

T. J. ...
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DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD
A monologue from the play by Lucian

Adapted by Baudelaire Jones

MR. BASS: You missed out, Mr. Bean—the golden years were really something! I could do what I liked—there were still plenty of beautiful women and fine bottles of wine to enjoy. I became known for my extravagant parties. Oh, I never paid a penny out of my own pocket. All of these things were gifts, you see, from my many admirers. Only the cream of the crop was allowed in my presence! The best society had to offer! The brightest and most beautiful! Young gods and goddesses—all eager to please! They had eyes only for me! I was just as you see me now—old, bald, bleary-eyed, arthritic ... and the object of all desire. I had to beat them off with a stick. I should have thought you knew the violent passion for old men who have plenty of money and no children. But I assure you, Mr. Bean, I nevertheless took a great deal of satisfaction in my young lovers. They idolized me. Showered me with gifts. Threw parties. I had an almost godlike power over them. They couldn't refuse me anything—a discovery that came in particularly handy with the ladies. Sometimes I would play games—cut some of them off. Such rivalries! You wouldn't believe! Such jealous competition! I promised to make each of them my sole heir—and they believed me! Every one of them! The little piggies! If they'd ever had an honest conversation with each other, they would have figured it out—but they didn't! They just pranced around, secretly laughing at the others—secure in the knowledge that they would win out in the end! Of course, my actual will told them all to go hang. The actual beneficiary was my maid. Beautiful girl. About twenty. I'm sure you can guess her job description! Well, I'll say this—she deserved the money more than they did. She didn't love me either, of course—but she was honest about the whole thing. She didn't put on airs like the rest of them. And they all treated her like dirt. Now they can kiss her ass!