

Faire Scene Sample

Set the scene: We are at the Queens court. Her majesty and her court have been introduced. The queen has made a declaration about putting the trials of the Spanish Armada behind us, and that we are looking towards the future. At that end, she explains that she is seeking the right candidate to become her royal privateer. Since the shire of Mt. Hope has the best pirates around, she is shopping for the best person to endow a letter of marque upon and to assume the position of the royal head privateer.

Characters

Captain Cora Harlow: (nickname Cuthroat Cora) Pirate. She thinks herself the best pirate of certainly Mt. Hope and likely the realm. She is Scottish, gruff, and unrefined. You could say cut-throat. She will do anything to climb the ladder to her success.

Maris Chandler: Purser. The very recent widow of a sea merchant based in the port of Mt. Hope. Her late husband was the distributor for all of Mt. Hope's libations. With his passing, she has lost all bearing on the business and is left with nothing but the first ship her and her husband purchased together. Despite the recent change in her situation, she is determined to make her way in the world on her own.

Scene

The Lady Mayor:

Your majesty, may I introduce Captain Cora Harlow and Maris Chandler, the purser of Mt. Hope's libations distributor.

Cora and Maris enter.

Both:

Your Majesty.

They bow.

Cora:

Your majesty, I wish to offer my services for this position as your royal privateer. I have a lifetime of sea faring experience. You may have heard of my exploits in defeating Captain Davey in the throngs of the craggy cliffs off the coast. There be no other pirate upon the shire who is more qualified—certainly not this inexperienced land walker who looks as though she's n'ere spent a day at sea!

She gestures to Maris.

Maris:

On the contrary your majesty, I do have experience of my own, though it differs from what Captain Cora describes. I have spent the better part of two years aiding my husband in his business of shipping Mt. Hope's wine and ale to merchants all over the continent. In such I have had my fare share of chances to use my sea legs. I recognize that my path here may have been untraditional; I am no pirate—

Cora:

Thou certainly are not a pirate, nor does thou look like thou could ere become one!

Maris:

Might I remind thee Cora that a pirate and a privateer are not the same thing. I would n'er dream of becoming a lowly pirate, I choose to win my accolades through means other than plundering.

Cora:

Is that all thou thinkest a life of a pirate entails?! Hah! Thou wouldn't last two momes out at sea. There be nothing else for a pirate to do when faced with a ruthless captain who stands between them and their rightfully earned booty but to snatch 'em up by the collar, stare them right in the eye, pull out thy dagger and slash 'em in the—

Maris:

Aye, well let us see how thou shalt fare on the rough waters at court where nobles shall negotiate on matters of finances that go far beyond thy lowly understanding of pirates booty.

Cora:

Art thou speaking about booty as in treasure, or endowments- (She gestures to the backside of her very puffy pumpkin pants)

Elizabeth:

My ladies, if we can even call thee such after this display. We think that though thy statures are... different, we shall consider thee both as candidates.

Cora:

Thank thee your majesty. I be ready to take up arms and win glory on the behalf of you my queen and all of England!

Maris:

I too am prepared to serve you your majesty. If you were to endow this letter of marque unto me, I promise I would not disappoint. It would be an honor to ride the seas in your name and to aid in filling your coffers.

Elizabeth:

Very well then. We always enjoy a bit of sport, so in true Mt. Hope fashion, a matter such as this is best decided by a game of human chess! We shall hold a game of chess to which the victor of the match shall be gifted the letter of marque and assume her position as England's royal privateer.