

Swordsong

By: David Richmond and Drew Fracher

(As the lights come up dimly onstage we see two duelists engaged in a very serious match. They are expert, and the audience should at first be unclear whether this is a deadly brawl or a controlled passage at arms. After several furious exchanges there is a touch:)

1st FENCER
TOUCH!

2ND FENCER
Luck-

1st FENCER
Serrane, it won't be luck if you fight m'sieu D'eauville. He could kill you with the touch I just gave you. *(The fencer removes a head scarf shakes out her hair, and is revealed as: Julie d' Aubigny, ((Gasps. Applause.))*

SERRANE
Ah, but Julie, we are not fighting in earnest.

JULIE
Serrane, I always fight in earnest. Come- and this time don't dishonor the salon- my good dead father may be watching. Keep your guard up! *(They make several passes, with Julie taking the same line, and Serrane's defense does improve. They break.)*

JULIE
Better. Remember, D'eauville will defend and fall back before he makes that thrust.

SERRANE
Duly noted.

(The Count d' Armanagc appears at the edge of the lighted fencing area.)

JULIE
You amuse me, Serrane. I want you alive.

SERRANE

(Advancing to put an arm around her waist.)

Julie, there are many forms of amusement..

JULIE

(Placing a restraining hand on his chest.)

There are many rooms in the Bastille, Serrane; filled with those who amused themselves indiscreetly- (She catches sight of Armagnac and steps away from Serrane to drop a small curtsy-) M'sieu le Compte-