

## DRAKE

of "Drake!" -- "England's Drake!" Finally the CROWD are forced back into some sort of order, but there is only just room enough for DRAKE to pass, and the CROWD sways and gesticulates in a sort of frenzy of excitement.

Meanwhile DOUGHTY has been praying in his hiding-place, conversing with his unseen brother, and working himself up into the wildest exaltation.

Enter DRAKE, preceded by DIEGO with his drum, and by BREWER, BRIGHT, and FLEMING. He comes down hat in hand, debonair, self-possessed, laughing, waving his hand. The CROWD are beside themselves with joy. Roses are flung at him, showered on him from the windows; caps are tossed in the air; GIRLS tear off their neckerchiefs to wave at him. The QUEEN summons ELIZABETH SYDENHAM to her side. At the moment when DRAKE has reached the left corner in front, DOUGHTY cries fiercely: — ]

DOUGHTY. Into Thy hands, O God!

[He dashes out wildly, and makes a horrible stab at DRAKE. The QUEEN leaps to her feet. ELIZABETH SYDENHAM utters a scream. The CROWD give a cry of horror. There is a sudden dead silence. Then rumours and increasing cries: "Drake's killed!" — "Treason!" — "The Queen's killed" — "What's happened?" — "Drake!" — "Murder!" — "Stone him!" — "Hang him!" — "Death!" "Death!" — The cries swell to a roar of bloodthirsty rage. DOUGHTY'S knife has got caught in DRAKE'S short cloak, and before he can strike again, DRAKE has hold of his wrist. PIKE-MEN and others have rushed forward]