

THE CATS OF PONSONBY

(Music: Gary Daverne Story and words: Ray Prowse)

The hall and stage are in complete darkness except for a dimly lit restaurant back door.

Behind and in the aisles between the audience silent figures move stealthily. The silence is broken by the sudden clatter of a dustbin lid being knocked onto the ground, followed by a hiss and snarling miaows.

Two cats streak up to the stage from the back of the hall chasing each other.

There are other hungry miaows and cats stalk, slink or spring onto the stage from all sides.

Street lights go on.

One cat does a slow, stretching cat, jazz dance.
(Music: - “It was a cinch”)

The others sit licking themselves, or mooch about sniffing at the window and trying the door handle of the restaurant, investigating rubbish tins or playing cards etc.

Suddenly there is a great thumping, banging and yelling from behind the closed door. The cats look at it but respond nonchalantly as if they have heard it all before.

CHEF’S VOICE OFF STAGE *(yelling furiously, amidst bangs and crashes)*

That cat! She’s come inside again! Get out of there! Go on, - OUT - OUT! Don’t just stand there! Get rid of her. She’s under the table now. Look out! (wailing) My soup! Can’t you look where you’re going? Oh my soup! Quick! Shut the larder door before she gets in there. Shoo! Get out of here -- go on! Out you go. ---- Out! Oh my soup! My beautiful soup!

(Bang! Thump! The door flies open and Katt is kicked out. She hurtles onto the middle of the stage landing in a heap on the ground. The door slams shut.

Katt gets up, looks at her mates and then the audience.
She calmly dusts herself off.)

SONG No. 1 MAY THE BEST CATS WIN

(Complete Cast - Some verses could be sung by soloists)

V.1 We've had a little holiday
 And kept just out of sight.
 Kind of going underground
 So we'd avoid a fight.
 Big Tom had put the pressure on.
 In order to survive
 We thought it best to disappear,
 Lie low and stay alive.

V.2 We've had a little holiday,
 Enforced as you might say.
 Now we're back you wouldn't know
 We'd ever been away.
 But nothing's changed. No welcome back.
 The same old stingy man.
 No scraps of food left lying about,
 No open garbage can.

Refrain: (Everyone)

 We sure don't live a life of ease.
 We sure don't live a life of ease.
 Our ancestor the Cheshire Cat
 Was famous for his grin.
 That's the way we look at life and
 May the best cats win.
 We sure don't live a life of ease.
 Sure don't live a life of ease.
 But we don't let it get us down,
 It's us against the rest,
 And may the best cats win.

DANCE

V.3 We timed our little holiday,
 To keep us out of strife.
 Nomad cats or vagabonds
 We know no other life.
 Descended from (or so they say)
 Old Egypt's sacred cat,
 We're cats who've never had a name
 But none the worse for that.

Refrain: (Everyone)

 We sure don't live a life of ease.
 We sure don't live a life of ease.
 Our ancestor the Cheshire Cat
 Was famous for his grin.
 That's the way we look at life and
 May the best cats win.

(These next two lines could be whistled)

We sure don't live a life of ease.
Sure don't live a life of ease.
But we don't let it get us down
It's us against the rest,
And may the best cats win.
And may the best cats win.

KATT: Yes we're back.

EVERYONE: The Alley Cats of Ponsonby

SONG No. 2 ALLEY CATS

(Alley Cats, Vocal Group, Soloists and Dancers)

V.1 We're alley cats of Ponsonby
We roam the streets at night.
We're law abiding usually
Not looking for a fight.
It's other cats that fuss and fume
And make themselves look fools.
We tolerate their lack of style
And act distinctly cool.
Act distinctly cool.
Act distinctly cool.

V.2 It's not that we're conceited or
We scorn our fellow cat,
Forget to mind our manners or
Do anything like that.
We just don't like being pushed around,
Or ultimate disgrace,
Our dignity will not allow
For us a loss of face.
Not a loss of face.
Not a loss of face.

Refrain: (Everyone)

So as a rule we keep our cool
And sense of dignity,
To act in haste, with loss of face,
Is not our cup of tea.
We're smart instead, we use our head,
So cool! and as you see,
The alley cats of Ponsonby
Have per-son-al-i-ty.
Per-son-al-i-ty.
Per-son-al-i-ty.

