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### Jane, the Quene

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## *Jane, the Quene*

### *NARRATOR JANE*

**FEBRUARY 8, 1554, 16 years old**

Good people, I come hither to die, and by law I am condemned to the same. I admit that my actions against the Queen's Highness were treasonous, but touching the desire thereof by me, I do wash my hands in innocence, before God and the face of you good Christian people this day. I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by none other means, but only by the mercy of God.

Or by your mercy. If you only knew the truth, you would not allow this to happen. Please, lend me but a few more moments to speak, and then you may decide. Give me the chance to save myself. I--

Oh, Jane, what are you doing? You can't very well say that. You must keep composure, you must. All right. Start again-- Good people, I come hither to die--

Oh, good evening, Master Partridge. I did not know you were coming. A thousand pardons, sir. If you will excuse me, I'm merely trying to gather my thoughts. I seem to be flitting all over... There, that's better. What? No, no, nothing's wrong, I was simply studying my prayers...

I don't know what I'm going to say tomorrow. You see, I want people to know what really happened, all of it. But I fear I won't have enough time. If only they knew, if only someone knew, then maybe I-- Oh, what am I saying, I'm being ridiculous.

Tell it to you? You mean, you would stay here and listen? Oh, thank you, Master Partridge, you have no idea how much this means to me. I have so much to say and--

**[SCAFFOLD 1]**

We haven't much time. But where to start? (*see book*) Of course. Let's begin.

**October 1547, 10 years old**

***YOUNG JANE***

*(Singing)* Rose red, rose red, will I ever see thee wed--

Oh, hello, Anne! No, I'm sorry, I can't today. I must study. Mr. Aylmer is expecting me. You go on!

“Have mercy on me, God, in your goodness; in your abundant compassion blot out my offense”--

*(Stop abruptly)*. Oh, good day, father *(curtsey)*. Yes, I was just practicing my verses for Mr. Aylmer. I've just finished with Greek, Latin, and French, and I am thinking of maybe taking up Hebrew, Father. Father? Didn't you hear me? My apologies, sir. I did not mean to be so bold, I only thought your Grace might be more...excited, that is all. Enjoy your hunting, sir. I am sorry I will not be joining you...

Hunting. Hmph. Oh, hello Miss Ellen. Yes, Father's gone hunting. No I'm not going to join him! All his sport in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato. I will tell you a secret—the greatest gift that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents but so gentle a schoolmaster as Mr. Aylmer. He teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, that thus my book hath been so much my pleasure. I only wish Father could understand that. I want nothing else.

*(Singing)* I will marry at thy will, sire...

***NARRATOR JANE***

*(Singing)* ...at thy will.

My childhood was difficult at times, Master Partridge, but I still had all the comforts anyone could ask for. I had my books. I had poetry and philosophy and music. And most importantly, sir, I had my privacy. Young as I was, I knew nothing of the events that were taking shape around me. Things were brewing in London. Under the watchful eye of...

***NORTHUMBERLAND***

...One John Dudley.

Goodbye, Somerset. Terribly sorry about all this. Do write! Montague, I've done it. Lord Somerset has been taken prisoner, and with his removal, I, John Dudley, am now made Duke of Northumberland and official Lord Protector to young King Edward. What delightful titles I have! And since the King is but a boy of twelve, I should think myself to be in charge of this country for some time yet.

What to do when the King comes of age, however... No matter, I will deal with it all in good time. Montague, fret not. You are looking at the first man to be given an English Dukedom without a drop of royal blood in his veins. I will handle it. And in the mean time, I rejoice! I have removed the first thorn in my side with the disposal of Somerset...that tactless imbecile. And now I may enjoy the fruits of my labor. [RING] Coming, Your Majesty!

**July 1551, 13 years old**

*YOUNG JANE*

Oh, Jane, you cannot be late. You simply cannot be late...

Oh, for shame! Miss Ellen, I cannot wear this! Mr. Aylmer has chided me thoroughly for my ornate clothing. It is simply unsuitable for a young lady of the New Religion such as yourself. Out of respect to my most Holy Father, I must take care to dress more modestly in the future. But today I am to go to court, and so I must dress appropriately. Goodbye, Miss Ellen. Wish me luck!

Hello, mother. Yes, of course I am excited. She is? No, no, nothing's wrong, I was simply unaware the King's sister was going to be there. Yes, mum, I will be sure to make a good impression on the Princess Mary. Good day, my lady.

