

**MARY.** *(Faintly.)* I'm all right. I just feel a little dizzy still. I had to come. They told me something about your suspecting Nevile. Is that true? Do you suspect Nevile?

**BATTLE.** Who told you so?

**MARY.** The cook. She brought me up some tea. She heard them talking in this room. And then I came down and I saw Audrey and she said it was so.

*(She looks from one to the other.)*

**BATTLE.** *(Evasively.)* We are not contemplating an arrest at this moment.

**MARY.** But it can't have been Nevile. I had to come and tell you. Whoever did it, it wasn't Nevile. That I know.

**BATTLE.** How do you know?

**MARY.** Because I saw her – Lady Tressilian – alive after Nevile had left the house.

**BATTLE.** What?

**MARY.** My bell rang, you see. I was terribly sleepy. I could only just get up. It was a minute or two before half past ten. As I came out of my room Nevile was in the hall below. I looked over the banisters and saw him. He went out of the front door and slammed it behind him. Then I went in to Lady Tressilian.

**BATTLE.** And she was alive and well?

**MARY.** Yes, of course. She seemed a little upset and said Nevile had shouted at her.

*(BATTLE turns to LEACH.)*

**BATTLE.** Get Mr. Strange.

*(LEACH exits by the French windows.)*

What did Lady Tressilian say exactly?

**MARY.** She said –

*(She thinks.)*

Oh, dear, what did she say? She said, "Did I ring for you? I can't remember doing so. Nevile has behaved very badly, losing his temper, shouting at me. I feel most

upset." I gave her some aspirin and some hot milk from the thermos and she settled down. Then I went back to bed. I was desperately sleepy. Dr. Lazenby asked me if I'd taken any sleeping pills –

**BATTLE.** Yes, we know –

*(NEVILE and LEACH enter by the French windows. KAY follows.)*

You are a very lucky man, Mr. Strange.

**NEVILE.** Lucky? Why?

**BATTLE.** Miss Aldin saw Lady Tressilian alive after you left the house, and we've already established you were on the ten thirty-five ferry.

**NEVILE.** *(Bewildered.)* Then that lets me out? But the blood stained jacket – the niblick with my fingerprints on it?

**BATTLE.** Planted. Very ingeniously planted. Blood and hair smeared on the niblick head. Someone put on your jacket to commit the crime and then stuffed it away in your wardrobe to incriminate you.

**NEVILE.** But why? I can't believe it.

**BATTLE.** *(Impressively.)* Who hates you, Mr. Strange? Hates you so much that they wanted you to be hanged for a murder you didn't commit?

*(There is a pause.)*

**NEVILE.** *(Shaken.)* Nobody – nobody.

*(ROYDE enters by the French windows. NEVILE turns to look at him.)*