

MRS. WHITE. Gone down the road. He has turned back. He seems to've made up his mind. Here he comes!—Oh, John, and me all untidy! (*She crosses to the fire R.*)

(*A knock is heard.*)

MR. WHITE (*to MRS. WHITE, who is hastily smoothing her hair, etc.*). What's it matter? He's made a mistake. Come to the wrong house. (*He crosses to the fireplace.*)

(*MRS. WHITE opens the door. MR. SAMPSON, dressed from head to foot in solemn black, stands in the doorway.*)

SAMPSON (*outside*). Is this Mr. White's?

MRS. WHITE. Come in, sir. Please step in.

(*She shows him into the room and goes R. He is awkward and nervous.*)

You must overlook our being so untidy; and the room all anyhow; and John in his garden-coat. (*To MR. WHITE, reproachfully*). Oh, John.

SAMPSON (*to MR. WHITE*). 'Morning. My name is Sampson.

MRS. WHITE (*offering a chair*). Won't you please be seated?

(*SAMPSON stands quite still up C.*)

SAMPSON. Ah—thank you—no, I think not—I think not.

(*A pause.*)

MR. WHITE (*awkwardly, trying to help him*). Fine weather for the time o' year.

SAMPSON. Ah—yes—yes—— (*A pause; he makes a renewed effort.*) My name is Sampson—I've come——

MRS. WHITE. Perhaps you was wishful to see Herbert; he'll be home in a minute. (*Pointing*). Here's his breakfast waiting——