

5-1-2011

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Recommended Citation

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**Sir Gawain and the Green Knight:
Creating the Script for a New Musical**

By

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An Honors Thesis Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for Graduation from the
Western Oregon University Honors Program

Dr. Ann Bliss
Thesis Advisor

Dr. Gavin Keulks
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May 2011

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank my thesis advisor, Dr. Ann Bliss, who helped me fall in love with the Sir Gawain and the Green Knight story, and for inspiring me to use a frame narrative in my script. For the past two years, she has been an asset to my Honors Thesis project, and I could have never have finished it without her encouragement and support.

I would also like to thank Dr. Gavin Keulks, the head of the Honors Program, who has helped me to remain positive and goal oriented. A special thanks also goes out to Denise, Charles, and Maeleah Parker, who patiently allowed me to read and re-read my script until it was complete.

And last, but not least, I would like to thank Crystal Hanson and Maria Hommes, who helped create this musical, and to make it come to life. Without them, this project would not have been possible.

Part 1: Creating the Script

Ever since I was two years old, I have wanted to be an actress. Ever since I could talk I have been making up stories and telling them to my family, friends, and even my favorite stuffed animals. For my Honor's Thesis, I wanted to combine my love of story telling and theatre by writing a script. But even though I knew what I wanted to do, I was not sure what to write about.

While contemplating what to write about, I was in Dr. Bliss's British Literature class, which greatly interested me. As we went over the legend of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, I knew that I had discovered my story. Shortly after my inspiration was sparked, a peer of mine, Crystal Hanson, approached me with an idea. She had heard of my plan to write a script, and proposed that we collaborate by making a musical, for which she would compose the music; additionally, Maria Hommes, another peer, could also participate in this collaborative project by designing costumes for the new musical. I was thrilled by this idea, and immediately told the two about my idea of writing a script based off the medieval poem *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. At first, they both rejected the idea, and instead suggested we create a musical about Joan of Ark, Marie Antoinette, or other historical figures. However, after meeting with Gavin Keulks, the Honors Director, he made it clear that an academic text would be more likely to be accepted by the Honors Committee. So, my initial idea of rewriting *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* was accepted, and the three of us got to work.

I wrote down my ideas, and met with Crystal and Maria. They commented on my progress, offered some suggestions, provided information they had gathered on their own projects, and we parted ways. I was excited about the script, but still somewhat unsatisfied with my idea, since I wanted the play to be more relatable to modern audiences. I met with my adviser, Dr. Bliss, and she gave me several ideas. One that really stood out to me was the idea of creating a frame narrative so that I could have a story within a story: what Mark Twain did in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. I relished the idea and immediately began to write this aspect into the play. I decided that I was going to create a play that took place in modern times, and in order to do this, I created a character who is a modern man that goes back in time to witness and be a part of the *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* story. I began writing and then met with Crystal Hanson again, this time to inform her what songs I needed where, and what content needed to be in the songs she would create. Hanson then started off to incorporate the appropriate content into her music, and began on the lyrics for the play.

At the end of the summer (September, 2010), I once again met with Crystal Hanson and Maria Hommes, this time with a fully completed script. Crystal sang through tune ideas for songs, we looked at the lyrics she had written and made some changes, and then we read through the script together. After a few minor edits, I went home, fixed up the script, and took it to Dr. Bliss for further evaluation. Again, edits were made, and my script was ready for actors to bring it to life.

Part 2: Collaborating on a Musical

Although I wrote a script intending to play a role in it, my peers decided that this would be a bad idea. Therefore, I was not allowed to act in it, and because I did not wish to create conflict, I agreed to this, even though I was disappointed. Auditions had to be held prior to winter term in order for us to get the scripts out to the actors for memorization. Because of this, we decided to hold auditions about a week before winter break. We asked those who we thought might be interested if they would come to the auditions, and even put out an invitation on the social media site, Facebook. Despite our efforts, only three people showed up for auditions. I was horrified and worried that our production might not be possible in actuality. I mentioned on Facebook that only three people showed up, which resulted in several other people stepping up to volunteer to audition. After some one-on-one auditions, we had only a few roles left to fill at the end of the winter term. Because of this, I, once again, put up an announcement on Facebook for auditions, but this time noted that only a few parts were still available. The second round of auditions brought many more people, and completed the necessary cast for the show. Rehearsals were to begin right away so that we would all feel ready for the production to go on at the end of five weeks. We decided to perform the play during the sixth week of the term, so that more students would be more apt to come to the performances.

The first night of acting rehearsals, I had all of our actors read the script out loud

as the characters they had been cast in order for them to get an idea of how their character would be interacting with the others in the play. This was also the night that extras were assigned lines. From this point on, rehearsals became increasingly more difficult. Due to the fact that I had been acting in plays since I was a little girl (my first big production was Western Oregon University's *A Christmas Carole* when I was five years old), and have the most experience in theatre, when my collaborators decided they did not wish for me to be part of the cast, I had accepted their decision with the understanding that I would be the one who would direct the show. Additionally, being the one who had written the script, and therefore having a very clear idea of how I wanted my work portrayed on stage, I was ready to get to work. I was quite excited about directing the blocking and acting of what I had written; however, a conflict arose between the three of us collaborators when they began giving conflicting directions to the actors. Although this was excruciatingly frustrating to me, as well as many of the actors, I tried my best to respectfully rectify the situation.

Because this conflicting directing had become a problem, I had a meeting separately with both Crystal and Maria, and asked that before they shout out that something was “bad” and change it, they should first come to me so that the actors did not get confused as to what they needed to do in a particular scene. This helped immensely, and the problem quickly dispersed. Whenever Crystal or Maria felt a direction could benefit from another movement, they would quietly come to me and recommend their own interpretation. At this point, I would consider it, have the actors

try out this new suggestion, and if it looked better, we kept it, and if it did not work, we did not.

Rehearsals for actors and musicians went on separately for about three weeks. At this point, we decided to move the two together so as to familiarize the two groups with each other so they would be able to practice working cohesively together. The rehearsals were a bit rough at first. At times the actors could not hear the music, and at other times the musicians could not hear the actors; but after a few rehearsals, they started to blend together wonderfully.

A few days before our opening night, we added costumes, actual props and lights, which once again slowed people down a little, but only for a short time. Some days we were forced to stay longer than anticipated due to these issues, but most everyone was happy to do it to get the play up and running successfully. The play began to really come together, and it was absolutely thrilling to see the characters I had envisioned come to life.

Part 3: Presenting the Musical

Opening night was both thrilling and terrifying. I had a knot in my stomach thinking “what if people hate it? What if all they say after watching the play is, 'who wrote this crap?' Will I have to go up on stage and meekly state that I did? But on the other hand, everything was ready. The actors knew their lines, the costumes and props

worked perfectly, the musicians knew their music inside and out, and we were all ready for an audience.

But something went wrong. As I readied the actors behind the stage for their upcoming performance in less than thirty minutes, a woman walked in and started moving objects out of the middle of the room. I asked her what she was doing there, and she said that she had reserved the back room behind the stage for a “flash dance practice.” I felt my face whiten, and I told her that we had a performance in less than 30 minutes, and that we had reserved Smith Hall's auditorium for this purpose. She glared at me, and after some insulting words, finally concluded that it would indeed be better for everyone if she worked fast so the “flash dance practice” would be over before the performance started. I was very thankful, but a bit of resentment lingered in my chest because of how I felt I had been treated. Nonetheless, she had her practice, though the actors were unable to do warmups, and she and her group left before our play began.

