



by Ted Egan (as adapted by Maria Dunn & Wayne Richmond)

Cast of Characters (in order of appearance)

CHORUS	Jim Jones + 2-3 modern day children
JIM JONES	Poacher
MALE TEACHER/GUEST 1/JURY	Teacher in 1930s school + Trilby guest + Jury
MALE TEACHER/GUEST 2/JURY	Teacher in 1930s school + Trilby guest + Jury
FEMALE TEACHER/GUEST 1	Teacher in 1930s school + guest of Lord Trilby
FEMALE TEACHER/GUEST 2	Teacher in 1930s school + guest of Lord Trilby
LORD TRILBY/LORD CHIEF JUSTICE	Born to rule noble + Privileged from birth judge
LADY TRILBY	Born to rule wife of Lord Trilby
JURY	Miscellaneous men
MOLLY BROWN	Convict woman
MORAG McDONALD	Convict woman
BRIGID O'ROURKE	Convict woman
MEGAN RHYS	Convict woman
MICHAEL REIDY	Convict man
SOLOMON ABRAHAM/JURY	Convict man + Jury member
DOMINIC BOLTON/JURY	Convict man + Jury member
MARTIN COSGROVE/JURY	Convict man + Jury member
JAMIE	Convict child
GOVERNOR BRISBANE	Governor of NSW 1821-1825
GOVERNOR'S WIFE	Wife of Governor Brisbane
GOULBURN	Governor's aid
PASTOR ALGERNON	Nasty, bigoted, hypocritical pastor
ELIZABETH BOOTS (BESSIE)	The Matron
FLATTUM CYRUS FLYNN (FLOGGER)	The Commandant (a psychopath)
DOROTHY MCKELLAR	19 th /20 th century poet
HENRY LAWSON	19 th /20 th century poet
MARY GILMORE	19 th /20 th century poet
BANJO PATERSON	19 th /20 th century poet
ERIC BOGLE	20 th /21 st century songwriter

Props

Overture (2 min medley leading into opening song)

Act One

Scene One – Present Day

3-4 children are sitting amongst the audience.

JIM JONES *Comes in through the audience asking questions regarding background (to tune of 'Think of Me') (Song needed)*
Do you ever feel you're bound to this harsh land?
Do you ever find that hard to understand?
To know your background, learn your history.

He needs to get the audience thinking about where they have come from. The song could be all questions. Last verse is directed at the 2-3 kids who will be then taken on a time journey back to a 1930s classroom so he can explain the story.

Scene Two – a 1930s school classroom

Four teachers (two male, two female) are on stage and the kids from the 21st century sit in front of them as their pupils. Jim Jones stands to one side observing.

SONG: THE CONVICT STAIN

MALE TEACHER 1 Once upon a time out in Australia,
We had to be so careful what you knew.

FEM TEACHER 1 We couldn't have you tiny tots getting upset,
We couldn't have them reading "Who who who who who's who".

MALE TEACHER 2 No we must not have the little children worried,
That Grand-dad might have come out here in chains.

FEM TEACHER 2 Or that Grandma might have been a scarlet harlot,
Transported to Australia for the gains.

OTHER TEACHERS She means her pains.

FEM TEACHER 2 Transported to Australia for the gains.

ALL TEACHERS We knew we must abstain from refrains about 'The Stain'.
That most dreadful blot of all the Convict Stain.
Teach them of the kings and queens.
Don't forget the might-have-beens.
Concentrate on the In-be-tweens, but not the Convict Stain.

MALE TEACHER 1 So we did not teach you children any history,
Other than of English Kings and Queens;

FEM TEACHER 2 *And peasants who dutifully tugged their forelocks,
And Luddites marauding the machines.*

CHILD 1 *But what about the first fleet coming to Australia? (or a similar question)
The question is ignored and the song continues . . .*

FEM TEACHER 1 *The Romans as they came and saw and conquered.*

CHILD 2 *But what about? (another question – once again ignored)*

MALE TEACHER 2 *The Jutes and Anglo-Saxons and the Celts
Huns and Picts and Goths,*

CHILD 3 *But what about? (yet another question – once again ignored)
The children become increasingly frustrated at being ignored!*

FEM TEACHER 2 *And slippery slimy Sloths,*

MALE TEACHER 1 *And Boers who drank a laager on the veldts.*

ALL TEACHERS *We knew we must abstain from refrains about ‘The Stain’.
That most dreadful blot of all the Convict Stain.
Teach them of the kings and queens.
Don’t forget the might-have-beens.
Concentrate on the In-be-tweens, but not the Convict Stain.*

JIM JONES *(addressing the children’s questions)*

*If you want to know about the Convict Stain you will have to come back
to where it all started in England in 1820.*

Scene Three – England 1820 (Lord & Lady Trilby ‘At Home’)

Guests mingling, maid & butler serving. Music to set the scene. Perhaps ‘The Convict Stain’ played by string quartet/trio in classical style in ¾. Jim Jones leads the children in as they sit to side of action, watching.

