

Acting Edition

OPERATION MINCEMEAT

THE EXPANDED CAST

Book, Music & Lyrics by
David Cumming, Felix Hagan,
Natasha Hodgson and
Zoë Roberts

Originally produced by Avalon

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OPERATION MINCEMEAT: A NEW MUSICAL was originally commissioned by London's New Diorama Theatre and co-commissioned by the Lowry Theatre in Salford in 2018. It debuted with a five-week run at New Diorama Theatre in May 2019, and was developed by Avalon for the next four years (2019–2022) during runs at Southwark Playhouse and Riverside Studios. Book, music & lyrics by SpitLip (David Cumming, Felix Hagan, Natasha Hodgson and Zoë Roberts).

OPERATION MINCEMEAT: A NEW MUSICAL was produced in London's West End by Jon Thoday and Richard Allen-Turner for Avalon in association with SpitLip, opening at the Fortune Theatre on 10 May 2023. The production was directed by Robert Hastie, with choreography by Jenny Arnold, music direction by Joe Bunker, orchestrations by Steve Sidwell, set & costume design by Ben Stones, lighting design by Mark Henderson and sound design by Mike Walker. The executive producer was Andrew Fell.

OPERATION MINCEMEAT: A NEW MUSICAL was produced on Broadway by Jon Thoday and Richard Allen-Turner for Avalon, in association with SpitLip, opening at the John Golden Theatre on 20 March 2025. The cast and creative team were the same. The executive producer was Andrew Fell.

The original West End and Broadway cast was as follows:

- CHARLES CHOLMONDELEY & OTHERS** David Cumming
- JEAN LESLIE & OTHERS** Claire-Marie Hall
- EWEN MONTAGU & OTHERS** Natasha Hodgson
- HESTER LEGGATT & OTHERS** Jak Malone
- JOHNNY BEVAN & OTHERS** Zoë Roberts

CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

PRINCIPAL ROLES

EWEN MONTAGU – (man, 30) The “host” of the show (at least in his mind), Montagu is charming, confident and very much used to getting what he wants as a result. A member of the elite upper classes, he’s the definition of privilege. He is still impatient to prove himself as the hero he’s yet to be recognised as – bounding excitedly into every room with an imagined trumpet chorus.

CHARLES CHOLMONDELEY – (man, 24) [pronounced “Chumley”] The man behind the plan, Charles has most of the advantages Montagu has in life, and yet has never quite managed to fit in. Awkward, crippling shy and a slave to perfection, he’d rather be off studying a rare form of newt than be in the spotlight.

JOHNNY BEVAN – (man, 48) Colonel Bevan is the Head of Military Deception. Painfully serious and often despairing at the maniacs he has working for him, he is our reminder of what’s at stake during the operation. Although he and Montagu are often at odds, he’s not an antagonist; he’s a man with a huge weight on his shoulders trying to get the job done.

HESTER LEGGATT – (woman, 45) Bevan’s incredibly capable and trusted right-hand woman, Hester is reserved and often comes across as severe to her colleagues. However, underneath her stern exterior and strong sense of duty lies a genuine warmth and desire to connect with the people around her in a deeper way.

JEAN LESLIE – (woman, 20) Young, smart and ambitious, Jean cannot believe the opportunity she’s getting in working at MI-bloody-5! Impatient and outspoken (sometimes to a fault, sometimes to her advantage), she’s constantly pushing against the boundaries of what is expected of her as a young woman in a man’s world.

ENSEMBLE & PRINCIPAL DOUBLING ROLES

MI5 & GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES

HASELDEN – (man, 60s) An impossibly sweaty, anxious British diplomat from the West Country caught up in the mission despite being way out of his depth.

STEVE – (man, 60s) Haselden’s doddering right-hand idiot.

IAN FLEMING – (man, 20s) Technically in his 20s but played as a cheerfully mad nine-year-old boy. Fleming works at MI5 but is completely obsessed with his creation James Bond.

JOHN MASTERMAN & REGGIE TAR – (men, 50s) Old Etonians with absolutely insane plans for killing Hitler.

MERYL, BERYL & CHERYL – (women, 20s) The women working in the secretarial staff at MI5. They're young and ditzzy but ambitious, and boy can they dance.

ADMIRALS GOUT, PLUMP & GUFF – (men, 90s) Ancient, dusty men of the sea.

MI5 AGENTS & SECRETARIES – Additional workers in the MI5 offices

SUBMARINERS

CAPTAIN BILL JEWELL – (man, 40s) An incredibly serious submarine captain. The only person in the show to successfully intimidate Montagu.

CHIEF WALKER, BOSUN, COXSWAIN & DOUGLASS – (men, various ages) Submariners who are our connection to the seriousness of war. They're not comedy characters and during Act One, Scene Eight, they should be naturalistic, a reminder of the stakes of the mission.

