



Preview Script

Lorna Doone

a three act musical

by

Les Emmans

Lorna Doone

by Les Emmans

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This musical is loosely based on the famous novel of the same name by RD Blackmore (1825 – 1900).

Cast

Lorna Doone	- a young country woman, unwillingly betrothed to Carver Doone (<i>Soprano</i>)
John Ridd	- a young farmer (<i>Baritone</i>)
Betty Muxworthy	- a farm servant (<i>Comic Mezzo</i>)
Sarah Ridd	- John's mother (<i>Contralto</i>)
Annie Ridd	- John's sister (<i>Soprano</i>)
Lizzie Ridd	- John's sister (<i>Mezzo</i>)
Ruth Huckaback	- John's cousin (<i>Soprano</i>)
Tom Faggus	- a highwayman (<i>Tenor</i>)
Farmer Snow	- (<i>Non-singing</i>)
Reuben Huckaback	- John's uncle (<i>Baritone</i>)
Jeremy Stickles	- a King's messenger, (<i>Comic Baritone</i>)
Kitch	- a rather shady lawyer (<i>non-singing</i>)
Spank	- the Clerk of the Court (<i>non-singing</i>)
Judge Jeffries	- an infamous High Court judge (<i>Baritone</i>)
Carver Doone	- leader of a band of ne'er-do-well's (<i>Bass</i>)

Music

Prologue

1 – Lorna's Song (Unaccompanied)

Act 1

2 - Recit and Trio (Annie, Mother & Lizzie)

3 - Betty's Grumbling Song

4 - Quintet (Mother, Annie, Lizzie, Betty and John)

5 - I See Your Face in Every Starlit Sky (Ruth)

6 - Wassail (Chorus)

7 - It Doesn't Do To Talk About The Doones, Part 1 (Chorus)

8 - Ben's Grumbling Song

9 - It Doesn't Do To Talk About The Doones, Part 2 (Chorus)

10 - My Name Is Tom Faggus (Tom & Chorus)

11 - Stickles Song (Jeremy Stickles)

12 - John's Recitative and Song

Act 2

13 - Oh Why Are You Here Today (Chorus of Criminals)

14 - Judge's Song (Judge Jeffreys)

15 - Lorna's Song

16 - John and Lorna's Duet

17 - Drinking Song (Carver, Robbers & Doone Chorus)

18 - Carvers's Song

Act 3

19 - Duet "Together" (John & Lorna)

20 - Harvest Song & Dances (John, Tom, Ben, Ruth, Annie, Lizzie & Chorus)

21 - Duet (Tom and Annie)

22 - Betty's Advice Song

23 - I See Your Face in Every Starlit Sky, Reprise (Ruth)

24 - Finale (John, Mother, Lizzie, Ruth & Chorus)

LORNA DOONE

Prologue (Optional)

May be staged front of curtain or on an apron stage. Enter Lorna, strolling slowly and quietly singing to herself, deep in thought.

Music #1 – ‘Lorna's Song’ (Unaccompanied)

Lorna *Love, an' if there be one, come my love to be.
My love is for the one loving unto me.
Not for me the show love of a gild-ed bliss.
Only thou must know, love, what my value is.
If in all the earth love, thou hast none but me,
This shall be my worth ,love, to be true to thee.
But, if so thou ever strivest to be free.
Twill be my endeavour to be dear to thee.
Hence may I ensue, love, all a woman's due.
Comforting my true love with a love as true.*

Lorna John! John Ridd! Is that you? (*John appears*). You startled me!

John I promised I would come to see you again.

Lorna Yes, but now I am constantly watched. Carver's men are close by, and do you know what they would do to us if they found you here with me?

John Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least, (*tenderly*) but they never would beat you.

Lorna No! They would kill us both outright and bury us here by the stream.

John But why should they kill me?

Lorna Because you have found your way into Doone Valley.

John But they would never kill you.

Lorna Be sure they would kill us both in an instant. Now, please go.

John (*undeterred* But I tell you Lorna, I like you very much indeed. Nearly as much as sister Annie, and a great deal more than sister Lizzie! I never saw anyone like you ... (*He is interrupted by the sounds of approaching voices singing "Lift aloft your tankards"*).

Lorna Hush! (*She listens*) You must leave. They are bound to see us when they cross the stream .

John Come away with me Lorna. Come away to Plover's Barrow's Farm. You will be safe there, and my mother will care for you.

Lorna No John, I cannot. Now go! Go! The men will be here in an instant. See (*pointing*), over there is a niche in yonder cliff. It leads to safety. (*The voices get louder*). Now in heaven's name John, hurry!

John reluctantly leaves, and Lorna settles down on a grassy tuft and pretends to be sleeping.

Robber 1 (*Calling from off stage*) Queen! Queen! (*He enters, carrying a heavy casket, which he sets down wearily. He sees Lorna*). Here our queen is, fast asleep by God. (*A second robber appears clumsily pushing a woman in front of him*). Ah, there you are brother, and I see you have collected comfort for your bed tonight.

Robber 2 Aye, (*seeing the casket*) and I see you too have a fine treasure, by the looks of it.

They both laugh heartily, "waking" Lorna.

Robber 1 (*Seeing that Lorna is now awake*) Come child, its getting late and Carver will be looking for you. (*He gestures that she should leave*).

Robber 2 (*Nudging his comrade in the ribs*) And its back to the bottle for us!

They both laugh heartily and join in with the distant sounds of "Lift aloft..." as they leave, dragging the woman and followed obediently by Lorna.)