Thank you (*to coach attendant*).

The Princess Mary?! Oh dear... (*carriage starts*) I have never yet been to Court, but I feel...I know not why, a shivering at my heart whenever I but think of seeing it. What would I give had I been born into a more humble station. (*sees Court*) Oh my. It's beautiful!

(*carriage stops*) Keep your head, Jane... Thank you (*to coach attendant*).

**JANE-** Good day, Princess Mary. I was told you would be here.

**MARY-** Good day, Jane. You are looking well. Yes, I know it is your first time here—don't fret. Come, you will join me in the most splendid part of this Court—the Chapel.

**JANE-** Chapel? Why of course. At your bidding. Pray, what is—oh.

**MARY-** Come. Here we are. It is beautiful, isn't it? Why do you not curtsy, Jane? The bread and wine is on the altar, do you not see it? You must make curtsy to he who made us all.

**JANE-**But why should I, when the baker made him? Pardon my forwardness, my lady, but I believe it is possible to be both religious and reasonable. And I can't see how any intelligent person could actually think that the bread and the wine turns into our Lord and Savior. Why, if that were the case, I dare say I should not eat it!

**MARY-** I regret that I must ask you to leave, Jane. Those ideas are not welcome here.

### *GILES*

Why, 'ello there. Don't believe I recognize your face. Must be new to the docks. My name's Giles. Dock worker, I am, these 15 years past. Lord above, right! Don't mind 'im. Nice weather we're 'avin 'ere for your first day, eh? Don't see skies this blue too often around 'ere. Pity King Edward can't enjoy this one, eh? 'e'd be out ridin' and 'untin' like the young chap 'e is, don't you think? Well, 'aven't you 'eard? Oh! Rumor 'as it 'is Majesty is sufferin' from a bit of a blight. Sweatin' sickness, they say. 'eaven forbid they're right. Not many recover from that, they don't. Right, right.

Shame, too. So much celebratin' when he took the throne, though he was but 9 if a day. Poor little one, so young 'e is. And still they're trying to marry 'im off. Don't envy 'im, I don't. But, guess I can see why, though. No wife means no child. And without an heir to the throne...times could get sticky for the lot of us.

Well, I best be off—an' so should you. These jobs won't right well do themselves. Enjoy the day. An' let's just keep what I said our little secret, eh? Good luck to ye.

**April 1553, 15 years old**

*YOUNG JANE*

Marriage?! Mother, you cannot be serious! Yes, I know that even the King will be forced to marry, but that is precisely my point...what does it matter if *I* take a husband? I am not Queen! Mother? Mother! Mother, I cannot marry Guildford Dudley! Wait!

Oh, Miss Ellen! Lord Guilford Dudley I have never seen, nor have I ever yet seen any man who has for a moment engaged my attention as a lover. And besides, I dislike the Dudley family. His father, John Dudley?! No! The Duke of Northumberland's ambition is but too well known to our house. In alliance with that haughty and artful nobleman I foresee a thousand evils. Mother--

Why hello. I don't believe we've been introduced--- Oh, it is a pleasure to meet you...Guildford. What? Oh, why—why yes, I suppose I could go for a walk with you...

*(choreography)*

Oh no. I am now perfectly convinced that I love him! Oh, Jane! Where are your scruples? Are they all vanished? With regard to him personally, I believe they are. He is sincere and ardently affectionate toward me, and his virtues more than compensate for his father's faults.

But is it not to gratify ambition, fatal ambition, that my parents want to unite me to the proud Northumberland's race? But what can I do? I love him.

I love you. Yes, I will be your wife.

#### ***NARRATOR JANE***

We were married on Whit Sunday, the 21<sup>st</sup> of May. I was not yet 16 years of age. What? Yes, Master Partridge, of course I still had my concerns about my father-in-law, but what could I do? I had to obey my parents...and my heart. [**SCAFFOLD 2**] A loyalty which has seldom brought me any good.

The King was unable to attend our wedding. As you know, it is treason to predict the death of a monarch, but the quiet gossip said that his illness was progressing rapidly. Everything was going...

***NORTHUMBERLAND***

...According to plan. Guildford, my boy, you have made your father very proud. Now go, enjoy your bride! My new daughter-in-law: the conveniently Tudor Lady Jane Grey. She and Guildford have a bright future ahead of them.

