

# Pick 'n Pickin'

by Neil Duffield

a play about friendship for people over 7

*commissioned by CTC, Darlington in 2000*

Original Cast:

Rabbit: Shelley O'Brien

Dog: Bidi Iredale

Rat: Neil Fox

Directed by Paul Harman

Designed by Wendy Meadley

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ALL SPEECH BY DOG AND RABBIT IS SIGNED AND SPOKEN. SPEECH BY RAT IS SIGNED ONLY.

SET

THE ACTING AREA IS TRIANGULAR WITH THE AUDIENCE ALL ROUND. ENTRANCES ARE AT EACH VERTEX. AT ONE OF THEM THERE IS ALSO A RAISED AREA (A STEP LADDER?) WHICH CAN BE CLIMBED AND IN WHICH PROPS CAN BE HIDDEN.

THE SET IS A RUBBISH TIP CONTAINING THE ITEMS IN THE FIRST SPEECH.

INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ALL THE RUBBISH AROUND IT IS THE MASK/COSTUME OF DYBBUK.

ACTORS APPEAR OUT OF CHARACTER.

ACTOR 1 SPEAKS WHILE ACTOR 2 SIGNS....

1 and 2:

Imagine a place where all you can see is rubbish.

Fields of it. Mountains of it. Covering the land and filling the air. A world of plastic bottles and empty cartons. Broken prams and worn-out tv sets. Doorless fridges and three-legged chairs. Drink cans, crisp packets, bicycle wheels, burst footballs, old telephone directories, rotten window frames, rusty shopping trolleys, legless dolls, torn umbrellas, tyres, batteries, mattresses, boots, shoes, dirty nappies, skate-boards, toilet seats, last year's christmas trees. Everything you can think of and more. Empty, broken, worn out, thrown away.

This is a place of junk. Trash. Garbage. Of scraps and scrapings. Sweepings and shavings. Of cuttings and clippings. Crumbs and cast-offs.

Everything here is waste. Useless . Fit for nothing. Done for.

ACTOR 3 SPEAKS. ACTOR 2 SIGNS.

3 & 2:

In this place of dust and debris, men are animals and animals men.

There's Dog.....

ACTOR 1 BECOMES DOG.

Rough and dangerous. Tough as tractor treads. No-one messes with Dog.

DOG STARTS PICKING THROUGH THE RUBBISH, COLLECTING WHAT SHE FINDS IN AN OLD PAINT CAN.

SHE PICKS UP A BROKEN WATCH. EXAMINES IT IN THE HOPE IT'S WORKING. IT'S NOT. THROWS IT AWAY.

NEXT A PIECE OF BACON RIND

Dog:

Good one (PUTS IT IN THE CAN)

A BENT TABLE FORK. KEEPS IT.  
A BALL POINT PEN. TRIES IT ON THE BACK OF HER HAND

Still works.

KEEPS IT.  
A HALF-EATEN SLICE OF PIZZA

Brilliant.

KEEPS IT.  
A TEAPOT LID. LOOKS ROUND FOR THE TEAPOT. CAN'T  
SEE IT. THROWS IT AWAY.

A ROLL OF CELLOTAPE  
CHECKS THERE SOME LEFT ON. KEEPS IT

3 & 2: And if she's really lucky.....

DOG SPOTS SOMETHING HIDDEN IN THE RUBBISH.

Dog: Yes....

3 & 2: A bone! Lush and juicy from the butcher's bin!

DIGS IT OUT. IT TURNS OUT TO BE AN OLD TELEPHONE  
RECEIVER. DOG THROWS IT DOWN IN DISAPPOINTMENT.  
CONTINUES HER SEARCH.

3: (SIGN AND SPEECH) Then there's Rat....

ACTOR 2 BECOMES RAT

Fast and quick. Never misses a trick. No one pulls one over on  
Rat.

RAT STARTS ROOTING IN THE RUBBISH. LIKE DOG HE  
COLLECTS HIS STUFF IN AN OLD PAINT CAN.  
THE TWO KEEP A WARY EYE ON EACHOTHER.

HE FINDS AN OLD CD. SAVES IT.  
A BROKEN DRUM STICK. THROWS IT AWAY.  
A WORN OUT HAIR BRUSH.

