

SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

OR

The fortunes and misfortunes of
a lady punter.

A Ballad Opera

Music by Nick Bicât

Words by Tony Bicât

Story by Nick Pitts-Tucker.

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CAST

LADY MARY HERBERT - The Punter, eldest daughter of the Third Earl of Powys.

LADY ANNE CARRINGTON - Her Aunt a savvy gambler.

MR JOHN LAW - Scots Economist. Founder of the Banque Royale & protégé of the Regent of France,

BEAU GAGE - Joseph Gage, English, third son of a Sussex family, known for his fashion sense, a long time friend of Law.

MISS OLIVE TRANT - Mistress to Regent of France & Others.

THE DUKE OF CHANDOS - James Bridges, British Aristocrat.

MR RICHARD CANTILLON - Irish Entrepreneur & banker

GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL German Composer and impresario.

MR JOHN GAY - An unfortunate Librettist!

SIR ISAAC NEWTON - Controller of Currency and discoverer of gravity. (Again Member of Chorus)

THE PAGE, John Law's servant.

CHORUS

SETTING

TIME THE EARLY YEARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

PLACE GHENT, PARIS, LONDON:

ACT ONE

Prologue

Scene 1 The Library at the Reform.

Scene 2 A convent in Ghent 1710.

Scene 3 Paris!

Scene 4 Paris, at the gaming tables.

Scene 5 Paris, in the Irish Pub - Les Oies Sauvage.

Scene 6 Paris, the British Ambassador's residence 1718.

ACT TWO

Scene 7 Cannons, the Duke of Chandos House, near London.

Scene 8 London, Garraway's Coffee House.

Scene 9 The Street near Garraway's.

Scene 10 St Paul's Church.

Scene 11 The Street near Garraway's.

Scene 12 Paris - Le Café Procope.

Finale.

PROLOGUE

Law enters first and is not fully costumed as yet. Lines of the song are passed among the characters, who each enter as they begin to sing, both introducing themselves and setting the tone of the ballad idiom.

LAW: Our story has a moral and a twist in its tail
Of money and banks and a stock that failed.
Our punter Mary Herbert played a huge part in it
This is the saga of a girl of great spirit.

Her Catholic family had backed the wrong side
King George had succeeded, a German tide
Swept King James and the Jacobites into the bin
To restore her Fortune, Lady Mary must win.

LAW & MARY: So welcome to the Bubble that grows and grows
And fortunes rise to reach the stars
Duchesses, Dukes and the Bank of France
Entrepreneurs and card-savvy aunts.
You must double up, fold or twist
When you shuffle with the Scots economist.

LAW: An English Rose with unusual talents
She shone like a star in Parisian salons.

GAGE: Quick witted, she outran a host of suitors

ANNE: And the gambling tables were her tutors.

LAW: Belle, Faro and Basset were the start

ANNE: But pretty soon Lady Mary learned the art

GAGE: Of how to spot which risks to take
When to tell true and when to fake.

L,G,A & M: So welcome to the Bubble that grows and grows
 And fortunes rise to reach the stars
 Duchesses, Dukes and the Bank of France
 Entrepreneurs and card-savvy aunts.
 You must double up, fold or twist
 When you shuffle with the Scots economist.

LAW: She was not alone, many friends were at the game
 John Law (He bows)

GAGE: Beau Gage.

A & M: And many a famous name

GAGE: Duke Chandos in England

LAW: Duc d'Orleans in France

GAGE: Staked shirt

LAW: Or chemise

A & M: On this grand game of chance.

LAW: With the highest class of punters now on board
 Speculation like a wild fire roared
 Till the blue aprons caught the song
 Forgot their common sense and were swept along.

CHORUS: So welcome to the Bubble that grows and grows
 And fortunes rise to reach the stars
 Duchesses, Dukes and the Bank of France
 Entrepreneurs and card-savvy aunts.
 You must double up, fold or twist
 When you shuffle with the Scots economist.

LAW: (Rapid recitative)
 If people want progress they need motivation
 Gambling, slave trading and stock speculation

Corruption itself can make the hive thrive
The good and the bad keep each other alive.

L,G,M & A: Mark this tale well it might be the foundation
Of progress and commerce and this Great Nation.

ALL: So welcome to the Bubble
That grows and grows
As fortunes rise to reach the stars
Duchesses, Dukes and the Bank of France
Entrepreneurs and card-savvy aunts
You must double up, fold or twist
Mortgage the castle and read my lips
Up the ante and buy more chips
When you shuffle with the Scots economist.

All exit, save Law. His Page enters bringing
the rest of his costume.

SCENE 1.

The Page helps Law on with his costume until they are both fully costumed for the period. Law talks, as the page hands him bits of costume. He also thrusts papers for him to sign. Law scans these in a perfunctory manner. He signs as he talks to the audience.

LAW: John Law at your service, a simple Scots economist. Born in Edinburgh and christened a few feet from my cradle. I could number before I could read. As a schoolboy I was always what they called in the auld Scots a canny gemster. I could calculate the odds on a game of marbles age six. Here in France I have a few titles - here you read them.

He hands the list to the page who reads, as Law adjusts his cravat etc.

PAGE: Marquis d'Effiat, Charleval and Toucy, Compte de Tancarville and Valencay, Chamberlin and hereditary constable of Normandy, Baron de La Riviere, Seigneur de Gerponville, Saint-Suplix, Roissy, Orcher and Guermantes and proprietor of Arkansas in the New World. de Ferry, Dujardin, Annington, Wilmot, Hamilton, Gardiner, Hamden -

LAW: Enough. I'm both founder and Governor of The Banque de France financial advisor to Phillipe duc d'Orleans - the Prince Regent. The king you see is a child, - a newborn babe. But we must crack on, we have a story to tell -

Sacred music starts off stage and ANNE, MARY and the ABBESS enter. The page hands them costumes, holds mirror for them etc.

LAW: (Continues) It's the year of our Lord 1710, and we are in the Low Countries. The Abbess of the Convent of Ghent is about to send Lady Mary into the world with her blessing. (To Page) Well don't just stand there, get the sign.

As the sacred music builds, the Page runs off and returns with sign. He makes a tour showing it off to the audience before placing it front of the band. It reads -

A Convent in Ghent.

