

**THE  
MIRACLES  
OF ST.  
CLARIEL**

*Final*

**ATTRIBUTED TO: WM. SHAKESPEARE**

**(WITH ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY:  
EDWARD FITZRANULF  
AND PIETRO DA SAN TEBALDO)**

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## THE PLAYERS:

NARRATOR: A VOICE

CLARIEL: A GODDESS

ASSORTED SPEARCARRIERS

## ACT I

### SCENE 1

#### NARRATOR:

SOME ONE SCORE YEARS AGO, IN GWYNTARIAN SHIRE,  
A BAND OF UNCLOTHED FIGHTERS THEREBY LAY,  
UNCAPRISONED, DENUDED OF POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE,  
THEY LAMENTED LOUD THEIR SORRY STATE  
'TIL CLARIEL, SO SOON TO BE A GODDESS , ANSWER-ED THEIR CRIES,  
WITH CLEVER CRAFTY FINGERS, STITCH BY STITCH SHE STRIVED  
AND SWIFTLY LABORED 'TIL LO, A STYLISH TROOP OF FIGHTERS  
THEREBY TOOK THE FIELD.

VICTORIOUSLY GRATEFUL, THE THANKFUL BAND  
PONDER-ED THE NATURE OF THEIR DEBT,  
AND CAME TO THE CONCLUSION  
THAT ONLY DEIFICATION MET, THE NATURE  
OF THEIR FEELINGS AND THEIR MIND.

THE MIRACLES OF ST. CLARIEL

SO, WHAT FOLLOWED, PROVED THE WISDOM OF THEIR ACT  
AND THROUGH MIRACLES THRICE OVER WAS IT SEEN,  
HOW THE SHY GODDESS, GREEN-GOWNED CLARIEL,  
WAS THUS REVEAL-ED TO MANKIND;  
AND HER SHIRE, HIGH GWYNTARIAN,  
FOREVERMORE, WAS FAIRER CLIMED.

END SCENE ONE

SCENE 2

**NARRATOR:**

THUS BRIGHTLY GARBED, AND FILLED WITH NEW-FOUND FAITH,  
THE FIGHTER OF GWYNTARIAN FAIR'D FORTH TO PENNSIC FIELD.  
YET AT THEIR ENCAMPMENT WAS FOUND NO WATER,  
FOR AETHMEARC THAT YEAR WAS GRIPPED BY ARID DROUGHT.

**CLARIEL**

THOUGH GODS AND GODDESSES THIRSTETH NOT,  
YET NOT SO DOES MANKIND. NO WARS CAN BE FOUGHT,  
WITH A WATER DROUGHT,  
SO GWYNTARIAN WATCH THIS ROCK!  
AND, IN DRINKING SLAKE THE THIRST,  
THAT TROUBLES ALL YOUR MORTAL KIND.

**NARRATOR**

THUS ADAMANTINE GRANITE YIELDED FORTH,  
A FLUID FERVENT FLOW:  
WATER PURE, THIRST-QUENCHING, CHILLED, IN UNENDING  
STREAM. THUS THE GODDESS ACTED, THE DROUGHT WAS  
ENDED, AND GWYNTARIAN ENCAMPMENT WAS MADE SERENE;  
AND, NOT COINCIDENTALLY, MANY COOKING DISHES CLEAN'D

END OF SCENE 2

SCENE 3

**NARRATOR:**

NOW THE TRUTH CAN NO LONGER BE DENIED:  
HER PRETERNATURAL POWERS FULL REVEALED:  
HER NATURE CLEAR TO NEAR AND FAR.

THE MIRACLES OF ST. CLARIEL

A GODDESS STANDS, IN GWYNTARIAN SHIRE-  
UPON THAT DO ALL AGREE.  
BUT HOW TO SALUTE HER SUPREMACY,  
WAS A PUZZLE TOO KEEN, FOR MORTAL WITS:  
CONFUSION REIGNED, TO ASK THE GODDESS IT WAS DEEMED.  
HOW DO WE HAIL THEE, BRIGHT CLAIRIEL -  
HOW SHALL DEVOTION BE SEEN?

**CLARIEL:**

WELL I DON'T KNOW! (Smacks her forehead)

**NARRATOR:**

AH, SAID HER FOLKS: CLAIRIEL, HER BLESS'D FOREHEAD SMOTES,  
SO HER BELIEVERS SHALL SALUTE, AND ALL TOGETHER EMOTE

**SPEARCARRIERS: (three, in turn)**

First Extra: HAIL CLARIEL!

Second Extra: HAIL THE GODDESS!

Third Extra: HAIL THE SIZE OF GOLF BALLS.!

(The first two extras look at the third, who shrugs. All three look at  
Clairiel, who shrugs in return.)

END OF SCENE 3

EXEUNT OMNES

END OF ACT I

## ACT II

### SCENE 1

**NARRATOR:**

THE PEOPLE PRAYED TO THEIR NEW-FOUND GODDESS:  
RADIANT CLAIRIEL, GIVE US A SIGN,  
THE GODDESS THOUGHT, PONDERED AND SPOKE SHE NOT,  
THEN SHE POINTED, BUT NOT INTO THE SKY  
INSTEAD AT THE GRAVELED ROAD NEARBY;

**CLARIEL:**

A SIGN YOU ASKED OF ME,  
AND BY MY POWER, HERE IT BE!

