Gulliver’s Travels

Story by
Jonathan Swift

Edit by
Don Fleming

Gulliver’s Travels was first presented by Seattle Children’s Theatre for the Summer Season.
All Rights Reserved.

DO NOT REPRODUCE.
NOT LICENSED FOR PRODUCTION.
Production Notes:

The play takes place in the 18th century. It calls for imaginative staging as Gulliver goes to fantastic lands and meets strange creatures. In the original SCT production some scenes were performed simultaneously, using puppets and actors to get across the differences in scale between Gulliver, the little people and the giants. Puppets and prop pieces were used to represent the floating island and the Blufescan warship. It is important to find active transitions between the scenes.

Cast:

The original SCT production was done in two parts, with two separate casts for Act I and Act II. There were twelve actors in the first act, and fourteen in the second act, about evenly split between male and female. Twelve actors is the minimum number for this play (six male, six female). The cast is as follows:

GULLIVER, the traveling doctor

PEOPLE OF THE SIGN OF THE STAR TAVERN:
RATHSEN, an angry person
SAMUEL, Gulliver’s young son
PRAIDEN, a proud person
SLOOTHINARD, a lazy person
MARY, Gulliver’s wife
GRIDLEY, the greedy owner of the tavern
ENEVEYAN, a jealous person
DRANIC, a thirsty person
FODAN, a gluttonous person
FEYEREINA, a frightened person
LAIANIC, a dishonest person

PEOPLE OF GULLIVER’S SHIP
CAPTAIN SWIFT
SAILORS
SEBASTIAN

PEOPLE OF LILLIPUT
EMPEROR
EMPRESS
ADMIRAL SKYRESH BOLGOLAM
LORD FLIMNAP, TREASURER
SLAMSA, A SCIENTIST
BLANCAM, A SERVANT
HURGO
LILLIPUTIAN CAPTAIN
HERALD
CROWD (LILLIPUTIANS 1-4)
BLUFESCAN CAPTAIN
BLUFESCAN LOOKOUT
BLUFESCAN SAILOR

PEOPLE OF BRODBINGNAG (THE LAND OF THE GIANTS)
RAT (THE SPLAKNUCK)
GLUMDALCLITCH (THE FARMER’S YOUNG DAUGHTER)
FARMER
GIANT CROWD
QUEEN
DWARF
KING
GIANT SCIENTIST
WASPS
COOK ONE
COOK TWO

PEOPLE OF LAPUTA
SERVANT
NOBLE ONE
KING
MINISTER
ADVISER
LAPUTAN NOBLES

PEOPLE OF LAGUDA
LAGUDAN 1
LAGUDAN 2
LAGUDAN 3
LAGUDAN 4

STRUDDLEBRUG 1
STRUDDLEBRUG 2
STRUDDLEBRUG 3
STRUDDLEBRUG 4

PEOPLE OF YAHOO-HOUHYNHM LAND
4 MALE YAHOO
4 FEMALE YAHOO
MASTER HORSE
PROSECUTOR HORSE
JUDGE HORSE
DEFENSE HORSE
OTHER HORSES
SCENE 1. THE SIGN OF THE STAR TAVERN.

IN NEAR-DARKNESS, A SONG BEGINS SLOWLY, GAINING STRENGTH AS IT GOES ALONG. THE SINGERS MOVE WITH THE MUSIC, BUT THE LIGHTS COME UP GRADUALLY, NOT ON THEM, BUT ON GULLIVER WHO STANDS STIFFLY APART FROM THEM.

ALL EXCEPT GULLIVER (SINGING TO THE TUNE OF “TARANTELLA”)

GULLIVER, GULLIVER
GULLIVER, GULLIVER

GULLIVER, GULLIVER
GULLIVER, GULLIVER

GULLIVER, GULLIVER
GULLIVER, GULLIVER

SPEAK TO US, GULLIVER

LEMUEL, IF YOU WILL
TELL US JUST WHAT YOU WILL

TELL US OF LITTLE ONES
TELL US OF GIANTS

TELL US WHY YOU ARE NOW SO DEFIANT

GULLIVER, GULLIVER, GULLIVER, GULLIVER
GULLIVER, GULLIVER, GULLIVER, GULLIVER

TELL US YOUR STORY
SPEAK OF YOUR TRAVELS

SPIN US A YARN THAT WON’T COME UNRAVELED
WE BEG YOU TO SPEAK TO US, GULLIVER.