V.3 We're not disagreeable,
Snooty --no not that!
No one interferes with us
We're independent cats.
We're not picked up or lugged about,
No one pulls our tails.
If people mess about with us
Scratching never fails.
Scratching never fails.
Scratching never fails

(DANCE)

Refrain: (Everyone)

So as a rule we keep our cool
And sense of dignity,
To act in haste with loss of face
Is not our cup of tea.
We're smart instead, we use our head,
So cool and as you see,
The alley cats of Ponsonby
Have per-son-al-i-ty.
Per-son-al-i-ty.
Per-son-al-i-ty.

KATT: My name is Katt, K. A.T.T. Katt and these are my alley cat friends.
(*Alley Cats respond*)
This one is my brother, Tiger. Say hi Tiger.

TIGER: Hi Tiger. (*He waves to audience*)

EVERYONE: Hi Tiger (*mimicking Tiger*)

KATT: We've just come back from . . . uh . . . what shall we say . . . an
enforced holiday and nothing's changed.
We're still hungry.
Hungry alley cats.

SONG No. 3 WE'RE HUNGRY

(Complete Cast)

We're hungry.
We're starving.
We have such an appetite.
We haven't had a bite.
We've waited patiently,
Still waiting as you see.

We're hungry.
We're starving.
There, the people gobble up (*Indicating restaurant*)
As much as they can eat
But never spare a thought
For cats out on the street.

Refrain: (Everyone)

We smell the roasting beef,
The pastry pies and flans
And tasty stews and stroganoff
Bubbling in the pans.
We hear the sizzling sausages,
Hiss of frying fish.
The splash of lovely creamy milk
Poured into a dish. (*Groaning*)

We're hungry.
We're starving.
We have tried a friendly purr,
Unwinking steady stare,
To silently miaow
But we're still waiting here.

We're hungry.
We're starving.
We have tried out every dodge
To melt his heart of stone
But all to no avail
Still waiting here alone.

Refrain: (Everyone)

To eat the chicken pies
And crunch the salad greens,
The hot and spicy relishes,
Taste the cold ice creams.
We'd love a slice of apple pie,
Piled up high with cream,
Alas for all poor alley cats
It's always just a dream.

We're hungry.
We're starving.
We're hungry.

*(Heavy footsteps from off stage marching closer.
Alley Cats listen and then panic.)*

KATT: Listen! *(to audience)*
That's Big Tom and his gang of Thugs.
They run a protection racket around here.
They're mean and tough!

TIGER: Big Tom? Oh no! Big Tom!

ALLEY CATS: *(panic)* Big Tom! Big Tom! Big Tom! Hide!

(Alley Cats hide on stage. Enter Big Tom and Thugs.)

SONG No. 4 THEY'RE TOUGH!

(Thugs dance and mime during song - heavy and slow.)

(Solo Alley Cat)

Snarling, yowling, tough and mean,
Here comes the largest cat you've seen.
He swears, he spits and bares his claws.
He'll box your ears with heavy paws.

All his gang are nasty too,
They hate us, they'll soon hate you.
They've battle scars and sullen mugs,
It's Big Tom and his gang of Thugs.

(Everyone)

Big Tom and his gang of Thugs.
(Thugs hiss at audience)

(Big Tom)

The sound of screaming cats
Is music to our ear!
Where are they all, those Alley Cats?
They must be somewhere near!

(Everyone)

The sound of screaming cats
Is music to their ear!
Where are they all, those Alley Cats?
They must be somewhere near!

(Big Tom)

Always looking for a fight,
We terrorise the streets at night.
We have no time for subtle ploys.
We use our fists and make a noise.

When local cats get out of hand,
I will make them understand
That if they dare to show their face,
We will put them in their place.

(Everyone)

Big Tom and his gang of Thugs.

(Big Tom)

The sound of screaming cats
Is music to our ear!
Where are they all, those Alley Cats?
They must be somewhere near!

(Everyone)

The sound of screaming cats
Is music to their ear!
Where are they all, those Alley Cats?
They must be somewhere near!