But life has its thorns yet. The less well young King Edward feels, the more headaches I seem to have. Poor Edward—proud son and heir of great King Henry VIII, the saving grace of the Tudor line. My heart simply breaks when I think what has become of him. Just fifteen and so sickly and pale...God willing, he will pull through.

But if he does not, steps must be taken, and with Guildford's marriage to Jane, they have already begun. And they will be completed. Currently, Edward's sister, Mary, is to succeed him, not only unfortunately a woman, but a Catholic one at that. It will not come to pass. And it is the duty of any good, true, God-fearing Protestant to prevent it. [RING] And I have always been a servant of God.

**May 1553, 15 years old**

***YOUNG JANE***

*(Singing)* A soul cake, a soul cake, please, good missus, a soul cake. One for Peter, one for Paul, one for He who made us all.

Come in! Oh, hello, Duchess. Yes, my lady, I'm quite well. Your son and I are doing splendidly. Lord Guildford is deserving of my highest love and esteem. But I am, regrettably, unable to be truly happy. You see, I have heard rumors of the King's poor health. Tell me, is it really failing as fast as they say?

Oh how terrible. God save him and us all if he is taken from this world, that the throne should go to his Catholic sister! What? But, why wouldn't she be Queen? My lady, that is preposterous! Why would King Edward ever replace the Princess Mary in the line of succession? Who would he choose instead?!

You are boasting. How could you possibly presume---Make me Queen?! My lady, even to suggest such a notion is

treason! Please leave my quarters this instant. I will hear no more of this!

Oh Jane Jane Jane Jane Jane! You should have known! You are so foolish! Blinded by childish affection. Make me Queen?! No, I won't believe it. She and Northumberland are behind this, I know it. But whatever they are planning, I cannot possibly presume that the King, as pious and wise as he is, would ever find a reason to deprive his beloved sister of her rightful crown! God allow that to be the case. Oh, please...

### ***NORTHUMBERLAND***

...Please, your Majesty. Your Grace, I understand your reluctance at taking away your sister's due as Queen, but there are more important circumstances to be considered. It becomes the part of a religious and good prince to set aside all respects of blood where God's glory and the subjects' well-being may be endangered. That your Majesty should do otherwise were, after this short life, to expect revenge at God's dreadful tribunal.

The Lady Jane is intelligent, well-educated, and a true believer of the New Religion, and you would be doing God's work by leaving the Kingdom in her hands. I do not wish to worry Your Grace, but I daresay the fate of your subjects...and your soul...depends on this decision. But you are the King—I have no doubt you will make the right choice.

### ***EDWARD***

Our long sickness hath caused us heavily to think on the conditions and prospects of this our realm. Our sisters Mary and Elizabeth are illegitimate and not lawfully begotten, and are therefore unable to succeed us. We desire, therefore, that the succession be altered, and we call upon your lordships to receive our command. We hereby leave our kingdom and throne to the Lady Jane Dudley and her heirs male. This is our final decision. We will hear no objections!

### ***NARRATOR JANE***

It was no easy task John Dudley had undertaken. Convincing the King to change the line of succession was one thing—he

was a sick, scared boy—but convincing the Regency Council to ratify the change... They knew he was up to something, Master Partridge; they knew, just as I should have known. As always, John Dudley had to use his subtle diplomatic skills to convince the other members to change their minds. He set off for the...

### ***NORTHUMBERLAND***

...Council to the King. You refer to yourselves by that title, and then openly deny the divine word of your sovereign?! Do you dare, as subjects, to presume to have a more intimate knowledge of what is better for the future of this kingdom than does His Majesty, the King? Traitors. You should all be hanged for treason! What, Montague?!

*Sir Montague, sobbing:* Sir, I have served His Majesty and His Majesty's noble father these nineteen years. I do not wish to offend the King, but sir, the document is illegal! I know not what to do!

*Northumberland:* Of course you know not what to do, you sniveling imbecile. Luckily, you don't have to know what to do. All you have to do is listen to your King! This is not a matter of conscience, it is an order, and it is legal if King Edward deems it so. And do not doubt my honor: I will compensate those of you sufficiently who rightfully sign the document. Make no mistake, there are still lands and titles to be had in this vast kingdom of ours. [RING] Make your choice, and make it well.

### ***NARRATOR JANE***

For my part, I was terribly confused. If Edward were to die, my accession to the crown would be founded in injustice. And yet, if Princess Mary were to succeed, England's return to Catholicism would be inevitable. Master Partridge, her reign would mean the undoing of all that Edward had accomplished with the true religion! I knew not what to do...

