

“CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE CAT KILLER”

A PLAY BY SAM GRABER

ESTIMATED RUN TIME – 15 MINUTES

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## **SUMMARY**

The cruelty of her peers isolates a teenage girl and leads her to discover her own brand of sexual fulfillment.

## **CHARACTERS (1F, 3M)**

DOLZ, girl, 14

FAST MAN, a boy, also in middle school

DAD

MR. SPENGLE

## **TIME**

Now.

## **SETTING**

The lower park.

## **FIRST PERFORMANCE**

*Confessions of a Teenage Cat Killer* was first performed on May 19, 2017 at The Phoenix Theater in Minneapolis, MN, under the Arts Nest imprint for *Love, Tonight*, with Jenna Papke as producing director, stage managed by Meesh Morris, and directed by Shelley Whitehead, with the following cast:

DOLZ — Megan Rene Guidry

DAD — Lucien Cravens

MR SPENGLE — Allen Mavis

FAST MAN — Chris Aubitz

## **THE PLAY**

*DOLZ, alone on stage.*

DOLZ

The most confusing sexual relationship you'll ever have is the one you'll have with yourself.

My name is Dolz. I'm fourteen and I just moved here. Wherever here is.

Dad and I have moved around so much it's hard keeping up.

*DAD enters, on his cell phone.*

DAD

Yeah-yeah-yeah, I hear you, but are you hearin' me?

DOLZ

That's my Dad.

DAD

We don't accept restocking!

DOLZ

He's a salesman for some company, I never remember the name. It keeps changing every year.

DAD

That's why it's called the fine print!

DOLZ

Dad means well, but he's never around when I need the big questions answered.

DAD

[To DOLZ] Honey, not now.

DOLZ

Because the thing here, the whole point of all this, is that I don't have any breasts.

DAD

Honey, please, a minute?

DOLZ

Dad, how come I don't have any breasts?

DAD

Oh, God. Uh, let's see, Rules of Reality, yeah? All sex is final. The world doesn't accept returns and exchanges.

DOLZ

Got it, Dad.

*DAD breathes a sigh of relief, exits.*

*Lights shift.*

DOLZ

My new school's okay.

Like all the other new schools I've been through, the trick is to try and make friends early, before they figure out you don't have any breasts.

So I sign up for an after-school club.

*MR. SPENGLE enters, carrying a box of decorations, wearing school pride.*

MR. SPENGLE

This year, we aim big!

DOLZ

The homecoming pep-rally dance-promotion subcommittee.

MR. SPENGLE

The biggest pep-rally ever!

DOLZ

Where people are sure to have so many breasts they won't miss mine.

MR. SPENGLE

Where is everybody?

DOLZ

But I'm the only one here. Well, me and Mr. Spengle.

MR. SPENGLE

Maybe we just need a little social media, huh? Social media. Get your friends to ask their friends and pretty soon we'll have the biggest pep-rally ever!

DOLZ

[To MR. SPENGLE] I don't have any friends.

MR. SPENGLE

Your name is...?

DOLZ

Dolz.

MR. SPENGLE

You must be new.

DOLZ

Not really. I'm fourteen.

MR. SPENGLE

Well, tell me, how do you find Highland Middle?

DOLZ

It's okay. People seem nice. And even if they're not, they're nice enough to my face, which is all you can really hope for these days.

MR. SPENGLE

Yeah. Look into social media, okay?

*Lights shift.*

DOLZ

Mr. Spengle says a shortcut to home is through the lower park.

I find my way out the back of school, pushing open the red double-door that leads out to the athletic field.

It's on the edge of the field where I first meet Fast Man.

*FAST MAN, a boy wearing tracksuit, enters.*

FAST MAN

I'm on cross country.

DOLZ

Story of my life.

FAST MAN

What about you?

DOLZ

Enrichment with Mr. Spengle.

FAST MAN

That guy's a milk dud.

DOLZ

He asked my name.

FAST MAN

Names are a waste of time.

DOLZ

Can I walk with you?

FAST MAN

Can't your parents pick you up?

DOLZ

My Dad's too busy.

