

# TIM, WILLIE & THE WURGLES

*A MUSICAL PLAY FOR CHILDREN  
BY ALAN WAKEMAN & MICHAEL KLEIN*

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# TIM, WILLIE & the WURGLES

The play has a prologue, two acts, seven scenes and an epilogue.

## NOTE

*The many special effects in the play are described in the script as if they were pure magic. However, they can all be simply staged using traditional theatre techniques. Please feel free to apply for advice to:*

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# TIM, WILLIE & the WURGLES

## CAST

*in order of appearance*

### TIMOTHY

*A smart young man in his twenties.  
(Tim as a grown-up.)*

### WILLIE

*A wise old elf.*

### TIM

*An ordinary eight-year-old boy.*

### SPECTRUM

*A dignified spider.*

### SPIRAL

*A gentle snake.*

### ANNIE

*Tim's aunt.*

### LIQUID CRYSTAL

*A water-sprite (only her voice is heard).*

### ATMAN

*A mysterious giant being.*

### FURRY ANIMALS

*A group of animals-with-no-names.*

### A MONSTER

*As big and fierce as possible.*

*The first act runs for approximately 55 minutes.*

*The second act runs for approximately 50 minutes.*

# TIM, WILLIE & the WURGLES

## PROLOGUE

(We see an office. **TIMOTHY** is working at a computer terminal. A telephone rings. He answers it. We see him speaking but don't hear him. A mysterious voice speaks to the audience. It is **WILLIE**. We hear him speaking but don't see him.)

**WILLIE:** Look at him! Just look at him! Never think he used to be my best friend... once, a long time ago; best friend anyone could possibly have; interested in all the best things – plants, animals, adventures... Huh! Look at him now! Grown-up! All he thinks about now is *making money*; or, *making more money*; or, *impressing his boss*. Huh! But, once, a long time ago, he was my best friend and he was awesome. He could *see* me in those days. I mean, really see me – because I wasn't invisible then. In fact, he was the only one who could. That's why he was so special – because he believed in me. You can only see things you believe in, you know. Well, for example, *you* can't see me, can you?

(Audience?)

And you know why, don't you?

(Audience?)

Because you don't believe in me! No use my telling you that my name's Willie, and that I was Tim's best friend once; because you don't believe me, do you?

(Audience?)

Do you?! (Pause.) You know, if enough of you believed you *could* see me. But you'd have to really want to. I mean really actually literally positively and truly want to. All you'd have to do is... (Pause.) Oh, what's the use? There are too many grown-ups out there and everyone knows they only believe in boring things like *washing behind your ears*... and *punctuality*... and *early nights*... and *owning* lots of things you don't need. You believe in him – grown-up Tim! But you think it'd be silly to believe in Willie! But you're so wrong! Because he's the fraud now; all grown-ups are. Don't really exist at all you know. Just *pretend* all the time...

**WILLIE:** *(Pause.)* Look at him now! Pretending to talk on the telephone! All grown-ups do that you know; pretend to be clever; pretend to know things; pretend they're interested in what you're saying; and worst of all, pretend to be *important*. 'Don't bother me now,' they say. 'Can't you see I'm busy with something *important*.' Huh! Important my arse! They don't fool me. They couldn't fool you either, if you still believed in magic. Why don't you try, eh? Go on, go on, I dare you! Go on, try!

*(TIMOTHY and his office begin to dematerialise.)*

My Magic Pockets! I do believe it's working! Look – that fraud's disappearing! I can see through him already! You see, you can do it! Now if you all tried really hard, you'd be able to see *me* – and then I'd exist again because you would have... re-invented me. *(Pause.)* Oh, go on, please, *re-invent me!*

*(Audience?)*

Huh! No use! Not trying hard enough. The trouble is, most of you don't believe a word I'm saying, do you?

*(Audience?)*

Some of you do?! Amazing! All right, I'll tell you what – let's not bother with the ones who don't, but when I *sing*: 'Do you believe in me?' I want all the ones who believe to say: '**Yes, we do; of course we do! Here and now we believe in you!**'? *(Pause.)* Have you got that? Everytime I sing: 'Do you believe in me?' you say: '**Yes, we do; of course we do! Here and now we believe in you!**' *(Pause.)* Are you ready then?

*(Audience?)*

Here we go...

*(WILLIE sings to the audience.)*

*I'm Willie.  
Tim's friend Willie.  
Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.  
Daffydown Dilly.  
Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.  
And I eat chilly skilly.  
Do you believe in me?*

*(WILLIE materialises as the song continues.)*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.  
From Piccadilly.  
Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.  
Cuddly Willie Nillie.  
Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.  
And I'm not silly...*

*...and I do believe you've been and gone and re-invented me!  
(Pause.) Marvellous! I can see myself again! (Pause.)  
Don't I look great?*

*(He admires himself, his clothes, his commodious pockets, his hat, etc.)*

Look at that! Look at this! And my old hat! And my magic pockets!  
Oh, you don't know how wonderful it is to be back! *(Pause.)* And  
it's all thanks to you!

*(He bows extravagantly, but then is suddenly alarmed.)*

You won't stop believing in me, will you?

*(Audience?)*

No, of course you won't! Thank you. Thank you. Goodness me! Just  
look at my fingers! I can move each one separately – just like in the  
old days when Tim and I first...

*(He gasps.)*

Sudden thought! *(Pause.)* If I'm back, *Tim* must be back too!

*(Enter TIM as a boy.)*

**TIM:** Morning, Willie.

**WILLIE:** Tim, *lovey!* Where are we off to?

**TIM:** The Dark Wood.

**WILLIE:** Ooooh, good! We're off to the wood!

**TIM:** To hunt Wurgles.

**WILLIE:** Thought so. Saw your boots and said to myself: 'Hello, hello, hello!  
Tim's wearing his boots! We must be off to hunt Wurgles!' 'Cause  
you have to wear boots to hunt Wurgles.

**TIM:** I know all that. Come on.

*(Exit TIM. WILLIE turns to the audience and claps his hands with delight.)*

**WILLIE:** Marvellous! Fabulous! Wonderful! Fantastic! Phantasmagorical!  
Off to hunt Wurgles! Just like the good old days!

*(WILLIE sings the **WURGLE-HUNTING SONG.**)*

*Good! Good!  
We're off to the wood!  
Off to the wood to hunt **WURGLES!**  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles*

**WILLIE:** *Hoots! Roots!  
Have to wear your boots!  
Have to wear your boots to hunt **WURGLES!***

*(He encourages the audience to join in on the choruses.)*

**AUDIENCE:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles*

**WILLIE:** *Bop! Flop!  
Can't go to the shop!  
Can't go to the shop to hunt **WURGLES!***

**AUDIENCE:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles*

**WILLIE:** *Wham! Slam!  
Can't take a tram!  
Can't take a tram to hunt **WURGLES!***

**AUDIENCE:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles*

**WILLIE:** *Slump! Thump!  
They'll soon have to jump!  
Soon have to jump those **WURGLES!***

**AUDIENCE:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles*

*(Exit WILLIE, marching, clapping and singing.)*



## ACT ONE, SCENE ONE: A DARK WOOD

*(Enter TIM and WILLIE, creeping cautiously. Suddenly there is a loud crash followed by the sound of tiny footsteps running away very fast, then silence.)*

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, precious.

**TIM:** Was that a Wurgle?

**WILLIE:** What day is it today?

**TIM:** Monday.

**WILLIE:** Can't have been a Wurgle then.

**TIM:** Oh, good.

*(They creep forward again.)*

Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, sweetie-pie.

**TIM:** Why can't it have been a Wurgle?

**WILLIE:** Because.

**TIM:** It *sounded* like a Wurgle to me.

**WILLIE:** Didn't. Sounded like a squirrel.

**TIM:** Oh. But still, why can't it have been a Wurgle?

**WILLIE:** 'Cause Wurgles only *run* on Fridays.

**TIM:** Oh, good. *(Pause.)* Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, angel-drawers.

**TIM:** What kind of things *do* run on Mondays?

**WILLIE:** Everything except Wurgles.

**TIM:** Oh, bad! Then, it could have been *anything!* It could have been a *big* anything!

**WILLIE:** Thing is, it was a squirrel.

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, little cabbage.

**TIM:** I've had an idea...

**WILLIE:** Boasting leads to consequences, bright eyes!

**TIM:** ...let's hunt squirrels instead of Wurgles.

**WILLIE:** No one hunts squirrels on a Monday!

**TIM:** I know all that.

*(They creep forward again.)*

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, Lord and Master.

**TIM:** If Wurgles only run on Fridays, what do they do on Mondays?

**WILLIE:** Walk sedately.

**TIM:** Howly?

**WILLIE:** Sedately. For a Monday Wurgle it isn't difficult. I'll demonstrate...  
*(WILLIE demonstrates walking sedately. He stops to speak to TIM.)*  
Only a Monday Wurgle has more legs, so it can do it better.  
*(He continues the demonstration.)*  
See? Se... date... ly. This is how you know you've met a Monday Wurgle.

**TIM:** Oh, good.  
*(They creep forward again and see the Magic Hut.)*  
Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, twinkle-toes.

**TIM:** Do you think we might find a Monday Wurgle in that hut?

**WILLIE:** On Mondays, that is the Wurgle Headquarters. So if you really want to meet a Monday Wurgle, that is the place to do it. Shall we go in...?

**TIM:** Erm?

**WILLIE:** ...or shall we go on?

**TIM:** In or on?

**WILLIE:** That is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fort...

**TIM:** *(Interrupting.)* Part of me wants to go in, but another part of me wants to go on; and the part of me that wants to go on, wants to do it as fast as possible.

