



THE SCARLET
PIMPERNEL

Book and Lyrics by
Will Huddleston

Original Concept and Lyrics by
Barry Collyer

Music and Lyrics by
C. Michael Perry

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS

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The Scarlet Pimpernel

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The *Scarlet* Pimpernel

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

25M 8F + Aristos, Citizens, French Peasants, English Gentry, FrenchSoldiers, English Soldiers, Pimpernel's Men, Servants

KING LOUIS

MARIE ANTOINETTE

FINANCE MINISTER

MINISTER OF WAR

ROBESPIERRE

CHAUVELIN

ARISTOS

CITIZENS

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC SAFETY

FRENCH MAJOR (soloist)

JUDGE

COMTESSE DE TOURNAY

VISCOMTE DE TOURNAY

SUZANNE DE TOURNAY

KNITTER WOMAN 1, 2, & 3

GUARD

HAG (THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL)

SERGEANT BIBOT

FRENCH MAJOR (THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL)

CROWD OF PEASANTS (3 solo)

MR. JELLYBAND, THE INNKEEPER OF THE FISHERMAN'S REST

JELLYBAND'S WIFE

SALLY, his daughter

JIMMY PITKIN, the barman

LORD ANTHONY DEWHURST

SIR ANDREW FFOULKES

A TRAVELER

HIS ACCOMPLICE (CHAUVELIN)

SIR PERCY BLAKENEY (THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL)

LADY MARGUERITE (ST. JUST) BLAKENEY

ARMAND ST. JUST

LADY PORTARLES (Lord Portarles)

LORD GRENVILLE (Lady Grenville)

MAJOR DOMO

PRINCE OF WALES

SERVANTS (2)

other ATTENDERS AT LORD GRENVILLE'S BALL

LOUISE, attendant to Marguerite

BROGARD, INNKEEPER OF LE CHAT GRIS

BROGARD'S WIFE

DESGAS

THE SERGEANT

SEVERAL FRENCH SOLDIERS (6)

BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM, (THE "JEW")

Synopsis of Scenes and Songs

Act One

#1 -- PROLOGUE

Scene 1-- Split scene -- The Kings Chambers and The Citizen's Council room

#2--MARCH TO THE MADAM

#3-- A RESTLESS STATE -- Aristos & Citizens

#4--MARCH TO THE MADAM (reprise 1)

#5 -- LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE -- Louis and Marie Antoinette

#6--MARCH TO THE MADAM (reprise 2)

#7 -- REIGN OF TERROR -- Chauvelin, Robespierre & Citizens Committee

#8--MARCH TO THE MADAM (reprise 3)

#9--MARCH TO THE MADAM (reprise 4)

Scene 2-- Split -- Prison and La Place de la Guillotine

#10 -- THE GUILLOTINE -- Aristos, Hag, Citizens

Scene 3 -- A City Gate

#11 -- NOBODY GETS BY ME -- Bibot and Crowd

#12 -- MARCH TO THE MADAM (reprise 5)

#12a -- Scene Change/Prolog

Act Two

Scene -- The Fishermen's Rest Inn -- Dover, England

#13-- THE FISHERMAN'S REST -- Jellyband, Sally, Jimmy and Customers

#14 -- ONE TO COMMAND -- Anthony and Andrew

#15 -- DROP THE MASK -- Percy

#16-- MAN OF MYSTERY -- Marguerite

#17 -- BLISS -- Sally & Jimmy Pitkin

#18 -- FINALE ACT TWO: The REIGN Of TERROR (reprise)-- Chauvelin

Act Three --

Scene 1 -- Lord Grenville's Castle -- A Ballroom

#19-- THE BALL -- Orchestra

#20 -- THE MARKS OF A MAN -- Percy & Chauvelin

#21--THEY SEEK HIM HERE

Scene 2 -- Another part of the castle

#22 -- THEY SEEK HIM

#23--THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL -- Percy, Sir Andrew

#23A --UNDERSCORE (THEY SEEK HIM)

#23B -- UNDERSCORE (THE REIGN OF TERROR)

#24 -- YOU ARE MY LIFE -- Suzanne & Anthony

Scene 3 -- Another part of the castle

#25 -- WE SEEK HIM HERE (reprise)

Scene 4 -- Richmond -- Sir Percy's Estate

#26--FEAR! -- Marguerite and Chauvelin

#27--FROM AFAR -- Marguerite & Sir Percy

#28--BEYOND TOMORROW -- Marguerite

#29--BEYOND TOMORROW (reprise) -- Marguerite and Percy
#29A -- Scene Change/Prolog

Act Four--

Scene 1 -- Le Chat Gris

#30 -- THE NET IS CLOSING -- Chauvelin
#31 -- THE NET IS CLOSING (Reprise) -- Chauvelin

Scene 2 -- Pere Blanchard's Hut

#32 -- THEY SEEK HIM (reprise2) -- The Jew
#32A -- Scene Change
#33 -- The DUEL
#34 -- A NEW DAY -- Marguerite, Percy and Company
#35 -- FINALE -- Company
#36 -- Exit Music

Running Time: 2 hours

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

Act I -- The Guillotine

MUSICAL # 1 -- PROLOG

***Scene -- behind a scrim** -- A Guillotine execution is seen in silhouette, surrounded by what appears to be a huge **MOB**, lead by **ROBESPIERRE**. The blade is raised; a victim is forced to kneel. As the **MOB** gathers in sound and fury. The blade falls, and the **MOB** roars its approval as the **executioner** displays the head.. The scrim raises as the music changes.*

MUSICAL #2 -- MARCH TO THE MADAM

MOB

THE GUILLOTINE, THE GUILLOTINE,
COME PAY YOUR RESPECTS TO THE MADAM.
WE'LL FIND A KING AND THEN A QUEEN,
ALL BOW IN REVERENCE TO HER.

MARQUIS AND A MARQUISE TOO
WHO GIVES A SOU? THEIR BLOOD RUNS BLUE!
DOWN THEY KNEEL,
THEN THE BLADE TAKES THE HEAD,
THE BLOOD RUNS RED.

*The **KING**, (**LOUIS XIV**), **QUEEN** (**MARIE ANTONETTE**) and several **MINISTERS** are revealed.*

LOUIS: Why does everyone demand so much of me? Can I help it if the winter was cold and there's not enough bread? Can I help it if the Prussians are mounting another invasion? I'm only human.

MARIE ANTONETTE: The people will suffer, some will starve. You've done everything a King can do, Dear Louis. Here, everything is wonderful.

LOUIS: That's what I need to hear. I get so tired of complaints.

MINISTER OF FINANCE: Unfortunately, we do have some concerns about finances. Bread has become so costly mobs are smashing the bakery windows.

MINISTER OF WAR: The war has crippled us. Many soldiers refuse to follow orders. Revolution is being preached in the streets.

MINISTER OF FINANCE: These Revolutionary leaders are saying that the Aristocracy is to blame. If they come to power we could all be taken to the Guillotine.

LOUIS: What you suggest is impossible! It would be the end of civilization.

***SPLIT STAGE** -- **ARISTOS** on one side and **CITIZENS** on the other. The **MOB** becomes animated again, following **ROBESPIERRE** and those who will become the **COMMITTEE**. The **CROWD** surrounds but does not interact with the **KING** and his court.*

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MUSICAL # 3 -- A RESTLESS STATE

ARISTOS

THE PEOPLE, FEARFUL, FULL OF HATE --
THEY MUMBLE, GRUMBLE OF THEIR FATE.
THE RUMBLE'S GETTING WORSE EACH DAY
TO LOUD TO LISTEN TO WHAT WE SAY.

CITIZENS

A RESTLESS STATE

ARISTOS

THEIR MAIN CONTENTION SEEMS TO BE
UNEQUAL INEQUALITY.

CITIZENS

LIFE IS GRIM AND HARD TO BEAR.
DISEASE AND SICKNESS ARE EVERYWHERE --

ARISTOS

A RESTLESS STATE!

MARIE ANTIONETTE

WE REALLY CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S TRUE --
WELL, NOT ALL OF IT, ANYWAY.
THE PROBLEMS SEEM SO VERY SMALL.
I'D CONSIDER PUTTING IT OFF
TO DISCUSS ANOTHER DAY.
'TIL IT STARTS TO AFFECT US,
IT JUST DOESN'T MATTER AT ALL!

***ROBESPIERRE** reads a list of offenders to be guillotined. The **MOB** chants "The Guillotine, the Guillotine."*

CITIZENS *(in a round)*

MY FRIENDS IN THE ARISTOCRACY
(MY FRIENDS IN THE ARISTOCRACY)

ROBESPIERRE: *(reading from the list)* Baron et Baroness Orczy

CITIZENS *(in a round)*

MY FRIENDS, ALL RESIGNED, AGREE WITH ME.
(MY FRIENDS, ALL RESIGNED, AGREE WITH ME.)

ROBESPIERRE: Le Compte De Guiche

CITIZENS

THOUGH SOME OF THIS RABBLE
CAN CAUSE QUITE A STIR --

ROBESPIERRE: Monseigneur Richelieu

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ARISTOS

THE PROBLEMS NOW SEEM NO WORSE
THAN PROBLEMS EVER WERE --

ROBESPIERRE: Baron de Burgundy

CROWD

THE GUILLOTINE! THE GUILLOTINE! THE GUILLOTINE!

CITIZENS

A RESTLESS STATE!

ROBESPIERRE: General Cunard

CROWD

THE GUILLOTINE! THE GUILLOTINE! THE GUILLOTINE!

CITIZENS

THE RICH GET RICHER! THE POOR JUST DIE!

ROBESPIERRE: Bishop de Seigny

ARISTOS

"MORE FOOD, MORE FOOD!" THEIR ANXIOUS CRY.

ROBESPIERRE: Compté et Comtesse de Lausanne et Famille

ARISTOS

WE FEEL THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO DO.

WE TURN THE MATTER OVER TO YOU.

ROBESPIERRE: Sergeant GrosPierre

ARISTOS

IS A RESTLESS STATE SUCH A TRAGIC THING?

ROBESPIERRE: Baron de Rochefort

CITIZENS

WE WON'T SIT AND WAIT -- PUPPETS ON A STRING!

ROBESPIERRE: La Famille Marchon

CITIZENS

IN A RESTLESS STATE.

ARISTOS

LET'S LEAVE IT TO
THE KING!

CITIZENS

WE'LL TAKE IT TO
THE KING!

The Guillotine reappears and the MOB is heard chanting.

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL # 4 -- MARCH TO THE MADAM (Reprise #1)

MOB

OH, GENTLE MAN AND NOBLE LASS
YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR CLASS,
PLEASE, LORDS AND LADIES, DON'T BE SHY --

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BE FIRST TO SAY GOOD BYE.
THE MADAM YOU MUST SATISFY.
*The **MOB** dissappears.*

**OVERLAP SEGUE TO
MUSICAL #5 -- LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE**

LOUIS

WHY DO THOSE AWFUL PEASANTS
ALWAYS WHINE THAT NO ONE CARES?
IF THEY DON'T GET ENOUGH TO EAT
IT'S NOT MY FAULT, IT'S THEIRS!
WHY CAN'T THEY LEARN TO THRIVE
AND BE HAPPY WITH THEIR LOT?
AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT FOR ME
TO GIVE THEM WHAT THEY HAVEN'T GOT!

MY DEAR MARIE, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
YOU SEE SOME FAULT IN ME?
I AM LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE!
A GOLDEN MAJESTY!
IF THERE IS SOMETHING, TELL ME,
ALTHOUGH IT WOULD SURPRISE.
I'M A GENTLE UNDERSTANDING MAN
BUT I WILL NOT LISTEN TO THEIR LIES.

MARIE ANTIONETTE

LOUIS, MY DEAR HUSBAND,
THERE CANNOT BE ANY FAULT IN YOU.
HOW CAN THEY CRITICIZE YOU,
OR DESPISE YOU? I SURMISE
THAT THOSE WHO KNOW YOU WILL AGREE --
YOU'RE BLAMELESS, MAJESTY!

LOUIS, MY DEAR HUSBAND,
THERE ARE THOSE WHO DO COMPLAIN TOO MUCH!
THAT THEY DO NOT HAVE ANY BREAD.
THAT THERE ARE MANY DEAD!
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT MY DEAR
SO LET THEM EAT THEIR CAKE INSTEAD!

MARIE ANTIONETTE

LOUIS

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LOUIS,
MY DEAR
HUSBAND,
THERE ARE
THOSE WHO
DO COM-
PLAIN TOO MUCH! THAT
THEY DO NOT HAVE
ANY BREAD THAT TELL ME,
THERE ARE MANY
DEAD! IT'S
NOT YOUR FAULT MY
DEAR SO LET THEM
EAT THEIR CAKE
INSTEAD!

WHY DO THOSE AWFUL
PEASANTS ALWAYS
WHINE THAT NO ONE
CARES? IF
THEY DON'T GET E-
NOUGH TO EAT IT'S
NOT MY FAULT, IT'S THEIRS!
IF THERE IS SOMETHING,

ALTHOUGH IT WOULD SUR-
PRISE! I'M A
GENTLE, UNDER
STANDING MAN BUT
I WILL NOT
LISTEN TO THEIR LIES!

ROBESPIERRE: Louis Everemonde, supposed King of France.

**SEGUE TO
MUSICAL # 6 -- MARCH TO THE MADAM (REPRISE#2)**

*The **LOUIS** and **MARIE** are dragged off by the **MOB** and brought before the silhouette of the Guillotine.
LOUIS is seen being prepared for execution.*

LOUIS

I HAVE ALWAYS TRIED TO TEACH YOU
“MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT YOU HAVE.”
BUT THERE’S NOTHING THAT CAN REACH YOU. . .

The blade falls and is raised again.

CITIZENS

MARQUIS AND MARQUISE TOO
WHO GIVES A SOU, THEIR BLOOD RUNS BLUE
***MARIE ANTOINETTE** is taken before the blade.*

ROBESPIERRE: Marie Antoinette, Daughter of Austria, supposed Queen of France.

DOWN THEY KNEEL
THEN THE BLADE
TAKES THEIR HEAD

*The blade falls a second time to cheers from the **MOB***

CITIZENS

THE BLOOD RUNS RED!

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*The scene shifts to the courtroom scene of **ROBESPIERRE** and the **COMMITTEE** is revealed. Before them stand a wretched pair of **ARISTOS**.*

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL # 7 -- THE REIGN OF TERROR

ROBESPIERRE AND MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE

THE RICH HAVE BEEN RICH TOO LONG,
IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE TO BE MADE.
WITH CUNNING AND CRAFTINESS
WE'LL RID THE LAND OF THOSE WE DETEST.
THEN WE CAN FEATHER OUR OWN LITTLE NEST
AS OUR PLANS ARE LAID.

ROBESPIERRE

STARVATION'S BEEN SUCH A HELP --
THE PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO AGREE.
WE'LL TAKE THE RICH TO THEIR FATE
FOR THE WAY IS CLEAR NOT TO WAIT.
WITH THE ARISTOCRATS GONE WE'LL DECREE
THAT OUR PLANS ARE LAID!

FRENCH OFFICER

A REIGN OF TERROR WILL SWEEP THIS LAND
UNTIL ALL FRANCE IS FREE.
THE POWER WILL BE REASSIGNED
TO THOSE LIKE ME WHO NEVER MIND
A LITTLE AUTHORITY.

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE

OUR NATION'S SAD CRY IS HEARD
AND WE CAN BUT LIVE TO OBEY!
TO BRING MEN TO LIBERTE, EGALITE AND FRATERNITE.
SO AT THE START OF THIS GLORIOUS DAY
ALL OUR PLANS ARE LAID.
SO, ONWARD AND UP WE GO,
IT SOMEHOW WILL FALL INTO PLACE.

ROBESPIERRE

IT'S JUST FOR THE GOOD OF THIS LAND
THAT THIS REVOLUTION IS PLANNED.

FRENCH OFFICER

THOSE WHO OPPOSE US WILL SURELY BE DAMNED

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE

FOR OUR PLANS ARE LAID.

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A REIGN OF TERROR WILL SWEEP THIS LAND
UNTIL ALL FRANCE IS FREE.

ROBESPIERRE

THE POWER WILL BE REASSIGNED
TO THOSE LIKE ME WHO NEVER MIND
A LITTLE AUTHORITY.

CROWD

AUTHORITY!

ROBESPIERRE & COMMITTEE

VIVE LA LIBERTE

ROBESPIERRE: Hear me, Citoyens! All the Aristo's lands, money, and property are forfeit to the Committee and the people of France. Take these prisoners away and let them be brought to the guillotine within the week.

The ARISTOS are dragged away by members of the MOB.

Let the so called Comtesse de Tournay, her son, the so called Vicompte de Tournay, and her daughter, Suzanne be brought before the Committee.

The COMTESSE de Tournay, her son the VICOMPTE de Tournay, and daughter SUZANNE appear.

Due to the indulgences of your privileged class you are found guilty of crimes against humanity and the natural rights of man. Take them to prison and let them be executed within the week.

VICOMPTE: Is that all you have to say to us? We have already languished in your prison for a month, desperate to plead our case. Has French law become so degraded that those who are about to die are not allowed to speak?

ROBESPIERRE: There is nothing you can say that the Committee has not heard many times during the past few months.

VICOMPTE: I can accept my own death, but why take the lives of my mother and sister; they are innocent women.

COMTESSE: Surely France has not become so cruel that children must suffer the fate of their parents. I beg the Committee to take me and let them go.

ROBESPIERRE: Dare you speak to me of cruelty? The greed shown by you Aristocrats and your churches have brought an ocean of cruelty to the poor -- homelessness, despair, starvation. The clothes your children wear are proof enough that they willingly accept the arrogance of their class. Take them to prison and let them be executed within the week.

VICOMPTE: Surely the great nation of France has not descended to such a state!

ROBESPIERRE: Take them away!

Members of the MOB drag the COMTESSE, the VICOMPTE, and SUZANNE away.

MUSICAL #8 -- MARCH TO THE MADAM (reprise #3)

MOB

WHO WILL BE NEXT TO JOIN THE FEAST,

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AN ARTISAN, PERHAPS A PRIEST?
ARISTOCRATS ARE NOW TOO FEW.
SO THOSE WITH PROPERTY WILL DO:

ANYONE WHO WHO STANDS APART
AND WALKS TOO PROUD,
OUTSIDE THE CROWD
ROARS AND CHEERS--BLOOD AND TEARS --
LET IT FALL!
WHO'LL BE NEXT TO HEAR THE MADAM'S CALL?

ROBESPIERRE: Citoyen Chauvelin!

CHAUVELIN appears, dark and dangerous.

The new Republic of France has urgent need of a man of your skill.

CHAUVELIN: The Members of the Committee know well of my devotion to the Revolutionary cause.

ROBESPIERRE: That is why you have been summoned. This man called the Scarlet Pimpernel continues to make a mockery of the Revolution and all its ideals.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 1: He is known to be an Englishman. Only yesterday he appeared at the North Gate disguised as a common laborer. He and at least five Aristocrats passed through the gate unchallenged.

ROBESPIERRE: Citoyen Chauvelin, the audacity of this Englishman is undermining the advances made by our cause. France once again has need of your help. It will take a man of your methods to track down the Scarlet Pimpernel and put an end to him.

CHAUVELIN: I have already begun. May I ask the Committee if the guards have been punished?

FRENCH OFFICER: They have taken the place of the Aristos that have escaped. They were beheaded at the guillotine this morning.

CHAUVELIN: Good. That will inspire all guardians of the Republic to greater diligence. As for myself, I have assembled the best agents France has to offer. Two have already crossed from Calais over to England where I will join them, if necessary. We intend to pursue the Scarlet Pimpernel into his own nest.

ROBESPIERRE: Your devotion to the ideals of the Revolution are an example for us all, Citoyen Chauvelin. But such a journey may not be necessary. All indications are that this rogue Englishman and his gang of dandies are here in Paris.

CHAUVELIN: Even so. If the Committee will give me leave I will continue my inspection of all Gates and Prisons. Another escape may be attempted at any time.

ROBESPIERRE: Find out just who this man is, Citoyen Chauvelin. Expose him, and stop him, by any means necessary. Go!

The MOB chants as the scene shifts to the prison as the Committee breaks up.

MUSICAL #9 -- MARCH TO THE MADAM (reprise#4)

MOB

THE GUILLOTINE, THE GUILLOTINE,

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COME PAY YOUR RESPECTS TO THE MADAM.
ARISTOCRATS ARE NOW TOO FEW
THIS INVITATION IS ADDRESSED TO YOU!

*The song is sung softly under the dialog leading up to the **GUARD**'s line. The **COMTESSE**, the **VICOMPTE**, and **SUZANNE** are brought in to join the other **ARISTO** prisoners. A **GUARD** stands to one side.*

SUZANNE: Are they going to kill us, Henri?

VICOMPTE: We mustn't give up hope, Suzette.

SUZANNE: It's all right, you can tell me the truth. I'm not afraid.

COMTESSE: If our time comes, my children, we must Trust in God and go to him as happily as we can.

SUZANNE: When I'm taken to the guillotine, they will not see me cry. I've already decided that much. I will not shed one tear for them to gloat over.

VICOMPTE: That's my brave little sister. I hope I can be as courageous as you.

GUARD: Hey, Aristos! Shut up, you're disturbing me.

Pause

Maybe I should let you talk, because it won't be for much longer.

VICOMPTE: *(Speaking lower)* There's always hope, Suzette. Never give up hope.

*An old hunched backed **HAG** appears carrying a bucket.*

HAG: Come to give the prisoners water, don't want them to die of thirst, do you?

GUARD: No! Give them some water. Don't want to cheat Madam Guillotine.

COMTESSE: I don't know who I am more afraid of, the Guillotine, or this old hag.

KNITTER 2: Remember when the knitting went so slow?

KNITTER 1: Almost done, dearie?

KNITTER 2: Now each Aristo comes and I've knit another row.

MUSICAL #10 -- THE GUILLOTINE

KNITTER 1: I'm not so fast as all that.

KNITTER 2: Each week a sweater and a shawl. How fast the work gets done!

KNITTER 1: Here comes the first today.

KNITTER 2: Another day I knit and knit and watch the fun.

ARISTOS

ANOTHER DAY AND MANY MORE
ARE OFF TO THE GUILLOTINE.
THEY GIVE UP HOPE, THEY GIVE UP LIFE
FOR NO ESCAPE IS FOUND!
WE LIVE WITH LIES. WE LIVE IN FEAR
FOR ALL ARE CLOSE TO THE GUILLOTINE.
WHERE DEATH LURKS ALL AROUND;
YOU JUST WAIT TILL YOU'RE FOUND!

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THE KING IS DEAD -- THE QUEEN IS LOST --
AND BOTH BY THE GUILLOTINE.
THINK OF THE PRICE! THINK OF THE COST!
THE CIRCLE COMES AROUND!
YOU NEVER KNOW, YOU CANNOT TELL
WHO STANDS IN LINE FOR THE GUILLOTINE.
AS DEATH WAITS ALL AROUND
YOU REMEMBER THE SOUND --

The Guillotine falls.

OF THE GUILLOTINE!

HAG

DON'T GIVE UP YET, MY FRIEND.
FOR HELP COULD BE NEARBY.

*The **LEAGUE OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL** appears. They are stationed all over England and France. If this isn't feasible it can just be **Andrew, Armand and Antony.***

THE LEAGUE OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (OR ANDREW, ARMAND & ANTONY)

A MAN OPPOSED TO UNJUST LAWS,
WILL COME WITH COURAGE, TAKE UP THE CAUSE
SAVING THOSE ABOUT TO DIE
FROM THE HOLE IN WHICH THEY LIE.

HAG

DISAPPEAR WITHOUT TRACE
FROM THIS HELL,

ARISTOS

FROM THIS TREACHEROUS PLACE!
ANOTHER DAY , AND MANY MORE
ARE OFF TO THE GUILLOTINE.
THEY GIVE UP HOPE, THEY GIVE UP LIFE
FOR NO ESCAPE IS FOUND!
THEY LIVE WITH LIES. THEY LIVE IN FEAR
FOR ALL ARE CLOSE TO THE GUILLOTINE.
WHERE DEATH WAITS ALL AROUND
LYING LOW TILL YOU'RE FOUND!
HEAR! THE GUILLOTINE!

*The lights come up on **SIR ANDREW FFOULKES , LORD ANTONY DEWHURST and ARMAND ST. JUST**, somewhere in Paris with a letter from The Scarlet Pimpernel*

ANDREW: From him?

ANTONY: Yes!

reads

“All is in readiness. The De Tournay family will meet you at the usual place. Urgency -- secrecy--utmost

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speed. To the rest of the fisherman -- beware!"

Yours...,

A musical chord crashes as the symbol of the Scarlet Pimpernel, a small, red flower, flashes boldly on the scrim or cyc.

ARMAND: Who is he this time?

ANDREW: His best disguise yet! Those poor French soldiers haven't a chance now.

ANTONY: They never had one in the first place.

*The lights fade back to the **MOB** as it begins chanting "Death, Death, Death to Aristos" around the Guillotine.*

THE KING IS DEAD -- THE QUEEN IS LOST --

AND BOTH BY THE GUILLOTINE.

THINK OF THE PRICE! THINK OF THE COST!

GUARD

THE CIRCLE COMES AROUND!

ARISTOS

YOU NEVER KNOW, YOU CANNOT TELL

WHO STANDS IN LINE FOR THE GUILLOTINE.

AS DEATH WAITS ALL AROUND

YOU REMEMBER THE SOUND --

The Guillotine descends once again.

OF THE GUILLOTINE!

*The **MOB** roars.*

GUARD: Hey Aristos! This is an honor for you. These old hags have become famous throughout Paris. They sit all day at the foot of the guillotine and knit. Every day, all day, they knit and watch the blade come down. Sometimes the knitting gets splashed with Aristo blood and they laugh. See, this famous person has been kind enough to bring you some water. Maybe, she will knit you a shawl. Oh, I forgot, there's not enough time to make a shawl, better ask for a little wool cap or scarf instead.

*The **GUARD** laughs at his joke. The **HAG** laughs with him.*

They've had enough water. Off with you, you stupid old hag.

*The **GUARD** turns and the **HAG** brains him with the bucket.*

HAG: (in a male voice) Quickly! Follow me!

*The **THREE** run after the **HAG** leaving the **GUARD** on the floor. Shouts are heard and **CHAUVELIN** enters with an armed **SOLDIER** and questions the guard.*

CHAUVELIN: Who was it? Was it the Scarlet Pimpernel?

GUARD: It was an old woman -- the hag who brought the water, what did she hit me with?

CHAUVELIN: Quickly, double the guards at each gate.

***CHAUVELIN** and the **SOLDIER** dash off as the scene shifts to a side street. There is a small door. The **HAG** enters alone, removing the disguise and revealing the costume of a major in the French Republican Army. **ARMAND** enters, leading the **COMTESSE DE TOURNEY** and **SUZANNE** to a small door.*

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*She knocks a signal and **ARMAND** enters. The **HAG** takes out her knitting and her pipe and takes her place as guard outside the door.*

ARMAND: Here! Quickly, inside! You will find new clothing laid out for you. Put the garments on, and burn the clothes you now wear. Make haste, time is of the essence.

COMPTESSSE: Are you the gentleman that is known as the Scarlet Pimpernel?

ARMAND: No, Madamme, I am not, but you have that person to thank for your rescue.

***LORD ANTONY** enters from the doorway.*

LORD ANTONY: You'd better go now to the gate, Armand. Distract the gate keeper as best you can. Expect our arrival within fifteen minutes.

ARMAND: Bibot is a cock-strutting fool -- count on me!

***ARMAND** runs off.*

LORD ANTONY: Gentleman, Ladies, we are still in the greatest of peril. Inside! And change your clothes at once.

*The **COMPTESSSE** and the **VICOMPTE** hurry through the door.*

SUZANNE: That man you called "Armand" -- he was French, wasn't he? I thought all those who go with the Scarlet Pimpernel were English.

LORD ANTONY: Armand is as French as you are, Mademoiselle. So you see, it is not only Englishmen who rescue lovely ladies.

SUZANNE: But which of you is the Scarlet Pimpernel? You can tell me. I assure you, sir, there is no torture the Republicans can devise that can make me give up such a secret.

LORD ANTONY: It gives me great pleasure, Mademoiselle, to rob the guillotine of such a tigress as yourself. But you must hurry.

SUZANNE: Who is he?

LORD ANTONY: You have met him already.

SUZANNE: Who?

LORD ANTONY: No more talk. Change your clothes at once!

***ANTONY** and **SUZANNE** enter the small door. The scene becomes the West Barricade at the city gate.*

***SERGEANT BIBOT**, a fat, scruffy individual, is in charge. A **CROWD** watches as **CHAUVELIN** gives him his final instructions.*

CHAUVELIN: The entire Republic is depending upon your diligence, Sergeant Bibot.

BIBOT: Citoyen Chauvelin, when it comes to Aristos, the West Barricade here is a wall of iron. Nobody gets by me. Let them go. These are nothing but field hands.

*A group of **FARMHANDS** passes through the gate.*

CHAUVELIN: Take no chances, Sergeant Bibot.

*To the **SOLDIER***

Let's go to the North Gate.

BIBOT: You can count on me completely, Citoyen Chauvelin.

***CHAUVELIN** and the **SOLDIER** exit. **BIBOT** begins to play the **CROWD**.*

Sometimes, I let the Aristos through the gate -- just when they think they have escaped -- I pounce!

***BIBOT** demonstrates*

Oh, the fright in their faces makes it most enjoyable. I have sent at least fifty Aristos to the Guillotine.

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ARMAND: (*in disguise*) Who is this mysterious Englishman who arranges escapes?

ANOTHER VOICE: Yes, what about the Scarlet Pimpernel, Bibot? Can you stop him?

THIRD VOICE: He tricked GrosPierre at the North Gate last week; a whole family of Aristos got through.

BIBOT: Bah, GrosPierre was a fool,

MUSICAL #11 -- NOBODY GETS BY ME

..but no longer, they sent him to the Guillotine instead. Now, if it had been me at the North Gate...

BIBOT demonstrates his "pounce"

I could never be fooled like GrosPierre.

NOBODY GETS BY ME
THIS IS A WELL GUARDED GATE!
SOME ARISTOS COME THIS WAY.
MORE WILL TRY, I DARE TO SAY,
BUT I SEND THEM THE OTHER WAY --
NOBODY GETS BY ME.

THEIR SCHEMES -- THEIR DISGUISES
MEAN NOTHING AT ALL TO ME.
WHATEVER THEY TRY IT WILL NEVER DO
'CAUSE I KNOW I WILL NOT LET THEM THROUGH --
NOBODY GETS BY ME.

CROWD

YOU ARE THE GREAT BIBOT --
THE ARISTO'S ENEMY!
NO ARISTO WILL GO FREE TODAY!
YOU ARE THE GREAT BIBOT!
THERE IS NOTHING IN YOUR WAY!
STOP THOSE ARISTOS --
NOBODY GETS BY YOU TODAY!

BIBOT

I ENJOY MY REPUTATION
WHEN THEY COME HERE TO WATCH EACH DAY.
I'M NOT LIKE ANY OTHER GUARD.
THEY FIND THEIR WORK TOO HARSH, TOO HARD!
THE PLACE DE LA GREVE IS THE PLACE OF THE GRAVE
TO THE GRAVE I SAY!
NOBODY GETS BY ME!

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I CAN SMELL AN ARISTOCRAT
SO THEY ALL HAVE CAUSE TO FEAR,
EVEN WHEN THEY ARE HIDDEN WELL,
I CAN TELL,
I CAN SENSE WHEN ONE IS NEAR!

I AM THE GREAT BIBOT! THE ARISTO'S ENEMY!
THERE IS CERTAINLY NOT ONE OF THEM
WHO IS NOT AFRAID OF ME!

I AM THE GREAT BIBOT!
THE ARISTO'S ENEMY!
THEY HAD BETTER TRY ANOTHER GATE
FOR NOBODY GETS BY ME!

A FRENCH MAJOR (THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL in disguise), followed by four trotting SOLDIERS (The DeTOURNAY FAMILY), runs in and takes positions guarding the gate.

MAJOR: What's your name Sergeant?

BIBOT: My name is Bibot. I am the man in charge of this gate.

MAJOR: Tell me quickly, Sergeant. Did a party of field hands just pass through?

BIBOT: Yes, Major, I examined them myself and permitted them to pass.

MAJOR: You fool! Those field hands were the Scarlet Pimpernel and an entire family of Aristocrats in disguise -- some of them were women and you didn't notice!

BIBOT: It cannot be! They were simple laborers. Their hands were calloused and their faces were burned by the sun.

MAJOR: Callouses can be imitated with knacker's paste and a sunburn with rouge and paint. You're supposed to see through these tricks, Sergeant Bibot. If we don't catch them you'll pay for it with your life.

BIBOT: Well, catch them -- after them! They can't have gotten far. It was only five minutes ago that they passed.

The MAJOR waves his SOLDIERS through the gate.

For God's sake, Major, hurry! If you don't catch them I'll be taken to the Guillotine.

MAJOR: I hope for your sake that I do, Sergeant Bibot.

The MAJOR hurries after his men. The CROWD begins to whistle and laugh at BIBOT.

CROWD PERSON: (*Imitating his former swagger, in song*) So, nobody gets by you, Bibot.

ANOTHER PERSON: This Scarlet Pimpernel must be the devil himself.

ANOTHER CROWD PERSON: Who can defend himself against the devil?

BIBOT: Don't worry the Major will catch them. I suspected they were Aristos all along. I only let them through to play with them a little.

CROWD PERSON: And then you will pounce!

The CROWD person imitates Bibot's "pounce" and the CROWD laughs. CHAUVELIN and his SOLDIER run up.

CHAUVELIN: Sergeant! We have just received a report that the Scarlet Pimpernel and a family of Aristocrats

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may approach this gate. They are in the disguise of a French Major and soldiers under his command.

MUSICAL# 12 -- MARCH TO THE MADAM (reprise#5)

***BIBOT** and **CHAUVELIN** stare at each other as the **CROWD** grows to a **MOB** and begins it's chant. **BIBOT** hangs his head as **CHAUVELIN** strikes him with the riding crop he constantly carries and the **SOLDIERS** lead him to the guillotine.*

MOB

THE GUILLOTINE, THE GUILLOTINE,
COME PAY YOUR RESPECTS TO THE MADAM.
ARISTOCRATS ARE NOW TOO FEW
THE INVITATION IS ADDRESSED TO YOU.

*The lights fade all around except for a spot on poor **BIBOT** and the silhouette of the Guillotine as the blade falls. The **MOB** roars it's approval as the lights go to red and then to black.*

SEGUE TO

#12a--SCENE CHANGE

Act II
The Fisherman's Rest

***Scene:** The entrance parlor and coffee-shop of "The Fisherman's Rest", an inn on the English seacoast. Rain and wind are heard. Patrons sit around two men engaged in a rum drinking contest. Servants come and go through the front door, and doors leading to the dining room and hallway. These inhabitants of "The Fishman's Rest" comprise the **CHORUS**. A **TRAVELLER** and his **ACCOMPLICE** are among them, sitting at a table playing dominos or checkers. **JELLYBAND**, the inkeeper, **JIMMY PITKIN**, the barman, and **SALLY**, Jellyband's daughter serve coffee and join in the chorus.*

MUSICAL # 13 -- THE FISHERMAN'S REST

CHORUS

THE MIDDLE CLASS ENGLISH--THAT'S US!
THERE'S NEVER A WORRY --OR FUSS.
THOSE FRENCHMEN JUST APPALL US.

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THE "BOURGEOISE" THEY CALL US!
IF WE DON'T TAKE CARE,
IF WE'RE NOT AWARE THEY'LL TRY TO OVERHAUL US.

JELLYBAND: Now, Sally, when the guests arrive you will step up and act as lady like as you will. Just curtsy and say, "Welcome, my Lords and Ladies, to the "Fisherman's Rest", the inn of choice for locals and gentry alike.

SALLY: Papa! French people will be the fashionable sort and will laugh at such plain talk.

JELLYBAND: Why that's the very thing, Sally! You will speak in just such a charmly fashion and bear your body as lady-like as you will.

SALLY : I know just the way to bear my body, Papa. Of that you can be sure.

SALLY & JIMMY

WE WELCOME YOU TO THE "FISHERMAN'S REST."
OUR ENGLISH WEATHER'S SIMPLY THE BEST.
IF THE SOG YOU LIKE,
AND THE FOG YOU LIKE,
I THINK YOU'LL BE VERY IMPRESSED.

CHORUS

THE ENGLISH BOURGEOISIE
IS MERRY AS IT CAN BE,

WOMEN

BUT MEN WITH FACES CHEERFUL
AND BELLIES BURSTING BEERFUL,

MEN

PUT DOWN THEIR TANKS
WITH LITTLE THANKS
WHEN THE WIVES START SERVING US TEA!

JELLYBAND: You young people; what modern things you are! But Sally my girl, surely it won't do to mention the weather. The rain is fairly pouring down even now. It might be best to ignore the weather and show ourselves to be plain upstanding English folk..

WELL, I WORKED HARD TO GET WHERE I'M AT
I'M HEALTHY, WEALTHY, FUNNY AND FAT.
MY FAMILY'S FED,
ROOF OVER HEAD,
PRAY, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THAT?

SALLY: Papa! It sounds so plain and unexciting. These gentlemen have been off adventuring in Paris and are not interested in our silly old roof. I know! When a lord or lady comes through the door I'll toss my head and drop my shoulder..

I'LL LANGUISH ON A BENCH
AND PLAY THE LITTLE WENCH.
I'LL WAIT 'TIL PAPA'S COOKING,

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WHEN THERE'S NOBODY LOOKING,
I'D LIKE TO BE PINCHED AND TEASED AND HUGGED
AND KISSED JUST LIKE THE FRENCH.

JELLYBAND: No, it won't do to say such things, saucy Sally! Such behavior might be taken as wantonness.
You best not be kissing men from the higher class.

JIMMY: If you please, sir. I would be happy to kiss pretty Sally.

JELLY: No, Jimmy! It won't do. You're a nice lad, but Sally can't kiss someone from the servant classes either.

SALLY: Who can I kiss then, Papa?

PAUSE

JELLYBAND: Jimmy, you go out to the road and watch for the coach.

JIMMY: Right away, sir.

JIMMY exits.

SALLY: Who can I kiss then, Papa?

JELLYBAND: When a boy from the proper class comes around I'll let you know. But I'll not permit just anyone to dally with my daughter -- not Jimmy Pitkin nor some hoity-toity aristocrat neither.

SALLY: But you like it when they stay here at the inn, Papa.

JELLYBAND: Indeed I do, my girl. And I'm happy to do so!

AN ARISTOCRAT IS FREE TO BARGE
INTO MY INN! THERE'S PROFIT MARGIN!
BUSINESS FROM THE GENTRY?
ELEMENT'RY, WHEN THEY CAN CHARGE!

During the following JIMMY re-enters and talks to NED, a boy behind the bar, who exits. JIMMY approaches SALLY, just in time to dance

CHORUS

WE ENGLISH DON'T ARRANGE
SOCIETIES SO STRANGE.
WE'RE STEADFASTLY LOYAL
TO ANYONE THAT'S ROYAL.
WITH EASE AND GRACE WE TAKE OUR PLACE!
BUT THE FRENCH ARE ADDICTED TO CHANGE.

DANCE

SALLY: I think I understand, Papa.

JELLYBAND: I know you do, my darling girl.

CHORUS

WE LIFT A GLASS TO THE FISHERMAN'S REST.
OUR ENGLISH GROG IS SIMPLY THE BEST!
IF IT'S SOG YOU LIKE,
OR IT'S FOG YOU LIKE,
IF A BENCH YOU LIKE
WITH A WENCH YOU LIKE,
IF IT'S TANKS YOU DRINK,

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JELLYBAND

THEN IT'S THANKS, I THINK!

CHORUS

WE WELCOME YOU AS OUR

WE WELCOME YOU AS OUR

WE WELCOME YOU AS OUR GUEST

TO THE FISHERMAN'S REST!

NED bursts in the front door.

NED: Oh lord, Sir! There's a horse coming up from seaside.

JELLYBAND: Jimmy Pitkin! Run back into the yard and see that the stableboy is ready.

JIMMY PITKIN: I'll take a stick to him if he's fallen asleep in the hay again.

JELLYBAND: You do that, Jimmy.

SALLY: It's a fine horse, Papa, that's for certain.

JELLYBAND: Bless your brown eyes for being so sharp, pretty Sally. A coach with the refugees will soon follow. I'll greet the gentleman myself.

SALLY: I'm ready to bear my body like a lady, Papa.

JELLYBAND: No, Sally. You best run and fetch Sir Andrew and tell him his party has arrived.

ANDREW, having heard the commotion, rushes in from the dining room.

ANDREW: Have they arrived, Jelly?

SALLY: He's here already, Papa.

JELLYBAND: Go put out the finest china, Sally.

SALLY: *(To ANDREW, with a fine curtsey)* Egad and eggshells, m' Lord, how many shall I lay for?

ANDREW: I beg your pardon?

JELLYBAND: She means to inquire as to how many will be at supper.

ANDREW: Oh, I see. Five places, pretty Sally, but let supper be enough for ten at least -- our friends will be tired and, I hope, hungry.

SALLY: Zooks and crumpets, I shall lay it most finely.

SALLY parades into the dining room; ANDREW passes out the front door.

TRAVELLER: What's all the fuss, Innkeeper?

JELLYBAND: We are being visited by people of quality, I can assure you, every last one of them. English sirs and lords and French duchesses and the like. And they'll be staying right here in The Fisherman's Rest. I can say no more, sir; it won't do to speak too freely with all those French spies lurking about.

The TRAVELLER'S ACCOMPLICE turns from his game. It is CHAUVELIN.

CHAUVELIN: French spies! I should hope not, Innkeeper. I wouldn't so much as drink a glass of ale with a murdering Frenchman.

JELLYBAND: You needn't worry about the spies, my good sir. I wouldn't let one of them pass through my door.

CHAUVELIN: I'm glad to hear it, Innkeeper.

JELLYBAND: And there's not a spy among this lot that's arriving now. The gentlemen escorting the party are with the Scarlet Pimpernel.

CHAUVELIN: The Scarlet Pimpernel? He that rides by night and snatches innocent victims from the jaws of

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the Guillotine?

JELLYBAND: The very same.

CHAUVELIN: Pox upon it! A phantasm. You jest with a poor traveller, Innkeeper. There's no such man as the Scarlet Pimpernel.

SALLY enters and joins JELLYBAND.

JELLYBAND: There is indeed, or may I never draw breath.

JIMMY PITKIN enters from the yard.

JIMMY PITKIN: Oh lord sir! The Frenchies are nigh to standing on the doorstep!

JELLYBAND: If you'll excuse me, sir.

JELLYBAND hurries out into the yard.

CHAUVELIN: And just where do these Frenchmen come from, girl?

SALLY: Fresh from a Paris prison.

JIMMY PITKIN: All of them picked ripe for the guillotine, they were.

CHAUVELIN: And how did they manage their escape?

JIMMY PITKIN: I can tell the whole story, so please you. For three days they lay hidden in a wagon full of turnips and cabbages driven by the Scarlet Pimpernel himself. Disguised as a market woman he was -- shawl, petticoats and all. He drove them through lines of soldiery and screaming mobs, got them safe aboard a sloop, and dumped them safe and sound here on the doorstep of the "Fisherman's Rest".

CHAUVELIN: The man's a marvel. I hope to meet him.

JIMMY PITKIN: So do I.

SALLY: So does everybody. But that's the very thing. No one knows who he is. But I have my suspicions, Jimmy Pitkin. Why, I heard this very evening. . .

JELLYBAND enters.

JELLYBAND: No more talk. I must ask you kind gents to vacate the parlor and make room for desperate, weary travellers. There'll be a toast on the house for the inconvenience. Sally, that means you, too.

SALLY: Oh, Papa!

As SALLY and the CHORUS go to the door, JIMMY PITKIN back into the yard. CHAUVELIN signals to his ACCOMPLICE who ducks beneath one of the tables and disappears into the dining room with the crowd. A MAID enters with coffee as the COMTESSE, on the arm of ANDREW, the VICOMTE, and SUZANNE, on the arm of ANTONY, enter.

ANDREW: Are we alone, Mr. Jellyband?

JELLYBAND: Yes, my lord, and all the guests have gone within.

ANDREW: Thank you, Jelly.

JELLYBAND bows and exits into the dining room. The VICOMTE de Tournay takes a coffee mug.

VICOMTE: May I raise my glass to His Majesty George Three of England. God bless him for his hospitality to us all, poor exiles from France.

ANTONY and ANDREW: His Majesty the King!

ANTONY: And to your husband, Madame -- May we welcome him in England before many days pass.

COMTESSE: Ah, Monsieur, I trust in God -- I can but pray -- and hope for his safety.

ANDREW: Aye, Madame! Trust in God by all means, but believe also in your English friends, who have sworn to bring your husband, the Count, safely across the Channel, even as they have brought you today.

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COMTESSE: Indeed, indeed, Monsieur. I have the fullest confidence in you and your friends. But my husband, Monsieur -- when I think of him, flying for his life, hunted like a poor beast -- in such peril. Ah! I should not have left him. I should not have left him!

SUZANNE rushes to the COMTESSE to comfort her.

SUZANNE: Dear Mama', you must trust these brave men absolutely, and have every confidence that they will bring my dear father safely to join us here.

ANTONY: Nay! You shame us, Mademoiselle. We have been but humble tools in the hands of our great leader, who organised and effected your escape.

COMTESSE: Your leader, Monsieur? But tell me where is he? I must go to him at once, and throw myself at his feet, and thank him for all that he has done for us.

ANDREW: Alas, Madame! That is impossible.

COMTESSE: Impossible? Why?

ANDREW: Because the identity of the Scarlet Pimpernel is only known to his immediate followers. And they are bound under a solemn oath of secrecy.

SUZANNE: The Scarlet Pimpernel? Why! what a droll name! What is the Scarlet Pimpernel, Monsieur?

ANDREW: The Scarlet Pimpernel, Mademoiselle, is the name of a humble English wayside flower; but it is also the name chosen to hide the identity of the best and bravest man in all the world.

VICOMTE: A little flower -- red? They say in Paris that every time a royalist escapes the Committee for Public Safety receives a paper with that little flower stamped in red upon it. Yes?

ANDREW: Yes, that is so.

VICOMTE: Then the committee will have received one such paper today?

ANDREW: Undoubtedly.

VICOMTE: Ha! Marvellous! I would like to see the look on their faces.

SUZANNE: Ah, Monsieur, it all sounds like a romance.

COMTESSE: But, tell me, why should your leader -- why should you all -- spend your money and risk your lives -- and all for us French men and women, who are nothing to you?

ANTONY: We do it for sport, Madame la Comtesse, sport! The English are a nation of sportsmen, you know, and just now it is the fashion to pull the rabbit from between the teeth of the hound.

SUZANNE: You take such terrible risks for sport? Impossible! You have a more noble motive, I am sure.

ANTONY: Faith, Mademoiselle, I vow I love the game -- hair-breath escapes -- the devil's own risks! -- Tally ho! -- and away we go!

COMTESSE: How many are there in your brave league, Monsieur?

ANDREW: Twenty in all, Madame.

MUSICAL #14 -- ONE TO COMMAND

WE ARE ONLY SERVANTS
IN AN HONOURED AND TRUSTED LEAGUE
LORD ANTHONY
PLANNING RESCUES IN A VERY DARING WAY.
ANDREW

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OUR LEADER IS THE GENIUS
BEHIND EVERYTHING WE DO.

BOTH

THERE IS ONLY ONE TO COMMAND
AND NINETEEN TO OBEY.

ANDREW

SNATCHING HELPLESS VICTIMS
FROM A VICIOUS AND DEADLY FOE --
THERE ARE MISSIONS FILLED WITH DANGER
EVERY DAY.

LORD ANTHONY

BUT NO ONE SHIRKS HIS DUTY
WHEN OUR LEADER GIVES HIS WORD.
THERE IS ONLY ONE TO COMMAND

BOTH

AND NINETEEN TO OBEY.
FOR ENGLAND AND FOR FRANCE
WE PREFER TO TAKE A CHANCE

LORD ANTHONY

WE CAN'T WAIT TO DANCE THE DANCE OF DEATH
TO HELP A FRIEND TAKE FREEDOM'S BREATH.

THE DETOURNAY FAMILY

FROM PARIS UP TO DOVER,
THROUGH THE HIGHWAYS, CROSS THE FIELD --
DOWN THE BYWAYS, KNOW YOUR SHIELD
IS WHAT YOU'RE UNDER OR YOU'RE OVER.

ANDREW

WHEN THE DANGER MOUNTS
EACH SECOND COUNTS!

LORD ANTHONY

I WOULDN'T TRADE A MINUTE!

ANDREW

YOU CAN'T STOP ONCE YOU BEGIN IT!

*The **LEAGUE OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL** appear at different parts of the stage and join
Anthony and Andrew*

LEAGUE OF THE S. P. (OR ANTONY & ANDREW) (plus DETOURNAYS)

IT'S OUR ENGLISH DUTY
AND A WORTHWHILE PAST-TIME TOO.
THERE ARE TIMES I THINK THE WORK
SEEMS MORE LIKE PLAY.
OUR LEADER HAS IT PLANNED SO WELL

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THAT NOTHING COULD GO WRONG.
THERE IS ONLY ONE TO COMMAND
AND NINETEEN TO OBEY.

The rattle of horses' hoofs on the cobblestones is heard. JIMMY PITKIN throws open the front door and rushes in excitedly.

JIMMY PITKIN: Oh lord sir! Sir Percy Blakeney and Lady Percy, they're just arriving.

ANDREW: Good! Your welcome is now complete, Madamme. Sir Percy is one of the richest men in England and the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales.

ANTONY: It was his yacht, The Daydream, that brought us across the channel.

ANDREW: His new wife is a Frenchwoman like yourself -- Marguerite St. Just. She was a leading actress of the Comedie Francaise. Perhaps you knew of her?

COMTESSE: Monsieur, you astonish me completely! Marguerite St. Just is one of the enemy. She denounced the Marquis de St. Cyr to the tribunal. He and all his family were among the first to die.

VICOMTE: Messieurs, this means your entire organization is in great peril!

ANTONY: But Mme La Comtesse! Lady Blakeney is the most fashionable woman in London. Her brother Armand assisted in your own escape and is even now preparing to return to France to begin the rescue of your husband. Surely you are mistaken.

COMTESSE: I assure you there is no mistake. The St. Justs are plebian, simple commoners; and the French tribunal employs many spies. I fear for your friends in France and I fear for my husband. This evil woman will betray us all.

ANDREW: Jellyband!

JELLYBAND and SALLY pop in from the dining room.

JELLYBAND: Yes, my lord.

ANDREW: For goodness' sake, man, try to keep Lady Blakeney talking outside for a moment while the ladies withdraw. Zounds! This is most unfortunate.

JELLYBAND: Quick Sally! The candles! The ladies must be shown to their rooms as quickly as possible.

The COMTESSE rises to her feet. SALLY rushes off for candles, JELLYBAND out the front door.
(Off) Good-day to your ladyship! My lady. . .er. . .h'm!. . .my lady!. . ."

MARGUERITE: (Off) Pardieu, my good man, what are you standing in my way for, dancing about like a turkey with a sore foot? Let me get to the fire, I am perished with the cold.

Just as SALLY returns to show the COMTESSE and SUZANNE to their rooms, MARGUERITE pushes JELLYBAND to the side and sweeps into the coffee-room. She glances around the room, nods to ANDREW and extends her hand to ANTONY.

Hello! my Lord Tony, why -- what are you doing here in Dover?

MARGUERITE sees the COMTESSE who has turned back to wait for SUZANNE.

Why! if that isn't my little Suzanne over there. Pardieu, little citoyenne, how came you to be in England? And Madame too?

SUZANNE runs to MARGUERITE and kisses her. The COMTESSE steps up.

COMTESSE: Suzanne, I forbid you to speak to that woman.

SUZANNE: Very well, Mama! Then I will speak to the gentlemen instead. For my part, Messieurs, I wish to

say that Marguerite was a school-fellow of mine and I am glad to see her.

COMTESSE: Suzanne, come with me at once--I wish it.

MARGUERITE: What fly stings you, pray?

COMTESSE: We are in England now, Madame, and I am at liberty to forbid my daughter to touch your hand in friendship. Come, Suzanne.

The COMTESSE curtseys to the two young men and sails majestically out of the room. As soon as her mother is out of sight SUZANNE looks back to MARGUERITE.

MARGUERITE: And I am very glad to see you.

SUZANNE runs to give MARGUERITE a kiss and quickly exits.

La! Sir Andrew, what is it that I have done now?

VICOMPTE: I shall tell you, lady, my mother accuses you of . . .

Before the VICOMPTE can continue a distinctive, somewhat inane laugh, is heard from outside.

SIR PERCY: (off) Zounds, my dear fellow, did you ever see such a beastly day? Demmed climate this.

An unusually tall and very richly dressed figure, SIR PERCY, appears in the doorway. He lolls into the parlour, shakes the wet off his fine overcoat; then puts up a gold-rimmed eye-glass to a lazy eye to survey the company. We should sense a somewhat cold and surfacy relationship between PERCY and MARGUERITE; polite but distant.

How do, Tony? How do, Ffoulkes?

PERCY shakes ANDREW and ANTONY by the hand.

La! How sheepish you all look. What's up?

MARGUERITE: Oh, nothing, Sir Percy, nothing to disturb your equanimity -- only an insult to your wife.

SIR PERCY: La, m'dear! you don't say so. Begad! who was the bold man who dared to tackle you, eh?

ANTONY tries to interpose, but the VICOMTE offers an elaborate bow.

VICOMTE: Monsieur, my mother, the Comtesse de Tournay de Basserive, has offended Madame, who, I see, is your wife. I am ready to offer you the usual reparation between men of honour.

SIR PERCY examines the VICOMTE through his glass.

SIR PERCY: La! sir, where in the cuckoo's name, did you learn to speak English?

VICOMTE: Monsieur!

SIR PERCY: I protest tis marvellous -- demmed marvellous! Don't you think so, Tony -- eh? I vow I can't speak the French lingo like that. What?

MARGUERITE: Nay, I'll vouch for that! When he speaks French, Sir Percy has an accent you could cut with a knife.

VICOMTE: Monsieur, I fear you have not understand. I offer you the only posseible reparation among gentlemen.

SIR PERCY: What the devil reparation is that?

VICOMTE: My sword, Monsieur!

MARGUERITE: Lord, Sir Andrew -- what a pretty picture -- the English peacock and the French rooster.

SIR PERCY smothers a yawn and stretches.

SIR PERCY: Lud love you, sir, demmit, young man, what's the good of your sword to me?

VICOMTE: A duel, Monsieur.

SIR PERCY: (Laughing) A duel? La! is that what he meant? Odd's fish! you are a bloodthirsty young

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LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS

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ruffian, Do you want to make a hole in a law-abiding man? As for me, sir, I never fight duels. Demmed uncomfortable things, duels, ain't they, Tony?

MARGUERITE: I pray you, Lord Tony, play the peacemaker. The child is bursting with rage, and, might do Sir Percy an injury.

ANTONY: Lady Percy is right, Vicomte. It would hardly be fitting that you should commence your career in England by provoking him to a duel.

VICOMTE: Ah, well! You my lord, are our protector. If I have done wrong, I withdraw myself.

SIR PERCY: Aye, do! Withdraw yourself over there. Demmed excitable little puppy. Faith, Ffoulkes, if that's a specimen of the goods you and your friends bring over from France, my advice to you is, drop em mid Channel or I shall have to see you put in the stocks for smuggling.

VICOMPTE exits in a huff.

MARGUERITE: La, Sir Percy, you forget that you yourself have imported a bundle of goods from France yourself.

SIR PERCY: Why so I did! And I had the pick of the market, Madame, and my taste is unerring.

MARGUERITE: More so than your chivalry, I fear .

SIR PERCY: Odd's life, m'dear! be reasonable! Do you think I am going to allow my body to be made a pincushion of, by every little frog-eater who don't like the shape of your nose?

MARGUERITE: S'faith, Sir Percy, you do look a picture. Afraid of a little French boy.

She laughs.

SIR PERCY: *(Laughing his inane laugh)* La, Madame, you honour me! Zooks! Ffoulkes, mark ye that! I have made my wife laugh! -- The cleverest woman in Europe! Odd's fish, we must have a bowl on that! Hey! Jelly! Quick, man! Here, Jelly!

JELLYBAND rushes in.

A bowl of punch, Jelly, hot and strong, eh?

JELLYBAND rushes out. ARMAND and NED appear in the doorway.

NED: Excuse me, your Ladyship, a young gentleman, claiming to be your brother, is arrived...

ARMAND: Good evening to you all.

SIR PERCY: Come along, Armand. You are just in time to join us in the merry bowl.

MARGUERITE: I trust you will all forgive me if I bid my brother goodbye.

SIR PERCY: Egad, my dear, Jellyband's fine suppers, like the tide, wait for no man. But if you must. . .

MARGUERITE and ARMAND exit. PERCY breaks the foppish charade and his normal voice and manner ensues.

Think you, Tony, that the young jackanapes will join us in a glass? Go ask him if he will drink with us a token of reconciliation.

ANTONY: I would be happy to, Percy.

Exit ANTONY with a glance that tells ANDREW to say something to PERCY.

ANDREW: Percy, I have some news for you from the DeTourneys which I find most disturbing.

LIGHTS cross fade as MARGUERITE and ARMAND embrace outside.

MARGUERITE: Oh Armand! I can't believe that you are going back to that awful Paris.

ARMAND: Our own beautiful country, Marguerite.

MARGUERITE: Our countrymen are going too far, Armand. Even you must think that they are going too far.

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ARMAND: Hush!

ARMAND instinctively glances around him.

MARGUERITE: There, you see! You yourself don't think that it is safe even here in England! Don't go, Armand! Don't go back! I have only you to care for me.

ARMAND: The rain has stopped for the moment. Shall we walk?

PERCY'S laughter is heard.

MARGUERITE: Yes, I cannot bear it here any longer.

MARGUERITE and ARMAND exit. LIGHTS crossfade back to the room where PERCY and ANDREW are conversing.

ANDREW: ...and that is why there was so much tension when you entered. Madame DeTourney is adamant about what happened to the St. Cyr's. She blames Marguerite for everything and now fears for Monsieur DeTourney's safety. What should I do? Should I warn Armand?

PERCY: (*Thoughtfully*) No. I will discuss my concerns with Armand. Now is not the time to make waves. I do want you to find Marguerite and ask her to come to me; tell her I must get back home immediately.

Enter ANTONY. PERCY immediately puts his foppish act back on, only to drop it when he sees ANTONY is alone.

ANDREW: I'll get her right away.

Exit ANDREW.

PERCY: How, now, Tony--where's our feisty French lamb?

ANTONY: He's with the others, enjoying one of Jellyband's finest creations. Where is Andrew going?

PERCY: To fetch Marguerite. I understand that you enjoyed your latest escapade particularly well this last go 'round?

ANTONY: Well, to be honest, I did get to enjoy the company of a fine woman on this trip.

PERCY: (*impishly*) Yes, I understand that the Comtesse is a fine conversationalist.

ANTONY: On the contrary. I am talking of her daughter, Suzanne.

PERCY: So was I.

ANTONY: I hate to say it, Percy, but I think I really like her. I get all flustered when I talk to her that I just don't know what to say.

PERCY: Tell her what you told me, Tony. A mask of silence or misunderstanding is nothing on which to start a relationship. Tell her the truth. If you don't, you will find yourself as miserable as I am.

ANTONY: So, Andrew told you about...

PERCY: Oh, all of that is old rumor. But that is why I play my mask around her still. I want to believe that she is innocent.

A look from ANTONY.

Yes, I have talked to her about it months ago -- but I must, above all, insure the safety of the League.

ANTONY: We can take care of ourselves.

PERCY: Yes, but I'm not being honest with her. She is a capital woman, Tony. Quite remarkable. If she weren't, she would not put up with my new found antics -- no woman would. I'm tired of it, Tony. So very tired.

MUSICAL #15 -- DROP THE MASK

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DAY AFTER DAY, HOUR AFTER HOUR,
 I LIVE IN THE BLOOM OF THAT LITTLE FLOWER.
 I LIVE IN THE GLOW OF AN AWESOME TASK.
 BUT I LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN I DROP THE MASK.
 A MOMENT OF TIME HAS SO MUCH POWER
 WHEN GIVING YOUR LIFE TO THAT LITTLE FLOWER.
 A MOMENT THAT'S MINE -- THAT IS ALL I ASK!
 SO, I LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN I DROP THE MASK.
 THE FACE IN THE GLASS ISN'T ONE I KNOW.
 THE SECRETS I HOLD,
 THE LOVE GROWING COLD,
 THE PEOPLE I HAVEN'T TOLD!
 I TIRE OF CONTINUOUS POMP AND SHOW
 WHEN ALL THAT I ASK IS TO DROP THE MASK.
 BUT WHAT COULD THEY DO--THOSE WITHOUT POWER.
 HOW COULD THEY SURVIVE
 WITH NO SCARLET FLOWER?
 I MUST CARRY ON WITH THIS TIRESOME TASK:
 FOR WHERE WOULD THEY BE IF I DROPPED THE MASK?

ANTONY places his hand on PERCY's shoulder. A moment passes.

Now, Tony, go into that dining room, sit next to Suzanne and let her get to know the real you. You, too, are a man of quality. Here.

Hands ANTONY a paper.

Take these instructions and read them through tonight with Andrew after I am away. I'll leave in a rush to cause distraction.

ANTONY: Thank you, Percy. I will.

ANTONY exits. JIMMY enters the room where PERCY is.

JIMMY: Sir Percy, Jellyband begs your presence. He has prepared your favorite -- mutton.

LIGHTS fade inside as PERCY takes a breath and transforms himself once more into the "fop" and exits through the parlor into the dining room. JIMMY is cleaning the bar. TRAVELER enters, looks around and hides under the table as SALLY enters from the dining room.

Hello, Sally.

SALLY: Jimmy Pitkin, you know I'm not supposed to be alone with you. Papa, forbids that I should consort with the lower classes -- and that means you!

JIMMY: Your Papa will soon have no worries about that, Sally. I've decided to change my class.

SALLY: *(Stopping)* That's not possible, Jimmy Pitkin, and you know it. Once you're born a servant, you're always a servant.

JIMMY: Not true. Come here.

SALLY: What?

JIMMY: Look out there. You see Lady Blakeney running up the cliff top with her brother?

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SALLY: Yes. What of it?

JIMMY: She was a common French woman when she married Sir Percy. Now she's Lady Blakeney with servants, coach and all.

The lights fade on the parlor of "The Fishermen's Rest". LIGHTS up as MARGUERITE enters outside, breathless. ARMAND catches up with her.

MARGUERITE: Half an hour, half an hour more and you'll be far from me, Armand!

ARMAND: And what of that, Margot? You have a husband now. Percy cares for you.

MARGUERITE: I have the satisfaction, Armand, of knowing that the biggest fool in England has the most complete contempt for his wife.

ARMAND: My dear, Margot?

MARGUERITE: While the world goes up in flames around us, his thoughts never go beyond the tying of his cravat.

ARMAND: Surely you must love him?

MARGUERITE: Love him? How can anyone love that inane fop?

ARMAND: Margot! If you don't love him then why did you marry him?

MARGUERITE: I don't know!

ARMAND does not know what to say.

This is where I'll watch you go. I'll stand here until the last glimpse of sail vanishes from sight.

ARMAND: You won't have to wait long, my darling Margot. It will be dark soon. Percy loves you. He loves you dearly.

MARGUERITE: Do You Think So? I don't. I don't know him anymore.

ARMAND takes MARGUERITE by the hand.

ARMAND: I must go.

MUSICAL # 16 -- MAN OF MYSTERY

MARGUERITE: That awful Paris. . .

ARMAND: Our own beautiful country, Marguerite. She calls and I must go. Au revoir!

ARMAND departs.

MARGUERITE: Au revoir, mon chere.

Pause.

Percy...where are you lately?

WHO IS HE? WHO CAN HE BE?

I WONDER? WHO CAN TELL?

IF WHAT HE PLAYS IS MASQUERADE--

HE PLAYS IT WELL!

IS THE WORLD JUST A STAGE FOR HIM

WHERE HE PLAYS HIS CHOSEN PART?

IS HIS STAGE SO FULL OF SHALLOW WHIM

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NO FEELINGS FROM THE HEART?

LOVE WILL SURELY COME ONE DAY.
SOMETHING DEEP WITHIN MY SOUL.
TELLS ME LOVE I'VE KNOWN IN DAYS GONE PAST
WILL HELP HIM PLAY A DIFFERENT ROLE!

MYSTERY, MYSTERY, THIS MAN OF MYSTERY.
I THOUGHT I KNEW HIM WELL,
WHO CAN TELL?
I WONDER NOW WHO CAN HE BE?

ONCE I GLIMPSED THE INNER MAN
A FEELING SWEEP MY WAY!
I CHASE THAT FEELING DAY BY DAY
WITHOUT A PLAN!

IS HE NOW JUST THE POMPOUS FOOL
THAT HIS MANNER SO PORTRAYS?
COULD THERE BE A VERY DIFFERENT ROLE
WHICH HE SELDOM, EVER PLAYS?

HOW I WISH THAT I COULD SEE
WHAT FEELINGS LIE SO DEEP!
HIDDEN BY HIS MASQUERADE --
KEPT SECRET BY THE SECRETS HE MUST KEEP

MYSTERY, MYSTERY, THIS MAN OF MYSTERY.
I THOUGHT I KNEW HIM WELL,
WHO CAN TELL?
I WONDER NOW WHO CAN HE BE?

Lights fade on MARGUERITE and come up on JIMMY and SALLY in the Fisherman's Rest watching MARGUERITE out the window.

SALLY: Lady Blakeney was never common.

JIMMY: Yes, she was. As common as an innkeeper's daughter. Commoner. She was an actress.

SALLY: As common as a stableboy, you mean.

JIMMY: That's right, pretty Sally. She was that common. And if she can change her class, so can I.

SALLY: And just how do you plan to do that, Lord Jimmy the Stableboy?

JIMMY: Same way she did it -- with a kiss.

SALLY: And just who do you plan to kiss?

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SUZANNE enters from the dining room. Thinking they are caught by Jellyband, SALLY and JIMMY dive behind the bar.. JIMMY makes it. SALLY does not.

SUZANNE: Where has Lady Blakeney gone, Sally?

SALLY: She went for a walk with her brother, M'Lady. Up to where you can see the coastline.

SUZANNE: Well, I suppose I can wait for her return.

SALLY starts for the hall as SUZANNE turns back to the dining room. LORD ANTONY enters.

JIMMY reaches out and drags SALLY behind the bar.

LORD ANTONY: Your mother sent me. She bids me say, "under no condition is Suzanne to speak to that wicked Frenchwoman."

SUZANNE: Oh! Well, I thank you, sir, for being so quick to do my mother's bidding.

LORD ANTONY: I am only the messenger, Suzanne.

SUZANNE: And such an English gentleman you are tonight. When we were on the run from Paris, hiding in haystacks and dressed as beggars, you were not so formal. I liked you better then.

LORD ANTONY: I confess. When I'm with you there are times I do not wish to be a gentleman.

SUZANNE: And I do not wish to be a lady.

They kiss.

Not here. Not now.

COMPTESSSE enters and retrieves SUZANNE. They exit. LORD ANTONY runs out the door excitedly. SALLY and JIMMY look up over the bar.

SALLY: They're in the same class, for sure.

JIMMY: There it was. As magical a transformation as you could wish.

SALLY: What do you mean?

JIMMY: One moment she was a true-born member of the French class, and then he kissed her -- poof! -- there she stood, changed forever into the English one.

SALLY: And to think of it happening right here at the Fisherman's Rest.

JIMMY PITKIN: So if a lowly stable-boy was kissed by a well-born innkeeper's daughter, what would happen then?

SALLY: She'd turn into a servant.

JIMMY PITKIN: No! He'd be transformed into a gentleman.

SALLY: A kiss could do that? How big?

JIMMY PITKIN: How big, what?

SALLY: How big would the kiss have to be?

JIMMY PITKIN: Oh...

Pause as he smiles.

...it would take a fairly large kiss. I'm sure of that.

MUSICAL # 17 -- BLISS!

JIMMY

STARTING WITH A KISS

A TINY LITTLE KISS,

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WE COULD GO FROM THIS (*Far apart*)
TO THIS (*Very Close together*)
BLISS!

