

KNIGHT DREAMS

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CAST: BRAD and JODI

BRAD: (*pacing a little, very worried*) Aw man, man, man. Two days. Two days and it's gonna happen. Everybody set but me. I know they're talkin' about me. Imagine, the only eighth grade boy without a date to the junior high dance. Nearly all the good ones are already gone. Except for her. She's probably turned down every other guy. Man, why do I have to be such a dork? Just once, just once, why couldn't I be the one to get a date with her...head cheerleader, cutest girl in the junior high. Man, why do I have to be such a dork? Guys in the old days...they had it made. Guys like the pirates. All they had to do was to swoop in and scoop up a girl. (*a new light comes into his eyes*) Floating free over the bounding man... (*stepping up on table*) ...sword in one hand...trusty tabard in the other... (*looks at "other" hand*) ...wonder what that is... (*again, wide eyed*) ...sailing over the salty seas... Hardy, har, har maties, walk the bloody plank and give the sharks some supper while I sets me eyes on the bloody seas for a fair maiden. A-HAH! Lookee there, off in the distance. I do believe I see a fair maiden held captive.

JODI: (*turning around, her hands "bound" behind her*) Oh, help! Help! Woe is me!

BRAD: Egads. She's closer than I thought!

JODI: Help! Help! Is there no man on these bloody seas who will rescue this fair?

BRAD: Just fair?

JODI: OK, *fantastic*, young, beautiful and very modest maiden.

BRAD: Hardy, har, har. She must be speakin' of me! Black Bradley! The bravest pirate what ever sailed with sword and tabard.

JODI: What's a tabard?

BRAD: Don't interrupt. This is great! Avast, ye lubbers! Black Bradley will save the fair... (*SHE turns and glares at him*)

OK, *fantastic*, young thing.

JODI: Oh, help. Help! Whoever hears this tender maiden's voice, 'ere they force me to walk the plank!

BRAD: Black Bradley draws his fearsome sword! He holds high his trusty tabard and...and...

JODI: Better throw it away if you don't know what it is. Might hurt yourself.

BRAD: He throws his tabard to the wind. He jumps aboard the Jolly Roger. He slashes Jolly. He stabs Roger. He fights his way (*HE does all this*) through the hordes of vicious maiden-killers! (*HE backs into the table*) He is wounded! But, it does not faze him.

JODI: Meanwhile, Blackbeard forces her to walk to plank.

BRAD: (*still fighting*) He thrusts at their giblets, he drinks from their goblets...

JODI: (*getting irritated*) Meanwhile, back at the plank...

BRAD: Ah, yes! The fair...

JODI: Fair?

BRAD: Fantastic maiden calls him.

JODI: She's gonna call him more than that if she falls off this board!

BRAD: Blackbeard! Prepare to meet your doom. I am the greatest swordsman this side of the Barbary Main.

JODI: I don't care if it's Rochester, Vermont! This shark looks underfed!

BRAD: Take that, Blackbeard! And that! And that! And that! Boy, you do take that, don't you? (*pointing behind Blackbeard*) Look! An aircraft carrier! (*pushes him overboard*) Aha! (*looking into the ocean*) Eat hearty, lads! (*scoops up JODI in his arms and carries her center*)

JODI: Oh, at last, I am saved!

BRAD: Indeed you are, my maiden! Black Bradley has saved you from your doom.

JODI: My hero.

BRAD: Now that I have saved you from certain doom, or at least an early lunch, won't ye be my maiden at the King's junior high dance?

JODI: Oh, Brad. (*gets down*) You're such a dork. (*SHE turns her back and is out of the scene*)

BRAD: Dang it. I even get turned down when I'm making up the dialogue. Maybe I'm thinkin' *too old*. What would really appeal to her? Somethin' new. Somethin' (*thinking*) ...somethin' punk. (*hops up onto table*) Bradley Jackson! King of Rock and Roll! Sells records by the millions! Women screamin' for him at every concert.

JODI: (*screams with delight and goes down on her knees in front of him as if SHE'S in his audience*) Oh, Bradley!

BRAD: (*singing into an imaginary microphone, down on one knee occasionally in the most revolting rock style*) You know I love you baby! It's more than I can take! So won't you hold me baby! Or go jump in a lake.

JODI: Oh, Bradley!

BRAD: Now after the concert, any of you little roadies wanna meet me out back of the convention center, you just come on by.

JODI: Oh, Bradley!

BRAD: I love you all. Thank you very much. (*as HE gets down*) Thank you very much. My albums are on sale in the lobby. Thank you very much.

JODI: (*coming to meet him*) Oh, Bradley! Bradley! I've got all your albums and your T-shirts and your gloves and your tapes and your posters.

BRAD: You got class, chick. Real class.

JODI: Now could I just have...could I just have...

BRAD: Name it sweetie. I'll see what I can do.

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