A Comedy, interspersed with Music, called

INKLE AND VARIOUS

Derived from the play by George Colman, the younger

by Wilford Leech

Overture and accompaniments by Dr. Arnold, newly arranged by Donald Paschke.
The story of Inkle and Yarico did not arise solely from the imagination of an anecdotist, although in expanded form it was apparently the first work of fiction with its setting on the mainland of America. A real Yarico did exist according to the traveller, Lignon, who first mentioned her on the fifty-fifth page of his True and Exact History of the Islands of the Barbadoes published 1657. The story in anecdote form appeared in the London Spectator for 13 March, 1711, and following its publication there was scarcely a more popular subject for poem, story, play, or poetic epistle. The version upon which the present script is based was first performed at the Haymarket, London, 1787. With its exotic setting and delightful music it was a favorite for nearly fifty years, especially during the period of strong anti-slavery sentiment of the 1790's.
Cast of Characters

King Hatooca,
Prince Starlight,
Minensa,
Governor Curry,
Mr. Medium,
Campbell,
Planter,
Captain Duvedot,
Sailor,
TRUDGE,
and INKLE.

Narcissa,
Patty,
Mrs. Mowitzer,
Mrs. Meadows,
Queen Matocka,
Aspic,
TOWSKI,
and YARICO.

Savages, Planters, and others.

Scene — The Tropical Forests of Virginia, on the Main of America; and, the Bay of the port of the Barbadoes Islands.
PRODUCTION NOTE:

The arrangements of Dr. Arnold's score are designed for three instruments: one keyboard instrument, one high instrument, one middle-ranged instrument. Any number of combinations of instrument are possible: harpsichord, or tack-piano, flute, and bassoon or cello, etc.

None of the music is especially difficult. The middle-range (or bass) part is exceedingly simple, with the keyboard and flute (or substitute) carrying the bulk of the effects.

A tack-piano may be used in place of the harpsichord with equal effect, producing a sound something like a cymbalum. The traditional technique, employed for such pieces as the Stravinsky Renard, is to place a metal thumb tack on the felt tip of each of the piano hammers. This has no ill-effects on the instrument.

Indians should be dressed in modifications of 19th century English dress rather than anything authentically American. The settings — especially the first-act jungle — should be in the vein of Rousseau.
Act I - Scene 1

(Chandeliers on forestage are lit during overture. On curtain is Navigator's map of New World. This is drawn at the end of overture to disclose overgrown tropical jungle, filled with strange and forbidding vegetation and animals. Birds twitter.

Presently from off a voice calls: "Hi—leeee—ooooo—oo", echoed by another going "hoooo—laaaaaaa, helllllloooooo!" Birds chatter noisily, then are silent as if they have flown away, or sit silently watching.

Enter, Mr. MEDIUM, a man of middle age, moderate in height, speech and character as well as dress. He is followed by TRUDGE, a young man of about nineteen, in clothing so ill-fitting that they can only be his master's cast-off clothing.)

No use . . . .

(Calling off right)

Oh, Master Inkle!

MEDIUM

TRUDGE

There's no use call . . .

(Calling off left)

Heelllllloooooo!

MEDIUM

TRUDGE

There's no use....

(Calling out front)

Hi-hoooooo, oh, Master INKULLLLLLL!

MEDIUM

TRUDGE

(Waiting to make sure there is silence.)

No use calling after him lad, that one won't hudge a bit faster.

(Coming down forward, swatting irritably.)

Plague on these gnats! Here we are — you, Trudge, and me, Mr. Peter Medium, travelers on the Ship Moontide, Englishmen both, late of London and Bristol respectively — here we are in the wilds of that most unchristian wilderness, America.

(A fierce, honking noise from off. In terror TRUDGE grabs MEDIUM around the legs).

TRUDGE

I need no reminding that I am not among the gray birds and chrysanthemum flowers of my dear own Threadneedle Street, when at any moment I may become the fricacee at some cannibal supper.

(Calling into bushes)

Hillio — no — hillooooc —

MEDIUM

Hold your tongue there, blockhead. Not so loud.
TRUDGE

But lud, sir, if my master makes no more haste we shall be put to the sword by the knives of the natives hereabouts before we can return to the ship. I'm told they take off heads like hats and hang them on pegs in their parlors.

