

# The Gold Medallion



A Seafaring Adventure

In Three Acts

By

Keith Passmore

# The Gold Medallion

A seafaring adventure

Orphaned and wrongfully convicted of murder, James Fenton is determined to follow his ambition to join Captain James Cook's crew aboard the Resolution, but his predicament forces him to stowaway!

However, all is not resolved as he becomes an accidental crew member of Cap'n Scargill's tub, the Revolution, soon to become commandeered by Silas Tench, a villainous devil if there ever was one, Shiner his partner in piracy and a mutinous crew which lusts for gold!

The Gold Medallion, stolen by Silas Tench and his shipmate Shiner from Fenton's Chandlery, is the key to the booty known as Fenton's Gold, buried on San Angelo Island in the dangerous waters of the Caribbean.

There are many delightful characters in this adventure with plenty of scope for imaginative staging. The seafaring times of the late 1700's must be captured by the costuming and overall flavour of the era.

# The Gold Medallion

## Cast of Characters in order of appearance

1st. Seaman  
2<sup>nd</sup>. Seaman  
3<sup>rd</sup>. Seaman  
Shiner  
Tench  
James  
Amy  
Croxley  
1<sup>st</sup>. Woman  
2<sup>nd</sup>. Woman  
Six Court Crowd Members (including Crowd members 1, 2 and 3)  
Court Registrar  
Two Court Bailiffs  
Willoughby, Prosecuting Counsel  
Percival, Defence Counsel  
Magistrate  
Young Woman  
Guard  
Jacob  
Anderson  
Eight Crew Members (including Crew Members 1, 2 and 3)  
Scargill  
Spurgeon  
Roach  
Brody  
Piper  
Louse  
Patch  
Helmsman  
Six Dock Workers

## **PRODUCTION NOTES**

### **Staging**

In the first two productions of this play the ship, 'Revolution', was built of a series of rostra. Affixed to the front of the rostra was a thin wooden, painted cut out of the side elevation of the ship, but in such a way that the audience could see the actors on board. CL was a turning capstan on board the ship complete with rope. There were also lengths of rope and boxes which were used to ensure that the crew was occupied. A Cannon was also positioned and directed towards the audience on an angle. Hoisting the sails was mimed and permanent booming sheets depicting sails were hung from the flies in order to maintain a nautical flavour to the production.

The other scenes were played R and L and in front of the permanently positioned ship with entrances L, R and through the Centre Aisle. Spots and appropriate lighting were used for location and mood

The furniture for the courtroom was constructed of light materials for easy removal as were most of the other items.

### **Suggested doubling in the cast**

1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Seamen/crew members

1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Women/ Part of Court Crowd members

Court Crowd Members/ Dockers

Court Registrar/crew member

Court bailiffs/crew members

Willoughby/Helmsman

Guard/Patch

Act One

**Scene 1: an alleyway in an 18<sup>th</sup> century port in South West of England**

*The stage in front of the permanently fixed ship is empty. Three inebriated 'down at heel' seamen enter R laughing and yelling. They share a bottle of grog.*

*Shiner enters L. He is wary of the men approaching.*

Seaman: 'allo! What 'ave we 'ere then?

2<sup>nd</sup>. Seaman: 'e looks like the squid I caught this morning.

*The Seamen laugh*

Shiner: If it pleases yer me lads...

3<sup>rd</sup>. Seaman: (*interrupting*) lads! Who yer calling lads, squid?

Shiner: (*sardonically*) I'm truly sorry sirs, I'm forgettin' meself. Yer see me shipmate and me, we're lookin' for Fenton's store, the chandler's shop.

1<sup>st</sup>. Seaman: And who might yer shipmate be then?

*Enter Tench from R. He approaches them and stops to watch the proceedings unnoticed by the Seamen.*

1<sup>st</sup>. Seaman: Now that would cost yer.

2<sup>nd</sup>. Seaman: I reckon the price of a bottle of rum would be good enough (*He upturns the empty shared bottle*) or two maybe?

3<sup>rd</sup>. Seaman: (*drawing knife*) Or we could take yer money and make a mess of your face.

*The seamen approach Shiner threateningly when Tench draws a long curved knife and prods it into the 3<sup>rd</sup>. Seaman's back.*

Tench: Take one step further matey and I'll slit you in 'alf.

*The other seamen turn to him*

1<sup>st</sup>.Seaman: Tench!

