

CAST (in Order of Appearance)

Kavernia.....female: Dalmandia’s servant; plain of appearance, downtrodden, but possessed of hidden talent and strength. (late 20's to late 30's)

Merchand.....male: a magician, though not old, he appears to be aging. (i.e. an old 40 year-old or a very young 60 year-old)

Daufon.....male: a Prince, handsome and intelligent but ineffectual; apparently destined for Dalmandia. (late 20's to late 30's)

Dalmandia.....female: a beautiful, ambitious, vain member of the merchant class with designs on ruling the crown. (late 20's to late 30's)

Kester.....male: an angry, brutish - but capable - member of the underclass. (early 20's to early 30's)

Precia.....female: Kester’s lover – attractive, clear of soul, but too resigned to her fate. (early 20's to early 30's)

Glimm.....male: a capricious spirit, who is both Merchand's antagonist, and his familiar. (mid-20's to mid-30's)

DIALOGUE SAMPLE

from Act I, Scene 3:

PRECIA

If I pace here long enough, the Prince is bound to pass. The palace is not so grand that he can avoid this hall. (*She paces some.*) Oh, what a fool I am! If he sees me with this piss pot, he will completely turn his mind against his heart. As it should. Who am I to dream against fate? Yet, I long to see his sad eyes once more...even if he must hold his nose.

(She paces off to one side of the stage. Dalmandia and Kavernia enter from the opposite side.)

DALMANDIA

Never ask me "why" again - you are not my equal anymore. You are now as insubstantial as a shadow.

KAVERNIA

But m'lady, you won't need me once you are dressed for the Ball. I beg your mercy...

DALMANDIA

Fine, I will give you this last satisfaction of knowing "why" I cannot allow you to leave my side. And then no more kindness on my part.

KAVERNIA

Yes, m' lady. Thank you.

DALMANDIA

When I am troubled, I need to know I can always turn and see you and my confidence is renewed. See, you are indispensable to me. *(Suddenly.)* There is that shrew who bedevils my prince.

KAVERNIA

(Aside, curtsying) I think you must be looking at a mirror my lady.

(Precia has sighed and begun to walk toward center stage. Dalmandia heads toward her.)

DALMANDIA

You with the piss pot. Keep your place.

PRECIA

Forgive me lady, I... You were at the stream today.

DALMANDIA

What insolence! Kavernia, do you hear this wretch? *(To Precia)* Purloining puffed-up, you dare to spread yourself before our great prince.

PRECIA

What can I say, lady, I am no match for you. You outrank me in both position and purulence.

(Dalmandia gasps.)

KAVERNIA

(Aside) Pus! Ha, that's a good one. It seems that sticky love for two flawed men leads to an even stickier hate between two women.

DALMANDIA

(Recovering.) Impudent wench! *(Aside)* How does a maid learn such words? There is something unnatural here. Her ambition is too like mine. I must snare this hare before she becomes rabidly aware.

(Glimm, giggling, runs forward from his perch of books. He taps Kavernia on one shoulder while passing her other side. He then snaps his fingers, locking the other two women in frozen antagonism.)

KAVERNIA

(Turning to her left.) Who did that? *(Turning back, and swinging her fist quite late at Glimm...)* YOU! You, slimy snig.

GLIMM

I'll take these two brains and swirl them around,
but leaving the same two bodies on the ground

(scene continues)