**WILLIE:** Huh. Pity.

**TIM:** Why?

**WILLIE:** 'Cause in that case, cutey-pie, you'll never know what a Monday Wurgle's like, will you?

**TIM:** *(Sighs.)* I suppose not. *(Pause.)* All right, then. Let's go in. Come on...

*(They creep forward and enter the hut, closing the door behind them. Enter SPECTRUM. He has eight legs. He walks sedately across the stage, opens the door of the hut and goes in, closing it behind him. In the hut TIM is examining an old, rickety table and WILLIE is looking at a wall poster of wild flowers but there's no sign of SPECTRUM.)*

**WILLIE:** (*Reading.*) Lesser Celandine. Glossy yellow flowers. March to May. Also near water.

**TIM:** I can't see a Wurgle in here, Willie. Not anywhere.

**WILLIE:** Primrose. Pale yellow flowers. December to May. Under the table.

(*TIM jumps back in alarm.*)

**TIM:** Where?!

**WILLIE:** (*Reading.*) Hedgerows and grassland.

**TIM:** What?

**WILLIE:** Only one table in here.

**TIM:** Oh, I see. I thought you meant there was a Wurgle under it.

**WILLIE:** There is.

**TIM:** (*Backing away to the wall.*) Are you sure?

**WILLIE:** (*Pointing.*) There!

**TIM:** Where?

**WILLIE:** Have to go close to see it.

(*TIM reluctantly approaches the table.*)

Thing is, have to really want to see it.

(*TIM squats down and looks under the table. After a moment he looks right down at the floor and suddenly jumps back banging his head on the underside of the table and backing away to the wall.*)

**TIM:** (*Rubbing his head.*) Willie, there's a horrible hairy spider under that table!

**WILLIE:** What a thing is depends on who's looking at it.

**TIM:** You know I'm scared of spiders, Willie.

**WILLIE:** Not a spider – a Wurgle.

**TIM:** Are you sure? I was expecting Wurgles to be... well, *big*...

**WILLIE:** How big a thing is depends on who's looking at it.

**TIM:** Oh, bad. I'm very very very scared of spiders, Willie.

**WILLIE:** (*Producing a magnifying-glass and examining the Wurgle.*) Yes, it's a Monday Wurgle all right.

**TIM:** Oh, bad! What's it doing now?

**WILLIE:** Trying to make up its mind if you want a *confrontation* or not.

**TIM:** Oh. (*Pause.*) What's a... comfort track shone?

**WILLIE:** It's what Wurgles are for. How brave are you feeling?

**TIM:** Not as brave as I'll feel tomorrow!

**WILLIE:** Thing is, this Wurgle won't be here tomorrow. And tomorrow's Wurgle will make you feel afraid in an utterly, entirely, absolutely, comprehensively different way. If you want to have a confrontation with *this* Wurgle, it has to be today.

**TIM:** How do you know it won't be here tomorrow?

**WILLIE:** Because it's a Monday Wurgle. No Monday Wurgle's ever been caught napping in a Tuesday!

**TIM:** What about yesterday? Couldn't we come back yesterday?

**WILLIE:** Listen, goldilocks, if you want to have a confrontation with this Wurgle, it has to be today.

**TIM:** But I don't want to have a comfort track shone with it, Willie. What I want is to run away.

**WILLIE:** Huh. Pity, 'cause in that case, angel-boots, you'll never see the Wurgle's real shape; you'll never hear the Wurgle's real voice; you'll never know *the truth* about a Monday Wurgle, or what a Monday Wurgle's really like; and, worst of all, you'll never have a Monday Wurgle as a friend...

**TIM:** *(After a deep breath and a sigh.)* I suppose, if you put it like that...

**WILLIE:** Go on then... *confront* it!

*(TIM goes hesitantly forward and kneels down by the table and places his hand on the floor, palms upwards. He turns his head away as if expecting a painful blow.)*

**TIM:** Listen, Wurgle! I don't think I'm ever going to feel braver than I do now. So if you want a... comfort tray shone, you'd better come out...!

*(After a short pause, the WURGLE NOISE begins. It's like the sound of rushing water, attacking enemies and cheering crowds mixed together. It builds to a deafening crescendo as SPECTRUM appears under the table, knocking it over. He's much bigger than TIM. TIM looks up at him, plainly terrified. But SPECTRUM smiles hugely and offers six of his eight feet to shake in turn.)*

**SPECTRUM:** How do you do? *(Shake.)* My name is Spectrum. *(Shake.)* Lord of the Filigree. *(Shake.)* Keeper of the Plants. *(Shake.)* Protector of the Flowers. *(Shake.)* Supreme at Vigilance. *(Shake.)*

**TIM:** How do you do, Mr Spectrum, sir. Excuse my asking, but aren't you just a big spider?

**SPECTRUM:** What?! *(He draws himself up to his full height.)* A spider is the most glorious thing in the world! No one is *just* a spider! I told you...

*(Bursting into song.)*

*I am...  
 Lord of the Filigree,  
 Keeper of the Plants,  
 Protector of the Flowers,  
 Supreme at Vigilance.*

**SPECTRUM:** *I can...  
Spin in the morning  
a web of finest thread  
and by six in the evening  
my supper will be dead.*

*I'm the...  
necessary hunter  
of Midges, Gnats and Mites.  
If it wasn't for we Spiders  
You'd all be Zoolites.*

*I am...  
Lord of the Filigree,  
Keeper of the Plants,  
Protector of the Flowers,  
Supreme at Vigilance.*

You can call me Spectrum, for short, though.

*(SPECTRUM looks TIM up and down with interest.)*

And what exactly are you?

**TIM:** Oh, I'm just a boy. *(Pause.)* My name's Tim.

**SPECTRUM:** I told you – no one is 'just' anything! A Tim, eh? Well, that's a glorious enough thing to be – almost as glorious as being a spider. So, Tim, would you like to see the web I made this morning?

**TIM:** Oooh yes, please, Mr Spectrum, sir!

**SPECTRUM:** Come along then.

*(He takes TIM to one side.)*

Will... that creature want to come too?

**TIM:** Of course – he's my best friend.

**SPECTRUM:** Is he?! *(Looking WILLIE up and down.)* And how did he manage to lose so many legs? Come to think of it, how did you both manage to lose so many legs?

**TIM:** We haven't lost any. Two is the right number for people.

**SPECTRUM:** Is it?! What a tragedy! To be so poorly equipped for legs! You have my heartfelt sympathy.

**TIM:** We're not 'poorly equipped' – we've got two each!

**SPECTRUM:** Two! Huh!

*(He adjusts his eight legs.)*

I doubt if even I could create a remotely tolerable web with only *two legs?!*

**TIM:** *(Humbly.)* I don't know how to make a web at all.

**SPECTRUM:** Never mind. I'm sure you have other talents. Everyone always does. I ate – er met – a wasp only the other day who'd managed to dig a long, intricate tunnel – took me ages to winkle her out of it. Besides, everyone can't be a spider, can they? (*Pointing at WILLIE.*) What's his name then?

**TIM:** Willie. (*Pause.*) Do you know, you're the first spider I've ever met who could *talk*.

**SPECTRUM:** When I'm addressed as befits my station, as an equal, naturally I reply.

**TIM:** Did I do that?

**SPECTRUM:** You certainly did – most courteously – and here we are, talking, which proves it! (*Pause.*) Greet any creature respectfully and it will reply – animals, plants, trees, streams, pebbles, rocks – even *flies!*

**TIM:** I didn't know that.

**SPECTRUM:** But no self-respecting spider will speak to you if you address us *improperly!*

**TIM:** And do you know, you're the first person who's ever been able to see Willie?

**SPECTRUM:** Certainly I can see him! He's big enough, isn't he? He may not have much in the way of legs but he's got plenty of spirit, hasn't he? How could any creature not see him?

(*SPECTRUM and TIM exit together, still talking.*)

**TIM:** Willie says it's because they don't believe in him.

**SPECTRUM:** Ah! You mean *grown-ups!* I thought you meant *real* people! Well, of course, he's right about that. Grown-ups don't believe in magic you see. (*Laughs.*) Even though they're surrounded by it! – and once you stop believing in magic, you can't see anything properly anymore... (*Exit.*)

**WILLIE:** (*Turning to the audience.*) See what I mean? We used to have a great time, all the time!

(*A magic web appears with SPECTRUM in the middle.*)

Look at that, for example!

**SPECTRUM:** *I am...  
Lord of the Filigree,  
Keeper of the Plants,  
Protector of the Flowers,  
Supreme at Vigilance.*

(*The web fades away.*)

**WILLIE:** And that was just an average Monday, you understand. Now, on Tuesday, or let me think, was it *Wednesday...?*

(*Enter TIM.*)

**TIM:** Morning, Willie.

**WILLIE:** Morning, honey-bunch. Where are we off to this morning?  
**TIM:** Magic hut.  
**WILLIE:** Again!  
**TIM:** Course. I want to meet another Wurgle.  
**WILLIE:** Ah. *(Pause.)* What day is it today?  
**TIM:** Tuesday. Yesterday was Monday, and today's Tuesday.  
**WILLIE:** Are you sure?  
**TIM:** I think I'm sure.  
**WILLIE:** Thing is, there's no telling where you might meet a Wurgle on a Tuesday.  
**TIM:** It doesn't matter. I want to take the sun for a walk anyway.  
**WILLIE:** Say no more, petal. I'll get my boots and catch you up.

*(Exit WILLIE. TIM sings to the audience.)*

**TIM:** *Whenever I go for walks  
I take my friend the Sun.  
We have such brilliant awesome talks  
until the walks  
are done...*

*Whenever I'm feeling beetle-browed  
I say to my friend the Sun:  
'Please come out from behind that cloud!'  
And my friend, the Sun,  
it comes...*

*And when we come to woods and trees  
I say to my friend the Sun:  
'If you'll go over the top, please,  
then I'll go  
underknees...'*

*And if the clouds are thick and black  
the Sun, it says: 'My friend,  
I'll just have to nip around the back  
and meet you round the bend,  
friend,*

*I'll just have to pop around the back  
and meet you round the bend,  
friend...'*

*And when it's late and time to go  
my friend, the Sun, it tells me so.  
'Listen,' it says, 'you sleepyhead,  
I seem to be singularly red.  
It must be nearly time for bed  
ahead...*

**TIM:** *I think it must be time for bed  
ahead...  
It must be nearly time for bed  
ahead...'*

*(Enter WILLIE.)*

**WILLIE:** I've just had an idea, Sunny-Tim!

**TIM:** Someone said that boasting leads to... come sick quenches, big being!

**WILLIE:** We can have Wednesday today! That way we can be sure of meeting a Wurgle in the wood!

**TIM:** But won't Tuesday mind?

**WILLIE:** Course not. We can have Tuesday tomorrow.

**TIM:** All right. Come on.

*(They exit together.)*



## ACT ONE, SCENE TWO: ANOTHER PART OF THE DARK WOOD

*(Enter TIM and WILLIE, creeping cautiously through the trees.)*

**WILLIE:** *(As he enters.)* Thing is, Wurgles *slither* on Wednesdays so you're pretty sure to meet one in a wood – 'cause woods are brilliant for *slithering*.

