

KING CAT CALICO FINALLY FLIES FREE!

By
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

HEIDI K. HENDRICKSON.....	40-50. The local cat lady.
KING CAT CALICO.....	The Alpha Cat.
CHIEF JUSTICE MARGARET MILLSAP	40-50. The judge. Speaks normally sometimes. At other moments, her voice is sexual and seductive.
PAPA.....	Dead and gone.
ADAM.....	Heidi's young son. Dead and gone.
REPORTER/BAILIFF.....	Gives us the news and puts Heidi in her place.
HAZMAT HARRY.....	An investigator in white hazmat suit (mask included).
DR.RAYMUNDO PASTERNAK.....	A psychiatrist.
RUSH LIMBAUGH.....	The man we all love.
CATS/COURTROOM VOICES.....	Heidi's brood. The courtroom spectators.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

As many actors as desired may be used to portray the CATS.

The CATS may be portrayed directly by actors or by puppets controlled by actors. Either choice is a valid one.

Stuffed animal cats or puppets should be scattered about the stage. PAPA can toss these cats when the script indicates such an action.

KING CAT

(cont'd)

propagate the species, to exact control. I do not apologize for it.

(beat)

Thus, my kingdom was born.

KING continues to chase his ass, trying to lick it. He does not succeed.

Lights up on a number of floating cages, each with CATS doing the same as KING.

A chorus of meows and frustrated whines.

KING

Let my people go!

Lights fade on the CATS, gnawing on themselves, crying out.

CATS

Help meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeow!

REPORTER

Eye CATching!

(pause)

Dateline. April 7th, two thousand and four. Byline, Ken Garroter. Attended Boston University where he received his BA in communications followed by a graduate fellowship in journalism at GW, where he was awarded top honors.

(pause)

Local authorities have finally identified the woman who has come to be known as THE FELINE FELON. Ms. Heidi K. Hendrickson of High Cliff appeared in court yesterday, clothed in a well appointed maroon pantsuit and matching alligator print bag. Her lipstick was impeccable and her hair gently frosted. Her demeanor was remarkably poised.

Spotlight on HEIDI.

HEIDI

Noooooo!

(beat, collapses on the ground)

I am bereft of my babies. No one can love them as I can.

HEIDI

(cont'd)

Do you know, do you have any idea what they will do to my children? Do ya? They will burn them, castrate them, *destroy* them, and crucify *me* for those sins.

The Chief Justice Margaret Millsap, my nemesis, my antagonist, my childhood tormentor, you see you see, launched a vendetta to ruin my credibility. She, and others conspiring to bring about my downfall, set me up. That's right, my friends, the whole shameful scene was staged.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARGARET MILLSAP
enters, clad in justice's robe and
powdered wig, carrying a gavel.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARGARET MILLSAP

(sex voice)

Lights!

Bright.

We see all the CATS in their cages.

CJMM

Wa ha ha ha! That's right, Heidikins, it's time to play.

(she points with her gavel at the cages)

Descend and make this real.

Our little lady, my wrath, she soon shall feel.

The cages, all except KING's, descend and spring open. The CATS fall to the stage and crawl. They reach the lip of the stage and are thrown backward, as though hitting a wall. They fall into each other ending up in a, forgive the expression, dog pile.

CATS

MEeeeeOUCH!

REPORTER hangs a sign saying, "THE
CONDEMNED HOME OF HEIDI K. HENDRICKSON."

REPORTER
 PUSSY PILE!
 (beat)

Ken Garroter. Animal lover and friend to all humanity, as declared by the Universal Life Church where he is, in fact, an ordained minister.

(pause)

As a preliminary motion to determine Ms. Hendrickson's ability to testify, the court and its appointed officers have taken a field trip to the scene of the crime. They have examined the fur stained inner wall where many of the cats appeared to have slept in a pile.

CJMM
 Excellent, my little pretties.
 Give us some sound, no words, it need not be witty.
 (taps gavel as though it's a baton)
 A one and a two and a-

CAT
 MEOW!

CAT
 MEOW!

CAT
 MEOW!

CAT
 MEOW!

The "MEOW MIX" tune. No words, just meows. CJMM conducts, until the meowing reaches a glorious crescendo.

CJMM
 The piece de resistance!
 (French accent)
 hnnnuh hnnuh hnnnuh!

She points and KING CAT CALICO's cage descends.

KING CAT still attempts, fruitlessly, to lick.

The song softens.

CJMM

Lick away and look away.
He is here for yet another day.

KING CAT CALICO

I was not born unto this!

The CATS crawl.

CJMM steps up to a judge's bench.

CJMM

(normal voice)

How do you, Ms. Heidi K. Hendrickson plead to the charges of one hundred and fifty counts of animal endangerment and willful neglect?

REPORTER

FRISKY FRAULEIN FIGHTS!

(pause)

Dateline May 21st, two thousand and four. Ken Garroter, just your average beat reporter, Hunter S. Thompson of Town Criers, says with aplomb, "Heidi K. Hendrickson finally takes the stand."

CJMM pound Gavel.

HEIDI

Not guilty! On all counts! Any sort of flagrant disregard for this sanctimonious state of being is lacking in empathy, filled with barbarism and belongs to a less enlightened time.

COURTROOM VOICES gasp and murmur.

VOICES

She's sick. She's twisted. The horror, the horror.

CJMM taps gavel as though a baton.

The "MEOW MIX" song lilts and grows, combining with VOICES until it becomes an unbearable cacophony.

HEIDI

Hush.

Darkness.

One set of glowing CAT's eyes.

HEIDI

I like the quiet.

More pairs of eyes.

HEIDI

Padding around, you won't hear my toes touch the ground. I am a two legged dancer emulating a four legged creature.

(beat)

I always land on my feet.

Eyes, eyes, eyes.

HEIDI

When I hear nothing, I know I'm finally home. Peace. The sweat of too many urban urbane beasts of burden sticking to my bosom, my face... I could just lick myself clean.

(beat)

On second thought, I sure could use a goddamn bath.

The eyes congregate and, in silhouette, we see them carry HEIDI across the stage. They dump her in a bath. SPLASH!

Spotlight on HEIDI in the bath, surrounded by snoring CATS and piles of feces.

HEIDI

See, I'm always alone and that's what I like. It's really the way we're supposed to live. Left to dream.

(pause)

I hate it.

Spotlight on KING's cage.

KING CAT CALICO

I know you do, baby.

PAPA, bleeding from his head, appears in spotlight. For the remainder of the play, he does not move from this place.

PAPA

I know you do, darlin'.

HEIDI

I hate the damp smell an apartment gets when you live alone, 'cause you don't bother to fully clean, ya know? A little water spills here, a little milk there. Why wipe it up right? Who's gonna see. Certainly not me. I'm blind. As a bat. As a cat.

(beat)

When I wanna be.

KING CAT CALICO

I see at night exceptionally well. It's what I'm built for. But it's always too bright in here. I have to find some hidden corner, but there aren't any left. Look.

The CATS crawl.

KING CAT CALICO

(cont'd)

They've all been taken and I'm left to cover my eyes with this, my small appendage.

(he does it, stares out at the audience)

Doesn't do the trick.

HEIDI stands and, like a cat, shakes off the water, wanders around the stage, arms out, zombie-like, as though blind.

