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SF PERUSALS

PRINCESS CARABOO

A Musical

Book and lyrics by Phil Willmott

Music by Phil Willmott and Mark Collins

SAMUEL FRENCH

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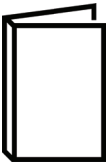
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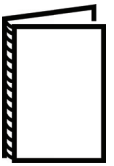
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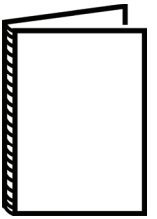
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First performed at the Finborough Theatre, London on 30 March 2016 with the following cast:

Princess Caraboo	**Nikita Johal**
Eddie Harvey	**Christian James**
Sir Charles Worrall	**Phil Sealey**
Lady Elizabeth Worrall	**Sarah Lawn**
Lord Marlborough	**Oliver Stanley**
Osvaldo Agathias	**Joseph O'Malley**
Mrs Catesby	**Rebecca Ridout**
Hatty	**Hilary Murnane**
Richard	**Ruben Kuppens**
Betty	**Althea Burey**

England, 1820.

Director	**Phil Willmott**
Musical Director	**Freddie Tapner**
Choreographer	**Thomas Michael Voss**
Lighting Designer	**Jack Weir**
Set Designer	**Toby Burbidge**
Costume Designer	**Penn O'Gara**
Stage Manager	**Mary Alex Staude**
Assistant Director	**Adam Haigh**
Producers	**Joel Fisher**
	Li Vinall
Sound Designer	**James Nicholson**
Production Photographer	**Scott Rylander**
Orchestration and Arrangements	**Mark Collins**

PHIL WILLMOTT

Book, Lyrics and Music

Phil is one of the most sought-after musical theatre writers in the UK, developing commissions at Shakespeare's Globe, Bristol Old Vic, Liverpool Everyman and Playhouse, the National Theatre Studio, Theatre Royal Stratford East and for producers Adam Kenwright and Adam Spiegal. His past musicals include *Lost Boy* (Finborough Theatre and Charing Cross Theatre), *Secret Love* (National Tour), *Once Upon a Time at The Adelphi* (Liverpool, London and U.S.) and the widely and regularly revived *Dick Barton Trilogy, Around The World In Eighty Days* and *Jason And The Argonauts*. He is a multi-award winning director, artistic director, playwright, composer, librettist, teacher, dramaturg, arts journalist and occasional actor. He is founding Artistic Director of award winning theatre company The Steam Industry incorporating the Finborough Theatre (under the Artistic Directorship of Neil McPherson) and its sister organisation Gods and Monsters, producing London's annual Free Theatre Festival at the open-air amphitheatre The Scoop, on the South Bank. His international directing career incorporates everything from classical drama, musicals and family shows to cabaret and cutting edge new writing. He is a recipient of a UK Theatre Award for outstanding direction of a musical, a Peter Brook Award for his outdoor classical productions and family shows, WhatsOnStage award nominations for best regional and Off West End productions, a Broadway World nomination for Best Musical in the UK, a Brooks Atkinson/Royal Court award in New York for Playwriting and four Spirit of Broadway awards.

MARK COLLINS

Music, Arrangements and Orchestrations

Productions at the Finborough Theatre include Co-Composer for *Lost Boy* (which subsequently transferred to Charing Cross Theatre). Also, Musical Supervisor for Adam Guettel's *Myths & Hymns*, and Musical Director for Grant Olding's *Three Sides*.
Mark has been MD or Musical Supervisor on many new musicals, including *The Secret Diary Of Adrian Mole* (Curve, Leicester), *Dessa Rose* (Trafalgar Studios), Dougal Irvine's *The Other School* (NYMT at St James' Theatre), *Wah! Wah! Girls* (Kneehigh and Sadler's Wells at The Peacock Theatre, London and UK Tour) and Rifco's *Britain's Got Bhangra* (Theatre Royal Stratford East and two UK Tours).
Mark is Assistant Musical Director for the West End production of *Billy Elliot The Musical* (Victoria Palace Theatre).

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The History of Princess Caraboo and a Musical

Around 1820 an aristocratic couple took a homeless girl under their wings having been convinced by a Spanish sailor and her unusual behaviour that she was an exotic princess, captured by pirates and shipwrecked in Britain without a word of English.

As news spread, her great beauty and the appeal of her story attracted much attention from powerful admirers and language experts keen to make their name by identifying her native tongue.

She became a celebrity, was wined and dined in high society and a portrait was made for publication in *The Times*. This, however, proved her downfall when a couple recognised her as their runaway maid and she was unmasked as a fake, fleeing to America.

Nearly two centuries later I was commissioned to write and direct a big, populist musical and I decided to take the Princess Caraboo scandal as my subject.

I teamed up with the musical arranger, Mark Collins, who had impressed me as the Assistant Musical Director on another of my shows, *Once Upon a Time at the Adelphi*, a commission from Liverpool Playhouse, performed as one of the centrepieces of the city's year as European Capital of Culture, and also now published and licensed by Samuel French.

I wrote a script and lyrics for *Princess Caraboo* dictating melodies which Mark brilliantly transcribed, arranged and augmented to create a score; a working method we've replicated on several commissions since.

When I considered how best to tell the story it was clear that an eleventh-hour exposure of the fake couldn't be the basis of the show as the audience would take their seats already knowing the truth. There was also little to be gained by exploring why "Caraboo" behaved as she did, this was pretty obvious as in those days arrest for vagrancy would result in flogging, transportation or even hanging. She grasped at the opportunity to escape punishment.

It was how the lies escalated and the circumstances and social conditions under which this could happen which began to fascinate me. The new vogue for exotica, following the re-establishment of international trade at the end of the Napoleonic War was undoubtedly a factor, as was a lack of understanding regarding anything "foreign" and the emotional vulnerability of her hosts. Also the vested interest of the many "experts" who vouched for her and who'd face disgrace should the Caraboo phenomenon be exposed played a part. Her powerful admirers would also have looked pretty stupid if her true identity had been questioned.

Fascinating though this all was it still didn't give me an emotional heart for the piece.

The troublesome portrait was painted by a young artist called Edward Bird. My starting point was to imagine an attraction between them which would lead to her confiding in him. My thinking was that the burden this placed on him, deciding whether to expose and destroy the woman he loved or say nothing and become implicated in the duping of his friends, could be a spine for the musical and an exploration of when, how and why lies snowball on this scale. It would also add romance to the mix.

Next I needed a holding form. I'd become very fond of the Worralls, the couple whose kind hearts and ignorance led them to believe they'd adopted a princess. I speculated that their subsequent humiliation might motivate Sir Charles Worrall to host a lecture on the case and the nature of lying, illustrated by dramatisations performed by his servants. His intellectual curiosity about modern thinking might also give me a cheeky excuse to draw on future musical theatre styles and not be confined to those of 1820.

To add extra conflict I invented an adversary for Edward, Lord Marlborough, whose robust manner and turns of phrase are based on the racy language employed by several Regency rakes in their letters and diaries.

Having combined everything into a first draft we assembled a cast in Bristol to test out the show by presenting a rough staging resulting from a week of exploration and rehearsals. We performed it twice in the Bristol Old Vic paint shop then returned to London for a one-off presentation as part of Vibrant – A

Festival of new writing. The success of these presentations led to a critically acclaimed four week run at the Finborough Theatre.

Now, thanks to this publication and licensing from Samuel French, it's over to you. I look forward audiences enjoying many further productions either in a studio space like the Finborough or on the big stages for which the show was originally conceived.

If you'd like to hear recordings of the songs you can find them on the Princess Caraboo page of my website www.philwillmott.org

Phil Willmott

June 2017

CHARACTERS

13 Female / 10 Male

Sir Charles Worrall
(M 35 + Upper class. Paternal, kindly and practical. Adores his wife)

Lady Elizabeth Worrall
(F 35+ Upper class, a motherly, excitable romantic. Loves her husband)

Sarah (**The Worrall's chambermaid**)
Playing the Princess Caraboo
(F Early 20s. Princess Caraboo is apparently an exotic beauty, speaking no English, from a far-away kingdom but who will turn out to be a working class girl from Exeter)

Andrew (**The Worall's groom**)
Playing Edward (Eddie) Bird
(M early 20s, Edward is merchant class, likable and ambitious if a little earnest)

Matthew (**The Worall's footman**)
Playing Osvaldo Agathias
(M 20s/30s Osvaldo is swarthy, sly and ruthless)

Burrows (**The Worrall's steward**)
Playing Lord Marlborough
(M 20s/30s. Marlborough is upper class, a handsome insensitive bully)

Richard (**The Worrall's second footman**)
Playing Mr Igel
(M Any age,. Igel is Marlborough's language expert from Holland)

Betty (**The Worrall's parlour maid**)
(F Any age. An excitable and chaotic young women)

Mrs Catesby (**The Worrall's cook**)
(F Any age. Warm-hearted but can be quick tempered)

Hatty (**The Worrall's kitchen maid**)
(F Any age. Enthusiastic but always keen to be doing things properly)

Lady Bettina
(F Any age)

Lady Catherine
(F Any age)

Lady Harriett
(F Any age)

A reporter from *The Times*
(M Any age)

Sir Mulberry Slivitt
(M Any age)

William Pitt the Younger
(M Any age)

Meg, a tavern maid
(F Any age)

1st Gossip (F Any age)

2nd Gossip (F Any age)

3rd Gossip (F Any age)

Lord Marlborough's manservant
(M Any age)

American Custom's official
(M Any age)

Additional servants
Guests of the Worralls
Guests of Lord Marlborough
Gossips
Passengers for America

SETTING

England, 1820

For the production at the Finborough Theatre we dressed the stage to resemble Sir Charles Worrall's study but with a huge gilded mirror, apparently mottled antique glass, covering the entire back wall. (It was in fact distressed Perspex within a timber frame.)

Characters would catch their reflection in it as appropriate to a musical about fake identity.

When lit a certain way it reflected the action giving an added depth and grandeur to the larger-scale scene.

At other times you could see right through the glass to a series of dolls houses and a wooden ship which, when lit appropriately, indicated the location of each scene, eg. there was a dolls house representing the Worralls home which lit up during scenes there and another representing Lord Marlborough's house. The presence of the dolls houses also symbolised Lady Elizabeth Worrall's mourning for her daughter.

Sir Charles Worrall's desk was strong enough to stand on and a low table close by served as a step up on to it. This gave us two extra levels on which to play moments within crowded scenes which required the audience's focus.

Scenes dovetailed with each other so that the action of each half flowed continuously without a break in the rhythm. Lighting changes differentiated locale and times of day without the necessity for cumbersome scenery changes.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

Overture	
Bring on the 1820:	The Woralls and company
Shipwreck 1:	Osvaldo Agathias
Shipwreck 2:	Betty, Hatty, Richard and Mrs Catesby
Home:	Eddie with Betty, Hatty, Richard and Mrs Catesby
Salam:	Eddie, Sir Charles Worrall, Lady Elizabeth Worrall with Betty, Hatty, Richard and Mrs Catesby
Speaking Caraboo:	Mr Igel, Princess Caraboo and Company *
Lullaby:	Princess Caraboo
Wait!:	Eddie
Just Say Yes:	Lord Marlborough and Company
I Am My Own Person:	Princess Caraboo

ACT TWO

Entr'acte	
Truth:	Company *
A Portrait of the Princess Caraboo:	Eddie
Understanding:	Eddie and Princess Caraboo with Betty, Hatty, and Mrs Catesby
When:	Osvaldo Agathias
Fabulous:	Eddie, Princess Caraboo, Lord Marlborough, The Worralls and Company *
Bad News:	Osvaldo Agathias, Betty, Hatty, Richard, Mrs Catesby and the Company *
Without Your Love:	Princess Caraboo
Daughters:	Lady Elizabeth Worrall and Princess Caraboo
The Wedding of the Princess Caraboo:	Sir Charles Worrall, Eddie, Betty, Hatty, Richard and Mrs Catesby
Finale:	Company
Bows and Finale:	The Company *

* Dance numbers

ACT ONE

SONG: "OVERTURE"

SIR CHARLES WORRALL *in a spotlight.*

He is an affable man of 35+.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL *(to the audience)* Good evening, everyone and welcome to Briarwood Hall.

When I announced my little talk on the study of lies and lying, in particular the Princess Caraboo scandal to which I was, of course, an unwitting party, the response was so great I thought it prudent to abandon the lecture room at the Royal Society and invite you here, to my home; the scene of several of the more infamous incidents.

My dear wife, who was herself caught up in events, and my servants, many of whom served the Princess personally have striven to recreate a number of dramatic tableaux, in a variety of modern musical theatre styles, with which to bring the story to life.

Our musical accompaniment this evening will be provided by fellow parishioners. *(Referring to the modern keyboard)* Led by the vicar on the latest addition to his collection of clockwork musical automata, which I won't pretend to understand.

Yes indeed, ours is truly a time of enlightenment and new influences from across our colonies.

This is the world into which Princess Caraboo sprang so readily to life.

He sings.

SONG: "THE 1820s"

SIR CHARLES WORRALL

NAPOLEON SITS BROKEN ON SOME ISLAND.
THAT TYRANT WHO WOULD CRUSH US ROARS NO MORE.
RIGHT ACROSS THE GLOBE THEY CHEER OUR VICT'RY
AND SEND THEIR GOODS AND PEOPLE TO OUR SHORE.
SOON ENGLAND WILL BE HOST TO THE EXOTIC.
QUIXOTIC WONDERS CROSS THE SEVEN SEAS.
A WORLD OF THINGS WHICH WE JUST CAN'T IMAGINE
WILL FIND THEIR WAY TO HARBOURS SUCH AS THESE.

THIS IS THE 1820S
DARE TO DREAM ONCE MORE
EMBRACE THE 1820S
LET YOUR MIND EXPLORE.

THERE'LL BE A NATIVE PAINTING
HANGING OVER EVERYBODY'S HEARTH.
WE CAN RIDE AN ELEPHANT
AND MAKE A FRIEND OF A GIRAFFE.
WE'LL SIT ON PERSIAN MATTING
EFFORTLESSLY CHATTING
IN WALLOON
SPARRING WITH A TSAR OR A PASSING
FARSI OF RANGOON.

(spoken summoning the servants to the stage) Servants, if you please!

The household assemble and join in.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL

WE'LL BE TAUGHT TO RECOGNISE
STRANGE DIALECTS AND TERMS
LEARN NEW NAMES OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

MRS CATESBY

THERE'LL BE FOREIGN FOWL TO COOK
I CAN'T EVEN PRONOUNCE.

RICHARD

WE'LL LEARN NEW EXOTIC DIRTY WORDS!

EVERYONE *(spoken)* Richard! etc

BETTY

I'LL HAVE TO START PARTING MY LADY'S HAIR
LIKE FOREIGN HEADS.

MATTHEW

MASTER'S BOUND TO BORE ON 'BOUT
EACH FOREIGN MORON THAT HE'S READ.

HATTY

THERE WILL BE NEW DISEASES,
FOREIGN COUGHS AND SNEEZES,
WE SHOULD DREAD.

MRS CATESBY

WELL, I FOR ONE, THINK THAT WE'LL
ALL BE MURDERED IN OUR BEDS!

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Open minds!

SIR CHARLES WORRALL & ALL *(correcting them)*

THIS IS THE 1820S
DARE TO DREAM ONCE MORE
EMBRACE THE 1820S
LET YOUR MIND EXPLORE.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL *(spoken to the audience)* Ladies and gentlemen, may I present my good lady wife.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL *enters.*

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL

ISN'T THIS EXCITING EV'RYBODY?
WHAT A WORLD!
SO FULL OF OPPORTUNITIES TO SEIZE!

BURROWS

THERE'S RUMOURS 'BOUT A REVOLUTION
ON THE STREETS OF FRANCE.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL *(curbing him)*

WE'LL HAVE NO MORE OF THAT TALK
IF YOU PLEASE!

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL, SIR CHARLES WORRALL & ALL

THERE'LL BE A NATIVE PAINTING
HANGING OVER EVERBODY'S HEARTH.
WE CAN RIDE AN ELEPHANT

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL, SIR CHARLES WORRALL & ALL *(cont.)*

AN' MAKE A FRIEND OF A GIRAFFE.
IT'S THE TIME FOR TRADING,
AN' NO LONGER RAIDING
BONAPARTE.

Big finish.

NO USE IN WORRYING
"WHAT WILL THE FUTURE BRING?"
IT'S TIME TO LET THE 1820S START!

Everyone is very pleased with the opening number!

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Well done, well done everybody! Splendid, splendid! *(presenting them for applause)* The servants everyone! Everything you'll see this evening has been willingly rehearsed during their half-days off with not a grumble.

The servants look shifty as if this weren't entirely the case.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Right, places everybody for scene two. It is time to meet our princess or rather a dramatic re-creation of how we first made her acquaintance.

The bustle of people clearing but **LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL** *stands transfixed as if in thought.*

(gently sugesting she should leave the stage) My dear…

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Oh, my love I can't help thinking –

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Yes, my dove, I know what you're thinking.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL How she would have loved…

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Yes, now we've talked about this haven't we? *(indicating the audience)* Our esteemed guests are waiting.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL *(brightening and focussed again)* Oh, yes of course. Is it…?

SIR CHARLES WORRALL It's the storm scene.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Oh I do love this one. *(To the audience)* Now I think you'll enjoy this. *(Introducing the*

servant cast member) Sarah here will be taking the role of the princess.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL *(to* **SARAH***)* Now remember my dear, no embellishments. The incident just as you observed it if you please.

