

THE STUDY

CAST
In order of appearance

Catherine Webster, also known as Cat or Kitty

Meredith Marshall, her sister, also known as Mouse

Bobby Marshall, their brother

Freida Marshall, their mother

Gordon Marshall, their father

A covey of voices: *the Shadows*

ACT I

The study, a day in winter around noon

ACT II

The Study later that afternoon

Same, late that night

ACT I

The library of a big house, appealingly shabby and well-used. The walls are lined with books and the tables piled with papers and magazines: an impression that years have passed in this room. It has developed a comfortable spread to the seat of its pants, lived in, and without the glitter of pretension. Its Persian carpets are muted with age and dirt. GORDON's sofa is near the door. At center, is a window with a windowseat. It is empty

Offstage

CAT

Well, where is everybody?

BOBBY

Are you sure it's locked?

MOUSE

I'm not surprised. Nothing would surprise me anymore.

The crunch of gravel. A woman's face appears at the window, indistinctly, peering in.

BOBBY

Can you see anything?

Face disappears

MOUSE

No.

CAT

Did you try the window?

MOUSE

Which window?

Man's face appears, another shadowy form—and is gone.

BOBBY

There's no one there.

CAT

Well, it's certainly strange.

(Man's face appears again as he tugs at window.)

BOBBY

There! I've got it open. Who'll go through. Cat?

CAT

I don't know. . .

MOUSE

I will. Give me a hand.

(We now see MOUSE, who crawls in head-first, awkwardly, all spidery legs and elbows.)

I'm going to run my stockings.I'm stuck.

CAT

There! You're in!

BOBBY

Are you all right?

(MOUSE gets to feet, straightens her skirt, twisting hips. She is dressed conservatively, but somehow just a little wrong, as if in old wet wool. Tall, gawky, plain, she moves in fits and leaps. Once having settled clothing, she glances with pleasure around the room.)

CAT

(banging on window): Mouse! Mouse!

BOBBY

Open the door!

MOUSE

Oh yes. *(Lunges toward door, catching her hip against small table, spilling magazines everywhere.)*

Oh dear.

(exits, rubbing hip.)

From off-stage There.

CAT

There, that's better.

BOBBY

What took you so long?

(They enter study, stripping off coats, and sling themselves into chairs or stand according to inclination: 3 siblings. They are all in their 30's and 40's. An air of excited anticipation.)