

IMPERIAL NOSH
or
Dinner with the Emperor

A 20-minute Play

by

Jeff Gallagher

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

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Dinner with the Emperor

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Characters:-

GLOBULUS, *a freedman*

CINNA, *a young freedman*

CULINARIUS, *a cook*

TITIVILLA, *a slave-girl*

PUKKA, *the Emperor's slave*

STUPIDUS MAXIMUS, *tribune of the people*

FLAVIA, *the Emperor's ex-wife*

TEDIUS, *a poet*

THE WILD MAN, *a British savage*

ANTHRAX, *a useless gladiator*

CLINTUS, *a brilliant gladiator*

THE EMPEROR (Gaius Magnus Ludicrus)

PRODUCTION NOTES:

The Roman playwright Plautus (254 - 184 B.C.) wrote a lot of comedies, some of which survive and are performed today. (One of them, 'Pseudolus', was used as the basis for the film 'A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum'). In Plautus' plays, several things always seem to happen. Firstly, there is always an introduction to let you know what's going on. Secondly, there are certain 'stock characters' who always appear: the clever slave, the wicked rich man, the thwarted young lovers, and so on. Finally, the plots always seem to rely on a series of incredible coincidences.

So 'Imperial Nosh' is a spoof Roman play; but you don't need to know much about the Romans to perform it. It's also meant to be a play where everyone has the chance to shine in the part they are playing. To me, that's the most important thing about acting - to know that your contribution, however small, really matters; that without you, the play would not be complete. And knowing THAT makes you realise that you are working as part of a team, and the team needs you as much as you need them.

Costumes:

Globulus, Cinna, Culinarius and Titivilla: tunics and sandals. Tunics could be different colours to make the characters stand out. Culinarius also wears a filthy apron.

Pukka: a Roman soldier's outfit, but no helmet.

Stupidus, Flavia (pronounced 'Flah-wee-er') and Tedi: togas and sandals. Flavia's toga resembles a dress. There are a number of books on how to dress a character in a toga. (Ask at your local library!) Flavia's could be dyed purple. Stupidus would have a purple edging to his toga, as he is a member of the Senate (the ruling body in ancient Rome) and an important official.

The Wild Man: in chains. A complete mess. Use your imagination!

Clintus: is a gladiator known as a Samnite. He carries a short sword and a shield. He also wears a tunic and tights, and sandals. Dark glasses to emphasise the joke if you like.

Anthrax: is equipped as a 'retiarius'. He has a net and a trident. Use a toasting fork if you can't get a trident; he's going to lose anyway. Tunic, tights, sandals.

The Emperor: laurel wreath or garland round his head; rich-looking toga (dyed, any bright colour), sandals. Plenty of jewellery if possible. He is meant to look effeminate, though without being 'camp' or 'limp-wristed'. Don't forget fake birthmarks for Cinna and Anthrax!

Props:

Cinna (later): jug of wine and goblets on a tray.

Culinarius: wooden spoon and mixing bowl; (later) small bottle of 'poison'.

Pukka: long spear.

Tedius: papyrus scroll.

Clintus / Anthrax: weapons as mentioned above.

Notes on the Script:

'*that new cookery book*': a man called Apicius produced a Roman cookery book in about A.D. 200.

'*another Tiberius*': emperor of Rome A.D. 14 - 37.

'*iambic foot*': part of a line of poetry, repeated a number of times to give the rhythm of the complete line.

'*Mithras and Osiris*': gods worshipped by the Romans. Mithras, the sun-god, came from Asia Minor (Turkey), Osiris from Egypt.

'*the hokey-cokey*': the well-known party dance.

'*a cohort*': about 480 men.

'*Britain*': Britain was a Roman province from A.D. 43 to 410.

'*a well-known film star*': Clint Eastwood.

'*thumbs up*' / '*thumbs down*': this bit is actually true, though some historians think it was the other way round.

