

Will the Real Chosen One Please Stand Up?

Em Fawcett and Ekin Pehlivan

CAST AND SCENES

CAST

GOOD (ish)

The side of Good, or at least the side of incompetence/non-overt evil.

Chosen One(s)

You know when you hit print and nothing happens, so you press it again and end up with the printer spitting out like 5 copies of the same page at once? Yeah, that.

CHOSEN ONE (0), GALAHAD: The real Chosen One, blessed with The Chosen Sword, a prophecy to defeat The Evil One, and an unfortunately undiagnosed heart condition. Beautiful, talented, charming, strong, and- oh god oh no he's having a heart attack!

CHOSEN ONE (1), PERCIVAL: Assigned Chosen One by untruthful wizards and strong in his belief he has been chosen by fate to defeat The Evil One. People pleaser, boastful, but incredibly insecure deep down, he flips flows between extreme arrogance and unbearable ego, and intense pathetic self-pity.

CHOSEN ONE (2), OWEN: Convinced by his new group of friends to convince the public that he is the Chosen One for fun and profit. They have a fake prophecy person because the real prophecy states that ("everyone that the Chosen One loves dies at the end") and so they can't have a real orphan in the group. They want to trick prophecy/exploit prophecy in order to fight evil.

CHOSEN ONE (3), GARETH: Has spent his whole life trying to lead a boring life and keeps accidentally fulfilling parts of prophecies of being the Chosen One. He doesn't *want* to fight against an ancient prophesied evil, leave him alone!

CHOSEN ONE (4), KAY: Medium-sized child who has determined he could do a way better job at this Chosen One malarky, especially if the real one has corked it. He has trained himself to fight evil. Younger brother of Arthur, the most effective Chosen One by far. They have decided to single handedly kill off all of the Evil Lords.

CHOSEN ONE (ex), ARTHUR: Was once the Chosen One, prophesied to defeat evil, yadda yadda yadda. Look, if you're prophesied to defeat evil, then why bother putting the effort in to do it? If it's fate, you'll just do it, right?

Wizards

The wizards, proving once and for all that magic is not a substitute for intelligence or morality.

WIZARD-BEN: Alongside Wizard-Gerrie, was assigned to stop The Evil One, and came up with the plan to cover up the death of the Chosen One.

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WIZARD-AMBROSINE: A fearsome warrior and wise veteran of the fight against evil. Is a complete idiot, but his stupid ramblings seem to come off as profound musings on human nature somehow. Did too much wizard weed in his youth and also right now.

The Evil-Kickers

Outlaw group of undercover orphans, sticking it to the man by fighting evil. Comes up with the idea to fake their way to success by faking a Chosen One.

IRA: Headstrong leader who comes up with the whole plan. Fierce leader with a tendency to step over and disagreements. Seems about five seconds away from bursting into 'Do You Hear The People Sing' at any point in time. Down for murder.

ARABELLA: Really good at bullshit, and so really good at writing prophecies. Dry and unbothered by Ira's shenanigans.

JASON: Other member of the Evil-Kickers, but they're honestly in it for the coolness, image, and monetary gain rather than some deep desire to do good.

FINN: Parents were murdered, wants to help. Innocent new orphan whose parents were murdered because of The Evil One, wants to help out Owen as the Chosen One as much as possible, and is unaware that Owen isn't the Chosen One.

LYNETTE: Owen's older sister. Sensible seller of magical weapons and other artefacts. Helps out The Gang on occasion, against her better judgement. Increasingly doesn't want them putting her family in danger anymore.

Minor Chosen Ones

MOIRA: Wildcard, bitches. They receive a prophecy that tells them their fate is to die in a really specific way at a specific date, and realise this means that *nothing else can kill them and they are technically immortal until then!* Shenanigans ensue.

KLOTHO: Like if an accountant was a real person.

LACHESIS: Makes their living as a thief. Sure it's illegal, but hey, it's a living! They live in the moment, and yet also in a society.

ATROPOS: A pretty average civilian who yearns for more than their (frankly pathetic) prophesied greatest deed. They don't want to be Atropos of nothing after all!!!!

Other

HECTOR: Soldier who discovers Gareth and becomes convinced that he is The Chosen One, despite Gareth's constant protests and denials.

DAD: Dad of Owen. Used to be an adventurer back in the day, but settled down for the greatest adventure of all – being a single parent. The daddest dad to ever dad.

STEVEN: Some guy.

EVIL

The side of evil has many forms, many of them silly.

The Evil One

The Evil One

THE EVIL ONE: The Evil One (The Evil One).

The League of Unacceptable Evil

They are subordinate to the main league of evil, and have to come up with ideas for evil schemes to carry out. Evil is not always competent.

LORD MALLEOLUS, STRIPPER OF SOULS, KICKER OF CHILDREN, MBA: Current league president, aspires to greater heights of evil. Relatively sensible. Chairman of the evil league.

LORD BEELZEBOB: Bee-themed villain. Imagine a somewhat out-of-touch golden age batman villain with a niche gimmick that ran out of related plots and schemes within four issues.

LORD EVILDAN: Not got the hang of evil aesthetics yet. Lord Deathman. NYEMESIS!! I AM EVIL DYYYYAN! They have the most annoying evil villain voice you can possibly imagine. Like, the worst by far. Not actually *doing* anything that evil, however.

LORD PATRICK: Really, really wants to destroy the moon. Loud and passionate in their demands that the moon muST BE DESTROYED!!!!

LORD ERIS: Whispery and creepy member of the League, prone to evil cackling. They act like a wormtongue-like translator for The Evil One.

LORD WALLY: A children's birthday entertainer. How evil is he really?

DRAGON: Dragon. (Dies) (Twice).

SCENE LIST

Act 1

[Scene 1: The Chosen One Stands Up and Falls Over](#)

GALAHAD, PERCIVAL, WIZARD-BEN, WIZARD-GERRIE, DRAGON

[Scene 2: What Are We, Some Kind of Orphan Squad?](#)

OWEN, DAD, IRA, ARABELLA, JASON

[Scene 3: I'm Chosen Done With This](#)

LYNETTE, DAD, GARETH, HECTOR, MOIRA, ATROPOS, LACHESIS, KLOTHO

[Scene 4: Buzzkills, Bluff skills, and Blood Spills](#)

THE EVIL ONE, LORD ERIS, FINN, OWEN, IRA, ARABELLA, JASON, MOIRA, ATROPOS

[Scene 5: When Your Chosen One is a Number Two](#)

WIZARD-BEN, WIZARD-GERRIE, PERCIVAL

[Scene 6: The League of Acceptable Evil](#)

THE EVIL ONE, LORD ERIS, LORD MALLEOLUS, LORD EVILDAN, LORD BEELZEBOB, LORD PATRICK

[Scene 7: Too Much Wizard Weed](#)

WIZARD-AMBROSINE, OWEN, IRA, LYNETTE, ARABELLA, JASON, FINN, PERCIVAL

[Scene 8: Chosen Ones Two and Three](#)

GARETH, HECTOR, PERCIVAL, LORD EVILDAN, LORD MALLEOLUS, LORD BEELZEBOB

[Scene 9: Never Let a Wizard In Your Shower](#)

WIZARD-AMBROSINE, OWEN, IRA, LYNETTE, DAD, WIZARD-BEN, WIZARD-GERRIE

[Scene 10: Will the Real Chosen One Please Shut Up \(hey, that's the title of the play!\)](#)

OWEN, PERCIVAL, GARETH, KAY, IRA, JASON, FINN, ARABELLA, WIZARD-AMBROSINE, THE EVIL ONE, LORD ERIS, LORD PATRICK, LORD MALLEOLUS, LORD BEELZEBOB, LORD EVILDAN

Act 2

[Scene 1: Too Many Chosen Ones Spoil the Plot](#)

OWEN, PERCIVAL, KAY, IRA, FINN, JASON, ARABELLA, LORD EVILDAN, DAD

[Scene 2: The League of Acceptable Evil: Now Hiring!](#)

LORD MALLEOLUS, LORD PATRICK, LORD BEELZEBOB, LORD WALLY, PERCIVAL,
KLOTHO, KAY

[Scene 3: Oh Yeah, Being the Chosen One Sucks](#)

OWEN, IRA, FINN, ARABELLA, JASON, LYNETTE, WIZARD-BEN, WIZARD-GERRIE, LORD
EVILDAN, DAD

[Scene 4: The Once and Future Chosen One](#)

OWEN, ARTHUR, ATROPOS, WIZARD-AMBROSINE, DAD, LYNETTE

[Scene 5: The Prison is a Metaphor for a Prison](#)

PERCIVAL, GARETH, HECTOR, LACHESIS, KLOTHO, MOIRA, LORD MALLEOLUS, LORD
PATRICK, LORD WALLY, THE EVIL ONE

[Scene 6: Murder as a Team Bonding Exercise](#)

IRA, FINN, ARABELLA, JASON, KAY, MOIRA, LACHESIS, LORD EVILDAN, LORD PATRICK,
DRAGON

[Scene 7: The Dead Dadpocalypse](#)

OWEN, PERCIVAL, GARETH, HECTOR, LYNETTE, ARTHUR, WIZARD-BEN,
WIZARD-GERRIE

[Scene 8: Let He Among Us Without Dead Parents Cast the First Stone](#)

OWEN, PERCIVAL, KAY, GARETH, ARTHUR, IRA, FINN, ARABELLA, JASON, LYNETTE,
WIZARD-AMBROSINE, HECTOR

[Scene 9: Maybe the Real Chosen One Was the Foes We Met Along the Way](#)

OWEN, PERCIVAL, KAY, GARETH, ARTHUR, LYNETTE, WIZARD-AMBROSINE, HECTOR,
IRA, ARABELLA, JASON, FINN, THE EVIL ONE, LORD MALLEOLUS, KLOTHO, ATROPOS

[Scene 10: Whatever the Last Step in the Hero's Journey is Called](#)

OWEN, PERCIVAL, KAY, GARETH, ARTHUR, IRA, FINN, ARABELLA, LYNETTE, JASON,
HECTOR, MOIRA, KLOTHO, ATROPOS, LACHESIS, WIZARD-BEN, WIZARD-GERRIE,
STEVEN, WIZARD-AMBROSINE, STEVEN, EVIL LORDS

SONG LIST

Galahad's S- And he's dead :/

(this doesn't really count)

GALAHAD

Who Will Save Us Now?

OWEN, IRA, ARABELLA, JASON, LYNETTE, MORE...

Born to do Great Things

WIZARD-BEN, WIZARD-GERRIE, PERCIVAL

Just Like Magic

WIZARD-AMBROSINE

Your Hero's Journey

WIZARD-BEN, WIZARD-GERRIE, OWEN

Deny The Call

GARETH, HECTOR, PERCIVAL, LACHESIS

My Hero's Journey (Reprise)

OWEN, PERCIVAL, GARETH

HE GALAHAD IT ALLLLLLLLLLL (DYING IN HIS SLEEEEEEEP)

GALAHAD + THE EVIL ONE

The Chosen 1, 2... 1, 2, 3, 4

ALL

ACT 1

Act 1 Scene 1

The Chosen One Stands Up and Falls Over

ENTER GALAHAD, glorious, handsome, and strong.

ENTER DRAGON, dragging with him YOUNGER PERCIVAL.

DRAGON: [DRAGON SOUNDS].

PERCIVAL: Someone, save me!

DRAGON knocks out PERCIVAL.

ENTER WIZARD-BEN and WIZARD-GERRIE, watching on.

GALAHAD: Fear not good people! For I am Galahad, the brave and the bold, champion against the forces of darkness! With my sword, Calibax, given unto me by the Lady of the Rivers, I will strike down evil wherever it stands!

DRAGON: [DRAGON SOUNDS].

GALAHAD slays the DRAGON.

DRAGON: I am slain.

DRAGON is slain.

GALAHAD: As prophecy foretold, the beast is slain, yet a great evil is soon to come to this land - one I alone can defeat. I shall go forth and find The Evil One, before more innocent lives are lost!

Music swells... GALAHAD begins to sing!

'Galahad's Song'

GALAHAD: I heard the call to adventure,
A destiny to the great beyond,
With sword in my hand, and-
(Singing stops)

GALAHAD: ...I don't feel so good. *(he clutches his chest and wobbles)*. Uh oh.

GALAHAD falls over flat on his face, dead. WIZARD-BEN and WIZARD-GERRIE watch on in dismay. Pause.

WIZARD-BEN: Well, that was the Chosen One.

They walk over, giving him a prod.

WIZARD-GERRIE: The prophecies should have mentioned the heart condition.

WIZARD-GERRIE checks GALAHAD for pulse, but he is very dead.

WIZARD-BEN: He was fated to defeat The Evil One. Now what? Without him, we're as dead as... well, him.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Maybe we were mistaken?

WIZARD-BEN: No, the prophecies were quite clear. That was him.

They look forlornly at dead GALAHAD.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Ah, shoot.

WIZARD-BEN: You know, Wizard-Gerrie, when the legends said he would become one with the Earth, I didn't think they meant it literally.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Well, Wizard-Ben. This is completely unfair on his part. We were going to have such a good thing going raising and mentoring the Chosen One to defeat the forces of evil. It was our future. And he had to go and ruin it.

WIZARD-BEN: Ungrateful. That's what it is.

YOUNGER PERCIVAL groans.

WIZARD-BEN: Huh, Percival's still alive.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Not the Chosen One, don't care.

WIZARD-GERRIE sighs.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Guess we'll have to go face The Evil One ourselves.

Pause. Both start laughing, but there is anxiety behind their laughs.

WIZARD-BEN: Good one. *(Laughter stops)* But what do we actually do?

While WIZARD-BEN and WIZARD-GERRIE contemplate their Chosen One-less future, younger PERCIVAL wakes up.

PERCIVAL: Wha-

PERCIVAL sees the dead DRAGON (also the dead GALAHAD, but don't mention it). He slowly comes to the wrong conclusion.

PERCIVAL: I did this?

WIZARD-GERRIE: Not the brightest is he?

WIZARD-BEN: He did manage to get kidnapped by a Dragon.

PERCIVAL is still somewhat out of it.

PERCIVAL: Did someone say the Chosen One?

WIZARD-GERRIE: We should probably let him know that the Chosen One is dead and all hope is lost now there's nobody standing between us and the full power of The Evil One.

Pause.

WIZARD-BEN: Or we could just, y'know, lie to him.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Huh.

They look at PERCIVAL.

WIZARD-GERRIE: *Huh...*

WIZARD-BEN: I mean, he's not going to, you know, *actually* defeat The Evil One, but he'd buy us valuable time as cannon fodder.

PERCIVAL: What was that?

WIZARD-BEN: Hey kid, we've got some exciting news for you!

END SCENE.

Act 1 Scene 2

What Are We, Some Kind of Orphan Squad?

Timeskip time. Welcome to the humble and shitty town of DOWNFALL, where the common folk call out for the prophesied Chosen One to save them from the oppressive forces of evil! We introduce our setting with a song of exposition.

WHO WILL SAVE US NOW?

The inhabitants of Downfall lament the evil forces at work in the land, and ask the important question – Where *is* the Chosen One? The townsfolk have grown hopeless and downtrodden since the Evil One arrived.

As the song ends, DAD catches OWEN trying to sneak off.

DAD: Owen!

OWEN: I know dad, I'm grounded.

