

Adjusted

"Eustice Isadore"

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Scene i:

A dull and dreary day.

What else can you say?

"eustice, you're always such a bore."

Why, thank you, isadore."

"they say a door is nothing on it's own;

It must lead somewhere.

I'd like to go somewhere.

We could go for a look-about in the attics and the
closed rooms

Find diaries and letters of long-dead distant lovers.

It'd be just like when we were children sneaking all
around

We wouldn't make a sound;

They'd beat us black and blue if we were found,

But they can't touch us now!

"izzy, don't mean to be a bore

But really isadore.

You know these grey days make me blue.

I don't know what to do.

No...there's nothing I want to do."

Scene ii

The dull and dreary day becomes a dark and stormy
night.

"eustice, we could go outside and bottle fireflies.

Fairy lamps burn bright

In the face of stormy night

And the old black umbrella

Could keep us from all harm.

We could go to the lychyard and see what there's to
see.

Maybe a cabal meets underneath the banyan trees.

It'd be just like when we were children sneaking all
around

We wouldn't make a sound;

We thought they'd reach out from their graves and
drag us down,

But they don't scare us now!"

"izzy, don't mean to be a drag
But I'll do no such thing;
I'm staying in this chair.
I'd probably break my neck
Falling in an open grave
Or catch some horrid, fatal ache."

"oh eustice, come with me; come outside.
It'll be all right."

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