Tench: *(to the 3rd. Seaman)* Drop the skewer matey *(which he does)* Now then, I believe me shipmate might 'ave been askin' yer about Fenton's place. *(he pushes the 3<sup>rd</sup>. Seaman towards the others and holds out the knife threateningly)* Now where is it?

2<sup>nd</sup>. Seaman: We'll take you there?

1<sup>st</sup>. Seaman: What? Will we?

Tench: Course yer will.

1st. Seaman: We gotta get back to our lodgings to pack.

Tench: You should've thought about that earlier.

3<sup>rd</sup>. Seaman: If you're after Fenton, 'e's dead.

Tench: *(with some sarcasm)* Well is that a fact now, gone to Davey Jones's locker 'as 'e? Lead on! Any funny business and you'll be joinin' 'im.

*He motions them L towards exit.*

Shiner: Nice of 'em to 'elp ain't it Tench? We won't forget your kindness lads.

*They exit.*

*Lights down*

## Scene 2: Fenton's Chandlery

*There is a counter UR and Amy and James are sitting on boxes down from it.*

James: Amy, I don't want to work in this place for the rest of my life.

*Croxley enters unnoticed during Amy's speech.*

Amy: You have to, at least until your father's debts are paid. What else can you do and where would you go?

Croxley: *(who is tidying the shop)* Well said m'dear *(to James)* Your father was a dreamer and you seem to take after him, my lad. He had no head for business. *(James mimics Croxley's following words behind his back. Amy throws James a scolding look)* If it wasn't for me you'd have nothing. No home, no food and no bed to rest your foolish head.

James: What about the gold he'd found?

Croxley: Gold? Hogwash boy! He just dreamt of buried treasure. No, there was no gold. It was just a fantasy. Not only that, he was a fool. A likeable man, but a fool just the same.

James: How dare you call my father a fool! He was a kind man, a brave man.

Croxley: Dare did you say? Dare me would you? Just remember your situation young orphan. I am running this business for the both of us.

Amy: Stop it please, both of you. Father, I am sure James appreciates all you've done for him, don't you James.

James: Of course. I apologise Mr. Croxley.

Amy: Father, you must also appreciate that James is grieving for his father. You must understand that surely. Both of you should show more patience.

Croxley: Right. Well then, we'll do what we can eh?

James: Yes, as Amy has said, I do appreciate all you have done for me. I really do sir.

Croxley: Well, don't forget. Those boxes need to be stowed. Amy, you'd better get off home. The house needs a good clean.

Amy: But father...

Croxley: No more arguments.

Amy: Yes father.

Croxley: James, we must have this store shipshape, especially as the Resolution will be in port any day now. I don't want to spend my time searching for things the crew may need.

James: The Resolution?

Croxley: Captain Cook's ship.

James: The Captain Cook? James Cook?

Croxley: The very man.

James: I'd give anything to join his crew and explore the high seas (*standing to attention*) Midshipman James Fenton, at your service.

*He bows*

Croxley: Hogwash! Get those boxes stowed away. Amy, home!

*He exits*

James: Captain Cook eh? My father knew him you know.

Amy: (*scoffing*) James, really!

James: He did. My father's brother, Uncle Stephen served on the Endeavour, Cook's first ship. So the story goes, My Uncle Stephen presented my father with a medallion.

Amy: (*disinterested*) Oh really. (*decisively*) I must be off James.

*James approaches her quickly and takes her arm.*

James: Don't go yet. Wait here.

*He hurries to counter and takes the medallion wrapped in sacking, from the bottom of a shelf underneath the counter.*

James: Come and look!

*Amy approaches*

James: *(carefully unwraps it and shows it to her)* There, isn't it a work of art?

Amy: It's most impressive.

James: Look at the other side, a map of an island.

Amy: Which island is it?

James: I've no idea. Even your father doesn't know.

Amy: He's never mentioned the medallion to me.

*Croxley enters during James's speech*

James: He gave it to me when my father died. When I suggested it was worth a great deal of money he said...

Croxley: Hogwash! *(the others react in surprise)* That's what I said, and I'm right. It's a worthless piece of metal. Amy you are exhausting my patience. James, you are wasting time. To work boy! Amy, home!

Amy: I shall be on my way father.

*Croxley exits with some rope which he has collected from the shop.*

James: I am sure there is something really special about this medallion Amy.

Amy: Well it shines brightly but that doesn't mean it's valuable. I must go James. I shall see you tomorrow.

*She approaches exit*

And James, please make peace with my father.

James: I shall do all I can.

*She exits*

I'd better put this worthy object back where it belongs.

