

The Yowl of the Wild

a short play by
Peter M. Floyd

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Butch: A male dog
Cleopatra: A female cat
Nina: A female dog
Scratch: A male cat

SCENE: The home of Cleopatra, Butch and Nina

The scene is the living room of a small house or apartment. Several pieces of furniture adorn the room; the most prominent of these is a large couch. On the wall at right is a large picture window. (If budgets are limited, this can be simply suggested by the use of a wooden frame, or simply implied by the actions of the characters.)

Note: The actors portraying the cats and dogs should not be dressed in animal costumes, except perhaps for something minimal, such as a fake set of ears, and gloves or mittens to represent paws. They should wear something nondescript which will allow freedom of movement, such as a gray track suit. Their "catness" or "dogness" should be portrayed through their actions and mannerisms.

When lights come up, we see CLEOPATRA (a cat) lying curled up asleep on the couch. After a beat, SCRATCH (another cat) enters from the other side of the picture window. He sits on his haunches in front of the window, watching CLEOPATRA intently. He lifts up his paw as if to tap on the glass.

BUTCH (off)

Master!

At the sound of BUTCH'S voice, SCRATCH lowers his paw and dashes off the way he came.

After a beat, BUTCH (a dog) runs in from the opposite side of the stage. He paces about frantically.

BUTCH

Master! Master!

CLEOPATRA (*waking up, but with eyes still closed*)
Shhh.

BUTCH
Where is Master?

CLEOPATRA
Shut up!

BUTCH
Master's gone! He's never coming back!

CLEOPATRA stretches herself, and then lazily adopts another position.

CLEOPATRA
The Hairless One left this morning after the sun came up, just like he does every single day. He'll come back when the sky gets black, just like he does every single day.

BUTCH
But what if he doesn't? Urf! What if he never comes back? Urf! Who'll feed us and walk us and scratch us on the nose?

CLEOPATRA
I'll scratch you on the nose with a pawful of claws if you don't shut up. I'm trying to get some rest here. (She shifts positions again.)

BUTCH
You don't care for Master!

CLEOPATRA
I don't mind the Hairless One, except when he trims my claws, or takes me off to the Hurting Place. I like it when his lap is warm.

BUTCH
Master is nothing but a lap to you!

CLEOPATRA
A lap and two legs to rub against. Now, will you muzzle yourself and let me sleep? You can give me a shout if you see any squirrels out that window.

NINA (*off*)
Butch!

CLEOPATRA

Oh, no. *(She covers her ears with her paws.)*

BUTCH

Nina!

NINA *(off)*

Butch!

BUTCH

Nina!

NINA runs on. She is another dog, a smaller one than BUTCH. The two of them rush to each other and sniff each other's faces. They then turn in a circle, sniffing each other's rumps.

NINA

Butch!

BUTCH

Nina!

NINA

Any sign of Master?

BUTCH

No, no sign!

NINA

Oh, no! Will he come back?

BUTCH

Cat says so.

NINA

You trust Cat?

CLEOPATRA

Hey, I have a name, you know! *(proudly)* I am Cleopatra.

BUTCH

Urf! That's a stupid name, Cat.

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM