

Christopher - Giles + CASEWELL

④ CHRISTOPHER, GILES + CASEWELL

P 20-21

PAGE 20

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 I've got to forgo, I'm afraid.

(The door bell peals.)

Lord, there's another of them.

(GILES goes out 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, a light scarf and no hat. GILES enters)

~~BEAT 7T~~
BEAT 8D

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 stridently 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.)

CHRISTOPHER. Doesn't say much, does it? *(He sits in the small armchair right and reads.)* "The police are anxious to interview a man seen in the vicinity of Culver Street at the time. Medium height, wearing darkish overcoat, lightish scarf and soft felt hat. Police messages to this effect have been broadcast throughout the day."

MISS CASEWELL. Useful description. Fit pretty well anyone, wouldn't it?

CHRISTOPHER. When it says that the police are anxious to interview someone, is that a polite way of hinting that he's the murderer?

MISS CASEWELL. Could be.

GILES. Who was the woman who was murdered?

CHRISTOPHER. Mrs. Lyon. Mrs. Maureen Lyon.

GILES. Young or old?

CHRISTOPHER. It doesn't say. It doesn't seem to have been robbery...

MISS CASEWELL. *(to GILES)* I told you – sex maniac.

(MOLLIE comes down the stairs and crosses to MISS CASEWELL.)

GILES. Here's Miss Casewell, Mollie. My wife.

MISS CASEWELL. *(rising)* How d'you do? *(She shakes hands with MOLLIE vigorously.)*

(GILES looks at MOLLIE.)