SCENE 2: 1710 The Chapel of a convent in Ghent

The music swells and the convent is filled with singing nuns. The ABBESS stands before MARY and her aunt ANNE

CHORUS: Magnificat anima mea Dominum;
 Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo,
 Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae;
 ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.
 Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est,
 et sanctum nomen ejus,
~~Et misericordia ejus a progenie~~
~~in progenies timentibus eum.~~
~~Fecit potentiam in bracchio suo,~~
~~Dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.~~
~~Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.~~
~~Esurientes implevit bonis, et divites dimisit inanes.~~
~~Suscepit Israel, puerum suum,~~
~~recordatus misericordiae suae,~~
~~Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,~~
~~Abraham et semini ejus in saecula.~~
~~Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto,~~
~~sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper:~~
~~et in Saecula saeculorum. Amen.~~

ABBESS: Go child, Lady Mary, Go into the World.
 Remember these days as your Fortunes unfold.
 You're high born, good looking, you'll do great things.
 You could marry an Earl or a Duke or even a King!

MARY: Oh World, O World, I want to explore you

Away from these cloistered walls.
What makes things hum? What drives the Hive?
What schemes, what fancies make us come alive?

ANNE: That head of yours hums like a hive full of bees,
Building a palace for their Royal Queen!
But will you be that Queen? I cannot tell.
With palace and kingdom and riches as well?

MARY: Lady Carrington, Aunt, Dearest Anne!
We've both taken everything as far as we can
Your husband you've ridden into the ground
But we have each other and our friendship is sound.

ANNE: Dutch, French and English
You write very well.

BOTH: When most of our sex were never taught to spell.

ANNE: I'll be your Hecuba

MARY: And I your Hector

ANNE: The bravest of heroes.

MARY: My fearless protector!

BOTH: Fighting our battles in a man's world
Two well-rigged ships with our sails unfurled
To Paris we'll go, play the gambling tables

MARY: You a merry widow.

ANNE: And you fancy free.

BOTH: Lay bets and lovers as we slip our cables
Triumphant together on life's open sea!

BOTH: (Shout) To Paris!

SCENE 3. PARIS 1710.

Music intro, as the Page changes the sign. The new sign reads **PARIS**.

LAW & CHORUS: [SING]

Great numbers throng this fruitful Hive
And endeavour to supply
Each others' lust and vanity
To make the city thrive.

The Smart with stocks and little pain
Jump into profit and great gain
The Dull in hard laborious trades
Are condemned to scythes and spades
Are condemned to scythes and spades.

LAW: The Common Crowd choose mystery
Preferring it to history
In Gay Paree false prophets thrive
As rumours buzz around the Hive.

Influencers, parasites, fashionable analysts
Pickpockets, bit-coiners, dubious economists!
The best and worst of this great city
Throw their knickers into the kitty
Some in front and some behind
Their writhing limbs all intertwined.

CHORUS: Thus, tho' each part is full of vice
Yet The Whole is Paradise!
The Good, the Bad, the Ugly too
Make millions in this stew.

So Virtue has from Politicks
Learned many thousand knavish tricks
While Crime and Lust do dance and thrive
Mid the blessings of the Hive
Mid the blessings of the Hive.

SCENE 4: The Fashionable Heart of Paris at the gaming tables.

The Page sets the card table and two chairs as Law enters with GAGE. Lady Mary and Lady Anne play. Betting gold Louis d'Or. Law and Gage observe.

ANNE: You cut.... I deal...

She indicates she will sit where Mary is sitting.
They change.

MARY: (Sitting) Première de Partie!

Anne deals two piles of six to each of them.

ANNE: (SOTTO VOCE) Twelve/twelve.....

MARY: Let's up the stakes. One Louis per 10 points?

Anne counts out as she deals

ANNE: Louis d'Argent or Louis d'Or?

MARY: Louis d'Or, every time!

ANNE: Now the Talon.

Anne organises the stack of remaining cards six on top at a right angle to remaining four. They examine their cards.

ANNE: Point of Five.

MARY: Good.

ANNE: Point of Four.

MARY: Not good.

ANNE: Five points for me, nul for you. My sequence is Quint.

They note? Then they each discard and pick.

ANNE: Sequence of five.

MARY: How high?

ANNE: Jack!

MARY: Show me.

She does.

MARY: Hah I have Quatorze four Kings 40 points! So, dear Aunt, forty-four points to your Nil. Repique! Sixty plus! That's 94! This is going to be an expensive night for you!

They play on silently - single tricks.

GAGE: Who is that angel at the card table?

LAW: I know her.

GAGE: You know her!

LAW: I met her in Ghent, in a convent.

GAGE: A convent! In paradise surely - such an angel.

LAW: Not again Gage!

They approach the card players.

ANNE: Mr Law.

LAW: Lady Anne, Lady Mary may I present my friend Joseph Gage.

ANNE: The Sussex Gages?

Gage nods. Lady Anne hisses an aside.

The third son, good family poor prospects -

LAW: (Hears) But the height of fashion Beau Gage.

MARY: Enchanté

She holds out her hand, he takes it as if it was the Holy Grail. Quite unable to speak, he stares at Lady Mary smitten. A beat. Lady Mary becomes impatient, seems about to take it away. He remembers and kisses it reverently.

LAW: But why are you playing Piquet? A nursery game, played for sweeties.

Mary rakes in her Louis d'Or as if in answer to Law.

LAW (Cont) With such beauty and such skill you ladies should be playing Basset.

MARY: Basset?

LAW: Alas only the wealthiest and most noble are permitted to play - the stakes are too high for the lower orders, the blue matrons and, it goes without saying, the blue aprons, Moreover English title's don't count.

ANNE: Typical!

LAW: You need permission from Phillipe, Duc d'Orleans the Regent, as the founder of the Banque Royale, I can get that for you.

ANNE: The Banque Royale?

He produces a fistful of paper.

LAW: We keep your gold safe and give you paper. All this gold you win at cards is a bore! So easy to steal. So hard to cram in your reticule... leave it in the King's bank backed by his sovereign word - safe.

He grabs a stack of Louis from the table. He holds these in one hand and the paper in the other.

LAW: Paper, gold they may not weigh the same but they are the same. Except that paper money is more nimble and what's more it makes more money. How many ships Gage?

GAGE: In the year before you started the Banque Royale only two ships laden with exports left French ports.

LAW: And last year?

GAGE: Two hundred ships sailed for the Americas and the Indies.

LAW: That is what paper money does. Imagine ladies 200% profit.