*He wraps the medallion and replaces it at the bottom of the counter.*

Croxley: *(off)* James, bring that large box into the yard

James (*calling*) Yes Mr. Croxley. I'm coming.

*He exits with box.*

*Pause*

*Shiner, followed by Tench enters R. They survey the scene.*

Shiner: No one 'ere.

Tench: 'Ave a good look round Shiner.

Shiner: What am I lookin' for?

Tench: You've got a mind like a sieve. If it glitters, take it.

Shiner: (*in the process of searching*) Nothing much 'ere that fits a glittering, Tench.

Tench: It's 'ere alright.

*Croxley enters. At this point Shiner is behind the counter and Tench is in the corner of the shop searching through a small pile of boxes.*

Croxley: What on earth....! What d'yer think you're doing?

Tench: (*quickly*) You 'ave mice shopkeeper. Running the place they be. Me shipmate and me 'ave been trying to slit their little gizzards.

Croxley: (*warily*) Most stores have problems with mice. Now what's your business? How can I help you?

Tench: I do 'ope you can sir, I do 'ope so. Yer see the guv'nor of this place was an acquaintance of mine. I got to know 'im very well I did.

Croxley: Really?

Tench: Aye, we were at sea together.

Croxley: D'you mean you knew Fenton?

Tench: To be sure!

Croxley: You know he's dead, don't you?

Tench: (*mock surprise*) Oh, would that be so? What a shame, poor man, but I'm sure you can 'elp us.

Croxley: What do you mean? How?

Tench: You're keen on asking questions ain't yer? Yer see 'e 'ad something which belonged to me. You might be able to throw some light on it.

Croxley: What could that be?

Tench: (*he approaches him*) I do badly need your 'elp shopkeeper.

*He grabs Croxley by the collar of his shirt with one hand and draws and threatens him with the long curved knife in the other.*

Nah then, Mr. Fenton was in possession of a valuable object, a large medallion which I won off 'im at a game of – whist.

*He and Shiner laugh wickedly. Tench pushes Croxley away.*

Croxley: Medallion? The only medallion I've seen is the one given to him, a mere trinket.

Tench: It could be the very one!

Croxley: Have you any proof it's yours?

Tench: What I says is proof enough.

Shiner: Our Mr. Tench is an 'onest man. You couldn't find a more 'onest man in this part of the world.

Croxley: I can't help you, unless you have some form of written proof.

Shiner: Oh dear Mr. Shopkeeper, don't go all legal on us. My mate's a dab 'and at gettin' 'is own way.

Tench: (*approaching Croxley and threatening him with the knife again*) If you don't tell me where it is, the first thing to go on your face will be your nose. (*showing him the knife*) My little mate 'ere is so very good at makin' clean cuts, yer see. I was a barber and I 'ad a go at bein' a ship's surgeon back in the old days and this knife 'as done such a great number of cuts and incisions.

Shiner: So make it sharpish!

*Shiner laughs, but Tench does not appreciate the joke and shakes his head.*

Tench: I apologise my mate 'as a poor sense of 'umour.

*Shiner laughs*

Croxley: What if I don't know where it is?

Tench: That seems to tell me you do! Now what's it to be, the medallion or a changed phizog? Imagine the agony Mr. Shopkeeper. (*grabs the neck of his shirt*) If you don't tell me, I'll snip off your sniffer!

Croxley: Take your hands off me!

*Tench tightens his hold on his shirt and raises the knife to his face.*

Tench: Don't make me use it. Think of the mess I'd make.

Croxley: Alright, alright! I'll get it for you.

Tench: No you won't, just tell me where it is!

Croxley: It's behind the counter, bottom shelf. It belongs to Fenton's son.

*Tench releases him*

Tench: Son? Where is 'e?

Croxley: Out, delivering boxes.

Tench: Good, that couldn't be finer. (*to Shiner*) Find it!

*Shiner approaches counter and searches.*

Croxley: What's so important about it?

Tench: If only you knew how.

Shiner: 'ere it is.

*He crosses to them and hands the wrapped medallion to Tench.*

Tench: (*admiring the medallion*) This is it! Well done Mr. Shopkeeper, you've saved your nose.

Croxley: You've made a young lad very unhappy.

Tench: Have I now? I apologise. Yer see it's a 'abit of mine. We've completed our business. Don't bother to see us out.

Shiner: *(from behind counter, jingling coins in his hand.)* There must be three guineas 'ere.

Croxley: Put that back, you've got what you wanted.

Shiner: *(pocketing coins)* And more, it seems.