'*will read you his poems*': poetry (and other literature) was normally read to an audience, as the cost of producing multiple copies was so high. (no printing presses, remember, and no paper until the 2nd century A.D.!)

Jeff Gallagher

IMPERIAL NOSH, or DINNER WITH THE EMPEROR

by Jeff Gallagher

Scene: the dining-room of the imperial palace in ancient Rome. The stage is set for a Roman meal: couches for reclining, cushions, a small table etc.

(Enter GLOBULUS, the Emperor's wily, experienced freedman: a former slave, now the Emperor's most trusted man. He addresses the audience)

Globulus: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears! I'll give them back to you when I've finished with them *(he waits for a laugh)* I dunno! Hardly a smile! Hardly a titter! What are you people playing at? This is supposed to be a comedy! Mind you, when you've seen it, you'll probably think it's a tragedy. It'll bring tears to your eyes, I'm telling you. The actors are rubbish, the story is totally unbelievable - and as for the bloke who wrote it - well, he's bungled it completely.

But on with the play. The scene. . . . *(he looks doubtfully at the almost bare stage)* is Rome. The triclinium, or dining-room, of the Emperor, Gaius Magnus Ludicrus. He's invited some people for dinner. They'll be here any minute now. I hope Culinarius, that stupid cook of ours, has got something decent ready. Last week he served us sausages, porridge and baked beans. What a disaster. Completely ruined the after-dinner conversation.

By the way, I'm Globulus. The Emperor's freedman. I used to be a slave, but he set me free. Said he wanted someone to organise the entertainment at his dinner parties. So I'd better push off and get it organised. *(Enter CINNA, a young freedman)*

Cinna: Greetings, Globulus!

Globulus: And what have you got to be so cheerful about?

Cinna: I'm always cheerful, Globulus. Who would have thought that I, Marcus Cinna, brought up as a slave, would one day be a freedman of the Emperor himself. Isn't it amazing sometimes the way things turn out?

Globulus: Yeah. Really amazing. I used to be Globulus the slave. Now I'm Globulus the ex-slave. And one day I shall be Globulus the dead ex-slave. Now what's so amazing about that?

Cinna: Well, I'm proud to work for the Emperor. It's a great honour.

Globulus: All right, but don't let it go to your head. The first thing we have to do is make sure the Emperor's dinner party is a success.

Cinna: Don't worry, Globulus, Everything's organised.

Globulus: Oh, is it now? Very efficient, I must say. And what about that useless

cook of ours? Has all the food been prepared?

Cinna: You'd better ask him. Here he comes now. (*Enter CULINARIUS, the cook, looking very unhygienic*)

Globulus: Hey! Culinarius! Come here!

Culinarius: Yeah? What do you want?

Globulus: Tell me what's on the menu for tonight.

Culinarius: Liver.

Globulus: Yes? What else?

Culinarius: Nothing else. Just liver.

Globulus: Eh?

Cinna: Won't it be a bit boring? Just liver by itself?

Culinarius: It's very good for you, is liver.

Globulus: By Hercules, man, do you want us all to be thrown to the lions?

Culinarius: Dunno. Is it fun?

Globulus: For the lions, yes . . . Now listen, you festering carbuncle - get back in that kitchen, and prepare a meal fit for an emperor!

Culinarius: So you don't want liver?

Globulus: No! I do not want liver!

Culinarius: Liver and onions?

Globulus: No!

Culinarius: Liver pate?

Globulus: Will you get out! (*Exit CULINARIUS*)

Cinna: There's no need to be so hard on him. He's only doing his job.

Globulus: Yes, and I've got to do mine! I can't stand around here talking! Go and check the Emperor's wine, I have to go and welcome the guests . . . (*Exit GLOBULUS*)

Cinna: (*to audience*) Oh, woe is me! How hard it is to keep up this pretence! Globulus thinks I'm such a happy fellow - but here in my heart I am full of sadness and misery! I come from a noble Roman family. I was only three years old when I was kidnapped by pirates and sold into slavery. Alas, I have no proof - except this birthmark on my hand. Only one man would recognise it - my father, who has an identical birthmark on the selfsame hand. And for all I know, he is dead . . . And yet, I must pretend to be happy. I would not want the Emperor to think I was ungrateful . . . (*Enter TITIVILLA, a young slave-girl*)

Titivilla: Excuse me - where am I to perform my dance?

