

TURN OF THE TIDE

An Original Musical

by

GRAHAM FERGUSON
and **DAVID HARDING**

Music by

DAVID HARDING

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

TURN OF THE TIDE

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CAST

Villagers:-

Tom Merry	<i>Publican</i>
Rev. Bartholomew Smallpiece	<i>Vicar</i>
George Trecaron	<i>Farmer</i>
Dr. James Beacon	<i>Local GP</i>
Bert Laud	<i>Policeman</i>
Lily Laud	<i>Postmistress</i>
Alf Cooper	<i>Butcher</i>
Big Sam	<i>Boatman</i>

Lighthouse Keepers:-

Dave (Barney) Barnaby
Pete (Woolly) Wooland
Bill (Skipper) Merry
Johnny (Larry) Lamb

Boys:-

Chris Watson
Jonas (Flapper) Merry
Simon Cooper
Paul Blain
Nigel Hodges
Joe Cooper
St. John Smallpiece
Mark Trecaron

Citizens:-

Dyron	<i>(His Excellency)</i>
Ophis	<i>(First Minister)</i>
Chrysta	
Valusia	
Faro	
Zovar	

CHORUS of Villagers, Citizens, Miners, Guards, Executioners

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SCENE 1. THE VILLAGE PUB.

The scene is an Inn, "The Devil's Curse", in the fishing village of Pencarrek on the coast of Cornwall. It wants to be as simple as possible, as it has to be struck and reset quickly, and ideally, there should be almost no time between scenes. There is a door UL, or just an exit to the wings. A bar stands DR with a mixture of glasses, tankards, beer pumps and bottles.

(Some of the Customers are standing round the bar, some are seated at two or three tables. It is late evening, and the sun is setting, so lights are on [if any are visible]. TOM MERRY, the Publican, stands behind the bar, and his customers include GEORGE TRECARON, a farmer, DR. JAMES BEACON, the local GP, LILY LAUD, the village Postmistress, ALF COOPER, the Butcher, BIG SAM, a Boatman, BILL [Skipper] MERRY, the Publican's brother and a lighthouse keeper, and one of his crew, PETE [Woolly] WOOLAND. The CHORUS make up the remaining Villagers.

As the curtain rises, following the Overture, we find a festive air of rural well-being as everyone joins in the Drinking Song).

SONG 1 - DRINKING SONG

Villagers: *Cheers! Cheers! Good luck to you!
 Wining and dining
 Doth keep the sun shining,
 So soweneugh hag yeghes da! *
 Which is Cornish for "Good luck to you".*

*Here's to the hop and the malt and the grape,
 Here's to the barley and rye.
 Nothing's diviner or sweeter or finer
 Than holding a mug till you die!*

** pronounced sow (to rhyme with cow) -eneugh (like "anew") hag yeghes (ye + hes) da.
It means "Prosperity and Good Health"*

*So let's drink a toast to the Brewer so fair,
And a health to the Publican, too,
And a toast to the barrel that brings us good cheer,
And the froth and the tang of the brew!*

Cheers! Cheers! Good luck to you! etc.

Trecaron: *(Standing at the bar, finishing his drink).* Ah! There's nothing like a good pint of ale after a hard day's work. I've spent the whole afternoon loading bales of hay. And the older I get, the more my poor old back feels it.

Merry: You want to get that son of yours to help. A few hard day's work would do him good.

Trecaron: Yes, you're right. But whenever there's a job to be done, he can't be found. Out and about, larking around with his friends. Where trouble is, you'll always find Mark.

(Enter the Rev. BARTHOLOMEW SMALLPIECE wiping his brow).

Merry: *(Smiling).* I know. My youngster's just the same. Evening, Vicar. Not often we see you here.

Trecaron: Another collection?

(SMALLPIECE shakes his head, still wiping his brow).

Merry: What will it be then, Vicar?

Smallpiece: A sweet sherry, please, Mr. Merry. I've completely run out at the Vicarage.

Trecaron: You look as though you need a drink.

Smallpiece: Indeed I do. I've had a most trying day.

Merry: One sweet sherry coming up.

(He passes across the glass, the VICAR pays, and MERRY gives change as they continue talking).

Merry: No more trouble with your parishioners, I hope.

Smallpiece: Nothing so simple, I'm afraid. No, this time it's ghosts.

Trecaron: Ghosts?

Smallpiece: Yes. Apparently there are two of them in the churchyard. Or at least, that's what the verger says. I spent all the morning trying to convince him that this church doesn't have any ghosts, so far as we know. But he's insisting

that I meet him in the graveyard at midnight tonight, to see for myself.

(LILY LAUD leaves one of the tables and moves towards the bar).

Lily: Same again, please Tom. Hallo Vicar. You look out worn out.

Merry: *(Pouring another drink).* He is.

Smallpiece: And to top everything, all afternoon I was with Miss Newt and the Temperance League. Cheers! *(He raises his glass).*

Trecaron: Not another grand Tea Tasting contest?

Smallpiece: I'm afraid so. Unbelievable what gives some people pleasure!

Lily: *(Laughing as she returns to her table).* If only old Newt could see you now, Vicar.

Smallpiece: Purely for medical purposes, I assure you. *(He drinks again).*

Skipper: *(Who is sitting at the same table as LILY and WOOLLY).* You want to send her out to the lighthouse for a few weeks, Vicar. That would quieten her down, wouldn't it, Woolly?

Woolly: *(Chuckling).* Too right! She'd end up tasting tea with the seagulls.

Smallpiece: I'm not so sure about that, Mr. Wooland. I've heard that even the seagulls are keeping away from that place these days.

Woolly: Well they still wake me up every morning.

Skipper: Good job too. You'd stay in bed all day if you had your way. *(General laughter).*

Woolly: Oh, come on. When you've been on watch all night, up and down those stairs, checking the light, logging the weather, scanning the horizon well, you've got to make it up some time.

Lily: That's right. You tell him, Woolly.

Skipper: At least you make up for it when you're on leave. What time did you get up today, then?

Woolly: Oh, that's beside the point.

Skipper: Come on, don't be bashful. What time?

Alf Cooper: *(Turning from nearby table).* I'll tell you what time. About four o'clock this afternoon. His wife came into my shop at three thirty and bought some best lean back for his breakfast.

(There is a sudden flash and the lights flicker. Pause).

Merry: What was that?

Doctor James Beacon: *(Sitting at the same table as ALF COOPER).* There must be a storm brewing. I'll have to get on my way soon. I don't want to get caught in another cloudburst. I was soaked to the skin last week.

Merry: *(Moving to the table to clear some glasses).* Oh yes, I've been meaning to ask you, Jim. Is your chill better now?

Doctor: Much better, thanks, Tom. The worst thing about it is what people say. It doesn't do for a doctor to go off sick, you know. Bad for business!

(MERRY laughs and returns to the bar).

Alf Cooper: Oh, go on, Jim. We all know you. Excellent doctor, I've always said so. *(To the others).* You know, if it wasn't for old Jim here, I'd only have six fingers. But with Jim around, you can afford the odd miss with the meat chopper.

(Another flash, but the lights stay steady this time. No-one comments).

Trecaron: And he did wonders for Gladys.

Lily: *(Slyly nudging WOOLLY).* Oho! I'll have to tell your missus about this. Who's Gladys then, George?

Trecaron: My prize Friesian cow!

(Enter BERT LAUD, the village policeman. He is a pompous fellow with a strong sense of the impression created by his uniform, but underneath he has a heart of gold).

Merry: Evening, Bert.

Bert Laud: *(Surveying the scene).* Are you aware of the time?

Trecaron: Yes, time for another drink. Please, Tom.

(TOM MERRY pours him another).

Merry: There you go, George. *(He inclines his head to look at the clock).* You want the time, Bert? Fifteen minutes past Official Closing.

Bert Laud: *(Importantly).* Quite.

(There is another flash and the lights flicker).

Lily: So it's time for your pint on the house. Come on in, Bert, and stop behaving like a chief inspector.

Bert Laud: Sorry, love.

(He walks in, forgetting to close the door).

Lily: And close that door. The place is draughty enough without letting a roaring sou'wester in.

(He closes the door and moves to the bar).

Merry: Usual?

Bert Laud: Thanks, Tom.

Doctor: *(To BERT, as he returns his glass to the bar).* Quite a storm brewing.

Bert Laud: Oh?

Doctor: Didn't you see the lightning?

Bert Laud: You mean the flash.

Doctor: Well, yes. The lightning.

Bert Laud: No. Those flashes came from the lighthouse.

Skipper: Oh, no, don't tell me that main beam is playing up again.

Woolly: Barney and Larry promised to have it fixed by the time they came back on shore leave.

Skipper: That pair couldn't fix fairy lights on a Christmas tree. Still, at least it may explain why Larry's a week overdue.

Big Sam: Your light keeps on playing up. You'll have somebody on the rocks, one of these nights.

Merry: Dangerous water around the rock.

Big Sam: Certainly is. The currents there could fool anyone. Even I have to take care.

Smallpiece: Not to mention all the other mysterious happenings on the Carn.

Merry: And in the bay. I'd like to know where those dead seagulls came from. It's a better man than me that would sail those waters.

Lily: Perhaps it's the Devil's Curse?

Smallpiece: Devil's Curse? How do you mean? That's the name of THIS place.

Lily: Exactly. Why call a pub by a name like that?

Smallpiece: Do you know, Mr. Merry? It's your pub.

Merry: No idea, Vicar. Except that it's been called that ever since it was built. I always assumed it meant drink.

Doctor: I'll drop in at the Library and see if I can find out, Vicar. D'you suppose there really is a curse, and these funny goings on are part of it? If so, I wonder who cursed it, and what the curse is?

Cooper: Can't ever remember anybody asking about this before. It's odd.

Smallpiece: Oh, it's probably no more than a local legend.

Doctor: But it might explain all these odd things around Carn Rock.

Skipper: What are you trying to do? Frighten Sam?