*Shiner approaches Croxley as Tench moves away. He draws and places a knife at his throat.*

Shiner: Thank you for your charity Mr. Shopkeeper.

*Tench makes for the exit.*

*Shiner laughs and follows*

Tench: Quit the laughter Shiner, you'll 'ave the 'ole street 'ere, wonderin' what's going on.

*Croxley picks up a length of wood and crosses to aim it at Shiner, who quickly turns and the knife he is carrying pierces Croxley's stomach. Croxley clutches his stomach, groans, pulls the knife from it and looks helplessly at the other men. He falls to his knees and the knife clatters to the floor. Croxley falls forward on the store floor.*

Tench: What d'yer do that for Shiner? No blood I said.

Shiner: *(in annoyance)* He fell on me knife. You saw it.

Tench: You idiot! Come on!

*They get to exit. Tench stops and turns*

Wait a minute. The knife, get it!

James *(calling from off L)* Mr. Croxley!

Shiner: *(lowered voice)* Somebody's coming.

Tench: Leave it; let's get out of 'ere.

*They exit R in a hurry*

*Enter James calling*

James: Mr. Croxley are you there?

*He freezes at the sight of the corpse*

Mr. Croxley?

*He reluctantly approaches and stoops over the body. He sees the knife and slowly picks it up.*

Oh no! He's dead!

*Two women customers enter*

1<sup>st</sup>. Woman: Good afternoon young James.

2<sup>nd</sup>. Woman: Is Mr. Croxley about?

*They suddenly notice the body and the 1<sup>st</sup> Woman screams. There is a pause followed by a sudden realization from the women*

2<sup>nd</sup>. Woman: *(beside herself)* What have you done boy?

James: I..I, you don't think I ...*(he drops knife and looks at it and then at the women in horror)* No. That's not my knife! I didn't do this!

*The actors freeze*

*Lights down*

### **Scene 3: The local Court**

*The court is set up with a Magistrate's bench, a chair and table in front of the bench for the Registrar, chairs for Willoughby and Percival, and a railed frame for the Court Crowd to stand behind. There is also a simple dock for the accused, which could be a simple enclosed frame made from light materials.*

*The Court members enter rowdily, impatient to await the outcome of the trial.*

*The Registrar enters and sits in front of the Magistrate's bench. Percival and Willoughby enter and sit in their chairs. As James is led into the dock by the Court Bailiffs, the Court Members jeer at him noisily. Throughout the session James looks shaken by the events and nods his head vigorously at Percival's submissions on his behalf.*

*The Court Registrar stands*

Registrar: *(above the din)* Silence in Court! *(his attempt to silence them is in vain)* Silence I said!

*They settle*

*The Magistrate enters and everybody stands. The crowd murmurs as the Magistrate sits. The officials and lawyers bow. The Magistrate sits and the Lawyers and the Registrar follow suit.*

Magistrate: Any more noise and I'll throw the culprits in irons. Mr. Willoughby, do you wish to make any further submissions?

*Willoughby stands*

Willoughby: No your honour, the Crown rests its case.

*He sits*

Magistrate: Good. Mr. Percival?

*Percival stands*

Percival: I submit that my client had no motive to commit this crime.

Magistrate: It was a heinous crime Mr. Percival.

Percival: Indeed your honour, but there is no evidence of intention on the part of the boy, none at all. As you have heard (*he turns to the crowd*) the accused was not present when the murder was committed. He made that absolutely clear and I submit that his words were those of a truthful, innocent young gentleman. Someone else committed this foul deed.

*Murmurings from the crowd*

Magistrate: By his own admission the accused stated that the knife was in his hand. The two women saw it.

Percival: Absolutely and he bravely gave evidence to that fact and honestly accepted that it placed him in jeopardy, but he was most convincing in his statement that he did not use the knife, he did not own it and that he certainly did not murder Mr. Croxley. He merely picked it up after discovering the body. He explained that a medallion owned by the accused must have been stolen from the shop about the time of the murder, which would indicate that the murderer was also a thief. I submit that the accused, your honour, was convincing in his explanations.

*The crowd explodes into more jeers*

Magistrate: (*above the din*) Enough! Anymore of this and I'll clear the court. (*to Percival*) Is that all you have to offer Mr. Percival.

*Mr. Willoughby suddenly stands*

Willoughby: Your honour I feel that the court has heard enough of these unfounded submissions from the defence.

Magistrate: You've had your turn Mr. Willoughby, hold your tongue!

