



Preview Script

“1605 And All That!”

1605 And All That!

By Anthony Merryweather and Nick Paterson

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1605 AND ALL THAT!

Scenes

Act 1

Scene	1	November 5 th , next year
	2	Queen Elizabeth's Chamber
	3	King James's Private Rooms
	4	'The Dog And Duck'
	5	Outside 'The Dog And Duck'
	6	'The Dog And Duck'

Act 2

Scene	1	The Cellars under Parliament
	2	Parliament
	3	The Cellars under Parliament
	4	The Torture Chamber
	5	A London Street
	6	The Court
	7	Tyburn

Characters

Principals

King James I	the original 'fop', concerned only with his appearance and what others think of him, short on friends, terrified of Robert Cecil.
Lord Robert Cecil	the archetypal villain, omnipresent and omniscient, driven by his deep hatred of Catholics and his lust for power
Robert Catesby	a young, energetic hothead, fully committed to the Catholic cause
Thomas Percy	aristocratic flatterer of the King, slavish follower of Catesby
Guy Fawkes	deeply committed to the Catholic cause, recognises that he is no more than a pawn in Catesby's plan. <i>Requires an actor with a strong singing voice.</i>
Lord Edward Coke	the Attorney General. A final scene cameo role
Francis Tresham	an archetypal dupe, easily blackmailed by Cecil, the 13th conspirator
Landlord	self-important prig, easily swayed by Cecil

Supporting Cast

Queen Elizabeth I	old and ill. A small, melodramatic cameo role
Flunkey	a servant of King James
Bates	the faithful servant to Robert Catesby, a conspirator by association
Thomas Wintour	a conspirator
Robert Wintour	another conspirator, brother of Thomas Wintour
John Wright	a conspirator
Christopher Wright	another conspirator, brother of John Wright
Robert Keyes	a conspirator
John Grant	another conspirator
Ambrose Rookwood	a conspirator, a stereotypical gay man
Everard Digby	another conspirator, a stereotypical gay man
MP 1	a Member of Parliament
MP 2	another Member of Parliament
Chief Minister	a caricature of the current UK Prime Minister
Princes Henry	} two optional characters, the sons of King James, non-speaking
Prince Charles	

Chorus of Catholics, Protestants, Soldiers, Parliamentarians, Gloaters & 21st Century Children

Musical Numbers

Act One

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1) Remember, Remember | Chorus |
| 2) Here Today And Gone Tomorrow | Fawkes & Chorus |
| 3) Our Queen, Our King | Chorus |
| 4) Oh, What Fun It Is To Be King | King James & Chorus |
| 5) The Gunpowder Plot | Catesby, Bates, PercyChorus |
| 6) | |
| a) Hung Up On Evil | Cecil & Chorus |
| b) Character Entrance Music | |
| c) Character Entrance Music | |
| d) Character Entrance Music | |
| e) Character Entrance Music | |
| 7) Here I Stand At The Crossroads | Tresham & Chorus (or possibly Bates) |
| 8) Burn! | Conspiritors & Tresham |

Act Two

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 9) Livin' In A Dream | Conspiritors, Cecil & Tresham |
| 10) | |
| a) Burn! (Reprise) | Conspiritors |
| b) Entrance Of The King Music | |
| c) Oh, What Fun It Is To Be King (Reprise) | King James & Chorus |
| 11) So Now's The Time | Fawkes, Cecil & Chorus |
| 12) Good Afternoon! | Torturers, Cecil & Chorus |
| 13) | |
| a) Bye, Bye [Optional Song *] | Cecil & Chorus |
| b) Hung, Drawn and Quartered Music | |
| 14) Here Today And Gone Tomorrow (Reprise) | Fawkes & Chorus |

1605 And All That!

ACT ONE

The stage has one central platform extension, and a small platform right. A bonfire – with Guy 'inside' - is on the central platform, with the stage curtains still closed. The Chorus are grouped either side of the central platform, perhaps dressed in black (Protestant) and white (Catholic). Behind the stage curtains the scene is set for Elizabeth's Chamber – this is in front of a secondary set of curtains which hides the 'Dog and Duck' with appropriate backdrop.

Music #1 – Remember, Remember (Chorus)

Chorus *Our history books they tell us
of England's glory days,
Drake was fighting Spaniards
and Shakespeare writing plays.*

*But in the heart of Catholics
a frenzied demon lies,
there is murder in their hearts
and vengeance in their eyes.*

*Their freedom has been stripped away
their life is not their own
their self-respect is shattered
by a puppet on the throne.*

*And so they scheme to purge this land
of Parliament and King,
a violent plot to end all plots,
and still our children sing.*

Chorus 1 *Remember, remember,*
Chorus 2 *the Fifth of November,*
Chorus 1 *gunpowder, treason and plot,*
Chorus 2 *gunpowder, treason and plot.*
Remember, remember,
Chorus 1 *the Fifth of November,*
Chorus 2 *I see no reason, why*
Chorus *gunpowder treason*
ever should be forgot,
ever should be forgot,
ever should be forgot.

The chorus moves into a chant of "Burn the Guy! Burn the Guy!" reaching a crescendo, with the audience hopefully joining in, until Fawkes appears from 'inside' the fire with a mighty (amplified?) roar of ...

Fawkes SILENCE! I am loath to interrupt your pathetic, primitive, pagan party, but do any of you have any idea what you are singing about, what you are celebrating, what you are remembering? (*He mocks the childish voices*) "Remember, remember the fifth of November, gunpowder, treason and plot ..." Remember? Remember? How could anybody forget! Gunpowder? I'll give you gunpowder ... thirty-six barrels of it, a roomful of it, two tons of it, enough to blow Parliament and all those high-and-mighty Protestant peers to the four winds; thirty-six barrels all stacked cleverly, all moved secretly and silently, but right under the noses of that turncoat of a King James and his lackey Robert (*he spits*) Cecil. Treason? You call it treason? Treason to do the country a favour; to rid our land of a spineless, shifty, selfish, Scotsman and his lackey of a lap-dog. Plot? Plot? This wasn't a game, this wasn't a play - no! This was the real thing, this was war. War, but with a plan so simple, so brilliant, so ... literally world-shattering ... and four hundred years on, what are you doing? Treating it as an amusing blip in history, an excuse to have a good party, a few drinks, a sing-song and a few fireworks. And you make me the centre of it all! You've got it all wrong you know. I fought for the cause, certainly, but I was just a foot soldier, a mere pawn in the game, like so many others. But for four hundred years I've been getting the blame; for four hundred years people have been revelling in my torture and my death, but (*music starts*) it wasn't me, you know, it wasn't me ... I'm not the one ... (*spotlight on bonfire*)

Music #2 – Here Today and Gone Tomorrow (Fawkes & Chorus)

Fawkes *Deep inside, we all have a cause
something for which we all must fight.
When they add up the final scores
no one knows who's wrong or right.*

*Here I stand.
Yes, I played the game,
but as to blame, I'm not the one*

Fawkes *Here today, and gone tomorrow,*
& Chorus *blink an eye and we are gone.
Matters not if joy or sorrow,
for time just goes rolling on.*

Fawkes *History says I was the guy
who promised Catholics a new dawn.
But I can tell you it's just a lie,
truth is, I was just a pawn.*

*Here I stand.
Yes, I played the game,
but as to blame, I'm not the one*

Fawkes *Here today, and gone tomorrow,*

& Chorus *blink an eye and we are gone.
Matters not if joy or sorrow,
for time just goes rolling on.*

Fawkes *Listen to my tale of woe,
a tale of fire, of blood, of lies.
But though my name's the one you know,
'twas other men who sought the prize.
Nothing but a pawn was I,
moved up the board by hands unseen,
and as a pawn I had to die,
to foil the capture of the Queen.*

Chorus *Aaaah*
↓

Fawkes *Here today, and gone tomorrow,*
& Chorus *blink an eye and we are gone.
Matters not if joy or sorrow,*

Fawkes *for time just goes rolling on.*

The bonfire is removed quickly. Stage curtains open on to Elizabeth, old and ill, on her throne – with Cecil in attendance. Some easily removable suitable furniture.

