

## RS#5 Sandra, Max, Trevor, Robert, Dennis, Chris

~~poisoning. Colleymoore, Perkins, show me to the service quarters  
so I can check the deceased once more.~~

~~DENNIS. Inspector.~~

~~CHRIS. Arthur, you stay here with Miss Colleymoore and ensure  
she does not leave this room.~~

~~*Chris, Robert and Dennis exit through the downstairs door.  
Sandra and Max are alone again. Max stares at the floor; he  
cannot look at Sandra.*~~

**Start** →

SANDRA. Arthur, you have known me years, surely you believe I  
would never do something like this?

MAX. On the contrary, Miss Colleymoore, it was I who discovered  
you to be the guilty party.

SANDRA. Oh Arthur! How can you? Please, you must protect me  
from these fiends! I'll do anything to win your trust.

*Sandra throws herself into Max's arms.*

MAX. Miss Colleymoore, you know I cannot resist your feminine  
charms.

SANDRA. I have seen the way you look at me across the grounds.  
Even now, the way you're looking at me.

*Max stares away from her.*

Even now, the way you're looking at me... Even now the way you're  
looking at me!

*Sandra turns Max's head to look at her.*

I know how you feel.

MAX. Please, Miss Colleymoore, I am a simple gardener, I...

SANDRA. And you have said before how rad—

*Sandra pulls her hand away from Max's face, accidentally  
tearing off one of Max's mutton chops. Max takes it back and  
tries to stick it back on, but it won't stick. Max swaps places  
with Sandra so his remaining chop is facing the audience.  
Little vamp here of Max grinning at the audience.*

And you have said before—

*Max holds the loose chop up so it looks like a moustache on  
his face.*

And you have said before—

*Max holds up the loose chop so it looks like a moustache on Sandra's face.*

And you have said before how radiant I look as I walk across the gardens. Oh Arthur, protect me. I'll be yours if you do.

*Sandra grasps Max tightly.*

MAX. Miss Colleymoore, I do not feel as you suggest. You are a murderer and a seductress and I shall not be seduced.

*Max pushes Sandra away. Sandra lets out a squeal of frustration and bangs on the side of the clock. Trevor is startled within the clock and opens the door, knocking Sandra out again.*

*Max and Trevor look at one another. They lift Sandra's unconscious body into the clock. Having done this, they remember the audience is watching. Max looks at the script and to Trevor. He gives Trevor the script and gestures to present him to the audience. Trevor reluctantly reads as Florence.*

TREVOR. (*Reads.*) But Arthur, how can you resist me? I'm a beautiful woman.

MAX. Stop, Miss Colleymoore. You are using your powers over men as you always have.

TREVOR. (*Reads.*) You can't pretend your feelings aren't real.

MAX. Very well, perhaps it is true that I have admired you.

TREVOR. (*Reads.*) Then kiss...*ohh!* Then kiss me, Arthur. You know you want to.

*Beat. Max approaches Trevor. Trevor breaks away. He speaks to someone offstage.*

Nah. Nah. No one wants to see that.

*Vamp. Sometimes audiences become very involved here. Max looks to them for their approval that they do want to see this and is encouraged and runs over and kisses Trevor (mouth wide open over his as it was with Sandra earlier). Robert, Chris and Dennis enter and see them.*

ROBERT. What on earth is...

*Silence.*

What on earth is going on?

MAX. I can explain.

ROBERT. I don't think you can.

DENNIS. Miss Colleymoore in Arthur's arms?

CHRIS. A second affair?

ROBERT. Florence, you've changed.

TREVOR. (*Reads.*) Your wild accusations have driven me to this. I feel dizzy. I feel like I'm about to pass out!

CHRIS. I suggest you settle down, Miss Colleymoore.

DENNIS. Quickly, where's her medication?

ROBERT. Blast, I must have left it in the study.

*Robert exits through the downstairs door.*

CHRIS. Miss Colleymoore, you are a vile criminal.

DENNIS. And to think we took you in!

MAX. You have manipulated me. I have let my master down tonight.

CHRIS. And all the while you were plotting your fiancé's demise!

TREVOR. Oh Inspector! All these accusations, I feel an episode coming on.

*Trevor protests at having to do this.*

CHRIS. (*Snarling under his breath.*) Have an episode.

*Trevor reluctantly begins to have an episode. He then starts to enjoy it, playing off the audience. He builds it until his episode becomes ridiculously large and invades Chris' personal space. Chris pushes him aside, and Trevor trips under the upper level.*

Settle down, Miss Colleymoore!  **End**

*Robert reappears through the upstairs door.*

ROBERT. Now where's this medi-CATION!

*As Robert steps on the upper level, it fully collapses, crushing Trevor. Silence. Dennis bangs his fist on the chaise longue in frustration.*

*If you'll excuse me.*