**TIM:** But are you sure it's all right to call today *Wednesday*?

**WILLIE:** Course it is, little plum-cake. We can call anything anything we want. Things don't mind what *we* call them... so long as we don't discount them.

**TIM:** Oh, good. I can count up to a thousand, but I don't know anyone who can *discount* up to anything.

**WILLIE:** Are we going inside the hut today?

**TIM:** I don't know. Will there be another Wurgle in there do you think?

**WILLIE:** No. But if we go inside and watch from the window, we might scrutinise one *slithering* past outside.

**TIM:** Oh, good.

*(They go into the hut. TIM looks under the table then looks up at WILLIE and shakes his head.)*

**WILLIE:** Thing is, it's *Wednesday*.

**TIM:** I know all that.

**WILLIE:** Ssssh!

**TIM:** I didn't say anything.

**WILLIE:** Ssssh!

**TIM:** What?

**WILLIE:** Ssssh!

**TIM:** I'm not making a sound!

**WILLIE:** Listen! I think I hear a *Wednesday Wurgle*!

*(They both go to the window of the hut and lean out. The wood is full of sounds: birds, distant animals; the wind in the trees, dogs barking, distant tractors, planes flying overhead etc. etc. Among this patchwork the Wurgle noise becomes more and more noticeable – but now there is a slithering element to it.)*

There!

**TIM:** Is it...

**WILLIE:** A Wurgle? Yes. Ssssh!

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, you noisy h'a' porth.

**TIM:** Will I be afraid again?

**WILLIE:** Course you will, if it's a real Wurgle! That's how you tell a *real* Wurgle. Ssssh! Listen!

*(The slithering Wurgle Noise builds to a crescendo as SPIRAL enters. She slithers across the stage and through the door into the hut, where she coils herself up in the doorway behind TIM and WILLIE who are still looking out of the window. SPIRAL lifts her head and darts out her forked red tongue.)*

**TIM:** It's stopped!

**WILLIE:** Ssssh!

**TIM:** Don't keep saying 'Ssssh!' like that.

**WILLIE:** Ssssh!

**TIM:** I said: '*DON'T!*'

**WILLIE:** Sssshorry!

**TIM:** It's gone very quiet. Where do you think it's gone?

*(Audience?)*

**WILLIE:** I think I hear voices trying to tell us something...

*(Audience?)*

**TIM:** I can't hear what they're saying though, can you?

*(Audience?)*

**WILLIE:** I think they're saying it's behind us...

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, honey-plum.

**TIM:** Why don't you turn round and look?

**WILLIE:** All right, I will!

*(WILLIE spins round and sees SPIRAL.)*

Tim?

**TIM:** Yes, Willie.

**WILLIE:** It's behind you.

*(TIM spins round, sees SPIRAL, and hastily gets behind WILLIE.)*

**TIM:** Willie!

**WILLIE:** Yes, babycakes.

**TIM:** It's blocking the doorway, that... that Wednesday Wurgle!

**WILLIE:** Well, you know what to do about it, don't you, cute curls?

**TIM:** But we can't get out! It's blocking the doorway!

**WILLIE:** Why do you want to get out?

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, cuddles.

**TIM:** Why do Wurgles always turn out to be the things I'm most afraid of?

**WILLIE:** Ah! (*Sadly.*) That's a difficult philosophical question which I've often pondered...

**TIM:** It's almost as if they *knew!*

**WILLIE:** Does it, I ask myself, mean that we must expect to be misunderstood every single day of our lives? For though few of us seek to hurt other living creatures, there seems no way of avoiding it; on the other hand...

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, cutey-socks.

**TIM:** Shut up!

**WILLIE:** Sorry.

**TIM:** It's not that I'm afraid it will hurt me. It's just that I'm *afraid.*

**WILLIE:** That proves it's a real Wurgle; and you did want to meet one today. That was why we decided to have Wednesday instead of Tuesday, remember?

**TIM:** Well, I've changed my mind. I'd rather have Tuesday, after all.

**WILLIE:** Too late, rum truffle! You've called up a Wednesday Wurgle and now you must confront it!

*(SPIRAL has been listening to all this with interest. She leans forward and flicks her forked red tongue out and in again, twice, very fast.)*

**TIM:** Oh, bad, bad, bad!

**WILLIE:** Listen, sugar-kitten, think how much you enjoyed meeting Spectrum, and seeing his web, and...

**TIM:** Yes, yes, yes! I know all that. I know what you want me to do.

*(TIM goes forward, gets down on his knees and begins to crawl towards SPIRAL but stops some distance away. SPIRAL flicks her tongue out and in again, but otherwise doesn't move.)*

Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, sugar-chops.

**TIM:** What am I doing wrong?

**WILLIE:** She knows you don't really want to be friends.

**TIM:** But I do! Honest, Wurgle! It's just that...

**WILLIE:** Yes?

**TIM:** (*After a pause.*) I don't want it to *touch* me.

**WILLIE:** Ah! (*Pause.*) Why not?

**TIM:** Because snakes are *slimy.*

**WILLIE:** Who told you that?  
**TIM:** No one told me. Everyone knows that.  
**WILLIE:** Well, it's rubbish and stuff and nonsense, that's what that is!  
(*Pause.*) Greetings, Wurgle! Are you *slimy*?  
**SPIRAL:** When I was ssssmall I thought humans were hard and knobbly; nassssty! All arms and ears and noses and things ssssticking out all over the place. Ugh! Not a lovely ssssilky, ssssmooth, ssssnaky sssshape. So I thought you'd be horrid to touch too. All jagged and lumpy! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

(*She goes into brief contortions.*)

But then, one day, a small human picked me up and I discovered you're *WARM!* and *SSSSOFT!* Not hard and knobbly at all. Sssso now... I love being sssstroked by humans – esssspecially ssssmall ssssoft oneszzzz...

**WILLIE:** So you aren't afraid of us anymore?  
**SPIRAL:** I'm sssstill a sssscared of *that* one...  
**TIM:** Me! You don't need to be afraid of me!  
**SPIRAL:** Sssstill, I am.  
**TIM:** But I won't hurt you!  
**SPIRAL:** So why do I ssssmell fear when you sssslither?  
**TIM:** I don't slither! (*TIM visibly relaxes and turns to face SPIRAL properly.*) And my fear's gone away. Honestly.

(*SPIRAL slithers forward and curls herself round TIM.*)

**SPIRAL:** Hmmmm! *Warm!* *Ssssoft!* Ssssuch ssssilky ssssmooth sssskin!

(*TIM strokes SPIRAL's skin.*)

**TIM:** Your skin's lovely too! And you're not slimy at all! It's like silk. I'm glad we've had a comfort tray shone.

**SPIRAL:** Sssso we're friendszzzz now then, aren't we?

**TIM:** Yes. My name's Tim. What's yours?

**SPIRAL:** Sssspirals. Misssstresssss of the Rockssss, Sssservant of the Ssssun.

**TIM:** The sun's a friend of mine too. Does it go for walks with you?

**SPIRAL:** Coursse.

(*SPIRAL sings to TIM.*)

*About thissss time of day  
I turn to the ssssun and ssssay:  
'Let'ssss go out and play  
and while the hourzzzz away.'*

**SPIRAL:** *And in the afternoon  
which alwayszzzz comes too ssssoon  
the ssssun grantssss me this boon -  
to warm me as I sssswoon.*

*And after I've had my nap  
I sssslither off through a gap  
and sssskilfully entrap  
another tassssty sssscrap.*

*And when the night is near  
the ssssun, it says: My dear,  
the cold is your chief fear,  
ssso I want to make thissss clear:*

*I've looked at all the clockssss  
and listened to crowing cockssss,  
and consulted my equinoxssss  
and for you I've warmed the rockssss.'*

*So it seems we've just begun  
to understand the fun  
of knowing our friend the sun'szzzz  
a friend of everyone'szzzz.*

*(To TIM.) Would you like to see my Warm Quarters where I  
sssnooze in the afternoonszzzz?*

**TIM:** Ooooh yes, please!

*(Exit SPIRAL and TIM.)*

**WILLIE:** *(To the audience.) I bet you think you know all about Wurgles now,  
don't you?*

*(Audience?)*

Oh you do, do you?

*(Audience?)*

Well, you're all **WRONG!**

*(Producing a giant thesaurus from one of his pockets.)*

Mistaken... in error... at fault... deceived... incorrect. Oh, my word,  
yes – you've all fallen into... a misconception, a misunderstanding, a  
misapprehension, a misconstruction. Oh yes, you've made... a  
blunder, a fault, a bloomer, a howler, an erratum, a corrigendum, a  
slip, a blot, a flaw, a trip, a stumble. Oh yes, indubitably, you're  
all... at sea, at a loss, on a false track, at cross purposes, wide of the  
mark. What a laugh! So you think you know about Wurgles now, do  
you?

*(Audience?)*

All right then. Guess what happened the very next morning!

*(Audience?)*

**WRONG!** Hah! I told you! See! No, what happened was this...

(Enter **TIM** with a fishing-rod, a jam-jar on a string and a small packet of porridge oats.)

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, you cute can of wiggly worms.

**TIM:** Are you coming fishing with me?

**WILLIE:** (Exchanging a look with the audience.) Wild Wurgles couldn't stop me!



### ACT ONE, SCENE THREE: THE VALLEY WITH THE STREAM

(**TIM** and **WILLIE** make their way through the wood to the fishing place.)

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, angel-chops.

**TIM:** Can we have two Wednesdays in a row?

**WILLIE:** Well, we could; but it might lead to *confusion*. If, for example, you said: 'Didn't we have an awesome time on Wednesday?' I'd have to say: 'Which Wednesday do you mean?'

**TIM:** You always say things like that anyway.

**WILLIE:** Besides we haven't let Tuesday have a turn for over a week; if we don't let it have a turn soon it might go into a sulk and refuse to come back for nine months.

**TIM:** Right. Let's have Tuesday today then.

**WILLIE:** I think that would be prudent...

(**TIM** looks at him expectantly.)