Elizabeth Cecil ... Cecil ... are you there?

Cecil I'm always with you, my Lady.

Elizabeth Cecil ... You remember ... you remember the Armada? You remember what I said about having the body of a weak and feeble woman ... well I have, Cecil, I have ... and what's more I no longer have the heart or stomach of a King ... I'm dying, Cecil, I'm dying ...

Cecil My Lady ...

Elizabeth Don't be like all the others, Cecil - the flatterers, the sycophants - I know; you know; you're not like the others, Cecil ... you're like your father; you're different, you understand. Your father ... If things had been different, if I had shown him how I felt ... who knows?

Cecil My Lady! *(He takes her hand)*

Elizabeth Cecil ... Robert ... I want you to promise me one thing ... one thing, and then I can go to my last sleep in peace ...

Cecil Anything, My Lady ... Anything.

Elizabeth The Catholics, Robert ... the Catholics ...

Cecil Yes, My Lady?

Elizabeth They must continue to be subjugated, Robert. They must never be allowed to flourish in our country again. The taxes ... the fines ... they must stay, they must rise even ... I haven't reigned for forty-five years, fought and won wars to keep them at bay, just to have it all change when that useless James of Scotland takes my crown. They will try to persuade him, Robert ... they will try to persuade him to relax the laws and lower the taxes ... and they will swarm all over the country again, Robert ... it must not happen. You must see that it doesn't happen. You have power, you have influence ... you have brains too... it must not happen, Robert ... will you promise me?

Cecil I promise, My Lady.

Elizabeth Good, good. You have made an old, frail, dying woman happy, Robert. Now go ... leave me ... you will not see me again, but you will always hear my voice ... I will always be with you ...

Cecil My Lady. *(He bows and makes to leave. Elizabeth's eyes close, she coughs and dies. Cecil comes forward on to the platform. The curtains close again).* The Queen is dead ... Long live the King!

The Chorus take up Music #3. Cecil joins in, clearly siding with the Protestant chorus and mocking the Catholic chorus.

Music #3 – Our Queen, Our King (Chorus)

Protestants *With Elizabeth in charge
our country was a country to be feared.
For the Spaniards had been routed
and the Cath'lics running scared.*

*She ruled us like her father
with wisdom, style and grace,
she kept us free from Rome
and kept the Cath'lics in their place*

*the bravest, purest monarch
we've ever seen, Our Queen.*

*Now she's gone we must all pray
her policies will stay,
to force the Cath'lics into church
and to worship God our way.*

*She ruled us like her father
with wisdom, style and grace,
she kept us free from Rome
and kept the Cath'lics in their place
the bravest, purest monarch we've ever seen,
Our queen.*

Catholics *Our king, our king,
King James the First is king.
Elizabeth the tyrant queen
is dead so let us sing.*

*She ruled us with an iron rod
and took away our rights.
She kept us from our churches
and she taxed us out of sight.
Our king, King James the First is king.*

Protestants *With Elizabeth in charge
our country was a country to be feared.
For the Spaniards had been routed
and the Cath'lics running scared.
She ruled us like her father
with wisdom, style and grace
she kept us free from Rome
and kept the Cath'lics in their place
the bravest, purest monarch
we've ever seen, our queen.
Our queen, Elizabeth our queen.*

Catholics *Our king, our king,
King James the First is king.
Elizabeth the tyrant queen
is dead long live the King.
She ruled us with an iron rod
and took away our rights.
She kept us from our churches
and she taxed us out of sight
Our king,
King James the First is king.
Our king, King James the First is king.*

During the song, the dead body of Elizabeth has been removed, and the curtains open to reveal King James on the throne. He is obviously very unsure of himself.

James So ... Here I am ... James the Sixth of Scotland ... and James the First of England. How splendid! ... What an honour! ... What fun! Wouldn't mummy be pleased! .Just think of all I can do now I'm King of both countries ... I can ... well, I can ... I can go backwards and forwards between the two when I like ... I can invite my Scottish friends here, of course ... and take my English friends ... er, well ... the English who will become my friends ... I can invite them back to Scotland ... that'll be nice, won't it? What fun! I must start making some friends at once ... where is everybody? Where have they all gone? (*A flunkey enters. James assumes a more regal air*). Yes, what is it? Who is it?

Flunkey Thomas Percy, sire.

James Thomas Percy? Thomas Percy? What, again? He was always coming to see me in Scotland ... I was never quite sure why ... never could get to the bottom of it ... Nice enough chap, though ... there must have been a reason, I suppose. But doesn't he realise that I am King of England and Scotland? I really am frantically busy ... I just haven't got the time for social calls.

Flunkey Shall I tell him so, sire?

James Most certainly ... tell him that ... no ... wait. I suppose ... I could spare him a few minutes ... in between appointments, you know. I remember him as being a pleasant, agreeable cove ... yes, I think we could squeeze him in. Show him in, show him in.

James fusses around, straightening wig etc. Re-enter Flunkey with Percy.

Flunkey Lord Thomas Percy, your Majesty. (*He exits*).

James Percy! How very good to see you!

Percy On the contrary, your Majesty, how very good of you it is to see me. With so many great affairs of state, so many really important people to see and so many vital decisions to make, it is immensely kind of your Majesty to even consider seeing such a comparatively unimportant, humble, but loyal subject as myself.

James I knew I liked the fellow ... he talks such sense. Yes ... well ... a king can't spend all his time in ceremony and surrounded by fawning courtiers ... he has to listen to his people, to the common man, to know what his subjects really want, not just what his councillors and secretaries of state say they want. You've always struck me as a sensible, well-meaning fellow ... tell me, how am I doing?

Percy Doing, sire?

James As King, damn it, as King. Are my people happy? Do they like me?

Percy How could they not, your Majesty.

James Quite, quite ... excellent. I thought as much. I knew you'd know ... you're a good chap, Percy ... one of the best. Tell me, what do they say?

Percy Say, your Majesty?

James What do my people say? Do they think I am wise, statesmanlike, brave, just, witty ... handsome even?

Percy Many do, sire, say just that.

James Many?

Percy Aye, sire, many.

James Why not all? Who doesn't say so Percy, tell me!

Percy Sire, the majority of your subjects do indeed consider that you are wise, statesmanlike, brave, just, witty ... and most certainly handsome. (*He struggles to be flattering*).

James Yes, yes. But who doesn't and why not?

Percy Well, sire ... there are some ... some of my own acquaintances who are not as fortunate as I am to be privy to your Majesty who do not, er ... cannot see ...

James Do not what, Percy, cannot see what? Damn it, man, spit it out!

Percy Sire, forgive me. This is very difficult for me - these people are my friends ... Some are even of my own family.

James Percy, it doesn't matter to me who they are. I simply want to know why they do not consider me wise, statesmanlike, brave, just, witty and handsome.

