

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 Colley Moore, 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 Colley Moore. 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!

*Robert reappears through the upstairs door.*

ROBERT. Now where's this medi-CATTION!

*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.