

The Seven Deadly Sins

by
Ulfgar the Unspeakable
Steavean Die Gläubigen
Constanzia da Zamora

(And Gabriel de Beaumont though not originally credited)

† LUST † WRATH † SLOTH † PRIDE † GLUTTONY † GREED †
† ENVY †

LUST- female. Try for the sultry seductress. Will usually be found on a young mans lap. Fan and Venetian/Italian dress.

WRATH-male. Large battle hardened veteran. Aggressive bully. Must always be right. Armour, sword. sweaty and dirty.

SLOTH- Male, slovenly dressed, sleepy and bored. Obviously lazy. Renaissance shirt slightly grey/cream and rumped. Half tucked and shoe laces untied. Greasy hair

PRIDE -a vain young male. Looks beautiful. Is dressed beautifully. Constantly preening. Arrogant nature. Noble. Cavalier with walking stick, hat with feather etc

GLUTTONY-Huge fat over jolly male. Talks with his mouth full. Constantly eating- especially from other peoples plates. Food spilt all down his front, emphasizes everything with his bone and encourages eating from audience.

GREED-female. Uses her charms to win her way but turns nasty if refused. Spiteful, sweet like honey, charmer. Constantly wants attention. Aristocratic and refined.

ENVY-female. Jealous of the others . Backstabber. Shrewish, In competition with Lust. Has venetian with high chemise as opposed to Lust's low chemise.

General Overview-the seven sins argue as to whom is the king amongst them- the greatest sin. They decide to hold a contest amongst them to settle the argument. They choose the most pure knight in Christendom and agree to take it in turns to tempt him.

Act 1 Scene 1

Fool: My Lords and Ladies welcome this day
We have for you our humble play
Our verses we hope will bring you pleasure
As we pour out our humour in unending measure

When it comes to the test of a Knight's virtue
Against temptations, his heart must be true
We know his virtues will help him to win
And so our play , The Seven Deadly Sins

Envy and Pride enter the hall from down stage centre walking up the hall toward the high table. They enter arguing.

Pride: Indeed my dear, but of course I am the greatest of sins. I have dragged down the greatest of men, and I am blamed for the worst of kings. Were it not for I, never would one brother have slain another and never would two great men fight. For I create the difference in men and make any man seem the greater in his own heart. For is it not said that I come before the fall? And oh so many have fallen behind me!

Envy: Pride, you may come before the fall but it is always I, Envy, that makes them desire that which begets Pride in the first. The Gods may strike down a man for his Pride but it is Envy that makes that God strike. You say that Pride makes two great men fight but were it not for Envy how would even proud men argue. And if you create the difference in man, and make him seem greater in his own heart, surely it is Envy that will make this man hate his brother.

Greed: *Has been quietly sitting at a table to one side, sipping wine in all of her finery. Stands listening and approaches the two as Envy speaks* My dearest brother and sister, though it seems to me you both put your arguments for yourselves well, I must say you are both mistaken, for what is Pride and Envy without Greed! It is I that makes a King go to war. It is I that makes a rich man evil, and an evil man rich. It is in my name that the poor man starves and the.....

Gluttony: *Stands up from a table from which he has been feeding. He shouts with his mouth full and waves a bone for punctuationrich man eat and eat he should!* Pride, Envy and Greed, all of these desire the finest things in life, but it is I who holds the greatest of temptations...and why not! Is it wrong? Nay! For enjoy! Eat! Drink! and be merry! Then eat some more. For life is too short! Enjoy it while you can!

Lust: **Temptation! What would you know of temptation. Greed, you may be the root of all evil but I am the root of all pleasure! For what use is Gluttony or Pride or...Greed.** *deliberately ignores Envy and taps each other sin with her fan* **In the name of love the greatest of wars were fought, the best of men killed and the worst of...women lost.** *at point of women, drapes herself about Envy whom is visibly furious* **Without a doubt, I give rise to the greatest cause of evil in men.**

Envy: *outraged* **Love! Lust, you know not of love!**

Lust: **Have you a problem Envy? jealous?!**

Envy: **Sloth!** *sidles up to Sloth wheedles and runs fingers through his hair* **Whom is the greatest? Envy or Lust?**

Sloth: *lazily bats her hand away and leans against her* **Neither, my dear.**

Envy looks pissed off and steps out from under his arm. Sloth goes flat on his face and speaks from the floor.

