

# THE TOWER

DUET

By Gayann Truelove

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**THE TOWER**  
**By Gayann Truelove**

***AN INTERACTIVE ADVENTURE STORY FOR TWO  
SWASHBUCKLING SWORDFIGHTERS.***

- ❶ .....WOMAN (53 lines)  
❷ .....MAN (62 lines)

**SET**

The set is extremely simple and consists of two box benches set on each side of the playing area. If they can be painted to look like stone that is perfect. This play produces well in any space available and is best suited to audiences of 150 or less. If you wish to dress up the stage, a forest backdrop or trees would be nice.

**PROPS**

- Small Bell for Man
- Tiara for Princess
- Crown for Prince
- Two swords
- Spectacles for Man

**COSTUMES**

This play can be done in virtually any time frame. The original production used renaissance costumes...along the line of the Three Musketeers. The Man's costume works well to be colorful and a bit funny, while the Woman needs to be more serious in nature.

**BRIEF NOTE ABOUT CHARACTERIZATION**

Play is very effective done with a lower class, English accent.

*Duet begins with MAN coming onstage stabbing at an imaginary dragon...he speaks, as if to the dragon.*

**MAN:** Take that ye ugly blue dragon! And that! *(He takes off his spectacles and cleans them. Replaces them on his face.)* No, no...it looks like ye be a big pink dragon with green spots.

*While he is talking the WOMAN sneaks up behind him and pokes him in the rear with her sword.*

**MAN:** *(Thinking it is another dragon.)* Holy Cow! Is there another dragon behind me? *(He slowly and cautiously turns to see the WOMAN.)*

**WOMAN:** *(Obviously the more strong and dominate one of the two.)* No, ye coward! It is only I. The bravest, the best and the greatest sword fighter in the kingdom.

**MAN:** *(Rubbing his backside.)* It is not fair to sneak up on a man from behind.

**WOMAN:** *(Takes fighting stance.)* Then I will fight ye from the front! *(They begin to sword fight. This should be extremely funny with the WOMAN always getting the upper hand. They finally both fall to the ground exhausted.)*

**MAN:** Why are we doing this, woman?

**WOMAN:** The sword is getting heavy in my hand.

**MAN:** Aye! It is a wee bit tiring...all this sword play.

**WOMAN:** What ye be doing here in these woods?

**MAN:** *(Stands and looks out at audience.)* I have come to tell all these find lords and ladies a true tale of... *(He leans toward audience and states with great mystery and suspense "every time he says this:)"* ...THE TOWER!

**WOMAN:** *(She leans toward the audience.)* THE TOWER?!

**BOTH:** *(Lean even more.)* THE TOWER!

**MAN:** *(Spoken in a mysterious, sing-song fashion.)*

The Tower is old and rugged.

A deep, black and gloomy place.

Damp and dark forbidden.

Fear describes its lonely face.

THE TOWER

**WOMAN:** *(In same mysterious, sing-song fashion.)*

Now, we will tell the sad story.

About a very scary place.

And how it held a Princess.

Full of Beauty love and grace.

**MAN:** We'll need a brave and handsome Prince.

To save her from her fate.

To save her from this horrid place.

**BOTH:** The Tower is old and rugged.

And now our tale we'll tell. Listen for our signal.

The ringing of this bell. *(MAN mysteriously rings bell.)*

**MAN:** Aye. But first I need a couple of young brave wee ones to come up here on stage and help me out with the story.

**WOMAN:** That will be easy. *(Speaks to audience.)* We need a brave lord and lady to help tell our tale of... *(They both lean.)*

**BOTH:** THE TOWER!

**WOMAN:** Do I have two brave volunteers from this fine audience? *(WOMAN goes down into audience and chooses a boy and girl for the story. She brings them onto stage. Asks their names and then proceeds to introduce them to the man.)* Here ye be. Two of the bravest wee ones in the audience. This is "name" and this is "name." *(Fill in blank with each child's name.)*

**MAN:** Aye. They are very fine looking wee ones. *(To the girl.)* You, my lady, will be the Princess in our story. *(He places tiara on her head.)* Now we know that Princesses must know how to curtsy. So, show everyone your most royal and beautiful curtsy. *(Has the child curtsy.)*

**WOMAN:** And ye my lord will be the handsome Prince. *(She puts a crown on the boy's head.)* Now, we need a very regal bow from Your Majesty. *(Has boy bow, both applaud.)*

**MAN:** Let's see. We also be needing a mean, ugly, dragon. *(Thinks, then addresses entire audience.)* I know, ye can **all** be the dragon. Every time I ring this bell I want you all to hiss like a dragon. Ready? *(Rings bell. Children hiss.)*

**WOMAN:** Enough chatter...be telling the story already!

**MAN:** Hold on—I be needing some more help from all the lords and ladies out there in the audience. I will need some loud clapping for my storm. Let's all try clapping for the storm.  
*(They do.)*