Cinna: Oh, er - in here. In the triclinium.

Titivilla: Thank you. I must go and get ready.

Cinna: No, wait. Don't go. What is your name?

Titivilla: Titivilla. What is yours?

Cinna: Cinna.

Titivilla: Cinna Goodbye , Cinna

(Exit TITIVILLA)

Cinna: Goodbye she must be the slave-girl who has come to dance for the Emperor. She is very beautiful. *(Enter CULINARIUS)* Goodness! What is this strange feeling inside me? What is it that makes my heart beat like a wild thing and my whole body turn to jelly?

Culinarius: Probably indigestion. Now what about this dinner you want?

Cinna: By the gods! Isn't it ready yet?

Culinarius: Well, I don't know what to do, I'm sure. You see, I was going to do liver.

Cinna: No, you'd better not Wait a moment! Look in that cupboard under the stairs! You'll find a copy of that new cookery book they've just brought out. That'll give you plenty of ideas. Only you'd better be quick. The Emperor and his guests will want to eat in half an hour.

Culinarius: No problem. *(Exit CULINARIUS)*

Cinna: I hope not. *(Enter GLOBULUS)*

Globulus: What are you standing here for? The guests have arrived! And what guests! There's something funny going on tonight.

Cinna: What do you mean?

Globulus: The Emperor has done something very strange. He's invited just three people to his dinner party - three people he can't stand the sight of!

Cinna: I don't understand. Why should the Emperor want to have dinner with three people he doesn't like?

Globulus: Beats me. I wouldn't touch 'em with a barge-pole. I mean there's Stupidus Maximus, tribune of the people - the biggest criminal in Rome. He's got no brains at all - he just bullies people to make them do what he wants. Then there's Tediuss, the famous poet. He wrote an epic poem in twelve volumes. No one's ever got past volume five without falling asleep. He's the most boring man in the whole Empire. And finally there's Flavia, the Emperor's ex-wife. Well, you know as well as I do, the Emperor divorced her last year because she snored every night and kept him awake.

Cinna: Maybe he's just invited them for a joke.

Globulus: Perhaps. Heaven forbid he should turn into another Tiberius.

Cinna: Who's Tiberius?

Globulus: One of the first Roman emperors. He had a dozen villas on the island of Capri. He used to invite people to spend the week-end with him. Then he'd get them drunk and have them pushed over a cliff into the sea.

Cinna: Did no one ever suspect anything?

Globulus: Why should they? He just used to ask them to drop in when they were

passing.

Cinna: Oh, I see. So you think the Emperor's up to something?

Globulus: I'm not sure. We'll just have to wait and see. . . . Anyway, you'd better go and get that wine ready. (*Exit CINNA. GLOBULUS turns to greet the guests. Enter PUKKA, a posh British slave, to announce the guests*)

Pukka: My lords, ah-ladies and ah-gentlemen. Kindly be upstanding for the tribune of the people, Stupidus Maximus. (*Enter STUPIDUS MAXIMUS, a richly dressed thug*)

Globulus: Good evening, sir.

Stupidus: Shut up.

Pukka: The divine Empress Flavia. (*Enter FLAVIA*)

Flavia: Why, Stupidus Maximus! How wonderful to see you!

Stupidus: Shut up.

Pukka: The poet Tedi-*us*. (*Enter TEDIUS, carrying a papyrus scroll*)

Tedi-*us*: O Muse, inspire me with immortal words to pen the awesome scenes I view before me!

Stupidus: Shut up, you woof-*ter*.

Tedi-*us*: But I have just devised the perfect iambic foot!