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT 1

Scene 1

The parlour at Plovers Barrows Farm. At USL there is a door from the kitchen with a blazing fire in a fireplace beside it. USR there is a window with an outside door to the side of it. In front of the window is a table laid with food - a "buffet" for guests due to arrive to celebrate the New Year. Lizzie and Annie are cutting and buttering bread at the table. Mother enters carrying a dish of food, which she places on the table. Annie is looking out of the window.

Music #2 - Recit and Trio

Annie *Grey mist lies like a blanket on the moor.*

Mother *On a night such as this your father lost his life.
Murdered by those dreadful Doones!
Now many years have passed since that day of terror,
And sweeter mem'ries crowd my thoughts.*

*Do you remember the days of your child-hood,
The days when your father was close to our hearts?
Do you remember the gifts which he gave us?
Oh sad was the day when we had to part.*

Annie } *Yes we remember when we were young children.*
Lizzie } *Rings for our fingers and lace for our clothes.
Bright silken ribbons to bind up our tresses.
All these fond mem'ries are stored in our hearts.*

Mother *Torn from our sides by such treacherous vil-lains,
A man of great valour, so strong and so true.
And I pray to the Lord that his killers may perish.
Oh do you remember how well he loved you?*

Annie *Yes we remember he carried us high*
Lizzie *On shoulders so broad, he was tall as a tree.
He joined in our games, we remember his laughter.
And he read us such tales as we sat at his knee.*

*Yes we remember the days of our childhood.
The days when our father was close to our hearts.
Yes we remember the gifts which he gave us.*

All *Oh sad was the day when we had to part.*

Enter Betty, carrying a pile of plates which she places with a clatter on the table

Mother *Ah! There you are Betty. Busy yourself, for our guests will soon be here. (Betty looks up to heaven with exasperation). Come girls, we'll fetch the cider and ale.*

Exit Mother, Annie and Lizzie.

Music #3 - Betty's Grumbling Song

Betty *I works all the day and half the night too,
And there's never a moment to spare.
I dusts sweeps and scrubs, polish washes and I rubs,
And it seems that they don't care.
Betty go see to they pigs,
And the chickens need a feeding.*

*And be there a grumble from me?
No! There be never a grumble from me!*

*I washes the curtains and maks up the beds,
And it seems that my old back will break.
I maks barley bread, see the geese are all fed,*

*Churn the butter 'till my old arms ache.
 Betty thars necks to be wrung,
 And the mutton needs a-hanging.*

*And be there a grumble from me?
 No! There be never a grumble from me!*

*I tidies their rooms, and cleans out the dairy,
 And me face hurts with standing all day.
 I helps mak their clothes, weeds the garden and I hoes,
 Come the harvest I helps turn the hay.
 Betty there's eggs to be fetched,
 And the clothes to be lathered.*

*And be there a grumble from me?
 No! There be never a grumble from me!*

*I stirs and I mixes, I kneads and I sieves,
 And me face burns with heat from the stove.
 Betty kindle the fire, put fresh hay in the byre,
 And oh Betty, why are you so sour?
 Betty there's pots to be cleaned,
 And they tatties need a-peeling.*

*And be there a grumble from me?
 No! There be never a grumble from me!*

Enter John. He hangs up his coat and hat.

John Greetings, dear Betty. What a dreadful day to be out on the moor. *(He sniffs at the food on the table appreciatively and steals a morsel. Betty pokes him playfully with her brush).* Now less of that, Betty!

Betty Why you great cider press, here's a rare get up.

John A rare good dinner you mean, and I have a rare good appetite!

Betty Well, Mr Cider Press, you'll have to wait a bit longer. He bain't come.

John You mean that Uncle Ben hasn't arrived yet?

Betty No. I reckon they Doones have got him.

Enter Mother, Annie and Lizzie hurriedly, closely followed by Ruth.

Mother I'm so glad you're home at last John. There is something sadly amiss.

John Why Mother, what is the matter?

Mother I only hope its nothing to grieve about, but what would you say if the people out there have got your Uncle Ben ... horse, Sunday coat and all?

John Why, Mother, I should be sorry for them. *(Laughing).* He would set up shop by the riverside and come away with all their money!

Mother Is that all you have to say, with the dinner done to a turn and everyone due to arrive. Little Ruth here is worried sick about her grandfather. *(Annoyed).* How can you forget what those dreadful Doones did to your poor Father?

John *(Chastened)* Oh Mother, I can never forget what happened.

Music #4 - Quintet *(Mother, Annie, Lizzie, Betty and John)*

Mother *Your poor, poor father.*

Annie *And he so happy returning home with his friends.*

John *Murdered by those heartless Doones.*

Lizzie *A cruel unequal fight.*

Betty *Ah!, but three of they evil heads he cracked afore he fell.*

Lizzie *Yes, and with John by his side he would have despatched those Doones to hell!*

Annie *How I wish with all my heart that dear father was with us now.*

Mother *So tall and strong was he, and fair of face.
 Oh my children. I see him again in your dear faces each passing hour.
 Well I remember the best gifts of all,*

*They were you my dear daughters so sweet and so fair.
And my son like his father, bright jewel of my heart.
Yes the best gifts of all, so precious and rare.*

All *It is good to remember the days past and gone.
May the mem'ries be sweet and the bitterness fade.
We must try to forget the sadness and sorrow.
Leave the rest to the Lord to whom all dues are paid.*

John Don't worry Mother, nor you Ruth. Uncle Ben will have been delayed by the fog, but I will go and look for him. Set your minds at rest.

Mother I'm sorry John, but we are really worried.

John puts on his hat and coat and prepares to depart.

Annie We'll come to the farm gate with you.

Lizzie Perhaps we shall hear him coming.

