

The Conspiracy

Silentium

Enjoining the evening?
Count Tenheim. I Presume?
At your service my lord...?
You may call me Scoria. I've been watching
you dance with young baroness Prudence, such
a...lovely creature
Yes, unfortunately her loveliness is owned
by someone rude enough not to even appear
with her. Even in such pleasant masquerades as tonight.
Well some do not simply have the proper out
bringing to attend this kind of pleasures
Apparently so, lord Scoria. it may be the
spanish way to raise sails and let the beauty
wither ashore.
Look at her amongst all this joy, mourning
and sighing. Wouldn't you like to set those sad
longing eyes aflame again? To have her and afterwards
kiss that swanlike neck goodnight?
I...I Beg your pardon, my lord
Do not insult me with petty morality, dear
count. I know exactly how desperately you thirst
after her. With how much anguish you envy that
halfbreed Antracon for owning her loyalty.
If only I could open her eyes from that
blindness.
I think we have a way to remedy that.
Dear sir. are you suggesting that I would
do the dirty deed of yours... of god only
knows what intentions?
My intentions. Are merely of setting her free
of that endless longing. I'm not asking you
to do anything, but to follow your own desires. Few
words from a loyal servant of your's will do.
Few words. From my servant?
Just a word placed in the ear of Antracon's
crew. He's ship, "Providence", is due to
Southampton within few weeks. When it arrives we can
perhaps put one of your servants on the
payroll all we need is few words, like count Tenheim
has...

[Lawes:]...Slept with young baroness Prudence.
Aye! You watch your mouth gadgie. I can't
believe it out off her
That's the bleeding bloody honest truth. By
god. Mind you. She is the bleeding fiancée of the
owner of this ship and all. Didn't stop the mockers or
banging her sheets with sir tenheim now did
it? No no...
Bloody hell...young sir Antracon ain't gonna
be at all happy when he'll hear about it...

[Antracon:]...I just can not believe it
Well that's what I heard. And the gadgie
works for the count and all. Well, we better be
off to London sir. If we are going to be there in
decent time.

No...Hickson wait...I am going to stay here
at the inn for a while. Would you arrange a
room for me?

You're sure sir? Ah mean. Right, you never
kin with this stuff. Never kin with the ladies,
tell you that for nothing sir.

No...she deserved something better... It's
all my doing. Being away and low breed. All my
doing...