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Dramatic Publishing



ALMAURIA

Voyage of the Dragonfly

— by Max Bush —

The Voyage of the Dragonfly

AATE Distinguished Play Award Winner

An encore success at Chicago's Goodman Theatre.

Fantasy /Adventure. By Max Bush. Cast: 4m., 3w. or 5 minimum (3m., 2w.) with doubling. In this fantasy adventure through mist, myth and magic, the conflicts are both external and internal as the voyagers make a passage into self-discovery. A strong young queen, her castle and lands of Meaghan are threatened by an impending ice age. In an ancient manuscript, the queen reads of a mystical flame burning in a cave on the island of Aalmauria. Queen Meaghan summons Captain Taran and his ship, the Dragonfly, to sail her to the island of Aalmauria to steal the enchanted flame. The journey proves almost impossible due to mistrust among the shipmates. The magician sets a spell on the feuding captain, mate, queen and daughter—and leads the crew safely through the Isles of Mist to the enchanted isle of Aalmauria. There they must face the beast and hag-witch to pass into the cave. It is there that they confront the awesome power of the flame itself. But once the flame is secured, jealousies flair again, and only the act of laying down one's sword will calm the angry flame and allow the crew to safely reach their frozen land. *Three sets: throne room, aboard the Dragonfly, and the beach at Aalmauria. Medieval costumes. Approximate running time: 75 minutes. Code: V40.*

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The Voyage of the Dragonfly



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The Voyage of the Dragonfly

By
MAX BUSH



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DEDICATION

To David Avcollie

Words and Music

By Max Bush

Notated

By Dale Dieleman

Cover Art

by

Penelope Victor

AALMAURIA: THE VOYAGE OF THE 'DRAGONFLY'

Characters

Queen Meaghan

Cynric, The Magician

Mariana, Magician's daughter

Captain Taran

Brian, his Mate

The Beast (Can be doubled with the Magician.)

The Hag-witch (Can be doubled with the Queen.)

Time: Long Ago.

Scene One: Queen Meaghan's Castle and a promontory overlooking the sea.

Scene Two.: Aboard the "Dragonfly," about three weeks later.

Scene Three: The Island of Aalmauria, later that day.

Scene Four: Aboard the "Dragonfly," the next morning.

Note: Musicians are optional. The music can be live, recorded or both. If live the musician(s) remains in view of audience.

Playing time is approximately one hour and fifteen minutes.

Scene One:

The throne room of the Queen's castle. Dark, damp, cold atmosphere. A throne sits right center, a large old book is on the floor next to it.

The Queen's cape is spread out on the throne.

The Queen, young (22), attractive and strong, runs on, sword in hand. A loud wind courses through the castle; she shivers, turns toward the entrance and calls.

QUEEN: Mariana? *(No response.)* Mariana! Come!

(Mariana, younger than the Queen (16), appears.)

I'm freezing.

(Mariana fairly drags her sword as she enters.)

Raise your sword.

MARIAN: I'm a lady of your court, Queen, not a lord or knight.

QUEEN: Higher.

MARIAN: We do not sword fight.

QUEEN: In my court we do, and will. Prepare. . . now!

(Mariana lowers her sword. Although Mariana clearly expresses an ambivalence toward the Queen it is not weighted in either direction. As well as the more obvious conflicted stance against the Queen, Mariana will express warmth, care and respect. The Queen obviously cares deeply for Mariana, despite the frustrations, and exhibits

an infinite patience with her.)

Mariana, when your mother died, I gave her my oath I would watch over you. You are bright-minded and beautiful, but you must prepare yourself for the world as it is. Now, defend yourself.

MARIAN: As you command, Meaghan.

(They raise swords.)

QUEEN: Now!

(Mariana turns away with a cry and lunges with her sword, stops, freezes. The Queen stops her swing, looks at Mariana, then hits Mariana's sword down. Mariana, still turned way, lifts it again with energy and a small vocal challenge.)

MARIAN: Hah.

QUEEN: To help you, imagine I'm a dragon.

MARIAN: That's not difficult, Meaghan.

(They both laugh.)

QUEEN: *(She growls. Then, in a dragon-voice.)* Maiden. . .

MARIAN: Yes, Queen Dragon?

QUEEN: *(Dragon-voice.)* I will devour you.

MARIAN: Please; do not.

QUEEN: *(Dragon-voice.)* Then raise your sword. *(She growls and advances on Mariana, who lowers her sword and suddenly bolts.)*

MARIAN: Help!

QUEEN: *(Her own voice.)* Who do you call?

MARIAN: My father.

QUEEN: I've sent him from the castle. His magic will not always rescue you. Therefore, imagine me a dragon. *(She lunges at Mariana who screams and runs. The Queen chases her. In a dragon voice.)* You can't escape!

MARIAN: Help! Help!

QUEEN: Come back!

MARIAN: Someone help!

