

The Warlock's Whiskers

Scene I

[A rapid knocking on a door echoes loudly, and footsteps upon the cobbled floor rush towards it. Music plays. As the door creaks open the sound of a howling wind and torrential rain drowns out the music. The door slams shut!]

Igor: Master, I've been looking for you everywhere.

Warlock: Not to fret my child, not to fret. I needed some hogweed for my latest potion and you know how it blooms so magnificently during a storm. It really is the best time to pick it you know.

Igor: No, master, I didn't know. Shall I get you a towel?

Warlock: No, no, no that's quite all right. A little dampness never hurt anyone. Now, where are my spectacles?
[a roll of thunder booms above]

Igor: *[Sighs heavily]* They're on your head, master. Will that be all?

Warlock: *[Chuckling]* So they are, so they are. You really are a help Igor, I do believe I'd be quite lost without you.

Igor: I'm sure you would be, master. Good night.

[Footsteps fade away as a soft purring sound enters the room]

Warlock: Echeb, my old friend, come to keep me company while I brew my newest spell have you? You are kind. Well, let's get to work shall we, no time to waste.

[A whistling wind creeps up and another roll of thunder crashes above. Both eventually die away]

Scene II

[Birds chirp and music plays in the background]

Igor: *[Yawning loudly, a purring sound enters his room]* Good morning Echeb, my lovely, and what might you be doing in my room? *[Pause]* And why are you wearing master's spectacles?

Warlock: Erm, actually Igor... it's me. Best get your coat. We're going to have to find some more blooming hogweed, though heaven knows where we'll find another storm at this time of day.

Igor: Blooming hogweed indeed, master, blooming hogweed indeed!

