

The Ghoul Next Door – Scene 15 – C/Tr/Th

Accompanied Scene

C: (Enter R, a little hungover)

After putting to rest and sleeping off all my drunk-stupid stupor,

Philolaches told me how his dad was back, and how his slave conned him;

So now he's afraid to face his father, and the gang voted me envoy 1125

To settle peace terms with dad. Look who it is—sweet!

Hello, Theopropides, happy you're back; dinner? Tonight? My place? (clearly sweet-talking)

Th: Thanks for the invitation, Callidamates, but no! **C:** Aw, why not? 1130

Tr: Say yes: or if you don't, I'm free for dinner! (joke about altar again)

Th: You are cruisin' for a bruising, still laughing at me. **Tr:** What? Cause I said I take your place for dinner? **Th:** You can't go: you're going to be tied up!

C: Why you so stupidly camped out clinging to that altar? **Tr:** (childish) He scared me! 1135

(To Th) Tell him what I APPEAR to have done: now see we have an arbitrator!

Th: I claim you corrupted my boy. **Tr:** Listen here: Sure, he made some mistakes:

Freed a girl 'friend', took out a loan, spent the proceeds. 1140

Is he really any different from other sons from the right sort of people? (fake genteel).

Th: Ooh, such a sly tongue **C:** I'll be the judge of that. You move, I'll sit there. (toward altar and sit next to Tr)

Th: Yeah, great, you take on his case. **Tr:** There's some catch here! How bout you live in fear FOR me? 1145

Th: I'm just sick of being made fun of. **Tr:** I'm glad I did it, You deserved it.

Old gray heads are supposed to be wise **Th:** What do I do now?

Tr: if you're a friend of the playwright Diphilus or Philemon,

Complain to them how your slave made you an ass, the butt of his jokes; 1150

This sounds like a perfectly knotted plot twist for a comedy (wink to audience) .

C: Shut up (hand over mouth), let me get a word in edgewise (Tr nods head with hand over mouth;

C rise to talk to Th) You know I'm your son's best friend, and I'm here

Because he's too ashamed to face you when he knows you know everything he's done. 1155

Please overlook his foolish youth; he's your son.

You know at that age it's typical to mess around with messing around.

Everything that was done, we did together, and we both behaved badly.

We'll repay the whole loan for the girl, not at your expense, but ours. 1160

Th: (impressed, patting on back) They couldn't have sent a better spokesman.

I'm not angry or upset anymore with anything he did.

Even while I'm around, he can whore, drink and do as he pleases.

It's apology enough, he's ashamed of his exorbitant expenses. 1165

C: (acting) Thoroughly ashamed. **Tr:** While you're at it how 'bout I get a handful of that forgiveness.

Th: You, scum, are waiting in line for a whipping. **Tr:** Even with my shame? (fake it)

C: Grant a general amnesty: forgive Tranio's faults for my sake.

Th: ooh (shaking head) easier said than done; his bastardly cheating demands masterly beatings.

C: Let him off, please. **Th:** (Tr playing behind his back, taunting dancing, and caught). Do you see how that scoundrel stands there all smug?

C: Tranio, give it a rest, if you know what's good for you. **Th:** You (to Call) give it a rest too,

Asking me THAT. **C:** Pretty please **Th:** No begging **C:** By the gods... **Th:** (covering ears) Please, no begging! **C:** (uncovering Th's ears) No use! For one teensy weensy little fault, I ask you.

Tr: (to Th) Why so aggravated? As if I'm not going to really deserve it for some new misdeed tomorrow. Then you can get me back singularly for my double dealings—how convenient!

C: Let me...(Th clamp hand over his mouth, finger in face) **Th:** (reluctant but resigned) Go on, unpunished (gritted teeth). BUT HEY – thank him!

Tr: And, our viewing audience, our play's all done, thank ME (uhhh...Us) with your applause!

Th: First, I'd like a slave inquisition!

Tr: Good idea (nervous), meanwhile I'll reserve this altar (stageL, sits on it) **Th:** Why?

Tr: Umm (dodging) to keep any slaves from seeking refuge here, and thus evade your inquisition (gulp, kiss altar) 1095

Th: Up **Tr:** No way. **Th:** Please, no altar reservation. **Tr:** Why? (singsongy) **Th:** BECause...

I want the slaves to run there,....that will...prove to the judge how much more money I'm due...for a great case (realizes it's lame) **Tr:** Do one thing or the other! Judges can be so intimidating! 1100

Th: Just get up! And come here! (not intimidating, then sneaky) I want your...advice.

Tr: I can advise right here, (acting) so much wiser, sitting, giving and getting better advice in a sacred space.

Th: Get up....(whiny) no more fooling around. **Tr:** I see two sneaky bad boys (looking about and pointing at Th and self). **Th:** You swindled me, God...knows you wiped me clean. (blow nose here?)

Tr: Funny: SNOT a thing on you. (ha ha). **Th:** But I've uprooted all your radical rerouting and I recommend a radically new route of eradication. **Tr:** Not going anywhere today (gets comfortable on tiny altar). **Th:** I'll order up fire and firewood round your altar.

Tr: I'm sure I'd be much tastier boiled than roasted (taste self humorously) 1115

Th: God damn it, I'm gonna make an example out of you. **Tr:** Ooh, THAT good am I? Exemplary?

Th: When I left town, what kind of son did I leave here?

Tr: The kind with feet, hands, fingers, ears, eyes, lips.

Th: That's not what I was asking. **Tr:** No, but it's what I was answering. (notice C coming R).

Look there, your son's buddy Callidamates; why not 'take care of me' with him here? 1120