



*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, Colley Moore?

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?!

*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.

**STOP**

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

[REDACTED]