

EXCERPT OF

(Teen) Cats! The Non-Musical 10-Minute Play Not by Andrew Lloyd Webber

House lights out. Blackout. A GIANT window US with a big cat-flap at the bottom. A kitchen counter with a sink and plugged in toaster is seen left and a ginormous cat tower with a dark cavernous entrance we can't see into is left. A storm rages loudly. A flash of lightning reveals the silhouette of MANGO angstily looking outside. As the lightning dissipates, Handel's Messiah Chorus is heard quietly from somewhere and lights come up slowly to reveal the brooding figure.

MANGO

Damn you.

Another crack of thunder and flash of lightning.

MANGO

(continued)

Today? Why today, of all days? Catastrophic. Sit here... tortured... awaiting my demise with my relief on the other side of a thin glass wall. I knew death would come but I never thought it would be with salvation on the tips of his wings. AAUGGHH. God, please... help. Me.

Another crack of thunder and flash of lightning.
MANGO cries.

AAAAHHHHHHH (*various sobbing noises. Gross.*) God is deaf! With two blasted, scarred holes on the side of his Head, seared shut with the crust of old wounds, pus, and scabs from the prayers of the past. No... He is blind. Why else would I be allowed to feel this... this burning flame consume me from the inside out... slowly... *painfully* while He watches? No! He *must* be real. I feel this pain, yes, but... I *feel*. The winds rage and the storm blows but their existence itself is a miracle. It *must* be. No! Please!!! A deaf God would see my pain and help. Only a blind God would hear my pain and be unable to find me. Help me! Please!!!
AAAAHHHGGHGHGG!!!!

MANGO collapses to the floor *a la* exhausted toddler. RUBLE enters, sleepy.

RUBLE

Shut up!

(yawning)

What's with all the caterwauling? It's like... 4 p.m.

MANGO

(Sobs)

RUBLE

Cat got your tongue?

...

MANGO.

MANGO

I HAVE TO PEE.

RUBLE.

Oh.

RUBLE goes over to MANGO, curls up, and starts to go to sleep.

MANGO

It smells absolutely putrid in here. I'm exhausted from not being able to escape the stench. It permeates me: mind, body, and soul. Every moment of every day! A waterfall that pounds and pounds and pounds and pounds and pounds...!

RUBLE

Yeahyeahyeahokay... Dex just whizzed in the tower again.

MANGO

I will never be free of it. It is a murky, hellish haze in which I daily drown. It reeks. Abhorrently. It is a catalyst of Death.

RUBLE

If he at least slept on the bottom of the tower...

MANGO

And then it would pool!

RUBLE

And you'd rather the trickle?

MANGO

I--

RUBLE

The waterfall?

MANGO

SILENCE.

RUBLE

The *flood*?

MANGO

BEEEE STTTIIILLLL.

MANGO grabs either side of RUBLE's head.

MANGO

(continued, sing-songy)

And know that I am Godddddd.

RUBLE

THEN. GO. OUTSIDEEEEEEEEE.

HUMAN walks across the whole stage with a litter box scooper and a big bag of grapes, singing or humming or whistling "*For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth*". MANGO and RUBLE freeze.

Eating grapes, HUMAN sets the bag down, loves the two briefly, and mumbles love-crazed nothings only a parent could fully understand and that only a child could fully fear.

HUMAN

UGH THEY'RE SO CRUNCHY. I love grapes. Grapes are so good yummy delicious, huh my little babies? But not for kitties! No, no, no! Grapes are not so good yummy delicious for the kittieeessss!

Satisfied and forgetting the bag of grapes, HUMAN crosses and exits. MANGO and RUBLE unfreeze.

MANGO

NO.

RUBLE

WH-

CONTACT PLAYWRIGHT FOR FULL
SCRIPT