FAST MAN

Sucks.

DOLZ

You live this way?

FAST MAN

Through the lower park, yeah.

DOLZ

Me, too! Maybe we could walk together.

FAST MAN

Oh, no. No walking. You have to run.

DOLZ

My body's a bit slow.

FAST MAN

You run because of The Hurt. The Hurt lives in the lower park. He beats up kids for fun and posts vids of the beatings online.

DOLZ

Why does he do that?

FAST MAN

For everyone to see.

DOLZ

What's The Hurt look like?

FAST MAN

All hunched up and bent over. But the trick is to make it to the cat. This old cat lives in the lower park, under the big stone by the stream bank. You reach the cat, you're safe.

DOLZ

See you tomorrow? After enrichment?

FAST MAN

If you make it.

*Lights shift.*

DOLZ

I decide to go it alone.

Besides, maybe The Hurt is looking for a new friend too, and I pretty much get along with everybody, even without breasts.

The lower park is marked by a small trail which descends into old, tall oaks. Walking down the path, everything goes quiet, the leaves from the tall oaks calming the world.

Sure enough, one big stone forms a wobbly bridge across the stream.

I bend down to find Fast Man's cat.

But I don't see a cat.

Instead I find kittens. Kittens everywhere. Soft and purring.

DOLZ [CONT.]

They cling to the ledge under the stone, trying desperately not to fall into the stream.

I carry them to safety. I place them inside the uprooted trunk of a fallen oak.

I tell them my name is Dolz. They seem to listen.

*Lights shift.*

*MR. SPENGLE enters.*

MR. SPENGLE

Wait, Dolz, I got it! Maybe media isn't social. Maybe we're social and the media is a tool to further our socialness. What about that!

DOLZ

Sounds good!

MR. SPENGLE

Ah, it's still just the two of us.

DOLZ

Maybe we can talk about this tomorrow.

MR. SPENGLE

Tomorrow's Saturday.

DOLZ

I've got to go save the kittens.

MR. SPENGLE

Kittens, sure.

DOLZ

Plus, I'm helping this cute boy get over his fear of abuse.

MR. SPENGLE

Kittens and abuse. A pep rally theme. I like it.

*Lights shift.*



DOLZ

I sprint down the trail to the lower park, and wait on the stone for Fast Man.

Eventually I hear the breath of fitness and the clunking of backpack.

*FAST MAN enters.*

FAST MAN

Hey.

DOLZ

Hey.

FAST MAN

What are you doing here?

DOLZ

Waiting for you.

FAST MAN

Why.

DOLZ

I found something.

FAST MAN

What.

DOLZ

Don't be afraid.

FAST MAN

I'm not afraid, I just don't know you.

DOLZ

We met yesterday, remember? Look, under the stone, I found all these kittens.  
See?

FAST MAN

Wow. There's a lot of 'em. Where's the old cat?

DOLZ

Maybe he left them abandoned. The Dad cat. Off on business.

FAST MAN

They sure are loud. They're probably hungry.

DOLZ

Or thirsty.

FAST MAN

Yeah, all kittens need milk, right? Do you have any milk?

DOLZ

[The flatness of her breasts] No. I'd like to be curvaceous. Maybe that's when the milk will fill in.

FAST MAN

Be careful what you wish for. My sister got hers in fourth grade.

DOLZ

With milk?

FAST MAN

Probably. I didn't ask. I hear her with her friends talk about stimulating their clitoris, though.

DOLZ

What's that?

FAST MAN

Beats me.

DOLZ

Do you ever wonder about your body?

FAST MAN

Not getting beat up, yeah.

DOLZ

It's like there's two of me. The inside me and my body. The inside me fights with the outside me. Thunder and lightning, together, but just behind each other.

FAST MAN

Hey, maybe that's the trick! Kittens drink milk, right? And you want your breasts to fill in. Maybe that's what's missing.

*FAST MAN picks up one kitten.*

FAST MAN

Maybe the kittens searching for milk will pull out your breasts.

DOLZ

You think so?

FAST MAN

Worth a try.

