

AMELIA?
By Evan Spreen
Espreen@gmail.com

Characters:

MEGAN: (F) 28 James' girlfriend.

JAMES: (M) 32 Megan's boyfriend.

AMELIA?: (M) 40-60 A large middle aged man wearing a leotard and cat ears. The most non-feline individual you can imagine. He is ridiculous, but genuine. He speaks and moves with all the grace of a thousand seasick ballerinas. He is a strong pour of Cheshire cat with two parts Cat in the hat and a shot of Felix (the cat). Truly believes that he is a cat.

EARHART: (F) 39 Amelia Earhart. American aviation pioneer. First female aviator to fly solo across the Atlantic ocean.

NOTE: Curse words may be changed to less offensive alternatives in order to suit the possibility of a younger audience.

(Lights up on an outdoor set. Somewhere in the midwest. The sun is going down. There is a picnic table on one side of the stage. There is a large cylindrical storm drain on the other.)

MEGAN
(offstage)
Amelia!?

JAMES
(offstage)
Amelia!?

(A young couple - JAMES and MEGAN enter from opposite sides of the stage. JAMES holds a flashlight. MEGAN is shaking a ziplock bag of cat food.)

MEGAN
Did you find her?

JAMES
No.

MEGAN
Amelia!?

JAMES
Maybe this is her subtle attempt at transitioning to full time outdoor cat.

MEGAN
Shes old and a little deaf.

JAMES
Then why are we calling her!?

MEGAN
Just go back inside, I'll find her.

JAMES
No, I'm out here now. May as well-

MEGAN
You don't even like her. Just let me find her. Amelia!?

JAMES
I like her.

MEGAN

You never pet her. You want her to live outside.

JAMES

I'm allergic.

MEGAN

Take a Benadryl.

JAMES

I did. I do. I think I'm exceeding the daily dosage.

MEGAN

Let's break up.

JAMES

Woah! what? That's a jump.

MEGAN

I don't think we're ready to move in together. I'm making you overdose on over-the-counter allergy meds, you don't like my cat, and I feel like you're moving in with me cause you like having sex with me enough to put up with the things you don't like about me.

JAMES

What? Megan, I like you for you. I like being around you. The sex is great, but it's secondary... and I'm adapting to your cat. I'm adaptable.

MEGAN

If you're adaptable, then why did you leave the door open? After I told you 157,000 times not to leave it open.

JAMES

What? I didn't. If I did, it was on accident. I'm not used to living with an animal. I didn't let your cat out on purpose.

MEGAN

Yeah, okay.

JAMES

Please, I'm being real with you.

MEGAN

I don't know that! Who gets to decide what's real?

JAMES

No one does. Real is just... real. Meg, hold on-

MEGAN

I need some time.

JAMES

Where are you going?

MEGAN

To find my fucking cat! Amelia!?

(MEGAN storms off. JAMES is left onstage alone. He sighs and then starts searching the storm drain with his flashlight.)

JAMES

Amelia? Pss pss pss. Amelia!?

(A large middle aged man in a leotard and cat ears pops out of the storm run-off drain.)

AMELIA?

HELLOOO! IT IS I! AMELIA! I AM THE CAT KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS 'AMELIA'. MEOW. WHO BECKONS ME!?

JAMES

What. The. Fuck. I'm sorry buddy. I'm just looking for my girlfriend's cat.

AMELIA?

OH AND WHAT PROVIDENCE! For it is I! AMELIA!

JAMES

Uhhhh... I'm looking for an actual cat. I'm gonna go.

AMELIA?

But lend me an ear, my young prince. We must make haste! Yes!
OOoOooooHh! There is a great darkness that slowly consumes this land.

JAMES

Yeah. That's called a sunset.

AMELIA?

You have been chosen! Youuuu must deliver us from a great evil. What shall I call yooooou, young prince?

JAMES

James. It's James. I'm 32.

AMELIA?

OH HAPPY DAY! PRINCE JAMES!

JAMES

Listen, I'd love to stay and play neverending story with you; or whatever, but it's getting late. And I'm not gonna stand here and have a conversation with a grown man wearing-

AMELIA?

