

(cont.)

'Wrathes sea, a River Oshun wept in green'  
 'And wrapt in webs of SpiderGod'  
 'All up about'  
 'Fleshtorn...and raven doves what fyre hydes'

Shoot through the boy's eyes -- in the foreground stands the old woman, in the background sits Jill, and in the distant corner, and moving out of the picture, is Jack.

Jack's words are increasingly inaudible, and wearily drawn out -- he is falling asleep.

JACK: (Sighing wearily) "...Ane beginning a time, Humpty Dumpty and two haery childs went upt ane bearded knoll, though found half-eaten by a serpentskin maw...who'se ginger-brick house acrust the while..."

JILL: "Jack and Jill went up that hill!"

JACK: "Two childs in an haery cloud..."

JILL: "What cloud?"

JACK: "With bloud aflesh!"

JILL: " (Nervously looking at the boy, and back to Jack)...Who'se child?"

JACK: "A whitness, his father...hung." (Makes a gesture, grabbing his throat).

JILL: "...He fell an' slept!" (Mocking him.)

JACK: "Dribbledreamt...nights!"

JILL: "What dream?"

JACK: "An oylly sea aflood." (Yawning)

JILL: "Hoarse dreamts!"

Sound rush, watersounds.

JILL: "...I remember! (She starts up with childlike forcefulness and nostalgia)...that Satyrday, when Jack and Jill went up Dob Hill, when Peter Pan was Puck and all erect...I felt of whet aul serpents bare upon my skin, wrathing inner hair...amount of Thyrs the aulden wiggle spit, he did, up an eggling...raw..."

Her recollections continue as she begins fondling herself, and telling all how much she cares for raw eggs slipping down her throat -- with some impromptu. Jack has fallen (so it seems) asleep, and Murphy is watching the old woman.

The recollections (and train of thought) terminate when Jill sees Murphy go too near the stove.

JILL: "...a whet serpentskin all a shed in oyl ane squirms...astride what beast she rode, spent