

St. George and the Forest Dragon

A Play for Midsummer's Eve

By Joy Heino & Susan Gee Heino

Characters:

Narrator (6 lines)

Princess (9 lines)

St. George (8 lines)

The King (3 lines)

The Dragon (3 lines)

The Doctor (1 line)

NARRATOR

A fierce Forest Dragon terrorizes the land. His rampaging destruction is way out of hand. To appease the vile beast the people all suffer. They must give them their chickens and cows for his supper. When he ate all their cattle, their goats, and their swine, he insisted on something special to dine. He would burn the whole kingdom, destroy it unless, the King promised to give him his beloved Princess. At first he said, NO! But the Dragon grew hot. The King begged for mercy but the Dragon would not. For the sake of his people, the poor King was stuck. As for the Princess, she was just out of luck.

KING

Woe is me, my dear daughter, that I must live to see your slaughter!

PRINCESS

My father dear, please dry your tear. I know my fate... we must not wait. To save my people, far and wide, I will go be the Dragon's bride.

NARRATOR

The Princess bravely donned a veil, gave her father a tissue and set off on the trail. She left her fine castle and went out to the wood. Whatever her fate, it wouldn't be good.

PRINCESS

Now here I am, all dressed in white, in the scary forest, dark as night! But ho, what's this I hear? Someone else is drawing near!

ST. GEORGE

(Arriving with the sound of horse's hooves.)

Forsooth and alack, what's this that I've spied? Why, some groom, it would seem, has lost his young bride!

PRINCESS

Oh please, good sir, do me no harm, I pray! I am destined to be offered to the Dragon today. He may bite me or burn me or kill me quite dead, but I beg you show kindness or mercy instead. Just give me a blessing and go on your way; your life will be forfeit if you happen to stay.

ST. GEORGE

Of course I won't harm you, sweet sorrowing lass, but I couldn't live with myself if I just go on past. I'm a hero, you see, my name is St. George. I simply can't leave you for that Dragon to gorge!

PRINCESS

Dear sir, a hero indeed you must be, if you think you will stay in this forest with me. But no, I can't have it, you must hurry and fly! The Dragon will see you and then you will die.

ST. GEORGE

I will carry you with me, of course. Come, let me help you up onto my horse. You're a bold one, a brave one, but I swear by my garter, you do not deserve to be made into a martyr.

PRINCESS

A martyr I must be, for the sake of the land. My father is king so I must take a stand. I'm ready to die—I've made no transgression—but I hope that the Dragon gets indigestion! He'll probably eat me in one or two slurps, but stand back and watch out, he might get the burps. I know I can't fight him, I'm hardly a boss, but I did fill my reticule with Super Hot Sauce.

ST. GEORGE

Od's bodkins, you're brilliant! I'm very impressed. If the Dragon eats that, he'll be sorely distressed. Methinks we can use this, it might save you still. Now hush, let's make ready... he's just over the hill!

NARRATOR

The hero and lady had a quick tete-a-tete. I was not privy to hear what they did say. I can tell you all, though, that it must have been smart. They came up with a plan and they each had a part. They stood there together with all that they had... Oh, I can't stand to watch... it's going to be bad!

(Loud sounds of DRAGON roars and other clatter. The DRAGON kite swoops into view while audience provides sound effects. ST. GEORGE tosses PRINCESS one of his swords and they act out NARRATOR'S words.)

The beast was upon them in all of his fury! Oh, if he must kill them I hope he will hurry. They fought and they battled long into the night, they struggled against the Dragon's great might. He chomped with his teeth, he snarled and he roared, he flapped his wide wings in the air and he soared! Will he kill them? Perhaps. Will they die? I don't know. There's really no telling how this contest will go.

DRAGON

Oh how delicious, it's truly a treat! A hero and princess, just for me to eat! I'll gnash you, crash you with my jaws. I'll rip you, slash you with my claws!

PRINCESS

(To her partner.) Good sir, stand fast! Our foe is too extreme!

ST. GEORGE

Fear not, dear Princess, for now we are a team!

NARRATOR

Together they faced the Dragon's wicked blows. The beast glowed with hatred from its head to its toes. But hatred can't stand when it comes face to face, with courage, kindness, loyalty, and grace. With the last burst of his evil strength, the Dragon pounced at them with his full length.

ST. GEORGE

(Doubling over in pain.) Alas! The beast has struck a mortal blow. I can't save you, Lady. You should go!

PRINCESS

I will not leave you, my Good Knight! Until the end, I'll stay and fight.

NARRATOR

The Dragon laughed; he thought he'd won. But our fair Princess was not done! She swung her purse—a heavy tote—and tossed it down the Dragon's throat. The monster paused, he choked and he coughed. He sneered a bit, he even scoffed. But then the contents of that pouch, made the Dragon cry out...

DRAGON

Ouch!

PRINCESS

Ah ha, you fiend, now you shall know, the pain of the hottest jalapeño! I had no weapon I could bring, but I wasn't about to do no-thing.

DRAGON

What a world! What a world! I've been done in, by a handbag full of capsaicin!

(DRAGON collapses into unconsciousness.)

ST. GEORGE

What happened? Is this a truce? You subdued the Dragon with fresh produce!

PRINCESS

I did indeed, as you have seen. The earth provides with harvest green.

(KING rushes in with DOCTOR. They are astonished by what they see.)

KING

My daughter dear, you are still breathing! I've had no peace after your leaving. But who is this who helped you so? Tell me his name so I may know.

ST. GEORGE

I'm known as George, Your Majesty. But I fear the beast has ended me.

DOCTOR

No worries, lad, I'm a physician! I've got the thing for your condition. A magic pill I've just created, it will make *you* well and keep *him* sedated!

(DOCTOR offers a pill to ST. GEORGE then goes to shove one into the DRAGON'S mouth.)

KING

As we have virtue on our side, we could now pierce the Dragon's hide. Vengeance sure would be a thriller, to dispatch this heartless killer.

PRINCESS

Papa, no, don't kill him yet. I'd rather make him be my pet. With magic pills and hot, hot spices, he just might turn out to be the nicest!

NARRATOR

And so the Dragon's reign of terror was done. I hope this tale has brought you some fun. St. George went on to worldwide fame—you've probably even heard of his name. Did the story really go just this way? With dragons and magic... who can say? The important thing you'll want to recall, is that good guys can triumph and Love conquers All. This Mummer's Play has now reached the end. Perhaps next year we'll do it again!