(Queen chases her. In her own voice.)

QUEEN: No one will save you. Defend yourself!

(They stop running.)

MARIAN: No!

QUEEN: Why?

MARIAN: I don't want to hurt you.

QUEEN: *(Laughing.)* Mariana! I command you to fight. Now. *(They fight.)* Yes! . . . Well aimed! . . . Head up. Hold your head up.

MARIAN: I can't.

QUEEN: Open one eye! Protect yourself!

MARIAN: No!

QUEEN: Then die! *(She whacks Mariana in the arm with her sword.)*

MARIAN: Oh!

QUEEN: Dishonorable faint-hearted hag!

(Mariana sits on floor.)

MARIAN: Meaghan, my arm. . .

QUEEN: Oh Mariana. . . Come off the cold floor.

(Mariana stands without allowing Queen to help her.)

 Rub it gently and the pain will . . . Let me --

(Touching Mariana's arm. Mariana pulls away.)

MARIAN: Must you strike me?

QUEEN: If you are to learn swordplay.

MARIAN: I don't want to learn.

QUEEN: You'll be grateful I taught you . . . someday.

MARIAN: Are we to play again?

QUEEN : No. that's the end; although it did warm me -- *(A loud wind courses through the castle.)* for a time.

(They put swords down. Queen sits in throne.)

Cold.

MARIAN: And colder.

QUEEN: *(Curling up in throne, wrapping up in her cape.)* I'd give all our castle's gold for one summer's day.

MARIAN: Some say it will never be summer here again.

QUEEN: Not true.

MARIAN: The snow still falls --

QUEEN: Oh, I am sick to death of these cold, dark walls. And lonely.

MARIAN: *(A little remorse.)* With me here?

QUEEN: For someone a little more handsome than you, dragonface. A man.

MARIAN: Oh.

QUEEN: *(Holding out her hand to Mariana. Mariana takes it.)* But who would come to this icen land. Did I hurt you?

MARIAN: Not much.

(The Magician enters.)

MAG: Queen Meaghan. *(He bows.)*

QUEEN: Magician.

MARIAN: Father -- *(She embraces him.)*

QUEEN: What have you found?

MAG: As far as we traveled -- east and west -- snow covered all ground. To the north the ice still flows downward toward the castle. I'm sorry, but I'm certain a long age of ice is descending on these lands. There'll be no summer again this year, nor any as long as we live.

MARIAN: We must all move south.

MAG: Yes. Mariana will be leaving tomorrow.

QUEEN: Mariana . . . no . . .

MARIAN: You must leave, Meaghan, or you'll freeze.

QUEEN: I will not move south! These are my lands.

MAG: Then I'll remain in the castle to serve you as I can.

QUEEN: Cynric, what would give enough power to your magic to stop this ice age?

MAG: We've attempted everything.

QUEEN: What in all the world would have the power?

MAG: Something magic itself . . . a source of extreme energy . . . heat, but --

QUEEN: A fire with power --

MAG: Yes --

QUEEN: As I thought. Here . . . this morning . . . *(She retrieves a large book.)* In one of your ancient manuscripts. . . I read of such a flame, burning in a cave. *(She opens book.)* It's on an island . . . within the Isles of Mist . . . called --

MAG: Aalmauria.

(Aalmauria music, lyrical and alluring, fades in.)

QUEEN: You know this island?

MAG: Yes.

QUEEN: Is there such a flame?

MAG: Aalmauria is an island of enchantment. The flame, the

forest, certain rocks and streams, but --

MARIAN: Would this flame help you, Father?

MAG: For me it would be a great source of power.

QUEEN: Why haven't you spoken of this before?

MAG: No one can enter the cave to retrieve the flame. A Beast guards it and a powerful Hag-witch.

QUEEN: I'll face them.

MAG: Meaghan, many have tried -- I have tried -- and failed. Few escape; most fall before the Beast or Hag and are slaughtered without mercy.

QUEEN: I'll face them.

MAG: And they're not the worst you'll face. The greatest danger is the Flame itself. It must be used correctly or it will turn against those who possess it and destroy them. Yet no one can be sure what is correct.

QUEEN: I'll discover what is correct.

MARIAN: Doesn't Aalmauria lie far across the sea?

QUEEN: Yes.

(They share some excitement over this.)

The captain who sailed you and me south last year --

(The Captain, Randolph Taran, enters a promontory on an island.)

MARIAN: Captain Taran --

QUEEN: Would he sail us to Aalmauria?

MARIAN: Yes. I've spoken to you of him, Father.

(The mate, Brian, joins the Captain on the promontory.)

He'd sail anywhere!

CAPT: Dolphins, Mate; there! Look at those creatures!

MATE: The sea's creatures.

CAPT: As free as the sea.

MAG: Would he agree to such an impossible voyage?

(Aalmauria music out.)