Percy They are ... Catholics my Lord.

James So?

Percy Well ... that's it, your Majesty. They are ... Catholics.

James And what right, Percy, have these ... Catholics ... been given, not to recognise the wisdom, statesmanship, bravery, justice, wit, and handsome physique of their King?

Percy Perhaps ... sire ... we ... they ... feel that nothing has changed.

James Changed? Changed? Since when?

Percy Well, sire, since the Queen died. They had, hoped your Majesty, that the passing of the Protestant Queen would lead to a softening. an acceptance even, of their different faith. That they would be able to go peacefully, to their own churches, without fear of capture and torture, without crippling taxes and fines being imposed for not conforming to the Protestant faith. That, in short, they would be free.

James And if ... if, I gave orders that this should happen, that these ... Catholics, should be free to worship in their own way, they would ... they would like me?

Percy Your Majesty, I would ... they would, be ever in your debt. They would shout your name from the rooftops, they would sing your praises in the street, wherever and whenever they met they would marvel at your wisdom, statesmanship, bravery, justice, wit and handsome physique. Not only would you be King James 6th of Scotland and King James 1st of England, you would be King James of all England.

James Percy ... it shall be done!

Percy Your Majesty!

James Now, go. Spread the good news to your family, friends and fellow Catholics. Let it be known that Good King James of all England is magnanimous, merciful, mighty and modest. Oh ... what fun it is to be King!

Music #4 - Oh, What fun it is to be King (James & Chorus)

James *Oh! What fun it is to be King
Oh! What fun it is to reign.
This life is an absolute breeze,
you can do as you damn well please
and you won't have to work again,
no, you won't have to work again when you're King.*

*What fun, it is to be King.
What fun it is to reign.
Your friends can be bought or sold
with presents of silver and gold,
and you choose who sees you,
those who really please you.*

James *As soon as I was born*

Chorus *He started to sing!*

James *'Cos I knew one fine day*

Chorus *That he would be king*

James *Oh! What fun it is to be King
Oh! What fun it is to reign.
This life is an absolute breeze,
you can do as you damn well please
and you won't have to work again,
no, you won't have to work again when you're King.*

*What fun, it is to be King.
What fun it is to reign.
You can spend all the cash you choose,
on clothes and fancy shoes,
and no one will mock you,
they can never knock you*

James *As soon as I was born*

Chorus *He started to sing!*

James *'Cos I knew one fine day*

Chorus *That he would be king*

All *Yeah!*

Exit Percy, enter Cecil. James's demeanour changes immediately.

Cecil Who was that?

James *(stammering)* Sec ... retary of State ... Good evening.

Cecil Shut up. Just remember who put you where you are, and answer the question. Who was that?

James Who was who?

Cecil Don't play games with me, Stuart; you know exactly who I mean. That brightly-dressed creep I met bounding down the stairs. He looked as if all his birthdays had come at once – I've never seen a smile so wide, and I mistrust anybody who is that happy. Who was he?

James Secretary of State, I really don't ...

Cecil Listen ... your Majesty ... let's get this straight. You are King of England because I put you there. I put you there because I need you there. I need you there because the country needs a King who is a brainless, snivelling yes-man who will do what he's told when he's told, while the people with the real power behind the scenes pull the strings and make things happen. If you can't do what you're told, I'll make you sign your own execution order and have your smelly, lice-infested head put on a spike and sent back to Scotland to join your mother's. Now ... who ... was ... he?

... a part of the script has been deleted from this preview copy ...

Landlord Lord Percy ... there is a gentleman to see you.

He ushers in Catesby and his servant, Bates, and leaves two tankards of ale.

Percy Catesby ... Robert ... I scarcely know what to say.

Catesby It's bad, Thomas ... it's very bad. All over the country people were beginning to celebrate their new freedom, rejoice in the lifting of the restrictions ... and then ... and then ...

Percy He promised, Robert, he promised. He stood there and told me "Percy, it will be done" ... I just don't understand.

Catesby His word is worth nothing, Thomas. Nothing. And he is worth less than nothing – he is a vacuous, brainless puppet, in the hands of his so-called advisers and courtiers. He must pay, Thomas, he must pay. They all must pay – every last one of them; the King, the Princes, those overfed, overmonied Protestant Parliamentarians – all of them. We must strike at their very heart, and we must strike hard and loud, with no thought for ourselves! The harder and louder the better! We must shake the very foundations of their cosy, comfortable world to the core!

Percy But how, Robert ... how?

Catesby Bates – we must tell him. (*Bates hangs up the blueprint of the plan*). Listen, Thomas ... listen ...

Music #5 – The Gunpowder Plot (Catesby, Bates, Percy & Chorus)

C'sby & Bates *We've a scheme,
we've a project, we've a ruse.
That will keep,
our Catholic cause as headline news.
Our turncoat Scottish king will get his dues.*

Percy *What is it Catesby?
Tell us more Catesby?
Will it work Catesby?*

C'sby & Bates *There'll be blood, there'll be smoke there'll be flames,
and in the middle of it all will be King James.
He'll die knowing we Catholics don't play games.*

Chorus *What is it, what is it, what, what?
What is it, what is it, what, what?*

C'sby & Bates *The Gunpowder Plot!

They will burn, they will boil, they will fry,
they will scream out in terror as they die,
as the flames lick ever upward in the sky.
And when they're gone, the country will be ours,
no more taxes, fines, torture in the towers.
We'll have positions of importance, we'll have powers.*

Chorus *What is it, what is it, what, what?
What is it, what is it, what, what?*

C'sby & Bates *The Gunpowder Plot!

We need powder, we need fuses, we need fire,
and we'll roast the King and Princes on a pyre.
In years to come our names will be well known,
as heroes who fought evil on their own,
and put a Roman Catholic on the throne.*

Chorus *What is it, what is it, what, what, what?*

C'sby & Bates *The Gunpowder Plot!*

Lights down on main stage and up on Cecil and Landlord. At first Cecil is charm itself.

Cecil Landlord, a word in your ear.

Landlord Sire?

Cecil You run a fine house here. A very fine house indeed.

Landlord Thank you, sire.

Cecil It must be popular with ... all sorts of men.

Landlord So I am told, sire.

Cecil Those two ... gentlemen ... in the back room at the moment, for example.

Landlord Yes, sire?

Cecil Those two Catholic gentlemen.

Landlord I wouldn't know, sire.

Cecil Do they ... do they avail themselves of your hospitality quite regularly?

Landlord Oh yes, sire; Mr Catesby comes here ... *(he realises that he has broken a confidence)*.

Cecil Ah. Catesby ... Robert Catesby. Of course. It would be. And tell me, what do Mr Catesby and his friend talk about?

Landlord I couldn't say, sire.

Cecil You couldn't say? Ah, but you could say, couldn't you?

Landlord How do you mean, sire?

Cecil If you ... while you were passing close to them, dispensing your admirable ale, doing a spot of cleaning, you could ... you could catch a word or two of what they were saying, acquaint yourself with the burden of their conversation ... and then pass it on to me?

Landlord Sire!

Cecil I would of course ... make it worth your while. *(He takes out a bag of coins)*.

Landlord *(adopting a pompous, self-righteous tone)* Sire, I don't know who you are or why you are here, but the 'Dog and Duck' has always had an excellent reputation for respecting the confidentiality of its customers, and I would never, absolutely never, even consider passing on any information I might or might not have gleaned from inadvertently overhearing any conversation, especially if I was offered a financial or other inducement to do so.

