournament for a fight, but is quickly stopped when Ragnar puts a hand on his chest, holding him back and then shaking his head and telling the Northlander to stand down)*

Faelar: Do you have something to report to us, Warden Aurick?

Skeld: Yes, Clanless. Do you have something to report? Some piece of news to pass on to the ones holding your leash?

Ragnar: *(what was just a hand keeping Skeld in place, the chief uses to firmly push the Northlander back and onto the ground.)* The Warden is bound by law and duty to wait until the tournament before trading blows with you. *(looking down at the chief)* I. Am. Not.

Olver: *(looking down at Skeld)* You brought that upon yourself, Skeld. *(turns to Ghelryn and Faelar)* We have not come to any formal decision yet, and we thought it best to be here in time for the tournament.

Faelar: We thank you for your candor, Chief Olver. We understand that what has been asked of you is no simple thing, and would never think to force you into a rash decision. But asking for

the help of your people in the war against the Dominion is not something Cuulayne does lightly, so please forgive us for asking the Warden before you were ready to tell us yourselves.

Olver: Of course, councilor. Just, try to keep Aurick from shooting off his mouth and we'll do our best to keep Skeld from declaring war on the Wardens.

Faelar: Once more, our thanks, Chief Olver. *(turns to Aurick)* Warden, in the interests of peace, please, try to stop making the Northlanders angry.

Aurick: *(steps forth as if he wants to say something, then starts muttering as he turns and stomps to the table, avoiding the other 3 clan chiefs so that he can sign up for the tournament himself)*

Faelar: *(tilts his head to one side)* I am afraid I did not hear what he was saying, but he seems to at least be avoiding the other chieftans.

Ceelu: I could be mistaken, but I swear he kept saying "warm and cuddly" over and over again...  
*(and now Sarre, Raize, and Major Bastien enter the scene. Bastien has been cleaned up and his uniform fixed since the scuffle in scene 4. He is escorting Lady Sarre and is very stiff and formal, and non-communicative, but looking for any potential threat to his new Mistress. Sarre is once again acting the part of flighty fae nobility)*

*(Sarre comes to a stop in front of the councilor and the general, Raize gives the group a wide berth watching everything for a potential threat. Faelar bows in grand fashion to Sarre, Ghelryn grunts out a greeting... not being rude, but he's a dwarf)*

Faelar: Once again, I am honored to extend the greeting of the council of Anleigh and the town of Vonsall to the lovely envoy from the queen's court at Kuuki.

Sarre: And I am ever so grateful to accept your well wishes. *(moves a few steps forward looking around)* I see that the Northlander chieftans are here. *(pauses)* Are they going to be competing in the tournament as well?

Ghelryn: Aye. They've been talking a long time. Not something the northlanders are fond of without a fight breaking out. Plus engaging in a test of combat with members of the Legion may sway their opinion.

Sarre: How would fighting in a mock fight convince them to join us?

*(Aurick walks back from the table, having completed his 'sign up', staying away from the chieftans)*

Aurick: Combat is combat to Northlanders. Show you are willing to fight for what you want, that it would mean either your life or your pride should you lose, and you earn our respect, Lady Sarre.

Sarre: I see...

Ceelu: *(shifts over to Major Bastien)* Major, will... will you be competing in the tournament?

Bastien: *(It takes a moment, but finally Bastien looks down, as if noticing Ceelu for the first time. His tone is a cold one because he is still dominated by Sarre's power)* Mistress Sarre has deemed it necessary she be properly attended during the games. As such I have no time for such, meaningless... things. *(quickly rebuffed Ceelu retreats back to her place near Faelar, not expecting such harsh words from the Major)*

Aurick: *(stepping over to the Major)* "Mistress" Sarre? Really? I didn't think you were going to work THAT quickly...

Bastien: Warden Aurick, if you are implying anything inappropriate, I'll see to it personally the tournament will be the least of your problems.

Aurick: *(takes a deep breath, looking at the Major, then at Sarre. Quickly his attitude changes)* Oh of course, 'Major' Bastien. Please give my apologies to 'Mistress Sarre' for being so crass, its all that Northlander blood in me.

Sarre: *(laughs)* Oh my. But of course I accept your apologies, Warden. I know you meant no insult, and were being far too informal with the Major here. Wasn't he?

Bastien: Yes, Warden. She has accepted your apology, graciously.

*(Aurick steps back, sensing something is amiss, but not being able to figure out what it is... yet)*

Ghelryn: Yes... Councilor, I think it best to use some of the centuries old wisdom and move things along before anymore situations arise.

Faelar: Quite. *(clears his throat and announces loudly to all those gathered on the field)* Lords and ladies, if you would but find a place to rest, soon it will be time for the Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Warriors Tournament! Where the finest combatants from all across the region will engage honorable, one on one combat for the glory of being called CHAMPION!

*(At this point, combatants will have been 'signed up' for their fights and brackets assigned. Cast members moving to position on the field and giving Faelar a chance to move around as he announces the games, this is one of the few times Ceelu does NOT follow him around. )*

*(As everyone is taking their places, Tag and Bink are near enough to Bastien and Sarre to catch a brief exchange between them)*

Bastien: It would be a simple matter to have him removed from the city, Mistress. Or to have him arrested where an accident can be arranged.

Sarre: Oh you are a dear thing. No no, let the horrible little creature be for now. Soon enough he and all the other wretched little things that dwell here will be dealt with.

Bastien: By your command, Mistress.

*(the two of them take up their place and Tag pulls Bink back after overhearing Bastien and Sarre)*

Tag: Hey, Bink...

Bink: Sargent Bink.

Tag: Whatever. But did you hear the Major and Lady Sarre? The Major's acting weird.

Bink: Of course he is, he's an officer. They're all weird.

Tag: No. I mean seriously, I think something is off.

Bink: Corporal Tag, quit staring at the Major and get back into line. You're distracting me from figuring how best to not get hit in the face during the fight im going to lose.

Tag: *(staring at the Major and Sarre as they get in line, his words drawn out)* Right...

Faelar: *(taking his place center stage)* Lord and ladies, once more I welcome you, one and all to our fine town of Vonsall and hope that you have enjoyed your time here at the Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Fair! Celebrating with us, celebrating life, and freedom and joy even in these most dark times! Making time to live life and show those who wish us to cower, to be less than what we are, that we will not be broken! That no matter what they try we will not be defeated! That by strength of our arms and by strength of our wills we will force the Dominion back and remain FREE!!

*(After a brief pause)* And now, it is my most gracious honor to present to you, The Vonsall Warrior's Tournament! Where the greatest fighters of the region will compete and show one and all just what the Sovereign's forces have to fear when they stand against the free peoples of the Allied Lands! *(turns back with a flourish)* NOW LET THE TOURNAMENT... BEGIN!

***(and now the tournament commences. The brackets should go however you folks want them to play out. The only matches that should happen that 'story necessary' are the fight between Ghelryn and Skeld, where Ghelryn wins his bout. The dialog between the two can be improvised, but Ghelryn spends the fight trying to convince Skeld, and Skeld has more respect for the Dwarven General. The other fight should be between Ragnar and Aurick. The fight and dialog is unscripted, and the winner can be either character. Though the overall tournament champion is up to you. It can be an extra or any of the named characters participating. Your call.)***

*(Once the tournament is wrapped, Faelar and the chosen champion take up center stage as he presents the champion to the crowd.)*



Faelar: Lords and Ladies of Vonsall! Might I present to you, YOUR CHAMPION!!

*(During the applause and congratulations, Bastien finally breaks from Sarre's side and makes his way over to the 3 chieftans, slowly deliberately, his expression determined as he sets out to complete his grim task to kill one or all of them. The only people to notice are Aurick and Tag. Tag does his best to get Bink's attention, while Sarre drifts to the back of the crowd, ready to make her escape during the confusion after the attempt)*

Tag: Bink. *(sighs)* Sargent Bink. *(Bink turns, shocked that Tag used the title)* Look at the Major, he seems like he's heading right for the Northlanders.

Bink: Well... yeah. But he knows them, right? So why are you...

Tag: No... no. He's been staring at them the whole tournament, and now the way he's moving up. *(Tag starts to move towards the Major, and pulling Bink with her)*

Bink: Hey, what are you doing? This is bad touching a superior... soldier.

Tag: Bink, the Major has a knife!

*(The Major draws out his blade dramatically for the audience, where the audience can obviously see him, but the Northlander chieftans cannot)*

Bink: Hey, he does have a knife, and he's... oh no, he's trying to kill the Northlanders!

Tag: Let's go! We have to stop him!*(The two of them draw their own weapons and advance on the Major.)*

Bink: *(without thinking as the two of them rush towards the Major, Bink yells out)* MAJOR BASTIEN! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!!

*(Much of the conversation comes to a stop as all faces turn in confusion to Bink, and then to the Major who is charging the Chieftans.)*

*(Bastien rushes forward with the knife, saying nothing as he tries to complete his task before being cut down)*

*(But before he can strike at any of the surprised Chieftans, Tag is there with her weapon drawn and catches the knife, deflecting it the blow from its intended target, saving the chief... momentarily)*

Tag: Major! What are you doing?!

Bastien: For the glory of Cuulayne! For the Legion! DEATH TO THE NORTHLANDERS!!! *(Bastien rushes forward again, knife at the ready, and this time both Tag and Bink are there. Unfortunately, the scuffle is brief, with Tag getting knocked down and Bink getting stabbed (non-fatally) but taking the knife from the Major as she goes to the ground)*

Skeld: Betrayal!

Olver: Bastien? In the name of Tyr!

Ragnar: Come then, Major. Let us see if you are as keen to kill a chieftan when he is staring you in the face, you faithless coward!

*(all 3 chiefs now aware draw their own blades, ready to end the assassin's life)*

Bastien: *(snatches up the blades of the fallen Legionnaires, and readies himself for a charge)*  
Death to the mongrels from the north!

Aurick: *(Before Bastien can advance any further, Aurick comes running up from behind and slams into the Major and brings him down to the ground. He quickly manages to shake one of the weapons loose and struggles just a moment before holding the major in place.)* Mongrel? That hurt, Bastien, and here I thought I was the angry one.

Bastien: Get off me! Get off me, you miserable creature! I have to kill them! Kill all the northlanders! Kill you! END YOU!!

*(Tag moves over and helps finally disarm the Major, taking his sword back)*

*(The crowd clears itself away from the group, Faelar and the General rush over as the Warden and Tag pick the struggling Major up, who is still spouting hatred and trying to charge the Chieftans)*

Ghelryn: Major! What is the meaning of this? Stand fast, soldier!

Bastien: Miserable, misbegotten rock gnome! Free me! Let me end their lives! Destroy them as we should have centuries ago!

Skeld: This? This is what you brought us here for? To unleash this rabid animal and let him try to kill us?

Faelar: *(shocked)* Chief Skeld, i... I had no idea... I don't know what's...

Olver: Dammit, Skeld, use your eyes man. Look at the Major! He's not even in control of himself, he's raving!

*(Skeld looks at the Major, and snaps back as the Major spits at him. Aurick smacks the back of the Major's head)*

Aurick: Stop that. *(the major quiets down to low growls as his ranting becomes inaudible)*

*(Finally other soldiers rush over and take charge of the Major, holding him fast as he is examined quickly. Ragnar has moved over to Bink, helping her up off the ground, she is holding the wound made by Bastien and Ragnar holds the knife, escorting her back to the group)*

*(Ragnar escorts the wounded Bink over, and drops the bloody knife at the ground in front of Faelar and Ghelryn)*

Ragnar: One soldier throws his life away in a reckless attempt to kill us, another honors the Legion by sacrificing themselves to protect us. Explain this to me, councilor, and quickly.

Faelar: Chief Ragnar, please, understand. We have had no hand whatsoever in this, and ask that you please, PLEASE give us time to uncover the truth.

Ragnar: You do not have long, Councilor. I have little patience when someone asking for my help tries to kill me.

Bink: *(obviously in pain)* Hey... brave, self-sacrificing Sargent bleeding over here. Anytime anyone... wants to help... that'd be great.

Tag: *(moves over and takes Bink from Ragnar)* Come on buddy, we'll get you to a healer.

Bastien: *(struggling once again to free himself, he's almost frothing at the mouth now that he's been kept from his task)* I must kill them! Death to the mongrels!

Aurick: *(grabs a cloth and ties it around Bastien's mouth)* Yes, yes. Kill the Northlanders, erg, arg, enough of that out of you.

Skeld: *(getting a closer look at Bastien, flinches back when Bastien tries to lunge at him, even while being held by soldiers.)* What kind of madness has overcome the Major?

Ragnar: *(reaches down and grabs the Major by his hair, lifts his face up and looks into his eyes)* Look, there is something wrong with his eyes. Its almost as the Major has been bewitched. What manner of being does this?

Aurick: *(looks around finally aware Sarre is missing)* Bewitched? By the BALANCE! Where is she? Where is that fae witch?!

Faelar: Fae witch? Surely you don't mean to imply that Lady Sarre had some hand in this?

Aurick: Imply. No. Im accusing her outright of causing this.

Faelar: Im going to need proof...

Aurick: Then we need to find her. NOW! Or has it escaped everyone's notice that she's not here?

Ghelryn: *(barking order)* Close down all entrances and exits! Spread out throughout the city! Find Lady Sarre and bring her to me, ALIVE!

Aurick: *(grim faced)* Ill bring her in. Just make sure the doors are locked.

Ghelryn: Good hunting.

*(Aurick runs off as do several Legionnaire extras who run off to complete the General's orders)*

Ghelryn: Meanwhile, let us see if we can free the Major of whatever madness afflicts him and discover the truth of things.

Ragnar: You had best do it quickly, General. Because if we don't discover the truth, there will be no aid for the Allied Lands.

**---END SCENE 5---**

## Scene 6

**Characters needed: Tag and Bink, Chiefs Ragnar, Skeld, and Olver, Faelar, Ghelryn, Major Bastien, Aurick, Sarre, and eventually Ceelu and Raize. Also a couple extras guarding Bastien as he is bound, and eventually 3 extras dressed as mercenaries to join Raize.**

*(the scene opens with the Major bound, and flanked by a pair of Legionnaires. Ghelryn and Faelar are there, what attempt they've made to break the fae enchantment over the Major have failed. Tag and Bink are nearby, Bink's wounds have been tended to, and they're waiting to be questioned. The scene begins as the chieftans walk onstage, all noticing that Major has been gagged and the dour looks on the faces of everyone there.)*

Olver: *(steps closer to Bastien, whose eyes light up and the first thing he does is struggling against his guards as he attempts to lash out at the chieftan)* So the Major is still trying to kill the Northlanders.

*(Bastien struggles just long enough before calming down, staring at all through Chieftans as if he could murder them through sheer force of will)*

Ghelryn: Our healers have nae been able to do anything about his affliction, except confirm that it is some kind of enchantment.

Skeld: Don't you people have Mages nearby? Or a crystal ball or some such to summon one?

Faelar: No Magi of the Spirit Order calls Vonsall home, and seeing just one Magi by chance was a rare thing before the War. I have drafted and sent a message off to the Library and to Anleigh in hopes of contacting a Magus, but I fear it will not reach them in time. Perhaps someone among your tribes..? *(Faelar leaves the question hanging)*

Ragnar: One of our volva kona would make simple work of this. But we approach the same problem with reaching one in time and bringing them here, and I am not inclined to ask a seior-worker to come at this time, councilor.

Faelar: No... I did not think you would, but I had to ask.

Ragnar: I have no desire to continue saying no to you for your requests, but I will not risk my people until we have some truth in this matter.

Faelar: Of course.

Ragnar: *(turns to Bink, who is nearby (sitting or standing) a hand still rubbing over the spot where she was stabbed.)* You, Legionnaire. You are the one who threw yourself in the Major's way to save us.

Bink: Uh... yes, chief... Ragnar, sir. Sargent... Sergeant Bink at your service. *(tries to salute, winces)* Ow.

Tag: Stop that, you'll tear the stitches.

Ragnar: It was no small thing, what you did. Attacking a superior foe, and a superior officer. The Major could very well have been carrying out an order given by your General, or the council to have us killed, and you intervened.

Bink: I... I did... *(swallows uneasily, realizing that she and Tag DID attack Bastien without knowing)*

Tag: Uh... no. No Chief Ragnar, sir. Begging your pardon, but Legionnaires don't do that. Legionnaires don't just kill without reason. So we saw the Major coming at you with a knife, and we had to stop him. The Allied Legion protects people, all people, sir.

Ghelryn: Well said, Corporal.

Ragnar: Indeed. Both your actions speak well of the Legion, and of the two of you. On behalf of my fellow chieftans, you have our thanks.

*(both Tag and Bink babble out a thank you, while Major Bastien growls underneath his gag at the two of them. Seeing the Major the two soldiers flinch back a bit)*

Olver: The three of us are in agreement on at least this much, we do not hold the Legion responsible for the Major's attack on us, and the actions of your soldiers do show that you are not the enemies to us that you once were. At least not all of you.

Skeld: But, before we talk about whether or not we will fight at your side any further, we want whoever is behind this attack brought before us. There can be no lasting alliance if there is even the thought someone inside your government is waiting to betray us.

Faelar: I understand your positions, and thank you for at least giving us the chance to prove that we had nothing to do with this attack, and to bring the true perpetrators to justice. I personally do not want to believe the Warden's claims about Lady Sarre, but I cannot dismiss them either.

Tag: Well... councilor, sir...

Faelar: Just, Councilor. Legionnaire.

Tag: Right. Before the tournament, the Major was walking with Lady Sarre and was acting... odd. The two of them talked about dealing with all the "wretched little things that dwell here". I thought it sounded ominous, but I didn't think it was going to lead to... all this.

Ghelryn: We'll keep that in mind if we manage to find and bring the Lady Sarre in. She obviously had a plan to escape in place, so I don't know if shutting down the city even mattered.

Olver: *(chuckles)* Aurick went after her, Aurick will find her.

Faelar: You seem so sure of that.

Skeld: It galls me to admit it, but the Clanless is many things, among them is that he is one of the best hunters I've ever seen. If the Warden is looking for you, he will find you.

*(on Cue! Aurick drags a bound and gagged Lady Sarre onto the scene, she is struggling, but is no match for the Warden)*

Aurick: Oh, if only I had some way to hear those words from now until the end of time.

*(Skeld sighs and turns to the Warden as if he's about to say something, but seeing him actually holding Sarre there, after he praised the man, he surrenders)*

Skeld: Just... bring forth your prisoner. *(defeated Skeld stalks off to a portion of the stage away from Aurick, who is now beaming with pride, smiling wide and Skeld cannot stand the smugness.)*

*(Ragnar and Olver smile wide and turn to Skeld. Who mutters a curse at the both of them as he sulks)*

Faelar: Warden Aurick, I see that your hunt was a successful one. But was it necessary to gag her? She is still a Lady of the Fae Queen's court, some decorum is required.

Aurick: She bewitched a Major of the Allied Legion into attempting to assassinate one or all of the clan chiefs visiting your fine town to try and destroy any chance of asking them for help. Given the Major over there is now looking at me as if he could kill me just with his brain, I thought it a good idea to keep the fae witch here from being able to do the same to anyone else as I brought her here.

Faelar: Fine. But the Lady Sarre is here now, and there are proprieties to be maintained. Remove the gag, Warden.

Aurick: General, if you'd be so kind to have a couple of Legionnaires take hold of Lady Sarre.

Ghelryn: Of course.

*(the general makes a gesture a pair of soldiers standing nearby move over and take Sarre from Aurick, still holding her as a prisoner, but no longer dragging her as the Warden was. They bring her before Faelar, who waves Aurick back and reaches for the gag himself, pulling it down)*

Faelar: Well, Lady Sarre? The charge has been levied against you that you have bewitched Major Bastien and plotted to assassinate the Northlander delegation. How do you respond to these charges?

Sarre: *(frantic)* Dear Faelar, friend councilor. Obviously these charges are completely ridiculous and that monster of a Warden is lying in order to protect his friend over there. There is

absolutely no proof whatsoever to his claims and that he would even make them is pure insanity. I demand that he be arrested!

Faelar: The Warden is doing his duty to the best of his abilities Lady Sarre. I do apologize for his behavior, and should you prove to be innocent, I'll ask that Head Warden Drake have him reprimanded, but that is ONLY if you are indeed innocent.

Sarre: Of course im innocent! Why would I attempt to kill the northlanders? What madness is that! I know you people already think of the children of Kuuki as odd, but we are not monsters!

Faelar: I assume you have some kind of proof, Warden?

Aurick: Let's start with the Major's enchantment. The man is not just out of his mind, he's been ensorcelled by powerful magic, and there are no Magi or Acolytes with a dozen leagues of Vonsall to be able to carry it out. Which leaves fae magic.

Sarre: Ridiculous! We all carry with us some small talent, but what you claim is ridiculous and the worst kind of fear mongering!

Faelar: I am familiar with some of the magicks that the children of Kuuki are capable of, and what has been done to the Major goes beyond simple illusions and mind tricks. What you're suggesting is a level of power that is beyond them.

Aurick: Not ALL of them, Councilor. *(Aurick pulls out a small wrapped piece of cloth our his bag, and slowly unwraps it as he talks)* I should have realized it when her two bodyguards constantly referred to her as Mistress and were even more overprotective of her than any normal bodyguards would be. The Queen of the fae is protective of her people, but she would not use fanatics. Later, at the tournament, where her bodyguards were nowhere to be found, Bastien referred to the Lady Sarre as 'Mistress'. I admit I was too aggravated at the time to think anything of it.

Sarre: And you are thinking too much of it now! The Major is a man, a very attractive man who knows how a lady of the faerie court is to be treated, you disgusting creature.

Olver: *(watches as Aurick finishes unwrapping a simple iron bar, and puts the cloth back in his pocket. Olver leans over to Ragnar)* He's about to try being clever, isn't he?

Ragnar: *(sighing)* After what Skeld said and now this, we are never going to hear the end of it.

Ghelryn: What are you two on about?

Aurick: *(steps in front of Sarre, waving the metal bar in his hand)* Councilor, you are correct that a normal fae's magic would not be strong enough to control the Major. But our lady Sarre here is not a normal fae, are you? *(he gets closer with the metal bar, and Sarre flinches back)*

Sarre: No! Release me! Don't let him near me with that! He's obviously been stricken with the same madness as his friend!



Faelar: What is the meaning of this? Warden Aurick, what is that bar in your hand?

Aurick: Sarre knows what it is.

Sarre: *(no longer shrieking in terror as Aurick grabs her hand and brushes her palm with the cold iron bar, and she recoils with a sharp hiss from pain)* You misbegotten, insignificant speck of a mortal! HOW DARE YOU?!?! *(she takes a deep breath, and shouts to the sky)* RELEASE ME!

*(and on command, the two soldiers release their grasp on Sarre, against their will. But before Sarre can make use of the sudden confusion, Aurick and the other Clan chiefs have already grabbed hold of her once again.)*

Aurick: Not a fan of Cold Iron, are you, LADY Sarre?

Faelar: *(shockd as realization dawns on him, stepping back from Sarre)* Dark fae! But... how? The Sidhe no longer walk these lands, they were driven to Draiocht by...

Sarre: Yes. By your wretched Green Man and the other 'Unseen'. Forced to abandon our power, our birthrights all in the name of their wretched balance!

Aurick: *(holding the lady Sarre fast and smiling smugly at the other chieftans)* Damn, I'm good.

Faelar: But why? Why would you care about whether the northlanders join us?

Sarre: You think that once Cuulayne is in flames, that the Dominion will stop there? Once your filthy mudhole of a country is ground under their boots, they'll make their way into Kuuki and kill every member of that wretched little, fluttery monarch's circle, and the Sovereign will guarantee the rise of the Sidhe to power once again!

Ghelryn: Madness! The Sovereign would just as soon grind the Sidhe into dust as he would any other faerie. You have no guarantee that he would just allow you to take over unless you... made a deal...

Sarre: The Sidhe stand at the side of the Sovereign and we will see you all BURN!! *(looks up to the heavens)* MASTER! YOUR SERVANT PLEADS FOR YOUR HELP! DESTROY THEM ALL!

*(There should be an audible hum or BOOM! And everyone in the tent should go full Shatner as everyone EXCEPT Sarre and Bastien are sent reeling to the ground, forcing them to release the two of them. Both Sarre and Bastien step clear of the fallen as Bastien raises up and simply pulls the band from his mouth looking around, something about his demeanor is different... far, far different than before, he has been possessed by the power of the Sovereign)*

Bastien: *(his voice is hard, evil, cold. If possible it should be growled, almost as if it burns the real Bastien's throat as he speaks)* So, your gambit has failed, and now I am forced to take the field.

Sarre: *(drops to her knees in front of Bastien now)* Master! Please! I did all I could and did as I was told, and even now the chieftans are here, ripe for the slaughter.

Bastien: *(looks about the room)* Pathetic. Like many of the creatures in these lands, blighted by the cancer of the "Unseen". Weak. *(looks to Sarre)* But with potential. Rise.

*(Sarre slowly gets up to her feet while the disorientation has worn off the rest of the cast, they scatter back, away from possessed Major.)*

Faelar: *(as he gets to his feet)* What are you?

Bastien: I am he that sits on the Golden Throne. The power that drives the heart of the Dominion is MINE! Broken free of the deep slumber forced upon me eons ago, I AM THE SOVEREIGN! Those who do not bow before me, will be see everything they are BURNED in cleansing fire!

Ghelryn: You're nothing! You the trick of a deluded faerie, and we'll hear no more of it! Take the Major prisoner! Alive!

*(The extras that had been getting up, draw weapons and move forward to take hold of the Major. His expression is one of sneering derision for these pathetic mortals)*

Bastien: Ignorant fools. *(Bastien makes a show of lifting his foot up and stomping on the ground. Maybe another boom, or just another Shatnering as all 4 soldiers are sent back down to the ground. Knocked down by unseen force)*

Aurick: *(unimpressed by the display)* Alright, you're the Sovereign. So why are we not all dead at your hands?

Bastien: An offer, then slaughter.

Faelar: To the Keeper with your offer! No member of the Allied Lands would dare traffic with an abomination such as you!

Bastien: *(pulls a Vadar and makes a choking gesture, grasping Faelar by the throat, choking him)* If I wish to hear the mewling protestations of a worm, I will run a hook through it. And I have nothing to offer the Doomed of these tainted lands, but for those who dwell to the North. To those who have seen the Unseen for the monsters they are and tasted defeat because of their 'balance'. To them, a most promising proposal.

*(The three chieftans gather together, wary of the Major who is exhibiting such power. Aurick looks over and notices that it is Sarre who is appearing strained by all the effort. As if she is the power is being drawn from her... and it is)*

Ragnar: First, you attempt to have us killed. Now you wish to talk?

Bastien: If you were weak enough to fall, then you would not be worth the offer. *(looks to Faelar and makes a grand gesture, releasing him. Faelar is on his knees holding his throat, gasping for air)* It is a simple offer, join me. Join the Dominion.

Skeld: What?

Bastien: Life in the north is hard, and it breeds strength. Warriors that can serve alongside my own and reap the glory from destroying your ancient enemies!

Olver: Former enemies! Enemies we have no desire to see dead, only that we be treated fairly as the other races were!

Bastien: Fair? There is no fair. There is only what you can take, what you can keep. For that you need power, the power that is the Dominion's!

Ragnar: *(sneers)* Those who worship power, never share it. The Allies came to us in desperation asking us to join them as allies. You would have us be slaves!

Bastien: Serve me or see your tribes, your families, your entire world taken by flame!

*(the three chiefs look at one another, they don't even need to confer, nodding in agreement)*

Ragnar: There is no need to come for us Sovereign. *(walks up to Bastien, eyes narrowed)* Because now we're coming for you! *(and swiftly, surprisingly lashes out at the possessed Major, punching him as hard as he can and knocking him down. Sarre let's out a cry of pain with the Major's fall.)*

*(Sarre yells and falls to her knees as Bastien lets out a terrible scream of rage, anger, and hatred at the chieftan that struck him. The force of it pushes Ragnar back several steps, causing him to waver on his feet until caught by Aurick.)*

Bastien: *(gets up)* So be it, fool! You cast your lot with them you will all DIE like them!

Sarre: *(stuttering)* M-master... please...

Aurick: Bold words, but I'm willing to bet if we cut your tether, that's all they are. *(draws out his blade and steps forward towards Sarre. But he can go no further as Bastien steps forward and effortlessly knocks the Warden away)*

Bastien: You are not worth wasting the power on, you'll all be gone soon enough! *(laughs maniacally)*

Ghelryn: What are ye going on about?

*(Ceelu runs up from off stage, she is out of breath.)*

Ceelu: General! Councilor! *(her breathing ragged)* Scouts have spotted an army marching on Vonsall!!!

*(all heads turn to Ceelu. Faelar wheezes out from an injured throat)*

Faelar: What? What are you talking about?

*(while distracted, Bastien picks Sarre up off the ground and starts leading her towards the end of the stage)*

Ceelu: They're only a few hours out! And they're flying Dominion banners!

Bastien: Enjoy the rest of your festival, it shall be your last!

Ghelryn: *(draws steel, Tag and Bink rise up weapons in hand as well)* If this is to be our last stand, then by the Weave I will be damn sure you don't live to see it.

Bastien: *(laughs)* Come then. Destroy this shell, just another to fall for the glory of the Dominion.

*(the Northlanders also grab weapons and move up to join the General and the other Legionnaires.)*

Ghelryn: You we'll come for soon enough, but your creature? She won't be seeing our "fall".

Sarre: *(weak, being held up by Bastien, but still spiteful)* This is where you've confused me with my flighty cousins. They refuse to plan ahead. RAIZE!!!

*(on cue, her bodyguard Raize rushes the scene with 3 other armed Dominion soldiers, but aren't wearing armor)*

Raize: Mistress! We are here!

Sarre: Obviously! Get us out of here!

Bastien: *(tapping Sarre again, and ordering the dominated Raize)* Lead us from here dog!

Raize: *(stops, nodding, and takes charge of Sarre)* By your command, Master. *(to the soldiers)* For the glory of the Dominion! Kill as many as you can!

*(the three soldiers charge forward, while Raize, Bastien, and Sarre do their best to flee while the Sovereign mercs engage in a brief fight. They don't last long, but long enough that the other 3 have manage to affect an escape)*

Ghelryn: *(to Tag and Bink)* Gather other soldiers! Catch them before they find a way out of the city!

*(Tag and Bink both snap quick salutes and head off after Sarre and company.)*

*(Ceelu comes over and sees to the councilor, who is still sore and winded from being tossed about)*

Faelar: General, much as it galls me. We have greater concerns now beyond recapturing Sarre and the Major.

Ghelryn: Aye, a Dominion army bearing down on our walls. We have been strengthening the walls since the start of the war, but they are not strong enough to withstand an extended siege. We hadn't expected the Dominion to be able to strike this far north in Cuulayne yet.

Faelar: I cannot in good conscience order an evacuation. The people are far safer behind these walls, and under guard of the Allied Legion. Perhaps you can dispatch messengers to other towns? Perhaps reach one of the border forts within a day's travel?

Ghelryn: We have little other choice. The walls of Vonsall will hold, I will dispatch messengers immediately.

*(the three chieftans confer briefly, and all of them come to an agreement. Ragnar steps forth.)*

Ragnar: Councilor Faelar. We have no desire to add to your problems, but we would make a request of you.

Faelar: *(sighing)* Clan chiefs, obviously I deeply apologize for the turn these talks have taken and that we have inadvertently placed your lives in extreme peril. I realize what we were asking before, but we had no desire to see you harmed.

Ragnar: We understand. In fact, we believe we may be of some assistance.

Faelar: If you have decided to join us, I would love to extend my gratitude in your decision, I only wish I would be able to take the time to enjoy it in light of other more immediate concerns.

Ragnar: You misunderstand, the assistance we speak of would be of a more... immediate nature.

Faelar: What do you mean?

Ragnar: Northlanders are proud, and very brave. But we are not trusting. While you see 3 clan chiefs before you...

Olver: We did not come alone.

Ghelryn: What?

Skeld: Out there, less than an hour north of Vonsall are several warriors from our tribes and a few others.

Ragnar: They were to either bear witness to your betrayal, or spread word of our decision to go to war.

Ghelryn: You had your own army sitting just outside our walls? And we didn't notice?

Ragnar: Less than an army, but enough to more than help you match the numbers of the Dominion forces. If you will allow us to join you in delivering our response to the Sovereign's offer... personally.

Faelar: Northlander and Cuulayne, fighting side by side?

Olver: Think of it as a possible glimpse of the future.

Ragnar: General. Will you allow my people to fight alongside the Legion?

Ghelryn: *(reaches out and grasps Chief Ragnar's arm)* It would be my honor, Chief Ragnar.

Ragnar: *(nodding and shaking the General's arm)* Chief Olver, Chief Skeld. Go forth, summon our people and bring them here. Once more, the Northlanders are going to WAR!!!

*(The scene ends as Skeld and Olver agree and run off to fetch the Northlander forces waiting outside of Vonsall, while Ragnar, Ghelryn, Faelar; and Aurick make plans to defeat the coming Dominion hordes)*

**---END SCENE 6---**

## Scene 7

**Characters needed: All (except Umar) and extras dressed as Cuulayne Legionnaires, Northlanders, and Dominion soldiers**

*(the scene opens with the Cuulayne Allied Legion standing in ranks, weapons at the ready while Ghelryn examines his troops, as they wait for the coming Dominion forces. Aurick and Ragnar are also so armed, walking alongside the general, waiting. The other Northlanders have yet to arrive. At the rear of the army stand Ceelu and Faelar. Neither will be fighting, but they will be watching from the nearby. Bink is in the ranks, ready to fight despite her wounds, but has a sour look on her face everytime she looks at Tag who is now sporting brand new Sargent's stripes, and proud of it.)*

Tag: I guess you were right, Bink. I did eventually get promoted.

Bink: I can't believe they promoted you, Tag.

Tag: Sargent Tag.

Bink: You're the same rank as me, you know.

Tag: Come onnnnn.... Say it.

Bink: *(sighing)* Sargent Tag.

Tag: *(smiling despite the oncoming spectre of battle)* Well, my day isn't getting better. Bring on the Dominion.

Ghelryn: *(stops by the two soldiers, shaking his head a bit)* They'll be here soon enough, Sargent. *(turns to Ragnar)* Hopefully that goes for our Northlander allies as well?

Ragnar: There is a battle to be fought, my people will be in the thick of it, General.

Aurick: Best they aren't here yet anyway. We are many things, patient isn't one of them, and wouldn't want them getting agitated standing next to all these nice, neat Legion soldiers.

Ghelryn: That does not fill me with confidence, Warden.

Aurick: *(shrugs)* Fake it, we'll never notice.

Bink: Sir! The dominion is here!

*(And with that, the Dominion army marches onto the field, banner held high (do you have a banner? Get a banner!) soldiers of the Dominion eager and waiting to use their drawn steel to cut down these weaklings before them. At the front of their column is Major Bastien, still wearing a Legionnaire's uniform. Next to him is Sarre and her bodyguard Raize. Raize is dressed*

*in full Dominion garb as well, yet still devoted to his mistress. Sarre looks unwell from all the strain.)*

Ghelryn: *(to Aurick)* You think you'll be able to break the Sovereign's hold on the Major?

Aurick: See the strain Sarre is under? The Sovereign is working through her, end her and so does her power over Bastien. I've just the weapon to do it, too. *(holds up a short sword, or small weapon made of 'Cold Iron')* I caught the fae witch once, she won't get away again.

Bastien: *(in a sneering, angry voice)* Come forth before the Sovereign, dogs! Cower before the might of the Dominion!

*(All the soldiers of the Dominion should slam their weapons on the ground or together once in salute and yell out)*

Dominion Soldiers: GLORY TO THE SOVEREIGN!

*(Ghelryn, Aurick, and Ragnar stand at the forefront of the Legion army)*

Ghelryn: Might of the Dominion? All I see gathered before the pride of the Cuulayne Allied Legion is just another group of raiders lied to by a creature too pathetic to take the field himself!

Bastien: You will regret your heathenous words, as all that you love is destroyed while you watch! And you, Ragnar of the Northmen. You will regret your decision to throw in with these tainted fools.

Ragnar: Empty words from a parasite who fights through others. I am proud now to stand shoulder to shoulder with these whom we once mistakenly called enemy in order to destroy a true blight upon the world!

Bastien: So be it. *(draws his blade and points it at the Legion)* TO WAR MY CHILDREN! FOR THE GLORY OF THE DOMINION!

*(the dominion forces yell and then take a single step forward to begin their charge when another howl is heard from just offstage. Or if we could get one, a horn of some sort, as the Northlander forces, led by Chiefs Skeld and Olver take the field and rush towards the Dominion. Confused now by the sudden attack.)*

Ghelryn: *(raises his weapon and points his blade at the Dominion forces)* For Cuulayne! FOR FREEDOM!!!

*(Big battle scene commences as the three forces all collide in the center of the field. Northlander and Cuulayne Legionnaires slamming in from two different points into the Dominion horde. The horde is doing their best, and holding their own, as they are indeed every bit the fierce some warriors of their reputation, but they are just outmatched between the combined numbers of the two other groups.)*



*The marquee fight should be between the 3 Chieftans and Bastien. While Bastien is fighting off 3 clan chiefs, he is still wielding the power of the Sovereign through Sarre, so he is able to at least use some tricks or seem to ward off blows that would fell lesser men. Even by proxy, this is THE SOVEREIGN, and he should definitely batter the Chiefs around a bit. The fight should even go poorly for them, looking lik the Sovereign may win until Sarre is killed, but that is just a suggestion.*

*Then there is Aurick who makes his way through the battlefield, hunting for Sarree who is being viciously guarded by Raize and is barely able to defend herself because of the strain of being used by the Sovereign. Either Raize and Aurick can have a marquee fight, or Aurick can make quick work of the bodyguard before standing before Sarre, with the cold iron knife.*

Aurick: I will only ask once, Sidhe witch. Release your grasp on the Major.

Sarre: *(sneers in contempt, lifting a blade up feebly in her defence)* To the Keeper with you, and your friends!

*(Aurick says nothing else as he quickly lunges past Sarre's defenses and runs her through with the cold iron dagger. She lets out a pained scream as Aurick twists the dagger and ends the dark fae's life, severing the hold the Sovereign has on the Major.)*

*Bastien: (Sovereign immediately feels he is being pulled away, his access cut with Sarre's death) No! I am the Sovereign! You cannot... destroy... my DESTINY!!!! (the voice of the Sovereign howls out in agony and defiance as his essence is ripped away from the Major, Bastien now little more than a puppet with his strings cut as he simply collapses to the ground. Alive, but only barely.)*

*(if its not over already, what's left of the Dominion forces watch as their god (even by proxy) is felled and their ranks break and scatter off stage. A few moments as our heroes gather together, Sargent Bink reports quickly to the General)*

Bink: The Dominion lines have broken, General. They're fleeing into the countryside.

General: Good. Gather together a few squads and go after them. Ill not have them regrouping and trying a counterattack later.

*(Bink nods and orders a few soldiers to join her, Tag jogs over, looking a little beat up but ready to go.)*

Tag: Good to see you survived, Sargent Bink. *(slapping her friend on the shoulder)*

Bink: I know, right! *(the two of them start to walk off stage to follow after the escaping Dominionites)* See, I told you we'd beat the Dominion.

*(the two of them head off sstage with several Legionnaire extras)*

*(the chieftans have long since gotten up off their feet, Skeld first walking over to the General, extending his arm to the dwarf)*

Skeld: General, I did not like you at first. *(the two grasp arms)* I still don't like you, but it has been an honor fighting at the side of you and your army. Would you be insulted if I gathered some of my clansmen and helped your Legion hunt down the remaining enemies?

Ghelryn: Proudly, Clan chief Skeld. *(Skeld shakes the arm of the general and looks to the other two clan chiefs)*

Skeld: I will join with the two of you later, we have much to discuss. *(the chiefs nod or simply say yes and then Skeld also leaves with a handful of Northlanders to hunt the rest of the Dominion)*

*(Aurick walks over, wiping the blood off the dagger before sheathing it, looking down at his fallen friend. Now gathered about the unconscious Major are the General, Faelar, Ceelu, and Chiefs Olver and Ragnar. Ceelu gets down to examine the Major, who wakes up on the ground)*

Ceeelu: Good, the Major is alive... barely.

Aurick: *(getting down to one knee)* Bastien. Bastien, can you talk? Are you feeling any strange desire to conquer the world?

Ceeelu: He's trying to say something...

Bastien: *(lets out a few gasps, before reaching out and grabbing hold of Aurick's shirt)* If... If this is your idea of being warm... and cuddly, I hope you end up married to someone as bad at it as you are.

Aurick: Yeah... he's clear. Come on you, you're getting your uniform all filthy. *(Aurick reaches down and helps his friend back up to his feet, supporting him without complaint or comment. Bastien accepts the help)*

Bastien: Thank you... thank you for freeing me. The Sovereign... he was... oh god... he was... *(Bastien shakes at the thought and almost falls again as Aurick catches him, steadying his friend and comforting him)*

Faelar: I am glad to see that you have been returned to us Major. There has been enough loss today, and it does my heart good to see you survived. *(Bastien nods and mutters a thank you. Faelar turns then to chiefs Olver and Ragnar)* And to you Clan Chiefs Ragnar and Olver, I extend the gratitude of a grateful people and I thank you as well. We could not have defeated the Dominion without you. *(Faelar leaves the point hanging in the air)*

Olver: Your words, and your gratitude are well received, Councilor. Before, it was only words, we had to experience the kind of threat posed by the Dominion, first hand.

Ragnar: The tale will spread to the other Clans of the north. The Dominion is a threat unlike any we have ever faced before, and we cannot allow the Allied Lands to face that threat alone.

Ghelryn: Your decision is final, then?

Ragnar: Indeed. Councilor Faelar, on behalf of the Clans of the north, we will accept your plea for our help. We will fight, side by side, and together we will push the Dominion tide back to the depths that spawned them!

