

Eithne, the Pirate's Daughter

by Nell Smyth

Act I - Scene 1: The docks of Lisbon in the late 15th century

Ululating sounds and drumming are heard. Impression of crowds running screaming hither and thither as flaming torches light the way. Donal, a large Irish sea captain, rises above the crowd and calls, beckoning a group to follow him. We see an elderly Jewish man holding the hands of a small girl and boy with a large bundle of scrolls under his arm. Coming after them is a young woman crying and after her, a young man. They are clearly attempting to stop the elderly grandfather escaping with the children. The woman catches up and falls towards the children, hugging them to her and sobbing. The maps tumble to the ground as the sea captain rushes to help.

Reuben:

Let them go my child! Let them go! If you will not seek safety for yourself at least allow your children to go with me and allow me to teach them the wisdom of our chosen people!

Esther:

They will be safe! They will be safe enough in Lisbon with Antonio and myself!

Reuben:

You have chosen to marry a Christian and now when they purge all the Jews from the land you believe you will be safe! You can be safe only if you raise the children as Christian and betray our people!

Esther:

Father! I beseech you! Life you have always taught me is about love, not about Jews and Christians! Can we not live together?

Reuben: *(eyes flaming)*

This, this, what is happening here... all of our people being driven from the land! This is about hate, not about love! Can we not live together you say? It seems we cannot!

Donal steps forwards and places a hand on Reuben's shoulder after two of his sailors have helped to collect all the scrolls.

Donal:

Reuben my friend, there is not much time to lose if we are to have the winds to our advantage. Come let us leave for the Balearic Isles!

The young girl clings to her grandfather but the small boy, Daniel, runs to his mother clinging and sobbing. Antonio, her husband arrives and places a hand on her shoulder. Sobbing, Esther holds the boy to her while Reuben puts the girl against his chest, as he goes towards the boat, the girl, Myriam, looks back.

Myriam:

Mama! Mama! Papa! Daniel! I don't want to leave you!

Daniel:

Myriam! Myriam!

The lights start to dim as we hear Donal calling out to his sailors as the sobbing of Esther becomes fainter and fainter.

Act I - Scene 2: A small harbor on the West Coast of Ireland in the early 16th century, twelve years later

Sailors are preparing the rigging and adjusting sails, bringing bags and chest aboard, clearly in readiness for a long journey

Donal:

Alright then! Grand! We're grand! Are we right? Are we ready? We want to get this boat over the waves before sunset! Declan O'Donnell? Is that the chest of fine linens and wool for the Queen of Spain or a fishwife of Aran? You'd better handle it a little more royally.

Grainne :

Donal, are you sure you're going to be alright? I always worry about you on dry land. Did you get all the hams and sides of beef that we fixed for the journey? Sure there's a whole cow of spiced beef that we had them prepare!

Donal: *embracing his wife*

We did! Sure, Grianne, Yer after worrying far too much! I have a friend in every port between here and Cadiz! Sure, we'll be grand! After visiting Reuben and enjoying some fine, blue skies in the Balearic islands, I'll be returning north and then staying in Lisbon with a Captain Diego De Sant Angelo, a most hospitable Portuguese sea captain, fresh back from India. He is most trustworthy and most charming and sure would make a marvelous son-in-law! *(teasing)* Best side out! Best side out now Grainne! No daughter of ours will marry, my love without your consent! Ah mow, look at ye! How can I bear to leave the lovely Grainne, as fair a chieftain's wife as ever lived; always ensuring that I always eat well whether near or far!

Grainne:

Sure an' it's tosh that yer after talking Donal O'Malley. All this sea faring and salt wind has turned yer head.

Donal: *(holding his wife even closer)*

And does the lovely princess Grainne not wish to be complimented on her great beauty, her long dark hair, her sparkling eyes and her winning ways that always call me back home like the grey goose flying over the starlit sky to home.....

Grainne: *pulling away and looking at him directly*

Ah Donal, will ye give it up now! Ye haven't even left yet! Just promise me that you'll eat well, look after the children and get home safely! No silly piratical japes! Do you hear me!

Donal:

Me darlin' wife are yer after callin' me a pirate?

Grainne:

Aye Donal, that I am! What with this smuggling of maps and charts and tables and all right under the nose of the kings and queens of England! Why could there be a riskier business?

Donal: *suddenly serious*

Grainne I'll take no risks greater than I have to. But this business of the maps, it is deathly important you know. Everyone, the King of Portugal, the King and Queen of Spain, all the Dukes of Italy, Milan, Venice, Naples and Florence and even of course, His Holiness himself in Rome, they're all after wantin' as much of the world as they can get and sure they all want the maps for themselves alone.

Grainne:

And you Donal, are you servicing the greed? What was wrong with the trade of steel swords from Toledo and spices from Aragon?

Donal:

Sure, tis true the maps are more dangerous and more desired than spices but the truth is, we still trade in swords and spices. Besides, how can our friends survive if we don't help them sell their skills? You've seen the maps, there are no more beautiful and accurate maps on earth. Our own daughter Fionnuala wants to learn the skill. Grainne we must set sail! Are the girls ready?

Grainne:

Aye all dressed as sailors! What cock-eyed scheme Donal to take your daughters sailing.

Donal:

Just two or three of them Grainne! We've plenty more daughters at home to stitch and sing sweet songs. Our Eithne is a natural sailor and Fionnuala is clearly, a scholar and well, Deirdre needs some fresh sea air and to widen her horizon! 'Twill be the making of her! I'll bring them home tutored in the ways of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, things astronomical and navigational!

Grainne:

So, while your daughters study with the learned teacher, in the sunny climes of the Balearics, with of course no distractions, their father will be off gallivanting on the ocean main! Why on earth not take your sons Donal!

Donal: (*grimmer*)

Our sons must stay at home to take care of you, our lands and castle. It's not so much our fellow Irish tribes I fear, but the increasing encroachment of the English along our shores. Brendan, Bryan and Tibbett will serve you well while I am away. Darlin' tis time! The tide is turnin'. Let's fetch the girls and be gone!

Irish music with the heavy beat of the tabor plays as two girls, Fionnuala and Eithne, and Deirdre dressed in boys' clothes embrace Grainne goodbye and board the ship with their father.

Act I - Scene 3: Outside the Maritime Institute of the Balearic Islands

Donal and Reuben enter, deep in conversation and with a clear sense of ease and enjoyment in each others company. They are followed by Eithne, Fionnuala and Deirdre in men's clothing and 2 sailors carrying a chest.

Reuben:

Ah my good friend Donal, it is so good, so good, to see you after all this time. Good, good also to know that our messengers can be trusted too. Your daughters, are beautiful, even dressed thus! Tell me though, do they prefer to dress as boys?

Donal: (*laughing uproariously*)

Ah Reuben, they're gorgeous girls even if a little headstrong! I've promised their mother that they would be safe with me and completely safe with you, while I go to back to Lisbon. And the safest way for a woman to travel is as a man these days. If pirates were to stop our ship they are surely safer seen as young lads than fair young girls.

Reuben: somewhat sadly

I do believe you Donal. I'd hope however, that here they can be themselves and don the dress most suited to their gender. My grand daughter Myriam waits with great excitement for days of shared study with your daughters although, secretly, she confesses to dreaming of returning to Lisbon on thy boat!

Donal: (*laughing loudly*)

I am most glad to hear it Reuben! For undoubtedly, fair companionship and a climate of serious learning is what my girls do need. Fionnuala doth crave it, Eithne, on the other hand is, I am afraid, more interested in staying aboard the ship, climbing the rigging and learning her skills that way. As for Lisbon, I have assured Grainne that the girls will go adventuring no further than here!

Reuben:

Tell me, does Eithne know her tables, the phases of the moon, the use of an astrolabe and the reading of charts?

Donal:

Well er ... in a manner of speaking.....

Eithne:

Sire, as the wind is blowing this way and my ears are most sharp I cannot help but hear you talk of my skills or the lack thereof!

Reuben:

And are you skilled my child in the ways of things that matter?

Eithne:

Oh aye, most certainly! I can run up the rigging quicker than any sailor on board my father's boat, set sail, steer a boat and wield a sword as well as any man!

Reuben: *(smiling)*

And yet you are not any man! You are a chieftain's daughter and surely, to sail a boat you need to know the world in which you sail!

Eithne:

I am not a careful soul sire, but a courageous one and I would rush and rush and fight a ship until it sank if it tried to board mine own! Why I would welcome a pirate attack and so I might show that I can fight as well as any man. As for maps and charts and sextants and astrolabes, I cannot have the patience but would much rather know little and so pit myself like Odysseus himself against the trials of nature!

Donal looks amused, proud and a little embarrassed at the same time.

Reuben thoughtful beckons towards Fionnuala.

Reuben:

High spirits for high seas! Fionnuala, thou art the eldest daughter of my great friend, Donal. Come let me look at you. Tell me what is it that you seek in all the world?

Fionnuala:

To know sire.

Reuben:

A good answer! To know what my child?

Fionnuala:

Why the world! I seek to understand its beauty, its languages, its stories and its nature; to read it like a book as best I may, and all the creatures in it!

Reuben:

What would you do then with all that knowledge?

Fionnuala:

Why to know the world is to love the world! To seek its never ending depths - like a song they offer us enjoyment and a glimpse of something more!

Something kin to wisdom.

Reuben: *(clearly delighted)*

Why Donal thou hast both a warrior and a scholar for thy daughters! Thou are indeed blessed! Fionnuala will learn fast. She learns not like grasping these Renaissance princes who seek to find a place of power and dominion to advantage their intelligence. I sense she will not mistake the map for the thing itself, as many princes do. She bears the seeds of wisdom.

