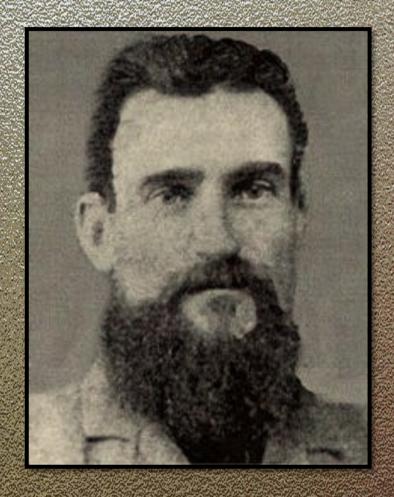
THE MAN CALLED THUNDERBOLT



Libretto written and music composed by

VIVIEN ARNOLD

THE MAN CALLED THUNDERBOLT

Fred Ward - alias Captain Thunderbolt - was Australia's longest lasting and most successful bushranger. Over seven years he held people up in the New England area and was rumoured to have taken twenty thousand pounds. Naturally this peeved a great many people. However there were others who truly held him in esteem - even some of his victims.

This arose from admiration of his superb horsemanship, his unfailing politeness, his eschewed non-violence, his good humour and sense of fun, his soft-heartedness, his kindness to the orphaned, his championship of the underdog, and his sense of fair play. In short, he was Australia's real life Robin Hood.

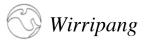
In sharp contrast, the authorities showed him no leniency at any stage. Moreover, after his death, some believe accounts of his life were deliberately suppressed and expunged because he was a natural inspiration for the sort of republican rebellion they dreaded.

His strong and passionate relationship with Maryanne Bugg - Queen Yellow Long - pointed to reconciliation with the first Australians. Sadly their children were farmed out and the lineage lost.

This opera traces the story of their lives as a reality, albeit somewhat romanticised. At the same time it examines attitudes and interests of the day in the young colony of New South Wales through using both anecdotes and written records.

Its large cast features people documented in the stories told about Ward. All chorus members are required to have speaking or solo/ensemble singing roles so this is not a production that asks people to sit around back-stage for slabs of time. The original staging comprised large blocks that could be quickly rearranged for set changes. This too was the job of the entire cast, who sometimes turned their backs to the audience forming human walls as part of the set. Costuming is inexpensive.

The work was written for an amateur society with a cast of around 50 (good for ticket sales!). It received critical acclaim when it was staged in 1988 for the bicentennial. Being an historic piece it has not dated.



Maryanne: Bush ranging!

Ward: Yellow Long what else is there for me now? We're men on the run.

Wanted criminals. The traps will be out for us the length and breadth

of New South Wales. There'll be a price on our heads.

☐ #9 I wanted to give you - Ward sings

☐ #10 So be it then - Ward and Maryanne sing

Maryanne: Catch the stage. I'll give in my notice in two months' time when the

chase has cooled off. I'll come to you then.

Re-enter Britten

Britten: Hey Fred! Too bad this is all that's left.

He holds up a woman's dress and bonnet

Ward: I think I'd rather go back to Cockatoo

Maryanne: O no you don't! Come on. Out them on. You're smaller than him. You

can pass as his wife. You'll have to shave this off but. There's a razor in

the bag.

Britten: This sure is a variation of petty-coat rule! I've heard of sheilas who

wear the strides but never ones who insist their husbands wear frocks!

Ward: We must all be off. We'll look for you in two months Maryanne.

Britten: Not me. This is goodbye. I'm splitting with him in Maitland. It'll be

better if we don't stay together.

Ward: Well that's pretty gratitude I must say.

Maryanne: He's right. You shouldn't stay together.

Britten: Always listen to this women Fred. She's an old head on young

shoulders. Goodbye Maryanne. Thanks for your help. I pray God'll bless you and yours. Not much from an old lag but it's heartfelt.

Maryanne: Goodbye. And may God bless you too

Exit Britten (tactfully)

Maryanne: Au revoir, Fred

☐ #11 Kiss me Yellow Long - Ward sings

☐ #12 Incidental music

Exit Ward to incidental music #12

Mr Parsons: And he said we could go without even turning out our pockets! Some

bushranger!

Mrs Byrne: So you still have your money?

Mrs Parsons: Yes all five pounds still intact. And this little bit of excitement was a real

birthday treat.

Mr Parsons: We should go home and rest now, Emmy. Your mustn't tire yourself.

Mrs Parsons: Home? O no, John. We have to go and report the robbery.