The women pull on shawls and exit with John. Ruth looks anxiously towards the door as it closes.

Ruth Dear Father in heaven, take care of my beloved John and bring him safely home. I love him deeply, yet he seems to know nothing of my existence.

Music #5 – 'I See Your Face in Every Starlit Sky'

Ruth *I see your face in ev'ry starlit sky.
In warm glowing embers I seek your gentle smile.
I run with fleeting feet across the cobbled streets,
With the eager hope that you'll stop and talk awhile,
And yet you see me not.*

*I call your name down the whistling wind.
Sounds tossed round the sky like a fluttering bird.
I pray it will fly over moorland and stream
With the mes-sage of my love in one single word,
And yet you hear me not.*

*In restless dreams I reach out beseeching arms.
Your dear face appears, then fades like morning mist.
The strength and comfort of your arms a warm breath away.
And I yearn for the bitter sweet joy of your kiss,
And yet you touch me not.*

*I cannot speak of my loving lonely heart.
My melancholy thoughts like dying flowers I'll tend.
Soft falling tears like autumn rain reflect my pain.
My life has no beginning nor yet an end,
Because you need me not.*

The door bursts open and Mother and daughters enter with cousin Tom Faggus who has his arms round the girls.

Mother *(To Ruth)* We were not long at the farm gate when who should come galloping through the fog but your uncle Tom Faggus come to pay his respects.

Tom Greeting, my dear little niece. *(He embraces her fondly).*

Mother Come, Annie, Lizzie, make your cousin Tom comfortable.

They lead him to a chair beside the fire. Annie kneels at his feet and starts to pull off his boots. Lizzie stands at his shoulder.

Lizzie I'll fetch you a glass of ale.

Tom Thank you, Lizzie. *(She brings him a glass which he accepts).*

Mother *(To Tom, acidly)* I sincerely hope you have found a new career with which to occupy your time, and put far behind you your last one, which we shall not mention.

Annie Mother!

Tom *(In a bantering tone)* Now Aunt Sarah, you aren't being entirely fair to me. In the past, as a 'gentleman of the road', it was possible for me to help the less fortunate. A question of the re-

distribution of assets! (*Seriously*). There are far too many unworthy noblemen among us. These so-called gentry, by cheating and conniving, stole my land ...

Annie (*Interrupting*) ...and your livelihood.

Tom Yes, and my livelihood, and forced me into a career in which I could take the necessary revenge.

Mother Career indeed!

Tom I'm proud to say there's many a young yeoman farmer and small shopkeeper prospering now because of a little help from me. I've become something of a philanthropist. The fact is, Aunt Sarah, I'm thinking of settling down.

Mother Settling down! You'll be taking up the cloth next!

Tom Don't scoff. With a goodly pretty wife by my side, (*he chucks Annie under the chin at which she looks pleased*) I can see myself as a most worthy parson. (*Laughter all round*). Now sweet Annie ...

Annie Yes, your reverence?

Tom You've always been the apple of my eye. Tell me all your pretty thoughts.

Mother (*Fiercely*) Less of the "sweet Annie", Tom Faggus. Until I see you settled and law-abiding, I want no "pretty thoughts" aired in this house!

There are sounds of Wassailers in the distance. Mother goes to the door and eventually local farmers and their families enter carrying lanterns and holly boughs etc.

Music #6 – 'Wassail'

Chorus *Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green.
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail too.
And God bless you,
And send you a happy New Year.
May God send you a happy New Year.*

*God bless the master of this house
Like-wise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy come to you
And to you your wassail too.*

*And God bless you,
And send you a happy New Year.
May God send you a happy New Year.*

Mother It sounds as if the whole parish of Oare has come to wassail us. (*To Annie and Lizzie*). Come girls, and you too Betty! Fill their glasses. They must be thirsty with all that singing. (*To Farmer Snow his daughter Sally, and the others*). Good afternoon, Master Snow, Sally, and all you dear friends. Come, eat, drink and make yourselves comfortable. (*They all settle down with drinks and food from the table, exchanging conversations etc*).

Tom And where is young Jack? It's some time since I saw him.

Annie He's gone to search for Uncle Ben who is visiting us for the New Year.

Mother We hope he'll soon be back. Ruth here is worried sick about her grandfather.

Lizzie John thinks that Uncle Ben may have lost his way in the fog.

Farmer Snow I hope they Doones don't have him. We hoped we would have some peace and quiet after their Christmas revels, but I've heard tell they've been at their evil doings again. It bain't safe to be out on the moors alone.

Lizzie It will be a great day for the parish of Oare, when somebody does something about the Doones.

Farmer Snow Hush! It doesn't do to talk like that about the Doones.

Music #7 – 'It Doesn't Do To Talk About The Doones' (Part 1)

Chorus *Look a-round. Be wary,
When discussing their affairs.
Be careful when you speak of them,
Or they'll catch you unawares.
It isn't safe to wander far upon the open moor.
And when you reach your home at last,
Make sure you bolt the door.*

*Hush now! The blood runs cold.
We thought we heard a sound.
'Twas nothing but the night owls call
Which made our faint hearts pound.
For it doesn't do to talk about the Doones.
No, it doesn't do to talk about the Doones.*

There is a commotion outside. The door is thrown open and Ben enters. He is in a terrible state, groaning and leaning heavily on John's shoulder.

Mother *(Fussing)* Oh Ben, what on earth has befallen you?

Ruth *(Rushing to her grandfather's side and helping to support him)* Are you all right grandfather? *(He groans even more)*

Mother Betty, fetch a chair for him.

Betty gets a chair and places it DS. John and Ruth sit him down on it. All gather round him.

