

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, P.I.
PLAYWRIGHT / INVESTIGATOR

AND THE CASE OF

THE TWO JAQUES

by

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Episode One: "Suckered In... Again!"
Episode Two: "Word on the Street"
Episode Three: "Damage Control"
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Playwright Investigator
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EPISODE ONE

"Suckered In... Again!"

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now...

(music begins)

The adventures of Christopher Marlowe,
P.I.: Playwright / Investigator in...
The case of The Two Jacques!

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

Cuts off. A match strikes... flares. Slow fade to reveal...

SCENE 1**INT. MERMAID TAVERN**

A SERVING WENCH lights a candle on a table.

Various writers, performers and stage hands hang about,
playing dice, drinking. An actor approaches another who
watches the dice game as he drinks.

ACTOR 1

How art thou doing?

ACTOR 2

Watching the game, drinking an ale.

WRITER

How art thou doing?

STAGE-HAND

How art thou doing?

ACTORS, WRITER & STAGE HAND

How art thou doing!?

Yes, it's another rip off of the Bud "whaaazzzupp!"
commercial.

ACTORS & STAGE HAND

Whaahhh... whahhhh...

MARLOWE enters, the others quiet down.

MARLOWE

How art thou doing?

ACTOR 2

Watching the game, drinking an ale.

MARLOWE

Verily, verily.

Marlowe crosses to his table and sits, lighting a candle. He picks up his quill and stares blankly at a piece of parchment.

Unnoticed, a CUT-PURSE steals from one of the ACTORS and heads for the door. Suddenly everyone freezes.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(aside to audience)

*The Mermaid Tavern... home for the most foul,
Ungrateful, loathsome, miserable bunch
Of lice-pox'd, low self-esteem'd bastards known
To London-kind... the actors of the stage.*

The Cut-Purse makes his escape as the Actors come to life. Actor 1 spots the thief and goes to pursue.

ACTOR 1

He hath stoln' thy purse!

ACTOR 2

Nay! Thou hast stoln' my purse! Coward!

Actor 2 grabs Actor 1. Marlowe without even noticing, picks up his candle and takes it out of the way of Actor 2's head as it slams down on the table. But before it can turn into a brawl, the town crier, **BIG BEN**, grabs the two...

BIG BEN

That's enough you two. Take it outside.
There's folks trying to write here.

...and drags them out. Everyone knows Big Ben is referring to Marlowe. Sad glances at Marlowe's predicament.

MARLOWE

Grammercy Ben.

(aside to audience)

*I was four weeks behind
In re-working my latest draft of Faustus,
Four months behind on rent and debts. And just
My luck, the curse that every playwright fears...*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, the Innkeeper, brings over an Ale.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Writer's Block, Kit? You poor dear.
Here's an ale for you. Mayhaps that'll
bring back your Muse.

MARLOWE

Many thanks, but no thanks Quickly.
I've cut the sauce, drying out, holding
on the hooch, laying off the liquor.

MISTRESS QUICKLY
 It's the good stuff, Kit. Extra fine,
 with a double twist.
 (winks)
 Just like you.

MARLOWE
 Last thing I want is a taste of myself.

MISTRESS QUICKLY
 It's on the house.

MARLOWE
 Well maybe just this once.

As Quickly moves off, Marlowe downs the Liquor in one swell foop. Whatever it is, it shakes him up good.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
 Oh Gods above, that's RAAWWWWW!

Then stares blankly at the parchment again.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
 (aside to audience)
*No luck. And now I had one hellbent buzz.
 The only thing that caught my aching muse
 Was wishing to piss, pass-gas and pass out.*

SHAKESPEARE, the snoopy "court poet" reporter, comes out of his corner to hover over Marlowe like some literary buzzard.

SHAKESPEARE
Well met good Marlowe.

MARLOWE
Not right now Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE
What be the scoop? A mission for the Queen?

MARLOWE
I would not know.

SHAKESPEARE
*Ah come on, surely you
 Must have a tale or two to tell.*

MARLOWE
I'm busy, ya know? *Listen!*

SHAKESPEARE
Doing what?

MARLOWE
Writing?

SHAKESPEARE

*Oh ho, is that what thou art doing?
I could have sworn you were preparing for
A staring contest.*

MARLOWE

*What is't you really want?
Spit out or get out.*

SHAKESPEARE

*I know you're "busy,"
But I was hoping I could bounce some thoughts
Off you.*

Shakespeare pulls out a bunch of crumpled up notes.

MARLOWE

By chance you'll leave if I say no?

SHAKESPEARE

No.

MARLOWE

Fine. Spill it.

Shakespeare's notes fall all over the place. He scrambles through them and eventually finds the one he's looking for.

SHAKESPEARE

*Well, I've been working on
A Tragedy of Black Magic and Blood.*

MARLOWE

Has flare. And the title is...

SHAKESPEARE

..."Old MacBeth!"

Marlowe spits in disgust. Like lambs, everyone follows suit in a chain reaction of spitting - and a superstition is born.

MARLOWE

*Henh. That will never sell. How about this?
It has more mass appeal... "Old MacDonald!"*

RICHARD **BURBAGE**, actor extraordinaire and BEN **JOHNSON**, another playwright, sidle on over.

JOHNSON

Hast stolen any stories lately Wil?

BURBAGE

Hey Kit, is this guy bugging you again?

MARLOWE

No, I'm not seeing anyone right now.

SHAKESPEARE

I was just leaving. We'll talk later? 'kay?

Shakespeare back-peddles and skips out.

MARLOWE

(aside to audience)

*'Twas Burbage, brilliant actor of the stage
And Johnson, average poet.*

Burbage takes Shakespeare's old chair and seats himself at the table across from Marlowe. Johnson is left standing.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Thank you friends.

But I have handled him before.

JOHNSON

But why

Do it again? He hangs around too much.

BURBAGE

A shame he's not well hung, or is he Kit?

MARLOWE

*He is a pain in the ass, but I think
He has potential.*

BURBAGE

But he's such a twerp.

MARLOWE

*He'll grow out of it. And who knows, mayhaps
E'en you shall act in one of his new plays
Some day.*

BURBAGE

*Not me, no way! He's just a hack.
I hear he calls upon a ghost that writes
For him. Some Duke or Earl or some such thing.
Enough of that. Just when will you be done
With Faustus?*

Marlowe heads for the bar. Needs a drink. Johnson follows like a pestering Chihuahua.

JOHNSON

*"Bartholomew's Faire" is near
Its run's end. You'd best finish soon.*

BURBAGE

Or else

My Dad might put some pressure on yahs.

MARLOWE
 (turning a threatening
 stare on them)
Is that a threat?

BURBAGE
Nah, just a suggestion.

Burbage starts skimming through Marlowe's work.

MARLOWE
*Well here's a thought for "yas". How about if
 You two leave me alone, so I can get
 Some writing done.*

Marlowe snatches back his work out of Burbage's hands.

JOHNSON
Now there's a novel idea.

Johnson finally lands a good joke, breaking the tension.
 Burbage gets up to leave, Johnson at his heels. Marlowe
 sits down at the table as they exit.

BURBAGE
We like ya Marlowe, cause you're pretty good.

JOHNSON
But you ain't that good.

They disappear out the door as Marlowe calls out...

MARLOWE
As Good As It Gets.
 (gets an idea)
 That's it! Helen, bar-maiden turned Grecian idol,
 falls for Faustus despite his socially dysfunctional
 dealings with his two co-habiting student
 neighbors, Wagner and Robin.

Marlowe sits down and puts quill to ink when suddenly,
 Chastity Belter comes running in. She's innocent, but witty.

CHASTITY
 Master Marlowe! Master Marlowe!

MARLOWE
 (aside to audience)
 Just my luck. It was Chastity Belter,
 my personal scribe.
 (to Chastity)
 What is it Chastity? I'm hot right now.

CHASTITY
 I know, but I can't date you. It's
 unethical.

MARLOWE
Don't you mean immoral?

CHASTITY
You don't have any morals.

MARLOWE
Odd, that a playwright can write a play
that hath no moral in it.

CHASTITY
Or that a playwright not write a play,
yet still be a playwright.

MARLOWE
Ouch. I concede. What's on your mind
sweet-cheeks?

CHASTITY
You have a client waiting for you.
(whispers close)
It's Walsingham.

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARLOWE
(aside to audience)
*Walsingham, Lord Walsingham, Lord Francis
Walsingham. Not a man I'd want to see,
But then, I did not have a choice. No one
Refuses a meeting with Walsingham.*
(to Chastity)
Come on then. Let's not keep the Old
Fart waiting. Oh and Ben, fetch me a
sausage from the butcher, will you?

Marlowe tosses Big Ben a coin and exits, leaving Chastity to
pick up after him. Ben shyly glances at Chastity.

BIG BEN
Here miss Chastity, I'll get those for
you.

He gathers up Marlowe's stuff and hands them to her.

CHASTITY
Thanks Ben, you're so sweet!

Ben sighs as Chastity leaves him. Lights down.

SCENE 2

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE

Lights up.

Marlowe and Chastity return to his office. Chastity drops off his papers on his desk. Marlowe hands over his hat and cloak to Chastity. Chastity goes over to the closet to put away the cloak and hat.

MARLOWE

So, where's Walsingham?

CHASTITY

I don't know, he was here when I left.

A voice calls out from the darkness.

WALSINGHAM (O.S.)

I'm here, so lose the skirt.

Marlowe quietly signals to Chastity to go to either side of the closet. As Marlowe speaks, he counts with his fingers, "1, 2, 3"!

MARLOWE

We have no secrets.

She is my personal scribe. Deal with it!

Marlowe and Chastity swing open the doors to the closet revealing... no one. They close the doors revealing...

WALSINGHAM, waiting behind the door. Marlowe falls into his chair in surprise. Walsingham's has a sense of ominous power about him. But he's wearing a ridiculously fake wig. Chastity pulls up a chair and takes notes.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

*Clever disguise. I'd not have guessed 'twas you
In daylight.*

WALSINGHAM

(removing the wig)

That's the idea. Listen Kit...

MARLOWE

That's Marlowe to you, "Francis".

WALSINGHAM

Fine, Marlowe.

*I just wanted to say you did quite well
In the case of the "Maltese Jew." And now...*

CHASTITY

(to Marlowe)

Here comes the other boot.

WALSINGHAM

...Your country calls

For you again.

MARLOWE
*Forget it, Walsingham. I'm finished, done.
 I've taken my last walk, blown my last stack,
 Shot my last wad,*

Chastity suppresses a giggle.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
*stolen my last secret,
 Locked the chest, fought the good fight, did one for
 The gipper... and I won't do it anymore.
 You got it?*

WALSINGHAM
I get it.