Big Sam: He couldn't do that if he tried.

Lily: Are you going out there tomorrow, Sam?

Skipper: He's taking us back to the light.

Big Sam: That's right. And there's a gang of boys who want to come on the trip.

Alf Cooper: That's right. Simon and Joe are going with you.

Smallpiece: I believe St. John is, too.

Trecaron: And my Mark. Anything to dodge giving me a hand.

Big Sam: Mind you, what they get out of a sail around the lighthouse, I don't know

Lily: Oh, go on with you, Sam. You know what kids are. It's exciting.

Merry: Well, you're welcome to that sort of excitement. I wouldn't mind a few hours fishing out at sea, but going near the Carn, well, it's too spooky for me. You mark my words, there's something mighty strange about that place.

SONG 2 - WE DON'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL

Tom Merry: *There's dirty work afoot, my dears -
Be sure to mark my words.
For days along this rocky coast,
The shore's been strewn with birds.*

Alf Cooper: *The shore's been stiff with gulls, my dears -
I've seen 'em, so have you.
They all was dead; the question is,
By what, or which or who?*

Omnes: *We don't understand it at all,
You'd better take care what you say.
Big white horses
Are gathering forces;
The sky is gloomy and grey.*

*We don't understand it at all,
What's happening down in the bay.
Setting sail is mad;
Won't you take our ad-
Vice, mate - and stay!*

Smallpiece: *There's dirty work afoot, my friends -
Our wives are taking fright.
All sorts of noises, weird and strange
Are heard at dead of night.*

Trecaron: *All sorts of funny sounds, my friends,
 Just as the tide comes in:
 A rumbling roar; the question is,
 What's causing all this din?*

Omnes: *We don't understand it at all etc.*

Lily Laud: *There's dirty work afoot, my loves -
 The lighthouse by the bay
 Is making funny flickerings;
 It shouldn't blink that way!*

James Beacon: *And Larry Lamb, the 'keeper, (due back
 Since a week or more),
 Has not come home; the question is,
 Why isn't he ashore?*

Omnes: *We don't understand it at all etc.*

Bert Laud: *There's dirty work afoot, old mate -
 You take a tip from me:
 You're running into danger if
 You put your boat to sea.*

Tom Merry: *You sail around the Carn, old mate,
 Beyond the harbour wall,
 You're heading into peril and
 God knows what may befall.*

Omnes: *We don't understand it at all etc.*

[Allow applause after last song, then straight into this]:

SONG 2a - DRINKING SONG - [REPRISE OF SONG 1]

Omnes: *Cheers! Cheers! To calm your fears,
 Nothing acts quicker*

*Than beer and strong liquor,
So Pysk, Sten ha Cober!**
Which is Cornish for "Good Luck to You".

**Fish, Tin and Copper. An old Cornish toast.*

SCENE 2. THE BOAT

(The gunwhale of a boat stretches across the stage. SKIPPER, WOOLLY and BIG SAM are at the stern with BIG SAM at the tiller. Along the gunwhale as far as the bows are CHRIS, FLAPPER, SIMON, PAUL, NIGEL, JOE, ST. JOHN and MARK. It is misty and dry ice would be appropriate; and ripple boxes could provide watery reflections on the side of the boat. Sound on tape could be the scream of seagulls and the roar of the waves).

SONG 3 - CALL LEE-O

Omnes: *Call Lee-O
When the rain beats down from the sky,
And the wind in your hair
Blows the salt through the air
Bringing fierce tears of joy to your eye.
A landlubber's life on the shore
Is far from the billow and roar.
Call Lee-O,
Where the crying seagulls soar.*

Big Sam: *Many's the harbour I've seen in my day,
And many's the anchor I've weighed.
Dolphins to starboard and sharks at the stern,
With the sea as green as a jade.
Splicing the mainbrace and reefing the jib,
With the tiller athrob in your hand;
Once you are caught in the spell of the sea
You can never stay long on dry land.*

Skipper: *Call Lee-O*
As the mainmast bends in the gale,
And the bows spring to life
Cutting foam like a knife
When a gust comes a-tugging the sail.

Woolly: *Can't you feel, as you stand on the quay,*
The magnetic pull of the sea?
Call Lee-O
And the call's enchanted me!

Omnes: *Call Lee-O*
As the mainmast bends in the gale,
And the bows spring to life
Cutting foam like a knife
When a gust comes a-tugging the sail.
Can't you feel, as you stand on the quay,
The magnetic pull of the sea?
Call Lee-O
And the call's enchanted me!

(The mist, ripples and sound of seagulls and waves continue under).

Big Sam: You boys up forrard. Stop rocking the boat! You'll have us all in the drink!

Chris: Sorry. We were just pretending we were in a storm.

Woolly: No need to pretend, young Chris. By the look of that sky over there, you'll get your storm yet.

Flapper: Ooh! That sounds exciting!

[Flapper is always game for anything: for him, dire peril is the most tremendous fun].

St. John: It may be for you, but I can't swim.

[His name is pronounced Sinjun. If Flapper is the eternal optimist, St. John is a permanent pessimist. Most of his waking hours are spent moaning!].

Simon: *(Laughing)*. Then you might have to learn fast!

[SIMON is the son of ALF COOPER, the butcher. If CHRIS is the apparent leader of the group, SIMON is the practical one, and his right-hand man].

(Pause).

Chris: Are there any islands off this part of the coast?

Big Sam: No, only the Carn - the rock where the lighthouse stands.

Skipper: So you lads can forget about the Swiss Family Robinson.

Woolly: Or Robinson Crusoe. If we're shipwrecked, we'll all be joining the fish below.

Flapper: Cor! We might see some mermaids!

Big Sam: *(Who is letting JOE have a go at the tiller).* Well, you're likely to get your wish if this stupid boy doesn't steer the rudder properly. We're aiming for the lighthouse, Joe, not the mid-Atlantic. Here, let me. *(He takes over the tiller, and JOE moves to the gunwhale and hangs over).*

Joe: I don't feel very well.

[JOE is a small boy and SIMON'S younger brother].

Woolly: *(Pointing to the sky).* Doesn't look any too promising.

Big Sam: Aye. We're in for bad weather before long.

Mark: My dad won't be too pleased if we're in for rain. He was going to start repainting the farmhouse this afternoon.

Big Sam: Nor will I, my boy. Once we've reached the light, we've got to think about the crossing back.

Chris: Don't worry, Mr. Sam. We can take the rough with the smooth.

Skipper: Hark at him. An hour at sea, and he thinks he's Lord Nelson.

(Lightning, followed fairly closely by thunder. Sound effect of seagulls and waves, interspersed with thunder claps. The BOYS all duck at the flash of lightning).

Flapper: This is great fun.

St. John: Shouldn't we turn back now?

Paul: Look! There's the landing stage.

(Stage darkens. At intervals of about 15 seconds a beam from the lighthouse sweeps over the boat. Steps are slowly pushed onstage towards the boat from the wings, giving the effect that the boat is coming in to moor at the foot of the lighthouse).

Big Sam: We've timed this just right. There's a real monster blowing up. Can't go back in this. We'll have to wait until it blows over.

Skipper: You can all come in for some hot soup.

Flapper: *(Delightedly, to CHRIS).* Did you hear that? We're going into the lighthouse.

Chris: Yes. *(He brushes FLAPPER aside and addresses the BOYS).* Now men,

gather round. We have been forced to abandon ship due to a hurricane. Nobody is to panic. First Officer! *(Pause)*. First Officer!! *(He looks hard at SIMON)*.

Simon: *(Faltering)*. Er yes?

(CHRIS coughs and points to his arm).

Simon: Oh! Yes Admiral?

Chris: You will lead the advance party of Mark, St. John, Joe and Nigel. Mind you keep an eye open for hostile natives.

Big Sam: *(From the stern. The BOYS turn to see what he means)*. Heave to!

Woolly: *(Jumping off with a rope, which he secures to a bollard)*. Goodness knows where Barney and Larry are. They should be doing this.

Chris: Pay attention, men. Anything suspicious, report to me immediately. The rest of you will follow me at the rear.

Paul: Hm! Officers know the safest place, don't they? *(Laughter)*.

[A plank may be needed to walk from the ship to the landing stage].

Chris: That's enough over there. Remember the punishment for mutiny. *(The BOYS look at each other)*. Any questions?

(Pause).

Nigel: What's the punishment for mutiny?

Chris: Yes erm well my First Officer will explain to you.

Simon: Me? Oh well You like fruit gums, don't you?

Nigel: You know I do.

St. John: }

Mark: } We all do.

Joe: }

Simon: Then the sentence for mutiny is a fine of three fruit gums.

Chris: Yes, and for a second offence, the fine of one packet.

Skipper: Come on, lads. Stop jawing. Get ashore.

Chris: Right men. Action stations! Abandon ship!

(They disembark. The sounds of the thunder echo immediately after CHRIS has spoken, then the lights and the sounds slowly fade as the scene ends. Music continues, reminiscing back to SONG 3, quoting a warning note from SONG 2 and then heralding SONG 4. Cut music when the boat has been unloaded and the scenery has been pulled back).

SCENE 3 - THE LIGHTHOUSE.

(The lights come up to reveal the main room of the lighthouse. There is an oven up left, a door up right for ascending to the lamp room and not too obviously or, if possible, almost completely concealed, the secret door up left. The door for normal exits and entrances from outside is down left. At the back of the stage is a sideboard or table, set for dinner. The room is empty, and there are the remains of a fire smouldering in the oven. In the background, we still hear the occasional muffled rumble of distant thunder now and again. Enter BIG SAM, SKIPPER and WOOLLY).

Skipper: I can't understand it. They must be somewhere. *(They all look round).*

Woolly: Why, look here. The table's all set for supper.

Big Sam: That's funny. It really IS set for supper. But that must have been yesterday. They haven't been here for at least twenty four hours.

Skipper: Well, there's nowhere they can go, without a boat. And look, this fire's still burning.

