

SO LONG, KITTY

by Ken Bradbury

Copyright © 2015 by Ken Bradbury, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-149-3

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

SO LONG, KITTY

by Ken Bradbury

SYNOPSIS: So what do you do if your cat dies? You hold a funeral of course. In this case there is a happy ending!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 2 either)

CARSON (m/f) (49 lines)

LUCY (f)..... (43 lines)

PARKER (m/f)..... (51 lines)

CAST NOTE: Please updated the personal pronouns to suit your cast.

DO NOT COPY

CARSON: (*As LUCY and PARKER stand to one side of CARSON, solemn.*) Dearly departed, we are gathered here today to celebrate the life of our friend. ... to put him into the ground ... his final resting place. (*LUCY begins to sniffle.*) He was a good friend. We all loved him. (*LUCY begins to sob quietly and PARKER moves to comfort her.*) He led a good life. For ... (*To LUCY*) ... how old was he?

LUCY: (*Through her tears.*) Seven.

CARSON: For seven years he was with us. He ran with us; he played with us; he ate the scraps off our floor. (*A pause, then.*) I can't do this.

PARKER: You gotta!

CARSON: I cannot do a funeral for a cat! I feel silly!

LUCY: Bubba's dead! You promised you would do his funeral! (*She cries some more.*)

CARSON: I'm sorry, Lucy. I really am. But I don't think this is right. I mean, having a funeral for an animal. Can't we just bury him and go have a Coke?

LUCY: How can you think of refreshments at a time like this?

CARSON: Hey, I can always stand a snack. Look, let's just toss a little dirt onto the shoebox and call that a funeral.

LUCY: You promised, Carson!

PARKER: You promised!

CARSON: Okay! Okay! Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, hairballs to hairballs ...

PARKER: Carson!

CARSON: He ran! He jumped! He chased laser pointers! He chewed the fringe off my dad's easy chair and got a swift kick.

PARKER: Carson!

CARSON: What am I supposed to say about a cat? He spent the whole day sleeping and eating. What am I supposed to say about that?

LUCY: He cuddled up to me at night when it stormed.

CARSON: That's because he was scared, Lucy. This wasn't a German Shepherd watchdog, it was just a cat.

PARKER: Carson!

CARSON: Okay! Okay! So we come to bury him today, in the shade of the tree he used to climb to steal the eggs of poor little robins.

LUCY: He was hungry.

CARSON: Tell that to Mama Robin. We bury him in the yard that he used to run in, chasing the water hose, trying to catch grasshoppers, eating disgusting things out of the garbage ...

PARKER: Go ahead and end it, Carson. You're really bad at this.

CARSON: Thanks. So now we close with a song from Parker.

PARKER: What?

CARSON: I did the funeral speech. Now you've got to sing the song at the gravesite.

PARKER: I don't have any song!

CARSON: Then make something up.

PARKER: I don't even know what I'm doing.

CARSON: Like I do?

PARKER: *(Comes forward, clears his throat, fidgets, then finally, to the tune of "On Top of Old Smokey".)*

Our poor old dear Bubba. He got himself hurt.

And now he just lies there... all covered with dirt.

LUCY sobs.

PARKER: *(Continued.)*

He ran out of lives now. He ran out of luck.

He saw the girl kitty. But didn't see the truck.

LUCY breaks out in buckets of sobs.

PARKER: I'm sorry.

LUCY: No, no ... that was ... that was beautiful.

CARSON: Really?

PARKER: You're kidding.

LUCY: Now I think we should all share a memory of Bubba ... something sweet ... you know, loving.

CARSON and PARKER look at each other. This is going to be tough.

CARSON: *(Finally.)* Uh ... like what did you have in mind?

LUCY: Just something nice. You know.

PARKER: About a cat?

LUCY: Yeah. Something that Bubba would have liked.

PARKER: *(To CARSON.)* Your turn.

CARSON: Me?

PARKER: Yeah. You're good at cats. Remember when you took your sister's cat out back behind the house and ...

CARSON: *(Quickly covering Parker's mouth with his hand.)* Okay! That's enough. *(Clearing his throat.)* Let's see ... something nice about Bubba the cat. Uh... he wasn't a hamster.

PARKER: Huh?

CARSON: I don't like hamsters. Bubba wasn't a hamster and I loved him for that.

LUCY: That's the best you can do?

CARSON: Uh... he was... you know ... soft and stuff.

PARKER: That's so touching.

CARSON: Okay, your turn.

PARKER: I'm still thinking.

LUCY: Hurry up. We've got to bury him.

PARKER: Bubba ... oh, poor old Bubba ... what a cat. A fine cat. He was so ... uh ... cattish and stuff.

CARSON: Cattish?

PARKER: Feline! He was really, really feline.

LUCY: All cats are feline.

PARKER: Yeah, but Bubba ... good old Bubba ... he could feline like no other cat. Sometimes I'd just walk up to him and say, "Hey Bubba! Feline for me!" And you know what? He'd do it. He'd just feline all over the place. I mean that cat could feline like nobody's business.

CARSON: And purr!

PARKER: Yeah! Yeah! Nobody purred better than that feline Bubba.

CARSON: And scratch.

PARKER: Good scratcher.

CARSON: And lick.

PARKER: Nobody could lick Bubba's licking. Had a tongue like maybe two feet long.

LUCY: This isn't helping. A funeral's supposed to be filled with really nice talk about the dead body.

PARKER: Lucy, there's only so much you can say about a cat.

LUCY: You never liked him did you?

PARKER: Me? I loved that cat! Lucy, I adored your cat!

LUCY: You used to tease him.

PARKER: Joking! I was just joking!

LUCY: (To CARSON.) And you... you always cringed when he came around.

CARSON: He used to rub up against my leg, Lucy. I couldn't get into that. Creepy. And he always made me sneeze.

LUCY: Some friends! My cat gets run over by a truck, my heart is broken, and you just laugh at me.

CARSON: We are not laughing! (To PARKER.) You laughing?

PARKER: Not even smiling. I'm heartbroken, really. I haven't slept in three days.

LUCY: You're lying.

PARKER: Okay. Two days.

LUCY: I don't believe you.

PARKER: I'm not lying, Lucy! I saw the truck go by, I ran out into the street and there was Bubba. Flat as a pancake!

LUCY: Did you try to save him?

PARKER: Save him? I'm not gonna give mouth-to-mouth to a pile of cat guts! (LUCY wails.) But I scooped him into Dad's shoebox... his own little coffin. I did everything I could, Lucy! Honest! I knew how it would upset you so I didn't even let you see his mangled little body.

CARSON: We did our best, Lucy. We even threw in some Fancy Feast Friskies so when he got to heaven he could have lunch.

PARKER: Yeah. He won't be hungry.

LUCY: So this is it? This is the whole funeral?

PARKER: It's the best we could do.

CARSON: Honest, this is the first cat funeral I've ever done. I couldn't even find a book on it. What would you look under?

PARKER: Dead cats. (LUCY wails.) Sorry! Sorry!

CARSON: What else can we do, Lucy?

LUCY: I want to look at him one more time.

PARKER: Uh ... bad idea. Really bad idea.

LUCY: Why?

PARKER: Lucy, I scooped Bubba up off the road. I took a look at him. Believe me, you don't want to see him like this.

LUCY: I can take it.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
SO LONG, KITTY by KEN BRADBURY. For performance rights
and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com

DO NOT COPY