We had a wonderful turn out, and once the clock hit 7:30, I walked up onto the stage and welcomed the audience. I then made my way up to the lighting booth with Josh, our lighting technician, and took a deep breath. The overture played, and the lights went up. I wrung my hands, bit my lip, and the first actor entered the stage. She remembered her lines, people laughed at the jokes, and everything went splendidly. Although the knot in my stomach loosened, it was not until the last bow that it went away entirely. I could not believe it—people were cheering, laughing, smiling, and

commenting on how great everything was. A tear dripped down my face as I realized that we had done this, *ourselves*, and it was actually appreciated.

The next performance began much more smoothly, and the show was once again a hit. The final night, however, there were once again unforeseen difficulties. Our lighting technician was unable to get off of work in time for the show, so we began without him. Because he was the one who programmed in the cues on the very complex lighting board we were using, I did not know what to do. Though I did my best to make the lights operate smoothly, it was much less impressive than what Josh had previously done. Fortunately, he showed up during intermission, and we were able to have better lighting for the remainder of the show. Even though the lights were an issue the last night, it was by far the best night to watch the performance. The actors had energy like none I had seen previously, the audience was extremely engaged in the show, and the atmosphere was lighthearted, fun, and full of excitement. The final show was wonderful, and after all the work we had done, it was a bitter-sweet thing to see it end.

Part 4: What I Learned

This whole process has been an amazing, crazy, and strange learning experience. If I were to choose something for my Honor's Thesis again, I would not choose to do a collaborative project. I am exceedingly happy with the way things turned out, and am

proud of everyone who was involved with the musical. However, it seems that the more people involved with a plan, the more preconceived notions of each person's role and what the final production should look like, which, in fact did prove to be an issue.

I also learned that in a project such as this one, you have to choose your battles, roll with what comes at you, never get discouraged, and keep a positive attitude. It can be extremely frustrating when your actors do not have their lines memorized a week after their deadline, or when you have to stay longer than you thought, but I think that this also taught me to be more patient with others.

People after the show often commented on how well the lyrics fit with what was actually going on in the play, and I do think that this was a great accomplishment. In order for this to work, the composer and I had to have the lines of communication open so that we were sure that the two would fit together well. This was yet another way Maria Hommes helped. She did not write the script or the music, so she was able to put herself outside of both and look at the two with an unbiased opinion. It was crucial that each one of us had an area to which we could contribute.

Before this experience, I would often times get frustrated with directors for becoming so irate when performances drew near. Now, I completely understand, and have a new respect for what they have to deal with every time they put on a production. Directing strictly friends and family is nothing like directing people you do not know well. You have to learn how each person will respond, be respectful as well as

demanding, and know how to speak in a manner which each person can understand.

This musical was made possible only by collaboration. Without the composer, there would be no music. Without the writer, there would be no play. Without a separate pair of eyes, every decision would be biased. The hardest part of creating this musical was working in an environment which every person thought they had the most to do with the production, but in fact, none of us could have created what we did without one another.

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight: The Musical!
A Play by Alysse Parker

Music and Lyrics by Crystal Hanson

Characters:

Morgan Le Fay	Sam
Sir Gawain	Lord Bertilak
Lilith	King Arthur/Artie
Guinevere	Extras

Green Knight

Act I

Overture

Scene 1

The curtains are still drawn; Morgan Le Fay enters from stage left. There is a lazy boy chair center stage. Across from it is a large TV. This can be just a piece of blank white material which can have images projected onto it.

Morgan:

Ahhh! *(She sits down in her lazy boy chair)* How good it is to be me. Morgan Le Fay: the hot, hilarious, brilliant, controlling me. *(Aside)* All my ancestors and descendants have inherited some of my brilliance... *(Picks up remote, turns on TV, there is footage of a man in a toga)* Julius, *(flips channel to a woman in Elizabethan clothing, red hair, with a crown on)* Elizabeth, *(flips channel to a man in Shakespearean costume)* Billy Shakespeare, *(flips channel to a woman in a lab coat)* Marie Curie, and of course, my favorite, *(clicks channel to a man in a funny wig playing a piano)* Mozart! *(She clasps her hands in admiration, accidentally flipping the channel again, and we see Sam making a stupid face- Morgan wrinkles her nose in disappointment)* Who is this? *(Picks up a fake TV guide)* Samuel... Lothian... hmmm... he reminds me of someone... *(flips channel, we see Gawain making the same face)* oh yes, Gawain Lothian... those fools. I cannot have them ruining my family name- we are all too great for that! They need to

learn honor! (*Musical chord*) integrity! (*Musical chord*) bravery! (*Musical chord*) and most of all, humility! (*Chord, she stands up*) That's it! I, with my (*chuckles with her own brilliance*) amazing powers, will put them to good use! I will teach them both that acting like idiots is no way to behave! (*Another, longer musical chord.*)
(*lights out*)

Scene 2

Lights up. The curtains open to reveal a mall food court, with Sam in the middle of everything, almost like he is trying to put on a show. He is laughing like an idiot. It is New Year's, as shown by people wearing Happy New Year's hats and glasses.

Sam:

So then I said, “sorry lady, but that’s not my *walking stick* you’re holding!” (*laughs, but no one else does*)

(*Morgan comes on stage left*)

Morgan:

(*Scoffs*) It’s worse than I thought...

Sam:

(*As he spots her, he starts to laugh*) Ha! Where are you from? The *Renaissance period*? Or, (*chuckles*) is there a *Renaissance Faire* around here somewhere?
(*people at the food court look at him like he is crazy and continue to eat their food*)
Oh come on, it’s funny—I mean, look at this crazy chick!

Chorus member:

(*walks by him and shakes head*) Haha, very funny, Sam, there’s no one there. You wanna go to the movies later?

Sam:

Sorry, man, my mom didn't give me my allowance this week...

Chorus Member:

Wow, you still get an allowance from your mom?

Sam:

Uh... yeah... and stop playing, don't you see this chick? I mean, she's right here! (*He*

pokes her arm, musical chord, everyone in the background freezes)

Morgan:

You're the only one that can see me, Sam. Try to keep it to yourself before you make more of an idiot out of yourself. *(Morgan waves her hand, music, people start moving again)*

Sam:

What the...? Who are you? *(People look at him funny again)*

Morgan:

(smiles) I, Samuel Lothian, am your *(quickly, counting 30 'greats' with her fingers)*
great,
great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great,
great aunt.

