

## Dramatis Personæ

Katharine. Twenties. Dressed in a white satin robe with curled, 40s-style hair.

David. Thirties. Dressed in a professional suit and hat.

## Time & Place

Dressing room or bedroom in London in the 1940s.

## Set

A large metal cage is covered with a cloth and placed stage right. A day-bed is center-stage along with a nightstand with a rotary dialer on it, a dressing table (minus the mirror) with a stool is downstage and a table with a wireless radio on it is stage left.

KATHARINE is seated at the dressing table, brushing her hair. DAVID enters stage left.

KATHARINE. (*getting up*) You're home!

DAVID. I'm sorry I'm late, darling, there was so much work—

KATHARINE. (*taking hat and coat*) Never mind all that now! Your parents will be here any moment. We need to get dressed.

DAVID. (*sitting on the bed*) Not you, Kitten... (*pulling KATHARINE into his lap*) you're a sight for sore eyes.

KATHARINE. I don't see why your eyes have to be sore.

DAVID. You're too pretty. It hurts to look at you.

KATHARINE. You poor thing! Where does it hurt?

DAVID. (*indicating lips*) Right here!

KATHARINE. (*getting up*) Naughty boy!

DAVID. (*starting to get ready*) I see my Kitten's got her colour back!

KATHARINE. Well Davy, I simply couldn't stand the strain of being broken-hearted any longer! I stepped out of the house this evening and, really, I almost forgot about the emeralds for a while.

DAVID. Ah, some fresh air: there's the dandy!

KATHARINE. (*looking around*) Where?

DAVID. What— oh, I mean, that does the trick! Don't think about the emeralds, Kitten. I wanted you to have them too—they've been given to every bride in the family—but my mother... well, she's so fragile and emotional and...

KATHARINE. And miserly and—

DAVID. What's that?

KATHARINE. Miserable! She seems so distraught, of late.

DAVID. Ah yes. Poor Mother. It's been hard on her, you know, me getting married. She's so used to having me around to manage her affairs and things. It's hard for her to pay her own bills and look after the house and...

KATHARINE. ...and find her slippers while getting off the bed. I understand perfectly, darling. My mother was very sorry to lose Perry too.

DAVID. Eh? I thought your brother's name was George?

KATHARINE. Perry, darling! Our little spaniel! Don't you remember? He destroyed the neighbour's garden and had to be sent to the country house. He used to fetch and carry everything for her!

DAVID. Yes, well, what I mean is—

KATHARINE. And I'm sure your mother will surrender— I mean, give me the emeralds someday, when she's ready. I have a feeling I'll be pairing them with a black dress... I have just the thing in mind!

DAVID. Of course, I— well, I'm glad to see you've got your colour back, Kitten! Did a little shopping today?

KATHARINE. Oh yes, Davy, the most marvelous thing! I was strolling about, trying to forget these little fancies, when I found something quite enchanting!

DAVID. New jewels?

KATHARINE. Oh no! Something far more rare and precious!

DAVID. More precious than jewels? What's this now?

KATHARINE. (*indicating cage*) Take a look! It's over there.

DAVID *gets up and walks over to the cage.*

DAVID. Now, am I supposed to be looking at something in particular?

KATHARINE. Under the cloth!

DAVID *lifts the cloth.*

*He jumps back in horror.*

DAVID. Oh! Oh! That's a— it's a—

KATHARINE. Isn't he sweet?

DAVID. Kitten— Katharine— that's a— that's a lion!

KATHARINE. (*walking to cage*) Such a darling little cub!

DAVID. (*pulling her away*) Keep away! Stay calm!

KATHARINE. Why, Davy, whatever is the matter?

DAVID. Kitten— Katharine—