

**DON'T BE SO LOUD
YOU ARE NOT GOING TO PLAY THIS**

MATT.

**MY MUSIC
MY MUSIC
I'LL PLAY IT
SO LOUD
I'M GOING TO PLAY THIS**

(With a flash, MERLIN appears.)

MATT. Hey, this is our living room!

MERLIN. Oh dear, not again. My apologies. I was aiming for the front porch. Maybe I should have brought Arthur's compass.

SARA. How did you get in here?

MERLIN. Magic.

MATT. Magic? Who are you?

MERLIN. I am called Merlin. Is this 1994?

SARA. Yes, it is.

MATT. All year.

MERLIN. Good. I haven't used that spell in some time, so I was afraid I might hit the wrong year. I remember once I was trying to visit 1462 and somehow ended up in 1862, right smack in the middle of the American Civil War. You can imagine how shocked the Union soldiers were when suddenly I...

SARA. What are you doing in our house?

MERLIN. Ah. Well, I realize my presence here is a little surprising...

MATT. Try a little illegal. Ever hear of breaking and entering?

SARA. Quiet, Matt. He doesn't look like a burglar.

MERLIN. I am not a burglar. I am Merlin—powerful magician, registered wizard, and private tutor to Arthur.

MATT. Yeah, and I'm Captain Crunch. If you're a magician, pull a rabbit out of your hat.

MERLIN. All right. If you insist. Let's see, um...*(Waving his wand over his hat.)* Rabbitus appearat in meum hatum. *(Reaches into his hat.)* And there you are: lovely rabbit *(Pulls out a bunch of carrots.)*...rabbit food. Would you like one?

MATT. No, thanks. I already ate one vegetable this week.

MERLIN. You really should eat vegetables every day.

SARA. Excuse me, but you still haven't told us why you're here.

MERLIN. Oh, yes. I am here because of Arthur. Who loves carrots, by the way.

SARA. Who is Arthur?

MERLIN. My pupil. I would like you to help me teach him an important lesson.

SARA. What lesson?

MATT. To always call the cops when someone breaks into your house. *(He begins to dial a phone. MERLIN gestures, and the phone flies out of Matt's hand.)* Hey! How did you...

MERLIN. I mean you no harm, Matthew.

MATT. And how do you know my name?

MERLIN. I know many things. I know, for example, that your favorite band is Mega Might.

MATT. That's right.

MERLIN. And that you're an excellent player of...*(The word is foreign to him.)* basketball.

MATT. Well, I don't like to brag, but yeah, I know my way around the court.

MERLIN. And that your sister's name is Sara. You're a very good student, aren't you, Sara?

SARA. Well, I try to do the best I...

MATT. Oh, yeah, that's Sara all right, Miss Super Brain. All she cares about are books and her stupid birds.

SARA. Birds are not stupid!

MATT. Yes, they are. Birds can't even talk.

SARA. Parrots can. And mynah birds. And lots of birds communicate by singing.

MATT. Okay, bad example.

MERLIN. Sara, I would very much like for you to meet my pupil, Arthur.

SARA. Where is he? In the kitchen?

MERLIN. It's not quite that simple. You see, Arthur is back where I come from.

SARA. And where is that?

MERLIN. England. In the Dark Ages.

SARA. The Dark Ages! That's what I was about to study. I have to do this group report.

MATT. And you're the group leader, right?

SARA. Yes.

MATT (*to MERLIN*). She's always the group leader. And she always ends up writing the whole report herself.

MERLIN. Is that true?

SARA. Yeah, well, I can never figure out who should write what. So I just do it all myself. Except this time the Dark Ages seems like an awful lot for one person to handle.

MERLIN. Well, there is no better way to learn about something than to experience it.

MATT. Yeah? What if you wanted to learn about snake bite?

MERLIN (*to SARA*). Let me take you to Arthur. We shall travel there instantly, by magic.

SARA. You can do that? Take me back in time?

MERLIN. With a wave of my staff.

SARA. Well, it would be awfully interesting to see the Dark Ages first-hand...

MATT. Wow, a free trip to England! Hey, I get it...we've won some kind of contest, right?

SARA. Matt, he said he wanted *me* to go.

MATT. If you're going, I'm going.

MERLIN. That was not my plan.

MATT. Now that I'm bigger than Sara, she needs me to protect her.

SARA. Protect me? A minute ago you were fighting me!

MATT. Hey, I'm flexible, I can do both!

SARA. Matt, why don't you just stay here, and listen to your lovely music?

MATT. No. I'm going, too.

SARA (to MERLIN). I'm afraid he's awfully stubborn.

MERLIN. Well, we haven't time to argue. Arthur is waiting.

MATT. Great. Just a sec. (*Fetches a flashlight.*)

SARA. What's that for?

MATT. He said we're going to the Dark Ages.

(MUSIC #4: "MERLIN'S SPELL II")

MERLIN. We're going back a thousand years, to a time before electricity, before cars, before America even, to a time of castles, dragons, and knights. A time of battles, tournaments, fights...(*Sings.*)

FROM THIS MOMENT TO THE PAST

LET THE SPELL AGAIN BE CAST

FIRST IS LAST AND LAST IS PRIME

SWEEP US THROUGH THE WINDS OF TIME

GODS THAT WHISPER, GROWL, AND BUZZ

TAKE US BACK TO WHERE I WAS! (*Blackout.*)

SCENE THREE

SCENE: *Merlin's study.*

AT RISE: *Lights up on MERLIN and SARA. SARA and MATT have gained medieval overgarments, but we don't see MATT, who is in a large trunk. The book of spells has been removed from its pedestal.*

MERLIN. Here we are. Welcome to the Dark Ages, Sara and...Matt? Where's Matthew?

MATT (*knocking in trunk*). Sara? Where is everybody?

MERLIN. Oh, dear. I'm afraid my aim really is off today.

MATT. Ooh, it is dark in the Dark Ages.

(MATT comes out of trunk with flashlight turned on.)

MATT. Where are we?

MERLIN. This is my study, where I teach Arthur and conduct a few modest experiments. I must ask you not to touch anything.

MATT. What's this do? (*Pulls a large lever. We hear a thundering herd, a trumpeting elephant, and perhaps a roar.*)

MERLIN. Matthew, please! Here in my study there are several dangerous...(*MATT pulls lever twice, quickly.*) I said don't touch that lever! Thank you. Now, are you both dry? I always worry when crossing ten centuries and an ocean.

MATT. I'm dry, but I'm wearing a dress.

SARA. Our clothes!

MERLIN. Yes, we can't have people wondering about your strange appearance, so I've covered you up a bit.

MATT. As long as no one looks at my feet, we should be fine. (*He is still wearing brightly-colored high-tops.*)