(During the song, lights come up on DR. LEMUEL GULLIVER. The carousing singers we see only dimly. He is stiffly, formally though not expensively dressed. His hands are held strangely, in fists in front of him, with a strange air of mingled expectation, fortitude and resignation. He is almost perfectly still, and when he does move, it is with a sort of pawing of the ground with his feet and an equine inclination of his head, accompanied by a genteel snort. As the song ends, the lights widen to include the other patrons of The Sign of the Star, a pub. They are staring at GULLIVER.)
SLOOT

Look at him. Just look at him. He hasn’t moved from there all day.

FODAN

(Who eats while talking) Neither have you. (Burps)

DRANIC

Give me another, Gridley.

GRIDLEY

Pay first.

(GRIDLEY pays DRANIC, the owner of the tavern, who snatches the coin greedily.)

LAIANIC

He used to be a physician. Doctor Lemuel Gulliver. This tavern used to be his office.

SLOOT

Him, a doctor?

ENEVEYAN

And now he’s a madman. Sees little people, giants, an island that floats in the sky. More strange stories than you could shake a stick at.

RATHSEN

I’m willing to try that. (he shakes a stick a stick at GULLIVER.) Tell us your story, you.

(GULLIVER snorts disdainfully)

PRAIDEN

He lives with horses.

RATHSEN

With horses?

PRAIDEN

In a stable. Eats oats with horses and sleeps in the hay. And mutters in his sleep about those little people and giants.

RATHSEN
Ha, ha, Hey, Dobbin. Maybe he only speaks horse. Maybe that’s why he doesn’t talk. Hey, there (RATHSEN whinnies at GULLIVER, who turns to him sharply.)

FEYEREINA
AAAH! Help! Don’t provoke him. Who knows what he might do. They say it’s always the quiet ones, don’t they?

PRAIDEN
I can’t abide the way he looks at us.

RATHSEN
Talk, you. Tell us why you live with animals.

(Dranic holds up a coin)

DRANIC
Another one, Gridley.

GRIDLEY
Coming up. Hey Molly!

(MARY enters)

MARY
What is it?

GRIDLEY
Bring out a . . .

(MARY gasps)

What?

MARY
You! (She stares at GULLIVER)

GRIDLEY
Molly?

GULLIVER
Mar-Yahoo, Yahoo!

FEYEREINA
She knows him! She knows him!

MARY
You! (she throws her dishrag at him.)

SLOOTHINARD

Looks like the show’s begun!

ENEVEYAN

A reunion?

MARY

Lemuel! How could you do this to me—to us? I have to work like a plow horse for this hard-fisted miser.

GRIDLEY

Miser? I found you starving in this place and gave you a job out of pity. I even let you bunk in the back with your boy.

GULLIVER

Boy?

PRAIDEN

Oh, oh, a real word. He speaks, he speaks!

MARY

And he writes, too. (she takes out a tear-stained letter.)

“Dear Wife,

I am in England once more. But I will not see you. The whole race of yahoos disgusts me and you are a she-yahoo.

Sincerely,

Dr. Lemuel Gulliver”

After ten years, this is what I get from you? (she crumples the letter and throws it at him.)

Why did you come here?

(SAMUEL enters)

SAMUEL

Ma?

GULLIVER

Boy.
MARY
Samuel. Get out of here.

GULLIVER
My . . . son?

MARY
I don’t want you to talk to him.

GULLIVER
For a young yahoo, there may be hope.

MARY
No! Keep away.

FODAN
Wait. Wait. Don’t let her take him away. Keep him talking. Here’s a chance to get him to tell us his story. From the . . . from the horse’s mouth.

(The patrons all laugh. They keep MARY from SAMUEL as GULLIVER approaches him.)

LAIANIC
Dr. Gulliver. Why not tell your story? Don’t you want to let people know the truth?

GULLIVER
Truth? What do Yahoos know of the truth? Or reason. I will not provide you entertainment.

MARY
Then why, why come here, Lemuel?

GULLIVER
To watch you Yahoos—to see if there were any hope of reforming your vices. I have seen no hope at all, untill . . (he approaches closer to SAMUEL, who does not back away.)

SAMUEL
Yes?

GULLIVER
I have never met you, but I am your . . . father.

