



The Script

CAST - In order of appearance

JOSEPH	Outspoken and passionate young monk from the Order of Dominicans with an unfortunate tendency to attract unwanted attention.
WILLA	Our heroine, whose reputation for stealth and night missions earned her the nickname 'The Moth'. Orphaned in early childhood, she was raised incognito by the Dominicans so her loyalty lies there - rather than the Crown.
PROVINCIAL JAILER	Wise, informed, secretive leader of the Dominican Order. Albone Atkyn, a self-loathing cockney jailer who spends his days talking with severed heads with a mix of jealousy and resentment.
THE HEADS	Alice, Jack and Eli gang up and tease Albone, knowing he can no longer avenge himself on them.
THEATRE	John Stow is director at the Aldersgate Theatre. French, or pretends to be. Carping and flamboyant, personally superior and minds deeply about the profession's low status.
NURSES	They move around like a greek chorus. With no medical training they know their patients are doomed and that rest and keeping the place clean is the only effective contribution to their welfare.
PATIENTS	Bayley, Dowgate, Fyshe and Hornblower. None will leave except in a box, but they're still hopeful. Grasping every straw they compare remedies and strive to be cheerful, but it's a bit pathetic.
SEMER FARINGDON	Bedlam's Keeper is slightly creepy, tragic. In his world, the insane are somehow closer to the divine than the rest of us. In some mad way, they are the saved.
MISTRESS Q	Inn Keeper, retired prostitute, keen to re-invent herself. Is a bit vulgar hinting at impressive social connections. She moans constantly about customers being kept away by the curfew. Very proud of her mutton stew.
WULF + WOUTER GODAR	The Brewery twins from Bruges who settled in London to make their fortunes. They bicker constantly but work hard. Wouter enjoys his success but is homesick. Wulf enjoys bear-baiting and London life - especially the women.
QUEENS	Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, known fondly as the PZQ's (Posh Zombie Queens) these are spirits known to still haunt the Tower of London where they lost their heads, complaining. At least they have each other.
EXECUTIONER	Is feared and lonely. Can't get served at the pub and living proof that money can't buy you love.
<i>Extras:</i>	Guards, Beefeaters, Stage Hands, some dogs, cats and a polar bear.



BACKSTORY

A doctor leaves a house marked with a red cross - a small girl slips out unseen and runs away. The child, Willa runs past carts of bodies and finally out of the city gate and along the Wall. She is discovered there by the monks of Ludgate who take her in, saving her from the fate of a life in the Workhouse.

WILLA A sweating sickness gripped London in the Spring of 1538. I remember - the air was still, but thick with coughing and a bell rang as carts rolled dead bodies away. Thousands died my whole family amongst them, all gone. *(whispered)* They didn't see me run. I ran and ran I believe in angels because the Brothers found me, and took me in. They saved me from the workhouse and hid me all these years, teaching me to read and write *(whispered)* and how to hide..

7 years later...

SMITHFIELD Market, London 1545

NIGHT. MARKET PLACE. CITIZENS GATHER TO LISTEN TO BROTHER JOSEPH ADDRESSING THE CROWD

JOSEPH Blood and tears went into that land, *our* land.

(applause)

We are men, women.. not slaves!

(applause)

God set us free!

GUARD Arrest the man! Treason!

CLOSE UP OF WILLA IN THE CROWD

JOSEPH *(Aside)* You, Willa. You must RUN.

WIDE VIEW. CROWD DISPERSES. GUARDS APPROACH JOSEPH

JOSEPH For God and country!

WILLA Run, he said, run. To the river.

Later that evening, Willa is heading back to Ludgate along the River Fleet on her boat.

WILLA Oh, Joseph - arrested for treason, for speaking the truth?

Cutscene 1 Joseph walks down Newgate stairs. Willa ties up the boat and runs up the stairs to the Priory

WILLA Is this your fate? (BELL)

Is this night your last? (BELL)

(Decisively) This night is not done. It's wings are mine. The shadows are mine. (BELL)



LUDGATE PRIORY - Tower 1

Willa visits the priory bringing news of Joseph's arrest and her plan to rescue him

Door slams, Willa is inside vast priory space

WILLA Brothers, Joseph was arrested.

