

The Devil's Looking-Glass

SCRIPT EXCERPT

music by Ken Neufeld
book and lyrics by Scott Guy

*inspired by a story by Nathaniel Hawthorne
and a play by Percy MacKaye*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GOODY JACOBY (“Blacksmith Bess”)..... *accused of witchcraft*
DICKON *a Yankee improvisation of the Prince of Darkness*
RACHEL HAWTHORNE..... *fascinated with black magic*
JUSTICE GILEAD HAWTHORNE..... *lieutenant governor; Rachel’s guardian*
RICHARD TALBOT *betrothed to Rachel*
LORD RAVENSBANE..... *a scarecrow*

Place: The interior of a blacksmith shop;
and Justice Hawthorne’s parlour

Time: Late seventeenth century Massachusetts

ACT ISCENE 1

A smithy in Massachusetts, in the year 1691. Soot-blackened walls are strewn with cart-wheels, horseshoes, and various pieces of ironworks. Prominent near the center of the smithy is a framework of iron formed like the ribs and backbone of a man. Crumpled in a heap beside the framework is a pile of old weatherworn clothes barely attached to a broken broomstick: the remains of an old scarecrow. Working a forge and banging an anvil angrily is GOODY JACOBY, perhaps only 40, but weathered with hard work.

GOODY JACOBY

(singing in a rage)

Crows. And countrymen! One and the same:

Steal from thee, both corn and name.

Harvests reaped from Honor's clay

Are swoop'd upon and snatched away.

(her anger bursts forth)

Scarecrow! A new scarecrow's what I need

Who'll fright out Betrayal and lustful Greed.

(GOODY JACOBY continues to pound at her anvil; sparks fly.

Appearing at the smithy door is RACHEL, 18, well-bred, but overwhelmed with fearful fascination of the blacksmith. RACHEL hovers in the doorway, jumpy at the dark shadows.)

RACHEL

(tinkling the bell)

Goody Jacoby, is it?

GOODY JACOBY

Aye. They also call me:

Blacksmith Bess.

RACHEL

Rachel Hawthorne.

GOODY JACOBY

Rachel Hawthorne.

I know thee, daughter of Justice Hawthorne --

RACHEL

Nay, no daughter of his; he is merely my mother's second husband. The man is not my father, for which I thank --

GOODY JACOBY

You're not to come here, Rachel; the Justice hath made it clear I'm not to speak to you.

RACHEL

(startles at a broom in the corner)

Be that a witchcraft broom?

(reaches to touch it)

Hath it an evil magic in it?

GOODY JACOBY

I am no witch. Now, along with'ee.

RACHEL

(gentle)

Fear me not, Goody Jacoby, I'll not frenzy you like the mad girls of Salem and cry for your burning, for if you'd be burned, then so would I.

(summons courage)

I've come to buy from thee thy fabled mirrored Glass which shows us each just as we are. The Glass of Truth.

GOODY JACOBY

There's no such thing.

RACHEL

Come, Goody Jacoby --

There was a trial

GOODY JACOBY

Twenty-one years ago!

RACHEL

*And a Glass was found,
A looking glass they claim
Wrought with twisted iron figures of devils
Dancing round the frame.*

GOODY JACOBY

*Except --
Twas trickery upon me they'd used.
The glass was hidden in my chambers as I slept.
Then I was falsely accused.
I tell you, falsely, falsely!
(to herself; reigning in her fury)
Why does God allow the crows
To steal where reputation grows?*

RACHEL

*Again I say, fear me not,
Nor the gibbets of Salem Hill.
Witchcraft! Witchcraft!
Apprentice me; with demon lore imbue,
Teach me, Mother Jacoby!
I want to learn what you do.*

GOODY JACOBY

*(simultaneous with Rachel below)
I am a blacksmith.
I am a blacksmith merely.*

RACHEL

*Incantations, potions, spells,
Conjure forth your spirits, let them come.
Rise up from the depths of hell.
I'll follow you; I will succumb
To strange and wicked witchcraft!*

GOODY JACOBY

Thou art in grave need of church, mistress.

(GOODY JACOBY's tongs grab something inside the fire of the forge. She startles. A voice comes from within the forge.)

