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CYRUS. Yes, but your brilliant friend will be on his way to South America before then.

JANET. (*Sweetly to CYRUS.*) I assure you it's quite true about those moles. That's why he wears those collars.

CYRUS. (*Grimly.*) No doubt. . . . (*Repeating.*) Nevertheless he'll be on his way to South America.

CARVE. (*Gaily.*) Or Timbuctoo.

CYRUS. (*Significantly.*) Unless you're stopped.

CARVE. And who's going to stop me? All the laws of this country added together can't make me take my collar off if I don't want to.

CYRUS. What about arresting you for bigamy? What about Holloway? I fancy at Holloway they have a short method with people who won't take their collars off.

CARVE. Well, that will only be another proof that the name of this island is England. It will be telegraphed to the Continent that in order to prove to herself that she possessed a great artist, England had to arrest him for bigamy and shove him into prison. . . . Characteristic! Characteristic!

ALCAR. (*Who has moved across to JANET.*) Mrs. X, can you—

JANET. (*Rising to CARVE, winningly.*) Now—I am. You're only laying up trouble for yourself, and for me too. Do please think of the trial. You know how shy you are and how