

memo

Monday, March 8, 2004

To: The Void?

From: Some Existential Cat

Re: The beginning of Act One, Scene One: Every Morning at My House

*A country road. A tree.
Evening.*

Milo, sitting on a low mound, is trying to lick clean some matted fur. He licks at it with all his might, panting. He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again. As before. Enter George.

MILO: (giving up again). Nothing to be done.

GEORGE: (advancing with long, liquid strides, belly close to the ground). I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying George, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle. (He broods, musing on the struggle. Turning to Milo.) So there you are again.

MILO: Am I?

GEORGE: I'm glad to see you back. I thought you were gone forever.

MILO: Me too.

GEORGE: Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how? (He reflects.) Get up so I can lick and bite you.

MILO: (irritably). Not now, not now.

GEORGE: (hurt, coldly). May one inquire where His Highness spent the night?

MILO: In a cat bed.

GEORGE: (admiringly). A cat bed! Where?

MILO: (without gesture). Over there.

GEORGE: And they didn't pet you?

MILO: Pet me? Certainly they pet me.

GEORGE: The same lot as usual?

MILO: The same? I don't know.

GEORGE: When I think of it . . . all these years . . . but for me . . . where would you be . . . (Decisively.) You'd be nothing more than a little heap of bones at the present minute, no doubt about it.

MILO: And what of it?

GEORGE: (gloomily). It's too much for one cat. (Pause. Cheerfully.) On the other hand what's the good of losing heart now, that's what I say. We should have thought of it a million years ago, in the nineties.

MILO: Ah stop blathering and help me clean this matted fur.