

#1 JAMES WASHINGTON is a struggling business owner & eccentric.

(James muses about life and his place in the world.)

JAMES

(ignoring Hyperion's antics, speaking to himself)

Oh Framer of all things, dearer Father:
What company I keep upon your earth.
The turning globe, which, silent, aspires
To glorify its most-wretched children
So often seems to have forgotten me.
No ticket I can return for my joy;
No brick to topple wicked shadows;
No light to see over my own stretched neck;
Only the rough soil to rest my head
And fickle characters to drowse me to bed.

(turning to Hyperion)

This is the colder season. Mark my mind, fool:
Your words are but wind-whisps in the willows.
My brother, calm your furious tongue, recline
And hear the bright, clean music of the spheres
Which we can gather from heaven on high
Though muddled by my flesh, my sorry state
Too wretched to take up solemn bow or
happy harp, my fingers swollen beyond
the fit of keys, my lips too parched to be
A master of the flute or horn, or... fie on it.

(pausing)

And then, only then, my strangest friend, I
Holler up to yonder heaven's heights, and
so strong and loud let my tenor intone
The figures who, passionless, are doomed to shine,
They born to live untainted by life or death!
Oh, if I were a purer idea
who knew no happiness nor despair
I'd be a glorious minister for

All things that know not where to send their prayers.

HYPERION is James's jester companion.

#2 (Hyperion proceeds with his usual antics in a verse monologue inspired by the Shakespearean Fool.)

HYPERION

(enters behind James, who is sitting alone in a booth with a drink and an empty plate. Soon behind him, Hyperion suddenly reaches out his hand and clasps James' shoulder, startling him)

Blasphemy's child, the forked foot of Satan!
That moon's cleft hoof and the planets' pacing!
So restless runs this night, willy-nilly!
My fallen friend, my dear Bedlam-Billy:
Sew up the devil's stomper, prancing moon
Kiss asleep those fluttering eyes, you weary groom!
Nocturnal blessings touch us not, but brush
the cracked, upended city streets, which rush
wanton wayfaring Mister and Misses
whose suit-coat her gloam evening gown kisses.

(Sits down across from James)

Somnambulatory moon-lover, you
Of my unction, are permitted to coo
Lovely sweet, sweet tiddle-diddy tunes to
Your pearl-eyed-bride, the merry month of June!