

The Last Quest of Visilock

By Matt Smith, in collaboration with Westlake Theatre

THE LAST QUEST OF VISILOCK

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THE LAST QUEST OF VISILOCK

As a note in the program or credits of work, include the verbiage: “‘The Last Quest of Visilock’ was written by Matt Smith, and the following artists created the characters in the play: Leighton Callaham, Zach Cieutat, Kean Dailey, Julia Finzi, Liam Harrell, Stars Hinson, Parker Keoun, Cole Kosch, Sara Medina, Manisha Rahman, India Rushing, Aubry Smith, Alma Sullivan, Ivy Toler, and Sky Toles.”

THE LAST QUEST OF VISILOCK

The Last Quest of Visilock was originally produced at the American High School Theatre Festival by Westlake Theatre, featuring the following cast and crew:

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Spirit of the Mountains | Sky Toles |
| Swarna | Sara Medina |
| Alcott | Cole Kosch |
| Callidus | Liam Harrell |
| Luz | Kean Dailey |
| Beatrice | India Rushing |
| Sean | Stars Hinson |
| Lona | Aubry Smith |
| Lithe | Exa Rendon |
| Nelista | Ivy Toler |
| Gjalp | Leighton Callaham |
| Vlad | Parker Keoun |
| Shiloh | Julia Finzi |
| Rubin | Zach Cieutat |
| Luric/Monster | Alma Sullivan |
| Darian | J Brown |
| Director | Meredith Yanchak |
| Tech Director | Michael Essad |
| Fight Choreography | Carlo Aceytuno |
| Production Manager | Alma Sullivan |
| Costumes/Makeup Mgr | India Rushing |
| Original Music | Matt Dunegan |

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CAST

In tradition of fantasy role playing games, each character has a fantasy ancestry (for example, orcs, dwarfs, elves, etc) and a class (for example, bard, rogue, wizard, fighter).

Note on Gender: Each character can be any gender, with adjustment to pronouns.

SWARNA: Human Paladin, meaning she gets her magic from what she believes in. In her case this is the House Of Harmonious, a center of mediation believing in non violent conflict resolution in the Realm's biggest city, Queen's Bridge, where she is like local law enforcement. She is polite, but also somewhat petty and a stickler for rules. She frequently loses her temper trying to get people to go into mediation, something that she notes "people do not like to do."

ALCOTT: Human Barbarian who has worked for Vlad for a number of years, but recently had a crisis of conscience. Snarky, loathes himself, which has a way of turning into loathing others.

NELISTA: A Bard from an ancient and proud blood line, part-Human with some devilish ancestry (she has horns), who is now managing a dumb inn. She does the bare minimum to keep the Inn going and is kind of mean to strangers.

VLAD: Elf Fighter who leads an evil cabal called the Spies of Midnight, which functions like organized crime. Sinister but genteel, prefers others do his dirty work.

RUBIN: Dwarf Alchemist (uses magic by way of bombs and potions) who works for Vlad. Lives life largely and turns to violence quickly.

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SHILOH: Human Sorcerer who works for Vlad and has the power to make objects float, like telekinesis. By impressing the boss and undermining her rivals, she has moved up in the ranks of the Spies of Midnight and hopes to run it someday.

CALLIDUS: Elf Barbarian who works at Nelista's Inn. Good natured, jolly guy - unless he's cornered, then he goes into a barbarous rage (kind of like the Hulk.)

BEATRICE: Elf Alchemist who leads The Party, a group of adventuring heroes hired by the Queen on a quest. She is loyal to her group, protective of them, and believes together they can solve anything. She most wants to impress the Queen, and be named to her court as Royal Heroes.

SEAN: Human Rogue, member of The Party. Likes being dark and mysterious, a "nameless whisper on the wind." Like Batman.

LONA: Human Paladin, member of The Party. She helps them with small spells (healing or boosting strength, which is the typical role a Paladin plays on a team), but she downplays her magic. In her dreams, the Spirit of the Mountains predicts she will face a terrible Monster. Lona is not ready for this destiny, so she is secretive, noncommittal, and nervous.

LITHE: A hawk, fiercely loyal to Lona, and by extension, The Party. He is a sharp-eyed, good bird, and a fan of the intricacies of language. Note: Lithe makes hawk noises on his lines, that can only be understood by Lithe and Lona. What he is saying is written out in parenthesis.

GJALP: Half-Orc Bard who lives outside of town, probably in a little hut of sorts, who generally hates people, but enjoys singing.

LURIC: A Cleric, he was formerly a type of forest creature called a Fir Bolg, a gentle giant, who, after dying in a battle, woke up reincarnated as a

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sort-of Frankenstein's monster. As a peace-espousing Cleric, it is now his mission to wander the Realm and seek to do good deeds.

DARIAN: Elf Bard from Queen's Bridge who bravely faces danger and, even more importantly, tells grand tales of victory. The Queen appointed Darian a Royal Hero (like an elite member of the Court) and sent them to the Red Isle, a small nearby kingdom. There Darian has enjoyed the celebrity lifestyle, telling tales of victory that grow a little more with each telling. They are traveling undercover.

LUZ: Elf Bard, of somewhat diminutive stature, who keeps the stables at the Inn. He loves horses, frogs, dirt, and the natural world in general. Curious, enthusiastic, and an excellent listener.

SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS: An angel-like spirit who watches over the Mountains in the Realm of Visilock and cares for the good people who settle there. As a Spirit, she is an apparition and cannot physically manipulate the world.

MONSTER: (Voice) A giant floating eyeball with magic powers who wants to be the most powerful creature in all the land.

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PLACE

The fantasy Realm of Visilock, a land with many mountains and a Queen and a neighboring country called the Red Isle. Within Visilock is the small village of Velarium, and within Velarium is the Velarium Inn, a cozy yet a bit run-down establishment that exists in a remote crossroads of Visilock, such that most folks traveling on the road will likely rest here.

The play takes place at the Inn's courtyard, from which one can enter the Inn itself to go to the Inn's lobby and dining area; go off to the rooms which each have their own entrances (you would enter the rooms through their own doors - like a motel - rather than through the lobby); or into the small village of Velarium; or out to the stables which are 100 steps away; or back on the Road itself. Basically this courtyard is the nexus of any activity that happens in Velarium.

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PROLOGUE

Lights up. The SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS addresses us. The bards - NELISTA, LUZ, DARIAN, GJALP, and honorary bard CALLIDUS - may or may not be there too, playing instruments to welcome us to this fantasy setting.

SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS. In the magical Realm of Visilock, a powerful and evil Monster arose. It awoke in the Mountains, and drove many peoples, elves and humans, dwarves and orcs, all from their villages. For this Monster is a terrible giant floating eyeball - yes, that's right, a floating eyeball - and he screams for power. For this reason he is called: The Eye Scream Float. He searches for one thing: The Fount of Joy. The mythical object that awoke him, that would bring him power, for it is an artifact of myth and legend, with mysterious properties that— The Fount of Joy is an important thing, are you getting that? It's not silly, it's key to the whole story. It's not a Macguffin, okay, it is really old and cool epic stuff, like legends? And stuff? Kingdoms and magic and heroes and monsters all revolve around stuff like this. And the future of Visilock is no different. But the future is a perilous thing. It rides day and night. It rides toward us whether we are ready or not. *(The Spirit of the Mountains plus the Bards exit.)*

SCENE 1

A back alley of the capital city of Visilock. ALCOTT sneaks in. Maybe he comes through the audience, pretending they are hedges of a private garden. He emerges, and looks with content at a map. A knight, SWARNA, enters.

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SWARNA. Excuse me. Hi, yes, you just cut through the private garden of Missus Berkeley.

ALCOTT. Oops.

SWARNA. Obviously, as a Knight of the Realm, I must insist we chat about trespassing.

ALCOTT. I'll do better next time.

SWARNA. Actually - as I'm sure you're aware - the next step is we enter mediation. With Missus Berkeley. About her hydrangeas.

ALCOTT. Did she summon you?

SWARNA. As luck would have it I work right over there at the House of Harmonious, dedicated to peacefully resolving conflict, and I happened to notice your infraction.

ALCOTT. Look, lady—

SWARNA. Knight.

ALCOTT. Yeah. I have a long journey ahead of me.

SWARNA. Of course, which you can continue, right after we meet with Missus Berkeley. Now what's your favorite type of tea? My parents always say: offer all parties in mediation some tea. *(Swarna puts a hand on Alcott, trying to lead him back to the garden but he doesn't move.)*

ALCOTT. I'm not going with you. *(Alcott pushes Swarna's hand off of him. Swarna regroups and stands in his way so he doesn't leave.)*

SWARNA. Sir. Calm down. *(Alcott tries to walk past her, but she puts a hand on him again. Alcott elbows her, forcing her to let him go.)* I will fight you. I prefer not to but I will. *(Swarna holds him again. Alcott attempts to land a punch, but she blocks it, then the next, and the next)* All. You had. To do. Was tell me your favorite type of tea! *(She grabs his arm, holding his wrist behind his back, and he falls to his knees).* But nooooo. No one wants to enter healthy mediation.

ALCOTT. Ow!

SWARNA. *(She takes the map he was holding.)* What is this? Velarium? Isn't that the middle of nowhere?

ALCOTT. Please. It's important I get there.