Mr Parsons: Yes of course,

Mrs Byrne: Report it? But he didn't take anything! Maybe you've put him off the

whole thing. I thought you had a soft spot for bold young men Mrs

Parsons. You enjoyed it too. Give him a break.

Mrs Parsons: That's not the point.

#25 It's the principle of the thing - Mr and Mrs Parsons sing

Mrs Parsons: Besides, it's a wonderful story and I'm sure the newspapers will want to

print it. As a caution to other bushrangers. And an encouragement to other travellers to resist force with subterfuge or whatever else it takes. Mind you, you have to be quick-witted, although I say it myself. There now! I don't suppose you've heard of such excitement in a long

while.

☐ #26 Trio - Mr and Ms Parsons, Mrs Byrne sing

Exit Mr and Mrs Parsons

☐ #27 Recit - Well now Thunderbolt - Mrs Byrne sings

☐ Segue to #28 -Incidental

Exit Mrs Byrne to incidental music #28

Maryanne: Play us something new.

Ward: Wait a minute! I must introduce you. They don't know what an honour

is being bestowed on them. This is a royal command performance!

Gentlemen allow me to present you to Queen Yellow Long.

Now bow like nice German courtiers. Bow, I say!

Maryanne: Oh Fred! (to the bandsmen) Don't take any notice of him!

(They do bow - persuaded by Ward's pistol)

McIntosh: They also wish to pay for the honour, Captain. Here's the fee. Twenty

pounds.

Ward: Only twenty pounds! Strewth! That's not much to pay for an honour

and opportunity such as this!

Maryanne: Leave off and let them get on with it. Play something new and lively. I

want to dance.

Band leader: Offenbach?

Ward: As often as you like.

Band leader: This is from 'Orpheus in the Underworld' - French operetta.

Maryanne: I've heard of it!

Band leader: Eins, zwei, drei , vier

#42 Cancan music - Band plays

(Maryanne and Ward start to dance and are then joined by the others)

Ward: That's good stuff! Now you can sit down and listen to her. She can do

French songs you know. Maryanne do that one about the dove.

Maryanne: If I can get my puff back.

Johnny (concerned) You're all right aren't you with the baby an all

Maryanne: 'Course silly! Expecting a baby doesn't turn you fragile all of a sudden!

McIntosh: Well here's a turn up!

Ward: Great isn't it! Go on Mary, sing and we'll all join in the chorus. Sit down

you lot. You're in for a treat!

1st Hawker: What's this?

Ward: He said, 'bail up'. If you want that more fully explained it means, give

us your cash - all of it. McIntosh, go through their bags and take

whatever you think we can use. Johnny, check outside

Exit Johnny. McIntosh discovers ten pounds

Ward: Ten quid. That's not bad. Now Mr Forrester, perhaps you'd like to make

a donation to our worthy cause.

Mr Forrester: We don't keep cash in the house. We use cheques.

Ward: Mmm. I have noticed gentlemen don't carry cash much anymore. I'm

sorry for it.

☐ #58 I have ten pounds - Granny Forrester and Ward sing (segue to #59)

☐ #59 Incidental

Dialogue below continues beneath incidental

Mrs Forrester: Mother!

Ward: One more thing. Do you have any newspapers? We get desperate for

reading matter in the bush.

Granny Forrester:

There's bundles in the out-house. Help yourself.

Mrs Forrester: Mother!

Re-enter Johnny

Johnny: I found some gunpowder

Ward: Excellent! Gunpowder's worth more to us than gold you know. Now

thank you and a good evening to you all.

Granny Forrester: Good evening.

Exeunt Ward, Maryanne and gang.

Mrs Forrester: Mother!

Mr Forrester: It's an outrage! You helped them help themselves!

☐ #60 You've no need to be hoity-toity - Granny Forrester sings

□ **#61 Incidental** *for set change*

Lights dim.

SCENE 9 - INSISDE BRADFORD PROPERTY

The room is empty. There is a knock on the door. Mrs Bradford enters and crosses to the door to let Ward in

☐ #74 Dear Lady - Ward and Mrs Bradford sing (segue to #75)

#75 Incidental under following dialogue

Ward: Will you take her in?

Mrs Bradford: Just show me where she is. I'll get the dray and horses and we'll move

her back down here on dusk. You can stay here with her. Rest assured, the traps won't hear of it. We'll protect you. Where did you say she is?

During this Maryanne has entered and is leaning against the doorpost

☐ # 76 Here she is, right here - Maryanne and Ward sing

She is overwhelmed by coughing as she finishes the song. She slumps.

