

**A Thousand Times Goodnight  
Sample: Act I**

**Prologue**

1 [*Enter Four or Five of the Guard, with Strega Yaga confined*]

***First Guard***

2 There set ye Sorceress, and rot 'til that  
3 Quick plummet sends thee to a snappy Fate  
4 At a Rope's end.

***Second Guard***

5 Why suffer under Law's  
6 Dry rot indulgence? Steal away we all  
7 This night upon the Gibbet, and there hang  
8 That stomach stretching Devil's Lady.

***Third Guard***

9 Peace Lads:  
10 That Witch will stumble from her Coil before  
11 The Sun hath risen: Be as your Standards,  
12 Be Firm and Silent in your Patient rights.

***Fourth Guard***

13 We suffer not a Witch to live, young Fries,  
14 And all will be reveng'd on her ere long.

***Strega Yaga***

15 Mine Ears here flutter up like Bats' Wings' Webs:  
16 Is that a Man that Councils both Patience  
17 And Mercy for a Woman's Sake? O wonders.

***First Guard***

18 Stop up her Mouth, and never let her Sing  
19 Lest she should level foul transforming Spells  
20 Upon's.

***Strega Yaga***

21 Hah!

***Second Guard***

22 Her very Syllables are Strains of Sorcery.

***Strega Yaga***

23 Foh!

***First Guard***

24 Perceive her wracking Cackle; 'tis the Badge  
25 And very Ornament of Blackest Hell.

***Third Guard***

26 Beyond all Disputation: yet she dies  
27 Upon the Morrow.

***Second Guard***

28 Slice her weezand, or  
29 She weaves a Curse upon us.

***Strega Yaga***

30 Fie, you men  
31 Of Order, Lines and clear Distinctions  
32 Are Traitors to your Gods, to thus abandon  
33 Your Wisdom and suckle at the Altar  
34 Of bold ecstatic Madness: thinkest thou  
35 That I should suffer your Restraints had I  
36 The Font of Transformation in my Voice?  
37 Then as a Serpent I would slip your Fetters,  
38 Then as a Bear I'd rend you Boys to Sunders,  
39 Then as a Falcon would I fly to kind  
40 And sapient climes where wealthy Women might  
41 Reside in safety from the gibb'ring Forks  
42 And all faithful Foolery of rude Patches:  
43 The only Power's left to me's the Wit  
44 To laugh Mechanical Guards out of Comforts.

***Third Guard***

45 Deniest thou that art a Witch?

***Strega Yaga***

46 I am none.

***First Guard***

47 Thou hast an evil Familiar.

***Strega Yaga***

48 A cat,  
49 My poor mewling Companion's not a thing  
50 Of Shadows, no stealer of souls but rather  
51 A fat and blund'ring knocker of milk pales,  
52 That force me twice and twenty times, o Power  
53 That I am, to milk my Cows to Powder.

***Second Guard***

54 Thy Broom?

***Strega Yaga***

55 's a Broom, the very Fellow of  
56 Your Wives and maiden Aunts: my yawning Back  
57 Must bend and crackle as I sweep my Shop House;  
58 It flies no higher than my Cat, nor you.

***Fourth Guard***

59 Enough, and watch we 'til the Morn. Sit.

***Second Guard***

60 I stand.

***Third Guard***

61 Thou stands when thy Superior commands  
62 And now he bids thee sit.

***Second Guard***

63 I tell you I  
64 Here sit for comfort's Sake, and not for you.

***First Guard***

65 High ho, 'tis weary as the morn tonight;  
66 Howe'er wouldst keep alight, my fire dims.

***Fourth Guard***

67 Then brighten Night with a diverting Tale.

***Second Guard***

68 You tell, you tell, I am a Dearth of words.

***First Guard***

69 No suit was made for thee. Well men, wilt have  
70 *The Story of the Chambermaid and th'Ass?*

***Second Guard***

71 Not in the Company of Women; even this.

***First Guard***

72 Basta to your aspersions: then the *Tale*  
73 *Of Glister Hair and th' Two Fac'd Knight of Bath?*

***Second Guard***

74 'twould sing us off to Sleep the faster; No.

