

**WHITE SNAKE and GREEN SNAKE**

WHITE SNAKE:

Green Snake, I hope you have forgiven me.

GREEN SNAKE:

Forgiven you for what, dear lady?

WHITE SNAKE:

In our contest of the magic arts –

GREEN SNAKE:

Oh forget it! It is only right that I should have lost – and badly, too!  
You've practiced so much longer than I, and so much harder. You've reached perfection!

WHITE SNAKE:

Dear friend, you flatter me.

GREEN SNAKE: I've hundreds of years more to go before I reach your level. But I'm afraid I'll never get there. I have not patience. But what brings you out tonight? Usually you are serenely meditating at the full moon.

WHITE SNAKE:

I felt a little restless...

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GREEN SNAKE:

Oh, I feel restless all the time. Living on this dreary mountain – there's no entertainment at all!

WHITE SNAKE:

Green Snake!

GREEN SNAKE:

I can't help it! You know that down below everything is so exciting.

WHITE SNAKE:

Yes, I've heard, and read about it too. But that is not for us.

GREEN SNAKE:

There's music and fine food and wine. There's all sorts of people and commerce, and beautiful sights to see. Don't you wonder sometimes what it is like? Sometimes I don't care about becoming an immortal at all. I just want to give it all up and get away from here – abandon myself to worldly pleasures.

WHITE SNAKE:

Oh, Green Snake, you shouldn't.

GREEN SNAKE:

Have you never felt the same?

WHITE SNAKE:

Well...

GREEN SNAKE:

Not even a little? A little bit? Or are you so very self-evolved?

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WHITE SNAKE:

No, dear friend.

I confess, in spite of my thousand years of cultivating the Way, I do feel restless sometimes. Even tonight – that’s why I came out.

GREEN SNAKE:

You see? We can’t help it.

WHITE SNAKE:

I wonder about those men in the ancient monasteries halfway down our mountain. Are they pestered by such distractions, do you think?

GREEN SNAKE:

The monks? Are you kidding? Those bald-heads go down the mountain all the time on some excuse or another, while we sit here piously self-cultivating.

WHITE SNAKE:

They do?

GREEN SNAKE:

All the time! They go for strolls by the lakes and see the cities...

WHITE SNAKE:

They do?

GREEN SNAKE:

Yes!

WHITE SNAKE:

And yet everyone admires them for their devotion.

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GREEN SNAKE:

That's right.

Listen dear friend; let's you and I go down the mountain.

WHITE SNAKE:

Oh, no...

GREEN SNAKE:

Just for a day, a single day? There would be no harm. It's springtime – we should see the world – and then come right back up.

WHITE SNAKE:

No!

GREEN SNAKE:

We'll be back before anyone on this old mountain misses us. And don't you think that this is part of our cultivation? To know the world we are renouncing? We should know that!

WHITE SNAKE:

You think so?

GREEN SNAKE:

I know it! We'll go down in disguise; you as my lady, and I as your maid. What do you say? Just for one day!

WHITE SNAKE:

Well, perhaps there is no harm.

GREEN SNAKE:

No harm at all! It will be such fun!

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WHITE SNAKE:  
Well...all right then.

GREEN SNAKE:  
Yes!

WHITE SNAKE:  
But we must be disguised. And...what shall we call ourselves? We can't be called Snake this and that!

GREEN SNAKE:  
You're right. Let's call you...Bai Suzhen. "Lady White." Yes?

WHITE SNAKE:  
Yes. And what about you?

GREEN SNAKE and WHITE SNAKE: (*thinking hard, hissing*)  
Ssssssssss –

GREEN SNAKE:  
Greenie!

WHITE SNAKE:  
Greenie?

GREEN SNAKE:  
Plain and simple! And, only for one day.

WHITE SNAKE:  
Greenie it is.