Big Sam: Only just. It needed building up some time ago. It's barely alight.

Woolly: And there's something cooking in the oven. Let's have a look. *(He opens the oven door, removes a casserole dish and closes the oven).*

Big Sam: Pooh, what a stink.

Skipper: Yes. Looks as if Larry's been having another crack at his concoction. What does he call it?

Woolly: "Lighthouse Stew". Still, you'll never work out what he put in it. Whatever it is, it's just about burnt to a cinder.

(Enter FLAPPER DL, very excited. Exit SKIPPER UR to have a look further up).

Flapper: Mr. Wooland, come quickly.

Woolly: Oh, there you are, you young rascal. Where have the others got to? You'll catch your death of cold out there. *(He places the casserole dish on the top of the oven).*

Flapper: We've made a fantastic discovery!

Big Sam: Look, this is not the time for fooling around.

Flapper: But, Mr. Sam, I'm not. You should see what it is.

Woolly: All right, son. Tell Uncle Woolly. What've you found?

Flapper: A shaft.

Big Sam: A shaft?

Woolly: Don't worry, Sam. It's one of those old mine shafts.

Big Sam: I didn't know there were any here. What were they mining?

Woolly: Tin probably. There's quite a few openings on the Carn.

Flapper: Cor, a tin mine! We can't see to the bottom.

Woolly: It's probably blocked off after a few yards. Anyway, they aren't safe. You go back and tell all your pals to come back here. It's dangerous playing around with abandoned mine shafts.

Flapper: (*Muttering as he goes off again DL*). Strange place to have a tin mine.

(*SKIPPER enters UR*).

Skipper: I've been through all the rooms above. The light's all right, and it's so dark I've put it on. But no sign of Larry or Barney.

Big Sam: There's something very strange about this place. I can feel it in my bones.

Woolly: Don't you start as well, Sam. I agree it's weird, but there must be some good reason

Skipper: Well, all I can think is that they have left the rock.

Woolly: No way, Skipper. The spare boat is still moored at the landing stage. First thing I noticed when we arrived.

Skipper: Well then, they've been picked up by a boat from the mainland.

Big Sam: But what would make them want to do that? I'd have heard about it if any of my mates had been called out.

Woolly: And they'd have never left the lighthouse unmanned.

Big Sam: And why the rush? They couldn't even stop to have supper, or put the fire out.

Skipper: (*Angrily*). Look, how do I know? Well, they must be somewhere, and they're certainly not here. And their duty doesn't end until we arrive to take over. So

Big Sam: Well, I hope you're right about them being on the mainland. You're welcome to have a job on this place. I wouldn't, not after all the stories you hear.

Skipper: Oh, come off it, Sam! If you believe them, you'll believe anything. Anyway, here come the kids. I don't want any more of this silly talk. You'll scare them out of their wits.

(*Enter all the BOYS, led by CHRIS, through the door DL*).

Big Sam: About time, too. Look, you lads, I'm responsible for seeing you get home safely. What's the meaning of wandering off like that?

Chris: We were just exploring.

Skipper: Well, you just go where you're told in future. Understood? It looks as if

we're all going to be stuck here for a while, so you'll just have to make the best of it.

Paul: Do you know where Mr. Barnaby and Mr. Lamb are?

Woolly: No.

Big Sam: Now listen, please. I can't see the weather clearing for a few hours, and it's too dark and rough to make the crossing back, so we're going to stay the night here.

Flapper: Great!

St. John: But where will we all sleep? There are not enough beds.

Paul: Oh, I'm terribly sorry, sir. I've have the manager open up a few extra rooms. Did sir want breakfast in bed?

Chris: Cut it out, Paul.

Big Sam: (*Looking at watch*). Now I know it's pretty early for all of us, but I think we'd better get our heads down and have some sleep. If the weather clears in the early hours, I'd like to get away. Your parents are going to be very worried. Got a radio, Skipper?

Skipper: Afraid not. And they haven't thought of running a phone out here either. There's never been any need. We could signal with the lamp.

Big Sam: Huh! I should think with all the disturbance recently, they'd be most unlikely to take any notice. No, there's nothing for it. We'll kip down now and hope for the best later.

Joe: But I'm not tired.

Woolly: You can dream about pirates and cannibals and lost treasure.

Big Sam: You boys will all have to sleep on the floor.

St. John: Oh, no!

Skipper: Just like Boy Scouts. Nothing to it.

Simon: Shouldn't somebody keep guard?

Flapper: Yes, there could always be a surprise attack.

Woolly: Now, don't you bother about that. If we've got trouble getting off, nobody's going to find it easy getting ON the Carn.

Skipper: Anyway, one of us will have to keep watch. We're back on duty, you know.

Big Sam: Quite right. If we need reinforcements, boys, we'll wake you up.

Chris: That seems an excellent plan. To bed, men.

(The BOYS curl up on the floor, saying "Goodnight" to each other. Exeunt WOOLLY and BIG SAM, followed by SKIPPER after he has switched off the lights. There is still a gentle glow punctuated by the occasional flash of receding lightning. In the semi-darkness we hear the boys talking sleepily).

Mark: I wonder what's happened to the lighthouse keepers.

Nigel: I reckon they've fallen down one of those pits.

Flapper: Something much more exciting has happened. They've been captured by a gigantic sea-monster. I'm going to plan their rescue. Goodnight.

Simon: Whatever's happened, it's mighty strange

Chris: Yes, well, let's get some sleep and see what tomorrow brings. Goodnight.

(Silence for about twenty seconds. Then, voices are heard off).

Barney: I tell you, it's this way.

Larry: I hope you're right this time. The last branch came to a dead end. Look out!!!

(A crash).

Barney: Ugh! My nose!

Larry: What did I tell you?

(FLAPPER sits up suddenly).

Flapper: *(In a hoarse whisper).* Chris! Are you awake? *(CHRIS sighs).* Chris!

(FLAPPER shakes CHRIS).

Chris: *(Sleepily).* Oh, what is it?

Flapper: Did you hear a voice?

Chris: Yes, you waking me up.

Flapper: No, I heard voices coming from over there.

Barney: *(Off).* I'm sure this is it.

Flapper: There. Did you hear it?

Chris: Quiet!

(There is a scuffle, and in the gloom, we can see the secret door UL opening. BARNEY stumbles in, followed by LARRY holding a lantern).

Barney: Here we are. Home sweet home.

Larry: Thank goodness for that. Safe at last.

Barney: I'll make sure that door's bolted properly. Don't want to go down there again. *(He moves to close the door, but trips over JOE and falls flat on his face).* What the devil?

(The BOYS jump up and surround the two men. NIGEL switches on lights).

Chris: You have been captured.

Larry: You fool, Barney. We must have doubled back!

Nigel: It's no good trying to escape.

Simon: You are surrounded.

Chris: *(Looking the two men up and down).* As I expected. Smugglers.

(BARNEY and LARRY look at each other incredulously).

St. John: What are you going to do with them?

Mark: They should be made to walk the plank.

Barney: Now, just who do you think you are?

Paul: I say we should tie them up.

Chris: Good idea. Find some rope, Joe.

(JOE rushes off to look for rope, almost colliding with SKIPPER, WOOLLY and BIG SAM who enter down right).

Skipper: What's all this noise? I told you to *(He notices BARNEY and LARRY).* Good heavens!

Chris: They're smugglers and we've just captured them.

Woolly: You stupid kids. Don't you recognise them? It's Barney and Larry!

Nigel: The missing lighthouse keepers!

Skipper: Exactly. What on earth happened?

Barney: We were lost.

Skipper: Lost? How on earth can you get lost in a lighthouse?

Woolly: Barney could get lost in a garden shed!

Larry: It's true, Skipper. We found a tunnel.

Flapper: A secret tunnel! Super!

Skipper: First I've heard about this. Mine shafts, yes, but they go almost nowhere.

Barney: There was a sort of earthquake last night. Well, it couldn't have been, I suppose, but something made the whole lighthouse shake.

Big Sam: Yes, we saw the light flickering from the pub.

Larry: A crack appeared in the wall there, and we saw there was a door.

Barney: It must have been opened by the storm, or earthquake, or whatever it was.

Larry: We noticed it just when we were about to have tea. Oh! My stew! *(He rushes over to the stove).*

Big Sam: Don't worry, we turned the oven off. Now what about this door?

Barney: Well, none of us ever noticed it before because it had been plastered over.

Larry: There's a passage leading from it.

Chris: Where does it go?

Larry: We don't know exactly.

Barney: It stretches for miles and miles.

Larry: And then we heard a banging noise, and the walls of the tunnel began to shake. So we raced back, but of course, there were other tunnels going all over the places, and we've spent hours trying to find the right one for getting back here.

Barney: And there was another thing. The further down we went, the brighter it got, until we were almost able to switch off our torches. And the tunnel walls become all yellow and shiny - almost as if they were made of gold. And that wasn't all

SONG 4 - *GINGERLY DOWNWARD WE STOLE*

Larry: *Gingerly downward we stole,*

Barney: *Our hearts was pounding fast,*

Larry: *With this funny feeling that we'd stepped into the past;*

Barney: *Running our fingers along the walls which gleamed so bright -*

Larry: *While from the cave ahead poured up a yellow light.*

Barney: *Cautiously onward we crept,*

Larry: *Our mouths were dry with fear,*

Barney: *Knocking sounds and bits of songs and shouting we could hear.*

Larry: *Shall we turn back? wondered we; 'twere safer to be gone;*

Barney: *But our curiosity won the day and forced us on.*

Larry: *Warily forward we moved,*

Barney: *Our fists was clenched with fright.*

Larry: *In this eerie underground the roof rose up in height.*

Barry: *Rounding a corner, the best surprise was yet in store:*

Larry: *For stretching out in front, you'll never believe what we saw:*

Barney: *It was a City of Gold!*

Larry: *We scarce could trust our eyes.*

Barney: *From the ground up to the roof enormous buildings rise.*

Larry: *Oh, what a beautiful sight as ever you might behold,*

Barney: *For everything seems glistening bright in solid gold.*

Omnes: *It was a City of Gold? Our shock we can't disguise!
This fantastic story any logic just defies!
Who would have thought such a sight's available to behold,
With a city in the Underground and built of gold!
With a city in the Underground and built of gold!*

(The Song ends, with the boys incredulous and excited, SKIPPER WOOLLY and BIG SAM unconvinced, and BARNEY and LARRY almost apologetic as though their tale were too fantastic to be believed).