DOLZ

Once I have sex I'm sure I'll understand everything. Ow!

FAST MAN

What?

DOLZ

It's biting!

FAST MAN

Can I take a picture?

DOLZ

Why? Ow!

FAST MAN

To show my sister.

DOLZ

This should be our secret. Secrets are something friends share.

FAST MAN

C'mon. Just one picture. Take off your shirt.

DOLZ

Okay.

*FAST MAN clicks, then backs off, runs out.*

DOLZ

Fast Man leaves me fast, skipping across the stone, shuffling past the far bank and running up the hill, his backpack clanging off his hunched frame as he fades into the distance.

[Calling off] See you tomorrow!

DOLZ [CONT.]

Secrets are so rare these days but Fast Man is a boy I can trust.

*Lights shift.*

*DAD enters, on his cell phone.*

DAD

Hey-hey-hey! Read the inspection report!

DOLZ

Dad is pretty much always on his cell.

DAD

It was cleared before we shipped!

DOLZ

Maybe the cell for him is like the kittens for me. A way for adults to suck out their feelings of importance.

DAD

It's not contaminated and I really can't lose the sale!

DOLZ

[To DAD] Dad, I'm trying to tell you, he liked to watch me fondle my kitten.

DAD

Whoa-whoa-whoa! [To DOLZ] What'd you say?

DOLZ

This cute boy from school. We talked about sex.

DAD

Whoa...kay. Um. Rules of Reality: all bulk material, hm?, is contaminated. The world isn't liable for any direct or incidental damages, yeah?

DOLZ

Got it, Dad.

*DAD breathes a sigh of relief, exits.*

*Lights shift.*

DOLZ

Monday morning. School is...different.

It's like descending into the lower park, everything quiet at first.

But then the chants come.

CHANTING

Tit-ty Kit-ty! Tit-ty Kit-ty! Tit-ty Kit-ty! Tit-ty Kit-ty!

DOLZ

It's everywhere.

CHANTING

Tit-ty Kit-ty! Tit-ty Kit-ty!

DOLZ

In the hallways, all around me, pressing close. Somehow they know!

CHANTING

Tit-ty Kit-ty! Tit-ty Kit-ty!

DOLZ

There, on my locker, a single grainy picture of me at the lower park, shirtless,  
with the kitten biting at my nipple.

CHANTING

Tit-ty Kit-ty! Tit-ty Kit-ty!

DOLZ

They know, they all know.

CHANTING

Tit-ty Kit-ty! Tit-ty Kit-ty!

DOLZ

They all know...and it's wonderful! The attention! Finally some recognition!

CHANTING

Tit-ty Kit-ty! Tit-ty Kit-ty!

*Chanting fades.*

DOLZ

Kittens on the internet! With me!

*FAST MAN enters.*

FAST MAN

Hey.

DOLZ

Did you see? The picture you took is on the internet.

FAST MAN

Are you going to cry?

DOLZ

Of course not, this is sensational! I've gone all pop star at the middle.

FAST MAN

Wow, you like totally suck at misery.

DOLZ

But it was supposed to be our secret.

FAST MAN

Yeah, well, The Hurt came by, took my stuff and put it all over the web.

DOLZ

I didn't see The Hurt and I was in the lower park all weekend milking kittens. I even started naming them.

FAST MAN

Names are a waste of time.

DOLZ

This one's Furrbulous.

FAST MAN

You brought kittens to school?

DOLZ

And this one's Meeowch, she's a little biter, aren't you?

FAST MAN

Hey! Wake up and smell the catnip! They're not your friends. I'm not your friend.

*FAST MAN exits.*

DOLZ

I wonder what I did wrong?

Well, that's okay my little Meeowchers, isn't it? Fast Man's just upset because I was popular today and not him.

He'll get over it once my breasts come in.

*MR. SPENGLE enters.*

MR. SPENGLE

Oh. Dolz.

DOLZ

Mr. Spengle, did you see me on the internet?

MR. SPENGLE

Yeah.

DOLZ

Wasn't it great!

MR. SPENGLE

Not the kind of social media I was going for.