LONDONERS

SIR BERNARD SPILSBURY – (man, 50s) If Liberace was obsessed with corpses. Spilsbury is a showman and a maniac, he loves the spotlight and all things blood and gore.

MORGUE ASSISTANTS – Half showgirl, half goblin. Spilsbury's creepy and glamorous sidekicks.

COCKNEY BARROW BOYS – Heel-clicking, flat-cap-wearing Newsie-style boys.

SHOESHINE BOY – A cheerful, shoeshining orphan who's somehow fallen out of a Dickens novel into this show.

TAILOR – Quite literally...a tailor.

UMBRELLA MAN – A nonplussed passerby (carrying an umbrella of course).

WAITERS – Waiters at the Ritz, moustaches preferred.

MARY PIGGLES – (woman, 40s) A slow-moving barmaid with a truly hideous smile.

IVOR MONTAGU – (man, 20s) Monty's younger brother, an enigmatic filmmaker (and possible Communist spy).

HEL – (woman, 20s) Ivor's glamorous wife.

DANCERS, CLUBBERS, BARMEN, WAITERS, PATRONS & BOUNCER – An array of characters that move and transform throughout Act One, Scene Eleven. They are found in the Milky Pig, Clinky's, Baby Sam's Brass Bonanza, Mama Maracas, and many other London bars during Montagu and Cholmondeley's night out.

SPANISH MORGUE

DR POBIL – (man, 40s) A highly competent Spanish coroner.

JUAN & JOSÉ – (men, 20s) Dr Pobil's assistants.

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS

NAZI OFFICERS – Members of a sexy Nazi boy band – think Backstreet Boys meets BTS.

GERMAN SPIES – German spies who take the bait from Haselden.

AMBASSADOR'S BALL ATTENDEES – Masked dancers.

WILLIE WATKINS – (man, 20s) Unbelievably cheery all-American crooner who turns up unannounced, with an annoying cartoonish ability to pop up in unexpected locations.

WILLIE'S SHOWGIRLS – Wide-eyed and even wider smiles. Willie Watkins's glitzy USA cheerleaders who transform into glitzy Nazi cheerleaders mid-song.

MOVIE CHORUS – A typical Broadway dancing chorus, giving 110 percent.

TUB – An American actor playing Cholmondeley in Montagu's movie (must be played by the person playing Cholmondeley).

MAKE-UP ARIST – Quite literally...a make-up arist.

ACTOR ASSIGNMENTS

Please note: *Operation Mincemeat: The Expanded Cast* requires a minimum cast size of thirteen actors. Licensees are welcome to expand the cast further by removing doubling and/or utilizing a chorus of any size. A large-format road map, with character assignments by scene, is provided to licensees with their music rehearsal package.

PRINCIPAL CAST

ACTOR 1

EWEN MONTAGU

Doubles as **NAZI OFFICER** and **JUAN**

ACTOR 2

CHARLES CHOLMONDELEY

Doubles as **NAZI OFFICER**, **DR POBIL** and **TUB**

ACTOR 3

JOHNNY BEVAN

Doubles as **NAZI OFFICER** and **HASELDEN**

ACTOR 4

HESTER LEGGATT

Doubles as **COXSWAIN**, **NAZI OFFICER** and **JOSÉ**

ACTOR 5

JEAN LESLIE

Doubles as **BOSUN**, **NAZI OFFICER** and **STEVE**

ENSEMBLE CAST

ACTOR 6

Doubles as **REGGIE TAR, MERYL, ADMIRAL PLUMP, SHOESHINE BOY, CLUBBER, HEL, NAZI OFFICER (CHORUS) and GERMAN SPY**

ACTOR 7

Doubles as **JOHN MASTERMAN, CHERYL, ADMIRAL GOUT, NAZI OFFICER (CHORUS) and DOUGLASS**

ACTOR 8

Doubles as **IAN FLEMING, BERYL, ADMIRAL GUFF, MARY PIGGLES, CLUBBER, IVOR MONTAGU, MAKE-UP ARTIST, NAZI OFFICER (CHORUS) and GERMAN SPY**

ACTOR 9

Doubles as **MI5 AGENT, SIR BERNARD SPILSBURY, CAPTAIN BILL JEWELL, NAZI OFFICER (CHORUS) and WILLIE WATKINS**

ACTOR 10

Doubles as **MI5 AGENT, SECRETARY, COCKNEY 1, WAITER 1, CHIEF WALKER, AMBASSADOR'S BALL ATTENDEE, SHOWGIRL, NAZI OFFICER (CHORUS) and MOVIE CHORUS MEMBER**

ACTOR 11

Doubles as **MI5 AGENT, SECRETARY, COCKNEY 3, WAITER 2, SUBMARINER, CLINKY'S PATRON, BABY SAM'S DANCER, MAMA MARACAS DANCER, CLUBBER, AMBASSADOR'S BALL ATTENDEE, SHOWGIRL, NAZI OFFICER (CHORUS) and MOVIE CHORUS MEMBER**

ACTOR 12

Doubles as **MI5 AGENT, SECRETARY, UMBRELLA MAN, MORGUE ASSISTANT 1, SUBMARINER, CLINKY'S WAITER, BABY SAM'S DANCER, BOUNCER, CLUBBER, AMBASSADOR'S BALL ATTENDEE, SHOWGIRL, NAZI OFFICER (CHORUS) and MOVIE CHORUS MEMBER**

ACTOR 13

Doubles as **MI5 AGENT, SECRETARY, COCKNEY 2, MORGUE ASSISTANT 2, TAILOR, SUBMARINER, CLINKY'S BARMAN, BABY SAM'S DANCER, MAMA MARACAS DANCER, CLUBBER, AMBASSADOR'S BALL ATTENDEE, SHOWGIRL, NAZI OFFICER (CHORUS) and MOVIE CHORUS MEMBER**

NOTES ON STAGING

The story takes place in London and Spain in 1943, but it doesn't have to necessarily look or feel that way. The use of colour and vibrancy in design is encouraged; this is not a dour, grey tale of war. The show moves between more naturalistic settings (the world of MI5, for instance), and flashes of more heightened, cartoonish worlds for certain scenes or characters (the "Making a Man" sequence, Spilsbury's morgue etc.). To aid with fast-paced multi-roling, it can help to create a "base" costume for actors and then add small, simple signifiers (ties, jackets, hats – we cannot recommend the use of a hat enough) to quickly switch characters. Similarly, with set and props, less is generally more. The debut production of the show had a very minimal props and costume budget; the inventive use of items to create worlds is part of the fun.

The show is designed for multi-roling and for fast-paced, physical performances. The less important a character is, the more stupid and cartoonish you can be; however, the big five need to be rooted in natural, truthful performances whilst still making the most out of the comedy in the scenes.

NOTES ON GENDER & CASTING

The gender swapping should not be pointed, exaggerated, or even acknowledged. It should simply be part of the fabric of the show. It's just more fun that way.

ACTOR 1 (MONTAGU) should not be played by a cis man.

ACTOR 4 (HESTER) should not be played by a cis woman.

All other roles can be played by actors of any gender. For single gender casts, these rules can be disregarded.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

00. Overture Instrumental
01. Born to Lead..... Montagu, Cholmondeley, Bevan, Tar,
Fleming, Masterman, Ensemble
- 01a. Born to Lead (Playoff) Instrumental
02. God That's Brilliant Montagu, Cholmondeley, Tar,
Fleming, Masterman
03. Dead in the Water Cholmondeley
- 03a. Dead in the Water (Reprise) Cholmondeley
04. All the Ladies Jean, Meryl, Beryl, Cheryl, Hester,
Secretaries (Optional)
- 04a. All the Ladies (Playoff) Instrumental
05. The Pitch: Part One..... Montagu, Cholmondeley
- 05a. The Pitch: Part Two..... Montagu, Cholmondeley,
Jean, Bevan, Hester
- 05b. The Pitch: Part Three / Born to Lead (Reprise)... Montagu,
Cholmondeley, Jean, Bevan, Hester
- 05c. Hester the Spy Instrumental
06. Making a Man Montagu, Cholmondeley,
Jean, Hester, Cockneys, Umbrella Man, Spilsbury,
Morgue Assistants, Waiters, Tailor, Admirals,
Bevan, Ensemble
- 06a. Making a Man (Playoff) Instrumental
07. Love is a Bird Jean, Cholmondeley
08. Dear Bill Hester
09. Sail on Boys..... Douglass & Submariners
- 09a. The Docks / The Milky Pig..... Jewell
10. Just for Tonight Montagu, Cholmondeley, Ivor,
Clubbers, Submariners, Ensemble

ACT TWO

11. Das Übermensch Nazis
12. Bevan's Update Bevan, Montagu, Cholmondeley
13. The Ballad of Willie Watkins Willie Watkins, Haselden,
Montagu, Cholmondeley, Jean
14. Spilsbury (Reprise) Bernard Spilsbury, Cockneys,
Umbrella Man
- 14a. I Call Abort Bevan
- 14b. Haselden the Spy Instrumental
- 14c. Briefcase Dr. Pobil, Haselden, Steve, José, Juan
- 14d. Haselden's Got a Good Feeling . . . Haselden, Cholmondeley
15. Useful Jean, Hester
- 15a. Useful (Playoff) Instrumental
16. Act As If Montagu, Cholmondeley, Haselden, Jean,
Hester, Bevan, German Spies,
Ambassador's Ball Attendees
- 16a. Act As If (Playoff) Instrumental
17. Finale Company
18. Bows Instrumental
19. Payout Instrumental

ACT ONE

Scene One: Born to Lead

[MUSIC NO. 00 – OVERTURE]

(In blackout, on top of the overture, we hear pre-recorded snippets of British wartime radio broadcasts. They slowly build into a cacophony of voices.)

