

JACK: "Evol evol, toll toll...an' dirtyverbs, and Uncle too!"

JILL: "What then?"

JACK: "He donned his hat of mad...the yawmic rose, two hundred proof of vitae vis, anaphora of merc and microcosmic anamorph, the blood of saints andso well done, in youth to moon away the time, he took all hell of Caucasus by boot and changed his wig before awe sire of Animus...well, where have you bent she says, to Limborough he says, why she says, to tickle worms from apple fathe he says! How loony logos long, it's been so lost recalled in netherdays of iron ape and living pyre...thrice, triune kwas of requiems and mammal egg...he slipt upon, one night from bucket's wall, and mum did nod!"

JILL: "Unsober goat! Westminster whytehall bum... he was!"

JACK: "Yes...I'm sure he was awful fond to frighten me with toddletales of Uncle Gob's incest. The way he prodded wound and laffed aloft the devlins you would think him mad! Stillen cowld, I long to follow eversince his Circe did lust for childs..."

Midway through the last (Jack's) text, the camera should focus on the wall where Jill is playing with shadows (her hands creating various forms, etc.) The picture cuts back & forth between the wall and Jack.

JILL: "What cowards drinking blood of saints...you're yet to tickle Pasiphae!"

JACK: "I would accuse such Peter Pans of garland Maybreath picnic Satyrdays and whirlend wee... remember how we scaled Jock's sacred limping hilt inguised as clouds...t'was wrung the trickling rhaine and laurel eyes, gnome seeping shot did scream ablouding butt and last forgave the brisk shoeshoeing breeze of..."

SUBTITLES: (Beginning in the above text, and ending before Jill says 'Tell me another!')

'c. 4000 wrings B.C.'

'A true and perfect Coppie of howtallbegan'

'Pandora's box...all thirty-three versions, rhyme unglued'

'Upon last middawnes moon...all filled with howl an' applescent, springsprung Phoenician mems of ripe'n fall from towertip upon last Solomon's night...tho'