Sam:

What the...?
(Song)

Morgan:

I SPELLED THE SPEARS AND SWORDS OF KNIGHTS IN FIGHTS OF
ARTHUR'S TIME
I'LL SPAWN THE SON WHO HAS BEGUN A GREAT PATRICIAL CRIME
MY CHILDREN RISE BENEATH MY EYES
THEIR BLOODLINE SETS THEM APART
BUT FOR NEWTON'S FAME AND BERKLEY'S CLAIMS
MY FAVORITE IS MOZART *(She clasps her hands in admiration for Mozart)*

I'LL HOODWINK TIME WITH MAGIC RHYME
AND TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME

Sam: *(looks confused), "What?!" (People look worried at him)*

IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR I'M YOUR STEP DAD'S FATHER'S NIECE'S SISTER'S
GRANDMA'S BROTHER'S MOTHER'S GRANDPA'S AUNT

OF ALL MY CHILDREN HIDDEN FAR AND WIDE ACROSS THE EARTH
YOU ARE ACCURSED THE WORST OF ALL AND HAVE BEEN SINCE YOUR
BIRTH

ERIC THE RED AND MANY DEAD WOULD BLUSH TO HEAR YOU GRIPE
I'LL LOSE ALL HOPE YOU'RE SUCH A DOPE I'LL HAVE TO FIX YOUR LIFE
I'LL HOODWINK TIME WITH MAGIC RHYME
AND TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME

Sam: Seriously, what are you talking about?

IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR I'M YOUR STEPDAD'S FATHER'S NIECE'S SISTER'S
GRANDMA'S BROTHER'S MOTHER'S GRANDPA'S AUNT

YOU'LL LEARN THE LAWS AND LIVES OF MEN DEPENDING ON VIRTUE
KING ARTUR'S COURT THE SORT OF PLACE FEW COWARDS EVER KNEW
MY NEPHEW SIR GAWAIN THE PAIN IS LATELY RESTING THERE
YOU'LL MEET HIM SOON BOTH YOU BAFFOONS WILL SUFFER MY REPAIRS

I'LL HOODWINK TIME WITH MAGIC RHYME
AND TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME

IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR I'M YOUR COUSIN'S UNCLE'S NEPHEW'S
BROTHER'S SWEEATHEART'S FATHER'S STEPMOM'S SISTER'S GRANDPA'S
FATHER'S NIECE'S SISTER'S GRANDMA'S BROTHER'S MOTHER'S GRANPA'S
AUNT

Sam:

Look lady, you're really starting to freak me out, so you should just, you know, get lost.

Morgan:

(laughs) Sooo not going to happen. You're coming with me, Sammy. (She grabs his ear and they walk around the front of the stage as the chorus members move the tables from the food court into an actual Arthurian court like setting and people take off modern clothes, under which is medieval clothing. The king comes onstage to the center and sits, Queen Guinevere sits next him—no one is eating yet)

Sam:

What the...?

Morgan:

(smacks him upside the head) Why can't you be more like Mozart?! *(Scoffs)* Look here—you are a doofus, and I cannot have my descendants running around acting like doofuses, or, doofusi... *(pause)* in any case, you are here, at the court of King Arthur—my little brother. So, do you see that great idiot over there? *(She points to Gawain)* He is just about as bad as you. Now, I'm not letting you go back to your own precious time until you finish a little quest for me, alright?

Sam:

Lady, I don't know what you're talking about—and come on, I can't even fit into this time period! I mean, look at my clothes! *(Morgan smiles, wiggles her fingers about, and rips off his modern clothing, under which is appropriate clothing for the time period)*

Sam:

What the...? Ahhh! How... how did you *do* that?

Morgan:

Look buster, just follow that great idiot NO MATTER WHAT, do you understand me? But DO NOT tell him about me, where you're from, or anything, or else I'll send you back to the dinosaur age and see how well you fend against a T-Rex! Got it?

Sam:

(scared) Got it...

Morgan:

No matter what.

Sam:

(still scared) No matter what... *(Morgan smiles and snaps her fingers; suddenly the people behind them are audible, and Morgan backs away, giving him the 'I'm watching you' sign as she backs out)*

Scene 3

Arthur:

Ho there! Where did ye come from, good sir?

Sam:

What did you just call me? Err... I mean, I am a... traveler who has come to your... castle to enjoy with you this lovely feast...?

Arthur:

Ahh! Well, sit down and your boon shall be granted! But I must let ye know, no one will eat this great New Year's feast until a great spectacle occurs, as is tradition in this court.

Sam:

Uh... ok? *(He looks around nervously, then walks over to Gawain)*

Gawain:

Sorry, lad, but there is no room near me. *(Suddenly, everyone freezes; Morgan stomps back onstage and smacks a person sitting next to Gawain, and then leaves).*

Morgan:

(On her way out) Ok, now go! *(everyone starts back into life; the person sitting next to Gawain grabs his face)*

Chorus Member:

Owww! *(Chorus Member wanders offstage, holding cheek and glaring at Gawain).*

Gawain:

Well, I guess I was wrong—join me, traveler; we can converse while we wait!

Sam:

Ok... um, I'm Sam.

Gawain:

Sam! A fine name! I am Sir Gawain, a knight of the great King Arthur, who happens to also be my uncle: brother of my lovely mother, Lady Morgawse of Lot!

Sam:

Nice. So, what's this 'spectacle' we're waiting for?

Gawain:

Oh my, good sir, you must be a traveler from a very distant land if you do not know of

this tradition!

Sam:

Yeah, I would definitely say that I'm from somewhere very... distant...

Gawain:

Well, good lad, it is important to the good king here, (*childlike*) Unky Artie, (*normal again*) that no one eats until something strange and marvelous happens within the court.

Sam:

Like what? (*Laughing slightly*) Like, a jumping juggler bursting in? Or fire breathing dogs? Or, (*chuckles*) I know, some weird looking guy barging into court to challenge everybody? How likely is that?

(*All of a sudden, there is a bang, and the GREEN KNIGHT enters stage left*)

Sam:

(*chuckles weakly*) Ha ha...of course...

GK:

King Arthur! (*Bows, Arthur smiles broadly and claps his hands*)

Arthur:

Oh my! Good sir, you are completely green! The color of the other-world, Avalon! Where magic, wonder, and marvels beyond imagination takes place! This is fantastic! For what reason have you come to my great castle?

GK:

I have come to this, your castle, to test those who are known as the mightiest knights in the mightiest realm. To see if this is really the greatest and most powerful kingdom! (*He laughs menacingly*).

Arthur:

Come, join us in this feast and discuss with us what it is you desire, oh creature of another world! (*He smiles foolishly and motions for the other knights to join him in persuading the Green Knight to join them in the feast. Folk dance during the song.*)

Arthur:

FEAST WITH US! COME SHARE IN OUR TABLE

DRINK WITH US! BE LUSTY AND LOUD!

FIGHT WITH US! WE'RE STRONG AND WE'RE ABLE
ROUND TABLE KNIGHTS, BOTH HARDY AND PROUD!

Green Knight:

THANK YOU, KING! I KNEW YOU'D RECEIVE ME
YES, DEAR KING! I'VE A BOON TO ASK
I SEE, KING THAT YOUR KNIGHTS ARE JUST CHILDREN
SO ALL I WISH IS A NEW YEAR'S JEST!

(pulls out a freaking huge green axe)

BOLD AS BRASS, THE KNIGHT MUST STRIKE,
I WILL STAND, AS STEADY AS STEEL
ONE YEAR FLIES, HE'LL SAY HIS GOODBYES,
THEN THE KNIGHT MY BLADE WILL FEEL.

HE STRIKES ME TRULY, AS HARD AS HE'S ABLE! SWINGS MY AXE, YOU
ALL WATCH ME FALL.

A YEAR AND A DAY, I RETURN THE FAVOR
NOW LET US SEE WHO WILL ANSWER THE CALL!