MEDIUM

You give them credit for more enlightenment than they have, Trudge. They haven't even got parlors! They live in hairy tents of skins, or in open caves, sleeping amid bats, scorpions, gnats and earwigs. A most unfastidious race.

TRUDGE

(Calling)

Heeellllllllllllllll!! Oh, Mr. Inkle! Mister Inkulllllll!!

MEDIUM

(Touching TRUDGE, who falls back in terror with fists up).

Shhhhh, boy, be quiet will you? Your bawling is enough to bring all the natives rushing upon us, and we shall be stript and plundered in a moment.

TRUDGE

Aye, stripping is the first thing that would happen to us for sure. They seem to be woefully off for a wardrobe. I myself saw three at a distance, with less clothes on than I have when I get out of bed — all dancing about in black ruffs just like Adam in mourning.

MEDIUM

Oh how did I allow your master, Inkle, my nephew, to lead me into this? Always a scheme in mind — nothing else but profit in view could have induced him to quit our foraging party from the ship Moontide to explore on his own when he knows full well that every inhabitant of this forsaken place is a blood-thirsty savage with no proper sense of restraint or moderation.

TRUDGE

Inkle — Hiho — INKULLLLLLLLL!!

(An APE scream from off)

Mercy on us! What's that?

MEDIUM

Now you've brought them for sure. They're looking for us.

TRUDGE

(Urgently whispering into the bushes.)

Oh, Inkle, Please, Mr. Inkle, we have to go now!

MEDIUM

Come on man. The captain is impatient to pull away and will leave us. We've got to think of ourselves. Leave him! And let us get back to the ship while we can.

(Noises, followed by BIRD CALLS, and honking.)

TRUDGE

No, I can't leave, Master Inkle. Who'd mend his pants if he tore them on a thorn bush, or who'd keep the mud cleaned off his boots?
Lad, you're not too smart. Think of your own skin, as we would do.

But . . .

(Sound of a VOICE from off.)

Mark!

(in terror THEY hide).

(Enter INKLE with account book and quill in hand calculating out loud. HE is dressed as a prosperous, but moderate, cold, business-man.)

Well, here you are at last, nephew Inkle.

(INKLE puts up his hand to silence him, and continues to count and make marks in his book, finally carefully putting the quill in place and closing it).

Now, uncle?

Where have you been? We must get back to the ship.

Heavens be praised, it's Inkle!

Naturally uncle, I haven't been gone for mere pleasure you may be sure. I have advantage in view, trying here to make discoveries that may promote my profit in England.

Your father has raised you with a proper eye to the accounts, I must say, my boy. You'll go far.

For example, I found this solid gold medallion here with a cut diamond in the middle. Since the natives fancy these only as worthless ornament, and are not far enough advanced to appreciate them at their real worth, can you imagine what a trade might be contrived in this country?

Trade with cannibals! Sounded man, one would think by your confounded composure that you were walking in St. James Park instead of an American forest, and that all the beasts were nothing but good company, the hollow trees, sentry boxes, and the lions in them, soldiers; the leopards, courtiers, and the crocodiles, fine women.

I was occupied.

Why you're the carefreest company in the whole city, I must say . . . never losing sight of the main chance. That's the reason, perhaps, you lost sight of us here on the main of America.
(Delighted)
Yes! My master's arithmetic has been the reason for the division!
(THEY ignore him).

MEDIUM
I can imagine no mighty scheme that would tempt me to employ my head
when I could better make use of my heels.
INKLE
Now what do you think of that, Trudge?
TRUDGE
Think of what?
INKLE
A pretty doctrine, isn't it?
TRUDGE
A pretty doctrine.
INKLE
Do you think I travel here merely for motion? Indeed, sir, you are an
uncle of my mother's family, not that of my father, or you could not
suggest such an expensive plan for a trader. Why, you'd have a man of
business come abroad, scamper extravagantly here and there and everywhere
and then return home and have nothing to tell but that he has been
here or there and everywhere.