SAMUEL
My father?
GULLIVER
I will tell you the truth. The truth about where I have been. Not for you! Not for you Yahoos! Nothing will induce you to abandon your vices, for you are made wholly of vice. For him. For him, yes, for him there may be hope. Listen, young Yahoo.

MARY
He has a name. He is . . .

GULLIVER
Years ago, I lived with that yahoo – your mother. She was my . . . wife. I was a doctor; a doctor with no patients.

(Flashback effects. Scene change music. The actors rearrange the scene into a doctor’s office.)

SCENE 2. YEARS EARLIER. THE OFFICE OF DR. LEMUEL GULLIVER

(The scene change leaves GULLIVER alone. Everything changes around him, but he does not move. But his manner is different. He is human, anxious, waiting. MARY enters. She is pregnant.)

GULLIVER
Yes, madam, may I . . . Oh. Mary.

MARY
You don’t seem happy to see me.

GULLIVER
I thought you might be a patient.

MARY
I see. Lemuel, there is a man . . .

GULLIVER
I am a skilled physician . . .

MARY
Lemuel, a man . . .

GULLIVER
. . . but I have no patients, and no money left! And every day, I see rich physicians pass by this office in fine carriages. Every day. Do they have more skill than I?

MARY
Lemeul, the man says …

GULLIVER
They do. Not in treating the sick or healing the injured. But they have skills of deceit and manipulation. They cure their patients of imaginary diseases while inflicting real damage.

MARY
It is not a perfect world. But we must live in it, Lemuel.

GULLIVER
I know.

MARY
Lemuel, there is a man outside who says . . .

GULLIVER
He says that he is here to take me on board ship.

MARY
Can it be true?

GULLIVER
I am going to sea.

MARY
To sea!

GULLIVER
I will be ship’s surgeon. Where my patients must come to me. And I will provide them with health, not flattery and narcotics.

MARY
But we have a child coming.

GULLIVER
There is no other reasonable course. I sail with the tide for Van Diemen’s land.

MARY
And I remain, to wonder when and if you will return?
GULLIVER
Mary. It is not the dark ages. This is 1703. I am not sailing off the edge of a flat world.

(CAPTAIN SWIFT enters)

GULLIVER
Captain.

CAPTAIN SWIFT
Beg Pardon, Ma’am, Dr. Gulliver, but the tide waits for no man. The ship is ready.

(GULLIVER hoists a packed bag)

MARY
And your bag is packed, I see.

(GULLIVER starts to leave.)
Lemuel, this is heartless, this is . . .

GULLIVER
This is the only reasonable course of action open to me.

SCENE 3. WEEKS LATER. A STORM AT SEA.

(There is thunder, lightning, high winds, rain, everything. Sailors climb about frantically. GULLIVER is frightened, but trying to deal with the situation.)

SAILORS
The sea! The sea!

CAPTAIN SWIFT
Haul aft, men! Haul aft! We’ll ride her out yet! Go below, Lemuel.

GULLIVER
I can bear a hand!

CAPTAIN SWIFT
Then away aloft, man! Reef the maincourse.

(GULLIVER climbs into the rigging)

LOOKOUT
Rocks on the port side! Rocks to leeward!

CAPTAIN SWIFT
Hell and death! Take the wheel, Sebastian, keep her steady. Where away?

(a sailor gives the captain a telescope.)

LOOKOUT
Captain, there! Closer! A biscuit toss off the port bow!

CAPTAIN SWIFT
Helm! Put before the wind! We’ll run clear! Starboard tack.

SEBASTIAN
Aye, aye. O Christ! We’ve missed stays!

(There is a huge crash.)

SAILORS
We’ve struck!

(There is an awful tearing sound.)

SEBASTIAN
We’ve split! We’ve split! She doesn’t answer the helm.

SAILORS
(in a continuing, confused roar) Abandon Ship!

CAPTAIN SWIFT
Maintain order, men. We must lower the boats.

GULLIVER
Be reasonable! We’ve time to man the boats. Be reasonable.

SEBASTIAN
Reasonable! You fool of a doctor. We are each of us facing a watery grave! Every man for himself!

(GULLIVER falls into the water, thrown there by Sebastian’s panic. The storm continues.)

SCENE 4. THE NEXT MORNING. ON THE SHORES OF LILLIPUT

(GULLIVER, LOOKOUT, CAPTAIN, HURGO, ARMY, HERALD, EMPEROR, LILLIPUTIANS)
(GULLIVER is lying on the beach unconscious. He is tied up with thousands of tiny strings, bound hand and foot. The LILLIPUTIANs army is ranged around him, at what they hope is a safe distance. After some time GULLIVER begins to stir.)

