

7.1

Misargyrides (M): (Enter L jingling an almost empty moneybag on belt)

My loan sharking operations this year have been the most punishing in memory,
Dawn to dusk working the forum all day with less lessees than ever. (occupied counting and
recounting cash on the ground L) 535

Tr: (has heard the clink of coins and looked around now notices M)

Oh GOD, now I'm gone for good; it's the loan shark who fronted us cash

For the girl and the good times; I can't let the old man get a whiff of this. (notices him coming back
R – double take)

UUUUr – why's he back so fast? Did he already hear what's up at home? 540

I'll say hey; this turbulent situation calls for more turbulence.

(Up to Th just getting onstage) What've you been up to? **Th:** I met the guy who sold me the house.

Tr: Did you tell him what I said? **Th:** The whole damn thing.

Tr: (aside) My machinations are mishmashed mush. 550

Th: What'd you say over there? **Tr:** Oh, nothing important.

Did he at least admit the thing about the guest (slit throat). **Th:** No! Denied it. **Tr:** In denial, huh? (a
little louder so M picks up head)

M: Hey, it's Philolaches' slave Trani-OHNO. Those guys never pay up, interest or principal. 560

Th: (Tr moving away L) Where are you going? **Tr:** (ironic) Absolutely nowhere. (to audience)

Some gods have had it in for me from birth, and now I'm getting the business from this side and
that (indicate L then R, eeny meeny miney mo, throw up hand) 565

Here goes. **M:** (rubbing hands) He's coming, oh good,

Money! **Tr:** He sure is happy—not for long! Misargyrides, hi, doin' good?

M: Hi, where's my money? **Tr:** Get out of here, you animal!

Hit me with your best shot there, fire away. 570

M: You're absolutely worthless. **Tr:** ooh, a regular soothsayer.

M: Where is Philolaches? **Tr:** Your timing couldn't be better (through teeth, looking over shoulder
to Th listening closer)

M: None of your tricks. **Tr:** Come on over here (manhandle L). **M:** When do I get my interest?

Tr: Yes, lovely speaking voice, can't place it! Just don't shout so loud! (farther L)

M: God damn it, I will shout. **Tr:** Could you do me a favor? **M:** What favor? **Tr:** Please go home!
(pushing off L, then he comes right back)

M: Go home? **Tr:** Yeah, come back about noon. **M:** Will I get my interest? **Tr:** You'll get it all right:
now go (push) 580

M: Why do all that running back and forth, wasting energy, getting tired?

I'll just stay here till noon **Tr:** Well, damn you, why don't you go....(angry) go! (push)

M: Hey, damn it, I'm gonna call a friend or my assistant goons on you (screaming in ear).

Tr: Yeah wow, and it'll be loud, I guarantee. You got the gift of loud. **M:** I just want what's mine.
You've put me off for days. If I'm such a pain, then pay: I'll be off. 590

Tr: How bout some of your principal. **M:** No, interest first.

Tr: You came here for extortion. Do what you like? He owes you zilch, no go!

You won't get a scrap from us. You afraid he'll high tail it out of the city

To dodge interest when he's offering principal. **M:** But I don't want principal,

I'm supposed to get the interest first. **Tr:** You're such a pain. 600

You think you're the only loan shark in town?

M: Interest now, interest, pay me my interest. I want my interest. **Tr:** Interest here, interest there,
He jabbers on about nothing but interest.

You are easily the most repulsive creature imaginable.

M: By god, you don't scare me with those words you spout (finger in chest or face).

Th: (from across stage) Things are hot over there; I can feel the heat even over here.

What's this interest he keeps asking for? 610

Tr: See, over there, his father's just returned, he'll pay it all

So don't be causing all kinds of trouble with your demands.

Th: (sort of hearing) Say what? **Tr:** (snappy) What do you want? (Th a little cowed) **Th:** Who's he?

What's he want? Why's he upset about my son Philolaches? Why is he all up in your face like that?

What's this debt he's owed? **Tr:** Please, sir, tell me I can

shove money in that foul creature's face, that I can smash and hash him with cold, hard cash. 620

M: No problem, I readily accept any strike of silver coins!

Tr: Loan shark, the worst predatory species known to man.

