

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 *He hands her a glass of water.* Your ice-water madame.

*She takes a sip and spits it in his face.*

TOTTENDALE That was pure vodka, you poop!

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. *UNDERLING hands her the glass.* Your "ice-water" madame.

*She drinks and spits it in his face.*

TOTTENDALE That was pure vodka, you 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.