

you tremble at the mere thought of a witness-box.

CYRUS. I can believe it.

CARVE. (*Smiling at JANET.*) I've got past shyness. I think it was the visit of my fine stalwart sons yesterday that cured me of shyness. I doubt if I shall ever be shy any more.

JANET. (*Appealingly.*) Dearest, to please me !

CARVE. (*Curt now for the first time, with a flash of resentment.*) No.

JANET. (*After a slight pause; hurt and startled; with absolute conviction, to LORD LEONARD ALCAR.*) It's no use. He's made up his mind.

EBAG. I have an idea that I can persuade——

JANET. (*Hotly.*) Excuse me. You can't.

EBAG. I have an idea I can. But (*hesitates*) the fact is, not in the presence of ladies.

JANET. Oh. If that's all—(*walks away in a huff*).

EBAG. (*To JANET.*) My deepest apologies.

(*LORD LEONARD ALCAR shows JANET out.*)

TEXEL. Well, well ! What now ?

EBAG. (*To CARVE*) You remember Lady Alice Rowfant ?

CARVE. (*Taken aback.*) That doesn't concern you.

EBAG. (*Ignoring this answer.*) Pardon me if I