But I trembled lest I should be the victim of Mary's fury. [SCAFFOLD 3] I tremble still.

Then, on Thursday, the sixth of July, 1553, King Edward left this Earth.

*(bit with Bible and crown)*

PROCLAMATION READ OF JANE AS QUEEN

It shall be heard, this tenth day of July, 1553, that Jane Dudley, by the grace of God, is Queen of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, and defender of the Faith and of the Church of England. This being decreed in letters patent by the hand of Edward VI, the late King and supreme head under Christ of the Church of England. You are all called to bear witness on this day and to honor Her Majesty in the days to come. God save Queen Jane. God save the Queen.

**GILES**

Well, God save her, I suppose. But what in bloody 'ell is goin' on? I never get much mixed up in this royalty business—don't 'ave time for it. Too much work to do. And as for Catholic, Protestant, New Religion, Old Religion...Bollux! We're all English, aren't we? But in any case, I did think Mary was to be Queen. For 'eaven's sake, she's the King's sister; she 'ad the better title! I never even 'eard of Jane Duley before. 'eard of John Dudley, though. And as I always say, no good comes about when 'e's involved. God save us all...

**July 10, 1553, 15 years old**

**YOUNG JANE**

I was told I needed to come here at once. Thank you.

What are you all doing here? Please, get up, get up! This is not necessary. I do not need these supplications from you, nor do I desire them. Guildford? Guildford, for God's sake, rise, I say!

**Northumberland:** Your Grace—King Edward is dead. But what cause we all have to rejoice for the virtuous and praiseworthy life that the King had led, and also for the very great care that he had taken of his kingdom at the very close of his life, naming you, our Jane, to succeed his throne.  
[RING] God Save Queen Jane! God Save the Queen!  
[SOUND: “God Save The Queen”]

**Jane:** It cannot be. No. No, I say it cannot. I say it will not.

I will not! I will not wear that crown.

Do not call me Your Majesty, I am no such thing. No please, tell me, with what crown do you present me? A crown which hath been violently and shamefully wrestled from Katherine of Aragon? Made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard that wore it after her? Why then would you have me add my blood to theirs? Am I to be third victim from whom this fatal crown may be ravished with the head that wears it? No.

Father? Mother? Father, please! Guildford—Guildford, if you love me sincerely, you will not make me do this. Guildford, look at me. Look at me! Do you not hear me? Does no one hear me?

I say I do not want this! Please! I do not want this!

**FRANCES BRANDON-** (*picking up Jane*) Jane, you are a disgrace! As your mother, I order you to accept this crown. How dare you dishonor your family! We are Tudors, more so than those bastard children of Catherine of Aragon or that whore, Anne Boleyn. You are an embarrassment to your blood and your religion! Will you really allow a Catholic to take the thrown of England?!

**JANE-** But I am so insufficient. Mother, I don't know how to be a Queen! (*fall*)

Oh Lord. How many thorns will be concealed among the jewels of this my crown? Is this my burden to bear? Is it? If it be-- if it be my duty to you, and to my parents, and to England, then it must be done.

**NORTHUMBERLAND-** Queen Jane (*offering crown*). I beg your pardon, Your Grace, it is merely a formality. Just see if it...fits. And have no fear, Your Majesty. Another crown will be made for your husband withal [RING].

*Jane accepts crown, puts it on, exits.*

#### **NARRATOR JANE**

And with that, I was Queen. And Guildford was to be made King. A Dudley, King of England. So that was it, Master Partridge. The reason behind my ascendancy to the throne.

You see, it had nothing to do with illegitimate heirs, or God, or what was right. It was all a plot—a plot to use Guildford's marriage to my royal blood to transform a plebeian Dudley into a monarch.

I did not want to be Queen, and I would have relinquished it in a heartbeat, but not to Guildford, not with Northumberland pulling the strings. I would make Guildford a Duke, but never, while I was alive, would I see him be King.

**July 11, 1553, 15 years old**

*YOUNG JANE*

I am sorry, Duchess, but your son will never wear a crown in this kingdom. Do not question my love for him, I know how I feel, but I also know that I have been used by your family to get the Dudley foot inside England's royal door, and I will have absolutely no part in it. I would advise you, Lady, to remember to whom you speak. I—We are Queen of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, a Queen whom you and yours forced into power, and you must now obey us. You may see yourself out.

