

A Princess Finding Love

By

Dameon Joseph Voshty

2016

Cast of Characters

<u>Bradisimo:</u>	Gentleman of questionable noble birth.
<u>Chucktagious:</u>	A lesser gentleman.
<u>AnTony:</u>	Still lower, as a rank in society, but still of higher status.
<u>Viola:</u>	Princess.
<u>Percy:</u>	Chambermaid to Viola.
<u>Johanna:</u>	Another in Viola's train.
<u>King Calmhidus:</u>	The King of our setting.
<u>The Goodly Queen Free:</u>	A beloved wife of the King.
<u>Hoptrot:</u>	A jester. (Not used in Act I)
<u>Student 1 and 2:</u>	It should not suprise that these are students.
<u>Professor:</u>	He who teaches.
<u>Three Ugly Gentlemen:</u>	Suitors to Viola.

ACT I

Scene 1

Enter Bradismo, Chucktagious, and AnTony, friend of many years.

BRAD

Nay, nay, the tower doth bare my name!

CHUCK

Not that, knave! It is you who cleaned its basement, it's lofty gold that is it's hallmark, it's ravanous face forthwith my heart. My heart, knave. It bears my name.

TONY

Ye both canst drop that tone.

CHUCK

And what of that? Whyfore we stop? You know the truth. Tis my tower.

TONY

The Tower of Hall?

CHUCK

That very one. A true masterpiece of things wrot glorious.

TONY

The Tower of Hall comes from the Norse.

BRAD

My name, Chucktagious. It belongs to me.

TONY

By your cusoin's brother's wife, by marriage, and with nothing of the spirit of that noble clan, Bradismo. None of that goat.

Bradismo draws.

BRAD

A thing like this, I cannot drop.

TONY

Put away thy blade, brother.

BRAD

You insult my family! You call my birth into question

TONY

Not I. I did not these things. None of them.

BRAD

Be thou sure?

TONY

What reason would I have to lie?

Bradismo shelthes his blade.

BRAD

Upon my horse, take this hand.

CHUCK

Not of noble birth say you! Ashamed, AnTony!

TONY

So easy to forgive. I take thy hand, Brad. And with this, am abdicated in those things which offend thee, for all time. Ever.

BRAD

Yea. Tis My wish.

CHUCK

Thou art a doof! A little close as wyverns to birds are ye to royalty. It bares your name, from many years hence. But you are not relation to it.

BRAD

Why?

CHUCK

Forgive of all! The taking of Amelda? His stance agienst your claim upon Chester's death? All these things, ye forgive? And being soiled, yet not even smelling your stench.

BRAD

Whyfor? What wrong hath I done thee, brother.

TONY

I insulted you, Brad. No thine family, but you. You and the sole recipient. You and ye and thou. And you were poised to give the castle for a pentince.

CHUCK

And ye did not see it. Yet he is the royalist of us all.

TONY
All better for it.

BRAD
Agreed!

CHUCK
Doth thou know this day from night? Are thou aware of any time before drink? Hast though a mind capable of leading a Bradisimo, not without his father's castle? Because, fair cousin, a day comes soon when your father's castle will be thine.

BRAD
Agreed! But, no. I'm not understanding thy gist.

TONY
Glories to heaven, we are lost.

CHUCK
We, two, must stand to watch him. And gentle enough are both of us, to stand at court. Stand we will, for his honor, sweet Brad.

TONY
And beside his money.

The trio drink and cheer.

Exumpt.

Scene II

Enter Viola, Professor (Prof), and Students (ST1 and ST2), bearing chairs for class.

PROF
Our class is held, this day, like flights upon the mark 'o birds. How now, my birds? This day, do you fly?

ST1
O, very much this thing do I! Fly, as doves upon the soul of radiance. Fly do I!

ST2
Me too! I also.

VIOLA
Your words like a lady scanty clad do enthrall this teach. Respite, kitties. He doth appear poised to burst.

ST2

I conclude, Viola. With hope do I explode this Professor.

VIOLA

Concer, unlearned Student. Methinks thou meanest concer.

ST1

That do I, Viola, that I should spew forth in mind towards this blessed him.

PROF

Ladies. Shouldest thou cease, now. I hath information to convey.

ST1

And what is that? That thou art great?

ST2

And desierable to those who have more years past than I.

ST1

Or I. Doth this be correct? That thou wouldst not move thine eye to our young-

ST2

-And subtle.

VIOLA

-Supple.

ST2

-Muddled forms?

ST1

Takest thou me!

VIOLA

Egads. Learning please.

ST1

Yea. Teach me.

PROF

My position, not my pole, to preclude our amorous interaction. Now, to the lesson.

ST2

Oh lesson, for me, tis ready.

VIOLA

Professor, haste! Do not allow them to turn thine thinking to thine loving stick again.

PROF

Yea. Many thanks, Viola. This day, we learn of seduction.

VIOLA

Seduction? Marked not my warn?

Professor demonstrates his papers unto Viola.