SWARNA. Sure it is.

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ALCOTT. It's the Fount of Joy. You understand? The artifact that ends all conflict.

SWARNA. That's just old bardsong.

ALCOTT. It's real and it's been found. It is coming through Velarium, and if I don't stop them, they will steal it.

SWARNA. Who?

ALCOTT. The evil crime syndicate.

SWARNA. No. Not...

ALCOTT. Yes. The Spies of Midnight.

SWARNA. They're pure evil. Okay, first we'll deal with your trespassing, and then we will dig into this.

ALCOTT. Really? First you want to deal with the hydrangeas?

SWARNA. It's common courtesy to enter mediation with injured parties, then we will raise your concerns to the local regent, who will— *(Alcott makes a break for it and bolts.)* Hey! Stop! Stop him! Oh! He stepped on a petunia! *(Swarna starts to chase but it's no use - he's too far gone. She looks again at the map. She exits after him.)*

SCENE 2

The courtyard of Velarium - the central hub of a small village. We can see the entrance to the Velarium Inn, where guests check in for the night or get meals from the Inn's kitchen. Beside the entrance, there is a path to follow to go back to the Inn's rooms. There is also a path to the Inn's stables. Another path leads to the rest of town - from here you can get to the town's shops or other hang-outs.

Three travelers - BEATRICE, SEAN, and LONA - enter in dark cloaks. CALLIDUS enters from the inn and greets them.

CALLIDUS. Greetings, weary travelers. Welcome to the Velarium Inn. *(Calling offstage.)* Luz! We have guests! *(To the travelers.)* We will see to your horses and your comfort. We may be far from cities and ports, but

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what we lack in excitement we make up for with good service, and rooms that critics have called “Available.”

(Singing a capella.)

Welcome to Velarium

We serve food for your tum.

Welcome to an Inn at the crossroads—

SEAN. Shhhhh. Please.

BEATRICE. Good sir, we do not wish to call attention to ourselves. *(LUZ enters and approaches Sean.)*

LUZ. Oh hello. Fine cloaks. The dirt on ‘em, what kind of dirt is that, let me see—

SEAN. Do not touch me.

CALLIDUS. Luz, these are guests. Don’t ask them about dirt. *(To the guests.)* Are you members of our Frequent Questers Program? Faster checkout, rewards points, and a free bag of Captain Tasty’s Fortified Jerky. It’s the best jerky in all of Visilock.

SEAN. Never mind any of that. Three rooms, one night. Simple and quiet.

CALLIDUS. Say no more, I’ll let you settle in. As soon as I cover the house rules. A one and two and— *(Luz provides some a cappella music “bum bum bum bum bum bum bum bum” or plays a tambourine or something - something that just makes this song a bit more ridiculous. Callidus sings.)*

We have some rules in Velarium

Keep your weapons in your room.

No fighting is allowed at the inn—

SEAN. We get it. Enough singing.

CALLIDUS. Oh, but you have arrived at the Night of Bards Singing Songs, which is an event where Bards sing songs. I’m a Barbarian, but you might call me a Bard-arian. *(He laughs. No one else does.)* So as I was saying, you need to keep the sword in you room— *(Callidus approaches Lona. Suddenly, LITHE, a hawk, enters. He screeches and stands between Callidus and Lona. Note: Lithe makes hawk noises on his lines, that can only be understood by Lithe and Lona. What he is saying is written out in parenthesis.)*

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LITHE. (Leave her alone.)

CALLIDUS. Big bird!

LONA. Lithe. It's okay. (*Lithe sees that Lona is okay, gives Callidus a dirty look, and hops beside Lona obediently.*)

LUZ. A Regalis mountain hawk. Have you three come through the mountains?

LONA. We are from there.

LUZ. I am sorry. Terrible times, what with the—

CALLIDUS. Luz, these are guests. Please don't bring up the giant eyeball monster terrorizing their homeland.

BEATRICE. It's okay. I am Beatrice, of the former Village of Eriol. This is Lona of the town that was called Wind Whisper. Her pet hawk, Lithe. And this is—

SEAN. I am nameless justice.

BEATRICE. We just call him the Rogue.

SEAN. A shadow in the wind. Silent punishment.

BEATRICE. Can you chill out, please? (*To Luz.*) The point is, we found each other. Together, we are: The Party.

LUZ. The...what?

BEATRICE. A group of adventurers, you know, we do missions together. Like friendship, but better because it's a Party.

SEAN. Enough. We must go.

CALLIDUS. Luz will see to your horses.

LUZ. Oh, I do like talking to horses. Whether they say anything back to me or not, I don't mind. (*Luz exits to the stables.*)

CALLIDUS. Nelista shall take your payment.

BEATRICE. You don't do that?

