

A newly written last will and testament dated only today? Let me see...

*Chris tries to untie the ribbon on the document but he can't. He reaches off of the closed document.*

"I, Charles Haversham, hereby amend my last will and testament to leave my money, possessions and Haversham Manor to one..." Good Lord!

*Max and Robert enter. Chris hurriedly puts the will back into the ledger.*

MAX. Inspector. Thomas Colley Moore for you.

CHRIS. Thank you, Colley, but before I question Mr. Colley Moore I have some papers I like to review in Charles' study. I shall return presently.

MAX. Don't take your time, Inspector.

ROBERT. Indeed.

*Chris gets into the elevator carriage and closes the doors.*

MAX. Tell me, Thomas, did you manage to find Florence.

ROBERT. She ran out into the grounds.

*A dreadful clanking is heard from the elevator.*

MAX. And what were your feelings about—

*Chris shoves the upstairs elevator doors open to reveal the elevator has stopped halfway between the two levels. Chris climbs out onto the upper level. He slides the ledger forward out of his way, but it goes too far and slips off the edge of the upper level. Robert catches it and throws it back up to Chris.*

And what were your feelings about Charles and Florence's engagement?

*Chris slams the elevator doors shut upstairs, causing the downstairs voice pipe funnel to fall off the wall. Robert picks up the funnel and puts it back on the wall. This causes the barometer to fall off. As the action continues downstairs, Chris moves the chair D.S. on the upper level. He sits down and starts to examine the will.*

ROBERT. I was overjoyed of course. I love Florence and I loved Charles, I couldn't have approved more of the match.

*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.

*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*