

GILES. Where have you been? Surely you've not been out in this weather?

MOLLIE. I had to go down to the village for some stuff I'd forgotten. Did you get the chicken netting?

GILES. It wasn't the right kind. *(He sits on the left arm of the armchair centre.)* I went on to another dump but that wasn't any good either. Practically a whole day wasted. My God, I'm half frozen. Car was skidding like anything. The snow's coming down thick. What do you bet we're not snowed up tomorrow?

MOLLIE. Oh dear, I do hope not. *(She crosses to the radiator and feels it.)* If only the pipes don't freeze.

GILES. *(rising and moving up to MOLLIE)* We'll have to keep the central heating well stoked up. *(He feels the radiator.)* H'm, not too good – I wish they'd send the coke along. We've not got any too much.

MOLLIE. *(moving down to the sofa and sitting)* Oh! I do so want everything to go well at first. First impressions are so important.

GILES. *(moving down to right of the sofa)* Is everything ready? Nobody's arrived yet, I suppose?

MOLLIE. No, thank goodness. I think everything's in order. Mrs. Barlow's hooked it early. Afraid of the weather, I suppose.

GILES. What a nuisance these daily women are. That leaves everything on your shoulders.

MOLLIE. And yours! This is a partnership.

GILES. *(crossing to the fire)* So long as you don't ask me to cook.

MOLLIE. *(rising)* No, no, that's my department. Anyway, we've got lots of tins in case we are snowed up. *(Crossing to GILES)* Oh, Giles, do you think it's going to be all right?

GILES. Got cold feet, have you? Are you sorry now we didn't sell the place when your aunt left it to you, instead of having this mad idea of running it as a guest house?