Donal:

You will teach her then Reuben?

Reuben:

It will be my great pleasure until you return from your voyage to Lisbon.

Donal: And Eithne.....

Reuben: And Eithne.... She has the makings of a great fighter... that red hair is a sure sign of a flaming hot head. Temperance and a life of study might serve her well but she may not have the taste for it ...let's talk it over. Come now my friends, come to my modest dwelling. Of course, it is not so grand as the house you knew in Lisbon but it is a place we love to call home, and you will meet Myriam, my grand daughter, who has grown much since last we saw each other, and wishes to know every nook and cranny of thy boat!

Act I - Scene 4: The Vatican palace in Rome in a small chamber

A figure approaches from the shadows of a dimly candle lit room rich in drapery. He comes towards the figure of the pope seated on a carved wooden chair and kneels

Pope:

Rise, rise Signor Bergamot.

Bergamot kisses the ring on the hand that is proffered to him and rises.

Bergamot:

Your Holiness wishes to see me? I am always, deeply so deeply, deeply, honored to be of any assistance to his eminence and the cause, the great cause of Rome.

Pope:

Of the Holy Roman Church, my son, be careful what you say!

Bergamot bows deeply and ingratiatingly

Bergamot:

Si certo, certo, certamente! His Holiness is, as ever, infallible in correcting, in timing and in knowing what is just so, what is apt and of course what is not! Ecco perche he is the pope! (flourish) Non e vero?

Pope: *aside while biting into a cherry with a certain vindictive relish*

Fool! Can we trust him to do anything other than take tea with the King and Queen of Spain? Bergamot do you know why I have called you here?

Bergamot begins to open his mouth with characteristic flourish

Pope:

It is the will of God that we do not waste any more time. Do you understand me? The Iberian peninsula is crawling with spies. Spain, Portugal is teeming with spies from Roma! Yes, yes, they are *our* spies, *but also* there are spies from *Napoli*, spies from *Firenze*, spies from *Milano*, spies from *Venezia*, spies from France, from England, from d'appertutto, d'appertutto! (*febrile excitement builds*) Everyone listening behind doors, sending secret and illicit messages, mistrusting and dissembling under the cover of night, under the cover of cloak and daggers, with vials of poison secreted against their breasts, furtive, devious with hearts full of dark and unspoken motives. I

myself would like to be there! (*By now he has jumped to his feet and is pacing and wringing his hands*)

We have a *Holy Catholic Apostolic* mission that must prevail! The power of the Church must be asserted, Bergamot! Named and asserted in these new lands! In that way may we claim these new souls for God and his one true church! (crosses himself) In Nomine di Patris, di Spiritus et di Sanctus!

Bergamot: *also crossing himself reflexively*

Amen to that your Excellency!

(Up close and intensely whispering as if they were being listened to)

Pope: Now listen closely, Bergamot, if you wish to ensure a safe passage to Heaven and to have the estates and vineyards, olive groves and servants of the Trivoli widow and the entire Trivoli estate for yourself, you must succeed! All this and more can be yours, if you are able to do this task in the name of Rome and her church!

Bergamot: (*kneeling*)

Name it my Lord!

Pope:

First of all, take these white pillars, finely carved of Cararra marble, and have each monarch place them on the boats of the exploring captains. In each new territory they discover, they are to bless and claim the Earth for the Holy Church of Rome. Next, find out with the greatest *subtlety* and *delicacy* and by treading softly, softly, *piano*, *pianissimo*...what you can about ...the maps!

Bergamot: The maps?

Pope:

Si! Essato, essatamente.. the maps!

Bergamot:

Of America? Of Asia? Japan? India, Africa? Which ones exactly?

Pope: *smiling broadly*

All of them my son! All of them that you can..... the more we have, the more we give to God. Ma, in particolare, there are maps... Rumour has it that these maps, the newest maps, (wiping sweat from his fevered brow) the most beautiful maps, accurate, precisa, come from the *old Jewish* mapmaker, Ben Reuben of Lisbon. His hand is *distintivo*, infallible, but we no longer know where he is working.

Bergamot:

An old Jewish mapmaker Your Excellency?

Pope:

Si! Si! It is a pity we let that the Queen have her inquisition and drive all the Jews from Spain and then from Portugal (sigh). And now all the Jews are so far away! It is so much harder when you want a *good* physician, a *good* astronomer, a *good* mathematician or a *good* mapmaker! (hissing into Bergamot's face) I want this old cartographer's maps, Bergamot, and I want him too. With Ben Reuben as the Holy Roman mapmaker we can maintain the world for the greater glory of God and our Mother the Church!

Act I - Scene 5: The Doge's Palace in Venice

Doge enters from one side and Lucrezia from the other hands extended to greet each other like old friends

Doge:

Ah! Lucrezia piacere! You are a sight for my old rheumy eyes! I am most glad that you could come.

Lucrezia: Your Excellency! When the Doge of Venice summons one does not wait around to finish one's breakfast pastry! I came as soon as I could.

Doge:

I am most glad of it dear god daughter. We have a delicate mission for you in the Iberian lands of Spain and Portugal (*drawing closer*) There are very few that I could trust to execute this task with delicacy and tact but your skills and subtlety in these matters are renowned.

Lucrezia:

The trading prowess of Venice must be protected for always Your Excellency, I will do my best to serve in this.

Doge:

Excellent, excellent goddaughter! I hear the cherubim sing as you speak! We Venetians, are without doubt the most sophisticated in all of Europe: our culture, our fine taste and our seafaring savoir faire. So much of Europe still lives in the mud! A crude sensibility that has no sense for the finer things of life cannot know what is the responsibility of culture and what must be protected. It is our God given role, Lucrezia, to protect all of Western Europe from threats.

Lucrezia:

I am eager to be of assistance Your Excellency! Tell me how I can help!

Doge:

As you know, Portugal has penetrated far east into Asia. This has, until recently, been the preserve of Venice. The Portuguese have discovered new territories as far around as China and Nippon or as some call it, Cipangu. They also have new territory in the South of the Americas which they are calling Brazil.

Lucrezia:

Brazil?

Doge:

Named for some tree, a nut tree, a dye that comes from the wood, I believe. It is not so important, (*dismissively*) except to say, that while Portugal finds its way around the entire world and stakes claims, even to the South, in Africa, Spain greedily gobbles up the rest of the Americas to the West and grows fatter and fatter, each day on gold and slaves. The trading prowess of Venice and her hold on the East is summarily threatened. We can never be still or we will stagnate and I for one, abhor stagnation.

Lucrezia:

A lot of enemies my Lord, a lot of rivals... to poison them all... It would take some time....

Doge:

Non e possibile cara mia! Even with your undoubted skills. No, we cannot possibly poison or seduce all of the captains and all of the monarchs between here and Lisbon, although it might be fun to try.... No, I have a better plan.

Lucrezia:

Speak Your Excellency! After all, we both know the ends will justify the means, and my ears are always open to your cunning strategy.

Doge:

Listen well. There is a mapmaker. His name is Ben Reuben of Lisbon and his maps are *divine*, accurate, luminous and learned works of cartography. Works to delight the eye and feed the heart, the mind, the imagination. His maps are the most modern and detailed we have ever seen, full of hidden jewels, azure coast lines, wind patterns, accurate chartings, unknown cities and harbors. He has made maps of Africa, Brazil, the Americas, India and all the trading routes that could be taken!

Lucrezia:

You wish to possess his maps my Lord?

Doge: (*suddenly steely and up close*)

I already possess a number. I can show you! Come my child and look at this.....(he unscrolls a map and exhales with sheer acquisitive joy) Guarda! Did you ever see a map of such beauty! Look at the penmanship and the detail of execution! This is China and Jipangu and the islands Magellan discovered, here. Look here, we have the very tip of the South of the Americas, Patagonia! But no! I, the Doge of Venice, wish to possess the

mapmaker himself! To find him wherever he is and bring him to here to Venezia!

Lucrezia:

Ecco! The man himself! And where might he be found?

Doge:

That is the problem. He is a Jew and the stupidini, the Spaniards with their Inquisition have expelled all the Jews which means more than half the brains from that part of the world have gone also. Quindi, tengo dubbio, I doubt much, that he can be living in Cordoba or Sagres or Lisbon. It would hardly be safe if he had not converted. This means finding him may not be so easy as we would like. But, my sources tell me his maps are all over Europe: Antwerp, Paris, London, Lisbon, Madrid, Rome and even, I have heard, Ireland. Everyone wants Ben Reuben's maps. But, someone, somewhere, must be distributing them for him. It is simply inconceivable otherwise for how could they be so rapidly, so widely available? And so, we want whoever it is who trades his maps taken as well. Capisce?

Lucrezia:

Quindi, Your Excellency if I understand correctly then you want the old Jew, Reuben of Lisbon brought here, along with, whoever it is that is selling his maps all over Europe.

Doge:

Precisamente, my dear! You are so very quick. Bring me Reuben, yes, but... eliminate... his distributor - by whatever means necessary. These maps are too valuable, too beautiful, too excellent to be so widely available to the masses or to the different jostling and scheming powers of Europe. Venice must maintain her prowess as patron and power. We understand the fineness of great art, great work, and we appreciate our scholars. We understand the subtle workings of power, and there is power in these maps and whoever controls their distribution. Come, let me give you my blessing!

Act I - Scene 6: Spain, the palace of the King and Queen of Aragon and Castile

Enter Toledo, Topaz and Henrique, three Spanish spies who have been summoned by the King and Queen.