***Third Guard***

75 Perhaps the News of *Galileo*?

***Second Guard***

76 Never:  
77 One Witch is one too many in our Midst.

***Fourth Guard***

78 Perhaps we'll share a Hymn?

***Second Guard***

79 I'd sooner Sleep.

***Strega Yaga***

80 Such Blasphemy from such a Zealot?

***Second Guard***

81 Basta.

***Fourth Guard***

82 Then favor us with thy diversions, Boy.

***Second Guard***

83 Nay, you again, I have no gift for Words.

***Strega Yaga***

84 Perhaps the *Story of Scheherazade*.

***Fourth Guard***

85 What is the *Story of Scherazade*?

***Second Guard***

86 Pay no Admission of thine Ears to this  
87 Strain'd Harlot of the Night; 'tis no such Tale.

***Strega Yaga***

88 Ah sooth, there is not one such Tale, for she  
89 Is many: Thousand Stories assembl'd  
90 As One: a Maiden wise as beauteous  
91 Whose jew'l encrusted Tongue gave her to sojourn  
92 Into the very Lion's Den, in far  
93 And mystic *Persia*. Young *Scheherazade*  
94 Was eldest daughter to the King's Vizier,  
95 That is a kind of Council and Adviser,  
96 And th' King was call'd a Sultan in his Land.

97 That Sultan once was wed unto a salt  
 98 Deceiving Wench who turn'd away from him  
 99 Whom she had sworn to Love; yet Penalty  
 100 For her Adultery was final Death,  
 101 Without so much as prayer for her Forgiveness.  
 102 Thereby that Sultan, his very center  
 103 Thus ragged ripp'd to wretched Ribbons, took  
 104 To punish all the Female Race. He took  
 105 Each Night to bed a Bride, and on the Morrow  
 106 Before that Bride might hope or think or fear  
 107 To turn from him, he had her executed.  
 108 Dread Nights became so woeful weeks, then Marr'd  
 109 Months, and ill Years; until th' Vizier perceived  
 110 That soon the Bell might toll *Scheherazade's*  
 111 Ultimate heartbeats. He arose that Day  
 112 Intent on dissuading at last the Sultan's Fury.

113 [*Exeunt*]

### 1.1

114 [*Enter the Sultan Shahryar and Jafar his Vizier, his Attendant Lords and his Clown*]

#### *Sultan*

115 What's Love but Lust directed at the Face?  
 116 An Hundred times I nominate them Beasts;  
 117 Those canker hearted Succubi who feign  
 118 To pageant under false and undeserved  
 119 Though still base Title: *Woman*. Gods, those foul  
 120 Enchanting harpies, fair form'd fiends who mask  
 121 Their cruel Treacheries behind that damn'd  
 122 And twice forswearing Face of Innocence.  
 123 O testify how I have long despis'd  
 124 These Genies of fulsome Air and hateful Flame,  
 125 These witches who would suck our Souls out with  
 126 Our Spirits, via lips as seeming sweet  
 127 As they are truly fill'd with poisonous  
 128 Perdition, as foul'd within as we  
 129 Have fouled them without. Vizier, will you  
 130 Not bear an oath to Gods and Man and Country  
 131 I do daily declare myself the Chief  
 132 And only Enemy of Womankind.

#### *Vizier*

133 I swear it hourly Lord, as you yourself  
 134 Do swear it on the Hour: For ev'ry Subject  
 135 You offer up a Theme: When I would speak

136 To you of debtors unrepentant, you  
 137 Repine the fortunes wasted on a Wife  
 138 Who durst to dote upon her Jew'lry more  
 139 Than th' Jewel of her Master's Potency,  
 140 As though she ought to hang upon the Scepter  
 141 Alike to *Mousa's* staff: that Prophet made  
 142 His wand a ropey snake and rained fire  
 143 Down on wicked Egypt's head: a Sultan's  
 144 Staff is sturdy and ready for his Office,  
 145 Yet 'tis not Evidence of *God*, whate'er  
 146 We would have our Ladies testify.  
 147 Thus speak you of Taxes, learned Sultan.