Big Sam: Some story. Sounds as if you had a nice dream down that mine shaft.

Larry: Honestly, I know it's unbelievable, but we both saw it.

Barney: It's really there.

Mark: I once heard a story of smugglers who kept their gold in a secret passage.

Skipper: And built a city with it, I suppose?

Mark: Well

(JOE comes rushing back with some rope).

Joe: I've found some rope Oh!

Chris: No, it's all right, Joe. We won't be needing that now.

Flapper: I vote we organise an expedition to go down and find out what's going on down there.

Skipper: Just you hang on!

Larry: I'm not going down there again.

Big Sam: Well, I'm not scared. I think we ought to see for ourselves.

Flapper: Great!

Big Sam: But you boys will remain up here with Mr. Lamb. Barney, you can show us the way.

Barney: O.K. I don't mind so much if there's a crowd of us.

Flapper: But that's not fair!

Skipper: Woolly, find us a couple of lanterns. *(There is a store of lamps on a shelf at the back: he collects two).*

Big Sam: I've got a torch I can bring as well.

Skipper: Right. Now, we shouldn't be too long. Just you boys behave yourselves and do what Mr. Lamb says.

(Exeunt SKIPPER, WOOLLY, BARNEY and BIG SAM down the passage through the secret door UL. The music begins, with an enticing reminder of SONG 4, and is held quietly under the next section of dialogue until the boys

sing).

Chris: Oh, it's rotten!

Flapper: And it was my idea in the first place.

Nigel: That's right.

Simon: I think we should go down.

St. John: Won't it be dangerous?

Larry: Now, don't talk like that. You heard what Skipper said.

Joe: Oh, come on, Mr. Lamb. We won't be any trouble.

Larry: Just get the idea out of your heads. You're not going and that's that. Tell you what. I'll make you a nice bit of supper, eh?

(A pause. The boys look from one to another, making up their minds).

Chris: Come on, men. Grab those lanterns!

Larry: Stop! Come back!

(They each rapidly grab a lantern from the store, and rush through the secret door into the passage. LARRY dashes from one to another, but is always too late to catch any of them. As the last one disappears, he grabs the last lantern for himself).

Larry: You'll get lost! You don't even know the way. Wait for me!

(He runs after them, as the music rises to a climax and the lights fade rapidly. The boys almost immediately enter either the auditorium, which they walk across in front of the audience, or else they march across the apron stage in front of closed curtains).

SCENE 4. THE PASSAGE

SONG 4a - MARCHING ALONG, SINGLE FILE

Boys: *Marching along, single file, we make the smallest sound
Seeking strange adventures in this secret Underground;
Down to a City of Gold! We hope the truth subsists,
For we'll find it, sure as sovereigns, if the place exists!*

(They are now all onstage or in the auditorium, in front of the audience).

Larry: *(Shouting from some distance behind).* Come back!

Chris: Are you coming with us?

(Enter LARRY, puffing and panting).

Larry: I s'pose so. Let me get to the front. I'll lead the way.

Flapper: Smashing!

Boys and Larry: *Marching along, single file etc.* [SONG 4a - REPRISE]

(They make their way to the other side and exeunt. The lights fade, but the music continues. As the boys disappear, at another location enter BIG SAM, BARNEY, SKIPPER and WOOLLY).

Big Sam: I hope you can see where you're going, because I can't make out beyond my nose.

Barney: Don't worry. I know where we are. Ouch! *(He trips up).*

(Muffled voices are heard off-stage).

Woolly: We're being followed.

Barney: I knew we should have left this place alone.

Skipper: Just pipe down and stop behaving like a baby.

Larry: *(Off).* You'll be for it when Skipper finds out.

(Enter the party of boys, led by LARRY).

Skipper: You're darn right. What the devil are you doing here? I told you

Chris: We thought you might need our help.

Larry: I did my best to stop them.

Skipper: Now you lads want to learn to

Flapper: Oh, be fair, Uncle Bill. It was MY idea in the first place.

Big Sam: Youngsters are all the same these days. No respect.

Barney: Well, the matter's done now. They'll have to keep going with us, They'll never find their way back up the passage.

Skipper: *(Resigned).* Oh well, I suppose so. All hold hands and walk in single file. Now mind you watch where you're treading.

(They continue down the passage as music resumes, and exeunt the opposite side to

where they came in. The scene changes revealing a tableau of the Gold Mine. Miners are at work excavating; they have spades, shovels and picks. The party of explorers come into the Mine from the opposite side to where they left a moment ago. They don't see the miners at first).

SCENE 5 THE MINE

SONG 5 - DRILL AND DELVE

Miners: *Delve, delve, drill and delve,
Boring slowly down the mine.
Dig, dig, thrust and dig
Five hundred feet below the brine.
Golden veins in strata,
Down the seam's incline.
Delve, delve, drill and delve,
Boring slowly down the mine.*

(Music continues as a background to the following dialogue).

Barney: See what I mean about the walls - gold.

Big Sam: Or something very like it.

Larry: And it's much lighter, like I said.

Woolly: And you were right about the tapping sound. I can hear it clearly.

Skipper: Down everyone! There's something up ahead!

(They all crouch down, apart from JOE who continues walking).

Big Sam: Get down, you fool!

Paul: Idiot!

Skipper: Now keep quiet. Someone's singing. Look!

Big Sam: What are THEY doing down here?

Woolly: Who on earth are they?

Skipper: And where have they come from?

Barney: I told you there was a city down here.

St. John: I don't like this place.

Flapper: Oh, where's your spirit of adventure? I think we've reached the centre of the earth.

Chris: Don't talk nonsense, Flapper. We can only be a mile or so down the passage.

Simon: It looks like they're mining.

Skipper: You're right, lad. But there's a funny thing. Look at their tools.

Larry: They certainly don't work for the Coal Board!

Woolly: You can say that again. It's so PRIMITIVE.

Simon: And their clothes.

Mark: It must be cold in winter!

Paul: Perhaps they don't notice the winter down here.

Nigel: That style went out with the Ark. Looks like something from Julius Caesar.

Skipper: I can't get over it. These people are centuries behind us.

Joe: You mean, they can't even watch television?

Big Sam: Huh! That's no loss.

Barney: We don't belong here. I think we'd better get out.

Larry: I agree.

Skipper: Right, well let's slip away before they spot us.

(Enter from behind them FARO, ZOVA and FOUR GUARDS. They stand behind the party. The GUARDS have spears, which they hold ready to charge).

Mark: They might not like us disturbing them.

Flapper: *(Cheerfully)*. They could be cannibals.

St. John: Let's get out of here. I'm frightened.

Skipper: All right, then. Barney, you lead the way back. Now all of you, keep together this time.

(BARNEY turns and comes face to face with FARO. He doesn't register immediately).

Barney: Excuse me, please.

(FARO stands his ground, and signals a guard, who arrests BARNEY).

Barney: Oh, my goodness. I think we've got company!

(They all turn round and react with horror).

Skipper: Nobody move! *(They are surrounded).*

Chris: Don't have much choice, do we!

Flapper: *(Delighted).* Super! We've been captured!

St. John: *(Groaning).* Oh, no!

Larry: Oh, crumbs! We've really had it now!

(The party are marched off, further down the passage. The miners continue to sing as the stage darkens; they mingle with the CITIZENS in the next scene).

SCENE 6 THE CITY

(The Central Square of Cyta Velen. These are Cornish words, brought down when the first settlers probed their way under the earth nearly two thousand years ago and decided to remain. The words are pronounced "kitta velen", and mean literally "yellow city". Most of the metal objects down here are really gold, but the bricks and streets are made of yellow rock which gives out a phosphorescent glow, thereby providing illumination. There are tall golden buildings surmounted with shining pinnacles and cupolas. At the back of the stage is a platform, on which is a golden throne. DYRON is seated on the throne, with his daughters CHRYSTA and VALUSIA on either side. OPHIS stands a respectful distance away to the left, though it is obvious from his clothes and bearing that he is next in importance to DYRON. There may be other golden platforms and possibly a few large golden rocks here and there. The whole effect must be one of golden splendour, against which the colourful clothes of the EXPLORERS will make a delightful contrast. All the CITIZENS who make up the chorus are dressed in fairly simple attire of a golden colour, except for the more important officials who wear more ornate garb with additional colours, and guards and executioners, who wear uniform.

As the lights come on, DYRON stands and sings one verse of Song 6. It is then repeated solemnly by the Chorus of Citizens, who process in a slow wheel, and come to a halt flanking both sides of the stage).

SONG 6 - CYTA VELEN

Dyron: *Cyta Velen, thine aureate towers bright
Everywhere diffuse the air with glistening amber light.
City of Gold, let joyful praises rise
To our gilded castles, yellow fields and golden skies!*

Omnes: *Cyta Velen, thine aureate towers bright
Everywhere diffuse the air with glistening amber light.
City of Gold, let joyful praises rise
To our gilded castles, yellow fields and golden skies;
To our gilded castles, yellow fields and golden skies!*

Ophis: Bring on the prisoners!

(Enter FARO, ZOVAR and the guards propelling forward the party of Boys and Lighthouse Keepers. A few of the boys put up some resistance, except for FLAPPER who is loving every minute. He gives OPHIS a cheery wave as he comes in, and OPHIS looks at DYRON with an expression on his face of horror and injured dignity. The Prisoners are stood before the throne. CHRYSTA and VALUSIA giggle and point at the boys; they are giving them plus points for good looks. CHRIS and NIGEL take their particular attention, and they surreptitiously wave at FLAPPER who waves back, and also at ST. JOHN, who looks embarrassed and turns away).

