

Act 1

Setting: Exterior, view of city

Host: Greetings stranger, fortun'd fellow, 'Tis a party for which I bellow. I invite The King In Yellow, so come all ye in Yhtil. Wear thine masks upon you to my masquerade until... 'HE' may come to lost Yhtil. Hope for us there may be still

King (Disguised): Shadows lengthen, streets darken, to the curfew thou must harken. Why so loudly dost thou bark in the dimmed city of Yhtil? Only much attention quite unwholesome you'll instill... from the souls of poor Yhtil. Why attract so much ill will?

Host: That is just what I must seek, see, hidden somewhere 'mongst the meekly, 'Tis one invitee I seek he – shall all my mistakes undo. 'Tis the king in yellow whose great wealth I shall accrue. When his shadow passes through, wealth will come to I and you

King (Disguised): Lo, your plans shall surely languish, and this whole town will know anguish, For the King is whom they say which shall this city indeed smite. If he comes, Yhtil, and you, and I will know his might. All'll be lost within a night. What reward is worth that price?

Host: Wearing this expensive clothing, pardon from my family's loathing – lasting til I'm decomposing, all my friends who've strife I've caused; Yes – preparing for this night, their forgiveness is the cause, they shall all be proud because, I had brought the king to us

Act 2

Setting: Interior, well lit

Host: Welcome, company most cherished! May my loneliness thus perish To this evening we shall share much which would be wasted by myself. No attendants have arrived tonight alas, besides thyself. But I'll be beside myself, when the King reveals himself.

King (Disguised): Lay thine hands upon my bodice, for before you stands a goddess – Know this guest of goldenrod is merely the first of the night. Let us drink to your great wealth, and family, and life, lasting til your afterlife, All'll be yours once he arrives.

Host: Yes, until my schemes may flourish, we shall haunt my empty fortress. Let us dance a whirling dervish while we feed out appetites. By the 'morrow we shall know if the King came tonight. Midnight marks the final chime. Until that comes, there is still time.

King (Disguised): Be thee graciously obeisant, demonstrate a courtly patience, He declines no invitation he receives upon his court. All who live in doomed Yhtil will know without report; The King arrived by your escort, A prophecy of grim import.

Act 3

Setting: Interior, no light besides open window

Host: Damn the night! And morrow scornful! Wicked morning unremorseful! Why tonight must I be mournful for ambitions unfulfilled? After all my preparations, all the daylights I have killed, why is it us only still? Oh – Why're my wishes unfulfilled?

King (Disguised): Hohohohoho! Why so livid? It's your actions that permitted This result truly befitted to a hunger such as thine. Know your greed is grave and tomb and crypt in which you die. It's within your grease you fry. Dearest host, the end is nigh.

Host: Wretched guest you've come to mock me? For bemusement thou wast hawking And so in the town you stalked me to watch my schemes fall apart? Strip thy mask, apologize, then hastily depart! Leave thee just my broken heart! Leave naught else in whole or part!

King (Removes Disguise): I wear no mask, now witness, for it was thee who hast permit this golden guest to own the dimness of the city of Yhtil. Lo, for I'm the King in Yellow whose long shadow's on Yhtil! And whose shadow you're in still! Dark as death is now Yhtil!

(King fatally injures the Host)

Host: Foh! Daw thy blade from mine contusion– mine life reaches its conclusion, cruelty matched by your delusion that you truly are the king. Yes–! You would have granted all my wishes, not forsaken me...!! If indeed you were the king, Why would you have murdered me?

King: But I've granted all your wishes, I'm afraid I disagree: All alone, you are with all of your remaining family. And as vision turns to darkness, you have claim to all you see! And you'll wear that mask and robe the rest of all your life indeed! And the strong will fall to illness, haunt Yhtil with cryptlike stillness, and none left alive to witness, my ascension to Yhtil! and From the catacombs shall spill the cries of innocence laid still-ly, Heard from lady and from smithy, and from throne to peasant mill! Cries unprecedented in the history of Yhtil – Wails unlike there'll ever be again in dark Yhtil, ... That your invitation's quill brought the king to black Yhtil.