...as well as... appropriate... and... advantageous and... advisable and... expedient... and unquestionably expeditious.

(They have arrived at the fishing place. **TIM** puts his things down and hangs his bag on a big sign which reads:

**PRIVATE PROPERTY!  
KEEP OUT!  
NO FISHING!  
OFFENDERS WILL BE PROSECUTED!  
BY ORDER**

**TIM** baits his hook with a single oat flake and settles down on a rock to fish. **WILLIE** prepares to snooze.)

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, pussy-cat.

**TIM:** What do Wurgles do on Tuesdays?

**WILLIE:** That would be telling.

**TIM:** Do don't know, do you?

**WILLIE:** On Tuesdays, my little bowl of muesli, Wurgles *bide their time*.

**TIM:** What does it mean? Can you show me?

**WILLIE:** Yes. No. Maybe.

**TIM:** Oh, Willie, you're so pesky sometimes.

**WILLIE:** *(Offended.)* Means we probably won't meet a Wurgle today.

**TIM:** Oh, good.

**WILLIE:** But I'll try.

**TIM:** Don't try, Willie. Two Wurgles a week is enough.

**WILLIE:** Thing is, star-eyes, I can't stop trying. In my nature, you know.

**TIM:** Got one!

**WILLIE:** I beg your pardon?

*(TIM hauls out a fish on his line.)*

**TIM:** Quick – where's the jar?!

*(WILLIE finds the jar and hands it to TIM who pops the fish in, admires it and then settles back to fishing again. WILLIE prepares to snooze again.)*

Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, ducky.

**TIM:** How do you do it, exactly?

**WILLIE:** What?

**TIM:** Find Wurgles.

**WILLIE:** Ssssh.

**TIM:** What?

**WILLIE:** Ssssh.

**TIM:** Don't keep saying 'Ssssh' like that!

**WILLIE:** Sssshsssszzzz!

*(WILLIE begins snoring heavily. TIM catches another fish, puts it into his jar, holds it up and speaks to his two prisoners.)*

**TIM:** There you are. Now you won't be lonely...

*(He gasps, lowers the jar and looks carefully all round.)*

That's funny! I thought I saw something...

*(He lifts the jar and looks into it again.)*

Awesome!

*(He lowers the jar and looks all round again, then at WILLIE who continues to snore. TIM sits down on his rock, cradles the jar on his lap and looks down into it with full concentration. The scene darkens and we see light streaming from the jar. The sound of WILLIE's snoring gradually fills out to become the Wurgle noise. Images appear to be moving in the jar which suddenly expand to fill the whole stage. We see a procession of people dancing along the crest of a hill. We hear their music. TIM is leading the procession dressed in a harlequin costume with a rainbow-coloured cape and playing a golden trumpet. Behind him is TIMOTHY dressed in a white suit. Then comes a couple walking hand in hand, one a Christ-like figure dressed in a purple robe, the other Mephistopheles, dressed in scarlet. There follow as many other people as possible dressed in every conceivable kind of outfit – clowns, snowmen, wizards, astronauts and so on. There is also a king and queen. At the end of the procession is WILLIE. As the procession passes away the light diminishes till only the jar remains bright. Then this light too fades away and daylight returns to the scene. TIM looks about him, then at the sleeping form of WILLIE, then back at the jar.)*

There are seven fishes in the jar! But I only caught two! I know I did!

*(He lowers the jar into the stream.)*

Here, you can go...

*(WILLIE suddenly stops snoring and sits bolt upright.)*

- WILLIE:** Did you see those Tuesday Wurgles, biding their time?!
- TIM:** I thought you were asleep.
- WILLIE:** Didn't you see them?!
- TIM:** I don't know. I saw... lots of strange people... and things... but which ones were Wurgles?
- WILLIE:** Ah, well... *(He sings to the audience.)*  
*You saw a jar with seven fishes,  
each one granting separate wishes,  
darting and playing and swimming and dancing.  
All of us watching found it entrancing.  
But... were those fishes WURGLES?*  
*First came a boy in rainbow clothes  
as pure and fresh as an early rose  
marching along with a golden trumpet,  
he could proudly pipe and blow and pump it!  
But... was that boy a WURGLE?*  
*Next a young man walked behind,  
a perfect symbol of humankind,  
tall and fair and solemn and serious,  
calm and grave and sadly mysterious.  
But... was that youth a WURGLE?*

**WILLIE:**

*Then there came a curious couple,  
one in red, the other in purple;  
one full of love for all around  
the other of hate, who scowled and frowned.*

*But... were those two a **WURGLE?***

*Then came diverse women and men,  
perhaps as many as ten times ten,  
clad in blues and greens and yellow,  
some old, some young, some gloomy, some mellow.*

*But... were those grown-ups **WURGLES?***

*Among them strode a king and queen,  
haughty, arrogant and serene,  
yet deep behind their disdainful disguise  
sorrow haunted their aching eyes.*

*So... were those monarchs **WURGLES?***

*And at the end, it may seem silly,  
for I think you know my name is Willie,  
I thought I saw a funny old elf -  
yes I almost thought I saw myself!*

*So... was myself a **WURGLE?***

*What we want to know is: **Which Ones Were Wurgles?***

*What we want to know is: **Which Ones Were Wurgles?***

*Yes, what we want to know is:*

**WHICH ONES WERE WURGLES?!**

**END OF ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO, SCENE ONE: TIM'S KITCHEN

*(TIM is having his breakfast as WILLIE enters, waves to the audience and sits down in the chair opposite him.)*

**WILLIE:** The spring is sprung,  
The grass is ris,  
I wonder where the Wurgles is...

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, cherub.

**TIM:** I've been thinking...

**WILLIE:** That's good.

**TIM:** ...about Wurgles...

**WILLIE:** Ah!

*(WILLIE exchanges a meaningful look with the audience.)*

**TIM:** ...and what they are.

**WILLIE:** Tell me more, snuggles.

**TIM:** Well, for instance, a tiger could be a Wurgle, couldn't it?

**WILLIE:** Easily.

**TIM:** And a wolf?

**WILLIE:** Definitely.

*(Note: if the audience tries to join in, WILLIE quietens them by putting his fingers to his lips.)*

**TIM:** And a horse?

**WILLIE:** Assuredly.

**TIM:** And a pig?

**WILLIE:** A pig could certainly be a Wurgle for someone, yes.

**TIM:** A cow?

**WILLIE:** Indubitably.

**TIM:** A dog?

**WILLIE:** Positively.

**TIM:** A frog?

**WILLIE:** Unequivocally.

**TIM:** A bat?

**WILLIE:** Almost all bats are Wurgles.

**TIM:** A lizard.

**WILLIE:** Incontrovertibly.  
**TIM:** But...  
**WILLIE:** Irrefutably.  
**TIM:** I haven't said it yet.  
**WILLIE:** Sorry.  
**TIM:** But... what about an *ant*? Could an ant be a Wurgle?  
**WILLIE:** Not for you. No.  
**TIM:** For someone else then?  
**WILLIE:** Everything is someone's Wurgle.  
**TIM:** So an *ant* could be a Wurgle?  
**WILLIE:** Unquestionably.  
**TIM:** And if this person, this person who had an ant as a Wurgle, if this person had a comfort tray shone with it, would they be afraid?  
**WILLIE:** Confrontations with Wurgles are always scary.  
**TIM:** But, Willie, how could *anyone* be afraid of an *ant*?  
**WILLIE:** Not an ant, a Wurgle.  
**TIM:** But the Wurgle would be an ant!  
**WILLIE:** I told you. What a thing is depends on who's looking at it.  
**TIM:** But, Willie, ants are ever so small; and they're nice; and they never try to hurt you unless you squash them.

*(WILLIE grins at the audience.)*

**WILLIE:** Spiders are ever so small; and they're nice; and they never try to hurt you unless you squash them.  
**TIM:** Willie?  
**WILLIE:** Snakes are ever so small; and they're nice; and they never try to hurt you unless you squash them.  
**TIM:** I know all that. Willie?  
**WILLIE:** Yes, pet.  
**TIM:** What shall we do today?

*(There is a knock at the door.)*

**WILLIE:** We could answer the door.  
**TIM:** Oh, I'd forgotten... it's Thursday! Oh, good!

*(TIM goes to the door and opens it to reveal ANNIE. She has obviously been crying and makes no move to come in.)*

Hallo aunt Annie! I knew it was you! I'm just finishing my breakfast.

**ANNIE:** Hallo, Tim, dear. I just called by to say erm... that erm... I won't be calling by today.

**TIM:** But don't you want to play at dressing up, like every Thursday?

**ANNIE:** I couldn't cope with erm... well, with anything like that, today, Tim. Sorry...

**TIM:** Aren't you feeling well, auntie?

**ANNIE:** Oh, it's not that, Tim, dear... erm... I have no right to... I'm sorry to disappoint you.

**TIM:** That's all right, auntie, but why not have some tea and toast? That's sure to cheer you up.

**ANNIE:** *(Sighing.)* I don't know, Tim, dear. I haven't felt like eating anything since I heard... some dreadful news... yesterday.

**TIM:** Please, auntie.

**ANNIE:** *(After a sigh.)* Perhaps you're right. Maybe I should try to eat something...

*(ANNIE enters and sits dejectedly down in WILLIE's place and it's obvious she can't see him as he slips out from under her. TIM pours out a cup of tea and puts a slice of bread in an electric toaster.)*

**TIM:** Don't be sad, auntie. You're my favourite.. and... well, you're the only grown-up I'll ever be able to tell about Wi...

*(WILLIE shakes his head vigorously and, after exchanging a look with the audience, exits.)*

...about my secret best friend.

**ANNIE:** *(Bursting into tears.)* Oh, Tim! I'm so sorry! I'm so stupid! Forgive me!

**TIM:** What's the matter, auntie?

**ANNIE:** Oh, Tim, dear, something so awful has happened... something so awful I don't think I can bear to...

*(TIM looks at her fearfully as she abandons herself to tears. After a moment he turns away, butters the toast and sets it in front of her.)*

**TIM:** Here you are, auntie: light brown, just the way you like it.

**ANNIE:** *(Staring at the toast.)* Why wasn't it me? I'm the useless, worthless, good-for-nothing! No one would miss me! Why did it have to be her? Why wasn't it me? Why her? Why her?

