

**1939 Ending**  
**(Continues from page 97)**

**LOMBARD.** You – young, lovely, and quite, quite mad.

*(LOMBARD makes a movement to VERA, she shoots, he falls. The revolver falls from her hand. She rushes to him, her eyes full of horror. Suddenly a low laugh is heard from the study. VERA turns her head slowly. The laughter grows as the study door opens. WARGRAVE enters. A noose is seen hanging inside the door.)*

*Start* —————  
**WARGRAVE.** It's all come true. My Ten Little Soldiers plan – My rhyme – my rhyme –

*(VERA stifles a scream.)*

*(Angrily.)* Silence in Court! If there is any more noise, I shall have the Court cleared. It's all right, my dear. It's all right. Don't be frightened. This is a Court of Justice. You'll get justice here.

*(WARGRAVE moves slowly to the mantelpiece removing the remaining three soldier figurines. VERA is frozen in fear.)*

You thought I was a ghost. You thought I was dead. Armstrong said I was dead. That was the clever part of my plan. Said we'd trap the murderer.

*(He locks the door to the hall.)*

We'd fix up my supposed death so I should be free to spy upon the guilty one. He thought it an excellent plan – came out that night to meet me by the cliff without any suspicion. I sent him over with a push – so easily. He swallowed my red herring all right.

*(He locks the door to the dining room.)*

You know, Vera Claythorne, all my life I've wanted to take life – yes, to take life. I've had to get what enjoyment I could out of sentencing the guilty to death.

*End* —————