MARLOWE
Good! Now get out.
 Chastity?

CHASTITY
Right this way Sir Walsingham.

Chastity attempts to move Walsingham with no success. He doesn't even budge, ignoring her completely.

WALSINGHAM
*I know you have outstanding debts to pay.
 I could make things much easier for you.*

Walsingham tosses a pouch at Marlowe, who lets it drop to the floor. It has the jingle of freshly minted coins. Marlowe considers.

WALSINGHAM (cont'd)
*Who knows, mayhaps you'll get inspired by
 The challenge, like the Jew of Malta - get
 Over your writer's block.*

Marlowe looks at him defensively. Walsingham gently pries Chastity off of him and sits her down in a chair in a corner.

WALSINGHAM (cont'd)
*Oh come now man.
 Of course I know. I am the one that did
 Recruit your ass.*

MARLOWE
*Too bad it was not just
 My ass that you were interested in.*

Marlowe ignores the pouch. Walsingham claps sarcastically as he sits in Chastity's vacated spot.

WALSINGHAM
How clever Marlowe.
 (MORE)

WALSINGHAM (cont'd)

*God has truly blessed
Your wit. But then, you don't believe in God?
(off Marlowe's look)
Fear not dear Marlowe, I shall not use that
Against you. Your secret is safe with me.*

Walsingham casually recovers the pouch and tucks it away.

MARLOWE

*I'd rather you have me put to the stake
And burn'd alive than work for you.*

Chastity gasps, catches herself. Walsingham rises slowly.

WALSINGHAM

*Me too.
But unfortunately, it's not to be.*

Marlowe's caught off guard. Walsingham paces around.

WALSINGHAM (cont'd)

*Now listen Marlowe, and keep your yap shut.
Thank heavens you're a writer, and no actor.
(beat)
Yeah, I don't like you, and you don't like me.
Mistakes were made, but that is over, done,
The curtains have been drawn, the chest is locked...*

MARLOWE

Yeah, I get it, go on.

WALSINGHAM

*Frankly, I hate
To admit it, but you're the best there is.
You have the skills, the know how, and frankly
The weirdest luck that I have ever seen.*

MARLOWE

Luck's an illusion. A superstition.

WALSINGHAM

*(turns around three times,
spits in his hands and
slaps his own cheeks)
You better watch your words Marlowe.*

MARLOWE

Or what?

WALSINGHAM

*One day you may get stabb'd in the eye o'er
A woman in some back-water tavern.*

Walsingham casually reveals the hilt of a hidden knife.

MARLOWE

*Over a woman? That shall be the day.
I thank you for the meeting Walsingham.
It's been great fun, but I have got a play
To catch -*

Marlowe heads to the door, ready to leave when Walsingham calls out.

WALSINGHAM

- The Queen of Scots has been kidnapped!

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

That stops Marlowe cold. Everyone meets together. Chastity starts taking notes again.

MARLOWE

Not Mary!

CHASTITY

Mary?

WALSINGHAM

Yeah, Mary.

MARLOWE

(eyes narrowing)

By who?

CHASTITY

Whom.

MARLOWE

Whatever.

WALSINGHAM

*We don't know. If we did,
We would not be here talking, now would we?*

CHASTITY

*(scribbling notes)
When did this happen?*

WALSINGHAM

*Last night, on her way
Back to Edinburgh.*

Walsingham quietly points out a spelling error to Chastity. Marlowe offers his own spelling suggestions.

WALSINGHAM (cont'd)

No, I think that's "b-o-r-r-o-w"...

MARLOWE

No no no, that spells "borrow", it's "r-
o-u-g-h".

WALSINGHAM
But that spells "rough!"

CHASTITY
Whatever, go on! What about Mary?

MARLOWE
Mary was here?
In London? Why?

WALSINGHAM
It's not important why.
She's kidnapped, Marlowe. We want her found, now.
And I would think that you would have some small
Int'rest in bringing her back.

Marlowe unphased, plays it cool. Scoffs. Turns away.

MARLOWE
What int'rest?
I only tutored her privately once.

WALSINGHAM
Yeah, but you taught her the birds and the bees.

Marlowe gets in Walsingham's face.

MARLOWE
You have no proof!

WALSINGHAM
I'll make the proof.

MARLOWE
You can't
Handle the proof! It's over, done. I'm through.
Get someone else to do your dirty work.
(walks away from Walsingham)
I'm not about to risk my writing hand
On foolhardy quests -

A voice calls out from the dark...

LIZ (O.S.)
- Not even for me...?

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

A beat. Nothing happens.

LIZ (O.S.) (cont'd)
Oh page!!!

A page comes running out of the darkness, and pulls open the curtains, revealing a cloaked and hooded figure. She pulls back her hood to reveal that she is **QUEEN ELIZABETH**.

CHASTITY/WALSINGHAM
 (curtseying, bowing)
Your Majesty!

MARLOWE
Morrow Liz.

LIZ
Morrow Kit.

It's tense for a moment, filled with an unspoken past... until Big Ben comes running in with an enormous sausage.

BIG BEN
 Master Marlowe! I bought that sausage
 you asked for.
 (takes in the scene)
 Oh my, you still have guests.
 (realizes)
 Oh My GOD!! The Queen!!

Big Ben bows low to Liz, and not knowing what else to do, offers up the sausage in an unconsciously suggestive way.

BIG BEN (cont'd)
 Umm. Sausage, your Majesty?

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Lights down.

SCENE 3

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE

Lights up. Same as we left it.

BIG BEN
 Umm. Sausage, your Majesty?

LIZ
No thanks,
 (she steps around the
 sausage towards Marlowe)
I've already eaten.
 (to Big Ben)
Please rise.

Ben staggers to standing. Eyes wide in surprise.

MARLOWE
 Chastity, I need some more Quills and ink. Ben,
 would you mind escorting her?

CHASTITY
 But I...

MARLOWE

Now.

Ben puts the sausage on the desk and escorts the pouting Chastity out, disappointed.

CHASTITY

(on her way out)

I always miss out on all the fun gritty stuff.

Walsingham smirks a satisfied grin.

MARLOWE

You too Walsingham. Beat it.

WALSINGHAM

Forget it -

LIZ

- You heard him, Walsingham.

WALSINGHAM

But your safety...

LIZ

I'm sure I'll be perfectly safe, right Kit?

MARLOWE

I was more worried for my own safety.

WALSINGHAM

But...

LIZ

Now, Francis.

MARLOWE

Yeah... Francis. Take a hike.

WALSINGHAM

You watch your step Marlowe. I've got big ears.

MARLOWE

And mouth to match.

Walsingham makes for Marlowe.

LIZ

Ah ah!

WALSINGHAM

But!

LIZ

Enough!

WALSINGHAM

But-

LIZ

I said ENOUGH!

Liz stares him down. Grumbling, Walsingham stalks out.

LIZ (cont'd)

At last, we are alone.

MARLOWE

*Yet knowing full that there are many eyes
And ears at every wall and key-hole.*

LIZ

*True.**But none that can't be trusted... Or beheaded.*

O.S. sound of muffled "Oh shits" and people scurrying away in the darkness. Marlowe and Liz give each other a mugging glance. Liz starts moving in on Marlowe seductively.

LIZ (cont'd)

*Now listen Kit. I could pay off your debts...
Take care of you... if you take care of me.*

Liz embraces Marlowe in a passionate kiss. After a bit, they come up for air.

MARLOWE

You know I do not swing that way, my Queen.

LIZ

Takes one to know one.

MARLOWE

*Can the same be said
Of you?*

LIZ

You wish to swing, permanently?

She softens the threat by pulling out a cigarette. Marlowe gets the hint and grabs the desk candle to light her.

MARLOWE

Why was the Queen of Scots with you last night?

LIZ

A secret meeting.

MARLOWE

Business or pleasure?

LIZ

Let's just say There's Something About Mary.

She sits, crossing her legs. She snaps and points to her left shoulder. Marlowe goes to work massaging it while she takes a drag. It's more routine than sexual.

LIZ (cont'd)
*Well, she may be a threat to England's throne,
 And Catholic to boot, but she is still
 My Cousin.*

MARLOWE
How sweet, a fam'ly affair.

She switches her cigarette to the other hand. He works on her other shoulder.

LIZ
*If she dies, it shall be by my own hands,
 Not some freebooting hooligans, you know?*

MARLOWE
As I said. How sweet.

LIZ
*Kit, I have the crown
 To think about. I have no time for morals.
 It's not as if I have an angel and
 A devil fighting for my soul.*

MARLOWE
 (awakened)
*The Devil
 You say!!*

Marlowe dashes to his desk, Liz following.

LIZ
What is it Kitten? What is it?!

Marlowe sits at the desk and begins writing.

MARLOWE
You have inspired me! It's all coming!

Liz leans over his desk, bosom first, sarcastic, seductive.

LIZ
How nice. Feel like returning the favor?

Absently, he hands her the sausage.

MARLOWE
Maybe later.

LIZ
So you'll help?

MARLOWE

Anything.
Just let me finish this. My Muse is back!

Suddenly, there is a commotion. Walsingham is marched in at skewer-point by **THE TWO JACQUES!!**

JACQUES #1
 Bon soir Monsieur Marlowe.

JACQUES #2
 Oui, comme-tallez-vous?

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Marlowe leaps up from his chair, grabs the sausage for a weapon, and steps in front of Liz. Everyone else freezes.

MARLOWE
 (aside to audience)
 Just my luck, entré the TWO JACQUES.
 The diabolical twin chefs that ran the
 underground criminal pastry empire known
 as the French Confection.

They are a dastardly looking duo - in chef hats. Walsingham has his wrists bound behind his back, and his ankles tied. Jacques #2 shoves him aside, stumbling him to his knees.

JACQUES #1
 Oui monsieur Marlowe, a sticky situation,
 non? It is I, Jacques.

JACQUES #2
 And I Jacques. It looks as though you
 are in a bit of a jam.

MARLOWE
 What do you want Jacques... and Jacques.
 What have you cooked up this time.

JACQUES #1
 Ah, very clever reference Marlowe.

JACQUES #2
 I see your Muse is back. But not for
 long. Hand over the Queen.

WALSINGHAM
 Which one?

Jacques #2 crosses over to Walsingham.

JACQUES #1
 Shut up you English Pig-dog!

Jacques #2 knocks out Walsingham.

MARLOWE

Never! Over my dead body!

JACQUES #2

That can happen.

Jacques #1 lunges at Marlowe. Marlowe side-steps him, sending Liz back behind him. As Liz makes for the door, Marlowe attempts to distract Jacques #1.

MARLOWE

Look, a mousse au chocolait!

JACQUES #1

Where?

