

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Sydney	courtier
Thiele	King of France
Daenerys	Queen of France
Collins	Clergy of Thiele
Lamarch	courtier

SCENE

France

SYNOPSIS

Dear readers, if you have expectations for what you are about to read, think twice! This play explores a fundamental question: can moral intuition, rather than regulations, save humanity from its sins? But this may just be the playwright's pipe dream.

In short, before the story in the excerpt takes place, the two antagonists in the play, Sydney and Thiele, who represent different ideologies, have accumulated a lot of hatred for each other. Additionally, Sydney, who is in a relationship with Thiele's wife, Daenerys, is secretly planning to murder him. This is the background of the excerpt.

Although this may be futile, I still want to give two additional instructions. First, even though I am not a qualified playwright, I treat Sydney, Thiele, and Daenerys like friends, and I listen carefully to every nuanced voice of theirs. I am grateful to hear their stories, to understand the pride and kindness born out of weakness in Thiele's heart, and the coexistence of perseverance and fragility in Daenerys's character. Secondly, in order to compensate for my friends who joined the script mid-ride, I have moved the character biographies of each character to this excerpt where they first appear.

Enjoy the play! Or not.

Scene III. A platform before the Castle

Enter Daenerys

[BIOGRAPHY: She's always cold. Beneath that surface, there's a palpable strength--like she's ready to kill and devour you. As a woman, she grasps the fickleness of fate and its impact on people better, and she also understands what she can grasp. Her surface is perpetually cold, but that coldness has a different kind of charm. It's as if Faust's poison, once a beacon for those who questioned their fate, now seems like nectar to her. Only when you are loved can you glimpse the real her. But she doesn't accept this version of herself. She knows that human destiny and love are often unintentional and tragic. She will never fall into the destiny that has already been written. In case some people take her solely as an imitator of Lady Macbeth: she is never someones wife. Make no mistake, this woman has a heart, a heart that is bigger than most people think, and it holds many things. Do you remember the terrace divided by long moonlight? When she staring at the moon, what she thought of was not the cold throne in the palace behind her, but the small piece of sky given to her by the young man in the field when she was seventeen, the feathery hair of the child who died in

her arms, and those real, flesh-and-blood people. She was not born a cold-blooded person; once there was a woman with beautiful silver eyes cradled her and kissed her when she cried. And if she ever has the chance, she will tell that young man, “don’t live like me.” I wrote to her with my tears, but she will never cry for herself.]

Daenerys. (*Look up at the moon*)

The night lilac blooms, and fairies do their sing.

The moonlight kisses, the brow who dares claim.

A feeble and slothful theme, meant for one who did their dream.

A humble candle once turned to blazing flame, and a snake does walk

With terror and grace combined, a sight to behold with awe.

Oh heavens, what folly is this scene! Emotion holds the power

To turn even the bravest hearts into trembling, cowering wretches.

The poet may paint pictures of weakness in women’s form,

Yet here I stand, having been thrust into the darkest depths of hell.

Thiele, my love for thee is like a rose that has withered,

And a snake whose venom brings swift, certain death.

Those you did treat with disdain are far more formidable,

Then you could never imagine in the wildest dreams.

Let us wait and see who shall be the last one standing,

With a smile upon their face, as dawn begins to break.

Exit Daenerys

ACT II

Scene I. Another room in the Castle.

(*Thiele sits at the dining table, his eyes filled with anticipation, as if waiting for a sign from the heavens.*)

[BIOGRAPHY: He was arrogant, but he never seemed to have found a reason for his arrogance. In addition to the almost arrogant belief in its right to rule, the royal family may have found some realistic reasons to explain its power. As a timely person in power, he naturally believed in it. However, his life seemed to lack some fresh shocks, regardless of whether these shocks were beneficial to the health of his power. Undoubtedly, he could have used extreme arrogance to fight these shocks, but he could not close the remaining conscience in his heart. He loved and was attached to his wife like any husband, but this seemed to be incompatible with his nature as a king; isn’t it true that when a wandering person finds a little place to entrust himself, isn’t it like a drowning man seeing a straw?]

Enter Daenerys (*her presence like a warm breeze on a chilly evening, whereas a pieces of darkness creeps.*)

Daenerys. My beloved Thiele, what a magical night this is. Let us share this cup of wine, a symbol of our determination to banish the turmoil and restore your former glory. Allow me to pamper you with the softness and care that only a woman can provide, to wrap you in warmth and affection.

