

The Kitty Bomb

**A ten-minute comedy
by Kevin Daly**

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SETTING & TIME

Kate's living room. Present.

CHARACTERS

Kate Beeker

(f) twenty-six

A kindergarten teacher. There's kindness, enthusiasm, and a touch of disorganization in everything she does.

David Beeker

(m) twenty-four

Insurance salesman. Kate's younger brother.

Tommy Beeker

(m) twenty-seven

Kate's older brother. He's taken stabs at many creative careers. Today he's an entrepreneur.

SYNOPSIS

Tommy Beeker pitches his wildly imaginative inventions to his siblings.

*At rise. Kate's living room.
The room feels warm and welcoming.
Three siblings are mid-discussion.*

Tommy's *pitching his latest entrepreneurial idea.*
Kate's *being supportive.*
David, *not so much.*

TOMMY

People die all the time. It can happen suddenly without warning. Dave, I think of you and your family out for a drive, BOOM, car accident. You're all dead.

DAVID

OK, I'm done.

KATE

Wait a minute. Hear him out.

TOMMY

Can I ask you a question? What's going to happen to your cat?

DAVID

(To Kate)

Is he kidding me?

KATE

It's a legitimate question.

TOMMY

What's going to happen to the cat, Dave?

DAVID

(To Kate)

You want me to take this seriously?

KATE

I do.

DAVID

OK, if my family and I are in a car accident the last thing I'm worrying about is my cat.

KATE

That's his point.

TOMMY

Your cat's going to starve to death.

DAVID

Why wouldn't you feed it?

What if I'm in the car with you? TOMMY

Kate would feed the cat. DAVID

She's in the car too. TOMMY

I couldn't fit that many people. DAVID

Kate and I were driving in the car that hit you. We're all dead. TOMMY

What are the chances of that happening? DAVID

You have to use some imagination. KATE

We all die in a car accident? DAVID

What happens to the cat? TOMMY

My mother-in-law has a key. DAVID

What if she didn't? TOMMY

I would get her one. DAVID

I want you to imagine what that would be like for the cat. TOMMY

Being stuck with my mother-in-law? DAVID

David, be serious. KATE

Come on, Kate. This is funny. DAVID

TOMMY

You said five minutes. You couldn't even give me thirty seconds.

KATE

(To Tommy)

Finish the pitch. He'll listen.

TOMMY

He doesn't want to hear it.

KATE

(Taking him aside)

He does. He does. Tell it to him the way you told me. Take a moment. He'll listen.

TOMMY

OK.

KATE

You have something important to say.

Tommy reaches into a cardboard box lying on the floor and withdraws his invention: The Kitty Bomb.

DAVID

This is too much.

TOMMY

Can I ask you a question? Do people love their animals? And you're right—the chances of you, me, Kate, your kids, your wife, your in-laws all dying in a car crash are probably small.

DAVID

Probably.

TOMMY

But there's people who don't have families. They have cats. If those people die in car accidents what happens to their cats?

KATE

They starve.

TOMMY

That's why I invented the Kitty Bomb.

(Places the Kitty Bomb on the living room table)

It's an explosive on a timer that you put in the cat food.

DAVID

Stop right there.

TOMMY

Every night when you feed your cat you set the timer back 24 hours. If something happens to you and you don't reset the timer it explodes emptying the bag of cat food so the cat can eat until someone comes to save them.

KATE

Let me get my checkbook.

DAVID

No. We're not putting money into this. Is that an explosive?

TOMMY

It's not turned on.

DAVID

You want to sell people a bomb?

KATE

(Reassuringly)

A small bomb.

TOMMY

It doesn't have to be cat food. Dog food. Bird food. I see a whole line of pet bombs.

DAVID

Pet bombs?

TOMMY

People would buy this.

DAVID

For revenge.

KATE

I would buy it.

DAVID

You don't have a cat.

Tommy prepares to take notes.

TOMMY

Tell me what don't you like about it?

DAVID

The explosion.

TOMMY

It's not for people with children.

Or people with cats.

DAVID

You don't like this idea. I have others. Let me show you.

TOMMY

Let's hold those for another time.

DAVID

Tommy exits.

No, don't bother I need to...

DAVID

(Turning to Kate)

I need to get home. I told Maureen I was leaving work half an hour ago. We have an event tonight.

Five more minutes. That's all.

KATE

I need you to understand when I say I'm busy I'm actually busy.

DAVID

(Looks at his phone, frustrated)

I can stay five minutes—at most.