Cecil *(his mood changing abruptly)* Listen you pompous, patronising prig. You're right, you don't know who you are talking to and you never will – but if I tell you to go and eavesdrop on their whispering villainy, that is precisely what you will do, and will report it back to me word for word. Otherwise ... otherwise ... I will see to it that your precious 'Dog and Duck' is razed to the ground; that its Landlord is dragged off to the Tower for a lingering and very painful death, and that his wife and family are forced to watch his death throes and listen to his agonised screams before being thrown in the Thames. Do I make myself clear? Do I make myself absolutely clear? *(Landlord nods weakly)*. Good, now go ... go and loosen their tongues with more of your revolting gripe-water, and be sure to let me know who that crawling Catholic Catesby sees and what he is planning ... something is afoot, I'm certain, and I must know every detail, do you understand, every detail!

Music #6A – Hung Up on Evil (Cecil & Chorus)

Cecil *My father used to say,
when I was just a lad,
that being good was easy,
but you had to work at being bad.
But what he didn't tell me,
though I wish that he had done,
was that being good was boring,
but that being bad was fun.*

*I'm hung up on evil, sated with sin,
you just can't imagine how wicked I've been.
I've cheated, tortured, stolen, I've lied.
Backstabbed, bullied, blackmailed, I've bribed.*

*At five I used to get my kicks
from screaming dirty words.
By ten I'd graduated,
onto pulling wings off birds.
After school I'd hide behind the gates,
and pick on little boys.
I'd kick them, punch them,
and smash up their favourite toys.*

Cecil & Chorus *I'm hung up on evil, sated with sin,
you just can't imagine how wicked I've been.*

*I've cheated, tortured, stolen, I've lied.
Backstabbed, bullied, blackmailed, I've bribed.*

Cecil *Now that I've inherited,
a top-notch job with kings and queens
a sadistic monster puppeteer,
who cackles as he pulls the strings.
Watch these Cath'lics dance my tune,
with plots and speeches brave.
They're building up their hopes and dreams
while digging their own grave.*

Cecil & Chorus *I'm hung up on evil, sated with sin,
you just can't imagine how wicked I've been.
I've cheated, tortured, stolen, I've lied.
Backstabbed, bullied, blackmailed, I've bribed.*

*Hung up on evil, sated with sin,
you just can't imagine how wicked I've been.
I've cheated, tortured, stolen, I've lied.
Backstabbed, bullied, blackmailed, I've bribed.*

Cecil *Backstabbed, bullied, blackmailed, I've bribed.*

The scene reverts to 'The Dog and Duck'. Catesby and Percy are about to 'interview' Thomas and Robert Wintour who when they appear should be as identical as possible, and their actions should mimic each other's. The Landlord now hovers to one side, obviously taking notes. Bates is by the door, ready to make the introductions. The 'plan' of Parliament is still on the wall. Cecil is on his 'eavesdropping' platform. Somewhere, either on a placard to be produced on cue, or on a board hanging in full view of the audience, are the words to the Conspirators' rallying call (see below). The audience are to be encouraged to join in with them, as in pantomime.

Music #6B – Character Entrance Music

Bates Mr Thomas Wintour and Mr Robert Wintour, sire.

Bates returns to the entrance. The Wintours bow, their actions synchronised.

Catesby So ... you two are brothers, is that right?

Wintours Yes. Absolutely. I'm Thomas/Robert Wintour and this is Robert/Thomas Wintour.

Percy And you do everything together?

Wintours Everything. Where he goes, I go. What he does, I do. What he says, I say.

Catesby Yes, we noticed.

Wintours Sometimes we try to catch each other out by starting off on something new, but it never seems to work ... hey, did you go to the bear-baiting last night? ... See, we try our best to say something different to each other, but somehow we always end up saying the same thing. It really is very annoying.

Percy It certainly is.

Wintours I'm sorry. There really doesn't seem to be anything we can do about it.

Catesby No matter. Two heads are better than one; four legs are better than two. Now will you join us in this ... in this matter?

Wintours *(Herewith the rallying call for the first time).* Join you in blowing up Parliament, killing the King and the Princes, starting a rebellion and putting the Princess Elizabeth on the throne, you mean. Most certainly we are with you.

Catesby Hush! Keep your voice ... er, voices ... down. These walls have ears. *(The Landlord is busy scribbling, aghast. The Wintours point at Bates).* No, you need not worry about Bates, he is always with us, always has been. Landlord, some ale for these gentlemen! *(Landlord brings on tankards and studies the plan intently. Bates comes forward).*

Music #6C – Character Entrance Music

Bates Mr Christopher Wright and Mr John Wright, sire.

Catesby Another pair of brothers? *(The Wright Brothers enter. They too mimic each other's movements).* Oh no, not you as well. *(They nod, and break into as much of 'You've Lost That Loving Feeling' by the Righteous Brothers as we can stand, interrupted by Bates).*

Bates No, no, no! You're the Wright brothers, not the Righteous brothers!

Chris W Oh, right!

John W He means ‘right’ – R I G H T – not Wright with a W.

Catesby Oh ... right.

Bates Though of course their names are Wright with a W.

Catesby All right! I do know how to write ‘Wright’.

Wintours We don’t know how to write ‘Wright’; but then we never were very good at spelling at school because we always copied each other’s work.

Percy But how can you have any work to copy if ... oh never mind! Now, Mr Wright and ... er ... Mr Wright, where do you come from and how do you think you can help us?

Chris W *(in a suitable accent)* Well, we’re from Dayton, Ohio

John W *(again in a suitable accent)* In the U. S. of A.

Chris W And we’ve gone and built us this here machine. *(The listeners are baffled).*

John W Guess round here you folks might call it an aeroplane ...

Bates No, no, no! Not those Wright Brothers.

Wrights Oh, shucks.

Bates You’re not early twentieth century aviators, you’re early seventeenth century conspirators.

Wrights Conspirators? Right, got it! And ... er ... what are we conspiring to do?

Wintours *(here we go again)* To join us in blowing up Parliament, killing the King and Princes, starting a rebellion and putting the Princess Elizabeth on the throne. *(Once again the Landlord is riveted and scrawls down notes).*

Catesby Will you keep your voices down! Anybody might be listening!! Landlord, some ale for these gentlemen! *(Exactly as before, Bates exits, Landlord brings on tankards, studies conspirators and plan. The Wrights join the Wintours, and all four now mimic each other’s actions).* Right, Percy, these four can be based in Coventry, near where Princess Elizabeth, King James’s daughter, has her country house. They can organise a ‘hunting party’ - a hunting party of Catholics, and when the news arrives of our successful enterprise, they can kidnap the Princess, raise the rebellion and march on London. Perfect! *(The Conspirators should have actions to fit in with each detail of Catesby’s plan, to be added to and repeated each time he goes through it).*

Landlord *(aside)* Perfect!

Cecil *(aside)* Perfect!

Percy Robert ... a thought. How are they going to get the news quickly enough? Speed will be essential to capitalise on the chaos that will ensue once ... once *(he lowers his voice dramatically and a drum roll is heard)* ... the... fuse ... is ... lit.

Catesby Good thinking, Thomas. What we need are a couple of horsemen, the fastest, bravest horsemen in the country. As soon as ... as *(he too lowers his voice dramatically and another drum roll is heard)* ... the ... fuse ... is ... lit ... they can ride at full speed to Coventry and pass on the news. Now, where are we going to find the two fastest horsemen in England at this time of night?