TRUDGE
Lord forbid.
(Helpfully).
INKLE
Travelling, uncle, was always intended for improvement; and improvement
is an advantage; and advantage is profit, and profit is gain. Which in
the traveling translation of a trader means that you should always
gain every advantage of improving your profit. I have, for example,
been examining the soil here.

INKLE
And you find it like a good deal of lead in our own country, I've no doubt.

INKLE
... And calculating how much it might be made to produce by the acre. I
was proceeding algebraically and was just about to extract the square
root — but now, I'm completely thrown off the numbers.

TRUDGE
Do it again. I'd like to hear that, Mr. Inkle.

INKLE
Later, Trudge. For now try to do something about these gnats. They seem
to be attracted to my shaving lotion.

TRUDGE
Yes, sir.
(Delighted to have something to do, he fans away the gnats
vigorously.)
INKLE
I was thinking; too, uncle, if so many natives could be caught, how
much they might fetch at the West Indian slave markets.

MEDIUM

(Wearily)
Ah, Inkle, Inkle, my young cannibal catcher, may I ask you a question
or two.

INKLE
Certainly.

MEDIUM
Aren't we bound for the Barbadoes; partly to trade but chiefly to
carry off the daughter of the governor of that island, Sir Christopher
Curry.

INKLE
Granted.

MEDIUM
And isn't it determined between the old folks that you are to marry
this girl, Narcissa, as soon as we get there?

INKLE
A fixed and profitable thing. Once married, the wedding will bring
together the governing family of the largest West Indian port and
my family firm.

MEDIUM
Then why the devil do you loiter here? Who knows but instead of
sailing to a wedding, we may get cut up here instead for some wedding
dinner.

(Sudden NOISE. THEY JUMP)

TRUDGE
It's Captain Duvedot.

(Enter the CAPTAIN impatiently)

CAPTAIN
There you are, Mr. Medium, Inkle. We must weigh at once. This way
to the river.

MEDIUM
Young Inkle has been out for a stroll, Captain Duvedot.

CAPTAIN
A stroll! My men have been searching these woods for two hours now
looking for him. We've got to get away from where while we can.

(Enter a SAILOR; shot all through with arrows.)

SAILOR
Captain, captain! We've been . . .
CAPTAIN

Do you forget to salute, sailor?
(The SAILOR salutes. CAPTAIN BUVEDET returns it smartly)

Box that cap and get it straight on your head.

SAILOR

Aye, aye.

(Squares his hat, and perches it on an arrow on his head. Salutes again.)

CAPTAIN

Now, what is it?

SAILOR

Captain Buvedot, sir, we were loading fresh water from a spring, sir, when suddenly we were set upon by a savage band armed with spears and arrows. Some were shot, some got away, and now we are all fleeing to the ship. Hurry!

CAPTAIN

Let's go . . . !

(They all start in the wrong direction, and then are gone. INKLE holds TRUDGE back by his coattail.)

INKLE

Wait Trudge. Those savages may be hiding.

TRUDGE

But the ship is only a short way down there.

INKLE

We must be properly cautious. Be circumspect always in life and business, Trudge, and you'll go far.

TRUDGE

Right now I'm altogether gone too far as it is from my snug bed on Thread-needle street.

INKLE

Get up, Trudge. Now tell me: just how far is it to the ship?

TRUDGE

I'll run and see —

(Starts to run off but INKLE holds him back again by his coattail)

INKLE

Blockhead, come here. Didn't you hear him? The savages are close on us. We shall scarce be able to recover our party at the ship. Get behind this raft of trees with me; they'll pass us, and then we may recover the ship in safety.

(They hide behind trees. VERMILLION NATIVES in gold-orange, black, and green war paint appear. They argue briefly in native talk about the proper direction, going off wildly. The last turns back and growls fiercely.)
(From off)

Trudge.

Sir?

Inkle

Are they gone by?

Trudge

Won't you look and see?

Inkle

(Peering out).

Ah. So all is safe at last.

(Coming forward, laughing; pleased with himself)

Nothing like policy in these cases, but you'd have run like a booby! A tree, I fancy, you'll find in the future is the best resource in a hot pursuit.