CALLIDUS. Oh no, Nelista does not let me touch money. She says I do not have a head for counting. Nelista! (*Callidus exits to go get Nelista.*)

SEAN. (*To Beatrice.*) The shouting "bard-arian." If the Spies are within ten miles, they know we're here.

BEATRICE. The Queen ordered us to come here, and this is the only inn. Royal Hero Darian Barnhart will come and deliver us the Fount of Joy. We

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bring it back safely to the Queen. Then, we all go out for fondue. How about that? Dipping tubers in cheese.

SEAN. You are glossing over the Queen's warning.

LONA. The Spies found out about the plan, and they might be on their way here to steal the Fount.

SEAN. So once again we are headlong into evil.

BEATRICE. Oh come on now, not every part of a traveling adventurer's life is doom and gloom.

SEAN. What about when we were ambushed by the Ghosts of Misery?

LONA. Or when we had to fight the Blood Orcs?

SEAN. Or when the Queen sent us to barter with the Pirate Druids of Masticated Skulls?

BEATRICE. Okay, yes, we run into some evil. But the Queen's advisors have analyzed ancient texts, and the Eye Scream Float has a weakness: the Jewel of Visilock. Unfortunately no one knows what the Jewel is, but the Queen suspects it is the Fount of Joy. So, we bring it to her, she defeats the Monster, saves the Mountains, and for our part we get named Royal Heroes. Plus: the fondue. Add it all up, it's a pretty good quest.

SEAN. All for naught if we're captured here. I'm off to scout the perimeter under the cover of darkness. *(Sean uses ninja moves to move toward the exit.)*

BEATRICE. We can see you.

SEAN. I...that's...I'm allowing you to see me. On purpose. *(Sean exits.)*

LONA. You really think we'll be named Royal Heroes?

BEATRICE. *(Holds out a letter from the Queen.)* Straight from the Queen's lips. Or quill. Or lips if she dictated it. Anyway, yes.

LONA. I can't believe it. It feels like...I'm not ready.

BEATRICE. You are.

LONA. I mean, I'm okay with the sword. Getting better.

BEATRICE. And? Your Paladin magic, hello? You strengthen us in battle. You dispel magic curses.

LONA. It's not strong enough to take on enemies by myself. Your magic is way more useful.

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BEATRICE. I have potions. You have an actual connection to the guardian Spirit of the Mountains.

LONA. I don't know about that.

BEATRICE. Well, I think it's cool. I'd fight beside you any day, and I'm not just saying that just because you're one of my only two friends. I mean, I could make more friends if I needed to. Probably, I mean, I hope I could. Oh gosh, could I?

LONA. Beatrice.

BEATRICE. Sorry, I don't need to think about that. We will impress the Queen, then we'll be in her court together.

LONA. It sounds...like I can't even say it out loud, it's too good. Think of it, Lithe. We would be Royal Heroes!

LITHE. (That would be awesome!)

BEATRICE. And tonight we get to meet Darian Barnhart. (*Callidus enters.*)

CALLIDUS. (*Amazed.*) Darian Barnhart is coming here?

BEATRICE. Um, no, I didn't say "Barnhart", I said, um...

LONA. Barn Fart.

BEATRICE. Exactly.

LONA. It's barn where you...

BEATRICE. Fart. You know it's nice to have a place specifically for that kind of activity.

CALLIDUS. No, you said Darian is coming here. A Royal Hero, wow. I'm a big fan. I collect Royal Hero memorabilia, I have a cape, fancy pants, and...maybe Darian will sign my collector's edition genuine replica Royal Helmet!

LONA. Shhh.

CALLIDUS. We will sing special songs!

BEATRICE. Shhhh. They're coming in secret.

CALLIDUS. Oh. Gotcha. I will be super chill. (*He tries to be chill but can't really do it.*) Darian is coming here tonight!

BEATRICE and LONA. Shhhhh! (*NELISTA enters. She is part-Human with some devilish ancestry (she has horns), meant for glory and battle, but who is now managing a dumb inn.*)

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NELISTA. Payment. (*Beatrice approaches and pays Nelista. As she does so, Nelista grabs her hand.*) You have Emeralds?

BEATRICE. No. It's gold.

NELISTA. So be it. No violence is permitted here. Keep that sword in your room, or you are banned from the courtyard. If the hawk's talons damage upholstery, you're banned. Actually any problems and you are banned. Three rooms are your's.

BEATRICE. Uh. Which ones?

NELISTA. Go around, knock, find some open ones. It's not a maze of fire in the glorious plane of The Nine Screams. It's a stupid inn made of wood and pillows.

CALLIDUS. Nelista, for the Night of Bards Singing Songs, we have a special guest.

LONA. Shhhh.

