

wears under her skirts. She says they stay fresh down there because she's hot as the tropics.

MORSE: Get me a tangerine too.

KABE: Bring me a jewel of Mrs Snelgrave's. Anything. Just make sure the gem's hard.

MORSE: I'm not a Braithwaite anymore, you know.

KABE: And I am not a guard at your door. But if you crawl out of that window, I will kill you and sleep well this night.

MORSE: Perhaps I'll kill you first.

KABE: (*Calling*) The ninety-seven parishes within the walls: one thousand four hundred and ninety-three. Parishes on the Southwark Side: one thousand six hundred and thirty-six. (*Sings*)

We'll all meet in the grave
Then we'll all be saved.
You with your coins
Me with me scabs.
You with clean loins
Me with me crabs
We'll all meet in the grave
Then we'll all get laid down
Oh, down, deep down
(*End Scene Five*)

Scene Six

(BUNCE washes the floor with vinegar. He uses a small rag and a bucket. SNELGRAVE watches him.)

SNELGRAVE: I heard the crier this morning. The Bills have almost doubled this week. Mostly the Out Parishes of the poor. But it's moving this way. A couple of persons I know personally have died. Decent people. Good Christians on the surface. But there's the key.

On the surface. When the poor die, the beggars, it's no riddle. Look down at their faces and you'll see their bitter hearts. When the rich die, it's harder to tell why God took them; they're clean, attend the Masses, give alms. But something rotten lurks. Mark my words, Bunce. A fine set of clothes does not always attest to a fine set of morals.

(BUNCE, *wiping the floors, nears SNELGRAVE's shoes.*)

SNELGRAVE: Are you afraid, Bunce?

BUNCE: Sir?

SNELGRAVE: Are you afraid of the plague?

BUNCE: Who isn't, sir?

SNELGRAVE: It is written in the Ninety-First Psalm of the Book: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness... A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee." That doesn't mean I don't ever doubt, Bunce. I use vinegar.

BUNCE: Those are fine shoes, sir. The finest I ever saw this close up.

SNELGRAVE: Cost me as much as a silk suit. A bit tight on my corns, but real gentlemen's leather. I would wager your life, Bunce, that you'll never wear such fine shoes as these.

BUNCE: I'd wager two of my lives, if I had them.

SNELGRAVE: A little learning, Bunce: Patterns will have it that you, a poor sailor, will never wear such shoes as these. And yet, the movement of history, which is as inflexible as stone, can suddenly change. With a flick of a wrist. Or, I might say, an ankle. Watch while I demonstrate. (*He slips out of his shoes.*) Put them on, Bunce.

BUNCE: Sir?

SNELGRAVE: Put my shoes on your feet.