Faelar: As Councilor of Cuulayne, I most humbly welcome your aid in our plight. Also, in recognition of your actions, as Minister of Vonsall I declare you and your fellow tribesmen to be Heroes of the Battle of Vonsall on and all!

Aurick: That... is the kind proclamation that sounds like it should be followed with cheering and several round of drinks at the tavern.

Olver: Preferably, without setting anything on fire?

Aurick: The night is young, anything is possible.

Faelar: Yes... *(to the audience)* People of Vonsall, honored guests of the Midsummer Festival, may I present to you, THE HEROES OF VONSALL!!!

Faelar: Hip Hip! (x3)

All: HUZZAH! (x3)

**---END SCENE 7---**

# Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire 2018

## Wrath of the Sovereign

By Xavier Miron

### **Main Characters**

Warden Aurick – (Male Northlander Warden, eventual new Green Man)

Nahrine – (Female Magi of the spirit order, preeminent archivist of the Order)

Chief Skeld—(Male chief of the Grey Talon Northlander tribe)

Captain Balar – (Captain of the Cuulayne Allied Legion garrisoned at the city of Vonsall)

Lord Gilmore – (Chief Administrator/Acting mayor of Vonsall while Councilor Faelar is at Anleigh)

Anasca – (Unseen Shaman, caretaker of the Green Man's shell)

Rakshas – (Shifter Corporal of the Cuulayne Allied Legion, guardian of Vonsall)

Ciaran – (Northlander of the Gray Talon Tribe, guardian of Vonsall)

Quintus – (Dark warlock servant of the Sovereign, traitor)

Grevane – (Quintus' second and shell used by the Sovereign to punish Quintus)

Esmer – (Quintus's smuggler, brings him the item to interrupt the ceremony) (Scene 4)

Mordath – ( former villain to be transformed into Quintus, scene 4 only )

Sovereign – (The Golden One, He Who Rules the Dominion) (Scene 7)

## Storyline:

--With the treaty between the Northlanders and Cuulayne formalized, it seems as if the war against the Dominion has finally turned in the allies favor. The Sovereign's hordes have either been checked or turned back with each new confrontation, more than enough to give the besieged people some much needed breathing room and bring to them a hope that once the Council at Anleigh felt had been sorely lacking until now.

As the war is fought by more conventional means, the Magi of the Spirit Order have been able to lend aid to the Unseen in finding a cure for the curse laid upon their fallen leader, the Green Man. Struck down by the forces of the Dominion before the war began. Luck has been with them, a potential cure discovered in ruins found to the north by Lead Archivist Nahrine and the Northlander Warden Aurick. Sharing this knowledge with the Unseen, they have resolved to meet in the city of Vonsall during the Summer festival to perform the ritual needed to free the Green Man of his earthly bonds, and unleash the power that will help them destroy the Sovereign and end this war once and for all.

(fair) Using magical messengers, the Lord of Vonsall has been told who to expect for the coming ritual and is making preparations to help the Unseen in their ritual. Unfortunately, the Sovereign's forces have intercepted several of those messages and have dispatched a ruthless and cunning warlock by the name of Quintus to interrupt the ritual, bring Final Death to the Green Man, and ensure that the Sovereign's power will reign over all. But should the wizard fail, in the wings awaits his master, the Sovereign, Lord of the Dominion,, who will himself take the field and end this pathetic resistance once and for all...

## Scene 1

**Characters needed: Rakshas, Ciaran, Captain Balar, Chief Skeld, Lord Gilmore )**

**Scene opens: Front gates. Corporal is standing guard dutifully at his/her station, on watch for any and all threats and is almost visibly disgusted with her “partner”, the Northlander tribesman Ciaran, who is while no less ready to defend the walls of Vonsall, is sitting on a stump (or chair, or something) with a half full cup of ale in one hand, and his other resting on his weapon.**

Rakshas: *(with a bit of a snarl in their voice)* Tell me. Should we be assaulted by the forces of the Dominion, do you plan to throw your drink at them before you attack, or will you be charging them with your mug in one hand and your weapon in the other?

Ciaran: *(aware the Rakshas dislikes him, and obviously not caring one bit as he takes a drink from the glass)* Don't be daft. If we're to be attacked, I fully intend to make sure I've drunk the whole cup first. No sense letting good ale go to waste. *(drinks from the cup, and looks at it)* Or whatever this is.

Rakshas: Unbelievable.

Ciaran: I know, I thought I'd managed to get a full glass of the good stuff. I guess the barkeep is keeping all that stashed away for the Midsummer Festival.

Rakshas: Is that all that concerns you? Drinking?

Ciaran: Not all, but since I don't see any Dominion soldiers marching about, or any Wild boar needing to be speared and cooked, I figure having a drink is a good way to pass the time. Unless you've some dice to throw and some coin to lose?

Rakshas: *(makes growling noises and clenches their fists as if they want to say or DO something, but is keeping their temp in check because killing their northlander ally would be bad idea. For the moment)* Why, WHY couldn't I have taken watch with another Legionnaire?

Ciaran: So that's a no on the dice?

**Before Rakshas can move in and attempt to strangle the northlander, Lord Gilmore walks past the front gates, with Captain Balar and Chief Skeld following him. Gilmore is dressed in fine clothes, a smile on his face as he is ready to greet the crowd and open the doors to the city of Vonsall. The heads of the two respective forces defending the town follow along, Balar the model of a soldier while Skeld stalks with him, hand on the weapon at his belt, watching)**

Rakshas: *(snaps to attention, the conversation with Ciaran quickly pushed aside for now)*  
Captain Balar. Lord Gilmore. *(pauses)* Chief Skeld.

Balar: *(returns the salute)* At ease, Corporal. Anything to report?

Rakshas: *(dropping the salute, becoming slightly more relaxed)* Nothing of note, Captain. A few traders and travelers overnight for the festival. Otherwise its been a quiet evening.

Balar: *(nodding)* Well done, Corporal.

Ciaran: *(coughing as he stands up)* That's all well and good, but... the young Corporal's report isn't entirely accurate.

**(Rakshas reacts with a bit of a snarl)**

Balar: Stand to, Corporal! What do you mean, Northlander?

Ciaran: Understand, I've no wish to see the young Corporal there get in any trouble. But I was sworn to secrecy.

Balar: Secrecy? *(looks to Chief Skeld)* What is your tribesman going on about?

Skeld: *(exasperated)* Get on with it Ciaran, before I ask the Captain to step away from the Corporal you've most likely been aggravating all night.

Ciaran: Right. Getting on with it. *(Ciaran reaches into a pouch and pulls out a letter, handing it to Skeld)* During the night, one of the travelers that passed through here was a Warden. Warden Aurick.

Skeld: *(accepting the letter and looking down, unsurprised by the news, unlike the Captain, the Corporal, and the Lord Mayor)* Aurick? What did that drunken, son of a grizzly want?

**(Skeld reads the letter while Ciaran explains)**

Ciaran: He wouldn't tell me, only that his mission was of utmost importance. Told me to keep my mouth shut come hell or high water until I laid eyes on you, or whoever was in charge.

Balar: Why didn't you run this to us immediately?!

Ciaran: The Warden told me not to. Didn't want the whole city getting riled up before dawn. Figured you Legionnaire types would be a bit too... high strung.

Balar: *(turns to the Mayor)* Lord Gilmore. This type of behavior is completely unacceptable and why the security and safety of the town should have been left solely to the purview of the Cuulayne Allied Legion!

Rakshas: *(to Ciaran)* When? How? You and have been together the whole night.

Ciaran: It was one of the trading caravans, the one with the covered wagons and all those beets you kept inspecting for really short Dominionites.

Gilmore: Enough! Captain Balar, Chief Skeld. If you'd be so kind as to reign in your troops?

**(Balar tells Rakshas to stand at attention, Skeld finishes the letter and just tell Ciaran to behave)**

Gilmore: Captain Balar. The Northlanders are our allies. Valued, trusted allies, and I have graciously accepted their offer to assist in keeping our fine town of Vonsall safe from all threats. I realize its difficult with two groups, but the War with the Sovereign's armies has our own forces stretched thin, and I was hardly going to turn down any such help for the Midsummer Festival.

Balar: I... understand, Lord Gilmore.

Gilmore: Excellent, my good Captain. Now, Chief Skeld, what is it in the Warden's note?

**(Skeld finishes reading the note starts shaking his head in disbelief)**

Skeld: By my father's beard, I can't believe it. He actually found it.

Gilmore: Found what?

Skeld: A way to save the Green Man.

All (except Skeld): What? How?!

Gilmore: May I have the note, Chief Skeld?

Skeld: *(Skeld nods and hands the letter to the Lord Mayor)* He says he and a Magi archivist may have discovered a cure for the curse laid upon the Green Man by the Sovereign.

Balar: By the Balance! With the Green Man come back to us, he would stop the Sovereign and the war would be over!

Gilmore: This is unbelievable. *(looks up smiling from the note)* Think of it, the end of the war within our grasp!

Skeld: I think you'd best reign in your enthusiasm, Lord Mayor.

Gilmore: What?

Skeld: The note says 'may' have discovered. Means that whatever they've found might be the best and only way to save the Green Man, but could just as much fail as anything else.

Gilmore: That's a bit grim, don't you think Chief Skeld?

Skeld: I like to think of it as cautious optimism, Lord Mayor. Hope for an early spring, but plan for a long winter.



Ciaran: *(looks to his chief)* Are you sure you didn't hurt yourself using that many big words at once?

Skeld: Don't you think you're not out of the stink, either. Guard duty means guarding all night, not drinking.

Ciaran: I've not had a dram of any liquor the whole night, and we've not been attacked or had the walls set on fire at all.

Rakshas: But you've been drinking from the cup all...

Ciaran: *(shrugging and dumping out the rest of his mug on the ground)* Water. Need to keep yourself properly watered during these sessions after all.

*(Rakshas sputters and snarls, barely keeping themself contained in front of the Captain and the Lord Mayor)*

Gilmore: Be that as it may, my good Chief. This is still most glorious news. *(saying this a bit more pointedly at the chief)* However, when you and this Warden finally do meet face to face, it'll be in the presence of the good Captain and myself. No more surprises, hmm?

Skeld: None that I have planned, Lord Gilmore.

*(Skeld quickly slaps his hand over Ciaran's mouth before his tribesman makes any sarcastic comments)*

Gilmore: Now, with that business done, I do believe there is a gathering public to see to, and some simple business to conduct. Yes?

**(Captain Balar nods and steps aside as the Lord Mayor walks to the front to address the audience/the growing crowd. Skeld steps back and reminds Ciaran to keep quiet, while Rakshas stands at attention near his Captain.)**

Gilmore: GREETINGS AND WELL MET YOU LORDS AND LADIES, YOU TRAVELERS FROM ALL ACROSS THE ALLIED LANDS! I, YOUR MOST GRACIOUS LORD GILMORE, MAYOR OF VONSALL DO WELCOME YOU, ONE AND ALL TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE! SURELY IT DOES YOU ALL CREDIT TO COME TO OUR TOWN EVEN AS THE WAR AGAINST THE DOMINION RAGES ACROSS THE ALLIED LANDS! FOR EVEN AT THESE, DURING THE DARKEST TIMES, WE MUST REMEMBER FOR ALL THE THINGS WE FIGHT FOR! FOR LIFE! FOR LOVE! FOR FREEDOM! AND IT IS TO CELEBRATE ALL THAT AND MORE THAT WE SO HAPPILY, SO EARNESTLY SWING WIDE OPEN THE GATES OF OUR GLORIOUS VONSALL AND ASK YOU TO JOIN US ALL ON THE FIELD OF HONOR AT **—INSERT TIME HERE—** FOR THE FAIRE'S PROPER OPENING CEREMONIES. UNTIL SUCH TIME, PLEASE ENTER OUR HOME AND MAKE WHAT MERRY YOU MAY, SO LONG AS IT HARM NONE, AS WE WELCOME YOU, ONE AND ALL ONCE MORE TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!

Gilmore: Hip hip! (x3)

All others: HUZDAH! (x3)

**(scene ends as Gilmore stays outside to greet and play the politician with incoming guests before walking back in, two other Legionnaires come out to watch the Lord mayor while the other cast members walk inside before the Mayor)**

**---END SCENE 1---**

## Scene 2

**Characters needed: Warden Aurick, Nahrine, Skeld, Balar, Lord Gilmore, Ananasca, Rakshas, Ciaran, Grevane, and extras dressed as Northlanders and Legionnaires standing guard in the field, perhaps amongst the audience as well)**

Already present on the field are a few Northlanders (all of them are members of Skeld's tribe, the Grey Talons), and a pair of Legionnaires standing watch and looking about for any sign of trouble or disruption. The Northlanders appear more lax, but are no less vigilant. Though every once in a while the Northlanders make a comment regarding the Legionnaires, the soldiers doing their best to ignore them. Walking onto the field are Lord Gilmore, Chief Skeld and Captain Balar, with Aurick and Nahrine behind them. Aurick looking hungover and Nahrine aggravated with her "partner". The group is being flanked by an honor guard consisting of Ciaran and Corporal Rakshas.)

Captain Balar: *(trying not to appear too put out with the tribal chief)* Yes, Chieftan, I realize yours isn't a tribe of soldiers. Im just asking if you would have your tribesmen exhibit a little bit of decorum. Especially when working with the Legion.

Skeld: Decorum? What, none of my tribe have started any fights with your soldier boys... *(Ciaran coughs loudly behind the chief)* where weapons were drawn... *(Ciaran coughs again, and Skeld looks back)* where anyone... was killed? *(Ciaran thinks for a moment and nods his head, giving the chief a thumbs up. Skeld lets out a tired sigh)* I'll tell my clansmen to behave themselves, Captain.

Captain Balar: *(grimaces as he fixes his uniform to calm himself)* That will be... equitable, Chief Skeld. For now.

Aurick: You know, Skeld, if you're looking to make good. How about you tell your boys to lose a few rounds of dice to the Legionnaires. I always find I'm in a much better mood when people lose money to me.

Ciaran: *(feigned shock at the suggestion)* Lose? At dice? To them?

Aurick: *(steps up and throws his arm over Ciaran's shoulder)* You could always just lose to me, and I'll buy them drinks with your money. Everybody wins.

Ciaran: Now I remember why Skeld doesn't like you, Clanless. You don't know when not to flap your trap.

Aurick: There's a difference between not knowing, and not caring.

Ciaran: Chief Skeld, that suggestion to behave didn't extend to knocking smart mouthed Wardens on their arse did it?

*(Before Skeld can answer, Aurick is jerked away from Ciaran by Nahrine.)*

Nahrine: Pardon me, Chief Skeld. I do apologize for the Warden's belligerence. You have enough issues to worry yourself with without having also be troubled by my partner. I apologize to you as well, Lord Gilmore, for the Warden's behavior.

Gilmore: *(thinly smiles back)* That's quite alright, Magus Nahrine. I've long since become accustomed to Warden Aurick's brusqueness. Though it pains me to admit such, rough as he may be, Aurick is a good man to have around. He was instrumental in helping save our city from the Dominion last year. Helping find the traitor that tried to start a new war with the Northlander when we turned to them for help against the Dominion, I'm more than willing to grant him some leeway for being an irritant.

Skeld: If you need someone to knock the Clanless down a peg or two, Lord Gilmore, I'd be happy to drag him behind the dunk tank and see if we can't finally give him a bath.

Balar: I'm certain there would be some Legionnaires willing to assist, Chief Skeld.

Aurick: How lovely. See, I'm a uniter, not a divider Nahrine. This is what being warm and cuddly gets you.

Nahrine: *(taking deep breaths and ignoring her partner as best she can)* Lord Gilmore, while we could stand about seeing how much more the Warden can test our patience, we do have other more pressing matters to deal with... please?

Gilmore: *(smiling once more)* Of course, Magus Nahrine. Your note in regards to having found a way to rouse the Green Man from the curse lain upon him by the Sovereign? It has been the best news I've heard since we formalized the treaty between the Northlanders and the Allied Lands. The war has already turned against the Sovereign's forces, but if the Green Man was able to exert his influence once again we could finally see an end to this war. Praise the Balance.

Nahrine: Yes. Praise the Balance. I must ask, is the Unseen representative from Draiocht here yet?

Balar: Yes, Magus. Currently she and a pair of Unseen warriors stand guard over the form of the Green Man. She will be joining us shortly for the opening ceremonies. Though I wish you'd come to us sooner after your arrival instead of waiting for morning.

Aurick: Yeah, that would be me. We went through a lot to find what knowledge we have, and its not entirely complete. Plus we've been dodging agents of the Sovereign the whole time, so I thought it better to keep things quiet, instead of rousing the town's garrison commander, the Clan Chief of the Grey Talons, and dragging everyone into the Lord Mayor's house in the middle of the night for a secret meeting that everyone in the town was going to see.

Balar: That's... a fair point.

Aurick: *(smiling)* A decent thought does pass through the thick skull at times.

Ciaran: It would have to pass through, it might get trapped and die of loneliness in there otherwise.

Rakshas: It must be a trait common to all Northlanders.

**(before the exchange can become any more heated, Lord Gilmore interjects)**

Gilmore: *(coughs)* Yes, well. It was common knowledge the Unseen would be here. They'd already asked us to arrange a Champion's Tournament during our Festival, and told us the prize for the winner would be a special honor. Though they weren't very forthcoming about what that honor could be.

**(while Lord Gilmore is speaking, a pair of Legionnaires is escorting Ananasca up to the group standing off center in the field of honor. Nahrine fails to see her as she makes her comment)**

Nahrine: This does not surprise me, Lord Gilmore. The Unseen have a habit of only telling people what they believe is needed. A habit that has frustrated many other Magi over the years.

Ananasca: That is because, Magus Nahrine, Knowledge is power and that power must always be applied responsibly and in Balance with all things, and sometimes the very young use that Knowledge... unwisely.

Nahrine: *(her mood considerably darkens, and does her best to contain her emotions)* Perhaps, though the Unseen deciding to make themselves the final arbiters on who else can access that Knowledge may be part of the problem.

Ananasca: *(with a nod and no sign that she was even moved... or bothered... or even cares about the Magi's hostility as she turns to Lord Gilmore)* I do apologize for my tardiness, Lord Gilmore. Before arrival, I had preparations to make in order to keep the Green Man's vessel safe.

Gilmore: I completely understand Lady Ananasca. I also take you have no objection my having Captain Balar provide you with Legionnaires for additional protection?

Ananasca: We much appreciate your aid in this, Lord Gilmore. We are aware that with the Green Man's vessel incapacitated so, the rest of us amongst the Unseen are diminished and welcome any assistance offered. *(turns to Nahrine and Aurick)* This includes help from those who uncover that which was lost to us, so that we may free the Green Man. We are most grateful for the risks you have taken in this task, Warden Aurick and Magus Nahrine.

Nahrine: *(after a brief pause)* The Order of the Spirit is always willing to render what aid it can to whomever asks it of us. We too would like to see the Green Man freed of this curse, and peace brought back to these lands.

Aurick: That... is a LOT of words. I'll settle for 'you're welcome.' Also, what is this "special honor" you've got planned for the tournament anyway?

Anasca: All things in their own time, Warden. Or do you not like surprises?

Aurick: *(frowning)* No, my Lady. I don't. I find that surprises are like ignorance, and more often than not, end up getting people killed. So, no... no I'm not fond of surprises.

Anasca: *(sighing)* Very well then. The Unseen have not been ignorant of the growing resentment against us for some time. It did not begin with the War against the Dominion, nor the venomous words of the Sovereign. In leaving this world behind to protect the creatures of magic, and in our zeal to protect the natural world, we may have ostracized ourselves from the mortal one. With this Champions tournament, we are looking for someone to protect the vessel of the Green Man, or to stand with him if we succeed.

Balar: I'm sorry, but I don't quite understand...

Nahrine: They are asking for help, Captain. In their own way, but asking nonetheless.

Anasca: Indeed. Should this prove to be the cure we seek... *(at that Anasca's voice trails off as she spies someone working their way amongst the crowds, and her attention is drawn to him.)*

**(Grevane comes onstage after walking by or through the audience, coming to a respectful stop at the corner of the stage, doing nothing to draw attention or anything to let on that there is something unusual at all about him.)**

Anasca: ...If you will excuse me a moment. *(Anasca breaks away from the group while the rest of them stand there puzzled at her sudden departure. Anasca walks over to speak with Grevane.)*

Aurick: Now that wasn't odd in the slightest.

**(Anasca walks over and comes to a stop before Grevane, who remains calm in the face of the Unseen before him)**

Anasca: Pardon me, good sir. But would you please speak with me a moment?

Grevane: *(elated at speaking with an Unseen)* Of course, mistress. It would please me to no end to speak with one who represents the Balance.

Anasca: *(taken aback at the gushing praise)* Um, yes. I do not presume as such, but may I ask why you are here?

Grevane: But of course, mistress. This humble being before you is but a simple pilgrim. I am called Grevane and have come to speak those from the lands of Draiocht. I was told you would be sponsoring this year's Champions tournament?

Ananasca: *(as he speaks, there is a growing unease within Ananasca. Something that puts her off about this man)* You have heard correctly, good pilgrim. However, the opening ceremonies are almost ready to begin...

Grevane: I would never seek to delay you, my lady. I would ask that afterwards, if there is time, if I might be allowed an audience with you at some time during the day? To discuss the Balance, and the nature of lands which I will never see?

**(Ananasca backs away a step before starting to turn)**

Ananasca: I will endeavor to see if I can make the time to speak with you. I find that I have some questions of my own for you.

Grevane: You honor me, your grace, and if any insights I share with you can answers your questions, I would be most pleased to do it.

Ananasca: Yes... Thank you.

**(Ananasca leaves the pilgrim at the edge of the crowd, and moves back to the other characters as quickly as possible. When she comes back, Aurick is the first to pick up on the Unseen's unease with the pilgrim.)**

Aurick: Friend of yours?

Ananasca: No, Warden Aurick. I thought I felt a disturbance, a darkness.

Nahrine: A darkness? Who is he?

Ananasca: *(the mask of detachment is back. No sign that he was ever ill at ease)* A pilgrim. Someone who may misunderstand the ways of the Unseen as much, in their own way, as the Dominion's people do.

Rakshas: Would you like me to have him detained? Or escorted from the city entirely?

Ananasca: Think no more of it, Corporal. It was merely a feeling, let it not distract us much greater concerns.

Rakshas: As you wish, my Lady.

Nahrine: Well, if Lady Ananasca doesn't mind, I'd still like it if someone kept an eye on him. Just in case.

Ananasca: I have no objection to taking such precautions, Magus.

Gilmore: I do hate to bring this up, but the crowds have long since gathered and if there is no other business to be brought up, might I be free to officially start our Faire?

Ananasca: Of course, Lord Mayor. Please forgive me for taking up your time. We will discuss things in much greater detail once formalities have been seen to. I will need time to look over

the information that Warden Aurick and Magus Nahrine have gone through so much trouble to bring to us.

Gilmore: Then you shall have it, Lady Ananasca.

**(Lord Gilmore nods back to Ananasca and motions for the others to step back and take up positions behind him as he steps to the foreground to address the crowd.)**

Gilmore: Hear ye, hear ye all lords and ladies! Attention to all gentlebeings, visitors from all corners of the Allied Lands. It is our most gracious honor to once again open wide the gates of our home, the vaunted city of Vonsall and welcome you, one and all to the MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE! ( -- pause -- ) It is during this time each year, as the Summer Solstice passes, that we so happily open our town and our hearts to all those who come to us and share in a celebration of life itself! We know that it is a dark time, a time of war with the forces of the Dominion who seek to smother us all. To destroy and divide us. But we stand here in defiance of the Sovereign's hordes, as we raise our voices as one and let them know that we are not afraid. That our light will shine so brightly, that we will burn away their darkness and once more the Allied Lands will know... peace. ( -- pause -- ) As is our tradition, each year we hold a Tournament of Champions. Warriors from across the Lands who wish to try their hands in tests of martial prowess to see whom will be recognized as the greatest warrior. However, this year will carry with it, a special bonus. *(turns back to Ananasca)* If I might ask the representative from the magical lands of Draiocht to come forth?

Ananasca: *(steps forth)* Thank you, Lord Gilmore. I am afraid I do not have Lord Gilmore's propensity for flowery speech, so I will be brief. It is no secret that the war began when our Avatar, the Green Man, was struck low with a curse by an assassin working for the Sovereign. Without his power, the world has become unbalanced, and he was unable to stop the darkness of the Sovereign from coming to our lands. Sadly, the Green Man is still under effect of the curse and even the numbers of the Unseen are few. So, we would seek to bestow upon the winner of the Champions Tournament, a great honor. Not only will the winner become the new guardian of the vessel of the Green Man, but they would also be brought with us to Draiocht, the first mortal to see the realm since the Unseen left, so many ages ago. *(smiles)* To you, once again, Lord Gilmore.

*(the extras should start whispering. Being made a champion is one thing, but a mortal travelling to Draiocht is unheard of. Even the principal characters are a bit shocked. Most others answer with shock, Aurick whistles in surprise. It takes Gilmore a few moments to regain his composure.)*

Gilmore: *(sputtering a bit)* Well... yes... thank YOU, Mistress Ananasca. That is certainly a great honor, and who amongst our warriors will claim that honor? Who will be the first mortal in over a millennia to see the fabled lands of the Unseen? If you wish to be one, or if you wish to see them, gather here once again on the field of honor at ( -- insert time here -- )! Until then, the



doors of our fair city are open to you all to make what merry you may, so long as it harm none as we welcome you once more to the MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE! HUZZAH!!

All: HUZZAH!

(possible joke, do with this as you will)

Random extra: Dilly dilly!

**(Rakshas and a random Legionnaire stomp over and grab the extra)**

Rakshas: Alright, you were warned about that!

Balar: Do you want us to get sued for copyright infringement? That's it, take him away!

Extra: Aw, come on!

Balar: Make him sit in the dunk tank!

**(the extra is dragged away while the rest of the characters just shrug)**

All: HUZZAH!

--- END SCENE 2 ---

## Scene 3

**Characters needed: Warden Aurick, Nahrine, Ananasca, Captain Balar, Corporal Rakshas, Chief Skeld, Ciaran, Gilmore.**

**(the scene opens with Ananasca, Aurick, and Nahrine sitting at a table, with Ananasca studying several pieces of parchment and an item wrapped in cloth. The item is never removed for the audience to see, at first, but it is obviously of some importance. Inside is the knife used to fell the Green Man. Gilmore, the Northlanders, and the Legionnaires will join the scene shortly)**

Ananasca: *(reading through the papers)* How far north did you say you travelled when you discovered the tablet?

Aurick: Just south of the Frostspire Mountains, about as far north and desolate a place as you can get.

Ananasca: Yes. Yes it would have to be in order to have gone undiscovered for so long.

Nahrine: It is a trek we would never have been able to make if not for the Northlanders joining the war. We'd not have been able to spare the resources to travel that far, nor would the tribes have been willing to deal with us.

Aurick: Makes a body wonder who they were fleeing in order to protect that knowledge. The tomb where we found those tablets was old, older than many of the Allied Lands.

Nahrine: Judging by the language used, I would guess that it predates even the elven kingdom at Iuaron.

Ananasca: You are quite correct, Magus Nahrine. A part of the language used here is of the ancient ones that are forebears of the Unseen. This ritual most definitely predates the exodus to lands of Draiocht.

Aurick: *(leans back and takes a drink)* Makes a body wonder just how old the Sovereign is if has access to any knowledge this old.

Ananasca: The Sovereign is old enough. But it will not matter once we use this to free the Green Man, and the Avatar will seal that creature back in the prison where it belongs.

Aurick: What? Prison? Locking him up only made him madder, and you want to just have the Green Man put that monster back in the hole? Then what the hell is stopping this from happening all over again when the Sovereign gets loose again.

**(Aurick's outburst is heard just as Gilmore, the Legionnaires, and the Northlanders walk on scene)**

Balar: A valid question, Warden. It does seem pointless to simply jail the Sovereign if the Green Man has the power to kill him.

Anasca: *(speaking as if she is explaining to a child)* It may indeed be within the Green Man's power to eliminate the Sovereign entirely, but to do so may have for more dire consequences than in dealing with another minor conflict such as this sometime down the line.

Rakshas: Minor conflict?! Do you have any idea how many friends I've lost? How many towns those Dominionites have burned to the ground? Gaia be damned if I'll let you dishonor all we've lost by calling this a 'minor conflict!'

Gilmore: *(coughs, and steps between the angry Corporal and Anasca)* Now, Corporal. I am sure Lady Anasca had no intention of diminishing everything that's been lost...

Rakshas: Then let her say it! Let the Unseen come forth and look me in the eye and tell me this is 'minor conflict!'

Balar: Corporal! Stand down at once! *(Anasca interrupts the Captain)*

Anasca: Captain... please... *(rising up and stepping over to the Corporal, softly pushing Lord Gilmore aside and bowing her head in supplication)* Corporal Rakshas. Please accept my humblest apologies. It was never my intention to belittle what has already been taken from you. What I said was a truly poor choice of words.

Rakshas: *(takes a few moments, staring down the Unseen. Then looking to the Captain who nods)* You're damned right it was. *(he looks to his Captain and snaps a salute, who salutes back, Rakshas steps away from the Unseen, doing his best not to snarl)*

***(after taking a step or two away from the Unseen, Ciaran steps over to the soldier, and with no trace of a smile, simply offers him a drink from his glass. For once, the Corporal nods and takes a sip, never taking his eyes off the Unseen)***

Gilmore: Yes, well, now that cooler heads can prevail. Obviously you've had time to examine the items that were found by the Warden and the Magus?

Anasca: *(pausing a moment, preparing to deal with the more 'important' business at hand)* Yes, Lord Gilmore. There is a great deal of information to be had here. It is part myth and part incantation, it is also incomplete.

**(there are sounds of disappointment coming from the others)**

Skeld: Incomplete? What's missing?

Aurick: *(coughs)* Yeah... that would be my fault. The place we found the information had been sealed up and was more of a tomb than a library.

Gilmore: A library?

Nahrine: *(also wary in her description)* Calling it a library would be a charitable description. *(she waits a moment before going on)* But yes, there were a number of parchments and rolls of velum scattered throughout the chamber. *(waits)* We found a body there as well. Someone who had been sealed inside the room, alive.

Gilmore: How horrid! Who was this person and why were they there?

Aurick: We don't know. Nothing we found talked about who he was, nor why he was sealed in there. But, we were on something of a time table, so there was only so much we could go through.

Balar: What do you mean you were on a time table? Obviously the war against the Dominion was still ongoing, but since the Northlanders formally allied with the rest of Cuulayne, we've managed to turn the tide against them.

Nahrine: The Sovereign was aware of what we were looking for. He knows we'd been searching for a cure, and we'd been dodging his agents for weeks.

Aurick: One of the real persistent ones had been dogging our heels since we set out for the mountains from the home of the Stormwolves. Never even got a chance to see the piece of horse dung up close, but we got real familiar with his agents. Mercenaries, darklings, even a few truly nasty monsters I don't want to think about.

Skeld: Let me guess, he tracked you down to the chamber?

Aurick: Wanted us to become the next permanent residents, but he also wanted what was inside. So... I burned it.

Balar: You WHAT?!

Aurick: We took everything we could, anything that we even though might have information on it, and some of the fuel we'd brought for our lanterns, I lit everything else in the chamber on fire, as well as a couple of the Sovereign's agents.

Ciaran: In the middle of the frozen north, in a desolate tomb ... you managed to actually burn something down.

***(Aurick opens his mouth several times like he wants to respond. He obviously wants to make a smart ass comeback... but he's got nothing)***

Aurick: Yes.

Nahrine: The Warden's pyrotechnic proclivities aside, we sadly had no other choice. Should something have happened to us, we couldn't allow the Sovereign to get his hands on the information. He'd already known how to curse the Green Man, we didn't want to take the chance that he would use whatever was there to finish him once and for all.

Anasca: *(reading through the sheets given to her)* A wise decision, Magus. However, after taking the time to read what you've brought me, yes. Yes we can free the Green Man from the Sovereign's curse and return him to us once again.

Gilmore: Excellent! Balance be praised!

*(the others around the Unseen also let out some cheers and breaths of relief. The idea that the War may finally be over is wondrous news. However, Warden Aurick and Magus Nahrine are not sharing in the brief celebration. Nor is Anasca.)*

Aurick: Yeah, not to be a downer. Because believe me, I'm all for a good celebration. But Lady Anasca isn't finished yet.

Gilmore: What do you mean? Surely once the Green Man is awake, he'll deal directly with the Sovereign. Surely such a creature as that merits direct intervention in the name of the Balance?

Nahrine: It isn't the Green Man intervening that's at issue. It's what needs to happen to lift the curse.

Anasca: *(frowns)* There may be some risk involved, yes. But I am certain the Green Man will return to us once the curse is lifted.

Nahrine: You KNOW that's not what I'm talking about.

Anasca: Ah. Of course. *(there is a brief pause as once again, all attention turns to the Unseen)* In order for the curse to be lifted, the Green Man has to die.

*(once more, shock ripples through everyone but the Warden, Magus, and Unseen)*

Skeld: Die? What was the point of keeping this from the Sovereign if you're just going to do his job for him!?

Anasca: *(sighs)* You misunderstand what it is to be the Green Man. The Green Man is not simply one being of great power, he is not some representative of the Balance.

Gilmore: *(sternly)* Explain this to us, Lady Anasca. Please make us understand. For right now it feels like hope has been dangled just within reach, and then yanked away.

Anasca: The Green Man is not a person. Not in the way you think. The Green Man is an Avatar, a vessel for the power of the Unseen and the magic of the lands of Draiocht.

Nahrine: When you said you were diminished because of the curse, you didn't mean just the Green Man, did you?

Anasca: No. As the curse holds the Green Man on the cusp of life and death, so too does it hold his power, the power of the Unseen inside his vessel. Untouchable by any being so long as the vessel draws life. The Sovereign knew what he was doing when he had his assassin bring our Avatar low. But we suspect that was only part of his plan, we think his true design was to

kill the Green Man and take that power for himself. Corrupting the power of the Unseen and in so doing destroying the realm of Draiocht and casting the mortal lands under neverending darkness. It was only through the quick actions of the Heroes of Myrfall when the war first started that prevented the vessel of the Green Man from falling into the Dominion's hands. Their victory allowed us the time we needed to find this cure.

Ciaran: So, what? You do your ritual, the Green Man dies and then what... a couple minutes later a new one just pops up, all good and ready to go?

Anasca: No... no. The death of the Green Man is not the only cost that must be paid. As I've said, the Green Man is a vessel, it holds the power of the Unseen, and so when the need for a new Green Man arises the power must choose a new vessel. That vessel... then becomes the new Green Man.

Ciaran: Alright. So, after the old Green Man dies, the power just what zips into the nearest Unseen... and... *(looks at Anasca, and pauses as he realization occurs)* Oh.

Anasca: *(smiles)* A simple way to put it, but yes. When the ritual ends, the old Green Man will be gone and the new one will be chosen.

Nahrine: There is another risk to consider, isn't there, Lady Anasca?

Anasca: Yes. Its entirely possible that lifting the curse, here, won't just kill the Green Man but also the new vessel as well. Or the power may just be lost to us entirely.

Gilmore: Those are some rather extreme risks, my lady.

Anasca: It seems that the Sovereign has left us with very little choice. The nature of the curse prevents us from taking the Green Man to Draiocht, for it has bound the vessel here to this plane. We are also not entirely sure how the Sovereign knew to craft such a curse in the first place. So if the ritual comes to that, then the chosen champion must use this... on me.

*(Lady Anasca unwraps the weapon on the table and holds it up for everyone to see)*

Balar: By my father's beard... is that?

Nahrine: It is. In Lady Anasca's hand is the weapon used to strike the Green Man down the first time.

Anasca: Yes, and should the ritual fail, and it appear that I cannot hold the power the chosen champion must run me through. The power of the Green Man will be lost to the Unseen once more, but it will be held within a vessel, me, until a true cure can be found.

Aurick: If a cure can be found, and after what it took to find what we have now that is a mighty big "IF".

Ciaran: Huge, I'd say.

Rakshas: You mentioned this 'chosen champion'. Who are you talking about? You can't possibly mean the winner of today's tournament.

Anasca: I'm afraid I do. Part of the nature of the curse requires a great warrior, or a champion recognized above all others to be the one to wield the blade. As the Green Man is cursed, so too might the champion be if they are not strong enough, and they will indeed have to remain as the guardian of the new vessel of the Green Man's power. To do otherwise may mean their demise.

Nahrine: *(softly)* All magic has its price.

Anasca: Indeed, Magus Nahrine. To save my people, to save yours, I pay this price gladly. Would any of you do any less?

Gilmore: No, I would think not. However, if a sacrifice is to be made, it must be made willingly. You say the chosen champion may have to strike you down, and in so doing might lose his life. You say they are being given a great honor in becoming guardian to the Green Man's vessel, but said nothing about what doing so will cost.

Anasca: Until I read through the parchments, I was truly unaware of what the repercussions would be.

Gilmore: But you had some idea.

Anasca: Yes.

Gilmore: *(darkly)* I do not like being lied to, my lady. Even by omission.

Anasca: I understand, if you feel you must cancel the tournament. I will send message to my people and we will find another way to perform the ritual.

Gilmore: No. No, this war has gone on for too long, and if what we do here today has a chance, even a slim chance of bringing it to an end, then we are obligated to do so. But no champion will go into his with blind eyes, my lady. I will not allow it! Once a champion is crowned, once we know who will be asked to hold the blade, we will tell them everything. Do you understand me?

Anasca: Yes, Lord Gilmore.

Gilmore: *(lightens his tone)* Good. Do you require anything else, lady Anasca?

Anasca: A few small things in order to prepare both the Green Man and myself.

Balar: Whatever you have need brought to you, I shall have my Legionnaires bring it. *(Anasca simply nods as the others get up to leave)*

Aurick: Right, seems everything is all settled here.

Ciaran: Oh, going to see if there's anything else you can burn down? Or just going to go see how drunk you can get before the tournament?

Aurick: You know, I'm going to let that pass. I hate watching a grown man cry after I've knocked out his teeth.

Nahrine: *(Sighs)* Warden...

Aurick: No. What I plan on doing is searching around for that Grevane fellow that drew 'nasca's attention earlier. See if I can get a closer look at him.

Ananasca: A good idea, Warden. There was something off about him, but nothing I could define.

Rakshas: He made mention that he wanted to speak with you. Should we bring him here, to you?

Ananasca: No. I'm afraid all my attention must be devoted to deciphering the rest of these notes and ensure that the ritual to break the curse will be successful. I think it best to allow the Warden to indulge himself.

Aurick: *(smiles and rubs his hands together)* Far be it from me to disagree with one of the all-seeing Unseen.

Ciaran: All... seeing... Unseen.

Aurick: I know what I said.

Gilmore: Gentlemen. Please. If there is nothing else? *(so rebuked everyone mutters 'no' or shakes their heads in the negative)* Then let us carry on and hope that we are indeed seeing the final days of this terrible war.

*(everyone nods their agreement as the group breaks up and leaves, Rakshas and Balar escorting Ananasca while the northlanders and the Magus go elsewhere, Gilmore leaves to play the politician and greet the people)*

--- END SCENE 3 ---



## Scene 4

**Characters needed: Grevane, Quintus, Esmer, Mordath, Aurick, pair of extras that are meant to be faceless thugs**

**(the scene opens on just Grevane, waiting patiently on an otherwise 'empty stage'. Meant to be a building otherwise deserted by its owners as they attend the rest of Faire's festivities. Or murdered by Grevane. Either way works. Waiting just off stage is Esmer, and his two thugs carrying the form of Mordath between them under a sheet or lying on a sling before being brought on scene. Esmer is also carrying a box which holds the Hand of Mordath inside)**

Grevane: Did you have any difficulty entering the city?

Esmer: *(stepping forward and holding onto the box)* You aren't paying me because this is easy.

Grevane: But you are being paid so you can deliver these items without being noticed. So again, did you have any difficulty entering the city?

Esmer: *(holds up the box)* Bringing this in, no. *(gestures over to the covered form of Mordath between the two thugs)* Bringing in him was considerably more difficult, but we are here, and the Legion has not been called down upon our heads.

Grevane: *(addressing the smuggler with some contempt)* Bring forth the chest.

**(Esmer steps forward and holds the case out for Grevane. Grevane takes a few moments and then finally opens the case, carefully taking the gauntlet out, examining it and puts the Hand of Mordath on.)**

Esmer: Satisfied?

Grevane: *(still looking at the gauntlet with awe)* The Hand of Mordath. Retrieved from the vaults of the Spirit Order after the world thought it destroyed. The fools. *(lets out a dark, evil laugh)*

Esmer: I will take that as a yes, now to the matter of the other... item. While we were not seen, he was considerably more difficult to sneak into through the wall of Vonsall. Especially with the increased security.

Grevane: Your point?

Esmer: More risk. More reward.

Grevane: Ah, yes. *(mimicking the smuggler's tone)* More... reward. Well then, bring him forth and once my business with him is complete, then you shall receive your... reward.

**(Esmer either doesn't notice or completely ignores the threat and looks to his two thugs and signals them to bring forth the covered form. Either rolling forth a cage, or dragging the man up off the floor and holding him up in front of Grevane. Esmer pulls off the hood and reveals the sickened, disgusting form of the dark warlock Mordath. He has been poisoned by his work with dark magicks and is covered in black makeup and scars, almost as if he's turning into a darkling, or something worse.)**

Mordath: *(coughs as he speaks)* Who... are you? Do you know who it is you are meddling with?

Grevane: We are quite aware of who you are. You are the dread warlock Mordath. Corruptor of the Weave, Betrayer of the Spirit Order, Murderer of the Archmagus.

Mordath: *(smiles)* Some of my finest work.

Grevane: Indeed, and it is He Who Sits Upon the Golden Throne who summons you.

Mordath: No one summons me!

Grevane: Then it pleases the Sovereign to be the first.

