

We Three Cats
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CAST: 4 (any gender)

Moxie – over-the-top enthusiastic

Foxie – not as sly as a

Loxie – the voice of reason – for a cat

Star - a Star at the top of a tree (an actor with a baseball cap with a star on top? A star hat tied around their neck; go crazy and add twinkling lights? Have fun.

SET: Somewhere there is a ladder standing in as a Christmas tree. Maybe lights and an occasional dangling ornament. There's definitely a star on top.

TIME: Christmas Season

SYNOPSIS: Three cats desperately want to get the shiny star on top of the Christmas tree.

We Three Cats

MOXIE, FOXIE, LOXIE

(Yes, to the tune of “We Three Kings.”)

We three cats from alleyways are,
Climbing up to destroy the star.
Branches hanging, ornaments dangling,
Guiding us to the star ... afar.

Oh...oh ... star of wonder, star of light,
Star of royal beauty bright,
Prickly needles, pine-scented evils,
Won't stop us from scarring the star.

STAR

We'll see.

MOXIE

On your marks.... get set... go....

(MOXIE runs to the tree, wraps the front paws around it and gets stuck.)

Help!

LOXIE

Awww.... Cute. Moxie's pine-ing for the Christmas tree.

MOXIE

I'm stuck!

STAR

Try branching out.

MOXIE

Isn't anyone going to help me?

FOXIE

Never figured you for a Christmas-tree hugger.

MOXIE

I'm not kitten around.

(FOXIE and LOXIE each take one of the top paws wrapped around the tree
And MOXIE falls.)

MOXIE (cont'd)

Thanks. That could have been a CAT-astrophe.

LOXIE

We need a plan. That star is winking at us.

STAR

Wink. Wink.

LOXIE

Moxie, bend down. Now. Foxie, climb on top of Moxie.

MOXIE

WAIT! Tell me the plan.

LOXIE

Curiosity killed the cat.

FOXIE

(Climbing on MOXIE.)
But satisfaction brought it back.

LOXIE

Now, I'll get on Foxie and then I should reach the star!

MOXIE

(Trying to throw everyone off.)
I did not vote to be at the bottom of this!

(LOXIE is thrown off. FOXIE leap frogs over MOXIE.)

FOXIE

Leap frog!

LOXIE

We're cats! Get some cat-itude!

STAR

You guys are hiss-terical.

(Maybe there's a slight hissy-fit between the stars and the cats.)

LOXIE

STOP! Are you forgetting who we are? Are you forgetting that we were considered gods? Are you going to let a measly, puffed up gas bubble of hydrogen and helium get to you?

(MOXIE and FOXIE utter some plaintiff meows.)

What do we want?

MOXIE and FOXIE

The star!

LOXIE

When do we want it?

MOXIE and FOXIE

Now!

LOXIE

Charge!

(And the three CATS charge at the tree. They're hanging on the ladder. Maybe upside down, maybe tangled in a light – it is not looking good.)

MOXIE

Do we have a Plan B?

FOXIE

Did we have a Plan A?

STAR

If at first you don't succeed, maybe don't try to be an astronaut.

MOXIE

What?

STAR

Never mind. My words of wisdom are clearly over your heads.

LOXIE

We need a ladder. That's what humans do when they want to get up high.

FOXIE

I don't see a ladder. Do you see a ladder?

LOXIE

I think you need opposable thumbs to set up a ladder.

MOXIE

This is too much thinking. My head hurts.

LOXIE

Time to huddle.

(They do.)

STAR

Oh cute! A cat puddle.

FOXIE

Cat-nap.!

MOXIE

Star-chasing is exhausting.

LOXIE

That star isn't going anywhere.

FOXIE

And neither are we.

(The CATS sleep.)

STAR

I guess you can't aim for the star without an occasional crash-landing. Twinkle, twinkle little me. Those three cats will never get me.

END OF PLAY