LEADING PLAYER

Enter Lewis!

(LEWIS leaps onstage, waving a sword and accompanied by a PLAYER carrying a dumbbell, each weight labeled “100”)

Pippin's half-brother and, after Pippin, heir to the throne.

(LEWIS sets his sword down and moves to the dumbbell, which he begins to lift with considerable struggle.)

Addicted to the physical, Lewis loves weight lifting.

LEWIS

(To PLAYER, through gritted teeth) Take it, take it!

LEADING PLAYER

Lewis loves wrestling. (LEWIS and the PLAYER “wrestle” with tumbling; it ends with LEWIS triumphant and the PLAYER on his back, head towards the audience.)

But most of all, Lewis loves... Lewis.

(LEWIS winks at the audience and then takes his sword in hand, lifting it with a war cry, he plunges it into the PLAYER’s crotch, the PLAYER screams as LEWIS twists the blade)

PIPPIN

Well done, brother.
LEWIS

Of course it was! Did you know this arm slew twenty Frisians last year? And it's going to slay even more Visigoths!

PIPPIN

Wait, you're going to war against the Visigoths?

LEWIS

Uh huh. That's the next one. It's going to be a glorious campaign and- oh, those Visigoth women.

(He does a pelvic thrust to the percussion sting) Oh, I don't mean to shock your bookish sensibilities.

PIPPIN

Oh, no, no! I'm just shocked that you're interested in women now.

(LEWIS lunges at PIPPIN, but the LEADING PLAYER intercedes)