*(The court goes completely silent; some of the knights look away and cough
uncomfortably)*

GK:

Ha-ha! I knew it! You are all no braver than two year olds! And all because I am
otherworldly and green! This court does not deserve the honor it has bestowed upon it!
All I ask is that one cut off my head with this axe—what is there to fear in that?

Sam:

(Aside, exasperated) Because you're green...

Arthur:

Wait just a moment. I will give it a go! A kingdom is no braver than its king, and I sir,
am brave enough to take your offer! *(Arthur stands up; Gawain stands, looks
astonished and holds out his hand for his uncle to stop)*

Gawain:

No, my lord! You are too important and great to risk yourself for this challenge! I will go in your place, to show this malevolent thing that your kingdom is truly the bravest and best!

Arthur:

(Quickly) Oh, all right then. Good boy. *(He pats Gawain on the back and sits down).*

Gawain:

Oh, really? I thought you'd try to stop me and do it yourself... um, yes! Alright! I am a great and powerful knight and will stand up for my king and his court!!

I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE AN APOLOGY!
THAT IS, HOW DARE YOU MAKE THIS ANALOGY
OF OUR COURT TO A CONSORT OF CHILDREN?
I AM SORRY FOR YOUR UNKIND RECEPTION!
I MEAN, YOUR TONE BEGS A FORCEFUL REJECTION
OF A TEST THAT IS CLEARLY A JEST.
I WISH YOU'D TAKE YOUR CHALLENGE BACK!
UM, COURAGE AND STRENGTH I'LL NEVER LACK!
YOU'LL DIE TONIGHT BY A KNIGHT'S MIGHT!

WAIT, I ONLY HAVE TO
CUT YOUR NECK IN TWO
AND THEN YOU WILL NEVER HIT ME BACK!

SO COME AND FACE ME, FILTHY FOE!
I KNOW THIS BREATH WILL BE YOUR LAST!
THE AXE! THE AXE! THE AXE! THE AXE!

(Drum roll, Gawain walks over toward the Green Knight, who then hands him the axe. They go offstage, suddenly; there is a BANG, and the Green Knight's head rolls onstage. Everyone gasps. Morgan Le Fay comes on from the opposite side of the stage, goes over to the head, and rolls it like a ball back to where the Green Knight and Gawain are

standing backstage)

GK:

(After “head” is offstage again) Thanks! (Morgan winks and goes back offstage. Gawain backs onto the stage in shock, and in follows the Green Knight, holding his hands up to his neck as if he is holding his head on)

HE STRUCK ME TRULY, HARD AS HE WAS ABLE!

SWUNG MY AXE, YOU ALL WATCHED ME FALL!

(Adjusts his head “on,” then lets go and it stays, as if normal; there is another gasp)

A YEAR AND A DAY, HE MUST COME AND FIND ME—*(grabs back the axe)*

THEN, SIR GAWAIN, YOU MUST ANSWER MY CALL!

(Laughs menacingly as he exits the stage)

Arthur:

Well, *(claps hands enthusiastically)* that was an even greater marvel than a man from the other-world appearing here—we definitely have cause to eat now! Sit down, good Gawain, and do not fear.

Gawain:

(weakly) Very well, my lord. *(sits down next to Sam)*

Sam:

So, are you really going to go find that crazy green dude a year and a day from now so he can try to cut off your head?

Gawain:

No, sir, I will go find that green knight, not a ... dude??... and yes... I suppose I will...

(Morgan comes from behind the feast guests and goes up to Sam)

Morgan:

Ask if you can accompany him as a squire!

Sam:

(jumps in surprise) Ahh! When did you get here?

Gawain:

I have been here all along.

Sam:

Not you... never mind... I’m... *(looks at Morgan)* talking to myself...

Gawain:

Ahh! I do that quite often myself.

Morgan:

Ask him!

Sam:

I don't want to!

Gawain:

Well, if you do not wish to speak to yourself...

Sam:

Not you...

Morgan:

(sing-songy) T-Rex. You really want to trifle with me?

Sam:

Sir Gawain, was it? How about I follow you to that crazy place as a squire?

Gawain:

Oh, do you mean squire? Yes, it would be quite... helpful to have someone along with me. I mean to do things for me. Do you have much experience?

Sam:

Oh, no, you know what? I don't. I guess that means you'll have to go alone...

Gawain:

Nonsense! You have a year to learn to be a squire, and I'm sure my people would be willing to train you whilst we wait for time to pass.

Morgan:

Yes! Say yes!

Sam:

Yes! Yes, alright. You've... convinced me.

(Morgan smiles to herself)

Morgan:

Oh, it is good to be me, the fabulous Morgan Le Fay... *(She goes center stage, and wiggles her fingers)* Now, I don't want to wait through all this boring training stuff... I'm just going to skip ahead a bit until those two dummies are ready to leave the castle.

Sha-zam!

(Another feast, same set up, but this time, there are a few “Halloween” decorations set up [lots of orange]. Gawain and Sam are laughing together like idiots while enjoying the feast.)

Much better—movin' along! *(Morgan walks offstage.)*

Scene 4

Gawain:

So then I said, no, my lady, that is not my *lance* you are holding! *(Sam and Gawain laugh hysterically).*

Arthur:

Attention, my good people! *(silence)* It is All Hallows Day, and today in my castle I have made a great feast for my nephew, Sir Gawain. Upon the morrow he will leave us to search for the man whose head he cut off many months ago. We give this toast to you then, Gawain, that you may find what you seek, and that your head comes back on as well... Gawain!

All but Gawain:

Gawain!

Sam:

Whoa, did he just say ‘upon the morrow’? As in, tomorrow?

Gawain:

Yes, Sam, that is what he said.

Sam:

(Nervously) Can’t you postpone it awhile longer?

Gawain:

(as the computer from 2001: A Space Odyssey) I’m sorry, Sam. I’m afraid I can’t do that.

Sam:

(pause)... but you’ve still got plenty of time left! I mean, do you really think I can serve you as a proper squire? I don’t think I’m quite ready...

Gawain:

Nonsense! You are indeed ready! And I do not know where the Green Knight resides, so I must leave now if I wish to find him by the allotted time. *(Sadly, almost manipulative)* But, you do not have to join me, you know, if you do not wish to any longer... after spending so much time getting ready for this event with me... and all of our.. ‘inside jokes,’ I believe you call them... I mean, I would understand...

Sam:

Well, I don't really like T-Rexes...

Gawain:

(Laughs, then pauses) Wait, what?

Sam:

Of course I'll go with you! I mean, who will hold your lance, if I'm not there, am I right?*(pause)* err... not... *that way...* awkward! *(Gawain and Sam laugh).*

(Curtains close, we hear clopping of horse hooves, Sam and Gawain exit outside the curtains with fake horses ‘galloping’ in place while scene change happens behind the curtain. Music to show passage of time)

Scene 5

Sam:

Well, on the other hand, you have different fingers! *(laughs)*

Gawain:

(laughs) Oh, I indeed have one as well, *(laughs)* Alright, so, *(laughs)* a magician *(laughs)* all right, all right *(breathes out)* a magician was riding a horse... then he turned into a road! *(laughs)* Get it? *(Hand motions as if turning a horse)* ‘turned into a... *(laughs again)*

Sam:

(chuckles) Oh, ok, so, a potato walks into a tavern and says to the bartender, “Hey, could I get a pint, please?” The bartender looks at him, shakes his head and says, “No, we don't serve food here”! *(laughs, sighs. Beat.)* How long have we been searching? I can't believe we still haven't found that guy—I mean, he was green; you'd think people would recognize him...