[MUSIC NO. 01 – BORN TO LEAD]

*(Ding: Spotlight on **MONTAGU** – dashing, charming, impatient and a general bull in a china shop. Feet up on a desk, mug in his hand, couldn't be happier to be welcoming the crowd to his – er – this show.)*

MONTAGU.

SO YOU DREAMT OF BEING A PILOT
BUT YOU NEVER GOT TO FLY?
SO YOU DREAMT OF SAILING THE SEVEN SEAS
BUT NEVER GOT TO TRY?
WELL, LET NAVY LADS GET SOAKING!
WE'LL ALL STAY NICE AND DRY.
WE SHOUT TO ALL THE SOLDIERS "JUMP!"
AND HEAR THEM SHOUT "HOW HIGH?"
FOR WE WERE MADE TO GIVE THE ORDERS
WHILE LESSER MEN TAKE HEED
FOR SOME WERE BORN TO FOLLOW
BUT WE WERE BORN TO LEAD.

(**FLEMING**, **MASTERMAN**, and **TAR** enter and are joined by a chorus of **MI5 AGENTS**.)

MONTAGU.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO MI5!

ALL.

"YOU'RE SURE TO SAVE THE NATION"

MONTAGU.

NANNY TOLD ME IN MY COT!

ALL.

"FOR YOUR FATHER GAVE YOU COURAGE"

FLEMING.

ALSO PONIES

MASTERMAN.

AND THAT YACHT

MONTAGU.

MY CENTURIES OF BREEDING

ALL.

I KNOW THEY'LL FAIL ME NOT!

MONTAGU.

FOR FORTUNE FAVOURS BRAVERY

ALL.

AND A FORTUNE'S WHAT I'VE GOT

MONTAGU.

OH YES,

ALL.

SOME BOYS GO TO BATTLE

BUT WE'RE A DIFF'RENT BREED.

FOR SOME WERE BORN TO FOLLOW

BUT WE WERE BORN TO LEAD

*An additional chorus of **MI5 AGENTS** is not required for the scene, but licensees who choose to include **MI5 AGENTS** can use a chorus of any size.

**MONTAGU, TAR &
ENSEMBLE 1.**

WE ARE THE MASTERS

WE ARE THE CLEVER MEN
WHO HOLD THE REINS

FOR WHO NEEDS GUNS
WHEN YOU'VE GOT
BRAINS?

YOU'LL SEE, FOREVER AFTER

AND WHEN THIS

**FLEMING, MASTERMAN,
ENSEMBLE 2 & 3.**

WE ARE THE MASTERS

CLEVER MEN WHO
HOLD THE REINS

WHO NEEDS GUNS
WHEN YOU'VE GOT
BRAINS?

SEE

FOREVER AFTER

ALL.

WAR IS DONE AND FADES TO DUST
THE WORLD WILL TURN AND SAY TO US
THAT WE WERE BORN TO LEAD!

*(CHOLMONDELEY enters: an enthusiastic,
nerdy scientist as yet entirely uncomfortable
in his own body.)*

CHOLMONDELEY.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG EXPLORER

ALL (EXCEPT CHOLMONDELEY).

YES!

CHOLMONDELEY.

I DISCOVERED A NEW BREED OF TROUT

ALL (EXCEPT CHOLMONDELEY).

WHAT?

CHOLMONDELEY.

IT LEAPT INTO MY KAYAK
AND JUST BRIEFLY KNOCKED ME OUT

MONTAGU.

SORRY, WHAT?!

CHOLMONDELEY.

THE FEELING WAS QUITE MAGICAL
WHEN IT SLAPPED ME ON THE MOUTH
IT MADE THE LOCAL PAPERS
“RARE FISH ATTACKS BOY SCOUT”
IT’S STILL MY PROUDEST MOMENT
OF THAT I HAVE NO DOUBT
FOR SOME WERE BORN TO FOLLOW
BUT I WAS BORN TO FIND TROUT!

(**MONTAGU** stares at him [*mug in hand*].
Who on earth is this strange chap?)

MONTAGU. Right. New to MI5, are you?

CHOLMONDELEY. Er, no – I’ve worked here for six years!

MONTAGU. Oh right!

CHOLMONDELEY. Yes – you’re drinking out of my mug.

MONTAGU. Oh right!

CHOLMONDELEY. It’s got a picture of my face on it.

MONTAGU. (*Turning the mug round to show Cholmondeley’s
face is printed on it.*) Oh right!

CHOLMONDELEY. Charles Cholmondeley, scientist.

MONTAGU. Ewen Montagu, Naval intelligence.

CHOLMONDELEY. I know.

MONTAGU. Of course you do.

WELL –

WE KNOW WHO TO CALL IF THERE’S A FISH MISHAP

MASTERMAN.

LADIES BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES ON THIS CHAP

TAR.

COME ON MEN WE’VE HITLERS TO DISPATCH

MASTERMAN.