Jim Jones has poaching gear. Music morphs into the beginning of ‘For the term of their natural lives’.

SONG: FOR THE TERMS OF THEIR NATURAL LIVES

During the course of this song the upperclass should be directing their comments (through action) about lower classes to the butler, the maid, Jim Jones and the children.

During the song the maid pinches something, the butler fiddles the books, and the boy Jamie takes food.

During the last chorus and/or tag music the upperclass finds out about the ‘crimes’ of the lower classes just committed and arrests & binds them.

LORD TRILBY *My Lords & my Ladies I crave your attention, I speak on the subject of crime.
There’s far too much of it & those who commit it are surely the curse of our time.*

LADY TRILBY We gentry and goodfolk just can't be affronted by all of those felons and crooks:
And robbers & poachers & harlots & varlets & swindlers who fiddle the books.

FEM GUEST 1 They're awful

FEM GUEST 2 They're vicious

MALE GUEST 1 They're excrementious, they're scum

MALE GUEST 2 And a damn they're not worth.

LORD TRILBY So I put it to you this verminous crew should be banned from the land of their
birth.
To the far-away ends of the earth we will send them;

FEM GUEST 2 A truly ingenious plan!

LADY TRILBY *(increased tempo)*
For the terms of their natural lives we'll transport them.
We'll send them as far as we can.

TRILBYS AND GUESTS *We'll send them away to Botany Bay
It's a truly ingenious plan.
For the terms of their natural lives we will send them,
We'll send them as far as we can.
We'll send them away to Botany Bay
It's a truly ingenious plan.
For the terms of their natural lives we will send them,
We'll send them as far as we can.*

MALE GUEST 1 The hulks and the prisons are full to the brim with criminals all doing time.
Hanging's much better,

FEM GUEST 1 But terribly messy

LADY TRILBY And doesn't deter them from crime.

MALE GUEST 2 And now we have all of these liberal thinkers who tell us to find a new way.

LADY TRILBY But surely the only commitment we have is to show them that crime doesn't pay.

MALE GUEST 1 Then we gentle good folk can start to enjoy, the rich life we really deserve.
For Lord only knows it's our God-given right, our truly blue-blooded preserve.

MALE GUEST 2 So none of this nonsense of all being equal and meek who'll inherit the earth.
Let's once & for all give the criminal class, the treatment we reckon they're worth.

TRILBYS AND GUESTS *We'll send them away to Botany Bay
It's a truly ingenious plan.
For the terms of their natural lives we will send them,
We'll send them as far as we can.
We'll send them away to Botany Bay
It's a truly ingenious plan.
For the terms of their natural lives we will send them,
We'll send them as far as we can.*

Scene Four – England 1820 (Court Room)

There is a bench for the Lord Chief Justice who enters wearing robes and wig and sits. Jury (guests from Scene Three + other misc males) are now the jury, sitting at one side. Jury can do a 'sitting down' dance to the chorus (bobbing up and down). If Judge is capable he can do a whirling dervish dance during the last chorus and then return to his bench to the applause of the jury.

SONG: THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

JUDGE I am the Lord Chief Justice most important man on earth.
Appointed by King George the Third and privileged from birth.
I run the Privy Council, I sit in the House of Lords.
And I know God bestows on me my fair share of rewards.
And that's as it should be, for nothing will deter me,
From bringing Truth and Justice to this mob.
I'm as happy as I can be, surely you can see,
The reason I was chosen for my job.

ALL UPPER CLASS *And that's as it should be, for nothing will deter him
From bringing Truth and Justice to this mob.
He's as happy as can be, and we can surely see,
The reason he was chosen for his job.*

JUDGE I went to school at Eton that was ever so jolly nice.
My school chums run the country and they take my good advice.
For the classes are ordained by God, it's only right he should,
In my role as Lord Chief Justice I work for the Common Good.

ALL UPPER CLASS *And that's as it should be, for nothing will deter him
From bringing Truth and Justice to this mob.
He's as happy as can be, and we can surely see,
The reason he was chosen for his job.*

BOY 2 But what about the poor?