Willoughby shakes his head and sits

I shall make my decision based on the facts of this case

*The crowd cheers and settles quickly as the Magistrate glares at them..*

Mr. Willoughby: (*smiling smugly and directly at the crowd*) Quite your honour, on the facts.

*One or two crowd members applaud*

Magistrate: Mr. Percival?

Percival: You must find the accused not guilty of murder.

*A few jeers. Percival bows and sits*

Magistrate: Is that all?

Percival: (he stands) Yes your honour

*Percival bows and sits*

*At this point Amy and the Young Woman enter through centre and stand L in the court*

Magistrate: I have a meeting this afternoon so I won't waste any more time. (to James) James Fenton.

*James clears his throat nervously and looks at the magistrate fearfully.*

James: Yes your honour.

Magistrate: Listen carefully (*addressing James*) According to the facts, which in my mind cannot be questioned, there is no doubt young man that you committed the most heinous crime of murder.

*The crowd cheers. Calls of 'hang him', ring out. Amy covers her face in her hands. James is shocked and hangs and shakes his head in disbelief, fighting away tears.*

*The Magistrate holds out his hands and waits for silence which occurs after a short while*

I must therefore commit you into the care of the bailiffs for public execution and ...

Amy: (*shrieking*) No! No! You can't do that! He's innocent!

Magistrate: (*taken aback*) Who was that?

*Amy and the Young Woman approach the bench. The crowd stirs.*

Amy: I did.

Magistrate: Who are you child?

Amy: Amy Croxley, your honour.

Young Woman: Mr. Croxley's daughter your 'onour.

Magistrate: And who might you be?

Young Woman: I'm 'er housemaid, Mr. Croxley's housemaid. Givin' 'er moral support I am.

Amy: James wouldn't allow me to say anything on his behalf, but I do not believe he killed my father.

Young Woman: (*placing an arm around her shoulders*) Now, now my dear.

*Murmurs from the crowd*

Magistrate: Young woman, your friend has been convicted of this crime. I must now sentence him as the law permits.

Crowd: Hang him! Hang him! Hang him!

*Magistrate leaps to his feet*

Magistrate: Enough I say!

*The crowd settles and the Magistrate sits.*

Amy: Your honour, I beg you, do not be swayed by this blood thirsty mob.

1st. Crowd Member: We 'aven't had a public 'angin' in weeks!

2<sup>nd</sup>. Crowd Member: Not since the triple 'angin' in March

3<sup>rd</sup>. Crowd Member: We're in need of some entertainment! Life's been a bit glum lately.

*Following cries of support for the remarks. Amy is comforted by the Young woman. Percival stands.*

Percival: (*concerned*) Your honour, really!

Magistrate: The whole town is angered by the events Mr. Percival.

*Percival shakes his head and sits*

Magistrate: (*to Amy*) The proper sentence is death by hanging, but since you have made a plea on the accused behalf, albeit too late, and in so doing being the daughter of the poor Mr. Croxley, I'm prepared to commute the sentence.

*Willoughby stands*

Willoughby: (*angrily*) Surely you cannot do that your honour. You passed a sentence of execution! The accused must now appeal against it!

*The crowd is now split as to its support for the sentence and voice its feelings accordingly.*

Magistrate: Sit down Mr. Willoughby! (*he does so*) You may do things differently in London, but here you will accept my findings and my decision on sentencing! (*suddenly*) The accused will be transported to an appointed land beyond these shores, for a term of fifteen years. The place of transportation shall be decided within the next twenty four hours. Bailiffs, take him down!

*James is marched off L, struggling to reach Amy. The magistrate hastily exits R.*

*The crowd complains noisily*

Amy: (*shrieking*) He's innocent! You have made a grave mistake!

*Percival and the Young woman comfort a sobbing Amy and assist her through the centre aisle, followed by Willoughby who grimly shakes his head*

*Court Registrar rises*

Court Registrar: Silence! Leave the Court.

*The crowd disperses, still murmuring its complaints.*

*Shiner enters the court through the centre aisle and accosts two of the crowd members. He nods to them and smiles broadly. He stands DC looking out at the audience. He is now alone on stage.*

Shiner: Fifteen years transportation, eh. Well, me shipmate will be pleased. Most de-lighted I'd say.

*He laughs briefly, yet sinisterly and exits through centre aisle.*

*Lights Down*

#### **Scene 4: Prison cell**

*There is a chair, a small table upon which is a quill pen, inkwell and paper at C*

*James enters UR escorted by Prison Guard*

Guard: 'Ere we are (*grinning*) At least you'll see the world where you're goin'.

