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'Sir Lavender' (Sample)  
'Godot scene'

On the slide show see: ~Thomas Blood a.k.a. Sir Lavender~ As the music fades down, lights up on Godot's office. Just a table, candelabra, a chair soon filled by Thomas Blood/Sir Lavender. Godot, the big boss, will lean against the front of his desk. But first as the music fades down a formal bow to each other.)

GODOT  
How's 'Piccadilly'?

S

THOMAS BLOOD/'SIR LAVENDER'  
Dilly? I ha'not seen Dilly in..? an age.

A

GODOT  
Brandy? 'Tis strange, methought you two a right pair of thieves. No?

M

THOMAS BLOOD/'SIR LAVENDER'  
Why Sir, indeed as we were, we were indeed. (Sits) But, a rogue such as I, trusts not a bawdy wench to count his loot. So, a pox on't, I'll not be a cuckold. Heh, heh, like you?... (Toasts him, Godot gives him sharp stare) To you then, Lord.

P

GODOT  
Have you met 'Sir Boot'?

THOMAS BLOOD/'SIR LAVENDER'  
I have, and 'Sir Butt' sends his regards.

(They laugh)

L

GODOT  
I like they wit well! Now sir, about your plan, as a former executioner, I cannot go near the Tower evermore. My face has been seen, if you know what I mean. You shall have to execute it, see?

F

THOMAS BLOOD/'SIR LAVENDER'  
I've made a friend of the Guard who looks after the crown jewels. I've been posing as a 'man o' the cloth' Me. A Parson! But I'll need help-

GODOT  
That's where I come in?

NO

THOMAS BLOOD/'SIR LAVENDER'  
You know the Tower better than anyone...I think, yes- six more men from your hand-picked team.

L  
Y

2

GODOT

Six man caper?, side room of the Tower?  
Crown Jewels of our Merry Monarch's power!

S

(Pause... 'Blood/Lavender' gets the joke, then laughs out of respect.)

GODOT (CONT'D)

A

Crown, Orb and Septer? The whole lot. Study this well...

(Godot unrolls the floor plan of the Tower of London.)

M

A King's ransom. With you as the Holy-man, you'll break in as Puritans at noon-day. Best time. You break out-and you must-with the gems. You don't break up any of those jewels until later. That's it. Like busy bees you'll go back to the hive. My hive. I've an old tennis court, south of the Thames.

THOMAS BLOOD/'SIR LAVENDER'

'Tis well. How many Tower Guards you'd say in all?

GODOT

P

Twenty Beef-eaters of the blockhead sort. Be pious. My sharpeners will cut through their day dreams.

THOMAS BLOOD/'SIR LAVENDER'

"We're taking the Crown Jewels, so bless us all!"

GODOT

L

Sir, I like thy plan well, a dod! 'Tis a 'sacred' oath! We'll meet at the Egyptian Coffee House, and soon.

(a beat)

You shall be equals! Tell not of this place.  
No names shall be used! I'll know every face.  
You're the inside man with us. So, mid-day-

E

THOMAS BLOOD/'SIR LAVENDER'

The rest are then, 'The Puritans'! we: 'portray'-  
Lord, whats our cut of these jewels so glossy?

GODOT

Fat and saucy! My Lord. **FAT AND SAUCY!**

O  
N

(BLACKOUT. Music up. The Ladies rush on to address the audience. Lights up.)

LADY MUMBLE NEWS

Who knows what was said?-

L  
Y