Mrs Bradford: Here, put her on the settee.

Ward carries Maryanne and lowers her onto the settee close to a wall/flat (to enable the actor to be replaced by a body for burial)

Mrs Bradford: She should have a doctor.

Maryanne: No! No! It isn't necessary. Just let me rest.

Mrs Bradford: I have some cough medicine somewhere

Exit Mrs Bradford

☐ #77 Incidental starts here under following dialogue.

Ward: How are you feeling?

Maryanne: Better now I'm off that horse. I swear it bruised every bone in my body.

Ward: You've grown so thin.

Maryanne: You can't grow thin. I've shrunk thin.

Ward: Don't joke. I can't bear it.

Maryanne: Why ever not? We've always liked a laugh. Don't wish a sentimental

death scene on me Fred! Sing me some opera.

Ward: I can't. Don't leave me Mary.

Maryanne: Sakes Fred! I don't want to die any more than the next person and I do

feel a bit on the young-side to go. But we've had a very full life these last few years and I wouldn't change a thing. So come on, let's sing.

She begins to sing a verse of 'her bright smile' but stops as he joins in and the takes over

Maryanne: Keep singing. I think I'll have a little sleep. Your voice is very soothing -

sometimes!

She closes her eyes as he finishes the verse. Mrs Bradford re-enters with the medicine.

Ward: Don't wake her now. She can have it when she wakes up. She needs

the rest.

Mrs Bradford crosses over and discovers Maryanne is dead.

Mrs Bradford: Mr Ward, stay here a while and hold her hand. She won't be waking

again I'm afraid.

Ward lets out a howl of anguish and gathers her body into his arms.

<u>A tolling bell begins</u> and continues until after the burial (NB into the orchestra pit works well for this purpose)

People gather round the settee screening Ward and Maryanne. The actor slips away to be replaced by the body.

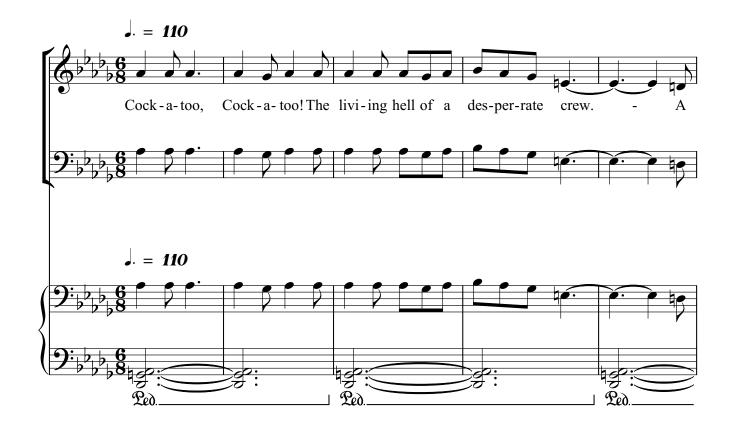
Autopsy reader:

Autopsy on Maryanne Bugg, alias Queen Yellow Long, common law wife of Frederick Ward, also known as Captain Thunderbolt:- 'Death resulted from acute inflammation of the lungs. It is likely that this was caused by pulmonary tuberculosis '

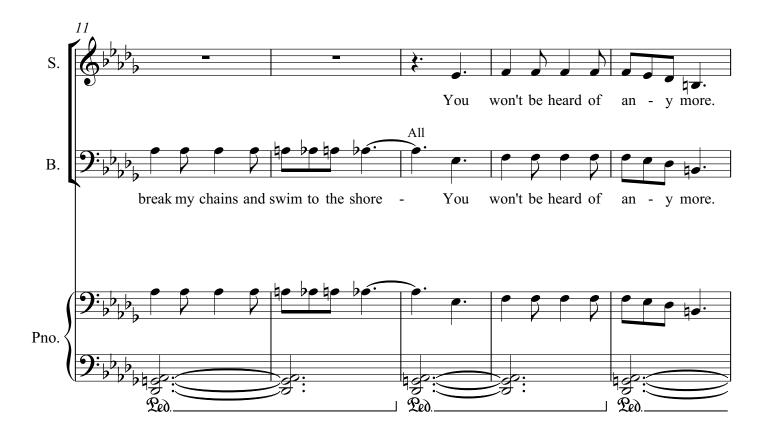
At the end of the burial mourners exeunt leading Ward and Mrs Roach on either side of the stage.