DICKON

*OW!
Thou has pinched me!*

(JACOBY pulls back; her red-hot tongs have hold of a man by the thumb.)

DICKON

Ah! Ah! I am be-tonged!

JACOBY

(dropping the tongs)

Good Lord!

(Stepping out of the forge is DICKON. With his horns, pointed beard and scarlet cowl, there's no mistaking him for anything but an agent of the Devil.)

DICKON

Nay, nay, not the Good Lord. Quite the opposite. As you see.

(The forge blazes hotter, then diminishes.)

DICKON

Oh, I do love the smell of brimstone.
(pirouetting for show)
Impolite to stare, Rachel Hawthorne.

RACHEL

(repelled; drawn)

Knowst thou my name!

DICKON

Rachel Hawthorne
No magic there, I'm afraid. On you both I was eavesdropping. Thank you for keeping things so warm for me, Goody Jacoby.

GOODY JACOBY

Get thee behind me, Satan!

DICKON

Satan? Oh no, no, madame, you flatter me. I am a mere minion of his, assigned to this desolate new colony named Massachusetts, where the only good thing is the abject corruptibility of its young citizenry.

(leering toward RACHEL)

Rachel Hawthorne

GOODY JACOBY

Stay thee away from her, Lucifer.

DICKON

Once more, good madame, Lucifer I am not -- however much my ambitions towards his throne that way tend. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Dickon -- a Yankee improvisation, as it were, of the Prince of Darkness. Good mistresses, my profound apologies I'm not the Gloomy One himself, but

*If it's any consolation
I'm unhappy with my station
In life, or rather death,
And I'm tired of being his minion.
In my opinion
He puts on such airs!
'Od's breath!, I dislike being a servant,
And in spite of my fervent
Prayers --*

Very well, they're not exactly prayers
But the infernal equivalent --
Let's call them burnt offerings
The point is

*I'm hardly ambivalent
To this damnable state of affairs.
Nor to the fact I'm merely his steward.
Yes, rest assured
I have endured
As rank a rank as any demon gets.*

*And yet -- !
There's hope.
If Massachusetts
Will produce its
Projected share of candidates
I will seduce its
Very core, then cash in my servant debts.*

DICKON (cont'd)

*Yes, I've a notion
 There's promotion
 If I snare this side the ocean
 And found a country filled with Beelzebub cadets.
 Reporting to ME --
 Yes, a country filled with Beelzebub cadets.
 All mine.
 Who might one day gain strength and pow'r
 And help me storm the Dark One's tower,
 And then we'll see
 Whose servant I be!
 I long for the day
 When at last I shall say --
 No, no, Satan -- Get thee behind ME!
 Behind me.
 Behind me!*

With your help, of course, Mistress Rachel.

RACHEL

'Tis a piercing wind, my name, when you say it. Again.

DICKON

*Rachel.
 Rachel Hawthorne.*

GOODY JACOBY

Stay you away from her.

DICKON

You've no power over me, woman.

GOODY JACOBY

I have.

(pulls out a Bible)

DICKON

Now,

Rachel Hawthorne,
 came you here for an object, a certain Glass of Truth?

(DICKON gestures to the left of the door where there stands, hithertobefore unseen, a full-length standing mirror, draped over with a disturbing cloth, embroidered with strange mystic symbols.)

GOODY JACOBY

Lies! That was not there before.

DICKON

Explain then the cobwebs.

(blows on the mirror; dust and cobwebs)

Bad housekeeping I suppose.

GOODY JACOBY

Believe him not, Rachel.

(sotto voce)

What do you want, Dickon?

DICKON

(equally sotto voce; but chilling)

Besides a dust rag -- Nothing less than her soul.

(DICKON uncloaks the mirror. RACHEL approaches it.)

RACHEL

(mesmerized)

The Glass of Truth

DICKON

In this young country, so many new souls for the plucking!

GOODY JACOBY

Thou shalt never have her, Dickon.

RACHEL

The Glass of True Lovers.

It would show me exactly as I truly am?

DICKON

No tricks, no varnish, no sham.

GOODY JACOBY

'Tis just a mirror, Rachel. Th' enchantment he's putting in thy head.

(DICKON stands next to RACHEL, gazing in the mirror; we see a much larger, crueller and more diabolic DICKON in the reflection; RACHEL, too, in the glass, looks darker; more powerful.)