CAPTAIN
The mountain moves, lord, what shall I do?

(GULLIVER roars in frustration.)

HURGO
Yah! Shoot! Shoot!

CAPTAIN
Fire!

(The LILLIPUTIAN army shoots arrows at Gulliver. He roars in pain and struggles to free himself.)

HURGO
Man-Mountain, hear us, you cannot escape! We fear you not. We come in peace. Shoot again, Captain!

CAPTAIN
Fire!

(GULLIVER is again struck with arrows. Again he struggles to free himself.)

HURGO
Accept the hand of friendship we extend! Shoot!

CAPTAIN
Fire!

(GULLIVER is shot again. He continues struggling.)

LOOKOUT
Golbasto approaches!

(The EMPEROR enters. The army bows down before him.)

ARMY
Emperor!

HERALD
Golbasto doth approach. Golbasto Momarem Evlame Mu Lee Ully Gue has come! Most Mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe has come!

His dominions extend five thousand blustrugs. Monarch of monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the center of the earth, whose head strikes against the sun. Hail Golbasto Momarem Evlame Mully Ully Gue!

ALL
Hail Golbasto Momarem Evlame Mully Ully Gue!

(Astonished, GULLIVER ceases struggling. The HERALD climbs up on to GULLIVER)

HERALD
Hail Golbasto Momarem Evlame Mully Ully Gue!

GULLIVER

HERALD
Golbasto

GULLIVER
Golbasto

HERALD
Momarem

GULLIVER
Momarem

HERALD
Evlame

GULLIVER
Evlame

HERALD
Mully

GULLIVER
Mully

HERALD
Ully
EMPEROR
We name you Quinbus Flestrim. Man-mountain in the ancient tongue. Hear us, Quinbus. We come to you in friendship. We do not fear you. Your bulk is nothing compared to the extent and majesty of our empire. We have mountains far greater than you, trees that would extend past the height of your waist. We regard you as a guest in our dominions, to be treated with respect and courtesy. This is the decree of the emperor!

ALL
Narcascalone Degul!

EMPEROR
Quinbus Flestrim, you have leave to speak. We await your reply.

GULLIVER
I . . . I am very thirsty. And hungry. If it pleases your majesty, could I have food and drink?

(The LILLIPUTIANs erupt in a confused commotion. They had not thought of having to feed him. They are terrified lest he eat every scrap of food in the kingdom.)

CROWD
Feed him! Impossible! A creature of that size! There will be no food left! An entire cow would make a mere mouthful for him.

EMPEROR
We have anticipated your needs. You are a guest and shall be fed. Hurgo! Make it so!

HURGO
Make it so, Captain!

CAPTAIN
Break out the rations. There, bring them up by his armpit. Heave!

ARMY

Heave! Heave-ho! Up the ladder, down the hatch.

(They feed GULLIVER, pouring food and drink down his throat)

EMPEROR

Hurgo, a word in your ear.

HURGO

My emperor?

EMPEROR

Replace these ropes with chains, mount him on carts, and haul him to the capital. We will assemble the council.

SCENE 5. THE NEXT DAY. IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT

(HERALD, EMPEROR, EMPRESS, FLIMNAP, SKYRESH, FLIMNAP, GULLIVER, SLAMSA, LILLIPUTIAN NOBLES)

(The EMPEROR and empress are seated on their thrones. The HERALD holds a long ceremonial pole. All the nobility of Lilliput are assembled before the monarch.)

BLANCAM

The star chamber council of Golbasto Momarem Evlame Mully Ully Gue is assembling. The creeping and leaping shall now begin. Let all who would advise the emperor approach!

(The nobles approach the throne, by repeatedly either creeping under or leaping over the ceremonial stick. Each time they leap over it they exclaim. “I shall perform great feats for my emperor. Each time they creep under it they cry “I humble myself before my emperor.” Some of the nobles (the Slamecksan) are in very high heels, which makes it difficult to get under the stick. Some are in very low heels (the Tramecksans), which makes it more difficult to get over. These two groups regard each other with mutual hostility and cheer on their allies. The EMPEROR and BLANCAM are barefoot. The EMPRESS wears a long dress, so her shoes cannot be seen, but she limps a bit. The EMPEROR and EMPRESS applaud their efforts and exclaim with pleasure
at the feats of greatest dexterity. They also proclaim “dismissed” when any of the nobles stumble, or touch the pole. Those dejected nobles leave the court. At the end of the ceremony, FLIMNAP (treasurer, a Tramecksan) and SKYRESH BOLGOLAM (Lord High Admiral, a Slamecksan) have survived.