HEIDI

I know this place so well, I can find things by touch, by instinct.

She steps on a CAT.

CAT

Yeow!

Eyes still shut, she picks CAT up by the tale, holds him upside down and strokes. Cat Meows.

HEIDI

My little bundle of warmth. I would sing you a lullaby, but I don't know any. No goodnight tunes.

Meow.

HEIDI

No sleep tight salutations.

Meow.

HEIDI
MEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOW!

Purr.

HEIDI
Sleep.
Naturally blind at night, just like us, but they've adapted, evolved as a way of surviving. Their eyes reflect light as well as dark. I'm just trying to hone that same ability.

(beat)

It's going swimmingly.

KING CAT
I hate the water.

CJMM
(still in black, normal voice, banging gavel)
Order. Order.

VOICES gasp and murmur.
As gavel bangs, Lights up.

VOICES
She's ill. She's pitiful. The horror, the horror.

HEIDI
(still stroking the cat)
Hush. Hush.

CJMM
Ms. Hendrickson!
(bangs the gavel)

HEIDI
Present.

Tosses cat aside.

CAT
Rrrreow!

CJMM
Very well. Before this trial trials we must first have you evaluated, examined, probed and prodded.

(sex voice)

Yes, she's a disease you see, not more or less.
This is an illness, put her to the test!

KING CAT CALICO
Can I go now?

CJMM

(normal voice)

I am very sorry, but this here cat is an unimpeachable witness, necessary to the state in order to preserve the integrity of this trial. And

(sex voice)

You're sick. We will put you down.

VOICES

You're scrawny. You're old. You're mangy.

CJMM

(normal voice)

...probed and prodded by the finest mind this side of the Hudson. My good friend and trusted compatriot, Dr. Raymundo Pasternak.

HEIDI steps into the cage adjacent to KING's.

PASTERNAK enters and takes a seat just outside of it.

HEIDI

Doctor, my limbs hurt. Why is that?

PASTERNAK

Why do you think?

HEIDI

Gee doc, I don't know.

PASTERNAK

Sure you do...

Come on, Heidi give it a try.

HEIDI

Oh, alright..

I uh, geez, this is hard. I mean, fuck you, prying into my private places. Pryer Pryerson. Snoopy Snooperson.

Snoopy. That's a dog. I really prefer cats, did you know that? I bet you did, you know why, cause you're a doctor, a real smarty-pants. Doctors are rich aren't they. I've never cared much about money, but apparently some women find it sexy. Are you sexy? Are you rich, Doc?

I'm here alone, no one would know, 'cept you and me...and the kids...Maybe we could have kids.

HEIDI

(cont'd)

You know what's nice about kids; they're soft, they'll sleep in your arms and on your twin fold up bed, they'll crawl on your legs and soothe all your aches away. They'll coo and purr and cry and snot; it all gets rubbed into your skin, that's when you know you're lucky, that's when you know you're home.

(beat)

I haven't been home in a while. That's why my limbs hurt.

KING CAT

Shhh, baby.

Now don't let this quack get inside your head.

HEIDI

Listen here quack, get outta my head.

PASTERNAK

We were just talking about your limbs, Heidi.

HEIDI

Oooh, he's good.

KING CAT

Are you abandoning me? Don't get me wrong, I can fend for myself.

(beat)

But your an absentee parent, a dysfunctional wife, you're the reason it all breaks down, you are the entropy of the universe all wrapped up in a tight little package.

The CATS, once again, crawl to the lip of the stage and are thrown backward. Dog pile.

HEIDI

Come on baby, cut me some slack.

KING CAT

Say you need me.

HEIDI

I need you.

KING CAT

Say you want me.

HEIDI
I want you.

PASTERNAK
This is highly unusual, Ms. Hendrickson. Perhaps we should call it a day.

KING CAT
See, I'm the only one you can rely on. Just what will you do, now that I'm free?

HEIDI
No, I'm not ready.

PASTERNAK
I'm sorry, our time is up.

KING CAT
So's ours baby. So is ours.

HEIDI
Not yet. You're coming home, ain't ya?

PASTERNAK
I *am* going home...to my wife, no children. She's barren. Well, that was too much information.

KING CAT
I'm never coming back. Face facts.

HEIDI
Facts! Ha! I want you home, where you belong. I won't take no for an answer.

PASTERNAK
Yes, I'm going now.

HEIDI
Will you at least rub against my aching limbs?

PASTERNAK
Well...I guess we could call it part of the therapeutic process.

KING CAT
Oh alright.
(beat)
But just for a minute.

KING, through the bars, rubs one leg.

PASTERNAK, through the bars, rubs the other.

HEIDI

This is heaven. This is torture. I don't usually like being touched. It's an unfamiliar sensation which brings on painful memories of a neglectful past. I wonder if that's why I surround myself with fecal matter, scattered bits of litter, sour milk and old tuna, in an attempt to ward off any possible suitors. And, you know what's amazing, I still manage to attract; people are still interested. They want me. No, that's not right. They want a piece of me. That's not right. They want to take a piece of me...with them, somewhere, not here, not right where I am. I should invite them into my home, repel them, keep them at bay. If they only saw how I lived, they'd stay away, that's for sure. But I don't do that either. So, they come at me, with their sweet breath, unnaturally sweet, minty and acidic, their musky skin, fake musk, chemical and want to embrace or have a drink or eat together, fulfill rituals of a social kind. This is not my strong suit. They don't care about my strong suit. What they care about, I see this, I know it, is my weakness. They feed on it, like those inexpensive expensive dinners they want me to consume. They want. I don't. That's a lie. I want to be left alone. I want to dream, vividly, without having to worry that my shaking will wake up the stranger next to me. I want to avoid the hard questions and, more than that, I want to avoid their feigned interest in my incomplete answers.

I don't like people, you know. It's not really that unusual. None of us do. We like companionship, we like proximity, we like possession, we like knowing that space is not empty and that in it, someone will hear you scream. I've stopped screaming. So what the fuck does it matter?

PAPA

Heidi, I love you. Have a kitty.

PAPA grabs a CAT and throws it to HEIDI.

HEIDI

I don't want a kitty.

PAPA

Have a kitty.

HEIDI
I don't want a kitty.

PAPA
Yes, you said that, darlin'. Have a kitty.

HEIDI
I don't want a kitty.

PAPA
Don't blame me. I was sick, sweetbun.

HEIDI
I'm not sick, papa. I'm tired.

PAPA
Well, I got tired too.

HEIDI
I want to sleep now.

PAPA
Before you fall asleep, have a kitty.

PAPA grabs another CAT and throws
it to HEIDI.

HEIDI
I don't want a kitty, papa.

PAPA
Before I fall asleep, have a kitty.

AGAIN.

HEIDI
Let's fall asleep together.

PAPA
It's hard to always be tired. Weary, that might be a more accurate turn of phrase. I was a real man's man, ain't that true, weeblewobble?

HEIDI
Sure daddy. Sounds about right.

PAPA
Man about town, high on the hog, a real eager beaver. You know the tale. It's been told a hundred times before. I was swell. A regular Richard Cory. I walk down the street and heads turn to witness the sight of such a figure.

PAPA

(cont'd)

They're always watching. Always goddamned watching. Can't get a moment's peace in a crowded head. I try to walk away from the crowds. I walk so far that I lose my way, just can't find my way home. A hollowed out, hollow eyed zombie in some late night color faded basic cable movie. Have to keep walking, except not walking, this time it's driving. Driving from all those folks who want a piece of me.

Before I go, have a kitty?

AGAIN. This time, HEIDI, through the bars, catches the CAT and holds it close.

HEIDI

Sure daddy. I'll take a kitty.

PAPA

That's a good girl. I'm going out for a drive. Sure is a fine evening.

HEIDI

Bye papa. See you soon.

PAPA

That's a sweet kitty. Sure is. Night Night.

(pause)

I wasn't just sick. I was tired too.

He makes the sound of a speeding automobile.

PAPA

Vroom vroom. Zoom. Zooooooooooooooooooooooooooooom.

(beat)

Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeech. Crash!

PAPA jerks back, then forward, smacks himself in the head.

HEIDI

I love you Kitty, I love you.

PAPA

Night night, Darlin'. Night Night.

CJMM bangs the gavel. Lights shift back to Courtroom.

CJMM

(normal voice)

Doctor, your observations, if you please.

(sex)

Ram it up her ass.

(normal)

What is your evaluation?

PASTERNAK

(still rubbing furiously)

Pardon?

CJMM

Distracted, Doctor?

PASTERNAK

(stops rubbing abruptly and stands)

Why no, your honor.

(beat)

What we have here is a prime example of obsessive compulsive disorder coupled with a predilection toward dementia and a delusional state of being brought on by a number of genetic as well as environmental factors.

Lights shift. Back to mutual rubbing.

PASTERNAK

I have a wife, I swear I do. She's loving and close and gives me warmth when I'm cold, comfort when I'm down, a bent ear when I'm feeling particularly verbose which, I must confess, is quite often. I am a lucky man, the luckiest on this lonely planet. The most fortunate in this crowded desolate wasteland of human refuse. Yup, that's right, pleased and content. Mmmm, hmmm.

HEIDI

A little harder, if you don't mind.

PASTERNAK

I have a good mind to run on home and embrace that bag of beauty, hold her between my legs and crush her between my arms. I sure do have a good mind to do just that very thing.

HEIDI

Softer. This is therapy, ain't it?

PASTERNAK

My house, my *home*, after all a house is merely where you hang your hat, which I don't wear because I have a nice thick covering of hair. Anywho, my *home* is white brick, and wood, not vinyl, mind you, but real old fashioned wood siding. It contains more square feet than a genetically mutated caterpillar. A man, a lesser man than I, could get lost in such a place. Could get swallowed up by its middle of the road grandeur. Could become addicted to adding more and more of those caterpillar limbs. But not me. Sometimes, desires unfulfilled are the most beautiful things in the world. They keep us plunging forward to attain, to gain, to become whole, to achieve, to believe, to grow, yes to grow more and more and more and more. See, I've still got my desire. That's why I'm content. Pleased and content. Mmmm, hmmm.

HEIDI

Mmmm, hmmm. Now I'm content.
(screaming)

MORE!

KING CAT

(rubs with more ferocity)

MOOOOOOOOOORE! She bellows and I am left with no choice but to respond. She stopped noticing. Stopped noticing my catering to her every whim. Stopped noticing how I licked her face when she was unclean. So, I'd lick harder, raising the bumps on my tongue. It's not even that she pushed me away. She didn't. She just lay there, letting me do it, not uttering a word of thanks or offering a stroke of affection. So I, the one who had remained tidy, the one who wanted to keep my space sacred, as sacred as possible in this kind of festering filth, started shitting. Everywhere. Hey, if everyone else was doin' it, why not me? I joined the rabble.

The CATS crawl.

KING CAT

Maybe it was a cry for attention. Maybe I just got tired. I'm tired too, Heidi. I'm tired too!

PASTERNAK

Ms. Hendrickson—

HEIDI

--Heidi, please.

KING CAT

I have not seen the sun for twelve years. So you see, you,
Heidi
You light up my life

KING AND CATS

(sings)

You give me hope to carry on...

KING CAT hisses at the brood.
The singing abruptly ends.

KING CAT

You know the tune. You give me hope. Ha! I lost hope.
So, I turned to acceptance. I turned to you, shriveled and
worn, discarded and weary, lonely and alone, they can be
mutually exclusive you know, and I looked for a private
place, a free zone, a small corner where the sun might
shine on my shedding skin. The only one I could find was
in your eyes, nestled inside your thighs. So I became a
man possessed, a cat obsessed. In a space so small, one
has to carve out a

(pronounces it with aplomb)

"niche." It was no longer the outside, the wind and the
rain, the spotty grass spurting out between neglected
cracks. No, it was the neck, the soft skin, the flaxen hair
of my beloved. In her, I was liberated. And now, having
been tossed aside, I want my liberty back. I demand it. I
shall not be denied.

Lights shift to courtroom. They
continue rubbing.

REPORTER

PSYCATATRIST SPEAKS!

Dr. Raymundo Pasternak continues his damning account of the
Pussycat Profligate. His words were spoken with great
eloquence and revealed an inner knowledge beyond that of
the average gentleman.

(beat)

And remember, all this from Ken Garroter, your intrepid
intruder on the inside.

CJMM

Proceed, Professor Pasternak.

PASTERNAK

Who me?

CJMM

Precisely. Problem?

PASTERNAK

(stops rubbing)

Why no!

(beat, stands)

Now, from a purely clinical point of view, one may inquire as to how this illness is differentiated from the disorders encountered by those who collect newspapers or cans or oily rags in smelly heaps cluttering what we in the mental malady business call "dwellings." Isn't it obvious? The intensity of the interpersonal interaction between an animal and a Homo-Sapien is greatly exaggerated due to the nature of these moving, breathing BEASTS.

KING CAT

Well, I never.

HEIDI

(jumping in her cage)

They conspire against me!

CJMM

Sit down, Ms. Hendrickson.

PASTERNAK

(approaching the bench)

Honey, I'm home.

CJMM

(sex)

Well, hello there big boy.

PASTERNAK

I am your toy.

CJMM

(sex)

Come now, let's not be coy.

They embrace, then hump on top of the judge's bench.

HEIDI

See!

PASTERNAK

(still humping)

Come on, I'm married. Her name is Ethel.

HEIDI

Liar! Liar! Your pants are on fire! They are ablaze with tawdry desire!

CJMM

(normal)

I'll hold you in contempt.

(sex)

Not you, baby. I'll just hold you.

HEIDI

You cheats, you beasts!

KING CAT

Shhh. They'll think you're crazy.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARGARET MILLSAP

(normal voice, still humping)

Ms. Hendrickson, the court, this body of lawful authority of the authoritarian kind, is losing faith in your ability to testify.

HEIDI

No, Chief Justice Margaret Millsap, I'm just fine. Something caught in my throat.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Very well. Proceed.

KING CAT

I am very sorry for my inappropriate outburst.

HEIDI

Oh, that's okay King.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Good. And my name's not King. Are you understanding?

KING CAT

No, you are very sorry for your inappropriate outburst.

HEIDI

I am?

CHIEF JUSTICE

That's what I like to hear.

KING CAT

Repeat.

HEIDI
Whatever you say.

CHIEF JUSTICE
Finally she's catching on.

KING CAT
I

HEIDI
I

KING CAT
am

HEIDI
am

KING CAT
verysorryformyinappropriateoutburst.

HEIDI
verysorryformyinappropriateoutburst.

CHIEF JUSTICE
Duly noted. Continue.

KING CAT
I miss my
 (with disdain)
animals.

HEIDI
I miss my
 (beat, she hates calling her babies this)
animals.

The CATS, once again, crawl to the lip of the stage and are thrown backward. Dog pile.

PASTERNAK
 (humping)
Amazing. Truly remarkable that she could allow herself the freedom of understanding, the clinically unlikely but not scientifically or mentally impossible, but, again, highly prohibited comprehension to use the term "animals." This is growth, this is progress, this is movement towards a more humane place in her psyche, by recognizing that these creatures are not, in fact, human.

PASTERNAK

(cont'd)

I can say with absolute certainty, and the qualifications bestowed upon me, that she is fully on the clear path, the rigid road to recovery.

They both orgasm. He jumps down and sits, as before.

CJMM

Anything else, Doctor

(sex voice)

Delectable?

PASTERNAK

Yes, if it pleases the court.

CJMM

(sex voice)

Oh, it does. It does.

PASTERNAK

The familiar sights of squirrels storing seeds and acorns or birds gathering nesting materials tells us that humans are certainly not alone when it comes to collecting and saving. We can observe a whole range of such behaviors, which one, if properly qualified to do so, may deem both positive and negative. It may be, in cases of hoarding, that the instinctive program we all carry in our brains has been inappropriately activated.

Without further ado, I give you Rush Limbaugh.

VOICES

Oooh, my favorite. A real patriot. The poor fella, he was framed!

RUSH LIMBAUGH

(popping pills)

(sings)

I got the little blues blues.

Got 'em by the truckful, got em by the cart.

Just send her on over, my little Latina tart.

She said and I quote, "This is enough to kill an elephant, never mind a man"

I told her hand them over, I got an underground, secret, give me my goddamn pills plan.

I got the little blues blues.

They're my sweet babies.

Now, I'm bereft of them and I don't mean maybe.

Little blues blues, nothing more to say.

CATS

(sings)
He's got the-

RUSH

Little blues blues, to detox on my way.

CATS

He wants those-

RUSH

Little blues blues, I need ten thousand more.

CATS

He craves some-

RUSH

Little blues blues, I got my secret store...of

RUSH and CATS

Little Blues Blues, I said Little Blues Blues
Little Blues Blues...Oh yeah.

End singing. PASTERNAK carries a
tray, piled high with bright blue
pills. RUSH gulps them down.

RUSH

Ladies and gentlemen, I know where this story comes from, I
know who's behind it and I know what the purpose of this
story is; I will be able to tell you in detail at some
point. For now, what you need to know is this-

(booming)

THEY have nothing to go at me with. No smoking gun,
nothing that implicates me in any direct way.
Soooo, they engage in slander of the most base kind, ad-
hominum attacks on my character and the character of my
sweet helpless Spanish house-girl, Will a mean ahhh.

REPORTER

A RUSHING RING!

(beat)

In a special four part, five month, six tiered, seven hour,
twelve to the ninth power report, I, Ken Garroter,
Journalistic Giant of the Gilded Age, have discovered,
exclusive to my exclusivity, that Rush Limbaugh has been
charged with operating an eleven continent drug ring,
bankrolling and storing loads of, what they in the
underworld refer to as little blues.

RUSH LIMBAUGH

Ladies and gentlemen, I have one more thing to say, something no other pundit will dare to speak. That day, my loyal listeners, you know the one I'm referring to, is all the fault of...

THE JEWS!

VOICES

Fucking kikes! The holocaust, what a hoax! Mega dittos!

RUSH

Thank you for tuning into the EIB network. Good day.

RUSH exits.

CJMM

(normal)

Anything else, Doctor

(sex voice)

Delicious?

PASTERNAK

Mr. Limbaugh nicely demonstrates the ways in which compulsion may lead to an abject state of denial regarding the actual conditions under which one is operating.

Do you not agree, Ms. Hendrickson?

HEIDI

I feel trapped. I can't think.

PASTERNAK

Perhaps, your honor, she is ready to behave.

HEIDI

I'm a good girl, Doctor. Papa told me so.

PAPA

You're a good girl, Heidi. Here, have a kitty.

AGAIN. HEIDI does not catch.

CJMM

(normal)

Very well. Open the Door!

(sex)

Crazy Cunt.

HEIDI's cage door swings open.
Lights shift to the darkness of
the apartment.

HEIDI places a huge bowl next to
KING's cage. She pulls a lever.
A thick and meaty rush of food
drops directly into the bowl.

HEIDI
There you go.

KING
Petit fours and caviar. Only the finest for the finest. I
shall consume until I am satiated.

He lifts up the bowl and pours it
down his throat in one gulp.

KING
Ahhhh!

HEIDI puts out five smaller bowls.

Pulls lever.
Food, a thinner amount, in six
distinct streams, drops into the
bowls.

A few CATS, eyes glowing, join the
household. They eat.

HEIDI
There you go, my precious ones.

KING
More!

HEIDI
Lots of mouths to feed. Sacrifices must be made.

KING
Attention must be paid.

HEIDI
Now now, eat up. Besides you're getting fat.

KING
I shall savor every last morsel.

KING slowly eats every bit, piece
by piece.
HEIDI brings on a tray of twenty
bowls, some cracked and broken.
All are minuscule.
Pulls lever. Tiny bits of food and
water dribble into bowls.
More CATS' eyes. They eat.

HEIDI
There you go, my little fuckers.

KING
This shall do.

HEIDI
More than enough, wouldn't you say?

KING
Oh yes. Yes indeed.

KING eats just a bite or two.

HEIDI pulls lever. Tuna cans,
half eaten sandwiches and refuse
drop in an unwieldy pile, covering
the stage.

The CATS fight over the food. Eyes
everywhere and the sounds of a
fierce tussle.

HEIDI
Chow time. Come on, hustle up.

KING
I'm tired. I would have some later, but trust me, there
won't be any left.

(pause)

I have a secret. I don't eat anymore. And Heidi hasn't
even noticed. She's far too busy. I'm actually quite
proud of my self control. How many cats have the sheer
willpower to deny their instinctual urges? Not many, I can
tell you that. It's not that her offerings are that
terrible..they're just meager. I,

(with great sadness, false pomposity)

King, need nothing more than my wits and my charms to
survive, to thrive.

(pause)

This house--

HEIDI
-Ahem.

KING
This *home* breathes and crawls. It was once quiet and still. But, alas, no more. This home moves with the pulsating purrs of a thousand just like me. I talk to her. Little sounds. Purrrrrr. We have - we had an understanding. Language doesn't matter when love...

(beat)

I am no longer hungry and the house crawls.

The CATS squirm and slither.

KING faints.

Tries to crawl. Faints. Crawls.
Faints.

KING CAT CALICO
Once upon a time, seems like ages ago now, I danced. A little four step here and there. It was regal really. Back alley ballrooms. Strut and turn and purr and kick.

Crawls. Faints.

KING CAT CALICO
Strut, turn, purr, kick. Ha Ha! What a lark. Lark. Mmmm. That reminds me, I'm hungry.

He faints.

Lights shift. The CATS do their thing - dog pile.

HEIDI
Your honor, members of the press, Doctor, can't we take a break? I'm hungry.

CJMM

(normal voice)

Yes, it is about that time. Let us enjoy some nice cold sandwiches and icy milk.

Points with the Gavel. Lights on a giant refrigerator.

CJMM
 Doctor, if you wouldn't mind.

PASTERNAK
 You bet your sweet ass.

CJMM
 Excuse me?

PASTERNAK
 I thought we had something special.

CJMM
 (sex)
 Later, my little psychosomatic cyclone of sensuality.

HEIDI
 How dare you—

KING CAT
 (lifting his head)
 --Behave.

CJMM
 (normal voice)
 You requested a lunch break, Ms. Hendrickson.

HEIDI
 Quite right, your honor.

KING CAT
 Better, babydoll, better.

Faints.

PASTERNAK
 (opening the refrigerator door)
 Ham and swiss?

PASTERNAK tosses sandwiches to
 everyone, including REPORTER.

REPORTER
 (biting and chewing)
 Oh, uh...TENDER VITTLE TERROR
 (beat)
 Whipped up by Ken Garroter, the garrulous gourmand.

REPORTER

(cont'd)

A tasty treat was served in the courtroom today, as testimony revolved around the stench of decay.

Lights shift to HEIDI's apartment.
The CATS crawl.

KING CAT

Conditions had worsened. The law of the land, our Miss Heidi, had devolved into an ordered chaos. No one was flagrantly disregarding the rules. Rules had simply ceased to exist and as such, were deemed unenforceable. The subjects were revolting.

Rim shot.

KING CAT

Cramped quarters, inhuman living conditions, an ever dwindling economy and, of course, the inevitable happened. A plague the likes of which we had never seen.

CATS

Cough, spit, hack, oh god!

KING CAT

In spite of what you may have heard, disease is not romantic. There is no 1880's melodrama inspired scene of one of our number delicately coughing a drop of blood into a clean white handkerchief.

Violins swell. KING unfolds hankie. Coughs a torrent of chunky blood. He faints.

KING CAT

(jumps to his feet)

No, but there is pestilence, hunger and, above all, death.

HEIDI crawls amidst her mewling and slumping kittens.

CATS

Mommy! Death is a cruel mistress. Oh, the horror! The horror!

KING CAT

I can only assume that I have been around so long that immunity has taken hold in this feeble bag of bones I lovingly call my body.

HEIDI

Shhh. Hush up now, ya hear.

CATS

Mew...I never did see Paris!

KING CAT

I know I should be thankful that I was spared such a fate.

(beat)

I *should* be.

HEIDI

(to the tune of "Whistle While you Work")

Meow meow meow meow meow meow...

She pulls out a huge garbage bag.
She gathers up the CATS and places
them in the bag.

HEIDI

Get in there, you dirty dots of debris.

KING CAT

Fortunate felines.

HEIDI

(slumps on the ground, wipes her brow)

Whew! I'm parched.

PASTERNAK tosses her a soda bottle.

HEIDI

Thanks.

(sips)

Ahhh.

CATS

(inside the bag)

mew, murmur etc...

HEIDI

What? What was that, my sweetiekins?

CATS
We're hot! So hot! Need Cold!
(beat)
Everything's twice as nice...on ice!

HEIDI
Ah ha!

HEIDI, as if in a trance, empties the bottles from the fridge, sending them shattering to the floor. She puts the cats in there, one by one.

CAT
Thank you.

CAT
That's refreshing.

CAT
It's like New York in December.

HEIDI tries to shut the door. She pushes and squeezes; it won't close.

HEIDI
Give me a hand.

KING CAT
Sorry, don't got any.

HEIDI
Very clever, King. Just get your fat ass over here.

HEIDI opens the cage. He slinks over and helps her close the fridge. She slumps, tired and laps some beer off the floor.

KING CAT
Now, I'm complicit, an accomplice. She beckoned and, against all my better judgment, I rolled over. Maybe I didn't want her to get caught. After all, the smell alone of those rotting kittens in a plasticine garbage bag would have been a dead giveaway.

KING CAT

(cont'd)

Maybe, in spite of all protests to the contrary, I wanted to stay right where I was, in the squalor, the degradation, the feces. The familiar.

KING collapses in front of the
fridge.

HEIDI

I do not recall having any Homo-Sapien offspring. The proper mate has eluded my grasp. They often want far more or far less than I am willing to give. I wish, in an attempt to achieve absolute perfection of the species, to impregnate my still young and fertile womb with that of this coltish and cunning calico. A measure of sanity, you see, in an uncertain world.

KING CAT CALICO

(grief-stricken)

I am bereft of my babies. Taken from me in the dead of summer, when it's hot and all children should be running through fire hydrant sprinklers on humid afternoons, the crooning of too loud mothers hanging from tenth floor tenement windows. Playing with those bipeds over-foot, yet somehow not harming a hair on their backs, their short tails whipping this way and that. And all the low pitched, high toned laughter from observant parents. The tire squeal giggle guffaws of the young ones. What a perfect season for some clawing and padding about.

HEIDI kisses KING, long and
lovingly.

HEIDI

Make me yours.

KING CAT CALICO

Turn around.

HEIDI

I want to see you.

KING CAT

I said turn around. Instinct, baby. Instinct.

HEIDI

But I love your scruff, your tuft, the way your mouth curls and your tongue unfurls. I want to see you.

She lies down, spreading her legs wide. KING CAT steps in between.

KING CAT
It just ain't natural!
(beat)
I guess I'm game.

HEIDI
(pulling him close)
Tame or wild? I am your child, teach me, please me, shame me, claim me - *blame* me, I don't care. I want you to tear; show me some affection. There's no need for any correction of our state. Wait, I want to see your face.

KING CAT
(who has started to pump)
Just ain't natural.

HEIDI
Quiet. This is right. Don't fight me on this, King.

KING
(faster)
I shouldn't be here.

PAPA
I'm going away, babycakes.

HEIDI
Don't stop, don't you dare. This is fair, we too, a pair.

KING CAT
(pump, pump, pump)
I don't belong here.

HEIDI
Not too much longer. Just a moment and we'll be through, the union of me and you.

PAPA
So long, dollpunim. So long.

KING CAT
(one huge quivering pump - orgasm)
That's it. I'm done! No more fun, Heidi. No more fun.
(he pushes her away)
Can't deny instinct. Just can't.
(he licks himself furiously)

HEIDI
Ain't that the truth, King. Now we wait.

They both collapse.

HEIDI
I need a drink.

She opens the fridge. The cats
sing in unison.

CAT CHORUS
(sings, a real Ethel Merman show stopper)
Thank you, my hero.
Thank you, my gal.
Praise you, my saving grace.
Pucker up and kiss my sweet face.

She slams the fridge closed.

HEIDI
I'm not thirsty.

Lights shift to courtroom.

CJMM
(normal)
The cat is out of its cage!
(sex voice)
The woman is out of her head! Wa ha ha ha!
(normal voice)
Bailiff, get him!

THE REPORTER puts on a policeman's
cap.

BAILIFF/REPORTER
Heeeeeere kitty, kitty.

KING
I'm outta here.

KING runs for it. BAILIFF chases
after him.

KING keeps fainting. Cymbals
crash every time. Just when

BAILIFF is about to catch him, he gets up and runs for it.

CJMM
Doctor, the authority of this governing body demands assistance.

PASTERNAK
Huh?

CJMM
Get him!

PASTERNAK also chases after KING. He runs behind BAILIFF and they keep tripping over each other's feet.

CJMM
Rush!

PASTERNAK
We're moving as fast as we can.

CJMM
No. Rush!

RUSH LIMBAUGH enters, swigging a bottle of whiskey while popping those pills.

RUSH
I got the little cocker.

RUSH joins the chase. More chaos ensues.

CJMM
When you wants something done right...

CJMM jumps over the bench and also chases. Keystone Kops. They trip and fall, exit the stage and enter from the other side, get tangled up until...they think they have him and pile on top.

CJMM
Gotcha!

They all slap high-fives.

They stand and, of course, KING is gone.

BAILIFF runs to microphone and switches to REPORTER's hat.

REPORTER
KING CAT CALICO FINALLY FLIES FREE!

Spotlight. KING descends from above, wind blowing through his hair.

KING CAT CALICO
There's sure nothing like the wind in my face, blowing back my eyelids, both sets. No more crying at night for this liberty loving leader. No siree. I reclaim my place, step back onto my throne and am welcomed home. I am everything to everyone and yet fully my own man. I am clean and smell fresh, like concrete and winter grass. No one takes me down, steals me away from my rightful roost, at the top of the heap. When I sleep at night, a bevy of beauties, Persians, I'm savvy, adorn my flesh, my fur and leave their remnants all over my well being. I defend my kingdom, from intruders, the likes of which I know because I've been there, seen it. A kept kitty, a downed man, a prisoner with only the faintest hope of escape. I still got my claws; that's something. Not every parolee can say that. I rise again!

(beat)

Or, perhaps, I'll just go roll in a field.

KING remains in flight. Everyone else returns to their place in the courtroom as though nothing has happened.

CJMM
I trust everyone had a nice lunch.

(taps the gavel)

Court is now in session. The honorable me presiding. Ms. Hendrickson, why were they, poor babies, I'm referring, of course, to the sixty calico kittens, hidden in the Frigidaire?

HEIDI
Not hidden, no. Their bodies must be kept cold, to keep their souls safe. Remember heat, when it comes to eternity, can only be bad.

CJMM

Why were they dead in the first place, Ms. Hendrickson?

HEIDI

THEY ARE NOT D-

(takes a breath)

d...d...d-

(breath)

de...de...deeeeeeeeeeeeeee--

CJMM

Dead.

HEIDI

You said it.

To prolong *life* beyond its natural course has been our mission in this industrial scientific day and age. I have succeeded where so many others before me have failed. I offer only the best care. I am certain, that they fare better with me, their mother, than they would have in the hands of some stranger, some charlatan, who would have denied them breast milk - put in its place some sort of soy based formula. You know the kind, not natural. It's just not natural.

HEIDI pulls out her "breasts" (a rubber bosom) and squeezes some milk into a saucer.

VOICES

Boom bada Boom bada boom boom boom!

HEIDI

Taste. It's quite fine. Ain't that right, King?

(pause)

King? Where's King?

CJMM

Safe and sound.

HEIDI

Does he have his crown? He loves that thing. If not, do bring it to him. He is in desperate need.

CJMM

Please some decency, for the sake of the common good.

HEIDI

Common goooooood! To take away my broooooood! What a joke, what a laugh, a real gas.

CJMM

Bailiff, Contain the breasts!

REPORTER switches hats.

BAILIFF/REPORTER

With pleasure.

BAILIFF grabs and tweaks her breasts. Three times.

Boink. Boink. Boink.

HEIDI

Oh my!

BAILIFF

The bouncing boobies just won't stay bound.

CJMM

Ms. Hendrickson, repress yourself. You have brought shame upon your household.

(sex voice)

Shame! Shame! SHAME!

The kingdom has been put asunder. A grotesque blunder. Your papa dies at the sight of your flesh gets top billing. The mind is weak, but, dear God, the body is willing.

PAPA

Willing to disappear. Never fear, darlin' cause I'm here.

(beat)

Now, straighten up...and you'll have your kitty.

PAPA points to KING, floating in the sky.

KING

Strange, now that I'm free, I can't really enjoy it. Ain't go no strength when your dead.

He tries to lift the crown off his head. No luck - too heavy.

KING
A little help.
 (beat)
A little help.
 (pause)
A little help.
 (silence, forever)
She doesn't even see me.

HEIDI looks up and waves to KING.
Embarrassed, she smiles and puts
her breasts away.

BAILIFF and VOICES
Aw man!

CJMM
 (normal voice)
Thank you for your cooperation.

PAPA
Daddy loves you.

CJMM
But how, Doctor
 (sex)
Devilish Dick
 (normal)
did Ms. Hendrickson cope with the stench? After all, the
Hazmat team barely got out alive.

HEIDI
I can't smell anything. My nasal passageways have finally
shut down.

A man in a HAZMAT suit, including
mask, appears in spotlight.

CJMM
Bailiff!

REPORTER
HAZMAT HIJINKS!
Dateline. August 27. Byline, Ken Garroter, your man with
the gorgeous tan. Still strong on the scent of this sour
story.

CJMM
Bailiff!

REPORTER

Chief Justice Margaret Millsap lost her proverbial cool in court today--

CJMM

--BAILIFF!

REPORTER

-appearing uncertain of how to handle a belligerent Bailiff, in dereliction of his duties--

CJMM

--BAILIFF!

Her demeanor was desperate--

CJMM

--BAILIFF BOB, BRING THE BIBLE OR BE BEATEN!

REPORTER switches to BAILIFF's hat.

BAILIFF/REPORTER

Hazmat Harry, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

HAZMAT puts on gloves, then puts hand on Bible.

HAZMAT HARRY

I do!

(beat)

I knocked on Ms. Hendrickson's door.

HEIDI

I stood firm, like the heroine I am. Stoic and fierce.

(she grabs a shotgun, southern accent)

Get off my land! My property is not for sale!

HAZMAT

Ma'am, this place is under investigation.

HEIDI

They tried trickery and legalese. So I lawyered them right back.

(drops the shotgun, puts on a pair of glasses)

The party of the first demands that the party of the second herein exits the area upon which his feet have illegally and erroneously trod. Only immediate compliance with said request will deem the party of the second not responsible to the binding judgment of the party of the third.

HAZMAT

I've got a warrant.

HEIDI

I tried, much to my disgust, flirtation.

(Lets down her hair and lets up her skirt)

Darlin', sweet meat, you wanna give it to me? Oh, I'll give it right back, right here, just outside this door. It's hotter on the blacktop concrete floor. Pull me, push me, suck me, fuck me, enter me. Not my humble abode. Or, let's hop in that backseat and make it down the road.

HAZMAT

(pushes her to the side)

I'm going in!

He enters the house. Spasms. He opens his mask and throws up. Wipes mouth. Puts mask back on.

HEIDI

He entered without my permission. Felt all my private places. There was nothing left for me to do but scream.

(pause)

Get ouoooooooooot!

(pause)

And grieve.

(beat)

Noooooooooooooooo!

I'll kill myself and it will be on your head. Do you have a head? I can't see it behind that mask. Just as well, who wants to look at an ugly disfigured face. Not me, no siree. Get out of here!

(she's shaking)

The walls are crumbling, they'll fall on you and you'll die. The lights will explode and rain down glass; shards will lodge in your eyes. Asbestos will poison your lungs, your sperm and your kids will have six heads. Get out before it's too late!

HAZMAT

It's too late.

HEIDI opens the Fridge.

CAT CHORUS

(sings a lullaby)
 Enter here.
 Enter there.
 Enter everywhere you see.
 Enter door.
 Enter home.
 Enter everywhere you roam.

HAZMAT

My house is empty. Furniture gets contaminated. My cupboards are bare. Salmonella, E Coli. I wear good gloves, but come on. My closets are vacant. Clothes carry germs. My house is empty. Me and a floor. A bleached out ammonia covered floor. My house is empty. No one is allowed in.

(beat)

Out of my way!

HEIDI

I bite my lip and spit blood onto the shiny surface coming between us.

She spits on his mask.

HEIDI

He flinches.

HARRY flinching, trips, tumbles and back-flips to the floor.
 Cymbal Crash.
 Gets up, brushes himself off.

HEIDI

A minor victory.

CAT CHORUS

Enter you.
 Enter she.
 Enter everyone and me.
 (end singing)
 Pucker up and kiss my sweet face.

He leans in.

HEIDI

Get him, guys!

The CATS jump out of the fridge and attack. Fur flies. They wrestle HAZMAT to the ground. Humming, meowing, growling. He squirms and screams.

HAZMAT
Aaaarggggh!

PASTERNAK
Sometimes when in the midst of a nervous breakdown or in a serious state of denial, the patient will shut down those senses and functions that do not serve his purpose. Ms. Hendrickson had withdrawn from basic human interaction and, therefore, had no need for certain unsavory senses.

HEIDI
I can't smell my kitties, even if I want to. Can't taste their baby powder fresh underbellies. All alone!

HAZMAT continues to writhe.

PAPA
I wasn't just sick. I was tired too.

He makes the sound of a speeding automobile.

PAPA
Vroom vroom. Zoom. Zoooooooooooooooooooooooooom.
(beat)
Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeech. Crash!

PAPA jerks back, then forward, smacks himself in the head.

CJMM bangs the gavel.

CJMM
Anything else, Doctor?

HEIDI
All alone. Papa! Papa! When ya comin' home?

PAPA
Vroom vroom. Zoom. Zoooooooooooooooooooooooooom.
(beat)
Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeech. Crash!

Same crashing motion.

CJMM bangs the gavel.

CJMM
Interesting analysis. Anything else, Doctor?

HEIDI
Papa, wanna see my grades?

PAPA
Vroom vroom. Zoom. Zooooooooooooooooooooooooooooom.
(beat)
Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeech. Crash!

Crashing motion.

CJMM bangs the gavel.

HAZMAT still writhes.

CJMM
Fascinating. Anything else, Doctor?

PASTRERNAK holds up a bottle with
skull and cross-bones.

CJMM
Poison, eh? Pity.

HEIDI grabs bottle from PASTERNAK.
He and CJMM continue as though
HEIDI's scene and actions are not
happening. Their scene, in mime,
continues uninterrupted.

HEIDI
(opening bottle)
I'll do it, Papa. I'll do it.

PAPA
Vroom vroom. Zoom. Zooooooooooooooooooooooooooooom.
(beat)
Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeech. Crash!

Crashing motion.

CJMM bangs the gavel.

CJMM
Poor woman.
 (beat)
Anything else, let's keep it moving, Doctor.

HEIDI
 (lifting bottle to her lips)
Bye bye, papa. Bye bye.

PAPA
Vroom. Vroom. Zoom. Zooooooooooooom.
 (beat)
Screeeeee--
Heidi, I love you. Have a kitty.

PAPA tosses one. HEIDI catches it.

HEIDI
Sure daddy. I'll take a kitty.

PAPA
That's a good girl. I'm goin' out for a drive. Sure is a fine evening.

HEIDI
See you soon.

PAPA
That's a sweet kitty. Sure is. Night Night, darlin'. Night Night.

HEIDI tosses the bottle aside.

At the exact moment, CJMM bangs the gavel.

CJMM
Anything else, Doctor?

HAZMAT writhes.
KING still flies, wind blowing his fur.

HAZMAT
I...found...the...kid.

Everything stops.

PASTERNAK

Neglect and abuse are an inevitability in domiciles, such as Ms. Hendrickson's. Children are often ignored and the quality of life results in illness, if not death. My patient is no exception.

REPORTER

FERAL FEMME NOT SPAYED!

Ken Garroter, your cynical world-weary wunderkind, yes, even he, has been shocked by the revelation that SHE had a son.

VOICES gasp. A young boy, ADAM, appears in spotlight, book-bag slung over shoulder.

ADAM

Mama. Mama, I'm home.

HEIDI

Get over here King. I'm sick of you running from me. Where ya gonna go, huh? Huh? Who loves ya, darlin, snookums, sweetbun, I do. I do.

ADAM

I failed. I failed today. F. Big Fat F. They're gonna keep me back.

HEIDI

(singing)

King's the best. King puts my love to the test. And I will get an A. Come on, my weeblewobble, let's play.

ADAM

(grabs poison bottle, opens it)

I will mama. I'm gonna do it.

HEIDI

(singing)

You are my baby, my doll. Catch you, I will, even though you always land on your feet, when you fall.

ADAM

(drinks)

Ahhh! Bye bye mama.

(pause)

Bye bye.

ADAM slumps dead. He then rises
to the sky, flying like King.

HAZMAT

(pointing to the sky, shaking his head)
I found the kid.

ADAM

Hiya, King.

KING

Hey there, Kiddo.

ADAM

I hate you.

CJMM

Anything else, Doctor?

PASTERNAK

The case of Ms. Heidi K. Hendrickson of High Cliff and the
observations herein are hereby and wheretofore concluded.

CJMM

Anything else, Rush?

RUSH

(entering)

Ladies and Gentleman, I have been framed by left wing
lackadaisical liberal lollygaggers and don't you forget it...
you people.

CJMM

Anything else, Hazmat Harry?

HAZMAT stands, torn and
disheveled.

The CATS do their thing - dog pile.

HAZMAT

A missing child, reports of incomprehensible filth, that's
why I went there and now, I can't go back to work.

(beat)

And my house is empty.

CJMM

Anything else,

(sex)

ACCUSERS AND ANTAGONISTS ALIKE! WA HA HA HA!

HEIDI
Where's my kitty, where's my King?

CJMM
(sex)
He's in God's hands.

HEIDI
NOOOOOOOOOO! YOU FOUL, FESTERING SCAB OF SCORN! BRING HIM
BACK!

CJMM
(normal)
He's in good hands.

HEIDI
Oh.
(beat)
I want to gaze into his yellow eyes.

CJMM
Soon, Ms. Hendrickson.

HEIDI
When?

CJMM
Tomorrow.

HEIDI
Now!

CJMM
Later.

HEIDI
Now!

CJMM
All good things come to those who wait.

HEIDI
Now that's true. I waited for forty years and finally
found my soul mate.
(beat)
Alright then.

CJMM
On this somber day, the court is sad to say-

REPORTER

CATastrophe!

Subtitle: SAY SO LONG. SICK SIREN SENTENCED.

Signing off, Ken Garroter, humbly acknowledging the great unwashed for hearing, if not always digesting, the well chosen words of I, Ken Garroter.

(beat)

Ken Garroter bids you farewell.

(Beat)

Ken Garroter.

(beat)

Garroter, Ken.

(beat)

Ken Garroter.

CJMM

The court is sad to say that Ms. Heidi K. Hendrickson is to be a permanent resident of the state facility

(sex)

for the criminally insane! For all eternity! Wa ha ha ha!

(normal, somber)

For the criminally insane. For all eternity.

PAPA

Night Night, darlin'. Night Night.

VOICES

How sad. Boy, am I glad. Got her off the streets. Bet you get a good deal on her house.

CJMM

(banging the gavel)

Bailiff, take her away.

REPORTER switches hats.

BAILIFF/REPORTER

Come on, ma'am.

PAPA rises into the sky.

PAPA

PAPA PAUL HENDRICKSON FINALLY FLIES FREE!

(beat, sees KING)

Hi kitty.

KING

I hate you.

HEIDI
Am I going to see King?

CJMM
Yes.
(beat)
Tell her, bailiff.

BAILIFF/REPORTER
Oh yeah, you betcha.

HEIDI
Goody, goody, goody.

BAILIFF puts HEIDI in the baby blues of a hospital uniform.

HEIDI
I hope he's well. Sometimes, he can be so stubborn. Picky, you know. Refuses to eat, but won't tell me what he really wants. Just like a man. Ah, well. Those are the quirks, the flaws you love, ya' know? Of course, you do. They say every relationship is the same. The particulars are just different. Ah well, it's going to be grand. We can dance and sing and play, just like the old times. He's been waiting and so have I. I've never been away from him this long. What's his favorite song? Oh, god, I've forgotten. Do you remember? It's on the tip of my tongue.

BAILIFF/REPORTER
PATIENT 251A, Hendrickson, Heidi K.
Room 642. Good day.

BAILIFF switches sign to "HOME...FOR ALL ETERNITY"

The sound of door slamming. Lights out.

Prison Bars. Spotlights remain on KING, ADAM, HEIDI, and the CATS.

HEIDI
(looking up)
It's just you and me, King. Let's begin again. What do you need?

KING

I don't need nothing. Not a thing. I am an empty vessel,
I travel without fuel.

HEIDI

Now, hush. Everyone needs something. Come on sugar, come
on home. No need to roam out there on the lonely prairie.
King!

KING

Fine! But I'm warning you, you won't like it.

KING descends. HEIDI nuzzles him
affectionately and coos.

KING

Heidi, out there on the prairie, was the moment of my
death. My last freedom loving feral breath.

KING pulls away from her and
struggles across the stage, not
able to stand. He keeps fainting,
weak.

HEIDI

King!

Crawl, faint.

HEIDI

King!

Crawl, faint.

HEIDI

My strong boy, wander your way back to me. I swear, I will
let you be free. Liberty, for you and me.

KING CAT

This is my chance. The time is now.

He starts to tiptoe out.

HEIDI

And where do you think you're going?

KING CAT

You're hallucinating.

HEIDI
No, you're leaving.

KING CAT
You're sick.

HEIDI
I'm not sick.

KING CAT
I was sick.
 (he coughs)
I needed to see a doctor.

HEIDI
I'm a doctor.

KING CAT
No you're not.

HEIDI
I'm a healer.

KING CAT
No you're not.

HEIDI
I'm a shaman.

KING CAT
No you're not.

HEIDI
I'm a hero.

KING CAT
No you're not.

HEIDI
I'm a superhero.

KING CAT
I'm a King.

HEIDI
 (beaming)
Yes you are.

KING CAT

Boy, if that didn't stop me cold.

HEIDI

And I, you're queen.

She places a cat bowl on her head
- a crown.

KING CAT

No you're not! You are a pretender to the throne. You enticed me with affection and made me forget. Forget who I am. I need animal scent, sweat dripping off matted fur, mating calls that you may *try* to emulate, but can never duplicate. You made me lose the taste for my own kind. Surrounded by them and they repulsed me. It's not right.

CATS crawl to KING and rub against him.

They squirm, sensual. A big cat orgy.

They jerk and spasm.

KING CAT

Look, the death throes!

HEIDI

Oh, King, they're having a grand old time.

KING CAT

Don't you remember?

HEIDI

Remember what? Our happy life, our family dinners, our own little private world. Those were the days.

KING CAT

Remember. Come on kids, my favorite tune.

CAT CHORUS

Meeeeeeeemooooooooorrriy. All Aloooooone in the
ooooooooonligggght...

The song continues.

KING CAT

Remember.

HEIDI

Remember how it was always a party here.

KING CAT

Remember.

HEIDI

Remember that one party. It was your birthday and so I bought streamers. The littlest ones thought they were chew toys. Oh, what a mess. What a wonderful mess.

KING CAT

Remember.

HEIDI

And I said, "Ah let's clean tomorrow." Oh, what a sport I am. Remember.

The song grows slower, tragic.

HEIDI

And how we danced in the trash. I took your little paws in my arms and, boy, did we do a mean two step. Remember.

(beat)

That singing, so lovely. I was so sad. I thought they were... d...d...d...dead.

KING CAT

Yup.

(beat)

Remember.

The singing ends. CATS collapse. KING opens the fridge and gently places the CATS back in, one by one.

HEIDI

I never said goodbye.

KING CAT

Hurry up, baby.

HEIDI

I don't want to.

KING

Last chance.

HEIDI
No.

KING
Your loss.
 (grief-stricken)
and mine too.

KING slams the refrigerator door
shut.

HEIDI
Oh good, they'll keep nice and cool.
 (beat)
Now I remember.

She cries, sobs, breaks down.

KING
I am going home.

HEIDI
You are home, baby.

KING
No, I'm a stranger here and visiting hours are almost up.

HEIDI
Don't leave me, King. No one to call my own.

KING
One last nuzzle, darlin'.

KING crawls to her and nuzzles her
neck.

HEIDI
That's it..
 (remembering)
we're sitting in my favorite chair.

KING
Not a care, Heidi. Not a care.
 (beat)
Gotta go.

KING, with some struggle, escapes
from her grip.

He crawls.

VOICE OVER/BAILIFF

PATIENT 251A, Hendrickson, Heidi K.

Room 642. Funding has run out. Eternity has ended.

A door opens, letting in a shaft
of light.

HEIDI

Come on, kitty.

ADAM

Night night, mama.

ADAM's spot slowly fades.

HEIDI

Don't go.

ADAM

Night...

HEIDI

My son, don't go.

ADAM

Night.

ADAM's spot goes to black.

HEIDI blows a kiss.

HEIDI

Sleep tight, Adam.
(beat)

Adam.

(pause)

Adam.

HEIDI slowly walks to the doorway
light.

VOICE OVER/BAILIFF

Ahem. Eternity has ended.

(beat)

Time to go home.

HEIDI
Night Night, darlin'. Night Night.

HEIDI goes through the doorway.

Lights shift. The glow of
streetlamps on a city sidewalk.

HEIDI strolls. Perhaps she
whistles.

A CAT slinks across the stage.

HEIDI freezes, as she follows it
with only her eyes.

END OF PLAY