

# MiNK

a comedy by Peter Eyre

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## MINK

*A farm outbuilding. There is a small box/pet carrier in the middle of the stage, with covered sides so the interior cannot be seen. It has bars/mesh at the top and a door. There are two chairs along one wall and a stick on the floor.*

*Three youths enter surreptitiously, dressed in black and wearing balaclavas. They pull the balaclavas away from their face, walk over to the box and peer in.*

Ryan: Here it is.

Becca: So sweet!

Amy: Poor thing. Who's a lovely boy?

*There is a loud GRRRRR! They all lurch back.*

Becca: Aah!

Ryan: It's alright mate, we're friends. We're here to help.

Amy: We'd better get on with it.

Ryan: Hold on, I think he needs food, he looks hungry.

Becca: You're right, he'll need energy if he's going out into the big wide world. What do minks eat?

Ryan: Worms?

Becca: I'm not touching a worm. Tell you what, he can have my sandwich.

*Becca takes out a sandwich bag.*

Here you go feller. Try this

*Becca makes to feed it through the bars. There is another Grrrr! She lurches back.*

Ah! Again! What's up with him? Nearly had my finger! I don't think he wants it.

Amy: Of course he does, he just fancied a piece of you as well.

Ryan: OK, I'll open the box and you can throw it in.

Becca: No fear. I'm not going near him again.

*Amy snatches the sandwich.*

Amy: I'll do it. *(To Ryan)* Ready?

*Ryan nods and opens the lid. Amy throws the sandwich in. He slams it shut.*

Good work!

*Ryan and Amy high five. Becca cautiously peers into the box.*

Ryan: Is he enjoying it?

Becca: Not really. He doesn't look happy.

Amy: Why?

Becca: It's stuck on his face.

Ryan: Oh *(looks)* I guess he can lick it off.

Amy: Is he eating now?

Ryan: Sort of sniffing it. Yes, now eating.

Amy: Good.

Ryan: Ah. And now being sick.

Becca: Oh.

Ryan: All over the place. I'm not sure he likes it.

Becca: Thanks a lot. That was my tea.

Amy: What was in it?

Becca: Hummus and Quinoa.

Amy: Hummus and Quinoa? Now wonder he's sick.  
They don't eat that.

Becca: Well, it was my tea, and I'm vegan.

Amy: Yes but he's not!

Becca: When I made it, I thought I'd be the one eating it!

Amy: You could have said before you chucked it in!

Becca: You could have asked!

Ryan: Ok, stop! This isn't helping us or the mink. We'd better just let him out.

Becca: Go on then.

*Ryan makes to open the box and pauses hesitantly.*

Ryan: If I open it he may just leap out and go for us.

Becca: *(Backing away)* He's already had a taste of me, he's not coming back for the rest.

*Amy picks up the stick and hands it to Ryan*

Amy: Here, use this stick. You can stand away and flip the lid with it.

Ryan: Ok here goes. Stand back.

Amy: Wait!

*Amy and Becca each hop onto a chair.*

Ok go on.

*Ryan cautiously approaches the box and uses the stick to pull the door open. He then nervously scampers away, hides behind Amy's legs and peers out. Pause.*

Ryan: What's happening?

Amy: Nothing. He's not coming out.

Ryan: He's probably too ill to run. The sandwich has weakened him.

Becca: That hummus was homemade I'll have you know.

Ryan: Tell him that, he's the one vomiting it up.

Amy: We need to tempt him out.

Ryan: Try calling him.

Becca: Ok. Here kitty kitty kitty.

Ryan: Kitty kitty kitty?

Becca: It was all I could think of. Ok you do it.

*Ryan makes loud kissing noises.*

Amy: Yeah, that wouldn't make me come out.

Ryan: This is hopeless. We should have had a plan.

Amy: Well excuse me! There was me thinking a wild animal might want to get back to its roots. I didn't know he'd make that trap into a home.