BLANCAM
The creeping and leaping has ended. The members of the star chamber council are:

Lord Flimnap, most honored member of the order of Clumglum, and Secretary of his Majesty’s Treasury. (FLIMNAP bows)

Skyresh Bolgolam, Lord High Admiral of the Realm. (SKYRESH bows)

EMPEROR
My advisers, time is short. The Man-mountain approaches this palace as we speak. I desire you all shall give your best advice.

FLIMNAP
I can only think that your majesty means advice on how best to destroy the thing.

EMPRESS
Destroy the creature? It has done us no harm.

FLIMNAP
Your tenderness becomes you infinitely, majesty. But as treasurer, I tell you that in a week this thing will eat every scrap of food in this empire.

SKYRESH
Lord Flimnap. This creature could destroy the Blufescans. He could end the Bigendian scourge forever, uniting the world under our rule.

EMPEROR
But will he obey our commands?

EMPRESS
We know so little of him. What is he?

EMPEROR
I believe the royal society for scientific investigation has prepared a report. Blancam! Call in Slamsa.

BLANCAM
Slamsa Gredansa of the Royal Society.

(SLAMSA enters. Barefoot.)

SLAMSA
Your majesties. Ministers. We have examined the available evidence on the Man-Mountain, and taken detailed observations and measurements of him. He is twelve times the height of one your adult subjects, majesty, and consequently, in weight and volume, we estimate him to be 1,728 times as great.

EMPEROR
1,728.

SLAMSA
Yes.

SKYRESH
And did you measure the height of his shoe heels?

(the council erupts.)

FLIMNAP
That is a provocative question, your Majesty. How can we avoid factionalism in your dominions if it is to be carried into your very council chamber?

SKYRESH
Nonsense! It is a question of fact. We must have proper information on this point.

EMPEROR
I must agree. Well, Slamsa?

SLAMSA
We found no shoes. If he had been wearing them, they must have been lost when he fell.

EMPEROR
Fell? Where did he come from?

SLAMSA
Oh, he fell from the moon.
EMPEROR
Fell from the moon?

SLAMSA
Oh yes. There can be no doubt about that. It was the one point on which all your scientific advisers were unanimous. The position of the moon, his general disorientation, all the evidence combines to the point where I can state with certainty that he fell from the moon.

SKYRESH
And on the moon, do they eat eggs?

SLAMSA
I do not know.

SKYRESH
We must ask him.

FLIMNAP
Surely not. The risk, if he should be a Bigendian . . .

SKYRESH
What is it you fear, Flimnap, that the Man-Mountain will prove a Big-Endian, or that you will be discovered as one?

FLIMNAP
I came for a council, not an inquisition. I am no Big-Endian.

SKYRESH
Do you eat soft-boiled eggs at all? Or do you hide behind egg abstention, concealing your true . . .

FLIMNAP
That is slander. Fetch an egg. I will eat it before you all in this council. Merely because I do not publicly devour twelve a day . . .

SKYRESH
Scratch a Tramecksan, find a Blufescan.

EMPEROR
Enough! I have forbidden that word in my council. There are no Tramecksans or Slamecksans here, only Lilliputians.

SKYRESH
Nobly put, Your Majesty. (SKYRESH points to FLIMNAP’s ridiculously high heels.) But look at those. It is a provocation, a clear provocation.

FLIMNAP
And are slippers and mocassins proper court attire? Because we are Little-Endians, does it mean that all the dignity of our ancestors must be thrown away?

SKYRESH
You refer to the corrupt customs of your Bigendian ancestors. You would take us back, back to the darkness and superstition of the past back to the . . .

EMPERESS
Stop! Oh, Stop, Please stop it. Why must we struggle so, why must we fight? Why not compromise? Both the old and the new are vital to the health of our dominions. And so I say - why cannot we all unite. Why cannot we all get along?

(She lifts her dress to reveal one high heel and one low heel.)

EMPEROR
I trust my wife’s noble example will permanently silence your squabbling, gentlemen. Well done, my dear. A noble example to us all. Lord Flimnap, Admiral Skyresh is correct. We must put the question to the Man-Mountain.