Jacques #1 turns around. Marlowe swaps out Jacques #1's skewer with his sausage. But before he can do anything, Jacques #2 calls out, with his skewer at Liz's throat.

JACQUES #2

Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice.
That's what little girls are made of,
Marlowe!

Marlowe turns his back on Jacques #1 to look at Liz...

LIZ

Marlowe look out!

Jacques #1 wraps the sausage around Marlowe's neck, choking him. Marlowe passes out, dropping the skewer. Jacques #1 lets him fall, the sausage still around his neck.

Liz elbows Jacques #2 and breaks away to grab the dropped skewer, but Jacques #1 steps on it. Jacques #2 has his skewer at Liz's throat again.

JACQUES #1

Ah ah ah, my royal souffle.

Jacques #1 collects his skewer. Liz submits, and is escorted out the door between the two Jacques.

Moments later, Chastity comes running in with a bundle of quills and paper.

CHASTITY

I have your quills and parchment master
marlowe. Master Marlowe?

She sees Marlowe and spills everything as she drops to the ground. She crawls to him, crying out his name over and over again. She sits on top, trying mouth to mouth resuscitation. Sees the sausage. Holds up the sausage; a la "Stella!"

CHASTITY (cont'd)
Marlowe! MARLOWE!!!

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Everyone freezes. Chastity keeps still as long as she can, but as the Announcer drones on, she gets bored. Even Marlowe opens his eyes and looks around. "Is he done yet?"

ANNOUNCER
Will the Two Jacques get away with kidnaping the Queen of England? Will Marlowe ever finish Faustus? Will Big Ben ever get a date with Chastity Belter? Will anyone ever hire me to do some real radio announcing, instead of this hackneyed garbage? These questions and more will be answered as the adventures of Christopher Marlowe P.I., Playwright / Investigator continue in...

CAST
DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

ANNOUNCER
The case of The Two Jacques. Episode Two: "Word on the Street!"

EPISODE TWO

"Word On The Street"

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (cont'd)

And now...

(music begins)

The adventures of Christopher Marlowe,
P.I.: Playwright / Investigator in...
The case of The Two Jacques!

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

A STROBE makes the stage flicker like some old movie. As the following voice over is read, the actors reenact the events at a ridiculously fast pace.

ANNOUNCER

When our story began in last week's overly melodramatic episode, our hero, Christopher Marlowe, Playwright/Investigator was in the throes of another bout with Writer's Block. He's late with his rewrites on his latest "Untitled Faustus Project", and he's feeling the pressure from all sides to finish it. Even his friend and confidante, gentle giant Big Ben can afford no consolation. In rushes Marlowe's personal scribe and sidekick, Chastity Belter with important news... Lord Francis Walsingham, chief of Queen Elizabeth's secret service, has requested a MEETING. In an effort to get Big Ben off stage, the writer contrived a lame excuse to have Ben buy a large sausage for Marlowe. Goodbye Ben. Upon return to Marlowe's office, Walsingham is nowhere to be found. He is revealed by a really lame bit with the closet door. After several unmotivated crosses we discover the awful truth: Mary Queen Of Scots has been kidnapped and the only one that can save her is Marlowe!!!!!! Walsingham and Marlowe argue, yada yada yada and Queen Elizabeth herself, in disguise, enters in a rather elaborate reveal from the side curtain, surprising EVERYONE. Oh such fun. Just to throw in some low-brow humor, Ben enters with a very large sausage and makes a fallic gesture to the Queen with it - we've been regretting it all week.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

The Queen orders everyone to leave, and Ben leaves the sausage on the upstage table to be regarded as an obvious plot device. Liz and Marlowe grope and talk for a while about stuff, you know, their past together, Marlowe's obvious affection for men, Liz's affection for Mary, the crown, his writer's block...

At this point, Marlowe and Liz are just standing there.

MARLOWE / LIZ

GET ON WITH IT!

ANNOUNCER

Umm...yes and then Liz says something or other that provokes Marlowe out his writer's block, blah blah, it's not important because Zounds! Walsingham enters tied up and entre The Two Jacques - diabolical duo chefs who run the underground French pastry world known as the French Confection who knock out Walsingham and have a quick fight scene with Marlowe, leaving him unconscious by the hands of our preset Sausage and drag Liz off screaming bloody sausage...er, murder. Yes, I know it was bad. I didn't write it. And finally, to wrap up this ill-begotten episode, Chastity enters Melodramatically from the Upstage Center door, finds Marlowe, crosses Melodramatically to him and Melodramatically lifts the sausage to the Gods in despair...

The strobe turns off, and the lights leave us the same as we ended Episode 1.

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

...so...there it is. And now, at long last, Episode 2 of the Case of the Two Jacques...Word On The Street.

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

SCENE 1

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE

Chastity is trying to wake an unconscious Marlowe. Walsingham is also just starting to wake with a groan. He is bound at both the wrists and the legs, forcing him to hop around to get anywhere.

CHASTITY

Marlowe! Marlowe! Wake up!

Marlowe starts grunting. Walsingham wakes up.

WALSINGHAM

What happened?! Where's the Queen!?

Chastity stands up and kicks Marlowe in the side. OOF!

CHASTITY

The Two Jacques got her. Oh Marlowe,
Marlowe. Wake up!

MARLOWE

Ow! Not the face! Not the face!

(wakes up)

What? Where am I? Wait a minute!

(beat)

Who am I?!!

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Chastity pulls Marlowe up to standing.

CHASTITY

You're Christopher Marlowe, the best
playwright / investigator in all of
London... duh!

MARLOWE

Oh yes. Right Chastity. That must have
been one heck of a bump on the noggin.
My head feels like it is swelling.

WALSINGHAM

How can you tell?

MARLOWE

Walsingham! Who let you in here?

Marlowe and Chastity help Walsingham over to a chair.

WALSINGHAM

I did. Or don't you remember that little
scuffle with the Two Jacques?

MARLOWE

Oh yeah. That. It's still a little
fuzzy.

WALSINGHAM

Now untie me, Marlowe, we've work to do.

Marlowe is about to untie Walsingham when...

CHASTITY

*Don't do it Marlowe. I don't trust that man.
He giveth me the willies.*

MARLOWE

*Well Francis?
You want to tell her, or should I tell her?*

WALSINGHAM

*But she is just an outsider. If you
Do tell a single word of this to her...*

MARLOWE

*You'll what? Cry me out as a heretic?
Force me to take Irish step dancing lessons?
There is no torture that you could do to me
That has not been done to me already.
And I mean nothing.*

WALSINGHAM

*I could kill you, take
Your plays, and have them published under some-
One else's name.*

CHASTITY

You wouldn't!

MARLOWE

*He would too,
And you'd be lock'd away in London tower,
Ne'er to be seen again or witness bear
To the contrary.*

(to Walsingham)

*I get it Francis...
But she's my private scribe. When you brought me
Into this, you brought her into it too.
She has a right to know.*

CHASTITY

*I do not think
I want to know now.*

WALSINGHAM

*Unfortunately,
Your boss is right. You're on a need to know.
And at this time, you need to know.*

MARLOWE

*You see,
Dear Chastity, I was not always a
Playwright / investigator.*

CHASTITY

You weren't?

MARLOWE

*No,
Before I launch'd my literary "slash"
Investigative career, Francis here
Recruited me ... to spy.*

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Chastity's eyes go wide with astonishment.

CHASTITY

For the Queen!?

Marlowe and Walsingham reminisce.

WALSINGHAM

*Yes.
That was the idea. We would send him out
To countries with a solid cover story,
Like doing research on some play or such.
An up and coming poet of some talent,
He'd get invited to attend the balls.
Then quickly wriggle a place in the court.*

MARLOWE

*North and South America, Africa,
Asia, Europe, Terra Incognita...
You'd not believe how many foreign balls
I've sucked up to.*

CHASTITY

*I'm sure I'd have to count
Using both hands.*

MARLOWE

*But that was long ago.
And I'm retired from Her Majesty's
Private Service. At least I thought I was...*

CHASTITY

*And to think, I thought you only handled
Lost pets and infidelity cases.*

WALSINGHAM

If he was not the cause in the first place.

MARLOWE

*You know me best, Francis. Always willing
To bend over backwards for a lost cause.*

WALSINGHAM

*Enough chit chat, Kit Kat. I must return
To court, and cover for the Queen's absence.*

(heads to the door)

*You've got to find her, Marlowe. She's the only
one that can keep this country together.*

Walsingham exits. Marlowe notices that Chastity is in shock.

MARLOWE

You're a brave girl, Chastity, and I'm sorry to have brought you into this. It's all my fault. But you're in a lot of danger now. Actually you probably always were. I have many enemies who want revenge.

Chastity freaks.

CHASTITY

Oh my gosh!

Chastity goes over to the closet and gets Marlowe's cloak.

CHASTITY (cont'd)

Oh my gosh! Marlowe! You should run, hide!

She tosses the cloak over Marlowe's heads and goes over to the closet.

CHASTITY (cont'd)

Quick! In the closet!

VOICE FROM BOOTH

Umm, Steph. I'm sorry. You aren't allow to use the closet in that way, it's reserved for the main-stage show.

Chastity shoots a glance towards the booth, returns to the moment.

CHASTITY

I know! In the desk!

VOICE FROM BOOTH

Umm, Steph. I'm sorry. This is Crime Scene, you can't use the wooden chest either. It's reserved.

Another beat. Chastity runs over to the cage.

CHASTITY

The cage! Quick! Hide...

VOICE FROM BOOTH

Umm, Steph. You're already using the cage for the reveal in scene two. I'm sorry.

(As chastity turns to the back wall)

Unh unh, Steph. Wall's off limits too.

Chastity sits glumly on the steps.

CHASTITY

But what's to become of us!? What should I do?!

Marlowe takes the cloak from off his head and slaps Chastity out of her haze.

MARLOWE

CHASTITY!! STOP!! STOP!! Listen sweet-cheeks. I need you to be brave. I'm going to find Big Ben and get the Word on the Street.

CHASTITY

What should I do?

MARLOWE

I need you stay here and re-organize my notes on the 3rd act revisions of Faustus.

Marlowe puts on his cloak and heads for the door.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

When you're done, take them over to Johnson at the theater. Hang tough kid. Every thing will be fine.

He winks and "chck-chck"s at her, and is out the door. She locks the door behind him and sighs.

CHASTITY

It's going to be a long night.

VOICE FROM BOOTH

Umm. Steph. We've decided you can't use the stairs anymore either.

Chastity gives the booth a good ol' Italian style "up yours".

Lights down.

SCENE 2

INT. THE TWO JACQUES' HIDEOUT

Lights up.

