

ROMAINE. Afraid?

SIR WILFRID. Of linking your life with a murderer's.

ROMAINE. You don't understand – we love each other.

SIR WILFRID. The first time I met you I said you were a vrey remarkable woman – I see no reason to change my opinion. (*crosses and exits up center*)

WARDER. (*off up left*) It's no good going in there, miss. It's all over.

(*There is a commotion off up left and then a GIRL comes running on up left. She is a very young strawberry blonde with a crude, obvious appeal. She rushes to LEONARD through the Q.C.'s bench and meets him down right center.*)

GIRL. Len, darling, you're free. (*She embraces him.*) Isn't it wonderful? They're trying to keep me out. Darling, it's been awful. I've been nearly crazy.

ROMAINE. (*with sudden violent harshness*) Leonard – who – is – this girl!

GIRL. (*to ROMAINE, defiantly*) I'm Len's girl. I know all about you. You're not his wife. Never have been. (*She crosses to right of ROMAINE.*) You're years older than him, and you just got hold of him – and you've done your best to hang him. But that's all over now. (*she turns to LEONARD*) We'll go abroad like you said on one of your cruises – to all those grand places. We'll have a wonderful time.

ROMAINE. Is – this – true? Is she your girl, Leonard?

LEONARD. (*hesitates, then decides that the situation must be accepted*) Yes, she is.

(*the GIRL crosses above LEONARD to right of him.*)

ROMAINE. After all I've done for you... what can she do for you that can compare with that?

LEONARD. (*flinging off all disguise of manner, and showing coarse brutality*) She's fifteen years younger than you are. (*He laughs.*)