

**ADDISON:** Of course she told me.

**SINCLAIR:** I think, perhaps, I should leave.

**ELEANOR:** *(with immense sarcasm)* You think?

**KIM:** Don't leave. I want you to stay.

**SINCLAIR:** I'll go and get a drink, then.

**GEOFFREY:** There are drinks here.

**SINCLAIR:** *(heading to the kitchen)* Then I'm just going into the other room for a moment, because you all have a lot going on in here, and it's getting a bit intense.

**ADDISON:** Amateur.

**VICTOR:** *(shouting after SINCLAIR)* Everything going on in here is mostly your fault, you know!

*SINCLAIR goes into the kitchen.*

**KIM:** Leave him alone.

**GEOFFREY:** Maybe Sinclair's right.

**ELEANOR:** What?

**GEOFFREY:** It has been a very intense evening. Perhaps if we have some of this lovely food everyone's prepared...

**ADDISON:** I hardly think anyone's in the mood to eat.

**GEOFFREY:** Sitting down for a meal together can be very therapeutic you know.

*In the kitchen, SINCLAIR spots Kim's salad and begins to pick out and eat some with his fingers.*

**VICTOR:** For heaven's sake, Geoffrey! Nobody wants your therapy.

**GEOFFREY:** *(a little annoyance creeping in)* You know, despite what you all seem to think, I am not trying to give any of you therapy.

*There is a tiny pause.*

**ELEANOR:** Fine!

*ELEANOR walks over to the dining table and begins cutting bread with a large knife.*

**VICTOR:** What are you doing?

**ELEANOR:** We came here to eat, so we should eat.

**ADDISON:** Oh, don't bother. This evening is a disaster.

**ELEANOR:** You were the one who wanted this stupid dinner, not me.

*In the kitchen, SINCLAIR looks concerned and begins to cough. This goes unnoticed by the others.*

**ADDISON:** Because I was trying to do something nice for you!

**KIM:** You don't do anything nice for anyone!

**ADDISON:** I'm sorry you feel that way.

**ELEANOR:** I told you I didn't want a party!

**ADDISON:** None of this would have happened if you didn't invite *her* (indicating KIM).

*SINCLAIR's coughing turns to choking. He clutches at his throat and staggers about wildly in the kitchen. This goes unnoticed by the others.*

**KIM:** No, none of this would have happened if you weren't sleeping with Sinclair!

**ELEANOR:** Will you stop bringing that up!

The PHONE rings.

*ADDISON groans and answers the phone.*

**ADDISON:** Hello?

**KIM:** It's a big deal, Eleanor!

**ADDISON:** (*struggling to hear the phone*) What?

**ELEANOR:** I don't want to talk about it!

**ADDISON:** (*to the phone*) I can't hear you!

**GEOFFREY:** It's natural for people to want-

**ELEANOR:** Oh, piss off!

**ADDISON:** Don't you speak to my husband like that!

**GEOFFREY:** We're not married.

**ADDISON:** Shut up, Geoffrey!

**ELEANOR:** Can everyone just stop yelling!

**EVERYONE:** No!

*At that moment, SINCLAIR, still clutching his throat, stumbles through the kitchen doors in front of ELEANOR. EVERYONE, stunned, stares as he takes a final gasp and drops, front-first, to the floor DC.*

*EVERYONE remains standing motionless and silent, staring at SINCLAIR. After a moment, ELEANOR, open mouthed, drops the knife to the table with a bang.*

**ADDISON:** I'm sorry, mother; I can't talk right now. Eleanor's killed someone.

**ELEANOR:** What?

**ADDISON:** (*yelling into the phone*) KILLED SOMEONE!

**ELEANOR:** (*grabbing the phone*) Oh for goodness sake!

*ELEANOR slams down the phone with more determination than is required.*

**ELEANOR:** (*as though it's obvious*) He's not dead.

**GEOFFREY:** *(heading for SINCLAIR)* I'll take a look at him. I am a doctor after all.

**ADDISON:** You're a *therapist!*

**GEOFFREY:** *(getting down to inspect SINCLAIR)* I have patients.

**ADDISON:** *Conscious ones...*

*GEOFFREY goes about investigating SINCLAIR's wellbeing. This should be at least a little bit questionable, but will depend on the actor and director's preferences and should give the distinct impression that GEOFFREY doesn't really know what he's doing. He may try some sort of obviously ineffective, alternative-healing method quietly while the others continue.*

**KIM:** *(stepping over SINCLAIR and walking aggressively towards ELEANOR)* What did you do to him?

*ADDISON, trying to intervene, steps between them.*

**ELEANOR:** *(flabbergasted, turning to KIM)* Me? I wasn't the one that put nuts in the salad.

*VICTOR is confused.*

**ADDISON:** *(turning threateningly to KIM)* What?

**KIM:** You saw that?

**ELEANOR:** Of course I did. I'm not blind!

**KIM:** Why didn't you say anything?

**ELEANOR:** I was angry at him too.

**ADDISON:** Maybe he has one of those pens...

**KIM:** Yes!

*KIM checks SINCLAIR's pockets. VICTOR, still confused, walks into the kitchen and strains to see into the living room.*

