

smell. I can still smell them. After thirty-six years.
The horses. Burning.

(MORSE puts her hand in BUNCE's hand, and the two of them stand watching the SNELGRAVES. This action should be a subtle, almost unconscious gesture, on both their parts.)

(End Scene Eight)

Scene Nine

(KABE outside on the street below the SNELGRAVES' window. He is half-naked and wears a pan of burning charcoal on his head. He is preaching.)

KABE: A monster, last week, was born at Oxford in the house of an Earl. His name on fear of death I do withhold. One eye in its forehead, no nose, and its two ears in the nape of its neck. And outside in the garden of that very same house, a thorn which bore five different fruits. And, good people of this city, if we must read these phenomena as signs—

SNELGRAVE: *(At the window)* Kabe.

KABE: And we must. Listen not to the liars and hypocrites—

SNELGRAVE: Did you get the quicksilver?

KABE: —for they will tell you that it is the wrath of God against an entire people, corrupt in both spirit and in heart.

(KABE stops preaching, steps back, and speaks to SNELGRAVE.)

Got it. Babel, Babylon, Sodom and Gomorrah, cow shit I tell you.

SNELGRAVE: And the walnut shell?

KABE: Had a little trouble with the walnut shell. Hazelnut is all I could come by.

SNELGRAVE: A hazelnut shell? Have you gone mad? Dr. Brooks's pamphlet specifically states that the quicksilver must be hung about the neck in a walnut shell.

KABE: With the hazelnut, only five shillings.

SNELGRAVE: You said four yesterday.

KABE: That was before the Bills went up again. *(Turns back to preach)* And I say to you if it is God's wrath, then why has He chosen Oxford for the birth of this monster?

SNELGRAVE: What about the oil and frankincense?

KABE: Because Oxford is where the Court has retired, the King and all his fancy, fawning courtiers. Because the plague— *(To SNELGRAVE)* Couldn't get any— *(Preaching)* is a Royalist phenomenon. Who dies? One simple question. *(To SNELGRAVE)* But I do have a toad. *(Preaching)* Who dies? *(To SNELGRAVE)* Not dead two hours. *(Preaching)* Is this not a poor man's plague? *(To SNELGRAVE)* Bore a hole through its head and hang it about your neck.

SNELGRAVE: What if my wife spies it?

KABE: Keep it under your shirts. Should dry out in a day or two.

SNELGRAVE: Two shillings.

KABE: Right. *(Preaching)* Go to the deepest pit near Three Nuns' Inn, if you dare, and you will see who it is that dies, their mouths open in want, the maggots moving inside their tongues, making their tongues wag as though they were about to speak. But they will never speak again in this world. The hungry. The dirty. The abandoned. That's who dies. Not the fancy and the wealthy, there's hardly a one, for they have fled, turned their back on the city. Clergymen, physicians and surgeons, all fled.

SNELGRAVE: Have you thought again about my little offer?