***Sultan***

148 Do I speak false, Vizier? Is not a Woman  
 149 A thing composed of Ingratitude?

***Vizier***

150 A woman's not mine Office Lord, save One:  
 151 I contemplate the State: and when I speak  
 152 Of War, and warn that thine own brother *Shah*  
 153 *Zaman* doth fear Invasion from the North,  
 154 You defy the skirmishes of the fairer  
 155 Sex. *Young wives*, say you, *caterwaul that we*  
 156 *Are not as indefatigably stern*  
 157 *And determin'd as their youthful kin*  
 158 *And yet, cry you, an older wife will wail*  
 159 *That we are not as sweet and malleable*  
 160 *As boys who do not know a marriage bed,*  
 161 *And so, proclaims the Sultan, we are trapp'd*  
 162 *Between the Crones who call us Firm yet laugh*  
 163 *That we are still but Fools to Love, and Nymphs*  
 164 *Who cringe that we are worldly and yet sigh*  
 165 *That Age is but a crumbling Tower 'pon*  
 166 *Her light and loathsome Limbs. In this so great*  
 167 And worthy manner *Shahryar* prepares  
 168 For War against the Enemies of *Persia*.

***Sultan***

169 Do I speak false *Jafar*? Are not these Fiends  
 170 Practitioners of harshest Criticisms?

***Vizier***

171 My King, I do not know of Women, save One:  
 172 Consider I the Peace. Forefend Above  
 173 That I make mention of the People's Love;

174 O pillage Stars from th' Firmament, my Lord,  
 175 For you'll declaim for'n hour or more on that:  
 176 *What is the Common Love, you cry, but palsied*  
 177 *And undulating Shadow of that False*  
 178 *Affection that a Woman show, say you,*  
 179 *An evil Spell concocted by the Lowest*  
 180 *Of the Djinn in Hell to bedevil Men*  
 181 *Unto the uttermost Distraction.*  
 182 *Speak not of Love, there belloweth the Sultan,*  
 183 *And cannot speak himself all day for wailing.*  
 184 This, when I warn you of civil Unrest,  
 185 My wise and gracious Monarch answerest.

**Sultan**

186 Do I speak false Adviser? any word?

**Vizier**

187 My Sultan, great eternal verities  
 188 Are not the province of Viziers: I think  
 189 Of Now, of Here, of thine own Kingdom that  
 190 Will cry and suffer mightier than thou  
 191 If she is long neglected.

**Sultan**

192 Do not hang  
 193 The shameful name of *She* upon my Realm.

**Vizier**

194 Alack o Sultan, hurricanoes quiver  
 195 Beneath the endless batters of thy Wrath.  
 196 Whence come this Rage? Thy testiness cannot  
 197 Be born of appetites denied, for nightly  
 198 You bear a Maiden to your marriage bed,  
 199 She lay there, chaste and loving to her King,  
 200 And she serves her Sultan's Sport, Sunrise  
 201 Will see her chasten'd to the Chopping Block.  
 202 You cannot call the Liver nor the Spleen  
 203 To answer for your furious distemper:  
 204 I therefore conclude that thou art brainsick  
 205 Or else art wounded in the Heart beyond  
 206 The Hope of Medicine's Inventions.

**Sultan**

207 I am, *Jafar*, Sanity's very Master.

**Vizier**

208 The Master wants for no Adviser then:  
209 I'll take my grateful leave of you Sultan.

***Sultan***

210 Tarry thee yet Vizier, where is my Bride?

***Vizier***

211 She's in the Earth, my Lord, go bed her there.

***Sultan***

212 Tonight, tonight, where is my maiden Bride?

***Vizier***

213 There is none, my Lord.

***Sultan***

214 None?

***Vizier***

215 You have a thousand  
216 Young Brides beneath the Ground, o Sultan: seek  
217 A blushing Maid beneath the pallid Sands  
218 That simmer like the Styx. An Ocean  
219 Of Sirens silenc'd lay beneath Persia,  
220 Made from Maids to Marrieds to Murdereds  
221 By you o Sultan by you. Innocence  
222 Is reap'd and rap'd out of your Sov'reignty;  
223 I tell thee there is not a Virgin left.  
224 For three and eighty months thou tak'st a Bride  
225 To bed and on the morrow execute.