SARAH *curtsies.*

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Matthew will be taking the role of the scurrilous foreign sailor.

MATTHEW *(to the audience)* I played Lucifer in the pageant last Easter.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Any chance of a little more restraint, tonight?

MATTHEW Absolutely none, your lordship.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Heaven help us.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL And Burrows will play our night watchman.

BURROWS I am your night watchman, your Ladyship.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Ah, yes of course. Well, that shouldn't be much of a challenge then. Chop, chop everyone.

The stage empties except for **SIR CHARLES WORRALL.**

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Everybody ready?

ALL *(from off)* Yes.

SONG: "THE STORM"

SIR CHARLES WORRALL The ancient Greek philosopher Aracticus writing in the early third century BC was much concerned with the nature of liars and the act of lying. From the great library at Alexandria he draws a correlation between upset of the natural order and deviation from commonly held notions of truth. So to introduce our title character we have, appropriately enough, the wildest storm this parish has ever seen. Pray: do not be alarmed by the stage effects.

Music out.

Our underfootman are preparing to roll a cannonball along the corridor above us as we distil our candle light via shutters and muslin. We begin. The great storm!

Thunder and lightning. The servant actors become completely submerged in their roles.

BURROWS, *the night watchman leads on a wretched and bedraggled* **OSVALDO AGATHIAS**, *who is an accented, charasmatic con-man, and the beautiful "***PRINCESS CARABOO***".*

OSVALDO AGATHIAS *(to* **BURROWS***)* Be careful who you push around, peasant. You will die of shame when the story of this night is told.

BURROWS You'll be quiet, if you don't want another clout. I've had just about enough of you. Sir Charles will get to the bottom of this.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL *enters with* **RICHARD**, *the footman.*

SIR CHARLES WORRALL What on earth is it, Burrows?

BURROWS We found a couple of itinerants begging outside the gate.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Well, lock them up, can't you? I'm quite sure this could have waited until the morning.

BURROWS Sorry, I did but…your lordship it's just the girl's sick, I'm not sure she'll last the night and well, in the circumstances, I thought you'd want to hear this. *(shoves* **OSVALDO AGATHIAS** *forward)* Tell his lordship what you told me.

OSVALDO AGATHIAS Greetings of the night to you, most honoured Sir. I am Osvaldo Agathias at your service!

BURROWS *(wacks him)* None of your guff now, just tell it straight.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Thank you Burrows, let the fellow speak.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL *enters with* **BETTY**.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Charles! Charles! What's going on?

OSVALDO AGATHIAS *(to* **LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL***)* Honoured and most beautiful lady!

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Oh!

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Go back to your needlepoint, my love. It's just parish business.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Can we get this poor girl a chair, she looks as if she's about to faint? Are we barbarians Charles?

SIR CHARLES WORRALL No, no of course not. Richard, a chair for the girl.

It's brought by **RICHARD** *and* **PRINCESS CARABOO** *sits.*

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Are you alright, my dear?

OSVALDO AGATHIAS Alas, Ladyship she does not speak English. But I can tell you she faints with hunger and homesickness for the royal court of Carabatta.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL *(to* **RICHARD***)* Tell Mrs Catesby to see a fortifying supper is prepared.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Now, my dear, I'm sure you need not concern yourself.

BURROWS It's a matter for the magistrate, your Ladyship.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL You men are such brutes it's clear what this girl needs is a mother's compassion.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Shall we hear what the foreigner has to say my love, before we jump to any conclusions? There are legal processes…

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Then get on with it Charles, the sooner this poor waif has a hot meal and a bed for the night the better.

OSVALDO AGATHIAS Ah, Ladyship it is clear you have the finer sentiments which recognise royalty in peril.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Royalty?

BURROWS I've warned you. We just want your story, nothing else.

OSVALDO AGATHIAS Very well, the story of Princess Caraboo.

SONG: "THE SHIPWRECK"

I have but the slightest fragments of her mother tongue but this is what I've been able to piece together.

OSVALDO AGATHIAS

SHE COMES FROM
FAR AWAY FROM HERE
AN ISLAND IN A GLITTERING SEA,
SHE WAS BORN IN A PALACE
TO A KING AND QUEEN
AND LIVED HER LIFE IN LUXURY.