Faro: We found them, Your Excellency, in the old vent.

Zovar: They were watching the new mining project.

Ophis: Did they resist?

Faro: We did not give them the opportunity.

Chrysta: I hope you didn't bully any of them. *(The Girls giggle).*

Dyron: They are dressed strangely.

Valusia: I think they look rather sweet.

Dyron: Where do you come from?

Barney: Up there.

(He points upwards. One of the Soldiers falls to his knees).

Soldier: *(Shouting).* They are gods!

Ophis: Stand up and don't be ridiculous. Gods don't dress like that.

Skipper: We came from the lighthouse.

Dyron: That's impossible. That's the old air vent. It was blocked off centuries ago when they built the lighthouse on top of the rock.

Ophis: Your Excellency, it may not be impossible. The new mining project has caused some subsidence on the surface, as I understand.

Big Sam: That sounds about right. We have been having a lot of dead fish around the Carn.

Larry: Yes, and the door wasn't there last week. Yesterday the lighthouse started rocking, and the plaster and bricks fell away.

Dyron: This is all highly irregular.

Ophis: Quite, Your Excellency. The last thing we want is contact with the world above.

Valusia: You mean, the last thing YOU want, Ophis.

Ophis: (*Rounding on her*). Look Valusia, I went on the expedition last year to the surface. You didn't. I know the way they live up there. They could destroy our city.

Skipper: We have no intention of doing that!

Big Sam: We mean no harm. We were just curious.

Ophis: You don't understand. We came down here, and we live down here, by choice. (*He walks aside, deep in thought*).

Woolly: Choice! Blimey, I never wanted to come down here in the first place.

Larry: And I wasn't given any choice! (*He looks meaningfully at the boys*).

Faro: I have searched all their belongings. They appear to carry no weapons, but I did find these.

(*He beckons to ZOVAR, who brings forward a torch, four lanterns, two watches, a radio, a box of matches, money and a water pistol*).

Dyron: (*Picking up the water pistol*). What is this?

Zovar: It seems to contain fresh water.

Joe: Its

Faro: Quiet! I'll tell you when to speak.

Joe: But (*A Guard makes his presence felt*).

Dyron: What is it for?.

Zovar: Your Excellency, there's some sort of lever here (*He presses it and water squirts straight into DYRON'S face. The two Girls shriek with laughter*).

Dyron: Why! What fiendish tool is this?

Joe: That's what I was trying to tell you. It's my water pistol.

Zovar: You will be punished for this!

Joe: Why? I didn't do it. You did.

Chrysta: I think it's rather clever.

Dyron: Well, I don't!

Ophis: Just a sample of what to expect from these barbarians.

Faro: This instrument gives out light. It is worked by pressing this. (*He switches on a powerful torch, and the beam goes straight in DYRON'S eye*).

Dyron: Amazing! But point it the other way. How is the light produced?

Chris: By batteries, sir.

Dyron: What are bat trees?

Chris: Well they give power.

Dyron: How?

Chris: Erm Simon?

Simon: Well

Mark: We learnt something about that in a Science lesson. Something to do with zinc, I think.

Simon: I never did like Physics.

Ophis: Hm! They don't even know how their inventions work!

Dyron: What are these two objects? (*He points to the two watches*).

Skipper: They tell the time.

Dyron: Don't you rely on the stars and seasons for that?

Flapper: Oh, that was years ago.

Big Sam: Everything we do is governed by time.

Woolly: We get up and go to bed at a certain time.

Larry: We eat and work at special times.

Paul: And we have to get to school on time.

Mark: Ugh!

Ophis: For all their inventions, they are not happy.

Simon: Oh, I'm always happy when it's time to go home!

Ophis: We do not allow our lives to be tyrannized by time. Our citizens go to work as soon as they wake up, because they want to.

Dyron: But our mines would benefit from the men working to time. As it is, men just come and go as they please. That means, there are periods when no work is being done, and other moments when there are too many people for all the tools to go round.

Ophis: But they are happy.

Zovar: Our production is too low, though. Many of our buildings are in need of repair.

Faro: And some of the work is being skimped. If that shaft had been shored up properly, there would have been no landslide to disturb the lighthouse on the rock.

Dyron: What else is there here?

Nigel: These are called matches. (*He comes forward and picks up the matchbox*).
They create fire. (*He strikes a light and the Citizens shrink back*).

Faro: And this is a box which makes noise.

Chris: It is called a radio.

(*He switches it on. Blast of aggressive pop music. The Citizens cover their ears*).

Dyron: Enough!

Ophis: These objects are evil, Your Excellency, Dispose of these intruders now,
before we are corrupted.

Chrysta But they said they meant us no harm.

Ophis: Words!

Valusia: O really, Ophis, you are a beast. You always want your way. I think their
inventions are very clever.

Chrysta: It's a pity we don't have some new things in the city. We have been
living the same way since history first began.

Valusia: All the other underground cities are more advanced than ours.

Chrysta: We are the laughing stock of the Subterranean.

Ophis: Let them laugh. At least we are at peace, and our gold resources make us
one of the wealthiest cities.

Faro: We could be even more wealthy if we mined more efficiently.

Zovar: We need progress, Your Excellency! This is our opportunity!

Dyron: I have decided. You are right. We need to progress. We need more gold.
We shall keep these prisoners as advisers. We must adopt new methods. But
if these methods fail, then we must destroy them.

Ophis: They may destroy us first.

FINALE ACT ONE:

SONG 6. IN THIS LITTLE WORLD OF OURS

Flapper: *In this nuclear, atomic little world of ours
Where the synthesizers play,
And the laser beams
Scan around your dreams,
Like the image of a cathode ray*

Ophis: *In this all-mod-con-ic little world of yours
Where the Unions hold the power,*

*Men are all alike
And will go on strike
For an extra twenty quid an hour.*

- Joe:** *More time for leisure;*
- Mark:** *More time to play;*
- St. John:** *Life's a cake with cream.*
- Joe:** *More time for hobbies;*
- Simon:** *More time to cheer
On your football team.*
- Paul:** *In this ultra-supersonic little world of ours,
Where the Concorde spans the sphere,
And your modern raft
Is a hovercraft
As the Channel Tunnel gets in gear*
- Ophis:** *In this semi-alcoholic little world of yours,
You forget what's meant by calm;
Nerves are all afloat,
And the antidote
Is a hypodermic in your arm.*
- Zovar:** *Don't delay! Consider life THEIR way!*
- Faro:** *Sounds O.K. You let them have their say!*
- Dyron:** *While we may,
Let's pick their brains,
And if we find it fails -
We slay!*
- Flapper:** *In this super-quadrophonic little world of ours
Where the pop-stars dig the scene,
You can talk at home
On the videophone,
Where the colour-telly reigns supreme*
- Ophis:** *In this quaint horror-comic little world of yours
Where pollution rears its head,
You've a nuclear bomb;*

*Half the wild-life gone;
You'd be better off to stay in bed!*

*No time to listen,
No time to speak;
Life's a creaking door.
No time for culture,
No time for God;
Thinking's just a bore!*

Paul: *In this digi-electronic little world of ours
Where computers call the tune,
You look up at nights
To the satellites
As they're orbiting around the moon*

Ophis: *In this affluent, moronic little world of yours,
Men have lost their power to care -
Mortgage holders racked;
Jumbo-jets hi-jacked;
And the fuel cupboard's getting bare.*

Chrysta: *Shout hooray! We'll chase our cares away!*
Valusia: *Too-ra-lay! We'll banish all dismay!*
Dyron: *Let's make hay!
We're standing at the threshold
Of a bright
New day!*

(The above has been sung or spoken to music reasonably slowly, with the words receiving priority. The tempo now quickens to the speed of a patter song, with the Chorus filling the stage with movement and repeating the song as many times as necessary, culminating in a crescendo for the curtain).

Omnes: *In this nuclear, atomic little world of ours
Where the synthesizers play,
And the laser beams
Scan around your dreams,
Like the image of a cathode ray;*

*In this ultra-supersonic little world of ours
Where the Concorde spans the sphere,
And your modern raft
Is a hovercraft,
As the Channel Tunnel gets in gear:*

*More time for leisure
More time for play;
Life's a cake with cream.
More time for hobbies;
More time to cheer
On your football team! CHELSEA *!*

(* Everyone shouts the name of their favourite football team here, together. Ideally it should be two syllables).

*In this super-quadrophonic little world of ours
Where the pop-stars dig the scene,
You can talk at home
On the video-phone,
Where the colour-telly reigns supreme;*

*In this digi-electronic little world of ours,
Where computers call the tune,
You look up at nights
To the satellites
As they're orbiting around the moon.*

*Shout hooray! I feel like Christmas Day!
To-ra-lay! Lets's chase our cares away!
Let's make hay!
The sun is hot and strong
And life is bright
And gay!*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

SCENE 1 A CAVERN A YEAR LATER

(It is a year later. The Curtains open, revealing a dim light, with CHRYSTA, VALUSIA, CHRIS and NIGEL seated on rocks and picked out in spots).

SONG 8 - IF MY WAY WAS YOUR WAY

**Chrysta, Valusia,
Chris, Nigel &
Chorus:**
(as directed)

*If my way was your way,
We'd stroll hand in hand, by the river
And share new adventures together,
If my way was yours.*

*If my road was your road,
In happiness rich past comparing,
Our lives would be caring and sharing,
If my road was yours.*

*I'd face a sea of danger,
If you were by my side.
We'd share each happy moment,
And every secret wish together we'd confide.*

*If my world was your world,
You'd never know how to be lonely;
My heart would be yours and yours only,
If your world was mine.*

Chrysta: You must long to get back to your world.