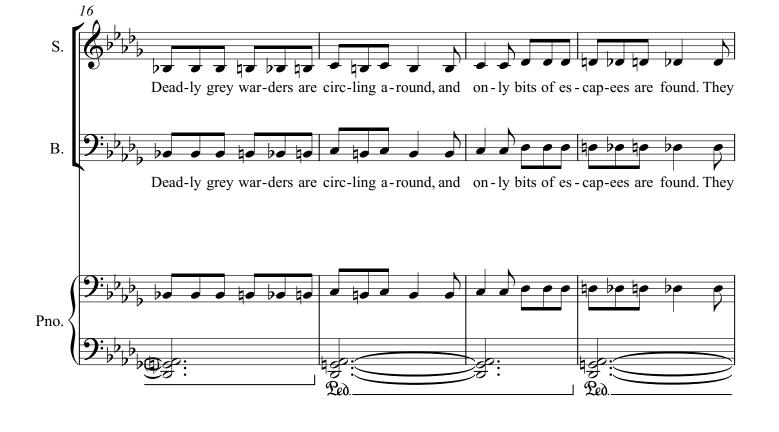
Mrs Roach: You're Ward aren't you? You've got a lot to answer for!

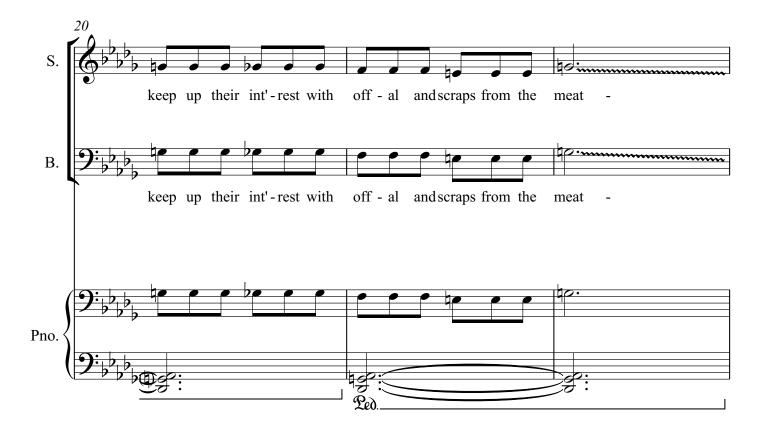
#2 Cockatoo chorus

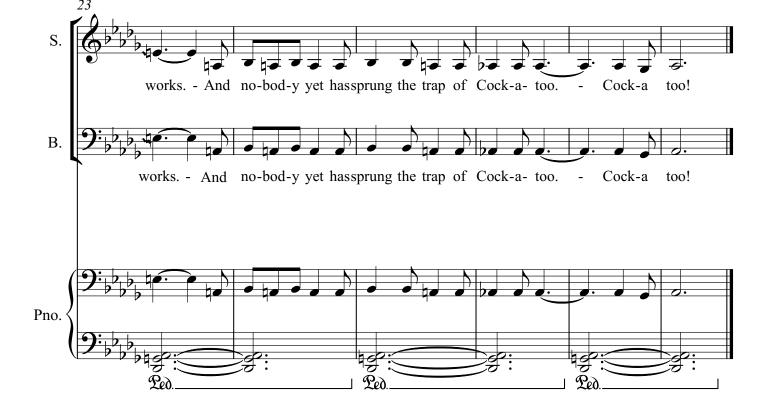