Queen of Spain:

Buonas Dias gentlemen and welcome to our court of Spain. You may present yourselves.

All three give a flourish and bow extravagantly

Topaz:

My name is Topaz De Toro Mendoza Mercedes! I am always and ever at Your Majesty's service!

Toledo:

My name is Toledo! Toledo! Your Majesty! Espionage is my specialty!

Queen:

Simply Toledo? Toledo?

Toledo:

Toledo, Si, Your Majesty!

Topaz:

A man of few words and short name Your Majesty!

Queen:

That can be a virtue if you are honest and do not hide behind some name other than your own. And you senior?

Henrique:

I am Henrique De Sant'Angelo, come to serve your Majesty.

Queen:

De Sant'Angelo? We know of a Diego De Sant'Angelo. He is a relation perhaps?

Henrique:

Aye madam, that Diego is my cousin. He is a sea captain for the King in Portugal and a master of navigational tables.

Queen:

He is a good, God fearing man no doubt?

Topaz: A very decent De Sant'Angelo!

Henrique: maintaining his steely gaze

Why ma'am I heard that he was often at prayer and for most of his life and I imagine 'tis still that way.

Queen:

I am glad of it! There are still some temple worshippers and synagogue goers from what I hear, in the westerly reaches of Portugal.

Henrique: *(tight lipped)*

I know nothing of this ma'am, as I have lived in Cordoba a good part of my life and from thence to Valladolid and now, mostly I am in Cadiz. I never was in Portugal.

Queen:

Never indeed! Well my friends, this is a chance for you to find out a little more about our westerly neighbor. Your mission is, in fact, to go to Lisbon.

Topaz:

To Lisbon! By boat your Majesty!

Queen: Indeed by boat! You will leave here post haste and take the boat from Cadiz in southern Spain. Tell no one of your mission. In Cadiz, you will receive instructions on how to proceed. You are to be actors in a traveling show.

Topaz:

Theatricals Your Majesty! *(bows in a great flourish)*

Queen:

Indeed that is to be both your disguise and the means whereby you will expedite your mission! You are to go to the heart of Lisbon itself. Ingratiate yourself into the court life of the Lisbon king and queen. We will give you letters of introduction and recommendation and from thence you will be gleaning information about a certain pirate who sails by there regularly.

Topaz:

A pirate your majesty!

Queen:

That is correct Senor De Toro Mendes Mercedes. Our sources have discovered that there is a certain cartographer who has in the past, served the royal kingdom of Portugal. He is, of course, Jewish, as so many of them are, learned and wise, but not so wise as to convert, and so live at court. His name is Isaac ben Reuben. Once, he lived in Cordoba, our Royal Spain.

Henrique: *aside*

I do remember that name from my childhood. But had best reveal nothing.

Queen:

From thence, Ben Reuben left for Portugal, where he made a home and a reputation, but he was forced to leave when again he resisted conversion. From there he found safe passage to the Balearic Islands where, to this day he still makes maps secretly, for the Portuguese crown. As you may know, there is a maritime institute on these islands.

Topaz:

Maps, maritime maps, your majesty?

Queen:

Senor Topaz, I cannot tell if you are quick or slow! Rumor tells you are fast and nimble in your thought and action, let us pray it is so! (Topaz bows) Now, our mission is to bring Ben Reuben back here to Spain. We find our royal person more forgiving than once we were. We would offer him one last chance of conversion and if he doth refuse, we'll offer him a hermit's life, in Valladolid, where he can make his maps for the greater glory of Spain far, far away from any coastal place or harbor port!

Henrique:

Indeed your Majesty is there any place further from the sea or dryer in all of Spain than Valladolid?

Queen: Senor Sant' Angelo are you suggesting cruelty or wise strategy? No matter! Often they are one and the same. Ben Reuben has, after all, tasted so much a life of change, that he will scarcely notice another move.

Henrique: *bowing*

You majesty I defer to thee!

Queen:

The second and most urgent part of your God given mission is this. Listen most carefully: you are also to find the pirate friend of Isaac Ben Reuben, an Irish Chieftain named Donal O'Malley.

Topaz: O'Malley?

Queen:

Indeed, O'Malley is a blustery, hearty fellow. He trades Irish beef and linens in exchange for steel swords from Toledo (*a nod towards Toledo*). A town you might know, my friend.

Toledo: (*looking awkward as if caught off guard*)

Toledo! Toledo? Si! Si! Toledo!

Queen:

O'Malley trades most often along the Iberian coast from Bilbao to Lisbon and then south to Cadiz. His boat has also been sighted close to the Balearic Isles and our sources suspect that O'Malley is the one who sells the maps all over Europe.

Topaz:

All over Europe?

Queen:

Yes indeed, all over Europe. (*impatient*) Maps that are mostly intended solely for Portugal but maps which everyone wants and which are therefore so easy to sell!

Henrique: smiling even more broadly

Hence hangs the accusation of piracy around O'Malley's head!

Queen: scrutinizing Henrique closely

Indeed. Maps clearly from the hand of Ben Reuben have been found in Antwerp, as well as, Florence and Naples, and not merely maps of the Portuguese territories but of the Spanish and English territories also.

Topaz: English also!

Queen: (*giving him a withering look*)

That is correct, English and Spanish territories. The questions arise! How is the old man getting his information to make his maps? We already have strong evidence about the mode of distribution. We suspect that ben Reuben and O'Malley are in league together to ensure that no one monarchy or power controls the maps. O'Malley must be eliminated to simplify the picture. He is too good a seafarer to survive unless he serves the interests of Spain.

Henrique: (*with fervor*)

And yet, your majesty, as an Irishman, he must be a Roman Catholic? Is conversion to the Spanish cause out of the question?

Queen: (*with an even more withering look*)

Trust a wild Irish chieftain with the affairs of state! Some things Senor De Sant' Angelo, must transcend even religion! Spain must maintain her role in the world, and most especially when our neighbor, Portugal has already taken so much of God's given creation. Let me spell it out. If, Ben Reuben is here, working once again for the Spanish court, and if, Donal O'Malley is no longer around, to distribute maps and information, we then have in our

domain, the best mapmaker of our time making the best maps for Spain and Spain alone!

Topaz: *(whistling)*

Si! Spain alone bows obsequiously to compensate for his apparent crassness

Queen: *perfunctory*

Gentlemen, our audience is ended. Here are your letters of introduction to the Portuguese court and three bags of golden ducats. May the God of Spain protect you in your mission!

The three men bow deeply as the queen sweeps from the room

Act I - Scene 7: The Port of Lisbon

The scene is bustling and full of portside life, people hawking food, attractive girls promenading, birds squawking and preying on scraps. On one side of the stage are two young men talking earnestly. Diego is dressed in vivid colors while Daniel is somewhat more somberly clad.

Diego:

Come Daniel! At least this one time come down to the port and look at the boats arriving. So many masts coming up the river and into the harbor! Ah, smell the salty breeze that wafts in from the ocean! Listen to the squawk of the hungry gulls and come smell the spices of India and the coffee from Brazil! Come down and meet my good friend Donal O'Malley!

Daniel:

Ah Diego, Diego, my friend, you are a sea captain and your life is the ocean and the mysteries and treasures of unknown lands. But, I am a doctor and my world is the human body and why it falls ill and how it can be healed. The port is full of diseases and air from distant and dubious lands.

Diego: *laughing merrily*

Come Daniel! Thou art so much in melancholy thou wilt make thyself sick before thou can'st cure any patient! Why, thou hast not boarded mine own ship since we came back from Goa and I brought you all those wondrous healing herbs from strange and distant places. How can you live in Lisbon and not be fascinated by the boats that come and go? Was't always so for thee?

Daniel: *(moodily)*

Aye, since childhood I have loathed the docks and the sight of parting boats.

Diego:

Well, come just this once before you go to the palace to cure the queen of her gout. Mayhap she'll even be healed before you get there! Come Daniel, there are so many pretty señoritas to watch walking by in all their fine Indian cloth, so many delicious things to taste. I fancy a good fresh bocadillo! Come! Come just this once. My friend, the Irish captain, is sailing up the river even now! I recognize his masthead and the O'Malley flag he always flies. Come meet him! He'll put a smile upon thy face.

Daniel:

An Irish captain.....my family knew an Irish chieftain once but his name I have forgot...

Diego:

Friend you have for sure, forgot many things! But come with me now! Rekindle the embers of your wasting life spent toiling over cadavers and sickly queens! Tend to the living while you can! Come let's away!

Daniel: I'll come! Thou hast persuaded me good friend Diego! In truth, without thy friendship I might spend my whole life in broody melancholy and introspection!

The two friends disappear into the melee of the crowd and make their way to the port side amidst the throng. A small figure appears at the edge of the stage with a parrot on his shoulder and looks surreptitiously right and left

Gonzago: My name is Gonzago! This port is full full of spies!

The O'Malley masthead comes into view and amid cheering, distant drumming and bustling. Donal comes down the gangway, hearty and evidently delighted to be in Lisbon as he waves and hugs everybody in sight, as if they were old friends. Lingering behind him come 3 figures dressed in disguise as youths. This is Myriam, Reuben's grand daughter and Eithne, and Deirdre, Donal's daughters. Both share Donal's delight in the company and also being in Lisbon, although Deirdre is more timid

Myriam:

At last Eithne! Lisbon! I have waited too see this place for so long! Who would have believed that my grandfather would let me come! He was much persuaded by your arguments!

