

## II

*(Tentative tapplings on prison pipes: gather, grow. complexify ...)*

5 *Announcers* Tuesday February \_\_\_\_\_.  
Morning. The limepit<sup>i</sup> at Pentonville, where Casement  
and Crippen lie.

*(Tapplings reach climax. Cut off. After brief pause)*

10 *Crippen (stage Cockney)* Hey. Hey, you. Oy, you, nine nine one two.  
HalfPaddy rise and shine. Wakey, wakey, hands off your  
cock and reach for a sock. *(obscene croon<sup>ii</sup>:)* Hey, fruity  
boy ... Casement ...! Roger, sir ...

*Casement (heard waking – Sudden cries of dread)*

15 *Crippen (stills him)* Hey, hey ...! Not come to \_\_\_\_\_ ya. All over  
and done with, that is: fifty years ago ... All the same,  
halfPaddy: news for ya ...

*Casement (stage Ulster)* It'll have to be brave and good. You have  
interrupted me again. A sauncy<sup>iii</sup> young fella of a fusilier  
was openin his thighs for me.

20 *Crippen* Oy oy oy oy, oy, oy, oy; does that have to be your \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_?

*Casement* I must die up till my \_\_\_\_\_.

*Crippen* Quiet; you'll upset your admirers.

25 *Casement* Ours will be no dialogue for admirers. Man dear, but  
God or whoever must have his \_\_\_\_\_, to  
have me end up on my last endless bed with \_\_\_\_\_.

30 *Crippen* No marriages in Paradise, mate. 'Eternally yours' ...  
Only, not so: we're to be pah'ed. You're going back.  
They're sending you back.

*Casement (heart leaps)* To Brazil—?

*Crippen* Hey ey, enough of that. None o your nice young tropical  
fun-pals where you're going. Ireland, friend. They're  
coming this mornin. To dig you up.

35 *Casement* I thought Crippen was a \_\_\_\_\_ doctor of a man.

*Crippen* We fought Casement was a gentle parfit knight.

*(Spades delve)*

*Lynch (west of Ireland speech)* Officer Mahoney, how shall we be  
sure we dig up all the one man?

40 *Mahoney (adenoidal<sup>iv</sup> Dublin)* How do yous mean?

Lynch Not minus something, or plus parts of another?  
 Mahoney You know the \_\_\_\_\_ on that: impossible.  
 Lynch But Officer Mahoney, I see what I can see. And what I see  
 is, 'tis anybody's guess what's goin in this box.  
 45 Mahoney \_\_\_\_\_ . Here. These bones'll do.  
 (*Brief formalized tearing of bones*)  
 Lynch Officer Mahoney, do you think he really done those  
 things?  
 Mahoney What things?  
 50 Lynch Things.  
 Mahoney Wi boys an that?  
 Lynch I'm after readin in a book, his diaries ... Them Peruvian  
 boys, he said some o them has you-know-what on them  
 an entire foot length. An tree inches across. Tree  
 55 inches!  
 Mahoney Go to God.  
 Lynch A whole foot length!  
 Mahoney There's little left to any of them now, an that's the long  
 an short an t'ick o that. Here—  
 60 (*More tearing-up of bones. Cries of Casement, mortally riven.  
 Soon also, from Crippen screams of offended rage*)  
 Crippen Hey! Hey! You two, watch it, *watch it!* My bleedin foot  
 you got there, me leg ... \_\_\_\_\_, not me - Hey,  
 watch it - *Watch it!* AHHH—!  
 65 (*Climax of bone-rending: Crippen's, Casement's screams. Cut. A  
 guitar-chord, peremptory*)  
 Balladeer (*recitative*)  
 Some will call it \_\_\_\_\_,  
 Others a typically macabre Irish farce,  
 70 For her hero to be brought to his homeland at last,  
 A poisoner's toe up \_\_\_\_\_.  
 (*Guitar-dissonance, left unresolved*)

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<sup>i</sup> limepit: Roger Casement's body was interred in a lime pit in Pentonville Prison after he was hanged for his role in the 1916 Irish Easter Rising.

<sup>ii</sup> croon: low murmuring sound.

<sup>iii</sup> sauncy: (Irish English) lucky, prosperous, fortunate.

<sup>iv</sup> adenoidal: attributed to excessive enlargement of adenoids, humorous for 'nasal'.