**TIM:** I'd miss you, auntie! I'd miss you a lot.

**ANNIE:** Oh, Tim! It's sweet of you to say so. I know you would. And I know I'm just being silly, but I can't seem to stop; and that's why I can't possibly erm... play at erm... dressing up erm... today, you see.

**TIM:** Your toast's getting cold, auntie.

*(ANNIE begins mournfully eating her toast. TIM looks at her, perplexed.)*

**TIM:** I know! Let's make a Kindness Cake, auntie! You promised to show me how to one day. Do you remember? 'I'll show you how *when the time is right*,' you said.

**ANNIE:** Yes, I remember, Tim. *(Sighs.)* Yes, maybe that is a good idea. Maybe it'll help me to get my mind off... how cruel the world is. *(She wipes her eyes.)* And I expect I can still manage a passable erm... *(Pause.)* But you'll have to do all the running around, mind, and find all the erm...

**TIM:** Oh, good.

*(TIM assembles the items she names while ANNIE finds and puts on an apron, lights the oven and sets it to moderate/gas mark 4.)*

**ANNIE:** Now, let me think, we'll need a big mixing-bowl and erm... a wooden mixing-spoon and erm... a big cake-tin. I'll just light the erm... and set it to erm... moderate – gas mark 4 – so that it'll be warm when we need it. Now, let me think, what was I erm... looking for?

**TIM:** *(Waving it.)* A big cake-tin...

**ANNIE:** Oh, yes, well, erm, let me see... for the ingredients we'll need erm... two cups of wholewheat flour and erm... a heaped cup of carob flour and erm... one and a half tablespoonfuls of baking powder and erm... a cup of dark muscovado sugar and erm...

**TIM:** *(Reading the label.)* Will 'demerara' sugar do, auntie?

**ANNIE:** Yes, that'll do fine, Tim, dear. Now put everything into a big bowl.

**TIM:** Like this?

**ANNIE:** Exactly like that.

*(As TIM adds the dry ingredients ANNIE starts weeping again.)*

**TIM:** Why is it called Kindness Cake, auntie?

**ANNIE:** Because no innocent creatures suffer for it, Tim dear.

**TIM:** Do innocent creatures suffer for other cakes then?

**ANNIE:** Innocent creatures suffer for almost all the food human beings eat, Tim, dear. *(She starts to cry again.)* For some food they suffer... terrible, violent deaths.

*(TIM wants to comfort her but is afraid. He approaches her, then withdraws, then suddenly makes up his mind, takes a breath, goes to her and puts his arms round her. She responds.)*

I'm so sorry, Tim! I'll be like your favourite auntie again soon, I promise. Try not to mind me. Now, you must mix the flours together with the erm... spoon like this...

*(She demonstrates how to mix the flours by lifting, turning and sprinkling then hands the spoon to TIM.)*

**TIM:** I don't mind you, auntie. I love you.

(ANNIE smiles through her tears as TIM mixes the flours and sings to him.)

**ANNIE:**            *I'm a good auntie, aren't I?  
I am a good auntie, aren't I?  
  
I know that in my silly seasons  
I cry for mysterious reasons,  
  
but I'm a good auntie, aren't I?  
I am a good auntie, aren't I?  
  
And I know that when I'm feeling gloomy  
I can't see the love you show to me  
  
but I'm a good auntie, aren't I?  
I am a good auntie, aren't I?  
  
And though perhaps not the best person,  
there are others who are worse on  
this earth of ours, aren't there?  
  
I bring you presents and show you tricks.  
When we bake a cake I let you mix, don't I?  
  
Yes, I'm a good auntie, aren't I?  
I am a good auntie, aren't I?  
  
And you know, better friends than your Aunt Annie,  
well on this earth there just aren't any,  
are there?*

**TIM:**                You're the best. Is it mixed enough now?

**ANNIE:**            Yes, but those are just the *dry* ingredients; now we need the *wet sticky ones*. What shall we use? Erm... (*clicking her teeth*) ...and why am I wearing the apron when you're doing all the erm...? How stupid I'm becoming!

(Again TIM gets the items ready as she names them.)

Let me think, erm... we'll need some sunflower oil – half a cupful will do and erm... one and a half tablespoonfuls of malt extract – that's really sticky – and erm... a teaspoonful of real vanilla essence and erm... a heaped cupful of warm water.

**TIM:**                (*Smiling.*) How can I do a heaped cupful of water, auntie?

**ANNIE:**            Easy! First you add the cupful, (*She smiles for the first time.*) Then you add the heap.

**TIM:**                Oh yes! Now what must I do?

**ANNIE:**            Now, add all the wet, sticky ingredients to erm... all the dry ones in the bowl and erm... beat them all together as fast as you can! (*Pause.*) And don't forget to make a wish while you're doing it!

**TIM:**                Is a wish part of the recipe?

**ANNIE:**            It's the most important ingredient of all. Without it a cake has no *heart*.

*(TIM obeys her instructions. As he gets to the wish his beating movements slow almost to a stand-still and the scene darkens till we see only his face. WILLIE enters. watches from the side and nods approval.)*

**TIM:** I wish Aunt Annie could be her cheery self again soon – and I wish she loved herself as much as I love her. Please.

*(Exit WILLIE. The lights revert to normal.)*

Ooh, auntie, look at the way it's bubbling!

**ANNIE:** That's the baking powder doing its stuff, making sure the cake comes out light and fluffy. Now, quick Tim, pour it into the erm... and bung it into the erm...

*(TIM puts the cake in the oven.)*

Right. That's that. Well now, let me think... it'll need erm... about forty minutes in a moderate erm... so you should take it out at erm... *(names appropriate time).*

*(She starts collecting her things together.)*

Well, that wasn't so difficult, was it? And it'll be ready in time for your erm... *(Pause.)* Oh, Tim, dear, I was in such a state when I arrived I almost forgot – I brought you erm... this...

*(She produces a package from her bag and hands it to TIM.)*

**TIM:** Oooh, thank you, auntie!

*(He unwraps it and discovers a globe of planet Earth)*

**ANNIE:** It's an unbirthday present. *(Pause.)* For that unearthly sky of yours.

**TIM:** *(Delighted.)* It's awesome auntie! Thank you!

**ANNIE:** Good.

**TIM:** Auntie...?

**ANNIE:** Yes, Tim.

**TIM:** There's something I want to tell *you*, something important... but I'm afraid it might not be right.

**ANNIE:** Well, then you *mustn't* tell me. *(Pause.)* One day it will be right and you can tell me then. And one day, I'll tell you all about... my secret best friend. That's a promise. So, it's a pact, isn't it? You'll tell me your secret, and I'll tell you mine.

**TIM:** Oh, good.

**ANNIE:** Now, you won't forget to take the Kindness Cake out of the erm... at erm... *(names appropriate time)*

**TIM:** How could I when it smells so good already!?

**ANNIE:** And, Tim...?

**TIM:** Yes, auntie.

**ANNIE:** You're a dear, sweet boy.

*(Exit ANNIE. WILLIE reappears at the table.)*

**TIM:** Willie?  
**WILLIE:** Yes, you scrumptious slice of Kindness Cake!  
**TIM:** I forgot all about meeting a Wurgle today.  
**WILLIE:** Huh! *Did* meet one though!  
**TIM:** Did I?!  
**WILLIE:** And had a confrontation with it.  
**TIM:** Did I?!  
**WILLIE:** A huge one!  
**TIM:** Was it?  
**WILLIE:** A whopper – a giant, massive, enormous, immense, monumental, colossal, gigantic, gargantuan, *awesome* Wurgle, if ever I saw one!  
**TIM:** But *when* Willie? Oh, it's no good – I'm *never* going to understand about Wurgles...!

*(Exit TIM.)*

**WILLIE:** *(Grinning and turning to the audience.)* Seems easy to me. Doesn't it to you?

*(Audience?)*

Well, let me think. How can I make it clearer?

*(The kitchen fades away.)*

I know! I'll tell you a story...!



## ACT TWO, SCENE TWO: TIM'S SECRET PLACE

*(WILLIE continues to address the audience.)*

**WILLIE:** Once upon a time, it was a Friday and Tim said: 'Let's go to the Secret Place!' So we did. *(Pause.)* Tim's Secret Place is an old weir in the middle of a meadow of wild flowers and rustling water rushes. There's a stream which runs into a pool beside an old, empty millhouse. As a matter of fact it's the same stream that Tim caught the magic fish in – and although it's wide and fast and chatters noisily as it runs over the pebbles, the pool beside the millhouse is calm and silent and dark and deep. On the side of the millhouse is a waterwheel overgrown with moss and plants which doesn't turn anymore; but some of the paddles still have water in and are home to a million wriggling creatures. The wood it's made of is so old you can stick your penknife right into it. Tim often does. But why am I telling you when I can use **MAGIC** and *show* you?!

*(We see a vision of 'Tim's Secret Place'.)*

You see, although the stream makes a lot of noise as it bubbles and tumbles and chatters into the pool at one end, at the other end it slides soundlessly over the edge of a dam in a silent, graceful curve; but, oh, where it hits the pool at the bottom, what a crash it makes! And what a cloud of fine spray it throws up into the air! And this is the best thing of all about Tim's Secret Place because, if you stand in the right place on a sunny day, you can see a rainbow for as long as you want to...

*(We hear the sound of the crashing water and see the rainbow. Enter TIM.)*

**TIM:** Willie?  
**WILLIE:** Yes, honey-dumpling.  
**TIM:** What *is* a rainbow?  
**WILLIE:** It's a secret.  
**TIM:** Oh. But you can tell *me*, can't you?  
**WILLIE:** It's staring you in the face. *(Pause.)* If it comes to that, it's staring everyone in the face.  
**TIM:** That's not much of a secret.  
**WILLIE:** It is. It's the best-kept secret in the world.  
**TIM:** It can't be; not if it's staring everyone in the face.  
**WILLIE:** Ah, but no one sees it; because it's one of *her* secrets.  
**TIM:** I don't understand, Willie.  
**WILLIE:** And as it's a Friday I suppose that means its right time must have come... and that you must be brave enough.  
**TIM:** What do you mean?