SALLY

BUT KISSES LEAD TO MORE
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN STORE
I KNEW WHAT LOVE WAS FOR
BEFORE!

JIMMY

OR?

SALLY

WOULD IT BE BETTER JHUST TO SIGH
AND SLYLY GLANCE FROM EYE TO EYE?

JIMMY

I'M NOT QUITE SURE.
I FEEL THE SHOCK
I FEEL THE PAIN
I THINK THE THOUGHTS
I FEEL THE PAIN
OF BEING PURE.

BOTH

STARTING WITH A KISS
A TINY LITTLE KISS
WE COULD GO FROM THIS (*Far apart*)
TO THIS (*Very Close together*)
BLISS!
WHEN KISSES LEAD TO MORE
IT'S TIME FOR PEACE, NOT WAR.
'CAUSE WHAT'S A FELLA/LADY FOR
IF THIS AINT BLISS!

JIMMY PITKIN advances again on SALLY, lips ready. She puts her finger up to his lips and taps them playfully, then grabs his hand and runs off with him in tow.

SALLY: Not here. Not now.

LIGHTS crossfade to MARGUERITE as she turns to go from the cliff's top. She encounters ANDREW.

ANDREW: Lady Blakeney, Sir Percy wishes to leave immediately. He isn't feeling well.

MARGUERITE: La, Andrew -- he's never feeling well. His back is always in such pain.

ANDREW: Will you join him?

MARGUERITE: Momentarily. I wish to wave good bye to my brother.

ANDREW: I'll tell him you're coming.

MARGUERITE looks off. ANDREW exits.

CHAUVELIN: (*from the darkness*) Marguerite St. Just.

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MARGUERITE: Who's there?

CHAUVELIN enters. the light.

CHAUVELIN: An old friend.

MARGUERITE: Chauvelin!

CHAUVELIN: Himself, citoyenne, at your service.

CHAUVELIN kisses her fingertips.

MARGUERITE: (*Uncomfortable with his presence and advances*) Chauvelin! My ... friend! I am astonished and delighted to see you. But tell me. What in the world are you doing here in England?

CHAUVELIN: I might return the subtle compliment, fair lady. What of yourself?

MARGUERITE: Oh, I? Je m'ennui, mon ami, that is all.

CHAUVELIN: You surprise me, Citoyenne. I never would have thought the most beautiful woman in Paris would be suffering from boredom.

MARGUERITE: My little Chauvelin, with your cleverness, you might have warned me that an atmosphere composed of fogs and virtues would never suit Marguerite St. Just.

CHAUVELIN: Dear me! is it as bad as that?

MARGUERITE: You'll hardly believe it, but I often pass a day -- a whole day -- without encountering a single temptation.

CHAUVELIN: No wonder that the cleverest woman in Europe is troubled with ennui.

CHAUVELIN offers his snuff box to MARGUERITE.

MARGUERITE: (*Laughing*) I must be bored, mustn't I? Or I should not have been so pleased to see you.

CHAUVELIN: I have a perfect prescription against the worst form of boredom.

MARGUERITE: What is it?

CHAUVELIN: Work, citoyenne.

MARGUERITE: Work?

CHAUVELIN: Will you render France a small service?

MARGUERITE: La, man! how serious you look all of a sudden. What kind of service does France have in mind?

CHAUVELIN: Have you ever heard of the Scarlet Pimpernel?

MARGUERITE: Faith man! I hear of nothing else. We have hats "a la Scarlet Pimpernel;" our horses are called "Scarlet Pimpernel;" at the Prince of Wales' supper party the other night bless me if we did not have a "souffle a la Scarlet Pimpernel."

CHAUVELIN: Then you must also know, citoyenne, that the man who hides his identity under that strange pseudonym, is the most bitter enemy of our republic, of France. Listen! Tomorrow I present my credentials to the Prime Minister in London. One of my duties is to find out all about this society of young English jackanapes that call themselves The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel. I intend to strike off the head of that League, and for this I want your help. Find the Scarlet Pimpernel for me, citoyenne! Find him for France.

MARGUERITE: La! man, you are astonishing. Where in the world am I to look for him?

CHAUVELIN: You go everywhere, citoyenne. As Lady Blakeney you are the pivot of social London. So I am told. This Scarlet Pimpernel is a young buck that travels in high society, I am sure of it.

MARGUERITE: What nonsense you talk Monsieur Chauvelin. Even if you did know who this Scarlet Pimpernel is, you could do nothing to him -- an Englishman!

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CHAUVELIN: On the contrary. We can catch him doing his work in France and send him to the guillotine.

MARGUERITE: What you propose is horrible. Whoever the man may be, he is brave and noble, and never do you hear me? -- never would I lend a hand to such villainy.

CHAUVELIN: I see. You prefer to be insulted by every French aristocrat who comes to this country?

MARGUERITE: I can defend myself, but I refuse to do any dirty work for you -- or for France.

CHAUVELIN: Lady Percy can well afford to defend herself. There are legions of citizens who cannot afford such a luxury.

MARGUERITE: Ah, yes. "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite!"

CHAUVELIN: I can remember a time when Marguerite St. Just fought for those principles.

MARGUERITE: Yes, I fought for them, I believe in them still. I exposed a cruel man whom I knew was a traitor to the great principles of liberty, equality, and brotherhood. He was among the first to go before the tribunal. But when I saw the children of my victim, his entire family, all taken to the guillotine along with him, I was horrified. My principles, as you call them, did not go so far. I'm sure you have other means of finding the Scarlet Pimpernel, Monsieur Chauvelin. You must do it without me.

MARGUERITE rushes to exit.

CHAUVELIN: That is not your last word, citoyenne. Au revoir!

CHAUVELIN watches her go, taking snuff and smiling to himself. He follows. Lights come up inside "The Fisherman's Rest". JELLYBAND is revealed gathering the candles that had been used to light the parlor. JIMMY PITKIN enters from the front door.

JELLYBAND: I say, Jimmy. Have you seen Lord and Lady Percy safely away?

JIMMY PITKIN: Oh, Lord sir, yes. His Lordship himself was at the reins. The poor coachman had to hang on the back like he was nothing but a footman.

JELLYBAND: And Lady Percy?

JIMMY PITKIN: She rode alone inside the coach wrapped up in twenty furs. Sir Percy was driving the horses like he was a mad man, if I may be so bold.

JELLYBAND: You may not. And how, pray, did your back get to be covered in straw?

JIMMY PITKIN: Straw? Oh, that. I slipped and fell, sir, when I helped fetch the team. It was my own fault, sir.

JIMMY PITKIN hurries from the room as LORD ANTONY and SIR ANDREW enter from the dining room, wine glasses in hand.

ANTONY: I say, Jelly, has everyone gone?

JELLYBAND: All but that one and I expect he'll be asleep before long.

ANDREW: Then we can talk here undisturbed for half an hour?

JELLYBAND: At your service, my lord. I'll have Sally put candles on the dressers. Sally!

SALLY enters from the hallway.

Light the candles by the gentlemen's beds, Sally. Then go to bed straightaway.

SALLY: Yes, Papa.

ANDREW: Egad, Sally. How did your back get to be covered in straw?

SALLY: Straw? Oh! Crumbs and crumpets, mi' Lords. I must have gotten careless. . . um. . . feeding my pet pig.

SALLY runs into the hallway.

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JELLYBAND: She don't have no pet pig? Sally! Sally! I want a word with you, my girl.

JELLYBAND follows SALLY off. The room now is quite dark, save for the circle of light formed by the hearth.

ANDREW: I need not ask, I suppose, whether you found the journey pleasant this time?

ANTONY: Suzanne and I were side by side in the wagon for most of the journey. I dare say, the miles fairly flew by.

ANDREW: Love has a way of doing that. She's a bonnie lass, though she is a French one. And now, how about business?

ANTONY: We are to rescue the Comte de Tournay, this time. His escape from the Paris prison was a masterpiece of the ingenuity. Armand is sailing to meet him tonight.

ANDREW: Are there written instructions?

ANTONY: Yes.

Sir Andrew takes a notebook from his pocket, and together they try to read it by the dim firelight. The TRAVELLER emerges from under one of the benches; and begins to creep closer to the two young men.

Read these. Commit them to memory, then destroy them.

ANDREW is about to replace the notebook into his pocket, when a tiny slip of paper flutters from it and falls on to the floor. ANTONY picks it up.

What is it?

ANDREW: I don't know.

Both stoop to try and decipher this last tiny scrap of paper, when suddenly a noise from the dining room attracts their attention.

ANTONY and ANDREW: What's that?

ANTONY crosses the room towards the door, and throws it open. A FIGURE darts in and knocks him back with a blow between the eyes. Simultaneously the crouching TRAVELLER jumps up and hurls himself upon ANDREW throwing him to the floor. Quickly the two Englishmen are bound, back-to-back. CHAUVELIN enters, masked, and shuts the door.

TRAVELLER: All safe, citizen!

CHAUVELIN: Good! now search their pockets and give me all the papers you find. Drag them away as quietly as you can. No more harm must come to them, but they are not to escape for at least six hours.

ANTONY and ANDREW are bundled out the front door by the order of CHAUVELIN, who removes his mask and looks over the papers.

Amateurs. When it comes to matters of intelligence these overbred, English lapdogs are nothing but amateurs.

CHAUVELIN finds the small scrap of paper.

MUSICAL #18 -- THE REIGN OF TERROR (Reprise)

So. Armand St. Just is a traitor after all. Now, fair Marguerite Blakeney, I think I have found a way to restore your principles.

THE REIGN OF TERROR WILL SWEEP THIS LAND
UNTIL ALL FRANCE IS FREE!
THE POWER WILL BE REASSIGNED

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TO THOSE LIKE ME WHO NEVER MIND
A LITTLE AUTHORITY!

**SEGUE TO
MUSICAL #19 -- THE BALL**

unless there is an intermission, then the beginning of the BALL can be played as a prelude to the next act.

20 pages in ACT THREE

19 pages in ACT FOUR

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