

**CARTER.** (*into the telephone*) Sir Wilfrid Robart's Chambers ... Oh, it's you, Charles... No, Sir Wilfrid's in Court... Won't be back just yet... Yes, Shuttleworth Case... What - with Myers for the prosecution and Banter trying it? ... He's been giving judgment for close on two hours already... No, not an earthly this evening. We're full up. Can give you an appointment tomorrow... No, couldn't possibly. I'm expecting Mayhew, of Mayhew and Brinskill you know, any minute now... Well, so long. (*He replaces the receiver and sorts the documents on the desk.*)

**GRETA.** (*Enters. She is painting her nails.*) Shall I make the tea, Mr. Carter?

**CARTER.** (*looking at his watch*) It's hardly time yet, Greta.

**GRETA.** It is by my watch.

**CARTER.** Then your watch is wrong.

**GRETA.** (*crossing to center*) I put it right by the radio.

**CARTER.** Then the radio must be wrong.

**GRETA.** (*shocked*) Oh, not the radio, Mr. Carter. That couldn't be wrong.

**CARTER.** This watch was my father's. It never gains nor loses. They don't make watches like that nowadays. (*He shakes his head, then suddenly changes his manner and picks up one of the typewritten papers.*) Really, your typing. Always mistakes. (*He crosses to right of GRETA.*) You've left out a word.

**GRETA.** Oh, well - just one word. Anyone might do that.

**CARTER.** The word you have left out is the word *not*. The omission of it entirely alters the sense.

**GRETA.** Oh, does it? That's rather funny when you come to think of it. (*She giggles.*)

**CARTER.** It is not in the least funny. (*He tears the letter in half and hands the piece to her.*) Do it again. You may remember I told you last week about the celebrated case of Bryant and Horsfall. Case of a will and a trust

fund, and entirely owing to a piece of careless copying by a clerk...

**GRETA.** (*interrupting*) The wrong wife got the money, I remember.

**CARTER.** A woman divorced fifteen years previously. Absolutely contrary to the intention of the testator, as his lordship himself admitted. But the wording had to stand. They couldn't do anything about it. (*He crosses above the desk to right of it.*)

**GRETA.** I think that's rather funny, too. (*She giggles.*)

**CARTER.** Counsel's Chambers are no place to be funny in. The Law, Greta, is a serious business and should be treated accordingly.

**GRETA.** You wouldn't think so – to hear some of the jokes Judges make.

**CARTER.** That kind of joke is the prerogative of the Bench.

**GRETA.** And I'm always reading in the paper about "laughter in Court."

**CARTER.** If that's not caused by one of the Judge's remarks you'll find he'll soon threaten to have the Court cleared.

**GRETA.** (*crossing to the door*) Mean old thing. (*She turns and crosses to left of the desk.*) Do you know what I read the other day, Mr. Carter. (*sententiously*) "The Law's an Ass." I'm not being rude. It's a quotation.

**CARTER.** (*coldly*) A quotation of a facetious nature. Not meant to be taken seriously. (*He looks at his watch.*) You can make the tea – (*He pauses, waiting for the exact second.*) – now, Greta. •

**GRETA.** (*gladly*) Oh, thank you, Mr. Carter. (*She crosses quickly to the door.*)

**CARTER.** Mr. Mayhew, of Mayhew and Brinskill, will be here shortly. A Mr. Leonard Vole is also expected. They may come together or separately.

**GRETA.** (*excitedly*) Leonard Vole? (*She crosses to the desk*) Why, that's the name – it was in the paper...