

ACT FOUR

4.1

The sound of a protest throughout the scene.

Enter FREE-NEWSPAPER WOMAN, handing out papers to passing COMMUTERS, PROTESTERS, etc., throughout.

FREE-NEWSPAPER WOMAN.

Free Standard. Free Standard!

In times like this a paper feels absurd.

Unless we could reprint the articles

In every second, news contained in here

Is counted history. When King does march

And Parliament is forcibly dissolved

When Labour leader says we should remove

The King, and Tory says he isn't sure.

It's changing every second and my point of view

Is make him sign somehow and then we're done.

But I'm alone. Most people are enraged.

They march at day, and then at night they camp

Outside the Palace, shout against the King.

A MONARCHIST PROTESTER – *wearing country gear – tweed, and a flatcap, enters. She has a placard – 'God Save the King'. She has a bloody nose and is panicked – running away – looking round. Terrified.*

Although there's only a few thousand now,

The numbers grow. And sometimes there's a brave

Supporter of the King who tries to take

Them on and this has sparked some violence –

A roar of the crowd and a group of ANTI-MONARCHIST PROTESTERS storm the stage. The MONARCHIST panics, throws the banner to the ground and runs away. The ANTI-MONARCHISTS head off, in pursuit.

Another ANTI-MONARCHIST watches them go. He's wearing a 'V for Vendetta' mask, carrying a banner: 'Charles with a Hitler moustache. A slogan 'Charles Out'. He takes out a pre-rolled fag, puts it in his mouth without taking off the mask. A moment to himself.

But none of this is on page one.

Because in truth it's not much fun.

It takes up two to twenty-five

But visually the public's eye

They know will drift to this instead

A photo of a girl in bed.

The protester takes off the mask, and we see it's JESS.

Wait – do I know you?

JESS.

Don't think so –

FREE-NEWSPAPER WOMAN.

Yeah... wait...

She looks at the front page of her paper. Compares it. A few PROTESTERS walk past and stand in a circle.

Hang on – I do!

HARRY enters.

HARRY.

Hi.

JESS.

Oh... Oh come on! You can't be here. You might be lynched, on your own.

HARRY.

I'm not on my own.

JESS.

What?

HARRY.

Terry?