

## The Ghoul Next Door – Scene 3.1 Phlm/Phlo/Sc

## Unaccompanied Scene + Songs

Noise from women inside house – at least one loud on cue in music before, enter Phlm from house L, with one female slave scrambling behind chasing her with towel, Scapha weighed down – with Phlm’s outer garment, makeup/jewelry kit (inside mirror with metallic handle, little bottles, brushes and styluses), stool and small traveling table. Phlo to up R hiding badly behind a shrub; this vanity set will be set up down LOC

**Philematium (Phlm):** (bare arms and sexy upper garment; proudly out the door and marching toward ROC with towel in slave’s hand to scrub away last water and toss head and upper body about planted C facing R – have enough water in towel to wring it out on cue)

My god, I can’t remember when I’ve had a more refreshing bath (Phlo tongue out at thought and sight); all that rubbing and scrubbing (get into w/ towel) got me going good, Scapha dear. (160)

**Philolaches (Phlo):** O vivacious Venus,

it’s the storm that ripped the roof off my structural integrity.

When I lost my cover, that’s the Love and Lust that rained down on me, (Phlm toss towel on slave)

Soaked my soul, drenched the walls around my heart, and undermined my foundation. 165

(slave time the towel wringing to happen here on the water imagery; Scapha setting up LOC)

**Phlm:** (shaking head in a kind of modeling way, posing, about to step across puddle, notice and gesture to slave to throw down towel across puddle for you)

Check me out, Scapha (strutting x down L of Sc and back.) Is my outfit fitting? I want to look good

For the light of my life, my steady...support system, Philolaches. (Sc readying pallium for her as she passes)

**Scapha (Sc):** What do you need with lovely adornment, when you’re so adorably lovely.

Lovers don’t love a woman’s wardrobe (patting her down to show features), just the stuff-ing that fills ‘em out. (still Sc primping Phlm, but also smiling proud of her crack, slave finishing setup of stuff LOC)

**Phlo:** Gods above, that Scapha’s lovely (Scapha hack a bit), a clever con, 170  
with her lovely talk about lovers’ affairs and thoughts.

**Phlm:** Take a good look. How’s this suit me (pallium is now on – modeling).

**Sc:** Your natural beauty complements any attire...

**Phlo:** For that kind word, Scapha, today I’m gonna give you a big (leading up to kiss/hug of bush).....someday or other you’ll get more than ‘thanks’ for praising my love. 175

**Sc:** On my word, by your Philolaches’ love for you, you’re charming (180)

**Phlo:** What'd you swear, you skank! By my love for her!?

What about hers for me, where was that? Your gift's as good as gone. 185

**Sc:** (turning L shaking head in disappointment)

I'm just surprised: you've been expertly trained in wily ways

Not to act so ditzily ditzzy. **Phlm:** Tell me, please, where'd I go wrong?

**Sc:** You are wrong to wait on that one man, (turning back toward Phlm – gesture to house)

And forsaking all others, to keep yourself for him and him alone.

A one man service plan is for wives, not kept women. 190

**Phlo:** By Jupiter, what's this disaster that's toppling my house?

All the gods and goddesses can strike me down with the worst they've got,

If I don't strike that old bat with starvation, thirst and deep freeze, kicked out in the cold.

**Phlm:** But Scapha, I don't want to be schooled in wicked ways. **Sc:** You putz,

to think that he'll forever be your friend and protector. 195

I warn you: he'll abandon you when you're over the hill and he's had his fill. (Phlo fuming)

**Phlm:** I hope not. **Sc:** (wisely) "The un hoped-for happens more often than your hopes."

Look at my case: who I am, and who I used to be. (thinking, wandering R of Phlm reminiscing)

I was no less loved than you right now; committed to just one man. 200

Damned if he didn't walk right away at the first sight of gray. You'll end, I'm afraid, the same way.

(turn back to her sadly on last line)

**Phlo:** Damned if I don't exterminate that she-beast with the worst torture I can conjure!

That antique vice-vamp of villainy is corrupting my woman with her horrid ad-vice!