DICKON

If a wolf should dress himself in white sheep's skin,

This glass would reflect the black beast within.

RACHEL

The black beast!

GOODY JACOBY

(optional; underneath the following)

*Turn away, Rachel, turn away**Turn away, Rachel, turn away . . . !*

RACHEL

*The black beast!**But what of the sins of the soul, Dickon?**Vanity, Hypocrisy and . . . and Inconstancy?**Will it surely reveal them?*

DICKON

Do I understand thee that thou art engaged?

RACHEL

He's a wonderful man, is Richard Talbot

DICKON

But you have your doubts.

RACHEL

Shall I say -- shall I say . . . This glass would be of gravest comfort to me.

DICKON

If this glass

GOODY JACOBY

(Turn away, Rachel -- turn thee away.)

RACHEL

If this glass . . . ?

DICKON

Do not as I say --

RACHEL

And reveal the truth in every way --

DICKON

Why, bring it back and get you your money again.

RACHEL

Ha-HA! Ha-HA!

DICKON

And if your lover be false

RACHEL

(sobering)
Oh. If my lover be false . . . ?

DICKON

What is his name again, dear?

RACHEL

Richard.

DICKON

Richard.
If Richard be false

RACHEL

If Richard be false -- ?

DICKON

This glass shall pluck his fine feathers.

RACHEL

Ha-HA!
The crow.
I will buy it.

GOODY JACOBY

No, Rachel, no!

RACHEL

I will buy it!
And what -- may I ask -- is the price?

DICKON

(deadly serious)
Ah. There is that little matter of the price.

(Unsettling moment as DICKON pulls out a piece of paper; RACHEL shudders, chilled. DICKON nears; RACHEL is transfixed.)

GOODY JACOBY

(clutching her Bible)

Rachel, Rachel!

Resist the Devil and he will flee from you!

Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in thy way.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts;

The whole earth is full of his glory.

DICKON

Do you have any idea how annoying that is to me?

GOODY JACOBY

Thou shalt not have the New World, Dickon. We shall stop you, one Rachel at a time.

DICKON

Challenge thou me?

GOODY JACOBY

If I must.

DICKON

I'd not advise it, Blacksmith Bess, thou *wilt* lose.

RACHEL

What price the glass?

(DICKON hands RACHEL the piece of paper, JACOBY snatches the paper from RACHEL and flings it into the forge, where it sizzles. RACHEL reels.)

GOODY JACOBY

Not for sale. Hie thee back to thy Justice stepfather, Rachel, and leave me to my ironworking.

DICKON

I have other plans this day, Goody Jacoby.

(HE gestures and there appears at the door a young man, RICHARD TALBOT, Rachel's betrothed. DICKON draws into the shadows; RICHARD never spies him.)

DICKON

A customer. Of the nastiest sort; one who will not buy from thee.

RICHARD

(an infrequent stammer)

G-good morning.

RACHEL

Richard! How comes thee here? Spyest thou upon me?

RICHARD

I thought it wise to fuh-follow. And right enough. Here I find more of your witchcraft nonsense.

RACHEL

Richard, you know I am desperately mystical, so pray let us not discuss it.

RICHARD

(to JACOBY)

Unconscionable! Un-un-unconscionable witch to corrupt the young girls --

RACHEL

Accuse her not, Richard, I came to her. To buy a trinket for you, Richard!

RICHARD

For me?

RACHEL

And for me.

*To end all doubts of my inconstancy
Or yours, if ever I'd believe such fancy,
Only now no need for uncertainty ever more.
One look into this Glass, all such doubts are o'er.*

(DICKON appears suddenly from behind the mirror. Unbeknownst to RACHEL, DICKON makes a small pass with his hands, and RICHARD does not, nor cannot, see him.)

DICKON

(intervening)

Tut-tut-tut.

*Not yet paid for.
Not yet paid for.*

RACHEL

(gives him money)

Then send it round, good Dickon, and we'll settle anon.

RICHARD

Rachel, just a moment. If you want a mirror, you shall have the prettiest one in New England. Or I will import you one from London.

RACHEL

Be thou not so naive, Richard. 'Tis not its prettiness I covet.

