

THE DEVIL OF LYDNEY

or

RADOLPHUS SCORN'D

Dramatis Personae

Jean de Caen.....A Wizard
Ruaridh.....A Wizard
Radolphus.....A Demon from Hell
Sir Bernard.....A Norman Knight
Aelfric.....A Welsh Seargent
Bryghtnoth, Wulfstan.....Archers
Myrddor.....An Unfortunate Wretch
with sundry men of arms ,labourers & servants

In One Act

Scene 1: a barracks

Bryghtnoth : What woes befall you that you shed tears like a maid pluck'd before her time?

Wulfstan: 'Tis Myrddor, captured but this morning and soon to hang for the pleasure of Sir Bernard.

Bry: How does this affect you so, this newcomer to our band, that ere this moment not once have you shared friends words with?

Wul: Not friends perhaps. But speak to him I have, over a game of chance or two.

Bry: Why marry! 'Tis not his neck you fear for but your own purse.

Wul: Well the breaking of the one grieves me far more than the other. Hold, here comes Aelfric and his countenance is grim.

Aelfric: Bryghtnoth! Wulfstan! Well might I have known you would be shirking while honest men toil. But I have a way to make the error of your ways embed itself inside your heads, like the arrows that you shoot so poorly. Our masters are resolved to rescue Myrddor and you shall accompany us on this venture. Come, hasten.

exit

Wul: As I feared. This welsher shall trouble cause me still.

Bry: And I with you.

Scene 2: The Woods

Jean: My plan is simple in idea and practice. I will make merry with Bernard o'er the fate of poor Myrddor. Whilst I do, you work your enchantments and free him from his bondage.

Ruaridh: Indeed Jean. Seems strange that you should trouble me for such a trifle. His bonds I will break before you even have chance to speak aloud I'll wager.

Jea: A wager I must decline, for it is true what you say. Simpler magick has scarce been wrought, but I am needed that Bernard not be aware of your sorcery.

Rua: Aye! Then your plan is good. What need have we for these three men.

Jea: Aelfric will accompany us that our illusion is complete. For the other two falls the job of aiding our prey after he has sprung his cage. Sots that they are it is a job within their ability.

Rua: Let us then enter. I shall assume a guise such that none shall know me.

Scene 3; The Hall

Sir Bernard: Will you then sup with me noble Jean.

Jea: I would be most honoured but I must leave ere it grows too dark. I would be glad to see the foul welshman now, that I may know horror at the enemies of our clan.

Sir: Then see. Behold the one we took like a rabbit in a snare. Look he to you as a bandit or a witch?

Jea: I would not say witch for he seems as a man, such as any welshman deseves such title.

Sir: Perhaps. Still, I will call my priest that he may give us his reckoning.

Rua [*aside*]: It seems that I must work my charms now lest I offend in sight of god.

Rua makes bold gestures of magic

Rua: By destructions power dark and black, the strength of bonds I shall attack, and free the man that sitteth near, that he may run away from here.

Myrddor: Praise be, I am saved.

Rua: But what is this? My magic seems to run amok, breaking my control. Oh foolish pride.

Myrddor tries to run but is cut down by Sir Bernard. Ruaridh falls to his knees. Enter Radolphus in the guise of a priest.

Radolphus: Bring this man to the church that we may aid him from this witchery.

Scene 4; the church

Rad: Repent of your sins that the lord may save you.

Rua [*aside*]: I fear this priest like no other. Could it be that he is...

Rua & Jea: Radolphus!

Rad: My deceits and lies it seems no longer hold you. Now ready your souls for you are mine.

Magicking and fighting ensues

Sir: You attack a priest. For that you must die.

Ael: No blade shall touch my master while I yet breathe.

Enter Bry & Wul

Bry: Ah! It is as I feared. See, they are beset by demons.

Wul: For all their powers they are close to death. We must let fly such a shot as never before.

Bry: Then let us try.

Radolphus dies

Sir: It seems my priest was the devil himself. I have wronged you sorely and thus do grant you all these lands to rule in my name, and raise your men at arms to knighthood.

Jea: There is yet hope in this land.

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