**KIM:** *(not able to find an epipen)* No...

**VICTOR:** *(walking back into the living room)* How did you see me put them in the salad from in here?

*Immediately, the three women turn to VICTOR. VICTOR takes a nervous step backwards.*

**ELEANOR:** *(threateningly)* Put *what* in the salad?

**VICTOR:** Oh, you *didn't* see me put them in the salad.

**ELEANOR:** *(to KIM)* I thought *you* put them in the salad?

**KIM:** *(a little panicky)* I did put them in the salad.

VICTOR, *over-acting, gasps.*

**VICTOR:** How could you!

**ADDISON:** *(to VICTOR, with disbelief)* Seriously?

**ELEANOR:** You put them in the salad as well?

**ADDISON:** *(to GEOFFREY, who is currently waving his hands in the air over SINCLAIR, with his face screwed up in concentration)* I believe you may actually have to touch him in order to assess his general wellbeing.

*GEOFFREY, only just now realising that this may be prudent, checks SINCLAIR's pulse, becoming increasingly more uncomfortable as he does.*

**KIM:** I didn't want him to eat the nuts!

**ADDISON:** *(unconvinced)* Hence, putting them in the salad...

**KIM:** *(desperately trying to explain)* Well I did... But, then we talked, and I changed my mind. That's why I put the salad back in the kitchen!

**ADDISON:** Because, *obviously*, nobody would eat something in a kitchen.

**ELEANOR:** *(looking to SINCLAIR)* Maybe we should get him to the hospital?

**GEOFFREY:** That may not be necessary.

**KIM:** *(hopefully)* He's okay?

**GEOFFREY:** *(standing up)* Unfortunately, I believe he might be dead.

**ADDISON:** *(turning sharply and walking over to inspect SINCLAIR)* What?

**KIM:** *(melodramatically, collapsing onto the floor beside SINCLAIR)* Oh, god! Sinclair!

**ELEANOR:** *(screwing up her face and rubbing her temples)* Oh, that's just... *brilliant.*  
*(snapping at ADDISON)* This is why I didn't want a party!

**ADDISON:** *(raising her eyebrows and holding an open palm towards SINCLAIR)* This, specifically, is why you didn't want a party?

**ELEANOR:** *(snapping at VICTOR)* What the hell were you thinking?

**VICTOR:** I wasn't thinking!

**ELEANOR:** Obviously!

**KIM:** *(wailing at VICTOR)* How could you do this!

**ADDISON:** I don't think you're in a position to be blaming others.

*KIM screws up her face and presses her palms into her forehead.*

**KIM:** Oh, this is bad. This is *very* bad.

**GEOFFREY:** Now, Kim. Try not to panic...

**KIM:** Try not to panic? *(becoming hysterical)* Try not to panic! We've killed him!

**VICTOR:** Shh!

*GEOFFREY, a little stunned, sits down in the living room.*

**ADDISON:** "We"? I had nothing to do with it. This is on the two of you!

**ELEANOR:** (*grabbing one of the cushions again and turning on VICTOR*) What the hell were you thinking?

**VICTOR:** You've already said that.

**ADDISON:** It deserves being repeated!

**VICTOR:** I was just so mad!

**ELEANOR:** (*hitting him with the cushion again*) Stupid, stupid, stupid!

**KIM:** (*taking the cushion from ELEANOR*) Obviously you can't be trusted with these cushions.

*ADDISON inspects SINCLAIR.*

**VICTOR:** But you knew there were nuts in the salad, and you didn't do anything about it!

**ELEANOR:** I didn't realise they would kill him!

**GEOFFREY:** He did say that he was allergic...

**ELEANOR:** I thought he'd just... (*she can't find the words*)

**KIM:** Just what?

*ELEANOR pauses for a second then throws herself down on the sofa. ADDISON is still looking at SINCLAIR, more concerned. She reaches down and begins inspecting the area under his crotch.*

**ELEANOR:** (*bashing her head against the sofa cushions*) Stupid, stupid, stupid!

*KIM sits down and buries her head in her hands.*

**VICTOR:** (*stopping ELEANOR*) Eleanor!

**KIM:** (*noticing ADDISON*) What are you doing?

**ADDISON:** (*standing up, innocently*) I was just checking his, um...

*ADDISON points in the direction of SINCLAIR's crotch.*

**KIM:** (*shaking her head at ADDISON*) Disgusting.

**ADDISON:** (*a little embarrassed*) I was checking he hasn't wet himself.

**ELEANOR:** Wet himself?

**ADDISON:** Sometimes bodies can, um... (*struggling to find the words*) Leak a little.

*EVERYONE stares at ADDISON for a moment.*

**GEOFFREY:** That is true. When we had Ralf put down, there *were* some issues with leakage.

**VICTOR:** I think that will be the least of his concerns...

**ADDISON:** I'm not worried about his concerns. We've just replaced the carpet.

*EVERYONE looks at SINCLAIR, a little disturbed.*