

# AN OWL ATE MY SISTER

by Jerry Rabushka

Copyright © 2020 by Jerry Rabushka, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-082-3

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

*Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.*

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

**BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC**  
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406  
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

# AN OWL ATE MY SISTER

*A Comedic Duet*

**by Jerry Rabushka**

**SYNOPSIS:** What could go wrong when creepy Agatha is asked to babysit her younger siblings? Her mom's worst nightmare comes true when an owl carries off Agatha's sister and an ant colony makes off with Agatha's brother. Mom refuses to believe Agatha's dark tales of animal conquest even though all evidence points to them being real.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(2 females)*

AGATHA (f).....A creepy girl of about 10; also plays the next-door neighbor.  
*(45 lines)*

MOM (f) ..... Agatha's mother. *(48 lines)*

**TIME:** Present day.

**SETTING:** Backyard.

**SET:** Bare stage.

**COSTUMES:** Present day clothing. Agatha is a young girl and can dress a bit spooky or goth if desired.

## DIRECTOR'S NOTES

Agatha has love for the macabre, and the more she enjoys all the creepy mayhem, the better for your audience. Mom needs to come across like she doesn't fully understand some of the other goings on. Both characters' inappropriate reactions to the events of the play, Mom over-the-top, and Agatha cool and collected, are what can make it a fun and successful piece.

**AGATHA:** *(To the audience.)* So there was this girl and she met a genie who said, "Make a wish, little girl, and I'll make it come true." And she said, "Oh, that's wonderful, because I never get what I want and my sister gets everything!" As you can see, she had pent up anger issues, but she was very innocent. So she said, "I want all my stuffed animals to come to life." And they did. *(Short pause.)* And they ate her. And then, they feasted on her entire family. And then they went down the street gobbling up select children from greedy selfish families, and then—

**MOM:** *(Enters, annoyed.)* Agatha, stop telling that story. It's not true.

**AGATHA:** It will be one day.

**MOM:** I don't think you'd like it if it happened to you.

**AGATHA:** But it didn't, so I like it.

**MOM:** *(To audience.)* Agatha's always been a very special child with a very unpleasant imagination. When she watches horror movies, she cheers when bad things happen and cries when people get away. It's disturbing, especially in public. It also makes playdates very edgy.

**AGATHA:** *(To audience.)* Because bad things in those movies happen to stupid people who deserve it. "Oh, there's something going on in that dark empty building and it looks dangerous, let me investigate even though everyone tells me not to." How about, "Something really creepy is going on in the shed with the keep out sign, I'm going to check it out!" Or, "I hear screams coming from the parking garage, let's go look." I think we should just let those children go and start over with a new brood. How did those people even make it that far?

*Now MOM and AGATHA address each other.*

**MOM:** Because they had a mother who cared about and looked out for them.

**AGATHA:** But eventually those mothers gave up because they realized there was no hope. And fat lot of good you did, letting me watch horror movies at age five.

**MOM:** If I remember correctly, you said Grand Theft Auto was too tame. I only hope your sister and brother turn out to be a little less of a handful, which is why I'm raising them on Barney and Teletubbies. (*Stops short. Looking around.*) Agatha, where is your sister? I told you to watch her.

**AGATHA:** A owl ate her.

**MOM:** It's *an* owl, and I already told you to stop telling these stories.

**AGATHA:** I would think you'd be a little less preachy about my grammar given the gravity of the situation. A owl ate her.

**MOM:** *An* owl did not eat her.

**AGATHA:** It flew down and picked her up and carried her off. She's only six months old so she didn't put up a fight. I don't know how old the owl was.

**MOM:** Did *you* put up a fight?

**AGATHA:** It was quite a aggressive owl.

**MOM:** *An* aggressive owl, and you just stood there and let it snatch up your sister.

**AGATHA:** I didn't see it coming. It was a stealth approach. It was like "la la la la la... look we're having fun, then... woosh and suddenly I'm hearing a crying baby but looking into an empty carriage.

**MOM:** (*Over the top, while AGATHA remains calm.*) Why didn't you do something?

**AGATHA:** She was 50 feet in the air going 200 miles an hour. I'm not sure what you expected me to do.

**MOM:** Why didn't you get a ladder?

**AGATHA:** Can you even hear yourself?

**MOM:** Agatha, this is not funny.

**AGATHA:** But it does jolt you into keeping a constant diligence on your children's whereabouts. And it gives a lot more credence to "it takes a village."

**MOM:** Well I don't believe you. (*To audience.*) As I've mentioned, my daughter likes the macabre. She thinks it's funny when other people suffer, but put too much salt in her figgy pudding and she'll call child services on you.

**AGATHA:** Nobody likes salt in figgy pudding.

**MOM:** Nobody else even likes figgy pudding.

**AGATHA:** You don't know that. You just don't want to make it.

**MOM:** That's because nobody likes it.

**AGATHA:** I like it.

**MOM:** You only like it because it's Gothic and Victorian. (*Looks around again.*) Where is your brother?

**AGATHA:** A ant colony took him away. And before you say...

**MOM:** *An ant colony.*

**AGATHA:** Yes, before you say *that*, even though it's far too late, it was 4,715 ants.

**MOM:** You had time to count.

**AGATHA:** They had to organize so yes, I had time to count all the way up to 4,715. You know ants, they're social.

**MOM:** Why didn't you do something? All these horrible things happen and you sit there like you're on *The Addams Family*.

**AGATHA:** It was 4,715 to one. I didn't think I should get involved.

**MOM:** You'd double the odds. And it's your brother!

**AGATHA:** I wanted to let nature take its course. I didn't see *you* out here tending to family matters. "I'll leave everyone outside while I keep up with Martha Stewart."

**MOM:** *You need to watch your mouth!*

**AGATHA:** *You need to watch your children.*

**MOM:** You go find your brother and sister and don't come back until you do!

**AGATHA:** What are *you* going to do, sit on the couch and read trashy novels?

**MOM:** Novels about women with children who listen. Even if I have to go back to the 18<sup>th</sup> century, where you could be sent to either a convent or Australia for not minding your parents.

**AGATHA:** Australia sounds fun.

**MOM:** Back then it wasn't. I can't trust you to babysit your own siblings.

**AGATHA:** And you're too cheap to shell out a few bucks for a real babysitter.

**MOM:** I'll have to remove some privileges.

**AGATHA:** Not babysitting would be the best privilege of all, but if you remove that, you're right back where you started.

**MOM:** (*To audience.*) Agatha's full of stories like this. She once said her sister hitchhiked to California with a motorcycle gang. Mind you, her sister was 12 weeks old at the time.

**AGATHA:** *(To audience.)* Yet upon her return, her stroller had luggage tags from LAX and souvenirs from Olvera Street. *(To MOM.)* You doubt my stories, yet they all come true, even though in some cases it's long after the telling. But there's a nest up that way, and an anthill over there. *(Looking offstage.)* I think the ants gave up on my brother. He's been eating far too much figgy pudding, hence is hard to carry.

**MOM:** Agatha, you're just a jealous little girl who will stop at nothing to be an only child once again. Ever since they were born, you've become a morose, macabre sea urchin that can't allow anyone to have a good time, even yourself.

**AGATHA:** That *is* my good time. However, right you may be, we still have a crisis on our hands, though the owl family has solved the question of what's for dinner, and we have yet to even address it.

**MOM:** Agatha! Go to your room! And don't come out until you find your sister. *(Realizes what she just said, AGATHA tries to say something and MOM cuts her off.)* And don't ask me how you can find your sister if you can't come out! Use social media and put out an alert, there... I've solved it.

*AGATHA exits and comes back as neighbor.*

**MOM:** Oh, here's my neighbor, my very nosy neighbor who always questions my parenting, even at the PTA meeting. What possibly could she want?

**AGATHA:** *(As the next-door neighbor, snooty. From their interaction, we can deduce that there's been some long-time animosity between them.)* I hate to bring up an area of concern on such a nice day, but your children are on my lawn. Your daughter dropped out of the sky onto a large foam mattress, and your son was gently placed next to her by an ant colony. The only good news is your children are finally getting along.

**MOM:** What was a foam mattress doing outside, in direct violation of the homeowner's association policy which prohibits the exterior display of said item? Oh, and you've painted your mailbox blue, which is also against neighborhood policy. You have a choice—between puce or chartreuse.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from AN OWL ATE MY SISTER by Jerry Rabushka. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC  
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406  
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011  
[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**