*James sits C, head in hands*

*The guard exits. There is the sound of a heavy door closing off stage.*

*James picks up the quill and dabs it into the ink and begins to write*

James: Dear Amy, thank you for speaking so bravely on my behalf.. (he drops pen and sobs)

*The sound of the door opening quickly makes James quickly dry his eyes. The Prison Guard, Percival and Amy enter UR*

Guard: 'Ere 'e is.

Amy: James!

*They embrace*

James: What are you doing here? Mr. Percival?

Percival: (*to Guard*) You may leave us.

Guard: (*sniffs*) As yer wish.

*He exits UR*

*The sound of the door closing - again*

Percival: We have some good news James. I have a warrant from the Magistrate committing you into my custody for twenty four hours.

James: I don't understand.

Amy: You have your freedom James.

Percival: Well, not yet Amy. You must leave this town by daybreak otherwise you will be re-arrested and transported as sentenced.

James: What has happened?

Amy: Mr. Percival has had a private word with the Magistrate.

Percival: Yes, after great persistence from Amy I should add. I managed to persuade him, but it was at a price.

James: A bribe, you mean?

Percival: Most irregular I know, but I had no option but to agree to the seizure and sale of your father's store. The proceeds are to be held by the magistrate himself.

James: What? That's scandalous!

Amy: The store would have been looted and destroyed in your absence James.

James: But where can I go? I'm greatly indebted to you both, but I am at a loss to know where I should start my new life.

Percival: You must stay clear of the town. If the townspeople learn about this they will lynch you. Give it at least two years before you decide to return.

James: Two years?

Amy: It's for the best James.

Percival: I'm afraid you'll have to make your own way in the world, James. It may be difficult for you but it's far better than being transported don't you think? We are wasting precious time. *(he approaches exit UR and calls off)* Guard!

*Percival returns*

*Sound of the heavy door opening.*

*The Guard enters*

Percival: This lad has been committed to my care! Here. *(handing him letter)*

Guard: *(peering at letter)* No good me doing that sir, I can't read *(he winks)* I'll 'ave to take you're word for it, won't I?

Percival: (*handing him a small bag of coins*) You know nothing of this do you hear?

Guard: (*smiling greedily, rubbing his hands and then taking bag*) Very clearly sir. Thank 'ee kindly. 'ave no fear, my lips are sealed.

*Actors freeze*

*Lights Down*

### **Scene 5: A street near the docks. Evening**

*The stage is empty. The action takes place in front of the ship, as in the other scenes. Lighting is used to depict the time of day with the use of a smoke machine or dry ice to show that it is misty.*

*Amy and James enter R. Both wear cloaks.*

Amy: This is a foolish and dangerous idea James.

James: A life on the high seas is what I've dreamed of Amy. I can't see myself roaming the countryside for work.

Amy: Then you must take extreme care. Stowaways are not looked upon favourably at all.

James: I don't think I shall be dealt with severely by Captain Cook, but I shall take care, Amy.

Amy: I'll miss you so much, dear James. I meant what I said earlier, I am prepared to accompany you if you were to stay on land.

James: We've discussed that. You deserve much better. You know how I feel about you. I shall miss you too.

*They hold hands*

But what will you do?

Amy: I shall live with my aunt. She's a kind woman. Here, (*she hands him a letter*) her address. If you have time, please write.

James: I shall try to make time *(he kisses her cheek)* Farewell Amy.

Amy: God speed.

*They embrace and he exits quickly L*

*Amy waves.*

*(to herself)* I love you James.

*She exits R, gently sobbing*

*Lights down and up on next scene*

### **Scene 6: At the docks. Night**

*The stage is empty and again the action takes place in front of the permanently placed ship. Lighting depicts eeriness with only lamplight lighting the scene.*

*James enters L*

James: I must hurry, the Resolution leaves in the morning, but where is she?

*Jacob enters R and crosses to C, giving James a cursory glance and continues to cross L.*

James: *(calls)* Can you help me sir?

Jacob: *(stopping and then turning to him)* Me? Did you call me sir? I ain't never been called that before.

James: Do you know the docks well?

Jacob: Well, I know me way around if that's what yer mean.

James: Good. I'm looking for the Resolution.

Jacob: You what, the Resolution? Not the Resolution, Cook's ship?

James: Yes, the very one.

Jacob: *(suspiciously)* What business 'ave you of 'er?

James (*quickly*) I have a letter for one of the officers. Are you a crew member?

Jacob: What makes yer fink that? Show us the letter.

James: Pardon?