Enter Bates

Music #6D – Character Entrance Music

Bates Mr Robert Keyes and Mr John Grant, sire.

Enter Keyes and Grant, perhaps dressed in jockeys’ silks. They too mimic each other. There is a slight pause here.

Percy I say, you don’t know any horsemen, do you?

The jockeys scratch their heads. Another pause.

Keyes/Grant Yes ...he’s one.

Catesby And are you ... is he ... very fast?

Keyes/Grant Oh yes, he’s the fastest horseman in England, bar none.

Catesby/Percy How can he be the fastest horseman in England bar none if you’re ... Oh, God!. We’re doing it now!

There is a pause, while Catesby and Percy try to start speaking on their own. Eventually Catesby puts his hand over Percy’s mouth.

Catesby And are you the bravest horsemen in the country?

Keyes/Grant Brave? Good sir, we laugh in the face of danger! Ha ha!

Catesby And do you know the way to Coventry?

Keyes/Grant Well, you can take the M1 and turn left just before Leicester, but I prefer the A423 from Banbury, having taken the M40 out of ...

Catesby No matter. No matter. Will you join us in this enterprise?

Keyes/Grant What enterprise is that, sire?

Wintours } To join us in blowing up Parliament, killing the King and Princes, starting a rebellion,
Wrights } and putting the Princess Elizabeth on the throne!

By now the audience may be getting the idea and should be joining in.

Catesby Will you please be quiet! Do you want the whole of London to know? Landlord, some ale for these gentlemen! *(Again, the Landlord makes a great show of overhearing as he brings in tankards. Exit Bates. Grant and Keyes join the Wintours and the Wrights).* Right, Percy. These two can wait here at the Dog and Duck, their horses ready outside, and when ... *(with lowered voice and drum roll)* the fuse is lit ... they can jump on their horses and ride at full speed to Coventry, where they will pass on the good news to the Wintours and Wrights, who, in turn, will kidnap the Princess, raise a rebellion and march on London! Perfect! *(As above, the details of the plot are mimed by the Conspirators in unison).*

Landlord Perfect!

Cecil Perfect!

Percy Robert ... a second thought. Where are we going to find all the gunpowder, and when we have found it, who is going to stand guard over it until ... *(with lowered voice and drum roll)* the fuse is lit.

Catesby Good thinking again, Thomas. What we need are the two best and bravest swordsmen in the country, who also have access to infinite quantities of highly combustible and completely illegal gunpowder. Now, where on earth are we going to find them at this time of night?

Enter Bates. He coughs.

Music #6E – Character Entrance Music

Bates Sir Everard Digby and Lord Ambrose Rookwood.

Two stereotypical gays enter, holding barrels of gunpowder.

Catesby Gentlemen. *(He bows)* Mr Digby ... Lord Rookwood.

Digby Oooh, please, do call me Everard!

Rookwood And I'll be most offended if you don't call me Ambrose.

Catesby *(amazed)* But ... but ... you speak your own minds ... you speak independently of each other!

Digby/R'wood Of course we do. Isn't that what everybody does? *(Catesby and Percy groan).*

Digby Don't worry, it's just our little joke.

Rookwood Only teasing.

Digby Got you going, though, didn't it?

Rookwood Had you worried, didn't we?

Catesby Yes ... yes ... Now what have you got in there? *(They turn the barrels round. They are marked 'Powder').* Gunpowder!

Digby Nooooo, silly ... it's talcum powder.

Rookwood And mine's face powder. *(Catesby and Percy groan again. Mincing laughter from Digby and Rookwood).*

Digby If you could see your faces!

Rookwood Of course it's gunpowder, silly. We've got stacks of it, barrels of it.

Digby Enough to ... enough to ... oooh, I don't know ... enough to what, Ambrose?

Rookwood Oooh, Everard, I don't know. Enough to ... enough to ...

Catesby *(interrupting)* ... enough, anyway, to join our enterprise.

Digby/R'wood What enterprise is that?

Wintours } *(Hopefully with the audience by now)* To join us in blowing up Parliament, killing the King and
Wrights } Princes, starting a rebellion, and putting the Princess Elizabeth on the throne!

Keyes/Grant }

Catesby How many times do I have to tell you to keep quiet! Do you want the whole world to hear our plan? Landlord, some ale for these ... gentlemen! *(Again, the Landlord makes a great show of overhearing as he brings in tankards. Exit Bates. Digby and Rookwood join Grant, Keyes, the Wintours and the Wrights).* Right, Percy. These two will provide the gunpowder and guard it, until just before... *(with lowered voice and drum roll)* the fuse is lit. Then they will run here to the Dog and Duck, tell our friends here that the plan has been successful, they in turn will jump on their horses and ride at

full speed to Coventry, where they will pass on the good news to the Wintours and the Wrights, who will kidnap the Princess Elizabeth, raise a rebellion, and march on London. Perfect! *(As above, the details of the plot are mimed by the Conspirators in unison).*

Landlord Perfect.

Cecil Perfect.

A significant pause.

Percy Robert?

Catesby Yes, Thomas? A third thought?

Percy Well, Robert ... I was just wondering ...

Catesby Yes, Thomas, what were you wondering?

Percy Well, Robert ... you seem to have it all beautifully planned ...

Catesby Thank you, Thomas. I must say, I'm rather pleased with it myself.

Percy There's ... er ... just one thing I don't quite understand.

Catesby And what is that, Thomas? I have to say though, I thought I'd thought of everything.

Percy It's just that ... er ... it's just that, you know, we've been talking ... saying ... when *(with lowered voice and drum roll)* the fuse is lit.

Catesby *(as if to an idiot)* Yes, Thomas.

Percy Well, I was wondering ... it's probably very unimportant really ... but ... er ... who is actually going to light the fuse?

A long pause. All the other conspirators 'think' in unison.

Catesby Well really! Do I have to think of everything?

Percy *(very pleased with himself)* No, Robert. You don't. What we need ... *(he walks towards the entrance through which all the other conspirators have previously arrived at the required time)* ... what we need is a brave, but foolhardy, mercenary soldier who has spent much of his time abroad in Spain becoming an expert in gunpowder. Somebody who will not consider the consequences to himself after *(with lowered voice and drum roll)* the fuse is lit.

On cue, Bates enters, but he is alone.

Bates Shall I fetch some more ale, sir?

Percy It's not fair! It worked every time with you, Robert! What did I do wrong?

Meanwhile, as unobtrusively as possible, Fawkes has made his way through the audience and climbs up onto the opposite side of the stage.

Fawkes Good evening. *(All the conspirators jump in unison).*

Catesby Good evening, my man. Who are you?

Fawkes I, sir, am a brave, but foolhardy, mercenary soldier who has spent much of his time abroad in Spain becoming an expert in gunpowder.

Percy It worked! It worked!

Catesby Hush, Thomas. So, my good man, you would be willing to join our enterprise?

Fawkes What enterprise is that, sir?

All *(including the audience)* To join us in blowing up Parliament, killing the King and Princes, starting a rebellion, and putting the Princess Elizabeth on the throne!

Catesby I don't believe you people! Is it possible for you to make it clearer to anybody that might be listening?

Digby Oooh, yes. Absolutely! Come on everyone, on your feet *(he includes the audience)*. That's it ... one ... two ... three ...

All *(louder than before)* To join us in blowing up Parliament, killing the King and Princes, starting a rebellion, and putting the Princess Elizabeth on the throne!