***Sultan***

226 And joyfully; I take their maidenheads  
227 Then call at Breakfast *Take the Maiden's Head!*

***Vizier***

228 A goodly jest when spoken, verily,  
229 Yet soured on the execution.  
230 A month I witness'd patiently in hopes  
231 That blood would satiate your bitterness,  
232 A year I waited thinking haply Rage  
233 Would be outnumber'd by the Mourning Time,  
234 But three annum, a Thousand Nights of Terror,  
235 Our Maidens fear'd the marriage bed; and right  
236 They were, when Love's consummation  
237 Is answer'd in the morn with mourning Mothers,



238 With Fathers tearing beards and loosing tears,  
 239 With Brothers who would challenge for Revenge  
 240 But that they're answered *This is the Sultan:*  
 241 *Upon his Word are all our lives determin'd.*  
 242 I jape thee like a Jester *Shahryar*  
 243 But this is deadliest in Earnestness:  
 244 Thou hast not e'en the Kingdom in thy compass,  
 245 And rather than to calm thy Beast I see  
 246 These murders double up that Devil's gall  
 247 And turn thy *Persian* Deserts to a Hell.  
 248 I tell thee *Persia's* in eternal Mourn,  
 249 She is a Lioness, now humbled by  
 250 The Starving, meager'd by Neglect, ready  
 251 Is *Persia* to lie her down, yea *Her* I say,  
 252 To lie down and die for want of Governance.  
 253 And I tell you we are out of Virgins.

***Sultan***

254 I had a Queen of all my Heart's Desire,  
 255 When I was Innocent, not long ago,  
 256 Concluded that my Joys could soar no higher  
 257 Than th' Peaks of Pleasure she had help'd me know.  
 258 Her Countenance discovered a Heaven,  
 259 My Passion's Essence lived by her Voice;  
 260 My greatest Treasure knowing she had given  
 261 Freely: This Peerless Love had been her choice.  
 262 But ancient Winds turn Mounts to Vales: small Years,  
 263 Had turn'd her brilliant Love to smolder'd Lust.  
 264 I trusted her 'til Sight confirm'd my Fears:  
 265 The Mountain of my Faith was blown to Dust.  
 266 If Woman's Zenith cannot Faithful be,  
 267 Then Womankind must bear the Penalty.

268 [*Enter Scheherazade, the Vizier's Daughter*]

***Scheherazade***

269 O sorrow'd Sultan, Love has drawn me here.  
 270 My Mother seeks her Husband, your Vizier;  
 271 Though Duty and Respect command him Stay,  
 272 The soft Entreats of Love bid him away.

***Sultan***

273 There is a weighty matter bars your Father.

***Scheherazade***

274 I beg you Sultan, hinder him no farther,

275 For though your Offices define Import,  
276 A Husband's Office is to his Consort.

***Sultan***

277 The Office of a Husband? Bah! Let no  
278 Woman push impediments upon him:  
279 It is her Trust, her Life, to wait on Man.

***Scheherazade***

280 My Mother dines on Patience when she can,  
281 But his forbearance hungers both myself,  
282 And my poor Sister, who requires the Wealth  
283 Of warm Repast as succor to her Strength,  
284 Which suffers youngling Illness of some Length.

***Sultan***

285 Enough endearments, thou shalt pry no Gifts  
286 By singing Kindness for a Female's Sake.  
287 I tell thee Minion that thy Father owes  
288 To me a Bride: Until my nightly Prize  
289 Is counted and bestow'd, my Vizier stands.