Dog: What's that?

DOG SNATCHES IT OFF HIM. EXAMINES IT. TRIES IT OUT.

Useless.

TOSSES IT DOWN. RAT PICKS IT UP. PUTS IT IN HIS CAN. THEY CONTINUE PICKING.

RAT FINDS SOME POTATOE PEELING. JEALOUSLY GUARDS IT FROM DOG. PUTS IT IN HIS CAN.

A PAIR OF SUNGLASSES (BROKEN). TRIES THEM ON. SAVES THEM.

A HALF-EMPTY YOGHOURT CARTON. DIPS HIS FINGER IN AND TASTES. IT'S GOOD. SAVES IT.

3: And if he's really lucky.....

RAT SPOTS SOMETHING HIDDEN IN THE RUBBISH. DIGS IT OUT. IT'S A BONE. CAN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK. GLANCES ACROSS TO SEE IF DOG'S NOTICED - A SECOND TOO LATE. QUICKLY PUSHES IT BACK INTO THE RUBBISH.

Dog: What's that you've got?

Rat: Nothing.

Dog: You've found something, haven't you.

Rat: Nothing. I found nothing.

Dog: Don't gimme that. I saw you. You've found something decent!

DOG STARTS RUMMAGING AROUND IN THE RUBBISH. RAT HAS TO DO SOME QUICK THINKING. QUICKLY SNATCHES UP THE PHONE RECEIVER. HIDES IT BEHIND HIS BACK. DOG NOTICES. STOPS ROOTING.

Dog: What's that ?

Rat: What?

Dog: Behind your back. You picked something up.

Rat: I picked up nothing.

Dog: Something smooth and round..... A bone! It's a bone isn't it!

Rat: No way. Not a bone.

RAT BACKS AWAY AS DOG ADVANCES ON HIM

Dog: It's written all over your face. You've found a bone, haven't you. Lush and juicy from the butcher's bin!

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Rat: I'm telling you - it's not a bone!

Dog: (THREATENING) I'd hand it over if I were you.

Rat: No way. It's mine.

Dog: I haven't got time for this, Rat.

RAT HESITATES A MOMENT LONGER THEN, AS A LAST DESPERATE MEASURE, THROWS THE PHONE ACROSS THE STAGE. DOG DIVES OFF AFTER IT. LIFTS IT FROM THE RUBBISH, DISCOVERS IT'S NOT A BONE. A BREIF MOMENT OF CONFUSION BEFORE SHE REALISES SHE'S BEEN TRICKED.

Rat: (MOCKING) Pprrrrr. Pprrrrr.

Dog: You're dead!

DOG GOES FOR HIM BUT RAT IS TOO QUICK.  
DOG CHASES HIM OFF. BOTH OF THEM LEAVE THEIR PAINT CANS BEHIND.

3: But it's not only animals who pick out a living on this forest of flotsam.

MUSIC/ PERCUSSION. LOW AND THREATENING.  
ACTOR 3 LIFTS THE DYBBUK MASK/COSTUME FROM THE RUBBISH AND PUTS IT ON.  
MUSIC/PERCUSSION CONTINUES UNDER.

Dybbuk: Neither human nor animal am I,  
Neither living nor dead.  
This world of waste belongs to me.  
Dybbuk  
Dybbuk is my name.

MUSIC/PERCUSSION CONTINUES.  
DYBBUK PICKS UP THE TWO PAINT CANS AND EMPTIES THEIR CONTENTS INTO A SACK.

They think they're free to pick and choose  
But this is a game  
Of heads I win  
And tails they lose.

REACHES INTO THE RUBBISH AND LIFTS OUT THE BONE.

Just an old bone.  
But watch how they fight

And squabble  
And lie and steal  
To make it their own.

CAREFULLY REPLACES THE BONE IN THE RUBBISH.  
CARRIES OFF THE SACK AND CLIMBS UP ONTO THE  
RAISED AREA.

They see only the things I want them to see.  
But when they hear a voice inside their mind  
Which they think is theirs.  
It's not.  
It's mine.

DYBBUK REMAINS ON THE RAISED AREA THROUGHOUT  
THE FOLLOWING, WATCHING WHAT HAPPENS. TO RAT  
AND DOG SHE'S INVISIBLE.  
MUSIC/PERCUSSION STOPS.