BIG TOM: (*Sniffing the air*)

Cats! I can smell cats! Where are they?
(*To audience*) Have you seen any cats hanging about here?
Well speak up!
Have you or haven't you?

BIG TOM: (*Rudely*) You must have seen them --- or were you asleep?
Did you see? You? Hey you!

(*Points to the audience. If they say "yes" look for the Alley Cats but do not find them.*)

They're after the scraps. Our scraps. Our scraps!

A THUG: Yeah! That's right! --- Our scraps!

BIG TOM: (*In disgust*)

Well! Go on. Find them. This lot doesn't know half of what go
on.

(*Indicates audience*)

A THUG: Yeah! C'mon let's find them.

**SONG No. 4a. BIG TOM'S THUGS EXIT MUSIC
(INSTRUMENTAL)**

*(Exit Thugs gesturing belligerently after a last look around.
Alley Cats come out of hiding.)*

KATT: Food! That's what it's all about! Food!
Big Tom bullies for it.
Then there's the Media Mob - they use their press cards - and then there's those
House Cats.....

CHEF'S VOICE - OFF STAGE:

Here puss, puss, puss.
Here puss, puss, puss.
Come on, fish tonight.
Here puss, puss, puss
Here kitty, kitty, kitty

(Three elegant Burmese cats emerge from the restaurant)

**SONG No. 5 HOUSE CAT'S DANCE
(Stepsisters - Optional)**

(The two Stepsisters are scolding Kitten)

CLAWDIA: Remember you're a house cat and please behave like one!

SONG No. 6 HOUSE CAT'S SONG

(Clawdia)

V.1 Remember you're a house cat
And please behave like one.
Our comforts are provided
Our place is in the sun.
Accept the favours offered
The deference shown to you,
It's only right and proper
For us to get our due.

(Pawsha)

V.2 Remember no one owns us,
That we own them instead.
Manipulating humans
The way to get ahead.
Our status is acknowledged,
We're welcomed in as guests,
While cats out in the alley
Are shooed away as pests.

(Kitten)

It must be neat, out in the street
And hunting in the park
With rats and mice and birds to chase
And parties after dark.
Please may I go and say hello
To all the cats out there.
Why must I always stay inside?
It really isn't fair.

(Clawdia)

V.3 Our pedigree exalts us
Above the common herd.
You! Play out in the alley?
Why don't be so absurd.
And rats you dare to mention,
Spit out that wicked word.
Your head is filled with nonsense
The worst we've ever heard.

(Pawsha)

V.4 Those Alley Cats are ugly,
All scrawny skin and bone.
They're hostile and bad mannered
And better left alone.
Their aims in life are fishy,
From markets north to south,
They haunt the docks and dustbins
And live from paw to mouth.

(Kitten)

It must be neat, out in the street
And hunting in the park
With rats and mice and birds to chase
And parties after dark.
Please may I go and say hello
To all the cats out there.
Why must I always stay inside?
It really isn't fair.

(Key Change)

(Clawdia and Pawsha)

V.5 Mouse catching is their business.
For us it's just a sport.
Our meals are cooked by humans
Not something we have caught.
The restaurants acknowledge
Our wishes must be sought,
So please display your breeding
The way that you've been taught.

(Kitten and everyone)

It must be neat, out in the street
And hunting in the park
With rats and mice and birds to chase
And parties after dark.
Please may I go and say hello
To all the cats out there
Why must I always stay inside?
It really isn't fair.

(Kitten)

It really isn't fair.

KATT: Did you hear that!
Burmese cats! Foreigners!

TIGER: Hey! But just look at that kitten.
Wow! Me-ow!

ALLEY CATS: Wow! (*Whistles, cat-calls and winks*)

*(Stepsister cats walk to right of stage talking together.
The Alley Cats surround Kitten and she flirts with them.)*

SONG No. 7 HEY PRETTY KITTY

(Alley Cats)

(Sung as a round)

Hey! Pretty Kitty
We'll show you the city.
Let's have a night on the town.
Say "yes" Kitty.
Don't turn a fine escapade down.

Dance V. 3 and V. 4

CLAWDIA: Kitten! Will you please hurry up.
Don't talk to them! You're a house cat.