***Scheherazade***

290 Forgiveness Lord but will it never end?  
291 Must maidens endless crawl into thy Grave,  
292 Thy Treasure-leaden Trap to die in throes  
293 Of Terror-birther Ecstasies? Daily  
294 Have I here suffered the Fates of those  
295 Imprisoned young Concubines: common,  
296 Loyal, and fearful Women sacrifice  
297 Themselves to Infamy's debased End  
298 In hopes their Sisters, Cousins, and their Friends  
299 May yet be spar'd their ignominious Fate,  
300 Her dying Pray'r, your bloody Lust be sate.

***Sultan***

301 You have not your Father's Voice: Already  
302 He supplicates in Vanity, and sets  
303 In Jeopardy his place and your Survival  
304 In prideful Facing of the Sultan's Will.

***Vizier***

305 *Scheherazade*, beware the Sultan's Wrath.

***Scheherazade***

306 Is he a Dragon?: Art thou Serpentine?

307 Wilt thou devour 'til all the Maids are Spoils,  
 308 Consum'd by Consummation, without Knight,  
 309 With nary Champion to fight for them?

**Vizier**

310 *Scheherazade*, I beg thee hold thy Peace.

**Sultan**

311 What is this willful Shrew that pleads for Death?

**Vizier**

312 Mercy, Sultan! Upon the dust I lie  
 313 And supplicate for Clemency: This is  
 314 *Scheherazade*, my firstborn Daughter; Wise  
 315 Yet Kind she is; clever yet Faithful. I  
 316 Will never let her speak this way again,  
 317 Nor suffer you endure her Company  
 318 If only you will let me take her Home.

**Sultan**

319 We will not part without a Bride Bestow'd.

**Scheherazade**

320 Sultan, thy Bride is here.

**Vizier**

321 *Scheherazade*.

**Scheherazade**

322 My Sultan, I will bear you company.  
 323 I have a Tale for your minute Indulgence:  
 324 Lend Ear and understand my purpos'd Quest:  
 325 In ancient Past there was a Night like this,  
 326 A naïve Prince was ta'en to task for naught  
 327 But his own ignorance: A thoughtless Word  
 328 He level'd at a passing Crone

**Sultan**

329 'twas good!

**Scheherazade**

330 Ah, then a Sorceress appeared whence  
 331 The Crone had halted: *Let thy form*, she rasp'd  
 332 *Reflect thy most unprincely manners, Fool*.  
 333 With that, the Nobleman there stood Misshapen.

***Sultan***

334 Fie!

***Scheherazade***

335 Soothe! Was made into a woolly Monster,  
336 And curst at vapors where the Witch had stood.  
337 He terrified away his Groomsmen, Knights,  
338 And Servitors, thereafter dwelt alone,  
339 But for his steadfast Fortune Teller. She  
340 Foresaw the Physic that Prince needed most.

***Sultan***

341 Revenge!

***Scheherazade***

342 Nay! Not hateful Violence, but Love.  
343 Alas, for all the beastly Prince could see  
344 Was a Practicer of Magic, like the one  
345 That had so suddenly transformed him  
346 But for a slight delivered without  
347 A thought: Yay, the Witch's revenge outweigh'd  
348 By far the Sin committed by the Prince.

***Sultan***

349 Such is the mercy of Women.

***Scheherazade***

350 And such  
351 The fury of the Monster there transform'd,  
352 That he intended, there again without  
353 A thought, to strike and slay that Fortune Teller,  
354 For no more than an accident of Birth  
355 That mark'd her Magical.

***Sultan***

356 A princely Beast!

***Scheherazade***

357 But as he lifted up his claws to strike,  
358 The Fortune Teller weaved underneath  
359 His death-dealing arms like a wisp of smoke  
360 And plac'd her hand upon his cheek.