**SPEARCARRIERS:**

(Together) NO PARKING!

**NARRATOR:**

THE FAITHFUL PONDERED THE DEEPER MEANING  
OF BRIGHT CLAIRIEL'S ENIGMATIC CURIOUS WORDS  
BUT PUZZLING AS THEY MIGHT HAVE SEEMED,  
THE GODDESS HAD SPOKE, AND WITH ONE SWIFT STROKE,  
A TRAFFIC SNARL WAS BROKE, THE ROAD WAS UNCHOKED,  
AND THAT, GOOD GENTLES, WAS NO JOKE.

END SCENE 1

### SCENE 2

**NARRATOR:**

TO SPREAD WORD OF THE GODDESS THAT WAS THE DESIGN;  
BUT HOW TO DO SO, AYE THEREIN LAY THE RUB:  
FOR ODD THOUGH IT SEEMED, MANY A SHIRE WAS DEEMED  
FAR LESS THAN KEEN, TO ACCEED TO THE DREAM OF THE  
GREEN GODDESS' TEAM, TO MAKE HER WORSHIP EXTREME,  
AND ACKNOWLEDGE HER DEITY, SOVERIGN AND QUEEN  
OF THE PANTHEON SUPREME.

AND SO IT CAME TO SEEM  
THAT JIHAD WAS THE MEANS, TO BRING THE WORSHIP  
OF THE GODDESS TO THE IGNORANT OF THE LAND.

**CLARIEL:**

HAVE FUN STORMING THE CASTLE BOYS;  
(SIGH) THEY HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER.

**NARRATOR:**

THE WARRIORS OF THE SHIRE MADE THEIR PLANS.  
TO SPREAD WORD OF THE GODDESS AND HER CLEVER HANDS,  
FIRST TO THE SHIRE NEXT NORTH, YCLEPT CLEFTLANDS,  
THEN AFTER, TO BE SPREAD OVER ALL THE LANDS.

**SPRARCARRIERS:**

TODAY CLEFTLANDS, TOMORROW THE WORLD!

**END SCENE 2**

**SCENE 3**

**NARRATOR:**

WITH MARTIAL TREAD THEY SALLIED NORTH, CLARIEL'S  
OATH-SWORN BAND; THE WORSHIP OF THE GODDESS TO  
PROCLAIM. MANY DAYS THEY MARCHED BY DAY AND NIGHT,  
TILL BLOCKED THEIR ROAD WAS BY CLEFTLANDS MIGHT;  
AND THEN, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO DO, BUT FIGHT.

**CLARIEL:**

LET'S BE CAREFUL OUT THERE.

**SPEARCARRIERS:**

(RHUBARB, RHUBARB, RHUBARB)

**NARRATOR:**

GWYNTARIAN PROVED THE CONQUE'RS OF THE FIELD,  
AND SO THEY TOOK THE HONORS OF THE DAY.  
AS INDEMNITY FOR VICTORY THEY DEMANDED,  
THAT A SHRINE TO THE GODDESS BE SUSTAINED.  
AND SO FOR EVER AFTER, THE CLEFTLANDS ' CHAMPION  
WITH FLICKING FEATHERDUSTER, WOULD MAINTAIN,  
AS SYMBOL OF THE CLEFTLANDERS' WORSHIP,  
THE ALTAR TO THE GODDESS DRESSED IN GREEN.

AS VICTORS AND VANQUISHED FEASTED,

THE MIRACLES OF ST. CLARIEL

AND BOASTED OF THEIR DEEDS UPON THAT DAY.  
YET MORE ATTRIBUTES OF THE GODDESS WERE REVEALED.  
THE GODDESS HERESELF WITH SLOTTED SPOON CREATED  
THE NOURISHMENT SACRED TO HER KIND,  
AND THEREFORE EQUALLY VIRTUOUS TO HUMANS-  
AND SO BROCOLI WITH CHEESE SAUCE WAS INFLICTED  
UPON MANKIND.

END SCENE 3

EXEUNT OMNES

END ACT II

## ACT III

### SCENE 1

#### NARRATOR:

CLEFTLANDS IN LOYAL DEVOTION LAY, A HAVEN  
TO THOSE WHO LOVED THE GODDESS WELL.  
BUT TIGERS ROAMED BEYOND ITS BOUNDARIES,  
AND WARFARE ROARED UPON THE HAPLESS LAND.  
THUS MARCHED THE GODDESS' FOLLOWERS,  
TO JOIN THE MIDREALM ARMY, THERE THEY CAME,  
TO THE DREADFUL BLOODY FIELD OF PENNSIC THIRTEEN.  
WHERE THEIR VALOUR PROVED UNEQUAL TO THEIR FOEMEN'S  
RANKS, AS EASTERN PROWESS CLOVE THEIR SHIELDS,  
AND IT SEEMED THE PROUD DRAGON SANK..  
THE LAST DAY AND LAST BATTLE CAME UPON THEM,  
VICTORY WAS ITSELF A DISTANT DREAM.  
HEAVEN ITSELF HAD NOTICED THEIR CONDITIONS,  
WITH CLOUDED SKY, AND SUN NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

#### SPEARCARRIERS:

First Extra: WE NEED HELP!  
Second Extra: WE NEEDED A BLESSING!  
Third Extra: WE NEED THE GODDESS!  
All: WE NEED CLARIEL!

