The Mammary Revival Play
WIGHTS OF THE PLAY

PUTRESCO
MARCO POLO
A MERCHANT
SCHILLER
EARYBAIS, son of Marco Polo
A BOSUN
ANTIPODES
ANTIPODES II, the double of Antipodes
BLAIKKON BEKKA, apparently a negro from the Pole
HARRIS
WISHBONE
A TROLLEYMAN
A CHINAMAN
A BOY
A SERVANT

CHORUS

RANGOON
MEGALITHA
USQUEBAUGH \{ her maidservant
COLOUHOUN
WILLIAM

TERONE, the merchant's house
A ROYAL POOCH
A CAT, belonging to Wishbone
WORUS in a still dark grave lie.

From Trea's towers, beheld, naught I neither like
That in this land doth mighty strife pursue
That slay, their profits and advantages
To gain, all illawy will undertake
That whoever seeks Putresco's aid
Forging fame in this our city's sight
Must win or die — and dying, win much more.

ex Chorus

A bus driver across the stage, Putresco at the helm.

Put: Now is my plan, unfinished, yet begun
With oft-nursed fires and the little Schillies quite
And of her merchandise there put to steel
And burn in sacred fire. The one, a steel sword
Remained in deeds beside the Tyrian sea,
With vigour and with expertise in use
Romioses aris, the second, Sundered yet
From origins of doubtful provenance.

This cudgeon'd, beloved if men of steel
The third, if whose description must be shunned...

THE BUS MASTI

E successfully: You sir, Putresco, listen me, think it,
Are like a bus without a stop or halt
And have checked...

Put: Knowe! Then call'st me BUN
A man for lepers and for dogs more fit
Than for the greatest god that ever bestrode
The threefold group of Huns and Turks and Becks.
Triumphant he...

Boy (aside): Now listen we:

Put: ...to did the greater power
That fashioned as in wit this lovely world
To bring us some to rule, many more...

But no, be durned, such reasoning is false
(Exit in distraction)
I see, Putresco, that of late the sun
That darts its radiant rays below
For days on end he fixed not to rise
Above the far horizon. Nor the moon
So cold and poor, unpeopled as we left,
Usurped by fair Venus' lingering ray
That strikes our hearts anew, yet not eschewed
Remorse... I faint... I fear I take away
Sustain me, gods, as to each one in turn
I pass the poison'd goblet and the cake
And hope still...

Exit Putresco with chidency machine.

Put

You sit, Schiller, shall you buy a chicken?
Nor shun the proper payment of your fare
Tell you be caught within my vehicle lacking
The decedent toers your stagnating tide
I shall advise: Be it improved found
Unchicketed, or as the gods ordained
Your body from your head shall saved be
And feel do staring cats.

There are within my pocket dark, nor great
For I have not been hardly to the poor
Nor yet have shunned the goodly wishing-well
Where now may rest the poor, there dwell I long
Disdaining not the sickly and the cowreek
Yet watching in the water, even some deep
Should leap them from a long some anyway
On which my future I could carefully
Calculate upon a long.

Put

Ejected among me, as if lady
Your woodier

The menacing of your horse increased my wife
Who suffer'd from the palsy. Her I shunn'd
As in the banquet the tale explores heirs.

SCH.

And so we see, my friend, no deeds are done
Save to avenge the death that caused me war
(Exit SCH)

Enter MARCO PENO with a harassment. He expiates. 3 acts out
his verses on the stage

H.P.

Good sir, see how my verses from distant parts:
The Orient join, and peasants from the pole... [as he says, he rides a bicycle]
M. P. On that the air in yond pump could now
Swell like the blush upon my mistresses' cheeks
And like the look return in winter's flames
To make my son Chevalier to the ground
Wherein the darkening wave cloth sat his chat
And, where, the venom weeps, cloth spoke his tale
Within his grotsome hole. O, come, ye nymphs
And bear my hair unto your hear, and there
And make it whit, white the waddle'd sheep
That circumsent the wheels of th'o my steed
And like a sound'd stitched upon the path

\[\text{Enter Boy with a Footman}\]

Boy, Sir!

\[\text{Why, why! You bawled loud!}\]

I do speak of love while mourning less then looks
That \textit{our} phlegging helpless to their mothers' breasts
Repeal The Punic War, The Punic Wars
A thousand times unto the unhearing stories
Beneath the mother's chin; Raise your speech.

On shore, quite together, deep and silent.

My punctured heart of hot, scorched unrul'd eagle eared.

Incontinent brave! Thy arrest come! Thy vote!

I could not find the pump of which you spoke.

Long though I searched within the midst of din
And longer, oh, much longer in the shade
Where all your sixteen bicycles are kept

Arose & thrust back, but one a month
And many a time, aux 142, like behoven

A multitude of pumps t'incarnadine

Now my subject turns to his romance

For bully bikes do was prodigal

With pump-sorrows is the closet floor behemoth.

\[\text{M. P. (aside) How wound}\]

\[\text{serv} \quad \text{How wound}\]

\[\text{serv} \quad \text{And methinks a goodly yield}\]

Shall Schiller reap before the day is done
In taxa by the distant lake fine wise

Three, Jucassic damozels of goodly ilk.

\[\text{M. P. Indeed! Now hie we hence, my sturdy knight}\]

\[\text{Enter Boy with a Footman}\]
BOY: I am Bethany, by choice a silly child
Odds rage! I claim the reckless boisterous
my satiric anger is my sacred cause. shall not accept your shine
At any broker's blessing to their quills
Such as might ennoble their witless wives
Or please the gods, effeminate a bale.
Or earn an honest penny in a day
Or at the pump disgrace the thirsty poor
Who languish in their dusty shirts, or seem
To need a liquid balm or crystal cure.

From right that's fond! Alas, Alas, I go!
Lost Lethe's living temptress on the prowl.
Induce me now to quench this mortal thirst.

Polo: For goodness sake may you hold your peace vile boy!
The king this day is come to view his force
And, in I tell the grace of your... your...

BOY: If Polo, you taught to say, other...
Shall say it for you—shear I told all day.
Nor penalty more grievous than the grace
Of Schiller whom I serve, beyond whose power
Polo saw the sisters of Lang ton
(Personages vile & terrible to see)
Who at that lady's door do endless dote
And clothe all day long with langourous fatigue
Like thee, Carrylese.

Carryle am I not!
Then condescend, then vanit's daunting our
Endeavor'd at a toad, or a child
Then freckled coltarsh! I love thee not.

(Appears Boy)

BOY: Pray strike me not, good sir, my heart is weak
As to your brain - be hence - good Nathan's again!

(Exits Polo)
Enter PUTRESCO, with an apple.

PUT. This fruit so crisp from yonder bough did fall
As she is fallen was upon Schiller's love
And as in autumn fruit both ripe and not
As one long dead. Methinks another man
Belike Cordelia, she who so long slept
Was sufficed also, Marco of our ilk
to eat her whole.

Enter Marco Polo.

M.P. Ho! Good morrow, sire,
The thought of summer passed and in its place
The leaves of autumn fall. I know your aims
And, good Putresco, I shall think you not
Wherein a subtler scheme may be discerned
(Wherein a subtle scheme may be discerned)
Faring sense of sick and deposed
And meaning for a brief and shadowy laugh
At whose falls to comprehend the plot
Shall hang by be.

Exit M.P.

PUT. With a sequestered clap

In that there Schiller order for I woot,
To him, the Earl's peculiar, fortune-told
And despite in his trying with the Pole
I cay by righ and adverse by days
And on the whose decline a joyful life
But for my sanguine humour. O, this life
In wawin and last my evil man
Should fail, a scaffold I erect nearly
(He struggles wad into a gallows)
Those wistless men shall loath me to the sky,
Where dangling shall my fate be sealed, and thus
Putresco shall excape his pun
ACT I  SCENE II  a  fire-gutted  bus-depot

Enter  Lerto  Polo  & Servant

LERO:  Unhurt  this  while  my  earnest  care,  and  go  
To  fetch  another  of  the  self-same  ilk 
And  we,  since  you  live  and  furnish  dust 
Shall  sup  a  glass  of  sturdy  ale,  and  go  
Where  naught  but  a  scotch  shall  save  the  pubrid  core.

SERV:  Verily  I  shall.

LERO:  Look  to  it,  shun  it  not,

SERV:  I  shun  it  not

POLO:  And  let  your  leave  me  free

Of  aught  that  may  betray  thee.  Shun  such  things 
As  drosses  may  lead  you  to  disclose

Of  my  ill  intent.

SERV:  Although  I  understand  no  word  of  this

POLO:  Yours,  as  reading  of  the  poet  should

Inform  you  of  all  meaning,  whereupon

Dissemblance,  as  a  mother  to  her  son
Will  cry  in  anger  at  what  evil  deeds
Than  do,  is  not  to  reason  what  or  why

Or  how  —  but  when,  that  is  the  question...

SERV:  Sir,

I  can  but  answer  you  with  sickly  groans
For  I  am  sick  at  heart.

POLO:  In  sickness  lies  the  body  near  to  health

To  madness,  now  the  mind  once  ever  for

Than  silks  and  spice  from  distant  Calicut

Were  new  Pharaoh's  slaves,  his  love  a  vile,

His  arm  abandoned  by  the  Pharaoh

Which  as  lunatic  cloth  without  cease

The  Sperchial  bell  twice  hourly  droll  to  warm

US...

SERV:  Mark!  The  cow!  The  horned  me  strange...

And  we  who  haunt  the  forest  now  must  fly.

(Exeunt)
Enter, stage left, SCHILLER and CARYBdis. & a PUTRESCO

PUTRESCO: Well, anything you say I can believe,
      Putresco, this by word shall I now
      Ten thousand leagues by pose-smack
      To gain the favours of the fair Ranoo.

CARYB: Ah! Climb his tower, suck his wicked hand
      Thine sordid days within these walls
      That hold within their shades all terrors known
      And some as yet unthought of.

PUTRESCO: No, it's not into Putresco, claudine again.

CARYB: She cannot do thee anything but harm,
      To harm as you undream, for whom
      By Lethe's towers he creepeth like slow time
      He's only no easy man to see,
      And he is less such as in thy house time, am.

PUTRESCO: My friend, Carylub, pray you be not mean
      You have not spoke these thirty weeks to Schillers
      Nor uttered yet betimes a soothing saw
      The knowledge of man do pontificate increase
      Beyond the bounds of sense. I charge you now
      Look to it!

ILLER: Stay! A word I must now speak
      Concerning her that those haunted, with woe
      Of pain, and yet whose beauty make both some
      With passion's voice I gently, maker free
      Of Aphrodite's art. Her silken eyes
      Remind me of the Chinese art if you.
      VICIOUS

(IRONIC) Which days and years repeat in conceal form
      As now know the sage geometers of old
      Foretold! I hear an inner voice remale,
      That time draws on, and now the rising moon
      Both glow his beauteous light or all this globe
      Whose beauty we shall prudently destroy
      To win his, greater for than any else.
Pucresco:

Pauly, speak to me. I grant, it is not while
Nor yet, I will admit, of lesser size
Then that we have discussed before. But how
To compass it in advancement plant,
Wherein are sealed the vanities of love
With our preparative agency? I shall
Know not.

Guido

Put. Woe! what ignorance is this
Such lack of sense, and wretched base.
Treacherous failure to admit true cause.
I write these words of yours, my honored sir,
Belie the shattered fabric of your dreams.
And of your father's brook, mark my words
Your words, Pucresco, hardly work to
Then all the wisdom of the Greeks to live
On any man's long person, I shun not readily!