*Ryan looks towards the door.*

Ryan: Shhh! I can hear someone coming.

Becca: Hide!

Amy: Switch the light off!

*They all hurriedly put their balaclavas back on. Becca turns the light off light switch and runs to stand on the chairs with Amy. Ryan hides behind them. They all stand motionless as the door slowly opens and a guard enters with a torch.*

Guard: Hello?

Becca: Hello?

*He switches the light on.*

Amy: (To Becca) What did you do that for?!

Becca: What?

Amy: Say hello?!

Becca: Well that's what he said.

Amy: You don't have to reply, we're not at a party! We were trying to hide!

Becca: It's very difficult not to respond when someone says hello.

Guard: Erm...excuse me?

Amy: Yes?

Guard: Hate to bother you but - what are you doing?

Becca: Us?

Guard: Yes?

Becca: Good question. Amy?

Amy: We heard a noise.

Guard: You heard a noise. You heard a noise so you put on balaclavas and stood on a chair.

Becca: Yes. No. Sort of.

Guard: Come on, out with it.

Amy: *(Boldly)* We're here to rescue that mink.

Guard: Oh you are, are you? We've had your sort round here before. Come on, down you get.

*He takes out a rope from his belt.*

You're coming with me.

Amy: You'll have to make us.

Becca: Will he?

Amy: Yes.

*She gets down.*

There are three of us, we can take him. Stay back feller.

*She sets in a karate pose. Becca gets down and hides behind her, so does Ryan, peering out nervously behind her back.*

Ryan: Yeah!

*They circle around each other, Becca and Ryan trying desperately to keep behind Amy as they go round. The guard ends up next to the box and looks down.*



Guard: (Gasps) What have you done to the mink?

Amy: We haven't done anything. It's you. Trapping the poor thing in a tiny box. How could you?

Guard: It's covered in crap!

Becca: It is not crap! It's chickpeas, olive oil, garlic, squirt of lemon. Hummus! And it was my tea!

Guard: Minks don't eat that stuff.

Becca: We know that now!

Guard: Right, you're coming with me.

Amy: We're not.

Guard: Don't try my patience

Amy: Why, what'll you do?

Guard: I'll...

*He scrabbles in his pocket, produces a police whistle out of his pocket and holds it up.*

Amy Stand back everyone, he's got a whistle. What are you going to do, toot us to death?

Guard: One blow on this and in 30 seconds Fred will be at that door.

Amy: We don't care how many of you there are.

Guard: Fred is a dog.

Becca: Oh. I'm scared of dogs.

Guard: I'm a guard and I've got a guard dog. So back off.

Amy: He's bluffing. *(To the Guard)* You're bluffing.

Guard: Oh I am, am I?

Amy: Yeah! Go on, blow your silly whistle.

*Pause. He looks at his whistle and slowly lowers it.*

Guard: I've just remembered. I've tied him up.

Amy: Ha! Thought so. So much for Fred!

Ryan: Anyway, we've got every right to be here, we've...

*Becca suddenly screams and jumps back on the chair*

Becca: Aaaaah!

Guard: What?

Becca: A rat!

Amy: Where?

Becca: *(Pointing behind the box)* Coming out of that hole!

*She jumps on a chair. So does Amy. The Guard runs out the door in panic.*

Amy: (To Ryan) Do something!

Ryan: Leave it to me!

*He picks up the stick and rushes behind the box.*

Got him!

*He whacks furiously and repeatedly as the other two watch on in horror. After many whacks, far more than would be needed, he stops and looks at what he's done.*

Amy: What...?

*He starts up again and smites away repeatedly, finishing with one last mighty wallop. He stops, exhales and looks up.*

Ryan: Done.

Amy: What are you doing?!

Ryan: Hitting the rat.

Amy: You've killed it. You can't kill it!

Ryan: (Looks down) Bit late for that I think.

Becca: He's killed the rat. We're animal rescuers and he's killed a bloody rat!

Amy: I can see that!

Ryan: You said do something!