

Birth of a Barony

a play for puppets as performed at Spring War 2008 in celebration of 25 years of Mordenvale

SCENE 1

STAGE

Curtains open to reveal a black backdrop as if looking into a void.

Voice A:

5 and 20 years ago in a corner of Lochac, where a powerful river carves through a coal rich valley to meet the great ocean, a gathering of like mined souls pondered.

Voice B:

Hold up. Something's wrong.

Voice A:

Shhh. We've started.

B:

But something's wrong. We'll have to start again.

A:

What do you mean something's wrong?

B:

The backdrop. Its all black. The Prop guys can't have finished.

A:

It's suppose to be all black. It signifies the time before the awakening and the rich dark coal our land is famous for.

B:

What awakening?

A:

The birth of the Barony.

B:

Oh. Ok. Sorry. Why didn't you just say that?

A:

Look I was being poetic.

B: (mumbles)

It didn't rhyme

A:

Can we continue?

B:

Please.

A:

Thankyou. A gather....

B: (interjects mumbling)

You're welcome.

A:

Arggghh

A:

A gathering of like minded souls etc.

STAGE

Close Curtain

SCENE2

Igot, Daemon, Roger, Wulf, Sunny, Ap Owen, Dick Son

STAGE

Backdrop changes to House Deorc

All on stage save Ap Owen

Open Curtain

Wulf and Igot are fighting with swords Dick Son is moving around whispering in ears.
Daemon , Roger and Sunny are relaxing with a tome

Igot:

Have at thee Wulf....you particularly silly person

Wulf:

Hey watch my tankard Igot, Im having fun swinging these carved swords about
Daemon but wouldn't it be great if we could take it all a step further.

Daemon:

Damn straight! Gleast! Damn! Crap ! Pussius discharge!!! Where's my 20 sider gone?

Roger:

I was reading this tome by some Piers character who mentions his involvement in an
organisation that does just that. The SCA he called it. They have an organised court
with a king and fight tourneys and wars regularly apparently. He was from far across
the sea though.

Sunny:

Yeah that'd be right. Wonder if they wanna buy some quality goat skin rugs..

A:

Time passed as time is wont to do, and an acquaintance of the lads came to their lair
bearing promising news.

STAGE

Enter AP Owen

Ap Owen: (murmurs to himself....'strike heroic pose number 3')

Hey men. I found some people down South in a place called Rowany that belong to
that FDA thing. They got armour patterns, clothing patterns. All sorts of interesting
information.

Roger:

I think you'll find it's SCA. It's called SCA.

Ap Owen: (murmurs to himself... 'am I presenting my best side?')

I have contact details if you wish to follow it up.

Igot:

Excellent. More silly persons to hit.

Daemon:

Damn Straight! Who wants to pen them a note? Gleet! Damn! Pus! Arrrrr! Lets call this household Deorc it says here it means dark...sorta suits my name don't you think?

Wulf:

I guess I can contact them.

Igot:

And I could be commissar of the strange, and gather together all the silly persons. .we could have silly salutes, not to mention walks....there could be songs (fade out)...poems

STAGE

Igot exits

Wulf:

I think we should make some beer.

Roger:

It just so happens, due to my superior ability to absorb knowledge, I have recently become quite proficient at brewing. Now if we start with a nice golden malt and we use just the right mix of hops.....(fades out speaking beer talk)

STAGE

Roger and Wulf exit

Sunny:

Now they are definitely gonna want some bargain merchandise. There's a shortage of quality goat skins down that way.

STAGE

Daemon and Sunny exit

STAGE

Close Curtain

Sunny: (from offstage)

Don't be shy. Come and buy. At Sunny Baclavas. (sings to "boogie Fever" tune) I got Verengi fever.....

B:

Wasn't that Up Owen guy a little two dimensional

A:

Exactly

SCENE3 Wulf and Wee Bishop,

Sounds of fighting from offstage. Wulf and Bishop are dancing
Open Curtain
Various characters walk across stage doing whatever.

STAGE

Fighting and Outdoor event backdrop

A:

And so Wulf contacted the folk of Rowany and they sent emissaries from the Learned house of Spon to enlighten the people of the dark. On several occasions the mighty James the Sinister from the distant land of Stormhold passed through town. Deorcians a head and a half taller than him would cram into his armour eager to train at weapons. From the first of meetings Daemon, Wulf, and Igot Le Strangeways formed house Deorc, Roger pioneered the formation of the Brotherhood of Celene , a group dedicated to keeping the secrets of the shire and set about establishing the Severed Arms tavern. Sunny Baclava embarked on his merchant career whilst Deofol known as Dicks Son the great deceiver began planting his seeds of derision. Torg and others of Hawkhurst and Rowany attended the shires first camping event and by then House Deorc wore their own armour.

STAGE

A noise signifies that Hawk decapitates headless. A helmed head flies into the audience.

Headlessv (offstage):

Light to the head my lord Wulf

Hawk |(offstage):

My name's Hawk Cuzzy end yawhids orf! Yaw turtle-ee hidless bru!

STAGE

Sounds of fighting continue

B: Is that the Bishop? What's he got to do with the story?

A:

Nothing. I just find religious figures lend a particular type of dignity to a production like this.

