

SIDE #7

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John and Sarah with Sheridan Whiteside

John and Sarah are a married couple, the long-time butler and cook, respectively, for the Stanleys. Since Whiteside arrived, however, he has commandeered John and Sarah, growing increasingly fond of their skills — and they of him.

(JOHN enters from the dining room.)

- JOHN:** All right if I turn the lights up, Mr. Whiteside?
- WHITESIDE:** Yes. Go right ahead, John.
- JOHN:** (Crosses L. to switch on chandelier lights.) And Sarah has something for you, Mr. Whiteside. Made it special.
- WHITESIDE:** She has? Where is she? My soufflé Queen! (JOHN crosses to C.)
- SARAH:** (Proudly entering with a tray on which reposes her latest delicacy, crosses down to WHITESIDE.) Here I am, Mr. Whiteside.
- WHITESIDE:** She walks in beauty like the night, and in those deft hands there is the art of Michelangelo. Let me taste the new goody. (With one hand he pours the glass filled with medicine that MISS PREEN gave him into a nearby Chinese vase, then swallows at a gulp one of SARAH'S not-so-little cakes. An ecstatic expression comes over his face.) Poetry! Sheer poetry!
- SARAH:** (Beaming.) I put a touch of absinthe in the dough. Do you like it?
- WHITESIDE:** (Rapturously.) Ambrosia!
- SARAH:** And I got your Terrapin Maryland for dinner.
- WHITESIDE:** I have known but three great cooks in my time. The Khedive of Egypt has one. My Great-aunt Jennifer another, and the third, Sarah, is you.
- SARAH:** Oh, Mr. Whiteside! . . .
- WHITESIDE:** (Lowering his voice and beckoning to them to come closer.) Tell me: How would you like to come to New York and work for me? You and Johnny? (John crosses R.)
- SARAH:** Why, Mr. Whiteside!
- JOHN:** Sarah!
- SARAH:** Why, it kind of takes my breath away.
- JOHN:** It would be wonderful, Mr. Whiteside, but what would we say to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley?
- WHITESIDE:** Just "Good-bye."
- SARAH:** But — but they'd be awfully mad, wouldn't they? They've been very kind to us.

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WHITESIDE:

Well, if they ever come to New York, we can have them for dinner, if I'm not in town. Now run along and think it over. This is our little secret — just between us. And put plenty of sherry in that terrapin!