CALLIDUS. I didn't say who it was.

NELISTA. I will sing tonight as I always do, a tale of woe and treachery. (*Nelista exits abruptly.*)

CALLIDUS. That's going to bum everyone out.

LONA. She has horns.

CALLIDUS. Yeah, she's from an ancient nobility that made a blood pact with demons from a fiery netherworld, so she's got mad horns. Anyway, go forth, adventurers, and find unoccupied rooms. (*Beatrice, Lona, and Lithe exit.*) Man, I like greeting people. (*GJALP, a half-orc bard townie, enters.*)

GJALP. I don't like the look of that lot.

CALLIDUS. No one asked you, Gjalp. What are you doing in town?

GJALP. It's a free realm. I roam where I wish.

CALLIDUS. Yes, well, if you want to sing for Night of Bards—

GJALP. What makes you think I want to sing? Eh? I don't need to sing. Maybe I'm just strolling.

CALLIDUS. But if you do, sing something happy.

GJALP. Oh, happy happy, everyone wants happy songs. Sorry to burst your bubble, but music is a mirror to society and society happens to suck.

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CALLIDUS. Don't you be a bummer too. Man, there's got to be a nice Bard around here somewhere. (*Callidus exits.*)

GJALP. Nice, why should I be nice? (*Swarna enters.*)

SWARNA. Hello? Excuse me?

GJALP. What?

SWARNA. Pardon me. I am looking for a garden trespasser. He's a human fighter, that is, he is human, not that he fights humans, although he did fight me and I am human, so actually he is a human fighter in every which way.

GJALP. No one here like that. Just a bunch of spies.

SWARNA. Spies?

GJALP. Nasty lot, in dark cloaks.

SWARNA. The Spies of Midnight. He was right, they're here.

GJALP. One of them has a sword, and a big hawk. They wanted to be quiet, but I hear, I hear everything from my place in the forest. Used to be such a nice village here. A quiet place without all these happy songs, cheery cheery cheery. But then Nelista opened the Inn, and she only wants people. Not a place for Gjalp, is it? No one likes Gjalp.

SWARNA. Gjalp is your name or an unfortunate stew?

GJALP. My name of course! (*Gjalp exits. VLAD enters from a separate direction.*)

SWARNA. Sorry, yes, of course it is. Sorry!

VLAD. Never mind her. She enjoys being a grump. You certainly deserve a better welcome than that. Salutations! I am Vlad.

SWARNA. Swarna Hays. I'm looking for a fighter, about this tall.

VLAD. I have not seen anyone like that. In town? A scoundrel?

SWARNA. He tiptoed in the wrong tulips, if you know what I mean.

VLAD. I do not. (*SHILOH and RUBIN enter.*)

RUBIN. Is supper served yet? I'm starving.

SHILOH. You're always starving.

RUBIN. Only before I eat.

VLAD. Gentlefolk, please, manners. A Knight is here. (*To Swarna.*) We are merchants, traveling from Port Gladbell. Rubin and Shiloh.

RUBIN. Hi.

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SHILOH. An honor to meet a Knight of...the Queen's Court?

SWARNA. No, I'm with the House of Harmonious. (*Callidus enters from the inn.*)

CALLIDUS. Supper is served! Tonight we eat and make merry, for tomorrow we face the road. (*Callidus exits back inside.*)

RUBIN. Hot dog! That's my cue. (*Rubin exits, following Callidus inside.*)

VLAD. Pardon our Dwarven friend. But tell us about this House of Harmonious.

SWARNA. We believe in mediation. Communication, to arrive at a better and higher understanding.

VLAD. That sounds very hard.

SWARNA. It is slow work. Between you and me, people do not like getting along.

SHILOH. You must be weary.

SWARNA. I'm fine. I have dedicated my life. My twenties, and my thirties, and my forties, and you know, all the decades I'll ever have towards elusive peace. But I'm fine. I should be going.

SHILOH. Excuse me. I don't know if this will help you, but from over there I saw three people in dark cloaks arrive. I couldn't get a look at them, but maybe one of them is your fugitive? (*Lona and Lithe enter and stand apart from the group.*)

SWARNA. I have heard of these folks. Someone with a hawk.

VLAD. Uh, Missus Knight? Don't look now, but...there they are. (*Swarna looks over and observes Lona whispering something to Lithe. Lithe flies off, exiting.*)

LITHE. (I'll see what I can.) (*Swarna approaches Lona. As she does so, Alcott enters and sees Swarna and immediately turns his face away from her. Vlad might block the sightline between Swarna and Alcott; in any case, Swarna is too preoccupied with Lona to notice Alcott.*)

SWARNA. Excuse me.

LONA. (*Wary.*) Good evening.

