

## DRAKE

TAILOR. What are they shouting for up yonder?  
HARERDASHER. Is it Drake?

*[Enter, led by TOM MOONE, eleven SAILORS, each carrying a tattered, smoke-begrimed banner. The CROWD grow wildly enthusiastic]*

MOTHER MOONE *[Craning forward]* No! 'Tis the sailor-men, wi' the colours we've won. Here's Tom! Here's Tom! Here's Tom!

PIKEMAN. Be still!

MOTHER MOONE. Be still yourself! — *[She shouts]*  
Tom! Tom Moone!

*[He waves his sword at her. Frantic cheers. The SAILORS dip the colours before the QUEEN. They are just turning to go up, when: —]*

MOTHER MOONE. Aw — ! I can't bear it!

*[And before the PIKEMEN can do anything she dashes at TOM, throws her arms round his neck and gives him a sounding kiss. The people burst into Homeric laughter, in which the QUEEN joins, and which merges into a joyous cheer. PIKEMEN run out to seize MOTHER MOONE, but retire at a motion from the QUEEN, and MOTHER MOONE stands proudly with TOM. The SAILORS take the banners up St. Paul's steps and fix them in sockets in the wall. Then they form up at the bottom on the left.]*

*Now all the APPRENTICES and GIRLS come running down from the far L., waving their caps, etc., and shouting 'Drake!' — 'Here's Drake!'*

*The CROWD surges upwards and is with difficulty held back by the PIKEMEN. It looks as though there were going to be an ugly rush. Continual shouts*