JUDGE We'd be better off without them
Out of sight and out of mind so I don't have to think about them.

GIRL 1 And these convicts?

JUDGE Dear Lord! They're just a waste of space
It's my duty to remind them they're an absolute disgrace.

ALL UPPER CLASS *And that's as it should be, for nothing will deter him
From bringing Truth and Justice to this mob.
He's as happy as can be, and we can surely see,
The reason he was chosen for his job.*

JUDGE So in summary my dear friends, I want you all to know
Mutatis and mutandis, I'll extract a *quid pro quo*.
Let's keep on hunting foxes, shooting pheasants on the wing
Yes, I invite you, one and all, to join with me and sing.

ALL UPPER CLASS *And that's as it should be, for nothing will deter him
From bringing Truth and Justice to this mob.
He's as happy as can be, and we can surely see,
The reason he was chosen for his job.*

Music continues with dance routine. Music morphs to set the next song.

SONG: (SENTENCING SONG) *(loosely to the tune of 'Ne Plus Ultra')* **(New song)**

JUDGE Who is next?

JURY Molly Brown, London, thief.

JUDGE For your crimes, transportation to New South Wales for life.
What do you have to say for yourself?

SONG: (BUNCH OF DAMNED WHORES)

MOLLY Well my name's Molly Brown and I've been sent down
For pinching a gentleman's watch *(something rhyming with 'bay')*
So I'm sailing away from Southampton today,
Transported for life to Botany Bay.

SONG: (SENTENCING SONG) *(loosely to the tune of 'Ne Plus Ultra')*

JUDGE Send in the next one.

JURY Michael Reidy, Somerset, forger

JUDGE For your crimes, scum of the earth, transportation to New South Wales for life.
What do you have to say for yourself?

SONG: (SCUM OF THE EARTH)

MICHAEL REIDY I'm Michael Reidy, I am from Somerset, I must admit to my crime.
I forged my master's hand, changed a bank document,
Now I must serve penal time.
I'm not really a bad man, I thought it was fair,
That some of my master's vast wealth I could share.
All I can say is, I'll try to survive

Michael Reidy is led off as the music morphs back into Ne Plus Ultra.

SONG: (SENTENCING SONG) *(loosely to the tune of 'Ne Plus Ultra')*

JUDGE Who is next?

JURY NAME, SOMEWHERE, truant, trouble maker

JUDGE For your crimes, transportation to New South Wales for life.
What do you have to say for yourself?

SONG: (I DON'T EVEN KNOW)

JAMIE I am from a quite large family
I don't even know why I'm here in gaol.
I've never been to school at all
I've been mistreated since I was small
I stole a loaf of bread
To feed my poor family, my parents were dead.
From Newgate Prison, I was dragged that day
And now I'm being sent to Botany Bay.
*Sent in chains to Botany Bay, sent in chains to Botany Bay.
I leave behind my family and am sent in chains to Botany Bay.*

SONG: (SENTENCING SONG) *(loosely to the tune of 'Ne Plus Ultra')*

JUDGE Who is next?

JURY Jim Jones, Sussex, caught poaching

JUDGE For your crimes transportation to New South Wales for life.
What do you have to say for yourself?

SONG: (JIM JONES)

N.B. This song needs a first verse explaining who Jim was, why he stole, how poor he was etc. Song needs to be in a minor key.

JIM Oh listen for a moment lads, and hear me tell my tale;
How o'er the sea from these fair shores I am condemned to sail.
The jury says

JURY He's guilty sir!

JIM And says the Judge, says he:

JUDGE For life, Jim Jones, I'm sending you across the story sea.
And take my tip, before you ship, to join an iron gan.
Don't be too gay in Botany Bay, or else you'll surely hang.

JURY 'Or else you'll surely hang', says he
And after that, Jim Jones, high upon the gallows tree,
The crows will pick your bones.

JUDGE You'll have no chance for mischief there, remember what I say,
They'll flog the poaching hide off you
Out there in Botany Bay.

Jim Jones is joined by Molly Brown & Michael Reidy and Boy 1. Music morphs into the next song.

Scene Five – England 1820 (Southampton Docks)

How to set the scene?