PAWSHA: *(To Alley Cats, pompously)* Please leave our sister alone.

ALLEY CATS: *(Whistles and gestures)*

TIGER: Hey? Don't tell her what to do. She can do what she likes.
Think you're sooo posh.
Oh look at me. I'm a house cat. I'm soooo posh.
I get meals cooked by humans, because I am too helpless to catch
my own. I call it a hobby so that I don't embarrass myself.
I'm so posh I walk high and mighty like this with my tail up.
I'm so posh posh, posh, posh, ponsy posh.

PAWSHA: *(Angrily)* High and Mighty? Thank you!
The Media will hear about this!

ALLEY CATS: The Media Mob? HA - HA - HA

CLAWDIA: Yes the Media Mob. Kitten's boyfriend is the leader of
that gang. A fine young man!

KATT: A fine young man.

ALLEY CATS: Oh yeah! HA - HA - HA.

(Cats fall about laughing and jeering)

KATT: *(To audience)*
Have you seen the stupid guy, the Boyfriend?

TIGER: What a nerd.

PAWSHA: *(Losing temper)*
You are insulting a fine young man.
(Strikes Tiger) Take that! And that! And that!

CAT FIGHT **(Pre-recorded backing track)**

*(Everyone encourages the fight. Chant: Fight, fight, fight.)
(Burmese cats chased off.)*

SONG No. 8 A KIDNAP

(Solo Alley Cats)

V.1 We snarled and growled and made a fuss
 And all began to fight.
 We bit and scratched, hissed and spat,
 Chased them out of sight.
 Then we got a beaut idea. A kidnap!

(Everyone)

 Yes a kidnap!

V.2 We'd snatch the Kitten, hide her well
 And ransom her for food.
 Make her sisters steal for us.
 Brilliant! Yeah - that's good.
 Make them bring us out a feast. A kidnap!

(Everyone)

 Yes a kidnap!

V.3 Her Boyfriend could have caused a stir
 He's such a stupid cat.
 The Media Mob, his nosy gang,
 Are pretty good at that.
 But we had a clever plan. A catnap!

(Everyone)

 No a kidnap!

(Everyone)

 Kidnap! Kidnap!
 Then we got a beaut idea.
 Yes we had a clever plan
 Make them bring us out a feast.
 A kidnap! Yes a kidnap!

(Everyone)

 Then we got a beaut idea.
 Yes we had a clever plan.
 Make them bring us out a feast.
 A kidnap! Yes a kidnap! Kidnap!

KATT: *(To audience)* A kidnap!

 Hey, what d'you think of that? When we've got the Kitten, her sisters will give us anything we ask for, from the restaurant.

(To Alley Cats) Just think of that! All the food.

TIGER: Yeah! Food!

KATT: Come on. Let's kidnap her.

*(Boyfriend and Kitten enter arm -in- arm but remain at side stage, talking.
As the Alley Cats sing, they sneak around Kitten and Boyfriend,
freezing to statues when they look up.
The Alley Cats signal to each other until they have them surrounded.)*

SONG No. 9 IT WAS A CINCH

(Solo Alley Cats)

*(During this song - on a sign from Katt, they pounce.
Make the kidnap struggle obvious.)*

- V.1** So then we all went sneaking
And prowling round her place.
It couldn't have been better,
We met her face to face.
Lying in the garden,
Stretching in the shade,
Flirting with her boyfriend,
We knew we had it made
- V.2** He's hopeless as a pressman,
Cat-napping alongside.
He never gets a story.
We take him for a ride.
Blinking in the sunshine,
Keeping her in sight.
Sort him out! No trouble! Get him in a fight.

Refrain: (Everyone)

It was a cinch!
Surely it was a cinch,
Truly it was a cinch,
Certainly was a cinch,
Definitely was a cinch. Yes! It was a cinch

- V.3** We found ourselves a possie,
Some behind a tree.
Some standing by the gateway,
All placed where we could see.
Stealthy, eager, leering,
Waiting for the hint,
Keeping them in focus. Ready for our sprint.
- V.4** Then pow! We lept upon them.
There was no time to think.
No time for getting stropky --
Done! - as quick as wink.
The Boyfriend caterwauling
In a raucous voice,
Too scared to follow after. Knew he had no choice.

