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wrong. (*With increased grim sarcasm.*) I admit that in theory the original Mrs. Shawn may be wrong. Everything's possible, especially with a bully of a K.C. cross-examining you, and a judge turning you into 'copy' for *Punch*. But I've got something up my sleeve that will settle the whole affair instantly, to the absolute satisfaction of both plaintiff and defendant.

CARVE. My dear fellow, why not have told us this exciting news earlier?

CYRUS. Why not? (*Glowering at CARVE.*) Because I wanted you to commit yourself completely beyond any withdrawing. I decided what sort of man you were the moment I first set eyes on you, and when I heard of this law case, I said to myself that I'd come forward as a witness, but I shouldn't give any evidence away in advance. I said to myself I'd show you up once and for all in full court. However, his lordship prevailed on me.

CARVE. Well?

CYRUS. When my cousin and I were boys I've seen him with his shirt off.

CARVE. True. And he's seen you with *yours* off.

CYRUS. Now just here (*pointing to left front neck below collar*), just below his collar, my cousin Ilam Carve had two moles close to-