

**The Ghoul Next Door – Scene 12 – Th/Pha/Pi**

**Accompanied Scene**

**Pha:** (coming back from L of house toward door, ear cupped to door)

No sounds of partying like earlier, no female accompaniment, musical type, I mean, not no one. (Pi starts knocking vigorously – draws Th’s attention)

**Th:** What’s going on there? What could those guys be looking for at my house? What’s their story?

**Pi:** I’m gonna keep knocking. (harder now, comical) Hey, open up, hey, Tranio, O-PENNNNN.

We came over to get our master Callidamates.

**Th:** Hey (calling over), slaves, why are you banging on that house? (they look up startled, turn R surprised)

**Pi:** Hey, old man, why you sticking your nose in, what’s it to you? 940

**Th:** What’s it to me? **Pi:** Unless you’re some new type of inspector general, scoping out, snooping, spying and eavesdropping on *other people’s* business.

**Th:** Are you saying you’re not standing in front of my own house? **Pi:** Say what?

Did Philolaches sell it? (to Phan) This old guy’s trying to trick us?

**Th:** I’m telling the truth, but what business do you have here. **Pi:** Our master’s inside boozing!

**Th:** Boozing? Here? **Pi:** ‘swhat I said. **Th:** You’re a bit too sassy, slave. Who’s here?

**Pi:** OUR MASTER (yelling like he’s deaf). Sheez, how many times I got to tell you?

**Th:** (Passing Pi to talk to Pha) Nobody lives here, slave, I think I should tell you, since you look respectable enough.

**Pha:** Young Philolaches doesn’t live here? **Th:** Used to, moved out a while back. 950

**Pha:** (xing to Pi, crazy sign) This old guy’s a certified nut job. (back to Th) You’re horribly wrong, pops! Cause unless he moved out today or yesterday, I’m sure,

He lives here. **Th:** But no one’s lived here for seven months. **Pha:** In your dreams.

**Th:** Mine. **Pi:** Yup. Yours. **Th:** (x toward Pi) You stop butting in. Let me talk to this slave.

Nobody lives here. **Pha:** Oh yeah, somebody does, did yesterday, and the day before, and the day before, and a week ago; ever since his dad went out of town, it’s been one unending party.

**Th:** Say what? **Pha:** Neverending buffet and bar, music girls with talented hands AND lips, you know, the complete Greek party package, Greek till you drop. 960

**Th:** Who’s been doing this? **Pha:** Philolaches. **Th:** Which Philolaches?

**Pha:** His father is Theopropides, I think. **Th:** Oh god, OH GOD, I’m a dead man,

(sudden doubt) if he's telling the truth. Slave, I fear you're more foolish than first I felt. 965

Have you been hitting the bottle a bit too hard. **Pha:** What makes you think that?

**Th:** I'm thinking you've got the wrong house. **Pha:** I know where I'm going and where I am.

Philolaches, son of Theopropides, lives here. And after his father left on a business trip, 970

he paid to free a pretty pipe-player, Philematium. **Th:** How much? **Pha:** 3000 drachmas

**Th:** Uhhhh...So, you're saying that following his father's foreign foray, Philolaches frivolously fested?

**Pha:** That's what I'm saying. **Th:** Did he buy the house next door?

**Pha:** Not saying that. **Th:** And did he pay 4000 drachmas down on it?

**Pha:** Not saying that either. **Th:** Aaaggggh! You've done me in. **Pha:** No, I think that guy has done his dad in!

**Th:** Ain't that the truth? **Pha:** Oh, 3000 drachmas is nothing compared to his other over-the-top expenses. Then there's the wickedest slave ever, Tranio; he could squander all that Hercules acquired.

Oh, God, this little lump of coal is gonna give that poor father heartburn. 985

**Pi:** (gone back to knocking hard) HEY inside, can somebody open up? **Pha:** Why knock when noone's there? They must have taken the party on the road. Let's go now...

**Th:** Slave! **Pha:** and keep looking. **Pi:** Coming! **Th:** Slave, are you leaving?

**Pha:** You wear your freedom as a protective outer coating: my fear and care of my master is all that saves my hide. (Both off R)