

**MISS CASEWELL**

*(A mannish woman with a deep voice and curious disposition. Miss Casewell enters the Mansion and boldly makes herself at home.)*

Afraid my car's bogged about half a mile down the road --- ran into a drift. There's no more stuff in the car – I travel light.

*(notices fireplace, goes to it to warm up.)* Ha, glad to see you've got a good fire. Got to get myself thawed out. Looks as though you're going to be snowed up here. Weather says heavy falls expected. Motorists warned, etcetera. Hope you've got plenty of provisions in. If not – perhaps we might start eating each other, eh?