

# KUMQUAT

A Play in Five Acts

By Dan and Rachel Barclay

## Act I

### Scene I

A gentleman of [city name], KUMQUAT, is standing in the drawing room of his estate, accompanied by his friends, MUSTACHIO, FRUTIO, and EIEIO, as well as their respective servants, PISTACHIO, GRUMIO, GREMIO, and GRIMIO. MUSTACHIO and FRUTIO are playing a game of checkers, only using chess pieces instead of checkers. KUMQUAT stares despondently out a window. GRIMIO holds a RED BALLOON contentedly.

MUSTACHIO: Jump, jump, jump and he's king!

GRUMIO: Your twenty-fifth birthday approaches, my lord.

KUMQUAT: 'Tis true, and in the continuing absence of the Grand Duke of [city name], to me must fall his lands and duties.

GRUMIO: Another man might be pleased to inherit such a title and such wealth.

KUMQUAT: Nay, not I. For by the law of the land, the Grand Duke must take to himself a wife, and there is only one such prospect who might be eligible.

PISTACHIO: (rolls his eyes in the background)

FRUTIO: (looks up from checkeress) Ahh, the fair Agapantha! Her beauty as is renowned as her gentleness. To take her hand would be a true joy indeed. Why do you despair, my friend?

KUMQUAT: Her father's approval is not forthcoming. He arrives by ship on the evening tide from [somewhere] and I fear there is naught that might suade him to my cause.

FRUTIO: Well, best we meet him at the docks to plead thy case. What say you, Eieio?

ALL: (chorus) EI-EI-O!

EIEIO: I say aye! Surely, after weeks at sea aboard a festering ship, his spirits will be high and most open to persuasion.

FRUTIO: And what say you, Mustachio?

MUSTACHIO: (stares at checkers board, blinks once and says nothing)

FRUTIO: Excellent. Then we're off!

## Scene II

At the docks, KUMQUAT strides up to a dock worker. PORTFOLIO can be seen skulking about.

KUMQUAT: What happened to the [ship's name], the ship that was to arrive on the evening tide?

DOCK WORKER: Oh, it sank, carrying to their deaths all those aboard.

KUMQUAT: Oh. (awkward silence) Well, that's a shame. (to FRUTIO) What am I to do?

FRUTIO: Ah, but this resolves matters! The lovely Agapantha, you see, is the last of her line. She is free to marry as she wills. Rather than seeking permission from her father, you must court her and win her hand. And whoever does marry her will inherit **all the lands in the duchy!**

KUMQUAT: Well, I suppose that does sound rather appealing.

The friends walk off. We now shift to GREASIO, accompanied by IMBROGLIO and WUSSIO, who has been lurking in the shadows.

GREASIO: Aha, dear Imbroglio! So my weak-kneed nemesis Kumquat plans to make off with my rightful inheritance! Well, I won't have it! I'll woo Agapantha and take the duchy for myself!

IMBROGLIO: (laughs evilly, GREASIO joins, then WUSSIO joins but GREASIO slaps him)

## Scene III

Greasio's lair. Along with GREASIO & CO are the SUGAR BROS, three incompetent mercenary scoundrels.

GREASIO: I've brought you three brothers here for a most important cause. Specifically, I plan to take control of the late Grand Duke's title and lands, but to do so, I must first undermine Kumquat's "rightful" claim. (said with derision) He holds a document which bears witness to his alleged lineage as the Duke's grand-nephew. Without this, he has no proof, and the lands will go to Agapantha's groom. This document is held by the most vigilant of guards, the fiercest of dogs, and the pointiest of hidden spike-traps. Only the strongest and most resourceful men could hope to surmount such obstacles. Can you deliver?

SUCROSIO: Ye-ye-yes, guvnor!

GREASIO: That's *lordship* guvnor, to you, Sucrosio!

SUCROSIO: Yes, lordship guvnor.

GREASIO: *Sir* lordship guvnor.

FRUCTOSIO: Er, these spikes, how mean are we talking?

GLUCOSIO: And these dogs, how sharp?

WUSSIO: Six feet. With rabies.

IMBROGLIO: What, you cannot mean that such professionals as yourselves might find this too much of a challenge? We can take our employment elsewhere ... *to the dungeons*.

SUCROSIO: Ah, er, hem, it's best we be off. (SUGAR BROS depart)

WUSSIO: Ah, sire, with "competent" professional men like these, we cannot fail to succeed.