**WOMAN:** Aye, they sound like a good lot.

**MAN:** Now, I need some loud hoo-ing for me owl. Let's hear ye all do that. *(They do.)*

**WOMAN:** Sounds like a big brown owl with large yellow eyes.

**MAN:** And lastly, I be needing some cheering. Let's hear ye all yell the word "BRAVO!" three times! *(They do.)*

**WOMAN:** What a lively bunch!

**MAN:** Now, I be telling the story. *(Take PRINCE to bench at right and sit him down.)*

**WOMAN:** An' I be helping to tell it "RIGHT." *(Takes PRINCESS to bench at left and sits her down.)*

**MAN:** I don't need any help from ye!

**WOMAN:** Ye always tells it wrong. *(They begin to sword fight. Remember the funnier the better.)*

**MAN:** Right.

**WOMAN:** Wrong.

**MAN:** Right.

**WOMAN:** Wrong.

**MAN:** Right.

**WOMAN:** Wrong. *(Finally, both fall to ground very tired.)*

**MAN:** Ye be a tiring woman.

**WOMAN:** Ye be an irritating man!

**MAN:** *(Both stand.)* We needs to be getting on with the tale of...  
*(Both lean forward.)*

**BOTH:** THE TOWER.

*By this time you should be able to cue the audience to say "THE TOWER" with you every time you lean forward.*

**MAN:** Me story begins on a cold and stormy night... *(WOMAN begins to clap and encourages children to join her for the sound of the storm.)*

THE TOWER

**WOMAN:** *(Stops clapping and encourages children to stop, as well.)* That's a fine sounding storm!

**MAN:** A beautiful, but lonely, Princess had been locked up in—  
*(Both lean.)*

**BOTH:** THE TOWER....

**MAN:** Because her mean stepmother was jealous of her beauty.  
*(He takes the PRINCESS and places her on a box to represent the tower.)*

**WOMAN:** *(Taps man on back.)* I heard it was her stepsister who was jealous of her beauty.

**MAN:** It was her "STEPMOTHER." *(They begin to sword fight around the box that the PRINCESS is standing on.)*

**WOMAN:** Her stepsister.

**MAN:** Mother...

**WOMAN:** Sister...

**MAN:** Mother...

**WOMAN:** Sister! *(WOMAN steps aside and MAN goes flying past and lands on his backside.)*

**MAN:** I be telling the story, woman!

**WOMAN:** *(Out to audience.)* And he be telling it WRONG!

**MAN:** *(Standing.)* As I was saying... *(Looking at WOMAN.)* Before your rude interruption. My lonely Princess was locked up because her *(Glares at WOMAN.)* STEPMOTHER was jealous of her beauty. All she had for company on that stormy night— *(WOMAN begins to clap and encourages children to do so as well. She then stops and quiets children, too.)* —was an old owl. *(WOMAN and MAN hoot and encourage children to do so as well. Then WOMAN steps forward and quiets the children.)*

**WOMAN:** I heard there was a mouse present, as well.

**MAN:** A what?

**WOMAN:** A mouse in... *(Lean.)*

**BOTH:** THE TOWER!

**MAN:** There was no mouse! Only an owl. *(Encourage children to hoot and then quiet them. They begin to sword fight.)*

**WOMAN:** A mouse....

**MAN:** An owl....

**WOMAN:** A mouse....

**MAN:** An owl... (*MAN steps out of the fight.*) Will ye be quiet and stop fighting long enough for me to continue the story?

**WOMAN:** (*Glares at him.*) Continue....even if you be telling it WRONG.

**MAN:** In the village below lived a handsome Prince. (*WOMAN brings PRINCE forward and has him bow.*) He knew of the Princess and was in love with her beauty.

**WOMAN:** (*Steps forward.*) I heard he was in love with her owl. (*WOMAN "hoos" and cues children to do so as well.*)

**MAN:** (*Very frustrated.*) Her OWL? (*Quiets the children.*)

**WOMAN:** Yes

**MAN:** He was in love with her beauty. (*They begin to sword fight.*)

**WOMAN:** Her owl...

**MAN:** Her beauty...

**WOMAN:** Her owl...

**MAN:** Her beauty! (*Yells.*) STOP! (*They stop fighting.*) I MUST finish the story for all these lords and ladies. (*Points to the sun.*) The hour is late!

**WOMAN:** (*Reluctantly.*) Ye may continue.

**MAN:** The Prince decided to rescue the Princess from... (*Both lean.*)

**BOTH:** THE TOWER!

**MAN:** Marry her and take her away from her mean stepmother. (*WOMAN interrupts.*)

**WOMAN:** And stepsister! (*MAN gives WOMAN a dirty look but continues.*)

**MAN:** But first he had to figure out how to climb... (*Both lean.*)

**BOTH:** THE TOWER!

**MAN:** So the Prince rode out to the... (*Both lean.*)

**BOTH:** THE TOWER!

*THE TOWER*

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