

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT WENT TO SEE

David Wood

OWL and PUSSYCAT stand up in the boat.

OWL: Well, we've arrived – somewhere.

PUSSYCAT: Looks like an island.

OWL: Funny trees. Bet there are ghosts and beasties and things hiding behind them...

PUSSYCAT: Stop it.

OWL just waiting to pounce. He pounces on PUSSYCAT.

PUSSYCAT: *(taken by surprise)* Ah! Don't be silly. Let's go on land. We can try to find a vicar there.

OWL: It's a bit dark to start vicar-hunting.

PUSSYCAT: I know, silly. We'll rest under the trees and start looking in the morning...
(Whispering.) Come on.

PUSSYCAT climbs over, helped by OWL, and tiptoes through the 'water' to the 'dry' land.

Ooh, it's cold; mind your tail FEATHERS.

OWL climbs over and gets his feet wet.

OWL: Oooh! *(He joins The PUSSYCAT.)*

PUSSYCAT: *(whispering)* Shhh. Pass me the luggage.

OWL: *(whispering)* Right.

OWL goes back to the boat, getting his feet wet again.

PUSSYCAT It's ever so DARK.

OWL: *(struggling back with the honey)* I don't know why we had to bring this with us – it's so heavy.

OWL puts the honey down and returns to the boat to collect the money.

PUSSYCAT: It won't be so heavy when we've eaten some.

OWL: Here's the money. *(He hands it to her.)*

PUSSYCAT: Good. Very useful. *(She puts the money down behind the honey-pot.)*

OWL: On an island? I doubt if they use money here. *(In his normal Voice:.)* I say.

PUSSYCAT: *(frightened)* What?

OWL: What are we whispering for?

PUSSYCAT: I don't know.

OWL: There's no-one here to wake up!

| a n | t h o | l o | g y |

They sit down back to back on the honey-pot, then look around.

PUSSYCAT: It's ever so dark.

OWL: Don't worry about the dark. Ah, Pussy. *(He puts a wing round her.)* At last we're on our own. A moving beam of light appears from off stage. Just you and I, and there are so ...

PUSSYCAT: *(seeing the beam of light and jumping up)* Aaah.

OWL: *(not realizing)* Don't worry, Pussy; there's no need to be frightened of the dark.

PUSSYCAT: It's not that. *(Pointing.)* Look.

OWL: Really, Pussy, you are ...*(He sees the beam of light.)* Aaah. Oh, oh, I say. *(He jumps up, his wings starting to flap, but he tries to be brave.)* Just your imagination.

PUSSYCAT: Then why are your wings flapping? You know your wings only flap when you're nervous.

OWL: Well, I, er – I'm not exactly nervous – just – The noise of loud, bitter sobbing is heard from where the light is coming. *(Hearing the sobs.)* – terrified! Let's move to the trees.