***Sultan***

361 The Cheek!  
362 A second curse upon that royal Victim?

***Scheherazade***

363 No curse. No Magic save that of the Skin.  
 364 She there caressed him, Beast and Prince, said:  
 365 *Thou'rt not Hyperion Deity as thou*  
 366 *Protest, nor hideous Monster of whose flesh*  
 367 *Thou stand possess'd, Thou art a single Man,*  
 368 *No more, No less.* And in an instant stood  
 369 The Prince as he had been, the Monster gone.  
 370 He seiz'd that hand, and kiss'd it with a thousand  
 371 Most sweet Embraces. Cleaved he unto  
 372 That woman, now his Queen, and liv'd a Prince  
 373 In Manner like the Form, and word of his  
 374 Most noble Gentleness did spread, and that  
 375 Same Crone that cursed him heard gossip of  
 376 The New man he became, and she return'd  
 377 His Household back to him, and treasures far  
 378 Outweighing any he had known before.  
 379 And ever after, with the wisdom of  
 380 Those two Women, the man found Balance with  
 381 His Temper, rul'd over his House in Love  
 382 And Gentleness, and Joy unparalleled.

***Sultan***

383 A shame to him: he should have hunted down  
 384 That Crone and sever'd her limbs, punished  
 385 His Servants for their cowardice, and taught  
 386 The Fortune Teller justice with her Death.

***Scheherazade***

387 Perhaps, but he did not, and was rewarded  
 388 With Happiness that humbl'd any he  
 389 Had known before: 'twas Love and Contemplation  
 390 Accomplished that Bliss, and with that same  
 391 I mean to tender to thy Harshness, balm  
 392 Thy chafing wounds, and as the hulking Wretch  
 393 Was shap'd unto Gentility, just so,  
 394 I will distill thy Spiteful Gall into  
 395 Resolve most noble, contemplation kind.

***Sultan***

396 You speak yourself the Fortune telling Maiden;  
 397 Methinks your brashness renders you the Crone.

***Scheherazade***

398 I am that Crone as well the homestead Maiden,

399 And as my biting tongue can chasten Men  
 400 For foolishness, so can my loving Lips  
 401 Grant Charity for Patience. With these Gifts  
 402 I will save *Persia* and thee from thee, Sultan.

***Sultan***

403 Our morning Time will be a sweet hour, Maid.  
 404 Prepare her for my Bed Vizier, goodnight.

405 [*Sultan exits with two of his court*]

***Scheherazade***

406 Shall we to Dinner, Father?

***Vizier***

407 Termagant!  
 408 You shall conceive your Mother's Death with this.  
 409 She'll inundate the House with Tears upon  
 410 Your selfishness; you cast away your life  
 411 As though 'twere nothing but a soiled rag,  
 412 And after she and I have suffer'd so  
 413 To keep and flourish thee, e'en after grown  
 414 To womanhood we strove to keep thee safe  
 415 From that man's Fury and thou, Thou fallowed  
 416 Our labors, render'd barren all our Hopes,  
 417 And overturn'd thy Mother's bountiful  
 418 Affections dead as crack'd, decaying Silt.  
 419 For what but over-pricing Pride couldst Thou  
 420 Engender such a folly, such a crime  
 421 Against the honor to thy parents' Toils  
 422 Thou owes: O thou hast broke thy Family's Heart,  
 423 *Scheherazade*, for thine own Vanity.

424 [*Enter Dinyzade, Scheherazade's Sister*]

***Dinyzade***

425 What is that railing? My mother sends me to call you both to dinner, though all has  
 426 grown cold. Methinks she means to vent her heated ire upon us all with tepid meats.  
 427 Methinks I'd sooner endure the ire.

***Vizier***

428 O *Dinyzade*, mine only Daughter, now  
 429 The time has come to Mourn *Scheherazade*,  
 430 Her Pride has robb'd us of her Life tonight.  
 431 Weep, Child, for thy Sister sleeps beneath the Sands.

***Dinyzade***

432 Worry not Father, weep thee not, my Sister  
 433 Lives still, she reposes at thy shoulder.

***Scheherazade***

434 A tussle for this honest Maiden's Hair,  
 435 And she'll remain a Maiden unasham'd  
 436 Forevermore if I achieve my Victory.

***Vizier***

437 Remember well my tale, o Oratrix:  
 438 *The Oxen and the Ass*, and hearken well  
 439 For much contain'd therein will educate  
 440 To thy precarious Position.

