

NAUTIK. But plotting away like this, something gnaws away  
at my heart and soul.

HOSPIT. It is? What's eating you, then?  
Come now, my boy.

NAUTIK. Well, here I am, imposing  
my troubled romance upon a man of your age,  
a thing improper for you as you wind down your life.  
I've burdened your golden years, I'm ashamed of myself.

HOSPIT. Just WHAT do you mean? Do I look like such an antique?  
Dear god, I'm hardly FIFTY-FOUR! My vision  
is flawless; I'm fleet of foot, and nimble of finger.  
Just test me, my boy. The more you do, the more  
you'll see what an asset I am in the sphere of romance.

*He takes Nautikles by the arm and starts strolling up and down. Dexter tries to keep up.*

There's plenty of use—as well as juice—still left in this body of mine.  
You'd do well to learn from this expert of love, by firsthand example!  
For example, when a lady invites me over, I play the sparkling wit  
or sensitive listener with equal aplomb; I never contradict my host;  
I hold up my share of the conversation, and shut up when others talk.  
I never spit or drool. I don't hack up phlegm;  
and I don't blow my nose in my napkin.

DEXTER You...um...lovely man! From the charms you list,  
you were obviously nursed at the very bosom of Venus.

HOSPIT. What's more, the lithest show boy can't match my fandango.