

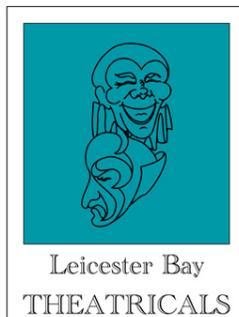
PERUSAL SCRIPT

The Prince's House

A Short Play

by

Mahonri Stewart



Newport, Maine

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THE PRINCE'S HOUSE

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LBT ORDER # 3317

Dedicated to Christopher Clark:

A Shakespearean scholar, an extremely effective teacher, a brilliant director, a gifted playwright, a believer in ghosts and demons, a man of God.

FAUSTUS. Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPHASTOPHILIS. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

— **Christopher Marlowe**, *Doctor Faustus*

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Zion Theatre Company premiered “The Prince’s House” at the Provo Theatre as part of the set *Immortal Hearts and Other Short Plays* on July 16, 2010. It had the following cast and crew:

CAST

William: Jason Kelly Fullmer

Margaret: Rebecca Minson

CREW

Director: Mahonri Stewart

THE PRINCE’S HOUSE by Mahonri Stewart. Cast of 2 (1f, 1m) About 10 minutes. Period or modern costumes. A simple space to play. Demonic possession is explored in this intense, Shakespeare-inspired short play about a woman who must save her husband from dark forces. Premiered by Zion Theatre Company, Provo, Utah in 2010. **ORDER #3317**

Mahonri Stewart is an award winning writer and educator. He has written over two dozen plays, most of which have been produced throughout the U.S. and Europe, including productions in Los Angeles, Scotland, and Switzerland. In 2004, his premiere play *Farewell to Eden* won the Kennedy Center’s American College Theater Festival’s National Playwriting Award (Second Place) and their National Selection Team Fellowship Award. Since then he has also received numerous other awards and honors and continues to expand his writing into various mediums, including screenplays, graphic novels, poetry, and novels. He received his MFA degree in Dramatic Writing from Arizona State University. He received his Bachelors degree in Theatre Arts from Utah Valley University. He’s a former Playwright in Residence at the Noorda Regional Theater for Children and Youth.

REVIEW EXCERPT:

“I was quite impressed with ‘The Prince’s House.’ It had never occurred to me to think about the day-to-day struggle of loving someone who suffers from possession (or the psychological analogue to it). I don’t think I’ve ever seen a story that takes this seriously as a human condition (as opposed to a cheap plot device or evil to be opposed). Hats off!” —**Jonathan Langford**, *A Motley Vision*

The Prince's House

(Enter WILLIAM.)

WILLIAM: These dark demons, what do they that we fear?

Why do we quake at mere shadow's contort?
They bear no swords, they shake no awful spear
Their whisperings we can always retort
Even famed Legion at their frightful worst
Were brought down without army's shield or blade
Mere words sufficient to dispel accurs'd.
From man's house draw out dark and shade
They twist their shape, they darken mortal eyes
Blaspheh holiness in their insolence.
Just jesters are they in mere scarlet dyes
Mere asses when rid of their opulence.
Yet at their sight great men fall helplessly
And courage is smothered in black, tainted sea.

(Enter MARGARET.)

Ah, Margaret William's wife!

MARGARET: Aye, my lord—thy wife.

WILLIAM: Thou art no wife of mine, but thou wouldst be William's wife, if Prince William occupied his house.

MARGARET: You speak of houses?

WILLIAM: Aye, he kept his house swept, and it is now clean for his guests.

MARGARET: How dost thou, my lord?

WILLIAM: Well, well.

MARGARET: Well, my lord?

WILLIAM: Aye. Doth it not appear so?

MARGARET: I suppose.

WILLIAM: Then thou dost suppose upon appearances.

MARGARET: What else does one suppose on?

WILLIAM: I would not dare suppose. Do take care, Lady Margaret, lest thou art plagued with locusts.

MARGARET: I do not care for locusts, sir.

WILLIAM: Locusts are but playful bedfellows compared to what plagues me when I'm covered.

MARGARET: What ails thee, William?

WILLIAM: Women ail me, but that is not what I spoke of. Get thee hence, thou art like them.

MARGARET: Like who, sir?

WILLIAM: Do not call me sir when they are about, lest they tear thy hair for jealousy. Dost thou not see them? Or have they covered thy eyes in addition?

MARGARET: Lord William, art thou not well?

WILLIAM: Well! As well as one can be when his eyes are scaled and his mind is trembling. Yet it is not madness that afflicts me so, but a greater portion of sight.

MARGARET: If I mistake not, thou dost not need a doctor, but a priest.

WILLIAM: Oh, the father that we possess would be made an ass by such as these.

MARGARET: Then in the name of the Holy Christ, cast them out thyself. Thou art trembling.

WILLIAM: And why dost thou not tremble when they are about?

MARGARET: I do not see them, so in my ignorance I am safe.

WILLIAM: They would prefer thee to tremble, as in times past.

MARGARET: And yet I stand firm.

WILLIAM: Waves cast me about in their awful grip
Winds do tie me down in the midst of storms ...

MARGARET: Lord, my lord, calm thyself ...

WILLIAM: Salt chokes my aching throat on trembling ship ...

MARGARET: Do not listen to them, Sir William, they are but wisps of dreams, no more dangerous than a woman's hair in thy face.

WILLIAM: While on the planks I spy their shadowed forms
I cry, I cry for them to tear my eyes ...

MARGARET: William, be still!

WILLIAM: To still these bloody visions they decree
I cry, I cry for witlessness, not wise
That I sense them not, that I may not see ...

MARGARET: O what madness should possess thee—what dark arts make thee so wild, but wise?

WILLIAM: Yet they tarry in their ceaseless track I cry, I cry ...

MARGARET: Cease, my lord!

WILLIAM: Lady Margaret? Dost thou dwell here in the woods?

MARGARET: We are not in the woods, but the chambers of our home.

WILLIAM: The woods, my lady. I see the forms of trees casting their clocks upon the ground.

MARGARET: If these be woods, my lord, then let them be holy.

WILLIAM: Nay, not holiness.

MARGARET: Aye, holy. Let Oberon and Titania be not full of mischief and malice here, but of holy prayers and angelic hymns.

WILLIAM: Nay, not so!

MARGARET: Art thou so easily troubled by holy words?

WILLIAM: No, for they are but fanciful fiction made to ease man's troubled mind; and man does not believe them even when they are uttered by his deceiving tongue.

MARGARET: Glory be to the God of Abraham. Glory be to the God of Isaac. Glory be to the God of Jacob, of Israel, and his mighty son Joseph!

WILLIAM: Cease, thou foolish woman, thou babbling tongue!

MARGARET: Glory be to the God of Saint Peter, of Saint James, of Saint John, of Saint Paul, the God of the Holy Martyrs ...

WILLIAM: Cease!

MARGARET: I fear thee not.

WILLIAM: Thou dost love the man that we claim? We can kill him.

MARGARET: He was a righteous man, so he shall die in Christ.

WILLIAM: We can kill him!

MARGARET: Glory be to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, the God of ...

WILLIAM: No praise me first!

MARGARET: What hast thou that I should praise thee, demon?

WILLIAM: We shall be first.

MARGARET: Thou shalt not even be last.

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