DOG ENTERS. PICKS UP HER PAINT CAN.

Dog: Empty?!

LOOKS ROUND FOR THE CONTENTS

Dybbuk: Rat.

Dog: .....Rat!

DOG STORMS OFF.  
RAT ENTERS CAUTIOUSLY, KEEPING AN EYE OUT FOR  
DOG. PICKS UP HER PAINT CAN.

Rat: Empty?

Dybbuk: Dog.

Rat: Dog!

HE REMEMBERS THE BONE. HASTILY DIGS FOR IT. MUCH  
RELIEVED TO FIND IT'S STILL THERE.

Dybbuk & Rat: (DYBBUK SPEAKS AND SIGNS. RAT SIGNS)  
This bone is mine.  
No way Dog's getting even a bite.  
Hide it somewhere safe.  
Somewhere out of sight.

RAT SEARCHES ROUND FOR SOMEWHERE TO HIDE THE  
BONE. CAN'T FIND ANYWHERE SATISFACTORY. HE'S SO

ENGROSSED HE DOESN'T NOTICE AS DOG ENTERS AND STANDS WATCHING.  
RAT FINALLY SETS OFF TO EXIT. BUMPS STRAIGHT INTO DOG.

Dog: Well well.

Rat: Dog....

Dog: Rat.

RAT HURRIEDLY SHOVES THE BONE BEHIND HIS BACK.

Dog: Not a bone you said?

Rat: Yes.....No!

Dog: Looked awfully like a bone to me.

Rat: No way. A phone. Another phone.

Dog: Pprrrrr Pprrrrr?

Rat: It was just a joke. Where's your sense of humour?

Dog: (BECOMING THREATENING) I don't have a sense of humour, Rat. I thought you knew that. I'm not that sort of animal.

RAT CAN SEE NO WAY OUT. RELUCTANTLY REVEALS THE BONE.

Rat: I found it, it's mine.

Dog: Finders keepers?

Rat: Yeah! Finders keepers!

Dog: (TAKING IT FROM HIM) Losers weepers.

DOG EXAMINES THE BONE

Not bad. Not even past it's sell-by.

MOCKINGLY HOLDS IT TO HER EAR

Prrrr Prrrr.

RAT STORMS ANGRILY OFF, DOG'S LAUGHTER FOLLOWING.

DOG SETTLES DOWN WITH THE BONE. ABOUT TO START CHEWING IT.

Dybbuk: (FROM ON TOP OF THE RAISED AREA) Dog!

DOG STOPS. LOOKS ROUND.

Dog! Come quick!

DOG SEES NOBODY.

Dog!

Dog: Who is it? Where are you?

Dybbuk: Over here! It's me! Ginger Tom!

Dog: Cat?

Dybbuk: I've found a leg of pork.

Dog: A what?!!

Dybbuk: Somebody must have binned it by mistake. It's massive! I can't even lift it!

Dog: Don't try! Stay where you are! I'll do it! I'll lift it for you! Stay right where you are! .....(UNABLE TO BELIEVE IT) A leg of pork?

RUSHES TO AN EXIT. STOPS.

Where are you?

Dybbuk: Behind the chemical drums! Hurry up! The gulls are after it!

Dog: (RUSHING TO A DIFFERENT EXIT) I'm coming I'm coming!

STOPS. REALISES SHE'S CARRYING THE BONE. GOES TO HIDE IT WHERE RAT FIRST FOUND IT. THINKS BETTER OF IT. HIDES IT SOMEWHERE ELSE.

Stay there! Stay right where you are!

RUSHES OFF.

MUSIC/PERCUSSION IN.

DYBBUK CLIMBS DOWN FROM THE RAISED AREA AND CROSSES TO WHERE DOG HID THE BONE.

Dybbuk: Their thoughts are shaped by mine.  
Slipped like leaflets

Into the post box of their minds.  
Fear. Jealousy. Suspicion. Greed  
Sprout like weeds once I've sown the seed.  
And finally when their heads are full,  
Their minds become, like all this junk you see,  
Possessed by me.  
Dybbuk.  
Dybbuk is my name.