Put. I see on you then, get hence, or you must fear
The squad of firing or the self-same gallows
The which I have this day constructed
With my very hand. (points to gallows)

Guido, your handwork
My lord? I taught your limbs too weak to screw
The weak fraylest maid...

Guido, I cannot answer till the sun has set
Beyond the cares of mortal men, beyond
The pale and close-cirled orbit of the hills
Where wilder folk do dwell. I answer not
In any terms which you might understand

For comprehensiveness, shunning is the goal
Of all that know the secrets of mankind.

Guido, with this. I'll to my house. I go.

Put. (Exit Put.)

Guido, T'allay the anger of the dark-eyed Turk.

(Exeunt Sch. & Car.)

These fellows a dimbass, in which sad an characters

...
SCENE III

A ruined wharf

( CODFISH is in mourning about several persons )

MERCHANT: Bosun! Get these oarsmen warehouse quick!

Boats would sixty weight cargoes of

BOSUN

Heave ahoy! Ho! Nonny-Nonny! forever in love

MERCHANT

What strange unrest is housed within the king?

Explosive edicts, limited now abroad

Concerning matters better walked and low

Or not at all; and so I hold my tongue

This man is fickle. Yet he will not stay

The mariners loudly in a windy course

I cleared him to wander shakily swain;

That now his doory brood — death yet chastise

While gazing them with happy praise and food;

Ere yet be stilled, she slumbered, she scanned

Leaves in midcourse of his hope’s reply

What ails thee, knave?

Enter a Chinaman

MERCHANT: My portentiness, perhaps belies

My deeper thoughts.

What ails thee, knave?

Enter a Chinaman

MERCHANT: The winds’ effects

Are sicker than the accident’s neglect.

What ails thee, knave?

Bosun: The merchant finds in me such cause to weep

As I have found in Negolela’s love

Who largely doth embrace me in strong kisses

Whose glory, I fear, from wishes to advance

Her sense of bafflement. She knows no whon

Of what the deep holds in transport; ill

Both from her hand as badly build this wharf.

(He stamps on the nothing planks of the wharf, there is a

word cracked off wood, a bell’s fall, with a splash, a cry to

the wearied below.)
Scene IV

The scene, a busy commercial centre where sacks of corn are bought and sold (though not by the same people) and where money is changing hands.

Poítesco takes Merchant aside.

PUT: Tell me, sir, wherein the merchant's trade
of profit, and of many dealings
light rays to sow; to weed of this
unsightly crowd, the which since high on dawn
has multiplied in the face of risky crafts.

MER: This Poítesco, sir, is not the place
where to discuss in strictest confidence
the within me my friends; come in a while
and see my newest scheme, the which at bed
I dreamed of, and here have set down.

This may amaze me like the cats that stray
among the graves; these shall be like the king.

MER: What pleases you at spirit, sir?

PUT: AS little as the range which shores afford
whereunto to kindle the desires of men
inept; as little as pens;
The stubborn wind do reach beyond itself
beyond itself borders unknown to him
...Who sees no straighter line than curves about
...The most ray of Basibode before
And cause to seeth between his father's shrines
Yet unrevealed.

Despite the coming tide
I fear my ships will never have the slave
To fill the king's procession. Am I not
Will you fulfill the honors, meet in due?

Why seek you this? My plans are not unseen
by those that scan the rifle commercial press
And hang above columns for a profit or two.

MER: ...But yet displeased, wild commerce as your aim
And scorn this abuse of mercantile rebates

PUT: ...What will interceding anything you need!

MER: I, who know the seeds; what need I now
of floters, who expect my help in the
grooves I shall not help my trading plans.
Or yours.

PUT: Thus mine will flourish when the King
withdraws his secret commandment "No-one sing!" [Exit Merchant]
Unknowingly, every time I see the sun shining, in search of happiness, I find it in the simple things, like the smell of fresh-cut grass, the sound of birds singing, or the feeling of a warm breeze.

As from one polished palm to another, love transforms hard hearts into soft, and the world becomes a place of peace and understanding. Each step we take, each breath we breathe, is a reminder of the beauty that surrounds us, and the power of love to overcome even the darkest of days.
SCENE: A rose-garden beneath a tower of Timur
Enter Rangoon and 3 maidervants.

Rangoon: My gentle maids, I pine thee now make haste
To prepare in great anticipation for
The arrival of my distant kin; my lord.
The brave Anthrapides, my cousin's twin;
And bearing in her soul the seed of royal fate
Unto most distant climes, would he were here
To see a virgin now unmaned by sight
Make haste, make haste!

USQUEBAUGH:
Far mistress, this we do
Though we were long since past that lady's shrine
Wherein you have encompassed by our names
Strange harmony of doleful melodies
Passed by.
Indeed, we shall depart.

COLQUHOUN
MEGALITHA

In haste
lest unperforated spots our weatherbeaten cheeks
And vestiges make green our laundered scarves

(Rangoon grieves before a mirror)

Rangoon: O what strange feelings whelm within my breast
Within these fleshly temples, mortal's shrine.
These pulpy paps that groan beneath the weight
That slip negligently—likened and besmeared
By raging beasts. Unromantic domes!
Undeceived yet by unknown halter, shift
My daughters illegitimate forgot
Their father, from the wildfoot long since sucked
By sage Aeolus' might. O, would I wot
The glory of the king, my pleasing name
Unclad the sky of unned repairages
Where deeds proclaim the inceit of the theme
And fierce contagion rages through the land.

RECITALIA (Off Stage): What woody man is this? Ugh! feel a hand! It's tears in disguise! (screaming)


USQ.: My lady, 'tis a Chinaman most queer
We stans in why we live is so unformed
And kept from all thing interesting or nice
That may delight us. Leave her now this place.

[Unguard, they steal off]
Re-enter RANGOON

RANGOON: What things may do when as the weakest fail

exit Rangoon. A table is wheeled in, with her face aboard.

Trolleyman: (Concertina I bring up removed the
The foiled brow, the now unpleasant with.
The numerous delights of our eastern
That turn all men an odorous shade of green;
Yet leave them not unglutted; in my case
Is very welcome that feeds on air. (exit)

A siren is heard off-stage, followed by a dismal gloomy silence in which the occasional dripping of water cannot be heard. Then, a bang.

Enter RANGOON, turning at her hair.

RANGOON: Ye gods! (she faints)

Enter Chinaman

CHINAMAN: Any foreboding conceals... Hallo!

Chinaman: In deeply thought.

Ends heathen, musk-struck, calquebom in viiled disarray

USQ:

Her eyes are swollen. See her ranuncul breast,
Doused with wine in a bare cold glass, pale.
In rhythm with the scythe up the road
Who wails just as Rangoon did for her love
Exhaled in the wind which used to go

Her, but now her feet are decomposed
And two fat boughs flaggiring hang around
As is to tell us that our selfsame fate
Both soon await us. Of these breasts these breasts

I wish they were elsewhere - among the clouds
Where women's faults are all forgotten, where some
Young lover takes her to alone and sits
Underneath the mysteries of love.
Only there these cloud hemispheres were hence
In nights done or unrequited vents.

Concert H U. C
weeping profusely at death and
emitting Rangoon in others' arms.
Scene IV

(near the wharf)

Enter, in haste and even giddy, Schiller.

S: Irrevocable doom! Unless terrible it is
That I can flee from 'neath that bus's wheels
And 'scape the uncouth wrath I cannot withstand.
The whirr of Patrocan's hoarse plans, unless it hap
That Polo's fate be changed ere next day's dawn.
Unless Ragoon (to name) unless Ragoon...

But me! To folly thus, alas, to dream...

And now, how long this is told about my365
And how, our foolish language, is absurd
And how I return. I think, with all, hered
When all things clandestine and queer may do
At them believe: if I cannot keep abreast!

[Stops off.]

There follows a long embarrassed silence.

Enter Mr. Polo.

I wonder why your Schiller shuns me so?
He loves the desert whid I hate the snow.
He shuns my well-beloved ski, 4 I

Denied by any, save the fair Ragoon,
...Am scarcely thought of at the festive board
That does this night's might take place.

Enter Bosun, no whist
dry

Bosun: Good gis, you see

That yonder rotten pier, by lugworm bored
And shrewed by tide and wanton diesel
No whit, this pier, as might a fractured bone
When pressed by old claw or cudgel, 4 be

Regrets, I fear. Impressive, I resume

My speech commenced some days ago, to say
I have forget, yet there is not, withall
A death of meaning in my words — therefore,
I'll on this discourse shout a new stepp

[Exit MARCO with a long of the shoulder. Schiller remains bepayment, with
cross-legged, weeping, explosive step into a blue spotted handkerchief]
Scene VII

(At the party)

ANTIPodes:

Supplications and illegible decrees
Take place behind the curtain; here about
I cannot know the future; oh, but if
The time do come, when the furor heard
And draws a veil on such as may desert
From honour or from vengeance: from truth
I shrink. I shun the adolescent beetle!
But lo! To Cybele!

CARYDIS (in the)

Sir, my mother heard
Repeats the bolting of our neighbours' doors
In festal gore; the slaying of an ox
And of spinning of the streaked dead in streets
A hair of red that dyes above the temple
Has been heard. What arguments are these
I know not, nor do care. Pray what's for tea?

ANTIPodes:

I shall eat a bun. But as for you
You'll not be sated by such meagre fare
As in this town is found — and so, these inquests,
Of supplications and illegible decrees
Take place behind the curtain, here about
I cannot know the future; oh, but I
Can tell you all that happened in the past.

Enter another Antipodes:

I am your past Antipodes. I am.
I bring the bun you wish to chew. But since,
I shall not come again — can't

Antipodes:

I had not thought to see another self
These eight years — but since he's come, no sooner.
I shall dissimulate, as a father might
Before his hapless wife, and on twin looks
I feign admiration; as his son
The truth of his deeds from all conceal.
And yet I linger long. I must away
To greet the spawning of the Phocian day.

(Spits and leaves)
Scene VIII

Enter Antipodes with an amphora - on his heaving for drink

ANTIPODES: Now fair Panormus, unshackle this doleful weight
borne on my breast - on that too still should dwell among us, we who know no ill.
All ease that welfare - meanwhile must be gone.

Enter Putresco

PUTRESCO: No sir, none in him nor no true acrobate
To oyer soul equal with venomous desire
Not mighty Phoebus' strivings could contest
That weight of black desires, yet of a coal.

ANTIPODES: Nay, I, a weight, standing thus as I,
And devores 4 machines a whole soul.
I'm in Ilisala, where I was born.

(Onto Enter, Act 1, Scene 2)

I am the very spirit of Panormus.
Oh, where unforty fate your powers long
And longer longer on the lust of tears
Who claim to be who none know they are
Just as thou I! (Furtively enters)

A I

Then I more odd by far, I deeply deem
I'll emulate my truest sune may have.
Jump on and haggle this naval call!
We bus space, but - oddly step we now!

PUTRESCO: I saw not, Antipodes, wherewith you spoke.
This surprises me, Putresco. If
For often when in Selene's dark hours
Amid this Thorax's arms, death did the ground
I have a second self expired; and thus
Both his business converse, as so it seems.
With this my amphora, my coat, my staff
And yet in winter days with those my gloves
Or else a bottle cap abrise my pace?
I understand it not. To discourse with objects
Wildly held to know no taste of sense
Or to lead to converse seldom with no men
To me both seem a travesty of reason
(Or reason as we reason apprehendeth)
Enigma to cold logic's shifty gaze.
Which variously doth play with minds of men
Or minor key or major, or in modes
Of charm, quite subtle manner, or method.
The worms to serenade which at our breasts
The trumpet of shrine, my soul unceases!
Aye!

