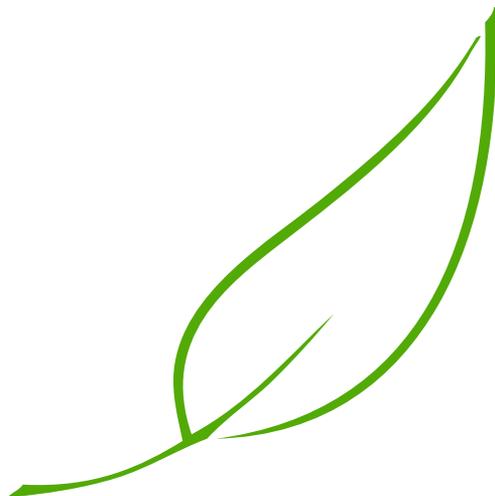


SO LONG, KITTY

by Ken Bradbury



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A scene for three actors: Carson, Lucy and Parker. A girl should play Lucy but the other two roles may be played by actors of either gender. Just tweak the personal pronouns to suit your cast.

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.)

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.



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