(*Thiele, thinking to himself, his suspicion growing like a shadow in the dark.*)

Thiele *(aside)*. This woman is hiding something, I can feel it in my bones. I must put her to the test.

(Turning his attention back to Daenerys, he speaks with a hint of challenge in his voice.)

Thiele. My dear, why don't you take the first sip? The wine is said to be a panacea for the soul, beneficial to one's health in more ways than one.

Daenerys. For the love of God, must you always question my intentions? Would you dare to defy my wishes so openly?

Thiele. Then swear to me, under the watchful eye of God, that you have no secrets to fear, no dark corners to hide in.

(Before Daenerys can respond, Thiele's hand moves with a swift and unexpected motion, leaving a gash on her cheek. Instantly, regret washes over him as he rushes to lend a helping hand to Daenerys, who collapses to the floor like a marionette whose strings have been cut.)

Thiele. Answer me now, before it's too late.

Daenerys *(clutching her wounded cheek)*. Answer you with what, Thiele? What do you want from me?

Enter Sydney

Sydney. *(with a tone of quiet defiance)* It's me, Thiele. Confront me as one who comprehends the gravity of his deeds. *(the guards hold him down)*

Exit Daenerys, unnoticed

Thiele. *(his voice chill, yet tinged with curiosity)* In God's name, confess your crime. Here, there is no room for witty lie.

Sydney. *(raising his voice slightly, his eyes alight with fervor)* How dare you invoke Heaven's name while spilling the blood of the blameless? Thiele, your subjects are not your slaves. Their life couldn't be abused, with merely a name of crime. They are warriors, not meek sheep who crave mere peace, but justice and liberty.

Thiele. *(his voice dismissive, his eyes filled with scorn)* You comprehend nothing of the country, Sydney Carlton. Politics is not a game for rich young boys to play.

Sydney. *(his voice steadfast, his gaze fixed upon Thiele's)* My obligation lies with the people, with their rights, with the principles of justice.

Thiele. *(his voice unwavering, his demeanor regal)* Justice? I need no one to tell me what is justice. My obligation lies with the law, to uphold it and ensure that order reigns in this realm.

Sydney. *(his voice resolute, his eyes filled with determination)* And that is not cause to be a tyrant. A king who reigns with a heavy hand and a cold heart is no king at all.

Thiele. *(he turns around, he seems to be admiring the colorful glass on the window)* Before you ever blame someone for his cold heart, first ask yourself whether his will belongs to him. I behold the poor, the downtrodden, the forgotten. Yet, I must uphold the law, even when it is severe and unrelenting. If a sotsman sits upon the jury and decides a man's fate, then that is the price we pay for the system we have embraced. Yet, my affection for the nation is not less than yours.

Sydney. *(his voice strong, whereas his eyes show an inconsistent look)* Your affection? It isn't worth my spit. No one can stand idly by and witness you destroy it with your tyranny. Freedom is the most estimable gift, and I shall not permit you to suppress it or crush the spirits of the people.

Thiele. *(his voice hardening, his eyes filled with fatigue)* Seize him. Keep this rebel afar from me. Let him languish in his cell, a reminder of the repercussions of defying the crown.

(The guards haul Sydney away, as Thiele beholds the scene with a blend of wrath and contemplation.)

Scene II. A cell in the Castle and A platform before the Castle

Thiele. Oh, Lord, why does my heart flutter so? I shouldn't waver; I wear the crown of France. The provincials' whispers should be mere echoes, yet why does compassion stir my soul?

Sydney. Oh, God, why does my pulse race thus? I shouldn't falter; I committed myself to freedom. If my resolve is set in stone, why am I swayed by these words, why question my own resolve?

Thiele. What manner of man is he?

Sydney. What manner of man is he?

Thiele. A villain with a heart of gold, a rare blend.

Sydney. A dictator with conscience, a soul that cries.

Thiele. I once wished.

Sydney. I once dreamed.

Thiele. I beheld the masses rise from depths so dark,

Sydney. Emerging from their chains, seeking true enlightenment.

Thiele. Through success and failures, through night and stark

Sydney. For years to come, they'd live, they'd strive, they'd fight.

Thiele. The sins of now would then fade to gray,

Sydney. A life I'd envy, yet one I'd never see.

Thiele. And I knew they'd recall me with fond grace,

Sydney. With kindness and affection, they'd never erase

Thiele. Dearest God, what is your judgement?

Sydney. A crime.

Thiele. An adventure.

Sydney. Though it ends that the nation of glory and kind.

Thiele. Though it ends that the nation of glory and kind.