Trudge

(Looking off)

True, Mr. Inkle. But Mr. Medium and the Captain, however, have run on like a couple of boobies and have gotten to the ship by now. What are we to do next, sir?

(Ship passes across the rear.)

Inkle

Well first check through those trees there. Scream if anything finds you.

Trudge

All right.

(Looks off.)

Inkle

Well, is the coast clear?

Trudge

Oh sir, it's clear; too clear I promise you. The ship is under sail sir!

Inkle

Confusion! All of my property carried off in that vessel!

Trudge

All of your property except for me, sir.

Inkle

They may report me dead and dispose of my property at the next island.

(Gun shot from off)

Trudge

A canon. There they go. That will be the last report we'll ever hear of them I fear. That's as to say goodbye.
INKLE
What an ill-timed accident, just when my speedy union with Narcissa at the Barbadoes would so much advance my profit. We must hit on something and speedily. Let me think.

TRUDGE
I'm sure you'll think of something because you have such a good mind, Mr. Inkle.

(Coming forward)
But what I would not give now to be perched upon my little old high stool on Threadneedle street with your brown desk squeezed into the pit of my stomach.

(MUSIC has started. Sings)
A voyage o'er seas had not entered my head,
Hyd I known but on which side to butter my bread.

High-ho
Sure I
For hunger
Shall die!
I've sailed like a booby,
Come here in a squall,
Where alas,
There's no bread to be buttered at all
Oh, ho!
I'm a terrible booby,
Oh, ho!

Oh—what a sad booby am I!

In London what gay chop-house signs in the street,
but the only sign here is of nothing to eat.

High-ho
that I
For hunger
Should die!
My sheep's all lost,
I'm a poor starving elf,
And for all the world
Like a lost lamb myself
Oh, ho!
I shall die a lost lamb,
Oh, ho!

Oh—what a lost mutton am I!

INKLE
Well, now night is coming on us for sure.

TRUDGE
(Pointing)
Aye, see moorhen and mallard flying to their roost, and here we are with no place of our own.

(A SIIIEEK in the jungle. TRUDGE jumps.)

What was that?
An animal.

(Clearing a place).

Come Trudge, let's make us a place to sleep. Tomorrow we shall want to go exploring.

TRUDGE

You really don't think I'm going to be able to sleep do you?

INKLE

Come, sit down.

TRUDGE

Take my jacket, Master Inkle, for your head.

INKLE

Thank you.

(TRUDGE tucks it under)

Fold it a bit differently. The buttons catch me badly.

(TRUDGE does so.)

TRUDGE

(Sitting on a small handkerchief he has taken from his pocket and carefully put into place)

Now tell me the plan you have thought of to get us away from here.

INKLE

Well, I haven't quite thought of one yet.

TRUDGE

Oh, I guess it will take time.

(After a moment)

You will think of something, won't you, Mr. Inkle?

INKLE

Of course.

TRUDGE

I'm sure you would. Now, why don't you multiply, so that I can think I'm home again?

INKLE

Why man, you're trembling. Are you cold?

TRUDGE

No, I don't think so.

INKLE

Let's see: five times six is thirty, five times seven is thirty-five —

(Loud boasting from off)

TRUDGE

would you make it larger numbers?
INKELE

Six times twelve is seventy-two. Seven times twelve is eighty-four. Eight times twelve is ninety-six . . .

(TRUDGE starts to put his head down, curling up to sleep. There is the sudden fierce LAUGHTER of animals. TRUDGE sits up hastily.)

TRUDGE
Maybe pounds and shillings would be more comforting.

INKELE

Three pence times six pence is shilling six times five guineas is five pounds eleven . . .

(BIRD CALLS and RONKING from off)

Five pounds eleven times eight pounds is forty pounds, seventeen shillings, four. Forty pounds, seventeen shillings, four times twelve pounds six is . . .

(A NIGHTINGALE begins to sing and the CURTAIN closes slowly as INKELE continues to count.)
Act I - Scene 2

(CURTAIN opens on a large blue canopy-type tepee with white furry spots and trimmed in feathers. It is suspended on a hoop and rope from high above. At present it is closed. The same drop as before is used for the surrounding grotto.

