



Sample Pages from
The Absolutely Insidious and Utterly Terrifying
Truth About Cat Hair

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THE ABSOLUTELY INSIDIOUS AND UTTERLY TERRIFYING TRUTH ABOUT CAT HAIR

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Bradley Walton



*The Absolutely Insidious and Utterly
Terrifying Truth About Cat Hair*
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Characters

8 speaking roles, plus an ensemble of 8-100 or more.

All parts are gender neutral.

Narrator: The narrator.

Brenda/Bradley: A cat owner.

Butterball Snowflake: Brenda's cat.

Lint Roller: A lint roller.

Granola Bar: A granola bar.

Vacuum Cleaner: A vacuum cleaner.

Frankie: Brenda's friend.

Masking Tape: A roll of masking tape.

Cat Hairs: From around 8 to 100 or more.

FRANKIE and especially MASKING TAPE can double as CAT HAIRS.

There could conceivably be two or more NARRATORS and/or two cats. If you decide to go this route, the second cat should be called SNUGGLEFLUFF MILKSHAKE. The existing dialogue for the NARRATOR and BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE may be split up as needed.

Staging

Bare stage. The director is welcome to use cubes or platforms to add levels.

The CAT HAIRS can be handled in one of two ways. The script is written for a large ensemble of actors as CAT HAIRS, with each actor representing a single hair or clump of hairs. The actors gather into clusters or groups and move around like groups of dancers in a musical. Approximately 30 or more actors playing CAT HAIRS would be required for this approach.

A second option that allows for a smaller number of actors (and a smaller stage) was devised by director Max Dashner for the play's premiere. The actors playing the CAT HAIRS and the two cats all wore shirts coved in yarn attached with Velcro. These strands were then pulled off and stuck to the characters and objects besieged by the CAT HAIRS, giving the HAIRS a means of continuing their onslaught without a continuous stream of actors coming onstage. The CAT HAIRS could also have pocketfuls of yarn to put on the other actors. Use the option (or a combination of both) that works best for you. And if you have your own ideas for staging the CAT HAIRS, please feel free to explore them.

Costumes

The costuming may be as simple and suggestive or as elaborate and specific as the director desires. Ideally, the CAT HAIRS should all wear matching clothing, such as white shirts with black pants.

The Absolutely Insidious and Utterly Terrifying Truth About Cat Hair was first performed by Madison Academy in Huntsville, Alabama on May 4, 2010. It was directed by Max Dashner and featured the following cast:

NARRATOR 1: Katie Whitener

NARRATOR 2: Kaylyn Bartley

NARRATOR 3: Meggy de Jong

BRENDA: Hannah Hebinck

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Victoria Crabtree

SNUGGLEFLUFF MILKSHAKE: Clay Neiland

LINT ROLLER: Nick Slaughter

GRANOLA BAR: Haley Ellis

VACUUM CLEANER: Joseph Berryman

FRANK: Andrew Cash

MASKING TAPE: Kaylee Wilson

CAT HAIRS: Alexis Mordecai
John Mark Debro
Kelsi Long
Tanner Ragland
Amanda Falkner
Quan Cothron
Al Williams

AT RISE: The NARRATOR, BRENDA and BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE are facing the audience.

NARRATOR: This is Brenda. She owns a cat.

BRENDA: *(to audience)* Hi.

NARRATOR: This is Butterball Snowflake.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Meow.

NARRATOR: Butterball Snowflake is the cat Brenda owns.

A group of CAT HAIRS enters and surrounds BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE.

NARRATOR: These are the hairs covering Butterball Snowflake's body. There are a lot of them. In fact, it has been scientifically proven that cats have an infinite number of hairs covering their bodies.

BRENDA pulls out a brush and begins brushing at the CAT HAIRS. As she does this, some of the CAT HAIRS move a few steps away from BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE and new CAT HAIRS enter to take their place.

No matter how much you brush or groom a cat, and no matter how much cat hair you remove in the brushing or grooming process, there will always be more hair.

As BRENDA brushes BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE's CAT HAIRS away, more CAT HAIRS run onstage to take their place.

Always. Unlike human hair, cat hair is actually a sentient biological entity capable of independent thought when separated from its original host. By affixing itself to the clothing of a carrier, cat hair can travel long distances and spread across the globe.

