

## ***Fool Hardies III Cast List***

***3 Male, 3 Female, and 1 Extra M/F***

**MARY (F)** Arrogant, thinks she's smarter than she is; tries to be the leader of the group.

**KERI (F)** Arrogant, thinks she's prettier than she is. She is vying with Mary for leadership.

**LARRY (M)** Rustic and not all that up on etiquette.

**HARRY (M)** A bit of a dandy, imagines himself the archetypical knight.

**VIVIAN (F)** A cute, loveable, airhead.

**JESTER (M)** The court fool. If you already have a jester for the dinner, simply use him; if you don't have one already, you can cast one.

**EXTRA PAGE (M/F)** Servant of the court. No lines.

### **Sample Pages**

#### **INTRODUCTION**

*(Lights up as JESTER enters.)*

JESTER: Lords and Ladies . . . *(Looks out into audience.)* Right, scratch that. Peasants and peasantesses! Welcome to our banquet. I come bearing preposterous, um, I mean portentous news. I am stepping down as this year's Lord of Misrule. I know, I know. You are shocked and saddened. But I must step down because I want to spend more time with my family, explore other career options, and experience private life again. That and the fact that you *(Points to audience.)* voted for term limits. I guess there's only so much misrule you can take.

*(The FOOL HARDIES rush in from all four corners of the room.)*

HARRY: Jester, is it true?

JESTER: Wow. News travels quickly.

KERI: So, it's true?

JESTER: Indeed it is!

MARY: What great news!

KERI: It's incredible!

LARRY: Who would believe it?

HARRY: Stupendous!

VIVIAN: Golly gee willikers! *(ALL stop to stare at VIVIAN.)* That's the bee's knees? *(ALL stare.)* Holy newsflash, Batman? *(Beat.)* Uh, what's the news?

JESTER: The position of Lord of Misrule is now open.

VIVIAN: The position for Lord of Misrule is open? Wholly befuddled, Batman! *(ALL stop to stare at VIVIAN.)* Who's the Lord of Misrule?

JESTER: Yes, rather hard to narrow that down given our current crop of politicians. But I must get going. I've got a job as a lobbyist for the next Lord of Misrule. *(Exits.)*

VIVIAN: So, what is the Lord of Misrule?

MARY: The Lord of Misrule is a peasant who gets to rule for a day.

KERI: You are so totally wrong. The Lord of Misrule is a commoner who gets to reign for a 24-hour period.

MARY: I just said that.

KERI: No you didn't. You just related your understanding of current events.

MARY: You're irritating, you know that?

KERI: No I'm not. I just create friction under your epidermis –

MARY: Anyway, I'm going to be the Lord of Misrule. This is what I want you guys to do –

HARRY: Hold it. You can't be the Lord of Misrule.

MARY: And why not?

HARRY: Hello? Lord of Misrule?

MARY: Hello? Lord of Miss-rule?

VIVIAN: Hello? (*Beat. ALL look at VIVIAN.*) That's it. Just "hello?"

LARRY: How is this Lord of Misrule chosen, anyway?

MARY: She –

HARRY: He –

MARY: Is voted in by the peasants.

LARRY: When?

MARY: During the Feast of Fools.

HARRY: When's that?

MARY: (*Looks out at audience.*) I'd say just about now.

KERI: That wasn't so smart. I mean, these people will be the ones voting for the Lord of Misrule.

HARRY: How do you know that these people are peasants?

KERI: Let's ask. (*Looking at audience.*) Has everyone out there earned their bread from the sweat of their brow? (*Waits for response.*)

LARRY: And has everyone out there worked for their homes, not inherited them? (*Waits for response.*)

VIVIAN: And has everyone out there been served under glass? *(ALL stare at VIVIAN.)*

MARY: That's pheasant, you fool.

VIVIAN: Oh, so I'm at the right feast.

KERI: It looks like all of these people are peasants.

VIVIAN: *(Points to an audience member.)* That guy looks more like a peacock.

HARRY: Right. Anyway, this is our electorate.

LARRY: And they get to choose the next Lord of Misrule.

*(Pause while ALL digest this. The next dialogue is rapid fire, delivered to audience.)*

HARRY: *(To male audience member.)* It's so nice that you brought your sister with you. Oh, that's your daughter? You must be the woodsman. You sure didn't get those pecs from planting turnips.

LARRY: *(To another audience member.)* Your hair is silkier than a new beard on a head of barleycorn.

VIVIAN: *(Addresses same man as earlier.)* Any peahen would be really impressed by your plumage. It's like you have a thousand eyes!

KERI: *(To another audience member.)* I will compliment you if you promise to vote for me. *(ALL look at KERI.)* I always liked the direct approach.

LARRY: This is crazy. There must be a better way to do this.

KERI: Shhh. I'm working here. *(Back to audience member.)* So, how about it, buddy? You vote for me, and I will compliment your manly physique. No? Your rapier wit? No? Your ability to mime?

HARRY: Why don't we just have an election at the end of the feast?

MARY: What, with voting booths and ballots and the whole nine yards?

LARRY: No, that's too easy to rig. We'll just do it by applause.

HARRY: That doesn't guarantee that the most qualified candidate will be chosen.

MARY: It will be just a popularity contest.

VIVIAN: Just like every other election.

KERI: *(Beat.)* Right. Applause it is.

MARY: I guess we should go work on our campaigns.

LARRY: But we haven't introduced ourselves to the audience yet.

MARY: True. *(To audience.)* We are . . .

ALL: *(Strike a pose.)* The Fool Hardies!

MARY: We are a merry band of government office seekers.

KERI: Who only want to serve you, the hard-working –

LARRY: Tax paying –

HARRY: Vote casting –

ALL: Peasants.

LARRY: We will serve you faithfully –

HARRY: Honestly –

KERI: And for as long as I can cash in on my position of power. *(ALL look at KERI.)* Ly.

MARY: My name is Mary. I'm intelligent, stunningly-attractive in a wonkish kind of way, and a natural leader.

KERI: My name is Keri. I'm intelligenter, wonkishly-attractiver, and a natural leader-er.

HARRY: My name is Harry. Even though I was born to the purple, I still have a natural affinity for my less-sophisticated, common-born brethren such as yourselves. I live much the same way you peasants do. I go bowling. I have the occasional pint. I even sometimes roll my corn on the cob directly on the stick of butter.

LARRY: My name is Larry. I like walks on the beach, piña coladas, and getting caught in the rain.

VIVIAN: And my name is Vivian. I like Pandas. They are so . . . black and white. (*ALL look at VIVIAN.*) If I had a Panda, I'd call him Panda Monium.

MARY: (*Beat.*) I'm Mary.

KERI: I'm Keri.

LARRY: I'm Larry.

HARRY: I'm Harry.

VIVIAN: And I'm Vivian.

MARY: We are . . .

ALL: (*Strike pose.*) The Fool Hardies!

HARRY: Otherwise known as the slate of candidates for the next election.

LARRY: Otherwise known as the people bowing and scraping for your vote.

VIVIAN: Otherwise known as Bob. (*ALL look at VIVIAN.*) You can't lose with a name like Bob.

KERI: You'll be seeing more of us. (*ALL scramble and exit. Lights down.*) . . .