ANNE: Two hundred percent!

LAW: With ladies like you on the prow. Why, the sky's the limit, and at anytime you can exchange your paper for gold. Listen, I need your help.

MARY: To do what?

ANNE: We know nothing of trade.

LAW: (Laughs) I am not asking you to get your hands dirty. You will play Basset with the bluest blood. You will shine in the highest circles in the land. You will be the influencers. As they follow Gage in fashion -

Gage preens.

LAW (Continues): So they will follow you in speculation. Beauty and brains unbeatable. I'll go and see the Regent straight away!

MARY: It sounds like fun.

ANNE: You certainly have a silver tongue Mr Law ---

GAGE: (Interrupts) Wait!

The others stare at him.

GAGE: I have never seen such a vision of loveliness as you Lady Mary. You have stolen my heart. Allow me to lay a song I wrote but yesterday at the altar of your beauty.

LAW: (Sotto Voce) For God's Gage not now.

But Gage is unstoppable

GAGE: About a Queen. A Queen of ancient times, with whom you do compare. Dido, Queen of Carthage, beloved by Aeneas the Roman hero.

Gage tries to sell this song to the Audience and the Chorus. He has success with the Chorus but the main characters are stunned.

GAGE: (Sings) When Dido was a Carthage Queen

She loved a Roman Knight
Who sailed about from coast to coast
Of mettle brave in fight.

As they together hunting rode,
The thunderous skies did weep
Which drove them to a cave
Where wild beasts might sleep

CHORUS: Where wild beasts might sleep.

There Aeneas with all his charms
Took fair Dido in his arms
And got what he would have
Dido her Hymen's rites forgot.
Her Love was won in Haste.
Her Honour she considered not
But in her breast him placed

CHORUS: But in her breast him placed.

Now when their love was just begun
Great Jove sent down his son
To fright Aeneas' sleep
And cruelly make him steal away.
Poor Dido wept, but what of that?
The Gods would have it so
Aeneas did no wrong
For 'twas Jove who made him go.

CHORUS: Aeneas did no wrong

For 'twas Jove who made him go.

Cease lovers your vows to keep
Just let them go and let them weep
'Tis folly to be true
Let this comfort serve its turn
Let poor wretched Dido learn
Tis truly folly to be true
Next day she'll court anew.

ALL: Next day she'll court anew.

By the end of the song, the Chorus are in full flood and Gage is on his knees before Lady Mary but she alas remains unmoved. She exits and then all exit.

Two members of the Chorus remove the table and others any unnecessary chairs.

SCENE 5: Paris, the Irish Pub "The Wild Geese"

Music intro. The Page enters with a large tankard of Guinness. Again he shows it off to the audience.

PAGE: An Irish Pub in Paris. Don't ask me, I didn't write this stuff. He takes a swig and exits.

A wild burst of raucous Irish music from the assembled enthusiastic patrons. In a dramatic musical contrast to Dido & Aeneas, Cantillon leads the men of the Chorus in this bawdy song.

CANTILLON: There were three travellers, travellers three,
And they would go travel the North Country.
They travelled east and they travelled west
Wherever they came to, they drank of the best.
At length by good fortune they came to an inn
Where they were as merry as e'er they had been.
A jolly young widow did smiling appear
Who dressed them a banquet of delicate cheer.

CHORUS: With a hey ho lay me down derry,
Lay me down derry down doh!

John Law re-enters with Mary and Anne, they watch.
Anne is faintly shocked, Mary tapping her feet and
half-joining in at one point

CANTILLON: They called for liquor both beer, ale and wine
And everything else that was curious and fine
The hostess, her maid and her cousin all three,
They kissed and were merry as merry could be.
Now when they'd been merry for most of the day
They called their hostess to know what to pay.
'There's thirty good shillings and sixpence' she cried.
They told her: 'You'll soon be well satisfied!'

CHORUS: With a hey ho lay me down derry,
Lay me down derry down doh!

CANTILLON: The handsomest man of the three then stood up
Laid her on her back and gave her a tup
The middle most man to her cousin then went
She was more than willing and gave her consent.
The last man of all took up with the maid
And when they were done the bill was all paid!
The hostess said: 'Welcome, Gentlemen all
Should you chance to come this way, be pleased to call!

CHORUS: With a hey ho lay me down derry,
Lay me down derry down doh!

ANNE: Why do you bring us to this place to hear this filth, and
who are these people?

CANTILLON: (Bowling low) We're the Wild Geese, ma'am.

MARY: Geese!

CANTILLON: Good Catholic Gentry driven out of Ireland by the
Protestants in 1690 forced to live on our wits. We are
Entrepreneurs.

ANNE: Entrepreneurs?

Cantillon with a flourish produces his pamphlet and
hands it to her.

CANTILLON: Read it, it explains the social order.

ANNE: (Waving it away) There is nothing an Irishman can teach
me about the Social Order.

CANTILLON: (To Anne) You can read? Only with you well-born English
ladies you never know.

Mary snatches the pamphlet and starts to scan it.

JOHN LAW: Richard Cantillon and his fellow Wild Geese (Cantillon
bows elaborately to Lady Anne) are a key part of my plan
to float the Mississippi Company. Entrepreneurs who will
bring the Blue matrons, the mercantile middle class to
our table

MARY: Before I go mad and use language unfit for a lady, what
is an entrepreneur?

She reads from Cantillon's pamphlet

MARY: This makes no sense

'Our Society is made up of tiers' - blah blah.

'The social order makes us tick' - blah blah

'Makes some of us poor and some of us rich?'

So far so obvious but where are these, what is it again..

CANTILLON: (All together) Entrepreneurs.

ANNE: It sounds French!

CANTILLON: They had a word Lady Anne, I took it and I used it.

He takes the pamphlet from Mary and declaims.

'The highest tier is your Politician

Who makes vast sums from their sins of omission.

Next comes the Graffs, Lords and Siegneurs'.

ANNE: The Blue Garters

CANTILLON: Exactly. 'Immovable as their great estates

Stuck in clover behind ancestral gates.

Then the blue Matrons of the middle class

Traders and merchants shop owners and such

Maybe at first glance not amounting to much

Trading their goods for the Economy's health

A ready source of untapped wealth

Then down at the Bottom the Common Man'--

ANNE: (Interrupting) Ah the blue aprons, their simple needs...