Provincial Grave news, indeed. He is young and his passion catches attention.

WILLA His speech brought hope to the people - but the king will want him dead.

Provincial [ANGRY] These are damned times of silence
No son for our king, just revenge on his people.

[SADLY] but our *Joseph*..

WILLA .. MUST be saved.

Provincial We may hope he is just in the care of that foolish Jailer at Newgate. If not, you will have to pass all six City gates to reach the Kings own prison at The Tower. Good luck and God speed to you, Willa. Bring him home.

WILLA By dawn.

Provincial Dawn may be too late.

SHORT WALL RUN

WILLA No guards on the wall, good. It's this way to the Jail.



NEWGATE JAIL - Tower 2

Jailer Here they are, my best boys and girls. You look good enough to me as you are, but you wait 'til you're boiled and tarred and put up on the bridge. Your own mothers won't recognise you then, which could be a good thing now I think about it.

Willa I'll blend in like night and not be seen.

Willa Up, up to the air..

Jailer We've had some fun and I've had your money, which let's face it was no good to you anymore. But now it's time to go. Time to say goodbye to old Newgate and goodbye to old Albone Atkyn.

Willa I must get closer.

Jack I may be a nobody now but soon I'll be the most famous boy in London.

Alice We will all be famous, Jack, in our new tar coats.

Willa Smart indeed; I'll look for the coat on Threadneedle Street when I'm done here.

Jack Oooh.. don't go down there, that's a bad place

Willa Thanks for the head's up [soft chuckle]

Alice The higher you go the sweeter the air - talking of noses, you couldn't scratch mine, could you?

Willa Why not? I am not averse to charity.

Alice There's a lovely view from up there

Willa I'll take a look

Willa Ask me nicely I'll spin you around for a panorama.

Willa Up, up to the air..

Jack Are you looking for someone?

Willa Far too many, but someone specific this night. Pay me no mind and keep your tongue still.

Willa I'm a bit young for romance. You understand not wanting to be tied down, I suspect.

Jack coast is clear

Willa thanks for the heads up

Jack Haven't we met?

Willa I think not. I'm sure I would know you.

Jailer What are you complaining about? I'm serious: you wanted out and soon you will be – out there with a lovely view of Father Thames thrown in for free, at least until the crows peck at your eyes.' Even better, lads, everyone's going to be famous, and you your lordship and you madam too. Soon you'll be up on spikes for the whole world to see. They'll be queuing up to have a look, all London will, you see if they don't. Ah just think, London Bridge. Fresh air, your own personal spike and Londoners rich and Londoners poor all gazing up at you like you're little head-shaped gods. There's not a care in the world, I reckon, once you're boiled and tarred and stuck on a pole. And they say the view from up there is better than from the top of St Paul's.

It's better than from where I'm standing too, I'm sure of that.

Sometimes I think I wouldn't mind a bit of it myself, you know, instead of being down in here year after year looking after you lot.

Don't forget old Albone, my lord, lady and gentleman. We've had some times, haven't we? I might have seemed harsh but I had a job to do like everyone else. You know that, and you know I've done my best for you, all of you, really I have.

ROOF OF THE WORLD

Willa finds her way to Newgate's roof with it's windmill. She climbs down and back onto the wall.

Wall II, Wall III, Wall IV

Cutscene - Joseph walks across the street before Box Office Theatre, through the shadow of the gallows. Squire Green You'll be lucky if the king keeps you hanging around..

ALDRSGATE THEATRE - Tower 3

No sign of Joseph at the Jail, see how the show unfolds at the theatre, next.

BOX OFFICE

Willa A coin to appease you, sir.

CUTSCENE: Stow on stage “All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players”

Stow So true, methinks. There’s always someone watching us at play. Someone who sees all and knows us too well.