*It is its dark verity I seek.
Please, Dickon, let two young lovers peek?*

RICHARD

To whom does thou speak?

DICKON

I'll send it round, then come to thee.

RACHEL

'Tis good enough. So, Richard, the matter's concluded. Wilt thou take me home?

GOODY JACOBY

Aye, kind Richard, take her home.

RICHARD

*Look you, look you,
Jaco-Jaco-Jacoby!
Enchant all the broom-broomsticks in town, if you like;
Bewitch all the ta-tables and saucepans and mirrors you please;
But gul-gull no more money of young gir-girls' treasuries.*

RACHEL

(as they go)
Oh, Richard, ye scrape all the wonder out'n the world.

RICHARD

Thou art enough wonder for me, Rachel.

RACHEL

(over her shoulder, to DICKON)
Ye'll send the Glass?

DICKON

Aye, go thee home.

RACHEL

We'll go.

RICHARD

We'll go.

(turning to JACOBY)

Mind you, Jaco-Jaco-Jacoby,

We're not so enterprising in this town as at Salem,

But it may come to it!

It may come to it one year.

So look sha-sha-sha

(brief pause; HE re-attacks the syllable)

Sha-sha-sharp!

I'm not blind to what's going on here.

(RICHARD and RACHEL exit.)

GOODY JACOBY

(shouting after RICHARD from the forge)

Not blind, Master Puritan?

Oho! You can see through all my counterfeits, can you?

DICKON

(to himself)

And so the wheel

GOODY JACOBY

If I were the witch ye accuse me of beneath,

Make ye no mistake, make ye no mistake,

I'd send ye a spell to crack thy teeth

An' make thy orthodox jaws ache.

DICKON

. . . Beginneth to turn.

GOODY JACOBY

Smite me, Dickon, how they doth heat up my spittle!

DICKON

So one more visitor ought spin the yarn

GOODY JACOBY

But, Father, forgive them

They know not what they do.

DICKON

And knot the deal.

Hola, Goody, who is't there yonder now?

(DICKON gestures; appearing now at the door is a scowling, nervous gentleman, JUSTICE GILEAD HAWTHORNE, Rachel's step-father.)

DICKON

Gasp. The justice. How *do* you suppose now cometh he here? But quick now, quick now, Dickon . . . deliver the mirror

(DICKON dissolves with the mirror before JUSTICE HAWTHORNE sees him.)

HAWTHORNE

I've hard news with thee, Bess.

GOODY JACOBY

Gilead.

HAWTHORNE

I bade thee stay away from my Rachel.

GOODY JACOBY

She came to me.

HAWTHORNE

And yet she was here nonetheless.

GOODY JACOBY

There's a blackness about her, Gilead; look to her, not me.

HAWTHORNE

(with a tender mercy)

I want you gone from Massachusetts, Bess.

GOODY JACOBY

Gilead. On what grounds?

HAWTHORNE

Incantations, broths, whatever I must.

GOODY JACOBY

Thou ought be ashamed of thyself, Gilead.

HAWTHORNE

If only you had left my Rachel alone.

GOODY JACOBY

Oh, lies, this has nothing to do with Rachel. Know thee well I'm no witch nor never was. You're still afraid of me.

HAWTHORNE

I'm afraid of no one. I am lieutenant governor, and in November will undoubtedly be appointed governor --

GOODY JACOBY

And thus you cannot afford our scandalous past coming to light.

HAWTHORNE

You might not believe me, Bess, but I actually still have a fond affection for you.

GOODY JACOBY

A fond affection? A fond affection? We had a son together.

HAWTHORNE

We had not. It died.

GOODY JACOBY

And what a fortunate thing for you it did, Gilead, considering you were newly married to sickly Sarah Mernstrom with all her vast property, which she happily bequeathed you, along with a clear path towards governorship, except that now, as before, thy scandal with an impecunious blacksmith still stands in thy way. You silenced me once with your threats; I am stronger now.

HAWTHORNE

Please, Bess, I'll see you get a fine rich tract in one of the other colonies -- Virginia, perhaps. I know Sir Matthew Brom --

GOODY JACOBY

A fine rich tract. I don't want land. I don't want your property. I want my reputation back.

HAWTHORNE

I can't stop what others are thinking.

