

# Mollie & Mrs. Boyle

~~CHRISTOPHER. There, isn't that like an Englishman? Compliments always embarrass them. European women take compliments as a matter of course, but English women have all the feminine spirit crushed out of them by their husbands. *(She turns and looks at GILES.)* There's something very foolish about English husbands.~~

~~MOLLIE. *(Hastily.)* Come up and see your room. *(She crosses to the arch up left.)*~~

~~CHRISTOPHER. Shall I?~~

~~MOLLIE. *(to GILES.)* Could you stoke up the hot water boiler?~~

~~*(MOLLIE and CHRISTOPHER exit up the stairs left. GILES seizes and crosses to center. The door bell peals. There is a pause then it peals several times impatiently. GILES exits hurriedly up right to the front door. The sound of wind and snow is heard for a moment or two.)*~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. *(off)* This is Monkswell Manor, I presume? GILES. *(off)* Yes...~~

~~*(MRS. BOYLE enters through the archway up right, carrying a suitcase, some magazines and her gloves. She is a large, imposing woman in a very bad temper.)*~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. I am Mrs. Boyle. *(She puts down the suitcase.)*~~

~~GILES. I'm Giles Ralston. Come in to the fire, Mrs. Boyle, and get warm.~~

~~*(MRS. BOYLE moves down to the fire.)*~~

~~Awful weather, isn't it? Is this your only luggage?~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. A Major – Metcalf, is it? – is seeing to it.~~

~~GILES. I'll leave the door for him.~~

~~*(GILES goes out to the front door.)*~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. The taxi wouldn't risk coming up the drive.~~

~~*(GILES returns and comes down to left of MRS. BOYLE.)*~~

~~It stopped at the gate. We had to share a taxi from the station – and there was great difficulty in getting that. *(accusingly)* Nothing ordered to meet us, it seems.~~

GILES. I'm so sorry. We didn't know what rain you would be coming by, you see, otherwise of course, we'd have seen that someone was – er – standing by.

MRS. BOYLE. All trains should have been met.

GILES. Let me take your coat.

~~*(MRS. BOYLE hands GILES her gloves and magazines. She stands by the fire warming her hands.)*~~

~~My wife will be here in a moment. I'll just go along and give Metcalf a hand with the bags.~~

~~*(GILES exits up right to the front door.)*~~

MRS. BOYLE. *(moving up to the arch as GILES goes)* The drive might at least have been cleared of snow. *(after his exit)* Most offhand and casual, I must say. *(She moves down to the fire and looks round her disapprovingly.)* **Stop.**

~~*(MOLLIE hurries in from the stairs left, a little breathless.)*~~

~~MOLLIE. I'm so sorry I...~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. Mrs. Ralston?~~

~~MOLLIE. Yes, I... *(She crosses to MRS. BOYLE, half turns out her hand, then draws it back, uncertain of what guest house proprietors were supposed to do.)*~~

~~*(MRS. BOYLE turns MOLLIE with displeasure.)*~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. You're very young.~~

~~MOLLIE. Young?~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. To be running an establishment of this kind.~~

~~You can't have had much experience.~~

~~MOLLIE. *(backing away)* There has to be a beginning for everything, hasn't there?~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. I see. Quite inexperienced. *(She looks round.)*~~

~~An old house. I hope you haven't got a dry rot. *(She sniffs suspiciously.)*~~

~~MOLLIE. *(indignantly)* Certainly not!~~

~~MRS. BOYLE. A lot of people don't know they have got dry rot until it's too late to do anything about it.~~

~~MOLLIE. The house is in perfect condition.~~