DAD: *(Solemnly, perhaps with a fatherly hand upon OWEN's shoulder)* You can't keep running off and getting yourself into trouble, Owen. I know as much as anyone how thrilling the call for adventure can be. Ah, when I was your age-

OWEN: *(Cutting off this Dadly Reminiscence)* Dad.

DAD: However, there are times in one's life when one has to make difficult choices. Such as not sneaking out at 4am, and listening to one's dad when one is told to go to bed.

OWEN: *Technically* I went to bed. I just... also went somewhere else afterwards.

DAD looks at the distance longingly. OWEN does too, but for more teenage 'god-give-me-a-chance-to-escape' reasons.

DAD: You know, I was an adventurer just like you once. But then I found the greatest adventure of all. *Parenting.*

OWEN: *(Has heard this before)* Yeah, I know.

DAD: Staying grounded is an important step in the path of any man's life, so I trust you to be responsible and stay 'grounded' here as best you can. *(Places a second dadly hand on OWEN's shoulder)* I'm proud of you son. I love you.

OWEN: Sure dad, see you later.

EXIT DAD. OWEN waves him off and makes to leave on the other side of the stage; however, he is intercepted by IRA entering, flanked by ARABELLA and JASON.

IRA: Well, hello there.

OWEN: Is this a mugging?

JASON: Depends how this conversation goes.

ARABELLA: And how much money you've got.

IRA scolds ARABELLA.

IRA: (*Intensely*) This is a call. A call to join the battle to fight against evil. Are you going to answer, Owen?

OWEN: Uh, who are you?

JASON: That's none of your business, Owen.

IRA: It is.

JASON: That's some of your business, Owen.

IRA: You've seen what this town is like! The crops, destroyed! The treasury, plundered for the Evil One's coffers to grow rich! We suffer, day and night, with no hope in sight! Well, we have had enough! I'm Ira, this is Arabella and Jason. We're the Evil-Kickers, sworn nemeses of Evil. And we're calling up *you*.

OWEN: I mean... I'm grounded right now.

ARABELLA: Aren't you currently sneaking out?

OWEN: (*Corrects himself*) I'm supposed to be grounded right now.

IRA: And that's the rebellious spirit we need. We've been standing against the Evil Lords since they arrived, but nobody has the hope to join the fight, not when the Chosen One's away! It doesn't matter what we do when nobody takes us *seriously*.

OWEN: Could it be because you named yourselves the Evil-Kickers?

IRA: (*Ignores him*) You know the prophecy of the Chosen One, right?

OWEN: Well of course. (*Exposition time, Owen mouths along, like he is saying it*)

DISEMBODIED VOICE: The Chosen One is prophesied to defeat The Evil One. Tragically orphaned, he will be revealed by the Chosen Light and claim the Chosen Sword. He shall be The Evil One's downfall, losing everything to win, and all his friends along the way.

OWEN: *Everyone* knows that. But the Chosen One isn't here!

JASON: Exactly. So we're going to fake a Chosen One.

IRA: What we need is a figurehead people can rally behind, something we can use as the ultimate distraction against the Evil Lords. The people will rise up. And that One we've Chosen is you.

OWEN: Ok, but why *me*?

JASON: You're one of the only non-orphans left and all the Chosen One's friends die horribly.

ARABELLA: We figured, since you *can't* be the Chosen One, due to the whole 'tragically-orphaned' thing, no chance of setting off fate by you accidentally *being* the Chosen One and getting us all killed.

IRA: We don't need the Chosen One when we have the power of the people behind us.

ARABELLA: Prophecies are essentially all useless anyway, it's just prose and presentation. I mean, 'no man of woman born', that could mean anything!

JASON: I wasn't born a man, I was born a baby.

IRA: Exactly!

OWEN: But-

IRA: Don't interrupt. When people see you winning fights with the Chosen Sword, it doesn't matter whether it's real. They'll stand up and *fight back*. And you can be there, standing at the centre!

OWEN is tempted.

OWEN: And you two are on board with this?

JASON: Oh, we don't try arguing with Ira anymore.

IRA: Come on!!! Don't you want to stick it to the man?!?!?!?

OWEN: I don't want the man to stick it to *me* if everyone thinks I'm the Chosen One. I wasn't exactly looking to be a magical hero. I was just sneaking out to get a kebab.

IRA: Or maybe...you snuck out because you've heard the CRIES FOR JUSTICE?

OWEN: My Dad is always going on about the adventures he went on when he was younger... I don't have to slay a Dragon or anything, right?

Ominous DRAGON sounds.

END SCENE.

Act 1 Scene 3

I'm Chosen Done With This

We are now in the PROPHECIES 'R' US gift shop. LYNETTE works as a cashier. There's a table of knick-knacks to peruse. Includes an ORB and CACTUS. People are receiving their prophesied fates. HECTOR ENTERS onto the stage from the oracle room in the back (perhaps signalled with a PROPHECIES 'R' US sign), having received a prophecy scroll.

Door opening sound effect (bell chime).

LYNETTE: *(Bored customer service voice)* Thank you for choosing the Immortal Lore-pulled Foretold Portal for all your Noble Unknowable Needs. Enjoy the gift shop.

HECTOR reads his scroll.

HECTOR: You will realise you have been ripped off... Ah god damnit, not again.

HECTOR goes to look at the goodies on sale. Enter DAD. DAD-O-VISION identifies LYNETTE.

LYNETTE: Hey Dad!

DAD: Lynette! Have you seen Owen?

LYNETTE: Owen? This tall, [ACTOR-HAIR-COLOUR] hair, lives in our house and eats all the Nutella? Hmm...nope! Doesn't ring a bell.

DAD: *(Dadly-Disappointment)* Lynette.

LYNETTE: *(Very bad excuse time)* Right. Well, about that. He's... he, he had to go, one of his friends was having a crisis so...

DAD: *(Buying every terrible word)* A crisis!!

LYNETTE: Yeah she, uh, found out her goldfish drowned very unexpectedly.

DAD: Her *fish*... drowned?

LYNETTE: I know! That's why it was so unexpected.

DAD: *(All scepticism gone)* Ah, I see! Thanks Lyn!

LYNETTE gives him the double thumbs up as DAD leaves, shitty excuse 100% bought.

HECTOR picks up THE ORB which is on sale.

HECTOR: Hey, what's this?

LYNETTE: That's the Singing Orb of Unfathomable Destiny. It's said to sing when held by the Chosen One. £5.99.

HECTOR: And this?

LYNETTE: That's the cursed cactus of a Thousand Tortures.

HECTOR gets close, hovering over it.

HECTOR: Oooh... what does it do?

LYNETTE: *(Tired)* Please don't touch it.

Enter LACHESIS, carrying a suspicious bag of goods.

LACHESIS: Hey, you're not a cop right?

LYNETTE: I don't buy stolen goods.

LACHESIS: How dare you! These are not stolen goods.

LYNETTE: Are they yours?

LACHESIS: I don't see how that's important.

KLOTHO and ATROPOS both enter having received prophecies. ATROPOS is not pleased.

ATROPOS: I can't believe it! The oracle told me I'm the Chosen One who's prophesied to defeat an ancient enemy.

LACHESIS: *(Sceptical)* What's the catch?

ATROPOS: Apparently, I'm the Chosen One who will one day *save the day* by opening a jar screwed on a bit too tight! Talk about useless!

LACHESIS: What about you, Klotho?

KLOTHO: Not telling.

ATROPOS: How can it be worse than my jar?

LACHESIS: Bet it's *really* pathetic.

KLOTHO: It's not pathetic. It was... a warning.

LACHESIS: Uh-huh.

KLOTHO: No, she said if I ever told anyone, I'd regret it. *(Pause.)* I see what's happened here.

LACHESIS: This is why I don't bother with prophecy. Live in the moment. Steal everything.

LYNETTE glares.

ATROPOS: I'm stuck as a Chosen can-ostuck with tautological regret.

LACHESIS: And I've got all this stolen Wizard Weed...

GARETH enters the shop, nervous and jumpy.

GARETH: Do you sell anti-fate charms?

LYNETTE: I'll check the back...

EXIT LYNETTE. LACHESIS immediately begins to steal things. MOIRA enters, prophecy in hand, very pleased.

MOIRA: Great news! *I!* Am going to be eaten alive! By a dragon!

ATROPOS: That is... not good news?

MOIRA: *(Thrilled)* No, you don't get it. I'm going to die in the prime of my life, viciously00} torn limb from limb by a dragon, and there's absolutely nothing I, or anyone, can do to stop it!

LACHESIS: Moira, that's awful.

MOIRA: No, no, listen! This means nothing else can kill me. I'm *immortal*.

LACHESIS: Until the Dragon.

MOIRA: Details. I can juggle knives or punch a shark! Come on! We need to experiment!

EXIT MOIRA, KLOTHO, LACHESIS, and ATROPOS, LACHESIS stealing as she goes.

GARETH picks up THE ORB which starts to release its magical SONG. He is... the Chosen One... GARETH drops it, looking around to make sure no-one saw, as HECTOR gasps and points.

HECTOR: The orb!

GARETH: No! Shut up!

HECTOR: The Singing Orb of Unfathomable Destiny! *(gasps)* The Chosen One!

GARETH: I don't know what you're talking about! I'm just Gareth!

HECTOR: Gareth!!! The Chosen One!

GARETH: I'm just Gareth! You have nothing on me!

HECTOR: We can easily check. The legends say the Chosen One has a magical birthmark, marking his path forward with a mark on his behind!

GARETH: I'm not showing you anything! Leave me alone!

HECTOR: I swear I will help you on your path to crush evil, Gareth.

GARETH: I'm not on a path to crush evil.

HECTOR: But... you're the Chosen One.

GARETH: I'm not! I'm not! I don't want the singing Orb! I don't want to be the Chosen One! Everywhere I go, I keep accidentally fulfilling prophecies. Do you have any idea how much my life sucks? My parents died, my village burnt down, women in lakes keep trying to give me weaponry... It's a living hell!

HECTOR: Gareth... you have to answer the call of fate.

GARETH: You can't make me! I just want a normal life.

HECTOR is resolute in his belief in GARETH's future to GARETH's despair.

HECTOR: No. See, I *believe* in you, Gary.

GARETH: Oh no.

GARETH starts to leave, HECTOR pursues him.

HECTOR: I will aid you in your quest.

GARETH: Please leave me alone.

They both exit. END SCENE.

Act 1 Scene 4

Buzzkills, Bluff skills, and Blood Spills OR Dad, Can You Come Pick Me Up, The Cool Kids are Plotting Murder

Indoor, darkness. THE EVIL ONE is on stage, standing ominously, with LORD ERIS sort of sliming around him.

THE EVIL ONE: We've been here a scant few years, and yet... it feels like forever. All of it at my command, more and more control with each passing day.

LORD ERIS: *(Sicko)* Yes... yes!

THE EVIL ONE: How fare my subjects, Lord Eris?

LORD ERIS: They appear to despise you, Oh Evil One.

THE EVIL ONE: Excellent. None can stop me.

LORD ERIS: But sire, what about The Chosen One?

THE EVIL ONE: *(Amused)* The Chosen One? He seems to have gone missing. *(Evil smug laugh)*

LORD ERIS: But what about The Prophecy? *(Dramatic sound effect)*

THE EVIL ONE: Prophecy is of no matter, when soon I will be its master!

THE EVIL ONE holds out the UNHOLY GRAIL.

THE EVIL ONE: Behold the source of my power! Soon we will be able to write fate at our will, opening doorways to any future we desire! Nothing will be able to stop me once the *Unholy Grail* reaches its full strength! Grail, reveal our next innocent victim!

Lightning and thunder accentuate the brandishing of the UNHOLY GRAIL. After the lightning flash, the lights come up more to give the impression of daylight (at least on FINN's side of the stage).

ENTER FINN, who skips across the stage on the opposite side to the EVIL ONE and LORD ERIS (to give the impression that he is being revealed to them by the magic of the Unholy Grail).

FINN: Lalala lala. Oh boy! I sure do love having parents!

EXIT FINN.

THE EVIL ONE: *(rubbing hands together in glee at the prospect of orphaning another child)* Lord Eris, I leave you to wreak havoc upon this town.

LORD ERIS: Why not destroy them yourself?

THE EVIL ONE: Oh Lord Eris, there's nothing more Evil than absent management. *(prelude to a song)* Through all of history, men have sought power! Driven by greed,

avarice, jealousy, desire! But when power falls into a hand like mine. The results will be so diviiiiine... Lord Eris kill them.

EXIT THE EVIL ONE.

LORD ERIS: I thought he was going to do a song. Oh well.

EXIT LORD ERIS. Meanwhile the EVIL-KICKERS ENTER, wearing masks or some sort of disguise.

ARABELLA: If we're going to set you up as the hero, we need to give you an origin story to match the prophecy.

OWEN: So if you do prophecy, and Ira does, errr... *(he looks to the side to see IRA practising fighting moves badly)*... that, what does Jason do?

ARABELLA: Jason does magic. Badly.

JASON: My real passion is Zumba.

IRA: The less said about that the better.

ARABELLA: *Anyway*, so I think "A hero will come forth at the house of the Chosen One to vanquish Evil" is the best place to start.

OWEN: *(Sceptical)* This is the home of the Chosen One?

IRA: Well, it's House *Number One*, and I have *chosen* it.

OWEN: What about the hero coming forth?

ARABELLA: *(Thinking for a second, then nods. To OWEN)* Stay there a second. Ira, Jason, over here.

ARABELLA steps forward and beckons IRA and JASON to follow.

ARABELLA: *(To OWEN)* Now you. *(OWEN follows)*. *Tada* *(with jazz hands ideally)*, you just came forth.

OWEN: It can't be that simple. Don't we need to actually *do* something?

IRA: We *are*. We're *fomenting revolt*.

JASON: To be honest, we usually just wait around for something evil to start happening.

IRA: Buzzkill...

EVIL-KICKERS stand awkwardly outside the house waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, MOIRA and ATROPOS have arrived to test the limit of MOIRA's 'immortality'.

MOIRA: Hey Atropos! Watch me scale the side of this house and not die!

ATROPOS: Stupid jar...

MOIRA: *(annoyed to not be talking about herself)* You're still going on about the jar?

ATROPOS: I mean, I was hoping for something a bit more epic.

MOIRA: I'll show you epic...

There is a SCREAM offstage and an EPIC EVIL MUSIC SWELL. From the side of the stage there is a fire of some sort. Sound Effects? Lighting? Actual Fire? Stage manager, your problem. ENTER FINN, fleeing from the fire.

FINN: Oh no! My parents!

ENTER LORD ERIS, following FINN. EVIL-KICKERS (except OWEN) and MOIRA take up terrible fighting stances. OWEN and ATROPOS look confused about what to do.

LORD ERIS: All hail The Evil One!

MOIRA: Hell yeah. FIGHT ME, FIRE!

MOIRA runs offstage, into the 'fire'.

FINN: *(running up to the EVIL-KICKERS and hiding behind them)* They're killing them! And then they're going to kill me! OH MY GODDD!!!!

ATROPOS looks to JASON.

ATROPOS: There aren't any jars here, right?

JASON: Er...no?

EXIT ATROPOS.

ARABELLA is holding back IRA from running at them. In the background, LORD ERIS is gearing up to kill FINN.