One or two of the CAT HAIRS attach themselves to BRENDA.

Cat hair has existed since the beginning of time, and it will be here long after cockroaches have become extinct. It is the secret driving force behind business and politics, and is plotting the downfall of humanity even as we speak.

The CAT HAIRS all hunch over a little, rub their hands together, and give a quiet but maniacal chuckle.

But this is not the story of those particular cat hairs.

The CAT HAIRS look slightly confused.

This is the story of Butterball Snowflake's cat hairs, and they have no such aspirations.

The CAT HAIRS all put their hands behind their backs and try to act casual.

At least for now.

The CAT HAIRS again hunch over a little, rub their hands together, and give a quiet but maniacal chuckle. THEY stop as soon as the NARRATOR resumes speaking.

One day, Brenda noticed that Butterball Snowflake tended to shed.

A few CAT HAIRS move away from BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE. More CAT HAIRS enter and replace them.

A lot.

A lot of CAT HAIRS move away from BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE and a lot of CAT HAIRS enter to replace them.

So she brushed Butterball Snowflake.

BRENDA begins to brush BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE. CAT HAIRS move away from BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE and more CAT HAIRS enter to replace THEM. The CAT HAIRS that have

*stepped away from BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE
gather in clusters.*

A lot.

BRENDA brushes faster and the process accelerates.

Before long, Brenda realized that she was surrounded by large clumps of cat hair. This was mildly disturbing. The clumps almost seemed to be... moving.

The clusters of CAT HAIR begin to sway in unison.

She told herself that of course, cat hair will move in the slightest breeze. She continued brushing. And out of the corners of her eyes, she watched the clumps of cat hair move.

*The clusters of CAT HAIR begin to move ominously
around BRENDA and BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE.
BRENDA continues to brush, more CAT HAIRS move
away from BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE and join
the clusters, and more CAT HAIRS enter and attach
themselves to BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE.*

Although not generally prone to have an overactive imagination, Brenda couldn't stop certain images from traipsing through her head. Images of fur clumps sprouting teeth and attacking her.

*A cluster of CAT HAIRS bare their teeth, bend
forward and bite at BRENDA in unison. Other
clusters do the same.*

Or forming a giant solid mass and blocking her exit from the room...

*The clusters of CAT HAIR line up to form a wall. The
CAT HAIRS attached to BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE
rub their hands together and throw back their heads
in silent, evil laughter.*

... trapping her with Butterball Snowflake and forcing her to brush the cat forever, creating a vast and infinite army of hairs to take over a world which Brenda didn't realize was already being taken over by cat hair anyway.

BRENDA continues to brush. More CAT HAIRS move away from BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE into the clusters and more CAT HAIRS enter to replace THEM. The wall of CAT HAIRS dissolves back into swaying and moving clusters.

The more Brenda brushed, the more cat hair there was, and the more frightened Brenda became. The more frightened Brenda became, the more intently she focused on her cat and ignored what was going on around her. And as she brushed and brushed, the amount of cat hair in the room grew and grew. And this being cat hair, most of it did what cat hair always does... it attached itself to the clothing of the nearest human.

The cluster of CAT HAIRS nearest BRENDA attaches to HER. Then another cluster does the same.

And so it came to be that when she was finished, Brenda was completely covered in cat hair. A lot of cat hair.

Another cluster joins the group around BRENDA.

No. More than that.

All of the remaining clusters join the group around BRENDA.

More.

One or two of BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE's CAT HAIRS run over to BRENDA's group.

More.

More CAT HAIRS enter from offstage and attach themselves to BRENDA's group. BRENDA should have ridiculously more CAT HAIR than BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE.

This is going to take all day, isn't it? Never mind. We'll just pretend that's enough. You can stop there. *(to audience)* In fact, Brenda was covered by so much cat hair that she collapsed under its weight...

BRENDA collapses.

... and died.

BRENDA: (*lifting her head up*) What?!

NARRATOR: Well, not really. It's much too early in the play to be killing off a main character. But it certainly sounds dramatic, doesn't it?

BRENDA: Bite me.

NARRATOR: We'll leave biting to the cats.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Meow.