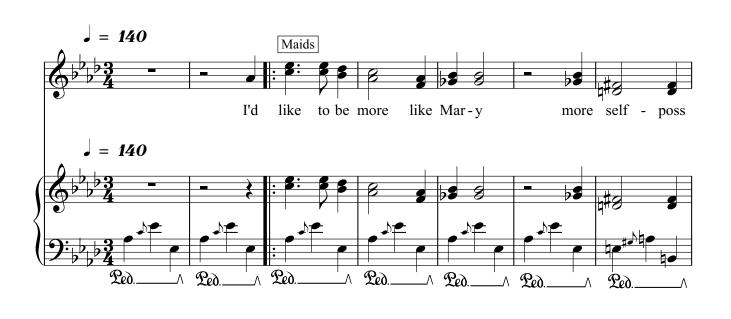


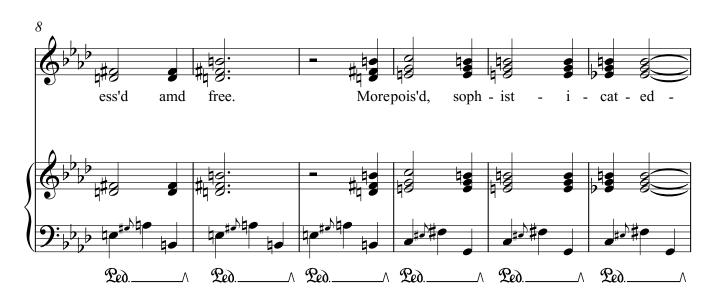


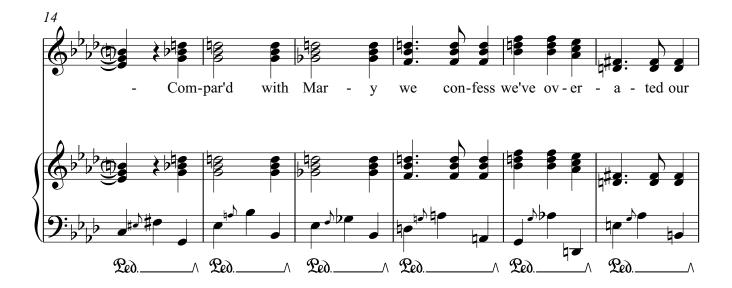




#6 I'd like to be more like Mary

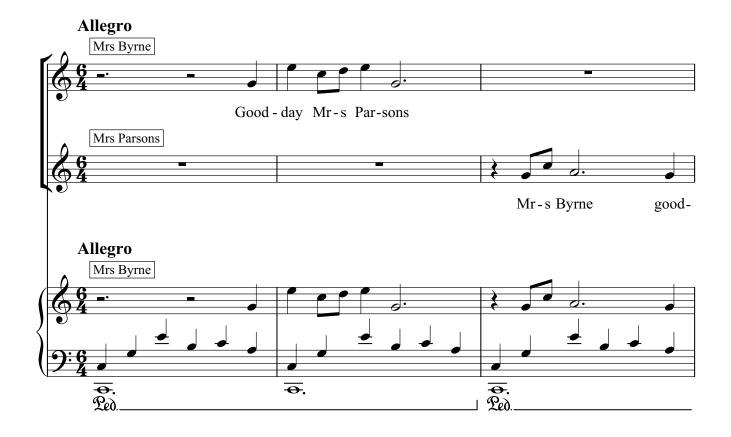


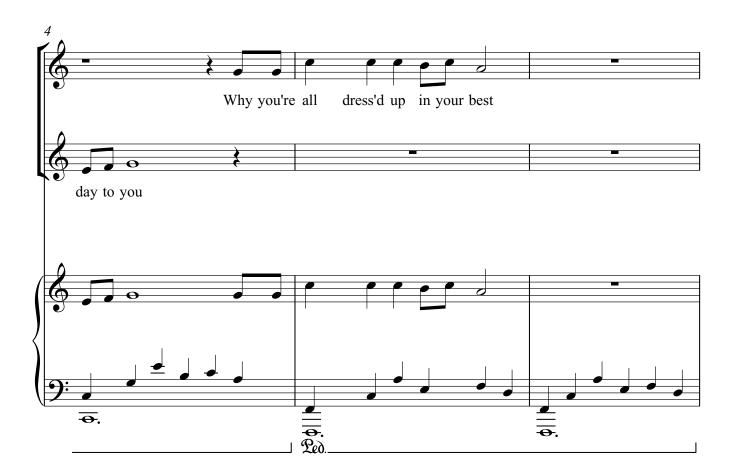


