

HOPKINS

HOPKINS: (*Joining FRANKLIN and HALL, a mug of rum in his hand*) Ben, I want y'to see some cards I've gone 'n' had printed up that ought t'save everybody here a whole lot of time 'n' effort, considering the epidemic of bad disposition that's been going around lately. (*He reads*) "Dear sir: You are without any doubt a rogue, a rascal, a villain, a thief, a scoundrel, and a mean, dirty, stinking, sniveling, sneaking, pimping, pocket-picking, thrice double-damned, no good son-of-a-bitch"—and y'sign y'r name. What do y'think?"

FRANKLIN: (*Delighted*) Stephen, I'll take a dozen right now!