GOODY JACOBY

You can, Gilead. Put me on trial! Witchcraft! I spit on thee and thy cowardice. Put me on the stand, Gilead. Try me, if you dare.

HAWTHORNE

The babe might come to light. Accept my offer, Bess, I beg of thee.

GOODY JACOBY

Trot away then, pretty Gilead; toss your head all ye like; I'll hitch me here all the same.

HAWTHORNE

*Your pride shall goeth before your fall and prove you in the wrong.
As a magistrate, Jacoby, I have already borne with you long!
Would I could we'd been able to take a different track;
This last straw with Rachel, however, breaks the camel's back.*

GOODY JACOBY

The poor camel.

HAWTHORNE

*You have soiled, you have smirched
The virgin reputation of my Rachel.*

GOODY JACOBY

Prove this 'pon the stand.

HAWTHORNE

*You have inveigled her into notions of witchcraft;
Already the neighbors whisper with frightened word.
'Tis a long lane which hath no turning, saith the Lord.
Permit me --
As a witch, thou art judged.
Thou shalt hang.*

DICKON'S VOICE

(from behind Hawthorne)

And me, too?

HAWTHORNE

(jumps)

Who goes there?

DICKON'S VOICE

(in front of him now)

Don't you recognize my voice?

HAWTHORNE

(to Jacoby)

These are thy sorceries.

GOODY JACOBY

Nay, not so; he calls for thee.

DICKON'S VOICE

*Still and small, you know.
If you will kindly let me out, we can chat.*

HAWTHORNE

I fear him not. The righteous man walketh with God.

(goes to Jacoby's Bible)

Satan, I ban thee! I will read from the Holy Scriptures!

(HAWTHORNE opens the Bible; DICKON steps forth in smoke.)

DICKON

Thanks. It was stuffy in there.

HAWTHORNE

(recoiling)

Dickon!

GOODY JACOBY

Knowst thou each other?

DICKON

We're in negotiations for a certain governorship.

HAWTHORNE

(visibly frightened of Dickon)

No, no, be merciful!

I will not harm her; she shall not hang.

I swear it! I swear it!

DICKON

There's a good lad.

(DICKON disappears again. HAWTHORNE recovers his dignity.)

HAWTHORNE

I swear -- ah -- Is -- is he gone?

(imposing once again)

Witchcraft! Witchcraft!

I have witnessed it now, Blacksmith Bess.

'Tis proved on thee.

GOODY JACOBY

And yet it seems,

Thou art pacting with him, Justice Hawthorne.

Wantest thou that to see light of day?

HAWTHORNE

*Mark me, Jacoby, mark me well.
I'll arrange for some wagons,
I'll pay for thy new smithy in Virginia,
But I want thee gone in fortnight's time.*

GOODY JACOBY

I won't go.

HAWTHORNE

Thou wilt, or I'll see thee hung.

GOODY JACOBY

Not before our scandal's ruined thee.

HAWTHORNE

*I swear it.
Thou shalt hang.
Thou shalt hang!*

(HAWTHORNE leaves in a great fury. GOODY JACOBY returns to the pounding of her forge. DICKON emerges from the shadows, thoughtful. HE watches a moment.)

DICKON

(long beat; then:)

Would he hang thee, woman?

GOODY JACOBY

He would; he will. Ha! If I could get the worshipful Justice Hawthorne into my power again -- But no! I shall beat the rest of my life away on this anvil, whilst my justice clinks his gold, and drinks his port to a fat old age. Justice! Ha -- justice of God!

DICKON

Whist, dame! Talk of angels and hear the rustle of their relatives.

GOODY JACOBY

Pact with him, Dickon; snare his soul. I should enjoy the revenge of his eternal torment.

DICKON

Revenge. Now there's a sweet word. What wilt thou give me for it?

GOODY JACOBY

Nay, Dickon, leave me after all. I'll not sign thee my soul. I'm done for this world; he'll hang me sure, but I'll not bargain my remaining months of me for an eternity of thee. I'll not.

DICKON

I believe you. Very well. And yet -- *what* I could do with the governor of Massachusetts in my pocket! Pact with him, you ask. Wilt thou help me?

GOODY JACOBY

No bargaining.

DICKON

Nay. Something easy.