SONG: GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

- JIM JONES Farewell to our loves and our kind relations
Farewell to the homes we love well
There is never an ending to our tribulations
For they've damned us like sinners to hell.
- ALL *Here's adieu, here's adieu to the green fields of England
Now we're parting from you.*
- MICHAEL REIDY The sweet fetters of love they are wrenching asunder
As they tear us from sweethearts and wives
For on some foreign shore we are sentenced to wander
In exile the rest of our lives
- MOLLY BROWN There's coiners and clippers and ladies of pleasure
Dicers and drunkards and whores
There's butchers and bakers who dealt in short measures
And a few who have broken no laws.
- ALL *Here's adieu, here's adieu to the green fields of England
Now we're parting from you.*
- JIM JONES There's cheats and cutpurses and rogues with no name
There's swindlers and sheep stealers bold
There's poor poaching fellows took nothing but game
And there's footpads took nothing but gold.
- BOY 1 Some of our number are handsome and hearty
Others the voyage will mend
But there's never a soul in our miserable party
Will live to see England again.
- ALL *Here's adieu, here's adieu to the green fields of England
Now we're parting from you.*
- ALL There's some who expected to go to the scaffold
There's others who sought to go free
But now one and all in the holds lie a shackled
And together must plough the salt sea.
- ALL *Here's adieu, here's adieu to the green fields of England
Now we're parting from you.*

End of Act One

Act Two

Scene One – Government House, Sydney

Governor Brisbane is arriving. Background noise of fireworks, brass band music (playing 'The Convict Stain'?), bells ringing, ship hooters, crowd noises, dogs barking, horses whinnying.

N.B. We need to establish that our convicts have now been in Australia for a couple of years. The maid and the butler are now working in the Governor's house. Also, somewhere in this scene there needs to be a reference to "not another bunch of damned whores!"

Perhaps the Flogger character could be replaced by Pastor Algernon? The pastors were pretty brutal.

Cucumber sandwiches are being handed out (a la what happened in England in Act One). The Governor's Aid, Goulburn, is showing the new Governor Brisbane around while introducing him to people. In the meantime, Jim Jones asks questions of the audience again (as in Act One).

JIM JONES *Comes in through the audience asking questions regarding background (to tune of 'Think of Me') (Song needed)*

What sort of questions?

SONG: WELCOME TO AUSTRALIA

GOULBURN *Here's Flattum Cyrus Flynn and he's in charge here
The Adjutant, he's been here seven years*

PASTOR
ALGERNON *Lord Governor, I'll show you around the Compounds
So you will understand this Vale of Tears
We've men and women prisoners of all backgrounds
They're just a bunch of blackguards, dark and mean
And the Indians, they hardly rate a mention
Before too long, they'll be no longer seen - oh, yes, indeed
Before too long they'll be no longer seen*

GOULBURN *Here's Elizabeth Myra Boots and she's the Matron
In charge of all the female lags*

BESSIE *A thankless task I'll tell you, if you please, Sir,
But my energy, you know, it never sags.
Their morals are appalling and their language
Would make a sailor blush and that is true
It surely is a trying task we're given
I'm always wondering what we're going to do – oh yes, indeed
I'm always wondering what we're going to do*

SONG: SOLUTIONS SONG (New song needed)

Song about the problems and possible solutions (perhaps suggested by Jim Jones to the

Governor?) Probably needs to be a new tune but could be same as above.

The Governor and his wife don't react straight away but later on their own but with a couple of 'ticket of leave' servants who could react to what is being said. They could talk about how they want to deal with the situation. These verses need to be fairly realistic – about rehabilitation, ticket of leave, emancipation etc. (not the 'release of the blacks' which didn't happen). It could be done as a conversation between the Governor & his wife.

Pastor Algernon & Bessie could interject during the above song with negative comments.

After this song Jim Jones suggests the Governor and his wife visit the female factory in Parramatta for themselves.

Scene Two – The Female Factory in Parramatta

Pastor Algernon is delivering a boring, scathing & condescending homile about how terrible it is that the women are all whores. Bessie is also there. The Governor and his wife, together with Goulburn come in just as the Pastor is finishing and the whores are flashing their bums to the Pastor. The Governor and his wife are ushered out hurriedly.

As Pastor Algernon is leaving, Bessie brings one of the whores to him. Pastor Algernon gives her some money and goes off with the whore.

CHILD 1 Why are you whores?

CHILD 2 Why are you such horrible people?

SONG: A BUNCH OF DAMNED WHORES

The words need to be changed a bit to suit where and when they actually are.

