

**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.

**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!