

Callback Side for John, Geoffrey and Richard

*The wine cellar, early morning. It is a large, dark and vaulted place; its walls and heavy door are offstage, lost in shadow. Candles flicker in tall candlesticks. There are great casks of wine and one small table in the cellar; nothing else.*

RICHARD, JOHN and GEOFFREY are on stage as the lights rise. JOHN, at a cask of wine, is on the verge of replacing a bung with a spigot.

RICHARD, holding two cups, stands by him . GEOFFREY stands apart.

JOHN

The trick is not to dribble when you bang the bung.

( *He bangs it and slips the spigot into place* )

Voilà. I had an alcoholic Latin tutor---cup

(RICHARD *hands him a cup* )

---who taught me all he knew.

GEOFFREY

Which wasn't much.

JOHN

I know I might as well be drunk.

GEOFFREY

If I were you, I'd worry.

JOHN

You know me---cup

( *He gives RICHARD the full one and takes the empty* )

---I'd just worry over all the wrong things.

GEOFFREY

Don't you know what's going to happen?

JOHN

No, and you don't either. You and your big cerebellum.

( *Doing GEOFFREY* )

"I'm what's left. Here, Daddy; here I am." And here you are.

RICHARD

But not for long.

GEOFFREY

You think we're getting out?

RICHARD

No; deeper in. The fortress at Vaudreuil has dungeons down two hundred feet. That's where I'd keep us.

GEOFFREY

And if I were Father, I'm not sure I'd keep the three of us at all. You don't take prisoners; no, you don't. And with good reason. Dungeon doors can swing both ways but caskets have no hinges.

JOHN

I know you. You only want to frighten me.

GEOFFREY

John, the condition of your trousers, be they wet or dry, could not concern me less. I think I'm apt to die today and I am sweating, John. I'm sweating cold.

JOHN

We've got friends.

GEOFFREY

Name one.

JOHN

Someone's got to rescue us.

GEOFFREY

I can't think who or how or why.

RICHARD

He isn't going to see me beg. He'll get no satisfaction out of me.

GEOFFREY

Why, you chivalric fool---as if the way one fell down mattered.

RICHARD

When the fall is all there is, it matters.

JOHN

Can't we run or hide or anything?

RICHARD

Just in the wine.

JOHN

( *Frightened by sounds of the cellar door opening* )  
Geoff---

END OF SIDE