

~~RALPH. We did it, we did it! We got the book from the vault!
Ha ha! Thalia, come on, what are you waiting for?
...Thalia?~~

START:

(THALIA, still in her guise as the DEAN and still wearing RALPH's glasses, runs in, panting heavily.)

THALIA-AS-THE-DEAN. I'm comin'. *(Pant, pant.)* Hoo! That Dean o' yours has gotta get some exercise. But we got the book!

RALPH. Right. And Dionysus is going to use the paper from *this* book - ...

THALIA-AS-THE-DEAN. To make the *other* book. *Andromeda*. He's gonna scrape the old writing off the pages, and write the *new* play where the *old* play was.

RALPH. So he's making a palimpsest.

THALIA-AS-THE-DEAN. A what?

RALPH. A palimpsest. It's been done for centuries. Nowadays we use x-rays to see both writings simultaneously.

THALIA-AS-THE-DEAN. Do you know everything?

RALPH. Almost nothing, apparently.

(We hear a voice, off, friendly but insistent.)

VOICE. Hello! Sargent! Is that you?

RALPH. Oh no, it's the President of the college.

VOICE. Come meet some people. They're donors. You'll like 'em.

RALPH. Here. You hold the book, I'll be right back.

(As she takes the book, she impulsively kisses him on the lips.)

Thalia...

VOICE. Sargent?

RALPH. *Coming, sir.* To be continued.

(He hurries off.)

THALIA-AS-THE-DEAN. *(To the audience.)* "To be continued." Isn't he cute? I mean, you gotta hand it to these mortals. They know the train is comin' down the tracks and soon

it's gonna be whamo bamo, but they keep striving and pushing and doin' their best. I mean penicillin, come on, good job. They're kinda like human palimpsests, ya know what I mean? They've got layers and layers, and there's so much stuff goin' on underneath that sometimes the other guy's gotta work hard to find it. And I guess that's the moral of this whole story. You gotta take a chance on yourself - and on the person who's sitting next to you - 'cause what's underneath just might surprise you.

DEAN. *(Offstage.)* Hello? Who is that over there? That costume you're wearing, it looks just like mine'!

END: THALIA-AS-THE-DEAN. Oh my gosh, it's the Dean. I gotta go.

(She hurries out - and RALPH hurries in, looking for THALIA.)

RALPH. *(Entering, calling to an unseen guest.)* Thank you, sir. I'll see you again soon. Goodbye. It was nice to meet you.

(He looks around.)

Thalia? Thalia, where are you?

(DEAN TRICKETT enters. The real DEAN TRICKETT. No book, no glasses. She's still wearing her Artemis costume, of course RALPH thinks it's THALIA.)

(Note: she should enter from a different direction than the one where THALIA last exited.)

Oh there you are. I couldn't find you. Wait. Before you say anything else.

(He kisses her on the mouth.)

DEAN. ...Thank you.

RALPH. But how can it ever work out between us? You're a goddess. You're divine.

* The effect is done with a recording.