

INT. SHUBERT MANSION - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Errol's grandfather's grandfather clock supplies the ambient sound as Max and Audrey follow Errol inside. He goes immediately for the tea set across the room.

ERROL

Audrey, my dear, won't you join me for a tea?

AUDREY

I'm afraid I won't be able to put my head on the feathers if I have tea at this hour.

Errol chuckles, pours himself some tea anyway. He sits in the nicest chair of the room.

ERROL

Yes, well... you have business for me, I presume?

MAX

(clears his throat)

Yes. I want to talk to you about a new business venture.

ERROL

As you well know, my boy, a venture capitalist I am not.

MAX

That's just it. This venture uses our factories, and I've already made inroads with a supply chain.

ERROL

And what exactly would our factories be making?

The big moment. Max looks to Audrey for reassurance. She smiles her calming smile. He takes a deep breath, then lets it fly:

MAX

Prophylactics...

PLOP. Errol's monocle falls into his tea cup. He GASPS.