**(the thugs and Esmer react a little at hearing the name. The thugs look to one another, releasing Mordath and stepping back. Esmer takes a single step back, but tries not to look anymore nervous.)**

Mordath: I don't see the Sovereign here. *(eyes the Hand of Mordath Grevane is wearing)* Only a pretender, wearing my property. *(holds out his hand)* Return it to me, return my Hand and I will show you what power truly is.

**(there is the sound of dark, mocking laughter as a great BOOM is heard and knocks everyone to the ground except Grevane, who stands looking down over Mordath. But when Grevane speaks, it is now with the Voice of the Sovereign)**

Grevane: Mortal, you have no concept of true power.

Mordath: The great and powerful Sovereign, I presume?

Grevane: *(ignores the question, walking around the warlock as he speaks)* Your trafficking in powers beyond understanding has poisoned you, has begun a change that will not end well for you. *(crouches down)* For what awaits you, death would be a release.

Mordath: What do you want?

Grevane: I want what always should have been mine, I want what the Unseen tried to keep from me when they sealed me away. I demand Dominion over all things.

Mordath: *(laughs until he begins a coughing fit, perhaps even spitting at the feet of Grevane)*  
Because of course you do. What is it, oh great and powerful Sovereign you want... with me?

Grevane: I want you to kill the Green Man.

Mordath: He is dead already. Felled by your assassin years ago!

Grevane: Fool! *(steps around Mordath, Esmer and the thugs too stunned to move)* My servant merely cursed him, striking the vessel low and making sure that he would not die. Keeping the power held until I could claim it for myself. Something I would have done had my that incompetent. General Chyraxus not lost Myrfall at the start of the war. But now, now the chance to truly end the Green Man once and for all, and destroy the lands of Draiocht in one... single strike.

Mordath: *(coughs)* I would consider doing this task for you. But what's in it for me?

Grevane: Your bargaining position is highly dubious. But very well. I will remove the corruption, repairing your body, and grant you the power you need to end the Green Man.

Mordath: And...?

Grevane: AND NOTHING! You belong to me now.

Mordath: *(rises up with a sneer and takes hold of Grevane by the front of his shirt.)* Listen here, you insignificant pretender to godhood. I am Mordath, MORDATH! I murdered the Archmagus and fractured the Spirit Order. I sundered the boundaries between the planes and unleashed Chaos upon this realm. If it were not for me, you would not have even been able to claw your way out of that hole the Unseen left you in. I belong to no one... and YOU OWE ME.

Grevane: *(growls as he backhands Mordath, forcing the wizard onto the podium or whatever is going to be used for the "Transformation")* Perhaps I was mistaken, I will find another. But if it is a debt you wish to have repaid *(holds his hand up and Mordath starts to spasm, and jerk in pain)* ...then proceed on your way to oblivion.

Mordath: *(after spending a few brief moments howling in agony because otherwise he is going to die)* Wait... WAIT! Forgive me, mighty Sovereign. Ive changed my mind. I... I accept your terms.

Grevane: Excellent. Then let us begin... your Metamorphosis.

*(While the trick is going on, Aurick "sneaks" onstage and catches the tail end of that and watches silently, doing his damndest not to get caught. This is the point when Grevane barely matters as he holds his hand high over the form of Mordath who writhes and howls on the ground as you folks pull of the Metamorphosis trick. Swapping out Mordath, and swapping in Quintus. Complete even with new clothes)*

Grevane: Pass from this existence Mordath, and arise, Chosen of the Sovereign, Quintus!

**(Quintus stumbles off where the metamorphosis is performed and stands in front of Grevane who removes the 'Hand of Mordath and hands it to Quintus, who slides the gauntlet on and stares at it)**

Grevane: *(his voice returns to normal)* I am your humble servant, Grevane. Lord Quintus.

Quintus: I will destroy the Green Man, and any who dare stand in my way!

Grevane: *(motions to Esmer, the smuggler, and his two thugs. Who've been mostly senseless this entire time)* What of these three, Chosen One?

Quintus: The only witnesses I will leave behind are those who shall see me bring about the end of the Green Man in the Sovereign's name. *(looks to the three of them)* DOMINUS!!! *(Using magic, Quintus simply takes over the minds of the three men)* Remain here until we leave, and then, kill one another.

Esmer and the two extras: *(in chorus)* As you command, Chosen One.

Grevane: For the glory of the Dominion.

Quintus: *(looking down at his gauntlet as Grevane walks off stage, and can no longer hear Quintus, and Quintus smiles)* No... for me. *(Then walks off stage following his 'servant')*

**(A moment later out steps Aurick)**

Aurick: This. This is the opposite of good. *(watches as with the departure of Quintus and Grevane, the other three men barely start moving. Aurick steps in and quickly takes their weapons away and knocks them out to keep them from killing one another)* What else could go wrong, today? *(stops short and looks up to the sky)* Dammit, I do not mean that as a challenge!

**--- END SCENE 4 ---**

## Scene 5

**Characters needed: All (except Mordath, Esmer, and the Sovereign)**

The scene opens with several participants in the tournament milling about on the field. Legionnaires and Northlanders have been stationed at key parts around the field, actively looking out for Quintus and Grevane, thanks to Aurick's warning. Captain Balar and Chief Skelf are on site coordinating the search for the villains and the protection of the town while the Lord Mayor listens to their reports. The Legionnaires are better guardians, while the Northlanders have been trying to hunt the villains down. Ciaran is with Skeld, and Rakshas stands near his Captain. The two of them also preparing to join the tournament.

---writer's note: as always, I leave the rules of the tournament to the fight choreographers and the director. However, the only characters from the principal cast the can be in the tourney are Rakshas and Ciaran. Especially Rakshas, as he's going to win overall. The others shouldn't participate for story reasons. ---

Ciaran: *(examining his weapon)* No hard feelings when I walk away from this whole thing as champion, right?

Rakshas: Considering what we may be tasked to do as victor, I wouldn't think you so eager to win.

Ciaran: *(looks off field, not seeing Ananasca)* I'm in no hurry to kill an Unseen, or die in the attempt, no. But there are worse ways to go. You?

Rakshas: I am a Legionnaire, it is my duty to lay down my life to protect the people of Cuulayne. If the duty of Champion is to lay their life down to keep others safe, I would consider it a great honor.

Ciaran: Let us hope then, that the Unseen woman is successful, and whoever wins the tournament just has to stand there and look pretty.

Rakshas: *(chuckles)* Indeed.

Gilmore: *(walking over to Ciaran and Rakshas)* While I am most pleased that the two of you have put aside your differences, and would be more than willing to accept the duty that comes with being champion, I ask that you refrain from speaking of that particular honor amongst yourself and the other participants, at the request of Lady Anasca.

Rakshas: Yes, Lord Mayor.

Ciaran: *(nods curtly to the Lord Mayor)* I'll keep my mouth shut.

Gilmore: Thank you for your discretion, then. *(Gilmore and steps over to the Captain and clan chieftan.)*

**(Aurick walks on field, moving with a quick step to Gilmore, Balar, and Skeld. Not running, but quickly)**

Balar: Any news, Warden?

Aurick: No. Seems those two assassins for the Sovereign have up and vanished. Nahrine's divinations have come up blank as well. Grevane and that other one are well hidden from her. I hate dealing with magicians.

Skeld: Not nearly as much as they are of dealing with you, Clanless. But if we are truly unable to find them, it might be a wise course to cancel the tournament.

Gilmore: No, I've broached the subject with the Lady Anasca, and she is concerned that with the Sovereign's knowledge that his curse can be broken, and in crafting an assassin specifically to end the Green Man completely, the safety of the vessel of the Green Man can no longer be guaranteed. Best we make the attempt to revive the Green Man today, and hope it will be enough.

Balar: Then we too must hope that what preparations we've made are enough, and that when these villains come forth, we can stop them.

Skeld: There's a lot of 'hoping' in those statements.

Aurick: Then let's take up positions and make sure those hopes aren't in vain.

Gilmore: Well said, Warden.

Auricks: Yeah... accidents happen.

**(before any further rebukes can be made, the stage goes silent as Lady Anasca walks on field, appearing very solemn as a pair of Unseen flank a stretcher, or table, with the vessel of the Green Man on it. Also guarding them are a group of Legionnaires. Looking about for any threats, also with them is Magus Nahrine, staff in hand, searching for the assassins. They stop at a pre-arranged spot where they are in full view of the audience and the fighters, The Unseen guardians and the Legionnaires remain while Lady Anasca and Nahrine step away to speak to the others)**

**(Lord Gilmore bows his head and welcomes both ladies, Balar also greets them. Skeld and Aurick don't bother with social graces)**

Gilmore: Warden Aurick has informed me that the assassins have frustrated your efforts to find them, Magus Nahrine?

Nahrine: I am loathe to admit, I have never truly excelled at divinations, and with the power of the Green Man so close, I am next to useless.

Ananasca: Hindered, yes, Magus. But far from useless. You had some success with the smuggler and his men?

Nahrine: Yes. I was able to free the smugglers from the charm that Quintus creature cast upon them. The smuggler, Esmer, told me what he knew. It is news I wish another had discovered.

Gilmore: What do you mean, Magus?

Nahrine: Esmer smuggled two things into the city for Grevane. The first was an artifact we'd thought hidden in the vaults of the Spirit Order. *(she pauses a moment)* The Hand of Mordath.

*(Balar, Skeld, and Gilmore are shocked)*

Skeld: Wait, I'd been told the Hand was destroyed! Also... weren't you there when it was 'destroyed'?

Nahrine: *(hesitant)* It was a convenient lie, and the Archmagus and the Council at Anleigh thought it best to remain so. We simply did not have the ability to unravel an item of such power then, and there was no time to learn what we needed to destroy it between the severing of the Order and the War with the Dominion. So it was sealed away in a protected, highly warded, heavily guarded vault.

Aurick: protected, highly warded, heavily guarded... how long ago was it broken into and the item stolen?

Nahrine: After we left to search for the cure for the curse. The vault erupted from within, decimating the area. Several magi lost their lives, friends. *(she takes a moment to gather herself, Aurick lays a hand on her shoulder to comfort her, and she nods before continuing)* Many artifacts and tomes were destroyed in the explosion, the Order is still making a complete list of everything missing. The Hand was on that list.

Balar: The Hand of Mordath. Blast. That wretched item has been a bigger pain than the warlock that crafted it.

Skeld: One moment, the smuggler told you he brought in TWO things?

Nahrine: Yes. They brought in a person, but they have no memory of who it was. The person was unconscious until he was brought before Grevane, but their memories of the entire event ends with the smuggler giving over the Hand.

Aurick: I came in partway through whatever they were doing. It took some time to sneak into the building without getting spotted, so I only caught that Grevane or the Sovereign or whatever turning the other one into someone called Quintus. That was disturbing enough to watch.

Gilmore: One can imagine.

Aurick: Take my advice... don't. But that was the last I saw of them, I was busy keeping the smuggler and his buddies from killing themselves because Quintus ordered them too.

Gilmore: You have my condolences, and that of the people of Vonsall for your loss, Magus Nahrine.

Nahrine: *(bows her head)* I... am most grateful, Lord Mayor.

Gilmore: Bearing all this in mind, Lady Anasca, do you think it wise to bring the vessel of the Green Man out in the open like this? Perhaps it'd be best concealed until after the tournament?

Anasca: Your caution is appreciated, Lord Mayor. But our enemies move against us, and out here would force them to reveal themselves instead of striking when our backs are turned. Also the ritual must be done out in the open.

Gilmore: I understand, my lady.

Aurick: You ready for all this, Anasca?

Anasca: We are seldom truly ready, Warden. But I am as prepared as I can be.

Aurick: Good luck to you, then.

Gilmore: To us all. Now, the hour does grow late and I have a crowd to address before we begin the champions tournament. So if you would all be so kind as to excuse me...?

**(the others nod as Gilmore turns and walks to address the crowd. Balar and Skeld stand near the Lord Mayor, while Anasca returns to her place by the Green Man. Aurick and Nahrine move to the edge of the field/stage and stalk around the edge, weaving through the audience, and extras, hunting for Grevane and Quintus.)**

Gilmore: Lords and ladies! It is once more my great pleasure to welcome you, one and all, to our glorious city of Vonsall and to the MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENNAISSANCE FAIRE! We hope that you have enjoyed spending your time here, with us, helping us celebrate the passing of the summer solstice. As we look to a future where once again all the people of Cuulayne, indeed of all the Allied Lands, will be at peace. That though the Dominion has wounded us, that as they sought to divide us, that we are stronger TOGETHER! That we defy them in one glorious voice that we are all of us, truly free.

*(pauses)* Now it is my honor to present to you, Vonsall's own Tournament of Champions! Warriors from across the lands of Cuulayne and beyond have come to showcase their skills in a test of martial prowess. Exemplifying that while we wish to live in peace, we are always ready to defend ourselves against monsters like the Sovereign! This year's tournament carries with it a prize of especially exceptional distinction. The warrior who stands out from all others, shall be offered the chance to become the Chosen Champion of the Unseen. Those



mysterious peoples from the mythic lands of Draiocht, whose own champion, the Green Man was struck low by the Dominion. The Chosen One will be asked if they will help the Unseen stand watch over the Green Man, who heals even now, from those grievous wounds. An honor that is truly unmatched. *(grandly gestures to all the potential champions behind him)* Let us see who will claim that honor, as we let the tournament BEGIN!!!

**(Here the tournament commences. Let the brackets play out however you folks decide. Again the principal cast members included are Ciaran and Rakshas, though Balar and Skeld may participate if needed. The only ones barred from the contest entirely are Aurick, Nahrine, and Ananasca. At some point towards the end of the tournament, Grevane and Quintus should be sneaking either through the crowd or seen sneaking around the edges of the field. Obviously spotted by the audience, but completely unnoticed by the entire cast. The tournament winner is going to be Corporal Rakshas. The story picks back up as Rakshas is crowned champion and offered the role of Chosen One of the Unseen)**

**(Rakshas is standing at attention, as Lord Gilmore presents him to the crowd. Ananasca stands just behind the two, waiting with a circlet crafted of leaves, branches, something fairly "Unseen" looking to be placed upon his head marking him as the Chosen champion)**

Gilmore: Lords and ladies of Vonsall! May I present unto you, the winner of this year's tournament. Rakshas of the Cuulayne Allied Legion! HUZZAH!

Extras: HUZZAH!

Gilmore: And now, to present the offer of Chosen one to your champion. Lady Ananasca of the Unseen!

*(Lady Ananasca steps forward as Gilmore steps to the side, Rakshas watches her as she steps in front of him)*

Ananasca: You have shown great prowess in combat, Legionnaire Rakshas and are surely the pride of your people. Now, will you accept the role of Chosen champion of the Green Man? A role that may mean laying down your life to protect our fallen guardian.

Rakshas: I would consider an honor to accept such a duty, Lady Ananasca.

Ananasca: *(nods and places the circlet on Rakshas' head)* Then accept this badge of office, as chosen champion of the Green Man. *(turns to the crowd)* And to you, most generous people of Vonsall, we of the Unseen would share with you most glorious news. Thanks to the efforts of all the peoples of the Allied Lands, we have found a way to break the curse that the Sovereign has placed upon the Green Man!

**(the two Unseen are moving the 'vessel' of the Green Man towards Ananasca and Rakshas while Gilmore steps to the side. One of the Unseen present the blade used to stab the Green Man before to Ananasca and she bows her head lightly in gratitude. Now Quintus and Grevane should be 'hidden' nearby, but in plain view of the audience.)**

Ananasca: Now, with the aid of the very blade that laid the Green Man low, *(she turns and draws out the knife, stepping to the vessel)* I will release the Avatar, and bring an end to this destructive conflict. Champion, stand ready. *(she draws the blade up dramatically, taking a deep breath)* Green Man, return to us now, in our darkest hour! *(And with that Ananasca tries to stab the Green Man and freezes in place, unable to move)*

Rakshas: *(worried and drawing his sword)* Lady Ananasca?

Ananasca: *(still able to speak, but unable to move)* Something... something stays my hand. Is this the power of the Green Man? By the Ancients, is he trying to stop us from freeing him?

*(Quintus yells just from off stage)*

Quintus: The Green Man? No, a power far greater than that of your pathetic godling holds you fast, Unseen witch. MINE! *(holds his hand out with the gauntlet on it and clenches his fist, using no words.)*

*(everyone turns to see Quintus striding onto the field with Grevane at his side. The guards nearest them draw weapons and attempt to stop them. Quintus opens his hands and makes a broad sweeping gesture, yelling at the guards.)*

Quintus: INMOBILIA! *(All the guards nearest the Green Man, the Unseen carriers and Lord Gilmore fall to the ground. Rakshas has his blade drawn, has evaded the spell, and growls as he charges to engage Quintus. With a sneer, Quintus shakes his head.)* Ignorant fool. *(he quickly dodges a wide sword strike and speaks another word of power)* PARAXIS!

Rakshas: *(Drops the sword and falls to the ground writhing in agony as if something was attempting to crawl its way out of his skull).* AAAAAAHH!!!

**(Quintus steps up to Lady Ananasca, still held in place, unable to move any further. )**

Quintus: Pathetic. *(taking his time as he stops next to Ananasca, looking down at the vessel of the Green Man. Musing out loud.)* How have you weak creatures been such a hindrance to the Sovereign for so long?

*(Grevane draws a knife and quickly takes the Lord Mayor hostage, holding back the others, except for the Magi and the Warden who are sneaking through the crowd over to the two villains)*

Grevane: Unless you wish to have the Lord Mayor's death on your hands, release your weapons, and stand back!

Quintus: *(sighs dramatically watching Grevane and then turning to Ananasca)* Then again, I guess the Sovereign's own forces to this point have been a disappointment. Still, one works with what one has, eh, Lady Ananasca?

Ananasca: *(struggling)* We will stop you.

Quintus: *(chuckling as he removes the blade from her grasp)* They tried that once, little Unseen. It didn't take.

Grevane: Lord Quintus! Strike the Green Man down now, before they rally themselves!

Quintus: A pity we didn't have more time. I truly wish I could savor this moment. However, on to the business at hand. Time to end the threat of the Green Man once and for all!

**(as Quintus is about to raise the sword and end the Green Man, he is interrupted as Aurick shouts and charges forward just out of the sight of the reborn warlock. Nahrine at his side, holding her staff out and pointing it at Grevane)**

Nahrine: Venta Ferramus!

Aurick: Not today, Quintus! *(slams into the wizard before he can bring the blade down, the two of them struggling briefly on the ground.)*

**(the spell cause Grevane to throw the knife he holds at the Lord Mayor's throat away and hurts his wrist, which he grabs, letting go of the Lord Mayor who falls to the ground and quickly scampers away from the man who held him hostage. With the Mayor so freed, the other soldiers and warriors begin picking up their weapons. Quintus' spell of holding is released, and Lady Ananasca falls to the ground, worn out from fighting the binding.)**

**(during the struggle, Aurick tears off a piece of the Hand of Mordath before Quintus gains the upper hand and quickly kicks the Warden away.)**

Quintus: *(angered by the interruption. Quintus clenches the Hand of Mordath into a fist and slams his fist down into the ground.)* SERVITAS! *(once more a great force slams into everyone, knocking them to the ground. He picks up the blade again and stomps over to the Green Man's unprotected vessel)* Of course, if anyone would interfere, it would be a Warden! *(looks over at Aurick, still picking himself up off the ground)* Warden! Witness just how empty your bold words were, as the Green Man dies by my hand!

**(Before anyone else can get up in time to stop him, Quintus drives the blade down into the vessel of the Green Man. Twisting the knife and laughing maniacally, before looking to Grevane)**

Ananasca: *(almost in tears)* NO!!!

Quintus: *(to Grevane)* The Sovereign's bidding is done, you pathetic lackey. The Green Man is dead... *(looks back to vessel and wraps the Hand of Mordath around the blade)* But the power of the Avatar of the Unseen... IS MINE!!! *(Quintus laughs maniacally again)*

Grevane: The Sovereign will strike you down for your treachery!

Quintus: Fool! Fear of the Green Man cowed the Sovereign before, but now, I will show that insignificant power, the meaning of... meaning... *(looks to the Hand of Mordath, opening and*

*closing his fist, looking back at the vessel*) The power of the Green Man? Where is it? *(Quintus stomps over and grabs Ananasca, quickly looking at her)* The power did not go to you, Unseen witch. Where is it?

Ananasca: I don't... I don't know!

Aurick: *(standing up from the ground, holding onto the piece of Mordath's gauntlet he tore off, having now maybe put on some piece of clothing, or quickly applied some makeup to his face to show that a change is happening)* Oh, I've an idea where it went.

Quintus: Keeper's bones, how?

Aurick: *(holding up the piece of the gauntlet he tore off)* Maybe next time you try to claim phenomenal cosmic power, don't do it with substandard equipment.

Quintus: *(sneers)* Enjoy the feeling while you can, you will fall just as easily as your predecessor! *(Having been able to rise up, Rakshas quickly rushes forward and knocks Quintus away before he is able to reach the former vessel of the Green Man and take the blade before Quintus can lay hands on it)*

Rakshas: But you'll not be trying it with this blade, foul murderer!

*(Quintus looks around seeing that the numbers are against him, quickly looks to a few of the warriors of the tournament still acting in shock)*

Quintus: Dominus! Protect us!

**(a small group of warriors draw their weapons and swiftly move to protect Quintus who picks Grevane up off the ground)**

Grevane: Traitorous wretch.

Quintus: Either die here, or run with me.

**(Grevane remains silent and nods as Quintus picks him and the two start to leave the field)**

Aurick: There's nowhere you'll be able to hide from me, Quintus!

Quintus: So I'll kill you when you're not looking. Warden! Enjoy your new place as bootlicker of the Unseen!

**(With that final taunt Quintus and Grevane run like hell while the mind controlled warrior bars the paths of any who try to follow them)**

Nahrine: Don't kill those warriors! Quintus' influence can be broken over them!

Balar: Take them alive! Chief Skeld, if you'd be so kind?

Skeld: Grey Talons! Once the warriors are subdued, scour the city, find those murderers, bring them to me, dead or alive!

*(Aurick steps over to Ananasca, who is staring wide eyed at the 'new' Green Man. Unable to say anything at first. The other principal characters, Gilmore, Ciaran, Nahrine, and Rakshas move towards the two of them as well)*

Ananasca: I don't... I don't understand. You are not Unseen. How?

Aurick: Your guess is as good as mine.

Nahrine: I don't think here is the best place to make those guesses.

Gilmore: Agreed, I think it a good idea to move to more private surroundings.

Aurick: Sounds like a plan. While we're going, Nahrine and Ananasca can try coming up with a better one.

Gilmore: What plan?

Aurick: Like how in Tyr's name I'm going to rid myself of the Green Man's power.

**(The others remain silent as the mind controlled men are subdued and the group quickly moves off field. Ananasca, points to the former vessel of the Green Man and the two Unseen that were her assistants nod and remove it from the field as well, everyone leaves)**

--- END SCENE 5---

## Scene 6

**Characters needed: Aurick, Nahrine, Ciaran, Rakshas, Ananasca, Gilmore, Balar, and Skeld.**

**Scene opens with Aurick, Nahrine, Rakshas, Ananasca, Ciaran and Gilmore in the tent or room. Rakshas is holding the cursed blade out unsheathed. Aurick is keeping his distance from Rakshas, and he is sporting more signs that he now contains the power of the Green Man. Some of his clothes have changed color, he has a few leaves growing from his forehead in a fashion similar to the placement of Green Man's mask. Though his face is still only streaked in green makeup. The change is far from complete.**

**(Note: in this scene, Aurick will swing back and forth between being his crusty, agitated self, and the calm, detached attitude of the Green Man. When it's Aurick, he refers to himself as "I", when it's the Green Man, it's "we". It gets more muddled as the scene moves on showing Green Man and Aurick becoming more in sync)**

Aurick: *(Agitated)* No. No I am not letting you stab me with the cursed sword, so put that blighted thing away. You're making us nervous. I mean, you're making ME nervous. *(growls at the slip and yells as if someone is saying something in his head)* Stop that! I'm distracted enough!

Rakshas: *(looking at Aurick oddly, than back to the others)* I was charged with a duty to strike down Lady Ananasca if something went wrong in freeing the Green Man. I assume things do not get much more wrong than this.

Aurick: In case you... *(distracted once more...)* Be quiet! *(looks back at Rakshas)* haven't noticed, I am not Ananasca, and this is NOT what she meant by something going wrong. *(looks at Ananasca, his tone changing slightly)* Tell them, child, to put the Sovereign's blighted weapon away. *(shakes his head and steps off for a moment mumbling to himself)*

Gilmore: *(looking at the Warden)* Don't you dare put that blade away, Corporal. Look at the Warden, he's going mad!

**(finally Ananasca steps forward, putting a hand on Rakshas's wrist and stepping between him and Aurick)**

Ananasca: Please, Champion. Stay your hand. For the Warden is not going mad, he... he holds within him the power of the Avatar of the Unseen, but he is not the Green Man. At least, not wholly so. *(steps forward, concerned and speaking to Aurick)* Warden. Aurick. Please, calm yourself. *(as Aurick takes a deep breath and looks to Ananasca, who is shaking her head amazed)* How? I don't understand.

Aurick: We are confused as well, child. No longer do we sleep, but neither are we... neither are we... *(shakes his head, angry)* am "I" the Green Man! By the Skyfather's missing eye! This is beyond frustrating!

Ciaran: *(watching Aurick pace, his own hand near his weapon)* Frustrating for you, but coming across as pretty frightening to us.

*(Aurick turns and takes in the rest of the room, seeing almost every staring at him wide eyed and obviously scared. Finally he stops moving and does his best to calm down)*

Aurick: Alright. This, this is me calming down. *(taking several deep breaths and the room calms with him)* So, do we have any ideas about what happened, and how we can make it unhappen... without having me run through?

Ciaran: *(somewhat quietly)* Oh sure, take all the fun out of it.

Gilmore: *(sourly to Ciaran)* Northlander, I intend no offense this, but given the mood, will you please SHUT UP?

*(Ciaran acts as if he obviously wants to say something, but for once decides better of it and indeed keeps his mouth shut.)*

Nahrine: *(She pulls out the shard torn off the Hand of Mordath and holds it out for the audience to easily see)* Obviously, it has something to do with this. Aurick tore it from Quintus' gauntlet and was holding onto it when Quintus fatally struck the Green Man. But how its function was related to the Hand of Mordath and how it let Aurick gain the power without being killed... *(lets a deep breath, exasperated, agitated at the defeat)* I have absolutely no idea. The knowledge of whatever that mad warlock used to craft the damned artifact died with him, and Quintus now holds the Hand itself. With just this one piece, I have no answers.

Rakshas: So we are back to the original option, running the Warden through with the cursed blade? *(at some point during the sentence Aurick interrupts the Corporal)*

Aurick: Don't you dare finish that sentence. That blade was only meant to be used again if the new vessel, *(looks at Anasca)* sorry, if 'Nasca was so overwhelmed by the power it would kill her. Something went wrong and the power came to me, and I will tell you we are in no rush to go back to the void. Not when we are so sorely needed!

Anasca: My Lord Green Man, the power of the Unseen was never meant for a mortal vessel, and if you remain within the Warden we may lose you both.

Gilmore: What if we finished the original ritual?

Ciaran: But isn't the Green Man *(looks at Aurick)*, I mean the other one, already dead?

Gilmore: Could not Lady Anasca perform some ritual and remove the power from the Warden and take it as she was going to before? Only this time we will make sure there is no one to interfere?

Anasca: That is a possibility I have considered, yes.

Rakshas: Then what is stopping us from carrying on with it?

Anasca: There would be complications as there were before, and no guarantee of success.

Gilmore: I must apologize, what do you mean by 'complications'?

Anasca: The power of the Green Man is not something that is simply passed like in the same manner as an item like a sword or a book. Nor can one willingly separate themselves from the power before it joins with another. Once the power flows into a vessel, the whole becomes the Avatar and it is the whole that is passed to the next to be chosen.

Nahrine: To pass on the power, the Warden has to die.

Anasca: Indeed.

Aurick: Nope. Still not liking that idea any better than getting run through with the cursed pig sticker. *(looks around before closing his eyes)* I said, no. Be quiet.

Nahrine: That explains the 'madness' the Warden is experiencing. If the whole of each Avatar is passed on, that means he has the memories of all the Green Men that came before him.

Ciaran: Well, at least there's finally something to take up all that empty space inside the Warden's head. *(Gilmore gives the Northlander an exasperated look)* Sorry, I'm sorry. I'll go back to being nervous and quiet.

Anasca: I am not sure what the power would do with the Warden's passing. No mortal has held the power before, no mortal is supposed to be able to hold the power, so if he is struck a fatal blow... I do not know.

Nahrine: 'I do not know' is not something one hears from the Unseen.

Anasca: We have a different view of things than most, Magus Nahrine, but we are far from all knowing. I admit also, to being quite scared. The Warden *(looks to Aurick)*, I mean Aurick, you are a good man. But you hold not just the power of my people, but a piece of all of Draiocht within you, and such power must be used sparingly else the balance would be shattered.

Aurick: *(taking a deep breath)* Have you so little faith, my child? The Green Man has always been tied not just to the mystical lands of Draiocht, but here as well. For without one, there can be no other, and that is part of the balance that the Green Man was created to protect. *(smiles at Anasca who is listening in rapt attention)* But we suppose that even those whose lives see



no end, tend to forget the simple truths from time to time. *(closes his eyes and stumbles forward)* Ow. So. Pared down, I'm not going to just let you kill me, and the others think it's a bad idea too.

Anasca: *(finally nods and looks to Rakshas)* Champion, please, do as My Lord asks and put the cursed weapon of the Sovereign away.

Rakshas: *(nods and sheathes the weapon)* As you wish, Lady Anasca.

Aurick: Couple things. First, 'Nasca, none of this 'My Lord'. For good or ill, even holding the power of the Green Man I am still just Aurick. Warden if you can't keep yourself from being formal.

Nahrine: Not simply "just Aurick", not anymore.

Anasca: As you wish, my ... Warden, and the other thing?

Aurick: I have no intention of keeping this power any longer than I absolutely have to, nor dying to get rid of it. So let's find that snake Quintus, his little boot licker Grevane, and rip what's left of the Hand of Mordath from them and see if we can't find some other path to pass on the mantle of the Green Man.

**(Walking in as if on cue, are Captain Balar and Chief Skeld)**

Skeld: A fine speech, Clanless, but you'll need better luck than ours to find either of those two villains.

Ciaran: *(looks to his clan chief)* How long were you waiting out there for an opening like that?

Skeld: *(chuckles, but otherwise ignores his tribemate)* We've had Northlander and Legionnaire both ranging all over this city and found no sign of either Quintus or Grevane.

Gilmore: Perhaps they've fled Vonsall entirely? They must know there is no place for them to hide within the city.

Nahrine: Possibly, but they have talents available that would keep them hidden from your soldiers and your tribesmen.

Skeld: Magic, pfah. *(Skeld resists the urge to spit at the ground)*

Balar: Perhaps they are merely biding their time, waiting for another opportunity to strike down the Green Man. *(looks to Aurick)* Or the Green... Warden?

Aurick: *(shakes his head)* Don't, just don't. Don't ever call me that, and I hope they do come out of hiding to take another swing at me. I'd like to finish that little tussle I started with Quintus properly this time.

Anasca: My Lor... Warden! The Green Man should be above the need for revenge!

Aurick: The Green Man usually is. I, on the other hand, am still new at the job.

Nahrine: I do not feel that Quintus is in much of a hurry to flee the city just yet in any case. When he struck down the vessel of the Green Man, he tried to take the power for himself instead of the Sovereign. His ally Grevane declared him a traitor.

Balar: True. The last thing I might want to do after fleeing an angry city is running right into the arms of the Sovereign's soldiers.

Aurick: *(finally Aurick has paced enough and sits down, feeling the weight of the world suddenly on his shoulders)* Tyr's bones. The Sovereign. We find his agents Quintus and Grevane, and then what? We were all hoping that freeing the Green Man, getting him back, meant the end of this war, this damned war. That the Green Man would be able to confront, would be able to BEAT the Sovereign and anything after that would be just sweeping whatever was left of his murderous rabble back whence they came. But we need a Green Man, THE Green Man for that.

Anasca: *(softly)* Warden. Aurick. However it has come to happen, the mantle has fallen upon your shoulders, and I know you to be a good man. You ARE the Green Man... my Lord.

Nahrine: *(settles down, holding the piece of the Hand of Mordath)* We have been through much, you and I. The Lady Anasca is right, you are a good man. An uncouth, irritating, often drunken and obnoxious man. But a good man and one of the bravest Wardens I've ever met. Let us focus on one task at hand, and then we shall deal with the next.

Aurick: *(nods)* Go. Team. Alright then, our first move is to find that snake Quintus and his partner Grevane. Any thoughts?

Nahrine: Indeed. While I've always been a poor diviner, and Quintus is quite adept at confounding even what little talent I have at it. I believe that someone who has access to power far beyond that of my own, or Quintus' own corrupted talents, can find them. Especially if they have a piece of the gauntlet he wears to find him. *(she drops the piece into Aurick's hands)*

Aurick: See, this is why people call you the clever one.

Skeld: Clanless, divine power or no, you are in no danger of ever being thought of as "the clever one".

Aurick: *(lets the comment pass without reply)* What do I do here? I have power, but a little instruction would be helpful.

Anasca: I will help in what ways I can. Clasp your hands tightly about the piece and close your eyes, now focus on the piece and think... think of Quintus... think of the Hand of Mordath he wears...

Aurick: *(As instructed, Aurick holds the piece and shakes his head, grimacing)* No. I don't see anything. I mean I feel something in the piece... whoa. *(Aurick's hand shakes as he feels the piece jump in his grasp, and the actor should suddenly stand up)* We... we see something. We

see two men, in a field. We see... yes... the ones named Quintus and Grevane. They have indeed shielded themselves, but Quintus' corruption stands out like a beacon. We... I am surprised I could not see it before. They are moving towards the field of honor, but wait, something is wrong.

Gilmore: What is it?

Aurick: We don't know. Before his corruption stood out to us like a beacon, but something, something muddles it like ink poured into a glass of water. Oh... oh no. By the balance!

Anasca: What is it Warden? What do you see?

Aurick: Captain Balar! Chief Skeld! Gather your soldiers, gather the Grey Talons. All of them! Bring them all to the field of honor! *(he is visibly shaken by what he's seen)*

Gilmore: Warden. What is it, man!

Aurick: It isn't just Quintus and Grevane. It's the Sovereign. He's here.

**(After a big GASP! Everyone in the cast scurries to grab weapons and gear and head out for the field of honor to confront the big bad to end all big bads, the Sovereign himself!)**

**---END SCENE 6---**

## Scene 7

**Characters needed: All (except Mordath and Esmer) extras: should be Legionnaires, Northlanders, any random mercenaries or warriors still remaining from the tournament able to draw arms.**

**(The scene opens as Grevane and Quintus are slowly sneaking their way across the field, looking to escape the city entirely before encountering the Sovereign, who has finally arrived. First to deal with Quintus, and then everyone else. )**

Quintus: *(half dragging Grevane across the field)* Quickly. My power can keep them from finding us only for so long.

Grevane: Yes, let us escape. I look forward to seeing you caught by the Exalted One instead, and then watching as he flays the flesh from your treacherous bones.

Quintus: Your precious Sovereign will have to wait his turn in meting out vengeance if we're caught by these fools.

Grevane: You are the fool if you think the Sovereign will allow you to live after your betrayal.

Quintus: *(aggravated, he stops dragging Grevane, turns and grabs him by the front of his tunic/shirt/robe)* All right, I have had enough!

Grevane: Traitor!

Quintus: Traitor implies I was ever loyal in the first place. I kept you alive because I thought you could be useful, now, I'm going to kill you just for annoying me.

***(Quintus holds up the Hand with the Hand of Mordath on it as he's about to cast a spell to kill Grevane, but is interrupted as the Sovereign enters the field with an explosion as part of the wall is blown in from the force of his presence alone. Quintus releases Grevane as the two of them are rocked back by sheer power, Grevane falls but Quintus still stands as the Sovereign walks up to him, and then backhands the traitor, sending him to the ground.)***

Sovereign: Quintus! Faithless wretch!

Grevane: *(quickly gets to his knees)* Master!

**(Now, as Quintus is staring up at the Sovereign, and Grevane is busy groveling, the rest of the heroes comes out and completely surround the trio of villains. All the extras dressed as Northlanders, Legionnaires, and any extra warriors take up positions around the three villains while the rest of the principal cast stands off to one side. Rakshas still holds the cursed sword, Aurick's makeup is different, and his face is no longer smeared with green... it should be in a**

**pattern or tattoo at this point, with several bits of his clothing replaced with obvious signs he's the new Green Man, but not entirely. Everyone there who can be armed IS armed. )**

Quintus: *(skitters back from the Sovereign a little before getting up)* So... It truly is you, isn't it? Not some shell, or cat's paw you've conned into acting on your behalf. You truly are the Sovereign, aren't you?

***(a worried mutter breaks out among the extras hearing that yes, this IS the Sovereign)***

Sovereign: *(looks to the Green Man/Aurick, then back to Quintus)* Pathetic.

Quintus: *(with a sneer as he steps to the Sovereign)* What is pathetic is the great, all powerful Lord of the Dominion taking to the field after someone else has already destroyed the one thing he's afraid of!

Sovereign: *(reaches out and clasps Quintus by the throat)* Ignorant fool! The Green Man lives! *(points to Aurick)* AND THERE HE STANDS!!!

Quintus: *(gasping)* That? That is no Green Man, he's not even of the Unseen! He's just a Warden!

Anasca: Wrong, murderer! Make no mistake, the being who stands before you now IS the Green Man!

Aurick: An unhappy Green Man, at that. So put warlock down, and then we can move on to the part where you refuse to surrender without a fight.

Quintus: *(still being held)* He may have the power within him, but he cannot wield it. Free me, and the two of us can still destroy them!

*(the Sovereign looks to Quintus, and briefly releases him, then takes hold of his wrist, pulls off the Hand of Mordath, and crushes the artifact in his grasp, truly destroying it before throwing it to the ground)*

Sovereign: I have no further need of you. *(The Sovereign backhands Quintus, knocking him down to the ground. Then turns to the rest of the cast)* Bow down and pledge yourselves to me! Beg for mercy and I may let some of you live. *(points to Aurick)* Except for you.

Aurick: Now that's rude. I was going to tell you no anyway, but still, rude.

Balar: Sovereign, even a being such as yourself cannot be so mad as to challenge us directly with the Green Man standing before you. You are surrounded.

*(The Sovereign draws his blade)*

Sovereign: All I am surrounded by is fear and dead men. *(Holding up his sword blade and screaming to the heavens)* VENTAS DOMINATUS!!!

**(all the soldiers on the field start to drop their weapons and grab at their skulls acting as if they are fighting some battle in their minds, as the Sovereign attempts to control them. The only ones unaffected are Aurick, Nahrine, Rakshas, Ananasca and Quintus. Grevane is already loyal.)**

Ananasca: The Sovereign is trying to control their minds!

Aurick: 'Nasca, any tips here? Hitting things I can do, magic is beyond me.

Nahrine: *(steps up and grabs hold of Aurick's hand)* But not mine! Concentrate, Aurick, and do as I do!

***(Nahrine holds her staff to the sky as Aurick raises his weapon, both Nahrine and Aurick say the words at the same time. Why? Green Man magick!)***

Nahrine and Aurick: Mentat Libertas!

**(several of the warriors that were struggling are no longer being controlled by the Sovereign, and look around confused. But the ones that are, have their weapons drawn with murderous intent)**

Sovereign: *(with a sneer)* Raise up your weapons! Let nothing of Vonsall survive! KILL EVERYONE!

Skeld: He turns our own warriors against us!

Balar: Do your best not to kill them! They cannot control themselves!

*(Ananasca steps over and takes Nahrine's hand from Aurick as she concentrates)*

Ananasca: Green Man... Aurick. I shall help the Magus, go, do what you must.

**(Aurick only nods as he moves over to fight the Sovereign. Rakshas is busy fighting it out with Ciaran, who is still mind controlled. Quintus is looking around, waiting for some advantage, or a sign he can slip away, or something. Gilmore is staying hidden, everyone else is fighting. While Ananasca and Nahrine are chanting, Grevane gets up off his knees and draws a blade as if he plans to do something when the Unseen and the Magus notice him. Very briefly they cease chanting as Ananasca points out Grevane and Nahrine knocks him on his ass and out with her mage staff. Ananasca quickly kicks away the blade and then the two resume their counter spell while the battle rages around them)**

**(The Sovereign and Aurick are the main battle, going back and forth. The Sovereign slow and dominating the fight with Aurick holding his own and unable to find a weakness to exploit. Eventually, the other battles are slowing down and for a bit it's just the Sovereign and Aurick, and good a warrior as Aurick is, even with the power of the Green Man he is no match for the Sovereign and is struck down and he crumples to the ground at the Sovereign's feet.)**

**(the last of the mind controlled warriors have either been restrained or felled by now, and Ananasca and Nahrine are both worn out from keeping the Sovereign's influence from the rest of the warriors, they nearly collapse against one another until they see Aurick fall to the ground.)**

Ananasca: My lord, Green Man! NO!

Nahrine: *(angered and tired beyond all reason, thrusts her staff towards the sovereign and casts a spell)* Forzare!

**(with a casual flick of his sword, the Sovereign deflects the spell sending back at Nazhrine and Ananasca, knocking the two of them to the ground. No longer dueling with Ciaran, Rakshas turns his attention to the Sovereign, the cursed sword in hand and charges him. Aurick fell even with the power of the Green Man, Rakshas never stood a chance. The Sovereign quickly disarms the Corporal and then smacks him, knocking him to the ground. Not bothering to administer a deathblow as the small creature is beyond contempt. But the Sovereign steps over to Aurick, still on the ground, huddled over as if dying)**

Sovereign: Green Man, ha. Insignificant mortal wretch. *(The Sovereign reaches down and grabs Aurick by the hair, picking him up to look Aurick in the face)* You thought to battle one who is a God?