ALL OF THE
WHORES *We're a bunch of damned whores
And we never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention*

MOLLY BROWN *Me name's Molly Brown and I'm settling down
To this different country, it's not all that bad
I plan to get married as soon as I'm free here
Wedded to Michael, a lovable lad.
Our tickets of leave are due very soon
We hope to get our own land
Horses and sheep and tending the crops
I tell you, Australia is grand*

MORAG
MCDONALD *Morag McDonald, still very Scottish
I think of my home now and then
But the system's designed so the Sassenach gentry
Will never encounter our faces again
I'm promised to Solomon, he's quite a dasher*

A wide boy, but handsome and strong
Bit of a laugh and the odd "Ow's yer father? "
And the girls and me still sing our song

ALL OF THE
WHORES

*We're a bunch of damned whores
And we never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention*

BRIGID O'ROURKE

Brigid O'Rourke, not one to talk
But life, I'm finding's not bad over here
The weather and I, we're both doin' fine
My ticket of leave, it is due in a year
I now have my wonderful man to protect me
Martin and I, yes we'll earn our pay
Despite all the hardships and floggings that we've had
Old Ireland's a long way away

MEGAN RHYS

(Megan has a six year old child with her)

Yes I'm Megan Rhys, Cymraeg am byth
I am still missing my home far away
I'm now twenty three and soon I'll be free
My life's looking better and better each day
Dominic Bolton, he's my fiance
Yes he looks after my young child and me
We hope to have more, say two, three or four
Australia's a great place to be.

ALL OF THE
WHORES

*We're a bunch of damned whores
And we never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention*

ALL OF THE
WHORES

So smooth down your skirts, girls
Show 'em your class
Straighten your petticoats
Cover your arse
We'll show we still know 'em
For just what they are
They're the world's greatest bastards by far

ALL OF THE
WHORES

*We're a bunch of damned whores
And we never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention*

Scene Three – Where? *(Some place where the children would be)*

Bessie welcomes the Governor and his wife and then sings something to introduce the scene. Jim expl

SONG: BESSIE BOSSIE BOOTS *(VERSES ONLY)*

GIRLS
Garlands of flowers is what we all dream of
Pretty long dresses to make us look gay
Chocolates and cakes that's our fancy each evening
But all as we get at the end of each day
Is a flogging – and gruel
The system's so cruel
We don't now what our lives will bring
But one thing is sure
Our young hearts are pure
When we've finished work we all sing *(this line will need to be changed)*

GIRLS & BOYS?
Scrubbing and mopping, the work's never stopping
Mending and tending the goats and the sheep
Cooking and gardening and chopping the wood
Twelve hours work and just eight hours sleep
Then it's prayers, scrub the stairs
What a state of affairs
Who knows when the torment will end?
But one thing is sure Our young hearts are pure
And our spirits never will bend

The scene gets rowdy at the end causing the Governor and his wife to be once more ushered out. The song then morphs into a verse or two of:

SONG: IF EVER *(sung to the Chorus kids)*

GIRLS & BOYS
If ever, if ever we get out of here
We'll first of all have lots of currant buns
Loads and loads and loads of Christmas Cheer
Roast beef and vegetables by the tonnes
Custard tarts and juicy apple pies
Washed down with pints of ginger beer
Oh what a feast, what a beautiful feast
We'll have if we get out of here

If ever, if ever we get out of here
We'll bowl our hoops and skip around with joy
Leapfrog, running, hide and blooming seek
There'll be lots of fun for every girl and boy
We'll have ponies and kittens and other pets
Pillows and blankets, never fear
Oh what joy will surround our lives
All we need is to get out of here

Scene Four – Where? (*Some place where the men would be*)

The Flogger is in charge of the men and is abusing them. When the Governor arrives he sings about the ‘scum of the earth’ complaining to the Governor about how evil the men are and how the system will break them etc. He also asks what the Governor intends to do about second offenders (the reason Norfolk Island is re-opened as a penal colony).

SONG: (FLOGGER’S COMPLAINING SONG (*‘Welcome to Australia’* verse) + SCUM OF THE EARTH)

THE FLOGGER There is so much to learn about the convicts
The adults – completely beyond hope
They’re totally and utterly past redemption
They’d be better off a dancing from a rope

The Flogger & the Governor etc. freeze while Solomon sings:

SOLOMON
ABRAHAM Solomon Abraham, yes I’m light-fingered
I’m Jewish, a Cockney, a lad
I pinched a bar of gold
Then I got nabbed wiff it
That makes me terrible sad
I would have used the cash
Wisely and well
Made lots of poor folks feel ever so swell
Now the Old Beak has me marked as a failure
Off yer go, Solly, you’re bound for Australia (*this line will need to be changed*)

