

the money for his passage. Arthur didn't want to give it to him.
It's an expensive trip to New Orleans.

CATHERINE. New Orleans? When does he go?

MARIAN. He sailed last night at midnight.

CATHERINE. You mean he is gone . . . ?

MARIAN. Yes. From there he goes to California. He is convinced he will find gold in California.

CATHERINE. (*With first show of strength.*) He will go to great lengths to find it.

MARIAN. I hope he does for I want him to pay Arthur back.
(*Shyly.*) It is costly, having a baby nowadays.

CATHERINE. Oh, Marian—a baby! How pleased you must be.

MARIAN. Oh, yes! I am! I am!

MARIA. (*Enters.*) I am ready, Miss Catherine.

CATHERINE. Yes, Maria?

MARIA. For the errand I am to go on. You said it was urgent.

CATHERINE. Oh, that! It is no longer urgent, Maria.

MARIA. Then I'm not to go now, miss?

CATHERINE. No, Maria.

MARIA. Thank you, miss. (*Goes out.*)

MARIAN. Tell me about Paris. Where did you buy most of your things?

CATHERINE. At Madame Talma's.

MARIAN. Oh, how wonderful!

CATHERINE. (*With deliberate irony.*) She made me everything. Evening clothes, cloaks, and street dresses. And I have six dozen of each kind of underlinen.

MARIAN. (*Excitedly.*) Why, it sounds wonderful! It's a trousseau for a princess! (*CATHERINE quietly tears up note she has held in her hand.*)

CATHERINE. Yes, it is.

MARIAN. And it's so sensible. Any time you decide to marry, you will have everything you need.

CATHERINE. Yes, Marian. There is a shop in Paris that makes only baby things. I bought a great deal there too.

MARIAN. Oh, how sweet of you!

CATHERINE. I got different sizes, and both pink and blue trimmings.

MARIAN. That was wonderfully thoughtful. Mother must have written you.

CATHERINE. (*After a pause.*) I want you to have everything.

MARIAN. Catherine, dear! Of course, there is nothing you could have brought me that I would appreciate more!

CATHERINE. Would you like to see the baby things? I have them unpacked. . . . They are in my room.

MARIAN. Oh, I'd love to, Cathie!

CATHERINE. (*Rising, as does MARIAN.*) Come upstairs with me and I'll show them to you.

MARIAN. I will take very good care of everything. And some day I will give them all back to you. (*CATHERINE takes MARIAN by the hand and leads her into hall.*)

CATHERINE. No; I will never need them.

MARIAN. Why, of course you will! (*DR. SLOPER enters from front door.*)

DR. SLOPER. Marian.

MARIAN. (*Stopping on bottom step.*) Hello, Uncle Austin.

DR. SLOPER. What a cheerful surprise. (*MARIAN goes to him and kisses him.*)

MARIAN. Welcome home. How are you? (*She stands off and looks at him.*) Are you not well?

DR. SLOPER. I'm fine, fine. But you . . . how are you?

MARIAN. (*Laughing a little shyly.*) Well, I . . . I am blooming.

DR. SLOPER. Good! And when are you going to pay me a professional visit?

CATHERINE. (*Interrupting.*) I'll be in my room, Marian. (*She goes upstairs.*)

MARIAN. Yes, Catherine. (*Turns back to DR. SLOPER.*) When would you like me to?

DR. SLOPER. Come see me day after tomorrow.

MARIAN. I will.

DR. SLOPER. How is your mother?

MARIAN. She is very well, and she will be happy to know that you are home. (*Remembering the time.*) I must hurry back, Uncle Austin, but first I want to see Cathie's Paris finery.

DR. SLOPER. By all means! And, Marian, come and see her as often as you can, will you?

MARIAN. Yes, Uncle Austin, I will. (*MARIAN goes upstairs. DR. SLOPER sits down wearily at c. table. MARIA enters and quietly takes his things from him. She puts his bag on table. Stethoscope sticks out of it.*)