Aurick: *(looks up, wicked smile on his lips)* Battle one, and win. *(before the Sovereign has a chance to respond, Aurick reaches up and slaps his palm against the Sovereign's face and yells)* ASSANTIAS!

Sovereign: *(looking up at Aurick)* No! You were broken! BEATEN!

Aurick: You overestimate your power.

Sovereign: HOW?!

**(the Sovereign screams and is rocked back, one hand to his face, staggering. Aurick rises up, completely unhurt and walks forward towards the Sovereign. The Sovereign is visibly shaken, even frightened as Aurick forces the Sovereign back deflecting every blow with ease)**

Aurick: When night falls, I will be the light that shines brightest! *(deflect and smack)* When shadow approach, I will be the line that no others can cross! *(deflect and smack)* When darkness strikes, I will stand when all others have fallen! *(deflect and smack)* When evil lashes out, I AM THE STEEL AGAINST STEEL! *(disarms the Sovereign and takes his sword, the Sovereign falls down to his knees)* I am the Green Man, I am a Warden! *(holds his weapons against the beaten Sovereign and leans in)* Remember that... insignificant wretch. *(holding his own weapon at the Sovereign's throat, it appears for a moment as if Aurick is going to kill the Sovereign. Then tosses the creature's sword to one side)*

*(by now, Anasca has gotten back to her feet, as has anyone else knocked down, except for Quintus, who no one has noticed grab the cursed sword.)*

Nahrine: *(exhausted as she looks at Aurick)* I thought you didn't know any magic.

Aurick: *(shrugs)* Not as a Warden no, but as a Green Man, I know some. *(looks to Sovereign)* I also know what is needed to deal with the Sovereign. *(holds a hand over him)* Immobilus. *(rises up and steps back)* You're going back to your prison, monster, and I will ensure that you will be buried deep enough that the Keeper himself couldn't set you free.

Sovereign: Weak, like all the Unseen! I will be free again! I will be free, and when I am done with all of you this world be a distant...*(as the Sovereign does his bad guy monologue ranting, Quintus quickly sneaks up and rams the cursed sword through the Sovereign)*

Quintus: I told you before. I. Belong. To. NO ONE.

**(Quintus laughs madly as soldiers come to grab him as he drops the cursed blade, while the Sovereign dies there, held by Aurick's spell and runthrough by Quintus' blade. Aurick looks down a bit mournfully at the Sovereign, releasing the spell and muttering over the corpse)**

Aurick: We are sorry, brother.

**(Lady Gilmore comes out and looks at the body of the Sovereign)**

Gilmore: Is the Sovereign truly gone?

**(Aurick only nods)**

Anasca: Indeed, he has passed into Unbeing. *(she says with a note of sadness in her voice)*

*(before Lady Gilmore can ask any more about why Anasca is so sad, Skeld and Balar join them, as do Ciara and Rakshas)*

Ciaran: So, that's it then? Sovereign's dead, war over?

Balar: I think it is hardly so simple, Northlander.

Skeld: *(looks at his tribesman)* What, did you think all it would take to end the war was the Green Man showing up and knocking out the Sovereign would stop all the fighting?

Ciaran: Well... I was hoping.

Nahrine: *(limping)* Their leader is gone, without his influence or power, most of the Dominion will break and scatter. Legionnaires and Northlanders both will be able to force whatever is left back south if they do not find their ends here.

Rakshas: More fighting.



Aurick: *(deep breaths)* But not for much longer, and today a great victory, with the end of the war in our grasp. I'd like to think of that as a good day's work.

Ciaran: One worthy of a few drinks, perhaps?

Gilmore: More, than a few, Northlander. Far more than a few.

Rakshas: So, does the Green Man drink?

Aurick: This one does.

Skeld: Yes, but does he pay?

*(Aurick starts to cough as he looks around for a coin purse)*

Gilmore: For the heroes of Vonsall, I think a few might be allowed gratis.

Aurick: *(whispers to Ciaran)* That means free.

Gilmore: A wonderful word indeed, Green Man. *(turns to the crowd)* LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I proudly present to you, the HEROES OF VONSALL!!!

Gilmore: Hip hip! (x3)

All: HUZDAH! (x3)

*(after cheers, one lone extra)*

Extra: Dilly dilly!

Gilmore: Alright, that's it. take him away!

**--- END SCENE 7---**

## Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire 2019

### The Trial of Chyraxxus

By Xavier Miron

#### Main Characters:

**Chyraxxus** (former Dominion General, ready to stand trial for War Crimes)

**Raziel** (Dominion Captain, Loyal to Chyraxxus, currently masquerading as a Legionnaire)

**Anrathi** (Dominion Captain, Loyal to Chyraxxus, currently masquerading as a Legionnaire)

**Councilor Faelar** (Elven member of the council at Anleigh, and Lord of Vonsall. )

**Mashari** (Fae herald, cousin to the Queen, claims to be a 'wandering advisor and teller of needed tales')

**Percival** (Male Human Magi, has been asked to attend General Chyraxxus for his defense)

**Lady Kima** (Female Half Orc Warden, tasked to Faelar and Percival as a bodyguard until after the Trial)

**General Ghelryn** (Dwarven General of the Cuulayne Allied Legion, tasked to prosecute Chyraxxus.)

**Major Bastien** (Human male, adjutant to General Ghelryn.)

## **Our story so far:**

-----The Sovereign has fallen, slain by the hand of one of his own acolytes, and the Green Man walks the mortal realms once again. But the Allied lands war against the Dominion is not over. With their Emperor God gone, the forces of the Dominion are in disarray, but have yet to yield to the Alliance. The Allied Legions have the upper hand for now, but even with the considerable might of this new Green Man on their side, they face years of pushing back against the entrenched remnants of the Sovereign's forces. Many of whom refuse to even believe that the Sovereign is gone, while others are swearing to battle to the last man in the name of their Sovereign!

In hopes of further bolstering the morale of their allies, and to add to the perceived victory of the death of the Sovereign, the Council at Anleigh has decided that now is the time to put one of the architects of the war on trial. One of the Dominion Generals that started it all, the feared General Chyraxxus. To use the trial as a symbol of the Dominion's impending defeat, the Council decided it best to have the trial at the site of the Sovereign's demise, the vaunted city of Vonsall, with Councilor Faelar presiding as judge, and members of the Allied Legions as the prosecution.

But news of the trial has leaked, and men loyal to the General have found their way into the Allied garrison stationed at Vonsall. Awaiting the arrival of their General in hopes of freeing and placing the Dominion's forces into Chyraxxus's hands so that will lead them to victory and bring doom to all the peoples of the Allied Lands...

## Scene 1

**Characters needed: Raziel (dressed in Cuulayne Allied Legion uniform), Anrathi (dressed in Cuulayne Allied Legion uniform), Mashari, Major Bastien, Percival.**

*(Scene opens with Raziel and Anrathi at the gates. Anrathi stands at his post, visibly uncomfortable, while Raziel is sitting down, far more calm than his companion.)*

Anrathi (his tone aggravated at Raziel's comfort): How? How is it you can be so relaxed, in this place?

Raziel (shrugs in response): I can act like a frightened child if you'd like. But I think it best if at least one of us kept our wits about us.

Anrathi (turns and stalks up to Raziel, looking down at him, hand nearing his weapon): Watch your tone, Captain Raziel.

Raziel (looking up, unmoved, and points at the rank emblem on his arm) Corporal Raziel. I am a Legionnaire Corporal, my friend. As are you, unless you would care to blurt the truth out and expose us before we can carry out our mission?

*(Raziel looks up at Anrathi, obviously challenging him, waiting. Anrathi turns and stalks away to the other side of the gate)*

Anrathi: You are entirely too comfortable, Capt... *(Anrathi catches himself)* Corporal. We could be discovered at any time, and this ridiculous plan you've concocted will fail miserably.

Raziel *(sighs and rises up to his feet, brushing himself off, straightening his uniform)*: You had no issue sharing credit for this "ridiculous plan" when it was first devised weeks ago.

Anrathi: That was before I knew that meant that those of us who went would be forced to be in the Legion for so long, or that we would be of such wretched rank. Why could we not at least have been officers?

Raziel: *(irritated, explaining it simply as to a child, and as if he'd done it before. Many. Times.)* Because officers are remembered. Because officers are disliked. Because no one looks twice at those in the rank and file. As long as we do what we are told, when the time comes for us to act, it will be too late for them to stop us from freeing General Chyraxxus.

Anrathi: *(turns, finally smiling)* Yes, and then the General will unite our forces and we will raze this miserable little town for its crimes.

Raziel: *(watching his compatriot. Taking a moment before responding)* Yes, I'm sure you will have every chance to sate your bloodlust, but perhaps its best if you keep your impulses in check long enough for us to be here when the General arrives, and not be sharing a cell with him?

Anrathi: *(almost forgetting as he looks to the town past the gates)* Yes. Yes, the destruction of these weak fools will be glorious. Praise be the Sovereign.

Raziel: *(looking around now, making sure no one heard that)* Anrathi! Anrathi, Pay attention! Resume your post!

Anrathi: *(slowly turns to his partner)* Praise be the Sovereign, Captain Raziel.

Raziel: *(softly)* Glory to the Dominion.

Anrathi: *(nods as if that is enough, for now, taking his place at the gates)* Soon.

Raziel: *(talking to himself, as its obvious Anrathi isn't listening, lost in fantasies of fire and destruction)* I can't tell if they sent him because they want this plan to fail, or because they hope he dies in the attempt....

Anrathi: *(comes out his daydreaming and looks at Raziel)* Did you say something, Corporal?

Raziel: Nothing that matters to you, Corporal. *(muttering)* Fanatic.

*(the last of the soldiers outburst subsides as Mashari, Bastien, and Percival walking up past the gates. The two of them snap to attention at Major Bastien, though Raziel's is quicker, and better. Anrathi's is slower and almost hesitant, somewhat sloppy. Bastien waits a moment as Raziel looks to his partner and shoots him a dirty look, Anrathi shapes up and his salute finally looks like one of a professional soldier.)*

Bastien: *(after a few moments)* At ease, Corporals. Anything to report?

Raziel: No, Major. The day's been a quiet one. Though every trader and traveler that we've let through the gates have been buzzing. Near every last one of them asks about the Dominion general.

Bastien: Yes, I'm sure they would. *(looking back to his two companions)* I do wish that the council had been more circumspect about news of General Chyraxxus' trial being here in Vonsall

Percival: Perhaps, Major Bastien. But once the Council had made its decision to put Chyraxxus on trial, they felt it best to move forward quickly. For though the Sovereign has fallen, our war with the Dominion has dragged on, and it was felt that putting the General on trial would prove a great... *(Percival stops a moment to consider his words as Bastien interrupts)*

Bastien: *(said dryly)* ...publicity boost.

Percival: *(chuckles a little)* morale booster to the peoples of the Allied Lands. Seeing one of the war's chief architects charged for his crimes would go a long way to show the people we are winning.

Bastien: By putting on trial the man caught when the war began?

Percival: The right symbolism can be as important to a war as winning physical battles, my friend.

Bastien: *(nods)* No, you're right, and I know a trial would go a long way to showing that we're winning this war. It doesn't mean I'm happy they chose to have the trial here, or even now.

Mashari: Not to be rude, Major. But what better place to put the big, evil, mean old general on trial than where we beat the Sovereign? And do it on the anniversary of his defeat?

Bastien: *(shifts away slightly from Mashari, a little wary of dealing with the fae woman)* Of... course not, Lady Mashari. I understand the why, I'm just not fond of the realities. Vonsall already has a target painted on it for its role in the Sovereign's defeat, I think it foolish to paint a bigger one by having it be where we're judging one of the Dominion's generals.

Mashari: You really think the Dominion would try something?

*(Bastien stops and stares at Mashari for a moment as if he wants to say something in response, but the words refuse to come, until Percival lays a hand on Bastien's shoulder, putting the soldier at ease)*

Percival: I would think any reasonable being would almost expect them too, Lady Mashari, yes. And Major Bastien's concerns are not unreasonable ones. Any attempt by the Dominion to free the General would inevitably place the lives of the people of Vonsall in great danger, and the Major is more concerned with the safety of the people of the Allied Lands than a symbolic victory.

Bastien: We'd best move along. I think we've given these people enough exposition, and all this talking has made me thirsty for a drink at the pub *(looks to the crowd)* We've a festival to get started before the real circus begins, and we need to clear these people before the Legion arrives.

*(Raziel salutes the Major, is dismissed and quickly moves back to his post, the Major turns to his two companions.)*

Percival: It appears you may not have that time for a drink before the official ceremonies on the field.

Bastien: Oh the sacrifices we make for duty

Percival: You misunderstand, Major. *(smiling)* 'You' may not have time for a drink, but I have no such restrictions, as I am but a humble advisor in these matters. *(turns to Mashari)* And as it seems I have lost but one partner, Lady Mashari, would you care to accompany a poor, abandoned vizier to the tavern once your own duties as Vonsall's herald have been dispensed with.

Mashari: *(laughs innocently at the Major's expense)* Of course I would love to escort you, you poor lonely wizard.

Bastien: *(sourly)* This. This is why I should've listened to Aurick and become a Warden. *(sighs)* Lady Mashari, if you would so very kindly give these fine people gathered here notice, so that I may see about my own duties?

Mashari: *(gives a very awkward salute and then bows extravagantly at the Major)* By your command, dear Bastien.

*(The Lady Mashari steps to the fore in front of the crowds while Bastien takes a couple steps backwards before turning to deal with his men. Percival watches all as he leans on his staff, the way all Wizards apparently do. Lazy wizards.)*

Mashari: GREETINGS TO YOU ALL, MOST WONDERFUL LORDS AND LADIES! IT IS MY GREAT HONOR TO BID YOU ALL WELCOME TO VONSALL AND TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENNAISSANCE FAIRE! TRULY WE ARE BLESSED TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU HAVE COME HERE TO CELEBRATE NOT JUST THE PASSING OF THE SUMER SOLSTICE, BUT OF WHAT MAY FINALLY BE THE END OF THE WAR BETWEEN OUR OWN ALLIED LANDS AND THE DREADED DOMINION! FOR IT WAS BUT LAST YEAR VONSALL SAW THE FALL OF

THE DOMINION'S DARK LORD, THE SOVEREIGN! NOW, ON THIS DAY, WE BRING TO TRIAL ONE OF THOSE WHO BEGAN THE WAR, THE TERRIFYING GENERAL CHYRAXXUS! AND WITH HIS CONVICTION, THE FORCES OF THE DOMINION WILL BE BROKEN, WITH FREEDOM AND JUSTICE REIGNING ONCE MORE THROUGHOUT THE ALLIED LANDS! SO I ASK YOU, LOVELY PEOPLE WHO HAVE COME FROM NEAR AND FAR, AS WE OPEN OUR GATES OF VONSALL WIDE AND EMBRACE YOU ALL AS FAMILY, TO JOIN US IN OUR REVELRY AND ON THE FIELD OF HONOR AT ---INSERT TIME HERE--- FOR OUR FAIRE'S OPENING CEREMONIES. UNTIL THEN, PLEASE, MAKE WHAT MERRY YOU MAY SO LONG AS IT HARM NONE, AND WELCOME TO THE MIDSUMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!

All: HUZZAH!

*(scene ends as Major Bastien walks over to Anrathi and Raziel, ordering them to accompany him while Percival stays behind waiting for Mashari to finish her duties. Mashari hugs and warmly chats with any guests or extras for a few moments before she and the Magi wander off to get that drink.)*

---END SCENE---

## Scene 2

**Characters needed: All, plus several extras dressed as Cuulayne Allied Legionnaires to escort Chyraxxus onto the field.**

*(scene opens on the field General Ghelryn and Councilor Faelar in conversation with Lady Kima, Percival, and Mashari nearby. Anrathi and Raziel and squad are standing guard, looking about, knowing their Lord General is in the city, and eagerly await his arrival. The General and Major Bastien are waiting, with an armed escort to be brought on field when cued four legionnaires assembling pulpit mid field- other characters on field are watching construction and awaiting chyraxxues arrival.)*

*(Faelar is reading a parchment that General Ghelryn handed to him sometime ago, and the councilor is obviously frustrated by what he sees)*

Ghelryn: You can read and reread the Council's edict as many times as you'd like, Councilor Faelar. It isn't going to change.

Faelar: *(grunts as he reads the piece of paper ONE more time)* The council at Anleigh has obviously lost their collective minds. Holding the trial of Chyraxxus here in Vonsall is one matter, but having me preside over it as arbiter!!?!?!?!?

Ghelryn: The Council has a great deal of trust in your ability to maintain order in this matter, old friend. I assume your role in negotiating the treaty with the Northlanders was key in their decision.

Faelar: As I recall, General Ghelryn. You were involved in those negotiations as well.

Ghelryn: *(proper discomfort)*yes, and my reward is to be the prosecutor.

Faelar: *(stops short)* truly? I was unaware that you had any legal experience, General.

*(the two of them move about the field, Faelar inspecting the decorations and the soldiers for the opening ceremonies. Kima, Mashari, and Percival join them towards the end of their conversation)*

Ghelryn: Some. It is not a duty I prefer doing, but I will do it.

Percival: I believe the Council made the proper choice, General.

Ghelryn: *(grunts)* So you say, Magus. I think it's simply that no one else wanted the job.

Kima: *(speaking with a big of swagger and pride)* The whole trial thing just feels weird to me. We ALL know Chyraxxus helped start the war with the Dominion. We've kept that thug buried in a hole since we caught him, I don't get why that has to change.

Faelar: Because we are a land of laws, warden Kima. Within the Allied Lands our laws either apply to all, or they apply to none, and Chyraxxus must be allowed his day in court. Otherwise we are no better than the Sovereign.



Kima: *(zzzzzzzz)* what? Oh Politics. we would have been better off if Thrawn and Kaine had ended Chyraxxus when they had the chance.

Mashari: Didn't the General surrender at the end of the fight?

Kima: *(glares at the fae)* Yes. But I also remember being told how he gloated about his part in starting the war. His joy in knowing he'd helped kill the Green Man.

Mashari: But the Green Man is back?

Kima: *(instant)* New Green Man

Mashari: A 'new' Green Man? *(turns to Faelar)* Councilor?

Faelar: Indeed, A former warden- News of the Green Man's return and his defeat of the Sovereign spread quickly enough, but the salient details became lost with each retelling. All that the people needed to know was that the Green Man had returned, and that thanks to him, the war was ending.

*(Anrathi and Raziel appear shaken up by the news and turn to one another out of earshot and start muttering to one another. Anrathi is more visibly angry, and is quickly, almost violently held back by Raziel.)*

Ghelryn: Is there some sort of problem, Corporals?

Raziel: *(snaps to attention)* No, General. Just that the news about the Green Man, I mean, has unnerved my partner.

Ghelryn: *(steps up to Anrathi, stares down the angry soldier)* Has it now? And what about "the Green man and the Sovereign has" you on edge, Corporal...?

*(unnoticed by Anrathi, but not by Raziel, Percival walks behind Ghelryn to the soldiers and watches them closely. Raziel maintains his demeanor, Anrathi on the other hand is barely controlled)*

Anrathi: They lied! Your... the Council lied to its people, General! Lied about this new Green Man. What else have they lied about?!

Ghelryn: Name Corporal!

Anrathi: *(a stern look from Raziel who shakes his head gets Anrathi to at least keep his emotions in check)* Anrathi, General. Corporal Anrathi.

Ghelryn: *(turns to Anrathi)* Will there be any further problems, Corporal?

Anrathi: *(stands straight, giving the best Legionnaire salute he can)* No, General.

*(Raziel quickly snaps to attention and also gives the salute)*

Ghelryn: Then I'll consider the matter settled. *(turns to walk back towards Faelar and the others.)*

*(Percival takes a moment to linger about the two soldiers, stepping around them, examining them as if another sense is telling him something before looking at Raziel)*

Percival: (from outta nowhere) You'd best do what you can to keep your partner in check. His temper is going to get him killed.

Raziel: *(blinks, unnerved by the Magus. Anrathi is unnerved to, but keeps from going for his blade)* Yes. Thank you, Magus. I'll do what I can. ( to anrathi) Where the hell did he come from?

*(at that Percival turns and walks away. And sure that no one is looking, Raziel quickly snaps out and smacks Anrathi in the arm and gives him a look that conveys the need to calm down)*

Kima: *(watching the two soldiers as Ghelryn rejoins the group)* You know, if you need someone who can put some unruly soldiers in their place...?

Faelar: Warden Kima, please. The General has enough aggravations without you offering to manhandle the Legion.

Ghelryn: *(sourly)* I'm not above taking her up on her offer, Councilor. Perhaps standing post in a city has convinced some of the soldiers to let their discipline slide. Were I to do something official, it may be akin to using a hammer when a chisel is called for.

Kima: *(eagerly)* I have a hammer, its in my room. Wanna see it!

Percival: General, please. Don't get her started. Before she's done they'll not be a soldier with a working set of arms... or unbroken ribs... in this whole city.

Kima: Spoilsport.

Faelar: Be that as it may, warden Kima. Let us leave disciplining the Legion to the General, shall we?

*(Major Bastien, alone strides up to the group, his stride quick, but not running.)*

Bastien: Councilor. General. The escort is in place, and we have Chyraxxus. By your command, we will be ready to bring him forth.

Faelar: *(nodding)* Excellent work, Major Bastien. Lady Mashari, all is in readiness, if you would go about your duties?

Mashari: Of course, Faelar. *(the fae woman happily moves up to where she can be seen by the crowds)* IF I COULD HAVE YOUR ATTENTION MY FINE LORDS AND LADIES! IF YOU WOULD BUT HASTEN TO YOUR SEATS. THE OPENING CEREMONIES ARE BUT MOMENTS FROM STARTING, AND SOON A REVELATION THAT TALES WILL BE TOLD OF FOR YEARS TO COME!

Bastien: By your leaves, Councilor. General. I go to my post and await your command.

*(Bastien is dismissed and quicksteps back to his waiting space with Chyraxxus and the other soldiers)*

Mashari: THANK YOU, YOU WONDEROUS PEOPLE FOR YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION! It is my greatest pleasure to welcome you one and all to the MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE! **(---pause---**) We have opened wide the gates of our fair city of Vonsall and our hearts to you fine gentlebeings from all corners of the Allied Lands! Asking you to join us in celebrating the Summer Solstice, and in marking the one year anniversary of the defeat of the Sovereign! For it was on this very spot that the Green Man, came back to us in our darkest hour and struck down the Sovereign himself! Now the armies of the

Dominion are in retreat! Our brave Legionnaire and Northlander allies have forced them out of their stolen strongholds and are routing them left and right! Where once we feared that this was a conflict with no end in sight, we now find ourselves filled with the hope that the war will be over, and the Allied Lands will stand VICTORIOUS! (--pauses--)

Mashari: I told you lovely people that there was coming a revelation, an announcement... but, it is not mine to make ALONE. allow me to INTRODUCE... Councilor Faelar!

*(Faelar, not unused to a little pomp himself strides proudly out onto the field next to Mashari and warmly accepts the attention, no sign of his earlier irritation at all.)*

Faelar: 4 YEARS AGO The people of the Allied Lands found themselves dragged into a war we did not want, nor did we deserve. A war brought about by a diseased being who wanted only power. In the end, that desire for power, that lust for destruction is what eventually killed the Sovereign. For some, the Sovereign's end was too quick. In death he has evaded being truly brought to heel for his crimes.

Mashari: But, Councilor Faelar. The Sovereign claimed to be a god? Do you mean to say you wanted to put such a creature on trial?

Faelar: That is difficult to say, Lady Mashari. But instead of a god, what of his generals? What of those who carried out the whims of this Sovereign, and even gave out orders themselves? Shouldn't they pay for their part in this? For their crimes?

Mashari: Dominion generals are as ruthless and vicious as the Sovereign, Councilor. Do you think they would be any more likely to be taken than he was? (To faelar) Did you write this?

Faelar: *(stands aside and gestures to where the General and Bastien will come marching in from)* Perhaps we should see for ourselves. *(loudly)* Major!

*(with some fanfare, Bastien and an escort of soldiers marches General Chyraxxus out onto the field. Still as large and intimidating as ever, obviously bound but not so much as to keep him from walking. He is wearing a Dominion uniform, with no rank markings on it. His armor having been stripped from him when he was captured. Chyraxxus walks with his head held high, as if his captors were merely his own soldiers escorting him. The group comes to a stop in the middle of the field where they can be seen and heard by all. Raziel quickly reaches and locks a hand around Anrathi's wrist and shakes his head, quietly telling him 'not now' before the both of them quickly slip back into attention before anyone notices. Percival notices, remaining still. )*

Faelar: To you, Lady Mashari, and to the gathered beings here, I have the displeasure of presenting the Lord General of the Dominion's forces. Captured shortly after his role in instigating the war, the creature known as the Fist of the Sovereign. General Chyraxxus!

*(gives the crowd a few moments as soldiers clear the way enough so that Chyraxxus can be seen by the audience as Faelar and Mashari keep a safe distance.)*

Mashari: (no response on card, puzzled) And why do we have the General here, Councilor Faelar?

*(before Faelar can speak)*

Chyraxxus: Yes. Councilor Faelar, do tell the sheep gathered why you've dragged me here.

Faelar: *(unphased by Chyraxxus' demeanor)* For your trial, Chyraxxus. For crimes against the people of the Allied Lands. *(gestures to the crowd)* For what you've done to these people!

Chyraxxus: For what I've done? For what I've done, little man, you should be on your knees and thanking me.

Faelar: *(rocked a bit by the claim, sputtering)* What?!? Are you mad?

Chyraxxus: Yours was a weak nation. Fractured. Bickering. Unfit. What we did. What we wanted was to come and burn away your impurities. Forge something of pride without the hindrance of powers looking over your shoulder like smothering parents.

Mashari: YOU MURDERED THE GREEN MAN!!

Chyraxxus: *(leans in)* Did I now? I was told that it was the Green Man who rose up and slew the Sovereign. Which is it, girl? Did we strike down a god, or did yours murder mine?

Bastien: *(drawing his blade and holding it up in front of Chyraxxus)* That's far enough, General.

Chyraxxus: *(nods and steps back)* Indeed.

Faelar: You have a disgusting interpretation of events, General. Your people invaded our home, and started a war!

Chyraxxus: Made you a nation of warriors, solidified your alliances, forced you to turn to those you considered barbarians and added their might to your own. You even claimed that despite your war with us, you are now all the stronger for it. For this, you condemn me. Then you parade me around for your populace, its Pathetic.

Faelar: You're a monster, Chyaxxis.

Chyraxxus: *(laughs viciously, loudly)* I never made any claim I wasn't, elf. But then, I haven't been the dishonest one, now have I?

Faelar: *(breathing hard, and fighting to maintain his composure) (pauses and turns around a moment before continuing, and addressing the crowd)* But even a monster will have his day in court. Chyraxxus, and you shall have it. You shall be brought to trial for all your crimes before the people, brought out onto the field of honor at **(---the time goes here---**), and when we find you guilty...

Chyraxxus: ...what? March me back to that hole you'd been keeping me in? Have a pet mage change my appearance again? Kill me? Tell me. Once your "unbiased" court convicts a man the arbiter himself claims is guilty, what will be done with me?

Faelar: *(stopped short)* I... We shall decide that once the trial is done.

Chyraxxis: My trial. A sham, a show. Well, if we're to put on a show. By your own law, I demand TRIAL BY COMBAT!

*(a collective gasp rises up amongst the group. Soldiers, characters, everyone is shocked by Chyraxxus demand)*

Ghelryn: He's mad! *(To Chyraxxus)* You can't possibly be serious.

Chyraxxus: Deadly serious, Dwarf. Bring on your deadliest warriors. One fighter, a thousand. One at a time or altogether. I am a monster, but Ill not sit for some sham trial where I'm to be bored to death before you decide what to do with me *(struggles at his bindings)* Or if you deny me, I can force your hands now! *(lunges for audience)*

*(several guards rush forth and grab hold of Chyraxxus, and he manages to kick a couple of them to the ground as Bastien's drawn blade is out and pressed against the General's chest. A maddened look in Chyraxxus' eyes lets them know he is not faking. He will indeed impale himself on the Major's sword if his demands are not met.)*

Ghelryn: Councilor, you can't possibly be considering...

Faelar: *(loudly, firmly)* I am the Arbiter, General Ghelryn. The Council put me in charge and I will do as I see fit. *(To the General)* If Chyraxxus wants a trial by combat, he shall have it. *(loudly)* LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF VONSALL, ON THE FIELD OF HONOR AT **(---timey wimey thing here go---)**, THE "FIST" OF THE SOVEREIGN, GENERAL CHYRAXXUS WILL FACE TRIAL BY COMBAT... *(steps forward and grabs the generals tunic and pulls up to his face)* ...TO THE DEATH!

*(more gasps from the assembled crew.)*

Chyraxxus: *(smiling as he leans back from Faelar)* To the death, then.

Faelar: TAKE HIM AWAY!!!

*(quickly the guards who were knocked out are helped out of the way while Anrathi and Raziel quickly move up and take hold of either arm of Chyraxxus, who quickly looks at the soldiers on either arm, and the smile he had gets even wider as he throws his head back and laughs that loud, mocking laugh. Bastien walking off stage with the troops, Chyraxxus, and Raziel and Anrathi.)*

Ghelryn: Councilor. What you've done...

Faelar: *(composing himself)* In private, General. Lady Mashari, if you would but finish...

Mashari: *(nodding)* oookay. Last acrd *(turns)* Well, fine people. On the field of honor, the war has taken another turn as the dreaded General Chyraxxus himself has demanded trial by combat! Until then, go make what merry you may, and welcome to the whirlwind show that never stops that is the Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire! *(pauses as Chyraxxus is gone)* *((is tapped on shoulder and reminded to say last line)*Huzzah!

Everyone left: HUZZAH!

*(Mashari winces at the awkward cheer. Faelar says nothing as he stomps off the field, quickly followed by Lady Kima and General Ghelryn. Mashari looking about until she is joined by Percival who says a few wise words and she nods, before the two of them talk to the crowd.)*

---END SCENE 2---

## Scene 3

**Characters needed: (Faelar, Ghelryn, Bastien, Percival, Mashari, Kima.)**

*(taking place shortly after the end of the scene on the field. Faelar and Ghelryn enter the room first, the two of them frustrated with one another, with Kima staying in the background. Quietly, having recently retrieved her weapon and is examining it, or picking at while the two leaders bicker. Bastien is making sure Chyraxxus is secured, and Mashari and Percival are still out in the town.) (faelars office)*

Ghelryn: Councilor, have you lost your mind?!

Faelar: *(angry and irritated, even for an elf)* General Ghelryn, I have rarely been more rational.

Kima: By more rational you mean, royally ticked?

Faelar: Warden Kima. Please.

Ghelryn: No, really, Faelar. That monster got to you. Its no crime to admit that. We can go back out there, gather the crowds again...

Faelar: And what, General? Call off the trial? Deny Chyraxxus his day in court? Yes, wouldn't that just confirm every last terrible bit of venom that he spewed forth

Kima: Oh yes, Councilor, you are the height of rationality. Never before have I been awed by such logic.

Faelar: Tell me, Warden Kima. Is it there some code that requires a Warden to assume they're being clever, or is it a ritual that removes their ability to know when not to make such remarks?

Kima: We are the line that no others can cross, Councilor. However, Wardens tend to cross lines back and forth pretty often.

Faelar: *(in a slow, clipped tone)* So I have noticed.

Ghelryn: Pardon me for interrupting your chatter, but could we focus on the heart of the matter? Namely how you seem to have lost all perspective here, Councilor Faelar.

Faelar: I may be incensed, but I have lost none of my perspective General. The Council granted me authority as Arbiter and to conduct the trial as I see fit. I did not assume that power came with the caveat "as long as you find him guilty".

Ghelryn: Except, he obviously IS guilty!

*(and on cue, into the room walks Percival and Mashari)*

Percival: If such is the case, General Ghelryn. Then why even bother with a trial?

Kima: See, now that's a question I can get behind.

Percival: *(sighing)* Lady Kima.

Kima: No. *(with emphasis)* 'Warden' Kima, Percy. First and foremost, the Wardens are the Steel against steel. We find monsters, hunt them, and end them. They don't get much more monstrous than Chyraxxus. As far as I'm concerned, two thirds of my job has already been done for me.

Percival: *(sourly)* Hunting such abominations out in the wild is one thing. Ending such a being in captivity? Doesn't that run the risk of making you a bit monstrous?

Kima: You hunt monsters, sometimes you get a little dirty, Magus.

Faelar: *(slamming his hand down on a table, or a hard surface)* ENOUGH! I will not have us bicker like children. *(looks pointedly at Kima and shakes his head as she seems about to make a comment. She settles back down, sulking a little)* When I was with the Council at Anleigh, the point of the trial was not just to declare Chyraxxus guilty and be done with it. But to give the people of the Allied Lands the justice they were denied when Quintus killed the Sovereign.

Mashari: Wait, I thought the Green Man killed him? *(Faelar sighs and glares witheringly at the fae woman)* Sorry, geeze.

Percival: *(leans in 'whispering')* Its complicated, I'll tell you about it later. *(Mashari nods as Faelar continues)*

Faelar: Against my objections, they wanted the trial held here. During the festival. To make a public spectacle of it and show the people of the Allied Lands that we really do stand triumphant over the Dominion with the sovereign slain, and their Generals on trial.

Ghelryn: Yes. A wonderful little circus while Legionnaires, Northlanders, and *(looking to Kima)* other allies finish driving the last of the Dominion out of Cuulayne.

Percival: A cynical view of the trial, General.

Ghelryn: But no less accurate. *(turns to Faelar)* So given all that, why, WHY Are you allowing Chyraxxus his inane trial by combat?

Faelar: Tell me, Ghelryn, how did you expect the trial to go? Did we bring all the witnesses? Was the Green Man going to appear amidst us all and list his crimes? Perhaps you were hoping that Magus Percival here would conjure up the needed testimonies and evidence?

Percival: *(putting his hands up)* Best to leave me out, Councilor.

Ghelryn: *(flustered)* We did bring evidence with us, sworn testimonies...

Faelar: Nothing so thrilling as reading off a scroll to condemn a man. Where are the Legionnaires who served in Miyrfall? Captain Thrawn or any of her men?

*(during this exchange, Bastien walks in and sees that Ghelryn and Faelar are aggravated, walks in for a moment, and stands near Ghelryn waiting to be noticed. Otherwise keeping his mouth shut.)*

Ghelryn: *(emphasizing the new rank)* 'General' Thrawn and those still alive from the battle of Miyrfall are engaged around the foothills in Gruumor. Dominion soldiers have taken to hit and run raids. Even my people up in the mountains are hard pressed to find them. It appears the remaining rogue Orc Warlords have been teaching the Dominion soldiers a few things. *(turns to Bastien, salutes)* Major.

Bastien: *(salutes back)* General. Ah, Yes, the prisoner has been secured and guards have been posted.

Ghelryn: Any problems?

Bastien: None, General. After we got him off the field he fell back in line and hasn't said or done anything since we locked him back up.

Ghelryn: Yes, and now back to this Trial by Combat...

Bastien: *(chimes in before Faelar can say anything)* Yes, about that, General.

Ghelryn: Yes?

Bastien: I'd like to volunteer. *(Ghelryn tilts his head as if to ask 'what', but before he can, Bastien cuts in)* For the trial. If Chyraxxus is getting a weapon in hand, I'd like to take your place as prosecutor and indict that monster myself.

Kima: Dammit, I was going to volunteer for that job.

Ghelryn: Now, one moment. There will be no need for any talk of volunteering for a death match that has no reason to occur in the first place.

Mashari: Why not, General? Were you going to fight Chyraxxus?

Ghelryn: *(becoming frustrated)* No one is fighting Chyraxxus! The Councilor is going to go back out, and announce that giving into that monster was a mistake, and we will carry on with a tribunal as the council intended!

Faelar: Is that an order, General Ghelryn? To the Arbiter of the Trial and a member of the Council of Anleigh?

*(General Ghelryn stiffened up, pausing as he considers Faelar's words)*

Ghelryn: *(growling out each word)* I cannot give such an order, no. But I will not allow a single Legionnaire to be fed to that monster. *(looking to Bastien)* Whether they volunteer or not.

*(Bastien looks disappointed/sad puppy look)*

Kima: *(triumphantly)* Yes! *(she picks up her weapon and gives it a test swing, Mashari backs away just a bit)*

Faelar: Have you so little faith in your soldiers ability to bring about Chyraxxus's end, General?

Ghelryn: *(stiffly)* I know what Chyraxxus is capable of, Councilor. I have no desire to watch more beings die. *(pauses)* Except Chyraxxus.

*(Faelar take a long pause, considering the General, and composing himself as well. The eyes of the room upon him)*

Faelar: Your concerns are noted, General. If you wish, I shall make an official note of your objection and should things go wrong, I will accept both the blame and the consequences. But my decision in this matter is final.



Ghelryn: *(stares at his old friend and closes his eyes)* I would like it so noted, Councilor.

*(Faelar nods)*

Bastien: General. I formally ask that you reconsider my request to face Chyraxxus. *(Ghelryn turns slowly, as if he's about to deny the request)* General, with all due respect, please hear my reasoning before you deny my request.

Ghelryn: It had better be a damned good reason, Major.

Bastien: I understand your objections to a trial by combat, but if the Councilor is determined to do it, the Legion MUST be represented there. The Legion brought him in, and the Legion has held him, and it's our duty to be the ones to finally end him.

Ghelryn: *(\)* I've no desire to see soldiers' lives wasted for pageantry, Major.

Bastien: Then I need to be better than him, General.

Kima: We. We need to be better, Bastien. *(Bastien looks to Kima as if to interrupt her, she barrels through and keeps talking regardless)* And don't hand me any 'this is Legion business' guff. To bring him down the first time, your Captain Thrawn needed help from Warden Kaine. Plus, there's no way you're going to stop me from facing down Chyraxxus.

Bastien: *(shrugs and turns to the General)* I've nothing further to add, General.

*(Ghelryn pauses, considering)*

Ghelryn: Councilor Faelar, once again, I want it noted that I strenuously object to this course of action. I think we are giving this monster exactly what he wants. But so be it. Major Bastien will take my place as 'prosecutor'. *(Ghelryn's tone has the note of finality to it)*

Faelar: *(sighs, knowing what this just cost him)* Of course, General. It shall be so noted. *(looks to Kima)* As Arbiter, I also graciously accept Warden Kima's offer to assist the Major during the Trial.

Kima: *(claps her hands gleefully)* And I thought court would be boring.

Percival: *(coughs loudly, interrupting everyone and getting their attention)* So, what does he get if he wins?

Faelar: *(shocked and turns to the Warden, as do others)* What did you say, Magus?

Percival: I said, what does Chyraxxus get... if he wins? If he succeeds in his trial and manages to kill both the Major and Warden Kima?

Kima: Lose? ME?

Percival: *(shrugs and moves about the room, making sure to stay out of Kima's reach)* It is a valid question, and one the Councilor was being careful not to mention when discussing the original Trial. If he lost the tribunal, he'd go back to a cell. Here, if he fails the trial, he dies. But in either case, what are you going to do if he wins?

Mashari: You can't just let him go!

Ghelryn: Of course we can't just let him go. He'd walk right back into the arms the Dominion!

Percival: Yet the question remains. I do not wish to see either of you fall, but should it happen, then what? More warriors? Mages perhaps? A few tigers, even, or have a warlock summon darklings from beyond?

Faelar: Enough, Magus. We understand your point. I have dealt with the Order enough to know you would not pose such questions if you did not have an answer. So, if you would be so kind?

Percival: Indeed, Councilor. The answer is quite simple. Exile. From the Allied Lands entirely.

*(the others seem shocked by the thought while Mashari thinks out loud)*

Mashari: Wait, if we exile him from all the places here, that leaves, what... the land of Draoicht? I doubt the Unseen would take Chyraxxus in.

Percival: No, my lady. I am not talking about the Unseen lands but...

Ghelryn: *(incredulous)* You want to just send Chyraxxus HOME?!

Percival: No. But should he survive, do you intend for him to remain here? *(Ghelryn sputters trying to find a response, the others are just as shocked)* Of course you don't. Nor can he be allowed to simply roam about the Allied Lands. Regardless of what happens here, he is still a General of the Dominion.

Faelar: Once more you have made a fair point. But should we exile him, how can we guarantee he would never again set foot upon these lands?

Percival: A curse as fatal as any sword blow. its a simple enough task.

Faelar: One you would be willing to carry out?

Percival: *(nods)* I am already responsible for reshaping his features so that the Dominion could not find him during the war, and while I do not care for violence, the General can should not go unpunished for his crimes. I will do this thing.

Kima: And what if he finds some way to unravel your magic?

Percival: Believe me when I tell you that I can tie it to him in such a way that to tamper with the curse will mean his death, and would take a being of considerable power to undo it.

Mashari: So, what if...

Percival: *(holds up a hand, stopping the questions)* Please, Lady Mashari. I think we have all of us had our fills of what ifs.

Mashari: *(crosses her arms and pouts as she turns away from Percival)* You started it. *(and stomps off)*

Percival: *(with a thought)* True. However, few things in life are certain. If you wish an absolute certainty, then you must kill Chyraxxus now, or make sure he dies during the trial. Otherwise, he will go into exile and be returned to his homelands. Where the people there remain there will see that their grand war has failed. They will know their Sovereign is dead, and the people that they sought to conquer showed their enemy this one mercy.

Bastien: If I were more paranoid, I'd almost think you'd wanted the General to kill me and the Warden.

Percival: *(slightly angered)* No, Major. I have no desire to see any life ended. Yours, *(gestures to Lady Kima)* hers, *(gestures to everyone in the room with a sweeping move of his arm)* theirs, and believe it or not, even Chyraxxus.