ALL MEN They all describe us as “Scum of the Earth”
Well, we’ve got some bad news for them
If they reckons they’ll beat us
Or try to defeat us
I’d say that their chances were slim, wouldn’t you?
I’d say that their chances were slim

THE FLOGGER (*more complaining song*)

DOMINIC BOLTON Dominic Bolton’s me name if you don’t mind
I stole a pistol, it’s true
I am from Lancashire
Son of a clergyman
I have a firm point-of-view
I am a Union man
Sworn to be free
Free from the masters who tyrannised me
My comrades and I have all sworn on oath
Our death or our glory, we’ll contemplate both

ALL MEN They all describe us as “Scum of the Earth”
Well, we’ve got some bad news for them
If they reckons they’ll beat us
Or try to defeat us
I’d say that their chances were slim, wouldn’t you?
I’d say that their chances were slim

THE FLOGGER *(more complaining song)*

DOMINIC BOLTON I'm Martin Cosgrove, I was a highwayman
I achieved national fame
I am an Irishman
Proud of my heritage
Proud of my fine irish name
I don't regret turning to crime
Bailing up Englishmen, had a good time
Very enjoyable task to be sure
Robbing the rich, to give to the poor

ALL MEN They all describe us as "Scum of the Earth"
Well, we've got some bad news for them
If they reckon they'll beat us
Or try to defeat us
I'd say that their chances were slim, wouldn't you?
I'd say that their chances were slim

THE FLOGGER *(more complaining song including "What are you going to do about repeat offenders?")*

GOVERNOR I'll re-open the penal colony on Norfolk Island. *(sung?)*

SONG: NE PLUS ULTRA

THE FLOGGER Ne plus ultra, Norfolk Island
No worse, there is none here on earth
The only thing you can be sure of
You'll be flogged at Norfolk Island
For all your worth.

You might get three hundred lashes
Here at Norfolk they know how to flog
Then they'll cut you down and salt you
They wouldn't even do that
To a mad dog.

FLOGGER &
SOLDIERS *For the triangles are ready, waiting
And the scourger's there, salivating
Ready to strip the flesh from off your frames
Every Norfolk lag
Knows the crankmill and the gag
You're only a statistic
A pawn in England's games*

THE FLOGGER

You might well at Norfolk Island
Be appointed killer of your mate
So you can be sent to Sydney
Swinging from a hempen rope is
Much the better fate

Once you get to Norfolk Island
You might worry that you won't survive
But when they have finished flogging
You will only feel despondent
That you are still alive

FLOGGER &
SOLDIERS

*For the triangles are ready, waiting
And the scourger's there, salivating
Ready to strip the flesh from off your frames
Every Norfolk lag
Knows the crankmill and the gag
You're only a statistic
A pawn in England's games*

FLOGGER &
SOLDIERS

Ne plus ultra, Norfolk Island
No worse, there is none here on earth!

End of Act Two

Interval

Act Three

Scene One – Government House, Sydney 1825

Governor Brisbane is leaving. An official, formal gathering to celebrate their leaving.

SONG: (GOVERNOR LEAVING SONG) (NEW SONG NEEDED)

The Governor sings about the future of the colony. How there are more free settlers/emancipated convicts than actual convicts. How the colony will be built on the backs of these former felons. Ticket of Leave, 'opening up the country' etc.

SONG: A BUNCH OF DAMNED WHORES (PART 2)

- ALL *We're a bunch of damned whores
And we never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention*
- MOLLY BROWN Me name's Molly Brown and I'm settling down
To this different country, it's not all that bad
I plan to get married as soon as I'm free here
Wedded to Michael, a lovable lad.
Our tickets of leave are due very soon
We hope to get our own land
Horses and sheep and tending the crops
I tell you, Australia is grand
- MORAG
MCDONALD Morag McDonald, still very Scottish
I think of my home now and then
But the system's designed so the Sassenach gentry
Will never encounter our faces again
I'm promised to Solomon, he's quite a dasher
A wide boy, but handsome and strong
Bit of a laugh and the odd "Ow's yer father?"
And the girls and me still sing our song
- ALL *We're a bunch of damned whores
And we never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention*
- BRIGID O'ROURKE Brigid O'Rourke, not one to talk
But life, I'm finding's not bad over here
The weather and I, we're both doin' fine
My ticket of leave, it is due in a year
I now have my wonderful man to protect me
Martin and I, yes we'll earn our pay

Despite all the hardships and floggings that we've had
Old Ireland's a long way away

MEGAN RHYS

Yes I'm Megan Rhys, Cymraeg am byth
I am still missing my home far away
I'm now twenty three and soon I'll be free
My life's looking better and better each day
Dominic Bolton, he's my fiancé
Yes he looks after my young child and me
We hope to have more, say two, three or four
Australia's a great place to be.