LORD ERIS: Another evil deed for you, oh great Evil One!

OWEN: What do we do? Do we have a plan?

JASON: I suggest Zumba-ing away from the situation.

OWEN: We can't just let this kid get *(stops to look at FINN, then decides he has to mouth/stage whisper the next word due to his youth)* murdered!

LORD ERIS: I shall murder him in your name, oh magnificent Evil One!

OWEN leaps forward, protecting FINN.

OWEN: Stop!

Pause.

LORD ERIS: No.

OWEN: *But!* What if I'm the Chosen One?

LORD ERIS: Oh! Then I'm definitely murdering you first.

LORD ERIS goes to do just that.

OWEN: Ah! You can't kill me... (*Growing more confident as he speaks*)
Because...because I haven't got the Chosen Sword yet. Yeah, until the Chosen One has the Chosen Sword, if you try to kill him... your legs will fall off. Yeah. And your hair. And you'll... die.

LORD ERIS: I don't remember that part...

The rest of the EVIL-KICKERS chime in too.

ARABELLA: Oh it's real. Really real.

JASON: All the best prophets say so.

LORD ERIS: I feel like you're lying to me.

FINN: You should check with your boss.

LORD ERIS: I...

LORD ERIS looks back and forth between them all a few times. He checks his hair, then points a finger at them.

LORD ERIS: Stay here.

LORD ERIS leaves.

IRA: Haha! You'd better run!

FINN: Oh my god! The Chosen One! You saved me, Chosen One! I'm Finn! I owe you my life. I will do anything I can to help you, through any means. I swear it.

IRA: (*Failing at indifference*) It's actually my group.

OWEN: Welcome aboard, Finn! Team 'Chosen-One-Evil-Kickers-and-Finn' is go! (*Pause*)
We'll keep brainstorming names.

EVIL-KICKERS + FINN exit. There's a pause, then MOIRA exits from the 'fire', unscathed, madness in their eyes.

MOIRA: Ohohohohohoho! I am INVINCIBLE!!!!

END SCENE.

Act 1 Scene 5

When Your Chosen One is a Number Two

We are at WIZARD-BEN and WIZARD-GERRIE's WIZARD-TOWER, with both wizards, and a grown-up (physically, not emotionally) PERCIVAL. This older PERCIVAL has heard the rumours of another 'Chosen One', and is not happy. The WIZARDS are clearly sick of this kid.

PERCIVAL: Can you believe it, Wizards? These rumours about some loser running around saying he's the Chosen One! They're all talking about *him*! Some stupid kid!

WIZARD-GERRIE: It's nothing to worry about, Percival.

PERCIVAL: (*Indignant*) I'm not worried. (*Mocking*) Are you worried? (*Pause, worried*) Are you worried?

WIZARD-BEN: Noooo, not at all.

PERCIVAL: (*Immediately cocky again*) Right. Cos I'm the *Chosen One*. This fraud... this *loser*, he's got nothing on me! He's an unimaginative, stupid... unimaginative loser. (*An idea comes*) You know what? I should go out and kill The Evil One right now! That'll show him!

Bad idea. Both WIZARDS jump in to shoot this down.

WIZARD-BEN: Ahhh, let's not be too hasty here, Percival. You're still in training! It takes time.

WIZARD-GERRIE: A *lot* of time.

PERCIVAL: Pff... I'll be fine. I'm the greatest. I *was* born to do this after all.

WIZARD-BEN: Remember...! The Chosen One possesses great patience.

PERCIVAL flips to panicked insecurity.

PERCIVAL: But what if I haven't, what if I don't, what if he steals it?

WIZARD-GERRIE: Look, Percival, we've been mentoring you for... what feels like forever, ever since your parents were eaten by that pack of feral ghosts, but you still haven't made much progress, you've accomplished nothing.

PERCIVAL: (*Whines*) That's not *my* fault. You keep telling me about my destiny, but all I do is boring useless training. I don't *need* to learn or practise, I can handle it, I know it! I just need to get out there and give them the ol' (*Gestures kicking the hell out of thin air*), show them all who I am.

WIZARD-GERRIE: (*to PERCIVAL*) Forget the rumours. I promise, this kid is *not* the Chosen One.

PERCIVAL: (*Pleading*) But what if he is? What if he's out there and he's better than me and he steals being the Chosen One. He can't do that right? That's not allowed? Can I sue?

WIZARD-BEN: (*Muttering to himself*) We had to choose this kid, literally any other orphan... Look kid, one day you'll get your chance to fight The Evil One. Promise.

PERCIVAL: (*Anxiously*) And the prophecy says I look really hot while doing it, right?

WIZARD-BEN: Sure, why not.

PERCIVAL: (*Instantly reassured*) Yeah. Course it does. I just need to go out and prove myself the *real* hero.

WIZARD-GERRIE: You're not ready yet.

PERCIVAL: *I am!* I feel it in my bones! My sexy and *Chosen* bones! I'm not going to let anyone take my destiny away from me!

BORN TO DO GREAT THINGS

It's Percival's massive ego, and his belief that he was born to do great things (while he hasn't done anything useful in his life yet).

END SCENE

Act 1 Scene 6

The League of Unacceptable Evil

THE EVIL LORDS stand ominously in a semi-circle.

LORD MALLEOLUS: I, Lord Malleolus, hereby declare this meeting of the League of Unacceptable Evil in session.

LORD ERIS: Praise be upon he!

ALL LORDS: Praise be upon he!

ENTER THE EVIL ONE, holding the UNHOLY GRAIL, which looks like a creepy bottle of darkness.

THE EVIL ONE: Praise be upon me.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Thank you Evil One. Praise be upon he.

LORD BEELZEBOB: Praise be upon h... *(He trails off, realising it's just him.)*

THE EVIL ONE: Enough unpleasantries, darkest ones. The stores of power we have collected in the Unholy Grail grow ever-stronger, bringing us one step closer to total control over all of fate.

LORD MALLEOLUS: The townsfolk are talking, your evilship, spreading rumours about the Chosen One coming forth.

LORD ERIS: Should we seek him out and obliterate him?

THE EVIL ONE laughs this off.

THE EVIL ONE: Why? Because of a few rumours? Forget this 'Chosen One'. What I need from you is new forms of villainy to fuel the Unholy Grail.

THE EVIL ONE enters centre stage, raising a dramatic hand. The EVIL LORDS exchange excited glances.

THE EVIL ONE: *(Gearing up for a Big Villain Song)*. Here we are. In the heart of iniquity, so gather round, gather close, for evil's in the air... *(He doesn't start a song)*. Confer amongst yourselves. I expect results by sundown.

Exit THE EVIL ONE.

LORD PATRICK: Aw, no song.

LORD ERIS: We do not question his way!

LORD MALLEOLUS: He will sing when he's good and ready!

LORD EVILDAN: QUESTION. WHY DOES HE ALWAYS EXPLAIN THE PLAN. HE TOLD US THE PLAN YEARS AGO.

LORD MALLEOLUS: (*Snapping*) We said we do not question his ways! We have been set a goal, and we *will* achieve it, if my name isn't Lord Malleolus, Stripper Of Souls, Kicker Of Children, MBA!

LORD MALLEOLUS welcomes the EVIL LORDS. LORD EVILDAN acts as HYPE-MAN, echoing along in an annoying skeletor-voice (lines in brackets).

LORD MALLEOLUS: We are earths calamity (*ca-lamity!*), we are the reckoning of all that is innocent (*reckoning!*). Grown men weep like little babies when we enter their lands (*waaaaah!*). Let us see what plans we have. (*evil plans! evil plans!*)

General EVIL murmurings.

LORD EVILDAN: WE POISON THE WATER SUPPLY!

LORD ERIS: We drink from the water supply, Lord Evildan. Also we already did that.

LORD EVILDAN: CYURSES! FOILED AGAIN! WE'LL GET YOU NEXT TIME, INNOCENT CITIZENS!

LORD BEELZEBOB: I, Lord Beelzebob, premier expert on bees and evil (beevil), say... UNLEASH THE BEES! SET THEM ON FIRE AND RELEASE THE BEES!

LORD MALLEOLUS: Do the bees survive the burning? I mean, I'm all for animal cruelty but it undermines the bees.

LORD BEELZEBOB: Bees are flame-resistant...probably.

LORD ERIS: Oh, you ran out of good bee-themed plots decades ago. Now you just stab people and say 'the bees did it'.

LORD BEELZEBOB: The bees did do it.

LORD PATRICK: WE DESTROY THE MOON!

Everyone else groans.

LORD EVILDAN: Why do you always want us to destroy the moon?

LORD PATRICK: That's a personal matter.

LORD MALLEOLUS: For the last time Patrick, we are NOT destroying the moon.

LORD ERIS: (*Cackling*) I say, we blow up the town's train tracks. Disrupt the supply lines!

Everyone starts cackling.

LORD MALLEOLUS: ORDER!! We need some *original* sins! We've already burned through all the orphanages.

LORD ERIS: We're running dangerously low on our supply of orphans to murder.

LORD PATRICK: I know what we can do! First, rig the town's elections...

LORD EVILDAN: Ooooh!

LORD PATRICK: Then we start a forest fire in the surrounding area...

LORD ERIS: How evil!

LORD PATRICK: AND THEN...

LORD BEELZEBOB: YES???

All LORDS lean in to hear what LORD PATRICK has to say.

LORD PATRICK: WE DESTROY THE MOON!

All groan.

LORD ERIS: Listen to me! We are not! DESTROYING THE MOON!

LORD PATRICK: I see the League of Unacceptable Evil is in the pocket of BIG MOON! You moon-shills.

LORD PATRICK exits in protest.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Does anyone have any *useful* ideas?

LORD ERIS: Well, I *have* come into the possession of a box of demons. Why not unleash them on the locals?

LORD MALLEOLUS: That sounds unacceptably evil! Why didn't you suggest it earlier?

LORD ERIS: *[EVIL CACKLING]*.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Well, meeting adjourned. Lord Evildan, as evil social-secretary, which bar shall we be going to?

LORD EVILDAN: TO EVIL PLUSH!

All leave while chanting EVIL PLUSH EVIL PLUSH

END SCENE.

Act 1 Scene 7

Too Much Wizard Weed

ENTER LYNETTE, EVIL-KICKERS+FINN, meeting in a forest. Realism of the forest is left to the imagination, budget, and levels-of-will-to-live of stage and production team. LYNETTE has been volunteered along by OWEN and is unhappy.

IRA: So. You might be wondering why we're all here today.

LYNETTE: I'm here because my annoying brother peer-pressured me into coming.

JASON: I'm here because nobody invited me anywhere cooler.

FINN: (*Bleakly*) I'm here because somebody killed my parents.

Awkward pause.

IRA: ...Right. On that topic, Owen, you can't just invite people into our gang without permission.

OWEN: I just thought-

IRA: Don't do that. Just because you're the one pretending to be the Chosen One doesn't make you in charge, it just means you're the only one whose parents aren't dead.

OWEN: I'm not trying to steal your gang. Though I would give it a better name. Something like-

FINN: (*Cutting in*) I like Owen's name!

JASON: You don't have to agree with everything he says. If Owen jumped off a bridge would you do it too?

FINN: Yeah probably. He's all I've got left.

OWEN: We've literally only just met.

IRA: *Anyway*, we're not discussing the group name. We're discussing the Chosen Sword, Calibax! (*cool sound effect perhaps*) *And*, we're discussing the fact that we tracked down where it was.

LYNETTE: You mean *I* did after you dragged me out here. (*To OWEN*) *And* you made me cover for you again! I had to make up *another* fake-pet!

OWEN: It's for the greater good! You know Dad, he worries.

LYNETTE: (*Gestures around*) Can't imagine why!!! Why don't you just *tell* him what you're up to? He believes in the spirit of adventure and all, he'd probably be thrilled.

OWEN: I have weighed the pros and cons, and I have determined for the sake of all of our healths, he can never know what I am doing.

ARABELLA: Can we hocus-focus on the sword? It's guarded by an ancient mystical wizard that Jason is going to summon.

JASON: Probably. 50/50 odds. Magic is hard.

JASON starts reading from the ancient magical scroll.

JASON: Sicubi incommodum est. Sicubi discordia est. Veniet veniet protinus. Cruentum cultrum inventurus!

If a single person in the audience gets this joke, then it will be worth it.

JASON: I'm not certain these are real words. I think I might have accidentally ordered a blancmange.

But alas! It is no blancmange! It is WIZARD-AMBROSINE, who appears magically on stage, looking slightly disorientated. He is wearing a massive pointy hat, lots of glitter, and an expression that can charitably be described as 'absent'.

ALL (INCLUDING WIZARD): Wow!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Hello.

IRA: *(to the others)* Stay back! The guardian of Calibax must be immensely powerful!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Where did I come from.

ARABELLA: Oh...! That's deep...

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Deep... like a hole.

Impressed murmurs from everyone who isn't OWEN and LYNETTE.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: I am Wizard-Ambrosine, and I... was in a hole maybe.

LYNETTE: This is the mystical wise wizard?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: The most effective battle tactic against moths... is arson.

FINN: Wow, he's so smart.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Who is?

JASON: Fellow patron of the magical arts, we are on a quest against the forces of evil. We search for the legendary sword Calibax that you guard.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Well that's nice.

Pause.

JASON: Where- where is it?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: It is...

(They realise that is his full sentence).

OWEN: Could you be less vague?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Who's to say?

OWEN: I'd've hoped *you* would.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: My young youngling, sometimes the world is vague. *(Pulls out his magic spellbook)* Sometimes I read from my journal and things happen. It's almost like magic.

LYNETTE: You mean... magic?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: That's the spirit.

OWEN: No, it *is* magic. *(Pause)* You do- you *get* that, right?

IRA: Guys. Stop harassing the wizard.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Let me tell you about it.

IRA: Actually, we're mainly here for the sword-

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: It's too late now, I've started singing.

JUST LIKE MAGIC

Is Wizard-Ambrosine aware that he is an actual Wizard who can do magic? It's uncertain.

Everyone but OWEN and LYNETTE is impressed. WIZARD-AMBROSINE shows off his things.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Look, I have many things that are magical.

LYNETTE: Do you have a Sword?

The EVIL-KICKERS huddle together as WIZARD-AMBROSINE continues to go through his stuff in the background.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Oh look, this is a potion to fake your own death.

ARABELLA: We should take him with us afterwards. He could come in useful.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: It also makes you piss yourself.

OWEN: *(to ARABELLA)* Yeah, he seems pretty useful.

JASON: Don't be such a downer.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Downer? I hardly know her.

OWEN takes IRA aside.

OWEN: Look, Ira, I have serious questions about his wizard credentials. We're not taking him with us, are we?

IRA: We might be.

OWEN: He's just saying nonsense!

They look over to where he is talking to the others.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: If you can't stand the heat, get out of the broth. (*Sombrely*) I want you to remember that.

ARABELLA: I will.

IRA: Well, I'm in charge, and I like him.

OWEN sighs. Turns to the WIZARD.

OWEN: Cut to the chase. Chosen Sword, Calibax. Where.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: You need to defeat me to claim the sword. It's prophesied.

JASON: Rock, paper, scissors?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: That works.

OWEN vs WIZARD-AMBROSINE rock-paper-scissors. OWEN goes at 'scissors', and WIZARD-AMBROSINE very slowly lowers his hand over five+ seconds before losing. Mystical sounds... Stage Manager throws a closed chest onstage. OWEN goes towards it but-

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: You must go... alone.

