

# Miss Casewell

(w/Giles & Christopher)

MRS. BOYLE. (crossing to right of the sofa) No, indeed, I should not think of doing so.

GILES. If there has been any misapprehension it would perhaps be better if you went elsewhere... I could ring up for the taxi to return. The roads are not yet blocked.

(CHRISTOPHER moves down and sits in the armchair centre.)

We have had so many applications for rooms that we shall be able to fill your place quite easily. In any case we are raising our terms next month.

MRS. BOYLE. I am certainly not going to leave before I have tried what the place is like. You needn't think you can turn me out now.

(GILES moves down left.)

Perhaps you will take me up to my bedroom, Mrs. Ralston? (She moves hesitantly towards the staircase left.)

MOLLIE. Certainly, Mrs. Boyle. (She follows MRS. BOYLE. To GILES, softly, as she passes him) Darling, you were wonderful...

(MRS. BOYLE and MOLLIE exit up the stairs.)

CHRISTOPHER. (rising, childishly) I think that's a perfectly horrible woman. I don't like her at all. I'd love to see you turn her out into the snow. Serve her right.

GILES. It's a pleasure we've got to forgo, I'm afraid.

(The door bell rings.)

Lord, there's another of them.

(GILES goes off to the front door.)

(off) Come in - come in.

(CHRISTOPHER moves to the sofa and sits. MISS CASEWELL enters up right. She is a young woman of a manly type and carries a case. She has a long dark coat and a light scarf and no hat. GILES enters)

MISS CASEWELL. (in a deep, manly voice) Afraid my car's bogged about half a mile down the road - ran into a drift.

GILES. Let me take this. (He takes her case and puts it right of the refectory table.) Any more stuff in the car?

MISS CASEWELL. (moving down to the fire) No, I travel light.

(GILES moves above the armchair centre.)

Ha, glad to see you've got a good fire. (She straddles in front of it in a manly fashion.)

GILES. Er - Mr. Wren - Miss - ?

MISS CASEWELL. Casewell. (She nods to CHRISTOPHER.)

GILES. My wife will be down in a minute.

MISS CASEWELL. No hurry. (She takes off her overcoat.) Got to get myself thawed out. Looks as though you're going to be snowed up here. (taking an evening paper from her overcoat pocket) Weather forecast says heavy falls expected. Motorists warned, etcetera. Hope you've got plenty of provisions in.

GILES. Oh yes. My wife's an excellent manager. Anyway, we can always eat our hens.

MISS CASEWELL. Before we start eating each other, eh?

(She laughs shrilly and throws the overcoat at GILES, who catches it. She sits in the armchair centre.)

CHRISTOPHER. (rising and crossing to the fire) Any news in the paper - apart from the weather?

MISS CASEWELL. Usual political crisis. Oh yes, and a rather juicy murder!

CHRISTOPHER. A murder? (turning to MISS CASEWELL.) Oh, I like murder!

MISS CASEWELL. (handing him the paper) They seem to think it was a homicidal maniac. Strangled a woman somewhere near Paddington. Sex maniac, I suppose.

(She looks at GILES.)

(GILES crosses to left of the sofa table.)

Stop.