Catesby All right. All right. Sit down! *(The Conspirators and the audience sit)*. Landlord, some ale for this gentleman! *(The Landlord does his bit as before)*. There you are, Thomas. The plot is complete. This gentleman will light the fuse. Our friends here will run here to the Dog and Duck, and tell these gentlemen that the plan has been successful; they will jump on their horses and ride at full speed to Coventry where they will pass on the good news to the Wintours and the Wrights, who will kidnap the Princess Elizabeth, raise a rebellion, and march on London. Perfect! *(As above, the details of the plot are mimed by the Conspirators in unison).*

Landlord Perfect!

Blackout. Spotlight up on Cecil.

Cecil Perfect! “Will you come into my parlour”, said the spider to the fly. The trap is set, their blood is up, their plans are ready to put into action. Little do they realise that their every move is anticipated, their every word overheard, their every idea put into their heads by the master puppeteer behind the scenes. All we need now is some hard evidence with which to condemn them when their ridiculous plot has failed, and ... *(he sees Tresham approaching)* ... I think I have just the dupe who might provide it! *(To Tresham)* Francis Tresham, if I’m not mistaken!

Tresham *(very nervous)* Secretary of State! Good evening!

Cecil How absolutely delightful to see you. Are you visiting the Dog and Duck?

Tresham Oh no ... no.

Cecil Oh, but I think you are.

Tresham I am?

Cecil Oh yes ... and do you know who you are going to see there? *(Tresham shakes his head, terrified)*. Your old friend and Catholic colleague, Robert Catesby and his acolyte Percy. Oh yes, Tresham, I know they’re your friends ... you forget, I know everything about you, everything.

Tresham Everything?

Cecil Everything. Even where you’ve just come from ... *(startled reaction from Tresham)* ... yes, poor girl, and what would your wife think.

Tresham What do you want from me Cecil?

Cecil It’s not what I want from you, Francis. You’ve nothing that could interest me. No, it’s what I want from Catesby and his cronies. It’s just that you’re going to get it for me.

Tresham I am?

Cecil You are. Unless you want your rather sordid private life to be the talk of London, and your shady business dealings to be brought to the attention of the King. Oh yes, I know about that too ...

Tresham Damn you, Cecil. What do you want from them?

Cecil A date and a time. Nothing more.

Tresham A date and a time? Date of what? Time of what?

Cecil *(Taking out a letter)* This letter is addressed to a Lord Monteagle, your brother-in-law, I believe. Another crawling Catholic, only this Catholic sits in Parliament. God knows why, or what he can contribute to any sensible debate. This letter, written by me but purporting to be from some Catholic friend who wishes him well, warns Monteagle to absent himself from Parliament because, and I quote, “They shall receive a terrible blow, and yet they shall not see who hurts them”.

Tresham Cecil, what does all this mean? It makes no sense.

Cecil It means, Francis, that your friend Catesby and his brainless followers have hatched a ridiculous, childish plot to deal Parliament ‘a terrible blow’ ... and this letter will prove their guilt when their plot fails, as we know it will. I just need to know when, Francis, and you’re going to find out for me, aren’t you? Oh, yes you are ... or I’ll give orders to the Tower for the rack to be prepared and the thumbscrews tightened. Don’t fail me, Francis, don’t fail me...

Cecil exits, leaving Tresham alone for his song.

Music #7 – Here I Stand At The Crossroads (Tresham & Chorus, or possibly Bates)

Tresham *Here I stand at the crossroads
not knowing which pathway I should take.
For one road leads to salvation,
and one road leads to the stake.
But if I choose salvation,
my friends will be tortured to death,
and if I turn my back on the Devil,
I will scream as I catch my last breath.*

Chorus *Don’t tell me you’d play the hero,
‘cos I don’t believe you.
You might have brave ideas,
don’t let them deceive you.
Once you feel the spiders web,
you won’t give your friends a thought.
You’ll watch them burn and scream in pain,
so long as you’re not caught.*

Tresham *Here I stand at the crossroads
God help me to choose a 'right.
For I know which way leads to heaven,
the road is bathed in glorious light.
But that road is short and easy,
one blink and the whole journey's gone.
I'll soon forget I spent my life deciding,
as my life goes rolling on.*

Chorus *Don't tell me you'd play the hero,
'cos I don't believe you.
You might have brave ideas,
don't let them deceive you.
Once you feel the spiders web,
you won't give your friends a thought.
You'll watch them burn and scream in pain,
so long as you're not caught.*

Lights up again on the assembled conspirators, still in the Dog and Duck.

Catesby Francis Tresham!

Tresham *(very quietly)* Catesby, Percy ... Gentlemen. Good evening.

Catesby I knew we had forgotten someone. Francis, your arrival couldn't be more timely! Landlord, some ale for this gentleman! *(The Landlord enters, and nudges Tresham knowingly)*. Francis, you will of course join us in our enterprise.

Tresham *(very uneasy)* What enterprise is that, Catesby?

All To join us in blowing up Parliament, killing the King and Princes, starting a rebellion and putting the Princess Elizabeth on the throne!

Tresham And ... when is this to ... happen, Catesby?

Catesby Why, when Parliament reopens on Monday 4th November, perhaps in the early hours of the 5th. I'm so glad you're joining us, Francis, our band is now complete.

Tresham Catesby ... I fear ... I ... *(he is struggling)* ... I fear I might make an unlucky thirteen.

Catesby Nonsense, Francis. Nonsense. Together we will shake the world! Together we will play judge and jury in the trial of King James and his fawning court! Raise your tankards, gentlemen ... Gentlemen, I give you ... THE GUNPOWDER PLOT!

Music #8 – Burn! (Conspirators & Tresham)

Conspirators *We speak with one voice,
twelve good men and true,
a jury of conspirators
with a fateful job to do.
We will not shirk it,
we've all a part to play
to bring about the dawning
of a Cath'lic new day!*

*Grill them, grill them,
stew them, stew them,
broil them, broil them,
poach them, poach them.*

*Char them, char them,
boil them, boil them,
braise them, braise them,
fry them, fry them.*

*Toast them, toast them,
bake them, bake them,
steam them, steam them,
roast them, roast them.*

Tresham *Listen to their brave intentions,
makes me want to cry,*

*Knowing that despite their courage,
they're bound to die ...*

Conspirators *Time for our verdict,
twelve good men and true.
Do we think the king is guilty,
and what's his due?
No doubt about it,
he's as guilty as hell.
His sentence is burning,
his sidekicks as well.*

*Grill them, grill them,
stew them, stew them,
broil them, broil them,
poach them, poach them.*

*Char them, char them,
boil them, boil them,
braise them, braise them,
fry them, fry them.*

*Toast them, toast them,
bake them, bake them,
steam them, steam them,
roast them, roast them.*

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Conspirators *Ah BURN!*

** not Percy & Catesby*

END OF ACT ONE.

INTERVAL

ACT 2

Backdrop of The Tower of London. Scenes later in the Act include the Torture Chamber, a Court, and Tyburn. At the start though, drapes are drawn in front and the scene is set for Parliament with James's throne and various seats for the Princes and Members of Parliament. In the meantime, the secondary set of curtains are closed hiding this, and the first scene ('Under Parliament') takes place on and around the central platform and down the aisle of the audience. During the interval, barrels of gunpowder, with kindling etc, have been put on and around the platform, with a very obvious fuse. Catesby, Percy, Bates, Rookwood, Keyes, Digby, Grant and Fawkes are passing barrels down the aisle. Cecil, with Tresham kneeling in despair, looks on in approval.