Stupidus: Well, put a sock in it, bird-*brain*.

Globulus: Excuse me, sir, I think you mean put a sock ON it, not IN it, sir.

Stupidus: Do what?

Globulus: The foot, sir. You put a sock ON it, not IN it. Unless, of course, you put the foot in the sock. That's different. (*STUPIDUS grabs GLOBULUS*)

Stupidus: Listen, you! I've worked hard to get where I am today. I've threatened people, broken their arms, and thrown 'em in the sewers. I'm not having some jumped-up freedman telling me I can't talk proper. I can talk Latin as good as what the next bloke can! Alright?

Globulus: Alright! Please! No violence! (*STUPIDUS releases him*)

Pukka: Now please be upstanding for the eternal and deified presence, the adopted offspring of Mithras and Osiris, and earthly manifestation of the spirit of the sun-god!

Stupidus: Who's he when he's at home?

Flavia: The Emperor, you dodo. (*Enter the Emperor, GAIUS MAGNUS LUDICRUS, dressed like a god*)

Stupidus: Hail, Caesar! Salve Imperator!

Tedi-*us*: O my Lord, my Emperor, I cringe before your almighty presence

Flavia: Hello, dear. How are you?

Emperor: Evening, all. Now, before we go any further, I'd like a quick word about all this Hail Caesar stuff. It really is very old-fashioned, you know. So no more Hail Caesar stuff - alright? Anyone found doing a Hail Caesar gets

thrown to the lions - you follow?

Stupidus: Suits me. boss.

Tedius: But, mighty Caesar, how shall we show our undying love and respect for you?

Emperor: I'll tell you. Since I was appointed as the earthly manifestation of the spirit of the sun-god, I have decided to introduce a secret method of greeting my divine self, which only my closest friends are allowed to know. I shall ask my faithful British slave, Pukka, to make the usual announcement. If you please, Pukka

Pukka: My lords, ah-ladies and ah-gentlemen, behold the secret ceremony of the sun-god!

Emperor: Right. Now watch carefully. You put your left foot in your right foot out in, out, in, out, shake it all about you do the hokey-cokey and you turn around that's what it's all about! *(the GUESTS applaud)*
Thank you. Now, to business. Globulus, where's the wine? *(the EMPEROR and his three GUESTS sit down)*

Globulus: I shall attend to it at once, sir. Cinna! *(Enter CINNA with some jugs of wine and goblets on a tray)*

Emperor: Ah, young Cinna! Approach and serve the wine!

Cinna: Right away, sir. *(CINNA serves the wine)*

Emperor: Now, Globulus, where is the entertainment?

Tedius: If I might make so bold, your majesty, I have in my head a new set of verses dedicated to your immortal self

Emperor: In your head, you say?

Tedius: Yes.

Emperor: Well, let them stay in your head. I can't stand your poems. They bore me to distraction.

Stupidus: Yeah. Shut up, you wimp.

Emperor: As for you, Stupidus, with your bullying ways - it's about time something was done about you.

Stupidus: Do what?

Flavia: Just a moment, O divine Emperor. Don't you think you owe us an explanation? Everyone knows that we are the three people you hate most in all the world. So why have you invited us to a dinner party?

Emperor: Why do you think? I simply wish to entertain you! Globulus! Show us what you've got!

Globulus: Very good, sir. But I must warn you that the man you are about to see has already wiped out a cohort of your finest troops!

Emperor: By Apollo! What kind of man can this be?

Globulus: I had him brought from Britain, sir. He eats things.

Emperor: Things? What things?

Globulus: Well, sort of . . . human sort of things. Sort of . . . people, sir.

Emperor: People? He eats people?

Globulus: Yes, sir. He comes from Britain, you see, sir. They've got some funny habits, these Britons.

Pukka: Just a minute, old boy! Do you mind? I'm British too, and I certainly don't go round eating people. Some of us are a bit more civilised, y'know.

Emperor: Silence, slave!