Oh Lord, what else could go wrong...

*GILES*

Make way! Make way for the Princess! Make way for the Princess Mary!

*MARY*

Loving subjects, what I am ye right well know—I am Mary, daughter of King Henry, and your true Queen. And that I am the right and true inheritor of the crown, I take all Christendom to witness. To my father ye always showed yourselves most faithful and loving subjects, and I doubt not ye will show yourselves likewise to me. Good Englishmen, pluck up your hearts, and like true men stand fast against these rebels, both our enemies and yours. And fear them not, for I assure you, I fear them nothing at all.

*NORTHUMBERLAND*

Montague, come here. That Catholic bastard Mary is gaining

power. She has already been proclaimed Queen in Norwich, Colchester, and Oxfordshire. We have no choice but to raise forces against her. Go tell the Council. Now!

Damn damn damn damn damn! The one flaw in my plan, the one component I failed to perfect—I didn't manage to capture the bitch before Edward died. And now, she is ruining everything. We are to have a war.

Queen Jane has suggested that I lead our forces, since I am so devoted to her. But want to or not, I have been compelled by Her Majesty to command the charge, and so command it I must. Command, and win.

*(turn to Jane)* In a few days I will bring the Lady Mary, captive, ordered like the rebel as she is, Your Majesty.

*(to audience)*  
God help me.

*(climb on horse)* Easy, easy.

Men! Give me your ears! If anyone is planning to leave us, your friends, in the briars and betray us, let him reflect on God's vengeance and remember that treachery is a two-handed game. Fight well, Godspeed, and long live Queen Jane!

*On the march:*

What a conflux of people is drawn here to see us march. And yet...not so much as one wishes us success. The people press to see us, but no one sayeth Godspeed us.

Halt!

There they are, Mary's forces. We are outnumbered. We go on. We go on! No, no! Where are you all going? You cowards! You dogs! How dare you! Traitors! Deserters! Traitors! Deserters!

*(white flag)* Long live Queen Mary.

**July 19, 1553, 9 days later**

***YOUNG JANE***

Hello? Is anyone there? Hello? Where have they all gone? I cannot find any of my counselors...

*(Singing)* Oh, poor bird, why are thou sitting in the shadows at this dark hour...

[CHURCH BELLS] I worry what that means.

Father? It is over? You mean, I am no longer Queen? Sir, I better brook this message than any I have heard in the last 9 days. I do willingly, and as obeying the motions of my soul, relinquish this crown. I never wished for it, nor did it give me any pleasure.

**[CLOTH OF ESTATE TORN DOWN]**

*(look at crown)* Out of obedience to you and my mother, I have grievously sinned. What is going to happen, Father? My folly is unpardonable. Please, may I go home now?

### **GILES**

Where is 'e? Wait! Let me get a better look! Oh, there 'e is! Death! Death to the traitor! Poor old sot... Funny, just a few weeks ago John Dudley entered the Tower with great pomp and magnificence with the Lady Jane, and now he's led like a criminal through the streets. Fitting, though, for a right criminal 'e is. Oh look! They're throwing rotten eggs at 'im! And...is that what I think it is? Oh dear, a dead cat. Blimey. Well, 'e deserves it. Plottin' against 'er Majesty, 'e was. I do feel bad for Miss Jane, though. Don't really think she meant to 'arm anyone. But even Queen Mary 'erself can see that. I'm sure Jane'll be all right. All 'is fault, if you ask me. Get 'im!

### **NORTHUMBERLAND**

No, no, please you are making a mistake. I assure you, you are making a grievous mistake.

*(climb scaffold)*

My friends, I stand before you today and, as a fellow Catholic, beg for your clemency. My masters, I do most faithfully believe that Catholicism is the right and true way! Alas, my good lords, is my crime so heinous as no redemption but my blood can wash away the spots thereof? As the old

proverb says, a living dog is better than a dead lion. (*see Executioner*)

Please, my friends, you mustn't abandon me. Oh, that it would please Her Good Grace to give me life, yea the life of a dog, if I might but live and kiss her feet (*pushed down*) and spend my unworthy life in her honorable services. Please, my friends, remember how sweet life is and how bitter the contrary. Spare not your speech and pains, for God, I hope, hath not shut out all mercy from Mary's gracious, princely, and womanlike heart! God save--

### ***NARRATOR JANE***

No, I did not see him die, but I was told of his end. Some say his conversion was an attempt to receive a pardon from the Queen. [***SCAFFOLD 4***]

Fancy that, a pardon...