Music #9 - Livin' In A Dream (Conspirators, Cecil & Tresham)

Conspirators *Catesby, Percy, Percy, Bates,
we've got powder stored in crates.
Bates to Rookwood, Rookwood Keyes,
shifting powder is a breeze.
Keyes to Digby, Digby, Grant,
brave men shift it, losers can't.
Grant will pass it on to Guy,
and he'll blast King James,
into the sky.*

Cecil *Look at these poor fools they're living in a dream.
Planning and plotting their infantile scheme.
Thanks to dear Francis, they haven't a chance.
We know each move they make, in advance.
Did they imagine we'd allow them to meet*

*in the house and in the cellars under parliament's feet?
The place is surrounded, they'll be easy to catch,
we'll grab Fawkes the moment he strikes the first match.*

Conspirators *Catesby, Percy, Percy, Bates,
we've got powder stored in crates.
Bates to Rookwood, Rookwood Keyes,
shifting powder is a breeze.
Keyes to Digby, Digby, Grant,
brave men shift it, losers can't.
Grant will pass it on to Guy,
and he'll blast King James,
into the sky.*

Tresham *How can I help them, they're caught in this trap.
Sent to their deaths by this cowardly sap.
Better by far to have accepted my fate,
and said no to the devil, but now it's too late.
What sort of friend have I turned out to be?
To sell out a kinsman for a blackmailer's fee.
God damn you Cecil, may you rot in Hell ...*

Cecil *... don't worry Tresham, you'll be there as well!*

Exit Cecil. Tresham is left on stage, joined by Catesby who runs on, delighted. The seven others sit in the aisle.

Catesby Francis! You came! I knew we could count on you! It's so good to see you! You see ... everything is ready, everything is set.

Tresham Catesby, I ... *(he is struggling)*

Catesby Yes, Francis?

Tresham Catesby ... are you sure? Don't you think ...?

Catesby Don't I think what, Francis?

Tresham Don't you ... *(he has an idea)* ... What about the Catholics in Parliament, Catesby? What about my brother-in-law, Monteagle, and the others. Those who argued our cause, those who have tried in vain to put our views to Parliament, are they to die too? Blown to bits for trying to help us?

Catesby *(taking him to one side)* Francis ... this is a war! In all wars there are miscarriages of justice, innocent victims, men are sacrificed ... this is no different. They are heroes, our friends in Parliament, dying for the common good; dying so that others may live a fairer, freer life. We cannot deny them the chance to be heroes, can we? Look at Fawkes here. I've said nothing to him, of course, but ... you see the length of the fuse ... and the amount of powder we have collected ... he is not going to escape in time, is he? But does he care? Is he having second thoughts? Does he put his life before the lives of his kinsmen? No! You know what, Francis ... when this is all over, when ... *(drum roll)* the ... fuse ... is... lit; when the great rebellion has swept our land, history will make Fawkes the hero ... not we lucky ones who will enjoy the fruits of victory, but those who have given their lives selflessly, unknowingly even, to make that victory possible! *(He speaks louder now, as Tresham nods helplessly)* Enough of your worries, Francis. Listen, take this bag of sovereigns to the Dog and Duck and prepare a victory celebration for us. We will join you later! *(Exit Tresham)* Gentlemen, are we ready?

All *(Standing, with a roar)* We are!

Catesby So ... the time has come! Those strutting turkeys in Parliament are gathering above our heads, soon to be joined by the prize turkey of them all, that ridiculous James and his odious offspring. Well gentlemen, it will be roast turkey for Christmas, and plenty of it! Now, tell me ... Rookwood? Digby?

Rookwood We will hide ourselves nearby and the moment *(drum roll)* the... fuse ... is ... lit ...

Digby *(with actions as in Act One)* We will run to the Dog and Duck to pass on the good news to ...

Catesby Grant? Keyes?

Grant We will jump on our horses and ride at full speed to Coventry ...

Keyes ... where we will pass on the good news to the Wrights and the Wintours, who in turn will ...

All ... kidnap the Princess, raise a rebellion and march on London. Perfect!

Catesby Perfect! *(Noises from 'above' in Parliament – "Order! Order!" etc.)* Listen! The trap is set! It is time! Gentlemen, to your posts. *(Exit Rookwood, Digby, Grant and Keyes)*. Percy, Bates, you come with me.

Fawkes, you know to wait until they are all present, we wouldn't want to miss one, would we? Gentlemen, years from now men will look back on this night as one of the defining moments in history; schoolchildren will recognise the date as being one of the most important of all; and we ... we will look back with a proud smile, a light heart and raise our tankards to ... the Gunpowder Plot!

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Music #11 - So Now's The Time (Fawkes, Cecil & Chorus)

Soldiers and Cecil appear at relevant times during song (the soldiers might have flashing torches to light up the 'vault').

Fawkes *So now's the time
to turn things inside out.
And I'm the man,
who's gonna bring it all about.
I'll be the hero,
or that's what I am told.
But what is the point
if I can't enjoy it when I'm old.

I could do it, yes I could,
But God knows if I should,
needs some-one to sow the seed.

I'm told it's what the Catholics need,
it's very brave to do the deed.
And it's for the country's good.*

Soldiers *Where is Fawkes? Where, where, where?
Cecil said we'd find him here somewhere.
There are promotions to be won,
we need to find him before the deed is done.*

Fawkes *So here's the flame,
that's all that it will take.
To set the bonfire burning,
and the whole world will quake.
What is my life,
when set against the rest?
My name will be remembered
with the greatest and the best.

I could do it, yes I could,
But God knows if I should,
needs some-one to sow the seed.

I'm told it's what the Catholics need,
it's very brave to do the deed.
And it's for the country's good.*

Soldiers *Where is Fawkes? Where, where, where?
Cecil said we'd find him here somewhere.
There are promotions to be won,
we need to find him before the deed is done.*

Fawkes *I will do it, never fear.
I'll light it with this candle here.
Block your ears, and close your eyes,
we'll give King James one helluva surprise.

And I'll be with him when he dies.*

Soldiers *No, no, no! No, no, no!*

*Cecil, he's here, the man you sought,
setting light to powder, as he was caught.
He looks a little foreign, Spanish, French or Dutch,
you'll have to get it out of him, he don't say much.*

*Here he is, he's all yours now,
we don't want him anyhow.
We promise we'll tell you all that we know,
so long as you pay us all you owe.*

Cecil *As I said – five groats an hour,
to have this man in my power.
He must talk and frame the rest,
we'll put his courage to the test.
Painful torture is the best,
take him to the
Tower
Take him to the
Tower. The Tower*

Soldiers *Take him to the
Tower
to the Tower*

Cecil melodramatically blows out Fawkes' candle as he is led off to the Tower at the end of the song. The red curtains open to reveal the Tower of London backdrop – the scene in front will be variously a torture chamber, an impromptu court and the gallows. Brian the Iron, Hugh the Screw and Jack the Rack are discovered 'servicing' their instruments of torture. They are whistling happily.

Hugh Pass the oil, will you Jack. The screw's not twisting as it should ... must be getting rusty; I haven't used it since Good Queen Elizabeth sent us those Spaniards we captured after the Armada.

Jack Here you are, Hugh. I've just been loosening the rack a bit; last time it was too tight and the poor bloke's spine broke, as did his neck, so that wasn't much good, was it? Old man Cecil was furious. A dead body's no good to him, it can't tell you nothing, and he never did get to find out the names of the Catholics he wanted. Better get it right this time, hadn't we ... who is the fellow he's sending us today; any idea, Brian?