SHE LIFTS THE BONE FROM ITS HIDING PLACE AND EXITS.  
MUSIC/PERCUSSION ENDS.  
DOG ENTERS, MUCH PERPLEXED.

Dog: I don't get it. I couldn't find any leg of pork. Or Cat. Behind the  
chemical drums she said. Couldn't even see any gulls. Weird.  
Good job I've got the bone.

GOES TO THE HIDING PLACE.

Not here! Where's it.....Rat! That dirty thieving .....I'll kill him!

DOG DASHES OFF  
RAT MAKES A CAUTIOUS APPEARANCE FROM A  
DIFFERENT ENTRANCE.

Rat: Dog?

PEERS AROUND. MAKES SURE THE COAST IS CLEAR.

Good. Now to rescue my bone.

LOOKS IN THE ORIGINAL HIDING PLACE . NOT THERE

Must be somewhere round here - she can't have eaten it all. Not  
yet.

STARTS SEARCHING THROUGH THE RUBBISH.  
RABBIT ENTERS. LOOKS ON FOR A FEW MOMENTS,  
TRYING TO CATCH RAT'S EYE. RAT'S TOO BUSY TO  
NOTICE.

Rabbit: (FINALLY) Excuse me.

Rat: .....(STARTLED) Who are you?

Rabbit: Rabbit.

Rat: Rabbit?

Rabbit: I think I'm a bit lost.... I'm not from round here you see.

Rat: (TRYING TO WEIGH HER UP) I can see.

Rabbit: The countryside. I'm from the countryside. I had to leave unfortunately. I didn't want to. I would've stayed if I could - it's lovely where I live - only it's not safe you see. Not any more anyway. That's why I've come here. Except I'm not sure it is here - where I'm meant to be I mean. It might be somewhere else....To tell you the truth I'm not altogether sure where I am at all.

Rat: (SUSPICIOUS) This is the tip.

Rabbit: What's a tip?

Rat: Is this some sort of wind-up? Are you trying to work something on me?

Rabbit: Sorry?

Rat: Listen. If you're fancying yourself as a player, forget it. This is my patch. I make the moves round here.

Rabbit: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to intrude.....Round here is yours, is it?

Rat: You're catching on. And I don't like gatecrashers. So go work your crummy little scam on someone else.

Rabbit: ....I don't understand what you mean.

Rat: Shove off. That clear enough for you?

Rabbit: You want me to leave?

Rat: Drop the dumb act, OK? You've been rumbled. Just shove off.

Rabbit: .....Which way do I go?

Rat: Take your pick - you've three choices. Now move.

RABBIT STRUGGLES OVER THE CHOICE. CHOSSES AN EXIT. CHANGES HER MIND. CHANGES HER MIND AGAIN. GETS STUCK. CAN'T MAKE UP HER MIND.

(EMBARRASSED) This way. I'll go this way.  
I'm very sorry to have troubled you.

STARTS TO GO. RAT BEGINS TO HAVE A RE-THINK.

Rat: Hang on a minute.....

RABBIT STOPS

This is NOT a scam, is it.

Rabbit: I beg your pardon?

Rat: You're for real, aren't you..... You're a one-hundred-per cent genuine carrot-cruncher, fresh out the sticks.

RABBIT LOOKS BEMUSED. RAT SENSES A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

(INSTANTLY FRIENDLY) Look. Forget all that. I'm sorry. I didn't realise you were who you said you were.

Rabbit: I'm Rabbit.

Rat: I know. It's just I thought you were... Never mind, forget it.....You're a bit lost you say?

Rabbit: I've been wandering round for ages. Well, a long time.

Rat: I don't suppose you've seen a bone anywhere?

Rabbit: A bone?

Rat: As you've been wandering round. A big one. Lush and juicy from the butcher's bin.

Rabbit: No. Sorry. Haven't seen a bone. (TRYING TO BE HELPFUL) I've seen a phone.

Rat: Nah.....What about Dog? Have you seen a dog?

Rabbit: Sorry. Haven't seen a dog either.

RAT'S DISAPPOINTMENT SHOWS

.....A friend is it?

Rat: What?

Rabbit: The dog. Your friend?

