

**CHRISTOPHER.** Oh!

**MISS CASEWELL.** Hullo.

**CHRISTOPHER.** (*gesturing back to the library*) Wherever I go that woman seems to hunt me down – and then she glares at me – positively glares.

**MISS CASEWELL.** (*indicating the radio*) Turn it down a bit.

(**CHRISTOPHER** *turns the radio down until it is playing quite softly.*)

**CHRISTOPHER.** Is that all right?

**MISS CASEWELL.** Oh yes, it's served its purpose.

**CHRISTOPHER.** What purpose?

MISS CASEWELL. Tactics, boy.

(CHRISTOPHER looks puzzled. MISS CASEWELL indicates the library.)

CHRISTOPHER. Oh, you mean *her*.

MISS CASEWELL. She'd pinched the best chair. I've got it now.

CHRISTOPHER. You drove her out. I'm glad. I'm very glad. I don't like her a bit. (*crossing quickly to MISS CASEWELL*) Let's think of things we can do to annoy her, shall we? I wish she'd go away from here.

MISS CASEWELL. In this? Not a hope.

CHRISTOPHER. But when the snow melts.

MISS CASEWELL. Oh, when the snow melts lots of things may have happened.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes – yes – that's true. (*He goes to the window.*) Snow's rather lovely, isn't it? So peaceful – and pure... It makes one forget things.

MISS CASEWELL. It doesn't make me forget.

CHRISTOPHER. How fierce you sound.

MISS CASEWELL. I was thinking.

CHRISTOPHER. What sort of thinking? (*He sits on the window seat.*)

MISS CASEWELL. Ice on a bedroom jug, chilblains, raw and bleeding – one thin ragged blanket – a child shivering with cold and fear.

CHRISTOPHER. My dear, it sounds too, too grim – what is it? A novel?

MISS CASEWELL. You didn't know I was a writer, did you?

CHRISTOPHER. Are you? (*He rises and moves down to her.*)

MISS CASEWELL. Sorry to disappoint you. Actually I'm not. (*She puts the magazine up in front of her face.*)