CANTILLON: 'Earning his shilling by scythe and spade

Toiling all day from youth to old age

Your worker bee on minimum wage!'

MARY: So where are you in this mighty plan?

CANTILLON: 'We Entrepreneurs have a different Perspective.

Not the Past, not the Present, we bet on the

Prospective'. The future is ours, when we see opportunity

we strike like an adder

ANNE : Or a fool with his bladder!

CANTILLON: We make our own rules

We climb up the snakes and we slide down the ladders

In Venice or Ghent or London or Rome

An entrepreneur is always at home
We may not belong in your fashionable set
But we pay the King's army, settle National Debt
We don't need estates, to us they're unnatural
Our home's not our home it's just collateral.

MARY: You sound like a banker to me.

LAW: (Laughs) Cantillon's no banker but you can always go to him for a loan. His brains are his seed corn as your birth is yours. With you and Lady Anne as influencers aristocratic investors can be brought to our system to realise our dream for The Mississippi Company. With your beauty and brains you too can be entrepreneurs.

Olive enters

LAW: (Continues) Talking of which here comes Olive Trant with I hope the last piece of the jigsaw puzzle.

CANTILLON: Fair Entrepreneur!

ANNE: Not another one.

MARY: But why's she puffing and panting?

OLIVE: (To Law) Good news the Regent will give us all that we ask.

LAW: The license we need to float The Mississippi Company.

OLIVE: Yes!

CANTILLON: It's a miracle! How do you do it?

OLIVE: I worked hard, I can tell you, the Duc d'Orleans.

LAW: (To Mary) Phillipe, the Prince Regent.

OLIVE: (Sings) The Regent, God bless him, went to bed last night.

But his head was troubled with a restless Sprite.

So vigorously that Sprite did play

That Morpheus fled, and she heard him say,

'I toss, I turn, I wish I were dead,

For affairs of State torment my head

I count and count those blasted sheep

So why Oh why can't I get to sleep?'

CHORUS: Little Conjuring Book, Little Conjuring Book,
Oh the wisdom of the ages!
Little Conjuring Book, Little Conjuring Book,
With such magic in its pages.

OLIVE: As he paced with the Sprite in his night gown
I took to his bed and I laid me down
I opened wide my Conjuring Book
And laid the leaves so he could look.
He stopped his pacing and flew to my side
Where I lay on his bed like a virgin bride
His majesty that Sprite forgot
As we nearly broke the Royal Cot.

CHORUS: Little Conjuring Book, Little Conjuring Book
Oh the world's oldest profession
Little Conjuring Book, Little Conjuring Book
To cool a King's obsession.

OLIVE: My office I so well performed
His biorhythms I reformed
The Sprite I routed fled in haste
For now my Regent had the taste.
He cried aloud, 'I want more fun
For this volume I have only just begun.'
'Fear not', I said, 'I know that look
Just ring and I'll bring my Conjuring Book'.

FEMALE

CHORUS: Little Conjuring Book, Little Conjuring Book,
Oh the library of pleasure!
Little Conjuring Book, Little Conjuring Book,

Peruse it at your leisure.

ANNE: (Unable to disguise her disdain) Well men are men, and a Prince Regent's no different.

LAW: With the King's licence we can feed Louisiana, float shares in The Mississippi Company - not a moment must be lost. France will conquer America with an army of Stocks!

CANTILLON: That's some trick!

Mary puts her arm around Olive.

MARY: (Sisterly) Olive Trant, you're a true Entrepreneur, you've capitalized your assets.

ANNE: We'll make a fortune.

LAW: The Mississippi will become a river of gold.

CANTILLON: Love's a grand thing but it doesn't beat making money

MARY: Spoken like a true banker!

ALL: Entrepreneur!

They link arms, a band of brothers and sisters, and sing together as they embark on their great adventure.

ANNE: (Sings) Lady Anne.

MARY: Lady Mary.

OLIVE: Olive Trant.

LAW: John Law

CANTILLON: Cantillon

LAW: The world

ALL: The world is our stage

A Little Conjuring Book is all that it took

To set the bells a-pealing

And get the punters on the hook

Float the Mississippi on company shares

Bidding up bulls and talking down bears

And start the world a-dealing.

SCENE 6: Paris, the British Ambassador's residence 1718

The Chorus are milling about as the harpsichord plays. Law walks among them. They do not see or hear him. He talks over the music as the Page hands out Ferrero Rochers to the Chorus.

LAW: (Enters) It's 1718 What a year! We're at the British Ambassador's residence with the cream of ex-pat society. The Ambassador is throwing a grand ball in honour of my Mississippi Company, which now has a capital subscription of ten million French livres. Everyone knows that I have the Regent's ear and the Banque Royale is receiving deposits of gold and silver coin like a baker receives sacks of flour. The French and the English for once are friends, because everyone's making money.

The Page runs up to him with some papers. He talks frantically and silently gesticulating the while. Law scans the papers and they exit.

The music ends, the Chorus clap discretely and exit. Gage and Cantillon come up arguing.

CANTILLON: Wildfire, even the Dutch are buying up stock and those of the English who can speak French!

GAGE: John tells me next year he has his eyes on The East India Company no less. He will unite the East with the West. There's no end to his ambition.

CANTILLON: They say this ball is just to get Law together with Chandos, the richest man in England.

GAGE: And that Chandos wants Law's advice on the re-launch of his South Company.

CANTILLON: But will Law help him? That's the question. I reckon it's fifty-fifty.

GAGE: I'll give you ten to one he does but he'll have his price. His Science of Money doesn't come cheap.

CANTILLON: Ten to One, you're on. It's a wager.

They shake on the bet and exit. Mary enters with Chandos.

MARY: Five hundred was the price of our stock when we began. Just a month ago. A thousand now! So many are left outside. They'll pay anything to get in. They are desperate. Only fools are selling, the Lady Anne and I not fools Lord Chandos.

She deposits Chandos in a chair that the Page has hastily produced just in time. Chandos sits

CHANDOS: Such energy. I don't know what is most exhausting, following the steps of that bloody dance or the figures you Lady Mary have at your finger tips...

Olive enters with Law.

Ah Olive Trant, a lady who exhausts one in just the right way.

OLIVE: I'm the Duchess of Auvergne these days - Pickles.

She chucks him cheekily under the chin.

CHANDOS: (Icily) Do I take it there's a vacancy in the Royal Bed?