(DICKON pulls forward the ribs of the scarecrow-in-progress and sets it in eyesight of JACOBY.)

DICKON

Thy scarecrow. Lend me this to forge into a man, and I'll ensnare Justice Hawthorne for thee.

GOODY JACOBY

How so?

DICKON

List. This bastard son of yours and Justice Hawthorne's, it turns out, didn't die.

(showing the scarecrow ribcage)

Behold, madam, Lord Ravensbane, whom I have reared lo these twenty-one years. Think it coincidence this very day appeareth I within thy forge?

GOODY JACOBY

How will't trap the Justice?

DICKON

Scarecrow here, be rich, influential, powerful and eligible and thus the future affianced of Mistress Rachel Hawthorne, the heir-elect, through matrimony, of Hawthorne House, Marquis of Oxford, Baron of Wittenberg, Elector of Worms -- and above all, his son.

GOODY JACOBY

Dickon! Can you do it?

DICKON

I can -- try.

GOODY JACOBY

It would be a most unholy revenge.

DICKON

And most patiently deserved.

GOODY JACOBY

Dickon!

DICKON

Shall we do it? Shall we make a man out of this scarecrow?

GOODY JACOBY

We'll do it!

DICKON

Now, *there's* my Yankee vengeance!
 (demands with a gesture)
 Yonder broomstick.

GOODY JACOBY

(fetching him a broom from the corner)

Good boy!

DICKON

(straddling the handle)

Ha, ha! Gee up! my Salem mare. A broomstick -- that's for imagination!

(DICKON begins to construct the scarecrow, while GOODY JACOBY, assisting, brings the constructive parts from various nooks and corners.)

DICKON

Fetch me the poker -- here's his conscience. There's two fine legs to walk on, imagination and conscience. Yonder flails now! One for rapier wit, t'other to parry with satire. *Sapristi!* with two such arms, my lad, how thou wilt work thy way in the world!

GOODY JACOBY

You talk as if we were making a real mortal, Dickon.

DICKON

Madame Jacoby, prod not the quick of my genius. I am Phidias, I am Raphael, I am the Lord God!

GOODY JACOBY

For his head, what think ye of yonder Jack-o'-lantern? 'T was made last Hallowe'en.

(During the following scene, DICKON runs up the loft ladder, then tosses down a yellow hollowed pumpkin to GOODY JACOBY, who catches it. HE rummages forth an armful of cornstalks, ears, tassels, dried squashes, gourds, beets, etc., while SHE stuffs the framework with them and weaves the husks about the legs and arms.)

DICKON

Rare, my Psyche! We shall collaborate. Here! *O Johannes Baptista!* What wouldst thou have given for such a head! I helped Salome to cut his off, dame, and it looked not half so appetizing on her charger.

(tosses the pumpkin)

GOODY JACOBY

(holding it aloft)

Look at his golden smile! Before sun's set, he'll be a Mark Anthony -- nay, an Alexander!

DICKON

(tossing the vegetables)

Whist! And gourd, carrot, turnip: the anatomy! *En gourde*, woman! 'Tis the finest scarecrow in town.

GOODY JACOBY

(placing a big red beet inside the rib cage)

Nay, poor soul, 'tis but a skeleton yet. He must have a man's heart in him. Hush! Dost thou hear it *beat*?

DICKON

Corn say I do

GOODY JACOBY

Carrot-all where I place this?

DICKON

No, but put this one *onion*-derside.

GOODY JACOBY

*Onion*derside, 'tis good, 'tis good -- nay, it fitteth not there.

DICKON

Nay? Then *turnip*-side-down. And as for yon artichokes

GOODY JACOBY

I take thy meaning! Art, it chokes.

(puts them at the scarecrow's throat)

(During the following, GOODY JACOBY fashions for the scarecrow a pair of lungs from some bellows; a peruke-wig made of crow's feathers; and then dresses him in the discarded old scarecrow's clothes. Meanwhile, DICKON from the loft intones an incantation with fanciful shrill rapidity.)