(Exeunt)
BOSON: I have shunned to speak full sentences which vacuous, in sense, though unbegun.
And often endless - sometimes not as I wrote -
What fools may follow diligently or scan
For my mind wandereth now the wilderness
Of curious polysemies - should these words
contain one that man can comprehend -
Then would the four one rising in my sight
(\(\phi\) own base names were worth a pretty coin)
Be worth no more to me than yonder start
Who runs the land agents in your swamp
Who falsifies the cickets of the folk
Whoplease that God, right foolishly, or
Whose taste remaineth not of the best
Not worse, alas; and a poor, weak theme...
[end]

Enter MERCHANT

MERCHANT: Me thought the bosun should I find herein
His chin unbound, his ears but newly healed
The jest but lately dined, a pondrice new
About his nether elbow tightly bound
In muscled agony; his sinews cleft
As sunbeam split the beambearing clouds
To strike the earth, as I of late strike him
Upon the patio.

Enter BOY: The bosun here? Is he here?

BOY: I hear a noise...

MERCHANT: You shall give it me!

BOY: Ah, you but give me reason.

BOY: Why so?

MERCHANT: You'll question me to death!

BOY: I'll not, unless it help that so I do!

hence I For godsake let's leap up a durn, and tell
Sad stories of the death of sundry folk
Your so-called miseries nothing but a joke:
They lay up a durn as predicted.
BOSON

BOSON: "What's this jumpin' up and down? What twofold choreographic expertise be practiced herein? Whose several joys are to the skies resounded, that the Muse do put the leap within your limbs, and make you frolic the human limb?"

MERCHANT

I cannot tell.

Sir, bosun, for she causes me thereby to jump in happy harmony with this weak brain,
Where, goodness, I believe may be the cause.
The whom I lately have encountered here, is likely not for either of me or thee.
Perchance the lad can say?

BOY

Perchance...

Or not.

Vile boy — I will shine, in night and hand
When I see this wild exertion must eschew for my weak limbs do stalk.

(Stops jumping)

Then all more puny.

BOY

Than all the protozoa in you pond.
Where frogs do imitate human leavings.
And leeches lurk and water-beetles dive.
For this highest board, in dizzy boldness clambered,
And hunger snarl! Yes, punier art thou hunched! No! hastiwound hunked!

FOOL of the people...

MERCHANT

Polo am I not!

Such insults are the parody of years,
Years I have lived before your very birth!
An't please you, sir, my birth was not excessive,
Withal a stripling was I, nor a twin
Nor a biped, nor yet a miscarriage.

Not mighty Caesar did I emulate
Nor led Radcliff, nor any body else
Of birth unseemly. Therein lies my strength.

Whence your weakness does a contrast make
So bold as both the gods on high amaze.

(They're easily surprised.)

MERCHANT

Our you be, I wot, and thus is known.

This, if I had a needle shouldn't be sewn.

Flesh upon flesh, and muscle, tendon, bone.
Enter PUTRESCO, with a basket of apples.

The fools have cast me from their richest homes
and stripped my finer clothes from this poor body
which "now in sickness lies" I'm so sorely sick.

By pounding heart, the aura of shame with'dal
That used to clothe around me yes this mean
wearing this sorry garment of fruit
The readjust to be guiltless—these fools have thrown
her from those halls; I shun all reckless class
That make acts perpetrate; I'd to my "boy!"

Exit: dropping fruit about him:

Enter SCHILLER, picking up apples & putting the festively in his pocket.

The drought of summer past—my winter store
Must needs replenish'd be. And happily thus
I'll food enough drawn for months—what's he:
I spied the squirrels nest in this clime
Of late I robbed a lesser white-throat's nest
Six spotted eggs I took—no luck less worse
All things shall start when the hibern bell
Shell wax space his clangerous dischage
Unto the enshTraped skies; all sap shall cease
To fear, all life to the convalesce, and then...
Blazon once more fantastically to dust
As doth the end representable soul of man

SCHILLER: Good Schiller, Schiller it is!

Voice off: Who speaks?

SCHILLER: 'Tis I, of whom...

Talk up! Can't hear

A word, still less a syllable...

SCHILLER: Remarkable! Methought a voice I heard
But it in silence was as loud away
By noises such as these

Voice: Oh, patterned Lays!

Oh, decorated broadway, I die... (a strangled sob)

SCHILLER: Hiss! An I were prone to such events
I had eschewed all sense a purpose. Die!

He runs backstage, trips on a trolley-machine, and dashes brady

into the wings!
Enter MARIO BOLLO, rejectedly.

[Verse]
I have rejected aught that may be shunned
And now am I in thine been shunned by her
The damozel so fair - so fair - who now
Amid the wonsome gnomes of the joinery
Await the man who shall seek her when he come
At dusk - now shunned by her I weep in vain
And yet I do take heed; for all the unions
Now are joined to fight the layabouts
Who rise in unison, and are at ease
Their profits to increase. Such things are good,
For they do weep the universe aloud
In painful confusion. Truly too
Shall all Chandos's wealth to me devolve,
To me alone; to me and no one else.
To none but I, the dweller of this hall.

[Chorus]
And all the fragile symmetry of being
Wherein palest harlots of gore
And their fluids free, I read, cascade
Of reddening limbs and ranked drops
I'll tell no more; they make me think of her

[Refrain]
Linger over vesps, Eggo well, even!
 prominently (Zoob)
Now listen to what shall lay!
[lingereth, fig - all lays]

Reader Mme: rejected I, all men quit the home
Melancholy, melancholy I
Should linger not outside shrine this gloom
Except that time has been for hours, no mixes.

(Gets a candlestick and his pocket as a large [ie very large]
map which he spreads out on the stage, he casts about [on it]

Now let us see! From here into the shelf
By and by three days, by days three more
By and by another four.
Marco Polo: How, transport lacking, should a sorry sight

Who, brawny, cunningly, compiled his take

Wherein to save his fortune, goes astray

Then find his way do distant wheresoever

The multitudinous populace do see the

With bad intent but many a bullying pure

Loud and lusty they; and yet methinks

A bus should stand ahem and fro, at least

So long as melancholy dogs the sole.

Oh, this age bereft of transport, this age,

A cringing relic of slow time it creeps

Like woodworm in a piece of Greek ceramic

Carving each rotten age my inner cares

To charry dust, like unto become a mistery

Ravished once, to terminate each night

By sordid day, where be the glory ceased

And modesty becomes once more the rule.

Like bastard children ever uncloakeded

We live our subatomic lives and die

Submerged beneath the ever undulating sea

Whose powdered continents enhouse the soul

Whose power contains the oceans shroud the land

Though they should reign so far in rhythmic pulse

Beavoured by golden silenced tears

As doth a lunatic in times of fear

Who, rampantly, steals she mummy aly

Withal a furtive glance therein to cast

Just as doth the archivist of forebore

Whenas a modest corpse he doth copy

And stealthily doth creep therein to take

A mossy handful of some rare loan

And sink off homewards. Aye, with how it is!

(Exit Polo)

Enter Chinaman. (There follow a Cadenza for Chinaman)

(Exit Chinaman)

(Enter Drama in a sheet cylinder, his head just visible)

Chorus: Thus have I, in a sorry sight, so are all

Whose fates we heed, the stunted as the tall

The homid, sordid, nasty, yellow Rangoon

Whose called fate we heed upon the Moon.

End of Act One
Scene I

Enter the CHORUS.

CHORUS: Whoever fails to comprehend the plot
Shall be left as a little longer still
This explanation shall be told in truth
Concerning him that bowers shrouds, with tales
To make the lucid mind with severed hands
And palm's where grew where roses was have sprung
To hide the traces of the cruel part.
Thus 'Langson' by Schiller loved no more
Though visited by Mephistopheles
In fact long at ease Composed with ease
Who would not know the name his father raped
Great is his honour, see his peerless fame
As when his wealth, their wisdom were accrued
... Shall cease his line, twin daughters of Langson
Shall swiftly be revealed and all made clear
There a father reigns through dancing feasts
Without a murmur of content in pride
At whose own bed by wisdom in the sea
Purulence impotent, did lose his patience
Ruled in the very whirlpool of desire
Beloved the two evil mythologic twins
In whom we shall see more as we ponder.

Exit

Enter Schiller.

SCH.: Sweet were her ways. Alike to doubt we turn
Those nights, whose we dislike. Postcoitus
Would liberate me from the toils of life
And almost would it please me. Sure that
Can blow my nose or what remains I her
Whose fate unluckily doth not ease the way
To life's hard end, which no bright dawn shall follow
The moon's a pall I fear I cannot swallow.

Exit

Enter Chinaman.

My porcelanimity perhaps behoves
My deeper thoughts or do my swelling eyes.

Exit

Re-Enter Schiller.

SCH.: Pond sticky field is worse for who should stay
A curse in time beyond Poseidon's said...
...and though the time has shown the nothing worse
Each night in love our rhymes are catalogued
By keepers of the tower, long since locked
Abandoned quite for what need turns now?
At ye! declared, like Phoebe's treasure, held
Looking in his unpleasant hand I wait
For such as may inform me of the state
I was in it lead where kings with Turkey dispute
And stain the sword with hack unvetted drops.

Scene II
Round the fountain near the shelf. Meg Vrgy & Clay

Regalea: You'll see him soon, he wanderer returneth.
by sweet beloved, O bosom to my arms
Come and revive old love in new esteem.

Usquebaugh: Metheus not twist amidst a lack of cream.
Though no antagonist can hurt our souls
Since I have found one outlet, found the value
I do agree - but 'tis the only way
To look a man.

Enter Antipodes I

Antipod: Will one of you weak maidens
Do up my shoe? Of late I cannot stoop
For fighting with a sinner (when I beat).
The sacred vein was severed - see this scar,

Meg (to Vrgy) Olgy.

Prosimi: As if you wait, some sailor will arise
Who leans upon a billet in the dark
Fading all, though unreduced by man

Meg (interrupts). Olgy.

Clay. We may be poor. Meg tell me
On all these apples shown abalone the way
See how their profound aspect dominates.
Antipodes: What old romantic rubbish, Old Sirrah? What gallant vows, if cold or other fish
What fruit? That strain the rosy cheeks of weeping maids
And make supposing men so puff at riddles
And show the reckless pardon of the bragg
That craves the goods of fortune temperate
And signals before the bleeding heart of love
Who needs there still

Bessum: It is the fruit of fallen cheeks

Antipodes: As I have said, Old Sirrah

Bessum: Against the rising pallor of the Moon

Antipodes: Until these veins are upheaval in these traitors
Of which the only rumour is report

Bessum: Loud braited round by one who, sick at heart

Antipodes: Has come here for an hour to lose his sight
In drowning shriekings of the misused head
Where savage instincts hunger near the deck
Whereon the corded tides with human rank
In dying...

Bessum: I must leave at once. Goodday! [He goes]
Scene III

Boy: Shall Scullion's scape Putresco's dire intent? Shall Putresco hide his wrath whereas the sun shall range his sailor's moon for aye & all? Shall Polo gain good Gazoodle wealth? I fear That dastardous strife shall brand his scurril pate, And strip his last remaining strength away From might he loves.

Servant: His plans do ever sparse
And, if no speedy action ics then short In finding what was found out there before, I'll have a master soon.

Boy: A mutter me than are; his fetish grows - The clivity a tree and eat the branches, soon We'll find.