Faelar: So be it, Magus Percival. Chyraxxus trial by combat shall be carried forth, and he shall face both Major Bastien and the Warden Kima. Should he fail, he dies. Should he succeed, he will be forever exiled from the Allied Lands, to return under curse of death. Does anyone else have anything else to discuss regarding this matter? *(Ghelryn stares at the councilor, but remains deathly silent)* Good. Major, I assume General Ghelryn will need to speak with you, and once you are finished, please inform Chyraxxus of our decision.

Percival: Pardon me, Councilor. But as the Major will be soon facing him in combat, I would step in for him and inform the General of our decision.

*(Faelar looks to Bastien who only shrugs in response)*

Faelar: So be it, go inform the prisoner.

*(Percival nods and walks out of the room alone, Mashari watching as he leaves)*

Kima: Okay, Bastien. Once the General is finished with you, you and I need to go and discuss our strategy in the time honored Warden manner.

Bastien: *(sighs)* I need to fight Chyraxxus sober, Warden, and without setting the town on fire.

Kima: Aurick was the firefly, Major. I'm nowhere near as destructive as he is. *(fluid individual)*

Bastien: ...blasted Wardens.

*(scene ends as the two of them banter, while Faelar and Mashari leave together. General Ghelryn remains, watching Kima and Bastien, quiet, and wondering.)*

---END SCENE 3---

## Scene 4

**Characters needed: (Chyraxxus, Anrathi, Raziel, and Percival and two extras dressed as Legionnaires)**

**Stage should be a 'cell' with a solid door to it, so that the soldiers can be on the outside of it while Percival and Chyraxxus have their conversation mostly unheard by the guards outside.**

*(the scene opens inside of Chyraxxus's cell. He's been left there since being dragged off the field of honor and remains sitting. The cell has no comforts and his hands and feet are bound enough to restrict most movement, but not all. Outside are posted two Legionnaire guards. Raziel and Anrathi are walking up to the two of them. Percival has yet to arrive.)*

Legionnaire 1: Stand and be recognized, soldiers!

*(Raziel and Anrathi step forward)*

Raziel: Corporals Anrathi and Raziel. We're rotating in and taking over guard duty.

*(the two extras nod and trade salutes with the two Corporals.)*

Anrathi: Has the General done anything?

Legionnaire 2: Not a thing. Been quieter than a ... thing that's... really. Quiet.

Raziel and anrathi: *(slowly)* Right.

Anrathi: Go enjoy the fair... while you can.

*(the two Legionnaires walk off, arguing)*

Legionnaire 1: Wow. Quieter than a quiet thing. That is some great analogy there.

Legionnaire 2: Shut up. Just shut up.

Legionnaire: Sure, ill shut up more than a thing that really shuts up.

*(Anrathi watches the two Legionnaires walk off shaking his head)*

Anrathi: Sovereign's soul, how did the Dominion ever lose anything to these fools? *(Raziel stares at Anrathi, a wide smirking grin on his face.)* What? *(presses him as Raziel knocks on the door of Chyraxxus's cell.)* What?

Raziel: Don't worry about it. *(knocks on the door of the cell and opens the viewing window)* General?

*(Chyraxxus looks to the door, but otherwise remains silent.)*

Anrathi: *(moves Raziel aside, looking into the cell)* Glory to the Dominion. In the Sovereign's light we thrive!

Chyraxxus: *(hears the familiar oath, seeming to ponder it before standing up a few steps back from the door)* The oath of the Dominion. One I've not heard uttered in sometime.

Anrathi: *(steps aside as Raziel opens the door, but makes sure to be the first one the General sees in the doorway)* Given freely by a proud son of the Dominion, my General.

Chyraxxus: Indeed. The soldiers that escorted me from the field earlier.

Anrathi: Captain Anrathi of the Talons regiment, Lord General. *(the Captain steps inside, giving the Dominion salute, while Raziel takes up a guarding position from the doorway, looking out for anyone else.)*

Raziel: Captain Raziel of the Red Templars, Lord General. *(also saluting the General after ensuring there are no witnesses)*

Chyraxxus: *(returns the salute as best he can)* Talons, and the Red Templars. With my presence finally revealed, your Generals saw fit to send men to eliminate me? To die on a Dominion blade, before these squabbling children bring themselves to kill me first?

Raziel: You misunderstand, General Chyraxxus. This is not a sanction, this is a recovery mission.

Chyraxxus: *(seemingly genuinely surprised)* Recovery?

Anrathi: A jail break, Lord General, and we need to be quick about it. We've a way out of the city, and troops waiting to escort us nearby.

Chyraxxus: Have your Generals been so blinded by the Sovereign's end so as to forget Dominion law, Captain? To ignore the penalty for capture?

*(both soldiers stop, hearing the words from the General and looking as they'd both been punched)*

Anrathi: Tears of the sovereign.

Raziel: So, it's true. Our Sovereign was slain.

Chyraxxus: *(relaxes his stance just enough)* You doubt tales of his demise?

Anrathi: *(spits out the words)* Council lies! Empty lies spewed forth by Unseen puppets! Meant only to demoralize us! To break the will of the Dominion!

Raziel: The enemy was quick to spread tales of the return of their Green Man and the death of the sovering. The surviving Generals were just as quick to pass an edict that the spreading of such lies was heresy and subject to execution.

Anrathi: Heresy and weakness already abounds in this place. The Generals were wise to stem the tide of their vile propaganda.

Chyraxxus: Fools.

Anrathi: *(shocked)* What?

Chyraxxus: The Generals were fools to deny the truth before them. They allowed fear, suspicion, doubt to flood our ranks. *(turns his back on his soldiers and looks out into the distance)* It has made us weak.

Anrathi: No. What... what heresy is this? *(steps back from the General, in shock. Not believing what he's hearing)*

Chyraxxus: We came to this place to Expose the corruption of the Unseen and Excise the blight that is the Green Man. To burn out the infection that had rooted so deeply into these lands. but It seems all that we have accomplished, is wake a sleeping dragon, and be burned by it.

Raziel: *(steps in, and points to the doorway, for Anrathi to watch)* That is why we need you, Lord General.

Chyraxxus: *(turns slowly)* Need?

Raziel: Yes, we have come to rescue you, in violation of Dominion law. But that is because we have no generals left to uphold it! The war with these people has turned against us. General Corvax of the Talons was felled by Northlander forces shortly after word of the sovereigns, and my own General Aurelian was killed near the border of the Elven kingdom where the new Green Man himself took the field. Other regiments have been wiped out entirely.

Chyraxxus: And you feel I can change this?

Raziel: We have had losses, but we are still many. We need only be united again, under one leader! Under the banner of the Sovereign's Fist!

Chyraxxus: *(turns away again, anger, even shame creeping back into his words)* The Sovereign is dead, Captain.

Raziel: *(strides forward and forces the General to turn around)* But the dominion is not! We are more than just our Emperor! We are strength! Unity! We are the Dominion!

Chyraxxus: *(takes in the young officer, examining him, and looking past him to the troubled, even angry one outside who cannot believe the words of the general)* You would free me? To lead the remnants of our forces?

Anrathi: Together! Once more under a single banner! Under an iron grip and we will burn a path of destruction across this land from which they will wither and die! Starting with this wretched, filthy town! Dominion soldiers wait for us in the fields beyond Vonsall's walls, waiting. For you!

*(Raziel looks back at his companion in an almost religious fervor, who doesn't seem to even be paying attention)*

Raziel: We have little time, Lord General. You have always been a proud son of the Dominion, and the Dominion still must have its leader!

*(As Chyraxxus ponders Raziel's words, Anrathi hisses from outside)*

Anrathi: Quickly! Someone is coming, I think it is the Magus!

Raziel: *(draws his blade)* sovereigns Teeth!, we've waited too long. We'll need to kill him and hide the body to make good our escape.

*(Chyraxxus reaches down and grabs Raziel's arm, interrupting him)*

Chyraxxus: No. Not yet. You will have another opportunity. I will see to it.

Anrathi: Hurry!

Chyraxxus: You have proven strong thus far, Captain. If you deem me worthy to lead, than heed my order. Take your post, and let the Magus pass.

*(Anrathi growls and is ready to strike as Raziel takes a moment, looks over his shoulder than back to his General and nods. Putting his sword away and walking back out into the hall)*

Anrathi: *(quietly and angrily)* What are you doing?

Raziel: Put your weapon away, Corporal. *(Raziel closes and quickly locks the door again.)*

Anrathi: What madness is this?

Raziel: *(without looking at his partner)* Your General has given you an order, Captain. Resume your station or I'll execute you for disobeying it. *(turns and looks at him, hand ready to draw steel, even though Anrathi's is already out Physical scuffle- Raziel finishes by sheathing anrathis sword for him. Blood on face- keith knows)*

Anrathi: *(sees Percival ready to step onstage and angrily puts his weapon away as the Magus enters the scene, hissing through clenched teeth)* Before this day is done, I'm going to kill you.

*(striding slowly, deliberately towards the prison door, Percival stops before the two Corporals obviously sensing the tension. Chyraxxus has turned back around and is staring again at the wall, pondering.)*

Percival: Is there some issue, Legionnaires?

Raziel: *(stiffly)* Nothing of import, Magus. My partner is just *(pauses)* angry about being forced to guard the General instead of being able to enjoy the festivities.

Percival: *(takes in the lie, and nods. Looks to Anrathi)* hmmm...Im sure. We all must endure life's little disappointments from time to time. Oh um, you missed a spot on your cheek. *(hands hankerchief)*

*(Anrathi grunts and looks away from the Magus, trying to decide right now who he'd like to slaughter more)*

Percival: I've come to see the prisoner. Has he been difficult?

Anrathi: Very.

Percival: Oh?

Raziel: The Corporal misspoke. He meant, no. No the... prisoner has kept to himself. Waiting to hear about the trial.

Percival: Then I have news for him. I'd like you to let me in please.

Raziel: What?

Percival: Its quite simple, Corporal. Unlock the door, open it, and allow me to step inside.

Raziel: But the prisoner...

Percival: Is bound properly, yes? *(Raziel nods)* And I have two young , strong loyal, officers to come to my aid if need be, yes? *(Raziel nods a bit slower)* I'm also a Magus with a great deal of grand, unknowable magic and power, yes? *(Raziel doesn't know how to respond)* Then just open. The. Door.

Raziel: *(turns and slide the window on the door open, see the General standing, his back to the door still and standing near the far wall)* As you wish, Magus.

*(Raziel opens the door and Percival steps inside, making sure he is clear of the door.)*

Percival: Ill be quite alright in here, thank you.

*(Before Raziel can say anything, the door is jerked from his hands and it simply closes itself. Percival smiles as the door locks itself. Raziel and Anrathi a little spooked by what just happened)*

Chyraxxus: Was that demonstration of power necessary, Magus?

Percival: *(steps over to the bench, and settles down on it)* No. But it was fun.

Chyraxxus: A childish exercise of your talent.

Percival: It was indeed. That was probably why I did it.

*(Chyraxxus turns around, regards the Magus, tilting his head to one side)*

Chyraxxus: You are an odd creature, Magus Percival. An odd creature indeed.

Percival: Given the nature of the creatures you've found yourself in the presence of during your lifetime, General Chyraxxus, I take that as a compliment.

*(As if taken aback by the statement, the Corporals are shocked to hear something they've never heard before. Chyraxxus laughing)*

Chyraxxus: *(after laughing)* Yes. Yes, most definitely an odd creature. So, why have you come to speak with me this time, Magus?

Percival: Could I not be here simply to chat? To break bread with an old friend before he tries to get himself killed?

Chyraxxus: *(nodding, having no desire to continue with small talk)* The Councilor has acquiesced to my demand for Trial by Combat, then. Good. Have they decided how many they will send against me?

Percival: *(sighs)* Business then. Yes. Just two.

Chyraxxus: *(disappointed)* Only two?

Percival: Yes. Major Bastien and the Warden Kima.

Chyraxxus: Have they no other warriors willing to stand against me?



Percival: This is intended to be a trial, not an execution, General. I think you will find facing the two of them in combat more than challenging enough.

Chyraxxus: Pathetic. Even in giving them the obvious chance to take my life, still these fools vacillate. Have they so little respect for me? (*ponders*) Then again, perhaps that is what they want. To release once I've slaughtered their soldiers, and then simply be ended in turn by the public once I'm free.

Percival: No, General. The nature of your crimes precludes ever being able to simply let you go, but we'll not be responsible for your end, not directly anyway.

Chyraxxus: Speak plainly, Magus. I've no desire for our typical game of verbal combat. As I have just been informed, I am to be fighting for my life soon enough.

Percival: (*stands up, dusting off his robes*) Hmm, just so. All right. Should you survive your trial, you're to be exiled. To return upon penalty of death, by way of a curse I shall wrought upon your very soul myself.

Chyraxxus: Exiled? (*ponders*) But where could you send me... surely those monsters in the.... (*opens his eyes*)... no.

Percival: Congratulations, General. If your attempt to get us to kill you fails, we're forcing you to go home.

Chyraxxus: The sovereign dead, stripped of my rank, to walk the fields of my homeland in disgrace, knowing I will not simply walk back and commit suicide. You heathens are more cruel than I thought to give you credit for.

Percival: Cruel only if you remain blind to what this truly is, General.

Chyraxxus: Another way to break your foe and see me humiliated?

Percival: No, General. An opportunity.

Chyraxxus: (*confused*) What?

Percival: You have said so yourself. Your Sovereign is slain. There is a Dominion with no God, its armies scattered in hostile lands. You worry about your personal glory, but what about the glory of your country? Its people? Without a leader, what will they become?

Chyraxxus: You speak bold words. Words that would be heresy there, and may be treasonous here. To allow a conquered foe the chance to regather their strength? Where is the wisdom in this?

Percival: Once again, by your own words, the Northlanders were once the foes of the Allied Lands. Look at them now. Allies without whom we never would have stood a chance against your invasion.

Chyraxxus: You assume much, Magus.

Percival: In time, who can say what may happen. (*turns to leave, his back to Chyraxxus*) There is a great darkness coming, General. Your Sovereign was but a piece of it, a very small piece. Its death was merely the beginning.

Chyraxxus: (*waves his hand dismissively*) Unseen lies, meant to scare children and fools.

Percival: *(turns and slams the end of his staff on the ground)* I am neither child nor fool, General Chyraxxus. Fail to heed my warnings, and your personal shame or glory will be the least of your concerns.

Chyraxxus: *(for the first time, the General looks down, feeling tired perhaps for the first time... ever)* Perhaps. Perhaps such things should be of concern only to the living, and not to a man who may be dead a short time from now.

Percival: *(softly, before turning to leave)* I think, General. That if you are indeed the being you claim to be, that no one needs to die today, not even you.

Chyraxxus: Such a choice may not be up to me, Magus.

Percival: We shall see, old friend. We shall see.

*(Percival wraps on the door with his staff, while Chyraxxus turns around, to look at the wall, thinking. Percival steps out as Raziel and Anrathi are staring at the Magus, mouths agape.)*

Percival: Arrange to have something brought to the prisoner from the Tavern, Corporal. I suspect, for once, he may like something other than water before long. *(looks at both of the Corporals)* And I'd ask the next shift to come in quickly, I see the two of you will need a drink before the Trial as well.

*(Raziel only nods and stammers as the Magus wanders off)*

Anrathi: *(shaking his head and making a sign as if to ward off bad luck)* Damned Magi.

---END SCENE 4---

## Scene 5

**Characters needed: (All, plus extras dressed as Legionnaires, and as Dominion soldiers at the end of the scene)**

*(onfield are Councilor Faelar and Mashari, Kima and Bastien are together still discussing strategy, while Percival stands apart from events, watching everything. General Ghelryn is off stage with a group of Legionnaires, including Anrathi and Raziel, waiting to walk on stage while escorting Chyraxxus, who is bound, and able to walk)*

Mashari: *(standing next to a very taciturn Faelar, who is uncharacteristically quiet)* Ghelryn still angry about not calling off Chyraxxus's trial by combat?

Faelar: *(stiffly)* The General's objection has been noted on the official record. My decision as Arbiter stands. Major Bastien and Warden Kima will face Chyraxxus for his crimes.

Mashari: So... That's a yes.

Faelar: Ghelryn will do his duty. As must I.

Mashari: You must be upset. I think that was the least amount of words you've ever used since I met you.

*(Faelar turns with an irritated snarl towards the fae woman, while Percival strides up and takes Mashari's arm)*

Percival: If you'd be so kind as to attend me, Lady Mashari. I think it best if we offer some words of comfort and support to the Major and the Warden before their fight. The Councilor has weightier matters to occupy his mind with.

*(Mashari pouts as she's pulled away by the Magus, the pair walking over to Bastien and Kima. Faelar remains silent and looks away, doing his best not to think of what's about to happen here.)*

*(Bastien and Kima watch as the Magus and Mashari approach, grave looks on their faces)*

Bastien: There were a few moments I thought General Ghelryn would give the order and simply take my place against Chyraxxus.

Mashari: You don't think the General would just take Chyraxxus back to prison?

Bastien: Not now, no. He may not like it, but he won't countermand an edict directly from the Council.

Mashari: You don't think you and Kima getting killed is enough?

Bastien: Lady Mashari, I am a Cuulayne Legionnaire, and Lady Kima is a Warden. We are both of us protectors of the realm, and the possibility of death is with us always. But we accept that possibility to protect all the Allied Realms, and uphold its laws and ideals.

Kima: We are the line that no others can cross. We are the steel against steel. *(to Bastien)* You'd make one damn fine Warden, Major.

Bastien: That is the nicest and most backhanded compliment you've ever given me.

Kima: Just wait to hear what I say about you after we fight.

Mashari: So, you're not worried?

Kima: About dying? Of course I am. *(leans in)* Just don't tell anyone about it, Wardens have a mystique to uphold after all.

Percival: What a fascinating definition of mystique the Wardens have.

*(Bastien and Mashari laugh at the Magus joke, while Percival stands in front of Kima looking far too smug about it. Kima regards the Magus sourly, but before she can respond, Faelar announces loudly from his place on the field)*

Faelar: *(loudly to get everyone's attention)* Most welcome guests of our fair city of Vonsall. It is my honor to greet you once again and hope that you have enjoyed yourselves during our Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire! That you have raised many a glass with your hosts, sung many songs with us, and feasted on more than your share of turkey legs. Our Allied Lands stand united and victorious over the Sovereign and his broken Dominion! *(pauses for effect)* Their Sovereign slain, their forces broken, there remains but one task left before us... the trial of the Sovereign's Fist !!

*(Quickly Mashari steps over to Faelar, Percival also moves to the side as General Chyraxxus, hands bound before him, and flanked by Legionnaires, with Raziel and Anrathi as the front guards, with General Ghelryn at the lead and marches the group onto the field, stopping as Chyraxxus is exposed, standing before the assembled crowds. Chyraxxus stands as tall and arrogant seeming as always, regardless of his chains, he is still GENERAL CHYRAXXUS.)*

Ghelryn: Arbiter. I present to you, and to the all the peoples of the Allied Lands, the accused, General Chyraxxus.

*(Another moment passes, as they let the crowd react)*

Faelar: Thank you, General Ghelryn. 'General' Chyraxxus, you stand here now by edict of the Council of Anleigh accused of crimes against the peoples of all the Allied Lands. You were instrumental in the destruction of Fort Tonitrus! The capture and occupation of the city of Miyrfall! The murder of its lord mayor Lochlann! And striking down the avatar of the Unseen, the Green Man! How do you respond to these charges?

Chyraxxus: *(waits a moment)* You're welcome.

*(waits a moment as everyone reacts in shock to the General response)*

Faelar: Explain yourself, 'General'.

Chyraxxus: Did I stutter the first time, Councilor? When we found you, your peoples were fractured, squabbling over trinkets and blasphemous orders. Manipulated and culled by Unseen agents, lorded over by a being who sought to keep you ignorant, treating you all like children. We sought to bring you

the strength of our dominion. To burn away your imperfections under the light of our Sovereign, and reforge you as a weapon worthy of being part of our society. Now there you stand, triumphant over us. Allying yourselves with your old foes the Northlanders, you have broken our armies, found and rooted out the traitors amongst you and cut them away, *(slowly, sorrowfully)* you have slain our God. You have become every bit as strong as we thought to make you. Perhaps, even stronger. For that, you judge me, but I have only to say... you are welcome. *(Pauses again while Faelar sputters to find a proper response, while the others mutter to themselves over Chyraxxus's words.)*

Faelar: *(haltingly, almost angrily)* Is. That. All?

Chyraxxus: *(ponders his next words)* I would also say... Thank you.

Faelar: .....ok...ay?!?

Chyraxxus: The Dominion thought we were making you strong. Instead you showed us that we were weak. Unfit. You showed us where our greatest weakness was, and then you exploited it. The dominion no longer has its Sovereign, but if he was felled so simply, then he was not fit to rule and we were fools for following him.

Anrathi: *(in shock while the others mutter in surprise)* Blasphemy! He... he speaks blasphemy!

Raziel: *(hissing at his partner before anyone notices)* Shut up... Corporal. Not now.

*(Anrathi growls and sputters, barely containing his rage)*

Faelar: You have heard the charges against you, and declined Tribunal, demanding instead for the right of Trial by Combat. This is your last chance, to change your mind, General Chyraxxus.

Chyraxxus: Carry on with your, "justice", Councilor.

Faelar: As Arbiter the accused shall face both Major Bastien of the Cuulayne Allied Legion and warden Kima of the Wardens in Trial by Combat. For your crimes, you will either be put to their blade, or should you survive, you will be exiled from these lands! Cursed to die should you touch Allied soil ever again. Do you agree to these terms?

Chyraxxus: Yes.

Faelar: So be it. General, unchain the Accused and give him a weapon. Major Bastien, warden Kima, are you ready?

Kima: Always.

Bastien: By your leave, Councilor.

Faelar: Then let this trial by combat, BEGIN!

*(After some very brief, and tense moments as Chyraxxus is lead ceremoniously into the Arena. Several of the extras guarding him draw their weapons and hold them so that he is aware should he move before combat is called, he's dead. Bastien and Kima stand ready in the arena. Percival says a few final words of comfort and wisdom, while Mashari viciously hugs both Kima and Bastien. Kima awkwardly just patting*

*her back, the Major massively uncomfortable and can't break the embrace quickly enough. Chyraxxus chooses a weapon, and its tossed at the ground a few feet from his grasp, a soldier looks to step on it but is prevented by Raziel from doing so. Chyraxxus looks at it, leaving the weapon there until the trial starts. Ghelryn has his soldiers back away from Chyraxxus, and finally, briefly turns his back on the General to say a few final words to the Major and Kima)*

Ghelryn: Major. Warden. Good luck.

*(The Major only nods)*

Kima: Ill keep him breathing. I know how much the Legion hates paperwork.

*(With that, the opponents begin on opposite sides of the Arena, as Mashari walks nervously to the center and then quickly announces the start of the trial before hotfooting the hell out of the arena. Chyraxxus watches as Kima and the Major move out to flank him, staring absently at the weapon on the ground. Flexing and stretching as he is finally unbound, and then as if he has no care, moves in and picks up the weapon. Which is when Kima launches her first strike... and is quickly rebuffed. At this point, the battle is vicious. None of the three of them saying much as they fight. It is truly a sight to see, the General is able to hold his own, almost at times appearing outmatched by the skills of the fighters before him. Sometimes nodding or saying that they are quite skilled. Eventually, inevitably, however, Chyraxxus does gain the upper hand getting in several vicious strikes and forcing his two opponents back. Eventually weariness is starting to overtake them and then Chyraxxus knocks Bastien to the ground, but before he can take advantage, Kima is there and forces him to back away a few moments. Weapon held out, watching him, he stalks them like an animal while Kima takes a moment to check on Bastien.)*

Bastien: *(breathing heavily and getting up, holding his weapon before him)* At what point, did we lose control here?

Kima: *(snorts)* Maybe someone should tell him, 'we're' the good guys.

Bastien: Somehow, I don't think he cares. Once more unto the breach, then.

Kima: *(grabs Bastien by the front of his shirt, pulls him in and kisses him briefly. Pulling away and smirking at the bewildered Major)* For luck.

*(As Bastien gets back to his feet, Kima charges forth, Bastien follows as the two move to engage Chyraxxus.)*

Chyraxxus: Let us bring an end to this, then.

*(The two groups charge and the the final exchange is just as fierce, as vicious as the first. But the inevitable happens as Kima makes a mistake and Chyraxxus strikes her. Kima falls and before he can make a fatal strike, Chyraxxus hesitates, long enough for Bastien to move in and deflect the final blow.)*

Bastien: NO!

*(Bastien forces Chyraxxus back, but even enraged it is not enough and Chyraxxus disarms the Major and forces him to his knees. Kima starts to rise up, wounded, and obvious that she won't reach them in time.)*

Chyraxxus: You have fought well, the both of you. But now, this... Ends.

*(In the final moment, before he can swing. Chyraxxus instead reverse his blade and takes a knee before the Major. Offering the pommel of his blade.)*

Chyraxxus: To you, I offer the final blow.

*(the crowds, everyone, is shocked, unsure of just what the hell is happening. But one, single voice rings out from the soldiers' ranks.)*

Anrathi: What is this ?!?

*(Bastien rises up, reaching out and slowly wrapping his hand around the hilt as Kima shuffles or limps over, her own weapon held in hand)*

Kima: *(tired, wounded)* If this... If this is a trick...

Chyraxxus: This. Is no trick. Long have I been in your captivity, watching as the Dominion I knew fell, burned away. With my end, the death of last of the Sovereign's chosen, the final weakness of my people will have been culled and perhaps, just perhaps we may begin again.

Anrathi: *(unable to contain himself any longer, lunging forward a few steps, Raziel stepping after him. While all the other guards remain confused)* No! These are lies! LIES!

Raziel: Damn you! Get back here!

Anrathi: No! Those monsters, *(points his blade at Percival)* those heretical abominations did not just change your face! THEY CORRUPTED YOUR SOUL!!

Raziel: *(forcefully)* Stand down, Captain!

*(Anrathi turns and with a single blow, backhanding his former partner and knocking him to the ground)*

Anrathi: I will not hear these lies any longer! *(his tone rushed, the blind rage of a fanatic who is seeing everything he knows destroyed before him)* You were his greatest warrior! You were strongest among us! Chosen to be the Sovereign's fist! Now you kneel before your enemies! TRAITOR! HERETIC!

Ghelryn: *(finally over the shock of what he was watching angrily orders his other guards)* Seize him! Him and his partner!

*(Anrathi growls as he backsteps away towards an exit, blade drawn in front of him as he tears away the Legion standard he wears. Percival steps forward and places himself between guards and Raziel. Pushing away his weapon and putting the end of the staff on the man's chest to keep him laying down)*

Anrathi: We came to save you! To lead us! Now, now I will see you dead AND I WILL BURN THIS TOWN TO ASH IN HIS NAME!!!! FOR THE GLORY OF THE SOVEREIGN!!

*(At that Anrathi turns around and rushes for the exits while a few other guards point there weapons down at Raziel, who has wisely decided to stay put while they sort things out.)*

Gherlyn: Seize him! Stop that man! *(points to Raziel with his sword)* Bind that man for questioning! Move!

*(There is a flurry of activity as soldiers take charge of Raziel and lift him up off the ground, binding him. Percival steps back, resting the end of his staff on the ground, and looking to the Major, Kima, and Chyraxxus)*

Percival: Yes. Well, before we can move onto new business... *(the Magus lets his voice trail off as he turns to Chyraxxus.)*

Faelaer: *(flustered)* What? What are you even talking about...? *(Faelar trails off as he looks over and sees Chyraxxus and the others)*

*(Chyraxxus has remained kneeling and leans in just a bit, into the blade the Major still holds and has not moved, yet.)*

Chyraxxus: Yes. Indeed. Major?

*(Bastien looks down at the blade he holds in one hand, brings his foot forward, seeming to steady himself to strike, soon Kima lays a hand on the pommel)*

Kima: Seems there's another monster to hunt, now.

*(Everyone remains silent as Bastien thinks, the weight of all the eyes upon him. Eventually he lets the blade fall away from Chyraxxus and then steps forward and buries the sword blade first into the dirt at Chyraxxus's side)*

Bastien: We can bring that monster to heel first. *(sighs and looks at Chyraxxus)* Then we can decide what to do with this one.

**---END SCENE 5---**



## Scene 6

**Characters needed: (Councilor Faelar, General Ghelryn, Major Bastien, Kima, Percival, Mashari, Chyraxxus, and Raziel. Also extras dressed as Legionnaires, one has a line at the end)**

*(the scene opens in a simple room, a table in the center. The table should be a decent size, but enough for one person to easily move. A pair of Legion guards stand at the back of the room flanking Chyraxxus who is once again bound and sitting down, his back to the wall. Kima and Bastien have had their wounds from the battle bound, and only barely healed from the fight. Percival stands near the guards, an eye on the General. Mashari remains in the background, looking about innocently, doing her best to stay away from Chyraxxus. Faelar and Ghelryn enter the room, both of them angry and animated as they talk. Raziel is being held off stage, with a pair of guards waiting for his cue.)*

Faelar: He is a lone Dominion officer, General! How was he capable of evading your men?

Ghelryn: That lone Dominion officer masqueraded for weeks as a Legionnaire, Councilor! We should consider ourselves fortunate that no one was hurt during his escape.

Faelar: *(stares angrily at Ghelryn for a moment, then closes his eyes and stands up straight. Letting the mask of 'the Councilor' fall on him again)* Of course. So much more damage could have been done during the confusion at the end of the trial. I am grateful your Legion was able to restore order as quickly as they did.

Ghelryn: *(the dwarven general nods and looks over to the bound Chyraxxus)* Yes. Confusion. Just what are you playing at, Chyraxxus? What treachery were you attempting before your spy, Anrathi, failed his sanity check.

Chyraxxus: I have no hidden agenda, General. I truly expected to die when I offered the Major my blade. Had he been an officer of the Dominion, there would have been no hesitation.

Bastien: *(still hurt, and moving stiffly)* We are not the Dominion, General. Thought that had been made clear to you a long time ago.

Percival: Some lessons take longer to be taught than others.

Kima: Wait. So why did you give Bastien your sword then? You fought us tooth and nail ...and had the advantage. I was hurt, and Bastien disarmed, what kept you from taking that final blow? Why were you so willing to die?

*(Raziel is led into the room while Chyraxxus is giving his statement. Raziel's hands are bound in front of him. The guards lead him in, standing on either side of this prisoner.)*

Chyraxxus: *(sits up stiffly, straightening his shoulders in defiance as looks to everyone in the room)* As you have said, you are not the Dominion. My reasons are my own. I owe you no answers for my actions.

Raziel: They aren't. But I AM a Dominion soldier, General. You owe your answers to me.

*(The two soldiers salute General Ghelryn, who returns the salute and dismisses them. Both soldiers leaving the room, while one of the extras guarding Chyraxxus stands and moves over near Raziel. Watching him while his partner watches Chyraxxus.)*

*(For a long, tense moment Chyraxxus and Raziel face one another, neither one giving an inch as they stare each other down. Chyraxxus the former Sovereign's Fist, and Raziel, proud officer of the Dominion. Finally, Chyraxxus blinks)*

Chyraxxus: You forget your place, Captain.

Raziel: *(angrily)* You have forgotten yours! Or was Anrathi right? When they used their rituals and changed your face, did they tamper with your mind as well?

Percival: *(insulted by the accusation)* To violate another's mind breaks the rules of the Spirit Order!

Raziel: But you know how to do it! You even have whole species that live amongst you who can dominate men's minds! *(points an accusatory finger at Mashari)* And one even walks among you now!

*(The Major shudders at the memory as Chyraxxus watches. Mashari shrinks back from the accusation)*

Mashari: That's... that's not true. Not all fae can do mind tricks. *(quietly)* I can't.

*(Kima moves over to Mashari and puts an arm around the fae, giving her a hug)*

Raziel: *(growling and having to be forcefully restrained by the guard.)* The warlock hasn't said no.

Chyraxxus: *(rising up from his seat and taking a step forward, the guard at his side, placing a hand on him to keep him place. Chyraxxus merely looking at this bug who dared lay hands on him... and the Legionnaire "eeps" and backs off as Chyraxxus takes another step forward)* Nor does he have to. I know when such... talents... are being used, as the Sovereign's Primarch taught me. There was no magic that changed my mind.

Raziel: Then what? What was it that turned you to heresy?! Why have you betrayed the Sovereign?

*(Chyraxxus ponders an answer as Major Bastien angrily responds to Raziel)*

Bastien: Betrayed... the Sovereign?! The Sovereign was a monster that cared nothing for you, for him *(points to Chyraxxus)*, for your Dominion. You were nothing to that... THING! It didn't care about if others were strong, if others were fit. It was a creature of hate, of.. of spite that only wanted to lash out, to destroy!

Raziel: *(Enraged)* Liar! *(less sure this time)* Liar. How, how could you know the mind of a god?

Bastien: *(Bastien rushes forward and grabs Raziel by the front of his shirt, angry)* IT USED ME! It was inside my body! My mind! I was helpless as it tortured me. Taunted me! Showed me everything! *(out of breath and frantic as the Major lets go and almost falls back into a seat)* Everything.

Raziel: *(he doesn't want to believe it)* No. It isn't true. *(walks to the table and leans on it to steady himself)* Everything we are. Everything it created was a lie. *(Raziel angrily flips the table)* THIS WHOLE DAMN WAR WAS A LIE!!! *(The guard rushes and pulls Raziel back, but its obvious he has no strength left to fight. Then he looks to Chyraxxus.)* Did you know? DID YOU KNOW?

Chyraxxus: *(looks over at the Major, before looking back to his Captain, taking a long breath)* Yes.

*(At that Raziel howls out in rage surges forward, breaking free of the Guard and crashing into Chyraxxus, hands going up and grasping for his throat)*

Raziel: TRAITOR! MONSTER! LIAR!

*(Chyraxxus does not resist as Raziel does his best to strangle the former General. The Guards rush forward to try and pull him off, but Raziel's grasp is iron clad until Percival slams his staff to the ground, creating an audible 'BOOM!' that rings out throughout the whole room. It is enough to make everyone pause, including Raziel who first looks to Percival and then down at Chyraxxus who is still no longer resisting. Then finally opens his hands and leans back, letting the guards pull him up and away from Chyraxxus.)*

Chyraxxus: *(sitting up, rubbing at his throat)* That was unnecessary, Magus.

Percival: I told you before, that no one needs to die today. Not even you.

Raziel: *(narrowing his eyes)* No. For what you have done, these foreign realms are not the only people who must take you to task for your crimes. *(turns to the Councilor)* What do you intend to do with the... with Chyraxxus?

Faelar: *(a bit taken aback by everything he's heard, and seen)* He, he demanded trial by combat, to the death. The trial has yet to be resolved.

Chyraxxus: *(looks to Faelar)* The final blow is no longer an option for me. I have given up my blade to the Major and the Warden. I am revealed as weak, a deceiver, and a heretic. It is their duty now to end my trial... and me.

*(for a moment, Bastien and Kima silently confer with one another and both nod as Bastien rises up, the two of them, Warden and Major standing before Chyraxxus)*

Bastien: You gave up your blade to us, because you want us to finish the job you are too weak to do yourself. But we have no desire to kill you.

Kima: It isn't weakness to spare the life of an enemy, but in your case, it sure isn't mercy either.

Bastien: *(gets in close)* Congratulations, you lost. You get to live out your days in exile, in your homelands, where they will learn the truth about who and what you truly are.

*(Bastien turns and walks away, Percival nodding leaving Kima still in front of Chyraxxus.)*

Chyraxxus: And do you have some pity, parting...

*(Before Chyraxxus can say anymore Kima lashes and cracks Chyraxxus across the face. The force of the blow is enough to knock him to the ground)*

Kima: And THAT was for Lochlann, you monstrous Bastard *(at that she turns her back on him and walks away)* Lord McGarry and Warden Kaine send their regards.

Faelar: *(coughs as one guard moves over to help Chyraxxus to a seat, Raziel smiling at seeing his former general at least get hit ONCE)* Yes, well, that seems to be one matter dealt with. The other is the threat

levied against us by the Dominion officer's partner and having a group of Dominion soldiers waiting for him.

Raziel: Captain Anrathi, of the Talons. The Talons have a reputation even among the rest of the Dominion. Not a good one.

Ghelryn: And he is genuine in his threat? That he will attempt to attack us here?

Raziel: The Captain is a true believer. His faith in the Sovereign crosses into fanaticism, as do many of the others among the Talons.

Faelar: You appear to be quite the believer yourself, Captain?

Raziel: A devoted, loyal son of the Dominion, yes. I believe in our ideals. *(sourly after a moment)* or....I did. Many had their doubts about the Sovereign, keeping their heresy to themselves. Thinking that their weakness would bring the might of the Sovereign crashing down upon them, upon their families.

Faelar: You say this Anrathi was a fanatic. Why did you work with him?

Raziel: Not by choice. *(coughs)* There was a great deal of personal glory involved for whomever freed the General, a lot of Dominion officers volunteered. Those who were tasked with the infiltration would be chosen by lots. I ended up stuck with Captain Anrathi.

Faelar: Do you see any chance we may bargain with him? The General is being exiled.

Chyraxxus: *(lets out a booming, rueful laugh)* Yes. Bargain with the zealot by telling him the General, that he decries as a heretic, you are now sending home to spread your lies. I thought you were a politician?

Faelar: *(sighs)* They would believe the Captain, even less, I suppose.

Ghelryn: How many soldiers are waiting out there? My scouts have made no mention of enemy sightings.

Raziel: *(Coughs uneasily and drags out the word a bit)* Yeah... about those reports...

Ghelryn: *(As realization dawns)* By the Balance.

*(at the moment a soldier rushes in and snaps to attention as everyone turns to look at him)*

Ghelryn: At ease, soldier. Report!

Legionnaire: Reports from the walls sir! Dominion soldiers spotted! They'll be marching onto the field of honor within the hour!

Ghelryn: How many Troops?

Legionnaire: Lots, General! We can't pin an accurate number down, they keep moving through cover.

Ghelryn: Go. Sound the alarm and gather what troops we have. *(turns to Bastien and Kima)* Major, Warden. The two of you have already fought today...

Kima: Right. Like you could keep me out of this.

Bastien: Every able bodied soldier, General. *(winces)* Bruised, but able bodied.

Ghelryn: Make sure to bring Chyraxxus, I want his army to see him.

Raziel: General, sir. I... I won't raise arms against the Dominion, nor will I. But I would like... I would like the chance to convince them of the truth. Convince them that its time to go home. I don't have the right to ask it of you, but please, let me have the chance.

*(Ghelryn regards the Dominion soldier)*

Faelar: General. *(softer)* Ghelryn. Let the boy try.

Ghelryn: Is that an order, Councilor?

Faelar: It's a request, Ghelryn.

*(The dwarven General ponders, and nods)*

Ghelryn: Bring the Captain along as well.

*(the guards in the room and nod and the room is alive with activity, as people start to filter out of the room to raise the alarm and prepare their defense. Percival remains to look after them, with only Mashari remaining behind.)*

Percival: Yes. Perhaps, perhaps today nobody needs to die.

**---END SCENE 6---**

## Scene 7

**Characters needed: All, plus extras dressed up as Legionnaires and Dominion soldiers ready to fight.**

*(The Legion/Hero side are the first characters to take the field of honor as they await the Dominion. Almost everyone is nervous. Faelar and Mashari remain on the edges, behind everyone else who intends to fight. Ghelryn is walking up and down along the ranks, inspecting the Legionnaires as they ready for the coming fight. Bastien and Kima flank Raziel, his hands are bound. Percival and Chyraxxus also wait, Chyraxxus's hands are also bound, but in such a way the actor to snap the bonds, a pair of Legionnaires flank the two men as guards.)*

Ghelryn: *(stops in front of Raziel)* Are you ready for this, Captain?

Raziel: Ready? To try and convince my brothers in the Dominion to lay down arms while their enemies are standing right behind me? *(pauses for a moment, before taking a breath)* Yeah sure.

Ghelryn: *(nods)* Good lad. *(walks over to Faelar)* The Legion stands ready, Councilor.

*(Faelar nods, as Mashari shrinks back)*

Mashari: *(nervous)* Is it always like this? Before a battle? Because I don't like this.

Faelar: *(reaches out and lays a reassuring hand on her shoulder)* Nor do I, child. Nor do I. But I am minister of Vonsall, my place is here. You don't have to be.

Mashari: No. You're here. so I should be here too, no matter what happens.

Chyraxxus: *(watching as people go through pre-battle motions)* Foolish sentimental drivel.

Percival: *(sigh)* Even now, you still fail to see the truth.

Chyraxxus: What truth is that, Magus?

Percival: *(starts in a mocking tone)* Concern for the lives of others is no foolish sentiment. It is our heart, it is the strength of our people. Perhaps if you had engaged in such sentimental drivel, the Sovereign may never have taken hold in your realm.

Chyraxxus: *(Chyraxxus stares at Percival as if he wants to rebut him, offer some snide words of rebuke, but eventually all he can do is look away)* Perhaps...

*(And after a brief moment, the Dominion forces begin to take the field. Their numbers are great, but their march is even, measured. Except for Captain Anrathi at the lead, his blade down as he stalks forward, sword drawn and blade down towards the ground. Smiling widely as if a hunter has finally found his prey and is ready to strike.)*

Anrathi: *(his words tinged with the edge of fanaticism, gesturing with his sword)* Good. Good! Our foes see that hiding from us is pointless! That the might of the Dominion is unquestioned! They stand before us now waiting to be slaughtered in our RADIANT GOD's name!!!

*(Anrathi raises up his blade and the Dominion soldier cheer as with their leader. The Legionnaires remain still, waiting.)*

Raziel: *(muttering, sarcastically)* Here we go.

Kima: *(leans in)* Hey, don't worry. The worst that could happen is they kill you.

*(Raizel turns and blinks as if he has something to say, and just has nothing)*

Bastien: That's Warden for 'good luck'. Godspeed, Captain.