Enter INKLE, followed by TRUDGE, from the forward entrances.)

TRUDGE
Well sir — Inkle, sir — I don’t think we’d better go any further.

INKLE
So far, we’ve been safe, Trudge.
(Crowing from off)
Here there, some wild rooster crowing. It’s just now daybreak and surely none of the savages will be out of bed at this hour. Bear in mind they’re an uncivilized race, not up as our people are and about their business.

TRUDGE
Well, I hope they’re not, sir.

INKLE
Just see this grotto where we are now. Look at this savage elegance — blue ermine skins. And look here on the ground — why, these ornaments would fetch a good price in London. Take off your shirt to make a bag.

TRUDGE
My shirt, sir?

INKLE
It’s warm enough. Put these others in your pocket.

TRUDGE
(Resisting)
I realize, sir, that this cloth isn’t much shield against knives and arrows, but I do think I’d feel a bit more protected if I kept my shirt on.

INKLE
Then, I’ll use mine.

TRUDGE
Oh no sir, that would be unbecoming. Suppose you should be rescued suddenly? Very well, I’ll keep my ruff though. I’d hate to be killed without being properly dressed, as it were.

INKLE
I shall buy you a new shirt when we get back to London to replace this. Why, with all the wealth from these I’ll see that you get not just my cast-off shoes, but a new pair of your own.

TRUDGE
(pleased, pulling up his pant legs and looking at his feet)
Made to my own feet?
Indeed.

Imagine!

Put these in the bag.

Now that we have these things, let's run away while we can.

Run, Trudge, when we're discovering all this treasure? Why, look at this tepee here.

If we can once get clear of these native huts we'll have little to fear in the forest for sure. From the appearance of their parlors, the Indians seem to have killed off all the beasts for miles around.

Gold. This curtain seems to lead to an inner apartment. Be ready, I'll draw it.

No, no don't . . .

Stand aside, booby. This is probably the closet where the silverware is stored. Be on guard.

(Noises from inside, like growling or snoring.)

(Covering his head)

I'm sure there's some grim seven-foot fellow ready to scalp us!

(Inkle draws the curtain. YAMICO discovered asleep on a heap of fur pillows).

By heaven . . . a woman!

A woman?

(Putting up his fists)

But let that seven-footer come on; I'm ready, damn me. I don't fear facing the devil himself.

(As if discovering the woman for the first time.)

Faith, it is a woman. Fast asleep too.

(Breathlessly)

And beautiful, beautiful as an angel. She moves — look, look . . .

(Struck)

(Awest)

Not an angel, but Eve newly risen from the red loam of the orchards of Eden.
TRUDGE
(Pulling back the other flap of the tepee).
And look, begad. There seems to be a nice little bit in the corner!
(WOSSKI flops over).

INKLE
Hush! Keep back. They may wake.
(YARICO moves. INKLE AND TRUDGE hide — INKLE behind the tepee,
and TRUDGE under one of the long ends of the tepee drape that
trails off toward the wings. YARICO sits up and stretches
herself. Comes forward, signals for music. The cock crows.
YARICO starts to comb her hair; singing.)

When the chase of day is done,
And the shaggy lion's skin
Which for us our Warriors win
Decks our tent at set of Sun
decks our tent at set of Sun
Born out with toil
With sleep oppressed
I press my mossy bed
And sink to rest,
And sink to rest.

Then once more I see our train
With all our chase renewed again
Once more this day.
Once more our prey
Gnashes his angry teeth
And foams and foams in vain
Gnashes his angry teeth,
And foams in vain;
Foams in vain;
Foams in vain.

Again in sullen haste he flies
Taken again
He lies.
Again, he roars
Again, he roars,
And in my gentle slumbers dies
Again he roars
Again he roars
And in my gentle slumbers dies
In my slumbers dies
In my slumbers dies.

Our language!

INKLE
(Tilting her head)
Mark! Wowski awake!

WOWSKI
(Jumping off the pillows and coming forward)
Yes, mum, what is it?