YOU MUST NOW ANSWER THREE RIDDLES.

JAMES

What? Why? I'm not doing that.

AMELIA?

RIDDLE NUMBER ONE! If you have me you will want to share me. But, if you share me you will no longer have me. WHAT AM I?

JAMES

(beat)

A secret? You're a secret. I've heard that one.

AMELIA?

OH PRINCE JAMES! IT IS TRUE! THE ONE WHO CAN DECIPHER THE ANCIENT PROPHECIES HAS FINALLY ARRIVED!

JAMES

Okay, okay. Just keep your voice down.

AMELIA?

RIDDLE NUMBER TWO!! I am always hungry, but will die if not fed. But take heed! For whatever I touch will soon turn red.

JAMES

Uhhhhh fire?

AMELIA?

Oh yessss. Oh yes, yes, yes! One riddle to go! Oh meow! The most difficult of the three. The final riddle: What has a bottom at the top?

JAMES

Hmmmmm. My legs.

(AMELIA? Lets forth a rain of confetti.)

AMELIA?

Oh You've done it! Ooooooooooh! You've completed the trial that has bested even the bravest heroes of history. Now we must be swift. The queen of the fairies must not be kept waiting! Ooooooooooh! I will lead you past the swamps of anguish to the great sword of Shamalaha. Only with the sword of legend shall we

vanquish the darkness.

("AMELIA?" - the man in the cat costume disappears into the storm drain.)

JAMES

Yeah, I'm not going in there.

AMELIA?

(he creates an echo)

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry.

JAMES

This is ridiculous.

AMELIA?

You get to decide James, James, James, James.

JAMES

(beat)

...You know what? Fine, Catman. If we're gonna do this... FINE! I am ready for anything. I am adaptable. I am crawling through a sewer after some weirdo in a cat costume.

(JAMES crawls after the man in the cat costume. MEGAN enters.)

MEGAN

Amelia!?! Ugggghhhhh. Come on! Amelia!?!

(MEGAN sits at the picnic table in defeat and pulls out her phone. AMELIA EARHART enters and sits next to her.)

EARHART

Hello.

MEGAN

Hey.

EARHART

You called me?

MEGAN

No, Amelia Earhart. I'm looking for my cat. Who is also called Amelia. Different Amelia. We were looking for her and I got into a fight with my boyfriend.

EARHART

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

MEGAN

Do you ever just feel... lost? Like you have no clue where you're even going anymore. Everything seemed so clear in the beginning and now, it feels like I've lost my way.

EARHART

Yes. I've felt that. When I was-

MEGAN

No, it's okay. I was trying to look up animal shelters to call, but I got distracted by this buzzfeed article. Look at these pictures of Mars.

EARHART

(looks at phone and gasps)

That is Mars? The planet? Who took this photograph?

MEGAN

A robot? Like a little wheely robot.

EARHART

Oh my. Have you met this robot?

MEGAN

No, he's on Mars.

EARHART

Ah. It seems that one day we will surely be masters of what lies beyond the sky as well as all beneath and within.

MEGAN

I guess?

EARHART

Tell me what happened.

MEGAN

Just a fight.

EARHART

Tell me.

MEGAN

He doesn't like my cat.

EARHART

Oh.

MEGAN

What do you mean, 'oh'?

EARHART

If you're going to have a co-pilot, then you need to start trusting him.

MEGAN

Is that what you did?

(A beat. AMELIA EARHART begins to cry a little. She sniffs and tries to stop.)

MEGAN

Hey, I didn't mean to-

EARHART

No, it's fine. Really. It just- it gets hard being a ghost in someone else's story.

MEGAN

Wanna see some more outerspace pics?

EARHART

No, I think the moment has passed.

MEGAN

Okay.

EARHART

Good luck finding your cat.

(AMELIA EARHART exits. MEGAN stands. JAMES enters. He is filthy and carries a sword made out of cardboard.)

JAMES

Hey.

MEGAN

Hey.

JAMES

I'm sorry.

MEGAN

I am too.

JAMES

Did you find her?

MEGAN

No, did you?

(JAMES shakes his head. They both turn and shout...)

BOTH

AMELIA!?

END PLAY