Servant: Shuns he Putresco?
Boy: Age, Time!
But also him Putresco no?

Servant: For jealousy! That handkerchief he owns, That sacred, holy, others piece of cloth, Wit these, a garment, better talked I now For fear the master-tailer be enraged At what has happened since.

Boy: No chance I fear.
To optimize accordingly, no expect for in my pocket mundane such a speed As may, betimes, be burnt, or failing, banned To wait perception of the mystery Of underclothes & withers in the dark.

Servant: Waste no more time on transport; wisely stay! I'll show you now a key. A great response With these protection Scullion, when subdued, Shall scale the heights of wisdom, scaling too The abandoned tower. much more containing (unknown)

F.: To all God me and Polo the kingdom lies On whom shall oft-times fall the admiring glance Of all - unless the eastern star came Kindles yet further bloody wars.
Boy:  But what if o’er the regal ill-intent
Should come our paper, should the look
Pierce through all in time our dream shall cease?  All this?
Servant:  Then none but we shall serve the country’s cause
In e’er the arms of we we seek wafted
Boy:  Aye, we Speewaun a solemn quick and worthy still;
To me and G, confederate abroad
Who now alas brave me a Schillers, weakly
Thus conjuring against all manner of men,
Abandoned do the storm & maken thine,
A greater kernel, seeming of remorse
The spheres of heaven ungratefully to lead,
The sceptred last.  The colesse sees no aim
And all in all to I find mine in the game.  [Exit
Servant (alone):  This lad’s a sight unseemly to behold
And sadden him I yoke, as if he held
The leader steele of simple stime, sincere
That perfume in his fingers, as your
Uncorked by pristine sentiment by loan.
Gallo:  What talk I learn?  Are you the cargo-dog?
Servant:  So, before I do reply do this,
B.D.  You guard this cargo?  Do you serve the king
Or what brave warrior?  Shall you take this deed
In token of my goodwoman?
Servant:  I shall cry.
B.D.  I shall treat you for the part, if MD
Or promise..."My love has run away & gone!"
Servant:  She launch me now, I’ll get her back anon.
[Exit servant.
B.D.  Thou wouldst escape my question, feeble knave?
Servant:  No, what!
B.D.  Then tell me, where’s the way to Mars?
Servant:  If war is what you want, no doubt the king
Will give a new commandment.  None cares.
SCENE IV: Evening

CARYUSIS: The sun is set: the harsh horizon's line
Unbroken by now flame nor pulley-car
Is not he for Silence rising-glow:
The day which foreshall undergone a change
Incorruptly shifting its fair gaze
From one mirror-eye to watched in the sky
Where migrant (swallows ape the sailor's ghost)
And that of her whose lover useless war
Is lost to sight.

Enter Marco Polo:

POLO: But not to mine, my son!

(Aside) I'll show him how to tell my plans alike
I have this hour held with an egg so soft
That not the swiftest printling could discern
How subtle was its aim.

CHIVALRY: No treason here!

A father mine, thou hast betrayed my honour
With even malice? the old magist
Be hanged - call him what you please - for it
We begot by my widow on his head
I shall bestow thereon a wreath of pride
To serve his feet in bonds. I shall call him vice.

POLO: My son, my son, you misconstrue my aims
I have no guide, no end plan - Ee, ee,
Buy, sow, buy an ox, forest, farming
Or something else. My shoes done up too tight

POLO: But what's the sign? I now must go, could
Have trust that time will serve us. Wellaway. [Exit]

CARIOBA: Ah, were he not my father, would I doubt
His wisdom and fair purpose. But the state
Demands solidity - life in death
Were not a balmy thing if love were cast
Beyond the family tree. Thus firewood seems
A tree of the chivalrous heart's cause
Which I shall burn within my weeping breast.
Not far from here.

Voice of:

My shoes too tight!

CARIOBA: My buttons are undone; and now my tie...
Enter Merchant and Putresco.

PUTRESCO. Have you penned any plan? Where I pray
those questions I demand of you, and then
be silent. *more. Despite the waxing moon
(as shrimps tell, contingent to their carps)
we have still time, if all is done with haste
To scourge the infidel's unholy lands
And quell the warring Easterner's rebels.


er, er, BLAKKON, LUKKA

BLAKKON (in Eschialk foreign accent) I seek the King. Pray tell me, sir, where I
may成交商

PUTRESCO. I come to barter. See you now this jewel...

PUTRESCO. Fie, to a wonder! Ha! I think, I think
my gallows could deck so I would laugh,
Tripping my way through gardens fair, to sing
To manhood again. (Aha, he falls!)

BLAKKON. Aside. My delightful sir, I'll buy your tears; I, joy
but the unshipped dream that rests now
he calls about the chamber, fed to ears
and lost, and if your love to me chance
That now doth linger on the loamy shore
for I must escape, since all my work is done.

PUTRESCO. When work is done, the labourer dismays
And asks his brain; but I, to you, rich, and tall
shall welcome now the powick which leads to land.

PUT. What ho! Fair maid, behovest of neither might
we may enjoy, unsaid was known; although...

MRS. Good fis', you needs must come.

BLAKKON. But still remain
And all shall know when thieves in Blakken's brain.
but not before their blood or this scarf. slow stream.
PUTRESCO:  Good maid, I need must stay. A second part Shall soon be sealed - perchance then may I plea To distant Bavards where roses are the moon Uplord her face on yours to take to mine Has been revealed.

MEGALITHA:  But in this exigent
(When one has no moon) I bid the claim
And quit such graces as your honesty
May offer me: I pray you now depart.

PUTRESCO  This foreign man, this negro of the pile
(Although as small and black John ''), is
... Of noble deeds, and wealth unknown to them
Who fly this lowly shore and hark the pen
For rough-hewn bargains.

MEGALITHA:  How long must I wait your coming? Wretch!

PUTRESCO  My advent is unknown to all save me
And he a pauper.
(turns to BLACKMAN)
Now, my friend, we see
The final terms of this our treaty... But
In case you will you hold this document
Five times entwined about with sturdy cord
And in the knot of this my love enclosed.
I cannot trade with thieving thieves.

BLACKMAN  This man...

PUTRESCO  Be still! Good sir, you know me not
+ I am glad to know no what of you!
Until you've paid me 80 goods in time.
The loan that rightly lies on yonder tithe
Is mine!

BLACKMAN  No shade! You are a dishonorable man!
I shun you!

(p.

Save my hands! I go. Good day.
(Turns on his heel and leaves.
As he drives off the door blows out of the
his window and drops to earth.)

BLACKMAN + MEGALITHA shake off arm in arm igniting the plan.
Enter CARYBDIS with a dog.

C. Would that I knew my father's true intent In giving this blue poodle to my care That it in exercise and true renown I might not chaffen; 'tis the "being done" Beside the possibilities of art Or sought of similar or better kind To reconcile with "being having been"? And further, now, what existential claims Can any make on owners of larger bounder As large as may a god, in being small. Denier for having little strength to bear Between the consequence and time's reproach.

VERSTEVELLE: Good Caryb. Had I thought no whitt to see The counsel of the king in this four zone Where gods and evil largely interpose In giving me, I had not caught this cold And sickly temper. Caryb. Tell me now By handkerchief so blue & white - hast seen? Tis gone, I guess to say.

CARYBDIS. Methought one such as that on yonder path I saw...

SCHILLER: You forget our consummation quite!

Get hence, vile mongrel, save your hunger dire In Thor's face. But lo, my child, his art, To sorrow scoldings more. On to a plan Of what or who I cannot tell. The light Is fading now. Or no! Perhaps my eyes Patience of late - I know not why - expire.

CARYBDIS. Forget your silly eyes! Let's see the plan. Meseems it were the merchandise of those Who traded in tilth his majesty's fortune And banish for the care of regal ones Unto inferior ones. Is it? Not's hand? For, no, my father in the not's time. Manly The abuse of calligraphic skill could tell Us all that we would know.

SCHILLER. Y'll lead me there - perhaps to Antigal, Perhaps to fame; or, failing that, to God.
Polo: *Cave! H’m all dally... no... how was that song?*

[(To the disapproval of an ill-timed chorus.)

Fie, I have quite forgot... Sing Fiddle-dee-dee-oay!]

The house of Polo fell a-tumblin
In rubble lies the throne
The noble Bosun gains the crown
+ why? The Pokemon Ram...*

(A loud bangs, off-stage)

Polo stops singing and looks round in amazement.

What haps thereby? A furnace or a fight?

*Formally or informally? Felony or Folly?

A formal one...*

*Gates Schiller & Cheylandis with a document*

S.: *What virtue made this club
Whereby the richest source of excellent loan
Is sever’d in its prime? The king’s gone mad!*

Cheylandis: *Is this the throne? Is this the bed you meet?*

Is this the heaven whence our wealth derived?

Whence in your comedy story, at under there?

Polo: *It is the show that flamed, he e’er yore
Beloved to us who patronized his club
For that the sheriff closed it in his ire
And bade the smuggler roasting there depart.*

S.: *But he’s best spoke of one or not at all!* 

Polo: *Aye, that is so. But in this time of style
Such matter cannot fail to be discussed
With anyone.

Cheylandis: *Nor let the like of us!*

Polo: *Aye so! Well spoken, Cheylandis Of That Style.*

Cheylandis: *And yet, this sombre chant, what reeks it us?*

*[By distant heir the monarch, now so crazed
With heaven’s health; his love, so long away
Should plague him sooner than the loss of loan
If either were on time.]*

Polo: *We’ll do the king!

Make haste and we’ll forestall his sickness!*

*(Exeunt)*
Scene VIII

Enter MERCHANT, mysteriously do himself

MERCHANT:...bid our unneeded naval chances yet!
beside all likely letterings surmised
broken over rapid whispering sirens
No discern is sounded in its sides.
So hire us truly underneath, perchance,
Old's kitchen
enters a camage of ill, within, a new heroine!

LILLIAN:
Pay reveal the way to Mars!

No dice!-Peal each shrill'p equal
Between the knees of termination's ken
Dividing yet unwholesome from unsound
O speech, what are loves doubts too-thick?
O lumpkin, so soon at least in joy
Why doubt yet show yet the perfuries of sin?
Now, can I do thee any thing? Meet herein,
But mischief, even jealous forgets
The passing of those sweet uncontrolled hours
Between the sea & sun's self, amidst the swells
Of bills & sculptures end godnames. My soul
Will also be forsaken till resolve is made
By every now surprising our new sons,
The kingdom's heirs and mortal hopes, over four
preseruks, which is now prayed
by a quick arrow lined along its path
by my uncelled: loosed from feeling grasp
by grief, have no choice but breaking sorrow
Enduring: them who laugh. I'll dash
Those jacksapaces do, death', upon the rock
As I am bound to live, or somne's sone.
So then, dull melancholy, clear my path
Although I'll walk no more, my lute we weak.

Ends HARRIS, who stands silent as LILLIAN continues.
LILLIAN: 
As much as by ignoring, I can claim. 
By close attention would the worse appear. 
To scathing, whose bellowed archaic 
Supports me out of honesty and faith, 
Unmutilated by parameters, unworn. 
Before the swelling mind, my own desires 
In atom wraping scattered through the dark. 
Display under all men the ways of love. 
And yet I am not commonly shunned by all. 
By all and sundry, every one who comes 
To rest between the walls of lofty closes. 
Oh, like many the hearth, they span to all. 
As once the lady of Corkle stilled my arm. 
And threw her from his chamber as a cat, 
Ejects a mouse or other molested breeze.

HARRIS: 
As poet busy and reckless merchant.