YARICO
Some instinct warns me of danger nearby. I was standing there by
the brook, when suddenly I heard a noise.

WOWSKI
Only the tongue of lionesses, lady, lapping water from the stream.
(Going asleep).

YARICO
No, different. Like a man's hear beating.

WOWSKI
(Suddenly alert. Thrusting in every direction.)
I have my dagger!
(As SHE points in his direction TRUDGE groans.)

YARICO
A noise! Whence can it come?
(Her nostrils quiver)
And can de cologne. I have never smelled that odor before.

WOWSKI
Look there!
(YARICO pulls back the drape, discovering TRUDGE)
A lad. See how pale in the gibbets from fear.

YARICO
Probably a wild thing from the jungle, stolen by the animals from his
mother as a babe and raised to roam the jungle with the beasts.
(TRUDGE snarls to impress them.)

WOWSKI
There now, don't be afraid.
(SHE starts to touch him)

TRUDGE
Help, Master Inkle!

YARICO
Stand back. He snarls.
(TRUDGE hastily starts to crawl away. INKLE appears)
Look! What form is this? Are you man?

INKLE
True flesh and blood my charming heathen, I promise you.
YARICO
What a harmonious voice! What a beautiful face!
(The INDIANS speak perfect — if somewhat stilted — English.
All articles are stressed.)

INKLE
(As he starts toward her, she falls back in fear)
Don't be frightened. We are Englishmen.

YARICO
Whence came you?

INKLE
England, of course.

YARICO
Where is that?

INKLE
A far distant island, lady. Across the great ocean to the East.

YARICO
You came across the water?

INKLE
On our way to the Barbadoes, but we were blown off course and then
put in the River James near here in search of food.

YARICO
The river Thames?

INKLE
River James — that is what we have named the river near here. We
discovered it.

YARICO
(Coming toward him)
Sir, do you know the dangers that surround you here? The woods are
filled with beasts of prey, or then my countrymen might kill you —
though I don't see how they could, looking upon your fair skin and
into your lovely eyes.

INKLE
How wild and beautiful you are, lady. There's magic in you and somehow,
I don't feel afraid.

YARICO
Your death is certain without my assistance, but indeed, indeed sir, you
shall not want of it.

INKLE
My kind lady!
YARICO

My grotto here must conceal you. None enter here. I will bring you food by day, then lead you to our unfrequented groves by moonlight to listen to the nightingale. If you should sleep, I'll watch you, and wake you when there's danger.

INKLE

Generous maid! Then to you, I will owe my life. But this is a curious thing — from the first moment I looked on you —

(futs his hand on his chest)

YARICO

Then, it was your heart I heard beating.

(MUSIC starts).

INKLE

Lady, I have been trained in preventing all of the natural impulses of heart and of passion. Yet, yet, something has stirred so slightly, and I know not what it is.

(Singing)

Now shall I vain fears discover,
Prove a dying, sighing swain?
Why turn shilly-shally lover
Only to prolong my pain?

Now shall I vain fears discover,
Prove a dying, sighing swain,
Now turn shilly-shally lover,
Only to prolong my pain,
Only to

prolong my pain
prolong my pain
prolong my pain.

How to woo this dear enslaver
When such as this I've never done,
How shall I obtain the favor
As the love of such a one?

How shall I obtain the favor
As the love of such a one?

Should the nymph be kind complying
Inkle then to love is lost,
Enterprise now denying,
Love I take and damn the cost!

Enterprise now denying,
Love I take and damn the cost!

YARICO

Come, let us retire further into the grotto, and I shall show you where you must live.

INKLE

First, lady, my name is Inkle.

YARICO

And mine, sir, is Yarico.

(THEY go. WOSKI and TRUDGE have been eying each other with
great interest, now make little signals to one another. Wowski comes a little closer, pretending to dance on her toes, he responds by making other gesture. Then they pretend to duel from a distance with her dagger. Wowski is delighted with the game.

**Wowski**

Well, sweet laddy, I'm glad to see you're not a beast after all.

**Trudge**

Why you speak English, too, quite as well as I do.

**Wowski**

Aye, laddy, learn it from a strange man that came from a big four-rigger many moons ago.