OWEN: Why?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE shrugs.

OWEN: Of course.

EXIT everyone but OWEN and WIZARD-AMBROSINE, IRA reluctantly and more than a bit jealously. Slowly, OWEN moves towards the chest to retrieve CALIBAX when- ENTER PERCIVAL, at HIGH VELOCITY.

PERCIVAL: **CHOSEN ONE TACKLE!!!**

PERCIVAL tackles OWEN.

OWEN: Get off!

PERCIVAL and OWEN fight (badly) over being the Chosen One, and more specifically, the box containing CALIBAX. WIZARD-AMBROSINE just watches.

PERCIVAL: Got you! Prancing around, trying to steal my sword like you stole my title, fraud! You can't do that! Stealing is a... is a... christ, I can't think of the word.

PERCIVAL does a series of karate moves like Mac from Always Sunny, to the general confusion of OWEN. Even WIZARD-AMBROSINE looks more confused than usual.

OWEN: Who even are you??

PERCIVAL: I'm the *real* Chosen One.

OWEN: Oh, like *hell you are, loser!*

PERCIVAL: I'm not a loser! You're a loser! You're a loser! You're a loser!

PERCIVAL starts trying to hit OWEN again, and OWEN dodges easily. They continue their pathetic fight.

OWEN: This is pathetic.

DISEMBODIED PROPHECY VOICE: It really is

They continue fighting anyway.

OWEN: Where were you, 'Chosen One', when people were suffering? Someone needed to do something.

PERCIVAL: I was busy!

OWEN wins the fight with a KO! Percival starts sniffle-crying.

OWEN: Finally.

He goes to the box. He opens it to find... it's empty! Someone has already claimed CALIBAX!

OWEN: What?! Where is it?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE clocks back into reality.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Oh yes, somebody already took it. Young chap. Very...stabby (*mimes stabbing for emphasis*).

OWEN: What?

PERCIVAL cries.

END SCENE.

Act 1 Scene 8

Chosen Ones Two and Three

LORDS MALLEOLUS, BEELZEBOB, and EVILDAN have the box of demons. On stage, hidden behind it, is the CHOSEN-LIGHT, whose exact form will be determined by what I can acquire at HobbyCraft. BEELZEBOB is 'digging'.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Gentlemen, today marks a new era of malevolence. Once buried, this box of demons is ready to wreak havoc on the mortal realm. And once this act of pure evil is complete, the Grail's full power will finally be unlocked!!! *(Evil laugh)* Lord Evildan, your turn with the shovel.

LORD EVILDAN: Oh no, I have my own evil plans. I'm going to go... UNDERCOVER!! NYAHAHHAA!

LORD EVILDAN leaves, cackling all the way.

LORD BEELZEBOB: I can't *bee* the only one who's noticed he doesn't do any work.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Or anything evil! He's not pulling his weight.

LORD BEELZEBOB: *(THUNK)* Hey, what's this?

He picks up the CHOSEN-LIGHT.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Just throw it away. Our work here is done.

LORD BEELZEBOB: *(solemnly)* I will let it *bee*.

LORD BEELZEBOB throws the CHOSEN-LIGHT aside.

BEELZEBOB: So, are we really going to ignore these rumours about a new Chosen One? Bit of a *bee* in my bonnet really.

LORD MALLEOLUS: *(increasingly irritated by the bee puns)* Pay it no mind. Even if the Chosen One *were* really around, he'd have no chance against the kind of raw power His Evilship possesses. With the Unholy Grail, he is undefeatable. *(evil laugh)* And now, the demons will come forth!

LORD BEELZEBOB: Yes. The '*bee*-mons'. Hehehhehehe

LORD MALLEOLUS: What was that?

LORD BEELZEBOB: Oh, just regular evil laughter.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Right you are.

EXIT EVIL LORDS. ENTER GARETH, still trying to get rid of HECTOR.

GARETH: I told you to leave! You can't keep following me, what if I need to use the toilet!

HECTOR: I'll help!

GARETH: Arggh! Can't you just follow one of the other people claiming they're the Chosen One? Anyone but me!

HECTOR: But they're not *The* Chosen One!

GARETH sighs, and almost stands on the CHOSEN-LIGHT. He picks it up.

GARETH: Huh?

HECTOR: *(Gasps)* Do you know what that is?

GARETH: Oh no.

HECTOR: This must be the Chosen Light! And when it's opened, the great prophecy says it will reveal the true Chosen One to all! It's here for you, Gareth!

GARETH: How do you even know this??

HECTOR: Prophecy.

GARETH: Prophecy sounds like a good excuse to just not explain stuff!

DISEMBODIED VOICE: It is.

HECTOR: Well there's an easy way to test if you're the Chosen One...!

HECTOR steps forward to use the CHOSEN-LIGHT. GARETH jumps back, and HECTOR stops.

GARETH: Nope!

HECTOR: But why not?

GARETH: Do you know how I'm keeping sane??? It's a carefully balanced scheme of self-deception and denial. I'm an unstable tower. If you upset it- *(Stares into the abyss)* -I don't know what will happen to me.

There is Evil Lighting/Music Cue to communicate that the box of demons is about to open up. GARETH takes another step back, and accidentally trips and breaks the demon-box, defeating that mostly-irrelevant evil subplot.

GARETH looks into the box.

GARETH: Dead burnt bees...?

HECTOR: No, this was the work of Evil. *(Gasp)* Gareth. You saved us all!

GARETH dives to the floor, grabbing bits of box.

GARETH: You've got to help me cover this up.

Enter PERCIVAL, very sorry for himself (so like usual).

PERCIVAL: (*Miserable*) I suck and everything's awful and pointless. It's not faaaaaaaaaaaaair. I don't deserve a sword. I'm a loser. I'm going to just give up and never do anything again ever.

PERCIVAL stumbles over the ruins of the box.

PERCIVAL: Huh?

GARETH: Uhhh.

PERCIVAL: Did... I do this? (*Pause*) I did this.

GARETH: You sure did, buddy.

PERCIVAL: YIPPEE!

PERCIVAL does a joyful victory lap of the stage. GARETH runs off, glaring at the CHOSEN-LIGHT.

GARETH: Gotta get rid of this...

HECTOR: No, come back and face your greatness!

HECTOR runs after GARETH.

PERCIVAL: (*Instantly Cocky again*) Heh, well looks like you still got it Percival! Yeah, I saved the world and I wasn't even trying to! I should never doubt myself again. God, I'm so smart and sexy. Let's go save the world, sexy.

PERCIVAL exits, ego restored to keep going. Yaaaaaay.

END SCENE.

Act 1 Scene 9

Never Let a Wizard In Your Shower

OPEN at OWEN'S HOUSE. There is an inside and an outside. Follow me for more shocking architectural secrets. We differentiate this inside and outside somehow, perhaps... with A Door? OWEN has been hiding WIZARD-AMBROSINE in his house, because the Gang decided that was a good idea, as he is a totally amazing and mystical wizard. OWEN is reconsidering his 'not down for murder' stance if it means he can kill just this one wizard.

OWEN: *(Weary beyond his years)* Just explain to me... why did you poison my shower?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: You see, tis a secondary line of defence in case someone sneaks past the walls into here. They try to shower and... kabloolie.

OWEN: What if *I* need to shower?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: I don't understand.

Enter IRA, enthusiastically.

OWEN: Why do we need to keep the wizard in *my* house?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE makes himself comfy (and OWEN uncomfy) in the background.

IRA: Come on, you can't tell me you don't like the wizard.

OWEN: I don't like the wizard.

IRA: Ok, you can. But it doesn't change the fact we need him.

IRA reaches over for a chair.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Don't touch that, it's cursed.

OWEN: *Why?*

Enter LYNETTE, much less enthusiastically than IRA.

LYNETTE: *(angrily)* Owen!

OWEN: *(forced cheeriness)* Er... hey sis!

LYNETTE: While we were out looking for that *stupid* sword - which you didn't even find!! - someone stole four hundred pounds' worth of magical artefacts from the shop! They're taking it out of my salary and I nearly got fired because of you!

IRA: *(to OWEN, dismissive of LYNETTE)* This is why you shouldn't recruit people who aren't committed to The Cause.

LYNETTE: I'll give you committed to The Cause.

LYNETTE is tries to fight IRA. OWEN barely gets round in time to hold her back.

OWEN: Hey! Look, I'm sorry about the shop, okay? I'll tell them you- you had to help me because my hamster died, or something. Just- please don't tell Dad, okay? We'll tone it down, I promise.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: *(really not reading the vibes of the room)* I microwaved a fork. It's singing to me.

OWEN and LYNETTE start scrambling to fix this, as some distant explosion-y sounds ring out. Meanwhile, ENTER WIZARD-BEN and WIZARD-GERRIE on the OUTSIDE of the house. They have been on the hunt for PERCIVAL. OWEN tries to deal with WIZARD-AMBROSINE on the inside.

WIZARD-GERRIE: How did you lose a whole Chosen One?

WIZARD-BEN: Well at least I didn't lose half a Chosen One!

WIZARD-GERRIE: That's fair. *(shudders)* That was messy.

WIZARD-BEN: He's useless anyway, I don't even know why we're bothering to look for him. Especially with the other options for decoy Chosen Ones presenting themselves.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Galahad's dead body would have been a better option at this point. Where did we go wrong, Wizard-Ben?

ENTER DAD, OUTSIDE. He spots the WIZARDS.

DAD: Oh, hello there.

WIZARD-BEN: You wouldn't happen to be interested in saving the world would you?

DAD: Oh no, not at this age. I'm just one day from retirement! No, those days are past me now. But I'm glad someone is. The whole town's been talking about the Chosen One finally being back. Good for him! But here at home, it's just me and my kids. They keep me on my toes!

WIZARD-BEN: Interesting...

WIZARD-GERRIE spots whatever antics WIZARD-AMBROSINE is up to through the 'window'.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Indeed. *(They start to leave.)* Come on Wizard-Ben, I've heard The Evil One is in town. I don't want to stick around.

EXIT WIZARD-BEN and WIZARD-GERRIE. DAD moves towards 'INSIDE', taking out his keys. LYNETTE spots DAD approaching.

LYNETTE: Owen! Dad's coming!

OWEN: HIDE THE WIZARD.

They try to hide the Wizard. Limited success.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Goodbye!

DAD comes inside just as WIZARD-AMBROSINE is hidden. OWEN, IRA, and LYNETTE all try to pretend they don't have a brand new weird looking lamp.

DAD: Owen, you know you're not supposed to have a friend over. You're still grounded.

IRA: We're more like comrades-

-Muffled WIZARD SOUNDS interrupt-

OWEN: *(loudly, to cover WIZARD SOUNDS)* This is Ira, she's my new friend.

IRA: Hello, Owen's Dad.

LYNETTE clears her throat aggressively.

IRA: Hello, Owen and Lynette's Dad.

DAD: Oh. *Oh.* I heard about your goldfish. Very sad.

IRA: My... what?

LYNETTE jumps in.

LYNETTE: It was very traumatic. She's repressing the memory. It's best if you never bring it up again.

DAD: Well, I'll go and get everybody some snacks from the kitchen! *(Gets blocked by Ambrosine-lamp on the way out)* Hey, it's a bit dark in here. *(Tries to turn on the Ambrosine-lamp, to no avail)* I really need to get that bulb changed.

EXIT DAD.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: *I want brownies.*

WIZARD-AMBROSINE is released from the lampshade, and slowly wanders away.

IRA: We might not have the sword, but the plan is working better than expected. The Evil One hasn't even *tried* to stop us - he's so complacent. Now we have the wizard, it's the perfect time to step up our game.

OWEN: The Evil One won't know what hit him!

LYNETTE: You just said- I stuck my neck out for you!

OWEN: We just need to get everyone... *(OWEN trails off, with dawning horror that WIZARD-AMBROSINE is gone).*

LYNETTE: Where's the wizard?

They all look around. No wizard.

OWEN: How did we lose him! He's got a 2 foot tall hat and he's covered in glitter!

IRA: Well we need to find him!

EXIT IRA.

OWEN: *(Calling after her)* But dad's making snacks! ...Ok, guess I've got to hunt down a wizard.

DADLY SOUNDS from offstage. OWEN looks. OWEN realises he needs to sneak out. OWEN turns to LYNETTE.

LYNETTE: No. No! I'm done lying to Dad for you.

OWEN slowly backs away, giving thumbs up and mouthing words of encouragement to LYNETTE.

LYNETTE: No! I'm not doing it!

OWEN backs away off the stage to hunt that Wizard. EXIT OWEN.

ENTER DAD.

DAD: I made fruit skewers! Oh! Where did they go?

Pause. LYNETTE sighs in long-suffering frustration.

LYNETTE: You're not going to believe it, but Ira has this pet giraffe...

END SCENE.

Act 1 Scene 10

Will the Real Chosen One Please Shut Up (hey, that's the title of the play!)

On stage is GARETH and WIZARD-AMBROSINE. In the background, PERCIVAL sees WIZARD-AMBROSINE, and starts trying to lure him away. GARETH is trying to get rid of his CHOSEN-LIGHT.

GARETH: It's ok Gareth, just get rid of the Chosen Light, nobody has to know...

PERCIVAL luring WIZARD-AMBROSINE behind him with LACHESIS's bag of stolen goods.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Ooh, shiny.

PERCIVAL: Yes, keep following the Chosen One, that's a good wizard.

GARETH walks to stage edge.

GARETH: *(To the CHOSEN-LIGHT)* Enjoy the well, idiot.

GARETH drops the CHOSEN-LIGHT down well (just offstage). He sags in relief.

GARETH: Safe at last...

CHOSEN-LIGHT thrown back on in front of him. He points accusingly.

GARETH: Go away!

He tries again, with the same results.

GARETH: Not doing this!

He throws the CHOSEN-LIGHT offstage as hard as he can. A second later, (a softer copy of) the CHOSEN-LIGHT is thrown back on stage, directly in GARETH's face, knocking him over.

GARETH: Ah!

Enter OWEN, who spots PERCIVAL and WIZARD-AMBROSINE.

OWEN: Hey!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Hello!

OWEN storms over, trying to pull WIZARD-AMBROSINE away.

OWEN: That's *my* wizard!

PERCIVAL: Well, I didn't see your name on him!

OWEN: You wanted me to write my name on a person? You wanted me to get out a pen and write my name on his forehead? Who would do that? What's wrong with you?

PERCIVAL: I rescued him. Like a *hero*.

OWEN: Like hell you have! You lured him away with Wizard Weed!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Hmm. I met a wizard once.

They pull back and forth at him, like a tug-of-war. In the background, GARETH is still trying to get rid of the CHOSEN-LIGHT.

OWEN: You don't even want him! He sucks, he smells, and he poisoned my shower!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: I did do that.

PERCIVAL: My prophecy, my magic sword, *my* wizard!

IRA, ARABELLA, JASON and FINN arrive on stage, very panicked.

ARABELLA: We've got a problem!

JASON: And he's surprisingly fast!

FINN: Lord Eris found us!

IRA: Someone must've done something to put them on high alert!

PERCIVAL: Ha! That was me! He's here because I alone foiled his plans!

OWEN: Yeah, right.