Eithne:

For my part, Myriam I am most grateful to thee for thy insistence. My father found himself unable to resist our appeals to come to Lisbon despite his promise to my mother! And now my father cannot stop talking of what a natural sailor thou art and how thou wert wasted on dry land!

Myriam: laughing and then serious

Aye Eithne, but 'tis to dry land that I am called, after all! I so much hope to find my mother and my father, to see if they are even still living, and then, my young brother Daniel from whom I was separated so long ago.

Eithne:

Cheer up Myriam! As lads, thou Seamus, Deirdre as Dermott and myself Atholl, we'll have the freedom of the city to roam and seek out what we can!

Myriam: Grandfather could not have guessed that with his tales of Lisbon he'd turn his grand daughter into an adventuress!

Donal:

Lisbon, hello and greetings from Hibernia to you all! As a fellow from another Christian country I am come to tell you that one day God may forgive you for your most unchristian treatment of your fellowmen! Best make atonement now and there's maybe hope for some of ye!

Myriam:

Your father is at home wherever he goes. I never met a man could jest about the inquisition and not be put in jail.

Eithne:

Sure he's fearless and lives the way he chooses. But behind the jesting his fiercesome soul rages at what has been done to your grandfather and all your people, in the name of the Holy Roman Church. Sure, it's not just Rome's church after all. All this fist, fire and sword and the burning of books does not sit well with us Irish. Christ's message was about love and not about power!

Myriam:

It is good to have you as a friend Eithne! they hug And Deirdre you too! It is so strange to be back. I hardly remember my childhood. The last time I was here was the last time ...will I ever see them again I wonder.

Eithne:

Well that's what we are going to find out! slaps her on the back

Donal:

Come on girls! I mean come on lads! Laughs Let us go ashore and mingle with this welcoming crowd. I am expecting a friend.

The girls come down the gangplank and join Donal in the melee at the foot of the gangplank. Donal scans the crowd clearly looking for someone. From the back of the audience comes a voice and Donal looks out scrutinizing, his face breaking into a grin as he recognizes Diego)

Donal: Diego De Sant' Angelo! Good to see you!

Diego:

Donal! You're looking well as ever my friend! How was your voyage? they embrace

Donal:

It was a panic! Marvellous views, gorgeous sea creatures and God given winds that blew at our backs the entire time like a benison of angels' breath. Sure yer lookin' terrific an' how are you?

Diego: (including Myriam and Eithne)

Are these your officers Donal? We have not met! We should be introduced!

Donal:

God forgive me! This is my ... son he introduces Eithne His name is

Eithne

Eithne: That is Atholl! Atholl O'Malley! Delighted to meet you!

Diego:

Delighted! Delighted! Diego Di Sant' Angelo they shake hands warmly

Eithne:

And this indicating Myriam this ismy brother, Seamus! And this my younger brother... Dermott!

Myriam:

Delighted to meet you! Seamus! Seamus O'Malley!

Diego:

Why the pleasure is indeed all mine! We love the Irish in this city! (gives Myriam a lingering gaze) Please, come meet my great friend, Daniel di Lopez!

Daniel: It is my great pleasure! The Irish are always a tonic for us moody Portuguese!

Diego:

Daniel is physician to the King and Queen of Portugal, and already a notable scholar at the age of twenty four. He hath a great stomach for learning for he hath already written many learned tracts on digestive tracts! The tracts of kings and queens, of fishmongers and sailors, beautiful señoritas and even, mad dogs! Nothing is too low or too high for my friend's probing eye!

Much laughter

Daniel:

Do not mind Diego! He offers some kind of remedy with his humor which I can only stomach because it is ne'er unkind! My pleasure! And this is.....

Eithne: Meet my younger brother...Dermott

Deirdre: curtsying and blushing and then bowing quickly as she realises her error

Um, um, hello! Delighted, my pleasure.....

All three shake hands with Daniel. Myriam and Daniel find themselves looking long and deeply into each others eyes and then aware, break off

Diego:

So, my friends! You must be tired after your long journey. Come with us, we have a marvelous inn with excellent food where you will find comfy beds and fine fare! We'll talk and hear all the news of Ireland and I, in turn, will tell you all great tales of peacocks, tigers, palaces of ivory and even snakes pounces playfully towards Deirdre who recoils giggling that can be charmed out of baskets!

Eithne: (wide-eyed)

Pray, what place on earth is this sire?

Diego:

Why India, good Atholl! A place that must be seen!

Daniel:

If you wish to stray far from home and risk all kinds of diseases.

Donal: roaring with laughter

You Sire, I take it do not! slaps him on the back I have a daughter used to talk in just such a vein. Never could understand my love of travel and now she is as happy as can be studying with my old friend in Formentera! She's staying in one place of course but she had to travel to get there!

Daniel:

The... the Balearics...I never went... but some of my family did.... Perhaps you know them....?

The conversation is abruptly ended by the shouts of the crowd as a another ship hoves into the port. A spice carrier carrying a large rack across either shoulder knocks into the party and they disperse to be herded and regrouped and then led by Diego towards the inn, up the aisle and through the audience

Diego:

Come! Come my friends so that you can be rested and well fed, for tomorrow night there is a party at the palace and all are invited! Sir

Cloudsley, greetings! (He greets a foppish figure as they pass) Off to see the boats?

Sir Cloudsley Bamfort: *(with a foppish bow)*

Indeed Sire, I would not miss 'em for the world. Never know what you might learn what? I am the good Sir Cloudsley Bamfort (another flourishing bow) and you are

Diego: These sire, are my friends from Hibernia.

Sir Cloudsley:

Hi-ber-nia! How utterly, utterly charming... the Emerald Isle. But surely, your friends have names Senor Diego?

Diego:

Indeed they do, Sir Cloudsley but they are too travel weary for extended introductions. We'll see you at the palace tomorrow I trust?

Sir Cloudsley:

Tomorrow? At the palace? Oh yes quite.... quite so. Well adios, chaps! Adios! Hope to get your names later!(watches them going).What appalling etiquette these Portuguese have what, even though we gave them Philippa of Lancaster for their Queen *(guffaws)*

Cloudsley leaves and goes towards the ships while Diego scoops up his party. He and Donal fall into conversation at the head while Daniel falls in with Eithne, Deirdre and Myriam and actually laughs from time to time.)

Diego: Sir Cloudsley is a notorious spy. Tell him nothing!

Donal:

Good God Diego! He's an Englishman! I would only ever give him misinformation. In fact, I have a little something to give you pertaining to that very matter. But more of that later....

They all exit as the crowd swarms around the next boat and Cloudsley mingles closely.

We see looking over the side of the boat, Henrique and Topaz on one side and Lucrezia and Bergamot on the other, alternately gawping at the crowd/ audience and chatting among themselves

Bergamot: It was, Signora Di Peccante an unutterable pleasure to travel on the same boat and enjoy your conversazione, your jesting mirth and ineffably bellissima character. I am hopeful we may meet again! *(bows)*

Lucrezia:

The pleasure was mine signor, I assure you. And so charming and unusual to meet a man from Roma with an accent from Milano!

Bergamot:

Signora you are *too* perceptive, maybe even, can I say it, a *little* provocative. Are you trying to seek out my deepest secrets?

Lucrezia:

Do I look like a spy signor? I am a modest widow. As for meeting again.... Well Lisbon is a small town it is quite likely that we will.

They shake hands and Bergamot withdraws into the recesses of the boat)

Henrique:

So, this is the port of Lisbon. Not many of its citizens wear swords, as we do in Spain, I see. The Portuguese seem quieter and more discreet. Hast seen Toledo? He was but here a few moments ago?

(looks around puzzled)

Topaz: *(who has been fixated on Lucrezia all this time)*

Amigo! I don't know if it's the Atlantic sea air but I am telling you, I am in love. The most beautiful woman..a goddess.. a vision! She is my mission, she is my cause... I am transfixed to the boards of this boat... I cannot, cannot leave until she does. I can go nowhere she is not..... *(falls to his knees in a gesture of prayer)*

Henrique: *(hissing)*

Fool get up! Don't draw attention to us! You forget, Topaz, you have been hired by the Queen of Spain. This is no time for affairs of the heart or fancies that turn your head. Doltish gull! Pull thyself together! We have to have a true entertainment for the King and Queen of Portugal by tomorrow night! Thou art an actor not a clown! *(rising desperation)* And Where has Toledo got too! Is he in hiding! Has the queen saddled me with two dolts for fellow spies!

(Henrique grabs Topaz to pull him upwards as Lucrezia is seen starting down the gangplank. Topaz starts forward like an eager puppy, Henrique tries to restrain Topaz. At that moment there is a great commotion from the dock as Sir Cloudsley rushes forwards and gesticulates wildly towards Toledo who has suddenly appeared on the boat near to Topaz and Henrique)

Toledo:

I am here my friend! Toledo is here! I was merely scouting out the boat! Do not worry!

(Toledo's face suddenly freezes in horror as he looks out into the dockside)

Sir Cloudsley:

Great Thunder! By Jove! Tis Miguel! Miguel! What dost thou here! Thou wert a good servant to me but 'twas thee that took my *documents*! How on *earth* did you escape from me? Miguel! Thou art still my servant! I never dismissed you! Thou wert like a son to me until thou stole from me!

(Toledo continues to look horrorstruck as, panic crosses his face. He throws himself down the gangplank, stumbling past his compatriots and Lucrezia who is lingering and darts behind the spice carrier, Gonzago, twirling him this way and that to keep the enthusiastic approaches of Sir Cloudsley at bay. Henrique scowls at so much attention being drawn to the secret mission, while everyone else laugh uproariously, Topaz watches Lucrezia.)

