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What Goes On Gian Lombardo

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Gian Lombardo

WHAT GOES ON

I come home and there are two actors in the kitchen. One throws a rope around my neck and calls me, Dog. Next thing I know, one of them is trying to hang himself with the rope on the coat tree. The other has painted a big black mustache on his face.

I tell them they must leave. This is not their house. I've worked all day and would like a little peace.

They tell me they have to stay. Someone is supposed to meet them there. Would I be so heartless as to put them out when it's so cold?

So I tell them they can stay, but the audience in the living room must go. The stage manager screams from the bedroom, But these people have paid good money!

The stage manager rushes into the kitchen. Look, we can't return their money, she says, we've spent it already. She draws me over to a corner and speaks more softly. Isn't there something I could work out with you?

Not likely, I say, I just want some peace so I can read the paper before my wife comes home.

What? the stage manager cries. Are you turning down my attentions? Men would die to get into my pants! I've had enough. I'm out of here.

With that, she exits. A car starts. You can hear it drive off. The audience goes wild.

After three curtain calls, the audience slowly files out. The first actor tells me we're sure to get good reviews. He just knows it. The other lights a cigarette and settles onto the sofa. He asks, So when's your wife supposed to arrive?