

1 In DARKNESS, SOUND EFFECT: TREMENDOUS DRAGON ROAR followed by FLAPPING WINGS and LOUD RUSH as we hear STONE DRAGON swoop through. TWO MORE ROARS, then FLAPPING WINGS FADE OUT. LIGHTS UP as
5 NARRATORS DR, AG, and ON ENTER in front of the curtain.

DR: There is a village in a certain place—

AG: —in a certain time—

ON: —that isn't here or now—

DR: —though it could be—

10 **ON:** —but it's not.

AG: In this village—

ON: —that isn't here or now—

DR: —though it could be—

ON: —but it's not—

15 **AG:** —the villagers are afraid to go outside for fear they will be struck down.

DR: They have a very big problem.

AG: And that very big problem is— (SOUND EFFECT: DRAGON ROARS.)

20 **ALL THREE:** A dragon! (NARRATORS EXIT as the CURTAIN RISES on the nearly deserted village of Nearhere. Large stones litter the street. TAILOR lies on the ground, unconscious. GARDENER peeks ON warily from behind a wall, wearing a helmet of some sort. WEAVER peeks ON from behind a different wall, wearing a different helmet.
25 [See PRODUCTION NOTES.]

NARRATORS

20 **ALL THREE:** —to normal. (*NARRATORS EXIT as, one by one, BAKER, BOOKSELLER, and CHEESEMAKER make their way ONSTAGE and then OFF LEFT and RIGHT. BARD and FIDDLER are the last ONSTAGE, just as SIR SAVANNAH and SQUIRE SUNNY ENTER on stick horses and approach the BROTHERS.*)

25 **SIR SAVANNAH:** (*Speaks with a Southern accent.*) Whoa! Good morrow, fair travelers. Wherest be thee bound?

FIDDLER: Uh, hello. We are in search of a knight who can help us. Do you know where we could find one?

30 **SIR SAVANNAH:** Thou hast the greatest of fortune this day, for I am Sir Savannah, Knight of the South. How mightest I be of service to y'all?

BARD: First, how do we know you're really a knight?

1 **SIR SAVANNAH:** Doth thou not hear the way I speaketh?

FIDDLER: (*To BARD.*) He definitely sounds like a knight.

BARD: Definitely.

SIR SAVANNAH: And doth thou not see my gallant steed?

5 **FIDDLER:** (*To BARD.*) He definitely has a gallant steed.

BARD: Definitely.

SIR SAVANNAH: And hath I not an able squire?

SQUIRE SUNNY: (*Waves cheerfully. Also speaks with a Southern accent.*) Good morrow. Truly, I am an able squire.

10 **FIDDLER:** He definitely looks like an able squire.

BARD: Definitely. (*To SIR SAVANNAH.*) Okay, I'm convinced you're a knight. You'll do.

SIR SAVANNAH: Wonderful. Now what can I do for y'all?

20 **BUTCHER:** Until then, I guess all we can do is keep being
as safe as we can.

MAYOR: (*ENTERS with TOWN CRIER and OTHER VILLAGERS.*)
Wow! Good job clearing away the stones! I like to see
everyone working together.

TOWN CRIER: Hear ye, hear ye! Good job, everyone!

25 **GROCER:** It wasn't everyone, Mayor! (*Gestures to
BUTCHER, CANDYMAKER, HATMAKER, and FARMER.*)
It was just us.

BUTCHER: If it had been everyone, it would have gone a
lot faster.

30 **MAYOR:** Oh well, there's always next time.

CANDYMAKER: (*Rolls her eyes.*) That's what we're
afraid of.

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1 **BARD:** (*ENTERS with FIDDLER.*) There won't be a next
time, Mayor!

FIDDLER: We have returned with a knight to solve our
problem! (*ALL cheer.*)

5 **BARD:** The greatest dragon slayer in all the land! (*ALL cheer.*)

FIDDLER: We present... Sir Savannah, Knight of the
South, and his able squire, Sunny. (*SIR SAVANNAH and
SQUIRE SUNNY ENTER confidently on their stick horses
and wave to VILLAGERS.*)

10 **MAYOR:** (*To TOWN CRIER.*) Tell everyone my idea worked,
and Bard and Fiddler are back with brave Sir Savannah
to save us all!

TOWN CRIER: Hear ye, hear ye! Bard and Fiddler are back,
and they've brought brave Sir Savannah to save us all!
15 (*MAYOR is annoyed.*)

SIR SAVANNAH: (*Gives a wave.*) Greetings, y'all. Fear
no more. Your days of being plagued by the ferocious
beast are at an end. I, Sir Savannah, shall rid y'all of
the terror. (*ALL cheer.*) Fare thee well, y'all! We are off
20 to slay the dragon!

FARMER: (*Waves.*) Have fun slaying the dragon! (*SIR
SAVANNAH and SQUIRE SUNNY ride OFF as VILLAGERS*

SIRLOINS: Tell us about yourself first. Where are you from, and what do you do?

25 **CHEESEMAKER:** I'm from Nearhere, a small village that-a-way... *(Points to where she entered.)* I'm a cheesemaker, but I've decided my true passion is comedy. I've been working on some new material. Wanna hear it? Listen to this... Who designed King Arthur's round table?

30 **SIRLOINS:** I don't know. Who designed King Arthur's Round Table?

CHEESEMAKER: Sir Cumference! Get it? Sir Cumference? Because the table's round? Pretty funny, right?

SIRLOINS: Well, not—

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1 **CHEESEMAKER:** Check this one out. How does a knight know how much a dragon weighs?

SIRLOINS: I don't—

CHEESEMAKER: By its scales! *(Cracks up.)*

5 **MIX-A-LOT:** Maybe you should stick to making cheese.

SIRLOINS: I agree. Cheesemaker is a noble profession. Now, let us feast on smoked salmon, frittata sandwiches, a pasta salad with feta and herbs, mint-ginger iced tea, and for dessert, a peach pie and
10 chocolate chip cookies.

CHEESEMAKER: Wow! That's a pretty fancy picnic.

MIX-A-LOT: Of course, it is! He is Sirloins, the greatest chef in the East. Have you not heard of him? He can make anything taste good. And I am his sous
15 chef, Mix-A-Lot.

SIRLOINS: Now tell us why you are looking for a knight.

CHEESEMAKER: Well, speaking of dragons, there's this big dragon that's been terrorizing our little