Th: I don't care who he is, what he's like or where he's from:

I only want to hear about this debt accrued.

Tr: It's—uh—Philolaches owes him just a tiny, little bit.

Th: How tiny, little? **Tr:** Oh about – 4000 drachmas,

Not much really, don't you think (to Th)? **M/Th** (together): Yeah, not much!

Th: (exasperated) How much with interest? **Tr:** 4400

Say you'll give it to him, so he'll go away. **Th.** Me? Say I'll pay?

Tr: Let go! Go on and say it! (leading): that's an order (eyebrows to audience) 635

(M figure something to do while you sit and wait (edge of stage)

Th: What happened to the loan money? **Tr:** It's been secured.

Th: Well, if it's safe and sound, you pay up yourselves. **Tr:** He bought... (looking around for insp)

a house. **Th:** A house? Wow, oh boy, Philolaches, that's my boy, all grown up (sentimentally)

(proud) fabulously fatherized venturing in commerce and trade!

Really? A house? **Tr:** Know what kind? (wince, realizes he offered info) 640

Th: How could I? **Tr:** Wow! It's something. **Th:** What? **Tr:** Don't even ask! (thinking)

(now imagining for Th) Pretty as a picture, a real gem—(reaching for descriptor) nice'n...bright.

Th: What'd he pay? **Tr:** Oh, silver talents (making it up; M perks up with mention of money and rises moving in uncomfortably close) same number as one you, plus one me!

Down payment was the 4000 drachmas. (pointing to M and hitting him cause he crept up on you)

He (that is M) fronted us for that. 645

After the happenings at your place—remember what I said?—(hushed, avoiding ghost comments)

He bought another right away. **Th:** Damn good job. **M:** Hey, it's pushing noon (impatient). 650

Tr: Free us please of this hurled up pukewad before he heaves again.

Pay him the whole 4400, interest and principal. **M:** That's all I demand.

Th: Young man, your business is with me, tomorrow. **M:** Tomorrow; good enough. (off L greedy)

7.2

Tr: (trailing M far L gesturing negatively) Gods damn you, al-mostly rattling my plots and plans.

Th: (happy, moving L a bit) So, that house, in which neighborhood did my boy buy?

Tr: (hand to head to aud) Oh no, getting my second wound! **Th:** I asked you a question, do tell.

Tr: I will...but the owner's name...uhhh...uhh...escapes me (hide head in hands)

Th: Surely you can come up with something (look up at audience knowingly; Th freeze, Tr move past to R) **Tr:** What to do? (standing facing Simo's house, light bulb)

Unless...our next door neighbor's house; I'll say his son bought this one.

Damned if cooked up lies aren't best served hot, not half-baked (Proud hugging self) 665

You gotta go with the gifts the gods give ya. (go kiss and hug Simo's house)

Th: (unfreeze) Now (pointing L where Tr was, search and find R, confused)...Any thoughts?

Tr: (moving up to meet part way to C) Yeah, gods damn that guy...(cover, hand to L of mouth toward Th, for aside to audience), really damn that one (gesture to Th secretly)...Your son

Bought this house next door. **Th:** (amazed with delight) If that's the real deal, good! 670

Tr: Well, if you pay our deficit, good, but if you don't, no goods, just a bill of goods.

Th: (xing Tr to house) By god, I'd love a tour inside (start looking the house over)

Tr: (turn to aud, physically disturbed) Sheez! Washed by waves right back on the rocks of ruin!

Th: Knock, call someone outside at once; ask for a look around in there (about to knock himself).

Tr: (Running around to block door with body) Oh my...no... (thinking) there are women...there.

What about their wishes? (pushing him down L far away from the house) **Th:** Well said, that's proper; go, inquire within. I'll wait right here till you return (removing far L to think).

Tr: (turning downstage to far R) Gods and goddesses damn you all to pieces, old man.

Foiling all my lovely plots so foully from all sides. (Simo enter fr. his house, stretch) 685

Tr: (seeing Simo, gleeful) Happy happy joy joy. Sweet! Simo, the master of that house himself, is coming out. (retreating upstage to plant R of Simo's entrance) I'll stay right here and listen in, while I summon my senate in assembly of the soul to study the situation.