Toledo:

I am Toledo! Not Miguel! Toledo! Toledo! Not Miguel! I never was a servant! I never took nothing! Nada! Nada!

Sir Cloudsley:

Come, come! What's in a name after all! But I never forget a face! You were like a son to me! Treated unutterably well! I treated you like a father! How could you leave? How could you take those documents from me and compromise my relationship with all the sovereigns in Europe!

(Toledo rushes from behind the spice carrier and grabs Lucrezia. He darts this way and that behind her skirts, avoiding Cloudsley and finally thrusts her into Cloudsley's arms and runs offstage. Henrique follows Toledo while Topaz lurks behind to watch Lucrezia)

Sir Cloudsley:

Madam! Forgive me! We have not been introduced and one hardly expects such an elegant lady as yourself to be thrust into one's arms!

Lucrezia:

Do not mention it sire! Some like yourself, are born great and some have greatness thrust upon them as well! It is a good partnership!

Sir Cloudsley: *whispering*

My God, Lucrezia, is it you after all this time!

Lucrezia:

It is Cloudsley, it is! But let's not let our deeper feelings betray us here on the dock side. It mightmuddle things. Especially after your buffoonery with the long lost servant, Miguel. Do you English know nothing about Machiavellian discretion in these matters? To disclose yourself as a spy on the dockside is hardly subtle! No matter, dost thou, caro mio (purring), have any little secrets to share with me? We might meet later tonight! I easily can get free of the Venetian clown, Bergamot, and we could meet.

Cloudsley:

Lisbon is crawling with spies. We must be quite clandestine. Cloak and dagger, cloak and dagger .. what.. what!

Lucrezia:

Shall you meet me by the old cathedral after dark? I hear it has wonderful dark porticos perfetto for eavesdropping and I would love to see them!

Cloudsley:

My God Lucrezia you were always bold! How I love a woman spy!

Lucrezia:

Yes, Cloudsley, I am afraid of nothing, of no one except, your absurd romantic feelings. Cool thy hot ardor and let us discover what intelligence might be shared. I'll see thee after dark!

(exchange effusive kisses on either side of the cheek and she leaves followed by Topaz at a discreet distance. Cloudsley is left rubbing his cheek and whispering to himself)

ACT II**Act II - Scene 1: A dark street corner in Lisbon near the cathedral**

Lucrezia enters furtively looking from one side to the other and stops at the street corner. Topaz also follows unseen by her at a measured distance, eavesdropping.

Lucrezia: I see the cathedral steps but do not see Cloudsley. Tis not such a private place for a clandestine meeting. I wonder what my little Englishman knows. If he knows the name of the Irish sea captain that would go very well for the Doge and Venice! But what trifle could I give him in exchange? I wonder if he knows the name of our mapmaker? Surely he must... He can read and Ben Reuben's names are, after all, on *all* the maps! Maybe Cloudsley knows the whereabouts of Reuben... that also would be helpful. But what is this? I hear voices.. Who is it comes hither in conversation? Not Cloudsley, I think.

Lucrezia hides behind a pillar and Topaz hides behind another still undetected by Lucrezia

Diego enters furtively from one side and Donal from another. Diego has an armful of maps and ends up bumping into Donal as the maps cascade everywhere. Hastily they pick them up.

Donal: Forsooth Diego! Thy arms are *too* full of treasures! Maps from all the world, would it seem themselves go travelling still!

Diego:

Indeed Donal, grace eludes me so I am not as much a fox as I might like to be!

Diego:

Here Donal, are maps for Reuben to which no doubt, he'll bring his masterful touch. Maps of India, maps of the islands of the Far, Far East, Cathay and beyond, Tierra del Fuego and most of the new Spanish territories. This one here, got recently by Spain, was sent me by my

mysterious cousin. He risked his life, I am sure, smuggling them out of Spain for me.

Donal:

Great work Diego! Great work! Now here's a map for thee. Full of mis-information, gloriously rendered and gloriously inaccurate. 'Tis a map for the British! A present for those scoundrels nosing along the coastline of Ireland! Reuben made it and 'tis full of confusing inlets and bays that would make the English ships think they'd fallen into some kind of misty land of disenchantment. Nothing is what it appears to be! That way it'll take them a longer time before they lay their hands on the lands of our chieftains!

Diego: (*chuckling with Donal as they exchange maps*)

An inspired deception Donal! I'll take this map and pass it onto Sir Cloudsley, the English agent here in Portugal. He'll soon have it in the hands of the English queen! Come Donal, it is late and we must rest! Tomorrow there are festivities at the palace!

(They exit together evidently enjoying each others company)

May I say, Donal what fine companions your sons Aitholl and Seamus and little Dermott are. Why I have never seen my friend Daniel smile so much or be so much at ease, and Aitholl's knowledge of boats is as good as any seaman I e'er have met!

Donal:

Well now, there's a thing I perhaps should tell thee..... perhaps it can wait.

(Lucrezia emerges triumphant clapping her hands together)

Lucrezia:

Bellissima! So much information and in such a short period of time! Is there anything more exciting to a woman! This must surely be our Irish captain! Most handsome and cunning a pirate! Now I have some thing I can give Cloudsley, but not right away! This pirate is too big a fish to throw him on the dock immediately (savoring) piano, piano..and the news of false maps for the English!

I love it! So clever! So mischievous! So attractive! So come si dice? So Machiavellian! Now what else! Some Spanish spy passing on maps to his Portuguese cousin... could be useful.. could be useful...and then it seems these two must know the whereabouts of ben Reuben if my deductions serve me well and I 'ave found that they usually do. A little more eavesdropping, a

little more chitting and chatting and ecco la! It should deliver what we need to know! 'Ow delicious!

(Cloudsley erupts on to the stage)

Cloudsley:

Lucrezia my dear lady! Forgive me! Absolutely and unutterably confounded luck! My watch stopped!

Lucrezia: *(arch)*

And you did not hear the sound of the cathedral bells ringing? I must say Cloudsley this strikes me as a very public place for a secret assignation, in the shadow of the cathedral, a blessed place indeed! But tell me what do you know!

Cloudsley:

I have discovered that the confounded Miguel, my escaped Spanish manservant is now a travelling player and is to perform at the palace tomorrow night!

Lucrezia:

Molto interessante but probably a red halibut!

Cloudsley:

Halibut? Red halibut? Herring! You mean red herring?

Lucrezia:

I think, Cloudsley, we need to hire a boat!

Cloudsley:

Halibut?

Lucrezia:

Hire a boat! Can you help hire a boat? You know Lisbon better than I, a mere Venetian stranger. I think I may have found the Irish captain who distributes Reuben's maps. To take the captain and 'ave 'im then take us to Reuben is to have, as we say, two fish in the hand!

Cloudsley:

Two *fish* in the hand? Lucrezia you move very fast! First of all, hiring a boat in Lisbon these days is not so easy!

Lucrezia:

Then we need a nefarious captain only! If we have a captain who can be bought, then we can take the Irishman's own boat and sail off to find the old mapmaker! Come Cloudsley, let us promenade a little more around the old

town. My head is spinning and we have so much to catch upon. I want to hear all your news. And I have a little plan for how we might take the Irishman.....

(They exit arm in arm. Into the audience and chatting merrily about nothing of any great consequence)

You must meet this fellow Bergamot, Cloudsley. He's a Papal spy of course. He's from Roma and anyone outside of Roma these days is bound to be a spy. But his grandmother comes from Milano.

Cloudsley:

Bergamot? No can't say as I know the fellow.

(Topaz enters and comes to center stage addressing the audience)

Topaz:

My mind, a surging, seething volcano of heat, turmoil, turbulence. Calma! calma calm yourself Topaz or you will undo yourself quite! Can there be such a thing as too much information for a spy? And she, she, that vision of Venus, that woman! That Lucrezia! So clever, so collected, so full of guile and so absolutely determined! *(falls to his knees)* May the heavens help me! She is my passion! I will serve her! I am her slave! Show me O Gods what to do!

(Henrique enters and approaches Topaz from behind pulling him up to standing)

Henrique: Most Christian folk come to the cathedral to say their prayers inside the church, not outside, Topaz! What art thou at?

Topaz:

Clearing my head and confessing my ardor!

Henrique:

Well, between our strong and silent man, Toledo, who hath now become the disappearing man and thyself, caught in the stupors of an inamorata obsessional, it seems we do not have a play to put before the king and queen of Portugal tomorrow night.

Topaz:

No Toledo? No play? No drama? And yet, Henrique, we have so many dramas brewing!

Henrique:

Our Spanish masters will not be pleased if we fail in our mission. Or hast thou chosen Cupid as thy master?

Topaz:

Dost mock me Henrique? Hard hearted Henrique? Hast thy heart ever moved for the love of a woman?

Henrique:

Have a care Topaz! There is infatuation with a woman that seeks only to gratify its own desires and then there is true love which comes distilled from pain and the experiences of life's own storms. Let thy heart be broken before you proclaim yourself a slave to the temple of romantic love and assume ignorance in others!

Topaz: *(up close and suspicious)*

I swear, Henrique De Sant'Angelo, I do not know whether it is hot or cold blood runs in thy veins or whether thou dost love or feel indifference to our glorious Spain! Who art thou Henrique?

Henrique: *looks as if he might confess something and suddenly stops*

Halt, Who art thou! Who goes there!

(A figure emerges from the shadows, Toledo, disguised as a woman)

Toledo:

Tis I Toledo! Necessarily disguised!

Topaz:

Toledo?

Toledo: Toledo! Toledo! Aye!

