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## A Chat between Cats

Marisa K. Gonzalez

*Providence College*, [mgonzal1@friars.providence.edu](mailto:mgonzal1@friars.providence.edu)

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A Chat between *Cats*

*During intermission of Cats The Musical*

*A Daughter and Mother walk out of the theater*

Daughter: Can we get a refund?

Mother: Dear.

Daughter: What? I'm sorry, but it doesn't make sense. There is absolutely no plot! And everything is sung!

Mother: Well, it is a musical.

Daughter: Well, it shouldn't be.

Mother: Honey!

Daughter: Seriously, who makes a musical out of poems that are only connected because they are about cats?

Mother: The play writers

Daughter: Yes. Those people. Perhaps they saw a story but I don't! I can't stand watching a musical I can't follow. If it were in catanese then I would understand it.

Mother: Honey, there's no such thing as catanese.

Daughter: Well Parentenese is a thing. Why can't catanese be one? Anyway, if it were a bunch of meows then I would have understood it better than the made up language that was said. Like seriously, "jellicle cat"? What the heck does "jellicle" mean? It sounds like Jell-O and sure the cats were flexible, but they weren't Jell-O! And they even have a song about how they are "Jellicle Cats". But do they ever define "Jellico"? No!

Mother: Darling, did you have candy for breakfast again?

Daughter: Maybe.

*They leave and a couple walks out of the theater. The boyfriend is crying.*

Girlfriend: It's just a musical, about CATS! There is no need to be so emotional.

Boyfriend: But, but, that one song, The Memory one, is so sad. That old, fat, ugly cat just wants to be a part of the family but they shun her. Sure she hideous, but that's no reason for them to be so cruel. I wouldn't do that. I don't care about looks. In fact I don't even notice them.

Girlfriend: But you just called the cat hideous and fat.

Boyfriend: The song's still sad though.

*Girlfriend rolls her eyes and starts to walk away.*

Boyfriend: But it's just a cat. I don't care about human looks, I mean look at you.

Girlfriend: What!

Boyfriend: Um... *Starts to sing Memory*

Girlfriend walks away

Boyfriend: Babe!

He runs after her and an elderly couple appears.

Wife: Oh, that Rum Tum Tiger was quite the handsome cat. Oh, and so like Elvis. I remember those days. I want to go dancing again. Can you take me dancing? Of course it won't be as it used to be since you can no longer dance like that Rum Tum Tiger.

Husband: Yes, because I'm old.

Wife: Oh to be young again! To dance, to jump, to sing with joy.

Husband: To not having to wear a diaper. Oh yes, the good old days of bladder control. Who knew a musical about cats could make me miss my working kidneys. *Shakes head* All I wanted to do was make you happy. This musical is perfect for crazy cat ladies.

Wife: I may be crazy, but I am not a cat lady. Four cats is not a lot.

Husband: You forgot to count the twelve stuffed ones.

*They leave and young child and her parents appear.*

Daughter: Cat, cat! That was cat! Cat singed and danced and walked two feet.

Father: Which one was your favorite?

Daughter: The white one. She pretty and danced good!

Mother: Did you have another favorite cat?

Daughter: The big one. He old like Papa, but he farts less.

Mother: Yes he does.

Daughter, But both furry. His papa a cat?

Father: No, just a grumpy bear.

*They leave and a student and teacher appear.*

Student: Mrs. Rogers.

Teacher: Yes Phil?

Student: What's going on in the musical? I can't write a paper if I don't understand the plot.

Teacher: Well, I don't know what's going on either. I thought, ' Hey. Singing cats. Shouldn't be too hard'. Now I'm just thankful for Google.

*They leave and an understudy appears, nervously flipping pages.*

Understudy: Now is not the time for the Old Grumpy Cat to have food poisoning.

A director comes running out of the theater.

Director: What is taking you so long?

Understudy: I don't know my lines.

Director: That's ok. Show's nonsense anyways. Make something up, now go!