

GUIL. *Retentive*—he's a very retentive king, a royal retainer. . . .

ROS. What are you playing at?

GUIL. Words, words. They're all we have to go on.

(*Pause.*)

Start

ROS. Shouldn't we be doing something—constructive?

GUIL. What did you have in mind? . . . [A short, blunt human pyramid . . . ?]

ROS. We could go.

GUIL. Where?

ROS. After him.

GUIL. Why? They've got us placed now—if we start moving around, we'll all be chasing each other all night.

(*Hiatus.*)

ROS. (*At Footlights.*) How very intriguing! (*Turns.*) I feel like a spectator—an appalling business. The only thing that makes it bearable is the irrational belief that somebody interesting will come on in a minute. . . .

GUIL. See anyone?

ROS. No. You?

GUIL. No. (*At Footlights.*) What a fine persecution—to be kept intrigued without ever quite being enlightened.

. . . (*Pause.*) We've had no practice.

ROS. We could play at questions.

GUIL. What good would that do?

ROS. Practice!

GUIL. Statement! One—love.

ROS. Cheating!

GUIL. How?

ROS. I hadn't started yet.

GUIL. Statement. Two—love.

ROS. Are you counting that?

GUIL. What?

ROS. Are you counting that?

GUIL. Foul! No repetitions. Three—love. First game to . . .

ROS. I'm not going to play if you're going to be like that.

GUIL. Whose serve?

ROS. Hah?

GUIL. Foul! No grunts. Love—one.

ROS. Whose go?

GUIL. Why?

ROS. Why not?

GUIL. What for?

ROS. Foul! No synonyms! One—all.

GUIL. What in God's name is going on?

ROS. Foul! No rhetoric. Two—one.

GUIL. What does it all add up to?

ROS. Can't you guess?

GUIL. Were you addressing me?

ROS. Is there anyone else?

GUIL. Who?

ROS. How would I know?

GUIL. Why do you ask?

ROS. Are you serious?

GUIL. Was that rhetoric?

ROS. No.

GUIL. Statement! Two—all. Game point.

ROS. What's the matter with you today?

GUIL. When?

ROS. What?

GUIL. Are you deaf?

ROS. Am I dead?

GUIL. Yes or no?

ROS. Is there a choice?

GUIL. Is there a God?

ROS. Foul! No *non sequiturs*, three—two, one game all.

GUIL. (*Seriously.*) What's your name?

ROS. What's yours?

GUIL. I asked you first.

ROS. Statement. One—love.

End