FLIMNAP
Then we must prepare for the worst, your Majesty. If he should prove a Big-Endian, we must destroy it.

EMPEROR
You are correct, Lord Flimnap. Slamsa, have you prepared any plans against that unpleasant possibility?

SLAMSA
Yes, your Majesty. While the Man-mountain is enormously powerful, he is also dependent upon us—upon you, your majesty—for all the necessities of life.

FLIMNAP
So we could poison his food!

SLAMSA
But there is a danger that a corpse of such enormous size would putrefy and decay before it could be disposed of, spreading disease throughout the land, so, in combination with a gradual and slow-acting poison we could also lessen the amount of food he receives day by day, to reduce his bulk.

SKYRESH
Starve and poison him!

FLIMNAP
Which would steadily reduce the cost to the treasury even while we dispose of our problem.

EMpress
Oh, how horrid! How can you make such cruel plans?

EMperor
Your tenderness does you credit, my dear. But if he should prove a Bigen . . .

(GULLIVER’S Head appears at a window.)

GULLIVER
If he should prove a what?

CROWD
The Man-mountain. The Man Mountain!

EMperor
(going out on a balcony to address GULLIVER) Man-mountain! You have arrived in good time. Welcome, heartily welcome to our royal capital. Let the trumpets of welcome be sounded!

HERALD
let the trumpets of Welcome be sounded.

(Trumpets sound.)

EMperor
And now, I shall swear eternal friendship to you, as we have been discussing in this council. Lumos kelmin pesos desmar lon emposo.

GULLIVER
Yes, Ah . . . Luman kielbasa . . . uh, I, in return, swear to loyally repay your kindness.
EMPEROR
Man-mountain, there are a few questions we have for you.

GULLIVER
Yes?

EMPEROR
In the (pointing up) place where you come from. Are there eggs?

GULLIVER
Eggs? Yes, your majesty, of course.

(enormous consternation in the court)

EMPEROR
And do you, do you eat these eggs.

GULLIVER
Oh, yes. Hen’s eggs. And sometimes the eggs of other fowl as well.

(even more consternation)

EMPEROR
Soft-boiled?

GULLIVER
Sometimes.

EMPEROR
And—and how do you open them?

GULLIVER
Well, we tap them to break the shell, with a spoon or a knife and then cut ---

EMPEROR
No, no! Which end? Which end?

GULLIVER
What?

EMPEROR
Which end of the egg do you open? Which end?

GULLIVER
I . . . I suppose it varies. Some people . . .
EMPEROR
Not some people! You! Which end do you open?

GULLIVER
I . . . I open the . . . the smaller end.

(There is enormous relief and rejoicing. The people of Lilliput, including the court, sing the Little-Endian anthem.)

ALL LILLIPUTIANS

LITTLE END
LITTLE END
THE EGG SHALL BE OPENED THERE
LITTLE END
LITTLE END
AND NONE IN THIS REALM SHALL DARE
TO BREAK THE SHELL AT WHAT NATURE MEANT
TO BE THE BASE OF THE EGG. NO DENT
FROM FORK NOR SPOON NOR BREAKFAST KNIFE
SHALL THERE BE SEEN—I PLEDGE MY LIFE.

LITTLE END
LITTLE END
THE EGG SHALL BE OPENED THERE

EMPEROR
My people. Lilliputians all. You have heard from the prodigious lips of the Man-mountain himself that he abjures the Big-Endian heresy. That, like us, he abides by the true Little-endian faith. He opens his soft boiled eggs from the smaller end.

(cheering)

HERALD
The Man-mountain shall be maintained by the royal treasury. He shall have food and drink enough to support 1,729 people.
GULLIVER
I am overcome by your generosity, your majesty. If there is any service I can do you that lies within my power, I shall do it.

EMPEROR
Well spoken, Man-mountain. I take you at your word. I have here a scroll enumerating just such services. Herald!

HERALD (reading)
The Man-mountain shall be our ally against the heretical Big-Endians of the Island of Blufescu, whose Warship is preparing even now to invade our dominions and put our people to the sword.

EMPEROR
With the help of the man-mountain, we shall renew the war against Blufescu and aid us in destroying that country and all its inhabitants. Big-Endianism shall be no more!

(Cheering. GULLIVER is a bit taken aback)