PROF

Tis in the plan. During our time, it is yours to wed well. Tis how thou makest life as glory.

VIOLA

Old fashioned is this. What other way to provide for food? Do not we find, as potential, employ in teach?

PROF

Nunneries. Thou canst become married to God. Is that thou preference?

ST2

For Viola, tis worthy work of her skills.

ST1

Yet her beauty tis better loved by Prof. Not just is that.

PROF

Then we are concluded. Talk of marrigae comes hence. Seduction, and finding the better man.

VIOLA

Wooring.

PROF

Exact is that, my stellar learner. To woo. Men, such as myself, are wanton of a motionless girl.

ST1

Lame.

ST2

Like I! Lacking a foot, am I. Or canst be.

PROF

Nay, monsters are not a man's desire. A whole woman doth we want.

ST2

Then I am whole.

VIOLA

(aside)

Thanks be to heaven that I care not what this fool of a learned man wishes to speak, or else might be I inclined to barf.

PROF

Not only an entire woman, but one who can sew.

ST1

I sow best. Plant in dirt unbecomming to my state. Grimmy will I be, if asked.

PROF

Nay. Sew. A needle pulling thread.

ST1 AND ST2

Oh.

VIOLA

The cleaning of those garments made. Thou hast not mentioned the toil of laundry.

PROF

Yea, illuminated one. And to make of food, a taste appreciative of the palate. What other things must a lady to do woo?

VIOLA

Not state thou a twerp.

PROF

Yea, but what hast I taught?

VIOLA

More things of subserviance than I canst count.

PROF

Unhappy wilt thou be, Viola. What canst thou do, sans wedding?

VIOLA

Teach.

PROF

Unbecoming of your sex! Stoppest thou from thy elaborations. Of any I hath taught, thou shouldst know better.

VIOLA

Your lesson is taught. I know it, having eyes that hath seen my mother and sisters. Universally unhappy are these souls.

PROF

Yea, but tis not the place of a woman to be happy. Thou knowest that too.

VIOLA

Why, then, has the God almighty placed us here? It is within me to cherish joy.

PROF

Before thou doest graduate, in two score weeks, thou should enjoy thyself. Afterward, tis to the chapple with you, and your colleagues. Only then shall thou perform thy duty.

ST2

That duty unto you, if you will have me.

PROF

Then, student, I will be no longer professor. Ask of that then.

VIOLA

And it is done. Yond geezer finding mate.

*Professors and Students fadeith into blackness,
leaving but Viola, alone.*

VIOLA

This be my lot, to marry, and become a "his" a tool. But what "his" is for me? What man wouldst of a troublesome lady want? What path have I towards the discovery of mate? As many shrews before, I wish not confinement. Tis not within my heart to love for a stability of a home. And children, none of that. Yet that is my lot.

To run, to vacate, in a great leaving behind of that wealth mine father has claimed; this surely I would do if it were toward a state of bliss. What right doth the world have, to bury me, drown mine thoughts in the prclivites of a boorish man. Perhaps, I shall find one, a boy unlike pork; a loving and generous light that darkest ink cannot soil. I wish that man to come to me, for I will love him, like mine Professor instructs, and he shall be the only fire within me.

Mine father, smart though he is, has no taste. A camel he reverses as the zenith of beauty, terrycloth, the

penticle of comfort. How, since tis he who holds my fate, can I trust him to find me Perseus? If his choice, I do not love, tis always an option. Though life I doest adore, end it shall I, without a hope of dreams possible. Abide, I cannot, a joyless birth into maturity. But hark, the lesson draws upon its end.

Professor and Students unmask from blindness to our view.

PROF

Thus, my spritely ladys, tis the rubbing of backs that finlly wilt get thou a husband.

ST2

Practice, my teach! Allow me your hind so that I might massage.

PROF

Soon, dearest one. For now, begone, and enjoy thy life unto thine impending snuff. Glee! Viola? Glee, now. Doest not waste thou freedom.

VIOLA

Nay. That I will not do.

Exumpt

Scene III

Percy and Johanna, Chambermaids to Viola, enter with laundry.

PERCY

Reds in this pile, blacks... Johanna!

Johanna lets fall her load in a corner.

JOHANNA

Mostly blacks, Percy. We shalt remove the reds.

Deftly, Johanna proceeds her task.

PERCY

Nay, nay, not that! Come hither, drone! Place thy pile... Nay!

JOHANNA

Tis done. Blacks here, reds... Shall I do yours?

PERCY

Our lady shall hear of this! Thou shalt mark me. I am your senior.

JOHANNA

And I your better. Come, let us sort thine pile and bedone.

PERCY

I see a comodordy betxist you and the lady. Both headstrong. But we cannot wait upon milady in church. If she doth not become senseable, our place sits upon the rain.

JOHANNA

Oh, good friend Percy, Viola will find her path. If is ours to advise her.

PERCY

Nay! Enough! I will not hear this from my subordiniate.

Beat then laughter.

