

A script from



"Once His Enemies"

by
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- What** In this comedic skit, a queen uses a rebellious criminal to demonstrate what she's learned about Jesus by reading her newly acquired Guttenberg Bible. Though, in the end she misses God's point.
Themes: God's love, Forgiveness, Redeemed, Pardoned, Christmas, Madrigal
- Who** Queen
Sir William (Sir Will)
Kevin
Page
Younger daughter (Younger)
Older daughter (Older)
Two Guards
- When** Medieval Times
- Wear (Props)** Period costumes
Throne
- Why** Colossians 1:21-22
- How** Think Monty Python. This is a fun skit with sarcasm, so know your audience.

We went all out with this. Full uniforms, borrowed weapons, sound effects, English accents. It all paid off. The finished sketch looked incredible. Go big on this one. It's worth the effort.
- Time** Approximately 7 minutes

Lights up.

Younger Daughter, Older Daughter and Two Guards on stage with a throne.

The Queen enters and takes her throne.

Queen: Any news from the battlefield?

Younger: No, Mother.

Older: None so far, Mother.

Queen: We must be strong, daughters. For the kingdom's sake.

SFX: Trumpets blare in celebration

Page comes running in, out of breath.

Page: Your highness! Your highness! The army has returned.

Queen: In what manner do they return? As champions or in defeat?

Sir William enters.

Sir Will: Your highness. My queen. We were victorious.

Queen: This is certainly welcome news.

Sir Will: The rebellion is wholly squashed, my queen. The traitors have been vanquished.

Queen: Well done, Sir William! You are to be commended, you and our army. Were there any prisoners taken?

Sir Will: Yes, highness. We were able to capture one. He is being sent straight to the dungeon for his crimes.

Queen: Bring him to me.

Sir Will: To you, highness? I would not have him sully your court. He is a worthless peasant. Nothing more.

Queen: I said, bring him...to me.

Sir Will: Yes, your highness.

Sir William turns and motions to the two guards who exit and then bring in Kevin who is tied up with rope, beaten and almost unable to walk. He is thrown to his knees at her feet.

Queen: Hello, prisoner. I understand you were part of the rebellion set against me. Is this true?

Kevin: *(hesitantly)* Yes.

Sir Will: Yes, your highness!

Sir William kicks Kevin.

Kevin: Yes, your highness!

Queen: What is thy name, scoundrel?

Kevin: Ke...Kevin...your highness.

Queen: Kevin, is it? Well, Kevin what are we going to do with you?

Kevin: Be merciful, I beg thee.

Queen: Sir William wants to lock you up in the dungeon.

Sir Will: And throw away the key!

Queen: *(thinking)* Why would you throw away the key? Keys are expensive.

Sir Will: I'm sorry. Yes, of course.

Queen: And what if he died in there? How'd we get him out?

Sir Will: It's just an express—

Queen: How about we just don't use the key?

Sir Will: Yes, highness.

Queen: We could put it in a drawer. Or a trunk somewhere.

Sir Will: Of course.

Queen: *(to Kevin)* But I have something far, far better in mind for you, Kevin.

Kevin: Not the Iron Maiden! Anything but the iron maiden!

Queen: No. In the highest tower of this castle is a room reserved for our most valued guests.

Kevin: Yes?

Queen: You shall stay in there.

Everyone is confused.

Sir Will: But, highness. Aside from your chambers, that is the fairest room in all the kingdom. It is a room fit for princes and princesses.

Queen: And he shall stay there. What do you say to that, Kevin?

Kevin: Um...

Sir Will: Perhaps we haven't been clear about the miscreant's crimes. You see, this one is a sworn enemy of yours.

Queen: Tell me. What are his crimes?

Sir Will: Firstly, he incited the people to rebel against you.

Queen: And how did he do that?

Sir Will: By the power of his words, highness. He...has a blog.

Queen: A blog?

Sir Will: Yes, and he said the most awful things about you.

Kevin: I only have eleven followers.

Sir Will: He called you petulant and capricious, and worst of all...

Queen: What?

Sir Will: I dare not say it.

Queen: What did he call me...on his blog?

Sir Will: ...frumpy.

The court is aghast.

Queen: Frumpy!?

Sir Will: Why'd you make me say it?

Queen: For that, your punishment is thus—

Kevin: Please don't cut out my tongue! I'll take the blog down.

Queen: No. For words as vile as that, I sentence you to eating at my table and supping in the presence of royalty for the rest of your life.

The court reacts in disbelief.

Kevin: Eat...at your table?

Queen: You will only eat the finest of game, the doughiest of bread, and the grape juiciest of wine.

Kevin: Grape...juiciest?

Queen: The friar tells me it's an acceptable substitute.

Kevin: Ah.

Sir Will: Your highness! I really must protest.

Queen: Protest your own queen?

Sir Will: Sorry, highness. I only mean...you haven't heard all of his crimes yet.

Queen: Do go on. What else has this ne'er-do-well done?

Sir Will: In battle, just this morning...

Queen: Yes.

Sir Will: While we were lined up, set for war...army against army, this villain snuck behind our lines, and in a heinous act of subversion and treachery, slithered up behind the royal guard and...

Queen: Yes?

Sir Will: I can't.

Queen: He snuck behind them and...?

Sir Will: Pantsed them. Just (*motions*) whoop! Every single one of them.

Queen: Egads!

Sir Will: I lost an entire company of our finest soldiers due to the humiliation!

Queen: That's outrageous. What do you have to say for yourself?

Kevin: It was pretty hilarious.

Queen: Silence! For this vile act of skullduggery, I will insist that you...

Kevin: I can't stand the sight of blood!

Queen: ...marry my daughter.

Younger: Mother?! How could you?

Kevin: Really? Hi.

Queen: Not the pretty one. The other one.

Other: Oh, Come on!

She pouts.

Queen: With this marriage, you will gain the inheritance that comes with being my son-in-law and a piece of this kingdom will be yours.

Sir Will: Now I really must protest, highness! Have you not heard the charges against this reprobate? He spoke against you. He embarrassed your army. And he fought against you in battle. He is your sworn enemy. And in response you house him, you feed him, and you make him your son. This is madness! How does this make any sense at all?

Queen: You tell me. I was just reading in my new Guttenberg Bible. Do you have one? Do you? Anyone? Well I have one. Hot off the presses. Anywho, I was reading and I came across a verse that perplexed me. It said "et vos cum essetis aliquando alienati et inimici sensu in operibus malis". Anyone know what that means? Anyone speak Latin? Kevin?

Kevin: Just Pig-Latin, m'lady.

Queen: Pity. In a paraphrase, it says once we were His enemies because of our evil behavior, but God reconciled us through Christ.

Sir Will: He did what?

Queen: Exactly. And our God sent the Lord Jesus Christ as a child for our sake. A helpless baby, born in a manger, to be the Savior of the world. The good friar is even having a special mass for this Christ.

Sir Will: A Christ mass? Hmm. I just can't see anyone going to that.

Queen: They'll have candles.

Sir Will: Ooh, I LOVE candles!

Queen: So how does that make sense? That God would love us so much as to make us his children, even while we were his enemies? It makes no more sense than for me to take this scalawag and make him my son. It's just crazy.

Sir Will: Wait. So...you're not going to house him in your finest room or feed him at your table or marry him to your daughter?

Queen: Of course not. I was just making a point. *(Beat)* Off with his head.

All: Yay!
Lights out. PURCHASE

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