Ruth What has befallen you, Grandfather dear?

Ben *(Still moaning and rubbing his side)* The Doones have robbed me, taken my pony and tied me to a wild horse. For hours they made sport of me, chasing me through the fog.

Suppressed sniggers from some.

Mother *(Coming to comfort him)* Thank God that you are safe now.

Annie But how did you escape them, Uncle Ben?

Ben Only when they became hungry did they tire of their cruel game.

Annie Then John found you.

Ben And for this I shall be eternally grateful. Yes, and he shall marry Ruth and have my little savings, though they be very little, with much gone today with those rascal robbers. *(Ruth looks embarrassed. He moans again).* Three score years and five have I lived an honest and laborious life. Yet never was I robbed before, and now to be robbed in my old age ...

Mother Dear Ben, you should be thankful that this is the first time you have been robbed, and even more thankful that you have been spared.

Ben *(Not mollified)* It's a scandal, and a disgrace to this parish of Oare. It's a scandal of all England!

Farmer Snow Yes Ben, we know its a disgrace, but ...

Ben *(Interrupting angrily)* ... There's you, Farmer Snow, a churchwarden, and all you others. You're nothing but a bunch of bumkins and clodhoppers ... and you too Jack. *(Very angry)* Maybe I'll leave you nothing but my boots to grease! *(He rises angrily from his seat and stomps about as he sings).*

Music # 8 – 'Ben's Grumbling Song'

Ben *How could they demean a man of my station?
Don't I own the best shop in town?
Tied to a nag like an empty bag.
I'm well-known and respected by peasant and by peer.
My good name is revered by all.
My person misused,
So sorely abused
By a band of criminals and petty thieves
Who hold this fair land in a vicelike grip.
I'm so disgraced. My pride debased.
I've never been known in my business to cheat.
Yes, the good Lord himself would agree.*

*More than three score years without any fears.
 And now at the age of sixty-five
 I'm subjected to violence and threats.
 The time has come to stand, not run.
 Where is your courage you brave men and true?
 You're Englishmen, just think of that!
 Oh where were you?
 This day you will rue.
 You should be a-shamed of your lack of valour.
 Go and creep to your homes faint hearts.
 I'm so outraged. Outright war must be waged.
 Dam it, I'll do it myself.
 You snivelling knaves.
 I'll show you the way to succeed.
 Yes, I'll show you the way to succeed.*

Mother Come Ben, nothing is easier than sharp words - except to wish them unspoken.
John What would you have us do to satisfy the loss of your goods?
Ben I care not for my goods. What I demand is the punishment of those scoundrels.
Farmer Snow Hush man, hush. We be too near Badgery Wood to speak like that of they Doones.

Music #9 – ‘It Doesn't Do To Talk About The Doones’ (Part 2)

Chorus *Don't criticise too freely.
 Glance discreetly round the room.
 You never know when they're around,
 Dispensing fright and gloom.
 Such tales are told with breathless awe,
 The chills run up your spine,
 Of murder theft and nameless deeds of cruel and senseless crime.*

*Listen.
 Our need is dire.
 Will someone heed our plight.
 And drive forever from our land this scourge and evil blight.
 For it doesn't do to talk about the Doones.
 No, it doesn't do to talk about the Doones.*

Ben I can see that none of you is serious about getting rid of the Doones. So there's but one thing to do. I shall pay a visit to The Baron de Whichalse, our Justiciary of the King's Peace, and ask for a warrant against the Doones. If I receive no help from him, then I shall go to the King himself (*general astonishment*) ... or a man who is even greater than the King, the Lord Chief Justice himself, Judge Jeffreys! (*More gasps*).
John And where are you likely to see him, Sir?
Ben Oh I will have you go in the Spring John, as my business prevents me from going myself. (He looks pleased with himself at last, whilst John looks shaken). Lizzie dear, would you pass me a draught of ale. (He looks round at the company and spots Tom). Ah, Tom Faggus, our ‘Gentleman of the Road’!
Tom Greetings Ben. I'm glad to see you safe ... (*Lizzie hands Ben the ale, which he sips contentedly*) ... and more comfortable after your ordeal.
Ben I've led a very quiet life myself, though greatly successful. I could never fancy the life of a highwayman, yet I suppose it makes for interesting talk. (*He takes a few more sips*). Now Tom, if you will be so kind, I would like to hear about some of your rather notorious adventures.
Lizzie Yes Tom, tell us some of your tales of adventure.
Annie Yes Tom, please.

Music #10 - ‘My Name Is Tom Faggus’

Chorus *Here we come a wassailing among the leaves so green
 Here we come a-wand'ring so fair to be seen.
 Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too.*

*And God bless you and send you a happy New Year.
May God send you a happy New Year.*

Tom *My name is Tom Faggus I'm back in town,
The tales of my exploits are full of renown.
I tell you a fact of which most are aware,
There are only you rich blades who need to take care !

They talk of my humour, I joke and I jest .
With-out undue modesty, one of the best .
I ride through the land on my strawberry mare .
You all must admit, we're a very fine pair .

Don't believe all you hear, I'm no knave or a rogue .
The highwayman's life is now quite the vogue .
I'm known as a man of distinction and flare .
A fellow of style, and a great raconteur .*

Chorus *Here we come a wassailing among the leaves so green
Here we come a-wand'ring so fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too.
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year.
May God send you a happy New Year.*

Tom *I rob from the rich and I give to the poor .
To those who have less from those who have more .
The ladies all love me, they swoon in my arms .
And gladly deposit their jewels in my palms .*

Chorus *Sing was-sail.*

Tom *Now all you fine fellows come shake my hand .
And drink a good toast to the high-way-man band .
Come all you young ladies and give me a kiss .
And think of the fun that your sisters have missed .*

Chorus *Here we come a wassailing among the leaves so green
Here we come a-wand'ring so fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you, and to you your wassail too.
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year.
May God send you a happy New Year.*

Scene 2

The kitchen of the farmhouse. Mother, Lizzie, Annie, John and Betty have just finished eating. Betty is busying herself.

