

The Play That Goes Wrong – Audition Sides

ROBERT sides

ROBERT

ROBERT puts the [phone] receiver to his ear keeping the voice pipe in place with his foot and the barometer on the wall using his head.

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?... None thousand pounds stolen? Good God, man! Perkins, get in here.

DENNIS enters.

DENNIS

Yes, sir.

ROBERT

Bring me my bankbook, Perkins.

PERKINS 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.) but you find out who did and you call me back.

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 authorize this transaction, but you find out who did and you call me back.

MAX

What is it, Colleymoore?

ROBERT

Nine thousand pounds taken from my private savings.

MAX

Good Lord!

ROBERT
What a ghastly evening.

MAX
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 downstage.

You and my sister?!

ROBERT throws MAX stage left.

MAX
Now calm down, Colleymoore.

ROBERT
You always were a snake in the grass, Cecil.

ROBERT throws MAX downstage.

MAX
It's not what you think! We're in love!

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. No wonder your father hated you.

MAX
Don't speak about my father, Colleymoore!

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 your Charley's brother, you're so pathetic.