THEN PIRATES STORMED THE ISLE
AND SOUGHT TO RIP
HER FROM HER PARENTS FOR THEIR PIRATE SHIP
THE BRIGANDS USED HER ROUGHLY
THINKING NO DOUBT THEY COULD MESH
A FORTUNE, FOR THEIR SLAVE IN MARAKESH.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL *(spoken. In alarm)* Charles!

OSVALDO AGATHIAS

BUT FORTUNE HAD ANOTHER FATE IN MIND
A FURTHER BLOW OR MAYBE IT WAS KIND
Anyway
A TEMPEST CAUSED THE BRIGANDS' SHIP TO VEER
TILL THEY WERE SHIPWRECKED BUT A MILE FROM HERE.

AT A PORT CLOSE BY
MY FRIENDS AND I
OBSERVED THE SAILORS' PLIGHT
SAINT CHRISTOPHER, OUR PATRON SAINT
WOULD GUIDE OUR HAND THAT NIGHT.

I HELPED HER FROM THE FREEZING TIDE
I BROUGHT HER HERE, WHERE YOU RESIDE.

AND SO I PRAY, YOU WON'T TURN US AWAY
THE WEATHER'S CRUEL, SHE HAS NO PLACE TO STAY
I HUMBLY BEG, MOST HONOURED SIR, TO INTRODUCE TO YOU
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCESS CARABOO.

BURROWS I've heard some tall tales from vagrants facing a flogging but I thought your Honour might want to hear this lot. Especially since *(cynically indicating the princess)* "Her Royal Highness" here looks about to drop dead.

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Thank heavens you brought her to us.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Now, my dear. Let us not jump to hasty conclusions. As Burrows says –

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL I don't care what Burrows says, and neither should you, a young girl is dying and providence has delivered her to our door. You of all people should see the significance. It's a sign.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Oh, now, my dear, you must not let your kind heart blind you to the fact –

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Nonsense, I can see God's mercy even if you pretend you can't. I won't hear another word about it. She's to be nursed back to strength and this man *(***OSVALDO AGATHIAS***)* will be suitably accommodated until he can translate her full story.

BURROWS There's plenty in the gaol house speak fluent hog-wash.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Yes, thank you. Burrows, you may go now. The prisone – I mean, our guests will be provided for as my wife suggests. Betty, make up the Chinese room for the prin – for the girl.

BETTY Yes, my lord.

MRS CATESBY *storms in and overhears –*

SIR CHARLES WORRALL And Richard, put the foreign gentleman in the stable block.

RICHARD Yes, my lord.

OSVALDO AGATHIAS Most kind, lordship. Most kind!

BETTY *shows* **PRINCESS CARABOO** *out,* **RICHARD** *does the same with* **OSVALDO AGATHIAS.**

MRS CATESBY Sir Charles, your Ladyship. Is it true I'm expected to feed a filthy beggar girl off the street, in my kitchen?

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL If you would, Mrs Catesby. A clear broth should suffice, we do not know what her delicate stomach is used to.

MRS CATESBY *(indicating* **OSVALDO AGATHIAS***'s direction)* What about 'im?

LADY ELIZABETH WORRALL Could you rustle up a little supper with a Spanish bent?

MRS CATESBY I most certainly could not! I'm a respectable Christian woman! I've just boiled up some sheep's eyes for the dogs; he can have a bowl of that and think himself lucky.

SIR CHARLES WORRALL Mrs C, you are, as ever, a marvel.

THE WORALLS *and* **MRS CATESBY** *exit.*

HATTY *and* **BETTY** *return and sing –*

SONG: "THE SHIPWRECK – REPRISE"

HATTY

AND SO IT WAS, THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT
THE MASTER AND THE MISTRESS HEARD HER PLIGHT.

BETTY

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, IT'S HARD TO SAY
JUST WHO WAS WRONG OR RIGHT.

BOTH

THAT DARK AND STORMY, WRETCHED, CRU-EL NIGHT.

MRS CATESBY *and* **RICHARD** *returns.*

MRS CATESBY

THE SPANNIARD, HUNKERED DOWN AND ATE HIS FILL
BUT SHE TOUCHED NOTHING, SITTING, PALE AND ILL.

RICHARD

TWO HOURS LATER, CALM RESTORED,
THE HOUSE LAY DARK AND STILL
NO SIGN OF TROUBLE, WELL, OF COURSE UNTIL –

A shot is heard. **BURROWS** *runs on with a blunderbuss.*

THE WORRALLS *rush on again.*

BURROWS I caught them red-handed, sir! Foreign – royalty, my arse.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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