**WILLIE:** It means you're ready for your next confrontation – with *her*.

**TIM:** Is she another...

**WILLIE:** ...Wurgle? Of course.

**TIM:** Oh, bad! (*Pause.*) But who is, Willie? Who are we talking about?

**WILLIE:** What day did I say it was?

**TIM:** Friday. Who are we talking about, Willie?

**WILLIE:** And what do Wurgles do on Fridays?

**TIM:** I don't know. Who are we talking about?

**WILLIE:** *Run!* I told you on Monday; don't you remember? 'Friday Wurgles run apace!'

**TIM:** Oh, yes, I remember. But *who* are we talking about?

**WILLIE:** The water. The water in the stream. All water everywhere!

**TIM:** Oh. (*Pause.*) Why didn't you tell me that before?

**WILLIE:** Telling you now. Now is the Right Time. Every Wurgle has its Right Time.

**TIM:** Oh, bad. Oh, dear. (*Pause.*) Listen, Willie, I hope you're not going to say what I think you're going to say...

**WILLIE:** All you've got to do is dive in.

**TIM:** I knew it! I knew it! I knew that's what you were going to say!

**WILLIE:** Today, you'll find you can do it easily!

**TIM:** No, Willie. You know I can't. You know how scared I am of putting my face under water.

**WILLIE:** You can do anything you want to.

**TIM:** Listen, Willie – just because I love to look at water, and listen to water, and dangle my feet in it, doesn't mean I can dare to put my face in it...

**WILLIE:** Think of Spectrum.

**TIM:** No! No! No!

**WILLIE:** Think of Spiral.

**TIM:** Stop it, Willie! Please!

**WILLIE:** Think of the magic fishes! What they did is nothing to what *she* can do!

**TIM:** Willie, please don't make me do this.

**WILLIE:** Today is certainly, definitely, positively, emphatically, absolutely, assuredly, indisputably, indubitably, incontrovertibly, unequivocally, unavoidably, undoubtedly, unquestionably... (*gasps for air*) the RIGHT TIME FOR THIS WURGLE!

**TIM:** (*After a pause.*) If...

**WILLIE:** Yes, you courageous little kitten, you!

**TIM:** If... I did have... a confrontation... with this... Wurgle...

**WILLIE:** Yes, little turtle-dove?

**TIM:** *(Sighing.)* ...what would I have to do?

**WILLIE:** Easy! Take your clothes off and slip into the water! That's all. Nothing to it!

**TIM:** I only said 'if', Willie.

**WILLIE:** Listen, you know I'll take care of you. You know I'll never let you come to any harm, no matter what happens. You know that, my love, don't you?

**TIM:** Yes.

**WILLIE:** So, what's the problem, cutey-cheeks?!

**TIM:** *(Sighs.)* Oh, all right. Oh, bad, bad, bad! *(Pause.)* All right, I'll do it!

*(TIM exits as the sound of the water rushing over the weir builds to a crescendo and slowly turns into the Wurgle Noise. WILLIE addresses the audience again.)*

**WILLIE:** You see how brave Tim was in those days! First he lay down at the edge of the pool and looked at his reflection; then he closed his eyes and quelled his fear and put his face in the water; then he put his head in till the water came over his ears, touching and tickling as it went; and then he did an even braver thing – *he opened his eyes under the water!* And then he saw and understood; so I slowly let him slip deeper and deeper. At first I held him by his ankles till he stopped being afraid; and then... oh but you'll never, ever in a zillion years guess what happened then...!

*(The Wurgle Noise stops dead and we see a vision of TIM swimming underwater through a world of emerald light, shoals of glittering fish and forest glades of waving water plants and we hear CRYSTAL's song.)*

**CRYSTAL:** Welcome to my magic domain!  
Come again and again and again!

I'm ever-changing liquid Crystal  
and you're my wandering minstrel.

I'm queen of the Seven Keys  
and reign in all secluded Seas.

Rainbows are one of my secrets  
which if you take a little peek it's  
clear camouflage another six!  
Though you may think they're merely tricks

I promise they're flawless magic,  
both miniature and mystagogic.

And the first and best of my secrets  
I years and years and years ago bared,  
my best-loved, best-guarded, best kept secret,  
beautiful  $E=MC^2$ !

*(The vision slowly fades and we see WILLIE again.)*

**WILLIE:** Crystal didn't tell Tim all her secrets that day, of course. Mind you, if he'd stayed underwater long enough, she would have done – but that would have been a different, and sadder, story, don't you think? But she did tell him some of them, and very interesting they were too. I can't tell you what she said though because then they wouldn't be secret anymore, would they? If you want to know, you'll just have to ask her yourself. But I can tell you that they didn't only have to do with things you'd *expect*... like *how bubbles are made* or *how the water in the pot turns into tea*, but also with things you'd never expect, like **LIGHT** and **SPACE** and **TIME** and **ENERGY**...

*(On the word 'LIGHT' the rain starts and on the word 'ENERGY' there's a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder and the rain builds to a crescendo that sounds suspiciously like the Wurgle Noise.)*



## ACT TWO, SCENE THREE: TIM'S DEN

*(The Wurgle Noise gradually reduces to the sound of heavy rain. The globe TIM was given in ACT TWO, SCENE ONE is on the floor surrounded by screwdrivers, bits of wire, torch bulbs etc. On a wall is a framed print of the William Blake etching of God measuring the heavens with a compass. TIM is on the floor with a pencil and paper, drawing a diagram. WILLIE turns to watch as the sound of the rain eases to a gentle pattering.)*

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, lollipop.

**TIM:** What do Wurgles do on rainy Saturdays?

**WILLIE:** Pop up all over the place.

**TIM:** Oh, bad!

**WILLIE:** Especially when you're least expecting them.

**TIM:** But they couldn't get *indoors*, Willie, could they?

**WILLIE:** All over the place.

**TIM:** Even if you're in your secret den?

**WILLIE:** Secret dens are their favourite.

**TIM:** Even if you're not wearing your Wurgle-Hunting boots?

**WILLIE:** Even if you haven't given them a thought. What are you doing, sweetheart?

**TIM:** A drawing. I'm going to wire up a torch-bulb in Aunt Annie's globe. But they couldn't get in *here*, could they, Willie, into Attic Land, I mean, could they?

**WILLIE:** *All over the place.*

**TIM:** *(After a sigh.)* I'm beginning to wish we'd never started hunting Wurgles!

**WILLIE:** We didn't start it! They did!

**TIM:** But why do they all have to be so scary, Willie?

**WILLIE:** That's what Wurgles are for.

**TIM:** You said they were for *confrontations*.

**WILLIE:** Right – and confrontations with Wurgles are scary, aren't they?

**TIM:** Yes, they are!

**WILLIE:** There you are then! That proves it! It's as plain as the seven separate apertures in your oh-ssssso-sssssilky skin, sweet thing!

**TIM:** Willie, how is it you know so many things? How is it *everyone* knows so many things? I never seem to know anything unless someone else tells me.

**WILLIE:** Ah, well, cuddle-cake, if you mean grown-ups, they don't know so much really. Mostly they say things because they like the sound of their own voices; then other grown-ups think they know what they're talking about.

**TIM:** Oh. *(Pause.)* So why don't they *think* to one another – like we do?

**WILLIE:** They've forgotten how to; and they've also forgotten how to stop talking. They knew really important things like that when they were children, but when you humans grow up you stop believing in magic and then you forget how to do it. *(Pause.)* One day *you'll* be a grown-up, Tim, and you won't believe in magic anymore either. When that day comes you won't be able to see me anymore. You'll become like the rest and forget me; but I'll still be here, taking care of you, just the same.

**TIM:** *(Indignantly.)* I won't ever forget you, Willie!

**WILLIE:** *(Looking at the audience.)* Ah. But still, you mustn't get cross with grown-ups, Tim, no matter how stupid they seem. Life's really tough for them in ways you can't begin to guess.

**TIM:** But grown-ups can do anything they want without asking!

**WILLIE:** *(Shaking his head)* No, they can't; and *their* Wurgles are fiercer than hurricanes.

**TIM:** Do grown-ups have Wurgles!?

**WILLIE:** Course.

**TIM:** *(Holding up the diagram he's just done.)* Look!

**WILLIE:** A splendid circuit diagram!

**TIM:** Is it? It's how I'm going to wire it up. Pass me the things as I need them?

**WILLIE:** Right you are, sugar-loaf.

*(TIM begins to wire up a lampholder to fit inside the globe.)*

**TIM:** Screwdriver.

**WILLIE:** Screwdriver.

**TIM:** Anyway, if Spectrum or Spiral popped up today, it wouldn't frighten me. In fact, I'd like it if they came today – seeing as it's raining and we can't go out.

**WILLIE:** Ah, but they're not Wurgles anymore. Spectrum's just a spider now, and Spiral's just a snake. A very special spider, and a very special snake, of course.

**TIM:** Spectrum said no one is 'just' anything.

**WILLIE:** Well, he's right about that, of course; but you know what I mean.

**TIM:** He's the best spider I've ever met. Scissors.

**WILLIE:** Scissors. Most spiders are nice when you get to know them; only a few are wholly beastly.

**TIM:** But why isn't he a Wurgle anymore?

**WILLIE:** Once you've had a confrontation with a Wurgle, it vanishes!

**TIM:** Oh! *(Pause.)* It's like a riddle with a different answer everytime you ask it.

**WILLIE:** Exactly right, sugar-puff!

**TIM:** Bulb.

**WILLIE:** Bulb.

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, cute beaut.

**TIM:** Why do they vanish?

**WILLIE:** Because otherwise they'd be all over the place and we wouldn't be able to move.

**TIM:** But why are there Wurgles at all?

**WILLIE:** Because otherwise we wouldn't be able to hunt them, would we?

**TIM:** But why do we *have to* hunt them?

**WILLIE:** Because otherwise we couldn't have confrontations.

**TIM:** But why do we have to have confrontations?

**WILLIE:** Because otherwise we wouldn't *grow*. Is it ready?

**TIM:** Yes. Shall I try it?

**WILLIE:** Ooooh, yes!

*(TIM turns on the light in the globe.)*

Lovely!

**TIM:** Now I'm going to hang it up in the sky.

**WILLIE:** Goody!

*(TIM gets onto a chair, hangs the globe on a hook from a beam, puts its battery onto a convenient shelf and gets down again. They both stand admiring it.)*

Shall we see what it looks like with the light off?