GREASIO: Yes, yes! I can see it all now! They shall bring me my document and I shall be the unchallenged duke of all the land! (laughs evilly)

(a SERVANT, who has been hiding, runs off)

#### Scene IV

KUMQUAT: The unchallenged duke of all the land? I like not the thought of it! (SERVANT leaves)

MUSTACHIO: Mayhap you are right! You may keep your Agapantha, but for me there is only one, the fair Gloria!

FRUTIO: *You* covet the fair Gloria? Faugh! I seek her hand, and she will surely be more readily wooed by my quick wit than your ... tireless brawn.

MUSTACHIO: Ah, but surely she will succumb to my charms as told to her by her trusted handmaiden. (holds up a dress that appears to somehow be his size)

EIEIO: Are you daft? You'd no sooner make a convincing woman than Agapantha would make a man!

(all pause to consider this. all shrug.)

MUSTACHIO: Quite true, EIEIO.

ALL: (chorus) EI-EI-O!

MUSTACHIO: Regardless, when the fair Gloria hears tales of my prowess, she will truly be swayed to give me her hand, not you, for there is no one more trusted by a lady than her servant. Grumio, fetch thy master a new [object]! This one hath shattered.

(enter GRUMIO bearing an [object], followed by GREMIO)

GRUMIO: Buffoons, the lot of them! I'd rather be servant to a dead horse.

GREMIO: I'd rather be servant to a live horse.

GRUMIO: Aye, but then there's the mucking. With a dead horse, 'tis only the smell.

GREMIO: Better that than all this mooning about! Agapantha is no more glorious than the sea is small, and I am not sure that the fair Gloria even exists. If they pursued a lass like Hernia, now, I could understand.

GRUMIO: I'd sooner see Hernia with a dead horse than with you!

GREMIO: I'd sooner see her with a *live* horse than with you!

GRIMIO: Balloon!

## Act II

### Scene I

The SUGAR BROS are at the Duke's estate, where the documents are kept. It is heavily guarded by ranks of men with spears. Large, snarling, vicious dogs pull on their chains. A clockwork contraption, which includes a spiked wheel and a pot of oil that bubbles, looms. You get the picture.

FRUCTOSIO: (loud whisper) So, did you bring the chicken?

GLUCOSIO: The chicken?

FRUCTOSIO: Yes! The chicken, to throw to the guard dogs so they'll be distracted! And eat it, not us.

GLUCOSIO: Oh. You were supposed to bring the chicken.

SUCROSIO: Don't worry, I brought a chicken! (holds up a struggling, squawking sack)

FRUCTOSIO: You dolt! You were supposed to bring a dead chicken! All its clucking will give us away! A live bird is useless to us.

GLUCOSIO: We could just kill him.

FRUCTOSIO: Right! Beat him to death with rocks!

GLUCOSIO: (beats SUCROSIO with a rock)

FRUCTOSIO: No, not him, the chicken!

GLUCOSIO: But the chicken's still alive.

FRUCTOSIO: (grabs sack and tosses it into the compound. guard dogs convene) See, look! It's working! (the guard dogs ignore the chicken, pass it, and bark loudly at the base of the wall where the SUGAR BROS hide)

SUCROSIO: You still have that rock?

FRUCTOSIO: Blast! And we were supposed to go in that way. We must disable the dogs. Glucosio, pass me your Dog Exterminator™!

GLUCOSIO: I don't have one of those.

FRUCTOSIO: Then pass me your Anti-Dog Grenade Launcher™!

GLUCOSIO: I don't think those exist.

FRUCTOSIO: Whatever. Pass me your lantern. (GLUCOSIO hands it over. FRUCTOSIO drops it onto the pile of dogs, who scatter. the oil splashes everywhere, including onto the highly-flammable debris in the estate yard) This way, my brothers! (the SUGAR BROS circumvent the fire and are soon in complete darkness) See? We have brilliantly evaded the dogs.

SUCROSIO: It's getting real dark in here.

SPIKE TRAP: Ka-SNAP!

GLUCOSIO: (screams in anguish)

SUCROSIO: Oh, don't worry, here come some heavily-armed guards to rescue us!

FRUCTOSIO: Fear not, my brothers! My steady sword shall defend us all! (swooshing noise in the darkness)

SUCROSIO: (screams in anguish)

FRUCTOSIO: It looks as though the guards mean to take us prisoner!