A hooded woman is tied up in the cell, limp and unmoving. The door opens and Liz, bound, gagged and blindfolded, is tossed into the room. A beat later, enter the two Jacques.

LIZ

(muffled by the gag)

Youph grph-damrnh frgs!! Lmf mmf gorr
rr elf yrf gnnnf rgrt iftf!

JACQUES #1
 Pardonez moi? Do you have a Frog down
 your throat?

JACQUES #2
 Not yet Jacques... patience.

The two Jaques giggle maniacally. Jacques #2 ungags Liz
 while Jacques #1 closes the door.

LIZ
 How darest thou! Let me go, Jacques...
 and Jacques... or else thou shalt regret
 it!

Jacques #2 removes the blind-fold. Jacques #1 crosses to
 the cell.

JACQUES #2
 'Allo! An welcome to our hideout. I
 'ope you will be comfortable and enjoy
 your stay here.

Jacques #1 opens the cell door, as Jacques #2 leads her over.

LIZ
 HELP! HELP! HELP!

JACQUES #1
 There is no use in protesting. No one
 can hear you, mon cherie.

LIZ
 You foul and bloated plague infested
 boils of a rat's buttox!

Jacques #1 shoves her in next to the other bundle of joy and
 closes the cell door. Locks the door.

JACQUES #2
 Ah ah ah ah! None of zat now. It is
 'ardly polite to speak such language in
 royal company.

LIZ
 Sayeth what?

JACQUES #1
 Oui, you may remember your childhood
 companion...

JACQUES #2
 ...quite contrary...

JACQUES #1
 ...Mary, Queen of Scots!!

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Jacques #1 begins poking **MARY Queen of Scots** with his skewer.

JACQUES #1 (cont'd)
Wake up, mon petite chiene.

Mary wakes up with a start, and spits in Jacques #1's face.

MARY
(Scottish accent, of course)
Who ar' ya callin' a little bitch? Ya
friggin' sheep-fokar!

Jacques #1 takes out a silk handkerchief and wipes off the spittle.

JACQUES #1
Ah, ma petite chiene. You have spit-
fire, non?

LIZ
Mary! What's happening.

MARY
Ach! I dunno! But these bloody froggers
caught me as I was 'eadin back to
Edinborough.
(to Jacques)
Just ya wait 'til I get me 'ands on yew,
and we'll see wha' the daily special is
then!

JACQUES #2
You'd like to put your 'ands on me, non?
Well, do not worry, my cinnamon blossom
of desire. You shall 'ave your
opportunity. Oui oui.

LIZ
This is treason! You shall hang for
this!

JACQUES #1
It is only treason if you still rule
England, oui?

LIZ
Which I do.

JACQUES #1
But not for long. You see, we have a
plan...

JACQUES #2
Zzhht! Jacques!

JACQUES #1
What Jacques?!

JACQUES #2
Do not tell her ze plan!

JACQUES #1
Pour-quoi?

JACQUES #2
Parce-que! She does not need to know ze
plan, oui?

JACQUES #1
I suppose you are right.
(to Liz)
Nice try, using your feminine wiles to
get me to reveal ze plan. But they will
not work on me, non!

MARY
It's not tha' difficult to figure oot.

JACQUES #1
Ewt?

JACQUES #2
What does ewt mean?

MARY
Not ewt, oot!

LIZ
What's the context?

MARY
Oot! Like he was "In and Oot" or "Oot
of Sight" or "Ootlander!"

LIZ & BOTH JACQUES
Ahhh. Oot!

MARY
Tha's what I was sayin'! Fer cryin' oot
loud!

(beat)
Now where was I?

JACQUES #2
You were trying to get us to reveal our
plan to marry the two of you so zat we
may rule as Kings of England and Scotland
together.

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARY

Right! Tha's my point. It's really
easy to figure oot your plan.

JACQUES #1

Oh oui? Well, mademoiselle smarty skirt!
Why do you not tell us what our plan is,
if you are so clever!

The twins' laugh diabolically. Mary and Liz merely look at
each other.

LIZ

You just told us your plan.

JACQUES #2

No I didn't.

LIZ

Yes. You did.

JACQUES #2

Did not!

LIZ

I quite specifically heard you.

JACQUES #2

When?

LIZ

Just now!

JACQUES #2

Non non non! Did you hear me say
anything, Jacques?

JACQUES #1

Non, Jacques. I do not know what she is
talking about.

MARY

Ah fer the sake a' Michael. Y're plannin'
on marryin' the two of us so that you
could rule over all of England and
Scotland!

JACQUES #1

How did you find zat out!

MARY

Wha'? D'ye have hagus shoved in yer
ears?!! Ya just said it fer the sake a'
Pete!

JACQUES #2

She must be able to read minds. I did not say anything. Did you, Jacques?

JACQUES #1

Not me Jacques. Very strange.

(beat)

Well, no matter. The proverbial cat iz "oot" of ze bag! Non?

JACQUES #2

Oui. And zere is nothing you can do about it.

LIZ

Well, can't I just refuse to get married? It isn't as if you can force me.

JACQUES #2

Of course we can force you.

JACQUES #1

Oui, the only way out of zat predicament would be if you were ze head of your own church.

The two Jacques laugh maniacally. Liz and Mary look at each other.

MARY

But, she is the 'ead of the church of England, you French froggies!

JACQUES #2

Ah.. Oui. We know zat!

JACQUES #1

We laugh because we 'ave already taken zat into account.

JACQUES #2

Oui. You see, if you do not agree to marry me, we will be forced to kill Mary. You see?

LIZ

But Mary is a threat to the throne. You would actually be doing me a favor.

JACQUES #1

Ah, oui.

JACQUES #2

Well, if you choose not to get married, we will let Mary go!! So zere!

MARY

But then you couldn' rule over Scotland then, could ya?

JACQUES #1

Well, I suppose Jacques will just have to marry you first.

JACQUES #2

Wait a minute. I thought ze plan was that I was going to marry ze fake red head, and you were going to marry ze real one.

JACQUES #1

Which is which?

They glance at the two Queens.

JACQUES #2

I thought ze plan was that I was going to marry Elizabeth, and you would marry Mary?

JACQUES #1

Well, zat was until she spit in my face. You, being far more manly than I, can take such humiliation.

JACQUES #2

Zat is true. So! I marry ze not so merry Mary.

Mary takes a swipe at Jacques #2.

JACQUES #2 (cont'd)

And zer you go.

MARY

But wha' if I refuse?

JACQUES #1

Ah, zat is something we have definitely provided for.

(to Jacques #2; low)

Right?

JACQUES #2

I think zo. Oui.

JACQUES #1

Oui! We have *definitely* provided for... As you shall soon see!

The two Jacques laugh maniacally as they exit...

JACQUES #2
Now, sit tight you two.

JACQUES #1
Do not go anywhere!

BOTH JACQUES
Au-revoir!

Lights down.

SCENE 3

INT. ALLEY BEHIND THE MERMAID

In the Alley, Big Ben is doing his job as town crier.

BIG BEN
11 o'clock and all's well!!

SLEEPY PEASANT (O.S.)
Shaddup will yas?! I'm trying to sleep!!!

BIG BEN
Sorry!

Marlowe sneaks into the shadows of the Alley and slides up next to Big Ben.

MARLOWE
Hugger.

BIG BEN
Mugger.

MARLOWE
What's The Word on the Court?

BIG BEN
Rumor is that the Spanish Ambassador has been sending secret messages to Rome. The Pope may be involved. Something about excommunicating England.

MARLOWE
Again?

BIG BEN
Papal Bull.

MARLOWE
Exactly. What's the Word on The Scene?

BIG BEN
Ben Johnson is having some troubles with his latest, Dekker might be brought in
(MORE)

BIG BEN (cont'd)
to do a rewrite. There's still some question about whether not they are going to drop their contract with you. You're gonna have to polish off that rewrite soon Marlowe. You've got to get over that writer's block.

MARLOWE
Yeah, I know, but I'm stuck. It's all Mephistopheles, Faustus, back and forth, yadda yadda yadda.

BIG BEN
Ever think about doing ghost fight? Spice things up a little?

MARLOWE
What do you mean?

BIG BEN
Have Mephistopheles summon up some ancient princes, like, I dunno...

MARLOWE
Alexander the Great and Darius?

BIG BEN
Exactly, and have them duke it out.

MARLOWE
Supplying the obligatory fight scene. Genius.

BIG BEN
I've picked up a few things here and there.

MARLOWE
Speaking of which...
(looks both ways)
What's the Word on The Street?

BIG BEN
It's dry, empty, nothing, zilch, squat, nada, niente, a vacuum. No sign of the Queens having been spotted anywhere, let alone a pair of French Pastry Chefs.

MARLOWE
Hmmm. Bugger. Well, they have to get their powdered sugar supplied from somewhere. Check with the local confectioners guild. Maybe you can turn something up.

BIG BEN
I'll do what I can.
(starts to leave)
Oh, and Marlowe...

MARLOWE
Yeah?

BIG BEN
About Chastity...

MARLOWE
Yeah?

BIG BEN
Ummm. She's nice.

MARLOWE
Yes she is.

BIG BEN
There isn't anything, ya know...

MARLOWE
...no, I don't. What are ya...

BIG BEN
Nothing nothing.

MARLOWE
Nothing is never nothing, unless your
selling it. What's the deal?

A look between them.

BIG BEN
Please Marlowe, not now. I'm not ready
yet.

MARLOWE
I get it. Forces of Nature and all that.
Don't worry about. Mum's the word.

BIG BEN
Thanks Marlowe, I better get going.

MARLOWE
Good luck.

BIG BEN
Break a leg.

Big Ben wanders off into the night. A French voices echoes
out of the darkness.

CECIL (O.S.)
Now those are fitting words, don't you agree?

EBER (O.S.)
Indeed. Or perhaps Merde's the better word?

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARLOWE
 Ah, Jacques and Jacques. Step out into the dark
 Where I can't see you.

Two men step out of the darkness. **CECIL** and **EBER**.

CECIL
Jacques and Jacques? Hardly!

EBER
Why we would never work for those two knaves!
 (steps into the light)
For that would ruin our reputation.

CECIL
 (steps into the light)
And our objectivity.

MARLOWE
 (aside to audience)
Just my luck.
The one thing worse than a criminal pair
Of French bakers, was a criminal pair
Of French theatre critics. Cecil, Eber,
 (to Cecil and Eber.)
Long time no see. How's the slander going?

They slowly circle in on Marlowe.

EBER
We saw the "Jew of Malta" Marlowe. Merde.

Eber spits at Marlowe.

MARLOWE
Oh yeah Eber, owe him a pound of flesh?
You most certainly have enough to spare.

