

MUSTARD. With pleasure, my dear.

*(YVETTE opens the Lounge door, escorting MUSTARD inside.)*

*(WADSWORTH opens the front door to a music sting.)*

[MUSIC CUE #4]

*(Rain storms. MRS. WHITE stands, tragic and morbid, dressed in funeral clothing, guarding herself from the rain. Over her face is a mesh black veil.)*

WADSWORTH. Do come in, madam. You are expected.

*(She enters more fully, WADSWORTH at her heels.)*

WADSWORTH. Welcome.

WHITE. *(With a confident mystique:)* Do you know who I am?

*(She pulls back her veil, to reveal her face.)*

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

*(She slips off her cloak, black with a brilliantly white inside.)*

WHITE. Yes.

*(WADSWORTH catches it gracefully.)*

WHITE. It said so in my letter. But, why—?

WADSWORTH. *(Interrupting:)* May I introduce you? Mrs. White, this is the maid, Yvette.

[MUSIC CUE #5]

*(Music sting as the women notice each other and flinch.)*

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

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

YVETTE. *(Cheekily:)* Champagne?

WHITE. *(Pointedly:)* I think not.

WADSWORTH. Please, warm yourself in the Lounge.

WHITE. Why, do I look cold?

WADSWORTH. A bit.

*(Shepherding her into the Lounge—then:)*

WADSWORTH. I'll be right with you.