

Gamecock

Thou dullard! use thy small and foolish brain,
And hark! *I* will in nearing future reign!

Drake (angrily)

You knave, if anyone shall be the king
'Twill not be you—you gaudy feathered thing!

Gander (aside)

Come, comrade, let us teach the rogue his place,
His silver tongue—ah, welcome here, your Grace.

Turkey (just coming up)

How now! why all these angry words and eyes,
Why fight (*turning to Gander and Drake*) with
one so weak and small of size?

Drake

Oh, King, that wicked creature standing there
To overthrow thy rule, to us did swear,
But we determined to frustrate his schemes.
And put to flight his vain and wicked dreams.

Turkey (calling guards)

Here, take this villain to the deepest cell,
He is a dangerous rebel, guard him well.

(*Gamecock attempts to expostulate but is led off,
struggling*)