

And there's always a love story isn't there. Camarilla the Musical explores the endless tension between the Camarilla and the Anarch Movement through the love story of one plucky young Anarch, Jack Doyleson, and his doomed love for the dainty Tremere, (Prim) Rose, who slowly comes to political awakening as the world collapses into chaos around them...

(Prim)Rose stands on a balcony, gazing moodily, hair blowing in the wind

Long ago
In someone else's lifetime
Someone with my name
Who looked a lot like me
Came to know her Lord
And made a promise:
He only had to say
And that's where she would be

The diplomats of the Camarilla sing...

What a load of whingeing peasants!
Thinking they can win--they can't!
What an exhibition of self-delusion
This one's a forgone conclusion

The chess board is laid out. But who plays first?

Lately although the Blood Bond
Run just as deep
The promise she made
Has grown impossible to keep
And yet I wish it wasn't so
Will he miss me if I go?

In a way
It's someone else's story
I don't see myself
As taking part at all
Yesterday
The girl that I was fond of
Finally could see
The writing on the wall



Sadly she realized
She'd left him behind
And sadder than that
She knew he wouldn't
even mind
And though there's
nothing left to say
Would he listen if I stay?

It's all very well to say
"You fool, it's now or
never"
I could be choosing
No choices whatsoever

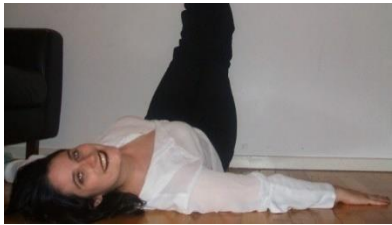
I could be in someone
else's story
In someone else's life
And he could be in mine
I don't see a reason to be
Blood Bound



I should take my chances
Further down the line
And if that girl I knew
Should ask my advice
Oh, I wouldn't hesitate
She needn't ask me twice

"Go now!"

I'd tell her that for free
Trouble is the girl is me
The story is the girl is me



Sofia Danilov is here to sing. Shhh...you know you love her really...

I think of McNeill to this very day
I remember how he'd turn to me and say
"What good is sitting all alone in you room?
Come hear the music play
Life is a cabaret, comrade
Come to the Cabaret!"

And as for me, and as for me
I made my mind up back in LA
When I go
I'm going like all my kin

Start by admitting from cradle to tomb
It isn't that long a stay
Life is a cabaret, old chum
It's only a cabaret, old chum
And I love a cabaret!

Ladies and gents, this is the moment you've waited for...

[Neonates gather in a dusty warehouse, huddled together, talking nervously, trying not to check their phones. One pulls at his collar. The lights drop. Silence falls...]
The Anarch Speaker begins....

Ladies and gents, this is the moment you've waited for (Woah)
Been searchin' in the dark, your sweat soakin' through the floor

[Lights rise. There are people – pale faced, sharp toothed, loud and raucous and dressed in some really unfortunate fashion choices representing the rebellious fashion of 30 years ago. No one has told this lot that New Romantic stopped being cutting edge in 1983]

And buried in your bones there's an ache that you can't ignore
Takin' your breath, stealin' your mind - and all that was real is left behind



Just surrender 'cause you feel the feelin' takin' over
It's fire, it's freedom, it's floodin' open
It's a preacher in the pulpit and your blind devotion
There's somethin' breakin' at the brick of every wall
It's holdin' all that you know, so tell me do you wanna go?
Where it's covered in all the colored lights
Where the runaways are runnin' the night
Impossible comes true, it's takin' over you – this is the greatest show!

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Camarilla – the musical! Where we take you on a journey through your society. Popcorn free!

Camarilla! The Musical!



Jeremy McNeill stands on stage, the ghost of rebellion and inspiration....

McNeill sings:
My mind is clearer now
At last all too well
I can see where we all soon will be
If you strip away
The myth from the Movement
You will see where we all soon will be

This newsletter contains extracts from Camarilla – the Musical – an exploration of your society and politics. A full stage show will be coming soon – read this for a taster of what you might expect.

Not approved by Prince Francis Doyle or the Camarilla



The Prince appears!

Is that Prince Doyle in the background? Oh dear – rulership has changed him! He never used to wear puce satin....

You say our love is draining and you can't go on
You'll be the one complaining when I am gone...
And no, don't change the subject
Cuz you're my favorite subject
My sweet, submissive subject
My loyal, royal subject
Forever and ever and ever and ever and ever...

...Angus enters stage left. He's here to sing the sheriff's song!

A strong and manly Gangrel enters, his loyalty to the Camarilla burning in his eyes. His jaw is lantern straight and there is testosterone dripping off him. He glares at the Anarch Mob with disdain.

Licks like me can never change
Licks like you can never change
No,
You noisy Anarch scum!
My duty's to the law - you have no Rights
Come with me, filthy Anarch scum,
Now the wheel has turned around
Spoiled neonates are nothing now
Dare you talk to me of crime
And the price you had to pay
Every lick is born in sin
Every lick must choose his way
You know nothing of me, childe
I was Sired inside a jail
I was raised with scum like you
I fought my way from the gutter too!
He throws the first Anarch through the wall.
The others look less confident now...