Backstage Next chapters: **Prop Storage, Comedy, Tragedy..**

Willa Props and toys from a foreign land?

Stow Do these boil-brained beetle-heads even grasp our players’ meaning? Methinks not.

Stow Lord what fools these mortals be

Willa I can make use of this.

Stow Oui, he hears me. He knows the truth of it. I watch London as London watches us, and I see they understand no more of our drama than would a salted poisson in a barrel.

Stow Half one and half the... very much the other for some of us... Well, no one asks to be watched like this. Mais! Ssh. Enough now! We must attend. Now he speaks. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say I love you!

Willa I’d think this place was from a child's tale.

Stow Mon che... Such expression, such beauty, such... alors, such a beautiful boy. Ha! Don’t I go on, m’sieur? It’s not like I don’t have a score of tasks against my name today, lists and lists, but I must just hear this first. Ssh... We know what we are, but know not what we may be. Will Shakespeare knows. Such pretty words, such pretty ideas, such pretty.... This is Le Grand Shakespierre, yet still my beery crowd ceases not its belching and bellyaching! Peasants!

Willa All this glitter.. just for the stage? What better use could it be put to?

Stow Now is the winter of our discontent. Made glorious summer...
Rain or sun, snow or blisterin' heat - whichever the season, we cast our pearls before the swine but cast them we must! Is this fair though or is it (as I sometimes fancy) that they might even now see and feel his great beauty?
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Willa I can make use of this.

Stow I hear his sorrow. I do. That gentle, heart-pierce sorrow which in all of us lies!

Stow When sorrows come, they come not single spies but in battalions.

Stow For never was a story of more woe than this...

Willa (To herself) Mine compares..

Stow Such tragedy. Ha! Tragedy, comedy, history – this sort cares which it is as much as a fly cares whose dung; yet toujours they queue and pay and wait then watch and laugh.

Stow If you tickle us do we not laugh?

Willa: I fear what trauma I could be causing for the audience below. Back and forth their moods whip, it's soon until their necks will snap from it!

CHANGING ROOMS

> CUTSCENE FLITTING AROUND LIGHTING CANDLES

Stow So, here 'tis and here 'tis I. This noisome crowd watches the stage and I watch them. But who watches me, a mere single spy or a whole battalion? Aye, that's a question for these times..

Stow Aye, they laugh so clearly they are tickled. But this is no stranger than an actor's life, non? We are all actors, ami. We appear as one thing yet live another; first a man, then a woman, then – oh, madame – neither or both.

Stow So true, methinks. There's always someone watching us at play. Someone who sees all and knows us too well.

Willa 'Tis me watching, friend. You distract me from judgement.

Willa Too much for one evening (*sighs*).

> **Cutscene. Willa faints**

Stow Mmm.. Mm but who is this, who rrrrr-ests, ici?



CRIPPLEGATE HOSPITAL - Tower 4

Wakes in the hospital.

Cutscene where nurses kaleidoscope, Willa pulls focus.

Willa Where am I?

Old Cordal Cripplegate, love. Did you lose your wits? They say I left mine behind some years past...

Willa Only my sense of direction. [To the nurses] Excuse me.. how did I get here?

Old Cordal That's all they tell us. We're not going to get anything but rest till we meet our Maker!

Willa *[Mostly to herself]* I haven't time for this.

REST - *Willa pushes up off of the bed, only to stop when the nearest nurse catches sight of this and hurries back over.*

NURSE No, child — you're too weak and mustn't move. Rest, rest. Rest is what you need.

Nurse gently forces an exasperated Willa back against the bed.

Willa If I can't escape, Joe's fate is sealed.

ESCAPE

Hornblower Quiet yourself, priest. I've seen the Bishop and you with your filthy pipe are no more His Grace than the boy here is emperor of Egypt.
[To Fyshe]: Which I take it you're not, eh boy?

Fyshe No-one ever stuck a knife to an emperor, not as was done to me. They hurt so, these deep wounds.