**TIM:** Ooooh, yes!

*(WILLIE turns off the room light. The whole theatre is lit only by the dull glow of the illuminated globe – like planet earth from outer space. They both stand admiring it.)*

**WILLIE:** Ah! It makes me homesick just to see it!

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, cuddle-drawers.

**TIM:** Shall I try the switch to make sure it really works?

**WILLIE:**            *(Putting his finger to his lips and making a gesture to the audience.)*  
Oooh, yes!

*(TIM goes to the switch hanging down from the globe. There's a crash and the whole theatre is plunged into darkness.)*

**TIM:**                Willie?

**WILLIE:**            Yes, treasure.

**TIM:**                The battery fell off the shelf.

**WILLIE:**            I know! Isn't it exciting?

**TIM:**                But I'm afraid of the dark, Willie!

*(The noises begin: creak creak, tap tap tap, creak creak.)*

**WILLIE:**            Just as I thought – there's a Wurgle in here!

**TIM:**                Oh bad! Will you ask it to go away, please. I'm not feeling at all brave today.

**WILLIE:**            I can't make it go away! Only *you* can do that!

**TIM:**                *ME!* I can't even see it. I can't see *anything!*

**WILLIE:**            It can see you though!

**TIM:**                Oh bad! Willie?

**WILLIE:**            Yes, peachy-pie.

**TIM:**                Is it the Wurgle making those noises?

*(Tap tap, zzzz, creak creak.)*

**WILLIE:**            Yes.

**TIM:**                Oh, bother the Wurgle! I told you I didn't want one today, Willie.

**WILLIE:**            Saturday, you know.

**TIM:**                Willie?

**WILLIE:**            Yes, dear heart.

**TIM:**                Please turn the light back on!

**WILLIE:**            Are your eyes opened or closed?

**TIM:**                Closed. Will you turn the light back on please?

**WILLIE:**            Just as I thought. Open them!

**TIM:**                I'm too scared, Willie. Will you turn the light back on, *please?*

**WILLIE:**            Think of Spectrum. Think of Spiral. Think of Aunt Annie. Think of Crystal. Now, open them!

**TIM:**                It's no good, Willie.

**WILLIE:**            I'm afraid Wurgles only go away *after* confrontations.

**TIM:**                Can't we come back tomorrow?

**WILLIE:**            Different Wurgle tomorrow.

**TIM:** Oh bad! Oh skives! Oh bedbugs! Oh all right, Wurgle! You think you're so clever! You think you can frighten me... well, you can't! Get ready for a confrontation, Wurgle! I'm going to open my eyes! I'm going to do it now, Wurgle!

*(WILLIE makes a face at the audience and exits as the Wurgle noise begins in the darkness and builds to a crescendo. The enormous, luminous face of ATMAN materialises in the air, starting with the eyes. By its light we see TIM looking up at it. ATMAN looks like WILLIE and sounds like god.)*

**ATMAN:** Greetings, human child! I am Atman, King of Darkness and Night, Custodian of the Stars, Guardian of Dreams... I can spin any dream you wish...

**TIM:** Awesome!

**ATMAN:** Do you wish a dream, human child?

**TIM:** Oooh, yes, please!

**ATMAN:** This child is brave enough for a Big Dream. Think carefully, human child, what do you wish for most in the world?

**TIM:** Oh that's easy! I always wanted to meet...

**ATMAN:** Stop! Never speak a wish aloud!

**TIM:** But how else will you know what I want?

**ATMAN:** I am already doing it!

*(ATMAN develops a third eye with multi-directional beams of light streaming from it.)*

**TIM:** Can Willie come too?

*(More magical effects as ATMAN sings his song.)*

**ATMAN:** *Tell secret signs to no familiar.  
Your wish has just been planted.  
Since truer, humbler and purer  
than most it has been granted.*

*Pay attention little wanderer  
to my quick companionship,  
for though no crafty conjuror  
I provide this magic trip.*

*So when dread comes with these words face it:  
'My fear is just a part of me!  
If I choose I can erase it  
and let myself be free!'*

*Pay attention little wanderer  
to all you see, hear and feel.  
Since I'm no wily conjuror  
what you see must all be real.*

**ATMAN:** Find a secret empty mirror  
in a strange and empty house  
and bounce there like a meteor,  
to where wishes are aroused,  
to where wishes are aroused,  
to where wishes are aroused...

*(ATMAN begins to fade.)*

**TIM:** Will I ever see you again?

**ATMAN:** In your own inner darkness... if you wish, human child.

**TIM:** Awesome!

*(The room lights come on and a man's voice is heard calling from off stage.)*

**MAN: (Off.)** Tim? Are you up there? Breakfast's ready!

**TIM:** *(After a pause.)* But the world fell down and broke and I've got to mend it or I might not get my wish...

**MAN: (Off.)** You can play some more after breakfast. Come on, Tim, it's getting cold!

**TIM:** Oh, all right. I'm coming.

*(TIM puts his things away. Enter WILLIE. He addresses the audience.)*

**WILLIE:** Typical grown-up! Anyway, after that, Tim wasn't afraid of the dark ever again. And we both knew where to find an empty mirror in an empty house.

*(The lights fade and TIM exits.)*

You see, at the bottom of our garden there's an *empty* house, with a garden like ours, and an apple-tree like ours, and a front-door like ours, and a hall like ours, and a living-room like ours, and a kitchen like ours, and stairs like ours, and a landing like ours, and a bathroom like ours, and bedrooms like ours, and best of all, an attic like ours... but this house is *completely empty* – except for a mirror!



## ACT TWO, SCENE FOUR: THE EMPTY HOUSE

*(The lights come up to reveal Tim's Den; but it has been emptied and a mirror has replaced the William Blake print.)*

**WILLIE:** In fact no one seems to have lived there for ages. But there's an even stranger thing – it's all spotless, the floors swept, the windows shining, the shelves dusted and, sometimes, bowls of freshly-picked flowers on the window-sills. Very spooky!

*(Enter TIM.)*

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, you spoonful of sticky cake-mix, you.

**TIM:** I've been thinking – about Atman.

**WILLIE:** Oh, goody.

**TIM:** He was a Wurgle, wasn't he?

**WILLIE:** He sure was, honey-child.

**TIM:** I've got it now, Willie. Every Wurgle's different, isn't it?

**WILLIE:** Yes, but the most important thing about them's the same.

**TIM:** Is it?

**WILLIE:** Course it is.

**TIM:** Tell me one single thing about them that's the same, Willie.

**WILLIE:** They're all *your* Wurgles.

**TIM:** Oh. *(Pause.)* What do *my* Wurgles do on Sundays?

**WILLIE:** Bounce! Like meteors!

**TIM:** Oh. Okay. *(Pause.)* But how *do* meteors bounce, Willie? Like juggling balls?

**WILLIE:** Yes. No. A bit.

**TIM:** But there isn't going to be one in the Empty House, is there? I mean, I just want to go and have my wish – without another confrontation...

**WILLIE:** The wish is the Wurgle.

**TIM:** Don't be silly, Willie. It can't be.

**WILLIE:** Can.

**TIM:** Can't. Besides you don't know what the wish is. Atman told me not to tell anyone.

*(WILLIE makes a face at the audience.)*

**WILLIE:** Do know. And you can't have one without the other.

**TIM:** How can a wish be a Wurgle, Willie?

**WILLIE:** *Anything* can be a Wurgle.

**TIM:** Oh, bad! Each Wurgle gets harder.

**WILLIE:** Yes, but you're getting stronger all the time!

**TIM:** And bigger. Here we are...

*(They walk round the empty attic.)*

Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, cutie-kitten.

**TIM:** Except for the mirror, this is the same as my attic, isn't it?

**WILLIE:** Yes.

**TIM:** But, I mean, *really* the same...?

**WILLIE:** Really truly definitively literally the same, yes.

**TIM:** But we're in a different place, Willie...

**WILLIE:** No, we aren't. We're in the same place. It's the *time* that's different.

**TIM:** Oh.

*(He goes to the mirror and looks at his reflection.)*

Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, sweetling.

**TIM:** It isn't empty, this mirror, it's got *me* in it.

**WILLIE:** Nevertheless, it's the right mirror for this particular Wurgle. Are you ready?

**TIM:** Yes. No. Oh, Willie, will I be afraid again?

**WILLIE:** Course. But Atman told you what to say. Now, just look into your eyes; don't look away even for a moment; just keep looking and looking and looking until the magic starts...

*(The lights fade, the mirror glows with an eerie light and TIM's reflection dissolves and is replaced by a succession of images of women, men, girls and boys with fierce glowering faces, gentle smiling faces, beautiful faces, ugly faces, each image lasting barely a moment before the next appears until WILLIE exits and the mirror darkens.)*

**TIM:** Willie?

*(Silence.)*

Willie?

**WILLIE:** *(Off.)* Yes, cuddle-cushion.

**TIM:** It's empty now.

**WILLIE:** *(Off.)* Sssh! Look! Listen!

*(The Wurgle noise begins again and as it increases in volume TIM floats up into the air and around the stage in huge slow-motion bounces as the scene transforms into **The Mystic Planet**. TIM's final bounce lands him in the middle of a group of furry animals.)*

**TIM:** Willie?!

**WILLIE:** *(Off.)* Yes, cute thing!

**TIM:** Do you think these animals are friendly?

*(WILLIE enters in a fur suit like the other animals, briefly opens it to identify himself to the audience, then hands TIM a similar outfit.)*

**WILLIE:** Course they are – because they're exactly like us!

**TIM:** *(Putting on his fur suit.)* What sort of animals... are we?

**WILLIE:** Cute and cuddly – need you ask!

**TIM:** I meant what are we called?

**WILLIE:** There are no names in this place.

**TIM:** I don't know what to do as a cute and cuddly Animal-With-No-Name, Willie...

**WILLIE:** Haven't you learned yet?

**TIM:** What?

**WILLIE:** That you *always* know what to do – because they're *your* Wurgles.

**TIM:** Yes, that's right, isn't it?

**WILLIE:** So, are you ready for a confrontation?

**TIM:** *(Confidently.)* Yes!

*(Exit WILLIE. The Wurgle noise begins again and soon builds to a deafening crescendo. The ANIMALS-WITH-NO-NAMES huddle together, petrified. TIM comforts them with gestures. Suddenly the MONSTER leaps on-stage – revealing that the Wurgle noise is its roar at full blast – and the ANIMALS-WITH-NO-NAMES scatter shrieking. Some of them exit but a few take refuge behind TIM who confronts THE MONSTER defiantly.)*

**MONSTER:** Aha! What have we got here? A tasty morsel of fresh young mortal!

**TIM:** No, I'm not! Go away!

**MONSTER:** You're not! You're not?! Then, who are you, little plum-cake?

**TIM:** I'm... I'm... I won't answer till you've told me who you are!

**MONSTER:** I am the Mountainous Monster of Mortal Fear and I gobble up little Animals-With-No-Names!

**TIM:** Well you won't want me then because I do have a name.

**MONSTER:** Oh yes, and what would that be, little candy-dumpling?

**TIM:** It's... It's... I can't remember it right now because I've been rather busy lately.

**MONSTER:** Just as I thought, you delicious bowl of muesli, you – you have no name and I'm going to gobble you up!

**TIM:** No, you're not! You *can't*! I won't let you!

**MONSTER:** *(Roaring with laughter.)* YOU WON'T LET ME! YOU WON'T LET ME! You-With-No-Name dare to tell me you *YOU WON'T LET ME!*

**TIM:** That's right. I won't let you... because I've just remembered who you are!

**MONSTER:** Oh ho ho ho! Yes, tell me little sugar-loaf, what's to stop me gobbling you up anytime I fancy?!

**TIM:** ...because I can *erase you* anytime *I* fancy!

*(The MONSTER licks its lips.)*

You're one of my Wurgles, and that means you're just a part of me so I can erase you anytime I want!