QUITE RIGHT LADS, BUT THE PROBLEM IS THAT;
ALL OF MAINLAND EUROPE
IS UNDER ADOLF'S THUMB
SO WE'RE STAGING OUR INVASION
AND THE COUNTDOWN HAS BEGUN

TAR.

OUR SIGHTS ARE SET ON SICILY,
THAT STRONGHOLD OF THE HUN,

MONTAGU.

BUT THE ISLAND'S PACKED WITH A
HUNDRED THOUSAND GERMAN MEN WITH GUNS

ALL.

AND IF WE CANNOT STORM THE BEACHES
IT'S SURE TO SPELL DEFEAT
IF THE MUSCLEMEN CAN'T DO IT
CALL THE MASTERS OF DECEIT

(BEVAN enters with an air of absolute determined authority. He has no need to show off; he's the boss and everyone knows it.)

BEVAN. Morning, Military Deception.

CHOLMONDELEY. Oh, er, Colonel Bevan, sir!

MONTAGU. Watch out, boys, the big boss is here.

BEVAN. Gather round please. Now as we're all painfully aware, Hitler's boys have taken control of mainland Europe, which means the only route back in is through the islands to the south. So the next Allied invasion target is Sicily. And the key to invading Sicily is *not* invading Sicily.

MONTAGU. Sorry what?

BEVAN. At least, that's what Hitler is going to think. We're going to convince the Nazis that we're headed for somewhere else instead. Sardinia, to be exact.

CHOLMONDELEY. Oh, a misdirection?

BEVAN. Exactly.

MONTAGU. So we're going to win this war with a magic trick?

BEVAN. How else do we make a

HUNDRED THOUSAND GERMAN TROOPS -
DISAPPEAR?

*(The chorus of **MI5 AGENTS** back **BEVAN,**
CHOLMONDELEY, MASTERMAN, MONTAGU
and **TAR.**)*

BEVAN.

SICILY COULD TURN THE TIDE OF THE WAR
BUT WE CAN'T JUST ROCK UP AND KNOCK UPON THE
DOOR,
FOR EACH MAN WE'VE GOT THEY'VE GOT TEN MORE,

BEVAN.

ALL (EXCEPT BEVAN).

WE'D BE SLAUGHTERED
BEFORE WE EVEN REACH
THE SHORE!

SLAUGHTERED BEFORE
WE EVEN REACH THE
SHORE!

WE NEED A WAY TO REDUCE
THE DANGER,

OOH OOH OOH,

TIP THE ODDS IN OUR FAVOUR,
GO TO GREAT LENGTHS TO

OOH OOH OOH

DRAIN THE STRENGTH OF
THE SICILIAN DEFENCE

OOH OOH OOH

BY MISDIRECTING THEIR DEAR
DICTATOR.

GOTTA MAKE HITLER BELIEVE
SICILY ISN'T WHERE WE'RE
GONNA BE,

AH

GOTTA PROCEED WITH SOME
 DISHONESTY, GOTTA DECEIVE
 COS WHAT I WANNA SEE
 IS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS
 OF GERMANS GETTING OFF
 OUR PROPERTY

SO I NEED YOUR BRAINS TO AH AH AH AH AH,
 FIGURE OUT HOW WE SELL A AH AH AH AH AH
 FAKE CAMPAIGN,

FIND ME A STRATEGY, USE YOUR AH AH AH AH AH
 GREY MATTER TO TACTIC'LLY

SCATTER THE ENEMY TO THE SCATTER THE ENEMY TO
 BREEZE, THE BREEZE

THEN ONCE THE ISLAND IS AH AH
 UNATTENDED, UNATTENDED,

ONCE THE BEACHES ARE AH AH
 UNDEFENDED, UNDEFENDED,

WE SEND OUR BOYS IN BOYS IN,
 THEN WE DESTROY THEM, DESTROY THEM

THAT'S HOW

ALL.

SICILY IS APPREHENDED.
 SO WE'VE GOT TO LIE
 ABOUT WHERE WE STRIKE
 SO WE CAN FOOL THE REICH
 THIS PLAN IS STRICTLY NEED-TO-KNOW

BEVAN. As of now, I'll be hearing your proposals. How do
 we get the German troops from Sicily to Sardinia?

**(MASTERMAN, TAR, CHOLMONDELEY and
 all the MI5 AGENTS exit.)**

BEVAN.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GENIUS PLAN

MONTAGU.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GENIUS MAN,
 FOR SOME WERE BORN TO FOLLOW

BEVAN.

OR THERE'LL BE NO TOMORROW

MONTAGU.

BUT WE WERE
BORN TO LEAD!

BEVAN.

WE ARE NOT
HEROES

OTHERS.

LEAD!

WE ARE THE
MASTERS

WE PLAY OUR
PARTS

WE ARE THE CLEVER
MEN WHO HOLD
THE REINS

CLEVER MEN
WHO HOLD
THE REINS

IT'S WAR!

IT'S FUN!

