

**SCENE 4: ENTRANCE HALL—AFTERNOON**

*Tottendale and Underling enter. Underling is carrying a tray with a single glass on it.*

**TOTTENDALE**

Underling?

**UNDERLING**

Yes Madam.

**TOTTENDALE**

The Pastry Chefs have been kind enough to provide the liquor for the party, but remember Underling, we have to be discreet.

**UNDERLING**

Yes, madame.

**TOTTENDALE**

It is prohibition, after all.

**UNDERLING**

I'm aware of that, madame.

**TOTTENDALE**

We'll have to use code words. For instance, if someone asks for a glass of ice-water, it means they want a glass of vodka. Have you got that?

**UNDERLING**

Yes, madame.

**TOTTENDALE**

Are you sure? Maybe you should write it down.

**UNDERLING**

I understand, madam. A glass of ice-water is a glass of vodka.

**TOTTENDALE**

What's a glass of ice-water?

**UNDERLING**

Vodka.

**TOTTENDALE**

Ice water?

**UNDERLING**

Vodka.

**TOTTENDALE**

Ice -

## UNDERLING

Vodka.

## TOTTENDALE

Well, you see, that's settled then. One less thing to do. Underling, might I please have a glass of ice-water? I found our meeting with the pastry chefs rather trying and I would enjoy a glass of refreshing ice-water.

## UNDERLING

Your ice-water madame.

*He hands her a glass of water. She takes a sip and spits it in his face.*

## TOTTENDALE

That was pure vodka, you poop!

## MAN

I hate this scene.

## TOTTENDALE

Well, now I do need a glass of ice-water!

## UNDERLING

A glass of "ice-water" madame?

## TOTTENDALE

Yes, ice-water. Are you going deaf?

## UNDERLING

Would that I were.

## MAN

You can see where this is going can't you. It's really just a series of spit takes.

*UNDERLING hands her the glass.*

## UNDERLING

Your "ice-water" madame.

*She drink and spits it in his face.*

## TOTTENDALE

That was pure vodka, you poop!

## MAN

You know, in some ways the Drowsy Chaperone was quite progressive. A black actress playing the Aviatrix, for instance.

## UNDERLING

Your "ice-water" madame.

*She drinks, and spits in his face again.*

TOTTENDALE

That was pure vodka, you poop!

MAN

Yes, some elements were quite progressive, others were stale in 1928, you know what? I'm going to skip ahead.

TOTTENDALE

*(spit)*

That was -

*(spit)*

That—

*(spit)*

That—

*(3 head takes)*

- poop!

Where do you think you're going?

UNDERLING

To find some lime juice, madam.

TOTTENDALE

Lime juice? For heaven's sake why?

UNDERLING

I'm going to wring out my eye brows and make myself a gimlet.

MAN

*(mopping the stage)*

Now, you're probably asking yourself, "what was that routine doing in the show?" Well, it's very simple: there's a song coming up, and they needed something to allow for the set change. It's mechanics. It's like pornography. Let me explain what I meant by that. In pornography the story is simplistic — "how do I pay for this pizza" being the classic example. My point is, as in a musical, the story exists only to connect the longer, more engaging... production numbers. What? Well, what kind of a society do we live in if we can't discuss the similarities between pornography and musical theatre?