OLIVE: Certainly not! Phillipe is such a darling. He knows Law's Science of Money. How it works. He's such a Romantic, he can't stop giving me shares. Five hundred. That's two hundred and fifty thousand livres. Twelve thousand Louis d'Or, and all for love.

MARY: Milord do you know John Law, John Law Lord Chandos.

LAW: My Lord your wealth precedes you.

They bow.

LAW: And how are your South Seas? Still choppy?

CHANDOS: Very good. I'd heard you had a dry wit. So Law what's the trick? Two hundred thousand shares in a Company with patch of scrub in America and barely eight hundred slaves working it. All sold for a staggering five hundred livres each. And the minimum subscription is one hundred shares. How do you do it? Magic?

LAW: (Laughs) No, my science of money.

CHANDOS: 'Science of Money!'

Chandos now stands between Olive and Mary. Law gestures to them.

LAW: You've met my influencers my keys to the kingdom of endless wealth, thanks to them and my entrepreneurs! This wildfire speculation produces on the ground in Louisiana? A new province for France, a new land for the poor, the dispossessed, the unfortunate, the chance to trade, tobacco, cotton, even gold; work the rich earth and build a vision for the future.

CHANDOS: But the cost! Five hundred livres? A one-hundred-share minimum? Why that's fifty thousand livres apiece. Two and a half thousand gold sovereigns. The sheer number of subscribers that must take.

LAW: I see you've done your homework.

CHANDOS: So what's the secret?

LAW: They are standing right beside you.

Mary and Olive link arms with Chandos.

MARY Mademoiselles who once at balls and plays

OLIVE: And basset tables did sport and thus be gay,

MARY: Now forget such visits, teas, their dressing box.

M & O: All their pretty accents now just turn to stocks.

CHANDOS: I know diamonds are a girl's best friend but --

MARY: My Lord you must move with the times.

OLIVE: (Sings) Alas milord the world is made and run by man
While it's watered by our tears
We're not even in the plan
Though you may cry unnatural
We've had to learn your stocks and shares
And treat our bodies like you do
As chattel and collateral.

OLIVE: If the mistress gets a hundred shares

MARY: The wife will ask for more

OLIVE: Two hundred to assuage her tears

MARY: Two hundred?

OLIVE: Two hundred !

MARY: Then the mistress pouts

OLIVE: While the wife cries out:

M & O: Two fifty for your whore!
For we have learned our lesson
From the Jobbers on the job
To give our love but track the price
Of every breath and each heart throb.

CHANDOS: It really is indecent
The world's has gone deranged

When every wife and mistress
Makes the bedroom The Exchange
The weaker sex are angling
With smiles and sobs and tears
Slip into something loose
And you can grab my stocks and shares.

It really is appalling
So what is a man to do
But always up the ante
If he wants a decent screw
And to this boudoir bargaining
I really see no end
Remembering with nostalgia
When diamonds were a girl's best friend.

Chandos turns to Law.

CHANDOS: You still haven't told me your price Law.

OLIVE: (Blurts out) He wants the diamond.

CHANDOS: The Pit Diamond!

LAW: Three million Livres think of it as an investment.

CHANDOS: (Aghast) You surely don't want it for Olive!

OLIVE: Don't you think I'm worth it Pickles?

LAW: I've no interest in such baubles but The Regent wants it.

CHANDOS: We can't just flog off British treasure.

LAW: Why not? You stole it from India anyway. The Government needs the money. The Regent will be happy. You have my system. Everybody wins.

CHANDOS: It would be like flogging the family silver.

LAW: Come on. It's 1718 everything under the Union Jack has a price.

CHANDOS: (A beat) You'll advise us on the launch of the South Sea Company.

LAW: You have my word.

CHANDOS: (A longer beat) Then it's a deal.

They shake hands. The others, who have been watching seeing the deal is closed, rush up and surround Chandos.

CHANDOS: Olive, Lady Mary, Lady Anne, Cantillon, Gage and the redoubtable Mr Law you've taught me nothing greases the wheels like pretty women and words and music. You'll join me for a spectacular launch at Cannons next month.

The harpsichord Can Can begins to brew under Olive's words.

OLIVE: I'll come. I'll tell them how to play. The girls, the wives, the sisters. A little tease. A show of leg. A touch of ankles. Coquetterie! A dance. A pirouette, perhaps. A hint of fortune. A promise of pleasure. But Cannons....? What a funny name!

CHANDOS: Hang the name. Pretty women, words and music and I know just the tunesmith! Now he can knock out a tune. What's his name?

OLIVE: George Frederick Handel?

CHANDOS: That's the fella! To England!

All Conga off to the Harpsichord Can Can.

INTERVAL.

ACT TWO.**SCENE 7. Cannons, the Duke of Chandos' house 1719**

The ladder is set. The sign still reads Paris.

Law and the Page enter. He hands a ballad to Law.

LAW: What's this?

PAGE: A ballad they are singing in London.

LAW: Let me look.

He takes the ballad and reads/sings -

'See here are Causes why in London
So many men are made and undone
That Arts and Honest Trading drop
To Swarm about the Devil's Shop.

Cutting out their Fortune on Blind Hunches,
Selling their Souls for Lots and Chances.
Sharing alike, Blue Garters down
To all the Blue Aprons in this Town.

The Woeful Cause is in these times
That Honour, Honesty are Crimes
And Publicly Punished By
Self Interest and Villainy.
So much for Money's Magic Power.
An Evil Root... and Evil Flower!'

LAW: What nonsense!

He crumples it up and tosses it away.

PAGE: (Aggrieved) It cost a shilling!

He exits and returns with a sign that says London.
He removes the Paris sign and replaces it with the
London sign. Law looks at it.

LAW: London for me is a problem. I am sentenced to hang there,
a stupid matter of a youthful duel. Yet the next scene
is at Cannons, Lord Chandos's, great house in Little

Stanmore, Middlesex. Two hundred thousand pounds on a house! Can you imagine, and he's still building. He likes to show it off but I can't be there. So I'll sit on my ladder and observe the fun.

Law takes off his wig, hands it to his Page and climbs the ladder. He sits down to observe.

HANDEL, JOHN GAY, Musicians and Chorus enter rowdily. The Page gives the wig to Handel. Acis and Galatea are warming up for their performance. Musicians and Singers mill about messily, and George Friedrich Händel is getting very upset.