PERCY

Oh, dear Johanna. Methinks milady did well to chose you for employment. Yea, our jouney straight or wandering, we are her servents, to the very last.

JOHANNA

Second upon that. Arrange the linin?

PERCY

She comes...

Enter Viola.

VIOLA

Oh, dear chambermaids! What I day have I had.

PERCY

Johanna threw her laundry astray, to spite me.

JOHANNA

Tis true. Hownow can we help?

VIOLA

Percy, thou art strict.

Viola stares. Long beat.

JOHANNA

To you, milady. What troubles thee?

VIOLA

More lectures. A better evidence of our entrapment. We are sunk.

PERCY

Oh, canst not be! What toils find you here? Whyfor
didst thou do it?

VIOLA

What?

JOHANNA

What?

PERCY

Then we are not sunk?

VIOLA

I overstated. Calm, stringiant one.

JOHANNA

So, not being adrift at see, what is our lament?

VIOLA

Father, eventually, will find me a husband.

JOHANNA

But nothing set.

VIOLA

Oh Johanna, I love thee. There is time. The lot is
not yet cast.

Percy needs speak. Her hand doth raise.

PERCY

I should not speak.

VIOLA

I see thy hand. If thou doest not, I shall rip if off
thy arm. Thou hast news, and sorrowful by thy
complextion.

JOHANNA

What hast thou not told me?

PERCY

Tis simply that I lack some strength. My lips doth not
work to pass--

VIOLA

--Thou lips work fine.

PERCY

Tis not for me... I was glad for you, truly, when I
heard. Tis not an evil.

VIOLA AND JOHANNA
Out!

VIOLA
Express this thing or this end thy service.

PERCY
The King, your father, hath brought handsome lads into his private chamber, off from court. Methinks to match with you.

VIOLA
As if that were surprize after the leadup. Then we must plan.

PERCY
Doest thou not want to know of the men's visage?

VIOLA
Not a wit. I know mine father. And you.

Exumpt.

Scene IV

Enter, three ugly gentlemen, followed by King Calmhidus. One promonades a spry hat(Gent1), the second, gilded trousers(Gent2), the third, a very large trumpet(Gent3).

GENT1
My lord, what shall make your decision? I hath much gold-

GENT2
-As I-

GENT3
-and I.

GENT2
I carry much land, and can provide-

GENT3
-me too.

GENT2
With views of oceans.

GENT1
And am much enamored of your daughter.

GENT2

My heart is hers.

GENT3

Yet higher, I love!

GENT1

Said I not that? Love your daughter.

CALMHIDUS

Thou hat. Of what orgin tis its fabric?

GENT1

Oh...well.

CALMHIDUS

And, sir, what thread is thy trousers?

GENT2

Finest gold, milord. Only that which is greatest for ye daughter.

CALMHIDUS

They are both very fine.

GENT1 AND 2

Thanks be to thee!

GENT3

What of mine trumpet?

CALMHIDUS

Music is a waste. But thine lands are vast. Ye may stay, but only to rub my feet.

Enter The Goodly Queen Free (Free).

FREE

Husband!

CALMHIDUS

Oh goodly Queen! Look upon this hat.

FREE

Calmhidus! What be thou doing?

CALMHIDUS

It is time for Viola to wed. This said her Professor.

FREE

So, these three dolts did come to woo my stepdaughter.

To Gent2.

Who are you?

GENT2

I am Earl of Southbury, second in line for the Ducky of...

FREE

An achiever. Profound pants! You?

GENT3

Third son of Albatros the great, and versed in beauty, to bring thine daughter...stepdaughter to mine heart.

FREE

Trite and juvenile. How blowest that thing?

GENT1

I am Victroy to...

FREE

Pushy. Back thee away. Without thy hat, though art ordinary. Is that not true?

GENT1

Yea. But a noble bordon.

GENT2

That I, too.

FREE

We will find a test. A way shall be found to whittle this crowd to a proper stump for my stepchild. She will not be married beneath her, or lower than my caste. These things I will examine.

CALMHIDUS

Goodly Queen Free, whyst not something easy? A game of chance?

FREE

Oh, righteous Calhidus, what a glorious way to betroth thine daughter! What, hath she no say?

CALMHIDUS

With her love, she will consent. She doth not counter me, and trust she does of my taste. Tis that not a stellar hat?

FREE

Then it is the game. A noble lady will not be made tiny. She must have her voice.

CALMHIDUS

Seriously? Why shouldst I not pick now? Viola loves tunes. Why not the trumest?

FREE

Never again shall I lie with thee if thou doest that rash a plan. Not ever a kiss.

CALMHIDUS

Come now, dear. I require...

FREE

A loving daughter, a pride to thine liniage, an hier that thou doest not need nannys to watch for falling horns. The best, for thy flesh. Or no flesh for thee.

CALMHIDUS

What choice have I?

FREE

Then we are understood. Good, let's to it. Gentlemen, please excuse. Your fate, our minds must choose.

Exumpt.

ACT II

Scene I