***Scheherazade***

441 We will sit and listen Father, and will  
 442 Not interrupt with wailing Objections.

***Vizier***

443 Recall there was an Ox, suffered greatly  
 444 Beneath his yoke of service: he wail'd one day  
 445 Unto the Ass of his misfortunes, for  
 446 That Mule knew little labor in his days.  
 447 The Mule advis'd the Ox to stumble 'neath  
 448 The weight of that cruel Yoke, to stagger always  
 449 And never rise nor eat his petty foods,  
 450 And surely their master would Mistake this pageantry  
 451 For Illness of the age, and pity him.  
 452 But when the Master found his Oxen stumbling,  
 453 He fix'd instead that manacle of labor  
 454 Upon the Ass, and drove him 'til he fell,  
 455 Then beat him 'til he rose, then drove again  
 456 Until he never rise despite the pain.  
 457 And so befell the Ass for his advising.

***Scheherazade***

458 Awake, my *Dinyzade*, awake: See how  
 459 Befallen is my Sister at thy round  
 460 And long-related warning Father; and  
 461 A merry one, that an Adviser should  
 462 Advise against Advising.

***Vizier***

463 O prideful Wench,  
 464 Thou ostentatious thing. O Daughter, look

465 Not on me brokenly, I tether thee  
 466 But for thy Life: Pray do not undertake  
 467 This cagey Strife, for Obstinacy's Sake.

***Scheherazade***

468 But for my sleeping Sister's Sake? And for  
 469 The Sake of ev'ry other *Persian* Sister:  
 470 I thank thee Council for thy Confidence,  
 471 Respect thee Father for thy loving Cares,  
 472 And kneel to thee for all thy Providence,  
 473 But no, I stand not for myself but *Persians*,  
 474 By *Allah* I will be the Sultan's Bride,  
 475 And through my soft and cunningest Diversions,  
 476 Assuage with Peace the Daughters who have died.

***Vizier***

477 Then make thy plans to conquer with thine Art,  
 478 For I must go and break thy Mother's Heart.

479 [*Exeunt, manet the Sisters*]

***Scheherazade***

480 Wake, *Dinyzade*, awake, no more Ado.

***Dinyzade***

481 You rob me of a 'spiring Dream o Sister. Methought I was a Cur, a small and spirited sort  
 482 of Mungrel that would yap and snip at Lovers' heels. All over town I hounded every  
 483 kissing Kind I found, and when they thought to do the deed and die with laughing, to do a  
 484 howling, then came I with playful nips and jowling, pulling at their toes (or scratching at  
 485 their hairs, following the angles of their Sport), and making many a Maid (or not Maid, or  
 486 then made un-Maid, or haps a middle-Maid, for the deed was but half done, and more  
 487 often for her left right fully undone), but making many a Daughter shriek in shock, and  
 488 thus some Men would grumble for frustration, and others gibber with delight, mistaking  
 489 cries of forbearance for quails of submission. As older gods were said to couple in  
 490 disguise with mortal folk, so did Innocence and Mischieff make coupling in me, the Cur,  
 491 issuing forth with Anger and Mirth from sunder'd Expectations.

***Scheherazade***

492 A fair tale, but 'tis enough. Go at last to Dinner, for thine illness requires sustenance to  
 493 quit its own sustention. However, let this Mongrel dream sustain thee for the Night, and  
 494 come thee after supping to the Sultan's chamber. Plead all aweeping to have a final  
 495 farewell for thy Sister, and there beg you a tale of me. This do, and I tell thee thy Sister  
 496 shall survive the Night.

***Dinyzade***

497 But shall survive the Morning after?



***Scheherazade***

498 That too; away, dear one, sustain yourself.

499 [*Dinyzade exits*]

***Scheherazade***

500 A thousand Nights a single Tragedy  
501 Hath issued a thousand faithless Wrongs,  
502 But bedroom Arts shall wake the Master's Pity,  
503 And issue Peace unto the Land ere Long.

504 [*Exit Scheherazade*]

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