CECIL
Such clever words for an English man.

Cecil spits at Marlowe too, but hits Eber instead. Wipes it off apologetically.

EBER
That play was the worst piece of tripe that I
Have ever seen!

CECIL
It could never happen!
It is as if it was some fantasy.
Some unreal story of espionage.

EBER

And just where was the character depth?!!

CECIL

*And the acting! IT WAS TERRIBLE!!
It made me want to retch it was so bad.*

EBER

Actually, I rather liked the acting.

Beat. The two square off from each other now.

CECIL

You always take the actors' side, Eber!!

EBER

Well they were rather good!

CECIL

*You suck-up just
To get invited to the cast parties.*

EBER

*You're jealous because I'm Almost Famous.
(turns his back on Cecil)*

CECIL

*You?! Almost Famous!! Ha! Don't make me laugh!
(turns his back on Cecil;
laughs)
Hee Hee Hee Hee!!*

Marlowe sees an opportunity to escape, and in a low crouch, quietly sneaks between the two critics who have turned their backs to each other, and thus to Marlowe.

EBER

*I'm sick of all your whining.
You're nothing but a writing want-to-be
Who gets off on his proverbial rocks
By lamb-blasting the truly talented!*

But before Marlowe gets far...

EBER (cont'd)

Ah ah ah, Marlowe.

CECIL

Not so fast!

Cecil and Eber grab Marlowe, slam him into the wall, and drop him to the ground.

CECIL (cont'd)

Don't move!

EBER

*Despite my colleague's misperceptions, Kit,
There is one thing we do agree upon.*

CECIL

*'Tis time for you to know what we do think
Of your writing Marlowe.*

Cecil pulls back Marlowe's head by his hair. Marlowe looks Cecil in the eye, then spits at Eber.

MARLOWE

*Pathetic threats
From pathetic critics.*

They slam him against the wall, winding him.

CECIL

Thumbs Down...

Cecil slams Marlowe back to the ground again. And pull knives out, glistening in the moonlight.

EBER

Knives Up...

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARLOWE

*But then, I have a few minutes to spare.
I'd love to hear your thoughts on the subject.*

Everyone freezes.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Will Marlowe survive Cecil and Eber's criticism? Will the two Jacques succeed in marrying both Mary and Liz? Will Big Ben ever get a date with Chastity Belter? Will Marlowe's Tragedy of Doctor Faustus, a classic tale of a man's struggle with the greed for universal knowledge, ever make it to the stage? Will my backstabbing whore of a wife stop cheating on me? These questions and more will be answered as the adventures of Christopher Marlowe P.I., Playwright / Investigator continue in...

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The case of The Two Jacques. Episode Three: "Damage Control"

CAST
DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

EPISODE THREE

"Damage Control"

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now...

(music begins)

The adventures of Christopher Marlowe,
P.I.: Playwright / Investigator in...
The case of The Two Jacques!

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

ANNOUNCER

Last time we left Marlowe: While in the alleyway behind the Mermaid tavern, trying to unravel the diabolical plot of the two Jacques, he was set upon by Cecil and Eber, the most dangerous Theatre Critics in all of London. Can he survive another bad review? Can I survive another bad episode? We'll find out as we begin Episode Three: "Damage Control".

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

Lights up to reveal...

SCENE 1**INT. ALLEY BEHIND THE MERMAID**

MARLOWE

*Pathetic threats
From pathetic critics.*

They slam him against the wall, winding him.

CECIL

Thumbs Down...

They pull knives to his throat.

EBER

Knives Up...

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARLOWE

*But then, I have a few minutes to spare.
I'd love to hear your thoughts on the subject.*

Suddenly, a voice breaks in from O.S. and carries Burbage into the midst of the situation.

BURBAGE

(sings)

*I'm a rover and seldom sober,
I'm a rover of high degree,
It's when I'm drinkin'
I'm always thinkin',
How to gain my love's company!*

Burbage blunders over to the wall next to Marlowe and the Critics, and adjusts his pantaloons to take a piss. The Critics freeze, not sure what to do.

MARLOWE

Psst.

Burbage drunkenly turns his head towards the trio. Sound effects of him pissing on the wall. (Fake bladder with water?)

BURBAGE

*Hey, Marlowe, what are you doing out here
In the alley? Cold night?*

MARLOWE

Umm, little help?

BURBAGE

*No thanks, I think I have it all under
Control.*

(beat, still oblivious to
Marlowe's situation)

*Ya know Marlowe, I was thinking,
I need a role that's more of a challenge.
A role that I can really sink my teeth
Into, completely lose myself in it.*

Suddenly Eber puts it together.

EBER

Mon Dieu! C'est Richard Burbage!

CECIL

(to Marlowe)

*Mon Dieu! He
Is such a push-over for ze actors!*

EBER

*Monsieur Burbage! Monsieur Burbage! C'est moi!
You're biggest fan! I think you are ze most
Incroyable acteur extraoridinaire!
Your performance in Bartholomew's Faire
Was inspirational! May I please have
Ze honor to shake your hand?*

BURBAGE

But of course!

Burbage goes from shaking his "thing" directly to shaking Eber's hand. Marlowe and Cecil wince.

CECIL

That was truly disgusting. What a boob!

MARLOWE

*I never thought I'd ever agree with
A French theatre critic. But there you go.*

Eber doesn't even seem to notice, he is so enthralled. He puts away his knife and pulls out a miniature quill, ink and booklet. Cecil still has Marlowe by the throat though. Burbage *still* hasn't zeroed in on the situation.

EBER

May I please have an autograph as well?

CECIL

Ah, you are such a suck-up. You creme-puff!

BURBAGE

I do not see why not.

Burbage redoes his pants and wipes his hands off by clamping Eber on the back. He takes the quill and booklet...

BURBAGE (cont'd)

(quotes as he writes)

"Best of Wishes...

Break a leg..."

(beat)

Now what was your name again?

EBER

Eber... Roget Eber.

CECIL

(piping in)

*And you can add
Jean Cecil too, right there after Roget's.*

Cecil points with the knife. Burbage sobers up.

BURBAGE

Cecil and Eber. The Theatre Critics?

CECIL

(pleased as punch)

So you have heard of us?

BURBAGE

*Of course I have,
Do these words sound familiar to you?
"Burbage gave a dry just say the lines and laugh
like an idiot performance."*

Uh oh. Suddenly the situation is less witty, more gritty.

EBER

Umm, zat was Cecil's review.

CECIL

Non non. That was yours, I said he
"sounded like a dying horse attempting
to yodel to a deaf and mute boy."

That didn't help. Burbage backs off and draws his dagger.

BURBAGE

The only ink for autograph's tonight,
will be your blood!

Cecil and Eber back off (still holding on to Marlowe) for
some fighting room.

EBER

Fine, I never believed your reality
environment anyway.

CECIL

Plus, your timing sucks!

BURBAGE

That does it.

Eber and Burbage square off, circling each other. Marlowe
breaks free from Cecil, disarms him and tosses the knife to
one side.

MARLOWE

Lets not forget the hack writer.

Marlowe squares off with Cecil - hands up in fisticuffs style.

CECIL

But you are so easy to forget. Your
stories have major character flaws, your
plots are nothing more than weakly linked
contrivances and the worlds you create
have no support structure that allows
any suspension of disbelief.

MARLOWE

That does it. Bring It On!

(beat)

One Moment. It's a bit dark out, someone
might get hurt. Let's take it inside.

The combatants are civil and agreeable to the idea, politely
allowing each other to go through the back door into the
mermaid. Shouts of "FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT..." resound as
the door closes behind them. Then...

BURBAGE (O.S.)
 Wait, I'm thirsty. I need a drink!

Beat.

VOICES
 DRINK DRINK DRINK DRINK DRINK DRINK...

The door opens, and come the combatants again, drunk off their arses, and hanging all over each other as if they were best pals.

EBER
 You know, on further reflection, you are a much better actor than Cecil ever gave you credit for.

CECIL
 And your writing is quite comparable to the great playwrights of the classical age.

BURBAGE
 Forget it! Your reviews are worthless!

MARLOWE
 And out of my sight! Now beat it!

Cecil and Eber look at each other, then at Marlowe and Burbage. They get a cold look in their eyes.

CECIL
 Very well, Marlowe. We'll leave.

They start inching out.

EBER
 But don't forget... London is a small town. Our paths will cross again.

CECIL
 Just remember to save us the aisle seats.

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

BURBAGE & MARLOWE
 YEAHHHH!!

Cecil and Eber both scatter off-stage, yipping like stooges. Marlowe and Burbage shudder.

BURBAGE
They do give the creeps.

MARLOWE
Thanks for backing me.

BURBAGE
We entertainers gotta stick together.

MARLOWE
Speaking of which. I have a proposition.

BURBAGE
You know I don't think of you in that way.

MARLOWE
*I meant I might have just the role that would
 Be quite the challenge.*

BURBAGE
And what is the role?

MARLOWE
Not here. Come and I'll explain it as we go.

Lights out.

SCENE 2

INT. THE THEATRE

Lights up on London's premiere stage. Several **ACTORS** and **STAGE-HANDS** mill about. Two **ACTORS** are playing dice. A **STAGE-HAND** comes over, ale in hand. Various knick-knacks lie about: Renaissance High-Tech.

STAGE-HAND
 (to Dice Playing Actors)
 What art thou doing?

ACTOR 1
 What art thou doing?!

ACTOR 2
 What art thou doing?! Ho there! Marlowe!

Marlowe enters greetings all around.

MARLOWE
 What art thou doing?!

ACTORS & STAGE HAND
 What art thou doing?!

"Wha's" all around. **INIGO JONES** enters, somewhat angrily.

INIGO
 What art thou doing?!

The boss is back. Everyone gets cool.

STAGE-HAND
 Watching the game, having an ale.

ACTOR 2

Verily, verily.

INIGO

Well get back to work! We hath a set to build, props to make, a play to perform! So clear out of my workshop!

Inigo takes Marlowe to one side as everyone else clears out.

INIGO (cont'd)

It's done kit. I've sent him on his way. Some of my best work actually.

MARLOWE

Brilliant, Inigo! You may have just saved us all from utter ruin.

(aside to audience)

Inigo Jones, the great scenic designer and special effects master. But to those in the know, he was also the top top-secret R&D man for Walsingham and his espionage network.

(back to Inigo)

Can we change horses for a sec? How are the special effects for Faustus coming along?

They walk along some benches, peering at things.

INIGO

Well, I haven't quite got the flaming pit of hell nailed yet, but I'm still working on it.

(low to Marlowe)

Obviously, under the current circumstances, I'll have to set that aside for the time being.

(slapping Marlowe's hand)

Don't touch that!