Flavia: A man who eats people! heavens! We're not safe!

Globulus: Don't worry, madam. You're perfectly safe. He's not hungry. We fed him a few slaves before breakfast. And he won't go near the imperial bodyguard. He says they're too tough for him.

Emperor: Very well, then. Send him in.

Globulus: Right! In here, slave! *(Enter THE WILD MAN, in rags and chains. He roars and cavorts round the stage)*

Flavia: Goodness me, he's rather cute. Does he eat anything else apart from people?

Globulus: He's rather partial to furniture, madam.

Flavia: Here we are. Have a cushion. *(THE WILD MAN grabs the cushion off FLAVIA, and pulls it apart as he tries to eat it)*

Pukka: Nice table manners, I must say. Of course, he's probably from the northern part of the province, they've simply no idea up there about belle cuisine. Really! Anyone knows a cushion should be flambee and served with horse-radish!

The Wild Man: *(roars)*

Globulus: I don't think he likes you, Pukka, old bean.

Emperor: Yes, and if you don't stop whingeing, he'll be having you for lunch tomorrow!

The Wild Man: *(roars)*

Pukka: Huh. Savages.

Emperor: I think you'd better take him away, before he eats the carpet.

Globulus: Oh, he never eats carpets, sir. It gives him piles. This way, Wild Man. *(THE WILD MAN roars again as GLOBULUS leads him off)*

Emperor: Now, more wine, anybody?

Flavia: I haven't drunk my first one yet.

Emperor: Why not?

Flavia: I'll tell you why! Because I think it might be poisoned!

Emperor: Well, there's only one way to find out, isn't there? And surely you're not going to insult your emperor by refusing to drink his wine? *There is a pause. FLAVIA, STUPIDUS and TEDIUS look at him doubtfully, then drink.*

Another pause as they discover that the wine is not poisoned after all)

Cinna: *(innocently)* More wine, anybody?

Emperor: Yes, of course. They'll all have some more. Won't you? *(they nod reluctantly. CINNA pours some wine)* You know, Cinna, I've often wondered about that birthmark on your hand. They say a birthmark is a sign you've been blessed by the gods.

Cinna: I have been blessed by the gods, sir. I'm working for you...

Pukka: Oh, really! What a creep!

Emperor: Yes, but he's a freedman, and you're still a slave.

Pukka: You needn't remind me.

Emperor: Well, stop complaining, then.

Pukka: My lips are sealed. *(Enter GLOBULUS, with two Gladiators, ANTHRAX and CLINTUS. ANTHRAX is clearly a bit old and dodderly and is dressed as a retiarius with a net and trident. CLINTUS is cool and 'laid back', and vaguely resembles a well-known film star. He carries a short sword and a shield)*

Globulus: The gladiators are here, sir.

Emperor: Thank you. They may proceed.

Globulus: Right. Put up a good show, lads, and you might get your freedom.

Anthrax: *(nervously)* Excuse me, but . . . er . . . does it hurt?

Globulus: What? You mean to say you've never done it before?

Anthrax: Well, not really. Not properly. In fact . . . no.

Globulus: Oh. Well, I couldn't say, really. *(to CLINTUS)* You're the expert, Clintus. Does it hurt?

Clintus: *(slowly, deliberately)* Guess that depends if you win or lose.

Anthrax: Look, I might as well tell you now, I'm not very good.

Clintus: Too bad, mister. Looks like you're gonna lose.

Anthrax: And if I lose, what happens then? Do I get another go?

Clintus: Couldn't say. It ain't my decision.

Anthrax: What do you mean?

Clintus: Watch the guy over there. Thumbs up - you live to fight another day. Thumbs down - you'll never have to fight again . . .

Anthrax: In that case I'll go for thumbs down.

Clintus: . . . 'cause you'll be dead.

Anthrax: Oh, well . . . perhaps I'll ask for thumbs up instead.

Emperor: Come on! Come on! What's the hold-up?