LILLIAN: 
from sheer plagues of foolish, I saw 
unto the unencompassed menageries 
I come unrebukable, of claims 
Entitled as the crusty cuckoo-clock 
Uprisen. And has given him a son 
Whose name shall long ring out amongst the clouds, 
Whose voices are forgotten half their size. 
And doubly are the desires of the just — 
Till they should lead a purer life up there 
Benefit of all save hope and ways, such task 
As poets say of in the days of yore 
When all was (clouds glistening) in sand, 
And cloudless sons down upon the napes 
And shins of unborn babes, as yet unbred. 
In ears of song life sickle in dream's dreams 
Of mists or else of sunk-brained courtiers fine 
Below the scurms of aeropodal dust 
Such as in wine (when any but I feel) 
For any night that hap over my path 
Bowed, chanced lug, each man's brain 
Which steeled in tidal friction, as the sea 
Engulfs each vomiting sea-nave rage and can, 
Oft, from the Cassianary, even the — 
A curtain falls as her muttering.
LILLIAN groans her way out from underneath the curtain:

LIL: Ye gods! The climate is unsuitable

The sky falls down & descends a night
The stars unwind: this I like no whither.
As little as the toad the eaves stoat
Which lurks good sleep therein, and deep by day
To shake the sight away. This omen do I
Now eschew. But hush! Who further wends?

To no one. All my senses are deceived!
I cry alone. And trusting-like I'll fly
From hill to hill in search of nourishment
And solace (in the form of pancakes good)
And other sweet repast.

EXEUNT MARCO POLO

MP: Woe woe, sweet maid.

Or if you must pray do not spoil your gown.

He kneels beside her

LILLIAN: Sir, your kindness is most welcome here.

For many nights I have not met with sleep
Though I have sought in all the halls and streets.
And my eyes have wept.

MP: But why such sorrow?
The day is bright; see yonder Phoebus' fire
Come with me! Well indeed a morning cheer

And laugh the day away in meadow green

Where domino chatter and the cricket sings:

The hay will keep us warm all nights, and love

By day shall do the same; Ah, lass!

Age so! (Falls in a joyous sound)

LILLIAN: Sweet maid, Oh dearest Lillian

Now folds the sky all her sweetness up
As if to close and be a bud again

And slip into the bosom of the lake

An emblem of the grave, my love.

As you shall but wake a little while with me

I'll give you all the secrets of the heart

And of sweet contentment soon shall be our lot.

OhMarco, deck me hence and swoon with

ardent love— or else a cup of tea!

End.
LARYMBS rushes on trying to escape from his pursuing palette.

C: An impertinent dog that ever dogs my heels!
His fur is fretted; foul his clattering tongue
And fire inflamed his wither back and head
With rage and anger, he is driven sore
And with dull groans cloaks ease his paralysed lot.

BOSUN:
Stay, master, stop! Now listen, please
And you must read, express, moment's sense.
That with my own, you'll fill the vacant mind,
That we presently lost — equally so.
Shall our dull sentences be not unspoken
Without such help suffice as you left?
And shall we find withal.

CHARYBD:
Yet, if not quite.
I fear, before you negro, spare my skin!
(To the dog which barks and bites his skin.)

BOSUN:
Speak not thus! This dog's no dog! I won't,
It's but a second coming, if you will,
(Purring muffled little tucked up
Or in the guise of muddled syntax kind)
If one long gone or now in stunted essence
Transfigured! See! It begs to know what time
It shall be fed — prompt, say, 'twas the
But, thinking of our former woes, — we see
The peremptory thought by this seemed globe
Where maidens ride the waves: so think again.

CARYBD:
I feel angry! Not confused, say greatly, much
But if — Brest me again, a rattle cur?
Go, dog! Your like I little like belike;
What was I saying? Yes, if — Ah, my self!
(Dog again attacks)
There 'tis bid cur.

Takes out a revolver, a short dog four times.
This death is need for thee.
Enter MERCHANT & PUTRESCO

PUTRESCO: In honour shall my promise be fulfill'd

MERCHANT: This I welcome, good Putresco. Listen,

There lurk a plot against our house,

Wherein is sought a threefold benison

(For doubtful purpose) for the steward, newly

And stricken at the cost of monastic head.

PUT: This have I also heard, good merchant, but

I would do no harm to bring it far abroad

There is no need to stop it. But of my own plan

I would say no yet but little. Would I

I hear a curious footsteps. Let us hide!

(They dive behind two barrels, containing some mechanism)

Then shortly waiting a clanking. Bristle back, hey, coty & chains,

led by old Trolleyman

TRAVELMAN: I know not who the order came of me

These tedious words should lead who can't be cry

Yet since it has been given, I'll obey

To gain a little more head leaning pay.

So maids, be still and kind, so not cherish,

For I am but another in disguise!

But those yet while I wasn't discourse

Of ill will but rightly told my woes.

Come now we must a waiting take purple

To fill the purpose now a need the dye.

Coty, falls to the ground, unable to stand anymore.

USQUEBAUGH: Oh, cruel chains! See how our sister faints.

Why are we thus condemned? I pray you, speak!

COLQUHOUN: I cannot cry, I cannot stand again,

My body is fractured, and I bleed

From every singing vein I have

My lungs, overflows, my brain expires

And now I cannot breathe. Oh help, ye Gods

USQ: MERC: For God's sake, Trolleyman fetch water quickly
TROLLYMAN: My sweet and gentle maid, I'll sake your thirst
With cooler sweet, from yonder brook -most
Where'er he turn'd within I'll give you straight
To quench the wound in youth's boyish heart.
I know you'll take my kindness and consents
In giving you... what many more, what's this?
And now (heard exposing the shrouded Petrucho, red of physics)

This is the prize of the love is here understood
Above the ground, where they pray, may be seen.
I know not why this man should be here so
The lady and man the night, Good Petrucho, no!

PUTRESCO: Poke not my nose and leave my kidneys white
Nor shove before my face for a look, -
I'll not be fomented with thy rage, begin!

TROLLYMAN: But sir, this maid stands ready to expire
And needs some physic to extend her life
Which now is kindled in a cauldron of fire
Which must be extinguish the will fatally die
And so...

PUTRESCO: Good merchant, come! Then know just, sir,

HELTIE: Oh, sir, if my man the surgeon have
Wrought upon this fellow, may be seen, then let him
Show his face and skilful hand.

PUTRESCO: Good hand! Well beheld this learned hand... (Know it)

MERCHAND: All right, all right, I'll work my skill (Mercer, on his knees, takes up bag)
Now, man, what have we here? A small leg?
(Deep closer)
Heathens a septic gang of some evil
Infected with the lymphatic nodes.
A sickness dies a strange - and hard to cure!
We'll amputate it straight - but where's my axe? (Regale, gentle, faint is one)

PUTRESCO: Good merchant see, we have no cause for staying
And all with each hour we wait our plans do not
And we this night - we shall pursue our will.

They stuff the Trollyman into a barrel - Intend a lucky night.
Scene A

BLAKKON: I do detect this whole deceitful guise
This guilty accent, this black painted face,
And yet without it has our cause be won?
I need not keep it up awhile, oh fie! (Rises a little eagerly)
These cares weigh heavily upon my pate
As does this treason for me I spot.
Hey-ho! The envy of the regal heart
Shall be my downfall, my demise, my death.
Unless I can dissuade the aims of those
Who doth beguile the king and his friends
I hope to gain—tis not the mark in tens;
Some petty artefact, or else her love
For aught that such a policy love be worth.

HARRIS

HARRIS: He graced himself, Blakkon, with his white coat
And never doubted worth!

BLAKKON: What flattery?

HARRIS: My name I shall not say, for if I did...

BLAKKON: But why will no man say his name do me?
I am a stranger here—as might I know.

HARRIS: Be not unkind!
Are kind within the hearts of many men
Who therefore do unwish their purpose known
But I am Blakkon, sir! My name is... (c)...

BLAKKON: I am Blakkon, though,
Not prepared to have "one up, one down".
And am not particular to love or commerce:
A simple weight I am, so unlike all
I've not have yet... (c)... "Champion" was't you said?

HARRIS: That's so!

BLAKKON: Thy parentage was doubtless strange
(Understood indeed) and this may be the cause
For such a scrobbious name.

HARRIS: Indeed, that's so!

Aside: (What does are born today who speak such talk?)
Now let me tell you of my good intent
But pray sit down—by gosh you seem quite bent.
BLAKKON: Well, sir, good Chipmunk, I my fate shall tell,
And you'll be so no pity moved you 'weep
More heart-rending than ever the Nile
Did flood upon its delta plains. Your pity
Whichever with such great kindness show we now
Shall be requited, etc. by this my noble
Which, I'll be bound would end all the thickest heart
Thou ever heartache held or whch unlike
Reck'd by internal, wag, infernal pains.
This is my purpose more cold well, after
As was good Pilgrim's house, some years ago
Upon the splintered brands it be married
And leap by all the Hecate's ways
In happy food...

LICKER:
Sir, mistake you vill.
My thoughts. Your speech is long, long and loud
I shall not hear it out. I go.

(Bark.)

BLAKKON: Where!
Now, audience looking should a song begin
場合には注意. 作曲家は注意
Of whom more needed, good Chipmunk is as one!
I am not fitted for this kind, wherein
All manner nights are blunt and passing rude
And blind my delicate soul.

The falls do his knees a bend like this.

I weep in soul.
On Phoebus, now consume these guilty folk (heeling up to sun)
On burn their sad hearts and painful heads
Or else sage Wisdom, on their heads pieces pour (heeling up to a cloud)
Your mighty beverage. But no, hold back
Two drops, I would a sleep prolong, in which
The whirling ocean would I grant. it shall freeze
Back to my native negro-blest pile,
Where I was born in piazzas, lodging stable
And youthful chimney. But this I shun for now,
While I have been unhappy. Now do the doves
When I can die, one look. then homeward back
But quick, check Chipmunk come again. I sleep
And we shall see what more be seen if we!
HARRIS: Now I have brought the things I need to make
The alabaster for the, any size plain.
This green will serve to hold it all together.
As cloth the final living the unicorn's nest
Until a turning gust of Zephyr's power
Became the structure of the purpose telling
Through the furry undergrowth to lead
And scatter all the leaves your above the ground
Which now cloth echo, with their the 'troll's shrill
Ating from afar eight predators
To house the chamber wise of deceivers
Who, as a seaman, tends from lands afar
To roam the ocean's elan and for his sake
That at some distant haven waits his coming
As does his sorrowing wife, lonely and gain
With hungry children on his sandwiches
Await his swift return; the nestlings then
Because their mothered warmth of ne'er a chance
And me their mothered fear, lack of skill
That caused their first and only home to fall
As did the beast, died in a forest fire
That distant day when Putresc shivered his job
And buried the non-existent street alone?
So shall my broomstick seal, my nascent plan
As well when a load of folded paper in one
Some regal narrative sought from lands afar
To this sole purpose
(He looks around him in dismay)"

"My broomstick... is it lost?"

What spirit has wrested it from my watchful grasp
When I knew looking at my script? Oh, were!
Evaporation of unsavory sticks
Which circumscribe the threshold of this life
Age, and of death, I do not doubt to one,
Their who would walk must never shin the shoe.

Enter Chinaman, ill at health:

My porcelanity congeals!"

Exit Chinaman.

Re-enters, '88 time, and leaves.
Enter SCHILLER and SERVANT. They begin to play at cards.

SCH: I wonder what番人 might it was
Who took from underneath my very gaze
That plan we found?

SERV: Age 54, his passing strange.