HANDEL: Nein, nein, nein. Not there. Not there. Die musikmeisternen müssen hinter der sangen setzen! Mr Gay, Mr Gay, help me out here. Hinter dear sangen, Hinter!

JOHN GAY: (Shouts) Will you be quiet and listen to Mr Handel!
(Aside) Clowns! (To the Musos.) Musicians, sit behind the singers. Acis? All good? Galatea, you're ready? No....your garter is showing. Oh, very well then!

Ye Gods, only two minutes and the Duke's guests will be arriving. Come on, come on!

The musicians finally take their seats. Galatea tweaks her garters for the nth time. She and Acis strike remarkable pastoral poses. The guests arrive.

CHANDOS: (Enters) Welcome, welcome. Blue Garters all. Splendid Splendid. Here's a Scene for you to wonder at. A Pastoral. My shepherdess herself, fair Galatea. Her shepherd swain, the beau, beautiful and handsome Acis himself. Feast your eyes.

Music too. My Meister, Mr George Frederick Handel. Take a bow, George....

An Entertainment devised for us by Mr John Gay, scribbler extraordinary in a world of extraordinary scribblers. There...everyone seated? Then let the music begin!

MUSIC INTRO

CHORUS: * Oh, the pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains.
Harmless, merry, free and gay
Dance and sport the hours away.

ACIS: Lo! Here my love! Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes

See at thy feet, the longing Acis lies.
Love in her eyes sits playing
And sheds delicious death.
Love on her lips is straying
And warbling in her breath.

GALATEA: O didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

CHANDOS: Bravo...Bravo...Encore...

GALATEA: As when the dove laments her love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns, no more she mourns,
But loves the livelong day.

Wild applause from all.

ACIS & GALATEA (Duet): Happy we!

CHORUS: Happy we!

Duke Chandos leads more ecstatic applause and signals that this is the end of the entertainment.

HANDEL: But Mien Lieber Graf, zat is just the first movement!

GAY: (Aside) Welcome to Corporate Entertainment Mr. Handel.
Handel fumes but Gay placates him.

CHANDOS: Enough music let's crack on. Law's system has freed the French from the tyranny of their National Debt. We can do the same, take back control of ours but, as we're British, do it better.

APPLAUSE.

CHANDOS: We now have trading agreements with every country in the South Seas. Our manufactures will be sold in Africa, America, the Pacific and Caribbean islands.

Prosperity will flow into our cities and our towns. Why they will erect statues to John Law.

ONE CHORUS: Where is this Law?

Other Chorus take up the cry Chandos hushes them.

CHANDOS: He cannot be here alas, but Lady Mary will explain his system.

Some doubts about this from the chorus but Chandos has the authority here.

MARY: I bought my stock for a hundred livres
And now they sell for a thousand
My Mississippi shares by leaps and bounds have multiplied
I now longer have to be a blushing bride
To gain a grand estate!

ANNE: Sweeping up her drive in her coach and eight
To eat full service off gold plate!

OLIVE: I was once a mistress just for the night
But now I'm a Duchess in my own right.

ANNE: She's a masterful mistress.

MARY: An aunt to the King.

M & A: A talented lady who does her own thing.

M,A & O: Roll up and by your South Sea Stock
Don't miss your chance queue round the block
Forget your fears don't miss the fun
Send a boy to the Jobbers and tell him to run.

CHANDOS: Come statesmen and patriots buy the stocks
Judges job, Bishops bet the poor box
Dukes flog a tiara, raise a mortgage on your land
Punt the family silver on the stocks
I'm holding in my hand.

M, A & O: There's no need to stop if the cash runs out
Just give Dick Cantillon a shout.

CANTILLON: I'm the priest to whom you confess
Your friendly banker who always says yes.
An Entrepreneur who knows the score
Just sign below and you can buy more.

ALL: Roll up and buy your South Sea Stock
Don't miss your chance queue round the block
Forget your fears, don't miss the fun
Send a boy to the Jobbers and tell him to run.

HANDEL: (Spoken) Now can we hear Act Two!

CHANDOS: (Hands him some scrip) Here's your fee.

HANDEL: What is this?

Chandos hands Gay scrip.

GAY: South Sea Stock! My days in Grub Street over!
Forget Act Two, I'll be in clover!

HANDEL: Mein Gott, these Englanders have got a nerve.
Does no one care about my art.

GAY: Hush we have our fee.

HANDEL: (Aside) I'll take this paper but I do not trust it
I'll turn it into coin as soon as I am able.
The only music that I like to hear
Is the chink of gold and silver on my table.

CHORUS: (Reprise)

Float the South Seas on the Company shares
Bidding up bulls and talking down bears
Let's start the world a-dealing.

All exit anxious to trade!

LAW: (Speaks from above)

So swiftly Avarice in general flood
Did deluge all like creeping blood
Greed a mist that blocked the sun
While filthy Lucre spared no one.
The City sank besotted with her charms.
Wives, Husbands, Mistresses,
All languished in her arms.

SCENE 8: Garraway's Coffee House, Exchange Alley. 1720

Law descends from the ladder. The Page enters, he carries a hot coffee pot. He circles the audience wafting the smell at them.

LAW: I remain in Paris and, because I am not there to stop him, Joseph Gage attempts a traditional ballad to the tune of *Over the Hills and Far Away*. Whatever its merits it serves to set our scene at Garraway's coffee house in the City of London, hard by the Exchange. Yes Garraway's, where the dealing is done.

The Page exits. Law, from his vantage point, observes the action as the characters come and go.

GAGE: Ye circum and uncircumcised,
Come hear my song and be advised.
Sell all your lands and all your flocks
And put your money into Stocks!

JOBBER: (SING) In Garraways by The Exchange
Hang your hat upon the peg
Coffee's bubbling on the range
Sell your granny's wooden leg
And buy now while the market's hot
Send the kiddies out to beg
Get your ante in the pot.
We're Jobbers, Stock Jobbers,
We're not grave robbers
Sharper than tacks, but we're ordinary blokes
And our folks are all Blue Apron folks.

JOHN LAW: It's as if Lady Mary lit a fuse, everyone's buying. The South Sea Stocks keep rising in London as The Louisiana Stock keeps rising here in Paris.

CANTILLON: We Irish who have bulls to sell
 Scotsmen who love Law so well
 Hollanders, come hear the cry
 'Leave your cheese there's gelt to buy'.