Globulus: Ready to fight now, sir.

Emperor: Excellent. Then let us drink a toast to our brave warriors, Anthrax and Clintus!

Anthrax: Does he mean me?

Globulus: He surely do!

Anthrax: Oh, dear. This is terrible.

Emperor: Come along now, everyone. I've just proposed a toast. Drink up. *(The EMPEROR drinks. A pause. The others look at him again, then drink)*

Emperor: Now, gladiators - fight! And may the best man win!

Anthrax: Yes. He probably will. *(ANTHRAX and CLINTUS fight. CLINTUS fights expertly, while ANTHRAX hobbles about trying to keep out of his way. Soon ANTHRAX trips over his own net, drops his trident, and lies helpless on the ground. CLINTUS kneels over him, ready to deliver the final blow)*

Clintus: *(to the EMPEROR)* O.K., man - what's it gonna be?

Pukka: Good Lord, how uncivilised! Give me fox-hunting any day!

Emperor: Shut up, you. I've got to think about this!

Anthrax: O mighty one, spare an old man's life!

Emperor: Never mind that! Is it worth getting blood on my new three-piece suite?
(CINNA suddenly rushes over to ANTHRAX)

Cinna: Wait! Oh, wait! Oh, what? Oh, what do I see?

Anthrax: I really couldn't say.

Cinna: That birthmark! On your hand! A birthmark identical to mine?

Anthrax: What? You don't mean . . . ?

Cinna: Can it be . . . ?

Anthrax: It can't be . . . !

Cinna: It is!

Anthrax: My son!

Cinna: My father! Oh, get up so I can embrace you!

Anthrax: Well, it's a little difficult at the moment . . .

Clintus: Just hold it right there. I don't dig this long-lost son routine. It's the oldest trick in the book. Now what's the verdict, man? *(The EMPEROR gives the 'thumbs up' sign)*

Emperor: Let him go.

Clintus: This dude's one lucky guy. Stay cool, man. Let me get you on your feet.
(CLINTUS helps ANTHRAX to stand up)

Anthrax: Thank you. I'm not very good at this sort of thing.

Cinna: Father! Oh, father!

Anthrax: My son! My long-lost son! *(they embrace)*

Emperor: Is this man really your son?

Anthrax: Yes! You see, we have identical birthmarks on our hands! He was taken from me by pirates when he was three years old. We were both sold as slaves. And now, after all these years, by an incredible stroke of good fortune, we are re-united!

Pukka: *(sarcastically)* Well, isn't that an amazing coincidence?

Emperor: So you're not really a slave at all?

Anthrax: Certainly not! In fact I can prove that I am the REAL Stupidus Maximus - and that this man, who by another incredible stroke of good fortune, you invited to dinner here this evening - this man is an impostor!

Pukka: Another amazing coincidence! Well, I never!

Stupidus: What do you mean? You're not Stupidus Maximus! I am! You're a bloomin' slave, that's all you are!

Anthrax: Not so! When I was a young man, I travelled to Britain, with my three-year-old son. I met this man in the back streets of Londinium. He stole my papers, and, when he heard I'd been captured by pirates on the return journey, he decided to assume my identity! This man is a British savage, and his name is Anthrax!

Emperor: By the gods, I'd always wondered why he was so bad at Latin! All his conjugations were right down the Swanee!

Stupidus: It's not true! I'm Stupidus Maximus, the tribune of the people!
(suddenly THE WILD MAN rushes in. He grabs STUPIDUS in a vice-like grip, then begins to pat him gently on the head)

Slavia: Good heavens! What is he doing?

The Wild Man: He's my brother! My brother! He's my brother!

Stupidus: I'll get you for this

Emperor: Another amazing coincidence! This is remarkable!

Pukka: Incredible, I'd say

Emperor: Right, that's settled, then. Anthrax - or should I say Stupidus? - you are a free man. And you, Cinna, are free to join your father. Stupidus - or should I say Anthrax? - you will return to Britain with your brother, the Wild Man. And, just to show you how generous I am, you will marry Flavia and take her with you.