Hornblower Cuts heal, lad, so count your blessings. Without the King's Touch my skin's done for - and me with it unless I can reach His Majesty. As I'd have clean skin to greet the King... [to Willa] You could send for that summons, stranger.
Carry my message to court and let me leave this place...

Brother Dowgate (ruminating as he puffs away) A fine bishop, that's what they'll say on the streets. With his pipe and his piety, Blessed Brother Dowgate... surely it's the Holy Spirit accompanying him in his work, and not just smoke.

>> *Cutscene nurses walk away to huddle with guards*

Willa I must be off while everyone is distracted.

Willa Fortunate, my dress matches the light here — I can make use of this.

Hornblower 'Fluenza.,typhoid, ty-phus-and-syphilis.
'Fluenza, typhoid, ty-phus-and-syphilis.

Willa What a ghastly chorus they sing. I'll be glad to get out before I catch something.

> *When she reaches the door to escape, dissolve to **Cutscene** A moth flies out of the window.*

WALL RUN > **Cutscene** Joseph on section of the wall where racks are rolling on the wall ahead.

Squire Green You'll be lucky if the king doesn't draw this out.

WALL RUN followed by > *Cutscene* Willa on a cart, smiling as it draws up to Moorgate Inn.



MOORGATE INN - Tower 5

You survived the hospital, it is the fires at the Inn you must put out, next.

>>> **Cutscene 8** 1.2 MS Q : *“Now he curses me for the cost of an honest meal! Well none of my gentlemen complained about the price back in Southwark, not in twenty years I say, and nor should this wretch or any other”.*

Willa These fireplaces are creating too much light — I wonder if I can improve on that.

MS Q The Flanders twins charge a handsome price for their beer, and Smithfield gets good money for mutton that's sweet as lamb. Yet it seems these fools think this Mistress should make a loss on it just for the honour of serving them dinner!

Willa Hmm.. men gamble their hearts for Miss Q here. Heart stopping? or stop the hearts? Or aces high?

MS Q If it's too costly, lad, then you know your choice is between pottage and the door. Much bigger men have done well on my bowls, I tell 'im, so let's hear an end to these moans about my mutton.

Willa Brilliant. I've sussed it.

MS Q Miss Q didn't get this far without knowing a few of the right faces, and I'd summon them here were there any trouble. People know that about me, they know I've friends, and most know better than to mess with old Miss Q.

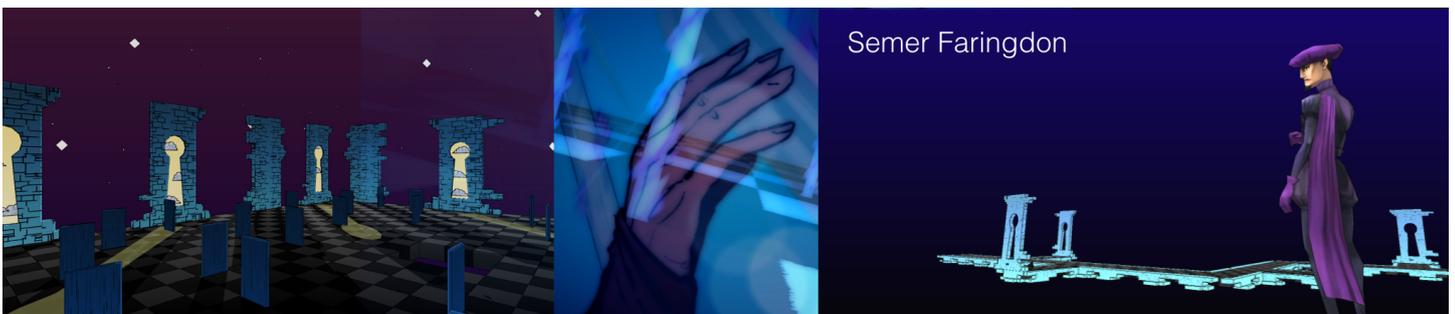
MS Q But the inn's hard, I admit. Harder than it was, harder than with a Mr Q around the place, and harder, even, than Southwark. Every day there's a new rival on the street, every night the curfew, and customers and their coin always being tempted to cross the Thames...

