

## THE FOLDING CROWN

### Excerpt from Act One, Scene One - Flight and Song confer

*Enter FLIGHT and SONG, two attendants of the Folding Crown of Cretia. FLIGHT, a tender youth, leads SONG, a bright and eager girl.*

SONG           The Lake of Light consumes the sun,  
Then spits it forth come morning!  
How thrilling, as the surface boils  
                  And fish catch fading sunlight on their tails!

FLIGHT        But this is Cretia, dear Song,  
Ancient city, elder state  
It towers over vice, a precipice  
To which the weak shall justly fall.

SONG           Oh, still your melancholy, friend!  
The day was long, no night  
And happy service beckon.  
Lighten your features as the fishermen  
Unfurl their sails.  
Let none in Cretia say we are not virtuous!

FLIGHT        You call this virtue? \_\_\_\_\_  
Forgive me. The day was long.

SONG           Good Flight, what concerns you?

FLIGHT        It is – but no, I cannot speak.

SONG           Are you all right and well?

FLIGHT        I am. I am, I must be. Tonight we work, and  
serve. Virtue must my watchword be; for only the most  
full of virtue serve as we. The Folding Crown demands  
out aid, and we attend their need.

SONG           Our royalty, five rulers, virtues all;  
One crown, one city, one virtuous path.

FLIGHT        I work that Crown and walk that path.  
There is no secret here.

*Enter FAIRNESS, youngest of the virtues of the Folding Crown.*

FAIRNESS      Good Song! Good Flight! I bid you welcome! Passed  
well your day beneath the sun?

### Excerpt from Act One, Scene One - Fairness approaches Compassion

FAIRNESS      Now Flight and Song, do listen.  
Compassion shall advise us.  
Blessed sister! We come unweighed,  
But troubles gnaw my thoughts  
Like dogs at Cretia's toppled walls;  
There is a secret to be told.

COMPASSION Your secret is not yours,  
Your claim cannot be honoured.  
Think of how the stones would feel, if pulled into the  
sun.  
I know your destination, and implore of you, turn back!

FAIRNESS Yet how does this serve justice?

COMPASSION Justice is our servant!

FLIGHT It is advice, and we must stoop and listen,  
Yet we attend on Fairness who demands of us still more!

SONG Then stoop, and listen. Compassion meets my eye. We  
are to work!

### **Excerpt from Act One, Scene Two - Fairness approaches Obedience**

OBEDIENCE You request far more than I can give,  
Child Fairness. End this hunt.  
No servant should endure so much  
For such a fickle master.

FLIGHT I condemn your reticence!  
The truth makes questions I must answer!

SONG Fairness does not listen, Flight.  
The elder brother's head is bowed.

FLIGHT And we are servants to his answer,  
He beckons and we must attend.

### **Excerpt from Act One, Scene Three - Fairness approaches Tact**

FAIRNESS Brother Tact, I bid you speak!

TACT Ever do you make such cries.  
Unsatisfied by reverie!  
Consider, child, before you speak  
If thought, of right and ought, be free.

FLIGHT As ever careful Tact speaks well,  
I shall not free my heart to speak.

SONG Nor I, good Flight.  
My song, unsung, more virtuous.

### **Excerpt from Act One, Scene Four - Fairness approaches Prudence**

PRUDENCE Approach no closer, child Fairness,  
For I am Prudence. Listen well:  
All Cretia is astir, the ravens quiver in their balconies,  
the lake portends for ill,  
All will be undone should you pursue this to its end!

FAIRNESS      How does this serve justice, then?  
I say it must be done!

SONG            Undone or done, on our account?

FLIGHT         My song, hush now, they speak!

**Excerpt from Act One, Scene Five - Fairness disturbs the plot**

FAIRNESS      What is this? What plot is this?  
You gather and you scheme?  
Indeed you must, for this is secret's nature!  
It must breed, and it must breed, and sire its bastard  
children on the alleyways of night!  
Brothers, sisters, you are rulers! We are all the Folding  
Crown! Our joins must never secrets be!

PRUDENCE     Tis done, then, done.

OBEDIENCE    You'll listen well.

TACT            Demanded of us.

COMPASSION   We cast you out!

TACT            We know the cost and price full well.

COMPASSION   You seek too much! Too much!

OBEDIENCE    That crushed herb, its scent betrays your master!

FAIRNESS      No, you lie, I have no master!

PRUDENCE     Then he is you puppeteer!

TACT            No matter. You are gone from here. Cast out.

FLIGHT         To cast him out – the plagues shall come!

SONG            Five plagues to fell five virtues!

FLIGHT         And then the Regent Crimson comes...