

H.G.

Ellen's been having a bunch of strange dreams lately.

H.G. stands.

Not the usual suspects either like D death dreams (good ol death dreams) or sex-with-people-we-know dreams (been some of those), me-engaging- in-unforgiveable-acts-of-betrayl- against-her dreams (not uncommon) but those dreams are normal. Stupifying. Baffling. Who cares right? No. These new dreams aren't like that, these ones... -- well... Ellen is very close to her dreams.

The Kittens for instance. Couple weeks last year all she dreamed about was kittens. She'd end up thinking about them the whole next day. Feelin them up against her ankles, jumpin up on her lap. Like when you lose a leg but can still feel it? It was like that. Even down to the pur. She could hear em purring.

Spotlight up on Ellen.

H.G.

What are the kittens doing in the dreams baby?

ELLEN

I don't know. Just being kittens.

H.G.

Hanging off clotheslines, playing with toilet paper, what?

ELLEN

There's always just one at the start. I pet it. And then another one appears. I pet that one and then another two or three are there. And then more and more.

It's very... calming, somehow.

H.G. thinks about this.

ELLEN

Don't be jealous baby.

He thinks for a moment.

H.G.

I'm not jealous of imaginary kittens Ellen.

Ellen chuckles as she fades away.

Of course, being human, like you, how can I not think it's all an elaborate ruse to bring up a certain type of

conversation. A type of conversation outside my shall we say *zone of comfort*. How could the kittens not be mommies and babies and milk and nipples and what have you? And boom, zone of comfort, in pieces on the ground. So yes I went through a period of mild distrust. I'm not proud of it. But at least I kept it to myself.

So there she is all over the internet, Wikipedia, what-the-fuck-do-my-dreams-mean-dot-com - let me tell you - there's a lot of shit on this shit. And I'm waiting for it, mommies babies, all that, I know it's comin, but...

That's not what the internet said. The internet said that Kittens symbolize deception. Artful deception. That will lead to the dreamer's destruction.

Me? No, I love Ellen too much to deceive her. Except for little things she wouldn't care about. And we all got those, right? Right? Ellen asked me if I thought she should be worried. I said *it's just a dream baby. It's just a dream*. She laughed and went to sleep.

Spotlight slowly fades up on Ellen, asleep in the bed.

Not long after, like a movie leavin town, the dreams stop. Bye bye kittens.

And then she's empty. Misses the kittens. Misses having 'em at work with her; on the bus coming home; when she's making her supper, things like that.

... Ellen gets up out of bed, oblivious to H.G. She puts on a robe and sits at the table glumly. *(During the following H.G. Places a hat with a black veil on Ellen's head. The veil covers her eyes.)*

I can read Ellen like a book and let me tell you-- the way she got up in the morning? How she stirred her tea? Even the feel of her skin. Like a robot she was. A bereaved person.

H.G. addresses her.

H.G.

Do you want a kitten?

ELLEN

No.

H.G.

Let's go get a kitten, c'mon.

ELLEN

No.

H.G.

I'll do whatever it takes. I'll meow --

ELLEN

-- stop --

H.G.

-- I'll curl up in your lap --

ELLEN

-- no --

H.G.

-- I'll get down on my knees and lap milk out of a saucer!
I will! That's how much I love you. I'll go put milk in a
saucer right now Ellen! Just try me!

Ellen shakes her head, barely
listening.

H.G.

(to the audience)

But just like when somebody dies there's nothing to do with
grief but wait it out.

He sits down beside her, takes her
hand.

So that's what we did. We holed up for a few days and...
mourned imaginary kittens together.

Cause you do that stuff for the people you love, right?

Ellen fades away.

Sometimes I miss the little bastards too. They take me
back. Back to a time Ellen's dreams weren't so...
unsettled.

Ellen enters.

ELLEN

Strangest dream last night.