Mother John, I despair. Why is it that you eat so little? For the most part your appetite is so stout.

John Yes, mother, but today I have no appetite ...

Mother I know not how I'll tempt you.

Lizzie Send for Nicholas Snow and his three daughters. We can have ale and cake in the parlour.

John No, Lizzie. That won't do at all.

Mother Maybe I should send for the druggist from Porlock.

Annie Shall I ask Lizzie to sing for you? She sings so sweetly.

John shakes his head.

Mother By the good Lord, I know not what ails thee. *(She sighs.)*

Betty Latt him alone, I zay. Mack zuch ado about un, wi' hog's puddens, an' hock-bits and lambs-mate an' whaten bread indade, and brewer's ale avore dinnertime and her not to zit wi' no winder orpen - drive me mad e doo the lot of ee, zuch a passel of vools. Do 'un good to starve a bit, an' tak zom on's wackedness out of un. I could tell ee zummat about un if I wanted. Ther be things I zeed an' haird which makes me think ee be zick in the head ... ah, but I will hold my tongue to it ... I know what boys and maidens be, I misell been o' that zort one taim e every bit as well as 'e be.

Exit Betty. Knock at door. John opens, to find Jeremy Stickles.

Stickles This is Plovers Barrows Farm? God only knows how tired I be. (*Steps inside past John*). Is there anywhere in this cursed county a cursed place called Plovers Barrows Farm? For the last twenty mile at least they told me, (*mimics cruelly*) “Twere only half a mile further on ... only just roun’ the corner”. Now tell me that, and I fain would thwack thee, if thou were not thrice my size. (*Stickles flourishes parchment, and cries out*). Service of the King, Service of our Lord and King! Come hither, thou great yokel, at risk of fine and imprisonment!

Mother weeps and wrings her hands. Her daughters cling to her.)

John (*Drawing himself up to his full height*) Sir, you shall not have the trouble. This is Plovers Barrows Farm, and you are kindly welcome. Sheeps kidneys are for supper, and the ale got right from the tapping. But why do you think so ill of us? We like not to be cursed so.

Stickles (*Jovially*) Nay, I think no ill, (*strokes chin*) and sheep's kidneys are good, uncommon good if they do them without burning. But I be so galled in the saddle ... ten days, and never a comely meal of it. And when they hear “King’s Service” cried, they give me the worst of everything. (*He sinks down into a chair at the table*). All the way down from London I had a rogue of a fellow in front of me, eating the fat of the land before me, and everyone bowing down to him. He could go three miles to my one, though he never changed his horse. He might have robbed me at any minute, if I had been worth the trouble. A red mare he rode, and strong in loin. Tom Faggus they called him, and I shall live to see him hanged. (*Mother and daughters gasp, and renew sobbing. Stickles turns to them*). Good ladies, do not weep, there is nothing to fear.

John (*Attempting to change the subject*) Annie, have down the cut ham, and cut a few rashers of hung deer's meat. Lizzie, fetch the hops out of the tap with the skewer, that it may run more sparkling.

The women make themselves busy preparing food and drink for Stickles.

Stickles I have fallen among such good folk. All this shall go in your favour greatly, when I make my deposition. At least, if my supper be as good in the eating as in the hearing. You are John Ridd, methinks? (*John nods. He rises and touches John with a parchment, tied and sealed*). In the name of The King, His Majesty Charles the Second, these presents. (*John takes the parchment, breaks the ties and seals, and opens it. He hesitates*). Read my son, read, thou great fool, if indeed thou canst read. There be nothing to kill thee, boy, and my supper will be spoiling. Stare not so, thou fool, thou art big enough to eat me. Read, read, read.

John But if you please, sir, who are you?

Stickles Jeremy Stickles is my name, lad, nothing more than a poor apparitor of the worshipful Court of the King's Bench ... (*impatently*), and at the moment, a starving one, and no supper for me unless thou wilt read!

John (*Reading from the document*) “To our good subject John Ridd, by these presents, greetings. These are to require thee, in the name of our Lord the King, to appear in person before the Right Worshipful the Justices of His Majesty's Bench at Westminster, laying aside all thine own business, and there to deliver such evidence as is within thy cognisance, touching certain matters whereby the peace of our said Lord the King, and the well-being of this realm is, are, or otherwise may be impeached, impugned, imperilled, or otherwise detrimented, as witness these presents.

John looks very uneasy.

Stickles My son, be not afraid, we are not going to skin thee. I think you know for your summons. It concerns a certain band of robbers.

Women The Doones!

Stickles Yes, tell all the truth and you will come out of this unharmed, if I find my victuals good, and no delay in serving them!

Music # 11 - Stickle’s Song

Stickles I'm trying my best to keep calm,
Though faced with a dithering yokel.
I sincerely feel that its time that I ate,
So I'm finding it hard to communicate.

I have but one thought going round in my head,
A gallon of beer and a fricassee of sweet-bread.

