

ROBERT (or RACHEL, if female) plays THOMAS (or MARY) COLLEYMOORE, Charles' old school friend.

MAX plays CECIL HAVERSHAM, Charles' brother. (M) and ARTHUR THE GARDENER. (M)

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?! You and my sister?!

*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!

*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*

*starts to get back to his feet. We hear a metallic snapping sound. Max slowly pulls his sword up from behind the chaise, revealing that it's broken (now just a handle and a short stump of blade). Max makes sword clanging sound effects as they continue fighting.*

Ching! Ching! Ching!

ROBERT. Rattle! Clang!

MAX. Ching!

ROBERT. Swipe!

MAX. Slice!

ROBERT. Ah, 'tis nothing.

MAX. Have at you, Colley Moore! Ching! Ching! Ching!

*Max beats Robert to the floor s. l. below the upper level and does two victory swipes as he walks away.*

Yes! Swipe Swipe! You've got a good parry, Colley Moore.

ROBERT. Good parry? I'll show you a good parry!

*Robert springs to his feet, accidentally thrusting his sword through the underside of the upper level. The blade goes straight through and comes up between Chris' legs, narrowly missing his crotch. Robert tries to pull his sword back but finds it stuck. Robert continues the fight without his sword.*

I'll show you a good parry!

MAX and ROBERT. Ching! Ching!

ROBERT. Slash!

MAX. Disarm!

*Max throws his broken piece of sword into the fireplace.*

ROBERT. Slash!

*Max pulls a red strip of fabric blood out of a hole in his jumper.*

MAX. Blood! Aaaah!

*Max vamps with the audience, miming and doing the sounds of the blood squirting and then pouring from his wound.*

ROBERT. I don't need this to kill a man like you, Haversham!

*Robert throws Max to the floor.*

It seems there's no mystery as to who killed Charles anymore.

*Robert drags Max to the door. He swings it open, banging Max in the head as he does so, and then throws Max out of the room.*

He was killed by his own vile little brother in a fit of jealous rage. You'll be sorry you ever laid a finger on my sister, Haversham. You'll be sorry!