

WADSWORTH – WHITE – YVETTE

WADSWORTH: *(Opens door in rain storm and reveal Mrs. White. She is tragic and morbid, dressed in funeral clothing. Over her face is a veil)* Do come in Madam. You are expected. *(She enters dramatically)* Welcome.

WHITE: *(Confident mystique)* Do you know who I am? *(She pulls back her veil)*

WADSWORTH: Only that you are a socialite to be known this evening as Mrs. White.

WHITE: Yes. *(She slips off her cloak and WADSWORTH catches it gracefully)* It said so in my letter. But, why -?

WADSWORTH: *(Interrupting)* May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is the maid, Yvette. *(Music sting as they recognize each other and flinch)* I see you two know each other.

WHITE: *(Deliberately lying)* We've never met.

YVETTE: Champagne?

WHITE: I think not.

WADSWORTH: Please, warm yourself in the Lounge. *(Gestures to room)*

WHITE: Why, do I look cold?

WADSWORTH: A bit.

*Doorbell rings. They both look out.*

WHITE: Are there more?

WADSWORTH: Yes. Excuse me.