*A dish of green peas, a portion of cheese,
Some collops of deer and a belly full of mutton.*

*My nose has developed to quite a degree,
It informs me of food I'm unable to see.
The fragrance of beef a-la-braise
Is quite enough to effect a gourmet's daze.
Codlin tart rich with cream.
Just think of that, such a dream.
I enjoy variety in matters dietary.
I've had countless good meals of simple stewed eels,
And I find a jugged hare has a flavour quite rare.
For puddings most fair I really care.
You should try apple tansy,
It will surely take your fancy.
Should you wonder why I sigh,
I dream of gooseberry pie.
Syllabub and cream, strawberry tart and custard,
Pasties, biscuits, gingerbread, macaroons.
Oh Lord! I feel quite faint
A palpatoon of pigeons, a partridge or a quail,
Washed down with fine madeira, or a gallon of good ale
Is the finest meal that you could serve a starving English male!*

*During the following dialogue the women take food and drink out of the kitchen to lay a meal for Stickles in the parlour.
John is obviously agitated and anxious to delay Stickles so that he can visit Doone Valley to warn Lorna.*

- John** Now, Master Stickles, when must we depart? Your horse must be greatly foundered, sir, and will hardly be fit for the road.
- Stickles** That will be as God pleases, and the horse that suffers will not be thine.
- John** But I wish to know when we must start upon our long travel to London Town. I perceive it to be a matter of great despatch and urgency.
- Stickles** To be sure, it is, my son, but I saw a yearling turkey. Him I mean with the hop in his walk, who would roast well tomorrow. Thy mother must prepare him - it is no more than reasonable. Then on Friday morning, with the Grace of God, we will set our faces to the road upon His Majesty's business.
- John** Nay, but good sir, if His Majesty's business will keep 'till Friday, may it not keep until Monday? We have a litter of sucking pigs, excellently choice and white, six weeks old come Friday, and there be too many for the sow ...
- Stickles** *(Licking his lips)* My son Jack, God forbid that I should be so unthoughtful as to hurry away. Now I think of it, Friday is not a good day upon which pious people love to commence an enterprise. I will choose the pig tomorrow, and we will gird our loins, and set forth early on Saturday.

John looks disconsolate at his failure to delay Stickles. Enter Mother.

- Mother** The table is laid ready for you in the parlour, Master Stickles.
- Stickles** *(To John as he exits to the parlour with Mother)* Ah, the delightful aroma of your Mother's cooking sets my mouth watering.

John, alone and agitated, stands front centre stage.

Music # 12a - John's Recitative

John *How can I leave at such a time?
And for how long I know not.
And on Sunday I was to have seen my beloved a-gain.
But my mission concerns the Doones.
And she, sweet Lorna, is one of them.
But pure, unsullied as a primrose.
So cruelly snatched as a tender child from her loved ones.
Kept prisoner in their valley these many years.
Now she is a woman grown. Sweet and virtuous.*

*The most beautiful flower I have ever seen.
They call her "Queen", and would make her the wife of the vile Carver Doone.
Oh God in heav'n, I pray that I may save her.
She is my joy, my love, my life.
Without her I cannot eat, breathe or live.
How will my dearest know why I am not there to greet her in our secret place,
And hold her in my arms.
Oh cruel fate, your blow strikes to the very heart of me.*

Music # 12b - John's Song

John *Lorna Doone, my heart is breaking, Lorna Doone.
My arms are aching just to hold you so close to my heart.

Only in my dreaming heart have I held you in my arms.
For sadly it seems, I may never praise your charms, but I shall not forget you.
Our song shall be sung. I'll hear it in the pale moonlight,
And through the dark and endless night,
Through summer days I'll softly sing in homage to your grace.

Lorna Doone, my heart is breaking Lorna Doone,
My arms are aching just to hold you so close to my heart.

The sighing winds of winter shall hymn the glories of your face.
No, I shall not forget you, for in each new and breathless dawn
My love again shall be reborn, and when I see the primrose bloom,
I'll softly whisper "Lorna Doone".

Lorna Doone, my heart is breaking Lorna Doone.
My arms are aching just to hold you so close to my heart.*

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

Scene 1

The Court of the King's Bench. A mixed bunch of criminals are awaiting trial.

Music # 13 – “Oh Why Are You Here Today”

Chorus *Oh why are you here today?
Yes, tell us the nature of your crime.*

P'titute 1&2 *It's no concern of yours.
We have no doubt good reason,
Or even a special cause.
But it's no concern of yours.*

Old Lag 1 *My error was but a misunderstanding.*

Old Lag 2 *And mine, most certainly not worth a hanging,
No, never worth a hanging.*

All *Then why are you here to-day?
Yes, tell us the nature of your crime.*

Housewife *It's the pillory for me.
They caught me stealing in the market square.
Just a capon and a bob-tailed hare.
Offensive though the eggs may be,*

*I much prefers the pillory
Than the dock in judge Jeffrey's Court.*

All *Amen say we to that!*

Clergyman *My fate is truly sealed.
I am a non-comformist.
Accused of desperate plots.
Associate of malcontents and similar despots.
God save me from that dreadful judge.*

All *Amen say we to that.*

O/Lags 3&4 *We are second time offenders.
Our fate we know too well.
We hear within our beating hearts a tolling fun'ral bell.
Lord have mercy on our souls.
We'll err no more on Satan's side.
We'll walk the straight and narrow way if we live to see another day.*

All *Amen say we to that.*

Women *All of our faces are pure and innocent.
Surely not one of us is evil or decadent?*

Clergyman *Come, come, you know right well why we're here today.*

O/Lags 3&4 *And we know who we'll see today.*

Flasher [Opening his coat at the prostitutes, who scream out] *Just think on that, just think on that!*

