

The Ghoul Next Door – Scene 1 G/Tr

Unaccompanied Scene

Setting: Simo's house stage right, nicely kept, fresh paint, a little elaborate in the decorating department; Theopropides' house stage left, cobwebs, darker, a little run down – a bench/small couch to up LOC, head facing down R (tipped on side) –bottles, pieces of clothing lying around L

Grumio (G): (enter from right across to house up left in a huff, screaming toward inside)

Get out of the kitchen, right here, right now, you scum of the earth!

You're oh so slick like the film on the dishes! (picking up a bottle and shaking off drool)

Come on out, get a move on, our master's disaster.

I swear to God, just come down to the farm (gesturing right): I'll get you back good. (some lame fighting gesture)

Out, out, out, no use hiding, I can smell your foul stench anywhere.

5

Tranio (Tr): (enter from house left mad, boldly stepping into entranceway)

What's your problem, dirtbag, screaming out here in the street? (move toward aggressively waving hands)

Were you raised in a barn? Get away from the house! (push downstage right on each of these)

Go to the farm! Go to hell! Get away from our door!

Boo-ya, you want some of this? (beat him around, some silliness) **G:** Ow, ow, why'd you hit me?

10

Tr: Cause you're you. (smug) **G:** Well, hm! Just you wait till our old man gets back.

(prayer raised) Let this one you're consuming in his absence come back safe.

Tr: Stupid you, it's neither true, nor semi-hemi-kinda-true, (trying to act philosophical stepping away proudly to left)

that consumption in absentia can occur, nohow nowhere.

G: Ha, ha ha, you witty city twit, you people's choice, (move left up behind him)

15

Keep making fun of countryboy. You'll see, Tranio,
you'll get wound down and ground down at the mills.

By god, Tranio, in a matter of days,

you'll join our merry country gang...of the chain variety.

Now, while you like that you can, booze and abuse on the house,

20

Corrupt our master's excellent son;

Drink night and day, get as surely, purely, thoroughly Greekified as any Greek can be!

Buy loose women, then let 'em loose; manage morsels for many moochers;

buy all the stuff a professional party planner should.

Did the old man order all this when he went off overseas? 25

Is this his expectation for estate management?

Do you think it the duty of any good slave
to waste his master's resources AND his son?

Cause I think he's pretty wasted in the waste he's enjoying now.

Not a single, young man in all of Attica 30

was ever so modest, frugal or well-behaved,
but now he wins the prize in a 'different' competitive sport,
and all due to your highly effective training methods.

Tr: (cross G down right)

Well, my good douchebag, what's your business with me and my doings?

Could you puleeez (mock country accent), go back to the farm and tend to your heifers? 35

It's fun to drink, love it up and take home some whores,
and this is on my back, no business or concern of yours. (play on the financial pun here)

G: (to audience out, throwing up hands in frustration)

That's some bold talk from him! Well 'foo' to you! (maybe go for something mild sounding so Tr
overdoes reply)

Tr: (back toward left at G)

Jupiter and all the other gods damn you! And go foo yourself. You stink of garlic
and some dog/goat mutant stench, you down-home, home-style country manure 40

from a goat AND a pig sty. **G:** (sniffing self-consciously under pits) What do you expect?
(cross Tr rt) Everyone can't smell of exotic foreign scents,
Or take the choicest spot at the dinner table

Or enjoy such high-falutin' victuals as you live on. 45

You can keep your (snooty nose here) roast squab, fancy courses of fish and fowl
And let me relish my life – WITH LOTS OF GARLIC.

You're living the good life, mine's pretty rough: but I can manage.

So long as in the end mine turns out good and yours winds up bad. (turning away smug) 50

Tr: (taunting)

Why, Grumio, you seem to be just a bit jealous, (slimy approach from behind moving R)

That I do so well and you not so good; that's the way it should be:

I'm grand master of the love parade (big strutting about)—while you just steer the moo brigade.

So I tend to live life large, while your sorry service SUCKS.

G: Oh, perforated punster, which is just what you will be,

55

When you get punched full of holes as you're prodded through the streets.

Tr: Who's to say that's meant for me instead of you? (mock concern, moving farther left)

G: (confident) Cause I've never deserved it, while you have and always will. (Tr brush that off)

So, can I just get the cattle feed I came to get from you,

Or have you eaten it up in there too! (cross up L gesturing to house strongly, Tr. Roll eyes as if to say yes)

Go on, like you've been going, drink, and get your Greek on till you're all Greeked out,

Eat, get stuffed, and gorge till you explode (wild gesture moving down left a bit)

65

Tr: Shut up, back to the sticks, hick. I'm off to the harbor

To get fancy fish for our evening feast. (xing R, G counter downstage LOC)

Your cow chow will be at the farm by tomorrow. (dismissive)

G: Yeah right, you'll see that the crap jobs in life

often need doing way before what you want!

Tr: Could you possibly be more annoying! Shoo, back to your barn

You're a drag on my day - I'm off this way (whistling and some funny exit R! Skip? Vaudeville?)

75

Head down middle aisle and out back)

G: Look at him, trotting off and treating my advice like squat.

Gods, please, see to it, after three years away

That our master returns, before everything is gone,

The house, the farm, there'll only be leftovers left. (hard gestures L - then notice Phil)

80

Oh boy, here's the old man's son now, corrupted,

disrupted from promising youth. It's the country for me! (off R)