SUCROSIO: (manages to gasp) Don't worry, I brought another chicken. (SUCROSIO raises it above his head and runs screaming at the GUARDS, who are so flabbergasted they part to let the SUGAR BROS pass)

FRUCTOSIO: To freedom!

GUARD DOGS: (greet the SUGAR BROS and chase them off stage)

## Scene II

GREMIO: I saw a most strange sight earlier this eve. Three knaves, beflamed and embattered, fleeing the late Grand Duke's estate, pursued by a pack of most vicious dogs and one chicken.

FRUTIO: This can mean only one thing.

KUMQUAT: What?

FRUTIO: That the chickens mean to kill us all!

KUMQUAT: That seems unlikely.

FRUTIO: Ah, but it could also mean one other thing.

KUMQUAT: \*What\*?

FRUTIO: That Greasio, having overheard your plan to wed Agapantha and thus secure the duchy, embarked on a mission of his own to woo her first. However, in order to legitimize the claim under his own marriage, he must needs first secure the document affirming your claim to the title, and he employed these three miscreants for the task. However, upon their arrival, they endeavored to spill their lantern oil, spear one another in the ensuing darkness, and fail to engage the guard dogs with two chickens, one of which was left behind.

KUMQUAT: Now you're just being ridiculous.

FRUTIO: So you agree with me about the chickens.

MUSTACHIO: Absolutely! I shall slaughter any of the brutes I encounter on my way to charm the fair Gloria! (MUSTACHIO poses. he is wearing his dress, which rather spoils the effect. he prances offstage)

## Scene III

GREASIO's lair. The SUGAR BROS once again attend.

GREASIO: You incompetent fools! I wanted that document, not a lightly-roasted chicken! I should have sent the chicken to do the job, for all the good it would have done!

WUSSIO: (looks up from his dinner) 'S good chicken.

GREASIO: Shut up! (to SUGAR BROS) I shall be requiring your services no longer.

FRUCTOSIO: Do we get some kind of hazard pay?

GREASIO: Yes, I have your hazard pay right here. (when FRUCTOSIO leans closer, he grabs WUSSIO by the hair and uses his head to bash FRUCTOSIO) Now get out! Get out of my sight! (the SUGAR BROS depart) I shall go to fetch the document myself, if I have to.

IMBROGLIO: I have a better idea, sire. I know a man, a cunning but honorable man, by the name of Portfolio. Word around town is that he's the man to get a job done.

WUSSIO: He can get us more chicken. (GREASIO hits him reflexively)

GREASIO: Where can I find this man?

IMBROGLIO: (in a raspy, creepy voice) In the darkest shadow in the deepest forest by the coldest lake at the loneliest hour of the blackest night ... (he clears his throat, and in a normal voice continues) You can generally find him at the tavern, down the street.

GREASIO: Then I shall find him, post-haste.

#### Scene IV

At the tavern. PORTFOLIO is at the tavern, speaking to barkeep, BERTUCCIO. PORTFOLIO has clearly been drinking heavily, while BERTUCCIO says nothing, only polishing the same glass/flagon/tankard the entire time)

PORTFOLIO: And then he said, he said, what's it to you if I don't? Well I couldn't stand for that, so I stood up and I told him, I tol' him, look, you wanna settle this outside? And he dinnit. So he left, an' I said ha, I told you so. (drinks from his tankard) Piss-poor, this is, and it's the best you've got. I could get better than this, rather'n scraping the bottom of the barrel. Me an' my sister, we should be nobility, have servants of our own. Instead, she's a handmaiden to a rich prig and I'm dead broke, that's what I am.

GREASIO: A situation that can soon be remedied.

PORTFOLIO: Make me nobility?

GREASIO: ... No. Make you money. I have a, ah, business proposition.

PORTFOLIO: It doesn't involve anything blatantly unethical like trespassing on the grounds of a noble estate and stealing valuable property, does it?

GREASIO: Ah, well, in a way. Did I mention we'll be paying you an awful *lot* of money?

PORTFOLIO: (stares at him suspiciously)

GREASIO: All I want you to do is to procure a certain set of documents from the late Grand Duke's estate from the record-keeping archives concerning the noble lineages of the city.