Woe worth him who thinks to be pardoned. John Dudley hath brought me and my family in most miserable calamity by his exceeding ambition. Who was judge that he should hope for pardon, whose life was odious to all men? And to give up his faith for such a bargain! I pity him. I pray God I, nor no friend of mine, die so. But John Dudley's life was sweet, it appeared, so he might have lived he did not care how. Well, he must now look to God for his pardon, and pray that he finds Him to be more generous than I would be.

My apologies, Master Partridge. I forget myself.

Where were we? Oh yes, my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday came and went, and it was then time for my trial. On November the 15<sup>th</sup>, Guildford and I stood before the judge in Guildhall.

### ***TRIAL***

“On the account of treason, how do your Graces plead?”

***JANE:*** Guilty.

“The punishment for treason is death. Remove the prisoners, and God save Queen Mary.”

**MARY**

Our cousin Jane hath written to us, begging pardon for herself and Guildford, her young husband.

**JANE:** Although my fault be great, and I confess it to be so, nevertheless I am charged and esteemed guilty more than I have deserved. For whereas I might have taken upon me that of which I was not worthy, no one can ever say either that I sought it as my own, or that I was pleased with it. Your humble servant.

**MARY:** Jane. These poor, deluded children. They are worthy of our contempt, but beneath our anger. Perhaps a pardon is in order. Mercy can be a strong trait in a monarch. We shall think on it.

**NARRATOR JANE**

Our pardon never came. My father—my misguided father.

When Mary chose the Catholic King Philip of Spain to be her husband, the English were not pleased.

[SOUND: “We will have no foreigner for our King!”]

Sir Thomas Wyatt staged a rebellion against her Majesty, and my father joined him, with the goal of once again placing me on the throne. But they underestimated Mary's support in London. Wyatt found Southwark bridge closed and defended against him, and he was forced to surrender. That was 2 days ago. Now Mary can no longer afford the luxury of showing mercy.

Master Partridge, I wanted no part in their rebellion. That is what I want people to know. I most sincerely begged father to forbear all pursuits of ambition, by which our family has suffered so much. And now, because of his foolishness, he, Guildford, and I are all condemned to die. I am condemned to die. Tomorrow.

I'm sorry, Master Partridge, but could you please leave me for a moment. You have been so kind. Yes, yes, I'm all right. Thank you.

I am afraid. I am so afraid. I fear death, and I should not!

*(kneel)* Lord, help me. Help me, Father, I am not ready yet. You said you would not suffer us to be tempted above our power. Oh, give me back my joy again. You have broken me—now let me rejoice.

[*SCAFFOLD 5*]

Wilt thou continue to test me? Why? What have I done? What have I done but serve you? When have I done aught but in your name? How long wilt thou be absent? Am I really all alone...

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

No! No, it cannot be time yet! Go away!

**FECKENHAM-** Good evening, my lady. My name is Dr. Feckenham.

**JANE-** I won't come, I won't!

**FECKENHAM-** Be calm, my dear. I have been sent by the Queen's Majesty to have counsel with you, if you will so allow it.

**JANE-** Counsel? Concerning what?

**FECKENHAM-** Why, the question of your conversion, my lady.

**JANE-** Conversion?

**FECKENHAM-** Yes. I am a priest of the Catholic faith. Her Highness has decreed that, if you will renounce your ways and embrace Catholicism, she will grant you a full pardon.

**JANE-** Pardon--

**FECKENHAM-** If you renounce your faith. You have three days to make up your mind. Let's begin: Tell me, do you ground your faith on the teachings of the Church?

**JANE-** No, sir, I ground my faith upon God's word alone, not upon the Church.

**FECKENHAM-** And according to this faith, what do you receive at Communion, do you receive the very body and blood of Christ?

**JANE-** No surely, I do not believe so. I receive neither flesh nor blood, but only bread and wine, but with that bread and wine I receive the benefits which came by the breaking of his body and the shedding of his blood.

**FECKENHAM-** But madam, does not Christ speak these words: "Take, eat, this is my body." Can you require any plainer words?

**JANE-** I grant he saith so, and so he saith likewise I am the

Vine, I am the Door. Does he mean it literally?