Willa I can't hide with those shutters open. Time to shut up shop

MS Q Why they are, I don't know, not these days. My beer's good here. My boiled cockerel they call stringy then swallow down like a life depends on it - and everyone says my mutton's as fine as any inside or out of these walls.

Willa I must buy myself some time to breathe.

Cutscene > Willa goes upstairs, sits at a table, takes a drink. Semer begins talking, as she falls asleep.



BISHOPSGATE BEDLAM - Tower 6

SEMER In thy father's house are many rooms, is that not a saying? Certainly it is here. Corridors of doors, I have in Bedlam, each one concealing a life felled by chaos and kept down by confusion.

WILLA What madness have I landed in now?

SEMER Although in truth no man does. See, here's a door I don't recognise. A door to where, you're thinking, as indeed now am I. And another one too, close by. Set in a wall that's as old as old but new to me, and on a round I've done a thousand times. More.

WILLA I need neither a thousand doors, nor a hundred — just the singular, and with it I will take my leave of this place

SEMER Bedlam they call us outside. We was St Mary's Bethlehem to Crusaders but now it's Bedlam, London's Bedlam.

WILLA London it might have been, but in this world of dreams I don't know where I've ventured.

SEMER It mirrors my own life a little, but not I think my house with its three small rooms. Locked doors too but no children, not now, and no wife either as a result of the chaos of her own making. Here though, like more fortunate children, we keep them **locked and safe**. That's my part in it, the locking, and for as many years as I have keys to doors. Almost forever, so it seems, and if any man knows Bedlam it's me that does: Semer Faringdon.

WILLA Doors everywhere — but stop your rambling and give me a clue - which one leads out?

WILLA Everything is foreign but familiar.

SEMER Just **like small children**, my broken people, but without games or toys. No toys in Bedlam. **Dogs** neither, yet I'm looking at one now!

WILLA *That* seems to be my destination.. but *how* to reach it?

SEMER: A dog, in Bedlam, or a toy one perhaps, and now a rolling hoop for company. It should not be, none of this should be, I know this. Not here, not now, not on Faringdon's long familiar round.

WILLA - and I thought *that* strange enough, now *dogs?!!*

SEMER: And as suddenly 'tis gone again, the hoop, the dog, gone. Like a door I know but don't know, these walls I can see but have never seen before. Like someone new is in here with me when I should be alone.

SEMER: Let these strange disturbances not disturb ye, Semer Faringdon. Let. Them. Not. Was this door here before? I think not. Was any of this here?

SEMER: No, steady, steady Semer. I must continue just as for years I have already done. Keys and doors, doors and keys. Not dogs, not toys, not the coloured hoops of real children. Just keys and doors, doors and Semer Faringdon. How curious though, being alone but not quite alone in this place of doors they call Bedlam.

WILLA Keys and doors— yes, this is a mantra I can adopt. One step, two, on and out.

Cutscene waking up in STABLE - Who's this - Mistress Q. and a guard, hiding in the straw?— and here come more of them. Up! Off! You must run!

WILLA Now to 'scape that serpents tongue. No time for rest, it's on and on.

Guard: Stop, THIEF!

WILLA Lord! find me shadow.

Wall VII, Wall VIII, Wall IX



ALDGATE BREWERY - Tower 7

You are not dreaming, this time. The sweet smell of the Belgian Brewery lies ahead.

CUTSCENE -Wolf (Brewer) in Hop Forest attic above the factory

Willa: I must be fast, or that door will lock me out.

Willa: Here, the deeper I go, the closer I'll be to finding you, Joseph

FACTORY

Willa Thankfully this din hides my sneaking, though it does nothing for my headache.

Wulf I like the money we make, brother, but the city - it stinks and the people are ignorant.