Rat: You're joking? Dog? I wouldn't even...(AN IDEA POPS INTO HIS HEAD)....No, wait.... Yeah. Yeah, that's right -she's my friend. Dog's my best friend!

Rabbit: I'm not surprised she's lost. That's what happened me. Everywhere looks the same round here. I don't know how you manage to find your way round at all.

Rat: Look....I don't suppose you'd help me try and find her, would you?

Rabbit: Find her?

Rat: I'd be really grateful.

Rabbit: .....I don't know.....I'm not very good at finding things. Especially in somewhere like this. To be perfectly honest with you, I'm not very keen on dogs either.

Rat: Oh, you mustn't be frightened of Dog! She's not fierce. She doesn't bite or anything. She's as gentle as a puppy!

Rabbit: .....Are you sure?

Rat: Rat's honour! I tell you what she loves most ....a pat on the head.

RABBIT IS FAR FROM CONVINCED

Or a tickle in the tummy. She adores a tickle in the tummy!

Rabbit: You're sure she doesn't chase rabbits?

Rat: Never. No way.

Rabbit: .....I don't know. I'm really not very keen.

Rat: Look. What if I do a deal with you?

Rabbit: A deal?

Rat: .....How about if I was to say you can stay?

Rabbit: Stay here?

Rat: It's good stuff. Rich pickings.

Rabbit: But this is your patch - you said. You don't like gatecrashers.

Rat: You're not a gatecrasher! There's room for us both. See for yourself - bags of space!

Rabbit: You mean we could share it between us? Like friends?

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Rat: You help me. I help you. That's fair enough isn't it?

Rabbit: (THINKS IT OVER FOR A MOMENT) It's a deal.  
THEY SHAKE HANDS.

Rat: .....There's just one thing you ought to know....

Rabbit: What's that?

Rat: Dog has this bone.

Rabbit: The bone you've lost?

Rat: That's the one. Dog's ...sort of... borrowed it. What I'd like you do is - ask for it back.

Rabbit: What if she won't give it me?

Rat: Oh she will..... She might do a bit of barking and growling, that sort of th....

Rabbit: I don't think I'd like that!

Rat: Ignore it! It's nothing - just a silly game she plays.

Rabbit: Game?

Rat: That's dog. Always clowning around.

Rabbit: You mean she's only pretending?

Rat: Does it all the time. Take absolutely zero notice. Remember. Underneath - soft as puppy.

Rabbit: (TRYING HARD TO REASSURE HERSELF) Soft as a puppy.

Rat: Why don't you start looking over that way?  
.....See you later.

RAT EXITS WITH A KNOWING WINK AT THE AUDIENCE.

Rabbit: Underneath - soft as a puppy.  
RABBIT PLUCKS UP COURAGE AND EXITS.  
MUSIC/PERCUSSION.  
DYBBUK ENTERS (ACTOR 1)

Dybbuk: I don't like the sound of this rabbit.

She doesn't fit into the scheme.  
Things could go badly awry  
With a rabbit on the scene.  
I don't like her straight-forward talking,  
All those deceptively simple ideas.  
This seemingly innocent rabbit  
Is not everything she appears.

RABBIT ENTERS WITHOUT DYBBUK NOTICING.

Rabbit: Excuse me.....

Dybbuk: (STARTLED) Where did YOU come from?!

Rabbit: I'm sorry if I interrupted.....I wondered if you'd seen a dog?

Dybbuk: You can see me?

Rabbit: No, a dog - I wondered if you'd seen a dog. I'm looking for one you see. I'm not sure what sort it is - not a hunting dog I hope - except it's not fierce - that's what I've been told at any rate.....

Dybbuk: You can! You can see me!

Rabbit: .....Wasn't I meant to?

Dybbuk: Nobody's meant to! Nobody sees me! Ever!

Rabbit: I'm terrible sorry. I honestly didn't realise..... Look. I'll go, shall I? I'll just go away.... Don't worry about the dog.

Dybbuk: Some trick is it?... Magic?!...Are you some kind of sorcerer?!

Rabbit: I'm a rabbit.

Dybbuk: (INTIMIDATING) What are you after? .....Why have you come here?

Rabbit: (STARTING TO FEEL UNEASY) I'm just looking for a dog.