Chris: Well, yes and no. I'm certainly homesick for Pencarrek, and I'm worried about my family. They'll have given me up for lost by now - I've been gone for a whole year. But I don't want to leave you either.

Valusia: Oh, cheer up, Chris. It's bound to turn out all right in the end.

Chris: What chance is there? A whole year, and we've tried everything.

Nigel: But we can't really complain, Chris. They've treated us awfully well. I wish everyone up in the daylight behaved as well as they do down here.

Chrysta: And your families will have given up hope?

Nigel: Oh, they're probably still hoping. But they'll have nearly forgotten us after all this time.

Chris: That's right, Nigel. I expect life is going on much the same as it always did. It takes a lot to disrupt our world.

Valusia: Life sounds so exciting where you come from. I wish we could see it for ourselves.

Chrysta: Oh, Valusia. You know we can't. It's forbidden to leave Cyta Velen.

Nigel: You'd get used to it quickly anyway. Like we got used to living down here. But Ophis is right about one thing, you know. Many of our inventions cause more trouble than good.

Chris: Still, I miss the old place.

Nigel: I know. I'd just love to see a bit of real sunshine again.

Chris: Yes, and breathe some really fresh air - a breeze that's just come straight in from the sea. or across a field of wet grass.

Nigel: There must be a way. We can't be stuck down here for ever.

Chrysta: We'd miss you terribly if you left.

Valusia: Our lives wouldn't be the same.

Chris: What do you mean?

Chrysta: Well, it's almost as if you were part of the family.

Valusia: Exactly.

Chrysta: If you ever did try to escape, would you take us with you?

Chris: Of course we would. But you might not like our world after all. And you couldn't come back here. You know what the penalty would be.

Valusia: It's worth the risk.

Chrysta: And we'd have you to help us settle down.

Valusia: I want to see all the wonderful places you've told us about.

Nigel: What do you say, Chris? Sound like a good idea? The problem is how to get out of here.

Chris: I know. I've been thinking about that. As I see it, there's one chance.

Chrysta: One chance! Then let's try it!

SONG 8a - I'D FACE A SEA OF DANGER - (REPRISE)

(At the end, lights fade).

SCENE 2 - THE CITY

(The Scene is the same as for Act I, Scene 6. DYRON is seated on the throne. OPHIS stands on his right, and FARO and ZOVAR on his left. The rest of

the Citizens, Miners, Soldiers, Boys, Girls, Lighthouse Keepers and BIG SAM are involved in a production number, which needs to be full of activity and business, including solos, dancing, the Cast playing instruments onstage, beating noises, percussion instruments, a split Chorus on either side of the stage with one side calling "tick" and the other side "tock" in time with the beat and, if appropriate, coloured lights playing in time with the music. The actions need to suggest industry, time-keeping, hard work and the rhythm of hammers, pick-axes, drills and shovels. Everyone is involved).

SONG 9 - THE WORK SONG. WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

Omnes: *Who are these strange people who bring clocks with them?*
(as directed) *Thanks to them, we regulate our time.*
Splitting night and day,
Measuring work and play,
While we work, they tick, tock and chime.

Who are these strange people who bring radios?
Now we work to music down the mine!
With this magic box,
Our hammers hit the rocks,
With all the miners beating in time!

As we dig the gold,
Wonders fresh unfold,
Filling up the air with their noise;
Working is such fun
Tuned to Radio One,
And mining with these brand new toys.

Who are these young people with their strange ideas?
Bringing down inventions from the sky?
Early, never late;
Life's a faster rate,
Days and weeks and months flooding by.

(DYRON stands).

Dyron: Fellow citizens! This is indeed a happy occasion. Our gold production has been tripled. We owe this to our friends from the surface. Their inventions

and techniques have transformed us. All the subterranean is envious of Cyta Velen now we are selling them our home-generated electricity and selling them our cable television programmes. We are rich, prosperous, and ahead of all competitors by a long lead. Therefore, I propose to award to our advisers the highest honour our City can bestow. Mister Sam, Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Wooland, Mr. Merry and Mr. Lamb, you are granted the freedom of the City. Come forward.

(BIG SAM, BARNBY, WOOLLY, SKIPPER and LARRY come forward and are presented with sashes).

Citizen One: *(From the Crowd).* What about giving us higher wages?

Citizen Two: And shorter hours!

Citizen Three: We're the one's doing the work!

Citizen Four: Yeh!

Citizen Five: What about the workers?

Dyron: From now on, all will prosper. Soon you will get your higher wages. But we must guard against inflation. We must first build up our reserves.

Citizen One: Your reserves, you mean!

Citizen Two: That's right.

Citizen Three: It's all right for you!

Citizen Four: YOUR palace has been repaired!

Citizen Five: What about OUR houses?

Dyron: Your ministers are all well aware of your needs. Sub-committees are constantly meeting to prepare reports.

Citizen One: Words! All words!

Citizen Two: What about DOING something for a change?

Citizen Three: What about getting rid of this new Poll Tax?

Citizen Four: We're just lining your pockets.

Citizen Five: In the old days, we all used to be equal!

[Insert any other topical grouses if appropriate].

(DYRON loses his smile and draws himself up with great dignity).

Dyron: Kindly allow your leaders and their advisers to know what is best for you. The rewards are coming, and soon, but first we must increase our effort if we are to maintain our lead. Let us march forward together on the path to progress! Citizens, let us strive to build a better Subterranean! Long live Cyta Velen!

(DYRON sweeps off right. Some of the Citizens applaud politely, others shake fists, others grouse amongst themselves in a dissatisfied undercurrent. Exeunt all except the BOYS and OPHIS).

Ophis: Well! I hope you're pleased with what you've done. Tripled gold production. Television. Computers. Huh!

Chris: You forget. We had no choice. We had to suggest new ways, or face death.

Ophis: It would have been better if you had died, as I suggested.

Flapper: I can't see what you've got to complain about. You're a lot better off, for a start.

Ophis: Of course I am. But for how long? You heard them just then. Giving them wages makes them shout for more, and putting them on shift work gives them the idea of clamouring for less. Look at the vandalism in the City - we never had it before. And our young people. They want to spend all their time watching their colour tellies, drinking coke and eating crisps.

Mark: That's part of the price you have to pay for progress.

Ophis: I wish we'd never started. There's a rumour that some of the neighbouring colonies are planting spies here to pinch our ideas, and others are planning to start a war so they can take over our wealth.

Simon: Well, then? You can build up defences. It's just the same as this on the surface.

Ophis: And it never was here, until you came. We were all happy, and we were all equal. If Dyron does not give way to some of those trouble-makers, we're going to have a full-scale revolt on our hands. And I shall lose my position as First Minister.

Paul: But you said our ideas would destroy the CITY.

Ophis: Exactly.

Flapper: What you really mean is that they will destroy YOU.

Ophis: Our first duty is to protect Number One.

Mark: But that's making you as selfish as everyone else.

Ophis: All right, I admit it. Your influence is getting to me as well. And I hate myself for it.

St. John: And what about Dyron?

Ophis: He's even worse. He's becoming a dictator and a tyrant.

Mark: Well, there's nothing we can do about it now.

Chris: Not while we're stuck here.

Ophis: Ah, well now, there you've got a point. I'm surprised at you, young Chris, and all your friends. For boys, you all lack initiative.

Joe: What's initiative?

Nigel: I'm not too sure, but I reckon if anybody's got it, you have!

Chris: Ophis

Ophis: Yes?

Chris: Would you really be pleased if we escaped?

Ophis: What difference does it make to me now? You should have thought of it months ago. But now, the damage has been done.

Flapper: Surely it's not too late. After all, there's a whole load of things we haven't told you about yet.

Mark: No, and half the new machines haven't even been made yet.

Chris: Surely it's not too late? We're still needed. It'll be a long while before you catch up completely with the Twentieth Century.

Ophis: The very thought makes me shudder. Anyway, don't kid yourselves. The damage is done. Too many seeds have been planted.

Chris: Not by a long chalk, Ophis. You'll need us for a good many years yet.

Ophis: Rubbish. It's all gone too far.

Chris: Help us to escape, and you might find there's a chance

Ophis: What are you trying to do? If I helped you to escape, I'd be guilty of treason. Help yourselves, by all means, but leave me out of it. And good luck to you.

St. John: If we get caught, we'll be for it as well!

(Enter FARO and ZOVAR unobtrusively. They stand at the back and overhear the conversation which follows).

Paul: Well, it's a chance I'M prepared to take. How about you, Si?

Simon: Me too. Can't wait to get back home.

Flapper: Actually, if we got caught, I'm sure Dyron wouldn't kill us.

Mark: No, we're too valuable.

Paul: That's right. He still needs us.

Joe: But he could be pretty unpleasant.

St. John: Huh! It couldn't be any worse than at present!

Chris: Stop moaning, you lot. We shan't get caught. We'll see to that.

Ophis: Well, escaping's your own affair. Count me out. I'll have nothing to do with it.

(Exit OPHIS).

Nigel: You said something about a last chance, Chris. What did you mean?

Chris: Something that's worth trying. But we need help from someone here if it's going to work.

(FARO and ZOVAR look at each other, and nod. They then exeunt).

Paul: Pity Ophis is only interested in himself.

St. John: We're all doomed!

Flapper: Oh, don't talk nonsense!

Chris: I'll think of something.

Mark: Can't Chrysta and Valusia help us? They seem friendly enough.

Simon: You can't expect girls to be any use in a daring escape!

Flapper: Certainly not.

Nigel: Oh, they'll come with us if we go.

Chris: Still, there's not much they can do to help.

(Enter FARO and ZOVAR and four GUARDS).

Faro: Seize them!

(The GUARDS arrest them. JOE resists).

Chris: Hey, what is this?

St. John: Take your hands off me!

Zovar: Traitors can expect nothing but the best treatment.

Faro: We overheard your escape plane. Trying to leave us, eh? You'll regret you ever thought of the idea. Take them away!

(They are marched off. JOE is the last to give in).