**MONSTER:** Oh, you can, can you, you scrumptious slice of Kindness Cake?! This I must see! It's making my mouth water just thinking about it! And when I gobble you up, you'll slither down my enormous, gigantic mammoth, monstrous, gargantuan throat like a fresh young oyster! Hmmm! Hmmm! Hmmm! Yummy! I can hardly wait!

*(TIM turns his back on the monster and faces the audience. He sits down cross-legged with his arms open and turned out, palms upward, and intones in a ritual voice.)*

**TIM:** My fear is just a part of me.  
If I choose I can erase it  
and let myself be free.

*(He picks up a pebble.)*

And I do choose to erase you, Mountainous Monster of Mortal Fear!  
*(Pause.)* When I hit you with *this...* *(holding the pebble aloft)*  
...you'll vanish forever!

**MONSTER:** *(Clearing its throat.)* Well, now, perhaps I was a just teeny weeny bit hasty. I'll tell you what – I'll frighten your enemies instead if you like! Now I can't say fairer than that, can I?

*(TIM slowly gets up, still holding the pebble, and turns to face the MONSTER.)*

Kind sir! You're obviously much too intelligent to do something you might regret later so... erm...

*(TIM takes aim.)*

...I'll tell you what I'll do – I'll come and frighten your *friends* if you like!

**TIM:** Begone, thou Mountainous Monster of Mortal Fear! Never darken

my back-door again!

**MONSTER:** I'll be your *slave!* I'll do anything you want! (*Pause.*) Handsome, attractive, good-looking, beautiful, princely young sir! Generous sir! Gentle sir!

(**TIM** throws the stone and the **MONSTER** explodes into a myriad pieces. The **ANIMALS-WITH-NO-NAMES** rush back, surround **TIM** and begin dancing round him chanting.)

**ANIMALS:** Our hero! Our hero! (*Etc.*)

(**TIM** rises up out of the circle and the Mystic Planet dims as the whole theatre explodes into a galaxy of stars with planet earth glowing amid them. The stars slowly fade and the planet turns out to be the globe in Attic Land. We have returned to **TIM**'s house. The lights revert to normal to reveal **TIM** standing in front of the William Blake print as he had previously stood in front of the mirror. **WILLIE** is sitting on the floor. They are both dressed normally again.)

**TIM:** Awesome! (*Pause.*) Willie?

**WILLIE:** Behold the conquering hero comes!

**TIM:** I just wanted to *meet* one. I didn't expect it to be me!

**WILLIE:** And meet one you did! *Yourself!*

**TIM:** All that bouncing! Awesome! (*Pause.*) Look! Someone's mended the world!

**WILLIE:** You did that, princeling, just now.

**TIM:** Did I?

**WILLIE:** Don't you remember?

**TIM:** No. (*Pause.*) What day is it, Willie?

**WILLIE:** Monday.

**TIM:** Oh, good! Let's go to the magic hut and see Spectrum...

**WILLIE:** (*Sadly.*) He won't be there anymore.

**TIM:** But you said on Mondays, Wurgles walk... sedately.

**WILLIE:** That was *last* Monday. Every week's Wurgles are *different*.

**TIM:** Oh, bad. (*Sighs.*) Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, little cauliflower.

**TIM:** Will I ever know everything about Wurgles?

**WILLIE:** No.

**TIM:** And will there always, always be more of them?

**WILLIE:** Not forever and ever, no. One day you'll have to confront *The Ultimate Wurgle*. But that's years away yet. You've got lots more ordinary ones to meet first.

**TIM:** It's so scary not knowing what the next one's going to be like, Willie.

**WILLIE:** I know, but...

*Doubt, though painful, is the key  
to life's eternal mystery.*

**TIM:** What?

**WILLIE:** *Doubt, though painful, is the key  
to life's eternal mystery.*

**TIM:** It's no good, Willie. I'm never going to understand half the things you say. Never. Ever.

**WILLIE:** Course you are. You're brilliant at it. Look! You've been awarded a medal!

*(WILLIE points to a medal hanging round TIM's neck, then grasps it and reads the inscription aloud.)*

Awarded to Tim, for bravely confronting a week of exacting Wurgles, the Order of Wurgle-Hunter First Class. *(Pause.)* See!

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, chocky bicky!

**TIM:** Just think – a whole day to do just what we please with!

**WILLIE:** Yes.

**TIM:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, Tim.

**TIM:** Let's go fishing!

**WILLIE:** All right.

**TIM:** I'll get my things.

*(Exit TIM. WILLIE turns to address the audience.)*

## EPILOGUE

**WILLIE:** So, there you are then; that's how Tim became a Wurgle-Hunter, First Class. Mind you, that was only *one* week in the old days, before he stopped believing in magic...

*(We see the vision of TIMOTHY in his office, as at the beginning.)*

Now look at him! Huh! Doesn't believe in anything worthwhile anymore! Says he only believes in what he can kick! Huh! *(He turns to the audience.)* You'll never stop believing in magic, will you?

*(Audience?)*

Listen, I've got an idea! What if we wake him up again like we did at the beginning!

*(Audience?)*

Here we go then...

*I'm Willie.*

*Tim's friend Willie.*

*Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.*  
*Daffydown Dilly.*  
*Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

*(As the song continues TIMOTHY starts to fidget, then gets up and unbuttons his clothes; as he removes them we discover he's wearing his outfit from ACT ONE SCENE THREE underneath; towards the end of the song he lets his hair down and starts dancing to the music.)*

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.*  
*And I eat chilly skilly.*  
*Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.*  
*From Piccadilly.*  
*Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.*  
*Cuddly Willie Nillie.*  
*Do you believe in me?*

**AUDIENCE:** Yes, we do; of course we do.  
Here and now we believe in you!

**WILLIE:** *I'm Willie.  
And I'm not silly...*

...and I do believe you've been and gone and done it *again!*

*(WILLIE looks TIMOTHY up and down.)*

**TIMOTHY:** Willie?

**WILLIE:** Yes, cute cheroot.

**TIMOTHY:** Where have you been? I've been looking for you everywhere.

**WILLIE:** Where have *I* been?! It's you who forgot me!

**TIMOTHY:** No I didn't. I was only pretending... I'd have thought you'd have known it was only a game.

**WILLIE:** I forgot grown-ups play games too! *(To audience.)* But I prefer proper games, don't you? Like *Hide-and-Seek...* and *Sardines...* and *Wurgle-Hunting!*

*(Audience?)*

So do you all promise to try and become Wurgle-Hunters, First Class?

*(Audience?)*

Excellent!

**TIMOTHY:** Admirable!

**WILLIE:** Splendid!

*(Enter TIM.)*

**TIM:** Marvellous!

**WILLIE:** Laudable!

**TIMOTHY:** Heroic!

**WILLIE:** Meritorious!

**TIM:** Awesome!

**WILLIE:** Right, then here's some advice – remember...

**TIMOTHY:** Monday's Wurgle walked sedately.

**WILLIE:** Tuesday's Wurgles bided their time.

**TIM:** Wednesday's Wurgle slithered past.

**WILLIE:** Thursday's Wurgle had tea and toast.

**TIMOTHY:** Friday's Wurgle ran apace.

**WILLIE:** Saturday's Wurgle popped up all over the place.

**TIM:** And Sunday's Wurgle, if you're not a dunce... you'll remember bounced and bounced...

**WILLIE:** ...and bounced and bounced and bounced and bounced!

**TIMOTHY:** But these things we've said about Wurgles...

**WILLIE:** ...are only true for Tim.  
**TIM:** If you want to know about *your* Wurgles...  
**WILLIE:** ...it's no use asking him.  
**TIMOTHY:** If you want to know about *your* Wurgles...  
**WILLIE:** ...as you presumably, undoubtedly, unquestionably, indisputably do...  
**TIM:** The place to look for them...  
**WILLIE:** ...isn't inside him...  
**TOGETHER:** ...but inside *you!*

*(The whole cast enter, one by one, for a final reprise of the Wurgle-Hunting Song.)*

**WILLIE:** *Good! Good!  
We're off to the wood!  
Off to the wood to hunt **WURGLES!***

**CAST:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles.*

**WILLIE:** *Hoots! Roots!  
Have to wear your boots!  
Have to wear your boots to hunt **WURGLES!***

**CAST:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles.*

**WILLIE:** *Bop! Flop!  
Can't go to the shop!  
Can't go to the shop to hunt **WURGLES!***

**CAST:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles.*

**WILLIE:** *Wham! Slam!  
Can't take a tram!  
Can't take a tram to hunt **WURGLES!***

**CAST:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles.*

**WILLIE:** *Thump! Slump!  
They'll soon have to jump!  
Soon have to jump those **WURGLES!***

**CAST:** *Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles  
Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles Wurgles.*

*(Exeunt, marching, clapping and singing.)*