DOLZ

But I've got so many friends now, maybe they'll join our subcommittee!

MR. SPENGLE

Look, Dolz, maybe instead of being here you should be getting help.

DOLZ

Mr. Spengle, you seem knowledgeable.

MR. SPENGLE

I'm a licensed educator, yes.

DOLZ

What's the best way to stimulate my clitoris?

MR. SPENGLE

Oh, jeepers.

DOLZ

Mr. Spengle, really, between not having any breasts and sex, it's just I'm not getting any answers.

MR. SPENGLE

Alright, look. Life is like a test tube. From science lab. From high school. If you make it. And inside this test tube, hovering just above the bunsen burner, are all these teeny parts that make you...you. Everybody's their own test tube, with the bizarre swirly mess inside about to get lowered onto fire. It's how we respond to the burn of life's harsh moments.

DOLZ

Got it, Mr. Spengle.

MR. SPENGLE

Just try to make it to high school, huh?

*MR. SPENGLE exits.*

DOLZ

I'm sure I'll make it to high school because I can feel my body erupting.

All my beautiful kittens: Purrfection, Purrtection, Purrsonality.

If spicy Italian gets women into labor, whatever that is, kittens are sure to work.

I cross the athletic field, and the chants from the other kids build again.

So I slink like a minx, all the way to the path and down into the quiet dusk of the lower park.

*Lights shift.*

*FAST MAN enters.*



DOLZ

But a figure's there, waiting in the middle of the path.

Fast Man. Not wearing his backpack. No longer hunched.

Standing tall and unbent.

Holding in one hand a kitten, writhing and squawking in his grasp.

The other hand his camera.

FAST MAN

Hello Dolz.

DOLZ

Is there really a bully that beats up kids?

FAST MAN

Will you give this one some juice?

DOLZ

Is there really a Hurt?

FAST MAN

Just a little juice.

DOLZ

You mean milk.

FAST MAN

Take off your pants.

*Lights shift.*

DOLZ

That night, as a storm gathers behind the highland hills, I see for the first time me on the internet.

Nothing is so cruel in this world as the comments section. Kindness is far from anonymity. No wonder names aren't important.

I watch light burst from black moon clouds, brilliance from empty darkness.

What about me? What about my emptiness? When will I feel pleasure?

*A thunder clap.*

DOLZ

As the rain starts to fall, I run from my house.

I run down streets filling with pooled water, I run, down into the lower park, I run, the tall oaks bending, the leaves scattering, I run.

I reach the gurgling stream double-alive in flash rain, off and over the stone, the storm and splash barely drowning out the cry of helpless kittens.

My kittens!

Inside the fallen oak.

I grab Meeowch.

Then silence.

Movement all around but my ears hear nothing.

*DOLZ pushes the kitten to her crotch and sits on the ground, all pressure on her crotch.*

DOLZ

To my Meeowch Pouch.

Where the kitten first nestles still, but as my weight presses down, it scratches and claws, then becomes furious, writhing.

The pain!

But then!...oh. Oh, yes! Keep going. Oh, yes! This is it! This is it!

*Thunder booms.*

DOLZ

The most confusing sexual relationship you'll ever have is the one you'll have with yourself.

*Lights shift.*

*DAD enters.*

DAD

Honey, Dolz. Got some rough news. I know you just started at the new school but we have to move again. I'm sorry.

DOLZ

It's okay, Dad. The other kids at school don't talk to me. And Mr. Spengle disbanded the committee.

DAD

So you understand?

DOLZ

Sure, Dad.

DAD

You do, you always do.

DOLZ

And sorry I was asking all those weird questions before.

DAD

Hey, you're not weird, yeah?

DOLZ

Yeah.

DAD

It's just...you do something once in this world, it can't be erased. Rules of Reality: people always remember.

DOLZ

Got it, Dad.

*DAD kisses her forehead, exits.*

*Lights shift.*

DOLZ

Guess I'm leaving again.

Moving on.

But before I go...I just want you all to know...down in the lower park...there's many kittens left.

Still so many.

And there's tonight.

*Blackout.*

**END OF PLAY.**