Joe: I'll get my brother on you! *(He stamps on the GUARD'S foot and wrestles free. Another GUARD appears from the other side). Well, fancy meeting you here! (He dodges out of the way, stands still and looks at some imaginary object in the air. Both GUARDS follow his gaze, and whilst they are preoccupied, JOE steals away. One GUARD spots him and runs after him, arms outstretched. JOE stands still, and dodges down at the last moment and runs straight for the other GUARD; the first GUARD twists round and rushes after him. At the last moment, JOE ducks the second GUARDS arms, and the two GUARDS collide in an embrace. But JOE is standing too near, and one GUARD manages to grab his shoulder, and in a moment they both have him). Oh well, nothing like a royal escort.*

(Exeunt as the lights go down quickly).

SCENE 3 THE CITY

(The lights return to the same scene as before, only the colouring is now more red and the intensity is much dimmer. The stage is empty. The music of the Funeral March begins, and two SERVANTS bring on the block for the EXECUTIONER which is placed in a central position. They then leave, and FARO and ZOVAR enter left. They remain down left for the following dialogue, and the music continues underneath).

Faro: Is all prepared?

Zovar: Indeed it is. At daybreak the executions will take place.

Faro: I'm surprised His Excellency decided to have all of them executed.

Zovar: Especially as the adults knew nothing about the escape plan the boys were dreaming up.

Faro: Quite. It won't be popular with the workers, you know.

Zovar: Oh, nobody is popular with them at present. Dyron considers this a show of strength. It will show them what happens to those who resist his orders.

(Fanfare. A spotlight suddenly comes on and fixes the execution block in a pool of light).

Faro: It's nearly time.

SONG 10 - FUNERAL MARCH

Citizens: *The captives come to meet their fate,
 They stand the guards between;
For treason 'gainst our sovereign state.
 Oh, grim and doleful scene!*

*The golden axe is poised on high;
 The prisoners flinch and cower;
The grave awaits them when they die.
 Oh, dark and sombre hour!*

(Repeat as many times as necessary. People begin to congregate in a solemn procession. Four EXECUTIONERS with black masks and carrying axes mount the rostrum at the back of the stage and stand behind the throne. DYRON enters, and the CITIZENS make a gangway for him to pass, and

bow as he mounts the rostrum where he stands in front of the throne until the end of the song, at which point he sits.. CHRISTA and VALUSIA follow DYRON, and stand either side of the throne; they are in tears. The GUARDS lead on the BOYS, BIG SAM and the LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS where they remain DR. By the end of the song, there is a magnificent tableau. At the end of the music, DYRON signals FARO to proceed).

Faro: Bring forward the first traitor.

(Chris is led forward).

Valusia: No, no Father. You can't.

Chrysta: It's murder.

Dyron: Where is Ophis?

Faro: I do not know, Your Excellency.

Dyron: Then find him! He's always complaining about them. Let him see their fate.

Chrysta: Please, Father, don't.

Valusia: They are only our age.

(Exit FARO and ZOVAR).

Dyron: Proceed with the execution.

(He signals. An EXECUTIONER paces forward and stands to one side of the block. A GUARD blindfolds CHRIS and pushes him forward, then down into a kneeling position. CHRIS puts his head on the block. A drum beats relentlessly).

Skipper: But he's only a boy!

Dyron: Silence, traitor! Your turn will come.

(The EXECUTIONER raises his axe. Just as it is about to descend, the tension is broken by the appallingly loud wail of sirens. DYRON jumps to his feet, the EXECUTIONER lowers his axe, and CHRIS lifts his head as NIGEL rushes forward and tears off the blindfold).

Dyron: Why, who the

(ZOVAR races in).

Zovar: The vents! Somebody's opened the sluices!

(FARO rushes in after ZOVAR).

Faro: The water's pouring in. It's flooding the City.

(General panic. The CITIZENS, SOLDIERS, DYRON, FARO and ZOVAR rush across the stage in different directions, whilst some dither in the middle, then race away; others shoot off one way, twist round and come back. Complete chaos for about ten seconds, with screaming and shrieking and bellowing of orders, after which the stage is clear except for CHRYSTA, VALUSIA, the BOYS, BIG SAM and the LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS. CHRYSTA and VALUSIA rush down to DC).

Valusia: Now's your chance.

Chrysta: The passage will be unguarded.

Men and Boys: Come on then!

(The party rushes off left, leaving the two girls DC looking at each other tearfully. A fractional pause to allow the audience to register this, then CHRIS and NIGEL rush back onstage).

Chris: Don't just stand there. You ARE coming with us, aren't you?

Valusia/Chrysta: *(Together).* Yes, please! Oh, wonderful!

Nigel: Come on then! There's no time to waste!

(CHRIS grabs CHRYSTA'S hand, NIGEL grabs VALUSIA'S hand and they rush off left. Enter right DYRON, FARO, ZOVAR and the four GUARDS).

Dyron: There they go. After them! If we're all going to drown, then they're going to join us.

(Exit left. Lights down and urgent, frightening music begins to cover the scene change and maintain the tension).

SCENE 4 THE PASSAGE

(Enter left the party: BOYS, LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS, and GIRLS, except JOE).

Big Sam: I'll never be able to keep this pace up. I'm a boatman, not a long-distance runner.

Woolly: My old ticker's beating like a drum. Can't we have a rest?

Skipper: Just a short breather then. But no more. They must be hot on our trail by now.

Flapper: I'll keep my ears open. *(He goes down left and listens).*

Chris: It's not far to the lighthouse now.

Big Sam: Hope you're right.

Larry: I don't know; we got lost the last time we came up here.

Barney: And I thought we'd never get tired of gold.

Skipper: *(To the GIRLS).* I hope you know what you're doing, running away like this.

Valusia: After what Father has tried to do, we couldn't stay down there.

Chrysta: Anyway, we'd have only been drowned. Now the sluices have been opened, the whole city will be flooded.

Paul: Those poor people.

Flapper: There's somebody coming!

Skipper: Take cover!

(They all crouch down, hiding their lanterns. Enter JOE with torch and water pistol).

Skipper: Joe! Where have you been?

Joe: Oh, there you all are. I thought for a moment I was lost.

Barney: You idiot! You could have been caught!

Joe: Well, I had to go back for my water pistol.

Larry: Lord, give me strength!

Joe: Honestly, it's pretty damp down there now!

Skipper: And it'll be pretty hot up here if we hang around gassing. Joe, you jolly well keep with us. We'd better get moving.

(They exit right. As they disappear, enter DYRON, FARO and ZOVAR with the GUARDS from the left. They all have drawn swords).

Dyron: After them! They must not get away!

(They continue across the stage. Halfway, OPHIS emerges sword in hand, barring their way).

Dyron: Ophis!

Ophis: You must first get past me.

Zovar: So it was YOU who opened the sluices! Why?

Ophis: I should be careful, Zovar. I intend using this if I have to. Yes, it was I who opened the sluices.

Dyron: But why? Don't you realise that the moment the world above learns of our city, they will send down armies to overthrow us and plunder our wealth? I cannot allow these people to get home alive.

Faro: It is already too late, Your Excellency. Half our City is flooded, and half our people drowned. Unless we get to the sluices, there will be nothing left.

Ophis: Exactly. It is too late. You, Dyron, are responsible.

Dyron: But how?

Ophis: By accepting those foreigners as advisers, you destroyed our City. We are already on the brink of revolution. A few more weeks, and the workers would have overthrown us all. The tide was turning against all of us.

Dyron: Rubbish! A tide always turns back after a while. We were on the brink of even greater prosperity.

Ophis: You are blind! It has got beyond that now! It is already too late! There is only one solution - for the City to be destroyed!

Zovar: Your Excellency, we must get to the sluices!

Faro: Let us through, traitor!

Ophis: *(Hysterically, thrusting his sword forward).* You spoiled everything! We had all we needed, and for the sake of progress, you had to destroy it! There is nothing left for any of us now! We shall all die!

Dyron: *(Shrieking).* But you first, Ophis. Forward!

(The party surges forward. OPHIS is killed. The party exits right).

BLACKOUT

SCENE 5 - THE VILLAGE PUB

(We are back in "The Devil's Curse" at Pencarrek. It looks much the same as it did at the beginning of the play, but it is now a year later and the villagers have met together for the anniversary of the disappearance of the party. As we join them, they are singing a lament, led by the VICAR).

SONG 11 - LAMENT

Smallpiece: *They went away,
That dismal hour when grief was born,
And bitter tears swelled up in vain;
No fleeting glimpse came e'er again.*

*They disappeared.
The tempest raged until the dawn.
The rescue vessels couldn't cope
With searching; all abandoned hope.*

*They lost their lives.
From friends and loved ones were they torn.
Oh cruel sea! Will nothing satisfy
Thy wrath; thy foamings pacify?*

Omnes: *They went away etc.*

(Exit SMALLPIECE).

Lily: Certainly doesn't seem a year since they disappeared.

Alf: It's as if it only happened yesterday.

Tom: If only we knew where they went.

George: That lighthouse always did have a sinister atmosphere.

Bert: It's awful out there. Won't do my wallflowers any good.

Tom: What's this? The holder of the Western Wallflower Association Cup losing heart? I thought your plants were indestructible.

Lily: Hm! If he's not out on patrol, he's with them. I'm the biggest wallflower in OUR household. He ought to remember who does the housework and cooks meals.

Bert: *(Aside to TOM).* Ugh! You should see her meals!

Lily: *(Moving towards BERT who withdraws to table).* What was that?

Bert: Nothing, love. Just telling him about the lovely meals you dish up!

Lily: Just you watch it, or I'll pack you in a box and post you to Siberia or some other large place with plenty to patrol!

(BERT joins ALF at table)

Alf: *(Pointing to lighthouse).* I was just thinking about last year, Bert. What do you think happened to them out there?

Bert: Proper mystery. All my enquiries hit a dead end. Still, even those detectives from London didn't get anywhere. I think they were pretty impressed with me.