Brian Not a clue, Jack, not a clue, but I hope the temperature's right in this pot; not much point in having a branding iron that doesn't brand, is there? Hey, look (*he points the audience out*) ... I see the tourists are in.

Hugh Look at them all! Gloating ghouls the lot of them! Fancy paying good money and standing in a queue all morning just for the dubious pleasure of watching some poor bloke writhe in pain. They must be sick.

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Brian Hello. (*Pause*).

Jack Can you hear me? (*Pause*).

Hugh Well, at least tell us your name. (*Pause*).

Fawkes It's Fawkes. Guy Fawkes.

All three torturers collapse in laughter

Brian Fawkes! Fawkes! What kind of a name is that! How are your friends 'Knives' and 'Spoons'!

Jack I say, I say, I say. What do you call a prisoner who sings scales all day?

Hugh I don't know. What do you call a prisoner who sings scales all day?

Jack Tuning Fawkes! (*He slaps his side with laughter. The others crease up*).

Fawkes (*sarcastically*) Ha Ha.

Jack Oh, come on. You've got to laugh. Life's not that bad! Hey, I've got another one. What do you call a prisoner who doesn't need to sing scales all day?

Brian I don't know. What do you call a prisoner who doesn't need to sing scales all day?

Jack Perfect Pitch Fawkes! (*Similar reactions as above*).

Fawkes This is ridiculous! I thought you were supposed to be torturing me.

All We are.

Fawkes Well, do get on with it. Anything is better than your dreadful jokes!

Brian All right. All right. Sit there. (*Fawkes sits on the platform*). Well, first, I suppose we'd better introduce ourselves, and then we'll get on with it.

Hugh Here's the scroll and here's the pen. If at any time you want us to stop, just shout "Stop! I'll sign", and as long as we're not enjoying ourselves too much, that's what we'll do. Okay?

Fawkes nods. Music starts

Jack Good. Right, listen carefully. Brian...you start.

Music #12 – Good Afternoon! (Torturers, Cecil & Chorus)

Brian *Good afternoon, my name is Brian.
I have this useful branding iron.
I keep it in a cooking pot,
in which the end gets very hot.*

*And when it's set against your face,
your hands or feet or any other place,
it burns your skin and makes you yell
so loud I burn your throat as well!*

*You're not alone, you're not to blame,
just take this pen and sign your name.*

Chorus *Sign it Fawkes, sign, sign, sign.
Why be so dumb, why waste our time?
They will torture you with iron or rack,
Sign it before they make you crack.*

Hugh *Good afternoon, my name is Hugh.
I operate this fine thumbscrew.
Adjustable to fit on tight,
to either thumb, left or right.*

*I turn the handle at the back,
and listen as your thumbs go crack.
And not just thumbs but fingers, toes,
it might fit snugly on your nose!*

*You're not alone, you're not to blame,
just take this pen and sign your name.*

Chorus *Sign it Fawkes, sign, sign, sign.
Why be so dumb, why waste our time?
They will torture you with iron or rack,
Sign it before they make you crack.*

Jack *Good afternoon, my name is Jack,
and welcome to my famous rack.
You see these chains they work a treat,
to tie your hands and then your feet.*

*And when you're bound I turn this winch,
to stretch your neck and spine an inch.
Then leave you there to scream in pain,
before I turn the winch again.*

*You're not alone, you're not to blame,
just take this pen and sign your name.*

Chorus *Sign it Fawkes, sign, sign, sign.
Why be so dumb, why waste our time?
They will torture you with iron or rack,
Sign it before they make you crack.*

Torturers *You're brave but foolish, Mister Fawkes.
The tortured man, he always talks.*

*Be it thumbscrew, iron or rack,
they always sign, they always crack.*

*But since you're playing it so cool,
we're gonna break our golden rule.
No prisoner whate'er his crime,
survived three tortures at a time*

*You're not alone, you're not to blame,
just take this pen and sign your name.*

Chorus *Sign it Fawkes, sign, sign, sign.
Sign it Fawkes, sign, sign, sign.
Sign it Fawkes.*

Fawkes Stop! ... I'll sign.

Cecil *His hour has come, the battle fought,
his dumb refusal comes to naught.
He assigned and framed the rest,
we put his courage to the test.*

*Painful torture was the best,
so take him to the Court*

Chorus *Take him to the Court*

Cecil *Take him to the Court*

Chorus *To the Court!*

At the end of the song, the secondary curtains close, with Cecil left on his own. Tresham enters.

Cecil Francis! The very man! How the devil are you!

Tresham You're the devil, Cecil! This whole plot, this whole intrigue – it's been masterminded by you. Now we Catholics are more unpopular than ever, and already new laws have been passed against us – we are no longer allowed to appear at Court, or to live in London. We cannot travel from our homes without a magistrate's permission. We are forbidden to be doctors or lawyers or seek other respectable professions. Our homes can be searched at will. Not only are we fined for failing to take Protestant communion, but our property can be confiscated for this so called offence as well. You knew it would happen, Cecil – you knew the country would turn against us if we were implicated in such a plot, and you stoked up the anger of one or two hotheads in the certain knowledge that they would try something like this – and, worst of all you used me, and my weakness, to help you with your devious plan. What can I do now? How will I ever be forgiven? Who will have mercy on a poor, miserable sinner?

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Coke And lastly, in this sorry tale, we come to the man who History will no doubt mark down as the blackest and vilest devil of them all, the man who would have taken all England to the grave with him, and whose confession led to the capture, arrest and detention of those other blackguards whose deaths you have just witnessed. (*Fawkes mounts the steps, and stands on the extra platform next to Cecil who holds the noose*). Fawkes, have you anything to say? Any last prayers? Any last pleas for forgiveness? History is listening, Fawkes – you can't save your life, but you can save your reputation. (*Music starts*). Hush! He speaks!

Music #14 – Here Today And Gone Tomorrow (Reprise) (Fawkes & Company)

During the song, Cecil places the noose around Fawkes's neck, and is then handed the candle. As the song progresses the lights dim so that by the time Fawkes steps off the extra platform and is hanged, the audience can only see his face and the evil smile of Cecil in the candlelight. As the final refrain dies away very quietly Cecil blows out the candle.

Fawkes *Deep inside, we all have a cause
something for which we all must fight.
When they add up the final scores
no one knows who's wrong or right.*

*Here I stand.
Yes, I played the game,
but as to blame, I'm not the one*

**Fawkes
& Chorus** *Here today, and gone tomorrow,
blink an eye and we are gone.
Matters not if joy or sorrow,
for time just goes rolling on.*

**Cecil
& Catesby** *History says he was the guy
who promised Catholics a new dawn.
But I can tell you it's just a lie,
truth is, he was just a pawn.*

*Here he stands.
Yes, he played the game,
but as to blame, he's not the one*

All *Here today, and gone tomorrow,
blink an eye and we are gone.
Matters not if joy or sorrow,
for time just goes rolling on.*

Fawkes *Listen to my tale of woe,
a tale of fire, of blood, of lies.
But though my name's the one you know,
'twas other men who sought the prize.
Nothing but a pawn was I,
moved up the board by hands unseen,
and as a pawn I had to die,
to foil the capture of the Queen.*

Chorus *Aaaah*



All *Here today, and gone tomorrow,
blink an eye and we are gone.
Matters not if joy or sorrow,
for time just goes rolling on.*

THE END

To obtain the full script, please contact :-

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