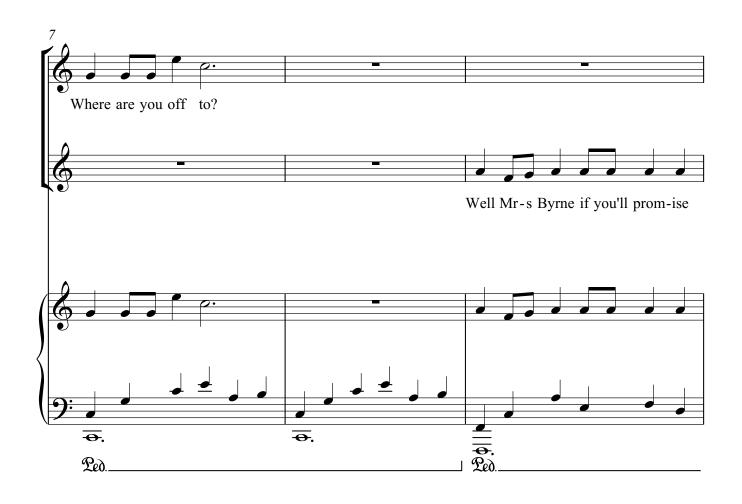


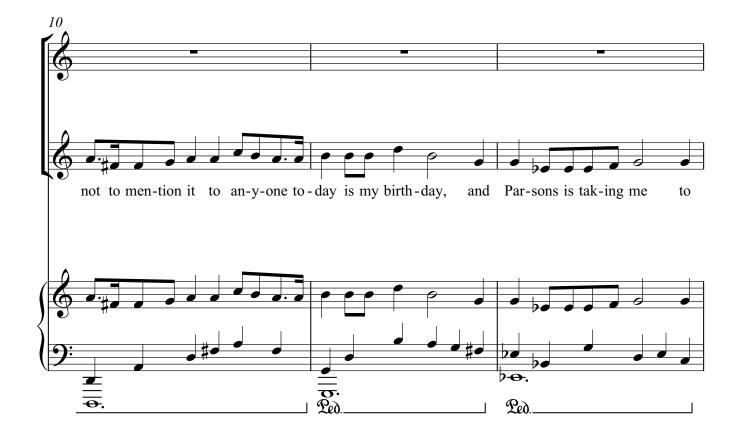


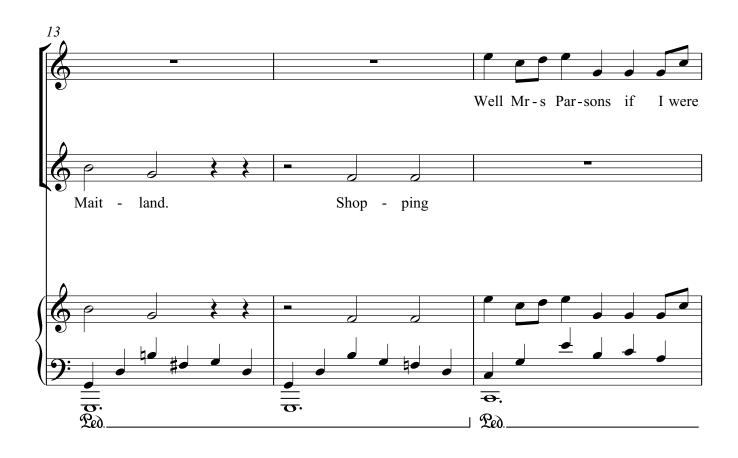
#18 Good-day Mrs Parson

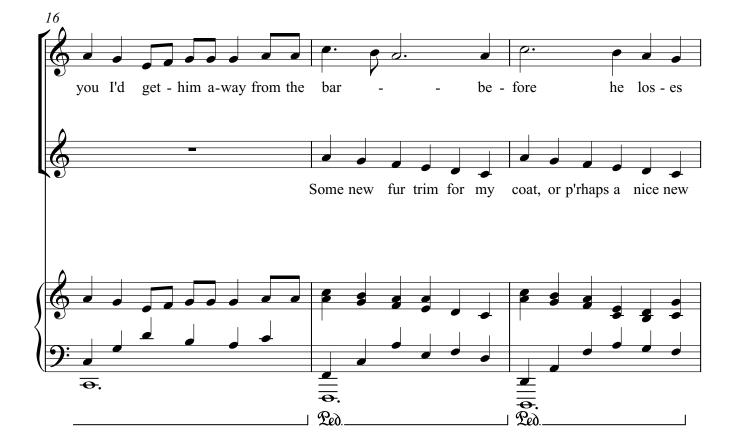