MARIAN: He's sailed the world and knows its secrets. He'll save our lands.

QUEEN: If he refuses we will find another ship. But I'll ask this man first.

MAG: How well do you know him?

QUEEN: Only from our voyage south last year, but --

MAG: Didn't you tell me he's like the sea itself; wild, willful.

(The Captain swats the Mate, moves away.)

QUEEN: Yes, but . . .

MAG: Can we trust him?

MARIAN: I do.

MAG: For your people, I urge you to be cautious. He

won't understand the laws that rule Aalmauria's magic as you will. If he is wild he'll endanger everyone.

QUEEN: If he accepts the voyage, prepare me a charm, Cynric, a magical charm to use against him if I must.

MARIAN: What type of charm?

QUEEN: *(To Mariana.)* Only if I must.

MARIAN: You won't.

QUEEN: Now, I want to call him here, to the castle. He's somewhere at sea.

MAG: We'll use a song as we've done in the past.

QUEEN: Come, let's prepare. *(to Mariana.)* Aalmauria! This is our hope!

MARIAN: *(As they exit.)* And to see Taran again!

QUEEN: I dreamed of it.

(Mariana stops. Magician and Queen have gone.)

MARIAN: You have? *(Mariana exits.)*

(Focus shifts to Captain and Mate on promontory. Sounds of waves and gulls.)

MATE: Feel that, Captain?

CAPT: Aye, Mate, it's a cool breeze.

MATE: Winter won't be late.

CAPT: No; we're in for a frost.

MATE: And an early snow.

CAPT: It's a good wind, Sir, and a good day.

MATE: Aye, Captain.

CAPT: But in my bones, Mate, I feel . . .

MATE: What?

CAPT: Like this chilled wind. Have we lost our way?

MATE: Captain, the seas are ours, we're free to follow the winds as we will.

CAPT: Aye . . .

MATE: It's this strange sea-coast we're on, this deserted island; it makes us . . .

CAPT: Lonely.

MATE: With your Mate right with you?

CAPT: For someone prettier than you are, you ugly fish-head.
A lady.

MATE: You're not thinking of leaving the sea?

CAPT: Never. Never. But . . . Do you remember Queen Meaghan, Mate? From last year? As beautiful as the sunset to look on.

MATE: I remember she troubled you.

CAPT: She's not been out of my mind these last days. And at night I dream -- I see her, floating above the waves in the winds. She calls me, but I --

MATE: *(Suddenly alarmed.)* Captain!

CAPT: *(Rising abruptly.)* Aye?

MATE: Look there.

CAPT: Where?

MATE: A mermaid!

CAPT: What?

MATE: Floating on the waves! I think she calls you. *(He becomes a comical portrait of a mermaid. In a falsetto.)* Captain!

CAPT: *(Finally understanding him.)* Ah!

MATE: *(As Mermaid.)* Captain, are you lonely? Aaawww! Come down here, you old dog-fish! Come here and I'll give you a salty kiss! *(He puckers and smacks his lips, laughs and then calls.)* Raaaaanndoooolfff!

CAPT: Don't call me that, Mate.

MATE: *(As mermaid.)* Randolf, come here! *(As Mate.)* She calls you, Captain. Do you hear? "Randolf" she says.

CAPT: Don't call me Randolf! You know I hate it.

MATE: You don't want her? No? Then I'll take her, Captain. *(He now becomes the Captain.)* No you won't Mate; she's mine. *(As himself.)* She's mine, Captain! You'll not have her. *(As Captain.)* Mine, Mate! *(As Mate, drawing his sword.)* Then draw, you love-sick sailor, draw and fight for her. *(He whacks the Captain with his sword.)*

CAPT: Not now, Mate.

MATE: Aye, you cowardly sand-bug. *(Another whack.)*

CAPT: Mate, not now.

MATE: Draw, you barnacled buccaneer! Or I'll throw your cowardous shanks to the sharks -- Randolph!

CAPT: *(Drawing sword.)* Clam yourself shut, you jigglin' jellyfish!

MATE: A jellyfish, am I? *(As they are facing off.)* Come for me, Randolph, you love-sick sea-cow!

CAPT: Love-sick, am I! Randolph am I? She's my mermaid!

(They sword fight playfully, energetically. The Mate wins.)

Yours.

MATE: Shall we sail, Randol --

(Captain stops him with gesture of his sword.)

Captain?

CAPT: Aye.

(They speak simultaneously during the following, moving and pointing in their appropriate directions.)

CAPT: We'll head south, Mate.	MATE: We'll head north, Captain.
Aye, north, aye.	Aye, south, aye.
Well, south, then.	Well, north, then.
What's our course to be, Mate?	What's our course to be, Captain?

CAPT: *(Lying on the hillside.)* Ah, let's sit on this isle a little longer and watch the dolphins play.

MATE: Aye. Perhaps this day something will come.