BEN SIDE 44

PLEASE READ ALL ROLES
THAT AREN'T PERCY AS
ONE CHARACTER

# **SCENE ELEVEN**

**Blakeney Estate: The Library** 

(As the lights come up, PERCY stands in his library, wearing an outrageous outfit. JESSUP enters.)

JESSUP
Sir- The gentlemen have been, readied.

PERCY
Send them in.

(JESSUP exits. DEWHURST, OZZY, ELTON, FARLEIGH, HAL AND BEN enter, wearing equally outrageous outfits.)

DEWHURST

Percy, really now-there is a limit.

PERCY

Patience, lads. There's a method to my madness.

**DEWHURST** 

But tis madness! Spies and cutthroats surround us and we play dress-ups?

PERCY

Precisely.

**FARLEIGH** 

Percy! I demand to know why I'm forced into this get-up! Upon leaving my house, the footman giggled- right in my face!

**ELTON** 

Well, I think it's rather nice for a change. Quite..summery.

**PERCY** 

Elton, sometimes you frighten me... But- we shall all continue to look "summery" for a while yet, boys. Desperate times call for desperate measures, what? We've been summoned to the palace.

BEN

The palace?

**FARLEIGH** 

By the *prince*?

## **PERCY**

Yes. He has his suspicions. If he finds us out, he'll shut us down straightaway. British-French relations are tenuous enough these days without rabble rousers runnin' about.

HAL

Is that what he calls us? Rabble Rousers?

#### **PERCY**

That is how he refers to "the Pimpernel and his men," whomever they might be. But he'll never think it's *us*, will he? Naturally not, for the mere mention of that scoundrel makes us...

ALL

..Swoon?

**END** 

## **PERCY**

Indeed! Such ruffians besmirch the very name of manhood. Nay, tis our duty as males not to rush to the battle, but to the tailor!

No. 12 THE CREATION OF MAN

(Percy, Ozzy Dewhurst, Elton, Farleigh, Hal & Ben)

Percy:

PEACOCKS!

Elton:

SINK ME!

Percy:

THINK YE, SIR,

HOW THOSE FEATHERED BOYS LOVE TO FLAUNT THEIR TAILS!

STALLIONS!

Farleigh:

ZOUNDS, SIR!

Percy:

HOUNDS, SIR! STAGS!

Dewhurst:

OF THE GOOSIE AND THE GANDER, SIR,

WHICH GENDER IS THE GRANDER, SIR?

Percy:

TO RENDER TOTAL CANDOR, SIR:

THE SPLENDOR IS THE MALE'S!

OZZY

But Percy, I simply can *not* hop about wearin' pink chiffon.

## **PERCY**

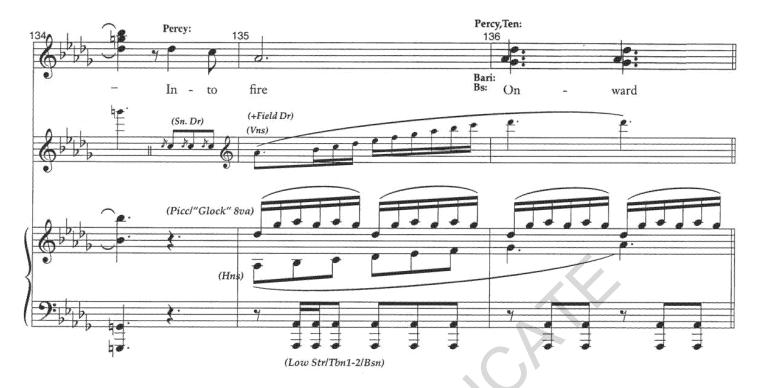
Ozzy, whatever we *must* do to deflect suspicion, we *shall* do- which in this case is.. to *shimmer*!

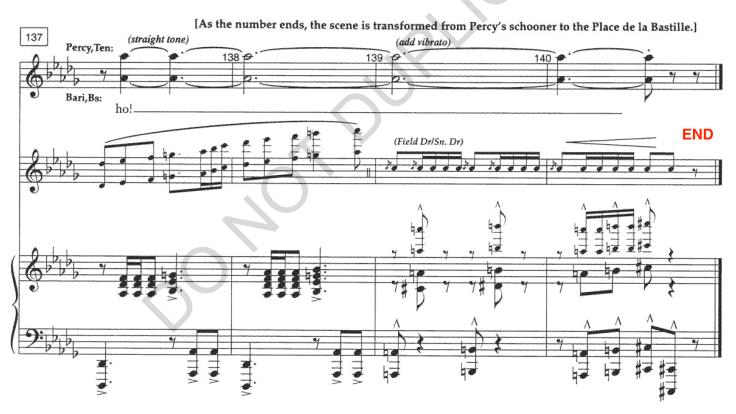












Applause segue