Refrain: (Everyone)

It was a cinch!

Surely it was a cinch.

Truly it was a cinch.

Certainly was a cinch.

Definitely was a cinch.

Yes! It was a cinch. Yes! It was a cinch.

(The Boyfriend is chased off stage while Kitten is dragged off the other by two Alley Cats who soon return without her. Alley Cats are lounging about - smug and insolent.)

KATT: We did it! Kidnapped the Kitten! We've hidden her in a warehouse. No one will find her there.
The Media Mob - they're investigating and spreading rumours.
But they won't find her! What do you think, Tiger?

TIGER: Nah! They never find anything. I'm hungry. Let's go find some food.

INTERVAL (Optional)

ACT 2

ALLEY CATS: *(Nudge each other and laugh)*
 Here they come! The Media Mob.

(House Cats and Media Mob enter. This actually is their first appearance as a group. Before they were all part of the Alley Cats),

SONG No. 10 THE MEDIA MOB

(House Cats/Media Mob) - (Dance during song)

(Solo House Cat)

V.1 Journalists and cameramen,
 Ears close to the ground,
 We smell the slightest scandal,
 Hear the faintest sound.
 Haunting all the alleyways,
 Intent upon our job,
 The eyes and ears of Ponsonby,
 We're called the Media Mob.
 We're called the Media Mob.

V.2 Looking for a story, for
 A scoop that's front page news.
 Investigating rumours
 And following the clues.
 Can't rely on others, since
 They tell us outright lies
 But we are on to something now
 According to our spies.

(Everyone)

 According to our spies.

(Everyone)

 Journalists and cameramen,
 Intent upon our job,
 The eyes and ears of Ponsonby,
 We're called the Media Mob

V.3 But the feline public is
 So often insincere.
 Their answers to our questions are
 Evasive and unclear.
 Intriguing and contriving, they
 Tell such outright lies
 But we are on to something now
 Despite the alibis.

(Everyone)

 Despite the alibis.

V.4 Instrumental/Dance

(Everyone)

Journalists and cameramen
Intent upon our job,
The eyes and ears of Ponsonby,
We're called the Media Mob.
Journalists and cameramen
Intent upon our job,
The eyes and ears of Ponsonby,
We're called the Media Mob.

(House Cat)

They ask their endless questions. Isn't it a yawn.

(Solo Alley Cat)

When did you last see Kitten? Have you known her long?

(House Cat)

She is my sister. There's nothing more to say. Why don't you take your cameras.

Get lost! Just go away!

(Solo Alley Cat)

But will you make a statement? Tell us where and when.

We'd like another picture. Please look this way again!

(House Cat)

And so they click their cameras and ramble on and on. Until we lose our patience and make them move along!

KATT: (*Screams at Media Mob*) Scram! Get lost! Beat it!

(The Media Mob is chased off stage. Alley Cats return with Kitten.)

SONG No. 10a. RAP No 1. (4 bars intro)

KATT:

The kidnapped Kitten, cried a bit
But soon forgot to mope,
When Tiger started acting soft,
The great big sappy dope.
He made her smile and start to purr
And then she soon forgot
That silly Media friend of hers
And all his nosy lot.

SONG No. 11 **KITTEN and TIGER (with Alley Cats)**

(Tiger)

We like you pretty Kitten.
We think you are so cool.
Don't get mad pretty Kitten,
I was being a fool.

Please trust me pretty kitten
Don't be angry and sore.
Let us take you to dinner
Please don't cry any more.

(Chorus of Cats)

Tiger! Tiger! He's so cool.
Tiger! Tiger! He's so cool.

(Kitten)

Why did you chase my boyfriend
And force me to come here?
You say that you all like me
To me that is unclear.

(Chorus of Cats)

Kitten! Kitten! She's so cool.
Kitten! Kitten! She's so cool.

(Kitten dries eyes and smiles)

(Chorus of Cats)

Ahh..... (While Kitten and Tiger sing/dance)

(Kitten)

I don't know really why I'm smiling
Why I feel as I do?
Something strange has happened,
I can't explain, but true.
Something to do with you
With you.

