

Start

**NARRACOTT.** First lot to be arriving in Jim's boat. Another lot not far behind.

**MRS. ROGERS.** Good evening, Fred.

**NARRACOTT.** Good evening, Mrs. Rogers.

**MRS. ROGERS.** Is that the boat?

**NARRACOTT.** Yes.

**MRS. ROGERS.** Oh, dear, already? Have you remembered everything?

*(NARRACOTT gives her the basket.)*

**NARRACOTT.** I think so. Lemons. Slip soles. Cream. Eggs, tomatoes and butter. That's all, wasn't it?

**MRS. ROGERS.** That's right. So much to do I don't know where to start. No maids till the morning, and all these guests arriving today.

**ROGERS.** Calm down, Ethel, everything's shipshape now. Looks nice, don't it, Fred?

**NARRACOTT.** Looks neat enough for me. Kind of bare, but rich folks like places bare, it seems.

**MRS. ROGERS.** Rich folks is queer.

**NARRACOTT.** And he was a queer sort of gentleman as built this place. Spent a wicked lot of money on it he did, and then gets tired of it and puts the whole thing up for sale.

**MRS. ROGERS.** Beats me why the Owens wanted to buy it, living on an island.

**ROGERS.** Oh, come off it, Ethel, and take all that stuff out into the kitchen. They'll be here any minute now.

**MRS. ROGERS.** Making that steep climb an excuse for a drink, I suppose. Like some others I know.

*(A motorboat horn heard off.)*

**NARRACOTT.** That be young Jim. I'll be getting along. There's two gentlemen arriving by car, I understand.

**MRS. ROGERS.** I shall want at least five loaves in the morning and eight pints of milk, remember.

**NARRACOTT.** Right.

*(MRS. ROGERS puts basket on the floor then exits to the hall.)*

**ROGERS.** Don't forget the oil for the engine, Fred. I ought to charge up tomorrow, or I'll have the lights running down.

*(NARRACOTT goes off towards the balcony.)*

**NARRACOTT.** Twas held up on railway. It's at the station now. I'll bring it across the first thing tomorrow.

**ROGERS.** And give a hand with the luggage, will you?

**NARRACOTT.** Right.

*(NARRACOTT exits. MRS. ROGERS enters with a list.)*

**MRS. ROGERS.** I forgot to give you the list of guests, Tom.

*(ROGERS takes it and looks it over.)*

**ROGERS.** Thanks, old girl. H'mm, doesn't look a very classy lot to me. Miss Claythorne. She'll probably be the secretary.

**MRS. ROGERS.** I don't hold much with secretaries. Worse than hospital nurses, and them giving themselves airs and graces and looking down on the servants.

**ROGERS.** Oh, stop grousing, Ethel, and cut along to that lovely up-to-date expensive kitchen of yours.

*(MRS. ROGERS picks up the basket and makes for the dining room.)*

**MRS. ROGERS.** Too many new-fangled gadgets for my fancy!

*(VERA and LOMBARD are heard outside. ROGERS stands ready to receive them. He is now the well-trained, deferential manservant. VERA and LOMBARD enter onto the balcony. She is a good-looking girl of twenty-five. He is an attractive, lean man of thirty-four, well tanned, with a touch of the adventurer about him. He is already a good deal taken with VERA. He gazes round the room.)*

Stop