

CHRISTOPHER WREN

(A rather wild-looking neurotic young man with a child-like behavior. He fancies himself an architect / designer. Christopher has just entered Monkswell Manor as a serious snow storm rages outside. He elegantly explores the drawing room of the Mansion as he addresses Molly.)

Weather is simply awful. My taxi gave up at your gate. Wouldn't attempt the drive. No sporting instinct. Are you Mrs. Ralston?

How delightful! My name's Wren. You know you're not at all as I pictured you. I've been thinking of you as a retired General's widow, Indian Army. I thought you'd be terrifically grim and Memsahibish, and that the whole place would be simply crammed with Benares brass. Instead it's Heavenly. Lovely proportions. That's a fake! Ah, but this table's genuine. I'm simply going to love this place. Have you got any wax flowers or birds of Paradise?