PORTFOLIO: (perks up) Well, why dinnit you just say so? Barkeep, I want this man to purchase me a drink. Did you say, say an awful *lot* of money?

WUSSIO: In cash. (GREASIO slaps WUSSIO out of habit, even though he was actually being useful)

PORTFOLIO: In that case, I want this man to buy me a drink, too.

### Scene V

KUMQUAT, FRUTIO, and PISTACHIO are walking up to AGAPANTHA's home.

FRUTIO: Agapantha's beauty is legendary! Try not to be overwhelmed – don't make a fool of yourself! She sees enough star-struck suitors as it is.

KUMQUAT: I'll try. (knocks at the door)

ANEMIA: (opens the door. ANEMIA is an attractive servant) Ah, the brave, noble lord Kumquat! And the ... lord Frutio. Won't you step inside, please?

KUMQUAT: (aside to FRUTIO) If her servant is this easy on the eyes, imagine the lady herself!

FRUTIO: In-deed. (they enter the drawing room)

HERNIA: (enters the drawing room. HERNIA is a beautiful servant) Lady Agapantha will see you now.

KUMQUAT: Better and better! (KUMQUAT approaches AGAPANTHA's chamber, giving FRUTIO a thumbs-up)

(PISTACHIO examines a small object on a table with intense interest)

(from offstage in the chamber, we hear a high-pitched scream)

FRUTIO: A terrible scream, of such sorrow! What could be wrong?

KUMQUAT: (stumbles out of the chamber, backwards. he grabs FRUTIO and gasps) Help me, help me!

FRUTIO: Get yourself together, man! If you don't woo Agapantha, you'll never be the Grand Duke!



KUMQUAT: (in a feigned cheerful voice) I'm coming, dear, I forgot my ... (reaches into his pocket) radish!

AGAPANTHA: (sweeps into the drawing room. she is a hideous woman, overweight with a mustache and a blatantly false blonde wig) Oooh, my favorite! (she takes it from him) However did you know? More beautiful than any bouquet of flowers!

PISTACHIO: (looks up dourly)

KUMQUAT: Well, yes, it is rather lovely to look at ...

AGAPANTHA: (swallows the radish whole)

KUMQUAT: ... much like yourself. (he coughs)

AGAPANTHA: Oh, aren't you a dear! (she hugs him)

KUMQUAT: (noise like a deflating tire) Erk! Well, I've had a lovely time, but I really must be going. When can I see you again?

AGAPANTHA: Anon, at three.

(KUMQUAT and FRUTIO depart to the street. Against all probability, FRUTIO is actually attracted to AGAPANTHA.)

FRUTIO: Her beauty was greater than I ever could have imagined! To think that such a magnificent woman would be interested in you, you lucky man! To not only acquire the lands of the duchy, but to win the hand of so fair a lady!

KUMQUAT: Yes, so ... fair. I need a drink. To clear my head.

GREASIO: (steps out from the shadows) Ah, so you think you've won, Kumquat! Well, your victory shall be short-lived! For I myself shall court Agapantha, and I shall win her love with my superior wit and charm, and that will leave you unwedded! Then, even if you bear your title, the duchy shall be mine, for I alone am worthy of the name of Grand Duke! Oh, you laugh now, you and your little friends, but *revenge shall be mine!* (he laughs hysterically and stalks off)

(KUMQUAT and FRUTIO leave to the tavern. GREMIO and GRUMIO arrive with GRIMIO and his RED BALLOON in tow)

GREMIO: It was nice of you to accompany me as I court Hernia.

GRUMIO: I was going to say the same thing!

GREMIO: You don't think you stand a chance, do you?

GRUMIO: A better one than you!

(both knock on the door)

ANEMIA: Oh, it's you. Hello Gremio, Grumio.

GRIMIO: Balloon!

ANEMIA: You too, Grimio.

GRIMIO: (hangs his head and scuffs his shoes)

(they all enter the drawing room)

AGAPANTHA: (without turning, in a "seductive" tone of voice) Back again so soon? Oh, it's you. In that case, I shall no longer grace you with my presence. (she leaves)

GRUMIO: And the Lord is merciful.

HERNIA: (emerges)

GREMIO: Indeed He is!

GRIMIO: (makes an incoherent noise of assent, falls over a chair and lands in front of HERNIA)

HERNIA: That's very kind of you, Grimio.

