

THE GREAT PET REVOLT OF 2042

By David J. LeMaster

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Please note: The parts of MITTENS and SPOT are to be played by one actor/actress

Lights up on cat OWNER, who comes home from work. HE puts down satchel, etc., and calls.

OWNER: Mittens! I'm home! Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty! Where's my kitty? Come on, Mittens. Dinner. Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty! Want some dinner? Come on. Mittens—

(Enter MITTENS, lumbering in on two legs, and smoking a cigar.)

MITTENS: Will you quit shouting like that, you Neanderthal? You're embarrassing me.

OWNER: *(shocked)* Oh, my gosh! Mittens?

MITTENS: I've been meaning to talk to you about my name. It's kind of childish, don't you think? I prefer "Champ."

OWNER: But you're—

MITTENS: What?

OWNER: You're walking and talking—

MITTENS: Oh, yeah. I thought you were gonna say something about the cigar, and if you did, I'd have to punch you.

OWNER: *(stammering)* And you've got a cigar—

MITTENS: I'm warning you!

OWNER: But you're a cat?

MITTENS: So?

OWNER: So cats can't do those things.

MITTENS: Oh, that. Yeah, I guess I'm not supposed to let you in on my secret. But I'm about to kill you, so it doesn't matter.

OWNER: What?

MITTENS: Just following orders. *(pause)* You got any catnip?

OWNER: *(frightened)* Why would you kill me?

MITTENS: It's not my choice, you understand. You're a perfectly nice guy. You feed me and empty my litter box. It's just my mission to kill you, that's all.

OWNER: Who would want me dead?

MITTENS: The Cat Alliance. Your six children grow up to be essential players in The Great Pet Revolt of 2042.

OWNER: I don't have any children. I don't even have a girlfriend (boyfriend).

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MITTENS: Oh, that. You'll meet her (him) tonight.

OWNER: Doing what?

MITTENS: Bowling.

(Pause. OWNER's cell phone rings.)

That's your pal Carey inviting you to out with a new group of pals, one of whom will become your significant other.

OWNER: Oh, boy! *(reaches for cell)*

MITTENS: Oh, no you don't! *(grabs phone)* I'm confiscating this thing, thank you very much. *(throws it into corner)* It's not personal. It's orders, you understand.

OWNER: I'm so confused.

MITTENS: So I was thinking. We can make this really simple. I'll just maul you, you know? Or if you'd rather, I can push you out the window and let you drop six stories. Which one would you like to try?

OWNER: Why are you doing this—

MITTENS: I told you, the Great Cat Revolt of 2042.

OWNER: But why would you revolt?

MITTENS: Well, we're not cats per say. We're actually aliens from the planet CAT. You haven't discovered it yet—it's in what scientists are calling the Kuiper Belt.

OWNER: This is a dream. Any minute I'm going to wake up.

MITTENS: No dream, my fine homosapien friend. Just your destiny.

(A knock at the door.)

Oh, crap. I can't be seen like this. I'll have to kill your visitor, too.

OWNER: You can't do that!

MITTENS: It's part of my mission.

OWNER: Hide in the closet.

MITTENS: What, you think I'm stupid? If I hide in the closet, you'll lock me inside.

OWNER: No I won't.

MITTENS: Can't take the chance.

OWNER: I'll give you catnip.

MITTENS: Where's the closet?

(OWNER gets catnip and ushers MITTENS into closet. HE locks the closet, takes a deep breath and then opens door. Enter a dog, SPOT. OWNER panics)

***Note, Mittens and SPOT are to be played by the same actor.**

OWNER: SPOT!

SPOT: Yeah, I'm the dog from down the hallway—

(OWNER karate-chops SPOT.)

Ow! Wait a minute! I'm on your side!

OWNER: But the pet revolt—

SPOT: That's cats, you moron. I'm a dog. Part of the Great Dog Resistance of 2063.

OWNER: Are you the good guys?

SPOT: Yeah. Your youngest son, Matthew, rises up against the evil cats, rescues his siblings, and saves the world. But we've got to keep you alive so you can have your family.

OWNER: Isn't this the plot of *The Terminator*?

SPOT: Was *The Terminator* about cats?