Women *We pray for lenience and understanding.*

Men *Each of our cases needs careful handling.*

Women *Tales of his Lordship fill us with fear.*

Men *Sadly we believe all the things which we hear.*

All *We must prepare ourselves for anguish and despair,
For the hanging Judge just doesn't care.
To stand before Jeffreys that terrible man is the fate of each one of us here.
To sample his justice, suffer his wit, yes that's why we here today.*

Kitch *(Touching Ridd on the arm and leading him to a quiet corner)* Now Sir, how is your dear mother?
John *(Surprised)* Worshipful sir, it is two months since I have seen her. Would to God that I knew how she is faring now, and how the business of the farm goes!
Kitch *(With a low bow)* Sir, I respect and admire you. Few young court gallants of our time are so reverent and dutiful.
John I am no court gallant sir, I am John Ridd, only a poor farmer's son and learning how to farm a little.
Kitch Enough John, quite enough. I can read it in thy countenance. Honesty is written there and courage and simplicity. But I fear that in this town of London, thou art apt to be taken in by people of no principle. Ah me! Ah me! The world is bad and I am too old to improve it.
John I thank you most heartily sir for your kindly interest in me. But I keep thinking of how the corn must be ripe, and how I am needed most at this season of the year. I have also been compelled to keep myself for the last two months, and in spite of the fact that I have a most urgent desire to return home, I am bound over here these last eight weeks, being under a thing called 'recognisance'.
Kitch *(Greatly indignant)* What! Good God! In what country do we live? Under what laws are we governed? No case before the court whatever. No primary deposition, so far as we are furnished; not even a King's writ issued, and here we have a fine young man dragged from his home and adoring mother during the height of the agricultural season, at his own cost and charges! This is not only illegal, sir, but unconstitutional!

John I had not told you, worthy sir, if I could have thought that your sense of right would be moved so painfully. But now I must beg to leave you, sir. I beg you, worshipful sir to accept ...

Kitch *(Quickly reaches for John's hand)* Nay, nay, my son. Not so, not so ...

John *(Interrupting him)* ... to accept, kind sir, my very best thanks and most respectful remembrances. *(He turns away from Kitch).*

Kitch *(Coldly)* Young man, being a member of the bar, I usually charge a fee for my business time. This fee is at my own discretion, albeit an honorarium. For the honour of the profession, I ought to charge thee at least five guineas, although I would have accepted one, offered with good will and delicacy. Now I will enter it 'two' my son, and half-a-crown for my clerk's fee. *(He draws forth from his bag a book with 'Fee Book' written on it).*

John But sir, good sir, I knew not that I was to pay learned sir. I never thought of it in that way. I thought that you listened from kindness and compassion, gratis!

Kitch Either thou art a very deep knave, or the greatest of all greenhorns. Well, I suppose I must let thee off for one guinea, a bad business, *(he shakes his head)*, a shocking business.

John *(Moved at last to anger)* This money shall be paid if due. You have advised me that the Court is liable for my expenses. If this is so, come with me now to Lord Jeffreys and receive from him the two guineas. *(He clutches Kitch tightly by the collar, lifting him off the ground. Much raucous laughter in court).*

Kitch *(Choking)* In the name of God, let me go.

John Nay, nay, I cannot let thee go unpaid, sir. Right is right, and thou shall have it.

Kitch Ruin is what I shall have boy if you drag me before that devil. He will strike me from the bar at once. Here lad, good lad, take these two guineas. Thou hast despoiled the spoiler. Never again will I trust mine eyes for knowledge of a greenhorn. *(He slaps two guineas into John's hand).* For God's sake let me go, boy.

John laughs with great amusement as he releases Kitch, who scuttles away in great haste. Spank, the Clerk of the Court enters, sits at his desk and looks through his papers. Looking up, he sees John.

Spank Are you John Ridd, come to see the Lord Chief Justice?

John Yes, Sir.

Spank *(Sternly)* Is it your deliberate desire to be brought into the presence of the Lord Chief Justice?

John Surely, Sir, it is indeed.

Spank *(Confidentially)* Now if my Lord cross-questions you, tell him the truth at once, for he will have it out of you, and mind, he loves not to be contradicted, neither can he bear a hang-dog look, and never make him speak twice.

John Thank you, Sir.

Usher *(Banging his staff to gain silence)* Be upstanding for His Majesty's Lord Chief Justice.

Enter Judge Jeffreys.

Music #14 - Judge's Song

Jeffreys *Rise to your feet! Rise to your feet!
To your Lord Chief Justice due deference you must pay,
And listen with great attention to each word I'm inclined to say.
I always conduct my cases with strict impartiality.
I have no human weakness which will in any way allow you to escape
The harsh reality of justice firmly meted.
Depending on the nature and the gravity of your crime,
I may well be satisfied with a fairly generous fine.
Or shall I phrase this in a neat and subtle way?
I may deem it necessary to rearrange your vertebrae, your vertebrae.*

*I note with satisfaction that you HANG on my ev'ry word.
I must allow with modest pride that's the finest pun I've ever heard.
I reluctantly admit that I'm in a mellow mood.
All you miscreants and felons, I'll make it easier by far for you.
One good swing of the axe, instead of the usual two! [A shout]
Did I hear a murmur of dissent?
Ah! You expect me to weaken and relent. [Another shout]
Did I hear someone whisper an atrocity?*

*Come gentlemen pray calm yourselves, or you'll risk my animosity.
Don't concern yourselves with legal terms, and confusing judicial jargon.
All you need to do is to fall down on your knees,
And beg me to grant you a pardon. [Groans all round]*

(Spank approaches Judge Jeffreys and whispers respectfully.

Jeffreys What! King's Business - clear the Court.

