

*(She reads the list.)*

It seems silly to have brought only us in the first boat and all the rest in the second.

LOMBARD. That, I'm afraid, was design, not accident.

VERA. Design? What do you mean?

LOMBARD. I suggested to the boatman that there was no need to wait for any more passengers. That and five shillings soon started up the engine.

VERA. *(Laughing.)* Oh, you shouldn't have done that!

LOMBARD. Well, they're not a very exciting lot, are they?

VERA. I thought the young man was rather nice-looking.

LOMBARD. Callow. Definitely callow. And very, very young.

VERA. I suppose you think a man in his thirties is more attractive.

LOMBARD. I don't think, my darling - I know.

*(MARSTON enters from the balcony. He is a good looking young man of twenty-three or so, rich, spoiled and not very intelligent.)*

MARSTON. Wizard place you've got here.

*(MARSTON greets VERA; they shake hands.)*

VERA. I'm Mrs. Owen's secretary. Mrs. Owen has been detained in London, I'm afraid, and won't be down until tomorrow.

MARSTON. *(Vaguely.)* Oh, too bad.

VERA. May I introduce Captain Lombard, Mr. - er -

MARSTON. Marston, Anthony Marston.

LOMBARD. Have a drink?

MARSTON. Oh, thank you.

*(BLORE comes up onto the balcony. He is a middle-aged, thickset man; wearing rather loud clothes, giving the impression of a gold magnate. His eyes dart about, making notes of everything.)*

LOMBARD. What will you have? Gin, whiskey, sherry?

MARSTON. Whiskey, I think.

(*LOMBARD and MARSTON go to the drinking cabinet. BLORE makes directly to VERA, seizes her hand and wrings it heartily.*)

BLORE. Wonderful place you have here.

VERA. I'm Mrs. Owen's secretary. Mrs. Owen has been detained in London, I'm afraid, and won't be down until tomorrow.

LOMBARD. Say when!

MARSTON. Oh, wizard!

(*BLORE makes for the cocktail cabinet.*)

BLORE. How are you?

LOMBARD. My name's Lombard. Have a drink, Mr. -

BLORE. Davis. Davis is the name.

LOMBARD. Mr. Davis - Mr. Marston!

BLORE. How are you, Mr. Marston? Pleased to meet you. Thanks, Mr. Lombard. I don't mind if I do. Bit of a stiff climb up here. But whew! What a view and what a height! Reminds me of South Africa, this place.

(*LOMBARD stares at BLORE.*)

LOMBARD. Does it? What part?

BLORE. Oh - er - Natal, Durban, you know.

LOMBARD. Really?

(*LOMBARD hands him a drink.*)

BLORE. Well, here's to temperance. Do you - er - know South Africa?

LOMBARD. Me? No.

BLORE. (*Confidently.*) That's where I come from. That's my Natal state - ha ha.

LOMBARD. Interesting country. I should think.

BLORE. Finest country in the world, sir. Gold, silver, diamonds, oranges, everything a man could want. Talk about a land flowing with beer and skittles.