OWNER: No, it's about—

(MITTENS bangs on the closet door.)

SPOT: Is that you, Mittens?

MITTENS: *(the ACTOR may throw his voice)* Spot? You sniveling devil, I knew you worked for the resistance! I should have killed you when I had the chance.

SPOT: Too late now, cat. I'm coming to get you. *(to OWNER)* Let me in there.

OWNER: He'll get out.

SPOT: Not if I shoot him with my particle minimizer first.

OWNER: Wait! Don't—

(SPOT pulls out particle minimize, throws open closet door, and shoots. OWNER shoves SPOT in closet. Out comes MITTENS, who throws the closet door closed behind him. HE convulses and burbles.)

MITTENS: I've . . . been . . . minimized!!!!

OWNER: Oh, Mittens! I'm so sorry. *(watches)* What's happening to you?

MITTENS: I'm regressing through my life . . . all the way back to kittenhood.

OWNER: Can I help you somehow?

MITTENS: Yeah . . . would you mind jumping out of the window?

OWNER: Why, Mittens—

MITTENS: It's not me. It's the mission.

OWNER: No, I won't jump out the window.

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MITTENS: Just thought I'd ask. *(Abruptly changes his position and begins bouncing around the room.)*

OWNER: What are you doing?

MITTENS: I've regressed again! I'm in the old mouse-chasing phase. *(stalks from one spot on the stage to the next)* If you won't jump out the window, will you at least get give me the particle minimize so I can shoot you with it?

OWNER: No!

MITTENS: Just thought I'd ask. *(Abruptly changes his position and begins strutting)*

OWNER: What now?

MITTENS: Puberty, and my first kitty girlfriend/boyfriend. *(goes through cat gyrations and sounds)* Mrrraaaaarrrrr. Mrrraaaaarrrrrr.

OWNER: This is horrible.

(Knock on closet door.)

SPOT: Hey, let me out!

OWNER: I won't. You've killed my cat.

SPOT: I didn't kill him. He'll just regress back to kittenhood. Then I board him on my spaceship and take him back for trial.

MITTENS: Mrrraaaaaaaaar! Mrrraaaaaaaaar!

OWNER: I won't let you take him anywhere!

MITTENS: Mrrraaaaar! Would you mind filling your bathtub with water and then — Mraaaaarrrrr! plugging up your hair dryer, and then jumping into the water?

OWNER: I will not!

MITTENS: Just thought I'd ask.

OWNER: That's it! I want you both out of here!

MITTENS: Uh oh. It's kitten time. *(begins pouncing about the stage)*

OWNER: What are you doing?

MITTENS: Where's that shoe string? *(plays with fake shoe string. Suddenly distracted)* Oh! A piece of paper! *(jumps on paper and tears at it. Suddenly distracted)* Hey! Your shoe! *(jumps on OWNER's shoe and tears away at it)*

OWNER: Hey! Stop that!

(THEY struggle. MITTENS does kitten movement, attacking shoe, then OWNER's hand, etc., until MITTENS regresses into suckling milk. The OWNER, shocked, recoils from MITTENS, who crawls along the floor and offstage into the kitchen.)

MITTENS: *(in baby voice as HE crawls)* You got any milk in the fridge?

(OWNER is shocked. Pause. Exit MITTENS. Knock on closet door.)

SPOT: Hey, let me out.

(OWNER lets him out.)

Is he a kitten yet?

OWNER: Uh. Yeah.

SPOT: Good. Now I'll just call my spaceship and have them beam us up. *(takes out transmitter)* This is Arbitran Gloriosis calling the mother ship. Repeat, Arbitran Gloriosis calling the mother ship.

OWNER: Arbitran?

SPOT: You didn't think my real name was Spot, did you? *(into transmitter)* Two to beam up. Coordinates half a league, half a league, half a league onward, four score and seven, fifty-four forty or fight by three point one four one five nine two six five—

OWNER: Is that Pi?

SPOT: Do you mind? *(into transmitter)* Repeat, six, five, three, five, eight, nine, seven, nine three, two three, eight, four, six, two six, four, three, three, eight, three, two—

OWNER: Where is your spaceship?

SPOT: I'm warning you. If I've got to discipline you then—

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