

"DUKE"**5/18/2022****STEAL AWAY**

VETTER

Pretentious asses. And to think, you probably *prayed* a lot about this.

WHITE

What are you, an atheist??

VETTER

Freethinker, thank you.

WHITE

Methinks you're at the wrong party; we're just a bunch of backwards, *miracles-really-happen* bumpkins.

VETTER

Pre-enlightened Americans! You'll *need* an Act of God to get you out of this shipwreck. What are you, their driver?

WHITE

What's your beef, pal - did I piss on your leg?

VETTER

I'll season my words with grace: You missionary leeches are the excrement of the Earth. That your cesspool of Bible-Belt religion exists at all is scourge enough, but that like turds on the tide you should wash up on our shores to spread your sewage incites me to fury. *Oh my, was that indelicate?*

White slips a dollar into Vetter's pocket.

WHITE

Your eyes are browning; enema's on me.

VETTER

(outraged)

Do you know who I am?!

WHITE

No, but you'll smell better after the procedure.

As Vetter seethes, the DUKE OF ARGYLL storms up.

Start

DUKE

White! We extend our guests to you, and your people send them home in outrage?! The Duchess demands an explanation!

NEARBY - The DUCHESS and PRIME MINISTER GLADSTONE chat.

GLADSTONE

Of course the nation continues to mourn
your mother's, and our great loss.
Does nothing console her?

DUCHESS

It's twelve years now since father's
passing; she still sets out his shaving
kit every morning.

The Duke enters and thrusts a flustered White before her.

end

WHITE

Your *Ladyness*, uh, *ship*, uh...

DUCHESS

George White, this is William Gladstone,
Prime Minister.

WHITE

(flustered)
Of..?

Ella SWOOPS IN and swats White.

ELLA

Another bad joke! Whatever are we
going to do with you? Ella Sheppard,
pleased to meet you.

She and Gladstone shake hands. White bristles at the rebuke.

DUCHESS

I don't know what civility looks like
in your backwoods, but our guests
didn't come here to be mocked.

ELLA

Forgive us; we're all a bit light-
headed. The altitude, surely.

GLADSTONE

We're at sea level.

ELLA

(red-faced)
I-it gets better. I promise.

Just then, a COMMOTION erupts nearby: Ike has knocked over a crystal
clock and juggles to catch it. Guests shriek as -- **SMASH!!** -- it
SHATTERS TO SMITHEREENS. The Duchess seethes. Ella swoons.

STEAL AWAY