LORD ERIS arrives, cackling. He approaches them slowly, ominously. They all back away from him.

OWEN: Think, think! What would the real Chosen One do?

A pause so we can appreciate GARETH, who is DOING SOMETHING desperate and non-heroic (trying to bury the CHOSEN-LIGHT in leaves? Weeping softly in the corner? I trust in the actor).

PERCIVAL: Well I think-

OWEN: SHUT UP!

LORD ERIS: Stop your squabbling! It is too late to run now, Chosen One, the rest are already coming. Whichever of you it was, we've found you now, even if you did blow up the League of Unacceptable Evil Headquarters.

OWEN and PERCIVAL look at each other.

OWEN: That wasn't-

PERCIVAL: Wasn't me?

*It also wasn't GARETH, just in case anyone was wondering. It was...
ENTER KAY, our murder gremlin. He is holding the Chosen Sword, CALIBAX.*

KAY: I have come to destroy you, old man.

KAY stabs LORD ERIS. LORD ERIS is killed.

PERCIVAL: Who are you?

KAY: I'm you - but better.

JASON: You're like twelve, but okay.

Exit KAY with a dramatic hair toss and his massive sword.

GARETH: Ha! It wasn't me! Ha! Ha!

IRA: This wasn't part of the plan!

OWEN: THERE WAS NO PLAN!

JASON: We are so screwed.

FINN: *(Staring at dead-LORD ERIS)* On the bright side, I've discovered the sweet taste of revenge.

JASON: We need to leave. NOW!

THE EVIL ONE swans in on a swell of EVIL MUSIC.

THE EVIL ONE: *(Evil laughter)* It is too late for that now.

Everyone gets knocked down by his powerful magic. THE EVIL ONE looks down at dead-LORD ERIS, then kneels down to him.

THE EVIL ONE: My loyal underling. *(The EVIL ONE slowly stands and raises one ominous hand).* Come forth to me, Evil Lords...

All the other (non-dead) EVIL LORDS coalesce onto stage.

LORD MALLEOLUS: *(Spots dead LORD ERIS)* Oh for god's sake. Now I have to run interviews.

LORD PATRICK: The moon did this.

THE EVIL ONE: So you blew up my Evil Headquarters and killed my Evil Lord, did you, 'Chosen One'? *(directing it to every Chosen One)* My so-called doom. How *quaint*. How... *unlikely*. My Evil Lords will find you, and your feeble resistance will crumble before me.

LORD EVILDAN: WHAT IS YOUR COMMAND, EEEEVIL ONE?

THE EVIL ONE: Well that's simple *(With the cadence of a song prelude)* Show meeee your Chooooosen One... Bring him to meeeee...

It's almost a song note, but not quite, as THE EVIL ONE EXITS.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Well you heard his Evilship. Give us the Chosen One and no-one gets hurt. Except the Chosen One. He gets hurt.

Long PAUSE. Dramatic music. Then, OWEN stands up.

OWEN: I... am the Chosen One.

PERCIVAL: Oh *hell* no- No, I'm the Chosen One!

IRA: Actually, I'm the Chosen One.

OWEN: We're not doing a Spartacus thing! Sit down!

FINN: *I'm* the Chosen One!

JASON: No, *I'm* the Chosen One!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: I am... standing up.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Stop coordinating!

ARABELLA stands up too.

ARABELLA: I guess I'm also the Chosen One?

LORD BEELZEBOB: What do we do? Is there a Plan *Bee* for this situation?

LORD BEELZEBOB despairs. GARETH shuffles awkwardly sideways.

GARETH: Um, just so you know, I'm not the Chosen One. So, y'know, I'm going to leave.

LORD BEELZEBOB points a finger dramatically at GARETH.

LORD BEELZEBOB: That's just what the real Chosen One would say! *GET HIM, BEES!*

The EVIL LORDS descend upon GARETH.

GARETH: Oh, come *on-!*

GARETH is dragged offstage by the EVIL LORDS. Pause as everyone else stands awkwardly.

LORD EVILDAN: EVIL KIDNAPPING! EVIL KIDNAPPING! EVIL KIDNAPPING!

PERCIVAL: They would have picked me.

OWEN: In. Your. Dreams.

END ACT 1.

ACT 2

Act 2 Scene 1

Too Many Chosen Ones Spoil the Plot

KAY cleans CALIBAX alone on stage. ENTER OWEN and PERCIVAL.

KAY: Well, well, well. Took you long enough.

PERCIVAL: That's my sword!

KAY: Wrong. This is my sword.

OWEN: You're just some kid!

IRA, JASON, ARABELLA, and FINN enter after them, running.

JASON: Why is there so much running...

IRA: What the hell is going on. *(Sees KAY)* How old are you?

KAY: Old enough.

OWEN: For nursery, maybe.

KAY: My name is Kay and *I'm* the one who's going to kill The Evil One.

PERCIVAL: No you aren't, that's my destiny! *And* my sword.

KAY: Doesn't look like it. *(Looks them up and down)* You're even more useless-looking close up.

ARABELLA: You're saying *you're* the Chosen One? By what metric?

KAY: By the metric of being better than you. See, while you've been mucking around doing nothing, I've been completing the necessary steps to make myself the *true* Chosen One.

PERCIVAL: You can't do that!

KAY: Can. Have. Will continue to.

OWEN: We're not just going to let some kid fight The Evil One. There's no way you're qualified for this.

KAY: I have a masters in political science and 7 years hands-on experience.

OWEN: See, exact- Wait really.

KAY: It might be hard for you to believe, incapable and stupid as you are, but some of us are prepared. I've been training my whole life to fight. I deserve it more, and I'm already doing a better job than all of you incompetents.

PERCIVAL: That still doesn't make you the Chosen One!

KAY: It should. I'm superior to you all. I chose myself. Besides, you've never done anything ever. Neither of you have. *(To OWEN)* You're not even an orphan.

ARABELLA: Are *you*?

KAY: *I* emancipated myself. They're dead to me and that's all that counts. I have the sword, the prophecy, *and* the ability.

OWEN: I have the wizard!

KAY: I don't want the wizard, I don't need the wizard, I'm better than you.

FINN: Actually the Wizard wandered off...

PERCIVAL: You lost my Wizard too??? This is awful.

KAY: Urgh. This useless drama is exactly why none of you could cut it. Right now, The Evil One is a few evil deeds away from taking over all of fate through the Unholy Grail. Someone needs to be stopping him and clearly it should be me, as the superior Chosen One. *(Pause)*. You didn't even know his plan, did you?

JASON: Well...

IRA: My goldfish died recently, so I've been very focused on that...

KAY is unimpressed. He starts to leave.

FINN: Where are you going?

KAY: I'm going to track down the Evil Lords and then stab the Evil One with my Chosen Sword. Maybe I'll see you when I'm finished.

EXIT KAY.

PERCIVAL: Oh I'm going to do that too!!!!!! I trained too you know... *(trails off after he runs offstage after KAY, desperate to prove himself)*

EXIT PERCIVAL.

IRA: Ok, this is a mess, but it doesn't change the plan.

ARABELLA: It *does*. They took the sword and they're going to ruin the good reputation of the Evil-kickers if they get caught. Amateurs.

OWEN: And we almost all got caught as well because we didn't actually have a plan beyond 'win', and that's not a plan.

IRA: *It's plan adjacent!*

JASON: Yeah, nobody comes up with plans like Ira!

OWEN: I'm starting to think that might be for a reason. *(Sigh)* If we're going to get through this the first thing we need to do is stop drawing so much attention to ourselves.

Oops. LORD EVILDAN enters with an evil NYEH and terrible disguise. They all jump. JASON immediately decks him. KO.

OWEN: Why did you do that???

JASON: It was loud, I panicked.

ARABELLA: What do we do now?

They look at the unconscious body.

IRA: We could kill him.

JASON: I mean, it makes sense.

OWEN: We're not killing someone just because you knocked them out.

JASON: They were really loud, though.

ARABELLA: Wait. That's Lord Evildan!

FINN: We should kill him. I'm team murder now. Ever since Lord Eris died, I've been overcome with bloodlust.

OWEN: No, we're trying to keep a low profile! Deal with it somehow.

IRA, ARABELLA, JASON, and FINN help drag LORD EVILDAN offstage.

OWEN contemplates his life. ENTER DAD.

OWEN: Oh hey, Dad.

DAD: Where did you go? I was worried. I heard rumours The Evil One was sighted!

OWEN: What? No, I haven't heard anything about that! I was just meeting with friends.

DAD: Owen, is everything ok?

OWEN: Yup! Fine.

DAD: You can tell me anything, son. I'll *always* be there for you.

OWEN: I know, Dad.

DAD: You seem different lately. More mature, more focused. I don't know what you're doing or what's going on, but I trust you to make the right decisions.

OWEN: Do you really think so? Or are you just flattering me to get a good Father's Day present on Sunday?

DAD: No, I mean it. I'm proud of you, Owen. You have really blossomed into a confident young man. I cannot wait to watch you grow even more. Your 21st birthday, your graduation, your wedding. I'll be there every step of the way. And when I'm old and

grey, in my nineties, having lived a long, *long* life, I will look up at you from my bed, and realise what a wonderful person you are. Nothing will ever change how much I love you.

OWEN: Thanks, Dad. Seriously.

Hear offstage sound from LORD EVILDAN.

DAD: What was that?

OWEN: I have no idea. It's probably Ira's parrot. It's very sick. (*Sees IRA back on the edge of stage*). I'm so sorry, Dad, I have to go! Love you.

DAD: Love you too. Be home for dinner.

END SCENE.

Act 2 Scene 2

The League of Unacceptable Evil: Now Hiring!

OPEN back on the LEAGUE OF UNACCEPTABLE EVIL. KLOTHO is also there, as prisoner. It is set up like an interview, MALLEOLUS, BEELZEBOB, and PATRICK, clearly bored, on one side of a table, and an empty chair on the other.

LORD MALLEOLUS: *(Losing the will to live)* How many do we have left?

LORD BEELZEBOB: Just the one, a 'Lord Wally'?

LORD MALLEOLUS: Where is he? Just send him in.

ENTER LORD WALLY.

LORD WALLY: Hi, is this for the League of Unacceptable Evil?

LORD MALLEOLUS: Yes, that's us. Our main office was blown up, so we have to temporarily share with the British government. I'll tell you what, some of the things they do put us to shame. Anyway, let's get this started. It says here you have experience in 'Children's Birthday Parties'. Does that involve just scaring the kids, or do you end up torturing the parents too?

LORD WALLY: Oh, no, I just perform magic tricks for them, juggling, rabbit in a hat, stand-up comedy, that sort of thing.

He brings out some juggling balls, and tries to juggle, but ends up dropping them all.

LORD MALLEOLUS: *(Notes something down)* Right, I see. And how did you become a Lord?

LORD WALLY: That's just my stage name, my real name is actually Michael. Lord Wally just sounds more... mysterious. *(Flourishes hands)*

LORD BEELZEBOB: Do any of your tricks involve bees?

LORD WALLY: No? That doesn't seem very safe.

LORD BEELZEBOB: Disappointing.

LORD MALLEOLUS: It says here you-

LORD PATRICK: *(Interrupting)* What are your thoughts on the moon?

LORD WALLY: Oh, I'm a big fan actually, one of my tricks-

LORD PATRICK: OUT! GET OUT!

LORD WALLY looks startled, then quickly leaves.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Well that advert was useless. Maybe indeed.com wasn't the best place to search for evil employees. What a terrible week, Lords. Even the capture of this pitiful civilian means little.

KLOTHO: To be honest, I don't know how I ended up here.

LORD BEELZEBOB: I think Lord Evildan is missing too.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Hmm. Thought I heard an unusually low amount of intolerable sounds. Well, he's not much help anyway. We still need to come up with a workable evil plan, after the demon-box disaster.

LORD PATRICK: All our evil plans, thwarted!

LORD BEELZEBOB: Oh box of evil bees, we're really in it now. *(He strokes a hive in his lap)*

KLOTHO: I'd be afraid too, with the Chosen One finally here. Everyone is saying he's going to stop you.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Fool, we've caught the Chosen One now, and he won't be getting out. It's over. Why fight against the inevitable? You could be fighting for the winning side, but you continue to cling to your pathetic ideas of morality! Soon, the Evil One will be able to control and rewrite fate to his own desires, and those who stand with him will know boundless power. Join us, and you shall know power beyond measure!

KLOTHO: Yeah, okay.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Huh?

KLOTHO: You made some good points. I'm on board.

LORD MALLEOLUS: I wasn't really expecting this, to be honest. Regular people normally turn it down.

KLOTHO: Then why did you offer? Now my feelings are hurt.

LORD BEELZEBOB: We do need the numbers, the juggler was terrible.

LORD PATRICK: What are your feelings on the moon?

KLOTHO: Indifferent...but pliable.

LORD PATRICK: OUR NEW MEMBER!

KLOTHO: Yay.

LORD MALLEOLUS: You'll still need to complete an anti-DBS check before officially starting work, but-

CRASH. BANG. WALLOP. PERCIVAL charges onstage with Wii nunchucks.

PERCIVAL: Tremble in fear EVILDOERS! I'VE COME FOR THE EVIL ONE!

LORD BEELZEBOB: He's away on Evil Bee-zness. What's it to you?

PERCIVAL: *I'm* the Chosen One, and I am here to fulfil my destiny, with my Chosen Nunchucks!

PERCIVAL does some weird nunchuck routine.

LORD BEELZEBOB: (*Clutches his hive like he is protecting his child*) Is this some sort of animal-rights protest?

PERCIVAL: No! I'm the Chosen One! You...you guys aren't even looking at me.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Listen, we have evil to plan here, so could you please go away?

All the EVIL LORDS go back to their meeting, and ignore PERCIVAL completely.

LORD PATRICK: 🙄 Destroy the moon?

LORD BEELZEBOB: I think we're going to have to let him blow up the moon once, just to get it out of his system.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Fine! Alright! Go ahead Patrick.

LORD PATRICK: (*Fist pump*) Yes!

PERCIVAL tries to get in front of their eyeline.

PERCIVAL: Hellooo??!

LORD MALLEOLUS: Look, I get it, you're a friend of the *real* Chosen One we've got in prison, aren't you? You're trying to get him out. We're not buying it.

KAY ENTERS in the background, unnoticed by all but PERCIVAL. LORD BEELZEBOB is slightly further back, separated from the pack, cradling his bees.

PERCIVAL: Oh my god. It's him! Turn around!

They don't.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Back to our discussion. Ignore this minor inconvenience.

Behind them, KAY stalks towards LORD BEELZEBOB.

PERCIVAL: I'm not minor! I can legally drink! GUYS YOU HAVE TO LOOK, HE'S RIGHT THERE!!!!!!

PERCIVAL points at KAY, about to stab an unsuspecting LORD BEELZEBOB.

LORD PATRICK: Klotho, as your first act of evil, could you take him to jail or something.

PERCIVAL: He's literally killing him right now!

KLOTHO takes off PERCIVAL to jail just as KAY kills LORD BEELZEBOB, who falls to the floor, unnoticed. EXIT KAY.

LORD MALLEOLUS: I should probably go to check on the Chosen One. Wait, damn, we still need to come up with a new evil plan. And we don't have time to learn choreography for a song. *(Pause)*. You know what, let's just release a Dragon again. That always works.

LORD PATRICK: To destroy the moon.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Yes, yes...