SCH: It's more than that; it cloth surpass all wit
That men do know. This sharpened small perforce
shall find it me.

SERV: But not before the night
When darkness as a weighty cloak shall be
About our persons bound - then need we fear
No wight of treachery.

SCH: Save Putresce's: he.

SERV: Indeed? Then I in him am much deceived
Not thought the him so weight of dull intent
Incapable of aught but carpentry

SCH: Would it were else! He aims to cripple me
With that his bus charyon of late he paid
His doubtfull trade of vegetables or fruit.
Now he's in touch the engine, sprung the sides
And clothed the seats with new upholstery the seats
That all may think him honest and true.
He's now a businesman respectable
Or so would seem.

SERV: Perhaps his true intent

SCH: It just as it appears.

SERV: No, no, my man!

SCH: Cannot not discern a villain when thou seest?

SERV: Not since old Horrid boy destroyed my sight
Wherefor I play no badly now at cards (which I often haunted)

SCH: Indeed! This conjuring do win lustimes
Unless it prognostic a greater loss
Like yours. I wrap for you, I sympathise (which is pathetic at the case)

SERV: Wist, him enchanted by your deeds and pity so
That I could never think of doing thee
Such harm as once I... No, no! Jesus would.

SCH: 'Tis take your word for this, but lets play on...
SCEN. No noble weight in youth I show thee this scene.

SCH.: You'll not hence; all here I give you leave.

But out of pity for your soresome state;
I'll do no harm: you must make some sport
For once of state oppress me still; that way,
The second scene. I say, good morrow;
Here's from me quite a while. O Curst Night—
O sly wily esperatored be!
Now may ye be no more silence drowned;
And stopped by the woodenคอr of leaf...
But leave interpretation—cannot be traced.

SCH.: Then I, to night, till thy memory clear
Shall saddle thou thy wagg'd leg, as with,
That seeke shall cling.

SCH.: There's earn thy silver wage
Four times repeated if thou findst no harm.

You whole old quilled soph.

SCH.: O wonds! horrid!

I hear one in the neighboring room who creeps...

Schiller notes it, closes, discharges a small pistol into the
neighboring chamber, then

A cry is heard. Spectators crowds ancient is pangs of agony.

ANTIPATES: Good sir, I cannot bear the same ordeal
You've felt my limbs with stelly bullets form,
And spill my remand blood upon the floor
Whose wasting all economists deplore.
Before I go, I'll tell you this and more:
When death ye dealt me through your widow door
I vowed and should speak my sins; alway
Before collapsing as I die, before
I shun other globe; rather expire:
My great coat pockets, what you find there, give
And from the body of London. I implore
You were not want, for I'm sterner here
With conscience I with bullets, my life does others
And now I'll dwell in Hades; end shall.

SCH.: Expose me!

SCHILLER: Age, let's end of quide his head.
ACT THREE

Scene I

The BOSUN is discovered sitting about a cobbler's shoe desk, in early morning. The bosun is smoking a long pipe.

Bosun Harris

HARRIS: Bosun, had I ever seen my pelican?

Bosun: I cannot say — although your wish is most
beguiling me, neither while I woot nor while,
For I have urgent business at the court
which I desire to perform hence: my pipe...

HARRIS: Enough of this: my pelican I care
With hawking men nor shall I bid him come.
And have him once again aboard my stow
Together with my twelve castrated frogs
My forty pelicans — my name slain,

Chipmunks, wimpy mumps, or their weights
Of purpose incomplete and scarcely while
Telling the age of the long dead mole.

[Exit]

Bosun: I needs must leave, on pressing business beat. [Exit]

Reader Harris

HARRIS: A mighty once wou’d do with the bosun
Of this fair place — or it of him, to wit.
Let not my ready plan, as like the rest
Of pitt’s threaten’d by the heare, who’s
The pastilar does increase our civil style.

Bosch! I knew not what I meant: indeed.

To speake thus in such dull circumstans wise

If I found’s overdrawn! I the rat
Should rouhtly circumsice whereas the moon

In Zeus’s garments strides his gaze, through
to thorne a path of steps upon the road
And drown in the mirth each philatelic star

Bosners! What is serious to me?
Scene II

Enter Putresco driving a lorry loaded with apples.

PUTRESCO: Choice apples, red or lilac, I now eat
And soon shall reap. I love them not — so short!
Although my winter store they quite have filled
And braised each tree like the roman way
They were no fadore — their plenteous
exceedeable! My servant came! Why wait?

BOY: I could not find the two of which you speke
Long though I searched without; my closest whom
To none I met upon my search I tell
To save but those whom harmes betrays
The spoken two.

PUTRESCO: Those useless fagades! The tory!

Who speakest of “fury” when knowing less than I.
Then wiltst thou, who seest the door to use
Upon the face of any who might dare
A brand new deed — innocent
Of western history — see my knowing gaze
As here and there, unhumbled yet, it falls,
And uttering betimes a strange sob
Relieve, now utterly, myFeatures dream

BOY: O master! Be thou not unduly harsh
Throw me now spanners at my legs, I beg
Nor wield that crowbar more about my neck
In breaking hue who have murdered first
To heal in sacred fire. My bones are charred
And shall not sing again without recoil!
But if to wound my now you dare attempt
I shall arrange my sundered suffering
In utter faintly caring, tepid finish!

PUTRESCO: O, pardon me, ye gods! In madness dire
I shun my old misdeeds, as I have wronged
All kind of evil deeds which now I see
As cloth the vengeful Harris — prose he!
And as my dark shadow when now I flee.

EXIT in haste as Sh. strikes in.
Scene III

Enter SCHILLER. At night.

SCH.: Pay on, lack naming goat, let others tend
the murderous tidings garnished now into soap
and smoothness oils to grace the eager hand
Unwasting; candled in the sky if PCES...
But like to the Benedict stage I now
In rough-shod ungrammatic repartee
my wild dark clothes alike my teeth, like domine
Oberstler Handlungen. / Beware men.

Gestures sleepy eye - dawn begin to glare.

Love, sparking floods, the vengeance of the day
My vineyard bears grace with morning glow
And spread thy dewy fingers over this vale
Like Ceres clouds shining in dehors.
As all the other orbs in heaven are not
Their nightly selves. And shall then brightened flash
Which reaps itself until that light departs.

Enter Tillyman.

COMESTIBLES I bring to break your fast
For every dish, eaten from first to last
By kings I gave is leveled in this board
And with the worst left to this indiscernible tale
Where none but stinkers eat impudently

E'en with a Creature coming through my path
Lavished in tears, Drama's aint out
As does the gony horn hereabout.

SCHILLER: (Emotionally) Pay silence. See the melting dawn arise

As Peter Pan leaps dingly through the sky
Observe the stars extinguished one by one
Consumed by Zeus; they are his breakfast then
The Milky Way is drunk, and Mars consumed
In hellmore interreg all consumed.
This day shall be more joyful than such as we...
sharer . . . . . .

More fateful e'en than they who shun the docks

for fear their ankles might be; for shame

of what may happen hereabouts, or there

where filly tows in some commerce elsewise

To mortrade increase its seaward pay;

Further afield, by Afric's sandless shores

I lift my first look weeping in the Gunn

her seated dead; as near it was my 121

to know the future of each mortal soul

to weep with passions Frank, as Cymbeline did

Secret adologies of Kangaroo crew

were James Calleblault who sung

Ted Steadward, deceased by the King, who made

all adjectives of use, all adverbs.

All ancient aphorisms and adages be kept

from rickety old rows of pure gold ; I love

And tricking's advantage to my jaw,

John Leman will quick his trade in me. He serves

As joint to my wit or buoy spirit round

Opus . More fateful shall that day become

Than was the night we too joy, even in vows

Embracing like the frost in the world

The soft parental altar of repose

Untouched. My dream is I a day

When, painted, my mouth gap'd and dry

There'll chance upon the surface of my tongue

No warden, nurse, or slovenly formed,

Nor lower if the seas and swelling wine.

To fashion yet in words these things of fire

Which burned in deeds, the Typhon sea beyond

The bounds of man's endurance, weaves such fruits

in goss in distant Barbadoes, my love

To turn once more about. More fateful yet.

He stops talking.

Trelawny: Wherefore maybe...

Schiller: (as if starting from a dream) In spirit of life,

Put down your violin and bring my pipe!

(Earl Trelawny)
Schiller: The stage at an hour reck me not a job
I shall not move a step from their fair field
Make jail ring egress. See how nature gains
The waters of a bordered bedside wake.

See how she smiles, as if some very unit
Had coined, in order a never-ending type
Of manner quite unseemly; see the clouds
Chuckle on the wind only to swell them renewed.

And double up in joy on what you've seen
Before releasing all their inner selves.

To weep with wild griefs and drown no man
In wild aquatic tumult.

Enter Servant with food

Thou art come!

Servant: Valley the anguish of the ill-fed man!

Servant: Good Schiller, see my breath is short and weak
My legs are worn away from running hard
To bring to you this missive. In my pouch
I bear a small bird. Digest him now
To see what augurs his guts may hold.

Servant: Produces a bird from pouch and gives it to Schiller.

Schiller: What footing missive this — a homid pouce
I shall the hornepox;

He lights the bird with his cigarette-lighter

Good day, 'tis east!

So see, good man, I'll have no more of that!

(Stamps out angrily)

Servant (Indignant) What slate this gain and roll Ewiger-zu was?

That were a missive, right-monger'd ledfoot
For my amiss base on the collied soul.

As if Inferno's fires had found a way
To burn the master - cock; 0 perchath, why
Should those of verbal still reverberate?

When know in the season of us mine
Should, notwithstanding hyacinthine lust
Dillicilde! Serve you I shall not!

I'll seek again those times of crime forgot!
Schiller. See here, my good man, yourfetch vermin's not fitclassic for the likes of me, I say. So shall you task your master.

Servant. None I serve!

Who shuns the goodly boar! In magic while
Stems from a greater and a lesser part;
That which taught the trade of men and mades
To toils, and mar a life...

Schiller. You'll reeve this straight!

Servant. That I shun, until in explanation
Your exemplify yourself for the winning of it
See here, Schiller, your honour's small doth raise
Whose merit greater, many the Messenger
Who do not shun the order's execution
Ere its conception is complete. Now, sir,
It was you that said I should add
That knave of a young mouse from his rank came
As social missive to your very self
And from the self-same. Yet, every return,
You change your mind, and turn the petty lad
Plucked at my part from its homely spot
I shun you, shunning oth'best I pitched
Just as the people needlessly was shot
By Cazbol (bear and Turk!) in four days past...

Schiller. I shun the boar and cod!

Servant: I shun the boar and cod!

I eat no fish! But halbut I prefer
If any I digit. This unseemly journey
Has quite delayed my ten, and now I hope
I feel quite sick and, Schiller, you're to blame!
Three hours overtime I wish, and seven hours
To increase for my wife and child. No ban,
No work! The United states, it must be so
Am you'll not pay my staying, I shall go!
Re-enter TROLLEYMAN with a bass florin.

TROLLEYMAN: Good sir, I could not find a single line
wherewith a man might serenade his wife
Or lead his creditors away without
Financial dissolution to forestall.

Neither nothst your numbers, catch'd and signed
As by a third-rate bard who bores his poet
of brand, may it be brooke a joy
fair cased in phials within; my legs, great dim
Perceive no more the fragrance of those herbs
Which wore concealed in my florin ware.
And you still bring'd my life, my sight restored
And dignify my noble head for less ill-bred
Then is...