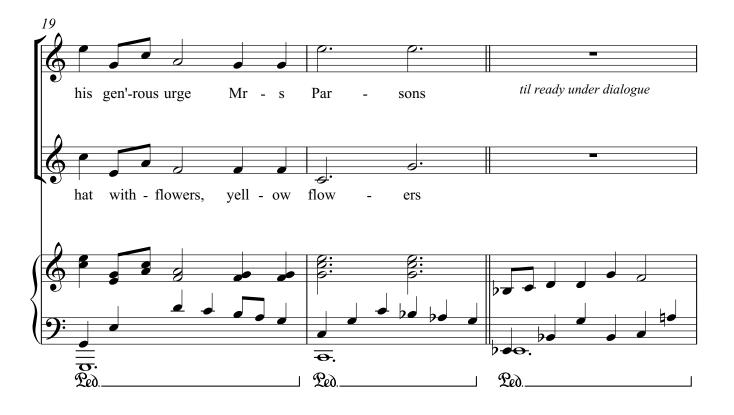




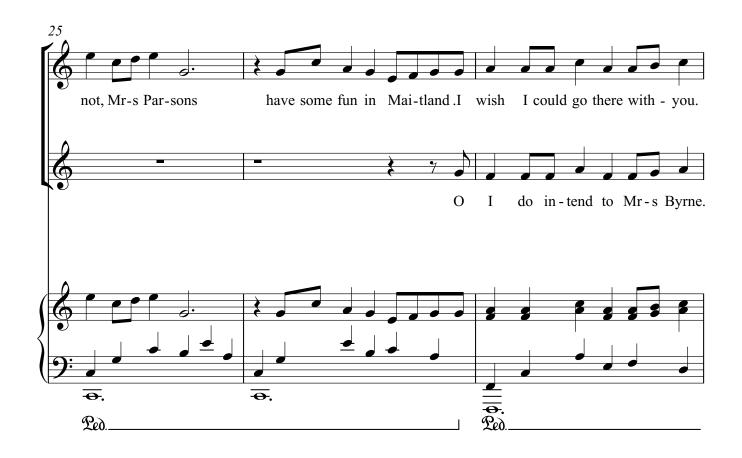


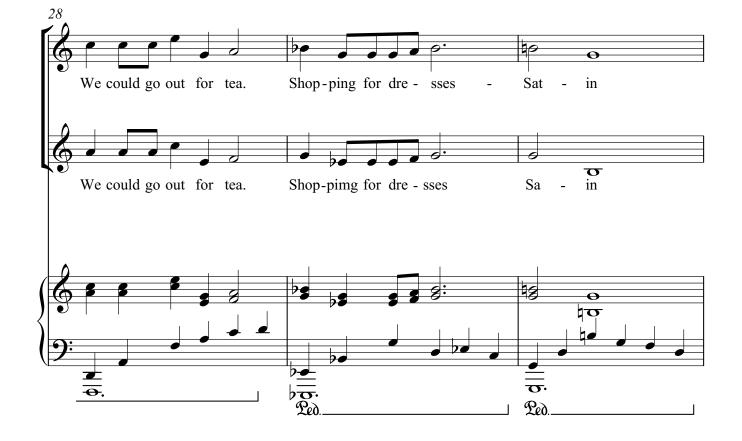




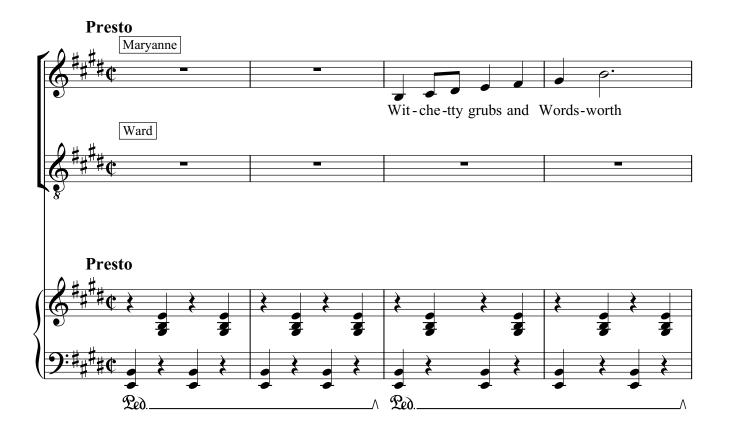


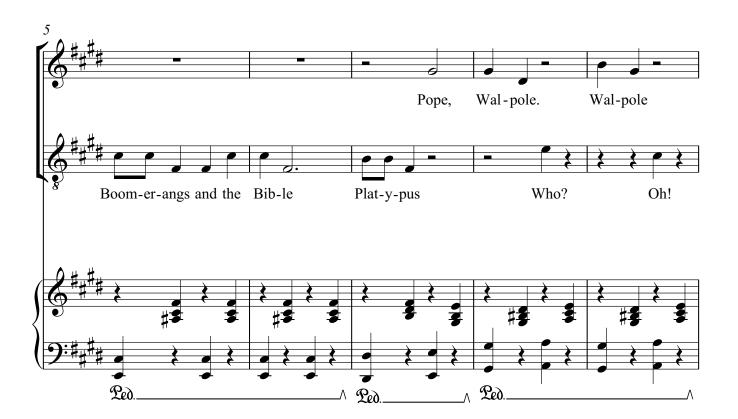