DICKON

*Flail, flip;
Broom, sweep;
Sic itur!¹
Cornstalk
And turnip, talk!
Turn crittur!*

*Pulse, beet;
Gourd, eat;
Ave Hellas!²
Poker and punkin,
Stir the old junk in;
Breathe, bellows!*

*Corn-cob,
And crow's feather,
End the job;
Jumble the rest o' the rubbish together;
Dovetail and tune 'em.
E pluribus unum!³*

(But the scarecrow remains stock still. DICKON hops down from the loft.)

The devil! Have I lost the hang of it? Ah, *videlicet*⁴, I see the fix. A bit of comfort for dark days and stormy nights.

(DICKON conjures forth a corn-cob pipe.)

GOODY JACOBY

A pipe?

DICKON

What's a gentleman without his 'baccy? 'Tis my own brand, Goody: brimstone. Without it he'd be naught but a scarecrow. 'Tis the life and breath of him. So.

(DICKON places the corn-cob pipe in the scarecrow's mouth. The mood darkens; wisps of the netherworld slip in at the door.)

¹ *Sic itur*: and thus it goes.

² *Ave Hellas*: Hail Greece.

³ *E pluribus unum*: together united.

⁴ *Videlicet*: naturally.

DICKON

*Brighten, coal,
I' the dusk between us!
Whiten, soul!
Propinquat Venus!*⁵

Sam Hill, my Latin is stale. All this mediaevalism in Massachusetts! These old-fashioned flames and alchemic accompaniments, when I've tried so hard to be a native American product; it jars. But *che vuole!*⁶ I'm naturally middle-aged. I haven't been really myself, let me think, since 1492!

(A whiff of smoke puffs from the scarecrow's pipe.)

DICKON

*Sic! Sic! Jacobus!*⁷

(Another whiff.)

GOODY JACOBY

Scarecrow!

(The whiffs grow more rapid and the thing trembles.)

GOODY JACOBY

Puff! Puff, manny, for thy life!

DICKON

*Fiat, foetus!*⁸
Huzza!
*Noch einmal!*⁹

(Clouds of smoke issue from the pipe, half filling the shop, and enveloping the creature, who staggers. NOTE: This is, of course, the moment to substitute the live actor for the effigy.)

GOODY JACOBY

See! See his eyes!

⁵ *Propinquat Venus*: Draw near, Venus.

⁶ *Che vuole*: Ital. So be it.

⁷ *Sic! Sic! Jacobus!*: Thus, thus, like Jacob.

⁸ *Fiat, foetus!* Faster, fetus.

⁹ *Noch einmal!* Ger. Once again.

DICKON

(beckoning with one finger)

*Veni fili! Veni!*¹⁰*Take 'ee first step, bambino!**Toddle!*

(The scarecrow makes a stiff lurch forward and falls sidewise against the anvil, propped half-reclining against which he leans rigid, emitting fainter puffs of smoke in gasps.)

GOODY JACOBY

He walks!

DICKON

*Well done, Punkin Jack!**Thou shalt be knighted for that!*

(striking him with a hazel rod)

Rise, Lord Ravensbane.

GOODY JACOBY & DICKON

*Rise, Lord Ravensbane.**Rise, rise, Lord Ravensbane!*

(With hitches and jerks, LORD RAVENSBANE totters to his feet.)

DICKON

Puff, Puff, Lord Ravensbane, it is thy life.

(RAVENSBANE puffs on his pipe and grows stronger. He makes a tentative but courteous bow to GOODY JACOBY.)

DICKON

Your lordship will deign to receive an audience? The Marchioness of Jacoby, your lady mother, entreats leave to present herself.

GOODY JACOBY

(bowing low)

My Lord Ravensbane.

DICKON

Answer thy mother; *dicite!* Speak!

(RAVENSBANE, blowing out a mouthful of smoke, opens his mouth, gasps, gurgles and is silent.)

¹⁰ *Veni fili! Veni!* Come, son, come.

DICKON

*In principio erat verbum!*¹¹
Address thy materfamilias.

(RAVENSBANE, clutching at his side in a struggle for coherence, fixes a pathetic look of pain on GOODY JACOBY.)

RAVENSBANE

Mother!

(GOODY JACOBY stands astonished, very moved.)

DICKON

Thou hast thy son.

(RAVENSBANE bows low; GOODY JACOBY is overwhelmed as the music swells and the lights black out.)

¹¹ *In principio erat verbum*: In the beginning was the word.