NARRATOR: (*to BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE*) I'll pretend I didn't hear that. (*to audience*) Brenda slowly dragged herself to her feet, straining against the crushing weight of the cat hair covering her body.

BRENDA: (*struggling to stand*) Butterball Snowflake, how do you live like this?

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Meow.

NARRATOR: Had Brenda been able to speak cat, she would have understood this to mean...

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Lady, I got news for you—there's more cat hair on you than there's ever been on me.

NARRATOR: But of course, unlike a mighty and omniscient narrator, poor Brenda was unable to interpret her cat's words. If she had, she might have grasped the simple implication behind them...

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: That she looks like a Wookiee.

NARRATOR: ...that she had brushed more hair off her cat than had ever been there in the first place.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: That's not an implication... that's obvious!

NARRATOR: Not to her.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Yeah... well, I rub against her leg to mark her with my scent and she thinks it's the cutest thing in the world. She's not real bright.

NARRATOR: While it's natural for an omniscient narrator to make such painfully true observations about a lowly character such as Brenda, I would have expected you to be nicer.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Why? She can't understand what I'm saying.

BRENDA: What'd he say?

NARRATOR: Stop talking to me. I'm the Narrator.

BRENDA: You're talking to Butterball Snowflake.

NARRATOR: Yes, but he's a cat.

BRENDA: What difference does that make?

NARRATOR: If I have to explain it to you, you wouldn't understand.

BRENDA stomps across the stage and sulks. The CAT HAIRS surrounding BRENDA swarm along.

(to BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE) Granted, she's far from perfect...

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: She's a couple Stormtroopers short of a fully-staffed Death Star, if that's what you mean.

NARRATOR: What's with the *Star Wars* references? You're a cat.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: What do you think I do with my time while she's at work? I gotta watch something and daytime TV hurts my brain.

NARRATOR: She feeds you. She cleans your litter box every day.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: And I don't even pay rent. Like I said, she's not real bright.

NARRATOR: I can't argue with you on that. But, listen... if you don't mind, can we get back to what we're actually supposed to be doing here?

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Oh, yeah. Sure.

NARRATOR: Brenda, could you come back over here, please?

BRENDA: Are you done talking about me?

NARRATOR: Quite done.

*BRENDA crosses to BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE.
The CAT HAIRS swarm along after her.*

BRENDA: I don't know what you said, cat, but I'll bet you're a little ingrate, you know that? You—

*BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE rubs up against
BRENDA's leg.*

Aww. You're just the sweetest widdle kitty-kins awen't youuu?

*BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE looks at the
NARRATOR and rolls his eyes. One of BUTTERBALL
SNOWFLAKE's CAT HAIRS joins BRENDA's group.*

NARRATOR: *(picking up where they left off)* Struggling to her feet under the staggering weight of the cat hair...

*BRENDA drops to the stage and then begins
struggling to get up, as if fighting against a
tremendous weight. The CAT HAIRS react
accordingly.*

Brenda desperately tried to think of some means to free herself from her soft, fluffy burden of doom!

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: She could just change clothes.

NARRATOR: Not onstage. There might be young people in the audience. *(to audience)* And then, like a bolt from the heavens, an idea slowly began to form in her feeble mind!

BRENDA: Hey!

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Bolts aren't slow.

NARRATOR: Who's the narrator here? Are you the narrator?

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: I could be.

NARRATOR: No you couldn't. Brenda can't understand you.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: The audience can. That's all that matters.

NARRATOR: You're the cat.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: What, cats can't narrate?

NARRATOR: Cats should be... cats!

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: I can be a cat and narrate at the same time.

NARRATOR: Just meow or something, would you?

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: (*sarcastically*) Meow.

NARRATOR: Thank you.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: (*sarcastically*) You're welcome.

NARRATOR: (*to audience*) An idea began to form... that she could use... a lint roller!

A LINT ROLLER runs onstage. This will be an actor who is carrying a lint roller and is dressed in a lint roller costume, or is simply wearing colors to match the lint roller in his hand. In either case, HE may also be wearing a white cape. HE hands the lint roller to BRENDA and assumes the stance of a confident superhero, ready to take on the massive hoard of CAT HAIRS.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Oh, please. Like that's going to do any good.

NARRATOR: Would you let me finish?

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: By all means, don't let me stop you.

NARRATOR: Struggling against the crushing weight, Brenda began to run the lint roller over her hair-entombed body.

The LINT ROLLER rolls himself against the outer layer of CAT HAIRS. The HAIRS the LINT ROLLER touches detach from BRENDA's group and hover near the LINT ROLLER.

At first, it seemed to be working! Hair after hair after hair quickly peeled away from Brenda! But the more she rolled, the less effective the lint roller became!

The LINT ROLLER continues to roll HIMSELF against the CAT HAIRS, but now less of THEM are coming off and BRENDA is still surrounded.

Eventually, the poor lint roller, even with its ten free bonus sheets, was overcome by the cat hairs' sheer numbers...

The LINT ROLLER steps away from BRENDA, exhausted. The CAT HAIRS that HE removed from BRENDA surround HIM.

... until finally, he succumbed, and died.

The LINT ROLLER collapses. The CAT HAIRS surrounding HIM high-five each other.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Told you so.

The CAT HAIRS surrounding the LINT ROLLER begin to walk back towards BRENDA, but the NARRATOR stops them.

NARRATOR: Where do you think you're going? You may have been too much for the lint roller to handle, but you're still stuck to him.

The CAT HAIRS that were attached to the LINT ROLLER resentfully trudge back to HIM and plop themselves down on the stage around his body.

NARRATOR: But the lint roller's sacrifice was not completely in vain. Enough of the vexatious weight had been peeled away that Brenda could move about more freely. And so, she considered her options. Firstly, she decided to have a snack. For she was very hungry from her ordeal. A granola bar in her pocket provided a seemingly simple solution.

A GRANOLA BAR enters. This is an actor carrying a granola bar and either dressed in a granola bar costume, or simply wearing a shirt with a large “G” on it.

Slowly, Brenda peeled the wrapper from the granola bar in virtually asphyxiating anticipation of its gargantuanly granola-ish goodness against her tingling taste buds.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Careful with all that alliteration. You might hurt yourself.

NARRATOR: Don’t worry. I’m a professional. *(to audience)* But as the wrapper was peeled away, a gentle breeze carried some of the cat hairs to rest upon the bare granola bar.

A few of BRENDA’s CAT HAIRS attach themselves to the GRANOLA BAR.

BRENDA: Nooooo!!!

NARRATOR: Contaminated by cat hair and deprived of its usefulness, the granola bar died.

The GRANOLA BAR collapses.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: You can’t kill a granola bar.

NARRATOR: I’m the narrator. If I say it died, it died.

BRENDA tosses the granola bar in her hand across the stage. The GRANOLA BAR’s CAT HAIRS drag HIM across the stage to where the granola bar landed.

Casting aside her despoiled sustenance, and struggling against the threat of imminent starvation, Brenda dug further into her mind for ways to rid herself of the remaining cat hair. And then she remembered... she owed a vacuum cleaner!

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Uh-oh.

The VACUUM CLEANER enters. This may be an actor in a vacuum cleaner costume, or dressed in normal clothing, but holding his upstage arm up to his cheek and pretending to suck in through his

mouth with his arm as a vacuum cleaner hose. HE also might be holding a vacuum cleaner attachment in the hand that serves as the end of his hose. The VACUUM CLEANER looks very nervous.

NARRATOR: The vacuum cleaner had sucked up cat hair around Brenda's home for years. Surely it could free her now.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: She never brushed me that much before.

NARRATOR: The vacuum cleaner began sucking at the cat hair covering Brenda's body.

The VACUUM CLEANER makes a vacuuming noise and begins sucking at the CAT HAIRS around BRENDA. The CAT HAIRS touched by the VACUUM CLEANER hose move behind the VACUUM CLEANER.

And it sucked valiantly. But even for a mighty vacuum cleaner, the hairs were too plentiful, and the vacuum cleaner choked...

The VACUUM CLEANER chokes.

...and died.

The VACUUM CLEANER falls over dead.

BRENDA: My vacuum cleaner! And the warranty just expired!

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: You're really into this death stuff, aren't you?

NARRATOR: It's dramatic. And powerful.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: It's a cheap jolt. You didn't even develop the lint roller or the granola bar or the vacuum cleaner as characters.

NARRATOR: They aren't real characters! They're a lint roller, a granola bar, and a vacuum cleaner, for crying out loud!

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Then how can they be dead?

NARRATOR: Because their usefulness has expired.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: So they can't perform their intended functions anymore... that's not the same thing as dead. They can't be dead if they were never alive in the first place.

LINT ROLLER: (*getting up*) Well, if I'm not dead, then I'm getting out of here.

VACUUM CLEANER: (*getting up*) Me, too!

GRANOLA BAR: (*getting up*) Yeah!

LINT ROLLER: Not real characters. Hmph.

VACUUM CLEANER: The nerve of some people.

GRANOLA BAR: He's not a person, he's a... a narrator!

LINT ROLLER: You're a mean narrator, you know that?

NARRATOR: Mean has nothing to do with it. I'm just trying to tell the story. It's my job.

VACUUM CLEANER: Do you enjoy your job?

NARRATOR: Actually, yes. Very much.

GRANOLA BAR: Then you're mean!

The LINT ROLLER, GRANOLA BAR, and VACUUM CLEANER exit, leaving their respective bundles of CAT HAIR behind. These CAT HAIRS look at one another, uncertain as to what they're supposed to do.

NARRATOR: You can leave, too. Go on. Go. Find some lint and have a big party or something.

The CAT HAIRS from the LINT ROLLER, GRANOLA BAR, and VACUUM CLEANER exit excitedly.

Some inanimate objects just don't appreciate the opportunity to be represented anthropomorphically.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: I can't imagine why.

NARRATOR: Suddenly, there was a knock at the door!

There is a knocking sound from offstage.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Uh-oh.

BRENDA: Who is it?

FRANKIE: (*offstage*) It's Frankie!

NARRATOR: Brenda's best friend, Frankie, had dropped by for a visit.

BRENDA: Frankie! I need help! Don't come in! Stay away!

FRANKIE: (*offstage*) What?

BRENDA: It's terrible! It's awful! I don't know what to do!

FRANKIE: (*offstage*) I'm coming in!

BRENDA: Don't! It killed my lint roller! Kind of! And my vacuum cleaner! And a granola bar!

FRANKIE: (*offstage*) You're not making sense! Try to calm down! There's a key under the mat, right?

BRENDA: No! Stay away! It'll get you, too!

FRANKIE: (*enters*) What'll get me?

BRENDA: The cat hair.

FRANKIE: Wow. You look like a Wookiee.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Told ya.

BRENDA: A wookiee?

FRANKIE: Yeah.

BRENDA: Really?

FRANKIE: Yeah.

BRENDA: Chewbacca, or Tarfful from *Revenge of the Sith*?

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: I'd put my money on Malla from the *Star Wars Holiday Special*.

NARRATOR: You're cruel.

FRANKIE: (to BRENDA) More like Itchy from the *Star Wars Holiday Special*.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Ooooh... that's even worse.

BRENDA: Nooooo!

FRANKIE: What are you freaking out about? Here, let's brush some of that off of you.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: It's like watching an X-Wing Fighter crash in slow motion, isn't it?

FRANKIE brushes BRENDA with her hand. Several of BRENDA's CAT HAIRS attach themselves to FRANKIE.

BRENDA: They're getting you, too!

FRANKIE: It's just cat hair, Brenda.

BRENDA: There's no such thing as "just" cat hair! Can't you see? It's alive! It wants to kill us!

FRANKIE: (still brushing at BRENDA and still accumulating CAT HAIR on herself) You're imagining things. (looks at her arms) Oh, shoot. Now I've got some on me.

BRENDA: (hysterically) I told you!

FRANKIE: Do you have a lint roller?

BRENDA: (still hysterical) I told you—the cat hair killed it. Sort of.

FRANKIE: What about some masking tape?

BRENDA: I don't want my masking tape to sort of die!

MASKING TAPE enters. This is an actor either dressed in a masking tape costume, or dressed in tan clothing and holding a roll of masking tape.

MASKING TAPE: Thank you. (exits)

FRANKIE: Brenda, calm down.

BRENDA: But the cat hair is alive!

FRANKIE: You're being ridiculous.

BRENDA: It's alive!

FRANKIE: It's hair. From a cat.

BRENDA: It's still alive!

FRANKIE: Where'd this all come from, anyway? Did you adopt everything in the SPCA?

BRENDA: It's from Butterball Snowflake!

FRANKIE: There's no way this can all be from Butterball Snowflake.

BRENDA: But it is! And I already cleaned some of it off!

FRANKIE: All this... and then some... came from your one cat?

BRENDA: Uh-huh.

FRANKIE: That's not physically possible.

BRENDA: I don't care if it's possible or not! It's what happened.

FRANKIE: You make it sound like some kind of paranormal occurrence.

BRENDA: I have never seen a ghost, an alien, or Bigfoot, or the Loch Ness Monster, but swear to you that I had a close encounter with cat hair today, and I barely survived with my life.

FRANKIE: You've obviously been traumatized to the point of redundancy.

BRENDA: What?

FRANKIE: Saying you survived with your life. It's redundant. The life part is already implied by survival.

BRENDA: I don't care! I have bigger things to worry about right now than the English language.

FRANKIE: Brenda... I want you look at something. Here, kitty.

FRANKIE crosses towards BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE and BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE takes a few steps away from the NARRATOR towards FRANKIE. BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE's CAT HAIRS follow. FRANKIE pets BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE. Some of BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE's CAT HAIRS attach themselves to FRANKIE.

BRENDA: No! Don't touch it!

FRANKIE: This is just a cat. Your cat. And that's all it is. A cat. There's nothing sinister about it... or its hair. It's just fur. It's soft. It's nice to touch. And... it comes off.

BRENDA: See! See! I told you!

FRANKIE: Okay... so your cat sheds. A lot. That doesn't mean that the hair is alive and deliberately trying to torture or kill you.

BRENDA: You're wrong! Frankie, you're wrong!

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE crosses to BRENDA.

NARRATOR: Brenda watched in horror as the precious, long-tailed genesis of her torment drew near.

BRENDA: No! No! Stay away from me! Keep it away!

NARRATOR: She tried to keep it at bay, but in the end, she was no match for Butterball Snowflake's feline charms.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE rubs up against BRENDA's leg. BRENDA's demeanor instantly changes. She pets BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE and a few CAT HAIRS move from BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE to BRENDA.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Meow.

BRENDA: Aww. Such a sweet kitty-cat. Such a nice kitty. Such a pretty kitty-kins. Yes, you are.

FRANKIE: Okay. So you understand that the cat's fur isn't trying to kill you.

BRENDA: The cat's fur is definitely trying to kill me. (to BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE) But he's so sweet. Yes he is. Must love the kitty. Yes. Even if his hair is trying to drive me mad and kill me, yes it is.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: I can't believe I live with this woman.

NARRATOR: (to BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE) Better you than me.
(to audience) Frankie watched in horror as Brenda's very mind unraveled before her eyes.

BRENDA: Such a pretty meow. Yes it is. What can we do with the sweet kitty-kins to keep its hair from killing mommy? Hmm? What can we do? We can't get rid of you. We love you too much. We can't shave you. No we can't. Because then you'd be a bald kitty and you'd get cold and you wouldn't be so soft and furry. We can't not pet you, because you need wuv. We can't put you in a box, because that would be mean. I guess your soft, soft fur is just going to kill mommy, isn't it? And there's nothing mommy can do because you're soooo cute.

FRANKIE: Um, Brenda...

BRENDA: And sooo soft.

FRANKIE: Brenda, stop it! You're being weird. I mean, even by cat owner standards, you're being weird.

BRENDA: Maybe mommy's friend Frankie can take care of you after your soft, soft fur kills mommy. And then your fur can kill Frankie, too. Won't that be nice?

FRANKIE: Brenda, I am not a cat person. I like them okay, but I don't want to take care of one. And I am definitely not going to let a cat's hair kill me.

BRENDA: But he's sooo cute.

FRANKIE: He's a cat.

BRENDA: He needs wuv!

FRANKIE: He needs to be brushed.

BRENDA: No! No brushing!

FRANKIE: Trust me, it'll help with the shedding.

BRENDA: No! You'll get us both killed!

FRANKIE: Here, kitty.

*BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE and his CAT HAIRS
cross to FRANKIE.*

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Uh-oh. Here we go again.

*FRANKIE takes the brush and begins to brush
BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE.*

NARRATOR: Oblivious to what she was initiating, Frankie began to brush Butterball Snowflake.

*Throughout the brushing, most of BUTTERBALL
SNOWFLAKE's CAT HAIRS gravitate to FRANKIE.
A few gravitate to BRENDA. More and more CAT
HAIRS enter to replace them.*

FRANKIE: Boy, this cat's got a lot of hair.

BRENDA: Stop!

FRANKIE: Wow.

BRENDA: Stop now!

FRANKIE: Good grief.

BRENDA: No more!

FRANKIE: How much more can there be?

BRENDA: Lots more!

NARRATOR: Frankie brushed and brushed and brushed. And the amount of cat hair in the room grew and grew and grew.

FRANKIE: I don't believe this.

NARRATOR: Determined and oblivious, she pressed on... and on... until... it was too late.

FRANKIE stops and looks at herself.

FRANKIE: Uh-oh.

BRENDA: You look like a Wookiee.

NARRATOR: Covered with quantities of cat hair beyond imagination, Frankie collapsed...

FRANKIE collapses.

BRENDA: Told you so.

NARRATOR: ...and died.

FRANKIE's CAT HAIRS begin high-fiving one another, but stop abruptly when FRANKIE speaks.

FRANKIE: Hey! You can't—

NARRATOR: Covered with quantities of cat hair beyond imagination, and because she was a supporting character, and a human one, as opposed to being an anthropomorphized inanimate object that some people mistakenly claim could never actually have been alive in the first place despite the Narrator having said so, she died.

FRANKIE: But—

NARRATOR: And there was nothing she could do about it.

FRANKIE: I don't think—

NARRATOR: She just had to deal with it.

FRANKIE: This isn't—

NARRATOR: That was that.

FRANKIE: I'm not—

NARRATOR: Tough cookies.

FRANKIE glowers resentfully at the NARRATOR. The NARRATOR stares FRANKIE down and gestures for FRANKIE to put her head down on the stage, which FRANKIE grudgingly does.

Sucks (or “stinks”) to be her.

FRANKIE raises her head, about to say something else. Throughout the following, the NARRATOR does not look at FRANKIE until indicated.

Head down.

FRANKIE doesn't lower her head.

Down.

FRANKIE lowers her head, then jerks it back up.

Keep it down.

FRANKIE partially lowers her head.

All the way.

FRANKIE lowers her head the rest of the way.

Thank you.

FRANKIE raises her head again.

And keep it there.

FRANKIE lowers her head.

And thus, despite a most valiant and annoying struggle, Frankie succumbed to the inevitable... and died. (*looking at FRANKIE*)
And. She. Stayed. Dead.

*FRANKIE's CAT HAIRS look down at her body.
Pause. FRANKIE's CAT HAIRS begin high-fiving one another triumphantly.*

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Happy now?

NARRATOR: Very, yes.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Thought so.

BRENDA: (*wailing*) Poor Frankie!

NARRATOR: Traumatized beyond what her feeble mind could handle, Brenda passed out.

BRENDA: Thank you. (*passes out*)

Beat.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Can I ask you a question?

NARRATOR: You just did.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Don't be a wise guy.

NARRATOR: I'm the narrator. I can't help but be wise.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Where is this going? We've successfully killed off a supporting character, alienated a lint roller, a granola bar, and a vacuum cleaner, and pushed the main character to the brink of insanity. And all we have to show for it is a bunch of cat hair.

NARRATOR: A bunch of insidious, nefarious, intelligent and ever-plotting cat hair.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: But you said at the beginning that this cat hair wasn't going out to take over the world. At least, not yet.

NARRATOR: Not then, no. But that was at the beginning of the play. We're much closer to the end now.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: So all this hair's finally going to do something... as opposed to just accumulating and sticking to stuff?

NARRATOR: Oh, yes.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: Yes?

NARRATOR: Yes.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: I'm waiting.

NARRATOR: With the thrill of blood on their hands—metaphorically speaking, of course—the cat hairs began to pulse...

All of the CAT HAIRS begin to pulse.

BUTTERBALL SNOWFLAKE: That kind of tickles.

NARRATOR: ...then swept together in a solid mass...



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