ANNE: Now purchase more if you be wise

MARY: For stocks will never fall but rise

CANTILLON: Play the market while ye may.

JOBBERS: We're Jobbers, Stock Jobbers,
 We're not grave robbers
 Sharper than tacks, but we're ordinary blokes
 And our folks are all Blue Apron folks.

GAGE: Look, £120 a share and heading North!

MARY: But it's too cold to venture out.

GAGE: So stay at home just play the Stocks! Send a boy.

LAW: Rain or shine, runners pound the streets bringing in
 orders from all quarters. Everywhere the cry is, ' Buy,
 buy, buy! It's the same in Paris.

ANNE: My Mississippi Stock is nearing fifteen thousand livres -
 thirty times the price in August. I might sell just a
 few.

GAGE: Sell Hell - NO Buy Buy Buy.

MARY: We double up! I'll pledge my Mississippi stock to bankers
 here for credit. Cantillon will advance me the rest.
 They'll give us a quarter million.

ANNE: A quarter of a million Lord have mercy on us!

MARY: Calm yourself, Aunt.

ANNE: What if it all goes wrong?

LAW: She won handsomely on the Mississippi. Now she'll win
 gloriously on the South Sea!

MARY: Send out to buy twenty thousand. That's ten per cent of all the stock. That'll move it on. Just watch! Here, jobbers. Get busy. Get buying!

CHORUS: The coffee's always hot at Garraway's
So buy buy hubble bubble while ye may
The wind that chills is far away
But the coffee is hot at Garraway.

JOBBERS: One hundred soon be one two five
For fortune favours not the thrifty
My God it's good to be alive
This nifty stock will reach two fifty.

ANNE: Mammon have mercy on my soul
My savings are a gaping hole

MARY: Summon up your courage and banish dread
The South Sea stands at two hundred!

CHORUS: The coffee's always hot at Garraway's
So buy buy hubble bubble while ye may
The wind that chills is far away
But the coffee is hot at Garraway.

MARY: (Speaks) This is such fun!

CHANDOS: We took back control our fortune's made
We have monopoly of South Sea trade
Britannia rules and that's a fact
The King has passed the Bubble Act.

JOBBERS: I'll take six hundred two for one
Build as high as Christopher Wren

Heaven when the race is won
Soon we'll all be gentlemen.

CHANDOS: All this began at my soiree
You know my maxim: 'Art must pay'
Over the hills and far away.

JOBBER: We're Jobbers, Stock Jobbers,
We're not grave robbers
Sharper than tacks, but we're ordinary blokes
And our folks are all Blue Apron.
Fifty-five, I'll take five fifty
Sixty-five and nothing shifty
Breast the tape and cross the line
It's seven ninety nine

ALL: Eight fifty five, nine ninety nine
One thousand pounds!

ALL: (Shout) We're all rich now!

SCENE: 9. The Street near Garraway's.

LAW: France, England, soon the Americas everywhere my
Science of Money triumphs in a frenzy of buying.

HANDEL, and A JOBBER enter.

HANDEL: Mein Gott, My fee shot up! A Four thousand pounder!
And I had thought that Duke a Bounder!
Now I've enough to launch my Opera Shows.
Sell, jobber, sell before it all goes
Up the Ruhr without a schnitzel
Schnel Schnel.

JOBBER: (puzzled) Sorry.

HANDEL: Sell damn you!

He shoos him out and follows after him.

Gay enters -

GAY: Handel's selling up - the fool! He never had any sense.
I have in mind a play, with songs of course, about a
highwayman. Was he interested? Unless there's a bloody
shepherdess ... Ah here comes Sir Isaac Newton, The
Controller of the Currency and the greatest mathematician
in the land.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON enters tossing an apple up and
down.

NEWTON: The Stocks are still rising, the Market's on fire.

GAY: Tell me Sir Isaac, will your famous gravity make you
sell?

NEWTON: Never! You won't catch me selling short.

He chucks the apple up. Law catches it.

NEWTON(Cont): See it does not come down! (He exits)

LAW: Newton could calculate the wealth of a Nation but he
could not calculate the madness of people.

Law starts to eat the apple.

GAY: The party's just started.

I turned my fee from five to five thousand!
I'll borrow against that
And make it ten by supertime.

He exits.

Lady Mary and Gage enter and meet beneath the ladder. Gage falls to his knees.

GAGE: I'm a rich man I've bought back my estates
Oh Lady Mary hear my plea
Marry our crests on my gilded gates
And grace with your presence my humble property?
For fairest of maidens can you not see
That that swain on the plain is so very like me.

MARY: (Puzzled) You mean Handel's Acis?

GAGE: 'Love in her eyes sits playing
And sheds delicious death.
Love on her lips is straying
And warbling in her breath'.
Oh! Can you not hear my heart?
Pit-a-pat, Pit-a-pat, Pit-a-pat
As it falls a-part
As I cry, I will die, if with mocking - eye
Thou kill'st me with thy crueel-ty.

She helps him to his feet

MARY: Please - Don't embarrass yourself. Go buy more
stock.

Gage exits.

GAGE: (To audience as he does) I think she's weakening, soon
she'll say yes!

Looks after him.

MARY: (Speaks) True his land's restored he's hit good times
But I'm more interested in his Spanish mines
And I'd rather embrace a porcupine's spines
Then put up with him (Beat) and his terrible rhymes.

(She exits)

SCENE 10: St Paul's Church. 1720

Sunday morning bells ring.

LAW: Sunday morning. The jobbers sit idle in Garraway's Coffee House, for the market is closed. They watch the gentry going into St Paul's. But the Blue Matrons and the smattering of Blue Garters are not going to pray.

The Page enters and hands Law a dog collar, Law puts this on. The Page hands him a bible Law takes this.

No they carry on dealing even as the Parson - the Rev Tickle Text, for reasons of economy played by me, preaches.

He climbs back up the ladder blesses the Chorus who assemble before him as a congregation.

CHORUS: When I'd spent all my wins
On women and gin,
I went to St Paul's out of fright.
But what the Priest said
Went clean out of my head.
And I found I was no better by it!

LAW as TICKLE: As I opened my text
I was plaguily vexed
To see this sly canting crew
Of Satan's Disciples
With their prayer books and bibles
Hiding their South Sea Company news.

CHORUS: See that worshipper sit
Blind to all Holy Writ
Sweating greed and her prayer book in tatters
Deaf to Heaven and Hell
Praying 'Thou shalt not sell

While Tickle Text preaches, she chatters.

The King's Mistress I saw
With her daughters-in-law
Whom she'll mortgage for stocks any Sunday.
In the midst of her prayers
She'll conduct their affairs
And set up their dance cards for Monday.

Next a Duchess so famed
That she cannot be named
Comes fresh from Apothecary leeching.
With her come hither look
And poxed conjuring book,
She hasn't come here for the preaching!

CHORUS: Now the Sermon is done!
Tickle bless everyone!
Good Christians we smirk and we smile
Not a prayer in our heads,
Just 'Stock Rising' instead.
We worshippers sit
Blind to God's Holy Writ
Deaf to Heaven and Hell
Praying 'Thou shalt not sell'
The Temple of God we defile.

SCENE 11: The Street near Garraway's

THE PAGE runs in and Law hands him the bible and the dog collar. Law climbs back up the ladder and observes.

The Jobbers enter.

JOBBER 1: The Mississippi's down five thousand!

JOBBER 2: The Banque Royale is bust.

JOBBER 3: All France is cursing Law.

JOBBER 4: Our lot don't know yet. Sell before they find out.

JOBBER 1: (Hustling them out) Sell, sell, sell!

The Jobbers exit to the exchange. Mary, Anne & Olive enter. Off stage sotto voce whispers continue of 'Sell Sell Sell'.

OLIVE: Where is everybody?

ANNE: Where are the Jobbers? Garraway's is empty!

MARY: Don't worry, I'll go to Jonathan's coffee house instead.

OLIVE: It's still early. Maybe they're still in bed.

ANNE: Do Jobbers sleep?

CHORUS: Hubble Bubble, Hubble Bubble all is smoke.
Hubble Bubble, Hubble Bubble all are broke
Throw all your dreams upon the pyre
Your stock just fuels the great bonfire.

OLIVE: I'm out! I'm going back to France
I will cut my losses, leave the dance
Lest a lifetime of love is all I've got!
Once in Paris I'll sell the lot.

(Exit)

SCENE 12: **PARIS Le Café Procope.**

The Page enters and changes the sign. It now reads **PARIS**. John Law enters and takes off his coat which he hands to the page in silence. He gives his ring to The Page, also in silence and signs to him to leave.

Three of the Chorus set the table and two chairs, Mary enters and she and Law sit at the table. The mood is sombre both The Louisiana Company and the South Sea Bubble are in ruins. Law is in hiding. Olive enters and hands Mary a letter. She looks at it.

MARY: Ah it's from Anne.
She opens it and reads.

ANNE: (Sings) Dear Mary
Each banker who begged for my trade
Won't give me so much as a lemonade
Our family fortune is now just a dream
I curse John Law and his rotten scheme!

MARY: Oh my poor dearest Aunt,
Do not weep for a past that is gone
With our skill at the tables
We rose to the top
Winning from fools who like us couldn't stop.

LAW: (Sings) All my mansions, my lands and my riches are gone
That plague in Marseille finished me off
As my ships and their cargo all turned to rot
Still the Regent reluctantly watched my back.

The Page enters with another letter. He offers it to Law, who waves it away. Mary takes it.

MARY: (Speaks) It's from Chandos.

LAW: You open it.

Mary does so.

LAW: I don't suppose it contains a cheque?

She shakes her head.

CHANDOS: (Speaks) Law you bounder!

(Sings) All of London ploughed into the South Sea Pie,
Had their fingers burned by this calamity!
Bigger and brighter grow the operas of Handel
While I'm lighting Cannons with mutton fat candle.
(Speaks) Damn your eyes and teeth.

Chandos.

MARY: (Speaks) He's rather changed his tune.

Law puts his head in his hands.

OLIVE: (Sings) Ah, but didn't we have fun!
Though it ended 'ere it had begun.

MARY: (Sings) Don't worry, dear Olive, you'll be back in the swing
And hook yourself up with duke, earl or king.

M, O & L: From foulest dung do sweet flowers grow
Utopia's a dream we may never know
Not all can win, but all must strive
Like the reckless gambler to keep hope a alive.

The Page enters with another letter from Gage.
He gives this to Lady Mary. She opens and
reads.

GAGE: (Sings) My Dido, My Queen, the storm has broken
Like Aeneas before me I find myself woken.
I'd live with you in the darkest cave
Your brains and your beauty will make me brave!
We'll both dig for silver a joint enterprise
Be it Spain or South America I'll drown in your eyes.
Your loving Beau
Gage.

MARY: (Speaks) Oh bless him.
(Sings) I will do what I have to, to more than survive
Sue Cantillon's guts if he's still alive
And because I'm Welsh I know about mines
I'll prospect with Beau Gage for much better times
Enduring the while his terrible rhymes.

LAW: (Sings) In France Phillipe bade me a tearful farewell
But the nobles of Britain cursed me to hell
I was a gambler, but a gambler for good,
Till their greed turned a golden river to mud.

M, O & L: Ah but didn't we have fun
Though it ended 'ere it had begun.

MARY: Though we lose at cards but let's not forget:
We're in Paris where Pascal invented roulette.

M, O & L: From foulest dung do sweet flowers grow
Utopia's a dream we may never know
Not all can win but all must strive
Like the reckless gambler to keep hope alive...

LAW: (Speaks) Leave your complaints, fools. Do not strive
To make perfection in the honest hive
Enjoy the world, its fruits and fantasies
Get fame in war or live at ease.

For Vice's benefit is only found
When she's by Justice lopped and bound
The cankered twisted and neglected vine
Bleeds when pruned yet brings forth wine.

Mere Virtue can't make nations thrive
In splendour or the Golden Age revive
Fraud, luxury and pride must live with her
If honey is to fill the hive.

Full Company sing

COMPANY: From foulest dung do sweet flowers grow
Utopia's a dream we will never know
Not all can win but all must strive
Like the reckless gambler to keep hope alive.

They bow, then the Finale.

A reprise of the chorus of *Welcome to the Bubble*.

COMPANY: Welcome to the Bubble that grows and grows
As fortunes rise to reach the stars
Duchesses, Dukes and the Bank of France
Entrepreneurs and card-savvy aunts.
The games the thing, the stakes sky high
To risk is to live to fold is to die
Up the ante, double or quits
When you shuffle with the Scots economist.

THE END