Raziel: Yeaahhhh Thank you.....I think , and for what its worth, I am sorry. *(steadies himself and turns around, walking to a point between both armies. Taking a moment to see his comrades in the Dominion and consider his words)*

Anrathi: Come to rejoin our ranks, brother? Have those weaklings released you in some vain hope of being spared righteous vengeance.

Raziel: *(aggravated and tired of having to deal with this zealous yutz. Holds his hands up, clearly still bound)* I have not been 'released'. I come forth because I need to speak with you, with all of you! I stand before you, my brothers in the Dominion, to tell you that WE HAVE ALL OF US BEEN DECIEVED! Our war, our reason for leaving our homes was a LIE!

Anrathi: Have they clouded your mind now with their heresy as well, Captain?

Raziel: My mind has never been more clear, Anrathi. We were all pawns! Nameless tools of a Soulless Sovereign who cared nothing for the glory of the Dominion, nothing for those of us who bled, who died in his name! He craved only revenge! And destruction! WE WERE HIS FIRST VICTIMS!!!!

Anrathi: *(Rocked back by the words as if they were a physical blow)* No... no you lie.

Raziel: *(steps forward)* The only lies were those of our Sovereign, *(dramatically points to General Chyraxxus)* and of our own General Chyraxxus! I heard all these things and more from the General himself!

*(Anrathi and all the Dominion soldiers, before they wanted combat, are now looking to one another, confused)*

Anrathi: General. Please! These words...

Chyraxxus: The Captain does not lie. The Soiverien manipulated us and cared nothing for the people of the Dominion. And I... I am just as much to blame.

*(Chyraxxus let that hang for a moment before Raziel turns to his former partner)*

Raziel: Anrathi! *(to the other soldiers)* Brothers! Please! Lay down your arms! The Sovereign is slain and our war is over! Too much blood has been shed. Its time for us to go home!

*(For a moment, a brief moment, the soldiers consider it before Anrathi lunges forward and knocks Raziel down)*

Anrathi: NO! No! These monsters! These tools of the Unseen have warped the General! Violated their minds! They try to spread their lies! Their heresy! They must not go unpunished! BROTHERS OF THE DOMINION! Take up your arms! Burn them! Kill them all! FOR THE GLORY OF THE SOVEREIGN!!!!

Dominion soldiers: *(at first unsure, and then raising their weapons and screaming)* FOR THE GLORY OF THE SOVEREIGN!!!

Kima: Well, We tried, General?

Ghelryn: *(draws his blade)* For the people of Cuulayne! FOR FREEDOM!!!

*(With that the two armies converge, Anrathi looks down and wants to make a cheap, easy first kill but Raziel kicks away his former partner and quickly scoots the hell on out of there. Thus, the big battle commences, and all the fighters who want a fight, get one. The Councilor and Mashari stay back, Raziel is trying to stay one step ahead of his former partner while the others move in.*

*The fight goes back and forth. But while wounds are being taken, oddly no lives are being lost. The Cuulayne Legion is restraining itself as those amongst the ranks of the Dominion fight... but for whatever reason, find themselves unwilling or unable to land any fatal blows. Either they knock someone down and simply move on to another target, or someone luckily comes in deflecting a fatal blow away or just avoids it. It is a vicious fight, but one that has, for the moment, no fatalities.*

*There is no marquee big one on one here. That happened in S5. However, eventually, Raziel has no choice and ends up in a fight against Anrathi. Unfortunately, the only weapon he has are his chains, or whatever is being used to keep him bound, and he takes a few strikes before finally being knocked to the ground.*

*By this point, most of the big fight should be finished, with both having thinned out so that folks can focus on Raziel and Anrathi.*

*However, off to the side. Seeing Anrathi finally gain the upper hand, and knowing what is to come, the General can no longer remain inactive.*

Chyraxxus: No. No more. *(raises his hands up and with a mighty flex of his arms snaps his bindings. Those standing near him are caught off guard as the General simply marches past them, over to the Raziel and Anrathi fight. )*

Anrathi: *(looking down and not seeing the General coming)* Goodbye, Raziel. I never liked you.

*(Anrathi grabs his sword in either hand and brings the blade down for a deathblow and is stopped as Chyraxxus simply grabs one of Anrathi's wrists and holds him in place)*

Chyraxxus: That! Is! ENOUGH!

*(Chyraxxus's booming voice carries throughout the field. Anrathi stares wide eyed at his General, while all the other battles come to a staggered halt)*

Anrathi: General?



Chyraxxus: Enough blood has been shed in the Sovereign's name. No one needs to die today. *(with a single toss, forces Anrathi back, Chyraxxus reaching down and helping Raziel up to his feet)* This war is over.

Anrathi: ONLY FOR YOU, TRAITOR!!! *(Anrathi points the blade and rushes in to skewer Chyraxxus. The General makes no move to stop him, but Raziel lashes out at the blindly rushing Dominion soldier and Kirk punches him in the face, sending him crashing to the dirt. The sword falling away from the three of them. Raziel watches his partner fall to the ground)*

Raziel: Over, for all of us.

*(the battle is finally over, and the Legionnaires begin the job of cleaning up. Disarming the Dominion soldiers and gathering their weapons. Healers come out to treat the wounded, on both sides. Anrathi, unconscious, or senseless, is also carried off the field as the other characters gather for the finale.)*

Mashari: That's it then? No more fighting?

Ghelryn: No, my lady. No more fighting.

Mashari: Good.

Raziel: *(walk up, pause)* What is to be done with me then? Am I to be imprisoned as well?

Kima: *(with a sly grin)* You could always ask for trial by combat.

Raziel: Ah, no. I've had my fill of this war, of Chyraxxus and the Sovereign's lies. Instead I would like very much to go home.

Faelar: General. I believe, in my role as Arbiter, and with your support, I think it best as a show of goodwill that we allow the Captain here, to escort his general home as we send Chyraxxus into exile.

Raziel: For the other Dominion soldiers too, Councilor? The war is over for them, as well.

Percival: There is a hard enough road ahead for the remnants of the sovereign's army, General.

Ghelryn: The Council may not be entirely pleased, convincing them is your job. But you have my support.

Faelar: Excellent. Yes, Captain. I think your request can be arranged. General, please escort the Captain and the Chyraxxus to the holding area.

*(the rest watch as Ghelryn leads Chyraxxus and Captain Raziel off the field)*

Bastien: Battle's won, our side stands victorious, and I'm not being told to report to anything. Sounds like a good time to celebrate.

Kima: Celebrating sounds good. Too much fighting and not enough drinking leaves a person unbalanced, that kind of thing could be unhealthy.

Faelar: I think a glass of something will do us all some good.

Kima: Will wonders never cease? The Councilor admitting its time to have some fun. I think I may need that drink more than ever now.

Faelar: *(sigh, exasperation)* Wardens. *(Gesturing to the audience)* Its now with the greatest of pleasures that I announce, to all those gathered, honored guest gathered her.....

*(Mashari dances in front of the audience)*

Mashari: We did it! THE WAR IS OVER! The Allied Lands are victorious!!! Fantabuious guests and wondrous friends, may I present you... THE HEROES OF VONSALL!!

Faelar: (staring a mashari) .....I was getting to that.

Mashari: HIP! HIP! (x3)

ALL: HUZZAH!! (x3)

**---END SCENE 7--**

THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE

SEASON 10

"THE QUEEN'S CHOICE"

CHARACTERS:

QUEEN ERULISSE

SHIARIEL

LORD KHANIR

GABRIEL

COUNCILOR ANUMAR

COUNCILOR NESRI

COUNCILOR TAMHAS

LORD NAHRIMAN

LORD SYNDRI

DARKLING PRIME

THE DREAD ONE

## SCENE ONE:

*Tamhas lies sleeping, or drunk, (or sleeping and drunk) on a chair blocking the entrance to the Front Gate.*

*Shiariel enters flanked by Anumar and Nesri.*

SHIARIEL: Councilor Tamhas? Councilor Tamhas? Has anyone here seen Tamhas?

*Of course, the audience doesn't respond.*

SHIARIEL: Has anyone seen a drunk Northlander?

NESRI: I see him, Lady Shiariel. Passed out over there like yesterday's trash.

SHIARIEL: Oh, for God's sake.

*Shiariel moves over to the sleeping Tamhas and tries to wake him.*

SHIARIEL: Councilor, wake up.

*She shakes him but he does not stir.*

SHIARIEL: Councilor, it's time to wake up now.

*She shakes him again.*

SHIARIEL: Councilor, did you bathe in the mead?

ANUMAR: He could use a bath!

SHIAREL: Brilliant idea.

*Shiariel fetches a canteen from her waist and dumps water all over the sleeping Councilor Tamhas.*

*Tamhas wakes with a start.*

TAMHAS: Welcome to the Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire.

*Shiarel interrupts*

SHIARIEL: Councilor, it's not time for that yet.

TAMHAS: It's not?

SHIARIEL: No. It's not.

*Tamhas rolls over like he's going back to sleep.*

TAMHAS: Well, why wake me then?

NESRI: Tamhas, have you been sleeping out here all night with the animals?

*Tamhas looks around.*

TAMHAS: Is this not the Field of Honor?

ANUMAR: You are about 200 yards from the Field of Honor.

*Tamhas looks around again.*

TAMHAS: How did I get all the way out here then? And who are all these people?

SHIARIEL: Councilor Tamhas, you are at the front gate. In fact, you are blocking the front gate and none of these good people can get in.

TAMHAS: Well, I'm awake now. Let them in.

NESRI: We can't do that, Tamhas.

TAMHAS: What? Why not?

ANUMAR: Because you've taken up the entrance as your bed.

*Tamhas looks at himself and the crowd. Slowly his brain starts to work again.*

TAMHAS: Oh.

*Anumar pinches the bridge of his nose and sighs.*

TAMHAS: Ooooooooooh. So sorry, my good people! So sorry!

*Khanir enters.*

KHANIR: Excuse me, am I too early to enter the gates?

TAMHAS: Not at all, traveler. I was just inspecting it for sturdiness.

*Tamhas knocks on something in the new Front Gate tent.*

TAMHAS: Ah. Yes. Very sturdy.

SHIARIEL: Pay no attention to the-

*Shiariel just now recognizes who she is addressing.*

SHIARIEL: Khanir!?

*Shiariel hugs Khanir as if they haven't seen each other in a thousand years.*

NESRI: 'Pay no attention to the Khanir'?

TAMHAS: As you command.

*Anumar, having had enough, escorts Tamhas and Nesri through the gate and exiting the scene.*

SHIARIEL: Khanir, it feels like I have not seen you in forever. I am so glad you could make it today for the festivities.

KHANIR: Festivities?

SHIARIEL: Yes, of course. Is everything alright, Khanir?

KHANIR: The Outer Kingdoms are in need, Shiariel. I wish I could say I was visiting to see you and the Queen. But I am here to ask for her aid

NAHRIMAN: That may not be entirely possible today, Khanir.

*Nahrیمان and Syndri enter.*

KHANIR: Nahrیمان? It seems everyone is here today.

NAHRIMAN: It would appear so, yes.

KHANIR: With the ending of the war, and all that's happened since I can't remember the last time we were all together. And is that Syndri!?

*Syndri waves.*

SYNDRI: Hello, Khanir.

NAHRIMAN: Lady Shiariel, is all ready for the announcement today?

SHIARIEL: You mean the announcement you're not supposed to know about yet, Lord Nahrیمان? Yes. Things are proceeding.

NAHRIMAN: Not proceeding fast enough to let me into the gates, I see.

*Syndri walks over to Khanir.*

SYNDRI: Don't mind Lord Nahrیمان, Khanir. She is in a mood today.

KHANIR: I can see that.

SYNDRI: Would you escort me into the festival, Khanir? I want to see everything!

*Khanir and Syndri exit through the gate.*

SHIARIEL: How exactly did you get advance notice about what's happening today, Lord Nahriman? I'd like to know which one of my couriers to punish.

NAHRIMAN: I wouldn't be too hard on them, Lady Shiariel. You really can't expect the Queen of Cuulayne to give up the throne and not have anyone hear about it.

SHIARIEL: Actually, that's exactly what I was expecting.

*Nahriman chuckles.*

NAHRIMAN: I have my sources, Lady Shiariel.

SHIARIEL: I'll see you inside.

*Shiariel exits.*

DREAD: You should not mention me around them.

*The Dread One slinks out from the line of patrons.*

*Nahriman looks up, as if addressing a voice in her head. She cannot see the Dread One, only hear him.*

NAHRIMAN: Be silent, voice. I'm not even sure you're real.

DREAD: Oh, I am very real. Real enough to-

NAHRIMAN: I said be silent! I will address you when I need to, and not before.

*Nahriman exits through the gate.*

DREAD: Nobility. So tiring.

*The Dread One exits through the gate.*

## SCENE TWO:

*As the patrons are gathering on the Field of Honor, Shiariel and Gabriel walk out onto the stage.*

GABRIEL: Is everything in place for the announcement today?

SHIARIEL: There are complications, but the show must go on regardless.

*Shiariel notices that there are people sitting down already.*

SHIARIEL: The people have already started gathering. I need to make sure the Queen is ready. Gabriel, would you mind entertaining them for a few moments?

GABRIEL: Of course, Lady Shiariel. Do what you need to do.

*Shiariel half bows and runs off (back to the stage wings)*

GABRIEL: Hail and well met everyone!

*Beat*

GABRIEL: As we do every year, we have gathered to celebrate the passing of the summer solstice. After all we have been through and all that has transpired since last we gathered here, we now celebrate with each other, here in the capital city of the Kingdom of Cuulayne!

*Under cover of applause The Dread One enters with a slow clap of his own. Gabriel is angered at The Dread One's appearance, but not surprised.*

GABRIEL: You. What are you doing here?

DREAD: Ah, Gabriel, how good to see you. And how good to see all these wonderful faces... all gathered in one place.

GABRIEL: You can leave, foul creature. There is no one for you to manipulate here.

DREAD: Me manipulate? But my dear, Gabriel, who brought the 'Scout Captain' Khanir? All Under the false pretenses of seeking aid from the crown? Tsk tsk.

GABRIEL: False pretenses? Her need is true. And yet you bring her childhood rival, the high lord Nahriman, to complicate matters.

DREAD: Complicate Matters? Me? Oh no, no, Gabriel. This is complicated enough on its own. No help from me required. Queen Erulisse is about to announce her abdication of the throne. I wonder, who will her successor be?

GABRIEL: I wonder.

*From off stage, Shiariel's voice bellows.*

SHIARIEL: Make way for the Queen! Make way for the Queen!

DREAD: That is my cue to leave. Be seeing you, Gabriel.

*And he exits*



*In full royal regalia and full royal entourage Erulisse enters the field with Shiariel in tow. Gabriel steps aside from the procession.*

SHIARIEL: Lords and Ladies, Queen Erulisse of Cuulayne.

*Behind Erulisse the three councilors Anumar, Tamhas, and Nesri enter the field.*

SHIARIEL: We will be beginning the opening ceremonies shortly.

*Behind the councilors Nahriman and Syndri enter.*

ANUMAR: Lord Nahriman, you seem to be in good spirits today.

NAHRIMAN: It is a good day to be a Noble, Councilor Anumar.

TAMHAS: I suppose that wouldn't have anything to do with the Queen's impending announcement. And perhaps your place in the future of the Kingdom?

*Finally, behind everyone else, Khanir enters the field. Gabriel strides over to meet her.*

GABRIEL: Khanir. Good to see you made it.

*Khanir does not respond.*

*The Queen prepares to speak to the crowd.*

ERULISSE: Lords and Ladies! My family, my friends, citizens of the city of Anleigh, and travelers from all corners of the world, I am Erulisse. Queen of the Kingdom of Cuulayne, a nation forged by its peoples, and cultures. After so long an absence, after all the hardships we have faced over the last few years, and now in a time of peace when we have faced down and survived what felt at times like an endless war. it is my greatest honor and my most joyful privilege to say the next eight words to all of you:

*Beat*

ERULISSE: WELCOME BACK TO THE MIDSUMMER FANTASY RENAISSANCE FAIRE!

*Birds are released. Trumpets blare. All manner of fanfare sounds.*

ERULISSE: For three hundred years I have sat on the throne of this land. Ever since the death of my husband, King Tonitrus, so many ages ago.

*Shiariel moves from her post to comfort the Queen. Putting a supportive hand on the Queen's shoulder.*

SHIARIEL: You were his shining light your majesty.

ERULISSE: That time has passed, now to look ahead.

*Erulisse turns her attention back to the crowd.*

ERULISSE: My husband was a fan of large, long-winded speeches. It was one of the qualities I admired about him. But I do not share that talent. So, allow me to get to the point of today's activities.

GABRIEL: *(to Khanir)* Here it comes.

NAHRIMAN: *(to Syndri)* Here it comes.

ANUMAR: *(annoyed)* Here it comes.

ERULISSE: As of today, I will be stepping down as Queen and abdicating Cuulayne's throne. My successor shall be named and by day's end, I will no longer be Queen.

*Nahriman smiles wide.*

SYNDRI: Lord Nahriaman, is this why we came all the way here? Are you going to be crowned as Queen!?

NAHRIMAN: I may, Syndri. I may.

*Gabriel looks to Khanir who doesn't notice the gesture.*

ERULISSE: Henceforth this kingdom will have a Ruler more in touch with its people, who can adapt faster than a 400-year-old elf.

*Shiariel whispers something to Erulisse. They pause for a moment and have a private conversation.*

*Khanir turns to leave. Gabriel stops her.*

GABRIEL: Leaving already?

KHANIR: Oh. Gabriel, I'm sorry. It's good to see you again but yes. I'm just in the way here.

GABRIEL: You should stick around, Khanir. The queen will be finished with this shortly, and then she will be able to hear your request

*Khanir Eyes Gabriel a little suspiciously*

GABRIEL: What?

KHANIR: I've known you all my life, old goat. Why do I feel like you are playing games?

GABRIEL: Maybe. Maybe not. Stick around and find out.

KHANIR: Ok, I'll stay a bit longer.

*Meanwhile*

SYNDRI: Is the Queen going to announce her successor? We'll have time to see the festival won't we, Nahriman?

NAHRIMAN: Be patient, Syndri. I'm sure she'll announce my name soon and then maybe we'll have time to look around before we head back. Maybe I'll buy you something.

*Erulisse is ready to address the crowd again.*

ERULISSE: I am sure many of you are wondering whom I have chosen as my successor. However, I am not yet ready to announce them. I must consult with the Council, and I must consult with the potential new monarch.

SYNDRI: Does that mean we can look around now, Nahriman?

*Nahriman becomes visibly angry.*

SYNDRI: Nahriman?

ERULISSE: *(to the audience)* I would encourage you to go and enjoy the festival. When we meet here again, on the Field of Honor, we shall commence with the Coronation!

*Shiariel prepares to leave with the Queen.*

ERULISSE: I also have a grand surprise for you all later in the day. As for what that is, well, you'll just have to meet me back here. I thank you, my subjects, and once more I welcome you all to the Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire!

*Shiariel, Erulisse, and the Queen's royal fanfare begin to make their way off stage.*

GABRIEL: Now's your chance, Khanir. If you're going to speak with the Queen today this is the time.

*Syndri wanders off to go enjoy the festivities.*

KHANIR: Gabriel, there is too much going on today. I should just go.

GABRIEL: Okay ...but you did say your men needed the extra help.

*Khanir eyes Gabriel suspiciously.*

KHANIR: Sometimes I wonder if I am your friend or a pawn in your game.

GABRIEL: Could be both.

*Khanir pauses.*

KHANIR: I will stab you.

*As Erulisse and Shiariel make their exit, they pass by Gabriel and Khanir.*

ERULISSE: Khanir? Is that you?

KHANIR: Ah, hello, your majesty.

*Khanir bows.*

ERULISSE: Khanir! I'm so happy you're here. It is very good to see you.

*Khanir stands.*

KHANIR: You as well, your majesty. I...

*Beat*

ERULISSE: Yes? What is it, Khanir? You seem troubled.

KHANIR: I realize there are important things happening today, but it is imperative that I speak with you. Is there somewhere we can speak? In private?

ERULISSE: Khanir! Of course you can. Shiariel, would you be so kind as to show Khanir where we hold the... secret meetings?

*Meanwhile*

NESRI: *(to Tamhas)* The secret meetings?

TAMHAS: I heard it. I heard it.

*Shiariel escorts Khanir off the field.*

GABRIEL: Your majesty if I might have just a word.

ERULISSE: Surely, Gabriel.

*The Queen looks around at everyone still on the field.*

ERULISSE: Councilor Tamhas, if you would be so kind?

TAMHAS: Of course, your majesty! CLEAR THE FIELD YOU SLACK JAWED GULLY DWARVES! *(To audience)* Not you guys, you stay here and tell me what happens, ok?

*Tamhas winks.*

*Everyone exits except for Erulisse and Gabriel.*

GABRIEL: You are certain you know what you are doing Erulisse? Are you sure this is what you want?

ERULISSE: As sure as I can be, Gabriel.

GABRIEL: About your successor I mean. All of the other nobles have certain, we will say, 'gifts'. Although, none of them are aware of it. One of them could be a better choice.

*Beat*

ERULISSE: Do you know what these gifts are, Gabriel?

GABRIEL: No.

ERULISSE: Do you know who has them and who does not?

GABRIEL: I do not know that either, no.

*Erulisse sighs.*

ERULISSE: I understand your worry, Gabriel. But my choice is made. Now we will just have to wait and see. And hope.

*Erulisse exits.*

GABRIEL: And hope.

*Gabriel exits.*

### SCENE THREE:

*The Dread One takes the stage.*

DREAD: Hello you delicious little... people. I would introduce myself and give you my name but, the sound of hearing it pronounced correctly would surely drive you all mad.

*He laughs.*

GABRIEL: Why is it that wherever a crowd is gathered I find you blending amongst them like a parasite?

*Gabriel enters.*

DREAD: Gabriel. I have to hand it to you; you really are weaving a tangled web this time. Poor young Khanir. So impressionable to your whims.

GABRIEL: Scout Captain Khanir stays of her own free will. The same cannot be said of the High Lord Nahrیمان.

DREAD: That may have been my doing... and it may have not. But, Gabriel, you have outdone yourself this time. I have no doubt that the 'choice' Queen Erulisse made to vacate her throne must have been planted by you.

GABRIEL: You seem determined to believe everything happening here is my own doing. Am I to be blamed for the heat as well?

*The Dread One laughs again. If you can call it that. It is a sick, unnerving kind of sound.*

DREAD: You never do cease to amuse me. Just remember, you guided this. Khanir could have left and headed back to her soldiers. Remember, Gabriel, that you guided her to stay. By the day's end you and she will regret it.

GABRIEL: Speaking of Khanir, I think I hear her coming now.

*The Dread One sinks a little at the prospect.*

GABRIEL: She is here to meet with the Queen. I am sure you would love to be here when it happens, would you not?

DREAD: Gloat while you can. This day will be mine.

*Shiariel enters. She makes no notice of The Dread One who slinks off stage and exits.*

SHIARIEL: Talking to yourself, Gabriel?

GABRIEL: You're not Khanir.

SHIARIEL: Of course I'm not Khanir. What good is a secret meeting if everyone knows when and where it's happening?

GABRIEL: I guess you do have a point.

SHIARIEL: I'm here to check out the area. See if it's safe for Queen Erulisse to be in without all her royal fanfare.

*Gabriel looks around the stage.*

GABRIEL: Seems safe enough to me. Besides, with me here you have nothing to worry about.

SHIARIEL: I will be the judge of that, Gabriel.

*Shiariel exits.*

*Khanir enters. The two pass each other on the way.*

KHANIR: Did I miss the meeting?

GABRIEL: No. No. That's just Shiariel being Shiariel. You know how she is.

KHANIR: On the contrary, the Shiariel I knew was a shy elven woman who never trained with a blade at all. Now, in my absence, she's grown into a full-fledged veteran warrior.

*Gabriel finds something to sit on.*

GABRIEL: We did just go through the longest war this country has ever seen. Lots of things change.

KHANIR: Yes. Maybe too many things. Gabriel, I need to get back to my troops. I realize there are big royal events happening here but, I need more soldiers to protect the outskirts.

*Erulisse and Shiariel enter.*

KHANIR: Your majesty.

*Khanir bows.*

ERULISSE: Khanir, please, stand. There is no need for such formality here.

*Khanir stands.*

ERULISSE: We have so much to talk about, Khanir, and it has been so long since last we met.

KHANIR: I know, majesty. The war had a way of putting a pause on everything.

ERULISSE: Indeed, it does. I am lucky to have spent much of it safe from the horrible fighting and lucky to have my charge, Shiariel, always here to protect me.

*The Queen turns to Shiariel briefly.*

ERULISSE: She has been my guiding light in the darkness.

SHIARIEL: Your majesty honors me. I am doing my duty.

*Erulisse turns back to Khanir.*

ERULISSE: Now, thankfully, that terrible war is over, and our people can enjoy some peace.

KHANIR: That relates to my request to speak with you. I need the kingdoms help, your majesty. My scouts are spread too thin and, with increased numbers of new beasts being reported coming out of the wastes, run the risk of failing all together. I need military aid from the crown. I need more warriors.

*Erulisse pauses. She looks to Shiariel who heads over to where Gabriel is still sitting.*

ERULISSE: This is within my power to do. Is that... all you wanted to speak to me about, Khanir?

*Erulisse shoots Gabriel a look.*

*Gabriel shrugs.*

KHANIR: ...Yes? Is there is something more? Something I don't know about, but Gabriel does?

SHIARIEL: *(to Gabriel)* You didn't tell her?

GABRIEL: Was I supposed to?

ERULISSE: I can fulfill your request, Khanir, but I have a request of you as well.

*Erulisse looks to Gabriel as she addresses Khanir.*

ERULISSE: One you may not be properly prepared for.

NAHRIMAN: Your majesty!

*Shiariel, on instinct, half draws her weapon but sheathes it upon seeing that it's only Nahrیمان.*

*Nahrیمان and Syndri enter.*

NAHRIMAN: Your majesty, I appreciate you wanting to take your time, but I cannot stay here all day. My people need to be prepared to manage without me.

SYNDRI: Nahrیمان, the Queen looks busy. Maybe we should just wait with everyone else.

ERULISSE: Lord Nahrیمان, forgive me but what are you referring to?



NAHRIMAN: The announcement of your successor of course! I realize it's a momentous occasion but there's certainly no need to drag it out.

*The three councilors, Anumar, Tamhas, and Nesri enter.*

ANUMAR: The Council agrees, your majesty. We don't want to rush you but, well-

TAMHAS: Some of us aren't Elves like yourself, majesty. I can feel my short life ticking away waiting for all this pomp and circumstance.

NESRI: Tamhas! Control yourself. You are speaking to royalty.

SHIARIEL: *(to Gabriel)* With you here I have nothing to worry about, huh?

GABRIEL: Don't look at me. What good is a secret meeting if everyone knows when and where it's happening?

*Erulisse looks a little flustered.*

ERULISSE: You want me to just... tell you who I've picked?

TAMHAS: Yes.

ERULISSE: No time for me to inform them? No time for them to consider the gravity of this position?

NAHRIMAN: I hardly think that person is going to refuse, majesty.

*Erulisse thinks for a moment.*

GABRIEL: Your majesty... be nice...

ERULISSE: Khanir.

*Beat*

KHANIR: Yes, my queen?

ERULISSE: Oh, I'm sorry dear. That wasn't a question. My choice for the person who will assume the throne is Khanir.

ANUMAR/NESRI/TAMHAS/KHANIR/SYNDRI: What!?

*Nahrیمان laughs.*

NAHRIMAN: Queen Erulisse I never knew you were so funny. Khanir on the throne! That's hilarious!

*Nahrیمان continues laughing. She stops when she realizes no one else is.*

ERULISSE: It's not a joke, Nahriman. My choice of successor is Captain Khanir.

*Khanir is in shock.*

*Nahriman is speechless.*

NAHRIMAN: Wh... But... You...

KHANIR: Gabriel.

*Gabriel shrugs.*

GABRIEL: Congratulations?

NAHRIMAN: Khanir!? You choose Khanir!? That's ridiculous. It can't be Khanir she isn't even a noble.

ERULISSE: Yes, she is. She may have spent her whole life denying it, but Khanir is heir to the house of Kanji. Did you never wonder, Nahriman, why the three of you grew up together?

*Nahriman is visibly embarrassed.*

NAHRIMAN: I... may have thought she was the child of a servant.

SYNDRI: Oh, Nahriman. Did you really think that?

NAHRIMAN: Regardless! Khanir is a soldier. She's spent her whole life soldiering. She isn't prepared to be queen.

ANUMAR: The council would have to agree, your majesty. We previously discussed that, Of the three noble houses - Nahriman was most qualified to be the next Queen.

NAHRIMAN: Exactly!

NESRI: Queen Erulisse, you assured us that you would choose a member of a noble house to take the throne.

ERULISSE: Have I not done just that, councilor Nesri?

TAMHAS: Oh come on! You know we all thought you meant Nahriman. Have you been purposefully deceiving the council, majesty?

*They all begin arguing. Drowning each other out.*

*Shiariel draws her weapon.*

SHIARIEL: Silence!

*Silence.*

NAHRIMAN: ...war...

SHIARIEL: What was th-

NAHRIMAN: Civil War! You can't insult me this way. I am not one of your courtesans to be played tricks on. I am Lord Nahrیمان of the House of Vashar. I have a people, and more importantly, an army.

ERULISSE: Lord Nahrیمان, are you threatening the unity of our kingdom?

NAHRIMAN: I'm making you a promise. You will regret this farce, Erulisse.

ERULISSE: Shiariel, it is time for us to leave.

SHIARIEL: Yes, majesty. Make way for the Queen!

*Shiariel and Erulisse exit.*

ANUMAR: Your majesty, wait! We can talk about this.

*The councilors exit.*

KHANIR: Games within games.

*Khanir exits.*

*Gabriel exits.*

*Nahrیمان gives a heavy sigh and pinches the bridge of her nose.*

SYNDRI: Nahrیمان. It will be okay.

*Nahrیمان shakes as she speaks.*

NAHRIMAN: No, it won't. Syndri, I may threaten war, but my people are struggling. We can barely protect our holds as it is. I thought... I thought if I could be crowned Queen. Maybe...

SYNDRI: We'll think of something else my friend. Maybe my people can help.

DREAD: That is not going to happen.

*The Dread One enters.*

*Syndri screams and takes up a defensive position.*

Dread One: No one can help poor, worthless Nahrیمان.

NAHRIMAN: Be silent you horrible voice! God, not now!

SYNDRI: Get away from her!

*Syndri draws her weapon.*

NAHRIMAN: Syndri, what... who are you talking to?

DREAD: Only I can help you, Nahrیمان. Only I can give you what you need to save your people and the kingdom!

NAHRIMAN: Get out of my head. Get out of my head!

*Syndri attacks The Dread One, and actually hurts him, to both he and Syndri's surprise.*

DREAD: How... How dare you!?

NAHRIMAN: You can hear...? How...? How is this happening?

SYNDRI: What are you?

NAHRIMAN: This is insane. This is impossible.

*Syndri threatens the Dread One with her weapon.*

SYNDRI: What manner of forsaken creature are you?

NAHRIMAN: Syndri, why are you pointing your sword at me?

DREAD: So. You can see me in my true form. You are truly a gifted woman, Lord Syndri. Sadly, too little, too late

SYNDRI: Nahrیمان, you must see it. It's standing right in front of you.

*The Dread One holds Nahrیمان between himself and Syndri.*

*Syndri's sword is drawn, but all Nahrیمان sees is her friend standing with a blade about to attack her.*

NAHRIMAN: Syndri? You betray me?

DREAD: Yes, she has betrayed you. Only I have the power to save your people, Nahrیمان. Only I can give you the power to take the throne.

SYNDRI: Nahrیمان, run!

*Nahrیمان can't move. She is slowly losing her mind.*

*Syndri finds a way around Nahrیمان to the Dread One and they battle. As they fight The Dread One continues to taunt Nahrیمان.*

DREAD: She is the key, Nahrیمان! Lord Syndri is all that stands between you and true power.

SYNDRI: Silence, monster!

*The fight continues. Syndri is about to get the upper hand on the Dread One.*

Nahriman: Traitor!

*Nahriman stabs Syndri.*

*Syndri falls.*

SYNDRI: Nahriman. I'm sorry. I couldn't protect you.

*Syndri dies.*

NAHRIMAN: Oh. Oh no.

DREAD: Oh yes.

NAHRIMAN: What have I done?

DREAD: Exactly what was needed.

*The Dread One reaches inside his chest and pulls out a dark stone attached to a circlet. He places the circlet on Nahriman's head.*

*Nahriman screams as dark power rushes through her. Then stands, her mind completely broken.*

DREAD: Now use the power you have acquired, take this kingdom. Destroy this whole world if you want. Have fun.

*Nahriman stumbles off stage.*

*The Dread One picks up Syndri's body and exits laughing.*

#### SCENE FOUR:

*Gabriel enters the stage, somewhat frantic.*

GABRIEL: Show yourself, fiend! I know you are here. Hiding among the people and spreading your malcontent.

*The Dread One enters the stage from among the audience.*

DREAD: You would not mean me would you, Gabriel?

GABRIEL: You think I do not know what you are doing?

DREAD: My dear Gabriel. I am sure you do not know what I am doing. I, on the other hand, know exactly what you are trying to do.

*Gabriel cries out in anger.*

GABRIEL: I would destroy you where you stand. If only I could.

DREAD: Poor, impotent, Gabriel. With your little lies, and 'subtle' manipulations. Dragging Lord Khanir far from her duties to this place. While everything I have done has been for Khanir's sake if nothing else.

GABRIEL: You act on nothing but your own whims, demon. If it be true that I brought Khanir to this place, then it be equally true that you dragged Lord Nahrیمان in as well.

*The Dread One begins to scan the audience with his terrible eyes. He walks along the front row as he speaks.*

DREAD: You, Gabriel, have done all of this. Not me. You whisper in the ear of the crown and 'advise' the reigning Queen to give up her reign. You deliver a successor to her doorstep. What providence. How helpful.

*Gabriel does not move from the spot he's standing on.*

GABRIEL: It must terrify you, the idea of Khanir on the throne, considering all you have put in her way.

DREAD: I am simply doing what is best for this Kingdom.

GABRIEL: You have made the Lord Nahrیمان your puppet. You've put her apath for a throne she has no claim to. But, her majesty sees through such deceptions. Khanir will reign on the throne.

*The Dread One now turns his attention back to Gabriel.*

DREAD: Your efforts are in vain. Lord Khanir of the house of Kanji will never sit on the throne of Cuulayne. I have seen to it.

*A realization dawns on Gabriel.*

GABRIEL: You... You gave her your power! You finally did it!

*Gabriel laughs.*

GABRIEL: You must truly be desperate to finally sink so low.

*Gabriel laughs again as The Dread One seethes.*

GABRIEL: Whatever the two of you are planning. I will stop it.

DREAD: You will try, old friend. As always, you will try.

*The Dread One slithers away, through the crowd and out of the stage area.*

*Nesri enters.*

NESRI: I thought I might find you here.

GABRIEL: Councilor Nesri? What can I do for you?

NESRI: I think you know, Gabriel. You are familiar with all of us here, but you are particularly friendly with this... Khanir person.

GABRIEL: You want me to talk her out of it. To tell her to refuse the Queen's wishes. Do the other councilors know you're here?

*Nesri smiles and pulls some dreadful looking bauble from one of her pouches.*

NESRI: The other councilors, they want to do things peacefully. Diplomatically. I am Unseelie Fae. I have other methods of changing one's mind.

GABRIEL: Councilor Nesri, mind magic won't work on me. You can't make me change my mind and you certainly can't make me change Khanir's mind.

*Nesri seems insulted.*

NESRI: Magic? I was going to bribe you. Do you not know what this is? This is my most precious bauble! Other Faeries would climb over each other to get a look at this!

GABRIEL: Nesri, with all due respect, I am not a faerie.

*Nesri huffs.*

NESRI: Fine. Suit yourself.

*Khanir enters with Councilor Tamhas.*

TAMHAS: So then I threw the senate at him. The whole senate! True story.

*Khanir does not say anything but sits on the edge of the stage (front center).*

*Nesri goes over to Tamhas. Gabriel comes to sit next to Khanir.*

GABRIEL: You're having second thoughts?

KHANIR: Second thoughts? I was never given time to have first thoughts.

*Nesri and Tamhas chat semi-silently.*

GABRIEL: I'm sorry, Khanir. They wanted me to tell you before you arrived, but I thought that if you knew...

KHANIR: I would never have come in the first place. Gabriel, my nobility has always been just a technicality. I've only ever been a soldier.

GABRIEL: Khanir, you were never just a soldier. Look at you, Scout Captain, war hero, and I had nothing to do with that.

Khanir: But I'm no monarch.

*Tamhas and Nesri join the two of them and sit down as well.*

TAMHAS: Look at me. I'm just a Northlander, a savage, barely tolerated by my own people. But here? I sit on the Council of Anleigh. I represent my people, all my people, regardless of how they feel about me.

NESRI: I am Unseelie Fae. I thought for a long time that anyone outside of my home would look at me and only see a monster. But I, too, sit on the Council now. I represent all the faeries of the world. We are never who the outside world says we are. We are only who we feel we are on the inside.

KHANIR: I don't understand. Weren't the two of you just arguing that I shouldn't be queen? Now you're saying I should?

*Nesri and Tamhas share a look.*

NESRI: No matter who sits on the throne, the council will support their monarch.

KHANIR: And if I agree? If I take the throne and Nahrیمان decides her only course of action is civil war? I don't think I could live with that.

GABRIEL: The Queen wanted you on the throne for a reason. Do you really want to live in a Kingdom where Nahrیمان is Ruler?

KHANIR: You really think it would be that bad?

GABRIEL: Nahrیمان is already threatening war and all she has is her people. Imagine if she had the full might of the Kingdom to wield. How long before we're in another war? A bigger one?



TAMHAS: No one can tell you what to choose, Khanir. Everyone has their own opinions and their own fears.

NESRI: The only voice you should listen to is yours.

*Khanir sighs.*

KHANIR: You're right.

NESRI: If you could be bribed, however, to refuse the throne. I have this bauble..

GABRIEL: Nesri.

NESRI: Sorry. Sorry.

*Anumar enters.*

ANUMAR: Khanir. It's time. What is your choice?

*Khanir thinks for a long time*

ANUMAR: Khanir?

KHANIR: Yes. I have made my decision.

*Khanir stands.*

KHANIR: Tell the Queen...

*Beat*

KHANIR: That I accept.

*Khanir exits the stage. Gabriel follows.*

*Nesri Tamhas and Anumar leave.*

#### SCENE FIVE:

*Gabriel is already on stage. He is off to the side, inconspicuous.*

*Nahrیمان enters the Field of Honor and, upon seeing it empty, begins to pace its length. The Dread One is behind her like a Devil on her shoulder. Still, she cannot see him.*

*Nahrیمان now wears all black with black makeup and menacing visage.*

NAHRIMAN: Early. Too early. Nobody is here yet.

DREAD: I sense you are having second thoughts. You cannot escape what you have asked for. You know what you must do.

NAHRIMAN: Be silent, accursed voice! I can bear you no longer. You are driving me mad!

*The Dread One hovers ever closer to Nahrیمان's ear.*

DREAD: You cannot defy me, Nahrیمان. No matter how you try. Khanir will have the throne, your throne, unless you stop her. Only I have given you the power to stop her.

NAHRIMAN: Be silent, voice! I will kill you!

*Nahrیمان turns to the crowd*

NAHRIMAN: I'll kill all of you!

*Beat*

NAHRIMAN: Early. Too early. Nobody here. Too early.

*Something is broken inside of Lord Nahrیمان. She exits, still muttering to herself.*

*The Dread One stays on the stage.*

GABRIEL: You must be so proud of thyself.

DREAD: Gabriel! Are you still here? It is not too late to run away.

GABRIEL: Your manipulations of Lord Nahrیمان have driven her insane. Make no mistake, I shall release her from your control.

*The Dread One walks close to Gabriel, hoping to intimidate him.*

DREAD: And what of Lord Khanir? Are you not manipulating her? Is she not under your control?

GABRIEL: Khanir is here of her own free will.

DREAD: So you continue to say, Gabriel. Just as you continue to say you had no part in The Queen Erulisse stepping down from the throne. You had no say in her declaring that Khanir would be her successor even though Khanir has no business being within a thousand miles of this place.

*Gabriel walks closer to The Dread One. The difference being that The Dread One is most certainly intimidated by Gabriel.*

GABRIEL: Khanir is here of her own free will. Lord Nahrیمان, however, is not. You have driven her to be in this place. To covet a throne not meant for her. You have imbued her with dark power and you are driving her insane.

DREAD: Lord Nahrیمان is not some petty child. She is a noble lord with a house and a people ...and an army. You would risk civil war just to see your favorite on the throne?

GABRIEL: There will be no war. Nahrیمان will be released from your control, and I will see Khanir on the throne of Cuulayne. For all your conniving. For all your schemes.

*Gabriel now draws extremely close to The Dread One.*

GABRIEL: You. Cannot. Stop me.

*For a moment it's unclear who will back down first. Who will flinch?*

*Eventually it is The Dark One who backs away from Gabriel.*

DREAD: Poor blind Gabriel. You have no idea what my true motives are.

SHIARIEL: Make way for the Queen! Make way for the Queen!

*The Dread One smiles wide.*

*Shiarıel, the councilors Anumar, Tamhas, and Nesri, along with Khanir and Erulisse enter the field.*

*None of them see or interact with The Dread One still standing there.*

*Erulisse is in full royal regalia, complete with scepter.*

*Most of them pass by Gabriel without a second look, but Khanir gives him a worried look as she passes him.*

*The characters take their places in the center of the field.*

*Khanir stays near Gabriel and, unknown to her, The Dread One.*

KHANIR: Gabriel? What are you looking at?

GABRIEL: Nothing.

*Gabriel seethes. His eyes do not leave The Dread One.*

GABRIEL: Nothing at all.

KHANIR: Were you talking to someone?