Henrique:

What is this garb of women's weeds that thou dost sport?

Toledo:

Tis a disguise to keep me from the clutches of that mad Englishman!

Henrique:

He was thy master?

Toledo:

He was, but I escaped to serve a better master in Spain. Sir Cloudsley Bamfort was the most fussy, most pedantic, the most hard of hearing and the most doltish master, a servant could have and I'll no more return to his service than take up residence in Patagonia!

Henrique:

Well said! No matter! We are here as players so we can dissemble and

disguise all we like! You'll be a maiden in our play tomorrow night! But come, fellows we are well met by moonlight and now must needs repair unto the inn and practice. The audience promises to be large and we have much eavesdropping to do at the palace besides!

Topaz:

Ah the life of a spy! Do we ever rest? I for one, would like to be the romantical historical suitor in our play and rest in that role for a while!

Henrique:

Why that can be arranged! For all who act well must find a place where they can be most sympathetically engaged and from this place that's deep within, our acting can then enlarge and so touch the hearts of the Portuguese court and all who do attend. Come fellows let's retire and make a play that will delight us all!

Toledo:

Henrique I never saw you so animated nor enthusiastic as now. Perhaps the queen hath given thee thy true vocation! Is acting in thy blood?

(exit merrily)

Act II - Scene 2: The Palace of the King and Queen of Portugal

The scene opens on a magnificent room with two thrones, music playing and a crowd where the rise and fall of laughter and conversation pervades. Lucrezia and Cloudsley are on one side in conversation, Daniel, Diego, Myriam and Eithne and Deirdre, still dressed as boys, are all clearly enjoying themselves, Donal is chatting to Bergamot who shortly disappears. The audience serve as part of the court. Lucrezia, holding a cup, goes over to Donal and introduces herself chatting warmly. Cloudsley calls across to Diego and waves madly

Cloudsley:

I say old chap! Diego! Diego! We still haven't been formally introduced!
Hallooo! Hallooo!

Everyone looks over except for Lucrezia who drops something from a glass vial into Donal's drink as Cloudsley makes his way over.

A trumpet sounds as the king and queen enter. Men bow and women curtsy although Myriam forgets and curtseys, gets nudged by Eithne and quickly bows.

The King of Portugal:

Dear friends we welcome you to our noble court. Greetings and blessings!
We are graced this eve with many fine visitors from other kingdoms who have come to enjoy our court, from as far as Hibernia, Roma, Venice and Spain. In fact, we have an entertainment sent us by the King and Queen of Spain. A masque to delight our company. Please make yourselves ready.

(The music start as everyone claps. Henrique enters dressed as a king all in black with face made up deathly white and black rings around the eyes. As this masque takes place various actions are unfolding in the audience)

Henrique:

I am King Augusto, tragical king of all Iberia.
Who will help me find a prince of merit, substance, wealth and lands?
I need the help! Help to fight the barbaric Visigoths! Help of many hands!

They took my horses , took my wife and then took all my daughters!
Alas! Alack! Alas ! Alack! And all my sons they've slaughtered!
(goes into a tragic masque hands over face and arms raised in supplication to the heavens)

Toledo:

Father! Father! I escaped the Goth
Their armies brutal! Their ways so rough!
(they embrace and again go into a masque dance of reunion)
Hear me! Father! On the route
I met a man who's not a brute
He rescued me and helped me home
And now he'll have me for his own!
(Topaz appears)

Topaz:

Sire! Sire Please consider
May I be your daughters's suitor?
My heart is pure and I do seek
To marry this maid within a week
Of lands I've many and I'm tough!
Because I am a Visigoth!

Henrique:

Never! Never shall she wed
Someone who has our own blood shed!
Thou, a Goth art our most deadly foe!
Take your proposal it's time to go!

(masque unfolds in a very stylized fashion of King holding a finger and then a dagger towards the Goth; Topaz acts full of dramatic, tragic gestures of holding heart, supplication and holding the hand of Toledo. Toledo makes eyes and cow like yearning expressions. Suddenly there is a large thud as Donal slumps to the floor. Lucrezia and Cloudsley immediately pick up the body and start to exit as the masque continues. They have the body bundled up before the others realize what is going on)

Cloudsley:

He needs fresh air! He's fine. You stay and watch the show we'll give him water and some good sea air!

Daniel:

I am a doctor in this house and friend to the man. I'll accompany you. It is not right that he should be unaccompanied by a doctor, good friends.

Lucrezia:

'Twould be a shame to miss the show!

Daniel:

Quite so! Why do you not stay and I'll tend to our friend. He's pale and should not be moved at once.

Lucrezia: panting with exertion

Nay, better now not to put him down now. Let's find him some good sea air. This room is quite o'erheated!

(They exit while Diego, Eithne and Myriam look concerned but out of politeness wait for the masque to end)

Eithne: Those strangers carrying my father; something tells me they are not to be trusted. What can be their intent?

Myriam:

My mistrust grows too. We must depart at once and find where they have taken Donal.

Diego:

Daniel is with them. He'll tend to your father well. Remember he is the queen's doctor.

Eithne:

Diego, the masque is ending. Come let us take our leave! We know at least one of them is a spy and as for the woman whom does she serve? I fear my father may have been taken! Myriam, Deirdre let's go!

Diego: Myriam? *(looks puzzled at Myriam)* Seamus? Deirdre? Let's go!

(They leave hastily as rapturous applause breaks out for the Spanish players)

Act II - Scene 3: The dockside

Lucrezia and Cloudsley come stumbling through the audience onto the dockside carrying the still unconscious Donal. Daniel follows as they go up the gangplank and board Donal's boat.

Daniel: I beseech you to stop! It is not well to carry a man thus far in such a dead faint. I need to examine him. His family should be here to mop his brow and not, forgive me, well meaning but mistaken strangers.

Cloudsley:

'Tis the kind of feint we do enjoy. We'll place the good captain on his own boat and there he'll be most comfortable.

Lucrezia:

For sure of it good dottore! Let us bring him to his boat while you go and fetch the Irishman's family. 'Tis what he would have liked I am sure!

Daniel:

Would have liked? Something misgives! The captain is not dead yet! Is this an abduction! Ah hark! I shall not need to fetch his family for I can hear their shouts! His sons come at the very instance!

(Eithne, Myriam, and Diego arrive in a bluster, Deirdre following)

Eithne: Release my father, good Madam and good Sir! He is no prize of thine!

Lucrezia:

Ungrateful, brutish swine we merely tend to his needs and so bring him to his own boat! *(Lucrezia and Cloudsley struggle up the gangplank)*

Eithne: My boat and my father's both. See it flies the flag of O'Malley!

Lucrezia:

Cloudsley! Tell our nefarious captain to set the sails! We leave subito!

Eithne: grabbing a rope and swinging towards the boat

Oh Ho! Which nefarious captain might that be? You'll not be taking this boat anywhere madam, unless my father and I are captaining it! Myriam! Grab thy sword! Sweet lady we take them both!

Diego: Myriam?

Daniel: Sweet Lady? *(exchange double takes)*

(Myriam swings onto the boat with Deirdre close behind, and joins Eithne as she takes on Cloudsley who has produced a sword and dagger and Lucrezia who has a dagger)

Myriam.....The name's Sephardic .. not one we are used to hearing of late in Lisbon... 'twas the name of my sister. 'Twas the last word on my mother's lips when she died.

Diego:

I do not know quite who is maiden and who a lady and who abducting whom but the good captain for sure, needs defending! I come to join the fray!

(As the girls fight, Diego struggles onto the boat while Daniel strokes his chin in deep thought to one side. After some skirmishing, Myriam's hat falls off and she is revealed as a girl. Diego and Daniel are dumbstruck. Shouts are heard as Topaz, Henrique and Toledo all appear in full costume and run towards the ship with swords at the ready)

Henrique: Let us take the ship! It doth already set its sails

(Topaz charges up the gangway and acts as a body block between Lucrezia and Eithne, while Myriam and Diego corner Cloudsley, pacing with swords unsheathed. Toledo dressed as a woman starts up the gangway but sees Cloudsley and tries to back down)

Toledo:

No! No I cannot! I cannot! My heart misgives! My feet feel that itch to run the other way

Henrique:

Be a man Toledo or the game is up entirely! Be a man!

(Toledo arrives on deck to spend time scuttling with his skirts from one area of skirmish to another always keeping his eye on Cloudsley)

(Suddenly everyone looks up with the realization that the ship has set sail and that they are moving out of the harbor. Eithne roars and jumps on Cloudsley)

FIGHTING LOGISTICS TO BE DEVELOPED

Diego is almost wounded and Eithne defends him and then kisses him, to his astonishment

Donal, still unconscious is held at dagger point by Lucrezia with Deirdre nearby Toledo up the rigging escaping Cloudsley sights a papal boat

Topaz stumbling and getting in the way with mock bravura of defending Lucrezia

Eithne: Rogues! Where art thou taking us?

Diego: I think I can tell! Our course is set for the Balearic islands!

Lucrezia:

Correto, my friend! We are on our way to pay a little surprise visit to Ben Reuben in his safe and highly productive little hideaway and to take him home to Venice!

Myriam:

My grandfather will never go with you and your scheming friend! He would rather die!

Daniel:

Ben Reuben! *Thy* grandfather! Ben Reuben is *my* grandfather! Myriam! Thou art my *sister*!

Myriam: *(blinking)*

Daniel, Daniel the doctor! Thou, thou art my brother! The whole time thou wert so close by and I never even guessed! I came to discover thee and thou instead hast discovered me!

