

GILES scowls and crosses to centre. 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.