**Phlm:** But he freed me by paying plenty for my personal partnership;

I think I owe him my undivided attentions. 205

I can never return the thanks he deserves, so don't try to make me think less of him. (turn and walk L)

**Sc:** Now stop and really think: if you stick with just him in the fresh bloom of youth,

when you're old, you'll have to go manhunting in vain. (turn upstage to tend to beauty table again)

**Phlm:** I have to be just as grateful, now that I've gotten my prize (turning out to audience) 220

As before when I was getting what I wanted by a daily dose of loving him up (thinking about it)

**Phlo:** That little exchange would make me free her over and over, and kill Scapha just as dead

**Sc:** If he's your one and only lifelong love,

better commit to him alone and get your bridal hairdo done. (facetious) 225

**Phlm:** My good reputation can earn plenty of cash rewards (move L a bit more).

**Phlo:** I'd sell my father to keep her from lacking a single thing. 230

**Sc:** And what about rewards from the other men who love you? **Phlm:** They'll love me more  
When they see the quality favors I return to one so good to me.

**Phlo:** Would someone please tell me my father's dead?

I'll disinherit myself right away and make her heir to all my goods.

**Sc:** But your loverboy's goods will all be spent in food and drink, day and night; 235

His conspicuous consumption leaves no savings in reserve.

**Phlo:** For you, Scapha, I'll mend the error of my ways and learn to save;

No food or drink for you the next ten days.

**Phlm:** (turning up toward Sc) Anything nice to say about him? Go ahead! (silly anger here)

But if you talk mean, I'll beat you up - darn you! 240

**Phlo:** A cash offering to Jove on high wouldn't yield such return

on my investment as the fee I paid for her.

Would you look how she loves me from the bottom of her heart. I'm a lucky man!

I freed a sugar-mama to defend and take care of me.

**Sc:** Well, if you say Philolaches is your permanent squeeze, 245

I'll give in to your whim before I'll take a beating for him.

(Music begins)

### Scene 3.2 Phlm/Phlo/Sc

Accompanied + SONGS

**Phlm:** Scapha, grab my equipment, my mirror, the tool of my trade,'

So I can get ready before Philolaches, my love, arrives.

**Sc:** A woman who ages and lets herself go needs a mirror:

What do you want with a tool or equipment like that?

You're already so well equipped with well-tooled equipment.

**Phlo:** Brilliantly said, Scapha. I'm well equipped too to retool her with my expanded store of goods.

**Phlm:** How's my hairdo? **Sc:** Heavenly.

**Phlm:** More powder for whitening?

**Sc:** You're so fair, that would be like using ink to whiten ivory.

**Phlm:** Then how 'bout more rouge!

**Sc:** No. Wise up. Paint over a masterpiece? Don't colorize your glorious youth with pigmentation.

**Phlm:** (kiss the mirror, hand to Sc)

Manage my equipment. **Phlo:** OH GOD, she kissed the equipment! What a complete tool!

### **SONGS begin here**

**Phlm:** Whaddya think? / Should I pour on cologne?

**Sc:** Why raise a stink? / A girl in the pink / should not smell of scents but of good sense alone.

Nasty old hags rehabbing, refabbing their youthless, toothless exteriors

Waste their time assuming perfuming disguises their bodies' inferiors.

Stinky sweat and sappy sweet scent get mixed in your nose

Till the foul smell you smell smells of...god only knows.

**Phlm:** Do my dress and jewelry look nice enough?

**Sc:** Not mine to say. Would your man buy you a look he doesn't like?

A call girl's lover buys her services with pricey stuff.

Don't misplay your display of outfits he'd rather see off.

Luxurious purple and gold cover women who're ugly and old;

A beauty is lovelier nude than in crimson.

Delays getting ready are a waste for women with natural, good taste.

A pretty lady's prettier the less she has on.

**Phlo:** (boldly intruding) How can anyone so lovely / take so long to beautify?

You don't need these decorations! (gesturing to Sc to get rid of stuff inside) /

Come enjoy a drink with me!

**Phlm:** I aim to please and make your day. / I like what you like, sweetiepie.

**Phlo:** That tiny word's a bargain, dear, / a mere 2000 drachmas.

**Phlm:** A thousand only, please, my love! / Half price special, just for you.

**Phlo:** That's a thousand credit; balance, please! / Your freedom cost 3000.

(She gets an attitude with him) Best investment I ever made. /

**Phlm:** Loving you was a good bet for me too.

**Phlo:** Our credits and debits agree, since I love you and you love me,

A valuable pair appraising our mutual worth, objects of some people's good will and others' envy.

(End song, but continue accompaniment to end)

**Phlm:** Come recline beside me. (to slave) Order up a full party package: drinks, dice, the works.

**Phlo:** Ah-ha, my dear friend Callidamates is coming with his girl. Our army is almost assembled: soldiers in solidarity seeking spoils.