Dybbuk: Somebody's sent you haven't they. Somebody's put you up to it..... Who is it? Who's behind it all?

Rabbit: I don't know what you mean.

Dybbuk: I know who you are. You're a saboteur, a mischief-maker. You've come here to disrupt things, to wreck all my work!

Rabbit: No.....I told you - I'm just looking for a dog.

Dybbuk: I think you'd better leave.  
I think you'd better go  
Back to where you came from  
And stay there.  
Go on home!

Rabbit: I would if I could. But I can't. Not any more... It's not safe.

Dybbuk: And it's not safe here.  
Not for those who see  
Things they're not supposed to see.

DYBBUK PICKS UP A PIECE OF CARDBOARD AND  
SCRAWLS ON IT 'RABBITS KEEP OUT'. FIXES IT TO THE  
SET.

Neither human nor animal am I  
Neither living nor dead  
This world of waste belongs to me  
Dybbuk.  
Dybbuk is my name.

DYBBUK EXITS. MUSIC/PERCUSSION ENDS.  
RABBIT IS LEFT FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED. SHE  
WONDERS ABOUT TAKING THE NOTICE DOWN. DOESN'T  
HAVE THE NECESSARY COURAGE. EXITS.  
DOG ENTERS, STILL ANGRILY LOOKING FOR RAT.

Dog: Rat?

LOOKS AROUND.

Rat!

SEES THE NOTICE

(READS) 'Rabbits keep out'?  
There aren't any rabbits..... Stupid.

GOES TO PULL IT DOWN.  
DYBBUK APPEARS ON TOP OF THE RAISED AREA (ACTOR  
3).

Dybbuk: There may be rabbits.

DOG STOPS IN HIS TRACKS

Rabbits you've not seen.  
Burrowing under the ground.

Arriving here in thousands  
From all three corners of the world.

DOG BEGINS TO RECONSIDER

Devious rabbits  
Crafty rabbits  
Rabbits more cunning than cats.  
Worse thieves than rats.  
Rabbits who pick the best  
And leave nothing for the rest.  
.....What then?  
What will be left for a dog?

Dog: Maybe best leave it where it is.

DYBBUK DESCENDS FROM THE RAISED AREA AND EXITS,  
MUCH PLEASED.  
DOG'S ATTENTION RETURNS TO THE BONE.

Never mind about rabbits - where's my bone?

STARTS SEARCHES AMONG THE RUBBISH.

He's hidden it in here somewhere, I can smell it.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS FRUSTRATION GETS THE  
BETTER OF HER.

What's he done with it!!

HEADS FURIOUSLY FOR THE EXIT - JUST AS RABBIT  
ENTERS. THEY BUMP INTO EACHOTHER. DOG IS  
KNOCKED OVER.

Rabbit: Sorry.....I'm very sorry!

Dog: (STRUGGLING TO RECOVER HER DIGNITY) Look where your  
going can't you!

Rabbit: Dog?.....It is, isn't it..... It's Dog!

Dog: ...What?

Rabbit: I've found you!...Oh I'm so glad! You've no idea the trouble I've  
had. I've looked all over. I'd almost given up - I thought I was  
going to have to go back and say I couldn't find you. And then to  
make matters worse I met this really nasty.....

Dog: (INTERRUPTING) What you on about?..... Who are you?

Rabbit: Sorry. Should have explained.....Rabbit. I'm Rabbit. (HOLDS OUT HER HAND)

Dog: (IGNORING IT) Rabbit?!

THROWS AN INCREDULOUS GLANCE AT THE NOTICE.

Rabbit: I've come to find you.

Dog: Find me?

Rabbit: I'm not surprised you're lost. The same happened to me - and I'm used to rabbit warrens. Everywhere you go it's the same. Rubbish. I can't believe anyone ever manages to find their way amongst it all. It's going to take me ages to get used.

Dog: Can't you read?

POINTS TO THE NOTICE

Rabbit: Oh that? I know who put that up. She wasn't nice. Not nice at all.....Don't you worry.

SHE PULLS DOWN THE CARDBOARD NOTICE AND THROWS IT IN THE RUBBISH. DUG RUNS TO PICK IT UP.

Dog: Who d'you think you are?! Coming here pulling down notices?!

