

CAST:

- LINDSEY An attractive geneticist in her mid-twenties. She is nicely dressed, wearing a lab coat over her suit.
- CATO
(pronounced
kay-tow) Her troubled, energetic boyfriend. He is dressed very casually in loose fitting clothes. Has been injected with cat DNA.
- KANE The scientist Lindsey works for. He is a neurotic, dangerous-seeming man, and he is very "in love" with Lindsey.

Set: It is the living room of Lindsey and Cato's home. There are three entrances to the room: the front door, the door to the bedroom, and the opening to the kitchen. There is a ripped up couch with a coffee table and numerous packed boxes. There is a pile of clothes next to the boxes.

Time: The present

Place: Lindsey's home

(The stage is still at the opening. There is a sound of keys in the front door. LINDSEY enters carrying two large empty boxes, her lab coat, and a handbag. She drops everything by the door.)

LINDSEY

Cato, I'm home.

(She waits for a reply, then goes to check for him in the bedroom. When she leaves, one of the boxes opens and CATO leans out of the top of the box stretching. He looks around the room fuzzily.)

LINDSEY

(reentering) Cato, where are... well, hello, Cato.

CATO

Hey, Lindsey. Oh boy, that was a nap!

LINDSEY

I guess so. Did you get outside some today?

CATO

Well, not really, not as such. I was going to, but then I got to thinking about it, weighing the pros and cons, you know, and then I forgot about it completely when I took my nap. You know how that goes.

LINDSEY

I guess. I just think some fresh air couldn't hurt.



Eric R. Brown and the Beeker Hawkins rehearsing the University of Alaska Anchorage second stage production of Domestic Companion.

CATO

Fresh air? No, of course fresh air couldn't hurt, but I can get that by opening a window. And then I wouldn't have to...

LINDSEY

What?

CATO

Well, frankly, Lindsey, I don't trust the door. It seems to operate on its own agenda.

LINDSEY

What are you talking about?

CATO

I know, I know, it's inanimate and all, but you'll just have to trust me that there are insidious forces at work here. Once I've figured them out, I may be ready for a trip outside. But that portal of death isn't going to find me an easy target.

LINDSEY

The door never attacks me, Cato.

CATO

I think it likes girls. Besides, I like it here, I don't need to go out.

LINDSEY

Okay, I'll make a deal with you. The day is going to come when you have to use the front door, but I'll stop nagging you about it for now. If you will promise to stop rummaging in the boxes and spilling their contents all over the place. I pack very precisely, you unpack chaotically. It slows down the moving process immeasurably. Got it?

CATO

I'll never unpack another box as long as I live.

LINDSEY

Perfect. A little excessive, but on track.

(LINDSEY pushes a button on the answering machine and sits on the couch. KANE's voice is heard.)

KANE

(on the machine) Lindsey, this is Kane. Are you there? Pick up if you're there... you shouldn't hide from me. I'm only trying to help you. Call me right away when you get in. Right away. I'll be waiting for your call. I'm waiting. So call right away. All right, you're not there. Bye.

LINDSEY

(sarcastically) Bye, Kane, yeah, I'll call you, sure.

(CATO sits next to LINDSEY and rests his head on her lap. She strokes his head.)

CATO

(purring) Mmmmm... I don't like him.

LINDSEY

Good instinct.

CATO

He hangs up when I answer.

LINDSEY

You know it's him?

CATO

He keeps calling every five minutes until I don't answer and then he leaves his weird message.

LINDSEY

You're right, it's him. Not to oversimplify or cast judgment, but I'm pretty sure that Kane is evil in a Biblical sense.

CATO

It is definitely an evil name.

LINDSEY

Mother Teresa never would have made it as Father Kane, is that what you're saying?

CATO

I think so...

(CATO rises and begins playing with the boxes.)

Hey, Lindsey, I've been meaning to ask you—since we've got all these great boxes just laying around, could we get a fish tank for them?

LINDSEY

What?

CATO

A fish tank. To put on top of them. They're so drab like they are now.

LINDSEY

No.

CATO

Fish would really liven this place up.

LINDSEY

Cato, we're not staying here, so there's not point in livening it up. They're not for fish tanks, they're... Cato, stop playing with the boxes and come here.