IT'S NOT A GAME!

YOU'LL SEE,
FOREVER AFTER

WE DO OUR DUTY SEE

NOTHING MORE

MONTAGU & BEVAN.

AND WHEN THIS WAR IS DONE AND FADES TO DUST

BEVAN.

THERE'S NO APPLAUSE OR FAME FOR US

MONTAGU.

BUT WE WERE BORN TO
LEAD!

OTHERS (EXCEPT BEVAN).

WE WERE BORN TO LEAD!

(**BEVAN** *exits.*)

(*Led by* **MONTAGU**, *all the men of MI5 – including* **MASTERMAN**, **TAR**, **CHOLMONDELEY** *and* **FLEMING** *– re-enter, galloping victoriously on imaginary horses.*)

MONTAGU.

OH, BROTHERS! LET'S GET
 WINNING!
 MY MIND SHALL SET US
 FREE!
 GONNA WIN THE WAR,
 CHAMPAGNE GALORE
 AS I FLICK THE HUN THE "V"
 I'LL DEFINITELY GET A
 KNIGHTHOOD
 AND A VICTORIA CROSS OR
 THREE
 LOOK UP VICTORY IN THE
 DICTIONARY
 THERE'S A PICTURE
 THERE OF ME
 WE ARE THE FINEST MINDS
 IN ENGLAND
 ON THAT, WE ARE AGREED
 FOR SOME WERE BORN TO
 FOLLOW

OTHERS.

AH
 HEAR, HEAR!
 AH
 THREE CHEERS!
 AH
 CHAMPAGNE GALORE
 AH
 AH
 OH YES!
 AH

 LOOK UP VICTORY IN THE
 DICTIONARY
 THERE'S A PICTURE
 THERE OF ME!
 FINEST MINDS IN
 ENGLAND
 ON THAT, WE ARE AGREED

FLEMING, CHOLMONDELEY & ENSEMBLE 2.

SOME WERE BORN TO FOLLOW

TAR, MASTERMAN & ENSEMBLE 1 & 3.

SOME WERE BORN TO FOLLOW

ALL.

BUT WE WERE BORN TO LEAD!

**[MUSIC NO. 01A – BORN TO LEAD
 (PLAYOFF)]**

Scene Two: Preparing to Pitch

*(Lights up on **CHOLMONDELEY** waiting outside the closed door to Bevan's office looking nervous, his proposed plan in his hands, and **MASTERMAN** behind him, clearly annoyed that he's in a queue, and not at the front of it.*)*

MASTERMAN. Waiting to go in, are you?

CHOLMONDELEY. Yes I –

MASTERMAN. Pitching an idea, are you?

CHOLMONDELEY. Well I –

MASTERMAN. Mustn't be nervous, you know!

CHOLMONDELEY. No, I –

MASTERMAN. No. Time we gave these German rotters what for, what what!

CHOLMONDELEY. What?

MASTERMAN. What?

CHOLMONDELEY. What?

MASTERMAN. Exactly! I say, old chap, do you mind if I quickly just check this um... *(Gesturing at the door.)*

CHOLMONDELEY. No, no go ahead.

MASTERMAN. So kind.

*(He slyly moves past **CHOLMONDELEY** into first place, pretending to check something on the door.)*

Oh yes... Fine British oak!

*Licensees are welcome to fill the scene with an array of non-speaking roles, like **MIS AGENTS** and **SECRETARIES**, so long as they are not in the queue to pitch. Dialogue should not be reassigned to additional agents.

(**MASTERMAN** settles into first place, begins humming.)

CHOLMONDELEY. Wait –

(**TAR** enters.)

TAR. John!

MASTERMAN. Reggie!

TAR. Going in first, are you?

MASTERMAN. Oh yes.

CHOLMONDELEY. Well, technically I was here first.

TAR. Wonderful stuff, good man, and you are –

(**CHOLMONDELEY** shakes **TAR**'s hand.)

CHOLMONDELEY. I'm...Charles, we've met before –

TAR. Of course we have! Lovely to meet you.

(During the handshake, **TAR** steps past **CHOLMONDELEY** to talk to **MASTERMAN**, once again taking his place in the queue. **CHOLMONDELEY** makes a noise of frustration.)

You'll never guess who else is pitching too? Ian Fleming.

MASTERMAN. Oh he's not still banging on about his novel, is he?

TAR. The characters make no sense.

MASTERMAN. Hasn't one of them got a –

(**FLEMING** enters, all the grace and charm of a nine-year-old boy – with twice the enthusiasm.)

FLEMING. He's got a golden finger!

CHOLMONDELEY. What?

TAR & MASTERMAN. Fleming!

(FLEMING comes to shake CHOLMONDELEY's hand.)

FLEMING. Ian Fleming, part-time novelist, part-time spy.
Pleasure to meet you.

(FLEMING also manipulates his way in front of CHOLMONDELEY in the queue. Another noise of frustration from CHOLMONDELEY as he realises he is somehow at the back.)

