

A Day to Save by Dale A. Girard (Anthony Hope)

M/M SS, R&D, SmS

A DAY TO SAVE!

A SWORD PLAY, adapted by Dale A. Girard (© 2006 – Revised 10/09)
(Based, in part, on dialogue from *The Prisoner of Zenda* by Anthony Hope)

Characters (2 Men):

COUNT WILLHAM RAVENCREST
EDWARD RICHARDSON

WILLHAM:

Ahhhh, Edward, I see you want to let down the drawbridge. You know, I've just killed a man for trying that.

EDWARD:

An unarmed man, of course.

WILLHAM:

Of course.... You English are a such a stubborn lot.

EDWARD:

Well, "England expects that every man..."—you know.

WILLHAM:

Certainly. Now, I'm sorry to say that the drawbridge is entirely out of the question. I'm sure you understand.

EDWARD:

I'm sorry. But I must insist –

WILLHAM:

(drawing his sword) You're really not in any position to insist, my boy. Do you forget you are a guest here.

EDWARD

Your hospitality will not be easily forgotten. But, I feel I have overstayed my welcome.

WILLHAM:

But no, you must stay. *(putting him on point)* I couldn't bear to see you go.

EDWARD:

I see your point. Again, however, I must insist. "For King and country..." and all that. *(draws his sword)* I'll make this short, however, to save you fatigue.

WILLHAM:

How thoughtful. You are too kind. But your small talk does grow tiresome, my boy. Come now, when does the fencing lesson begin?

EDWARD:

Now! *(they fight, a brilliant clash of blades, ending in a draw.)*

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WILLHAM:

What a mildly impressive flourish. I'm sure you'll note that nothing came of it. What did they teach you in those English fencing schools? Allow me to give you a proper lesson. (*They fight. Edward drives the sequence, but Willham holds his own with the use of various pieces of furniture.*)

EDWARD

Touché, Ravenscrest. Although, I cannot get used to fighting with furniture; which German fencing school teaches it?

WILLHAM:

It just came to me.

EDWARD:

Ah, "necessity is the mother of invention." I understand. However, you must admit, old boy, that you are outclassed. Furniture? Really?

WILLHAM:

I think not. Now, lets finish this fencing lesson. (*Willham charges and presses hard. He swings at Edward's head.*) Look out for your head. (*Edward ducks, and then dashes away avoiding a flourish of attacks*) Why don't you stand and fight?

EDWARD:

"He who fights and runs away"—remember?

WILLHAM:

Of coarse.... But there shall be no "other day" past today. You're solely on the defensive. Ah, your golden-haired goddess will look well in black Richardson. I'll console her for you...kiss away her tears. What, no quotation?

EDWARD:

Yes, a barking dog never bites. (*Edward charges and the two go at it once more. Edward is brilliantly disarmed*) Aargh! You'd be a sensation in a circus. I can't understand it. Where did you learn such juggling?

WILLHAM:

Again, it just came to me. That is what true experience breeds, my boy. And now, to conclude our lesson. (*he lunges at Edward, who deftly turns the blade aside and manages to turn the point and run Willham through.*) Ahhh!

EDWARD:

And that, old boy, is what a good English education produces. Now, I'd love to stay and continue quipping quotes with you – but, I've a drawbridge to drop and a day to save. Cheers! (*he exits*)