**Trudge**

And are you the chambermaid here?

**Wowski**

Aye, that I am.

**Trudge**

Tell me, was the stranger like me?

**Wowski**

(Peeks at him, giggling, then turns back deadpan)

Nay, laddy.

**Trudge**

Well, not so smart a body, maybe. Was his face, though, comely like mine?

**Wowski**

(Pecking and giggling, then turns back)

Nay. Like a leaf, brown and shriveled.

**Trudge**

Ah, an old shipwrecked sailor, I warrant. Hair line mine?

**Wowski**

(As before)

Nay. All white, laddy. When night come, he'd tuck it in his pocket.

**Trudge**

Oh, wore a wig? And this old sailor taught you English then?

**Wowski**

Aye, that he did.

(Giggling)

And something else, too.

**Trudge**

What was that?

**Wowski**

(with pantomime)

Teach me put dry grass in little white stick, put in mouth, go poof, poof.
(Shocked)
Sounds, did he teach a pretty little thing like you to smoke?

WOWSKI

Yeah right.

TRUDGE

A bad sort . . .
(Shaking his finger)
Sad . . .

WOWSKI

No, no . . . good. Very delicious . . .

TRUDGE

Your countrymen ate him!
(Appalled)

WOWSKI

Aye, laddy, they did.

TRUDGE

Mercy on us, what stomachs to swallow a tough old tar!
(Hugging himself)
Ah, poor Trudge, you killing comes next.

WOWSKI

(Going to him, touching him. TRUDGE jumps in fear as if stabbed.)
No . . . no, not you. I won’t let them catch you.

TRUDGE

But even suppose I’m sleeping one night and you wake, mayhap needing an
evening snack.

WOWSKI

Nay, not wowski. My lady and I eat only vegetable.

TRUDGE

Dear creature! Come to Trudge . . .
(She knocks the breath out of him, but he continues to hug her)
But what shall I do if I fall into your countryman’s paws?

WOWSKI

(Pulling out her dagger and thrusting in every direction)
I cut out their livers.

TRUDGE

For me? Ecod, you’re a brave, good-natured wench, and worth a hundred
of your English wives!

WOWSKI

Now, you, me, friends, eh?

TRUDGE

Yes indeed, friends.
(Reconsidering)
You aren’t married, I hope?
WOWSKI

(Doubling up from giggling)

Nay.

TRUDGE

Then we've close friends. It's best, however, to be sure of being single, for Indian husbands are not quite so complaisant as English ones you can bet. Why, I bet you've had many a boyfriend though, oh, Wowski?

WOWSKI

(Doubling up)

Many try to talk to me I tell you.

(MUSIC has started. Sings.)

Wampum, Swampum, Yanco, Lanko, Nanke, Powantowski
Red men — plenty — twenty — fight for me.
White man, woo you true?

TRUDGE

Who?

WOWSKI

You.

TRUDGE

Yes, my pretty little Wowski.

WOWSKI

Then I'll leave all and follow thee.

TRUDGE

Oh, then turn about my little ruddy right one!
Don't you like me?

WOWSKI

Aye, you're like the snow;
If you slight one —

TRUDGE

Never, not for any white one,
You are beautiful as any doe.

WOWSKI

Wars, jars, scars, can't expose ye,
In our grot —

TRUDGE

Oh, so snug and cosey.

WOWSKI

Flowers, neatly picked, shall sweetly,
Make your bed.

TRUDGE

Flowers, neatly picked, shall sweetly,
Make my bed.

TRUDGE

Coying, toy ing, with a rosy posey,
When I'm dossey,
Bear skin night caps too shall warm my head,
Bear skin night caps, too, shall warm my head.
Rosey posey

Snug and cosey

Neatly sweetly

Coying toying

TRUDGE AND WORSKI

Flowers neatly picked shall sweetly make your bed,

Coying toying with a rosey posey when your dosey,

Bearskin nightcap too shall warm your head

Warm your head,

Shall warm your head,

Bearskin nightcap too shall warm your head,

Bearskin nightcap too shall warm your head!

(CURTAIN closes.)