What's up with him?

TAR. He's nervous as a pauper.

MASTERMAN. He's got no chance!

TAR. It's like he's never even heard the Eton school motto.

(The men strike an identical pose, hands firmly on hearts.)

MASTERMAN. "Never trust the servants."

TAR. No. The other one.

FLEMING. "Horses can't inherit."

TAR. No, the other one.

TAR, MASTERMAN & FLEMING. Oh! "A loud boy is a good boy." Huzzah!

CHOLMONDELEY. Excuse me. My name is Charles Cholmondeley, I'm a scientist, I've worked here for six years, and well, I was here first!

FLEMING. Ah yes, you're the bug boy, aren't you.

(They all make small bug noises and accompanying gestures.)

CHOLMONDELEY. Oh well actually, I prefer the term amateur naturalist.

FLEMING. (*Mistaking it for “naturalist.”*) A naturalist, really?

(**FLEMING** looks pointedly at **CHOLMONDELEY**’s crotch. **CHOLMONDELEY** blushes profusely.)

MASTERMAN. Perfectly understandable, we all enjoy dropping our trousers.

(**MONTAGU** enters, a swaggering head boy among the prefects.)

MONTAGU. Dropping your trousers again, John?

TAR, FLEMING & MASTERMAN. Montagu!

(**CHOLMONDELEY** has planted himself, determined not to move this time.)

MONTAGU. Sorry, old boy, can I quickly just pass the old...?

CHOLMONDELEY. (*Summoning all of his bravery.*) There is a queue.

(*The others look at each other with an air of “what’s his problem?”*)

TAR, FLEMING & MASTERMAN. Oooohh.

MONTAGU. Look, Charlie, it is Charlie, isn’t it?

CHOLMONDELEY. Er, yes! But only my mother calls me that –

(**MONTAGU** gestures conspiratorially, **CHOLMONDELEY** follows him.)

MONTAGU. Now then, Charlie, it doesn’t really matter who goes in there first –

(**MONTAGU** wrong-foots **CHOLMONDELEY**, managing to pass him in the queue.)

You see, I’ve already got the plan that’s going to win us this war!

TAR. I've got the perfect plan.

MASTERMAN. My plan's the one.

MONTAGU. It's simple...

TAR, MASTERMAN & MONTAGU. We just kill Hitler!...

MONTAGU. Jinxies. /

TAR. What are the chances? /

CHOLMONDELEY. Well I think it's slightly more complex
than that - /

FLEMING. What the... /

MASTERMAN. / *(Makes noises.)*

*(In the ruckus, MONTAGU manages to pass
FLEMING, moving another one up in the
queue.)*

MONTAGU. Fleming, you also planning on killing Hitler?

FLEMING. Only if he's severely allergic to thrilling fiction!

*(MONTAGU turns to TAR during the following,
getting him in on the joke so that he can once
again pass him in the queue.)*

MONTAGU. Unfortunately, nobody cares about your angry
little hero man.

FLEMING. Several publishers are interested!

*(Only MASTERMAN is left ahead of MONTAGU;
during the following, he manages to pass him
and claim first place.)*

MONTAGU. I'm going to march through that door, grab
Johnny Bevan by his sludgy, unfortunate lapels and
say...

*(MONTAGU goes to grab the doorknob; he's
done it!)*

MASTERMAN. What?

[MUSIC NO. 02 – GOD THAT’S BRILLIANT]

(A beat. MONTAGU turns round. Bevan can wait. He can’t help showing off.)

MONTAGU. And say, “Johnny... Picture the scene!”

(During the following number, CHOLMONDELEY places his file down on a desk or chair.)

SO, HITLER’S ON THE TRAIN
AND HE’S HEADING FOR THE BORDER
WE TAKE OUT A PORTER THAT NO ONE WILL MISS.
NOW OUR BOY’S UNDERCOVER
HE POISONS THE WATER –

TAR.

GOD, THAT’S BRILLIANT!
BUT LISTEN TO THIS...
I’VE DESIGNED A NEW KIND OF MISSILE
SO TINY IT’S SHOT FROM A PEN
IT’S FULL OF AIRBORNE SEDATIVE
TIME TO EFFECT IS RELATIVE
BUT ONE WHIFF’S ENOUGH TO FLOOR TEN GROWN MEN
WE’LL SHOOT HIM *EN ROUTE*
OUR PURSUIT WILL BE FRUITFUL
AND THE FÜHRER IS OUT COLD.

MONTAGU, MASTERMAN, FLEMING & CHOLMONDELEY.

BUT WHAT THE HELL HAPPENS THEN?

TAR.

SO, HITLER’S ON THE TRAIN,
AND HE’S FEELING KIND OF TIRED
HE’S DRUGGED IN A FUG LIKE A MENTAL ABYSS

MASTERMAN. *(Pretending to be Hitler.)*

“MEIN PANTS HAVE BEEN STOLEN!”