(Tiger)

I know why you are smiling
Why you feel as you do
Something strange has happened
I feel as you do too.
Something to do with you,
Us two.

(Chorus of Cats)

Tiger! Tiger! He's so cool.
Kitten! Kitten! She's so cool.
Tiger! Kitten! Both so cool.

*(The restaurant door opens. Kitten`s sisters bring out food and large white napkins and exit.
Cats tie napkins around their necks.)*

SONG No. 11a. RAP No 2 (4 bars intro)

(Katt, Tiger, Alley Cats and Boyfriend)

KATT:

Then we thought the time had come
To make the sisters pay.
You should have seen us! Waited on!
And tucking food away.
We dined in style on ham and pork,
Chicken, fish and steak
And all the very best of food
Those Burmese cats could take.

*(The Alley Cats start feasting over 4 bars of music while the
Boyfriend makes an attention grabbing, highly melodramatic entrance with a rope, knife and
bottle of poison - all extra large.)*

(Tiger)

Then while we ate the Boyfriend came
Loaded with supplies.
Said that he would kill himself
Right before our eyes!
We asked him what his problem was,

(Boyfriend)

It`s kitten - he replied.
She used to be my girlfriend,
Never left my side.
Now, all I hear is `Tiger says!`
And `Tiger this and that!`
Is it any wonder
I`ve reached the stage I`m at?

(Katt and Tiger)

Such drama! So hysterical!
But will he see it through?
We didn`t let it spoil our meal
Wondering what he`d do.

SONG No. 12 SUCH DRAMA

(Spice Cats and Boyfriend)

(This song is a sendup - all tongue in cheek. It must be over acted.)

(The Boyfriend is rehearsing killing himself, slowly, deliberately, with exaggerated actions, but stopping short of seeing his actions through, as he thinks up excuses. Points the knife at various parts of his body - closes his eyes and opens his mouth but doesn't tip the bottle - makes a noose but looks through it rather than putting it around his neck)

(Solo Spice Cat)

V.1 She doesn't want him anymore
He'll have to take his life.
He's got a good selection there,
He's going to use the knife

(Boyfriend)

Don't think the knife is sharp enough.
I'd hate to make a mess.
I should have tried the blade out first
And given it a test.

(Spice Cat)

V.2 He'll take a little sip of that (*poison*)
And put him self to sleep.
That should fill her with remorse
Yes, that should make her weep.

(Boyfriend)

But what if on the other hand
It makes me writhe with pain?
For once I've swallowed down the stuff
Can't spit it out again.

(Spice Cat)

V.3 He thinks that hanging will be the best.
To get it over fast.
This attempt to kill himself
Must surely be the last.

(Boyfriend): (*spoken over sustained note*)

But no! Wait! There's one thing I forgot!
Cats have nine lives.
Do this nine times.
No Way!

(Shakes his head firmly and gathers up his 'things' and exits stage.)

(All Spice Cats)

There was just one thing he forgot.
Nine lives, for heavens' sake!
Once maybe, but eight times more?
Nine lives he must take.
Once maybe but eight times more
Nine times! What a chore.

SONG No. 12a. RAP No 3 (4 bars intro)

KATT: (*Listens, then jumps up*)

The Media! The Media!
We'd rather not be found,
Asked any awkward questions
With food here on the ground.
We don't want to be accused.
We know you'll be astonished,
But there are a few around
Who think that we're dishonest.

ALLEY CATS: (*In mock-horror - pained- shocked - hands on chests*)

Us dishonest! Us!

(*Enter Media Mob*)

SONG No. 13 HOT NEWS

(*Media Mob - investigating with magnifying glasses,
taking photos, discussing arguing etc*)

(Boyfriend/Media Mob)

V.1 Hello! Hello! A burglary!
Hot news. It's front page stuff!
A kidnap and a ransom,
Is evidence enough.
It's going to make the headlines soon
When we've had our snoop.
We're really onto something now
This time we've got a scoop.

(Media Mob)

This time we've got a scoop.