Marlowe takes his hands off the spyglass he was handling.

MARLOWE

It's just a spyglass.

INIGO

Hardly, K.

(low)

It acts as a normal spyglass, but if you press this button here, and turn the lens to the right, a single crossbow bolt shoots out the other end.

MARLOWE

Nice. Can I keep this?

Inigo nods ascent. Marlowe puts it in his pouch and picks up a small metal round object.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Is this what I think it is?

INIGO
Careful, it's expensive.

MARLOWE
The portable clock! Incredible! Bavarian I suppose?

INIGO
Well done K, I see you've been doing your research.

MARLOWE
I didn't become a Playwright Investigator for the chicks.

INIGO
Ah. Right. Whatever suits your fancy.

MARLOWE
Does Big Ben know about this?

INIGO
I'm not sure he really feels about you in that way.

MARLOWE
Time out, Inigo. I meant the clock. I doubt the town-crier would like to see this become too popular. He'll be out of a job.

INIGO
I'm sure Big Ben will calling out the time for many years to come.

Inigo looks around, makes sure that he and Marlowe aren't within hearing range of the others.

INIGO (cont'd)
(beat, low to Marlowe)
But this particular portable-clock has a few modifications that I've made to it that I think you'll appreciate.

MARLOWE
There's a surprise.

INIGO
If you press down on this button twice in rapid succession, it releases a powder
(MORE)

INIGO (cont'd)
 hidden in the base. Physical contact
 with the powder is harmless. However,
 if you blow it into someone's eyes, it
 blinds them for a few minutes.

MARLOWE
 I see. Right, I'll be careful.

INIGO
 Oh no, K. I can't let you have that.
 I'm still working on it. There's still
 a defect. If it comes into contact with
 water, it produces a noxious gas.

MARLOWE
 Sounds as though you need to iron out
 the details.

INIGO
 Speaking of which...

He pulls out an odd looking iron candle-stick with a funny
 looking red candle attached on top.

MARLOWE
 It looks like a candle.

INIGO
 Very good, it is a candle. But it's not
 an ordinary candle.

Inigo demonstrates as he explains.

INIGO (cont'd)
 The candle detaches from the base,
 revealing a plate that helps protect the
 hand and a wicked spike that you can use
 in melee combat.

MARLOWE
 That should make a point.

INIGO
 Note the base of the candle has four
 prongs and a hole drilled into the center
 of the shaft. Loop some rope through
 hole, and you have either a nice grappling
 hook or a retrievable distance weapon.

MARLOWE
 Talk about getting the short end of the
 candle stick.

INIGO
 Get a clue marlowe.

MARLOWE

And the candle, I suppose you are going to tell me it is some kind of explosive?

INIGO

Excellent deduction. You're a regular Cadfael. The first inch of the candle is standard wax, the rest is a special mix of wax, blackpowder and some other special chemicals I've managed to whip together. Once lit, it should last approximately 5 minutes before...

MARLOWE

Boom.

INIGO

Exactly.

Inigo puts the candles stick in a leather satchel.

MARLOWE

This should be all I need. Thanks Jones.

INIGO

Just be careful Marlowe.

MARLOWE

My middle name is "Careful".

Suddenly Chastity comes rushing in.

CHASTITY

Oh my god Marlowe! Look! Look!

Chastity pulls up his sleeve to show an arm covered with leeches.

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARLOWE

That's gotta sucketh.

Oddly, no one seems concerned. As Inigo examines Chastity, Marlowe takes this opportunity to slip the pocket clock into his pouch without Inigo noticing.

INIGO

Nice work Chastity. They look rather real.

CHASTITY

Yes, I was thinking this would make a great arm for one of the devils in the final scene, when Faustus is swarmed by the demons of hell.

MARLOWE

The doctor tormented by the living embodiment of a cure. What perfect irony. Good work Chastity. Did you give Johnson the rewrites?

CHASTITY

Verily, 'tis done and approved. Final rehearsals tonight, and the play goes up tomorrow.

Suddenly, Big Ben comes rushing in.

BIG BEN

Marlowe! Marlowe!
(sees Chastity's arm)
Oh my God! Chastity! Chastity! I'll save you!

CHASTITY

Easy there Ben! It's just a prop, a fake, for the play.

BIG BEN

Oh. Sorry.

MARLOWE

What's going on Ben? Any word on the Queens?

BIG BEN

My God! I'd almost forgot! I've found out where the Queens are being held!

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARLOWE

There's no time to lose. Chastity, go to the court, find Walsingham and tell him where the Queens are. He'll know what to do. Inigo, keep working on the set. The play goes up tomorrow, Queen or no Queen.

INIGO

Good luck Marlowe.

CHASTITY

What are you going to do?

MARLOWE

Big Ben, I'm going to need you as back up. We're going in.

Marlowe and Big Ben start heading off.

CHASTITY

Ben, wait!

Big Ben turns back to her. Hope in his eyes.

BIG BEN

Yes Chastity?

CHASTITY

Be careful out there. I wouldn't want anything to happen to Marlowe...

BIG BEN

(slightly disappointed)

Of course.

CHASTITY

... or you.

Chastity kisses him on the cheek. Big Ben gets the dopiest grin on his face.

BIG BEN

Don't you worry mistress Chastity!
Nothing can go wrong while I'm there.

The heroes exit. Lights out.

SCENE 3

INT. COURT OF ELIZABETH

Lights up. Various **COURTIERS** and their **LADIES** are huddled in groups, buzzing with rumors. Shakespeare entertains the ladies as well as keeping an eye on the scene.

SHAKESPEARE

*"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"*

He caresses the cheeks of a **LADY**. The ladies coo and bat their eyes at Shakespeare. Polite applause from the men.

LADY

*Oh Shakespeare,
Thou art so talented! How do you think
Up all those words?*

SHAKESPEARE

*It's just a little thing
That I whipped up this morning...*

Suddenly, Walsingham enters, pursued by the **SPANISH AMBASSADOR**.

SPANISH AMBASSADOR

Walsingham!

*Now enough is enough! It is quite clear
The Queen has abdicated crown and throne
In favor of the true heir to the throne
By right of blood, His Most Honorable
Majesty, King Phillip the Second of Spain!!*

Gasps from the on-looking courtiers.

WALSINGHAM

*'Tis foolishness, Ambassador. The Queen
Has not abidcated. Your labourous
Petitions for her love have lost their charm.*

SHAKESPEARE

(to himself)
Hmmm... Love's Labors Lost. Catchy.

Shakespeare jots down notes on parchment.

WALSINGHAM

Secondly,

King Phillip has no blood rights to the throne.

SPANISH AMBASSADOR

I have a Papal Bull!

A high-pitched voice from off-stage chimes in.

QUEEN BURBAGE (O.S.)

A Papal Bull?

*We think that only one here has a right
To England's throne! Does Walsingham agree?*

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Everyone gasps! It's the Queen! Well, actually, it's obvious to the audience that it's the big burly Burbage, dressed as the Queen, but no one at the court seems to be able to tell the difference. Walsingham is stunned.

WALSINGHAM

Your Majesty! My Queen, you are... revived!

He goes down on one knee, everyone follows suit.

ALL

Your Majesty!

QUEEN BURBAGE

Rise, rise. Everyone rise.

Everyone stands.

QUEEN BURBAGE (cont'd)

Uht! You did not say Majesty May I!

Everyone drops back to their bows. Puzzled looks around.
They haphazardly say...

ALL
Majesty May I.

QUEEN BURBAGE
Yes, you may.

They all stand up again.

QUEEN BURBAGE (cont'd)
Now now.
What's all this talk of us abdicating?

SPANISH AMBASSADOR
Your Majesty -

QUEEN BURBAGE
And all this Papal Bull...
You all know well the Pope has no writ here.
We are the supreme head and spokespersons
For God in this kingdom!

COURTIERS
Here here.

AMBASSADORS
But I -

QUEEN BURBAGE
Enough! There will be no more talk of Bulls
Or Popes.

WALSINGHAM
Your Majesty, may I approach?
I ask a private word.

QUEEN BURBAGE
Of course you may.
(to Ambassadors)
Ambassadors, you are dismissed. Fare well.

AMBASSADORS
But Majesty!

QUEEN BURBAGE
I did not mean from court,
I meant until this evening's feast, of course.
I do have matters to attend. Leave us!

AMBASSADORS
(grumbling)
Yes, your Majesty.

The Ambassadors exit. Walsingham approaches the Queen and the two turn away from everyone else so that they may not be overheard. Not that everyone isn't trying.

WALSINGHAM
 (low to the Queen)
Your Majesty, just how did you escape!?

QUEEN BURBAGE
 (dropping the high-pitch,
 verse)
 Pretty good, huh?

WALSINGHAM
 Good God! You're an impos-

Burbage clamps his hands over Walsingham's mouth.

QUEEN BURBAGE
 Easy there, Francis, it's me, Burbage. Marlowe sent me to cover for the Queen in her absence.

He uncovers Walsingham's mouth.

WALSINGHAM
 Incredible. I would never have known!

QUEEN BURBAGE
 Thank you, thank you.

WALSINGHAM
 Well what of the real Queen?

QUEEN BURBAGE
 As far as I know, Marlowe is still looking. But I'm sure he'll get word to us. I'd better resume my part, the natives are looking restless.

Burbage turns away from Walsingham before he can say anything further.

QUEEN BURBAGE (cont'd)
 (back to high pitch)
*Upon conferring with Lord Walsingham,
 We have decided on correcting that
 Which has for too long gone unchang'd.*

Everyone starts taking note.

QUEEN BURBAGE (cont'd) *And so,*
*We first would like to recognize one of
 Our greatest entertainers...*

Shakespeare primps himself. The girls hang on his arms.

SHAKESPEARE
(to the Ladies)

This is it!
The moment I've been waiting for. I'm in!

QUEEN BURBAGE
*We thus hereby decree that... Richard Burbage
Shall now assume the rank of Earl of Oxford!*

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

ALL
What!!? BURBAGE!!

QUEEN BURBAGE
Speaking of which, where is the Earl of Oxford?

Everyone looks at Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE
What? What? Why are you all looking at me?

WALSINGHAM
'Tis madness!

QUEEN BURBAGE
Did we permit you to speak?

WALSINGHAM
You just can't make these wild decisions...

QUEEN BURBAGE
Guards! Guards! Arrest that man!

Gasps all around as the **GUARDS** grab Walsingham.

WALSINGHAM
Lay off your hands!
Do you know who I am!?! That's -

QUEEN BURBAGE
Silence him!

The guards clamp their hands over his mouth. At that same moment, Chastity comes running into the court.