Woutar How so, ignorant?

Wulf They complain about our beer - the price, which is more than their ale – yet they in a day drink enough of it to sink a *hoy*.

Woutar Enough to float a *hoy*, more like, or several and of the most seaworthy type. It is better than their ale, our beer, so just count the money, brother. London saw us arrive poor and soon it will see us rich. How can you not like that?

Willa: I picture chaos if these barrels are nudged in the wrong fashion; maybe it's chaos I can direct.

Wulf Soon, you say. But soon is when? How long will they keep paying for this Flanders knowledge of ours? What if the ale-connor likes not what he sees next visit? And how much of our money will you lose in Southwark at the cockfights.

Woutar I lose less than you do, baiting bears.

Wulf But you gamble more, you always have. I fear you will lose in a night on some stupid bird what we make in a week, and chasing the English women you will spend the rest.

Woutar Ah, the women. I do like a nice English woman.

Willa: Shame to lose the poor girl to the wolf, but my docket is full with one rescue already today.

Wulf Woutar, you like every nice English woman. That's what troubles me: you want them all. Not one for a wife, but every one that you see. [WILLA enters but neither sees her.]

Woutar Ha! One will do Wulf if she be the right one.

Wulf And I am fearful of the boats we catch at night. If we fall into the filth before Southwark is reached...

Woutar Pish, we won't fall in. Only a fool does that and we are not fools. Anyway from here to the bridge is too far to walk. Too far.

Wulf But it is safer than the boats....

Woutar ...pah [*shrugs and returns to his work*].

Willa: There's my out.

The player notices the route when they have completed the level and a Beefeater appears from a secret door a little drunk.

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SECRET PASSAGE

[FROM BREWERY TO THE TOWER OF LONDON] - A Tunnel to the heart of the Tower! This is no sanctuary, danger lurks in every corner and Joseph is certainly held in a cell somewhere in this Devil's maze.

Willa Oh my word, whatever next!

THE TOWER OF LONDON - No. 8

THE CHAPEL - where the (NPC) Ghost Queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard are hanging out for eternity..

Willa Ghosts! Not the strangest thing I've witnessed tonight

Willa Ah, faces I know. Though, they were in prettier states last time.

CUTSCENE

Anne Too late now to watch where you tread, but do so for again I've dropped my accursed finger

Cat Let it lie, cousin. You've five fingers spare already, Ma'am. On each hand, I mean, and was ever a queen in need of a sixth?

Anne [*Hisses*] Was ever a queen so foolish as this one? She flirts with men as others breathe air, worse *peut-être*, then wonders why our king gets mad.

Cat [*Sadly*] His rose without a thorn, he called me.

Anne *Une rose sans épine*, she says. Well now you're his queen without a head, or rather one of them

Cat Such a life, I had...

Anne And now your life is this. The King's quit of you, quit of me too and others, yet by my virtue you sound little wiser for knowing this than on your first day as queen.

Cat I was such a pretty queen too...

Anne Er yeah, we all were, *fou affolante*. My lord Henry would have no other sort, excepting my namesake from Cleves *bien sûr*...and yet curiously she lives still. For the rest: briefly queen then nought for eternity.

Cat Such a pretty rose...and men do like a rose! Lots of men...[she sobs quietly]

Anne And you liked them too, cousin. *Trop et trop*, too much and too many - and now here you are watering the cold ground with your memories.

Willa I'll sneak by — no time for royalty this evening.

Willa Shhh - or you'll wake the king.

Willa Where are they keeping him - where?

Joseph cutscene : on the Lawns in the shadow of the Executioner

Squire Green You'll be lucky if you get to the grave in one piece.

ARMOURY

There are weapons of war by the hundreds, by the thousands.

Beefeaters on their circuits in a haunting moonlit chamber of silver knights.

Cutscene queens watching Willa from balcony

Anne Wait, who is this? No, not another discarded queen - she lacks the finery for that — and yet there is something too proud for a servant girl.