PUTS IT UP AGAIN

Think you crafty, don't you! Think you can just walk in and take the best, leave nothing for the rest. Worse thieves than rats. I've got news for you, Rabbit - as far as your kind's concerned this tip's a no-go area - so start walking, or I'll rip your stupid face off!

Rabbit: You wouldn't do that.

Dog: ...What?

Rabbit: I know, you see. You're little act doesn't fool me. You wouldn't rip my face off. You wouldn't rip anybody's face off. You're too soft.

Dog: Soft?!

Rabbit: You're not a fierce dog at all. You're just pretending. Underneath all this puffing and huffing you're soft as a puppy.

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Dog: Are you completely cuckoo? I'm Dog! D-O-G! I'm savage! I'm vicious!

Rabbit: It's no use. You won't scare me I'm afraid. There....

SHE GIVES HIM A FRIENDLY PAT ON THE HEAD

Dog: What're you doing?! Get off! Get off me!!

Rabbit: Don't try and tell me you don't enjoy it. You're just like a little puppy.

Dog: I am NOT a puppy! I have never been a puppy! I'm a dog! Have you got that? A ferocious untamed dog! I bark! I growl! I gnash my teeth! I bite!

Rabbit: You're very good, I'll give you that. Very good indeed. If I hadn't known, I think I'd probably have believed you. Have you ever thought of going on the stage?

Dog: ...What?

Rabbit: You could make your living at it - become a proper actor. Would you like me to tickle your tummy?

REACHES OUT TO TICKLE DOG'S TUMMY.  
DOG JUMPS BACK IN HORROR.

Dog: You're off your cake...you're completely barking!

Rabbit: Ticklish are you?

RABBIT PURSUES HER, TRYING TO TICKLE HER TUMMY.

Dog: Get off me will you! Leave me alone! Get off!

DOG GOES INTO FULL FLIGHT.

Rabbit: Tickle tickle. Tickle tickle tickle.

FINALLY FINDS HERSELF CORNERED

Dog: Help! Somebody help!

Rabbit: You love it really - you know you do. Your friend told me!

DOG SHOVES HER WAY.

Dog: What?.....What did you say?

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Rabbit: Your friend told me. She told me all about you. That's how I know.

Dog: What friend?.....I haven't got any friends.

Rabbit: Your best friend. The one who sent me to find you..... You've borrowed her bone.

Dog: Rat!

Rabbit: She'd like it back now please.

Dog: I might have guessed.....Don't move. Stay right there!

STORMS OFF IN A RAGE.

Rabbit: .....I must have said something wrong.

Final pages

Dog: Behave like a rabbit. Get treated like a rabbit.  
This is the rubbish tip, Rat.  
There are rules, you know that.  
Rules you have to keep  
If you want to eat.  
Rules like 'Rabbits don't belong'.

So the choice is yours.....  
Time to pick which side you're on.

THE THREE CHARACTERS STAND AT THE THREE  
CORNERS OF THE TRIANGLE.  
RAT IS SUDDENLY RIDDLED WITH ALL KINDS OF DOUBT.  
HE LOOKS TO RABBIT TO HELP HIM DECIDE. RABBIT  
REFUSES TO GIVE HIM ANY.  
HE STARTS TO FLOUNDER. DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.  
DOG AND RABBIT BOTH WAIT.

MUSIC/PERCUSSION IN. THEY ALL FREEZE

HOLD THE FREEZE FOR A FEW MOMENTS. THEN BREAK  
AND COME OUT OF CHARACTER.

ACTOR 1 SPEAKS. ACTOR 2 SIGNS. ACTOR 3 EXITS.

1 & 2: Imagine a place where all you can see is rubbish.  
Fields of it. Mountains of it. Covering the land and filling the air.  
A place of junk. Of trash. Of garbage. Of scraps and scrapings.  
Sweepings and shavings. Of cuttings and clippings. Crumbs and  
cast-offs.  
Everything here is waste. Useless. Fit for nothing. Finished with.  
Done for.

DYBBUK ENTERS (ACTOR 3)

Dybbuk: Neither human nor animal am I,  
Neither living nor dead.  
This world of waste belongs to me.  
Dybbuk  
Dybbuk is my name!

MUSIC ENDS.

FINISH.