ANEMIA: I must attend to the good lady. (curtsies and exits)

HERNIA: Do sit down.

(GREMIO and GRUMIO take their seats. GRIMIO climbs to his feet using his fallen chair for leverage and unsuccessfully tries to set it upright.)

GREMIO: Tell me, Hernia, how has he fared your brother, Portfolio?

GRIMIO: (makes a noise of anger and frustration at the uncooperative chair)

GRUMIO: Yes, Grimio, Venetian chair manufacturing has gone downhill in the past few years, but that's not the subject we're discussing right now.

HERNIA: Portfolio fares well. He has found new employment this past fortnight from a stranger at Bertuccio's tavern.

GREMIO and GRUMIO in unison: Bertuccio's tavern?

## Scene VI

The SUGAR BROS are at the far end of the bar at Bertuccio's tavern, huddled together and drinking. KUMQUAT strides into the bar and strikes a pose. He speaks his first line, and his first line only, in a completely uncharacteristic baritone voice.

KUMQUAT: WHAT HO, BERTUCCIO! Fetch me a pint of your best bitter! (he drops the pose and strides to the bar)

BERTUCCIO: (pours a pint)

GLUCOSIO: (to his brothers) Who's that?

FRUCTOSIO: Why, Glucosio, thou art an idiot! He is none other than the heir to the Grand Duke himself, the brave Kumquat!

KUMQUAT: Brave, yet sad. Sad, as I am but adrift in a sea of despair, for this day another woos my truest love.

SUCROSIO: Bah! What be the name of this foul knave?

KUMQUAT: He? His name is Greasio.

(the SUGAR BROS turn white and shudder)

KUMQUAT: Ah, I see you have heard of his renown.

FRUCTOSIO: Never heard of the man in my life.

KUMQUAT: Of course, of course. If you don't know him, then perhaps I could employ one of you three fine gentlemen to ... obstruct his efforts. Mix things up a bit. Confound his every plan, and so forth. Any takers?

(the SUGAR BROS stare)

KUMQUAT: And of course, for your troubles, I would pay you the handsome sum of eight ducats.

(the SUGAR BROS scramble for his attention)

KUMQUAT: ... Or perhaps you work best as a team. I shall divide this sum amongst you evenly. (he takes a pouch from his pocket and upturns it on the table. the SUGAR BROS scuffle for the money) Greasio will be calling on the Lady Agapantha tomorrow at noon. You must attend and obstruct him, and by all means he must not succeed in winning her love!

SUCROSIO: We will, sir lordship guvnor!

FRUCTOSIO: ... I don't think eight divides by three.

### Act III

#### Scene I

GREASIO, IMBROGLIO, and WUSSIO are walking up to AGAPANTHA's home.

IMBROGLIO: You heard the man talking! Lady Agapantha is the most beautiful woman in all the land!

GREASIO: A perfect prize for my perfect plan. (knocks on the door)

ANEMIA: (opens the door) The evil lord Greasio and his vaguely sinister associates. Won't you step in?

WUSSIO (with a note of pride): She called me sinister! (GREASIO smacks him)

GREASIO: (aside to IMBROGLIO) Even her handmaidens are worth the taking!

(GREASIO and IMBROGLIO enter and the door shuts behind them. Outside the window, the SUGAR BROS are lurking.)

SUCROSIO: It's him! We must not let him court the lady!

GLUCOSIO: We need a plan.

SUCROSIO: I brought another chicken, see, and we could-

FRUCTOSIO: Damn you and damn your poultry!

SUCROSIO: We could set the chicken on fire, see, and let it loose in the house, and the smell of burning feathers will surely turn the lady's stomach enough that she'll never wish to see the man again!

(they pause to consider)

GLUCOSIO: Perhaps we should forgo the chicken.

FRUCTOSIO: I agree that chickens are bad news, but the plan has potential. But there is a better source of smoke than chickens! All we need do is stuff up the chimney!

SUGAR BROS: Brilliant!

(GREASIO, IMBROGLIO, and WUSSIO enter the drawing room)

HERNIA: (enters the drawing room. HERNIA is a beautiful servant) Lady Agapantha will see you now.

GREASIO: Very good!

(AGAPANTHA enters the room)

GREASIO: ... Very bad.

WUSSIO: Very, very bad. (GREASIO is too stunned to smack WUSSIO)

AGAPANTHA: Two suitors in as many days! Oh, how you flatter me!