Cat No servant? Our new lady-in-waiting, perhaps. We have waited and waited, and I so miss my jewels and the touch of someone to dress my hair.

Anne Shush, *sois calme!* This is something else...[curious] see how she moves through the shadows. She's not here for us, this girl, *mais qui recherché*... whom is she searching for?

Cat Or hiding from. 'Tis a game! I loved our games, your Majesty. Hide and seek around the palace, knowing how to please with my dancing....

Anne Oh, how I wish I had her freedom now. To leave never to return.

Cat I would never return. Come back to this dark place?...I need light, the air.

Anne Yet she hides from it, that light. A queen must shine but she stays always by the walls. Where no-one can see her: that's where this one is happiest.

Anne Girl, wait [to WILLA]. If it's a good man you seek you'll find none down here.

Cat That depends on what our late queen calls good, surely. I've seen a few who look good enough
[laughs] and handsome too.

Anne Aye there it is, cousin. Your fatal weakness, like my foolish sister. They all look good to you, even in here.

Cat *[gasps]* But...

Anne Mon dieu! How...wha-? Elle a disparu. Where has she gone? On a thousand tiny wings she disappears faster than...goodness, who can she be? Who, and oh that her fortune was mine....

Cat Or mine. Take me with you, my lady. Take me from here...

Anne She won't ..

THE ROYAL MINT

Leave the less fortunate Queens behind, the King makes his fortune here ...

COIN PRESS

EXECUTIONER:

Once again London gathers, keen to know me but only by my work. I serve the King yet even he knows not who I am nor from where I come - nor methinks would he care to.

I am feared and I am lonely. There, I said it. All eyes may be on me as I go about my work but like the prisoner I feel alone even in the middle of the largest crowd. No real power, just alone.

What kind of a man is it, I wonder, whom thousands come to see but who leaves no clue behind to his identity? Who does the court's bidding but is despised for it. Who is handsomely paid for that service but afterward can find no innkeeper willing to take his money nor friends in whose company he can spend so much as a quarter-angel.

Willa All this, and not a friend in the world.

Executioner Keep the **ax bright and keen**, they say, and mine is **the easiest job in London**. One sure stroke (alright, on occasion two or even three) and my day is done. But take my word that it is also the hardest for in taking a life I am denied one of my own.

Willa - and *I shall deny you Josephs!*

CROWN JEWELS

You saw where the gold is made, bright and newly minted, but that glitter is nothing compared to the jewels and royal crowns you will find here.

THE LAWNS

You are now crowned by a starry sky in the final search for Joseph, across the frozen lawns. Dawn is breaking and time is running out.

Willa *Ghastly weather! I do like the snow, though.. There's where Brother Joseph is held. Time is running out.. Mustn't be seen, or leave a trace — the snow will cover my foot steps soon enough.*

CRADLE TOWER

Door slam then Fuse sparked.....

Willa *(To herself) Gracious! That will have alerted someone for sure.*

Joseph Wi- Willa — why, thank the Father

Willa I've come to fetch you! I hope your rest has been pleasant while you waited?

Joseph No time for wit, girl, I'm in a trap. I'll drown if the eels don't get to me first.

Willa What a foul place this is, with all of its traps and machinations. I'll have you out before you're a meal, have no fear.

Willa There's a trick there, I can feel it. If I move this barrel over to the scale, your descent should be halted.

Joseph Do what you must, but quickly.

Willa Not in any hurry to meet the Lord in person? Pay me no concern; I work best under pressure. And to work I will go.

FINALE CUTSCENE:

Willa and Joseph rock slowly each on one side of weighing scales; the chamber rotates, the hammer beam wood roof rotates round to become an escape boat; Willa and Joseph drop in and it flies out through Traitors Gate to the River Thames where the storm is abated and dawn rises behind them.

Willa *(sarcastically) Er.. you're welcome.*

Willa Out, but not yet safe. Dawn comes — look. On we go.

Squire Green You WERE lucky

TO BE CONTINUED.