V.2 Alley Cats of Ponsonby
Now you've cooked your goose.
Don't think we're playing chicken,
We'll have you in our noose.
Your infamous misconduct, – your
Dishonesty and crimes,

All splashed across the headlines of
Tomorrow's 'Tabby Times.'
(Media Mob)
Tomorrow's 'Tabby Times.

Refrain (Everyone)

Journalists and cameramen,
Intent upon their job,
The eyes and ears of Ponsonby,
They're called the Media Mob.
Journalists and cameramen,
Intent upon their job,
The eyes and ears of Ponsonby,
They're called the Media Mob.

SONG No. 13a. RAP No 4 (4 bars intro)

(Katt and Tiger)

KATT: *(To audience)*

The Media Mob, now they know
About the kidnapping.

TIGER: They've even found our ransom feast.
They now know everything!

KATT: Big Tom he has arrived.
He thinks that what he sees

TIGER: Is the Media Mob enjoying the food.
His food would you please.
His food!

(Heavy footsteps marching)

ALLEY CATS: (Chanting)

BIG TOM! BIG TOM!
BIG TOM! BIG TOM!

*(Alley cats silently back away leaving the Media Mob centre stage,
gnawing at bones and licking plates.
Enter Big Tom and Thugs glaring about them. They notice the Media Mob.)*

SONG No. 14. **BIG TOM'S SONG**

(Big Tom)

V.1 Snarling, yowling, tough and mean,
 I am the largest cat you've seen.
 I swear, I spit I bare my claws,
 I'll box your ears with heavy paws.

 All my gang are raging mad!
 See those burglars on our pad.
 Steal our food what could be worse,
 We'll scare them with a fearful curse
 I'm Big Tom with my gang of Thugs.

(Everyone)

 Big Tom and his gang of Thugs

(Big Tom)

V.2 Always looking for a fight
 I terrorise the streets at night
 I have no time for subtle ploys
 I use my fists and make a noise

 When local cats get in our face,
 We show them they're a waste of space.
 Punch and thump them till they crack,
 Scarper off and don't come back!

(Everyone)

 Big Tom and his gang of Thugs
 (Thugs hiss at audience)

(Big Tom)

 The sound of screaming cats
 Is music to my ear!
 Got them now! The Media Mob!
 Here they are! Right here!

(Thugs and everyone)

 The sound of screaming cats
 Is music to their ear!
 Got them now! The Media Mob.
 Here they are. Right here!

(A fight ensues but the Media manage to escape. Big Tom and his gang look hungrily at the empty plates and bones licked clean and decide they'd rather eat than chase the Media. Big Tom marches to the kitchen door.)

SONG No. 15 TIME TO DISAPPEAR

(Alley Cats and Vocal Group)

V.1 To make things worse, Big Tom arrived,
Complete with all his gang,
And terrorised the Media Mob,
Who grabbed their gear and ran.
He knocked upon the kitchen door
And asked the chef for food.
What he replied! We can't repeat.
Believe us it was rude!

V.2 He roared and raved and carried on
And said "At first you steal!
And then you have the cheek to ask
Me for another meal"

He chased them round and drove them out,
Tom snarling as he passed,
Said "When we catch that Media Mob
The fight will be their last!"

V.3 Then we knew the time had come
For us to disappear
And take a little holiday
Until the coast was clear.
When Tom found out we'd had the food,
We didn't want to know.
Nothing could be surer than
We really had to go!
Nothing could be surer than
We really had to go!

KATT: A holiday. Yes we have to go!

TIGER: I'll just say goodbye to Kitten first.

KATT: What!

SONG No. 15a. RAP No 5 (Short - 2 bars drum intro)

KATT: The Media are after us
and Big Tom after them.
When they find out we had the food.
(Makes gestures of cutting his throat)

Forget about her!
Come on! We have to go – NOW!

(Exit all except Tiger and Kitten.)
(During the following song, the Media Mob enter stealthily and surround Tiger and Kitten.
Then the Thugs enter and make an outer circle around the Media.)

SONG No. 16 GOODBYE

(Tiger and Kitten)

Tiger:

I must leave you pretty Kitten
I have to say goodbye.

Kitten:

Tiger must you really go?
I think I'm going to cry.

