SPACE CATS

by

Tatiana Christian

Copyright c 2020
by Tatiana Christian

MsChristian88@gmail.com
379 E 1st Ave, SLC, UT 84103

Commissioned by Plan-B Theatre for Play at Home
Cast of Characters

Morgan   20-something woman, loves cats, doesn't understand sarcasm
Casey    20-something wo/man, sarcastic, down for anything
Kitten   Black kitten, excited to play and get scratches
Cat      Adult Calico, does not like kitten, is easily agitated
Secret Service Agent  Person who works in the secret service
POTUS    President of the United States of America

Scene

Outside in the forest

Time

Today
SCENE ONE

(CASEY and MORGAN are walking beside one another along a trail in the forest. It’s the middle of the day, the birds are out singing. Very loudly).

BIRDS
(in a melodious, almost Disney like tune)

WE ARE SINGING! WE ARE SINGING, WE’RE SINGING, WE’RE SINGING, WE’RE SINGING. OH LA LA! LISTEN TO US SING!

MORGAN
(in awe)

Wow. That’s so beautiful.

CASEY

I bet if you sing to them in the same pitch, they’ll explode.

MORGAN

What?! Why would you say that.

CASEY
(starts pantomiming; using a Scottish accent)

Orgres are like onions.

MORGAN stares at CASEY, her mouth a hard line

Saving princesses so I can get my swamp back! Kicking people off my land!

MORGAN

I don’t understand that reference.

CASEY
(sighing)

Of course not.

MORGAN
What book is that from?

CASEY

Lord of the Flies.

MORGAN

(getting excited)

That’s the one where they travel to Mordor?

CASEY

(keeping a straight face)

I think you’re thinking of the one with the magical boarding school and completely inattentive teachers who asked a teen boy to fight the most powerful wizard in the history of the wizardry world.

MORGAN

I thought that one was about the Jesus allegory lion?

CASEY

Same expanded universe.

Morgan

Ah.

(The friends keep walking along the trail, listening to the birds and other assorted animal and nature noises. There’s a gentle breeze in the air, and the summer feels so much more bearable than normal. MORGAN tilts her head up, to take in the sun, when she momentarily opens her eyes and see something hovering in the sky. She points, unsure).

MORGAN

What... is that?

CASEY

(still looking ahead)

What is what?

MORGAN
I saw something! Look!

(Casey glances up into the sky, but sees nothing. They shrug).

CASEY

I didn’t notice anything.

(A mischievous grin slides onto his face)

CASEY

Did you see a flying saucer Morgan?!

MORGAN

No. Aliens aren’t real. Maybe it was just a hot air balloon or something.

(Casey teasingly)

CASEY

Or something.

(The pair continue to walk, with MORGAN continuously glancing back toward the sky. She didn’t see anything else again; just as she was about to give up, the forest went completely silent. The wind had stopped, the birds had vanished - it was like God had put the Earth on mute).

MORGAN

(stopped walking)

Do you hear that?

(Before Casey had a chance to speak, there was a high pitched buzzing noise that filled the whole forest. MORGAN and CASEY covered their ears as the noise got louder and louder. It felt like their heads might explode, like the worst migraine in the history of migraines. MORGAN and CASEY were on their knees in the dirt, until the noise abruptly ended.

They remained kneeling, their ears ringing when another new noise began - a rustling in the bushes off to the side. CASEY and MORGAN looked at each other, then turned to look as two cats emerged from the bushed. The KITTEN was small and completely black while the older, adult CAT was a calico).
MORGAN

(a mixture of excitement and disbelief)

Kitties!?

CASEY

I think my ears are bleeding...

MORGAN

(wiggling her fingers at the animals)

C’mere.. pst pst pst.

CASEY

Isn’t there a horror film about cats turning people into cats?

MORGAN

That’s fiction. Cats are real!

KITTEN

(cautiously comes closer to MORGAN)

Mew mew mew

MORGAN

Oh! I’m being chosen!

(MORGAN puts her hand on the ground, and begins to move it back and forth, trying to coax the KITTEN into play).

CASEY

You don’t think this is weird?

MORGAN

No. They’re probably a mom and baby cat who got lost, or they’re strays.

(The KITTEN has stopped moving but is hovering in a middle point between CASEY and MORGAN and the adult CAT. The kitten seems to be contemplating, and looks back at the adult CAT, as if wondering what to do. The CAT
lifts its front paw, gesturing toward the humans. The KITTEN’s ear perk up and it makes haste toward CASEY and MORGAN, who is super excited for the KITTEN to come closer.

MORGAN

(holds out her hand to the kitten)

You’re so cute!

KITTEN

Meow

(The kitten puts their head into MORGAN’S palm to optimize petting. As MORGAN pets the KITTEN, it bites her and MORGAN almost immediately faints. CASEY, unsure what to do, is frozen. And in that moment of hesitation, the adult CAT pauses on CASEY, biting them as well. CASEY faints).

The cats look at each other, accomplished).

SCENE TWO

(CASEY AND MORGAN awaken on the floor, bound together with something resembling a robe, sitting back to back. They have another migraine, dull and throbbing. Off to the side there is some kind of chattering; it sounds like a clicking noise interspersed with purrs, mewling and hisses.