Gawain:

Well, it has indeed been a long and tiresome journey. I believe today is in fact, Christmas Eve!

Sam:

Man, I wish we could find *some* kind of castle. I mean, it would be nice to rest in an actual bed for a while...

Gawain:

Indeed—I also pray that we may find some shelter, where we can rest and hear Mass! It is Christmas Eve, after all!

Sam:

That means a feast, too, right? I'm so hungry.

Gawain:

(laughs) Of course it means a feast! I have forgotten that you are from such a distant land...

(Suddenly, a person stage right pops his head out. If possible, he is up high so it looks as if he is on a castle looking down at the newcomers)

Chorus Member:

Oy! Who goes there!

Gawain:

Good man! I beseech ye, grant my lad and me fair hostel here for Christmastide!

Chorus Member:

Very well, I'm sure my lord will welcome ye to dwell here as long as you wish.

Gawain:

Thank you, good sir! Who does this grand castle belong to?

Chorus Member:

Helloooo, how do ye not know? It belongs to Lord Bertilak.

Gawain:

Very well. I thank you, good sir; please, lead us to your lord.

Chorus Member:

Very well. (*Chorus Member disappears behind the curtain. Gawain and Sam go offstage right. Curtains open to reveal a smaller court—this time, the court only takes up half the stage. The other half is unlit. Gawain and Sam enter from stage right with the person and make their way over to the court; where Bertilak is sitting at the head of the table, there are three empty chairs beside him.*).

Chorus Member:

My lord, these travelers have asked to join you for Christmastide.

Bertilak:

Very good! You are dismissed. (*Person bows and exits. Bertilak stands and walks over to Gawain*). Good knight! You are welcome to do here as you wish: what is mine, is also yours, and you have it all at your will and disposal.

Gawain:

Thank you, my lord! (*Gawain and Bertilak shake hands fondly*)
(*Sam coughs to get attention*)

Gawain:

Oh yes, this here is my squire, Sam! He has accompanied me during my long journey, and is a great teller of jokes! He and I are both hungry, and would be glad if we could join you in your Christmas Eve feast.

Bertilak:

But of course! As I said, you have all I own at your will and disposal! Let's eat! (*He moves back to his seat; Gawain and Sam follow. They sit one chair away from Bertilak*).
Good knight, might I inquire what kingdom you are from, and who you are?

Gawain:

I am from the court of King Arthur, the rich and royal King of the Round Table! I am Sir Gawain, knight of the great King Arthur, who happens to also be my uncle, brother of my lovely mother, Lady Morgawse of Lot!

Bertilak:

Wonderful! A knight of the famed Round Table! This is most exciting! Ah! Here comes my lovely wife! (*motions to Lilith's entrance*)
(*Lilith enters with two serving girls. She is beautiful, and though all stand up as she*

enters, Gawain is the only one whose mouth hangs open in awe. Sam notices and tries to shut his mouth, but it flops open again as soon as he lets go.)

Lilith! Here to join us for the feast! *(Lilith's serving maids lead her to her spot, next to Gawain and the Lord, and then exit upstage. She and the lord embrace, and she sits. Afterward, all sit except Gawain).*

Gawain:

My lady, *(bows)* I am Sir Gawain, and I vow from henceforth to serve you as you so choose.

Lilith:

(Embarrassed but blushing) Friend, I thank you. If there is anything I need done by a knight, I shall ask you. *(Sam rolls his eyes)*

Bertilak:

Well, that was nice of you, Gawain! *(He reaches over and pats Gawain on the back).* Now, we should eat, and then go to evening mass! *(All start to eat. Lights go down and the curtains close.)*

Scene 6

(Lilith and Bertilak enter from behind the curtain)

Lilith:

My lord, do you think it is working?

Bertilak:

(embraces her) Of course, my love. How could anyone not immediately fall in love with you and your radiant beauty? He is falling like a doomed star. *(He kisses her as she giggles)* How did Christmas Mass go, darling?

Lilith:

I sat next to Gawain, as planned. He could not keep his eyes off of me. I believe he barely heard the sermon.

Bertilak:

Wonderful, my love! *(He kisses both of her hands, seperately).* We shall see indeed if he is a truly noble and honest man... But I could never do this without you! *(He hugs her closely).*

Lilith:

IF YOU WANT MY AID, I WILL NEVER FADE
I'LL BE EVER TRUE OUT OF MY LOVE FOR YOU

Bertilak:

ONE IN MIND AND HEART, NEVER FAR APART
START TO FEAR US TWO IN LOVE AND HATRED TRUE

Lilith:

FOR YOUR LOVE

Bertilak:

FOR YOUR LOVE

Lilith:

I'M WORKING

Bertilak:

I'M WORKING

Both:

WE CAN DO ALL THINGS
HOLD ME BY MY HAND
I'LL HELP YOU HOWE'ER I CAN
(they kiss)

Bertilak:

Tomorrow, I am sure Gawain will try to leave our castle. But I do not think he will be able to refuse my most brilliant offer.

Lilith:

My Lord, you are so cunning. *(They kiss again)*

Intermission

Act II

Entr'acte

Scene 1

(Curtains open. The court side of the stage lights up; everyone is already sitting and talking quietly amongst themselves.)

Gawain:

My Lord, thank you for this wonderful time! My companion and I feel refreshed and... *(looks over at Lilith, voice cracks a bit)* excited... *(Sam nudges him hard)*... to be off on our mission again!

Bertilak:

Well that is grand, dear boy! I thank you for the honor you have shown me, my wife *(Gawain makes an awkward noise)*, and my dwelling in this high season, and for gladdening my castle with your fair presence. I am better now that you and your companion happened upon my fair castle! *(He holds up a cup in honor of Gawain)*

Gawain:

Why, thank you, sire! It has been my honor to stay here, with such gracious hosts! If there is anything I can ever do for you...

Bertilak:

(Interrupting) Well, actually, I do have some fun in mind! How about we go hunting together?

Gawain:

My lord, though it would be my honor to hunt with one so gracious as yourself, I cannot. I have a quest from King Arthur, to find the one known as the Green Knight by New Year's morning. Perhaps you've heard of him, or where he might be found? I only have a few days left, you see, and I do not know if I am any nearer at all than when I began.

Bertilak:

(laughs heartily) My dear boy, now you must remain here! I know exactly where the Green Knight stays, at a place called Green Chapel! It is not far from here at all—in fact, I can have someone make a map for you! Stay here until then! It is not more than two miles from here!

Gawain:

Really? That is fantastic news, my lord! Thank you for this knowledge! I will stay here and do whatever you wish until the time comes when I must leave.

Bertilak:

(laughs) Excellent! In that case, let us have a little fun, shall we? You are usually the fighter, as I am usually the lord of this castle. Let us change things up a bit. Tomorrow, you stay here at the castle with all the food you wish, rest for your journey, and at dinner time sit with my lovely wife, whom you must keep company until I return. I will arise early and go forth to hunt for food for us all in the castle to enjoy.