CHASTITY
*Where's Walsingham - I must see
Walsingham...*

QUEEN BURBAGE
*Take him away and lock him in the Tower.
Make sure that he is gagged and not allowed
To speak to anyone!!*

Everyone goes nuts with talks. Walsingham tries to break free. But he is dragged out kicking and screaming.

CHASTITY

But -

Shakespeare clamps his hand over her mouth.

SHAKESPEARE

Quiet girl.

*She has gone mad. Take care, or else you'll be
Thrown in the tower too.*

QUEEN BURBAGE

For treason 'gainst

*Our crown, Lord Walsingham shall face the ax
Of the executioner at sunrise!*

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Everyone freezes in expressions of horror.

ANNOUNCER

Will Marlowe succeed in rescuing the
Queens? Will Burbage, insane in power,
really have Walsingham executed. And
for crying out loud, will Big Ben **ever**
have the freaking courage to get a date
with Chastity Belter? I'm telling you,
it's not that hard. It's obvious she
like him. He's such a wuss sometimes, I
swear. What? Oh, right. These questions
and more will be answered as the
adventures of Christopher Marlowe P.I.,
Playwright / Investigator continue in...

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

ANNOUNCER

The case of The Two Jacques. Our fourth
and final Episode: "It's About Bloody
Time!"

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

EPISODE FOUR

"It's About Bloody Time!"

ANNOUNCER

And now...

(music begins)

The adventures of Christopher Marlowe,
P.I.: Playwright / Investigator in...
The case of The Two Jacques!

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

We open with the theme to the Brady Bunch. Our Actors set themselves up into their respective squares...

ANNOUNCER

Last time, Burbage, pretending to be the Queen, had Walsingham imprisoned in the Tower of London. Meanwhile, unawares of the events at court, Marlowe and Big Ben were on their to rescue the Queens of England and Scotland from the diabolical Two Jacques. Will Marlowe be in time to save the Queens and Walsingham? Of course he will, he's the hero, duh! And if you'd bothered paying attention to your English History classes, instead of that hot looking freshman in the 2nd row, you'd know it too! So, on to our fourth and final Episode: "It's About Bloody Time!".

CAST

DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

Lights up to reveal...

SCENE 1**INT. THE TWO JAQUES' HIDEOUT**

Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary are in their cells.

LIZ

Now, Mary, hark. I know that we have had Our diff'rences. But we have got to work Together to get out of this, agreed?

MARY

Ach! I agree wick ya. The last thing I Be wantin' is to have those greasy Frogs A-putting their hands on my body! Ach!

LIZ

Then it's a truce, until this is resolved.

MARY

Queen's Word?

LIZ

Queen's Word.

Marlowe and Big Ben burst in.

MARLOWE

There they are!

MARY

Who is that!?

Marlowe and Big Ben rush down to them. They open the cell and help the Queens out. Marlowe unties Mary and Big Ben unties Liz.

LIZ

Marlowe!?

BIG BEN

Are you all right your majesty?!

Once Mary is free, she practically leaps on Marlowe, smothering him with kisses.

MARY

My kitten has come back to rescue me!

Liz grabs Mary by the hair and pulls her off.

LIZ

*Okay cousin, that's quite enough of that.
He's my spy.*

MARLOWE

*You didn't have to do that!
I was handling it!*

MARY

He was.

LIZ

No kidding.

The Queens start squaring off. Claws extended. Cat noises.

BIG BEN

*Umm... Marlowe, I think I'll just step
outside, and keep a look out.*

MARLOWE

Umm... good idea.

Ben slips outside. The Queens continue circling each other.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
*Girls girls, you know that it is pointless fighting
 Over me. We must get out of here, now!*

QUEENS
Shuddap Marlowe!

MARLOWE
*Fine, fine, fight over me.
 But can we do it back at the Palace?
 I don't want to be here when the two Jacques...*

Suddenly, a bound and gagged Big Ben is thrust in, followed by the two Jaques, with skewers in hand.

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARLOWE (cont'd)
 ... get back.

Too late. The two Jacques appraise the situation.

JACQUES #1
 Ah, monsieur Marlowe, how kind of you to drop by.

MARLOWE
 I was just leaving. Come on girls.

He tries to leave, the girls right behind. The two Jacques use their skewers to hold them at bay.

JACQUES #2
 Not so fast, Marlowe. We have some unfinished business.

MARLOWE
 Oh, well the privy is out back.

JACQUES #1
 Very funny Marlowe. But we are here to claim our brides.

QUEENS
 Never!

They each spit in the two Jacques' faces. The two Jacques each pull out a handkerchief and start wiping off their faces.

JACQUES #1
 Well Jacques, that was unpleasant.

JACQUES #2
 Yes Jacques, quite nasty. We'll just have to teach them a lesson...

BOTH JACQUES
 On the wedding night!
 HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

MARLOWE
 Forget it boys, you don't have a mutton
 leg to stand on. You can't force royalty
 to marry you.

JACQUES #1
 But zat is where you are wrong!

JACQUES #2
 For you see, we have... the Pope!!

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Enter **THE POPE**. An exquisitely dressed man with an air of
 wicked-ass authority.

THE POPE
*Well well, your Majesties. You have been bad
 Little girls now, haven't you?*

To Marlowe and Ben's amazement, both Queens drop to their
 knees and kiss the Pope's ring.

MARLOWE
*But! But Liz!
 You don't follow the pope's authority!*

POPE
*Actually, she confesses through written
 Correspondence regularly.*

Marlowe looks at Liz, "is this true?"

LIZ
*Kit, I'm...
 'Tis true. I am a closet Catholic.*

MARLOWE
*Well does not that beat all. Who would have thought?
 (to the Jacques)
 How did a pair of low-life pastry chefs
 working for the French Confection manage
 to secure the Pope?*

JACQUES #1
 Ah Marlowe. There is nothing more
 powerful than a properly made Chocolate
 Eclair.

POPE
 (shrugs)
Even the Pope can sin once in awhile.

JACQUES #2
Now, lets get married.

The two Jacques go to either side of their brides to be. Marlowe is about to make a move when they each hold a skewer to their throat.

JACQUES #1
Ah ah ah. We need you and your oversized companion to bear good witness to the ceremony.

The Pope begins the ceremony. No one notices Chastity sneak in and up behind Big Ben to untie him.

POPE
*Now we are gathered here today in sight
Of God, our Holy Father, to unite
And bless these couples in matrimony.
Bring forth the rings.*

The two Jacques bring forth two powdered donuts, and place each of them on their respective brides' fingers. Each still keeping their respective skewer at Marlowe's throat.

POPE (cont'd)
*Do you, Jacques, and you Jacques
Take these two Queens...*

BOTH JACQUES
We do!

POPE
*Your majesties,
Do you then take these Chefs to be your lords,
Husbands, and kings of both your realms?*

QUEENS
Well.. um...

BIG BEN/CHASTITY
DON'T DO IT!!!

Ben and Chastity suddenly surge forward. Taking the skewers and turning them on the two Jacques, they pull them away from the ceremony. The Queens try to stand but...

POPE
Stay where you are.

They go back to kneeling. Marlowe stalks the Pope.

MARLOWE
Enough, your pontiffness.

POPE
You dare defy the voice of God?

MARLOWE

*You bet!**I'm an atheist!*

POPE

Uh oh.

(beat)

Carpe Diem!

The Pope and the two Jacques beat a hasty exit.

MARLOWE

Quick! After them!

CHASTITY

Marlowe! Wait!

MARLOWE

What now!

CHASTITY

Burbage is out of control! He's arrested Walsingham and is going to have him executed in a few hours!

MARLOWE

Good riddance.

LIZ

Now Marlowe...

MARLOWE

But what about the two Jacques!

LIZ

Let them go...

MARLOWE

Fine. We'll rescue Walsingham.

Lights out.

SCENE 2**INT. THE TOWER OF LONDON**

Lights up.

Walsingham is chained to a wall, looking rather pissy. Queen (Burbage) stares him down.

WALSINGHAM

*You will not get away with this,**Burbage!*

QUEEN BURBAGE

*But there is nothing to get away with!
You have attempted to declare ourselves
As if we were not whom we say we are.
'Tis treason. And I will not stand for it!*

WALSINGHAM

*My God! You have gone mad! You really think
You are the Queen! You must snap out of it!
Burbage! You have lost yourself in the role.
You will damn this country to utter ruin!
You must break free, man!*

QUEEN BURBAGE

*We have had enough.
'Tis time to have you executed, Francis.*

WALSINGHAM

But you were going to wait 'til morning!

QUEEN BURBAGE

*No longer. We have lost our patience, sir.
(calls out)
Executioner!*

WALSINGHAM

You're making a mistake.

QUEEN BURBAGE

The one mistake I made was trusting you.

Enter the Executioner, black hood and big headsman's ax. He unchains Walsingham from the wall and forces him to kneel by the chopping block. A blood stained bucket lies beneath the block to catch the head.

WALSINGHAM

*(sucking up to "the Queen")
Your "majesty," please! No!*

QUEEN BURBAGE

Let it be done.

The executioner raises his ax.

WALSINGHAM

Please, I beg of you. Mercy!

MARLOWE

*Very well.
I shall show you mercy.*

The executioner removes his hood. It's Marlowe!

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

WALSINGHAM/QUEEN BURBAGE
Marlowe!!

MARLOWE

That's me.

In rush the Chastity, Big Ben, Mary and Liz (with the same crown, fan and scepter as Burbage). Big Ben and Marlowe help Marlowe to standing. Liz goes nuts and attacks Burbage.

LIZ

Give me back my crown you BITCH!!

Chastity runs around the battling Queens of England.

CHASTITY

Oh stop! Please!! Your majesties?

Mary and Walsingham grab Liz while Marlowe and Big Ben haul on Burbage so that the two are no longer able to reach each other.

MARLOWE

Okay that's enough!

There's a beat before...

CHASTITY

My gosh! They look exactly the same!
 Which one is the real Queen?

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Suddenly, no one can tell them apart! Confused looks all around.

LIZ/BURBAGE

It's obvious! We are the real Queen!

They glare at each other. The rest exchange glances. What next? Big Ben steps up to the plate.

BIG BEN

What If we just check their nether regions, we could easily find out then.

LIZ/BURBAGE

Anyone who touches us dies!

Chastity punches Big Ben in the shoulder.

CHASTITY

Ben!

BIG BEN

Just an idea.

Walsingham steps up to the challenge.

WALSINGHAM

*I've known the Queen the longest. Leave it me.
A question or two, and I'll know the truth.*

LIZ/BURBAGE

We are ready!

WALSINGHAM

*Right then. What was the name
Of your father? Was it Henry the first,
Henry the second, Henry the third,
Henry the fourth or Henry the fifth?*

LIZ/BURBAGE

Henry the Eighth!