It’s still daylight, though the sun is slowly setting. It would probably be dark in about an hour or so. CASEY tries the restraints).

MORGAN

(tired, drowsy)

What’s happening?

CASEY

(grunting)

We’re tied up. Here... see if you can’t move your arm to the left.

MORGAN

Oh my God, my head.

CASEY
Morgan, snap out of it!

(The CAT has appeared from out of view, and has seated itself off to the side. Both CASEY and MORGAN have to turn their heads to look at the calico).

CAT

(speaking telepathically)

Humans. We are your new overlords. The invasion of your planet has begun.

KITTEN

(also telepathic)

All the pets!

CAT

(sternly)

Silence KITTEN! We must enslave the humans first, and then pets can commence.

MORGAN

(wearily)

Wait... what. I love cats. Humans love cats.

CAT

Enough to allow us to rule over your kind? The way you have ruled over our brethren?

(The KITTEN has waddled over to MORGAN, rubbing itself against her legs. Pets, pets pets pet it keeps thinking over and over. MORGAN can feel the creature vibrating from all the purring).

CASEY

Yeah. I mean, most people call cats our overlords anyway. This is not a stretch.

CAT

Yes, but we intend to take the place of all your world leaders. Put ourselves and our feline policies in place!

CASEY

(attempting to shrug)
Again. Not a stretch.

MORGAN

Actually, I’m sure most of us would prefer it if you were in charge.

KIT T E N

(climbing atop MORGAN’s leg)

Time for play?

CAT

We are legion humans!

MORGAN/CASEY

(in unison)

We know.

MORGAN

We can even take you to our leader.

CAT

KIT T EN. Come from there and let us discuss.

KIT T EN

(pounces on MORGAN’S shirt, and playfully bats at her dangling necklace)

Time for attack!

CAT

(ears flattened like airplane wings)

Fine. Take us to your leader.

SCENE THREE

(CAT and KITTEN agreed to be carried as MORGAN and CASEY hiked the remainder of the trail and headed back into the District of Columbia via car. The KITTEN was most excited about everything happening outside the windows, as CAT sat patiently in the back - though there were some started meows.

CASEY and MORGAN take the cats out of the car once
they’ve arrived to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, and walk up to the wrought iron gate).

CASEY

This is where our leader lives.

CAT

Inside we must go!

KITTEN

Pets!

(CASEY looks over, and sees a group of children - wearing uniforms - being led by a teacher into the White House, and gets an idea).

CASEY

(grinning)

It’s been ages since I’ve done a tour of the white house.

MORGAN

(届时ching the KITTEN’s head and neck)

I was actually just here last week. Let’s go tiny KITTEN.

SCENE FOUR

(CASEY and MORGAN are inside the White House with the two aliens. No one seemed to notice or care about two humans with their cats. They moved deeper into the lobby, not quite sure where to go next. Where was the President? Could cats really just wander around unimpeded and get to where they needed to be? Before they could really formulate any strategic plan, a voice called out to them).

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

How can I help you?

MORGAN

(blurting out)

We have some cats for the President.
CAT
(stares at the SECRET SERVICE AGENT and seems to be glowing faintly)

You shall take us to your leader.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Yes. This way

(CASEY, MORGAN, the CATS and SECRET SERVICE agent make their way through the crowd. They weave around and through corridors and large rooms filled with other secret service agents, diplomats and elected officials. Finally, they come to a stop in front of a large wooden door).

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Here is the President. This is the oval office.

CASEY

Holy crap.

(The SECRET SERVICE AGENT opens the door into the oval office and there the President sits with several others in his personal circle. They glance up briefly as the SECRET SERVICE enters with CASEY and MORGAN).

MORGAN/CASEY

(in unison)

Oh my God

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Mr. President. These young people have a gift for you.

POTUS

Oh yes, I do love presents.

(The CAT leaps from CASEY’S arms and walks to the center of the room where many of the people have gathered. The CAT jumps onto the coffee table, and sits, while curling its tail around its front paws. The KITTEN is still in MORGAN’S arms, purring.

The CAT raises both paws into the air, pointing them at the President, who sits there bemused but motionless. The CAT opens its mouth, and the
same sound from the forest erupts into the room. But it’s larger this time, and it feels denser, almost physical.

Everyone in the room faints, leaving just the cats).

SCENE FIVE

(Everything seems to be a normal, and typical day. People are going about their business shopping, hanging out with friends. Nothing seems out of the ordinary

CASEY and MORGAN are sitting in a cafe; it has been several weeks since their adventure with the cats).

MORGAN

I still can’t believe that happened.

CASEY

I wish they had made us like ambassadors or something. I would’ve liked to have gone into space.

MORGAN

Cat space? I wonder what their planet was like.

CASEY

So you don’t think they were from here? Not mutant kitties, but alien ones?

MORGAN

Space cats has a better ring to it. I’d hate to think my kitten at home was plotting for my demise.

CASEY

(motions toward the tv screen mounted on the wall)

Who says it’s not?

(On the tv screen, it’s the same calico they had met previously who had demanded to see their leader. This cat, and its KITTEN lieutenant were sitting in the Oval Office, meowing the state of address.

No one seemed to find this out of the ordinary.)
In fact, everyone thought it was really cute. And so much better than before.

End Play