**FECKENHAM-** Why is it not possible that Christ, by his power, could make his body both to be eaten and broken?

**JANE-** I beseech you to answer me first: Where was Christ when he said, “Take, eat, this is my body”? Was he not at the table, and so was at that time alive and suffered not until the next day? Well, what took he but bread? What broke he but bread? And what gave he but bread?

**FECKENHAM-** My lady, you are so very young. You cannot be sure.

**JANE-** Well, I--

**FECKENHAM-** Is your stubbornness really worth an untimely death?

**JANE-** Sir, this “stubbornness” of which you speak is none other than my faith—the tenets by which I live my life. How, then, could I presume to live without it?

**FECKENHAM:** Think of your body and your soul, Jane.

**JANE:** I am.

**FECKENHAM:** And still you will not be moved on the matter?

**JANE: (beat)** No. No, I am sorry, sir, but I would never receive my pardon on a condition so unworthy and base as that of giving up the purity of my principles to obtain it. I do willingly give my life in ransom for my faith.

**FECKENHAM:** Then you do not fear death?

**JANE:** Of course I fear it. I fear it very much. But I am mortal. We all must die, Dr. Feckenham. It is how we die, not when, that matters most. In that final moment, that closing hour when all mortal supports fail, and the feeble lamp of vitality is quivering on a point and just about to take its flight for ever, I will be able to smile because I will know I did not fail my God. This is my choice.

**FECKENHAM:** My lady, I wish I could convince you otherwise.

**JANE:** You have done your best, sir.

**FECKENHAM:** Might I...come with you? To Tower Green?

**JANE:** I think I would like that very much. Bless you, sir, and thank you.

**February 12, 1554**

*JANE*

Come in. Good morning, Master Partridge. Thank you for coming. Yes, the reprieve is finished. Guildford is to be taken first this morning to Tower Hill. I have heard rumors that he carved my name into the walls of Beauchamp Tower.

He wanted to see me today, but I refused. I couldn't. It would too much unbend our minds from that constancy which our approaching end requires of us.

*(at the window)* There he is. He has composed himself honorably. I am so proud of him.

Our separation will be only for a moment. We will soon rejoin each other in a place where our affections will be forever reunited. T'will be better to wait and meet again in that place. I have no doubt I will see him there.

Now, I must write to Dr. Feckenham. He has been so kind, and he requested some small present which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of me. I think I shall give him my prayer book. I know he will keep it safe.

What to write... Dr. Feckenham, there is a time to be born... and a time to die...and the day of our death...

*(close eyes)*

If justice is done with his body, his soul will find mercy with God. Death has given pain to his body for its sins, but his soul will be justified in Heaven. Per Christum Dominum Nostrum, Amen.

*(writing)*

And the day of our death is better than the day of our birth.

Goodbye, Master Partridge. If my faults deserve punishment, my youth, at least, and my imprudence were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me more favor. *(Start to put belongings away)* Oh, sir, could you please tell my father something for me? Tell him—tell him that I love him.

God will requite you, good sir, for your humanity. You are the kindest gaoler this Tower has ever seen, and you have done more for me than you will ever know. Goodbye.

Good people, I come hither to die, and by law I am condemned to the same. I admit that my actions against the Queen's Highness were treasonous, but touching the desire thereof by me, I do wash my hands in innocence, before God and the face of you good Christian people this day. I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by none other means, but only by the

mercy of God. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assist me with your prayers...

*Remove cape, flip block. Executioner tries to assist.*

**JANE:** Please sir, I need no assistance.

Shall I say this psalm, Dr. Feckenham? Very well.  
(*whispered*)

51<sup>st</sup> psalm, *The Miserere*

Have mercy on me, God, in your goodness  
in your abundant compassion  
blot out my offense.  
Wash away all my guilt;  
from my sin cleanse me.  
A clean heart create for me, God;  
renew in me a steadfast spirit.  
Oh, give me back my joy again;  
You have broken me, now let me rejoice.

*Take out handkerchief for blindfold. Executioner drops to his knees and begs for forgiveness.*

**JANE:** I grant forgiveness most willingly, sir. But please, dispatch me quickly?

*Kneel. Place prayer book. Tie handkerchief around eyes. Feel anxiously for the block--*

**JANE:** What shall I do? Where is it, where is it?!  
(*Feckenham guides her to the block*) Thank you.

*Lays her head on the block.*

**JANE:** Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit. (*fling arms wide*)