SWARNA. What business brings you here?

LONA. My own.

SWARNA. Something to do with, oh, the Fount of Joy?

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LONA. I don't, uh, I don't know what you're talking about. *(Lona exits.)*

SWARNA. *(To Shiloh.)* So it's true. The Spies are here. *(Nelista enters.)*

NELISTA. *(Clears throat loudly.)* The courtyard is for guests.

SWARNA. Of course, I was just looking at— *(seeing Nelista)* horns. I mean, nothing against horns. They're part of unicorns and narwhals and...orchestra. I need a room.

NELISTA. You have Emeralds?

SWARNA. Uh, I have gold.

NELISTA. Ugh. Gold. This way. *(Swarna follows Nelista off. Rubin re-enters with a full tray of food. Vlad breathes a sigh of relief as he motions for Alcott to join them.)*

VLAD. Alcott. Who is this Knight?

ALCOTT. She must have followed me.

SHILOH. How'd you mess this one up?

ALCOTT. Hey, I'm the one who got the information that Darian is coming here.

SHILOH. And lead a knight right to us. That's on top of the Queen's adventurers.

RUBIN. Not a problem. I'll throw a bomb at them. Kaboom. Problem solved. *(They all look at him like he's nuts. He focuses on eating a ham or something like that, a turkey leg or dinner roll.)*

SHILOH. Summon ham. *(Shiloh magically makes Rubin's food item float off his tray.)*

RUBIN. Hey hey hey, go play with your own food, sorcerer.

VLAD. Rubin, we cannot spook Darian, and a bomb is very spooky. *(To Rubin and Alcott.)* You two are supposed to distract Darian, so Shiloh can summon the Fount of Joy away from them. But now, we have adventurers and a Knight. Ugh.

SHILOH. Amateur.

ALCOTT. Teacher's pet.

SHILOH. Plan ruiner.

RUBIN. All I'm saying is we throw a bomb at 'em and—

VLAD. Too much ruckus. Wait. I have an idea. You make a pie.

RUBIN. A pie?

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VLAD. An evil magic pie. With a potion, so whoever eats it will talk like a seagull.

SHILOH. That's genius.

ALCOTT. No, it isn't.

VLAD. It will distract all of them. It's very distracting when you talk like a seagull.

RUBIN. A bomb would be way easier.

SHILOH. Enough. You heard our leader, go make a pie.

VLAD. And Alcott, make sure you wear a disguise. That knight must not recognize you. *(Rubin and Alcott exit.)* The Fount of Joy will fetch a high price. Why do all these do-gooders insist on standing in my way? All I want is to access wealth with a vast network of thieves and spies.

SHILOH. It's reasonable.

VLAD. Why is everyone out to get us?

SHILOH. Well...Maybe it would help - and I'm just spitballing her - if we change the name to something that's not the "Spies of Midnight"?

VLAD. The Spies of Midnight is a cool name.

SHILOH. It's definitely cool. Just a bit...evil.

VLAD. We're a secret cabal to put me rightfully back on the Visilock throne.

SHILOH. And it's a great cabal. Top five cabal. But what if we were the "League of the Crown."

VLAD. This is my group of super spies and I decide the name, okay? Now I need you to do something. The adventurers have weapons. See if you can spirit them away and leave them unarmed.

SHILOH. *(Unenthused.)* As you wish.

VLAD. What was that?

SHILOH. I mean, that sounds great! *(Vlad and Shiloh exit. Luz and LURIC enter.)*

LUZ. Nelista? Another traveler has arrived. *(To Luric.)* She can set you up with a room.

LURIC. Beg your pardon, I only want for food and supplies. I sleep outside in the woods.

LUZ. Oh, in the dirt. *(Sniffs.)* You smell interesting.

THE LAST QUEST OF VISILOCK

LURIC. Thank you. It is a compliment to be interesting. I am traveling to see the Dwarves of the Barhalland Mines.

LUZ. You smell of Dwarf. But also Goblin and Fir Bolg. How is that?

LURIC. My story is a sad one. I am Luric Stonekin of Fernfish Village, many leagues from here. I am a Fir Bolg, my village was my clan. A place of long conversations and good breakfast food. One day, marauders attacked Fernfish. They were Goblins of the North, and Barhalland Dwarves. They killed many. They killed me.

LUZ. Oh no.

LURIC. Oh yes. Three years later, I awoke. I looked down, and my body was not my body. (*Luric removes an arm from his cloak, and we can see a hand stitched to an arm.*) I am now many bodies stitched together. This arm is a Goblin's arm. This neck is Dwarven. Rebuilt corpses from the attack and someone brought my spirit back from beyond.

LUZ. Whoa.

LURIC. Yes, whoa, my friend. I cannot explain it. All I can do now is the slow work of compassion. I have met with Goblins of the North, and helped them store food for the long winter. Now I seek a Barhalland Dwarf so that I can offer amends to them.

LUZ. But...they destroyed your village.

LURIC. Anger will not help that. But my apologies for such a long story. I am sure you are interesting too.

LUZ. I have many hobbies. Dirt. Mushrooms. Frogs.

LURIC. I once spoke to a frog.

LUZ. You can talk to frogs?

LURIC. With a potion. For welcoming me to your village, I will share this one that gives a creature speech of our common tongue. (*Luric gives Luz a vial.*)

LUZ. Oh thank you! Thank you very much. As for dwarves, there is one here. A guest.

LURIC. Delightful. I must help them at once. There is no time to waste. (*Luric exits very slowly.*)

LUZ. What an interesting zombie. (*Luz exits. Beatrice and Lona enter.*)

LONA. A knight is here. Or someone pretending to be a knight.

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BEATRICE. What do you mean?

LONA. Why would she be here alone? I think it's a disguise. (*Lithe returns.*)

LITHE. (There is a royal horse up the road.)

LONA. He says there's a royal horse not far off.

BEATRICE. It must be Darian. Go, tell the Rogue.

LITHE. (Right away.) (*Lithe exits. Alcott enters. Swarna enters from a different direction, and sees him. Beatrice and Lona hang back, observing. Alcott quickly pulls his cloak's hood low over his face.*)

SWARNA. Hello? Sir?

ALCOTT. (*Affecting an elderly man's voice.*) Yes? I'm sorry I'm just an old Elf, and I need to have my hood over my face because...I'm old.

SWARNA. What is your name?

ALCOTT. Since I'm an old Elf, it's an Elvish name:
HammaClammaYupYupGeorgarino.

SWARNA. I studied Elvish and I've never heard of a name like that. (*In perfect Elvish.*) Mime esse na-Swarna Hays. Mana brings tye ana sina peler? (*This means: "My name is Swarna Hays. What brings you to this fair village?"*)

ALCOTT. (*Not understanding a word of Elvish.*) Oh, ha ha, I don't quite remember the language.

LONA. Did he do something wrong?

SWARNA. You. You know this man?

ALCOTT. Elf.

SWARNA. Allegedly.

BEATRICE. I'm an Elf. You have something against Elves? (*Lona and Beatrice stand near Alcott, supporting him but also blocking him from leaving, which would be his preference.*)

SWARNA. Nothing like that.

ALCOTT. I'll be on my way.

BEATRICE. You do not have to leave.

ALCOTT. I assure you I do.

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BEATRICE. *(To Swarna.)* If you strike one of us, you strike all of us. Like on a piano when you try to hit one key but you accidentally hit a couple. At once.

LONA. Sir, you can stand here and proclaim your name proudly. Go ahead.

ALCOTT. HammaFlammaTupTup Georgarino.

SWARNA. Before he said Yup Yup!

BEATRICE. *(To Alcott.)* Which is it, TupTup or YupYup?

ALCOTT. I don't know anymore. *(Swarna finally is able to pull Alcott's hood and reveal his face.)*

SWARNA. It's him! Garden trespasser!

ALCOTT. Can't you leave enough alone? *(Alcott runs away.)*

SWARNA. Halt! *(Swarna exits, chasing him.)*

LONA. Wait. *(Lona is about to exit when Sean and Lithe enter.)*

SEAN. What's going on?

LONA. We found the Spies of Midnight. *(Lona exits.)*

SEAN. Our focus should be Darian.

BEATRICE. Yes, but...hold on, Lona!

LITHE. *(I will protect her.) (Beatrice and Lithe exit.)*

SEAN. Do not throw caution to the wind. Keep caution close to you, in your pocket. *(Sean looks around. There's a bench or wall or tree or audience chair or something where he can blend in. He reverses his cloak and it's the same color of wherever he's hiding. He completes the look with a mask also of this color that he puts over his face. He waits. Alcott comes rushing in followed by Swarna, followed by Lona. Swarna grabs Alcott, Lona kicks Swarna, so Swarna loses control of Alcott. Alcott tries to escape but runs into Lona and falls over. Swarna tries to land a punch on Alcott but misses when he falls, and accidentally hits Lona. This choreography could be Three-Stooges-esque. Then Lithe enters.)*

LITHE. *(Lithe to the rescue!) (Lithe bursts them all apart, running directly into Swarna. Alcott tries to run but Lithe stops him. Alcott punches Lithe.) (Ow!)*

LONA. Lithe! *(Alcott exits, pursued by Swarna. Lithe regroups and gives chase. Beatrice enters, a potion or power concoction in hand.)* Stop them.

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BEATRICE. Okay, um...Reverse Curse! *(Beatrice throws her powder/potion offstage after them. Lithe, Swarna, and Alcott re-enter, now walking and talking backwards.)*

ALCOTT. *(Talking backwards, saying "What is going on?")* No gniog si tahw?

SWARNA. *(Talking backwards: "I don't like this.")* Siht ekil t'nod I.

LITHE. *(Talking backwards: "Caw caw caw caw.")* Wac wac wac wac. *(Alcott walks backwards away from Swarna, who takes up the chase, and Lithe joins in, so the three of them are basically moonwalking in a circle. Nelista enters.)*

NELISTA. What in the nine screams are you doing? There is no fighting allowed in the courtyard.

BEATRICE. We're not fighting, we're...um...Moonwalking. *(And they are.)*

NELISTA. I consider this strike one. Three strikes and you are banned. *(Nelista exits.)*

BEATRICE. Curse reverse reverse curse! *(Beatrice throws another powder. Lithe, Alcott, Lona, and Swarna are cured and back to normal. They take a beat to realize time is normal again, grateful, then immediately at each other again. Lithe, Swarna, and Lona each have each other in a hold, so they are bunched up.)*

LONA. Who are you working for?

SWARNA. Who are you working for?

ALCOTT. You know what, I'll just be on my way. *(Alcott goes to exit but Sean stops him. Sean does not reveal himself, he is still in disguise, so Alcott is just being stopped by a shrubbery/wall/bench/whatever Sean is.)* What? What's happening? The shrub is stopping me. Is one of you a shrub wizard? If you're a shrub wizard, you have to tell me. *(Or instead of "shrub" say whatever Sean is disguised as.)*

SEAN. You shall not pass. *(Beatrice takes this opportunity to capture Alcott and Swarna/Lona/Lithe are still at a stalemate.)*

SWARNA. Hand over the garden trespasser.

LONA. Don't do it. She's a Spy of Midnight.

SWARNA. I'm not a Spy of Midnight, you're a Spy of Midnight.

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LONA. That's exactly what the Spy of Midnight would say.

ALCOTT. Would you all stop it, none of you are in the Spies of Midnight.

SWARNA. Oh how do you know that?

ALCOTT. Because I am a Spy of Midnight. Okay? Let me go. *(Beatrice lets Alcott go. He dusts himself off.)* You can let her go too, she's not with us. *(Swarna lets go of Lona, and vice versa.)*

SWARNA. *(To ALCOTT.)* You lied to me.

ALCOTT. You scuffed me up.

BEATRICE. You hurt Lona.

ALCOTT. You cursed me.

SEAN. You punched our bird!

LITHE. *(Yeah, and my head hurts.)*

SEAN. Come on. Let's get you fixed up.

LITHE. *(I think I need to lie down.) (Sean exits with Lithe.)*

SWARNA. *(To ALCOTT.)* You said you were here to stop the Spies.

ALCOTT. I am. From the inside. It's complicated, the point is, you need to leave.

SWARNA. Yeah right.

ALCOTT. This isn't a contest for a merit badge in being stubborn.

SWARNA. I'm not doing this for merit badges, I'm doing this as a Paladin for the House of Harmonious, because it's freaking rewarding.

BEATRICE. You're a Paladin? Lona is a Paladin. Well, heck, small Realm. Hi, we're the Party.

SWARNA. The what?

BEATRICE. Party!

ALCOTT. Well, you need to go too.

LONA. The Queen asked us to get the Fount of Joy.

BEATRICE. It's the Jewel of Visilock.

ALCOTT. I'll take care of the Fount.

SWARNA. Excuse me, I'll take care of the Fount.

BEATRICE. As Lona just said, the Fount is actually our mission. *(A great clap of magic thunder. SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS enters majestically. Holy music.)*

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SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS. Peoples of the Material plane, I appear to you to bring you a spoiler alert: You will all take care of the Fount of Joy. I am the Spirit of the Mountains. Inspirer of Good Deeds. *(To Lona.)* It is an honor to meet you, Lona of Wind Whisper.

LONA. Um...hello.

BEATRICE. Spirit. You grace us with your presence.

SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS. I try to stay behind the scenes, but with the Fount of Joy riding into town as we speak and instead you're all here squabbling, I thought I'd stop by and tell you what is up. Darian Barnhart unearthed the Fount of Joy. It is a dangerous artifact - it's not a macguffin. It must be kept contained. For, lo, when uncovered, it calls to the Monster. Yes, I speak of the Giant Floating Eyeball, the Eye Scream Float. *(Pause.)*

ALCOTT. Giant Floating...?

SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS. Eyeball, yes. Try to keep up, Alcott Marblood, son of a Farmer Man.

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