Flavia: *(horrified)* What?

Emperor: And Tedi-*us* will go with you, and will read you his poems for two hours every evening!

Stupidus: Mercy! Mercy, I beg you! You can't do this to me!

Emperor: I can do what I like! I'm the Emperor! Pukka, take them away!

Pukka: Dear, oh dear. I knew it would end like this. It's all so very predictable. Tomorrow I shall no doubt wake up to discover that my sister is a polo pony and my mother a cucumber sandwich Come along, everyone.

The Wild Man: My brother! He's my brother!

Stupidus: Ow! Get off! *(Exit PUKKA with FLAVIA, STUPIDUS, TEDIUS and THE WILD MAN)*

Globulus: *(to the EMPEROR)* There's something still puzzling me, sir. Why did you invite to dinner the three people you hate the most in all the world?

Emperor: Simple. I was going to kill them.

Globulus: How?

Emperor: Poison. In the liver.

Globulus: Hmm. You didn't need the poison. I reckon the liver by itself would have finished them off.

Emperor: Well, go and tell the cook not to serve the liver tonight. I think I've found a better way to deal with those three - thanks to you, Cinna.

Cinna: Not at all, sir. Don't mention it.

Emperor: No, I think I owe you a favour for that. Ask for whatever you want, and I shall give it to you.

Cinna: Very good, sir. Titivilla! (*Enter TITIVILLA*) I would like you to give this slave-girl her freedom, so that she and I can be married.

Emperor: Certainly. Congratulations.

Titivilla: But I can't marry you! You're only a freedman!

Cinna: No, I'm not. I am the son of Stupidus Maximus.

Titivilla: Oh. Well, that's different. I accept.

Clintus: Now wait just a doggone minute! Don't I know you from somewhere?

Titivilla: No. I don't think so.

Clintus: Have you got a birthmark on your left thigh?

Titivilla: Why, yes! I have. as a matter of fact!

Clintus: Me too! Hot diggerty! This gal is my long-lost sister!

Titivilla: Goodness me! Then you must be my brother! but how can this be?

Emperor: Just a minute, Clintus! Not another long-winded explanation! Please! I'm getting a bit fed up with all these amazing coincidences! Clintus, you're a free man! Globulus, have my dinner brought up to my room! Goodnight, everyone!

Cinna: Three cheers for the Emperor!

Emperor: Oh, come on! Don't say you've forgotten already! Like this! Look! You put your left foot in your right foot out (*the others join in. They do the 'hokey-cokey' and exeunt: GLOBULUS is left alone on stage*)

Globulus: Huh! So where does that leave me? Back where I started as usual! No long-lost relatives for me, of course! No! It's left for poor old Globulus to keep things running smoothly - just the same as always! (*Enter CULINARIUS*)

Culinarius: Party broken up, then, has it?

Globulus: You're not supposed to come in here! Get back in your kitchen, you smelly oaf!

Culinarius: All right. Just thought I'd pop in to tell you I've sent the emperor's supper up to his room.

Globulus: I see. And what culinary delights are you dishing up this evening?

Culinarius: Well, I had a look at that cookery book young Cinna told me about. But as I can't read or write, it wasn't much use to me. So I've done him the usual instead.

Globulus: The usual?

Culinarius: Yep. Liver.

Globulus: Liver?

Culinarius: That's right.

Globulus: You gave the Emperor liver?

Culinarius: Why not? You can't go far wrong with liver.

Globulus: By Jupiter! (*GLOBULUS runs off in a panic. CULINARIUS addresses the audience*)

Culinarius: Course, I know a lot of people don't like it much, but that's the way it goes with most things in life. I don't suppose liver's any exception. After all, you know what they say - one man's meat is another man's poison Oh, well, I'd better get back to me kitchen. See you. (*Exit CULINARIUS - - - - the lights fade.*)

CURTAIN