TAR.

WE'LL TRADE THEM FOR POLAND!

MONTAGU, FLEMING & CHOLMONDELEY.

GOD THAT'S BRILLIANT

MASTERMAN.

BUT LISTEN TO THIS!

TAR. But I haven't got to the exploding socks yet!

MONTAGU. You've had a verse.

MASTERMAN.

I KNOW A LADY ASSASSIN
SHE'S LITHE BUT IMPOSSIBLY STRONG
SHE'S KILLED HALF OF MOSCOW,
SHE OWNS HER OWN CROSSBOW,
A MASTER OF DISGUISE
WHO CAN SPEAK ANY TONGUE
SHE'S STATIONED IN HAITI,
PATIENTLY WAITING,
BUT ONE CALL FROM ME AND SHE'LL BE OURS FOR A SONG
SOOOOOOO

ALL FIVE.

HITLER'S ON THE TRAIN, AND HE'S COMING BACK FROM
BURMA,

MASTERMAN.

OUR GIRL HURLS HERSELF FROM A NEARBY TREE,
SHE CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW,
DISGUISED AS A FLAMINGO,
IN THE WHIRL THAT UNFURLS

ALL FIVE.

SHE KILLS A GUARD OR THREE,

MASTERMAN.

SHE RAISES UP HER KNIFE,
IT'S DRIPPING BLOOD FROM THE SLAUGHTER!
HITLER SHITS HIMSELF AS SHE BLOWS HIM A KISS!

ALL FIVE.

HIS GUARDS TRY TO POUR IN,
SHE BARRICADES THE DOOR AND –
GOD THAT'S BRILLIANT!

FLEMING.

BUT LISTEN TO THIS...

MASTERMAN.

IF THIS IS A MAN IN A FANCY SUIT...!

FLEMING.

ALL THAT WE NEED IS A SWANKY TUXEDO

TAR. Fleming! Stop going on about your bloody novel!

FLEMING. Several publishers are interested!

MONTAGU. Your mother doesn't count.

MASTERMAN.

COME ON BOYS, REMEMBER WHAT CHURCHILL SAID –

ALL FIVE.

IF YOU WANT TO BEAT THEM JERRIES
YOU GOTTA CALL UPON THE VISIONARIES

TAR.

COS IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE

CHOLMONDELEY.

DON'T SCREAM AND SHOUT

ALL FIVE.

CALL THE ENGLISH PRIVATE SCHOOL BOYS

MONTAGU.

WE'LL SORT IT ALL OUT!

ALL FIVE.

IT'S TIME FOR AMBITION
TIME TO SHOW YOU'VE GOT VISION
WE'RE THE BEST BRAINS IN BRITAIN,
NOW LISTEN TO THIS!

FLEMING.

ALL WE NEED IS A SHINY TUXEDO

MASTERMAN & MONTAGU.

HERE WE GO ...

FLEMING.

AND MY DESIGN FOR A SUBMARINE CAR

CHOLMONDELEY & TAR.

FOR GOD'S SAKE!

FLEMING.

ABOUT SEVEN PRETTY LADIES
ASTON MARTINS OR MERCEDES
A BASE IN A VOLCANO AND A LASER CIGAR
SOME CROCODILE MOCCASINS,
A WATCH WITH A GARROTE IN IT,
A VODKA MARTINI WAITING AT THE BAR
AND THERE'S OUR MAN WHO'S A REALLY FAMOUS HERO
HE WEARS COOL SUITS AND HE HAS A BIG GUN!
HE HAS GREAT ADVENTURES, AND LADIES WANT TO KISS
HIM

MASTERMAN.

I DO LIKE IT WHEN THE LADIES WANT TO KISS ME!

FLEMING.

GOD HE'S BRILLIANT AND HIS NAME IS JAMES!

I've even got a catchphrase for him! "The name's James...
James."

MASTERMAN. No!

(The rest all object simultaneously.)

CHOLMONDELEY. What? That's just the same name twice!

TAR. It makes no sense!

MONTAGU. "The name's James" is the worst catchphrase
I've ever heard.

(End of overlapping dialogue.)

FLEMING. I don't think you heard it right!

MASTERMAN.

COME ON NOW!

HITLER'S ON THE TRAIN

MONTAGU.

OR A BOAT

CHOLMONDELEY.

OR OTHER VEHICLE

MASTERMAN.

WE SEND IN AN ASSASSIN

FLEMING.

OR A ROBOT?

CHOLMONDELEY.

THAT'S ILLEGAL!

TAR.

WE SHOOT HIM

MONTAGU.

OR WE STAB HIM

FLEMING.

AND HE'S WEARING A TUXEDO.

HE KILLS THE GUARD, SNOGS THE GIRL AND SAYS
SOMETHING COOL!

MONTAGU, MASTERMAN, TAR & CHOLMONDELEY.

NO!

MASTERMAN.

WE TIE HIM UP

TAR.

POISON HIM

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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