A:

Seasons came and went whilst the Shire they named Mordenvale prospered. Many interesting people joined their numbers. Everyone from a hairy hedgehog of a man in a small kilt to a wild celt and his younger sister. They even sponsored another shire's beginnings to the North.

Their brewers made fine produce, their fighters did their shire proud and their ladies danced and embroidered their way through court whilst the Deorcian Boys Choir and their spin off troupe The Trelleborg Choral Ensemble horrified nobles across the land with daring performances of extreme buffoonery.

A:

Fi fi fidli I fo.....A wandering foaming hound am I.....Hands on my head....

STAGE

Wulf and the Bishop caper wildly

STAGE

Wee puppet (Bishop) wees....finishes...shakes

Close curtains

SCENE4

STAGE

Court Scene backdrop
Open curtains
Enter Wulf and Daemon

Wulf:

How are the troops looking you reckon Daemon? Would you like a beer?

Daemon:

Puss! Gleast! Where's my damn box? Look for yourself Hawk.

Wulf:

Wulf. Im wulf you've known me since we were sixteen. Hawk is shorter, fights sword and shield.

Daemon:

Damn straight! As I was saying. Look for yourself.
We got that gangly kid with the pimples and womble fur from Ramsford

Wulf:

Ragnar.....wonder if he'll amount to much...

Daemon:

Well there's House Deorc. Don't forget we got Kosta and Stefan now too.

Wulf:

There'll always be Deorc.

B:

DEORC!

Daemon:

We got Subadai the archer and we got that elf guy. He's ok when he stays on his feet. And that big Val guy and Alfar. And there's always that fella from the land of the long white cloud...you know the one with the swagger.....Wulf isn't it?

Wulf: (sighs)

Hawk. Now he appreciates the brewers work. A fine Deorcian. Damn fine barkeep material too. Real nasty attitude.

STAGE

Exit Wulf and Daemon
Enter Dick Son ...acting shifty
Curtain closes

SCENE5

STAGE

Angel attached and out of site

Black Backdrop

Dick Son sits on the edge of the stage

A:

And yet as Mordenvale grew with many notable nobles enriching the Principality of Lochac still the Dick Son and his like plotted and schemed to bring down what had been built. The petty plots and insidious rumours had been laid and now 2 sets of nobles were to lock heads as to who would sit astride the Baronial chairs of a newly elevated Barony.

None of the methods tried to decide the contest were acceptable to all parties and having no satisfaction, the shire was split asunder.

Some nobles settled by the lake and called their new shire Lynn Arien.

Mordenvale remained. And that pimply faced womble was there to help hold it all together whilst some of the other stalwarts went to swing different weapons at different folk (**sounds of swords clanging**) and attended Shire meeting less and less.

Time passed as time is wont....

B: (interrupts)

Hang on you've used that one.

A:

Seasons came and..

B: (interrupts)

Used it

A:

After a while...

B: (interrupts)

That ones fine.

STAGE

Slapping noise

B:

Ouch!

A:

After a while the two shires realised they were always meant to be one and so after merging their banners they reformed as the shire of Mordenvale.

STAGE

Angel from on high with trumpet flies diagonally across the stage top to bottom unfurling Mordenvale banner and kicking Dick Son off the stage

B: Huzzah!!

A:

This time they were Able to strive to baronial status and the first Baronial pair were Ragnar and Lucrezia

B:

Huzzah!

A:

The shire and now Barony of Mordenvale is an important thread in the rich tapestry that is the history of Lochac.

Fighters who started their training in Mordenvale have swelled the chivalry.

Those who have sat on thrones are so numerous as to be recorded in a soon to be popular tavern song.

Some of the folk that went a viking have returned.

And today that hairy hedgehog of a man and his fine lady , the celt's sister are the Baron and Baroness.

B:

The Baron and Baroness Mordenvale! Gilchrist and Lillian!

A:

Huzzah!

A:

Like any community, Mordenvale has had it's share of bad times as well as the good. But the Barony that started in the house of darkness now shines brightly as a richly contributing star in the Lochac firmament.

B:

Poetic ... right?

STAGE

Enter Wulf and Daemon ...walk to opposite corners and look off into the distance... hair dusted grey now.

Daemon:

Hey Baron Wulf did I tell you I found a wondrous new way to make armour to go easy on the old joints for the likes of usGleat ! Where's that hole punch?

STAGE:

Enter Sunny. Walking slowly across stage toward Wulf.

Sunny:

Come and buy!

Wulf:

I loved the old severed arms taven and now this new brewing crew have got me all fired up again. I might fetch Baroness Alexous and go for a drink...Hey Sir Daemon, coming to the Rusty Helm ?

B:

I'd tap that

Sunny:

Great deals on ouzo scented sheepskins! Unbeatable bargains!

Wulf:

If the Frambozen works well I might put down a Kriek.....

Sunny:

Interest you in a ConLoki tour of Britain Hawk? Complimentary handax and map depicting all known monasteries.

Wulf:

It's Wulf...My name's Wulf.

A:

So as the Rusty Helm takes up where the Severed Arms left off and hop zombies roam the land where once sang drunken Deorcians...

B:

DEORC!

A:

Fighters and artisans of quality still grow up under the red and green and all bodes well for the future 25 years.

B:

Mordenvale !

A:

Huzzah!

Fini