

(REUBENON RYEBREAD *enters*. He is a large, bearded man with something somewhat like a West Country English accent.)

**RYEBREAD.** Ah, there yeh are, Sally Cotter. Got away from me fer a second, there.

**SALLY.** Oh! I get it! I'm dreaming!

**RYEBREAD.** Seems like a dream, don't it? Yer first day at Frogbull.

**SALLY.** Frogbull? Don't you mean—

**RYEBREAD.** (*Interrupting:*) Frogbull Academy of Sorcery and Sorcerousness.

**SALLY.** So, I'm not really at the school from the books?

*(The CENSOR enters, a grating, artificial seeming man or woman in an impeccable suit.)*

**CENSOR.** No, Sally, I'm sorry, this is Frogbull Academy. You'll find that everything you encounter here will have funny, parody versions of names you know. Because satire is covered by the First Amendment and is completely protected against any claims of copyright infringement.

*(CENSOR gives the audience a smile and a thumbs-up and exits.)*

**SALLY.** Who was that?

**RYEBREAD.** I have no idea.

**SALLY.** So I'm a student here at Frogbull Academy of...

**RYEBREAD.** ...Sorcery and Sorcerocity...

**SALLY.** And you are?

**RYEBREAD.** Surely you haven't forgotten me, Master of Magical Animals and provider of comic relief? Me? Reubenon Ryebread!

**SALLY.** Ryebread? Okay. And who am I again?

**RYEBREAD.** Why, yer only Sally Cotter, the daughter of two of the greatest sorcerers who ever lived!

**SALLY.** But, my parents aren't sorcerers.

**RYEBREAD.** Oh, yeah, about that, I've been meaning ter give yeh this. Letter from the people yeh thought were yer parents.

*(RYEBREAD hands SALLY a letter.)*

**SALLY.** "Thought were my parents"?

*(Reads:)*

"Dear Sally, We never knew how to tell you this, but we're not your real parents. We've just been raising you as our own ever since your real parents were killed by an evil sorcerer. You're secretly a sorceress yourself. Sorry your whole life has been a lie. Good luck at school. Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. Cotter." ...Well, I'd be very

upset about this but I'm pretty sure this is all a dream, so I'm just going to roll with the punches.

**RYEBREAD.** 'At's a girl. You sound just like yer real parents.

**SALLY.** It says here my real parents were killed by an evil sorcerer. Who was he?

**RYEBREAD.** I'd Rather Not Say.

**SALLY.** Well, I think I deserve to know.

**RYEBREAD.** No, that's what we call him – we don't like ter say his name, so we call him "I'd Rather Not Say."

**SALLY.** Come on, Ryebread, you can tell me.

**RYEBREAD.** All right, all right. He called himself...Lord Murder-death.

**SALLY.** Lord Murderdeath?

**RYEBREAD.** Not so loud! Yeah, that's his name. Yeh figure, if yer going ter be a supervillain, yeh might as well go the whole nine yards.

**SALLY.** And he killed my parents?

**RYEBREAD.** Well, he killed a lot o' people, Sal. When you was just a baby, he came pretty close ter taking over the world, till he met you, that is.

**SALLY.** Me? When I was a baby?

**RYEBREAD.** That's right. Nobody knows quite why, but I'd Rather Not Say tried ter kill yeh when you was a wee thing, killed your parents, but something about you made him go poof, and he's never been seen again.

**SALLY.** I'd be shocked if this weren't all so very familiar.

**RYEBREAD.** Well, I'll leave yeh ter meet some o' yer classmates. I've got ter make sure me pet manticore ain't been trying ter eat me pet ogre-bear.