Top Class Drama

Daphne Gerolymou-Papadopoulos solo transcript  
The Gothic Spirit

**Ruthven**: I will be star. I will be enshrined in literature. I will be famous!

[music playing]

**Ruthven**: Ugh. Poseidon. Always trying to throw off my groove. I’ll show him! I’ll play a bit of a prank on him. Ey Poseidon! I hear Zeus is in a grumpy mood today. Says he’s going to cook up a mean –

**Poseidon**: Earthquake! But that’s my thing! GRrrr, GRrrrr, AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

[explosion sound]

[chants] Oh fortuna, velut luna, sempre crescis

**Byron**: Joooooooohn…Joooooooooooooohn…JOHN! Wake up my good man, wake up, I’m having a stroke!

**John**: Get off me Byron. For the last time, you have only slept on your arm again.

**Byron**: Right, yes, well, since you’re awake. We have to leave. NOW. I’m afraid my scandals have finally caught up with me now that -

**Augusta**: Byron, come back to bed.

**John**: Bryon, Seriously? Augusta? Your half sister!

**Byron**: Pack your bags! Pack everything! I’ve rented us a house on Lake Geneva. We’re going to Switzerland baby!

**Percy**: Where should we travel to this summer Mary?

**Mary**: Oh gosh Percy, I don’t know. Claire?

**Claire**: Perhaps we could go to Lake Geneva? I hear Byro- Switzerland! Switzerland, is particularly beautiful in the summer.

**Ruthven**: Wait, what?! Four writers in one place! Excellent.

**Mary**: It’s so dark.

**Claire**: Are we there yet?

**John**: Whose hand is that?

**Byron**: Ah, the Villa Diodati. Beautiful. Wait! Who's carriage is that? Looks like they’re headed towards the next villa over! Johhhn, if they're interesting people, invite them over for some port..

**Mary**: This is a fine villa Byron! And it's such a beautiful setting. Oh, if only this weren't the year without a summer! Percy, how will we ever get home?

**Byron**: John, fetch our carriage for them!

**Ruthven**: Noooo, they cant leave! We’re just getting started! I need a bigger storm. Ey, Zeus!

**Zeus**: What do you want?

**Ruthven**: I thought if you could create the worst storm these writers have ever seen, they would write about it and you would be famous, all the gods would know it was you who did it!

**Zeus**: Yes… I will create an endless storm… that will last the whole year!

[Explosions]

**Ruthven**: And now for the final touch!

**Mary**: Oh! Oh Fantasmagoriana! Byron look, German horror stories oooooo!

**Ruthven**: You can do better than that rubbish!

**Byron**: Oh come on! We can do better than that poppycock! Let us turn our hands to writing; and see whom amongst us can write the best ghost story. He or she that loses will have to spend the night….in the attic! Let’s get started!

**Percy**: Right. I really just want to write poetry but I guess I could write about about…  
**Devil**: [deep voice] The devil! I’ll drag you all to hell!

**Ruthven**: So cliche!

**Byron**: How about…  
**Witches**: Witches! Ahahahaha!

**Ruthven**: So last century!

**Mary**:....Pass!

**Ruthven**: Oh for Zeus’s sake THINK Mary!

**John**: I got it! A fear straight from the beginning of time. [growl] A saber tooth tiger! Yeah? Yeah? Yeah?

**Ruthven**: Really John? This is the best you can come up with? I’ll never be famous now! [sobbing]

**Byron**: How about a different kind of monster? Not a ghoulish troll or witch, something human, and yet dangerously evil.

**Ruthven**: Yes, Byron write, write -

**Byron**: Right. Let us share our ideas. I came up with an unfinished story, a fragment of a novel, if you will, but I don’t really think it’s going anywhere. Mary?

**Mary**: I - I couldn’t think of anything.

**Ruthven**: No no no! So Byron refuses to write, Mary can’t think of anything! Percy just writes poetry UGH, and Claire is just, Claire. Who will write my story who will - oo. Byron’s fragment. This is actually pretty good. AH! I’ll get John to finish it!

**John**: Oh, whose papers are these. I could write this. I could make this better. This is going to be great. This is going to -   
**Ruthven**: -make me STAR.

**John**: The protagonist's name could be Aubrey and this monster could be called –  
**Ruthven**: -Ruthven!  
**John**: Instead. And his character was dreadfully vicious.   
**Ruthven**: Suddenly, this man began to assume the appearance of something supernatural.   
**John**: And as the power of the storm was above them.  
**Ruthven**: The dreadful shrieks of the woman were heard throughout the forest.Ah. ah. Ah  
**John**: Aubrey was knocked to the ground and felt hands upon his throat  
**Ruthven**: And as the blood drained from him he was struck with horror and cried:  
**John**: A vampire!

**Ruthven**: YESSSSSSSS. I AM STAAAAAAAAAR!!!!

**Mary**: Oh, look everyone. The rain stopped.