

PLAYS FOR
New Audiences

A Division of Children's Theatre Company

Winnie-the-Pooh

by Deborah Lynn Frockt

Based on the stories by A.A. Milne

Originally commissioned and produced by Seattle Children's Theatre

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This play was originally commissioned and produced by Seattle Children's Theatre and is designed for 2 actors plus 1 puppeteer. This play is based on the original book series by A.A. Milne and should be modeled after this original depiction of Pooh and friends. Under no circumstances can the character of Pooh wear a red shirt as this depiction is copyrighted.

ACT I

Lights rise on a very odd campsite that is more manor lawn than REI. Most notably, there is a tent, and the place is somewhat cluttered. EDDIE, carrying a suitcase, backs onto the stage, presumably because he's looking at someone. He turns and takes in the odd site before him.

EDDIE

Hello... [He pokes around here and there.] Anybody home?

He looks in the TENT. No one is in it. He checks a broken compass, a broken watch, then gives up on being useful and decides to take a break.

EDDIE

Time for a little something.

EDDIE opens his suitcase, takes out his tea things and begins to make himself tea. Just as he's about to take his first delicious sip, the TENT moves just slightly. EDDIE does a double take, but now the TENT is still. EDDIE again tries to take his first delicious sip, but of course, the TENT moves again. EDDIE packs up the tea things and walks determinedly to the TENT. Nothing happens. EDDIE turns his back on it, and quickly turns round to catch it move. Nothing. EDDIE slowly pokes his head in, and he is sucked in headfirst. Wild antics and gyrations from the tent, with EDDIE inside. EDDIE finally emerges, backwards, disheveled but victorious, and strangely, grasping a teddy bear.

ROB (his face buried in maps) enters backwards, and the two collide. The maps go flying everywhere. ROB desperately gathers his maps. He gathers and checks, checks and gathers and finally decides...

ROB

By my calculations, we have finally reached our desired destination...the West River Bank.

EDDIE

Hey, look!

ROB

Oh this is the West River Bank. This map says so. And this map says so—

EDDIE

Hey, look!

And this one too!

ROB

Look!

EDDIE

We have reached our goal—

ROB

Look!

EDDIE

...accomplished our task, completed our journey!

ROB

[To himself but also to the audience, referring to Rob] There are some people who begin at the beginning and walk as quickly as they can past everything until they get to the end.

EDDIE

EDDIE takes the bear paw and taps ROB on the shoulder with it.

Look who I've found!

EDDIE

[Skeptically] Who?

ROB

Winnie-the-Pooh!

EDDIE

How do you know *this* one is Winnie-the-Pooh?

ROB

Because I can hear him. Listen! Maybe you'll hear him too.

EDDIE

EDDIE listens to the bear. ROB scowls.

I don't hear anything.

ROB

EDDIE decides to make the voice of the bear.

Oh help. Oh bother. Oh help and bother.

EDDIE

What was that? ROB

Signs of distress. Pleas for help. EDDIE

Well it wasn't Winnie-the-Pooh's voice. ROB

It wasn't? EDDIE

Pooh's voice is more sort of...sort of...you know, it should just be more— ROB

Growly? EDDIE

He is a bear, you know. ROB

[Changing his voice, trying to find a growly tenor] Oh bother...Oh bother...Oh bother. EDDIE

Here is Edward Bear. EDDIE- Narrator

I thought this was supposed to be Winnie-the-Pooh. ROB

It is. EDDIE

Then why did you call him Edward Bear? ROB

Because... Once upon a time, a very long time ago— EDDIE - Narrator

How long ago? ROB

About last Friday, Edward Bear lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders. EDDIE – Narrator

What does that mean, “under the name of”? ROB

A sign that says “Sanders” is revealed.

EDDIE

It means...he had the name over the door in gold letters and lived under it.

EDDIE

One day when he was out walking, the Bear came to an open place in the forest where there was a large oak tree—

EDDIE walks to the tree.

EDDIE – Narrator

Like this one. From the top of the tree came a loud buzzing noise. *Bzzzzz, Bzzzzz.* [EDDIE starts to make a buzzing noise, encouraging Rob to join him. ROB will not, so Eddie becomes more insistent.] You have to help.

ROB reluctantly joins in and then grows extremely enthusiastic.

ROB

Bzzzzzz, Bzzzzz, Bzzzzz.

ROB continues buzzing until POOH stops him. EDDIE has to fight to speak over him.

EDDIE - Pooh

That buzzy-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing noise like that, [EDDIE gives him the cut it out sign.] just buzzing and buzzing, without it meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that I know of is because you're a bee. [PAUSE] And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey. [PAUSE] And the only reason for making honey is so *I* can eat it.

EDDIE - Narrator

So he began to climb the tree.

EDDIE begins to climb the tree but eventually the BEAR PUPPET take over the climbing

ROB - Narrator

And he climbed up on this branch and over that one and way up high

EDDIE-Narrator

and he was nearly there now,

ROB-Narrator

if he just stood on that branch, that one right there...*Crack*

BEAR begins to tumble down

EDDIE - Pooh

Oh help! [BEAR drops more] If only I hadn't! [MORE OF A DROP] You see, what I *meant* to do [DROP]... What I *meant* to do [DROP] of course it was rather [DROP] It all comes, I suppose...It all comes of *liking* honey so much.

BEAR drops down more as EDDIE catches him and again becomes POOH and then falls to the ground.

EDDIE - Pooh

Oh help!

EDDIE-Narrator

And the first person he thought of, the first person he always thought of when help was most needed—his very own little boy...

ROB-CR

Christopher Robin!

EDDIE-Pooh

I wonder if you've got such a thing as a balloon about you.

ROB is in a bit of a panic about how he will find a balloon to continue the story without interruption.

ROB

A balloon?

EDDIE, seeing that ROB needs time to improvise.

EDDIE - Pooh

Yes, I just said to myself coming along: "I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him?" [STILL STALLING] I just said it to myself [STALLING] thinking of a balloon...

ROB - CR

[QUITE STUNNED] What do you want a balloon for?

EDDIE - Pooh

[SECRETIVELY] *Honey!*

A blue balloon magically floats down from the sky, right into ROB'S hands.

ROB - CR

But you don't get honey with balloons!

EDDIE - Pooh

I do. It's like this. When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you're coming. With a blue balloon, you float along and they might think you part of the sky and not notice you.

ROB - CR

Wouldn't they notice *you* under the balloon?

EDDIE - Pooh

They might or they might not. You never can tell with bees. [PAUSE] If I looked like a small black cloud...

ROB - CR

How would you do that?

EDDIE puts a black, collapsible egg basket on the POOH puppet's head.

EDDIE - Pooh

That will deceive them.

EDDIE tracks over to ROB, takes the balloon object and floats up. Perhaps he climbs on something, perhaps it is mime, perhaps ROB seems to shrink below him.

EDDIE - Pooh

What do I look like?

ROB - CR

You look like a Bear with an egg basket on his head holding on to a balloon.

EDDIE - Pooh

Not... not like a small black cloud in a blue sky?

ROB - CR

Not very much.

EDDIE - Pooh

Ah, well perhaps from up here it looks different. And as I say, you never can tell with bees. [Some time passes, then in a loud whisper] Christopher Robin?

ROB - CR

Yes Pooh?

EDDIE - Pooh

I can see the honey.

ROB - CR

Yes?