ALL

*We're a bunch of damned whores
And we never wear drawers
And they say we're the cause of dissension
But none of your fuss
Before you judge us
There's a few things that we'd like to mention*

SONG: SCUM OF THE EARTH (PART 2)

ALL MEN

*They all describe us as "Scum of the Earth"
Well, we've got some bad news for them
If they reckon they'll beat us
Or try to defeat us
I'd say that their chances were slim, wouldn't you?
I'd say that their chances were slim*

MICHAEL REIDY

I'm Michael Reidy, loving Australia
Having a pretty good time
This country's different
But I'm feeling good
And the weather is just so sublime
I've got me eye, on Miss Molly Brown
She's a good woman, she won't let me down
Ticket-of-leave soon and I'll do me best
God bless Australia, to hell with the rest

SOLOMON
ABRAHAM

Solomon Abraham, still just a wide boy
Morag and I are betoven
Us Jews and the Scots, we're ever so canny
Financial skills interwoven
Australia's got room to move, that's rather nice
Ever so glad I took the advice
Of the Old Judge who deemed me a terrible failure
Thank you Lord, my reward, is to come to Australia.

ALL MEN

*They all describe us as "Scum of the Earth"
Well, we've got some bad news for them
If they reckon they'll beat us
Or try to defeat us
I'd say that their chances were slim, wouldn't you?
I'd say that their chances were slim*

DOMINIC BOLTON Dominic Bolton, looking for freedom here
Once I get rid of these chains
My girl Megan Rhys, she's one of God's Police
She sings all those great Welsh refrains
We plan to marry, have lots of kids
Hopefully start a small farm
Raise a nice family, solid Australians
Please God, He'll keep us from harm

MARTIN
COSGROVE I'm Martin Cosgrove, I'm not too Godly
I've had a flogging or three
They don't like us Irish, the feeling is mutual
English do nothing for me.
So I have teamed up with Brigid O'Rourke
I call her Mavourneen, she's from County Cork
My bailing up days are a thing of the past
But I wouldn't mind giving that old Judge a blast

ALL MEN *They all describe us as "Scum of the Earth"*
Well, we've got some bad news for them
If they reckon they'll beat us
Or try to defeat us
I'd say that their chances were slim, wouldn't you?
I'd say that their chances were slim

JIM JONES *Jim provides his chorus kids with the names of some famous/significant
Australians who had/have convict ancestors.*

Scene Two – the 1930s school classroom

Four teachers (two male, two Fem) are on stage and the kids from the 21st century sit in front of them. Jim Jones stands to one side observing as before.

SONG: THE CONVICT STAIN

MALE TEACHER 1 But now, na-now, na-now, now things are different
The time has come for us to wield the whips
We'll have a go, we'll give the Poms some curry
Let's lambast them with our quaint colonial quips
We've done an Antipodean volte face
We feel that we're just like the best of wines
Selected by the noblest English judges
And put down to mature for a time

ALL TEACHERS *We knew we must abstain from refrains about 'The Stain'.
That most dreadful blot of all the Convict Stain.
Teach them of the kings and queens.
Don't forget the might-have-beens.
Concentrate on the In-be-tweens, but not the Convict Stain.*

FEM TEACHER 1 Uncorked, unfettered now we're free
 We'll show the world Australia, culturally,
 We're into stubbies, tubes and thongs
 And esoteric songs
 About chundering in the old Pacific Sea
 Everyone's a putative First Fleeter
 A convict background's obviously a must
 Everyone's great-grandma stole an apple
 A handkerchief, a shilling or a crust

MALE TEACHER 2 People fight to check through all the archives
 Of England Ireland Scotland or of Wales
 To learn about the various situations
 That caused our ancestors to leave the rails – oh no, not that
 That caused our ancestors to leave the rails

ALL TEACHERS *So join with me, in singing this refrain
 Forgive old Mother England all the pain
 The Union Jack still waves on high
 For English knighthoods we still vie
 Oh we're very Dinki-Di
 Despite The Convict Stain.*

JIM JONES *Jim does some kind of summing up to the audience.*

SONG: THINK OF ME

JIM JONES It was I who built the bridges and the roads
 It was I who carried all those heavy loads
 It was I, transported on the stormy sea
 It was I, I was you, and you are me

Do you ever feel you're bound to this harsh land?
 Do you over find that hard to understand?
 To know your background learn your history
 Think of me, for I was you and you are me

ALL *I am every single convict sent in chains
 I endured the torture
 And I suffered endless pains
 I'm the withered branch upon your family tree
 So think of me, for I was you and you are me.*

JIM JONES When the floggers bared my shoulders to the bon
 When my screams and sobs had faded to a moan
 They salted down my wounds, then let me be
 It was I and I was you and you are me

When you see the gracious buildings that I made
 The churches where the guards and soldiers prayed
 Where I was dragged to curse my misery
 Think of me, for I was you and you are me.

ALL *I am every single convict sent in chains
I endured the torture
And I suffered endless pains
I'm the withered branch upon your family tree
So think of me, for I was you and you are me.*

SONG: CURRENCY LADS & LASSES/GREEN & GOLD

ALL We're the Currency Lads and Lasses
In the land where we belong
Let the poets tell our story
Let the singers sing our song

ALL *Let's teach our children of our land
Let the prosperous times begin
Never more will we be treated
As a nation linked with sin
For we've finally won our battle
Turned the convict ships away
Restore her ancient grandeur
The place called Botany Bay*

ALL We're the Currency Lads and Lasses
In the land where we belong
Let the poets tell our story
Let the singers sing our song

DOROTHY
MCKELLAR I love a sunburnt country
A land of sweeping plains
Of ragged mountain ranges
Of droughts and flooding rains

ALL We're the Currency Lads and Lasses
In the land where we belong
Let the poets tell our story
Let the singers sing our song

HENRY LAWSON Australia, Australia, so fair to behold
While the blue sky is arching above
The stranger should never have need to be told
That the wattle bloom means that her heart is of gold
And the waratah's red with her love.

ALL We're the Currency Lads and Lasses
In the land where we belong
Let the poets tell our story
Let the singers sing our song

MARY GILMORE I'm old, Botany Bay
Stiff in the joints
Little to day
I am the one who paved the way
That you might walk at your ease today.

ALL We're the Currency Lads and Lasses
In the land where we belong
Let the poets tell our story
Let the singers sing our song

BANJO PATERSON I see the vision splendid
Of the sunlit plains extended
And at night the wondrous glory
Of the everlasting stars

ALL We're the Currency Lads and Lasses
In the land where we belong
Let the poets tell our story
Let the singers sing our song

ERIC BOGLE I'm drowning in the sunshine
As it pours down from the skies
There's something stirring in my heart
Bright colours fill my eyes
As from here to the horizon
Your beauty does unfold
And oh, you look so lovely
Dressed in green and gold.

ALL Oh, you look so lovely
Dressed in green and gold.

ALL Let's teach our children of our land
Let the prosperous times begin
Never more will we be treated
As a nation linked with sin
For we've finally won our battle
Turned the convict ships away
Restore her ancient grandeur
The place called Botany Bay
For we've finally won our battle
Turned the convict ships away
Restore her ancient grandeur
To the place called Botany Bay

SONG: BALLS & CHAINS

- ALL
Beneath the Southern Cross
We will know freedom
We'll break the chains
We'll link our names to liberty
Beneath the Southern Cross
We'll swear to honour
This sacred pledge
We'll never bow to tyranny
- MEN
*The balls and the chains, they are forsaken
The Cat and the Rope are put aside
We are free. We love this land Australia
Our children will inherit it with pride*
- WOMEN
(sung with the men's chorus)
*The balls and the chains, they are forsaken
The Cat and the Rope are put aside
Australia is a better land, we love our freedom here
Our children will inherit it with pride*
- ALL
Beneath the Southern Cross
We will remember
The Australians
Who were here the first of all
Beneath the Southern Cross
We'll always treasure
The wisdom they bestow
They still stand tall
- The balls and the chains, they are forsaken . . .*
- Beneath the Southern Cross
We'll sing of freedom
And the future
We will face with dignity
Beneath the Southern Cross
We'll show compassion
To those who are
Less fortunate than we
- The balls and the chains, they are forsaken . . .*
- MEN
*The balls and the chains, they are forsaken
The Cat and the Rope are put aside – FOREVER!
We are free. We love this land Australia
Our children will inherit it with pride*
- WOMEN
(sung with the men's chorus)
*The balls and the chains, they are forsaken
The Cat and the Rope are put aside – FOREVER!
Australia is a better land, we love our freedom here
Our children will inherit it with pride*

Finç