GREASIO: Not nearly as much as your presence flatters me.

(GLUCOSIO sets up a ladder outside the window, no one inside notices)

AGAPANTHA: You flatter me again.

GREASIO: Would that I could each day and night, I would sing the dawn's herald as you rise from sleep and whisper dusk's secrets as you close your eyes that eve. Were I lost in the desert amidst the tempestuous sandstorms of my emotions, your love would be my oasis, and my hopes of reaching your heart would be my camel.

(GLUCOSIO begins to climb the ladder)

AGAPANTHA: Such charming words from such a charming man.

IMBROGLIO: He is my fine friend, and I tell you that no other man speaks truer words.

WUSSIO: I would be your camel, sire.

(SUCROSIO walks up and hands GLUCOSIO a chicken, then a can of gasoline, while the people inside remain oblivious)

GREASIO: Each grain of sand would be the wicked turns of Fate that conspire to keep us apart, collected and crusty, stinging my eyes. Before, the oasis of my love was obscured, poisoned by the nomadic sand people, but now it runs clear and I can see no one but you. No man or dromedary shall keep us apart.

WUSSIO: I would be your dromedary, sire.

(SUCROSIO climbs up the ladder after GLUCOSIO)

AGAPANTHA: I knoweth little of dromedaries.

GREASIO: My heart's passion would be the sun blazing o'erhead, parching the water from my throat, from my very bones, until I collapse upon the sand, tongue swollen, face crawling with flies, unable to walk one step further but for my love of you!

(there is a muffled scream and GLUCOSIO falls from the ladder, hitting the ground with a thump. no one notices)

GREASIO: I would pierce my heart upon the spines of a cactus to reach you, my desert bloom! When night falls, my passion will keep me warm through the bitter cold of the desert night without having to burn jackrabbits for warmth! And when the sun arises, it shall find not a man standing before it on the tallest dune, but a monument to the timeless beauty of the fair Lady Agapantha!

(There is a series of thumps and yells. Soot billows into the room. A moment later, SUCROSIO's head sticks out of the fireplace, having just accidentally fallen headfirst down the chimney... SUCROSIO shakes his head, opens his eyes, looks up to see AGAPANTHA, and screams.)

## Scene II

HERNIA and ANEMIA are in the drawing room, talking. SUBPOENA is knitting.

ANEMIA: And it took *hours* to get out all the soot.

HERNIA: Such buffoons. I oft feel as though my dear brother is the only man in the city who can find his codpiece with both hands.

ANEMIA: Oh, Portfolio.

HERNIA: I've seen you casting eyes at my brother.

ANEMIA: I must confess, I have an affection for him. And his codpiece. But whilst I try to become the object of his attentions, he always seems so driven by some other task.

HERNIA: I hear this very evening, he is breaking into the residence of Lord Kumquat to steal a set of very important documents.

ANEMIA: Really! So this very evening, Portfolio shall be in the presence of Lord Kumquat!

HERNIA: Um, yes. That's what I said.

ANEMIA: (standing, speaks to audience) Then I shall guise myself as the lord so I might encounter my true love!

## Scene III

PORTFOLIO: (in darkness) While noble I may be, I have no proof of my proud blood, and so as a servant I live. Yet to find this proof, I must go where only a noble may, or any servant acting on that good lord's behalf. And so, to prove what I am, I must dress as what I am not, for one who serves is greater than myself as I am not, while I serve none to seem greater than I am. (lights come on, revealing that he is wearing a dress) Thus I dress as my dear half-sister Hernia, who does not share my noble father, to fall beneath the gaze of the good Lord Kumquat.

(Show the interior of KUMQUAT'S house. MUSTACHIO is primping himself in a servant's dress in front of a mirror while PISTACHIO polishes silver. There is a knock on the door. PISTACHIO rises and answers; it is PORTFOLIO, dressed as HERNIA.)

PORTFOLIO: (falsetto) It is I, Hernia, handmaiden to the fair Lady Agapantha! The lady has sent me to search through the family records!

PISTACHIO: (coughs mightily, dislodges something, spits it, and looks dour.)

PORTFOLIO: Is something wrong?

PISTACHIO: (clearly does not buy it, shakes his head in disgruntlement, but lets PORTFOLIO in anyway)

MUSTACHIO: (whirls around) Ah, a fellow ladyservant, I see!