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*Dramatic Publishing*

**MY  
TWO-TAILED  
HALLOWEEN  
CAT**



**BY RIC AVERILL**

# MY TWO-TAILED HALLOWEEN CAT

**Comedy.** *By Ric Averill.* Cast: 6m., 17w., 1 either gender. May be expanded to up to 20m., 30w., 10 either gender. Sydney is a very bright and precocious girl who lives with her divorced father, loves sports, and is just quirky enough to draw the unwanted attention of the older girls who bully her at school. When an odd scientist, Dr. Entwell, comes to school offering to award a parrot to the student who brings in the greatest “animal oddity,” Sydney claims that she has a two-tailed cat. While gathering scissors, string and fake fur to transform her cat, she comes across the phone number for William, the Witch-You-Could-Have-Everything-You-Want Witch. Sydney dials up the whacky boy, who provides her with the magic to make everyone believe her cat really does have two tails. The ruse works well enough for Sydney to win the parrot. However, she begins to doubt the wisdom of her lie when she’s asked to give up her cat to science. In this play, which is part entertainment and part exploration of self-esteem and the world of bullying, Sydney and the audience learn something about truth, lies, friendship and even a little science. *Unit set. Approximate running time: 50 minutes. Code: MK9.*

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# **My Two-Tailed Halloween Cat**

By  
RIC AVERILL



**Dramatic Publishing**

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## DEDICATION

Without a doubt, this play is dedicated to my lovely wife, Jeanne, who taught theatre while I worked from home and enjoyed my two amazing children, Willie and Trisha, who inspired so many stories with their natural wit and zest for life.

## **IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS**

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

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*My Two-Tailed Halloween Cat* began as a short one-act play produced by the Seem-To-Be Players company and featuring Randy Barkhurst, Marcia Mcfarlane, Jennifer Glenn, Beth Dearing, David Douglas, Dawn Hawkins and Ric Averill.

The first full-length version of the play produced by Seem-To-Be Players at the Lawrence Arts Center, Lawrence, Kansas, featured the following actors: Katie Chauvin, Laura Parkinson, Aaron Tilden, Sara Cortese, Brianna Smith, Laura Williams, Freya McCanon, Lara Lihya, Julia Barnard, Rachael Beaumont, Emma Hoyle, Saira Khan, Jordan Gaches, Kendra Moore, Caitlyn Tilden and Hannah Kapp-Klote.

The final prepublication production of *My Two-Tailed Halloween Cat* was held at the Lawrence Arts Center in October of 2009, co-directors Susanna Pitzer and Elizabeth Sullivan and costumer Jennifer Glenn.

## CAST

SYDNEY . . . . .	Celie Davison
HARVEY . . . . .	Jackson Barton
JOLENE . . . . .	Molly Weisgrau
BETSY . . . . .	Juliana Hill
FREDONIA . . . . .	Alexandra Rader
JUNIPER . . . . .	Genevieve Prescher
TIFFANY . . . . .	Karen McCain
EMILY . . . . .	Melissa Jacob
KERRIGAN . . . . .	Grace Eason

NANCY . . . . .	Mia Haden
ELLIE . . . . .	Devany West
MCPIKE . . . . .	Kelli Sturm
KYM. . . . .	Chelsey Haden
SANDY . . . . .	Carter Stacey
LIAM or “Brainy” . . . . .	Brendan Lyons
SPENCER . . . . .	Maya Spitzer
SUSIE . . . . .	Atlee Myers
ALLISON . . . . .	Delaney Rettele
SHERRY . . . . .	Margaret Uhler
HEDWIG . . . . .	Roan Ricker
MRS. SHELLHORN . . . . .	Jessica Haden
RICHARD. . . . .	Jeremy Auman
DR. ENTWELL . . . . .	Jennifer Glenn
WILLIAM, THE-WITCH- YOU-COULD-HAVE ANYTHING-YOU-WANT WITCH . . . . .	Jerry Mitchell

# My Two-Tailed Halloween Cat

## CHARACTERS

Sydney lives with her dad and loves football. She’s a bit unique and not appreciated by the older kids who effectively run the playground.

