

Stories **on** Stage

Script

A Name for Kitty

(Script adapted from the story)

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A Name for Kitty

Characters:

Marimba, a little girl

Sal, the pet shop owner

Xylo, a little boy

Malinda Martha

Narrator

Mother

Kitty

Marimba: Uncle Sal, Uncle Sal. Is Malinda Martha coming to the pet shop today? I want to show her the new litter of kittens.

Sal: She usually comes with her Mother on Saturday morning to get pet food for big dog Duffy. You know that Malinda Martha loves to come to the pet shop.

Xylo: I hope they come before Music World opens. Mom said we can't be late for our music lessons.

Sal: Here they come. As usual, I see that Malinda Martha is running. She always runs inside to explore the sights and sounds of the day. Shhh! The bell on the door is jingling.

Marimba: I like the welcome jingle.

Marimba, Xylo: (speak together)
Hi, Malinda Martha!

Sal: Welcome, welcome.

Malinda Martha: Hi, Marimba. Hi, Xylo. Hi, Sal. Here's my shopping list. We need pet food for Duffy. He likes lamb and rice, and milk bones. And Mother says he can have a new chew toy, too.

Sal: Well, I'll just hold on to this shopping list for a minute while you look around with Marimba and Xylo. I know how much you like to investigate.

Malinda Martha: (to Marimba and Xylo) Do you hear that tiny meow? Let's investigate.

Narrator: Sal winks at Marimba and Xylo, hinting that they should let Malinda make her own discovery.

Malinda Martha: Oh! Look at the kittens. A little black and white kitten. Oh, Mother, may I take Kitty home?

Mother: We'll see, Malinda Martha. We'll see.

Xylo: (whispers to Malinda Martha) Your Mother is so nice. Don't worry. Everything will work out.

Marimba: Music World must be open by now. Mom said we can't be late for our music lessons. See you later, Alligator.

Malinda Martha: In a while, Crocodile. (Note: Mother and Malinda Martha drive away in the car.) Mother, we're driving off with all that food for big dog Duffy...but without the black and white kitten.

Mother: Kitty would need all your attention from the first minute you leave the pet shop. We have a lot of errands to do.

Malinda Martha: I'll never stop thinking about Kitty. If only I can see Kitty again.

Narrator: Malinda Martha hopes that Mother will have a change of heart. Malinda Martha wriggles and squirms at every stop sign on the way home. She doesn't say a word. But her heart is pounding, go, go, go. One minute her heart is pounding and the next minute her heart is skipping a beat. Mother HAS had a change of heart.

Malinda Martha runs inside the pet shop. She runs to the black and white kitten.

Malinda Martha: Kitty, Kitty, you're waiting...all alone.

Narrator: And then her heart beats faster with joy.

Malinda Martha: Oh, Kitty, you waited! You waited for me!

Sal: I can set Kitty up in style...cans of soft food, vitamins, a pillow, and toys. What do you think?

Malinda Martha: Kitty can lie on the pillow on the way home. And he'll need a name tag!

Narrator: Malinda Martha, Mother, and Kitty head home.

Malinda Martha: Purry Kitty, you sure do purr a lot on your soft pillow. I can hardly wait to tell Xylo he was right.

Narrator: Kitty plays in Malinda Martha's room...safe from big dog Duffy. And Malinda Martha tries out a different name for Kitty every day.

Malinda Martha: You zoom around the room like a spaceship. You're a ball of energy. You can be Cosmo for one whole day. But sometimes you jump up on the counter and freeze in your tracks, like when the flower vase shattered. Maybe you should be Catastrophe. I don't think Shadow fits you at all because you're afraid of your own shadow on the wall. I'm tempted to call you Cybercat, for the time I caught you playing with the mouse on the cyber-mat. But I know that's not your kind of mouse. You're not a cybercat. Patches isn't a good match, either. Even if you

do take a catnap in your catnip patch. If only you could tell me your own little bit. Would you choose Blackbeard as the perfect fit?

Kitty: Meow. Meow.

Malinda Martha: Are you saying, "I'm a landlubber, I am. Just call me Sam." Kitty, you'll have to grow into a name that fits.

Narrator: In time, Kitty does grow up.

Malinda Martha: Oh Kitty, you're so... independent. I guess you'll always be cautious of big dog Duffy, though...but you climb trees and walk on the roof. You're a field cat, too, and a cat who comes to dinner...as the perfect gentle cat you've become. Oh, Kitty, you have grown into a name that fits. You've grown into Sammy Sophisticat. But I bet you will always answer to just plain SAMMY, the name that sticks like glue. I like having your name tag with Sammy on it, on my backpack, along with Duffy's name tag. Every kitty should have a particular name AND a sensible everyday name like yours. I remember when I thought you meowed your name to me a long time ago before you grew up. It's like you really chose your own name.

Kitty: Meow.