

THE BARBICAN AND THE HOE – AUDIO PLAY #2

PIRATE OF PLYMOUTH - PART II

performed by Laura (Fiona)

We are in the Elphinstone Car Park, 300 years ago.

FIONA is above GEORGIA'S Tavern lying in the lower tier of a bunk bed.

We hear her inner monologue as she plans her next heist.

Perhaps there are dream-like sound effects to accompany the planning.

FIONA: Two pounds for the horse.
Forty pennies for the room.
A shilling for breakfast.
Hmm...
By my count, that leaves two-thousand three hundred and nineteen pounds, eight shillings and a penny.
I could retire with that.
Buy a house.
Two houses.
I could buy a house for my horse and have money left over to buy my horse's house a house.
I have enough in the trunk to never commit an act of piracy again.
But when you love what you do, it isn't work, right?
So let's get down to planning.
Alright Fiona, think.
Who's the richest man in Plymouth?
Probably... Richard the Shipsmith. Must be.
He's got lots of fingers in lots of pies.
And if pies are boats, Plymouth's a pie producer's paradise.
Problem is, if he's out of business,
I'd be out of luck if I wanted another custom built craft.
Which, after this haul, I will want - and fast.
Okay - what about the second richest?
There's Penelope Pontegruit - but I'll leave her treasure to some other sea dog.
I've gone this long without robbing from a woman - I can go a little further.
Us girls gotta stick together - even if she was born with a silver spoon, ladle and saucepan in her mouth.
That leaves Count Luscombe.
With his little empire of colourful houses for spenny tourists to peer from the tops of.
Seems like a fitting target.
His vault will be in his house.
And I presume he'll have one guard outside and more patrolling the corridors.
Easy.
Under cover of night, I'll hop across the rooftops to reach his fancy balcony.
Tie a rag around my fist and shatter part of the door to reach the door handle.

This will attract attention. So as soon as I sneak inside I'll hide.
But then they'll start searching... hmm...
Aha! I'll hire a local urchin to throw stones at the house while I enter!
Then they'll think that they caused the crash and chase after them, leaving me to explore.
It won't take more than a few minutes to find the safe.
All these posh blokes are the same - either they hide it behind a portrait of themselves or a bookshelf with a hidden lever. They never learn.
Before I crack the lock with my trusty lockpick, I'll try the codes 123 and 999, just in case.
I'll pocket the coins and heft that ruby-eyed bust he has of himself into my sack.
Then all I need to do is sneak back out and we're home free - back out onto the seven seas.
There is of course, the issue of revenge. The Count is a cruel man, and will no doubt send some bounty hunters out to hunt me.
So I'll do what I always do. Spread some lies.
I'll start a rumour that during the heist, I got in a fight with a guard, and that in the sword fight that followed, they were chopped into slices.
No - that's not gory enough - how about diced?
Diced into little meat cubes!
That's it!
Phew, what a plan - sometimes I impress myself.