### The friends (4th-graders)

SYDNEY . . . . . a tough girl with a vivid imagination  
HARVEY . . . . . her best friend  
JOLENE . . . . . her other best friend  
BETSY . . . . . a sorta vacant friend  
FREDONIA . . . . . a German-exchange friend  
JUNIPER . . . . . a sarcastic friend  
TIFFANY . . . . . a rich friend  
EMILY . . . . . a smart friend

### The older kids (5th-graders)

KERRIGAN . . . . . the leader of the 5th-grade “gang”  
NANCY . . . . . her “right hand”  
ELLIE . . . . . a reluctant friend  
MCPIKE . . . . . a tough girlfriend  
KYM . . . . . Kerrigan’s minion  
SANDY . . . . . another minion  
LIAM, or “BRAINY”

The littl'uns (1st- and 2nd-graders)

SPENCER . . . . . a rascal  
SUSIE . . . . . Kerrigan's little sis  
ALLISON . . . . . another "littl'un"  
SHERRY . . . . . who'd rather be home

HEDWIG . . . . . Sydney's cat

The adults

MRS. SHELLHORN . . . . . the 4th-grade teacher  
RICHARD . . . . . Sydney's father  
DR. THIMONEUS ENTWELL . . . . . a scientist

And...

WILLIAM, THE WITCH-YOU-COULD-HAVE-  
EVERY-THING-YOU-WANT-WTICH

TIME: Near Halloween, early 21st century.

PLACE: Near here, a school playground, classroom and a  
home.

# My Two-Tailed Halloween Cat

## SCENE ONE

*(The playground. There are four groups of kids present: KERRIGAN's gang, a group of six older girls; SYDNEY's friends HARVEY and JOLENE, who have a soccer ball; SYDNEY's classmates, BETSY, FREDONIA, JUNIPER, TIFFANY and EMILY, who are playing a game of cards; and THE LITTL'UNS, four younger kids who are playing tag. SYDNEY is reading a book. LIAM, or "BRAINY," pretends to read as he watches, always ready with an acerbic or random comment. HARVEY calls out to SYDNEY.)*

HARVEY. Hey, half-pint, come off of that book and play soccer.

SYDNEY. I'm reading.

HARVEY. Read later, play now. It's recess.

JOLENE. You'll go blind reading in the sun. It's not natural.

*(BETSY gets up from card game and strolls over.)*

BETSY. I'll play.

HARVEY. Did we invite you?

BETSY. Sydney won't play. She prefers football to soccer, so you don't have anyone to play with, unless you include Jolene.

JOLENE. If you say mean things about people, Betsy, your hands will curl up into little balls and you won't be able to type on the computer OR send any text messages.

BETSY (*looks at JOLENE, doubtfully*). Huh-uh.

HARVEY. Hey, Sydney, Betsy's playing.

SYDNEY (*looks up, sighs*). I can't read if you keep yelling at me, anyway. (*She gets up, moves toward them.*) Hi, Betsy. (*To others.*) Wanna play football instead?

HARVEY. It's a soccer ball, doofus. Bring your football, we'll play football. It's soccer. You can pretend you're Mia Hamm. (*\*Or current favorite female soccer star.*)

JOLENE. She'd rather be Drew Breeze. (*\*Or current most famous and handsome quarterback.*) Sydney loves Drew—

SYDNEY (*holds a fist to JOLENE's face*). Not one more word.

BETSY. Don't get in trouble again, Syd, she's not worth it.

HARVEY (*tosses the ball to SYDNEY*). Here, half-pint, you serve.

*(They start to kick the ball around. The LITTL'UNS look at them, KERRIGAN's gang ignores them, but FREDONIA, JUNIPER, TIFFANY and EMILY begin to put their cards away.)*

JOLENE. Over here, here!

HARVEY. Come on, Sydney, back at me!

BETSY. Where's the goal?

JOLENE. Between your nose hairs!

*(FREDONIA approaches from card game, JUNIPER follows protectively. TIFFANY and EMILY watch.)*

FREDONIA. Ve play soccer in Germany.

BETSY. You want to play, Fredonia?

FREDONIA. Ya.

JUNIPER. No, we don't.

FREDONIA. Ya, I do. Come on, Juniper, lif a little.

JUNIPER. OK. Come on, Betsy, you and Fredonia and I against Harvey, Jo and Syd! *(Teases.)* Girls against boys.

JOLENE. I'm not a boy!

JUNIPER. Boys' names, boys' games.

HARVEY. Jolene's an insult to the boyish race.

SYDNEY. Boys aren't a race. Let's just play.

JOLENE. Yeah, and if you keep saying mean things, Juniper, Mrs. Shellhorn will put you in the closet with one book of matches and when they're all burned up it'll be dark forevermore.

TIFFANY. I'll be the referee—they have the coolest uniforms. How about you, Emily?

EMILY. I can keep score!

*(FREDONIA runs up and kicks the ball, starting the game again.)*

FREDONIA. *Mien* ball! *Mien!*

JUNIPER. Don't hog it, Fredonia.

BETSY. Over here!