Spank speaks to the Usher.

Usher Clear the Court for His Majesty's Business.

The Court is cleared except for John Ridd, who is brought forward.

Jeffreys *(Gazing fiercely at John Ridd)* How now countryman, who are you?

John *(Loudly)* May it please Your Worship, I am John Ridd of Oare parish in the County of Somerset, brought to London by a special messenger, whose name is Jeremy Stickles, and called upon to give evidence in a matter known to me, touching the Peace of Our Lord the King, and the well-being of his subjects. I have seen the King three times, but he has said nothing, and I have been to the Hall of Westminster expecting to be called, yet no-one has called me and now I desire to ask Your Worship whether I may go home again.

Jeffreys Well done, John, I vow you have never made such a long speech before. I remember the matter well, and I will attend to it myself. I grieve for His Majesty's exchequer for keeping you for two months or more.

John Nay, My Lord, my mother has been keeping me. Not a groat have I received.

Jeffreys *(Roaring)* Spank! Is this so?

Spank *(Whimpering)* My Lord, the thing has been overlooked.

Jeffreys I will overlook your head foul Spank, on a spike from Temple Bar, if ever I hear of the like again. Vile varlet, you have taken the money yourself. *(Spank blusters)*. Answer me not or I will have you on a hurdle. John Ridd, you have been shamefully used. Answer me not boy, not a word, but go to Master Spank later and let me know how he behaves to you. Did you say His Majesty has seen you?

John Yes, my Lord, twice, or even three times, and he made some jest concerning me.

Jeffreys A very bad one, I doubt not. His humour is not as dainty as mine, but apt to be coarse and unmannerly. Now, John, or Jack, by the look of you.

John Yes, your worship, its 'Jack' when I am with old Molly and Betty Muxworthy.

Jeffreys Peace, you forward varlet. There is a deal too much of you, We shall have to try short commons with you, and you are a very long commons. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *(Spank dutifully joins in the laughter. John looks blank)*. Is the joke beyond your great thick head, Jack?

John Not so, my Lord. I have been to school, and had very bad jokes made about me.

Jeffreys Ha, ha! It has hit you hard, and faith it would be hard to miss you, even with a harpoon. *(More guffaws)*. You shall have double expenses Jack, for the wit you have provoked in me.

John "Heavy goods lack heavy payment", is a proverb down our way, my Lord.

Jeffreys Oh! I hurt you Jack. The harpoon does not tickle you. Now, Jack whale, having hauled you hard, we will proceed to examine you.

John I am ready to answer my Lord, if you ask me nothing beyond my knowledge and honour.

Jeffreys You'd better answer me everything, lump. Now there is in your neighbourhood a certain nest of robbers, miscreants, and outlaws whom all men fear to handle?

John Yes, My Lord. At least, some of them are robbers, and all of them are outlaws.

Jeffreys And what is your High Sheriff doing that he doesn't hang them all, or at least send them up for me to hang?

John I reckon that he is afraid, My Lord. It is not safe to meddle with them, they are of good birth and reckless, and their place is very strong.

Jeffreys Good birth! It is the surest way to the block, to be the chip off an old one. *(Guffaws)*. What is the name of this pestilent race, and how many of them are there?

John They are the Doones of Bagworthy Forest, may it please Your Worship. And we reckon there are about forty of them.

Jeffreys Forty Doones, all forty thieves! Thunder of God. How long have they been there?

John They have been there thirty years My Lord, longer than I can remember.

Jeffreys Ay, long before you were born John. Good. You speak plainly. Woe betide a liar when I get hold of him! You need me on the Western Circuit, by God, and you shall have me when the London traitors are spun and swung. You know a family called De Whichehalse being near to you John?

John Yes my Lord, there is, Baron de Whichehalse of Ley Manor.

Jeffreys Baron, ha! Of the exchequer, eh lad? He takes dues instead of His Majesty. It shall be seen to. Riotous knaves, drunken outlaws shall all dance to my pipe when I come to Oare parish to rout the Oare of Babylon. Have you ever heard or thought that De Whichehalse is in league with the Doones of Bagworthy? I see by your face that you have never dreamed of it. Now hast thou ever seen a man whose name is Tom Faggus?

John Yes, sir, many a time. He is my own worthy cousin.

Jeffreys Tom Faggus is a good man. Master Faggus hath made mistakes as to the title to property, as lawyers oftentimes may do, but take him all for all, he is a thoroughly straightforward man. Presents his bill, and has it paid, and makes no charge for drawing it. Nevertheless, we must tax his costs, as of any other solicitor.

John To be sure, to be sure, my Lord.

Jeffreys I fear he will come to the gallows, tell him this from me Jack. He shall never be condemned before me, but I cannot be everywhere, and some of our Justices may keep short memory of his dinners. Tell him to change his name, turn parson, or do something else to make it wrong to hang him. Parson is the best thing. He hath such command of features, and he might take his tithes on horseback. Now a little more business John, and for the present I have done with you. Have you ever heard anything detrimental regarding His Majesty? His most gracious Majesty.

John No my Lord, no sign whatever. We pray for him in church and talk about him, hoping that it will do him good, but that is all.

Jeffreys That is as it should be, John, and the less you say the better. But I have heard of things in Taunton, and even nearer to you in Dulverton, things which are of the pillory kind, and even more of the gallows. I see that you know nothing of them. Nevertheless, it will not be long before all England knows of them, and many shall swing for it. Keep from the Doones and from De Whichehalse. I meant to use you as my tool, but you are too honest and simple, I will send a sharper one. Now get you gone Jack. I shall remember you, and no doubt you will not, for many a year, forget me.

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