

*(LISA kneels and sets the litter box on the ground, in front of JACK. NATHALIE wrings JACK's shirt out over the litter box. LISA reaches up her hands, and in the manner of a cat at a scratching post, scratches on JACK's legs. She scratches and scratches and scratches. JACK is now trying to pierce his stomach. He pokes the ruby stud at his stomach harder and harder, more and more desperately. He is pleading for help.)*

JACK. Ow! You?

*(LISA scratches.)*

JACK. You? Me! Ow!

*(NATHALIE reaches out her hands to JACK, poking and batting at him in the manner of a cat playing with a mouse. His hair is a mouse. If the actor playing JACK has no hair, then his ears. His teeth. His toes. The hair on his legs.)*

JACK. Me. Ow! Ow!

*(LISA scratches. NATHALIE pokes and bats.)*

JACK. You? No?

You? No?

No? Me! Me! Owwwwww!

*(JACK has made gaping holes in the flesh of his abdomen. LISA scratches inside and pulls out his intestines. She pulls and pulls. She pulls and pulls. She loops his intestines over her shoulder, as a firefighter carrying fire hose, and walks around the stage, draping the intestines in a big loop.)*

LISA. Ngeowwwww. Ngeowwwww. Ngeoww.

*(LISA howls as she goes.*

*NATHALIE pokes and bats in JACK's thighs. She pulls out one of his thigh bones. She cracks the bone and eats the marrow with relish. JACK still stands, though he has no thigh bones; he still lives, though he has no entrails and is bleeding heavily.*

*NATHALIE pulls out JACK's other thighbone. She cracks the bone and takes it into the audience. She will offer marrow to the audience.)*

NATHALIE. You?

You?

You? No?

NATHALIE. (*Con't*) You?

*(She continues to offer marrow to the audience. They will probably not take any, but if they do, you must be prepared. I understand that raw marrow tastes like butter. Try chunks of butter.*