*(FREDONIA kicks it to BETSY who is nearsighted and misses it. HARVEY gets it.)*

HARVEY. I got it! Syd! (*Kicks to SYDNEY, but FREDONIA intercepts.*)

FREDONIA. Look over there, it's da teacher! (*They do, she kicks it past them.*) Ha! Goal! Girls' team ist good!

EMILY. One point, girls' team.

TIFFANY. I didn't see any teacher.

SYDNEY (*looking at JUNIPER*). You can call yourselves the "all-girls'" team if you want, but some girls can REALLY play. (*Nods to FREDONIA.*) Nice goal. I'll get the ball. (*She goes to get the ball, which is dangerously near KERRIGAN's gang.*)

LIAM (*looks up from his book*). Ah, Sydney, the square root of stupid is to approach Kerrigan's gang!

(*SYDNEY ignores him.*)

NANCY. Can't play near Kerrigan, right? (*She looks at KERRIGAN, who just glares.*)

SYDNEY. Sorry. (*She kicks the ball back into play.*)

KERRIGAN. One mistake, Nancy.

NANCY. What?

KERRIGAN. Don't even acknowledge fourth-graders exist.

KYM. Except my sister.

KERRIGAN. When she's not with the others.

ELLIE. I don't think you should make general statements of prejudice like that, especially when we're all Badgers.

KERRIGAN. You want to play soccer with them?

ELLIE. I didn't mean that.

NANCY. Yeah, go play with the fourthsies.

NANCY. Yeah, go on, Ellie.

MCPIKE. Can we play 'em? We could totally mash them.

KERRIGAN. No.

NANCY. Not if you want to stay part of Kerrigan's gang.  
MCPIKE. Oh. That's a big fat shame.

*(The older girls regroup and gossip as the soccer game continues. Focus shifts to LITTL'UNS, who are bored with their game and watch the fourth-graders.)*

SPENCER. Let's steal the ball from the fourth-graders.

ALLISON. Let's get our faces bashed in.

SHERRY. I wanna go back inside.

ALLISON. Maybe they'll let us play.

SPENCER. No way, Turnip.

ALLISON. Use my first name, please.

SUSIE. Yeah, she's Allison, not Turnip.

SPENCER. She's Allison Turnip.

SUSIE. Doesn't matter, don't tease her.

SPENCER. All right, Miss Turnip-lover, I won't. Let's get the ball.

ALLISON. I'll help.

SPENCER *(reevaluates her)*. Really? Cool.

SUSIE. If they start a fight, I'll get Kerrigan and her friends to stomp them.

SHERRY. You better watch it. Sydney can be mean and my sister, Ellie says she's the best athlete at school.

SPENCER. Who cares. Let's get the ball!

*(They slowly start to circle toward the ball. The game is continuing. HARVEY kicks it to SYDNEY.)*

HARVEY. Take it in, Sydney.

SYDNEY *(kicks it past the LITTL'UNS who jump for it, miss)*. Score!

EMILY. One for “so-called” boys’ team!

JOLENE. One to one, we’re ahead.

BETSY. That doesn’t make any sense.

JOLENE. Whoever scored last is ahead on a tie. I read it in a book.

*(FREDONIA walks right up to JOLENE.)*

FREDONIA. In Germany, vere I come from? Ve call one to one a tie.

JUNIPER. Kick the ball, Fredonia.

TIFFANY. One to one’s a tie.

SYDNEY. It’s a tie, Jolene. Let’s just play.

JOLENE. Hey, I can dig it. It’s a tie. Your serve. *(Tosses ball to BETSY.)*

BETSY. Hey, Sydney, what’re you gonna be for Halloween?

FREDONIA. I’m gonna be an astronaut.

*(The game continues.)*

HARVEY. I’m gonna be a doughnut. It’s my mom’s idea.

JUNIPER. Cool, you won’t need a costume.

BETSY. That’s not nice. I’m gonna be a dead cheerleader.

SYDNEY. I’m gonna be Drew Breeze, with a number 9 jersey. *(Kicks it to HARVEY.)* Here’s to you, Harvey.

FREDONIA. You should be a girl athlete. That’s better. *(She steals the ball from SYDNEY, kicks it past everyone.)* Score.

TIFFANY. Score!

EMILY. Two to one!

FREDONIA. Now, Jolene, someone is ahead.

JOLENE. Our ball. *(She brings it in.)*

HARVEY. Why do you want to be Drew Breeze? Peyton Manning is so much better—the Saints are a one-bowl wonder! *(\*Use quarterback from current or recent Super Bowl team.)* Boring.

BETSY. Football is so boring.