CATO

Sorry, I was... just looking at the—

LINDSEY

Cato, focus. Come here and sit down. Look me in the eyes.

(CATO crosses to her and sits down.)

CATO

So the boxes—

Don't worry about the boxes, Cato. LINDSEY

We can't use them for a fish tank? CATO

Focus, Cato. LINDSEY

But they would be perfect— CATO

No! Cato, the boxes not for facilitating a fish tank. I'm not getting you a fish tank. LINDSEY

Why not?!? CATO

I wish you'd remember anything for more than ten minutes. We've discussed this before. I'm not going to buy you a fish tank because I don't trust you to be alone with the fish! LINDSEY

How ridiculous! CATO

Do you remember what happened to that cute little mouse you wanted so much? LINDSEY

Not... really... CATO

It wasn't pretty, Cato. Cage knocked over, fur everywhere, that mouse ear in my slipper. LINDSEY

You are making this up. CATO

I am not making it up, I assure you. Your memory is failing. LINDSEY

It is? CATO

LINDSEY

We've talked about it a thousand times.

CATO

We have?

LINDSEY

Yes.

CATO

But, I mean, I have no memory of that at all. *(a revelation)* Aaahhh, I guess that means you're right!

LINDSEY

That's why you have to listen to me, Cato. The boxes are here so that we can move. Kane can find us as long as we live here, and I'd rather he couldn't.

CATO

Won't you see him at work?

LINDSEY

As soon as we're out of here, I'm not going back. Come on. Give me a hand. I want to get the closet cleared out tonight.

CATO

Okay. *(mumbling)* Failing memory? I just don't remember that at all. Huh.

(CATO goes to help, but then has a sudden sharp memory.)

Hey, wait just a minute! My memory is not failing, we were talking about fish tanks and you tried to distract me. Hah! I remember. Failing memory indeed!

LINDSEY

Cato, can we please get going? It's important—

CATO

More important than my fish tank!

LINDSEY

Yes, more—

CATO

More important than my needs!

LINDSEY

Oh, Cato, not now!

CATO

Have you ever noticed how you're a really self-centered person? You, you, you, it is all about you! Not that I mind. Go out all day. Don't have any energy left for me, just nudge me ineffectually behind the ear a few times, plop some Cheerios in a bowl and call me "taken care of!"

(LINDSEY grabs an empty box and takes it into the bedroom.)

Look at that, off to satisfy MORE of your needs, I suppose! I'm not lonely or anything, don't you worry, I don't have any personal needs or anything, I'll be just fine. I'll just... *(sits)*... sit here. Oh yeah. I'll just sit here.

(CATO sits stoically for a few seconds, but then he notices the remaining empty box. He crosses tentatively to the box. He walks around it. He scratches at it. He gets in the box. It provides him with a strange bliss and he starts dancing. LINDSEY enters to get her handbag. He drops as low as he can inside the box and attempts to be discreet.)

LINDSEY

If you're not going to help, all I ask is that you don't rip up the boxes.

CATO

Say, uh, Lindsey... I know you're busy with... whatever it is that you're doing in there, but I'm hungry.

LINDSEY

You haven't eaten?

CATO

No.

LINDSEY

Fine. You know, you can eat while I'm not here, I don't have to get it out for you, you don't have to have me around while you eat.

CATO

I just couldn't decide what I wanted.

LINDSEY

Has it been all day again?

CATO

Uh, I think so.

LINDSEY

Cato... get out of the box.

*(He does. She exits to the kitchen.
There is a loud tripping noise from the
kitchen.)*

(off) God! Would you please just leave the pans in the cupboard.

CATO

It's weird how they get all over like that.

LINDSEY

(off) Cato, you do it.

CATO

I really don't think so. Say, would it be any trouble to get something a little more exciting than just dry cereal, maybe a salmon steak or, or veal in gravy, or—

*(LINDSEY enters and violently hands
him a bowl of dry cereal, then grabs her
handbag.)*

LINDSEY

That's all I've got time for right now.

CATO

Hey, there's no milk on this!

LINDSEY

You want milk? Go pour some milk on it. I'm busy.

(LINDSEY exits to the bedroom.)