WALSINGHAM

*Damn. So much for that trick.
Anyone else have an idea? I'm tapped.*

MARY

*What was my favorite thing to do when we
Were wee lasses?*

LIZ/BURBAGE

Pull wings off butterflies!

MARY

*Ah for the sake a Mark! I canna tell!
They shouldna both known that! It's plain freaky!*

BIG BEN

*I have it! What is the main principle
of economic theory within a self contained
governing body?*

LIZ/BURBAGE

*I don't know, that's what my Chancellor
is for. Ask him!*

BIG BEN

Damn they're good!

MARLOWE

Are you the Virgin Queen?

QUEEN BURBAGE

Of course we are!

But Liz just raises an eyebrow. Marlowe points out Burbage.

MARLOWE

Him. He's the fake.

LIZ

Arrest that man.

Walsingham grabs hold of Burbage.

QUEEN BURBAGE

*No no!**It's him! It's him I tell you! We're the Queen.*

Marlowe goes over to Burbage and yanks off the wig.

MARLOWE

I'm sorry Burbage, but it just won't work.

LIZ

Prepare to have him executed.

BURBAGE

*No!**Your Majesty. I beg of you, be kind!*

LIZ

But you usurped my throne!

MARLOWE

*He was insane.**I think he was so swept up in the role,
He knew not what he did.*

LIZ

Irrelevant.

MARLOWE

Oh come on now, you surely must have cause.

CHASTITY

Yes, you must believe in Sanity Cause.

Everyone on stage groans and looks at her.

CHASTITY (cont'd)

What?

LIZ

*So be it then. Toss him in the dungeon
For a week, is that well enough?*

BURBAGE

*Thank you.**Thank you your majesty. You may command
A performance of me at any time.*

WALSINGHAM

How could you tell he was the fake Marlowe?

Glances between Marlowe and Elizabeth.

MARLOWE

Call it a hunch.

WALSINGHAM

*I have to hand it to ya,
You did real good. And I'll make sure that he
Stays out of trouble.*

Walsingham exits, taking Burbage with him. Big Ben approaches Chastity...

BIG BEN

Umm, miss Chastity, I know that the timing is a little off... But now that we aren't busy saving England and all, would you... would like to grab a bite to eat at the Mermaid... with me?

CHASTITY

I'd love to!!

Everyone "Awwwws" as Chastity and Big Ben leave arm and arm, leaving Marlowe alone with the two Queens.

MARLOWE

(suggestively)
*Well, that just leaves the three of us, I guess.
What should we do to celebrate? Menage...*

BOTH JACQUES (O.S.)

...a quins! Do not forget to add us to the mix!

Enter the Two Jacques, with skewers in hand.

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Lights out.

SCENE 3

INT. THE TOWER OF LONDON

Lights up.

Marlowe alone with the two Queens.

MARLOWE

(suggestively)
*Well, that just leaves the three of us, I guess.
What should we do to celebrate? Menage...*

BOTH JACQUES (O.S.)

...a quins! Do not forget to add us to the mix!

Enter the Two Jacques, with skewers in hand.

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

MARLOWE

Jacques... and Jacques. Long time no see. Came to get your asses kicked back to Froggy Land?

JACQUES #1

Very funny Marlowe, ever thought about writing comedy?

JACQUES #2

...because you certainly can't write Drama. No wonder your audience is retching by the fourth act.

MARLOWE

If they ate your pasties, they'd be retching by the second act.

That did it. The two Jacques bring their skewers to bare.

JACQUES #1

Have-At-You!

MARLOWE

Gaz-un-tite!

JACQUES #2

Comes-out-loose!

The two Jacques double team Marlowe, lunging simultaneously. Marlowe leaps back, and the two end up disarming themselves.

Marlowe points behind them.

MARLOWE

Look! The Pope!

When they turned to look, Marlowe quickly grabs the two skewers and points them at the two Jacques.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Can't handle a spit worth spit. And you call yourselves professional chefs!

The two Jacques are furious. Marlowe considers his opponents.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Too easy.

Marlowe makes a terrible miscalculation, and tosses the skewers off to the side.

LIZ

What are you doing Marlowe!

MARY

Wha? Are you daf?

MARLOWE

I can handle these two French pansies!

The two Jacques look at each other with knowing nods, and move to either side of him.

JACQUES #1

Well Marlowe, it takes one...

JACQUES #2

...to know one.

Jacques #1 feints a jab at Marlowe, Marlowe weaves and takes a swing, missing wide. Jacques #2 comes from his blind side and sucker punches him in the gut, doubling him over. Jacques #1 uses a double fisted blow to Marlowe's back to drop him.

Then to finish the job, Jacques #2 lifts Marlowe's head up, and slams it into the floor. Marlowe staggers to standing...

MARLOWE

Ow, that hurt.

...and he drops to the ground. The two Queens rush to his side. Marlowe is conscious, but dazed.

QUEENS

Marlowe!!

Mary tries to comfort Marlowe, who is clearly delirious.

MARLOWE

(garbled)

You know, sausage isn't that bad, once you get used to it.

JACQUES #1

So much for your monsieur Marlowe.

LIZ

You Monsters!! How could you do that?!!

JACQUES #2

Oh come now, is zat such a surprise? We French have always beaten your English, as far back as 1066.

JACQUES #1

Ze English will never outlast ze French, in language, culture, and ze sack - if you know what I mean.

JACQUES #2

Winky winky.

MARY

You say that now, but you won't be laughing when you get overrun.

JACQUES #1

No one is mightier zan ze French!

LIZ

Your own ego will be your downfall one day. Mark my words. You think you're country will respect a pair of pitiful pastry chefs? What will you promise the people? Free Cookies?

JACQUES #1

No! Nothing so mundane!

JACQUES #2

The common people would rise up against us for being so arrogant.

JACQUES #1

But of course! We would have to do zo much better zan zhat!

MARLOWE

...Let zem eat cake!! AHAHAHHAHAHAHA.

Everyone looks at Marlowe, still quite delirious.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

What? Was I using my outside voice again? I'm sorry, I'll be good now.

JACQUES #1

You know, Jaques, I think he is going to need zome 'elp.

LIZ

Oh, and now you are being all kind and merciful? Just who do you think you are? Charlemagne's Angels?

JACQUES #2

Better than being Marlowe's bitches!

QUEENS

That does it! We challenge you to a match to end all matches!

BOTH JACQUES

Fine! We accept!!

Marlowe staggers to standing once again.

MARLOWE

No wait!! Stop!! Can't we all just...

(beat)

Ah screw it!! Hit it G!

Lights go all disco. Hip-hop House Wrestling music pumps in and continues through the following: Marlowe hits center stage, a mic with a resounding echo is tossed to him. The two pairs split to either side of the stage.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

*Good gentlefolk. To my sinister are
Two giants among French confectioners,
The tasty pasties, the twin towers of
Baking powers, none else than the TWO JACQUES!!!*

Wild boos. The two Jacques pump themselves up with grunts and roars.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

*And to my dexter, women whose very
Commands make mortal men and women squirm,
The seductive sovereigns, courtly cousins,
The ROYAL QUEENS OF MEAN!!!*

Wild applause. The girls pump themselves up with grunts and roars as well. More wild applause.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

*And I will be
Your completely impartial referee
For this evening.*

Marlowe gives the cut sign and the music cuts off.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

*You all know the rules...
There aren't any! And now... LET'S GET READY
TO RUMBUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUULLLLLL!*

Wild applause followed by the CLANG of the bell!

And with that, Liz leaps into Jacques #1, clawing and scratching. Jacques #1 is off-balanced in surprise and taken down. Quickly, he reaches out a hand and...

Jacques #2 slaps it. Jacques #2 body checks Liz off of Jacques #1, allowing him to scramble off to one side. He grabs her by the hair and starts pulling her back and forth.

Mary is calling out from the sides.

MARY

Come on Lizzy!! Don' let that Froggy
Bastard get the best a ya!!

Liz elbows Jacques #1 in the gut, steps to the side and trips him to the floor. She quickly gets him into a pinning position, lifting one leg. Marlowe gets close to the ground.

JACQUES #2

Use the Pretzle!! The Pretzle!!

Jacques #1 brings his other leg around, clasping Liz, and the tables are turned. Liz is in trouble, she drags herself towards the side and finally tags off with Mary.

Mary jumps on Jacques #1's back and starts riding him like a Bronco. It doesn't look good for the two Jacques until...

JACQUES #2 (cont'd)

Ice Cream Sandwich!

Jacques #1 stands up, Mary clinging to his back. And launches backwards towards Jacques #2, who braces and WHAM! Mary is body slammed between them.

LIZ

Did you see that!! Not cool! Not cool!

MARLOWE

Okay boys, take it easy...

Marlowe tries to separate them, and manages to free Mary, but ends up being grabbed from behind by Jacques #2 while Jacques #1 throws punch after punch into his gut.

JACQUES #1

This for interfering with our plans!
 This for butchering our language!
 This for your bland tasting food!
 And This is for Benny Hill!

But, the two Queens have recovered, and grabbed either arm of Jacques #2, hauling him back and away from Marlowe, who slumps to the ground.

LIZ

That's enough of THAT!!

Jacques #1 follows after, but the two Queens swing Jacques #2 around and send him head first into the stomach of Jacques #1, everyone freezes. And in a moment of truly inspired comedy hilarity...

...Everyone shuffles 360 degrees around Jaques #1, keeping their body-positions the same, thus duplicating the Matrix 360 shot on the stage! When everyone returns to their original position, there's a beat, and CLANG!!

The two Jaques tumble to the floor, defeated! The Queens hold up their arms in triumph. Wild applause. Lights return to normal.

Marlowe starts to recover as the two Jacques groan in pain and protest.

JACQUES #1
But I don't understand! Ow. It is impossible! Ow.

JACQUES #2
How can two Frenchmen lose to two prissy women! Ow ow ow.

MARLOWE
...because, Frenchie, a pair of Queens will always beat a pair of Jacques.

Startled looks at Marlowe, then everyone laughs and freezes.

ANNOUNCER
That concludes the case of THE TWO JACQUES...

Suddenly, a voice calls out -

DEATH JESTER (O.S.)
Ah yes, but a Fool House beats a pair of Queens...

MUSIC: DUNNNHH!!

Enter the Death Jester followed by 4 Jesterites laughing maniacally... then they too freeze.

ANNOUNCER
Coming soon, a new adventure for Christopher Marlowe: P.I. - Playwright / Investigator in the case of...

CAST
DUNH DUNH DUNH!!!

ANNOUNCER
DYING WITH LAUGHTER.

Music up, lights out.

THE END