*Without a sound, but without losing his menacing wide smile, The Dread One exits the field.*

GABRIEL: Just the wind, Khanir. Pay it no mind.

*With great fanfare, Shiariel steps to the forefront of the stage and addresses the audience.*

SHIARIEL: Lords and Ladies! It is my honor to introduce her royal majesty, Queen Erulisse of Cuulayne!

*Shiariel steps back and to the side as Erulyyse strides majestically towards the audience.*

ERULISSE: Good people of Cuulayne and visitors from all corners of the world, I am most happy to be here with you today. This day is a day of celebration!

*The three councilors shift uneasily in the background.*

ERULISSE: As most of you know I have come to the difficult decision that my time as Queen, long as it has been, should finally end. It is a great privilege to live so long, to reign so long, over the kingdom of which I have grown to love over the course of centuries.

*Erulisse hands her royal staff to Shiariel.*

ERULISSE: For nearly three hundred years I have sat on the throne of this kingdom. The members of the Council of Anleigh and I have come to the decision to name a successor. And that will be Lord Khanir of the house of Kanji.

ANUMAR: Khanir, house of Kanji, step for-

ERULISSE: But before all that.

ANUMAR: Beg your pardon?

*Shiariel, scepter still in hand, brushes the councilor Anumar away from the Queen.*

ERULISSE: Before all that. I know that these royal engagements can be boring and dry. And, as I said, this is a day of celebration! So let us celebrate!

*The three councilors return to their place at center field, confused and more than a little annoyed.*

SHIARIEL: On this day the Queen has prepared for you lords and ladies a time-honored tradition.

ERULISSE: Indeed. One we have not had the pleasure of indulging in for a long time. I present to you, my people, the return of the living chess match!

*Fighters take the field lining up on their positions.*

*The councilors try to protest quietly but they are still loud enough to be heard.*

ANUMAR: Were either of the two of you aware of this?

NESRI: I'm as surprised as you are.

TAMHAS: Ah. Don't be such a stick in the mud, Anumar.

*The living chess match takes place.*

*Any character (besides Erulisse) is welcome to join in the ceremony.*

*By the end of the chess match a winner is declared. Khanir should be far to one side of the field separated from Gabriel. Shiariel should be by Erulisse's side. The fighters should be tired, or injured, from the sporting combat and resting on the chess match square.*

ERULISSE: Let us commence with the coronation!

AUMAR: Finally.

*Erulisse and Anumar take their places again. Anumar takes the scepter from Shiariel.*

ANUMAR: Khanir, House of Kanji, step forward!

NAHRIMAN: Stop!

*Anumar tosses the scepter in frustration.*

*Nahrیمان enters.*

NAHRIMAN: I will bear this farce no longer.

NESRI: Nahrیمان, is that a new look for you? I like it. Very nice.

GABRIEL: Nesri!

NESRI: What?

TAMHAS: I don't know. I think it lacks subtlety.

SHIARIEL: Tamhas!

TAMHAS: What?

*Nahriman struggles closer to center field. Something is visibly wrong with her.*

NAHRIMAN: Khanir will not be Queen. I will be Queen!

SHIARIEL: Is that what all this is about?

GABRIEL: Shiariel, stay back. Let me handle this.

*Gabriel approaches Nahriman.*

GABRIEL: Nahriman. You are not yourself. We can talk about this.

NAHRIMAN: Gabriel. You are in my way. I will purge you, Gabriel.

ERULISSE: Nahriman... where is Lord Syndri?

*Nahriman stops.*

NAHRIMAN: Syndri...

GABRIEL: Nahriman, what happened to Lord Syndri?

*Nahriman veers wildly between laughing, sobbing, laughing again, and some disturbing combination of both.*

NAHRIMAN: ...darklings...

ERULISSE: What!?

ANUMAR: What did she say!?

NAHRIMAN: DARKLINGS!!!

*A horde of Darklings rushes the field, growling and screaming, their horrible weapons drawn.*

*Shiariel moves to deflect them from the Queen. Khanir engages them in combat as well.*

*The three Councilors flee.*

*The Chess Match fighters are not so lucky. They attempt to fight off the Darklings, every one of them losing and being killed.*

*Shiariel and Khanir are holding their own, but can only last so long. Gabriel, too, tries to fight them off but there are too many.*

*Nahriman produces an evil looking blade. She ponders it for a moment and then throws it directly at The Queen.*

*Erulisse is hit. She screams.*

SHIARIEL: NO!!!

*Gabriel and Shiariel break from the fighting. Khanir can't hold her own against so many.*

KHANIR: Retreat! Retreat!

*Gabriel carries the Queen and the four of them run from the field.*

*The Darklings do not pursue.*

NAHRIMAN: VICTORY!!!

*The Darklings howl and scream in celebration.*

*The Darklings swarm the fallen fighters and consume them*

*(Authors note: They're actually masking the exit of the non-darkling fighters. Incorporating them into the "swarm" so they can get off the field unseen.)*

*Nahrیمان laughs maniacally and the Darkling horde scatters in every direction. Off to terrorize the rest of the faire grounds.*

*Nahrیمان exits.*

#### SCENE SIX:

*Gabriel carries the injured Erulisse on to the stage and sets her down on a lounge.*

*Erulisse is absolutely covered in Darkling corruption.*

ERULISSE: Gabriel?

GABRIEL: It's alright, your majesty. The others are securing the town and are on their way.

*Erulisse is weak. She can barely keep her head up.*

ERULISSE: ...and Nahrیمان?

GABRIEL: Rest, your majesty. Everything will be alright.

ERULISSE: (weakly) Gabriel. No. It will not.

*Erulisse loses consciousness.*

*Immediately Gabriel checks to see that she is not dead.*

GABRIEL: Still alive. Just asleep.

*Gabriel holds his ear to Erulisse's mouth, just to be sure she is still breathing.*

GABRIEL: Erulisse. My old friend. I'm so sorry. This is all my fault.

*Erulisse does not respond.*

*From off stage, however, The Dread One does.*

DREAD: Gabriel! Why so sad?

*Gabriel does not respond with anger.*

GABRIEL: Is our fighting worth all this? Look what we have done.

DREAD: You should be happy! Is this not what you wanted? The Queen deposed, a new Queen on the throne.

GABRIEL: I brought Khanir here to be the successor to the Queen, but that was the Queen's choice. She asked me to.

*Gabriel walks up to The Dread One.*

GABRIEL: No one asked you to interfere. The chaos you have caused! Bringing Lord Nahrman here to get in Kahnir's way, then setting Nahrman's eyes on the throne, corrupting her with dark magic. But this!? Queen Erulisse was fatally poisoned.

DREAD: Aww. Broken eggs. I have done nothing. I make no requests of these small creatures. I simply give them a means to power, and then, they do what all mortals do.

*The Dread One gestures to the unconscious Erulisse.*

DREAD: This. It's a pity.

GABRIEL: You are a liar and a monster

DREAD: I am only doing what I must to save this world.

GABRIEL: You know what terrifies me? That you actually believe that.

DREAD: What will you do about it, Gabriel? One of us cannot kill the other. Should we stand here, locked in epic combat until the end of days?

*Gabriel turns his attention back to Erulisse.*



GABRIEL: The others are coming. Are you not going to run and hide?

DREAD: That does not matter anymore. They can neither sense nor see me, they will never even know I am here. That is your curse alone now, Gabriel.

*The Dread One takes a seat in the audience.*

*Anumar and Nesri are the first to arrive.*

ANUMAR: Gabriel, does the Queen live?

GABRIEL: For now.

*Nesri walks over to the sleeping Queen.*

NESRI: These wounds. Such horrible corruption. How could it spread so quickly?

ANUMAR: Darkling poison.

SHIARIEL: No.

*Shiariel and Khanir enter the stage.*

KHANIR: You're familiar with it?

*Shiariel rushes to the Queen's side, distraught.*

ANUMAR: I've seen it before in effect, but never this much.

SHIARIEL: It's my fault. If only I had been fast enough to shield her, it would be me laying there and not her.

NESRI: Shiariel, you can't blame yourself for this.

*Shiariel looks up at Gabriel.*

SHIARIEL: I failed her.

*Shiariel reaches out to touch Erulisse, but Gabriel stops her.*

GABRIEL: No, you mustn't touch her. You'll be corrupted as well.

NESRI: I don't understand. You're touching her right now, Gabriel, and you seem fine.

*Gabriel looks down at his hand. To stop Shiariel from contacting the Darkling poison, he is indeed touching Erulisse.*

GABRIEL: I...

ERULISSE: Gabriel is immune. Because he is The Undying one. He can't be killed.

ANUMAR: So now we have myths and legends walking among us.

KHANIR: Well, that explains a lot.

NESRI: I'm curious as to how that explains a lot because I have never been more confused.

ERULISSE: I met Gabriel when I was a very young child. I, being Elven, have aged slowly but Gabriel has not aged a day in 400 years. It wasn't long before I started to suspect something.

*Gabriel says nothing.*

KHANIR: Have you nothing to say?

GABRIEL: Yes. I am Gabriel, but I am also the undying man. I have walked the earth since the beginning of time, and I will be here long after this world ends. That is my curse.

KHANIR: You've been around forever. You've known everyone here for their entire lives. Has this all been one big game to you? Your majesty, was Gabriel the one who told you to choose me?

ERULISSE: No. You were my choice to sit on the throne, Khanir. You and no one else. I was the one who told Gabriel to bring you here.

ANUMAR: None of that matters anymore. The Queen is dying and Nahrیمان is running around out there unchecked and unstoppable.

ERULISSE: We have seen this poison before, and we may have a way to cure it, but that's not what is important right now.

*All gather around Erulisse.*

SHIARIEL: Your majesty, are you saying there's a way to save you?

ERULISSE: Yes. Darkling poison is not untreatable. There is a cure. Far from here, but too far to be of any use. Right now, we need to defend the people from Nahrیمان.

ANUMAR: Is there no one here to defend the city? Do we not have soldiers?

ERULISSE: No. The Dominion war has left all the nations armies stretched thin. We have not yet been able to rebuild our forces

SHIARIEL: Even Khanir was originally here to request military aid from the crown. Our numbers are exhausted, there's simply no one left.

*Khanir breaks from the group*

KHANIR: So, I'm the only one who can stand up to Nahriman.

NESRI: Why you?

KHANIR: We grew up together. I know the heart that beats in her chest. I can reach her. She is alone, and afraid. She's not the enemy.

SHIARIEL: Save her? She's not the enemy? Did you see what she did to our queen? To my Erulisse?

ANUMAR: Shiariel.

SHIARIEL: No. She doesn't get to surrender. She started this war and, damn her, I'll see to it she pays for what she's done.

GABRIEL: Shiariel!

SHIARIEL: No quarter given! I will see her burn!

ERULISSE: Enough!

*Everyone stops.*

ERULISSE: That is not the way of Cuulayne. Nor has it ever been. We cannot give in to hate. Nahriman must be stopped, but, if she can be saved. We have to try.

KHANIR: On the field of honor, the mention of Syndri caused the hold on her to almost break. If push hard enough I can bring her out of it.

SHIARIEL: Or die trying.

KHANIR: It's a long shot and we could still lose everything.

NESRI: Heavy is the head that wears the crown.

ERULISSE: Trust your heart, Khanir. I do.

*Tamhas enters*

ANUMAR: Tamhas, what's going on out there?

TAMHAS: It's quiet. Too quiet. I would assume Nahriman is lying in wait to take all of us down. It's probably not safe for all of us to be here in one place.

SHIARIEL: Khanir?

KHANIR: Nahriman must be stopped no matter the cost.

*Beat*

ANUMAR: Nesri, Tamhas and I will return to the Council. See what we can do from there.

*The Councilors exit.*

GABRIEL: I'll find a safe place for Erulisse and meet up with you, Khanir.

SHIAREIL: I will stay with the Queen. I... I mean Erulisse. I will stay with Erulisse.

*Gabriel carries Erulisse off stage and exits. Shiariel follows.*

KHANIR: Nahrیمان... How did it come to this?

*Khanir exits.*

#### SCENE SEVEN:

*From opposite sides, The Dread One and Gabriel take the field. They walk towards each other as they talk, meeting in the center of the stage.*

DREAD: So, Gabriel, this is it. I must say, you have outdone yourself this time.

GABRIEL: You have already lost, Dark One. Lord Khanir of the house of Kanji Will be Queen. Nothing you do will stop that.

DREAD: Not when she is left dead laying on this battlefield.

GABRIEL: That is never going to happen. Khanir will defeat your forces, and I will free the Lord Nahrیمان from your control.

DREAD: My forces? My control? Oh, Gabriel. You give me too much credit. Everything that has happened here has happened because of you.

GABRIEL: I must be doing something right, for you to go to such lengths to oppose me. No matter what happens on this field, I have succeeded. The Legacy of Kanji sits on the throne of Cuulayne.

DREAD: Not. Yet.

GABRIEL: Why do I bother to talk to you? The sides are drawn. You have your champion, and I mine.

DREAD: As you wish. Maybe today is the day we finally face each other in combat. Maybe today is the day this all ends.

GABRIEL: You have chosen your side. Go stand on it.

DREAD: See you in the fray, old friend.

*Gabriel and The Dread One take their places on opposing sides of the field.*

*It doesn't take long for Khanir to stride onto the field.*

KHANIR: Well, Gabriel, here I am. Ready to defend this kingdom from Nahriman and her dark hordes.

*Khanir draws her weapon.*

KHANIR: Alone if I must.

GABRIEL: You are never alone, Khanir. You forget, I am Gabriel the Undying one.

*Gabriel draws his weapon.*

GABRIEL: I will stand here and fight against these creatures for all eternity if that's what it comes down to.

KHANIR: Whatever it takes.

GABRIEL: Whatever it takes.

SHIARIEL: Make way for the Queen! Make way for the Queen!

*Khanir and Gabriel look to each other in shock.*

KHANIR: What?

GABRIEL: Oh no.

*Limping, barely able to stand, but clad in full armor, Erulisse walks onto the field of battle. Shiariel by her side.*

KHANIR: Your majesty you shouldn't be here. You are wounded. You're dying!

ERULISSE: I am still Queen of this land for the moment, Lord Khanir. If I am to die, then I will die as I have lived.

*Erulisse draws her weapon.*

ERULISSE: Defending this Kingdom.

GABRIEL: *(to Shiariel)* And you?

SHIARIEL: I go where Erulisse goes. I made an oath, a long time ago, to never leave her side. I intend to honor that oath. As for Nahriman and her creatures,

*Shiariel draws her weapon.*

SHIARIEL: Let them come and taste death!

KHANIR: Well, I suppose four versus an infinite number is better than two versus an infinite number.

ANUMAR: How about seven?

*The councilors Anumar, Tamhas, and Nesri stride onto the field.*

KHANIR: Councilors. I appreciate the thought, but this is a battlefield.

TAMHAS: The Allied Council's duty is to stand by the Queen, whoever that may be, and we will stand by her.

GABRIEL: That's nice and all but, you're not warriors. You're bureaucrats.

NESRI: Bureaucrats! You hear that, boys? We're just bureaucrats.

KHANIR: Ok... are you... not?

NESRI: I am Nesri of the Winter Court, master of the Dark Arts. I have fought monsters before in my time.

*Nesri draws her weapon.*

NESRI: I have no problem doing it again.

TAMHAS: I may be Councilor Tamhas, but I'm a Northlander. Warfare is in my blood.

*Tamhas draws his weapon.*

TAMHAS: Let them come.

KHANIR: Anumar, not you as well?

*Anumar sighs.*

ANUMAR: Councilor now, yes. But in my youth... I was Warden Anumar. The Wardens have a long history of fighting monsters.

*Anumar draws his weapon.*

ANUMAR: I am honored to continue that tradition today.

KHANIR: You know my decisions would have been a lot easier if anyone had told me, at any point in the day, that I was surrounded by badasses.

*Most of them laugh.*

ANUMAR: We're all going to die here, aren't we?

TAMHAS: Could be worse.

ANUMAR: How could it be worse?

NESRI: They could be bards.

*Nahriman enters the field surrounded by her massive hoard of Darklings. As she moves, they move with her. Always keeping her at the center of their swirling madness.*

*The giant, Darkling Prime, is among their number.*

*The Dread One slinks up to them completing this horrifying collection of chaos and darkness.*

NAHRIMAN: You will not have my throne, Khanir. If you will not give it to me then I will take it. I will destroy everything among us if I must.

KHANIR: Nahriman, please. Stop this madness. Look at what you've done. Look at what you're doing!

NAHRIMAN: You will not speak! You will hand me the crown. Now. Or all of you will die here.

*Gabriel moves closer to center field.*

GABRIEL: Nahriman, listen to me. You are being controlled.

*Nahriman laughs.*

GABRIEL: You are not yourself. I can help you. Let me help you.

*Nahriman laughs harder. Maniacally.*

ERULISSE: There's no getting through to her. Her mind is gone.

SHIARIEL: What could have done this to her?

TAMHAS: At this point I don't think it matters anymore.

ANUMAR: Let Gabriel try. Maybe he can still reach her.

NESRI: I seriously doubt that is possible any longer.

*While Nahrیمان continues to laugh for an unnatural and unnerving amount of time, Gabriel attempts again to get closer.*

GABRIEL: Lord Nahrیمان, look at what's going on around you. Is this what you wanted? Is this what Syndri would want?

*Nahrیمان stops laughing.*

NAHRIMAN: Gabriel. Man about town. 'Old friend' to everyone he meets. I wonder why that is.

GABRIEL: Nahrیمان, stop.

NAHRIMAN: The voice told me all about you. I know what you really are. Should I tell your old friends?

GABRIEL: Nahrیمان, that's not a voice you're hearing. It's-

NAHRIMAN: SILENCE!!!

*The hoard of Darklings growls in anticipation of battle.*

*Khanir drops her weapons on the field and walks directly up to Nahrیمان and the Darkling hoard.*

*The Darklings hiss and growl, wanting to attack Khanir, but Nahrیمان stops them with a wave of her hand.*

KHANIR: Nahrیمان. You know me. We are not enemies. We never have been.

NAHRIMAN: The voice has told me-

KHANIR: The voice is lying to you! Look at me, Nahrیمان. Look into my eyes. Have I ever hurt you? Would I ever hurt you?

*For a moment, it seems like Nahrیمان might be breaking out of her enchantment.*

NAHRIMAN: Kh... Khanir?

*Khanir extends her hand to Nahrیمان.*

KHANIR: Take my hand. Stop this madness.

NAHRIMAN: Khanir... Run.

KHANIR: What?

NAHRIMAN: RUN!!!

*And with that horrible word, the Darkling swarm attacks.*



*Khanir runs back to her sword and shield, outpacing the Darklings who crash into the heroes at full speed.*

*The melee begins. The heroes fight the Darklings, each one of them outnumbered at least two to one.*

*Shiariel fights Nahriman.*

*Khanir fights Darkling Prime.*

*Gabriel fights a pair of Darklings along with The Dread One himself.*

*Khanir and Darkling Prime's fight consists of three phases: Khanir fighting with sword and shield, Khanir losing the shield and fighting with sword only, and Khanir fighting hand-to-hand.*

*Shiariel beats back Nahriman who retreats to one side of the field. But Shiariel can't pursue her due to the massive amount of Darklings still standing and fighting.*

*The Darklings fall.*

*Khanir finishes her fight with Darkling Prime, bringing him down.*

*Khanir retrieves her sword and shield.*

*The heroes try to catch their breath. They check to see that none of them have fallen.*

*Gabriel and Khanir flank one side of the field, Gabriel behind her. Nahriman and The Dread One flank the other.*

*Gabriel and Khanir speak in unison, Gabriel addressing The Dread One and Khanir addressing Nahriman.*

GABRIEL/KHANIR: *(in unison)* Your champion has fallen. This battle is over.

DREAD/NAHRIMAN: *(in unison)* You will never stop me. I will never give up.

NAHRIMAN: DARKLINGS!!!

*Beat*

NAHRIMAN: RISE!!!

*The Darklings rise.*

SHIARIEL: Oh that's just unfair.

KHANIR: (to Shiariel) Help me with the big one!

*The second melee begins.*

*Shiariel and Khanir fight Darkling Prime.*

*Anumar, Nesri, and Tamhas take on as many as they can as one cohesive unit. (Ideally 3 vs 7)*

*Gabriel and Erulisse fight the rest. Erulisse is tired, the poison slowing her down, but Gabriel is tireless.*

*Khanir and Shiariel are having a difficult time taking down Darkling Prime.*

*Shiariel is injured.*

*Erulisse, seeing this, storms toward her taking down as many Darklings are in her way.*

*Erulisse can't make it to Shiariel, however, because Nahrیمان intercepts her.*

*Erulisse and Nahrیمان fight. Both exhausted.*

*Darkling Prime injures Khanir and goes after Gabriel.*

*Anumar, Nesri, and Tamhas are all injured.*

*Erulisse gains the upper hand against Nahrیمان and immediately runs to Shiariel.*

*Darkling Prime, knowing he can't kill Gabriel, simply holds Gabriel down. Immobilizing him.*

*Khanir attempts to go after Nahrیمان but the undying Darkling horde won't let her get close. The closer she gets the more Darklings grab on to her.*

*She gets almost close enough to stab at Nahrیمان, but the Darklings holding her back stop her just short.*

*Khanir struggles to use the blade as the entirety of the Darkling horde engulfs her completely.*

*Seeing this, Gabriel frees himself and slays Darkling Prime.*

*Gabriel runs into the swarming horde of Darklings. He tosses them like ragdolls desperately trying to get to Khanir.*

*Darkling Prime, Anumar, Nesri, Tamhas, and Shiariel are down. Erulisse is by Shiarel's side.*

*Without warning and with inhuman strength Khanir bursts from the Darkling horde.*

*The Dread One, seeing this, runs from the field.*

*The Horde engulfs Gabriel as Khanir limps to Nahriman.*

*Khanir succumbs to her injuries just before reaching Nahriman.*

*The two of them, Khanir and Nahriman, both too exhausted and injured to even move struggle to their feet.*

*Khanir and Nahriman fight each other hand-to-hand. Both of them operating on adrenaline alone. Neither of them having anything left.*

*Finally. After so much struggle. Khanir reaches The Dread One's power stone that Nahriman wears on her head.*

*She destroys it.*

*In immediate response all the Darklings flee the field screeching horribly.*

*The heroes struggle to their feet. No one is dead.*

*Khanir and Nahriman remain in the center of the battlefield.*

NAHRIMAN: Khanir... what have I done...

*Nahriman collapses.*

*Khanir falls to a knee. Gabriel comes over and helps her up.*

*Gabriel sees to Nahriman.*

KHANIR: Gabriel, let's never do that again.

GABRIEL: What? You're tired already?

*Everyone else walks, or stumbles, over to the two of them.*

ERULISSE: Well done, Khanir. This kingdom is lucky to have you.

KHANIR: Your majesty, the poison. How are you alive?

ERULISSE: We were able to stave off some of the poison, with the help of my guiding light.

*Erulisse and Shiariel hold hands. Shiariel lifts her sleeve to reveal darkling poison running up her arm.*

KHANIR: But what does that mean for you?

ERULISSE: It gives us time. The two of us can now travel back to the Elven homelands to treat the poison. For us both.

SHIARIEL: Right after you left to face Nahrیمان alone, I chose to take on some of the poison to help keep Eurylsse alive.

ANUMAR: Well, we certainly didn't know any of that. We came to help in the fight thinking that Erulisse was done for.

TAMHAS: It was my idea.

ANUMAR: It was his idea.

NESRI: But he didn't have to do much convincing. We've all grown to believe in you, Khanir. I knew we wouldn't all die out here with you on the field. Maybe just one or two.

ANUMAR: What they're trying to say, Khanir. Is 'thank you'.

*Beat*

KHANIR: Nahrیمان. Is she dead?

GABRIEL: No. Far from it. And she is slowly becoming herself again thanks to you.

ERULISSE: Khanir. There is still one more thing to do. You were never officially coronated.

*Anumar steps up to Khanir.*

ANUMAR: Khanir, House of Kanji, kneel.

*Khanir kneels. Anumar taps her on each shoulder with his blade.*

ERULISSE: Khanir, Queen of Cuulayne, rise.

*Everyone applauds. Except Nahrیمان, naturally, who is still unconscious.*

TAMHAS: Three cheers for the Queen of Cuulayne!

*Tamhas leads the three cheers.*

TAMHAS: Long live the Queen!

ANUMAR/NESRI/SHIARIEL/ERULISSE/GABRIEL: Long live the Queen!

*Anumar, Nesri, Tamhas, Erulisse, and Shiariel exit the field.*

*Gabriel leans over to pick up Nahrیمان.*

KHANIR: No. Let me do it. I'll carry her.

*Khanir lifts Nahrیمان and carries her off field.*

*Gabriel remains.*

*Gabriel bows to the audience.*

*The Dread One returns to the field.*

DREAD: I guess that is the end of it then.

GABRIEL: Do not think this changes anything. I am still here and I will oppose you until the end of time.

DREAD: And I will oppose you. And this dance will continue, maybe, forever.

GABRIEL: Or you could surrender.

*The Dread One laughs.*

DREAD: I will leave you with this: You did well today, Gabriel. You got what you wanted.

*Beat*

DREAD: But so did I. I accomplished my true goal. I accomplished it hours ago. And you still don't know what it was.

*The Dread One laughs as he leaves the field.*

DREAD: Good game, Gabriel. Good game.

*Gabriel fumes.*

GABRIEL: More to do. Always more to do.

*Gabriel exits.*

*END.*

CALL OF THE VANGUARD

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A Play in Six Scenes

By Daniel Miron

Based on Characters  
Created by  
Anthony Xavier Miron  
And Daniel Miron for  
The Midsummer Fantasy  
Renaissance Faire

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

<u>Thailinus of Gorredill:</u>	Young Fighter / Descendant of Former Head Warden Caine
<u>Mayor Kilarn of Anliegh:</u>	Older Dignitary / Takes care of the shire when the Royalty is away
<u>Gladdrian of VonSall:</u>	Boisterous Herald / Honorable Servant to Mayor Kilarn
<u>Fulthan of the Northlands:</u>	Northlander head of Mayor Kilarn's Guard detail
<u>Galina:</u>	Younger Servant of Kilarn / Unknowingly a Mage
<u>Bua of Deareth of Gruumoor:</u>	Dwarven Hired Muscle / Hunting Thailinus
<u>Illyna of Iuaron:.</u>	Elven Hired Hunter / Hunting Thailinus and friend of Bua
<u>Warden Taragus of Sylvannus:</u>	Animal Kin Marshall Warden Of Cuulyane / Protector of Magus Dawthen
<u>Magus Dawthen of Kuuki:</u>	Faerie Magus / Protected by Warden Taragus
<u>Caine:</u>	Former Head Warden of the Vanguard / Father of Thailinus

SCENE:

Various Locations around the shire of Anleigh

TIME:

A year has passed since the promotion of Queen Khanir at the previous Midsummer Festival. It is time again for Anleigh's annual celebration.



Scene 1:

SETTING: The front Gate of The festival.

AT RISE: There are two guards standing at the gate way, seeming generally respectful in their duties of guarding the front. KILARN has already been outside the gate, generally conversing with people for a few minutes prior to the beginning of the scene.

GLADDRIAN:

(Walks hastily out through the gate from Inside the festival, nervously searching around)

Mayor Kilarn! Mayor Kilarn! My Lord!

KILARN:

(Walks from the crowd to the Front of the gate, laughing)

What is it Gladdrian? Can you not see that I am enjoying some delightful conversation on this fine morning?

GLADDRIAN:

(Bows respectfully)

Of course, my Lord Mayor. It is just that everyone within the walls is ready to open the gates to the festival. And Fulthan seems anxious about everything staying on schedule.

KILARN:

(Putting a hand on GLADDRIAN'S shoulder)

KILARN (cont.)

Fulthan is the head of our shire's guard. It seems his job to be anxious. And with our new Queen Khanir off on her duties of glad-handing the other Nations' leaders, I am left in charge of our Midsummer Festival. So, forgive his surly demeanor. He does not enjoy surprises.

GLADDRIAN

I do not imagine many of us do, these days.

THAILINUS

(Running from behind the crowd, clearly out of breath, shouting)

Sanctuary! I need Sanctuary!

(Runs into KILARN, grabbing onto her shoulders)

KILARN

(Annoyed and Surprised)

By the stars! What is wrong with you? Get off of me!

(THE GUARDS hold up their weapons and begin walking towards KILARN as KILARN pushes THAILINUS away)

THAILINUS

(Grabs THAILINUS by the shoulders again)

My name is Thailinus of Gorredill and I request sanctuary from the Queen of Cuulyane!

(Looking Over Her Shoulder Fearfully)

(KILARN puts her hands up towards the GUARDS, signaling them to stop Approaching. The GUARDS stop)

KILARN

(Puts her hands on THAILINUS'S shoulders, with slight amusement. THAILINUS continues to look behind herself as KILARN speaks)

KILARN (Cont.)

Young one, you do not have the best timing. The Queen is away on business. I am the Mayor of Anleigh and this town is under my purview.

THAILINUS

(Frustrated, she reaches into her pockets)  
Dammit! There is no time for this! I demand sanctuary from the shire of Anleigh.

KILARN

(Annoyed)  
Listen, I do not know what kind of trouble you have caused but you cannot simply...

(Interrupted by THAILINUS, pulling out a large medallion and thrusting it close to her face)

THAILINUS

I said let me in those bloody gates!

KILARN

(KILARN is clearly thrown by seeing the Medallion. Her demeanor changes)  
I... I... alright then. Let him pass.

THAILINUS

(Putting the medallion away)  
I thank you, my Lord.  
(Runs past KILARN, GLADDRIAN, and the GUARDS. KILARN continues to look back Thoughtfully as GLADDRIAN talks)

GLADDRIAN

Well, it looks like we shall be annoying Fulthan one way or another, Lord Mayor.

KILARN

(Laughing slightly, obviously distracted)  
Yes. It...appears so. I must deal with this promptly.

KILARN (Cont.)

(Starts to walk with the guards towards the gate)

GLADDRIAN

Lord Mayor? What about the opening of the gates?

KILARN

(Stops in realization)

We shall do the open ceremonies at the Field of Honor like always.

(Looking to the crowd)

I look forward to seeing you all there.

(Continues to walk into the gate)

GLADDRIAN

(Confused)

But Mayor Kilarn, what of the opening of the gates?

KILARN

(Not turning around and continuing to walk in with the GUARDS. Shouting back)

You do it Gladdrian. I trust you.

(KILARN and the GUARDS walk into the gates)

GLADDRIAN

Well, then.

(Looking back to the crowd, nervous)

This is fine. We are all...fine.

(Takes a deep breath, smiling

"Officially". Announcing loudly)

Good people, one and all! The Gates of the Midsummer...

(GLADDRIAN is interrupted by BUA and ILLYNA running towards the gates)

BUA

Get out of our way!

ILLYNA

(Pushes GLADDRIAN to the side)

Move it, Fop!

(BUA and ILLYNA run into the gates as  
GLADDRIAN annoyedly fixes himself)

GLADDRIAN

(Pauses, sighing)

Fulthan is going to be downright homicidal today. Well, in any  
case.

(To the crowd, announcing)

Good people one and all! We hope that you shall join us at  
Eleven and Thirty at the Field of Honor for our opening  
ceremonies. For now it is my honor to officially open the gates  
to the Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire!

(Walks in through the gates)

END SCENE

Scene 2:

SETTING:

The Tournament Field. Long  
Flags of the different lands  
of the World have been placed  
into the ground on 8ft poles  
in a Semi-circle. There is a  
small table with Goblets and  
a bottle of wine. A wooden  
box with more goblets sits  
beneath the table.

RISE:

GLADDRIAN has been welcoming  
people to the field for  
several minutes prior to the  
rise of the scene. GALINA  
walks on stage and begins  
adjusting flags.

GLADDRIAN:

Stop fussing with all that Galina. It is not going to be any  
better than it was 2 minutes ago when you last fussed with it.

GALINA:

(Steps away from the Flags)

I understand, Gladdrian. I just know that the Mayor wants  
everything to be perfect for today.

GLADDRIAN:

Yes, Mayor Kilarn does seem to be rather ill at ease today. But  
what would you expect, with what has already transpired?

GALINA:

(Confused)

What do you mean, sire?

GLADDRIAN:

Oh, nothing major. Just some vagabond asking for sanctuary and then rushing in like some deranged demon, followed closely behind by two rather rude individuals.

GALINA:

That is odd. And the mayor granted sanctuary?

(FULTHAN walks onto the field with annoyance)

FULTHAN:

Yes. Because it does seem that our good Mayor likes making me miserable at every turn.

GLADDRIAN:

Ah, Lieutenant Futhan! I thought I heard a storm cloud rumbling nearby.

FULTHAN:

Secretary Gladdiran. You never cease to be not amusing.

GLADDRIAN:

Why thank you... wait...

(Takes a moment... to figure out what FULTHAN said)

GALINA:

Sire, that was not a compliment.

GLADDRIAN:

(Annoyed, quickly)

I am aware, Galina. Go... adjust the chalices or something.

(GALINA walks over to the chalices as GLADDRIAN walks closer to FULTHAN)

GLADDRIAN (Cont.):

Lieutenant, I always forget how good you are with words, for a Northlander.

FULTHAN:

And I always remember how unobservant you are of the world around you, Gladdrian. You and the Mayor seem to share that lack of vision.

GLADDRIAN:

Well, I may not have the vision you do, but I understand my purpose. While our new Queen is away, we are to look after Anleigh, and follow the rules of this land. And under Cuulayne law, any are allowed to request Sanctuary.

FULTHAN:

Yes, but that does not mean the damned fool has to grant it to every dirt-monger who wanders up to the gates.

GLADDRIAN:

I would remind you to watch your tongue about our Mayor, Fulthan. He may not be King, but he is our superior.

FULTHAN:

Being in charge does NOT make one superior.

GLADDRIAN:

Perhaps, but I was there. The Mayor was clearly shaken by something. However, made in haste or not, The Mayor made a decision, so we follow.

FULTHAN:

Yes, yes. I do my job, Secretary. And I do it well... when I am not restrained from doing so. Speaking of, is everything ready for our opening...welcome, or whatever this is?



GLADDRIAN:

It is as ready as it will ever be. We do not have quite the pomp and circumstance of a true royal commemoration, but we have some lovely events lined up for the people of Anleigh on this day.

FULTHAN:

Well then, let us get on with it and... commemorate?

(FULTHAN motions to offstage, where KILARN, TARAGUS, DAWTHEN, GUARDS, and MUSICIANS are walking on stage)

GLADDRIAN:

(Surprised, speaking to AUDIENCE)

Oh, yes! Of course, all rise! All rise for the Mayor of the shire, Mayor Kilarn of Anleigh... and ...um... guests. Let them hear your voices!

(AUDIENCE cheers, hopefully)

KILARN:

(Greeting AUDIENCE)

Thank you so kindly, one and all. Please, be seated. Rest yourselves, as we have quite the day ahead of us. We are privileged to have join us Marshall Warden of the Central Cuulyane Region Taragus of Sylvannus and her charge, Magus of the Council Dawthen of Kuuki.

FULTHAN:

Lord Mayor, with due respect, they were not on the list for today's events.

TARAGUS:

You are correct, Lieutenant. However, circumstances are eternally fluid in the Vanguard. And as it is my duty to oversee this region of Cuulayne...

(Interrupted by DAWTHEN)

DAWTHEN:

Our... Duty. Warden Taragus.

TARAGUS:

Yes, of course, Magus Dawthen. Anyway, with Queen Khanir and her court away on business, we felt the urge to join you all on this festival day.

(GALINA stands off to the side, staring at DAWTHEN with slight awe)

KILARN:

(Nervously Laughing)

And you are always, of course, welcome. We appreciate the work of the Vanguard and the Council and will celebrate you as well.

FULTHAN:

(Scoffs)

(TARAGUS & DAWTHEN look quickly over at FULTHAN with annoyance)

FULTHAN (Cont.):

An absolute delight to have you here, altering my schedule.

GLADDRIAN:

(Quickly steps in)

Warden Taragus, Magi Dawthen, please forgive Lieutenant Fulthan. He had not gotten a chance to eat his daily villager this morning.

(Looks back at FULTHAN as if to say "Knock it off")

(FULTHAN sneers at GLADDRIAN)

GLADDRIAN (Cont.):

However, he is correct. We do have a schedule to keep, Lord Mayor. So if you would like to get underway with the toast.

KILARN:

You do not have to ask me twice, Gladdrian. Galina! The chalices, at once!

(GALINA doesn't respond to her name.  
Continues to stare at DAWTHEN)

KILARN (Cont):

(Annoyed)

Galina! Have you lost your sense? Drinks, child. Now.

GALINA:

(Suddenly realizes KILARN is speaking  
to them)

Oh yes! I'm so sorry, my Lord. Right away.

(Scrambles to hand chalices to KILARN,  
GLADDRIAN, TARAGUS, and DAWTHEN)

KILARN:

Please pay no mind to my servant's daydreaming ways. Galina has been that way since they came under my care years ago.

TARAGUS:

Came under your care?

KILARN:

Yes... most tragic. Their parents were killed in an attack by Darklings during the Dominion Wars. I felt that this child deserved a true chance at life. So Galina now lives in Anleigh and is doing quite well. I am indeed proud of who they have become.

GALINA:

(While handing DAWTHEN her chalice)

I have never seen a Mage up close before.

DAWTHEN:

Well, we are the keepers of the Weave, little one. Not all of us are prone to large displays of power. You may have seen a Mage and never known it.

TARAGUS:

I doubt it. Like the Wardens say- If you do not know if someone is a Mage, just wait ten seconds, they shall tell you.

DAWTHEN:

(Clears Throat, taking a chalice)

In any case, a pleasure to meet you, Galina.

KILARN:

Well, now that everyone is ready.

(Loudly to the Audience)

Good people of the Shire of...

(KILARN is interrupted by THAILINUS rushing  
Onto the field. FULTHAN draws his sword,  
Pointing it towards THAILINUS)

THAILINUS:

Marshall Warden Taragus! I need to speak with you at once! I need your help!

KILARN:

(Annoyed)

Apparently I spoke too soon.

FULTHAN:

Know your place, Whelp! You dare interrupt our Lord Mayor?

THAILINUS:

(Puts hands up when she is close to  
FULTHAN)

I meant no disrespect, sir. But time is of the essence.

(Looking to TARAGUS)

Warden Taragus! Please. This cannot wait.

TARAGUS:

I admit to be at a disadvantage, young one. Are you a Warden of the Vanguard?

THAILINUS:

No, not, exactly. If I could speak to you privately.

FULTHAN:

You can do that while in custody. Come on.

KILARN:

This is perhaps suited for a better time, child.

THAILINUS:

(Reaches into their pocket, pulling out  
A Warden's medallion, evading FULTHAN's  
Sword and going over to TARAGUS)

No, I am here on business of the Vanguard.

DAWTHEN:

That is a Vanguard Medallion. Only given to true Wardens.

TARAGUS:

(Showing Recognition)

Where... did you get that?

THAILINUS:

From my father, former Head Warden Caine. I am Thailinus.

(Takes a knee in front of TARAGUS)

I have been called to the Shire of Anleigh, to become a Warden of the Vanguard. I am at your service.

TARAGUS:

(Picks up THAILINUS to their feet by the  
Shoulders)

You... are Caine's child?

(Looks into THAILINUS's eyes)

You ARE. Thailinus!

(Instantly hugs THAILINUS and pulls them  
Away, looking them up and down)

TARAGUS (Cont):

I almost did not recognize you. You were barely a squab when I last laid eyes upon you. By the Gods!

(To KILARN)

Lord Mayor Kilarn, this is Thailinus of Caine. Caine was one of the finest Head Wardens of the Vanguard. I have not seen this one since they could barely fly.

KILARN:

A pleasure... can we perhaps continue with the reunion *after* the opening toast?

TARAGUS:

Of course.

DAWTHEN:

Agreed. There is much that needs to be discussed about your sudden appearance, kin of Caine.

(THAILINUS steps back, bowing to KILARN Respectfully. KILARN looks to FULTHAN and FULTHAN sheathes his sword. TARAGUS and DAWTHEN step back in line away from THAILINIUS)

KILARN:

Great. So, as I was attempting to say,

(Clears Throat, saying loudly to AUDIENCE)

Good People of the Shire of Anleigh...

(KILARN is interrupted again as BUA and ILLYNA Rush the field and start attacking THAILINUS. THAILINUS draws their sword And begins defending herself. GLADDRIAN Grabs GALINA and pulls them away from the group, protectively. FULTHAN begins to draw his sword but KILARN motions for him to not do so.

FUTHLAN motions to his GUARDS to stay back. TARAGUS draws her weapon and Stands in front of DAWTHEN. THAILINUS fights off both BUA and ILLYNA and runs to stand next to TARAGUS, holding weapons towards BUA and ILLYNA. BUA and ILLYNA run towards THAILINUS and then suddenly step back from their Weapons, holding up their own)

TARAGUS:

Enough!

BUA:

Yeah, I would say so. We only want the kid.

ILLYNA:

We have no issue with the Vanguard.

BUA:

Except that you are a bunch of puppets for pompous tricksters.

ILLYNA:

Oh yes. Except the fact that you are, indeed, cumberworlds. But you are not on our list. Thailinus, however, is. So let us have him, and this does not have to become unpleasant.

BUA:

Absolutely... (Pauses, looking to ILLYNA) Cumberworlds?

ILLYNA:

(Looking hastily at BUA)

Yea... Cumberworld. It means a useless person.

BUA:

Oooh, I am going to have to remember that one. Well done, Illyna.

ILLYNA:

Thank you, Bua. (Looks back at THAILINUS) Now give us the Moppet.

KILARN:

Enough of this. Guards! Arrest them!

(FULTHAN motions to the GUARDS, who rush behind BUA and ILLYNA as FULTHAN walks Next to TARAGUS with his sword drawn. BUA and ILLYNA sheath their weapons and Hold their hands up)

BUA:

We surrender!