(they embrace)

Lucrezia:

Very, very touching! Ah! I smell the salty air of Spain and see her coast line fast approaching! The winds are with us! So, now we just have a few more loose ends to tie up. Ben Reuben will surely come when he sees his loyal friend, Donal, is drugged and can be awoken only by a secret antidote which only I possess! *(triumphant)*

Eithne: O fiendish woman and who do you serve?

Topaz:

I do not know but I for sure, serve her! What a woman! Such subtlety, such assuredness, such deviousness, such intrigue! I love her!

Henrique: *(who has been stalking all this while suddenly grabs Lucrezia and disarms her)*

Madam! The game is up! You know more than you should, especially, for a Venetian, so far from home! And with too much advantage! I, Henrique De San Angelo take the upper hand for myself and the greater glory of Spain!

Diego:

De San Angelo! I have a Spanish cousin of that name....he hath sent me Spanish maps from time to time!

Myriam:

I see the coast of North Africa! We are out of Portuguese waters!

Toledo:

I see a ship! It doth follow us!

Cloudsley: (*looking up*)

I hear a voice! I know that voice! Miguel Cervantes! Either 'tis either thee in women's clothing or thy sister with a deep and terrible honking cold!

Toledo: (*almost falling off the rigging*)

I see a ship that's coming closer!

Daniel:

'Tis not surprising! We are at sea! Is it not usual to see a ship at sea?

Toledo:

It has a flag! But I cannot see it! Aaargh!

(*the others look up as Toledo falls off the rigging over the side*)

Henrique: Toledo!

Eithne: Man overboard!

Diego: Man overboard! And this unknown ship approaches fast!

Cloudsley:

Great Scot! That was Manuel that fell overboard! My manservant! And not just any manservant! He was simply the best servant a fellow could have! But he doth owe me! I must know where he did place those documents intended for the Queen of England! No time for stiff upper lip! Sometimes a chap just has to know!(Tears off hat and cloak and dives overboard)

Lucrezia:

My God Cloudsley! Are you mad! Is this not going a little too far?

Diego:

Atholl, we have two men overboard and a ship encroaching fast!

Eithne: Can we save them?

Henrique:

Why the ship bears the flag of the Prince of Rome. It is the Popes' own flag!
(*the others all look out in the direction of the ship into the audience*)

Daniel:

The pope himself doth pursue us! Or at least his boats!

Diego:

Aye, I imagine his Holiness doth not take the salt air too often Daniel!

Topaz: I did not know that the Pope had ships!

Diego:

He hath most everything else, this warlike pope, and why not ships!

(*The mast of the oncoming ship at the back of the audience coming slowly down a central aisle towards the mast of Donal's ship. Bergamot appears on deck and hails them*)

Lucrezia: (*rubbing her eyes*)

Good Heavens! I see that prying, pompous and perfidious papal emissary, Signor Bergamot! What's he doing here?

Daniel:

Serving his master no doubt, like the rest of you!

Bergamot:

Can you hear me! I am obligating you in the Name of Our Noble Excellency, Pope Titus X to return at once to Lisbon!

Eithne: The audacity of the man!

Bergamot:

Return at once! His Excellency doth desire the body of the Irishman, Donal O'Malley for his own safe keeping!

Eithne: (*scoffing*)

Safekeeping! Sure! Safe with Pope Titus X! Safe in a Roman grave more like!

Bergamot:

His Excellency, would also desire the maps on board and to have disclosed on the instant, your intended direction, in order to find one Ben Reuben, and so, to discover his place of safekeeping that we, the Holy Roman Catholic Church may claim it for Rome!

All on board:

Never!

Bergamot:

Ship of fools! Do you defy Our Holy Father, the Pope! Do you defy me? Bergamot, His Excellency's excellent agent, deputized in the name of the Father, the Son and

(*he mumbles while crossing himself*)

Eithne:

Never! You'll never take the body of my father as long as I live! Oh most unChristian knave! Thou dost soil the very name of Christ himself with such false claims. Thy venal, self-seeking, grasping for power comes more from the tongue of Satan than any Christian Savior! This boat will never be taken! Not by Spanish, Venetian, English, nor by the grasping fist of the Pope himself, so long as I live! (she tears off her hat to reveal herself as a girl)

Diego:

Atholl? Atholl! Thou art not what thou seems! Why am I somehow not surprised? But that I am delightfully surprised! Indeed thou art delightful to mine eyes! Altogether quite ravishing!

Eithne:

Aye Diego, my darlin', I am Eithne, so called of the fairer sex, and yet I am always a fighter! (*she smacks him on the lips with a great kiss*)

Diego: I am stunned and happily I am taken!

Bergamot:

Fools! Such flagrant and heretical answers can only necessitate one thing! Prepare thy selves for combat!

All: Combat!

Myriam: Surely he jests!

Henrique:

Sweet Lady, I fear he doth not!

Eithne: Arm we ourselves to fight to the teeth!

Diego:

Arm we ourselves to the teeth to fight!

Eithne:

Thankyou my darlin' (*blows a kiss*) Thou hast a way with words but better yet a way with me!

(*Diego bows*)

Lucrezia:

What should the nefarious captain do? After all he's being paid!

Eithne:

Tell him to take instructions from me! And Madam! Kindly revive my father! We'll need his fighting prowess in this sea battle!

Lucrezia:

I cannot do that! My hands are tied by this honorable Spanish gentleman here!

Eithne:

Sire, as captain of this ship I insist that you untie this lady that she may free my father from his enchanted state. We have already lost two men overboard. I pray we do not lose more!

Henrique:

Captain, forgive me! That, I cannot do that for it would give the entire game away, something quite foreign to my nature. 'Tis too hard for me to trust a voluptuous Venetian lady spy! She must remain my prisoner!

Daniel: Fools, then we are much handicapped! For a fighting ship the crew must always work together!

Diego:

Well spoken, Daniel, for a man that never before hath been to sea!

Daniel:

Indeed, I would greatly care to see the isles where my grandfather lives, now that I have found my sister! We have already passed Morocco and the coast of Spain, mere names on a map until now. 'Tis a journey of more excitement and adventure than I might e'er have imagined but I'll be more than melancholy if we do not arrive to the place my sister doth call home!

Diego: Amen I say to that!

(*Topaz creeps up on Henrique while Henrique holds Lucrezia, Myriam and Daniel arms around each other, Eithne and Diego side by side looking into the audience*).

Eithne: Make ready for attack!

(*A sudden terrible cracking sound and darkness. Lights come up slowly on the sinking mast of Donal's ship as Toledo sinks lower and lower. Everyone moves to the side of the boat and looks out into the audience*).

Diego: We've been hit! Cannonball! Let's pray we do not sink!

(*Lights come up onto 2 scenes at the side as everyone struggles in a dimly lit center stage out of the sinking boat and into a rowing boat. Donal's body is lowered carefully by Diego and Daniel. Slowly in silence everyone gets into the boat. Dropping swords and huddling close. As the scene unfolds, maps*

will be unscrolled and careful navigation to lead the larger boat towards the rocks of the Balearic islands)

Scene to right:

The pope appears looking at a globe and holding his white pillars

Pope:

Stop at nothing Bergamot! The Power of Rome must not be undermined or ridiculed but built on the rock of Rome for the greater glory of God. It is the will of God! It is for God we take up the sword!

Scene to left:

Ben Reuben appears and at a desk we see Fionnuala working in a room full of navigational instruments. He places a hand on her shoulder in evident pleasure at her map making. Then he beckons her to the window and shows her the telescope. She looks through and grows excited.

Fionnuala:

Reuben there is something there out at sea I do not recognize! Can't see it?

Reuben: taking the telescope

My eyes are no longer as sharp as thine, Fionnuala. Let me see! I see something dimly! Why tis a tiny boat! But not I think a fishing boat! Wait...

Fionnuala:

I'll look again! Reuben, it is a life boat, I think, and in it I see men in fine clothes and ... women... I see my sister! I see Myriam too! They are coming to the shore!

Reuben:

Not a moment to lose! Let us hurry to the beach with blankets and herbal tinctures to revive them! Mayhap they have been shipwrecked!

Fionnuala: I did not see my father there! Let us make all haste!

Central scene: *everyone in the small boat rowing except for Lucrezia and Henrique*

Eithne:

This map will serve us well! I can see land!

Diego:

Aye 'tis fast approaching and 'tis the isle of safety that we seek!

Lucrezia:

The villain Bergamot is gaining fast! His boat has the greater power! May our strategy work to fool him!

Henrique:

Madam, my hopes join yours! Let's row together and let old feuds be cast upon the water. 'Tis clear enough we'll live or die as one!

Myriam:

So glad am I to hear you say this! For sure, a boat that works together will speed much faster!

All:

Amen!

Right side scene: *(The Pope appears again looking out into the audience)*

The Pope:

Bergamot good work in sinking the Irish pirate's ship but do not let them escape! Follow them! Follow them! If they live they will lead you to the old man on his island and then the prize is ours.. is Rome's! Your ship is swift and strong, their craft tiny and at the mercy of each wave. Follow them as they near the shallows! Closer and closer in the hunt! My friend they are almost yours! Excellent strategy and oh excellent navigation! But... do not go too close in! Mind my ship! Have a care for where you steer! Build my church upon this rock!

(Sudden rending crack)

Bergamot! Not, not these rocks! Fool! We are lost! Shipwrecked! My ship lost on the rocks and the game of cat and mouse foiled! So near, so near and yet too far!

ACT II - Scene 4: A Beach on one of the Balearic Islands

The boat arrives on the beach and Eithne leaps out into the oncoming Finula running ahead of Reuben

Fionnuala:

Eithne! Eithne thou art safe and travelling as a woman! Myriam! Myriam!
How good to see thee!

Eithne: Ah sister 'tis so good to see thee! Did'st learn much?

Fionnuala:

Oh aye worlds and thee?

Reuben arrives panting

Reuben: Myriam! Myriam (*he takes her hands*) Eithne! Thou art well returned! And hast brought company I see!

Eithne:

Aye indeed some long lost friends that you'll be glad to see and also some villains that we hope, may yet reform.

Myriam: (*grabbing Daniel's hand*)

Grandfather, this is my brother Daniel, thy grandson, both of our parents dead a while but thy grandson restored to us and he, a doctor to the Queen of Portugal!

Reuben: (*transfixed*)

Daniel! Daniel my child! Thou art returned unto us! God indeed is good!
(they embrace)

My daughter Esther dead?

Daniel:

Aye grandfather she died in peace four years ago but practised her religion in secret and passed it on to me that we might keep alive the knowledge of the Sephardim. My father, Antonio, died a year before and they did love each other until the end.

Reuben: shakes his head slowly

I much saddened and yet can be glad to hear this news.

(*Myriam introduces Daniel to Fionnuala who curtsseys as Daniel takes her hands*).

Myriam: Daniel, this is Fionnuala with whom thou hast much in common!
She is already like a sister to me!

Daniel:

Is this isle a kind of paradise to which I have been borne? To find my sister and my grandfather and now this maid of whom I have heard much! Myriam tells me thou art a fine mapmaker and love all things scholarly, Fionnuala.

Fionnuala: (*laughing*)

Sure, I have a zest to learn! Tis true and thy grandfather, a most excellent teacher. Forgive me, Daniel I am a little distracted. Eithne where is our father?

Eithne:

He's here in the boat, sleeping like a baby but cannot be awoken without our Venetian friend's antidote that only she possesses but now doth not!

Fionnuala: (*looking very confused and shaking her head*)

My father asleep at sea? I never heard such a thing!

Eithne:

This Lady here, sought to take our father by force, steal our boat and then had hoped to take Reuben too. We had a skirmish with the Pope; by whose intervention as luck would have it, this scheme of abduction and deceit was fairly foiled!

Diego:

Even now the papal emissary lies shipwrecked on the rocks; his master's boat reduced to firewood and splinters! 'Twas Reuben's maps have helped us in our strategy!

Daniel:

Aye grandfather, some parity for thee! 'Twas thy maps helped outmanoeuvre the Prince of Rome!

Eithne: But we were all at sea and my father missed it entirely!

Fionnuala:

I find myself most muddled by this tale. First off, can we revive him?

Lucrezia: (*wailing and falling to her knees*)

Forgive me! Forgive me, a sinner! I am so sorry! I lost the draught at sea! In all the flurry and the scurry and such a very great hurry, I have lost it! And I am an Italian above all! I know the familia is soprattutto la pui importante, la cosa pui importante and eccola we have una bella riunione and I have lost

the way to wake your father up..... so he can see his daughters, his old friends, tutto! Tutti! Forgive me!

Reuben: (*examining Donal*)

Madam what did you give him? It would be a surprise if we did not have the antidote in our apothecary here. By the pallor of his skin and the color of the good Captain's tongue, his pulse and his rapid breathing I can I think divine what the remedy might be. I have heard of a potion like this, a kind of family secret among some in Venice. Draw near, such secrets I would not betray.

(*whispers in her ear*)

Lucrezia:

Si? Veramente? It is just so! You are more than a doctor. (she kneels) Sir I am 'umbled by your skill and veramente honored to meet you.

(*Reuben raises her up by offering a hand*)

Topaz:

She worships the old man? Then I too will submit to his greater wisdom and ask if I can learn a thing or two here in these lovely islands. Is he not a teacher?

Reuben:

Fionnuala, wilt thou show my grandson Daniel our apothecary and bring the vial labelled Venetium Garum? It has powerful herbs will rouse our friend Donal into a wondrous wakefulness!

Fionnuala: Willingly Reuben! Come Daniel and see the potions your grandfather keeps for all occasions!

Daniel:

I come sweet maid! 'Tis not just Donal who is enchanted but I find also myself. I dread to wake from my enchantment and find this magical place but a dream! (*they exit*)

Diego: (*arm around Eithne's waist which he releases as he approaches Henrique*)

Henrique De San Angelo, we do not, I know, look alike, but I would like to know, if we sire, are related? Your name is much the same as a Spanish cousin of mine, who hath for some time been sending maps to me in clandestine fashion.

Henrique:

I am most likely thy cousin, born in Cordoba, that I did not ever wish to leave. I have converted and dissembled and doubled and redoubled so many

times, as spy and agent and actor, I believe I hath quite forgot who I am and what indeed, I do believe!

Myriam:

Perhaps the bright, sea air and clear horizon of this place may help thee Senor! Why not tarry a while and re-acquaint thyself with family, the traditions of another time and the hospitality of our gracious island.

Henrique:

Lady, I thank thee for thy kindness and do in fact, find myself most easily pressed to stay.

Donal has been proffered the vial in the background and slowly rouses himself and rubs his eyes.

Donal:

What strange dreams I have had! Gondolas and papal bulls and men overboard! Ah dry land! Familiar faces! A sight for sore eyes, but here, some strange faces too! Who'll tell me the tale of what I must have missed while I lay dreaming?

Eithne:

Not so very much father! Tales for winter nights! But now it will be feasting and frolic, forgiveness and amity between everyone!

Lucrezia: (*dabbing her eyes*)

It is unfortunate that Cloudsley could not have found his way to this marvelous island. He would have loved it so!

Henrique:

And poor Toledo! Hounded and running all his life and never to be at rest until he plummets to the ocean deep! It seems he must have taken documents from Sir Cloudsley and that his life as a servant was but another masquerade in this fiendish life of spying and secrets!

Diego:

Sire! It seems that in this magical place even, to name is to summon forth! For I do see an apparition of those friends, even as we speak!
(*from the back of the auditorium hullaballoing and hallooing. Cloudsley and Toledo appear wet and happy with a few fish caught in their attire*)

Henrique:

My God it's Toledo!

Topaz:

Toledo!

All:

Toledo! Toledo! Cloudsley

Lucrezia:

Cloudsley! You scoundrel, you are alive!

Cloudsley:

Yes, yes! Thanks to my friend Toledo here! He rescued me when I had thought to save him! Isn't it so often the case? Champion, capital swimmer what! So here we all are, jolly, jolly lucky to be alive.

Toledo:

We have looked into the jaws of death and lived to tell the tale! Providence has guided us to this island. And best of all! Senor Cloudsley has agreed to stop calling me Manuel! No longer will he try to press me into servant hood! No longer do I feel necessitated to live a life of duplicity! I am truly a free man!

Cloudsley:

All that bad tuff! It's gone forever! Let there be a new and golden age! No masters! No slaves! No dubious misuse of power! No more servitude! No more subterfuge! From here on out let there be no spies and no secrets!

Daniel:

This is indeed a heartening proclamation! For to face death is to have a true conversion me thinks and so to realize the web that doth bind us together as companion and helpmate! But Sir Cloudsley, one piece that misses from the puzzle!

Henrique:

I wonder also! What were those documents that you so accused Toledo of taking from you and for which you summarily jumped overboard?

Sir Cloudsley:

Oh those documents, them documents that he took from me! One does not like to be stolen from, don't you know! It seems after all, they were just recipes! Catalan fish stew! And a marvelous fig tart served in the Aragon way which were secretly obtained and intended for our English sovereign!

Toledo:

Is true! We Spanish are most secretive, most guarded in the ways our food is cooked! Our queen Isabella dreaded what might happen to the reputation of

our Spanish cooking at the hands of an English cook who was not even a Catholic!

Diego:

So, from now no more espionage or dissembling!

Daniel:

No more intolerance or persecution!

Donal:

Sure that sounds like a great plan to me! Just think of it, all the people on this island could be even happier even than the Irish on our own little Emerald Island! Come Eithne and Fionnuala, let me hug my darlin' daughters and lead our company in a merry jig!

Eithne:

Indeed father that's a fine idea!

Daniel:

I find my melancholy quite gone! Grandfather it seems that your maps have served us here very well indeed!

Reuben:

Ah yes but the map that leads us back to home is ever inscribed in the heart and in the end that is the best kind of map from which we'll never part!

Eithne and Diego, Myriam and Henrique, Fionnuala and Daniel, Cloudsley and Toledo, Lucrezia and Topaz, Donal and Reuben join handsto be joined by the Queen of Spain ad te King and Queen of Portugal

Company:

The map that leads us back to home is ever inscribed in our heart!

And in the end, tis the best kind of map by which we never will part!

Cast

Isaac Ben Reuben, the Jewish cartographer:

Myriam, his granddaughter as an adult:

as a child:

Daniel, his grandson as an adult:

as a child:

Esther, his daughter:

Antonio, her husband:

Donal, Irish chieftain:

Grainne, his wife:

Eithne, their daughter:

Fionnuala, sister to Eithne:

Pope:

Bergamot, a papal spy:

Doge of Venice:

Lucrezia, Venetian spy:

Isabella, Queen of Spain:

Topaz, Spanish spy:

Toledo, Spanish spy:

Henrique De San Angelo, Spanish spy:

Diego De San Angelo, a Portuguese captain:

Sir Cloudsley Bamfort, English spy:

Gonzago, spy and spice seller:

The Queen of Portugal:

The King of Portugal:

Sailors:

A nefarious captain: