

Miss Andrew

JANE, MICHAEL, WINIFRED

OUR SENSE OF EXCITEMENT IS HARD TO CONTAIN.

MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY

ORDER IS RETURNING,

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL

WONDER IS RETURNING,

GEORGE, WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL,

MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY

SOMEONE IS RETURNING TO CHERRY TREE

(MISS ANDREW enters, a formidable-looking woman of uncertain age.)

GEORGE, WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL,  
MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY, MISS ANDREW

LANE!

MISS ANDREW

Good morning.

GEORGE

The Holy Terror!

(GEORGE runs out of the house.)

WINIFRED

Miss Andrew! It's so lovely to meet you at last! I do hope you had a good journey.

(The terrifying MISS ANDREW drops her bag and advances into the room with a covered birdcage. ROBERTSON AY struggles to move the surprisingly heavy bag to a table.)

MISS ANDREW

It was thoroughly unpleasant. I never enjoy travel. You must be poor George's wife. Your flowerbeds are disgracefully untidy! Take my advice: plant evergreens. Or better still, have nothing there at all, just a plain cement courtyard.

WINIFRED

But dear Miss Andrew, I am so fond of flowers.

MISS ANDREW

Then you are a very silly woman. Where did George go?

WINIFRED

He...

(looks around)

I'm afraid he had... an urgent appointment.

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It's not muc

We like it.

Then it does  
Filth!

Well, we are

Hasn't anyo

Ooh!

Now, just a r

Ah. You mu

(bends ove

Pity. I don't

Yes, we do.

Impudent bc

(to JANE)

You're Jane,

I don't like tl

Tut! What m



## MISS ANDREW

For which no doubt he was late as usual.

*(MISS ANDREW removes a poinsettia from a sideboard, passes it to WINIFRED, and sets her birdcage down in its place. WINIFRED passes the plant to MRS. BRILL. MISS ANDREW looks about with a sneer.)*

It's not much of a house, is it?

## WINIFRED

We like it.

## MISS ANDREW

Then it doesn't take a lot to keep you happy. Look at the dust! There! And there! Filth!

## WINIFRED

Well, we are rather short-staffed at the moment.

## MISS ANDREW

Hasn't anyone ever cleaned those curtains?

## ROBERTSON AY

Ooh!

## MRS. BRILL

Now, just a minute —

## MISS ANDREW

Ah. You must be the children.

*(bends over to examine the CHILDREN then stands upright again)*

Pity. I don't suppose you know who I am?

## MICHAEL

Yes, we do. You're the Holy Terror.

## MISS ANDREW

Impudent boy!

*(to JANE)*

You're Jane, I suppose. Why aren't you wearing stockings?

## JANE

I don't like them.

## MISS ANDREW

Tut! What manners! I can see there is not a minute to lose!