HARVEY. You should be like, uh, Lady Gaga *(\*contemporary flamboyant pop star)* or Wonder Woman or something.

*(JOLENE kicks it to him, he misses. BETSY gets it.)*

BETSY. Our ball, and the all-girls' team is still ahead, two to one.

SYDNEY. Not for long. *(Steals it from BETSY.)*

JOLENE. Over here, Syd, come on.

JUNIPER. Football's stupid. *(Runs into SYDNEY, trying to kick ball away.)* You only like it 'cause you're not good enough at soccer.

SYDNEY. I'm just gonna be a football player for Halloween. I can still play soccer in "real life." Watch out.

*(JOLENE jumps aside as SYDNEY kicks the ball hard and it goes right into KERRIGAN's gang.)*

JOLENE. Uh-oh.

*(KERRIGAN puts her foot on the ball. SYDNEY walks up. LIAM looks up from his book again.)*

LIAM. As Carl Sagan would say—astronomical disaster approaches!

SYDNEY. Hi, Kerrigan. We were playing...

NANCY. More like trying to hurt someone.

KERRIGAN. Nancy. (*NANCY gets quiet.*) I hear you like football?

SYDNEY. Can I have the ball back?

KERRIGAN. And that you're going to be a quarterback for Halloween.

ELLIE. Just give her the ball, Kerrigan.

KERRIGAN. You know, at Halloween time, you should pick a role model to portray, like, Cleopatra.

*(They all laugh and pass the ball as they call out what they might be for Halloween.)*

NANCY. Or Barbie.

KYM. Or Catwoman.

SANDY. Or Hillary Clinton.

ELLIE. Or Betty Boop.

MCPIKE. Or a genie from a bottle, with pierced ears, and nose, and even a belly button.

KERRIGAN (*to SYDNEY*). Or in your case, maybe one of the seven dwarfettes.

HARVEY. Come on, Syd. We're waiting.

*(KERRIGAN's girls pass the ball again.)*

KERRIGAN. Like Droopy.

NANCY. Or Frumpy.

ELLIE. Or Humpty-Dumpty.

KYM. Or just Dumpy.

SANDY. Or Dumpster.

MCPIKE. Or just Dumbbell.

SYDNEY. We want our ball back.

KERRIGAN. Ball? (*Puts it behind her back.*) Did any of you girls see a ball?

*(They all say shake heads and murmur "no.")*

SYDNEY (*getting angry*). You are so...so...

*(Suddenly SUSIE runs from behind and knocks the ball from KERRIGAN's hands.)*

SUSIE. Littl'uns got the ball! Littl'uns got the ball!

SPENCER. Over here, Susie!

*(SUSIE tosses it to SPENCER.)*

KERRIGAN. Susie! I'll tell Mom!

SYDNEY. Ooo, the great Kerrigan is gonna tattle on her sister!

ALLISON. Give it to me, Spencer.

*(SPENCER throws it to ALLISON, who throws it to SHERRY.)*

SHERRY. I got the ball! I got the—

*(She turns and SYDNEY and FREDONIA are on either side of her. She looks over at KERRIGAN's gang, throws the ball.)*

SHERRY (*cont'd*). Here, Ellie!

*(ELLIE catches it, KERRIGAN reaches out for it.)*

ELLIE. Hey, Kerrigan, it *is* their ball.

KERRIGAN. Ellie, you want to play with the fourthsies or you want to stay with us?

*(ELLIE slowly hands the ball to KERRIGAN.)*

SYDNEY. No problem. Not at all.

*(She walks away with FREDONIA, JOLENE, JUNIPER, HARVEY and BETSY, they whisper, and suddenly they turn.)*

SYDNEY *(cont'd)*. Blitz!

FREDONIA. Hey, dat's a German word!

*(They are almost ready to pounce on KERRIGAN and her gang when MRS. SHELLHORN appears. LIAM rats her out.)*

LIAM. Teacher, five o'clock! Shellhorn alert!

MRS. SHELLHORN. Badgers! Badgers! *(She blows a whistle.)* Is there a problem here? *(The kids look at one another, none speaks up. MRS. SHELLHORN walks to the ball, takes it.)* Whose ball is this?

*(They look at one another again.)*

ELLIE. Sydney's.

SYDNEY. Actually it's Harvey's. We were playing soccer.

MRS. SHELLHORN. I hope you were playing nicely. (*Looks at KERRIGAN.*) I do love to see leadership from you older girls. I'm glad you were playing well with the others. My fourth-graders line up. The rest of you, to your teachers. When we get inside you can all tell me what you're going to be for Halloween. (*She blows her whistle again.*)