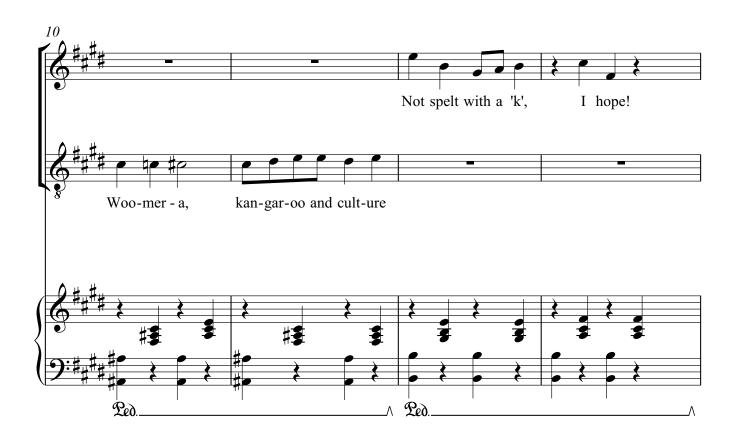


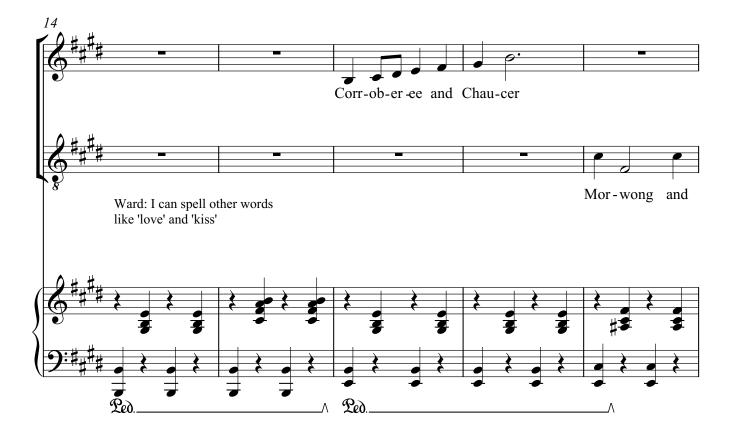


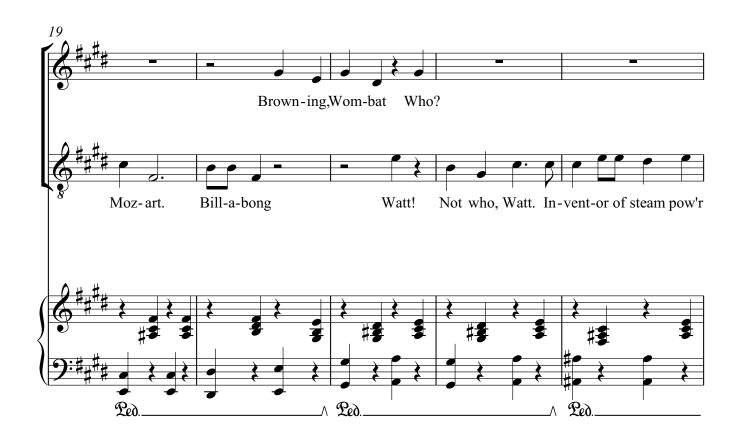
#35 Witchetty Grubs and Wordsworth

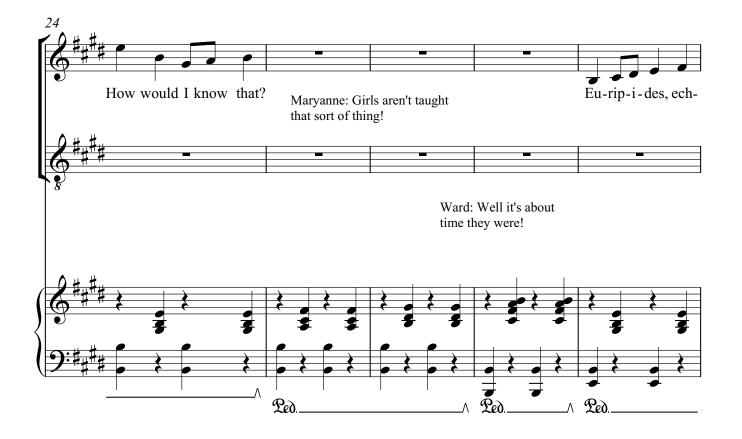












#85 There's a Legend