Sloth: **If you'll consider, I must be the greatest of all sins. Were it not for I, good men would do the good in their hearts, and evil men do less, for idle hands do the devil's work.** *yawn I like idle hands... waffles off to sleep woken bitterly by Wrath's shouting*

Wrath enters the hall down stage centre, angered to find all the sins assembled without him.

Wrath: *shouting* **What is this! A gathering without your Lord!?** *storms towards the group angrily* **And do my ears deceive me? You dare argue amongst you whom is the greatest when it is plain as blood is red.** *Lust sidles up to Wrath and gets pushed away angrily, with obvious contentment from Envy.*

Pride: *places a consoling hand on Wrath's shoulder* **Now now my dear fellow, perhaps you should consider our argument. It is entirely possible....**

Wrath: *Enraged* **Yes! yes!** *flings hand, turns to Pride nose to nose* **Perhaps we should consider!** *backs Pride about with prodding finger at chest* **And you Pride should consider this! Because for all your argument, for all your words, for all your preening you over stuffed pompous peacock, You are wrong. Of all the sins, I am the greatest. And for that, there is but one very, very good reason. For when it comes down to the bone, I have a sword *shaving!**Draw sword*... and shouts and YOU have not! I AM the greatest, and I shall prove it!** *Grabs pride by the hair and goes to cut Pride's head from shoulders*

Greed: Excellent! A contest!

Wrath looks befuddled. Envy and Lust lock eyes and glare.

Wrath: *calms down, still has Pride by the hair and his sword raised* **aaah ...actually I was going to remove his head!**

Pride: *wails* **No! ignored by others Red will clash with my doublet!**

Greed: *excited ignoring wrath as if off in own world* **What shall be the prize? I can hardly wait!**

In fast succession

Gluttony-Food! Wine! More! More!

Pride - Honor to the winner

Lust - Him! *pointing at a member of the audience*

Envy - No! I saw him first!

Greed - Money! Jewels! Everything....and him!...and him!

Sloth *lazy pause* - **I care not**

Greed -and him, and him....*pointing at high table*
and, him or her, him or her,, both and that goblet
and...goes on a bit

Wrath: **No!** *still has Pride by the hair and waves his arms as he speaks* **Let the prize be that everafter the winner shall be the greatest sin of all. We shall choose the finest and most pure knight in all** *Pride flies free with final sweep of the arms and careens across the hall* **of Christendom and each take turn to tempt him.**

Pride frantically begins to preen himself

Lust: **How many turns?**

Sloth: **Must I?** *Hasn't moved from floor* **Lust, please enjoy my turn.**

Lust: **Yes Sloth, I will enjoy him for you.**

Wrath: *Grabs Sloth by the ankles* **No Sloth, you will take your turn** *dragging him as they exit, shouting* **Come! Let us begin!**

Exit everyone except Lust who is straddling a lap

Wrath: *from doorway - yells* **LUST!**

Lust hurries after

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Enter knight wearing plate and riding imaginary horse. Big white belt, big sword and fealty chain

Fool: And here he comes, our virtuous knight
 His heart is pure as his belt is white
 He is chaste and of battle his knowledge is much
 But of women very little, he has never been touched.

 A finer knight the known world has never seen
 With his blade so sharp and his morals so keen
 And to strive with morals he surely must
 For with lewdness a forethought, here comes Lust

"he has never been touched" Fool grabs Knight by groin.

*Lust has meanwhile entered the hall stage right dressed as a page boy.
She leers at the audience and winks. She then changes character to that of a lost child.*

Knight: What ho! lad. These woods are dark and fearsome and surely no place
 for a child. How come you to be here, boy?

Lust: Oh please help me sir, for I am lost and masterless. And I am so afraid
 for there are monsters in these woods. *Moves within arms reach of the knight* I
 fear they may be near. And how come you sir?

Knight: *looks bewildered, grabs page boy protectively and draws his sword.* Have no fear boy, I
 will protect you!

Lust falls to her knees and wraps her arms around his leg, her head and one hand suggestively near his groin

Lust: Oh thank you great knight! However may I repay you?
speaking obviously to his groin

Knight: *looking down at Lust he becomes obviously discomfited* Why think nothing of it
 lad! It is my sworn duty to protect the weak and innocent. I shall take
 you back to your family.

Lust: Why sir, I have none. *looks up endearingly*

Knight: No family? Well then, I cannot leave you alone. How would you like
 to take service....and be my squire?

Lust: Oh yes great knight! I shall serve you well. *Runs her hand over his groin from
leg to leg*

Knight: *The penny finally drops* **Ah.. no..I think you misunderstand me, I'm not like that, I don't go for boys** *He shakes lust off and turns his back upon her. embarrassed.*

Lust: *standing* **You don't go for boys? How about men?**

Lust shakes her hair out

Knight: **No.. no I go not for men either.**

Lust turns towards audience and unbuttons her coat

Lust: **Perhaps then you like young girls?**

Lust turns to face knight, her back to the audience.

Knight: *whirls angrily* **No! I do not like young girls for I am chaste and honourable and I.... and I Ioooooooooooo.....**

Knight breaks off as lust opens her coat towards him, obviously exposing her charms, and stares gasping with his mouth open.

Lust: **Then perhaps you would like a woman?**

Knight has sword at his side so its tip touches the floor. He stands still as his sword rises to an angle of approximately 45 degrees ,his hand holding the sword remains level with his groin. He shudders, closes his eyes and with an effort lowers his sword tip to the ground. Lust suggestively runs one toe up and down the sword. The sword rapidly returns to the erect position. Play it for laughs.

Lust: **Are you sure? Just how chaste are you?**

Knight: *Stands trembling for several seconds. In a squeaky voice:*

Perhaps not as chaste as I am about to become. *With a loud scream the knight runs from the hall.*

Lust: *Closing her coat, looks wistfully as the knight departs. SHIT!! Turns to nearest male audience member* **Well? How about it?**

Jester runs screaming across the hall screaming Pick me! Pick me! (ad lib) and runs into a flying slap from Lust who storms from the hall.

End Act II Scene I

Act Two Scene Two

Envy stands centre stage. She has attempted to do herself up as a noble woman. The attempt is obviously overdone and gaudy. She tries to look noble and dignified.

Envy: *Is trying to adjust her breasts. Dammit! How does Lust do it?!?*

Enter knight he is haggared and panting. His hair is wet and he is toweling himself off with a small cloth, kerchief.

Knight: **Thank God for cold rivers!**

Envy obviously drops her kerchief as the knight wanders by. The knight picks it up and returns it to her.

Envy: **Thank you noble sir. This is a cold night to be out... alone. Tell me, why are you not at home in your castle before the fire with your servants and your lovely wife?**

Knight: **Alas dear Lady, I have none. I am but a poor knight errant and it is on eves as these that I wish I had such.**

Envy: **Then you are not of noble birth?**

Knight: **I fear not. It is because of this that I must wander Christendom in search of honest fame and fortune.**

Envy: **A pity you were not born of higher station or they would be yours. A knight such as yourself surely should have such things.**

Knight: **Nay, my lady, A simple man I was born and a man of simple things I shall remain.**

Envy: **Are you so sure my lord?**

Knight: **What mean you?**

Envy: **Why should you not have these things? You were born a simple man, yes, but you are a knight. You have earned your rank through years of training and hard work. For all that at least you deserve some of the luxuries your position can provide. It is surely an injustice that such a fine knight as yourself should have none of the things you deserve, when many a lesser man has. How wrong it is when you are denied that which is rightfully yours.**

Knight: **It is true, I have earned such rights as these. But, is it right for me to feel such things when humility is a virtue all knights should share.**

Envy: Yes, yes my lord. It is right for you to feel such things when humility is a virtue all knights should share. But all knights do not share this virtue. Are you not a rose amongst the thorns? And for this reason should you not deserve such things?

Knight: Perhaps you are right, my lady. And as such surely then a man such as I will rise to a high position. Though I fear it may take many years.

Envy: Indeed, worthy knight, a fine man as you would make an excellent Duke or a splendid Earl or perhaps even the best of Princes. You would be seen to be the most handsome of men. All men would look up to you and all women would desire you. You would lead the armies of this land and your word would be law.

Knight: *Dreaming* Yes I will have these things. I will be great....

Envy: You could be great. It is a pity though you are just a lowly, landless, knight. You may never have any of these things... or if you do, you will be an old man before you see them.

Knight: Do you really think it would take so long? Surely I would see greatness before my hair is white.

Envy: So sure are you when there are already many other fine men. Your peers already have all the land, all the power and all the glory. Yours would be an arduous journey to even become their equal let alone their better. Your destiny is further out of reach than you may fathom.....unless perhaps...

Knight: *Whirls to face her. Desperate.* What, what! Tell me! Unless perhaps what?

Envy: Unless perhaps, you were to find a Lady of high birth who would consent to marry you. *condescending*

Knight: Of course! What a wonderful idea! Where would one find such a Lady? Do you know of one who would have such as I?

Envy: *Fervently.* I do indeed! She is a lady pure and pristine and of the highest of positions.

Knight: Is she beautiful? Is she here? Where is she? Tell me! Tell me!

Envy: Yes, she stands before you.

Knight: *Looking through the audience and high table eagerly.* Where? Where? My love, I am here! Come to me!

Fool has run up with a bridal bouquet and floral circlet and stands to one side humming bridal march.

Envy: *Demurely.* **No, it is I.**

Knight: *Regards her, aghast.* **Oh... you.**

Envy: *Sees her catch slipping away. Pleading.* **But I can make you rich. I can give you everything you want, everything you desire. I can give you power, glory and more. I can make you Prince. You only have to marry me, it is a small price to pay.....***Knight ad libs "no" and is backing away desperately. After "everything you want" fool humms too close to the knight who snaps the fools neck (fool screams, falls to floor) and procedes with the "no"*

Knight: **Even then the price is too great!** *Turns and runs with Envy in pursuit. Fool pursues singing bridal march. Envy ad libs "take me..."*

End of Act Two Scene Two

Act Two Scene Three

Knight is sitting in front of the camp fire, he is obviously cold and hungry. Enter Gluttony centre stage, the fool walks behind him carrying several large platters.

Gluttony: Pardon me most noble of knights, I am but a travelling merchant who noticed your fire and thought to perhaps join you for the night.

Knight: You are most welcome to sit at my poor fire. I would offer you food but I have none.

Gluttony: Think nothing of it my lord for I come with plenty and in return for your fire and your company I shall provide the food.

Gluttony seats himself and fool proceeds to lay platters about. Fool exits hall and returns with more platters. (ad nauseum)

Gluttony: I shall treat you this evening to delicacies from within and without Christendom, and the finest of wines. Here try this.

Proceeds to ply knight with wine and food. (ad lib)

Gluttony: Good! Eat! Here! Try this delicacy from my homeland.

Knight: This is Good! What is this?

Gluttony: Pork balls in bore water.

Knight: A like dumplings?

Gluttony: E`....Let me put to you this way, we waste no part of the Boar.

Knight: This is truly an amazing combination of flavours

Gluttony: My little thin friend, you have only just begun to experience the true magic of food. Here try this.

Knight: *Tries next food, smiles in delight* Oh I have never tasted such a food, what pray tell is this one, fried nuts?

Gluttony: No, fried roaches. *Knight stops, looks, shrugs and keeps eating. Gluttony surveys platters till he finds what he is looking for.* Here try this you will enjoy this it has I admit a .. unique appearance but quite delicious none the less.

Knight: *Takes a bite, looks into centre of morsel.* Ah this cake has a beetle in it.

Gluttony: Yes, Dung beetle, sort of like a caramel centre.

Knight: Dung beetle? Then this cake is very nice, friend but have you anything not quite so, interesting

Gluttony: But of course, come help yourself, eat, eat, have some more, you eat like a starved sparrow. **Cram it in.** *Ad lib. Throws one arm around knights neck and proceeds to stuff food into his face. At first the knight eats willingly but it soon becomes too much for him. That's it lad, eat while you can. For one day you will die and what good will moderation do you then?*

Knight: My Lord, my lord I have had my fill! *struggling for breath.*

Gluttony: To eat your fill is just the beginning, more, More, MORE!

Knight breaks free of Gluttony's grip.

Knight: This is disgusting! Have you no manners?

Gluttony: *Looks rapidly through the feast in front of him* **Chicken, Rabbit, Beef, Turkey, Marrow, Venison, Gravy, Liver, even Haggis, but sorry: No manners.** *Grimacing evilly, Gluttony takes a huge bite of something and proceeds to chew with his mouth open and laugh heartily towards the knight and the audience. Knight gags, runs about the hall, clutching his mouth.*

End Act Two

Act Three Scene One

Knight is running to and fro seeking a place to vomit. Fool is on stage mimicking and making fun of Knight. Greed has been sitting upon a chest centre stage, snatches Fool's hat, and holds it for the Knight to vomit into. She then holds the hat and grabs the Fool's tunic for the Knight to wipe his mouth on. While Fool is whining about his tunic Greed then takes the hat and jams it upon the Fool's head. Fool runs from the hall screaming.

Knight: *Wipes his mouth.* **Thank you my lady. Realizes who he is talking to and recoils. I know you! You're one of THEM!**

Greed: Indeed I am! And I am here to give you all you want.

Knight: *Drams his sword and backs away.* **You have nothing I want!**

Greed: Are you so sure my Lord? Would not even one pouch of **gold** be of use to you?

Knight: Indeed not evil temptress, I shall not betray my vows.

Greed: You misconstrue my good Knight. I did not intend the gift for you.

Knight: Huh?

Greed: It was for the poor, but as you will not accept, the needy shall remain so.

Knight: The poor? What do you mean?

Greed: Of course, noble knight, far be it from you to give in to Greed. For a Knight such as yourself perhaps, it would be beneath your dignity to pay heed to the poor and as such you would have little need of my gold. *feigns indifference.*

Knight: *Stunned.* No that is not true! For it is an article of chivalry to show charity to the needy.

Greed: And is this Knight too proud to accept the means to be able to give to the poor.

Knight: *Considering.* No my Lady, not proud at all and thus perhaps to accept one small pouch of gold is not a sin. *Lowers his sword.*

Greed: Then accept this gift. *Hands him a small pouch.* Of course, such a small pouch surely cannot feed many families this winter.

Knight: True, if only I had more but I am a poor Knight....

Greed: But there is always more. Here, take another. What a generous Knight! Why, you should be able to save... at least HALF a village. Of course, if you intend to travel far you may need far more than that. *She opens the chest for him. It is full of money bags.* Here, help yourself. Now, with that great chest of gold you should even have a little left over for yourself. Look upon it as your just due. Surely such an honest hard-working knight deserves his reward.

As she says this, the knight is filling his arms with pouches.

Greed: Why, if you are careful how you donate it you may even have enough for a splendid charger.

Knight: Unfortunately My Lady, I doubt that. I fear there are too many poor and there is never enough gold.

Greed: Then you must take more. *Waves for the Fool who enters dragging a giant golden millstone on a chain.*

Knight: A millstone? But how shall I carry it when my arms are full?

Greed: A simple matter, my Lord. It has a chain so I shall put it about your neck.

She lifts it easily and places it about the knight's neck. He is immediately overcome by the weight, and crashes to the ground.

Knight: Ah, my Lady! The weight is too great. I cannot lift it all.

Greed: A pity! You shall have to leave your share behind if you are to feed the poor.

Knight: *Thinking it through* No.. no.. surely there is some other alternative.

Greed: Then I have another solution. I shall lighten your load. Here, let me remove this other chain from your neck.

Knight: *Realizing what he is doing.* What! No! You cannot! I see now what you are doing. *Dumps the armload of gold and the millstone.* This is one chain you will never remove! Get back or I shall strike you down even though you be a woman!

Greed: *Turns nasty.* Fool! You could have had everything but you choose to keep your worthless morals instead of wealth. Go then, and live your life in poverty.

Knight: Then live in poverty I must.....

Fool: *While stealing chest.* And they call me the fool! *Exits hall stage centre with Greed in hot pursuit.*

End Act Three Scene One

Act Three Scene Two

Sloth is lying upon the floor relaxed, and lying on his back feet crossed and hands behind his head. There is a goblet, just out of reach. Sloth reaches over to the goblet but cannot quite make it. He relaxes then tries again lazily. It is plainly too difficult to reach the goblet.

Knight stumbles into the scene and trips over Sloth.

Knight: Oh, pardon me my Lord! I did not see you there among the poppies.

Sloth: Not to worry my Lord. Ah, could you pass me that goblet? *Knight hands across goblet* Come, why are you in such a hurry? Join me here among the poppies.

Knight: No, no, I cannot for there are devils after me. They seek to make my life a misery, they tempt me and harass me constantly. I must flee for I am sure they come even as we speak.

Sloth: *Looks about lazily.* Surely not. I can see none. But if they do come, they will not see you here among the poppies. Why don't you sit down and tell me your troubles? The rest can only do you good.

Knight: Perhaps so. *He lies down in the poppies beside Sloth.*

Sloth: *Sitting up on one elbow.* There, that feels better, doesn't it? Here amongst the poppies life is much more relaxed. *Picks an imaginary poppy and hands it to the knight.* Here, smell this. These poppies give you the most beautiful dreams.

Knight: *Sniffs poppy suspiciously. Is pleased and inhales deeply. It obviously has an effect on him.* Yeeeeeeesssssssss. *Knight turns to Sloth. Ad lib (Bill and Ben)* Wibble wibble wordy woo... *laughs as if it were funny*

Sloth: *Looks puzzled* I beg your pardon?

Knight: Weeeeeeeeeeeeeed *Knight collapses into unconsciousness*

Sloth begins to work his spell. His speech is hypnotic and he walks slowly about the recumbent knight.

Sloth: Yes, that's it. Just relax. Enjoy the leisure of Sloth. Lie there and dream, tell me of your troubles and let the world slip away from you, my lazy one. Soon you will have no need to worry. No one will harm you and no one will care about you. You will leave behind your needs in this world. Let all the others fend for themselves for the world will no longer need this knight. That's it, give in to sloth and release your troubles. *(ad lib)*

Knight: *Tossing and turning in his unconsciousness he rolls to his feet and talks in his sleep.*
Food, food! I am so hungry! Feed me! No.. no.. not so much! I have eaten my fill! Back you disgusting man.....
No, your Highness. I would never do that. I do not want to be Prince. Leave me alone, I do not want your station. No, get back. I will not marry you.... What ho there, boy! Are you lost little girl? Oh, but you're beautiful! Yes! Yes! No! No! Don't touch me there! *Sits up wide-eyed in fright and shouts* **DON'T TOUCH MY SWORD!!! *Leaps to his feet and runs.***

Sloth: *Looks on in surprise and then sighs. Picks a poppy and looks upon it with interest.*
Some people have all the luck. They never do that for me. *Inhales deeply and sighs and staggers off stage picking and sniffing poppies as he goes.*

End of Act Three Scene Two

Act Three Scene Three

Knight rushes onto stage bewildered.

Knight: Oh, why me? Why is this happening? What have I done to deserve this?

Wrath: *Enters stage centre and shouts.* You vile little worm! How dare you call yourself a knight! Any man worth his salt would have drawn his sword and slain them all! You are nothing but a pathetic crawling toad! *As he speaks, he marches towards knight.*

Knight: My Lord, do I know you? Why are you angered with me? How can I have offended you, for I know you not?

Wrath: You have done nothing, and that in itself offends me. For what do you wear that sword, when you have not the manhood to use it? You are a coward! Perhaps even you are a woman, for you behave as such!

Knight: Sir, stand your ground for you do me an injustice. I know not why you bear me this grudge, but I will not stand for it. Leave me or face the consequences.

Wrath: Idle threats paper knight. What consequences are there from you who has spent his time running from women and drunkards. Don't threaten me, but rather draw your sword if you dare. *Grabs the end of the knight's belt and gives it a couple of tugs.* Look everyone, it has gone limp and white with fear. Why, I doubt it has ever seen use!

Knight yells in rage and draws his sword. Wrath draws his alike. They fight. The knight is clearly very angry and soon bests Wrath. Wrath ends up prone in front of the High table.

Knight: Yield or die, fool!

Wrath: *Laughs.* You cannot kill me, for as you grow wrath, I grow stronger.

Fool: *From background and in a cheesy voice.* If you kill him, he will grow more powerful than you could possibly imagine.

Wrath and Knight: *to fool.* SHUDDUP!

Knight: Then face your doom! *He makes as to strike and then grabs Wrath by the shirt and kisses him on the nose. Speaks calmly.* Did you really think I would fall for you, Wrath? I would never fall for you. Rise Wrath, for I forgive you.

Fool: *Skips up to Wrath.* Can I have one too? *Puckers up playfully.*

Wrath: *turns to fool and speaks slowly* **Yes, why not!** *Raises his sword to strike and chases a screaming Fool from the hall.*

End of Act Three Scene Three

Act Three Scene Four

Knight stands where he was last. Pride enters the ball and strides up to the knight.

Pride: *shakes knight by the hand enthusiastically* Well done, Sir Knight. How great is the man who can defeat the Six Deadly Sins! You must be very proud of yourself.

Knight: Nay sir, I am but a simple knight.

Pride: But you are the greatest! For there is no other man in Christendom who can resist Lust's lures, and escape Envy's offers.

Knight: But sir, for any true knight these are simple things and not the mark of greatness for are not chastity and charity requirements of any knight

Pride: Yes but, is there another man so great as to reject Gluttony and Greed as you have? For there are no others in this world that can compare to such a truly great knight as yourself.

Knight: Truly? You think so? I find your words flattering, my Lord. But my knighthood compels me towards humility.

Pride: Even humility must sometimes be reigned in for the greatest of men. For I declare that never there was a man who could resist Sloth and so totally defeat Wrath. A truly magnificent victory worthy of only the greatest of knights and thus an achievement to be proud of indeed!

Knight: *Flattered and falling under Pride's spell.* My Lord, for surely your words speak the truth. I am indeed truly the greatest knight! For I alone have defeated Lust and Envy and who but I could leave aside Gluttony and Greed with not a second thought. *Has become self-absorbed and takes a heroic stance, convinced of his greatness.* And only I amongst men could feel not the pull of Sloth and could have so easily defeated Wrath. Yes indeed, you speak true - I am the greatest! *He stares off into space unaware of the world about him.*

Lust enters hall and looks upon our stricken knight with mixed emotions. She has obviously fallen for him.

Pride: *To audience.* And so it is done! I am the greatest of all sins! I hardly need to raise my hand for the truth unfolds itself before me. Forever now will this knight live in Pride, knowing that he has resisted the sins and thus failed for his own pride. Nothing now can save him!

Lust: No! *Runs to knight and shakes him by the arm.* Don't give in to it! Don't you see? There are SEVEN sins not SIX!

Knight appears to awaken and understand what is happening.

Pride: *Gloating.* **He has lost, my dear. Should he resist me, that is loss in itself for he will ever live with Pride knowing he defeated the seven sins thus either way, I win. And there is nothing you can do about it.**

Lust: **You are wrong!** *To knight.* **There is one way.** *She kisses knight (big dip) awakening him from his trance. She then turns and walks seductively down the centre aisle pausing to look alluringly at the knight .***Now he must choose.**

Knight is obviously torn between the two. He looks from one to the other. And he appeals to the crowd.

Knight: **What shall I do? Either way I am lost. Which is the lesser of sins? Whichever I choose I must live with for the rest of my life. Which do I choose? Lust or Pride?**

The crowd will yell for one or the other. If they yell for Lust, then the knight will run to her arms and carry her from the hall. If they yell for Pride, the knight will leap into his arms and be carried from the hall by Pride.

Fool: **A Knight is lost and it is true
Though he was stronger than me or you
And though he strove mightily as well he can
Please remember good gentles, he was only a man**
Fool turns to walk away and then has a second thought and *adds*
**And though he has lost and it is sad
You must admit, six of seven ain't bad**

Fin