Jacob: Go on, the letter. Show it to me. Come on. (*James looks surprised and Jacob laughs*) You ain't got no letter 'ave yer?

James: How do you know? I mean, of course I have.

Jacob: Look 'ere, no one allows young 'uns to introduce themselves to ships for crewing if that's what you're after, and likewise no one delivers letters after dark in these parts. (*he chuckles*) I reckon you're up to no good.

James: Who are you?

Jacob: The name's Jacob. I've been 'oping for some pressin' these past few days.

James: Pressing?

Jacob: I can tell you're a landlubber. 'Ave you never 'eard of press ganging?

James: (*slightly indignant*) Yes, of course I have.

Jacob: Well, I've stuck me neck out to join a ship, but nobody's interested. I suspect it's because I'm a bit simple.

James: You don't appear so.

Jacob: Cor, fank you. That's the second time you've compli, er compli...

James: Complimented?

Jacob: That's right! (*carefully*) Complimented me, yes (*smiling and seeking to assure him*) I'm brave an' all. And you, what of you?

James: Orphaned, homeless and keen to join a ship.

Jacob: (*laughs*) And you're finkin' of joining the Resolution. Bit late 'ain't yer?

James: To stowaway I'm not.

Jacob: You're mad! D'yer know what they do to stowaways? They 'ang 'em from the yard arm. You're out of your mind!

James: My uncle sailed with Captain Cook. I'm sure he'll understand, and allow me to join the crew.

Jacob: You might never get that close to 'im to find out.

James: I'm prepared to take that chance. Now, do you know where the Resolution is berthed or not?

Jacob: You are desperate ain't yer? I do know where it is. I'll join yer if yer like. I reckon you need lookin' after.

James: You, with me? Why not! It'll be good to have some company.

Jacob: And company you shall 'ave! What's yer name?

James: James.

Jacob: We best be off then, James. Follow me. Best be quiet as the grave.

*They exit furtively.*

*Lights Down*

### **Scene 7: Early next morning. Magistrate's house**

*The setting is the same as it was before, an empty stage, which is dimly lit in order to suggest a dark early morning. There is heavy knocking on a door off L. Above the din, we hear the Magistrate calling off stage R*

Magistrate: (*calling*) Anderson, will you answer that blasted door!

*Anderson hurries on from R carrying a musket.*

Anderson: (*calling*) I'm on my way your honour (*to himself*) It's enough to wake the dead.

*He exits L and enters brandishing the musket*

*Percival enters L*

Percival: You can put that thing away man.

*Amy and 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Seamen follow L*

Anderson: Can't be too careful, especially at this time of the morning.

Percival: Call your master! It's urgent.

Anderson: He won't be pleased. Who shall I say is calling?

Magistrate: (*off R, calling*) Who is it man? (*he enters R in his night clothes*)  
Percival! It's the middle of the night man! (*to Anderson*) What have you got there? The thing doesn't fire properly. You'd kill yourself first before any burglars. It's a relic of the past. Get rid of it, man.

Anderson: (*disgruntled*) I was only trying to protect us.

Magistrate: Just take it away man!

*Anderson exits grumbling R*

Percival: (*determinedly*) It's about the Fenton case, your honour.

Magistrate: You woke me up to discuss that? I'd thought we'd settled the matter.

Percival: I need to apply for a retrial.

Magistrate: What? I think you may be trying your luck sir. I am not prepared to make any more concessions. (*noticing the Seamen*) Who are these persons?

Amy: (*quickly*) These men escorted two villains to the Chandlery moments before my father was murdered.

Percival: Last night my clerk overheard them in the King's Head Ale House talking about the events.

1st. Seaman: Aye, that we did your 'onour. We knew nothin' about the murder, us being back on ship like.

Magistrate: Mr. Percival, you are asking me for a retrial based on gossip?

Percival: I consider it enough for the case to be re-opened. (*to 2<sup>nd</sup>. Seaman*) Explain to his honour who these men were and what happened.

2<sup>nd</sup>. Seaman: Me mate 'ere and me were mindin' our own business like, when we were demanded to show these two seamen the way to Fenton's Shop, the Chandlery.

Magistrates: On the day in question?

1<sup>st</sup>.Seaman: That be so yer 'onour.

Magistrate: Who were these men?

1<sup>st</sup>. Seaman: One of 'em were Tench, y' honour, who I knows is well known to you and many who live in these 'ere parts.

Magistrate: Silas Tench! Oh Yes, I know him well! A villainous devil if there ever was one. A smuggler and a thug! He has escaped arrest on many occasions. Am I right Mr. Percival?

Percival: Indeed you are your honour.

Magistrate: Are sure it was on the day and about the time of the murder?

2<sup>nd</sup>.Seaman: On me muvver's grave.

1st.Seaman: And mine too if she were dead.

Magistrates: I must agree this certainly throws a different light on the matter. The case must be investigated further and a re-trial it must be held then. By the way, where's the boy?

Amy: He left for the docks last night to join the Resolution, to crew for Captain Cook.

Magistrate: How in heavens name did he arrange that?

Percival: We have also called upon you at so early in the morning to gain your permission to seek an audience with Captain Cook, in order to remove young Fenton from the ship. He's a stowaway your honour.

Magistrate: What! The lad is a walking disaster! We must have pen and ink right away!

*There is a sudden explosion off R which startles those on stage.*

*Anderson enters rubbing his eyes and coughing. His face is blackened by gunpowder and his clothes are torn and disheveled.*

Magistrate: What the blazes have you done man?

Anderson: The musket y'honour (*coughs*), blew up!

*Amy stifles her laughs. The Seamen guffaw and the Magistrate and Percival look at each other shaking their heads in disbelief.*

*Lights down*

End of Act One

## ACT TWO

### Scene 1: On board 'The Revolution'

*Lights come up on the ship. The crew, including Roach, is on deck preparing to set sail. Towards the stern on the upper level are Captain Scargill and Spurgeon. Some of the crew are awaiting instructions at the capstan. Others are waiting to man the sails. There is an exit UCR of ship.*

Scargill: Tell the crew to stand by Mr. Mate.

Spurgeon: Aye, aye sir. Stand by *(to crew)* Stand By!

Capstan crew: Aye, aye. Stand by! *(they prepare to man the Capstan)*

Scargill: Bosun! Check the mainsail.

Roach: Aye – aye. *(calling)* Check the mainsail!

Scargill: Heave up the anchor!

*The capstan crew push against the capstan spokes and they move in a circular formation*

Spurgeon: Come on! Heave!

Capstan crew: *(in unison)* Heave ho! To sail we go!

Spurgeon: Heave!

Capstan Crew: Heave ho! Today we go!

Spurgeon: Heave me lads!

Capstan Crew: Heave ho! A tarry O!

Spurgeon: Altogether, heave!

Capstan Crew: Heave ho! Away we go!

Spurgeon: Loose all sail!

Roach: Aye – aye! Loose all sail!

Sail Crew: Sails loose!

Spurgeon: All hands!

Roach: Look lively you bloaters!

*Crew members busy themselves with ropes*

Scargill: Away lads!

Spurgeon: Anchors weighed!

Scargill: Set the mainsail!

Whole Crew: Mainsail's set!

Scargill: Easy to port!

Helmsman: Aye-aye! Easy to port!

*A loud cheer goes up from the crew.*

Scargill: Sheet the top sails!

Roach: Aye – aye! Sheet the top sails!

Crew: Aye –aye! Sheet the top sails it be!

Scargill: Bear away.

Helmsman: Bear away it be!

Scargill: Seaward ho!

Crew: Seaward ho!

*There is another loud cheer from the crew.*

Scargill: *(to Roach)* Look at this tub! Get that loose cargo stowed!

*He exits UCR of deck*

Roach: *(to crew)* Look lively lads! Stow that cargo in the hold.

*The crew move boxes and ropes and exit UCR of deck*

Spurgeon: All set for the Americas, Roach?

Roach: Aye, let's 'ope for enough riches to retire 'appy eh?

Spurgeon: Cap'n reckons the bounty'll be rewardin'.

*There is a great deal of shouting and jeering off UCR*

Roach: 'ere what's goin' on?

*James and Jacob are led on by crew members, two of whom are Brody and Piper*

Spurgeon: What 'ave we 'ere then?

Brody: Stowaways, ripe for 'anging from the yard arm.

Piper: Very cosy they were. Sleepin' like angels in some sail sheets.

James: *(struggling)* Unhand me! Take us to your captain.

Roach: You ain't got no rights Mister Lah-dee dah stowaway!

James: The captain will understand. Let me speak to him.

Jacob: We wanna join the crew!

James: To crew for your great captain!

*Some crew members laugh*

Spurgeon: What? Our Cap'n?

Brody: He's a great one that's for sure.

*More laughter from the crew*

James: We wanted to stowaway to fulfill a dream.

Roach: More like a nightmare.

*More laughter*

Piper: Shall I put them in chains?

James: I demand an audience with your captain, Captain Cook!

