

They infected her. Therefore she proposes that the rich should be infected.

The underworld plans and plots, and the gruesome meeting is closed with a frenzied dance between *King-Hunger* and *Death*, to the music of the dance above.

*King-Hunger* is at the trial of the *Starving*. He is the most powerful king on earth: he is at home everywhere, but nowhere more so than at the trial of the *Starving*. On high chairs sit the judges, in all their bloated importance. The courtroom is filled with curiosity seekers, idle ladies dressed as if for a ball; college professors and students looking for object lessons in criminal depravity; rich young girls are there, to satisfy a perverted craving for excitement.

The first starveling is brought in muzzled.

*King-Hunger*. What is your offense, starveling?

*Old Man*. I stole a five-pound loaf, but it was wrested from me. I had only time to bite a small piece of it. Forgive me, I will never again —

He is condemned in the name of the *Law* and *King-Hunger*, the most powerful king on earth.

Another starveling is brought before the bar of justice. It is a woman, young and beautiful, but pale and sad. She is charged with killing her child.