

1 EXT.DAY. TOWN SQUARE

1

The Town Cryer stands on the edge of the town square. Although we are solely concentrating on the Town Cryer we still get a sense of people hustling and bustling along the busy market square.

Ash is floating through the air and the Cryer grabs some as it falls.

CRYER

OYEZ. OYEZ. OYEZ. On this morning of 11th October 1831 his Lordship, his Dukeship, oh his home sweet home. An Englishman's home is his castle well sniff the air Ladies and Gentleman. OYEZ, OYEZ, OYES. Some say the spirit of discontent finally caught fire. The roughs some say caused it, that it rushed from the slums. Others say his Dukeship's intransigence marked him out. Lawless deeds Ladies and Gentleman brought the castle to ruins. Lowest and most despicable characters. How they dispersed, mob melted like dust when out our brave Hussars raced to answer the call. To Sneinton, to Colwick, to Saint James Church. The Mob massing and milling like the very flames set to burn the castle, that noble mansion.

Some people stop to listen

CRYER

OYEZ, OYEZ, OYEZ. Molten lead, running like lurid streams. Precious tapestries, crackling and burning timber wood. Ladies and Gentlemen I bring you reports from the very eyes your Mayor, struck down in the course of serving this city Sirs.

The Cryer viciously strikes the air as he mimes the mayor being struck down

CRYER

Smell Ladies and Gentleman, Cedar wood. Is that the delicious odour of reform? And onto the mills they swept, wild beasts. Sharpe's Mill, Green Mill. One of you here carries a musket ball, hit in the flank. Shame on you sir, where were you Sir?

The Cryer holds a burnt evening dress aloft.

CRYER

I bring you a dress Sire, a dress Madam recovered by brave deed from the shell, an empty castle fired. This from the very castle husk and who shall compensate for this? Mob rules Sir? No Sir. Inquires are being made, solicitations being sought Sir. Smell the air, catch the drift. An Englishman's home is his castle. OYEZ, OYEZ, OYEZ.