#### NARRATOR

ON BENDED KNEE THEY CAME BEFORE HER:  
ASSEMBLED FIGHTERS OF THE OAKEN LANDS;  
IN NEED, HER BLESSING THEY BESEECH MOST HUMBLY,  
BEFORE THEY WENT TO FACE THE EASTERN BANDS.

THEN CAME A SIGN MOST UNEXPECTED MIRACULOUS,  
ONE THAT THEY THERE WOULD NEVER FORGET,  
FOR AS THE GODDESS GAVE HER BLESSING,  
THE SUN HERSELF CAME AND UPON HER SHOULDER SAT;  
AND SHONE HER GOLDEN RADIANCE UPON,  
THE WEARY WEAKENED FIGHTERS WAITING ENRAPT.

#### CLARIEL

GO FORTH THIS DAY, IN MY NAME AND MIGHT!  
DON'T HURT ANYONE; BUT, WIN THIS FIGHT!

END SCENE 1



SCENE 2

**NARRATOR:**

WITH UNABASHED FERVOR AND FEROCITY,  
WITH HEARTS THAT HAD NO FEAR AND NO REGRET,  
THE OAKEN WARRIORS LED THE MIDREALM,  
TO AN INCREDIBLE VICTORY THAT UPSET,  
EVERY REASONED EXPECTATION OF THE KNOWING,  
AND EVERY BRILLIANT EASTERN HOPE AND DREAM.  
SO UPON THAT SUDDENLY SUN DRENCHED DAY,  
WITH CHEERING MASSES THRONGING ON THAT FIELD.  
TWO CRIES COULD BE HEARD ABOVE THE HUBBLE, *Hubbels.*  
ONE CALLING FOR THE KING, BUT FOR THE OTHER: *Resr*

**SPEARCARRIERS:**

HAIL CLARIEL, HAIL CLARIEL, HAIL CLARIEL,

**NARRATOR:**

ECHOED ACROSS THAT HARD FOUGH FIELD.  
AND WITH THIS PASSIONATE REFRAIN, SO CAME THE REIGN,  
OF THE GODDESS IN THE MIDDLE LANDS. A GOLDEN AGE  
OF RAIMENTS GREEN, WITH SACRED BROCCOLI OFTEN SEEN.

**CLARIEL:**

IT'S THE CHEESE SAUCE THAT MAKES IT SPECIAL.

**NARRATOR:**

AND AS THE GODDESS SPREAD HER BLESSING,  
HER DEVOTED PEOPLED BROOKED NO LESSENING  
OF DEVOTION, TO HER CUSTOMARY WAYS,  
AND THEY FERVENTLY PRAYED, THAT,  
HER PRESENCE, WOULD BE WITH THEM, ALL THEIR DAYS.

END SCENE 2

SCENE 3

**NARRATOR:**

BUT SEASONS TURN, THINGS BEGIN AND END,  
THE YEARS THEY COME AND GO.  
AND WITH THEIR INEXORABLE PASSING,

THE MIRACLES OF ST. CLARIEL

THE DAYS OF THE GODDESS ARE ENDING,  
THOSE OF THE AGE OF MAN ARE ASCENDING,  
UNTIL THE GODDESS DECLARES THAT SHE MUST GO.

**CLARIEL:**

MY FRIENDS I FIND THAT I MUST LEAVE -  
I'VE MORTAL LIVES THAT I MUST LEAD.  
MY ETERNAL BLESSING UPON YOU ALL,  
I DEPART NOW TO ANSWER A DIFFERENT CALL.

**NARRATOR:**

BUT NOT WITHOUT THIS FINAL:

**ALL:**

HAIL CLARIEL!  
HAIL THE GODDESS!  
HAIL THE SIZE OF GOLF BALLS!

**NARRATOR:**

THE MYTHIC DAYS HAVE ENDED.  
OUR GODDESS HAS PASSED INTO THE WEST,  
LEAVING, BUT HER GREEN MEMORY STILL,  
IN THE HEARTS AND SOULS, OF THOSE WHO  
UNDERSTOOD HER BEST

(Big pause)

UNTIL, SOME YEARS LATER,  
A GOLDEN LADY TO OUR BARONY CAME;  
AND FOUND THAT THE MEMORY HAD NOT WANED;  
THOUGH THE REIGN OF THE GODDESS HAD ENDED;  
CLEFTLANDS FOUND INSTEAD, A SAINT, THEY HAD GAINED.

END SCENE 3

EXEUNT OMNES

THE END