LORD PATRICK: *(Trembling with rage and excitement)* Mooooooooooooooooooooooooooooon.

LORD MALLEOLUS: And if all that's settled-

LORD MALLEOLUS turns around and finally sees the DEAD LORD BEELZEBOB.

LORD MALLEOLUS: *(Sighs)* This week is wreaking havoc on our employee retention statistics.

END SCENE.

Act 2 Scene 3

Oh Yeah, Being the Chosen One Sucks

LYNETTE's shop, but with everything knocked over while LYNETTE cleans it up alone. ENTER OWEN.

OWEN: Heeeeyyyy Lynette.

LYNETTE: (*very flat tone*) What do you want?

OWEN: Can't I just want to speak to my beloved big sister?

LYNETTE: Ha. Right. You want my help, *again*. You know Owen, I don't think you've thought through what being the Chosen One *means*.

OWEN: *Fake* chosen one.

LYNETTE: The consequences are real.

She continues cleaning up the shop. ENTER WIZARD-BEN and WIZARD-GERRIE.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Ah, just who we were looking for. Owen, isn't it? We're Wizard-Gerrie and Wizard-Ben, pleased to meet you. Your dad said you might be here.

OWEN: Who are you?

WIZARD-GERRIE: Just two Wizards looking for the Chosen One. And we've found him.

OWEN: I'm not really the Chosen One, you know.

WIZARD-BEN: Don't be so hasty! We've been following your work, and we're impressed. You've saved lives, faced Evil! Hell, maybe you *are* the Chosen One!

OWEN: I thought Percival was supposed to be the chosen one. Aren't you the wizards who've been training him all these years?

WIZARD-GERRIE: Oh, he really isn't. You must have seen him. He's... I don't want to say a failure, but he's a failure. But *you*, you could do it so well.

WIZARD-BEN: You must want it a bit. The glory, the adventure.

WIZARD-GERRIE: The honourable life of being cannon-fodder.

OWEN: Huh?

WIZARD- BEN: We need your aid in saving the world! You're a true hero.

OWEN: (*Flattered*) I mean, maybe a bit.

YOUR HERO'S JOURNEY

Song where the Wizards try to Convince Owen to be the Chosen One, telling him steps along the journey. Just as Owen is getting into it, the song takes a hard swerve into the downside, as the Wizards tell him he's an orphan now as his Dad was just killed by the Evil One. Owen takes this poorly and runs away, freaking out that he might actually be the Chosen One now. Lynette is shocked, upset, and angry.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Oh shoot. Maybe we should have held off on that part.

WIZARD-BEN: He'll come back. Hopefully.

LYNETTE: *(slowly recovering her ability to speak)* Get. Out. Get out!

She chases them out of the shop with a broomstick or other nearby magical object. She takes out her orb and 'dials' their dad. Sound-effect of a phone ringing.

LYNETTE: Come on, Dad, pick up!

There is no answer.

LYNETTE: Ugh!

She throws the orb down and puts her head in her hands.

JASON and FINN ENTER, carrying/pushing a large CONTAINER (wheels?).

JASON: Hey! We've come across... something very dangerous and we need help keeping it properly secure.

LORD EVILDAN: *(From inside CONTAINER)* I WILL HAVE VENGEANCE!

LYNETTE: *(flatly, angrily)* You've locked someone in the box and you want me to fix it.

JASON: *(very much not picking up on her tone)* Noo. We haven't done anything like that.

LORD EVILDAN: He's a liar!! Fear the wrath of Lord Evildan!

JASON: Don't listen to the box, it doesn't know what it's saying.

LYNETTE: Jason. Is Lord Evildan in the box?

[MUFFLED EVIL-BOX SOUNDS].

JASON: Quiet down there.

LYNETTE: *Why* is there an Evil Lord in your box?

JASON: Technically this is your box.

LYNETTE: *(clearly on the verge of tears, but angry ones)* Of course it is. God forbid you would do *anything* that doesn't massively mess up my life.

ENTER IRA and ARABELLA.

IRA: *(Like it's an honour)* Lynette, I have decided you will be a core part of the next stage of our plan. I have a list of items we'll track down and use-

LYNETTE: No! No, you won't! I'm done with all of you!

The others are taken aback, finally reading the room and realising now is not the time to mess with her.

LYNETTE: Ira, you are never going to defeat The Evil One because you've never come up with an idea that works, probably because you're an unbearable leader. You're not even in charge of your own group. The Chosen One himself couldn't save you.

IRA: How dare you-

LYNETTE: *(Continues)* Every idea you have is a disaster. I don't even like you.

IRA: We don't need your help anyway!

LYNETTE: *(Calling after her)* And your gang name *is* terrible!

IRA storms out

JASON: What was *that*?

LYNETTE: The best strategy to get left alone. *(To JASON)* And while you're here. You can't do magic and you can't do Zumba.

JASON: *Hey!* I'm trying, ok?

EXIT JASON with EVILDAN-CONTAINER.

LORD-EVILDAN: I will have my vengeeeeeeeeeaa^{aance!}

FINN: Owen is doing his best trying to save everyone as the Chosen One, so maybe you should cut his gang some slack and stop being mean to everybody.

LYNETTE: Oh, so you're on *their* side? Finn, Owen isn't the Chosen One.

FINN: What?

ARABELLA: Lynette-

LYNETTE: Yeah, it's all been fake since the start. Ira and Owen have been dragging you along on some hare-brained scheme they came up with to inspire rebellion among the townsfolk and get everybody else killed while they play at being heroes. How haven't you picked up on this?

FINN runs off.

ARABELLA: *(softly)* We're only trying to help people.

LYNETTE: *(venomous)* Funny, I don't feel helped. All you've managed to do so far is get our dad killed.

ARABELLA: Oh, I'm so sorry, Lynette. I had no-

LYNETTE: Just..go. Please.

EXIT ARABELLA.

LYNETTE breaks down in tears.

END SCENE.

Act 2 Scene 4

The Once and Future Chosen One

OWEN is hiding from fate, Wizards, and the forces of Evil in the forest.

OWEN: He was right! He was always right. How many times did he tell me "I know the call to adventure can be tempting, Owen, but there are times in your life when you must resist it." I'm sorry, Dad, I'm so sorry. I should have stayed at home, stayed grounded. You did so much for me my whole life, and now I'll never be able to repay you.

He sits down and puts his head in his arms, quietly crying for a few seconds.

OWEN: Stupid prophecy! Stupid wizards! Stupid Ira! I'm never going back. The others can figure it out by themselves, I don't care. No-one else is getting hurt because of me.

A rustling of someone approaching. OWEN jumps.

OWEN: Who's there?

ENTER WIZARD-AMBROSINE with a salami.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: I found a salami.

OWEN: Oh. It's you. I can't deal with this right now, Ambrosine. Please just leave me alone.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: When you're lost... you must find yourself.

OWEN: Just go away!

OWEN starts crying again, having not kicked a tree.

Enter ARTHUR.

ARTHUR: Hey. What's with the forest breakdown?

OWEN: I just need to escape from it all. It's become too much.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: *(To ARTHUR)* You seem further away than last time.

ARTHUR: Oh hey Wizard-Ambrosine. Interesting running into you here. Must be fate.

OWEN: You know each other?

ARTHUR: Oh yeah. I was the Chosen One a while back.

OWEN: *(Done with it)* Oh, you're the Chosen One?

ARTHUR: I *was*, last time the world was ending. Slayed the big bad, ran out of prophecies. Now I just sort of hang. I'm Arthur, nice to meet you.

OWEN: And you just happen to be here?

ARTHUR: I just go with the flow man, and the flow brought me here. What about you?

OWEN: It's a long story. I was pretending to be the fake Chosen One, then I got asked to be the real Chosen One, and it turns out The Evil One killed my dad... and now I might accidentally be the Chosen One.

ARTHUR: Yeah, that sounds like some Chosen One nonsense. I was in your shoes once, too. Really sorry to hear it, man.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Being the Chosen One. Is not Chosen Fun.

ARTHUR: Let me give you some advice, one Chosen One to another.

OWEN: You think I should go back.

ARTHUR: Nah. It doesn't matter, *Chill*. Trying is a waste of time. If it's fate you'll do it, and if it isn't then you won't. Simple.

OWEN: But prophecy-

ARTHUR: Look, if you're prophesied to defeat evil, then why bother putting in the effort to do it?

OWEN: I don't want to do it. I don't want to be involved in any of it anymore.

ARTHUR: Ok cool. So is the plan just to live in the woods now? I know some good spots.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Or you could fake your death and run far, far away.

OWEN: If I do that, who will stop The Evil One?

ARTHUR: Why worry when it's all down to fate? Look at me. Someone stole my wizard-weed, but I'm chill. It's all fate, baby.

OWEN: I don't want to just leave it up to fate. Urrgggh. I don't know *what to do!*

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: I can help!

OWEN: Why do I feel like you're going to start singing a song about friendship?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: I can't help.

ENTER ATROPOS.

ARTHUR: Heyo. Welcome to the crisis-forest.

ATROPOS: Don't I know you?

OWEN: Yeah, I remember you. Your friend caught fire.

ATROPOS: Yeah, they're fine. (*Pauses to reconsider*) As fine as they usually are. What's up with you guys? Why are you just hanging out in the forest?

OWEN: I became a Chosen One and now my life is falling apart.

ATROPOS: Oh, I totally understand. I'm going to open a jar someday.

OWEN: O...kay?

ATROPOS: Yeah, when I found out that that was my great destiny, I was pretty unhappy too, but you know what? I'm going to train. I'm going to be the best damn jar opener the world has ever seen. It's my fate and I'm in control. I won't be Atropos of nothing.

EXIT ATROPOS.

OWEN: *(Sighs)* Maybe she's right.

ARTHUR: Headed out?

OWEN: Yeah. I guess I've made up my mind. Dad didn't die for me to sit in the woods doing nothing. I'm going to do what I need to do to end this, finally.

ENTER LYNETTE. Immediately runs to OWEN to tearfully hug him.

LYNETTE: Owen! Please don't run off. I can't lose you too.

OWEN: Lynette, you were right, I should never have got involved. I'm so sorry. *(sobs)*

WIZARD-AMBROSINE *(to audience, suddenly seeming more present)*: Aha, perhaps I can help after all...

As the siblings cry, WIZARD-AMBROSINE sneakily casts a spell. Lights flash and perhaps there are Sounds too. Ideally, DAD appears in a puff of smoke, but I'm being realistic about the chances we'll be allowed to get a hazer. He's looking ghostly.

DAD: Kids?

LYNETTE: D-dad?

OWEN runs to DAD to try and hug him.

DAD: Whoa there kids! I'm dead, remember? If you try to hug me, you'll go right through me, and no one wants that, least of all the stage manager.

OWEN: It's really true, then? Dad, I'm so sorry, it's all my fault! *(getting progressively faster and panicky)* I've been pretending to be the Chosen One, and I thought it would help people, but then-

DAD: Hey, hey. It's okay, son. *(he reaches out to put a fatherly hand just above Owen's shoulder)* Listen to me. I know what you've been doing, and I think you were right. It takes great bravery to step up to fight when no one else will, and I am so proud of you.

OWEN: But it got you killed!

DAD: People die every day under the rule of the Evil One. I wish I could have had more time with both of you, but if this is how we win this fight, then that's okay. I will admit, when I met those wizards' knives, I felt fear and dread. But now that I'm here, it's not so bad. It's sunny all the time, so it's always grill weather!

OWEN and LYNETTE stare at him.

DAD: What?

LYNETTE: Did you- did you say that *wizards* killed you? Not the Evil Lords?

DAD: Yes, those two that popped around the other day. Tall hats? [insert description of actors/costumes here] They seemed nice at first, but I suppose you never can tell these days. More fool me for inviting them in, I suppose.

LYNETTE: (*Seething*) And they had the *nerve* to sing about it??? I'm going to *kill* them.

ARTHUR: (*has been lurking in the background*) Can I help? Those actually sound a lot like the people that killed my dad.

DAD: Oh, are you Arthur? I met your dad at the cookout last night. He says he really misses you and Kay.

OWEN: Wait, that little murder gremlin who stole the Chosen Sword is your *brother*?

ARTHUR: Step-brother.

Lights flicker to indicate that Ghost-Dad is nearly done.

DAD: Anyway, kids, I have to go now. Just remember, I love you both, and you should never, under any circumstances-

DAD disappears. (I'm assuming we black out and he runs off – though it could be funny to have him run off in broad daylight). WIZARD-AMBROSINE wails sadly/dramatically.

OWEN and LYNETTE hug, that turns resolute.

LYNETTE: Let's end this. Together. (*She turns to ARTHUR and WIZARD-AMBROSINE*) Please come with us. We need all the help we can get.

ARTHUR: Yeah, go on then. Not part of a prophecy, so may as well. Fancy joining us, Ambrosine?

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: (*Recovering*) I turned a frog into a frog and it ate my salami.

ARTHUR: We've all been there, buddy.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE starts wandering off.

LYNETTE: Ambrosine, please!

ARTHUR: Ah, let him wander, he needs to recharge his emotional capacity, that spell took a lot out of him. Anyway, wizards are meant to be free-range.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Like an egg!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE EXITS, as they all watch him go.

ARTHUR: Don't worry, he'll be back.

OWEN: It's fine, we can deal with Ben and Gerrie ourselves.

EXIT OWEN, ARTHUR, and LYNETTE. END SCENE.

Act 2 Scene 5

The Prison is a Metaphor for a Prison

We are in the jail, where GARETH, LACHESIS and MOIRA are imprisoned, talking to LORD MALLEOLUS.

GARETH: For the 100th time-

MOIRA: It's more like the 12th-

GARETH: -I'm not the Chosen One! I've been saying the whole time that I'm not!

KLOTHO enters with PERCIVAL, arguing the opposite.

PERCIVAL: Stop saying you're going to release me, I'm the Chosen One!

LORD MALLEOLUS: Just put him here, Lord Klotho.

PERCIVAL is deposited beside the others.

PERCIVAL: The Chosen One will escape! It's in the prophecy! You won't hold me here!

KLOTHO: How long *is* this prophecy?

PERCIVAL: I'm hungry.

GARETH: Ha! Look, I'm still in cuffs, therefore, *not* the Chosen One!

GARETH's chains start slipping off as he says this, which he tries to hide.

LACHESIS: Wait? Klotho? Are you evil now?

KLOTHO: They made some good arguments.

MOIRA: Like what?

KLOTHO: I... hmm.

LACHESIS: I feel like you need a reason here.

KLOTHO: I'm not a fan of all these valid criticisms you're making.

Exit KLOTHO and LORD MALLEOLUS.

PERCIVAL: *(To LACHESIS)* What are you guys in here for? Please don't tell me you're *also* fake Chosen Ones?

LACHESIS: Stealing.

MOIRA: Turns out while I may be invincible to death, I am not invincible to the law.

HECTOR ENTERS the scene by ninja rolling on. This takes him through the prison bars somehow.

GARETH: Oh god, it's him...

HECTOR: Chosen one! I am here to break you out of this prison. I would never let you rot away here.

PERCIVAL: I think he's talking to me guys.

GARETH: I wish he was.

HECTOR: I snuck in to get you out! I'm in your corner, Gary.

GARETH: I don't want you in my corner, I want you out of my corner, you've invaded my corner and put it under siege.

