

Synopsis

When a proud medieval knight loses his beloved horse, he sets out on a quest to find it. Determined to defend his honour, he challenges everyone he meets to increasingly ridiculous duels. Along the way, a peasant, a merchant and a minstrel become entangled in his hilariously misguided adventure. A Monty python-esq comedy.

Sir Cedric, Knight of honour

Written by Tanya Reddin
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A comedy in one act for four actors.

Characters

SIR CEDRIC – A medieval knight. Proud, dramatic, and obsessed with honour.

MABEL – A practical peasant who keeps finding sensible solutions.

BARNABY – A merchant who exaggerates everything.

REGINALD – A wandering minstrel who plays several small roles when needed.

Scene 1: The Missing Horse

A country road. Enter SIR CEDRIC, marching importantly while holding a saddle.

SIR CEDRIC: Halt!

(Nobody is there.)

(Looks around.)

Horse?

(Pause.)

HORSE?

(Longer pause.)

This is most irregular.

REGINALD enters playing a lute.

REGINALD: ♪ A knight has lost his horse today— ♪

SIR CEDRIC: Stop that.

REGINALD: Sorry.

SIR CEDRIC: Have you seen a magnificent steed? Tall. Noble. Smells faintly of turnips.

REGINALD: No.

SIR CEDRIC: Then I challenge you to a duel!

REGINALD: Why?

SIR CEDRIC: For failing to assist a knight in distress.

REGINALD: You're in distress?

SIR CEDRIC: A little.

REGINALD: You said that very quietly.

SIR CEDRIC: A knight does not broadcast distress.

En garde!

(Draws sword.)

REGINALD: I don't have a sword.

SIR CEDRIC: Then choose a weapon.

REGINALD: This lute?

SIR CEDRIC: Accepted.

(They prepare dramatically.)

REGINALD: How do duels work?

SIR CEDRIC: We fight until one of us is defeated.

REGINALD: I surrender.

SIR CEDRIC: What?

REGINALD: I am defeated.

SIR CEDRIC: That was very quick.

REGINALD: Thank you.

SIR CEDRIC: Then honour is satisfied.

REGINALD: Wonderful.

SIR CEDRIC: Now help me find my horse.

They exit.

Scene 2: The Peasant

MABEL enters carrying vegetables. SIR CEDRIC and REGINALD enter.

MABEL: Morning.

SIR CEDRIC: Villager! Have you seen my horse?

MABEL: What horse?

SIR CEDRIC: Brown.

MABEL: That's not much help.

SIR CEDRIC: Four legs.

MABEL: That's a bit better...

SIR CEDRIC: A tail.

MABEL: Remarkably horse-like.

SIR CEDRIC: Are you mocking me?

MABEL: Well a little.

SIR CEDRIC: Then I challenge you to a duel!

MABEL: I'm carrying turnips.

SIR CEDRIC: Excellent. A worthy weapon.

MABEL: No, they're vegetables.

SIR CEDRIC: We will duel at once.

MABEL: Ok. fine.

(Hands him a turnip.)

MABEL: Are you ready?

SIR CEDRIC: I'm ready.

MABEL: First person to laugh loses.

SIR CEDRIC: That's not a duel.

MABEL: It is where I come from.

(They stare. Long pause.)

SIR CEDRIC: PFFFFT!

MABEL: You laughed.

SIR CEDRIC: Impossible.

MABEL: You snorted like an excited pig.

SIR CEDRIC: I concede defeat.

MABEL: Thank you.

SIR CEDRIC: Honour is satisfied.

MABEL: Excellent.

SIR CEDRIC: Have you seen my horse?

MABEL: It went east.

SIR CEDRIC: At last! Progress!

They all rush off.

Scene 3: The Merchant

BARNABY enters pushing a cart.

BARNABY: Rare goods! Exotic goods! Slightly ordinary goods sold as exotic goods!

SIR CEDRIC: Merchant!

BARNABY: Knight!

SIR CEDRIC: Have you seen my horse?

BARNABY: Hmm perhaps.

SIR CEDRIC: Where?

BARNABY: First, would you like to buy a map?

SIR CEDRIC: No.

BARNABY: A compass?

SIR CEDRIC: No.

BARNABY: A smaller horse?

SIR CEDRIC: A what?

BARNABY: A pony.

SIR CEDRIC: No!

BARNABY: Then perhaps a decorative cabbage.

SIR CEDRIC: Enough! I challenge you to a duel!

BARNABY: Wonderful! I sell duelling equipment.

(Produces a large spoon.)

SIR CEDRIC: No! we shall duel with swords!

BARNABY: I don't own one.

SIR CEDRIC: Then spoons it is.

(They square off.)

REGINALD: Begin!

They gently tap spoons together.

Clink.

Clink.

Clink.

MABEL: This is the least threatening duel I've ever seen.

BARNABY: Owww

SIR CEDRIC: Did I strike you?

BARNABY: No, I pinched my finger.

SIR CEDRIC: Then victory is mine!

BARNABY: sigh, fair enough.

SIR CEDRIC: Now, where is my horse?

BARNABY: It stole an apple and ran toward the forest.

They hurry off.

Scene 4: The Great Confrontation

Forest clearing.

REGINALD: We've searched everywhere.

MABEL: Maybe the horse doesn't want to be found.

SIR CEDRIC: Nonsense. We share a sacred bond.

(A loud NEIGH is heard offstage. Everyone freezes.)

SIR CEDRIC: HORSE!

(Another NEIGH.)

BARNABY: That's definitely a horse.

REGINALD: Or a very talented sheep.

SIR CEDRIC: Come forth, noble steed!

(A pause.)

(No horse appears.)

MABEL: It's not coming.

SIR CEDRIC: Then I shall challenge it to a duel!

REGINALD: You cannot duel a horse.

SIR CEDRIC: Why not?

MABEL: Because it won't understand.

SIR CEDRIC: It understands honour.

(Another NEIGH.)

BARNABY: That sounded doubtful.

SIR CEDRIC: Horse, come here and face me!

(A horse's head briefly peeks from offstage and disappears.)

REGINALD: I think it's hiding.

SIR CEDRIC: You coward!

(Another NEIGH.)

MABEL: I think it just called you a turnip.

SIR CEDRIC: Then I challenge it!

REGINALD: How will that work?

SIR CEDRIC: We shall race.

MABEL: You don't have a horse.

SIR CEDRIC: Ah.

BARNABY: That's a flaw.

SIR CEDRIC: Then I surrender.

A pause.

(The horse slowly shows his face.)

MABEL: There it is.

SIR CEDRIC: Why did you run away?

(Horse stares.)

REGINALD: I think it wants an apology.

SIR CEDRIC: For what?

MABEL: Challenging everyone to a duel perhaps?.

BARNABY: Including livestock.

SIR CEDRIC: Hmm.

(To horse.)

My friend... perhaps I have been slightly unreasonable. Will you forgive me?

(Horse nods.)

SIR CEDRIC: Then all is forgiven!

Forward!

(Horse immediately disappears in the opposite direction.)

SIR CEDRIC: Stop!

(Horse ignores him.)

SIR CEDRIC: I challenge all of you to...

(Horse neighs.)

(Sir Cedric bows his head and follows the horse in a huff.)

SIR CEDRIC (offstage): This is so undignified!

Mille & Mai

Mille & Mai

Mille & Mai

(The others wave.)

ALL: Farewell, Sir Cedric! Farewell.

Blackout.

THE END

Mille & Mai

Mille & Mai

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