

Scene Two

(The following morning. Brilliant sunshine is streaming through the window. The room is as it was the night before. BLORE, LOMBARD and VERA are sat eating tinned tongue on a tray.)

Start

LOMBARD. “Three little soldier boys, Sitting in a row,
Thinking as they guzzle Who’s the next to go?”

VERA. Oh, Philip!

BLORE. That’s all right, Miss Claythorne. I don’t mind
joking on a full stomach.

VERA. I must say I was hungry. But all the same, I don’t
think I shall ever fancy tinned tongue again.

BLORE. I was wanting that meal! I feel a new man.

LOMBARD. We’d been nearly twenty-four hours without
food. That does lower the morale.

VERA. Somehow, in the daylight everything seems different.

LOMBARD. You mustn’t forget there’s a dangerous homicidal
lunatic somewhere loose on this island.

VERA. Why is it one doesn’t feel jittery about it any more?

LOMBARD. Because we know now, beyond any possible
doubt, who it is, eh, Blore?

BLORE. That’s right.

LOMBARD. It was the uncertainty before – looking at each
other, wondering which.

VERA. I said all along it was Doctor Armstrong.

LOMBARD. You did, my sweet, you did. Until, of course, you
went completely bats and suspected us all.

(VERA takes three cigarettes out of a box.)

VERA. It seems rather silly in the light of day.

LOMBARD. Very silly.

BLORE. Allowing it is Armstrong, what’s happened to him?

LOMBARD. We know what he wants us to think has
happened to him.

(*VERA gives BLORE and LOMBARD a cigarette.*)

VERA. What exactly did you find?

LOMBARD. One shoe – just one shoe – sitting prettily on the cliff edge. Inference – Doctor Armstrong has gone completely off his onion and committed suicide.

BLORE. All very circumstantial – even to one little china soldier broken over there in the doorway.

VERA. I think that was rather overdoing it. A man wouldn't think of doing that if he was going to drown himself.

LOMBARD. Quite so. But we're fairly sure he didn't drown himself. But he had to make it appear as though he were the seventh victim all according to plan.

VERA. Suppose he really is dead?

LOMBARD. I'm a bit suspicious of death without bodies.

VERA. How extraordinary to think that there are five dead bodies in there, and we've been eating tinned tongue.

LOMBARD. The delightful feminine disregard for the facts – there are six dead bodies and they are not all in there.

BLORE. Oh, no, no. She's right. There are only five.

LOMBARD. What about Mrs. Rogers?

BLORE. I've counted her. She makes the fifth.

LOMBARD. (*Exasperated.*) Now look here: Marston, one. Mrs. Rogers, two. General MacKenzie, three. Rogers, four. Emily Brent, five, and Wargrave, six.

BLORE. (*Counting themselves.*) Seven, eight, nine – Armstrong, ten. That's right, old man. Sorry.

LOMBARD. Don't you think it would be an idea if we brought Mrs. Rogers downstairs and shoved her in the morgue, too?

BLORE. I'm a detective, not an undertaker.

VERA. For Heaven's sake, stop talking about bodies. The point is Armstrong murdered them.

LOMBARD. We ought to have realised it was Armstrong straight away.

BLORE. How do you think Armstrong got hold of your revolver?

LOMBARD. Haven't the slightest idea.

VERA. Tell me exactly, what happened in the night?

BLORE. Well, after you threw a fit of hysterics and locked yourself in your room, we all thought we'd better go to bed. So we all went to bed – and locked ourselves in our rooms.

LOMBARD. About an hour later, I heard someone pass my door. I came out and tapped on Blore's door. He was there all right. Then I went to Armstrong's room. It was empty. That's when I tapped on your door and told you to sit tight – whatever happened. Then I came down here. The window on the balcony was open – and my revolver was lying just beside it.

BLORE. But why the devil should Armstrong chuck that revolver away?

LOMBARD. Don't ask me – either an accident or he's crazy.

VERA. Where do you think he is?

LOMBARD. Lurking somewhere, waiting to have a crack at one of us.

VERA. We ought to search the house.

BLORE. What – and walk into an ambush?

VERA. Oh – I never thought of that.

LOMBARD. Are you quite sure you heard no one moving about after we went out?

VERA. Oh I imagined all sorts of things – but nothing short of setting the house on fire would have got me to unlock my door.

LOMBARD. I see – just thoroughly suspicious.

BLORE. What's the use of talking? What are we going to do?

LOMBARD. If you ask me – do nothing. Sit tight and take no risks.

BLORE. Look here, I want to go after that fellow.