Sam:

What's the catch?

Bertilak:

Pardon? I do not understand those words in that order... in any case, whatever I win in the woods will be yours, and whatever you gain here will be given to me—whether one of us gets bad things or not.

Gawain:

My lord, you wish for me to sit around all day, then sit by your lovely wife until you come home, at which time, I gain credit for the dinner caught?

Bertilak:

Indeed, my boy!

Sam:

Gawain....

Gawain:

If that is what you wish for me to do with my time here, very well!

Bertilak:

Very well! It is settled! *(laughs)* Now, to feast! *(lights go down; Sam and Gawain walk over to the bedroom side of the stage, which is then lit up)*

Scene 2

Sam:

Dude, you've got to be careful tomorrow, alright?

Gawain:

I am not a... dude—and what do you mean? I get to spend all day as if I were Lord Bertilak!

Sam:

Yeah, but at the end of the day, you have to give Bertilak whatever you got. What if someone punches you in the face? You'd have to punch him in the face, and that would make him mad!

Gawain:

Why would someone strike me in the face?

Sam:

I don't know... to get you into trouble with him?

Gawain:

(laughs) Dear Sam, why would anyone want to harm me? In any case, Bertilak said whether one of us gets bad things or not, and he is an honorable and gracious man.

Sam:

(grumbles to himself) Just, be careful. *(Sam goes offstage and around to the back so that you can see him peeking into the bedroom window. Lights go down.)*

Scene 3

(A hunting horn is heard from the back of the audience, lights around the house go on, someone dressed in all black carrying a deer cutout runs through, Bertilak following him slowly, but surely.)

Bertilak:

GAWAIN IS THE DEER THAT I AM HUNTING IN THESE WOODS
WHEN MY DARLING GETS HIM HE'LL BE SORRY AS HE SHOULD
HE'S SHYING AND HE'S FLYING, HE'S WALLOWING IN FEAR
LIKE THE DEER I'M HUNTING, HE KNOWS HIS DEATH IS NEAR

(The deer runs behind the curtain, and we hear a boom. House lights go down; the bedroom lights go up. Gawain is lying in bed, relaxing, when all of a sudden Lilith comes in wearing a sexy nightgown. Gawain sees her and immediately lays down and pretends to go to sleep, making snoring noises, etc. Lilith pokes him and pokes him,

until finally she pinches him hard, causing him to yelp. Gawain then sits up and looks at her)

Gawain:

(Stutters) My...my... my lady! What.... are... are... you doing, here?

Lilith:

Good morning, handsome. You are a careless sleeper—anyone could sneak up on you!
(We see Sam in the background, horrified and looking as if he's screaming)

Gawain:

Good morning, my lady. Is... there anything I can do for you? *(He hides further under the blankets)* You know, I should really get dressed first... so that we can talk more comfortably...

Lilith:

(laughs seductively) Oh no, my lord, I'm going to keep you here with me. In bed. You are the best knight in the realm, and now you are mine.

Gawain:

(laughs awkwardly) You know what? I'm really not super great.

Lilith:

Nonsense. *(She pulls away the covers and pulls him out of bed)*

WHEN YOU SAW MY FACE, I FELT YOUR HEART RACE
SAW YOUR EYES GO WIDE AND HIDE YOUR THOUGHTS INSIDE
FROM THEN ON I KNEW, AS YOUR PASSION GREW
THE LENGTHS YOU WOULD GO—OH GAWAIN, LET IT SHOW!

YOU WANT ME

YOU NEED ME

YOUR PASSIONS FEED ME

HOLD ME

IT'S YOUR CHANCE

YOU'RE DANCING THE KNIGHT'S WIFE'S DANCE

Lilith:

Now kiss me! *(She dips Gawain and kisses him; Sam passes out, lights out. Everyone*

moves to the court)

Bertilak:

(entering from stage left) I caught a deer! It tried to evade me, but I got it! What did you get my boy?

Gawain:

(moves around awkwardly) Um... uhh... *(finally, grabs Bertilak and stage kisses him)*

Bertilak:

Whoa! Who gave you that, eh?

Gawain:

We never said we had to disclose that information!! *(runs to darkened part of stage. Lights out. Lights up on some of the house. A person holding a boar cutout comes from the stage and runs through the audience, Bertilak behind it, again, slowly but surely.)*

Bertilak:

GAWAIN IS THE BOAR THAT I AM BATTLING IN THE TREES
HE'S BOASTING AND HE'S ROARING, SAYING HE'LL DO AS HE'LL PLEASE
HE'S SHOWING TEETH AND WREATHED HIS FACE IN ONE ENORMOUS
FROWN

BUT CUPID'S ARROW SOON WILL BE THE ONE TO TAKE HIM DOWN
(They loop back around to the stage, and once behind the curtain, we again hear a boom, and the lights go down on the house and up on the bedroom. Sam is once again looking through the window; this time, his fingers are crossed and he looks very nervous. Gawain is sitting on the bed, as if waiting for Lilith, who indeed comes in.)

Gawain:

My lady! Good to see you this morning!

Lilith:

Oh, have you already forgotten what I taught you yesterday?

Gawain:

Apparently. What did you teach me?

Lilith:

How to kiss! If you were truly a courteous knight, you would kiss whenever fair countenance is shown! *(Sam shakes his head 'no')*

Gawain:

No, my lady. I will do as I please, and I do not think that would be wise.

Lilith:

You are not that discourteous, are you? You are a chivalric knight; I know you will allow me to kiss you.

Gawain:

(Nervous—then aside) I know! I'll chase after *her*! That will make her back down because I am sure could never actually cheat on her husband.

Gawain:

WHEN I HEARD YOUR VOICE, MY HEART DID REJOICE
LONGED FOR YOUR EMBRACE. FELT THE THIRST OF THE CHASE
I LONG TO CATCH YOU
PASSION, DARK AND NEW
GLEAMS WITHIN YOUR SMILE-
LEAVE HIM FOR JUST A WHILE

Lilith:

YOU WANT ME

Gawain:

I WANT YOU (Sam looks horrified)

Lilith:

YOU NEED ME

Gawain :

I NEED YOU (Morgan pops up by Sam and appears to laugh at him)

Lilith:

YOUR PASSIONS FEED ME

Gawain:

I LONG TO STEAL YOU (Morgan again disappears; Sam looks sad)

Lilith:

HOLD ME, IT'S YOUR CHANCE

Gawain:

GIVE YOU A NEW CHANCE

Lilith:

YOU'RE DANCING THE KNIGHT'S WIFE'S DANCE

Gawain:

TO DANCE A MAN'S WIFE'S DANCE

(Gawain dips her and they kiss one time, then he looks at her again and kisses her once again. Lights out. Everyone moves to the court.)

Bertilak:

Today I caught a boar! It fought back hard, but again, I conquered it in the end! *(He turns to Gawain)* Were you as lucky as you were yesterday? *(Gawain closes his eyes, then takes a deep breath and stage kisses Bertilak quickly two times)* Ah! Even luckier than yesterday! My, oh my, who is the lucky lady?

Gawain:

(blabbers on nonsensically) he-he... I... I dunno... (everyone disperses in different directions. This time, a person dressed in all black has a fox cutout, which looks around carefully, moves slowly, and then spots Bertilak, who then chases after the fox.)