HARRIS

HARRIS: At last! your villainy disclosed!
You, sir, the king should soundly now chastise
A lie we see will with child; watch them this watch!

Hynoizes the blind Schiller.

SCHILLER: My head grows dim. Surprise!

HARRIS: (aside) Yes, my neck uncoils;

SCHILLER: The frailest maid I ape in my demise.
Oh, where my limbs? My torso is all gone.

HARRIS: My judges, come! I bear to thee my soul
My inner being breaks in twain...

HARRIS (loudly)

Schiller jumps! surprise, when solos weeping & screaming. He rushes off stage weeping his hair & clutching the florin.
Scene IV

The 3 Haviland are discovered by the UNSEEN.

WEIGHTED THAT: What dreams were these? — Whot stars & planets?

What very nothingst I see before my gaze
As though my mind there cause abased recall.
The rumbling of my mistress's death, complaints
Of woes more sudden than the scallop's death.
And I lay here, Those sponge-wounds, those varn
Unwholesome round tinctures of fat
That right made sorry new bleach... Run see, who stirs?

DSEQUEINED: What dreams are these? Do I abroad some sleep
In sinuous undulations on the sea
I touched I was home my breast the sail
Which waveled steadfast on the rapraved breeze
While twist my knees - muddled were the vanes
Heed o'er to at sickle stromen - him I toazed
As doth the night the day, or more, indeed
As did the day the names' berlvlue far
When naught thy charlbs excepte beneath the sheets
To make the strangest giggle. Run, who stirs?

COLQVCHOUN: What dreams? I saw upon a ribblel yard
Three dam'el - small, these they were, or did.
They shrank in dire cacophonous repose

I cannot say. It was not wholesome — no!
Less wholesome than a festering gazelle
A pockeulfl, & blundelled, r Magle.

And yet within this dream I saw a blede
Wherein there lay no carey me, brock, nor snug
— & was an empty hole! No whil of share
No captive cup nor amarantue hides
Lay housed within: an empty, ailes less nook —

ALEPHON: There with in the brave? No wish!
Let surgeons amputate and nurses nurse
Let polythetic fijian kind these mind
We cannot save one - No?

ALAS! (She dies)
Lillian
I haven't changed my underwear today,
I haven't washed my socks since last weekend,
I recently did tear my skirt to shreds.

Pilo
No, Lillian please!
I'll wash my face.
I'll spill a bowl of apple juice, and then
There'll grow from each my earlobes plentiful fruit
And e'en from other digits... Be still!

Lillian
Exterminate your depraved, rough words,
And let me have my story... there might come
Of make unknown to those whose only love
Were filled in; some far-famed
Such as the sage Italian master-cork
Casanova, or... or... or... or... or... or... or...
Oh! Is this pen? Oh, joyous lord and goddess!

She embraces Pilo.

Pilo
Sweet Maid! They began chivalry by torture and
Their path turned by torture and left resides upon my own
of mine a little! This shallow creed, I pray
Shall not more suit the entombing of the day
In which the sun and the hours are now
all mooted! In vain, so jaded and drawn this
I would equivocate...

Lillian:
But not to me!

...They quitted maiden, born to seek the sky
And pavas care for symphonies pudding fares
Beyond the cares of worldly well-filled things.
Oh, then were access of my joy increase
To spurn the youthful remembrances of lust
And crave the more modest enjoyed, once.

She leaps on to Pilo in fond embrace, almost conning him
We can not bend to the heavens above, but continue almost
To be crushed, till we should stumble in lard...
HARRIS: What! So love of which the poets tell
Then manifested in two boding forms
Procrastinated 'tis death of passion's pulse
As when the murder, in the redding mire,
Both leap from flaming reed to the setting skies
To sing, as when the wind's delight play
Above the happy harvest of hope
As when...

POLO: Good sir, what seek you in these parts?

HARRIS (Pointing to WILL): The same as you in those, I greatly doubt.

POLO: What sticks shall stick without the brush and broom!

WILL: Oh's wake, how do ye thus
Ahme me, dearer I do, when I love
More than the bright the day, the sun the earth
The rain the sea, or dog the fearful cat
While thinks the sturdy oak as when the fitchew
Fits his coadpiece wrong and exclaims
All human gods...

POLO: Does your best, you sir, go! Beyond!

WILL: Where I this, would do comfort in my care

HARRIS: Sir, I do bid seek my broom; but if
You'll tell me where to find it, I shall go
Quite ended, if not by head
But by foreknowledge of the future part
To know the way to journey and at last.

Stamps off. M.P. & L. resume their mutual embrace.
Now as the rays of yonder Phoebus I feel
The sap of death pour my limbs to colder shades
Than ever I've undertaken in the past.
I must seek out the king and of Aegaeon
Demand to know the fate, dread though it be.
O poor, o pitied face, o symphonic breasts
O composed neck, o eyes like pomegranate sapynce three
Or jaw, (so bright they burned). That she was raped
I know, yet can't believe it, for you see.
I cannot ...

Enter PUTRESCO & MERCHANT with two guards.

PUTRESCO: So this the night, the whom we must arrest
By order of our leader. (They all bow twice) When we reach

MERCHANT: Aye, Putresco. This is he, this Carybdis
Who for this seventh crime shall now share
The wreaths of chains and fetters. Seize this man!

CARYBDIS is seized and bound by the guards.

CARYBDIS: Guards, merchants, gentlemen, bend me your limbs
I cannot walk or fly within these bounds
Imposed I must know nor why nor by whose wish
To remain within the bounds of wretched goals
And these of infancy and crime, it seems to me ...
Indeed, I know not what it seems ...

PUTRESCO: Be seated.

Your crimes are not upon this earth (Putresco, one sink). Now hear:

"The mighty Carybdis, son of Aegaeon Polo
So by the majesty of all the earth
Who rules the planets as the other sun
And all within the seven ages' command
As by commandment of some higher king
That holds mayhap his sway on far-off shores
And by dreamed power over this land
Summoned to be, whereby he dwell, sought out
With chain and angled bound by legal force

Whoever forsook his home, what fate awaits them have to take
To hold his body decored and arrowed..."
And brought before his majesty the king in whatever climate, whet ever day, or neath the plural ice of some foul sea, willy drowned, in whatsoever hue, or gale, of wind or of rain, as luminous as the rising moon, whose pallor ape the long-nov sailor's god

Beyond the far horizon, thus it is deemed
That he shall come on ruffled, lashing knee,
On whatsoever join, Atlantic, while

... May scarce sustain his weight, that he should come from above, he cares not, whether still we more,
His caring now is by the king ordained.

The 2 guards swear

MERCHANT: Weak knees! (takes hold of Cargos)

But think not to escape, cargo!

It cannot do thee anything but harm.

I know they plans —

To do we all —

— +, if,

The slopes are higher now than before,
Their loan, un-borrowed, were greater.

— Yes

— Then will

— Then we

— Then aye, I beg...

MERCHANT: Not so! The cargo waits.

Our haste is well rewarded.

(Aside working guards)

Seize on his man!

The goods we lost at sea, his crimes are

No less than those that Neptune offered up

To kings unbridled. This bitter cup, I'll fill,

Cargos is led off by the guards. Not a MERCHANT follow.
Scene VII

Meg. & Uly. int. woodly clime the shaft. The beam is being loaded.

Regulata: That subject hies it apace; how shall we
Whose only aim was us to circumvent
In sleepless night?

Usquebaugh: So, here the wrangle comes—
He of the errant steed, whose only grace
Is subtlety of limb and not the mind—
No — look my lord.

Bosun: Why yes, dull then my head!
Were you one tenth so beauteous as your peer
The base Moresca, caired & vanquished brave
Matched, smirched, cast in Byron's love
As were the sirens of that tranquil sea
Feed with despair painted on the sands
Which lit the way to hell...

Usquebaugh: Pray listen me!
I have a paper here; fresh published;
Shew!

Bosun: (They know not yet: I'll burn it in the gleam
Of yonder fire: then shall the embers flare
Though think it were some incandescence dog
As hounds the moor about) I'd see this tome!
When do the bulk of barrels, so appraise,
What is't?

Usq.: It were the "Rude Commercial Press"

Bosun: The famous columns wherein thin to seen
That ought of treachery be now disclosed
"These houses of crime forgot"

Usq.: Exit

Bosun: Keep
I'll allay my anger he should not away
Though you, in pleading, should be care to stay.
Enter Putresco & Harris

Putresco: My friend, in honour let me shake thy hand
As measure of an eightfold ambition.
That hasted did my father crave of you,
My anger to allay. It recked me much
That trouble did ye arise. Now thanks to you
His wrath is gone again.

Harris: As I am me
That knows his trade of usefulness to men.
Thus was I,

Putresco: Bravely said it.

Harris: But see! I have not done this thing for nothing.

Putresco: No doubt—thine praise reward behoves
your deed is but its own reward.

Harris: No, but
The three parts we have gained, let 2 are yours.
I crave the other, although its nature is not
Such a might linger on thine inebriate's tongue
Or any other mouth of my acquaintance.

Knave! thou calls me bud

Putresco: Aye, bud thereat.

Harris: And I should crave thee stand, cudgels be shewn.
Aye, words I'll use! hurc thou, a child's delight!
Child, you say? Then you shall feel the blade
And if you.

Putresco: But Putresco, now is caught

Harris: And Schiller & Cagliostro (tehens saw!) I
For how, if not by might alone, did I
Come here? 'Twas not by bag or foot, indeed
But by the very pogo-stick of him
Whose bearing we so sought, in seeking our.
Scene IX

Polo & Lillian are discovered in a boudoir. Lillian is asleep on an enormous bed. Polo is standing over her with a candle and a knife.

Polo: The hour is come for promises' fulfillment
This phizic but fittingly sickly bed
Torments still poor Lillian's brain. In love,
In midnight's sweet obscurity I'll go
Though pies I'd staid to hatchard's healing set
That sordid nothings may be happily gleaned
From stubborn fields.

Lillian: (drowsily) Oh, ... Sh ... Sh.
My conscience - my ambition - Macaw
Belike the burden of some wakened sage
Aha! a premonition.

Polo: See, she stirs
As now the coming of the witching hour
Burns gold quite softly & slow glowing grate
A penny, a hundred. for the same.
And now put out the light, that darkness hide
Her sweet embalmed fragrance, that her days'
Uniting be it sweet气味. Good night my love.
Sweedles her with a willow.

A loud cracking of skull. Then an awesome silence in which
One clap of wood can be heard.

Polo: Any's done, for better or for worse
To hang to rail the anger of my verse.
(He sighs resignedly, sits upon the edge of the bed, or begins weeping
profusely. After a bit he stops).

How Lillian lacking, should tomorrow night
Be sweeter than the others? And how shall I...
Poor way up the kindly care, in lovely soil
As if to expiate our former selves
From these our blanched faces on the field
Of mortal span; what unexpurgated woes
Betide us before the real smelt?
This night shall carry with it many deeds.
See: my hands are bloodied yet by her
Which now shall play no more about my fate.
She steal my love steal my task, & I, it seem...
(He gazes fondly at the smashed pate of Lillian,
then gets up & walks to the window)

This darkening solitude were less than well
Now! & evil were! Oh, here & just
Without at least a moment's hesitation
All my goods within this chamber.
Consign'd, as doth the shepherd send his sheep
Any other balance finds them sailing; sick,
But praised; whole, but heavy, hate and live.
Their greater powers should thrive apace, and so
Should ever mine, their several selves.

(Bell holds)

Silence.

