

*(The module of the set containing the door to the Lounge, now pulls open slightly, making the interior of the Lounge partially visible as WHITE steps through the door, noticing MUSTARD.)*

WHITE. Oh. Hello.

MUSTARD. Hello. Pleased to meet you.

WHITE. I'm rarely pleased to meet anyone.

*(Doorbell rings. They look out.)*

WHITE. More?

WADSWORTH. Oh, yes.

*(WADSWORTH shuts the Lounge door, closing the module back up.)*

[MUSIC CUE #6]

*(Rain storms. YVETTE opens the front door to a music sting. MRS. PEACOCK, middle-aged, wealthy, and batty, stands, covered in jewels, a fox-tail fur 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.

*(As PEACOCK enters . . .)*

WADSWORTH. Mrs. Peacock, I presume.

PEACOCK. Who? *(Realizing:)* Oh yes! That's me!

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

*(With a music sting, the women recognize each other. They flinch!)*

[MUSIC CUE #7]

WADSWORTH. I see you two know each other.

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

YVETTE. *(Offering:)* Champagne?

PEACOCK. My lips belong to the Lord!

WADSWORTH. Please, make yourself comfortable in the Lounge.

PEACOCK. Thank you.

*(As WADSWORTH escorts her to the Lounge, she remembers the lavishly wrapped box of chocolates in her hands.)*

PEACOCK. Oh! For your hospitality . . . *(An 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 . . .

*(The doorbell rings. They look out.)*

WADSWORTH. Hold that thought. Right this way. After you, Mrs. Peacock.

*(He opens the door [module] to the Lounge, the interior becomes halfway visible.)*

PEACOCK. *(Enamored by the doorframe:)* Oh my, look at the detail of this molding; this is quite a magnificent mansion, isn't it . . .

*(She screams, startled to find WHITE and MUSTARD.)*

Who are you?!

WHITE. Welcome to the party.

MUSTARD. *(Tickled pink:)* This is turning out to be quite the crowd.

*(As YVETTE closes the Lounge door [module retreats], dogs bark. Rain storms. WADSWORTH opens the front door to a music sting.)*

[MUSIC CUE #8]

*(MR. GREEN, straight as an arrow, stands in a trench coat, holding an umbrella. He does not enter, but remains in the doorway, anxious.)*

GREEN. Is this the right address to meet a . . . Mr. Boddy?

*(The dogs bark wildly.)*

WADSWORTH. *(To dogs:)* Sit!

*(GREEN frantically sits. Dogs stop barking.)*

WADSWORTH. No. Not you, sir.

*(GREEN stands sheepishly.)*

GREEN. Sorry, sorry.

WADSWORTH. Please, come in.

GREEN. *(Entering more fully:)* Excuse me, I suppose this letter has me rather anxious.

WADSWORTH. You must be Mr. Green.

GREEN. *(Painfully lying:)* Yes. That's exactly who I am.

WADSWORTH. Welcome, sir.

*(GREEN hands his umbrella to YVETTE as he steps into the Hall.)*