

ARMSTRONG is a fussy, good looking man of forty-four. He looks rather tired.)

NARRACOTT. Here you are, sir. I'll call Rogers.

(NARRACOTT exits to the hall. ARMSTRONG looks round and nods his approval. NARRACOTT returns and ARMSTRONG tips him. He exits to the balcony and ARMSTRONG sits. BLORE comes along the balcony; pausing at the sight of ARMSTRONG.)

Start — **BLORE.** How are you? Davis. Davis is the name.

ARMSTRONG. Mine's Armstrong.

BLORE. Doctor Armstrong, I believe.

ARMSTRONG. Yes.

BLORE. Thought so. Never forget a face.

ARMSTRONG. Don't tell me I've forgotten one of my patients!

BLORE. No, no, nothing like that, but I once saw you in Court giving expert evidence.

ARMSTRONG. Oh, really? Are you interested in the law?

BLORE. Well, you see, I'm from South Africa. Naturally, legal processes in this country are bound to interest a colonial.

ARMSTRONG. Oh, yes, of course.

BLORE. Have a drink?

ARMSTRONG. No, thanks. I never touch it.

BLORE. Do you mind if I do? Mine's empty.

ARMSTRONG. Not a bit.

(BLORE pours himself a drink.)

BLORE. I've been having a look round the island. It's a wonderful place, isn't it?

ARMSTRONG. Wonderful. I thought as I was coming across the mainland what a haven of peace this was.

(BLORE moves to him, putting his face close to his.)

BLORE. Too peaceful for some, I daresay.

(ARMSTRONG moves away.)

ARMSTRONG. Wonderfully restful. Wonderful for the nerves. I'm a nerve specialist, you know.

BLORE. Yes, I know that. Did you come down by train?

(BLORE approaches him again. ARMSTRONG moves.)

ARMSTRONG. No, I motored down. Dropped in on a patient on the way. Great improvement - wonderful response.

(BLORE follows once more.)

BLORE. Best part of two hundred miles, isn't it? How long did it take you?

(ARMSTRONG moves away again.)

ARMSTRONG. I didn't hurry. I never hurry. Bad for the nerves. Some mannerless young fellow nearly drove me into the ditch near Amesbury. Shot past me at about eighty miles an hour. Disgraceful bit of driving. I'd like to have had his number.

(BLORE moves to him a final time.)

BLORE. Yes, and if only more people would take the numbers of these young road hogs.

ARMSTRONG. Yes. You must excuse me. I must have a word with Mr. Owen.

(ARMSTRONG bustles out to the hall. BLORE follows calling after him.)

BLORE. Oh, but - Mr. Owen isn't coming down -

(BLORE finishes his drink then rings the bell rope by the hall door. ROGERS enters almost immediately.)

ROGERS. You rang, sir?

BLORE. Yes, take my hat, will you?

(BLORE hands him his cap.)

What time's supper?

End