MOIRA: I would quite like to not be in prison though.

HECTOR breaks them out.

MOIRA: AHAHAHAHA! No one can ever stop me again!

EXIT MOIRA.

HECTOR: Right. Well, lead the way Chosen One!

PERCIVAL: He's not the Chosen One! He's a very naughty boy!

GARETH: Yeah *he's* the Chosen One! Or at least I'm not!

HECTOR: Gareth, I have been following you around for...a few scenes now, and you've fulfilled all the prophecy. You *are* the chosen one.

SONG – Deny the Call

Gareth sings about not being the Chosen One, while Percival sings about being the Chosen One, each desperate to convince each other of their truths without success.

PERCIVAL: Don't worry Gareth. I'll be your Chosen One.

GARETH: Thanks, but I'm in a committed relationship to having standards.

PERCIVAL: Right. Ok (*Not Ok*). I know where to go. We'll go to Wizard-Ben and Wizard-Gerrie. They're sort of like my adoptive parents. They can sort this out and tell us who the real Chosen One is.

HECTOR: Lead the way not-very-convincing Chosen One.

HECTOR, GARETH, and PERCIVAL All leave. LACHESIS steps out but doesn't follow them. They pull out a bunch of wallets stolen from HECTOR, GARETH, and PERCIVAL.

LACHESIS: God I love stealing. Stealing is a cr...ucial part of my character.

LACHESIS EXITS. Just after she does, THE EVIL ONE, LORD PATRICK, LORD WALLY, and LORD MALLEOLUS arrive just seconds too late to stop them!

LORD MALLEOLUS: Curses! The Chosen One was right here!

THE EVIL ONE: Never fear, I happen to have it on very good authority that neither of them is the Chosen One.

LORD PATRICK: Good authority?

THE EVIL ONE: The best. Also, who's this?

LORD WALLY: Oh, I'm just tagging along to see how the pros perform their magic tricks.

THE EVIL ONE: *(To MALLEOLUS)* Who hired this guy?

LORD MALLEOLUS: Apologies your Evilship, it appears he didn't get the hint that he was *rejected. (Pointedly at WALLY)*

LORD WALLY: Wait, no, please, I got fired from my other job, my wife left me, I have nothing left! Except my magic. *(Sadly pulls out a deck of cards, tries to do a trick, drops them)*

THE EVIL ONE: *(Sighs, then casts a spell)* Velox Vorago!

WALLY GETS SUCKED OFFSTAGE, AS HE CRIES OUT IN TERROR.

THE EVIL ONE: What a waste of time.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Anyway. If they aren't the Chosen One, then who is?

LORD PATRICK: *(the moon.)*

LORD MALLEOLUS: It's not the moon you stupid little prick.

THE EVIL ONE: It's all in place now for the final ritual. You will unleash the dragon upon the innocent town for our final dark deed while I finish the final steps for the ritual. *(Gears up to start singing)* One more dark deed should do. We must be prepared. Prepare for the chance of a lifetime. Prepare for the end times.

EXIT EVIL ONE.

LORD PATRICK: I JUST WANT A SONG!

END SCENE.f

Act 2 Scene 6

Murder as a Team Bonding Exercise

IRA, JASON, and ARABELLA are complaining about OWEN and LYNETTE, IRA pacing back and forth. LORD-EVILDAN is still in the box but nobody cares anymore.

JASON: I can't believe she said I was bad at Zumba.

ARABELLA: You are bad at Zumba.

JASON: But I can't believe she said it.

LORD-EVILDAN: YOU WILL RUE THE DAY YOU CROSSED EVILDAAAN!

JASON: Yeah, yeah, we get it.

LORD-EVILDAN: NYYYAAAAA!!

IRA: Focus on the big picture! The two of them have completely screwed over our mission.

ARABELLA: Cut them some slack, Ira. Their dad was just murdered by the Evil One. Don't you feel even a little bit bad about that?

IRA: *(defensive)* It's not our fault! The Evil One will keep killing people until we stop him. And speaking of dead parents, where's Finn?

Speak of the Devil! ENTER KAY alongside FINN, who has an attitude now.

IRA: You!

KAY: I'm just back from single-handedly defeating another Evil Lord. I assume you idiots haven't done anything useful.

FINN: Yeah! Losers.

JASON: Finn, you joined a gang?

FINN: No. I joined a *cooler* gang.

EVIL-KICKERS gasp, offended.

KAY: I've recruited Finn here as a minion.

FINN: Friend.

KAY: Intern.

FINN: Yeah!

LORD EVILDAN: EVIL WILL PREVAIL!

KAY frowns.

KAY: What was that?

JASON: It's our parrot. He's very sick.

They all nod.

KAY: Show me.

Pause.

IRA: No...

FINN: They're lying! That's Lord Evildan!

LORD EVILDAN: TIS I! NYAHHAHAH.

TEAM IRA and TEAM KAY start to squabble over who gets the box.

IRA: First Owen steals my gang, now you!

KAY: Get over yourself.

IRA: You'll have to kill me first.

KAY: Gladly.

JASON: Seems a bit far.

*Somewhere in this bit, LACHESIS enters in the background. LACHESIS starts to **steal** the box.*

ARABELLA spots LACHESIS.

ARABELLA: Guys.

JASON: *That's* going to end badly.

The fight is put on hold to stop LACHESIS.

IRA: That's ours!

LACHESIS: (*Pointing out the obvious*) Yeah. I'm stealing from you.

ARABELLA: I understand but you *don't* want that.

KAY loses patience and pulls out CALIBAX.

KAY: Ok, this is now a mugging.

LACHESIS steps from the box. JASON also takes the wallets she stole back in 2.4.

JASON: Did you steal these? Stealing is a cr...appy thing to do.

LACHESIS: *(Indignant)* But you're stealing right now! *(Remembers who she is, resigned)*
That's fair.

ARABELLA *goes to check the box.*

LORD EVILDAN: Oh no, who are you. Have we met before.

ARABELLA: Are you trying to fake amnesia to try to get out of the box?

LORD EVILDAN: Is it working?

ARABELLA: No.

LORD EVILDAN: CYURSES!

ENTER MOIRA.

MOIRA: Great news! I! Am being pursued by a Dragon!

ALL: What?

ENTER LORD PATRICK riding a DRAGON (platonically).

DRAGON: [DRAGON-SOUNDS]

LORD PATRICK: Yes!!! Destroy!

DRAGON: [DRAGON-SOUNDS]

LORD PATRICK: Now quick! Destroy the moon!

DRAGON: [CONFUSED DRAGON-SOUNDS]

LORD PATRICK: Unleash the full force of evil upon the moon!

DRAGON: *(Normal people voice)* I'm not actually capable of that, the moon is very far away and in the vacuum of space.

LORD PATRICK: Do it anyway!!!!

LACHESIS: *(To MOIRA)* How was that great news????

MOIRA: I've always wanted to fight a Dragon.

DRAGON marauds around stage, knocking over boxes while LORD PATRICK tries to direct it, pointing at the moon.

LORD EVILDAN: GO EVIL! COULD I ALSO ASK. PERHAPS. THAT SOMEONE RELEASE ME?

KAY: I *told* you. All they need is one more Evil Deed and his ritual can begin!

JASON: I'm going to be honest. I don't think I can out-Zumba that.

MOIRA: I can!

LACHESIS holds MOIRA back from fighting the DRAGON.

LACHESIS: No.

MOIRA: Come on, I'm immortal.

LACHESIS: You were prophesied to be eaten *by a Dragon*.

MOIRA: Oh right. Forgot that part.

LORD PATRICK: Ok! Destroy the helpless villagers, and *then* we'll rediscuss destroying the Moon!

DRAGON: [AGREEABLE DRAGON SOUNDS].

DRAGON turns to walk across stage towards them.

JASON: Move!

They all move out of the way of the DRAGON as it lumbers forwards.

ARABELLA: We need to stop them before they get to the town.

DRAGON hits the box of EVILDAN. He is released from his box and springs up.

LORD EVILDAN: AT LAST I AM FRE-

LORD EVILDAN is hit by the DRAGON and dies.

MOIRA: *(To LACHESIS)* Hmm. Look, do you trust me?

LACHESIS: *(Suspiciously)* More so before you said that.

MOIRA: Good enough!

MOIRA jumps out.

MOIRA: Hey Dragon! Come and get me!

MOIRA runs offstage, followed by DRAGON.

[OFF-STAGE SOUNDS OF MOIRA BEING KILLED BY A DRAGON].

LACHESIS: WAS THAT THE WHOLE PLAN????

[OFF-STAGE SOUNDS OF MOIRA BEING KILLED BY A DRAGON CONTINUE].

LORD PATRICK: No! Come back! YOU NEED TO GO AFTER THE VILLAGE. AND THE MOON!

EVIL-KICKERS + KAY turn on LORD PATRICK.

IRA: GET HIS ASS.

Act 2 Scene 7

The Dead Dadpocalypse

WIZARD-BEN and WIZARD-GERRIE are already onstage in their Wizard-Tower.

WIZARD-BEN: I don't think getting Owen would have made a difference. There's an excess of Chosen Ones-

WIZARD-GERRIE: -A veritable buffet-

WIZARD-BEN: And The Evil One doesn't seem fazed at all.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Maybe he's built up an immunity to Chosen Ones. Exposure therapy?

WIZARD-BEN: Could we have made a mistake somewhere?

Pause.

BOTH: Nah.

ENTER PERCIVAL, HECTOR, and GARETH.

PERCIVAL: Wizards! I'm back!

WIZARD-BEN: Percival, I thought you got eaten by a fish or something.

PERCIVAL: We're here for answers! This gremlin stole my Chosen Sword, and Gareth stole my prison sentence-

GARETH: *(Waves)* Hello.

PERCIVAL: -and this other loser stole my dignity. What's going on?

WIZARD-GERRIE: Honestly I think we started a trend.

PERCIVAL: I am trendy, thanks, but that's not relevant right now. I'm on a tight evil-defeating-schedule.

WIZARD-BEN: You're not going to defeat him, Percival.

HECTOR: Of course. Because *Gareth* is the Chosen One.

GARETH: Shut up.

PERCIVAL: Uh, yeah I am. That's what the Chosen One does.

WIZARD-GERRIE: You're not the Chosen One.

GARETH & PERCIVAL: What?

HECTOR: I knew it.

WIZARD-GERRIE: None of them are! It was a delaying tactic! The real Chosen One died on us and we needed a stand-in deterrent! But he's undeterred!

WIZARD-BEN: Galahad was dead, you were there, so we let you believe it.

PERCIVAL: You're lying!

GARETH: But you said he was Chosen.

WIZARD-BEN: He was chosen, but he wasn't chosen *well*. But none of our replacement attempts worked out.

HECTOR: What does that mean?

WIZARD-BEN: Oh, we've had our fair share of proto-Chosen Ones. They come, they go, it happens.

WIZARD-GERRIE: How were we supposed to know he had that peanut allergy?

WIZARD-BEN: Or that mountain climbing training doesn't cover volcanoes too.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Turns out fate doesn't like people pretending to be the Chosen One. Our theory was you were bad enough at it that fate didn't notice.

WIZARD-BEN: It was all for the greater good!

HECTOR: It doesn't sound very good.

PERCIVAL: You've been lying this whole time?

WIZARD-BEN: Think about our struggle! Just the set-up for each Chosen One was a massive job.

PERCIVAL: Set up? What set up? All you had to do was lie and say 'You're the Chosen One'!

WIZARD-BEN: Well... it *had* to be an orphan, right?

OWEN, LYNETTE, and ARTHUR ENTER.

LYNETTE: (*Angrily*) And how did you make that happen?

OWEN: It was you! It was you who killed our dad!

WIZARD-BEN makes a non-committal hand-gesture.

WIZARD-GERRIE: We needed someone to fill in otherwise everything would have gone to chaos! Besides, you would've done such a good job.

PERCIVAL: Did you kill *my* parents too? You said it was a pack of feral ghosts!

WIZARD-BEN: Well that was pretty obviously a lie.

HECTOR: Did you kill *my* dad?

WIZARD-BEN: I'm still not sure who some of you people are, but maybe.

ARTHUR: You *definitely* killed my dad.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Does it really matter? Come on, the Chosen One dies in the full prophecy anyway. To defeat The Evil One. Did none of you read the original text? It's pretty clear.

DISEMBODIED VOICE: The Chosen One and The Evil One will die as one. (*WIZARDS mouthing along*)

This is a surprise to EVERYONE except WIZARDS.

WIZARD-BEN: I still don't think they're onboard, Wizard-Gerrie.

WIZARD-GERRIE: ABSCOND.

WIZARD-BEN casts a spell, and both of them run off stage (but ~magically~)

OWEN: Come back! Come back and fix this!

PERCIVAL: I wouldn't bother. They always do that. I'm fine. I'm just going to lie on the floor and not move for a few days.

LYNETTE: Agh! We had them right here!

HECTOR: (*Moving on*) But the Chosen One is prophesied to defeat The Evil One. He can't be dead! (*To ARTHUR, OWEN, LYNETTE*) Who are you guys anyway?

ARTHUR: Don't mind me, I'm just here to tag along. Got awfully boring in that forest.

GARETH: And I suppose you're also Chosen Ones?

ARTHUR: Aren't we all Chosen Ones deep down?

OWEN: Yes! That's the problem!

PERCIVAL: It doesn't matter if we're not the Chosen One. Nothing matters.

GARETH: Does this mean I'm the Chosen One or not?

OWEN: I don't care. We still need to deal with him anyway, even if we aren't the Chosen One. We'll figure something out.

MY HERO'S JOURNEY (REPRISE)

LYNETTE: Well if we're not doing it according to the prophecy, maybe it means nobody will die.

GARETH: Oh, I'm definitely going to die.

ARTHUR: That's the spirit! Once you accept your fate, it gets easier to deal with.

GARETH: But-

OWEN: The wizards can wait! We're getting the band back together.

END SCENE

Act 2 Scene 8

Let He Among Us Without Dead Parents Cast the First Stone

IRA, ARABELLA, JASON, KAY, and FINN are discussing their plans of attack.

KAY: My sources say The Evil One will be with his last minions at the Downfall fortress where the winds of night scream eternally into the stained voids.

ARABELLA: By the public toilets?

KAY: That's the place.

ENTER HECTOR, GARETH, OWEN, PERCIVAL, LYNETTE, ARTHUR.

IRA: What are you doing together?

PERCIVAL: What are *you* doing together?

KAY: We've formed an alliance while you were off sulking.

The groups face off.

OWEN: Our dad literally died.

PERCIVAL: And I was not sulking, it was all part of my scheme.

KAY: Was the scheme failing?

ARABELLA: Ok, stop posturing. I think it's clear that we're not going to kill each other.

PERCIVAL: It is?

KAY: I was hoping it was still ambiguous.

GARETH: Working together is our best shot so can everyone please...turn it down?

HECTOR: The Wizards told us the truth about the Chosen One. The real Chosen One, Galahad, is dead.

Dramatic pause.

KAY: Excellent. There's a vacancy.

IRA: We don't need you. We know what we're doing.

JASON: We don't.

KAY: You don't.

IRA: We had an alliance!

KAY: Alliances shift.

HECTOR: Look! We've got the Chosen Light. It will reveal once and for all whoever the Chosen One is, and then we know they're the one who can defeat The Evil One with the Chosen Sword!