These silences of night are such that men
May find betimes unsilenced in the mind
Their beloved selves. A mindless sea, typeword
by reckless mariners of weed, in calm
Their wetted decks with melted pitch. And I
Should even as the filthy sea-now wend
twist pile & 'quick's ness. Aye, compass mad,
And crazed by sense of mindless, and wants
My brainseared by the cold ring...
Apološia:

Oh, that now a candle cocked my egg
In a candlestick, burning a to scorch
The numbness of the cold expires away
And soon his very tail shall come alive
As little latches open hourly at a time
To set his strain upon some heavy stone
Placed next his husk by kindly human gods
Their luring remnants to abuse. Without
In lively frolicking he'll ease my lot
An abode brother; Now my bus awaits
To take me far away, to deserted shores
Where I shall dig a sandy grave.

(paused away from the window & looks towards the bed)

Lillian!

(paused in which nothing happens)

Lillian: art thou really gone? That too
Absorbed by wonder dry, thy lucid blood
Sucked thy moon's destructive Tongue; and gone?
Love, like an ailing worm, now calls about
My slow neck. O Lillian I shall die
O when am a man; thy body, quaint + stiff
Shall foster where I even now both lie
And I by it as it by me and you
My still repose: Come, quickly-return'd night
And ease my failing limbs. Unload me guilt
With winning, curing, revives too, calamity
And barb'rous formalism; may the sun
Burn out my panceons. O Lillian!
My lily, show into what airy fields
My first stay, my love shall be the pipe
This dying sound saved to be now in death my solace
Sloped, but never damaged. And thus I end
(bell below). (The uprooted graft, yes he can dead)
Scene V

A hallowed court, bated. All in shoes are here, the frown on the fall.

Tollemach: Call us Justice Steptoe; be he brought! To exercise his wisdom in this court.
(pause, echo. Silence)

Boosum: Our 'ere a stand, a summer him again.

Tollemach: Sir Justice Steptoe shall come at once!
(silence)

Boosum: 'Tis off, the nether Judges come no whit.

Picardo: Then I suggest we shun them, as they use to feast on apples from my nether cart.

To dispense justice as the chemical pills to folk who ail...

Merchant: As the woman once I loved

Picardo: No more talk! Let us.

They plague us yet, the spectral mammaroons,
The buzzing vector, scutless, cuddled, rank.
Best always green is...

Merchant: Silence! Let's begin.

The processes of law, though judgeless yet-

Against Callisto, a by field knees.

Picardo: Callisto! not yet hence. Let him be brought.

Merchant: Be still! How pleased thou, Ode, or O'instead ye?

Merchant: I say he is not here. Be still, I say.

Tollemach: That utter inane burblings to the sky.

Their footesteps being unsounded and sound

To hate the sky with sepulchres' sound.

Merchant: We shall not die.

Picardo: We love thee, law! Callisto.

We should not... No! Where is he gone? Where?
Can his fair visage be espoused? Whereby
his presence felt? What man know well his footstep?
or else his footprint?

Trolleyman
That I know full well
Tis shayed time (gestures) – he smell’d like a ball!
His rings! When he walks, ...

Mercant
No man more stealthy ever trod on loan
than thee, Cheybob...

Trolleyman
The night has vanished...

Purcleco
Nonsense! In my case
Is Caglyb, but also I know not where.

Schiller
The fools here cast me from theirichert homes.
Wheres the if they wortly worn espoused...

Purcleco
Shunt him up!

Schei
You sir. Schiller, shall you strew your gallard

Mercant
Age, Shunt his very mouth

Purcleco
But, you sir. Schiller, shall you strew your gallard

Henchman
Forget your rambling head, Purcleco, shun
thy vicious tongue.

Purcleco
Be still! It is a rare

Men.
Designed by one of evil turn of mind
to daze my soul with rhetoric uncasked.
Merchant: Yet he were never summoned by the Turk
Nor by any man or bread save him
Who all joy we combine in speaking of
By David Giffen, who his needle clung to yore!
By the sacred breasts of her fairAmong
It shall not, nay it could not, have been true
By Yella, patent saved to all fast burn
Upon the eightfold world at the start of time
By all the seven frogs, that Heron ate
Impulse for his [illegible]

Bosun
My patience too long!
You'll eat it as a winter horse his stumped
And even then you'll not be silent long
As 'tis before (exit)

Merchant
This double-dealing talk
Is less than not confusing. 'Tis confused.
Suppose!' my defense and in every eye
Shall conjure quiet subservience. Suppose!

Bosun
You'll be silenced, contented if you would...would... (he falls prey to Harris' hypnotic powers) Would what? my trusty kneebe?

Harris
Petrarch: Cease your powers, Harris, friend!
(Turns and rushes with a dagger)

Merchant
Take that!

Petrarch
Assuredly!

Merchant
His bride? How so?

Petrarch
My mistress is his wife. These eighty hours
HUSBAND IN ALL

Petrarch
This maid in eagled can not be lead her straight
(May is suspected to be strangled by Petrarch's carned off by the beacons)
Petruchio: "Fie, fie; an admirable man For now the regal dalliance, and such Can all he lack as me? Do shall require? Who shall allow confusion to live here?"

Petruchio: "Would it were one of solid uprightness+ durable, as is ascetics.

Age!

But where in all this throning were such as that?

Angelo: Thanks for the persons here below are not The ones most wholesome for this burnish task.

Then think, valiant merchant, of those shrews who plies his honest treachery o'er the waves In Pelion's, in Hecuba's search Shall be the same. Take them other word.

Age, well.

Merchant: "Good friends, what foolishness I ask is this?"

The judges shuns, yet, as said, 'pro fide djuce'...

Or, equally, as said of old, "illuc...

pro conditio" which is introduced again

As "Mene Mene Tekel, uophhis"

Which is again "thy stories of come forget!"

And thus, you see, I am indeed less fit

Then were the sage geometers of old

But nonetheless, this past fall take for you

At se, I saw. This shew I have prepared

He breaks a dumbe as shound, so before, save that it now appears clear that it

Besides the several Errors I hangen a subsequent few manage do Cyprians.

Schiller: (Screaming wildly) "Fie! and age again, Cyprian Cyprians

Who stole her from me, from me and me alone

by past my wife. Oh, Cyprian and I not! (Scream

How to be restrained)"

Servant: "Let all highand happenings retire!

(He and guards lead Schiller off wildly bound)"
Mered. (cont.)

This crime, I say, would fill a weighty tone
With blackened pages. Cambell shall not escape
The vengeful wrath of us assembled here.
He claims is. He claims me in, I think.
This much is unfounded, but as yet
If all the world could not combine to say:
"'Tis true," then accusation were's good
Were less than this, "Non sequitur, he is!"

(HOBSON: 

I see, my friends, you are disturbed by this
Be not thus! The sentence shall be held
In blood, breathed tissues of Peking.
As is ruled in Ternado's great domain.
Illegal: Here the honest charge is set.
"The wight Cambell, be he whole or sick,
Fosters he in limbs, or joint in head
in personas...

This is a long trade!

Arent steel men or have their silenced. More!

Rebuked, Cambell: "Hereby is hindered from his going hence
or going to another, like changelings from heaven,
or as the...."

Cut out these similes! I tire ...

You, my boy, be still! ... or as the Res.

Who brute full eighty leagues to find his home
Revealed by sage murmurers quite above.

In this the populace have pledged their word.

Thus Cambell, who shall do the leather boot

Disclose this trait too made with breaks ashamed
To all who would copy it: thus revealed.

Their guilt, "In words of Erin" we shun thee quive!"

(Appaloo)

Voice: II

Petrarch (to Servant)

Muddle

Boy: 

March!
AURELIO: Be he speeded yet from this our height?
Or no, I care no little. Pray, who cards tea?
I have within my bosom a festive board
Of wholesomeness as yet unblest. Pray who
Shall feast? My gullion, shuttered, be a bench
Whereon the detection populous may sit
And stuff their pleasant visages with food
Commines I cause, to fill the tea
Is all I want: the rest I leave to thee
And I'll acquaint myself with this good play
As my flat again: my business ends
At the cock's fifth crowing, time indeed to eat

ERNEST CANYBD: Any what? this changing up and down? And why?

RENEGADE: Thus standst' remain! But, matters not! we're still,
To taste PUTRESCO's fare: tea, buns & cake

CANYBD: May I come, too?

ATHE: Good old CANYBD! Why, yes!

PUTRESCO: Love your apples?

CANYBD: Age.

PUTRESCO: There's plenty more whence they came!

CANYBD: Age, then let's be gone to meet the bus
And swallow o'er in PUTRESCO's fare.

[Exeunt omnes, per caminum illuc, non hae procrasti
nenda, aut esse, semper paravit, non est mortuum]
ENTER CHORUS, in a tall white gown.
CARBYDIS: My 'cello is to break
SCHILLER: then give it me!

CARBYDIS: Why then a harpsichord I'll bring abune
The stage, and play a sombre funeral strain
To wake the sheeted dead, in which the life
Of parents three

HARRIS: Before I continue!

LETHARIUS: Or octaves in phrases deep in wine...

POLO: Come, fragment, let's go to love elsewhere! (EXIT P. & L.)

CARBYDIS: They shun us! Well-a let us dance apace
We seek them not a sweeten hour of love
When we in random dancing can digest
Our several limbs. Come music, music too!

SCHILLER: Call on the trumpet and the mellow drum!

POLO: It the conductor can do his initial duty.

TROLLHEIMAN: Great gods, woe to Treblinka or Wutha.
Yould let's go, I'll enervate your eager teeth
You need your roses, exult in your ends
Of tunes with plates, of wine with ruby floods
Of chevets rose with scores ... But wherefore thee? (All are weeping
offstage)

LITHAUS: God's iver! Sadly haunteth this stage
James unwashed, clothing kings to arrive
To avenger of the bundled blood of those

Who King? (EXIT) Thus leaves the stage quite clear for me

'Tul's teleprinter! What do I espy
Hatched high on every branch, in the sky
Catch my sound or long intellect percuss
Dribble driblet and the winds
Defenestrate! Reverbate in Poland

Destroy the hills to reinforce theoland!
Scene: a small, shabby room. The room is lit by a single candle. WISHBONE is seated at a desk.

WISHBONE: My weary fader, I summon not the fader
Of passing succulence; no, neither wish
To do so any longer. But, unless
The flame of aspiration dries my hope,
Until you single ray of light aspire
Which, I predict, in minutes has shall be.
For, were it longer, then the end of youth
Should to the sea and yellow changed be.

(flicking through book) The history of the world is herein bound
And, abides the light of life more sooner gutter
Then does my sample with a then all is lost.

He gets up a piece about.

Oh, if I could but escape from this dark cell
to clad the world with my great thoughts and deeds.
Then would the stage that was drop and rack the globe
be eightfold increased in one swift stroke,
I'd set my fire to the sea to flood the land
And raise up mighty mountains on the plains
I'd cast the mighty flames into the desolate
between some bread for greedy snare
The which I'd season with Saharan's sands.
The world shall be my ledger, I'll pickle the sky
With wine geysers; then I'll fry the steppers
But no! To let. I am trapped and dying
I must not dream my final hours away
I must write my will I leave to those
I love, my dream, to those I hope my horse
And those to whom I am indifferent
Shall each receive a piece of annul leaf.
And now my problems solved, my life shall end.

Yet no! One more thing must I do before
I muffle up this short-lived coal, I must
feed the embers, come pretty, pretty, hop!
A Festering halibut upon the plate
I'll garnish with asparagus and sage
And poisoned lettuce. When the dead you'll die
And they who haunt the towers they shall fly.
(The light gutter and dies)