

OUR HUMAN - Audition Cut

Characters

CHAT A cat, played by a human of any age, gender, ethnicity

EMBER A cat, played by a human of any age, gender, ethnicity

CHAT and EMBER must be recognizable as cats by any combination of whiskers, cat ears, tails, or small triangular noses.

Stage directions provide information for actors and are not intended to be read in performance.

Lights up on the two cats, fast asleep, lying near each other, curled or stretched out.

CHAT's eyes pop open and then his/her head lifts up. Pause.

CHAT sits up, clearly listening, now wide awake.

CHAT

That's odd. That's odd and I think not good. No, indeed. I think it is not good at all.

CHAT rises, gently bumps EMBER, who lies, mouth slightly open, fast asleep.

CHAT

Ember!

EMBER

Mmmm.

CHAT

Ember. Wake up.

EMBER

Dreaming right now. . .

CHAT

Something odd is happening.

EMBER awakens, stretches elaborately before responding

EMBER

Delightful nap.

CHAT

I want you to listen very carefully.

EMBER

First, lick my ears

CHAT

Not right now, dear

EMBER

Yes, now, Chat. Please.

CHAT

First listen.

EMBER

First lick.

CHAT

No.

EMBER

Let's compromise. Just lick my right ear.

After that, I will listen very carefully.

CHAT

This is more important than your ears.

EMBER

Nothing's more important than my ears. I

have an irritating tickle in my right ear.

CHAT

Your ear can wait a moment.

EMBER

If you loved me, you would lick the tickle away.

EMBER rubs ear with forearm

CHAT

Something's wrong.

EMBER

Exactly. I might have a flea. I might have an ear mite. I might have an infestation of ear mites.

CHAT

Hush for a moment. Listen.

**SATAN AT WALMART** - Audition Cuts

CAST OF CHARACTERS (In Order Of Appearance)

TAMI . . .A YOUNG-LOOKING 20, A WALMART STORE GREETER, BUCKY .. .20, A WALMART CLERK  
SATAN . .THE DEVIL, ANCIENT BUT PROBABLY MATURE IN APPEARANCE

The entrance to a Walmart, late at night. TAMI, 20, a greeter, stands just inside the doors. She is petite, perky and pleasant, a good corporate soldier whom life has not yet crushed. She is as quick to anger as she is to joy. BUCKY, 20, ENTERS in a rush. When together, the two have not entirely left middle school

CHAT  
SATAN  
Silence! “Bucky” summoned me, so  
“Bucky’s” first. What do you  
want ... (disdainfully) “Bucky”?  
BUCKY  
I want a date. A real nice date.  
TAMI  
(Ahhhhh)  
Really?  
BUCKY  
(Glaring at TAMI)  
With Mandi Bean. (To SATAN) She’s a god-  
dess!  
TAMI  
(Shocked, hurt, angry and jealous at this  
betrayal; then:)  
Pfffft. You wish Mandi Bean!  
SATAN  
You mean you want the goddess Mandi  
Bean in utter thrall to you.  
TAMI  
Pfffft. Goddess.  
BUCKY  
Mandi is hot! (To SATAN) Let’s just see how  
the date goes first.  
TAMI  
Mandi’s a motormouth, and super stuck on  
herself. He knows he  
won’t be able to stand her for more than  
one date.  
BUCKY  
Shut up! She’s way better looking than  
you—  
TAMI  
Like I care what you think, Bucky—!  
BUCKY

Like I care what you think about what I  
think, Tami—!  
SATAN  
Fine! A date with Mandi Bean. What else?  
SATAN AT WALMART  
Revised 04/04/21  
5  
BUCKY  
Sorry?  
SATAN  
What else do you want? I got places to be,  
chop-chop.  
BUCKY  
Oh ... well ... um ... nothing really. Yeah,  
just a date with Mandi  
Bean.  
TAMI  
She’ll never go out with you.  
SATAN  
Yes, she will!  
TAMI  
And you’ll hate it. (Making her hands talk)  
I’m Mandi Bean:  
“Mandi this, Mandi that, Mandi, Mandi,  
Mandi!”  
BUCKY  
You’re so jealous, / you’re just pathetic!  
TAMI  
(In BUCKY’s face)  
/Mandi, Mandi, Mandi, Mandi, Mandi—  
SATAN  
Silence! Come on, there must be more you  
want for your immortal  
soul, boy.  
BUCKY  
I can’t really think of ... nah, just the date.

