

## **Scene 1 – Any setting**

**(Lights up. Tom and Harry are centre stage.)**

- Tom:** Have you heard the latest? I've got myself a new pet. It's called a smidgeon.
- Harry:** A smidgeon?
- Tom:** It's the world's smallest pigeon.
- Harry:** The world's smallest pigeon is called a smidgeon. There's something I never knew.
- Tom:** It's a homing smidgeon.
- Harry:** Really? How far can it travel?
- Tom:** Next door and back. It can also do smidgeon post.
- Harry:** Smidgeon post?
- Tom:** It helps if you can write the message on the back of the stamp.
- Harry:** I see. And have you got a name for him? What are you going to call him?
- Tom:** Smudger?
- Harry:** That's what they call photographers.

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- Tom:** Is it?
- Harry:** You could get him a job as that birdie the photographers tell people to watch when they're taking a photograph.
- Tom:** Watch the birdie? He'd be rather difficult to spot.
- Harry:** How small is he?
- Tom:** He's not *big*. He arrived inside a shuttlecock.
- Harry:** They used a shuttlecock as a birdcage?
- Tom:** Express delivery. And he had plenty of room to move about inside.
- Harry:** He *must* be small.
- Tom:** He's Smudger the smidgeon, the world's smallest pigeon.
- Harry:** You don't say.
- Tom:** If you ask me, he's the world's smallest *anything*.

**Harry:** You must be worried about accidentally hurting the little fellow.

**Tom:** I *have got* some kid gloves.

**Harry:** Good.

**Tom:** But he's nesting inside one of the thumbs.

**Harry:** (**Shakes head.**) I don't know. You and your exotic pets.

**Tom:** Smidgeons aren't *that* exotic.

**Harry:** I've never seen one.

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**Tom:** That's because you haven't got a magnifying glass. You'd be surprised how many there were if you had.

**Harry:** Really.

**Tom:** Smudger's got a magnifying glass. He hides behind it whenever next door's cat is on the prowl. It makes him look bigger.

**Harry:** I hope he remembers not to *look through* the magnifying glass at the cat. He'll have a dicky fit.

**Tom:** He knows not to gaze upon the face of the Gorgon.

**Harry:** The face of the Gorgon. That sounds chilling.

**Tom:** The prowling, purring furry face of the Gorgon.

**Harry:** So, now you're a smidgeon fancier.

**Tom:** I fancy smidgeons?

**Harry:** You'll have to get him a smidgeon loft.

**Tom:** He's already got the thumb of a glove.

**Harry:** What about a bonsai tree? One of those miniature trees they grow in Japan.

**Tom:** A smidgeon in a bonsai tree, hiding behind a magnifying glass from the face of a furry Gorgon? That's a horror movie I never want to see.

**Harry:** (**Shakes head.**) I thought you told me you were getting a seahorse?

**Tom:** Had to send it back. Couldn't stop the miniature octopus grabbing the starfish and riding into town.

**Harry:** So, you got a smidgeon instead.

**Tom:** Called Smudger.

**Harry:** Smudger the smidgeon.

**Tom:** **(To audience.)** Still the world's smallest pigeon.

**Harry:** **(To audience.)** Hurry while stocks last.

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**(Tom and Harry motion to leave the stage.)**

**Harry:** Hey, wouldn't it be funny if next door's cat was called Zola. Then it would be called Zola the Gorgon. Get it? Gorgon-zola? Zola the Gorgon?

**Tom:** **(Dead pan.)** The cat's not called Zola.

**Harry:** You're hopeless...

**(Tabs close. Lights off.)**