

(**WARGRAVE** puts his coat on the sofa, takes his drink and sits to watch the proceedings. **MARSTON** turns to **LOMBARD**.)

MARSTON. Old Badger Berkeley rolled up yet?

LOMBARD. Who did you say?

MARSTON. Badger Berkeley. He roped me in for this show. When's he coming?

LOMBARD. I don't think he is coming. Nobody of the name of Berkeley.

MARSTON. (*Flabbergasted.*) The dirty old double-crosser! He's let me down. Well, it's a pretty wizard island. Rather a wizard girl, that secretary. She ought to liven things up a bit. I say, old man, what about dressing for dinner if there's time?

LOMBARD. Let's go and explore.

MARSTON. How wizard!

LOMBARD. Things are a bit at sixes and sevens with the Owens not turning up.

MARSTON. Tricky, what? I say, wizard place for a holiday, what?

(**MARSTON** and **LOMBARD** exit to the hall. **BLORE** wanders out onto the balcony, looks back sharply into room, then presently exits. **WARGRAVE** continues to sit like a Buddha. He observes **MACKENZIE**, who is standing looking rather lost, absentmindedly pulling his moustache. **MACKENZIE** is carrying a shooting stick. He looks at it wistfully, half opens and closes it.)

WARGRAVE. Aren't you going to sit down?

MACKENZIE. Well, to tell you the truth, you seem to be in my chair.

WARGRAVE. I am sorry. I didn't realise you were one of the family.

MACKENZIE. Well, it's not that exactly. To tell you the truth, I've never been here before. But you see I live at the

Benton Club – have for the last ten years. And my seat is just about there. Can't get used to sitting anywhere else.

WARGRAVE. It becomes a bit of a habit.

(WARGRAVE rises and MACKENZIE takes his seat.)

MACKENZIE. Yes, it certainly does. Thank you – Well, it's not quite as good as the Club's, but it's a nice chair. To tell you the truth, I was a bit surprised when I got this invitation. Haven't had anything of the kind for well over four years. Very nice of them, I thought.

(ROGERS enters from the hall and picks up Wargrave's coat from the sofa.)

ROGERS. Can I have your keys, sir?

WARGRAVE. Is Lady Constance Culmington expected here, can you tell me?

(WARGRAVE gives him his keys.)

ROGERS. *(Surprised.)* Lady Constance Culmington? I don't think so, sir. Unless she's coming down with Mr. and Mrs. Owen.

WARGRAVE. Oh.

ROGERS. Allow me, sir.

(ROGERS takes MACKENZIE's coat.)

Can I have your keys, sir?

MACKENZIE. No, thanks. I'll unpack for myself.

ROGERS. Dinner is at eight o'clock, sir. Shall I show you to your room?

MACKENZIE. Please.

(ROGERS holds open the hall door for MACKENZIE. WARGRAVE follows looking around room in an unsatisfied fashion. They exit. The sound of seagulls can be heard. DR. ARMSTRONG arrives on the balcony, followed by NARRACOTT carrying his suitcase.)