

# THERE'S NO AGES LIKE DARK AGES

## CHARACTERS

**NARRATOR #1**

**NARRATOR #2**

**NARRATOR #3**

**NARRATOR #4**

**LORD MOREBRED** (MORE-bread):

A nobleman who owns the manor Toadfat.

**FIRST PEASANT**

**SECOND PEASANT**

**THIRD PEASANT**

**FOURTH PEASANT**

**WIZARD MORRIE:** Lord Morebred's advisor.

**SHERIFF ROTTINGWOOD:** the sheriff of the manor Toadfat.

**SARA LEE ANTOINETTE:** a door-to-door saleswoman.

**CLEM SQUIGGLY:** a farmer.

**SNARZDAN:** a female dragon.

**PUFF:** the dragon Snarzdan's daughter.

**SOUND EFFECTS.** This "role" can be performed by a group of people. If the play is recorded as a radio show or performed in front of a group, the sound effects can be prepared carefully ahead of time. If the play is read aloud in class, quick and easy methods of simulating sound effects should be improvised as the play is read. For example, the sound effects group might hum when music is specified, or drop books on a desk top when crashing noises are indicated.



**SETTING:** Many, many years ago in a kingdom far, far away.

**NARRATOR #1:**

Come lend an ear and you shall hear  
a legend of Dark Ages long, long ago.

**NARRATOR #2:**

A feudalistic rule so vile and so cruel  
melted freedom like flakes of snow.

**NARRATOR #3:**

Barbarian raids made folks afraid,  
and protection was a necessity.

**NARRATOR #4:**

So manors existed in England's mists, and  
nobles owned all the property.

**NARRATOR #1:**

Our tale so rare begins at a fair  
in the burg of downtown Toadfat.

**NARRATOR #2:**

The peasants are mad, for things are bad.  
They want their problems looked at.

**PEASANTS:** (*All together*) Morebred! Morebred! Morebred! We want Lord Morebred!

**LORD MOREBRED:** Peace! Peace! Be peaceful, I beg of you, my fine peasant people.

**FIRST PEASANT:** Lord Morebred, how dare you beg our peace when you have made a mockery  
of our lives?

**SECOND PEASANT:** Forsooth and for sure. That dreaded dragon, Snarzdán, has been wreaking  
havoc on our land.

**THIRD PEASANT:** Aye! Its fiery breath has terrified us all for 40 days and 40 nights.

**FOURTH PEASANT:** It singed the hair right off my Uncle Leo's head!

**MOREBRED:** Please let me speak! A day has not passed that I have not felt your pain. Were they  
not *my* fields and crops that burned as well? You speak as though I myself invited that  
wicked worm Snarzdán onto our land.

**SECOND PEASANT:** But, Lord Morebred, you are our lord high mayor. We turn to you for hope.  
Is there nothing that can be done to rid our land of this vile viper, Snarzdán?

**MOREBRED:** I'm working on it! I'm working on it! Where is my advisor, the Wizard Morrie?

**MORRIE:** I am here, my lord.

**MOREBRED:** Good. How many pazoozas (*puh-ZOO-zuhs*) have we got in the castle coffer?

**MORRIE:** Your lordship, our castle savings have been thoroughly exhausted.

**THIRD PEASANT:** How about our knights? How many of those are left?

**MOREBRED:** Alas, that slippery sinister Snarzdán has wiped out all of the knights of my square  
table already. Sir Dancelot was our last hope. I shall miss his two-step.

**FOURTH PEASANT:** Hey, what about getting Sheriff Rottingwood to help with Snarzdán?