Tiger:

We have to make an exit
As something has gone wrong.
It's only for a little while,
It's not for very long.

Kitten:

I'll be lonely without Tiger
Sadness I can't remove
I will miss him and I know
My sisters won't approve.

Tiger:

Please will you hold your tail up
And smile your pretty smile.
Soon we will both be back together,
It's just a little while.

Both:

It's just a little while.

(The Media Mob and Thugs move in closer.)

SONG No. 16a. RAP No 6 (4 bars intro)

SPICE CATS *(to audience)*

Now we're sure you must have guessed,
Imagined what transpired,
When Tiger went to say goodbye,
The other gangs conspired.
The Media were after him,
And Big Tom after them!
The situation's out of hand.
A cat fight yet again!

(They hide their eyes)

A TERRIBLE FIGHT!

No. 16b. CAT FIGHT MUSIC- (Pre-recorded Music)

(Thugs and Media fight over music background)

*(Spice Cats/chorus become a crowd of spectators while Thugs attack Media,
Tiger rescues Kitten and they exit followed by Media chased by Thugs.)*

(Enter Alley Cats except Tiger.)

KATT: What a battle! We could hear them streets away. Howling, hissing
and screaming! Have you ever hear anything like it?

(Alley Cats respond with loud miaows)

KATT: Has anyone seen Tiger?

(Tiger howls from off stage)

ALLEY CAT: That sounds like him.

KATT: You big baby

TIGER: Aow! It hurts!

(Tiger staggers in with arm in a sling and on a crutch. Alley Cats respond)

KATT: Hi Tiger! Glad to see you're still in one piece . . . just.

AN ALLEY CAT: You would stay behind to talk to Kitten!

KATT: Where is she now?

TIGER: *(Ruefully)*

Her sisters chased her inside. They miaowed and hissed and made such a fuss
when they saw us together. Stick to your own kind they told her.

KATT: *(Laughing)*

Poor old Tiger!

KATT: *(To audience)*

Well after all that here we are right back where we started!
Fights and kidnappings.
Chasing around with the Media Mob and the Thugs.
But it doesn't change anything.

TIGER: Nothing ever changes here. We're still hungry Alley Cats.

ALLEY CATS: Sill hungry Alley Cats

*(A loud creaking noise and the restaurant door opens.
Kitten peeps out and waves to them.)*

KATT: *(Suddenly alert)*
Did you hear that?

TIGER: The door!

ALLEY CATS: Look - the door - it's blown open!

KATT: Hey! I don't believe it. FOOD! FOOD!

(Katt darts inside and reappears with a cooked chicken. Alley Cats give thumbs up signs and the chicken is tossed around like a football.

Thugs enter from one side, Media from the other and the House Cats from the restaurant. Several Thugs and Media Cats could have crutches, slings, bandages, sticking plasters etc.)

SONG No. 17 REPRISE

(Full Company)

V.1 We're alley cats of Ponsonby,
We roam the streets at night.
We're law abiding usually
Not looking for a fight.
It's other cats that fuss and fume
And make themselves look fools,
We tolerate their lack of style and act distinctly cool.
Act distinctly cool. Act distinctly cool.

V.2 It's not that we're conceited or
We scorn our fellow cat,
Forget to mind our manners or
Do anything like that.
We just don't like being pushed around,
Or ultimate disgrace,
Our dignity will not allow for us a loss of face.
Not a loss of face. Not a loss of face.

Refrain

So as a rule we keep our cool
And sense of dignity,
To act in haste with loss of face
Is not our cup of tea.
We're smart instead, we use our head,
So cool! and as you see,
The alley cats of Ponsonby
Have per-son-al-i-ty. Per-son-al-i-ty.

We sure don't live a life of ease.
We sure don't live a life of ease.
Our ancestor the Cheshire Cat
Was famous for his grin
And that's the way we look at life.
May the best cats win.
We sure don't live a life of ease.
We sure don't live a life of ease.
But we don't let it get us down,
It's us against the rest.
And may the best cats win.
AND MAY THE BEST CATS WIN!

THE END

Theatre play out music suggestions on backing disc.

Tracks 29/30 - It was a Cinch/A kidnap

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