Bertilak:

GAWAIN IS THE FOX THAT I AM TRAPPING IN THE FIELD
THOUGH HE THINKS HE'S WILY, HE IS JUST ABOUT TO YEILD
HE'S DODGIN AND HE JUMPING, AND DOOM IS CLOSING IN—
YES THIS PLAN IS WORKING, GAWAIN IS SURE TO SIN!

(The fox tries to hide behind audience members, but eventually runs off stage and we

hear a boom. Lights up on the room. Gawain is sleeping; Lilith sneaks into his room. Sam peers in through the window, biting his fingernails)

Lilith:

Sir Gawain, good morning! *(She kisses him once, Sam grimaces)*

Gawain:

My lady! Good morning! How are you this day? *(He sits up)*

Lilith:

Well, you are leaving today, and I may never see your handsome face again. I am sad, Gawain. *(She kisses him again, Sam wrinkles his nose as if he is sick)* I must give you something to remember me by—a love token!

Gawain:

I will always remember your beautiful face, and that is gift enough. *(Sam throws up his hands and rolls his eyes)*

Lilith:

Aww. How sweet you are. But no! You must have something more. *(She looks around, and pulls a ring out of her pocket)* How about this? It is lovely and can stay with you always.

Gawain:

No, my lady, I cannot. I do not have anything to give you in return.

Lilith:

Oh, pshaw, please. *(Gawain shakes his head, 'no')* Very well. If it is too costly for you to receive, then...perhaps something else? *(She looks down, her scarf! She smiles and takes it off)* Here. This is of fine silk; it is of little worth if you are to take it.

Gawain:

I am sorry if I displease you, my lady, but I cannot.

Lilith:

Please, take it. If any man wears this, he cannot be slain, for any magic on earth. *(Gawain puts his hands to his chin, and thinks about it for a moment)*

Gawain:

Very well, my lady, if it pleases you.

Lilith:

Oh sir, it does.

(Morgan and Bertilak come on stage as Lilith helps tie on the scarf around his waist. Morgan is dancing to the side; Gawain notices nothing; Sam notices everything, however.)

Bertilak:

WHEN I HEARD HER PLAN, I SAID I'M YOUR MAN!
SOLID, STRONG AND TRUE—A BETTER MAN THAN YOU
I'VE HEARD OF YOUR FAME, YOU HAVE MANY NAMES,
I DON'T CARE AT ALL—GAWAIN YOU'RE GONNA FALL

WE'VE GOT YOU WE'LL TAKE YOU
WE'LL SHAKE YOU AND BREAK YOU
LET GO THERE'S NO CHANCE
YOU'RE DANCING A MAN'S WIFE'S DANCE!

Lilith:

GAWAIN IS THE FOX THAT I AM TRAPPING IN THIS FIELD
THOUGHT HE THINKS HE'S WILY, HE IS JUST ABOUT TO YIELD
HE'S DODGING AND HE'S JUMPING AND DOOM IS CLOSING IN
MORGAN'S PLAN IS WORKING (Morgan gives the thumbs up sign) GAWAIN IS
SURE TO SIN!

Gawain:

I WANT YOU I NEED YOU
I LONG TO STEAL YOU
HOLD ON FOR THIS CHANCE
TO DANCE A MAN'S WIFE'S DANCE! (Gawain spins Lilith and dips and kisses her)

Morgan:

Man, that was almost as good as Mozart!

(Lights out. Everyone goes back to court. Morgan exits)

Bertilak:

Today, Gawain, I caught a fox. He tried to evade me, but I always get what I'm hunting for. What did you get today? *(Gawain counts to three slowly on his fingers, as if counting kisses, then stage kisses Bertilak three times)* Hey, that's pretty good! *(Sam smacks himself in the face)* Did you get anything else?

Gawain:

No, no, sir, nothing else.

Musician:

Hey, Gawain, I thought you got a scarf...

Gawain:

(laughs) What? You thought I gotta barf? Nope, no, no, sir, not me. Check with Sam, though... and stop breaking the fourth wall! *(Everyone looks at Sam; he looks nervous, but shakes his head 'no')*.

Bertilak:

Well, we have had a great time with you here, Gawain. As promised, here is the map leading the way to Green Chapel. *(Gawain takes the map)*

Gawain:

Thank you, my lord. You have been most courteous.

Bertilak:

I gave my word, and that I shall keep. Farewell, Gawain.

Gawain:

Farewell. *(Gawain and Sam exit stage right; everyone looks on after them. Curtains close.)*

Scene 4

(Sam and Gawain ride out on their fake horses, as before. While the curtain is drawn, the bed on the bedroom side of the stage is taken off so that half of the stage is cleared. Behind the curtain, someone in black stands by the cleared side of the stage with a sign that reads "Green Chapel: Beware of the Green Knight." And old person stands next to the sign.)

Sam:

Why didn't you give back the scarf? You had an agreement...

Gawain:

What scarf? That reminds me of a joke... what's brown and sticky?

Sam:

(laughs) Do I wanna know? *(laughs)* What?

Gawain:

A stick! *(Both laugh)*

Sam:

(laughs) Oh, hey, the map says it's right about... here. *(curtain opens)*

Old Person:

What are you doing here? The Green Knight is about!

Gawain:

Yes, I was sent here to fight him!

Old Person:

No one who has fought him has ever survived! Turn back now, before it is too late. No one will ever know.

Sam:

That's a good point...

Gawain:

Do not fear! I am a brave knight! *(fondles the scarf)* I know I will be... just fine. *(Sam looks angrily at him; old person and sign holder walk off stage)*

Act III

Scene I

Gawain:

I am very glad we were able to make it in the allotted time. Now, to dismount and wait for the Green Knight! *(Sam and Gawain get off their fake horses and set them down on the ground. They look around for a bit... maybe point to an audience member or two and say, "Is that him? No..." The Green Knight comes onstage from upstage center, behind them)*

GK:

You have made it! Are you ready?

Gawain:

(Fondling the scarf) I am! I am ready to withstand your blow. *(He bends over so his head can be easily reached)*

GK:

Ready? On three. 1... 2... 3! *(Gawain flinches terribly)* You coward! You flinched! And you are held with great esteem at Arthur's castle... perhaps the whole place is overly honored!

Gawain:

No, sir! I shrank away once, but I will not do it again.

Sam:

His head can't be put back on...

GK:

Silence!

Sam:

I'm just saying, of course *you* didn't flinch... you can't die from decapitation...

GK:

(angrily) But you can!

Sam:

I'll be quiet now...

Gawain:

I am ready. Truly ready. *(He once again lowers his head)*

GK:

One... two... three! *(He lowers the axe, but doesn't actually hit Gawain. Gawain does not flinch this time.)* Ahh, more brave that time.

Sam:

You're not really going to do it? *(Sigh of relief)* That's awesome!

GK:

No, that was a test. *(Raises the axe again)* One, two, three! *(He swings the axe down, the lights go out, and Gawain shouts "ouch." Bertilak actor switches places with GK, standing above Gawain with the axe. The lights come up. A small bit of blood, visible to the audience, is tricking down Gawain's neck. Gawain stands up straight and looks at*

Bertilak.)

Scene 2

Sam and Gawain:

(Gawain stands) You?

Bertilak:

Yes, it is me! *(Lilith comes out from upstage center)*

Lilith:

And me. *(Morgan Le Fay comes out from upstage center)*

Morgan:

And me!

Gawain:

Lilith! Hey... and.... who are you?

Morgan:

I am Morgan Le Fey, your mum's and uncle's sister. Your auntie.

Sam:

Alright... what exactly is going on?

Bertilak:

Lady Morgan wished to test to see if the fame that precedes the Round Table is deserved. She is a great and powerful sorceress, and was therefore able to use her powers to make me completely green, and able to place my head back on after it was chopped off. Also, she wanted to teach you a lesson. A brilliant idea.

Morgan:

Oh, you're too much, Berty!

Gawain:

What does this all mean?

Bertilak:

Well, you see, the first time I went to swing the axe at you, I did not actually harm you but did good by you, just as you kept true to your word and gave me all you received

the first night at my castle.

Sam:

But, what he 'got' was a kiss from your wife...

Lilith:

Quiet! All will be explained by my handsome husband in due time!

Bertilak:

Thank you, love. (*Back to Gawain*) The second time I went to chop at you, I did no harm to you either, for though you did receive two kisses from my lovely wife, you were once again true and you gave me her kisses. Because you were a true man, you received a true return.

Sam:

And then the third day...

Bertilak:

The third day, you almost gave me all you received, but thou didst fail, which is why you obtained that actual blow to the neck. For I knew all along about the kisses, conversations, and wooing of my wife, for that was my own doing in the plan.

Morgan:

Yes, that was his own idea in the scheme, and if I do say so, it was a grand idea that worked wonderfully.

Bertilak:

Thank you, lady Morgan. (*Bertilak bows. Morgan nods*)

Gawain:

My lord, my lady, I am so sorry...

Bertilak:

No need, for although you were not completely true, it was not because you are a bad soul, or because you wanted to steal away my lovely wife, but because you love your life. Therefore, I blame you less for what you did.

Morgan:

Well, *he* blames you less...

Gawain:

(*Takes off the scarf*) Cowardice and greed destroyed my virtue and therefore the

reputation of my uncle's court. *(To Lilith)* Please, my lady, take this back. Because I was so afraid of the Green Knight, my cowardice led me to greed, and to completely forget about the customs of loyalty, which all true knights possess. From now on, I will be better.

Bertilak:

You have confessed your misdeed so readily, and have already been punished by my axe, and therefore I see no reason to hold it against you.

Morgan:

You will keep this scarf, Sir Gawain, so that every time you look upon it, you may think of this moment. When you go forth on various journeys, you will keep this as a token of your adventure with the Green Knight.

Gawain:

I should have known better. I will take this scarf with good will, for no other reason but to remember my human frailty, and so when I am feeling prideful because of how great I am... *(Morgan glares, as Sam stifles a giggle)*... er... I mean, I shall always wear this scarf, as my symbol of shame.

I FEEL ASHAMED

OH, I AM SO LAME!

THOUGH I HAD PERFECT FLAIR,

MY COURAGE WASN'T THERE

AND I AM TO BLAME!

I WILL WEAR THIS SCARF

RIGHT OVER MY HEART

AND START TO REPAY

DAY BY DAY

MY SYMBOL OF SHAME!

(Everyone in the play comes onstage)

I WAS A FOOL!

Chorus:

BUT YOU ARE SO COOL!

Gawain:

THOUGHT LYING WAS COOL

Chorus:

OH MAN, HE IS COOL!

Gawain:

THIS SCARF ON MY HEART

Chorus:

WE'LL WEAR A SCARF

Gawain:

SETS ME APART

Chorus:

OVER OUR HEARTS

Gawain:

MY SYMBOL OF SHAME

Chorus:

TO MIRROR HIS SHAME

OO OO OO OO YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

SYMBOL OF SHAME! YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

Bertilak:

SIR GAWAIN YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL ASHAMED
OH NO YOU NEVER FEEL ASHAMED
WE WEAR THIS SCARF OVER OUR HEARTS
WE WEAR YOUR SCARF TO TAKE YOUR PART

GAWAIN YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL ASHAMED
OH NO YOU NEVER FEEL ASHAMED
WE WEAR YOUR SCARF OVER OUT HEART
WE WEAR YOUR SCARF TO TAKE YOUR PART

Gawain:

LYIN'

Chorus:

LYIN'

Gawain:

HIDIN'

Chorus:

HIDIN'

Gawain:

FEARIN'

Chorus:

FEARIN'

Gawain:

DYIN'

DYIN'

Chorus:

LYIN'

Gawain:

LYIN'

Chorus:

HIDIN'

Gawain:

HIDIN'

Chorus:

FEARIN'

Gawain:

FEARIN'

Chorus:

DYIN'

Gawain:

DYIN'

Chorus:

(kick line)

OOO OOO OOO YEAH, YEAH, YEAH

Gawain:

I AM ALONE
SITTIN' ON A SHAMEFUL THRONE
BY MY SCARF I'LL RECALL
MY COURAGE DID FALL
AND THE FAULT
WAS MY OWN

(At the end of the song, the curtain closes, and only Sam and Morgan are left onstage)

Scene 3

(Behind the curtain, the food court from the beginning is set up once again)

Sam:

So, how come you wanted me to follow Gawain on this long journey?

Morgan:

Well, did you learn anything from the adventure with Gawain?

Sam:

Well, I'm related to King Arthur; which is pretty cool...

Morgan:

Seriously, Sam, you want to mess with me? Seriously?

Sam:

(clears throat fearfully) Well... I mean... I guess I learned that... um... it's better to be honest in the long run... or else a Green dude will try to cut off your head.

Morgan:

(rolls eyes) What else?

Sam:

Uh... well, bravery is a good thing? And... honor and integrity make the man...?

Morgan:

Not bad. I guess. You are free to return to your own time. *(Morgan wiggles her fingers about, and the curtains open to reveal the food court. Everything is as it was in the beginning.)*

Sam:

What... no time has passed at all...? That's amazing!

Morgan:

Hellooooo! I'm me!

Sam:

(faking a cough) Hypocrite...

Morgan:

(Angrily) Excuse me?

Sam:

(sing-songy) Nothing.

(A teenager goes into the middle of court, and then loudly begins to talk)

Choru Member:

Hey everybody! Look at me! *(The teenager starts to burp the alphabet loudly)*

Sam:

Wow, seriously? That's really immature. *(Morgan smiles. Teenager drops head and walks offstage. A man in a suit comes out)*

Artie:

That was a test for a great new job here at the mall—you didn't laugh at this boy's stupidity, and were brave enough to point out that he was being immature! I think I'd like to take you on board!

Sam:

I'm sure everyone else noticed too, though; I'm not really that special...

Artie:

(interrupting Sam) And humble too! Yes, sir, you are definitely what my company needs. *(He takes Sam by the shoulder and begins to lead him upstage center)*

Sam:

(Turns to Morgan) Thank you, Morgan.

Artie:

Actually, son, the name's Artie! *(Ad-lib about the job—great great pay, gets his own office, etc).*

Morgan:

(laughs) No problem, it is just good to be me: the fantastic, funny, brilliant, and

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