OWEN: Great idea. Can we all agree on that?

PERCIVAL: Use it now!

HECTOR: It doesn't work until the final battle, sorry.

KAY is reluctant. Everyone turns to him, and he folds after a pause.

KAY: Fine. But I'm keeping the sword until then.

OWEN: There's one more thing the Wizards told us. *(To ARABELLA)* They mentioned something about the Chosen One prophecy, how the full version has them 'dying as one'.

ARABELLA: Yeah, that's part of it. I just didn't think it was relevant because you weren't actually the Chosen One.

FINN: What does it mean?

ARABELLA: It means when The Evil One is defeated, the Chosen One dies too. Pretty standard dramatic prophecy stuff.

GARETH: *(Bleakly)* It's probably going to be me.

PERCIVAL: I don't believe the Chosen One is dead, it just doesn't make sense! It has to be one of us! Maybe still me?

IRA: Well whoever it is, we need to make sure the Unholy Grail is destroyed. *(to ARTHUR)* Who are you?

ARTHUR: I'm just here by coincidence. Or was it fate?

LYNETTE: This is Arthur, he also used to be a Chosen One.

KAY: You! How is being a useless drain on society going?

ARTHUR: How's raising yourself to fight fate and evil going?

KAY: We both know mother had the nurturing instinct of a blender.

ARTHUR: That's true. Rest in pieces Snuffles.

LYNETTE: You lot *(Turns to Evil-Kickers)* I might not like you, but it was you who kept that Dragon from destroying the town. So, I'm helping *one* final time. For Dad's sake, and for Owen's. I won't lose my brother too.

IRA: Great, well if we're all ready-

ARTHUR: I think we're forgetting someone.

ENTER WIZARD-AMBROSINE!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Flabushious day! I am here! Hooray!

FINN: Wizard-Ambrosine!

ALL-BUT-OWEN-AND-LYNETTE: Yay!

OWEN: *(Through gritted teeth, trying to be grateful)* Oh great. I love this guy.

GARETH: *(To OWEN)* It's hard being offered things you don't want. Wet people in hydrological features are always trying to offer me guns.

KAY: *(To ARTHUR)* Take me to the lake so I can acquire more weaponry.

ARTHUR: No.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Too many teeth spoil the birthday pinata.

Everyone takes a moment to reflect on this wisdom.

IRA: Okay! Let's stop the Evil One once and for all!

Everyone does a big dramatic pose.

END SCENE.

Act 2 Scene 9

Maybe the Real Chosen One Was the Foes We Made Along the Way

OPEN on THE EVIL ONE, LORD MALLEOLUS, and KLOTHO. The UNHOLY GRAIL is on a plinth before them.

THE EVIL ONE: Here we are. The last ritual. One more act of Evil and all of fate shall be mine! *(Evil laughter).*

LORD MALLEOLUS: *(Evil laughter).*

KLOTHO: *(Just plain weird laughter).*

THE EVIL ONE: It's almost enough to make one burst into song.

He doesn't, though the other EVIL LORDS look hopeful.

ENTER CHOSEN ONES, IRA's GANG, LYNETTE, HECTOR, and WIZARD-AMBROSINE (EVILKICKERS+). KAY has CALIBAX still.

ARABELLA: That's a lot of laughter.

JASON: It's not looking good.

PERCIVAL: Eh, it's not that bad. Maybe if they change their conditioner, started a skincare routine...

ARTHUR: He's got an autumnal complexion.

LORD MALLEOLUS spots them.

LORD MALLEOLUS: Interlopers!

THE EVIL ONE is unbothered, focused on the grail. LORD MALLEOLUS attacks them with 'magic', and THE EVILKICKERS+ duck.

KAY: Aim for centre-mass, idiot!

LYNETTE: Stop giving them advice!

HECTOR: Klotho, this isn't you! Don't be evil.

KLOTHO: You're right. It wasn't for me. I was oversold.

KLOTHO switches back to Good.

LORD MALLEOLUS: No! Our turnover rate!

THE EVIL ONE: Do you think you're going to stop me? You're far too late! With the Dragon set upon the town, the last evil deed has been done, and nothing stands in my way!

LORD MALLEOLUS: Erm.

THE EVIL ONE: What?

LORD MALLEOLUS: About the Dragon. It got a bit distracted and *might* not have got around to attacking the town.

THE EVIL ONE: Unbelievable... and you're telling me this *now*?

OWEN: Looks like your evil ritual is running short an evil deed over there!

THE EVIL ONE: Well. I've always been good at improv.

THE EVIL ONE stabs LORD MALLEOLUS.

LORD MALLEOLUS: *(Dying)* Ooh, betrayal... yup... that's pretty evil...

LORD MALLEOLUS DIES. At least he doesn't have to run interviews now. THE EVIL ONE raises the grail.

THE EVIL ONE: And you? You think you'll stop me. I'm seconds away from omnipotence.

HECTOR: Gareth, the light! Use the Chosen Light!

GARETH opens the CHOSEN-LIGHT.

GARETH: Please don't be me, Please don't be me.

*Lighting effect. If I'm feeling ambitious enough to fantasise, it would be a spotlight switching between each of the potential Chosen Ones with a sound effect. Alas, we live ceaselessly in the real world. Back to fiction. Whatever it is, the CHOSEN-LIGHT... doesn't choose **any** of them. Instead, light falls onto... THE EVIL ONE. He begins to laugh.*

THE EVIL ONE: You fools. I told you, none of you are the Chosen One.

THE EVIL ONE steps forward.

THE EVIL ONE: *That* much has been obvious.

PERCIVAL recognises him.

PERCIVAL: Wait.

THE EVIL ONE: It's been fun watching you all pretend. But the act is over.

THE EVIL ONE drops his robe (not like that), revealing himself as... GALAHAD. You thought we had someone playing both roles for cast size reasons, huh? You fools, it was all part of OUR scheme.

PERCIVAL: GALAHAD??????

ARABELLA: What?

GARETH: I know it's not the time, but I did say I wasn't the Chosen One.

HECTOR: You're right, it isn't the time.

LYNETTE: But Galahad's dead!

THE EVIL GALAHAD: Well clearly *not*. That *was* the whole point after all. To find a way out of my destined death at the hands of Evil to carve my own future through reality. The second I heard about that prophecy, I knew I had to find a way out.

HECTOR: But why?

GARETH: Honestly, I get it.

THE EVIL GALAHAD: Why? Because being the Chosen One sucks! Your parents die, your life is ruined, and I was fated to die and lose everyone I loved to some villain! Why would I want to do that? So I used one of Wizard-Ambrosine's potions and faked my own death. It was so simple.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: Yes, I remember. I helped!

FINN: You were the Chosen One! You were supposed to fight evil, not become it!

THE EVIL GALAHAD: Well at first it was just an easy way to make sure I wasn't dragged back. But then... well being the villain is just *better!* Aesthetic, power, independence, and everyone knows the villain gets all the babes.

PERCIVAL: What babes?

THE EVIL GALAHAD: You wouldn't know them, they go to another evil empire. You can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs. I won't let you stop me, I'm afraid. I don't even need any more evil deeds, but maybe I'll kill you all just for fun.

Backing track begins...

KLOTHO: What's happening?

ARABELLA: I think he's about to sing.

JASON: Oh god. No! Anything but that!

HE GALAHAD IT ALLLLL (DYING IN HIS SLEEEEEEEP)

To the tune of Rolling in the Deep by Adele. Galahad laments being forced into being the Chosen One, and how he chose to instead be The Evil One. You either die a hero or live long enough to sing Adele, I guess.

THE EVIL GALAHAD is powerful and they are all knocked to the floor or something.

THE EVIL GALAHAD: Yes! Now all of fate will belong to me!

*THE EVIL GALAHAD sets off the UNHOLY GRAIL. Somehow. Somehow we convey this.
(Red)*

OWEN, PERCIVAL, GARETH, KAY, ARTHUR struggle to their feet. (Look it's a 5v1 Chosen Ones vs Evil One battle, how narrative-y) Everyone else stays knocked out.

OWEN: You know what. Arthur was right.

ARTHUR: Neat.

OWEN: Yeah. You wasted your life.

THE EVIL GALAHAD: Oh have I?

OWEN: I was acting to convince people I was the Chosen One, but at least I mostly didn't believe it. And you've gone to all that effort and still fallen for literally the most basic prophecy trap. You've been trying to avoid the prophecy, but it's still come true! All of your friends still died, just like the prophecy. You got wrecked by fate, loser.

THE EVIL GALAHAD: How inspiring. Perhaps you should start a motivational speaking tour. Say what you want, but you'll never be the Chosen One.

OWEN: Yeah, I know. I'm a distraction.

PERCIVAL: CHOSEN ONE TACKLE.

PERCIVAL tackles GALAHAD to try to get the UNHOLY GRAIL.

PERCIVAL: My turn with the grail, I think!

THE EVIL GALAHAD: No! You weak fools. Just because you hold it doesn't mean you hold its power! Only I can do that, only I am the master of fate. I, alone!

PERCIVAL: How do I stop this thing?

GARETH: You've gotta empty it!

WIZARD-AMBROSINE slinks up, unfazed.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: *(Cheerfully)* Oh? Is it my turn?

With eye of newt and magic totem!
Remove his curses and his scrotum!

THE EVIL GALAHAD: My evil parts!

THE EVIL GALAHAD falls down, but isn't dead yet.

OWEN: Kay, the Unholy Grail! We need to unseal it before it's too late!

KAY goes to the UNHOLY GRAIL, to release all of the stored fate THE EVIL GALAHAD has trapped. Unfortunately...

ARTHUR: Kay? Are you gonna like... open it?

KAY is trying to open the grail. THE EVIL GALAHAD stirs...

KAY: I'm trying!

THE EVIL GALAHAD starts to move.

PERCIVAL: Give it some welly!

KAY: It's stuck!

THE EVIL GALAHAD starts to evil laugh, growing louder as his power returns.

THE EVIL GALAHAD: THE DOORWAY TO HELL OPENS!!!

KAY: IF ONLY SOMEONE COULD OPEN THIS JAR!!!!

ATROPOS makes a Big Dramatic Entrance.

ATROPOS: ALLOW ME.

ATROPOS picks up the GRAIL.

ATROPOS: Hey Evil One. When is a door not a door? When it's AJAR.

GRAIL opened, sound effects as all his evil deeds and dark powers escape him. Idk what that sounds like. Prolonged fart? It's pretty evil.

THE EVIL GALAHAD:

**Noo
ooo!**

THE EVIL GALAHAD's power is gone. KAY stabs him for good measure. THE EVIL GALAHAD is defeated.

KAY: We've galahad enough of you.

END SCENE.

Act 2 Scene 10

Whatever the Last Step in the Hero's Journey is Called

ENTER LITERALLY EVERYONE. Ok maybe not everyone, like no EVIL LORDS, or MOIRA, or WIZARDS, or DAD.

OWEN: I can't believe we did it.

PERCIVAL: Yeah, "we". That's sort of an upside down 'me'. I can cope with that.

GARETH: Let the record show that I really *was not* the chosen one. I'm so happy. I literally didn't do anything useful.

HECTOR: No, you helped us save the world!

GARETH: No. Just... *(closes his eyes to savour it)* Let me have this.

ATROPOS: When you think about it, it was my jar opening skills that saved the day. So technically... *I'm* the Chosen One?

KAY: *(Threat)* I still have a sword.

LYNETTE: Let's not get into all that again. We all did something.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: I made a friend.

STEVEN: Hi. I'm Steven. I run a podcast.

Enter the WIZARDS BEN AND GERRIE in triumph.

WIZARD-GERRIE: And just like that, our benevolent and genius plans came to fruition.

WIZARD-BEN: *(putting his arm around Percival, who shrugs him off)* I knew you had it in you all along, Percy. With a little help from us.

WIZARDS BEN AND GERRIE: You're welcome!

The WIZARDS BEN AND GERRIE attempt to bask in applause that is not there. They notice that everyone seems distinctly unhappy to see them.

LYNETTE: How DARE you show your faces here.

OWEN: You killed our dad!

IRA: You're worse than the Evil One.

ARTHUR: Not to mention that you stole Percival's future.

WIZARD-GERRIE: Stealing is fine.

KAY: So you're going to kill them, right?

OWEN: We probably shouldn't... we *are* meant to be the good guys. What would my dad think?

ENTER FORCE GHOST DAD.

DAD: (*floating forward to speak to him*) I am proud of you, my son.

OWEN: Dad?

WIZARD-GERRIE: Quick! Get rid of him before he gets his revenge!

WIZARD-BEN: Homo labrorum est qui in tuum cerebrum iaculabitur.

The lighting becomes more ominous (red) and creepy whispers begin to play as DAD grows angry.

DAD: Murder me once... shame on you. Murder me twice....

The whispering gets louder as the WIZARDS back towards the door.

DAD: Your orphaning days are over, wizards.

They fall through the door and are devoured by orphan ghosts. Aren't you glad you let me write this scene. I'm picturing some cameo role people filling in for dead ex-chosen-ones because Em's writing style is getting to me somewhat I think. Their hats are thrown back onto stage to show that they are well and truly dead. The creepy dad effects subside. DIRECTOR'S NOTE: 😊

LYNETTE: Dad? What did you do?

DAD: I met some very lovely people in the afterlife. Very lovely, and very angry at those two. Those wizards are not good role models for growing young people!

PERCIVAL: Who's been eaten by a pack of feral ghosts *now*, bitch?

STEVEN: Haha. I've been getting really into League of Legends recently.

DAD: Owen, Lynette... I will always be with you.

LYNETTE: Dad... you're not leaving us, are you?

DAD: What? No! That's what I just said! I think when Atropos destroyed the Unholy Grail she ripped a hole between the spirit realm and the mortal plane and now I can stay here forever!

ATROPOS: I wish I could have done the same for Moira.. I wonder if she's up there in the great beyond, watching down on us...

KLOTHO: She died as she lived. Flammably.

They nod in agreement, then... MOIRA enters stage, looking a bit dishevelled, but otherwise fine.

MOIRA: HAHA! I *LIVE!*

Gasp!

ATROPOS: What?????? How are you alive?

MOIRA: It was pretty simple. I've been neglecting my mind and body for most of my adult life, so I'm never going to be in the prime of my life. I think I'm pretty much immortal now.

WIZARD-AMBROSINE: You are an abomination in the eyes of god.

STEVEN: Anyone catch the big game last night?

JASON: I'm just glad The Evil One is gone.

IRA: Because the world is saved?

JASON: No, because now I can focus on my Zumba.

ARTHUR: And my work here is done.

KAY: What work? You're a disgrace to this family. Follow me Finn, let's go bring death and destruction to everyone who stands in our way.

FINN: Yay!

KAY and FINN leave.

ARTHUR: That's a good thing, it means he considers me part of the family. And I was proven right again. The moral of the story: Don't bother to try and make things better.

GARETH: No, it's: Just say no to fate.

IRA: We've learnt that I am always right.

WIZARD AMBROSINE: A spring roll left too long is a sprung roll.

STEVEN: Don't forget to like and subscribe!

JASON: No no no. I think you're all forgetting. The real moral of the story is... STEALING IS A CRIME! (*everyone cheers*)

FINAL SONG - THE CHOSEN 1 2, 1 2 3 4