

WADSWORTH – MUSTARD – YVETTE

*Dark, stormy night with dogs barking outside. WADSWORTH opens front door to MUSTARD standing in the doorway, shielding himself from the rain. He's wearing a decorated Colonel uniform. COOK enters as needed to help with coats, etc.*

WADSWORTH: Good evening.

MUSTARD: *(Entering fully)* Good evening. I'm not sure if I'm in the right-

WADSWORTH: Yes, indeed you are expected, Colonel.

MUSTARD: How do you- *(know who I am?)*

WADSWORTH: *(Interrupts)* It is Colonel Mustard, isn't it?

MUSTARD: No. That's not my name. My name is Colonel-

WADSWORTH: *(Interrupts)* I believe it's been recommended that tonight you use a pseudonym.

MUSTARD: Oh, no thank you. I took an antihistamine before I came.

WADSWORTH: *(Raised eyebrows)* May I take your coat?

*YVETTE at the bar cart, pops open a champagne bottle, like a gunshot, startling MUSTARD, who yells "Take cover, men!"*

WADSWORTH: Not to worry, Colonel. It's just the maid, in the Hall, with the champagne cork.

YVETTE: *(offering)* Champagne?

MUSTARD: *(Flummoxed by her beauty)* Oh, uh...don't mind if I...

YVETTE: *(interrupting)* Zis way, Monsieur.

*YVETTE escorts MUSTARD to door of Lounge. Doorbell rings. They all 3 look out.*

MUSTARD: Are you expecting someone else?