ROBERT 2

Max picks up the barometer and puts it back on the wall, causing the painting of the dog to fall down. Max catches the painting, leaving the barometer to Robert. They are left holding all three items up.

MAX. Come now, Colleymoore, it's well known that you're over-protective of your sister.

Just as Max gets the painting up into position, the telephone rings. They look to it, unsure of how they will answer it.

I'll get it.

Max tries hard to keep holding the picture against the wall and reach for the phone. The phone keeps ringing; finally he tries to hook it with his foot. The receiver falls off of the telephone and further away on the floor.

Good evening.

Start

Beat.

It's for you.

ROBERT. Who the devil is it?

MAX. Your accountants, Colleymoore.

ROBERT. At half past eleven in the evening?

MAX. Yes.

ROBERT. Then hand me the receiver, Cecil.

Max slides the receiver in between his feet and manages to throw it up with his feet and catch it in his free hand. Vamp with the audience here if they respond. Max can show off by throwing it up again and catching it, then repeating and dropping it even further away than it was before and having to pick it up again. Max stretches and passes the receiver to Robert, who puts it to his ear, keeping the voice pipe in place with his foot and the barometer on the wall using his head.

(In extreme discomfort.) Good evening. Yes, Thomas Colleymoore speaking. It is inconvenient, yes!… My recent deposits? What of them?… Discrepancies? What are you talking about, man?… Gone? Gone where?… Nine thousand pounds stolen? Good God, man! Perkins, get in here.

Dennis enters through the door as far as he can, knocking

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Robert down to his knees, struggling to keep everything in place.

DENNIS. Yes, sir.

ROBERT. Bring me my bankbook, Perkins.

Dennis produces the bankbook.

DENNIS. Your bankbook, sir.

Dennis puts the bankbook into Robert's mouth.

ROBERT. *(Muffled by the book.)* Thank you, Perkins.

DENNIS. Your pen, sir.

Dennis produces a pen and forces it into Robert's mouth as well.

ROBERT. *(Even more muffled.)* Thank you, Perkins.

Robert rearranges himself to take the phone again.

This is an absolute disgrace! Who am I speaking with? I'll report you to your superiors. Mr. Fitzroy. I'll write that name down.

Robert writes "Mr. Fitzroy" in the bankbook with a lot of difficulty.

Mr… Fi…tz…roy…ro…ro…ro…oy, I'll have you know this telephone call has put me in a very difficult position. Now look here, Fitzroy, I didn't authorise this transaction, but you find out who did and you call me back.

Robert throws the phone to Max, who hangs it up.

MAX. What is it, Colleymoore?

ROBERT. Nine thousand pounds taken from my private savings.

MAX. Good Lord!

ROBERT. What a ghastly evening.

MAX. Thomas, I'm afraid I have a confession to make.

ROBERT. Mm?

MAX. Well… Florence and I are having an affair!

ROBERT. WHAT?!

Robert launches himself at Max, who dives D.S. The dog picture, funnel and barometer mysteriously all stay hung in their positions. Robert and Max double-take.

You and my sister?!

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Robert throws Max S. L.

MAX. Now calm down, Colleymoore.

ROBERT. You always were a snake in the grass, Cecil.

Robert throws Max D.S.

MAX. It's not what you think! We're in love!

Robert pulls Max up by his hair and drags him back up around the chaise longue, accidentally slamming his head into the side of the clock. Robert draws a sword from the fireplace.

ROBERT. My sister does not love you. How dare you lay a finger on her? Your own brother's fiancée; it's disgusting.

Robert slickly thrusts his sword upwards, removing and catching the scabbard.

No wonder your father hated you.

MAX. Don't speak about my father, Colleymoore!

Max copies Robert's move, but the scabbard does not fly off the sword, it comes off a bit and slides back down. Max pulls off the scabbard instead and draws his sword.

ROBERT. The time has come for you to answer to me for your indiscretions. Draw your swo…

Robert turns to see Max's sword is already drawn.

En garde! **Stop**

They fight a few slick choreographed moves.

Nice try, Cecil, but no match for my skill. You know sometimes I forget you're Charley's brother, you're so pathetic.

They fight again. Max leaps off of the back of the chaise longue.

MAX. I always was *too*—

Max narrowly misses the pillar again.

—quick for you, but still not bad, Colleymoore.

Max stamps on the floor, causing a floorboard to flip up and hit him in the face. Max looks fine for a moment but then collapses out of sight behind the chaise longue. Max

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