

CATS

"Grizabella"

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Grizabella intrudes once more, wanting to rejoin her family and be a part of the celebration. The cats again scorn her. She is left to contemplate her "Memory" of the time before she left the tribe, when she was once young, beautiful and happy.

GRIZABELLA:

You see the border of her coat is torn and stained with sand
And you see the corner of her eye twist like a crooked pin

Silence - not a sound from the pavement
Has the moon lost her memory
She is smiling alone
In the lamplight the withered leaves collect at my feet
And the wind begins to moan

Every street lamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning
Someone mutters and the streetlamp gutters
And soon it will be morning
Memory - all alone in the moonlight
I can smile at the old days
I was beautiful then
I remember the time I knew what happiness was
Let the memory live again

She yearns to be accepted, and she stretches out her hand
behind her, hoping another cat will touch her. It doesn't happen.

She slinks off into the night.

ACT II

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