

WADSWORTH – YVETTE - PEACOCK
Traditional butler. Formal. Driving force of the play.

Scene includes COOK without lines

Yvette opens door to reveal Mrs. Peacock, wealthy and batty. She stands covered in jewels, a fox-tail stole, and a hat of peacock feathers, shielding herself from the rain with a box of candy.

YVETTE: Bonjour Madame. Please, come in from ze rain.

WADSWORTH: Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

PEACOCK: Who? *(Realizing she is going by a pseudonym for this occasion)* Oh yes! That's me!

WADSWORTH: Cook, will you please take Mrs. Peacock's stole.

Women recognize each other and flinch!

WADSWORTH: I see you two know each other.

PEACOCK: *(Discarding her stole into COOK's arms)* Don't be ridiculous. I've never seen this woman before in my life.

YVETTE: Champagne?

PEACOCK: *(Dramatic)* My lips belong to the Lord!

WADSWORTH: Please make yourself comfortable in the Lounge.

PEACOCK: *(Suddenly remembers the candy)* Oh! For your hospitality...*(Aside)* And there's a coupla Benjamins hidden under the caramels for you, butler.

WADSWORTH: How...sticky.

PEACOCK: I expect to be treated like the wife of a...

Doorbell rings. They look out at audience in surprise.

WADSWORTH: Hold that thought. Right this way. After you, Mrs. Peacock. *(Escorts her to lounge opening door)*

PEACOCK: *(Enamored by look of room)* Oh, my! Look at the detail of this moulding! This is quite a magnificent mansion, isn't it...*(Screams at the sight of WHITE and MUSTARD)* Who are you?

WADSWORTH – WHITE

Later in script

At this point nobody trusts anyone

WHITE and WADSWORTH are paired to search the house. They come to two doors.

WHITE: *(At the first door)* Go on. I'll be right behind you.

WADSWORTH: That's why I'm nervous.

WHITE: But why? It's just us. We're alone.

WADSWORTH: That's just it, Mrs. White. No man in his right mind would ever be alone with you.

WHITE: Fine. You go in there, and I'll go in here.

WADSWORTH: *(Neither go in)* Are you going in?

WHITE: Yes. Are you?

WADSWORTH: Yes. *(They fake going in 3 times)* OK. OK. On the count of 3. One...three! *(Hesitates then goes in and out abruptly)*

WHITE: Nothing in that room.

WADSWORTH: Nothing in that room either.

WHITE: Shall we search the Ballroom?

WADSWORTH: Yes. It's through that door. *(They hurriedly cross to door frame)* You first.

WHITE: I'm not going in front of you!

WADSWORTH: Well, I'm not going first. *(Wait a beat and then they squeeze through side by side)*