

QUEEN MARIE AND AGNES' FATEFUL JOURNEY THROUGH THE WOODS

A COMEDY DUET

by
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Characters: 2 Females

QUEEN MARIE: A young and pampered Queen who has lost her fortune

AGNES: Her long time maid, a practical and inventive woman

AGNES: Queen Marie, come on. At this rate we'll never get there.

MARIE: I am so tired! Agnes, would you carry me?

AGNES: No, I will not carry you. As you can see, I'm already carrying every measly thing we own! So I cannot, and would not if I could, carry you when you have two perfectly good feet!

MARIE: (*stopping, looking at her feet. AGNES walks on a few steps*) You're right. They are perfect. Perfect, pretty little feet. And it is on these petite feet that I will walk all the way to King Henry's kingdom.

AGNES: Try not to lag behind. We've got to stick together. We've never been this far from our castle; these woods could be dangerous.

MARIE: I was just thinking about King Henry. Oh, how I love him! Let me count the ways!

AGNES: Please don't. They've been counted and recounted, and nauseum.

MARIE: Agnes, my loyal and devoted servant, how can you be so dismissive of the great love I bear King Henry?

AGNES: Because it's stupid! You met him once!

MARIE: It was love at first sight! That's the best kind, don't you think?

AGNES: No.

MARIE: Oh, Agnes, you just don't understand.

AGNES: It's not sensible. You saw him all of once!

MARIE: Love has nothing to do with having sense. That's for common folk. Isn't that why they call it common sense?

AGNES: (*sarcastic*) Yeah, we wouldn't want that. We'd rather be walking through these unknown woods to King Henry's kingdom without him even knowing we're coming, so if we get attacked by whatever wild things live here, no one will ever know!

MARIE: We will have died for love, Agnes. Isn't that wonderful?

AGNES: No. I wouldn't-

MARIE: (*interrupting*) Oh, how I love him! I love him with a love that is so fervent, abiding and elevated it almost makes me feel guilty for lying to him.

AGNES: Lie to him? What did you lie to him about?

MARIE: He thinks I'm rich.

AGNES: What!

MARIE: I cannot tell him the truth! If he finds out I have no money- he might not marry me.

AGNES: He'll find out soon enough!

MARIE: By then it will be too late! I will have already married him, and be living in his Kingdom. Besides, he loves me madly and therefore won't care if I'm poor. Money isn't the most important thing, Agnes.

AGNES: I know it isn't. Food is.

MARIE: Love is, Agnes! Love is the most important thing!

AGNES: Only if you're not hungry.

MARIE: When someone is hungry for love, Agnes, nothing else matters.

AGNES: Then why don't you tell him the truth?

MARIE: True love is not concerned with truth. The truth just confuses things.

AGNES: But this is just wrong, Queen Marie! How do you-

MARIE: (*interrupting*) Oh how I love him! When I saw him ride by on his stallion- so handsome, so refined, so elegant-

AGNES: So rich.

MARIE: And he saw me at my window, and I saw him - and he saw me, and we saw we, and he pulled the horse's reins back to stop the steed so he could gaze longingly at my face-

AGNES: -And he stopped the horse so fast, that he flew head over heels into the pigpen.

MARIE: Yes, but how gracefully he soared through the air!

AGNES: No one ever plunged into pig slop with such an elegant flair.

MARIE: I believe you're making fun.

AGNES: Oh, no, Highness. There's no fun in this job, believe me.

MARIE: (*getting pen and paper from her purse*) Agnes.

AGNES: You're sitting down. Why are you sitting down? Shouldn't we try to walk to an inn that I can only hope even exists in this forsaken forest?

MARIE: I feel suddenly moved to write a poem. A love poem.

AGNES: Oh, goodie.

MARIE: Agnes, what rhymes with love?

AGNES: Shove.

MARIE: "Oh, King Henry my love...my self at you I shove." That doesn't sound right.

AGNES: Sounds about right to me.

MARIE: Agnes, you're just not a romantic. "My eyes seek you, and only you." What rhymes with only you?

AGNES: Bony stew.

MARIE: My eyes seek you, and only you...my love is like a bony stew. Agnes, that's saying my love is like a pot of bony beef! A bony stew! You're no help at all!

AGNES: I don't know how to write a love poem! I'm too busy feeding the chickens, and chopping firewood, and dressing you, and combing your hair, and cleaning, cooking and sewing for you! So I'm sorry if I'm no help!

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