ILLYNA:

Yup. This is not in our job description. So we surrender.

(The GUARDS sheath their weapons and grab BUA and ILLYNA's hands, putting them behind Their backs)

FULTHAN:

Take them to the cells.

ILLYNA:

Wait! Please. I only have one request.

FULTHAN:

Prisoners do not get requests.

ILLYNA:

Fine. One question then.

FULTHAN:

What is your question?



ILLYNA:

Thank you, my lord. (To BUA) Bua.

BUA:

Yes, Illyna?

ILLYNA:

Are we surrendering like Dyn Gryth surrendering or like Myrfall surrendering?

BUA:

Oh... Good question. I say Dyn Gryth.

ILLYNA:

Good call, Bua!

(BUA and ILLYNA grab the wrists of the GUARDS Holding onto them and then turn so their backs To each other and slam the GUARDS into each other's backs. BUA and ILLYNA then spin around And punch the GUARDS in the face in unison, Knocking them to the ground in front of TARAGUS, FULTHAN, and THAILIUNUS. BUA and ILLYNA start running off the field)

ILLYNA:

Good day all!

BUA:

We shall see thee anon! Or whatever!

FULTHAN:

(To the GUARDS, Growling)

Get up you Clouts. Go after them!

(The GUARDS slowly get up, shaking off The hits and stumbling off in the direction BUA and ILLYNA ran)

KILARN:

Can no day in this cursed Shire be peaceful?

FULTHAN:

We will take care of them, my Lord.

KILARN:

Oh good. You seem to be doing such grand work of it so far. So... if no one ELSE has anything to say for themselves? Any blasted dragons going to be flying down from the skies?

GLADDRIAN:

That would make for quite the festivities, my Lord.

KILARN:

(Sighs) Only if he ate me first. (To AUDIENCE) Good people of Anliegh...

(Pauses, looking around, then back to  
The AUDIENCE)

We raise a glass to honor this time of year. Midsummer is a season of new growth and great power, and we celebrate this day with merriment for all. Enjoy the performances throughout the day, join us here for our Royal Chess Match, and we look forward to seeing you all throughout the day. Welcome to the Midsummer Fantasy Renaissance Faire!

GLADDRIAN:

Raise your voices! Huzzah!

(AUDIENCE cheers, hopefully. ALL CAST  
leave stage)

END SCENE

Scene 3:

SETTING: The Emerald Glen Stage. There are three chairs surrounding a table. A Flag with the Warden Symbol Hangs behind on the back of the tent.

RISE: GLADDRIAN and GALINA stands before the audience, in front Of the table.

GLADDRIAN:

Welcome back to so many of you, for those just joining us on this day, I am Gladdrian of VonSall, Herald and servant to our Mayor Kilarn, who keeps over the shire of Anleigh while our royal court is away.

GALINA:

(Interrupting)

And I am Galina... just... Galina. Assistant Head Servant to Gladdrian.

GLADDRIAN:

Assistant Head Servant? I do not remember bestowing that title upon you.

GALINA:

No one else wanted it. So I took it.

GLADDRIAN:

(Looking unamused)

Delightful. As I was saying, it is our Midsummer festival and we have a few unexpected visitors, including Thailinus, who appears to be the kin of a former Head Warden.

GALINA:

Do not forget the mercenaries looking to kill Thailinus.

GLADDRIAN:

Yes, of course. Which is why we are here, in the Marshall Warden's base camp, so Marshall Warden Taragus can talk about precisely that. I am here because Mayor Kilarn has an understandably vested interest in the goings on. So should you all.

GALINA:

Speaking of which.

(Motions to TARAGUS, DAWTHEN, and THAILINUS walking into scene. GLADDRIAN & GALINA walk to the side of the stage)

TARAGUS:

Thailinus, who exactly were those vagabonds and why were they trying to send you across the veil?

THAILINUS:

I wish I knew. They have been chasing across many lands now. Since only a few days into my journey to Anleigh.

(TARAGUS & DAWTHEN sit at the Table)

TARAGUS:

Yes, and on this journey of yours- does Warden Caine know you have taken on this Quest?

THAILINUS:

My father is far too protective of me. I told him I was going to explore the lands of Sylvannus.

DAWTHEN:

So, you lied to him? That does not sound very Warden-like to me.

TARAGUS:

Actually, going off on your own, disregarding authority, doing whatever needs to be done in the name of duty... that sounds exactly like your father. Still, I would like to send word so he knows you are here.

THAILINUS:

This does not concern him. This is my calling.

DAWTHEN:

Yes, that is precisely what requires more insight. It is not possible that you could be called, child.

THAILINUS:

Why? My father spoke of being called to the Vanguard. Is it so strange that I would not be called in the same way? I can fight.

TARAGUS:

I know you can fight. You held your own against two very skilled attackers. You grew up around the best Wardens in the Vanguard. But it is not that simple.

DAWTHEN:

Yes. It is the way of the Weave. A Warden is only called when there is a Mage to be protected. One warden. One Mage. Any bird brain knows that.

TARAGUS:

(Looks angrily at Dawthen)

I beg your pardon, Insect.

DAWTHEN:

Forgive me, Warden Taragus. Slip of the tongue.

TARAGUS:

Magus Dawthen, although eternally grating on my patience, is indeed correct. You have to have a Mage to protect. And unfortunately, there have not been any new Magi in years. Ever since...

DAWTHEN:

Taragus, you are too loose with your words.

TARAGUS:

I disagree, Dawthen. I think we have been too quiet about this as it is.

(To THAILINUS)

Besides, even though your father is no longer an active Warden, I feel like this may involve him, and maybe even you soon enough.

(Pulls out a scroll with a few pages  
To it and opens it)

A test for you, young one. What do you know of the Weave?

THAILINUS:

(Sits in the other Chair)

It is the source of Magic. Created by the land of Gods... um... Draiocht. And the Magi were given power across the world to keep the balance of Light and Darkness, to... maintain the weave. And Wardens were given the power to protect the Magi.

TARAGUS:

(Looks back at DAWTHEN, both nodding  
In approval)

Correct. And you remember the evil of the Dominion?

THAILINUS:

Of course. The Sovereign. He was defeated years ago.

DAWTHEN:

He was... but we have information of something else. Something... new. But... old. Very old.

THAILINUS:

I do not understand.

TARAGUS:

We have received information from one of the Unseen, an immortal named Gabriel. An entity called "The Dread One". It seems this creature has been meddling in the affairs of this plane. They have been very subtle, perhaps even being the driving force behind the Dominion War. There is no way of knowing.

DAWTHEN:

The Dread One may even be the reason there have been no new Magi these last years. That is the council's best guess. But that is why we know you cannot have been called.

THAILINUS:

(Stands up Angrily, Saying Loudly)

I am not Mad, dammit! I know I was called to the Vanguard! Why will you not believe me?

TARAGUS:

(Standing, hand extended)

I do not think you mad, Thailinus. We just know how this has been done for generations. I know you want to help the cause, and like Caine, I am sure you would be a great Warden.

THAILINUS:

Then believe me! I was told to come to Anleigh. I was told to take the oath. I was told to take up my sword. I was called to this. Please. Taragus. Why would I lie?

TARAGUS:

I know you are not lying. But with no Mage, there can be no Warden!

THAILINUS:

Do you think I wanted to be called now? I never told my father. I know he already worries enough about me. For weeks, I heard a voice tell me these things. I felt drawn to this place. The voice was somehow many, but one. Like nothing anyone has ever heard. Like...I do not know, the booming whispers...

THAILINUS:

Of a million souls, blinding  
me with the darkness of its  
Light.

DAWTHEN:

Of a million souls, blinding  
me with the darkness of its  
Light.

(THAILINUS looks to DAWTHEN as  
DAWTHEN looks to TARAGUS)

TARAGUS:

The Green Man.

DAWTHEN:

The Green Man.

DAWTHEN:

But that is not possible, Taragus.

TARAGUS:

But what if it was.

GALINA:

(Excitedly steps forward)

Is the Green Man here, Marshall Warden Taragus?

GLADDRIAN:

Galina! Know your place.

TARAGUS:

(Laughing slightly)

It is alright, Gladdrian. I doubt it, young one. However, it  
does seem he has made his presence known.

GALINA:

I hear he is the most powerful of the Gods in Draiocht.

DAWTHEN:

I am sure other Gods would disagree. But he would indeed be a  
powerful force if he decided The Dread One was disrupting the  
balance. The question is-

(Looks to THAILINUS)

Why call you? Why now?



TARAGUS:

I do not know. But you can fight. You know your history. You are as strong willed as your Father. And I believe that you were called. I have one final question...

(Draws her Sword)

DAWTHEN:

Marshall Warden Taragus. This is not how this is done.

TARAGUS:

I agree. But I am a Marshall Warden. Thailinus was called. And if Head Warden Drake wants to rake me over the coals for it, I will deal with it later. So, as to my question.

THAILINUS:

(Nervously)

Yes, Marshall Warden Taragus?

TARAGUS:

Do you know your Oath?

THAILINUS:

Yes, Warden.

TARAGUS:

Then, Thailinus of Caine. Kneel.

(THAILINUS Kneel in front of TARAGUS.  
TARAGUS places her sword on THAILINUS'  
shoulder)

When night falls

THAILINUS:

Mine will be the light that shines brightest

TARAGUS:

When shadows approach

THAILINUS:

I will be the line that no others can cross

TARAGUS:

When Darkness Strikes

THAILINIUS:

I will stand when others have fallen

TARAGUS:

When Evil Lashes Out

THAILINUS:

I will be the steel against steel

TARAGUS:

We are the Vanguard

(THAILINUS Hesitates)

We are the Vanguard

THAILINUS:

I am a Warden

TARAGUS:

Then Rise, Warden Thailinus of Caine.

(THAILINUS stands slowly)

GALINA:

I have never seen this before, do we cheer now?

GLADDRIAN:

I do not think that is appropriate, given the circum...

GALINA:

(Begins clapping)

HUZZAH!

(GLADDRIAN and DAWTHEN begin clapping)

GLADDRIAN:

(To the AUDIENCE)

Well, come on, otherwise it is just the child clapping and that is weird.

(AUDIENCE claps, hopefully)

TARAGUS:

Yes. Consider this a trial by fire. You are a Warden, but until we discover what is going on, and more importantly, WHY you were called to Anleigh with no Mage, you stay by my side.

DAWTHEN:

And we must stay vigilant. Ever since we arrived, I have felt a power of some kind. Someone is up to something. We have work to do.

GLADDRIAN:

I shall inform the Lord Mayor.

TARAGUS:

Hold on that, Gladdrian. Until we have more information, it may be best not to involve her. This is, for the moment, business of the Vanguard and the Council. I will trust you to respect that for the sake of Mayor Kilarn's sanity. She has enough to deal with.

GLADDRIAN:

(Bows)

Yes, Marshall Warden Taragus.

TARAGUS:

Let us go.

(TARAGUS, THALINIUS, DAWTHEN, GALINA,  
& GLADDRIAN exit stage left.)

BUA & ILLYNA enter stage right)

ILLYNA:

Did you hear that, Bua?

BUA:

I did indeed, Illyna.

ILLYNA:

Our Bounty just became a Warden.

BUA:

You know what that means?

ILLYNA:

I do believe it means our price just went up, Bua.

BUA:

I do believe you are correct, Illyna.

ILLYNA:

Let us set up a meeting with him. He is going to want to know this.

BUA:

Oh very much so. Shall we?

ILLYNA:

We shall.

(BUA & ILLYNA walk off stage left)

END SCENE

Scene 4:

SETTING: The Dragon Stage.

RISE: BUA and ILLYNA are toying  
With the audience as they  
gather.

BUA:

You know, Illyna?

ILLYNA:

Yes, Bua?

BUA:

It occurs to me that when we say we need to meet our employer in  
secret, discretion does not involve having a large crowd  
sitting in on said meeting.

ILLYNA:

I disagree, Bua. First of all, you are being generous calling  
this a large crowd.

BUA:

True enough, Illyna. Must be a lot of folks having a late lunch  
or something.

ILLYNA:

Second point. With a crowd sitting like this, slightly  
dopey-eyed, half-drunk looks strewn across their  
unenthusiastic faces. Anyone looking in on this meeting  
will only think one thing.

BUA:

That we're magicians?

ILLYNA:

Exactly.

BUA:

Good point, Illyna.

(To AUDIENCE)

Fine, you can all stay. You are all a part of this now, so you might as well know what is going on. You see, we are two worldly, intelligent...

ILLYNA:

Do not forget cunning and attractive, Bua.

BUA:

I was just getting there, Illyna. ...cunning and very attractive swashbuckling mercenaries who were hired with the task of un-aliving a certain human by the name of Thailinus, who turns out to be the kid of a fancy pants Warden.

ILLYNA:

Yeah, but it turns out that kid is not only the child of this former head Warden, but also was called here to this shire to be a bloody Warden themselves!

BUA:

So in our defense, no one told us we were going to be killing a warden. They are very difficult to catch. Little legs, shifty sorts.

ILLYNA:

Also, it does not make a whole lot of sense, because every Warden has to have a Mage, and there's no new Mage, so why a new Warden? All of these politics are very confusing.

BUA:

That is why I do not get myself involved in Politics.

ILLYNA:

Except that time you offed that Prince's nephew in Kuuki.

BUA:

Yeah, but that was business. Besides, everything would have been fine if he had kept his fairy wings outta everyone else's affairs.

ILLYNA:

So very true. Speaking of which...

(To AUDIENCE)

You all better keep your mouths shut about all this, you reckon? Better to be neither seen nor heard this time round.

BUA:

Yea. It would be a shame to have to hunt you all down. You seem like decent unsavory folks.

(FULTHAN storms into the scene. BUA  
And ILLYNA draw their weapons, pointing  
At FULTHAN)

FULTHAN:

You two!

(Draws his Sword)

I should get the guards over here and have you executed for what you did today.

ILLYNA:

Now, now, Lieutenant Fulthan, it would be an awful shame to cause such a ruckus. You screaming in pain and bleeding everywhere.

FULTHAN:

You have quite the nerve, vagabond.

(Sheaths his sword)

When I hired you weeks ago to take out Thailinus, you were directed to specifically make sure they did not reach Anleigh. But yet, here I am seeing all of your faces quite alive. So do not quite see where you can be so certain about your skills.

(BUA & ILLYNA sheath their weapons)

BUA:

Yea, but you never TOLD us that we were taking out a Warden weeks ago.

FULTHAN:

What do you mean?

ILLYNA:

That Marshall Warden, the old bird, went ahead and made the kid a Warden. Now why in the hell would she go ahead and do that?

FULTHAN:

I do not know. That is part of the Dread One's plan.

BUA:

Well, I don't much care what *the Dead One* has got planned.

FULTHAN:

(Places hand on hilt of sword)

They are *the Dread One*, heretic. You will watch your tongue. They are a power beyond time. When the sun was born of the Gods, the Dread One was there. And will be there when the sun dies.

ILLYNA:

Well, unless that power comes with double our bounty, we are not really in the business of defending religions.

FUTHLAN:

You did not complete your task, you get no bounty.

BUA:

(Draws a large Dagger, putting it to  
FULTHAN'S throat)

Now, now, Lieutenant. You told us our job was to kill Thailinus. And we intend on doing just that. You do not want to make any hasty decisions with our money, now do you?



ILLYNA:

You need to excuse Bua, Lieutenant Fulthan. Ever since we were little, he gets so easily offended when he feels someone tries to double-cross us.

BUA:

I have indeed been working through my rage issues.

FULTHAN:

(Annoyed, but nervous)

And how have you been doing with that?

BUA:

(Pressing the Knife harder against FULTHAN's Throat, speaking flatly)

Illyna?

ILLYNA:

I would say the results are mixed.

(KILARN walks quickly into scene from the audience)

KILARN:

What in the stars is going on over here?

BUA:

(Startled, BUA quickly sheaths his dagger, Laughing lightly)

Mayor Kilarn! Nothing... just a friendly disagreement amongst... old friends.

ILLYNA:

Just a... philosophical debate on the distribution of wealth.

KILARN:

(Looking confused)

Lieutenant, do you know these two?

FULTHAN:

(Rubbing his throat)

These, Lord Mayor, are the rubbish that disrupted our opening toast this morning.

KILARN:

(Surprised, walking towards BUA)

Oh, and what do you have to say for yourselves for starting a fight in the middle of my ceremony?

BUA:

(Relaxed slightly)

We meant no disrespect, to your all high and officialness. Simply finishing our to-do list.

ILLYNA:

We try our best to cross off every item. It is quite satisfying.

KILARN:

Oh, well I can understand that, however, that leads me to my next question.

(KILARN suddenly backhands BUA and sends him to the ground, quickly drawing his sword And pointing it directly at ILLYNA. Speaking With great anger)

Why were you completing your task on my field and not weeks ago like *I paid you to do?*

(ILLYNA starts to reach for her weapon)

Do not do that, heretic.

(To FULTHAN)

You assured me these two were competent. I watched them get bested by someone younger than my boots.

BUA:

(Gets up quickly, angrily)

You cannot just insult me like that and not expect me to kill you. I don't care if you are a Mayor.

KILARN:

(Put the tip of his blade to BUA's stomach)

And your life means nothing to me. You are a non-believer. Not bathed in the glory of the Dread One. I kill you, you will not even be mentioned in the news of the town cryer the next day. If you two morons kill the Mayor of the Queen's precious Anleigh, how far will you get?

I am a fair woman, however. You insulted me by interrupting my opening ceremonies, so let us call it even?

BUA:

(Begrudgingly)

We accept.

KILARN:

Good. The reason you were to stop Thailinus was to keep them from connecting with her Mage. The Dread One speaks to me, they tell me of a great war. A war where they make themselves known to this world. Where their power is no longer hidden within the strands of the Weave, but is the entire realm of Magic. The Dread One was trying to stop new Magi from coming into being. They have been successful for years now.

FULTHAN:

My Lord, something has changed. Taragus has made Thailinus a Warden. Our mission has failed.

(Bows head)

I am sorry I have failed the Dread One, my Lord.

KILARN:

(Places a hand on FULTHAN'S shoulder)

No, fellow follower. The Mage has not been awakened yet. So there is still time. The Dread One has no malice. We are but mortals. They know we are fallible.

KILARN (Cont.):

However, we must be prepared for what is to come.

(Leans in to FULTHAN, as if whispering)

We must use those of the closed-eyes. Their bodies will be a shield to the Dread One's truth.

(To BUA & ILLYNA)

Mercenaries?

ILLYNA:

(Pointing to herself, annoyed)

Illyna.

BUA:

(Pointing to himself, annoyed)

Bua.

KILARN:

(Amused)

Of course. The plan has changed, now that you are here. The Dread One has foreseen it. Do you have fellows of the trade who can arrive in Anleigh within the next few hours?

ILLYNA:

(Slightly Confused)

I mean, of course. People love us.

BUA:

We are quite the popular pair. Very friendly.

ILLYNA:

But if you are planning something with a larger crew, that takes a lot to orchestrate. The meetings, the convincing...

BUA:

So much red tape. A true nightmare in our community. Then leading fellow mercenaries is really like herding cats.

ILLYNA:

In fact, some of the Animal-Kin mercenaries may be cats.

BUA:

Good point, Illyna.

KILARN:

I shall cover their payments and triple each of yours.

(BUA & ILLYNA look impressed at  
Each other)

ILLYNA:

Ah! The expedited package it is, then. I agree to these terms.  
Bua?

BUA:

I agree as well, Illyna.  
(To KILARN)

For a politician, you certainly know how to negotiate.

KILARN:

It is settled then. Go, collect your cohorts.

ILLYNA:

Indeed. A pleasure doing business with you, Lord Mayor.  
(To BUA)

After you, Bua?

BUA:

(To ILLYNA)  
No, no. After you, Illyna.

(To KILARN & FULTHAN)

Good day, royal mucky-mucks.

(BUA & ILLYNA exit to backstage)

FULTHAN:

Can those two really be trusted, Lord Kilarn?

KILARN:

They are in love with something that means nothing. They believe in only material wealth. For the grace of The Dread One, I have access to more coin than they would need for five lifetimes. They will do as they are told. Now, what of Marshall Warden Taragus and Magus Dawthen? The Dread One did not tell me of their coming.

FULTHAN:

I do not know. Do we think the Council is aware of the Dread One's plan?

KILARN:

I highly doubt it. However, it may come time to do away with both Taragus and Dawthen. They are a liability to our assigned task. From there, soon we shall deal with the Vanguard AND the Council.

(GALINA walks in suddenly to the scene)

GALINA:

Lord Mayor, did you speak of the Council?

KILARN:

(Upon seeing GALINA, KILARN shifts her  
Tone to jovial like before, laughing)

Little one, it is of no matter to you. Besides, what do you know of the Council?

GALINA:

I heard Marshall Warden Taragus and Magus Dawthen speaking of it. That is where the most powerful Magi in the whole world come together and maintain the weave. My parents also spoke of the Council and the Vanguard before...

(Becoming very sad)

Before... the...

KILARN:

(Brings GALINA in for a reassuring Hug)

Before the attack by the Darklings that took them from us. I know, child. It was hard for us all. There, there. But, do not look to the Magi and the Wardens as heroes.

GALINA:

(Looking slightly confused)

What... what do you mean?

KILARN:

You are coming to the age when it is time to tell you of a greater power, young one. A power that will give you all that you desire in this world.

GALINA:

I do not understand, my Lord.

KILARN:

I would not expect you to yet, Galina. But I will teach you, and soon you shall honor the Dread One as Fulthan and I do, as do so many others.

GALINA:

(Realizing what KILARN said)

The Dread One?

KILARN:

Yes. The Dread One's force flows through me, and one day it may flow through you as well.

GALINA:

(Stepping back nervously)

I... I just remembered I have to go help Gladdrian with something.

KILARN:

Ah, well, be on your way then, child.

GALINA:

Thank you, my Lord.

(Bows hastily, and runs off)

FULTHAN:

Do you think it was too soon to reveal the glory of the Dread One's power to them?

KILARN:

Perhaps, but with the Wardens and the Magi now so close to us, sooner is better than later. But it is best to keep an eye on her. Gladdrian as well. He never had the heart of a believer.

FULTHAN:

Of course, my Lord.

(Bows, putting an open hand on his chest)

KILARN:

Soon, all shall see with open eyes.

FULTHAN:

The Terrifying Beauty of the Dread One.

KILARN:

Now go.

(FULTHAN bows, walking in the same direction  
As GALINA. KILARN walks in opposite direction)

END SCENE



Scene 5:

SETTING: The Highland Stage.

RISE: GLADDRIAN standing center stage, welcoming people into The scene.

GLADDRIAN:

(Pacing back and forth)

Come on in, good people. I am so glad you have joined me. I am getting rather nervous. For those who may not know, I am Gladdrian, Herald and head servant to our Mayor Kilarn. I have not seen my helper, Galina, in several hours. With a new Warden amongst us and two mercenaries running around, anything is possible. It does not help that Fulthan, the head of Mayor Kilarn's guards, seems even more on the bleeding edge of sanity than usual.

(TARAGUS, DAWTHEN, and THAILINUS walk  
Into scene)

TARAGUS:

Who is on the bleeding edge of sanity, Gladdrian?

GLADDRIAN:

I admit, it is possibly my own fears getting the best of me. But I cannot find Galina. And something seems off about Mayor Kilarn. I have known her too long to not know something is amiss.

DAWTHEN:

It is important to trust one's instincts, Gladdrian. As long as it does not cross swords with wisdom.

THAILINUS:

Is that some ancient piece of wisdom from the Council, Magus Dawthen?

DAWTHEN:

Yes. A wise and powerful Mage said that.

TARAGUS:

And who may that be, Magus?

DAWTHEN:

Magus Dawthen of Kuuki. About ten seconds ago.  
(Smiles Amusingly)

TARAGUS:

If you are quite finished dodging your own wings to pat yourself on the back, Magus Dawthen.  
(To GLADDRIAN)

I am certain we shall find Galina shortly.

GLADDRIAN:

I sure hope so, Warden Taragus. They are so young.

DAWTHEN:

I would not worry too much, Gladdrian. Galina seems intelligent and quick-witted herself. And there is indeed something to that young spirit.

TARAGUS:

And, despite Dawthen's sometimes insufferable manner, she is often correct about these things.

DAWTHEN:

I shall remember you said that, Warden Taragus.

TARAGUS:

I will deny it.

(GALINA runs in to scene)

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GALINA:

Magus Dawthen! Warden Taragus! Gladdrian!

GLADDRIAN:

Galina! You are alright! I was so worried.

GALINA:

Yes, but possibly only just.

TARAGUS:

What do you mean, child?

GALINA:

It is Mayor Kilarn and Fulthan. And I do not know how many others. They said there were many of them. They spoke like they were part of some kind of crusade. I did not know what to do, so I got away.

DAWTHEN:

Galina, you are not making any sense.

(FULTHAN walks quickly into scene)

FULTHAN:

Yes, young child. You are speaking nonsense. No need to bother the Wardens and the Mage with your stories. Now come, I shall take you back to Mayor Kilarn.

GALINA:

No! I want to stay here!

GLADDRIAN:

(Steps between GALINA and FULTHAN,  
Putting GALINA behind him)

Galina is my responsibility, Lieutenant Fulthan. I shall make sure they get back to the Lord Mayor after they have finished their duties.

FULTHAN:

It is the direct order of Mayor Kilarn. I will take her now.

(FULTHAN reaches for GALINA, GALINA  
Jumps back further)

GALINA:

Fulthan and the Mayor follow The Dread One!

(ALL CHARACTERS pause with shock and  
Look to FULTHAN)

FULTHAN:

I am tired of these games.

(FULTHAN Draws sword. TARAGUS and THAILINUS  
Also draw their weapons as DAWTHEN  
Holds her staff in a defensive stance.  
GALINA and GLADDRIAN back up behind them.  
GALINA will stand behind the EFFECTS mark)

FULTHAN:

Give me the Whelp!

GLADDRIAN:

Fulthan. Have you gone mad? You are drawing a weapon on the  
Marshall Warden of Anleigh and a Mage of the Council. Why?

FULTHAN:

Because for too long, we have had to keep silent about the  
truth. Too long, the Wardens and the Magi have been lying to  
everyone about true power. Hoarding it for themselves. No  
longer.

GLADDRIAN:

Fulthan, you are a Lieutenant in the Royal Guard. I have known  
you for years. Why do this now?

FULTHAN:

Because The Dread One has proclaimed it so. I have known you for years, Gladdrian. I even considered you to join us for the cause. But you are weak. Weak with no vision.

GLADDRIAN:

Oh, I have vision, Fulthan. And what I see is a fool blindly following a promise of power.

FULTHAN:

You were a fool, Gladdrian. You will never be ready for the grace of The Dread One. Now hand over the child!

TARAGUS:

I do not know what has gotten into you, but you are going to have to go through me lay a hand on her. Thailinus! Guard Galina!

THAILINUS:

Yes, Warden!

(To GALINA)

I have you, Galina. Now stand behind me.

(THAILINUS reaches out and makes Physical contact with GALINA. Both Recoil, as if shocked)

THAILINUS:

Ow!

GALINA:

Ow!

(ALL CAST look to THAILINUS and GALINA. THAILINUS and GALINA both look at their Hands in unison. They then reach out and hold hands. At this moment, GALINA Cries out as a pillar of myst and light Shoot upward from the stage. GALINA and THAILINUS Fall to their knees once the light and Myst stops. Looking down at their hands)

GALINA:

What happened to me?

DAWTHEN:

(Shocked)

You, Galina, have been given the power of the Weave. You are one of the Magi.

FULTHAN:

No... I must get Kilarn!

(Runs off)

GLADDRIAN:

I am guessing Fulthan has no intention on just surrendering.

TARAGUS:

Agreed. But we will be ready. Galina, how do you feel?

GALINA:

Like something is surging in my arms and legs. Like a powerful rapid rushing within me.

TARAGUS:

And how about you, Thailinus?

THAILINUS:

(Rubbing temples)

Like a bunch of Heralds just blew horns directly into my ears.

TARAGUS:

(Helps THAILINUS to their feet)

Yes. The Wardens do seem to get the short end of the stick when the awakening happens. It will wear off quickly.

THAILINUS:

Does that mean...

TARAGUS:

Galina is your Mage. And you are their Warden. Bonded together. To protect one another. To guide one another. To help one another maintain the weave of our world.

GLADDRIAN:

I suppose you two had better get to know each other.

DAWTHEN:

Galina, I am sorry that this has been thrust upon you in such a way. But it is your destiny.

GALINA:

(Standing up Slowly)

No. I... want this. I feel as though... I have always known somehow.

(KILARN runs in with FULTHAN and two GUARDS behind swords drawn)

KILARN:

No, child. I have always known.

(A Fight happens between the GUARDS, KILARN, and FULTHAN on one side and TARGARUS, DAWTHEN, and THAILINUS on the other. Unarmed, GLADDRIAN tries to bring GALINA to safety. KILARN knocks GLADDRIAN down and takes GALINA by the arm)

KILARN (Cont.):

The Dread One spoke of your powers years ago. You were supposed to be with us! I spent years raising you. This was not supposed to end this way!

TARAGUS:

(Drawing her weapon)

Dammit Kilarn! Are you mad? The Dread One is using you like a puppet. Using all of you!

KILARN:

The Vanguard. The Council. You fools wish you saw as clearly as we do. What you heard whispers about, I was shown to my heart and soul. The Dread One has existed for millenia and you are just now understanding they exist at all! You are blind, all of you!

DAWTHEN:

You are worshiping something that wishes to destroy the weave and the world with it!

FULTHAN:

The Dread One knows a better world lies in the ashes of this mockery of an existence.

FULTHAN:

Soon, all shall see with  
Open eyes the terrifying  
Beauty of The Dread One!

KILARN:

Soon, all shall see with  
Open eyes the terrifying  
Beauty of The Dread One!

DAWTHEN:

And what will you do when Queen Khanir hears of your treachery?

KILARN:

Spoken like one of the shut-eyed. Do you think the Dread One cares about your pathetic countries and their rulers?

DAWTHEN:

I am certain the Dread One is concerned with those of Draiocht, the land of the Gods. And of The Green Man.

KILARN:

(Raging)

Do not dare speak the name of that false idol to me! The Dread One shall certainly deal with all of them in their own way. Until then, an example must be made.



KILARN (Cont.):

This child is ours, and by killing her Warden, I will show her the true strength of what we are.

TARAGUS:

Not likely, Kilarn.

KILARN:

Then as much as it will pain me, I shall end Galina's life before they can learn more of your twisted ways.

GALINA:

No! Thailinus!

THAILINUS:

Let them go, Kilarn. You and me. I will fight you myself.

KILARN:

That is not the offer, young one. Either you, or Galina. I shall give you until (Time of Scene 6). We will meet you at the Tournament Field for your answer. Through me, the Dread One shall make an example of you all. Make your choice.

(KILARN, FULTHAN, and GUARDS take  
GALINA with weapons drawn out of scene  
While GALINA tries to resist  
unsuccessfully)

THAILINUS:

Warden Taragus! I must go after them! It is my duty to protect Galina now.

TARAGUS:

Yes, but going after them would do you no favors. They are clearly setting you up for a trap.

DAWTHEN:

Those mercenaries from before must have been hired by Kilarn. Their whereabouts are still unknown to us.

TARAGUS:

And who knows how many others. Kilarn is clearly a believer. I do not think she is bluffing. She will kill either you or Galina, if need be.

THAILINUS:

Then what do we do?

TARAGUS:

Worry not, Warden Thailinus. You were called to Anleigh for a reason. I was called back to Anleigh for a reason. You are not alone.

GLADDRIAN:

I will fight with you. I am no Warden, but Galina has been my responsibility for years. I would never forgive myself if something happened to them and I did nothing.

TARAGUS:

You are a good man, Gladdrian. If you were not, Kilarn would have turned you to the Dread One years ago. I know you will be there.

DAWTHEN:

So four of us versus who knows how many of them? My magic can only do so much without disrupting the Weave.

TARAGUS:

I know Magus Dawthen. That is why we need to prepare.

THAILINUS:

For what? A Slaughter?

TARAGUS:

Trust the Call of the Vanguard, Warden Thailinus. Let us go.

(ALL Walk off stage)

END SCENE

Scene 6:

SETTING: The Tournament Field. A Flag with the holy symbol of "The Dread One sits stage right of the field. The other flags Stand on far stage left.

AT RISE: KILARN, FULTHAN, BUA, ILLYNA, And two GUARDS stand on stage right, holding GALINA Hostage.

KILARN:

(Smiling, speaking to the AUDIENCE)

Hello, people of Anleigh. I am so glad so many of you could join us for a most auspicious occasion. What a way to end our Midsummer festival than to bless you all with the gift of watching the beginning of the end of the shire of Anleigh, the Kingdom of Cuulyane, and this poor excuse for a world!

GALINA:

(Breaking free of the GUARD'S grasp  
And rushing towards KILARN)

You are insane, Kilarn!

(The GUARDS recapture GALINA)

KILARN:

Spoken like a true shut-eye. My dear Galina, I had so much hope for you. But, unfortunately, your Warden accidentally awakened your Magic, so now you are bound to the pathetic Weave. Such a weak source of power. And now, I must destroy your Warden, the Marshall Warden, her Mage, and anyone else who refuses to see the beauty of the Dread One's Light! I hope, after today's demonstration, you will all join us and welcome the embrace of the Dread One's power.

(THAILINUS, GLADDRIAN, TARAGUS,  
And DAWTHEN step onto the field in  
Battle gear)

TARAGUS:

You continue to spout the lies told to you by The Dread One,  
Kilarn?

KILARN:

Well now, Marshall Warden Taragus, the Dread One foresaw Galina  
had the power of Magic, knew that Thailinus was destined to be  
Galina's Warden, and bestowed upon me this opportunity to  
destroy you. It certainly does not seem like lies to me.

DAWTHEN:

Kilarn, the Dread One has power, but so do all the other Gods of  
Draiocht. We do not wipe out the world for them, do we?

KILARN:

Do not compare the power of the Dread One to those pathetic  
voyeurs of this world! Who only interfere with its business when  
it pleases them. You called us puppets, but we are believers. We  
have been given the true sight of what is to come.

BUA:

(Steps Forward)

Um... excuse me. Hello. Sorry, just wanted to point out, Illyna  
and I

ILLYNA:

(Also steps forward)

Hello, I am Illyna.

BUA:

Yes, that is Illyna. We are with them, but for the record, we  
are just here for the money.

THAILINUS:

How do you plan to spend that money when you are dead?

ILLYNA:

You know, we get asked that a lot, do we not, Bua?

BUA:

Yes we do, Illyna.

ILLYNA:

And how do we answer that question, Bua?

BUA:

We never have to answer that question, Illyna.

ILLYNA:

And why is that, Bua?

BUA:

Because they always end up dead, Illyna.

FULTHAN:

Enough! (Scoffs) Warden Thailinus. Step before Kilarn. Now.

THAILINUS:

(Steps forward)

Well, Kilarn. You have gathered us. You have your audience.

KILARN:

Yes I have, Warden Thailinus. And you have a choice before you. It is either your life, or that of your Mage, the one you have sworn to protect, Galina.

THAILINUS:

Kilarn, I offer you the chance to see reason. You raised Galina for years when her parents died from the Darkling attack. You would kill them for the promise of power?

KILARN:

Do you not see, young Warden? Whether the death is yours or Galina's, it shall be a glorious beginning of the tale of The Dread One's conquering of this world. I am blessing one of you with the honor of a sacrifice worthy of Gods.

GLADDRIAN:

Well, when you put it that way, you are indeed mad.

KILARN:

We shall see, old friend. A shame you must be on that side of this battle.

GLADDRIAN:

Well we have the Wardens and a Mage, so I like our odds.

ILLYNA:

Yea, about that. We don't much like taking chances, do we Bua?

BUA:

We do not, Illyna.

(BUA claps twice, and makes a circling  
Gesture in the air with one of his hands.  
A bunch of mercenaries walk out to  
Join the Melee line on the Right side  
Of the Field)

ILLYNA:

So what is that about those odds?

GLADDRIAN:

For the record, I thought I was being witty.

KILARN:

Enough of this. Thailinus, what do you choose? Your life or Galina's?

THAILINUS:

I suggest a third option.

KILARN:

Oh, little Warden. And what is that?

THAILINUS:

My father, Caine, was one of Greatest Head Wardens to ever lead the Vanguard. And he had a saying- you never face Betrayal alone.

KILARN:

What does that have to do with...

THAILINUS:

(Forcefully)

I am not finished! He had another saying. It wasn't his, but he made sure I knew it.

(Steps Forward)

When Night Falls

(TARAGUS, and voices from the crowd respond. As they speak, the WARDENS walk out to the field from the audience. The WARDENS line up on stage left)

TARAGUS & WARDENS:

Mine will be the light that shines Brightest!

THAILINUS:

When Shadows Approach

TARAGUS & WARDENS:

I will be the line that no others can cross!

THAILINUS:

When Darkness Strikes

TARAGUS & WARDENS:

I will stand when all others have fallen

THAILINUS:

When evil lashes out

TARAGUS & WARDENS:

I will be the Steel against Steel

We are the Vanguard

THAILINUS:

I am a Warden.

FULTHAN:

For the Dread One!

(The two sides charge into battle. KILARN Stays back with GALINA. THAILINUS fights FULTHAN and kills him. KILARN lets go Of GALINA and charges into battle. KILARN Almost defeats THAILINUS but CAINE, His face covered comes in and blocks the killing blow, THAILINUS strikes KILARN and kills her. KILARN'S FORCES are defeated. BUA, ILLYNA, and the MERCENARIES are injured but alive)

TARAGUS:

Warden Thailinus, are you alive?

THAILINUS:

Barely, but yes, thanks to this Warden.

(Shakes hands with CAINE. Turns around to Check on GLADDRIAN)

TARAGUS:

(Shakes CAINE'S hand)

Well done, Warden.

CAINE:

Thank you Marshall Warden Taragus.

(Calling out to THAILINUS)

You know, Warden Thailinus, you forgot the last part of yer father's saying.



CAINE (Cont):

Where there's life...

(Takes off his hood, revealing that  
He is CAINE)

There's hope.

TARAGUS:

(Surprised)

Head Warden Caine!

THAILINUS:

(Realizes who CAINE is, turns around  
And runs to hug him)

Father!

CAINE:

(THAILINUS and CAINE hug)

Hey kid. Good to see you too.

(To TARAGUS)

And that's Former Head Warden Caine. I'm retired.

DAWTHEN:

You look retired, Warden Caine.

CAINE:

Thank you for that Magus. I may be rusty, but I still got a few  
fights left in me.

THAILINUS:

Father, why are you here?

CAINE:

My kin goes "Exploring the lands of Sylvannus" and a few days  
later, I feel the call to Anleigh? I am old, I am not stupid. I  
just wish you had told me.

THAILINUS:

I am sorry, Father.

CAINE:

It is alright. Being shifty and slightly devious for the cause? I would be a downright hypocrite if I scolded you for that.

GALINA:

(Runs to GLADDRIAN)

Gladdrian! You're alive!

GLADDRIAN:

Do not sound so surprised, child. I am fine.

(GALINA hugs GLADDRIAN and GLADDRIAN  
Winces from pain)

Ah! Do not squeeze there, please. Pain. Much pain.

(GALINA and GLADDRIAN walk over to  
KILARN'S body)

What about her? What about Anleigh?

TARAGUS:

Well, the Wardens were called to Anleigh and, until the Royal guard comes back, we can guard over the land and Queen Khanir can appoint a new Lieutenant. But as for the Mayor of Anleigh...

How about you, Gladdrian?

GALINA:

Yes! You would be perfect! You were basically steering this ship anyway!

GLADDRIAN:

I must admit, the interview for this job is deadly. But I accept the honor.

TARAGUS:

Very well, then, with the power bestowed upon me as Marshall Warden of Central Cuulyane, I announce officially...

(Interrupted by BUA)

BUA:

Wait! Hold a moment! Marshall Warden!

TARAGUS:

(Annoyed)

What is it, Vagabond?

BUA:

Well, as we see it, we were hired officially by the former Mayor.

ILLYNA:

Who is currently very dead.

BUA:

Which means that we were just doing a job assigned to us by a crazed but very Royal... Mayor.

ILLYNA:

And we could not care less about a Dread anything. So, we are not treasonous and have broken no official laws. And we also were not paid, so you could say we were forced into this whole thing.

BUA:

Big misunderstanding. Fine, upstanding citizens we are.

ILLYNA:

So... are we free to go?

TARAGUS:

(To GLADDRIAN)

It is your call, Mayor.

GLADDRIAN:

(To BUA and ILLYNA)

Get out of my Shire. Do not come back.

BUA:

(Bows to GLADDRIAN)

A Fine idea, Lord Mayor. After you, Illyna?

ILLYNA:

No, after you, Bua.

BUA:

Very well indeed. Let us go friends!

(BUA, ILLYNA, and the MERCENARIES  
Quickly leave the field)

TARAGUS:

So, as I was saying. I officially announce the new Mayor of  
Anleigh, Lord Gladdrian!

GALINA:

Three cheers for Mayor Gladdrian, the Vanguard and the Council!

Hip Hip!

ALL OTHERS ON FIELD:

Huzzah!

GALINA:

Hip Hip!

ALL OTHERS ON FIELD:

Huzzah!

GALINA:

Hip Hip!

ALL OTHERS ON FIELD:

Huzzah!

GLADDRIAN:

Come join us, one and all at Momma's Place for our final revels!

(ALL Walk off the field except for  
DAWTHEN and TARAGUS)

TARAGUS:

We won today, but this is far from over.

DAWTHEN:

It means the Archmagus was right. Something big is coming.

TARAGUS:

The Green Man sent Warden Thailinus to awaken Galina. That means they know the balance is at risk.

DAWTHEN:

Maybe that means we will not be alone in this fight.

TARAGUS:

Time will Tell, Dawthen. But where there's life.

DAWTHEN:

There is hope.

(TARAGUS & DAWTHEN Exit)

**END SCENE**