



*The Enchanting Duke... a historical myth period drama
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Later at the suffragette meeting, a confident and refreshed Julia de Caesar strutted into the front of the hall, with James somewhat flushed tagging behind. A round of applause filled the room as ladies dressed smartly in corseted dresses flowing downward as a fountain would, springing elation and most importantly, power.

Julia came confidently and motioned without eye contact to James to sit down beside her, patting him on the head. She cleared her voice and with eyes gazing into the horizon began her speech. Her words were strong, enigmatic and like a warrior princess'.

“My Ladies, I bring to you great news, our sisters in London are making huge progress with the right to vote. Recently a successful group of sisters blew up that terrible oaf and misogynist, Right honourable Timmy Blair, who had been a hindering progress through parliament of the bill of rights to be put down into the legislature.” Said a commanding and eloquent Julia with passion and purity.

James felt his mind wander to lust after the body of Julia, drifting from her words to her form behind. Somehow seeing all these women so enthralled to such power made him weak at the knees. Somehow he felt that without Charon wanting him he had someone else to hold instead. Somehow Julia's strength and power made him feel touched by her, as he remembered their incident and melding in the carriage. Somehow he felt a kind of love,

“It is not men who are our corset, our bind, it is the slavery of marriage perpetuated by language, its gold chains so beautiful and enticing yet it binds the slave girl in her hareem. Stings of diamond whips to draw us in like bees to honey, only to feel the pollen of the stigma of being a lower being. Friends, ladies, country folk, lend me your ears. The cause is in my will: I will not become some sappy girl, enough only to satisfy the male members of our society. But for their private satisfaction, because you love them, I will let you free my sisters: as goddesses dreamt to-night I see our mother goddess's statua, which like a fountain with a hundred spouts, did run pure blood of many lusty men, coming smiling, and did bathe their hands in it. And these does she apply for warnings and portents, and evils imminent; and on her knee, hast man begged us to stay at home today? Or shall we be free women striving outside of our homely prison.”

Julia and James exit stage right.

“Oh Charon, there you are,” said Big gay Al.

“Oh my love, I've found you at last!” Said Charon.

“Now I need to explain my dear. I've put a spell on you with a potion from the gypsy in the market,” said Big gay Al.

“Oh yes of course, you have put a spell on my heart, your eyes do it every time you look at me,” cried Charon clasping her arms around his rather small boney shoulders.

“Look now get off, I need to take you to the gypsy to undo the spell,” said Big Gay Al.

“Oh our first date! I feel all flushed and weak at the knees,” swooned Charon.

Big gay Al took Charon by the hand and marched her to the market. The gypsy was still there sitting at her table with a crystal ball on it that seemed to reflect the entire space, sky, cloud,

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person and race.

“Lies, proud, your purse in my place, I knew you would need this,” said the gypsy to the awkward couple of Charon and Big gay Al. She placed a large gold chain on the table.

“You have to undo this spell on my friend here. I can't stand this aimless cackling and saccharine kisses and nothings,” said a very red and ruddy Big gay Al.

“Oh you are so sweet with your words. Such a way as a bard of old,” cried Charon dramatically.

“There is a consequence you have not foreseen. If I undo the spell on her it will also undo the spell on her lover, the Duke,” said the gypsy.

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"I don't care any more, I'll find another way of getting them together," said Big gay Al.

"As you wish good sir, take this gold chain of of large links and put it upon Charon's neck," said the gypsy. Big gay Al took it and put it on Charon's neck.

"Oh you've bought me some jewellery, does this mean we shall be wed, I must pick out the colours for the bridesmaid," said Charon.

"It doesn't seem to be working," said Big gay Al.

"It will take time and the spell will slowly wear off," said the gypsy.

"Well I'm not sure if I could handle any more of her searching groping," muttered Big gay Al.

Big gay Al then takes Charon to the meeting of suffragettes where one of his friends was going to. He hoped she might be able to help him. Her name, Julia.

They reached the meeting hall where the suffragette meeting was happening. By this time Charon had come back to her senses and was no longer under the spell, looking rather sheepish and apologetic, yet concerned primarily with the Duke. Sitting at the back of the meeting they saw a rather unusual site. The Duke seemed to be sitting at the front next to Julia, who was making a rousing speech.

"Is that, no it can't be. The chauvanistic Duke at a feminist meeting?" Said Big gay Al.

"What, really? No, what's he doing here," asked Charon.

They listened to the speech. Then Julia left holding the arm of the Duke James. Charon began to sob a little.

"Don't worry, he may just be here for the politics, or something," said Big gay Al consoling Charon. "Let's go and talk to him,"

They went after them and caught them at the carriage as James was being helped by Julia de Caesar into the carriage. Charon went forward to him but as she rushed forward she tripped and the chain fell off. James looked into her eyes, was she back again, in love. With me. He came over to her to help her up.

"Oh you must excuse me your grace. I'm so muddy," said Charon. The Duke looked into her eyes, yet they seemed all of a sudden to be different.

"My dear you are so terribly clumsy," said the Duke, "Do you wish a ride with me and my lady Julia?"

"Oh it's not a problem I'll be heading back with my one true love, Big gay Al," said Julia.

The Duke grumbled to himself and stormed off into the carriage. Big gay Al picked up the gold chain and put it upon her. At once she came back to her senses and looked sobbingly at Julia's beautiful carriage moving off at speed away. Big gay Al held her as she cried.

"Don't worry it will be okay," said Big gay Al.

"It's not okay. I lost my chance of wonder and excitement. I'm going to be lonely forever," sobbed Charon.

"we need a plan to get Julia away from James," said Big gay Al.

"I hate that dreadful woman. She's the cause of so much pain everywhere, it's everywhere my pain, my anger, my hopes and dreams stopped by that lady, I'll kill her,"

"Our course will seem too bloody, Charon, to cut the head off and then hack the links, like

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wrath in death and envy afterwards, for James is but a limb of Julia: Let us be sanctifiers, but not butchers, Charon. We all stand up against the spirit of Julia de Caesar; and in the spirit of women there is no blood: O that we then could come by Caesar's spirit, and not dismember Caesar!”

“I know, it's wrong, not the act of a lady. We could go to the suffragette boat ride and perhaps I may be able to win him back?” Said a lucid Charon.

Later at the boat party Charon mingled around with various of the ladyfolk, Big gay Al being the only man there. She took wine and some conversation, surveyed the canapes and the canopy above her on the boat as it drifted along the Thames. Then she saw him, dressed in military uniform, James, Duke James. The medals on his broad chest broadcasting his experience, bravery and valiance. She moved slowly towards him, yet she saw him turn round and kiss Lady Julia on the lips. Sinking she came back to rage. The Duke went away to get Julia a drink. Charon went to Julia who was standing alone by the railings of the ship. With a single thrust Charon pushed Julia over the ship into the water. Only Big gay Al saw this. He ran towards her.

“Oh my god, you killed Julia!” Said Big gay Al.

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