This is good for him. He needs our support.

KATE

The Kitty Bomb?

DAVID

A little optimism. A pinch of engagement. It would go a long way.

KATE

David picks it up. Examines it.

Am I safe holding this thing?

DAVID

He worked hard on that you know. He was excited to share it with you.

KATE

Don't give him money for this.

DAVID

He went to a seminar. We should be supportive.

KATE

DAVID

They're going to put us on the no fly list.

David *puts the Kitty Bomb back in the cardboard box.*

DAVID (CONT.)

Tell me you're not worried about him.

KATE

Actually, I'm worried about my younger brother.

DAVID

You're worried about me?

KATE

You look stressed.

DAVID

I am stressed.

KATE

Work or home?

DAVID

It's my sister. She calls every day.

KATE

I have to call or I'd never see you.

DAVID

You really picked the worst day for this. I've got like a million emails I still need to return.

KATE

A million.

Tommy *returns wearing a traditional Scottish kilt, a Highlander shirt, and a tam o' shanter cap.*

TOMMY

Can I ask you a question?

DAVID

(Seeing his brother's outfit)

OK, now I'm done.

KATE

You have to hear the idea.

TOMMY

It's a party bus. I got the idea at your bachelor party. We rented a limo and drove to the casino. Do you remember that?

DAVID

I remember my bachelor party.

TOMMY

It wasn't fun.

DAVID

OK.

TOMMY

It was just you, me, and Kate's husband Marc. We're not really party people are we? But wasn't that night supposed to be fun? Didn't we want to have a good time?

DAVID

Now I'm really glad I came over.

TOMMY

Can I ask you a question? What would you pay for a party bus where in addition to the driver you also get a traditional Scottish party guide?

DAVID

Nothing. I would pay nothing.

TOMMY

You have the option to get an authentic Scottish party-guide with the kilt, bagpipes, and even one of these little hats they wear...

KATE

Tam 'o Shanter.

TOMMY

Or just a regular Scottish guy in jeans and a Highlander t-shirt. The point is this guy becomes your party guide. He drinks scotch. He has scars from bar fights. He sings folk songs. He knows when and how to talk to women. He makes you feel like a man. I'm calling it MacBuddies. Get it? Mac—

DAVID

I get it.

KATE

Let me get my checkbook.

DAVID

That's a terrible name. And even if it wasn't we're not Scottish. You don't know anything about being Scottish. It's going to end up a caricature, you're going to insult people.

KATE

Not necessarily.

TOMMY

People would pay for this.

David's phone rings during the following. He looks at the phone and chooses to ignore the call. It happens once more before he finally picks up.

DAVID

That's where you're going wrong Tommy—it's not about what people will pay for. It's about what people need. They don't need a Scottish party guide any more than a pipe bomb in their pantry. I hate to be the one to break it to you but these stupid get rich quick schemes are not real inventions. You're a college dropout who's spent the past ten years inventing ways to avoid the real world. Get a job. Do something with yourself. Do something meaningful with your life. And most importantly stop wasting my time. Both of you.

(Answers phone, it's his wife, his frustration carrying over)

What?...I'm on my way... I was just about to... Yes, I know they do but I was just... If you'd let me...

(She hangs up)

Great. Can't wait to get home.

David makes to exit.

TOMMY

(To Kate)

Did you tell him?

KATE

Leave it alone.

DAVID

Tell me what?

KATE

It's nothing. You should go.

TOMMY

I thought the whole point was to do something together.

DAVID

What are you talking about?

KATE

(pause)

Marc moved out this morning. He's been moved out for a while. He just took most of his things today.

David looks around the room. Notices the missing things. Marc's things.

DAVID

Why didn't you say anything?

KATE

There's nothing to say.

David sits down next to his sister. Processing it all. There's a lot he wants to say. A lot he wants to ask. Instead he says, to **Tommy**,

DAVID

What else you got?

TOMMY

How do you feel about peanut butter that isn't made from peanuts?

DAVID

It's not peanut butter.

TOMMY

It's peanut butter for people who are allergic to peanuts.

DAVID

If they're allergic to peanuts why would you call it peanut butter?

The Kitty Bomb EXPLODES. We hear the ringing in their ears. They speak at each other. We don't hear it. They don't hear it. Only ringing.

David is attempting to berate his brother. Large gestures. **Tommy** is trying to figure out what went wrong.

Kate is laughing and crying and laughing.

End of play.