George: That's not what I heard!

Bert: Oh?

George: What was it one of them called you? Ah yes, a flat-footed buffoon!

Bert: Cor, who do they think they are? Anyway, I'm not flat-footed.

(The REV. BARTHOLOMEW SMALLPIECE rushes back in great anxiety).

Smallpiece: I've seen them! They're here!

Tom: What?

Smallpiece: Them! They are all over the place. Oooh, holy shrimps! I knew I should have taken the Deanery at the Abbey. Everything's crazy here!

Lily: Calm down, Vicar. Now exactly what do you think you've seen?

Smallpiece: Ghosts! They are going to take us to the other side!

Alf: *(Going over and shaking the VICAR).* Now snap out of this. You'll have us all nervous wrecks. Just what sort of ghosts are you talking about?

Smallpiece: *(Slightly calmer but still very shaken).* Skipper, Big Sam, my boy St. John and all the rest. Their ghosts are here. Coming up from the beach!

Tom: Can't be. My brother? And my Jonas? After a whole year?

James Beacon: Impossible. Ghosts? Nonsense.

Smallpiece: It's true. I saw them with my own eyes.

Lily: Now take it easy. It's the anniversary of their disappearance. Don't let your imagination run away with you. Pour the chap a brandy, Tom.

James Beacon: I should take a holiday, Vicar. Get away from this place. You know, a change is as good as a rest.

(There is a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder. Enter the BOYS and the LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS. The DOCTOR turns).

James Beacon: Oh, my God! *(He falls down in a faint).*

(LILY goes to his aid. Dead silence. The VILLAGERS and the PARTY stand staring at each other).

George: *(In a whisper).* You were right, Vicar.

Alf: *(Petrified)*... Ghosts.

Flapper: I'm not a ghost. I'm real flesh and blood.

(The atmosphere relaxes. BERT LAUD, who has remained calm throughout steps forward and takes out his notebook).

Bert: Nobody is to leave this bar until I have completed my enquiries.

Big Sam: Things haven't changed much. Still the same old Bert.

Bert: I'll have no insubordination, if you please. Just remember that I'M the village policeman, and YOU'RE just a boatman.

Lily: Oh, don't be silly, Bert.

Tom: Don't you see, everybody, it's them! They're safe!

(The VILLAGERS rush over and greet the party. Sounds of "Where have you been?", "Oh, we thought you were gone for ever", "It's just wonderful to see you again" etc. Meanwhile, with the aid of LILY, DR JAMES BEACON has recovered, and joins the group. The reunion continues noisily. FLAPPER comes down left with ALF COOPER).

Flapper: You see, we were captured by a primitive civilisation.

Alf: Get away! Under the Carn? You've got to be joking,

Flapper: No, honestly. There's a long dark passage which leads from the lighthouse. It's full of creepy things, and there are strange noises.

(The noise in the background has been dying away, as more and more VILLAGERS pay attention to FLAPPER).

Tom: I see you haven't lost your imagination, my boy.

Alf: Sounds like the ghost train at a village fair.

Flapper: Oh, it's much more terrifying. And it leads to a place called Cyta Velen - it's a city made of gold

Alf: Sounds unlikely to me.

James Beacon: This is a scientific age, my lad. You can't expect intelligent adults to be taken in by stories like this.

Skipper: He's not making it up, Jim. It's true.

Paul: Honestly, Doctor.

James Beacon: Hallucinations! Wherever they've been, they're not quite with it now.

Smallpiece: Well, you don't look too bad, my son. And you've grown.

St. John: Huh! I'm fed up with eating fish. That's all we got down there. And seaweed. Ghastly!

Smallpiece: Never mind, one must be grateful for small mercies.

(He drains his glass of brandy, hands it to TOM who looks enquiringly, to which he nods for a refill, which TOM attends to. LARRY and BARNEY, with LILY and WOOLLY move DR and continue a conversation which was obviously started earlier).

Larry: They WOULD go down there again.

Barney: Yes, we TOLD them not to.

Lily: Oh, these men are all the same. *(She nudges WOOLLY).* Thick as planks. Take my Bert for an example. *(She points at BERT, who is wandering around making notes).*

Woolly: He means well, really.

(BERT joins them).

Barney: Solved the case yet, Bert?

Bert: Progress is being made. I have a list of suspects.

Larry: How can you have suspects? No crime has been committed.

Bert: Oh, we experienced men who have been in the Force a long time, we can sniff out crime. It's an instinct, you know.

Woolly: Well, if it's crime you're after, you should be off to the island, arresting Dyron and his cronies.

Bert: Dyron, you say? How do you spell that?

Woolly: D _ Y _ R _ O _ N. *(BERT makes a note of it).*

Bert: Address?

Woolly: Well, I'm

Lily: Number 2, Subterranean Villas, Beneath Carn, Off England!

Larry: I should take your aqualungs and flippers when you go to question him!

James Beacon: *(Joining them).* Not still on about this underground city? I'm really quite worried about them, Lily. I reckon my red syrup may help them to recover. Then we'll be able to find out what REALLY happened to them.

Chris: It really is true, Doctor. We're not MAD!

(CHRIS signals to NIGEL who goes out and brings in the girls).

James Beacon: Just don't you worry yourself. I'll have you right as rain before long. *(He turns and sees the two GIRLS, who are still dressed in their golden costumes).* Oh, my God! *(He faints again).*

(LILY again goes to his aid).

Lily: Not again! Only women are supposed to faint. That proves we're the stronger sex. *(She pushes BERT out of the way, and he stumbles across the bar).*

Nigel: Allow me to introduce Chrysta and Valusia.

(Everybody from the village acknowledges them politely).

Alf: Who are they?

George: Must be from this place under the Carn.

Tom: Their clothes look as though they are made of gold!

Nigel: They helped us to escape.

Chris: Their life down in Cyta Velen was miserable.

Nigel: We said they could live in our world.

Chrysta: *(Nervously).* W - we won't be any trouble.

(LILY goes over and welcomes them).

Valusia: We couldn't stand our father any longer.

Skipper: Anyway, from what I gather, they would have been drowned if they had stayed.

Chrysta: Yes, somebody opened the sluice gates which keep the sea out of the City.

Tom: *(At the window).* Hey, look! The lighthouse! It's sinking!

(They all move to the window, including the DOCTOR, who has now recovered).

Chris: We just got away in time.

Mark: All those people drowned!

Skipper: Oh, some may have got away to one of the other cities.

Paul: Not Dyron and the rest. I reckon they must have had it, if they were following us.

Simon: I wonder what happened to Ophis.

Joe: Oh, I saw him.

Simon: How come?

Joe: Well, I was behind the rest of you, remember?

Big Sam: (*Heavily*). We remember.

Joe: I saw Ophis darting across one of the passages that branched off from the one we went up.

Chrysta: Then it was Ophis who must have opened the sluices.

Bert: Ah! Ophis is the man I'm after. (*He takes note of the name*).

Lily: Don't be stupid, Bert. He's down at the bottom of the sea.

Chris: So that "last chance" did work, Nigel.

Nigel: Yes, but Ophis was right. Cyta Velen has been destroyed.

Skipper: But what an adventure!

St. John: Well, I'm glad it's all over.

Flapper: I know what I'm going to be when I grow up.

Simon: What?

Flapper: An explorer. I'm going to explore all under the earth.

Big Sam: (*Smiling*). Well, if that's your life, you're welcome to it.

Chris: You may discover some more cities under the earth, Flapper. But none of us will ever see again Cyta Velen.

SONG 12 - FINALE

Skipper: *So to the City of Gold, we now must bid farewell.*

Smallpiece: *I shall chant a Requiem while Barney tolls the knell.*

Big Sam: *Never again shall I sail if the wind's above Force Two!*

Joe: *And please forget to take me if you ever do!*

Barney: *Now that the lighthouse has sunk, we're feeling most annoyed:*

Woolly: *They'll go back to school, but as for us, we're unemployed!*

(*indicating the Boys*)

Mark: *What do you think then, Papa? They could all give YOU a hand.*

(*To George*)

George: *Would you like to give up salty seas and farm dry land?*

(*To Lighthouse Keepers, who nod cheerfully in agreement*).

Simon: *We must return to the school*

St. John: *Oh, what a ghastly thought!*

Chris: *Nasty homework we'll forget*

Nigel: *With these two friends we've brought!*

Flapper: *I'm going to run far away and explore beneath the ground!*

Beacon: *I must dose him with red syrup - that'll calm him down!*

Bert: *If you just listen to me*

Omnes: *(Doing a "copper"):* *'Allo, 'allo, 'allo?*

Bert: *These two little orphans must be thought about, you know.*

Lily: *Isn't that just like a man? We'll adopt them both, my dear.
They can go in our spare bedroom.*

Bert: *That's a great idea!*

(BERT and LILY hold hands - for once they've agreed on something! They hold out their spare hands to the girls, who go to them).

Paul: *Now that the City's been drowned, we find it rather sad.*

Larry: *Many there were friendly; just a handful turned out bad.*

Merry: *Let's have a drink on the house, and banish all our cares,*

Alf: *For like all good stories, this one ends with happy pairs!*

(CHRIS is with VALUSIA, NIGEL with CHRYSTA in a little group at the side, BERT and LILY hold hands together, The Rev. BARTHOLOMEW SMALLPIECE has his hand on his son ST. JOHN'S shoulder, GEORGE TRECARON has his arm round MARK'S shoulder, and any remaining Cast pair off as convenient).

Omnes: *Turn of the Tide! Your daily ebb and flow
Bring in curious flotsam from the murky depths below
Us to intrigue; yet castles made of sand
Can be tumbled and forgotten as you sweep the land!*

*Cyta Velen! Thy shining hour is o'er;
All thy bright magnificence is gone for evermore.
Never again shall eyes thy grace behold,
But in Cornish legend, long will live the tale we've told!
But in Cornish legend, long will live the tale we've told!*

THE END