## The Garden Path to Hell is Paved with Good Intentions

### Audition Cuts

The friendly HOA president is looking forward to spring, the pandemic's end, and Game Day! But his neighbor, an unrepentant master gardener, needs just a few minutes of his time to help her with some simple tasks in the garden. In a matter of minutes, the president finds himself on the other side of the law when the yard chores turn hilariously criminal.

NEIGHBOR (Hurrying past, carrying a grocery bag.) Beautiful day, Hazel!

GARDENER (Pitifully, arm in a sling, struggling with a heavy, blue bucket.) Oh... Hey, Brad.

NEIGHBOR What'd you do to your arm, lady? Here, lemme help you. What-tcha doing? Puttin' in zinnias?

GARDENER No, perennials.

NEIGHBOR Perennials? Huh. That those tall –

GARDENER No. Short. Sedum.

NEIGHBOR Sedum. Wait, do they attract vermin? Like deer?

GARDENER Sedum's on the list of approved plantings, Mr. President.

NEIGHBOR Great! Right. (Beat.) Okay! Well, it's Game Day! So...(trying to exit.)

GARDENER Oh, and that other bucket? Right inside the shed there. (Beat.) Downsizing this year. Too much to keep up.

NEIGHBOR Sure. (Getting the red bucket.) I'm proud of you, Hazel. Because your garden last year was –

GARDENER Yes, yes, I know. Against HOA rules. I got your warning letter.

NEIGHBOR Yeah. Sorry. (Hurrying, trying to leave.) Well, I gotta say, it's good to see you! I haven't seen people – real live people, in the flesh, who weren't all pixelated or freezing up – in, geez...

GARDENER Oh, just one more thing. (Handing him a large scoop for the blue

bucket.) If you could just, you know, spread this compost around. Yeah, just here, there, and everywhere.

NEIGHBOR Oh, yeah. Sure. Still got a few minutes before the game. (Spreading compost.) Oh, hey, where's your helper? Haven't seen her around either.

GARDENER Oh, Mother? You just reminded me. Gotta air out the house. You're not gonna burn all those leaves, are you?

NEIGHBOR Who me? No. Not after you yelled at me that time.

GARDENER Makes good food for the plants. But there's other stuff just as good. Besides, I got plenty of compost for both of us.

NEIGHBOR You do?

GARDENER Yeah, been saving it up all winter.

NEIGHBOR (Getting a whiff of the red bucket.) Whoa! Man! That is pungent. That's the problem I have with mulch. That dead smell. Lasts all summer. Can't stand it.

GARDENER Compost. Not mulch. And it's not your dinner is it? I'm sure these peonies don't appreciate the pervasive stench of cow flesh you torch up the neighborhood with every weekend.

NEIGHBOR What? Burgers? Ha! You're probably right. Though this smells different. Worse even. Like death. And Woolite Carpet Cleaner.

GARDENER      Decaying matter is the best food for your garden. Besides, the peonies might argue that grilled cow carcass is decaying matter. So, in a way, you, too, are just eating death. Depends on your perspective. (Directing his compost spreading technique.)

NEIGHBOR      Yeah. I guess. My daughter would probably accuse me of “unequal and capricious application of morality”...or something. You know she finally chose her major. Philosophy.

GARDENER      Well, of all the damn things. (Beat.) I imagine mortality often feels unequal and capricious to those who are dying.

NEIGHBOR      I'm sorry?

GARDENER      When in the end, we all go into the ground more or less the way we came into the world.  
It's the ultimate equalizer.