

before you all that my conscience is perfectly clear on the matter. I did my duty and nothing more. I passed sentence on a rightly convicted murderer.

ARMSTRONG. Did you know Seton at all? I mean, personally.

(WARGRAVE looks at him; he hesitates a moment.)

WARGRAVE. I knew nothing of Seton previous to the trial.

(LOMBARD speaks in a low voice to VERA.)

LOMBARD. The old boy's lying. I'll swear he's lying.

MACKENZIE. Fellow's a madman. Absolute madman. Got a bee in his bonnet. Got hold of the wrong end of the stick all round. Best really to leave this sort of thing unanswered. However, feel I ought to say - no truth - no truth whatever in what he said about - er - young Arthur Richmond. Richmond was one of my officers. I sent him on reconnaissance in 1917. He was killed. Also like to say - resent very much - slur on my wife. Been dead a long time. Best woman in the world. Absolutely - Caesar's wife.

MARSTON. I've just been thinking - John and Lucy Combes. Must have been a couple of kids I ran over near Cambridge. Beastly bad luck.

WARGRAVE. *(Acidly.)* For them or for you?

MARSTON. Well, I was thinking - for me - but, of course, you're right, sir. It was damned bad luck for them too. Of course, it was pure accident. They rushed out of some cottage or other. I had my license suspended for a year. Beastly nuisance.

ARMSTRONG. This speeding's all wrong - all wrong. Young men like you are a danger to the community.

(MARSTON wanders to the window and picks up his glass, which is half-full.)

MARSTON. Well, I couldn't help it. Just an accident.

ROGERS. Might I say a word, sir?

LOMBARD. Go ahead, Rogers.

